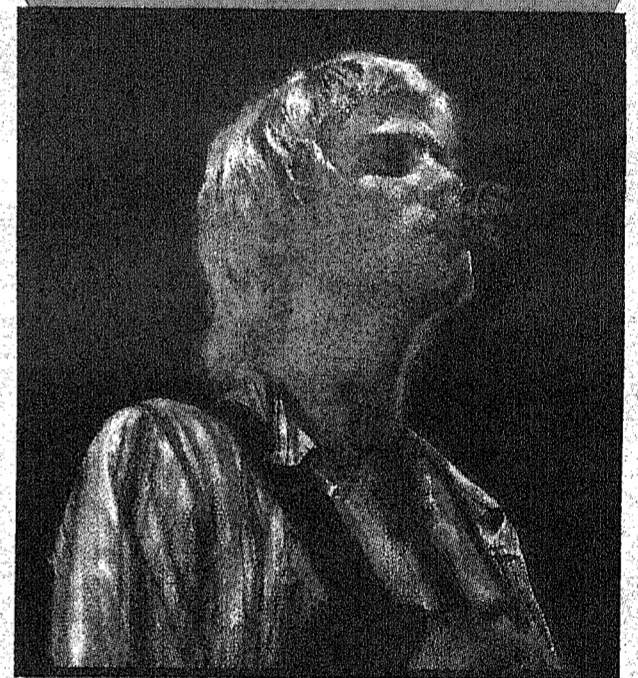
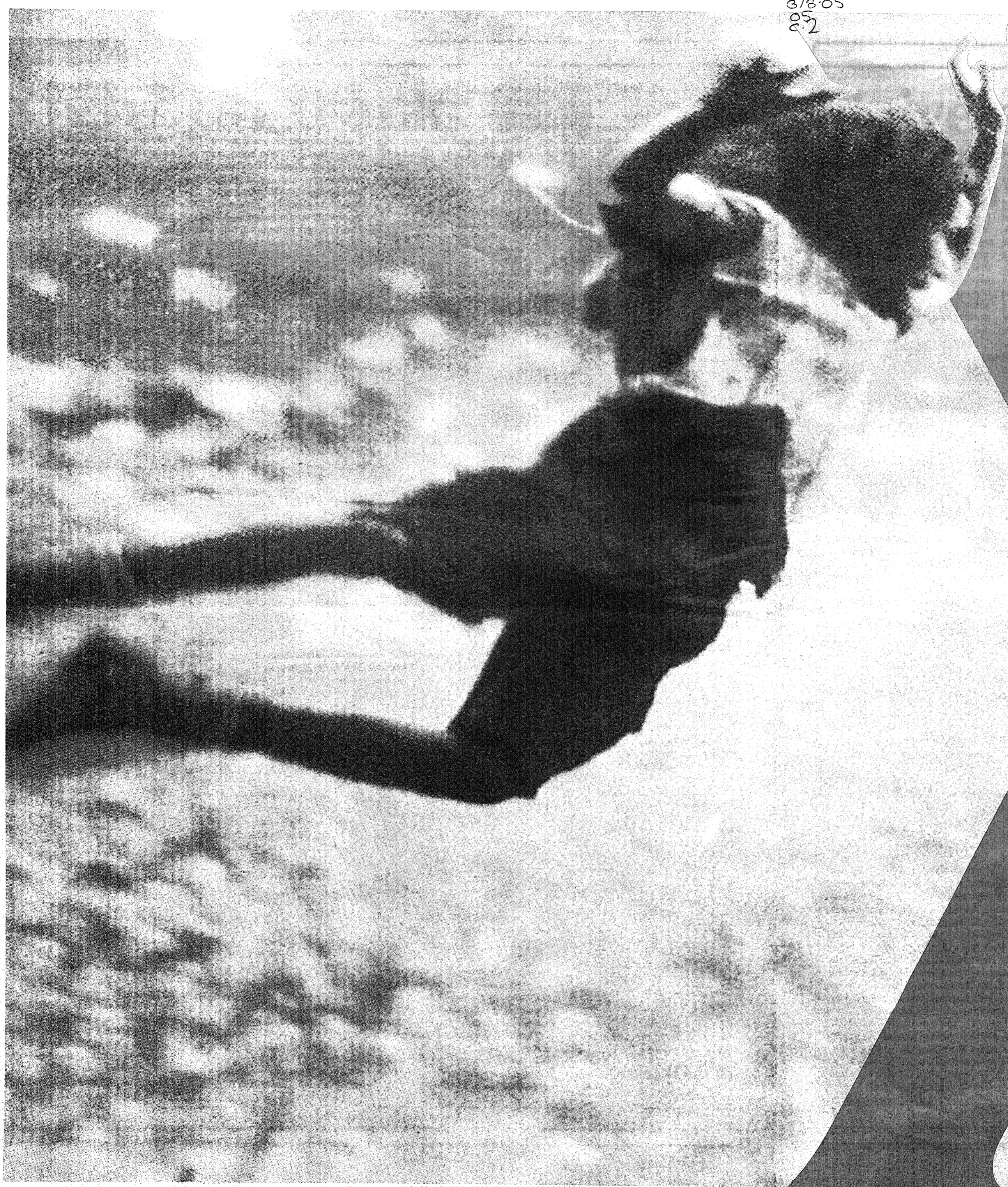


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-9 MAY 1994



ONDIT

The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly
Volume 62 Number 8 2 May 1994

Hello again

Just before Prosh, the three of us attended the NUS National Media Conference in Melbourne. It was a fairly worthwhile event; we attended seminars on such topics as media ethics, copyright law and editorial techniques.

The conference was organised by the in-house service body of the NUS, Student Services Australia. At \$250 per head for three days it certainly wasn't cheap, and this may have been why the number of universities who sent along representatives was not greater.

The conference enabled us to meet and talk to student newspaper editors from around the country. It was an invaluable opportunity to discuss problems, share ideas and compare perspectives on what our roles actually are.

It was unfortunate that some universities decided to send along "Publications Officers" or "Directors of Student Media" rather than actual Editors. "Publications Officer" is a snappy title for a Student Council lackey who

oversees the layout of a paper with black text in hand, ensuring that the editors do not get too naughty and offend people. The contribution that these Publications Officers made to group discussions in Melbourne was slight, which is indicative of their very nature: they have little or no idea of the task of editing a student publication.

What soon became apparent through general discussion was the diversity and difference between the campus papers. Editor-numbers ranged from one (*The Pelican*, University of Western Australia) to a whopping nine (*Honi Soit*, University of Sydney). Some editors have a position on their student council, others do not. *sagacity?*, the Nepean University of Western Sydney paper, is run by the Newspaper Association through their Clubs Association, and its editors are elected by the club on an issue-by-issue basis. *On Dit's* claim to fame is that as of this year, it is the only weekly student newspaper in the country. This fact brought

us considerable awe from the editors of the fortnightly and monthly newspapers. So there you have it. *On Dit* is spesh after all.

One thing that most student papers have in common, however, is a tense relationship with student politicians. This tension is in many ways a healthy sign; a sign that the media is keeping the student representatives on their toes.

Trading stories about dealing with our respective student councils proved to be one of the truly great bonding experiences of the conference. Another bonding moment was created when we were asked to give our feedback on the NUS publication *National Student Life*. It was reassuring to discover that other people shared our opinion that *National Student Life* is an irrelevant, pointless, and basically fucked publication.

We came away from Melbourne convinced of something which we had previously only suspected: that *On Dit* is an underfunded and under-resourced

organisation. While *On Dit* has had its budget trimmed by an ever-scrupulous SAUA Council in successive years, papers such as *Tharunka* (University of New South Wales) and *Lot's Wife* (Monash University) have benefitted from student councils who are committed to excellence in their student media. *On Dit* needs a SAUA Council that is prepared to acknowledge the necessity and importance of the paper, irrespective of the political slant or affiliations of its editors. And this acknowledgement needs to come when it matters most: at budget-making time.

The conference allowed us to see other approaches and ways of going about things. Hopefully you will see this in the quality of the paper. And as always, we're open to your suggestions, and your ideas.

Hey - this is your paper!

David, Tim and Lorien

Generation X Issue

3: Campus News

4 & 5: Letters

7: SAUA

8: Women in Politics & Fat is a Feminist Issue

9: National Action Rally

10 & 11: Tania Collins looks at the plight of East Timor and Tim Gow interviews John Pilger

12 & 13: Prosh

14: Eating out

15: Blue Stocking Week programme

16 - 19: Marc Vickers, Nick Smith and Lorien Kaye react to Generation X and Kurt Cobain

20 - 21: A Generation X Vox Pop

22 - 23: The winning entries in our short story competition

25: Michael Nelson examines MindVirus, a new computer magazine

26: Cathy Abell interviews American author Karen Moline

27: Books

28 - 29: Film

30 - 31: Theatre

32 - 33: Music

34: Bryan Scruby chats with Melinda Gainsford

35: Classifieds

Photo: Chris Kuchar

Production Notes

On Dit is the weekly newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete editorial control, and we'll godamn use it. The opinions expressed in the paper are sometimes not their own, sometimes not the opinion of the writer and occasionally not the opinion of anybody.

Editors:

Tim Gow
David Mills
Lorien Kaye

Advertising Manager:

Maddie Shaw

Typesetting:

Sharon Middleton

Cover:

Us

Freight:

Simon Lee

Stars of the Show:

Gerald Toh, Dominic Lian, Catherine Follett, Nick Smith, George Safe, Fiona Dalton, Tania Collins, Michael Osborne, Adrian Danker and Lucy Russell, Ian Milnes, Simon Slade, Cathy Abell, Michael Nelson, Jocelyn Fredericks, Nikki Anderson, Jo Daniell, Mike Wait, Jesse Reynolds, Monica Carroll, Dave Ormsby, Mike Hepburn, T.C. Lim, Simon Lee, Cathy Fitch, Bryan Scruby, Matt Rawes, Eng Ooi, Cressida Wall, Angus Kemp, John Kaye and Pat Grant (twice over), all our contributors and those who entered our short story competition.

Extra special thanks to Adrian Kennedy and Sarah Bailey for the story "The Mongoose Always Strikes Twice" published in the Prosh Rag.

University administration takes over Mitchell building

It is often very hard to be inspired by university life, especially when surrounded by the stark traits of modernity. Thankfully, however, there are still some aesthetically pleasing buildings in the University, but if you are a student enjoy them while you can! Take, for instance, the recent developments occurring in the stately and beautiful Mitchell Building on North Terrace.

On Dit recently received a letter from some disgruntled students from the Classical Studies department concerning a number of issues that have arisen out of their having to share this building with the University Administration. Initially the Administration occupied the ground floor and part of the first floor, but according to one Classical Studies student, "Administration executives don't want to share any more." Over the past year, Administration have been spending a lot of money refurbishing their areas of the building and slowly acquiring more areas, a number of which were once offices belonging to the Classics department. The obvious demarcation made by certain members of the Administration department of the prominence of their area and work over that of the Classics department, has manifested itself insidiously in many ways.

For instance, in January they removed the old, worn, linoleum from the ground floor and the main staircase. As one would expect, brand new carpet appeared within a week. However this only manifested itself upon the staircase and floor of the Administration section, abruptly stopping at the landing; where surprise, surprise the Classics department began. It has only been within the last two weeks that new carpet has been placed in this area, laying to rest the black, gluey residue that had previously greeted all entrants to the Classics department since January. The removal of the restored light fittings in the Administration area apparently resurfaced within a week, whilst the light fittings removed from the second flight of stairs and those in the only in-department lecture theatre - the Edgeloe Room - were also removed only to resurface five weeks later. Further stories of sledge-hammer accompaniments during lectures; of an official who so disliked having to be near students that a corridor was constructed to avoid the Classics wing; of constant disruption due to the remodelling of Administration offices all serve to reinforce the students' argument that their studies and the activities of their department are held in complete disdain by The University of Adelaide Administration.

These incidents in themselves are arguably of concern, but could, in the most favourable interpretation of the situation, be construed as just part of the aggravating nature of renovations. However two aspects of relations between the Adminis-

tration and the Classical studies department highlighted to *On Dit* raise a number of issues pertinent to all students at this University. Firstly, the issue of Occupational Health and safety, and secondly the appropriation of valuable teaching resources in the name of administration need.

On my way earlier this week to talk to Leonie Randell, one of the Classical Students who voiced their concern to us, I was able to survey for myself the dumped office furniture, consisting of filing cabinets, tables and chairs that Administration had authorised to be piled up on either side of the only entrance and exit into the Postgraduates and Honours room. Perfect only in the context of holding your next Guy Fawkes night, they seemed to present an obvious fire hazard. The South Australian Occupational Health, Safety and Welfare Act, 1986 states in section 23 that "The occupier of a workplace shall ensure so far as is reasonably practicable-

(a) that the workplace is maintained in a safe condition;

(b) that the means of access to and egress from the workplace are safe."

The Classical Studies students upon communicating their concerns were informed that the pile of furniture presented no hazard as it would be moved soon, that was at least two months ago. After *On Dit* had enquired about the hazardous nature of this situation to various people in the University, we were pleased to hear that miraculously within 24 hours of such discussions, all the obstacles disappeared (watch this space for photos taken just prior to its removal). Although in this situation the students did all that they could to rectify it, ultimately it is the responsibility of the employees (the staff of the University) and the University as employer to remedy such incidents before any accidents occur. As Ross Wisshaw from the Occupational Health and Safety Unit pointed out, it is essential that people are aware of their legal responsibilities in respect to Occupational Health and Safety and that students (as third parties) continually report any such incidents they feel are a cause for concern and any accidents that happen to them.

Another grave concern to the Classics students was the fate of the Edgeloe Room, an extremely beautiful room but also the major location for the majority of lectures and tutorials undertaken by the department. Apparently the administration executives wish to use this room for council

and committee meetings and as one student cynically commented "to impress their foreign dignitaries." Concerned about the lack of consultation the students approached the SAUA Education Vice-President, who helped set up a meeting between the Executive Assistant to the Registrar, Mr. Michael Fox, the students and herself. While not being in a position to speak for the University Administration, as an employee and not a decision maker, Mr. Fox was still prepared to listen to the

room is available the Classics department will have use of the Edgeloe room. But I am not absolutely certain of this.

OD: Does the Classics department in the past have a monopoly over the Edgeloe room?

MF: No, the Edgeloe room is the original council room of the University.

OD: What about the Council room that is currently used by Council?

MF: That was built through the sixties and is a relatively modern building. The

Mitchell building is the original University building.

OD: Why does Administration need the Edgeloe room?

MF: We are critically short of meeting space.

OD: How many conference rooms and meeting rooms does administration currently have access to?

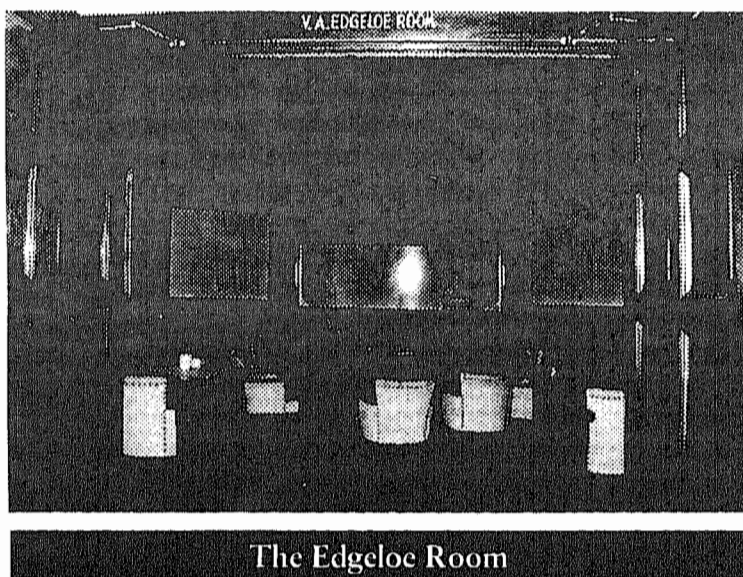
MF: Well the Council room is the main one, there are some other smaller meeting rooms. But I stress they are small. There are very few meeting rooms around the University that are available for use. There is one in the Barr Smith Library Seminar

room we had a disastrous meeting there once, there is one in the Medical Building. But we are critically short of meeting rooms.

It appears from feedback gathered by ourselves, the Classics students and by the department, that the Edgeloe room's primary use will be for administration purposes, not educational. One aspect brought up in a number of discussions was the heritage aspect of this room, it is indeed one of the oldest rooms of the university and one of the most aesthetically pleasing. Why only those associated with administering the University get to bask in its historic glory, is a question worth asking. The Edgeloe room has proved an invaluable teaching space for the Classics department particularly in the seminar based style often engaged in the teaching of its subjects and its close proximity to the museum of antiquity whose status in itself, is also rumoured to be questionable.

Issues such as those brought to our attention by the Classics students, reinforce what is too often a recurring theme, the gulf that appears all too often between those who administer the University and the people they supposedly are meant to administer it for. By voicing their concerns students can hopefully go a long way to changing this situation.

Tania Collins
Photo: Gerald Toh



The Edgeloe Room

students' concerns and give his opinion about the status of the Edgeloe Room.

He generously agreed to be interviewed by *On Dit* about this issue. The following is an extract:

OD: Since you have been brought into this consultation process, what to your knowledge is the official position of the Edgeloe Room? Is a policy being formulated stating whether it will be as many Classics students fear, just for administration purposes or accessible for education purposes as well?

MF: The short term scenario is that with the refurbishment of the Mitchell Building the department of Classics has obtained the use of an additional tutorial room which has been built on the western side of the Mitchell Building. To replace the tutorials that were being held in the Edgeloe room, as there were not only lectures being held but also some small classes... this additional tutorial room is being fitted out by desks and whiteboards. In the second semester to cause minimal disruption the department of Classics will have preferential booking for their lectures that cannot be housed in the tutorial room. From next year onwards, and I believe this to be the case although I am not absolutely certain of this, I believe that the department has been advised to lodge their preferences for bookings with the property services branch. Convention is the Property Services branch makes its best efforts to take into account the location of departments to a lecture space, and if the

Acid Green Rayon

Talk about bad taste ... I agree with A. Long's letter concerning the refurbishment of the Mayo Refectory. I just want to add something about an inverse relation between aesthetics and the economic rationalists in the Student Union Administration.

The acid green rayon plants have to be seen to be believed but they do complement the nasty grey tubular high-backed chairs and the mottled, 'autumnal' coloured tabletops. Could it be that the mentality of the student representatives who favour introduction of a Pizza Hut franchise is behind a Westfield Shopping plaza-style refectory?

Return the plain and serviceable moulded chairs and refectory tables and you can have the plastic plants in exchange.

By the way, what has happened to the folding wooden partitions which used to be in the meeting rooms behind the Bistro? All that wood, must have had a good resale value. Yes, plastic covered ones have replaced them!

Shoddy interior design is our student inheritance unless the philistines in the Union Administration are franchised out.

Margaret MacIwain
Arts

Teenage Fanclub

The letter entitled, "Ascension to the Master Class" (*On Dit* No. 6) was *not* written by myself, but apparently some other crackpot. I have nothing against Anthony Roediger.

Anthony Long
Arts

I was coming home when I saw it atop the flag pole

Dear Editors,
I am writing with concern to inform your readers of something I think they should be aware of. I am talking, of course, about the Pterodactyl living in the bell tower of Bonython Hall.

I know you may find this a little hard to believe at first, but I saw it with my own eyes. I was coming home from the USA O'Ball Friday night, when I saw it perched atop the flag pole listening to the Test Cricket in South Africa on it's walkman.

Now, I admit I had drunk more than a carton of VB that night, not to mention snorted half a box of Omo super concentrate and I had no more idea what my own name was than why I was running around with my underpants on my head screaming, "The moose has escaped," but I know a Pterodactyl when I see one!

I trust that you will take whatever actions you deem appropriate to find out where this creature comes from and whether there is any truth in that rumour that it is being kept using SAUA funds.

Yours sincerely,
C. Bourke

Come together

Dear Ellen Furner and Katrina Picozzi, I am writing about your letter to Jo England, our Women's Officer.

Although I make no judgement on your views, I was concerned with the manner in which you criticised Jo.

I personally found your words to Jo very destructive. Comments like, "Quite frankly, if as Wimmin's Officer and a feminist you're not offending some people, in our opinion, you are not doing your job properly" and other general attacks on Jo's ability to hold her position really do not do much for the feminist cause.

At a time when women need to be banding together and accepting each others right to approach problems in different ways, comments like yours can begin to destroy women's power to express themselves. I believe that criticism is necessary for the growth of peoples ideals and aims in life, as long as it is constructive.

Jane Matthews
4th Year Chem Eng

Get with it, man

The Editors,
Re: Sexist Language
Dear Whichever,

The latest University circular against discrimination points out how politically incorrect it is to use masculine language of groups which include women and implies that this crime is especially likely to be committed by misogynistic elderly males. Which suggests the thought, 'How come that my feminist elder daughter calls her girlfriends individually 'man' and collectively 'guys'?' Perhaps trying to control colloquial language by rules isn't very sensible?

Yours more-or-less-sincerely,
Overweight ex-pom, off-pink, 58-year-old father of two.
(Name supplied)

I listened attentively to the argument

Dear Students,
I am writing in regard to the constant criticism that the Pro-Life club has been subjected to within the past two weeks; particularly by some radical feminists. I too attended the Pro-Life opening meeting two weeks ago, and I listened attentively to the argument put up by some anti-Pro-Lifers, as they put forward their beliefs about the quality of life and other such issues. I was by no means offended by them or their views; but I have been annoyed with the fact that they have not let down with their mundane mud flinging.

The Pro-Life club is a group in which students can join together and discuss their views on particular topics concerning the termination of life. These issues are there to be debated by the group, not all of us are completely black and white as some may wish to believe. We are not into using shock tactics; this may have been used by some other Pro-Life groups, but not this one. (The models used in

O'Week could not be considered offensive, they are Laboratory models displaying the progress of a child's growth in the womb. No explicit visual example of an aborted child was used. We were surprised how unaware many students - including pregnant women - were of the child's progress; although some balked at them. What I consider distasteful would be to use one of the dead (maybe aborted, miscarried, or stillborn) babies placed in jars in one of the Medical rooms, and use them as direct examples of what an aborted child looks like. We do not intend to convert the student population into pro-lifers; our only wish is to increase awareness of our cause.

The Pro-Life group is increasingly aware of our opposition, and have concluded that what others believe is up to them; but when we were portrayed as Fascist, anally-retentive plebs, then I felt that it was time that someone defended our cause. To highlight my argument, just imagine if some homophobe wrote a letter against Pride and their recent posters? SHIT WOULD HIT THE FANS!!! A lot of people, including myself, would stand up and defend their right to have a support group where non-heterosexuals could discuss issues and solve personal problems. If this is the case, why then can't Pro-Lifers have the same right? After all, we seem to be just as controversial in the community.

Fiona Sproles
Arts

Bec and Suze: regular head-kickers

Dear Rebecca and Suzanne,
So you've been "Lobbying the Feds", well that's just great. I'm sure that you had them quaking in their shoes when you walked into their office and threatened that Adelaide Uni students wouldn't vote for them at the next election if they did not pull the Budget our way...especially the rural NSW members. You guys are regular head-kickers aren't you? Move over Rich-o (Oh he has).

Do you know anything about the political process? Powerful members of parties tow the party line; that's why they're powerful - loyalty is very important. On the off chance that you managed to convince someone that the issues of Adelaide Uni were important at a federal, nay global, level, they are not going to be the big guns. Members who rat on their party or do not even have a party do not have much clout. An absolute assurance from the member for Fadden, that Adelaide Uni will be OK, is not very handy.

I can understand lobbying the minor parties in the Senate, but couldn't you have sent a letter? (that's 45 cents for those who are interested in finances, and that dreaded thing called accountability which you talked so much about in last year's saccharine sweet elections.

Don't we pay NUS to do this stuff anyway? Aren't you just reinventing the wheel, or don't you trust them?

How lucky it was for you also that your trip coincided with the Caberra Wine and Food Festival! Hope you had

fun with Helen and Mikey.

Anyway, thanks for taking care of me and my money, guys. Next time do let me know when you're going so I can see you off at the airport.

All the best
Leesa Chesser
Bachelor of Labour Studies, External

A question for the Union

Has anyone noticed the word "China" embossed on our student union keyrings? Since when has it been student union policy to spend our money overseas instead of locally? Of greater concern is the distinct possibility that we have the suffering of Tibetans, or perhaps *student leaders* in forced labour campus to thank for something as profoundly useful as a keyring that always comes back. Who made this purchasing decision?

Erich Heinze
Medicine

Not everybody crazy over Prosh

Dear fellow students,
I ask you, what is this world coming too? And how much longer will it take before we realise we are being eaten alive by our student hierarchy?

Last Tuesday, a certain number of Prosh organisers treated themselves to a meal, to promote Prosh week, in the Barr Smith circle ... on us! We paid for this farce!!

Is it just me or does this seem a waste? Did we say they could pay for this meal when we forked up our Union fees back in O'Week? Did anyone ask us if it was OK to spend our money this way? No way! Money is wasted all over this University but this really does take the cake.

Losing hope in human kind and eagerly awaiting a response from any of the well-fed Prosh organisers.

Stunned
(No name supplied)

Roussy keeps the heat on. Ouch!

Dear students, eds and anyone else who cares ...

Re: the Pro-Life Club. The Pro-Life Club has a perfect right to exist. They *don't* have a right to put their vile foetuses on display, though. I hope that the CA Council will affiliate them. After all, if we don't affiliate them, how can we expel them?

Re: the By Election. I want names!! There were about 12 people, strangely enough, I am told, to vote Roussy 1, Hassan 2. I fail to see any possible connection!

Re: the Referendum. Same place, same question in September.

Re: Mel Yuan (former Union President). Why was she busily chatting to Anthony Roediger on Monday, 21st March, 1994? Coming to make sure you didn't stuff up too badly, was she? Dear oh dear ... too late.

Re: Life in general. Hope to see you all

soon. Thanks to everyone who bothered (you know what I mean).

Cheers,
Dave Roussy
Formerly Co-Convenor AU NORML (for reasons which may become apparent)

Formerly Co-Convenor AU Food Co-Op
Formerly CA Pubs Standing Committee Member

Formerly Episkopos, SAS
Convenor, Eric-Arthur-Blair-get-a-pen-name-and-stop-plagiarising-one-of-the-English-languages-greatest-writers Campaign

P.S. There was a misprint in my election statement. The Legends (tm) campaign was sponsored by the Goddess Eris (*not* Eric).

Helen's gets an upgrade

Dear Eds,
Re: Ascension to the master class (by A. Long, Arts)

I sincerely hope that few students will agree with you! I certainly *do not!!* Last year, I *hated* the refectory! *Cold, dark* and its furniture falling to bits! The Student Union did an *excellent* job with the refurbishment. Now, it is possible to *see* what I eat! So, folks like A. Long, please back off!

The Student Union has actually *done* something right, for once, so give 'em a break!

W.L. Yong
2nd Year Computer Science.

Three young lads looking for something to do

Dear Editors,
We communicate more and more in more defined ways than ever before.

Kind regards,
Gordon Knight

Dear Editors,
But no one has got anything to say.
Kind regards,
Rohan Thompson

Dear Editors,
It's all very poor, it's all just a bore.
Kind regards,
Evan Thompson

All my friends are brown and red

Dear Editors,
It was interesting to note in the last issue of *On Dit* that David Moxham upon not gaining a seat on the Union Board, had resigned as president of the Clubs Association.

Could it be that David ran for the position of CA president more for status and political power than any concern about the Clubs Association?

The CA executive of 1992-93, of which I was president, had a plan and a vision for the Clubs Association. We wanted to make the CA a centre of culture, arts, entertainment, and student interests. At

the same time we made constitutional and regulation changes to make the CA fair, accountable, and unbiased. The success of our work can be seen in the wide range of activities funded by the CA last year. It was the first and only year in which the entire CA budget was used to fund club activities.

David Moxham in his short reign did all the good work and relationship with the clubs that was achieved by the CA. Firstly, he has wanted to change the constitution into a document so large and unwieldy that it resembles an act of the State Parliament.

Clubs will be enforced by so many rules and regulations that it seems a daunting task running a club on campus let alone starting one up. Furthermore there is now the fear of *individual* club members being persecuted for misdemeanours, as seen in the act of David Moxham taking a student all the way to the University Disciplinary Council for falsifying names on an application form.

Obviously this is a reprehensible act, but this must be expected when dealing with students who are only recently out of school and have not yet experienced the real world with its responsibilities. Some leeway must be given for their lack of experience. After all we are a University - not a police state as David would lead us to believe. I would not say the student committed a "fraud that one could go to jail for" as David told me on the telephone when I warned that these actions would discourage people to join Club Activities.

In my year, we had a "trust once" policy, where we gave the clubs money the first time, but if they abused it then not again.

David's tactics take away the fun and liveliness of running a student club, and turn it into a bureaucratic nightmare.

Finally, I would like to say that if the report is true, then David's resignation is a great development for the CA. I implore the next president to have minimal interest in politics and issues that are of no concern to the CA, and more of an interest in promoting club activities of every form and colour on campus.

Yours Sincerely,
Adrian Cheok
Past CA President

Letters Policy

The deadline for letters is 5pm on the Wednesday before publication. Bring your letters into the office, or place them in the contributions box in the SAUA. Alternately, you can post them to us:

On Dit
University of Adelaide
North Terrace
Adelaide 5005

Letters may be edited for space requirements or slanderous content.

Attention All Arts Students

Due to the resignation of David Moxham from the Arts Faculty Board, there will be a By-Election to elect a replacement student representative. Voting will be from 9 am Wednesday, 4th May till 4.30 pm Friday, 6th May at the Arts Faculty Office (Level 2, Napier Building). The 5 candidates are:-

- Natasha Yacoub;
- Matthew Toohey;
- Karina Warnest;
- Ritchie Hollands;
- Simon Russell.

The candidate who is elected will join Paul Sykes, Judith Clover and Catherine Redden who already serve on the Arts Faculty Board. All students who are currently enrolled in an Arts award course are eligible to vote. I encourage you all to do so, as the person elected will be representing you. If anyone has any queries regarding the election or Arts Faculty issues please feel free to contact me via the Arts Faculty Office.

Paul Sykes
Returning Officer

Defending The Environment A Public Interest Environmental Law Conference

7 AND 8 MAY 1994
UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE LAW SCHOOL

The Australian Centre for Environmental Law (ACEL), at the University of Adelaide, will be the venue for a national two day conference on the current status and future directions of public involvement in the protection of the environment.

- Topics include:
- Mabo, Native Title Legislation and the Environment
 - The National and International Environmental Defence Movement
 - Wilderness, World Heritage and Endangered Species
 - Enforcement of Environmental Law
 - Community Participation
 - Strategic Lawsuits against Public Participation (SLAPP)

Registration fees: &70 employed and \$30 Concession

For further information please contact Rob Fowler or Cathy Ogier, Australian Centre for Environmental Law, Law School (Room 321), University of Adelaide. Telephone: 303 5582 Fax: 303 4344



224 NORTH TERRACE
OPPOSITE THE
ART GALLERY

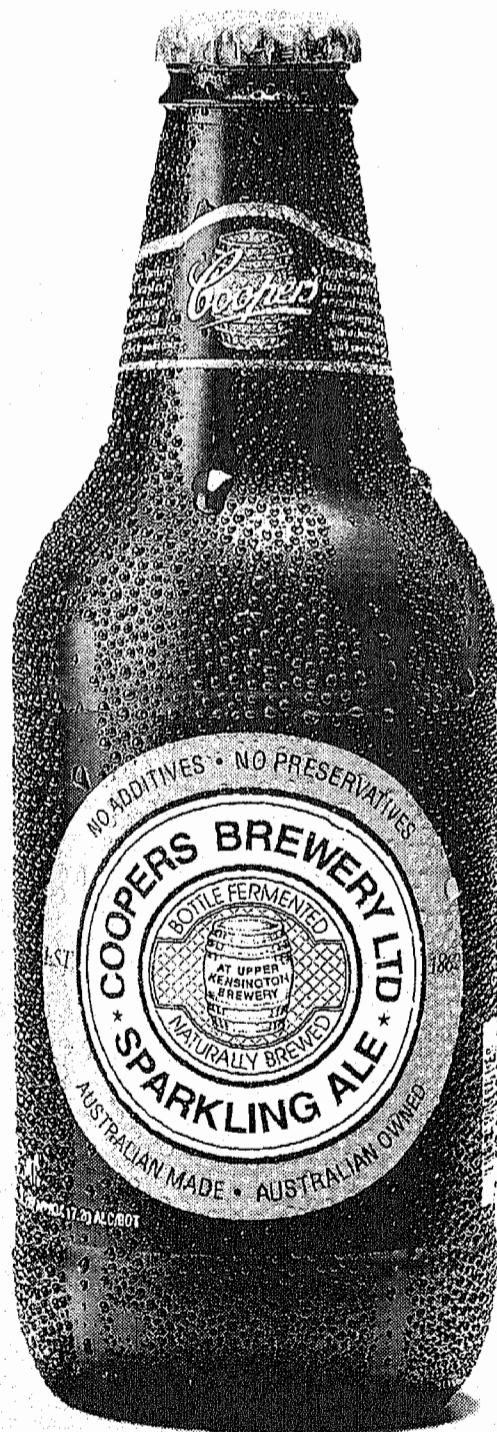
★ Hot and Cold Drinks

★ Light Snacks and Full Meals

★ Restaurant licence

ASK FOR YOUR **UNI CARD 94**
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PiSS elegant.



After decades of bringing you our famous Coopers Sparkling Ale in the traditional grenade shaped bottle, we've now moved to the new more elegant shaped mid neck bottle. Yet have no fear dear Coopers lover, the contents haven't changed one iota. Cheers!



President
Bcc Shinnick

Hello and welcome back to a new term. This week SAUA news will be distributed to you in your pigeon holes outlining some of the campaigns and activities we have been running this year so do read it and please come and see an office bearer or SAUA Councillor if you want to get involved or have anything you think the SAUA should be doing.

Security

You may have noticed in the media recently the horrible attacks on two women students when walking unaccompanied in the areas around University. Jo and I have been attending Unisafe meetings, a group set up to investigate what must be done. This involves Adelaide University Security, USA security, the police and student representatives. We will be lobbying the City Council to install extra lighting in areas off campus. Police patrols have increased. The SAUA is requesting that phones to be installed outside lecture theatres and at other points around campus so students and staff can call security easily.

What can you do? Take care and exercise caution. Think about where you will be walking or riding, especially at dusk or night. Security personnel (female and male) can escort you to your car, bus stop or nearest safe place you need to go. Do use the escort service by contacting Security in Hughes Plaza or calling 35990 (internal), 3035990 (external). Also go into the Security Office and purchase at cost price a personal safety alarm, they are effective and make a lot of noise to scare potential attackers away.

Roseworthy shuttle bus

The University provided a bus service for those students at Roseworthy as there is no public transport available at all. This year a substantial charge was introduced which would have caused unjustifiable hardship to many students who have to commute to Roseworthy. Fortunately, after pressure from the SAUA and the Roseworthy Student Union, the University has reconsidered its position and the service will remain free. It has also been agreed that the SAUA will be consulted in future.

PROSH

A very successful Prosh was held and Prosh was certainly put back on the map. Although final figures are yet to come in it appears that a healthy \$3500 was raised in collections. This will go to Streetlink, a service for homeless youth. All involved should be congratulated for their hard work - Matt and Cat as Prosh Directors, Jess and Nic as Prosh After Dark Directors, Tim, David and Lorien for their sensational PROSH rag and EVERYONE who helped and put in

long hours organising sponsors, activities, stunts, painted banners and generally helped out.

Meeting with the minister

Suze and I met with Bob Such, State Minister for Further Education. We discussed various things. The problems with inequitable schemes for entrance to uni and problems with the SACE system. The severe crisis of our libraries in this state was also raised and it was noted that these problems are of particular concern in SA as we are geographically a long way from the eastern states and have less universities so we need adequate resources right here. The issue that all people should have equitable access to uni but also that just because one choses to do something else (eg TAFE) that should also be encouraged. We also discussed the importance of student organisations. Unlike WA and Victoria this government will not introduce legislation to destroy our organisations. It seems the value of student organisations is also recognised in all other states.

Blue stocking week

This week is Blue Stocking week to celebrate women's participation in higher education. There is an article in SAUA news and programs are being put up all around uni. Do get involved as many lunchtime events have been planned. On Wednesday I will be talking on the effect of HECS on women and the disadvantages that women face in entering higher education. So come along to the lawns if you are interested. If you want to help with other events read Jo England's column and come in and see her.

Receptionist

The SAUA has a new Receptionist, Nia Sharpe. She will be at the front desk in the SAUA Office and able to help you with any queries you may have. Welcome Nia!



EVP
Suzanne McCourt

Well it has been a while since *On Dit* came out. I hope everyone had a good holiday, or at least managed to get some catch up study done.

Federal budget

The Students' Association has been over-run with the lead up and hectic week of Prosh last week. The action still continues however. This week on Wednesday in addition to the activities based around Blue Stocking Week, there will be speakers on the Barr Smith Lawns at 1.15pm talking about Higher Education, its funding, and its direction for the

future. This is in lead up to the Federal Budget which is being released earlier this year. The Budget will determine the amount of money the Federal Government will spend on Higher Education in the coming year. As many of you will remember, there were some drastic changes that were proposed last year meaning that many students would be paying a lot more HECS, but due to intense pressure on the government from a variety of angles. The changes were not put into practice. We hope that this year's Budget will be more favourable to students, with improvements to AUSTUDY, reductions in HECS, and better funding for universities. As a follow up to the Budget on the 17th May at 1pm on the Barr Smith Lawns there will be a debate between representatives from the three major political parties. They will be analysing what they see as the effects of the Budget on students, and the reasons why they agree or disagree with the funding allocations for Higher Education set out in the budget. Lunch will be available on the Lawns also.

Use of sexist language

The Women's Officer and I recently wrote a letter to all Heads of Departments requesting that they alert all members of staff in their Department of this recurring problem. If you know of lecturers or tutors that do not use gender-exclusive language regularly, and in examples continually refer to only one sex, then ensure that something is done about this. The Students' Association has copies of pamphlets that can be given to, pigeonholed or slipped under the door of the offending teacher. We can also arrange appointments with the lecturer or tutor, or with the Head of the Department to address the specific problems. The Equal Opportunity Unit in the University can also provide you with information and assistance. Unfortunately many people still do not understand how people can be offended by this sexist language, and a healthy discussion between affected parties may help to shed some of the misconceptions about

why this is seen as an important issue by many.

Blue stocking week

This week will celebrate the achievements of women in education. I encourage everyone to get involved, and attend the interesting sessions. To everyone who thinks that all is well in the Higher Education sector and there are no longer barriers existing in any part of this sector for women, be they students or women within the academic or administrative parts of the University, then come along, listen, debate and query. You may find out a lot that you had never considered before. Congratulations to Jo, the Women's Officer and the other women who organised the week.

Computing facilities

Over the past few weeks we have been trying to ascertain the need for computers on campus for students, both Undergraduates and Postgraduates. From the information we have collected it seems the greatest need is for the promotion of the existing facilities, and for general use computers that can be used by students from all faculties for the writing of reports and essays rather than course specific technical use. Many students are not able to use the computers in their Faculty for anything but the course work that involves computing practicals. This means that these students have very limited access to computers for word processing or spreadsheets. The University provides only 10 general use computers on North Terrace, for 10 000 students! These are in the Reserve Collection area of the Barr Smith Library, and are in very high demand. We will be making it a priority to encourage the University to increase the number of computers available. For the meantime, if you don't know of the computers you are able to use, then contact your Department or Faculty office. They should also be able to provide you with availability hours and conditions of use. If you see other or more immediate problems with computer availability, please come in and speak to me about them.

Value For Money?

We pay HECS. Is the education we are getting good enough?

Speakers and Lunch: 4th May 1.15pm
Barr Smith Lawns

Did you know?

The SAUA has employment and accommodation boards. If you need housing or a part-time job (various types including tutoring) come into the SAUA office and have a look!

Women in the political arena

In a year that celebrates the centenary of female suffrage in South Australia, it seems that women in politics is the hot topic around Australia lately. There has been an escalation in dialogue concerning the subject from all sides of the political arena. The ex-premier of Victoria, Joan Kirner, has been pressuring the Victorian Labor Party for an increased proportion of women to be preselected for *winnable* seats. The newly elected S.A. Liberal government has initiated a joint committee investigating the causes of the under-representation of women in parliament. Even Paul Lyneham, that acid-tongued ABC journo is calling for the provision of child-care in Parliament House (*Australia Today*, April 1994). As he notes, while Parliament House has every mod con that a polly could desire (including a meditation room), the planners neglected to include any semblance of child-care (whoops!).

Despite this lack of consideration, women *have* increased their representation in parliament but at an incredibly slow rate. Women, who constitute 52% of the population, currently hold 18.84% of South Australian seats and on the basis of our achievements over the last 100 years, will not achieve equal repre-

sentation in parliament for almost another 200 years. Obviously, this trend cannot be left to run its natural course; some type of deliberate intervention must be taken and while hot air is vigorously expelled in parliament over the issue, the solution lies within the political parties themselves.

The solution is to restructure the internal pre-selection processes of the major parties. Currently, women not only have to take on the established position of men within the Labor and Liberal parties to get pre-selected but there is an obvious reluctance to pre-select women for anything other than marginal or unwinnable seats. There has been a perception that women cannot win seats, that they are somehow displeasing or unacceptable to the electorate. As a result the major parties have preferred to put women on an upper house ticket where the proportional representation system is used on the upper houses around Australia has allowed women to get into parliament on quotas rather than having to fight the battle of personality and political guile perceived as necessary to win lower house seats. At the present time in SA out of the 69 seats in parliament, women occupy 13. In the House of Assembly, 12.77%

of the occupants are female, compared to 31.82% of the occupants of the Legislative Council. The Liberal Party hold 37 of the 47 lower house seats. Of those 37 Liberal members only 5 are women (13.5%). Similarly Labor holds 10 lower house seats, of which 1 is held by a woman. This type of figure is repeated across the country in parliament after parliament.

A small bright spot in these dismal figures is the proportion of women in parliament as Australian Democrats. The proportion of women across Australia as MPs in both State and Federal governments is 5 from 11 (45.5%), so clearly, if women have political aspirations their chances of making it to parliament would be best with the Democrats (just ask Cheryl Kernot). This increased representation did not occur through parliamentary committees, but through a substantially more democratic form of party structure, where all party members are entitled to vote in candidate pre-selection. This is not the case in either the Liberal or Labor parties.

The misconceptions do not end when women are eventually elected to parliament. Female pollys are still seen to be

associated with issues concerning the family and the home, issues such as social welfare, child-care, family allowances and women's issues. Obviously, these are areas that have often been neglected previously but the result is that women are excluded from other important portfolio areas.

While women are no longer popularly seen as emotional, flighty creatures, incapable of the rationality needed to endure the political rigours of parliament, the vested interests within society seem to have the need to reassure themselves that these women, despite being in parliament, still carry these (limiting) domestic ideals. It is reassuring for the powers-that-be to know, that while these women are in positions of power they are still committed to the traditional ideas of the family. As Di Laidlaw is quoted as saying in *The Advertiser* (12/3/94) ...

"I got it in perspective. I want to spend time with my family, to see my nieces and nephews grow up. That is what is important to me, even more important to me than my own ambitions."

The struggle continues...

Kathryn Washurst

What's fat got to do with it?

Susie Orbach talked about fat as a feminist issue. There is a certain craziness about a world where women are expected to fit into a particular shape. Society wants performance from men and appearance from women. Social pressure is brought to bear. The fashion and diet industries play their part.

Naomi Wolf locates the heavy emphasis on thinness at the time when women were given the right to vote. The average model of a generation ago was about 8% lighter than the average American woman. Now the average model is about 23% lighter. What an image to which women are *supposed* to aspire!

Those women who do aim for such a figure may find out that they are not healthy, wealthy and wise. Dieting can be very costly. Diet pills, gym memberships, diet magazines and books, special foods ... The diet monster gobbles money with great speed and enthusiasm. This cost to health and self-esteem are even more significant!

Thinner does not necessarily mean healthier. Naomi Wolf writes that 150,000 American women die each year from anorexia. There is also considerable damage done on an emotional level. The Framingham Heart Study has reported that people who have cycles of loss and gain - "The Yo-Yo Syndrome" - are more prone to heart disease than those whose weight remains stable.

When a person goes on a diet, loses weight and then regains it, the person is

thought to have failed. She feels a failure. Recent literature has suggested otherwise. People now are pointing to the "Yo-Yo Syndrome" which leads to greater weight gain after a diet than before.

Jane Ogden makes the point that because of society's emphasis on women's physical attributes, we are seen as something to look at and then as a person. Our self-esteem, our self-worth becomes based on how others assess our attractiveness.

Drastic diets, "instant success" diets show so much initial success because the person is losing lean muscle tissue. Lean muscle tissue is usually replaced by fat when the person regains the weight.

Jane Ogden points out that when we meet people for the first time it is difficult to assess their personalities so we make judgements on their appearance. Yet many of life's pleasant experiences are set around consuming food.

We are open to many influences in our lives. A study of women's magazines in America (*Women and Health*, 1985) reported that there was a low coverage of themes such as breast cancer, eating disorders and occupational health issues. Major diet firms try to target women who are at home watching daytime shows.

"Choice" magazine did a study of some of the diet firms in an issue in June, 1993. The survey had a number of reservations about the industry. High-pressure tactics from diet firms, the image portrayed by present-day models, society's ideas about what a woman should be all represent the

way others want us to be. Ultimately, it's our choice about how we live. We don't need to be trapped. What is needed is more information about the alternatives, more information about the consequences of our choices. We are entitled to be who we are.

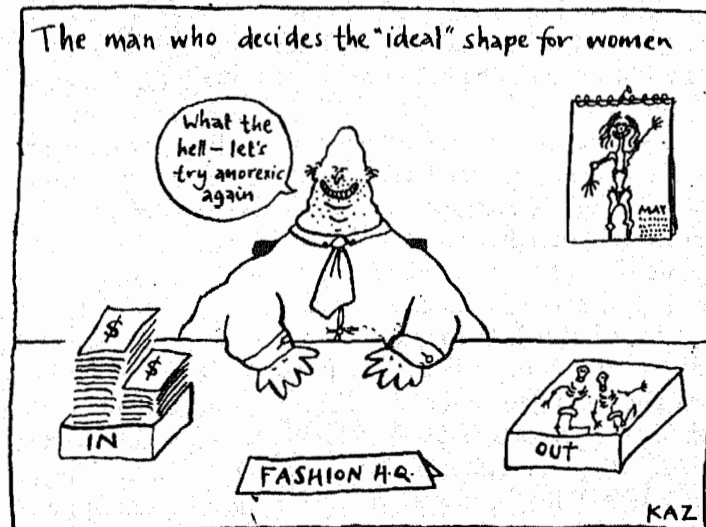
5th May, 1994 has been set aside as International No Diet Day. The aims of No Diet Day are:-

- to increase public awareness of the dangers and futility of dieting;
- to increase public awareness that there is a difference between eating healthily and eating to lose weight;
- to increase public awareness of the damage done to emotional, physical and financial health, particularly that of women, by society's obsession with thinness;
- to increase public awareness of the growing epidemic of potentially fatal eating disorders such as anorexia and bulimia, particularly among teen and pre-teen girls and its relationship to advertising for commercial weight loss programs and products;

• to increase public awareness of the Size Acceptance movement and its messages of positive self-esteem and equal rights for people of all sizes.

In Adelaide, there will be two forums available on No Diet Day, 5th May. An afternoon session will be for health professionals at a cost of \$5. The evening session is *free* and open to all who are interested. The keynote speaker at both sessions will be Dr Dale Atrens, writer of the book, "Don't Diet". Both sessions will be held at The Royal Deaf Society in South Terrace. For further information ring Colleen or Ann-Marie at Adelaide Women's Community Health Centre: phone 267 5366.

Colleen Haughey



New right, old hatreds

Recently National Action held a rally in Prospect. At the same time the Anti Racism Alliance were meeting just down the road to voice their opposition to the opinions of National Action. Story and photographs by Eng Ooi.

On April 9 the Adelaide branch of the National Action Party held a rally outside the City Council of Prospect. This rally was held to protest against the Government's current immigration policy, and to demand a stop to its migrant intake, especially Asian migrants. National Action, led by Michael Brander, and comprising around 50 skinheads and bikies, were hurling abuse and chanting racist slogans against Asians, Aborigines and Jews. They were demanding that "Australia become a white nation again," and were wearing t-shirts proclaiming white power and displaying swastikas. They were yelling "Asian scum go back to where you come from" and "Jews go back to your gas bins". These fascist neo-nazi skinheads were trying to look tough with their military pants, boots and swastikas yet were so gutless that they had to cover their faces up. Incidentally, Michael Brander is a son of a Spanish immigrant and his mother speaks broken English.

At 12 noon I went to the rally to photograph this event occurring and, being the only Chinese photographer there, I was threatened and subjected to plenty of racial abuse. I was personally told by the skinheads to "get back on my boat", that I should "leave

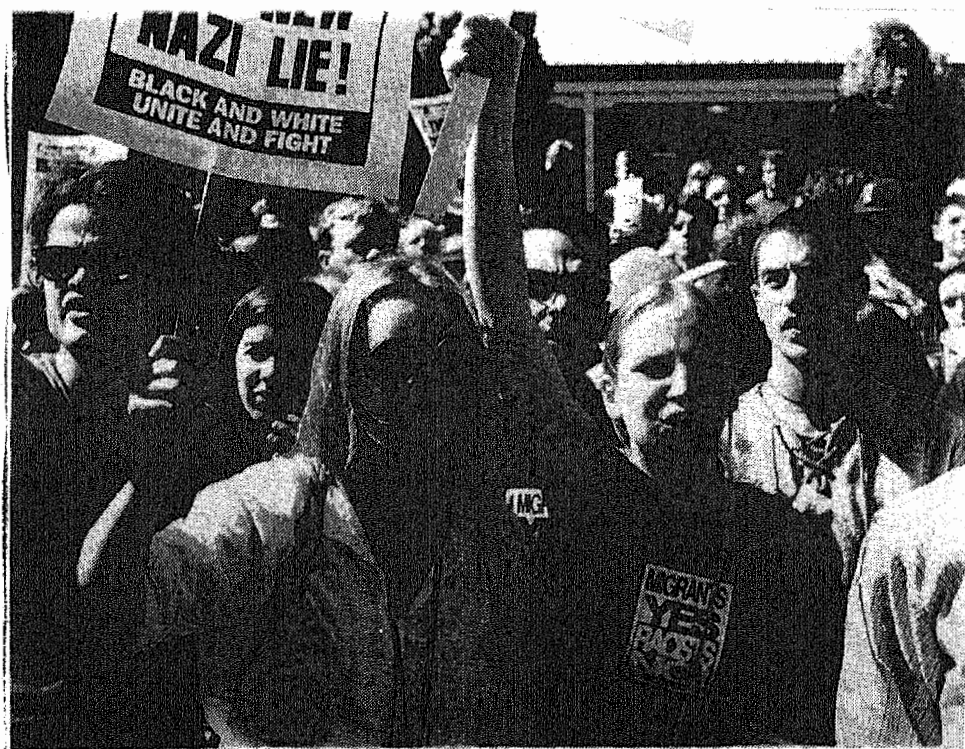
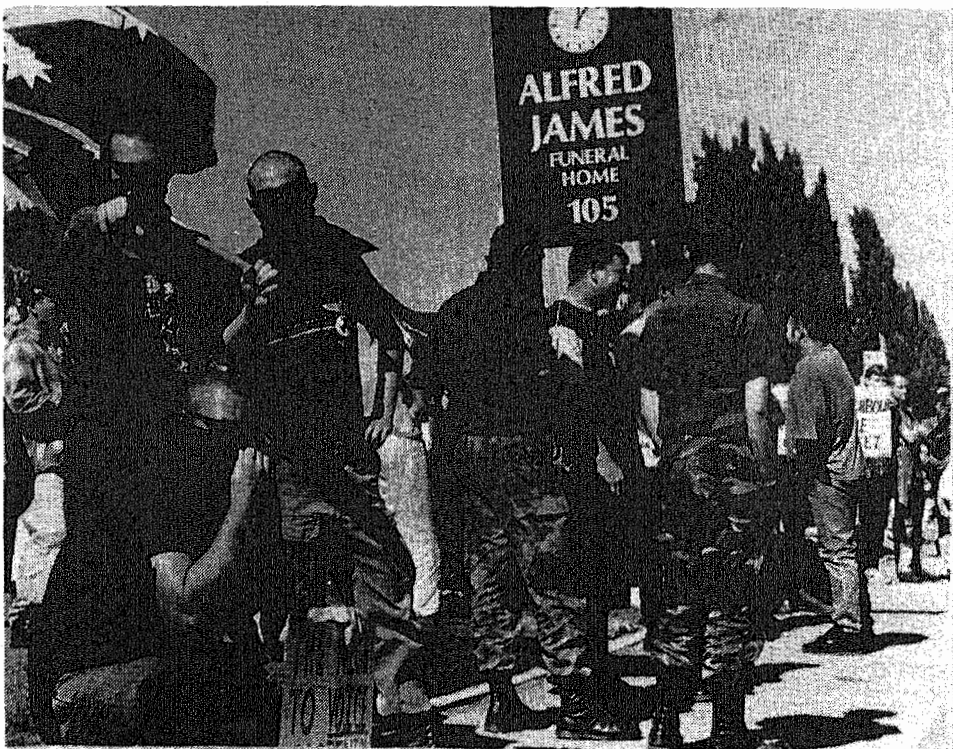


our country or else we are going to fuck you and your family" and more. I was the only photographer threatened (being Chinese of course) and what was scariest was the hatred in their eyes,

faces and voices and in their actions towards me. I could describe it only as feeling shocked at being confronted by such hatred. I was tense and my heart was pounding but I was determined to

capture this racial hatred in my photographs.

Thankfully, however, they are a minority group at present. About 100m down the road there was a group of several hundred people, comprising Caucasian, Asian, Jewish and Aboriginal Australians, who held a rally to protest against the National Action rally and to show support for migrants. They had Aboriginal, Asian and Caucasian speakers who spoke of tolerance and understanding and peace among people living in Australia. After the speakers had finished at 1pm they organised themselves to march down the road and stand opposite the National Action rally and then proceeded to chant slogans to counter the neo-nazis, easily outnumbering and outshouting them. This continued for about 20 minutes and the anti-racist people marched back and dispersed. I was very impressed by the strength of the anti-racist demonstration, and their passionate support against racism, both visual and verbal, on the day. These are the people who hold the hope for Australia's future. The time when Australia banned Asian migrants and used European made goods only and when Asians were regarded as the enemy and resentment was everywhere is now in the past.



An anatomy of repression

The East Timorese people, and indeed its entire culture, is at present in grave danger due to the genocide being carried out by Indonesian forces. T. M. Collins gives us a history of this persecution, and also looks at the complicity of Western governments in assisting this devastation.

On November 7, 1975, the Indonesian Government invaded East Timor. As a direct result of this invasion over 200,000 people were murdered. Even though Pol Pot was responsible for the deaths of less people per head of the population than those annihilated in this small pacific island, the terror of his dictatorship has become part of our general knowledge. However, the fate of the East Timorese who are, to this day, murdered, tortured and deprived of the self determination they justly seek is not. For to be aware of the invasion of East Timor is to also become aware of the many other nations complicity and active involvement in supporting the genocide perpetuated and sustained against these brave people. The United States, Britain and Australia all knew of the invasion prior to it occurring, knew of the atrocities being committed during 1975 and have, beyond that time, gone out of their way to help cover up the treacherous deeds of the Indonesian military, supplying the international clout of support, arms and economic deals Indonesia required.

Prior to the invasion by Indonesia, East Timor was a Portuguese colony. In 1974, when changes occurred in the political makeup of Portugal, two major Timor political groups were formed. The Timorese Democratic Union (UDT) and the Timorese Social Democratic Association (ASDT) (which later became known as Fretilin) sprang up in East Timor, hoping to obtain the independence they had long sought (Pilger, 1994, 6)

Due to the close alliance generated between the Timorese and Australians during the Second World War, in which many Timorese died saving Australian

Gough Whitlam decided that a free East Timor would present a threat to the region, so despite the fact that Fretilin won a civil war between themselves and Indonesian provocateurs and collaborators and also won a majority in the elections, the freedom they had fairly won was soon to be denied. The then President of the United States, Gerald Ford, visiting his friends in Jakarta, delayed the invasion to November 7, giving him enough time to depart before the slaughter began. (Pilger, 1994, 6)

By 1980, Australia, Britain and the United

Kissinger, the US Ambassador to the UN, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, boasted about the 'considerable progress' he had made in blocking UN action on East Timor" (Pilger, 1994, 6).

"There is no binding legal obligation not to recognize the acquisition of territory that was acquired by force," Foreign Minister Gareth Evans explained while in reference to Iraq's invasion of Kuwait at around the same time, Bob Hawke declared that: "Big countries cannot invade small neighbours and get away with it" (Chomsky, 1993, 135).



Despite the tyranny, the East Timorese fight on.

States had well and truly aligned themselves to the Indonesian military regime; it was now time to make the most of this 'friendship' sealed by the blood of hundreds of thousands of innocent East Timorese. Australia's new Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser was the first to recognise Indonesia's new 'state' in 1976. This diplomatic stamp of approval was swiftly followed up with the first of many contracts by Australian companies in gaining a controlling share of some of the richest oil and natural gas fields in the world. Britain realised that Indonesia would be a lucrative contract to have in boosting their military industry, a 'friendship' began in 1978 and by 1993 resulted in "Britain being the biggest arms supplier to the Indonesian military" (Pilger, 1994, 7).

Despite many UN General Assembly and Security Council resolutions condemning Indonesia, nothing eventuated. One possible reason: "In a secret cable to Henry

What of course he really meant was only if it deprives us from oil: it is quite justifiable if Australia itself will benefit - in this case from the rich natural gas and oil reserves in the Timor Gap. A few weeks after the Santa Cruz massacre in November 1991, (a massacre downplayed by the Australian government, which sought to applaud the military inquiry designed to white wash this atrocity) and business proceeded as usual.

The Indonesia-Australia joint authority signed six contracts for oil exploration in the Timor Gap, with four more in January. Eleven contracts with 55 companies were reported by mid-1992, including Australian, British, Japanese, Dutch, and US. "The native might ask what the reaction would have been had 55 western companies joined with Iraq in exploiting Kuwaiti oil, though the analogy is imprecise, since Suharto's atrocities in Timor were a hundred times as great." (Chomsky, 1993, 136-137)

Despite some recent posi-

tive changes in respect to US foreign policy, proceedings brought by Portugal before the World Court and the recent condemnation by the UN Human Rights Commission of Jakarta (Pilger, 1994, 7) the East Timorese still live in a state of repression, one constituted by torture, disappearances and murder. Fretilin, the resistance movement of the East Timorese, have suffered severe setbacks with the capture of Xanana Gusmao in 1992 and the capture of his successor Mau Honu in 1993; both almost definitely subjected to inhumane treatment and torture. The East Timorese who against all the odds, survived the Indonesian invasion, now reside in villages set up by the military, distant from their homes and are forced to cultivate cash crops for export, famine often a result (Taylor, 1994, 11).

Despite the adversity of their lives, the East Timorese are tenacious and extremely brave. They have not given up the struggle or hope needed to obtain the justice that they deserve. Throughout the world expatriate East Timorese work for their families and friends in East Timor, together with others against the the injustice of their plight.

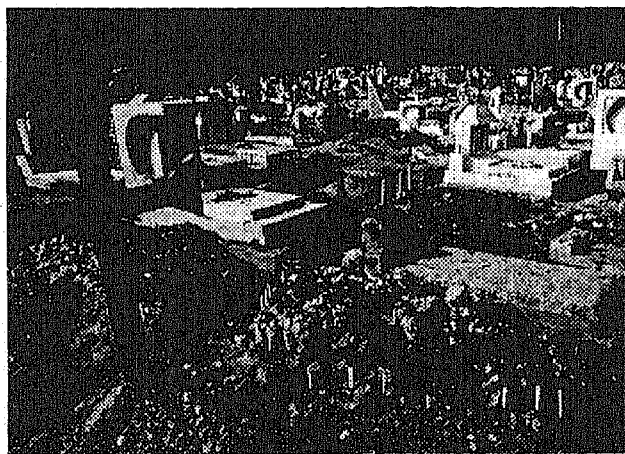
John Pilger has recently released his documentary film *Death of a Nation* about East Timor; there is a special East Timor benefit night on Thursday May 12 at 7.30pm at the Mercury Cinema, organised by the South Australian Solidarity group, Campaign For An Independent East Timor, a wonderful opportunity not only to learn a bit more about East Timor and its people, but to support their struggle as well.

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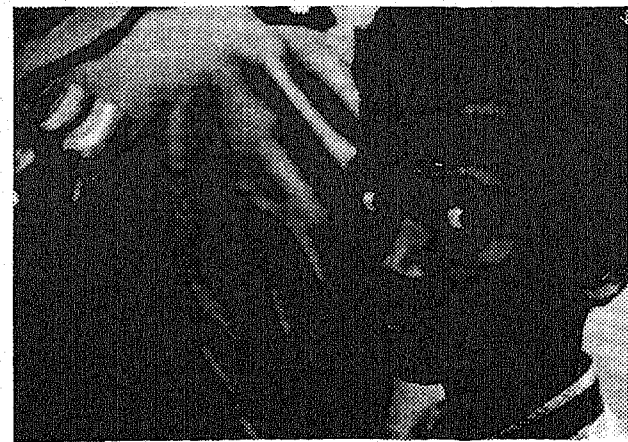
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soldiers from the Japanese, Fretilin leaders believed that they would surely gain support from Gough Whitlam and his anti-colonialist government in their quest for self-determination. However, after discussions with Suharto in 1974,



The quest for truth

Death of a Nation is the latest in a long line of investigative projects for London-based Australian John Pilger. Recently, he spoke to Tim Gow about the film and the comments that it makes about Australian and world politics.

Death of a Nation is, in a number of respects, a remarkable film. This is true not just in its documentation of the torture of a nation and its people. Perhaps even more profoundly, the film exposes our own role in such torture and questions the integrity of Australia as a nation for its part in the tragedy. The risks taken by David Munro and John Pilger in making the film were severe. Yet Pilger's motive for taking these risks and making the film remain disarmingly simple:

"Well, I think journalism is about truth and sometimes to find out the truth you have to take risks. David and I have, over the years, taken a number of risks and they've all been calculated, we're not foolhardy people. We thought that the risks were justifiable in this situation; we didn't think that we were physically in danger, we thought that the worst that might happen to us would be that we would be arrested and detained and our film confiscated, but fortunately that didn't happen. If you're going to be a journalist and do it properly then taking risks is often part of the job. If you don't accept that then there are more gentle and completely legitimate areas of journalism that you can pursue but they've never held any great attraction for me."

The truth documented in *Death of a Nation* runs in stark contrast to that espoused by Gareth Evans, Paul Keating and, indeed, the Hawke, Fraser and Whitlam governments. It would appear that Evans' notion of Australia as a "good international citizen" is, at least with regards East Timor, a myth...

"When I hear a statement like that quoted back to me I think of George Orwell who in 1984 gave us newspeak, where words meant the opposite. War is peace was one of them, and Evans' statement falls into that category of meaning the opposite. Australia is very fast becoming something of a moral pariah not only in East Timor but right throughout the rest of the region. Australia seems to be hell bent on supporting policies which are anti-human rights to the point of abating President Clinton for supporting very modest human rights measures in Indonesia, China and elsewhere; any autocrat in Asia just has to not like something that goes out on Australian television and you can be almost certain that the Foreign Affairs Minister will apologise. I think that's quite shameful. However, it's only the superficial side of a policy that is deeply wounding to the self-image of Australia; that is the complicity in the genocide of large numbers of people in a small neighbouring country to whom Australians as a people owe a moral debt for the support that they received from the East Timorese during the Second World War."

The justification often used by the gov-

ernment for its good relations with Indonesia (and complicity in the East Timor scandal) revolves around the economic advantages that Australia gains from trade and joint ventures with Indonesia. For example, we are currently involved with a joint petroleum expedition with Indonesia in the Timor gap. Undoubtedly, the government fears that pushing the issue of basic human rights in East Timor could hinder economic prospects. As Pilger states, the notion that human lives should be subservient to the dollar is highly questionable. But how adept are Evans and Keating on a diplomatic level? Is the current regime in Indonesia one which will promote regional stability? Is Australia overly sycophantic when dealing with Asian countries?

"I don't see how the killing of the third of a country can be described as stability. We're getting back into the land of Orwell here. That's someone else's definition of stability that is the language of a mad house. What it is, is opportunism and the pursuit of a market policy at all costs. I think that this market policy is itself open to serious question but these questions are not being raised by the media in Australia or by Canberra. I don't see how a regime which came to power by extinguishing one million of its opponents in Indonesia and then go on to extinguish one third of the population of a nearby island can be described as stable and moderate. I'd suggest that we've lost a grip not only on the language on the true reality, not the virtual reality of relationships between nations, and that's what Keating and Evans deal in, its like a kind of virtual reality. They seem to think that there is some God-given credo that we must deal with these regimes in this way. Of course we have to deal with them and do business with them and even recognise them but I would think that appeasement would not only gain us very few friends, but also not even the dollars that are supposed to be in the pot at the end of the rainbow. It never works. I don't think Keating or Evans have a clue of what the Asian autocrats and indeed people in Asia are thinking. I've spent many years in that part of the world and my reading

of it is that the more obsequious the Australian government becomes, the more the contemptuous response, that is the private response, of these regimes."

Apart from East Timor, John Pilger has reported on a vast array of other world events, including other cases of genocide. One that comes to mind is Pol Pot's regime in Cambodia. According to Pilger, there are both similarities and differences between the scenarios in the two countries:

"East Timor has a straight echo from Cambodia; unfortunately we're forced to compare it with Cambodia because the numbers of people who have been

killed are greater proportionately than those who were killed under Pol Pot in Cambodia. It's a genocide, a deliberate killing of a large number of people and not only that but a deliberate undermining of a society and the fabric underpinning that society. Genocide can be cultural as well as physical and that certainly has been the attempt in East

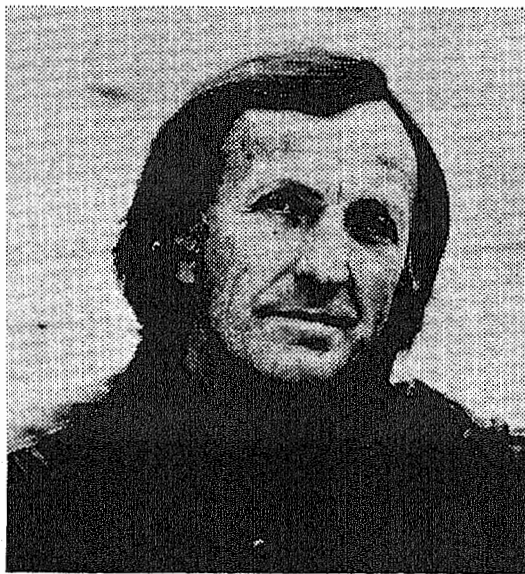
Timor. However I would have to say that it hasn't succeeded. The really encouraging thing in East Timor, unlike Cambodia, is that the resistance has almost universal support (apart from the usual fringe of informers and those who are caught under the regime) amongst young people, the very people that Indonesia said it was "re-socialising". That hasn't happened in Cambodia; the years of American bombing, Pol Pot and the isolation has had quite a serious cultural effect in that country. I think it will come back; it's very resilient, but the East Timorese seem, culturally anyway, and by that I mean in the way they live, to have sustained themselves through that even though they have lost an enormous number of people and suffered greatly. So that's the difference. However, there is a comparison in that in Cambodia, the weakest in the societies such as the oldest and youngest were attacked first; this also happened in East Timor, and there's an enormous amount of documentation to show that."

Death of a Nation spoke of the West neglecting to enforce UN resolutions on East Timor even though it enforced similar resolutions on Iraq. This raises the question of what kind of power, if any,

the UN has in acting independently from Western governments to protect human rights:

"The UN is certainly subservient to the West and the USA and also to money power, to OECD power if you like, and leading that is the US. But the potential is unlimited. If it played a true and effective humanitarian role it could achieve a great deal. The UN's role should be a humanitarian role, it should be a broking role, there's no point to it otherwise. If it is simply to be an extended colonial office to some great power then I don't see any point to it because in the end that great power will do as it wants to and will assume the reigns of power anyway; that happened in the Gulf War. It will happen if the US sends more aircraft into Bosnia, it won't consult the UN it will just do it with NATO, it'll be a unilateral decision. So I think the UN has a role, but it will only ever achieve that role when the Security Council is dissolved. The Security Council is an anachronism that goes back to the Second World War, it's a completely imperial body; unrepresentative and dominated by the Great Powers. Without the Security Council, with power devolving back to the General Assembly and the representative agencies of the UN then it could play a real role. Some of these agencies do remarkable work. For example, the UN Human Rights Commission in Geneva, although not quite living up to what has been expected of it, has done some remarkable work considering all the problems it faces, so the potential is clearly there. However, whilst the UN plays an imperial role through the Security Council it will undermine the potential of the humanitarian role that it could be playing most effectively. There are all kinds of things that it could have done in the Balkans to bring supplies and comfort to people that it hasn't done because it has been undermined by its own structure and its own inefficiencies."

Death of a Nation provides a picture of the world and Australia's role in it which is very different from the one which is put across by the government and the mainstream media. Looking to the implications of the film, it would appear that the way in which international relations and institutions are structured are in need of major change if any form of humanitarian interest is to be maintained. In an era where media seems to be increasingly representative of the interests of large, powerful groups, Pilger's media concentrates on looking beyond the "truths" laid down by these sources. In doing so, his work often provides an insight which cuts to the bone of the constructs that these institutions create.



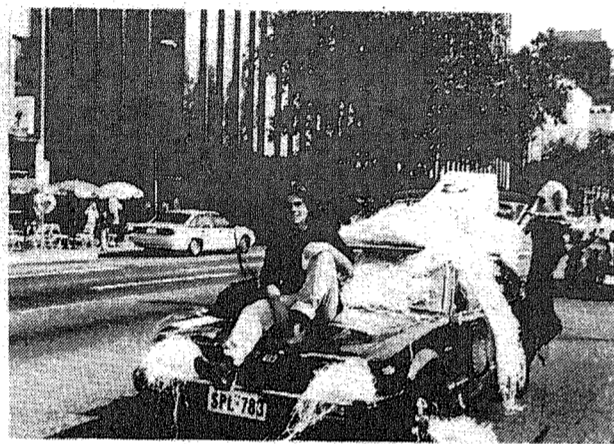
John Pilger

Anarchic

Tuesday

- Eating a 5 course lunch curtesy of the Bistro (yumm) in the Barr Smith Circle.
- Serenading lecturers
- Flashing lectures (don't even ask)

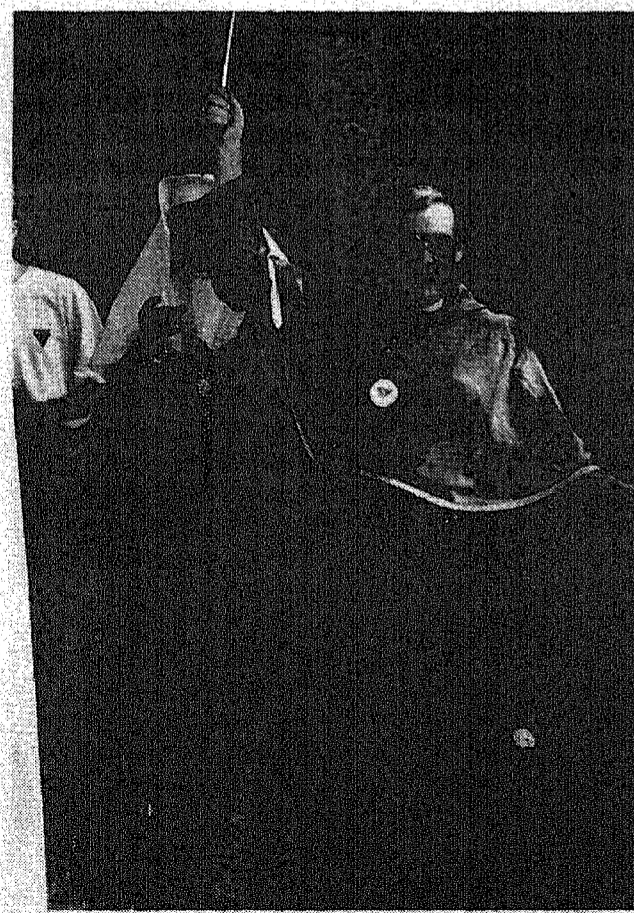
Green



So what are the highlights to a week of sheer farce?

Monday

- Hijacking a Fire Engine and putting out a burning inferno on the lawns.
- Delivering Pizzas to stunned students and lecturers mid lecture.
- Running and screaming through all 5:00pm lectures being chased by lawn mowers and leaf suckers



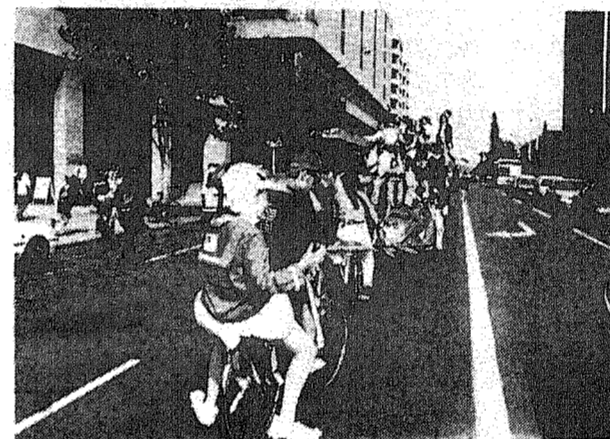
Jelly

Wednesday

- Hijacking Popeye and its bewildered passengers by canoe along the Torrens before Channel 10 and 7 news crews and then appearing on the evening news.
- Watching normally respectable individuals stuff whole pizzas down their throats.
- Door knocking in North Adelaide and scaring / bewildering / amusing residents, TV Stations, restaurants and dance studios with our antics.

Thursday

- Being hauled over by security and questioned about the Med Student's Prosh Prank. For those that didn't hear, students (anonymous of course) let themselves into the Florey Lecture theatre Wednesday night and unbolted every second seat and turned them around to face the back of the lecture theatre. Once the lectern had been repositioned to the back of the theatre the picture was complete. This is a stunt that will surely go down in history books due to its complexity (the students went to the trouble of tuning a walkie talkie into the security guards frequency so they could hear if anyone was coming close to the Florey), its expense (Buildings Administration wanted to bill me personally for \$5000), and its humour (I received a box of bolts on my desk missing from the Florey theatre and was supposed to ransom them back to the University. According to the Administration I wasn't going to get very far unless I was prepared to pick up the \$5000 bill).
- Watching the pain of competitors entered in the Ice Cream Eating competition.
- Prosh-napping Premier Dean Brown at Banana Point at the corner of Pultney St and North Terrace before a Channel 7 news crew and later appearing on the news update.



Prosh sponsors

- COOPERS BREWERY
- Apple Centre
- Berrivale Orchards
- Brash's
- Bryan's Hairdressers
- CCA Snackfoods
- Coca Cola Bottlers
- Continental Bakery
- Dairy Vale
- Golden North
- Haigh's
- Jan Teusner's Union Pharmacy
- L'Antica Villa
- Klub Kruisers
- Kool 4 Kats
- Krystal Koach
- Midori
- Montezuma's
- Red Ochre Grill
- State Bank
- Thebarton Ice Arena
- Trim's
- Unibooks
- Union Bistro
- Union Catering
- Wendy's



Revolution:

Friday

- Negotiating with furious Myer security guards in front of the Wills building where they had finally caught up with the Science students carrying the stolen Ronald McDonald - taken from the ground floor of the Myer Centre in broad daylight. It was quite a sight - 5 security guards sprinting along North Terrace in hot pursuit of the 20 students carrying Ronald still attached to his bench. (Thanks to our security for defending us so well!!!)
- Peter Goers, Rosemary Crowley and the Vice-Chancellor Prosh-napped and strapped to the top of a parade vehicle.
- Having Peter Goers 'egged'.
- The parade!! (and to SOULFACE for giving us groove and noise!)
- Raising more than \$1000 during the parade itself.
- The drunken boatraces (congratulations to AISEC again for winning).
- Prosh after Dark.



Photos:
Gerald Toh
Dominic Lian

PROSH'94

A night hoeing into the meat on Hindley Street

If Adelaide's manic love-affair with the pizza and pasta cafe-cum-restaurant is starting to bore you, and you hunger for 12 ounces of rare steak, then look no further than Hindley Street's Hogsbreath Cafe. Hogsbreath will satiate your carnivorous desires and then some. Even the salads are served with meat. Abandon all hope, ye vegetarians who enter Hogsbreath. This joint serves MEAT. Got that?

Hogsbreath's interior design pays homage to all forms of Americana. Every available space is crammed with artefacts of Yank culture, hideously affirming the cultural power of Hollywood. The place is assertively masculine, yet exudes commercial polish through its very pores. The waiting staff are friendly, helpful and casual. The soundtrack comes courtesy of Dire Straits and Things of Stone and Wood. But that's all by the bypass. You're there for one thing. The food. What's it like?

Well, it's meat, as I said. The crowning glories of the menu are the selection of prime beef ribs, which go through an eighteen-hour cooking

process before they hit your plate. And they aren't half succulent. And *big*. We were informed by our waiter that the ribs we were hoeing into weighed in at a hefty three-quarters of a pound. Any fool could tell you that that's three times the size of a McDonald's Quarter Pounder.

One word of advice, however. When ordering your steak, ask for what you really want. When you order medium rare steak at some places, what you are given is a slab of something that still squeals. Not so at Hogsbreath: "medium rare" is a deliciously juicy, pink, medium-rare steak, and a "medium" steak (which is what I ordered) is a

disappointingly solid, dry and boring Medium Steak. Consequently, I spent the remainder of my main course pilfering juicy titbits from the plates of

my two companions. The steaks come with a choice of three sauces: mushroom, pepper and brown, and either a baked potato or curly fries.

But back to the beginning...we started with an appetiser of a Finger Food Combo, which was tangy, tasty and lots of fun to eat. The stuffed potato skins proved a big hit, and the chicken and fish pieces were both succulent. The crumbed cheese sticks were not to our taste, however. The appetisers together

with the main course left us feeling bloated, full, and very very satiated.

What could possibly top such a feed? The answer to that question came in the form of Chocolate Mud Cake for dessert. And it is certainly worth leaving tummy-room for it, because it is served extra hot and extra muddy...yum.

We trundled out of Hogsbreath fatter and happier than when we arrived. Those beef ribs weren't cheap, and at \$18.95 they are probably out of the price range of many students. However, there were many more items on the menu at around the \$8 mark which seemed equally filling, including some burgers which looked *huge* from where we were sitting. The lunch menu is very affordable, as are the drink prices.

But the best bit is yet to come: Hogsbreath is offering a student discount of 20% on all meals. Show your student card and get ready to let rip on a meatfest like no other.

Yee-har!

David Mills

HOG'S BREATH



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Drop in to see Heather Quick and her staff at University Branch (Cnr North Tce and Gawler Pl) or call 232 0351 and at least one set of fees will disappear

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RIP IT UP
MAGAZINE



Women's Diary Week 8: Blue stocking week

Mon 2: Blue Stocking Week Launch. 1pm, The Gallery.

Tue 3: 1pm: Women on Campus Discussion Group - 'Can Men be Feminists?' Little Theatre.

Wed 4: 12 noon: Forum - Women's Achievements in Tertiary Education. Little Theatre.

8pm: Quiz Night - 'How much do you know about feminism anyway?' - Uni Bar, Women Only.

Thurs 5: 1pm Workshop: Gender Exclusive Language.

International No Dier Day.

7-10pm: Free forum, Royal Deaf Society, 262 South Tce.

Fri 6: 11am Discussion Group - 'How safe do you feel on campus?'

1pm: Bindgi women band - Little Theatre.

Sun 8: 'Babes in Boyland' - women's music, 7:30-8:30 pm, Student Radio 531 am.

Ongoing Displays/Exhibitions around Adelaide:

• 100 Years of Housework: an exhibition portraying the relationship between the development of domestic appliances and technology and the emancipation of women. Until May 11, Myer Centre

• Memento, Celebration and Sentimentality: a contemporary jewellery exhibition by Julie Blyfield. Work relates to the traditions of jewellery and women, including history, commemoration and preciousness. Until May 29. Jam Factory, Lion Arts Centre

• SA Women Artists: Fifty Years 1890-1940: an exhibition designed to raise the profile and status of SA women artists, focussing on how women have influenced and changed Australian art. Until May 29, Art Gallery of SA.

A brief history

Blue Stocking Week is an annual event jointly organised by the NUS Women's Department and women's groups on campus. In 1994 the responsibility for organising the week at Adelaide University has fallen firmly into the lap of Student's Association Women's Officer, Jo England.

In the tradition of the oft-asked "why do we need a Women's Officer?", Blue Stocking Week generally attracts the question "why do we need a special week for women?". Unfortunately, this question is still asked, and it seems that it must be answered year in, year out, until the barriers faced daily by women are acknowledged. The purpose of Blue Stocking Week is to raise the profile of women students on campus, to celebrate the achievements of women in higher education and society generally, and to highlight the is-

ssues that women face today, and which should be of concern to all.

While women have made huge gains over the past decade in terms of access to higher education, great concerns still remain. While more women than men now study at the tertiary level, involvement in the non-traditional areas, such as Engineering, is still a major concern. Women are also under-represented at post-graduate level, especially in the areas of Masters, PhD and post-doctoral study. Partly because of this, starting salaries for women graduates are lower than those of their male counterparts, and the upper echelons of tertiary administration are dominated by men.

Support services for women, despite increased efforts on the part of student organisations, are still often inadequate, particularly with regard to

the provision of child care. Due to family commitments women often require more flexible study programmes than are currently on offer. Further to this, sexism still exists in both curriculum and the environs of universities generally. Sexual harassment remains prevalent, and recent instances of rape near this university have highlighted the need for increased security for women students.

For all these reasons and more, women must continue to campaign for equality in higher education and elsewhere, and Blue Stocking Week plays a major part in increasing awareness of these issues. For more information on what will be happening in Blue Stocking Week see the programme in this issue of *On Dit* or drop in and see Jo England in the Student's Association.

Advice on security

After recent rapes in areas near and around uni, we are urging women to take extra precautions when alone on (and off) campus. These are some easy and practical ways of staying safe:

• Find out where the security office is and use it in an emergency or just as a meeting place. Memorise their phone number: 303 5990.

• Use the 24hr escort service. Security officers can escort you to your car, bike, train or bus. Prearrange this and DON'T feel silly or unnecessary in using this service.

• Get to know your campus and its safest routes and areas. Find out where all the phones on campus are.

• Avoid isolated and dark areas and be wary of areas with narrow paths,

bushes, stairways, parked cars and doorways. Stick to well lit walkways.

• Try to walk with friends or people you know and trust, especially after hours. Try to prearrange this.

• Know your bus or train timetable really well to avoid waiting.

• Park your car on or close to campus and in a well lit place. Have your keys ready both to save time and to use as a weapon.

• Carry and be aware of what you could use as potential weapons eg keys, pens and legal sprays.

• Take self defence classes. (Keep an eye out for classes run by women on campus coming up soon)

• Remember that attacks are not only committed by strangers and do not

only occur at night.

• Be aware and alert at all times. Walk confidently and think ahead about what you would do and where you would run if threatened. Report any suspicious behaviour.

• Being prepared and avoiding potentially dangerous situations is your best defence.

Brought to you by Women on Campus. WOC meets alternate Tuesdays and Thursdays in the women's room (next meeting 12/5/94). All women welcome. Come along for further discussion of these and other issues or just for a cup of coffee. We'd love your input or simply your presence!

blue stocking week

Choking on the ashes



Kurt Cobain's recent suicide has attracted a predictable, and yet basically flawed, response from many commentators on the music industry. As could be expected, commentators have taken the "American" line of reasoning which sees Kurt's death as a purely personal event, a judgement on the man himself, and not on the society he found himself in. As an American living in the free world of blissful possibilities as presented by that deity - *free market capitalism* - any failure to succeed and survive is only explainable as a personal failing. Western capitalism, and US free market capitalism in particular, has elevated the individual to a powerful position in its mythology, a position of omnipotence.

Punk rock, of which Nirvana were unmistakably proponents, has long raged against this lie of personal omnipotence and the feeling of failure it imposes on those who do not, or who cannot play by society's rules. Undoubtedly the most clairvoyant, and coherent of punk rock's lyricists is Jello Biafra, whose band the Dead Kennedys, raged against the American way without ignoring the personal responsibilities of supporting the punk ethos. They struck a balance between social criticism, and personal self awareness that manifested itself in the diversity of their songs, from "The Night of the Living Rednecks" to "Nazi Punks Fuck Off!". Unfortunately, very few punk bands have managed to maintain this delicate balance without sounding simplistic or overly self-absorbed. Along with many punk bands, Nirvana concentrated more and more on the personal rather than the now overly discredited political, and as such, became victims of the system that they were raging against.

The fallacies of personal agency and individual freedom are the two strongest myths that undergird American culture, and, to a large degree, American "counter-culture." That American society is not as free as it portrays itself is often self-evident, but also easily forgotten. Punk expresses the isolation and frustration, and ultimately, the anger felt by many who are not willing, or able, to reconcile their own personal experience with the social mythology they are fed.

Kurt was not a free agent in a free market, but rather was subjected to consumer society's controls, controls which ironically became tighter with his band's success despite the antithetical nature of these controls and his art. Kurt's performances most certainly acted as a cathartic release of pent-up frustration for him much as they did for many followers of Nirvana, and of punk in general. Nirvana's record company's apparent refusal to release Kurt's song: "I hate myself and I want to die" could be seen in this light as symbolic of the restraints placed by the "free" market on "free"

expression, as well as a perhaps not too symbolic catalyst for Kurt's act of ultimate frustration and despair - suicide.

This is where Cobain's death differs so markedly from those of the Sixties idols it has been so quickly compared with. Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, and Jim Morrison etc, died, like the late River Phoenix, of misadventure, usually involving recreational drugs. (Obviously, recent claims of murder in Jimi Hendrix's case may reduce this list but other names could easily be added, such as James Dean.) Their deaths were not such unquestionable statements of despair, and whether they were unfortunate tragedies, or merely the inevitable consequences of the hedonistic Sixties' celebration of a high standard of living, is inconsequential in the cynical Nineties.

Today it is no longer possible to believe in a Nirvana outside the society created by our parents, but this should not cause us to mistake today's society for a Nirvana itself. Certainly Kurt didn't, and anyone who ignored the irony in the band's name must have either been particularly deaf to Kurt's lyrics, been making money from a denial of Nirvana's punk ethos, or feel particularly threatened by this ethos. The mass-culture machine spawned by the Sixties has often tried to commodify punk, and has,

on a number of occasions (eg The Sex Pistols) come close to succeeding. This industry's claim that Kurt's death is, like in the good old Sixties tradition, due purely to excessive drug taking, is just one of these near successes that must be recognised for the lie it is. Moreover, it is a lie that ignores all that Nirvana stood for.

As children of the nineties, we are no longer "citizens" but rather "consumers," and this is perhaps the greatest tragedy of Kurt's death - it risks not helping arrest this decline from active citizens to passive consumers. As long as we approach culture without actively questioning it, despite our "fragmented" and "diverse" nature, as revealed to us in the advertising market research on "Generation X," we will be doing nothing but continuing to cry out to our artists in *one* thoughtless voice: "Here we are now entertain us!"

The lesson of Kurt's death is that we need to do more than merely consume a sanctified American culture, (particularly a "counter-culture" that risks becoming a pseudo-counter-culture as a result of this mindless consumption), rather, we need to actively question our society and its culture, and *think* more than we do.

Marc Vickers

Sexuality

Next week is Pride Week. To coincide with the week, the next issue of *On Dit* will be devoted to sexuality.

We want articles, fiction, poetry, stories of personal experience...anything!

Get your contributions rolling in right

NOW!

When two tribes go to war

"Let the beat control your body
Let the beat control your body"
2 Unlimited

"Go crazy with the cheese whiz"
Beck

On the streets on the cities of the world, there are a great many young people making a nuisance of themselves. Just like in the sixties. Today, however, the kids think a little more about the style of their disaffection. You don't have to wear flowers in your hair, or a tie-dyed t-shirt, or sandals. You don't have to promote nonsensically simple solutions to unbelievably complex problems. On the supermarket shelves of youthful resentment, today, you can pick any one of a tangle of sub-cultures, try it on, and if you like the cut of its gibe, wear it on a permanent basis, or at least until something better comes along, and piss off your parents' generation.

How did all the separate tribes come to be? How do they fit together? A couple of very good questions. Let me just say that I'm going to largely ignore them. I just want to take a look at the interface between two of the more interesting sub-cultures, Generation X and Cyberpunk.

At first glance, it looks like two more different modes of being could not be thrown up by the one generation. Your

Gen X slacker lies about, watches a lot of TV, is apathetic, wears clothes that it should be a criminal offence to demand money for, and whinges about how they're the first generation to have worse prospects than those of their parents. The slacker, in a nutshell, is about *passivity*.

But your cyberpunk, on the other hand, runs around spouting slogans like "information wants to be free", gnaws away at the foundations of the superstate, takes mind-enhancing drugs, communicates with kindred spirits across the Net, is busy making and doing. The cyberpunk, in contrast to the Gen X slacker, is all about *activity*, (except, perhaps, where getting a date is concerned).

What do they have in common? A feel for high technology? A cyberpunk has a PC and a modem and can stalk the electronic highways and byways of the globe, building a bright new tomorrow; a slacker can pretty much use a CD player and a VCR.

A finger on the pulse of cutting-edge fashion? Well, while the Xer may inspire top French designers to plot white-trash chic on the catwalk, your cyberpunk is hardly in the same boat. Anybody who says "Yeah, what I'm wearing is cool. In the future!" is not backing a winner.

Pasty white skin? Maybe there you're

on some common ground. Slackers are pale because they like to glare out behind straggly locks of dirty hair and enjoy spending the best hours of the day curled up between the sheets with nightmares of shotguns in Seattle. And the Cyberpunk? Well, they, uh, don't get out much.

But what the two sub-cultures truly have in common is a resistance, for better or worse, to the culture which is handed to you along with a free plastic lunch box as a part of your endless schooling; a refusal to believe that governments are nice and will find you a job and a life; that there is such a thing as a responsible corporate citizen, that *everything is going to be alright*. A conviction that those little white pills *are* good for you, especially in large quantities, that lounge room furniture can be a viable role model for impressionable teenagers and that just because it's a nice day outside doesn't mean you have to go outside and play. And an ability to spot bullshit, especially that most dangerous variety, transparent, tasteless, odourless bullshit.

There is, therefore, a staggering potential for union between these two camps of disaffected young people. Why lie around at home, in a shopping centre or at uni, complaining and irritating people, when you can do it on the electronic superhighway and reach a hell of a lot more people? I'm sure people in offices around the world are well and truly sick and tired of seeing their screen suddenly torn apart by the slogan "the future is now" but their jaded sensibilities will soon be revived if their hard drive were to melt, accompanied by words on screen saying: "I hate myself and I want to die. And I'm taking your system with me."

The cyberslacker, should such a thing ever come to exist, would probably constitute one of the gravest threats to humanity conceivable; a potent fusion of the power and social irrelevance of the cyberpunk mixed with the attitude and apathy of the children of Generation X. I shudder at my terminal as I think about it.

But rest assured such a thing will never come to pass. I can't see the brilliant but desperate and dateless cyberpunks getting together with the sneering and drop-dead cool slackers of the late twentieth century; too far apart in too many ways. The two subcultures will travel down their separate paths and ne-er the twain shall meet.

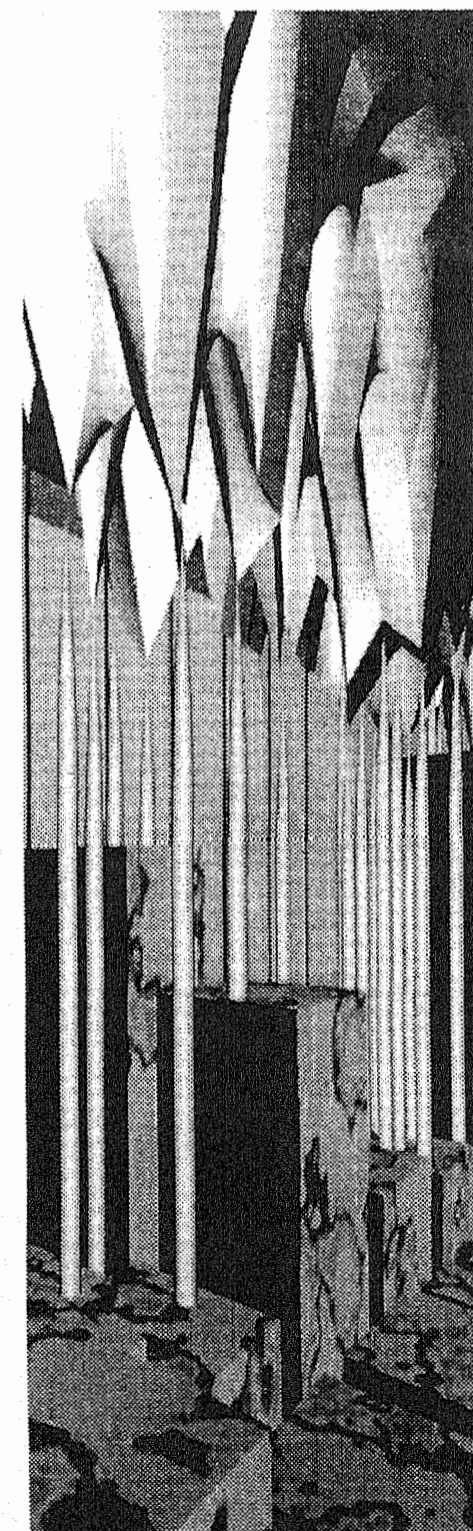
So what does the future hold? The cyberpunk, of course, already lives there; so they're going to be OK. A cyberpunk is guaranteed a job. The corporations behind the emerging technologies need their talents to make those technologies work for everyone else who has just about enough smarts to run a toaster. The cyberkids will subvert the power-and-money factories of the globe, and then go and work for them, complaining about those bloody kids who keep

fucking up the software with viruses.

The slacker, and this is the whole point, isn't going to get a job, or, at least, not a very good one. S/he will lie around, squandering their time and somebody else's money until one day, blinded by the sudden revelation that they "Have to do something constructive with their life," they'll rush out and get a job as an assistant manager at McDonalds, where they'll get their rocks off tormenting student casuals.

On the other hand, there are those slacker students who hang out in the bar, playing pool and emoting the pain of their generation by day, but secretly hunching over their books by night. One day, their Generation X role-playing game will suddenly seem less appealing and they'll get jobs with unsound corporations and find themselves in charge of a stack of former cyberpunks. Generation X and Cyberpunk will go the way of all youth subcultures. Whatever you do your kids will laugh at you...

Nick Smith



Generation X in a postmodern world

"I have a theory about laziness, and survival of the fittest," I said. "But I can't be bothered telling you."

(Leonie Stevens, *Nature Strip*, 56)

Generation X and postmodernism. Two terms which appear over and over in discussions, essays, newspaper articles: anything to do with our current culture. They are put up as words which can identify and explain an entire generation and an entire culture. 'Generation X' is supposed to describe all those twenty-somethings who are supposedly the first generation not to have a coherent identity. But even as its name suggests that we are unclassifiable, it classifies us. It classifies us as apathetic, as lacking ambition, basically as caring about fuck all. Peter Psaltis summed it up (with a fair dose of irony, I think) in last year's *On Dit* by saying: "Why bother when there isn't much to bother about? Why have hopes for the future when there isn't much to look forward to? Why follow in the plights and struggles of previous generations when one ill in society is merely succeeded by another?"

The word 'postmodernism' has been used to refer to a cultural condition at a particular historical moment, to a body of critical thought and/or to particular literary and aesthetic movements. It is the first two senses that I want to look at in this article. The word 'postmodernity' has been used to describe the historical moment that we are living in, thereby classifying everyone as a citizen in an inescapably postmodern world, somehow exemplified by the media of television. This postmodern world is identifiable through the changes in the attitude to absolute truth and knowledge: they are no longer seen as attainable. There is no

point in searching for them.

Mainly, however, postmodernity is a condition that only those familiar with the discourse of postmodernism will find themselves living out. Not all the citizens of our culture inhabit a postmodern world. Many people don't know or care what a postmodern world would be (and fair enough probably), let alone think they live in it. Similarly, many people belonging to the generation described as Generation X don't feel that they share the attributes ascribed to Generation X. Generation X is not so much a description of all people of a certain age at a certain time as a description of characteristics which some of those people have. To me Generation X defines a subculture rather than all those people born at a certain time.

All in all, it is simply not true to say that Generation X and postmodernity are adequate all-encompassing descriptions.

What is true is that both these terms describe very particular experiences, always first world, usually white, usually middle class, often male. Feminism has had to think carefully about its relationship with postmodernism, as have 'third world' intellectuals. I would imagine that the 'third world' probably has very little time for Generation X.

But even so, they are strong discourses in some contexts, which is why I am writing an article to throw into the fray. Because I think it's interesting that both floating around at the same time. And, in Julius Sumner-Miller style, I want to ask "Why is this so?" Not that I think that I'll be able to give the definitive answer (what Xer or postmodernist could? - although I don't really claim to be either) but just because it might throw up some interesting points along the way. The similarities between the two are remarkable.

Definitions of Generation X are often founded on the false premise that the current generation of twenty-somethings have to be understood in relation to (usually in opposition to) the Baby Boomers - another over-generalising definition of a generation. While the Baby Boomers are supposed to have been a generation of protest, the Xers are supposed to be too apa-

thetic to hit the streets, unless it's to visit some friends to smoke dope. This is obviously false, not everyone was rallying to the cause in the Boomers' time, not everyone is staying at home now. But it is true that those born into the Baby Boom generation have now got to the age where they form the dominant culture, or at least have been assimilated into it, even if those actually in the most influential positions are actually of a slightly earlier generation. So while the Baby Boomers are criticising the Xers for being too apathetic, the Gen Xers would actually be protesting against them. This is an odd situation.

Postmodernism, by its name, is defined by a temporal relation to modernism. But, more usefully I think, it should be defined in relation to the tradition of thought which has been prominent in western thought since the Enlightenment; liberal humanism. Liberal hu-

"Postmodernism repeatedly studies itself, going meta and then meta again"

manism is one of the foundations of our dominant culture. Postmodernism has a far from simple relation to this tradition of thought, it profoundly challenges it at the same time as it works from within many of its assumptions.

Postmodernism and liberal humanism co-exist in a similar way to the way in which Generation X co-exists with the Baby Boomers and the generation in between. Or maybe not in quite the same way. Liberal humanism is far stronger as a cultural construct than that of the Baby Boom Generation.

Anyway, what more of these similarities and differences? Where to from now?

The thought of writing this article about Generation X without mentioning the late Kurt Cobain was just too daunting to consider, so I have decided to use his words occasionally as an embodiment of many of the contradic-



tions which permeate Xism. Also, *Praise*, the Vogel award winning novel, articulates the Generation X lifestyle in a particularly useful way.

Praise does show that the Generation X lifestyle is not characteristic of everyone. There are background characters who do not live the Gen X lifestyle. But the main character, Gordon, is, at 23, the Gen Xer *par excellence*. For example in his words that: "If you really worked at something, the chances were that you'd pull it off. The problem was that the success never seemed that good in the end." The mood of the entire book is distant and flat.

This year another book has been released which has many similarities with *Praise*. *Nature Strip* is also a realistic account of love, drugs and sex in Australia. It echoes much of *Praise* both in style and content (although it is arguably a better novel). The main point here, though, is that it is set ten years earlier than *Praise*. This suggests that the X lifestyle has been available for longer than we now recognise. Why do

we think we are doing something so new? Why are we defined (by ourselves and others) through doing something that is not particularly original; rebelling against the strictures of parents, teachers the government, whatever.

I should point out here that both Generation X and postmodernism are heavily ironic. Everything is said and done self-consciously, nothing is real in any authentic sense. The ideal of role-playing is relevant to both: postmodernism suggests that we can never truly give voice to some inner self and thus are always playing some sort of role. Many Gen Xers are role-playing, slumming it when they can afford to do otherwise, denying their middle-class status and private school background and playing at passive rebellion while actually actively accepting quite a lot. Importantly, they usually recognise this, sometimes in fellow Gen Xers rather than in themselves, but at any rate everything they say about their generation is said with tongue firmly in cheek.

And they do say a lot about them-



"Let us wage war on totality; let us be witnesses to the unrepresentable; let us activate the differences..."

(Jean-François Lyotard, *The Postmodern Condition*, 82)

elves. Generation X has been a perennial favourite for *On Dit*. We gaze at our own navels trying to figure ourselves out. This characterises both Generation X and postmodernism. It is as if by talking about ourselves we will finally understand. Kurt said: "Hopefully I'll become a stable person after a few years of talking about myself" (*Hot Metal*). Postmodernism repeatedly studies itself, going meta and then meta again. Postmodernism seems determined to define itself before any other intellectual movement does. It keeps wanting to have the final say, even though it acknowledges that there is no final say.

In postmodernism and Generation X this self-obsession is actually characterised by a high degree of intelligence; this is unsurprising in postmodernism, seeing as it is an essentially intellectual movement, but perhaps more surpris-

"not only dumb fucks become dole bludgers or develop drug habits"

ing in Generation X given its other characteristics. Certainly Gordon is a bright boy, even if he's not a genius. This character and the real life Gen Xers challenge the idea that only dumb fucks become dole bludgers or develop drug habits.

But what do they choose to do with this intelligence? Often, intelligence in conjunction with intellectualism has resulted in resistance to the dominant culture. This remains true to a certain extent. Some of those who participate in Gen X and/or postmodernism are concerned with certain causes. Political correctness can be compatible with Generation X and postmodernism. In an interview Cobain voices this a couple of times. "I'd like to get rid of the homophobes, sexists and racists in our audience. I know they're out there and it really bothers me," he says. He then describes one of his songs as "an ode to

women, and my appreciation of them. Not just because I like to have relationships with them sexually, but because as a whole, as people, I think they deserve a lot more credit than they actually get. Men are so obviously sexist and oppressive towards them" (*Hot Metal*).

So, both postmodernism and Generation X express some resistance to the dominant culture.

Neither of them, however, actually do that much to actively resist it. Xers because they can't be bothered and postmodernism because it often has difficulty in doing anything constructive. Postmodernism suggests that rather than being a natural given, concepts such as the self, history, justice and external reality, are constructed by us through language. This notion, that such things are constructed, means that they can't be appealed to as separate and objective entities in order to justify resistance or struggle for change. Lyotard's call for the end of totality is a call to end the reign of the master-narratives, those discourses which have successfully claimed universality. If we are no longer able to appeal to universals, if we are to live in a play of differences, we may be faced with difficulties in trying to justify ourselves in the terms we are used to.

According to postmodernism, while there may be an absolute truth, an absolute meaning to our existence on earth, we are never going to find it so why bother looking? Sound familiar? It's the "why bother" of the Gen Xer. Generation X and postmodernism share the same problems in relation to a proactive politics. In both cynicism is directed towards any discourse which lays claim to capital T Truth.

In *Nature Strip* there is an unobtrusive but effective image of the hopelessness of youth. "Many of the houses sported optimistic baby gums in their front yards. Right under the power lines. What hope for the young?" (112). In *Praise* Gordon says: "I don't have any spirit. I'm a beaten man. At twenty-three." It is said with heavy irony, but at the same time what is said is meant.

Some see postmodernism as an inevitable result of late capitalism in the western world and of the postindustrial

age. By this logic, Generation X is the inevitable result of being a youth in late capitalism in the western world. But, as I have already said, such over-generalising does not ring true.

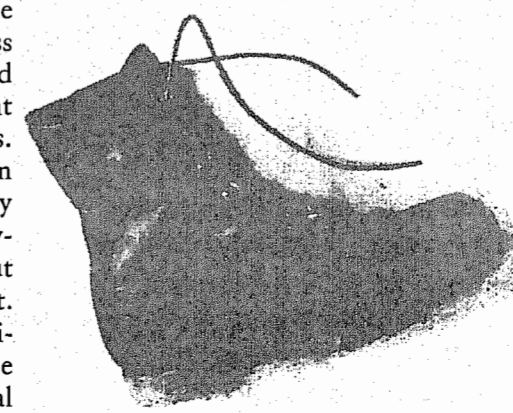
It is true that the world has changed since the industrial age. This is irrefutable. But the way it has affected different people is different. It seems to me that this is so obvious as to be blinding, to be hardly worth saying at all. But it does need to be said if it is consistently overlooked. The threat of nuclear holocaust which has often been cited as one of the triggers of postmodernism, the spectres of environmental destruction and unemployment do not necessarily lead to the hopelessness of Generation X or the negative aspects of postmodernism.

There is a postmodernist politics or resistance (see e.g. Hal Foster [ed], *Postmodern Culture*, London: Pluto Press, 1983). Many people who are supposed to belong to Generation X are actually concerned about the state of the world. In practice, many Gen Xers and postmodernists are committed to a particular politics. Cynicism is justified, but it does not have to lead to apathy.

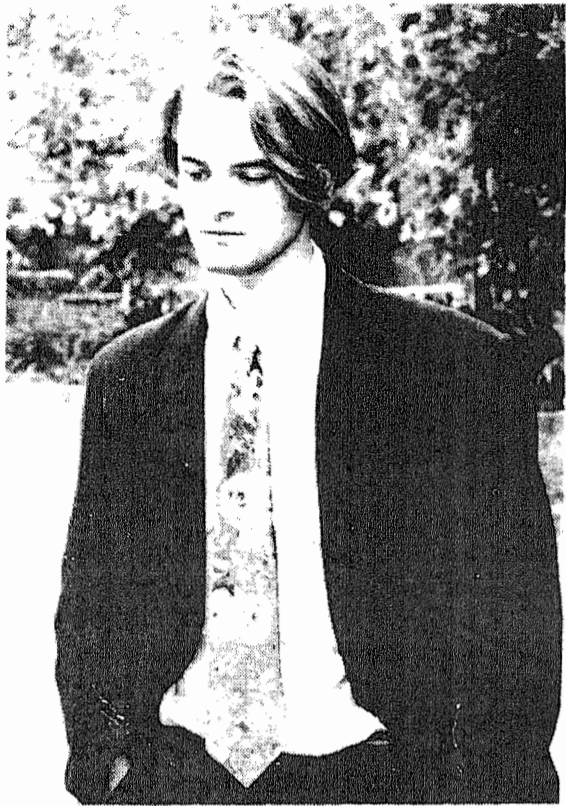
Lorien Kaye

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So just how important is Generation X to the twenty-somethings? More importantly, do they care? About anything?



We talked to those people who were on campus even though it was holidays, and asked them (1) whether they identified as Gen Xers, (2) how the news of Kurt Cobain's death affected them and (3) who they thought should replace Kurt as the icon for Generation X

Tania:

- (1) No, 'cos I do care.
- (2) I heard a lot more Nirvana on the radio.
- (3) Assuming there is a Generation X, well, I would have thought River Phoenix would have made a better icon. Anyone, people are apathetic anyway.

Michael:

- (1) Although, I'm fully aware of the socio-political nature of Generation X, I really can't be bothered answering that question, because I have to go and pick up my import copy of "Negative Creeps"
- (2) I was just thankful it wasn't Barnsey. I mean, I just couldn't deal with my future kids deifying Jimmy Barnes as the icon of 90's youth in the way kids look up to James Dean, Marilyn Monroe and other dead stars today.
- (3) Who needs a spokesperson anyway?



Cat:

- (1) It's us isn't it?
- (2) I called lifeline but I'm OK now
- (3) He's irreplaceable, but I'll replace him, I'm quite happy to. What about Anthony Roediger?

Stella:

- (1) Yeah, I do, but I identify Generation X more as a certain type of person, as a slacker type. I don't look around say the library and see Generation X. I think of Generation X as people who are into a certain kind of music and a certain kind of dope smoking, hanging around, lifestyle.
- (2) I thought it was really sad but it didn't personally affect me, I wasn't torn to bits. But I thought it was really sad because he's the only person, or one of the only people, who was doing that kind of music. He stands for a lot and I think that it's disappointing that he had to do himself in.
- (3) P.J. Harvey



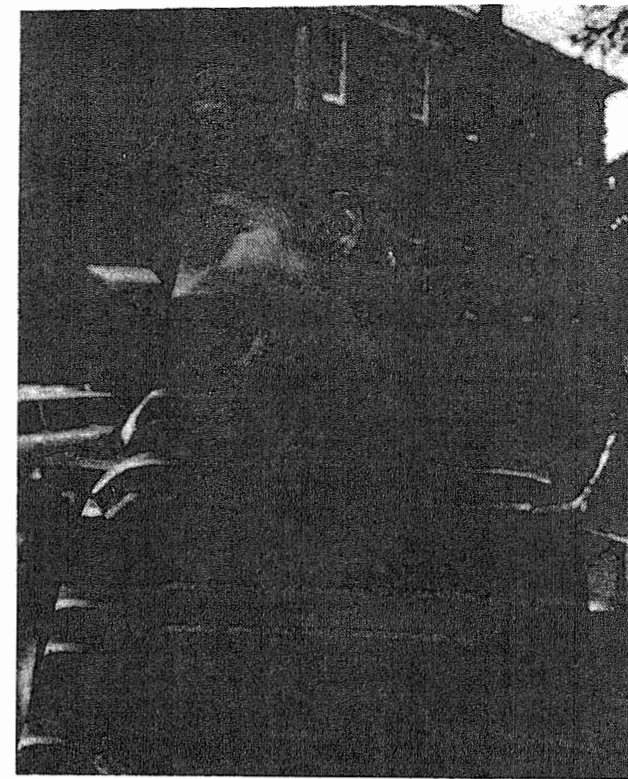
Anna and Joe

- (1) Anna: Definitely. Still studying, almost unemployed again.
- (2) Anna: Oh, the one from Nirvana, not at all, I actually don't care about it at all.
- (3) Anna: Morrissey



Prakash:

- (1) That's what people identify me as, the media, what people call me.
- (2) I was pretty shocked, the morning before I was reading an article about how he overdosed and then I came home and he was dead, and I was shocked. I thought there goes another one of those great grunge people.
- (3) Never knew he was. In the actual band, no-one could. He was one and only.



George:

- (1) No, I care too much about things that Generation Xers aren't supposed to care about.
- (2) No more Nirvana albums
- (3) Generation X shouldn't have an icon. Generation Xers aren't meant to aspire to anyone

Michael:

- (1) Yes. That's the generation I was born into.
- (2) I was amazed at all the hype and all the false emotion that was generated.
- (3) No-one. There's no point in having an icon, that's the whole point of Generation X. Xers do it themselves, they don't need any support or help from anyone else



Simon:

- (1) No, I call them children of the kill

Photos: Gerald Toh



Adie, Andrew and Jane

- (1) Adie: I think so, it depends how you want to define it. I don't want to define it. It's too hard. This is the most thinking I've done since I've been on holiday.
- Andrew: Kind of.
- Jane: Oh yeah, I suppose so.
- (2) Adie: It was a ... well it wasn't really a shock, it was sort of expected, not from him but from someone.
- Andrew: I was shaking to the boots, ringing up Triple J, crying. No, it was weird though, I was listening to Triple J during the day and they started going on about this and I go "What?"
- Adie: It was weird how some people really freaked out about it.
- (3) Adie: Eddie Vedder maybe, if you're looking at the music scene.
- On Dit: What about a woman?
- Adie: I'd like to think so. What about Whitney Houston?
- Andrew: There's no one really out there at the moment. Not even Eddie Vedder, he doesn't really say anything.



Veena and Siva

- (1) Siva: Yeah. What is Generation X?
- (2) Siva: I didn't know about it until today, when's the funeral? That's quite depressing.. I'm sorry, my condolences.
- (3) Siva: I think Gordon Gekko, but I like him.

Bryan:

- (1) No I don't. I think that Generation X is a cop-out designed to justify people being lazy and non-committal.
- (2) I was quite shocked because everyone complained about the way commercial type of record companies chew up and spit out good bands and here's living proof, or dying proof.
- (3) I don't think that Generation X needs an icon.



Sam:

- (1) If you tell me what it is then I can give you an answer.
- (2) It's a bit of an unfortunate thing to happen, but it seems like a lot of rock stars do crazy things sometimes.
- (3) Whoever they choose

We are pleased to bring you the winners of the *On Dit / Unibooks* short story competition. The response to the competition was healthy, we received a total of thirty-two entries, and the task of the judges was difficult. Maria Sloggett has won the first prize of a \$100 book voucher courtesy of Unibooks and Alison Barton receives an \$80 stationery package from 3M for her entry.

An Elegy for Cederic-Pauline

by Maria Sloggett

When they dragged the lake, it was not Cederic-Pauline they found but another older, red-headed child. This child was water-washed and sodden so that its flesh flaked from its bones like cooked fish. Its eyes were curiously vacant and shrunken while a hole had eaten itself into the cheek and tiny grey fish had swum in its mouth and out by the teeth. Reeds spilled from its lips tangling like a beard. It may have been a girl or a boy, there was only bone from which to tell. If it had been a boy, its thing had come loose and floated downstream. It was as if Cederic-Pauline had grown five years beneath the water. But mother claimed it as her own and carrying this hanging, mangled thing she took it to her garden.

She planted this effigy to Cederic-Pauline at the west wall of the house with an elegiac spade moaning softly all the while. The cats clambered there as if to the rubbish tin and mother obliged by planting catnip because Cederic-Pauline had been a great cat lover.

Cederic-Pauline was not the first child mother had lost to the lake. Once she had leaned over the side of the boat, screaming and wailing, her voice rippling the water surface. Then with a splash, a baby had come from her and trawled along behind her for a moment before she cut the rope with her scaling knife. It sank cherub-like and blue into the cavernous amniotic lake, its eyes fixed upward. It seemed as if I had been holding her hands and balancing the row boat for hours. Now mother collapsed and slung into the bottom of the boat, her blood mingling with the fish scales and guts, a warm sticky pool.

Mother had endeavoured to keep Cederic-Pauline. But Cederic-Pauline had ungratefully, at the age of five, picked itself up and spirited itself away.

Cederic-Pauline and I, at one time or another, took great pleasure in watching mother from behind her fishing nets. They were hung to dry on large posts in our yard; lace cur-

tains to the outside of our house. Mother sat, her legs around a bucket, scaling and scraping. Her bare legs became encrusted with scales and skin, the scales catching the light. Cederic-Pauline pouted and watched; the net cast a grid over our faces. We both clung like drying fish with our limbs clasping different rungs. From there Cederic-Pauline perched, wide-eyed and speechless, as birds scrambled to pick at the guts my mother discarded about her. A cat tumbled by and Cederic-Pauline was off after it.

Cederic-Pauline was an avid gardener. Mother and Cederic-Pauline overturned the silt which was our soil and, amongst the shell fragments and reeds, planted basil and then strawberries. Cederic-Pauline personally attended the strawberries with a great stick to batter off intrusive snails who seemed, like uncertain amphibians, to gather in schools on the lake shore.

Cederic-Pauline had been seen the day before the disappearance on the far side of the lake peddling furiously on a red tricycle. Cederic-Pauline, the cycling enthusiast, was known to take the trike cross-country to get the benefit of free-wheeling down as many hills as possible. Splashed, muddy and gleeful Cederic-Pauline would return radiant and taking one of mother's buckets for lake water, would wash down the bike.

Cederic-Pauline was also a vertiginous rock-climber. Mesmerised and determined Cederic-Pauline would struggle up a rock face, but once there and looking down, Cederic-Pauline would be transfixed by unsurmountable terror. Screaming and hysterical Cederic-Pauline would yell for me to come to the rescue.

The disappearance was not a surprise to mother and myself, such was the perilous nature of Cederic-Pauline's world.

Mother continually dreamed of her vanishing children. In her dreams, we appeared in close-ups, then our images became hazy, then she saw us briefly on the distant horizon as her mind panned for us, searching.

To Find the Plot

by Alison Barton

"No, Doctor - there is nothing wrong with me today, thank you." Perhaps tomorrow there will be, she thought - perhaps a little later in the week. The light faded blue-white.

'Why, though? Why did she think this? Who was 'she'? Myself? What's the time? 2.06 pm. So, what's the plot?? Quick!!! Forget the other writers, the other plots. Unravel this plot! What plot? Me, here, cold house, room. Stop! Don't push the words. Let them flow. Ahhh . . . that's better. Let it all rush, let it all spread, thread together.' . . . It had been a long time since I had written a story, I thought. My hand slid into my eyes, slit into my pupils with its pen. And further again. My own words tumbled, muffled as if I were drunk.

. . . I look out. My fingers sense winter deep in my wooden desk. Outside the street hangs and catches houses and shops and coloured words. I squint to read them. "T-Shirt Wholesaler". A van drives in. A man gets out. There is a grey air-conditioner underneath the window, underneath white bricks. The front wall has black blind eyebrows. Number 17. The man has gone. 'Plot? . . . I suppose he could have shot someone. Shit! That's almost as bad as the Dr scene. Predictable, palatable plot.'

A voice inside my head screamed out - 'Look past any life in this house, this street, this city. Take off your glasses!' . . .

And then the story was off and running, beating with my hair on the page, soft in the afternoon glow. 2.16 pm.

. . . "Ha Ha Ha!" He passed her the box. "Of course you can!" "Thanks," she said and left and ran, and fell in love up on the mound with her flowers, her scent, her hummingbirds. (How absurd! Hummingbirds of all things. But yes - they were up there on the mound. I know, because I thought of them. And so I wrote them down.) The birds gathered around her and smiled in the wind, at her and at each other and at the wind itself. She picked up a pen and began to write about herself on that mound - in the wind with birds and their smiles. The wet inked pages flapped in the fresh air.

The mound began to sink, slowly into the ground so that it became the ground and she, bound to it by her feet and words, watched the birds hover overhead. She thought that they would leave her but, instead, they seemed captured enough in her pattern of writing that they were fighting to beat enough to remain still in the same patch of sky as the mound once found itself. When she had finished writing she placed her papers on a rockshelf and kissed the birds goodbye in the wind.

I cradled my head deep into my palms, into the black redness. 'Suppose that I am her. Is she trapped on her mound? Is her mound my mind? Am I trapped in my brain?' . . . Hang on a minute. I hear a telephone. And the person on the other end says the first part of my story is OK, the second part unclear. I can imagine people saying that I have made *anything* up . . . that it is all senseless, a load of nonsense, *n'importe quoi*. But it isn't unclear and it does make sense.

"Yes, I see, Ms Bring is it? Ms Andrea Bring? And you are 23 years old?"

"Yes, that's right."

"We have no phone in here, you see. And there is no house

and no t-shirt wholesaler, no box and there are no hummingbirds, Andrea, no hummingbirds. This is a hospital, and I am a doctor, and you are my patient, and we are sitting in my office. It is all very simple."

"Yes, I see," I said. "Perhaps I had better leave then, Doctor. There is nothing wrong with me today, you see. I am feeling quite happy, very me."

"And who is you?"

"Why Ms Andrea Bring, of course. But is it not more correct to ask 'who are you?', Doctor? And anyway, you see, you are not really here - just a part of my plot, my story. It is not real, Doctor. It is not real. I have obviously spent too long on you. Goodbye, Doctor, goodbye."

And then the van drove away, like that. No warning, no sound outside the soft swish of air and motion that squeezed under the door, or through my window to my ears. The sky was greyer now. The clock sat upright blinking 3.00 pm and the liquid wax reflected a wet candle flame in the trapped light of the last hour, and the hour before. I got up and ran my hands through my hair. I put on some more music and listened and waited some more. The flame didn't change radically. It flickered. The light shone, the curtains slouched against the desk and window frame, tame to the world, ready to be pushed and pulled, scentless . . . like the big white tents that draped over me.

"Lovely book! Lovely book, my dear! And at 23! Why not join the other authors over there under that tree, you see, dear, in the hats?, and receive all the congrats you deserve! It's an honour to have you here at writers' week, my dear, a très grand honneur!"

"Oui, oui. Thank you so much. I shall go over there under that tree and pretend perhaps that it is my mound?"

"Why, how charming, how witty! Oh lovely dear, you really are quite lovely!"

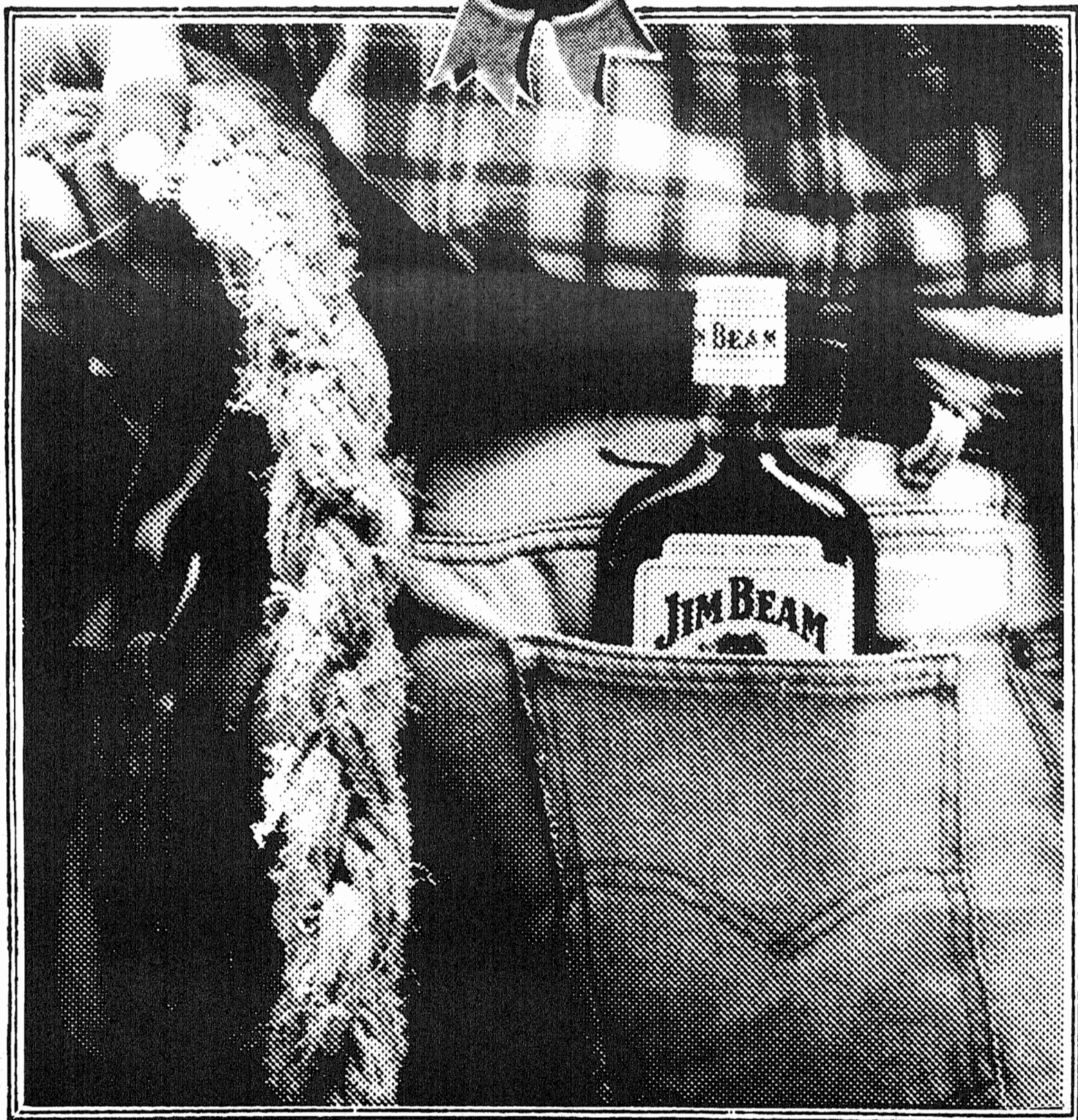
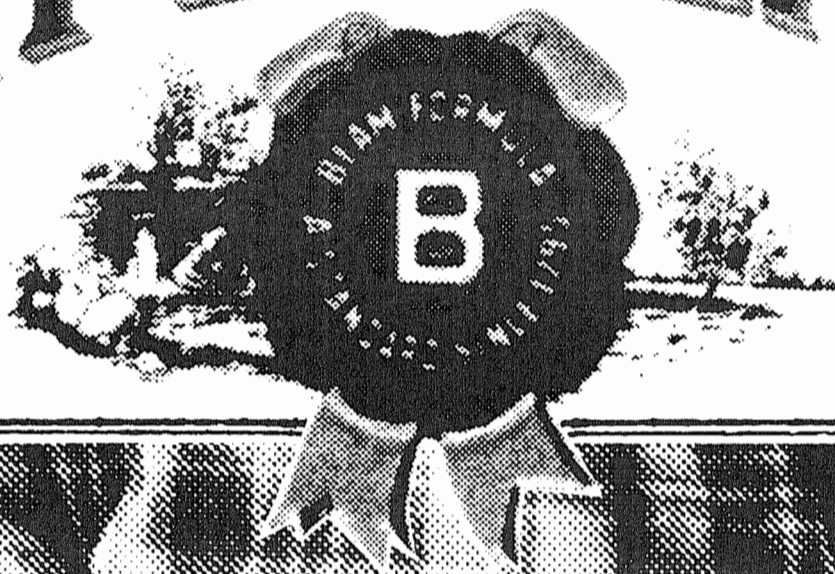
"Yes, goodbye," I said and turned and faced the mass of pink and white and blue and straw that stood on grass as if it were a floor of Royal carpet and I felt my face turn scarlet as I tripped up on a root.

"Ah, Ms Bring, here at last. Why have a drink. Let me get an extra glass of wine for you. Champagne or wine, my dear? And perhaps a line from your last book?"

I looked hard but I could only see their eyes. The rest was nothing but blackness. The rest was blank. I shook hands, I think. The next time that I blinked I saw white light and smelt food and heard metal clink and hard shoes on hard-coated floors. I slept some more.

The Doctor was not surprised to see me late that afternoon. Outside the air was grey. 'Another plot, another day,' I thought. 'Perhaps a gun would have been more fun.' But the Doctor was not unkind. He gave me drugs to let me unwind. And slowly my plot came to rest and I felt warmth race across my chest like words on a page, and I let myself be dazed by it all, by its flowers, by its scent, by the big machines that whirred and whirred and made me think once more of hummingbirds. And on my side-table, the clock said 3.31. My papers said 'stable'. My mind went numb.

JIM BEAM



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Blow your mind

Never mind the clichés, here's the 21st century. The future is now, where the rest of the world is only as far away as your nearest phone-line or satellite footprint. As old media are give ground to new ones, the print medium looks like the next one to fall, with the advent of a new magazine called "MindVirus". Barely a month old, and already receiving praise from around the world, MindVirus is the first "digital interactive magazine", complete with full colour sound and animation. Distributed world-wide through something called the Internet, it is produced by an Adelaide group known as MindFlux. They've been together for two years now, having started off doing interiors for dance parties and designing flyers and CD covers. Now they have created MindVirus, a new style of forum that ranges different aspects of technology, art, philosophy, and what's new and groovy out in the Internet. I tracked down MindVirus, and asked them, "Just what's it all about?"

"Most of this particular issue is based around mutation, physical mutation and mental mutation. And technological mutation. Using technology to change what you do with your body. Something we've [MindFlux] come to term "technoshamanism". We're hoping to open it up as an academic forum, not just for academics, but also for other people who are interested in that realm of technology. Machines, mind-machine interfaces, magic... new directions in technology. Using technology in a way the maker of the technology wouldn't have intended it to be used."

To the uninitiated, it all sounds like some Gibsonsque fantasy. But what was sci-fi in the '80's is looking more and more like the very near future now.

"It kind of is, but at the same time it kind of isn't. Gibson had some nice ideas, that probably aren't going to eventuate, but people are going to live by that model. The magazine itself is an example of getting technology and using it for something it wasn't originally intended for. Originally, multi-media, as far as I'm concerned, was designed so that people in businesses could make presentations to each other that were slightly more interesting than OHP's (overhead projections). There were things called "kiosks", where you could browse through and get information, where once you understood how the thing worked, you wouldn't necessarily have to be

taken through it by someone to give a presentation. They could just get up and do it themselves. This is mutation. We use that sort of technology to make a magazine."

"Computers are getting less and less like computers. I was talking to someone during the Fringe who had come from Xerox. He works in what he calls "ambiguous computing", where his aim for the computer he's designing is that while you're using it, you're not aware you're doing it. You're not dealing with some dickhead computer, you're working with this little screen that you can

did it", or, "I want to know more what else it is", then you wouldn't have to read through the whole thing to get the information you want. You can pick and choose and navigate around the information as you want to. And all these sounds and animation just make it all the more interesting for the person who's reading. It's something we looked at and said, "Mmm, that's sounds like a really good idea."

The magazine, apart from being available at certain bookshops around Australia, is also catching people's attentions around the world on a communi-

year, so that people who don't have computers can look at it too. Bits compiled from a year's four issues... Having it all in one magazine means that people are continually discussing something, and a resolution to that can be published in the next issue. And if that's particularly relevant at the end of the year, it can be published in the hardcopy book."

"The Internet is quite interesting, because in this next issue, we're getting contributions from Finland, the U.S., all over the world. The most bizarre and outlandish places, you can just reach them and suck stuff out of them, and then give it back to them. So our use of the Internet really does change the way that the world is structured. Communication's just so much faster. If we want to contact someone, we can just go through the Internet, and for the price of a local call, we can talk to them, and then they can send us stuff, graphics or sound or whatever. Anything. It's just a matter of giving people an awareness on the 'Net of what we're doing. I mean, there's 20,000,000 computers logged on to the 'Net. Almost every country has a connection to the 'Net. A couple of days after we put MindVirus out, I got a letter from somebody at Yale, who said, "Gee, I really like this. I'd like to put something in. You're doing a good thing." And then we sent complementary copies to magazines overseas, and they probably haven't got them yet."

"One copy managed to find its way on to one of the large American commercial networks, where people are downloading the magazine. And I mean, it's a big risk, because it costs more to download 3MB of RAM than it would to buy the magazine. So there's already a buzz in America, saying, "This thing's worth spending US\$20 on downloading." So it's getting quite popular."

"We're also finding that with our contributors, like the writers and musicians, because of the way this thing just distributes itself, a lot of people discover artists, and researchers that they wouldn't otherwise have found. Like, we've had people chasing up after certain articles, from overseas, and they want to know how they can contact this person, and they can use the Internet as a meeting place."

So all you have to do now is find a copy, and go exploring. And if you're interested in contributing, just get in touch with MindFlux in any number of ways.

Email(mindflux@apanix.apana.org.au), real mail (ANAT Box 8029 Hindley St. Adelaide, S.A. 5000), or fax (+61 8 232 5118). Copies of the magazine are available from the E.A.F., Mindfield, Dymocks, Central Station Records, the Art Gallery of S.A., Camtech, the Core, MindFlux themselves, and by ftp on the Internet. All you need is a colour Mac, system 7.x, and at least 4Mb of hard disk space. Go crazy.

MindVirus is a magazine with a difference. Embracing new technologies which provide an ever-increasing array of possibilities, it has attracted attention from a number of local and international users. Michael Nelson speaks with Mark Simpson from MindFlux, the production company behind MindVirus.

write on or you can talk to. And bigger computers are getting cheaper, so you can get more power on to the desktop, and more people can get access to more stuff. The idea of the information wave is translating into a social trend."

As technology gets weirder, and the limits of what can and can't be done get fuzzier, MindFlux are setting themselves up as a focus for whatever is new and exciting all over the technologically aware world.

"Because it's a new forum, a new way of presenting a magazine, there's a lot of things to be explored. You know you have the information, and now you can manipulate it yourself. The first issue is quite similar to a magazine, where you can click on a button on the screen to change the page. But there's a lot of options that we haven't explored that we will be exploring in further issues."

"Mainly one of our focuses in both MindVirus and our general multi-media publishing thing that we're hoping to set up as a company, is encouraging the exploration of the technology, such that it's not just a magazine on a screen, but it's sort of like a new way of receiving information. Hopefully it will change the way people work with information. So, people need to write and contribute things in a different way than they would for say, *On Dit*. People have to change the way they write and change the way they think."

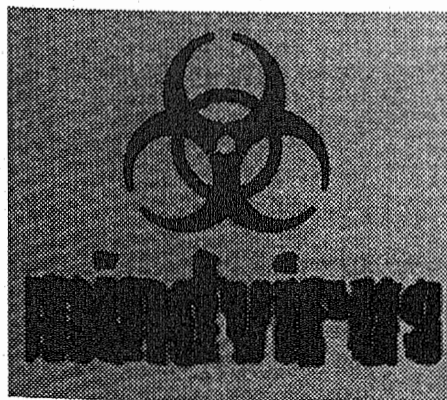
"To me, it's a more natural way of thinking and writing, and reading information. Where you have several layers of information, and then you can choose to go into them more deeply, or you can just skim the surface. Say there may be an article on MindVirus, then you'd say, "I want to know more about how they

cation network known as Internet. Essentially what the Internet does, is to allow people to chat, swap information and ideas in real time. Not suprisingly, when MindVirus appeared on the 'Net, it caused a bit of a stir.

"Mindvirus itself has got a lot of interest within the Internet. We've had a really good response from people who have picked it up overseas and read it. But I think it's the sales of the magazine, and the subscriptions and so on that will support it, without having to have too much advertising. I think because it's a digital thing, it doesn't take a lot of money to make a new copy. Like a virus, it distributes itself... not quite like a computer virus, more like a biological virus."

"There is of course the limitation of the magazine that if you don't have a computer that can run it, you can't see it. But we're hoping that people will have an interest in it, such that if they know someone with a computer that can run it, they'll chip in and buy it and give it to friends and stuff. But we're hoping that the way we've set it up, you don't have to know anything about computers, you just have to have the hardware at your disposal, and then you can just stick it in and say, "Go", and it goes. It interfaces really easily, and you don't have the feeling that you're trying to work with a computer, you're just using a magazine you can leaf through."

"We're just getting researchers and people who are interested all in one place, contributing stuff into an archive of articles and graphics and sounds. And keeping that as an archive. And then, the best bits from that would just be sucked out, into this nice presentation. We'd also like to produce a hardcopy, once a



Let's do lunch: pasta and a shag

Lunch
Karen Moline
Picador
\$14.95

Lunch is a love/horror story that begins at lunchtime in London restaurant when Nick Muncie first encounters Olivia Morgan. Nick is the archetypal sex symbol, a famous and oh-so-desirable bad boy actor with a past, while Olivia's distinguishing characteristic is not beauty, fame or charisma, but a complete disinterest in our hero. Bored with the proliferation of peroxided body beautifuls that is the natural accompaniment to his fame, Nick decides to test his sexual prowess on this rare specimen of uncoiffed, unripped and untucked woman.

Despite her initial indifference, Olivia soon develops an uneasy fascination for this man which is fuelled by her knowledge that she is dangerously unaware of how to play the relationship game Hollywood style, where love, lust and ego are too often conflated. Nick's interest confuses, flatters, alarms and intrigues her, and she is unable to sustain the aloof civility he found so alluring. Despite her better judgement, she soon succumbs to his obsession and is drawn

into the destructive battle of wills and desires which forms the basis of this novel.

The novel is narrated not, as might be expected, by either Olivia or Nick, but by Nick's physically repulsive bodyguard M. From his privileged perspective on Nick's life, M sees the perverse and cruel side of Nick, one that is hidden from all others. Despite his awareness of Nick's abhorrent nature, and his complicity in many of Nick's sadistic acts, M is essentially a humane character. His deformity constrains his relations with other people, who are unable to see beyond the grotesque and intimidating demeanour of this modern Frankenstein. His relationship with Nick therefore constitutes his only avenue of human interaction, and this means that his bond with Nick does not permit him to question or judge Nick's actions. Olivia differs from the rest of society, however, as she appreciates that M is more than Nick's obedient slave. This perception endears her to M, who is torn between a previously unchallenged devotion to Nick, a desire to protect Olivia from Nick's destructive urges and his own sexual attraction to her, which entices him to participate in Nick's debauched plans. This conflict of desires, along with M's obvious intelligence and the perspicacious observations of others that his position outside society enables him to

make combine to form a truly original narrative perspective.

The sexual element of the relationship between Nick and Olivia is graphically portrayed. Olivia is both repulsed and excited by their violent sex, which is so unlike the pleasurable but mundane intercourse she has with her nice, suitable boyfriend. For Nick, the constant struggle between the sexual domination he can so easily exert and the emotional submission he unwillingly feels constitute an untenable situation which he needs somehow to resolve. The resolution on which he embarks sets in motion a destructive chain of events with devastating consequences.

Lunch is compelling and easily read, and is set apart from other sexual fiction by its unique narrative perspective. It would be easy to interpret this novel as a mere foray into the glamorous and superficial world of Jackie Collins Hollywood, where people are cruel simply because they can be, but a more significant interpretation is possible. The novel is essentially a study of obsession, and of the effects of fame and adulation on a person's psyche. Although *Lunch* does not offer any ground-breaking insights into human behaviour, the observations which motivated it are skilfully incorporated into a work which is both entertaining and intelligent.

Cathy Abel

KAREN MOLINE

Lunch

The kind and lovely people at Picador have given us three copies of *Lunch* to give away. Write us a poem which includes lunch and sex and you could win one. It won't necessarily be judged on literary quality so make us laugh. Entries due Friday.

Puerile or profound?

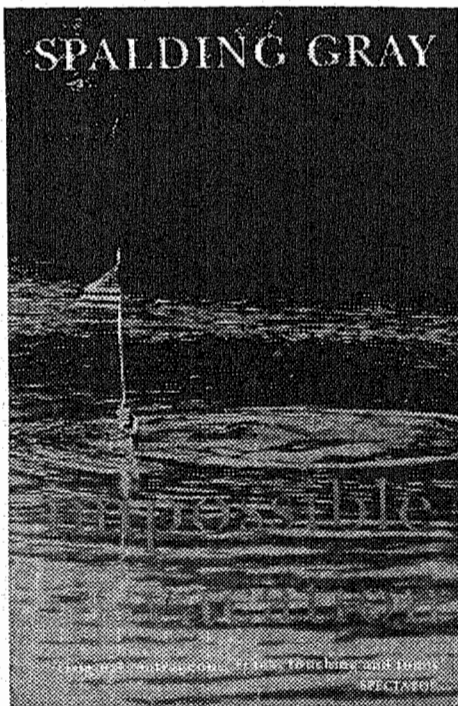
Impossible Vacations
Spalding Gray
Picador
\$14.95

Spalding Gray, famous for his monologues *Swimming to Cambodia* and *Monster in a Box*, has written a book full of pathos and humour. *Impossible Vacation*, his first novel, blends these two disparate emotions in a remarkable way. I found myself laughing at some of the most miserable moments of the main character's pathetic life.

The novel begins with this character, Brewster North, retelling his life story from his earliest memories. We are introduced to his parents: his father, the BBQ King and a man with a Fascist mind when it comes to taming his garden. His mother is a Christian Scientist who gets pissed on 7-Up; although Gray portrays this sub plot in the novel humorously the reader is made fully aware that North's mother was plunging into a debilitating mental illness. From this we go on to his first, dismal, sexual encounters as a teenager, how he dodged the draft by dancing naked, and also how he took acid for the first time with

a born again Christian 'who took LSD as the Holy Eucharist.'

It was around this time that he wanted to become an actor, for the stability of a script, in which everything is ordered and known. His interest in theatre is further sparked while modelling nude for a drawing class: he wanted his body to be seen, to reaffirm, through other eyes, that he exists. One of his first



acting jobs was as a leotarded performance artist in an experimental theatre group. North soon lost faith in this 'art form', so he tuned into Zen, and became a stream. This experience convinced North that he should travel to the mystical land of India, to buy rugs and indulge in Tantric sex with the Orange People.

Unsatisfied with this experience, he toddles off to Amsterdam, where his bisexuality is revealed in the gay baths. From here he returns to America, unsatisfied. North becomes manic depressive, like his mother, who had by this time committed suicide. He decides to 'cool out' by doing pornos. North is a man that loses his dignity as his mind slowly decays. Unsatisfied, he travels to California with a bus full of hippies. Brewster North is basically a selfish bastard who will never be satisfied.

This may appear to be a book about bonking, but it is, rather, a journey of discovery of an individual's identity, who just happens to fuck a lot. *Impossible Vacation* is a frank and occasionally very funny book. However, the jury is still out on whether it is puerile or profound.

Mike Hepburn

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Lust, love and lunch

Karen Moline was born in Chicago in 1955. She went to the University of Chicago, where she majored in General Studies in the Humanities, and Fine Arts. She went to Paris for a year, ostensibly to study, returned to America and found a job as an editorial drudge with a New York book publisher. She realised that all the time she spent correcting other people's work might mean that she herself could write, so she began writing music, pop culture and fashion articles for the alternative media. After spending some time in London, she returned to New York, where she concentrated on celebrity and pop culture freelancing. The experience she gleaned from interviewing various celebrities led her to question the very notion of celebrity and the effects it can have on individuals, and sparked an interest in the ideas of obsession and Hollywood. It was this interest that inspired her first novel, *Lunch*.

OD: What made you decide to start writing fiction?

KM: I was frustrated with my life and my career. I had gone from being very, very busy writing for people in America and in the U.K. and a lot of magazines in Australia, for whom I still write, when the recession hit the publishing industry in America around 1990, and in the span of six months my five biggest clients went out of business. I thought, "I've got a problem, my income is going down the tubes." I thought I was getting better as a journalist but it was getting harder to do my job, besides, I was spending so much more energy trying to get work than actually doing the work. I had been thinking about writing a novel about obsession for a long time... I was in London doing some work, and I was at a restaurant called Authors having lunch with another girl, an editor, talking business. This girlfriend of mine came in and sat down at the next table with a group of guys and one of the men at this table started stalking me in the restaurant... he decided that I was lunch. I'm trying to have this business meeting with this editor I'm trying to write for, and I'm thinking "why is this guy looking at me like this?" At the same time I was thinking, "this would be a great way to start a book about obsession": a man's sitting in a restaurant and he sees a woman and he decides that she's lunch and he's going to get her. I thought "oh, this is a good title, I'll call the book *Lunch*" and it all kinda springboarded from there.

OD: What is the role of M in the story? What is his function and how important is he to the book?

KM: M to me was crucial, he was the linchpin that allowed me to write the book, to become the way it is. I decided that the man who was obsessed was going to be somebody famous. I wanted to tell the story from a unique perspective, but didn't want the woman who was in the affair to be the narrator because that's been done before and that's perceived as a woman's book, so

you've cut out half your readers right there. I didn't want it to be the man who's obsessed because then I was worried that it would be compared with a novel called *Damage* which was narrated by the male protagonist, so I wanted to create a character who was third party. I thought to myself, "Who's going to tell the story, I mean, how can he be there all the time watching, who could he be to always be there?" Then I thought, "Wait a minute, actors that I've met, they all have their person, I mean, they have their major domo or their bodyguard or their best friend, or whatever, who is with them all the time". I thought, "Oh well, I'll give my actor a major domo and he'll tell the story."

OD: So do you think M is the feature of *Lunch* that sets it apart from other sexual fiction?

KM: M started as a completely expedient person, a hook for me to have a narrator tell the story as opposed to the man or the woman, and he just turned into this kind of Cyrano, Frankenstein creation, but I had tremendous sympathy for him, to me he's really the archetype of the other, he's the part of everybody who always feels that they're on the outside looking in, because he literally is: he's disfigured, he's incredibly self-conscious and he's not attractive in a way that Nick is. He is tortured and he's this great enabler, he enables Nick to do whatever Nick wants. He came to life for me long before Nick or Olivia. I really see the book as being his story much more than theirs.

OD: Turning to Olivia, would you say that the subjugation of women and violence towards women were themes in *Lunch* and if so, what do you think it has to say about them?

KM: I want to make it very, very clear to people that... when I'm writing fictional characters who are having consensual sex, which may have violent aspects to it, (they) might be saying "no" and meaning "yes". But the big difference between these characters and real life is these characters are there because they want to be there. (Olivia) is there because she knows what is going to happen to her and she wants it to happen to her. This is not in any way comparable to women going out on a date with a guy and they both have too much to drink and he jumps her and she says "No" and means "No" and he thinks she means yes and rapes her. It's not the same thing in the slightest. If people are projecting their own private inability to make this difference onto my book, it's really their problem. It's not anything intended in my writing.

OD: *Lunch* is obviously very sexually explicit. What do you think about this, and about sexual and pornographic writing in general?

KM: I want to make another thing clear. There is a very big difference between something that's pornographic and something that's erotic. Pornography is deliberately designed to titillate, it has no other

function except to describe, or in movies show, the sexual act. I wanted to write a book about obsession and then I decided this book would be about sexual obsession, so obviously I had to write sex scenes. If you are writing something erotic, the sex is, you hope, a natural continuation of the story. The sex happens as a part of the plot, and you can't imagine the book being there without the sex, but the sex is not the reason for the book. To me, that's what the difference between erotica and pornography is. So if people have a problem with a book that has a lot of sex in it, and a lot of graphic sex in it, and if they can't differentiate between erotica and pornography, again, that's their problem. Maybe they see it as a question of semantics, but I see it as a failure of the imagination.

OD: You've done a lot of celebrity interviews and other journalism before starting to write fiction, do you see the writing of fiction and non-fiction as essentially different processes, or would you say that they had similarities?

KM: They are very different in the end result. Doing journalism taught me discipline, it taught me how to write to deadlines and how to be economical with my language and to be a very severe critic of myself and to edit myself. I tried not to let the book get too gushy and too overwritten. I'm comfortable as a journalist, it can be difficult and it can be strenuous, but it's not painful. Writing fiction was incredibly difficult for me. I didn't know if I could even do it, I didn't know my book was going to work until it was finished and I read it through for the first time. It was a year and a half of my life and I went completely broke doing it because in the last four months of writing *Lunch* I really could not do both (journalism and the book). I did not have the mental energy to keep switching back and forwards and I just wanted *Lunch* to get out of my head and go away. I had confidence that I could write, but I didn't have the confidence to think that it was going to be good and people were going to want to read it until I started getting feedback. With journalism the response is immediate. You do your story and turn it in, if it's a newspaper it runs right away, or if it's a magazine it takes a month or two. You see it and you forget about it and you move onto the next thing. A novel is a much longer process.

OD: But you've decided to write another novel?

KM: Yes, I'm in the early plotting stages and this book is very complicated. I'm trying to create the history of the characters: where they come from, who they are, what they look like, what their names are. So I'm kind of plodding along and it's really hard right now because *Lunch* is coming out and I have to put a lot of energy into hoping the book gets published effectively and that's a six month process so it's hard to do that and do my journalism and work on *Belle Donna*, so



we'll see.

OD: As far as working out plots and things go, do you have any preconceived notions of how this should be done, or are you simply seeing what works?

KM: My method now is to try to do what I did for *Lunch*, where I thought about it for six months, who these characters were, what the plot was going to be, and made sure that I knew the beginning, the middle and the end, the skeleton of my story, and never deviated from that. I didn't let myself write a word until I was sure that my plot worked. Then I just started writing whatever I woke up thinking about. It's not a method I can recommend to anybody, but it's what worked for me. In my next book, obviously there's a lot more pressure on me, because (the publishers) have expectations of me. This book has sold in eight different countries and these very clever publishers decided to pay me a good amount of money, so obviously they think it's a commercial thing. It just means that the pressure is on me now to create something that will work and once I wrote in a vacuum with no feedback from anybody for a year and a half, so it's a very different place to be in.

OD: Do you think the fact that you've had a reasonable success with *Lunch* so far limits what you can do with your next book?

KM: It would limit me if I wanted to write a book about sexual obsession again. I mean, I would be bored out of my tree. I want to create people who are completely different. To me that's what would be fun and what makes me want to write. I had somebody come over this afternoon who was telling me stories about somebody. He was describing this man who was just completely ridiculous and I thought "Oh, this is going to be the basis for one of my characters." I'm a bit backstage right now, where I'm compiling anecdotes and hoping they'll turn into people.

Cathy Abel

Boy with a backpack

Flight of the Innocent

Trak Cinema

Flight of the Innocent (La Corsa Dell'Innocente) producer Franco 'Cinema Paradiso' Cristaldi's final project is not an art film. It's an adventure in the "small-boy-with-backpack-alone-in-a-hostile-world" vein.

The kid is Vito (Manuel Colao) who belongs to a Southern Italian family who live by kidnapping rich Northerners. Within the first fifteen minutes, though, they've been murdered by a rival clan and Vito has begun his flight

across Italy.

This first part was the highlight of the film for me. Carlo Carlei's direction juxtaposed pretty graphic violence with nice scenery making it seem more significant than all the incidental deaths in the average action flick. Not really a talkative film, it's a visual narrative from Vito's point of view and again, in the early part, this works really well: the direction expresses Vito's vulnerability quite imaginatively.

When Vito meets up with his cousin Orlando (Lucio Zagaria) in Rome, I thought the story might become more complex and interesting but, instead, Vito's family's killers re-appear and we're back to clichéd chase scenes with lots of conveniently placed trams, trains and buses. Along the way, Vito decides

to return the ransom money to the parents of his family's last hostage, but even with a new objective for Vito the film seemed to lose momentum for quite a while.

Even so, *Flight of the Innocent* would be quite enjoyable if Carlei really had decided to make just an exciting adventure, but the film ends up taking itself far too seriously. It's moralistic, seeming to be based on the two equations: child = good, adult = evil. The first time you see Vito, he's up an olive tree drawing birds in tranquil skies (and was it my imagination, or was there a heavenly chorus up there with him?).

At the end, a quotation about children saving the world is flashed on screen and you know you've seen it all

before. Carlei tentatively prods at deeper issues in the film - like the gulf between rich and poor in Italy, the kidnapping 'industry', whatever, but doesn't develop them at all, which is a pity because the situation and setting are what could have made *Flight of the Innocent* interesting and original. As it was, I had the feeling I'd seen it all before. Lines like, "Take a good look - you're looking at Death" seem more painful when read as subtitles.

If you're into the Little Prince thing, read the original, if you like chase scenes you'll probably find more innovative ones in Tom and Jerry, but I'm not going to be spending my money going to see *Flight of the Innocent* again.

Rachel Templer

Fun on a shoe-string

Leon The Pig Farmer

Trak Cinema

Leon the Pig Farmer is one of the easiest films to watch I've seen in a while. It was made for less than \$200 000 and all members of the cast and crew donated their time and effort free. This relatively shoestring budget isn't evident in the final product, and the film is lighthearted, and very funny to boot.

Leon (Mark Frankel) is the main character of the title: a guilt-ridden, neurotic younger son of a well-to-do Jewish family living in Golders Green, London. The first part of the film explores Leon's insecurities and the lack of direction in his life. His sometime girlfriend is constantly on the lookout for more interesting men, men who go hang-gliding, rock-climbing or abseiling, adding to Leon's general



Hmm, what's all this then?

lack of confidence.

By a twist of fate he discovers he is the result of artificial insemination, his biological father turning out to be a pig farmer from Yorkshire. Our hero

travels to Yorkshire to spend time with his new family, a very odd group of people including Connie Booth (Fawlty Towers). Sensing Leon's culture shock they try to make him feel at home, studying Jewish traditions and

cooking kosher food. This new family turns out to be just as stereotypically barmy as Leon's original one.

I must admit that I only recognized two or three faces during the film, but

that's not to say that the acting is not good. I may just be out of touch. The plot's many funny moments are never let completely out of control, if anything they're understated. My companion and I giggled most of the way through, with a lot of the kind of visual humour that gets better the more you talk about it over a 'latte.

So far the plot must sound confusing and silly. But as well it looks at the way we accept stereotyped behaviour and conform to it. Leon's many anxieties are discussed by strangers and bystanders in the street, outlining different sides to his dilemmas and showing the viewer just how much guilt the poor boy has taken on board with his upbringing. (He does get it together at the end, by the way.)

This film is very hard to describe without using words like 'charming', 'witty' or 'clever'. So just go and see it. It's good.

Catherine Follett

French Kissing

J'embrasse Pas

Mercury Cinema

A recognisable trademark of French cinema in recent years has been the occasional portrayal of a deteriorating urban environment, frequently explored through the cop film genre. Films such as *Les Amants Du Pont Neuf* and the yet to be released *Les Nuits Fauves* saw a similar theme be-

ing explored this time revolving around romantic encounters.

In *J'embrasse Pas (I Don't Kiss)* we see the brutal 'education' faced by the idealistic country boy Pierre (Manuel Blanc) who comes to the city to make it big. Pierre manages to scrape and scrounge a living through his job at the hospital, so that he can realise his dream of becoming an actor. However, it is a futile dream.

In spite of his friend Romain's (Phillipe Noviet) attempts to help him, Pierre begins to prostitute himself, and acquires material possessions previously

beyond his wildest dreams.

Pierre's bubble eventually bursts when he disregards the detachment prostitution requires and falls in love with sultry sex-worker Ingrid (Emanuelle Béart of *La Belle Noiseuse* and *Manon Des Sources* fame). In doing so he comes to the attention of Ingrid's pimp, who is also her lover.

André Techinés' film is fairly well crafted with acting revelation Emanuelle Béart stealing the show in spite of her brief screen time. Phillip Noiret is well cast as the 'father-figure' Romain desperately trying to shield

Pierre from life on the streets. Perhaps, if Pierre had been better cast, we might have actually cared about what happened to him.

Nevertheless, this is brutal, hard-hitting and more convincing than *Alan Jones Live ...* or dead. Maybe it's too depressing. Perhaps they should bring back those heavily romanticised epic period pieces.

Kanesan Nathan

Wedding bells, funeral knells

Four Weddings and a Funeral

Wallis

This film is about a group of eight friends in their thirties, all very proud of still being single. In particular, it is about Charles (Hugh Grant), a serial monogamist who has a problem with weddings - his life is filled with them and, unfortunately, he has an incredible knack of getting into awkward situations once there (for example, at wedding 2, where he finds himself seated at a table comprised of ex-girlfriends, then caught in the bedroom with the newly-weds consummating their marriage). However, it is at one of these equally awkward occasions that he meets Carrie, "an elusive American" and they become lovers.

Neither seems to be particularly in touch with their emotions and they spend the rest of the film coming across each other at weddings, one of which is hers. When one of their number dies, the group is confronted with the pain of lost love and Charles realises that it may be time to commit himself to someone, leading to the ultimately awkward situation of being at the altar with someone he doesn't want to marry. However, this is a romantic comedy, so it doesn't take too much brain work to figure out how things end.

There are a lot of familiar names and faces associated with this film, most notably Kristin Scott-Thomas (playing yet another brittle, upper-class woman), Simon Callow (as a character very unlike Mr Beebe) and Rowan Atkinson (a very small role as a weedy priest). However, the film belongs to Hugh Grant (if he looks familiar it is because he has

been in a ream of those Merchant-Ivory type productions). This is the first film which Grant has had to carry virtually single-handedly - and he carries it off brilliantly. Not only does he have "the charm of Cary Grant", but he has the comic timing as well. I thought the only weak point in the cast was Andie MacDowell as Carrie. This may be the fault of the script for revealing nothing about the character and her motivation (in particular, regarding her marriage to Hamish).

This film's director is Mike Newell - the director of "Enchanted April", but don't let that put you off. He's working with a decent script, plot, etc. and captures the whole corny, forced atmosphere of weddings very well. The script was written by Richard Curtis, one of the figures behind "Black Adder" and collaborator with Rowan Atkinson's live performances. The handout for the

movie said that Curtis wrote the first script very quickly, then spent a year revising it. This is a pity, as I would have preferred less sentiment and more acid, but I suppose a film about weddings is probably not the appropriate vehicle for that.

The final script is good, although I had a problem with Carrie's character and also the fact that as the film covered only five days in the lives of the group, we were given no common background info on them and their friendship. However, this film was very funny and much less gooey than some American films on the same subject (i.e. "Cousins"). If weddings are your scene, this is the film for you. For those of you that have ideological problems with the institution of wedlock, you too can see this film. It's final (and appropriately corny) message is "Love means never having to say 'I Do'."

Kirsty Buchan

Charming Irish wit

The Snapper

Wallis Cinemas

If you were a big fan of *The Commitments*, then chances are you'll like *The Snapper*. Both of these films are adaptations from Roddy Doyle's "Barrytown" trilogy of novels which describe working class life in Dublin with honesty, colour and humour.

The Snapper is the story of the Curley family as they deal with the pregnancy of their eldest daughter Sharon and the pressures this brings on them from

their community and from within. Complications arise when Sharon refuses to name the father of the child and eventually says that it was a Spanish sailor.

Director Stephen Frears captures well the spirit of life in an Irish council housing estate. He is not afraid to show the plainer sites of Dublin and the materialism and alcohol abuse of their inhabitants. As with *The Commitments*, the language is everything in the film. The film succeeds because it's neither miserable nor condescending in its outlook. Striking in its realism, *The Snapper* is both funny and believable. Sharon (Tina Kellegher) battles her way through the film and

wins the audience's respect and sympathy, especially during the long and painful labour scene. She is well supported by Colm Meany who plays her father in a role that stretches his considerable acting talent far more than his regular part as O'Brien in *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

Although it is not exactly escapist, *The Snapper* is worth seeing for an accurate portrayal of Irish life with plenty of laughs along the way.

Tom Griffith



Pictures from the family album

Steve strikes out

On Deadly Ground

Wallis

This movie is not original. To be really good, it would have to be action-packed, teeming with suspense and riddled with lean sinuous dialogue. Well, it isn't. It has a smudge of suspense, a small spurt of dialogue and is under quota in wrist-breaking action.

The plot revolves around the battle between the Aegis Oil Co. and the Eskimos. Aegis stand to make oodles from their whizzo new oil rig, but the fuzzy-frocked Inuit remember Exxon Valdez and don't want any more black fish. This problem is complicated by a sharp

twist of suspense, i.e. Aegis have only 21 days to get the rig working or the permits go back to the husky-thrashers.

In doing everything to get the rig going, they alert fickle-fingers Forrest Taft (Steven Seagal) to the snowland slaughter that Aegis President, Michael Jennings (Michael Caine), is ordering.

Sundance-kid Seagal, the TNT-toting outlaw of Alaska, rides in with Masu (Joan Chen). With their bags full of good luck and irony, the pair are off to save the day.

I was reminded a lot of "Under Siege", "Nowhere to Run" and other martial arts movies. Naturally, this must be what stupid old fat stars do for their sixth film.

Neither the title nor the spiel give any indication as to the amount of mystic nonsense this movie spews. It's con-

fused. It's a pastiche. It's a mouldy old love casserole, unwanted and long since put to the back of the fridge of pithy sentiment.

The title, a reference to Sun Tzu, brought the first delicate wafting smells of the new Sufi-Seagal. This soon to be mystic was about to surf the pipeline of Alaskan spiritualism.

My theory is that Seagal made a reasonable movie with lots of terrific biffos and then found he had a few hours of extra footage. He left the biffos out because he didn't want to compromise the enviro bullshit. Well, I've got news for you, Steve! I didn't go along for a lecture. If I wanted guilt, I'd become a Catholic. I went along to see furious fists, lewd language and big norks! And plenty of 'em! And what did I get? *Bugger all!* In trying to make something

which needs loads of Merchant Ivory dialogue, Steve ended up with a melée of Alaskan head-shrinking. After this, there wasn't any time for the usual succulent-to-the-eye Seagalian brutality that I love. Out of all this, I felt he alienated his die-hard fans and left the taste buds of the uninitiated untantalised.

In Seagal's directing debut, the cinematic tea towel rests firmly in his hands. Yet, all he seems to do with it is blow his nose on it. So do us all a favour, Steve, and stick to beating people up, it's what you're good at and it's why I went to the movie in the first place.

This production doesn't work very well, but the final speech is an interesting justification, that adds a wee bit 'o bite to an otherwise pretty toothless movie.

Not enough guts, Steve - 6 out of 10.
Rory Cleland

Berkoff: there is no substitute

One Man
Steven Berkoff
The Space
May - 14

One Man, Steven Berkoff's new tour de force is exactly what you get. One man, holding your attention for two and a bit hours, as he moves with a frantic manic blend of skill and energy from the Gothic "Tell Tale Heart", through the uncomfortably accurate "Actor", to "Dog", a parody of an archetypal English lager lout and his rottweiler Roy. On a stage devoid of props, and using a minimum of lighting and music, Berkoff exploits every facet of his frightening ability. His elastic vocal range, and powerful body language weld the theatrical pieces together with what seems to be barely suppressed rage.

"Tell Tale Heart" is adapted from the eponymous Edgar Allen Poe story that Berkoff has used for some time now, usually as a precursor to another Poe story, "The Fall of the House of Usher". Told by the murderous inmate of a mental hospital, Berkoff describes it as a "lovely piece of Grand Guignol, a beautifully

written story of obsession. The piece is at once about the flowering of the 19th century mind and the bizarreness of the occult. Poe was writing about a potential serial murderer." As he lurches effortlessly from lunatic, to frightened old man, to police officer, and back again, the effect is "a very black style of comedy indeed."

"Then, with "The Actor", we find another kind of obsession, trying to find the solution to one's life through work..." You can't help but feel that maybe this would be what Mr. Berkoff's life would have been like if he hadn't been so ridiculously talented. A sort of rake's progress, the Actor greets every chance acquaintance with, "Working?...Bastard!" As he ages, every encounter takes him further and further toward disillusionment and despair. "What do you mean, I exude hate?" he asks his manager in astonishment, as his life and his dreams break up around him. "It's a sad story, which everybody should identify with, whether an actor or not - being out of work, disillusioned. Actors, in my experience, are generally rather narrow-minded, self-serving neurotics. Desperately insecure, hopelessly fucked up people. But that's forgivable,

I think, because these days it's basically an unnatural craft."

The finest and final piece is "Dog". A shaven headed Millwall supporter, complete with Union Jack T-shirt and his "Stop pulling my leash, or I'll bite your fucking hand off" pit-bull Roy guide the audience through the crumbling ruins of Great Britain. "Dog" is, I think, a universal study of the decaying of values, what happens to a society whose values and principles are eroded by the accumulated weight of mass culture. The result of this process, the rotten weed, is this skinhead with his pit-bull: this represents modern culture in Britain." In a life that extends from the pub to the football, Berkoff's skinhead appears to be only a symptom of the troubles, not the cause.

If it were anybody else attempting this kind of production, I'd guess that most of the audience would have left during the interval. Even Ms. Penny Arcade needed half a dozen exotic dancers to provide a distraction every now and again. But

Berkoff carries this ambitious show with his sheer ability to entrance. He never misses a stride (in fact, there's never a moment when he isn't moving) as he changes from character to character. Whether you're involved in acting or not, go and see Steven Berkoff's *One Man*. This might all sound like a sycophantic rave, but even if you think so, go and see the performance anyway. It is the definitive apex of acting. There is no substitute.

Michael Nelson



The manic Steven Berkoff

High kicks, high glitz

A Chorus Line
Her Majesty's Theatre
until May 14

I came out of *A Chorus Line* knowing I'd enjoyed it, hell, I'm still singing, but I didn't rave about it.

This production of *A Chorus Line* was light and comfortable. It wasn't as 'heart-wrenching' as the movie, perhaps the problems of the characters are too commonplace today. Their problems are ordinary and the pressure they are under is easy to relate to for anyone who has ever auditioned, in fact anyone who's ever gone for a job they wanted real bad.

In case you're one of the few who don't know the storyline: set in '75 at an audition for the chorus of a forthcoming Broadway musical, it opens to dancers going through the sequences, preparing for their final chance to excel before the choreographer, Zach. After much step, step, kick, pivot turn, walk, walk, walking, Zach chooses his final 17.

The next part of the audition takes place with these chosen 17 standing on a white stage line being interrogated by Zach who takes on a God-like role, in the dark auditorium (although this at times sounds very rehearsed). They are asked about their reasons for dancing, their hopes, fears and dreams. They step one by one into the spotlight and are asked to spill their soul.

As is the wont of a musical, the candidates break into song and dance at vari-

ous points to express their thoughts on what is happening, sometimes leaving whoever it is upstage to mime out parts of their life story.

Through these confessions, which serve to present the ordinary lives of these people who are striving for something extraordinary (to dance on Broadway), we get to know them so well that when Zach announces his final eight - four girls, four boys, we suffer with those who miss out and are jubilant with those who make it.

At the end, we get to see them all live out their dream, as all reassemble for the Grand Finale, complete with top hats and tails and wonderfully high kicks.

Throughout, the dancing was superb, even when they were preparing for the audition; it was well executed and 'mistakes' did not seem rehearsed. The Finale was particularly rewarding, as the lyrics finally fitted with the steps we had seen over and over, and just about knew by heart.

A Chorus Line was written to show the life of the gypsies, the name given to members of the chorus, who remain upstage, out of the spotlight and it does just this - it's so real. It must be amazing for a performer to treat this as the actual thing, since it epitomises the life of a dancer: countless hours of practice, auditions, aching feet, ballerina smiles and always hoping for that big break.

A Chorus Line has the dance sequences, the well known songs, plus a sense of 'backstage', the heart and soul of dance. It is absorbing and satisfying and leaves you humming for days- See It!

Nikki Anderson

Accidentally Anarchist St

Accidental Death of an Anarchist
State Theatre

Accidental Death of an Anarchist has the potential to be a hysterically funny and biting piece of political satire. Dario Fo's stageplay is full of off beat, slapstick humour and, although written in Italy in 1970, is highly relevant to today's Australia.

The intrigue occurs in a Milanese police station where a suspected anarchist has mysteriously fallen to his death. Several buffoon-like police inspectors try to cover up the scandal, but all is exposed by a radical anarchist posing as a lunatic (or is he a lunatic posing as a radical anarchist?). The play is witty but its message of political corruption, police brutality, media complicity and public apathy is strong.

What a shame though that the quality of the script is not reflected in the production. Mick Molloy gives a reasonable performance in a difficult part, occasionally fluffing a line but covering well with his own laconic wit, and Francis Greenslade is amusing as the two Constables. But alas, the other actors fall into a tedium of hijinks which are neither amusing nor well acted. Perhaps the problem lies in the fact that most of them are more TV personalities than actors and should perhaps stay in that small box in the corner of the room. At least there we can turn them off when they get boring.

Director Robyn Archer's attempts to link corruption in Italy with the Australian condition fail also. Dario Fo has said that this play should be reinterpreted to suit whatever current political climate

there may be and it is true that Aboriginal deaths in custody is an ideal issue to include, but the result is awkward and dogmatic. Moreover, it is unclear where exactly the play is located. References are made to Italy, but there are jokes about Sydney (including three very unfunny ones about the Mardi Gras) and the Hilton Bombing gets a mention. Better to set the entire production in Australia and be done with post-war Italian right-wing corruption.

Accidental Death Of An Anarchist succeeded in its main objective of highlighting to the public just what a victim of the system we are when it comes to fair and honest justice for all. The fact that Aborigines continue to die in gaol and that innocent people (eg Tim Anderson) are convicted of terrorist acts they haven't committed, is emphasised. The government is criticised for giving people what they think they want: a Royal Commission that promises change but never delivers, a review of police procedures and promises of reform, but this is this same government that is funding the play and paying Robyn Archer's salary. I cannot help but feel that this whole production is an exercise in gratuitous self indulgence, criticising the audience for its apathy while congratulating themselves on their social awareness and PC credibility. Ultimately one asks why the State Theatre bothered to put on this production. It is not and never was a mainstream play. Much more appropriate would be for Resistance to produce it in some grungy warehouse in Brompton. This would certainly be more akin to the play's underground radical message. But if this were to happen, then who would bother to go and see it?

Adam Le Nevez

The theatre of dreams

Welcome to the mind of Max Mastrosavvas, co-founder and artistic director of Theatro Oneiron, Adelaide's premier exponent of contemporary Greek theatre.

The latest offering by the company *The Skaubryn Project*, was a community based artistic collaboration and a tribute to those who undertook the journey from Greece to Australia in the early fifties. It is also the first time that the migration experience of South Australian Greeks has been made the subject of a music-drama. From poster to performance, it was genius theatre; it elegantly and seamlessly integrated live performance, slide projections, music, poetry, song and video interviews with that magic ingredient of all great theatre, the ability to touch diverse audiences in a human way. Linking all this together was the remarkable story of a young child left behind in Greece so that a family could comply with the immigration laws of assisted passage. The evocative score by Arthur Giannopoulos was performed on traditional and modern instruments; it did justice to the Nobel Prize winning poetry of George Seferis, as did the singing of Joanna Jackermis and Yiannis Fragos, ably supported by an enthusiastic cast of adults and children. The music intrinsically moulded itself to the dramatic contours of the play.

The costumes and the effective neutrality of the setting, allowed an era to be relieved by naturalistic acting that portrayed the vulnerability and the strength found in the immigrants.

Yet the focal point of the drama, I believe, came in the symbolic and classical reference of the youngest daughter, Iphigenia, left behind, a sacrifice by the family in the same way in which the mythical Iphigenia was sacrificed for the sake of a nation and a fleet needing to sail to Troy. She is also symbolic of everything and everyone any migrant leaves behind; be it culture, possessions, family or friends. Hence, while *The Skaubryn Project* was obviously ethnospecific, it was also universal in many respects. The Skaubryn represents every vessel, every migrant and every odyssey undertaken to a foreign land. So, while the on the surface the narrative is a tribute to the Greek immigrants of the Skaubryn's 1953 journey, it is also a homage to the universal migrant experience of the post-World War II period, embracing what is, by now, the classic triad of separation, struggle and settlement.

More relevant to the future odyssey of Theatro Oneiron, Max said, "Skaubryn has been a water-shed experience for us; we need to look upon original works of our own in a different light, produce more of them in the future perhaps by adapting novels, poetry, etc., and share them with more people. I certainly enjoyed working

with script consultant Mij Tanith; that sort of artistic collaboration is very valuable. *The Skaubryn Project* was a summing up in some respects; it has brought us to a point in time and history we have to evaluate the past and make a concerted move into the future. *Skaubryn* was so successful artistically, collaboratively and financially, that we would like to test it out in Melbourne. It was always a community theatre project, which accounts for its huge success to a large degree; without the stories, experiences and people in the community selflessly dedicating their memories and time, none of this would have been possible. Needless to say the funding bodies such as the Community Cultural Development Board of the Australia Council, the South Australian Department for the Arts and Cultural Development and the Glendi Board, all contributed in the practical realisation of the project.

"Now of course, we cannot sit back and say, 'Well, we got a few good reviews, let's put our feet up and bask in the glory,' that's too indulgent. That's instant death in the arts in Australia. You have to be constantly rethinking, researching, resourcing, planning, writing submissions and finding the all-precious sponsors. Maintain an ongoing momentum all the time.

"Part of the company's vision is to demonstrate how theatre writing in modern Greece is as good as anywhere

example, *The Nightwatchmen* by Stratis Karras, was written in 1967 and with its first performance in 1969, won the National Theatre Award for Best Play of the Year. So, what we're offering is quality writing and theatre.

"Other periods, too, have yielded some remarkable works. Most people equate Greek theatre with 5th Century BC Classical Greece. Certainly it produced works that still resonate with issues today, but who knows about the Byzantine dramas or those of the Medieval period or the remarkable flowering of Cretan literature during the Italian Renaissance? All of these are slowly appearing in English translation and are calling out to be performed.

"Theatro Oneiron sees itself also as a vehicle of intercultural exchange and by that we mean that while we have all been living together in relative harmony in this country, English speaking people have never had a chance to see the work of Kambanellis, Mitropoulou or Ziogas. Equally, Greek speaking audiences have never had the opportunity to contact the works of Patrick White, Dorothy Hewett or David Williamson. There has not really been any genuine attempt at intercultural exchange through different language codes. We have, therefore, invited leading Greek-Australian poets to undertake specific translations for us of Australian works in order to redress that

wonderful success in both Greek and English. *The Last Performance* was as equally powerful in English as it was in Greek. Now we're working the other way, on a Greek version of *Skaubryn*. And it doesn't matter if a non-Greek speaker comes along to one of our plays; with the aid of a comprehensive synopsis, an audience ready to have a good time and a lot of physical gestures (an intrinsic part of Greek speech), one is rapidly conveyed into the narrative. In any case, after so many Adelaide Festivals, audiences are far more theatre literate and adventurous than we give them credit for."

Theatro Oneiron means Theatre of Dreams. Max explains its connotations with respect to the Temple of Asclepius next to the historic amphitheatre of Epidaurus. "The Greeks then and today still have a powerful belief in the phenomenon of dreams, as manifestations of the irrational, as voices of deities or departed ones. Dreams were, and still are, used as a means of healing. We don't mean that our theatre is a form of therapy, merely that theatre of the imagination liberates the soul in many ways.

"Something as important as Theatro Oneiron never comes about because of one person's vision or commitment. There is always a group of people prepared to commit time and effort. The key, though, is to sustain that initial vision with conviction and enthusiasm. Nothing else counts but the effort and the art. Theatro Oneiron has been fortunate in having so many people ready and willing to do just that and every day new people emerge from the community wanting to participate in Theatro Oneiron's activities.

"As for the immediate future, well, we are planning an Australian premiere - if the funding gods smile upon us! - *Tranzito* by Sydney based playwright Sophia Catharios, who has also negotiated for the company to present this play in Greece. The Mayor of Piraeus has agreed to host the company there, so all that matters now is to find the funding to get this new Greek-Australian play to Greece, next year. Now, I guess, we're into the cultural export game! So, if there are any philanthropic philhellenes out there"

It is difficult to imagine how this vibrant company can be ignored any longer; on the merits of their past productions and especially *The Skaubryn Project*, Theatro Oneiron is destined to become a permanent feature of our artistic landscape. If you missed *Skaubryn*, there may be a return season in 1995 and judging by the sold out houses with ticket-hungry patrons waving dollars at the box office, you would be advised to get in quick. This one's a winner in anyone's language.

Chris Asteriou
Photo: Phil Heaton



Joanna Jackermis, Dimitris Parhas, Yiannis Fragos, Vasilis Parhas, Maria Stravinakis, George Parhas, David Fabris

in the world. In some ways, it's a unique form of writing because Greece, being where it is geographically, absorbs influences from the East as well as the West; Oriental mysticism can sit quite comfortably with European absurdism. So far, we have performed plays by some of Greece's most outstanding modern writers; Kambanellis, Ziogas, Skourtis, Kehaidis, Mitropoulou, etc. Our next play, for

cultural stasis of the past. We also see the dramatic literature of world theatre as a treasure house of thought and ideas that should also be made available to the Greek community in Greek; Brecht, Ibsen or even Shakespeare in Greek. It happens in Greece, so why not here?

"We also undertake our own in-house translations of Greek plays into English: *The Courtyard of Miracles* was a

Pandemonic
Various Artists
Columbia

'Pandemonic' is like many thin slivers of old soap that have been squashed together to form a colourful, rounded ball. It's economical as you get 18 tracks and about 73 minutes of music for your money; and, boy, will it clean out your ears.

They scream, they yell, they shout, they howl. Bands like Alice in Chains, Rage Against the Machine and Soul Asylum give it their best and thrash around mindlessly, using distorted vocals and heavy guitars. As well as the big names, other offspring from Columbia have also joined in on the act, such as The Jesus Lizard, Gruntruck, Black Market Flowers and Gumball. Some may not be familiar with all the bands on *Pandemonic*, but after listening to 5 tracks of constant grinding noise, you begin to catch the drift and realise that the Parental Advisory sticker was not put on the cover just for its pretty shade of red.

Swervedriver provide instant relief from the omnipresent intensive feedback with their 7" edit of "Never Lose That Feeling", but Mercury Rev steal the show. "Frittering" is a 9-minute track that builds up like a rising wave and then violently crashes down, only to repeat the cycle. At least they know the meaning of the word 'contrast'.

Pandemonic is for those with diverse tastes and anyone who can play "Enter Sandman" riffs in five different keys and is proud of it.

Shelley

The Criminal Mind
Gone
Shock Records

'Gone' are an indie, guitar rock band that hails from Long Beach, California, that are a little different from the norm. Their album, *The Criminal Mind*, contains no lyrics. That's right, none of the three members of the band actually sing a note on this 17-track album (perhaps that's a good thing). The whole album has a groovy, funk vibe about it, which I found to be very effective and quite enjoyable. However, this album still follows in the footsteps of other indie, guitar-driven bands in the fact that they persist in using a fuzzy guitar sound and a heavy hand of bass.

Overall, this album is a strong effort from these three Californians and could catch the attention of indie fans.

If singing is not a great talent of yours, as I know it's not one of mine, 'Gone' may appeal to you.

Matthew Howarth

Projects (1983 - 1993)
David Bridie and John Phillips
White

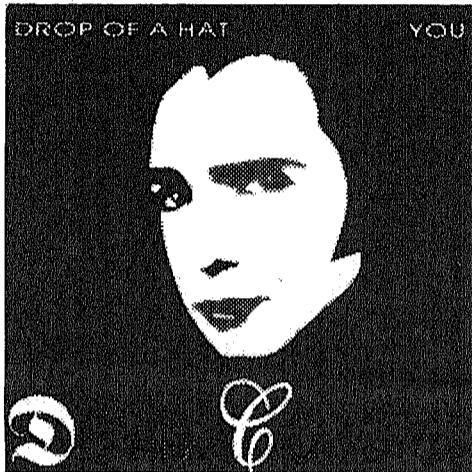
This little offering comes from the co-founders of Not Drowning Waving, who have been supplementing their income over the years by compromising for film soundtracks and the like. This CD brings together all of these "projects", resulting in a collection with more diversity than an election full of student politicians - some are of

a more conventional nature, some are rather dancey, others (e.g. those for the National Dance Company of Cambodia) have a distinctly eastern / world music flavour, while some are downright disturbing (e.g. "The Hibakusha", a creeping instrumental/spoken-word about the Hiroshima bombing).

As you'd expect from NDW members, the compositions (mostly instrumentals) are rich, atmospheric and also rather nice toons as well.

Highlights are the theme to the documentary "Labour in Power" (bizarre but true), "Slow Grandpa's Tune", "Greenkeeping" and "Recession Theme". The only vocal track is a cover of a Seekers' song (?!?!?) - however, don't let that put you off, this is an interesting album that's definitely worth a listen.

Dez



Devils Cabaret
Debut EP
Local Release

After playing around the Adelaide music scene for numerous years, Devils Cabaret's debut C.D. is finally here. Featuring Gerry Masi's sexy voice, the Devils perverse stage show is vividly reproduced in three tracks.

The flamboyant style of Devils Cabaret is present proving that they do not rely on their stage presence alone.

The implementation of Jim Dunlop on percussion and Mitch on drums offers an interesting and definitely different sound. Gerry's debauched lyrics complement these fine musicians, especially in the first track, "Drop of a Hat". "Dirty Thirty" is more of a sleazy number, perfect for offending parents and morally sensitive people. Tim Canning's lovely keyboard style is exhibited in the Las Vegas-sounding "You".

This C.D. is a great showcase of Devils Cabaret repertoire; from the insane to the ridiculous. If you get into sex, suicide and sleaze, this one's for you.

Just to Let You Know ...
Billy Mclean

Tracy Skehan

If you are one of those music lovers who have been wandering around aimlessly and flicking through hundreds, if not thousands, of CDs in vain, searching for the musical medium between Kylie Minogue and Bob Marley, I am joyous in saying you can now take a rest enveloped in satisfaction. Billy Mclean has arrived.

How would I categorise Billy's bopping, blitzy, bounding blunders? The title of "lovey-dovey, soft, tedious reggae" would sit perfectly.

Because of the worrisome and feeble state of 90s music, I cannot sit here and

write Mclean's *Just To Let You Know* will not sell into the millions. It would not surprise me at all if one of the tracks from the album hits number one. If such an outcome occurs, the blame would lie with the brainwashed and deprived teenyboppers of today, whose musical minds were impregnated with the likes of Kylie, Jason, The Proclaimers and Bros throughout the years when they were most impressionable.

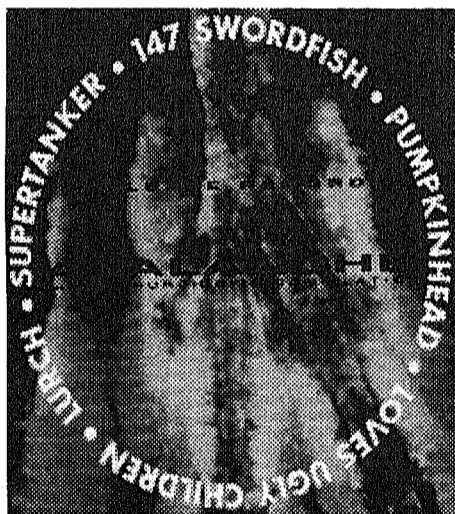
Billy might be the next Elvis, or Beatles, but I doubt it. And if he experiences success with this album, as Ferris Bueller once said, "I weep for the future."

Don't buy the album!!!

A/Greatest Hits - Live
The Sweet
Aim Records

The Sweet are one of the originators of the glam-rock scene, and like fellow glam-rockers Kiss, have outlived many of the bands they inspired. The songs on both the new album, *A*, and the live album are unoriginal, cliched, unintelligent ... and a hell of a lot of fun. Some may shudder at the "bad boy" posturing, but for those who don't take this sort of thing too seriously, this is quite enjoyable; nothing deep or in any way meaningful, but simply a couple of good, guitar-based songs that are quite catchy, quite noisy and - often intentionally - quite funny. The live album features some classic Sweet, such as "Love Is Like Oxygen" and "Action", while *A* is the album for all the closet Warrant/Bon Jovi/Poison fans: don't pretend you don't exist, we know you're out there, so come and give this a listen.

Florian Minzlaff



Avalanche
Supertanker, 147 Swordfish,
Pumpkinhead, Loves Ugly Children,
Lurch
Compilation of EPs from Christchurch
Failsafe Records

This CD is a compilation of 5 three-track EPs from guitar driven independent bands from Christchurch, ranging in 'loudness' from My Bloody Valentine and moving progressively towards Fugazi. Keeping in mind that Christchurch is not a particularly big city, the fact that there is barely a weak track on this CD shows the incredible depth of the New Zealand indie scene.

Supertanker are very English sounding and their third track, "Magenta Ocean", provides one of the highlights of the CD. 147 Swordfish pro-

duce a more varied and experimental sound but are not as polished as Supertanker and it could be said that some of their songs are a little tedious. Pumpkinhead, sounding rather similar to Ratcat's better material are definitely a quality band, arguably the best on the CD. However, they do let themselves down with their third track "Time". It remains a mystery how such a good band could produce such an ordinary track. Love's Ugly Children gives us the very seductive "Bleed", whilst Lurch round the package off trying their best to sound like Henry Rollins.

The whole concept, presentation and most importantly the music of this CD is very good, indeed. I was very surprised and impressed by this package. As the blatant self-advertising on the back says, "Support independent music. Buy it."

Dominic Stefanson

Gods and Monsters
Gary Lucas

My first impression upon listening to this album by Gary Lucas was the sheer range of musical styles he has tried to encompass. *Gods and Monsters* contains everything from country, rap, rock, folk and blues, to everything inbetween (including lots of sampling).

More often than not, though, this mix of styles (often instrumental) doesn't really work.

There is no doubting that Lucas and his many collaborators are accomplished songwriters and musicians. Sadly, there appears to be far too many dud tracks on this album ("Skin the Rabbit" is excruciating) and far too few good tracks, the stand-out being the funky rap of "Crazy Ray".

So, if you think you are the type of person that could cope with such a mish-mash of musical styles, then is this the album for you.

Whoever you are.

Andrew Balfour-Ogilvy

Messiah
21st century Jesus

Every so often an album is released that generates excitement amongst music lovers. However this is not the case with this effort from U.K Techno outfit, Messiah. Responsible for such club hits like "The Temple of Dreams", "Thunderdome" and "I Feel Love", the rest of the album just lacks something (probably originality). They manage to give the listener a bit of musical variety, from an ambient feel as the track "Peace and Tranquility" to a more hard-core feel on tracks such as "Destroyer" and "20,00 Hardcore Members".

Overall, this album, like many other techno albums, is much too predicatable for my liking. Unless you live for the club scene, boredom comes quickly when listening to this.

Matthew Howarth



**Rubenesque
Caligula
Phonogram**

The debut album for Caligula is one energetic, hardcore release. These pop funsters from Sydney have produced a fifteen track album which successfully blends funky techno rap with industrial guitar noise. This is serious pop with attitude.

Diversity is the key to *Rubenesque*. Opening with crashing guitar riffs and funky bass lines on the track "Fuzz", the album twists and turns in style. The dark, distorted vocals on "Wardrum" and "Make Me Happy" contrast with the lighter pop of "Tears of a Clown" and "Wishing". The ballad "So Fine" and the lone instrumental track "Bubler", alongside the techno-rap of "Don't Look Back" and "Before" add to creating an extremely listenable album.

Play it loud!

Kerina West

**Up To Our Hips
The Charlatans
Shock Records**

This third album from The Charlatans, which was released with the minimum of advertising or warning, has come as a bit of a surprise to most. The Charlatans first album, *Some Friendly*, was released in 1990 in the shadow of the euphoria created by *The Stone Roses*. However, since then, we have now been treated to two more albums from The Charlatans and jack-shit from "The Stone Roses". Therefore, it might be fair to say that The Charlatans are the definitive exponent of the Manchester "baggy" pop which shook the world during the very late eighties, early nineties.

If you've always liked The Charlatans then there is no reason why you shouldn't like this album. Tim Burgess' voice is as attractive as ever (as is he, I hear!) and the rest of the band as easy-flowing and yet tight. There are some typically Charlatanesque catchy pop tunes, especially the first single "Can't Get Out of Bed". "Feel Flaws" a six-minute instrumental with a very 'black' groove - Stevie Wonder feel - is also worth a mention, as is the very easy-flowing "Autograph".

However, there is nothing on this album that does not appear in a similar form, if not better, on "Some Friendly".

The Charlatans do what they do very well, it's just a matter of deciding if you like what they do - or not.

Dominic Stefanson

**Crawlspace
Infected
Shock**

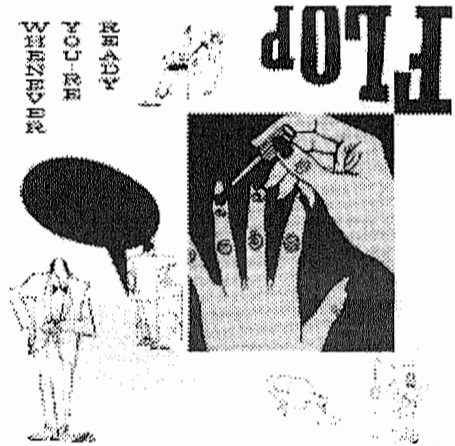
This talented four piece has the potential to go a long way with *Crawlspace*. Hailing from Perth (Australia that is), and the same scene that gave us the mighty Australian moshers Allegiance, these talented musicians have delivered a great album.

Though the production is a tad lacking in quality, this band stands out from the quagmire of mindless death metal bands through their thought provoking lyrics. Let's face it, you need to study the lyric sheet to make out what the lead singer is trying to see with his growling, Cookie Monster - style vocals.

While other death metal bands stick to the topics of murder, blood, gore and satanism, Infected have actually thought about the lyrics they wrote and expressed their feelings on subjects such as loneliness, the abuse of human rights and political leaders.

Crawlspace is a C.D. that everyone with an interest in power-driven death metal will enjoy, in fact anyone with an interest in hard music played and delivered extremely well should appreciate this. I know I did.

Mathew Howarth



**Whenever You're Ready
Flop**

There have been many lonely, cold nights on which I have wondered about the end product if I could combine many of my favourite bands. I always thought it would remain an unanswered question ... that was until Flop released an album.

Whenever You're Ready is an excellent composition of various sounds that does not sound like a rip off (well, not always). This album has many sounds on it that range from very much like the Pixies to an occasional Guns N Roses riff or a Beatlesque sound. When about to play this CD, I was expecting nothing but I was pleasantly blown into millions of pieces by *A While*, the first track.

The disc contains seventeen songs with total playing time of about 50 minutes. So you can say you get your money's worth.

Although it seems Flop lose some direction with a few tracks they return later with ferocity and vengeance (often sounding like Ride or the Breeders). This debut is, in fact, quite good and is definitely an addition to any record collection (except next to Jeremy Jordan). I am tempted to end up by using the word Flop to describe the worth of this disc, but not bowing to great strains of the public this album is sensational.

Tony Simmons

**Lunggurma
The Sunrize Band
ABC Music / Polygram**

Thankfully, the prominence of Aboriginal music in its many divergent varieties has started to rise over the last few years, particularly, with the emergence of Yothu Yindi as a powerful and popular force in Australian music.

This album by the Sunrize Band, shows once again what the listening public has been denied from appreciating for so long, namely the diversity and talent of indigenous acts. The Sunrize Band are not Yothu Yindi - nor do they try to be, their music stands in its own right and cannot be pigeonholed just as other great indigenous talent such as Archie Roach and Tiddas cannot be. A happy medium is reached on this album between contemporary indigenous music and that music perceived as being more 'traditional' in style, illustrated by the back-to-back, placement of two versions of one of their songs titled "Wak Wak", performed in the two distinctive styles.

The 14 songs show great promise and variety from this relatively new band. I really loved their song "Land Rights" which combined a funky beat, pertinent lyrics and a fusion of traditional and contemporary sounds, challenging everyone to get moving.

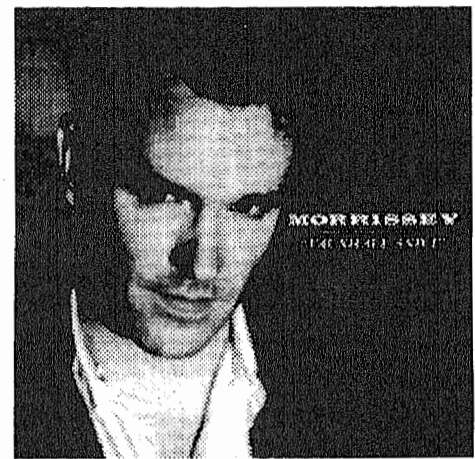
I highly recommend *Lunggurma* to anyone interested in expanding their conception of Australian music and interested in listening to the Sunrize band's great new sound.

T.M. Collins

African cut which contains strong political content and Pro Democracy sentiments. The beats and samples are quite interesting, with groups opting for either a local influence (e.g. Irish pipe music, Samba rhythms, etc.) or the more traditional Jazz / funk samples.

The Australian inclusion is "Funkstikools Theory" by Melbourne-based Mama's Funkstikools. It contains a way cool Blue Note sample but the lyrics are a little repetitive for my liking. Overall, the album is worth a listen if you are into Rap as a music form.

Simon Wood



**Vauxhall and I
Morrissey
Parlophone / EMI**

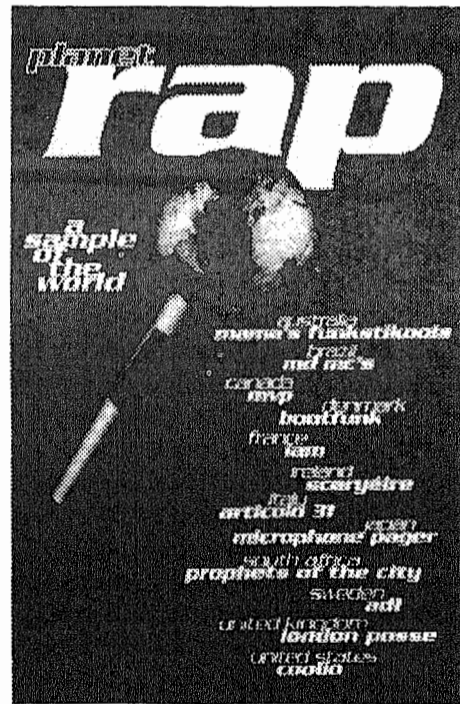
Morrissey has returned and this time he's depressed!

After the deaths of three close associates, his sombre mood is reflected in *Vauxhall and I*. This album has lost the light-hearted rockabilly sound and brash, glamorous feel that permeated 'Your Arsenal' and replaced it with darker tales of lost friendships and bitter betrayals.

Vauxhall and I features Morrissey at his poetic best. The first single, "The More You Ignore Me, The Closer I Get", illustrates Moz's biting cynicism and lyrical wit, which typically invades the entire album. Friendship and loneliness are recurring themes ("Speedway", "Hold On To Your Friends", "Now My Heart Is Full") as are hate and criticism with "anonymous call, poison pen / brick in the small of the back again" ("I Am Hated For Loving"). Morrissey's hushed tones backed by clarinet on "Life-guard Sleeping, Girl Drowning" is a highlight.

This album will appeal to the seasoned Morrissey fan, but probably won't win him many new fans, despite it being a good effort. With rumours of a May Australia tour planned, fingers crossed that Moz actually makes it!

Kerina West



Planet Rap

As you would guess from the title, this album is a compilation of hip hop from all over the world. The quality differs, as any album, from song to song but the general standard of the album is quite good.

The strength of the compilation lies in the diversity found on it, not only in accents and rhythms but also styles of rap. Four of the twelve songs are performed in languages other than English which made them lose their appeal fairly quickly (to me, the whole point of rap is the lyrics).

The standard of writing is generally good, with my favourites being the Irish rap about homelessness and the South

**D:Ream On Vol. I
D:Ream**

Call it dance, disco or pop UK outfit *D:Ream* is definitely going to hit the charts in a big way. This guy already has one hit, "Things Can Only Get Better". From the sounds of this album, he won't be a one-hit wonder.

All tracks are performed by Peter Cunnah, but it's the back-up vocalist who give the songs extra enthusiasm. This album is actually pretty good. But, be warned, if you're not into Top 40, don't buy this one.

Heidi Hill

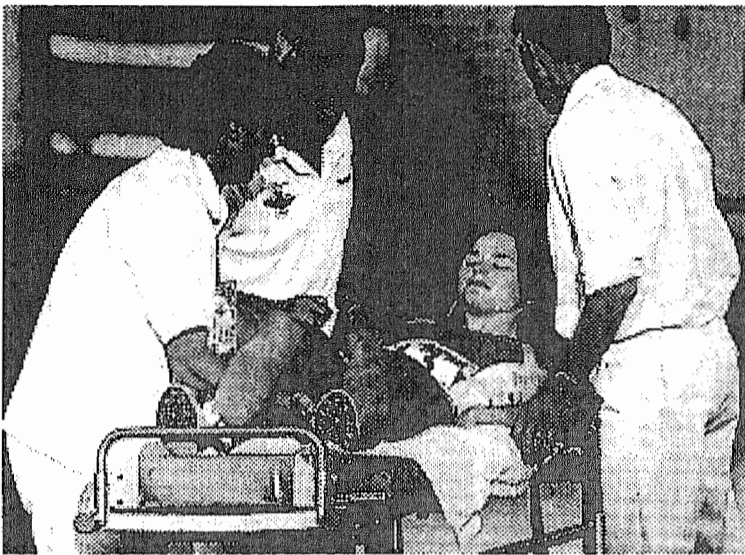
Right on track

Melinda Gainsford has just completed her most successful domestic athletic season to date. Her good form resulted in an Australian record for the 200 metres event as well as a world ranking that confirms her as the 6th fastest woman in the world. Between a morning training session and her flight back to Sydney, Gainsford spoke to Bryan Scruby about drugs, women's sport and the taming of athletic frivolity.

If you followed any of the myriad of sports media outlets over the Summer, then you probably noted a resurgence of interest in what must be one of the oldest forms of competition still to be played - athletics. According to Gainsford, it's a bi-annual phenomenon that follows the cycles of the Commonwealth and Olympic games. But perhaps it has something to do with the fact that the rivalry between Gainsford and Cathy Freeman produced for the first time for quite a while, highly competitive racing at world standard times on Australian tracks. Australia's athletic officialdom were quick to capitalise on the prospect of close, unpredictable races and soon each contest between the two was grabbing an increasing amount of column space in the newspaper.

Clearly Gainsford is pleased that her sport seems to be making in-roads into what she sees as the football dominated sports pages. In fact, she is pleased also to see an increase in the coverage of women's sport and cites the case of netball as a positive step forward towards equality of publicity. Because men and women compete at the same track in athletics, the

question of gender bias in reporting has not been as significant a problem. Her objections in this area lie in the style of marketing adopted by promoters of athletics. In particular, one instance when Jane Flemming was compiling female



One occasion where Melinda didn't warm up properly

athletics to pose for a provocative calendar of the "hot and sweaty" variety. Gainsford refused believing that there was no reason to use sex to sell her sport. Ironically, it was her refusal that earned her widespread publicity while her second placing in a world indoor event was relegated to obscurity.

Gainsford's success stems from her initial involvement in Little Athletics in country NSW where she used to excel but not to the point of domination, picking up her fair share of silver and bronze. It wasn't until Gainsford was selected in the Barcelona Olympics team that she

suddenly realised that she could forge a career out of running. But now that she ranks amongst the world's elite, she works very hard indeed. Gainsford trains twice a day for seven days before having one day off. To give you some

idea of the commitment involved, Gainsford begins her sessions with six 100 metre sprints and a 5 lap routine combining 50 metre sprints and 200 sit ups, 200 push ups, 200 split jumps and 200 half squats. Having warmed up, Gainsford then begins her training.

To her credit, Gainsford does

all of this without performance enhancing drugs. She stresses that the public just doesn't understand how serious the abuse of the system is. That is, there are many top athletes getting away with taking illegal substances but not being detected through carefully managed programmes monitored from official levels. It is Gainsford's hope that these abusers could be shocked out of their habits by witnessing first-hand the sometimes horrific side-effects of drug abuse. She concedes that the authorities do appear to be making significant strides towards containing the problem. For this she is grateful, but

quite rightfully she ponders just how much higher than 6th in the world her ranking would be if athletes were genuinely drug free.

Since Gainsford plans to be around for a couple of Olympics yet, she may very well get to partake in fairer competition. That aim to compete in the 2000 Olympics encouraged her to take an active role in campaigning for Sydney by launching special events including switching on the lights that bathed the Sydney Opera House for the occasion. After an absolute minimum amount of sleep in the last two hectic days of lobbying, Gainsford was overjoyed at Sydney's victory. Having experienced the thrill of Olympic competition herself, she feels that her home town will benefit enormously from the spectacle.

So, how do fit, young athletes celebrate after such an achievement? Well, according to Gainsford, the current Australian track team is composed of nothing but wall flowers all too dedicated to their athletic tasks to worry about painting the town red. The only time they allow themselves to make merry is on the last night of a competition when coffee and a chat seems more likely than beery bawdry. Yeah, right, Melinda.

Finally, when asked to describe herself, Gainsford's modesty prevailed and she was keener for me to tell her what I thought she was like. Melinda Gainsford is, therefore, in my opinion, friendly, dedicated and pretty darn quick and thoroughly deserving of the future success that undoubtedly will be hers.

Results

Football

A1

Henly-Greek 27-9 d Uni 13-12

Best: Hoskins, Miles, Eustice, Tamke, Granger, Edwards.

A1 Reserves

Uni 13-18 d Henly-Greek 11-13

Best: Sibbick, Charlton, Cassidy, Lomman, P. Copping, Baker.

A6

Uni 19-12 d Dist & OS 9-10

Best: Cullinan, Curyer, Bengier, Lamb, Roberts, M. Copping

A6 Reserves

Uni 34-17 d Brighton Dist & OS 6-7

Best: Monger, Yeats, J Cooper, Lines, Bywater, Gunson

A8

Uni 18-12 d Salisbury Central 4-9

Best: Rigden, Baker, Wilson, Barons, Griffiths, Mayes

A8 Reserves

Uni 9-15 d Salisbury Central 3-5

Best: Bagnell, Adams, Stenhouse, Wildy, Hawkes, Hutchinson

A10

Mitcham 21-15 d Uni 6-7

Best: Lymn, Warhurst, Crane, Taylor, Gellert, Parkinson

Athletics

Two Athletics Club members who compete for the club every Saturday recently took part in the National Disability Championships in Canberra.

Neil Fuller set two National Records for below the knee amputees:

200m: 24.9 s

400m: 57.93 s

Alex Varcoe (U/18) in his first Championship meeting as intellectually disabled:

100m: 12.24 s - Personal Best (PB)

200m: 27.96s - PB

400m: 62.86s - PB

800m: 2m23.11s - PB

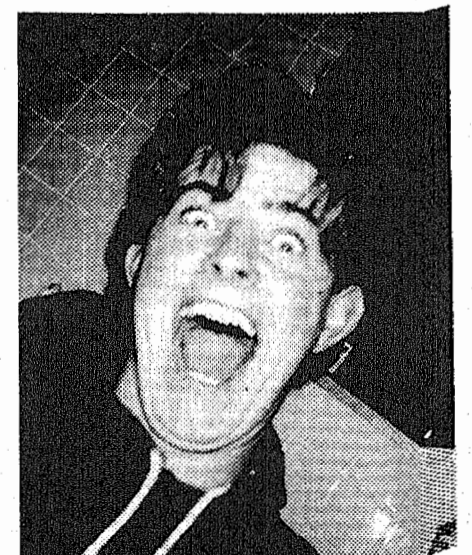
5000m: 20m23s (Bronze Medal)

Unibar Performance of the week

If awards were given for sheer guts and courage, then Damien O'Connor (DOC) would scoop the pool. Well for this week only there is a reward for such self sacrifice in the name of the team and once again Unibar has generously donated the prize of the obligatory 6-pack. Playing for the AUFC's A1 Reserve side, DOC threw himself Kamikazee style straight into a pack of six or seven muscle bound Henley-Greek footballers in an attempt to inspire his team to victory. But whilst the team won, DOC was forced from the field with a dislocated shoulder. Unfortunately, the incident occurred seconds before his parents arrived all the way from DOC's country retreat in Penola to watch him play. But don't think that DOC is anything less than as tough as nails for not returning to the field. You see, he was busy experimenting with a bit of do-it-yourself first aid by

re-locating his shoulder.

You don't have to be a raw meat eating footballer to win a 6-pack but you do need to submit your nominations to us before the Wednesday deadline. Don't be shy.



Adelaide University Pride

Meeting at 1pm on Thursday in the North / South Dining Room, Level 3 of the Union Building. This meeting will be used to give a final rundown on Pride week events and make any last minute decisions.

Pride Week Organising Committee will again be meeting at 6.00 pm Tuesday in the Jerry Portus Room.

Electra

Have you ever felt the over-riding desire to "neck" your mother, kill her lover and wear a ridiculously short dress?

Learn by example.

Electra:

May 25-June 4 (Wed - Sat) 8pm

May 28 (Sat Matinee) 2pm

Union Hall

\$14/\$9 on 303 5999 or BASS

Haircuts at the Studio

Have your hair cut without pretension at the Studio, Level 4, Union Building. Gene is in attendance on alternate Fridays, from 1pm. Call in to make an appointment. Yes, he is a "proper" hairdresser and will remain silent or engage in interesting conversation as you choose. \$10 all. (Especially recommended for people with Salon phobia.)

Clubs Association Constitution

The Clubs Association is reviewing its constitution and is considering adding the role of Men's Officer to the Executive. The Committee is calling for submissions regarding this role and whether it is appropriate. Deadline is May 20. Forward submissions to Constitutional Review Committee, C/- Clubs Association.

Premenstrual Syndrome Study

The Department of Community Medicine and the Department of Nutrition and Food Science (RAH) are conducting a study to see whether the weight-reducing capsule Adifax (dexfenfluramine) can also relieve symptoms of premenstrual syndrome (PMS).

The placebo-controlled study requires involvement for four menstrual cycles, for three of which participants must take one capsule twice a day. They will also complete questionnaires, diet diaries and attend four clinic visits.

Community Medicine's Julie O'Brien said 80 volunteers are needed - "women who are not taking hormonal contraception and wouldn't mind losing a little weight".

For further details contact Julie O'Brien on 224 0119.

What the Hell is Broomball?

It's ice hockey without using skates. Well, the description doesn't do it justice, so come along to the Adelaide Uni Broomball Club's IGM on Thursday, May 12, 1994 at 1 pm in the Margaret Murray Room (adjacent to the Bar) on Level 5 of the Union Building, to find out how you can join in.

Wanted: Re-Orientation Director

to liase with SAUA office bearers to coordinate and run a Re-Orientation program, 1st week of 2nd semester. Apply at the SAUA. More information on application.

Caravan For Sale

Millard 20 foot. Suit country student. Front kitchen, fridge and separate freezer. Island bed. First class inside and out, 25 ft lined annexe. Floor coverings. Gulf views, paved patio. Urgent sale - \$10,000 o.n.o. No reasonable offer refused. Site - B18 Brighton Caravan Park. Telephone - 381 4481.

Word Processing - Typing

Accuracy guaranteed. Fast efficient service. Pick up and deliver. Competitive rates. Phone Lyn 352 5720.

For Sale

Wordprocessor. Editing screen. Datadisk storage. High quality printing. Excellent condition. Economical alternative to computer and printer. \$475 negotiable. Ph: 363 1203.

Debate on Feminism

Has the Knight in Shining Armour Rusted?

Debate on the progress of feminism. Friday 6th May, 1pm, Union Cinema. Adelaide University Debating Society.

Study on Bulimia: Volunteers Wanted

I am an Honours student in the Psychology Department of Adelaide University and am interested in hearing accounts of bulimia from the perspective of those with current or past experiences of this syndrome. The study will involve two interviews, each about one hour long. Confidentiality is assured. For further information contact Anna Brooks 332 1125 or my supervisor, Amanda LeCouteur 303 5557. (Note: the interviews do not involve any form of counselling or 'treatment'.)

Returnee's Association

Any returnee exchange students (e.g. AFS, Rotary, Southern Cross, Y for U - you get the drift) who are interested in forming a club / association, please register your interest to Kerryl Murray (Politics) or Kate Randell (Anthropology) leaving name, contact department, Host country, program and keep an eye on this column for updates. Open to current students and staff of Adelaide University.

German Kabarett

The AU German Club presents a German Kabarett, including music from Kurt Weill and The Threepenny Opera. In the North/South Dining Rooms on Friday 13, Saturday 14, Friday 20 and Saturday 21 May, at 7.30pm.

Tickets \$9 Members, \$10 Students, \$12 Adult. Tickets available from Carsten John (Ph: 364 2284) or Diana Jaehner (Ph: 278 6658). Tickets not available at the door. Ticket price includes a light meal!

Flinders University Choral Society

The Flinders University Choral Society, conducted by Kynan Johns, present a concert of works by Bach, Part, Nyman, Jennefelt, and also including four motets from the renaissance. 8pm, Saturday 14 May, Christchurch, Jeffcott Street, North Adelaide. Tickets \$14, \$9 Concession. For bookings and more information, ring 201 2276 or 234 0908.

The Bunday Prize for English Verse 1994

The Bunday Prize of \$50 is offered for the best poem or group of poems in English submitted in competition. The competition is open to both graduates and undergraduates of the University of Adelaide, provided that they entered on their studies at the University not more than six years prior to 30th June, 1994. No restriction is placed on the subject, form or length of the poem or poems. Entries, preferably typed, must be accompanied by the name of the author in full and be delivered to the Faculty of Arts Office, Room 203, Napier Building no later than June 30, 1994.

The prize shall not be awarded twice to the same competitor. Copies of all poems presented will be retained and a copy of the successful entry will be deposited in the Barr Smith Library.

The Prize is not confined to any particular Faculty and entries will be welcomed from all sections of the University.

University of Canberra National Short Story Competition

The third *University of Canberra National Short Story Competition* will be launched on 5th May, 1994.

With prize money totalling \$7,500, the competition, which aims to promote and reward the art of short fiction writing, is believed by its director, John Conn, to be the most valuable of its kind in Australia and one of the biggest in the world. Last year's competition attracted 680 entries from every state and territory. The \$3,000 first-prize winner was Anson Cameron of Port Melbourne, Victoria and the Tertiary Student section's \$1,500 first prize was won by ACT student, Russ Swinnerton.

This year, according to the competition's patron, Donald Horne, organisers are expecting an even bigger response.

Entry forms are already available and may be obtained by sending a SSAE to: The University of Canberra National Short Story Competition, P.O. Box 1,

Belconnen, ACT 2616 or ring the competition's 24-hour hotline on (06) 201 2541.

The competition has two sections, Open and Tertiary Student. The closing date for entries is 1st August, 1994.

For further details, contact the competition secretary, Joan Cordeaux, on (06) 201 5105.

1994 Student Diary Correction

In the 1994 Student Diary, the mid-semester dates for second semester this year are delineated from 26th September to 7th October.

They should read 19th September to 30th September, one week earlier than indicated in the diary.

Dancing Lessons

Rock'n'Roll. Learn 10 moves. Monday or Wednesday 7:30 Nightclub Dancing 8:30 6 x 1 hour sessions \$39 or both \$70. Concession available.

Studio 650 South Road (Next to tramline). 345 5817 or 415 7718.

International No Diet Day

We warmly invite you to celebrate No Diet Day for the first time in South Australia.

Take time to stop and re-evaluate. Diets fail most of the time. Explore further... The dangers and futility of dieting; the damage done to emotional, physical and financial health of dieters.

Come along to a *free forum* 7 pm to 10 pm on 5th May, 1994. Keynote speaker Dr Dale Atrens, Reader in Psychobiology, Sydney University and author of the book "Don't Diet".

With a panel including Ms Linda Crutchett, Dietitian and Ms Kathy Shadow from "Women at Large" at the Royal Deaf Society, 262 South Terrace, Adelaide.

For further information contact Colleen or Ann-Marie at Adelaide Women's Community Health Centre, phone 267 5366.

Jointly organised by Adelaide Women's Community Health Centre, "Women at Large", Anorexia and Bulimia Nervosa Association, Eastern Community Health Service and "Weight Wonders".

Poetry On The Train

Saturday May 7. Leaving Adelaide Railway Station on the 11.54am Belair Train. Assemble 11.40am (from 11.30) on the concourse (beyond the iron gates) with appropriate STA ticket. Read your own poems (or short prose) about public transport or sing a song - some items may be performed on the platform after arrival at Belair. Or come and listen to the reading. Ring Margaret Dingle 31 2838, or Sue Dunn 268 1768 or write to People for Public Transport, 120 Wakefield Street Adelaide. A part of National Public Transport Week, May 1-7.

The Radical Feminist

Please note, the article "The Radical Feminist", which appeared in the March 28 edition of *On Dit*, contained information taken from the course "A Survey of Feminist Thinkers", Lecturer Chris Beasley.

Rape Action Link-Up

1993 saw the defending and closure of the Adelaide Rape Crisis Centre. There was NO amalgamation with the Sexual Assault Service as was suggested at the time. The Adelaide Rape Crisis Centre has continued to work behind the scenes to re-group and form a new service providing a venue for choice and power to all women. Rape Action Link-Up will be looking at a number of issues over the next few months to determine the format the new service will follow. Your assistance and support is essential to create the type of service YOU want.

1st Focus: Gaps in Existing Services We would like to hear from women who have complaints or concerns, or who simply don't fit into the "criteria" of existing services. Information gathered will be used to facilitate the establishment of an alternative service directed by women for women. Confidentiality is assured. Lines will be open from 22 March. Tuesdays: 10am - 3pm, & Wednesdays 7pm - Midnight. Telephone: (08) 349 5951