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# On dit

The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly



# **Don't let Dawkins do you in**

**Say NO to:**

**Time limit for undergraduate degrees  
Double HECS for second degrees  
Increasing speed of HECS repayments**

**We can prevent these changes going through the Senate. This is our last chance to show politicians that students can't afford any more debt, so join the**

# **RALLY**

**Wednesday 13 October  
12.45 pm Barr Smith Lawns  
OR  
1.15 pm Parliament House**

**Brought to you by Flinders University Student Association, Student Association University of Adelaide,  
University of South Australia and National Union of Students South Australia**

# Academics to Strike

You will likely be aware that the Academic Unions are holding a 24 hour strike on 14th October. The cause of the dispute is an attempt by the Vice-Chancellors to change the award covering academic staff.

If successful the changes would involve:

- i) a reduction in redundancy entitlements;
- ii) an elimination of due process in dealing with academics who are alleged to have performed unsatisfactorily or acted with gross misconduct;
- iii) potential removal of award protection for academics on contract or in management positions;

iv) powers to VCs to instantly dismiss or suspend academics without pay.

The current award was arrived at following long negotiations between the employers, unions and Government, in which all parties conceded ground on these and other issues. It is an agreement reached by consent, which can normally only be changed under extraordinary circumstances. No such circumstances have arguably arisen since the agreement was made in 1988. Much publicity has been given to the matter of proposed changes to the method by which academics are dismissed or made redundant. This is not the only matter that is the subject of dispute but has been concentrated upon

by the employers.

In effect, the Vice-Chancellors have sought to truncate the present procedures and in so doing have eliminated aspects of due process and peer review. The concern amongst academics is that the procedures proposed by the Vice-Chancellors will give the VCs far wider powers to dismiss academic staff, where no such extension of powers is warranted. Ultimately, this power could be misused to sack an academic with controversial or unpopular ideas.

I must emphasise that there are currently procedures in place to deal with academics that do not perform and that these were agreed to by the employers in 1988. While it is important to have

procedures in place to properly deal with members of staff whose behaviour is inappropriate or performance unsatisfactory, the nature of academic employment makes it essential that no such individual should be able to be dismissed arbitrarily by their superiors.

**Ken Fowlie**  
NUS National President

P.S. At Adelaide University, almost all staff will be on stoppage, including general staff who deal with academic matters. Please enquire of individual academics as to your situation.

## World Aids Day Organizers Launch Poster Competition

South Australians are being asked to express their concern over the impact of AIDS on our community in a competition to design posters for World AIDS Day, a day which is observed globally on Wednesday, 1st December.

"Last year's competition for primary school students generated some exciting images, so this year we're giving everybody the chance to take part," says Stilgherrian, the World AIDS Day Co-ordinator.

The World Health Organisation (WHO) has chosen 'Time to Act' as this year's theme for World AIDS Day - time to act

against denial, discrimination and complacency, time to reduce the vulnerability of women to HIV infection, time to provide the young people of this world with the knowledge and means to protect themselves and time to ensure that human care for people with HIV and AIDS is available everywhere. "In South Australia, it's time to fight the complacency and some beliefs which are just plain wrong," says Stilgherrian. "It's time to realise that AIDS affects rural communities as well as those in the cities. It's time for heterosexuals to realise that AIDS is not just confined to homosexuals. And

it's time to clarify the position of HIV-positive people under anti-discrimination legislation."

"This year's theme is a rallying call for urgent action," he says. "The WHO estimates that 5,000 men, women and children are newly infected with HIV every day and without that urgent action the total number of infected people could reach 40 million by the end of the century. With such a strongly-worded theme, we're expecting some powerful images."

The poster competition is being run in three categories: Primary School, Secondary School and Open. The winning

design will be used on posters and other promotional material and an exhibition of the best entries will be held to coincide with World AIDS Day.

Entry forms with full details are available from the AIDS Council of SA, 64 Fullarton Road, Norwood. Phone (08) 362 1611. Entries close 1st November.

For more information, contact Stilgherrian, World AIDS Day Co-ordinator. Phone (08) 362 1611. Fax (08) 363 1046. Direct Pager (08) 414 1753.

## Eye between the cheeks

Eye Among the Blind has caused the Adelaide University Clubs Association some embarrassment by implying that they are an official University publication to prospective advertisers.

The 'paper' is run by, among others, Trudi Molenaar and Ken Simpson, the losers in last years elections for On Dit (they got about 30 votes if memory serves me correctly, and were beaten by a joke candidate, yet despite this still think people are interested in what they have got to say.) It is poorly produced, and one advertiser was understandably shocked upon receiving a copy of the publication having been lead to believe she was advertising in the official student newspaper, and not an unofficial publication which in reality is little more than a few photocopied sheets of A4 paper.

The Clubs association is in no way associated with the publication, and could do little but apologise to the business concerned, and hope that 'Eye' does not continue to misrepresent the University.

Interestingly volume 3 of 'Eye' contained an article titled 'Hard Labour', which made some serious and un-

substantiated allegations about the conduct of the previous Clubs Association Executive, and the Clubs Association itself. It would seem our friends believe that there are "reds under the bed" as it were, claiming that the Clubs Association is a subsidiary of the 'monster' that is the Labour (sic) Club. Despite listing the laws the CA has supposedly broken they are unable to give one example of how they were broken. It is also interesting to note that the author of said article, Joshua Tobin, is listed in the Clubs Association as a student studying in the History department, yet when contacted by the CA the History department could not confirm his existence.

If we are to believe the paranoid ravings in 'Eye', communist organisations such as the Labour (sic) Party, the Clubs Association, and satans own child On Dit, are constantly hatching evil plots to bring the downfall of our community. Of course you and I know these are just the ravings of a bunch of paranoid people with nothing better to do with their time, however when the revolution comes they will be the first up against the wall...

**Richard Vowles**

## On dit

The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly

### Publication Notes

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

### Editors

Fiona Dalton  
George Safe  
Richard Vowles

### Advertising Manager

Tad Doyle

### Typesetting

Sharon Middleton

### Freight

Adam Le Nevez

### Cheers

Happy Birthday Darien and Anna, thanks to Darien, Edith, Tracy, Locherbie, and co. for your hospitality. Thanks for a neat party Stacey, Trudy and Deb. Jo for Bon Jovi anecdotes, Sam D., Sam M., Andy J. for the bromide, Jesse and Katrina, the Exeter and Coopers, the Burger Bar and Adams Family, Twisty Sim and Pete, the lovely Sonja, Siân, and Matt, and not to be forgotten Simon "I busted my arse for this job" H.



## Environment Officer

Hello everyone. Let me start by saying sorry to everyone I hassled during elections. I promise I will never do it again. Lots of exciting things are about to happen on the environmental front. Here at Uni the recycled paper trials in the Barr Smith photocopiers are over and the results are currently being compiled. People in the library have certainly put in a lot of hard work to make the trial happen and we are hopefully seeing our library becoming a more environmentally friendly place. I'll let you all know as soon as I do, just exactly what the outcome will be.

While we're on the subject of libraries,

there are lots of environmental books, journals, government publications and videos in the SAUA environment office which will very soon be available for students to borrow. Hopefully this will help everyone who's interested in the environment no matter what faculty you're from. A list of just what is available will soon be up on the SAUA noticeboard and lots of relevant departments will have a copy. Keep it in mind. With a State election looming it's worth thinking about what's said about the environment in parliament. The Government's Environmental Protection Agency bill passed through the lower

house with very little debate and only minor amendments were suggested. It's currently on the waiting list for the Legislative Council.

Meanwhile, the Liberal Party, believe it or not, held a forum on the weekend asking university students what they thought should be addressed in their new Natural Resources and Environment Policy. All the right things were said but only the release of their policy in a fortnight will show where they really stand. Dean Brown's recent encouragement of uranium packaging in South Australia left a lot to be desired.

This year you will all see the Uni become

a much more environmentally friendly place. The bright new SAUA activities program will be packed full of interesting environmental speakers and debates. Recycling will become easier and anyone who cares will have the chance to do something about our environmental problems. Please come in and see me if you know of a particular issue that can be addressed, or if you just want to help out. The environment belongs to all of us and we can all help in taking care of it. Handy Hint for the week: Use both sides of a piece of paper!

Anita Butler



## Orientation

Hi! It's Mel here, the new Orientation Co-Ordinator for 1994. While many of you may be studying hard for the exams which start in 5 weeks, 35 days and 840 hours I am starting to organise Orientation for next year! However, Orientation will not occur unless I have directors. So the reason I am writing is to encourage all you budding and enthusiastic directors to apply. At this stage you may be saying quietly to yourself that you could not possibly run an O'Week catering for

10,000 students or be able to survive organising O'Weeks for 200 first years. Some of you may even laugh at the concept of taking people around the vast Uni ground on a Host Scheme tour, let alone be editors of the very popular and extremely controversial Counter Calendar. Finally, the prospect of organising 5 top bands to mesmerise over 2,000 crazed music fanatics may really scare you like the film "Jurassic Park". But that's where you are wrong.

You see organising these Orientation events provides you with a deep and meaningful experience you can tell to your grandchildren, your friends' grandchildren or anyone else who will listen to you. But before you race off and pick up forms from the Student's Association and apply for these directorships, I must warn you that there may be a slight possibility that you may have oodles and oodles of fun! So, even if you no experience but you have heaps of ideas about

Orientation do run for a Directorship and make 1994 Orientation bigger than ever!

If you have any queries come and see me in the SAUA!

Lots of love,

Mel Wheeler  
Orientation



## Education Vice President

### HECS AND POSTGRAD FEE CHANGES: DON'T LET LABOR DO YOU IN

While there has been a strong reaction against the Federal Budget from many areas of the community, the devastating proposals to adjust the Higher Education Scheme (HECS) have gone unnoticed by many. The proposals, as outlined below will affect many current and past students and will act as a strong disincentive for those who are contemplating study. The rationale behind the proposals is to push as many students through the University system in the shortest amount of time. There seems to be an underlying assumption that students are financially secure, only need one degree to get a job, and only take longer than the required time to complete a degree because they are 'slack'. Personally, I would like to meet this 'typical' student - good luck to them, if they exist!

The movement by the Labor Government to a 'user-pays' system of higher education is damaging to the future of Australia. At a time when we should be increasing and adapting our skills to suit the needs of a changing society, we are instead being churned through the system, receiving a piece of paper at the end and not much else. We must fight this trend. We must demand our right to an education that is of a high quality. *Entrance to University should be on academic merit not on how much money you have.*

#### THE CHANGES

#### 1. DOUBLE HECS FOR SECOND DEGREES

If you have already completed an undergraduate degree of higher or equal level, you will have to pay double HECS for your second degree. The Labor Government has not acknowledged that there

are many fields of study where one degree is not sufficient qualification. In addition, students will not be encouraged to follow the path in which their skills and interests lie; if they stuff up on their first choice of degree - bad luck! This proposal will not affect designated combined/double degree courses such as Arts/Law; however it will affect students who complete an Arts degree before enrolling in Law! To make it even worse, a migrant who completed a degree in their home country will be charged double HECS for their first Australian university degree.

#### 2. TIME LIMITS FOR DEGREES- PENALTY RATES

Students who take more than one semester longer than the minimum time for their degree will be charged 1.5 times the standard HECS rate. There are a multitude of reasons why a student will take longer than the specified time to complete a degree: financial pressures, family commitments, study difficulties, etc.

It seems the only exemption to the additional charge will be for illness. Surely if the intention of such a rule is to weed out those of us who are supposedly wasting the governments' money, legitimate cases of hardship should be given exemption. Be aware: this rule will apply to study undertaken since 1989, so watch out!

#### 3. DEREGULATION OF POSTGRADUATE FEES

Above a quota of places that each university will be allocated and given government funding for, each university will be allowed to charge postgraduates full fees. This is a devastating move toward an education system only accessible to the

rich!

#### 4. REDUCTION IN POSTGRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS

Coupled with the above proposal, a cut of 155 government postgraduate scholarships will destroy the opportunity for many students to undertake postgraduate study, especially given the difficulty for students in finding work to support themselves through university.

#### 5. HECS TO BE TAKEN OUT OF YOUR HOLIDAY PAY!

HECS repayments will now be taken out of your pay, even for a holiday job, where if you earned that amount each week it would put you over the yearly threshold.

#### 6. EMPLOYER FUNDED EDUCATION TO BE A FRINGE BENEFIT TAX

This will discourage employers to support the education of their employees.

#### 7. AUSTUDY DEBT TRAP WIDENS- LOANS UP TO \$6000

The 'privilege' of giving up a grant and receiving a loan in return now means \$3000 may be given up for a \$6000 loan. Students are forced to accept these loans because of the inadequacy of the grant system. The lack of casual jobs because of "the recession we had to have" is adding to the financial strain.

#### 8. CHANGES TO REPAYMENTS

The rate of repayment will be increased by 1%, while the income level at which it must be paid back has dropped. Many new graduates who are trying to establish themselves in the workforce will have difficulty meeting these demands.

These proposals will be made law unless students stand up and fight. Our greatest hope is to have them blocked in the Senate by the Liberal/National Coalition, the Democrats, the Greens and the Independents. The Democrats and Greens have shown their support, but the coalition are yet to formulate policy. Now is the time that we must put forward our concerns. **The Coalition will be making their decision before the 18th October, so time is short. We need action NOW**

#### WHAT YOU CAN DO

1. Show your anger at the protest rally on the 13th October at 1pm, meeting on the Barr Smith Lawns.
2. Sign the petition in the Students Association office and the Library.
3. Write to your local MP, South Australian Senators and DR Wooldridge (Shadow Minister for Employment, Education and Training) to express your disgust at the proposals.

Suzanne McCourt  
Education Vice President



## Women's Officer

Well, having successfully survived election trauma (Yes, I was probably the one berating you to vote for US!), I can now begin fulfilling all of my electoral promises.

### Elle Dit.

It's not too late to contribute an article, poem, short story, movie review, joke or cartoon for the Women's Edition of *On Dit*. You can do so by either bringing them directly into my office or leaving them in one of the many contribution boxes situated around the Uni.

The deadline for contributions is Wednesday 13th of October.

### Reclaim the Night.

Reclaim the Night is an annual Women's march in opposition to the violence against women. It is our opportunity to demonstrate our solidarity with one another, and our belief that no woman deserves to be raped, abused or hurt, either inside or outside her home.

So bring along your mothers, daughters, sisters, partners, children and friends to Victoria Square at 7:30pm on Friday the 29th of October.

### So, tell me what is a Feminist?

A frequently asked question, and one that Women On Campus are hoping to resolve. If you've always wondered and would like to participate in an informal discussion then come along to the Women's Room at 1pm on Tuesday the 12th of October.

### Women's Standing Committee.

The first Women's Standing Committee Meeting was held last Thursday and copies of the minutes can be found both in my office and in the Women's Room. If there is anything that you would like to put on the agenda for the next meeting please contact

either myself or any one of the other committee members. Other members being Penny Barnwell, Kate Callaghan, Caroline Perry and Sarah Stokely-Wilcox.

### Congratulations.

Sincere congratulations must go to Sarah Goulding upon gaining her position as an Intern-Trainee at the World YWCA office in Geneva next year.

Well, that's all for this week, keep your eye out for next week's spectacular women's issue!

*Jo England*  
Women's Officer



## Activities & Campaigns Vice President

Hi! After only two weeks of A/CVPing things are moving at a fast and furious pace.

### Orientation

Mel (the new Orientation Co-Ordinator) has been flat out preparing for the onslaught! Packages are presently being organised for External students to inform them of the SAUA, of Orientation and how they can get involved. Directors for O'Week, O'Camp, O'Ball, Host Scheme and the Counter Calendar are currently open for application. You've

only got a week left to apply, so get your forms (and any additional information you may need) from Mel or from the SAUA.

### CASM BBQ Thursday, 14th October

Ali Field and I are currently organising an evening BBQ for CASM (Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music). Anyone wanting to come along, meet the students and generally help out are welcome! Please get in touch.

### Lost Property Sale / End of Year BBQ

Activities Standing Committee are be-

ginning to plan an end of year sale / BBQ to get everyone in a good mood before exams hit. Details are not finalised, so keep posted!

### HECS Rally Wednesday, 13th October

If you would prefer not to have to cough up thousands for an education to which we are all entitled... be there!!

### Activities for 1994

ASC and I are currently working to get a schedule for activities together for next year. Any suggestions or ideas for fun and groovy things to do would be welcome! I will be mailing out info and requests for

help to clubs and societies - so, please contribute!

Student Radio Bar Night Friday, 15th October

Get out and get down to Screameeder, Lizard Train and Crush - only \$4!

### Contact / Office Hours

I am definitely in the SAUA (or nearby!) Thursday afternoon and all day Friday. Other than that, I'm in and out! Please drop in and say Hello! Otherwise you can always leave a message with the staff.

*Matt Deane*  
Activities / Campaigns Vice President



## President

In keeping with its objective of targeting those least able to afford increased taxes and costs, the Federal Budget's king-hit of higher education students will especially affect those from lower income and other disadvantaged groups.

Double fees for enrolling in a second undergraduate degree (up to \$4,700), an extra 50% for taking longer than the minimum time plus one semester to finish their degree, deregulated postgraduate fees, the lowered HECS repayment threshold of \$26,402 (at a time when graduate earnings have fallen to their lowest level since 1977), and increased rates of repayment, will force our higher education system along the elitist path of the United States' system where fee

structures reach exorbitant heights.

The Budget measures are a hypocritical, short-sighted grab for money. For instance, in this year of the Indigenous Peoples, Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander students will be plunged into frightening debt levels for undertaking an education that is vital for assisting their people with determining their own future.

How can a Labor Government justify such measures? It can't.

*Anthony Roediger*  
President  
Students' Association



- Casual Oriental Fare -

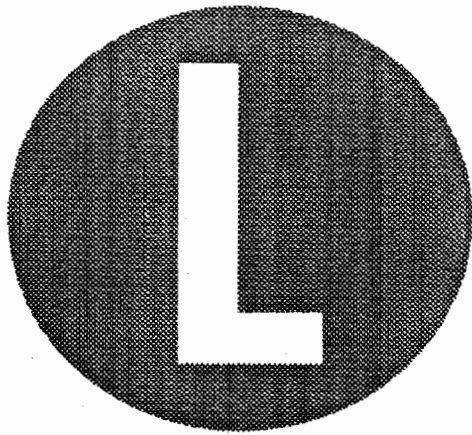
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It's three in the morning and your Macintosh screen looks like this.  
What are you going to do?

Don't get out the razor blades when your essay stuffs up, call the 24hr Macintosh emergency breakdown service. We'll come to you no matter how far away you are, at any time of the day or night, no matter how small the problem is. Cheap rates for Students → Call 212 4222 → If no answer, page us by dialling 016 080 and quoting the number 846 817 (Jesse), or 843 791 (Dave). Leave your name and number, and we'll call you straight back. Another virtual artists thing.



## Letters

### Miscellaneous

To On Dit,

(Ok, so the other letters I wrote several weeks ago were complete crap that met their deserved fate. But that standard's the best I can do, and in any case beats the shit out of talking about student politics, in which people complain about problems of their own making. So I'll just keep writing until one of my letters gets published, or until the end of the Uni year, whichever comes first.)

*A speech by Alain Prostitute: Why the D-Generation are a bunch of yuppie wankers*  
Now that you are suitably irate, I wish to make a number of smart-arse remarks.

1. Is it me, or am I the only person at Adelaide Uni that can't stand Madonna? Whatever the answer to that question, it is obvious that only breast cancer could produce tits *that* shape. Let's hope it kills her. Let's hope also that somebody has some chemical weapons handy, come the day of the Madonna concert at the Adelaide Oval. An elementary lesson in how to rid the world of 25,000 politically incorrect vegetables would then follow.

2. Have you seen those ads for Melbourne Bitter? You know the ones: with the slogan "Now can I crack a Melbourne?" Without a doubt you share my hope that there may be a town called Fat which may eventually use this slogan.

3. Everyone seems to think that, in this age of personal safety, that personal/car alarms are the best thing since the big bang. However, they haven't pondered the following question: What if that person is about to stick a knife in you, or steal your car, is stone deaf? Fat lot of good your thousand decibel gizmo will be in that case.

4. Congratulations to Sydney on its Olympics win - at least your Olympic bid managed to do what your AFL team can't. Spare a thought also for those Chinese Olympic Officials - for, when they get back from Monte Carlo, the Chinese Government will force them to play a new game called "Pin the Electrode on the Testicle". They'll get a bigger bank out of that than they would eating at the Swanston Street McDonalds. And to the Chinese people: don't cry; it's only the Games.

5. Rumour has it that the real reason Leak Van Valen left TISM is to record his new solo song, "Leaky Squeaky Heart"; also including a couple of pisstakes of TISM songs - "Michael Jackson's Chastity Belt" and one dedicated to the late Gary David, "(I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And) Whittle Away My Penis".

6. What if I was to tell you that Santa Claus'

true identity was Jeff Kennett and that religion was just a huge joke on everyone?  
Yours candidly,  
**Alain Prostitute**  
P.S. D-Gen are a bunch of yuppie wankers - but they know how to make people laugh, which is more than this letter will do.

### Terry: It's terrible

Dear Sir/Madam,

Perhaps you are already aware that on August 3rd 1987, the body of Terry Akritidis was found on police property in a restricted area at Mt Terrible in South Australia, supposedly as a result of an apparent suicide.

The conclusion reached by the residing coroner at the time was handed down as a suicide and despite many unanswered questions pertaining to his death, the case was closed. Regardless of loud protests from the family of the deceased, and indeed from many other citizens within this State, nothing has been done, and frankly the flimsy excuse of suicide does not appease these people as a petition of 30,000 signatories testifies.

Recently, a committee of inquiry into the death of Terry has been formed to investigate what we believe is an unjust and unfair finding by the coroner.

A recent meeting of various community representatives decided to organise a march of protest on the steps of Parliament House to persuade the South Australian Government to re-open the said case.

We would be grateful to you for any assistance in the way of publicity given to our committee to clarify this gross miscarriage of justice.

Should you require further information please contact:

Sandra Akritidis (08) 362 6456 or Sergio Romeo (08) 231 1078.

Yours sincerely

**Anastasios Akritidis**

### Go die Godra!

Dear Eds,

I just loved the article "Touched by the Hand of Godra" by Michael P.C. Osborn. I laughed myself shitless when the Crows lost their last match. The whole Crows "phenomenon" is (as Roy and HG would shout) "a joke!"

As I am an angry young man keen to subvert the dominant paradigm, the incessant, unprecedented hype surrounding the Crow-turds both pisses me off and amuses me.

This army of football philistines is an hilarious fucking joke! As are their pathetic neo-tribalist "Sunday Mail" reading followers (farting as they eat their meat pies and moronically chanting "Here we go, here we go").

"Oh Mods, Can I Kiss your Date" should be the words on all of our lips if you believe the fat white man in power.

I really got off on the humiliation suffered by the Crows and the hype industry that surrounds them when they failed miser-

ably last weekend. The Crows and their following centred around the Redneck Bible (the Sunday Mail) and other areas of Adelaide's laughably parochial media were dragged face down through a pile of their own steaming shit when they failed (once again) to achieve an erection of their collective WASP male hetero dumb-Redneck phallus. They lost against their Victorian adversaries. Suck shit you dumb turds.

Signed,

**Big Joe**

P.S. If you are a white heterosexual male, who is angry at losing power in society to women ("bitches"), poofters, dykes, "boongs" and others, too bad.

### Anonymous

As a first year Adelaide University student, I am deeply disappointed in the lack of professional behaviour that I have encountered from some male tutorial and lecturing staff.

I have found their behaviour to be degrading and demeaning, to gaze into female students eyes is not to take the work of female students seriously and to not be as helpful to those who refuse to play their little game is pathetic.

These people are paid not only by the taxpayers but by us all, as students through our HECS payments. Personally, I want value for my dollar and I do not wish to put up with this kind of rubbish.

**Arts Student**

I have not attached my name as I am afraid of subtle reprisals. The behaviour of these people can only intimate to their lack of maturity.

### Godra lives!

Dear Michael "Mr Anti-Football" P.C. Osborn,

Modra is poetry.

Or haven't you noticed? Head along to Footy Party sometime, you groovus Doc Marten worshipper, and just dig Modra, if not all the Crows.

That is my answer to your semi-tongue-in-cheek tutorial paper on Nationalism. I really enjoyed having a stab-in-the-dark with my pigeonholing you; that is what you conceivably are - big grunge fan, Coopers Ale man, non-smoker, dope-smoker, circumscribed by political correctness, worshipper, maybe not of Tony Godra, but of the holy Doc Marten boot.

Get a life and enjoy sport, Michael. Don't delve into a dark side that isn't there! Your view is threateningly as narrow-minded as those of the alleged average Crows supporters. Your anti-sport stance is so typical of so many people I see around. People who reject sport reject the animal instinct in them. No one seriously believes that Crows mania is funnelling towards some Nationalistic vision or "cultural purity". This is all another attempt to weigh down culture with politics and ideology. Politics to sport, art, culture, etc. is like oil to water. It's not just the football issue. It's a general attitude - that general attitude that blares out student politics out at us with intelligence-bereft slogans on tonnes of paper (as the Grad Dip Botany Team rightly pointed

out), keeps alive the malaise of the Federal Labor and Liberal catfight. Thank Godra that there are still some hovels away from people's complex, serious ideological plans. Well, almost - it seems that even the best literature cannot escape the might of ideological clenches.

Sure, I think final siren proposals, sexism, racism and specific South Aussies' behaviour in Victoria on the weekends are all deplorable. But also deplorable is the sort of cynical, over-serious, over-critical Billy Baxter's babble that one should politically measure football and go as far as saying that Crows support = believe in state superiority. It all sounds like the familiar "division is discrimination" barrow.

I'm serious, Michael. At least if you went to the football next season, you might find some more easy-going less academic people to yam with.

In the meantime, I guess you'll be writing earnest theses on how the Ashes Series has been the cause for Australia's Republican push.

**Cas Hall**

2nd Year Arts / Performing Arts

### Holiday in Macedonia 2

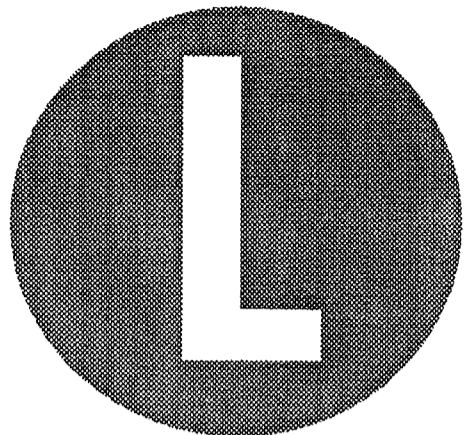
Dear Editors,

I must stress straight from the beginning that I do not hope to suddenly enlighten the immigrants from the former Yugoslav Socialist Republic of Macedonia - who I guess are responsible for the On Dit article "Holiday in Macedonia" - and make them see history from a more mature and orthologistic point of view. However, I owe to my Hellenic heritage and to my Macedonia mother to at least attempt to present another point of view, which I believe is shared among the international community of historians, as well as the 2.5 million Greeks living today in Greek Macedonia. Firstly, Macedonia is not a civilisation, it is a toponym of a geographical area that today is shared between Albania, Bulgaria (approx. 10%), former Yugoslavia (approx. 39%), and Greece (over 51%). The name Macedonia goes back to Ancient Greek mythology (like so many things in our western world) and has Greek etymology, like other famous names associated with the region: Alexander, Philip, Aristotle etc., can all be etymologised by anyone who understands Modern or Ancient Greek.

As everyone knows, ancient Greeks were organised in city-states (such as Athens, Sparta, Argos etc.) with slight variations in language and very often fighting each other. One of these ancient states was Macedonia with capital city the city of Aiges and later the city of Pella. Both these cities have been discovered by Greek scientists on Greek territory. In Aiges (more commonly referred to as Vergina) Professor Andronicus discovered possibly the most valuable antiquities found this century.

The Macedonia early on adopted the Attic Dialect (the ancient Greek version spoken in Athens) and when Alexander conquered the world, he spread this language universally. The period following his death is referred to as the "Hellenistic Age" since the civilisation he left behind was the Hellenic one.

It is truly impossible to link the Slavs living



# Letters

today in former Yugoslavia with this era. The first Slavs appeared in Macedonia during the Medieval times 15 centuries after the death of Alexander.

Without getting into the highly complex politics of the Balkans, I would like to state a few facts that are hard to dispute: In 1926 the then "League of Nations" gave the following statistics of people living in Macedonia:

Greeks 88.8%

Moslems 0.1%

Bulgarians 5.1%

Others (mainly Jews) 6.0%

I would like to emphasize that there is no "Macedonian Nationality" mentioned, since something like that was not existent before Tito for political reasons founded the "Socialist Republic of Macedonia" towards the end of W.W.2. All similar statistics taken before that time (by Greeks, Bulgarians, Serbs, Turks and Europeans) never showed "Macedonians" to exist as a separate ethnicity.

At the moment of writing, the former Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia is not recognised by the U.N. or the E.E.C. as "Macedonia" or indeed under any other name.

According to the E.E.C. they have failed to conform with the European Community directives for "good neighbourhood" and they will not be recognised until they do so. Thus, there is no country "proudly" existing today "in its own right" called "Macedonia", as the article would have you believe.

I would also like to urge Academics of this University to help us in our discussion with their unbiased scientific opinion on the matter of Hellenicity (or lack thereof) of Ancient Macedonia.

I believe that Academics from Linguistics, Classics and History should have a public voice on a matter that puzzles a fraction of the student population.

**Stephanos Mavrakis**

Student

(B.A./B.Sc./B.E.)

University of Adelaide

## Here we go, here we go...

Dear Mr Osborn,

I am writing in reference to your article on

the 'Mighty Crows' of last week. Living on the suburban outskirts of our fine city I find this manifestation of social ritual, which generally goes hand-in-hand with Crows' matches, a constant infringement upon my life and my sanity. My weekends can no longer be spent in quiet ponderance of the finer qualities of life as I am constantly badgered by the, seemingly orchestrated, croons of victory, or defeat, from my neighbours. Amidst the raucous I often find myself withdrawing into deep thought, only to find the more baser tendencies of my intellect willing me to be a proud South Aussie, don the old plastic be-boobed apron, surgically attaching a tinnie and Bar-B-mate to each appending, set the trannie and the teer up in a quadraphonic stereo formation around the Barbie and beholding my little woman politely drinking a few too many peach coolers and dropping her cigarette ash into the three-bean salad.

Scared? Yes! As a person who is well aware of the dangers of nationalistic and patriotic thought and practice, it must be said that something is awry when guilt infested thoughts of inclusion in 'Crows Society' are experienced, by one of the new breed of 'fringe dwellers'. I detest the Crows and their evil followings and look forward to the day when my thoughts will no longer be rudely invaded by this nasty social anathema.

As for those who hold season Crows tickets, I wave my private parts in your direction.

**Keren "I'm as South Aussie as" Byham**  
2nd Year Arts

## Happy Happy, Joy Joy!

Dear On Dit,

During the academic year, I use to awake in the wee hours of the morning to watch a cartoon called the 'X-men'. I must admit this act could be thought of as being somewhat fucking stupid. But upon doing this one morning I stumbled across a cartoon so shocking I thought my TV was on a long, hard acid trip.

From that day onwards, I would awake on those cold, bitter mornings of June, engulf myself with my feather-down quilt, sit in front of the TV and watch a cartoon that has brought a new dimension to television - entertainment.

During the working hours of the day, in those dark and dreary practicals that I have to undertake (due to being a third year science student), I would turn around to a fellow student of mine (picked randomly from the class) and say, "Hey, mate, did you watch 'The Ren and Stimpy Show' this morning?"

"What time is it on?" he/she/they would reply.

With a tight lip I would say, "Seven o'clock in the morning."

At this point, instantaneous abuse would be hurled at me in the manner of, "Seven in the morning! You got to be fucking joking. Nobody gets up that fucking early. For fuck's sake, Nick, get a fucking life. you're such a fucking loser mate."

OK, maybe I should get a life. And maybe I am a loser. But to miss an episode of 'Ren and Stimpy' would be a crying shame.

Thank you, On Dit (and Rohan and Evan

Thompson), for highlighting to the rest of the plebs that to endure life without 'Ren and Stimpy' is to endure life without breathing.

**Nick Yap**

3rd year Science

Genetics Dept.

P.S. Taking speed, drinking hard liquor and screwing the love of my life is rather dull compared to an episode of 'Ren and Stimpy'.

## Eweige Blumenkraft!

Dear Illuminati,

Welcome to the cabals of conspiracy and control. I eagerly await news of your imminent take-over of *all* political groups on campus. It's nice to see young people getting involved in eschatology once more.

Yours

**Pope Sir Andrew of the Crazy Lady, KSC**

Episkopos, John Bannon Cabal

POEE

Legionnaire of Dynamic Discord

Hail Eris! All Hail Discordia!

## I Don't Want Your Sex

Sex? So what!!

I have always been fascinated by the over-importance that many cultures place upon the human libido in an apparent obsessive manner. Every country has its favourite "so-called Aphrodisiac" from rhino horns to the slimy oyster! Why do we have to place so much importance upon this natural normal bodily function when other issues and aspects of life are just as important? Men's *and* women's magazines appear to be full of the subject of sex as if it is a new experience that needs proliferous propaganda! As a frail human it was found that the one and only "one night stand" was worthless and left a poor image because it is just so much nicer with someone you *love*. I have also experienced self-imposed periods of celibacy; the last was three years long and the current one who knows how long! When one is not bogged down by the entrapment of the physical realm then it's amazing how much energy and drive one has to put into creative or other projects. When we can stop seeing the subject of sex like a bunch of primary school students then maybe there will be less rape, etc. and more worthwhile outpourings from our adolescent society!

From (yes, you guessed it) that one - Oh no, *not him again!*

**POW**

## Too long, Too white!

Dear all of you zany characters at On Dit,

One day, after I had read all of my precious

On Dit episodes, I was so bored that I, believe it or not, started to read 'The Advertiser' (not that it's better or anything than the splendiferous On Dit!). Anyway, I was reading the letters to the Editor when I came across one that I could not agree with more uncontrollably. It was a letter from none other than good ol' Shirley Davidson of Unley Park. She started with some crap about Olympics and Australia being "so very much in the public eye", and went on to point out that we should learn to pronounce Australia with an "i" instead of a "y". Onya, Shirli! I agree totally, you deadset legend! I was ecstatic to see that somebody else in this world gets frustrated with the uneducated, spazo speakers and piss poor pronounciators that my homeland (i.e. Australia) is riddled with and that they can't sleep at night because of this.

After many ponderous hours late at night in my bed I think I have come up with the solution.

From where I stand, there are two very possible solutions to this dilemma.

1. We change the spelling of Australia to Ostraya. (From a recent survey, I have been led to believe that over 73.8% of Australians use the "y" in their pronunciation, hence a change would mean that only 26.2% of the population would have to change.)

Changing the spelling may seem like the easy way out but it is not. Imagine all of the books, maps and those cute little Australia fridge magnets made for the billions of tourists (and maybe the patriotic) that would have to be changed. Also this would only fix one of the millions of words that are mispronounced - we would need a complete overhaul of the English language to fix all of the words and this is just not a logistical, balanced, systematised option.

Just a quick word about patriotism. Why are all Australians except my dog and I so obsessed with America? How 'bout a bit of loyalty to our nation. I am *not* saying that we should all go out this minute and chuck a couple of prawns on the barbie, or all incorporate the profound saying - "G'Day Mate!" into our rather extensive vocabularies, we can do that later. What I suggest for right now is to put the paper down, *do not lose your place*, and gather a group of friends and sing the national anthem *both* verses, standing of course. If you have no friends, *don't panic* - it is still good for your country to do it by yourself - you will have to sing louder though. Americans not only speak funny, but I have heard that they only have a thumb on their right hand! So what's the deal...?

Anyway, back on track.

For me, this is not the best option.

2. (Second, but by no means least) We could make a set of rules about pronunciation, not just about the word Australia (and what a wonderful word it is), but we could have a list covering all of the words that are commonly mispronounced. I've compiled a short list so far, but this is only from my experience. I'm sure you all have a least one or two words to add. (Please fill in the gaps.)  
Australia  
reticuloendothelial  
Philoprogenitive  
evaptranspiration  
mesembryanthemum

***This is what happens when letters are ridiculously long - we chop them off! Quality not quantity, DJG, 7th Year Law - Eds***

# Not taking to the Barr

I've been at this University for several years now and I still haven't got the hang of the Barr Smith Library. In fact, to tell you the truth, I'm petrified of it.

It wasn't always that way. When I was but a first year, young, impressionable and eager to please, I had never been in a library bigger than the one at my high school. It had 400 books. What more, I asked, could anyone ever want? Then I came to the Barr Smith.

The first time I saw one of the longer rows of books on Level One, I stood transfixed in stupefied wonder. It was fabulous. It was incredible. It was huge. I would grab the arm of any passer-by and point it out to them so that they too could bask in the visionary splendour. "Look at it," I would breathe in ecstasy. "Isn't it marvellous? And there are more just like it. Rows of them. Hundreds of rows of them! It'll take me forever to read all these!"

I was young and foolish then. On my first visit, I made the mistake of asking where the fiction section was. When Al Keig had finished hooting with laughter, he explained the intricate subtleties of the Dewey Decimal System to me and the marvels of the number 823. It was a wonderful new world. I spent happy, carefree months strolling through the sections, casually flipping through a book of 18th century poetry here, volume XVII of an XLIV edition set of medical journals examining diseases of the pancreas there. But that was before I encountered ... Her!

The humble Barr Smith Library is not commonly renowned for the extreme beauty of its librarians (with the exception of a couple of the ones in the Reserve Collection, and you know who you are!). But there is one whose ugliness is of exceptional proportions. It is not merely the ugliness of a teacher in a bad American teen comedy, or the sort not possessed by Christina Applegate for example. It is ugliness taken to mind-numbing, earth-shattering extremes; an ugliness of sincere, deep and far-reaching complexity; a gut-wrenching, spirit-deadening ugliness of the sort that can cause a man to wake sweating in the night and screaming for his life.

I found her first lurking near one of the dark and mustier aisles of Level Two. I asked if she could direct me to the Maths section. Walking off, I began to get the strange feeling I was being followed. Looking back quickly, I saw her suddenly stop and straighten a book-end. I took a few paces further forward, then neatly ducked into the next aisle and doubled back swiftly.

But she was cunning. She knew every inch of the level and within a few moments, she was in sight again. I barely stood a chance. I quickened my pace to a march and then a run. I flew madly past the shelves, not caring where I went, looking in desperation for a familiar small green and white sign.

I wanted to go slower. I wanted to be

able to see the titles of books I was passing but I didn't dare. I knew that if I showed any sign of hesitation, even a hit of uncertainty, then she would seize her moment. But I was getting weak. I didn't have the energy for a drawn-out battle of nerves. I had to stop. She wasn't anywhere to be seen. I took my chance. Almost immediately, she leapt out from behind the reshelving bay and confronted me. "What book are you looking for?" she shrieked, as she folded her arms across her massive bosom and leered at me foully.

I tried to swallow.

My throat felt dry. I wanted to run but there was nowhere to go. Those eyes bored into me, holding me, transfixing me to the spot. "Um ... *Propositional Calculus* by ..." I croaked.

"Here!" she screamed in triumph as she plucked the wretched book from the safety of the shelves and gave it to me. She stood across the aisle and glared at me, daring me to even think of pointing out that it was the wrong edition. "Well?" she bellowed.

I wanted to stand up to her. I wanted to say that dash it all, sometimes a chap likes to browse, getting pleasantly distracted by a book about cars or weighing the merits of two similar authors in a leisurely, relaxed kind of a way. But I didn't have the nerve - my only thought was for escape.

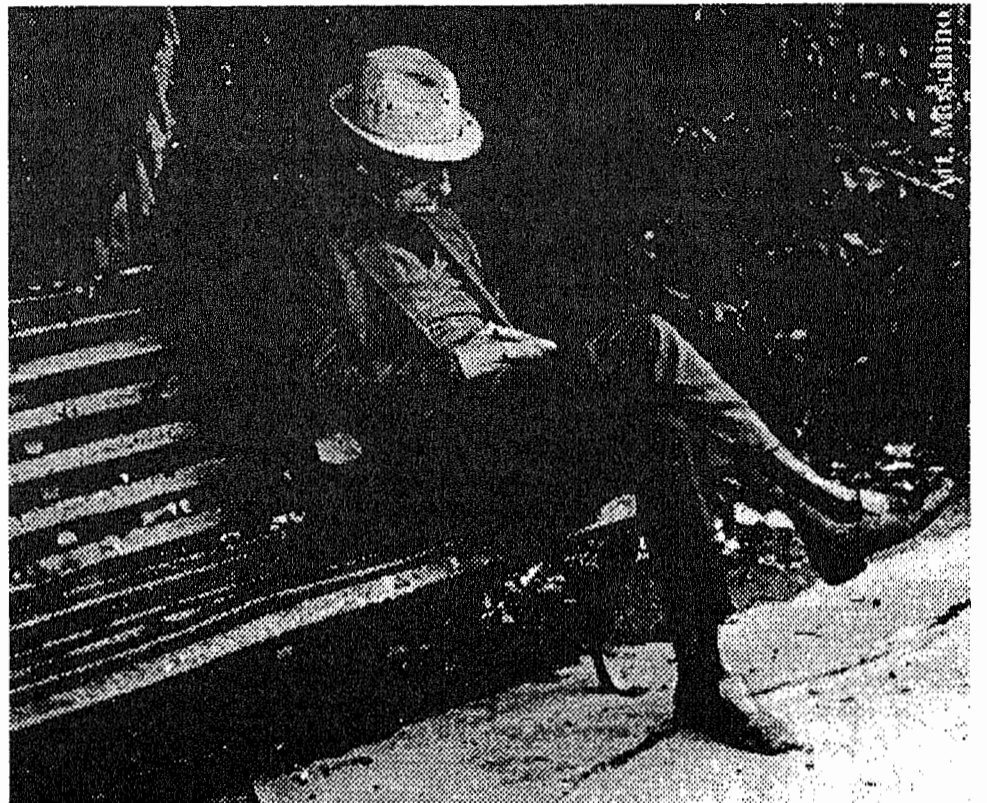
"Thank you very much," I whispered and hugging the book tightly to my chest, I fled.

Since then, I slowly began to understand my inherent incompatibility with the workings of the BSL.

"Excuse me. I'm sorry about this, but you do realise this is an express photocopier? You're only supposed to copy six pages at a time and that's your

tenth."

It was when I uttered this plea for the eighth time in one week that I started to wonder if maybe I just wasn't cut out to be a library user. Perhaps it's some specialised form of dyslexia. I read "Express Photocopier" when the sign really says "Excess Photocopier". I still find myself contorted with paroxysms of confusion every time I discover anew that over half of the library's photocopiers aren't working every single time I go in. I still find myself banging my head against the glass plate and screaming "No, no, no!" whenever I've been on a queue for 20 minutes and the photocopier runs out of paper / ink / toner / plastic straws just when I get to it.



## Still waiting to use the computer catalogue...

Arts students are the born library users. They have a survival instinct based on desperation and native cunning ingrained from the first day and go in prepared for a full-scale battle. They're the ones who know that there are two photocopiers in the north-east corner of Level One, when most of us still thought the entrance floor was Level One. Or failing that, they'll be the ones to borrow the 20 books they need from

- Arts students are the born library users. They have a survival instinct based on desperation and native cunning ingrained from the first day and go in prepared for a full-scale battle.

the Reserve Collection, one at a time, and take them to the SAUA to photocopy instead.

Natural kings of the library domain the Arts students may be, but I simply can't understand one of their commonest characteristics. It's always an Arts student who takes more time and money to photocopy the entire book, page by interminable page, rather than just reading it (which would be quicker) or buying it (which would be cheaper).

But the photocopiers are only one of many great puzzlements of the Barr Smith. I still don't see the point of the dick crushers at the entrance and exit. Surely the leap in intelligence that says "Hey! If I wanted to cheat the system,

all I'd have to do would be to pull on these silly little things instead of push them!" must also have occurred to the things' designers.

And while on the subject of the plain ridiculous, why aren't bags allowed in the library? I'm told they would be a fire hazard. Forgive me for asking, but don't several hundred thousand sheets of paper bound together in various semblances of book form pose somewhat more of a threat?

But that's not all. What exactly is the point of the Reading Room? Why is the copying section on Level One south? Does anyone use the Special Book Collection on Level Four? Does anyone even know the library has a Level Four? Why do they still keep the card catalogue if it's ten years out of date? Why does the Reserve Collection have its own special opening hours? Why do you have to type your bar code into the computer instead of just your name?

These and other questions plague my waking hours. They flit across my mind unbidden as I drift off to sleep. They haunt my dreams, their unresolved threads a plaintive echo in the lonely night. But I know I may never discover the answers. I don't intend going near the place. Who needs all those books anyway? I'll wait until they come out on video.

Lagoon



# A Café of One's Own

"The problem with these bloody Druids is that they can't make a decent coffee. Gods, what I'd give for a Macchiato right now!"

**Julius Caesar  
The Gallic Wars**

If you don't know what a macchiato is, I'm not about to tell you - get down to Caffé Macchiato on Hindley Street and find out for yourself. If you do know, get down there anyway and get a sample of the best coffee in Adelaide into your system.

This newly opened café has quite a lot to recommend it to the discerning caffeine-addicted but financially challenged student. It's location - just off King William Street, gets it off to a flying start. Another big plus is its twenty-four hour, seven day trading policy, great for we less conventional types.

The quality of the fare is also exceptional. The coffee is blended on the premises from four types of bean, and the effort is certainly worthwhile. It has a rich, creamy consistency with an intoxicating aroma followed by a dark, toasty flavour. This personalised touch produces a coffee of considerable depth and complexity, without the excessive

bitterness found elsewhere.

The food is just as good. My partner and I chose the special pizza and a wine each from the long list available by the glass. This pizza is the one the staff eat after work and I can see why: it features fresh tomato, cheese, salami, capsicum, mushroom, olives, spices, chilli and garlic. Just do it.

The pricing is another attractive feature. Macchiatos and short blacks can be had for but a dollar - a steal for the true aficionado. Other coffees come in at around \$1.40. The medium sized pizza (plenty for two) was only \$8.90 and vastly preferable to those found in the Dungeon of the Check Tablecloth up the street.

The best feature of this café, however, is the staff. Peter Davies and his crew always offer a smile and a few words, welcoming all alike, whether you want a meal with the works or just to sit for an hour over a coffee or two. Peter wants his place to be a haven where everyone can feel at home, and his staff are certainly going about it the right way. It's the kind of place where you can chill out for a while, read a book, write an essay or shoot the bull. Do yourself a favour: check out Caffé Macchiato and even if you're not a



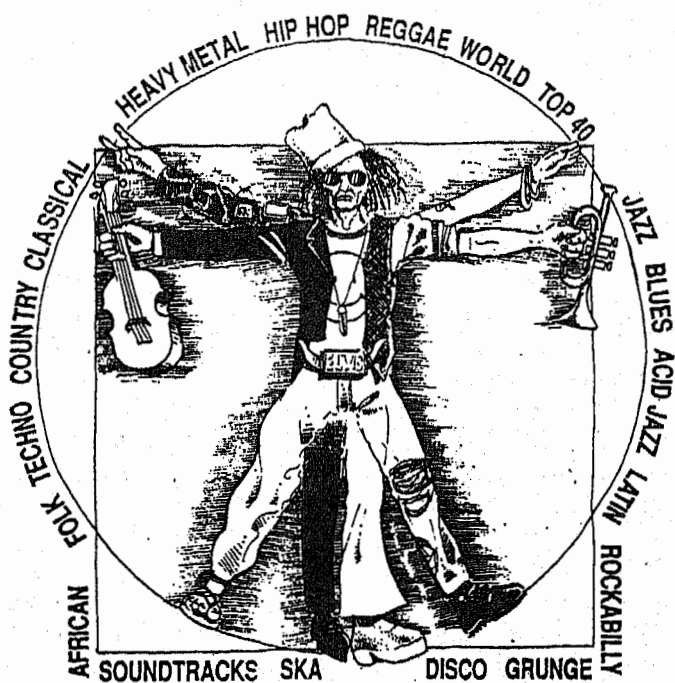
**Fuck you, Fred. It's a latté and foccacia or I'm leaving!**

major addict, try one of their eponymous brews - after all, what else can you get for a buck these days?

**John C. Byron**

P.S. Free drugs! The first ten people into Caffé Macchiato with a copy of this On Dit score a free short black or macchiato.

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# Survival of the Hippest

**S**A•FM and KA-FM have been sworn enemies for as long as anyone can remember. Even in the distant old days, when the contest was distinctly unfair, the grudges were long established. No amount of magic 5KA could provide would ever prove a true threat to FM stereo and they both knew it. AM just didn't have the full-bodied guts needed to present a powerful, mind-gripping persona that could reach out and grab a listener firmly by the eardrums.

That's not to say that 5KA didn't try. It matched the competitions and giveaways wherever it could; it gave huge cash prizes to coax the gambling-hungry members of the audience. It even introduced AM stereo, although no one had the faintest idea how to use it. But there was something about the static and flattened frequency response that was overwhelmingly unappealing, no matter how incredible the music may have been when it left the transmitter. 5KA resigned itself to coming second and bided its time, though its resentment grew each time SA•FM topped the ratings surveys for so many successive years.

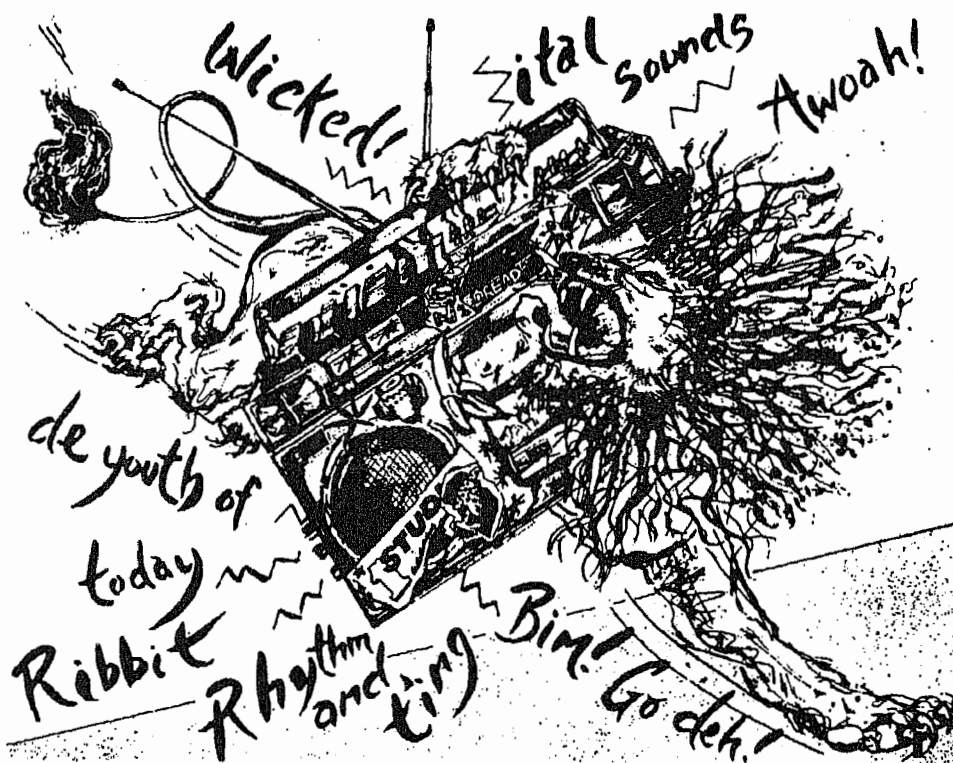
Then the station was graced with an FM licence, as part of a glut of new stations several years ago, which included X102 and Triple J. Suddenly, there were a lot of major stations within an easy dial-twiddle of each other: 102.3, 103.9, 104.7, 105.5 and 107.5. True, no one could really be said to care about ABC-FM's move to the new hot-spot from 92.1, but it made an important psychological difference. The listener who wanted to avoid an ad break or a rotten song now had much less difficulty finding something else to listen to in the interim. Station-hopping suddenly became user-friendly and with it, the broadcasters had to watch their audience like hawks. They could no longer afford to take liberties with listeners who would once have put up with a lot of rubbish because it was easier than changing stations.

KA-FM (now Triple M), X102 and Triple J all leapt eagerly into the pop and rock format, keen to steal some of the fat market share SA•FM had been enjoying alone for so long. X102 died, largely due to the fact that its only established audience were over 60s fans from 5DN who loved talk-back and Bill Haley. Possibly it would have picked up a new audience in time, but advertisers can't afford to wait and an easy listening format was soon reinstated.

Triple J also died, but as it was funded by us whatever happened, it didn't really care what we thought of it. Its music was too techno and dance for most listeners and the lack of local content was also a problem. Now, however, Triple J has moved slightly away from dance and the public has moved slightly towards it to meet halfway. Without trying at all, Triple J is finding a place for people looking for a more alternative mainstream.

KA-FM continued roughly the same format and kept the same audience, as 5KA. It earned itself new listeners too, people sick of SA•FM's love affair with a tiresomely predictable set of 60s and 70s

**As the battle for the ears and minds of Adelaide's radio-listening public escalates to momentous proportions, Roy Flavel wonders if the only winners will be those who really couldn't care less what they listen to.**



guitar rock pieces, including Eagle Rock, Major Tom, I Shot the Sheriff, Hotel California and the The Logical Song, and its reluctance to play anything new, or even anything in the Top 40 charts it published weekly.

But KA-FM didn't have the same aura as SA•FM, that no-nonsense, mind-blasting feeling of full-throttle radio dominance that enveloped the whole station. SA•FM was socially acceptable, its institutions such as The Morning Zoo, John Williams at the Source and the Five O'Clock Funnies were unstated favourites. People didn't have to ask if you'd heard Cactus that morning, everyone had. Everyone had a 107 card, everyone's car had an "SA•FM" as well as an "SA•FM Rocks (insert suburb of your choice)" sticker and most people owned an "SA•FM Good Times and Great Rock 'n' Roll" t-shirt.

KA-FM was too friendly. Its announcers had personality and tended to behave naturally. Its stickers were pink and yellow (of all things) and rather too easy to recut into FA-KE by die-hard SA•FMers. Its music was too poppy, too much lightweight froth and too little gutsy rock and roll. It didn't have any institutions. KA-FM seemed too eager to grab ratings while not attempting to establish credibility. SA•FM arrogantly expected people to listen and they did. So, for a time, things weren't much different. KA-FM's sound quality may have been better but substantially it hadn't changed. It wasn't a threat. An unexpectedly, however, came from the new-look, old-look 102.3FM which was, especially when it later merged with 5AD. Older people who'd always secretly kind of preferred this sort of music but hadn't liked listening to AM were making the change and SA•FM began to lose the coveted title of most popular radio station. And then, after countless years of

assured dominance, it made a mistake. It began to get nervous.

The Annual Radio Check-Ups began, announcers were chopped and changed on a whim, the Morning Zoo / Zoo Crew / Morning Crew went through a bewildering variety of alterations to format and personnel and The Source got a new theme song. The range of music was broadened to suit more tastes, but the actual number of songs played became more tightly constrained than ever. Sensitivity to listeners' requests suddenly became important. No-Repeat Workdays and SA•FM's Comic Relief (in which a possibly once amusing American stand-up routine is taken out of context, condensed into twenty seconds and cut mercilessly, then played incessantly so that if it wasn't funny the first time, it certainly won't be by the 200th) were introduced in direct response to listener suggestions. Variety became a buzz-word. However, with its new-age sensitivity, SA•FM lost its self-confidence. People who had been quite happy listening to what had been doled out to them before were now encouraged to make criticism and decisions on what they wanted to hear. A station that was eager to bend to meet the listeners' requirements, that proudly proclaimed "You said you wanted it, and now you've got it", that felt it had to ask its audience's permission before doing anything at all, was beginning to look like a bit of a wimp.

KA-FM, watching from the sidelines, took the time to make a few observations. It noted what SA•FM had been doing right all those years and also what it was doing wrong. It managed to learn from SA•FM's mistakes and used them to discover what the listeners really wanted without grovelling for their help. It emerged with a manifesto of brash and obvious simplicity: to copy wherever possible everything SA•FM did or said.

The result is that we now have two stations so similar that most people have given up even caring which one they've tuned to. They present the same format to the same projected audience. They both play forty minutes of the same music with ad breaks at the same time and for the same duration. The same gravel-voiced announcers have the unnerving tendency to whisper SA•FM between songs in the same way. SA•FM has 91.1 FM to cater for poor reception in the foothills, ergo: KA-FM introduces 98.3 FM.

The winner, it seems, is the one with the most gimmicks and clever catchy phrases. SA•FM is currently ahead with such gems as the Two-up Tuesday, Unbolt the volt and Cars, Cash and Clichés, but KA-FM is learning fast. The Top Thirty now clashes directly with the Top Eight at Eight. Radio Free Sex and Pillowtalk are both scheduled for Sunday nights. Another Adelaide Classic, or even a Jurassic Classic (oh, please!), occurs almost as frequently as the Classic Rock Triple Play. KA-FM offers the chance to fly in the Red Angel in Moscow (the bad guys), SA•FM offers the chance to fly a simulator at NASA (the good guys) where you can battle the Red Angel. And if a substitute for someone else's great idea can't be found, borrow the idea. Thirty-One Days of Rocktober seem to have made the journey 2.4 MHz down the scale so smoothly you wouldn't notice it all if you weren't paying attention. A lot of blame lies at the feet of feuding parent companies Austereo and Triple M, trying to make their subsidiaries uniform throughout Australia. The desire for each branch to be as identical as Coles Supermarkets extends to the substitution of The Morning Crew for The Morning Zoo and to the imminent change of KA-FM's name to Triple M to take advantage of voice-overs, promos and sponsorship deals from Sydney or Melbourne. Interstate directives about image, format and programming content leave the Adelaide stations with little scope for individuality or even the ability to style themselves better for the local market.

Where does it all leave the listener? Will you choose "Adelaide's Home of Real Rock and Roll Variety" or "Better Music, More Variety"? Do you prefer hearing the same song at the same time on five different days, or the same song at five different times on the same day? This year, do you want 107 Days of Summer, or 104.7 of them?

The fact of the matter is that the choice probably isn't worth making. They may both have The World's Largest Record Library and shout Variety until they're blue in the speaker boxes, but it won't help disguise the fact that neither will play anything different or anything that hasn't been tried and tested several hundred times previously. The only really difficult decision to be made is which of the alternatives you can most easily stomach: the halting unprofessionalism of public radio Triple M (whoops, sorry, Triple D, nowcalled 3D-FM), the nauseating youth culture of Triple J or a steady diet of Olivia Newton-John, Barry Manilow and Johnny Cash. Or maybe, just maybe, you'll believe there must be more to life. You'll search for the rusty old AM / FM switch hidden away on the face of the radio, clean the dust and grime off it and give it a decisive, resounding flick.

# PETER GOERS; ON A SCALE OF ONE TO TEN, HE'S NOT

Chloë Fox speaks to Peter Goers

**F**uck the Queen," says Peter Goers. He is wearing the hat of a director, not that of sometime critic and person-about-town. Immediately the director of *Eureka Stockade*, the Theatre Guild's latest production, is easily identified as a Republican. The show is a Republican one, with a Republican cast happily and unashamedly jumping onto the bandwagon. Goers admits as much:

"Absolutely. I wanted to do a political piece, supporting the republican cause, I'm very hot on that cause and a panel member of the Australian Republican Movement in South Australia... and I'm an ardent republican - as are most of the company although not all exclusively - we've lost a few royalists."

*Eureka Stockade* is a play which deals with the uprising of Australian miners against the colonial authorities in 1854. It opens on October 15, with a cast of one hundred people, a horse, two dogs and a sheep.

"It has a cast of nearly one hundred actors and a horse..." says Goers airily, "the horse is called Elfstream, I said with a wave of my hand, oh surely the horse can be sedated... but it costs about three hundred dollars to sedate a horse I find out ... its owners are willing participants in the Republican cause - it's a Republican horse in fact.

"There's a sheep - we got that from a farm, oddly enough, one of the cast is supplying the sheep. We had to screen the cast for New Zealanders the moment we found out there was a sheep - I said to one of my minions, "run around and find out if anyone came from NZ before we start - you can *imagine* the cast party, all of them standing in line for this poor sheep."

The play was chosen by Goers for its Republican sentiments. He has no qualms about acknowledging the bandwagon-jumping, but is more cautious about why he is doing it:

"I'm not doing this for myself, not to further me... if it helps the Republican cause then it makes me feel better. It is a return to political theatre, what I've been wanting to do very much, but this is first political cause that has excited me. Plus you see I've been an ardent republican since a very early age. The theatre guild did this play in 1974 for the festival and I saw it then on my mother's knee and it excited me then I think it gave vent to my republican feelings at the time.

"I think that the moment I became a republican was when I was eight years old when I was whipped out of school from Woodville Primary and taken to Port Road, with a Union Jack thrust in my hand to wave at this foreign monarch as she drove by in a Rolls Royce scarcely interested, let alone waving at these penitent school kids, and I thought, she's driving by the General Motors Holden Factory where my grandfather had worked for 47 years, driving past that in a Rolls Royce, and here is the richest woman in the world and there are people starving in the world, including her supposedly loyal subjects in Australia. So, I did but see her passing by/ and still I loathed her till I die."

"I went to see her once in the 1986 Festival. She was opening the Samuel Way Building, I think? and I went because I was curious to see her in the flesh. I often regret this now. My friends say, you *went*.... I was appalled by the colonial lick spittle going on, with everybody thrusting themselves forward to meet this monarch.

"As she walked by me, I was very conscious of this mask-like face of the most bored person I have *ever* seen in my life. This woman was clearly on Planet X. The lights were on and there was no housewarming party going on, I mean she wasn't even there. "Hello - Earth to Doris? - no. Not there." And this face, wearing the entire Max Factor range.. if she'd smiled the face would have cracked.

"She was wearing egg-yolk yellow, who looks good in egg-yolk yellow? Kermit the frog probably. The Queen looks dreadful in it, and he's worse, that Duke [of Edinburgh] he's a fuckwit, he paddles three steps behind and he's almost as bad. Anyway, I was appalled at how bored she was, how distant and how remote and how gaga -"

At this point general incomprehension floods Goers' weary face. Evidently egg-yolk yellow on anyone is a good enough excuse to throw them out of office. A tentative suggestion that Dame Roma Mitchell performs her job well elicits another snort of disapproval from the mercurial Goers, and clothes come up again: "She [Dame Roma Mitchell] has been a disaster of course, she's hopeless. She's believed her own publicity, she only goes to anything with royal in the title or she gives anything with royal in the title preference - suddenly the royal art society that hasn't seen a governor in years - she's there every five minutes.

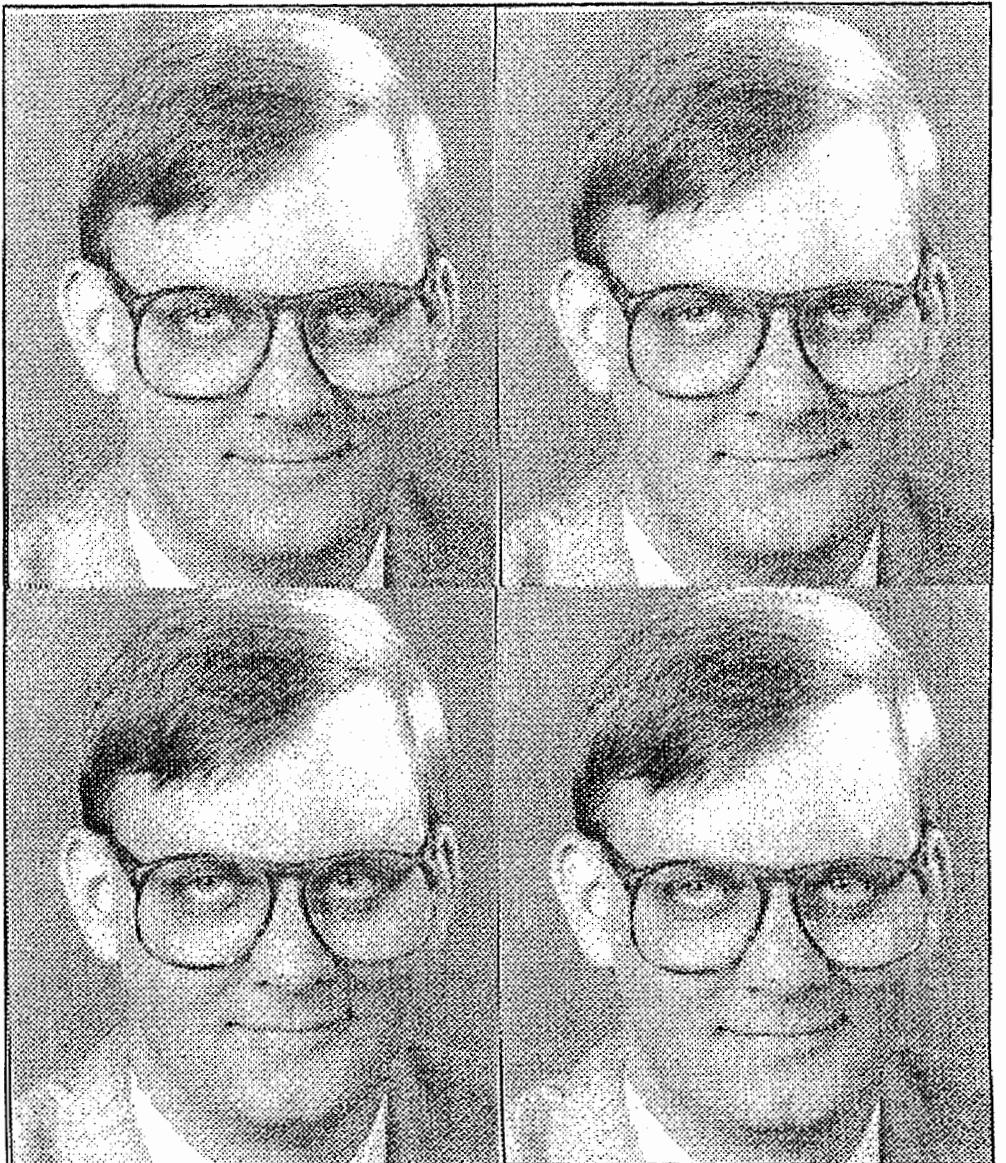
"She wears clothes that come from the Joyrene Frock Salon - not that there's anything wrong with the place but one wouldn't associate it with governmentorial fashion. I think one should dress with some flair which Roma doesn't. So fuck Roma I say! it's time she should, um, step down. I think government house would be better as an extension of the art gallery or just mow it all down and build housing trust housing for the poor. It's a dreary old colonial house. A symbol of class and injustice."

Goers concedes to being the last communist: "It's lonely but fascinating."

His fervent Republicanism could not have found a better vehicle than the upcoming production. Goers' notorious ruthlessness makes a director's interest in the play sound like obsession:

"*Eureka Stockade* is a dramatic treatment by Kenneth Cook of the *Eureka Stockade* in Ballarat, whereby miners rebelled against iniquitous colonial regime of Queen Victoria and the licences they were forced to pay for in order to mine, the fact that they had no citizenship, no representation, and they built a stockade, they were attacked by Her Majesty's army. They were massacred.

"Thereafter, throughout Ballarat and the goldfields, soldiers and police took it upon



themselves to massacre innocent women and children.. miners.. the death toll will never be known. I see it as the major uprising against our colonial masters in our history and I see it really as the birthplace of a modern nation - certainly that's the tack that the production takes; that if we look for nationhood; if we look for symbols of nationhood, a white nation I should say, we need look no further than the *Eureka Stockade*, and the *Eureka* flag as depicted there."

Although Goers is caught up in the idea of nationhood, each to his/her own and freedom for all, he stops suddenly to digress upon the indigenous question:

"The play doesn't really touch on the Aboriginal question - there's a bit in the prologue where we catalogue the British injustices to the Aborigines - thereafter they are, I'm sorry to say, ignored because this is not their story.

"The prologue also includes several large scenes, for example Sir John Kerr falling over drunk and abusing people at the Melbourne Cup in 1977; Malcolm Fraser losing his trousers, Prince Charles comparing himself to a tampon, etcetera."

Has Goers no sympathy for the Queen, burdened with a son who thinks he is a sanitary product and a husband who Goers refers to as a "fuckwit"?

"No.... Fuck the Queen [again]. I mean that in terms of her role in our society. What the British do with her is up to them - of course there's a growing republican movement there... but I think the Bolsheviks got it right and that is, the answer is to line them [the royal family] up against a wall and shoot 'em; shoot the whole lot of them, deny them of the life they've denied many others - including the miners in this *Eureka Stockade*."

Gallipoli is one of Peter Goers' main argu-

ments for a republic:

"Gallipoli; we need look no further for an argument for the republic than Gallipoli. The fact that those diggers were sent in on a fool's errand as cannon fodder to defend the indefensible by Churchill and the Admiralty of the British Empire for no purpose whatsoever other than to be shot is a disgrace. The fact that we have maintained some valour in a noble defeat is wonderful."

Are there any justifiable reasons for maintaining the constitutional monarchy? Goers thinks not, and is disparaging of the efforts that are made to support it:

"Isn't it sad," says Goers cheerfully, "when you look at the Royalist movement, the only people they can ever find to defend the monarchy are either Knights or Dames who surely have a vested interest in it, or members of the Liberal Party.

"Poor little Johnnie Howard is trotted out all the time, or fucking Dame Pattie Menzies, who's 93 and gaga, she's trotted out, she is actually trotted out - *everyone* thought she was a yacht, nobody had any idea that she was a real person - they all thought she was dead 20 years ago. She makes speeches and *dares* to criticise Keating." An indignant grunt comes from somewhere deep within as he announces this disgraceful fact.

*Eureka Stockade* begins this week, in Union Hall from October 15 intermittently until October 23. The price is \$12 / \$8, and more for monarchists. For them the price of a ticket is \$39.50. And how does he know who the royalists are? Won't they try to disguise themselves at the box office counter?

"Well, of course they're used to lying. Their whole life is a lie," says Peter Goers sternly.

# TAANG! RECORDS

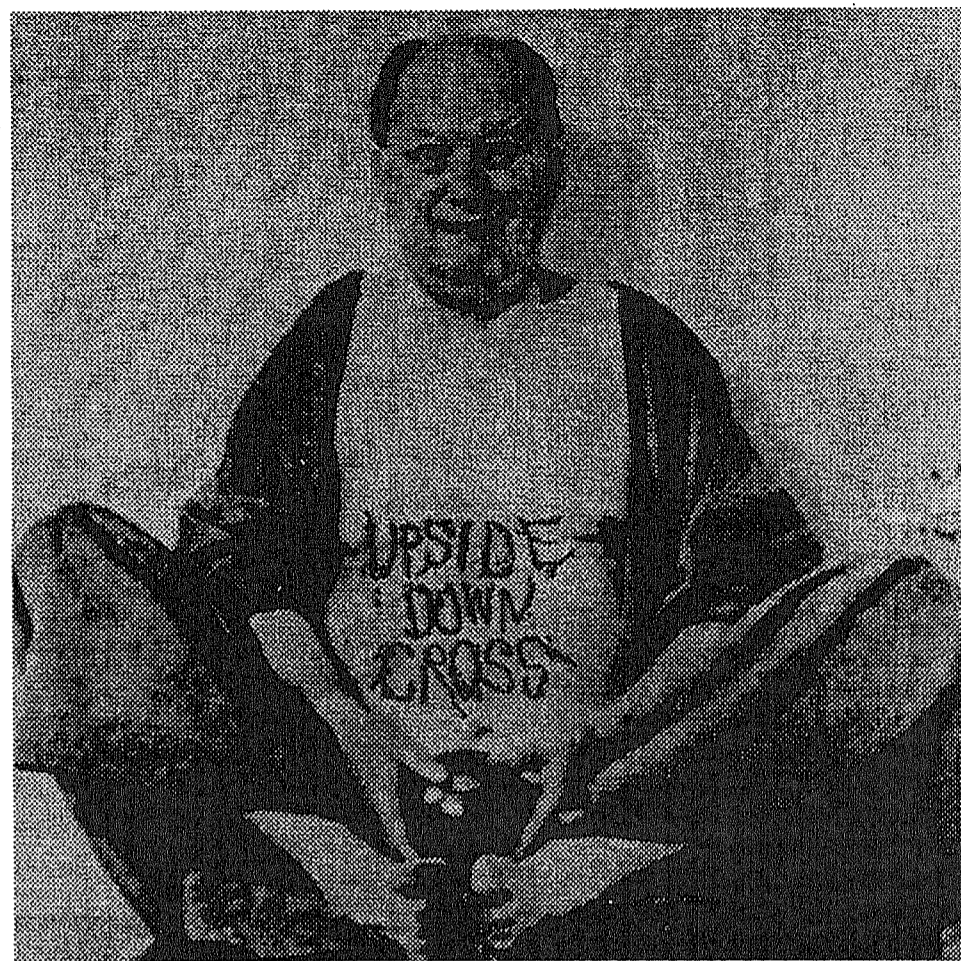
Taang! records may now be known as the label that brought the first three Lemonheads LP's to the world, but Taang's catalogue, stretching back to 1984, reveals an impressive array of bands such as Gang Green, Bullet Lavolta, Moving Targets, Poison Idea, Mighty Mighty Bosstones, and even the Hard Ons. More recently they have signed new talent such as the Swirlies, Sam Black Church and the Spores. Curtis Casella, the man responsible for the existence of the label recently visited Australia to catch his latest local signing (Godstar) live and to visit the people at Mushroom Distribution Services, the Australian distributor of Taang! releases. Also on the agenda was a little reconnaissance of Australian bands, a couple of whom may end up on Taang! records. I was lucky enough to have a long and educational conversation with Curtis, interrupted intermittently by a wet and over friendly dog that took a liking to him. To start with, I enquired why Curtis wasn't a nice normal little boy - what attracted him to hardcore and alternative music?

"It was all the Saints fault I think. I've just always liked abrasive music. When

I was in high school and people were listening to mainstream it just didn't appeal to me. So I just went for the harder stuff. My sister gave me her Stooges records, she didn't want anything to do with them, and I listened to them over and over, and got into music that way. I guess Alice Cooper was the most mainstream artist I was into, and people even back then thought he was a little abrupt. Punk rock was natural!"

There's quite a step between being a music fan and starting a label, but a hardcore band not politically correct enough for Boston's straight edge label was the spur.

"I was a DJ in college, and in Boston there was one band that never put out a record, Gang Green, and we put it out because no-one else wanted to. It was a blast doing it, it was really fun. Also I was overseas right before that, I saw how the punk rock labels worked in Europe, especially one called No Future. It was mostly a singles label, and it was basically run by fans. It wasn't like my vision of a record business, which was a guy with a suit and a tie sitting behind a desk calculating numbers. It was run by kids who would go to shows and I thought it was kinda cool.



Then I came back to America and two people I knew were doing record labels, and they were also in bands. That was Ian MacKaye who was running Dischord and was in Minor Threat, now Fugazi, and Glenn who was doing Plan 9, now he's Danzig. Basically those two people who I knew from collecting records had labels, and I told them I wanted to do this record with Gang Green. They went 'Gang Green, yeah they're great, do it'. They gave me the initial numbers, and phoned up people, told me how to press a record, and that's pretty much it. I don't think I would have done it without seeing those three labels, I would have had a distorted view of the business, only the corporate side, which bores the hell out of me."

The label had a fairly humble beginning in Auburndale, Massachusetts. "Auburndale is kind of neat, there's this one street that goes from Boston all the way to the West of Boston, halfway to New York. Auburndale is three towns away, it's where when you leave Boston you get foliage and trees and it's pretty nice. We started our label by squatting in an abandoned barn, we went in and hooked up a phone line illegally and we had no heat, it was kind of messy but it was Taang! It was where a lot of the bands would practice, and several of us lived there - that was our first office. A friend worked for the government and we would go into their offices at night and make all the phone calls and Xeroxing of flyers. We were Government funded, you might say!"

The label was lucky to have some impressive bands feature in its first releases, and helped get Taang! a reputation that would help it become more than a hobby for Curtis. "Gang Green was the first band, then Stranglehold who were more pop punk, then we did Last Rites, and the Oysters and Killslug, and were pretty much ready to quit the label. We had nine records out, I was in school, and I just said, 'what am I going to do, am I going

to do this label?' We did no promotion, we only gave 25 records to the bands. Around '86, Lou Giordano did the Moving Targets record, and he said, 'Curtis man, don't discontinue the label, listen to this band, it's a great tape.' The tape was brilliant, I didn't know what to do with it. There was another band, originally called Straight Satan, then Slapshot, and also Gang Green said they were getting back together. All of a sudden although there was no real label, there were three bands that wanted to put out records. We had three thousand dollars, and we used it to press these records, and because we actually paid the pressing plant before, they gave us a line of credit. The Lemonheads also had their own single, which we put on our mailing list, and an Oysters single. We parcelled them up with a note saying who we were, please review our records! From that the Moving Targets got radio play and an English deal, and Mr. Spacemen licensed an Australian 7", and they toured with the Descendents. Slapshot gained a real hardcore following. Gang Green went on tour, made three videos and sold 30,000 records in the end, and got a German pressing. The Lemonheads started playing live, and we had a label, and profits. The Lemonheads were so into the label, so we decided to do new Moving Targets, Slapshot and Gang Green records, and we wanted to put out a Lemonheads record. That was the turning point, we got kinda cocky, and said 'let's sign Mission to Burma.' I know they're nothing in Australia, but in Boston it was like putting out the Radio Birdman box set! They had two brilliant records they'd never released, so we met them and did the records, and after that we signed a new band, Bullet Lavolta, we did our first Australian licensing, the Hard Ons' 'Dickcheese', we reformed Jerry's Kids, and here we are 80 records later. Now we're getting into distributing other labels, like Sub Pop, Amphetamine Reptile, Trojan, Dischord, Half a Cow, and all the (fifteen) Boston labels. Otherwise you can just sell your label

to a major and cash in, like every other label has done, like Mammoth and Matador, just say 'OK, have someone else handle it', but I'd rather do it myself and remain my own boss, and put out records that I love. Seriously, there's only about three labels left in America doing that, Touch & Go, Dischord and Taang!. The others are just funded by majors, although some won't be willing to admit it."

Curtis doesn't see potential profit as a good reason to sign a band - his rationale is a little purer.

"Just if I like it. If I want it in my record collection, that's about it. With Godstar, I've listened to that record constantly, it was the record of all last summer, all we listened to. We just put on this fourteen song tape that Nic (Dalton) made us, we know every song by heart. If I listen to something over a hundred times, I know someone had better put it out or I'm going to put it out. By that time the cassette's usually wearing out, so hell, instead of buying a cassette, let's just put the record out!"

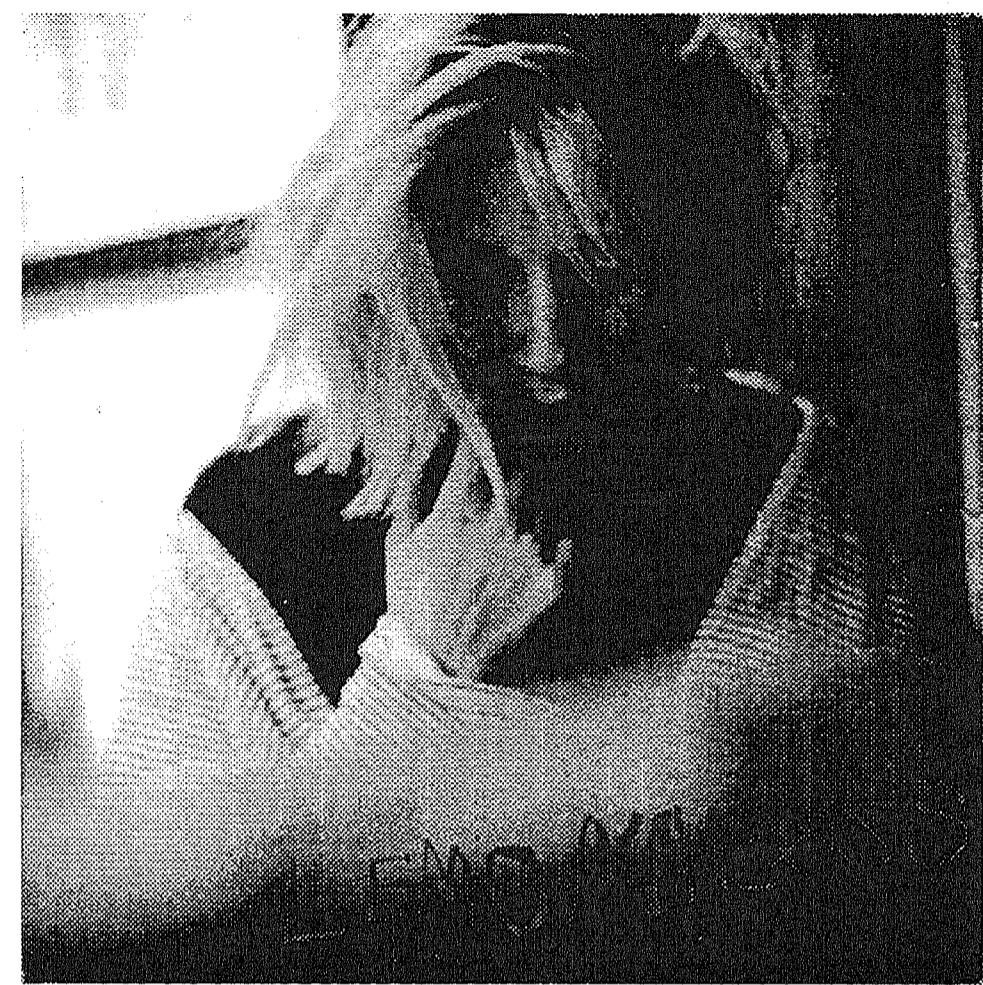
"We've got some pretty weird signings! I've done pretty much every spectrum from hardcore to Ska, and the Swirlies, who are like a complete wall of guitars, and live they're just amazing, 'cause all you can hear is this buzz, they're brilliant. The Spores are maybe what most people consider more of a traditional Taang! band, which I don't mind, the Spores are your typical blazing, annoying punk rock band, they just said, 'Curtis, you've got to sign us, listen to this shit.' They were right, you know. It's exactly what I love. Screaming vocals, the most blazing guitar sound you've heard, and it was perfect."

Many indie labels mellow over time or change from their roots (my example was Sub Pop) but Taang! haven't gone that way.

"I think with Sub Pop, they are taking a different direction, but they purposefully signed bands that were that sound. We never did, we never had a 'sound' - yeah the first few records were totally

hardcore. Every year we document a band from that era because, let's face it, hardcore in America was such a major thing. For the three or four years hardcore was a major thing, it was incredible. It was like the new punk rock, the most exciting thing to happen since 1976-77 as far as music goes, was American hardcore between '81 and '83. A lot of the great bands never had records out, or you can't find them now. It's ridiculous to cheat a generation. I know it's like an old thing, people of that era say 'yeah, I listened to that years ago' but the new generation of kids, how are they going to hear that stuff? It would be ridiculous to delete Minor Threat or the Bad Brains and have a generation start out with like... Nirvana. To them that would be punk rock, and that's just not right. Let's face it, punk rock started in '76, and if you're going to listen to the stuff now you should hear the stuff that started it. I think everyone in Australia should have a Saints record. The first Saints record is still one of the greatest records ever made."

It must be fairly depressing when bands you have followed from the start leave your label to seek the profits and exposure a major label deal may bring, but Curtis seems more unhappy at the treatment quality bands can receive at the aforementioned corporate institutions. "Unfortunately, the times it has happened, in 80 records we've had four bands go to majors, only one of them worked! Bullet Lavolta, I can't tell you how great Bullet Lavolta was live. We put out two records that did incredibly well, people were really into the sound, and Bullet Lavolta just tore the stage apart. Unfortunately when they were signed to a major they wanted them to do a well produced record that would cross over to metal, metal cross-over was big and alternative music wasn't respected. So they put out this record which didn't fit into the major label's scheme of marketing. The band said 'We're punk rock, we were on Taang!', the label said 'we don't have a department here called 'Punk Rock' or alter-



native so we're going to market you as metal'. They were one of the greatest bands in America, but were completely dropped by a major label. It was disgusting. With the Lemonheads, the same thing nearly happened. We had a three record deal with the Lemonheads and the last record we did (Lick) was an enormous success, it was the biggest selling indie record of that year, to sell 30,000 records on an indie was an achievement. The major picked them up, made a record and sold between 11 and 13,000, and they said 'we just signed them from Taang! where they sold thirty - let's drop 'em!' They almost did, but luckily Evan picked himself up and got a band together and recorded a record. I put out records because I love putting out records, as far as the business end, we keep the back catalogue, so if the band does well, it's great, I wish them the best. I really like the music still, I don't look at it as a product. I would prefer to put out a good record when a band was at their peak than put out a bad record and make money. I wouldn't put out a bad record!"

Australian bands have long been favourites of Curtis as he made an effort to search out classic releases by the Victims, Fun Things, Babez, The Numbers and other records that have since lapsed into obscurity. Seeing the great range of bands here has made him disappointed so few get exposure in America.

"The bands I've seen in Australia have been really amazing. The last last big blast of Australian music to America was like the Citadel singles, like Screaming Tribesman, Died Pretty, Lime Spiders; It's lame because the bands here now are amazing. When Americans think of Australian bands they think of Cosmic Psychos and the Hard Ons, the Psychos are like Soul Asylum in America 'cause they're constantly in your city, which is great. I'm glad I got here, because there are some great bands. The live show of the Dirty Three was amazing, Screamfeeder was

great, and Snout were cool. There is also hope of some of the Taang! bands reaching our shores, too. "I want to get bands to Australia, the last thing the Moving Targets said before I left was, 'We've got to get to Australia', and Spore said 'Why don't we just bring everybody to Australia and live there for six months, and play all the cities.' Unfortunately there's only about eight cities to play in Australia, but that's what we want to do."

Daniel Kearney

LEMON HEADS

LAUGHING ALL THE WAY TO THE CLEANERS

## Sexposé

**Sex Diary of an Infidel**  
**State Theatre Company**  
**Lion Theatre**  
 until 16th October, 1993

*Keep your diary free ...*

*Sex Diary of an Infidel* is the last of the State Theatre Company's 'In the Raw' series of plays. Written by Michael Gurr, an exciting young Australian playwright, it centres on the sex tour trade between Australia and the Philippines. At first glance, the plot is seeming simple, an award winning journalist, Jean and her photographer boyfriend, Martin are sent to Manila to cover a story about the sex tourism industry. Complexities are, however, quick to develop and there are more twists revealed than a Hitchcock thriller. At times you won't know who or what to believe.

The action of the play is very fast pace, switching constantly between Australia and the Philippines and keeping the audience on its toes. Back in Australia, in Jean's absence, a junkie who was the subject of an award winning \$20,000 story, breaks into her house, blackmails her and begins a relationship with her actress-wannabe-sister.

Meanwhile, in Manila, the subject of Jean's next story, a sleazoid pimp, turns out to be an old boyfriend. While this

relationship is reignited, Jean's pre-existing boyfriend, Martin, runs off with the pimp's 'special' employee - a transvestite Filipino - to seek political enlightenment. Sounds confusing? It is, but don't let this deter you.

Director, Kim Hanna, and designer, Shaun Gurton, largely solve the problem of the script's perpetual switching between the Philippines and Australia. The set, minimal to say the least, is used well in this production. Against the backdrop of a cyclorama-style curtain, the action takes place. Lighting is used to distinguish separate areas which represent Australia and the Philippines. Centre stage is used for either or.

Keith Tucker's lighting design creates great mood. The intimacy of the Lion Theatre and the very dim set capture the ominous, sleaziness of the Philippines sex trade.

Act one lacks pace at times. This is largely the script's fault. The episodic scenes prohibit character and plot development and result in much ambiguity. Belinda Davey's portrayal of the journalist is slow to watch and the role demands more thorough development. In the second act, she does, however, improve as does the entire production. Luciano Martucci and Claire Jones play their roles with the sincerity and na-

ively their characters require. Martucci is particularly good in his final confrontation with Jean in act two. Both Jones and Martucci are innocent victims who become entangled in a web of deception and lies.

Brant Eustice as the junkie or ex-junkie - the audience is never sure which - is enigmatic. Like Laura, the audience is drawn to him, unable to decide whether he can or can not be trusted.

The Filipino transvestite is played with great sensitivity by Hiro Fukushima. Trapped in gender limbo, Fukushima searches endlessly for a true identity and purpose in life. As per usual, Edwin Hodgeman shines in his role as the sleazoid Aussie pimp. Injecting the play with much of its momentum, Hodgeman's characterisation combines charm and cynicism. He is the type of character an audience is never sure whether to love or hate.

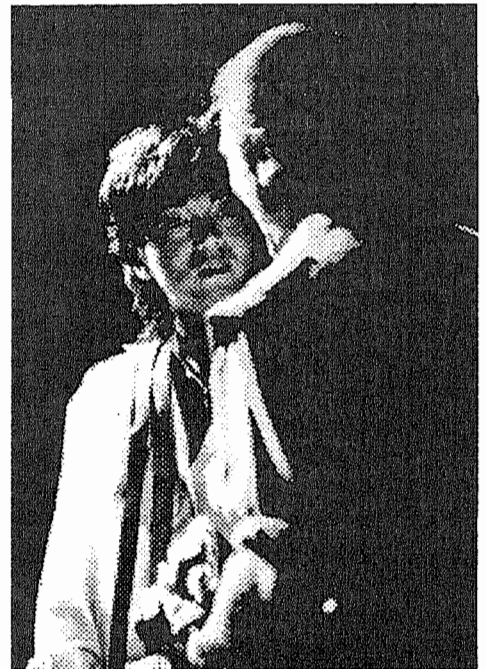
On a surface level, *Sex Diary of an Infidel* exposes those who exploit or are exploited by the Manila sex tour trade. On a deeper more universal level, it reveals a world where reality and illusion are indistinguishable and the innocent victims who, inadvertently are caught up in this real of deceit.

There are some fabulous lines in this play but it's short, fleeting scenes are

its biggest downfall. Despite this, *Sex Diary of an Infidel* remains a confronting and exciting piece of theatre.

For Kim Hanna, this production marks a triumphant directing debut with the State Theatre Company, one you should not miss. Make sure *Sex Diary of an Infidel* appears in your diary - under the *Must Do and See* category.

**Antonia Mercorella**



## One big wet and curious dream

**The Sea**  
**Court Theatre Company**  
**Odeon Theatre**

Despite a dynamic opening full of lighting effects bright enough to startle me out of my mid-week drowsiness, *The Sea* proceeds at a gentle pace, giving the audience ample opportunity to ponder the more curious elements of Edward Bond's intriguing plot. Crazy shopkeepers, aliens from outer space, and a young man desperately trying to save his drowning friend - it all sounds slightly melodramatic, but Bond manages to weave these elements together into a story that stays within the bounds of credibility. The young members of Court Theatre would perhaps have been more suited to something a little less involved, but having decided to tackle a fairly complex piece, they manage to make quite a good show of it.

Set in England (or so the majority of the accents would suggest), in the era of World War 1, *The Sea* documents the happenings in a small coastal town when the draper, Hatch (Timothy Jolley), believes a new arrival in town to be an alien, bent on corrupting the entire population. Around the central theme, runs the rehearsals of the amateur dramatic society, the love-hate relationship between the town's two most influential society ladies, and the cool, enigmatic comments of Evens (Alf Zollo) - the one character who seems unperturbed by all the goings on. With the guns of the local Battery providing a soundtrack, the increasing tension between the various inhabitants of the town builds almost to a climax, then fades away, leaving the audience a little unsure as to why it all occurred and

what could possibly happen next. For those of you who would like some description of the various characters, I would suggest watching old re-runs of "To the Manor Born", with particular attention to the vicar. Samantha Jolley as Louise Rafi, the town battle-axe, even manages to out-Audrey Penelope Keith, in a noteworthy performance.

Certainly there was a variety of acting talent on show.

Dominic Reilly as Willy Carson - the young chappie who is unable to save his drowning friend and proceeds to mope about the town, making vague suggestions of marriage to his dead mate's fiancée, clearly conveyed a sense of being ostracised by the town, although he did not seem quite comfortable with his character. Talent seems to run in the family, with Samantha and Timothy Jolley both providing a bit of backbone for the group through their consistently strong and dramatic performances. The extract from the charity gala, "Orpheus and Eurydice" is a perfect demonstration of Samantha's ability to hint at the absurdity inherent in her character, without completely losing touch with reality. As the shopkeeper bankrupted by Rafi, Timothy Jolley brings an element of truth to an otherwise impossible tale of aliens, mind control, and world domination (the ravings of a fevered mind), through his own immense belief in his character.

Mafanwy Price, (Libby Klingberg) a sweetly dippy society lady, the Vicar (Nicholas Keukenmeester), and the shopkeeper's offside, Hollarcut (Frank Hannon-Tan), are all quaintly characterised and manage to occasionally steal the spotlight from the more major players.

Director Richard Flynn takes no risks. The

naturalistic style missed the opportunity to accentuate Bond's unusual combination of the comic and the cruel, and as a result the production does not utilise the script to its full potential.

Charles Rice manipulates the lighting console with skill, using the colours of the sea and the sand. These colours similarly dominate the set, also Rice's design. Practical, although not innovative, the set provided a few anxious moments when we were unsure if it would quite last the distance. Thankfully, it did. In fact, *The Sea* was quite efficient in its technical aspects, apart from scene changes that tended to drag on a little. The stage crew are forgiven for this, however, as the audience was treated to wisps of soothing music provided by Adelaide band "Big Things Flying" which was in tune with the sense of the play's events being quite beyond the control of the hapless characters.

The search for acceptance and love that was carried on beneath the surface of events was appealing to theatre-goers, and compensated for a storyline a little out-of-place in today's society. For some time, the fear of aliens landing would have touched a nerve with many Western audiences, but in this production, it was the universal qualities of the characters that stirred the emotion. A faintly wistful air pervaded the production, leaving audiences with a feeling akin to finding out Grandma's moggy just died. Now please excuse me while I go looking for "Turning to Blue", the CD used as soundtrack.

**Hannon Birdsey**

## Lady B

**Lady Bracknell's Confinement**  
**Playhouse**

Watching a 72-year-old man dressed in Victorian drag deliver an 80-minute monologue may sound a bizarre form of entertainment, but the combination of Gordon Chater's masterful acting skills and an excellent script by Paul Doust make *Lady Bracknell's Confinement* one of the most hilarious plays I've seen.

The play is a spin-off from Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* and derives much of its humour from literary reference.

Chater plays Lady Augusta Bracknell, a sour and cynical member of the English Aristocracy and High Society through marriage. Secretly male, "Lady" Bracknell delights the audience with his account of Lord Bracknell's deceptive seduction, even to the point of marriage and intercourse. Along the way there are constant reminders of the gullibility, pomposity and sheer stupidity of her adopted class. Chater is familiar with his character, having played the two butlers in the 1990/91 production of *The Importance of Being Earnest* with Ruth Cracknell. He relishes the role, at one time mincing sarcastically in imitation of his character's peers, at another displaying fierce anger.

My only criticism was that the play occasionally lost the audience's attention when the script drifted through Bracknell's complicated and confusing anecdotes. Nevertheless, the audience responded well to Chater's razor sharp wit and chameleon-like facial expressions.

From a theatrical perspective this was a stylish and polished production of a very clever script.

**Tom Griffith**

# A town like Sweetown

**Sweetown**  
**Red Shed Theatre Company**  
 18th September - 2nd October, 1993

Yet another excellent offering from the Red Shed! This play is wonderfully, mercifully free of any kind of cultural cringe. It is delightful in its complete absence of embarrassment in being unmistakably Australian.

Actually, it's cringe-factor is in the sort of tickled embarrassment that comes of having the all-too-true and familiar captured and portrayed and sent-up brilliantly, quirks, accents and all. The humour that this often hysterically funny play evokes is gently self-deprecating, but also, just maybe, even a little appreciative of the Australian nature as well.

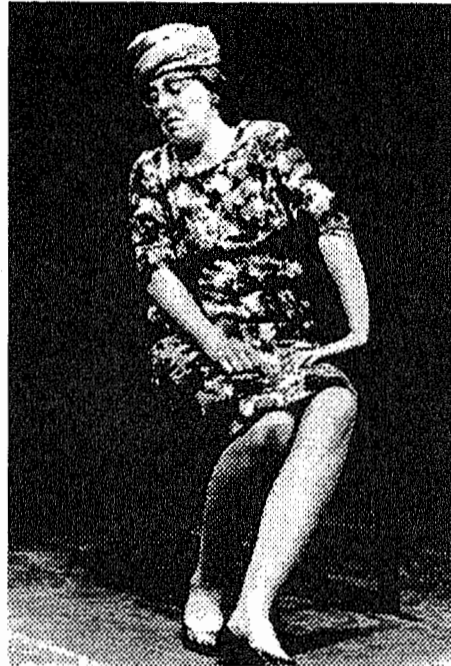
The darker side of the story, revolving around the prejudices and fears that lay just beneath the surface of a seemingly genial group of townspeople is a microcosm of some of the racist attitudes prevalent today. It provides a slightly more sinister backdrop against which the light-hearted humour plays brilliantly.

The oppression and cruel treatment of the Aborigines and the fear and ignorance of most is manifest in the dark ghost that stalks the town as it makes ready for 'back to Sweetown' celebrations in a flurry of pompous and self-righteous activity.

The idea of a mid-1950s Australian town is immediately conjured as you enter the theatre, to a space bordered with rust-painted corrugated iron. The pristine white park benches look as incongruous to the dusty town as the hypocritical attitudes of the characters are to the town's past. A window looking out to a blue backdrop and "mountains" conveys the outback being just outside the window and this works well, bar the minor problem of people en route to the toilet unwittingly doubling as extra cast members.

Despite the lightheartedness of this play in comparison with the Shed's sombre "Cow" and the gut-wrenching "All Souls", it still packs a punch in the form of unpleasant truths about our past, ourselves and our attitudes that is just as bitter a pill to

swallow. The tension in the play is a result of parallel pills; one by the conservative "committee" set, still clinging to English ties and tradition, determined to portray Sweetown as a decent, respectable town, the other, those



who want to acknowledge Sweetown's dark past and commemorate the grisly Aboriginal stockyard massacre, to pacify the ghosts of the past that still haunt some.

Each scene works like a charm, both rippling with this tension and evading it. There's an absolutely priceless scene of three school children, wide-eyed and innocent, listening to a sing-a-long with the BBC program. The direction works brilliantly here, with the placing of the chairs in a side-long semi-circle, so we don't miss any of the subtle expressions of boredom and of the "I'm mouthing the wrong words, gees, I hope no one notices!"

Uli Brivé, who shamed guts and grit in "Low" and more recently "All Souls" skilfully adapts herself to play a shy but wilful child.

By contrast, she doubles up in her roles (as all characters do) for the "Committee" for Back to Sweetown celebrations. These scenes are wickedly funny, with the con-

servatism of the 50s beautifully portrayed in self-satisfied grins and perfectly modulated speaking voices. As Rachel Greg, demure and oh-so-respectable exemplifies, when one of her ideas is frowned upon, she plays the wounded patriot to the hilt.

Eileen Darby, who was outstanding in "All Souls" gives us another well-formed character in another committee member, diplomatic and proper in the extreme.

It is Jack Greg, played effortlessly by Andrew Donoway, who recalls the town's dark legacy and moots the idea of the memorial gate. In doing so, this likeable character comes up against the foreboding Alan Wherther (Peter Finlay). Finlay is a face not seen as regularly at the Red Shed and provides a refreshing new face as the staunch, seemingly upright committee member with the most to hide.

The grim notion of being unable to sever the past is powerfully evoked in a scene that sees Finlay attempt to destroy the grave site of his incriminating ancestors so he can't be linked to the ugly incident. Syd Brisbane, wild-eyed and malevolent, plays the ghost of his ancestor, who moans throughout the play, to a slow, low cello note and paces aimlessly around Wherther, finally emitting a loud wail of the dispossessed spirit as the tombstone is destroyed. A powerful and haunting scene, it did nothing to change my thoughts of Syd Brisbane as a highly talented actor, whom I would not wish to meet down a dark alley!

Yet even this mood passes in this multifaceted play. By contrast, as the affable, eager Mitch, the local publican, Brisbane also succeeds well and provides a welcome tonic to the ghost.

The hypocrisy of the "Committee" members in attempting a facade of wholesomeness in the face of the grim past is beautifully brought out in a scene which sees Birvé, Finlay and Sally Hildyard rehearsing a song, in an overly trilled and vibrato way, with the ghost adding a low moan at various intervals for which an indignant Finlay is blamed. Try as he might, he can't escape the dreadful sound, as surely as he can't escape his past.

Hildyard emerges as yet another highly

adaptable and talented actress, singing with utter absorption this mini-opera, in stark contrast to the opening scene character as Evonne, a researcher, into Aboriginal burial sites where we find her drinking in a pub. She quickly and easily establishes her character as a confident, educated woman, down-to-earth, slightly bemused by the quirkiness of the Sweetown people. Her naturalistic acting was some of the best I've seen, with no question of effort.

Offsetting the ongoing tension is the town's older set who also engage in "meetings", to award prizes for the best jam, the crochet of the week, and so on. These scenes are brilliantly acted and the staging, with the four women in a semi circle one way, facing the other way, to conduct their meetings, works exceedingly well. Each meeting 'freezes' when the other is being focused on, resulting in a rapid pace and a well-constructed juxtaposition of ideas and attitudes.

The oppression of women in the town in the 50s and the power structure of the various relationships further underscore the dark side of the Australian nature, painted prima facie as lovable and larrikin. Joey Kennedy as Jenny, has a minor role, so it would seem, but in fact as the sardonic, down-trodden wife of Mitch, her presence is crucial, highlighting women as the unseen victims of prejudice at the time. The thread is woven subtly, as Jenny carting crates of beer, bringing out food, eventually delivers a haunting monologue about her mother who went mad, with isolation and boredom. When we perceive that, although she threatens to leave, she is still there at the end, her powerlessness, especially pertinent in the pre-feminist 50s, is borne out.

I could write an essay on this production and would in fact enjoy it. It is a brilliant play, masterfully directed and superbly acted. See it, the next time it comes around. It speaks volumes about Australia then and Australia now.

Mel Sander

# A Bit Personal

**Personals**  
**Vitalstatistix Theatre Company**

Can you imagine anything more excruciating than a play about a dating agency tour guide and a couple of lonely hearts stranded on an island together? Fortunately, this play manages to rise above the trite situation, thanks to a clever script by Roxxy Bent and dynamic performances by the two women actors. I believe that the intention was to have the audience squirming in embarrassed laughter and that was certainly the effect it had on me.

I must say that the highlight of the evening for me was the striking similarity between Roxxy Bent and Julian Clary. Yes, indeed, the star of the ABC's *Sticky Moments* is alive and in *Personals*, doubling as Linda - a

simpering, immaculately groomed dating agency tour guide in a glaring pink outfit. I learned later from a Vitalstatistix groupie that Ms Bent is usually seen offstage clad in leather displaying some impressive tattoos. Julian would be green with jealousy, I'm sure.

The feminist slant of the company is evident in the script by Roxxy Bent, which provides the actors with oh-so-rare good parts for women. Roxxy Bent and Nikki Price play off each other brilliantly, contrasting "a career will do until I find a man" Linda and "fiercely independent yet lonely" Phoebe. Both actors give energetic performances and squeeze as much characterisation into their performances as possible. Geoff Revell, playing Phillip, was overshadowed by the female characters, although this is more a reflection of the script's emphasis on the female characters than on the actor himself.

No expense was spared on the set, which was strewn with sand to give the desert

island effect, with two canvas humps meant to represent the dunes. They use a positive synonym - the look was, well, stark. The set was adequate and to make the token politically correct comment, I guess we can't expect anything better from small theatre companies until government funding is increased (plug, plug).

Armed with the knowledge that Vitalstatistix is a feminist lesbian-friendly theatre company I was intrigued when at one stage in the play the women tie Phillip up. I think I was expecting them to act out a revenge fantasy on their captive male, or else just leave him on the island and go off together in an unexpected twist on the very heterosexual dating agency theme. Suffice to say that *Personals* is a tad more conventional than that. It said in the program that Vitalstatistix work is "ground-breaking" and "controversial". This production is being played for (conventional) laughs only. I have no hesitation in recommending *Personals* as consistently funny on that level,

but save your money for the *Vitals* next production if you want challenging theatre.

Sarah Stokely-Willcox



# Bhundu Boys

**Bhundu Boys - Live  
Heaven  
13th September, 1993**

**W**e arrived fashionably early to fashionable Heaven to see the fashionable Bhundu Boys only to realise that, decked out in denim, we ourselves were not that fashionable! Lacking the mandatory Rastafarian beanie, we made our way to the bar. After quickly downing a Carlton cold filtered and a glass of Chateau cardboard, we ceased to worry about the fact that we had dressed in the dark and began to enjoy ourselves.

Hoza (not the horticultural variety) were the support band who had an original Southern African feel. Catchy and funky, the music was so danceable we almost left our cheese and cracked black pepper chips to do so. Hoza played with incredible energy and looked as though they were having a good time. There were two members of the band that stood out for us little denim clad groovsters.

Numero Uno: the lead singer who not only had a cool outfit but cool manoeuvres to match (call me baby). The second Hoza notable was the bass player, whose hat formed a great talking point throughout the evening. Hornlike, it seemed to grow and grow, as Hoza grooved and grooved. By the time we had fought it out and agreed that it was

probably a hand-held inflatable device, the Bhundu Boys were almost ready to make their appearance. (It should be said that, whilst we did enjoy Hoza, by 10.20 pm Chrissy was doing her Juan imitation and Mel was getting kicks from throwing ice at the bust-line-thrusting jive bunnies at the adjacent table.)

Speaking of bust-line-thrusting, it is time for a cheap joke interlude ...

Chrissy - I can't do that. I'm just too busy.

Mel - Ha! First joke for the night. (Well, we thought it was funny, but there's no accounting for taste.)

Enter the "better than a good bon" Bhundu Boys. Woa. Hubba hubba. The Bhundu Boys base their sound on what they call the "Jit Jive", which for those who don't know, is a "fast guitar-and-drum-snare dance beat". Whatever it's called, this stuff is catchy! And soon after they came on stage the boys had people a jitting and a jiving and a Bust-line-thrusting to this special and original beat. Think what you will of world music, but the crowd loved these guys. And when we say love, we mean *love*. Everything they said, however small, was greeted with heart-felt applause. Their music brought out a very emotional response from the crowd. For example, we saw one group of guys jumping up and down and hugging each other - it's just that type of music. Bet

you wouldn't see *that* at a Mega-Death concert.

It's really hard to describe the atmosphere that night. But, in this four hundred and sixteen (who's counting?) word review, we have tried to do so. So, now the serious stuff is over we'll leave you with some questions on which to ponder until next time...

Why *were* there so many pregnant women there? Who *was* that guy who

covered his face every time he walked past us? A figment of our indiscreet past perhaps?

And *when* are the Bhundu Boys coming back?

*Melanie Newstead  
and Chrissy Poulos*



# Miles and Quincy

**Miles Davis and Quincy Jones  
Live at Montreux**

It is two years since Miles Davis died. He was one of the greatest musical innovators of the twentieth century. Reviewing one of his recordings is scary. In the liner notes to this album Jazz historian Leonard Feather suggests that Miles revolutionised jazz five times.

Miles began experimenting with jazz/rock forms in the late 60's and vowed that he would never play jazz again. Through the 70's and 80's he kept that

vow. Curiously and perhaps prophetically, he revisited some of his most renowned jazz work just weeks before his death. This CD is an aural document of that event. It consists of some of the big band material he originally recorded with the Gil Evans orchestra and includes selections from the albums "Miles Ahead", "Porgy and Bess" and "Sketches Of Spain".

The recording is a labour of love for arranger Quincy Jones who has put together a big band that executes the music with precision. At the time of

recording Miles had not worked within the confines of moving jazz chords for a long time. Jazz playing is an intense discipline which requires daily attention. It has been years since Miles has played straight ahead jazz and he doesn't have the chops he once had.

I felt ill equipped to review this CD because I am not familiar with the original recordings. I asked a friend who knows the David/Evans collaborations for his thoughts. He suggests that "Live At Montreux" simply doesn't have the balance of power and elegance

that is present in the original recordings. Miles always used his own rhythm section on the Gil Evans collaborations and they had great drive. They are missed on this recording as is Hank Mobley. This CD is for dedicated Miles fans. If you haven't heard the check out the original recordings which are now all on CD.

*Paul Connor*

# Julian Joseph

**Julian Joseph  
Reality  
East West Music**

Julian Joseph, a young London pianist, offers in his second feature album jazz for the true believer. Although billed in the CD sleeve as being one of the new generation of funky jazz hipsters, Joseph departs from his Acid-jazz and funkadelic contemporaries with a more traditional and esoteric style. The music on Reality ranges from a hard and dissonant sound reminiscent of Monk to the schmaltz-o-rama of dinner dance entertainment- à la Stan Getz. When he is good Joseph kicks with powerful solos and a searching groove, but his slower tunes fall into corn-ball indulgence, lacking depth of emotion. Why this man was ever encouraged to record his voice is a mystery. He

sounds like Vince Jones on sedatives and his lyrics are garbage, making the album seem trite and shallow.

Reality is worth a listen- the music is great in places - but it often lacks originality. While some jazz progresses to a new, young sound, Joseph is in danger of being left behind in a 1960's retro. If he wants to get hip to the funky beat of a new generation, Joseph needs to be more selective in the type of music he records. But if he wants an oldersound (nothing wrong with that) then Joseph will gain just a small band of loyal followers.

This album is more likely to be played on ABC Fine Music than Triple J. The tunes would be great to hear live in some seedy jazz cellar in Soho... but we can't all live in London and on disc that ambience gets lost.

*Adam Le Nevez*

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**AIR FORCE**

# It's been a hard day's night, and I've been working like a Mog

**H**ave you ever accidentally gone to work in your pyjamas, or thrown out the burger instead of the wrapper after you bought it? Have you ever tipped out your coffee in an effort to tell the time on your watch, or thrown up in a bucket with a hole in it?

Well, Mog is a young energetic four-piece guitar band not entirely unlike the above. Formed in 1992, they have spent the last year writing original songs and have reached a stage to deliver confident and exciting piece of entertainment. Hooley dooley!

All of the members of Mog are Adelaide Uni students doing a Bachelor of Music in Jazz, so it is quite possible that you may have seen them 'round Uni. Mog consists of fuzzy haired vocalist / guitarist called Henry (he was actually named Glenn Seeley by his parents), Craig McKay on bass / backing vocals, Jonathon Omrod on lead guitar and Thom Mann on drums. Although Mog has only been together for about 18 months, Craig and Henry have been writing together for 6 years, not that they still use many riffs that they thought up when they were twelve, but anyway this could be why they show such maturity in their musical compositions compared to their younger age. Mog made their debut public performance on the 28th June 1993, in the Yamaha 'M' Rock semi-final at the Royal Hotel. They finished second in the state final at Heaven on 10th August. Their success in this recent competition is seen to come from a combination of strong songs musically and lyrically, high playing standards, confident and energetic stage presentation and a large following relative to the short life of the band. They have also played at the Synagogue on 2nd September and for those of you who haven't been fortunate enough to see Mog live, I can say from personal experience they do really go off.

Most of you are probably wondering where the name "Mog" came from? Well, it was explained to me like this. "There are a couple of stories of where we came up with the band name. Firstly, after much thought, we came up with My Other Girlfriend. But that's a pretty sucky name, so we took the first letters of each word and called it Mog." Hey, it's a very original name so that definitely suits this band. "The other story, is that we used the first letters of each of the names from the three founding members: McKay, Omrod and Glenn to get Mog." So basically, no one is really too sure how they got the name Mog, but it sure has stuck.

Mog music is almost a new style in itself. It has been described as many things from surf-thrash to commercial radio music, but the most accurate description and the one which the band members also agreed with was "fusion influenced funk rock". The band members have been influenced by all types

of music and like to listen to any type of music. They have been especially influenced by Living Colour and jazz but also by acid jazz and artists ranging from Extreme to Metallica.

All members of Mog write some lyrics but most are written by backing vocalist and bass player, Craig. He describes his lyrics as often containing hidden meaning.

"Like art, an artist doesn't just paint a picture, instead he distorts it to make people think for themselves. The song called "Memosphere" is a classic example. If you just listen to that song once you wouldn't know what it's about but it's just about looking in the sky and trying to remember something, the memosphere is an imaginary place in the sky where you look when you are trying to remember something. That's what the whole song is about, but unless you sat down and really thought about the words you'd never know."

There are also other Mog songs with mysterious or "trippy" lyrics but these guys don't need to be under the influence of drugs to write weird songs, they are able to do it just because they are very original guys. To them being able to write "trippy" songs is all in the state of mind rather than needing drugs. I'm sure if you get to meet the group you'll realise they are genuinely different guys. Unfortunately, Mog won't be publicly releasing any demo tapes in the near future. They are applying to the state government for a grant to record a demo, but these will be used by giving hotel management a listen to what they could expect if they let Mog play live at their pub. Don't get suicidal though, just because you can't get a demo tape, as soon "Mog" t-shirts will be available, so heckle the band members till they sell you one. (There may even be a possibility of "Mog" stickers in the near future). So, since you can't get demo tapes, go and support the guys when they play live. Keep an eye on your local gig guide, but there are two Mog gigs coming up: Sunday, 26th September 5 - 8 pm at the Royal and Saturday, 30th October at the Austral.

The guys in Mog are so enthusiastic about their music and their band that Henry recently let Craig try and shave the name "Mog" into the back of his head. This, unfortunately, didn't work and so Henry was left with an "M" and half an "O" in the back of his head, but still the guys are as enthusiastic as ever.

When you go and see Mog live not only do they play funky, energetic original songs but they also do a few covers of songs that are going off at the moment. They have been known to play songs like "Are You Gonna Go My Way" by Lenny Kravitz and timeless classics like "Purple Haze" by Jimi Hendrix and, of course, what would a Mog gig be without a Living Colour cover. They seem to play these covers equally as strongly as their own amazingly original tracks.

"We now hope to play live regularly to increase an already strong following and using covers with a mostly original set to provide a powerful performance every show. Our aim as a band is to present something different every time, musically as well as visually. We intend to do this by playing different covers at different gigs, changing the song order every time. We like to be able to experiment and mix it up a bit. It's cool having people coming to our show but people aren't gonna keep coming back if it's the same show over and over again, so we will keep changing. When anyone comes to our shows I think we can guarantee they'll enjoy it. A lot of bands just stand there and play their music, our aim when we play live is to have a good time, but also to make sure everyone there is having a good time as well. We are not egotistical, we're just having some fun, but we are serious about our music and where we are going, it's just a really positive thing."

Mog is definitely not another teenybopper band like Girlfriend or NKOTB whose looks far outweigh their musical ability. They have, in fact, gone

to the opposite end of the scale and will never be pin-up boys, unless of course they become millionaires and can thus transform their faces to look like Diana Ross or other beautiful people. The motto of the band is "ugliness is a virtue" and if you have seen photos of the band you'd agree they are quite "virtuous" guys. They have also been quoted as saying...


"If ugliness was a prerequisite for success then we should end up big, really big."

It's lucky these guys have got an abundance of musical talent and great songs to display this raw talent because they aren't going to get far on just their looks.

Overall, Mog is a fresh, dynamic, original band and no matter what type of music you're into, if you want to see a great live band these guys are it. So, watch out for future Mog gigs and go and see them live, they really go off.

Scott Berry

elle dit



Time is running out  
Get your contributions in to the  
SAUA, On dit office or boxes around  
campus by 5pm Wednesday 13th





**Screamfeeder**  
**Burn Out Your Name**  
**Survival**

It is a source of much frustration to me that often mediocre bands from overseas get so much attention, and yet great local talent is all but ignored. Headache, Magic Dirt, Adelaides own (dearly departed) Muff, and Screamfeeder to name but a few, are all brilliant young Australian bands playing great, dare I say it, 'grungey' pop/rock, and yet to many they are unknown.

This, Screamfeeder's second album, is a perfect example. From the opening *Fingers and Toes*, which starts with a heavy intro then breaks into an acoustic verse, not unlike Dinosaur Jr.'s *Little Fury Things*, this is a great album.

The unrestrained passion and anger of songs such as *Hole of Blood* and *Button* are beautifully offset by brilliant melodic tunes such as *Wrote You Off* and *I Won't Be There*, and the unabashed pop of *Around a Pole* and *Hold On*.

Bass player Kellies song *Sushi Bowl*, is a beautiful melodic tale of the loneliness of being single when all your friends seem to have found soul mates, and *Smoke From Tinsel* which starts off acoustically before the guitars cut in only to be replaced by violins, is fantastic.

This is a great album, but if you don't believe me, get along to the UniBar on Friday (15th) and for a mere \$4 (with your student card) you can see the real thing, along with the Lizard Train and Crush.

**Richard Vowles**

**Acid Love**  
**Volume 1**  
**Albare**

Just where the "acid-jazz" style of music starts and ends, is a mystery not solved by this album. Such is the background and ability of Albare that he has infused numerous genre and turned out a musical kaleidoscope.

Heavily drum/machine and guitar based, it would serve as a good party warm-up and with numerous playings could easily become your favourite CD! For me, such is not the case. However, the various styles/modes of music showcased here are enjoyable but perhaps a little disjointed. Albare proves his talent as a composer/arranger and musician - 45 minutes or so provides little scope for a full exposé; no doubt volumes 2 and on will ... if recorded/released.

Surprises abound - on "Way 2 Love",

flat vocals lead into cool, smooth lyrics; track 3 ... hell, the CD's broken! That's the radio, who's tuning it? ... "Oh, you're on Love Line ... who's this? ... oh, hello ... Brian ..."; "Midnight Skat" is very reminiscent of the late 70s/early 80s average white band complete with bass riffs; "Love's Got a Hold" starts with Sade-like vocals; "Can't Say" is Space Invaders meet Lenny Henry at the turntable; and title track "Acid Love" is an instrumental free-for-all. The closing track "Spain" (Chick Corea) belies what came before - 2 acoustic guitars (one from the right, other from the left) beautifully and intricately duelling it out in Flamenco-ish tones and rhythms.

The album is uplifted by Kim Collins' vocal range and ability on three tracks. Best track - "What Would I Do". A successful combination of Albare's musical and technical abilities complemented by Collins' vocals. If you can find this one, it's worth a listen.

**Roger Gurr**

**The Brillante Best of Celia Cruz**  
**With the orchestras of Johnny Pacheco**  
**and Willie Colon**  
**Sonodisc**

Being the picky bitch that I am, I felt a bit concerned when I picked this album up that this review would be less than nice. For the cover is quite dodgy. I mean, I love the "mirror ball" effect as much as the next person, but only when I'm pissed! However, listening to this CD I learnt something that my mother has been trying to teach me for years ... that you cannot judge a CD by its cover! This CD is just crammed full of that really energetic and fast paced Latin American music that makes even the most die-hard couch potato (like myself) wanna get up and dance! This kind of music is fantastic because of its sheer versatility. Have a romantic dinner for two to the strains of the wistful "Vieja Luna". Limbo to the exciting "Culca". Form a Congo line to "No Aguanto Mas". Or you could just sit in your chair and say "Whoo" occasionally really loud, like I did.

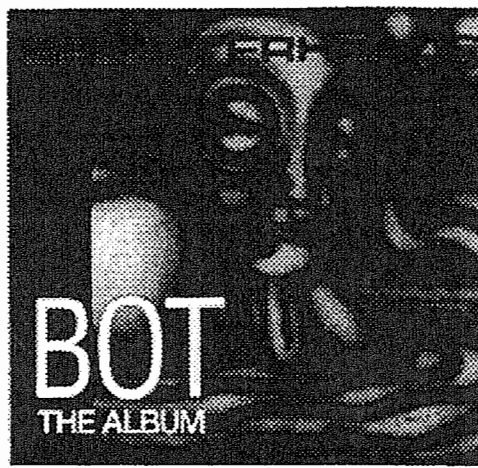
This album is basically a lot of fun and I really enjoyed it. And I think that, unless you are dead, you will too.

**Tex**

**Hair & Skin Trading Company**  
**Go Round**  
**Beggars Banquet**

One of the bands that emerged from the demise of Loop, Hair & Skin extend the tradition of blending effects ravaged guitar, eerie vocals and samples to create soundscapes as well as songs. The power of the guitar and bass are not lost, but the adventurous use of sound makes all four songs into a wider experience than the average pop song. Art rock at its most pretentious? No, not really, this is very listenable, but still challenging. The album "Over Valence" is also available, and should provide the full picture.

**Daniel Kearney**



**Splatterheads**  
**Bot - the Album**  
**Dog Meat**

Sydney's Splatterheads are hardly the most prolific band in Australia, but the four years between this and "Ink of a Madmen's Pen" mean nothing once you put this record on. The Splatterheads have created the coolest record I've heard for ages. The main feature that sets the Splatterheads apart from the average loud aggressive rock band is the brilliant dual vocals, Sly's gravelly voice with great range, and Christo's deep resonant mumblings pair to provide harmonies that add a whole lot of emotion and sincerity to the dark and often cleverly obtuse lyrics. This album is full of hit pop tunes, played with a volume and venom that prevent mass accessibility yet make this such an urgent, anguished masterpiece. It's been a long time since my rather large record collection has been usurped by one album firmly glued in the stereo. The production, by Joel from Hoss and John from the Powdermonkeys, doesn't quite move your ribs an inch closer to your spine like their live show, but it comes reasonably close without ever getting out of control.

Fish Biscuit starts the CD with a brilliant tune and some superbly meaningful/meaningless lyrics. Golden Eyelid, 3 2 1, Rat and Different Places would all make singles of the year in my book, the awesome epic 'Kill For Me' comes closer to song of the decade. Essential listening for anyone in any type of relationship (youch!) and includes one of the most manic guitar solos since Ed Kuepper decided to go acoustic. Really, I can't adequately describe this, I recommend a good listen to anyone remotely interested in fierce guitar music with gut-wrenching intensity, 'cause this is it. I reckon after a listen to 'Kill For Me', you'll want to own it. Oh, and it's great to listen to at ridiculously high volume while drinking Cooper's roughest and contemplating life. Trust me!

**Daniel Kearney**

**Dangerous Dubs Vol. 2**  
**The Hazardous Dub Company**

What we have here is a very effective fusion of reggae and acid jazz, techno reggae, if you like. Sound bizarre? Well, it is, with thumping heavy bass lines, soulful vocals and a very laid back feel. The first track, *I-Eality Dub* - vocal version is fairly representative of the CD as a whole, with a hypnotic tripping quality, extensive use of delay, primarily on the keyboards and a jazzy

little flute solo reminiscent of Jethro Tull.

Many of the tracks, such as *Zion Dub* are very much acid house, but with an offbeat groove and a tasteful sparseness more akin to reggae.

The vocals throughout are affected to differing degrees. On *Real Dub*, all sounds, especially the vocals, seem to be going through a flanger, giving an "out there" spaciness, very sixties. It's refreshing to have good lyrical content amidst all this technofusion wizardry with a strong political message shining forth from *Beware Dub*, the refrain being "Beware of the new world order". Hailing from South London, the Hazardous Dub Company has masterminded quite a cleverly crafted style, described in the promotional blurb as "reggae's most vital sub genre". Bob Marley might be writhing in his grave but the vast majority of living persons should get into this.

**Dylan Woolcock**

**Fiesta!**  
**Falling Joys**  
**Volition / Sony Music**

"Fiesta" is the first single of the new Falling Joys album "Aerial". The CD single comes with "two bonus unreleased tracks and four limited edition Artcards". You can keep the Artcards, the single'll do for me. "Fiesta!" is a largely acoustic pop song which for some reason reminds me of Belinda Carlisle's "La Luna" - probably because of the Spanish titles of both songs and a certain similarity between the vocal styles of the two singers. It's very good, lacking just that certain element of "hum-a-bility" to make it a perfect piece of pop.

The two other tracks on the CD are even better than the title track, which speaks for the quality of this single and I can't for the life of me figure out why they weren't included on the album. "Thirst" has a great electric guitar chorus, while "Fasty" (in my opinion, the best of the three songs) is a fast and fairly hard-edged track, with a trace of punk - a la Soul Asylum - audible through the swirling, fuzzy guitars.

**Florian Minzloff**

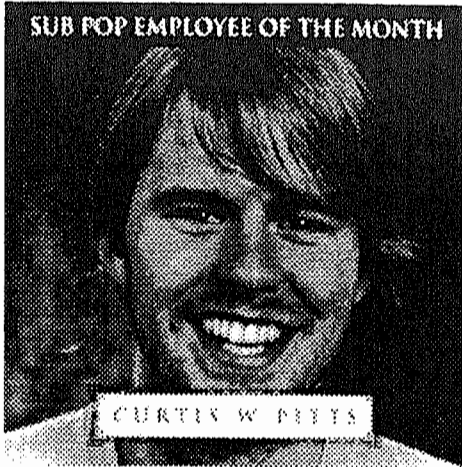
**Heart-Shaped Box**  
**Nirvana**  
**Geffen Records**

I'm sure any students who are even remotely interested in Nirvana will have heard the song "Heart-Shaped Box", so it's useless me telling you what the song is like as you will already have formed your own opinion. Personally, I love it.

As for the other songs on the CD single, there are two. The song "Milk It", which is off the new album, *In Utero*, is also an awesome song. It's kinda jumpy one minute with slow mellow guitar and lazy vocals then it suddenly gets aggressive with gutsy guitar and Kurt's characteristics intense scream. "Milk It" is not a song for those of you who just like Nirvana's commercial "Teen Spirit"-type songs. "Marigold" is also not commercial but it is a very mellow song.

Overall, a great CD single from a great band.

**Scott Berry**



**Various**  
**Employee of the Month - Curtis W. Pitts**  
**Sub Pop**

Sub Pop have never been averse to crap marketing ideas, but this compilation has the added advantage of exposing the stunning Curtis W. Pitts to the world, and yes, at the time of release, he was single. Donations to lessen the financial burden of his proposed vasectomy are most welcome, though. Umm, the music. All eleven songs have been previously released, so this is basically a budget priced sampler. Like all Sub Pop compilations, some of it's great, some of it is total bollocks. The Reverend Horton Heat gets my tithe cheque for '400 Bucks', a typical story of boy meets girl, boy gives girl money, boy never sees girl again, done in the Rev's charismatic style. An instant classic. SuperSnazz, Japan's L7, provide the only example of Sub Pop's previous 'grunge' signings, most of whom are now banished to a leper colony. Sebadoh provide 'Sacred Attention', which could be from 'Bubble & Scrape', or then it could be from 'The Plastic Hassle'... The boys (and girl) from Portland with sensible haircuts (the current requisites for Sub Pop signing) provide a couple of decent tracks, Hazel's being a little more inspiring than Pond's. Six Finger Satellite, Les Thugs and Eric's Trip don't embarrass themselves, but Velocity Girl, Big Chief and Pigeonhead do. The CD ends with an enormous ramble from Sebadoh, sounding a little like three Thurston Moores competing for tape space. A classy finish. Personally I think buying the Reverend Horton Heat's 'Full Custom-Gospel Sounds' is more likely to earn you redemption, but then that costs a little more!

**Daniel Kearney**

**Protocol So Holy**  
**Judge Mercy**  
**Massive Music**

Due to the many positive things I had heard about them, I was going to see Australian "hard rock" band Judge Mercy when they played here some time ago. After hearing this CD, however, I decided not to bother. That's perhaps being too harsh on the band: "Protocol So Holy", their debut album, isn't actually all that bad. It's just that it's not all that good either. The band has put together some solid songs, such as "Open Season", with its Metallica-ish clean guitar opening, the pacy "Bury Me Down", the ballad "High and Dry" and especially "Give the Young Tomorrow", co-written with

Angry Anderson (and showing it!). The level of musicianship is quite high. Hey, even the lyrics are thoughtful and intelligent (rather than just about sex and drugs), fairly unusual for a band in this genre. So what is wrong with "Protocol So Holy"?

Probably it's that the album is very inconsistent. There are some really average songs (e.g. "Open It Up", "No Sin, No Sinner") and several songs that are inconsistent in themselves: for example, "Mr Attitude" has a good intro, and then fails to live up to expectations. Overall, the song writing leaves something to be desired and until Judge Mercy come up with at least one consistent, appealing "hit" song, they won't make a noticeable impact.

With some development in song writing, this band could very well become the next Rose Tattoo, but "Protocol So Holy" has unfortunately missed the mark; not by much, but it has missed nevertheless.

**Florian Minzlaff**

**Simple Pleasure**  
**Eastern Rebellion**

If you're a jazz-head, Eastern Rebellion's album *Simple Pleasure*, should definitely acquire a home on your CD pile. If you're not and you just want some cool sounds to impress your chickie/boyie babe with (perhaps over dinner or something) then you too should save up your measly pennies and acquire *Simple Pleasures*.

This latest piece of work from Cedar Walton (piano) is a fair ground of colourfully arranged standards and originals. If you enjoy the funky sound of some of the Acid Jazz on today's radio, then you'll really dig the groovy, driving bass lines of David Williams, the sexy reminiscing sound of Ralph Moore on saxophone and the steady "Trust me, you'll like it" feel to Billy Higgins drumming.

Basically, *Simple Pleasure* is the sort of album 80% of the country should own. It has something for the heaviest jazz-head and at the same time, is excellent for the newly reformed who don't know much, but want to learn more about jazz.

Definitely a user-friendly piece of work. Don't be shy, you'll love it.

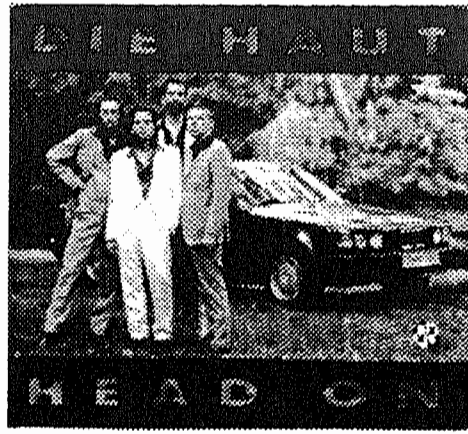
**Kylie Cook**

**You Understand**  
**Have a Nice Day**  
**Mushroom Records**

This is the first I've heard of this 3-piece band from Melbourne, and so far I'm a bit undecided about the whole deal.

"You Understand", the single, is a neat little rock 'n roll song that bops along nicely. A simple 4 chord turnaround with completely harmless lyrics. It wouldn't be entirely out of place on a life insurance commercial. The other two songs, "Open Your Heart" and "Cobblestones", are straight up acoustic pop songs that carry a folk music feel. Both very simple. Both pretty good. Ultimately, however, HAND aren't commercial enough to get onto radio, aren't challenging enough to win the alternative market and aren't original or brilliant enough to convince the critics.

**Adam MacLeod**



**Die Haut**  
**Head On**  
**Indigo Musik**

Die Haut are bunch of old German folk who have been churning out noisy rock for years. For this album they have asked some of their friends to put lyrics to, and sing, their songs. This rather famous group of friends consists of Kim Gordon (Sonic Youth), Blixa Bargeld (Einsturzende Neubaten, Bad Seeds), Kid Kongo Powers (Cramps, Butcher Shop, Gun Club, Bad Seeds), Lydia Lunch, Debbie Harry (Blondie), Alan Vega (Suicide), Christina, Jeffrey Lee Pierce (Gun Club), and Anita Lane.

Kim Gordons *Intoxication* is a brilliant start, as she spits out some of the best lyrics she has written in a long while. Alan Vegas *Don't fool with the franchise* sounds something like the Beasts of Bourbon crossed with early Talking Heads, with a lyrical match for George Orwells 1984, and a totally wired ending. (And I mean wired, not wierd!)

*Johnny Guitar*, the only cover on the album, is eerily sung by Blixa Bargeld. With a heart beat like bass drum throughout, it takes on a kind of spooky vampiresque feel.

Lydia Lunches *Doggin'* is another favorite of mine with lyrics that give Lesley from Silverfish a run for her money:

"You've got the disease  
of the never pleased."

and,

"I just can't take it no more  
this fucking around  
I'll pick up this gun  
and blow you right down."

Kid Kongos *Excited* also rates a mention for the lines:

"I think about you often  
and I drink about you more."

Other songs such as Christinas *Burn Crying*, and Lydia and Kid Kongo's *Parts Unknown*, are more straight forward rock, and Debbie Harry's *Don't Cross My Mind* is almost poppy. Great.

**Richard Vowles**

**Warning: Explicit Lyrics**  
**Consolidated**  
**Festival Records**

Consolidated are known for their industrial strength hip-hop and rap, as well as their strong stance on various controversial topics which they do not hesitate to express through their lyrics. These characteristics are obvious throughout *Warning: Explicit Lyrics*, a collection of remixes of songs from previous albums.

Although not being a huge fan of hip-

hop, rap and the exploitation of controversial topics to attract attention to a group, Consolidated's music is good enough to break from this mould. This is fundamentally achieved by succeeding at the most basic level of this style of music with arresting, diverse and funky / groovy bass and drum lines. To then transform this foundation into a good track (as in 'Guerrillas in the Mist', 'You Suck' and 'This is Fascism') requires strong, clean lyrics, interesting samples and strong resistance to the easy trap of creating a repetitive song, principles which Consolidated generally stick to.

The lyrical content of each track is, as expected, quite controversial and even slightly amusing in the case of 'You Suck' which is probably the best one on the EP, and features the vocals of an all-female group, "The Yeastic Girls", describing their desire for men to return the favour by going down on them for a change. Hence, some of the verses get quite blue; a tame example: "You say you want things to be even and you want them to be fair / But you're afraid to get your teeth caught in my pubic hair". *Warning: Explicit Lyrics* is almost worth just hearing the rest of the lyrics in "You Suck", but this would be unfair to the generally good quality of the other tracks.

**Jordan Parham**

**Julian Joseph**  
**Reality**  
**East West Music**

Julian Joseph, a young London pianist, offers in his second feature album jazz for the true believer. Although billed in the CD sleeve as being one of the new generation of funky jazz hipsters, Joseph departs from his Acid-jazz and funkadelic contemporaries with a more traditional and esoteric style.

The music on *Reality* ranges from a hard and dissonant sound reminiscent of Monk to the schmaltz-o-rama of dinner dance entertainment - à la Stan Getz. When he is good Joseph kicks with powerful solos and a searching groove, but his slower tunes fall into corn-ball indulgence, lacking depth of emotion. Why this man was ever encouraged to record his voice is a mystery. He sounds like Vince Jones on sedatives and his lyrics are garbage, making the album seem trite and shallow.

*Reality* is worth a listen - the music is great in places - but it often lacks originality. While some jazz progresses to a new, young sound, Joseph is in danger of being left behind in a 1960's retro. If he wants to get hip to the funky beat of a new generation, Joseph needs to be more selective in the type of music he records. But if he wants an older sound (nothing wrong with that) then Joseph will gain just a small band of loyal followers.

This album is more likely to be played on ABC Fine Music than Triple J. The tunes would be great to hear live in some seedy jazz cellar in Soho... but we can't all live in London and on disc that ambiance gets lost.

**Adam Le Nevez**

# SUPERMAN

## was a swell guy

There's a new hardcover book on the shelves of most bookshops. Believe it or not, Superman has infiltrated the hallowed intellectual grounds of the Uni Bookshop. It concerns the death of Superman. It was a bit of an international rucus. Ok, so maybe it doesn't really compare with what's been going on in Russia but a few people were a bit confused about exactly what was happening to history's most famous hero. Tom Orlovic cracks open his poly-bagged issue of *Superman* issue 75, cuts a path through the fans and clears a bit of the confusion.

**Ok, Mike, let's start with the obvious. Why kill Superman?** Obviously we wanted to lift sales on the Superman titles. This was not the over-riding concern. We always maintain that the major reason for anything we do is to tell a story - a good story! We felt that was the point of the whole death story, (it should be noted that Mike Carlin lets out a smile and says that it was great to top the X-Men sales for one month!) Also, since the death of Superman was such a global event felt all over the world it couldn't be handled lightly. It is for this point that the death of Superman was always meant to be the beginning of the whole story - setting the beginning for "Funeral for a Friend" and "Reign of the Supermen". Without each chapter the whole point would be lost, and the death would have been made redundant.

**Why Doomsday and not a traditional foe such as Lex Luthor or Parasite?** One of the main objectives was to get readers old and new in on the ground floor, ie not having to sift through fifty odd years of continuity to understand who was who and what was going on. This also allowed for an air of mystery as readers were given an open forum to debate and establish their own theories as to who and what Doomsday was/is. The idea to leave Doomsday's origin as vague as possible came from a Superman summit where all concerned with the four titles entered onto lengthy debates as to his/its origin. This is where I observed the potential for readers to enter into a guessing game with the villain. The reason also for not using a traditional foe was that it seemed ridiculous that after fifty odd years of defeat someone like Luthor could find a way out of the blue to defeat The Man of Steel, let alone kill him.

**The "Reign of the Supermen" story line - what's the outline?** Well as seen, the cyborg is dead. The Eradicator is sort of "dead". Coast City has been destroyed. The fortress of solitude has been destroyed. Clark does come back after people buried during Doomsday start to be dug out.

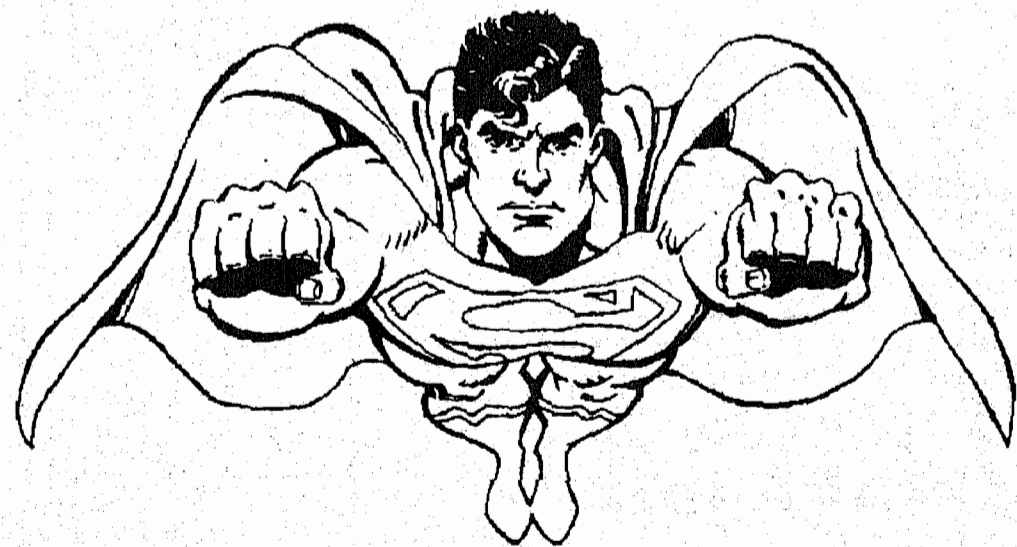
**Is the cyborg really dead?** For the moment. Does anyone really stay dead in comics? If there's a good story to be told with a logical role for the character then he may be back.

**What about The Eradicator's 'kinda' dead future?** He'll be appearing in the future in the new *Outsiders* title, not as a member but not exactly as a villain either.

**What's in store for the surviving "Man of Steel" and "Superboy"?** Good news they will both be in their own monthly series coming out at the end of the year. *Superboy* will be written by Karl Kesel, drawn by Tom Grummet and inked by Doug Hazelwood; the team that created and introduced the character. The Man of Steel comes back as simply *Steel*. *Steel* will be co-written by his creators, Louise Simonson and Jon Bogdanove, drawn by newcomers Chris Basista and inked by Rich Faber. Both will be monthly titles.

**Speaking of new titles, do you have any other new projects in the works?** There are actually lots of new projects in store for readers to look forward to: *World's Finest* 2-3 issues - Written by Walt Simonson and fully painted by Dan Brereton. Teams Superman and Batman again. *Metropolis SCU*: 4 issue mini-series - Focusing on Maggie Sawyer and the Metropolis Special Crimes Unit. *Star Corps*: 6 issue mini-series - Focusing on a group of five new heroes at the new S.T.A.R. labs.

**What does the future hold for Supergirl/Matrix?** There is a four issue mini-series and if it goes well then perhaps she'll get her own series one day. The creative team is Roger Stern (writer), June Brigman (pencils) and Jackson Guice. The storyline is essentially about Matrix finding out Lex Luthor has been cloning her all this time and stockpiling his own Supergirl army. After the discovery she goes wild and Superman has to intervene to stop her attack on Lex Luthor. It is the ultimate "other woman" story. (In the office I saw some art and it looks great. There's even a proposal for a new look in issue four. Carlin wouldn't confirm the new look but he said maybe-



wait and see). We are trying to do justice to the character by maintaining her uniqueness. Matrix is her own being as is Steel and Superboy. This will become clear in the way they are being handled. Unlike their pre-Crisis predecessors who all seemed to survive Krypton's destruction, everyone but Superman's parents which was almost unbelievable. This is why now there is a logical purpose of why these characters exist and their link to Superman is not from Krypton or the Phantom Zone, giving these characters a uniqueness like that of Superman rather than yet another pale reflection/imitation of him.

**So what about Doomsday? It was hinted in Superman that though he was thrust into space he, like our hero, is still alive.** There will be a three issue mini-series out in March '94 written and drawn by Dan Jurgens. We will be seeing more of him and his story is far from over. The mini-series details his origin and needless to say some fans will love it and some will hate it.

**What will happen to Superman's status with The Justice League?** I can't say much apart from that he was a member before his death and The Justice League will ask him to rejoin.

**The big question on everybody's lips with issue 100 approaching is "what's in store"? Will he and Lois finally Wed?** There's no official date set. With the new Lois and Clark TV series, there won't be any wedding as long as the show is a hit because we try to maintain continuity with all the S projects. However if the show is a flop we may have to sit down and talk- or hand out invites.

Tom Orlovic

## News

- Death is definitely the flavour of the year. DC has done it and now it's time for Marvel to have a go. Here are all the death rumours and truths: **Spoiler Warning!** The X-Man due to die can now be confirmed as being Storm. Colossus was tipped earlier to be the one to go but with his ends now tied up, he has been scratched off the list. Captain America and the Punisher are also on death row at the moment. There is still some speculation as to whether or not these characters will actually die.
- Other news from Marvel is that Sabretooth will somehow get Wolverines adamantium skeleton and join the X-Men. Just how that will be done remains unclear at this stage. Still in the X-Men camp, Jean Grey and Scott Summers are to be betrothed sometime soon. *Ghost Rider 2099* is one of the new additions to Marvel's "tomorrow" universe. The book will be drawn by Chris Bachalo whose other Ghost Rider work has included this year's *Ghost Rider Annual*.
- From DC: Delirium will get her own mini-series later this year. As expected, it will be written by Neil Gaiman and the art chores have been handed to Jill Thompson. Jill has worked previously with Neil on the "Brief Lives" story arc in *Sandman*. Neil Gaiman also intends to continue doing a yearly *Death* limited series. The omnipresent Chris Bachalo is the pictures person again.
- Jim Balent, artist on the new *Catwoman* book has come under fire from numerous factions over his good girl style interpretation of Catwoman. DC has now put the hard word on him and two certain parts of Catwoman's anatomy will now be somewhat smaller.
- The proliferation of Spawn material is on the up-swing. Bart (*Turok*) Sears has been booked to draw a *Violator* mini-series for Todd McFarlane. Neil (yep, him again) Gaiman has plans to write an *Angela: Spawn Killer* mini-series when he gets around to it. Whilst on the topic of Spawn, it has been mooted that each of the guest writers accrued a total of US\$100,000 each for their efforts. But it's definitely Todd McFarlane who'll get the deal of the century when he gets the cheque for his input into the *Spawn/Batman* crossover. McFarlane will get every thing he makes as will DC. With Klaus Janson doing the art chores for DC it doesn't take too much to work out who stands to take the most.
- Another surprise is that Keith Giffen managed to swing a deal with DC back in the eighties and he seems to actually own the rights to Lobo.
- News from Image is that Art Thibert has joined Extreme Studios. Look for his work for them sometime before 1999! Now that he's off *Cable*, Marvel is claiming that the massive delays that have plagued that title will no longer be a problem.
- Whilce Portacio's *Wetworks* now looks like it will come out. Whilce was dumped off the Image Board of Directors after his *Wetworks* fiasco last year. They still love him, only slightly less than they used to.
- The strain of success has obviously affected the prolific Rob Liefeld. The pressures of releasing four to six books a year have taken their toll and he's going on leave for a little while so that he can bounce back with vengeance.
- *Sin City* is back. Frank Miller has finished work on the second of the *Sin City* stories. Marv of the first story will be there but as a secondary character. Dark Horse should have this one out very soon.
- Dark Horse also has some new products coming out from Geoff Darrow, Art Adams and Mike Mignola. Exactly what they are can't yet be said.



# Pleasure and Danger

**Book Review.**  
**Pleasure and Danger**  
 Edited by Carole S. Vance.  
 From Thorsons

A feminist book often assumes a personal or professional interest to the text and begins at the last step of understanding but this one provides like the tooth fairy after the LA riots.

*Pleasure and Danger* is a collection of essays that vary from individual experiences to academic explorations of the range of issues effecting women now. From feminism backlash to the perfect body, black women's position and the never ending lesbian dilemma, it may appear to be a collection of crap women's magazine articles but this is a realistic approach to a topic that could be well-worn if it weren't so important. It appears that the underlying controversy is image. Image has been the bondage of women because they say men are judged by what they do and women how they appear. This is a wobbly stereotype but one that nevertheless often underpins human relations even now.

But this book deals in the other side of image, where women's perceptions of self effects their behaviour through reflection in the mirrors of a weary society in constant re-adjustment. Fear motivates us. Fear of death, oppression, poverty and the fear of doing the wrong thing, and at the moment the wrong thing is all mussed up in re-evaluations of gender and roles.

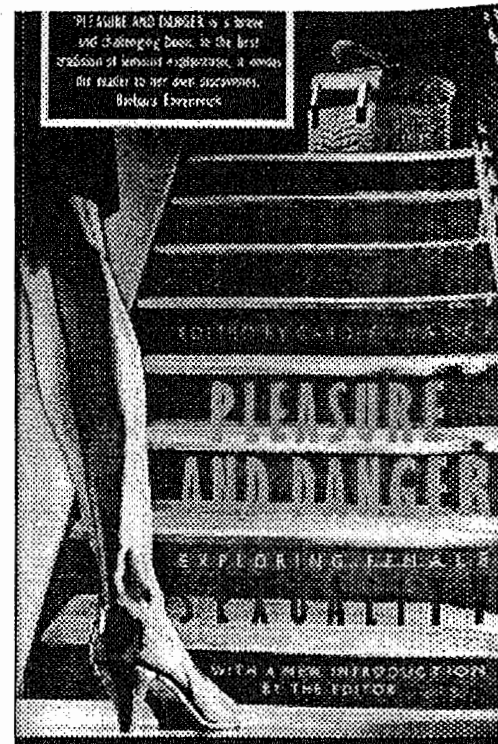
The old skin has long been thrown away, but women are often goose-pimpled with cold in determining what to put on instead - even now. Identification as the new image is reclaiming the decision, but a universal claim cannot be made but assessed, as years go on and women create it rather than name it. The image of how women are perceived is constantly being thrown into the debating ring, and it exhausts not only the topic, but the subject. It is a wearying debate but once thrown into the ring, it must now, although decades after the toss, be thrashed out because it essentially holds the entire future in the balance.

Barbara Kruger relishes her position as photographic magician with a third dimension. "How do I as a woman and an

artist work against the market place of the spectacle while residing within it?" Bette Grodon looks at film, and places the woman as the audience. Other writers investigate how hate has turned inward upon women themselves, how bodies have become signifiers and how one writer Carol Munter, "made friends with the mirror: I became an accepting friend, not admiring, not criticizing, just accepting: 'Oh, this is a thigh. Interesting.'"

But this book is not about reversing roles, or revenging woman, it is essentially about empowering women to exist independent of the male orientated world, and to avoid the dictates as to women's histories, purpose and wants. It presents such a wide berth of interests that the pleasure of reading is rarely interrupted by dispirited flicking of pages.

My margin notes read 'not self propelling wank', 'crap binding' and 'no Oprah-style psychiatry' so perhaps they are more significant than this pontificating. What is most curious about this, and other such books, is the textual dominance of women. One male represented here with perhaps thirty females.



That immediately creates a weird feeling. Are only women interested in this topic? Why have men not been impassioned by a new identification?

It is an intelligent and personal book while not alienating woman as a case study. Good for inspiration and discussion, which is the essential solution to the problem it identifies.

*Kirsty Brooks*

## Good things come in ...

**Microstories**  
 ed. Rosemary Sorenson  
 Angus and Robertson  
 RRP \$14.95

The challenge of the Microstory is to make it stick in less than

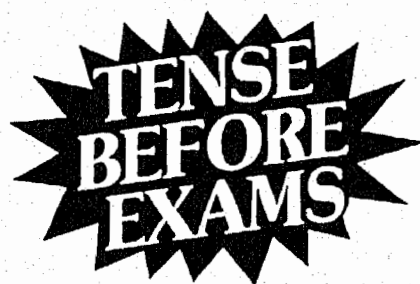
1000 words". *Microstories* is therefore a fairly self-explanatory title for a collection of short stories. Rosemary Sorenson has collected 47 microstories in a space of less than 150 pages, with a broad range of authors from China and Australia, *Microstories* is a reasonably easy read.

The art of writing a complete story in such a small amount of narrative causes many of the stories to be packed full of detail. I found my head spinning when reading from one to another due to the diverse range of topics encompassed in a relatively compact and often abstract sense. Before you get time for the theme to sink in, the story has finished.

The structural component aside, *Microstories* contains some fantastic tales. Often written in a form similar to a fable, many of the stories contain a moral, an example of this in "Potion". Other stories introduce half a dozen characters in the space of a page (for example "Waylon Camp"). Confused? Don't worry, the story will be finished in a couple of pages.

Unlike novels, or even novellas, microstories don't give you time to lose your place, or interest. *Microstories* illustrates a broad range of talented authors in an easily readable package. Perfect for those with a short attention span or simply not enough time to wade through a conventional novel.

*Tracy Skehan*



Sedacalm relieves the stress of nervous tension during exams — naturally. Sedacalm is a non-habit forming traditional herbal remedy and is useful for the promotion of calm restful sleep. From Pharmacies and Health Food Stores. No prescription required.

STAY CALM WITH  
**Sedacalm**

Each tablet contains Passiflora Incarnata 500mg.  
 An Australian made and owned product.

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**FACULTY OF ARTS**

**NOTIFICATION OF ELECTIONS 25-29 OCTOBER 1993**

**FOR**  
**STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES**  
 on the Faculty Board for 1994

**THE FACULTY BOARD**  
 (which meets approximately 6 times per year)  
 is the governing body of the Faculty, convened by the Dean and made up of heads and representatives of all departments and centres of the Faculty, as well as representatives from other Faculties within the University

**REQUIRES**  
**4 UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES**  
**3 POSTGRADUATE STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES**

**THE FACULTY IS CALLING FOR NOMINATIONS FOR THE ABOVE POSITIONS**

**KEEN TO NOMINATE OR STAND?**  
 You are eligible if you are enrolled for an award within the Faculty of Arts, except if you study externally or under non-award status

**NOMINATION FORMS ARE AVAILABLE NOW FROM THE FACULTY OF ARTS OFFICE (2ND FLOOR, NAPIER BUILDING)**

**NOMINATIONS CLOSE 5PM, FRIDAY, 15TH OCTOBER**

Robert Ewers, Returning Officer

# I wanna be classified

## Amnesty International

Amnesty is holding a meeting this Wednesday at 1 pm in the Jerry Portus Room. Don't forget the Annual Fête this Sunday, 17th October at Fullarton Park (cnr Fullarton Road and Fisher Street) - our group is helping with kids games, so come along and have fun while helping out for a good cause.

## Adelaide University Astronomical Society

Talk - Starlight twinkling from Aristotle to Star Wars. Dr Laurence Campbell (Flinders University), Friday, 8th October, 1 pm, Kerr Grant Lecture Theatre.

## Bi Womyn's Lunch

1 pm Saturday, 30th October. Come and meet other Bi womyn and enjoy a relaxed afternoon with conversation and food. \$5 to cover food costs. Call Margaret on 344 6146 (a/h) or Sabina and Serena on 352 5715 for information regarding venue and to let us know you'll be there.

## Attention all Country Students

There will be a meeting to draw up a constitution for the 'Country Students Club' on Tuesday, 19th October, 1993 in the Unibar. Plans for this club include a B'n'S Ball, so if you are not at all interested in joining *the* most social club of all time, come along and bring your friends.

## Election Notice

Nominations are invited from women staff and students who are interested in joining the Women's Advisory Group to represent issues of interest to University women.

The Women's Advisory Group advises the Equal Opportunity Office, the Equal Opportunity Board and Council on all matters relating to women's employment and education at the University. The membership of the committee includes representatives of post-graduate and undergraduate women students, academic and general staff women. The term of membership is two years.

Nominations are required for the following positions:

- general staff (2 positions - different categories);
- tenured / tenurable member of academic staff (1 position);
- untenured member of academic staff (1 position);
- postgraduate student (1 position);
- undergraduate student (1 position).

Women from the Waite and Roseworthy campuses are particularly encouraged to nominate.

Nominations should be forwarded in writing to the Equal Opportunity Office, addressed as follows:- Women's Advisory Group Elections, Equal Opportunity Office, Level 6, Wills Building, University of Adelaide.

The final date for nominations is Friday, 29th October, 1993. For further information, contact the Equal Opportunity Office (ext. 35962).

## Typing

Essays, theses anything! C- Formatting, 4 typing and word processing. Matt - 232 3006 - Ben.

## Notice to Students

Please note that:

1. All examination results will be mailed out to students on 22nd December to enable results to be received prior to Christmas.

2. As a result of computerisation, Application to Graduate forms will be automatically forwarded in October to those students who indicated on their enrolment form that they will complete their studies in 1993.

We wish you all well in the forthcoming exams.

Don Longo

Head

Student Administration Branch

## Student Exchange Opportunities in Asia

Study in Japan or Korea in 1994 as part of your University of Adelaide degree! An information session will be held on Wednesday, 13th October for all students interested in finding out about the University's student exchange programs with institutions in Japan and Korea.

Edgeloe Room, 1st Floor, Mitchell Building, 1.15 pm. For further information contact Jane Olsson in the International Programs Office, phone 303 4067.

## "The Fred Hollows Box"

At the end of Multicultural Week the box, which held the collection for the Fred Hollows Foundation in "The Great Exhibition", had the amounts of: \$5.65 for the Australian Appeal and \$6.85 for the Overseas Appeal.

However, with an announcement over the PA on Friday night and roaming around with the dual chambered box the figures are now: \$36.75 Australian Appeal and \$35.30 Overseas Appeal.

A very big thank you to all who supported the appeal and the cheques will be on their way to the Fred Hollows Foundation soon.

Many thanks to the 'Overseas Students' Association' for their support in this project.

Hans-Robert van Amstel

## Update of Mailing and Distribution Lists

On 4th January, 1993, the Office of Industry Liaison commenced operations at the Thebarton Commerce and Research Precinct. This Office is involved in industry liaison activities on behalf of the University as well as development and administration of the Thebarton Campus.

Could you please ensure that the Office of Industry Liaison is included in relevant telephone, mailing and distribution lists as we are concerned that we may not be receiving important information related to your area.

Director - Rex Hunter; Manager - John Hodges; Address - Office of Industry

Liaison, Thebarton Campus; Phone - (30)3 4468; Fax - (30)3 4363.

## The Legal Aid Society

presents a speaker from Offender Arch and Rehabilitation Service, Geoff Glanville: What happens after Gaol? 1.10 pm Wednesday, 13th October in Room 405 in the Law School. Wine and cheese provided.

## Attention all students!

How can you relieve the stress of exams and end-of-year deadlines? How can you perform at your best? Learn the practice of mediation in a friendly and relaxing atmosphere. Join the Meditation Club. We meet every Tuesday at 5.00 pm in the Margaret Murray Room, Level 5, Union Building.

## Work Available

Wanted: Someone with extensive experience in using Microsoft Excel for Windows to create data spreadsheets for a postgraduate thesis. This will involve designing the spreadsheets, entering data and creating the final layout. Hourly rate negotiable. Phone 303 5898 (or extension 35898) for further details.

## Adelaide Uni Mountain Club

AGM and Summer Trips meeting, Wednesday, 20th October, 1993, 6 pm in the Bistro for dinner then 7.30 pm - venue to be announced. A new Committee will be elected for the '93 / '94 term of office and notice of all trips during the Summer break.

## Physics Club

Physics Club Inaugural General Meeting Tuesday, 19th October, 1 pm, Rm 128a.

## Notice To Postgraduate Students Of The University

*Election Of One Member Of The Academic Board*

An election by the postgraduate students of the University of one postgraduate member of the Academic Board (to serve for a two-year term from 1st January 1994) will be held on Wednesday 24th November 1993.

The following member retires on 31st December 1993 and is eligible for re-election: Kevin Christopher Jones.

*Nominations* of candidates for election are invited. A nomination must be made on the prescribed form and must reach the Returning Officer at the University before 12 noon on Friday 15th October 1993.

Nomination forms and further details may be obtained from the undersigned. (Please apply in the first instance to Room G10, Ground Floor, Mitchell Building at the University of Adelaide or telephone 303 5668).

F.J. O'Neill

Returning Officer

## Russian Club

Meetings on Thursday, 14th and 21st October, 1993 from 12.00 pm to 1.30 pm in Chapel, Western Annexe (Level 3, 1st Floor). Russian classical movie 'Ivan the Terrible' (two parts) with subtitles in English. Everybody is welcome!

## Women's Self Defence

Are you confident of defending yourself under attack? This course will teach you simple but highly effective techniques that will stop anyone. All ages from 10 - 60 welcome.

Course begins Wednesday, 13th October at 6.30 pm. Course 1 1/2 hours - \$45 for 4 weeks (group discounts apply). Price also includes free information booklet. Missed classes can be made up free of charge next course. 1/2 price for repeat courses.

Book now! Instructor - Mike Downton, 5th Dan Black Belt.

Henley Beach Town Hall, 378 Seaview Road, Henley Beach, Phone: 276 5484.

## Snudemenko

Comedy videos every Thursday 1 pm - 5 pm, Canon Poole Room, Level 5, Union Building (down the corridor at the rear of the Games Room). Red Dwarf, Blackadder, Monty Python, Mr Bean. If we're not showing what you want to see, come and tell us and we'll try and show what you want to see next week. Snude nigE.

## An incredible story not to be missed

Vietnam 1969 ... while serving as a river boat gunner in the province of Ton An, Dave Roevers life was changed forever when a sniper's bullet hit the phosphorous grenade he was holding only inches from his face. Dave then saw the skin of his face turn to ashes and blow across the deck of the boat. Throughout the hideous scarring and emotional trauma that would result, Dave was able to cope only through the love of his wife and his faith in Jesus Christ. Get ready to hear Dave Roevers tell his compelling story in week one of Term 4. Watch out for details of the time and place presented by Students For Christ.

## Writers Group

The Writers' Group pulls into the home stretch for 1993 and returns to its roots in a dazzling spectacular of literature and mixed metaphors at the SA Writers' Centre, 242 Pirie Street. Come along at 7 pm, Thursday, 14th October and bring good things to read or interesting things to say. Ring Matt Rubinstein (374 1969) or Julian Zytznik (390 1294) for enquiries.

## Fuck! What a bargain!

One almost brand new, hardly ever used before Game Boy machine. Comes with Tetris, and the promise of hours of fun. Handy around exam time. Only \$80 - cheap! Call Fiona or Mark on 373 0509.

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PRESENTS



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**ADELAIDE UNI BAR \$4/\$6**