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On Dit

The University of Adelaide
July 1976
Volume 64
Page 12



HEAVEN'S MY HOME
WEDNESDAY JULY 31ST
 Hey Hey its Plucka!
 plus Human Nature



CHEMISTRY
THURSDAY AUGUST 1ST
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Editorial

An Excuse to Talk About Ourselves ..

To supervise or direct the preparation of a newspaper, magazine, etc. To collect, prepare and arrange materials for publication. As is written in our crusty Macquarie dictionary, the job of an *On Dit* Editor involves all these tasks and more.

As you enjoy the fruits of our labour every Monday afternoon when a new *On Dit* is born, most students have no idea of the work that goes into producing a student newspaper.

The position of *On Dit* Editor involves coordinating a group of 16 enthusiastic, hard working sub-editors responsible for organising sections of the paper, from music to literature to vox pop. Dedicated sub-editors are a big part of a successful publication and ours spend literally hours and hours (unpaid) to keep *On Dit* afloat. *On Dit* also has an advertising manager who is responsible for attracting stax of advertising to supplement our budget. Guys, we salute you!

As Editors, we are responsible for not only the general day-to-day administration that comes

with running a newspaper, but also its' production each week-end. As those fabulous people who come in on weekends know, each page is proof read twice, corrected and pasted up.

This means that while you're playing sport, sleeping in after a big night or whatever, we're stuck in a dungeon under fluorescent lights, staring at computer screens, finding and losing graphics, drinking copious amounts of coffee or dodgy cola, running out of glue sticks etc. sometimes into the daylight hours of Monday morning (but not usually).

But apart from the glamorous side, you learn a heck of a lot about putting a publication together and you meet a great bunch of people. You also meet some freaks but that's another story. Hell, they make the job just that bit more satisfying.

So please feel free to drop in and say "hi!" - and if you're coming in on the weekends, remember, we love pretzels and potato grills.

Welcome Back.

KFC

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
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The *On Dit* office is located on the Nth. Tce. campus opposite the Barr Smith Lawns, in the basement of the George Murray Building.

How to Contribute:
 You can drop off your copy at the office or in the contribution box situated in the SAUA office. Alternatively, you can drop us a line at *On Dit* c/o Adelaide University, SA 5005, phone us on (080 223 2685/303 5404 or fax us on (08) 223 2412.

Deadline for the next edition:
 July 31 (out August 5)
 The Environment Edition is next and comes out August 12 (deadline August 7)

About the Cover:
 from the album *Disco Saturday Nacht* which blends the feverish sounds of the 1830s with the modern sounds of the swinging disco of the 1970s. As the back cover states: "it makes you stop and think." Well, it makes you stop.

Apology:
 To Tara Hemingway for our comments in the last edition.



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LETTERS

Letters are fun, cool and sexy.
Letters are for you and me.
Letters make communication/ sledging easy,
Oh! drop a line to *On Dit*.

Letters can be dropped off to the *On Dit* office (Nth Tee Campus, bottom of the George Murray Building, opp Barr Smith lawns).
Letters should arrive no later than 5pm Wednesday July 31 for the next edition and should have the author's name, contact department and phone number (confidentiality assured).

An Important Message

To Everyone,

You know some people can't take a joke, they just can't take a joke. If they can't take a joke then we call that being "jocularly-challenged", which is a big word(s) but by putting it in print I've proved that I know how to use big words.

You know how sometimes a bug will just hang around and bug you and you don't want to crush it because it's just a defenseless little bug and you know you shouldn't crush it, so you let it go. But then it comes back and bugs you again, so this time you crush it because it has to be taught a lesson. The story should end here, it should. Now I'm gonna have some lunch.

Frank Trimboli
1st year Arts.

Alan Anderson resurfaces ...

Dear Editors,

How amusing it was to discover in the last edition of *On Dit* two beautifully written, totally irrational and utterly irrelevant responses to my letter.

The first letter, submitted by Ms Duvnjak, asserted that general expenditure cuts are intimately related to higher education policy in such a way that the Liberal Party in office is the central problem with this policy. Perhaps if Ms Duvnjak had a firmer grounding in economics she would

appreciate that, while it is true that a Liberal government has meant greater cuts, the alternative of an enormous recurring deficit is even more unpalatable. Hence the solution is to present a case that other areas are more suitable for such cuts.

Then followed the association of voluntary trade unionism and privatisation with higher education policy and the absurd claim that the Liberal government has attempted to "dismantle everything from public health care, trade unionism to preservation of world heritage areas". The former argument could only be the sign of an ideologue or conspiracy theorist. The latter claim obviously relates to the mysterious alternative Liberal manifesto, which is frequently attributed to them by such conspiracy theorists, but of which they themselves seem not know and which they seem to have no desire to implement.

The subsequent and still more amusing letter begged me not to stigmatise activists like Ms King and, presumably, the letter's author with party connections to the ALP. Not only is Ms King an executive member of Young Labor, but the letter's author, somewhat irrationally, is Alan Clifford, convenor of the AU Labor Club, who mysteriously neglected to sign off in that capacity on this occasion.

Mr Clifford suffered from the same delusion as Ms Duvnjak, only it was more extreme. To him, Medicare, Family and Community Services, subsidised bus fares, housing relief and the entire public service exist solely "to provide the much needed social infrastructure to ensure that a person can have access to higher education". Drawing rather a long bow, aren't we, Alen? Every government department has some connection with students, but it does not follow that they are all student issues. Again the point that cuts to expenditure in other departments mean less need for cuts to higher education is lost, but this time it is lost on an Economics student! Add to this the disparaging reference to "fiscal responsibility" and one is left wondering whether Mr Clifford has chosen the right course.

Mr Clifford referred to Ms King's partisan rantings against the Liberal Party as "policies ... holistic in addressing the real problems ... in higher education". A moment's objective thought might lead him to the realisation that policy and abuse are two different things entirely.

Finally, let me respond to the accusations of inconsistency. Higher education spending entails the entire community subsidising the acquisition of potentially lucrative knowledge and skills by those privileged to attend University. This occurs at the expense of the less fortunate members of our society, such as low income workers and welfare recipients. It is Mr Clifford's egalitarian ideology, not mine, which is contradictory to support for this funding.

The failure of both my detractors to analyse the issues objectively is disappointing. More alarming, still, is their failure to grapple with the English language. The central thrust of my letter was not a defence of voluntary unionism, privatisation or economic rationalism. It was to dispute Ms King's assertion that the 23rd May

rally was an attack on these policies, when it had been advertised as an attack on higher education policy. It was to question whether the association of these policies in the minds of left-wing ideologues could be extrapolated to constitute a similar association in the minds of all present at the rally. I urge Mr Clifford and Ms Duvnjak to examine my original complaint once more, but this time to do so unblinded by their tears, shed over the revelation that not every student is a "comrade" of equal ideological zeal.

Alan Anderson
Engineering

Olympics? No. internal AU sledging is a serious game ...

Dear Editors,

I feel compelled to write in response to the letters by Angella Duvnjak and Alen Clifford last week. I can't let such blatantly party-political letters go unchallenged.

Firstly, I found Angella's letter offensive because it was so partisan. She told us that the rally always was a party political event. This was news to me. I was pretty certain it was a non-partisan response to the rumoured higher education cuts.

The there was the comment about the need for radical responses to radical (alleged) policies. While I believe that protests are important, some rational negotiation must also take place if opposition to such proposed cuts is to succeed. Otherwise nothing will be achieved for students.

Next, there was Alen Clifford's letter, arguing that Alan Anderson's defence of both adequately funded higher education and fiscal responsibility is inconsistent. This is not true. The relationship between a well-funded higher education sector and sound economic management is quite compelling - the long term health of the economy rests with those people who have been trained to develop the innovations that will keep us competitive in the future.

I agree with Alen Clifford that we need well-funded public policy, but the problem lies in how you fund it. Alen's Labor mates clearly couldn't do this. If the previous Labor government hadn't been so incompetent in their management of the budget, the Liberals wouldn't be considering funding cuts.

Finally, Alen finished by telling Alan Anderson not to "stigmatise progressive activists ... it is getting old and very boring". However, I'd like to say that Labor students who claim to know Liberal policies better than the Liberals are getting even more boring.

Angus Bristow
Campaign Director, Adelaide University Liberal Club
Economics

He's back!

Dear *On Dit*,

Could someone please tell me where I can hide from the Olympics and I really couldn't care less about them but even if I once had the saturation coverage of late has taken care of it and someone please strangle Bruce McAvaney for me and what is the deal with exams and why must we all be so obsessed with quantifying ourselves and what about the rest of who we are and besides I went really shithouse and I was sick but supps are too much effort and who can remember all that crap in January and what's the deal with the Barnacle Bill's drive-through on Henley Beach Road and surely ten minutes is enough time to notice that there's a car there and especially when it keeps rolling back and forth on the sensor pad and it would probably have been faster to go fishing!

Welcome back,

Shotgun Jim
32nd Year Arts

P.S. Sorry, couldn't find out the name of Hong Kong Phooee's cat, although I rang all over Adelaide, Sydney and Mildura (yes, Mildura) trying. Ah well, it was too late for exams anyhow.

Listen, sweetie, get it right!

In this day and age of political correctness, I would have thought that when one is to make a public announcement, that they would do so with more care. In light of the announcement made by one of the Law School Society Executive member on 4th June, 1996 before my contract lecture about the up-and-coming, and now gone, Pub Night, this person announced that there would be "Girlies carrying drink trays" and then after an uproar from within the lecture theatre, tried to correct himself with the term "girls".

Personally, I think with this inappropriate correction he dug his own grave! Just in case you haven't already been told, the term is women when referring specifically to the female gender but, in this case, one should have used waiter or, to be even more "pc", waiting person. Think next time before you speak in public!

Michael McCulloch
Law / Design Studies

The Prosh @ Dark debacle continues ...

Dear Editors,

I write regarding the continuing

saga of Prosh@Dark and the apparent lack of anyone willing to take responsibility for allocating the \$26,500 budget.

In the last few weeks, I have read with interest, as the size of the financial loss that was Prosh@Dark became more apparent, watching all and sundry trying to throw the blame at each other's feet. Grow up! Surely the responsible parties are old enough to admit they were wrong and face the consequences.

I find it surprising that a single event, running for only one night, was given a budget of this size. For the sake of comparison, the Clubs' Association only has around \$21,700 to grant over twelve months to the 117 non-sporting clubs at this University. I am not denying that some events do deserve that level of funding, however, I naively believed that the concept of Prosh was to raise money for charity. Would it not have been easier to donate \$8,000 each to TRICCS and CANTEEN and walk away with a \$10,500 saving?

Just because the SAUA has a budget nearing \$440,000 doesn't mean it can afford to be complacent on where the money is spent. As a fee-paying student, I would just like to know that my money is being used wisely and not just thrown away pointlessly on parties for a few.

Brendan Watts
Clubs' Association Secretary

P.S. Brigid, please explain to me how a discussion at an *unminuted*, *unofficial* meeting (*On Dit*, 3rd June, 1996) qualifies as an Activities Standing Committee approval of the Prosh@Dark budget.

For all those who resolved to start afresh with their academic pursuits ...

Dear *On Dit*,

I've got another burning question

for you. Can anyone out there remember the TV show "The Wombles of Wimbledon Common"? If you can, do you know the names of three Wombles other than Tobermory and Orinoco?

Mr Avoid Studying At Any Cost
John Higgins
3rd year Science (Geology)

Jungle Jane VS Shotgun Jim

Dear Shotgun Jim,

How dare you cast such aspersions on the intelligence of Joe Aylward. He is a very bright boy.

Jane

P.S. Did you hear the one about the basketball tickets?

Law Ball doo dah - yes, that was aeons ago ...

Dear Eds,

I am writing in response to a letter signed *Firsttime Smith, Lasttime Jones*. I would like to address a number of issues raised in that letter.

I object to the personal criticisms made of Dave Stott. Dave put an enormous amount of time and effort into organising the Law Ball. As a result, the event has been described by many as "the best law ball ever". To suggest that Dave failed to consult people is unfounded and unfair. Since being elected as Activities Vice-President in October last year, Dave has made extensive efforts to garner diverse opinion in order to ensure that LSS events cater to the greatest variety of student needs. This is borne out by the record number of students who came to the Ball. While *Firsttime* seems to think this attendance unimportant, I would emphasise the fact that at 1.00 am, there were still 250 people enjoying

the Ball. The actions of a dissatisfied crowd?

There were equally dubious criticisms of the quality of the event. These were aimed at the drink prices and marquee. First, the LSS acknowledged the drink prices but compensated for this with a considerable reduction in the cost of the tickets. 1996 tickets were several dollars cheaper than those sold in preceding years. Despite suggestion to the contrary, drinks prices were circulated among students prior to the Ball. The enormous number of students who attended pre-ball drinks parties is a reflection of this fact. As to criticism that drinks were served in plastic cups, with all due respect to *Firsttime's* Epicurean tastes, I found it preferable to using student monies to pay for a trail of broken glass. Disapproval of the quality of the marquee is in some respects substantiated. However, we had been told that the lights would be on dimmers, unfortunately, they were all on the same switch and there were no dimmers. It was a mishap and not the result of negligent planning. Despite these difficulties, most people danced and most people had no problems with the dance floor.

Firsttime also accused the LSS generally of a failure to consult with students. This is simply not true. LSS members have put an extraordinary amount of effort into consulting with students this year. The LSS is responsible for organising at least a dozen social events; administering seven competitions; assisting students to attend the ALSA conference; putting together a careers booklet and over twenty careers seminars; running BBQs for students; sitting on numerous committees both within the Law School and the legal profession to represent student concerns; taking up student complaints with faculty and the profession; offering lockers within the Law School; organising sports days; putting out a quarterly magazine to all law students; aiding the integration of first year students and overseas students into the faculty and generally fostering a sense of community within the Law School. The LSS is a committee of 18 people, all of whom do their work on a voluntary basis. We make conscious efforts to communicate with students by talking to them, lecture bashing, through *Hilarian* and by operating the LSS of-

fice on an open door policy. The LSS office is staffed for nearly six hours a day and, unless confidential matters are being discussed, the door is *always* open. We do the best we can with the time we have and that amounts to a pretty good job.

I am proud to be President of this LSS. While we have had a few minor hitches, this LSS is a hardworking and successful team who are providing an excellent service to students. If *Firsttime* disagrees then our door is always open and any of us would be happy to discuss his/her objections in person.

Katherine Dellit
LSS President

With elections just around the corner ...

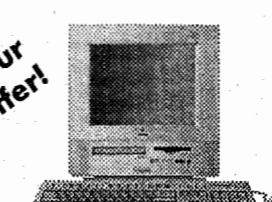
Dear Eds,

As a Dentistry student at this University, I have noticed that students on the east of Frome Road are often missed by the Student Union. Catering is quite far away in the Union Building as opposed to the cafeteria at IMVS or the USA cafeteria. Even during elections, last year, the closest polling booth could be found at the Barr Smith Lawns, close for some but for those who spend many contact hours across Frome Road, it is a nuisance. To give true access to the Union resources and an equal chance to participate in the upcoming elections, the Student Union should provide a polling booth close to Medicine and Dentistry faculties. Could this tiny first step provide equality for those students on the fringe of the University? Perhaps not but it would certainly be one in the right direction.

Jack Gaffey

That's all folks! Remember, writing to *On Dit* brings instant fame and notoriety (but no money though). Get busy.

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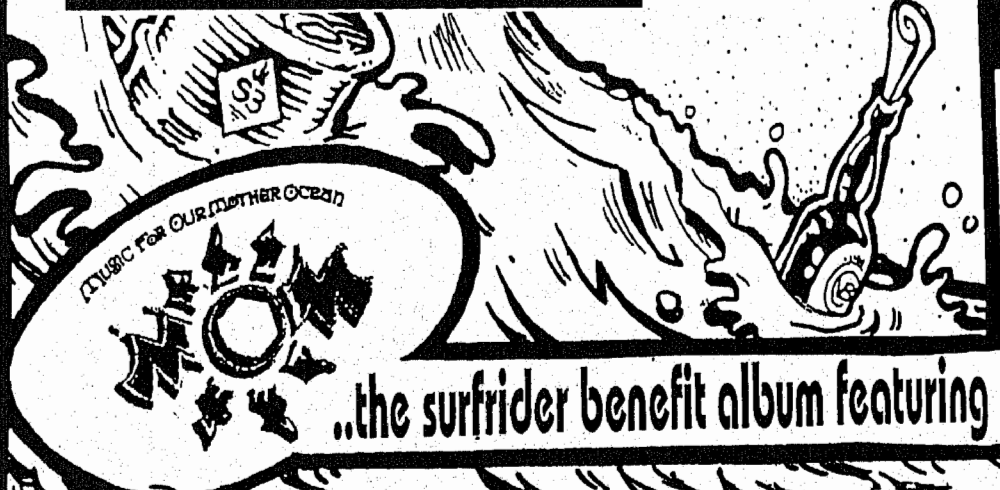
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Open Your Eyes, Tony Abbot

Kym Taylor, our SAUA President recently grilled Tony Abbot, advisor to Senator Amanda Vanstone on the Coalition's proposed changes to higher education funding.

I recently had the opportunity to meet with Vanstone's adviser Tony Abbot with Michelle Giglio the NUS National Welfare Officer. The discussion mainly covered welfare issues and below is a summary of the meeting.

The meeting was eye opening and Abbot's comments, at the very least, were highly insulting. Perhaps, the comments would have hurt a little less if he'd managed to take his foot off the table and not taken 3 phone calls whilst he was talking to us, but I doubt it.

Abbot's understanding of welfare and education seems to be minimal and he is under the impression that welfare is a "hand out mentality". According to Abbot, "there is a whole world of difference between the unemployed on Job Search Allowance and a student on AUSTUDY". Apparently, the fundamental difference is that "the unemployed are struggling to make a meaningful life". I did wonder what Abbot thought students were doing but managed to restrain myself from asking him.

Abbot said that the Liberals regard AUSTUDY as a supplement and not an income support.

Thus, he expects the university, family or friends to cover any financial shortfall that students should suffer. Perhaps Abbot has been spending too long in the House of Representatives, isolated from reality, but I don't ever recall the University handing out money to students to cover financial shortfall, and I know of very few families or friends with enough money to give it to students who can't afford to buy their text books, pay their rent, or buy food.

...Students "not the number one priority of the Government"

Abbot explicitly stated that students were "not the number one priority of the Government". Instead, "single mothers, the unemployed, and pensioners that don't own their own home", those "less able to help themselves" are the priority of the Government. How then, Abbot can see welfare as a hand out mentality is difficult to comprehend if he sees these three groups which are often welfare recipients as being the priority of the Government. Abbot managed to top these insulting remarks with: "Sometimes it's tragic that people can't be helped more". Needless to say he was dripping with empathy.

Abbot also said that the Inde-

pendent Rate of Austudy will definitely not be dropping to 21 years of age. The reasoning is purely economical. Most students complete their undergraduate degree at age 20. To drop the Independent Rate would mean that many students still completing their undergraduate degree would suddenly be eligible. The cost for meeting the sudden increase would run into the millions of dollars - far too expensive for any government where education is not a priority.

Unbelievable, there was good news. Abbot agreed the 14 day limit before a fine of up to \$1000 is imposed for failure to provide notification of change of circumstances for Austudy is too harsh and he agreed to look at the issue further.

A particularly touchy issue was that of Permanent Residents, with Abbot acknowledging that it is under complete review by Senator Vanstone.

Nothing in the meeting alleviated any of my concerns about what the Liberals will do with education in the upcoming Federal Budget. Instead, the meeting increased my fear that the Liberals seem to apparently care very little for higher education and that they have no idea about how the cuts they are contemplating will effect students.

Since my meeting with Tony Abbott, a number of possible changes have become apparent that are of grave concern to stu-

dents, particularly with Austudy. One possible change is conversion of Austudy into a loans scheme. Instead of receiving Austudy as a grant students would be forced to repay the loan. Such a scheme may well be administered through banks with a commercial interest rate applied. Another possibility is Austudy as a bank loan. The worst part about this is that if as a student for some reason you could not pay off the loan you would be burdened with a bad credit rating which would effect your ability to open bank accounts or apply for loans and mortgages.

Watch out for the Education and Austudy campaigns that the SAUA will be running this term. There will be a rally on the 7th August in conjunction with the National Tertiary Education Union. This will be one of the last opportunities students will have to effect the budget process. We have to get out and rally to make it clear to the Government that we can't afford these cuts to education and that we won't accept them.

If you're concerned about whether or not you will be able to survive as a student with these education cuts and without Austudy please come and see us in the Students' Association and help us fight these regressive education changes.

Kym Taylor
SAUA President

Free East Timor

Withdraw Australian recognition of the Indonesian occupation

On 24th - 25th August across Australia, there will be a National Day of Solidarity with East Timor. The protest is part of a campaign to pressure the Australian government to withdraw its recognition of the Indonesian occupation of East Timor.

The Liberal government of Malcolm Fraser gave de jure (full legal) recognition to the Indonesian annexation of East Timor on 22nd December, 1978. This recognition was reaffirmed by the Hawke Labor government on 18th August, 1985. Australia is still the *only* nation in the world to do so.

The Labor government strengthened ties between Australia and the Suharto regime in Indonesia. Australia has defended Indonesia's human rights record in international forums. Increasing numbers of Indonesian troops are trained in Australia, including elite Kopassus commandos, respon-

sible for many atrocities in East Timor. In December 1989, the Timor gap treaty was signed, allowing Australian and Indonesian companies to divide up the oil resources of the Timor gap that rightfully belong to the East Timorese people. Australia refuses to give East Timorese fleeing from oppression the right of asylum. The Howard government has continued the close relationship with Indonesia.

Timorese people, despite 21 years of oppression, are still fighting for their right to freedom and self-determination. This fight is being kept alive by the youth of East Timor, despite continuous detention, torture and disappearances.

The 24th - 25th August National Day of Solidarity with East Timor has been initiated by the National Council of Maubere Resistance (CNRM), the Timorese Democratic Union (UDT), the Revolutionary

Front for the Independence of East Timor (FRETELIN), the Australia East Timor Association NSW, Christians in Solidarity with East Timor (CISSET), Action in Solidarity with Indonesia and East Timor (ASIET) and Resistance.

In Adelaide, there will be a march and rally on Saturday, 24th August at 12 noon, starting at Victoria Square and then on to the Indonesian consulate. After the rally, an overnight vigil will be set up outside the Indonesian consulate. There will be bands, street performers, workshops and more at the vigil.

To get involved or find out further information, phone (08)

231 6982 (Jon) or (08) 352 7985 (Sam).



Aid to Asia from Australia

In an about face in policy, foreign minister Alexander Downer has announced vague changes in regards to aid programmes and joint construction projects in Asia, namely in the new giant markets of China, Vietnam and Indonesia. After the cancelling of many proposed projects, Alexander Downer has invited foreign countries to reapply to Australia for assistance and grants. This came a month after Downer replied to Labor Party allegations that officials of various Asian countries said they were disgusted with Australia and its aid policies. Downer denied that there were any complaints, but now, of course things are different. An official of the Department of Foreign Affairs was made responsible of announcing the changes, taking Alexander Downer out of a potential burning at the stake.

The cut in aid joint-cooperation programmes in Asia was supposedly all in the name of cost cutting. However, it now seems that all the time this cut had some racist and political overtones. The previous administration set up many

projects in Asia, including the first bridge to span the Mekong river connecting Laos with Thailand. But during the federal election earlier this year, Liberal campaigned on a switch of direction, saying that our future is not totally in Asia, and that ties should remain and be strengthened with Europe and North America. After the Coalition victory, the programmes were cut, but now, the original foreign affairs policies have been set aside as

Downer constantly tours Asia. The market for construction contracts in South East Asia and China is enormous. One missed contract for Australia, which was later picked up by the Taiwanese, was for the construction of a whole new satellite city for one million inhabitants outside of Saigon. The

Taiwanese won the contract because they decided at the last minute to chuck in a Hydroelectric dam and more highways.

Another reason why these projects were originally cancelled was, supposedly, in regard to human rights abuses. But who cares now, especially



when money can be made? Vietnam is such a lucrative market that even the United States dropped its losing-the-war attitude with Vietnam and established relations. The US never recovered from its late start into Vietnam, and now ranks eleventh in amount of foreign investment in Vietnam.

The Doomed Flight 800

Well, what a way to start the Olympics. Make everyone scared of flying to the United States to make your point. On Wednesday July 17th at 9pm New York time, a Trans World Airways Boeing 747 exploded off the coast of Long Island killing all on board. The flight left New York on its way to Paris. While the black boxes were found last week, as yet it is only speculation on how such a large plane just disappeared so suddenly. Many of the scenarios on how the plane exploded range from a bomb elaborately placed inside the plane, to a Stinger missile being

travel. Like Pan Am, TWA has had a long history of dealing with terrorist and hijacking attacks. Its peak came in the mid 1980s, when a Boeing 727 flight from Rome to Athens was hijacked by members of Lebanon's Islamic Jihad group. The world was at the edge of its seat in anticipation of what would happen when the plane was forced to go to Beirut and then Tunis. Since then TWA has faced a severe financial crisis, largely as a result of backwardness in its operations. But last year saw TWA gaining a profit and a chance to modernise its ageing fleet (average age 20 years).

The attack on a flight from New York to Paris is too symbolic. If the Islamic Fundamentalist connection is correct (remember the Oklahoma bombing), then the significance of France becomes greater. The activities of FIS, the Islamic Fundamentalist Party of Algeria have expanded. Their number one foreign enemy is France, who has clamped down on FIS contacts within France's large Algerian community. France is also the current Algerian regime's benefactor, so

the FIS have launched an all out war on France.

Bill Clinton has announced that security will be tightened at all American airports from now on, but that has been announced everytime something major in the terrorist stakes takes place - like Lockerbie and the Gulf War. It looks as though in the interests of protecting the United States' share in the air passenger market over the Atlantic, this bombing will be hushed up.



Amnesty International

On 29th March, 1996, nine men and women - more or less ordinary people - were arrested and committed to Sarjunleklar prison, Istanbul, Turkey. Their crime? "Membership of an illegal organisation" - perhaps a human rights group or an anti-government movement.

Whilst in custody, these people - social worker, musician / poet, magazine editor, correspondent - were subject to grossly inhuman treatment and torture. This came in the form of being suspended in the crucifixion position for long periods, given electric shocks, pressurised cold water, choked by having a bag pulled tightly over the head, sexually harassed, indiscriminate beatings and threats of rape. They have since been released and reported the abuse to Human Rights groups such as Amnesty International.

Turkey, at present, is trying desperately to enter the EEC (European Economic Community) but as yet have not been accepted due to their appalling human rights record. Frequently authors, journalists, editors, members of human rights organisations and others are arrested and detained without trial, often with no access to a lawyer or even their families. That is why it is imperative that groups such as Amnesty International, continue to pressure the Turkish government on the gross abuse of human rights which currently prevails in the region.

If this disturbs you and you would like to contribute to its end, come along to an AI meeting on campus, 1 pm, Thursday, Canon Poole Room, 5th Floor of the Union Building and send your appeal.

**Fiona Bailey
Amnesty International on Campus**

AN IMPORTANT AND YET ZANY MESSAGE

WE'VE DONE IT AGAIN! THE PUBLICATION DATES FOR THE SPECIAL EDITIONS HAVE BEEN CHANGED YET AGAIN DUE TO REASONS BEYOND OUR CONTROL. BLAH BLAH, ANYWAY. FOR YOUR INFORMATION/AMUSEMENT HERE ARE THE REVISED PUBLICATION DATES FOR ON DIT IN SEMESTER TWO.

Term Three

	OUT	DEADLINE
Edition 12	July 29	(July 24)
Edition 13	August 5	(July 31)
Environment Edition	August 12	(August 7)
Multicultural Edition	August 19	(August 14)
Election Edition	August 26	(August 21)
Elledit (note date change)	September 2	(August 28)
Edition 18	September 9	(September 4)
Special Edition	September 16	(September 11)

Term Four

Edition 20	October 14	(October 9)
Edition 21	October 21	(October 16)
Edition 22	October 28	(October 23)
Last Edition (sob!)	November 4	(October 30)

THE GOOD TIMES AIN'T GONNA LAST, GET WRITING, GET INVOLVED.

Notice of

1996 ANNUAL SAUA ELECTIONS

Election week for the 1996 Annual SAUA Elections shall be:
MONDAY, 26TH AUGUST UNTIL FRIDAY, 30TH AUGUST 1996

Nominations open: 9.00 am, Thursday 1st August 1996

Nominations close: 4.00 pm, Friday 9th August 1996

Nomination forms shall be available from and lodged with:

- Students' Association Office, Level 2, George Murray Building, Union Complex, North Terrace Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)
- RACSU Office, Union Building, Roseworthy Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)
 - Student Office, Waite Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)

NOMINATIONS RECEIVED AFTER THE CLOSE OF NOMINATIONS SHALL NOT BE ACCEPTED

Positions available for election are

- President (1 position)
- Education Vice-President (1 position)
- Activities/Campaigns Vice-President (1 position)
- Women's Officer (1 position)
- Environment Officer (1 position)
- Orientation Co-Ordinator (1 position)
- On Dit Editor(s) (1 position)
- Student Radio Director(s) (1 position)
- General Member of the Students' Association Council (8 positions)
- General Member of the Education/Services Standing Committee (6 positions)
- General Member of Activities Standing Committee (6 positions)
- General Member of Women's Standing Committee (4 positions)
- General Member of Environment Standing Committees (4 positions)
- National Union of Students Delegate (5 positions)

For further enquiries, contact the Students' Association on (08) 303 5406.

ONLY STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE MAY NOMINATE

Published and authorized by Anthony Juha, 9211945, Returning Officer, 24th July, 1996

The Adelaide University Union

NOTICE OF THE 1996 ANNUAL STUDENTS' ELECTIONS

Election week for the 1996 Annual SAUA Elections shall be:
MONDAY, 26TH AUGUST UNTIL FRIDAY, 30TH AUGUST 1996

Nominations open: 9.00 am, Thursday 1st August 1996

Nominations close: 4.00 pm, Friday 9th August 1996

Nomination forms shall be available from and lodged with:

- Union Administration, Level 3, Lady Symon Building, North Terrace Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)
- RACSU Office, Union Building, Roseworthy Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)
 - Student Office, Waite Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)

Positions available for election are:

- General Member of Union Board (18 positions)
- General Member of Activities Committee (5 positions)

Candidates shall receive a general guide for the conduct of the election, the Union's Election Regulations and Union's Poster Policy upon lodging a nomination form.

For further enquiries, contact the Union Administration on (08) 303 5401.

NOMINATIONS RECEIVED AFTER THE CLOSE OF NOMINATIONS SHALL NOT BE ACCEPTED

ONLY STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE MAY NOMINATE

Published and authorized by Anthony Juha, 9211945, Returning Officer, 24th July, 1996



Kym Taylor
SAUA President

Students sometimes are unsure of exactly *what* the Students' Association does. To give you a better idea the *On Dit* Editors and the office bearers thought we'd give you a run down of the issues we work on each week.

Education Issues

August is jam packed with education events happening almost every week. The Federal Budget is due to be released on August 20th and the SAUA is working extremely hard at ensuring the government listens to students needs and takes these into account in the budget. A rally is being organised for August 7th in conjunction with the National Tertiary Education Union. Education events are also planned for August 19th and 29th. Keep your eye out for posters, pamphlets, and information that we will be distributing to let you know about the issues and events you can get involved with.

Austudy campaign

A crucial issue in the upcoming Federal Budget is the status of Austudy. The SAUA is extremely concerned about the possible changes to your Austudy from a grants scheme to a loans scheme or even no scheme at all. The SAUA will be running the Austudy campaign which has been organised by NUS National Welfare Department, Flinders University Students' Association, and the SAUA. If you're concerned about what's happening to your Austudy please come in and help out with the campaign.

Information Technology

Via the SAUA representatives on University Committees it's come to the SAUA's attention that the University is currently deciding whether to invest in external access to University computers or whether to invest in on campus computer facilities. Please let Gareth or myself know about how you feel on the issue.

Departmental Moves

Concerned lecturers and students have come to see me regarding relocation of departments to across the road on Pulteney St. The Registrar has assured the SAUA that student safety is being taken into account. No undergraduate teaching facilities will be located at Pulteney St., hence, undergraduate students will still be study-

ing on North Terrace. For any students who will have to walk to Pulteney St. The University has ensured that the traffic lights walk time periods have been increased and the light sequence is to be slowed down. Other possibilities being contemplated include a bridge over North Terrace or a pedestrian underpass.

Examinations

I hope that everyone's exams went well and that the pamphlet we distributed about your rights as a student helped you resolve any problems you may have had. If you do have any concerns about your exams please come and see me. The examinations office would like any suggestions for improvements to the way exams are organised and scheduled. If you've got any ideas please come and let me know. Ideas can range from more heaters in the hall to the scheduling of exams.

Hope this has given you a bit of an overview of what we do. If you'd like to know more please pop into the office and I'd be happy to tell you more.

Cheers,

Kym



Kylee Smith
Women's Officer

Welcome back to second semester, I trust that everyone had an enjoyable holiday and didn't spend most of it in bed with the flu like myself!

Queer Collaborations and NOWSA have now come and gone for another year, and I believe that all that attended these conferences from Adelaide University have learned a lot and have a lot to bring to their various roles at Adelaide Uni. I found Queer Collaborations particularly inspiring and my full report will be available within the next week or so.

August is a very full month in the SAUA Women's department. The following things are happening please come along and bring your friends!

1. The Women's Collective starts up again, every Monday at 1pm in the Women's Room. All interested women are welcome.

2. The *Elle Dit* collective starts on Thursday 1st August and meets every Thursday at 3.30pm in the Women's

Room. *Elle Dit* is the women's edition of *On Dit* produced entirely by women. If you are interested in being involved please come to the women's room on Thursday. Don't worry if you don't have newspaper skills, this is an opportunity for you to learn!

3. There will be a **Body Image Awareness Campaign** workshop in my office Wednesday August 21st from 2.00-5.00pm. Bring along magazine clippings and images of women both positive and negative, and slogan ideas. More info coming soon.

4. BLUE STOCKING WEEK 5-9TH AUGUST

Blue Stocking Week is a week to celebrate women's participation in education - after all the right has only been ours for little over 100 years. Yet just as we celebrate winning the right to an education we are facing attacks from the government which will inevitably mean women, as a group, will find it harder and harder to access tertiary education.

Blue Stocking Week in 1996 is a time for women to come out and fight these government attacks on our education, to voice our opinions and to reclaim the right to participate in higher education.

Wednesday 7th August is a **national day of action**. This is the time to collectively organise and to make our voices heard.

There are events to celebrate during Blue Stocking Week:-

Women's Self Defence Starting Thursday 8th August and then every Thursday for 8 weeks. 12-2 Union games Room, Level 5 Union Building. Only \$4.00 per class. (This is very cheap!)

Watch out also for a Women's computer literacy course, Women's officer drinks and other events during Blue Stocking Week. These will be published in full in next week's edition of *On Dit*.

Of course if you would like more info on any of the above contact Kylee Smith 303-3899.



Wendy Telfer
Environment Officer

Hello. Environment Officer is a very groovy job. An important part of my job is to keep the SAUA green. This means continually looking at the

SAUA's practices and ensuring we have as small an impact on the environment as possible. Basically bin scab. It also means talking to people each time a campaign is being run and making sure it is as 'green' as possible.

The University Environment Policy has been a long hard battle, but now we have it, I have started pushing for the implementation to begin. The Environmental Collective we've created this year has been vital for my sanity. This wonderful group of people have helped endlessly with campaigns including anti-uranium mining, the Tarkine, anti-duck shooting and our own anti-packaging campaign. My major campaign on campus for the year is Environment Week 12 - 16 August (in 2 weeks!!). A big holiday gobble. [We still need lots of help for this - if you've got a spare half an hour please come in to the Students' Association].

I work with a beautiful Environmental Standing Committee who spend lots of their time thinking of more ideas for me to work on. This has included the environmental audit we are doing of the Union. It's also great to work with the new Environmental Collective out at Roseworthy. I've also just organised an environment rep at Waite to work with.

Meetings include SAUA Council every fortnight & writing happy fun reports for them, several University committees including Car Parking and Parks and Grounds. I am also part of several external groups, including the Adelaide City Bicycle Users Group. I conducted a survey of cyclists at a Bike Week Lunch and from this have been pushing for improved bike facilities on campus.

A 10 hour per week job? Nup. I work 15-20 hours most weeks and still never get everything done. But that I guess is the nature of environmentalism. The problems are just getting continually bigger & more urgent. But the fight is worth it and it's a fantastic movement to be a part of. The best bits are the excellent people you get to work with and meet, the skills you gain and the chance to do something to lessen the strain on our beautiful planet.

Got more questions?

Go see your friendly office bearer found in the SAUA office, George Murray Building.

For education issues see Gareth Higginson, Education Vice President and for student activities issues see Brigid O'Neil, Activities and Campaigns Vice President.



FOR YOUR DOLLAR



UNION BUILDING

it's your place

GALLERY

Any Focaccia and Coffee \$5.50

EQUINOX

Hawaiian Pizza \$4.50

FOOD COURT

Curry & Rice \$2.50

Pumpkin Soup & Roll \$1.00

Donuts - Four For ... \$1.00

MAYO

Chicken Schnitzel,
Chips & Gravy \$3.50

GRILL BAR

Hamburger with the Lot
- Get Side Order of Chips ... FREE

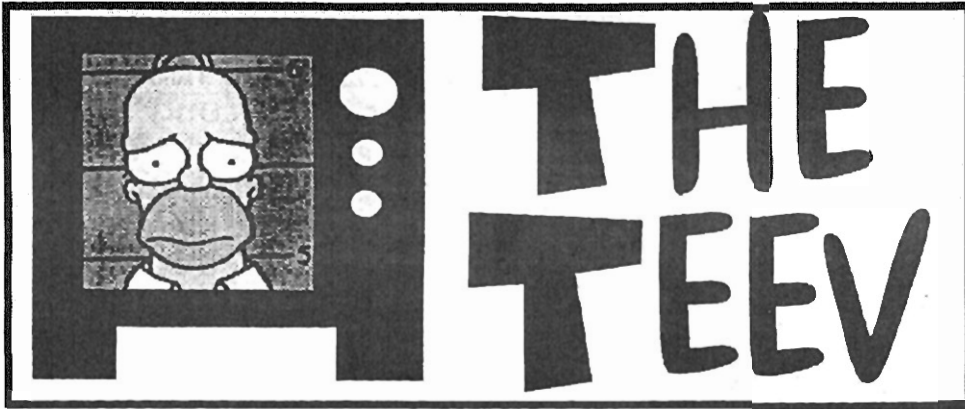
BACKSTAGE CAFE

Wedges with Sour Cream \$2.00

CATACOMBS

Muffin & Coffee \$2.00

Hot Dog \$1.50



Wellll it is finally time to get back to the grind and to deal with the most important question of all; how to balance uni life with the **Olympics**. It's quite simple really - don't go to uni, stay up all night and enjoy the wonderful telecast that the wonderful people at **Channel Seven** have in store for us. The **Olympics** is more about the magic of television than sport. It is a similar effect that war has on the hot bits of irons. More cameras in more places than ever before, it still doesn't change the fact that interesting sports get minimal coverage while we get stuck with hours of boxing, or get cut off in the vital stages of one competition just because an Australian is in a heat of something else. Bring on Interactive Television I say! That way we could watch whatever we bloody well like instead of putting up with endless versions of 'Postcards From Atlanta' or some other crap. Not to mention the same ads from the same stupid companies like **McDonalds**. Honestly - apart from having billions of dollars, what on earth do a company like

McDonalds have to do with sport? Maybe performance enhancing drugs are some of the ingredients, who can say? That's enough about Maccas, I don't want to end up in the same trouble as **London Greenpeace** (veerrry interesting.....).

The Opening Ceremony was, as usual, a complete waste of time and money. Honestly, if I wanted to see people jump about in silly costumes while singing songs I would rent out **Priscilla** and be done with it. Just before you blast me with "But what about it was really good" - listen. I am not as cynical as all that, but I wonder how much the organisers spent on sweeping the downtrodden and homeless under the carpet? As much as Barcelona? After all this is America! A **Channel Seven** reporter actually found some people from a lower socio-economic area, but instead of something worthy of being promoted to a *Witness* post, he asked, "So, do you have any tickets for the Olympics?" The right question was, of course, "So, do you have any tick-

ets for the **Coca-Cola Atlanta Olympics?**" - but we'll forgive him. Actually that *Witness* spot is looking more and more likely....

After the Opening Ceremony the question must be asked, why did they get a Canadian singer (**Celine Dion**) to sing? Surely there was someone else available. Imagine this scenario:

Agent: Would you like to sing at the Opening Ceremony at the Olympics?

Singer: No, I'm playing in Hokeyville, Iowa.

It doesn't quite work, does it? This is despite the fact that I can't stand **Celine Dion** and she should be locked below decks on a sinking ship with the likes of **Michael Bolton, Kenny G, Mariah Carey** and **TLC**. What about some **Aretha Franklin**? Now that would have had the stadium rockin' (even **Bruce Springsteen** or **Bob Dylan** come to think of it).

Everyone has been commenting on how cool that 97 year old guy was. Sure, that was a nice touch, especially **Bill**

Clinton's "That's great!" cutaway - don't tell me that wasn't staged. At least they didn't let old Bill play his bloody sax. Ever see Reverend ("Wait, I can do this") Lovejoy play the organ? But what about **Mohammad Ali**? This might've been the last time we'll see one of the greatest athletes ever. It takes unfathomable courage to stand in front of an audience of billions, let alone with Parkinson's disease ravaging your body. That man gets my respect - more than anything else I could want to take with me from these Olympics.

So what now for **Sydney 2000**? What could we expect for the Opening Ceremony of our games. The first cab off the ranks should be that we acknowledge our indigenous people. There was a shameful lack of that at the **Atlanta** games. We couldn't have Aboriginal athletes in our team and not do that. It would go some way to acknowledge the past and the hope for reconciliation. Secondly, who will sing? You would have to put money on **John Farnham** and **Kate Cebrano** at this stage of proceedings. I, however, have alternative suggestion which I'll be forwarding to the organising committee. I, amongst others, believe that we should have none other than our very own **Kamahl** and **Normie Rowe** singing at the very Australian opening ceremony. Who better to symbolise our Australian ethos and immigration policies (as they stand) than Kamahl, and a great voice to boot. Normie, our Normie, what a legend of the Australian music scene. He commands far more respect than Johnnie, and he works a crowd like you wouldn't believe.

As you sleep tonight, remind yourself, "It only happens every four years....."

Joltman

\$4 Your choice of any - Snax Tandoori Lunch any - soft drink from the bar any day 11-3pm

meal deal

uni's survival pack

THE STAG The Stag Hotel. 299 Rundle St. City. Tel: 223 2934

GET A JOB

Welcome Back! The new broom being wielded from Canberra is reaching into all sorts of places by now. The announced closures of various Commonwealth offices threatens to reduce some already stretched services and to lengthen the already long dole queue. DEETYA, the Tax Office, Commonwealth Rehabilitation Centre, Customs, and Finance departments are, at this stage, the main targets for job cuts. 313 positions are definitely to be cut in this state from various departments, with another 430 to go within two years. There are 296 more people who are only awaiting confirmation before starting to look elsewhere for work. If we include Telstra cuts (2000), and the workshops of Australia National (750), both being lined up for privatisation, that totals nearly 4000 jobs in this state alone that are to be swept into the dustbin of history. "No Australian worker will be worse off..."

Three CES offices are to be closed; Mile End, Payneham and Munno Para. The average unemployment rate in areas serviced by these offices is around 11%. These clients will now have to travel much longer distances to other offices. When they do so, they are likely to use the Social Security offices near their new CES. Needless to say, Commonwealth Employees in the 'old' DSS

offices are getting a bit edgy about their own jobs. A 12% cut to DSS staff equals about 7000 jobs gone across the country. No cuts have been announced, but it's early days yet and staff are getting worried. Do you blame them?

Services to the unemployed are also being smashed. Retraining programs (Skillshare) are to be cut back by a third. Jobskills and New Work Opportunities (programs aimed at bringing long term unemployed people back into 'work mode') are to be cut by up to 80%. The Environmental Action Program (for long term unemployed youth), and Aboriginal components of all programs, are to be cut by a similar amount. Prior to the election in March it was promised that these programs would not be cut by a Coalition Government. Not!

On August 1st the dreaded 'Dole Diary' is to be introduced. At the time of going to press it appears that the Community and Public Sector Union is putting work bans on this little nightmare. Never the less, it promises to be a major headache to all concerned. Employers don't want to keep track of who didn't get a job, the unemployed resent the surveillance, and DSS staff don't want to be caught in the middle. It might make Senator Neumann's puritan conscience happy, but the only jobs it

will create are 160 Dole police. These schemes have been tried before, and always died in the arse due to huge non-compliance rates. That's why newly unemployed people will be targeted. They are a soft target.

On a slightly different note, casual work is increasingly the only option for both students and young workers. The advantage of casual work is flexibility in hours and higher hourly rates. However, there are no holidays or sick pay, and no job security. One might work casually for seven years for the one employer, and then be laid off without warning. In most industries, casual staff are covered by an award. One such industry is telemarketing. This industry is a major employer of students (and sole parents). An award was instituted in this traditionally shit industry by the Austral-

ian Services Union late last year. The trouble now will be to enforce the award upon unwilling employers. With 30% of telemarketers being students, the ASU is holding a meeting on August 1st at Adelaide Uni to talk about the issues. Check out the classifieds for more info.

Good Luck and Stay Tuned
Mark Kernich.

DATES TO REMEMBER:

- 1 August - Telemarketer's meeting, 1pm, Canon Pool Room - The Dole Diary becomes reality.
- 4 August - Hiroshima Day.
- 7 August - Students and Staff Rally against Education Cuts.
- 13 August - "Careers Talks With a Difference" program commences, sponsored by the Careers Service. Details next week.

Clubs' News!

Adelaide Uni German Club Play

"Steh den Stecker raus, das Wasser kocht" ("Pull the Plug Out, the Water's Boiling"). An artful comedy (in German) by Ephraim Kishon, about art, kettles and bizarre furniture structures!

Performances in the Little Theatre - Thursday, 1st August, 1.30 pm and 7.45 pm; Friday, 2nd August, 1.30 pm and 7.45 pm; Saturday, 3rd August, 7.45 pm. Tickets - Adults \$8.00 and Concession \$5.00. Available at the Door or phone Rachael on 391 2175 or Ben on 272 1370.

The Labour Studies Club Presents

On Thursday, 1st August from 1.00 pm to 4.00 pm in the University Union Bar: Everything you always wanted to know but were afraid to ask about what happens to your student fee!!!

What is the Student Union? What is the SAUA? What is the PGSA? What is the OSA? What are Clubs and Sports? What are the other support services you pay for? Why do we have student elections? What is VSU?

Special happy hour arrangements have been made with Paul Jennings, our UniBar Manager. These will be 2.00 - 3.00 pm and 4.00 - 5.00 pm. The amazing double spit will be in action on the balcony!

Quiz Night

14th August, 1996, Games Room, Level 5, Union Building. Keep this night free, come along and try your mental skills for lots of great prizes - and support the new AUMSS.

The Film Society is screening "12 Monkeys" (video projection) on Wednesday, 31st July at lunch, 1.15 pm in the Union cinema and at 6.45 pm in the Union Cinema. \$3 members, \$5 non-members.

Blue Stocking Week

Celebrating Blue Stocking Week 5th August - 9th August, 1996.

Upcoming Events:-

Tuesday, 6th August, 12.30 - 2.00 pm in the WP Rogers Room, 5th Floor, Union Building: Equal Opportunity Forum. "What is sexual harassment? What is gender-based harassment? What is your story?"

BYO Lunch, tea and coffee provided. Come and share your experience and tactics for making sense of it. An informal discussion with Dr Kay Rollison - Director, Equal Opportunity. Women only event.

Wednesday 7/8/96 "Educating Rita" - Great film pertaining to the struggles of a woman throughout her academic career.

Cost: to be advised - 6pm, W.P. Rogers Room, 5th floor, Union Building.

Presented by Film Society and Club's Association Women's Officer - Karen Willoughby - Gender inclusive.

Thursday, 8/8/96, Women's Officers Drinks - Celebrating Blue Stocking Week, 5 - 7:30pm, Acting Vice-Chancellor - guest speaker followed by two comedians.

Drinks and nibbles. Gallery, 6th floor - Union Building R.S.V.P. 4/8/96 - Gender inclusive.

THE CURDIMURKA OUTBACK BALL

Saturday October 12, 1996

This gala night attracts thousands from all parts of Australia including politicians and everyday, fair dinkum Australians who dress up to the hilt, dance and enjoy to their hearts content.

\$130.00 per person

- coach travel
- entry to the ball
- breakfast on Sunday morning

BUSWAY TRAVEL SERVICE
08 2626900

Stephen Cole Prizes

Each year the University awards prizes for Excellence in Teaching and for scholarship or the Creative Arts. The prizes consist of a monetary prize of \$2,000 and a certificate presented at the commemoration ceremonies.

Nominations are now sought for the Stephen Cole Prizes for 1996. Nomination forms and copies of the rules for the prizes can be obtained from Andrew Starcevic, Office of the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Academic) - Tel: 3035902, Fax 303 4357, E-mail: astarcev@dvca.adelaide.edu.au or ccMail.

Nominations must reach the Office of the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Academic) by **18 October 1996.**

Mind Bending Physics

JOHN GRIBBIN

SCHRÖDINGER'S KITTENS

AND THE SEARCH FOR REALITY

SEQUEL TO THE BESTSELLING
In Search of Schrödinger's Cat



Schrodinger's Kittens.

John Gribbin.

Phoenix.

\$ 16.95

Are we all familiar with the thought experiment of Schrodinger's cat? John Gribbin describes it like this; there is a box, and in the box is an electron. The box sits in a closed room, which also contains a cat and a diabolical device hooked up to release a poisonous gas into the room when it de-

fects an electron. The popular line of thinking in quantum physics tells us that, as long as we can't see into the box, the electron could be anywhere inside the box. Now, imagine an automatic sliding partition that divides the box in two. This traps the electron (logically) in either one half of the box, or the other. But we don't know which. There is still an equal probability of finding the electron in either half of the box and so, traditional quantum theory says, there is a kind of "ghost-electron" inhabiting both sides of the box, until someone observes it to see where it is, at which time it "decides" which half of the box it is in. Now, if one half of the (still-unobserved) box is opened up, the electron will either escape, or not. If released, the electron will be detected, the gas released and the cat killed. If the electron was in the other half of the box, the cat lives. The problem is that, until someone observes the cat to see if it is alive or dead, it apparently must exist in a "superposition of states", or as a half-living, half-dead cat, just as the electron exists as a "ghost-electron".

Schrodinger originally proposed this absurd puzzle to discredit a popular interpretation of quantum

theory, which suggests, more or less, that quantum effects depend entirely upon the observer, and what they are looking for. Electrons, photons and other quantum particles can exist at two (or more) places at once, until observed.

Gribbin discusses this puzzle in light of recent proposals and interpretations of events in the quantum world, and proposes a sequel to the puzzle to highlight another implication of quantum theory; the sequel is the story of Schrodinger's kittens, and the implication is what Einstein referred to as "spooky action at a distance".

Schrodinger's kittens are set up as follows; each lives in a self-contained space capsule, and the two capsules are joined by a narrow tube. Each capsule contains the same electron-detecting, poisonous gas-releasing diabolical device. In the middle of this tube sits the same box with a single electron inside. The box and tube are divided by the same partition. The box is then opened, so that now the electron is evenly spread over the two space capsules. If the tube is severed and the capsules propelled away from each other towards far distant galaxies, the electron is still unobserved, and so still spread across both capsules. This means that as the capsules speed away from each other, both kittens are half dead and half alive. Eventually, one capsule will be found by an intelligent species, who will open the capsule and

then, and only then, does the electron decide whether or not it is in that capsule. Worse, as the electron makes that decision, it *instantaneously* affects the other kitten halfway across the universe, determining its fate.

It is the stuff that bends minds, this quantum physics. As a result, there are times when you are reading this book that you really wish you weren't. It just hurts too much. But, for such a difficult subject, fraught with such potential for confusion, Gribbin manages his narration magnificently, making it relatively (ha ha - little physics joke) comprehensible. Along the way, we encounter possibilities for the future development of teleportation (well, sort of), time travel (not really) and uncrackable encryption (for my money, not nearly as exciting). There is a fantastic history of theories on the nature of light in the first chapter, and the conclusion to the whole thing, where we are treated to a pretty neat wrap-up theory of spooky action and everything else, is fantastic. It makes you feel like you've achieved something in making it through to the end. I don't mean to make it sound hard to read, because Gribbin has done an excellent job of popularising a very complicated topic, and it isn't imperative to understand every step along the way. Just sit back and be amazed, and impressed.

Chris Slape

The Devil May Care

The Lucifer Principle.

Howard Bloom.

Allen & Unwin.

\$ 19.95

The world of scientific publishing has a long way to go. Not for want of good writers or any other mundane reason. Salman Rushdie was the victim of a fatwa for *The Satanic Verses* because he ticked off enough Muslims. Here Howard Bloom absolutely goes to town with his vilification of the Muslim religion. Obviously this book is not being read in the same circles as Mr Rushdie's work. That, or Howard's agent isn't quite as savvy. Which is a shame, as Bloom has written, at the least, a diverting book.

The Lucifer Principle sets out to challenge the previous work on the basis of evil. Bloom expounds that it is the group, or 'superorganism', that matters in the evolutionary struggle and not the lone individual. The work of Richard Dawkins and Lyall Watson, exponents of the 'selfish gene' theory, is not persuasive enough for Bloom. He does, however, spend a great deal of the first third of his book covering this theory. There is nothing

new here, Bloom is just setting the stage for his own theory, as for him the gene is not solely responsible for the behaviour of the individual. The 'meme' is what determines how an individual, or in Bloom's theory how the group, will act. A meme is an ideology that jumps from individual to individual, trying to propagate and keep itself alive. If you have a problem with anthropomorphism then you'll find yourself tearing your hair out with this book. Throughout the building of Blooms argument he uses many cultural examples. The Greeks, Romans, Vandals, Egyptians - a real tour de force of ancient history. These examples were among the most interesting aspects of the book and I was even moved to ignore some of the more tenuous assumptions Bloom makes in his theories.

It is the last third of the book that doesn't quite fit into a so-called scientific treatise. Here Bloom reveals his true colours and puts aside his mantle of scientist. Bloom pulls 'Old Glory' out of its mothballs and waves the Red, White and Blue about for all to see. He exhorts Americans to not fall into the trap that all cultures at the top of the

international 'pecking order' have fallen to throughout history. His ethnocentric rhetoric may not appeal to those outside the US of A. It is also here that Bloom gives the Muslim religion both barrels, branding them as the enemy that will be responsible for Americas' downfall from the top of the pecking order. This may not be an unreasonable proposition, but it is delivered with so much vehemence that it at times borders on the right-wing. There is nothing scientific about this kind of racism and Bloom did not have to go to these lengths to get his point across.

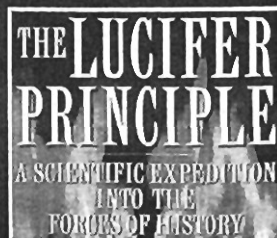
Not that Howard is all bad. He also has a red-hot go at the moral majority in the United States, a noble pursuit indeed!

All in all Bloom has produced a work that, while failing to ascribe any new culprit for 'evil', still manages to be thought-pro-

voking. Read it and impress your friends at parties.

Matthew Paxton

'This astonishing book will startle and challenge.'
Edmund Campion



'A brilliantly erudite look into the heart of human darkness.'
David Williamson

HOWARD BLOOM

Tragic Tale

Anna's Story.
Bronwyn Donaghy.
Angus & Robertson.
\$ 14.95

Perhaps if it hadn't been written about such a well known drug-related death, one that was made into such a media event, I might have been able to approach this book a little less cynically. Everyone is aware of how much hype there was and of the media frenzy that took place at the time. We are all aware of how this very sellable media story was beaten to death while other drug and alcohol related deaths across the nation are regularly ignored. However if you can read this book, while trying to ignore all of this and attempt to simply see it as the story of one girl's tragic death, then you might just get something out of it. This book is both an account of the life and death of Anna Wood and a kind of parents' and teenagers' guide to the dangers of drugs. In its first role it makes worth while reading. If you didn't get all those details of Anna's death from the media then they can be found in great detail here. Accounts from each of the partici-

pants in the drama are provided, as are the events of her death. This makes depressing but interesting reading if you can force yourself to remember that these are real people and try not to think of it as a TV soapie like the O.J. Simpson trial. Anna's writings, her letters, diary entries and poetry also provide real insight into her personality, even if you do get the occasional feeling that you're invading someone's privacy.

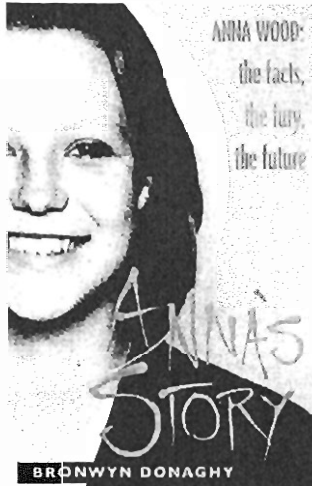
The second apparent purpose of the book is as some kind of educational tool. The information on various drugs is presented in an unbiased fashion, with as much time spent discussing effects of the "high" as is spent

on the dangers and long term effects. The chapter aimed at parents is well written and could be of real help to parents having trouble with these issues. However the chapter aimed at teenagers does not seem quite so effective. While the author never looks down on teenagers, and while she isn't afraid to get her hands dirty, or become suitably non-academic in her approach when discussing the issues, she does have some problems. Bronwyn Donaghy is dead accurate in her assessment of the multitude of reasons for drug use, however her arguments against drugs involve a great deal of logic but never really do anything

to directly defeat the reasons that they are used. Also the occasional use of some forms of teenage oriented slang seemed a little forced and tended to mean a loss of credibility rather than any type of connection with her audience. At least Donaghy does seem to acknowledge these shortcomings and the need for someone that teenagers can relate to. Along these lines a message against drugs was included by Kate Ceberano. However this seems an unusual choice, especially when the book appears to aim itself at teenagers involved in the rave/techno scene (or whatever you want to call it). If you are a great believer in the harmlessness of raves then you won't like this book. The rave is treated as some kind of supreme evil, openly condemned by the established community. While attempting to convince her reader of this view, Donaghy does so in a way that won't result in those who support drug use from being openly offended.

A good read if you have a particular interest in the topic and enough spare cash.

Daniel Watson



A Feast of Philosophy

Baudrillard for Beginners.
Chris Horrocks and Zoran Jevtic.
Icon Books.
\$ 16.95

Baudrillard for Beginners conveys a great deal of information about this French theorist in its 170 or so pages. From the outset we are told that he does not consider himself as a philosopher, instead preferring to think of himself as, "perhaps a moralist, but certainly not a sociologist."

The cartoon format of the "for Beginners" series allows information to be presented in a readily accessible style. To achieve this with concepts such as Baudrillard's theories on consumerism is quite a feat.



Chris Horrocks and Zoran Jevtic

As a layperson's guide to Baudrillard's theories, the text also provides necessary background on Marxist theory and semiotics. It also touches on post-modernism and psychoanalytic theory, both Freudian and Lacanian.

Baudrillard's works and major theories are covered in concise and comprehensible form. Considerable space in the text is devoted to his relationship with Marxism from his early Marxist period to his later critiques of Marxism. Other sections of the book cover his theories of consumerism, the semiotics of fashion and art, and simulation and reality.

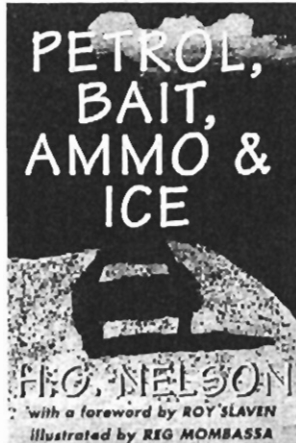
This leads to a detailed section on his theory of media hyper-reality and examples of his application of this theory to the mass media. His statement that the Gulf war didn't occur is a fascinating case in point. The authors demonstrate that, 'His point is not that nothing took place, but that what took place wasn't a war. It was a non-war - a deterrence to war.'

The use of examples such as these provide an easily understandable introduction to the complex theories dealt with in the book.

The final section is a fascinating look at Baudrillard's life and how little it is a reflection of his theories, culminating in a hypothetical telephone conversation between him and his critics.

So, is Baudrillard a genius or a fraud? This book gives plenty of food for thought on the debate. Read it and decide for yourself.

Kate Taransky Howes



Petrol, Bait, Amo & Ice.
H.G. Nelson.
Pan Macmillan.
\$19.95

H.G. Nelson and Roy Slaven are the vicars of voyeurism and the guru's of giggle. The duo hit our airwaves with Triple J's *This Sporting Life*, and keep us glued to the telly for ABC's *Club Buggery*.

This Sporting Life is devoted to the trivialities of sport. H.G. and Roy's simple analysis borders on religion, and their lessons lead to enlightenment. The couple adhere to the reverie of the Mecca of Australian sport — football. Drunken beer chants are hymns to the gods, and coloured scarves and beanies represent those of the cloth.

Club Buggery presents a sophisticated, martini-swilling H.G. and Roy.

Paparazzi-like, they capture the influential elite, and with the utmost charisma, extract intimate and embarrassing details. The truth, of course, is not a barrier to a good yarn. But while we plebs may only imagine the meandering of VIP's, such as Charles and Di, H.G. and Roy can speak of intimate moments with their favourite royal couple. Because, godlike, H.G. and Roy are everywhere, and know everyone.

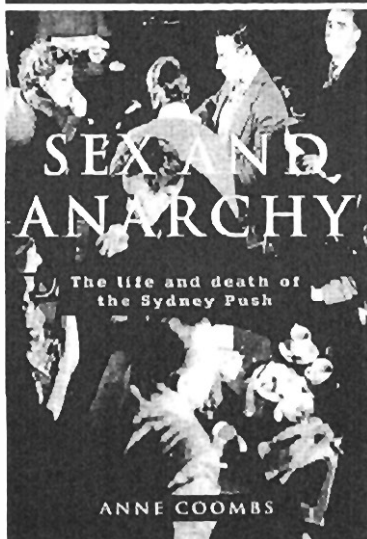
But in *Petrol, Bait, Ammo & Ice* H.G. has severed the apron strings and stands alone. His book is a collection of speeches he has performed over the years. H.G. lingers on the exquisiteness of jetty fishing with the lovely Adriana Xenides. He pontificates upon the debate of laughter versus sex. And he converses on "the man who knows beer", Stumpy Boon. His imagination is as vast as his subjects. H.G. delves enthusiastically into subjects which other less-worthy fellows would shyly tip-toe around. This is a man who isn't afraid to admit his love for frilly Y-fronts.

However, *Petrol, Bait, Ammo & Ice*, without the roguery of Roy Slaven, is long-winded and dry. Although his style is witty, and his conversation intriguing, H.G. on paper cannot compete with his other well-known exploits. Reg Mombassa's accompanying illustrations are crude and crazy. His love for hairy penises is obvious, and his doodlings give H.G.'s writing a twist it may not otherwise enjoy. The book is well set-out, keeping it accessible and easy to read.

Leave it on the coffee table for a flick through while the ads are on.

Amy Murphy

Historic Histrionics



Sex and Anarchy.
Anne Coombs.
Viking/Penguin.
\$29.95

The Red and Black cover of "Sex and Anarchy" seduced me for weeks, neatly stacked in a promotional stand at one of my favourite bookshops. When I finally laid my hands on a copy I stopped drooling and started reading. The book, subtitled 'The life and death of the Sydney Push', was every bit as good as the cover promised it would be.

Anne Coombs narrates the story of the Sydney Push through the fifties and sixties and into the seventies. The Push was (is) a bohemian network, or circle of friends who fre-

quented pubs which they made their own, made their money at the races, loved a good fuck, went to heaps of parties, blew a lot of air on talking about Wilhelm Reich's socio-sexual theories.

Emerging out of the Free-thinkers' Club at Sydney University in 1949, the Push became an urban phenomenon when it broke away from radical philosopher John Anderson's increasingly dictatorial hold. They formed the Libertarian Club, and started holding regular sessions in nearby pubs.

Conscious of class issues, but distrustful of Stalinist Communism, the Push proceeded to live the sexual revolution in its own manner.

In the era of Robert Menzies they published lists of banned books (itself a crime), flaunted the written and unwritten rules of marriage, sex and abortion, engaged anyone who would join in with conversation. They became known for a refusal to believe anything merely because someone had said it.

The Push was a magnet for those who sought artistic and expressive freedom. Their hostility towards organised politics ensured that anarchists and libertarians were the only 'politicos' allowed to feel comfortable in their presence, and only if they realised that they didn't own the 'truth'.

The Push created a space away from the coercions of everyday life.

And from that space emerged such prominent Australians as Germaine Greer, Clive James, Frank Moorhouse, Bob Gould, Bob Ellis, Jim Staples, Liz Fell, Paddy McGuinness... the list goes on. And one of the joys of this book is that their story is told mainly in their own words.

Anne Coombs spins a cunning web, connecting the results of what must have been hundreds of interviews. She leaves us with a tale of how an urban pub scene shifts and transforms itself, how having a good time for long enough leaves traces on social history. Perhaps the most interesting part of the story is the growth of the Push into the sixties. With a constant inflow of people, the libertarian scene couldn't help but reflect the massive changes that overwhelmed Australian society in the era of the Vietnam War and sexual liberation.

Not surprisingly, the Push didn't fall in at once with the Anti-war people. They were unwilling to compromise, work with the ALP, give any credit to any church. All Government and all religion were regarded as evil. The Push did however become active in the draft resistance movement, and helped organise the safe houses in which draft dodgers could hide from government men. This suited the Push's anti-morality morality. Many Push people now regret that they did not take a more public stance against the war at the time.

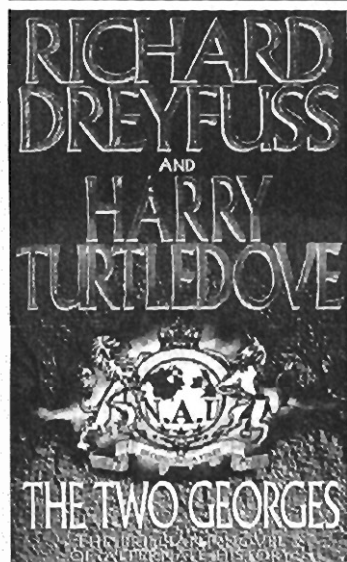
Women buying their own drinks and fucking the men of their choice might have been fairly radical in 1953, but the Push's sexual liber-

tarianism came under criticism by the late sixties. Though not overtly homophobic, the scene had tended to ignore the variety of sexualities within its midst, pretended that they didn't exist. The roost was dominated by older heterosexual males. Women who had children often found themselves doing all the child related work, while their pushy partners went to the pub. Some things haven't changed.

It was only after Whitlam's Government began to reshape the country that the Push began to recognise the potential for freedom contained within the system. The pace of Whitlam's reforms, his refusal to delay action, drew the attention of Push personalities. At the time they drank at a Builders Labourers' pub. It was 1972 and the BLF was getting involved with residents all over Sydney, using the 'green ban' as a weapon in the battle over affordable housing and urban heritage. The anarchist strain within the Push boiled over when the developers started moving in on their neighbourhood. By 1974 the Push was a key organising node within Sydney's squatting movement.

Perhaps it was this that laid to rest a vital moment in Sydney's culture? Perhaps even social movements grow old? All I know is that this book has made me look at the 'scene' of Adelaide in a new light. What will history make of us sculling schooners at The Prod, The Ex or The Crown? If anyone one day writes about it, let's hope it's someone like Anne Coombs.

Mark Kernich



The Two Georges.
Richard Dreyfuss & Harry Turtledove.
Hodder Headline.
\$ 14.95

What if the American War of Independence had never happened?

What if the USA never became, but instead remained part of the British Empire, forming together with Canada, the North American Union? What if George Washington swore allegiance to George III? What if this moment had been captured on canvas by Gainsborough in a painting called 'The Two Georges'? What if this painting was stolen, and Colonel Tom Bushell, of the Royal American Mounted Police, had to run around the country trying to get it back? What if a Hollywood actor (yes, kids, it's really him) and a science fiction author got together to write a book about such a situation? What if such a book got published under the title *The Two Georges*? What if you were given a copy of this book to review for *On Dit*? What if you realised that the joke was wearing a bit thin and decided to get on with the review? Well, here we go. Mind the step.

Every now and then along comes a novel that captures the very essence of the word 'compelling'; a novel that draws you into its world and totally captivates you, leaving

you hanging on every syllable and refusing to put it down.

This ain't one of 'em.

I mean, it's an interesting idea. And it's not the worst book ever written (Jeffrey Archer is living proof of that). The blurb on the back cover says it is "brilliantly detailed". This is true. In fact, if anything, it is too detailed. Instead of being subtly alluded to, the little differences between real and alternate America are blatantly pointed out, distracting from the main plot and making it hard to get involved.

That's probably the book's main problem. It all seems so contrived: perhaps Mr. Dreyfuss has spent a little too much time reading Hollywood scripts. Our Hero is not perfect: he has a problem with intimacy, and he hits the bottle a little too often (yes, kids, it's cliché time). This is alright, except that it is brought up at some odd times. It's almost as though the authors suddenly remembered to include some references to Bushell's drinking, and decided that just throwing them in anywhere was good enough. Wrong, fellas.

Even the bad guys are contrived. They are not simply republicans - enough of a sin for Our Hero and

the intelligent reader who has grasped the context and setting of the novel. They are also out-and-out racists. It seems the authors have decided that their target audience (ie. the American public) is too thick to use their imaginations, and made their villains easy (perhaps too easy) to hate.

Still, there are some amusing bits. There is an assassination from a grassy knoll. JFK is not killed, though. He's busy in Boston publishing an anti-monarchist paper. The Governor-General is Sir Martin Luther King. The bad guys print 'what if novels that depict an independent America much like the truth as we know it, which are dismissed as rubbish by Our Hero. Perhaps the authors aren't taking themselves too seriously. A good decision on their parts.

Aside from being contrived, *The Two Georges* is rather clumsily written (and poorly proof-read), which makes it difficult to maintain interest. An interesting idea, which in more competent hands could have become an interesting novel. What if I hadn't read it? I doubt that I would have missed it.

Paul Bradley

A History of Histrionics

Shakespeare: An Illustrated Stage History.
Eds. Jonathan Bate and Russell Jackson.
Oxford University Press.
\$ 49.95

This is Shakespeare with an emphasis on history. Jonathan Bate and Russell Jackson have collected some impressive essays that trace the development of Shakespearean theatre from the time of the Bard to the present day. This journey begins with R. A. Foakes' "Shakespeare's Elizabethan Stages" which draws upon material obtained in recent archaeological excavations of theatres in London. From the architecture and popularity of the theatre itself *Shakespeare: An Illustrated History* concentrates on the economic control over the works of Shakespeare during and after his lifetime.

These pieces are not cold and meaningless lists or accounts of

past glories. This work concentrates on the political and economic importance of the performance of Shakespeare's plays. The strict censorship of the plays during the Jacobean era continued until this century. So is this one of the reasons that we find Shakespeare as fascinating as we do. Is it that the material is of such a confronting socio-political nature that we crave to understand the Bard's impressions of life? Peter Thomson examines the integration of Shakespeare into the framework of modern government in his "Shakespeare and the Public Purse". These plays have always been controlled by the state (indeed *King Lear* was not allowed to be performed at the start of the 18th century due to King George's suspected madness), but now the control of this theatre is firmly in the hands of the modern Arts Council. This state institution attempts to give the power of Shakespearean theatre to the people, however it often tends to serve the forces of hegemonic power or the idiosyncratic tendencies of the Director.

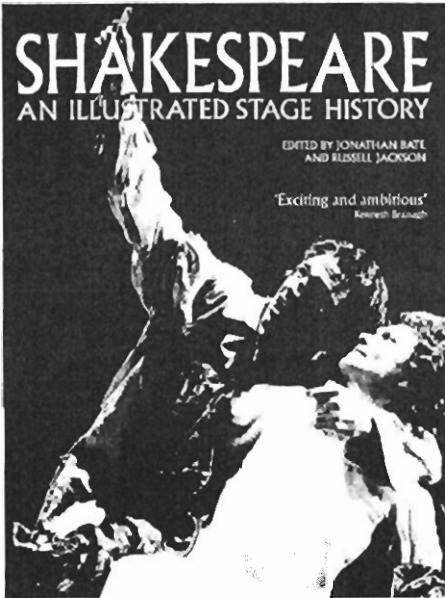
This raises another question about Shakespearean performance - Where did this Director person come from? In the essay "Directors' Shakespeare" Robert Smallwood

looks at the importance of interpretation as Shakespeare has progressed into the twentieth century. This can be seen in cinematic ventures including the recent film version of *Richard III*, which looks at parallels between Richard of Gloucester and Adolf Hitler. Such cultural resonances bring us a deeper understanding of the history of literature and the literature of history.

Shakespeare: An Illustrated Stage History never loses sight of the fact that the theatre is a conglomeration of styles and imput. Any performance of Shakespeare cannot be accomplished without numerous cast members, technical staff and administrators. To this end an essay by acclaimed Shakespearean actor Dame Judi Dench is included. In her short piece she recounts her own experience on the stage.

This collection of essays excels at what it attempts. From the first page to the last it is a wealth of knowledge about this remarkable area of literary history. This tome is essential for those who have any interest in Shakespeare. Get a bit of Shakespeare in ya'.

Anthony Paxton



A Timeless Soul?

Africa - A Timeless Soul.
Sorrell Wilby.
Picador.
\$ 16.95

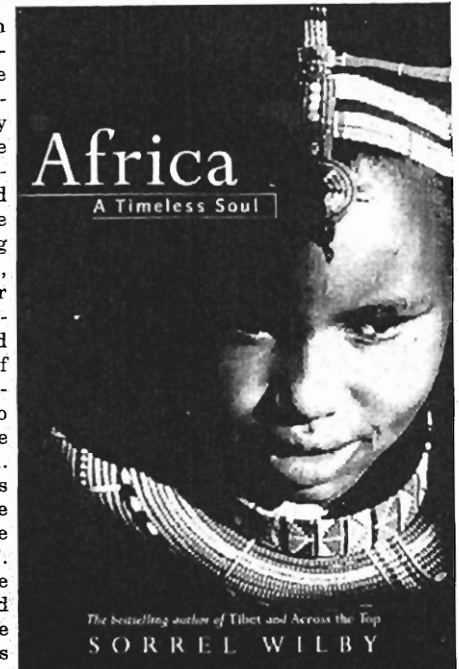
The question one must ask when reading a book documenting a sight-seeing trip across Africa is; how do I get some of this action? To be paid to take a trip, climb mountains, shoot photographs (of which there are nice ones in this book), see wildlife, etc. If only we could all do that. Sadly, we cannot. If we all went and did it, there would be no saps sitting around on their bums at home reading the book. So what makes Sorrell Wilby so special? Why does she get to do it? I don't know. I'm reasonably confident, however, that it has more to do with her can-do attitude and organisational ability than her style of writing.

Her narrative of the trip is exactly that; we went here, we did this, we moved on. We are told about a few of the characters that she meets on her way (about whom she is abrasively honest - "She was a living Barbie doll, tall and blonde and totally lacking animation"), the seemingly

never-ending parade of bad tour guides, and the various illnesses that one can pick up on the way through, but it's all rather bland and devoid of feeling. I wouldn't suggest that Wilby did not experience depth of feeling, because I know she did; you can see her trying to express it. But the reading of it is actually rather boring. Part of the problem is that there is never sufficient detail about a mountain view or a rock formation or whatever to get excited about. Wilby saw a lot of stuff while she was in Africa, and jammed it all into 200 pages. Another gripe is the accuracy of description. Rather than tell us what she can see, she almost always resorts to the use of metaphor ("it (a mountain) looked just like an erect uncircumcised penis"). Her attempts at describing her apparently powerful emotions are no better; "It was Grimm, it was Tolkien, it was Spielberg; it was a world all three masters of the far-fetched and fantastic had conspired, across time, to create". Ick.

Wilby is not just a travel guide, either, she'll happily share her views on African politics. This is

possibly even worse. Political errors of the past, the way in which current bureaucracy rips off the little guy (and the tourist), etc., ad nauseam. She makes irritating use of footnotes, showing off her knowledge of African words and making the rest of us look to the bottom of the page to find out what the hell is going on. One footnote is wasted on the meaning of the word "Nutella". (It's a spread made from chocolate and hazelnuts.) She constantly derides other tourists, suggesting that they are not getting the full Africa experience, merely some tourism company's idea of sightseeing. She, on the other hand, "found the timeless soul of Africa in her people, and in so do-



ing, had become a loose thread in their tapestry".

Load of shite. Avoid.

Chris Slape

Sex, Crime and Fred Nile

Peta Spear is a young writer, based in Sydney, who has recently exploded onto the national stage. Her latest book, *Sex Crimes*, is a brilliantly written sizzle from cover to cover. The main topic of the book is, surprisingly enough, sex! But not just your lurid Boy meets Girl, Boy snogs Girl crap. This is sensual, erotic literary love making at its best. Over the break Anthony Paxton called up Peta for a chat on the sex line.

We started by asking her why she had to choose sex as her topic.

"Well, why not? Well, basically I think that every writer has a theme that they're drawn to, or a motif that recurs in their work. And, basically, realm of the sensual or the sexual is one in my work."

But isn't sex old hat?

"Well no. I don't think people are ever particularly blasé about sexuality. I think that there has been certainly a lot more writing, at least in the last few years, which is a good thing because there's therefore much more discussion and consideration of the topic. But this sort of tendency to term all of the literature as Brit Lit or Grunge has already been shown to be sort of inappropriate, and I think that I'm just one of the more recent additions to discussion and consideration of sexual adventure and activity in fiction."

Is *Sex Crimes* an attempt to educate people about issues of sexuality, or was it an attempt to arouse?

"I never sat down with the conscious intention of either of those. My desire was working within the world of fiction; telling the story; exploring a narrative; exploring the development of a character; noting that characters interaction with other characters and so forth. In that sense my writing is not unlike anyone else writing anything else. There wasn't a deliberate intention on my part to simply titillate people with explicit sexual scenarios. I

wanted to just work in an area where there had not been much said. However, I was initially prompted by what I perceived as a lack of intelligent and engaging writing about sexualities, particularly the expression of female sexuality, when I began working on the collection which was several years ago. And in that way I was definitely encouraged in my own explorations to open up some fictional terrain about male and female sexual activity, in terms of stories that revolved around erotic imperatives, notions of transgressive behaviour, and acute sensual moments in the psychology of a character."

Sure, *Sex Crimes* is erotic, but is it pornographic?

"Well, I'm sure that there are readers who would describe it as pornographic and that doesn't disturb me in a sense, because I think pornography and erotica are often mixed up. They're both genres of writing, and I consider that my work resides fairly securely in the genre of erotica. But I'm not insensitive to the fact there are people for whom erotica is pornography anyway."

Would Fred Nile read her book?

"No, someone like Fred Nile would only respond to the scenarios where there's explicit sexuality. He wouldn't consider that there's a context for that. I think that with any writer who possibly writes about sex, someone somewhere will take it as pornographic."

Would she describe herself as a "poet" or a "novelist"?

"I began my writing career as a poet, and when I began work on *Sex Crimes* some of these pieces virtually grew out of my poetry writing. I actually regard some of the shorter pieces as prose poems. This book actually represents an organic development of me as a writer, because I began with the prose poems, they became short-short stories, and then the longer short stories, and then

the two very long short stories "Body of Sweetness" and "Sex Crimes", sort of like mini-novellas. That was a very organic development, actually in the process of writing and in the development of the book. I did consider the writing to be outside of the definition of what is applied to grunge lit or whatever."

Do we have a healthy attitude toward sex?

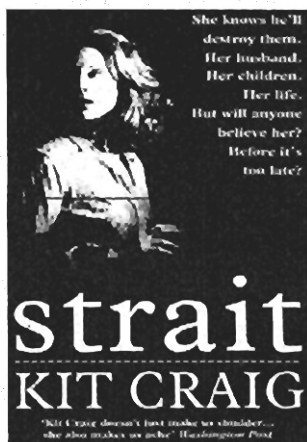
"A term like "we" is a very difficult term to address, but generally speaking I think that there are certainly areas of society, like the one represented by Fred Nile, which cer-

tainly need to be a lot more open about considerations of sexuality and should examine it. Whereas people in other areas of society interrogating this in a number of different ways, including fictional, theoretical and practical methods. But they are doing this in a very informed and informing way. Where *Sex Crimes* fits into that is that it is, I hope, a contribution to widening considerations about sexuality and sensuality and the role that they play in normal human activity

and in relationships and inter-relationships. I think that it is no different writing erotic from any other genre in the sense that you are tackling certain issues, and work with this within a genre, but you're discussing those issues on a much broader field. If anything can contribute to talking about sexuality, or making people aware of why people have certain types of sexual relationships which may be called transgressive, or unusual or criminal, or whatever, than that is useful. It's just widening the reader's experience, one hopes."



It's Great When You're Strait!



Strait.
Kit Craig.
Headline Publishing.
\$ 14.95

Hailed as her 'third psychological thriller', *Strait* is a quick, painless read. If you're one of those students who prefers to indulge in some easy-to-read, zone-out material during the mid-semester break, rather than plowing through reams of text books or critical essays, then I would recommend this novel.

Will Strait is a teacher at

Evvard College, (that's American for part of a University) a PhD candidate and all round Mr Nice Guy. That is, until Clair Sailor digs up some interesting facts about Mr Strait's personal life. In the process, Clair stands to lose all the things that are important to her - her husband, who is also an academic, her children and of course, her life. But I won't spoil the rest of the plot for you.

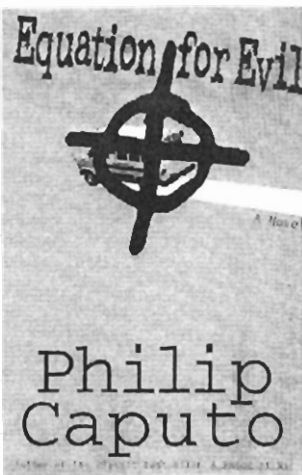
I think there is something in this for everyone. It's set mainly in a University, so

that should cover just about everyone reading this. The opening paragraph gives you a pretty good indication of what is to follow. It reads: "Change is like death, inevitable and just as certain. Unlike death it is subtle. It can creep up on you and slit your throat while you are smiling and looking at something else."

Enjoy Kit Craig's *Strait*, then pop it back on the shelf somewhere between Virginia Andrews and Stephen King.

Nadia Mansutti

Applied Algebra



Equation for Evil.
Phillip Caputo.
HarperCollins New York.
\$ 39.95

A massacre of children. A dead killer. A lot of loose ends. The question to be answered - why? This is *Equation for Evil* by Philip Caputo.

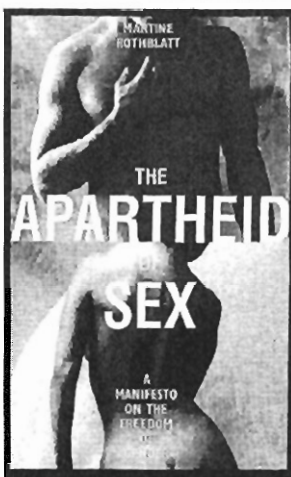
What seems to be a simple psychological autopsy of the mad killer of 14 children explodes into a hunt for an even deadlier foe, the man behind the killer, the man who can plan with

cold precision the death of 14 innocents. Caputo has developed a brilliant suspense novel, where the main weapon is psychological games of the mind. The reader is drawn into the action, knowing more than the characters themselves but too little to see all the pitfalls and much too little to guess the result.

This novel is much more, however, than just a incredibly well written suspense thriller. Caputo is using the story as a vehicle to express some very hard-hitting views on society. Racial tensions, our attitudes to and lack of reaction to hard violence, the role of the media and our basic moral decline are all explored through the exploration of the mind of a very disturbed individual. Caputo is not gentle in his probing of society, and leaves the reader with scary thoughts that, although the book is fiction, reality is quite capable of reproducing this scenario-like a copycat killer. Caputo is attempting to open our eyes to how numb society has become, so numb that crimes have to be of horrific proportions to rate a week's coverage in the news. A chilling reminder of how delicate society's fabric is, this book is definitely worth the read.

Marijke Richards

Sex



The Apartheid of Sex.
Martine Rothblatt.
Pandora.
\$ 17.95

Black..white..asian..latino. all of these labels applied by society are steadily being destroyed. Why? Because they are harmful and outdated. Then why not destroy the labels of male and female? This is the

question asked of us by Martine Rothblatt in her provocative look at male and female roles in modern society.

Martine argues that the traditional roles of males and females are not defined by biology, genetics nor genitalia, but rather by social attitudes. The book attempts to show that there are no socially meaningful characteristics that divide society into men and women. Martine feels that the law should be working to abolish the practice of the legal apartheid of sex.

The book is clearly pro-feminist and pro-gay and to me, this detracted from the objectivism that such a highly controversial subject demands. I found it to be highly idealistic and it failed to convince me. My doubts were strengthened after discovering that the author is a transsexual and thus, I thought that she was trying to justify herself. However, this book is still an interesting piece of work that deserves to be read simply for the sake of being well constructed and thought provoking.

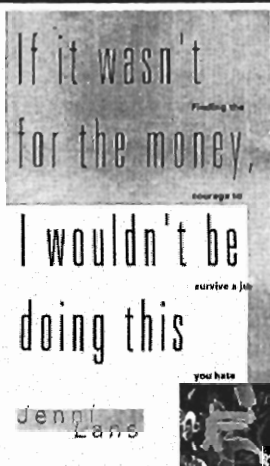
Courtney Squires

Just Do It

If It Wasn't For the Money, I Wouldn't Be Doing This.
Jenni Lans.
HarperBusiness.
\$16.95

Subtitled *Finding the courage to survive a job you hate*, this is a highly readable and sometimes hilarious manual on getting ahead in the workplace, surviving and overcoming your workmates and superiors and actually gaining some sort of personal benefit from the psychological minefield that is paid employment.

If the suspicion that you have a brain tumour or are about to suffer a massive coronary fills you not with horror but joy, as your first thought is "I may not have to go to work today!", then this is the book for you. I normally avoid self-help books like the smug, bland pop-psych rubbish that they are, but Jenni Lans' guide is a genuinely useful and intelligent survival tool. Her clear, witty writing style explains how to make friends, manipulate enemies, exploit opportunities and, most importantly, where to stand when the shit starts to fly. Most usefully, it is up to date,



Australia-specific and features excellent descriptions of the employee's legal recourses and requirements.

Speaking as someone whose own former boss prefaced tedious staff training exercises with the 'inspirational' strains of Tina Turner's *Simply the Best*, I cannot recommend this book highly enough.

James 'I'm doing this for the satisfaction, not the cash, honest' Morrison

Identity Crisis

Not Her Real Name.
Emily Perkins.
Picador.

Not Her Real Name is the debut of Emily Perkins. And what a great debut it is too! She's chosen short stories for this introduction and I congratulate her on such a brilliant choice for a first novel. It's a collection which allows her to show us how well developed she is as a writer, with an ability to take on different voices and genres with ease. Her collection showcases a very modern, raw, truthful style - she is writing as she sees life, not glossing over issues or painting them too brightly until the original image is lost.

The stories are a mix of quirky humour, harsh reality and a very cinematic writing style. Each story is like opening a door and seeing someone's life being captured before you. Perkins has written with such clarity it is like watching a movie or studying a photograph. She covers issues in amazing depth given the shortness of the space she has allowed herself. Issues which dominate the lives of our



generation - we that have such short attention spans. Maybe that's why Perkins chose to write short stories, she realises anything longer will not be read because halfway through she'll have lost our attention.

But these stories are definitely not attention losers! They grab your attention and hang on firmly 'till the very end. Buy this book, it's worth it.

Marijke Richards

Colin McCahon (1919 - 1987)

The Five Wounds of Christ, no. 2

October 1977 - January 1978
Synthetic polymer paint on canvas 232 x 207.5 cm
Art Gallery of South Australia, North Terrace

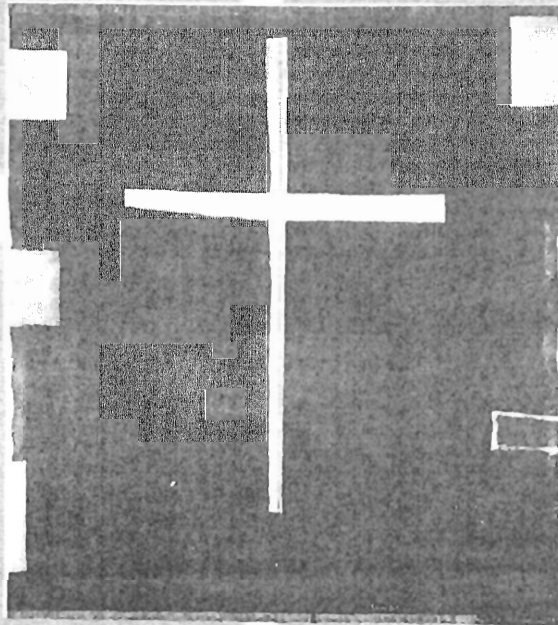
New Zealand's greatest painter, Colin McCahon, an artist of international importance, was born in 1919 at Timaru, South Island. He attended King Edward Technical College Art School part-time in Dunedin from 1937 - 39. In 1942, he married Anne Hamblett, a former fellow art student. They moved to Christchurch in 1948 and he worked as a jeweller until an opportunity arose to join the Auckland City Art Gallery in 1953. His first influences were from the local artists, Russell Clark, Gordon Tovey, Douglas Charlton Edgar and Robert Field. Later, he was interested in the work of Cézanne and the cubists as well as being encouraged by Tom Woollaston and Frank Tusswill to look at religious art.

A search for an easily readable style led him to the Italian Primitives. He found the customs of words on scrolls, which led to a McCahon's comic speech bubbles and the relocating of biblical events into his local environs which motivated abusive criticism. His use of text, which began in 1943, went against the modernist sense of purity during the 1950s and 60s. The use of text is now common in contemporary art, for example the work of Jasper Johns, Robert Long and Anselm Kiefer.

In 1958, he was awarded a Carnegie Foundation to travel to the west coast of the United States. This experience led to his large work, *Northland Panels*, paintings of a size never seen before in New Zealand. In 1964, he was appointed as lecturer in painting at the Auckland School of Fine Arts. In 1968, he obtained a studio at Muriwai, about 50 km from Auckland. He taught until 1971, after which he became a freelance painter. The early seventies saw him attain greater public acceptance as a leading artist in New Zealand. McCahon is probably best known in Australia for his large painting in the Australian National Gallery, *Victory over Death* (1970). The New Zealand government donated it as a gift to the Government and people of Australia in March 1978. In 1979, he stopped painting at Muriwai and by 1983 had ceased painting altogether. He died 27th May, 1987 of broncho-pneumonia complicated by dementia.

"My painting is almost entirely autobiographical - it tells you

where I am at any given time, where I am living and the direction I am pointing in. In this present time, it is very difficult to paint for other people - to paint beyond your own end and point directions as painters once did. Once the painter was making signs and symbols for people to live by: now he makes things to hang on walls at exhibitions."¹



This statement describes McCahon's work and the condition of painting as he perceives it. In viewing *The Five Wounds of Christ, no. 2* (1977 - 78), information about his life should be discernible. The painting, second in a series of three, was completed while fulfilling a commission for Peter and Hillary McLeavey of Wellington² and invites meditation on the implications of the wounds suffered by Christ. Prior to painting *The Five Wounds of Christ* series, his *Angels and Bed* series of 1976 - 77 developed a highly condensed form of symbolism. This enabled McCahon to achieve maximum artistic expression with minimum use of subject matter.

Between 1944 - 50, angels appear in his work: *The Angels of the Annunciation* (1949), *The Marys at the Tomb* (1950), *Christ Taken from the Cross* (1947) and *The Promised Land* (1948). In these works, the angel appears in human form as a messenger providing good tidings or fateful warnings. The *Angels and Bed* series follows accordingly in a traditional sense. McCahon, however, transforms his angels into abstract simplicities. The angels are windows of light, messengers to communicate or influence the receiver and the viewer. They are mirrors that reflect the current situation of the receiver and viewer. They present a challenge or personal crisis and, by bringing a fuller meaning to life, can effect the future and provide

a means of salvation. They also offer consolation at loss and death. In an effort to see a way through, they initiate action to avoid self-destruction.

McCahon's symbols are overlaid with many meanings, saying many things at once. As Wylan Curnow wrote in August 1977, "McCahon is polyglot: pay attention to one language and before you know it, he's

Auckland and the universe. The cross is surrounded by five white rectangular shapes symbolising the wounds of Christ, the source of his grace, which in turn are the angels. The five angels watch over and celebrate the crucifix enabling it to soar protectively over the city of Auckland and over all humankind and to safeguard our world and universe. The grey strip at the base of the painting defines a cliff and Muriwai beach, the artist's summer studio where the work was painted. Wylan Curnow describes the area where McCahon worked:

"Muriwai stretches from here in an uninterrupted line forty-nine miles north-west to the Kaipara Heads. From here only the eye puts out to sea. Flat out to the horizon. Space opens outward and upward far as you can see. The horizon is the farther edge of a further interstice, that between sea and sky and the edge of the world. It is the western horizon where the sun goes down and the lights goes out. Venus rises from that edge."³

The years that McCahon painted at Muriwai included much of his greatest work. A place he stumbled upon by chance became a place of inspiration. In June 1988, McCahon's ashes were released over the Muriwai headlands. In 1966, McCahon had this to say about the New Zealand landscape which he loved and helped to define:

"The crucifixion hadn't yet come: perhaps this landscape was of the time before Jesus. I saw an angel in this land ... I saw something logical, orderly and beautiful belonging to the land and not yet to its people. Not yet understood or communicated, not even really invented."⁴

Brian Lynch

talking another"⁵. McCahon provides an example:

"The I of the sky, falling light and enlightened land, is also ONE. The T of the sky and light falling into dark landscape is also the T of the Tau or Old Testament, or Egyptian Cross."⁶

The Five Wounds of Christ is a return to the crucifixion for McCahon but not in the conventional sense like his earlier religious work of 1947 - 52. The *Angels and Bed* series develops the symbolic angel, represented by the white rectangle which is used in *The Five Wounds of Christ*. Both of these series make use of a flat, abstract black space where the only movement on the surface comes from the back and forth, push-pull relationship between the black and white. Upon meeting the poet James Baxter in 1943, McCahon symbolised the creative imagination or the artist as prophet with the light of a candle. For McCahon, white represents light, transcendence, the presence of grace, the creative imagination and prophecy.

In the painting *The Five Wounds of Christ, no. 2*, a large white Latin cross floats in the centre of a black void. The dark space has layers of meaning. Significantly, the black represents the last hours of Christ's suffering on the cross, the darkness that followed the crucifixion from midday to three in the afternoon. At the same time, the darkness is the atmosphere above

¹ Colin McCahon: A Survey Exhibition, Auckland City Art Gallery, March / April, 1972, p. 26.

² The main work of the series remains with the McLeavey's in Wellington. The second is in the collection of the Art Gallery of South Australia and the third painting, which had no landscape references, hangs in the Dunedin Public Art Gallery in New Zealand.

³ Gordon Brown, *Colin McCahon: Artist*, Auckland: Reed, 1993, p. 177.

⁴ Text from the *Necessary Protection* invitation card, Barry Lett Galleries, 1971. Colin McCahon: *Gates and Journeys*, Auckland City Art Gallery, 1988, p. 51.

⁵ Wylan Curnow, McCahon's '*Necessary Protection*', August 1977, p. 8.

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On Dit
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- 7th - \$200 Festival Centre Trust Theatre prize
- 8th - \$200 Aphelion Library book prize
- 9th - \$150 Croxley Collins Olympic Stationery Pack
- 10th - \$150 Random House book prize
- 11th - \$110 Theatre Guild prize
- 12th - Radio 5UV prize
- 13th - Lowdown Magazine prize

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VOX

POP



Questions

1. What was the most embarrassing or stupid thing that you witnessed or did during the holidays?
2. If you could think of an alternate event for the olympics what would it be?



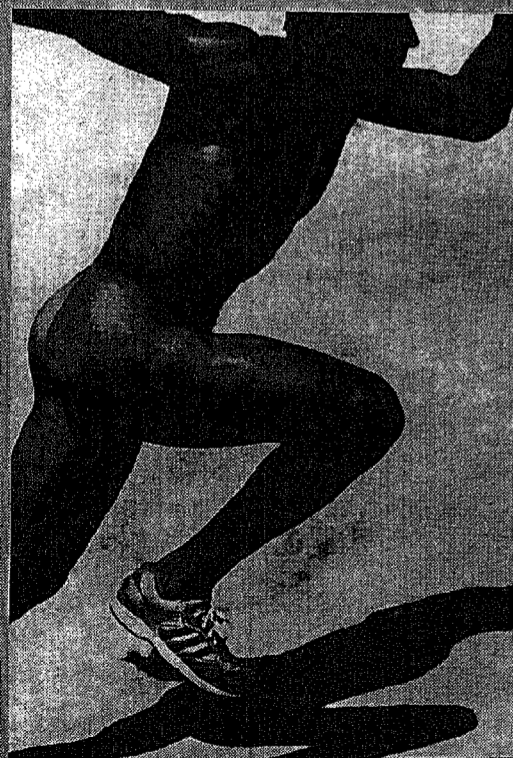
Melissa

1. Having to push start the car after a few drinks.
2. 'Spin the Bottle' (one way to get cross-cultural 'things' happening.)



Cynthia

1. Went to my parents' place and got out the old 'Commodore 64' hooked it up and started playing. I then went to Cash Converters and bought a whole lot of old cheap games to play.
2. Indoor Cricket.



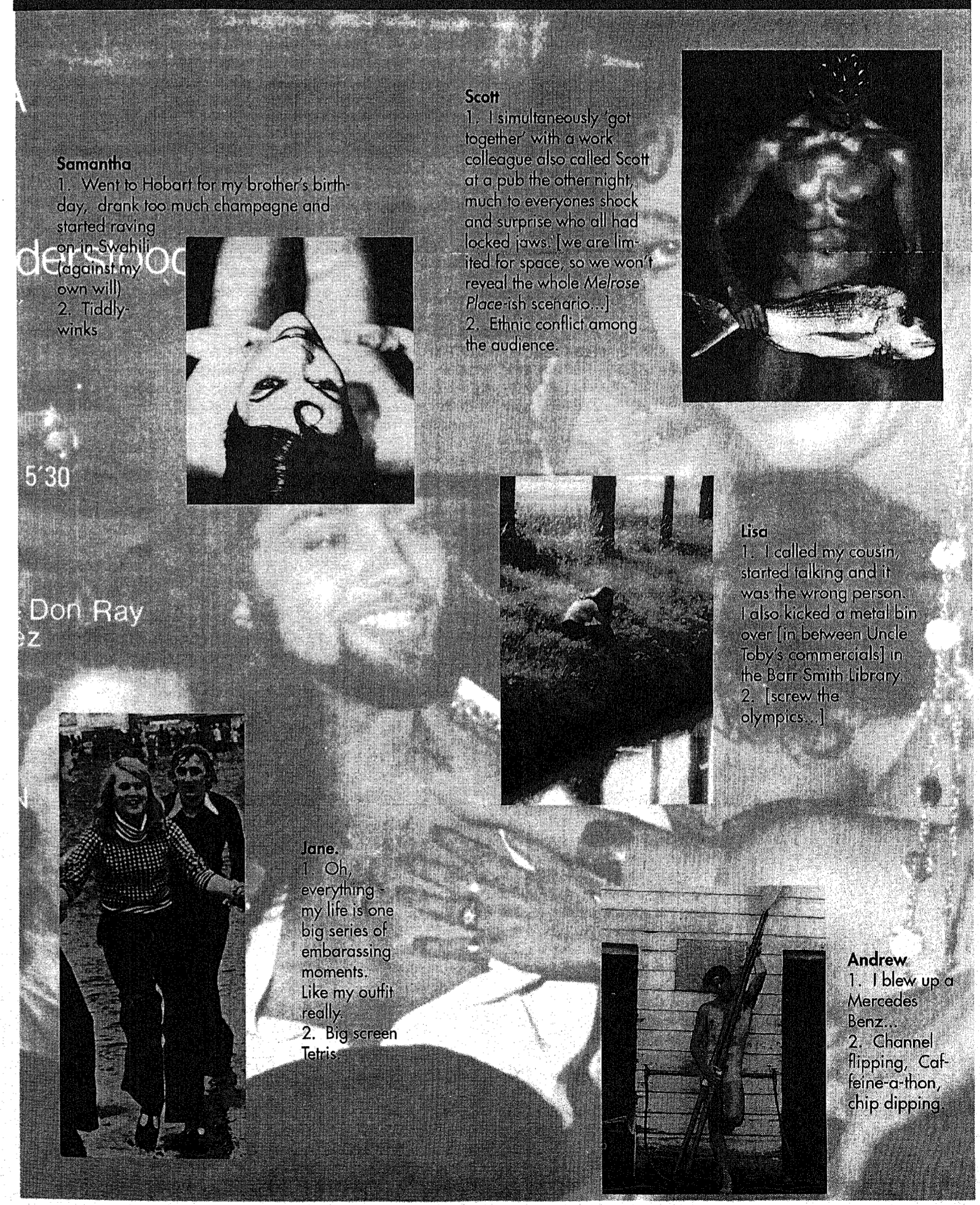
Richard

1. I can't think of anything.
2. Nude Olympics.



Cassandra

1. I really couldn't think of anything.
2. 'Spit the Dummy'



der...
5'30

Don Ray
EZ

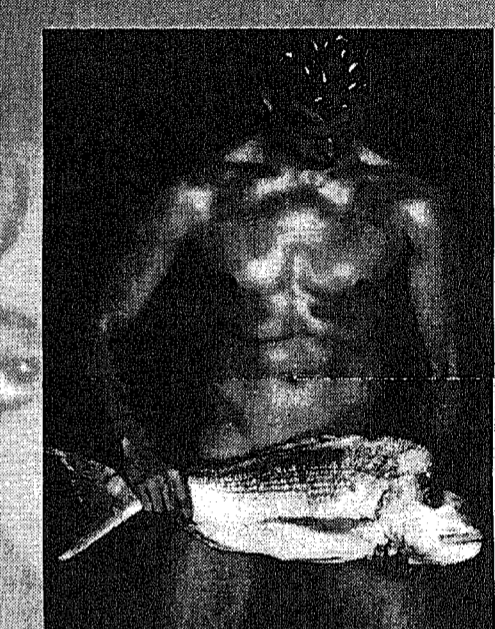


Jane

1. Oh, everything my life is one big series of embarrassing moments. Like my outfit really.
2. Big screen Tetris.

Scott

1. I simultaneously 'got together' with a work colleague also called Scott at a pub the other night, much to everyone's shock and surprise who all had locked jaws. [we are limited for space, so we won't reveal the whole *Melrose Place*-ish scenario...]
2. Ethnic conflict among the audience.



Lisa

1. I called my cousin, started talking and it was the wrong person. I also kicked a metal bin over [in between Uncle Toby's commercials] in the Barr Smith Library.
2. [screw the olympics...]



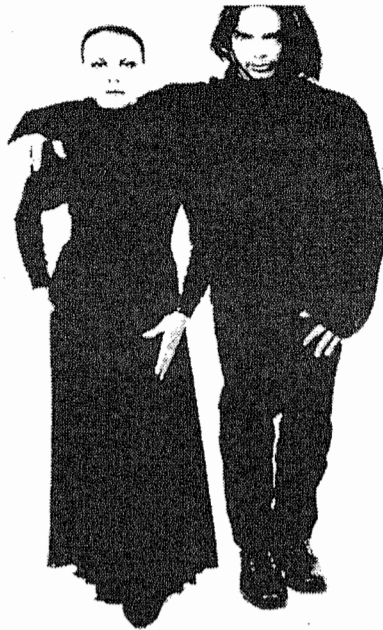
Andrew

1. I blew up a Mercedes Benz...
2. Channel flipping, Caffeine-a-thon, chip dipping.

La Flor de mi Secreto

La Flor de mi Secreto - The Flower of My Secret
Mercury Cinema

Spanish films reflect the Spaniards. Spanish people are weird! And Pedro Almodovar's latest film *The Flower of My Secret* still continues his tradition of quirky melodramas interlarded with some comic relief. As per usual, the storyline is up there with any Venezuelan soap opera. Leo (Marisa Paredes, who incidentally also starred in Almodovar's *High Heels*) is a trashy romance novel writer, writing under the pseudonym of Amanda Gris, and is experiencing marital problems. Her best friend Betty seems aloof to the situation. Because her life no longer really reflects the lives of her romance novels, her writing becomes increasingly depressing.



Because of this, her publishers have a plan to reveal her true iden-

tity. Before this happens, Leo walks into the offices of Spain's leading newspaper *El Pais*, and asks for a job - and gets it! Her first task is to write a critique on - Amanda Gris. It is here she meets Angel. Through all this, Leo gets severely emotional about the death of her marriage and the film goes through her pain. Of course there are some quirky bits in this quirky film - an Almodovar trademark. The first scene has a twist, and the television scenes of the National Screaming Competition and the student demonstration are hilarious, even though these happen when Leo is depressed the most.

You'll find out that phosphorous pills are aphrodisiacs (Leo swears

by that) and a first for a Spanish film - no sex or female full frontal nudity! The person to look out for in the film is the highly talented Chus Lampreuve who plays Leo's mother. She is quintessential Spanish old woman material. Rosa, Leo's sister, lives with their mother and the relationship she has with her mother is explosive and funny. Look out also for a fiery flamenco scene verging on the incestuous. On the whole it's a typical Almodovar film and fans of his will like it. However, many of the jokes and scenes of the film are lost if you don't understand the Spanish language, culture and society. But don't let that stop you from enjoying the film. It's not a major obstacle but it does enhance the experience.

Nick Nasev

More prison drama, screws.

Last Dance
Academy Cinema City

One thing about this film before I get started; this is not a film for everybody. It is tense, emotional drama and it doesn't let you go. This latest feature from Bruce Beresford is a rare look at the jus-

tice system of the United States that shows all of the players at the mercy of a system that shakes with one hand and takes with the other. The characters in this film either embrace the de-humanising aspects of this system, or fight it - but both types pay in some way.

death row, and now is finally facing execution. Rob Morrow (*Northern Exposure*, *Quiz Show*) is Rick Hayes, the lawyer assigned to review her case before it is submitted to the Governor. A relationship develops between the two characters, which is given time to develop slowly, adding to the richness of the film. Built into this relationship is the fact that Hayes has only thirty days to gain a stay of execution, and risks everything to save Liggett, not only for his own selfish reasons, but because he realises that she has changed from the woman that killed twelve years before.

Randy Quaid and Peter Gallagher provide excellent support to the leading players. Quaid, in particular, shows a level of ruggedness mixed with warmth that

is a much better vessel to showcase his acting talents than, urrrgh, *Kingpin*. Jack Thompson plays the part of the Governor, continuing his string of popping up in obscure places in American films. He manages to pull this one off, holding his accent, but also doing a good job of what is essentially a bit part.

Last Dance at times teeters on the edge of melodrama, but is convincing in its method. The tension builds subtly throughout the film, leading to the final events concerning the execution (the final call to the death chamber). I wouldn't choose this film as a 'lets go to the movies' film, but as a piece of engaging and thought provoking cinema, it is a must.

Mark Bahlin



This is also the latest film starring Sharon Stone, continuing her string of excellent performances, which saw her earn an Academy Award nomination for *Casino*. Stone plays the lead character of Cindy Liggett, who has spent twelve years on

"A jeep, a jeep, my kingdom for a jeep"

Richard III
Trak Cinema

Every once in a while they try to sneak a good movie past us. Don't let them. When Shakespeare's most notorious villain delivers a good chunk of his famous opening speech - "Now is the winter of our discontent" - while relieving himself at the urinal and speaking to the camera, it soon becomes apparent that this latest adaptation of *Richard III* will be an adventurous one.

Director Richard Loncraine takes the melodramatic chronicle of Richard (England's slimiest and evil royal humpback) out of the fifteenth century and plunges it into a not entirely fictional jazz

age and fascist London of the 1930s. Loncraine has condensed the lengthy Elizabethan speeches but retained the play's theme - a warning to all power mongers.

The action unfolds with stylised extravagance in a series of eccentric locations. It shifts from obsequious charm to cold-blooded cruelty with the help of a flamboyant Ian McKellen (*Richard III*) who is superb. The supporting cast is strong - including Nigel Hawthorne as Richard's ill-fated brother Clarence and Maggie Smith as his mother and Kristin Scott-Thomas as a morphine hooked Lady Anne. The American actors (Annette Bening and Robert Downey Jr) however, don't quite fit into the film as the words

don't exactly trip off of their tongues.

Despite this strong cast, it is definitely a 1 1 McKellen's show as he struts his way as a macabre joker. All in all you get the impression that you're watching a fast-paced ultraviolent political thriller in which all the characters just happen to be extremely eloquent. This adaptation is not



only engrossing but spectacularly entertaining with its striking poster art cinematography.

Emily Bourmas

Is there a doctor in the house?

Blue in the Face
Trak Cinema
Season closed

The season for *Blue in the Face* opened and closed in that twilight zone between the last *On Dit* of Semester I and the first *On Dit* of Semester II. Well, maybe that makes this the earliest video review you'll read all year (or the latest film review of the year depending on whether you think the glass is half empty or half full). Either way, it doesn't change the fact that by delaying packing up the equipment after filming *Smoke* to shoot some impromptu cameo situations, Wayne Wang and Paul Auster have recorded one of the most self-indulgent pieces of quirk around. But that is half the charm of *Blue in the Face*.

This film is a star spotter's delight with appearances by Lou Reed (as some kind of smoking, self analyst), Michael J. Fox (as Alex Keaton asking some very personal survey questions - he's not literally playing the *Family Ties* part, I just found it difficult to differentiate), Roseanne (as a Las Vegas bound, disgruntled housewife), Lily Tomlin (as a waffle obsessed, down-and-out bloke) plus some other actors you might or might not have heard about (like Madonna). Holding what is a mish mash of plots and scenes together is Harvey Keitel as Auggie the shopkeep at the Brooklyn Cigar Company.

So what is it all about? It's about talking, smoking, communities, relationships, day to day existence, domestic conflict, personal identification with baseball



teams, pleasure drawn from the little things in life. *Blue in the Face* can probably be summed up by the ritualistic conversation between Keitel and Jim Jarmusch. Jarmusch comes into the Brooklyn Cigar Company to share his last ever cigarette with the man who he has been buying his

tobacco from for however long. He precedes lighting it up by discussing his life in terms of smoking. Smoking was a major part of his existence and so everything he has done consequently has involved cigarettes. The conversation is a low key delight.

There's more than one message about the importance of places and things for struggling communities to focus their lives on and around. But really, this film is quite simply fun.

Bryan Scruby

Miaow!!!



The Truth About Cats and Dogs
Hoyts Regent

Abby Barnes (Janeane Garofalo) is a veterinarian and host of a suc-

cessful talk show for pet owners, aptly named "The Truth About Cats and Dogs." She seems to have it all - she's intelligent, witty, and

a talented violinist. However she is not exactly the classic American beauty and is consequently overlooked by the image-conscious, professional set of Los Angeles when it comes to romance. Enter

Brian (Ben Chaplin), a charming, English photographer whose only contact with Abby has been over the airwaves when he enlists her help to calm a Great Dane trapped in a pair of roller skates. Brian is so impressed by Abby's intelligence and charm that he decides to try and meet her in person. Although Abby is interested in Brian, she is so insecure about her appearance that she convinces her beautiful, but rather naive neighbour Noelle (Uma Thurman) to meet Brian and pretend to be her. What follows is a highly entertaining story that deals with important issues such as loyalty, friendship and the true nature of beauty.

Unlike so many other films in the romantic comedy genre, *The Truth About Cats and Dogs* does not use humour to cover up a sloppy

plot. Writer Audrey Wells uses humour to enable the audience to identify with the characters and to draw out some important truths regarding men, women, and the nature of relationships. Janeane Garofalo (*The Larry Sanders Show*, *Saturday Night Live*, *Winona Ryder's* roommate in *Reality Bites*) also asserts herself as a gifted comedian and is the main reason why this movie has avoided becoming too sentimental. Uma Thurman is equally impressive, as she manages to add a certain flair to a character who would otherwise have emerged as rather one dimensional.

The Truth About Cats and Dogs is light-hearted, genuinely funny and definitely worth seeing.

Laura Stevens

It's Lacroix, sweetie, Lacroix.

Unzipped.
Trak Cinema.

Darling, have you ever wanted to know what it's really like behind the sordid, silicon industry of fashion? Douglas Keeve has moved from the world of fashion photography to fashion direction with his film *Unzipped*, which is a "behind the seams" look at the fashion hive in New York. The basic premise of the movie is that it attempts to trace the harrowing right of passage between one fashion show and the next. The subject for this biographical fashion fantasy is the acclaimed designer Isaac Mizrahi. Mizrahi is a star by himself. His clothing creations are a masterpiece and yet he manages to upstage them at every opportunity. His sharp wit and quirky sense of humour sets him apart from his work so that it is impos-

sible to confuse the two. Mizrahi is Mizrahi, his designs are his passion.

Many may claim that this film is nothing more than a glorified advertisement for the latest in fashion guru's. This is certainly a partial result of the film. But I am sure that *Unzipped* has no relationship to that most horrid of cinematic commercials, *Mac and Me*. The film promises and delivers far more than just an in depth look at one man and his work. The film makes broad comments about the fashion industry in general, both defensive and critical. The political content contained in a single outfit is depicted as worthy of debate. Mizrahi's politically correct furs (made entirely of silk) stress this point. Fashion in this film is more than just clothes. It is history, culture, politics and the textile industry meeting, melding and making

the garments that we celebrate as fashion. Is this fashion for the elite or just fashion for fashion's sake? I am sure that the average student could not afford a pair of Mizrahi slippers, let alone one of his gorgeous skirts.

So what can one expect to get from this documentary? Perhaps a sense of taste, a few laughs and a greater understanding of one of the most talked about and least understood industries. The cast of supermodels is enough to make George (I could only afford Linda Evangelista for the "Too Funky" film clip) Michael blush with envy. Keeve has made a remarkable film by capturing the camera shy supermodels with aplomb. Mizrahi's fashions speak for themselves, but they have to compete for space on celluloid with Mizrahi, numerous models and the fashion industry itself. This



film is a precise, engaging and enjoyable view of a mysterious social microcosm. Whatever your taste in clothes this movie is a quaint look at obsession that you will never forget.

Anthony Paxton

Them U.F.O.s, they're out there...somewhere



The Arrival
Academy Cinema City

On the surface this looks like a reject script from an *X-Files* movie with Mulder and Scully written out. Aliens, invasion, government conspiracy, the truth is out there, the whole shebang. Actually the production levels are pretty high on this film, which has obviously been rush released to cash in on the phenomenal success of

Independence Day. This film would actually make an excellent prequel to *Independence Day* - watch your local drive-in.

Charlie Sheen stars as Zane Zaminski, a paranoid radio astronomer who searches the skies for a signal from an alien race, which is called the Shockwave. On one lonely night he actually hears something which can only be described as "definitely not human" and so begins the roller coaster. There are close brushes with death, there are aliens, there are more deaths, there are car chases. Sneaking around at night, computer graphics, Mexicans, conspiracy theories, wacky alien weapons - the lot! Pretty standard action fare in all, except for the excellent special effects. The ending is a bit

weird, but realistic given the circumstances - hang on for *Independence Day* says this little black duck.

Ron Silver plays Gordian (*Reversal of Fortune*, *Timecop*), Zane's suspicious looking chief at NASA. Lindsay Crouse is adequate as Ilana Green, a greenie scientist who adds more to the storyline. Teri Polo (*Northern Exposure*, *The House of the Spirits*) is the surprise packet of this film, playing the part of Zane's girlfriend, Char. It is a much better role than most of the bimbo parts going, and Polo does a good job of it.

The Arrival is unbalanced, but a good bit of fun. Sheen is allowed to play around a little, which is good since his roles in the *Hot Shots* series - it is hard to take him seriously in this film. It is adequate for a night at the movies, worth a few laughs and enough paranoia and special effects to keep sci-fi fans happy.

Mark Bahlin

Please Give Me A Heading I



This not very exciting pic is from the very exciting movie *Fargo*.

Here's a rundown of the cinematic highs and lows in Ad elaide during the holidays. How many did you manage to catch/avoid?

Highs

Fargo - the Coen brothers hit a new high with this new thriller comedy. See it.

Richard III - tantalising Shake speare. Yum!

The Truth About Cats and Dogs - romantic comedy with a lower dose of sugar.

The Last Supper - American indie black comedy with a killer cast. Literally.

Averages

Mission Impossible - Cruise, Cruise, Cruise and more Cruise.

Cable Guy - Carrey, Carrey and more Carrey.

Aardman Collection II - Nick Park and the Aardman Co. are Gods of claymation, O.K?

Run Of the Country - Irish coming-of-age tale with Albert Finney and lead actors that look like they came straight from a Bennetton ad.



Jane (Gainsbourg) and Rochester (William Hurt)

Muppet Treasure Island - Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie and Jennifer Saunders. Arr, me hearties!!

Jane Eyre - the actors Charlotte Gainsbourg, William Hurt and Joan Plowright were great but the rest sorta sucked.



The Black Sheep, only two funny jokes, and the above wasn't one of them.

Lows

Hackers - cyberpunk mess

The Black Sheep - dumb is the operative word here.

The Craft - hocus-pocus

The Quest - more Van Damme action we don't need.



The Vampire, the ultimate villain eternally living off the blood of others, and using them to create more of it's own kind, has appeared in over 300 movies, spanning over seventy years. Immortalised by the likes of Bela Lugosi and Christopher Lee, the strange fascination of the vampire has ensured it's unholy return to the screen, quite often though in unholy re-makes, with unholy special fi and acting.

Count Dracula becomes Count Orlock, England changes to Germany, and German director F.W.Murnau's attempt at avoiding copyright violation of Bram Stoker's classic Dracula, falls flat on it's face. Murnau's silent film, *Nosferatu*, a vampire classic, is driven into obscurity by legal proceedings lead by Stoker's widow. That was in 1922. Decades later, and Murnau's film, one of the first vampire films has been elevated to cult status, immortalised by Max Shreck's hideous Count (balding rat in designer leather). Werner Herzog's remake *Nosferatu*, featuring Isabelle Adjani and Klaus Kinski, has to be however one of the most unsettling vampire films, with it's naturalistic cinematography, its minimal dialogue, music and haunting lingering images, of plague and madness.

Even Australia got into the Vampire act, with the cult classic *Bloodlust*. This has to be the absolute and utter worst film ever made (forget Ed Wood), shot on something that resembles video rather than film, featuring underground Melbourne actors, or rather prostitutes and drug addicts, in an acting nightmare that induces repeated nausea. Pseudo American accents, bad pyrotechnics, bad special fx necrophillia and plenty more make this film, according to the lead actor "a load of shit".

Tony Scott's *The Hunger*, featuring Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie and Susan Sarandon, has to be one of the most memorable films of this genre. Highly stylised, sensual and violent, the film deals with a sudden ageing condition that befalls vampires, condemning their immortality to the confines of a rotting corpse in a coffin, eternally whispering. Spooky. The film's most tripped out concept has to be a small but sharp pendant worn by the vampires. It is an Egyptian symbol of immortality that the vampires use to slash their victims and feed. Disturbing.

Then off course who could forget Neil Jordan's opulent epic *Interview with a Vampire*, based on the Anne Rice novel. Visually brilliant, great film score, Kirstin Dunst's incarnation of Claudia the child vampire is fantastic, but Tom Cruise and Brad Pitt in fangs, I'm so scared. Equally unconvincing was Francis Ford Coppola's excessive *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, which fell apart in it's liberal interpretation of Stoker's classic, not to mention making the film's central construct eternal love. Spare me! Dracula changes from a bloodthirsty Vlad the Impaler to a bat, to a wolf, to green mist, to rats, to an ageing old man. Great party tricks but not in a feature film. From box office bomb, to pure shlock to cinematic masterpiece, the Vampire film, is definitely one to check out, and lucky for you all titles mentioned are available at Kino. Yahoo!

Kanesan Nathan

Please Give Me A Heading II

The Rock Academy Cinemas

From the creators of *Crimson Tide* comes the latest multi-million dollar, testosterone driven, American piece of cinema. Starring Sean Connery (accolades too numerous to mention), Nicholas Cage (*Leaving Las Vegas*) and Ed Harris (*Apollo 13*), *The Rock* tells the story of an FBI chemical/biological weapons expert Stanley Goodspeed (Cage), and an ex-Alcatraz escapee Patrick Mason (Connery), who are involved in a race against time to break into the old Alcatraz prison. Set in San Francisco, Alcatraz prison is overrun by a group of mutinying marines led by military general Francis X Hummel, whose aim is to blackmail the U.S government into paying compensation to his fallen soldier's families. This is important to Hummel because these men were killed participating in illegal operations for the government, and to protect themselves the government has denied the families the real reasons for their death and compensation. By threatening to detonate missiles containing VX poison gas (a lethal gas that has the capacity to kill

someone in 7 seconds), on the city of San Francisco, Hummel and his men aim to blackmail the government into meeting their demands. What follows is a race against time as (Goodspeed and Mason try to break into the prison complex in order to locate and disable the missiles (with the help of a navy seal contingent) and overthrow the dissidents in order to save the day. Not usually an action freak I thought that the movie began well, complete with a few humorous one-liners from Cage and Connery that, in spite of myself, I found amusing. However after the nauseatingly pathetic and senseless 'shower room' scene, it all went downhill. If you're into senseless violence and don't mind seeing people being brutally murdered then this is the movie for you.

My personal favourites were: seeing someone's neck being twisted and broken, seeing someone's face dissolve after contact with poisonous gas, seeing someone being impaled on a pole the size of a goal post...I could go on forever. Hooray for Hollywood. Of course in true U.S style the good-guys save man-

kind (read the U.S.A), and equilibrium is restored. Unfortunately this movie will probably do well at the box-office, sparking the production of similar movies. As for myself it is one that I'd rather forget.

Kerryn Doyle



Fly on the Wall

Frida - Naturaleza Viva Mercury Cinemas

Questions summarise this film, these being "Who is that?"; "Why are they doing that?"; "What are they saying?"; "Where the hell have the subtitles gone?"; and "What on earth is going on here?..."the answer: No one had any idea. *Frida - Naturaleza Viva* was a fly on the wall account of the life of Frida Kahlo, one of the most popular female artists in history. Being a lover of her art, and an avid scholar of her life, I found this film to be incredibly dull and did not add anything to my understanding of her. If you had not read about her prior to the film, you would have been completely lost in a series of scenes, all placed haphazardly and without concern for the viewer's comprehension. The spoken language was Spanish which was all well and good when we were supported by subtitles, but there were just too many times when lingual assistance was completely abandoned, leaving the audience to drown in confusion and ignorance. About six people, out of an audience of around 18 left during the film, the only reason my partner and I stayed was because there

were a couple of scenes that managed to capture our wandering minds, and the art, in itself, was quite interesting, if not altogether disturbing. The experience was the same as staying home, and watching the grass grow, then progressing inside to watch the paint dry. The concept is amusing and slightly intriguing when you start, but after 5 or 10 minutes, you're bound to nod off.

Fiona Sproles



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VIDEOS VIDEOS



The Other Woman
Roadshow Entertainment

Are you sick of Laura Leighton (Sydney from *Melrose*) being the baddest bitch from hell? If so, then you'll be relieved to see her in *The Other Woman*, a poignant film centered on a woman's struggle to accept her soon awaited death, and the fact that she will have to hand her two daughters over to her ex husband and his new wife, (Leighton). The story is a bit formula, and if you've seen the beautiful and incredibly sad *Who Will Love My Children?*, then this one will ring bells with you. Some of the scenes are a bit melodramatic, and the special appearance by Lloyd Bridges was a bit deflating, but apart from this, *The Other Woman* was an entertaining, heart puller filled with anger, sadness, regret, and chock full of confrontation.

Fiona Sproles

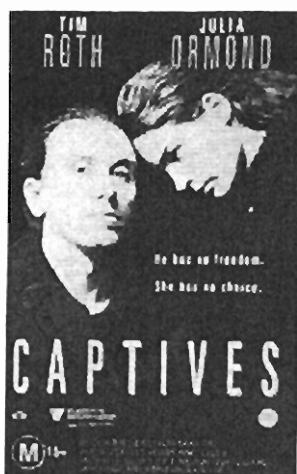
Necronomicon
Columbia Tri Star

NecroWHAT? It's the ancient almanac of spells and creatures beyond the grave - *The Book Of The Dead* (creeeepy!). H.P. Lovecraft, the original master of horror, strikes again and be advised not to watch alone. The story is in three parts; "The Shadow", "The Cold" and "Whispers" and are set in different times and with completely different stories that are only connected by this book of nasty concoctions.

There is the dude who brings his love back from the dead only to discover that she turns inside out whilst making love (yes people, always carry protection), and then of course you have the ordinary, everyday gooky mad scientist who needs to be kept cold and drink spinal fluid to live to be 160!

Necronomicon "will take you to Hell and back" (reminiscent of my Histo. exam) and although not as terrifying as Roseanne in a pair of skimpy bathers, it's pretty scary shit indeed.

Sina Keihani-Rad



Captives
Roadshow Entertainment

The beautiful Julia Ormond (*Legends of the Fall*) and the fascinating Tim Roth (*Reservoir Dogs*) star in this film about a prison dentist's dangerous relationship with a patient. This rather dark, gritty and unglamorous film succeeded in toying with my feeling of safety. I was never at ease watching this video, wondering what Rachael (Ormond) was getting herself into after she began to work as a dentist in a London prison. Her involvement with convicted murderer Philip (Roth) was both compelling and frightening. Never sure whether Philip is a good guy or a bad guy, I was kept fearful for Rachael, watching her get caught in deeper and deeper until there was seemingly no escape. But I digress. Tim Roth and Julia Ormond were the reasons for my watching the film in the first place, and they were captivating enough. However, I found there was really nothing else in *Captives* to make it stand out from any other straight-to-the-video-shelves type of flick, and recommend that, unlike me, you await its appearance on Monday-night television.

Natalie Whelan

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VIDEOS VIDEOS VIDEOS VIDEOS VIDEOS

The Underneath
CIC Video

Film Noir - a genre steeped in darkness, one that thrills with its sexy plunges into depravation, betrayal and revenge. When a film Noir is good it's stylish, when it's bad it's the neo - noir *The Underneath*. (Steven Soderbergh).

This is the hometown - as - hell story of drifter Michael (Peter Gallagher) who has come back home, the woman he still loves (Allison Elliot) and the gangster she marries (William Fichter). She doesn't mind having sex with Michael, but when her angry husband catches on, Michael springs a heist scheme that brings the love triangle to a crisis. *The Underneath* moves teasingly back and forward between the present, past and future. In flashbacks Michael is bearded, in flash forwards he is clean -shaven. Our orientation hangs by some facial hair which makes it hard to really get into the storyline. Steven Soderbergh attempts to navigate a tense story of a criminal heist into the deep waters of emotional, psychological and philosophical exploration. He fails with flying colours. These flying colours are not just a metaphor for we are immersed in meaningless colour baths. Scenes look like they have been filmed through a stained glass window, accented with colours of greens and aquarium blue - tropical fish would like this film! Avoid the boredom and re-watch Soderbergh's *Sex, Lies and Videotape* instead.

Emily Bourmas

Dead Stop
Road show Entertainment

The back of the video cover made this film look promising, but as they say, you should never judge a book (or video) by its cover! *Dead Stop* was a pathetic, embarrassing, low-budget attempt at a 'thriller'. Not that I am criticising low-budget movies, it's just that the lack of finance should not be so obvious. I'm talking conspicuous stage sets, poor costuming and the WORST acting I have ever seen in my entire nineteen years on this planet. Yes folks, the actors in *Dead Stop* would not even qualify for a role on *Paradise Beach!* Although, in fairness to the actors, I must admit that the script was so poor not even Sir Anthony Hopkins could have saved this film. Normally, 'thriller' movies create fear and apprehension by building suspense and masking the identity of the killer. The villains in *Dead Stop* were conspicuous and cliched, and there was no suspense because the whole plot was revealed within the first ten minutes. I could continue to tear this movie apart by criticising the director, but I didn't bother to find out who he or she was. Nevertheless, this review would not be complete without a criticism of

the soundtrack. Have you ever listened to Vangelis? Well imagine Vangelis played at half speed on a synthesiser with nearly dead batteries. Now, if I had only had to endure this whine during the opening titles and the credits I could have endured it. However the music ran throughout the entire movie, even during the dialogue when I was listening to see if the characters were saying anything mildly interesting or relevant. Perhaps this music was intended to distract us from the holes in the plot?

I'll end this review (mainly because trying to remember *Dead Stop* is boring the shit out of me) with a word of advice: a night at home playing solitaire will definitely be more stimulating than watching *Dead Stop*.

Laura Stevens



The Accompanist
Roadshow

This Claude Miller film is an historic masterpiece. Set during the German occupation of Paris in 1942-3, this film tells the story of Sophie Vasseur (Romane Bohringer), a promising young pianist, who becomes the accompanist for the successful soprano, Irene Brice (Elena Safonova). Leaving her world of poverty and mediocrity, Sophie enters the realm of dinners, laughter and decadence. This film shows an interesting side to war torn France. It shows that those who collaborated with the Nazis, especially those in the Arts, lived successful and rich lives. Miller's comment seems to be that they did so at the expense of their own integrity.

The Accompanist is a remarkable accomplishment and a remarkable addition to its genre. The sets and costumes are grandiose and create the mood for this lavish, period piece. The most moving and delightful aspect of the film is the score. Beethoven, Mozart, Strauss, Schumann, Schubert; a record company manager's dream. The soundtrack, cinematography and costuming will leave you breathless. This film also has the credit of introducing Romane Bohringer. This young

French actress, fresh from her role in *Savage Nights*, has a long and exciting future ahead of her. *The Accompanist* has everything that a kid could want; war, love, music,

France, boats, London and a busker version of "Waltzing Matilda". Rent and enjoy.

Anthony Paxton

Vids You Can Buy!!!

100 Years of Olympic Glory
Roadshow Entertainment
R.R.P \$29.95

Alrighty, the Olympics are back in town. It's been 100 years since it all began, and to celebrate it, Roadshow have released *100 years of Olympic Glory*. It's comprehensive, interesting and chock fulla all the stuff you wanted to know about, that's assuming you find the Olympics to be of any interest at all. If you do, it's worth your cents and dollars, if not, it'll collect dust.

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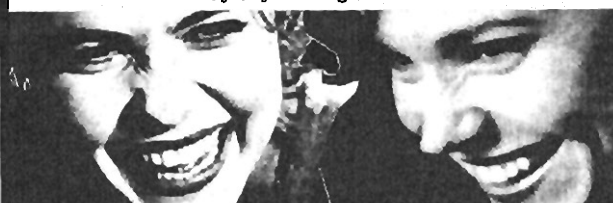
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Dragged Screaming To Paradise

It's an unusually pleasant afternoon, and I wander into Cafe B's for an interview with Kate Roberts, the lead and only actor in the Adelaide release of Suzanne Spunner's comedy *Dragged Screaming to Paradise*. We finally locate each other, and sit down over a hot choccy and a coffee, and here's what I extracted from my chat with this enchanting, funny and incredibly interesting individual about her show, her life, and her last twenty cents:

"...*Dragged Screaming to Paradise* is about a woman who literally gets dragged screaming from Melbourne to Darwin by her hubby who has obtained a job in Darwin, but she's a real Melbourne girl...she loves the restaurants, she doesn't want to go to Darwin, but in the end they go," Kate said.

"This is her physical, mental, emotional journey as she gets to Darwin and thinks 'what have I done...I don't want to live here, the cockroaches are too big, everyone wears shorts, has stubby holders...' She's not that sort of girl, but she transforms. Until the end you don't know if she's going to stay, or if she's going to go, I don't want to give it away. When I read it I thought 'Hey, this is good. It's just me, touring, it'll be interesting.'

'I first (performed) it in Townsville, which was good because half of (the audience) had been to Darwin and

(therefore) got all the jokes, even the ones I couldn't understand. It's the inuendos of living there that create the humour, like how incredibly *sloooow* everything is and they talk even slower."

"I came back to Adelaide with no job prospects, so I thought I'd recreate the show, because everyone can relate to the feeling of being dragged somewhere screaming, whether it's just ourselves, our partners, school...we've all had it. My parents saw it in Townsville, and they found it to be touching, because (my character) found the process really hard, she has to go back to her basics (and) rediscover herself. Everything is new, for her it's like going to live on the moon. The kids and hubby are having a great time and she's wondering 'why can't I be like them? ...This is the story of Suzanne Spunner, who lives in Darwin, I've never been there, but after doing this show I've *really* got to go."

In this show, Suzanne plays more than a dozen roles, male and female. When asked how she switches between them so rapidly, and how does she make them so believable, she responded that it was the most difficult part of the character.

"...That's what we had to work on a lot (as) she literally goes from neighbour, to best friend, to acquaintance, to removalist truck man," Kate said.

"It's impossible for me to know if I'm

doing it right, so I had to always use myself to come back to, if I was my neighbour then I was some other character, I would always put myself in the middle and look at the audience to make sure they knew the switch. For four pages of the script I'm flying inbetween the characters, and the audience, if they didn't have me as a focus, (they) would think I'm schizophrenic...I probably am...but they don't need to know that.

"I had to make it obvious that the other characters were talking to her, we had to show how she was being bombarded with ideas, views, information, opinions. If I had to do that rapid switching any longer I'd definitely go mad. The characters need to be really broad; if they're subtle then the audience wouldn't really pick up the difference. "The preparation for this was really fast, (with only) three and a half

weeks, (and) just being the Director and I...learning the lines was definitely a challenge...I wouldn't say comedy was my forte, I really enjoy it though.

This isn't just a comedy, it's very moving, she's coming to terms and questioning everything, it can be sad. I really like the classics, Shakespeare, I'd like to get back into that. This show has shown me what I am capable of, I can carry a one person show, it gives me more confidence, and has broadened a few horizons..."

Dragged Screaming to Paradise com-

menced on July 24th and continues to play until August 3 at the Promethean Theatre. If you missed it, see the review on the play, by moi!



Fiona Sproles

Fantabulous

Dragged Screaming to Paradise

By Suzanne Spunner
Promethean Theatre
Until August 3

Yes, this was really, really, bloody wonderful...I urge everyone to see it for its comedy, its understanding of humanity, its poignancy, and if not for anything else, then for the experience of watching its one and only star Kate Roberts, strut her stuff. This one woman show follows the mental, emotional, and physical acceptance and progression of a woman whose husband has dragged her to Darwin, entrapped by a three year working contract. Roberts switched from one character to another with impressive clarity and ease, adopting new personas so radically different from the others she creates, that if they were not all evidently captured in her body, you would think the stage was crowded. The emotions evoked were wide and varied, one minute I was crying with laughter, the next I was empathising with Kate who was cry-

ing in sheer frustration, as she fought with her husband, Darwin and herself. Roberts' main character illustrated to the audience how the mind is like a parachute, it only works when it is open. Once she opened her eyes and saw Darwin for what it was, and what it could be, her appreciation of it and her ability to take a step forward into a new, more positive existence was facilitated, and her happiness accelerated as she embraced the cyclones, the distance, the heat and the culture of Darwin, the same place she had previously condemned as being beyond redemption. Roberts is a brilliant actor who creates Darwin for those who have not visited yet (myself) and rekindles fond memories for those who have (the friend I went with). No one has ever made me laugh so hard, and at the same time tug at my heart strings so effortlessly either. Roberts is as charming on stage, as she is off stage (re: interview within this edition), rush to the Promethean before its over.

Fiona Sproles



Employment and studying abroad?



This is an ideal opportunity if you are searching for employment or if you wish to study. A booklet has just been launched containing many months of research. It includes the names and addresses of companies and academic establishments who are currently seeking to employ people from all walks of life. If you are seriously looking to improve your prospects, then read on.

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Where are the companies based?

The companies are based all around the world, for example, Great Britain, Canada, Barbados, Spain, France, Norway, Australia, United States of America and many more.

What about studying?

The research also includes names and address of universities and schools in Great Britain and United States of America. All universities offer a wide variety of courses and welcome overseas students.

People, like yourself, who have taken an interest in this article are people who are aiming for a brighter future and have decided to go for a more stimulating, exciting and perhaps lucrative job. This booklet is ideal for graduates, students (who may only be looking for work for the Summer holidays) and anyone else seriously looking to work overseas.

The booklet is designed to provide you with the essentials for success. It also gives you advice on how to create a Curriculum Vitae and examples of covering letters are provided. If you wish to receive a copy of this booklet, then fill in the form below and send it together with a postal order or international order coupon for the amount of £10.00 + £2.00 (postage and packaging) to:-

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Ol' Black Eyes Bangs the Drums

The Mikado
Festival Theatre
Season Closed

Okay, it is confession time. I have never ever been a fan of Gilbert and Sullivan and I approached this production with some trepidation, but I walked away totally transformed from *The Mikado*. This is Gilbert and Sullivan 1990s style and the result is not only an up to date approach, but rollicking good fun.

Although this is the musical's second season in Adelaide (the original season being at Her Majesty's Theatre in November last year), judging by the audience's reaction it has all the ingredients for a entertaining shindig. It may have been a wintry, wet and windy night, inside the Festival Theatre, but Jon English and fellow cohorts were making sure the audience were being thoroughly warmed up with political and satirical comments mixed in with the traditional Gilbert and Sullivan script in true pantomime fashion.

ion.

This a lavish and high energy production with Graham Maclean's costumes and stage design a combination of traditional Japanese influences and modern aesthetics. Kevin Hocking's orchestration is also revamped from the original G and S. This modern boldness suits the size of the Festival Theatre; especially during the big production numbers, the intimacy of the script means that often the necessary interaction between the audience and performer can be lost due to the big performing area, resulting in some soft patches in the overall presentation.

Jon English may have top billing as Pooh Bah and despite his consistent performance, is ironically overshadowed by David Gould who plays the Mikado in a wonderfully tongue-in-cheek pop-idol style. Yet the main plaudits must go to Drew Forsythe as Ko Ko, the Lord High Executioner and his intricate comic timing, The Fabulous Singlettes as the raucous

Three Little Maids, while Bev Shean pulls in an outrageously over the top performance as Katisha. Derek Metzger, however, at times seems uncomfortable with his role as Nanki-Poo.

The intention of *The Mikado* is entertainment and this is achieved superbly; after all Gilbert and Sullivan never intended to be high-brow or serious theatre and despite the modernisation of this production, it is an element that clearly remains. This is a show where the accent is on fun. Essentially this is a production that allows you to forget for a short while the cares of the world and particularly the mid-Winter blues.

Fontella Stuart Koleff



The Classic Shifting Heart

State Theatre
The Shifting Heart
Playhouse
Until August 3

State Theatre's Australian Playhouse project has already successfully reflected upon our theatrical past and continues to do so with Richard Beynon's warm and poignant award winning drama *The Shifting Heart*.

Written in 1957, Beynon won the Australian Journalist's Association Play Writing Competition for this work, which along with Ray Lawler's *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* and Alan Seymour's *One Day of the Year*, was regarded as the spearhead towards the development of a truly Australian theatre. Unfortunately the cultural renaissance was not to take place for another decade and Beynon, like his contemporaries Lawler and Seymour, was forced to move to England in search of better opportunities.

Although Anglo-Saxon, Beynon has

been able to sensitively illustrate the problems and alienation faced by many immigrant families as their dreams of Australia as their bright new future meet the realities of racism, cultural conflict and language barriers. Set in the xenophobic Australian suburbia of the 1950s, there are instances where *The Shifting Heart* seems dated. Director Adam Cook however has overlooked these weaknesses to emphasise the play's strengths, especially its universal themes of racism and alienation to produce a work that transcends time. Designer Genevieve Blanchett has also brilliantly contributed to updating this production with her surreal comic-book style two-storey house set against a vivid blue backdrop of white cumulus clouds drifting by.

It is Christmas Eve and the Bianchi

family, an Italian immigrant family, have gathered to celebrate their eighth Christmas in Australia. Their daughter Maria (Gina Zoia) is married to an Australian, Clarry Fowler (Shane Feeney-Connor), and more than any other member, is all too aware of the realities of living as an immigrant in Australia, especially as Clarry is yet to fully acknowledge his own part in this family. It quickly becomes all too apparent that the family must rely on each other to survive against a hostile outside world, with neighbours throwing rubbish into their backyard. They



watch one of their few neighbourhood friends, Leila Pratt (Paulene Terry-Beitz), put up with domestic abuse from her husband Donny (Peter Dunn). This vio-

lent environment however eventually enters into their sanctuary, when the son Gino (Vince Poletto) dies, having been brutally bashed at a local dance, the ultimate victim of racism.

Although there are bleak instances in the work, Beynon avoids painting too dark a picture, using humour to lighten the atmosphere and highlight the problems faced by the family. It is also a play about hope, with the birth of Maria's and Clarry's son, just hours after Gino's death, the final catalyst for Clarry to finally accept and understand his Italian in-laws and their culture.

The highlight of the production is the strong multicultural ensemble of local and interstate actors, headed by Rosalba Clemente and Petru Gheorghiu as Momma and Poppa Bianchi. They all give a warmth and sensitivity to Beynon's words that illustrates just why *The Shifting Heart* has become an Australian classic.

Fontella Stuart Koleff

White's Work A Winner

Night on Bald Mountain
State Theatre
Playhouse
Season Closed

It may have been over 30 years between productions, but this latest production of one of Patrick White's least well known works has been worth the wait.

Ironically, both productions of this work have been presented in Adelaide, the World Premiere season being part of the 1964 Adelaide Festival of Arts. For personal reasons, although believed to be in response to the controversy that it generated, White vowed that the play would never be performed in his lifetime.

As you witness this joint State Thea-

tre/Company B Belvoir production, you understand how with this work, White came into conflict with the Establishment. Although many of the themes White addressed were ahead of their time and despite director Neil Armfield's 1990s approach, there are nevertheless instances where the work seems dated.

The play, set on a mythical site just out of Sydney, presents the worldview of the eccentric goat keeper Miss Quodling and we first see the rest of the cast as her goats, with each goat's various characteristics later match against their "human" characters. Situated higher up the mountain is the home of Professor Hugo Sword, with his alcoholic wife Miriam, who is being cared for by

nurse Stella Summerhayes. Sword's university colleague Denis Craig is a visitor to the household and all endure the constant complaints of the cook Miss Sibley. All on Bald Mountain, it seems, are escaping the realities of everyday life, but as events unfold on the stage it becomes apparent that there is nowhere to hide, a particularly tragic scenario for nurse Summerhayes.

Carole Skinner is magnificent as Miss Quodling, dominating the stage and making her character so warm and human. Ralph Cotterill superbly "camps-up" up Miss Sibley to rival Mrs Doubtfire, while Gillian Armstrong is marvellous and believable as the alcoholic Miriam, her performance at times touching on the manic. Unfor-

tunately Barry Otto as Professor Sword and Keith Robinson as Denis Craig appear as caricatures, while Essie Davis struggles in areas as Stella Summerhayes.

Neil Armfield has long been regarded as the best interpreter of White's plays and once again with this production he has justified this reputation, while Anna Borgehsi's quirky stage design, Nigel Levings' lighting and Carl Vine's music enhance the overall atmosphere and quality of the production.

Yet the big winner of the evening is White's words with their dry, cool wit and poetic style that can still move the soul more than thirty years later.

Fontella Stuart Koleff

White with Two Sugars Please

THEATRE ESPRESSO!
Australian National Playwright's Centre,
University of Adelaide Theatre Guild
Wills Refectory
17 July 1996

Theatre Espresso was part of **BREWED!**, South Australian Young Playwrights' Workshops (15-19 July 1996), a week of intense activity for playwrights, directors and actors alike, wherein the process of conception to performance culminated in short plays performed on each of the three nights, 17-19 July.

The setting and atmosphere were great. The Wills Refectory became a club complete with decorated walls, house band,

bar, tables and chairs, audience and, of course, THE STAGE. Here's what happened on the first night.

Stephen Sewell is a mightily pissed-off playwright, a fact made plain in his explanation of why this workshop is important. The number-crunchers have arrived at the notion that there is no need to fund theatrical writers since they are not integral to "the product", i.e. the process from rehearsal to stage in which the spectacle is the thing. Whilst it is deemed necessary to fund Australian theatre companies and directors, living playwrights can go whistle. One gathers that administrators have taken Roland Barthes' "death of the author" a mite too literally. Stephen conceived/perceived this work-

shop as the beginning of a dialogue addressing this misguided notion; to stop the divide and rule through "outsourcing" before it becomes an accepted dichotomy which ruptures the bond between playwright and rehearsal space. He's right, and that makes me bloody angry too.

The participants were split into three ensembles, each comprising playwright, director and three actors. Corrie Hosking, Matt Rubinstein and Fiona Sprott, as playwrights, worked with directors Alyson Brown, Michael Hill and Andrea Hopley, together with actors, in a pressure-cooker environment. Starting with the germ of an idea, each ensemble worked together to create playlets. Each was the result of constant input from all members of

each group: in other words the playwright relied on the director and the actors and vice versa. And this was the point of the whole exercise: to display the interdependence of living writers and those involved in the rehearsal space.

There's not room to list everyone involved in the workshop, the pertinent observations made by them and audience alike during the forums or, indeed, the playlets. Suffice to say, we need more activities like this to place modern theatrical practice into perspective because, if you hadn't noticed, the philistines are in power and we need to keep some kind of control over our theatre.

Paul C. Woods

Powerful, but Nothing New

The Blood of Agamemnon
Independent Theatre
The Space
13 July 1996

The Blood of Agamemnon is a major work of scholarship by Rob Croser. It deals with the fall of the House of Atreus and, given that his source material for the text comprises: Aeschylus' *Oresteia* trilogy; four plays by Euripides; Sophocles' *Electra*; and the German poet Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, it should come as no surprise that the production runs for six hours and is split into Part One: *The Eagle and the Serpent*; and Part Two: *The Eagle's Brood*. Indeed, as well as being devised, adapted and directed by Rob, he designed the set as well as compiled the extensive programme notes.

Put simply, the play deals with the blood sacrifice of his own daughter, Iphigenia, by the King of Argos,

Agamemnon, to placate the gods and ensure the rescue of Helen (of Troy), his brother Menelaus' wayward wife. Agamemnon's wife, Clytaemnestra, plots revenge and slaughters the King and Cassandra (his 'shield prize'). The House of Atreus becomes cursed, and it just goes downhill from there!

Independent Theatre are to be congratulated on a mammoth production. The text is wordy and intense even though there is constant action and interplay between the characters. The huge cast is put through its paces under tight direction, and the choreography, by Chris Shepherd, is seen at its best in the set pieces and movement/dance of the choruses.

The cast is never less than capable and enthusiastic but stand-out performances come from Kathryn Fisher-Dean as Clytaemnestra; Cath Beynon as Electra; Anna Steen as

Iphigenia; Simon Butters as Orestes; Helen Geoffreys as Cassandra/Helen. All the cast members deserve mention as do the production people. And a special mention goes to the simple but very effective set: it's amazing what you can do with a bloody big grey pair of gates and some diaphanous material, i.e. outside, inside, shrine, temple, throne room and ... (sorry, it's the flu ... I swear it).

An audience member commented that *The Blood of Agamemnon* offers

no new interpretations of characters, themes or plot. I would argue that it is a powerful rendition of a complex text, offered almost as an oblation in homage to the originators of theatrical tragedy. The venue alone is evocative of the original staging: the *SPACE* has that feel of a segment of an arena which could only be bettered by the play being performed in the open air, in a natural amphitheatre.

Paul C. Woods

The Richard Horror Show

Richard III.
Centre for the Performing Arts.
Old Adelaide Gaol.
July 3 - 6.

What is it about Shakespeare that raises the spirit, engulfs the soul, and make us sit on a freezing cold seat for three hours? Well sure, it was interesting to be sitting in the Old Adelaide Gaol, but I don't want frost bite on my gluteus maximus. I'll suffer a lot for art, but not that. The ominous surroundings added to the CPA's gothic/modern interpretation of this famous Shakespearean text, but at times I wasn't sure if I was watching *Richard III*, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, *Batman Returns* or *Sister Act*.

Kylie Lawson's lighting and the make-up was superb in effecting a sombre, dark and brooding tone. This was added to by Brian Torry's music, however it would have been appreciated more at a decibel reading below that of "pain". As director, Peter Dunn accomplishes some remarkable effects, most notably in the murder of Clarence. The Hawaiian shirt

worn by one of the murderers is a nice touch. There were some memorable performances amongst the cast. John Trutwin did admirably well in the difficult role of Richard, the "bottled spider" King. David Evans was superb and sinister as Buckingham, although the application of lipstick made him look some what like The Joker (of *Batman* fame).

What seemed, prior to interval, to be the best Shakespearean production of the year unfortunately deteriorated as it progressed. Perhaps the choice of play was the fault for this, after all *Richard III* just happens to be Shakespeare's second longest play (the longest being *Hamlet*). The cast seemed to find it difficult to hold the play together until the final curtain. The end came mercifully swift due to some major omissions of the battle scenes, and the finale left one wondering what the hell happened. All in all an entertaining adaptation with some promising young talent.

Anthony Paxton

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SAVE ON THE PHONE • SAVE ON THE CALL

The Beauty of Life

Meryl Tankard's Australian Dance Theatre
Aurora
Her Majesty's Theatre
Season Closed

The tale of the *Sleeping Beauty* has inspired many over the centuries and one of the latest creations has been the reworking of the myth in Meryl Tankard's *Aurora*.

Premiering two years ago at the Playhouse, the recent season (as part of the Made to Move program) was the second opportunity for local dance fans to catch this evocative, quirky and emotional work, this time at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Sarah-Jayne Howard in the title role.

On the surface, this is a production that contains a series of sketches. Each story seems unrelated, with its own message, and yet combined together, they present the larger picture that becomes *Aurora*. From the graceful opening scene of "Aurora in the Garden", to the haunting "Sacred Body Parts", this is Tankard at her creative best.

The *Sleeping Beauty* tradition is just a

stepping off point for Tankard as she interweaves mythology from other cultures to create her own fairytale. This is best illustrated in Act One with the wonderfully quirky "The Gardeners and the Peasants" using Tuvan folk music and in Act Two with sophisticated "Oriental Sacred Weapon Dance" with its Mongolian musical backdrop. It leaves one transcending the confines of their childhood fairytale perceptions to enter into an equally magical and innocent world. Yet the classical fairytale traditions remain the central ingredient in this reworking, with even segments of Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty* included in the musical backdrop along with Robert Moran, John Lurie and Marin Marais.

Tankard's trademark has been the combination of theatre with dance and again this is apparent through a direction of this work on two levels. The first is produced through comedy as her playful sense of humour comes to the fore, illustrated by the gardeners and the fairies in Act One and in the "Fairy Pas de Quatre", "The Cats", "The Bluebirds" and "The Jesters" scenes of Act Two. The



second is the pure expression of dance, movement and emotion with the manic "The Labyrinth", the smoothness of "Women Dancing" and the evocative "The Kiss", all in Act Two, resulting in a stirring of the soul. The emotion level reaches its zenith however in the melancholic final scene, inducing a response

that can only come from the heart.

Aurora is a rich tapestry of ideas, images and emotions that brings out the child in us all. Above all it is a production that makes one realise the beauty that life holds.

Fontella Stuart Koleff

Bidenjarreb Pinjarra

Bidenjarreb Pinjarra
Tandanya Theatre
Season Closed

While many atrocities have been committed throughout Australia against the indigenous population in the name of colonisation, the 1834 Pinjarra Massacre in Western Australia is one of too few that have finally had the record set straight, its story relived on stage in *Bidenjarreb Pinjarra*.

Responding to pressure from settler groups in the Western Australian South-West, the then governor Sir James Stirling led a punitive expedition with the aim of subduing the "restless" natives. Although the official report listed 12 Aborigines killed as a result of the "bat-

tle of Pinjarra", against one European death. Aboriginal sources however, have talked of many more deaths with one figure quoted being as high as 750. Whatever the casualty rate was, one fact remains clear the event saw a disproportionate ratio of black deaths to white. Yet it is not just a play about past injustices, but also about the treatment that the Aboriginal population is still subjected to from various sections of the European community.

This co-production of white and black performers takes the event and explores it from a variety of perspectives and through the combination of European history and Aboriginal stories, to end up with something closer to the truth. This approach is essentially

reconciliation in action, and although there are times when Aboriginal actors Kelton Pell and Trevor Parfitt become passionate about their ancestral account of the issue, the aim of the project is to establish positive dialogue about it and to balance the accounts from both sides.

As part of the cross cultural approach, *Bidenjarreb Pinjarra* has combined Western Theatre techniques with traditional Nyoongah story telling skills such as improvisation and memory. In keeping with the reconciliation and balance themes, there are various moments during the performance where Pell and Parfitt take on white roles, while the white performers, Geoff Kelso and Mick Innes, perform Aboriginal parts. With only a backdrop, various costume

pieces and props, the cast do a solid job of enabling the audience to envisage the various scenes, assisted by Mark Howett's lighting design.

To prevent the production turning into an ear-bashing lecture the cast make a great effort to establish contact with the audience, either through direct addresses or during the improvisation scenes in which they rely on suggestions and input (invited or uninvited) from the audience. At the end one leaves the theatre wiser about our dark colonial past and how it is viewed by our Aboriginal population, an awareness that has come about through a subtle, but nonetheless effective approach.

Fontella Stuart Koleff

Slick and Earthy

Bangarra Dance Theatre
Ochres
The Space, Adelaide Festival Centre
June 20-22 1996

If something can be slick and earthy together, then this is it. Bangarra Dance Theatre draws on the dance and music of indigenous Australian cultures and the contemporary West to create an exhilarating fusion of movement and sound in *Ochres*, first performed in Adelaide in April last year.

Ochres explores the symbolism and spirituality associated with the four ochres of yellow, black, red and white; each colour is represented by costume and lighting as the dancers move on a set bare but for an enormous low mound (an anthill?), centre upstage. The darkness is broken by a lone man, lit gradually out of the darkness to the sound of paddling water and clapping sticks, confronting the audience with a

shadowed gaze as he silently smears yellow ochre across his body before sprinkling yellow earth in sweeping patterns across the stage as he retreats. "I believe the landscape to be mother" introduces the first movement, "Yellow", and Stephen Page's choreography explores this complex concept with a fluidity that moves under the hardness of broken light shafts and the cutting sounds of clapping sticks. Four women move lizard-like down the slope, anchored to the earth with angled legs and feet. Women's chanting breaks across the drone of a synthesizer, intertwining around the dancers in their seamless fusion of indigenous steps and classic-contemporary movement. 'Black' deals with the Men's Business of initiation, 'Red' with the struggles which exist within relationships, and 'White' closes the program with the sounds of a bush dawn as Mother Earth prepares the ochre spirits for a new day.

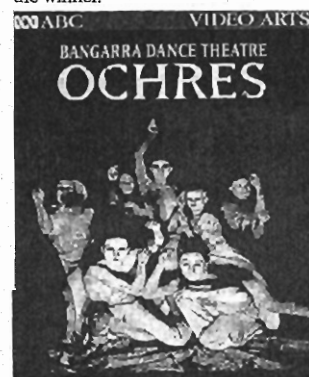
Each piece exhibits a choreographic

energy and focus which is met by the dancers' breathtaking athleticism and agility. The essential, earthy nature of indigenous dance is extended by Page into movement quite magical. Traditional stepping becomes beautifully executed pirouettes and arabesques, classical leaps turn unexpectedly in midair, and the whole is informed by a contemporary acrobatic edge which the company carry with an awesome technical solidity. David Page's music demonstrates an equivalent blend of styles with as great success as his brother's choreography, underpinning the dance with vibrancy, power and haunting beauty. If you missed Bangarra this time, don't miss them the next—they're brilliant.

Celia Brissenden

*For those who missed this brilliant production, there is still a chance to catch up with the show with a Roadshow video of *Ochres*, available from most video outlets. For one lucky

On Dit reader we have a copy to give away. All you have to do is turn up to the *On Dit* office on Thursday lunchtime with your answer to the following question: WHO CHOREOGRAPHED *OCHRES*? The first person with the correct answer will be deemed the winner.





FUNKENGRÜVEN

The Scene Of Cool Grooves



Message from Home
Pharaoh Sanders
(Verve)

"While purists with a Eurocentric bent might demand that a musician tune up to an A of 440 cycles or the middle C of a piano, Pharaoh Sanders transcends all methods by being in tune with earth, absorbing its ancient celestial rhythms and, through the exploration of the myriad tonalities of his horn, creating a musical awash in flowing, fractal images, indigo moods and memories, and seraphic visions of things to come." Although this sentence is a bit verbose, it aptly describes Pharaoh Sanders and the music he plays.

This album is brilliant. It conveys a deep sense of continuity throughout; the tunes on the album sharing a common thread musically and emotionally. *Message from Home* relates to ancient heritage, nature and a spiritual aura. The music is played and arranged with emotion and feeling in mind.

The music has a straight Afro-funk rhythm as a base, making the tunes somewhat nineties. However, the arranging and playing is true to musical roots which are not nineties (in most cases). A range of instruments feature on the album, with strong rhythm and percussion sections and with a touch of electronic sounds here and there. The grooves are heavy and solid, with some beautiful afro driving rhythms.

Solid, mesmerising, brilliant Afro-type vocals are featured throughout the album. Underneath these fat vocals is the constant plucking of strings (violin and guitar) and articulate bass grooves. The accompanying rhythms fit so well together that the whole sound is like magic. Nothing is rushed or overplayed; instead simplicity and mesmerising rhythms are emphasised.

Pharaoh Sanders' sax solos are incredible. They capture perfectly the feeling and emotion of the tune. They stretch out, using eastern influences and the controlled limits of the environment. Pharaoh crosses these limits in some places which is just amazing. Otherwise, he doesn't overplay in his solos, instead setting up an

emotional, spiritual sense in his music that can be appreciated.

The music hits you with its aura and sense of being. The rhythms drive hard and also conjure a special sense. Each tune has its own merit. If you listen to it quickly, make sure that you listen to the last tune - it will blow you away. A brilliant album.

George Nisyrios Jnr



Panamonk
Danilo Perez
(Impulse!)

Danilo Perez - wow! This is pretty impressive. From the first bars of this album, the musical brilliance, sense and feeling just jumps out. This is some of the best playing I have ever heard. Danilo Perez on piano is accompanied by Terri Lyne Carrington and Jeff Tain Watts on drums and Avishai Cohen on bass. Olga Roman sings one tune.

In this formation, Perez plays tunes written by himself and by Monk, who has written most of the tunes. He plays them with emotion and energy. Pushing the boundaries of how notes and chords should be played and placed, he has produced a very impressive sound.

Each tune has such a musical sense about it that the music commands your constant concentration. Each progression and each note has its own special sense and impact. He plays each tune with passion and skill. Whether he is playing with a Latin influence or with a heavy swing influence, he adapts and plays with an equal energy.

Accompanying Perez is an equally impressive rhythm section. The skill and style of Jeff Tain Watts and Carrington on drums complements Perez making the music so full of energy and expression. They work well together and beautifully complement each other. The bass playing is equally skilful with skilful articulation and precise, solid walking.

This album is incredible. The power of expression, musical sense and feeling is intense. This album is definitely worth owning and listen-

ing to over and over again. Man, this is good!

George Nisyrios Jnr



Soulero
Kenny Burrell
(Chess)

This compilation of Kenny Burrell recordings from 1966 and 1967 featuring his quartet is pure, dirty, cool jazz. Kenny Burrell plays his beautifully toned guitar with Richard Wyands on piano, Marty Rivera on bass and Oliver Jackson on drums. This set of recordings is so impressive in the sounds of the instruments and the way they are played. The tunes just ooze originality and hold the essence of cool jazz.

The album has sixteen tracks which together produce a beautiful set of recordings. A real character fills out the tunes and this is true for the whole album. The music is so pleasurable to listen to because of its originality.

The sound quality conjures up im-

ages of beautiful instruments and basic recording techniques and the style of playing has flavours of a cool, dirty and somewhat underworld scene. The group swings so well, producing an incredible feeling and groove.

Together, the quartet is very tight and swing very hard. The groove is incredibly solid between the bass and drums. The bass in this recording has been recorded quite loud and fat and, although it dominates, it certainly fills out the music and gives the music style and character. The piano works well with Burrell and their playing complements each other.

A range of styles are played on this compilation: ballads, bossa, swing and even a mambo. Each style has an authenticity that is set up perfectly by the quartet. They certainly sound like they're having a lot of fun playing the Latin styles!

Two of the tunes on the album feature horns and strong orchestra respectively. The first of these is "My Favourite Things", played in four-four! The other is a blues, "I Want My Baby Back", with an incredibly gutsy horn section.

Burrell's playing is very cool and smooth. In some places he plays dirty shown by the tone of his guitar. The expression and feeling that is in his solos works so well as he allows the certain tones and qualities of his guitar to speak. His solos are free flowing and ride gently on top of the groove.

Overall, this is very good set of recordings, that is incredibly pleasurable to listen to. True to the original American Jazz Culture, this album has tonnes of character and feeling.

George Nisyrios Jnr

Before You Were Blonde - Auditions

Tuesday, 6th August, 1996, 7 pm - 10 pm.

Before You Were Blonde, Adelaide's most popular 'anti choir' are seeking 16 - 26 year olds who are able to work in a group, can rehearse Wednesday nights 7 pm - 10 pm and love to sing!

Before You Were Blonde perform regularly all over Adelaide and their last performance 'Winter Lounge' at Carclew was another sell-out success.

Call Stefan on (08) 267 5111 between 9 am - 5 pm weekdays or 10 am - 4 pm Saturdays before 2nd August to book an audition time. Auditions will be held at Carclew Youth Arts Centre, 11 Jeffcott Street, North Adelaide.

Before You Were Blonde is a project of Carclew Youth Arts Centre.

Cool Times Indeed for Op Shop Refugee Conner of Drop City

The three lads of Drop City have always been keen to be seen. Their collars are a little longer than the rest (challenged only by the length of their sideburns) and their retinas seem to be able to stand all the colours at the lurid end of the spectrum. Handy, given their penchant for pre-space shuttle attire. Ask bass player Conner if it's a deliberate act and you'll probably get an answer like the one he recently gave to *On Dit*.

"We look after the music and the artwork which we're really adamant that we have control over."

"We're aware of having a strong image and maintaining it in all facets of the band. I've always been into bands with a cool image or a strong image... it's all part and parcel of it. We put a bit of effort into it... with our live shows we try to get in, if we can afford it at the time (laughs like a man with laser taste on a candle budget), lights or projectors or things like that so it's more like a kind of event."

As far as image goes, the Type 3 Volkswagen featured in the get away scene of the 'Setting Sun' video is as strong as it comes. But in the end it's the music that counts (man) and in that department, Drop City appear to be

doing something right. That's especially since the British Rock (pop, actually) Invasion Part Umpteen, you would think. The coat-tails are there to be ridden on for a band that recorded its last album, *Magic Transistor Radio* in London with an ex-Boo Radley at the controls and who seem to dip their caps to the Boos and My Bloody Valentine amongst others. Conner dismisses the possibility of a free ride to fame because, as he says, "we're probably going away from that [sound]."

"I guess it's up to other people if they listen to our music and hear certain reference points but in our minds it's not that specific. Sure we're into those bands but we're into a lot of American bands, a lot of Australian bands and bands from all around the world."

"The songs we're working on at the moment for the new album... they're not pop songs and they're quite a bit longer. And we're working more on dynamics... a feel... atmosphere... it's a natural progression for us."

In the past, Matthew Tow (guitarist/vocals) has been known to make his natural progressions sideways into 'projects' as was

the case with Coloursound (a collaboration featuring Simon 'Hummingbirds' Holmes and Mark 'Hummingbirds' Temple). It seemed fair to ask if Conner was up for a little musical infidelity in the same mould.

"That's pretty much... um, it's great that stuff but I think... it's fairly self indulgent. So I support him doing that and that's fine for him to do it but I find that Drop City is satisfying enough."

An understandable attitude to be sure. Drop City are in the major league now... major record company, major supports (Hoodoo Gurus) in major venues (Thebarton Theatre)....

That's all very well but do the 'City attract any more executive respect since they started to do their job and shift a few units?

"Oh, definitely. Our first couple of albums were pushed on a P & D deal on Red Eye that went through Polygram which basically means that they made the

CDs and distributed them for us. But once they got their money back all the profits went to us which meant that there was nothing more in it for them. But when we signed (to Polydor for 'Magic Transistor Radio')... it was a big step up in promotion and just in getting things done. But it's always a battle, you've got to keep on their backs... or they'll put all their time into Bryan Adams."

And so now to the future. A new long player is in the offing. The front row fans will be delighted.

"By the time it will be finished, it will be pretty close to Christmas and in record company land that means they concentrate on all the big sellers."

Translation: don't stake out your local record parlour until after you start building on that 1997 HECS debt. In the mean time, Conner promises a tour with the band who look more like extras from 'Blue Heelers' every gig, Underground Lovers.* Hand-me-down chic versus the comfort counter culture. Australian music will never be the same again (actually, it probably will).

The Underground Lovers look-like-cops analogy is attributed to Vincent Giarrusso in a comment made at the Underground Lovers' last Unibar appearance. It's true, y'know.

Bryan Scruby



Conner caught in rock and roll attitude by Jonathan Soong

Guitar Duets From Around The World

John Williams & Timothy Kain
Adelaide Festival Theatre
18 June 1996

Given the virtuosity of these two musicians, an enjoyable performance was never in doubt. What made it an exceptional performance, however, was the choice of composers and material. John and Tim had selected a thoughtful, varied program which contained more than the standard repertoire of Spanish and classical pieces.

Humour can always get an audience on side. When the duo took time to tune on stage (this is quite normal - moving from backstage into spotlights can cause a classi-

cal guitar's strings to expand in the heat), on completion a couple of wags near the front applauded, bringing grins from the musicians and a "... and now for our next number ..." from John, causing laughter to ripple through the audience. Then, of course, from the first piece, we were their's.

The three Turlough Carolan harp pieces arranged for guitar by Gerald Garcia were light and airy. These toe-tapping Irish melodies were followed by the first of the Australian pieces: Phillip Houghton's *Three Duets: The Mantis and the Moon; Lament; Alchemy*. We then visited Spain, with a selection from Soler, Granados, Albeniz and Falla.

A lively arrangement by Giuliani of the Overture to Rossini's *The Barber of Seville* led off the second half, followed by the commissioned work by Australian Nigel Westlake: *Songs From The Forest*. Although it is an exciting, atmospheric work written for the guitar which contains note bending, harmonics and fast fretting, of the two Australian works, I prefer that by Houghton, possibly because there is more variation, composed as it is of three duets which form the whole. Be that as it may, they are equally splendid. Works from the Americas by Brouwer, Verdery, Madlem, Hand and Bellinati, followed by an encore comprising a work by Shostakovich rounded off

a most exceptional recital.

The real attraction of this set was the blend of the familiar and the not so familiar, offering as it did some musical surprises in a beguiling and most satisfying fashion. Although John Williams is perceived as the senior partner in the duo, he and Timothy Kain shared solos and there was an obvious empathy between them; a warmth which was transmitted to the audience. Rush out and buy *The Mantis & The Moon* (Sony Classical). It contains much of the set and other works not performed on the tour and is a worthy addition to any collection.

Paul C. Woods



Dream Wake Dream
12" rpm
(Independent Release)

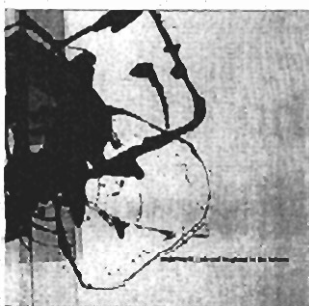
Adelaide Twee-pop. Dream Wake Dream is not a true band; it has a floating membership of various Adelaide people who collaborated for this project. The ep starts with *Road Me*, which sounds a lot like the Sydney Half a Cow band Swirl, and reminds me greatly of their *The Last Unicorn* ep.

In fact, this similarity extends to many of their songs, although a somewhat darker vein is found on the second side with a sound not unlike Bettie Serveert. Most of the songs are pretty stripped back, and maybe some even slightly under-produced, but the overall tone comes out well, and stands up as very listenable. The songs are kept interesting with violins, keyboards and harmonies, adding to the standard bass, guitar and drums. At times, the piano parts sound somewhat close to Nick Cave.

If I understand correctly, this recording is made on vinyl as a kind of protest at the way CDs have replaced records, a decision made by the record companies, not consumers. Ray Van Randt, the man behind the concept of Dream Wake Dream releases this record at a monetary loss, but hopes the people it inspires and music it spawns will leave the music world in credit.

This six song 12" is a bargain at \$5.

Jonathan Soong



Underworld
Second Toughest in the Infants
(Junior/Logic/Sony)

If somewhere in the world there exists a techno bible, I'm sure of three things...

- i) it would be entitled, 'make da Kidz dance... Yo!'
- ii) it would give detailed directions to that basey boom boom button on

the keyboard that causes those louveres on the back window of your Hindley St. cruiser to shake and

iii) Underworld keep it hidden under their beds.

It's unfortunate that Underworld feel that they have to taint their otherwise challenging electronic explorations with the brush of the commercial dance-floor filler beat. My frustration stems from the fact that a significant portion of the hour and a half double CD features the kind of rave-music-for-your-sitting-room that could convert the heathen rocker in all of us.

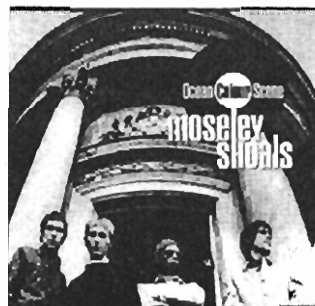
They do occasionally earn the attention and flattery that they have been granted in the music media of late on tracks like 'Pearls Girl' with its Chemical Brothersesque rapid fire drum rolls (that's how to get them up, boys) and the bonus disc's 'Rez'.

At times Underworld drift into ambient introspection, at times it's a frenetic cacophony of keyboard effects, at times everybody has got to dance and at times Underworld exist in a genre all of their own (not often enough, though).

Perhaps it's pertinent to remember 'Underneath the Radar' at this point.

Not quite so ground breaking as others would have you believe.

Bryan Scruby



Moseley Shoals
Ocean Colour Scene
(MCA)

It's funny world, isn't it? I sure as hell can't just tell you what this album is like, it would only take one line and I can't be sure if you'd get where I was coming from anyway. You see all I want to say about *Moseley Shoals* is that it's OK. But how can I express what that truly means to me. I know what I mean, but that's no good to you. What you want is details, so here we go.

Moseley Shoals is an above average album with a few great tracks. One of the great tracks would have to be "The Riverboat Song", lot 'o' riffs, lots 'o' energy and a great opener, but I'm not sure if the album reaches another similar high-point again. Some of the other tracks are good, such as "The Day We Caught The Train" and "Riverboat" is the only 'corker' on the album.

At times this album even gets scary. "40 Past Midnight" and "Policeman & Pirates" sound like old

Billy Joel, yet they aren't terrible, and you find yourself singing along - see what I mean, fuckin' scary.

Well, I hope you see what I mean when I say this album is OK. It's not great, but it's not bad, it's OK, OK.

Frank Trimboli



Paradise in Me
k's Choice
(Columbia / Sony)

Paradise in Me is a very listenable, appealing album from Belgians k's Choice. Singer Sarah and guitarist/keyboard player Gert Bettens (presumably sister and brother) have put a number of melodic songs on this album, the pick of which probably are "Iron Flower", the melancholy "Mr Freeze", opening track "Not an Addict" (in which Sarah Bettens sounds uncannily like Melissa Etheridge) and the more mellow tracks, "White Kite Fauna", "Song for Catherine" and "Wait", which all bear a slight resemblance to the Cowboy Junkies. "Dad" is a heartfelt ballad to a father unable to communicate, "My Record Company" an equally sincere if more acidic tune about k's Choice's apparent attitude towards the corporate side of music and "Something's Wrong" sees the band take the piss out of themselves, something not practised enough by other bands.

That's the good news on *Paradise in Me*. The bad news is that in the effort to make the album appealing to as wide an audience as possible, k's Choice have sacrificed that certain amount of feeling which would have made *Paradise in Me* great rather than merely good. It may have been better if some of the rough edges had been left to make this record unique rather than the well-polished product that has been released.

This band could be fantastic live, so if you get a chance to, check both them and *Paradise* ... out.

Florian Minzlaff

Meuscram
Self-titled

This album which has resulted from a collaboration between Link Meanie and Ross Snout has been described (by their record company) as "an extraordinary new Au Go Go

release". I'm not overly familiar with either the Meanies or Snout, but I figured anything released from the same label as Magic Dirt couldn't be all that bad.

Sadly, however, I was wrong. This album is simply awful. The cover shows some pictures of the 'collaborators' in what looks like a bit of a creative jam session and that's indicative of what this album really is. It's full of a lot of eclectic, experimental sounds from keyboards and synthesizers which sound interesting to begin with, but later reveal a lack of substance to the music. Most of it is actually quite weird and succeeded in giving me a huge headache.

With some effort, I did manage to get through the whole album. The opening track, *Sniffin' Around*, actually isn't too bad - it has some nice melodies and a cool guitar riff but the breaking glass percussion makes it sound a bit trashy. Most of the remaining songs are hardly worth mentioning, except *Sloopy* which you just have to like for its sheer stupidity and *Rob Roy* which has some interesting bagpipe sounds.

Essentially what we have here is a seemingly rushed, thoughtlessly strung together sequence of songs with stupid lyrics and nauseating vocals. Not to be recommended at all.

Troy Smith

Grow Schtum
(Columbia)

Anyone for Irish Pearl Jam? If the answer's yes, then you'll probably enjoy Schtum, UK-grown, Americanised grunge-rawk with issue-filled, 'intelligent' lyrics and vocals more strained and tortured than Eddie Vedder being put through the world's slowest and largest meat-grinder (oh, what a thought ...).

If, like the rest of us, you think one Pearl Jam is enough (or more than enough), you'll probably find Schtum to be a load of derivative toss and won't even bother trying to get past the ever-so-slightly misleading 4AD-ish cover into the unimaginative-but-alright drudge that lies beneath.

Some of this stuff isn't too bad - at least musically - but that bloody awful voice kills it off right from word one. Imagine, if you will, a slightly more tuneful version of the bloke that sings "The Chicken-Cow" and "Rock'N'Roll McDonalds", singing with his bollocks in a vice. Yeah. That bad.

I'm sure this'll appeal to some people out there, but I'm not one of 'em and I doubt you are either. This is far less offensive than some of the utter shite that's out there but the verdict must still remain that this is one to keep schtum about. Please.

After all, we wouldn't want to encourage them, would we?

Gerard van Rysbergen

YEP, THIS IS WHERE WE DO THAT SNAZZY GEAR BY INSERTING A CATCHY HEADING SO YOU WON'T ACTUALLY NOTICE THAT NONE OF THESE ALBUM REVIEWS ACTUALLY SHOW THEIR COVERS ...ER ...OH BUGGER

The Tankard Tankard (Modern Music Records)

The latest offering from zany German heavy metal group, Tankard, *The Tankard* is named after a traditional Olde English pub in London, a photograph of which is included in the album's lyric booklet.

There are ten tracks on the album and these deal with a range of varied and interesting subjects: most notably, issues relevant to the world today which feature on five of the tracks. Issues forming the subjects of songs on this CD include AIDS, nuclear energy and the disposal of toxic waste and in most cases, these topics are creatively tacked in songs that tell a story rather than just preach.

The subject of toxic waste, for example, is dealt with in the fairly humorous track, "Mess in the West", which relates the tragic tale of Ed, a farmer from the American West who dies from a hideous disease after toxic waste is secretly buried near his property and leaks out. Other noteworthy tracks on *The Tankard* include "Close Encounter", a song about the Government cover-up of a UFO landing and the screamingly funny "Fuck Christmas", a song whose chorus is tastefully sung to the accompaniment of ringing Christmas bells and which ends with 'He was fuckin' born in August, anyway ...'.

The music on all of the tracks is fairly catchy and, although clearly identifiable as heavy metal, would probably be sufficiently light to appeal to many people who would not ordinarily listen to material from this musical genre.

Overall, a pretty good album.

James Brazel

Tragic Kingdom No Doubt (MCA)

I've never heard anything like the diversity of influences covered by this album. The music (very boppy 80s style rock with lots of synthesiser effects and no fuzzy noise whatsoever) is absolutely frenetic and slips into parody all over the place, sounding at different times like tacky musical comedy, ragtime, bad TV advertising, swish gangster movie jazz, sappy 80s rock, throwaway Japanese pop, blues, disco and Michael Jackson's *Thriller*. When you throw into this the odd pentatonic scale placed on an Oriental instrument, melodramatic *Rocky Horror Picture Show* or *Grease* type arrangements and at

least a million clichéd musical idioms, you get a brand of music that's very hard to pin down.

It's nothing like Regurgitator's cynical mishmash of contemporary pop culture; No Doubt just rip off anything they feel like, unapologetically (the last song on the album ends with a short jazz rendition of the "Star Wars" theme, on trumpet). It's actually pretty clever, although the constant onslaught of familiar sounds totally kills the band's artistic credibility. There's nothing 'new' sounding, that's for sure, but the production's fabulous and the very kitschness of the whole thing starts to get addictive after a while.

The band is a rather glitzy five-piece from California, fronted by Gwen Stefani whose glorious voice sounds a bit like Cindy Lauper's - slick, full of attitude, deep but babyish. She's no bimbo, though. Her lyrics to "Just A Girl" are full of sarcasm: 'I'm just a girl, all pretty and petite / Don't let me out of your sight ... I'm just a girl / Take a good look at me / Just your typical prototype ... I'm just a girl, living in captivity ...'. The rest of the lyrics fall somewhere between inspired and mediocre but, in any case, don't tend to be a major feature of the music.

All the songs are hugely accessible, bursting with energy and I bet they're enormously popular live. Still, *Tragic Kingdom* is really only good for its novelty value.

Alice Ray

Deadline For My Memories Billie Ray Martin

Yesiree Bob, this one's a winner. Billie Ray Martin has written and composed a whole selection of fantastic songs that you can swoon and dance to, rest or even make love to. *Running around Town* is the ultimate nightclub song, as is *Your Loving Arms*. Martins lyrics manage to maintain substance, without succumbing to the emotional slop of Dion or Carey. However, she can get a bit dull with words, and relies on the tune to carry the song off, which succeeds 90% of the time. My reason for saying this, lies within *You and I (keep holding on)* and *Imitation of Life*. The difference between songs is hardly extreme, but is interesting enough to keep you stimulated, however this tends to waver as the last songs tend to merge into one another. The title track *Deadline for my Memories* is wonderful, as her resonating voice mixes beautifully with the brass band, and the opposing genre of mainstream techno that serves as an underlying

subtle beat. *Still Waters* is entrancing as the lyrics and instrumentation diffuse into the listener, which effectively relaxes and soothes all the rough edges of the exhausted mind and body. I have one warning - if you're single and feeling it, then this album won't make you feel that much better, with lyrics such as "wanna flow down your body like a drop on a wave" or worse "I will love you forever for that gift you've given". This gal is smooth and sultry with a style that enables you to dance to every song, quite appropriate for a night out, or in, with your loved one.

Fiona Sproles

Infliction Scheer (4AD / Cortex)

Irish music has had a hard time lately, what with the laughable Whipping Boy and the truly appalling new Cranberries album. This is where Scheer come in, with a debut album that could restore faith in Irish music - something we dearly need. (*Well, you might Jon - Ed*).

I say "could" because I still have a few problems with Scheer. At their blandest moments ("Sad Loved Girl", "Wish You Were Dead"), they sound like any lame rock band with a handful of alt-rock albums littering the recording studio. At times, *Infliction* sounds tailor-made for Triple J and college radio - nothing inherently wrong with that, I know, but doesn't it raise a few suspicions?

But this is all cynical talk and *Infliction* has more than its fair share of great songs. So you have your typical rock ballads, "In your Hand" and "Babysize", given extra clout due to the sheer class of the songwriting on display. "Shea" is one of those classic two-minute rock songs that fills stadiums (and let's not forget, Scheer sound tailor-made for stadiums). The best song here, though, is "Demon", truly a lighters-aloft anthem and a brilliant song, the highlight of *Infliction* and a song that proves that Scheer can offer so much

Wise financial decisions on the part of 4AD aside, *Infliction* is a very good album, a whole lot better than anything their compatriots have offered us lately. It's not quite a classic - there's too much dead wood here, too many half-baked songs - but given time Scheer will produce a truly brilliant album. In the meantime, *Infliction* is still worthy of a place in any record collection.

Jon Dale

Bleutongue Bleutongue (Festival)

These days, there seems to be a belief in the Australian music industry that "if it hasn't been done before then it must be good". And so there's been a huge number of little-known Australian bands making kooky, ever-so-slightly poppy offerings that are cool 'cos they're different (as well as nice to listen to). But there's another school of thought with just as many followers that simply says, "do it, do it well, do it like Pearl Jam". This, unfortunately, is the one that Bleutongue belongs to.

There's nothing wrong with pure, honest-to-goodness rock but, unless it's done exceptionally well, it's just plain boring. In this fun age of diversity where weird ideas are clashing and fusing in all things artistic, an album of yet another 13 rock songs about love and death is a concept so ordinary and mundane that, even after a few listens, all the tracks just seem to blur into one another.

It's not that the band (a four piece from Sydney) doesn't deserve recognition. They've toured over the past year with the Baby Animals, Screaming Jets, Chocolate Starfish and the Divinyls. Their debut album is a classy piece of production - energetic, polished, thrashy without being overwhelming, consistent - and is already being picked up by radio. Their music has impact, their lyrics are very good. But, ultimately, it's hard not to feel that Bleutongue (like a thousand other rock bands) take themselves just a bit too seriously - 'cos what they're doing isn't that exciting, really.

Alice Ray

AND WE'LL FINISH WITH A QUICKIE ...

Living in a Boring Nation Sublime (Liberation/Skunk)

Five track sample EP from the people who brought you the punk/ska version of Hong Kong Phooey, consisting of live tracks, old demos, and songs from their debut album. This is pretty good stuff, sort of a cross between Rancid and The Selecter, but slightly less hard. Very promising, if a little derivative. Irie, mon!

Gerard van Rysbergen

The Charlatan's Keyboardist in fatal accident

On Dit is sad to report the following fax from Shock Records/Beggars Banquet Records:

Rob Collins, keyboard player with The Charlatans, was killed in a car crash during the early hours of July 23, 1996. The accident happened in the vicinity of Rockfield Studios, near Monmouth in Gwent, UK, where the band were recording their 5th album.

Rob, 32, was driving the car at the time of the accident. His passenger escaped unharmed, and there were no other vehicles involved. Rob died as he was being taken to Abergavenny Hospital.

The future for The Charlatans is uncertain. Since they formed in 1989 they have had two Number One UK LPs and ten Top Forty singles. They were booked as the main support for the Oasis dates in the UK during August and a new single (*One to Another*) had been scheduled for August 26 - nothing has been decided at the moment about what will happen to these plans.

The Charlatans first came to the attention of Australian audiences as one of the early pioneers of the Manchester rave scene - via the hit single *The Only One*. After a relatively quiet patch, their most recent albums *Up To Our Hips* and *The Charlatans* (released 95) revived interest in the band.

Young people are invited to DV-FM

DV-FM is a week-long arts program, 6th - 12th October for 15 - 26 year olds from all over the state, to work with practising professional artists in the areas of Dance, Voice / Music and Film.

In a week, participants of DV-FM devise and present a performance of original new music, dance and film.

The Dance participants will work on techniques of experimental dance and body movement and develop a performance based around the sounds created by the vocal / music participants.

Vocal / Music participants will discover, develop and build on their vocal techniques and incorporate the energy of voice and body percussion. A sound piece will be created in collaboration with the dance participants.

The element of film will be in the format of Still Photography. Participants learning advanced techniques of still photography and processing will document the activities of the dance and voice / music partici-

pants, with the emphasis on capturing images which will be presented in a multiple rear projection format. The images will create a symphony of visuals that will be the backdrop to the final live collaborative presentation piece by dancers and vocalists.

The week of activities culminates in a visual, audio experience for participants' families and friends at the Odeon Theatre, Norwood.

Thirty (30) places are available to any young person aged 15 - 26 years, there is no application form just a letter, a photo, a video, audition, phone interview or anything that will convince the DV-FM selection panel.

The program is about the creation of performances, friendships and new possibilities.

Places are limited so contact Carclew Youth Arts Centre on (08) 267 5111 or fax (08) 239 0689 for further details or send an application before Friday, 6th September, 5 pm, to Carclew Youth Arts Centre, 11 Jeffcott Street, North Adelaide, 5006.

Studio space available to young visual artists

The South Australian Youth Arts Board (SAYAB) invite young visual artists, up to the age of 26 years, to apply for subsidised studio space.

The Artists in Studio scheme provides young artists with a subsidised studio for up to twelve months to enable them to have studio space in a recognised studio working alongside a professional artist for the duration of 1997.

Studio space is available at recognised art studios around Adelaide.

Applications close Monday 30th September, 1996 at 5 pm.

An exhibition of this year's recipients will be held in November at Carclew Youth Arts Centre.

For further information and a copy of an application form, contact Carclew Youth Arts Centre (see above for address/numbers).

student radio program week one

Monday

10-10.30pm slander, lies & audiotape dear avid student radio listener, this collective thinks that the fine line between information and defamation is more like a 16 lane freeway. but as the lesson of the rabbit and the 32 wheel semi-trailer clearly demonstrates, it's best to be prepared for all eventualities. so in case we cause offence with our 30 minute foray into the latest campus, local, national, international and occasionally paranormal news, sport and current affairs, presented in a way which can, at times, stretch your brain, the truth and all sense of common decency, we'd like to take this opportunity to say, in advance, WE'RE REALLY SORRY.

10.30-10.50pm polp! world music and political commentary with a difference! if you are looking for african-based "world music" or the sounds of bulgarian throat-singers, shift your dial elsewhere: that is not the complete and real world. EVERYWHERE, people are listening to folk pop, which is churned out like polp. this is the true world music. polp. at last, karaoke finds its home.

10.50-11.40pm the 30 point plan to destroy the youth network with mark panizza. HC/punk/crust/str8

edge/noise. features on bands and contributors to the national d.i.y punk scene.

11.40-12.30pm on the beat pete kick back and open all valves as the smith sisters (yes...they really are) take you on a short, but painless adventure into the psyche and intrigue of the adelaide student socialite. where do these creatures go? what do they do for endorphins? tune in and find out. two things are guaranteed. a lot of music. a little of talk.

Tuesday

10-10.50pm Pablo Fanques Fair with Christian, Peter & Niki. Do the lyrics of Silverchair songs leave you lost for words? Do you wish to see Ray Martin as President? Would you like to hear music from the Smiths, Beastie Boys, the Beatles, Curve and Spiderbait? Yeah? Well listen to us 'cause we like you.

10.50-11.40pm Maruti and the Elephant watching Silver II Leo, Armin & Rob present a punk focussed program, with a dash of indie-sort of songs, interviews from local & international bands & make-shift radio plays with a whole lot of love. And the occasional sex and mule live in the studio.

11.40pm-12.30am Radio Shaven Chicken Radio plays live to air with local talent, giveaways, theme/genre shows, complete decadence, anarchy & frequent use of the f-word. completely pointless, in your-face radio.

Wednesday

10-10.50pm Popsick with Adrian & Josh. "talk about...pop muzik. talk about...pop muzik. pop pop pop muzik" "I can't hold back the excitement! Duran Duran, Bronski Beat, Ru Paul, Adam Ant...climax!" "Yeah! Music to make you puke." Join Mr Pop and Anti-pop as they present an 80's music & trivia show for fans & cynics alike. all opinions welcomed. the 80's...impossible to ignore.

10.50-11.40pm special features around a band, artist, genre, aspect, theme, issue. pre-recorded radio plays. guest programmers. this week we feature THE SPINANES including a recording of rebecca gates live in the studios at 5UV done especially for student radio.

11.40pm-12.30am No visa required Join Nikki in the exploration of the movement of peoples and vibrations across the earth. The show will involve theme nights, on-air workshops with local performers and above all a

wide range of global grooves to get your body shimmying.

thurs-sat uni of sa student radio 10pm-12.30am

Sunday

10-10.50pm Name to be Announced. Steph and Sarah offer plenty of great conversation, and a variety of music rarely played on the radio these days, paying special attention to Adelaide's talent. Prepare to be surprised

10.50-11.40pm 24 frames with Karen & Craig. Student Radio's movie show. new, old, borrowed & blue. join us in our quest to have Ben Mendessch assassinated. we may even interview someone celebrated.

11.40pm-12.30am riding on thermal rock A plethora of sounds will seduce your ears as you journey to the bubbling, frothing centre of obscure and burning rock. A splattering of interviews amidst updrafts of American & local music. Entwined with commentary on aspects of pseudo-society. Join Julia, Pete & Gus for a ride on thermal rock.

This

This, I sit and wait for bleeding
and flippant love to come pouring from
welts deep and wide into my heart.
This, I come to see, I come to be and
fight the deplorable law of fighting;
I steal the night from day and still need more.
This, I stop and stay in sweet sojourn
permitting the blunder of frustration to
overstep its mark in me and dissipate ill craft.
This, I launder and lumber to and fro,
everywhere I am and go; new dirt piles and
grows and makes heavy bearings upon my day.
This, I crumble as time ticks by and
broken measures continue to unmake all
bounds founded within and around, I drown.
This, I miss and skip the view that rolls and
unfolds with merriment askew of plain
distaste and detail that makes neatness shine.
This, I make and play for all time's sake
in sunshine red and gold and endeavour
to, fall by the wayside for the love of mine.
For this, we crave to fill the void.

The Clandestine Cavalier

Nihilism

What perusing of an iron-smile
does exclude my rising desire?
When gifted with a disarming guile
and gall with six-conspire.

Whose lustre staunch among the dead
and geniality twice culled?
The litmus alludes to a poor man's bed
where justice, poetically lulled?

We can only guess why lovers lie,
where departed fools do poach
the ventures of a hero bye
and a villain beyond reproach.

So bother me not with your packaged complaints
of wrath and jilted prelude.
For if I cared for them, even faint
then nerve is not ensued.

When is quilted tan released?
A question for pedestrian ear.
- Ask a dulcet savvy beast
lest you be feeling fear.

Matty Watson



WIN WITH WRITING!

Book of the Week
Nick Cave: The Birthday Party and
Other Epic Adventures
Robert Brokenmouth (Omnibus Books)
\$19.95

Thanks to MIND FIELD BOOKSHOP (238a Rundle Street), we have a \$60 Book Voucher to give away to the writer of the best piece of fiction (poetry or prose) published in On Dit each month. (Please note that because there was only one On Dit issue in June, the pieces published then will be included with the August pieces for judging)

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

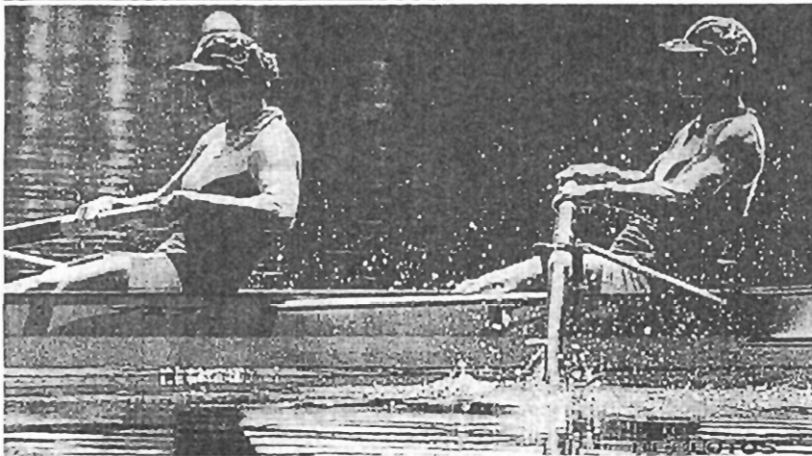
**Reflections on a soap holder
in someone else's bathroom**

I could tell you about the yellow soap holder - serving an indefinite sentence for being a useless vision of a self - righteous bachelor who "always wanted to invent things." Very possibly this took place as long ago as the 1950's, although it is pretty hard to tell. In any case it's now 1996 and the soap holder (despite its army of erect plastic needles on both sides proudly standing to attention and despite its sunny bathroom - appropriate yellowness) remains unused and I dare say totally unnoticed. The soap (of which there is far too much) has been placed in the family basket of practicality down the other end of the sink and it appears painfully obvious that no-one has even considered conceptually linking the two objects.

SOAP HOLDER: For being inherently pathetic; for your dismally failed attempt to defy human carelessness; your inability to see that no-one cares in the bathroom rush of rinsing away suds and hand grime and urine and blood and the hairs in the sink and the spit - no-one cares to stop and place the cake on your absurd spiked surface so as to avoid excess bathroom mess; Soap holder I sentence you to an indefinite sentence of being. You will not be acknowledged. You will not be remembered. You will not be discarded. You will be touched, not by appreciative hands grateful for your existence as they lay down slippery soap but by hands that don't even see you as they pick you up week after week, year after fucking long year to clean the dust from underneath you, again and again and again

Helen Kent

Gold, Gold, Gold!



After years of blood sweat and tears Kate Slatter is back in the World rowing limelight, coming hot on the heels of her world champion row Kate, who along with Jamie Fernandez is currently in Atlanta for the Olympics, has brought the Blacks rowing firmly on to the world stage. In what was surely a breathtaking win, Kate won gold for Australia in the final of the Women's Heavy Weight Pair.

1996

Schweppes Sport Plus

Australian Universities

Games

29th September 1996 to 4 October 1996
Adelaide University Enquiries phone 303 5403

Sport sells, but will it be sold out?

With this cryptic title you're probably wondering what I'm on about.

Well, the University is currently undertaking a review of Sport. What they have in mind is amalgamating the historically separate administrative structures which govern the running of University Sport. With this in mind F.J. O' Neill and friends wish to bring together that spectacularly loss making body known as the "Uni Gym" and the Sports Association (S.A.). Ground staff who currently work for the University would also be brought into the scheme of things. The big question around the traps is will student money go into propping up this body? Will the solid achievements of a century of hard work go up in a puff of smoke. The "Uni Gym" which has only a tenuous link at being a student facility has been making a loss for some time, students and their clubs who attempt to use this facility often get no help from an unsympathetic management(although to be fair they do have commercial imperatives). Has the University ever directed the "Uni Gym" to liaise with students and the S.A. to better serve the student popu-

lation?

Rumour has it that Samuel Jakobs Royal Commission like "Review into Sport" demanded a ton of financial and membership information from the S.A.. but allowed the "Uni Gym" to get away with some very average if not incomplete records. Does the "Uni Gym" s claim to rival the S.A. in membership size truly reflect the actual student use of its facilities or are Messrs. Crouch and Co. being creative with the figures? Does walking through the door make you a member? If so is the Boat Club, Football Club or even Athletics Club bigger than the " Uni Gym"? For surely, if these bodies were to record every wayward soul who had a go for a week or two gratis on the club but never ended up on the membership books, the picture would tell a different tale.

Looking at the recent booklet for the Open Day the University has decided to use a picture of a crew from the Boat Club to sell itself to the Public, perhaps acknowledging that Sport sells the University, but will the University sell out sport?

Rifle Intervarsity

The Australian Universities Rifle Championships held recently at Dean Range near Port Adelaide attracted a field of over 30 competitors. Universities from as far afield as Charles Sturt and Sydney competed in some trying conditions in a week which included the coldest day of the year so far. Adelaide Uni who were the hosts for this year's contest were pipped by the Wales's accuracy in short range shooting to come second in the Venour Nathar Shield. Shooting started at the 300m mound and progressed through various ranges to 900 yards (the mounds at the longer distances are still in Imperial). Making their debut this year were Charles Sturt and our near neighbour the University of South Australia (the U.S.A. team, being generously supported by Adelaide for rifles and mats). Competition was fierce for the Australian Universities Combined Team which was made up of the top ten place getters in the overall competition.

The top spot for Adelaide was taken by Charles Abraham who is a fresher in Asian Studies. The Adelaide team showed great potential for future years with many competitors shooting for the Blacks for the first time. Bolt action full bore target shooting has certainly made a comeback in this the Sports Association Centenary Year..

Sports Association Centenary Ball



Tickets \$10.00 A.U. Students (First 200 only)

\$20 Others

includes drinks and meal.

August 3rd in the Union House

Tickets at S.A. Office

Black Tie opposite Cloisters. Black Tie

The Blacks A.U. Football Club

Premier 1: Blacks v Port District
27.20 - 7.10

Reserve: 12.9 - 13.10

A4: Blacks v Brahma Lodge
21.13 - 5.9

Reserve: 21.32 - 0.2

A5: Blacks v Athelstone
17.9 - 14.10

Reserve 7.9 - 14.10

A8: Blacks v Mitcham
15.14 - 10.9

ONLY ONE WEEK LEFT



Adelaide University Sports Association Inc.

**Hurry, Hurry, Hurry
run out and get
your tickets**

for

The Centenary Ball

Saturday, 3rd August 1996

7:30pm

The Upper Refectory

Union House

The University of Adelaide

**or miss out on the
BALL OF THE CENTURY!**

**GET YOUR TICKETS FROM
THE SPORTS ASSOCIATION**

Got something to sell?
Looking for action?
Failed your exams?
Drive a Ford Laser?
Want to tell people
about it?

Well then try *On Dit*
Classifieds

They're free, they're
cheap and they're free.
Just bring it down to our
office by 5pm Wednesday
and we will run it for
one week (if you want
your ad to run for more
than one week then you
must re-submit it)
...and remember,
please keep 'em short.
Thank you

Rhodes Scholarship for 1997

The scholarship is open to both men and women and is tenable at Oxford University for two years in the first instance. In 1997-98, a personal allowance of not less than £6,900 sterling a year will be paid in addition to the scholar's College and University fees.

Applications will close with the Honorary Secretary of South Australian Committee on 2nd September, 1996. Interested applicants are advised to write for application forms and additional information as soon as possible. For more information contact F.J. O'Neill, Honorary Secretary.

Wanted to Sell

Renault 12, 1972 saloon. Mechanically sound, blue. Must sell. Ideal for student. \$1,200 o.n.o. RXL-137. Ph: (08) 303 3303.

Car For Sale

Chrysler Galant in bad condition but it's registered and it goes well (\$300). Ring Kip on 278 6102.

Adelaide University Mathematics Students' Society

will be holding their inaugural Quiz Night (or inaugural anything else) in the Upper Refectory, Level 4, Union House at 7.30 pm, Wednesday, 14th August, 1996. Prizes include alcohol, food and electronic equipment.

Telemarketers

If you work as a telemarketer or know somebody who does and are interested in your award, working conditions, ways to improve them, then come along to a public meeting with eager-to-please Industrial Officers from the Australian Services Union, Thursday, 1st August, 1 pm in the Canon Poole Room (Level 5, Union Building).

Not a Union member? Then come and check us out or take advantage of our free offer off our Industrial Officer for 30 minutes. Call for an appointment with Danny, Shirley or Andy on 363 1322.

Student Administration Graduations Survey 1996

The prize winner of the Graduations Survey raffle is Robert J. Moore. Robert will receive \$60 from Student Administration to spend at a music store.

Equilibrium

"Wisdom of the Heart". Reiki & Rebirth Healing for increased energy, emotional healing, mental clarity, physical wellbeing and a greater self understanding. All enquiries welcome, First Floor, 102 Gawler Place, Adelaide, telephone (08) 232 8022.

Rowing

Inspired by the event at Lake Laurie? The Boat Club is looking for men to field its lightweight four at the Australian University Games in Canberra in October.

If you weigh approximately 70kg and are interested in rowing please see Darren at the Sports Association or ring Lucas on 272 8905.

For that matter, anyone at all who's interested in rowing can contact us.

Dribble J - Undug

CD Launch soon.

If you're in a band or have musical aspirations and want to contribute to the Dribble J CD, post your contact details in the AUES submissions box outside the Engineering Faculty Office.

Yoga and the Mind

A one day seminar exploring the integration of ancient Eastern techniques and knowledge of the mind with modern Western Science. Saturday, 10th August from 9.30 am - 5.00 pm at the "Summit Centre" in Ashton with Dr Rishi Vivekananda Saraswati.

Please do not miss this wonderful opportunity to enjoy a relaxing day of postures, pranayama, meditation and to hear him speak on Yoga and the Mind. Themes of his talks are Science, Medicine and Yoga - and how it all fits together as a synergistic system.

Cost is only \$50 for the whole day. Please bring a yoga mat, blanket and cushion and some yummy vegetarian lunch to share. Morning and afternoon tea is supplied. Contact Philip on (08) 369 0663.

Lockers

Second semester lockers will be available for hire from Union Administration from Monday 29th July, 1996. The lockers are located in the Lady Symon Building, George Murray Building and on Level 5 by the UniBar. The cost of hire is \$5 for the semester, however, students are required to provide their own padlock. There are only a limited number of lockers available, so hurry!!

IT Showcase Week

12th - 16th August, 1996, The Queen Elizabeth Hospital. A major initiative to demonstrate a range of leading edge Information Technology and computer applications in Medicine, including Computer Aided Learning. For more information and a programme of events, please contact Alison Jones (08) 222 7283. All students are encouraged to come along and try out the exhibits.

Psychology Booklet

A booklet describing some scientific societies in psychology and related areas is available. The intention behind it is to broaden students' perceptions about why the study of psychology is useful and interesting and what careers and specialisations might be open to them. As you would expect, the listing includes the Australian Psychological Society - but also included are some 40 other bodies, including the Colour Society of Australia and (this isn't a joke) the International Society for Humor Studies. Copies of the booklet "Would you like to join? Some societies of interest to psychology students" may be obtained from the Department of Psychology, Macquarie University, Sydney, N.S.W. 2109.

Operation Desert Storm

Anybody interested in crossing the Simpson Desert during the first two weeks of term 3 should ring James Lawson on 405 4300.

Secure Parking

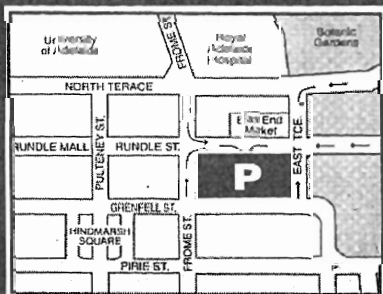
The parking professionals.

\$5 ALL DAY

STUDENT PARKING EAST END (Rundle Street)

Conditions

1. Only available upon presentation of valid students I.D.
2. Only available Monday to Friday.
3. Only available at Secure Parking East End Rundle Street.
4. Special rate valid for 12 hour period.



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THURSDAY 1ST AUGUST
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CHRIS FINNEN**

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au students FREE

NAD CAMPUS BAND COMPETITION

FRIDAY

22ND AUGUST

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7.30 PM

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H.U.M.

DOG PUPPET

SCISSOR PRETTY

PUCK

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UNIBAR

FREE TO AU STUDENTS

\$5 CONCESSION

\$7 OTHERS

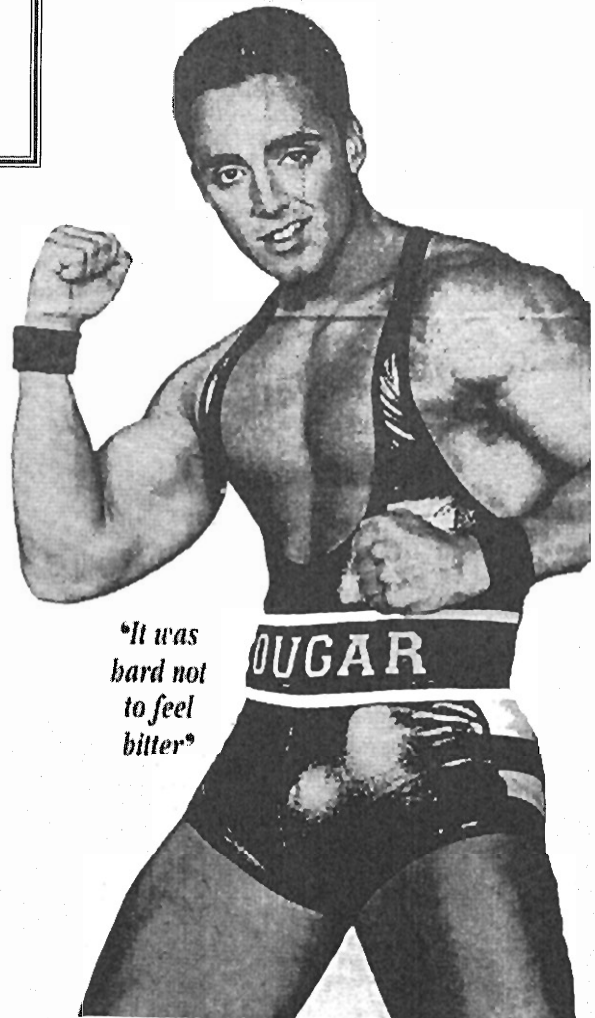
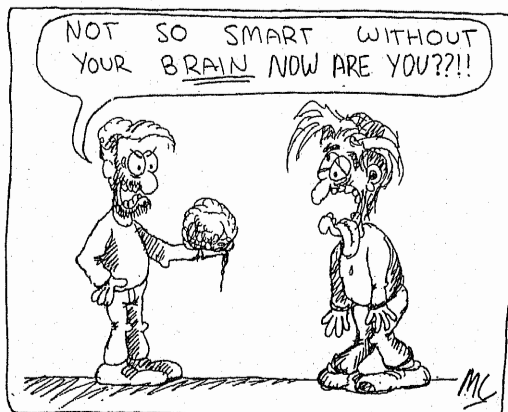
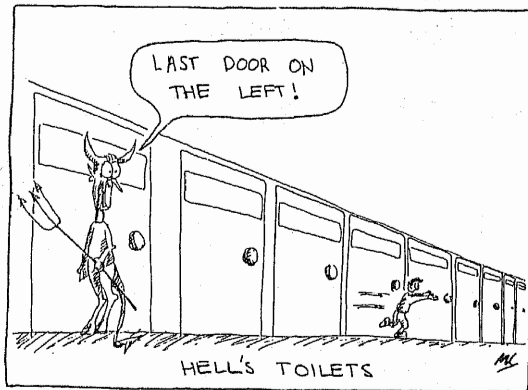
Lord.

Grant me the **serenity** to accept
the things I cannot change
The **Courage** to change the things I can
And the wisdom to
hide the bodies of those people
I had to **kill** because they
Pissed Me Off!

by Jamie Lowe 1996

*THINK YOU CAN DO BETTER?
WRITE US A POEM/SHORT STORY
TO MAKE US CHORTLE AND YOU'LL
BE IN THE RUNNING FOR SOME
REALLY COOL PRIZES. THE BEST RE-
SULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN FU-
TURE EDITIONS.*

*AND REMEMBER, WE LOVE RE-
CEIVING ANY KIND OF FUNNY GEAR
- JOKES, CARTOONS, PHOTOS OR
PICTURES KEEP US GIGGLING FOR
HOURS. (IT COULD ALSO BE THE
FLURO LIGHTS AND HIGH CAFFEINE
INTAKE).*



*"It was
hard not
to feel
bitter"*

Thanks for the On Dit cover suggestion Phil Tait of 1st Year Arts!
If you can tell us how Cougar keeps his
goolies so flat, you'll win a really cool prize.
Entries close Thursday 1st August.