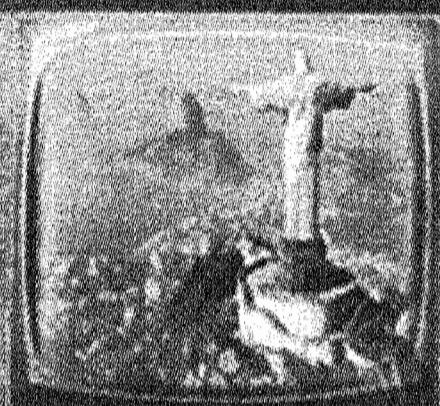
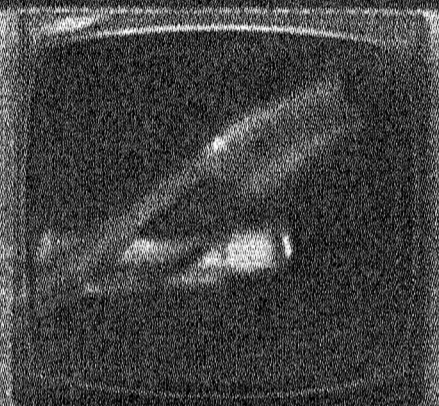
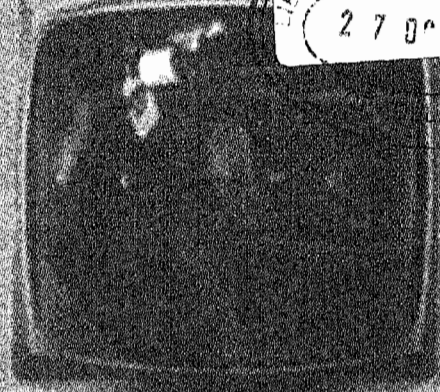
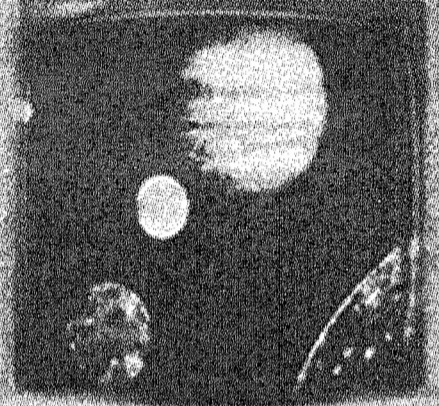


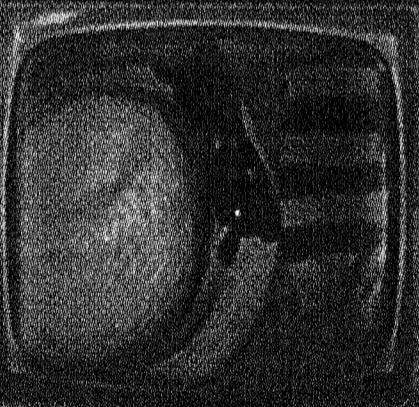
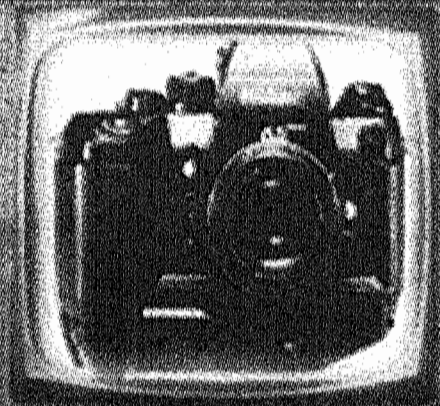
SR
378.05
05
c-2

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY
27 OCT 1997
A.B.C.

GOING

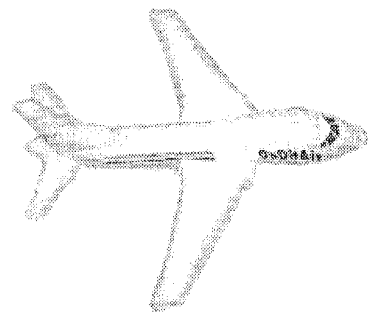


ON DE
65.21

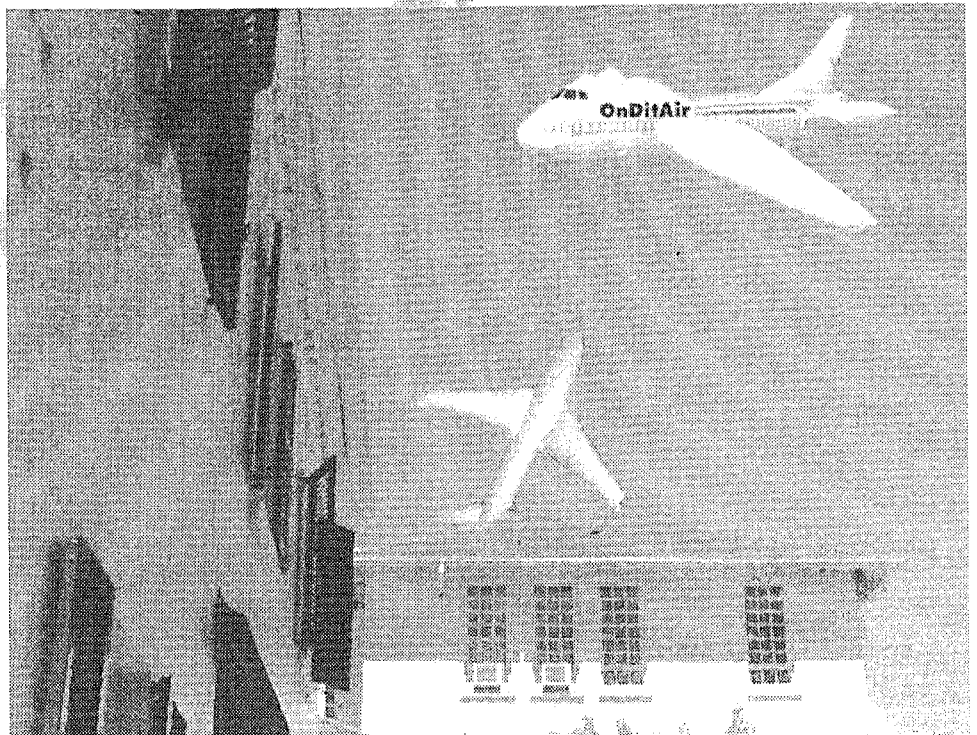


PLACES

OnDitAir

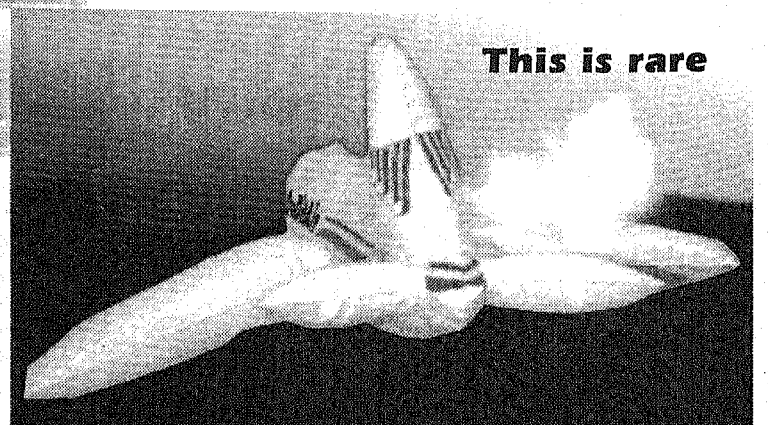


"Fly the Friendly Skies!" *



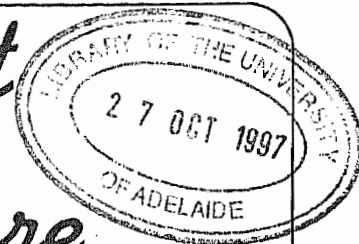
OnDitAir is pleased to offer a broad range of low, low ticket prices for students to destinations such as Chechnya, Palestine and remote Zaire (half your ticket price refunded if you contract Ebola or similar filoviruses). Our cheerful trainee pilots are highly experienced using the latest high-tech flight simulators (Lylat Wars), and our unique inflatable aircraft are the envy of the less fashionable "safe" airlines.

"Our planes don't crash, they bounce!"



** Does not legally bind the airline to providing genuinely friendly skies*

On Dit Adventure Holidays



Welcome to exciting and adaptable *On Dit All Arse-No Class Worldwide Adventure Holidays*. We guarantee satisfaction (guarantee does not apply in months with the letter 'r'). Our company offers the best in exciting, different and memorable travel experiences. We can honestly say that these are memories that will stay with you until you die which may be quite likely once you board our special aircraft - *On Dit Air*. Fasten your seatbelts, tune to the comedy station and take your travel sickness pills because you're going to need them.

Your itinerary

- Day 1-3** Nothing much happens. We expect that you use this time to recuperate from our flights.
- Day 4-5** We take letters of complaints about our flights.
- Day 6** Visit Third World nation through Nike's shoes.
- Day 7** Look at the Airlines you wish you'd taken.
- Day 8** News that happened while you were away.
- Day 9** Visit the dodgiest place on earth and get acquainted with the local insect-life.
- Day 10** Enjoy the local weather.
- Day 11** Take time out to fill in a survey about our service.
- Day 12** Marvel at the peculiar customs of the natives. Don't worry, they're friendly!
- Day 13** Test the theory of 'moving targets are harder to hit'.
- Day 14** Think about the things you should have done before you left.
- Day 15** Risk breaking your neck with our new outdoor adventure tour.
- Day 16** Experience jet lag - again!
- Day 17** Experience the local cuisine going down and coming back up again.
- Day 18** Force your friends to watch the video of your holidays.
- Day 19** In-flight entertainment. No, there is no choice.
- Day 20-21** Hear how other people enjoy their holidays far more than you did.
- Day 22-23** The local tribe explains the details of their sexual rituals.
- Day 24** Try our new history-making time travel adventure holiday. 85% chance of survival. Tested and proven.
- Day 25** Your worst day so far.
- Day 26** More in-flight entertainment you didn't ask for.
- Day 27** Enjoy the world's famous Loof art exhibition.
- Day 28-32** We bombard your ears with the piercing sounds of the local musicians.
- Day 33** We test your bladder endurance beyond its limits. Hah!
- Day 34** Soak up some culture and some water.
- Day 35-37** Hide in your hotel room and read.
- Day 38** Pick up local customs.
- Day 39** Buy some of the naive local art.
- Day 40-41** We stick you in a field and make you do laps.
- Day 42** We say good-bye (Goooodbyeeeee!).

You read the small print and see why this holiday is going to cost you three times more than you think.

On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The Editors have complete editorial control although the opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own. Don't bother suing us, we're penniless and pathetic, and we're not interested.

Editors:
Fiona Sproles
Ching Yee Ng
James Morrison

Advertising Manager:
Luc Bondar

Freight:
Kerryn Doyle & Natalie Whelan

Typesetting:
Fiona Dalton

Printing:
Cadillac Printing

Weekend travellers:
Susie, Chris, Luc, & Brett.

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

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

About the cover:
bits and pieces cover by Ching Yee



Some of us have travelled far, some have not gone any further than our front gate. This travel edition was borne from our need to getaway from the office and escape to, well, anywhere that's different, exotic and exciting and/ or relaxing. on a more serious note, we have been informed by Gin, the Environmental officer, that the new Romax cups are travelling into the bins pretty darn quickly, thus defeating the purpose of their creation. REUSE, REFILL, RECYCLE THE DAMN THINGS! Fly-ing off the handle once again...S'NM

GIVEAWAYS

Nova; Palace & Raceway Giveaways:
About a nun, an anarchist, a prostitute and their comrades in the Free Women Organisation (or 'libertarias') out to fight the fascists and smash the patriarchy during the Spanish Civil War. New Spanish film *Libertarias* comes highly recommended by *On Dit* sources. For students of history, politics or religion, *Libertarias* promises to be an unmissable movie.
New movie from *Dazed and Confused* director Richard Linklater *Suburbia* charts a night in the life of some kids about as far removed from freedom-fighting as you can get. Kicking around car parks and fast-food joints they wonder how they'll ever get out of suburban hell, and if there's really any point anyway.

Thanks to Hermine at the Nova we have ten in season double passes to each of these new films for anyone who comes down to the office at 2.00 Wednesday 22nd October.

If you come down, some day and time, you can also win one of five double passes to the Palace, OR one of ten double passes to play on the 8 Slot Raceway. We'll be drawing winners by lot, so come on down if you're feeling lucky...

Who'd want to spend a weekend with them anyway?

Dear those Great Beings known as the Editors of that fine publishing called the On Dit, I voted during Student Elections week, and I voted for Alive. I voted for Alive, because they promised to stop excessive spending/futile spending. I have not been at this uni for long (2 years), but during these last two years, there has been much discussion on this very problem. I pay my union fees, and since I am a member of the union, I think it fair that I can discuss what occurs;) But recently, it has come to my attention, that Alive, though not yet in power, had a chance to do something about this very problem and did not. But let me explain.

There was, recently, a weekend away for all the new members of the union to go away and learn about each other and how to be good student politicians. Now, this in itself is a grand idea. But, I do not see ANY reason, whatsoever, why we, the poor deprived STUDENT MASSES, should fork out \$940 dollars approximately for a weekend where these new polliies are dished out free food and accomadation after signing an agreement that they should have only nice political debates. Why can't this weekend away - held during holidays - just be held at uni campus? And why couldn't they just bring their own food or buy it?

Now I understand that this is an institution of sorts, that it was not brought about by Alive. All very well and good. But they could have objected to the needless spending of Student monies by BOYCOTT-



ING it!:) Is this truly unreasonable? And from what I have heard, not much was achieved in this weekend away. If any of my figures are wrong, please don't hesitate to correct me. If I think it, I'm sure there are others out there who think it too:).

A very inquisitive Kat:)

Fuck

Dear S'N'M What the fuck is that fucked up cartoon doing in your fucking magazine? It makes no fucking sense. Maybe it's cos I'm dimwitted, but the fucken cartoon is crappy. Get someone who can draw! So fuck ya, keep it up!

On another point, how about the Theatre Guild putting on a production of "Shopping and Fucking". Yeah! Anyway, back to my world of brewskis, drugs and University (Doh!)

Cheers Big Ears! BFG

Angry Smug Person

Dear Eds, The little note you have in this week's On Dit on page 5 was not called for. If you appreciated how

ad in the On Dit when our new poster comes out. Thanks for your time, and I hope you don't do anything silly like this again, because On Dit has a very large student readership...

Luke Oswald, SMUG Treasurer.

Eds reply: We realise in hindsight that was a harsh call but you're running a business. If your service is below par then customers will get aggravated. On Dit sub-eds are also unpaid, voluntarily put in personal time and are also learning on the job. If you understood how much effort goes into On Dit then you would understand how the breakdown of the email service for 21/2 months affected its administration and exasperated us into making that comment. Still we wish you smoother sailing in the staff dept. and the publicity campaign for the future.

Teeth

Dear Editors, Politics - it's about as exciting as a beery game of monopoly on a buttonless day at Planet Cardigan. While Snagglepuss struggled with facticity of her deadline, seems that Ros Cox got re-elected to the Student's Union Presidency. But only after everyone's favourite Liberal slipped in behind her at the last minute (with his vote). How many years have these non-politicians been playing politics? More than two years, I bet. Let's hope the Grill Bar survives their reign.

Moving away from the 'game' of student politics (after all what's a few jobs, great food and a cool atmosphere got to do with reality?) doesn't it piss you off how all those other people blame Dean Brown for almost stopping Olsen becoming King again? I thought that it was more like the people didn't like either of them, and do like

their schools, hospitals, etc.. But I'm only an Arts graduate, so what would I know? Before the Black Night sends in his dark fanmail, could you please tell him that I've gratefully accepted a complimentary haircut and meal from the Engineer's Society, and a compass set to remind me that not all of them are square. See you in Jamaica.

Still waiting for the rain, Red Dread

PS: many thanks to the wonderful dentistry students who took horrible things out of my mputh. My fears were misplaced.

Olsen Fanclub

I sat in my room ion Saturday night drinking white wine from the cask. I watched John Olsen on tele climbing up to the podium. He thanked the usual people for their work, talked of the need to take hard decisions of how people were "impatient". "Impatient" I said almost choking on white. I remembered my mentally ill friend lying on a broken bed in Glenside be-

cause there was no money to get it fixed. I remembered my friend taking her niece to the hospital at Elizabeth and waiting 8 hours in the waiting room for a doctor to stitch her hand. I remembered going to the dental health clinic and being told my teeth would be examined in 18 months. A friend limping around for 2 years for his knee to be reconstructed. People would tell me that this is the era of user pays. What if you have no money? What if you have three kids to feed, clothe and educate? What if your husband fucks off and pays no maintenance? So, Mr Olsen, the majority of people are working bloody hard and trying to get a better future for themselves and their kids. If you damage that future by denying ordinary people working people the right to quality health care and education don't cry "impatient" when they shit all over your government.

Steve Weir 1st Year Arts

Whiskas

The absolute best thing about the gallery Coffee Shop is Lounge Music when you are preparing a tutorial presentation. This

is not sarcasm, by the way, though I am known to be a bit sarcastic cat at times; actually if honesty is required, I have this very Lounge CD (wild, cool and swingin' - YEAH!) I am a lounge cat, I am a coffee cat; in fact I am a Coffee Lounge Cat - European Chic and all of that (though I have come to realise that your average Austudy recipient cannot afford European chic, especially in Europe itself) (not that I've been to Europe) (The plans are there, of course) (Build it, it will come and all of that...)

Oh, but that I actually had the money for a coffee but no, nooo-oooo. Someone (ie. me!) had to go and have a haircut and a colour change, didn't she? And now we have no money until the next Austudy payment (although, if I may be so bold, the hair looks FABULOUS!) (You can't see it at the moment though because I'm sporting a brown beret) (sporting?!?!)

Ahhhhhhhh.....looking at the world though, single, available, on-the-prowl coloured glasses again. Faaabulous. Bring on the beautiful people and all of that, oh fuck who the hell am I kidding? Snagglepuss' hint of the month: If you try to return a top to Sportsgirl because you ignored the 'dry flat'

washing instructions, for god's sakes iron out the peg marks first (whoops!). I can never show my furry, whiskered face and my cute little wet nose in there again. Oh the humanity! (sic). Oh the stupidity!

Love and other cultural constructs, SNAGGLEPUSS

Tony, the Cheque's in the Mail

Dear James, Thanks for the brilliant 'Choose Your Own Uni Adventure' in last week's On Dit....it was just so bloody 'morbid'.....talk about the story of my uni life. That and the well-written & intelligent article 'Hating Howard....Why Australia Is Bugged' are probably the best pieces I have seen appear in your little publication. More please.

On a different subject, given that HECS is a federal thing, can someone please tell me what a couple of students running for the State Upper House under the ticket 'Students Against HECS' expect to achieve?

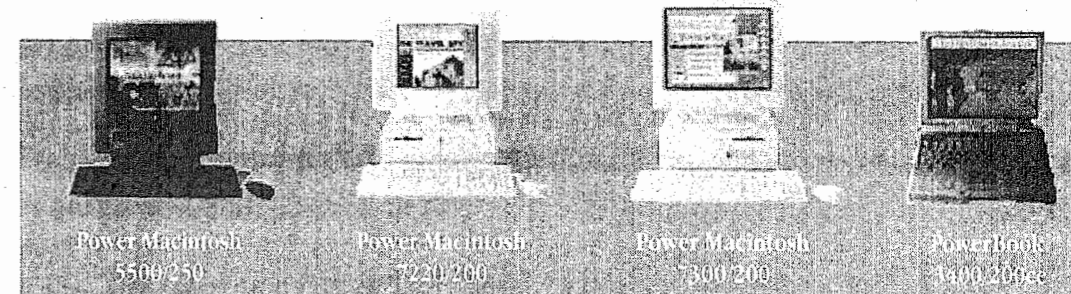
TONY Science

minimum \$500 trade in

Bring your old Apple computer¹ (or PC²) into Camtech Computers - your campus computer store, between 13 September 1997 and 30 November 1997 and you'll automatically receive a substantial trade-in on any one of the brilliant new Apple Macintoshes shown below (all with the brand new Mac OS 8 operating system). With Camtech's generous student discount, you could wipe up to \$900 off the recommended retail price.

Trade-in computers must be in good working order and include a display, keyboard and pointing device. Minimum specification on trade-in computers are: ¹Apple - Desktop or PowerBook with Hard Disk and 2MB RAM. ²PC - Desktop or notebook with hard disk and 4MB RAM with a 386, 486 or Pentium processor.

CAMTECH COMPUTERS
Hughes Plaza • Behind Elder Hall • University of Adelaide
Telephone 8303 3300 • <http://www.camtech.net.au>



Clubs

Attention all potential Touch players

Adelaide Uni's Touch Club is running 2 summer competitions at the Waite grounds cnr Fullarton Rd & Claremont Ave. There will be a mixed competition on Thursday nights, and a separate men's comp and women's comp on Tuesday nights, with games at either 6pm or 7pm. Bar facilities available throughout the season, along with the occasional BBQ and visit to the local!! For more info call Dan on 0419 829 787 or come along this Tuesday or Thursday at 6pm, with a white and a coloured playing top.

Pride Club (Rainbow)

Art exhibition titled Pride in the Port featuring Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual artists until 31st October. At 66 Commercial Rd, Port Adelaide. At the Coomunity Arts Centre

More Amazing Films Brought to YOU by the Film Society!

This Week:

In association with PRIDE:
Maedchen in Uniform PLUS Glen or Glenda
 Week 11: Thursday 23rd October, 7pm
 Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building
 Members (of either club) \$3, nonmembers \$4

Maedchen in Uniform tells the story of a student Manuela in a German boarding school and the love she develops for her teacher fraulein von Bernburg and the consequences it holds for both women. On an utterly different note, *Glen or Glenda* is a sensational fantasy from the director of *Plan 9 from Outer Space*, Ed Wood. Possibly the worst film by the world's worst ever director, it explores transvestism and cross-dressing.

Coming Attractions:

Andy Warhol's Chelsea Girls
 Week 12: Thursday 30th October, 7pm
 AND Friday 31st October 1:10pm
 Union Cinema
 \$1 members, \$3 nonmembers
 Probably the most commercial of the pop artist's films. Chelsea Girls is set in New

York's Chelsea Hotel. Each of the film's 12 reels, which are shown in pairs, depicts a different room in the Hotel. The actors are mainly well-known Factory types like Nico and Ingrid Superstar and the soundtrack is by the Velvet Underground of course.

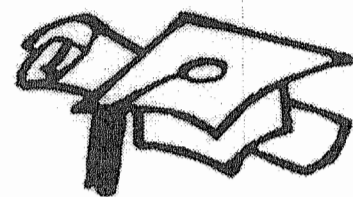
Debbie Does Dallas

Week 13: Thursday November 6th, 7pm
 AND Friday November 7th, 1:10pm
 Union Cinema
 Video Projection
 FREE FOR ALL

I think the title speaks for itself. The trashiest of trashy porn. Find out for yourself why this is one of the world's best known and best-loved(?) films.

Tasty Film Society T-shirts in black or grey with a small logo on the front and a big one on the back are now available from the Club's Association. \$12 short-sleeved, \$15 long-sleeved: bargain! e-mail us at aufs@student.adelaide.edu.au.

All the latest programme details can be found at our web site <http://www.student.adelaide.edu.au/~aufs>



DATES TO REMEMBER:

4 pm Friday October 31 - Barr Smith Lawns - Ordinary General Meeting

BBQ & Drinks provided, vegetarians and vegans catered for. We will be distributing documentation re proposed constitutional changes and all members of your Executive and Council will be present. Also, the Chancellor, Mr Bill Scammell has indicated that he would like to come and as he is retiring in November this is your last chance to meet him or to say thank you for seven years of wonderful service to the students on this campus. Please RSVP for catering arrangements!

12 noon Monday November 10 - WP Rogers Room - Womens Lunch

The Vice-Chancellor Professor Mary O'Kane will be addressing the meeting at 12 noon. Lunch and drinks will be provided immediately afterwards. Again please RSVP for catering!!

Friday November 28 - End of Year Dinner

This will be a great get-together in the Upper Refectory and we will be announcing band and other details soon.

ANZAAS Wrap Up

As you may be aware after 109 years this annual congress may be no more. The Vice-Chancellor has allocated a sum of money for the PGSA to produce a publication tentatively entitled "The Last Anzaas". We will be concentrating on the offerings of speaker who spoke at the special postgraduate sessions on September 31, however, several students attending have indicated a wish to contribute comments and if you are one of these please contact the PGSA to confirm. If there are other students or staff out there who wish to contribute please contact us also - contributions are not limited to postgraduate students from this University. We would like all contributions by the end of October if possible in both hard copy and electronic copy on Word. We will return your disk after editing is complete. This is a chance to get yourself in print and we will be distributing copies of the publication through the national postgraduate network and all the universities.

Cheers Jill & Joslyn

WISA AGM & ELECTIONS

THURSDAY, 30 OCTOBER 1997

FREE BBQ & BEER FROM 12.30 PM

Hallal, Vegetarian & Soft drinks also available

AGM at 1.30 PM

VOTING FROM 12.30-2.30 PM

UNDERGRADUATE COMMON ROOM

VOTING FOR:

UNDERGRADUATE REPS x 4

POSTGRADUATE REPS x 4

Nominations for Representatives close

Friday 24 October 1997 3 pm

Forms available from the WISA Office

Any queries contact the Returning Officer -

Leonie Hartshorne, WISA Office

email: lhartshorne@auu.adelaide.edu.au

tele: 8303 7428

Positions Vacant

Three positions exist for general student representatives on the Union's Catering Advisory Committee. If you're interested in an opportunity to become involved with the direction of Union Catering, this committee is for you.

Applications must be in writing and addressed to The Union President, Lady Symon Building, University of Adelaide, SA 5005 or lodged with the Union's Receptionist on the first floor of the Lady Symon Building. Applications close on the 29th October at 4pm.

Applicants will be required to address the Catering Meeting of the 30th of October to be held in the Margaret Murray Room, Level 5 of the Union Building at 3.30pm. Applicants will be contacted on the evening of the 29th as to the time they will be required to address the committee on the 30th.

For any further information on the committee or the application process, please contact Rosslyn Cox, Union President on **8303 5401**.

NIKE

JUST STOP IT

Tuesday 21 October NIKE - International Day of Action on Australian Campuses
 NIKE FREE DAY

The Campaign

Community Aid Abroad is working with student groups to hold NIKE-Free days on twelve campuses across Australia.

The Facts

NIKE continues to record strong profits, while women who make NIKES in contractor's factories in Indonesia:

- Work up to 84 hrs a week
- Are paid as little as 27c hr
- Live in cramped, crowded conditions, often 12 to a room
- Often suffer injuries and work in unsafe conditions
- Are subject to verbal and physical abuse by supervisors
- Are often sacked if they try to demonstrate for better conditions

NIKE Profits

July 1996

NIKE posted a 38% increase in quarterly profits

September 1996

US protesters disrupts NIKE's Annual shareholders meetings

December 1996

NIKE's 2nd quarter revenue up 81% worldwide future orders up 54%

March 1997

Nike announces quarterly earnings up 77%

April 1997

10 000 Nike workers protest in Indonesia

May 1997

NIKE reports quarter earnings will fall below market estimates.

Race Your Motor

In June this year, Mr. Young the former US ambassador completed a guided tour of NIKE factories in the far east and declared that all is well.

Mr. Young spoke with Vietnamese workers who were forced to run around the factory in the hot sun until a dozen had fainted. He blamed the incident on the culture clash between the Taiwanese bosses in the factory and the Vietnamese workers who were being punished.

Just Do It Taiwan Style

"This was the way they do things in Taiwan" he said
 "You run around to get your blood pressure up, ... race your motor"...

Sign Protest Postcards 12.30 to 2pm outside the Stationary Shop Barr Smith Lawns
 Buy Just Stop It T-shirts \$8 (Black with white print)
 Stickers 40c. Further Info
 Joslyn on 8303 5898,
 University of Adelaide

THE JOY OF SUKES

OH, THE JOYS OF AIRLINE FLIGHTS

For this travel special I thought I'd share my horror of long-distance flights with you. Why do I hate them? Well, for a start...

THE PEOPLE

— Being stuck in an aircraft for twenty-two hours with two hundred other people can be quite a stressful experience. I try to get the window seat in case I'm sitting next to a person with bladder problems. But even if I achieve this, chances are I'm stuck in front of a hyperactive, bratty kid who kicks the back of my seat, pulls my hair and doesn't need sleep. And inevitably the person sitting in front of me decides to push his/her seat back just as I've begun my meal. Mmmm, salad and potatoes on the lap — what a great look!

THE LOOS

— I hate airline toilets. It usually takes me about half an hour to work out how to open the folding doors, then once I've busted my way in, the toilet's invariably blocked, and there's no loo paper. And of course as soon as I'm settled the plane hits a really bad patch of turbulence and I panic — I'm scared of being stuck in the toilet when the plane starts nose-diving! But what I hate most about airline loos is flushing them. I have a pathological terror of the noise it makes. Aaaahhhhh!!!!

THE FOOD

— I actually find it quite exciting getting my meal and taking the lids off the little polystyrene compartments to see what I've got. But sadly the excitement only lasts a few seconds because airline food looks and tastes like plastic. I'm always envious of the kids because they get a packet of Smarties with their meals. It's not fair!

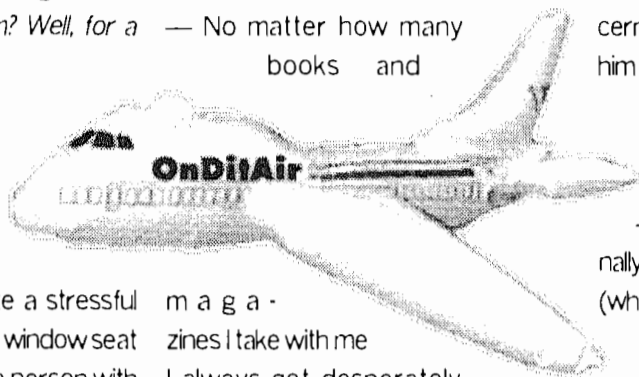
THE FLIGHT ATTENDANTS

— Flight attendants piss me off because they always look so perfect, even after twenty hours of serving teas and coffees. At the beginning of the flight they are usually quite friendly, if a little aloof, but their charm deteriorates rapidly as the hours pass. In my experience they're a bit stupid. They can't seem to understand why anyone would object

to being woken up at three o'clock in the morning for breakfast.

THE BBOORREDDOMMM

— No matter how many books and

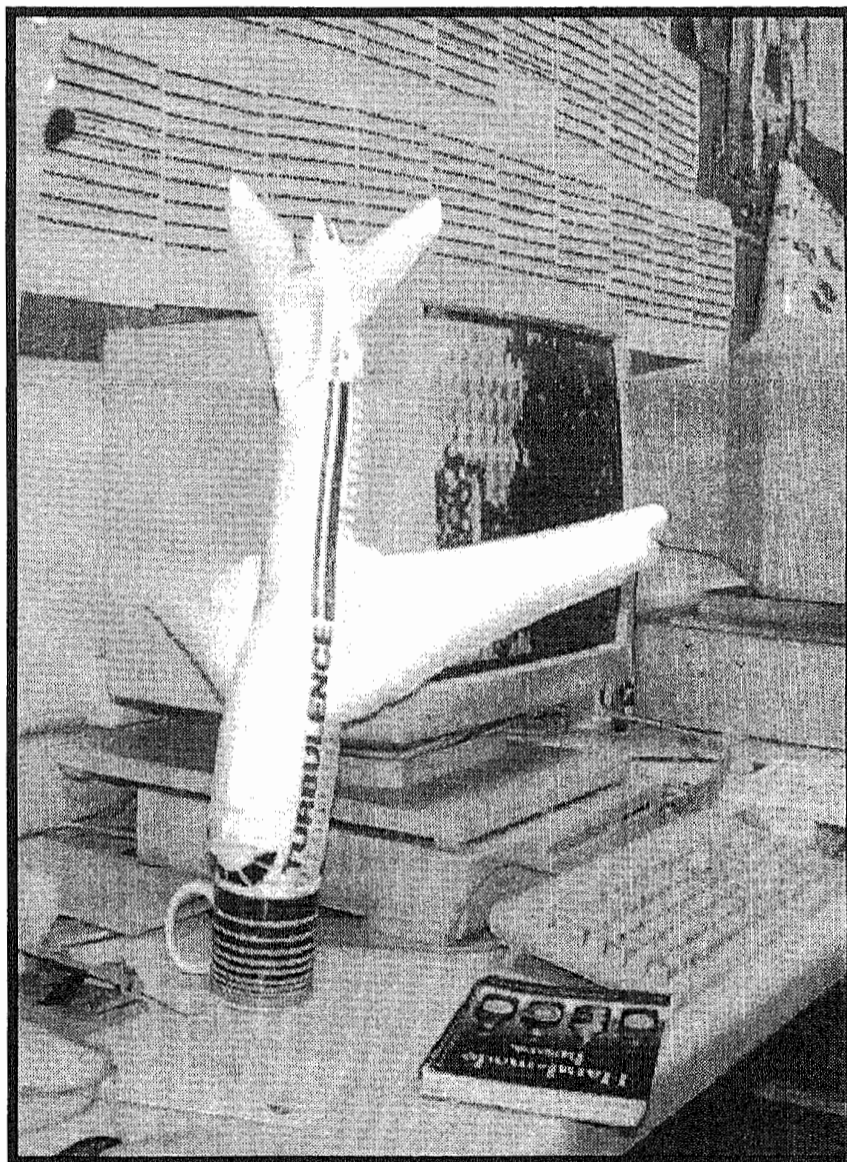


m a g a - zines I take with me I always get desperately bored after about twenty minutes. The inflight movies don't usually entertain me much, especially as half the time I can't see over the head of the person sitting in front of me. Of course, the best

next to me didn't seem to mind at all though — he continued to calmly read his newspaper without offering me any assistance, or even uttering a semi-concerned "Are you okay?" Well ha ha to him because some of it went on his shoe.

FACING THE CROWDS

— I hate it that when the flight's finally over and I've picked up my luggage (which can take hours, even days), I have to walk out into the arrivals area. This can, in fact, be the most traumatic part of the whole airline experience, unless you enjoy being stared at. Looking and feeling like a piece of crap after being deprived of sleep, proper food and a decent wash, you



way to alleviate boredom is to sleep. The surest way to achieve this is to stay up the night before so you're a zombie when you board the plane, or drink copious amounts of free booze until you pass out.

AIR SICKNESS

— I've puked only once and it was not a pleasant experience. The guy sitting

have to stumble through the arrival doors where there's a huge crowd of smiling, waving, CLEAN people. If you're lucky one of those people knows you and you can be whisked away in a car to a bed and a shower. If not, then you're faced with finding somewhere to stay, somewhere to eat... but that's a whole nother travel story.

Annabel Davies!

OnDitAir's Handy Airline Ratings Guide

Airline: Garuda

Base: Indonesia

Pluses: Not many

Minuses: Routinely overbook every flight. Expect a twenty hour stopover in Darwin while your luggage wends it way towards Perth.

Airline: Singapore Airlines

Base: Singapore

Pluses: Edible food, watchable ads, good service

Minuses: Expensive

Airline: Malaysia Airlines

Base: Malaysia

Pluses: Reasonable service, edible food

Minuses: Surly stewardesses (depending on shift)

Airline: British Airways

Base: UK

Pluses: Reasonable service

Minuses: Dull as fuck (staff wear school uniforms), English food, the first plane to crash in *Die Hard II*
Quote: "The always-fun experience of hearing British accents 23 hours before you get to the UK! One warning: if you happen to be classified as a non-lactose vegan, watch out for their nutloaf burger. A new level of gourmet mediocrity. Otherwise, about as comfy as you're ever gonna be stuffed in a large metal tin with 200 people a few miles above the planet going way too fast to be safe... I suppose."

Airline: QANTAS

Base: Australia

Pluses: Don't crash (yet)

Minuses: Expensive (it's Australian after all), forgetful stewards (liable to give 19-year olds colouring books)

Airline: Compass

Base: Australia

Pluses: Cheap

Minuses: Doesn't exist anymore

Election Action

No-one really expected the state elections to be interesting. And face it, if the results had not been so "exciting" the news section would not have reported on it.

What has been so "exciting" about this election is the definite resurgence of Labor in the Upper and Lower Houses? Okay, I live in the Heysen seat - or Stirling area for those of you who are ignorant (well I was too until about 3 weeks ago) this seat is probably one of the most safest



Liberal seats in South Australia. David Wotton probably got the biggest shake-up of his political career - the Australia Democrat Party got 30% of the vote! In other areas the shake-up was so intense that many Liberal ministers lost their seat. This is interesting, if not absolutely fantastic because the Liberal tradition in South Australia is weakening, if not becoming obsolete. While some will report that the swing to Labor and Democrat was mainly a protest vote: it also seems to depict a society in which individuals are weary of the utter despair that the federal coalition and to an extent the South Australian Liberals have created.

What does this mean for University students then? Hmm, well not a great deal because funding to Higher Education is mainly controlled by the Federal Finance Department. This will, however, have ramifications for state funding of State Schools in South Australia - namely more pressure on the Liberal government to improve quality of education via funding and in

turn educational prospects of its students and teachers because

of the increased amount of opposition in Upper and Lower Houses.

This election has definitely made the Liberal government consider their future in our fair state. Before the next election, John Olsen, the re-elected Premier, will have to combat the divisions both in the wider community and his own cabinet.

Jocelyn Milbank

Kernot defects...

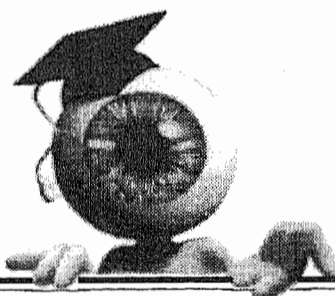


I just want to be on the winning team....

Cheryl Kernot defected! Yes, believe it or not, the leader of The Australian Democrat Party has defected to the Australian Labor Party. It seems as though her position was a conflict of interest: her own philosophies versus those of her party.

The Democrats have been best known for their campaign to "Keep the bastards honest." This means that as a party it attempts keep itself impartial to the quests of the two major parties, by its senators actively stopping the major parties from having a monopoly over major legislation. This is the reason for defection, Kernot wishes to be in a larger position of opposition to John Howard. We can only hope that she will rattle the boots of Kim Beazley...

Jocelyn Milbank



Konrad Pesudovs Optometrist

125 Jetty Rd, Glenelg Tel: 8376 2552

Glasses from \$45

Thin high index lenses from \$85
Soft contact lenses \$130 pair

Great range of brand name frames and budget models

**15 % off any frame for
Adelaide University students**

SANDFORD TRAVEL

LAY-BY YOUR
1998 MARDI GRAS TRIP
with 1/2 price air fares
Accommodation from
\$28.60 per night

Invite your friends to
Adelaide for
"FEAST"
AND
"SLEAZE '97"
And they could win
free air travel

1/2 price air fares from
anywhere in Australia

For all your travels needs
CALL MARY - LOU
8267 3266

Creative Part 1

travel-away-within-travel-away-within-
travel-away-within-travel-away-within-
travel-away-within-travel

Hello world
won't you travel away
with me,
she's my girl - eternal
mystery.

Disciplines hatred
frustrated patient.

A world.

One day - tonight.

Won't you take me away
from here,
to a night - travelling on
our plight:
inside,
out of sight.

Today.

take me away tonight.

Barely within my sight,
still it's just so far away.

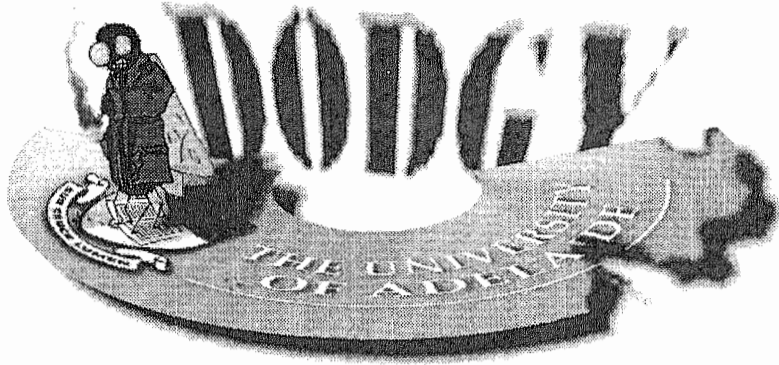
... Tonight

Oneonce

The Inspiring Canyon

*Millions of years in time,
Suspended in a single moment.
Rocks that never change
And yet are always changing.
What is life? But a mere prop
in a far grander play.*

Neil Hime



So it's all about travel, hey? Hmm. Well, as everyone (who's anyone (with half a brain)) knows, the FlyGuy has been everywhere there is to go. He's also done everything there is to do (this is relevant, surprisingly; travel does not consist solely of going to places, but includes doing stuff while you're there (everyone also knows this, of course, but sometimes shit just needs to be said (a good example of such an occasion is when you need to write a lot more words than you have already written and have run all out of material))). So he should have some amusing travel anecdotes to pass on, shouldn't he? Uh ... no. No. Not in the mood. Sorry.

Instead, and perhaps more revealingly, we are going to examine the very phenomenon that is travel, and why people want to do it, and what happens when they do, and why this doesn't stop them from doing it again, and why it always sounds better than it actually was when they tell their stay-at-home buddies about it afterwards. Ahem.

Now. One place is very much like another place. No, really. It has ground, it has air, usually it has food, and often it has people. A key difference between any two places is, of course, the distance between them. This distance can be quite immense, and frequently costs copious amounts of money to traverse. People are willing, however, to hand over the dosh to get to a second place (ie not their first place), primarily because they feel it will be, somehow, better. Sure. Yeah. I can sell this. Well-known fact of the day: noone likes their life much. Well, some do, but it is very easy to focus on the bad bits and forget the good bits, wherever they are, and thus be miserable. People are also convinced, paradoxically, that life is fundamentally good, and so, consequently, somewhere, someone must be having fun. They figure, all they need to do is find these people, and they will find fun.

There is a folk wisdom; they say "The grass is always greener," (oftentimes they will add, "on the other side of the fence," but everyone knows that this is what was meant, and so the second part has become redundant (an "implied cliché", to coin a phrase), and people who still say it out loud are hunted down and shot by right-thinking types). This pearl of wisdom tells us three things: 1) nothing is as good as it looks; 2) noone is better

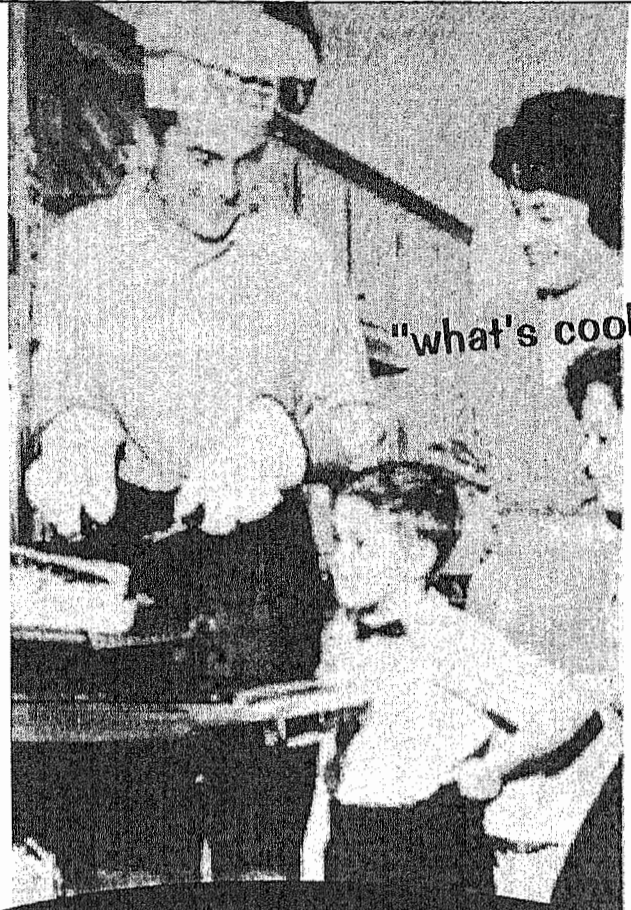
off than you; 3) noone is worse off than you. Now, none of these things are true. If you thought they were, you're an idiot. Stop reading (no, no, keep reading, just kidding (gosh, they really are idiots)). They can, however, be a nice, calming thought for those of you who can't afford to get away. Suckers.

Travelling is good. <casts off normal cynical self> Like it. Do it more. There are two types of travel, really: the mainstream touristy travelling, and the hardcore "I want to see the -real-country" type. Personally, I prefer the first kind, because I've seen real countries and all the FlyGuy wants to do when he goes on holiday is buzz off (Nnnnheh heh ha ha ... hah. Golly.) somewhere and go nuts (see below). Hardcore types are okay, though ... but they can be boring as fuck to talk to, and you should certainly never read the books they write.

I think, though, that the fundamentally crucial thing about travelling is the fact that it takes you, the individual, the apparently (to all everyday intents and purposes) constant being that you are (I mean no offence (nor, it must be said, compliment, for I am being unnecessarily non-specific) to you, dear reader; I speak to the general "you" (the you-at-large, if you (this one's the specific particular you) will)), and transplants you (pop) into a brand new environment. This grants you a massive freedom that you will never possess while you stay at home. That freedom is the freedom to be a completely different, possibly even stupid, person than whoever you normally are. The rationale is that noone in the vacation place knows you, and so two things: 1) they have no expectations of what you are like as an individual; 2) you're never, in all probability, going to see their ugly mugs again (so there can be no recriminations (unless, of course, you do some nasty illegal shit (which the FlyGuy in no way advocates, alright, kiddies?), in which case you're fried)). So go nuts, be an idiot, do touristy things (have your photo taken walking across foreign bridges, and when locals look at you funny, turn to them and say "But it's the first time I've walked across a bridge!" or, alternately, "It's okay - we're tourists!"). Knock yourselves out.

But do remember ... you always have to come home again. And that can be a bitch. Or not.

FlyGuy



Union Catering

Equinox Cafe & Bar

Level 4, Open 10am - 10pm
Dine in or take-away • EFTPOS now available
Happy Hour Friday 4pm - 6pm
Pork Picante with Shoestring Fries & Salad \$7.50
Have you tried our new Sundaes?
Hot Chocolate Fudge, Strawberry, Mango or Pineapple: \$3.00

Food Court

Level 4, Open 10am - 3pm
Curry of the Day with Steamed Rice & Spring Roll \$3.50
Hot Potato with Bolognese & Side Salad \$3.00

Will's Refectory

Level 2, Open 11am - 3pm
Pasta Bake & 300ml Daily Juice: \$3.00

Backstage Cafe

Ground Floor, Schulz Building, Open 8am - 5pm
Pasta Bake & 300ml Daily Juice: \$3.00

Lirra Lirra Cafe & Bar

Waite Campus, Cafe 8am - 5pm, Mon - Thurs & 8am - 8pm Friday
Pasta Bake & 300ml Daily Juice: \$3.00
Have you tried our new Hot Dogs? Special this week: \$1.50
Choice of sauces: Tomato, BBQ, Chilli, Mustard, Relish or Cheese

The Canteen

North Wing, Roseworthy
Pasta Bake & 300ml Daily Juice: \$3.00

Gallery Coffee Shop

Level 6, Open 8am - 5pm
Texas Muffin & Coffee \$2.50

Mayo Refectory

Level 2, Open 8am - 6.30pm
Have you tried our new Hot Dogs? Special this week: \$1.50
Choice of sauces: Tomato, BBQ, Chilli, Mustard, Relish or Cheese

Your Union - Working for You

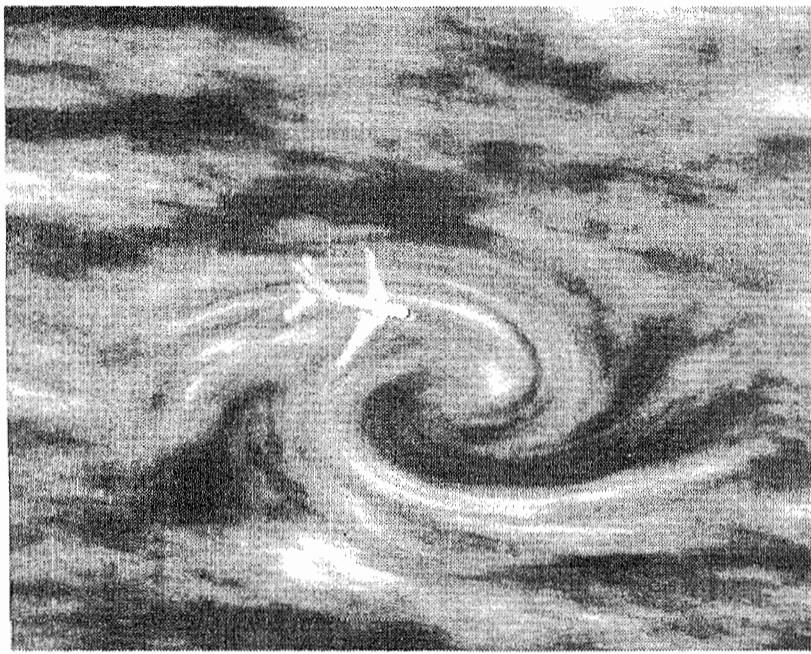
EL NINO STRIKES BACK

Hmmm. Jumpers and thermals, or t-shirts and bathers??? Yep, when going travelling, we're all faced with the tough decision of what clothes to take with us. Well, pack everything because the world's weather is going to be a tad unpredictable in the next few years due to the mysterious "El Nino" effect. This ubiquitous term refers to the rise of three degrees Celsius in the earth's temperature which affects half the world's climate, often causing severe droughts and floods. The term actually means "the Christ child" in Spanish, as the phenomenon is most common around Christmas time.

No one knows for sure, but an El Nino is thought to be formed when westward blowing trade winds weaken and even reverse direction, causing the large mass of warm water normally found off Australia to move eastwards along the Equator until it reaches the coast of South America. This displaced pool of unusually warm water affects evaporation, where rain clouds form, and consequently alters the typical atmospheric jet stream patterns around the

world (if you understood all that, you're doing better than me).

El Ninos have been accused of some pretty horrific stuff. In 1982-83 the worst El Nino this century triggered flooding in the United States, Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia and Cuba and created hurricanes over Hawaii and Tahiti. It was also the likely cause of droughts in Australia, southern Africa, Central and South America, In-



donesia, the Philippines and India. These natural disasters took close to 2000 lives, left hundreds of thousands homeless and created billions of dollars worth of damage to buildings.

This year's El Nino is already the second biggest this century, and it's still growing. Scientists believe that the floods in Germany, hurricanes in

Mexico and the smog in Indonesia have been worsened by the El Nino effect. And disaster may strike in South America or the United States. Satellites have detected a mass of warm water lurking off South America. Panic is spreading along the US West coast where forecasters are predicting huge tides and storms. In 1983, the Californian coast was one of the worst hit areas: many beachfront houses slid into the

sea and others were crushed with mud. With this in mind, Californian residents are beginning preparations now. As a consequence, roofing companies cannot keep up with demand and sandbags are fast selling out. Some areas are even organising "preparedness parties" at which neighbours ex-

change ideas and telephone numbers over drinks (!) Australia won't escape the dreaded El Nino effect either — this summer looks set to be one of the hottest and driest on record (yikes!).

So remember, if you're going globe-trotting in the near future, be prepared for anything and everything.

Annabel Davies

HORROR ANECDOTES

"Travelling to Melbourne and the car breaking down before we reached Murray Bridge."

"A guy who blew his nose all the way from Melbourne to Adelaide on the Overland. Being molested on a train in Paris. I preferred the molester to the snot-nose, snot-nose voted worse."

"Having an old Japanese guy put his hand up my skirt while I was making a phone call at a public phone and not knowing how to say 'Fuck off, you fucking pervert!' in Japanese."

"...arrived in Sydney after a very long arduous drive. Walked into our place of stay. Started unpacking major stuff but left cameras etc... behind in the car. Three hours later we couldn't find the car. It had been stolen. Found it (many thanks to police) miles and miles out of Sydney, stereo etc... ALL gone. Tapes melted due to excess heat. Great start to our holiday."

"Acting as translator/intepretor for this old lady (she's a dear, really) who couldn't read or speak a word of English during a flight to HK. I had to fill out her departure/arrival card, a task made especially difficult because she conveniently forgot her ID card."

"Getting stuck for three days in Melbourne en route to Indonesia due to a baggage handlers' strike (the fucking bastards), with only tropical-type clothing packed (lots of shorts, no jeans). Melbourne's famously sunny weather did not disappoint."

Faculty of Arts



Diploma in Languages



The Diploma in Languages

New in 1998

The Diploma consists of studies in a single language over three years and is available to students who are enrolled concurrently in an undergraduate Bachelor degree at the University of Adelaide (including degrees in the Faculty of Arts).

Students need the approval of the Faculty in which they are enrolled for their Bachelor degree to extend their studies over one extra year to accommodate the requirements of the language sequence. This means, for example, that students may enrol for a Bachelor of Economics, a Bachelor of Science or a Bachelor of Arts, and, by adding an extra year to their studies, graduate with a Bachelor's degree and a Diploma in Languages.

Applying for the Diploma in Languages

- You should hold a place in or have an offer to an undergraduate Bachelor degree at the University of Adelaide.
- Obtain the approval of your relevant faculty.
- Apply in writing directly to the Faculty of Arts as soon as possible and no later than the end of the second week in February.
- Note that entry to the Diploma in Languages may not be deferred.

Post or deliver your application to:

The Faculty of Arts
Level 2, Napier Building
University of Adelaide SA 5005

For further information:

Brochures are available from the Faculty Office, or phone us on 08 8303 5245.

Campus Survey

1. Should Australia become a republic?

Yes/No/Fuck off

2. Has Rundle St. been over developed?

Yes/No

3. Why do people in Adelaide stare?

- a) Drugs
- b) Boredom
- c) Paranoia
- d) Bad contact lenses
- e) Other, please specify _____

4. What did you like about On Dit 1997?

- a) Everything
- b) Nothing
- c) Something
- d) Other, please specify _____

5. What did you hate about On Dit 1997?

- a) Everything
- b) Nothing
- c) Something
- d) Other, please specify _____

6. What would you like to see in On Dit in 1998?

- a) Centrefolds
- b) Free Tazos
- c) Recipes
- d) Serious hard-hitting, insightful and humourous articles
- e) all of the above

f) Other, please specify _____

7. Your favourite Adelaide band?

- a) Reckoning
- b) Superjesus
- c) Fruit
- d) The Miltons
- e) Other, please specify _____

8. What service would you like to see at Adelaide Uni?

- a) 24 hr library service (and you get to take your bags in)
- b) Trampoline on the lawns
- c) Vending machines that don't swallow your fucking money!!
- d) Other, please specify _____

9. Why did the chicken cross the road?

10. Do you think Adelaide Uni lack spirit?

Yes/No/who cares

11. Rename the Spice Girls.

- Scary Spice - _____
- Baby Spice - _____
- Sporty Spice - _____
- Posh Spice - _____
- Ginger Spice - _____

12. Do you give a shit about the result of this survey?

Probably not but we do and you might win a Palace double pass your trouble. Deadline: 29th October

ONE OF CANADA'S TOP UNIVERSITIES

The University of Toronto

is Now Accepting Applications
to Dentistry for September 1998

Overseas students are now eligible to apply to the four-year undergraduate Doctor of Dental Surgery (D. D. S.) Program offered at the Faculty of Dentistry in Toronto, Canada. Prior to entry in the D. D. S. program, students must have completed two years of university education or equivalent (with the appropriate prerequisite courses). English facility requirements: TOEFL 600 & TWE 5.0; IELTS overall band of 6.5 with no band less than 6.0; MELAB overall score of 85 with no part below 80.

Features of the Program:

- ◆ Located in Canada's largest and most dynamic multi-ethnic city
- ◆ Outstanding dental educational facilities
- ◆ Fully accredited and comprehensive dental programs
- ◆ Modern clinics and research laboratories
- ◆ Canada's leading dental research centre
- ◆ Tuition for 1998 - 1999: Can. \$24,750

University of Toronto
FACULTY of DENTISTRY

For further information, please contact:

Admissions Office
University of Toronto
Faculty of Dentistry
124 Edward Street
Toronto, Ontario, Canada
M5G 1G6

Phone: (416) 979-4901 Ext. 4374
Fax: (416) 979-4936
E-mail: Admissions@dent.utoronto.ca
or visit our web site at...
<http://www.utoronto.ca/dentistry>

Application deadline: November 3, 1997





**SAUA
PRESIDENT**

Hello everyone - my column will be short this week but I will have a longer report for next week. Upcoming events this week are the **National Day of Campus Action** (SAUA Education Department), the **Lost Property Sale** (SAUA Activities Department), and the **National Kids Congress on Catchment Care**, which Gin Simpson, the SAUA Environment

Officer is involved with.

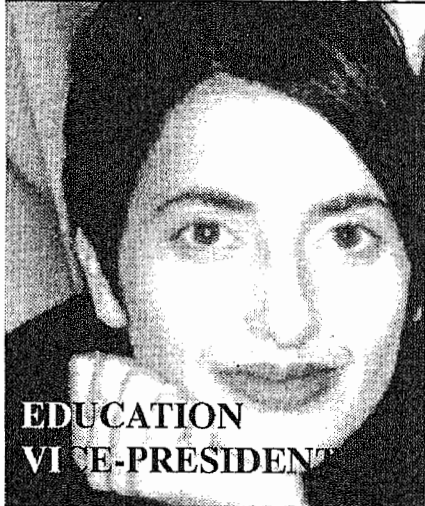
The SAUA is also gearing up for **Orientation 1998** - if you'd like to help out, please come and sign up at the front desk, or come and talk to myself or Ben Allgrove, the Orientation Coordinator.

Last week was an interesting one federally with Cheryl Kernot resigning as leader of the

Democrats to join the ALP. She said she wanted to be part of building "something that works". Let's see if she can be part of safeguarding and improving an education system that works!

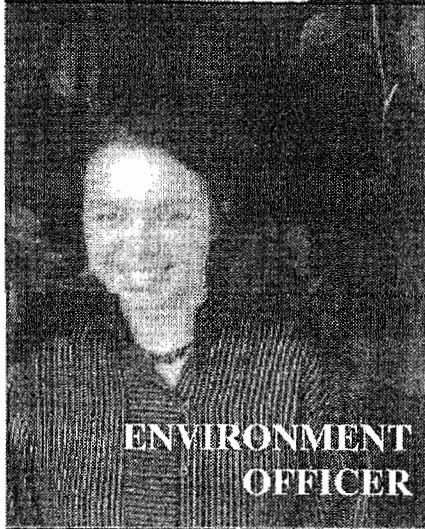
Have a good week.

Amrita Dasvarma
SAUA President 1997



**EDUCATION
VICE-PRESIDENT**

I have no column this week, so this space is really bleak. Tweet, tweet.



**ENVIRONMENT
OFFICER**

hello eco-comrades!

Forgive me for stressing it again, but cups are still being lost, so **PLEASE DONT THROW AWAY OR 'TAKE' AWAY ROMAX CUPS FROM THE MAYO!!! =)**

Okely dokely, enviro-news. You should have heard by now about the Federal Government's approval of the new uranium mine in Jabiluka. This decision flies against all attempts at Aboriginal "Reconciliation" made thus far. The traditional owners of the area, the Mirrar people, have stated their unequivocal opposition to the mine, and are now campaigning harder than ever to save their land, their history, their self-identity and their Dreaming. The decision also flies against Australia's international obligation

and responsibility to protect and care for the areas that we ourselves nominated for World Heritage listing. It flies against the entire notion of caring for a country: for the land or for the people, both the people of now and future generations. And it flies straight in the face of logic: radioactive waste, inevitably left by the mining of uranium will remain deadly for literally millions of years. For this long it must be kept out of contact with people and the environment- who is going to take responsibility for that? "Energy Resources Australia"?

The campaign against the mine is far from over- in the words of one of Australia's greatest Anti-uranium campaigners, Dave Sweeney, "with decision, the campaign to save Kakadu

really begins in earnest". A blockade at the site will start soon- for more info closer to the summer holidays, call into the SAUA Environment Office, or give me a call (of the telephone type).

This week the National Kids Congress for Catchment Care will be held on campus. There will be kids from all over Australia about the place, all here to learn about the environment. Please be nice to them and help them out if they need anything.

That's about it for now- if you would like to know more about what the SAUA Environment Department has been up to, feel free to drop in anytime.

Cheers, gin... ph 83035182
vsimpson@student.adelaide.edu.au



**WOMEN'S
OFFICER**

RECLAIM THE NIGHT

Reclaim the Night is taking place on the 31st of October. The March will probably leave from Victoria Square at about 6pm. I will have more details for you next week after I have been to the Collective meeting. If anyone is interested the Collective meets every Thursday night. If you would like any more information about the Collective you can call Jen on 8390 1092.

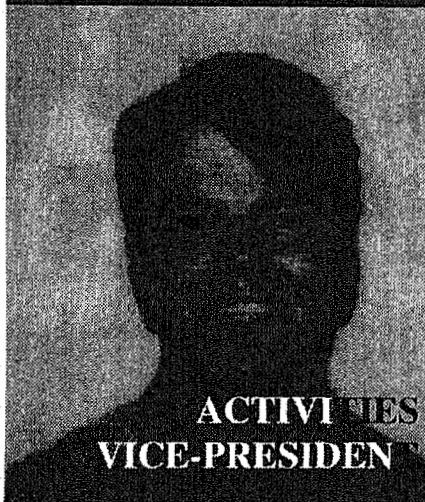
WINDS OF CHANGE - WOMEN AND THE CULTURE OF UNIVERSITIES

This is a conference happening from July 13th-17th next year at the University of Technology, Sydney. The objectives of the conference are to bring together a diversity of women from around the world to identify and explore both the differences and commonalities of women's access to and successful participation in higher education. They are currently calling for contributions from university staff and students. The closing date for contributions in the 31st of October. If you would like any more information please contact me in the

SAUA Office.

TOTALLY WIMMIN POWERED STUDENT RADIO

For those of you that missed TWP it was fantastic. I participated in a show on Wednesday night and it was heaps of fun. We talked about a variety of different issues including the role of Women's Officers, women's spaces, feminism and heaps of other stuff. We also got to play some groovy music - it was very fun. If anyone wants to get involved in Student Radio next year I can thoroughly recommend it.



**ACTIVITIES
VICE-PRESIDENT**

**LOST PROPERTY
SALE**

**THIS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24
BARR SMITH LAWNS
12-3 PM**

**EVERYTHING GOING
CHEAPLY.**

**BBQ LUNCH AVAILABLE.
ALL PROCEEDS TO
NON-POLITICAL STUDENT CAUSE.**

**ALSO,
PROSH
FUNDRAISING MONEY
PRESENTED TO
CHARITY.**

Come along, grab a bargain and support a good cause.
See you there,
Ant Williams.



Some interesting facts about Cambodia:

Industry: For a long time the only industry in Cambodia was the manufacture of prosthetic limbs but now there is a burgeoning clothing industry where fashion designers can earn up to \$40 U.S. / month.

Transport: The main form of transport is the motorbike (moto) which can easily carry a family of 5. The largest thing that I ever saw on the back of a moto, I kid you not, was a full sized pool table. "It's easy, you hang onto the table with one hand and steer with the other."

Climate: Just about the whole country floods for 3 months of the year which makes for good fishing. The rest of the year is yummy hot weather..

Politics: Incredibly tangled and complex with wealth and military force the way to political power. They have a refreshing style campaigning, instead of making election promises they just hand out radios and rice to people who are members of the party.

Education: They have to have the army outside when there are exams so that people don't throw answers to the students inside. You can buy a degree fairly cheaply.

Safety: The dangers of Cambodia are over exaggerated, it's quite safe if you stay on the beaten tracks. Of course I'm not going say that a country with as many guns as Cambodia has is not without its dangers.

My Arrival.
A blast of hot air with an exotic kind of nasty smell to it hit me when I got off the plane. After waiting for about an hour for someone to pick me up I decided to take a taxi. The very nice driver spoke some English I was able to explain the address of the house where I was going. The driver told me his real job was in the department of forestry which might explain why, after driving around for what seemed like quite a while and passing the same big yellow building a couple of times, it became apparent that the guy had no idea where he was going. Even though I was enjoying the tour of the city I eventually suggested that we buy a map. Guided by a trusty tourist newspaper we arrived at my destination. Unconcerned about the open sewer on the other side of the lane I walked into the house. I was met by surprised faces: "I'm so sorry, we completely forgot that you were coming. We were at the airport earlier waiting for some other people that never arrived but we forgot about you. Welcome to Cambodia.

Christmas eve.
It was the day before Christmas and I thought that I would take a break from

my diarrhoea and cruise down to the village to buy some textas for the computer course that I was teaching the next day. With textas in hand I opened up the throttle down the street of the village which is the flattest piece of road for many many miles. Before I continue let me just say that I'm an experienced moto rider, at the time I'd ridden at least twice before.

As I was burning down the street I saw this moto coming in the opposite direction and I thought to myself, "Now this is Cambodia and they drive on the opposite side of the road so I should go to the right"

My body faithfully ignored the messages that my brain was sending and with unerring accuracy managed to smack into the other moto. The other riders were understandably very pissed off but there were no serious injuries. I'm just glad that he didn't have his AK-47 or I wouldn't be here today.

An English speaking student from the university where I was teaching thankfully came to my rescue although I almost lapsed into shock when I found out that I'd hit the **Vice-commander of the district army.** Some tense moments, many apologies and \$70.00 later all was sorted out. They even invited me to stay for dinner.

Holidaying.
One thing that I love about tropical countries are the beaches and the few that can be found in Cambodia are quite nice. The best thing about them is that the water is actually warm. Taking a break from teaching I spent a week by the sea-side in this funky little guest-house. A side from meeting all the usual drug-taking European and American backpackers the highlight of my stay was a boat trip. After driving everywhere we found a fishing boat that

would take a big group of us out for the day and after a lengthy discussion with a bribe wanting port official we set sail, or should I say set the engine to "chug". The day was spent swimming, sunning with some excellent snorkelling thrown in. We all thought that lunch was included in the deal so it was to our surprise that our hosts bought some fish and dropped us on an island. None of us really knew what we were doing but char-grilled fish has never tasted so good.

Angkor Wat.
The government of Cambodia is completely screwed. Members of N.G.O.s can get free passes to see the temples of Angkor Wat so I headed down to the governors office with my letter of introduction in hand to get my free pass. After waiting for an hour or so I was told that everybody had gone home and could I come back tomorrow. For that day I paid my \$20.00 for a day pass and went to see some

temples. I went back to the governors office the next day and after a long wait I was told:

"Because your letter has the wrong date on it you will have to pay a fee of \$20.00 for a two day pass."

"But I've already paid for one day so now I only need a one day pass." was my reply.

"O.K., no problem that will be \$10.00 for the one day."

I had no problem with paying the bribe so I said, "has anybody got change for a twenty?"

Nobody had any change so they said I should come back that afternoon. I left thinking "Wow. These guys can't even get their shit together to take a bribe!"

I won't go into how completely amazing the temples were except to say that the largest stone buildings on earth completely blew my Anglo mind away.

By Hiram Chipperfield

Travelling Within Australia

Why travel overseas when there's so much to see and do in this sun-burnt country? Why, indeed.

"The bus paradox: going from Sydney - Adelaide. The seat next to the toilet has a remarkable amount of extra stretch-out space - almost as remarkable as the odour".

"Everyone goes to Mel-

bourne. Why?!!!"

"Don't go to Melbourne to hide - you will still be spotted crossign Flinders Street.

"Tip: don't take shortcuts that aren't on the map that someone in a road-house told you about when it's 3 am and there's no roadlights or moon that night. Trust me, it's just not worth it."

Hotel & Liquor Trades Training School

Established 1967

Nationally Recognised Training Programs

- *Cocktail mix
- *Restaurant Service
- *Bar and Waiting
- *Bar Operations

One Week Day Course
Three Week Night Course
Uni-Student Concessions Available

163 O'Connell Street North
Adelaide SA 5006
Phone (08) 8239 0811
Fax (08) 8267 2988
Mobile 0419 868 478



EUROPA BOOKSHOP

"Far away places with strange sounding names"

"Trilingual is terrific bilingual is beautiful monolingual is curable"

Adelaide's specialist supplier of travel literature and foreign language learning resources

10 % discount to students on presentation of this advert
New & Second hand
Open 7 Days
238 Rundle Street, Adelaide 8223 2289

TRAVEL ADVICE

Er, yeah G'day, I've been asked to give you all a little advice, from my own personal reserves of knowledge, information, and something else, on the very, and I do mean very, interesting subject of going about the business of getting organised for an overseas holiday. There's a lot to cover, so read carefully, and take notes, OK? Here we go, mind the step.

DOCUMENTS

Well, once you've decided where you're going to go, which is something we must all do, sooner or later, I think you'll find, then you're going to need a passport. Now, basically a passport is a little book containing your name, address, and a photograph, which you can use to convince people that you really do know who you are. You can apply for these at any Post Office, but I wouldn't waste time waiting around to pick it up if I were you since they can take anything from ten days to six weeks being processed. When you do eventually pick it up you will need to have some form of identification along with you. Now, I can here a veritable roar of complaints from you about the ridiculousness of this situation since there's a photo of you inside the passport anyway, but I must stress to you that this is absolutely necessary, as International Law states that passport photos must bear absolutely no resemblance whatsoever to the owner of the passport. This is yet another example of the miracles achieved by the wonders of modern bureaucracy.

As well as being pretty handy for getting you in and out of the country, your passport can be used when cashing traveller's cheques or checking into hotels, or even campsites if you're that way inclined. Also make sure your passport is valid for at least 6 months after the time you're overseas. Some countries simply won't give you a visa if it's not.

A visa is basically a stamp or a bit of paper put in your passport to help make sure you're allowed into a country once you get there. Now, some countries like New Zealand or Great Britain or indeed most of Western Europe will let you in without a visa. These are the type of country that really need the tourism. However, if you turn up on the doorstep in France or most East European countries without a visa you'll be sent packing quick smart without having seen a great deal of the countryside. Also the presence of a South African or Israeli visa in your passport may cause some countries to refuse

you entry. Please don't take this personally, they're only doing their job. I strongly advise you check this out with your travel agent, airline, or even an embassy or two before you leave.

WORK

Of course, passports and visas aren't the only documents you'll need if you're going OS. For instance, a Work Permit is a bit of paper that allows you to legally steal the job from under the nose of some poor malnourished foreigner with a wife and six kids to support while he works his way through college.

DRIVING

Also, if you want to be able to drive a car when OS, you'll need an International Driving Permit. You can get these at the RAA, where you can also find out what side of the road they drive on over there. Of course, before you do this you should make sure you're properly insured for driving OS.

MISCELLANEOUS

Now, for all you students out there, which I assume is most of you, you may find an International Student Card quite handy. Also, if you're in Europe you might want to consider getting yourself a Eurail Pass, which enables you to travel anywhere in Europe for a specified period of time: for example, 60 days, although why anybody would want to spend 60 days on a train is beyond me.

ACCOMMODATION

Now, as far as accommodation is concerned, there are two choices. You can either arrange it through your travel agent, or arrange it yourself, which is a laborious process involving a lot of international phone calls or letter writing, and is in general a much more difficult proposition than the first option. However, should you choose this method, and I strongly advise you don't, then there are 2 things you should take into consideration. Firstly, there's the cost - if you've only got a few ducats to spare then you can't expect 5 star accommodation. Youth Hostels are probably a more realistic proposition, unless of course you're not a youth. Secondly there's transport - it's no good booking somewhere to stay if you can't actually get there. You may have to work your budget around train or bus fares, or even

hire car fees.

INSURANCE

Now, as for the business of travel insurance, I recall an incident about 4 or 5 years ago in Egypt. I took a wrong turn somewhere and found myself lay on the ground in a Cairo backstreet having the excrement removed from my person in a rather violent manner by the feet of four or five rather unhappy looking youths. When I tried to claim on my insurance for the resulting medical costs I was referred to Clause 417 Heading C(12) Subsection 18 Subheading (b) Part 11 of my contract and handed a magnifying glass. When magnified to a readable size it stated with glowing clarity that claims made by clients who have found themselves lay in a Cairo backstreet having the excrement removed from their person in a rather violent manner by the feet of four or five

extremely hungry Rottweilers.

LASTLY,

Well, now you're just about ready to pack your togs and hop on the plane. All you've got to do is make sure your house is looked after while you're gone. One way of doing this is to take the house with you, but this can be a bit impractical, and extremely expensive what with excess baggage charges and all. Besides, it would seem to defeat the purpose of getting away from it all. A much better potion is to get someone you trust, a friend, perhaps, or maybe even a member of your family if you're really hard up, to 'house sit' while you're away. Now of course there's the risk that it will hatch while you're gone, but this is only a very small risk, and there are very few recorded cases of it actually happening, in fact I cannot off the top of my head recall any actual incidences, which just goes to show just how extremely small indeed is the risk. Probably negligible. Almost non-existent.

Probably negligible. Almost non-existent.

If you can't arrange this, then you should:

- (1) Arrange to have a neighbour raid your mailbox while you're gone
- (2) Cancel delivery of newspapers, milk and bread. This is practical in two ways. Firstly, it makes it look like there's someone living there, thus discouraging thieves, and secondly, it's not a very pleasant experience coming back from a fortnight in Bail to find half a ton of sour milk and mouldy bread on the front step.
- (3) Get a neighbour to park their car in your driveway from time to time. That way you can



Remember to lock your door before you go, or you might have some unwelcome visitors.

rather unhappy looking youths shall be totally ignored except for the referral of said client to this clause with appropriate magnification provided. As a consequence I didn't get a cent, although had another couple of rather unhappy looking youths joined in, or maybe if they'd managed to look a bit happier about it, I'd have been laughing.

The 2 main points of this story are:

- (1) Don't sign anything until you've read all of the fine print and had it translated into English. Also make sure your insurance is appropriate to where you're going, and...
- (2) Don't go wandering down Cairo backstreets unless you're accompanied by a sawn-off shotgun and a couple of

get them to clean the oil spots off the new pavers. Also, make sure your pets are taken care of. The last thing you'd want to come back to from Fiji is a dead cat. It would be so anticlimactic.

Probably the most important thing to do is lock the door on your way out, and make sure you haven't left the iron on or anything like that.

Now, having said all this, the best advice I can offer the potential traveller is that you select a good travel agent. If a travel agent is worth the sign on the door they'll help you with all this, which makes it a hell of a lot easier on you. So go on, you give it a lash. I'll get out of your way now, I'll see you later.

Paul Bradley

WARNING: Steep Precipice.

If you are looking for a travel destination that is incredibly diverse in its geography and flora, then New Zealand is the place to go.

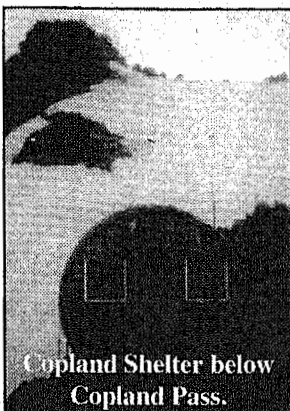
My boyfriend, Nick, and I went to the South Island during January and February of this year. Summer is the best time to go if hiking (tramping in New Zealand) and mountaineering are your main interests. This is because the weather in the mountains is about as close to being user-friendly as it will ever get.

The first thing we did when we arrived was get a bus to the Mt. Cook village. This village is one of the many places in New Zealand which was created to cater for the hideously wealthy and stressed-out Japanese tourists. Accommodation here is ridiculously expensive (NZ\$150+ per night) at any of the main hotels. Fortunately, there is a YHA which is a little bit out of the main village, and a campground (NZ\$12 per person per night). We stayed in the campground. Mt. Cook is visible from here. From this point there are loads of day walks of varying degrees of difficulty. Nick and I hiked up a small mountain and stayed for two nights in our tent. About one metre of snow came down on the first night and this is when we decided that it had been worth buying our 4-season tent. There is a hut on this mountain (Mueller's Hut) but it costs NZ\$18 per person per night. Tramping in New Zealand can be expensive if you stay in huts. There are no park entry fees, so if you have your own tent it will be significantly cheaper. However, the National Parks people need all the money they can get for the maintenance of the parks and huts, emergency rescue service, etc., so a donation would be appreciated if you choose to only camp in tents.

The Mt. Cook region is unlike anything we had ever seen. It was the first time we had seen a glacier and it really was awe-inspiring. They are so incredibly massive and beautiful. The whole area is ice, snow and lots of crumbling mountain peaks.

One of the main reasons we had come to New Zealand was to cross the Copland Pass which is an Alpine trek that crosses the main divide of the Southern Alps. However, the Alpine Guides and the Mt. Cook Department of Conservation advised us not to attempt this track unless we had technical mountaineering experience (which, by the way we hadn't) and had helmets, etc., because one section of the track, Stewart's Gut, was eroded by heavy rain several years ago

making it susceptible to regular rock avalanches. The Alpine Guides have stopped taking people across the Copland



Copland Shelter below Copland Pass.

Pass due to this. This made us somewhat reluctant to attempt this trek (at least for the time being...).

We decided to change plans and trek the Cascade saddle/Rees valley route in the Mt. Aspiring National Park. This also is an amazing Alpine region.

The first part of the track goes across mundane farmland. The track then continues into beautiful Southern Beech forest which contains three of the four Nothofagus species found in New Zealand. Then it opens onto Alpine highland containing tussock grass and stunted Alpine plants. We were lucky with the weather and had spectacular views of the surrounding mountains.

One campsite was on a flat grassy area next to a stream where we watched an amazing moon-rise above the Mt. Aspiring Mastiff. Nick also discovered a steep slope of icy snow which made a great slippery-dip, though I wouldn't recommend our approach of doing it in undies and bare feet.

The only part of this trek which was unenjoyable was walking alongside and past the terminus of the Dart Glacier on a day that was quite hot. After a morning of walking near cliff edges on nice grass slopes, we spent most of the day trudging through this crumbling grey valley which resembled an open cut mine.

The next part of this trek was through Alpine

valleys, surrounded by snowcapped mountains. We saw different species of cicadas, lots of beetles, bumble bees and lots of sandflies (these bite and suck blood).

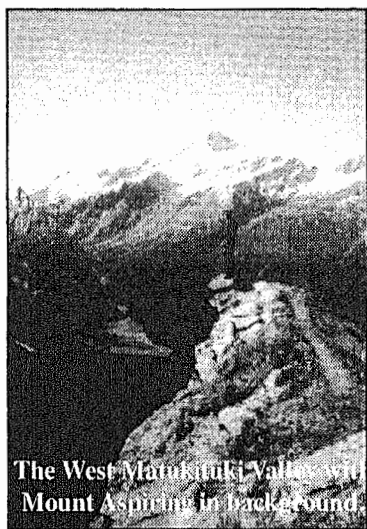
The final part of the trek was through Beech forest and then along flat cattle farmland. The entire hike took five days and four nights. The fifth night was spent in a campsite near to where the bus service drops off and picks up trampers. New Zealand has many bus services which travel to obscure places especially for trampers/mountaineers which we found invaluable. There are major bus companies which travel to the more popular places, such as Mt. Cook village. They are all quite cheap and we found all the bus companies to be friendly, including when we made cancellations and needed refunds.

The next stop was in a place called Queenstown. This place is the capitalist epicentre of the South Island; it is slick, antiseptic, characterless and full of yuppie tossers. Unfortunately it was not to be the only time we had to enter this hideous creation, as the buses for most of the hikes we did left from Queenstown, making it a sadly convenient destination to stay between hikes.

The next hike was the Dusky Track in Fiordland National Park. It is necessary to

travel via Invercargill to get to the track. We stayed overnight in Invercargill, which Mick Jagger affectionately described as "the arsehole of the South" when The Stones did a concert tour of New Zealand. This isn't too inaccurate a description; it was better than Queenstown though.

This trek is mostly through rain forest, travelling alongside rivers in glacial carved valleys and above the tree line in Alpine areas. The first part of this trek is stunning, passing through lush forest. The entire area is old-growth Beech forest with lichens hanging under the canopy from trees, with ferns and mosses throughout the lower canopy. Once again the sandflies were out in their millions. Keas are Alpine parrots which are very cute and intelligent but have destructive tendencies, as we found out when one ripped a large hole in the top of our tent. We tied a plastic bag to the top of the tent until we could repair it properly upon returning to Queenstown.



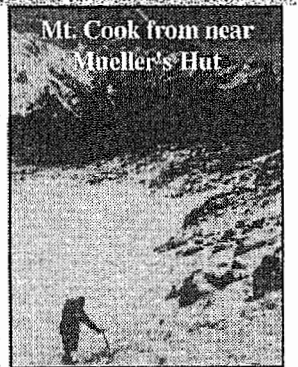
The West Mainmaki Valley with Mount Aspiring in background.

There are lots of wire bridge river crossings on this trek, which consist of one wire to walk across and two to hold onto. They are quite easy, you just need to take care not to hurry while crossing. The next part of the trek travels up onto the mountains to more barren Alpine areas. Here there are small Alpine lakes (tarns) everywhere. I saw my first (and only) weta here (large, primitive flightless grasshopper-like insects),

which sort of made my day, as I had been hoping to come across one while travelling through New Zealand. The rest of the trek travels down a very steep descent and along a river through rain forest. This area is prone to flooding but the '96/97 summer was particularly dry and therefore floods didn't pose a problem. This trek has a two day side trip to The Dusky Sound, which is supposed to be quite beautiful, but we did not go there as we had decided to return to The Copland Track and so did not have time.

The Copland Track is the most spectacular trek that we have ever done. Sections of it are dangerous, as warned, but we decided that it was worth the risks. The first section is through a rapidly-eroding glacial valley (The Hooker Valley) on the east side of the Alps. It's crumbling, steep and barren. The track ascends from the Hooker Glacier to an emergency shelter. This is essentially a rainwater tank bolted onto exposed rocks. It has been there for 23 years through horrendous winter weather and is deceptively strong (at least that was what I was telling myself all night when 75km winds were shaking the shelter). The permanent ice-cap leading to the Copland Pass behind the shelter is 320m high and approximately 40° This

slope is susceptible to slab avalanches and requires the use of an ice axe and crampons for



Mt. Cook from near Mueller's Hut

safe negotiation. This was our first mountaineering experience and the weather was absolutely perfect: at 7.00am we climbed to the top of the pass (approx. a half hour of very scary and tiring climbing for a first-time mountaineer like me). The view was clear and breathtaking. Mt. Cook was in view with a bit of mist on the top, and we were able to see the Hooker Valley, Mt. Cook Village, and Lake Pukaki. We took photos of course and stayed up there for about half an hour and then travelled down the nest valley, as the weather closed in rapidly. The first part of the descent was steep, through thick cloud (only about 25m visibility), in rock and snow. Once below this (about two hours), the valley changed into a green, lush and sunny place. The feeling of having climbed over the Copland Pass (safely) into this beautiful valley was unlike anything else we had experienced. Nick and I reached our next campsite after 11 hours on the track. Nearby to the site were thermal pools. There were three thermal pools, each one a different temperature: one was very hot, one was quite cool and the other one was just right. Nick spent ages in there, while I sat on the edge. The reason that I didn't get in is that amoebic meningitis has been found in these pools and I, being the hypochondriac that I am, would have driven Nick crazy by constantly saying "I've got a headache, do you think it's meningitis?" for the next fortnight.

The final day was long and went by very slowly, as we felt completely exhausted and didn't have the energy to walk very fast. This section of the trek is relatively easy and flat and continues through rainforest and along a river. This part of the track is quite busy as it is easily accessible from the West coast. Many people go to the thermal pools for one or two nights and then go back to the West coast.

The finishing note is that it is a good idea to take iodine tablets with you on all treks as *Giardia* (a protozoan intestinal parasite) is present in some of the waterways. Iodine is the cheapest and most effective way to treat water. Most of the time we didn't need to treat water because it was always from fast-running streams and near the tops of the mountains. Apart from sandflies, *Giardia* and Queenstown, the South Island of New Zealand is visually spectacular, biologically diverse and a truly amazing experience

Joanne Kent.

Disaster Part 2

Deadly (Nearly) Bush Adventure

Holiday disaster stories. We love 'em. Thought forgetting your camera is a disaster? Read on. Natasha ex-On Dit editor, groovy jet-setting womyn and all time disaster holidayer we know, kindly shares with us the highlights of her glorious adventures. Turn to pg 25 for her one-big-mother of a disaster story. It's actually even funnier when she tells it.

So when my best mate Julesy and I decided to take a hike in the Flinders a couple of summers ago, we thought it'd be easy peasy. It was hot and we were screaming along to the Beastie Boys "Check your Head" the whole way there. Off we went on our three day hike. What could go wrong. It was just us and the sunburnt country. We went exploring caves and running

thirsty. I've heard of people killing for oil before but we were at each other's throat for the last gulp.

It was after lunch that delirium set in. We had been following little piles of rocks the whole way but suddenly we were in the middle of lots of little piles of rocks. Settling for the bush-bashing option, we found ourselves in the thick of things, up to our waists in pretty

a miracle! After a bit of celebration, we felt a little less delirious and used the sun to guide us to the direction of the track. What we didn't realise was that we'd found a dis-used fire-track that was miles away from the camp. But Lady Luck was on our side and along came a car had disorientated tourists who drove us back to the camp as the sun had just set.



Events in chronological order

Nature is the best drug. On my first long hike, a ten day trek down Tasmania's South Coast, was all the proof that I needed. I was with some friends who's hiked that track since they were knee-high to a grasshopper and everything ran according to plan. We had rationed all the food perfectly right down to the last dehydrated pea.

about bushes. It was perfect getaway...until the last day.

We awoke to discover that we only had one litre of water left. That'd be fine, we thought. We didn't think we had that far to walk. But it turned out to be a scorcher of a day. By lunch time we were counting the drops that the other one was drinking, feeling hellishly

spikey prickly bushes. We took turns in breaking down into tears and taking our place in the shade to shrivel up and die. But somehow we pushed on. It was getting late. I was walking a little ahead of Julesy when I felt a muddy trickle of water hit my feet. Thinking I was hallucinating, I put my lips to the ground and started sucking. What

When we got back to the car, we kissed it profusely thankful for escaping what could have been a deadly situation. The moral of this story is that, while nature may be the best drug on earth, it can also be dangerous, so make sure you are adequately stocked up with water.

Natasha Yacoub

jet-lag : extreme tiredness and other bodily effects felt after a flight involving a marked differences in local time.

Contrary to popular belief, jet-lag is not something only jet-setting celebrities experience and you don't have to fly to get it. Why do you get it? Because you're making your body do the unthinkable and that is to adapt itself to a completely new environment in a space of plane/train/automobile trip. Our body is greatly influenced by biological or circadian rhythms. It is this internal clock that regulate our routine habits such as sleeping or waking up. Our circadian rhythms are regulated by several factors, one of which is our exposure to light and darkness. When we cross time zones this internal clock is disrupted. According to a report from NASA (and they should know), it is

estimated that the body takes about a day to adapt to each new time zone. That's 3 days for a destination of three hour time difference (which would be a bummer if you're going to, say, England for only 4 days). This is why on long trips you start off feeling like you're transiently floating in space and then degenerates into complete despair and paranoia; asking questions like "Why do they schedule flights at this god-forsaken (insert irrational time here)?" "Why do babies' cries always coincide with the moment of wanting to fall asleep and actually doing so (I'm never having kids!)" and "Why is the custom line so goddamn slow?"



Possibly not the best condition to travel in

But the whole event is more than just sleep deprivation. It's EVERYTHING - the different environment; the time zones, new food, different routine. All this adds up and make you feel completely uncoordinated, tired, unsocialable, unmotivated, grumpy and sociopathic, yes it other words - SHITTY.

Prevention: None whatsoever. It will get you. However, many factors such as your pre-flight condition, the amount of exercise you get during your travel, air supply, even the destination you're travelling affects the extent of your jet-lag. The deal is if you're in tip-top condition (and who is?) then you're in much better shape to deal with it. That means go slow on the alcohol and

caffeine and increase exercise and rest. If your daily routine isn't strictly rigid, then you'll find that you'll adapt better. Rest well after arriving if possible. Don't let well-meaning but ill-informed friends drag you out to the fifth densest populated urban area in the world (during peak shopping hours no less) for shopping.

Still if that all seems to hard then there is No-Jet-Lag, its name speaks for itself, a homeopathic remedy that supposedly has been proven to work.

The important thing to remember is to prepare yourself with the above factors in mind and try your best to GET over it. It is an inevitable but a minor detail. Go forth, travel and get-jet-lagged.

Ching Yee Ng

Source: www.nojetlag.com



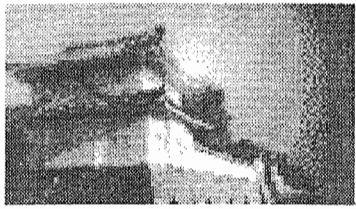


FILM MAKING & DIRECTING COURSE

Learn how to direct, produce, screenwrite, post-produce and market your film.

Whether you are a novice film maker or have made a film before, you will learn the whole process in detail. Meet like-minded people and form creative collaborations.

ADELAIDE - STARTS NOV 21
For enquiries and free brochure
Phone Prolific Productions
(02) 9368-7541



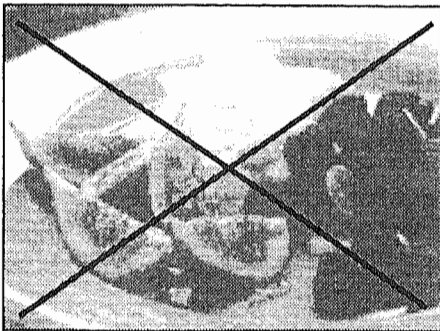
✈ Japan on a shoestring

by Rachel Templar

The first thing that strikes you about Japan is the size of the money. Chances are, before you get out of Narita airport you will have noticed the delicate, small nature of Japanese coins. Like some kind of tea ceremony ware they are tasteful, understated and horribly, horribly expensive.

Travel is supposed to broaden your outlook and expose you to the culture and history of a place other than Rundle Street, but its hard to keep your eyes on the temples and pagodas when you're wondering exactly what kind of dive you're clumsy big WORTHLESS Australian dollars are going to get you into tonight.

If you're prepared for some funny looks (which you'll get anyway by virtue of being a foreigner), and a little indignity, you can get around Japan for, oh, a little under a hundred dollars a day (depending on exchange rates). Seeing the most expensive country in the world on a shoestring is a variously rewarding, embarrassing, depressing but in general totally memorable experience ...



You won't be able to afford these in Japan

to Japan is getting to meet some of the wackier locals, and can help to relieve the sense of low-level horror you'll often feel when trying to see Japan on the cheap. The realisation that you'll be treated like a bum everywhere you go makes destinations somehow irrelevant and the fact that your lift was nice enough to pick you up will make you feel a little bit wanted.

Before I move on, though, a few further admonitions on the subject of hitch-hiking: it is helpful to be able to identify gangsters when thumbing lifts. A look through some Japanese comics before you set out should give you an idea. The standard yakuza will be sporting a tight greasy perm, mirror sunglasses and lots of gold jewelry. Cars with dark windows are another

dead giveaway. Missing pinky fingers are another pretty good sign that you should politely decline this lift. Yakuza are probably not interested in carving up young foreign hitchhikers, but then again, they're rather unsavoury companions and best avoided.

"Excuse me, do you know the way to..?" If you're trying to walk around a Japanese city this question will usually illicit answers falling into the following breakdown of categories: Hurriedly walking away muttering "sorry, I don't speak English" 40%; directions to the nearest subway station 30%; wildly differing directions 30%.

The simple fact is that most Japanese people seem to have a very vague idea of the geography of their cities since everyone just catches the train anyway. In general it's easy to see why - stray very far from the centres around train stations in Tokyo and you'll spend huge parts of your day trudging along block after block of anonymous grey buildings. Not very exciting, but good exercise and most importantly FREE.

Food.

Free stuff: Your chances of living off the land in the Japanese countryside are slim, but the city gives quite a well balanced diet.

If you're paying: your nutrition will not be so well cared for. Fruit and vegetables will be largely out of the question, but a cheap and filling diet can be obtained everywhere at one of Japan's many convenience stores. Most good convenience stores will have a very extensive range of instant noodles (or "cup ramen" as they are known). In fact, you need never eat the same flavour twice and can even get such exotic dishes as black squid ink noodles. Better yet, you don't even

need a kitchen to cook them in as they all come in polystyrene pots and the convenience stores will supply boiling water on demand. One of my fondest memories of Tokyo is sitting on the kerb outside a 7-11 in Ginza (the ritziest area of town) eating noodles and watching the BMWs and Mercedes roll past.

Where to stay:

This is a vexing question in Japan, where even a youth hostel can cost around \$50 a night. A better option if you happen to have a lover/companion with you is a sleazy "love hotel". The haunts of young Japanese couples looking for a bit of privacy, these rooms are rented by the hour during the day, but after 10pm there's an off peak rate for all night. For around the same cost as a hostel you get a nice big bed, a TV (more often than not full of porno) some tea and a bathroom (some of which have windows in the side).

In the extreme budget end there is camping. Not recommended during the summer rains, and indeed no campsites are actually open except during the official camping season, and then it's all a bit too expensive. If you can find yourself a spot to pitch a tent outside a city probably no one will stop you, or you can join the many homeless people camped out in Tokyo's famous Ueno park.

It's not all grotty though. Foreigners looking as poor, tired and hungry as you will quickly become are often taken pity on and given amazing displays of Japanese hospitality. Depending on how soggy you look, camping and hitch-hiking can lead to

Food Poisoning Tales

"Di-a-rrhea Di-a-rrhea
It comes out of your bum
people think it's funny.
But it's really hot and runny".

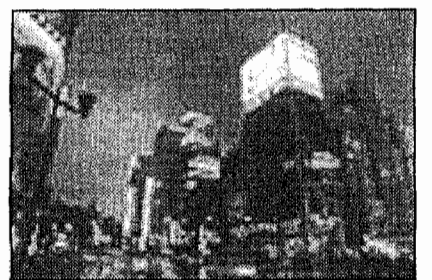
Yep, nothing like food poisoning to make your holiday memorable.

"You always think Adelaide has the worst tap water in the world, but you must develop a need for it. I drank tap water which was clean and lovely and... well it wasn't pretty."

"Chiko Rolls from Sydney Central Station resulted in hours of vomiting on the bus from Melbourne to Adelaide while helpful women reminded me to eat only dry toast. The rest of the bus hated me and my puke-spattered jeans. Another Melbourne to Adelaide puke/travel experience resulted from dinner at the Esplanade in St. Kilda. I saw every toilet on the Prince's Highway this way."

"All I can say is that Victorians just don't know how to make Iced Coffee. That flavoured milk 'M' stuff is pure shite."

invitations to stay in people's homes - and the cheap-arse tour can turn into a much better trip into Japanese life than swanning around temples and hotels ever could.



Going home at the end of the year?

STA Travel has the cheapest airfares to Asia for full-time students, flying there in style on Qantas Airways.

Bangkok \$899 Denpasar \$845 Japan \$1279

Chi Minh City \$ 999 Hong Kong \$1099 Jakarta \$769

★ WIN GREAT PRIZES ★
when you buy your
Red Hot Chilli Fare.

First prize: Two Qantas tickets to Melbourne, plus two nights at Victoria Hotel and a day trip for two with AAT Kings coaches.

Second prize: A Kathmandu 'Saddleback' backpack

Third prize: An STA Travel / Qantas Holidays bumbag kit

So what are you waiting for? Hurry, seats sell fast.

STA TRAVEL.

Union House, Adelaide Uni.

Ph: 8223 6620 Fax: 8303 5089



Video

Kolya
(Czech & Russian language, English subtitles)
1996, Dir: Jan Svěrák
Zdeněk Svěrák, Andrej Chalimon, Libuse Safrankova
Columbia TriStar

Kolya won Best Foreign Language Film at this year's Academy Awards for good reason. The film is funny, moving, and beautifully filmed.

Kolya is set in Prague in 1988, when Russian soldiers still occupied the former Czechoslovakia, and tension between Czechslovaks and Russians were high. Louka (Zdeněk Svěrák) is an orchestral class cellist who, in keeping with his surly character, has been thrown out of the country's premier orchestra for being insulting to the orchestra's Communist Party representative. Strapped for cash he is forced into an arranged marriage with a Russian woman who needs Czechoslovak papers. Originally an agreement strictly for money, Louka finds himself the only guardian of the woman's four year old son Kolya, when she defects to Germany. The character of Louka is explored in detail before you get to this point, he is against commitment, women, and Russians. The clash of his Czech prejudices and Kolya's four year old Russianess are extremely delightful and convincing.

There are no prizes for guessing that *Kolya* will win the grumpy Louka over, but the story is presented in a very believable and understated way which contrasts it with other films in this vein. *Kolya* is a real treat and it's no surprise that it is still being shown in cinemas around Adelaide.

Esther Speight

Heavy

Roadshow Entertainment
1996, Dir: James Mangold
Liv Tyler, Pruitt Vincent Taylor, Shelley Winters, Deborah Harry, Evan Dando

I can never understand why it takes certain film makers 2 hours to make a point and not a very substantial one at that. This is a story of Vincent (Taylor), a painfully shy overweight cook who secretly loves Callie (Tyler) a waitress who works at the restaurant owned by his mother Dolly (Winters) but is unable to express the magnitude of his love. What seems like a gentle story with interesting subplots thrown in of jealous coworker Delores (Harry) and music engrossed rocker boyfriend (Dando) is withered away by a character development that is slow but not particularly compelling. These are beautiful characters but you really don't need 2 hours to discover that and impatience sets in (about the halfhour mark) when you need to see Vincent do something.. anything. But Mangold holds it back until the very end and unfortunately it may not be necessarily worth the wait. Punctuated by many silences and pregnant pauses, it also has few very poignant scenes but this film is suitable if you like to take your time, from the everyday hustle and bustle into the world where silence is golden.

Ching Yee

Twelfth Night
21st Century Pictures
1997, Dir: Trevor Nunn
Toby Stephens, Imogen Stubbs, Helena Bonham Carter.

Shakespeare's gender-bender romantic comedy comes to light in the most recent production by Trevor Nunn, starring the familiar faces of the British elite thespis. Stubbs plays Viola, one half of a pair of twins involved in a violent storm at sea which caused their separation. She dons a moustache, military uniform and adopts other charming masculine nuances, such as bowlegged walking etc.. There is a many of subplots at work; Viola working for Count Orsino as a messenger sending unrequited love outpourings to the immobile Lady Olivia and unaware that Viola is in love with him, the timely downfall of Malvolio plotted by the servants of Lady Olivia's household and the search of Viola by her brother Sebastian whom she thought had previously died in the storm.

Despite the great material and vast ensemble, including Richard E. Grant, Imelda Staunton, Ben Kingsley and many others, *Twelfth Night* is unable to maintain the frivolity and unfortunately runs out of steam towards the end. It may be because it's just slightly too long; a few more handy exits of certain scenes would have made a produced a better package. Still it never falls into overhammy acting territory and during its peak there are plenty of laughs to be had and everybody seems like having smashing time, darling.

Ching Yee

Mother Night
1996, Dir: Keith Gordon
Nick Nolte, Sheryl Lee, John Goodman, Alan Arkin
Roadshow Entertainment

For a Hollywood film about the holocaust *Mother Night* takes a refreshingly unsentimental view of its subject. Although highly unbelievable, this is an intelligently written film which tells the story of Howard W. Campbell, Jr., an American expatriot living in Germany during the 1930's who is recruited as a spy for the U.S. government. His job is to write and broadcast secretly coded anti-Semitic Nazi propaganda which is supposed to inform the Americans about Nazi secrets. This all sounds pretty complicated and unnecessary but it does serve to create a situation where the distinction between collaboration and resistance becomes unclear. In fact, as Howard lives out the rest of his life after the war in America he is finally forced to come to the conclusion that however helpful his broadcasts were to the United States they nonetheless inspired many Germans to hate Jews. His part in the holocaust, at first unclear, becomes very important.

But however interesting the plot this film does suffer from credibility. Although Nick Nolte does a very good job in the lead role he seems to struggle against Keith Gordon's sometimes surreal vision. John Goodman also does an adequate job as Howard's fellow spy in a role that is reminiscent of *Barton Fink*. From a pretty shaky beginning this film does manage to hold it together well enough for anyone who takes the time.

Carmel Pascale

Mistrial

1996, Dir: Heywood Gould
Bill Pullman, Robert Loggia, Blair Underwood
Roadshow Entertainment

Hmmm. This film is a can of worms! A gungho cop, Bill Pullman, shoots and kills two people during an illegal house search of a suspected cop killer. It goes to court and the cop killer charge is thrown out. The cop chucks a wobbly, gets a gun, and makes the judge and jury partake in a retrial. He is convinced that his instincts and gut feelings are more important than the law, the Bill of Rights, and the American Constitution. At about this point, I strongly suspected that this film is endorsing the discarding of democracy and justice. Alarm bells rang and I became more paranoid as a policeman, television, and guns worked together to crap from a very great height on the Puerto Rican suspected cop killer. Either the bigger message was too subtle for my pathetic little TV pea brain to comprehend, or someone in Hollywood has a part-time hobby making fascist propaganda films.

Bill Pullman plods through his role. It's similar to the one he used as the President in *I.Q.4*. And all I wanted was him to play a screamingly bad saxophone solo, or reveal himself as the singer in the *New Bomb Turks*. Ripped off!

Peter Hill

Dante's Peak
1997, Dir: Roger Donaldson
Pierce Brosnan, Linda Hamilton
CIC Home Video

I have to declare a possible conflict of interest here. To me this film is subtitled "Geologists are Heroes". I fell for it hook line and sinker. YES! The increased heat flow. YES! The outgassing of carbon dioxide and sulphur dioxide. WHAT? Harmonic tremors?! Oh my god, it's about to erupt - get out of town! A renegade United States Geological Survey volcanologist (nicely done by Pierce Bosnan) goes to a small town in the Cascade Range to check out the increased seismic activity and very quickly recognises that the mountain is ready to pop its top. His attempts to evacuate the town are initially foiled by his boss, who believes it to be nothing more than a slight burp. Fortunately, for us it turns very nasty and *Dante's Peak* blows all to hell. The eruption was like a textbook summary of Mt St Helens in 1980, and I'll be recommending to John Foden that this be compulsory viewing for all geology students. The film's quick pace keeps the action and suspense on high, and the eruption adds a good variation on the "surviving a spectacular disaster" story line. Finally, a big congratulations to the genius in charge of casting who shows that James Bond is actually a geologist in his day job.

Peter Hill

Dream with the Fishes

Palace Cinemas

This is a quirky little film. The beginning is a bit slow and you're thinking, "JUST GET ON WITH IT!" and all of a sudden it does. It is the story of two men. One wants to commit suicide (David Arquette) and the other one (Brad Hunt) is dying. They make a pact to do all the things they have always really wanted to do and before the second guy dies, he will kill the guy who wants to commit suicide. The things they want to do involve nude bowling and taking some serious drugs.

This film is about death, relationships and voyeurism (there is a very cool twist at the end of the film). As I said, it starts a bit slow but gets a lot better. You will get a good laugh out of it but the serious moments will challenge your way of thinking (ooh! I hear you say). At the end of the film you will be asking yourself which guy was weirder, the one that looked weird or the one that looked at others. For something different go and see it.

Chris Bolland

F
I
L
M



Libertarias

Nova

In promo-speak this is the Story of six women's fight for freedom, their struggle for justice and their passionate cry for a better world. And it is also fantastic. This is an exciting, funny, moving, passionate and important film about a group of women fighting in the Spanish revolution, not only for freedom, but for freedom for women in particular. When they are told to stay behind like proper women, the leader says this: In moments like these, our hearts don't fit in our chests, and it would be crazy to stay at home and knit... we want to die standing like men rather than live on our knees like servants. The movie covers everything from religion, friendship and desire to fear, anarchy, feminism and death. You don't know whether to laugh or cry until the very end, and even then I'm pretty sure that I was doing both.

The movie meets its subject matter - necessarily, on an epic scale, yet remains very accessible, even introspective at the same time. This is a great movie - there is something for everyone; love, war, violence, innocence, revolution, philosophy, friendship, bravery, ideals, spirits, possession need I continue? I think not! The film is the product of simplicity and emotion and enthusiasm from what must have been a huge production and acting team. It speaks passionately about a historical event, a country of people, and the possibility of utopia both for women and for society in general.

If you are looking to spend some time being completely transported to another place and time, and then experiencing some events and emotions that are/were truly amazing, or even if you just feel like seeing a movie, go to this film, I thoroughly recommend it.

Georgia West

Official Sundance Film Festival Selection 1997

"An oddball odyssey about voyeurism, LSD and nude bowling"
Dennis Dermody, Paper Magazine

david ARQUETTE kathryn ERBE brad HUNT

dream with the fishes

A Film By Finn Taylor

MA ADULT THEMES, DRUG USE, MEDIUM LEVEL COARSE LANGUAGE

SEASON COMMENCES OCT 23

EASTEND CINEMAS
274 RUNDLE ST PH: 8232 3434

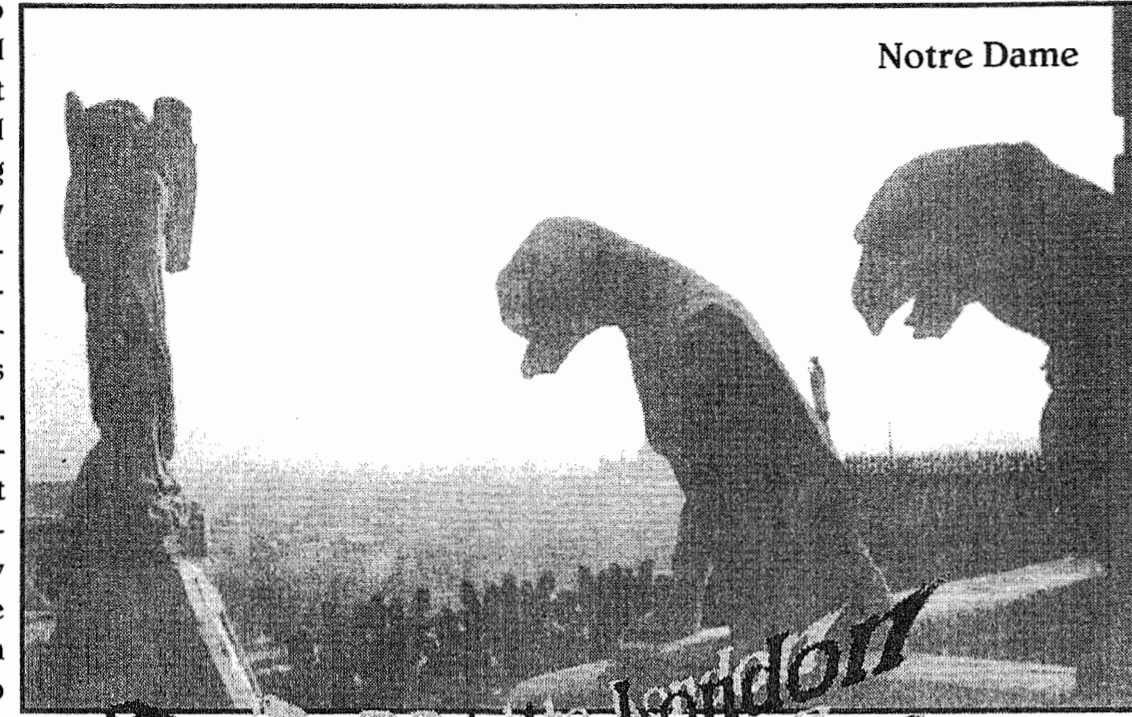
Is overseas travel worth the pain, money, hassle and fun? You bet! With the excuse of seeing people and studying I managed to engage in a fast and furious junket through Paris and London. Touching down at Heathrow was a fright. The comparisons from Adelaide through Malaysia to London makes the shock obvious. Adelaide International Terminal (isn't it funny that the starting place of a journey is a terminal?) is one lonely gate. Kuala Lumpur is a step up with 14 gates.

Heathrow is astounding. More than an airport, it is an aeronautical transit centre of almost infinite proportions. Four separate terminals each with over 50 gates. Once you've found the right terminal there is no guarantee that you will connect with your pre-determined and destined flight. Arriving in this monstrous monolith to the glory of air transit, to underestimate my emotional state, I felt slightly daunted. Ending up in Hampstead calmed me somewhat. (Insert whinge here about jet lag.) London's great and all. Some of their buildings are a bit old, but other than that the place is nice. It's a bit strange to be driven through the old part of London and see only post modern nightmare office blocks crowding the weary traveller with claustrophobic imaginings of the disintegration of

the self. Well maybe it's not that bad, but the Telecom Tower . . . well. Blame the Blitzkrieg and the Great Fire

it's renovation time. Personally I'm waiting for the Stocktake Sale. We managed to take in some

Johnny. When you get bored with London you can always jump on the Eurostar, hit the Channel Tunnel and hit Paris. Where London has great gapping historical holes, the French got it right. They avoided bombing by surrendering. Hence Paris is far more beautiful than anyone has ever described it. By the time you leave you will be all arted out. The Cluny, the Musee d'Orsay, the Louvre and the Musee de L'Orangerie. Paris



Notre Dame

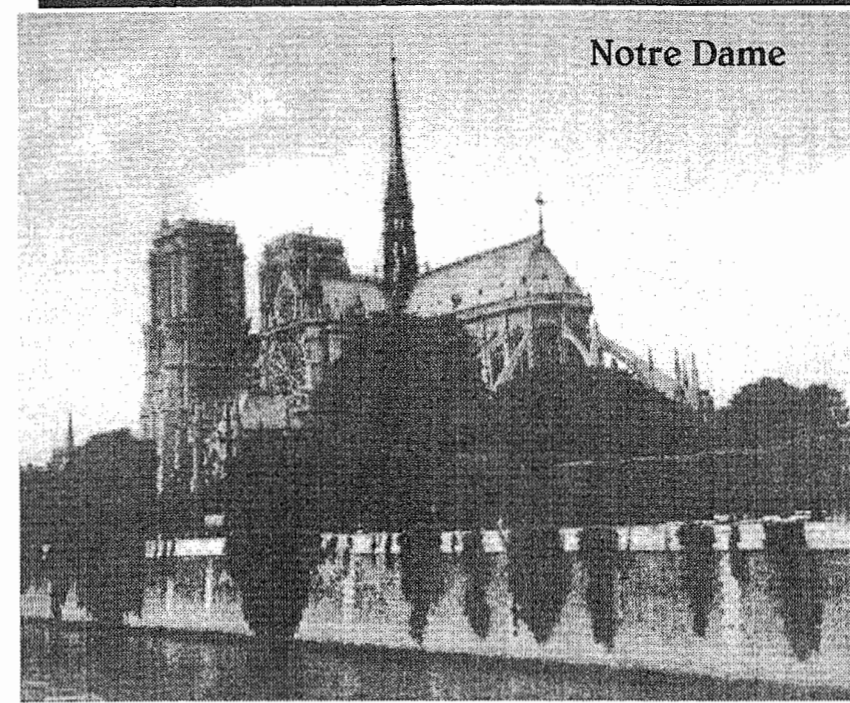
I Went to London and Paris and All I Got Was This Lousy Article!

London in 1666. But London has plenty of other amusements. Go to the Tower where innocents and children were gruesomely massacred. And there's the unforgettable Henry IV's Watergate. Westminster Cathedral and the Houses of Parliament are pretty. Especially the huge yellow cranes surrounding Big Ben. This isn't a bad thing though. While in England I lost count of the cranes and the scaffolding all over the country. Due to the new Labour government there is increased economic confidence and productivity. Here

of the south coast. Including Rye, Dover, Hastings and Sissinghurst. The countryside is wonderful. There are lots of castles and towers and pubs and stuff. Try some local ales and support local industry (that was my excuse anyway). The beer isn't warm though but don't learn the hard way like I did - you may be open minded but make sure you leave your cultural expectations at home. Always remember that you are the odd one out. You are the freak who does things differently. A place is never what you encounter it is what you bring with you. Leave your cultural insecurities when you leave customs. And never travel with racist, self-centred elitists like Little

possesses some of the finest French Impressionist painting in the world - funny that. Some amazing monuments thrown in for good measure and you have the recipe for an awesome experience of fun, frivolity and education. The highlights on our visit were Notre Dame, The Lady and the Unicorn tapestries, the Musee d'Orsay and the stained glass of Saint Chapelle. The stereotypes by the way are just that - crap. The French people do not smell, the streets are not

Rye



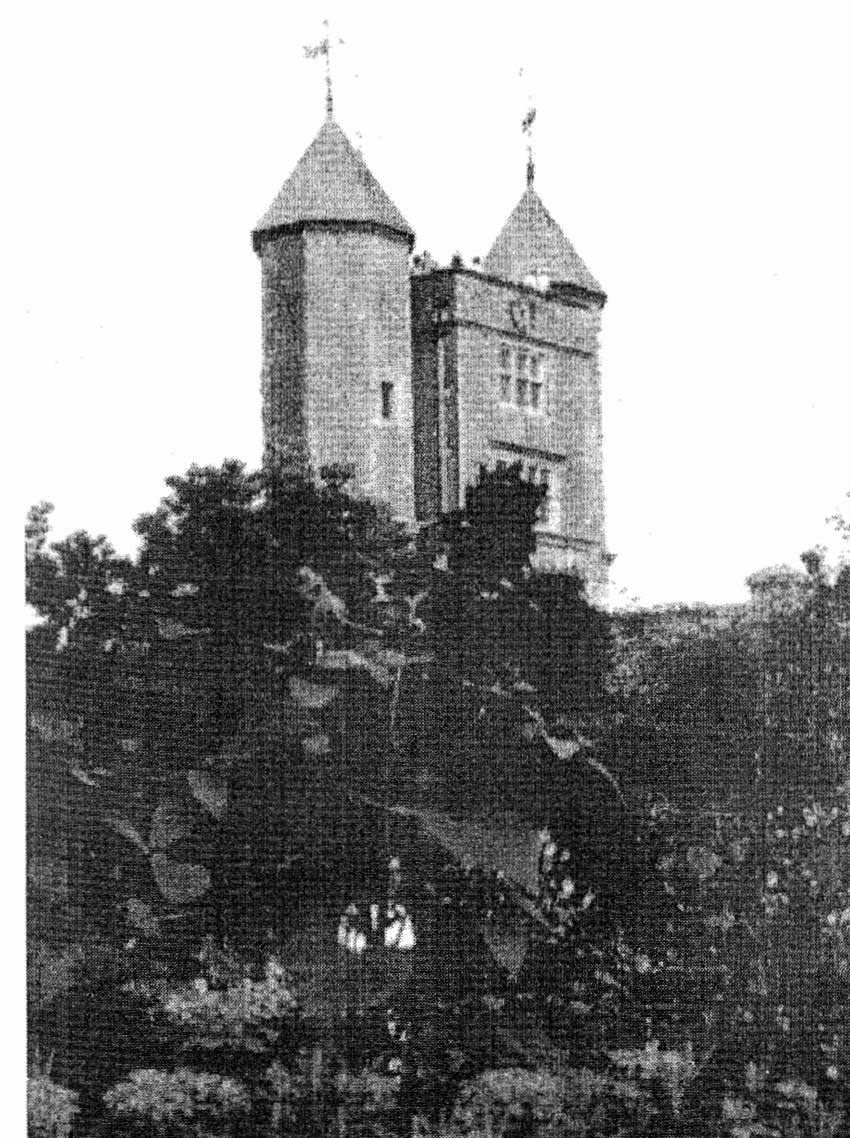
Notre Dame

filthy. And guess what, if you're polite to the people you speak to then they're polite back. Walk up to them and shout at them in English and expect a suitable response. These people are proud of their tradition for good reasons. Don't piss on it. Coming home was really sad. It's great to come back to the centre, after all, no journey is

complete without its return. But now I'm just waiting for the chance to get back and spend more time discovering somewhere radically different to the familiar and drab that Adelaide has to offer. Get out of the country before the Howard government decides to bring us all down with it.

Mr. Bingley

Sissinghurst



CITY SOUNDBITES: Yes, *On Dit* proudly reduces hundreds of years worth of history, complex multicultural interactions and the hopes and aspirations of the locals into one or two sentences which might, conceivably, cause you to never visit. Life can be so cruel.

Edinburgh: "Remarkable number of Irish pubs for a Scottish city. Not that this is a bad thing."

London: "Big, wonderful, alienating, exciting, expensive, hand-mad. Pubs close insanely early oh, and expensive."

Kowloon/Hong Kong: "Huge number of shops, restaurants, markets, tourists, people crammed into a very, very small island. Adds new meaning to the phrase chain store when you encounter the 20th one on the same street. Taking the subway during peak hour is an urban challenge too."

Canberra: "You get dizzy driving around (and around), but if you're lucky you'll eventually reach a big, colourful cube. It's a highlight. No graffiti, either."

Kuala Lumpur: "Congested, good food, hot, good shopping, hot, lively nightlife, hot, you get the idea."

Singapore: "Almost clinically clean and hygienic, and way too efficient for a city." "Don't even think about littering or leaving food on your plate in a restaurant. Thrill to the enormous wedge-shaped skyscrapers - from the right angle they look paper-thin."

Johannesburg: "Crowded, impersonal, big and dangerous. Don't spend more than a day there - great weekend markets, though. A friend of mine in a sharehouse told me that some guy got stabbed outside his bedroom door."

Kuta Beach, Bali: "No, I don't want to buy one of your fucking watches!"

Brisbane: "Don't ask for a schooner of XXXX (the local beer) - it's bound to be huge and undrinkable - oh, and Thursday night is definitely not pub night." "Big cockroaches."

Los Angeles: "I was 12 years old, so LA = Disneyland. Space Mountain (the roller coaster in pitch darkness) is the best ride. Worst ride is 'It's A Small World' where you get trapped in a canoe for 10-15 minutes and go through endless tunnels of little plastic people singing *It's a small world after all* in about 100 different languages."

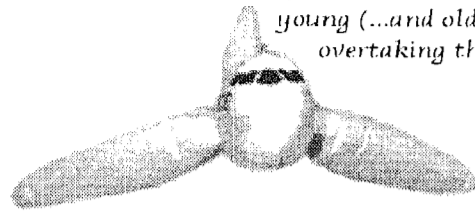
Tokyo: "Crowded, expensive, dirty and brilliant! I recommend the Meguro Parasite Museum and Love Hotel Hill where you can see the tackiest collection of theme sleaze outside Las Vegas."

Paris: "Very sexy."

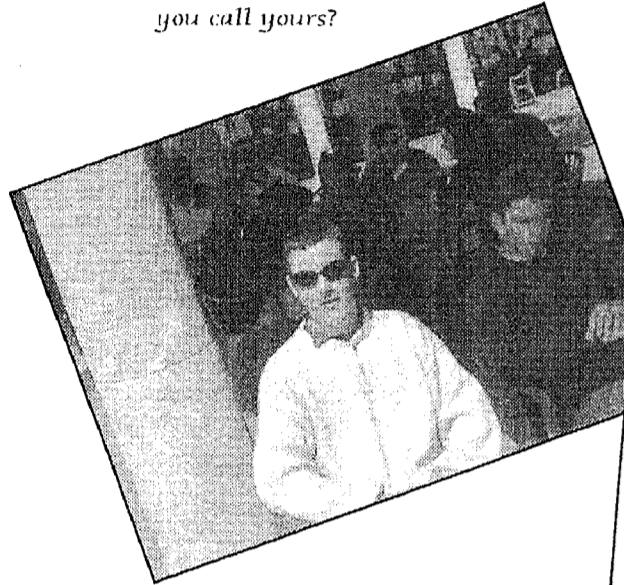
Sydney: "Brilliant - nineties Australia distilled with a funky harbour thrown in. Stay in Manly and come in each morning on the ferry to the sound of big cats in Taronga roaring at the dawn."

Travel Vox Pop

Excitement roamed thick in the springtime air, One could feel the fervour dancing in the bright expressions of vital young (...and older) Adelaide Uni students..... What fantastic discovery was at the root of this wonderful new ardour overtaking the students of Adelaide Uni..... we probed young nubile minds in search of answers....



1. What's your favourite travel accessory to alleviate boredom?
2. What mode of transport would you like to have lost your virginity on/to?
3. In 50 years time when you have Robot shoes to transport you anywhere (even to Mars!) what will you call yours?

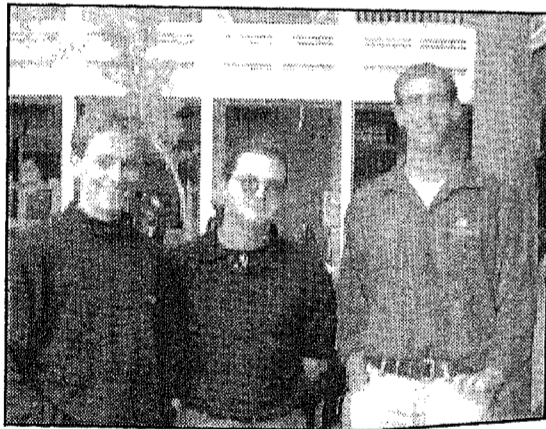


Burners', Cloisters

Burners

1. A dirty mag
2. A bus to Roseworthy
3. Icar 2000+

PLACE POSTAGE STAMP HERE



Lance, John, Kristian; Cloisters

Lance:

1. a Clock
2. Popeye
3. Nike Air Lance

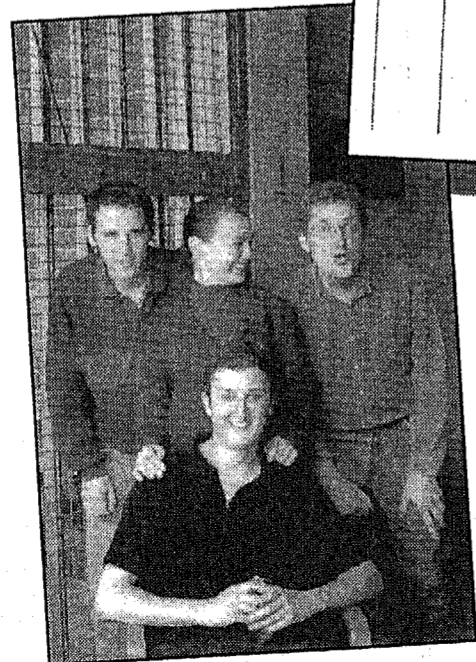
John:

1. Mal Colston
2. Roller Skates
3. Rocket Docs

Kristian:

1. A six Pack
2. Hang-glider
3. Robo Jordans

PLACE POSTAGE STAMP HERE



Keith, Michael, Alice, Troy; Equinox

Keith:

1. A woman
2. On top of a crane
3. Blue suede shoes or have shoes, will travel

Michael:

1. x-rated glasses
2. Army tank
3. Dorothy

Alice:

1. An empty book to write in
2. Motorbike
3. Toe-toe

Troy:

1. Car
2. Gravatron
3. Mud shoes

PLACE POSTAGE STAMP HERE

20 October



David, Mike, Unibar

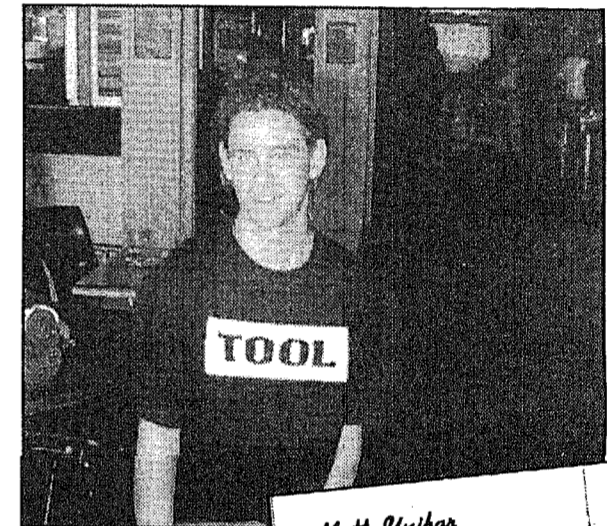
David:

1. Yachtzee
2. Push bike with training wheels
3. Big tits

Mike:

1. Eye - spy
2. Roller Skates
3. Planet Reebok

PLACE POSTAGE STAMP HERE



Matt, Unibar

Matt:

1. Travel Yachtzee
2. Something with a large exhaust pipe
3. Fred

PLACE POSTAGE STAMP HERE



Josh, Cloisters

Josh:

1. A bottle of Nitrous Oxide
2. Victor Bray's 57 Chev
3. 2047 Chev Belairs

PLACE POSTAGE STAMP HERE

TIME TRAVEL

HELPFUL TIME TRAVEL ADVICE

I think the main problem with being a time traveler would be this: when you're traveling back in time to the seventies, do you wear the bad clothes or not?

Because, if you wore modern day clothes, all the people around you would think you looked like an idiot. Whereas, if you wore seventies clothes, all the people around you would think you looked OK~ but you'd know you really do look like an idiot.

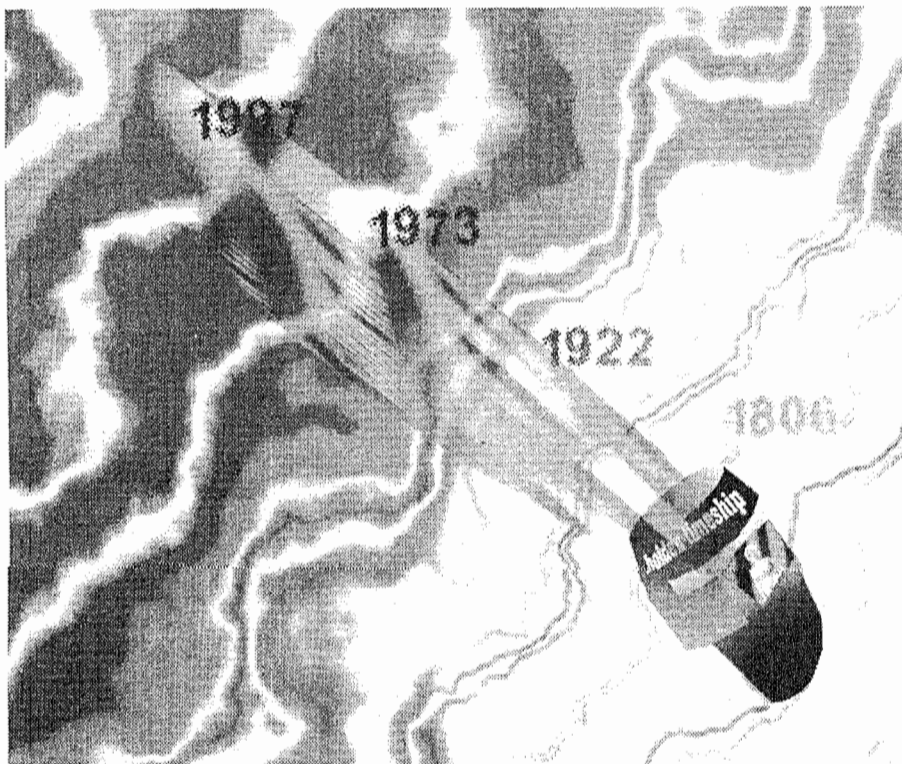
There is no solution. It's a paradox. This is why current scientific thinking is that time travel is impossible, except for the Amish.

The so-called "grandfather paradox" is a phenomenon every time traveler should be aware of. If you go back in time, and you meet your grandfather as a young man, make sure you don't kill him, because then you'll never be born.

This is advice that has been doled out to time travelers in every time travel story I've ever read. I don't know why time travelers would need this advice. Are they that prone to killing their grandfathers? I've known my grandfather for years, and I've never once tried to kill him. Although, that's partly because the guy's still pretty fast and I'm not quite sure I could take him. I might just wound him, and there's nothing more dangerous than a wounded grandfather.

When you're traveling through time, always remember to bring money with you from the period you're traveling to. This

sounds simple enough, but in every time travel movie ever made, the hero forgets this. There's always the scene where the hero tries to pass off modern currency or use a credit card in like, 1850, and the 1850 guy goes, "Credit card? What's a credit card?" Then, usually, the time traveler wanders out into the street and goes, "Whoah! I really am in the



past!"

Well, duh, time traveler guy! That's why everybody's dressed up like a cowboy! What did you think all those shiny lights were after you stepped into that time travel machine? Wake up, time traveler man.

Here's another aggravating thing. When you're an alien, or a robot, and the Earth guy starts talking about love, and you don't know what he's talking about, don't say something dorky like, "Love? What is love?" You're just going to get a long drawn out monologue about what love is and how we still have it on Earth even if we don't live in perfect germ-free underground bunkers and ride on the

backs of giant lizards like you robots or aliens or whatever you people are.

My advice to you is just let it go. Nod your head (or heads) like you know what he's talking about and wait for the Earth guy to leave. Then you can go back to worshipping your computer god, or throwing your babies into the fire chasm, or

doing whatever it is you're doing wrong on that planet.

This pretty much covers all the advice I have for time travelers and aliens. But what if you step into a wardrobe and come out in Narnia? The most important thing to keep in mind in this situation is: what kind of wardrobe did you step into? Because, if it was a wardrobe from IKEA you'll be in some sort of inexpensive yet relatively stylish Scandinavian Narnia and you'll have to remember to tighten the screws on the Ice Queen's sled every few months, or it will fall apart.

Originally published in See Magazine.

WORST TRAVELLING COMPANIONS

Sometimes, on a trip, you just want to lie back in your plane or bus seat and relax. As you close your eyes and sink into the security of your headphones, a heavy hand taps you on the arm and attracts your attention. "Scuse me," says the sweaty bloke next to you, "I'd like to be your friend..."

"The drunk New Zealander (typical) who decided getting pissed on red wine before and during the flight home from London would be a good idea. He fell irrecoverably unconscious during his third half bottle and slept, mouth open and snoring, from London to Bangkok: red wine breath melts the skin off babies and makes my eyes water. Bastard."

"The girl on the same train carriage who decided that 'Flashdance' was the best song ever - and had it recorded over and over (on both sides of her tape), then played it continuously for the whole 26 hour trip to Sydney."

"The girl sitting next to me on my first-ever plane flight threw up the whole way, and wasn't too concerned with where it went."

"Probably me."

"The backpacker in Malaysia who, while watching an old man put up a shed, said 'Look at the sweet little man working so hard - I must go and get my camera.'"

"The kid I shared a T-Bar with on the Victorian snowfields. All the way up it was 'we're gunna fall off! We're gunna fall off! We're gunna fall off!' until, half-way up this huge fucking mountain, at the worst possible moment, when he freaked out and let go, causing the T-Bar to shoot up into the air and strewing the pair of us into the path of those following us. Skis are pointy and they hurt."

Part One: Getting there is half the fun.

Being disorganised when it comes to studying isn't really a problem. After years of experience, it's possible to have the night-before cramming technique perfected to the point where writing a 4000 word essay in a night isn't a problem any more. Disorganisation when travelling spells disaster... with a capital D.

It all starts with visa applications. At the beginning of last year I had to prepare my application for a residency visa to live and study in Germany. I was kind of annoyed at hav-



Wave bye to the plane

ing to apply for one at all, given that my ma is English and according to chauvanistic British laws, one is entitled to a British passport if your father is a British citizen but not if your mother is (International Court of Justice, here I come). Collecting doctor's reports, police clearances and fifty other documents takes time. But I thought I'd be safe sending my application off to the German Embassy a couple of weeks before due to leave. That was my first mistake. Although my papers were ready at the date I was due to leave, sweet bureaucracy didn't allow me to get my mitts on them until the expiration of a hold-over period a few weeks later.

Despite an extra baggage allowance, I still had four times the allowed weight. So, with the usual open-the-case-to-pack-and-repack scenario during the final boarding call, I was on my way.

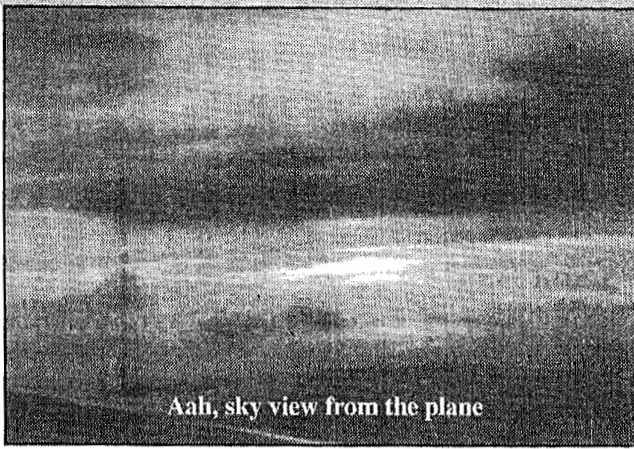
Now I've tasted disaster when travelling on other occasions. During a previous stay in Germany, I'd decided to go for a holiday to Switzerland. I was heading down the Autobahn with some friends and was just at that point of nagging, "How far to the next toilet stop?" and "Err... are we there yet?" when we got stuck in a traffic jam. The cold weather was making the bladder situation all the more pressing, and the fact that we were surrounded by kilometers of concrete walls and restless motorists didn't help either. And this wasn't just your average traffic jam either.

Oh no, it's one of the worst that they've experienced in these parts for years. In fact, it's an eight hour traffic

jam. Who ever heard of such a thing? All the jiggling and squirming in the world wasn't going to help me out of this one. I was in agony and the only way out was to flag down a police car to take me down the emergency lane to the nearest spot of vegetation. When you've gotta go...

I decided that flying back to Germany sounded safer. In the middle of the night we drove from Lugano (in the south, on the border with Italy) to Zurich to catch my flight back to Germany. We'd made good time, with two hours to spare before take-off. This is where I disprove the theory that you can't miss a plane if you rock up hours early for check-in. Not having slept, we decided to go to a friend's place, who lived a couple of minutes away from the airport, to have a cat-nap, and awoke just 15 minutes before the plane was set to take off. In a mad rush he dropped me at the airport and drove back to Lugano to work. Missing the plane didn't come as much of a surprise. What did is the fact that I couldn't use my ticket to fly back until the same time the following week. That was a hard hit. So was buying another ticket.

There are a million such stories but, just when you think you've seen it all, you can expect something completely off the wall. In the middle of last year, I'd spent the summer in London with family and hangin' out and travellin' with old On Dit partners in crime Matt Rawes, who was living in England at the time, and Bryan Scruby, who was one of those wandering backpacker types. I wanted to make it to Spain to visit old Adelaide Uni pal Nikki Anderson but I was once again pushing it pretty badly for time. Heathrow Airport seems as big as Adelaide and if I checked in in Noarlunga, I was



Aah, sky view from the plane



Not impressed.

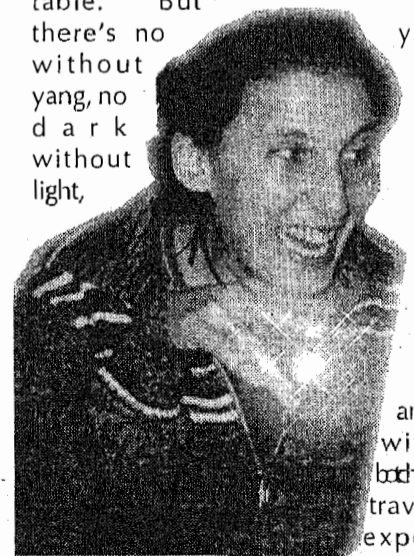
moving belts. Panting and sweating I arrived at the boarding gates just as it was literally closing. But I wasn't able to breeze on through. Two attendants were taking a closer look at my passport. OK, the photo doesn't look anything like me, but it's all legit. I couldn't think of what I could possibly have done wrong this time. I had a Shenghan States residency visa for Germany. There are a couple of States which are part of the Shenghan agreement, Germany, France & Spain being among them. Crazy of me to think I was safe with a Shenghan-State permit which I'd been able to use to live in Germany and travel freely to France. The attendants told me that Heathrow had forked out large sums of cash earlier that day for a few Aussies to fly to Barcelona as well as having to fly them back to London. Nice of the travel agent to warn me that along with a few other countries such as Kuwait, The United Arab Emirates and so on, Australian citizens need a special exception of a visa. Goddamn it, I should have realised. It's Friday afternoon, I hang about in London for a few more days until the Spanish Embassy opened on Monday morning but that was cutting my week in Spain down to a very short week. Dreading long queues, I got up at 6am and caught the Underground across the other side of town to where the British Airways had told me I'd find the Embassy. Waiting outside, I didn't see anyone who looked vaguely Spanish in or out but I found an American womyn outside to keep me company. She was in a worse predicament. She'd been thrown off a connecting flight from the USA on Friday and never been to London before. After it ticked past nine o'clock, I thought it strange that no one had opened up the place and went next door to enquire. Naturally the Em-

boarding in Canada. With my heavy bags weighing me down, I ran along the speed-walker

bassy had moved over a year ago to somewhere that was an Underground trip and two bus-rides away. Obviously no one had told the airline who gave us the address that. So much for the early start!

When we finally got there we took our number and sat down the back. I had plenty of time to discuss the meaning of life with my new companion. As it turned out, she was an inspirational teacher at a good old Yankie "Power-of-Positive Thinking Camp". Just what I needed, a handy friend to have, given that the visas we were applying for take at least 24 hours to approve, if they decide to approve it. I wasn't keen to wait that long. But my new friend was pretty positive about our chances of getting visas there and then and I was down with that. I was sweet-talking the person at one counter, she was doing funky-vibe gear on the person at the next counter. I'm not bad with the old sweet-talking but this womyn, she could do anything. I snuck over to where she was: "I'm with her!" The blinds at the counter went down as the guy went to process our visas despite the fact that there was now only one other person to serve a long, twisty line of people. Yay for positive thinking! I only wish that when the guy returned with our visas she hadn't jumped and screamed so much, hugging him and giving him the standard three kisses. I really thought that we were about to get a biff in the chops from someone in that very slowly moving queue.

I'm sure stories like this aren't unfamiliar to anyone who's ever travelled anywhere before. As an experienced traveller, I've come to realise that a little disaster here and there avoidable or unavoidable, is inevitable. But there's no yin without yang, no dark without light,



Don't you wish you could snap your fingers & you'd be there?

ways the good 'ns.

Natasha Yacoub

Theatre

The Man of La Mancha

The Metropolitan Theatre Co. of SA

Directed by Ian Rigney

Showing: Arts Theatre 8pm, Oct 9 - 11; 15-18; 22 - 25

(Mats 11th, 18th & 25th; 2:15pm)

Having seen quite a few atrocious amateur musicals of late, the Met's production of Dale Wasserman's *Man of La Mancha* is a breath of fresh air. This dark and insightful musical is the story of Cervantes, on trial during the Spanish inquisition, who offers as his defence the tale of Don Quixote.

There's visible evidence of the \$40,000 + budget onstage. Costuming and production design (courtesy of Hermonn) are top notch. Especially impressive is the set which features a spectacular dungeon equipped with trap doors and a drawbridge.

Mathew Randall, as the senile Don Quixote, throws himself into the role with complete abandon. He's got all the geriatric mannerisms of silly old Don, and an amazing voice. When he sings the *Impossible Dream* the first time, it's a showstopper... until it gets reprised to death. Bob Amato fills simple Sancho's boots so well that his resolutely offkey singing (e.g. in the song *I Like Him*) is forgivable. His Sancho is childish and likable, rescued from being a mere caricature by some humanizing touches. David Gauci shows his versatility as both the religious Padre, and as a maniac prisoner. But the real star of the show is Lyn Harris, who plays the sexy down-to-earth Adonza with zest, and really vamps it up when she croons the best song in the show, *It's All the Same*, surrounded by a pack of half-naked men.

The Chorus boys are appropriately vulgar as Spanish prisoners, whose banter is loaded with sexual innuendo, most of it aimed at Adonza (who has some witty comebacks of her own). The standouts amongst the chorus are Nathan Illes as Jose and Sean Weatherly as Juan, who clearly have the talent for more prominent roles.

Director Ian Rigney has achieved a gripping piece of theatre which never looks static, never runs out of steam, assisted by a group of well cast actors and innovative choreography by Carmel Vistoli. The drama is at its most powerful in the memorable *Knight of Mirrors* scene, where Don is forced by some mirror yielding knights to confront his grand delusion. From a personal view point, I would have like to have seen *Man of La Mancha* taken out of its predictable 16th century Spanish context, possibly updated and reinterpreted in the way *Romeo and Juliet* was for the big screen... If I was directing, I'd probably make Don Quixote an ageing drag queen in San Francisco. Oh well, I can't have everything can I?

The production values and sheer talent of the cast and director manage to rise above the, (at times) corny dialogue in a musical with a muddled personality. It sits awkwardly between the genres of comedy and melodrama; the amusing scenes just don't gel with the "heavy" scenes (e.g. the rape of Adonza and the death of Don Quixote). Suffice it to say that, given the material, the Met have done an and admirable job and I look forward to their next production, a return season of the critically acclaimed *Sugar*.

Gregory Heinrich

GOING OUT WITH A BANG



IN CAHOOTS

Drama Students... they are an endangered species now. As of the end of next year, the doors on the drama department will close and the offices will probably be filled with more computers or something-just what we need!!! This is a shout to all of our readers who actually give a stuff about something/someone other than themselves to support homegrown, original art. IN CAHOOTS is the final performance of this years Drama student graduates, it promises to be new, exciting, and irreverent. This play involves you by making you part of the performance, breaking down the wall between audience and performer. This is "brownies on toadstools", and is all about a group of brownies who are not what they seem - draw your own conclusions. No doubt tix will be making their way down to this office soon, but that is not enough. This show is showing at the Little Theatre between October 22-25 8pm, and the tix are cheap. \$10 tix for "normal" people, \$7 for students, and \$5 for the matinee performance which is on Oct 23rd @ 1pm- the perfect after lunch/beer top up break. It should be a blast!



Health Care Career Fast Track

Are you interested in a career as a health care practitioner? Have you completed a degree with majors in either anatomy, physiology, pathology or pharmacology? OR Do you hold a medical or appropriate health sciences degree?

If you answered yes, apply now for RMIT's accelerated programs in either:

• Chiropractic • Osteopathy • Chinese Medicine Practitioner (includes Acupuncture)

These programs are an attractive proposition for both men and women. Opportunities are plentiful in Australia, the Asia Pacific region, and the world beyond for either private, self-employed practice or practice in multi-disciplinary settings. RMIT University graduates are leaders in these professions. Graduates also have opportunities for research and teaching appointments in RMIT University's growing international network.

For further information contact the Department on Ph:(03) 9468 2596, Fax: (03) 9467 2794.

<http://www.rmit.edu.au>

THE FUTURE STARTS HERE

64008

Ever thought it'd be fun to be one of those O'Camp leaders?



Well now you can be!

A register is open in the SAUA for all people who want to help out during Orientation. So grab your friends and sign up - you'll get a phone call after exams to arrange all the rest.

Areas available:

- O'Camp Leaders
- O'Week Helpers
- O'Ball Helpers
- O'Guide Helpers

Enquiries to **Ben Allgrove**,
Orientation Co-Ordinator,
at the **SAUA**:
Ground Level
George Murray Building
ph. 8303 5406.



Popular Windows

Popular Windows Anima Gallery

This exhibition results from the Building Art Project, a six month project during which a group of intellectually disabled artists participated in art-making with high quality materials and with the companionship of two established artists, Bronwyn Platten and John Foubister.

The exhibition includes many bright and sunny drawings and fascinating photographs of every-day life but my eyes were drawn to the large, dark paintings by Brian Coombe which were placed beside the equally large and gloomy works by John Foubister. Not much difference, except that Coombe paints in a looser, more aggressive style and charges only one sixth of the price. The price difference, I hope, is to attract buyers to the work of the lesser-known artists.

A soundscape and sculpture, *All About Love* produced by Bronwyn

Platten held my attention for ages. The sing-song voice of an intellectually disabled person repeatedly professed their undying love for Neil, "I in love with Neil all the time," in a background of soft synthesised music, with occasional loud interjections of "DARLING!" and such. Whilst listening, I admired the delicately coloured casts of thick, fat tongues on the table beside. I imagined eating them, sitting on them and all sorts of disgusting things. This piece indicates Platten's experience of the project in an hilarious and blunt manner. It forces the viewer to acknowledge the sometimes physical differences of intellectually disabled people but also to acknowledge their sexuality.

I haven't digested this exhibition yet and I don't know if I ever will. I am just beginning to comprehend the huge differences between these works and those of children but this is my first experience. I need to see more.

Cathy Sinclair



21 Pulteney Street
ADELAIDE SA 5000
Telephone: 8223 3232

Lunches from \$4.00

**OPEN FOR
BREAKFAST, LUNCH
& DINNER**

with an
EXTENSIVE MENU
available

**SHOW YOUR STUDENT CARD AND
RECEIVE.....**

free

A GLASS OF TAP BEER, HOUSE WINE, SOFT DRINK,
WITH THE PURCHASE OF ANY MEAL, OR PRESENT THIS
ADVERTISEMENT

Relax at

**THE MANSIONS
HAPPY HOUR**

EVERY FRIDAY

Tap Beer **\$1.00**, Base Sprints **\$2.50**

Celebrate 21sts, engagements, birthdays and weddings\

at

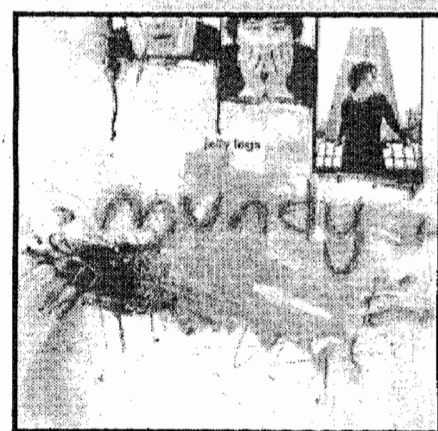
The Mansions

We can do it all for you -

D.J., personalised menus, decorations, finger food
- all that it takes to make your celebration memorable

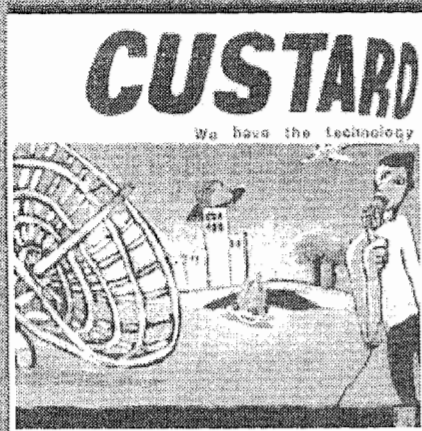
Brown Album
Primus
(Prawn Song/Interscope/BMG)

I wonder how Martin & Molloy feel about Primus borrowing their CD title for their sixth long player. Unlike that comedy duo, being brown is the ONLY thing Primus' new CD has in common with shit. In fact, I'd go so far as to say this is Primus' best effort besides *Pork Soda*. Fortunately the over-indulgence and sterility that made *Tales From The Punch Bowl* such a long-winded affair aren't found anywhere on this CD. One reason for that is because the *Brown Album* was recorded in singer and bass guitarist extraordinaire Les Claypool's home studio "Rancho Relaxo" using vintage analogue equipment. This approach further sets the album apart from the digitally recorded, stiff sound of their previous release as the beautiful analogue sound is very suave and naturally warm, sounding a lot like a 1979 vinyl record. On top of that, Primus exude a much looser groove on this CD which can probably be accounted to their new drummer Brian "Brain" Mantia who injects a fresh new feel into the Primus camp. I never thought anybody could replace Tim "Herb" Alexander nor compliment the inspirational and incomparable bass playing of Les quite like Herb did, but Brain has done just that. I dare say Primus even "rock out" on *Camelback Cinema* in a way I've never heard them do before. That's not to say that Primus have changed dramatically. The tongue-in-cheek humour is still there (in abundance!), as are the strange lyrical tales of the most odd-ball characters this side of Ren & Stimpy, it's just that they have broken into a much more natural feel. Nothing sounds laboured on the *Brown Album* and instead Primus sound like a free-flowing band full of unique, quirky musical ideas once again. The Beatles had their illustrious *White Album* and Metallica had their *Black Album*, now Primus have their *Brown Album* which will undoubtedly be as epic and as career-defining as those now-famous albums were.



Jelly Legs
Mundy
(Sony)

For those of you who may never have heard of the band Mundy, they are a relatively unknown British four-piece outfit. Their album *Jelly Legs* is the band's first CD to date, judging by the list of thanks in the back cover of the liftout. Not that this is a bad thing, I always find it difficult to explain what it is that I like about certain types of music, but I guess with Mundy it was their somewhat Irish folk-esque style (with an edge) which really grasped my attention. This is epitomised in what I consider to be *Jelly Legs*' best track "To You I Bestow" which may seem familiar to those of you who are the proud owners of the *Romeo and Juliet* soundtrack. I think that the raw passion behind the lines "You may not see me when you come back/I could be sharing someone else's pillow/ My love for



We have the technology
Custard
(Roo Art)

As far as I'm concerned Custard are the best pop band in Australia, and I'm pleased to announce that this title has only been strengthened upon the release of *We have the technology*. The boys are back with 18 new songs, 50 minutes worth, and this album has more variety than their previous two albums. The album begins with rocking out guitars and typical bizarre lyrics of "I didn't mean to call you a liar, except when you said you loved me. I keep dreaming of the father of sounds, I saw his picture in a magazine". The second song is a surf-guitar instrumental. Followed by the heaviest opening to a custard song ever, but it soon mellows out, (phew) giving the sort of contrast the Pixies would be

you's better than diamonds/to you everything I bestow/ And tomorrow I'll be dancing on my own/I'll need a kiss for my head that's aching/I'll be a hungry dog without a bone/hoping my place with vot's not taken" is beautiful and kept me pressing repeat on my CD player. After just listening to this again I find that I want to reiterate my last sentence. This is a surprisingly beautiful track. The rest of Mundy's CD is also really quite good too which (to be honest) was a bit of a surprise. In particular be sure to check out such tracks as "The Stone" and "Springtown", songs which made me want to get on a plane to Ireland in winter and drink (dark) ale in a pub with a raging open fire. Unfortunately this is not to be at the moment, so guess that I'll just have to settle for sitting down next to my gas heater and listening to my CD player.

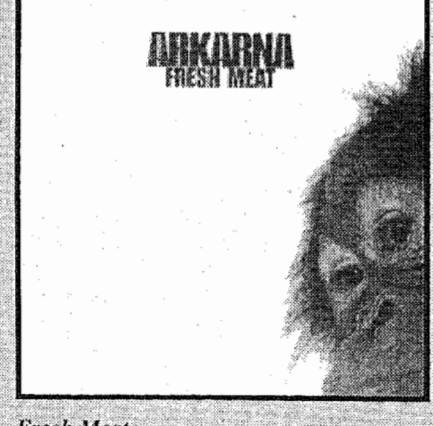


Real People
Apache Indian
(Warner)

Here it is... the long-awaited review of the CD I was pictured with in OD 65.181 Jaslyn Hall of Triple J has very similar taste in music to me, and she loves this album. I heard

proud of. From track 4 onwards "We have the technology" becomes more like what you'd expect from a Custard album a mix of fast catchy pop tunes and laid-back slacker rock ballads. "Music is crap has now overtaken Custard's classic tune Singlette as my favourite Custard song. It has more looks than a particularly well-prepared fisherman, with the coolest organ sound, catchiest percussion and unforgettable lyrics "Music is crap, aliens told us so" "Anatomically correct" and "Pinball Lez" are also classic pop tunes which are liable to inhabit your skull for days on end. While "the truth about drugs" is my idea of the perfect summer driving song with the weezer influenced chorus "It seems the bitumen was laid for me" you can't help but sing along. Custard continue to write delightfully mellow tunes in the vein of leisure master such as "Eight years of rock and roll has completely destroyed my memory". Similarly "Hello machine" and "totally confused" also have that Pavement-like slow guitar-based slacker rock feel. Overall "We have the technology" is a great album which I'm sure you'll hear good chunks of on that J station. Presently after numerous listens I think it's better than "Weisenheimer" but not quite as strong all round as the nearly flawless "Wahooti Fandango". Anyway if you like catchy pop music - buy "We have the technology".

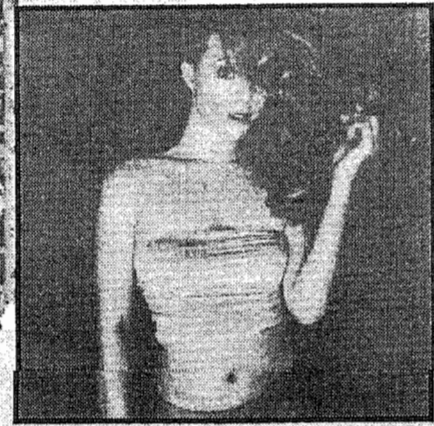
her play two tracks in a row from it the other day. Is there any CD good enough to justify such bad radio? In fact, I think there is, but that's another story. This CD is not good enough. Jaslyn played the first two tracks from the CD, 'Real People' and 'Jump Up', which are also the first two singles. However the album does not get better. I have a lot of respect for Apache Indian. I like his lyrics ("everybody in the house jump up JUMP UP!!/from no you say the dance erupt/everybody in..." etc.) and I admire his statements ("everybody come together and make we unite/defend the truth stand up for your right"). Seriously though, this is not Apache Indian's best album. If you like ye moosik in a growlin' ragga style and ye don't ceh much fa ya lyric aw ye spellin', this may appeal to you.



Fresh Meat
Arkarna
(Warner Music)

Anyone who listens to Triple J would have probably heard a catchy little number called 'So Little Time' by a band going by the obscure name of Arkarna. Well, I'm here to tell you, the album is more of the same.

Arkarna have a sound and they have a following and they aren't going away. The sound, for the few faithful readers of these pages who remain ignorant of the band's tuneful single, is not new. These guys aren't the first band to try to put jangly pop guitar-riffs over a programmed and danceable beat, they're merely the first ones to get it right. And they said it couldn't be done. Every outfit to try this approach previously came off sounding like a novelty act (with the notable exception of Primal Scream, but only because they never tried to make a career out of it). The reason that Arkarna avoid this fate is wrapped up in their melodies. The principle songwriters, Ollie Jacobs and James Barnett, have a knack for the kind of musical sleight-of-hand that sells singles, and they're only twenty-two (though looking at their sleeve photographs, they could probably pass for Hanson's classmates). By the time you read this you'll probably be turning up your radio to hear the new single, 'The Future's Overrated'. Arkarna is not a band that will change your life. They don't do anything new, but what they do they do well - that is produce some very tasty pop that doesn't leave a saccharine after-taste in your ear, and at the end of the day, what more do you need?



Butterfly
Mariah Carey
(Columbia)

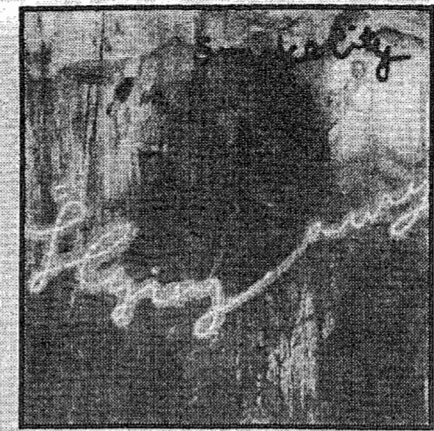
Mariah Carey returns after her last album with a new collection of songs - all co-written by her - designed to showcase her extraordinary vocal skills and range. *Butterfly* finds Carey in top form, delivering a string of soulful, heartfelt performances that will be sure to reinforce her reputation as one of the premiere R&B acts out of the United States today. The album features fourteen new tracks, including the wildly successful new single, "Honey", and two remixes of the single, produced by Jermaine Dupri and David Morales respectively. The scope of variety on the album ranges from the effervescent "Break-down" (with rapping performed by Wish Bone and Krazy Bone) to the soulful "Close My Eyes" and "My All". At the end of the day *Butterfly* will fulfill everyone's expectations of what we've come to expect from Ms Carey, no doubt about it.

Eds: Actually, she and everything she does is shit.

Flying Away
Smoke City
(Zomba)

This album will probably be best known to you by its single 'underwater love', which was used on the Levi's commercial. Actually, I find this trend somewhat worrying as the list of singles in Britain whose success is made by commercials increases (Reef and Shaggy

both also found success in Levi's ads). I would hate to think that music is returning to



Bloke on Bloke
Billy Bragg
(Mushroom)

its old form of relying on the patronage of powerful benefactors, thus forcing it to stay within the parameters of aristocratic convention. Anyway, I can save you \$30 right now by telling you that the rest of the album does not match up to the quality of 'underwater love', although this is not to say that it's bad through and through. The album is of mixed

Spice Girls - The Movie
Royal Albert Hall, London.
13th July, 1997

"PLEASE NOTE, THIS IS NOT A CONCERT". These seven words, as printed on the entry pass, summed up the day as a whole. Those five girls who have captivated the world with their well-marketed pop toons and highly choreographed antics, are now making a moofie and I was one of the 'lucky' ones to get the nod to attend the filming of the concert scene.

The most alarming thing about the crowd gathered was the age (or severe lack of it) of the patrons. These were mostly pre-pubescent Anglo-saxon girls with mum in tow, wearing their fave Spice Tee and exerting phenomenal amounts of 'Girl Power'. It was as if the evil Lex Luthor had managed to clone Cindy Brady, and made himself an army in the 1990s liberated mould. Royal Albert Hall contained a paedophile's dream come true (incidentally Michael Jackson was in town for the HISTORY tour this same weekend, but more on this at a later date).

Sponsored by "adidas" was Simon, our warm-up man, who gave the assembled throng the run down on what was going to happen and what we, the punters, should do. Basically, whenever a camera was turned in our direction, we were to go off like a frog in a sock. Personally, I turned into a cane-toad in a footie sock, such was my excitement.

Now, with the scene set and the camera's rolling, out came the four beauties (I use this term with tongue in cheek) and Sporty (I'm-a-man-in-a-woman's-body) Spice, performing their

quality, being divided roughly half and half into good and mediocre tracks. The most obvious influences are Brazilian bossa-nova and Bjork, a combination which compliments the singer's sweet voice very nicely on some tracks. A few songs stand out: one is a Mo-way type electronic thing with latino tinges, the others are bossa-nova style songs using strings and electronics to keep things contemporary. Although I'm impressed by this album stands merely at "alright", it probably has the potential to endear itself very much to some, so do not dismiss it if you were interested by the single.

William Blake
Billy Bragg
(Mushroom)

Consisting of out-takes and offcuts from his most recent album *William Blake*, this mini-album has some interesting moments from the old urban balladeer. Although his image and approach have changed somewhat in the recent past, most noticeably his adoption of more conventional pop sounds and aesthet-

new single 'Spice Up Your Life'. This was repeated another three times, three times too many for this intrepid bunny, but the kiddies ate it up hook, line and sinker.

In between takes, the spicy lasses talked to the captive audience, waved to their mothers, and picked on poor Victoria 'Tosh'. Adams. A few games of "Would You Rather...?" were instigated by Geri 'my-mind-and-mouth-are-in-the-gutter' Spice, who posed questions based upon Emma (Baby)'s wee, Sporty's armpit sweat, and the consumption of said bodily fluids. Fart jokes were also prominent.

The next song on the set list was 'M a m a' which was only done twice (thank the Lord for small mercies). During this, I was the only person waving a cigarette lighter, which automatically showed me up as one of the only people in the auditorium over the age of sixteen.

On stage, the Spice Girls get around actually having to sing a line, by 'umming' and 'ahhing' about what they should sing, then stopping and starting on different tracks, until it was agreed that they couldn't agree and it was left at that. It was a

pop song in a coma and he carries Billy along with him on this one for a joyous ride. The two versions of "Sugardaddy" are OK, but probably disposable. All up a diverting musical trip which is probably a bit cynical on the record company's part (giving us off-cuts as an "album") but another reminder that Billy can still give us gems even if it's not just him, a guitar, and a commitment.

Paul Lobban.
"Qualifications" is a depressing look at the hopelessness of tertiary graduates in a jobless world through the filter of a bluesy track which I'm not really sure works all that well. Similarly, "Thatcherites" takes aim at the Bonkers Baroness's legacy with Billy using a traditional folk tune as his musical foundation in an angry but emaciated ditty. His contribution to the Smiths tribute album *The Smiths is Dead*, "Never Had No One Ever" is respectful but Moz will always own this song. To continue the Smiths connection, the first song, "The Boy Done Good" is a happy, poppy, silly number with music by one Marr.J. The best thing on this album it just proves that Marr can still write a drop-dead



trick that Stock, Aitken and Waterman would have been proud of after their work with Milli Vanilli.

The final musical treat was a montage of their three number



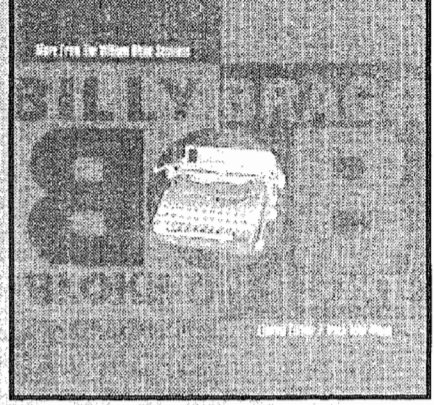
Tarty Spice, Hairy Spice, Wanky Spice, Squeaky Spice and Porno Spice

dressed in green camo pants and some dodgy T-shirt. Very blokey of her.

one hits. Please don't ask for titles as I don't know them except for 'Wannabe', which made my day when the miming was shot to shit, as the start was missed by all five girls. Extremely funny stuff.

Just as laughable were the costumes worn. Geri wore a red sleeveless body suit with feather-

tail that should have been left on 1940s Broadway where she'd dragged it from. It did no favours for her overly curvaceous (read: plump) figure. Grey, paisley hotpants and matching Wonder-bra bikini top were donned by token-black-Scary Spice, who had her hair in horns. Moving on, Lady Victoria was clothed in a strapless leopard skin print dress and Baby Spice had on a short, shiny, silver dress with matching boots that went up to her ears. To complete the spicy ensemble, Sporty Spice was



So that was the Spice Girls - The Movie. Not bad if you were a fan, yet failing that criteria it was a very funny way to spend a lazy Sunday afternoon. Now I'm going to have to go through it all again, just so I can say 'Look, that's my elbow on the screen!'

written by Ryan Heath McEachen [and generously translated by Rachel. Taa! - Music sub-ed]

BLACK STUMP

14 guys. 2 girls. 5 bands. 2 cars. This is the Blackstump Adelaide component.

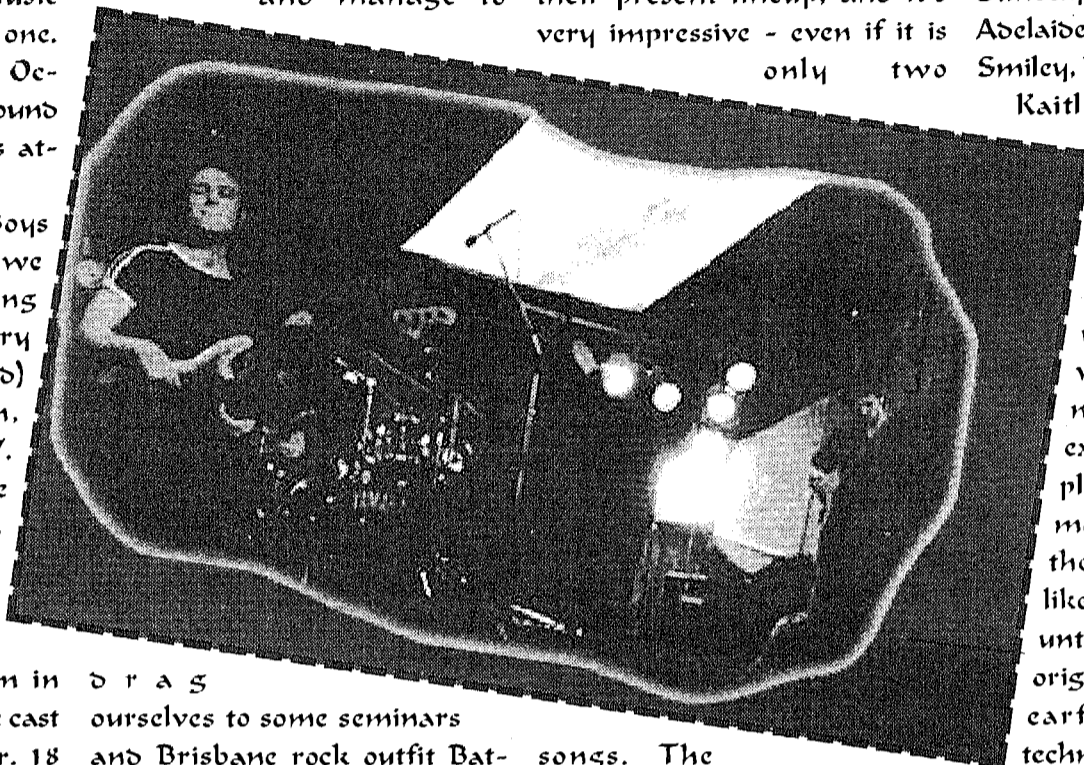
Blackstump is Australia's biggest underground arts/music festival - arguably its only one. It is held every year on the October long weekend, and around 5000 people and 90 bands attend.

Contrary to the Pet Shop Boys song and our sensibilities, we are heading east, travelling through the night to a very large (but still hard to find) scout campsite at Appin, near Woolongong, NSW. Obviously, the two girls are in a car together. The air in the bands' hire van is a thick, putrid mixture, the aftermath of several fart competitions. The legroom in the van is shocking. Lots are cast for the next spot in the car. 18 hours is far too long to spend together - let alone three days! I've never been on a road trip before, let alone tagging along in a band's van. It is a unique experience. Consider every single topic you would want to talk about, and multiply it by five. Then think how long such a conversation would last, and multiply that by three. That's how boring it was. However, some interesting things did crop up - deep philosophical and theological discussions, which bands had sold out and which bands were legendary. We even had a hot pink tape player so that all the bands could hear themselves and remember their words!

On our arrival at the site, we find that the festival hasn't actually arrived yet and they can't give us a place to sleep until we convince them we're in bands. Finally we are given a bunkhouse that is almost, but not quite, nowhere near the Village (music-making area). It kicks off at 8 on Friday night. Dr Bob, Gauge, and Sydney's Bubblejuggler all give impressive performances, but everyone is blown away by the massive hardcore sounds of Melbourne's

Callous at 10. It is a sign of things to come.

We sleep through the opening ceremony at 9am the next day and manage to



drags

ourselves to some seminars and Brisbane rock outfit Battered Fish at 1:30. They make it look so easy. Jeremy (the bass player) has this really cool style of just standing there with his eyes closed, swaying. I'm awe-struck.

Saturday night is crunch time. That's when Adelaide groove band Dewey Del and the schoolboy punk Jemima must compete with each other as well as the huge road movie/relaxed rock Sal Paradise from Sydney. Jemima impress the kids, but the numbers aren't there. There's about a thousand people in the Big Top tent for Sal Paradise. It's their farewell show; they have split up. Everyone is crying by the end. I love those guys.

At 8 there is the same number of people in a tent half the size for The Mercy Bell, that really unique, angry but vulnerable band formerly of Adelaide. They play a predictably brilliant set. Butterfly (the bassist) forgets her coke glass and doesn't do any slides. In the meantime, Adelaide's hard-rock Thinktank and hardcore punkers Seraph's Coal are impressing the young-

sters across the way. These angry young bands have potential for greatness. This is only Thinktank's second gig with their present lineup, and it's very impressive - even if it is only two

songs. The youth of Sydney have been touched, and the mosh is crushing. But it's nothing compared to Embodiment, Adelaide's hardest hardcore outfit. It is 3 degrees outside and 30 degrees inside, and there is condensation



dripping from the canvas. It is extremely close and the crowd is emotionally (and vocally) drained. From then on, it only gets harder. Ceasefire, from Sydney, (who feature on an American compilation CD) have the crowd on their side. Their unique brand of brutal speed-punk-hardcore has everyone astounded. Then Callous are back, and they fail to disappoint. Since I got their CD, it has been on constant rotation at my house and I know all their

words - and that makes the set even better.

With sore ears and feet, I briefly head to bed.

Sunday afternoon is relaxed. Adelaide's recently split-up Guy Smiley, Pale from Brisbane, and Kaitl'ind from Melbourne are all playing at the same time. It is a major problem. They are all fantastic. In the end, Kaitl'ind win out. Their unique brand of girly-wailing-Birlesque rock makes for an amazing experience. Bubblejuggler play again, and are almost as impressive as on the big stage. They look like any other rock band, until you hear their highly original riffs and catch an earful of their amazing techno DJ accompaniment!!

And all of a sudden, it is time to go home. The bands amuse themselves in the van by alternately singing corny 80's tunes a capella, and reenacting the Star Wars trilogy in shadow puppets on the inside sunvisors of the vehicle. (This is a lot funnier than it sounds!) The police pull us over in Wagga Wagga because we forgot to pay for our petrol in the last town. The car must go back. Meanwhile, the van guys climb a cliff and catch a glimpse of a stunningly beautiful starlit night from a

cold, dark paddock next to the Wagga turnoff. On the other side of the road, they discover a swamp that echoes with crickets and frogs doing techno breakbeats. Suddenly everything sounds like music!

When we arrive in town on the holiday Monday, it is not just the cars that are running on fumes. Thanks heaps to the organisers of Blackstump, all the bands and the rest of the media crew.

Zane



Hey you.

The Colonel and I were a-thinkin' that you might be interested in STUDENT RADIO for 1998.

Application forms are now available from the SAUA Office, 5UV, and Graceland, Memphis Tennessee.

Fill out one and return it to the frontdesk of the SAUA by 5PM FRIDAY 5TH OF DECEMBER, UH HUH.

Mercy!

Peter Adams (Crazy Spice) and Christian Haebich (Surly Spice), The Student Radio Directors, asked me to thank you for your time.

Thankyou very much.

ELVIS A. PRESLEY

STUDENT RADIO.
GIVE ME NOISE.
5UV 531 AM



"Elektrobank" Chemical Brothers. (Virgin Records) The bad boys of beat are back with another surefire hit. But is it any different to their other offerings? This latest single release from the jungle masters, "Elektrobank", has already been getting a fair amount of airplay on the J's (as ever the other stations look straight past anyone without the name Jimmy, Barnes or Keith). This single is a must for all of the Chemical Brothers fans who need another example of their gurus' playful electro energy. The dust brothers remix of the single is infused with an emphasized bass but I'm not sure about the xylophone sounds (when will people stop taking the piss?). The B-side, "These beats are made for breakin'" is a reminiscent in title of the sappy breakdance albums of the mid-80s, but it at least lives up to its name. Sounds like there's a debt in their music to Herbie Hancock? (Anthony Paxton)

"The Sun Hits The Sky" Supergrass (EMI): Cheeky bloody monkeys back again with this snappy number which is more fun than the last single, "Richard III", but less rawk. Pretty good though. Watch out for their creditable version of the Smiths' "Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others" on which Gaz lets his voice go into those wobbly registers until we think he actually means it (some girls mothers ARE bigger than other girls mothers!) (PABLO)

"Disappointment" Frenzel Rhomb (Shag pile/Shock): Typical Frenzel Rhomb stuff - a very funny film clip and as a b-side it has their rejected recovery theme song. (Roxy.)

"Everybody (Backstreet's Back)" Backstreet Boys (Liberation): Five mixes of a boring Dance/Soul track that even EYC would be ashamed of? Not for me thanks. They should have kept to the back street and got mugged or something. (Isaac Bridle)

"Hypnotize" D'Influence (Liberation/Mushroom): This song is really boring mushy slow dance-pop-slop. However, the remixes, including a piano mix, feature the infamous Masters At Work are very impressive. Long live the mighty Masters! (Zane)

"When I'm with you" Christian (Mushroom): Even the remixes are terrible. This is techno-crap at its crappiest. (Zane)

"Leave It Alone" Moist (EMI): With all the Beavis and Butt-head-type sexual innuendo aside, Canada's Moist are an intriguing act. Beside the fact that they can remind you of the Tea Party, Moist have an intense and emotionally heightened tone all their own. Moist express a dreary, washed out feeling that still makes you feel they could explode into a tumultuous thunder at any moment and yet Moist refrain from totally rocking out. This single does more with a slow tempo and restrained guitar work than most bands can muster from three distortion pedals, breakneck speed and amps on eleven. (glancey)

"Last Cup Of Sorrow" Faith No More (Slash): FNM's disappointing single Ashes To Ashes made me wonder whether the title of their latest release (The Album of the Year) was actually the Most Sarcastic Title of the Year. I was surprised to hear FNM redeem themselves with the sullen undercurrent and poignant bass laden groove of this single. Mike's vocals, (waverling further into Mr Bungle territory every day), are as much a feature of this sublime track as the infectious bounce of Roddy Bottums' keyboard part. Very impressive. (glancey)

"Five" Automatic (Murmur/Sony): This is the fourth single from Automatic's stellar debut album "Transmitter", and is definitely the most poppy so far. Whilst not as good as the others, it's worth getting for the b-sides, which include their Live at the Wireless version of "Another Up". (ANDREW I)

"Pulse" Front End Loader (Shagpile/Shock): This is "soft shit" compared with their older stuff, and it is obviously aimed at the Triple J market/demographic. Nevertheless, it is very catchy and quite fun, but I prefer the b-sides, which include the really cool "Fuck U Guys". (ANDREW I)

"Goodbye Goodguy" Frente (white/Mush room/Sony): This is good - in fact, probably the best song of Frente's sophomore album "Shape", and it should (in my books at any rate) bring them a fair bit of success. The live on US college radio version of "Sit On My Hand" is really good. (ANDREW I)

"You're not the only one who feels this way" Ammonia (Murmur/Sony): This is the new single from the band that brought us the anthemic "Drugs", and whilst it ain't as catchy as that, it's better. I actually think it's my favourite Ammonia song. It starts off slow, but then starts to rock out. A great song. They should have called it "pins and needles", cos it certainly feels like they them. This is really good stuff, I can't wait for the new album. (ANDREW I)

"Living or existing?..." Non-Intentional Lifeform (Roadrunner/Sony): This is an awesome release. It retails for five bucks, and it's got four songs on it. Three by NIL (including one from their original demo), and one by Leaf - one of the bands that formed NIL. If you like SIN dOG JELLYROLL, then you will love this - they sound kinda like em (musically wise), but Declan Barry's voice is a big baritone. Should appeal to punkers out there as well. (ANDREW I)

"The Ghost of Vainglory" Mark Seymour (Mushroom): The second single off Seymour's first solo album after seventeen years fronting the Hunters and Collectors traverses much more familiar territory, sounding less commercially written and more Hunters than the first release. Fans of the band will see a development and maturation in Seymour as a songwriter, which has to be good for everyone, right? (J.D.)

Swie's Snippets

INTO ONE

While the goal is noble, the event has also brought together over 30 of SA's most original and well respected musicians. You should know:

1) The Into One Animal Band Aid Concert will be

held on Saturday, November 22 @ Thebarton Theatre. Featuring Big Things Flying, Fruit, The Borderers, Mel Watson, Susie Keynes AND MORE!

2) If you want to contribute to the fundraising (and get something in return) send \$10 and a self addressed envelope for a VHS copy of the sensational Into One video music clip to: 'The Into One Project', 71 Clifford St, Torrensville 5031. All proceeds go to IFAW and Animal Liberation SA.

JULIANA HATFIELD BAND

After many negotiations and to-ing and fro-ing Juliana Hatfield has at last confirmed her Adelaide show on Friday, October 31 at the Adelaide UniBar (supports include Kaleidoscope and Parlour). Tickets are \$18 from CC Music and Jungle Fever, or \$20 at the door on the night.

JUST CONFIRMED

With her strong vocals and heart felt lyrics, Michelle Lamarca is a very new and powerful solo artist. She'll be performing live to all 'Friday night market-heads' on Oct 31 from 6pm (just before the Juliana Hatfield gig!).

The Borderers in Rundle Mall

Experience a performance by internationally acclaimed local Celtic pop group The Borderers on Friday, Oct 24 from 6pm until 7pm in Rundle Mall (Gawler Place intersection) as part of the Nexus in the Mall entertainment program...

BLUR, MILE END STADIUM, LONDON, JUNE 15 1995 & SUEDE, PHOENIX FESTIVAL, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, JULY 14 1995: AN ANECDOTE ON RAIN, MUSIC, ICONOLATRY AND THE BAD TRAVELLER.

I'd just recovered from my jetlag (and experiencing 23 hours of inflight 'entertainment') and thought I'd book myself a few shows. £76 later I was off to Mile End and then to Stratford. Excellent, now where do I live for the next 6 weeks? If I had just decided to organise myself, arrange an itinerary and get going I wouldn't have ended up where I did. But nooooooooooooo, I had to book tickets to concerts as soon as I got to London, I had to say to myself, "well, the Blur concert is in 6 weeks, that's not long enough to go anywhere, may as well stay in London." Good move. So I did a truncated tour of the home counties, hiked for 2 days along chalk cliffs before being drowned by refreshing summer rains (which lasted for a week!), and then moved back to London to look for work. Hmm. 4

weeks in a share house with 14 other people (some of whom have remained friends, like comrades in war or something traumatic like that) and a slum landlord in Clapton, 40 hr weeks at a nursery digging up and replanting rich bastards' gardens in Wimbledon and Hampstead (just so they could have flowers all year long!) for 3 pounds per hour (that equals, after tax, 105 pounds a week, thank you Conservative Govt!!), and massive weight loss due to retarded diet and beer intake later...I was in the queue at Mile End with 20,000 other bluriacs. From noon til 9 I stood in that stadium, rain drizzling, alone, only allowed to buy 2 beers at a time so constantly holding a full milkshake cup full of rained-on bitter, listening to bands ranging from the uninteresting (Dodgy) to the unlistenable (Cardiacs) to the OK (Boo Radleys...seeing 20,000 mosh to "Wake Up Boo!" was something) and then, it was beginning. Lights, giant screen, stupid pre-gig poncing about by Damon in a mask and disguise, Graham nervously swigging beer and stretching, Alex with a B&H welded to his bottom lip and Dave somewhere up the back. Rain? What are you taking about? From the first amazing, resonant, mass-mosh-in-time notes of "Tracey Jacks" through Phil Daniel's (not so) surprise appearance for "Parklife", the spontaneous philosophising about Canary Wharf from Damon (which wasn't very illuminating)

which was superseded by the crowd's demands he take his top off, which he denied on the grounds it'd be "stupid" (hear, hear), the transcendental mod classic that is "For Tomorrow" (and on and on) to the final, apocalyptically gorgeous fade



BLUR: "Tracey Jacks, works in civil service!"

out of "This Is A Low" this concert made me glad to be a malnourished, impoverished, girlfriend-missing idiot on the wrong side of the planet. Surrounded as I was by various Britpop phenomena, this was a biggie and, crammed into a tube on the way home, it seemed as if I was enjoying this whole thing for the first time. Maybe?

And 3 weeks later: broker, thinner, more alienated, and camping by myself with a gizillion Phoenix punters in a bloody great field. Standing all day near the autograph tent just to get their signatures only to have the girl in front of me completely stuff up my camera when she took a photo of me & Brett (I've got a great picture of my legs and half of Brett's face!!), but I got the signatures and got in the crowd. The experience of Suede was made sweeter by the experience of two adverse events: the first was standing through the robotic performance of Bob Dylan and his cyborg band as they automatically

plodded through a collection of his past glories, all the while incredibly drunk accountants in smart casual wear surrounded me screaming "Bobbie! Bobbie!" and "Fuck Suede, More Bobbie!". But Bobbie wasn't listening (probably because he actu-

ally died in 1978 and the animatronic robot they replaced him with doesn't have ears; but that's just my theory). The second occurred during the main event: darkness, cold, the crush of too many people at the front, and more rain than falls in some parts of the world in a decade lashing the devoted. But Suede were awesome. Clad in public servant slacks, shirt and tie Brett pouted,



SUEDE: "There's a song playin' on the radio"

slapped his arse, swung the mic like a Wildean hammer thrower, was shrouded in steam (coming off him), stood on the foldbacks and slapped his arse again whilst delivering the

best chunks of the two albums they had released up until then as well as previewing stuff like "To The Sea" from the forthcoming *Coming Up*. Somehow I used a whole roll of film whilst being saturated and assaulted (physically and aurally) and the photos still turned out. When they closed with "My Dark Star", possibly the best Suede song about (and, predictably, a B-side), the onset of several diseases could not restrain an intuition that despite the generally crap time I was being treated to in the UK, moments like this one were gradually redeeming the whole experience. Not even having my tent (which actually WASN'T my tent) slashed a day later whilst I was bemusedly watching Faith No More, or having to then spend a whole night awake in a beer tent with filth covered crusties on one side and cerebrally challenged punks on the other (alternately punching and then hugging each other), or ending up in Edinburgh a fortnight later with one pound to my name and no way of getting back to London, none of this diminished those few hours; which is as much of a surprise to me as anybody. I've heard that you don't remember pain and I think that is probably true, although I doubt I'll do any of this ever again.

Ultimately I recommend overseas travel, it manages to inform you in

a compressed period of time how totally unprepared you are for life and how irrational escapism is the only thing which can save you.

PAUL LOBBAN

42 HRS ON A BUS

I think I can sum up my travel experiences in one compact sentence...

I took a 42 hour bus trip to Brisbane.

Yes, let me repeat this for you: I took a 42 hour bus trip to Brisbane (the cultural Mecca of Australia).

I have to admit, it was one of the most fantastic experiences of my life. No, I am NOT WARPED from my experience. Let me share some of the lighter, and not-so-lighter experiences from my journey.

Having decided to travel through Greyhound, I was able to get a pretty good deal on the price (being a student and all.) There are two ways Greyhounds travel to Brisbane; the standard way - straight to Sydney - with a day stop over (okay its not a plane itinerary) then off to Brissie. The second way is up through New South Wales, stop over in Dubbo at about 1am (they have a great zoo there) then straight to Brissie from there. I opted for the trip via Dubbo basically because, well there is no need to justify myself.

Let's start with a couple of tips: from previous travel experiences (ok namely the train to Melbourne and Sydney) bring a pillow, because trust me after 12 hours of trying to sleep on a rough-edged polyester seat (I have no idea of the type of material, but it's definitely scratchy.) Another tip: water - while there is water provided, it is limited, and when the little kiddies find it, well they

become bored very easily. Last tip: you need a strong bladder - unless you are not fussy about a toilet that is cramped, and basically it is quite possible that something nasty has been shoved in it. (yes it happened to me) The bus will make a stop every 4-5 hours so get your bladders ready. Oh - and make sure you are comfortable - the bus is quite cramped: you cannot just get up and walk around like the train or even a plane. (I am not telling any of you fellow bus-trippers anything you do not already know.)

I mentioned earlier that I really enjoyed the bus trip to Brisbane - what, you say, didn't you drive



yourself crazy with boredom? Well actually no, I think on a trip this long, no matter what type of transport you are taking, you learn - sorry, are forced to learn

update - the aeroplane - there are movies! Do not get too excited though - no new releases for us philistines: the selection of movies on my travels included: *The Never Ending Story 3* (When did number 2 come out?) and *Waterworld* (the latter should be called *Never Ending Story 4*....) Its not so hard to tune out, but if you are in a seat where you can't see the screen - the viable alternative is to sleep.

This is one thing I loved about the bus - it is so much easier to sleep on it unlike its cheap counterpart the train. Now this is completely my opinion: and you people who prefer the train (or indeed the plane) and can actually SLEEP on it - you can just sit and spin (yes I haven't succeeded.) It's just the feeling of the ground rushing under you at great speeds - I suppose you really have to trust the bus driver on these occasions.

This brings me to the next topic - that is the bus driver. An exceptional breed of person who can sit at that monster wheel for about 8-10 hours on end. I did, however, spy them eating roadhouse food (recycled eggs and sausages) perhaps this



to like your own company. Books are always a groovy accessory, and the much required walkman (huge variety of tapes needed.) I am not sure about other bus services, but Greyhound pipes through some sort of radio programme - and trust me, you start bopping away to John Denver classics - especially when the person behind you starts singing along. Like its classier

is the reason for their longevity. A last word on roadhouse food - and if you are to take a mammoth journey such as this you will become well acquainted with it - bring your own! Well I enjoyed my 42 hours, and I do not lie - it's about what you gain, not what you complain about. Jocelyn Milbank!

The final edition of ON DIT for 1997 is but a fortnight away, and it's going to be a whopper (as the actress said to the bishop). Jam-packed with "stuff", "gear" and even "content".

If you want to be a part of this "action", then bring your articles, stories, artwork, letters, reviews, valid credit card details, etc, down to our office by 5^{PM} on Wednesday October 29.

Remember, this is your last chance to be part of On Dit. If you die over the summer break, how will you be able to live with yourself if you didn't take this opportunity? A damn fine question.

On Dit. More pants per square inch.

Prague & Water

Twice I found myself in the enviable position of sailing large portions of the Australian coastline over an extended period. At the end of my B.A. I was lucky enough to find a berth with an "Around the World", sailor, with whom a friend and I, sailed from Pt. Lincoln to Hobart, via Kangaroo Is., Victoria, Bass Strait, & the western side of Tasmania.

Travelling by yacht allows access to many otherwise inaccessible parts of coastline. The South-West of Tasmania is roadless National Park and can only be accessed by sea or air (seaplane), hence we saw wilderness in a very pristine condition. Tassie is covered in tall trees & taller mountains, there is fresh water and plenty of it, & generally is extremely pleasing on the eye. That is, where the logging industry hasn't raped & pillaged. Nowhere is the contrast between beauty & horror more pronounced than in the west Tasmanian town of Queenstown, which because of logging & mining operations is surrounded by what is essentially a slag heap, so extensive as to be a tourist destination in its own right. Seeing the fields of bases of old trees, some up to 6-7 metres in diameter, makes you feel like you're looking at the corpses of another dimension, a real sadness overcomes the viewer.

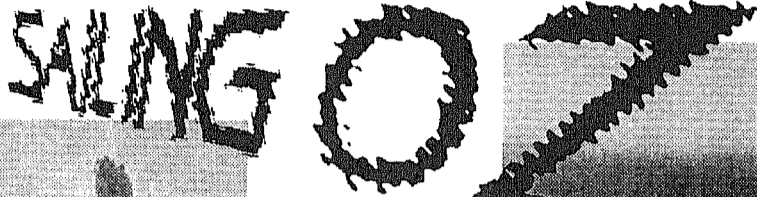
Sailing out of the protected bays into the 5 meter swell coming out of the Southern Ocean is an adrenalin pumper, you have to get away from the shoreline quickly as you float like a cork watching the great waves slam the cliffs of southern Tassie. Then south and into the 'Roaring Forties' for a quick trip around the southern tip then up to Hobart via beautiful sheltered channels, Abel would have been proud of us!

around the corner from Whitehaven is the amazing Hamilton Is. complex, which looks a CBD, that someone has left in the wrong spot. It's all nice and rosy where the terrorists, I mean tourists stay, but apparently the other side of the island, where all the resorts effluent and untreated waste is released into the water is pretty ugly.

We stopped at Cooktown (where Cap Cook repaired the Endeavour after running into the reef), & I un-

We sailed on to Lizard Is., up Cape York Peninsula to Thursday Is., & on to Darwin across the Gulf of Carpentaria. Both trips took about three months.

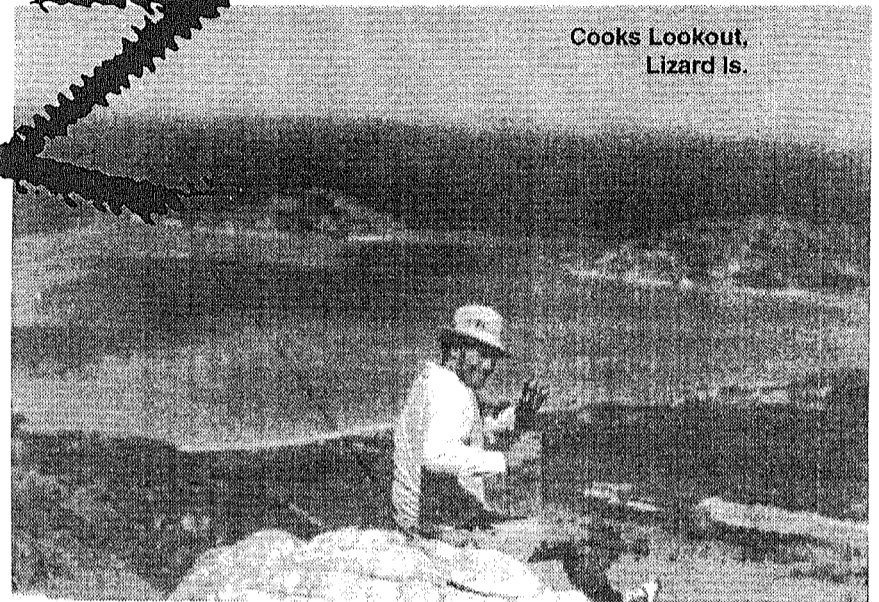
Travelling by yacht is one way to get around and see things you wouldn't normally come across, it is very environmentally friendly, because you use mainly the power of currents and wind, & most 'yotties' own a solar panel these days to keep their batteries



That's a fish!

A couple of years later I met a Canadian couple who were halfway through their around the world trip, with whom I got on well. Having 'shot the breeze' (sailing speak for good chat) with one or both of them several times, they offered to let me pull up the anchor from Brisbane to Darwin, an opportunity at which I quickly jumped.

We sailed inside the Great Barrier Reef stopping at various towns islands and bays along the way. Whitehaven beach, on Whitsunday Is. has sand so fine and white you wouldn't be exaggerating too much to say it's like talcum powder (really!) Just



Cooks Lookout, Lizard Is.

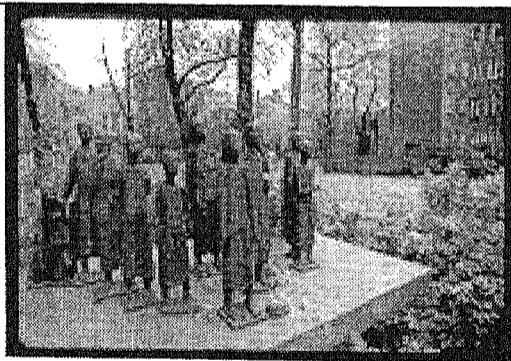
knowingly swam ashore in crocodile country. As I climbed onto a small mooring jetty for stinkpots (motor vessels), a fellow started telling me how he used to swim with hammerhead sharks in Vanuatu. I couldn't understand why this wanker came up with such shit, but I was polite. I started the short walk into town to have a peak-a-boo, and then realised what shark man was on about; on the land side was a huge sign, "DO NOT SWIM - ESTUARINE CROCODILES AND BOX JELLYFISH". Apparently the year before a Swedish couple had done the same thing, he made it, she didn't.

charged (so you can listen to the radio and keep the fridge cold). On the down side small yachts generally have poor ablutions & no shower, fresh water being a rationed quantity on long legs. It's like living in a caravan out of which you can't step, so if you can't get on with people at close quarters, don't sail. However, if you like to pit yourself against powerful things (Mother Nature), reading books, fishing, and sunbaking, then sailing certainly has its charms.

Brett Will

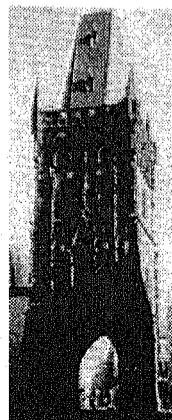
The people of Prague have recently been subjected to an influx of American college students and other culture vultures who are desperately searching for the western world's new centre of creativity. Before this the Czechoslovaks saw their nation being overrun by the Third Reich following Chamberlain's failed Appeasement policy, then subjected to communist rule after World War II, and in 1968 invaded by Soviet troops when they expressed a desire for a relaxation of communist control.

When I visited Prague in May 1990 Czechoslovakia was in the midst of a transition from communist rule to democracy following the revolution of 1989, which, together with uprisings in other eastern bloc nations, saw the eventual collapse of the Soviet Union. The entire country was celebrating the restoration of democracy and its first free election for decades. The entire city was feeling good, and for anyone visiting at the time you couldn't help but get caught up in the atmosphere. Admittedly though, I had no idea of any of this before arriving. I was actually feeling really nervous about going to an eastern bloc country by myself, especially since I had been warned that few Czechoslovaks spoke English, while I knew no Czech, Russian, or Ger-



man. I also hadn't bothered to buy any of the local currency before leaving Vienna, and I had no idea where I was going to be staying. In this very scary situation I could only think of one alternative. On the train to Prague I introduced myself to an American guy whose conversation with another traveller made it clear to me that he was well informed and well

PRAGUE



prepared with his travel arrangements, and he even spoke German. So, once in Prague I was able to quickly change some money and find about the only youth hostel in the city.

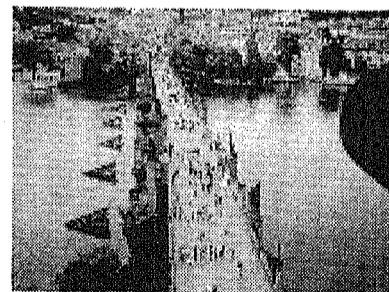
Like many other currencies fostered under Soviet rule the Czechoslovak one (and I don't remember its

name) traded badly with western currencies. I was fairly broke at that stage but managed to buy enough to see me through four days in Prague, even including beer and lots of gelati. I was even able to give adequate tips. I spent most of my evenings out eating and drinking with some of the other people in the hostel who inevitably included Australian, New Zealanders, Americans and Canadians. I was also able to meet the occasional Finn or

Swede. During the day I wandered around the city which is totally unique and beautiful. At this time also, it was plastered with posters of former communist leaders. There was also a world photo exhibition on, as well as Prague's annual musical festival. It was an interesting blend of art and politics which the Czechoslovaks have learned to mix so well. In fact, one of the highlights of my trip included seeing playwright Vaclav Havel give an election speech from my position among the thousands of listeners. The other was meeting a Czech woman who worked for one of the Prague theatre groups and had been directly involved in the 1989 revolution.

Throughout all the years of occupation and repression these people had kept their spirit and optimism, and maintained their opposition, especially through their arts. I think any society which chooses an artist and intellectual as a leader can only be seen as incredibly enlightened.

Carmel Pascale



Would You Like A Lolly?

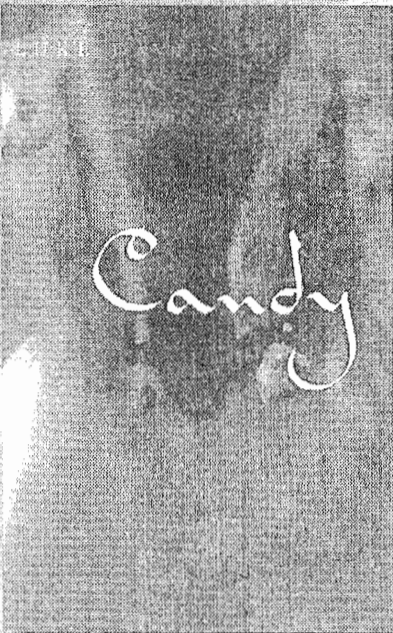
Candy
 Luke Davies.
 Allen & Unwin
 \$16.95

Candy is brilliantly well written. Funny, insightful, emotional, and, for the most part technically correct. Smoothly written, the story and characters progress with ease making this one of those great books that you are comfortable getting back to without feeling the I-must-not-stop-reading feeling (which can be good, but can ruin a good story because of the quickness of finishing it).

The story starts from when the narrator meets Candy and she starts to use heroin. The narrator has already been using for a few years, though is not yet a hard core junkie. The book progresses to the standard story of two junkies falling deeply in love, committing crime galore, whoring, scamming, etc, trying to give up, losing everything, and finally drying out all together and breaking up. That is the unfortunate aspect of this book - it perpetuates the myth that anyone involved in heroin will travel this path. Quite simply it is not true. This

book is full of hilarious scenes that are all the more funny when you have seen many of the scenarios and characters yourself. The narrator has a very fatalist and dry sense of the world. When his girlfriend, Candy, overdoses and is turning blue he comments that blue doesn't suit her at all.

Candy and the narrator, already in love, fall deeper in love with the shared bond of heroin. Such a bond often creates an implicit understanding between two people to instantly go with the flow when the other asks something.



Davies uses great phrases that show the bitter humour in a junkie lifestyle. But that doesn't mask the huge weight of futility of life so exquisitely described in this novel.

The chapter 'Problem with detachable heads 2' is the funniest thing I have read in a long time. Using an old two part syringe, a friend of the narrator tries to use his neck to shoot up in but ends up with just the needle part stuck in his neck gushing blood everywhere. On top of this Candy walks in after a hard nights whoring. The chapter on public crabs typifies the bizarreness of what heroin can do to your mind when there is nothing else in your life. The narrator and Candy enjoy actually having something to scratch when stoned, and eventually get around to removing them, one by one, with tweezers!

This book more than anything demonstrates that, in the words of the narrator, heroin has to be a full time career. From spending all your time on getting money, to the endless cycle of scoring. This is the effect that drug laws have - rather than buying from a chemist at a reasonable and affordable price, one is forced to purchase a cheap drug made expensive. Unless one has a good job, the only solution is crime and scams, "endless plotting and scamming and rushing".

In the end, Candy has a nervous breakdown. Not from heroin, but from her childhood experiences. They break up, she disappears from his life, and he ends up in detox. Once clean a whole new world opens up before him. He no longer sees each day as make-money-score-think-about-making-more-money. He starts to feel again. A happy ending.

Buy this book. If you are familiar with the lifestyle then you will enjoy the familiarity and humour. If you are not, then you will see some insight into the lifestyle, and the humour is still as funny. A great read. But remember it is fiction.

Michael Blackwell

Live Long And Prosper.

Long Live Sandawara
 Mudrooroo
 Hyland House

Sandawara stands a little apart from the others. Deep chested and long legged he reclaims his earth. It is his own and beyond and before. He raises his arm horizontally and sweeps it across the waiting men... "get the guns and all the bullets there are...and watch those who aren't with us"

In a brilliant contrast between the twenty first century and the era of colonisation Mudrooroo introduces us to the great warrior spirit of the Aboriginal people. Alan, a rebellious youth living in the modern city of Perth, Western Australia, is fed up. The pad is a mess, everyone is smoking pot, screwing, drinking booze and giving the black fellas a bad name, and no-one seems interested in joining the revolution. "There just isn't anywhere for the young fellas to go in this dump, Alan protests. If we are going to have a revolution then it's got to start right here!" Whilst Alan tries to persuade the local elders for a site to start his secret revolt, Sandawara poses on the wall of the pad. Crystallised in time this mythological warrior for some merely represents the rebellion of the past where black men fought against the white skinned aliens invading their coun-

try. Others like Alan know better though and know that it is Sandawara who speaks to him in the night, telling him the war is far from over. For Alan there is no past or present, only an ever continuous oppression which must be over come. Today Alan and Sandawara stand side by side as freedom fighters, and though they lived centuries apart it is in true Aboriginal Dreaming style that they unite as one life, one warrior, one legend. Today is their day to make a difference.

Mudrooroo does an exceptional job with this exciting piece of Aboriginal literature. Following the laws of the indigenous with a faithfulness only known to a few, Mudrooroo allows us to become subtly educated. In a clever and almost critical way Mudrooroo also shows us the contradictions, weaknesses and disunity that exists amongst Aboriginal people, hindering their final victory. I have very few criticisms of this piece of work. It was enjoyable to read and sent me on an emotional roller coaster ride of pride, shame, envy and utter disgust. You gotta like that in a book! *Long Live Sandawara* is for those who are curious about Aboriginal culture, appreciate subtle symbolism and can handle a bit of a dig at their white skinned ego.

Rosalie Holden

OOH! SHARP!

Long Live Sandawara



"The contemporary writer I would recommend to anyone wishing to explore this country and its historical imperatives through literature"
 Martin Flanagan, *The Age*

MUDROOROO

The Point
 Charles D'Ambrosio
 Flamingo
 \$16.95

A new enlistment in the ranks of quietly poetic American writers (many comparisons to Raymond Carver are made in the publicity spiel, and they're not far wrong), Charles D'Ambrosio is a mas-

ter of the short story; *The Point* is the first collection of his best work - and like any good short story, this volume is brief, powerful and perceptive.

The eponymous first story in this collection details a teenaged lad's wise insights into the world of his elders - he has the unofficial duty of escorting drunken forty- and fifty somethings home after parties at his mother's house. As in several of these stories, the suicide of a close relative hangs heavily over the main character's own life, intensifying the background feeling of heartache which is rarely crystallised into overblown tragedy. Despite the fear and loneliness that infects many of his characters, D'Ambrosio shows commendable restraint and avoids any hint of getting trapped upon the slippery, tear-streaked slope towards angst.

There are only seven stories here; the best (and it's hard to judge - all are excellent) are probably 'American Bullfrog' and 'Open House'. The former is an account (possibly autobiographical, although that may be a dangerous assumption) of growing up in seventies Seattle, including first encounters with mateship, sex, alcohol and frog dissection. The latter is a touching and nervously amusing story about a man and his wild-eyed schizophrenic father.

An excellent book, based heavily upon the past but never cloyingly nostalgic or wistful. Quietly and cleverly compelling.

James Morrison

Tickets To Ride.

Metro Ticket.
London Underground Day Pass.
TransAdelaide Off-Peak Concession
Multitrip.

Travelling without moving? The quest of the weary traveller exhausted by the commuter shuffle. Up escalators, walking along platforms, standing in unstable pre-packed coffins merely waiting for the soil falling over our heads. Whether in Adelaide where one meets the Transit-Link, the O-Bahn or the rickety train at the ungodly hours of 6:00 until midnight, hoping for the day when a sniper appears at the watchtower as you pass the old jail. Waiting for the sound of machine gun fire to enliven the dreary passage past halted traffic hating you as they pause to the jingle-jangle of red flashing lights. Whether you're catching the Metro in Paris, descending down flight after flight of stairs into the very bowels of the earth. Like a twenty-first century Dante moving toward the infernal fires of hell. The prongs of the tracks and the stamp of the horned beast on the green slip of paper clutched fearfully in hand. Or whether you're being forced onto the tube connection that you didn't want to catch and end up in some desolate tube station in South London instead of Picadilly where you're meeting friends. Travel is that mandatory voyage of the every day made possible by malignant forces completely beyond our control.

What meaning, if any, can be derived from the trappings of such movement. At first glance these tickets are rectangular. What do these shapes designate?

Our journey is not rectangular, nor is it spatially linear. Should our tickets not be concave or parabolic? Certainly a circle line ticket seems preposterous if not in spherical form. The red and white design on the London and Adelaide tickets seems to be a nationalist throwback to the flag of St George, or is it some device for increasing the speed of transport? What then is the point of the green Metro ticket? Environmentalism ironically juxtaposed with the artefact of industrialisation? If so it's not a bad joke. The markings on the cards are cyphers of the possibility of meaning, given final glorious meaning as they are engraved by the ticket machine or engulfed and spat out by the exit or entrance gate. Yet these devices have the possibility to remain disused items refusing their anticipated purpose or intent.

These seem to me to be ironic cultural artefacts perhaps ultimately summed up by the curious philosophy on the reverse of the TransAdelaide ticket - "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." Funny, I've never been involved in a moment of tranquility on a train or a bus. Personal and private introspection is encouraged, but never in an atmosphere of silence and peace. Quietness and confidence are strangers to navigation and mass-transport. What the hell is our state transport authority trying to tell us? If anything. "Keep your eyes on the road, and your hands upon the wheel" - would perhaps be a better motif.

Anthony Paxton

NO MORE BUWWETS?

Cosmic Bullets
Bruce Dawson & Roger Clay
Allen & Unwin
\$16.95

Yeah, um... space things. Can't live without 'em. (Although there'd be some cool debates on existentialism if we could) Anyway, space things. You know... those things that whizz around all over the place in that big black thing in the sky. The uninitiated among you might even call them (pshaw) stars!

But, there is more to it than just stars - twinkling happily away - there is also other stuff that we can't see. And that's what this book is about. (Ah yes, the review - On Dit Eds)

Usually, when you think of whizzy space things, you think of some big shot historical astrophysicists (or Paul Davies) don't you? But never Adelaide University people huh? (like Paul Davies? - Eds.) Well think again, because Bruce Dawson and Roger Clay, Adelaide University moguls and part-time lecturers wrote this book. These are the men at the forefront of the world's research on the phenomenon of Cosmic Rays.

Fortunately, they realized that there are mere mortals amongst us who don't know the difference between a muon and a pion. The first half of the book introduces some background stuff like the life cycle of a star, some cutting edge theories, measurement techniques, (shock horror) some maths and a stellar line-up of all the different objects that you aren't

likely to see. But this is all rather easy to follow if you have even half a brain and in fact, makes for some quite interesting reading.

The second half of the book deals with the eponymous Cosmic Bullets. This is where a degree in Physics would come in handy. Many many mathematical formulae abound and for the uninitiated (i.e. Arts students... har har!), this is really scary stuff.

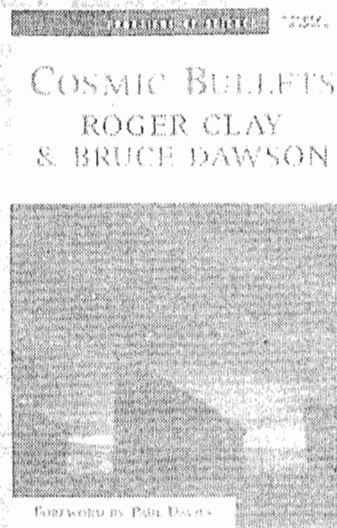
So is this book any good? Hmm... It's about stuff that we can't see, hear or

touch and it was written by two chaps in jobs which about 50 years ago, would be associated with the words "scientist" and "mad" (not necessarily in that order). Yep it's good. It doesn't have a lot going for it, but let me tell you this: read it. I'll bet that your IQ will be at least five points higher than it used to be.

The bottom line: If you want to be

able to sound smart in front of all your post-graduate friends, get this book. If you like the concept of planetary bodies spinning around orgasmically, this is for you. If you just want to get away from the Mills and Boon world and into some reality, read it and weep. After all, what could be sadder than a Pulsar shooting poor innocent Red Dwarf with a Cosmic Bullet just because he was attracted to a Black Hole? ("Good taste in jokes" has left the building...)

Caesar Wong



PARTY TO END ALL PARTIES.

Larry's Party
Carol Shields
Fourth Estate

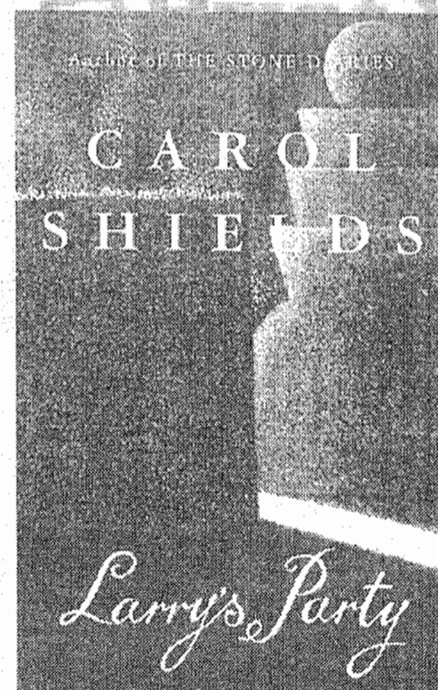
Larry Weller is a pretty boring guy. He's also the main character of *Larry's Party*, Carol Shields' latest novel. The story begins in 1977 when Larry is a student studying floral design (oh yeah!) at a college in Canada, and concludes in the present year. The novel details aspects of Larry's life, including his relationship with his parents and friends, his two marriages and subsequent divorces, and his job.

Carol Shields knows how to write well: she won the Pulitzer Prize for her novel *The Stone Diaries*, which was also short-listed for the Booker Prize. I was expecting great things from this novel then, but ultimately I was disappointed. Shields writes with insight and a sense of humour, but her novel fails to hit the mark.

Perhaps the problem is that Larry's life is just a little too ordinary to be gripping. Larry is a likeable bloke although I found it hard to engage with him, or indeed any of the characters, who were rather one-dimensional.

In spite of my indifference towards the novel's characters, I did find some scenes in the novel interesting and amusing. One such is when Larry's mother accidentally kills off her mother-in-law with some improperly preserved green beans. The final chapter which is Larry's dinner party and the consolidation of his marital relationships, is also entertaining, if a little contrived. I enjoyed Shields references to mazes in the novel. Mazes prove to be a life-long fascination for Larry who eventually becomes the most sought-after maze designer in the United States. They also prove to be an excellent metaphor for his life.

Okay, so this novel is touching at



times, although I didn't feel especially moved or inspired, and I could put it down. I'd recommend it if you're looking for a gentle, mildly amusing read, but it certainly won't knock your socks off.

Annabel Davies



ON DIT '98

IS CALLING PEOPLE FROM ALL CORNERS
OF THE

UNIVERSE (TY)

FROM ALL THE FARFLUNG FACULTIES OF
THE KNOWN GALAXY, APPLICATIONS FROM
BEINGS WILLING AND ABLE
TO COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING MISSIONS
IN 1997

ADVERTISING MANAGER (PAID
POSITION)

NEWS - SCIENCE/TECHNOLOGY

- STUDENT NEWS

- CURRENT AFFAIRS

CAMPUS REPRESENTATIVES

- ROSEWORTHY

- WAITE

- THEBARTON

CREATIVE ARTS

LITERATURE

MUSIC

THEATRE

FILM

VIDEO

SPORT

VOH POP

VISUAL ARTS

WAYWARD

APPLICATION FORMS AVAILABLE AT THE
SAUA OFFICE

APPLICATIONS CLOSE FRIDAY DECEMBER 5
1997

Strong Words.

Crowded House: Something So Strong

Chris Bourke

Macmillan

\$24.95

Who among us did not weep uncontrollably at the news of the disbanding of Crowded House? Only those of you with hearts of stone and no sense of what's good for you. Myself, I was thrown into paroxysms of grief and misery that I'm only now beginning to recover from (aided by the hope that, just maybe, Neil will go on to bigger and better things, and soon).

It soothes the agony somewhat to have read a book as marvellous as this one. For one thing, just check out that cover! It's great! The quintessential Crowded House: Neil looking down on the others, Nick peering over Neil's shoulder, and Paul offering an oblivious goofy grin. And cool suits to boot. I seriously love this cover. But, fortunately, there is more: unlike many books of the band biography genre, this one boasts a lot of actual content, very thoroughly researched and thoughtfully written.

The story runs (almost) chronologically, beginning with the last few years of Split Enz. We follow the demise of that band, the aimlessness of the interstitial years, the rough beginnings of a new band, the long (long) struggle to make it work, the inevitable surprise of success, and then the subsequent years of infighting, rivalry, politics, friendship, and the making of some very nice music, thank you very much.

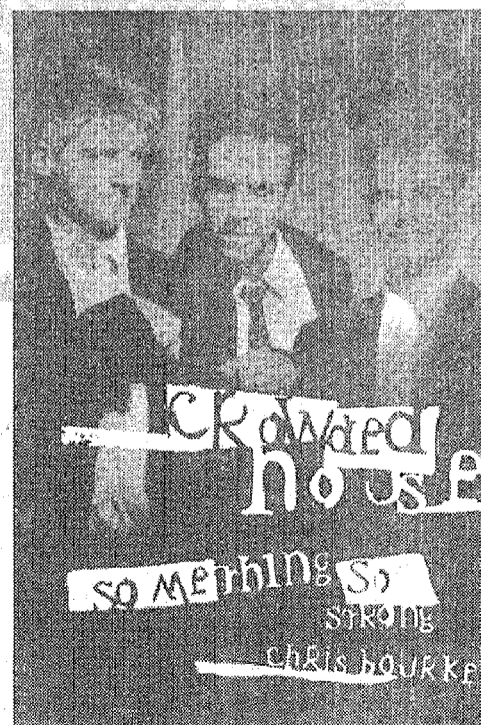
Then, of course, there is the end, which made me weep all over again (but this time it was a healing, cleansing cry). The drama of the phone call that made the inevitable true, and the spectacle of the final concert in Sydney Harbour, and every other crucial Crowdie moment is captured with warmth and character and an underlying sense of authenticity.

This latter is probably due to Bourke's long-standing involvement with the band, and apparently genuine fondness for his subject matter. Nothing has been skipped over, and nothing has been unnecessarily pad-

ded out, leaving a complete, dense and totally engaging read. Some may not appreciate the length at which record company politics are dealt with; I found it interesting and relevant to the discussion. The other major problem an Australian (or New Zealander) reader may have is the focus on the American market, but again this is justifiable given the band's aims, and it makes a more interesting story than what happened here, where the band was almost instantly successful and always loved. This is covered, and very well, but the emphasis is certainly in America, where the band was constantly dealing with changes of personnel and alliances at their record company, and battling an unappreciative American market. Bourke managed to talk with many of the key business-types, which seems to me a remarkable achievement, and lends even more character to the story.

Speaking of character; the humour involved throughout the story must be mentioned. My favourite story involves Nick and a couple of pigs, but there are many amusing moments to be enjoyed. There's a good one with Neil and a car crash. The chapters are all headed with quotes from the band members or taken directly from songs, which, well, God, it's just fantastic. If you're not an idiot, and you're a Crowded House fan, and you have no internal conflict with reading about musical celebrities, then you've got to read this book. Really.

Chris Slape



Flying: I have never flown overseas before so it was a bit of a novelty. I was particularly fond of the map that was flipped up on the screen periodically indicating where we were and how far we had to go. These included things like distance travelled, relative ground speed, time remaining, altitude and external air temperature. Of course, I managed to get to LA with about three hours sleep. The flight we were on was combined with an American Airlines flight and had about a hundred American students returning from a summer holiday in Australia. (The number of them who took Tim Tams back was phenomenal and probably got Arnott's back on its feet again.) As we were landing in LA, they did a rendition of the "Star Spangled Banner" followed by a large amount of cheering and then the worst attempt at "Aussie, Aussie, Aussie" I have ever heard.

Currency: LAX is huge. Well, I guess I have never been to an overseas airport before, so I don't really know if this is representative but it was pretty big. It was also at this point that I had to try and find some local currency via an ATM. I would just like to say that American currency sucks. The notes are all exactly the same size and colour and people seem to have this fetish with using one dollar notes. This is probably because there are no two dollar notes (I am reliably informed that they are legal tender but are very rare), but it is still quite annoying, particularly when you buy something worth less than a dollar with any note and you get four dollar notes back. It was also at this point that I first realised that it does not take very long to get sick of the American accent. The funniest thing though was trying not to think of 'Flying High' every time you heard someone come over the intercom.

Y'all: I can remember very little about the flight from LA to Atlanta. It was on Delta Airlines, I remember that much as well as the fact that the decor in the plane was absolutely shocking. It was done in orange and yellow with swirls. Mmm, tasteful. I fell asleep and the next thing I remember is how big the airport in Atlanta is - more than 180 gates. This was where we got our first genuine y'all from a native American. It was from the guy who was collecting money for the shuttle service to the hotel.

Bagels mmm... Cherry Coke yeuch! and country music: The next morning saw us have our first truly American breakfast - bagels! This is one part of American society that I would be quite happy if it got to Australia. (This was also where we got our second y'all in general conversation and the last one that I noted. "Where y'all from?")

I had my first cherry coke and absolutely hated it. I am not quite sure why - I don't mind Dr Pepper and it is kind of like that, but ... yeah it wasn't great. The other thing was the American's (or at least some of them anyway) fascination with country music. We were sitting in our tubes in the wave pool when someone requested some country - and half the crowd went absolutely ballistic. No wonder Garth Brooks is so big here ...

One Man's Wide-Eyed Trawl Through America

Newspaper dispensers:

One thing that was kind of cute was I noticed the newspaper dispensers on all the street corners. They were everywhere, but the funniest one was the USA Today dispenser. It looked pretty much like a television set with a glass front, information and coin slot down the side and the big colour picture on the front of the paper showing through. The scary thing is that the marketing executives actually designed them that way because their surveys showed that something that looked like a TV screen caused people to look at it. Gotta love modern society.

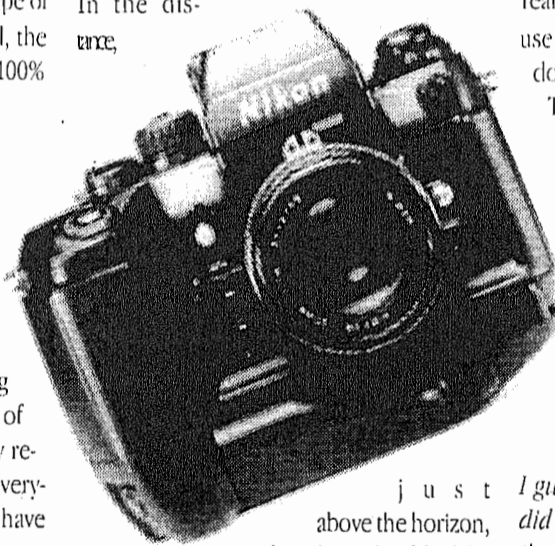
Symbols and mascots: This is the first time that I noticed that the American's need for symbols and mascots. Every university has their own mascot and there is some phenomenal number of Unis in America so as a result they get pretty obscure. Well, I had thought that the banana slugs (UCSC) that Britt told me about would have to take the cake - err, no. Just the ones I have encountered have been hilarious. The University of Nebraska Cornhuskers. Georgia State Yellow Jackets - I am assured that they are a type of bee or something. And strangest of all, the Ohio State Buckeyes. While I am not 100% sure yet, I think that a buckeye is in fact a poisonous nut and that it is also the state symbol. Gotta love the USA. (Later information showed that this was in fact the case and that people from the state are commonly referred to as Buckeyes. Voluntarily.)

On the same trip we found something else that was pretty funny in terms of names of things. Georgia is commonly referred to as 'The Peach State'. In fact, everything is peaches. The number plates have peaches on them. The décor in the mall next to the hotel was peach (and not that good a look either). The major streets in Atlanta are all called Peachtree and there is a town by that name just out of Atlanta. And at the dinner at International HQ we had Peach cobbler for desert. While we were on the tour, someone asked where in Georgia were peaches grown. The answer came back that they didn't grow many peaches in Georgia at all. Then why the name? Well, it turned out to be a translation error. The name for the pine trees so prevalent around Atlanta in the local Indian dialect was 'pitchtree'...

Driving: I noticed a lot of things about driving in America. First of all, despite me thinking that I would not notice the change of sides with driving, it struck me in another way. Instinctively I was looking to the wrong side of a car for the driver. For a while it freaked me out to see all these driverless

cars. Along similar lines, I took to sitting in the back seat when I had the opportunity to, because I often went to the driver's door by mistake. Finally, and probably most comical, was trying to cross a road - I always looked to the wrong side. This resulted in the girls pulling me from the path of oncoming traffic more than once. American cars also have no indicators. That is, cars manufactured in the US for the US market don't have any indicators. Instead, the brake light on that side blinks on the back and, to the best of my knowledge, there is nothing on the front. And a big feature in all American cars is the drink holder. Seems that they spend so much time in their cars (heck, almost every bank has a drive through ATM!) that this is a vital accessory. In the review of the car Joe has, a major criticism was that due to the positioning of the drink holder, it could not fit drinks over a given height. I am not kidding.

Power Plants: Coming back I noticed something else pretty strange, at least to Australians. In the dis-



just above the horizon, on the other side of the lake you could clearly make out the stack of a nuclear power plant. It was just a little bizarre.

Eating: First of all, I tend to think of myself as a big eater and in Australia I will tend to always go for the bigger of two available sizes. Not so in the US - in fact, I normally wouldn't. That is, all serves are huge. Not just big, huge. It was rather strange and I made the mistake of taking the larger of the sizes a couple of times and basically making myself ill. Another thing that struck me here was tipping. Now I had almost got used to it while at the hotel (though I am sure that I gave away too much money sometimes and not enough others) but it adds a whole new perspective when you are eating. That is, one person looks after you completely for the meal and that sort of personalised service gets a bit strange after a while. I may be set

in my ways, but I am the kind of guy who doesn't necessarily like having a deep and meaningful conversation with the waiter/waitress who is serving me. I guess that is their way of trying to get tips. (A sideline - Wendy's is not an ice-cream vendor in the US, it is a hamburger place. Don't make the same mistake I did.)

Shopping: Joe and Leanne also took me shopping while in Columbus, both for me and for groceries. This is where the whole tax thing reared its ugly head. Americans add the value of tax onto the sale price. This is really disconcerting as you can go to the counter with what you think is exact change only to be 5-6% short. Very strange situation. It is the whole one dollar note phenomenon over again. The other strange thing that I noticed was that Joe has a VISA card under his father's name and pays for everything with it. I mean everything from meals at restaurants to \$6.15 worth of groceries. While I was shopping, it was really difficult to get used to the whole imperial measurement system. It was really difficult to try to convert prices because as well as everything being in American dollars, all goods were priced by unusual measurements. Fuel was about \$1.20 per gallon. Now after a bit of fooling around, that comes to about 40 cents per litre. All foodstuffs were sold in pounds, which means things look incredibly cheap. This added to the difficulty I faced every morning when getting up and getting the temperature in degrees Fahrenheit! (I never really got used to converting that - I had to use the proper formula every time.) And don't even get me started on distances!

The strangest thing though was buying soft drink. All the sizes of cans/bottles are apparently the same as in Australia. But because of the imperial measurement system, you get what sound like strange sizes. For example, a large bottle of coke is sixteen fl. oz., and underneath, in little writing, it informs you that this equates to 591 ml. This just threw me.

I guess that pretty much sums up things I did in Columbus. It was a lot slower pace than when I was in Atlanta and it was very cool to catch up with family. But it all ended and I had to head off to the airport. My first flight was to Cincinnati (sp?) which was about two hours drive south of Columbus. The rest of my trip was unexciting. I survived Cincinnati airport and then my eight hour layover in LA (which has to be the most boring airport when you are stranded in it for that long). This was mainly because I was able to find a power point and sit down and play on my computer and write postcards for the afternoon. I must say that I was so pleased to step onto the Qantas plane and hear someone say in a notable Australian accent: "Welcome aboard". The trip was uneventful (I got an aisle seat that went a long way to making it easier) and it was good to be back home. And then I slept for 18 hours.

The Firefly

A friend of mine, let's call her Victoria, is in the shower one morning, scrubbing her body, liberating it from the previous day's grime and gunge. In the course of this activity she gives her nether regions the old once over.

"Gor...", she yelps while coming to the sudden realisation that there is a lump down there where one would not normally consider to be an appropriate position for such a thing as a lump of this kind. Yes, that's right, a lump. You can sympathise, can't you? It's everyone's worst nightmare!

You'd think that the years of public education and acceptance of the absolute necessities of squeaky clean sexual practices would have put an end to this sort of frightful scene and removed it from the realms of possible human experience, wouldn't you?

But no not so for poor old Vic on this chilly winter morning. In her current frenzied state of mind forgetting that she is in the shower where such contortionist acts usually present a danger to human life, Victoria risks permanent and irreversible head injury by attempting to rest one foot on the shampoo caddy thingo while attempting to shove her head between her legs to inspect the offending lump. Not possible, so she flops out of the shower, grabs at a towel and gives it a quick lick over her body. Off she runs in search of underwear.

Finding some clean, but crumpled up stuff in the bottom of her laundry basket, she climbs into it, making one more futile attempt to examine the intruder. Violent and vulgar images tumble through her mind. Frghhh... what if it is pus filled? What if it invites friends?

What if (heaven forbid) this lump is herpes' less painful but equally insidious cousin'?

On go the underpants. Victoria refrains from the usual perfunctory douse of talcum powder- she doesn't want to irritate old lumpy down there. On go the clothes, her look is nicely garnished by the trusty Dunlop tennis shoes, circa 1955. Grabbing at a handful of fruit, Victoria charges out the door on the way to the bus stop. Her feet pound the pavement. With each step, a frightening image enters her mind about the true meaning of the lump.

Fearing as close to her friend as she possibly can, Victoria whispers nonchalantly, "I've found a lump." "A lump? Where?", Clara shouts as Professor Elspeth Timbuddie enthuses bravely on about the devastating effects suffered by relevant ancient communities, graciously ignoring Clara's outburst even though it is a competitive and potentially more riveting subject than her own.

No such good grace is displayed by Victoria's fellow students as they each conjure up a variety of monstrous lumps to overwhelm her every orifice. "Quick, girl, get your-

Entering the room, Vic takes a seat and so begins her tale of woe to the goodly Doc. He stifles a guffaw as she reveals her less-painful-but-equally-insidious-cousin-of-herpes theory. But such is his calm and friendly manner that our heroine feels more hopeful by the minute. A spot of convenient luck really as it is time for the doctor to have a fossick for the offending lump. Up on to the examination table designed for one of snow White's seven dwarfs she gets and the doctor goes to work.

"Mmmm... ah yes. Mmmmm... I see. There?" Victoria coughs in the affirmative. "Yes, well, you can get down now", grins the doctor. Victoria re-robots and crawls back onto the chair in front of the desk. Gosh, he's cheery, she thinks to herself. As an afterthought she concludes that it's a good thing too, considering his tricky line of work.

Leaning back against the shabby patient's chair, Victoria steels herself for the worst as the Doc scrawls a few notes into her file. He looks up from his scribble and smiles like the proverbial Cheshire cat. Victoria's heart begins to pound wildly as he opens his mouth with the verdict. "It's a pimple. Caused by a trapped hair follicle. Should be gone in a few days."

A pimple? A measly ineffectual, inconsequential little pimple? Victoria considers the implications of the diagnosis as she thanks the doctor and wanders out, somewhat befuddled. All that excitement, all that commotion over a weaselly little pimple. Ah, if only Professor Timbuddie's lectures could incite such animation and frenzy as such a small hair follicle, she thinks wistfully as she trudges back to uni.

A FALSE ALARM

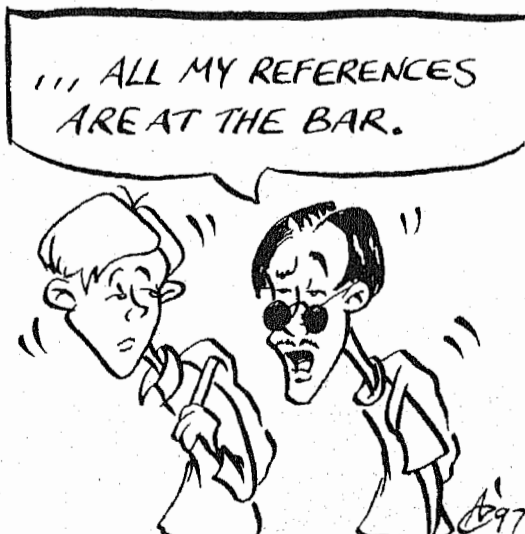
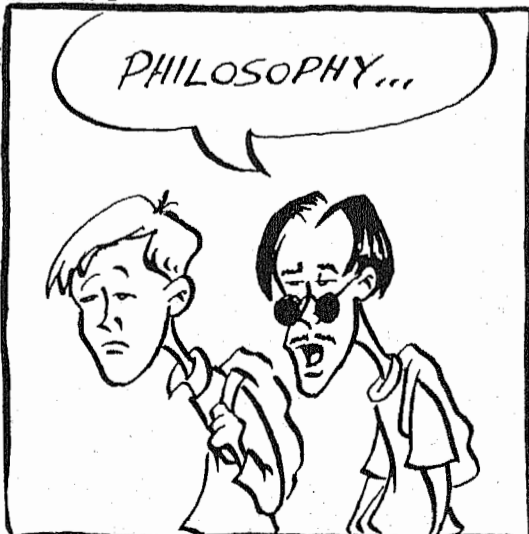
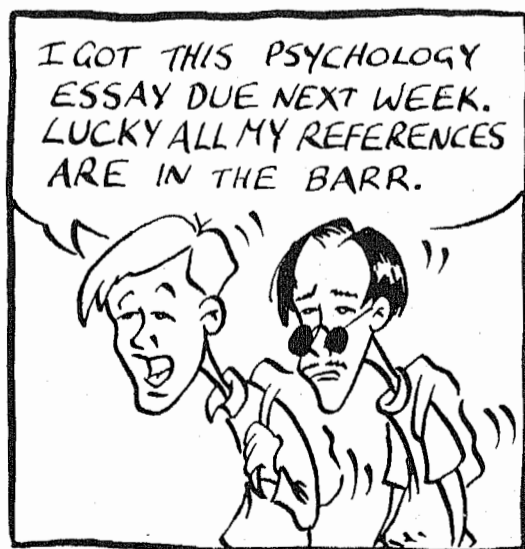
TONY MATVLICK

each one more frightening than before. Should she abandon the 9am stimulus of 'The Decline of Collectivism in Jacobean England' or march boldly to the STD clinic?

Fortifying herself with a banana and an apple, our heroine opts for intellectual stimulus and makes her way into the lecture theatre. Slumping down next to her friend Clara, Victoria pulls out pen and paper. As riveting as the lecture is, no pen ink appears on her paper, the spectre of the lump is far too powerful. Needless to say, Victoria's brilliant mind is far from the declining collectivity of the seventeenth century English community. "Christ", Clara hisses in Victoria's ear. "What is wrong with you? You are ferreting about in that seat like a wounded eel."

self to ye olde pox shop", offers the very helpful Clara. Needing no further encouragement, Victoria is away on her trusty steed-like legs. Luckily 'ye olde pox shop', as Clara had so nicely put it, is just a short weave and dodge through the traffic on North Terrace.

Waiting to see the doctor presents a nightmare of immense proportion. Victoria can feel the lump growing in size as the seconds tick by. Finally, a fine looking, bespectacled young man appears to invite her into a dingy, minuscule box that is supposed to act as an examination room. No room to swing a cat so how can she be expected to lay horizontally in order to wave her legs about and thus display the lump?



Idio+

ROSEWORTHY FOOTY CLUB

THE ROSEWORTHY COLLEGE FOOTBALL CLUB HAS PROVIDED STUDENTS WITH AN EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITY FOR OVER 110 YEARS. MEN WHO STUDY AGRICULTURE WOULD PLAY FOR THE "PANTHERS" IN THE BAROSSA AND LOCAL LEAGUES.

THE "PINK & BLACK" COLOURS OF THE PANTHERS WERE DERIVED FROM THE PURCHASE OF A NEW BLACK STALLION. THESE COLOURS WERE, & HAVE REMAINED UNIQUE THROUGHOUT FOOTBALL IN THE WHOLE OF AUSTRALIA.

THE PANTHERS HAVE WON PREMIERSHIPS IN THE PAST, AS STUDENTS WERE ALLOWED TO PLAY FOR THE COLLEGE ONLY, GUARANTEEING A STRONG SIDE MOST YEARS. A LATER RULING ALLOWED STUDENTS TO PLAY ELSEWHERE, IT WAS NO LONGER COMPULSORY TO DON THE PINK & BLACK GUERNSEY - SINCE THEN NOT ONE GRAND FINAL CUP HAS FOUND IT'S WAY INTO THE TROPHY CABINET.

THROUGH LACK OF SUPPORT, THE PANTHERS ARE STRUGGLING, & A REVIEW HAS BEEN CALLED FOR THE COMBINED FOOTBALL & NETBALL CLUBS. WITHOUT FOOTY & NETBALL ROSEWORTHY WILL ONLY BE ABLE TO OFFER RUGBY UNION AS AN EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITY. LOSS OF THE FOOTBALL & NETBALL CLUB COULD BE DETRIMENTAL TO THE CAMPUS, WHICH RISKS

LOSING RESIDENTIAL STUDENTS AND THE SUPPORT OF THE STUDENT UNION (RACSUC).

A MEETING IS TO BE HELD MONDAY 20TH OCT., 8PM IN THE RACSUC STAFF LOUNGE, TO DECIDE THE CLUBS FUTURE. SUPPORT FROM BOTH STAFF AND STUDENTS IS SOUGHT. EVERYONE IS WELCOME TO ATTEND THIS MEETING & WE SEEK ANY COMMENTS PEOPLE MAY HAVE CONCERNING THE DILEMMA.

FURTHER INFORMATION: CALL ALISON OR LYNN AT THE ROSEWORTHY CAMPUS STUDENT UNION ON EXT 37809.

AUSTRALIAN UNIVERSITIES GAMES MELBOURNE 1997

TEAM OF 150 FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE ATTENDED THE AUSTRALIAN UNIVERSITY GAMES HELD IN MELBOURNE 28TH SEPTEMBER TO 3RD OCTOBER. MAIN VENUE WAS ALBERT PARK AND THE NEW MELBOURNE AQUATICS CENTRE, OLYMPIC PARK, UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE AND THE MELBOURNE TENNIS CENTRE AND OVER 6,000 UNIVERSITY STUDENTS ATTENDED THE GAMES

SPORTS WE WERE REPRESENTED IN WERE HOCKEY MEN'S, HOCKEY WOMEN'S, VOLLEYBALL MEN'S, VOLLEYBALL WOMEN'S, SOCCER MEN'S, SOCCER WOMEN'S, SQUASH MEN'S, SQUASH WOMEN'S, TENNIS MEN'S, MIXED TOUCH, NETBALL, JUDO, KENDO, SAILING, ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

PLACING'S WERE:-

ATHLETICS POLE VAULT
D. CARDONE GOLD MEDAL WITH A JUMP OF 4.65M

ATHLETICS DECATHLON
D. CARDONE SILVER

JUDO
MEN'S TEAM BRONZE
MEN'S INDIVIDUAL L. HALL SILVER,

J SAUNDERS BRONZE
C WHEELER BRONZE

KENDO
KYU GRADE TEAM SILVER

HOCKEY MEN'S
6TH
HOCKEY WOMEN'S
6TH

MEN'S HOCKEY WERE PUT OUT OF THE QUARTER FINAL BY AN INVITATION SIDE FROM MALAYSIA WHO BOASTED FIVE NATIONALS IN THEIR SIDE. THE GALA BALL HELD THE NIGHT BEFORE MAY ALSO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THE DEMISE OF OUR TEAM BUT IN THE WORD OF ONE OF THE TEAM LEADERS "THEY ONLY SCORED ONE GOAL AGAINST US IN THE SECOND HALF" TRULY ADELAIDE UNI'S FIRST INTERNATIONAL MATCH. AN INTERESTING SCORE WAS A GOLD MEDAL FOUND IN THE POCKET OF THE TRACK SUIT SWAPPED BY AN ADELAIDE HOCKEY PLAYER WITH ONE OF THE MALAYSIA TEAM. THE BIGGEST SHOCK WAS THAT THE PERSON CONCERNED IS DOING EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO RETURN THE MEDAL. IT RESTORES ONE'S FAITH!

EXTREMELY EXCITING WEEK OF SPORT AND FUN. OUR TEAMS PLAYED BETTER THAN THEY DID LAST YEAR BUT THE STANDARD OF PLAY IS IMPROVING EACH YEAR AND WE ARE COMPETING AGAINST UNIVERSITIES THAT HAVE A LONG TRADITION OF COMPETITION AS WELL AS A FINANCIAL COMMITMENT FROM BOTH THEIR UNIVERSITY AND UNIONS. GENERALLY BEHAVIOUR WAS GOOD, HOTELS ARE HAPPY TO HAVE US BACK - ALWAYS A GOOD INDICATION OF ACCEPTABLE LEVELS OF BEHAVIOUR. AND I GUESS WHAT I DON'T KNOW, WON'T HURT ME!!

S
P
O
R
T
S

GLORIA -SPORTS ASSOC.



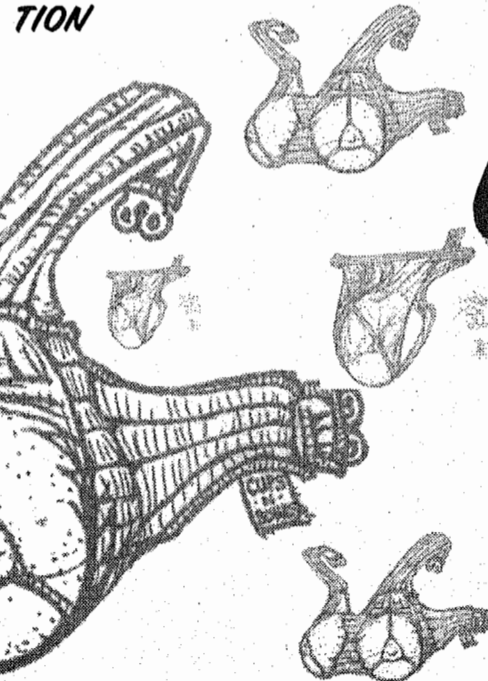
INFECTED AND/OR BEING CARRIERS. IT WAS CONSIDERED PRUDENT TO GIVE ALL STUDENTS ANTI-BIOTICS TO DESTROY ANY RESERVOIR OF BACTERIA WHICH MAY HAVE EXISTED. GIVEN THAT THE INCUBATION PERIOD FOR THE BACTERIA HAD PASSED THE CHANCES OF UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE STUDENTS CONTRACTING THE DISEASE WAS NO GREATER THAN THE WIDER COMMUNITY.

MOST STUDENTS HAVE PROBABLY HEARD OF THE DEATH OF AMANDA YOUNG AFTER ATTENDING THE UNIVERSITIES ROWING CHAMPIONSHIPS IN SYDNEY 2 WEEKS AGO. FEELING ILL AFTER ARRIVING BACK HOME IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA AMANDA DIED LESS THAN A DAY AFTER BEING DIAGNOSED WITH MENINGITIS. TO MOST PEOPLE HER DEATH CAME AS A SUDDEN SHOCK. IT IS VERY RARE IN THIS MODERN AGE OF WONDER CURES AND MIRACLE TREATMENTS FOR A YOUNG PERSON TO DIE OF AN INFECTIOUS DISEASE.

NOT ONLY SHOULD ATHLETES BE AWARE OF THE MORE HIGH PROFILE DISEASES SUCH AS AIDS AND HEPATITIS B BUT ALSO OF DISEASES SUCH AS MENINGITIS. ALL ATHLETES SHOULD BE AWARE OF THE RISK FACTORS OF SHARING WATER BOTTLES. THE RISK OF CONTRACTING A DISEASE IS GREATLY INCREASED IF SALIVA OR OTHER BODY FLUIDS ARE PASSED AROUND. IN THE CASE OF CHAMPIONSHIPS WHERE THERE IS A PARTY AT THE END OF THE COMPETITION IT IS WORTH WHILE NOTING THE RISKS OF INTIMATE CONTACT.

THE RESPONSE AROUND THE COUNTRY TO THIS OUTBREAK WAS VARIED WITH SOME HEALTH AUTHORITIES TAKING A VERY CAUTIOUS APPROACH AND IMMUNISING AT RISK GROUPS AND OTHERS IGNORING IT TOTALLY. ALTHOUGH THE RISK TO UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE STUDENTS WAS LOW THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE HEALTH SERVICE IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE SPORTS ASSOCIATION ORGANISED A MEETING OF ALL PARTICIPATING STUDENTS. INFORMATION WAS GIVEN OUT ABOUT THE CHANCES OF PERSONS BECOMING

DAREN POTTS
A.U. SPORTS ASSOCIATION



S U P P O R T

FORGET
YOUR
EXAMS

THE LAST EDITION OF ON DIT IS COMING UP & IT'S GOING TO BE MIGHTY BIG, SO GET ALL YOUR STUFF IN BY OCTOBER 29TH.

WHY IS THIS PAGE STILL OPEN?

GO
WRITE
YA
STUFF
FOR
US.

Sexy Pass

Young virile easy-to-love ticket to Blur concert goin' out cheap. Get in touch with Chris at the On Dit Office if interested. If you're not, sod off.

Bloke With

Dream

Musicians wanted for modern contemporary original band. Open to all instrumentalists (ie vocalists, bass, woodwind, drums). Doubling would be beneficial. Music in the vein of Mr Bungle, contemporary acid jazz, experimental etc. Enquiries directed to Mark (after 7pm weekdays) Ph 8353 4289, or e-mail: mjordan@senet.com.au

BMX

Bikers

MTN Bike parts. XTR cassette \$60. XTR levers, Dincorpe 987's & XTR pads \$150. Scott carbon fibre suspension forks \$210. Downhill chain ring, alloy, make an offer. Ph 8365 3967

HYDRO barely used. 400 watt: Son-T-Agro & Solacolour systems. Hoods, 2 spare globes (new), pots, perlite, fan & nutrient. \$510. 8365 3967

Live With

A Lecturer

Academic/Prof/Grad to share Somerton Pk home. Non smoker, refs. required. \$140 pw neg + exp. + bond Private bathroom + garage. Call 8295 5203.

Axeman

Frets

Guitar lessons (folk, blues, rock, funk, metal, grunge, jazz), qualified teacher based in city area. Beginners welcome. First lesson free. Phone: David 8267 4714

Mind the

Ankle

Biters

Julie Richert - looking for boarder \$0 - 60, to help out with childminding - spare room, 3 children: 2, 8, 10 years old Ph 8250 4288

Dampness

Seminar
The Ocean as an Absolute Rain gauge
Dr Ivan Lebedev
School of Earth Sciences & Flinders Institute for Atmospheric and Marine Sciences

Wednesday, 15 October, 1997
4pm, Room 103, School of Earth Sciences
(Please join us for afternoon tea in the Bayview Cafe, School of Earth Sciences at 3.30pm, before the seminar)
For further information please contact:

Craig Simmons
Seminar Convenor
School of Earth Sciences
Flinders University of SA,
Phone: 8201 2348; Fax: 8201 2676
E-mail: craigsimmons@es.flinders.edu.au

Shoeless

Fairy

SEX
Yeehah! Now that I've momentarily engaged 95% of the student populations attentions for a brief but mind expanding moment - let me tell you a story... A lost & forlorn fairy wanders the campus shoeless... In the early dawning hours of Friday 10th October a wandering person (currently without description) spied a pair of fairy shoes & socks (black boots/socks - ultra sexy - of course!) & silently took them in & (I hope!) cared for them.

Please, please return them to their loving fairy owner! She misses them - caring for them deeply as she does.

If you have answers to this perplexing mystery please trot down to the On Dit office & pour your heart out into the Vox Pop pigeon hole - return a fairy's demeanour to its former glory - makes the whole world a better place of course.

Grab Your

Flute

I am an experienced flute teacher, who currently attends the Elder Conservatorium. My rates are reasonable and open to negotiation. I'll teach you the style you want to learn, and my patience is inexhaustable. Can teach beginners and those who want to relearn their skills, and those who would like to undertake official examinations. Contact Ian on: 8357 4390

Om...

Om...

Do You Want to Improve...
Your grades, your self image, your peace, your opportunities?
FREE MEDITATION CLASSES on Monday 13th and 20th, and Thursday 16th and 23rd of October. 7pm - Margaret Murray Rm, Union Building, Adelaide Uni. Gratefully presented by the Sri Chinmoy centre

Go West

I wish to sell a \$532 Return Plane Ticket from Adelaide to Perth, available until December 10th, which I am unable to use. \$450 O.N.O. Phone Andree on 8293 2575

qwerty

Time Running Out?
Assignments need Typing?
A professional, fast and economic Word Processing Service is offered to university students
Rate: \$2.50 per double spaced page (\$4.00 single spaced).
Additional Charge for tables, graphics, charts
Copies: 5 cents per page

Word Processing
Proof Reading
Laser Printing

Gayelle Smith
8 George St, Royal Park SA 5014
Telephone / Facsimile: 8243 2352

RiptUp & Adelaide Unibar Presents

ALTERNOTE

The End of Year Show

Saturday, November 8th
Adelaide Uni Cloisters

Tix on sale Monday, October 13th
thru' Adelaide Uni and all CIB ticketing outlets
\$15 pre-sold \$20 at the door if available

the line-up so far:

Underground Lovers
Sidewinder
Pollyanna
Rebecca's Empire
Brown Hornet
Moler
Kinetic Playground

SOUTHERN COMFORT

PRESENTS

LIVE IN HEAVEN

MONDAY OCTOBER 27

EXCLUSIVE
ADELAIDE
PERFORMANCE

ROACHFORD

"A Band ahead
of their time"

TICKETS FROM
VENUE*TIX & CC MUSIC

JACK DANIEL'S



TUESDAY OCTOBER 28

PRESENTED
BY PAV 2000
LOUDMOUTH



WITH
SINDOG JELLYROLL
AND TESTEAGLES

TICKETS FROM CC MUSIC & CIB
OUTLETS \$25 +BF

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 23

TICKETS \$25 +BF FROM
VENUE*TIX AND CC MUSIC

THE HOME GROWN BATTLE OF ROCK

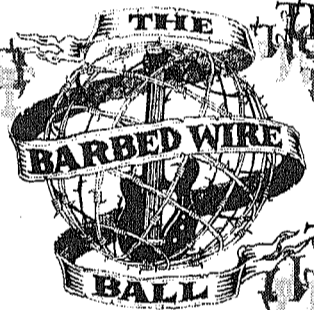
HEAVEN II Heats: Rocktober 24 & 31, November 7 & 14 FINAL: November 21

FREE ENTRY 6 BANDS EACH NIGHT

JACK DANIEL'S drink specials and the chance to win a
JD FENDER STRATOCASTER GUITAR WORTH \$1700



THE ANGELS



PLUS HORSE HEAD

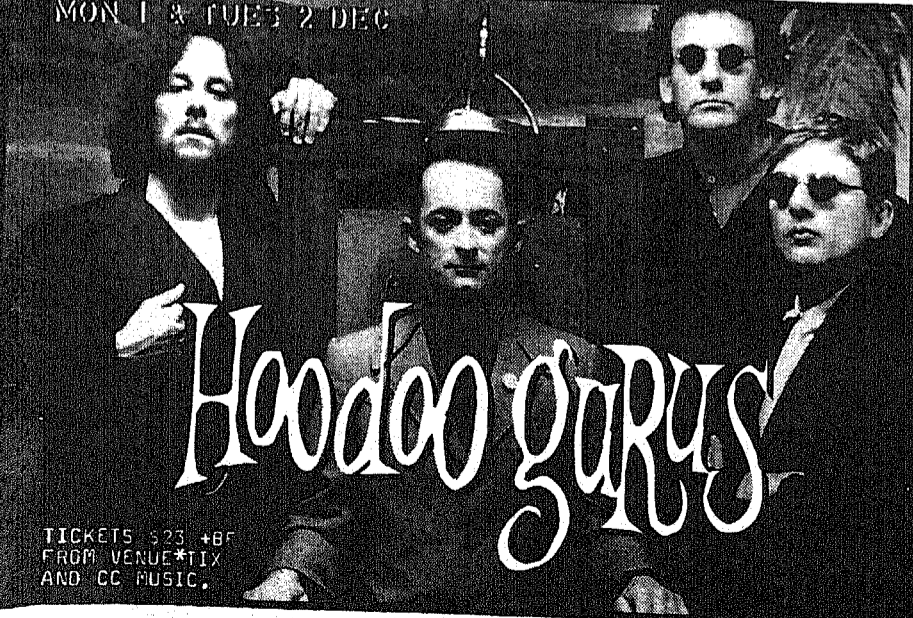


THE SCREAMING
JETS

Teenage Fan Club

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

MON 1 & TUE 2 DEC

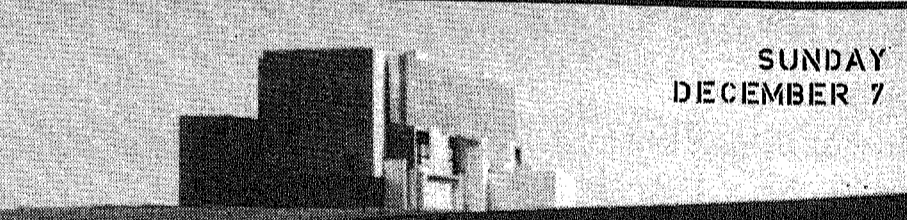


Hoodoo Gurus

TICKETS \$23 +BF
FROM VENUE*TIX
AND CC MUSIC.

SUNDAY
DECEMBER 7

TICKETS \$25 +BF FROM CIB NETWORK.



LIVE IN HEAVEN
FRIDAY 19TH DECEMBER

JIMMY BARNES

SOUL DEEP
CHRISTMAS TOUR

TICKETS \$25 +BF
FROM VENUE*TIX
AND CC MUSIC.