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Beans Bar
Hindley Street

Beans Bar makes a refreshing change if you're ready for a night on the town without all the misogynist crap. It's essentially the only woman-oriented pub in Adelaide. Beans attracts heaps of cool suburbanites every Friday night who gather to bongie, play pool or just talk and laugh. They're generally recognized as being a woman's space, and the crowds start to arrive sometime around 8:30pm. During the week, Beans makes a good casual place to meet and have a few drinks. It's a reasonably small venue, so the atmosphere is pretty friendly and definitely an improvement on the usual man's atmosphere of the rest of Hindley Street. The main drawback is the dated music, which is best left after a beer or two and the slightly overpriced drinks, with schooners costing two dollars a pop, but I guess you have to pay for atmosphere. All in all, Beans is the most woman-friendly pub in Adelaide and adds up to a good night out.

Charles Start Tavern
Hindley Street

Forget Jokes, forget Rio, forget Lennies. The Charles Start Tavern rates as the single most dazy dance venue around town. Actually, "dazy" is too kind, too soft and too gentle a word to describe the Charles Start Tavern. It really is the pits. It's ugly. The music, which is played at a level low enough so that you can actually talk over it, is probably deafening. There's no dance floor, no sound equipment, no atmosphere, no curtains, no waitresses, no drinks, no drunks, no atmosphere. It's just a place to listen to music at a level that you can barely hear it. The decor is just a large, empty room with a few tables and chairs. It's like being in a warehouse.

The Royal Admiral
Hindley Street

Some other places on Hindley Street are just embarrassingly awful, but this time it is really offensive. The main reason for this is the presence of the naked dancing girl over the main bar area. A patron stands, stripping her brassiere and panties. Some of them probably do it all night. They're probably wonder what the hell they're doing. The day is a host of angry feminists throw a molotov cocktail through the window.

Although I don't seek to endorse the practice of loving girls dancing in cages, it is an activity that is the logical extension of what goes on in many nightclubs. Everywhere you go, men stand around checking out women.

In addition to being sleazy, the Royal Admiral is also violent. A friend told me that the Royal Admiral has a reputation for violent incidents of any kind on Hindley Street. I feel lucky to escape without getting my head kicked in. It's kind of a shame that the Royal Admiral is so crap in so many ways, because the music they play is actually not bad. Nairne, Red Hot Chili Peppers, hardcore stuff, you get the idea. The dancing patrons jump and thrash around on the dance floor, while a few little smoke machines start puffs of smoke. It's trying to cover everybody up with smoke.

The big moment for the night was when a girl got on stage against The Machine's "Killing In The Name." What fun! The next song they played was by Metallica. It was time to leave.

Le Rox
Light Square

Looking back through an odd school diary, one day, I found a ticket to an underground dance party, featuring one Adelaide boy and a couple of girls. I went to the party and it was a really hazy, dark dance party. Since then Le Rox has change face more than I can remember, passed walls with big smiling faces not having show at all.

I quite like the set-up of Le Rox. It's rocked away on Light Square, yet it's still pretty central. After closing a couple of flights of stairs, you're back on the main level. Le Rox is the place to go for a good night out.

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On Dit ventures into the seedy world of Adelaide nightclubs one more time. Natasha Yocob, Leslie Wilson, Michael Woodhouse and David Mills present their guide to having a good time. Josh Kennedy-White came along to take these pictures.
Let the beat control your body....

The Mars Bar
Gouger Street

The Mars Bar is one of the perennial standards of the Adelaide nightclub scene. You can almost guarantee that when it gets to three in the morning and you feel like strutting your funky stuff, there will be people going off at Mars.

Dancing at Mars is fun. The music may be the same from week to week but again so are the faces. Individual expression is definitely the game, so long as it involves something tight, white and/or sexy.

As Adelaide's oldest and most heterosexual gay venue, Mars caters for all types. You can usually spot the odd young hetero couple who ventured in to see how an 'alternative sexual- ity' dances, trying not to stare as they sport their first drag queen. Of course Mars is a regular haunt for those looking to cruise for some nubile young flesh for the evening. For those looking, you can manage to find quite a few sets of well-developed penises and enough bright and beautiful young things to keep your fantasy life going for a while.

One of Mars' particular highlights is of course the regular shows. Mars Bar shows involve a range of rather unconvincing 'girls' arousing almost nothing in the audience. At best Mars shows are a needed break from the real action on the dance floor, at worst they are an unconvincing parade of bad wigs and frocks that only confirm that Priscilla has now led to a resurgence in drag chic in Adelaide.

The Mars Bar is ultimately reliable. You guarantee that as sure as night follows day, it will always be there. When it next closes down to be refurbished, you can be sure that it will be almost exactly like it was always was. Go to the Mars Bar - do it for consistency.

Cargo
Hindley Street

Have you ever noticed that there's a line outside Cargo that doesn't seem to move? The first time I went to Cargo, about a year and a half ago, I stood at the end of the queue for about half an hour, during which time I saw heaps of people I knew either up the door or going straight in. I assumed they had done the queue and rushed to the door to realise that they hadn't been in before. If you look good enough, or are part of the clique, you'll be let in without waiting. Having arrived to meet people in there half an hour before, I waited at the front of the line with my nose in the air. I found my friends, along with big groups of macho guys and little hippie-chicks with long straight hair and skimpy black tops. They must be the cool people. I remember going out for something to eat after a couple of hours and when I returned there were the same people queuing outside.

It's pretty small in there and the setup isn't anything to rave about. The music was actually about the only thing that the place had going for it. Unless you're part of the 'exclusive' little clique, or you're too drunk to notice that there is a clique, I wouldn't bother going here.

Choice
North Terrace

Do you like clubs with big crowds of thousands of sweaty people and music that you hear on the radio all the time and can sing along to? If so, Choice isn't the place for you.

Choice, which opened a couple of weeks ago in the Railway Station on North Terrace, is on the small-side (with a kind of Discoteca feel to it). It's pretty cozy, with lots of booths and tables and chairs if you want to sit back and take in the atmosphere.

If you're into the music they play, you won't be disappointed. With resident DJs MP3, Noddy, ATB and Flip (and the occasional guest DJ thrown in for variety) there is something for everyone. Flip gives a particularly energetic show, playing the keyboard and mixing live, which is always good to watch.

Only one final (fundamental) detail springs to mind...the bar service. Quick and friendly. An essential ingredient for any good club.

Liberty
Hindley Street

If you read the review of The Empire in the Clubs Review #1, you will remember that this club was nothing too vastly different from any other club on Hindley St in terms of music, people, atmosphere etc. Well, times have been slowly changing since the '80s and it looks like someone on Hindley St picked up on that. From the darkness of the old Empire shines Liberty.

The setup in Liberty is pretty impressive. With great sound, a video screen and intelligent lighting, noone could really complain. Even before the change of face, it was evident that this place had potential. The layout of the club is great. It's pretty big and it's been drawing in crowds of lots of different groups of people.

With C4, Corey and Adams, playing regularly, the music isn't bad, not too different from the average music you'd hear at the Big Twinkle on a Saturday night. It's definitely worth checking out, as I think it appeals to a much more diverse range of people than a lot of other clubs.

Synagogue
Synagogue Place

As you walk into this place, it seems to be a prettily decorated and even seedy joint but once on the dance-floor the really hot DJ's will have you hyped. You should prepare to be fully checked out, but if you manage to ignore the groupies, you can actually have a pretty good time. The layout is pretty rad, especially if you want to go and have a chill - the couches can be a saviour, although as the night moves on you'll want to be out of room becomes a bit of an ego-room, for anyone who's an ecstatic night.
M y first ever gig was at the Maryarville Hotel. Banging front row spots we moved and swayed to the music, thrilling in our first taste of being grown-up. The friends in jive, in year 10 didn't quite cut it. There were many reasons it was such a great night, but my own black suit behind the Prince albums I bought in year 10 and when their new album came out, I didn't bat an eyelid. Why? Far from achieving maturity or having OD'd on The Sharp, I had discovered a group which contributed much, much more to the world we live in and live in general. The Lemonheads, and in particular, dudette himself, Evan Dando. Theory No. 2. Fans are constructed by the media. For a period of about 6 months or so, if you had a friend or a music magazine (music magazine) you would have found features on either, if not both, The Lemonheads and Suede. It got to a stage where a friend suggested the magazines had clauses in their contracts to the public saying: "We promise to deliver faithfully to you any information, true or otherwise, no matter how trivial, relating to The Lemonheads and Suede." The reason for this media buzz is simple - the media responds to the public demands. If The Lemonheads sell more mags, then naturally they'll be featured more often.

Evan is a music promoter's dream, having that stoned, lost soul image, blank hair and, of course, talent for song-writing that he has. Crowded First Sex Kitten of Grunge? and the "Global pastry moisturizer" (my personal vanguard) and appearing on countless magazine covers, he has been transformed into a sellable commodity. And hasn't hurt The Lemonheads success in the slightest - in fact, some critics have snidely said that Evan's looks are the only things the Lemonheads have going for them.

In January this year I saw The Lemonheads in Sydney. I'm not saying that most of the girls were there because of Evan, although the 12 year old and her Mum was question-able, but it can't be denied that some of the girls were just there to drool. I noticed some of the members of Tubehead and the 30s shaking their heads in astonishment/disgust/envy as they watched the girls whirling and screaming for Evan.

But, to be fair, when I saw Evan up there, I love it. See it just shows you how easy a combination of stage, lights, music and a moaning crowd can transform even the most undesirable person, which we must admit that Evan is not, into a God. Maybe it's the alcohol/drugs that seem to go hand-in-hand with

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Life as a groupie

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