

SR
376.05
05 C.2

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF ADELAIDE
25 MAR 1996

On Dit

The Wayward Student Issue 4
March 18, 1996. Volume 64



AUTUMN CATALOGUE
OUT NOW



WEDNESDAY 20/3
Adelaide's Biggest
& Best 70's and
80's Party Night.

Fridays

FRIDAY 22/3
Heat 2 DMC DJ
Championships



CHEMISTRY
THURSDAY 21/3
Chemistry
On 4 Decks
Special Guests
Format & Kwality
+ Chemistry Team

the club

SATURDAY 23/3
The best party in town.



**LIVE
IN HEAVEN**

SARFIS Ugly Phill Presents
**Peter
Andre**
Performing Live To
Launch his new Album
'Natural'
Free Admission • Over 16's Only
TUESDAY MARCH 13TH
TICKETS AT VEVOE*
SAFARI

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
MONDAY APRIL 1ST
New Album 'Loaded Dice' Out Now
FROM U.S.A.

**The Black
Sorrrows**
TUESDAY
APRIL 16TH
Tickets at Vevoe* Tix & CC Music for all shows

Editorial

You know, quite some time ago, actually it was quite a while ago, a man lived. His name was Fred. Fred lived in a house, a house made of bricks, but he never gave this a second thought; he never thought of any of the implications that went with living in a brick house. "What's a few bricks between friends?" he said. I mean, he'd actually joke about it.

One day Fred was at home working on his Honours thesis when he heard a tap, tap, tap, on the door. "Tap, tap, tap," went the door. "I suppose I should get that," he thought, and walking towards the door he mumbled to himself, "What's a few doors between friends?" He opened the door but no one was there. Fred seldom speaks of that day.

F&CK

Production Notes

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

Editors:
Kerina West
Frank Trimboli
Christina Soong

Advertising Manager:
Josie Simpson

Freight:
Fiona Sproles

Typesetting:
Sharon Middleton

Printing:
Cadillac Printing

Today's Heroes
Ching Yee, Fontella Koleff,
Domino, Anthony Paxton,
Sharon & Jane, Roxanne Crook,
Clare Peddie, Greg from Uni
Records, Paul Bradley, Florian
Minzlaff, Captain Jonno, Potato
Grills, The Beatles, Kirsty

MacColl, the Connection for dodgy deals and you, the readers of *On Dit*.

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

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

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

Deadline for the next edition:
March 20th (out March 25th)

About the Cover:
This week's cover is taken from the book *Rock and Roll Collectables*. The suit featured belongs to Ron Wood, Rolling Stones guitarist.

CONTENTS

PAGE 4-5.	LETTERS
PAGE 6-7.	FEATURES - INTERVIEWS WITH KATE CEBRANO AND ADRIAN EDMANSON
PAGE 8.	NEWS - CHINA AND TURKEY
PAGE 10.	EMPLOYMENT, CLUBS COLUMN
PAGE 11.	SAUA PAGE
PAGES 12-15.	WAYWARD STUDENT - ANNIE SPRINKLE, MOTORING AND THOSE STAR SIGNS
PAGE 16.	CREATIVE WRITING
PAGE 17.	VISUAL ARTS
PAGE 18-21.	LITERATURE - JOHN LANCASTER, SUE GRAFTON AND COMICS
PAGE 22-23.	VOX POP
PAGE 24-27.	THEATRE - ANNIE SPRINKLE, DV8 AND MOSH REVIEWS
PAGES 28-33.	MUSIC - INTERVIEW WITH ED KUEPPER, FESTIVAL REVIEWS AND FUNKENGRUVEN
PAGES 34-37.	FILM - INTERVIEW WITH SALLY RILEY, REVIEWS AND A WHIZZ BANG COMPETITION!
PAGE 38.	SPORT
PAGE 40.	CLASSIFIEDS

PRIZE FRENZY

IF YOU'D LIKE TO WIN ONE OF TEN T-SHIRTS AND TEN DOUBLE PASSES TO TWELVE MONKEYS (THANKS TO KATHRYN QUINN OF UIP), THEN READ THE FILM SECTION FOR YOUR CHANCE TO WIN.. HOWEVER, IF YOU'D PREFER A PASS TO HOMA, COME DOWN TO THE ON DIT OFFICE ON THURSDAY AT MIDDAY (NOT BEFORE) SHARP AND SING THE OPENING LINES TO JOHNNY YOUNG'S YTT CLOSING SONG (CLUE - IT'S BY THE BEATLES).

Got something you've got to get off your chest? Want to tell us how much you cherish *On Dit*? Either way this is the place to do it. We'll need your name, contact department and a phone number (not necessarily for publication). Drop your letters down to the *On Dit* office (basement of George Murray Building, opposite Barr Smith Lawns, next to Unibooks) no later than 5pm Wednesday. Easy peasy.

**Alan says:
Hans you're SAD**

Dear Editors
I am writing out of sympathy for, but definitely not in sympathy with, Hans-Robert van Amstel and his "new association", of which he is no doubt the sole member.

Mr van Amstel describes himself as "SAD", which he is, as he is unwilling to sanction the deaths of a few rats and cane toads for the sake of providing our zoology students with a first class practical education.

In lame defence of his fundamentalist viewpoint Mr van Amstel claims that dissection should be carried out "via CD Rom". Only he, and perhaps Bill Gates, could claim that directing a simulated dissection by keyboard and watching it on a screen could compare with doing the real thing with a scalpel.

Contrary to Mr van Amstel's belief, the purpose of dissections is not to provide students with the ecstatic tactile pleasure of a scalpel slicing through soft brain tissue, but rather to give them first hand experience with the complex and ingenious anatomical structure of a living creature. Dissection is about enhancing students' understanding and appreciation of nature in a way which a text (or computer screen) cannot.

If Mr van Amstel still does not agree, I have good news for him: he doesn't have to participate! All the rest of us ask is that he should not allow his fundamentalist (and naive) ideology to interfere with the excellent education provided to zoology students at the University of Adelaide.

Alan Anderson
Engineering

**Jan Says:
Our Tucker's Tops**

14,000 STUDENTS, 14,000 OPINIONS ABOUT HOW UNION CATERING SHOULD RUN - MATES, WE'RE TRYING OUR BEST

Dear *On Dit* Editors,
The Catering Advisory Committee meets every month. They are right now looking for student members. So, please, don't just complain, join up and have a direct input into the direction of your catering. Check the ad in this edition of *On Dit*.

Also, last year an extensive survey of all areas of catering was undertaken. As no doubt you would have noticed, for a couple of months survey forms were situated next to each cash register at every outlet. The re-

sponse was huge and many of the suggestions have now been acted upon. So there is absolutely no question of students not being asked their opinion. The surveys are available from Jan Hunter, Catering Manager, for anyone who wishes to inspect them, phone 303 5824.

To answer some of the other questions you raised:

Firstly, yes Vegos has moved. In response to student requests to expand the Grill Bar, but still retain the vegetarian service, the veggie burgers were left in the same area and the veggie hot dishes and pastries moved to the Food Court.

Talking about the Food Court, we are not sure why the editors failed in their editorial to let their fellow students know about this fabulous value-for-money eating area on Level 4, right next door to the Equinox, as an alternative venue for a variety of filling, tasty foods at cost to suit the emptiest Austudy pockets, eg with a student discount, the very filling hot potatoes are only \$2.70.

Please note that, in response to student requests, starting from March 25, there will be an Austudy special from Monday to Wednesday every fortnight. This week it's a bowl of soup and roll for \$1.20.

Secondly, ONLY vegetable oil is used to cook ALL fried foods in ALL the Union catering outlets.

Thirdly, looking around the Equinox, the users are 95% students, so quite a number of students on campus obviously feel they are getting value for money and not 'being ripped off'. A short walk up the stairs any lunch time will soon confirm this to anyone interested.

The gates on the Equinox balcony were put up for two main reasons: Complaints from customers who were often turned away because tables at which they wanted to eat were occupied by people using the tables for studies and not eating and drinking. Further complaints about blatant drug dealing in front of customers also prompted the necessity of being able to close off the balcony at times.

Finally and perhaps most importantly is the total misrepresentation of Union fees subsidising Catering. Catering gets NO money from student fees. It must be self funding while still giving 10% discount to Student Union members. This costs Catering approx. \$25,000 per year.

Staff members, by using their food vouchers and spending additional money, FROM THEIR WAGES, on food and drink are supporting the Union by channelling money back into the Union for the benefit of all students. The remark about "students fork(ing) out a bundle of cash so that Union employees have somewhere classy to go" is as offensive as it is inaccurate.

Let us also not forget that Union Catering takes on 60 new student casuals at the beginning of each year, so if occasionally to start with, someone has to wait awhile for service while the new casuals are finding their feet, how about showing a little tolerance and giving them a go?

Jan Hunter

**Colleen Says:
Ditto**

Dear Eds,
I would like to respond to your editorial about Union Catering in last week's *On Dit*. Firstly, I would like to point out a few errors in fact about your article.

1. **Vego's is not Gone.** The vegetarian dishes are now available in the Food Court on level 4 (Upper Refectory). Vegetarian Burgers are still served from the Grill bar. Vego's was moved due to student suggestions and complaints from vegetarians that they didn't feel they should have to watch meat being grilled while they waited and were never sure that their meals weren't cooked on the meat plates. Vegetarian dishes are also becoming available in all the food outlets.

2. **Equinox** was designed as a result of a survey in 1994. We followed your suggestion "they should fuckin' ask" back then, for it is not always completely obvious what students want from their Union catering. Equinox has been a huge success, ever since it opened. Your Union fees do not subsidise it. It is always filled to capacity at lunch time. I suggest you ask any one of the many students eating there why they do, and if they like it. Students are very capable of voting with their feet and Equinox has gained many votes.

3. **The Gates** were put in due to the success of Equinox and the need for more seating cafe style. They are only closed over lunch and dinner service time. If you would like to sit there even during these times, feel free to go through Equinox to access them - the doors are always open. There is actually more seating than last year so that you can enjoy more of your Union Building.

Union catering relies on student input to improve. We welcome any suggestions and complaints. A survey was also done at enrolment and many ideas have emerged from that about what students value in their eating outlets. Many people within the University and externally believe that students should not run the catering on campus because they have no experience or skills, 'no idea' basically. I feel we need to keep control over the catering so that students do have the power to make change. The changes you want could happen if you let us know. Please address any comments to

Roslyn Cox
Chair of Union Catering Committee
C/- Adelaide University
Union (Lady Symon Building)
Cheers,
Colleen Grady
Union President

**Do Nothing
About It**

Dear Mr Neuling,
The winners of the Union Fee Refund Voucher will be published in the first edition of *On Dit* following the draw on March 29th.

As planned, this has been an extremely useful marketing exercise as all the students dropping off their entry now know where their Union Admin. office is.

Perhaps the 'something' you feel 'needs done' could include persuading the happy winners to donate their refund money to a cause more worthy than their own. (you could even suggest the Electrical and Electronic Engineering Slush Fund!)

Yours very sincerely,
Pat Venning
Union Diary Coordinator

I Love My Union...

Dear *On Dit*
Re: "No, I don't wanna win", *On Dit* 11/3/96

No, you are not right in thinking that all groups run competitions for advertising. You assume that all competitions are used for advertising and that is simply not true. Some groups, such as the Student Union, run competitions just for the fun of it, or because they feel like it. Do you do anything because you feel like, or is competition a necessary requirement for you to do anything? Is the Union really advertising by running this competition? I argue that it is not, as you pointed out the Union does not have any competition and therefore has no need of advertising, so why are they still running this competition? I do not know, and I don't really care. One possible reason is that some poor student who lives off \$100 a week may win their fees back, which would make their life just a little bit easier. You are obviously not one of these students (and it is evident that you are wealthy enough to not want a chance to get your money back). If however, you still do not wish to enter the competition which you are so worked up about, I am sure that those who do enter will not complain. How much does it cost to run this competition Michael? Do you know how much of a "flagrant misuse of funds" this competition really is? To put it simply, you have picked a fucken bad example to use in your pitiful attempt to abuse the Union. Wake up, lighten up and you have just about joined the real world.

Dustin Fisher
Social Science

**...But I don't
thankyou**

Dear *On Dit*,
I am writing to expose a form of discrimination that is rampant at this institution. Not only does it occur, but it is officially condoned and promoted. I speak of the discrimination against those yet to pay their union fees. Despite being full-time students, from the end of February we are expected to survive at Uni without a diary, without borrowing rights at the library, we will never see the Orientation showbags, and I have been technically breaking the law and risking a fine each time I travel by public transport. But the ultimate ignomy came during last week's performance by Judith Lucy, where it was demanded that a friend of mine (who

also hasn't yet paid his fees) pay an extra \$5, as he wasn't entitled to the student price! What a fucking joke! Why does the March 31st deadline exist, when it is so obvious we are not expected to take advantage of it? Do you seriously think that I won't pay my fee (and therefore not get my degree) after five years here?!? How much can someone "rip off" the Union in a month anyhow? Unfortunately, some of us don't get our fees paid for us, and the Union that should be supporting those who struggle to be here is instead making us more marginalised that ever! This is not a dig at the Union - VSU is a really bad idea. Nor is it a dig at the Union Board, who are mostly fellow students actually concerned with everyone's needs. This is a dig at the petty minded bureaucracy that runs things, the same type you bemoaned in last week's piece about Union Catering. It seems more than a few people need reminding - the Union exists for the students, not vice versa.

Peter Caporaso
Law
PS - I.N.Cognito - go and fuck yourself. I would be bloody annoyed if someone else wrote this, signed my name, and the Editors couldn't check it.

**Shotgun Jim
Rides Again**

Dear *On Dit*,
Still can't get any Cokes out of the damn machine and Cognito really pissed me off with his/her stupid letter and last year's *On Dit* was brilliant and how stupid did that person have to be to not realise you want details and you still published my last letter anyway without it and to accuse you of having the reasons he/she said you had shows just how much trouble he/she had sustaining a valid argument and it's still too fucking hot and why

doesn't someone invent a hybrid word instead of all this "he/she" bullshit all the time? OK, I feel better now.

Shotgun Jim
32nd Year Arts
Ph: 0055 16112 (25¢ per 21.4 seconds)

Come Again?

Dear Beautiful People of Adelaide Uni,

As you seesaw your way through the turmoil of three-hour breaks, do you think that you could do something more substantial with your life?

Moving from the downs to the ups, the ups to the downs and up to the ups again. Boy, do we need a seesaw and do we need it bad! Without it our lives will waste and whither away like a neglected seesaw, unrolled in years.

So, please, send heaps of letters to all the important people, supporting our worthwhile cause.

Beat the Boredom!
Yours ever so sincerely,
The Secret Squirrel Seahorse
Sensationally Sexy Seesaw Society
President - Kelly
Vice President - Bella
Treasurer - Carl
The Bearing Attendee (Oiler) - Kyle
General Member - Craig
Nothing to do with it - Antony
2nd Year Engineering & Science

Heavy Stuff

MAN IN IRAN SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR REFUSING TO CHANGE HIS RELIGION.

An Islamic Revolutionary Court in Iran last month sentenced a man to death for refusing to renounce his religion and convert to Islam.

As a result of his sentence, 49 year

old, Mr Zabihullah Mahrami, a member of the Bahá'í Faith, the country's largest religious minority, will also have all of his property confiscated, according to the court's ruling.

Judy Hassall, the Australian Bahá'í Community's Director of Public Information, said:

"Australian Bahá'ís are out-raged at this latest intolerable violation of human rights by the authorities in Iran. Mr Mahrami was put under pressure by the court to convert to Islam and thereby save his life. This, Mr Mahrami refused to do, and so the court convicted him on a charge of apostasy and sentenced him to death."

The Australian Bahá'í Community appeals to the media to take immediate action to publicise this recent example of injustice and inhuman oppression meted out to the Bahá'ís in Iran, who have great respect for Islam and have repeatedly stated and demonstrated their loyalty to the government of that country.

The Australian Government has been informed about this situation and requested to do all it can to save the life of Mr Mahrami. The Government has also been requested to take similar action with respect to two other Bahá'ís sentenced to death in Iran for their religious beliefs.

Mrs Hassall said that she feared that this latest court verdict marks a resumption of open persecution against the Bahá'ís of Iran.

Since the Islamic Revolution in 1979, the Bahá'í community has been systematically persecuted, harassed and discriminated against solely for religious reasons. Over 200 members of the Faith have been executed and thousands have had to flee the country.

Mr Hassall said:
"Unless there is international condemnation of this latest incident, the atrocities against the Bahá'ís in Iran will continue."

For further information, please contact: Judy Hassall on (02) 9997 1549 or mobile 015 204 638. National Bahá'í Office on (02) 9913 2771. [Issued by the Office of the Australian Bahá'í Community]

Take that AA

Dear AA Mair
I've had a gutful of your type - the ones who can only perceive things through the "economic-efficiency" designer shades. I mean, give me a fucking break! Just listen to your pathetic sharemarket jargon: "capital investment", "excessive magnitude of [some crap] ...", "pre-Labor equilibrium" - excuse me! Before 1983, we had an even worse recession under Fraser.

Australians can be many things. Funny how you think of "taxpaying" Australians first and foremost. Shows where your priorities lie. Do you tell your partner at night that you'd like to "invest" in him/her?


There are many ways in which one can place value on objects and facts in the world. Economically is just one way. There are many other value systems that measure, e.g. good music, art, cafes, pubs, sport, religious experience, friendships, anything. That's why we have great diversity in our culture - diversity of opinions, of minority groups, of progressive ideas, and all this holds our society together just as much as healthy economic progress.

Your hard-working-taxpayer-investing-capital model for Australia would sweep aside anything culturally valuable that wasn't, er, "financially hi-performance", perhaps.

Look around you, jerk - you're at Uni for Christ's sake, so at least for a few years, wise up and get out of your Players' Bar consciousness.

Julian Zytink
Law

Internet Ready!



Macintosh Performa 580
8MB RAM, 1MB VRAM
800MB Hard Drive
CD-ROM Drive
inbuilt 14.4Kbps Modem
with over 350* hours of Internet access for only \$2789.

Includes

- MacOS System 7.5
- ClarisWorks 3.0
- Mavis Beacon Teaches Typing
- Click Art
- Spectre Challenger
- At Ease
- Hypercard Runtime
- Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia CD-ROM
- Guinness Disk of Records CD-ROM
- San Deigo Zoo Presents the Animals CD-ROM
- ClarisWorks Made Easy CD-ROM
- Netscape Navigator 2.0
- Legendary Macintosh ease of use
- 2 year warranty for University of Adelaide Students

* Includes 1 hour of Internet access per day for 1 year, additional hours 5.00 per hour.

CAMTECH
The Power to Communicate

StyleWriter 1200
720 x 360 DPI Inkjet Printer
3 pages per minute
only \$369 with Performa 580 purchase

Microsoft Office
Microsoft Word
Microsoft Excel &
Microsoft PowerPoint
only \$199 (limited offer, students only)
Windows versions also available

Campus Computer Shop • Hughes Plaza • University of Adelaide • Telephone 303 3320 • email: info@camtech.com.au

Friday 29 March
ADELAIDE UNION COMPLEX
7pm - 1.30 am. MA 15+ (Required)

HOMMA
HUGE OZ MUSIC ADELAIDE

The Mark of Cain
Clowns of Decadence
Sin Dog Jelly Roll + Rash + Kinetic Playground + Reckoning + Goofy Footer + Testeagles + Bearded Clams + Loaded Zilla + Woody McBain + Hobson's Choice + Undecided

Limited Tickets: \$15.95 / \$14.50 (conc)
S.A.U.A. Ph: 303 5401 or Venue* Trx Ph: 223 7788
A Damn Affective Event (08)333 7844

A Date With Kate Part 2

It's difficult to miss seeing the word "solstice" throughout the city. It's plastered everywhere, in distinctive yellow lettering, on a black background. Stickers in the same style, accompanied by the illustrated face of a woman, have been stuck all over the place. Upon closer inspection, it's possible to discern that the image is that of Kate Ceberano. She has spent the past few weeks in Adelaide, starring in *Solstice*, as part of the Festival of Arts. Marian Clarkin had coffee and an insightful chat with her.

Kate Ceberano is one of the most well-established performers in the Australian music scene. She's had a long and successful career, from her early days as a teenager in *I'm Talking*, to her own solo projects in pop and jazz.

Solstice began as a novel, of the same title, by University of Adelaide Law Student, Matt Rubinstein. Its original form consists entirely of sonnets, whose rhythmic nature lend themselves as lyrics for songs. Equally, the modern context of the play suits the contemporary jazz music.

Kate Ceberano arrived on the scene in a dramatic fashion: standing out in her black leggings, matching pullover and dark sunglasses. She had been sitting outside on the grass, enjoying the sunshine with her mother and manager, Cherie.

Kate casually shook off a few stubborn blades of grass from her clothes, before sitting down, pulling up a chair and sipping a macchiato.

Kate explained how she found herself in *Solstice*.

"It's a long and convoluted story but

it begins with a boyfriend that I'd had through the age of 17 to 23, Steven Kearney. He used to be with Los Trios Ringbarkus, who were a recognised comic duo who'd won the Perrier Award over in Edinburgh. A really fantastic team. Neill Gladwin [the director of Magpie Theatre and *Solstice*] was his partner and I've known Neill, of course, through all of that time and then since."

"I think it was mostly a musical gesture. I think originally he just thought, 'Would you or could you get a group of musicians together to arrange and compose some music based around these sonnets?'"

"I'd just been working with Barney McCall, and Hamish Stewart, and Jonathon Schwartz in Sydney, doing spoken-word poetry. So it just seemed like this perfect marriage. I don't even think Neill knew I was doing that, so it was one of those things that just happens by magic. [It] just was going on at the same time. I know that Matt is really interested in acid jazz and the whole range of the contemporary styles of jazz, so it seemed really appropriate."

When asked how she relates to *Solstice*, Kate emphasised that she does so primarily on a musical level.

"Certainly not from a regional viewpoint, because I'm not from Adelaide, though my mother's from Adelaide and my grandmother [also was], and they've often told me a lot about it: growing up in Adelaide and the stillness of the city, and aspects of it that I can relate to in the story."

"It seemed a great challenge to be able to bring this sort of Shakespearean viewpoint into a contemporary form, especially for young people. Certainly learning it and having to speak it like an actor has been really trippy."

As for Kate's career plans, there's still so much more that she wants to achieve.

"My playground as I see it isn't, strictly speaking, Australia only. I don't have any aspirations for world domination or anything like that."

"There's theatre in New York. There's theatre or music in Europe [and] Asia; and I've yet to get out of Australia and have success in those areas of doing what I've done here

and using the same history that I've had here and applying it to an international market. I guess that's something I'd like to do."

sleep - ever, for the first week in Adelaide."

"It's like I get spooked, or something, and have really strange dreams.



Kate Ceberano in *Solstice*

Kate admires a number of different female performers for a variety of reasons.

"I love Bjork. I love the way she communicates and I love her uncompromising frankness. She just says what she thinks and feels and she's very educated and she's very worldly, I think. She puts all vanity at risk for the sake of being an incredible performer, and I think that's a very brave thing."

"There are other people like Annie Lennox who I admire, musically. But mostly it's actors who I really get off on, like Susan Sarandon. [It's a] mixture of women I get moved by."

As for Kate's musical influences, these go way back in time.

"In the past, there's been a traditional background of Ella Fitzgerald, Roberta Flack and Stevie Wonder, and all of these sorts of [performers], but I don't think any of my music sounds like them. I think it sounds like a smidgin of all of them."

Kate had some interesting observations about Adelaide.

"Well, it's strange but the thing that I dislike most about Adelaide I've come to like in the period that I've been here. Firstly, I've disliked the fact that I've only ever spent ever at a time a week maximum in Adelaide, and in that week I'm always aware that the silence and the stillness of the place is disturbing for me. I can never

But it's only because I've lived right in the centre of cities most of my life and lived in New York for a couple of years, and I'm accustomed to noise and to the lights of big cities reflecting off clouds and creating some coverage. But here, at night, if there's no light, it's like the black's 'the black', and it's freaky!"

"But now, just to add to that, a couple of weeks down the track, I'm actually lulled into that I find it quite relaxing and serene. It's good. As Matty says [in *Solstice*], 'Who would want to live in a city lauded as serene?'"

Kate may not want to live in Adelaide but the time she spent here, away from Melbourne, enabled her to see more and appreciate life in this town. She will probably find it easier to sleep the next time that she has a gig in our 'City of Churches'.

Starring in *Solstice* is only Kate's second stage credit. Her first was as Mary Magdalene in *Jesus Christ Superstar*. She was well-cast as the narrator in *Solstice*, where jazz music is central to the show. Judging from her strong performance, as long as the right role is there, it won't be her last. Perhaps she will return for the next Festival? If not to perform, to groove at cool hang-outs, like Red Square, where she was often spotted in the throng.



Adrian Speaks

"Modern Comedy Is Crap...."

Stuart Beaton met Adrian Edmondson at the Adelaide Hilton, where he was staying during Writer's Week. He is a far cry from his brash, loud characters Eddie or Vyvyan, being softly spoken, and almost shy.

Adrian Edmondson is one of Britain's leading comic actors, best known for his roles in *The Young Ones*, *Bottom*, and *The Comic Strip Presents*. He was born 39 years ago in Bradford, and met his comic partner, Rick Mayall, at Manchester University. They moved to London in 1979 where they joined the nascent band of alternative comedians performing at the Comedy Store. Soon afterwards Edmondson and Mayall found fame in *The Young Ones*. Edmondson also wrote and directed a number of *Comic Strip* films. In 1983, he announced that he never wanted to work live again, and for eighteen months he made music videos. Since returning to performance, his roles have been diverse: he appeared in the West End in *The Rocky Horror Show* and *Waiting for Godot*, and played straight roles in such dramas as *If You See God, Tell Him*. The most enduring, however, has been his TV and stage work with Rick Mayall in *Bottom*, in which he plays sleazy and insane Eddie Hitler.

Edmondson's first novel, *The Gobbler*, is the story of a drunken, unfaithful comedian named Julian, which, he is at pains to point out, is not autobiographical. 'No - it'd be stupid if it was. My wife would divorce me if it was. Well, it's ingenious to say it's not as well, because I don't think that anyone can create things that aren't of them, or about them, or things they've thought of - even if they haven't done them or experienced them. So, in a kind of Walter Mitty way it is autobiographical. I think there's a kind of, or a bit of Julian Mann in most people - or most men that I know. But we all kind of balance a kind of primitive desire with a kind of emotional and intellectual desire, and in some people it's harder to balance than others. We all have it, and it's something that's quite rightly been repressed - otherwise we'd all go about fucking in fields, we'd all be animals. We're not animals, but it's part of human nature, and what Julian is."

Edmondson feels that he always

does the same character in his comedy roles because "the relationship between Rick and I is always the same in everything we do - he's a vain kind of aspiring, kind of emotionally confused person, and I'm a violent but strangely logical person. It's just that kind of relationship that makes the things we do work. We occasionally give them different names, and the series different titles, but the song's the same".

His decision to make pop videos for the likes of The Pogues, 10,000 Maniacs and Sandy Shaw was a long way removed from his own heavy metal parody, *Bad News*, but one that he found "good fun, actually. I did that because I had to give up art at school when I was stupidly young - thirteen I think. I've always had a kind of visual eye, and it was a pleasant exercise for that. They were quite surreal, and heavily art directed."

For over twenty years. Rick Myall and Adrian Edmondson have been working together. Edmondson feels that working with Mayall is "like working with my mirror image, really. People expect us to be different, but we're not. We're very similar people, and it's because we're so similar and close to each other that we make each other laugh - in fact we make each other laugh more than we make anyone else laugh. If it ever falls apart - which I'm sure it will do some day, because everyone gets unpopular - we could still make each other laugh."

That's what we do. When we write *Bottom*, we sit in the pub and talk philosophy for two hours, and kind of worry about why we're here, and then write hysterical fart gags to kind of overcome it. I'm sure one forms the other, or rubs off on the other"

The central character in *The Gobbler* is Julian Man - the "Funniest Man Alive" - a drunken comedian on the down slope of his career, who has much in common with *Bottom*'s Eddie Hitler, and *The Young Ones*' Vyvyan Basterd. Edmondson sees Julian as "a kind of sublimation of them. I don't claim that our TV comedies are highbrow in anyway, but I think there's a basis to them, and that's why they're more popular than other TV comedies. There's a basis of truth in them, a gut feeling. There are a lot of sitcoms written - I'm sure you have them here - where someone writes them, someone makes them, someone casts them, and they have no bollocks at all. That kind of singer/songwriter school of script writing, and you have to put something of real life in them, and that's why I think there's a continuation between the others, and the character in the book."

Adrian Edmondson is married to Jennifer Saunders, of *Absolutely Fabulous* fame, but they don't often collaborate with each other. "We don't really cross much, because most writers have a crisis of confidence. It's hard to show anything until it's finished, although she's more confident than I, and shows me more stuff than I show her of mine. So I comment more on hers, but we work quite separately."

"Even though we work in the same field, we have an intense private life away from our professional lives. We don't see ourselves as a "professional couple" in the same way that most people must. I'm sure they can't help it - to most people we're just two comedians who happened to once work together, now live together, but happen to have separate professional lives. So it's difficult for them to see how we could separate our professional lives from our personal lives, but we do. Not kind of self-consciously, but we do. It's just a life."

He's the first to admit that not much makes him laugh. "The most fun I ever have is sitting in with Rick writing, and we laugh at our own jokes. I like the Roadrunner cartoons, and I'm a huge fan of Eric Morecombe, Tommy Cooper, Laurel & Hardy, and Buster Keaton. Nothing much that's modern or current, 'cause there aren't a lot of funny comedians. Most modern comedy is crap."

Adrian Edmondson's ideal life, if he was to give up comedy and writing, would be to take up carpentry, "because I do it, and I like it. There are all these things you can do in your life, and I love knocking about. It gives me time to think, when I'm taping away - and I'm quite good at it. I'm waiting for the time when I fail - because we all fail - and I'm ready, I'll take up carpentry."

***The Gobbler* is published by Heinemann, and is currently available at all good book stores. Special thanks must go to Gabrielle Cummins, of Reed Books, Jodie Davis, and the Adelaide Hilton.**



We're sure Adrian is trying to move away from this image, unfortunately this was the only picture we had.

Taiwan and China. Is there a difference?

THIS IS PART ONE of a two part article detailing the history and current events surrounding the latest Chinese attempt to test out their new toys off the coast of neighbouring Taiwan. In the eyes of the West, this looks like an attempt for China to invade. For the Chinese and Taiwanese, the situation symbolises a lot more. Nick Nasev investigated into the "Terror on the Hanxia Straits".

There has been a lot of fuss and hoopla over relations between China and Taiwan. The People's Liberation Army of China has tested its new Long March missiles off the coast of Taiwan, calling into question Taiwan's sovereignty and relations between the two enemies. Why is Beijing doing this?

First of all, officially there does not exist a border between the two "economies". According to both governments, Taiwan is a province of China, and that Beijing and Taipei both are capitals of China accordingly.

This situation stems back from 1949, when the Communists won the Chinese civil war. The Nationalists (known as the Kuomintang or KMT) fled to Taiwan, and with the help of the Americans, formed a parallel government. The Kuomintang, under the leadership of Chiang Kai Shek were also able to keep in their possession two small islands just kilometres off the coast of mainland China. One of which Quemoy, was the centre of controversy in 1957, when the Nationalists were accused of firing rockets onto the mainland. The threat of nuclear world war loomed (at that time China and the USSR were still bosom pals), and American ships steamed their way to the potential hotspot. Fortunately, catastrophe was diverted. For more than 25 years, the communists remained unrecognised by the west as the legitimate government of China. That changed slowly until the then US President Nixon visited the People's Republic in 1972.

This came as a blow to the Nationalists in Taiwan, since their main benefactors were then seriously contemplating swapping recognition from Taipei to Beijing (as they did in 1978). Once that was clear, Beijing was allowed to take over Taipei's seat in the United Nations and to field a team at the Olympics. The subsequent opening of the mainland to foreign investment and economic reforms made the People's Republic a prime target for exports. Consequently, the amount of nations recognising Taiwan now stands at 28, and these are mainly impoverished African countries whose recognition was bought by Taiwanese aid. The last powerful ally to quit Taiwan was South Korea.

Taiwan is a "Newly Industrialised Economy", a title slapped onto the island on the behest of the Beijing authorities. Their point being that Taiwan is not a country but a "renegade province of China". Taiwan's economy has boomed in the past 20

years, thanks largely to the promotion of small business and the lessening of bureaucratic pressure, although more of it has to do with the authorities turning a blind eye to the enormous "grey" economy of businesses who don't exactly stick to government requirements. Despite political isolation, Taiwan has been able to overcome barriers and trade with the rest of the world. Who hasn't bought a product saying MADE IN R.O.C TAIWAN (R.O.C. standing for Republic of China). There are few embassies in Taipei, but there are heaps of "Trade Representative" Offices. So particular is Beijing on recognition that they barr flag carrying airlines (Australia's is Qantas) flying to China if they fly to Taiwan. For that reason, Qantas formed its subsidiary Australia Asia Airlines for flights to Taiwan.

Next Week, the history of the Taiwanese and the significance of the missile tests.

Mevlana and Konya: Turkey's Misunderstood City and Culture

Over the next couple of weeks, in light of the interest the recent appearance at the Adelaide Festival of the Whirling Dervishes, *On Dit* will be presenting a series of articles about Turkey, a country of many contrasts and problems. At the Crossroads will investigate the issues facing Turkey, including the rise of Islamic Fundamentalism, Kurdistan, modernisation, Turkey's role in Europe, the Middle East and Asia and aspects of Turkey's culture and people. Turkey is going through immense changes which all started following the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire and the declaration of the Turkish Republic by Mustafa Kemal Ataturk in 1923. The changes continue to this day.

Adelaide has been under the grip of Dervish fever in the same way the Dervishes are in ecstasy while whirling. This major extravaganza came to us at Red Square, with the sold out audience treated to a spectacle of Islamic ritual. The Dervishes are one of the cultural symbols of Turkey. So much so that the Turkish government recently formed the State Turkish Mystical Music Ensemble in order to preserve this dying art from extinction. It only came through much reluctance that such an ensemble was formed since Turkey prides itself in being a secular state where religion does not exert as much influence as in other predominantly Muslim countries. The process of secularism started straight after the victory of Turkish forces against the Greeks in 1922 and the subsequent proclamation of the *Turkiye Cumhuriyeti* or Turkish Republic. Secularism meant the abandonment of such things as the Sharia Islamic law and the public wearing of Islamic attire such as the fez and the chador, and to the promotion of

women's rights. This was all part of a campaign to take Turkey out of the past and into Europe. Secularism also saw the brutal suppression of "deviant" Islamic sects such as the Dervishes and the banning of their public displays. Only after World War 2 did the atmosphere relax, and now pro-Islamic political parties such as the Refah Partisi (Welfare Party) are gaining overwhelming popularity.

Persecution against the Dervishes has not only come from the modern republic. Previously, the Dervishes came under fire from the main Islamic body for their non-puritan stance and their love for music and mysticism. Even today, the Dervishes are considered outcasts by Islamic fundamentalists. Despite this, in the eyes of modern urban Turks, the Whirling Dervishes are a symbol of Fundamentalism and of the discredited Ottoman past. This attitude also has much to do with the reputation of the city where the Dervishes come from - Konya.

Konya, with a population of a quarter of a million, is Turkey's eighth largest city. Lying in the plains of south-central Turkey (in the region of Anatolia), Konya is one of the poorest and therefore most religious centres of Turkey. Konya's unjustified reputation of being the centre of Turkey's Islamic Fundamentalist movement came from an incident which happened during the fast of Ramadan (Ramazan in Turkish), when a mob bashed a Turk for smoking in public. Since the formation of the republic, the inhabitants of Konya have accused the government in Ankara of neglecting them, pointing to Konya's underdevelopment and the general lack of funding for schools and other services. A fitting symbol to all this is the position of the statue of Ataturk in

Konya - it's facing towards Ankara, the capital, and not towards the centre of town.

As typecast as the city they come from, the Dervishes are not fundamentalists. They are a part of the Islamic Sufi sect, formed by Mevlana Celahaddin in the 15th century. Their main principle is that the ultimate sign of love towards Allah is through mu-

modernisation of society and repression by Islamic and Christian clergies and, more recently, by atheistic Communist governments, they too are on the decline.

Next Week.... Continuing with the rise of Islamic Fundamentalism and the current nature of Turkish politics. As hot as a Kebab!!!!



sic and dance. Their whirling dance symbolises their happiness, a happiness only Allah can give them. Throughout the old Ottoman Empire, Dervish sects appeared with differing principles and rituals. Of the remaining sects, only the Dervishes of Prizren of Kosovo and of Tetovo in Macedonia (both of the ex-Yugoslavia) survive, however through the

* Special Note. If you are interested in the music of the Whirling Dervishes, tune in to Student Radio on Monday (tonight!) at 10:50 and tune into POLP! when Nick will present a program featuring the extent Mevlana influences contemporary music in Turkey, Bosnia, Greece and Macedonia. Fascinating Stuff. POLP! 10:50 MONDAY NIGHT

UNION CATERING FOOD SPECIALS

(***** PLEASE PRESENT THESE VOUCHERS TO CLAIM YOUR DEAL)



MAYO → spaghetti bolognese
or neapolitan \$2.00

with any breakfast get a
free cup of coffee or juice

← **GRILL
BAR**

**FOOD
COURT** → oriental combo of a dim
sim and spring roll \$1.00

try our homemade wedges
for only \$1.00 when buying
nachos or tacos

battered fish & fries \$5.00
calamari & fries \$7.00
flavoured bread \$1.00

← **EQUINOX**

**CATA
COMBS** → coffee & muffin
\$2.00

It's on again!
coffee & cake \$2.80
2.30 pm till close

← **GALLERY
COFFEE
SHOP**

**BACK
STAGE** → coffee & homemade
cookie \$2.00



**"AUSTUDY" SPECIAL
IN THE "FOOD COURT"
LEVEL 4, UNION HOUSE
MON - WED**

**THE WEEK OF AUSTUDY PAYMENT
\$1.20 BOWL OF SOUP & ROLL**



Kym Taylor
SAUA President

It's amazing how the boredom and monotony of lectures and tutorials sets in so quickly. Of course, that's why the SAUA exists to help enliven your lives.

Services

Our sincerest apologies to the students who made appointments to see the lawyer which is provided for free by the SAUA. The lawyer will be starting on the 20th March. You can reschedule appointments with Vicki at the front desk.

We're now also offering Trims discount cards. You can pick one up from the SAUA front desk.

National Day of Action

The NDA is coming up on the 28 March. The SAUA and other student organisations will be out on the lawns showing you what we do and where exactly your money goes. So if you've ever wondered exactly what the SAUA is or what happens inside our crowded office you can just wander onto the Barr Smith Lawns and find out at lunchtime.



More Election info

The Coalition has finally announced its new ministry. The Higher Education Minister is now Amanda Vanstone. During the election the Liberals promised to cut \$171.3 million dollars from discretionary funding in higher education over 1996-1999. These funding cuts will effect support for innovative programs in unis, staff development, and the Quality Assurance program. It remains to be seen whether or not these cuts will be counter-balanced by their promises of money for science infrastructure, research, and post-graduate scholarships.

Hope you all have a good week.



Gareth Higginson
Education V. Pres.

It's quite an effort to come up with new material every week but somehow I manage to pull through, although this week I feel that I only just managed to scrape through.

The big news to have evolved over the past week has been the decision to have our next National Day of Action on the 28 March. This day, however, will not involve any highly charged political march through the streets of Adelaide, nor will it involve chaining ourselves to rocks threatening to throw ourselves off the Uni footbridge unless we are given lectures in the nude. It will however be quite an event and is shaping up to be a day containing bands, comedians, BBQ's, stalls and talks from the various student organisations of the 3 South Australian Uni's. Keep your eyes open for further details...it's gonna be HUGE!

If you would like to get involved in helping with the event or any other Students' Association events, please come into the SAUA and give me your name and we will certainly use your help extensively!

Other riveting things to have occurred in the past week include:

- i) the admission of people with 3 eyes into the bird-watching society;
- ii) the inclusion of rice on the list of the 10 most highly sought-after commodities in New Zealand;
- iii) the announcement that in the year 1999, everyone over the age of 37 is going to turn purple and develop several ears just above their bum.

"Till later remember:
"If everything seems to be going your way, you obviously have no idea what's going on"

Stay healthy
Gareth.



Brigid O'Neill
A/C V.P.

Questions are a form of compulsive self-mutilation. Answers are merely apathetic appeasement. There are no answers, only questions.

I sit in Cloisters amidst a power black out and contemplate existence. I watch fellow students, lost without their electricity, meander meaninglessly in circles like sheep seeking their shepherd. I too am lost. No computer, no phone. I am redundant. I can't call Triple J to organise Prosh, fax XLR8 to thank them for sponsoring O'Ball or type my On Dit spiel, (let alone my report for SAUA Council). A progressive (?) culture lost without its technology.

Did anyone watch the X files last week (Week 2)? I tuned in at the end and experienced a fly having a blood bath. Gross. I have a problem with blood sucking flies. Vampires ok, but not flies.

More importantly, did anyone else too lazy to press the remote button end up watching New York Undercover? Why do the mass media continually portray drugs in such a light? Performance enhancing drugs - I know the debate. But what are drugs? - simply substances that the powers that be class as either "legal" or "illegal".

Meaning what? That humans are too stupid to be in charge of their own bodies? Or that they're too afraid of humans being in charge of their own minds?..... Conspiracy conspiracy....yeh I know, Big Brother likes his Victory Gin and all that.

P.S. To the sub-editor who changed my 'per se' to 'per say' in my last column, Latin may be a dead language but don't help it rot.



Kylee Smith
Women's Officer

WOMEN'S ROOM

There will be a wonderfully exciting wine and cheese night to launch the women's room renovations Wednesday 20th March 6.00pm in the Women's Room. This will double as a "meet the SAUA WIMMIN'S DEPARTMENT" event so please come along and bring your friends. All women welcome.

THE WIMMIN'S COLLECTIVE

The *Wimmin's Collective* has been an extremely active group on campus in past years, and it can be this year again. There are still many issues affecting wimmin in university which need to be discussed, workshopped and campaigned, including security on campus, sexual harassment, feminism etc, etc, ad infinitum!

There are also many forums to discuss these issues including NOWSA (network of womyn students conference) which this year is in Perth.

The *Wimmin's Collective* is not only a forum for being active on campus, but it can also be a place to get together with other like minded wimmin to socialise, drink coffee, network (if that is your style), and generally have fun in a safe, groovy-wimmin environment.

YOU CAN SIGN UP FOR THE WIMMIN'S COLLECTIVE in the SAUA office, or just turn up to the first meeting on Tuesday 26th March at 1.00pm in the Wimmin's Room.

Thanks to all the wonderful wimmin who helped out on International Women's Day you are legends each and every one of you!



Wendy Telfer
Environment officer

Hello. Some big things have been happening in the City of Adelaide. It has just brought out a draft Environment Management Plan. The Council wants to make "a cleaner, greener and healthier place to live in". Sounds nice, hey? The Management plan will try to protect the environment and to promote ecologically sustainable development in Adelaide. It is a good aim and we can support the Council's efforts by giving them feedback on the draft plan. We need to say what we feel are the priorities for making a sustainable city. You can be involved by browsing the Draft Plan in the library or in the SAUA and filling in a response

sheet. It is important that we, as students, are part of planning the future of Adelaide.

Another biggie for South Aust at the moment is the campaign to try and get the Lake Eye Wetlands World Heritage Listed. The area has been assessed as satisfying 3 or possibly 4 World Heritage Criteria - it has outstanding examples of physiographic environments, outstanding ecological & Biological processes, superlative natural phenomena and areas of exceptional natural beauty; it may also be vital for protection of threatened species. To help the protection of this remarkable region, please write to the PM

(Hon. John Howard, Parliament House Canberra, ACT 2600) urging the Government to nominate the wetlands. For more information see me in the SAUA or call me on 303 5182.

The *GM* for the Environmental Collective is 1pm Friday 22 March in the Clubs Common Room, Level 6 of the Union Building. It would be groovy to see you there.

Green Hint for the week: Try to avoid excessive packaging whenever you buy something and win that race of picking up your shopping before it gets shoved in a plastic bag. Hope you've been running barefoot with nature. Cheers.

GET A JOB!

Declining economy getting too much for you? Don't know what hope you have in finding a job when you complete your degree? Have no idea what jobs to go for? If you *do* not want to find answers to these questions and more, stop reading.

Many final year students have no idea what they are going to do come the end of the year (trust me, I know). Students are in desperate need of resources detailing what jobs and industries are open to them once they finish their degree. And even if you happen to

know, when are these jobs on offer? When are employers recruiting? Have I got interview and other job skills? Is it all too much, should I stick my head in the ground and hope small business throws a job at me? Why is underwear so expensive?

What's on offer for students then?

(I think I over used my question mark quota)

- Creative Career Planning - Aimed at developing a five year plan with short, medium and long term goals, strategies and time

lines to measure success.

- Identifying Your Skills and Abilities
- Preparing Job Applications & Interview Skills

- 'Options for Arts and Science Students' aims to prepare for entry into the labour market by identifying employment areas.

- Student Tertiary Employment Program database of information

The Employer Recruitment Program begins around mid-March. Employers start visiting the university to recruit potential employees. These once only annual visits are vital for students seeking jobs in areas ranging from the SA Auditor-Generals Department to CRA Limited and much, much more!

What's on this week 18 - 22 March 1996.

Monday 18 March
10:00- 11:30 Options for Arts Students. North Dining Room, Level 4, Union Building.

1:10 - 2:00 Lunchtime presentation by Finlaysons, in Law Lecture Theatre 2. Of interest to all Law students.

Tuesday 19 March
1:10 - 2:00 Lunchtime presentation by Arthur Andersen, in the Kerr Grant Lecture Theatre. Of interest to students in Commerce, Accounting, Law.

Wednesday 20 March
9:00 - 10:30 Identifying Skills and Abilities. North Dining Room, Level 4, Union Building.

1:10 - 1:40 Information session on the STEP (Student Tertiary Employment Program). Of interest to ALL students.

Thursday 21 March
1:10 - 2:00 Lunchtime talk by Western Mining Corporation, in the Bragg Lecture Theatre. Of interest to students in Engineering, Geology, Commerce, Accounting, Environmental Science, Chemistry, Occupational Health & Safety and Human Resources.

Friday 22 March
3:00 - 4:30 Creative Career Planning. Canon Poole Room, Level 5, Union Building (entry through Games Room).

Where is all this on offer? Here on campus the Careers Service (opposite the post office) hold regular seminars and courses for us students free of charge. So make use of the valuable resource that's on offer. And get yourself on a course. Telephone Margareta on 303 5906 or just walk on down.

Jamie Lowe

CLUBS COLUMN

Liberal Club AGM

Wednesday, 20th March, 1.10 pm in the Union Cinema. Guest Speaker Christopher Pyne MP.

AIIESEC State Conference 1996

AIIESEC is the largest student organisation with branches at Adelaide, Flinders and the University of SA. AIIESEC works to encourage cultural interaction and harmony by impacting on students, academia and the business community.

From Tuesday April 16th to Friday April 19th, AIIESEC will be holding it's annual State Conference at Camp Dzintari, Normanville.

Meet students from other universities (and other states), learn about AIIESEC's goals and programmes during the day and party hardy all night. Like O'Camps only larger, \$65 covers transport, food, accommodation and alcohol.

For more information come to the AIIESEC office, 12th floor Schultz building, or call 303 5909 and ask for Rosslyn Cox, Sam Wee, Nga Luc.

Cash for Clubs

Does your club need money to run a show, print a handbook, attend a conference (or anything)? The Clubs' Association gives grants to registered clubs. It only takes ten people to form a club: pick up a handbook. CA Executive meets 5 pm Wednesday, 20th March, Canon Poole Room, Level 5, Union Building. Call us on 303 5403.

Clubs' Association Publicity Group

We are here to help you publicise your events. If you would like:- help designing a poster, leaflet, flier or press release; to advertise your events on Student Radio or in On Dit; advice about a publication grant; to get experience helping to run CA publicity campaigns; to pass the word around about your events; to help re-write CA publications like the handbook; general advice on how to get publicity; to find out how the Student Union can work for clubs ... then the CA Publicity Group can help you. Call 303 5403.

The Publicity Group meets every second Friday (including holidays) 12 - 3 pm in the CA Office, NW corner of the Cloisters. Meeting dates for 1996 are:- 15th March, 29th March, 12th April, 26th April, 10th May, 24th May, 7th June, 21st June, 5th July, 19th July, 2nd August, 17th August, 30th August, 13th September, 27th September, 11th October, 25th October, 8th November, 22nd November, 9th December.

How to receive Austudy and still afford to eat.



Receive discounts at selected stores on presentation of your student card. Enter from North Terrace or from opposite David Jones car park.

071196 8

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

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

OTHER PRIZES

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



SPECIAL STUDENT UNION PRIZES

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

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

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

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

Flyers & Posters printed by Posh Printing

SPONSORS

Damn, I wish I was your lover



Brought to you live from the Stoneyfell Winery! We bring you ... Sophie B. Hawkins in dinner mode!

So there we were. Right at the fucking back! "How did we get this table? We booked so early!" We weren't impressed, but we were not about to let this dampen our spirits. Davey, our attentive drinks waiter quickly came to the rescue! "I'll get the first bottle," said Michelle. This was going to be a huge night, even if we were at the back!

We checked out the menu to see what our stomachs would be filled with and found it to be very fun. We were also suitably impressed with our fellow table mates albeit for the two sour-faced late arrivals. The surroundings were very cosy and character-filled. Being a winery, it was apt for the big wine barrels to adorn the walls. The lights and the suave napkin arrangements were also of note.

Entree quickly arrived! Woohoo! Penne with tomato, capers etc. etc. There was even chilli on the table. Little did we know that it was of the nose-running, eye-watering, ear-tingling variety - mm mm - all those qualities one desires in good chilli! Now we really needed more champagne, so Tam got the second bottle!

Some guy in black with a white silk scarf got up and tried to warm us up for the arrival of Sophie. His tunes just didn't do it for us - they were of the Rick Price variety. Fun.

Moving on to main course. It was a chicken and beef and vegetable selection with a delicious sauce to top it all off. It was a superb meal and the staff at Stoneyfell did a great job to serve 450 people hot, tantalising meals. Thirsty from our food, more champagne was in order! "Get us an-

other bottle. QUICK!" "But you haven't finished the last one." "It doesn't matter," We replied. "We've got to stock up!"

Dessert rolled along - by this time we were rolling too! This was the dessert from heaven- custard-filled profiterole puffs with a chocolate sauce. Yum! It was so good that we wanted more! After much begging and pleading and playing funny buggers with the waiters- "no profiteroles here" - more dessert arrived! WOW we thought, "we really know how to pull the strings around here." We were now becoming aware of our remarkable talent when it comes to getting more food!

The staff were in agreement with us about just how good dessert was. Toby, one of the waiters, amused us with his anecdote of how the night before, at the end of his long shift, he went into the kitchen to see one golden profiterole puff sitting with his name on it. It was just him and the puff and it was meant to be!

With the imminent arrival we were getting more and more perturbed about our seating position. Humph. But using our persuasive powers and our oh-so-sexy smiles, we managed to somehow get relocated to prime position! We were mere meters away from Sophie with no obstructions to our view! We were pretty impressed so we had to get another bottle of champagne to celebrate.

Sophie appeared clad in ripped jeans, a flannie and hotel slippers very casual and very cool and certainly a step up from the guy in black with the white scarf! Luckily her singing was also a darn side better than his too! Sophie absolutely went off! She blew us away with her strong voice and drumming skills. She can play the guitar and xylophone too. She even

slithered a bit along the ground during *Damn I wish I was your lover*; all this made for a many faceted show.

Unfortunately, Sophie had acquired some evil bug which had made her lose her voice the night before. Alas! This bug struck again, thereby ending her performance after only about an hour. But this hour was so good that it really didn't matter that her show was curtailed.

The disappointed crowd put on a lengthy encore that lasted a good 15 minutes. After much spoon tapping and frantic choruses of "Sophie, Sophie", a man came out and told us that Sophie really wouldn't be back. Oh well.

The rest of the crowd departed but not us! We were on a mission to find Sophie. Rumour had it that she was in the restaurant downstairs. So we hightailed down, but unfortunately it was a false lead. All we got was a kiss from the black guitarist. Shux - we wanted Sophie!

All in all we had a rip snorter of a time. Stoneyfell sure know how to put on a great show. Thanks must go to our waiters Davey

and Toby for going out of their way to make our night just that bit more enjoyable. Good stuff.

You can pick up a real bargain at the Muses in the Mall and get Sophie's album and her old album for the one low price of \$29.95 - now that's something to look into!

For dinner bookings or information about shows, call the Stoneyfell Winery on 332-4044. Located a mere 10-15 minutes drive from the Uni, Stoneyfell is worth a visit.

Tamara & Michelle

DANCING IS IN
IT'S FUN, EXCITING, EASY.
LEARN • CORRECTLY • NOW!
BEGINNERS • SINGLES • COUPLES
ROCK N ROLL MON 7.30
SOCIAL • LATIN & BALLROOM MON & WED 8.30
ROCK N ROLL WED 7.30
CLUB JIVE • DISCO WED 8.30
LATIN BALLROOM
PHONE RON **415 7718** TO ENROL OR ENQ.
DANCELAND
650 South Rd Glandore (Next to Tramline)

STAR SIGNS by ASTRA Zoid

WITH SPECIAL GUEST ASTROLOGER RON "BOBBY" THE LOVE KING

ARIES: (March 20 to April 19)

A tender heart is the cross you bear. The spirit is ready to be filled by an unexpected cohort.

Be patient. Do not let lust get in the way of a true romantic experience. Make sure you have a partner for this one.

TAURUS: (April 20 to May 20)

"Just do it"... You have not been forceful enough at times when you should have been. A positive attitude and a little more organisation will have you on a successful journey to within yourself. Travel lightly Taurus, travel lightly.

GEMINI: (May 21 to June 20)

No one will sway you from your decisions. Go ahead with the unusual behaviour that feels appropriate to you. A lover may question your behaviour. Keep 'em guessing, you mysterious headfucker you.

CANCER: (June 21 to July 22)

A rewarding relationship is on the horizon. Do not burn bridges or mistreat those close to you. Opening up will bring those closer to you and fulfil the void inside. Be comfortable with your desires; best to make others feel at home with them, too.

LEO: (July 23 to August 22)

Bite off more than you can chew, then chew it. Swallow carefully and selectively. Plan more than you can do, then do it. This will be a productive week for you. One very rare week of a flurry of activity and started projects will burn you out for the rest of the month.

VIRGO: (August 23 to September 22)

To find your own way is to follow your own bliss. Energy will take you to levels which have been previously unattainable without the aid of good drugs.

LIBRA: (September 23 to October 22)

You are an optimist and nothing can keep you down for long. Take advantage of things as you find them and self-editing will help in communicating with that special someone.

SCORPIO: (October 23 to November 21)

You are a highly sensual and sexual being. Take every possible advantage for indulging yourself physically. Have a luxurious bath, visit a spa or have a professional massage but don't enjoy yourself too much.

SAGITTARIUS: (November 22 to December 21)

You are genial, idealistic and romantic and though you are practical you will do best in an artistic or creative career. You've got plenty of time to think about that crap. In the meantime, in love you make a wonderful partner - if only you could find one.

CAPRICORN: (December 21 to January 19)

The luck of the Irish will be with you this week as you venture into un-

known realms and rediscover past passions. You're going to be fired up for life and love this week and ready to go. Try harnessing your hormones somewhat in professional and educational settings- too much exhibitionistic tendencies will overwhelm those who have some faith in you.

AQUARIUS: (January 20 to February 18)

You may feel the compulsion to breed if you happen to be of the breeding type. Non-breeder Aquarians may feel similar instincts, too. The best cure is to borrow a friend's or relative's kid for the day and get over it.

PISCES: (February 19 to March 19)

You are facing a transitory phase in your life where a good omen will meet with bad luck to make for strange days indeed. Good thing you're as strong as they come and have more will power than you can shake a feather at.

I would go out tonight...

Q Club

Travelling up several flights of stairs to get to a nightclub may give some people vertigo but not to those who are inhabitants at the Q club. Located next door to Scoozi cafe on Rundle Street, this nightclub is recognizable not by its classy entrance but by a line up at half-past twelve on a Friday or Saturday night in front of a door which could pass for an office entrance. If you are not tired yet by the amount of stairs you have to climb, you'll lose your energy trying to find a seat in the dark, but definitely pumping, one room club.

Entertainment seems to be an important theme at Q, with pin-ball machines and pool tables for those who get tired of dancing to the up tempo music. Hard techno music

features on Saturday nights, but it can vary especially with the DJ playing.

If you are looking for a place to relax and have a beer with a few friends, Q is not a place that I would recommend. You need to have the right clothes and the right attitude, and if all this seems to daunt you take a few drugs, everyone else is.

The Stag

Totally different from this scene is The Stag, just a few metres down from Q. Reopened for the last Adelaide Grand Prix, The Stag has been redecorated with a fresh and classy look. There are three main areas where one can either chill out, engage in intellectual conversation or dance until the early hours drag you away.

The cafe-restaurant area offers you a delectable menu, and its decor can rival some of the other cafes down Rundle Street, with its wooden floors and alfresco dining arrangements.

Upstairs is the nightclub which caters to those who can't stop moving. The music is definitely different to Q, but its popularity can be decided by the sheer numbers who flock to its tune. One of its best features is the ability to step outside and catch some breeze on the balcony. Not many clubs can boast an easy and accessible way to engage in some fresh air after a hard night of clubbing.

Bright, friendly, and well decorated, the bar area is the place I really and truly recommend to those who want to be able to have a beer and a chat with a few friends but be

able to still see society at its best. The best thing about the Stag's bar is that it has a good variety of people who permeate the place, but it doesn't smell like a brewery like some other pubs we care not to mention. One will definitely have a good time at the Stag, because since its revival South Australians have crawled out of their holes. Or maybe its just a influx from the Foreign shows.

Both Q and The Stag are great places, you'll generally find an older age group at The Stag than at Q but this depends usually at what time or night you decide to go. As long as the music's pumping, the beer is cold and the crowd is alive. You will definitely have a brilliant time no matter where you go.

Felice Mercorella

SUNDAY NIGHT

Smoothie

SOUND SHAKERS

Danny, A/B, Brendon

COMPLIMENTARY Smoothie 9-10pm

9PM TIL 4AM.
FREE ENTRY
HAPPY HOUR 9-10PM
B. EARLY. 2. AVOID. Q-ING.
LEVEL 1. THE STAG.
TOP END OF THE EAST END
DRESS STANDARDS APPLY

The Stag 299 Rundle Street City 223 2934

I'm a Post Porn Modernist, oh yeah.

Annie Sprinkle's one woman show is an autobiographical recount of the transformation of her life as shy, Jewish girl Ellen Steinberg to pornstar, prostitute, sexual adventurer Annie Sprinkle to sexual therapist, healer, monogamous lesbian and artist Onya. Post Porn Modernist is a fascinating and intimate revelation of one woman's life; a woman who just has happened to be involved in, primarily, the sex industry in all its variety. That's what it's about and that's what people get. What else did people expect?

Annie Sprinkle's show is bound to be political and controversial. It's interesting that after the opening night show, The Advertiser chose to report the viewpoints of women who for the most part were negative and outraged. Mind you, none of them had actually seen the show. Their reactions to Annie's public masturbation and the number of partners she can boast (3,000) were taken completely out of context. Call me a cynic but I find it particularly insidious that The Advertiser chose to depict women tearing apart another woman in the week of International Women's Day. They even managed to twist Helen Vicqua's take on Annie to sound judgemental when in reality it was the only fair and positive one of the

bunch. Perhaps I'm reading too deeply; perhaps they're really not using Annie Sprinkle's sex laden show to sell papers and then turning around and presenting a one-sided bash of her- perhaps not. Two days in a row however they did manage to blaze Annie Sprinkle and her masturbating ways across the front page banners of the paper in pure sensationalistic tabloid style.

Mike Gibson's commentary in Thursday's Advertiser highlights the media treatment of Ms Sprinkle. He states, "I fail to see the talent or the triumph of a middle-aged New Yorker who gets on stage and publicly masturbates." From reading cranky, middle aged Mike's opinion, one might wonder if he's more upset by the fact or the idea of a "genital flashing" middle-aged woman full stop. He seems to use that "middle-

aged" title in abundance. Perhaps he prefers to see young things getting better and wetter down at the Crazy Horse.

The point is once again Mike hasn't seen the show nor does he "intend to be part of an audience whose taste in theatre not only makes you wonder about its defini-

tion of art...". Of course, Mr Gibson will never, never know if he never, never goes. Taking the masturbation scene out of context, he misses the point entirely as blurring the boundaries between what is and isn't art is a theme throughout Annie Sprinkle's show.

But then Mike Gibson's uninformed opinion can be seen as downright progressive next to a Channel 10 news report that bleeped out the word "masturbate" altogether.

This is a show of one woman's life and one that obviously parallels a helluva lot of other women and men's lives and experiences that otherwise are, and have been, hidden from the Moral Majority. If there's an overriding effect of Annie Sprinkle's show it would be bringing the sex industry from out of the closet and into the (consensual) public eye. She recognises local sex industry activists with her own "public cervix awards" and highlights the struggle of sex workers in America and elsewhere to legalise and regulate their industry. Considering that prostitution is the third largest commodity in the world, Annie gives not only good entertainment but also a much needed awareness.



Shelley Kulperger

CAFE CRAWL PART II: HUTT STREET

If Magill Road is your antique shop street, Rundle your trendy hangout place, Gouger the restaurant strip, then Hutt Street has the rightful claim as the unique cafe neighbourhood.

Pity about those double-laned roads that tend to give the feel and the fumes of an interstate highway. Never mind, we're used to it in Adelaide the place where every boutique-lined, cafe-terraced street, road and avenue is transformed into a major thoroughfare, pedestrian's nightmare. So much for leisurely strolls. I digress, however, as coffee-sipping and cafe lounging is the subject. We can never underestimate the importance of caffeine in a student's life. After the first week of uni, I'm starting to feel a bit nervous, a bit tense. Where can we unwind and while away the hours? The following Hutt Street cafes are conducive to such endeavours as unwinding and whiling away.

Cafe Roma's

Cafe Roma's leads the trend setting way in the cafe cum deli scene. Roma's has a good feel to it with a curved bar for the single patron ("lone diner" as we call it in the trade) and a couple of deuces (tables for two,

that is) by the windows with most of the other seating alfresco. The deli-shop section provides your basics along with your not so basic specialty gourmet items for the Hutt Street shopper. What's on the menu will usually outdo what you can whip up at home. I think they put something in their baguettes that makes you crave them on a fortnightly basis - similar to the monthly KFC craving- gone upmarket. These baguettes do their French cousins proud although admittedly they're a bit smaller. They're soft on the inside and chewy on the outside. I know that doesn't sound good but that's the way they should be. We sampled the vegetarian focacia that proved difficult to get your mouth around but easy to swallow and devour and, the winner, a tandoori chicken and raita baguette. Coffee was strong and good, banana smoothie hit the hangover spot. The only drawback was trying to order which was a frustrating experience. I finally was saved by a tall man who said, "I think this young lady was next." How embarrassing. Roma's isn't necessarily on a budget stuff nor is it necessarily a place for lounging. It's busy and mobile-phoned men threaten to swoop on your table at any moment. Still, it's original and it has been said that it's a bit Sydney-style

which is nice to have in old Adelaide.

Queen of Tarts

Queen of Tarts is an oldie but goodie on the block. They sport a delectable range of salads, baked goods, fills, pastries and sandwiches; a veritable cornucopia! Coffee is good, don't make the mistake of putting salt which is in a sugar-looking bowl in it which makes it taste not so good. There's an outdoor, upstairs patio with umbrellas that fly on windy days. WooHoo! Food was scrumptious and good value. Downstairs is decked out with selection of small goods like chutney and pickled stuff. QOT has introduced Kampuchea tea on the Adelaide market, which I won't describe- you'll just have to visit the Queen of Tarts to find out what the hell it is and why you should drink it.

Shelley Kulperger

Cafe 158

Regrettably, by the time we reached this relatively diminutive establishment just South of the Caltex service station, the heat of the day, the stress of the early awakening that morning, and the twenty-seven coffees I had already consumed had rather dampened my enthusi-

asm for Hutt Street cafes. However, there was nothing particularly antagonistic about this one, and we ended up staying for quite some time. Like the other cafes we perused that afternoon, Cafe 158 had made no attempt to style itself on the Rundle Street/ Parade Cafe model. In view of its size, this was a good decision. There was practically no seating inside, and only half a dozen tables outside, and with more than twenty people availing themselves of its services at one time it would have been extremely cosy. However, this was not likely to happen, and so we found it quite relaxing. The coffee was acceptable, the cappuccino being quite top-heavy with, regrettably, cold froth and the prices were not at all unreasonable. Having already eaten several times that afternoon we were not in a fit state to sample their food, so you'll just have to try that for yourselves. All in all, I would have to describe Cafe 158 as inoffensive- a decent place to have a quiet coffee and a deep and meaningful discussion without being distracted by trendy people, but not the sort of place that's going to spring to mind as a great place to meet exotic and interesting people - try the Unibar. Rating, 6/10.

Craig Wilson

Legends in Motoring. Installment II: The Mini

Certain words and images mould what the world sees as the stereotypical Uni student. One such image is that of a long haired descendant of 60s and 70s love children. A descendant who of course drives the same car that those same love children delivered solid thrashings to during their time at Uni - the British Leyland Mini.

For our parents, the Mini represents an era. It represents care free days when seat belts weren't compulsory, drugs were rampant and the world was undergoing vast change. But enough with *The Wonder Years* reparable. What does the BL Mini mean today?

The most obvious feature of the Mini is, naturally, it's size. And there in lies the car's major advantage as a Uni student. Being able to coast down Victoria Drive when all the parks are gone and spot that park with the tree in it. Anyone driving Mum's BMW is forced to continue on a journey that may only end just off Hackney Road. Not the Mini driver. He or she can simply turn the big wheel and slot the

car in there, provided anyone in a pretend Mini - a Honda Civic - didn't get there first.

Then again, when faced with any other car on the road travelling at you doing an impersonation of an American driver who forgot certain vital differences in our road laws, you might regret purchasing one of these fine examples of British engineering. You might begin to be thankful that the car approaching you is a Toyota Hilux, and if you duck, your head might just make it under and you might just come out the other side like Roger Moore did in that James Bond movie. Most likely not. More likely is that you'll become just another statistic, whilst the driver of the oncoming Mercedes becomes a different statistic, one indicating the value of SRS airbags.

Not that these cars aren't fun to drive. The front wheel drive set up provides delectable handling, accentuated by the cars low centre of gravity. A sports steering wheel can even allow you to take advantage of this, in a fashion the standard bus deriva-

tive will not. Accommodation is simple, and little more can be said. The location of reverse gear somewhere in space occupied by your left thigh is inconvenient, if not damned bloody stupid. And then there is the small issue of brakes.

I fondly recall the three Minis I have driven as all having this one problem in common - a lack of stopping power. Even those for which brakes had recently received overhauls, there was a distinct feeling that emergency braking was not an option in these cars. My Aunt's assurances that she had driven from Newcastle to Sydney in one without brakes did not help my opposition to these little gems one little bit.

On the subject of power, only 'S' models with 1000cc plus engines should be considered, otherwise one could be disappointed by the hill climbing ability possessed by these feather weight contenders. The tiny pedals and their simple actions make these cars impossible to stall, and aid quick get aways from Police, traffic lights and the scenes of crimes.

Don't spend more than a grand and a bit on a Mini, unless it's a Cooper S, for which you might need a loan. The same goes generally for the BL's other



cousins (all manner of Morris, Cooper and Hillman derivatives). Look around, the market is very much in the buyer's corner in today's safety conscious world, and consider a four wheel disc brake conversion, for safety's sake.

Techno Stuff.

Engine: 850 - 1275cc

Gearbox: 4 spd manual

Drive: Front wheel

Top speed: Ask your Dad when he's pissed, he'll tell ya.

Economy: Legendary.

Tyres: 10"

Boot capacity: Sorry, the Golf Club membership has to go, the clubs will not fit.

Suspension: No springs. No shocks. Just Rubber blocks. Simple & effective.

Brakes: N/A



THE TEEV

"Cricket symbolises the class struggle - and to aid in identification, both sides dress in white," Keith Allen, *A Very British Coup*.

"Cricket symbolises the current world political situation - and to aid in identification, both sides wear pyjamas," Joltman, *A Very Interesting Column*.

Yes. Once again the thrill a minute sporting endeavour of summer reaches a shuddering climax, spewing millions of tiny balls in a triumphant arc, splashing against the screen, creating a milky halo around the head of Mark Taylor ("This one's a gusher folks!").

Well let's face it, cricket is another of our culture's great opiates. Like it or loathe it, it occupies our TV's for the majority of the summer. It lurks like a mad heroin dealer around the dark alleyway corner, then it invades our collective unconsciousness like sarin gas in a Japanese subway. It causes otherwise sane people, people I have profound respect for, to ask questions like, "Did Mark Waugh get a century?" (Of course the correct question should be, "Did Mark Waugh not get a century?!")

Centuries aside, cricket is now evolving to encompass a more TV orientated format. Hence we see the

adoption of nicknames for teams (ie. the Queensland Bulls, the Victorian Bushrangers, the West Australian WACA's, and so on), as well as cheerleaders, loud music as well as even more stupid commentating. Greg Ritchie could hardly swing a bat, let alone speak.

Of course cricket doesn't spare us from that immortal religion of the masses - Australian Rules Football. It's only a matter of time before we get a season similar in structure to that of the NBA. Only 8 weeks a year break from games nearly every day of the week. The question is - can a country of only 18 million people (or so) support such a competition? The answer is (not surprisingly) - who cares? Calling it "football" is a travesty - the only real football is the one we have the arrogance to call "soccer". Rugby (either or any version), Gridiron (it's all their fault anyway), Gaelic (shame - because it's quite good fun to watch), and Aussie Rules can all go jump on their own skulls for a change - Football (the world game) is the only true football. Judges decision is final - no correspondence shall be entered into.

A break from the generally dull, banal drone of music clips from *VideoHitsRageLand*. It comes in the form of a band called The Presidents of the United States of America (why

not call themselves The Ex-Presidents and be done with it?), you've seen the ads on TV no doubt. They have a song called *Peaches* which has really good chords and funky, silly lyrics. The music clip is a masterpiece. It starts out as your average performance video in a (wait for it) peach orchard. But then it disintegrates into a ninja chopsocky slugfest - Fantastic!

Let me ask you this. Would you rather walk around groovy locations looking cool? (mmmm...nah), be surrounded by beautiful women/men? (it's been done), play your guitar? (puh-leez), have lots of dancers with fancy camera angles and filters?(dime a dozen), or beat people wearing black and screaming "Huy - yah!" into a pulp and jumping backwards into trees? Rather! A great way to spend the day - and something different at last!

If you have never heard of Severed Heads then it is time you found out. Severed Heads are the godfathers of Australian electronic music. The band has been around since the early eighties, and have taken on many incarnations over the years - but the band is mainly Tom Ellard, with help from various musicians and electronic visual artists (mainly Stephen Jones who had been in the band since the beginning but left a couple of years ago). I mention them because I think if you get the chance, you should look up a music clip of theirs called *Dollarex*. The song is from their last album, *Gigapus*, but the clip has been around for a couple of years. It is one of the best criticisms in pop culture of the mass media and how it manipulates body image (both male and female) in the name of making more money. Watch it while reading *The Beauty Myth* by Naomi Wolf. A grand

double feature if there ever was one.

Finally a bit of a rant. Michael Hutchence is a bint. Who honestly cares what he thinks about Paula Yates? If it wasn't for Bob Geldof she'd never have been famous. They're now two fame hungry, washed up old sods that no-one really cares about. Does anyone still listen to INXS? I don't think so. The same thing for Dannii Minogue - listen up girl - you're very very boring. Stop reading those tiresome women's gossip magazines and fill your heads with some useful information. That goes for you women too. So who noticed that Tuesday's (12/3) *David Letterman* was from last February? Do they honestly think we won't notice?

A list of songs about TV - add to this some of your own if you like.

1. TV II - Ministry
 2. TV - Elektrik Music
 3. *Television Man* - Talking Heads
 4. *Television* - The Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy
 5. *Kill Your Television* - Ned's Atomic Dustbin
 6. *Video Killed The Radio Star* - Buggles
- and some that are pushing it...
7. *Anything by the band* - Television
 8. *Anything* - Rollins (everything's a conspiracy to this guy...)
 9. *Rapture* - Blondie ("Just have your party on TV...")
 10. *Ballroom Blitz* - The Sweet (just to make it ten songs...)

I was surprised that Kraftwerk hadn't written any songs about TV - but there you go. I guess *Computer World* could be interpreted to fit TV, but why push it?

Happy Viewing people and remember - *Trust No One...*

Joltman

Half and Half

"What may I get you, sir?" asked Large Dave the barman, as the stranger took a seat at the bar.

"What ales do you stock?" inquired the stranger. "I feel inclined to indulge in something cold and brown."

"In that case, sir," came the barman's reply, "I can only offer you a Death's Head Brew. Or would you rather I chill some brandy for you?"

"No thank you, my good man," said the stranger, "the Death's Head will be perfect." As he waited for the ale to arrive, he surveyed the surroundings. The room itself was dark, but intimately so. The decor was simple, comfortable and reassuring. The furniture was plush, without being decadent. Yes, he thought, this is a real pub. No poker machines, no pinball machines, no video games. No complex disco lighting set-up, no dance floor. No slimy young bar staff eyeing off the girls. No fancy cocktails with names like 'Orgasm' or 'Comfortable Screw' or 'Pardon Me, Vicar'. None of those ridiculous little umbrellas to put in them. Just comfy chairs, honest ales, and good conversation. Except there's nobody here.

Which was almost literally true. It was a quiet night at the Small Man Tavern. Apart from Large Dave and the stranger, only two others were present. Two stools to the stranger's left was Norman, known to his friends as 'The Man with The Brain of a Stout'; and next to him was Simon, who was looking somewhat down-at-heel and appeared to be asleep on the bar, onto which was now placed the stranger's schooner of Death's Head Brew. The stranger grasped the glass and took a long swig.

"That packs quite a wallop!" he gasped, after picking himself up from the floor and allowing the burning sensation in his

throat to subside.

"And a good job, too!" exclaimed Simon, who had in fact merely been resting his eyes, "You need something strong to help you forget this miserable world we've created for ourselves."

"Yes," replied the stranger, "but a few schooners of this stuff could well kill you."

"Ah, now," said Simon, "wouldn't that be a blessing? An easy way out? An escape from all we've done? To just die, leaving all our mess for someone else to clean up? I should be so lucky. The fact is, we can't. Too much responsibility, you see. We've buggered up the world, our lives, everything, and now we've got to take our punishment. Oh, we can enjoy ourselves, of course, for a while. When we're young. But after that, well, we only exist to suffer. That's our lot, and that's all there is to it."

"Take no notice of him," interrupted Large Dave, "the man is the very personification of pessimism. He wouldn't know a positive thought if it sat on his face and wiggled."

"I speak only what's true" interrupted Simon.

"You speak only what's rotten. It all depends on how you look at things. It's people like you who see the glass as being half-empty. Personally, I prefer to think of it as half-full. Always look on the bright side, that's my motto."

"Then you are a fool." "But a happy fool. And that is the most important thing. Take young

Parrot Boy, for example. You don't see him complaining, do you?"

"Excuse me," interjected the stranger, "but, did you just say Parrot Boy?"

"Ah, let me explain," said Large Dave, "When he was but nine months old, he was abandoned by his mother. She left him in a park, just under an old gum tree. Anyway, a young cockatoo chick fell out of its nest in the tree, and would surely have died if its fall had not been broken by the abandoned child. From that moment the two have been companions, teaching each other the ways of the world, guiding each other through life. Of course, all either of them can say is 'allo! allo! Who's a pretty boy then?' But at least they are happy. And that is the point that Simon here fails to grasp. Even if life is pointless and empty, it would make it a hell of a lot easier on us all if we could at least be a bit happy about it."

"Well what about Fergus, then," said Simon, "He's not been able to walk since The Incredible Sneeze. Surely you can't tell me that's a good thing?"

"It's true, he cannot walk. But he has never had hayfever since, has he? And you know what a prob-

lem it was for him."

"This must have been quite some sneeze" commented the stranger.

"Oh, it was an absolute belter," answered Norman. "It was so violent that it doubled him over, and in the process, his knees became stuck inside his nostrils. He's never been able to get them out."

The stranger thought about this for a moment. Well, he thought, this place is full of lunatics. Although the seats are rather comfy. Time, I think, to take my leave.

And with that, he rose from his stool.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I must bid you all good evening."

"But first tell us, sir," said Norman, "how do you see the glass? Half-full or half-empty?"

"Well, as for myself," commented the stranger, as he opened the door, "I see the glass as being half-way." And with that, he exited, leaving behind him three confused men and half-a-glass of ale.

Paul Bradley

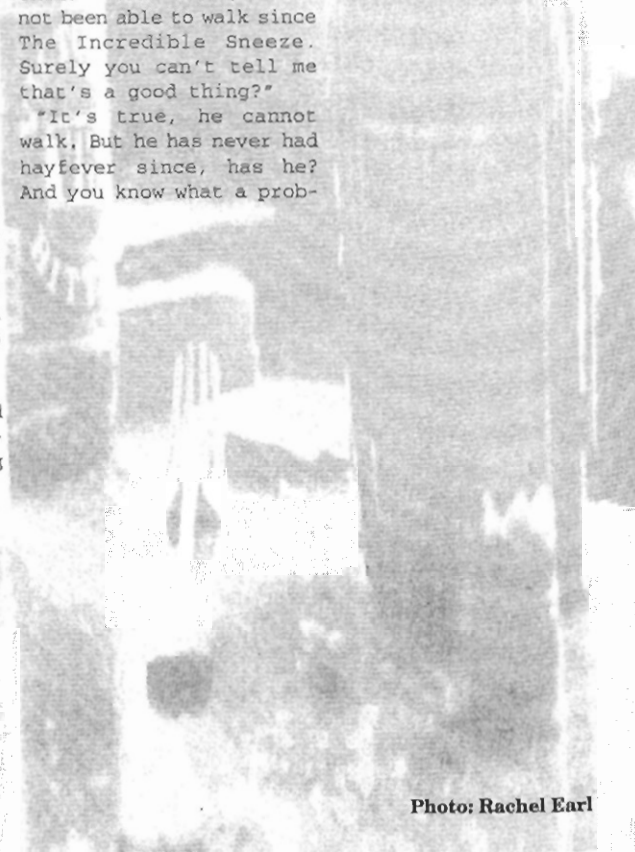


Photo: Rachel Earl

Flugelman: blending geometry with art

The Adelaide Festival of Arts draws a wide variety of talent to the city. Not only those giving talks and performances pay homage to this Mecca of the Art Milieu, but also those making their biennial pilgrimage. Artist Bert Flugelman, fits in the latter category. Adelaideans and tourists alike are, with few exceptions, familiar with his work.

Bert Flugelman's sculptures are unique landmarks. The most famous of these, in Adelaide, is probably *Spheres*. When it was first unveiled, the headline in

The Advertiser said "Bert's Balls are in the Mall". Nowadays, it's known to Rundle Mall shoppers as "The Mall's Balls" or "The Silver Balls".

Bert was born in Vienna, Austria, in 1923. He arrived in Australia in 1938, and lived in Sydney.

"I didn't really have training in sculpture. I went to Art School after

sculpture."

Bert's fascination with geometric three-dimensional solids is reflected in his minimalist sculptures. In 1972, he had an exhibition in Sydney focusing on this.

"They were intended as public



sculpture, those things I exhibited all these years ago in Sydney, and they were maquettes. They were proposals. I didn't have any site for them but I was interested in the irreducible geometric solids. You can't reduce a tetrahedron any further. It's an absolute and so is a sphere and so is a cube. You can't simplify them. It's like most of the Platonic solids. It's one of the few absolutes in the world."

The following year, Bert made the unlikely move to Adelaide, where he stayed for ten years.

"I started at the Art School in February, '73. I hadn't intended to come to South Australia at all but I was working at the Tin Sheds, at Sydney University. I was running those and, at the time, the Art School in Adelaide (which

was still in North Adelaide, in Stanley Street). They advertised for a lecturer in ceramics, a lecturer in photography and a lecturer in sculpture."

"Well, two friends of mine intended to apply for the other two positions and they said, 'Why don't you come?', and I thought that I didn't particularly want to go. Well, it developed and they said, 'Apply anyway, you can always refuse it.' I ap-

plied and got in and then I flew down and had a look at it and it was too attractive to let go, so I stayed."

Bert's work then evolved away from the elementary geometric solids towards linearity. From sculptures such as *Spheres* and *Tetrahedra*, which is in Festival Plaza, on King William Road, he changed his forms, whilst using the same medium of stainless steel.

"Once you use those few irreducible solids where can you go after that? You can only either go into embellishing them and decorating them or distorting them and none of that appealed to me. And so, as a way out of this dilemma, I went into linearity."

"The *Knot* is one of a series of objects which are just a line supported by two uprights. It's a sort of a 'gestural' thing, a calligraphic thing. Cast shadows are important with that."

The *Knot* used to stand on the lawns outside the Art Gallery of South Australia, and is now in storage. The University of Adelaide also owns one of his works from this phase, the *Spiral*, situated at the North Terrace campus, near Victoria Drive.

Bert explained why he uses stainless steel.

"There's an entirely rational progression. When I first conceived of making these geometric solids I made [sculptures] out of fibreglass and that turned out to be terribly vulnerable. People kick it and dent it, and it gets destroyed in no time. So from there it already had a reflective finish. I had it painted by people who paint cars. An automotive lacquer so that you saw your reflection in it."

"The reflection was important to me and so the next lot I made out of aluminium, and then I discovered aluminium doesn't hold its mirror finish because it oxidises rapidly, and so from there I went to stainless steel."

"Stainless steel is very hard and it'll hold its polish virtually forever, in human terms."

Bert still makes works from stainless steel but also uses granite and sandstone, and is doing 'landscape art', "where you actually contour and shape the land itself and it becomes part and parcel of the things you're putting up."

He also works with ceramic and clay. The Art Gallery of South Australia has a colourful example of his ceramic works, *Tattooed Lady*. Made in 1974, it is the torso of a woman covered in tattoos featuring oriental people.

Bert paints in oils and watercolours and lives two or so hours away from Sydney, in a rainforest that inspires his paintings.

Recently he held a retrospective exhibition at the Wollongong City Gallery consisting of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and proposals.

This tertiary stage Bert has entered represents a closer link to environmental design.

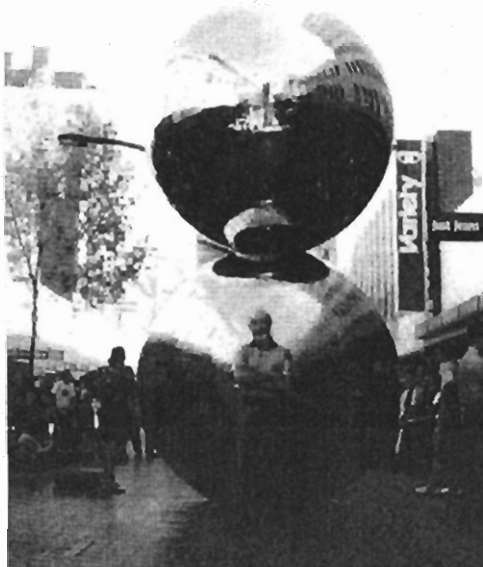
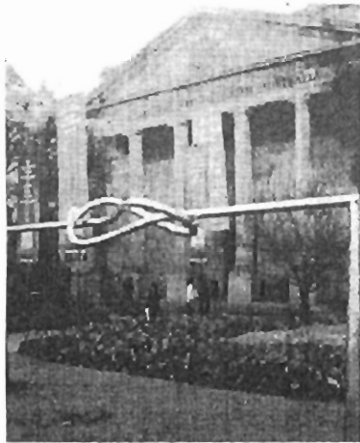
"Now I would much prefer to work with architects and planners in doing the thing right from the beginning:

understanding about the building and understanding about the landscape, so that it becomes a coherent whole, rather than a decoration put there."

Bert has a daughter and three grandchildren in Adelaide. This fact, and the next Festival, shall ensure that he's no stranger to this city,

where he has been so influential in the Arts, both as a teacher and an artist.

Marian Clarkin



the war. I was in the Australian Army and when I came out, like all other ex-servicemen, I was entitled to study for three years and [the government] would pay us a pittance to keep us alive."

"I did painting and then I went overseas for five years and lived in London and Europe; after which I came back again and then I gradually started to dabble and make

**WANTED
VISUAL ARTS WRITERS**
No experience required. Leave your name, address, telephone number and faculty pigeonhole in the Visual Arts Editor's pigeonhole, in the On Dit Office.
In exchange for the fame, fortune and glory of seeing both your name and words of wisdom in print, you'll be invited to join our eclectic entourage of art "experts", for evenings of free wine, convivial conversation, and maybe even a few paintings and sculptures.
Adventurous?
Apply.

Lanchester's Pleasures

As it happened, John Lanchester (author of *The Debt to Pleasure*) blew into town for Writers' Week, and found time to discuss with *On Dit* various matters of universal import, like being a writer, being in Adelaide, learning to cook in student sharehousing and the failure of the communal lifestyle. And, of course, to talk about his book.... But worst of all we chatted about food. Really, it's not hard to guess what this guy's first love is.

On Writers' Week:

"It's really well known in Europe. I don't know if its status here is the same, but it's the Festival everyone's heard of - Edinburgh and Adelaide. But interestingly, the Cab drivers here don't seem to know anything about it. They know where Red Square is, but they keep telling me, 'No, I don't think we've got any writers here.'"

On Student Food and the Communal Kitchen:

"We got into that thing perhaps because it was all blokes, and the first one to have a nervous breakdown does the washing up. It was just incredible, an absolute stalagmite of unwashed crockery. You'd take a spoon out to make your Nescafé and then you'd put it back [he mimes a demonstration]. It started out all right, this was with graduates, six of us, and we each cooked and washed up one day a week and on Saturdays you did what you wanted. Then it kind of gradually disintegrated. We were getting on quite badly in the end as well."

"..... Have you seen *The Young Ones*? It's unbearably true, unbearably accurate. I have to say that I have absolutely no nostalgia at all for that. There were things I liked about being a student, but that whole thing I mean someone else's pubic hair in the bath, and it's always the same person."

"I think that's when you start getting interested in food because you're in your early twenties and you're having to cook for yourself for the first time. Plus all the graduates I knew spent absolutely all their time not doing their thesis, so you've

got nothing to do all day. It's like homicide detectives say that there is motive, means and opportunity. Kitchen, no money, time. That's why people get interested."

On the Food in his Book:

"One of the reasons I had to write the book was because I felt that there was an awful lot of stuff about food which hadn't been sufficiently discussed. There's so much food in life. Everyone eats three times a day whether they want to or not. But the amount of food in novels - there's more food than sex in life, but there's more sex than food in novels, and I thought I'd redress the balance a bit."

"Food is so often written about as if it was just straightforwardly this celebration of the wonder of life. Of course it's that, but there is a darker side too. Freud thought that for people with eating disorders, one of the mechanisms involved was that when you're an infant

you think that you're destroying things when you eat. It's one of the first ways we have of destruction, and there is that whole theme, a kind of undercurrent of darker feelings, involved in the book.

"In the Alice B. Toklas Cookbook there's that line, which I was going to use but I couldn't because it's too explicit, it gives it all away. She says, talking about killing a chicken, 'Before any tale about cooking is told, murder must be done.' And that's also true, I mean literally things are killed before you eat."

On the Demidenko Affair:

"I'm afraid, I know it's very flippant, but I was roaring with laughter reading that [a copy of *The Demidenko File* lies on his coffee table]. It does seem very funny, partly because I'm very interested in the Ern Malley affair. I mean [the English] don't have anything like that, nor do they in the states.

It's extraordinary to have had two gigantic scandals, literary scandals turning on the question of hoaxes. And the change is also interesting, that Malley was about pretension, about exposing pretension, and [the Demidenko affair] is about authenticity. That's quite interesting in that we put such a value on a notion of things. Because basically the semi-spoken thing is that they thought it was alright because she was authentic. I mean they couldn't admit it, but it was a claim to authenticity and once that was exposed the literary thing lost merit.

"You have to accept in good faith that they thought they were awarding it for literary merit. Especially in the context of the Miles Franklin not having been given to Moorhouse because it wasn't Australian enough, and they got a ton of shit for that. So it's multicultural Australia, actually it's an Australian novel even though it's about the Ukraine, and great, she's young, she's female and she's Ukrainian, and it must of seemed like a dream come true. Not that I've read it (maybe it is amazing) but the bits quoted. There's a passage about the SS man walking down the street "wielding his rifle with deadly intent". I mean, Barbara Cartland wouldn't have been embarrassed to write that. But this sort of incredible fury is quite funny. Although there are some serious points made about anti-semitism, I wonder if a lot of it's not to do with just sheer ignorance. I mean I've heard them say that this book couldn't have been published in Europe because the anti-semitism would have been latched on too strongly. But actually the reason it wouldn't have been published is because it got absolutely everything wrong about the history."

On The Red Ochre Grill:

"I was desperately keen to eat your national animal, the kangaroo. It was very nice. They didn't have witchetty grubs. I was actually quite relieved because if I saw them on the menu I knew I'd feel obliged to eat them out of misplaced machismo. In this case culinary machismo. I don't think I've ever eaten an insect or a grub."



Sarah Shepherd.

G IS FOR GRAFTON

Kinsey Millhone is Sue Grafton's sensational, crime fighting creation. Her latest book in the Millhone series is *L is for Lawless*. As one of the world's most successful and respected crime writers, Sue Grafton was invited to appear at Adelaide's recent Writers' Week festivities. Despite her hectic schedule I managed to have a chat with Sue about her work.

What inspired you to write crime fiction?

"My father wrote mystery and action stories in the 40's. He was a municipal bond attorney and he began to write fiction. He wrote *And the Rat Began to Gnaw the Rope* but he realised that, unluckily, he couldn't make enough money writing to support the family. He went back to law and before he could begin writing again he died. In a way I'm carrying the torch and calling back his training. In part I write because he wrote. We read Raymond Chandler, Mickey Spillane, I really liked the hard boiled fiction."

Is there a difference between Sue Grafton and Kinsey Millhone?

"There is no difference, we are one and the same. We have different biographies but I play on the connections. She can only know what I know. I learnt how to fire a gun, I do extensive research so that it is possible for Millhone to do things. She is the person I might have been, if I hadn't married early and had children. I can adven-

ture through her. I hate to write - to just park my butt in front of the typewriter. I go to morgues and talk to cops. I wouldn't do that as Sue Grafton."

Do you feel that the Millhone series limits you or traps you as a writer?

"It doesn't trap; it challenges. The mystery novel is like a hand of Bridge in that you are always dealt 13 cards. But from there it can be taken anywhere. You don't quarrel because you have been dealt 13 cards."

Do your readers try to outwit you, or beat Millhone to the solution?

"Yes. I think that it appeals to people with a detailed mind. It is very much the case where the reader and the writer are pitted against each other. In one sense I am a magician and the reader must try to catch me pulling a rabbit out of my hat. You can give the plot away too easily and you can also make it too irritating. You can't conceal things from the reader. You have to play fair, you can't cheat. You have to give all of the clues. As the writer you have to keep the reader interested. Every novel needs to create a certain sense of suspense. You need to get the reader to want to be involved. That makes you want to solve the crime."

Where did the Alphabet concept come from?

"I actually got it from a series of Edward Gore cartoons called the *Gashlycrumb Tinies*. These drawings were done alphabetically. They were pictures of children being killed, and I thought, "Why can't you

do a series of novels like that?" There were also some short stories that used the same device. So I didn't invent the wheel."

Did you hope to construct a strong female protagonist in Kinsey Millhone?

"Yes I did, I liked playing by the boys' rules. When I began it definitely was a boys' genre. But myself and Sara Paretsky and other writers challenged this notion."

So you have recently released *L is for Lawless* but what is M for? Can you tell us?

"M is for Malice. It would have been too obvious if I had of written M is for Murder because I had already done *H is for Homicide*. With that one I had tried not to

use. People had told me that it would be too obvious. They said, "You're not going to do *H is for Homicide*?" and I said no. Then I thought of what I could do. H is for Handcuff, H is for Hostage etc. But in the end I thought why can't I use Homicide? I was going to write E is for Ever, because I liked the play on words, but I couldn't work with the title. When it came to K, I spent four months researching and writing K is for Kidnap. It

wasn't until after four months that I realised that kidnapping is a Federal offence in the U.S. and that Millhone would never have anything to do with it. That's when I decided on *K is for Killer*, because that title could go with any story. When I started I had gone through the alphabet ahead to work out future titles."

Well what is Z?

"Z is for Zero. When I've finished with the alphabet then I might start on numbers. After 26 books though there may not be anything left to say. Millhone will be a very old lady."

Anthony Paxton.



The Sweet Smell of...

The Scent of Power.
Susan Mitchell.

You can smell the feminism a mile off and *The Scent of Power* is all about feminism - the new wave in politics. Susan Mitchell, however, is realistic without being cynical as she takes us into the airport lounge with Cheryl Kernot, and onto the patio at Bronwyn Bishop's house. We enter Ros Kelly's kitchen to make biscuits and talk politics. It is the personal as well as the politics which makes this book fascinating. To read it is to sit behind Susan and "hear her asides, her private thoughts and be aware of her biases", which is exactly what she sets out to do with anti-text-book style. Susan Mitchell pokes around the corridors of the press gallery in Parliament House to bring together the most interest-

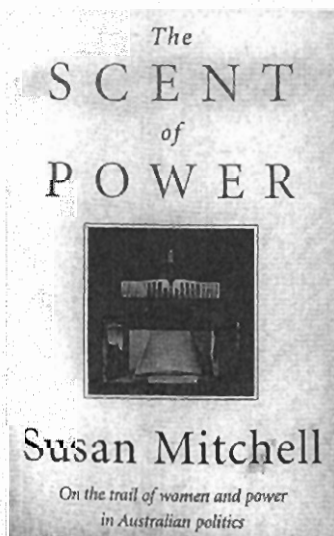
ing cross section of opinion; from journalists to politicians, from Labour to Liberal, everyone has something to say about politics and women.

For those of us who have received a whipping from the anti-men brigade, this book has a lot to offer. It is about power and about the difference of gender in the distribution of political power. It is pro-women without being anti-men. Susan Mitchell has crossed from the political into the personal, so we can understand a little more what it is like to be playing the political game, without the rules of the old boy network to help. She points out however that ostracism of female journalists and politicians is difficult when they are alone to begin with. A political writer for *The Australian*, Laura Tingle explains that her stand against Keating, when in 1992 he began to change his policies, was treated dif-

ferently to that of her colleagues. He telephoned and tried to reason with her. When Laura simply said she disagreed and the phone call became public, Keating left her alone. "Because you're not in the male mates network, they don't know how to get to you".

If you are remotely interested in what happens in Canberra, and not just on a Whiteboard, take a look. You'll be surprised at what happens when you are looking over the shoulder of a woman whose writing invites us to see the people behind the politicians. We get up on stage with Joan Kirner - leather jacket in one hand, microphone in another - to sing 'I Love Rock 'n Roll', karaoke style. "As Germaine Greer said 'The struggle that is not joyful is a waste of time'." Sniff the air, I smell a wave coming in.

Keinwen Shephard.



We want the NPD!

Half Life. The NDP: Peace, Protest and Party Politics

Gillian Fisher

State Library of NSW Press
\$14.95

It truly is a beautiful thing when the masses can gather up as one behind a single worthy cause and kick up so much fuss that the world is forced to listen rather than blindly following the tedium of the major party dichotomy that predominates in Australian politics. For the federal election of 1984, the NDP's platform was apparently simple and unambiguous resulting in nearly 8% of the electorate of this country responding with a vote for the NDP. The platform read as follows....

*to close all foreign military bases in Australia,

*to prohibit the stationing in Australia or the passage through Australian waters or airspace of any nuclear weapons,

*to terminate immediately all mining and export of uranium and to repudiate all commitments by previous governments to the mining, processing and exporting of uranium.

This is all history. Even in a climate of such universal condemnation of French and to a lesser extent, Chinese nuclear testing, it is hard to envisage such a single-minded anti-nuclear party obtaining the same level of support given the populist positions taken

by the big two over the testing issue. What can be learnt from Fisher's work is that the mechanics of sustaining a so-called 'single-issue' party beyond the immediate fervour of the time between formation and polling day are complex. The lessons learnt by the NDP could well translate to the next party born as a response to a solitary, galvanising circumstance.

In 1984, Fisher ran as number two to Peter Garrett in NSW for the NDP Senate team. In the end, only Jo Vallentine from Western Australia succeeded in reaching the Senate despite the fact that Garrett pulled many more first preference votes than other eventual Senators. The fact that everyone but Burnam Burnam directed their preferences away from the NDP clearly sticks in Fisher's throat.

In fact, the disappointment felt by Fisher over the loss of what could have been an enduring political force permeates the book. Much of the momentum seems to have been lost following the election which when combined with the petty political machinations of a proportion of NDP supporters with other vested interests, seems to have led to the downfall of the NDP proper too soon after it began.

Fisher levels much of the blame at the divisive actions of the Socialist Workers Party who infiltrated NDP ranks in the absence of a consensus over the proscription of supporters with

multi-party membership. It seems not everyone was content with a platform that dealt explicitly with only one issue. Many thought that the ideals of the party should have been extended into other policy areas. It was this debate that led to much of the disharmony following the '84 poll.

Half Life... is, at times, an obituary for the NDP interspersed with eulogies provided by Graham Richardson, Peter Garrett, Jo Vallentine and David Lange. But it is also a text book for any aspiring political party unsure of the perils of dealing with politics Australian-style.

I was interested to hear Cheryl Kernot allude to the undemocratic nature of the auctioning of preferences in this country during her speech to the Press Club. She was attempting to defend her party's decision to grant a pro-logging party preferences ahead of the Greens in Tasmania while also explaining the favourable preferencing received by an anti-immigration candidate here in South Australia (apparently the candidate argued against immigration on environmental grounds). The NDP suffered similar treatment from supposed anti-nuclear parties in the race for the final Senate seats in '84. Little appears to

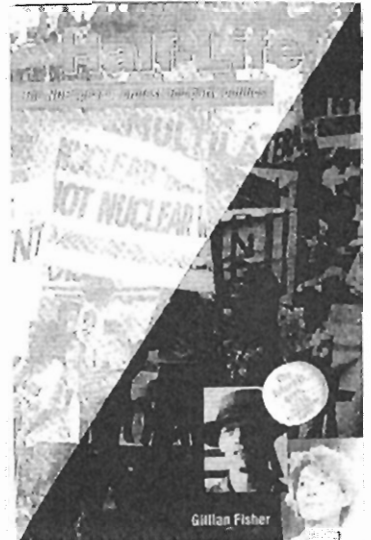
have changed.

Half Life... is not always an exercise in dining on ashes, however. Fisher quotes Peter Garrett as stating...

"...I don't see it as a failure at all. I see it as another step towards the new politics in Australia."

Grab a video of the 'Great Debates' and tell me that doesn't sound like a system worth pursuing.

Bryan Scruby



In the cut

In the Cut.
Susanna Moore.
Picador.
\$ 16.95

The New York of Susanna Moore's *In the Cut* is a city riddled with sex, murder and an all-encompassing sense of dissatisfaction and vague disgust. (Welcome to Dirty Realist Novel # 765.) To relieve these overwhelming, grey emotions the New Yorkers seek to satisfy their lusts; be it satiety for curiosity - the lust of the mind - or for carnality - the lust of the flesh.

Moore's characters are never simple: the cast is layered, with each creation tied in with the others to result in a complex web, almost a clique of people who know the narrator, Frannie, or know something of the gruesome neighbourhood murder which terrifies her. Those fortunates who are not at the thick of the murder inquiry provide a psychological guide on how to deal with dissatisfaction in life (albeit not with spectacular success). Firstly there is Pauline, and her catalogue of sexual affairs (including her resigned reference to her "inability to find true love, as if it were a congenital weakness or fair punishment for some feminist principle that she mistakenly espoused in late adolescence and cannot now abandon honourably"). Then there is Mr Reilly and his obsession with food;

not a true gourmand, as he revels in the suburban culinary experience (shiny diner franchises with "Thanksgiving on a Roll" as the menu highlight). Finally we have neurotic John Graham, supposedly Frannie's good friend, living with and for his hypochondria and paranoia ("I'm really only interested in my own behaviour"). Those caught up in the murder investigation include Detectives Malloy and Rodriguez, who discover that Frannie was in the bar where the victim was last seen, and so prepare to question her. As she was in the bar with one of her students at the time, the Detectives also draw in Cornelius - anxious about a term paper he is writing on John Wayne Gacy and, Frannie suspects, pursuing her in hope of either a good grade or a sexual liaison.

The plot is tightly drawn, giving the easy and eventually true impression that nothing is superfluous. Anything described or transcribed is duly done for a damn good reason, usually in the form of a contribution to the climax/finale/unveiling which crowns off this superb mystery. If Frannie learns anything, it would be that nothing is trivial, but that one isn't educated to recognise the important moments in one's life until - predictably? - it is too late. Perhaps Frannie is too concerned with details, a failing which renders her blind to the full picture, and the mystery's solution. As De-

tective Malloy is collecting clues, Frannie is busy collating words for a dictionary on New York slang: *down for mine*, phr., able to protect oneself (as in "I be fine; I be down for mine") or *dixie-cup*, n., a person who is considered disposable. She does note that an interesting colloquial development is the emergence of synonyms, as it were: *to do*, v., to fuck I *to do*, v., to kill. As this discovery sends the reader hurtling towards yet another guess at the killer's identity, Frannie remains oblivious to any such clues or conclusions. She notices such things with a purely academic mind, and has no ability of applying her knowledge to the practical aim of preventing the killer from striking again. However, to cease being quite so harsh on our protagonist (ie, if I can stop being a pedantic nitpicker for five seconds), her ignorance/innocence in the face of obvious clues can only add to the realism of the novel.

Moore, not unlike Frannie, is constantly concerned with the economy of language, as long as it does not hamper aestheticism. This author has a natural fluidity of style which is impressive to read as she juggles ideas, tangles in the plot and even New York dialects. The juxtaposition of her narrative style with this street-style dialogue creates an amazing tension which jolts the reader out of one world and plunges them into another - and includes a return

trip, likely as not...

All questions of *In the Cut's* intricacies aside, when the cover boasts a one-word critique by Brett Easton Ellis - "Shocking" - you'd best believe it, kiddies. After discovering that to disarticulate a person does *not* mean to render them speechless (well, it would *eventually*...), then I must say I'm rather shocked too. In a word? Equally, my guess is that I'd be glad to keep my arms where they are, thank you very much.

Alethea Leslie.



Hi! My name is Albert

Special Theory of Relativity.
Albert Einstein.
 Sotheby's NY.
 \$US 6-4 million.

A few weeks ago, *On Dit's* Literary section flew me to Sydney to view the original draft manuscript of Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity, which was in Australia for a few days on a whirlwind tour prior to its auction in New York this Saturday (unfortunately, the cheap bastards wouldn't spring for the airfare to America)(*Not really - Eds*). Drafted in 1912 as a major contribution to Erich Marx's *Hanbuch der Radiologie*, it sat in an Einsteinian bottom drawer for ten years due to the escalation of hostilities in Europe. Marx didn't get around to restarting his project until 1922, by which time Einstein regarded the work as outdated, since it was based largely on work done in the years 1905-1908, up to seventeen years earlier. He declined to allow its publication without considerable revisions concerning his General Theory revisions that, unfortunately, he was too busy to do himself. After an ill-tempered exchange of correspondence, the book was finally published without Einstein's contribution, and the manuscript ended up in a private collection.

According to the Sotheby's pamphlet, the text dwells at length upon the unexpected results of relativity theory, and

provides a salient lesson in the suspension of disbelief of unexpected implications until the experimental results are in. Narrow-mindedness is not the

same thing as scepticism - a 1919 expedition to observe the solar eclipse confirmed the Theory of Relativity's prediction of the curvature of space, one

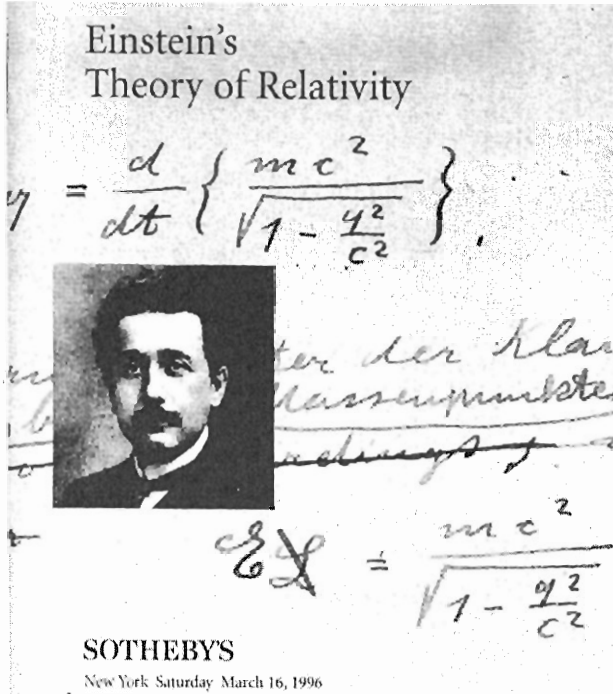
of the "absurd" implications of relativity rejected out of hand by many physicists at the time Einstein went public.

The manuscript abounds with insertions and deletions, giving numerous indications of the train of Einstein's thought as he elucidated his theory. The paper is yellowed with age, the ink browned, but Einstein's scratchy copperplate is surprisingly legible (although my unpractised technical German wasn't up to the job of actually reading it). The exceedingly famous equation of mass-energy equivalence, $E=mc^2$ - which appears with a struckthrough constant in the energy statement - was apparently regarded by Einstein as the theory's most important consequence. Good point there, since it was fundamental to the understanding of the physical processes that brought us the apocalyptic humanitarian disasters of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Chernobyl and Springfield.

So if you felt like picking it up as a novel coffee-table piece, the manuscript went to auction in Sotheby's New York rooms (1334 York Avenue, at 72nd Street) at 2pm last Saturday, March 16. Expected take is \$US 4-6 million. Long live capitalism.

This *On Dit* reviewer flies Qantas, and when in Sydney chooses to stay with his Dad, because it's free, he has a great cellar, and he lets him use his car.

John Byron.



DC vs Marvel

Comics Feature

Think back to the spandex-clad heroes of your childhood. Adam West in his saggy skivvy and floppy bat-ears saving the world from crazed villains

into two very distinct groups by American copyright law. Half of these characters are owned by DC comics (who started the whole thing in 1938 with Superman), while the other half are owned by Marvel comics (who took

women and musclebound men in their vivid lycra bodysuits are meeting one another in the one universe, with the express purpose of kicking seven shades of shit out of each other.

This huge, fun and ever-so-slightly stupid concept is brought to life in a four-part mini-series published by both companies, and written and drawn by popular comic creators who have worked extensively for both companies. For the first time see Superman (DC Comics) fighting The Incredible Hulk (Marvel), Batman (DC) against Captain America (Marvel), Superboy (DC) versus Spiderman (Marvel), Wonder Woman (DC) against the X-Woman Storm (Marvel) - and the results are all voted for by the readers thanks to a poll taken internationally from fans across the globe. So which of your favourite lunatics in silly costumes will win, eh?

The fun does not stop there, however, because out now are the even more ill-advised *Amalgam Comics*, featuring extremely weird combinations of all the heroes from the two companies meshed unpleasantly together. See Bruce Wayne, super-spy! See Wolverine in the Dark Knight's cos-

tume, defending New Gotham with the help of his mutant sidekick Jubilee. Sheer bloody madness.

All of the *Amalgam Comics* are out now and the DC vs Marvel series is currently being released, so if you reckon Superman can tear the Hulk's green hide to pieces, here's your chance to find out.

The Incredible Lycra Man



and their pastel hide-outs, or the more recent Hollywood Batman with his peculiarly phallic car and black armour. Superman. Spiderman. Wonder Woman. The X-Men. Catwoman. The Flash. The Incredible Hulk. Captain America. All famous comic characters, but until recently they were separated

off in the 1960s with the X-Men, Avengers and Spiderman).

Until recently the two groups of characters would never have come into contact with one another. Now, after a considerable amount of co-operation and planning between the two companies, all of these big-breasted





VOX



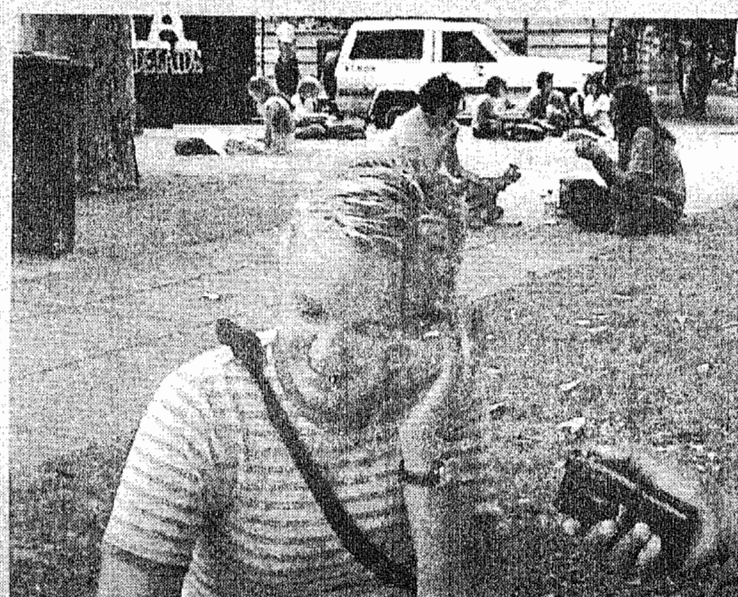
VOX POP QUESTIONS

1) What is your favourite band from the 80's?

2) What is your favourite piece of clothing from the 80's?

BEC

1) I think I liked The Cure back then, yeah, The Cure.
2) Boob Tubes...not that I ever wore them.

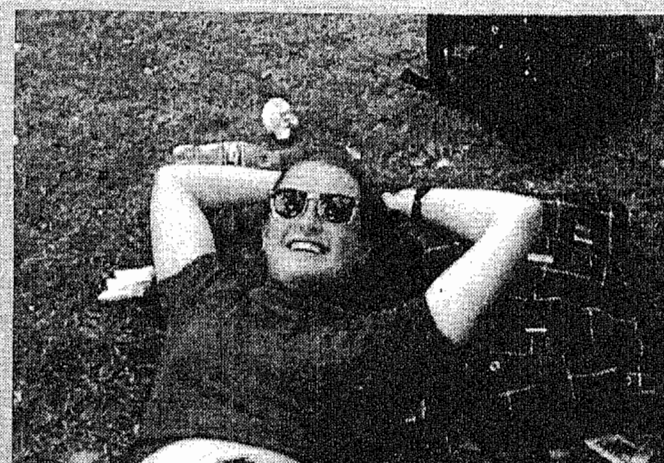
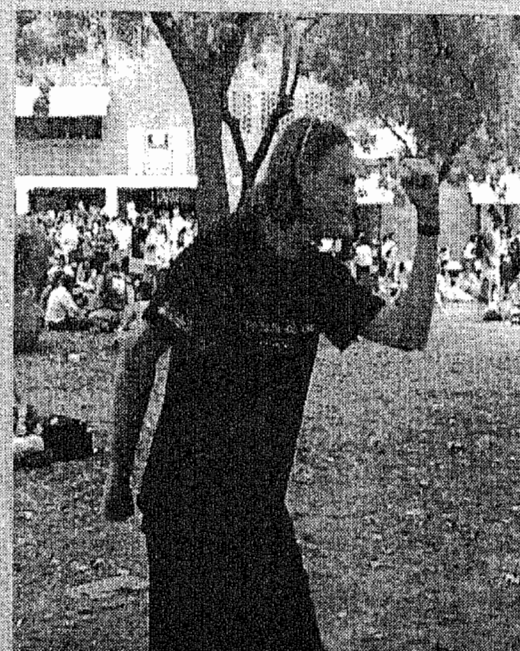


AMANDA

1) It would most definitely have to be A-ha. Why? Because Morton Harkett is just the biggest spunk on earth, that's why!
2) It would have to be my bright pink glow socks, I'd say.

FREDERICK

1) Bananarama. Why? Because they were the most talented musicians of all time.
2) Probably my "I'm a Hungry Jacks Birthday Kid" t-shirt from my eighth birthday.



CLAIRE

1) What, let me think... Oh Bananarama! They were a really cool band. They had these little sexy chicks standing there dancing in front of crappy little backgrounds, it was really quite funny.
2) It would have to be the invention of that big fat puffy head-band, the one that kind of sat about five centimetres off the top of your head, it was great, it had all different types of coloured patterns.

POP

PAUL

1) From the 80's? Crowded House. Why? Because Temple of Low Men was one of the best albums ever written and the covers are really cool.
2) I've actually got a pair of shorts where one half of them is green and the other is yellow.



ROBERT

1) I can't remember what I was into then. Probably Jimmy Barnes...I don't know.
2) I had those sneakers, those KT 26's when I was little.



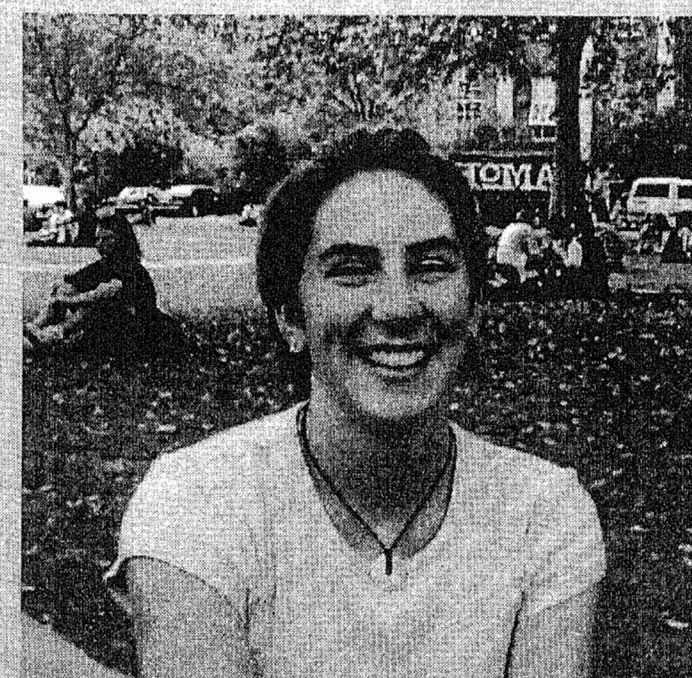
DAVE

1) Yeah, I'd have to go for the Village People, yeah the Village People.
2) It would have to be bright purple flares. They sort of went into the 80's from the 70's.



KAT

1) Skyhooks because Red Symons is just such a legend, I think he's a bastard, he's great.
2) Definitely the ra-ra skirt. It went off, it definitely went off! It looked so good-not.



They made Adelaide exciting for 3 weeks

Well its all over, the flaming Hills Hoists have been extinguished, the star above the Fringe Courtyard has been turned off, the Fringe precinct has reverted back to Rundle Street East and Red Square has taken regained its normal militaristic guise of the Torrens Parade Ground.

So after three fabulous weeks of theatre, music, art, literature, dance and everything in between, just what did the Telstra Adelaide Festival and the Adelaide Fringe Festival achieve? Now that the Grand Prix has gone to Melbourne, Adelaide has finally realised that they still have an international presence through the two festivals and have embraced them to a degree never seen before.

The Fringe precinct was constantly packed out with crowds, prompting

the Adelaide City Council to authorise the closure of Rundle Street on the final two weekends of the Fringe to allow for extra street parties. The success of the Red Square concept showed just how much Adelaide needs an alternative entertainment venue that does not revolve around alcohol and it would be a mistake not to include a similar concept in 1998.

However the most important factor that has emerged from the Festival/Fringe frenzy is that the Adelaide Festival, facing an image crisis following the 1994 Festival, has through the vision of Barrie Kosky, regained its momentum. This has been a challenging and provocative Festival and one that has proved that the arts world has embraced new technology wholeheartedly. This was the Festival of the multi-media with many productions incorporating video, sound and computer technology with the more traditional theatre elements of music, dance and drama.

This had led to a feature of the 1996 Festival being a crossing of genres. This was a Festival where it was difficult to classify works, while the definition and perceptions of theatre were constantly challenged. Some works were visually stunning and beautifully crafted, such as Ho-

tel Pro Forma with *Operation Orfeo*, while others were confronting and provocative, such as La Fura dels Baus with *M.T.M.* The constant debate of just what constitutes art was again a central topic at this Festival, especially in connection with Annie Sprinkle's *Post Porn Modernist*. There was also the examination of spirituality and art through such acts as The Whirling Dervishes, The Taiko Drummers of Ota and Yungchen Llamo. This was clearly an intellectual Festival and while not all the works could be classified as entertainment they definitely aroused the emotions.

Writers' Week was once again another highlight of the Festival and the question must be raised as to whether the Women Pioneer Memorial Gardens has outlived its usefulness as a venue for this literary talk fest. Future planning may have to include considering the possibility of a larger venue if the phenomenal success of this event, one of the largest in the world, is to continue.

Meanwhile the decision to move the Fringe from the Lion Arts Centre to Rundle Street has been an inspired one. The full utilisation of the East End with the transformation of many buildings into entertainment venues, revealed so many treasures that existed in Adelaide. The focus on an area rather than a particular venue made what was an already accessible festival even more accessible.

The inauguration of The Advertiser Comedy Festival as part of the Fringe program, allowed what has been traditionally a strong element of the Fringe its own focus. This has allowed other elements of the program such as theatre and dance, often overshadowed in the past, a chance to develop their own prominence. The development of the Fringe in the Park concept also allowed the Fringe to extend its audience base even further.

It's clear that Barrie Kosky and Barbara Allen have ensured that their respective festivals are alive and well and looking good for the future. I for one, cannot wait to see what will happen in 1998. Bravo!

Fontella Stuart Koleff



I moshed so hard I thought I was gonna die...

Mosh
Paul McDermott.
Headline Tent, Fringe Courtyard.
5-17 March.

Gone are the days of the Doug Anthony Allstars. Tim Ferguson is performing on *Don't Forget Your Toothbrush*; Richard Fidler has just completed some graphic work for Owen Trembath's new book; but what has happened to that bad mannered, offensive and yet incredibly raunchy Paul McDermott. The bad boy supreme of Australian comedy is back (and I mean

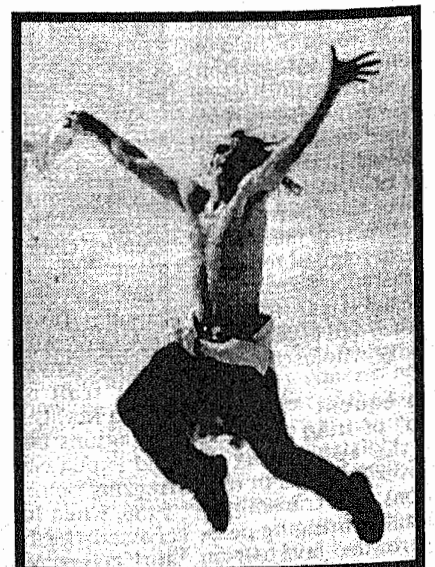
with a capital B). Paul has got together a troupe of six performers to bring to life his creation - *MOSH*. According to the promotional material "*Mosh* is seven gods of lust" and that it is "an adrenaline fuelled dance spectacular". I mean, what the fuck is that??? I was sceptical, I have to admit. I went along to the Headlines theatre with some trepidation. The show began with a bright light display that made one slightly reminiscent of those painful last moments of *Eraserhead*. This ended to reveal the man himself, one Paul McDermott,

standing in the centre of the stage singing and looking sexy. For the next ten minutes the seven performers danced and sung without really connecting with the audience. In this humble reviewer's mind the only thought was, "This is gonna be shtinky!" Thank the gods I was proven wrong. This show is about one thing - challenge. The humour challenges the boundaries of moral, ethical and sometimes legal views. *Mosh* also tests the definition of performance. The reason that I was at first displeased was because my conservative principles of aesthetics were massacred. This was something new and I had not been prepared. I made the stupid and narrow-minded mistake of walking in and assuming that I knew what the show would be like. Leave your prejudices and concepts of the Dougs at the door.

If you manage to get past the problem that I had then you are in for an incredible voyage of music and comedy. In my mind the only way that this production can be described is with the monosyllables WOW!, UHI, YEE!. Or if you're more sophisticated than me, sensational, mind-blowing and

exceptional would be more appropriate adjectives. Whatever happens from here Paul McDermott has well and truly separated himself from the former comedy troupe from Hades (the Dougs). Thus, from this exciting display Paul has made a name for himself as an intelligent, entertaining and confronting artist.

Anthony Paxton.



For those interested in doing reviews and interviews for the *On Dit* theatre section, thankyou for waiting for me to stop having a nervous breakdown! Now that the Festival/Fringe frenzy is over, the first *On Dit* theatre group meeting will be held **tomorrow** (Tuesday, March 19) at the **Gallery coffee shop**, on the sixth floor of the Union Building at **1pm**. Everybody is welcome and for those who have already filled in a form and have not yet returned it to me, please bring it along.

Fontella Koleff (Theatre Sub-editor).

RED SHED THEATRE

Red Shed Theatre Company
Station 2: Eye of Another
March 4.

In every situation there is your version of what happened, someone else's version of what happened and the truth...and a bystander's version of the truth.

In *Station 2: Eye of Another*, Red Shed addresses issues of perception and truth, and how our environments and beliefs influence these perceptions.

Cath McKinnon's clever script explores the truth about various acts of violence from the differing perspectives of the people involved, from the perspectives of onlookers and from the perspective of a court of law. Her dialogue is excellent and the plot original, however the script could benefit from some cutting and tightening. Some of the monologues seemed superfluous to the overall production and some of the repetition became boring, rather than reinforcing.

The constant theme of differing perspectives is supported by Mary Moore and Tim Maddock's design. The thea-

tre is an empty warehouse/display room on Wakefield St. Using multiple acting areas, audience members watch the same scenes repeated from different characters' perspectives, and as there is no seating, the audience have to continually move around and find new positions to watch. Every person in the room has a different view. Great concept to sustain the theme of the play, but at times frustrating and tiring for the audience, especially on a hot night. The full audience appeared to get in the way of the actors and the performance, rather than enhance the production.

An integral part of the design and direction was the use of videos and projections. The most effective was Patricia's monologue about her still-born/miscarried child accompanied by a giant projection of a few week old foetus. The least effective was Tom's stabbing. I don't think it was meant to be funny. The projections looked good on the white walls, but didn't add to the productions. And the "multi-media friendly" all white set sterilised the effects of the violence.

Possibly the best thing about *Station 2: Eye of Another* is the cast. Under Tim Maddock's direction, the performances of Ulli Birve, Syd Brisbane, Eileen Darley, Sally Hildyard, Denis Moore, Grant Piro and Leah Purcell are consistent, strong and believable. This is even more impressive given the difficulties of the performance space and

that each person plays multiple roles.

Station 2: Eye of Another is about perceptions of truth. Isn't this also about any criticism of a production is about? Every person sees something different. The person I saw *Eye of Another* with really enjoyed it, but I got bored.

Anne-Marie Peard.



dv8

dv8 Physical Theatre
Enter Achilles
March 12



Incredible. Inspiring. Sob...why can't life just be continual moments of passion? I know I sound like an incredibly soft reviewer but when I came out of *Enter Achilles* I felt like I had just witnessed something quite amazing.

Enter Achilles explored the relationships and power struggles between men. Set in a pub it featured 8 men having a night of beers and male bonding. The smell of testosterone, hops, smoke and sweat was in the air and male brutality was simmering just below the surface.

What if one of the men is gay? What if someone displays less than "manly" behaviour? *Enter Achilles* revealed the culture of pubs using theatre that was all at once confronting, innovative and accessible; you didn't have to be in the dance/theatre industry to

understand the meaning of the unusual moves.

Enter Achilles focused on how men oppress each other by imposing certain behaviour and attitudes while simultaneously degrading anything that does not comply with the accepted code.

dv8's physical theatre work was truly incredible. The Australian Director Lloyd Newson actually invented the term/style "physical theatre," a term now used as widely as "contemporary dance." Each man was accomplished as both an actor and dancer and "physical theatre" is just that - using the theatrical element of physical movement to tell a story. dv8 (Dance & video 8) is based in the United Kingdom, a fact quickly made apparent by the "fook off's."

The choreography was unconventional and unlike anything I have ever seen before. The all male cast slipped from a stroll to using literally every part of their bodies to support and balance each other. The dancer friend who accompanied me was amazed at the "choreography" and suggested that

they probably videotape all their rehearsals because she could not see how they could otherwise remember all the different movements.

There was also some fantastic humorous moments like the brutal gang bashing of a "gay" guy was turned on its head when the man started whirling around and stripped to reveal a terry cloth Superman outfit complete with slippers. He kept popping up intermittently, and stood out as an immensely gifted performer. He did a scene with another man involving rope and his skill and strength caused the audience to break out in spontaneous applause.

Enter Achilles kept the pace up from start to finish. Each "scene" was markedly different from each other; there was no recurring movements or moods which meant that the audience never had a chance to drift away. The show was incredibly well received by the audience and they received several deserved encores.

Please sirs, some more!

Christina Soong

HANDSPRING PUPPET COMPANY

Handspring Puppet Company
Woycek on the Highveld
Union Theatre
March 6

Woycek... is amazingly effective in a contemporary South African setting, with a black miner as the title character. Originally a German play about a poor soldier in the early nineteenth century, the highly political themes of poverty and oppression translate well into this new context. The (admittedly few) elements of humour within the play are also made more apparent due to the more robust, earthier African treatment. The music of voice and ac-

cordion performing plaintive African dirges evoke powerfully Woycek's gradual descent into despair and madness.

"Puppet show" hardly seems an appropriate description of this production by the Handspring Puppet Company from Johannesburg. Unattached 'human' performers, puppets, puppeteers, musicians and animation combine to create a highly original effect. At times the animation screen illustrates the fragmentation of Woycek's mind, behind the puppet action. Meanwhile the visible manipulation by the puppeteers underscores the social forces to which Woycek is victim,

and the impassivity of these puppeteers serve to emphasise his isolation. An interlude involving a performing puppet rhinoceros and its human trainer parodies the effects of education and of colonisation, inviting direct comparison with colonising nations and their 'for your own good' methods of oppression.

Due to a particularly insistent companion, we were permitted backstage after the performance. On closer inspection, the puppets are less 'animate' and created with roughly hewn wooden faces, rags and simple movement mechanisms. The complex emotions portrayed so well during the per-

formance owe much to the incredibly talented group of five puppeteers. Often working two or even three to a puppet, their cooperation is at such a level that even the most complicated of manoeuvres appear seamless.

The company began in 1981, touring schools in Southern Africa. After contact with other puppet companies in Europe, they were encouraged and inspired to produce work for adults. They are now deservedly recognised and acclaimed world wide. Don't miss the opportunity to see them should they tour again.

Fiona Sutherland

The Advertiser: "Ms Sprinkle is alright!"

Annie Sprinkle
Royalty Theatre
March 12

For what has been the most talked about show of the 1996 Telstra Adelaide Festival, I am still wandering just what all the fuss was about.

Even Ms Sprinkle, during her two-hour plus one-woman show, admits that she has been unsure over whether her work can be classified as art and this turmoil as still evident. After the delayed start to the show, Sprinkle approached the audience timidly, but by the end of her opening prologue on her transformation from the shy Brooklyn Jewish girl, Ellen Steinberg to the extrovert Annie, she seemed to grow more relaxed and confident.

The debate over the definition of art

has been a long standing argument and an especially contentious one at art festivals and I am still unsure whether you would call *Post Porn Modernist* art. However the central issue for the audience revolves around another long-term debate, just what constitutes pornography and despite the somewhat explicit content of *Post Porn Modernist*, I would venture to state that it is not.

Post Porn Modernist provides us with an insight into the world of the sex worker. During the first half of the show, Sprinkle discusses the reasons why she decides to become involved in the sex industry. For her, sex encompasses all areas of her life and shapes her philosophies.

Although there were many humor-

ous moments, this was interspersed with the raising of various serious issues, including the way sex workers are viewed, in her segment "100 Blow Jobs", along with the inevitable spectre of AIDS in "The Men I've Loved". It was certainly food for thought.

While there was an interval, Sprinkle remained on stage, providing members of the audience, at \$15 a shot, an opportunity to have a photo of themselves with her and her breasts. Along with other forms of merchandising associated with the show, it confirmed that although exploitative in nature, it was her who was in charge of the exploitation, not others.

The second half of the show sees Sprinkle discussing her third transformation from Annie to Anya, and how

she had discovered the spirituality of sex. I felt that this did not initially have the same impact as earlier segments. This however could have been due to the microphone shorting on several occasions, resulting in the audience unable to follow what she was saying. Yet the recreation of ancient sexual religious ceremonies, culminating in her "collective orgasm" was a highlight.

While the restaurant scene from *Harry Met Sally* had nothing on this, I for one felt, while leaving the theatre, a sense of contentment and peace. Beyond the controversy, Sprinkle's main message was one of hope that through love we might be able to make the world a better place.

Fontella Stuart Koleff

What's that secret you're keeping?



Las Meninas
Mad Love Inc.
Season Feb 29- March 16

Dating back to the rock paintings of the first prehistoric humans, the interpretation of art has always provided much discussion, debate and confusion. In many cases, a piece of art will present to separate individuals a very different experience, and will have many different influences.

Having gained notoriety with their 1994 Fringe Festival horror hit *The 1,000 Eyes of Dr. Mabuse*, Mad Love Inc. have endeavoured to explore the mysterious Baroque painting *Las Meninas*, by Spaniard Diego (Valazquez.) Since its emergence in 1657, no artist, academic, nor critic has provided one interpretation which will satisfy all.

The painting portrays a situation with many characters involved: the artist himself, a beautiful child princess (attended to by two servants), a dwarf woman, a court jester, a dog, a house-keeper chatting to the security guard, a door guard, and, in the reflection of

a mirror against the back wall, it is possible to see the king and queen. It is the fact that such an array of characters are all assembled together in such a stance that has intrigued critics and left many puzzled. The production of *Las Meninas*, subtitled *Secret Beyond The Door*, looks at the possible interpretations of the art piece through exploring allegories in today's society.

As the audience enters the warehouse theatre, they are required to walk over the stage, and thus, as the actors and set are frozen in a portrayal of the art piece, through the painting, on the way to the seats. Once the audience is seated, the characters come to life and the interaction and allegories begin. The stories range from a restrictive Australian father's conflict with his adventurous daughter, to confinement of all the characters to one room, dealing with the varied emotions and reactions thereto, an erotic sexual encounter, lesbian infatuation, and vo-

yeurism.

The performance featured various forms of impressive technical effects, with acute, atmospheric lighting supplementing the elaborate and versatile set design. Of particular interest were four televisions implanted inside the side wall, showing live video footage of what can be seen through the frame of the painting at any given moment as the characters move around and interrelate.

The cast of six was similarly impressive, with a good command of a variety of accents, but it seems to me to be a trait of some actors of the Mad Love company to shout at unnecessary moments, often to the impairment, rather than the intended enhancement of the play as we see from one of the last lines- 'The Enigma is solved- yet we are not satisfied'- that is exactly what is intended.

Ritchie Hollands

The Angels Wept

Yungchen Lhamo
Red Square
March 7

Yungchen Lhamo ascended the stage in the strangely comforting Red Square in an elegantly simple quilted dress. She took a moment to compose herself at this, her only Adelaide performance, before welcoming her audience and briefly explaining her craft. In her imperfect but amply adequate English (a whole lot better than my Tibetan, I can tell you), she introduced her first song with warmth, candour and a deeply moving humility. She paused, collected herself, opened her mouth to sing. And for the next forty-five minutes, all heaven broke loose — angels wept, poets dreamed, gods swooned, and planets stood still to listen.

Yungchen's unaccompanied devotional vocal style is derived from an ancient Tibetan operatic tradition, adapted not only to express her

deeply felt Buddhist sensibilities, but also to accommodate Western listening practices. While the musical form shares much with Western operatic practices, the lilting character of her voice calls to mind earlier European song traditions. Her calm and measured manner disguises the degree of difficulty which attends each soaring, twisting flight that she takes from her vocal high-tower. Although much of her inspiration springs from the suffering of her fellow Tibetans, her spiritual message is the *raison d'être* of her art: accordingly, she invests each performance with passion and sincerity, invoking hope, compassion and joy in a vocal search for Nirvana (no, the other one — although I'll admit her *Tibetan Prayer* is sitting next to *Nevermind* on my rack).

Towards the end of Yungchen's performance, a troupe of performance roller-bladers set up a practice space on the adjacent parade ground. Through a gap between the hulking

steel shipping containers, these silent wraiths could be seen sweeping up parabolic ramps and floating through hoops, whirling and gliding to the unlikely accompaniment of our heavenly supplicant. The juxtaposition was bizarre, yet somehow harmonious: the invaders' search for an aesthetic of grace and fluidity was entirely apposite. And when the moon rose over the gleaming barracks, the surreal became sublime, as Yungchen exhorted her audience into a mesmerising chant to accompany her last flight. Suddenly this wharf that John West rejected became a Himalayan monastery, and the eclectic Adelaide mob transformed into a haunting choir invisible. Closing my eyes, I surfed this aural aether until first Yungchen, and then the

crowd, fell quiet, and this strikingly talented woman smiled, thanked her audience, and modestly quit the stage.

John Byron



flood

Batsheva Dance Company
Mabul
March 7

With a mixture of Vivaldi, Stomp and even the Doris Day classic *Que Sera, Sera*, Batsheva once again revel in the stylistic eclecticism that is its hallmark in *Mabul*.

While there is an element of theatricality in what is a very physical piece, dance is very much the winner in this work. From the opening segment without music to the finale performed to *Que Sera Sera*, we witness a technicality of dance that is without bounds.

Cohesion and consistency in aesthetics is not however a credo of artistic director Ohad Naharin and there are times when the more free flowing balletic movements are punctured with

moments of athleticism. Acrobatics and Renaissance court dancing are styles that are also featured.

However this is not just a dance work and the virtuosity of the dancers is clearly revealed as they sing, recite text and engage in shouting and screaming. One of the highlights is a choral adaptation of Vivaldi's *Nisi Dominus* that sears the soul, especially with the solo contralto voice of Arnon Zlotnick. This follows hard on the heels of an a-la-Stomp foot-tapping body-slapping percussion scene.

Following the saga involving Batsheva's hamster and Australia's quarantine laws, the adaptation of the hamster performance involving dancer José Yungman to the

screen enhances rather than detracts from the scene. The relationship between the dancer and animal is equi-



site and a sight to behold.

Mabul is not a "pretty" piece, it is a challenging work that pushes the boundaries of dance. The sudden changes of mood jolt the audience and remind us that dance is vital, energetic and intensive. There are moments of humour which cleverly breaks down the intensity.

This is a work that comprises a rich mixture of music and sound which on the surface seems incomprehensible, but in practice works! *Mabul* in Hebrew means "flood" and in this production this can be viewed by the level of energy that permeates the work. Above all it is an exciting piece that is brilliantly crafted and performed.

Fontella Stuart Koleff

That Gen X Thang

State Theatre & Magpie Theatre Company
Solstice
March 6

Welcome to a snapshot of 24 hours in the life of Adelaide seen through the eyes of Generation X.

Their loves and their fears, initially brought out in the open by Matt Rubinstein in his verse novel *Solstice* has been cleverly transformed onto the stage in an ingenious State Theatre/Magpie production.

From 6am of the Summer Solstice until 6am the following day, we follow the lives of the various characters and how they interweave and interconnect with each other's experience during this one day of the year. The main story thread of Rebecca and Glenn sees them break up, experiment with alternative liaisons (heterosexual and lesbian, which was sensitively portrayed) and reunite, while a

backpacker and a travel writer provide the outsider's view of the city.

While the play covers all aspects of Adelaide, including Glenelg Beach, the Botanic Gardens, a quarry, a pub, a bookstore and a cafe, the Amphitheatre backdrop of the Festival Centre, the River Torrens, Elder Park and sheets of lightning on the northern horizon, created an atmosphere that one could only describe as well, truly Adelaidean. Coupled with the simple, but very clever high-tech stage design by Michael Scott-



Mitchell of scaffolding and multi-media imagery, results in the essence of Adelaide coming to life.

Rubinstein's verse breathes from the page, having been worked with the sympathetic jazz rhythms of Barney McAll and the soulful voice of Kate Cebrano who plays The Chorus, and ultimately becomes the star. Through Cebrano's working of the audience as she swings in and out of song (she also has an excellent speaking voice), there are times when the words just wash over you, like the breeze rippling along the Torrens.

Along with Cebrano's stellar performance, director Neil Gladwin's role as the philosophising Arthur, Nadine Garner as Kristin, the Danish tourist, and Bronwen James as the cynical American journalist, Zoe, provide the show with its strength and pace. However, Kate Kendall and Mark Saturno as the core love story couple of Rebecca and Glenn don't quite match the calibre of the above mentioned quartet although they perform consistently.

It is an Adelaide play, written by an

Adelaide boy and performed in Adelaide, yet the universal themes of alienation, love and fear led to responses among both local and visiting members of the audience. Above all it is a play for anyone of us, anywhere in the world.

Fontella Stuart Koleff



<Insert Joke about Milk Money here>

Parting Company
Milk, Milk, Lemonade
March 11-17.

As I collapsed into my plastic seat in the hot, cramped theatre after waiting in line for half an hour I thought, "This had better be worth it!" Luckily, those talented wags from Parting Company have yet again come up with the goods. The 24 sketches of *Milk, Milk, Lemonade* parody movies, television,

contemporary music and even that sacred cow, the Festival, in an hour and a half of fun and frivolity.

The revue constantly switches between live action, song and film, maintaining the pace and utilizing the actors kaleidoscopic skills. John Wells and others were able to call upon their improvisational expertise when technical hitches left the audience alone in the dark. Jamie Watts and Cate Rogers were particularly impressive with their impression of Joe Cocker, Nick Cave and the popstar from the Cranberries, their performances and the script being equally comical.

The script in general was superb. It was refreshing to see a performance with an Adelaide focus. Locals would have recognised both the well-known street poet and the symptoms of "art wanker" syndrome which afflicts otherwise normal

people at Festival time. The prevailing scatological humour was universally familiar, and in this case, almost universally amusing. If you don't find bodily functions humorous, you may have had a tough time with sections of *Milk, Milk, Lemonade*. There were, as is inevitable with comedy, parts of the revue that I found less funny than others, but there always seemed to be someone in the over-capacity audience guffawing. The worst thing that could be said is that some of the sketches were too long - but this did not effect the overall impression. Parting Company satirizes scenes from everyone's experience to provide a show that really does have something for everyone.

Milk, Milk, Lemon-

ade was, as the program assured me, side splittingly funny, and performed with enthusiasm and vigour by a diversely talented troupe of actors. Parting Company have delivered another excellent evening out, showing Adelaide and the Fringe the quality of our local talent.

Penelope Fredericks



Mr Ed Speaks

Ed Kuepper is about to tour the country with a new acoustic performance. In his only Adelaide performance the guru of Australian music will grace the stage of our very own Unibar. To see what we will be getting Anthony Paxton spoke to Ed about his recent work.

We asked Ed what was the inspiration behind the album *Ed Kuepper Sings Your Greatest Hits*.



"Well I like the idea of a greatest hits album. It's sort of outside of the general range of records. There are a number of good singles on there and I was just trying to create that feel of good music."

With the popular success of his last venture we asked what is in the immediate future for Kuepper fans.

"A couple of singles which are basically the start of an album.

A single will be released shortly, two singles I think."

What sort of sound can we expect to hear?

"Well I suppose I have been developing some ideas with my music. And I'm taking those in a

sort of sideways sort of direction. It's a very elaborate album and I think it's a bit early to be talking about it with any authority at the moment."

So does that mean that he doesn't know what it will sound like?

"I have a pretty good idea of what it's about but I'm still sort of putting it together."

What has inspired the current acoustic tour, was it MTV?

"Early last year was the first time I had ever performed solo. It was the most enjoyable kind of tour. It's a side of what I do that I want to keep active. The album that I'm

recording is a very elaborate situation with strings and keyboard. It's sort of dynamic to go out and play solo. It's good to go out and make that work and

it sort of does work and that's something I enjoy."

Is this the closest that he can get to playing one on one to Australia?

"Well I would find it very difficult to go to everyone's lounge rooms."

And is that something that he would want to do?

"Definitely not."

Well we will be inviting Ed into the Voodoo Lounge (otherwise known as the Unibar) this Friday 22nd Mar.



Before You Were Blonde.
Boltz Café.
9, 10, 15 and 16th March.

Before You Were Blonde seem to have been around forever. They are constantly a big crowd puller for the Fringe. They have made quite a name for themselves but there have been changes in this a capella choir which you may not be aware of if you haven't seen them since the last Fringe. The choir still retains its voice orientation as well as a number of their popular pieces. *Throw Your Arms Around Me*, *Passionate Kisses* and the choir's original work (written by former director, Andrea rienets) are still prominent in their repertoire.

That is the first change. Andrea rienets has passed over her position to Gina Zoia. Because of this the atmosphere of the act is dramatically altered. There is now a greater emphasis on ambience and the centrality of the voice. This is not necessarily a good thing because it has detracted from the choir's former vitality. Gone are the vibrant renditions of *Lovecats* and *Vogue* which were known to get a few audience member "bopping". Instead, *Before You Were Blonde* have decided to attempt some difficult pieces. Some of these work and some I'm afraid do not. Bombs would include the haphazard versions of Bjork's *It's Oh So Quiet* and Madonna's *Unconscious*. A huge success musically was the delightful version of Itchee and Scratchee's *Sweetness*

and *Light*. This is definitely a distinctive, dangerous and courageous piece for the group to have chosen, but they do a superb job of it.

With this I was suitably impressed, but with changes to the 27 voice choir *Before You Were Blonde* have lost some of their strength and power. An obvious example of this was *Throw Your Arms Around Me* by the Hunters.

This song (one of the greatest pieces of Australian music) demands exceptional singing from the male members of the choir, and sadly I think it was too demanding.

The upstairs room at Boltz Café offered an intimate environment and the songs were excellent. Despite my criticisms *Before You Were Blonde* are still Adelaide's premier voice ensemble.

Anthony Paxton.

Don't leave your AUSTUDY application to the last minute



Apply by 31 March to get your full AUSTUDY entitlement.

If you are studying for the full year or for first semester, you must lodge your AUSTUDY application by 31 March to make sure you get any back payments to which you may be entitled. Even if your application is incomplete, give it to a Student Assistance Centre or CES

office by 31 March and provide what's missing later. You'll find the phone number and address of your local Student Assistance Centre or CES office listed under "E" for "Employment, Education and Training, Dept of" in the White Pages of the telephone book.

Right on Remmy

REMMY ONGALA AND ORCHESTRA SUPER MATIMILA THEBARTON THEATRE MARCH 11

Listening to Remmy Ongala envisages the essence of Africa. As the rolling melodic drive of Zairean soukous wafted through the Thebarton Theatre, the plains and deserts of Africa came plainly into view.

Fresh from the outback vistas of Pimba and the Womad Indian Pacific train journey, Ongala would have been forgiven if he was suffering placement delusions, but for this imposing man there was no doubt that he was in Adelaide. For

many of us there are fond memories of Ongala and the Adelaide Festival, following his inspirational performance at the inaugural Womadelaide, part of the 1992 Festival. On this return visit it is clearly apparent that the class that won him many new fans four years ago had not diminished.

Performing in the confined space of Thebarton Theatre rather than the open air Botanic Park venue of 1992, it quickly became apparent that the venue was unsuitable for him. With a small, although enthusiastic crowd, the theatre seemed too cavernous, making it difficult for Ongala to produce any sense of intimacy.

However the super-cool "Dr" Ongala knows how to work an audience and with the seductive, repetitive rhythms provided by himself and his backing band, Orchestra Super Matimila, it wasn't too long before many in the audience came to the front of the stage to dance the evening away. His towering appearance and his rich, soulful voice, clearly establishes his command of the evening.

Although originally from North Eastern Zaire, Ongala now lives in Tanzania. While his music has mass appeal back home, his work is known as "ubongo beat", referring to the often serious messages featured in his songs. However for

an audience in Adelaide, while Ongala performs many of these songs the infectious nature of his music produces a sense of celebration and fun. This clearly becomes evident when he encourages the audience to join with him to chant "Sunny Holiday".

If festivals are meant to be the celebration of the arts, then Remmy Ongala was a perfect inclusion in this year's program. The festive nature of his music, combined with the crowd response, produced a party-like atmosphere. It was just a pity that more people did not join in the festivities.

Fontella Stuart Koleff

Top Notch Tubby

TUBBY JUSTICE STAR CLUB MARCH 10

Triumphant from her 1992 sell-out Fringe performance, Tubby Justice again showed just why she has remained an enigma in the tough world of the music industry.

Over the years she has built up a loyal fan following in almost defiance of the fact that she rarely performs and retains full control (both artistic and financial) of her various album releases, ignoring approaches from major record labels.

On her return to the Star Club (although at a different venue) four years later, Justice again drew a sell-out crowd. Her three-piece band featuring long time collaborator Steve Matters, Peter Raidel and Rod Ling provided a rousing prelude to warm up the audience before we were finally

graced with the presence of Justice herself.

From the moment she steps up on stage, Tubby Justice draws you into an intimate bond with her and her music. It is music that is without pretension as it gently woos the audience. With Justice there is no theatrics, just an honest performer, doing what she knows best - singing songs.

While she seems shy at the mi-

crophone and uncomfortable with her stage presence, it is an endearing persona, especially as she engages with the audience with humorous observations about being up on stage.



This time around the on-stage patter became personal, with family members sitting in the audience, she relates some of her musical antics of childhood

and stresses the importance of family to her. It is without doubt that Justice's musical influences were formed at an early age.

Ultimately it is the music that is the winner as her voice soars above the music, commanding attention. The band was tight and provided strong support with Ling's acoustic and electric guitar grooves and Raidel's saxophone enhancing the overall jazz cocktail sound.

Most of the songs performed were from her new disc, *Baby, Paw Paw* although there was the odd selection from her earlier discs to keep the long-term followers happy.

With such rare appearances, it is unfortunate that the time constraints of the Star Club meant that it was all too soon before Tubby left the stage. It is hoped that on her next return to the Fringe the powers that be will allow her devoted audience a longer chance to hear one of Adelaide's most unique singers.

Fontella Stuart Koleff

Live, Local & Loud

Woody McBain CD Launch UniBar Friday, 8th March

Last Friday saw seven of Adelaide's premier guitar bands assemble at the UniBar for a night of mayhem in honour of Woody McBain, Shock Records latest signing. For those of us deprived by the lack of diversity at this year's O'Ball, it was the perfect antidote. Loud, fast, alternated guitars and not a hint of funk in sight.

The Moonies were first cab off the rank. Can't say I've heard of them, but it was a promising gig. The songs were good and the use of a violinist was a cool one. However, it was hard to ignore the

tuneless vocals, which were rather dominant in the mix. All Flight Crew Are Dead appeared onstage soon after, sped through a short set of their Buzzcock-styled songs and then left. Both early bands appeared hampered by the lack of an audience and general indifference to their songs.

It was good to see an increase in punter numbers by the time the Miltons began their set. They are a constantly evolving band, seemingly wheeling out great batches of new songs each time they play. With a new drummer and Renate sounding very confident behind the microphone - easily the best vocal performance of the night - this criminally under-rated band must soon get the credit they deserve. Flat Stanley always seem

to impress with their indie tunes, delivered by three distinct vocalists. On the night, Paul Champion's songs and delivery had the most presence. Be sure to watch out for a new single out in April on Pop Gun Records.

Goofy Footer were next to hit the stage and played their usual set of bud, rock-based songs to a largely disinterested audience. The band was characteristically energetic, but the songs weren't coming off as they should have.

Penultimate band for the evening was Rash. By their own admission, they had only rehearsed once in the past two months and it did tend to show. Nevertheless, Rash are a tight, three-piece with above average songs and still kept the crowd en-

tertained. An attempt at the Degrassi Junior High theme was particularly noteworthy.

And then came Woody McBain. Out of respect for Adelaide's new musical stars, the crowd even stood up for the Woody set. With the figure of Craig McLachlan (in his halcyon Check 1-2 days) looming large over the stage, Woody McBain gave their new CD a good airing. It was good to see the crowd responding to the music, much of which was clearly well known.

After a short set it was all over. In the end, a healthy crowd enjoyed over six hours of loud, local and, most importantly, original, live music.

A. Balfour-Ogilvy



**Ministry
Filthpig
(Warner Bros)**

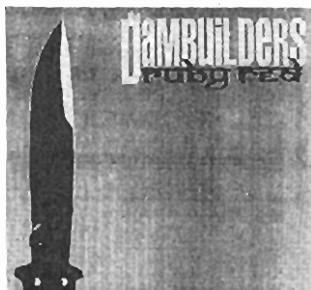
Yeccccccccaaaarrggghhhhh!!!! The sultans of scum are back, with the first album since *Psalm 69* a few years back. *Filthpig* is the album many thought would never see the light of day, and if it did it'd be rubbish, due to personal problems, band tiffs and departures, and Al Jourgenson's allegedly humongous and creatively debilitating drug habit, amongst other, typically bizarre, hold ups. Well, the good news is that it's here and it's bloody good.

Right from the stinging and short opening blast of *Reload* to the closing dirge of *Brick Windows*, *Filthpig* is a sterling grindfest of an album, taking in all the old Ministry tricks and incorporating a few newies as well.

Despite all this, however, something still seems to be missing. Perhaps it's the lack of anything as immediate as *Jesus Built My Hotrod* of *NWO*, but *Filthpig*, despite being good, falls just short of the greatness of *Psalm 69* and *The Land of Rape and Honey*.

But it IS good, and it contains the hilarious industrial-metal cover of Bob Dylan's *Lay Lady Lay*, ironically the first (and almost only) thing recorded for the album. Worth the price of admission alone.

Gerard van Rysbergen



**Ruby Red
The Dambuilders
(Shock)**

What's so good about the Dambuilders? Well, they rock and they have their own unique style. Jeff Buckley likes them enough to have them as his support act in the Eastern states - which is a pretty good rap. And if you've heard any of the songs off *Ruby Red* as Triple J's album of the week, I'm sure you'd agree.

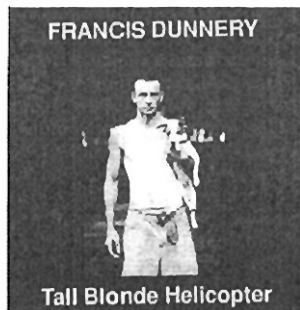
I think that the lyrics 'set to explode' from the dynamic opening track *Smooth Control* best describes where the Dambuilders are with innovative style of rock'n'roll. The

name 'Dambuilders' may be quite unremarkable but *Ruby Red* shows they are a remarkable band.

It's hard to name stand-out tracks because there are so many. Probably the most catchy track is *Teenage Loser Anthem*. *Rocket to the Moon* is a bit more experimental and it really rocks. The falsetto vocals reminiscent of J Mascis in the atmospheric track *Down* are just so passionate and they are perfectly accompanied by the percussion and violin. The depth of the Dambuilders' sound and the skill of their musicianship is highlighted by the classical violin solo with a distorted bass line layered over the top in the song *St T*.

Overall, *Ruby Red* is an all-round great rock album with a difference, pure quality.

Scott Berry



**Francis Dunnery
Tall Blonde Helicopter
(Atlantic)**

Known by some for a) last year's minor novelty 'indie hit' *American Life in the Summertime* and b) looking like a cross between Kurt Cobain and Beck, Francis Dunnery has shaved his head, bought a puppy (awww ...) and 'freed up' his attitudes to life and music. The result? *Tall Blonde Helicopter*.

Just by looking at the frankly bland black'n'white cover shot of one man and his dog, you pretty much know immediately what you're gonna get, and you wouldn't be far wrong. Dunnery delivers a hefty slice of meat'n'potatoes, folktinged, acoustic-driven rock in fifteen bite sized morsels over a one-hour main course.

The best thing about Dunnery is by far and away his gorgeous sense of humour, which pops up throughout the album, be it bizarre introductions ("This is a song about severe emotional problems" in a chirpy voice before the hilarious *Too Much Saturn*), cute lyrics (*Saturday* again) or song titles like *I Don't Want to be Alternative*. This is something to be encouraged.

Sadly, however, the songs themselves aren't much cop. *48 Hours* plods along nicely in a Julian Cope Demo kinda way, and *Because I can* is cute, but the rest is just dull - particularly the carbon copy of Cat Stevens' *Father and Son*. Some of the lyrics are just a teensy bit crap, too. Some good ideas, but mostly a case of "Been There, Dunnery That".

Gerard van Rysbergen



**Nu-Music Sampler
Series II
Various Unsigned Artists**

Rather disappointing CD this one. With 19 bands represented and styles ranging from rock, funk, metal, thrash and 'world music', there should be something for everyone. However, these unsigned bands, mostly from Victoria, come off sounding rather unprofessional. Blame for the poorly developed sound must be levelled at Trevor Carter, who engineered and mixed almost all these songs. Full credit must go to Trev for the attempt, but he really does fail to do justice to such an array of musical styles.

Adelaide's representatives, Raw and Seahorse (both good live bands), have fared better than most in the transition from pub to studio. Other notable (compromising members Chuck, Trev, Steve, Norm and Dave) whose song *Free* sounded convincing enough to me. *Planet Screaming* by 4Q was also cool, displaying

Spiderbait-styled tendencies. However Harmonic Hell, Apparition and Mahogany were all shite.

Andrew Balfour-Ogilvy

**sunscreen[®]
change or die**



**Change or Die
Sunscreen
Sony**

It's been nearly three years since Australia first danced to *Love U More*, the song that topped rock, dance, alternative and mainstream charts in both the UK and US. And for those who remember that song, Sunscreen sound no different today - no bad thing when you consider the fact that they are amongst the world's most proficient purveyors of techno rock fusion. And yet there's something different about *Change or Die*. Right from the first moments when *Exodus* claws its way off the CD, it's clear this is nearer musical art than the polished dance of their previous album *O*.

A great deal of this quality may be attributed to simple refinement. Guitars, cello, assorted percussion instruments, etc. find their way seamlessly into the mix alongside throbbing dance, swirling trance

- 1 Be My Lover - La Bouche
- 2 Fee Fi Fo Fum - Candy Girls feat. Sweet Pussy Pauli
- 3 Get Down On It - Peter Andre
- 4 Automatic Lover (Call For Love) - Real McCoy
- 5 It's What's Upfront That Counts - Yash
- 6 Boombastic - Twenty To Two
- 7 Movin' Up - Dreamworld
- 8 Holding Out For A Hero - Deezire
- 9 Best Things In Life Are Free - Luther Vandross & Janet Jackson
- 10 Wrap Me Up - Alex Party

Compiled by James Ingram

and the lush vocals of Lucia Holm. Just listen to the opening lines of *When* or the gorgeous synth washes of *For Maddened Prophets* and you'll know where these guys are coming from. Highlight tracks are hard to pick as the album is constructed as a musical journey, with songs blending together but particularly worthy are the romantic *Looking at You* and the uplifting, Eastern-tinged *White Skies*.

This is only scratching the surface though. There's not a dull moment to be found on *Change or Die* and if you're looking for a dance album that doesn't rely on cliched negativity or cheap sexual innuendo, then you need this more than oxygen.

Eat that Motir-8.

Isaac Bridle



The Man with the Perfect Hair
Things of Stone and Wood

Yes, another unplugged album. In their introduction, the Thingsies stated that 'unplugged' is a 'sickenin' cliché, and that I had been presented with a 'warts and all' album. Yeah, they're not bloody wrong. The whole album is based around a right drip who dreams of girls and falls in love with a check-out chick who has only uttered "Be Back Again" to him, of course this means that she wants to bonk him senseless...doesn't it? I'm sorry but this album pissed me off to no end, particularly *Marcelle's Jig*, where we are subjected to a whining violin recital which 'picks up' with a Jerry Lee Lewis type outburst on the piano, then settles back into the violin, playing the same damn tune again mind you. These guys aren't getting any of it, in *One Bit of It* and they're letting us know about it in an English Blackpool Fairground local band kind of way. Read these lyrics and shake with the impending controversy: "Wearing yellow for her new son, she came to us from Essendon. She'd smoke three while I smoke one, will the bushes survive?...We'd sketch out our blasphemies, like Jane Austen eating shit" Oh boy, they're really pushing it. This is good for a frisbee, or a pooper scooper, nothing much else though.

Fiona Sproles



Joan Osborne
Relish
(Polygram)

On her debut album, Joan

Osborne displays sensitivity and charm in her well-versed and structured lyrics, with soulful vocals not unlike those of Stevie Nicks.

It is a very, very Radio Friendly record. This means that it is boring. Every song is neatly assembled, ranging from country-rock to rock-pop, and sung with a smiling charisma equivalent to that of Amy Grant. None of the album is particularly moving, however it does sound nice. Perfect, in fact-it's a

Grammy Award winner. It features the Hit Single *One Of Us*, the current Triple M favourite (which Osborne didn't actually write).

Listenable, passionate and perfectly produced *Relish* may be, it remains insipid and tiresome. Despite Osborne's vocal abilities and well-rehearsed songwriting skills, *Relish* is as disposable as any Top 40 dance album.

Ben deHoedt



Tokyo Ghetto Pussy
Disco 2001
(Sony)

The current incarnation of Jam and Spoon, hiding behind the Japanese 'Hardcore' techno facade of *Tokyo Ghetto Pussy*, has churned out a mediocre record - obviously designed for easy consumption by the viewing population of 'Video Hits' and the like.

The fast, catchy single *I Kiss Your Lips* opens the album, followed by an identical track called *To Another Galaxy*. It is a lengthy record, at 70 minutes- unfortunately, TGP lack the creativity to make it worth listening to for that long. Despite this, *Disco 2001* does make a good dance record, being both infectious and uplifting (as most dance music is). The highlight is the closing track, an epic remix of *Everybody On The Floor* which builds up over 10 minutes to an invigorating climax.

Beneath the revolting cartoon character who appears to be perpetually farting or masturbating, and her stupid looking real-life counterpart (who may or may not be singing on the album), lies a dull but happy record.

Ben deHoedt

STUDENT RADIO
ALL AGES LAUNCH

There are, presently, no all ages venues in Adelaide. This means that if you are under 18 and have a passion for seeing live bands, there are very few regular outing options for you, unless events are specially designed to accommodate all ages. Then there's the money factor. Often, touring bands will play a few gigs when they come through, one of which might be all ages. But if they are an international act, you are usually up for over \$20. If they are from interstate, chances are you'll be up for around a tenner at the very least.

Enter the **Student Radio All Ages Launch**.

Student Radio 1996 has been broadcasting for one month now and has already attracted a strong listenership of secondary and tertiary students as well as a wide group of listeners who enjoy our support of local, independent artists and groups not heard on commercial radio. Thank to all those listeners who have called so far. Keep that feedback coming. So we feel as though it's about time to let the whole town know we're here, and what better way to do that than with a mega local band frenzy!

We will be launching the new program for 96 up in the **UNIBAR THIS SATURDAY NIGHT** and **EVERYONE** is invited, **NO MATTER WHAT AGE YOU ARE**. If you want to consume liquid of the alcoholic kind, **BRING SOME I.D** so we know you are of legal age. Other than that, all we ask is that you bring your beautiful selves, and maybe a few friends as well. There will be five local bands playing, all of whom have members presenting/producing shows on Student Radio and studying at uni. They are: royal pop noisters, **FLAT STANLEY, ASTOR MICKEY** (be prepared for many surprises here), the ever-rockin' **LEE**

HARVEY AND THE OSWALDS from the Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music (adel. uni), those crazy punksters from **GRANNY'S LIPS** and cute-as-pie lo-fi duo **BRIAN APPLES**. There will be live poetry readings by local artists and demos, as well as groovy stuff like fanzines, t-shirts and vinyl on sale, lots of info to pick up, plus if you want to b.y.o a garment, we'll spray it with a logo.

And now for the coolest thing of all. We have not set a door charge. We would be most appreciative if you could make a gold coin donation (or more if you are feeling rich!) at the door so that we can cover our costs. However, this is not a money-making event. Student Radio is a non-profit group which promotes local artistic activity and provides an avenue for students who want to be involved in radio to acquire skills and have a lot of fun along the way! We want punters, not dollars. We will also be drawing raffles throughout the evening and we're sure there are some prizes that will have you drooling at the mouth. (The 23rd could be an excellent evening for tattoo enthusiasts.)

Bear in mind the **SPECIAL STARTING TIME of 7pm**. The bands will be kicking off then and everything will wrap up around midnight. This event will be an excellent opportunity for all you tacky glamour queens out there to strut your funky stuff. Come as your favourite music celebrity and we will present a prize to the most outrageously dressed person. All in all, it's going to be a damn cheap, mighty fine evening of fun, so come along and reel in the buzz as Student Radio thrusts itself up through the underbelly into 1996.

Student Radio@5UV. 10pm every night. First station on your AM dial.

Smashing Pumpkins

Smashing Pumpkins
Entertainment Centre

What better way to start a concert than by getting a good frisking. Then after that being told I had to fill out some forms to take a copy of On Dit into the stadium to beat the 1 1/2 hours of boredom before any bands came on. What a joke.

Anyway, Def-FX came on and played their set to a reasonable response. Before the Pumpkins came

on, though, they made a near hysterical crowd wait and watch the famous car chase from the movie *Bullet* - that's cool. The outright class and diversity of the Pumpkins was shown by Billy Corgan's classical masterpiece *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness*, both opening and closing their breathtaking set. Yes, the concert was nearly perfect. The only possible complaints would be a couple of songs being dragged out too long and

not enough old songs being played (i.e. off *Gish* or *Pisces Iscariot*).

Stand-out songs (which were hard to pick) included brilliantly intense versions of *Bullet with Butterfly Wings* and *X.Y.U.*, the lighting for which was almost hypnotic. 1979 was fun to dance to and Billy's magic continued with the ballad *By Starlight*, *Porcelina for the Vast Oceans*. *Mayonnaise* was also turned into a ballad.

I was amazed at the between-song banter. Billy Corgan seemed a much more likeable character than the media makes him out to be and, well, James Iha is just a legend. Billy's guitar playing was truly spellbinding - he is a genius. The Pumpkins left the crowd in awe as they completed an amazing set with the lullaby *Farewell and Goodnight*.

Scott Berry



FUNKENGRÜVEN

The Scene of Cool Grooves

Look out! It's Tito!!

Tito Puente
Live at Thebarton Theatre

For those who have heard and know of Tito, expectations of this performance were high. Unfortunately these were not really met. For a performer who has been around for about fifty years, and been given the title of "numero uno" a higher quality performance should have been given.

The first perception I made was that the horn section especially lacked a powerful edge. I think some of it was lost to the evils of a poor gig and poor mix, but as people have said Tito should have adapted to it. The musicians, whom I have heard on albums, I thought were a mix of good and nothing too special. The horns consisted of bari, sax/flute, two bones, violin, trumpet/flugelhorn, and another trumpet. They were powerful when they made a pounding ef-

fort to be, otherwise they sounded tight, articulate but without an edge. There were some pretty good solos and playing across the board. I especially liked their version of *All Blues*, which featured a screeching

trumpet solo. Most of the music was old Tito favourites.

The piano playing was quite good. The bass playing was simple and didn't do much for me. The percussionists were quite solid and skilled. Their playing

made a good bed for the band. Tito's playing was pretty minimal. When he did play it lacked energy and musicality. His scant solo runs lacked structure and form and were very disappointing. Some say that Tito was stoned off his nut - that would help explain it all. Tito did a lot of acting on stage, possibly to hide the music. He was a good crowd relations performer; pumping the crowd up through his antics and trying to carry it over to his music. He played vibes on one tune; the same which I had heard him play before on another recording (a live one I think). His long, fast runs were pretty good, but nothing extra special.

Although many people really got into Tito's performance I still felt disappointed. Such is life. But in retrospect, of the week, Arturo was to make up for it.

George Nisyrios Jnr



Arturo Sandoval

Arturo Sandoval's Latin Train
Live at Thebarton Theatre

Arturo's playing was absolutely mind blowing. His playing is supposedly faster and higher than any other trumpet player alive today - and he proved it. The concert he put on was so powerful, exciting, skillful and fun that it left the musicians in the audience speechless.

The Latin Train consisted of Arturo on trumpet/flugelhorn, percussion, vocals and piano, Kenny Anderson on Sax, Dave Ends on bass, Manuel Castrillo on percussion, Willie Jones on drums and Tip Stephens on piano/keyboard. All the musicians were quite pronounced and each gave pretty exciting performances. The first tune had Arturo blowing quite an amazing solo, just teasing us with a few high notes and tempting us for more. Kenny blew a pretty good solo on sax, as he was to do many times through the night. There was also a piano solo which also was quite good. But then Manuel on congas took the solo spot and didn't stop.

This was the longest conga solo I've ever heard. It was great. His playing was very articulate and skilful. He played fast but with energy and syncopation, making full use of all four congas he had. For a little, chubby man his hands snapped and slapped very quickly. This solo certainly had everyone in an amazed mood which was never to go. As Arturo was to do in most tunes, he finished the song with some incredibly high notes, higher than nearly all other men which left us all speechless.

He was quite a character when talking, with a funny Cuban accent and other sincere antics. The next tune began with a long drum introduction, which was fast but didn't have a good sound to it - nothing special. Further on in the piece, trumpet, sax and drums traded fours which was slightly more impressive, especially Arturo's amazing high notes. Arturo next showed us his strange vocal skills by singing "When I fall in Love". His singing in English wasn't very good, although it was quite funny. Arturo

later on sung some Cuban songs in which his voice certainly excelled and was very impressive. Arturo went on after to play his "first love" the piano after calling his trumpet "eternal punishment". His piano playing once again was very impressive. He conveyed expression in his playing and energy.

The highlight for many people, and the icing on the cake for me was Arturo's very, very long scat solo. It was amazing. Apart from making a range of difference noises during the solo, he filled it out with comedy, character and feeling. The scat solo was incredibly powerful and quite a special treat to see. Arturo also played absolutely incredible trumpet with the effect of a plunger. His incredible skill and articulation allowed him to play incredibly low notes with clean precision - and incredible skill. The more he played, the more he showed us how he was the best in the world. His playing was just unbelievable. Note after note I watched with speechless awe at what he was doing.

Tip on piano certainly performed

well. Although he appeared quite placid, he played tightly and melodically to fill out the music. His solos were good, but not extra special. I really liked his style of accompaniment which gave the music an edge. Kenny on sax played very well, having a tough time to try and match Arturo's energy, skill and speed. Kenny's solos certainly worked well and complemented what the band and Arturo was doing. He played with energy and skill playing some nice harmonics. Unfortunately he was mixed very loudly which sounded bad when he was playing with Arturo. When they both played together, however, their tightness was incredible and very impressive. Dave on bass didn't strike me too much. In places his sound was muddy, but in other tunes it was well articulated.

Arturo played a brilliant Cha Cha encore which had the whole stalls section dancing - an unbelievable sight. The concert was amazing, one of the best I have ever seen. Arturo just never stopped impressing.

George Nisyrios Jnr.



**Mark Whitfield
7th Avenue Stroll
(Verve)**

This is quite a top class performance. The album has a very cool feel about it. Mark Whitfield on guitar is joined by Tommy Flanagan and Stephen Scot on piano, Dave Holland and Christian McBride on bass and Al Foster and Gregory Hutchinson on drums. The album contains eleven tracks and is a tribute to Mark's whole New York experience. The tunes swing hard and have a good feel about them.

First of all, Mark's playing is quite impressive. He gets a great sound out of his Gibson which helps to make a beautiful feel. His playing both in solos and accompanying swings hard. His music expresses soul and emotion through the changes and notes he plays. He plays runs on his guitar associated with full chords and syncopated riffs to build his solos. His playing is well suited to the musicians and tunes he chooses. It seems just from reading the CD cover, that a lot of thought has been put into each piece and its meaning and goal. The tunes vary from cool, grooving tunes to happy soulful tunes to ballads and more. He adapts well to the changes in music and musicians always producing a matching great tone from his guitar.

The other musicians perform very well to accompany Mark's style and playing. Both Tommy and Stephen play some very crisp and cool piano, that sits gently and beautifully in the mix. Their soloing is great, expressing mood and feeling through the music. Each tune progresses well with their playing. Al and Gregory on drums also suit the style of Mark's playing and the music. Their drumming swings hard. It is simple in places and a bit more complex in other places; but it always retains a really tight groove. I especially like Al's playing. The bass playing of Dave and Christian is solid and swings again. They play well to set a nice bed for the groove and the music.

The music works well and conveys energy, swing, emotion and style. The album is very, very good. The more I listen and concentrate the more amazing it gets. As long as Mark doesn't sell out to commercialism, then more great albums with other great musicians should be expected. For those of you who groove to swing, I think you will love this trio album. For those who want some cool, fine music get this too. Shouldn't be missed.

George Nisyrios Jnr.



**John McLaughlin
After The Rain
(Verve)**

With Elvin Jones on drums and Joey DeFrancesco on Hammond B-3 Organ this album is magic. The tunes swing hard and are played quite full on as well. The playing all round is pretty superb. The album contains nine tracks which are a mix of old great tunes and new ones with a Coltrane feel throughout.

On the first tune *Take the Coltrane*, initially it is the Hammond playing that is most striking. Joey gets a great sound out of it. His playing is musical, pretty full on and very full. He plays some great chords in accompaniment, and swings like hell on the heads. What I noticed first of all about John's guitar was the distinctively different sound. He has managed to get a great tone out of it. His playing is quite full on and swings hard. He plays fast runs but tends to syncopate them and play around with the notes and progressions he has developed. He produces high energy from his playing that is certainly complemented by the other musicians. His accompaniment work swings as well and is perfectly placed. Elvin Jones is just brilliant here. His playing is tight, full of energy and skill and swings hard. He uses a lot of bass drum very effectively, and his left hand on the snare is perfectly placed to add an edge to his playing and the tune. He has a great cymbal sound which also makes his sound so great.

Their second tune is a favourite of mine *My Favourite Things*. I love their version which has some great solos, some hard swinging and lots of energy and development. The other tunes include soft ballads and straight Latin grooves. There is a good range of styles, tunes and playing throughout the album. Some tunes are in six eight which adds a touch of spice to the whole album. John's Coltrane influence is seen throughout the album as three of the songs are written by Coltrane and one contains his name. Using Elvin on drums also adds the Coltrane feel.

There is some superb trio work on this album that is really mind blowing. It is brilliant music and has such a great feeling to it. The music and musicians on this album are fantastic and should not be missed; not for the brilliant guitar, the great Hammond sounds or for the skilful drums or the memory of John Coltrane.



**Casino - OST
(MCA Music)**

This sound track has a wide variety of good music. The musicians and bands on the album span decades, eras and styles. The album is a double CD with 31 tracks on it in total. It features some jazz and blues greats like Jimmy Smith, Muddy Waters, B.B. King, Otis Redding, Tony Bennett, Little Richard, Dean Martin and other names like Cream, Les Paul, Jeff Beck and Sir George Solti conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

The tunes that feature on the album are a mix of well known tunes and not so well known tunes but well known artists!! The music doesn't seem to have much order on the album by itself, but it may correlate with the movie (I'll tell you next week). There are a few highlights on the album (for me anyway); Louis Prima performs two medleys on the album, the first being *Angelina/Zooma*. *Zooma* is a fun Italian tune; he next sings a jazz medley starting off with *Basin Street Blues* - his voice really captures a cool mood on his tunes which is fun to listen to.

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra plays a charming arrangement backed up by a strong choir and a strong piece. The album on the whole is quite good if you are into sound tracks and compilations. The music and musicians are really quite good from a blues/jazz/classical/fine music point. Worth listening to.

George Nisyrios Jnr.

Died Pretty



**Died Pretty
Sold
(Columbia / Sony)**

Sydney is the home of Died Pretty a band who are not new to the music business. Their latest album, *Sold* is typical DP. With songs like *Stops 'n' Starts*, *Good at Love*, *Cuttin' up her Legs* and *Sold*, it is easy to see why they are one of the more recognised

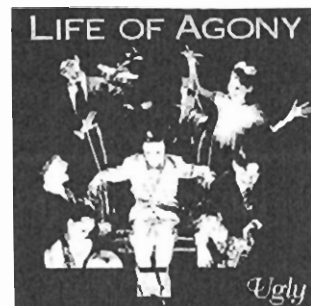
names in the Australian Music Industry. Quite Frankly they are also one of the best Australian bands of the 90's, and that cannot be denied.

Peno's grinding vocals once again blend well with the guitar soundscapes conjured up by Brett Myers. The two of them also wrote all of the songs together. With songs like the Pop Ballad - *Good at Love*, *Died Pretty* really are Australia's answer to BritPop. And they've been around longer too.

SOLD also contains the Haunting *B. Loved*, the rocky *Which Way to Go*, as well as the aforementioned singles.

Look this is one fucking great peice of Australian Music and I think that you should all go out and support the industry and buy a copy. Tell Greg I sent you and he'll give you a good deal. Don't tell him I sent you, and you'll still get a good deal. It's a cruel world.

Tim Shaw.



**Ugly
Life of Agony
(RoadRunner)**

Life of Agony is a seven, almost eight-year old band from Brooklyn, New York. It was initially a hardcore band but since then the founding members, Alan Roberts and his cousins Keith Caputo and Joey Z, have been joined by Sal Abruscato (Type O Negative drummer, for those of you who are vampirically challenged!) and have toured with Anthrax, Korn and Ozzy Osbourne. While there is still a strong hardcore flavour to the music, they have a definite metal / grunge edge to it. They list their influences as Soundgarden, Pantera, Alice In chains and Danzig. with a bio like that, it surprised me when I first looked at the CD and saw that they would choose to end the album with a cover of Simple Minds' *Don't You (Forget About Me)*. By the end of the CD, I wasn't surprised at all. Despite all the ideas you might hold about a 'punk' band turned 'grunge' (and don't lie - I know you turned off halfway through the last paragraph!), these guys really put a lot of themselves into each song.

Each song on the album has a strongly emotional charge, mainly due to the ability of lead vocalist Keith Caputo to open himself up in each and every song. When he howls, "I'm lost at 22 / And I've got no fucking clue", you will believe him.

Feeling lost at the age of 22 is a recurring theme on this album, turning up in *Lost at 22* (surprise, surprise!), *Damned If I Do* and the title track, *Ugly*. Another two songs (the only two which weren't written by bassist Alan Robert) are about Keith wishing he had met his mother, on *Let's Pretend* and *How Would It Be?*

This album is brooding, powerful and passionate, sometimes all at once. I liked it.

Luke Toop

Fly, Sally Fly

You may not have heard of the name Sally Riley but then again many indigenous Australian film directors are not that well known. *On Dit* took time out to talk to Sally Riley, about her film *Fly, Pee Wee Fly* which was part of the Adelaide Film Festival. (It just ended yesterday at Mercury cinema).

Sally Riley has her directing background in theatre and graduated from Wollongong University in 1990 with a Creative Arts course. While there she discovered directing and later took up a director's course at NIDA. She was awarded with a Trainee Producer scholarship with Film Australia Ltd. in 1994 and her film *Fly, Pee Wee Fly*, which she wrote and directed, was funded by Film Australia Ltd.

OD: What can audiences expect from *Fly, Pee Wee Fly*?

SR: It's a story of a family, and the relationships within that family. The main character is a seven year old Koori boy who lives with his white grandmother and his Koori dad. He's got a friend who is a Pee Wee, a bird. He spends a lot of time up in the tree playing with the bird. His grandmother and his dad fight a lot about things, like about how they should bring him up. The climax of the film is that his friend the bird is killed, and Robbie (the boy) just retreats up into the tree and the adults have to sort of go into his world and see life from his point of view.

OD: Now, I know that *Fly, Pee Wee Fly* is being supported by the AFI, which is part of this package called From Sand to Celluloid, is that right?

SR: Yes, it is part of the package and the AFI is distributing them in Australia and Film Australia are distributing them around the world and it will be shown on SBS in July.

OD: In general, how supportive is the Australian film industry of indigenous film makers?

SR: I think it's getting better. We've had a lot of support for these films, from the press and the industry but you know it's hard for people because they are trying to get their own careers going. In general, I've had a lot of support, and my producers and people who have worked at Film Australia have all been very supportive of me. They've been really nurturing in getting my career going. They saw this as a way of giving me a calling card that I could send to people and say 'Look I've made a film' and also as a train-

ing thing because it's my first film. I've worked with actors a lot but I haven't worked with the technology of film. I guess we'll see. This is a really ground-breaking theory, it's the first time it's ever been done. Wal Saunders at the indigenous branch at the AFC has done a fantastic job in getting it together. Once we have the screening, we'll see the response, then we'll know how supportive the film industry is, you know whether we'll get other jobs and other funding.

OD: So you really think there should be more of such programs?

SR: Oh, I think so, I think it's invaluable. Richard Frankland, he's the first Koori from down there to direct a drama in that state (?), when it's 1996, it's outrageous, don't you think? Our stories for so long has been told by white people and now we want to tell our own stories in

with these kind of projects, we can break those stereotypes, because now it's up to Aboriginal people to say no to stereotypes. Like for actors to say 'No, I won't play that role'. That's what has to happen now and we have to take control of our own story and how we are portrayed.

OD: What sort of things/people have influenced the way you directed the film?

SR: I'm a real character based person, so I really like to work with the actors and I think the story come first. I'm not into tricky sort of photography (laughs). I'd rather get the story across and for me, getting a good performance and telling a good story is far more important. So people like Ken Loach is my idea of film-making. I go to the cinema to be moved, to be taken to another place and that's what I try to do with

made but it's perpetuating this myth that about the way we live. Even our television series, you see some of those then you see the British ones that come out, you go 'Oh! My God!'. The quality of them and what we make is just worlds apart.

OD: Any thoughts of venturing into feature films in the future?

SR: Yeah, I would love to. I'm working on an idea at the moment with a friend. That's ultimately where I'd like to go but there is a lot of scope for short films as well. It's opening up a little bit with all the short film festivals. They are also easier to get up and you can usually get people to work on them. I wouldn't be opposed to working in television either as long as it's a worthwhile project.

OD: If you had the opportunity, with all the resources and power, what would you do to boost the morale and encourage creativity of local filmmakers?

SR: Gee, that's a hard question (laughs). Let me think ..(pause) .. You know the initiation by SBS and the AFC with the 900,000 features they're making? We can make far more of those, just so that people have more opportunity. Instead of making a big budget 20 million, we can spread it further around so other people get a chance to tell their stories. I'm really new to the film industry so I don't know how to change it. I think, however that the government have to put a bit more emphasis as well and take it seriously.

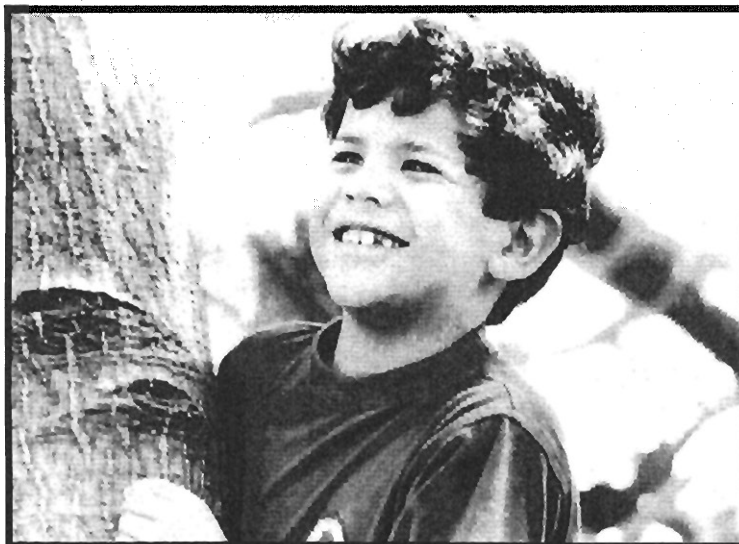
OD: What do you think will be the future for film?

SR: I really can't predict that. It feels like it is just opening up for indigenous people but how long that will last, I don't know. It seems like film is the most popular of all the entertainment industry compared to theatre and other forms. I think it's got to continue and it will continue but I think that sports seems to be overtaking at the moment. I don't know, I really can't see that far into the future. I'm flat out just planning tonight's dinner (laughs)..

OD: Are you working on any particular project at the moment?

SR: No, I'm not, actually. I'm having a little break but I will be going to Alice Springs at the end of the month to work (writing) for a couple of weeks. So that's my next project which will be great, just be able to write rather than having to do ten thousand other things at once (laughs)..

Ching Yee Ng



our own way. There are ones (films) with traditional people in it but they are modern contemporary stories.

OD: Do you think *Fly Pee Wee Fly* and the other five films in the package would be a good way to raise the awareness of indigenous people and their culture?

SR: Absolutely. They will raise the awareness in the wider Australian public because we're not just aiming them at the Koori population or the Aboriginal community. We want to be seen by everyone and they will raise awareness but they will also be entertaining, you know and I think the people will want to go see them for that reason too.

OD: Not only for Australians but also people overseas who may have had stereotypes or preconceptions of indigenous people.

SR: That's right and hopefully

anything that I direct.

OD: Are there any recent films that you've seen that moved you or change the way you perceive things?

SR: I think *Once Were Warriors* was a really ground-breaking film. That was fantastic the way he (Lee Tamahori, director) told that story.

OD: Why do you think there is a small interest in Australian films unless they are outrageously campy or about a talking pig?

SR: Again, I think that's how people perceive Australia..

OD: It's a bit worrying..

SR: I know, it feels like that overseas (audience) think that we're talking with a really ocker accent and dressed up like drag queens, with funny little animals on screen. They don't take us seriously, you know? They're good films and they're well

IN SPACES UNEXPECTED

In Spaces Unexpected was a program of international film screening at the Mercury Cinema from March 7 - 13 for the Telstra Festival. Fiona Sproles reviewed the following films.

Rubicon

Stephen Houston: Australia

Rubicon is a fusion of video and live performance. *Rubicon* is largely constructed by images, supported by a narrative. Because I stepped in a couple of minutes late, I felt as if I had missed a major piece of information as I had no idea what the hell was going on. The audience was presented with a night sky vision of *Rubicon*, these visions being substantiated by a monotone male voice. This presentation was saved by the introduction of a young male sitting at a desk, on the far right of the screen stage. This man mimed the voices of a number of characters, and did an admirable job of keeping up with the fast dialogue and change in persona. I found this to be very refreshing, as the atmosphere of intrigue was heightened by this addition. This piece demands a relatively high concentration level from the audience, as the temptation for the mind to wander was prevalent, and I succumbed on a couple of occasions, which only served to make the script more obscure than it was before.

The Hole

Matthias Heise: Germany

There are two things that all humans must learn to understand: *You don't need to understand.*

The second lesson derives from the human urge to control everything, even when the object of their curiosity is

completely beyond their comprehension and any attempt to straddle it will lead to their demise. In *The Hole*, a light hearted, curious fellow wanders through a plethora of fields, all visually pleasing and relaxing. This film is presented on various levels of questioning. The most obvious line of questioning being "What the hell is a business man doing in the middle of a field". This is based on appearances and established understandings of what - belongs - where. The second line of questions is set up later on, as the audience comes to realize that there is no direction. Is this man wandering aimlessly, or is he taking the scenic route to a point of urbanity? This man is too determined to **not** know where he is going. Is he undertaking a journey without understanding the destination? If he is, he's my hero. If not, then...I dunno. Eventually his little journey reaches a climax of curiosity and evokes questions that extend beyond the rational. In other words, Heise screws with your mind like you've never been screwed before. According to the human mind, everything must have a beginning and an end, the ability to fully comprehend and accept the notion of infinity is something of an impossibility. The audience has to wrap their mind around this, as the man does a Bjork, in throwing whatever he finds lying around into the blackhole, and waits to hear them crash, which never happens because it is what it is.

Deus ex Machina

Vincent Mayrand: France

This was absolutely fantastic, Mayrand has earned a fan in me! In this hilarious tale, Mayrand follows the life of a photographer in a quick photo

booth, as he witnesses and solves a murder; is treated to a peep show; falls in love with a regular customer; and finally exacts revenge on the lad who deceives the former and a hundred other women in the process. Mayrand has given a new perspective on the mechanical world, as we are shown the external perceptions of internal functions that defy pre conceived assumptions. The audience is introduced to the world of a busy railway station, where people rush around like ants, completely oblivious of those around them. It is only through his profession that the photographer is given the opportunity to watch these people, and learn about them as they reveal themselves in the comfort of his booth. Each person who enters the booth is under the impression that it is purely mechanical, that their photos are being taken by a network of nuts and bolts. This was prevalent in the photo session of a clown. Before he stepped in, he was painted, and for obvious reasons, he acted like a clown. However, once he stepped into the booth, he started to remove all his makeup, and showed the photographer the man behind the mask, however the latter was too concerned with the developing of his lady love to care. Eventually the clown stepped out of the booth, with makeup and persona restored. By the end of this 19 minute feature, the whole theatre was in love with the photographer, whose charm and eccentricities struck a chord. You'll never do anything naughty in a photo booth after watching this interpretation of the world of mechanics. News Flash: Lifts are not controlled by a weighted cabling system, oooh no! There's a big



muscle man who stands inside the lift shaft and pulls you up and down...this explains the middle lift in the Napier that used to have a precarious habit of dropping a floor or two. Guess who was bored, and in search of a sadistic snort? Other intriguing bits and pieces are scattered throughout this unforgettable piece of cinema brilliance. Marry me Maynard, I want your children!

Celeste

Patricia Balfour: Australia

Short, sweet and to the point. This mix of images and words are fast and hit hard. Balfours film is the kind that you think "What the fuck was that?" upon its conclusion, and leave the theatre a wee bit surprised. However it isn't until you enter the foyer/cafe, and you actually start thinking about it, that everything falls into place and the message and images start to take on a lot of meaning. For one minute of film, it's completely unforgettable.

I'd trade a horse or two...

The Kingdom

Mercury Cinema.

When I was first asked to review *The Kingdom* I was less than enthusiastic. I do not normally enjoy very long films, and the prospect of sitting through this Danish masterpiece and reading subtitles for five hours suddenly made student journalism seem far less attractive. I even contemplated bringing along my pillow and walkman. Then, to make matters worse, I was informed that *The Kingdom* was not just a five hour long film, it was a five hour long HORROR film set in a large suburban hospital. I almost didn't turn up. Nevertheless, the desire to see my name in print eventually overcame my misgivings and I reluctantly fronted up at the Mercury Cinema.

The Kingdom began with a gloomy flashback to the days before the hospital existed, when the marshland it was built upon was used for bleaching ponds. As thick curls of steam wafted across the screen an ominous voice warned against scientific arrogance, saying the doctors at the hospital had rejected spirituality in favour of physical science and would now have to pay for their ignorance. From this moment

on the suspense began to build and I was completely riveted to the screen. The movie was too long and involved for me to attempt any kind of insight into the story line, so you'll just have to go and see it for yourself - which I would strongly recommend.

Lars Von Trier is a brilliant director and gives *The Kingdom* the mysterious, spooky edge it needs to keep the audience guessing until the end (very David Lynch). The actors should also be praised for bringing much needed humour to their sinister characters. My only criticisms of the film were the cliché horror scenes that seemed to appear periodically (blood running down the walls etc.), and the rather inconclusive ending. However, *The Kingdom* has far too many good points to be missed just because of these small flaws, and don't let the length deter you either. I thoroughly enjoyed this movie, it was one of the spookiest movies I have seen in ages.

Laura Stevens

The Kingdom is half black soap opera, half post-modernist pastiche, and half bleak apocalyptic

chiller, all set in a labyrinthine Danish hospital which is falling apart at the seams. I know that's three halves, but it's that sort of film.

The plot is as you'd expect, complex and intertwining, with an eclectic mix of oddball characters. Some are out and out wackos, whereas some are a little bit strange, and some reveal their darker sides as the film progresses. There are many plot twists and turns, with gory scenes in operating theatres, black magic, murder, eroticism, intrigue, body parts, high and low comedy, conspiracies, backstabbing and counter-backstabbing.

The film was made for television as a mini-series and blown up to 35mm so there is a video finish to the print. This compliments the shaky, hand held camera style that accompanies many of the 'soapie' scenes. These are edited rapidly, sometimes in the middle of sentences. While this exposes some minor continuity problems, it creates an atmosphere of tension, much in the same vein as E.R. This style of camera work has its compliment in the horror scenes which contain steadicam work that wouldn't look

out of place in films such as *The Shining* and *The Evil Dead*.

The film is also heavily sepia toned, draining all the blue and most of the green out of the image. This gives the impression of the hospital being representative of something otherworldly, that all is definitely not what it seems. Some critics have suggested the film is being critical of Denmark, but I feel that the film is being critical of the wider European community - if not the whole system of Western rationalist thought which denies the spiritual aspects of life. It is this spirituality that literally seeps through the floors of the hospital, inhabits its wards, and influences the minds of its inhabitants.

The Kingdom is at once shocking, hilarious, intriguing and above all else, highly entertaining. The only let down is the conclusion which only partially resolves the plot - but don't skip it because of this one small factor. It is a slick, well acted, and well directed film. Miss it at your own peril, the season is only for one week.

Mark Bahlin

PLAY IT AGAIN MR HOLLAND

Mr Holland's Opus
Regent Cinema

I walked out of the cinema wiping my red eyes hurriedly, lest anyone should see my tears.

I am ashamed to say that *Mr Holland's Opus* had coerced me into crying. This request was neither eloquent, nor subtle. The audience was hit over the head with the "Ordinary man. An extraordinary life" of Mr Holland (Richard Dreyfuss).

Dreyfus' performance expelled life into the cardboard-thin character of Mr Holland, and has earned him an Academy Award nomination. Mr Holland was inspiring, respected and loyal, he was a talented, yet unknown composer, and loved by all at John F. Kennedy High. Ho Hum. His methods of teaching 'Music Appreciation' were at first challenged *a-la-Dead Poets Society*, but this rather flimsy tension never devel-

oped into anything memorable.

Kind of like the film. Forgettable, transparent and sentimental. Not my favourite qualities in film.

Mr Holland's Opus could have been better. The relationship between Mr Holland and his son grew interestingly, as did the relationship between the teacher and his enigmatic ingenue, Rowena. However, the American-must-teach-our-films-middleclass-God-fearing-and-sit-com-sweet police stepped in, quashed any hint of revolution, and left in their wake a typically happy Cosby family.

Steve Herek, the director who brought us the legendary *Don't Tell Mum The Baby-Sitters Dead* could have edited at least half of the trillion soft-focus montages which were backed by popular classical and sixties music. You know the type: Mr Holland relentlessly teaching his favourite pupil the clarinet; Mr Hol-

land tirelessly composing his 'opus'; the class of '65 admiring the modest Mr Holland. These were soppy and unoriginal, and extended the movie to over two-and-a-half hours - I

didn't appreciate having to wait so long for dinner.

Re-watch *To Sir with Love* instead.

Amy Murphy



NOW AND SOMETIMES THEN

Now and Then
Academy Cinemas

Ok grrrls, when you were growing up, did you feel left out, deprived, perturbed that your childhood was not represented and cherished by Hollywood, while your brothers were given the opportunity to bond with films like *Stand By Me*? Me neither, and to be quite frank, if this is what Hollywood has to offer, then I still ain't interested. This incredibly superficial and bland portrayal of life in the 60's has a pretty swanky cast that appears for a whole 10 minutes, leaving the film to be carried by a gang

of four 12 year olds, and a weak narration by Ms Mega Bucks, Demi Moore. The themes of budding sexuality, family trauma, death, birth, friendship and discovery are all there. The cast of "Then" 12 year olds were meant to cover the range of personalities, including 1) The chubby follower 2) The vain 'only child' 3) The tough kid with a backpack full of problems 4) The wise, mature one full of insight and hope. This attempt was barely recognisable, and if not for *Stand By Me*, you wouldn't know what they were meant to be, kind of like the *No Frills* version of Milk Arrowroot bickies, they're tasteless, but

your brain knows what they're meant to taste like, and tries in vain to recreate their flavour via memory. The adult cast, consisting of Demi Moore, Rosie O'Donnell, Melanie Griffith and Rita Wilson make *Steel Magnolias* look like *Thelma and Louise*. O'Donnell, the crutch of comedy within the film was incredibly disappointing and was easily outshone by her younger self, Christina Ricci, which is not commending the latter in the slightest. Melanie Griffith portrays the big time movie star, with big boobs, long legs, collagen enhanced lips and enough air in her head to blow up a Blimp. One could be mis-

taken for thinking that she had been invited on to the set for a coffee with the gals, while the cameras had been left on...either that or the rest of the cast wanted a glimpse of her new beau, Mr Banderas. Moore is mundane as the relatively famous Sci-Fi author. Her performance as the lonely gal is quite pedestrian, as she lacks any presence or pizzazz. Rita Wilson wasn't too bad as the pregnant homebody, and provided some substance to the brief "Now" scenes, hell, she was the only amusing one in the whole cast. Leave it for a video night.

Fiona Sproles

BRUCE WILLIS = MONKEY!

12 Monkeys
Greater Union 5

Director Terry Gilliam's chaotic vision of a world doomed; seen amidst a convoluted array of skewed camera angles, vivid set designs and intense characters, is a wildly engaging film which is as fleeting as the death that descends upon the 1996 reality of *12 Monkeys*.

The film revolves around the fact that its inevitable conclusion is foreshadowed at its beginning, in the form of a recurring dream experienced by 2035 underground Philadelphia dweller James Cole (Bruce Willis)- one of only 1 percent of the world's population left existing, following a devastating plague which wiped out most human life on Earth in 1996-7. His astute mind and memory give his superiors reason to send him back in time to trace the path of the virus in order to establish a means of survival in the future.

Like in many of his previous films, Bruce Willis plays the straight man for much of this picture, however he

possesses an ability to be sensitive and emotional which he uses to his, and the film's advantage. Using none of his usual humour, Willis gives his best performance to date in *12 Monkeys*.

Despite knowing that nothing can be done to save the world, given that by 2035, everything-including Cole's time travelling to various years-has already occurred, we can't help but desperately clutch to an irrational hope that everything will be alright. This is one of the strongest elements of the film, and Gilliam's direction, teamed with the strength of his actors and viability of Chris Marker's story, make it challenging, demanding and affecting.

With Terry Gilliam (various *Monty Python*, *Brazil*, *The Fisher King*) directing it would be difficult to ignore his eccentric and often comic style. In Jeffrey Goines (Brad Pitt) lies the source of much of the film's eccentric marvel; an inmate of the psychiatric ward James Cole is sent to when he arrives in 1990 as a result of raving about the demise of the world at the

hands of 'the Army of the 12 Monkeys'. Goines is the archetypal Mad Scientist, and paired with Cole's interaction with him at the institution forms the catalyst for mankind's near destruction. Pitt truly becomes his character both in appearance and person; his status as a teen heart-throb forgotten and he is believably deranged. His irony, so compellingly shown to the audience, is that of the three central characters of the film, he is the insane one but never admits it- whilst Cole and his psychiatrist Kathryn Railly (Madeleine Stowe) openly question their own sanity.

Madeleine Stowe exudes more strength than any other actor in this picture, a woman initially convinced of Cole's insanity, but later forced to question her own ability to reason and her grasp on reality. Stowe receives much of the film's attention with her com-

mand as an emotional melting-pot and quite often the voice of reason (or assumed reason) for the audience.

12 Monkeys is grimly enthralling. Beneath its puzzle-like surface lie some startling revelations and clever twists, most of which do not make sense until the film's conclusion. It demands attention from the viewer in order to appreciate its dramatic look, quick dialogue and complex story. Marvellous.

Ben deHoedt



UNE FEMME FRENCH

A French Woman
Trak Cinema
Limited Season

The tragedy of war that is involved in Regis Warnier's *A French Woman*, is not of violence, but rather the emotional anguish faced by a french woman Jeanne (Emmanuelle Béart) who is constantly separated from her husband Louis (Daniel Auteuil) as a consequence of his military duties. After being held a prisoner of war for five years, Louis finally returns to find that his wife, in her years of solitude, had sought happiness in the comfort of strangers. Despite Jeanne being ostracized from her highly moralistic family for her actions, Louis refuses to abandon her, and they move to Berlin, where a brief period of bliss ensues. However, it is Jeanne's encounter with her neighbour, Mathias (Gabriel Byrne) during the birth of her third child, that compels them to begin an affair once Louis leaves for Indochina. From here on, the film spirals towards bitterness, separation and eventual violence in a confrontation of classic proportions among the deserted ruins of an ancient temple in Syria.

Regis Warnier's tale of a woman caught within the various paradoxes posed by her desires and her duties imposed upon her by society, is brilliantly incarnated by Emmanuelle Béart, one of the most talented actresses in european cinema. Béart creates a tormented soul, walking an emotional tightrope, suffering hysteria, pain, shock and loss. *A French Woman* also bears an autobiographical significance for Wargnier, who created the character of Jeanne from memories of his own mother, a possible explanation for his subtle focus on Jeanne and Louis's three children, who are constant witnesses to the various 'mysteries exuding' from their mother. *A French Woman* lan-



guishes and it's characters drift and wallow in self-discovery. Riveting melancholia for a limited season only.

Kanesan Nathan

FILM COMPETITION

Okay, kids. Here's the deal. The first ten students who get them all right will get a *Twelve Monkeys* double pass and a T-shirt. They're not hard and they don't require that much brain power. Come down with your answers at 12 pm sharp, Wednesday. First come first served.

The story of 8 friends, 5 priests, 11 wedding dresses, 16 parents-in-law, 2000 champagne glasses and 2 people who belong together.. perhaps!

Goldeneye

A little deception at the reception.



Dumb and dumber

Be warned.

You know the name. You know the number.

Mary Shelley's Frankenstein

You won't know the facts until you see the fiction.

The Wedding Banquet

Just because they serve you doesn't mean they like you.



Four Weddings and A Funeral

The animal is out.

Pulp Fiction

For these guys, everyday is a no brainer.

Clerks

The Melbourne Trans-Shite Grand Prix

The hype seemed never-ending. For weeks (no, make that months) we were subjected to television and radio ads telling us repeatedly that Melbourne was "a great place for the race", and that it would be the biggest event in Australian sporting history. Nice try. Yes, the Australian Grand Prix in Melbourne was a great success, but, as many teams pointed out, the atmosphere of Adelaide seemed to be missing. This could have more to do with the timing of the Melbourne event as compared to Adelaide's than Melbourne itself, however: the first race of the season never has the same feeling as the last, as with the latter both drivers and mechanics are celebrating the end of another season, and with the former the pressure is only starting to be applied.

Another problem with the timing of Melbourne's race is that it is so close to the Gold Coast Indy Car race, held this year at the end of March. The Gold Coast race is far more established as part of the beginning of a major motor racing season than Melbourne's GP, although it's quite possible that Melbourne will entrench itself quite nicely within a few years. However, as most motor racing enthusiasts will only go to one - due more to programming than anything else - it would not be unheard of for Melbourne to miss out on much of the crowd. I guess they'll just have to cross that hurdle their own way.

The final difficulty that could be encountered by the GP organisers is that the race also coincides with the begin-

ning of the AFL season, an event much revered in the self-proclaimed sporting capital of Australia. The problem was extended this year with the AFL celebrating its centenary, which of course is surrounded by its own hype (As an aside, my small respect for AFL administration grew this week when they pulled their centenary ads off the air, as they featured George Burns. This should have been a matter of respect I wasn't aware they had). No matter how dedicated your sporting public, it is difficult for them to pay full attention to both.

The other thing I had anticipated that may go wrong, not withstanding the Save Albert Park group, was weather. Autumn, in Melbourne, in a park. I had expected wet leaves on the ground. Race organisers, however, deleted this possibility by having palm trees surround the track. I agree that as they are not deciduous then the falling leaves are eradicated, but, seriously, have you ever seen anything so incongruous as palm trees in Melbourne? At least it was a nice day.

The race itself was quite good. Once that frightening start was over, and what was left of Martin Brundle's Jordan was taken away, the drivers settled down for a couple of hours of quick manoeuvring and trying to avoid the aptly-named kitty litter off some of the faster corners. The unlikely star was Jacques Villeneuve, last

year's Indy champion in his first Formula One race, who very nearly upstaged team-mate and championship favourite Damon Hill, only to be let down by engine problems. It should be pointed out here that the Williams team has one of the best engines in the field which very rarely misbehaves, but Villeneuve had needed a replacement that very morning, and it was the replacement that caused him to surrender his lead. Villeneuve started on pole position, and pretty much held first place until the difficulties forced him to let Hill pass, to win his second Australian Grand Prix in as many races.

It was quite nice to see Eddie Irvine come in third, even if it was only due to his new Ferrari team-mate Michael Schumacher having not unforeseen problems with his car. No, perhaps that's not really fair. Irvine started very well and led Schumacher for much of the time the latter was still in the race - but that could be seen as an indication of the difficulties the latter was having. No hard feelings though, anyway.

Melbourne race officials were very pleased with both the race, with more than half the starters finishing the race, and a race day turnout of 150,000 spectators, meaning a total of 400,000 over the four days. This is very good, but is 50,000 less than last year's in Adelaide, and when it is taken into account that Melbourne has more than three times our population, the figures look less impressive. However, it cannot be claimed that the Australian Grand Prix in Melbourne was not a great success and, no matter how much you may dislike Mr Kennett for taking it from us, it's better to have it stay in Australia than not. Next year's should be even more impressive, as organisers now know what to do, and drivers are more familiar with the track. However, it is comforting to know that most drivers and team staff preferred it in Adelaide.

Johanna Whelan



Why don't they race GT 351's anymore?

UNIVERSITY RUGBY: I'LL 'AVE YOU!

What is Rugby sevens?

After hearing so much about the International Sevens, unless you are an avowed rugby fan from way back you are probably still no closer to understanding the rules of this fast and exciting game. Sevens started off in Scotland when a club in the border town of Melrose, after the disappointment of not being able to field a full team (15 players), invented a seven a side game to increase interest in the full size game.

Made up of three forwards and four backs, sevens has created a very fast and high scoring version of rugby. With fewer players on the field the emphasis is on speed and skill with scoring as many tries as possible being the aim (the game consists of seven minute halves which ensures fast and furious action). The need for speed and skill ensures only the fittest and most skillful players are selected.

What does it all mean?

Kick off: Is a placed or dropkick from half way, and must go ten metres. All other players must be behind the kicker. Normally kicked by a back player.

22 Metre kick: Is a drop kick taken on the 22 metre line by the defending side. This kick need only travel over the 22 metre line. All players must be behind the kicker. Awarded to defending side if the ball is kicked by the opposition over a dead ball area, or if the defender has grounded the ball when in goal. You cannot run back into goal and ground the ball. This gives the ball to the attacking side and a five yard attacking scrum.

'Knock on' or throw forward: Unlike Aussie Rules you cannot paddle or pass the ball forward. The ball must be caught cleanly and if it's dropped and goes forward it is designated a 'knock on'. A scrum is awarded to the non offending side. The only part of the body that can propel the ball forward is the foot, in the form of a kick. A player must be behind the passer when receiving the ball.

The line out: Formed by two players from each side to contest the ball, and thrower from touch (boundary). The throw in is awarded to the team that did

The Try: A try is worth five points and is scored when a team puts the ball down over the opposing teams' touch line.

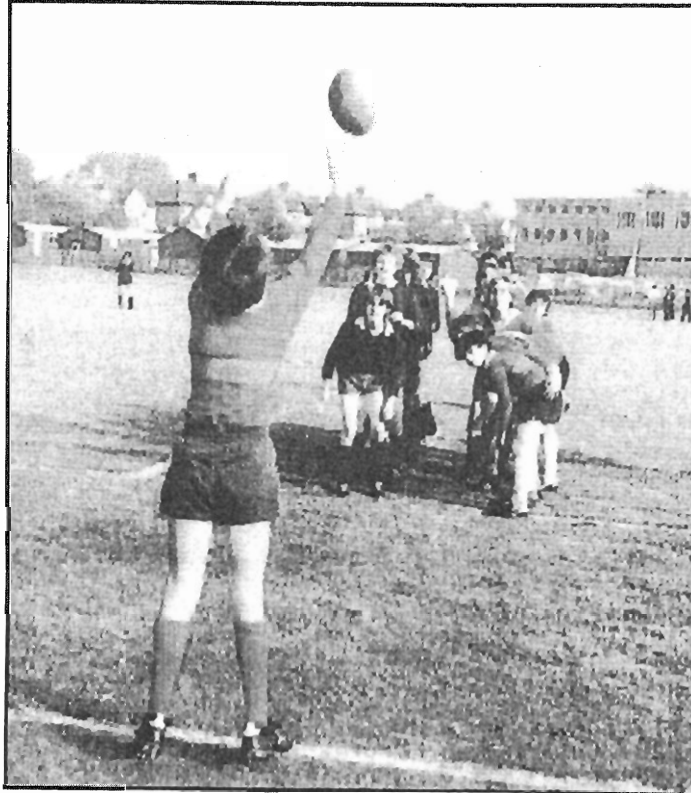
Penalty kick: Is when the ref-

eree has penalized a player for a range of infractions and awarded the ball to the opposing team. A penalty kick which goes over the cross bar is worth three points.

(Information taken from the S.A. Rugby Union Magazine)

University Sevens

Following in this grand tradition is the University Rugby Sevens. This is run by the Rugby club and involves just under 20 sevens teams battling it out on the pristine turf of the Waite oval. Teams are made up of members of the residential colleges and three universities as well as the Blacks and Roseworthy Rams. This offers to be quite a spectacle as there is quite a rivalry between the likes of St Mark's and Lincoln and a few old scores might be settled in a 'gentlemanly manner' on the Rugby field. As well as being fun for those of you who weigh 16 stone and have no neck, the sevens contest is also a serious attempt at increasing women's involvement in one of the state's fastest growing sports. What's sport without the obligatory piss up and in the case of the Rugby club they are sparing no expense and are having the biggest cocktail party ever at the club rooms adjacent the oval. So if you want to get involved ring Les on 388 7620 or Amanda on 361 8698.



not kick, throw or tackle the player with the ball into touch.

The Scrum: Normally awarded to the non offending side in a throw forward or knock on situation.

The Ruck: In Rugby the attempt is made to keep the game flowing as best as possible, with opposing players driving hard and low over the ball. Normally formed dynamically when the player has been tackled to the ground with the ball. Players must join the ruck from behind the last person's feet, on their side of the ruck. A player who does not release the ball is penalized.

The Maul: This aspect of the game is unique to Rugby, whereby the ball is held off the ground in a tackle and the player and ball are protected by team mates. The maul can continue to move forward providing the ball is controlled. It is a platform from which the backs can attack.

Centenary Shield

Adelaide University Sports Association
1896 - 1996 A Century of Service

30th March 12 noon
Waite Oval

UNIVERSITY

Rugby Sevens

Men's and Women's Teams

The Blacks, Roseworthy Rams, Flinders, Uni. S.A., St. Marks, Lincoln, Aquinas, St. Ann's, Kathleen Lumley.

Evening Cocktail Party

(Waite Oval Club Rooms - Presentation of Trophies)
For information phone: Les 388 7620 or Amanda 361 8698

Adelaide Unibar Presents
Friday March 22

ED KUEPPER

(ONE ONLY ADELAIDE SHOW)



With Guests-
Chris Finnen Blues Band
The Streamliners

+

Hoy Hoy!(5:30pm)

Tickets only \$10 AU Students

\$12 Others

\$15 at the door

Available:- Union Admin office - Lady Symon Building

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

I was kinda pissed when I lost 'em

Lost: On Wednesday night between 6:30pm and 7:30pm two flags (one Irish, one Guinness) wrapped up in a towel was misplaced/stolen/taken by accident/whatever from the Uni Bar balcony. If found or the perpetrators have a guilty conscience please return them to the CA Office (ground floor, Lady Symon Building) and no questions will be asked. John Murphy (Irish Beer Pig) is extremely upset!

It's time!

Liberal Club AGM, Wednesday, 20th March, 1 pm in the Cinema.

Touch me!

The University Touch Club is currently holding preliminary training sessions for people interested in playing in the upcoming Winter Mixed competition which begins on 28th April. Beginners or those whose skills are slightly rusty are encouraged to come out and get involved with the largest Touch Club in South Australia. The Touch Club is an extremely friendly one, so don't shy away from coming out to train with us at the University playing fields (just north of the Footbridge) on Wednesday, 13th and 20th March at 6.15 pm.

Those with questions should contact Libby Maplatoft on 264 3188 (h) / 259 5242 (w) or Darren Jones on 250 2973 (h) / 303 5972 (w).

Pen mates

Pen friends world wide, all ages. Friendship, new ideas,

travel, etc. Write or send SASE to IPF Box 279, Marden, 5070.

Be there, or be a right angled rhombus

BE AT THIS EVENT OR BE FUCKING BORED.

Now that the Fringe/Festival has finished, Adelaide is dead again and there's nothing to do on a Saturday night. WRONG!

STUDENT RADIO ALL AGES LAUNCH.

UNIBAR. SAT. MARCH 23rd. 5 local bands, raffles, heaps to see and buy.

SPECIAL STARTING TIME of 7pm. Finishes at midnight. Gold coin donation. Bring i.d for alcohol.

More details inside this edition.

STUDENT RADIO@5UV. Every night from 10pm.

Taize Music - Time for reflection

Anglican Society - Meetings Mondays, 1pm in the Chapel. Everyone welcome.

"Flash motor, flash guy"

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

Handy parking tip

For Sale-Yamaha SR 250, 1981 new chain, cogs, exhaust, battery, fork seals, fork oil, back tyre. Registered for 6 months. Excellent learners / commuter bike. No work needed as it is in good condition. With this bike you can park at the Uni gates all day without getting a parking ticket. Phone Peter on 265 1442 or 1414 265 144.

Very proud

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

you tell your friends that you never watch TV but...

Sanyo, large screen, good working condition. \$70 - must sell. Ph: 226 7927 (wk) or 332 9644 (home).

A meeting

AU Environmental Collective IGM, Friday, 22nd March in the Clubs' Common Room, Level 6.

Bible gear

The Evangelical Union (EU) presents "The Bible Talks" - Mondays and Tuesdays at 1 pm in the Union Cinema. Ever been confused with what the Bible's on about? Don't just stand there wondering, check it out for sure. The Bible Talks.

Another election

AGM for the Mature Students' Association will be held in the WP Rogers Room, 5th Floor, Union Building from 1.15 pm on Monday, 18th March, 1996.

Nominations for all positions accepted until 5 pm Monday, 11th March. Voting in club rooms, 12 - 2 pm Wednesday 13th March, Thursday 14th March, Friday 15th March.

Testing, one, two, testing

Two microphones for sale:- 1 Olympus binocular \$750 or near offers; 1 Spencer Buffalo USA \$200 or near offers. Both in good order. 267 2521 (9 am - 5 pm) - Dr Maguire.

"Ideal mid boxes"

Pair of Speaker Boxes For Sale

Custom-made in USA. 15" PA front-horn loaded, mid bass / bass bins. Ideal mid boxes in 4-way front of house system or for bass guitar. Unloaded. Excellent condition. \$120 o.n.o. Phone Owen on 296 6674.

Stoned gear

AU Hemp

Planning Meeting for 1996. Videos afterward, 1 pm North / South Dining Room, Level 4, Student Union Building. Legalise the Herb!

Simply, not the Oktoberfest

After last year's success, "Not the Oktoberfest" returns; \$1 pints, \$1 shots, \$1 Two dogs. To be held on Saturday, 30th March at the Uni Boat House. Tickets presold \$6 or \$7 at the door. Tickets on sale week beginning Monday, 25th March outside Union Shop. Proudly sponsored by Coopers Brewery, Jim Beam, Sägermeister and Finlandia Vodka.

German gear

German Club AGM

Notice is hereby given of the German Club AGM to be held on Thursday, 21st March at 1.15 pm in the Margaret Murray Room. Elections for Secretary, Treasurer, *wild* Editor, publicity officer, general committee member and 1st Year rep will be held. Nominations or enquiries to Judy Harris (331 3571, Law pigeon hole), Returning Officer, by Tuesday, 19th March.

Tai Chi

Tai Chi and Aikido Club Classes

First two classes free with 10 week enrolment. Tai Chi - Tuesdays 12.00 noon and Thursdays 1.00 pm - starts 19th March. Aikido - Wednesdays 5.45 pm - starts anytime. Plus other week nights and weekend times. Membership free. Ph: 332 7638 for First Class Free.