Service Station:

Straying the Australian Landscape

(a modern aussie ballad opera)

 $\mathbf{b} \mathbf{y}$

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Service Station:

Straying the Australian Landscape

(a modern aussie ballad opera)

by Faye Bendrups

This project was developed and produced as a postgraduate research thesis in Performance Studies at the Victoria University of Technology, Melbourne. Concept, research, original text, original music score and arrangements, direction, design, video footage and editing and stills photography - Faye Bendrups.

The text reflects the on-the-road experiences of the researcher, and exchanges with various independent service station operators throughout Australia. The researcher gratefully acknowledges conversations with Jeff Lewry (Bowna, N.S.W.), John McLeod-Dryden (Sale, Vic.) and Eugene Reid (Hobart, Tas.); interviewee/participants Justin Connor, Michael Eckersall, Lisa Petty and Gary Samolin; Kevin Rugg for his 'Life' letter; and all the other service station workers for their time and hospitality.

Service Station: Straying the Australian Landscape was first performed on 11 December, 1996 at E Theatre, Victoria University of Technology, with the following ensemble:

David Ashton, Dan Bendrups, Faye Bendrups, Bill Binks, David Carnie, Justin Connor, Roy Christoffelz, Michael Eckersall, Scott Mullen, Lisa Petty, Adrian Rawlins, Nick Reynolds, Gary Samolin, Nicholas Walter, Patrick Williams.

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Introduction

I'm constantly in motion.

If I haven't driven someplace, I've walked or climbed or jumped in from two miles up. I've travelled thousands of kilometres world-wide by motor vehicle, round mazes of freeways and off the beaten track.

It occurred to me that set against this activity were interruptions, intended or unintended; a necessary fuel stop, an unforeseen accident, R&R, times to debrief, reflect and record.

On the road, this duality is a constant. It seemed that a focal point for exploring these opposing forces could be the SERVICE STATION - a place of brief stops and encounters, but also of continual movement - of machinery, vehicles, work; of coming, stopping and going.

The notion of travel in a broader allegorical context of a search, a quest, a journey into the unknown was also seductive. Struggling with this notion was also a conflicting one; that of consequence. What does it mean to be living in a culture dominated by the motor car, dependent on petroleum and its byproducts? What price the romance of a jaunt into the unknown?

Then the question of language came to mind; journey, quest, way, path, road, course.....these words are commonly used in a spiritual or emotional way; we apply them to our senses, they reflect what we feel.

Service Station: Straying the Australian Landscape is then a reflection of how I feel, formulated by a process of what I do. It can be read or interpreted in various ways:

Emotionally, it parallels my feelings and experiences; it is my journey into the unknown

Structurally, formatted as an ancient Greek drama, it acknowledges the conflict of oppositional forces

Musically, it embraces the communion of ensemble singing

Politically, it throws up contrasts of the individual and autonomy against global corporatism

Textually, it celebrates the voices and lives of ordinary people

Stylistically, it sets clarity of action and intent against agitation and dislocation.

The duality is not an answer, but a way in.

Synopsis

A journey takes place through time - from the industrial revolution and development of the motor car, to the present (an uncertain but hopeful look towards the year 2000); and through experience - constant travel, encounters and reflections.

The journey is supported by images; video and slide projections. It is performed as a stylised, larger-than-life travel diary cum slide night. The journey taken consists of a series of stories, told through poetry and song. The format is that of an ancient Greek drama:

In the **Prologue**, a 'God' (or tour guide) appears, welcoming us on the trip. He gives directions to the unknown destination 'X' ('X' is already marked out on the floor design. Do we not see it?), and sends us on our way.

The chorus appear for the **Parados**, singing praises to the great Gods, industry and petroleum. Next we meet Maybach (carburettor inventor), Daimler (first gasoline-powered car) and Benz (internal combustion engine).

Five **Episodes** follow. The first establishes the source of the theme - Rock Oil. The second meanders through stories of the past. The third wanders around in the present. The fourth examines outcomes; road toll, death and destruction, and the fifth explodes in a montage of text concerning oil-produced conflict and chaos.

Finally, in the **Exodus**, we realise we have reached, or were already at, 'X', a place where the past, present and future meld, we are on a constant Journey of Hope.

The Playing Space

The action takes place in a large arena-style performance space. The audience is seated above the playing space, looking down, remote from the action but with a wider 'bird's-eye' or global view.

The floor is completely white. A white wall at one end is used for video projection. In the centre is a large circular space, with four sets of arrow road markers pointing into the centre, forming the shape of an X. This inner circle is delineated with scraps of tyre tread strewn around it's edges. Slides are projected in the four spaces between the four arrow markers.

At the intersection of the arrows is a large totem pole, constructed from three petrol bowsers and decorated with relics of service stations; old oil bottles, Jeff's boomerangs, car headlights, hoses etc. etc. This totem serves as a rest area for the performers, a tuckerbox-dog-stop. It is also a mysterious source of wisdom and direction, it acts as an inanimate MC, lighting up excitedly and guiding us on the journey, quoting Goethe, Cicero, Dante et al. Surrounding the totem pole are road signposts, adorned with white posies, tributes to the dead.

Much of the solo performance (of everyday stories) occurs in the inner circle, while the chorus moves and performs in the outer 'track'. Those outside the circle are tied to the ongoing action of those inside. (The future and past are tied to the present).

The circle may represent growth, wholeness, inclusion or a road, or a racetrack, or a hubcap. The totem pole at the centre is a focus for community, warmth and welcome; a place where yarns are spun and songs are sung. The arrows provide direction. They also form a crossroad, a place where choice must be made.

Note: Because of technical and resource limitations, the original workshop production was set in a more restricted playing space. Refer to floor plan in production notes.

The Players

The original workshop ensemble was comprised of fifteen actor/singers, four of whom doubled as musicians; a projections operator and a lighting operator.

Ideally, the work is intended to be performed by a male-voice choir (singing all chorus parts), a small ensemble of actors (taking all speaking parts and solo song parts) and a chamber music ensemble of two synthesizers, trombone, violin, double bass and percussion. The original workshop production was scored for two synthesizers (played by ensemble members Faye Bendrups and Nick Reynolds), trombone (played by Dan Bendrups), and drum kit (played by Gary Samolin). The Gum Leaf was also played in the song 'Boomerang'.

The players are dressed in white combination overalls, white gloves and wear white-face makeup. The white enables them to stand in/be projected onto/ melt into the slide and video projections. They perform as a chorus, advancing the text, providing commentary, repetition, and illuminating the action. They may step out of the chorus to perform solo.

The Projections

Video*: footage of freeways, traffic, open road etc. series of lights - out of focus, melting, distorting, blending

*this footage has all been taken in situ but has been altered with the technology i.e. gain, strobe, still, tracer etc. and will be re-formulated by editing.

Slide**: dead animals

tyre tread

rubbish

old petrol pumps

service stations

power poles

** these stills have all been taken in situ and are in no way reconstructed.

Sequence Format

PROLOGUE Introduction (MC) Directions to X Song: X Marks the Spot Slide: X **PARADOS** Song: Gloria Industria Video: Machinery, Industry, Refinery Three Enterprising Men Cars **EPISODES** #1 eXpressway Song: Rock Oil Video: Roads #2 eXempum eX post facto Wanderlust The Aussie Car Boomerang/Song: Boomerang Kevin Rugg's letter Tokyo Motors/ Song: Tokyo Motors Slides: Sites, Pumps #3 eXpatiate The Open Road The Volvo Driver Break the Drive and Stay Alive A Courteous Driver Nninibita Switch Ballad of Road Assist Slides: Tyre Tread Burn #4 eXanimate Song: Jet Speed: Take Heed Road Toll #1 Song: Doris Road Toll #2: New York Road Toll #3: Acrobat Road Toll #4: Jet Speed Song: Jet Speed: Vern Reid Slides: Dead Animals, Rubbish #5 eXplode Montage Song: Oil Turmoil We Are to Blame Video: Lights **EXODUS** Song: Journey of Hope

PART ONE:

SCRIPT

PROLOGUE

in which the performance is introduced, a vision of the future is shown and the unknown destination, X, is discussed

PROLOGUE

Note: refer to production notes for workshop rough blocking notes.

The ensemble are seen in the performance space, still, silent. They stand in pairs, like bowser sentinels. Music is played; dissonant and abrasive suggesting an industrial/mechanical atmosphere. It gradually increases in volume as the audience enter. It finishes with a loud and forceful 'fanfare' of synthesizer and trombone, like a car-horn calling us to attention.

The dialogue is performed by the Totem Pole (pre-recorded) or if this is technically impossible, an actor may take on the role of this 'Voice of Wisdom' MC, in a Hitchcock or Frank Thring style. He or she may enter in a cloud of smoke (car exhaust) carrying a large white map, a map whose only reference is a giant 'X'.

SFX: car horns (fanfare) slide projection of 'Prologue' appears

V.O. (or actor):

Welcome to Drive Time.1

You are about to embark on a journey into the unknown: 'X'.

slide projection of 'X' appears

You will encounter remnants 2 of the past, scatterings 3 of the present and glimpses 4 of the future.

Do not adjust your seat belts. Keep both hands on the wheel and drive carefully. Travelling is like gambling; it is ever connected with winning and losing, and generally where least expected we receive more or less than we hoped for.⁵

Where are we going to? 6 Who knows? But the way is long and difficult the road. 7

music underscore begins (intro bars 'X Marks the Spot') unrolls map

Study the way 8 carefully. Pay attention to directions. X marks the spot. 9

slide projection of 'X' road sign (yellow) appears solo voice sings:

X marks the spot, so they say
Its a sign of the times
Its a clue to the new
Signifying, illustrating, alluding to
X marks the spot, so they say

underscore continues narrator continues dialogue:

TO FIND X:

FIRST: Turn the clock back a hundred years, ¹⁰ keep going till the intersection of Oil and Turmoil. ¹¹ Fill up here.

SECOND: Hang a right and head for the sixties. Never mind the speed ¹² limit. Long trip ¹³ ahead. Stop off at Bowna. ¹⁴ Get Jeff ¹⁵ to check your oil and water, maybe toss a boomerang ¹⁶ or two too. Rocksley ¹⁷ will change your fan belt for fifty cents (and that's not bad money) and Mac's Gas'll ¹⁸ fix a punctured tyre - they can do it!

THIRD: Take the ring road, ¹⁹ it's a magic circle. ²⁰ Go round and round and round till the bridge. ²¹ Don't cross this when you come to it. ²² Road hazard. Just ask Doris. ²³

FOURTH: Turn left. Stop at the Jet ²⁴ for fast service. Speed kills. ²⁵ Zero toll should be your goal. ²⁶

FIFTH: Light-up time.²⁷ It's dark out there. Look both ways.²⁸ Things come from nowhere. No off ramps.²⁹

SIXTH: Keep going towards 2000.30 You're nearly there. Don't quit the long haul

for the short cut.³¹ When you spot the turnoff to Hope,³² take it. It'll get you to wherever you want to go.

Have a good trip!

Slide projection of 'X' road sign (green) appears

SFX: Car horns (fanfare)

actor exits in smoke (car exhaust) totem pole lights stop flashing segue song 'X Marks the Spot'

Song: X Marks the Spot

solo voice continues:

X marks the spot, so they say
It's a guide, certified
To detect, to enquire
Representing, symbolising, evidenced by
X marks the spot, so they say

Slide projection of 'X Words' appears (for reference, these words are printed at the end of the Prologue. They all allude to or reflect aspects of the research)

The singer signals to other chorus members to enter. They move slowly into position, chanting the X words y under the next verse:

Can a token gesture
Be suggestive to yer?
Can expressing explication convey meaning?
Communicating symbols
Showing what? principles
Noting nothing ex-nihilo to another

First chorus sings, second chorus continues chant:

Signify, signifier, signified
Inviting attention, being important
Presuming a message, making it's mark
Signify, signifier, signified

All sing:

Can a token gesture

Be suggestive to yer?

Can expressing explication convey meaning?

Communicating symbols

Signify, signify

Noting nothing ex-nihilo to another

Signify, signifier, signified Signify Signify
Inviting attention, being important Signify Signify
Presuming a message, making it's mark Signify Signify

Slide projection of 'X' road sign (CU green) appears

X marks the spot, so they say
It's a sign of the times
It's a clue to the new
Signifying, illustrating, alluding to
X marks the spot, so they say

X marks the spot So they Say-----

So they say, they say-----

Slide projection changes to 'Parados'
Video sequence 'Machinery, Industry, Refinery' starts and continues throughout 'Gloria Industria'

Xenophobia Xenos Xenolith Xerography Xi Xmas Xoanon Xeo Xray \mathbf{X} ylene \mathbf{X} yolite e \mathbf{X} act e \mathbf{X} action e \mathbf{X} aggerate e \mathbf{X} altation e \mathbf{X} amine eXample eXanimate eXcavate eXceed eXcellent eXcept eXception eXceptis-eXcipiendis eXcerpt eXcess eXchange eXcise eXcite eXclaim eXclave eXclosure eXclude eXclusive eXcogitate eXcolonial eXcrement eXcrutiate eXcursion eXcursus eXcuse eXecrable eXecutant eXecute eXecutive eXecutor eXemplify eXemplum eXempt eXequies eXercise eXert eXeunt FoXFM eXhale eXhaust eXhibit eXhibition eXhibitionism eXhort eXhume eXigent eXile eXist eXistence eXistent eXistential eXit MarX eX-nihilo eXodus eXorcise eXoteric eXotic eXpand eXpanse eXpansive eXpatiate eXpect eXpectation eXpedient eXpedite eXpedition eXpel eXpend e**X**pendable e**X**penditure eXpense eXpensive eXperience eXperiential eXperiment eXpert eXpertise eXpire eXplain eXplanation eXpletive eXplicate eXplicit eXplode eXploit eXplore eXplosion eXponent eXpose eXposition eX post facto eXpostulate eXposure eXpound eXpress eXpressway eXpression eXpressionism eXpresso eXpropriate eXsert eXtant eXtemporize eXtend eXtensive eXtent eXterior eXterminate eXternal eXtinct eXtinguish eXtol eXtort eXtortion eXtra eXtra-vehicular eXtract eXtractive industries eXtraneous eXtraordinary eXtrapolate eXtravagant eXtreme eXtremum eXtricate eXtrinsice eXtroversion eXuberant eXude e**X**ule Xurb

PARADOS

in which the chorus is established, exposition is begun and praises are sung to industry and black gold

Parodos

Video sequence: MACHINERY, INDUSTRY, REFINERY. (The chorus stands in front of the video screen, as part of the visual sequence).

The MC leads the chorus in with the plainsong:

Quando, Qua, Quo? 2

Hic locus est partis ubi se via findit in ambas ³ Unus quisque sua noverit ire via ⁴

Chorus respond with:

Song: Gloria Industria ⁵

Gloria industria
Gloria industria
Gratias agimus tibi
Credo in machina et moneta
Credo in unum petroleum
Omnipotentem
Lauda, laude, laudate petroloeum
Laudamus te petroleum

Gloria industria Gloria industria Aetas moderna et post-moderna Successemus nostrum laborem

segue into Three Enterprising Men(schen)

video sequence changes to: CARS

Three Enterprising Men(schen)

Trio: Chorus:

Maybach,⁶ Daimler ⁷ and Benz ⁸

Gloria, gloria, laude
Three enterprising mensch'n

Gloria, gloria, laude
Internal combustion, carburettor inventor

Gratias agimus tibi

Maybach, Daimler and Benz Gloria, gloria, laude

Maybach, Daimler and Benz

Gloria, gloria, laude

Three enterprising mensch'n

Got the rock oil 9 to blow and the engine to go

Gratias agimus tibi

Maybach, Daimler and Benz Gloria, gloria, laude

Maybach, Daimler and Benz

Gloria, gloria, laude
Three enterprising mensch'n

Gloria, gloria, laude

Watch out for the flag, 10 it's a warning, red rag

Gloria, gloria

Four miles per hour tops,¹¹ carry-your-own or she'll stop ¹² Gloria, gloria It's a horseless carriage,¹³ stabled in a garage Gloria, gloria

It's a gasoline car, it's bound to go far Gloria, gloria

Thanks to

Maybach, Daimler and Benz

Gloria, gloria, laude
Gloria, gloria, laude
Gloria, gloria, laude

chorus reprise Gloria Industria:

Gloria industria
Gloria industria
Gratias agimus tibi
Credo in machina et moneta
Credo in unum petroleum
Omnipotentem
Lauda, laude, laudate petroleum
Laudamus te petroleum

Gloria industria Gloria Industria

Aetas moderna et post-moderna

Successemus nostrum laborem

Laborem, Gloria

Trio:

Maybach, Daimler and Benz

Maybach, Daimler and Benz

Gloria, Gloria

slide appears: episode #1 then eXpressway

MC speaks:

We'll go for a quick spin ¹⁴ at the beginning, the source. ¹⁵ It all springs ¹⁶ from here, our high energy habit. The music that excels is the sound of oil wells as they slurp, slurp into the barrels. ¹⁷

video sequence changes to: Roads

chorus sings: Rock Oil

Episodes

The next part of the journey takes us to various sites of ordinary people's experiences. The service station can be viewed as an object within the modern industrial world with relations to petroleum, powerful conglomerates, exploitation of natural resources, motor vehicles, speed and destruction.

If we look behind this outer world we may find an inner world of individual endeavour, ordinary lives, hard work and continuity. This inner world is being altered by corporate monopolisation and changing markets. How soon till it is exhausted?

En route are found symbols of the deteriorating landscape; dead animals (some native, many introduced, alien to our environment); shattered tyre tread (manmade, explosive); rubbish at the verges (much sourced from multinational homogenised take-away drive-through outlets). They lie among weeds and foreign grasses.

All that is seen and discussed is commonplace. There is no need of fancy equipment to capture its image and no special learning to hear it's voice; just eyes and ears.

Going on a journey means stops and starts. In between there is the road. The format continues in this way.

EPISODE #1

EXPRESSWAY

a spin at the beginning

Song: Rock Oil 1

- 1. Rock Oil, Rock Oil

 Rock Oil, Rock Oil (repeat)
- 3. Rock Oil, Rock Oil
 Rock Oil, Rock Oil (repeat)
- 4.(chant): 4 asphalt, greases, bottled gas (Sung): Methane rubber, resins, bitumen, paint Ethane varnishes, adhesive, fertiliser, herbicide ammonia, detergent, diesel oil, dye Butane

lotions, lipstick, lubricating oil Pentane plastic, pesticides, paraffin wax Hexane napthalene, benzene, trinitro-toluene ⁵ Heptane kerosene, gasoline, L.P.G. Octane

saccharin, solvents, salve and fly-spray

cold cream, carbon paper, candles, coke

phenol, disinfectant, acid, linoleum

jet fuel, anti-freeze, esters, gas

Crack

- 5. (chorus): Rock Oil, Rock Oil/ch ch ch ch ch ch ch ch (x2)
 Rock Oil, Rock Oil/ ch ch ch ch ch ch ch (x2)

EPISODE #2

EXEMPLUM EX POST FACTO

a pilgrimage to the past

This episode consists of illustrative stories and songs. They refer affectionately to the past and reflect the quirky nostalgic Australian experience.

Slide projection: episode #2 then eXemplum eX post facto

MC speaks:

A pilgrimage to the past. If you wish to know the road ahead, enquire of those who have travelled it. I - I took the one less travelled by, and that has made all the difference. 2

During the following set pieces (each spoken by individual actors in turn), slide projections will be of old petrol pumps and service stations (including the actual sites owned by the story-tellers).

Slide projection: Dougall McDugald's convict-built servo (Tas).

Wanderlust

He drove a blue and white EH ³

and wore a collar and tie no matter what.

He could have purchased the 'Special' with bucket seats and a console between for bits and pieces but didn't get enough for the Wolseley trade-in

NOW, there'd be no cranking this car.

Slide projection changes to D.McD's door sign

This car
took me and him over every road in the country
and I knew all the signposts
and I memorised all the distances
and I counted all the hairpin bends
and I studied all the maps
and I watched all the power poles
and I sang all the songs I knew
and I wiped the locusts off the windscreen
and I slept in the back seat
and I loved the vertical curves
and I imagined I was an adventurer

and when we stopped to inspect the road sites

I rummaged in the dirt for fossils
and walked along the girders
and played among the graders
and took tea with the working men in their tiny tin huts
and tried not to be in the way of my Dad
who took me everywhere in the world (even though it was only Tasmania).

The Aussie Car

All the old Dodges from the days free of seatbelts sat worn out before the jump4 (this one in gallons) it was ever the U S of A never home-grown even when they tried to talk us into it this kind of national pride in the Holden

Why, also the furry dice were from away

Slide projection: Auto Service sign

One night we got drunk in Gary's Chevvy well it was big enough to lay down the double mattress in and learn about loving at the Drive-In but whisky, vodka and port put a stop to that good and proper not able to improper and how we drove home I don't recall, but then again, I don't recall Summer Holiday⁵, or was it Help⁶

Slide projection: Pit Stop sign

Pity the Holden had no room for Gary's mattress for then we could be fair dinkum⁷ and true blue⁸ and blood oath⁹, mate

except for the scotch whisky and commie vodka and spanish port

Slide projection: Last Stop sign

Boomerang

The following set piece, based on Jeff Lewry from Bowna, NSW, is illustrated with slide projections of various parts of Jeff's service station and boomerang factory site (shared).

A solo Gum Leaf should be played as part of the accompaniment.

Solo actor moves DS and speaks:

It's surprising how things have changed. It's a pity to be hanging about here, only getting a few customers a day.....I can see the end of the road! Sometime soon I'm going to close the whole thing down. Tired. Something like that. It'll be good.

music underscore starts

The petrol industry - the word stinks the whole way through. Basically, if I hadn't've had the boomerang factory alongside it, we'd a gone broke a long time ago. Been makin' boomerangs for half me life! And I'm about *sick* a makin' boomerangs!

Slide projection: boomerang weathervane

Song: Boomerang¹⁰

Jeff: Well - when I was at school
there was always kids turned up with boomerangs
and we used to take 'em out and throw 'em
but we never could get 'em to return
and now I know why:
they just weren't made that way

Slide projection: Jeff's servo

Oh, what'd it be thirty something years ago Jack Byam

Chor: boomerang-maker from down at Cobram

Jeff: had returning boomerangs

I got his address and I think I sent him twenty-five shillings as a matter-of-fact and he sent me a boomerang But I didn't know and he didn't ask and he sent me a right-handed one It was no good, 'cause I'm left-handed

I set to to make a left-handed boomerang with the right-handed one as a pattern difficult so anyhow, then I got it worked out

Slide projection: bowser

Chor: He set to to make a left-handed boomerang

with the right-handed one as a pattern

Jeff: difficult

Chor: so anyhow, then he got it worked out

Slide projection: Yarakila's Boomerang Factory

All: We got a boomerang association
run regular competitions
they printed a list in the newsletter
over the previous ten or fifteen years or something
if your name wasn't Lewry it didn't really appear on it

Jeff: yeah we cleaned 'em up

All: So

I(he) must've learnt something changing a right-handed boomerang to a left-handed one

Jeff: Yeah, we cleaned 'em up

All: Yeah, we cleaned 'em up (repeat, gradual fade till in next position)

Slide projection: old yellow bowser, green watering can.

Music continues under following text (there is no stop and start). The following set piece should be read energetically and in rhythm with the underscore, quasi 'beat' poetry.

The slide projections change more rapidly, in keeping with the music, and are of old bowsers, occurring randomly (not to set cue lines, but at the operator's discretion) and in a deteriorating sequence:

- 1. Ampol distillate c. mid 60's
- 2. Mobil super
- 3. Plain white (no brand) super
- 4. White with hoses
- 5. White mobil
- 6. Old bowser with 'out of order' painted on it
- 7. Rusted bowser
- 8. Bowser 'skeleton' (inner remains, no outside shell)

Life: Not just a word, it's more like a sentence (Kevin Rugg)11

solo actor speaks:

I glide into the service station and stand before the pump to fill up and I have forgotten to unlock the petrol cap so I go around and get the keys from the ignition and then the nozzle won't go in and I remember I'm driving my wife's car

with lead-free petrol and I put the nozzle back and it falls out so I try again this time with feeling and then I think to check my wallet and there's only \$10 and I need to get milk so I can only get \$8 worth and I go to pre-set it and I realise you can't pre-set \$8 on this pump so I try to squeeze it out by hand and I stand there cricking my neck and staring intently at the pump and the young woman on the other side thinks I'm staring at her so I make do with the occasional furtive glance and whoops it's gone over \$8 and I try to remember if there's any long-life milk in the fridge and I think there is so I move towards the counter and the bloke says have a nice day even though it's midnight and I trip over the sacks of dog biscuits by the door on the way out and I get back in the car at last and I realise I've left the keys in the petrol cap so I try to leap out the car and the seat-belt slams me back in my seat so I unlock it and seize the keys and get back in the car and get the hell out of there a little jealous of my grandfather who never drove a car.

chorus reprises Boomerang' song:

All: We got a boomerang association
run regular competitions
they printed a list in the newsletter
over the previous ten or fifteen years or something
if your name wasn't Lewry it didn't really appear on it

Jeff: yeah we cleaned 'em up

All: So, I(he) must've learnt something
changing a right-handed boomerang to a left-handed one
Yeah, we cleaned 'em up

(repeat last line till ready while moving to next position)

Music underscore changes to 'Tokyo Motors'

Last slide should remain (skeleton bowser)

Solo actor moves DS and speaks:

Tokyo Motors 12

My Grandfather built the business by hand, all by himself, with my Nana, they built it all by hand, and there was a restaurant up the other end, which was 24 hours when it first started, and sometimes they'd sleep in the workshop with the spare parts if it was busy.

My Nana would do the cooking, there was a kitchen like a big cafe-restaurant. But that got burnt down in 1984. Well the police believe it was deliberately lit, but nothing was ever, nobody was ever found to have done it. That was during the 'Petrol Wars'.

We had a dog, Rocky. He would check your tyres, he wouldn't actually check your tyres, but he'd take the guage across to the tyres so you could pump the tyres up. If you'd tell him to bring the water can, he'd bring the water can for the radiator and he'd collect the money, he'd go up to the window, collect the money, bring it in to the till.

My father Mac grew up in the house at the back and I'm still living there. Mac was the first Datsun car dealer. 'Tokyo Motors'. "Test drive the new Datsun 240Z or any Datsun vehicle. Priced from 15 hundred dollars tax paid". 13

Those days are gone!

Slide projection: old blue bowser overgrown with vines (rear warren and Brown)

(dead segue) Song: Tokyo Motors

(solo): Tokyo Motors, those days are gone"Test drive the new DatsunPriced from fifteen hundred dollars, tax paid"Those days are gone

(chor): Tokyo Motors -----

Tokyo -----

(solo):

Those days are gone -----

Slide projection: Bowser converted into a RMB

(solo): Tokyo Motors, those days are gone Service, there is none anymore Check your tyres

(chor):

You've got to do it yourself

(solo): Clean your windscreen

(chor):

You have to do it yourself

(all): But not here

not here

not here

Slide projection: Ampol bowser

(chor): Have a look at all the spare parts

(solo):

I've got some spare parts

(chor): And if someone breaks down with a tyre

(all):

A punctured tyre

We can do it

We can do it

We can do it

Slide projection: Garage (Glen Eira) Village Garage'

(all): Tokyo Motors, those days are gone
Tokyo Motors, those days are gone

Mac's Gas, Mac's Gas

Mac's Gas, Mac's Gas

But not here

But not here

Not here

Slide projection: episode #3, then expatiate

EPISODE #3

EXPATIATE

a ramble around

MC speaks:

A ramble around. Walk not on the main travelled roads¹; don't take the straight road - take the winding road². Often it is best to take the indirect way rather than the direct³.

Slide projection: Power pole with clouds (POV looking up out of a moving car)

Actors move to position for the following five stories. The text is now in the present, on the move. The slide projections (many and varied images) are in a sequence reflecting a car trip - first looking out of the window, up at the clouds; second to the near edges of the road strewn with exploded tyre tread; and third, further off the verge littered with the remains of (often multinational) takeaways.

The Open Road

I got into my battered Hillman Hunter Safari and drove onto the freeway heading for freedom

I thought of all the alternatives; which way today?
East? West? Where to?

The details I'm prepared for topped up oil, brake fluid and water, coathanger and Aussie all-rounders⁴ hugging the corners non-slip.

Slide projection: tyre tread

But the big picture?

That's the question. A meandering matter of choice.

Cup of tea with Jeff⁵? Blowout at Bowna⁶? Accelerator cable spring broken at

Bairnsdale?? Collision with a roo at Toora8?

Stop a while at Woodside⁹
Watch the waves at Port Welshpool¹⁰
Play the slot cars at Kilcoy¹¹
Chew the fat at Chewton¹²

Slide projection: rubbish

and

Dally with Dougall McDugald13

The life on the open road.

The Volvo Driver14

He drove in, slowly, for petrol took off his (imaginery) hat and moved with deliberation to the nozzle.

The attendant was a fat woman, silent and as she grinned, you could just see the gap where her front tooth was missing.

What did I do? What did I do? the driver mused, his paranoia paramount, and paid with his gold card credit account, please.

Slide projection: tyre tread

"Goodonya luv" the attendant replied, "saves me havinta aksk ya, gitta bit sicka day in day out always havinta aksk is that credit or savin's why carn they tell me when they gimme the card have a nice day...."

He resumed his driver's seat, glanced back (she was still grinning) and drove on out of there like he was dragging Lygon Street, although he knew from experience the speed camera was lying in wait.

Slide projection: rubbish

\$140 and 3 points later he lifted his left foot with deliberation and slammed it into his rear side panel, never mind the re-sale.

He resumed his driver's seat, switched onto 3BO, cursed the static and punched the steering wheel.

NEXT TIME, I'LL GET A MAGNA!

Break the Drive and Stay Alive15

Picked up the RV (bigger than I thought, hadn't I asked for the smallest size?) and drove out, feeling like Petrocelli, high cab and low wheel. Look down on all those small cars bumper-to-bumper at 5ks. Hardly moving. (What is it? Long weekend?). The whole city's heading out of town. Then onto the freeway and zoom I'm outta here (don't speed, look right, look left, look bike).

Slide projection: tyre tread

5.30 am watch the sun come up, purple, brown, but somehow the solenoid's stuffed and I'm stuck here. But hey! This is a truck stop- all night you've been coming and going, how about a helping hand at the hot wire? But NO WAY (it's the insurance you know) so I wait for roadside assist, just me, myself and the snakes, disappointed.

Mechanic Bob turns up, starts me up and OFF I go, onwards to Quartzite, a tidy town of tent stalls, shanty houses, and hunters, dumped in the desert, could-be depression, sitting, waiting, for what? This time a local is a REAL MAN and dares to jump-start me, coiling the cable in and around, under, behind and through every which way to success.

Slide projection: rubbish

Anyway next morning I watch the sunrise on the hills and it's unbelievable how the colours change blue to purple to green to red and the sun lights orange over the peaks and the shadows form skirts below on the rocks. The land is coming to life (even if it is below zero).

A Courteous Driver16

When the cop pulled me over I quickly turned the radio off. (X-rated hip-hop would not be his thing, and don't I think I'm a little too old for this devil-music?).

I STARED at his light. Never seen one of these before. Maybe whoever has the contract for freeway information has the add-on for THE FORCE. It was a beautiful blue flasher, no.... tracer, no..... chaser. The same kind that tells you (always too late) that the South-Eastern Car Park¹⁷ is experiencing delays of up to 20 minutes, please find an alternate route. (Ha. There is no way off).

Slide projection: tyre tread

So I reached for my licence, reminded myself that I am a teetotaller, so don't panic, that time when the breathalyser got a reading of .01 was because of a pizza.

Yes sir. Thankyou sir. No sir, I was not aware that I still had my high beam on just now, why I was only trying to be a courteous driver, you see sir, the car in front of me had it's petrol cap hanging off so I was flashing him, sir, to indicate to him the matter of this fact, sir. (And anyway Mussolini this is a highway in the middle of nowhere, and can't I use my high beam if I want? - but I didn't say that).

Slide projection: rubbish

He went back to his beautiful blue-flashing-police light car and ran a check on me. You know I'm required to write this up as an incident? he said. (Was he only the lonely on a Saturday night in nowhere? Or is it the more reports the merrier).

Yes sir. I'll be more careful sir. He had his little victory.

NNINIBITA SWITCH18

So anyway so I bought this car, and it wasn't a new car it was a second-hand car, off a very good friend of mine, and for me to get the registration changed over to my name I had to get a roadworthy on it.

So I was driving it along, driving along to this ah, ah, service station. I actually had it for a couple of days and I realised one of the problems in it was that, ah if you knocked the - it was an automatic car and it had the, ah, is it the T?, T gears down there sort of on the floor- floor shift man. Well if you knocked it, it could go from drive to reverse, you know, so you didn't want that happening.

Slide projection: tyre tread

So anyway, so I took it to this garage and it was a Torana, and the body was really stuffed on it too you see, and I knew that if I was going to get a *proper*, a proper, um, roadworthy on it I'd have to spend a fortune, you know. So he said to me, I said to the guy, look I've got a problem with the car and he said, oh yeah I can see the body and..he said it's gunna cost......look I said, I'm not interested, I'm not going to spend a whole heap of money on the body, I'm not interested in that. But what I do need to get fixed is the gears here because when it's in drive, if you knock it, you know, you can go, you can go into reverse.

And he said "aah, yes, you have got a problem there mate. What you need is, an nunibita switch!". And I said "mm. What?" and he said "You need an nunibita switch". I said, "a what?". He said, and he looked at me like, you know, you fuckin' idiot, what do you think you need- an nunibita switch! So I said "an nunibita switch". He said "Yeah". I thought, right I need an nunibita switch. I said OK, where do I get an nunibita switch from? And he said, oh, you know, down Holden, Spare Parts, down Elizabeth Street.

Slide projection: rubbish

So I thought, right, I need an nunibita switch. And I really didn't want to forget what I needed, 'cos I'd never heard such a thing in my life, so I was sitting in the

car, and as I was driving away from the guy I was saying, an nunibita switch, an nunibita switch, I need an nunibita switch, an nunibita switch, an nunibita switch.

And I drove off and I went round the corner and I stopped. And I went into the glove box and I had a piece of paper and a pen there, and I tried to write down 'an nunibita'. So I kind of went ...nn.. nn...(spelling out loud) N-N nn.. I-N..nn..nn.. I-B.. un-in-ib, I-T-A. Nninibita switch. I need nninibita switch.

Slide projection: power pole

So then right, I'm just gunna simply gunna walk into the place, I'm gunna walk into the guy and the Holden people, and I'm just gunna say "ah, g'day mate. I need nninibita switch" and he'll understand what I mean, because this is like, um, this is sort of like, you know, engineering talk man, you know. Geez, it's amazing, you know.

And I was driving along, I was still in the city, thinking, right, OK, I need nninibita switch and if in actual fact he says to me "what do you need nninibita switch for?" and I'll say "well, because, ah, if you knock the gears, you know, when it's in drive, it can go into reverse. So therefore mate, I need nninibita switch!". I need nninibita switch and it'll stop the car from going from drive into reverse. I need nninibita switch and it'll stop it from going from drive into reverse, I need nninibita switch, nninibita switch, (slowly realising)- an- in-hibitor switch, I need an inhibitor switch and it will inhibit the gears from going from drive to reverse!

End of story!

Slide sequence now changes. A slide of a kangaroo carcass appears.

Solo actor walks to position for the next set piece.

Slide projections through the following sequence are of tyre tread in various abstract shapes.

Poem: BALLAD OF ROAD ASSIST19

A kangaroo, red kangaroo

Took a leap, took a hop too few

With a thump in the glare

Of the headlight, too bright

Suddenly he hit and then he'sout of sight

I stopped in the dark
And I checked out the radiator
Soon I realised what's the matter
There's a hole in the coil
So there's nothing on the boil
It's escaping, cas-a-cading on the bitumen, hot mix
What'll I do? Now I'm in afix

Slide change

Well I walked along alone
I was trying to find the phone
It was always two kilometres further
But as soon as I located it
I realised my fate, it
Had a crossed line all the time

I hadn't gotten through
To the road-assist crew
Who could help me
They could send a truck to tow it
But instead I found myself
talking crash repairs with Ralph
Who was sitting home in Seymour watching telly

Ralph's a nice bloke
Though at first he thought it was a joke
After all his telephone
Was only for his own home
Not communications in emergency situations
Standing by for action.....stations!

But to help me in my plight

He attended in the night

With a tray-truck and a winch

"No worries, it's a cinch"

He intoned on the phone

"Just wait there, don't despair

I run 'Ralph'sCrash Repairs'!"

Slide change

Well I won't forget that night
It's imprinted in my mind
Like a nightmare, like a curse, or worse
You see Ralph had a liking
For number games and talking
As we drove along he wove
Stories tall and problems small
His tongue was going nineteen to the dozen

He asked me for my birthdate
Add on thirty then you calculate
Your mother's second wedding annivers'ry
Divide by four, add on some more and then
Subtract the number that you first thought of

Then you multiply, sort of
All the rest that you've got left
By fifty-seven times your uncle's hat-size

If you're not confused by now
After all of this pow-wow
You'll find that Ralph'll have the answer
Why is it so? I don't know, I don't know
But he got it right, a single-minded.... super-counter

Now I think that Ralph was lonely And enjoyed a bit of company So I slipped him fifty bucks To drive me right home

(Even though I didn't know

If I could put up with him

Specially when he started singing

All the Neil Diamond numbers

In between the countingpuzzles)

Slide change

I was tired, he was firing
It was late, nearly midnight
When we came across a car, broken down
Ralph looked at me and said
"Should we pull in just ahead
And give 'em a hand?"
I nodded....I understand

So we stopped and hopped out
There was Kosta and his mates
They were drunk as a skunk
They were swearing, they were shouting
They were very nearly stoushing
I was worried that they might try something.... nasty

But Ralph calmed 'em down
And offered a lift into town
(They were panicking about their Holden
Could be borrowed, could be stolen
Looked like....they had rolled it)

So Kosta and his crew
Squeezed into the cab and started to
Shout and swear and stoush
(I copped one in the mouth)
Till Ralph like a saviour
Took out his calculator
And proceeded to entrance them
With number games - he estimated
All the birthdays of their.....relations

Slide change

They were stunned, they admired
Ralph's powers of the mind
They sat there, bewitched
And played along, transfixed
They even sang his songs
Though they got the words wrong
And soon we dropped 'em off
Saying goodbye to the 'Prof'
And we headed down the highway back home

It was four AM that night
That I said goodbye to Ralph
After sitting round at my place
Drinking coffee

There was no end to his talents
And he showed me how to balance
Three coins on your knuckles
To keep you on your mettle
While you dropped a ruler just to check
How quick you caught it....in reflex

I didn't think I'd miss
His never-ending quiz
But when he'd gone I felt a little sad
For we'd spent some time together
And we'd put up with each other
For seven hours and countless kilometres

Slide change

It seemed surreal, I didn't feel
The night had really happened
Professor Ralph had left the house
Now as quiet as a mouse
He hit the road to who knows where
It's not as though I didn't care;
I never had a night compared to
This one: calculating, estimating
reckoning, approximating
All of Ralph's number games
In a blur, in a haze
A super-real set of computations

And since that night
Try as I might
I cannot find hide nor hair of Ralph
I've driven up and down
The highway near the town

of Seymour, looking for a phone That gets me with a crossed line Through to Ralph...... home alone

But there isn't one around
And there's no-one in the town
Who recalls such a bloke
With a winch and a truck
And a never-ending quiz
And songs that he sings

It's as if he never was
And I feel a kind of loss
'Ralph's Crash Repairs'
Vanished.....into thin air

Slide change

The mood now changes. The following set piece (Burn) serves as a bridge into the next episode, which explores the destructive power of the road.

The slide projections through this set piece are of rubbish.

BURN₂₀

I was hitch-hiking, Marten guitar in one hand, pack on my back. I got a lift with a young female driver, who was bitterly complaining about her husband because he hadn't serviced the brakes and the car was not in great condition.

We were pulling into a township, fibro houses on each side of the main drag, and there was one car heading towards us and another car stopped, waiting to turn right. I said "Hey - car!", upon which she jammed on the brakes. It was drizzling, the road was wet, we skidded, we aquaplaned into the car ahead that was stopped. As soon as we hit that car, that car burst into flame. It was almost instantaneous. That car cannoned into the car that was approaching on the other side of the road, and as that car hit the oncoming car, *it* explo... not exploded, but burst into flame.

Slide projection: rubbish (cigarette packet)

I was fine, the woman who was driving got out of the car, the two people in the two burning cars climbed out of their cars.

It was then that I became aware of the nature of the crowd that was gathering. It was like a settlement town and all the people who lived in the fibro huts were Kooris, were Aboriginals. So there was this growing ring of Aboriginal faces, looking at this burning wreckage.

The cars were well and truly on fire, there was no putting them out. I got my guitar, put my pack on my back and started walking up the hill.

Slide projection: rubbish (MacDonald's superman pack)

Turned over my shoulder and had a look. The scene that confronted me was just one of those scenes that indelibly are etched on your mind. It was very symbolic, I thought.

It was the image of these two burning vehicles, with plumes of black smoke, going up into the- by now almost night- late, dusk sky with a light mist falling, with a ring of Koori faces lit up by the flames. And maybe it was my imagination, but I seemed to see wry smiles on their black faces as they watched white man's rubbish burning up. And cinders going up into the sky and it was almost totemic, this image. This white man's rubbish burning up, it was almost like a corrobboree sort of image, it was very strong.

I kept on walking, stuck out my finger and continued to hitch another ride. I got one in ten minutes.

Slide changes to episode #4, then eXanimate

EPISODE #4

EXANIMATE

straying amongst the strewn

Music underscore changes - strange and dissonant low synthesizer sounds, ominous and foreboding and continues under MC dialogue. It segues into song.

MC speaks:

Straying amongst the strewn. Ask not for whom the road tolls¹. There is no road so level as to have no rough places².

Slide projection: floral tribute at roadside. The slides in the following sequence are of road toll - animal carcasses and reminders of death and destruction.

Music introduction to song begins

Song: Jet Speed: Take Heed

Solo actor sings:

JET SPEED TOO FAST

Where will it end up if my luck don't last

JET SPEED TOO FAST

Glancing at the world flying past

JET SPEED TOO FAST

Sure I'll wind up someday, take it on trust

JET SPEED
TOO FAST

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

slide projection: animal carcass music continues to underscore actors move to positions for following sequence:

Road Toll #14

My first real memory was waking up in the middle of the night and being in the middle of a huge room that wasn't a ward, I felt like I was in the middle of a train station or something, deserted train station in the middle of the night. I was the only person in there, just in this bed.... and just freaking out because there was nobody around, I just seemed to be in a room with all this stuff in it, in the middle of the night. That was in Intensive Care I think.

It's stopped me from doing everything. I mean, my life's just stopped dead. For months and months and months I didn't do anything.

Music underscore to 'Doris' begins quietly in the background.

I suppose sometimes I wish it hadn't happened. But not for very long. I don't sort of stay in there too long. You can only wish so much.

Slide change.

Actor and dancer move to position for 'Doris'. The song is sung by one performer. Both dance (throughout the song) a slow, repetitious minimalist dance of drudgery and dislocation. They are lit from below, in front, throwing up huge shadows on the back projection wall. Slides continue to change through the song (in the music bridges between verses)

Song: Doris5

solo actor sings:

I work the early shift
We do get very busy
Good for a cup of tea, good for a chat
Good for petrol, especially for the truckies
It's quite cheap for the truckies

Slide change

I like cooking
Most of the time it's really busy
Good for a cup of tea, good for a chat
Good for something to eat, yeah it's a nice friendly place
People always drop in to say, hello how're you doing?

It's good, I like to work
I always clean the lino
Since the bridge went in I always clean, since the bridge went in

Slide change

It's hard to raise a family on your own
But since the bridge went in
Tom's in trouble with the law
And Cheryl had the baby (boy-crazy)

Slide change

The council bought us the house

And got the kids through school

But it's hard without their Dad to keep them on the

Straight and narrow

Straight and narrow
Road over the bridge, went down into the river
The wood was rotten and the council never fixed it
Never mended it, never mattered
Never mind

Slide change

It's good to have a job Good for a chat Good for a cup of tea We do get very busy. We do get very..... Busy.

Slide changes to roadside wreath with white cross.

Music continues to underscore.

Actor moves into position for the next set piece.

Road Toll #2: NEW YORK6

I actually don't have a memory of the accident. Because I went through the windscreen, and there was a lot of mess. My face was smashed up and my neck.....if you looked at me, I imagine you would think that I was not going to make it.

I learnt a lot as a result of that accident. For a start, it really makes you aware of your own mortality, and then lessons in terms of how people treat other people over something different about how they look. They speak REALLY LOUDLY AND SLOWLY.....HELLO. HOW ARE YOU?

I started college only three weeks or so after the accident. And people shy away. Not really out of anything malicious. I think they just don't really know what to say. So that sort of period was difficult and I think I lost a lot of confidence.

It was three years later that the insurance came through. Its just funny how life turns itself around, because without having that accident, I wouldn't've had the money to go to New York.

It ended up me learning a lot about life, extending my perspective on life, it opened up a lot of doors.

Slide change.

The actor remains in position. The next two set pieces are performed in a congenial, extroverted, story-telling manner by another two actors, who then join with the first actor to become the Reid brothers and sing the song 'Jet Speed'.

Underscore changes to 'Jet Speed' (first verse introduction) and continues under following dialogue:

Road Toll #3: ACROBAT7

Second actor speaks:

I was on my mighty Suzuki 250. I was riding down Domain Rd., and a car just (clap) bang, just pulled out straight in front of me.

I went smack into the back of the car. I left the bike, literally somersaulted over the back of the car, landed on my back, on the bonnet of the car. Flipped over, landed on the road on my feet, with a stunning acrobatic presentation and completion of the somersault, unhurt, not a scratch on my body.

And there were people standing on the footpath, and as one, they, as one, man, woman and dog, they all burst into applause, and said "YES! Can you do that again? BRILLIANT!"

Slide change.

Third actor moves DS.

Road Toll #4: Jet Speed8

We've all had accidents. I had one where I was standing on the side of the car on two wheels, my brother was driving it and the steering broke. I was in a coma for three weeks. Doctors said I wouldn't come out of it. And if I did, I'd be a vegetable.

My other brother's had like broken ankles and broken bits and pieces, and my youngest brother had a really bad accident, broke his back, when he was only 18. And...paralysed from the waist down, but they managed to fix him.

My father was a guy that was just, what, not his age. Like at 85 he was still flying his own plane, there's no cops up there, no speed limits, there's no laws so its pretty good. He was still riding his 1100 Suzuki, right? Only trouble was, that's what finished him off actually - a car through a red light and he came off the motorbike.

We specialised in fast service. And we were rebels. We went cut-price and they tried to black-ban us, it really was a war. But I guess the whole family...well my father was able to fight, he was his own type of guy, state wrestling champion, when wrestling was real wrestling, you had to be tough when you go back to those sort of days. He was a person that you either liked him for the person that he was, or that was it, bad luck.

Slide changes to CU service station sign, 'Jet Speed'.

Segue song, 'Jet Speed':

Song: Jet Speed: Vern Reid9

verse #1:

We were rebels

There was a cut-price war

Happening here in the Garden of Eden

The companies saw the diminishing size

Of their profit margin

They picketed the site

And someone shot a bullet through the transit van

They organised a strike

And screamed out for a

BLACK BAN, BLACK BAN

It's a family type of thing Jet Speed, Jet Speed

Slide changes to 'Jet' bowser

verse#2:

Well

Vern Reid was a fighting man

He was tough enough to take a stand

The enemies he made in the petrol wars

Couldn't shake him off his cut-price cause

Front page headlines

and TV newscasts

Told of guns

and strikes and smashed glass

But he was him and that was it

Like him or not

BAD LUCK, BAD LUCK

It's a family type of thing Jet Speed, Jet Speed

 $Slide\ changes\ to\ CU\ 'Jet'\ signage$

verse#3:

Vern grew up when times were tough
He learnt how to wrestle, he made it to the top
He flew a Tiger Moth and he rode a motorbike
He showed us how to love life, not to live in fright

It's a family type of thing Jet Speed, Jet Speed Jet-----Speed-----Too-----Fast-----

Where will it
End up if my
Luck don't last?

Slide changes to MS Jet servo

verse # 4:

Pat can drive a car on two wheels round a racing track I can balance on a ladder on a bike, I've got the knack Vern's a cycling champion although he broke his back And the old man'd be riding now if it wasn't for the crash

> It's a family type of thing Jet Speed, Jet Speed

Jet-----Speed-----

Too-----Fast-----

Glancing at the

World

Flying past

Slide changes to LS Jet servo

verse#5:

He was just like, not his age and doing what he wanted

When a car came through a red light and side-swiped his Suzuki

He made it very easy to the age of eighty-five

Jet-----Speed-----Too-----

But then his time was up, that trip was Vern's final drive10

Fast----

It's a family type of thing Jet Speed, Jet speed Sure I'll wind up Someday

It's a family type of thing Jet Speed, Jet Speed Take it on trust
Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
Ashes to ashes

Dust to

Dust-----

EPISODE #5

EXPLODE

a stumble through a dis-location

Music underscore has distorted the last bar of 'Jet Speed' and twisted it into a strange and discomforting sustained chord.

The next episode is a montage of voices and text in counterpoint with the song 'Oil Turmoil'. It is compiled from extracts of interviews with service station operators. It expresses verbatim their concerns; pricing structures, corporate monopolies, takeovers, non-competitive practices, technological change and discourse on ways of dealing with the petrol 'crisis'.

The mode of performance should be broken up, disjointed and in continual dialogue with (or interrupted by), a musical montage consisting of verses of the song 'Oil Turmoil'. The song gradually modulates higher as the tension grows. The text should be allocated between many voices and may be repeated, echoed, chorussed etc. as developed in rehearsal.

The original workshop production used the device of overlay to heighten energy and increase tension: each new speaker began their lines over the tail end of the previous speaker's. The movement throughout was random and sporadic walks, changing direction, stopping suddenly, crossing paths, disharmonious. As it builds, the movement becomes more united, but in a militaristic, mechanical form, suggestive of power and control.

MC speaks:

A stumble through a dis-location.

In the middle of the road of life, I found myself in a dark place, having strayed from the straight path¹. Now we go along this darksome road, from whence they say no one returns². Is this the end of the road³?

Video sequence 'Lights' begins. The sequence shows a series of melting, fusing, distorting lights of streets, cars, traffic and service station logos and sites. It continues throughout the Montage.

MONTAGE

Each paragraph is spoken by a different performer, except where marked 'Jeff' - these are lines spoken by the actor who previously performed the role of Jeff Lewry in the 'Boomerang' sequence.

The underscore is strict 3/4 beat of 'Oil Turmoil'. The accompaniment reflects the disjointed nature of the text and staging - synthesizers, drums and trombone in a sparse, seemingly disconnected ensemble. Drum beats are used to cue the company into each verse of the song.

Actor#1: It's changing. The whole thing's changing. I'd say it'd be like America down the track, oh another ten or fifteen years like you won't get anyone. If you go to America you can't get anyone to do repairs on your car⁴.

Actor #2: America seems to be...oh Australians always follow America anyway - leading with cheers behind them⁵.

Actor#1: The day's going to come when there won't be service stations at all - you will drive in to your supermarket and there'll be pumps there too6.

Actor#2: It's already happening! Woolworth's in Dubbo!

Actor #3: Two things. One - service stations. The petrol companies are planning to retail their own fuel by the year 2000, right? They're for retailin' their own fuel - put up one whatsaname, one big show *they* own. The independent is the person that causes the price change! If I knock it down a cent, they have to foller. That is the pure crux of it.

Actor#1: We're totally run by major international companies. And what you don't realise is, sure they sell petrol, but they own so many other things. All major companies own 20 other companies you didn't even know about⁸!

Company sing 'Oil Turmoil' verse #1:

So what do you think now, Henry Ford⁹
What if your mind hadn't soared
To dreams of mass production
Making motorisation
Such a popular attraction
The people's transport

Actor#4: That's the remarkable thing - that the margin on petrol, the oil companies, I suppose they organise it, ah, they manage to keep it, since 1968 when it was 48 cents a gallon, to now when its seventy something cents a litre, its always worked out that we get somewhere between 7 and 8 cents in the dollar 10.

Jeff: Now that's just an absolute GO BROKE figure. There's no way you can make any money that sort of thing. And yet I don't know why the service station operators put up with it. I suppose that's the way of life. But when people tell me "Oh well, goodness me, you gotta sell a lot of petrol!" Nonsense. 7 percent's a good way to go broke. And you see these company owned sites. That's absolutely ridiculous. Someone comes into a company owned site and the rent is charged on the gallonage, not the litreage, its still the gallonage. Now if you get a livewire comes in and he cuts the price or offers service or something like that and he starts to sell extra fuel and increases the gallonage, you think he's doin' alright till the oil company tells him "Your rent's gone up!"

Actor#5: A fair price for oil is whatever you can get plus 10 percent!11

Company sing 'Oil Turmoil' verse #2:

So what do you think now Jimmy Carter Your 'Moral Equivalent's'12 a non-starter A pussycat13 answer to the crisis Even if you try to fix prices The companies'll find devices To barter harder Actor #6: They are a team of villains! Jeez it was terrible when that Gulf War was on. When the price of petrol was fluctuating literally from day to day. Well you could get a tank full of petrol, does you a week or a fortnight or something like that. And suddenly the price, it'll fluctuate 4 or 5 cents so occasionally it was working both ways. Sometimes you'd have a tank full and the price went up. Right - that's good. So you put the price up but then the price'd come down and you gotta pull your price back or you just don't sell any.

Company sing 'Oil Turmoil' verse #3:

So what do you think now Saddam Hussein What could you hope to have gained Power-hungry, on the take Didn't you think the West'd have The will to retaliate
For the 'Rape of Kuwait'15

Actor #7:Reminds me of the story of the Irish lady that had a hotel and she was complainin' to a patron one day. She said - oh business is not too good. I'm losing a halfpenny on every glass of beer I sell. 'N the bloke said, well, you're gunna go broke aren't you? She said no, she said, its only the terrific turnover keeps me going 16.

Actor #4: So that's why if you look in the papers, you see these company owned sites from all the oil companies - they change hands about every 3 or 4 months. Somebody comes in and he's gonna play Hell and there's a lot of money comes through the cash register, tremendous amount of money, but there's no profit¹⁷.

Actor #8: No profit in petrol. 'Specially if you give service. There might be profit if somebody's sitting behind a console and people serve themselves 18.

Actor#4: Oh petrol companies are much the same as banks. If you'll pardon the expression, its hard to know which was the biggest team of bastards²⁷.

Actor #9: If I had the backing of an oil company, its a big difference, but I won't kowtow to them. I won't have them telling me how to run my business. They set the prices, tell you how much you make and how much you lose¹⁹.

We're charged 3 cents a litre cartage. We're outside this so-called 'magic circle' which I can't understand. I don't understand what they call their 'magic circle', but that's what it is. You're outside of it, that's tough luck²⁰.

Company sing 'Oil Turmoil' verse #4:

So what do you think now, Shah Pahlavi The workers saw you as Ali Babi²¹ Thieving and cheating and siphoning off Export earnings, praising false profits Consumption²², Savak and the CIA²³ Couldn't keep Khomeini away

Actor#4: Basically they grizzle about the price of fuel, but its still too cheap. It's a long way too cheap, when you consider that it's a non-renewable resource and sometime soon we're gunna run out of it completely²⁴.

Actor#8: Well you can't really put a price on anything like that. Our entire lifestyle's dependent on oil. And we're gunna use the last drop. Now whatever you charge for that, its still not dear enough. As well as that, we're in trouble in recent times because they reckon we gotta reduce the greenhouse gases - according to scientific theory - its not yet proven but it sounds reasonable²⁵.

Company sing 'Oil Turmoil' verse #5:

So what do you think now, Exxon Valdez²⁶
The greatest polluter on the high seas
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Can't put the wilderness together again
Your safety concerns were just pretend
Spilled, killed broken dreams

Jeff: It's on Christmas eve right? When I'm gettin' a delivery of petrol, gettin' me tanks filled up to do over Christmas. And we had been discounting the price of fuel...... Anyhow the bloody rep., I dunno how he's still alive - I should jabbed him, or sooled the dog onto him, or put him in the creek or somethin' like that. He arrived just as the truck was here to fill me tanks. And he says, Oh you shouldn't be discounting. 'N I said, Why not?.....Oh well, we won't help you with the discount. 'N I said, What do you mean? He said, Oh, the price of this petrol's going up to what it ought to be. You can discount as much as you like, but there won't be any discount....

So I naturally said, I thought naturally, I said, Well you know exactly what you can do with your petrol. I knew he couldn't do it but he mighta tried....²⁸

Company sing 'Oil Turmoil' verse #6:

So what do you think now, Saro-Wiwa²⁹
Now that you're hanged we believe ya
That compradors³⁰ and fat cats
In schemes with flare³¹ and tit for tat
Crude deals and kickbacks
Lay waste to Ogoni

The company continue to sing the next verses as a round under the dialogue. Verses are repeated as needed.

Company continue to sing, verse #7 etc.:

So what do you think now Unocal³³
Your pipeline construction's Total³⁴
What do you think of the consequence
Of child labour³⁵ earning you recompense
Of billions of tainted dollars and cents
Myanmar's³⁶ coup fatal

Jeff: Well, what I reckon should be done is, with the registration of every vehicle, issue petrol tickets. Same as we had during the War. But issue a batch of 'em with your registration. And make it for a figure, oh, I dunno, 10,000 kilometres a year, depending on the car, you get that many tickets³⁷.

So that when you got a ticket, you buy the petrol at the pump price, never mind the inflated price with all the government tax on it. When you run out of tickets, you don't get any more tickets until you renew your registration. So you can use 'em as you like. If you haven't got a ticket, then the fuel is either 20 or 25 dollars a gallon. Work that out in litres. And all public transport's free. Now you'd be saving your non-renewable resources, you'd be reducing pollution, it's a simple thing³⁸.

Now can you imagine the saving in fuel that there'd be? And the saving in a lot of other things? And nobody would be worse off or better off. They'd still have their trip to Sydney, Melbourne or wherever as the case may be, you'd have a viable public transport system. You might as well make it free. It's losin' a million dollars a day or a week or somethin' i'n' it? What's the difference if it was free? Think how many problems that would solve³⁹.

They don't seem to be able to work it out. Beats me⁴⁰.

As the song builds to a finish, a solo actor takes position DS in a red spot. The video sequence stops.

We Are to Blame⁴¹

Who is to blame? (for the nation's worst oil spill). I am. You see, I am your typical person living in an affluent suburb, and my lifestyle is choking our planet to death. I rely almost totally on my car to meet my every need. I commute more than 50 miles a day to work. My wife, in her own car, travels hundreds of miles every week. My children, in their own cars, seem to spend more time at a distant shopping mall than they do at home....

I am at oil's mercy.

Walks away, LX slow fade.

Slide projection: eXodus.

MC moves DS to position.

EXodus

a cruise into the future

MC speaks:

A cruise into the future. The old road is rapidly aging 1. Either lend a hand or leave - the times are changing 2.

Normally we follow roads that are already there. But that's the wrong way. When you walk you have to send the landscape and the road out of yourself³.

When, by what road, where to?⁴
We'll find a way, or we'll make one!⁵.

Music introduction begins.

Video sequence: **Fast Road** starts. This is a BCU of traffic flashing past on a freeway (POV road) - but is indistinguishable as vehicles, instead provides a moving abstract, fast and colourful backdrop to the scene.

Chorus sings: Journey of Hope

Song: Journey of Hope*6

* from an essay by Raymond Williams

Here we are now on the journey of our hope Taking a good look at the ways of life No time for disappointment

Here we are now on the journey of our hope Clearing away our crowded thinking No room for recrimination

There's a job to be done, a debt to be paid, an order to keep Most of the time- balancing chances
Most of the people- exchanging glances,
With a nod and a wink,
A song and a dance,
They know best who say least.
It's commonsense.

Here we are now on the journey of our hope Wanting to live with, renewing nature No need for despair

Here we are now on the journey of our hope Taking a good look at the ways of life No time for disappointment

Here we are now on the journey of our hope Clearing away our crowded thinking No room for recrimination

No longer mere raw material No longer mere raw material It's a livelihood

In a living world
For a
Long
Term
Life
Time
Blackout
Slide changes to eXeunt
Actors leave the performance space

House LX up

END

NOTES

Prologue (pages10-13)

- 1. Late afternoon radio time slot (the time when people are driving home from work)
- 2,3,4. Language selected resonant with title ('straying')
- 5. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
- 6. Song lyric (pop.), also ref. to plainsong introduction to 'Gloria Industria' (see Parados, p.15)
- 7. Dante: Inferno, Canto xxxiv 1.95
- 8. Way = also method, process
- 9. Pop. often ref. maps
- 10. Ref. ahead to Parados, p. 16 (development of motor car)
- 11. Book title studied in research (see Rustow, D. Oil and Turmoil 1982, NY: W.W. Norton &Co.)
- 12,13. Ref. 60's drug experimentation
- 14,15,16. Ref. interview with Jeff Lewry, world boomerang champion and service station operator, Bowna, NSW (see interview document, p.15).
- 17. Ref. interview with Rocksley Chambers, service station operator, Rosebery, Tas. (see interview document, p.5)
- 18. Ref. interview with John McLeod-Dryden, service station operator, Sale, Vic. (see interview document, p.9)
- 19. Ref. Western Ring Road, Melbourne (exit route for researcher and subject of video footage: Roads)
- 20. Ref. area designation for Caltex fuel delivery, NSW (see interview with Mary Fox, Clarencetown, interview document, p. 23)
- 21. Ref. collapsed bridge and fatality, see interview with Doris, Billabong Roadhouse, Fernbank (interview document p. 7)
- 22. Pop. saying ref. bridge
- 23. Ref. 20
- 24. Ref. interview with Eugene Reid, Sandy Bay, Tas. (see interview document, p.54)
- 25,26. Road safety slogans, Vic.
- 27. Ref. sundown, the time when cars are required to drive with lights on.
- 28. Ref. road education (re. crossing)
- 29. Ref. exit ramps from freeways (also allegorical re. journey)
- 30. Ref. Towards 2000, Raymond Williams, 1983, London: Chatto & Windus
- 31. Portugese proverb
- 32. Ref. Resources for a Journey of Hope in Towards 2000 p243-269, Raymond Williams, 1983, London: Chatto and Windus
- 33. Song using wordplay on semiotics
- 34. Words selected to reflect process and experience of the research (see p.13)

Parados (pages 16-18)

- 1. Reflecting 'Trinity' (sacred)
- 2. Cicero, Ad Familiares Bk. 1X, epis vii, sec. 2 (46 BC)
- 3. Propertius, *Elegies Bk.ii*, eleg 25, 1.38 (c.26BC)
- 4. Vergil, Aeneid Bk. vi, 1.540 (19BC)
- 5. Ref. Roman Catholic Mass
- 6. Inventor of surface carburettor
- 7. Gottlieb Daimler, 1839-90, German engineer and motor car manufacturer ('father' of the modern automobile)
- 8. Karl Friedrich Benz, 1844-1929, German engineer who pioneered the development of the internal combustion engine
- 9. Latin = petroleum
- 10. Early English law requiring a man to walk ahead of a motor vehicle carrying a red warning flag
- 11. Early speed limit (UK)
- 12. Early motorists had to carry their own fuel (there were no petrol stations)
- 13. Description of motor car (i.e. carriage, buggy, trap etc. without horse)
- 14. Coll. go for a ride or drive
- 15, 16. Ref. oil
- 17. Pop. song An Old-fashioned Girl, Marve Fisher, 1954, rec. Eartha Kitt

Episode #1 (page 21)

- 1. Latin = petroleum
- 2. Alkanes in chemical construction of petroleum
- 3. Process of heat and pressure used in oil refining to break down heavier molecules into lighter ones
- 4. Petroleum by-products
- 5. TNT
- 6. Ref. carbon compounds in petroleum

Episode #2 (pages 23-30)

- 1. Chinese proverb, Henry Hart, 700 Chinese Proverbs No. 188 (1937)
- 2. Robert Frost: The Road Not Taken (1916) (see Hamilton, Ian (ed.), 1973, Robert Frost: Selected Poems London: Penguin)
- 3. Model of Holden car
- 4. Coll. (rhyming slang) for pump
- 5,6. Film titles (1960's): Summer Holiday Cliff Richard, Help The Beatles 7,8,9. Coll. Australian
- 10. Ref. interview with Jeff Lewry, service station operator, Bowna, NSW (interview document p. 15)
- 11. Letter to the Editor, Sunday Age, 9/6/96 by Kevin Rugg, Beaumaris
- 12. Ref. interview with John McLeod-Dryden, service station operator, Sale, Vic. (interview document p. 9)
- 13. Ad copy for Tokyo Motors, 1961-1979

Episode #3 (pages 33-46)

- 1. Pythagorus, Maxim (c.525BC)
- 2. Cambodian proverb
- 3. Latin proverb
- 4. Make of tyre (Bob Jane)
- 5-13. Occurences and exchanges during the research of the project
- 14. Incident while driving with ensemble participant, Gary Samolin
- 15. Breakdown of researcher's vehicle (see also p. 32)
- 16. Incident between researcher and policeman at Glenrowan at a time the Victorian police force were said to be 'cooking the books' on traffic offences
- 17. Ref. SE freeway, Melb.
- 18. Interview with Gary Samolin (see interview document p.52)
- 19. Final breakdown of researcher's vehicle (see also p. 32 & 34)
- 20. Interview with ensemble participant Michael Eckersall (see interview document p.100)

Episode #4 (pages 49-56)

- 1. Word play on expression 'bell' substitute 'road'
- 2. Cervantes: Don Quixote Pt. ii, ch. 13 (1615)
- 3. Song inspired by interview with service station operator Eugene Reid (see interview document p. 54)
- 4. Interview with ensemble participant Justin Connor (see interview document p. 77)
- 5. Song based on the death of Doris' (Billabong Roadhouse worker) husband (see interview document p. 7)
- 6. Interview with ensemble participant Lisa Petty (see interview document p.91)
- 7. Interview with ensemble participant Michael Eckersall (see interview document p.102)
- 8. Interview with service station operator Eugene Reid (see interview document p.77)
- 9. Song describing various incidents at the Jet service station, Sandy Bay, Tasmania (see interview document p.77)
- 10. Also last part of automatic transmission

Episode #5 (pages 58-65)

- 1. Dante: Inferno I.i (opening lines)
- 2. Catullus Carmina No. 4 (C.84-54BC)
- 3. Song title 1924, by Sir Harry Lauder (1870-1950), also coll. expression
- 4. Interview at Laidler's Service Station, Chewton, Vic (see interview document p.49)
- 5,6. Interview at the Jet Service Station, Sandy Bay, Tas. (see interview document p.77)

- 7. Interview at Laidler's Service Station, Chewton, Vic. (see interview document p.49)
- 8. Interview at the Jet Service Station, Sandy Bay, Tas. (see interview document p.77)
- 9. Mechanical engineer in a US power station, Henry Ford (1863-1947) was responsible for the mass production of his 'people's car'
- 10. Interview with Jeff Lewry, service station operator and boomerang maker, Bowna, NSW (see interview document p.9)
- 11. Ali Ahmed Attiga, 1974
- 12,13. President Carter declared a 'Moral Equivalent Of War' (MEOW) in 1977 to combat the energy crisis
- 14. Interview with Jeff Lewry, service station operator, Bowna, NSW (see interview document p.9)
- 15. Media reports referred to Saddam Hussein's invasion as the 'Rape of Kuwait' 16,17. Interview with Jeff Lewry, service station operator, Bowna, NSW (see interview p.9)
- 18. Interview with Dugald McDougall, service station operator, Hobart, Tas. (see interview document p.74)
- 19,20. Interview with Mary Fox, service station operator, Clarence Town, NSW (see interview document p.32)
- 21, 22, 23. Ref. 1978-79 dispute between oil workers and the Shah. The Pahlavi monarchy banned all trade unions in 1928 and the communist party and central council of trade unions in 1949. The Shah was expelled but reinstated by the CIA. The Iranian oil workers struck on 27 Oct. 1978 for 4 months, halting exports to Israel and Sth. Africa and went back only after the Shah's downfall. They demanded the dissolution of SAVAK (secret police) and declared that export profits were going into the pockets of 'Ali Baba and his 40 thieves'. Khomeini accused the West: "Consumption is your God". (see Oil and Class Struggle, Nore, P. & Turner, T (ed.) (1980) London: Zed Press)
- 24, 25. Interview with Jeff Lewry, service station operator, Bowna, NSW (see interview document p. 9)
- 26. Ref. 1989 Alyeska's Exxon Valdez oil spill at Prince William Sound, Alaska 27, 28. Interview with Jeff Lewry, service station operator, Bowna, NSW (see interview document p.39)
- 29. Nigeria's Ken Saro-Wiwa was executed in 1995 for his activities protesting about Shell's destruction of Ogoniland. Contemporary Nigerian politics are dominated by efforts to appropriate oil money
- 30. Nigerian compradors (middlemen) dominate government posts and control the state. They organise access of foreign traders to local markets and use their public offices for personal gain.
- 31. 98% of Nigeria's natural gas is flared (burnt off, wasted)
- 32. Interview with Eugene Reid, service station operator, Sandy Bay, Tas. (see interview document p. 54)
- 33-36. Ref. Unocal and Total's construction of oil pipeline in Burma. The SLORC regime has destroyed villages and communities in its path and conscripted the locals to work on the pipeline as slave labour (including old people and children). Those who collapse are left to die. In Oct. '96, a lawsuit was filed in the US District Court against Unocal and its corporte officers, Total, Myanmar Oil and Gas, and the State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC) seeking damages for assaults, rapes, forced labour, loss of property and executions.

37-40. Interview with Jeff Lewry, service station operator, Bowna, NSW (see interview document p.39)

41. From "We are to Blame", Mark W. Holdren, Homer News, 20/4/89 referring to the Exxon Valdez spill (see In the Wake of the Exxon Valdez by Art Davidson, 1990, San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, p. 123)

Exodus (pages 67-68)

- 1,2. Song lyric (pop.): The Times They Are a Changin', 1964, Bob Dylan
- 3. Frans Hoogland, member Njik'ina Group, W.A., explaining the Dreaming to David Maybury-Lewis in *Millenium*, *Tribal Wisdom and the Modern World*, 1992 NY: Viking
- 4. Cicero, Ad Familiares Bk. 1X, epis vii, sec 2 (46BC)
- 5. Hannibal (attrib.) ref. to passage of the Alps (218BC)
- 6. Song adapted from Resources for a Journey of Hope by Raymond Williams (see Towards 2000, 1983, London: Chatto and Windus)

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Choice (1994)

Royal Auto (var.)

Service Station (1983-)

Film/Video:

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Amigomio (1993) Dir.J. Meerapfel and A. Chiesa

Burma (1996) John Pilger, BBC

Easy Rider (1969) Dir. Dennis Hopper

Millenium (1992) David Maybury-Lewis, PBS, USA

Thelma and Louise (1991) Dir. Ridley Scott

The Secret Life of Machines: Cars (1995) BBC

Combustion Engine (1995) BBC

Woman to Woman (1986) F. Bendrups, HSV7

Audio/Music:

Confessions to my Dogs (1986) Moya Henderson

Einstein on the Beach (1975) Phillip Glass, CBS 1979

Hydrogen Jukebox (1992) Phillip Glass and Alan Ginsberg, Elektra, 1993

In Ekstase (1985) Nina Hagen, Sony 1985

Mass (1971) Leonard Bernstein

Nixon in China (1987) John Adams, Elektra 1988

Wings of Desire (1987) var. composers, Elektra 1989

Words and Silence (1994) Silent Poets, Bellissima 1994

Photographic/Visual:

Rooney, R: Factory Landscape: Eltham 1977-80

Fenced Off Service Station: Hawthorn 1: July 1977

Fenced Off Service Station: Hawthorn 2: April 1978

Holden Park 1 & 2 1970 (Monash University Collection)

Ruscha, E: Royal Road Test 1967

Twentysix Gasoline Stations 1962

Theatre:

Aeroplane Scandals (1981) Bendrups, F, Giles, N & Richards, A, prod. Last Laugh

By Beatrix Potter (1992) Bendrups, Drummond & Ginivan, prod. Alexander Theatre

Car Maintenance, Explosives and Love (1996) Jackson, D., prod. MWT

Dance/Text/Film (1996) Walton, J

Flying Heroes (1981) Bendrups, Giles & Richards, prod. Drama Project Trust

Hostages (1982) Bendrups, F & Richards, A, prod. Universal Theatre

Physical Strength (1981) Bendrups, F, prod. Nimrod

Road Movie (1996) Reeves, M., prod. Melbourne Workers Theatre

The Black Sequin Dress (1996) Kemp, J, prod. Playbox Theatre

The 8.16 Vodka Syndrome (1996) Erofeev, B & Bendrups, F, prod. La Mama

PART TWO:

PRODUCTION NOTES

1. PA / INSTRUMENTATION

- 1 x Yamaha Em1600 6-channel mixer
- 2 x Yamaha speakers
- 2 x grey speaker leads
- 1 x Shure vocal mic
- 1 x mic stand
- 1 x mic lead
- 1 x Korg M1 synthesizer
- 2 x M1 sound cards
- 2 x keyboard leads (jack to jack)
- 2 x keyboard stands
- 1 x Yamaha keyboard (Nick)
- 1 x drum kit (Gary)
- 1 x trombone (Dan)
- 1 x trombone stand
- 1 x trombone mute
- 3 x music stands
- 3 x LX for music stands
- mat, masking for drum kit

var. extension leads, double adaptors, torches

2. AUDIO / VISUAL

- 1 x video projector (Perf Studies)
- 1 x video player (Perf Studies)
- 1 x input lead (Perf Studies)
- double adaptor (Perf Studies)
- 1 x video camera (Perf Studies)

blank VHS tapes (record performance)

- 2 x slide projectors (Ed.D)
- 1 x dissolve unit (Ed.D)
- double adaptor (Ed.D)

Standby dissolve unit #2 (as above)

- 2 x carousels (Library AV)
- 1 x slide projector + carousel unit (Library AV)

3 x whiteboards (Library AV)

Video edit suite (VUT) Record of video logs

4 x performance VHS tapes *

4 x standby performance tapes

83 x slides **

30 x standby slides in separate carousel

Var. leads, power board, torch

* dubbed down from Super-VHS master, incl. 6 x practise tapes, rough edit tapes, VHS copy of master

** mark from 1 - 83 in sequence. Load into 2 carousels, #1 - even numbers, #2 - odd numbers

3. SET, PROPS

1 x double petrol bowser, painted white 1 x single petrol bowser, bolted on double bowser, painted white Var. decoration - white dove, witches hat, feathered flowers milk crate (shelf for projector) Rostra (pedestal for bowser shrine) 2 x white sheets (cover pedestal)

Video stand for video player and dissolve unit 1 x chair for projectionist 1 x music stand for projectionist script LX for music stand

Torch

8 x road posts, painted white (Perf Studies)

2 x posies for rear posts (wreaths)

6 x rolls white electrical tape (arrow floor markings)

Projection screen (VUT)

30 x metres white 5mm sash cord (bunting)

100 x white printed banners (bunting)

1 x truck tyre with white chair inside (MC rest position)

4. COSTUMES

18 x pr. white combination overalls (ensemble + crew)

5. SCRIPT/SCORE

15 x copies music workbook (arranged vocal parts, keyboard parts) 15 x copies script (3rd. draft)

6 x copies script (final draft) Individual copies, solo stories

3 x complete show books (text, score in sequence, cues marked up, SFX and keyboard settings marked up)

1 x projectionist script (all cues marked)

1 x LX operator script (all cues marked)

1 x narrator prompt script (edited cue to cue)

6. FOR VUT / EXAMINERS

4 x copies Script and Score, spiral bound (132 pages)

4 x copies Transcript of Interviews, spiral bound (101 pages)

4 x copies Log Book text, spiral bound (30 pages)

4 x copies Production Notes, spiral bound (34 pages)

7. PROMOTIONS

20 x A3 posters (VUT campus)

200 x A4 fliers/invitations

50 x A4 fliers (reduction of A3 poster)

Press kit to Gary Hyland: press release

CV Faye Bendrups example of text selection from script

Mailout x 140

Internal mailout (invitations to staff, VUT) x 32

Programme x 200

8. PERSONNEL

15 x ensemble actor/singers

1 x projectionist

1 x LX operator

4 x musicians (also ensemble performers)

1 x technical adviser (bump-in & rig LX)

9. THEATRE SET-UP

Mend broken seat in tiered seating

Re-set clock to DST

Clean seating area, incl. balconies

Move in 80 x plastic seats

Move in 4 x wooden benches (floor level)

Set up foyer - move theatre seating banks around to other side - move SRC seats

Set up foyer display - slide projector, 3 x whiteboards with text

Mark out diagonal X on floor - road arrow markers, white electrical tape

Install bowser shrine - Rob, packaging, despatch - fork lift, hydraulic lift

10. LX RIG

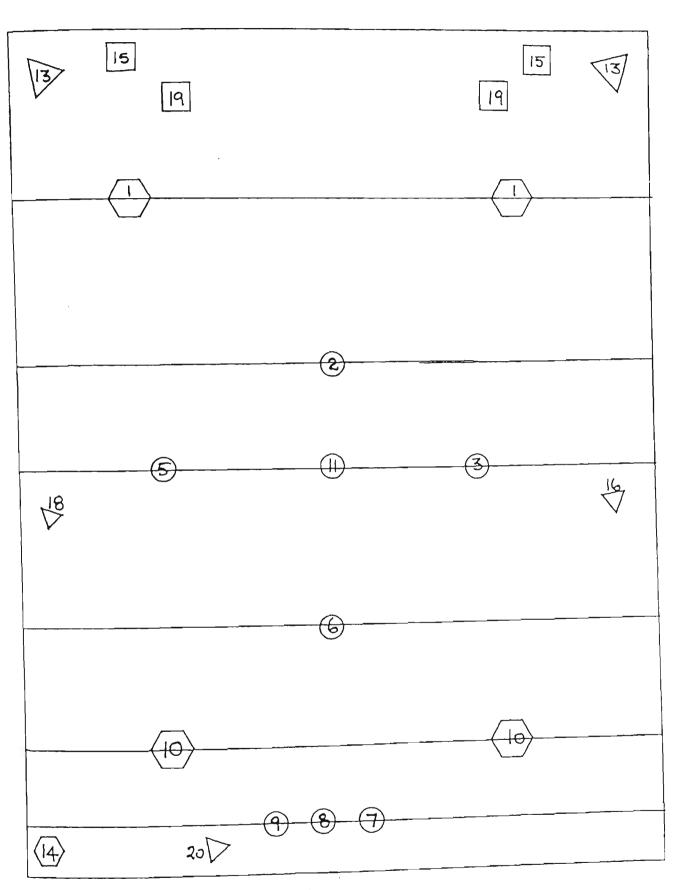
Lamps needed to be re-built - shutters etc. removed

Lamps installed in E Studio taken down for use, also leads etc.

Existing rig plan inaccurate - lighting bars not marked

Difficulties achieving LX plot - low wattage lamps/long throw etc.

18	SERVICE	F. F.	F	ATTON			EN	CE	/ R	OLE	ì	REA	BREAKDOWN	M O	\mathbf{z}			
SEQUENCE:	X Marks the Sport	Tologo Industrial Area Colores	1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	1	6 6 6	Proposition 12 to the state of	22-14-24-14-15-15-15-15-15-15-15-15-15-15-15-15-15-	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 2	A COUNTAINS A	Balled of Apod Asigh	18ic Via	Jet Speed: Talvelload Pools Tolis	Doris Road Tours Road Tours Road Tours	S#101 DEODA 5 # 1101		JiomyuT 110	Who is to Blong	
avid Ashton	۸۱/۷۱	1 1	12		10		├	Σ								>	7	- -
Faye Bendrups	VS KI	ヹ	X	9	GL GL	豆					<u>Z</u>	γs			\(\frac{1}{2} \)	X X	X	1/5 = 1/0x solo
an Bendrups	T 144	74	74 73	>	V2 V2	75					H	├			 - 	F-	⊢	V1,2,8,4 = Vox, Part I
Binks	11 21 11	14	17	<i></i>	42 12	M VS		Σ	-							75	(3	Kl = Kyboard#
David Carnie	12 1		١٨		14	72										7	1/2	K2= Keyboard # 2
Justin Connor	IA IA	\ \ \	M2V		۱۸ ا	⋝					√S VS		Σ		V3	<u>></u>	17	0 = Drums
Roy Christoffelz	V2 V2	12	۱۸۱	_>_	17	42										>	12	M = Monologue
Michael Eckersall VL VI	10 21	7	77		۱۸	12				Σ				× ×	7	5	5	GL = Gumleaf
Scott Mullen	V2 V2	7 \	\Z\		V2 V2	Óλ	Σ									>	73	YO= Ylolin
Lisa Petty	13 14	٧4	13	<u> </u>	YZ, VZ	43						T T				42	4	
Adrian Rawlins	XA	RAA	ya!	AHL	ROUGHO	700		Λ										
Nick Reynolds	K2 V2	V3 V2	Z	<u> </u>	Kı Z	3				Σ	X X2	KZ			3 3	K2 K2 K2 K2 K2	3	
Gary Samolin	0 0	۵	٧3		A X a	53			Σ				Σ		V2 D	Q W Q Q 20	۵	
Nicholas Walter	V3 V4	7	4 73		VZ V2	53	Σ									42	7	
Patrick Williams	1λ 1λ	V2 V	VI V2		\ \ \	7										72		84



SEATING

LX RIG

- 1. P. & O.P. rear floods (blue/white)
- 2. Pinspot overhead bowser
- 3. P.S. rear side fill
- 4. Faulty channel
- 5. O.P. rear side fill
- 6. F.O.H. bowser special (white)
- 7. F.O.H. D.S. special O.P.
- 8. F.O.H. D.S. special cnr.
- 9. F.O.H. D.S. special P.
- 10. F.O.H. floods (orange)
- 11. Cnr. special backlight
- 12. Car headlights
- 13. Floor x lights (orange) diagonals
- 14. "Follow spot" at desk
- 15. Parrallel tracks from rear (orange), floor
- 16. Red spot, floor, P.S.
- 17. Faulty channel
- 18. Green spot, floor, O.P.
- 19. Rear general floods (blue), floor
- 20. F.O.H. bowser shadow special, floor

ORDER OF SLIDES

- 1. prologue
- 2. X
- 3. X road sign (black on yellow)
- 4. X road sign (green)
- 5. X words
- 6. X road sign (BCU green)
- 7. parados
- 8. episode 1
- 9. eXpressway
- 10. episode 2
- 11. eXemplum eX post facto
- 12. Dugald Mc Dougall's service station, MS (Tas.)
- 13. Dugald McDougall's double garage door
- 14. Dugald McDougall's window notice
- 15. Coldstream Auto Service signage
- 16. Pit Stop signage (St. Kilda)
- 17. Petrol Last Stop signage (Kangaroo Flat)
- 18. Yarakila's Boomerang Factory boomerang weathervane
- 19. Bowna general store and service station
- 20. Shell bowser (Bowna S.S.)
- 21. Yarakila's Boomerang Factory
- 22. Yellow bowser, green watering can (Reservoir)
- 23. Ampol distillate bowser
- 24. Mobil super bowser (Coldstream)
- 25. White super bowser (Reservoir)
- 26. White bowser (Corowa)
- 27. White Mobil bowser (Corowa)
- 28. Out of Order bowser (Taradale)
- 29. Rusty bowser (Ballarat Rd., Footscray)
- 30. Bowser frame (Epping)
- 31. Bowser frame (Latrobe Valley)
- 32. Blue bowser (rear, Warren and Brown)
- 33. Mailbox bowser (Tasman Peninsula)
- 34. Ampol sign on corrugated iron (St. Kilda)
- 35. Deserted service station (Taradale)
- 36. episode 3
- 37. eXpatiate
- 38. Power pole with clouds
- 39. Tyre tread
- 40. Rubbish (3 plastic drink bottles)
- 41. Power pole LS
- 42. Tyre tread
- 43. Rubbish (FANTA)
- 44. Power pole

- 45. Tyre tread
- 46. Rubbish (COKE)
- 47. Power pole (wispy cloud)
- 48. Tyre tread
- 49. Rubbish (VB)
- 50. Power pole (dusk)
- 51. Tyre tread
- 52. Rubbish (CARAMELLO KOALA)
- 53. Power pole (BCU)
- 54. Dead kangaroo
- 55. Tyre tread (chain)
- 56. Tyre tread (bit of inner tube)
- 57. Tyre tread ('snake')
- 58. Tyre tread (thin)
- 59. Tyre tread (small chunk)
- 60. Tyre tread (piece of hose)
- 61. Rubbish (PETER JACKSON CIGARETTE PACKET)
- 62. Rubbish (MACDONALD'S SUPERMAN MEAL)
- 63. episode 4
- 64. eXanimate
- 65. Floral wreath on power pole
- 66. Squashed animal (indeterminate)
- 67. Squashed animal (small)
- 68. Squashed animal
- 69. Squashed animal
- 70. Squashed animal
- 71. Squashed animal
- 72. White cross and flowers, roadside
- 73. Squashed animal
- 74. Squashed animal
- 75. 'The Jet' service station signage, Sandy Bay, Tasmania (BCU, night)
- 76. 'The Jet' bowser
- 77. 'The Jet' signage on upper side, CU
- 78. 'The Jet' service station, MS, front POV
- 79. 'The Jet' service station, LS, front POV
- 80. episode 5
- 81. eXplode
- 82. eXodus
- 83. eXeunt

SEQUENCE #1: GLORIA INDUSTRIA

Total running time: 4.24.12 Lead-in time: 5 secs. black Source: Master tape #1 and #2

fade to black

Location point in script: Song: Gloria Industria/ Three

Enterprising Men/ Gloria Industria

Edit Lyric	Tape in	Content
Master tape #2:		
1 Gloria industria	17.11.00	Altona burning stack
2 Gloria industria	19.10.00	smoke through wire
3 Gratias agimus tibi	22.57.20	building with 2 tanks
4 Credo in machina et moneta	23.30.20	smoke past 507 tank
Credo in unum petroleum		-
Omnipotentem		
5 Lauda, laude, laudate petroleun	1 17.18.00	burning stack
Laudamus te petroleum 6 Gloria industria	25.17.01	pipes (flat POV)
7 Gloria industria	26.42.19	CU wheel handle
8 Aetas moderna et postmoderna	28.21.00	CU pipes through wire, side
Successemus nostrum laborem		
9 INSTRUMENTAL BRIDGE	31.17.12	CU blurred LX behind wire
Mastar tana #1.		
Master_tape_#1: 10 Maybach, Daimler and Benz	51.25.05	CU blurred moving LX
Verse #1	01.20.00	(orange, stop and start)
11 Maybach, Daimler and Benz	49.06.00	CU cars (tracer,blue)
Verse #2		
12 Maybach, Daimler and Benz	43.55.07	CU cars (clear, blue)
Verse #3	FO 44 15	CII com (orongo)
13 Gloria industria>	53.44.15	CU cars (orange)
Master tape #2:		
14 Lauda, laude, laudate>	17.14.15	burning stack
Master tape #1:	40.07.00	CII core (orange)
15 TAG, phrase #1(riA)	43.07.06	CU cars (orange) CU blurred moving LX
16 TAG, phrase #2 (riA)	54.31.06	On planted moving was
continue to end		

SEQUENCE #2: ROCK OIL

Total running time: 4.52.11 Lead-in time: 5 secs. black Source: Master tape #1 and #2

Location point in script: vocal chant before song, music

introduction and complete song, Rock Oil

Edi	t Start point	Content	Script location					
Mas	Master tape #2:							
1	38.39.19	Altona refineries	intro chant					
2	36.12.09	storage tanks etc.	(glances)					
3	13.47.13	buildings	(grances)					
4	12.42.23	(fade up and down	"					
5	38.39.13	black between)						
6	20.47.15	,						
7	14.45.15							
8	15.59.14 (#	9 - 20.20.00 on practise t	ape)					
9	56.45.12	car engine ĈU	music intro					
10	57.37.00	"	4					
11	55.24.06	44	"					
12	56.13.00	ш	"					
13	2.59.00	Bowsers, Gilbarco	1st. chorus					
14	3.47.10	"	"					
15	2.26.00	44	"					
16	3.32.00	u	"					
Mas	Master Tape #1:							
17	20.37.16 - 20.52.03	Tullamarine freewa from overpass (VE	• / =					
18	1.07.51.06 - 1.08.17		of Wangarratta,					
19	1.16.29.12 - 1.17.06	.02 Hume h'wy, side vie	ew, looking out					
20	1999410 19494	(VERSE WITH CHA						
4 0	1.23.34.18 - 1.24.34	.20 3 Chain Rd., nr. Co (CHORUS, TAG, OU						
fade	to black	(3223232) 33	- ,					

SEQUENCE #3: MONTAGE

Total running time: 10.31 Lead-in time: 7 secs. black

Source: Master tape #1 and #2

Location point in script: Montage, follow-on to 'We are to Blame' (if tape hasn't run out)

]	Edit Tape in	Tape out	Content, end pt. on record tape
I	Master tape#1:		
]	1 58.19.12	58.52.13 (end of fade)	Circular red flaring LX, hold 3 beats, pulse x 10 (use fader) - like a countdown, hold for 10, fade to black 00.48
2	2 57.09.20	57.54.23 (end of fade)	Red LX (start of flare)
			fade up and down X 3 fade to black, hold 4 secs
			1.32.01
3	3 2.28.21	2.56.00	Red LX dancing (longways)
			fade up and down x 2 (slow)
			stop on red LX still (before Quix) 1.53.23
I	Master tape #2:		1.00.20
4	4 44.09.12	44.26.06	Red Castrol sign, pan L to R fade to black, hold 4 secs 2.09.18
5	48.14.10	48.25.16	Shell sign (word), gain X 4
			fade to black, hold 4 secs
N	Master tape #1:		2.19.20
6		10.33.03	Burmah sign, pan L to R
			fade to black, hold 5 secs
70.	Mr. 1 1 110		2.39.12
7	Master tape #2:	F4 90 94	Melbourne Petroleum sign, still
•	54.26.18	54.30.24	2.42.18
8	49.37.12	49.42.03	Travel Break Diner sign, still
		,	2.46.10
9	46.45.16	46.53.22	Liberty sign, still
		•	2.53.18

10	47.25.16	47.33.14	Shell sign, still 3.00.18
11	48.52.14	49.09.13	BP sign, follow-on Travel Break
			Diner sign, still 3.16.18
12	45.46.20	45.59.02	Mobil sign, follow-on Liberty sign 3.17.08
*NTR	tane is nou	out of sync with earlier	time codes - it seems to have gained
a mi	nute by FF a	nd RW. From this point	, times are relative to edit #12.
13	43.18.05	43.23.03	Ampol Self Serve sign
- 4	40.05.10	43.44.17	3.28.13 Ampol/Road Pantry sign
14	43.25.18	43.44.17	3.50.07? 3.37.10?
Mas	ter tape #1:		
15	1.30.56.03	1.31.05.01	Caltex sign
		104 70 00	3.51.07? 3.59.06?
16	1.34.27.23	1.34.59.03	Oz Gas sign, follow-on to BP 4.29.12
17	1.42.49.20	1.42.57.06	Quix sign
11	1.12.10.20	1.12.0	4.36.00
18	1.42.11.16	1.42.29.14	Shell sign (new), distorted
			4.53.00
19	1.42.27.24	1.42.46.24	Shell distorted, through to still of Shell
			5.10.20
20	1.42.27.20	1.42.33.00	Shell prices, pan up/down, tracer
	1.12.2	11210000	$5.13.2\overline{1}$
21	1.33.13.16	1.33.26.17	Oz Gas prices, pan up/down, tracer
			5.24.02 Liberty prices dancing, tracer
22	1.40.14.19	1.40.31.22	5.23.01? 5.36.01?
23	1.41.16.08	1.41.23.08	Shell prices, pan up/down, tracer
20	1.41.10.00	1.41.20.00	5.41.22
24	1.40.23.24	1.40.33.18	Liberty prices dancing, tracer
			5.50.17
25	1.28.47.15	1.28.57.18	Ampol sign dancing, tracer 5.59.21
9.0	1.00.00.11	1 00 14 10	Caltex sign dancing, tracer
26	1.29.02.11	1.29.14.10	6.10.22
27	1.35.10.09	1.35.26.02	BP sign dancing, tracer
- •	2.00120100		6.25.17
28	10.08.21	10.24.15	Burmah sign, pan L to R
29	10.19.20	10.24.23	66
30	"		44
31	~		

32	"	66	(i.e. repeat this edit X 4) 6.52.24?
Mas	ter tape #2:		
33	44.20.06	44.29.06	Castrol sign dancing, pan L to R 7.01.15
34	44.29.21	44.43.17	Castrol dancing, tracer 7.14.11
35	47.59.14	48.10.09	Shell sign dancing 7.24.07
Mas	ter tape #1:		
36	8.23.03	8.40.09	St. Kilda Rd., cars, red, tracer, view from behind
37	7.32.07	?	Same, only 2 cars
38	8.22.03	8.37.12	Repeat Edit #36 7.53.13
39	8.21.16	8.37.07	Repeat Edit #36
40	8.21.16	8.37.06	Repeat Edit #36 8.22.23
41	51.23.12	52.06.03	Falling LX (cars, Tulla F'wy) 9.06.06
42	52.48.11	52.55.02	Falling LX 9.13.17
43	54.02.13	54.13.00	Falling LX, end diamond in cnr. 9.24.03
44	54.35.19	55.04.12	Falling LX 9.52.21
45	56.16.12	6.23.24	Falling LX, end on red glow 10.00.14
46	56.43.17	57.00.01	Red LX ? 10.00.16? 10.16.02?
47	00.41.11	00.51.04	Red traffic LX, circular motion, cnr 10.25.23
48	00.36.18	00.40.00	Orange traffic LX, similar 10.29.00
49	00.29.22	?	Green traffic LX, fade to black

SEQUENCE #4: JOURNEY OF HOPE

Total running time: 7.33 Lead-in time: 5 secs. black Source: Master Tape #1

Sequence #1: 15.02.08 - 16.36.13 (1.45)

16.37.24 - 20.23.13 (5.48) total 7.33

Content: BCU traffic on Tullamarine freeway (flashing past)

side view POV road

Location point in script: Song: Journey of Hope

Bridge: 20 secs black (time for slide projection to change to exeunt)

Sequence #2: 19.34.20 - 20. 35.00

Content: Still image, power pole nr. Tullamarine freeway

sunset

POV road, looking up fades to black at end

Location point in script: end of show (postscript)

Bunting

A series of small banners (bunting) is arranged across the diagonal of the space, hung from the lighting rig and parrallelling the X markings on the floor. It is a reminder of the coloured plastic bunting often seen around car yards and service stations.

The banners are white with black text enscribed. The text consists of advertising copy from service station magazines, road safety slogans, place names of major oil spills, quotes from OPEC conferences, famous sayings about the road or travel, proverbs, popular culture etc., etc. reflecting notions of corporate power, the aggression of the language of hard-sell, reminders of oil's destructive capability, philosophical musings on wanderings or quest, warnings, imperatives, associations.

The texts will be from the following list:

Pemex

Philosophy: a route of many roads leading from nowhere to nothing

The road up and the road down are one and the same

All that is solid melts into air

There is no road so level as to have no rough places

If you wish to know the road ahead, enquire of those who have travelled it

Walk not on the main travelled road

Follow the straight road

The familiar way has cost no mortal dear

A beaten track, a safe track

Let each man have the wit to go his own way

The end of the road

Don't take the straight road, take the winding road

Don't quit the highway for the short cut

Travel is the frivolous part of serious lives, and the serious part of frivolous ones

Travel gives a character of experience to our knowledge, and brings the figures upon the tablet of memory into strong relief

Travelling is like gambling. It is ever connected with winning and losing, and generally where least expected we receive more or less than we hoped for

Travel teaches toleration

Roads are many. Authentic finger posts are few

Black gold

Rock oil

Gulf war

Khark 5

Break your drive and stay alive

Turn off, don't run off

When one realises that his life is worthless, he either commits suicide or travels

I shall be telling this with a sigh somewhere hence: Two roads diverged in a wood, and I, I took the one less travelled by and that has made all the difference

Stop Revive Survive

Better ten steps around than one in the mire

Wake up. Drowsy drivers die

Progress through solidarity

Cash and control

Pennzoil. Performance Protection Quality

Jolly tyre changer

Trico - the raining champions

Magazines with margin

Move magazines with Brute force

Don't charge another battery without talking to the boss

Gilbarco. making things better

BP. We keep you moving

Innovative self-destruction

Go well. Go Shell

In the middle of the road of life I found myself in a dark wood, having strayed from the straight path

Every road leads in two directions

The way is long and difficult the road

I like Chopin and Bizet, and the voice of Doris Day, Gershwin songs and old forgotten carols, But the music that excels is the sound of oil wells, As they slurp, slurp into the barrels

Your old road is rapidly agin', Please get out of the way if you can't lend a hand, For the times they are a changin'

How many roads must a man walk down before you can call him a man

Speed, an accellerating problem

Don't court disaster. Belt up

Ease up, don't smash up

Heavy metal

Drink. Drive. Lose

Smoko

Pump some extra profit

Extra unleaded

Around the bowsers

Smart bowsers for hard times

Shell FORCE

Gear up for some extra profits

Everybody's doing it, doing it, doing it. Under the bonnet and screwing it, screwing it, screwing it

Tyre magic

Bendix does it better

Holden Wise

Moove - the best experiences are mooving ones

Oil is a weapon

Torrey Canyon

Amoco Cadiz

Exxon Valdez

The misunderstood elephant, a fable for now

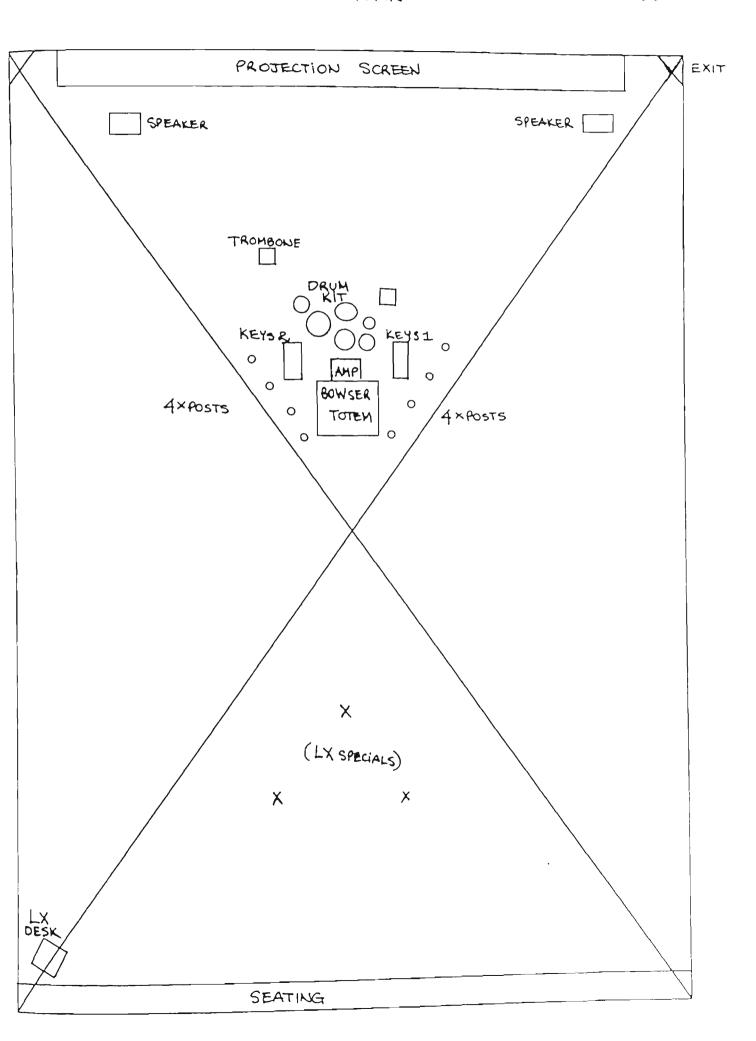
Better roads, Safer roads, Saving lives

Rest, Revive, Survive

BP, we keep you moving

Toyota, Moving Australia

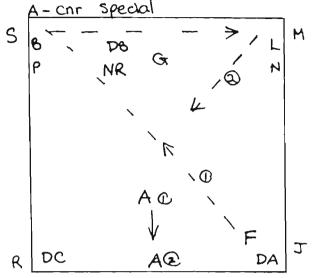
Six fables for now



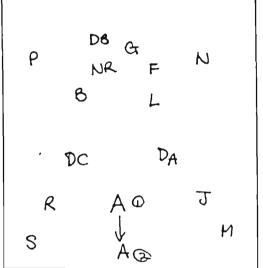
X Marks the Spot

F, VI - Slow walk on diagonal US cross at back

F, V2 - Slow walk on diagonal DS



M.C. Link: Adrian car. special chorus face out

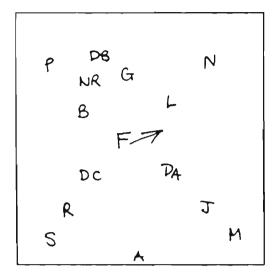


Gloria Industria:

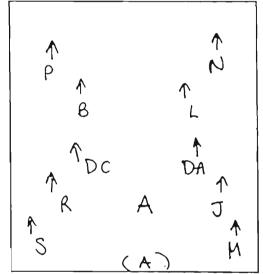


(Gratias - Chor. turn in)

Can a Token Gesture ->
ensemble walk slowly to position
Signify - Faye move to KI



Gloria Plainsong: A sings, cnr. chorus move u.s.

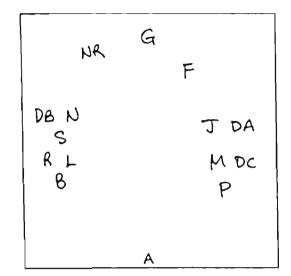


Credo in machina:

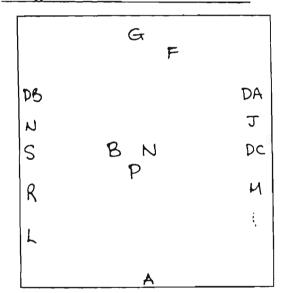
DB N		_
i s'i		J DA
PB N S L		J DA M DC P
8		P
	A	

(Chor. line up)

Lauda: Chor. move DS. Stop on Petroleum.

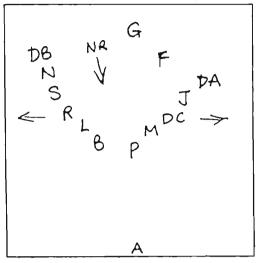


Maybach, Daimler a Benz:

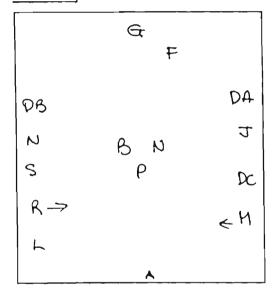


Gratias:

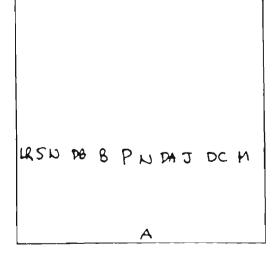
Chor. Walk U.S, then D.S. on V M D & B move bad to car. Actas Moderna: chor. move to U.S. V NR move DS on bridge, chor. move to side



Gloria: and phrase-turn in

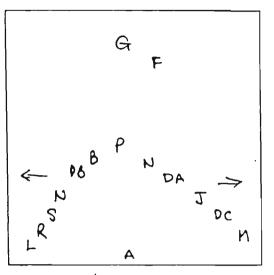


Lauda:

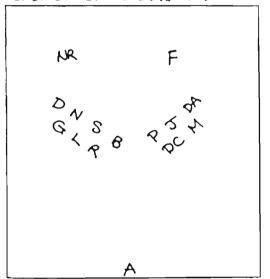


Chor. move D.S.

Actas: chor. move backwards to D.S. V. At end-face outwards.

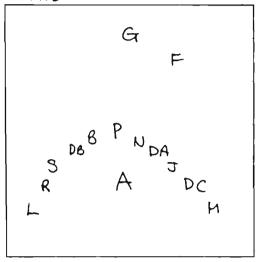


Rock Oil: Char. move to U.S (faing out)
Chairs. A move D.S. O.P.

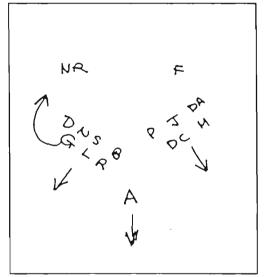


Wanderlust: Justin cnr.

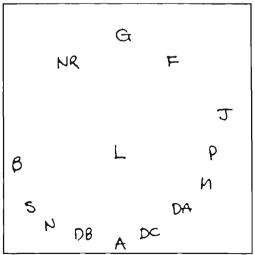
M.C. Link: A cnr. special Chor. stay for words, move on intro



MC Link: A cnr. special, G to Drums Chor. move to horseshoe sit pbs.



The Aussie Car: Justin move P. Lisa cnr.



*Hevin Rugg:

G D.S. to can

D back up

Boomerang: DA cnr., Lisa to DA NR to KI, F to Gumleaf mic

G NR J В DA M S 3 DC

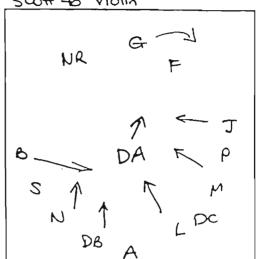
Tolcyo Motors: Bill cmr. Chor. - 2 choirs (facing in)

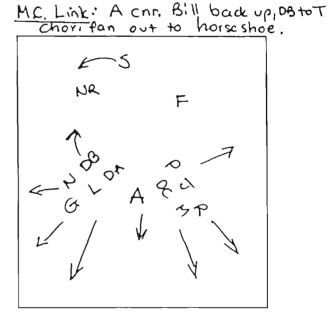
S NR

The Open Road: Nick cnr.

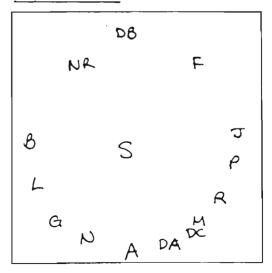
DB NR F В J L

Song Boomerang: at end, move in to US. choirs, facing in UR to K2, F to K1, Sill to car. Scott to Violin





Volvo Driver: Scott on, Nick swap



Break the Drive: DA cnr,

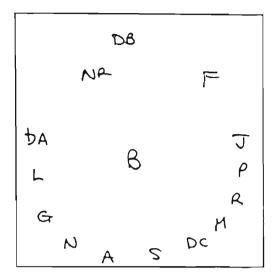
B DA P R DC N C S

Uninibita Switch: Gary onr.

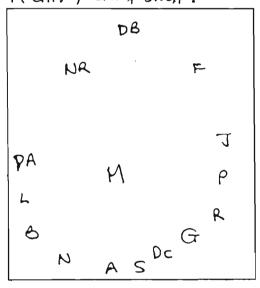
Burn: NR CAR.,

DA NAS DC G

A Courteous Driver: Bill cnr., David swap.



Ballad of Road Assist: M cnr., Gary swap.



Jet Speed, Take Heed: J cm., NR to K2

DR +0 K2

DB

NR

F

M

P

R

L

B

N

A

S

DC

M.C. link: A to onr. J back up.

Road Toll # 1 - Lisa car.

DB
NR
FB
MP
Q
DA
B
N
A
S
DC

Road Toll # 2 - Justin con F to KI, L to outside.

DB G J NR F M P R DC DA B N

Road Toll #4: - M P.S. special G OR special John.

DB
NR
F

DA
G
B
N
A
S

Dors: F to car., L to D.s. of special,

PB G
NR

M
P
P
DA L
B
N
A
S
DC

Road Toll #3 - G to car. I step back

DB
NR
F

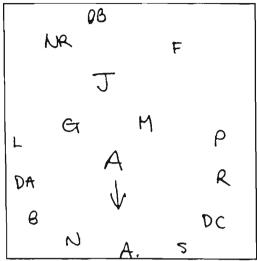
J
L
DA
G
R
R
N
A
S
DC

Jet Speed: (same)

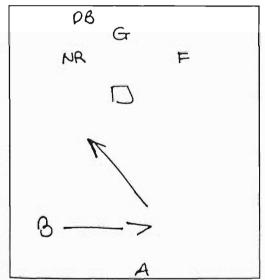
DA GM R
B NA S

MONTAGE: All Stand at start of video.

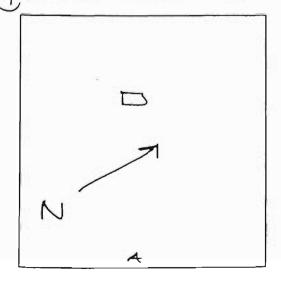




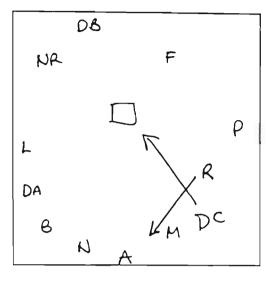
@ Bill moves a cross, then us.



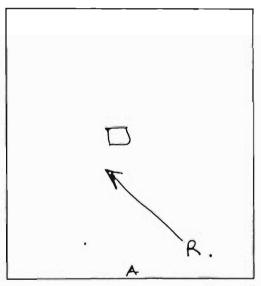
(4) Nicholas moves US.



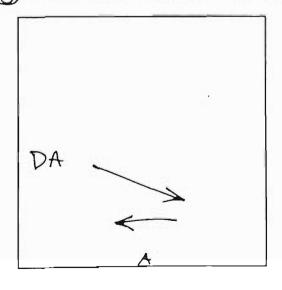
① Royston moves D.S. D.C. U.S.



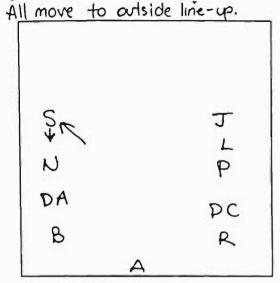
3 R moves US.



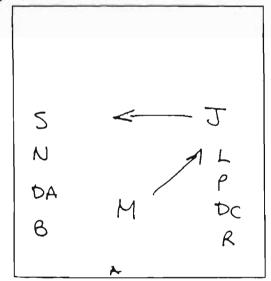
6 DA moves across, then back



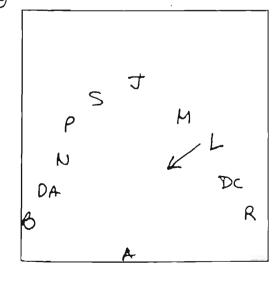
6 Scott turns on his line



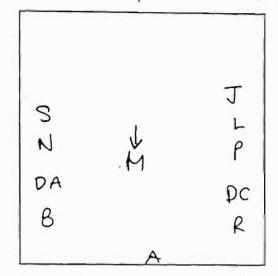
J slow cross us. B. M. head to end of line us.



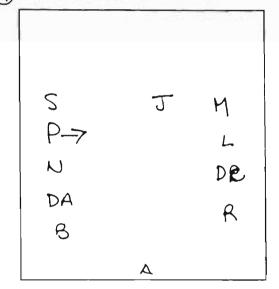
1 Lisa q all move in to V



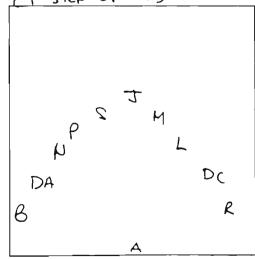
Dy H tums car. (they are a team of villains)
Start slow & march on kuwait.



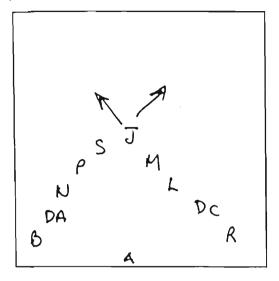
@ Patrick speak across



(1) Stay for Shah Pahlavi

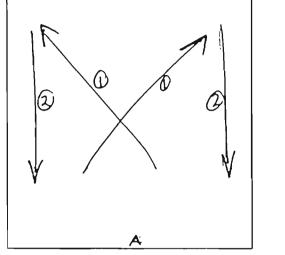


Sounds reasonable - all step on V, turn U.S. on V.



March, Criss-crossing cnr.

By on Exxon Valdez, turn us a form outside lines. Stop on Tit for Tal.



David move down to onr. to monologue. Chor. continues under

tor	monologue.	Chor. continu
	DB G	The state of the s
R	MR of	F
DC		&
L	D	7 N
М	•	S
7		P
	^	

We are to Blame: Greene to car. David to line

R		5 0
DC		DA B
L	G	N
М		S
J		ρ
	A	

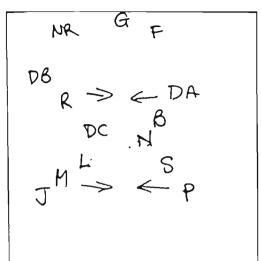
Mc. link: A to car. G to drums.

1,50.		DB	ю	line-up)
	ſ)B		•	
	NR		G	F	
P				•	6 1
Do					DA
,					В
-		A			Ŋ
M		Λ			S
J	-	\downarrow	,		ρ ρ
		Д	r		l

Journey of Hope-Standin pos. Face in on bridge bar (intov2)

Tuscin on	5110 30 010 (8)10
DB NR	G . F
R ->	← DA
Oc ->	« B
L ->	< N
M ->	← S
J →	4- P
	A

There's ajob: Slow walks in to Chr. V, Tacing in. Double time on NOO & A WINK

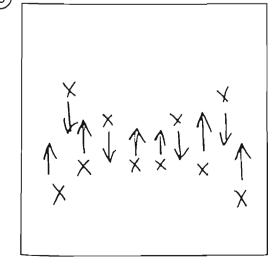


Renewing Nature

Sing outwards

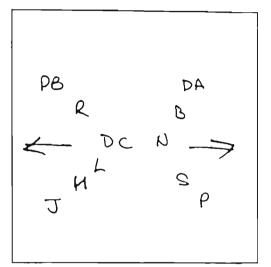
2009	00.000103	
	-	
*		×
*		×
×		*
×		×
×		×

6 ho longer_lines swap.

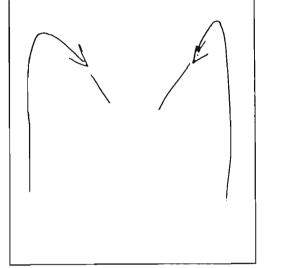


Here we are now: Face outwards.

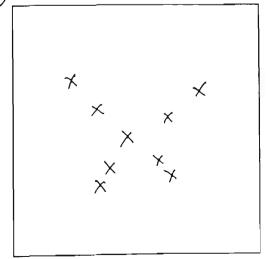
3 D.C. a N turn on Wanting

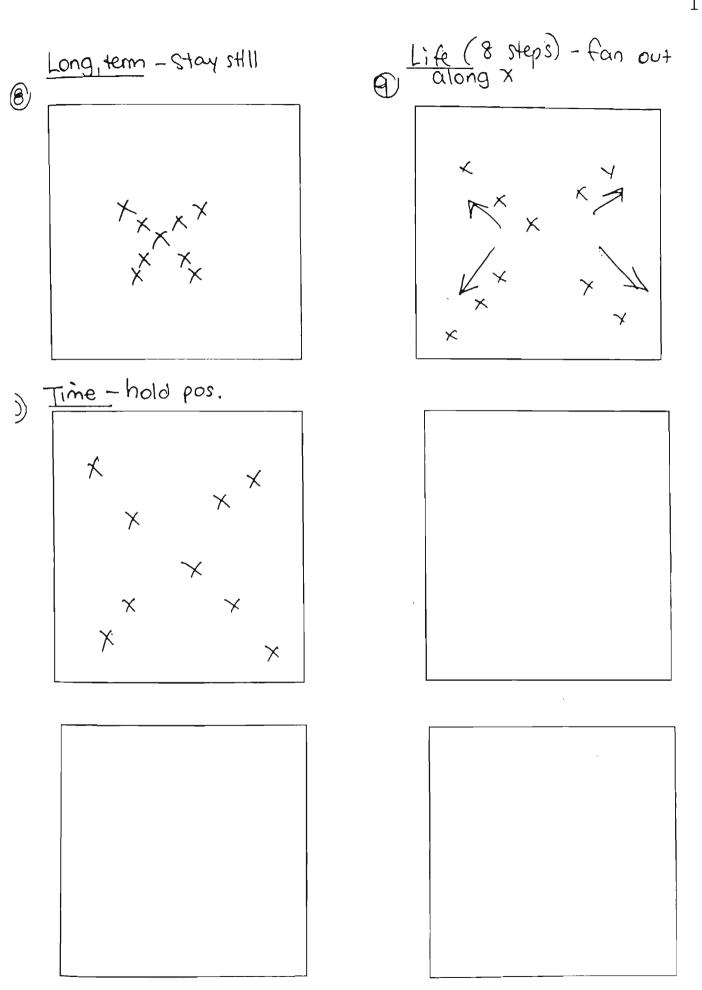


(Key change)



1 Livelihood - Slow Step, back up onto V





Programme

SERVICE STATION:

Straying the Australian Landscape

(a modern aussie ballad opera)

by

Faye Bendrups

This project has been developed as part of a Master of Arts degree in Performance Studies at VUT 1995/96

MANY THANKS

The Ensemble Mark Minchinton Peter Green Greg Carroll

THE ENSEMBLE

David Ashton has performed in musical theatre, children's theatre and in various insignificant roles on television. For eleven years he has been a tutor and director at the National Theatre Drama School. He is currently a teacher at Maribyrnong Secondary College.

Dan Bendrups spent 1995 in Argentina, playing and singing in local bands Passaporte, El Pollo Loco, Mercado Negro and the George "Muneca" Daniel Quartet. He was also a sessional trombonist for the Cordoba Symphony Orchestra, and worked as a music therapist and teacher at the Colmena Jazz School and the Colonia Asylum, Oliva. In 1996 Daniell performed in "The 8.16 Vodka Syndrome" at the Courthouse Theatre.

Bill Binks has worked in theatre for too long (and should know better). His credits aren't many and are outweighed by his debits but it's a pleasure to do this one.

David Carnie is a final year Education student at VUT and has worked extensively at Footscray Secondary College and Sunbury Secondary College on productions of "The Wiz", "Schizoferal", "The Cherry Orchard" and "The Sentimental Bloke". He also plays drums and guitar.

Justin Connor played Judas in "The Passion of Christ", Claude in "Hair" and Ritchie Valens in "The Buddy Holly Story". TV appearances include "Flying Doctors", "Round the Twist" and "Home". Justin was lead singer in "Grand Wazoo" and other bands.

Roy Christoffelz is a student at VUT (Arts/Education). In 1993, with his band, he represented Australia in the Yamaha Rock Competition World Final in Tokyo (lead singer and songwriter).

Michael Eckersall worked as a professional actor for fifteen years with a wide variety of companies before moving to a teaching career at Footscray Secondary College where he has been teaching Drama and English for eight years.

Scott Mullen is a student at VUT (Education) and has performed with the Australian Ballet for three years. He has also appeared in "Joseph and His Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat", "Breaking the Code" and as an announcer for 3WM.

Lisa Petty has worked extensively as a dancer, choreographer and teacher in Australia and New York. Currently she works absolutely full time as a new MUM!

Adrian Rawlins is a Melbourne institution (in the flesh and in cast iron). Poet, raconteur, authority on art and literature, in the words of Marcel Marceau: "Every time I met him, the sun is shining again".

Nick Reynolds is a member of "Black Market" and has recently toured with "The Sundowners" to Korea, Laos, Vietnam and Thailand. He has written his own one-man show for children "Pete's Feet" to tour Victorian schools in 1997.

Gary Samolin has worked as an actor in many productions for the MTC, Playbox and Anthill. He is currently working with Zydeco Jump and completing a BA at Deakin University.

Nicholas Walter has jut completed a degree in Recreation at VUT. He has been involved in various productions for Peridot, Mitcham and A Night Out theatre companies.

Patrick Williams performed in "Strangers in the Night" (Playbox), "Hair", "The Buddy Holly Story", "Bad Boy Johnny and the Prophets of Doom", "Coriolanus", and film /TV credits include "Mercury", "Kangaroo Palace", "Neighbours", "Feds" and "The Man from Snowy River".

Projections Operator: Steven Georgiou (education student, VUT)

Faye Bendrups

Faye Bendrups has worked extensively in Australasia as a performance-maker, actor and musician/composer. Projects have included mainstream and commercial engagements; Evita (Adelaide Festival Trust), Yoko Ono in Lennon (Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust), Rose of Spadger's Lane in The Sentimental Bloke (MTC), The Piano Lesson (Victorian Arts Centre Trust) and as Touring Director of Buddy: the Buddy Holly Story (Everyday Productions).

Ms. Bendrups has been commissioned to compose music scores for the MTC (Reservoir by Night), QTC (Cheapside), Greater Glider Productions (The Ark of Oz) Playbox (A Dickins Christmas) and Drama Project Trust (Bombora, Ace 2).

Independent productions include Seascrapes, Dear Suburbia, The 8.16 Vodka Syndrome (La Mama); Savage Love, Aeroplane Scandals, (Drama Project Trust) The Foibles and Condensed Dickins (Barry Dickins) and the music ensemble Black Market. By arrangement with Black Sparrow Press (California) Ms. Bendrups is adapting the works of poet Charles Bukowski: Bring Me Your Love, Racetrack, There's No Business and Pulp.

Ms. Bendrups' work also involves collaborative performance research as developed in: Hostages, a project concerned with domestic violence (Women and Arts Festival, Nimrod, Universal Theatre, La Boite); Physical Strength, dealing with prostitution (Nimrod, Universal Theatre) and Woman to Woman (TV series exploring women's issues). This concern with performance research is evidenced in her teaching and workshop practice: as a visiting lecturer at Deakin University, Prahran TAFE and the Victoria University of Technology and continuing participation in the Art-Ed programme at The Victorian Arts Centre.

Notes on concept and script development

Originally, I thought of the 'Service Station' as a location of exchange and movement; it could function as an informal contact point for road users, from truck drivers and travelling salespersons to tourists, regular commuters, long-distance drivers. It could be a place of interchange and transience, a source of local knowledge, an integral part of a small community, a haven or rest stop.

I saw the (independent) Australian 'Service Station' as a site changing rapidly, speeding along a global highway to oblivion, corporatised out of existence. It has remained unexplored as a cultural site, a slow second to the Pub (cf Closing Time, Scott Taylor), the Corner Milk Bar (cf Dear Suburbia, Barry Dickins), the Penitentiary (cf Every Night, Every Night, Ray Mooney) or the Motor Vehicle (cf Car Maintenance, Explosives and Love, Donna Jackson) i.e. subject matter of 'ordinary' experience, regularity, commonality, of everyday involvement and access. I wished to capture this everyday experience performatively, to make a work that allowed access and involvement, that was authentic in its Australian 'voice' (whatever that turned out to be) and which explored the questions I asked myself - What has this Service Station seen and heard? What has occurred at this place? What stories could it tell me?

Stories form a great part of our cultural expression and the theatre is well practised in telling them, melding fact, fiction and fancy in any arrangement of style and method. So my original research (formal and informal interviews with independent service station operators) became a launching place for my imagination, for reflection, for addressing conflicts of power, politics and the big business of OIL, for connecting with the rhythms of constant travel, for documenting via text, song and image an unexpected subject.

The work speaks with the voice of its contributing participants: service station owners, road accident victims, drivers, travellers, members of the ensemble - words from conversations become formalised text and song lyrics, the monotony of my car vibration establishes a rhythmic pattern, a melody is suggested from a machine noise, the dissonance of car horns is repeated harmonically.

The work incorporates images of the landscape as I have seen it: strewn with corporate rubbish, scattered with tyre tread, wreathed with reminders of death, splattered with carcasses, blanketed with blue sky and randomly dotted with sites of interraction and exchange (service stations); sites not only of service and sales, but also of historical interest (Dugald McDougall's convict built servo in Hobart), of eccentricity (Jeff's Boomerang Factory/Servo at Bowna), of adventure (the Reid brothers in Tasmania - champion trick motorbike riders) and of personal tragedy (Doris's story). Also of humour, resilience and tenacity.

Video footage used (a rough edit for the purposes of these workshop performances)

conveys a sense of power and impenetrability (refinery sequences) repetition and movement (traffic sequences), the dissolution of things fixed (distorted lights and signage) and the rapidity of our journey into the future (close-up sequences of traffic flashing past).

The process of making the work was complex. I drove from central Queensland to southern Tasmania interviewing service station proprietors and gathering stories (some of theirs, some of my own) and went back and forth over Victorian roads many times. I endured mechanical breakdowns, collisions with native fauna, near-misses, other maniacal drivers, all the normal road-user experiences. I met service station owners who offered friendship and a cup of tea, others who viewed me with suspicion and disbelief, some who shared laughs and gripes, and others who told understated tales of stoic survival. Most were generous and forthcoming with their personal stories.

I next began the process of recording these stories - in song form and prose poetry, loosely structuring them in the format of a recorded travel diary, or log book, with accompanying photos. The performance piece is a conversion of this record into a staged ensemble work, reflecting along the way on the power of the motor vehicle, the celebration of autonomy, the fragility of comfort and the indeterminance of the way ahead.

I wrote text, composed music, arranged vocal and instrumental parts, took photos, shot video, compiled a script, devised a workable design and directed an ensemble of fifteen professional and student actor/singers (who have generously donated their time) in the staging of the work. It is of necessity a workshop production - there is no commercial budgetary allocation, and we work within the limits of the technological, physical and human resources available to us on campus. Other configurations for performance are easily imagined e.g. participating male-voice choir, movement ensemble, extended instrumentation, larger arena space, slide projections onto a white performance floor etc.

PART THREE:

MEMOIR

Log Book

This memoir contains excerpts of interview transcripts and selections of text. It is designed to be published as a separate pictorial/textual record. The compilation of text and image reflects the researcher's journey, exchanges with independent service station operators, experiences on the road and views of the landscape.

Size: 250 mm x 190 mm

Binding: wire spiral (white)

Cover: 350gsm grey 'leathercraft', 2 colours

Text: 115gsm gloss art paper 'sapphire' (50% recycled)

Full colour on 10 pages (slide images)

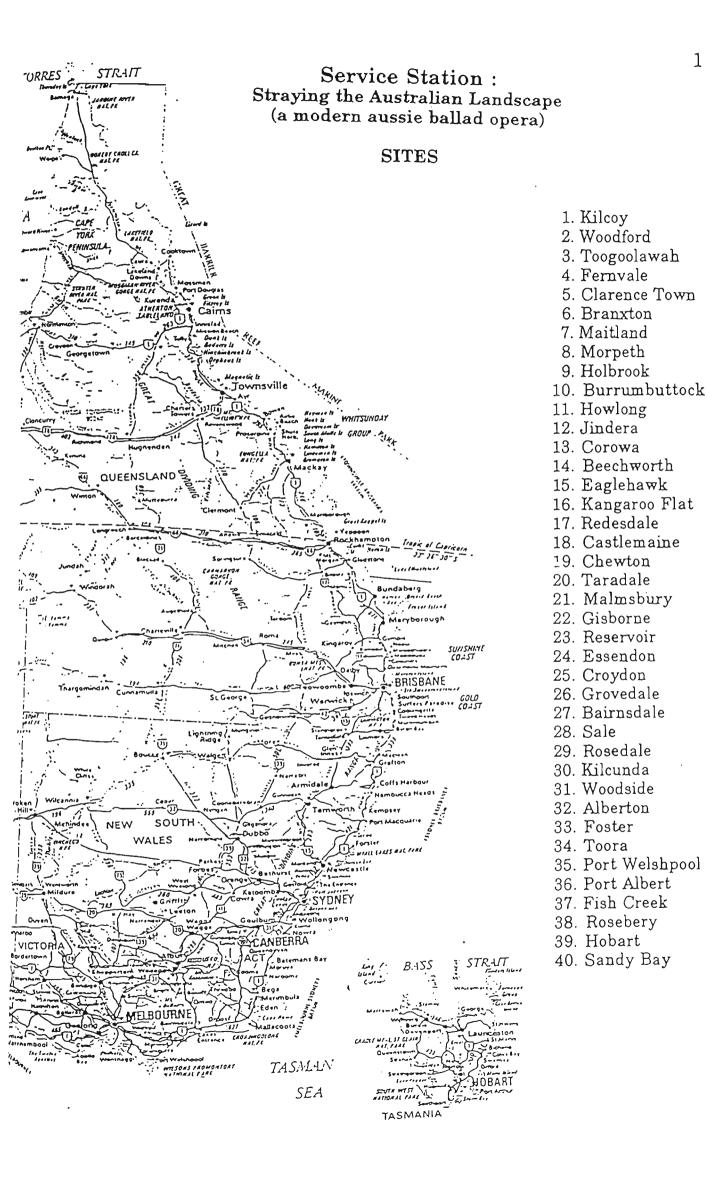
Text layout: centre of page, like a highway with double white lines (see below):

This notebook contains selections of text suitable for future publication as a diary and pictorial record of the research process. It is intended as a guide to content, not a representation of layout and design. I would wish to reproduce slide and video images in full colour and include production stills, and arrange the text

on the page in the format of a road ie. the eye of the reader is scanning the

road, they are participating in the journey, as in a performance; the audience is taken on a journey. Material included reflects the story-telling nature of the work and the communal experience of the researcher and participants. It is not an analysis of process, rather it reflects the immediacy of conversations.

Faye Bendrups, 1996.



My Trip

My first memory was as a two-year old. I tripped on the running board of dad's shiny red Vauxhall Tourer and fell head-first into the snow. He next bought a Wolseley, which needed cranking every morning, then a beautiful two-tone blue and white Holden EH, later a Kingswood which never once had a service or tune, but never broke down.

My father was a public servant in charge of roads and bridges and when I was young I travelled with him to visit work sites all over the state. I knew every milestone on every road, and counted the 139 hairpin bends each time we drove over the Sidling.

Later when I was fifteen, Ritchie went overseas and left me his Yamaha 175. I loved feeling the speed on my face, I felt part of the air. Occasionally we would pinch Rodger's brother's car and hoon around unlicensed. One weekend, I dragged off another lair and ended up skidding three 360's. Lucky I didn't roll it.

Growing up in a small place had its limitations. 'Doing the block' was a Friday and Saturday night pastime; going into town and driving round and round the main block, getting into arguments with the local 'Bandidos', even though one was an ex-school science lab co-conspirator. The altercations usually ended with them spitting on us, trying to kick the side panels of the Austin in, or playing chicken in an attempt to destroy our nerve. (It didn't work).

We drank and drove, no seatbelts and we educated ourselves at the Drive-In. We were foolish, exuberant youth. CARS, ROADS, TRAVEL - meant liberty, entertainment, status, experience, fun, danger.

My uncle Jack had a country service station as well as the local pub. He'd sold the dairy farm and last time I saw him, he was in a small room out the back of the servo, drunk and broke.

I hitch-hiked. Some cars you can't wait to get out of. Once I fainted when I slammed my finger in the car door while getting dropped off. I hadn't eaten much for a while and was a bit weak. The gravel on the roadside felt beautiful as I woke up - soft, warm in the sun, like I had melted into the pebbles.

I drove with a girlfriend to Brisbane in a big Ford station wagon we nicknamed 'The Shark'. She was seven months pregnant and I was a single mother with a two year-old son. At Joe's servo in Kempsey he had cleaned the windscreen almost before the engine was switched off and explained the etiquette of not leaving petrol caps on the customer's cars, to save the duco.

We stopped for souvlaki at Taki's Takeaway and Servo (open 24 hours) and when we broke down further up the road a local rang the NRMA for us, shouting into his CB: "There's a couple of old sheilas broken down outsida Bulga!"

One time I got my fan belt replaced for free in the middle of the night at Len's

servo. He'd built himself a replica Norman castle next door to live in. And ask the Leyland brothers about their servo - a miniature Eyre's Rock.

I cracked the head of the EH on the way to Phillip Island. Got a changeover from Ian, who had a workshop and two German Shepherds in the back yard of his house in Coburg. He was fat and wore a blue singlet and approached the peephole slot in the side fence like it was Fort Knox.

I watched the acid bath bubble away while his hernia swung in the breeze, and talked cars with him. Never having any money had taught me self-sufficiency, I was pretty handy with things mechanical - from re-conditioning the carburettor to tune-ups to changing the head. The neighbours thought I was crazy as I laid out every bit on a large cardboard sheet on my nature strip; outlining, numbering and labelling each one with a description of where and how and in what order it had been disconnected down to the very last screw. That EH was a good car. I bought it for \$400 and sold it for \$3,000. Not a bad profit.

Next, I bought a '71 Hillman Hunter Safari Wagon. It looked like it had just been in a prang, dented everywhere, but I put good Aussie All-rounder tyres on it and the engine went like a sports car. The speedo didn't work, the wipers only intermittently, no horn, rear door was jammed shut, the inside window winders, sun visors and various knobs fell off, and it was a bit of a juggling act with the clutch and choke, but it averaged 1,000 kilometres a week until it eventually gave up and died, worn out.

I got a tow from Ralph, an oddball obsessed with numbers and puzzles. He knew every trick of Kordemsky and Sumner-Miller. I spent four hours in his cab, following his instructions on his calculator and admiring his mathematical prowess. Well, there was no escape, so when in Rome etc.

My mechanic got me a second-hand Sigma. He'd come from Argentina, took over the lease of a servo from a crook (who got shot and ended in Pentridge), and turned the business into a gold mine through hard work and good service.

Always eventful. Getting bogged in sand at Mt. Zero. Negotiating city traffic with a dead clutch and only one gear. Watching cars burning on the freeway - three in one day. Taking wrong exits and seeing where they go, sometimes nowhere. Stopping at Gundagai for coffee. Slamming into a kangaroo at 120km. Running over a duck in Rathdowne St. Realising you're still alive after avoiding a head-on with an idiot who ignored a stop sign and leaving only traces of paint on the steel post and road sign through which you miraculously squeezed, with two sharp turns, left and right, missing death by millimetres. Getting run off the road by an out-of-control B-double. Flat batteries. Picking a door lock with my Swiss Army knife. Watching sunsets. Walking miles to find a phone (refusing to get a mobile). Knowing all the side streets to avoid congested traffic. Driving from 5am till 10pm with friends, hilariously pretending to be Mum, Dad and the kids. Getting the car stolen and getting it back.

Pretty lucky really. Still going.

Passing Through

You'd get a lot of strange people passing through. You really had to be on the ball otherwise, if they could get a bit of cheap fuel off you they would. A lot of 'em used to ask - what's the main thing round here and of course it was the mine, and then they'd ask the question about, you know, how many people works in the mine, and I used to say "About half of 'em!" They used to go away shaking their head, still thinking about it.

Maori bloke, fightened the life out of my wife. She was in the kitchen and there's a window pointin' that way and she saw this black face and gleamin' in the moonlight through the window.

"Don't be frightened Missus" he said, "don't be frightened". But he'd escaped from somewhere and he'd been on the loose for 3 days. He said "Listen, will you phone the police, tell 'em to come and get me. I'm hungry".

Another bloke one night, he'd escaped. Busted the window there, tried to get in. Woulda been good if he hadda got in because on the inside of the window, little louvre window....heard the glass break, came to investigate, he was just driving away and the police nailed him just down the road. But there was a wire netting on the inside and if he'd torn that off, there were two 8-foot pythons in their cages on the other side of it. And they nailed him just down the road.

That was an odd business. I said, well who's gunna pay for the broken window? Oh no, you can't get any money out of this bloke because he's already in jail. But I said, they pay him 8 bucks a week or something don't they? Take it out of that. And, ah no, you can't do that. I said, well gimme a lend of him! And I'll work him for a day or two! He might get away! And I said, you'd be great blokes talkin' about he might git away! I said, you seen the size of the dogs we got here? He won't get away. They wouldn't even give me a lend of him. Rules are rules.

Well, there's been some strange animals. A lot of people have probably heard of Rocky, who used to be a dog here. He would check your tyres, he wouldn't actually check your tyres, but he'd take the guage across to the tyres so you could pump the tyres up. If you'd tell him to bring the water can, he'd bring the water can for the radiator and he'd collect the money, he'd go up to the window, collect the money, bring it in to the till. He's actually been on the T.V. He went to see his girlfriend about a year ago and he didn't make it back. He was on the news and, the local news, and "Funniest Home Video"- he got second prize on that 4 years ago. So he was well known by a lot of people.

We used to get you know, all the top quality cars, Mercedes and BMs and run accounts for a lot of companies, and we're not talkin' big companies, but people that have you know, half a dozen cars in their household, you know, because some of the houses in Essendon, all they had was Mercedes you see. And so there was no problem with money, and that's probably one of the reasons why we did succeed, because we gave a bit of service to people that really appreciate you know...wipe the windscreens you know, and they had the money but they don't want to pay for...(laughs)....getting your windscreen done you know.

It started as a service station in 1928, ah, before that it was the coach-house for Macquarie House (adjacent) which was built in about 1825..... convict bricks in the back wall, and in the walls. Anyway it started as a service station in 1928 and they were selling petrol out of 4-gallon tins in those days. And in 1937 Dad bought the place and we've had it ever since and I came here in January '49. I'm still here. He was a qualified mechanic and he, um, he started his apprenticeship in nineteen hundred and...about 1916 or 1918,

and he was working on steam engines and that sort of thing in those days, down here in Collins St. with Mr. Foster, think it was Foster and, um, name like that anyway, and then he was foreman at Nettlefold's in their workshops for a couple of years, till nineteen twenty...nine. No, probably later than that, probably about 1935 and then he went to City Motors for about 12 months and then he bought this place. He was here till he was eighty...1982. We told him, it's about time he retired. He didn't like it. (laughs).

Petrol Wars

It's always amazed me in service stations. They get, in Myers or ..like jewellers' shops.....they regularly have these sales that go, prices lower and lower. They don't call it a jewellry cut-pri.. a war! It's just a sale! But in service stations, it's not called a sale, it's called a war. And there does seem to be a lot more, um, I mean, sure, it's not a physical war, but there's, service station operators, there seems to be more enemies between them than, um, like normal shops or anything else. But, where the war first came from, whether it was in Australia or another country that had it before we did, I've got no idea. But, um, down here with us, it's certainly been a suitable word.

OK, the day they came down here and organised this strike. And tried to black-ban the service station. That made front page of the paper next day. We sold twice as much petrol. They also came down here and you know, someone put a bullet through this window here, and we used to have a Ford Transit van parked on the road with bikes on the back of it, and they smashed the windscreen out of that. Front page of the paper again.

I mean, OK we had to buy a new windscreen. So what. The advertising value we got for that would have cost thousands! You couldn't buy it you know. Um, so that the more it happened, um, the better off we were. But as I said, there was real pressure all the time, from um, other stations and the companies. Because there was no laws in those days. About free trade practice and all the rest of the stuff. They could do what they liked.

But, I guess the whole family... well my father was able to fight and I guess, we've always, whether on the racetrack, or, I was only what, I think, 18 when we first started cut-price and I'd just left school, and um, that's why..... it really was a war. They called 'em cut-price wars.

My Grandfather built this (business), by hand, all by himself, with my Nana, they built it all by hand, and there was a restaurant up the other end, which was 24 hours when it first started, and my Nana would do the cooking, there was a kitchen like a big cafe-restaurant. But that got burnt down in 80..1984. Well, the police believe it was deliberately lit, but nothing was ever, nobody was ever found to have done it, but that was during the 'petrol wars'.

Well at the time we um, the um, the person.....we actually bought the lease, ah, from a crook. He used to, he used to cheat on the pumps, um, and to be able to cheat on the pumps you have to be very good because they are controlled by ah, you know, certain authorities. What he would do is, he would *paint* a different number on the price, that you see on the pumps, he'd paint a different number that was actually a higher number you see. So anyway, he, um, um, he was involved in some shooting and all that and eventually he ended up in jail.

Oh, petrol companies are much the same as banks. If you'll pardon the expresson, it's hard to know which was the biggest team of bastards. And that's all they are exactly. And ah, they're just villains. I've been in the fortunate position here for a lotta years. I had a falling out with Shell a lot of years ago. I still sell Shell petrol, but, I mighta mentioned it to ya, but I don't deal with Shell, I have nothing to do with Shell. I never would.

Oh....well we're on it....it's on Christmas eve right? When I'm gettin' a delivery of petrol, gettin' me tanks filled up to do over Christmas. And we had been discounting the price of fuel. Well, we gotta be the same price as A. or we don't sell any, and it was something like, if you discounted two cents, we discounted two cents and three cents, you know - they matched whatever you discount - so your real margin's going down, but you're not going down, you're not supplying all at discount....

Anyhow the bloody rep., I dunno how he's still alive - I should jabbed him, or sooled the dog onto him, or put him in the creek or somethin' like that. He arrived just as the truck was here to fill me tanks. And he says, Oh, you shouldn't be discounting the same as in A. 'N I said, why not? I'm not far from A..(?????) same price petrol. No, well....oh well, we won't help you with the discount. 'N I said, what do you mean? He said, oh the price of this petrol's goin' up to what it ought to be. You can discount as much as you like, but there won't be any discount.........

So I naturally said, I thought naturally, I said, well you know exactly what you can do with your petrol. I know he couldn't do it but he mighta tried......

Well ah, it was at least 6 hours before I had a load of petrol in as a matter of fact and then they......I was getting petrol air-freighted in from Ampol, see they're not supp...., they stick together like that. They, they're complete and utter villains! In the industry it's considered, well, if you're gettin' it off Shell, Ampol doesn't supply you with petrol under the lap, but the local rep. was willing to do it for cash and so on. And the companies'll try to get under each other's neck 'n so on.

Anyhow, one of 'em sighted the Ampol truck comin' out of here and got onto the Transport Worker's Union and then they said, oh no, well you'd better not supply him.

I got me temper up over this. It didn't make that much difference whether I sell petrol or not, 'cause there's no money in it. I said, well I'm not gunna be put on by a bastard like *him*, I'll sell petrol here if I gotta load the drums on me truck and go into town and buy it and decant it in just so I got petrol to sell.

Change

It's surprising how things have changed. We're selling very little petrol now by comparison with what we used to. Partly because this Hume Highway's dead. Look at it now. It's a holiday weekend! You know. There's nothing on it. And that's been on for about 18 months. And, ah, we're trying to work out what's, something's.....

My wife's very smartly worked out why we weren't, one of these factors, why we weren't selling very many drinks, in the summertime.

Air-conditioned cars!

You don't need a drink. Otherwise you'd be travelling about with the windows wound down on a hot day, your tongue'd be.......and the other one that I've worked out is that, ah, the modern cars, they're lighter, and they're a bit more efficient, they're travelling a bit further per gallon, there's a lot of little cars about and so on, but they got big tanks in 'em.

When we came here, something over 20 years ago, you couldn't put 4 dollars worth in a Volkswagon, only held 4 gallons. And the Holdens and so on, I think they only held 6 or 7 gallons and they're doin' 20 miles to the gallon, under good conditions. So you stopped a lot. You had to stop at a lot of service stations. I had a bloke pull up the other day and he said, I'd better get some petrol, I done a bit over 600 ks. Well- bloody near Sydney to Melbourne!

You almost, well you can travel Sydney to Melbourne now with one fill. Easily. So, places like this, are out. So the result is, it's more a matter, you've got to fill the passengers before you fill the cars. You can travel more than a long meal time without getting a fill of petrol. And ah, so the result is, they're pullin' in to roadhouses. Roadhouses are the places doin' the business, and ah, go to the toilet, 'n have a drink, have a feed, there's aand just as a sideline - fill the car! An ah, so that means that places like this are......not that we particularly mind.......I'd just as soon close the whole thing down as a matter of fact.

D: Service stations have changed. In fact they're changing back to the idea of the general store cum service station. Like in the early days, where the general store had two pumps out the front. Well now the convenience store, if you like to call it a new name, it's only a new image of the same thing.

But you go to Melbourne, Sunday, Saturday afternoon, you won't get anyone to even change your tyres. They're either caught short with one bod. behind the jump, right, or else it's a convenience store, go the other way.

'Cause there's no.....you have to get the RACV to do that. But there's no-one...it's changing, the whole thing's changing.

J: Yeah, I say it'd be like America down the track, oh, another 10 or 15 years like you won't get anyone. If you go to America you can't get anyone to do repairs on your car; "Oh, take it over the guys over there".... things 12 months old, 2,000 dollars.

D: Two things. One - service stations - the petrol companies are planning to retail their own fuel by the year 2,000, right? They're for retailin' their own fuel. They put up their, close down five or six around the place, put up one whatsaname, one big show, *they* own, the independents is the person that causes the price change. They say there's no price collusion - that is the greatest load of, s'ever around. It may not be in paperwork form, but if you've got here, two dealers or three dealers in this town and they're all company-owned sites and not one of 'em're gunna reduce the price of fuel, why does the other one buy it, doesn't have to foller.

If I knock it down a cent, they have to foller. That is the pure crux of it. That eventually, I'd reckon by the turn of the century, their idea is that the, that there will be no basically independent petrol outlets, right, they'll all be marketing it.

Then it'll go up.

Basically they grizzle about the price of fuel, but it's still too cheap. It's a long way too cheap, when you consider that it's a non-renewable resource and sometime soon we're gunna run out of it completely.

Well, you can't really put a price on anything like that. When you've got a couple of hours to spare, I'm thinking of writing a story, "When the Oil Ran Out". 'Cause when the oil runs out, we're worse off than the Australian aborigines were for 40,000 years on a world-wide basis.

Our entire lifestyle's dependent on oil. And we're gunna use the last drop. Now whatever you charge for that, it's still not dear enough. As well as that, we're in trouble in recent times because they reckon we gotta reduce the greenhouse gases - according to scientific theory - it's not yet proven but it sounds reasonable.

Well what I reckon should be done is, with the registration of every vehicle, issue petrol tickets. Same as we had during the war. But issue a batch of 'em with your registration. And you only get the next lot when you renew your registration. And make it for a figure, oh I dunno, 10,000 kilometres a year, depending on the car, you get that many tickets.

So that when you got a ticket, you buy the petrol at the pump price, never mind the inflated price with all the government tax on it. When you run out of tickets, you don't get any more tickets until you renew your registration. So you can use

'em as you like. If you haven't got a ticket, then the fuel is either 20 or 25 dollars a gallon. Work that out in litres. And all public transport's free. Now you'd be saving your non-renewable resources, you'd be reducing pollution, it's a simple thing.

Then when I come to buy me petrol, if I got tickets I buy it for 20 cents a litre or something, and if I haven't got a ticket, I can have some more, but that's \$6 a litre or whatever.

Simple to administer, use 'em as you like, and now look at the herds of traffic going past here today - there's gunna be 5,000 cars travel between Sydney and Melbourne because it's Easter weekend. You're gunna kill a lot of people, maim a lot more, be a burden on the community....we'd only need half as many hospitals if it wasn't motor cars running about for a start, and there's another 5,000 cars from Melbourne gunna drive to Sydney.

And you ask these people, why didn't you go on the train - it'd be cheaper? But there's a romance about the motor vehicle. "Oh no, it wouldn't be - it'd only cost me so much for petrol". Petrol's too cheap.

That's only part of the story. You've got to have at least five people in a motor car for it to be, break even price with rail travel. Six and you're showing a profit, but that's not the story. So then when you convince people of that they say, "Oh well, I need the car when I get to Sydney".

Now if you only had a certain number of petrol coupons, you'd be phonin' up someone in Sydney and sayin' - listen, I'm comin' to Sydney for the weekend. What're you doing? Oh - I'm going to Adelaide or Melbourne. Listen - leave the keys of your car on the front tyre. I use your car when I come up there on the train, you come down here, you use my car here.

Now can you imagine the saving in fuel that there'd be? And the saving in a lot of other things? And nobody would be worse off or better off. They'd still have their trip to Sydney, Melbourne or whereever as the case may be, you'd have a viable public transport system. You might as well make it free. It's losin' a million dollars a day or a week or somethin' i'n' it? What's the difference if it was free? Think how many problems that would solve.

I was reading something the other day how, 'specially in America they can just track people whatever they do, they basically got computers where everyone uses credit card, every time you do everything, they can just put a person's name in, it all comes up where they are, what they did, where they went to, um, I guess we're not far behind that.

'Specially what they're trying to do with these smart cards, which I guess, in fact I was only rung up by you know Jet's bank the other day, and said that, um, if smart card's come in will you take them in your service station? I said if that's the way people will be buying petrol, we got no choice, of course we will, course we will. But, um.....hmm.

I believe it's happening in America already, is that the day's going to come when there won't be service stations at all- you will drive in to your supermarket, and there'll be pumps there too and um, you know, you'll get...in fact you've almost got that now in a couple of the really big...I think there's one up towards Sydney, a new one, forget what brand it is, it's got 70 pumps. Um, and it does do, oh I think it's, over a million litres a month. But it's got a giant supermarket, Kentucky Fried, MacDonald's, um, it's got everything and it's a service station. Um, and that's sort of how it's going to happen more and more.

Road Toll

My first real memory was waking up in the middle of the night and being in the middle of a huge room that wasn't a ward, I felt like I was in the middle of a train station or something, deserted train station in the middle of the night. I was the only person in there, just in this bed.... and just freaking out because there was nobody around, I just seemed to be in a room with all this stuff in it, in the middle of the night. That was in Intensive Care I think.

It's stopped me from doing everything. I mean, my life's just stopped dead. For months and months and months I didn't do anything. I suppose sometimes I wish it hadn't happened. But not for very long. I don't sort of stay in there too long. You can only wish so much.

I actually don't have a memory of the accident. Because I went through the windscreen, and there was a lot of mess. My face was smashed up and my neck.....if you looked at me, I imagine you would think that I was not going to make it.

I learnt a lot as a result of that accident. For a start, it really makes you aware of your own mortality, and then lessons in terms of how people treat other people over something different about how they look. They speak REALLY LOUDLY AND SLOWLY......HELLO. HOW ARE YOU?

I started college only three weeks or so after the accident. And people shy away. Not really out of anything malicious. I think they just don't really know what to say. So that sort of period was difficult and I think I lost a lot of confidence.

It was three years later that the insurance came through. Its just funny how life turns itself around, because without having that accident, I wouldn't've had the money to go to New York. It ended up me learning a lot about life, extending my perspective on life, it opened up a lot of doors.

We've all had accidents. I had one where I was standing on the side of the car on two wheels, my brother was driving it and the steering broke. I was in a coma for three weeks. Doctors said I wouldn't come out of it. And if I did, I'd be a vegetable.

My other brother's had like broken ankles and broken bits and pieces, and my youngest brother had a really bad accident, broke his back, when he was only 18. And...paralysed from the waist down, but they managed to fix him.

My father was a guy that was just, what, not his age. Like at 85 he was still flying his own plane, there's no cops up there, no speed limits, there's no laws so its pretty good. He was still riding his 1100 Suzuki, right? Only trouble was, that's what finished him off actually - a car through a red light and he came off the motorbike.

I was on my mighty Suzuki 250. I was riding down Domain Rd., and a car just (clap) bang, just pulled out straight in front of me.

I went smack into the back of the car. I left the bike, literally somersaulted over the back of the car, landed on my back, on the bonnet of the car. Flipped over, landed on the road on my feet, with a stunning acrobatic presentation and completion of the somersault, unhurt, not a scratch on my body.

And there were people standing on the footpath, and as one, they, as one, man, woman and dog, they all burst into applause, and said "YES! Can you do that again? BRILLIANT!".

PART FOUR: MUSIC SCORE





















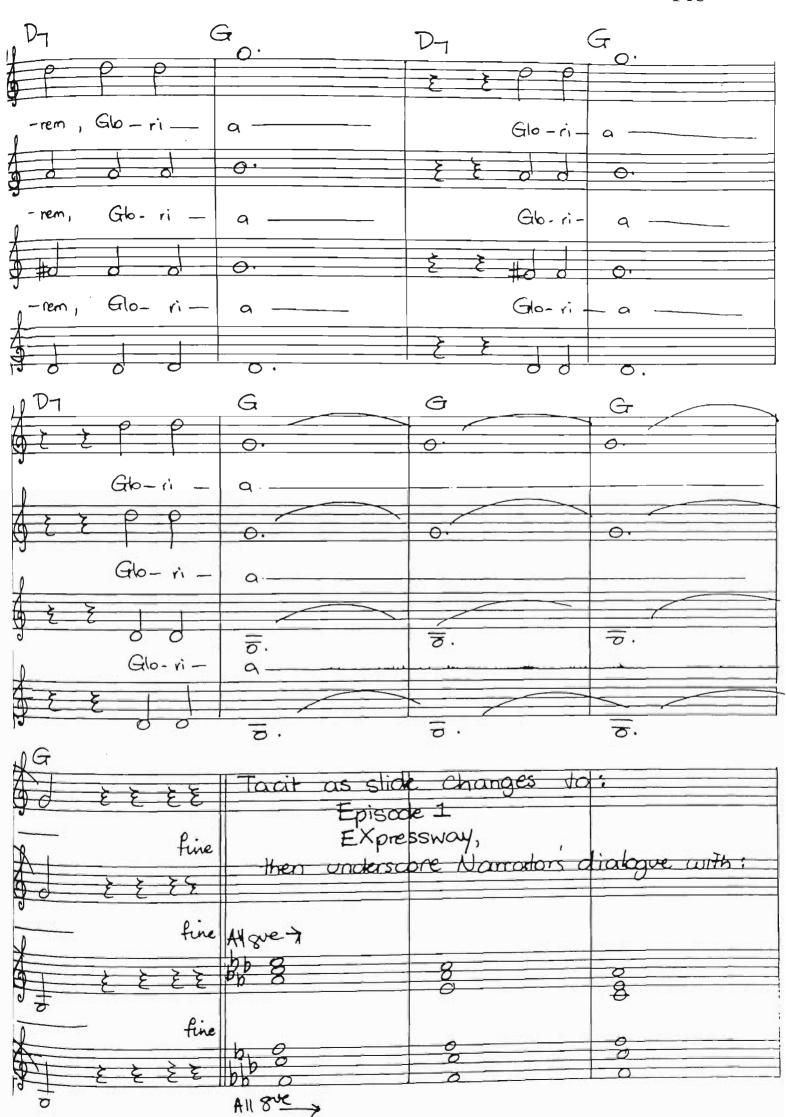


































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then repeat from \$(p.5) to the end















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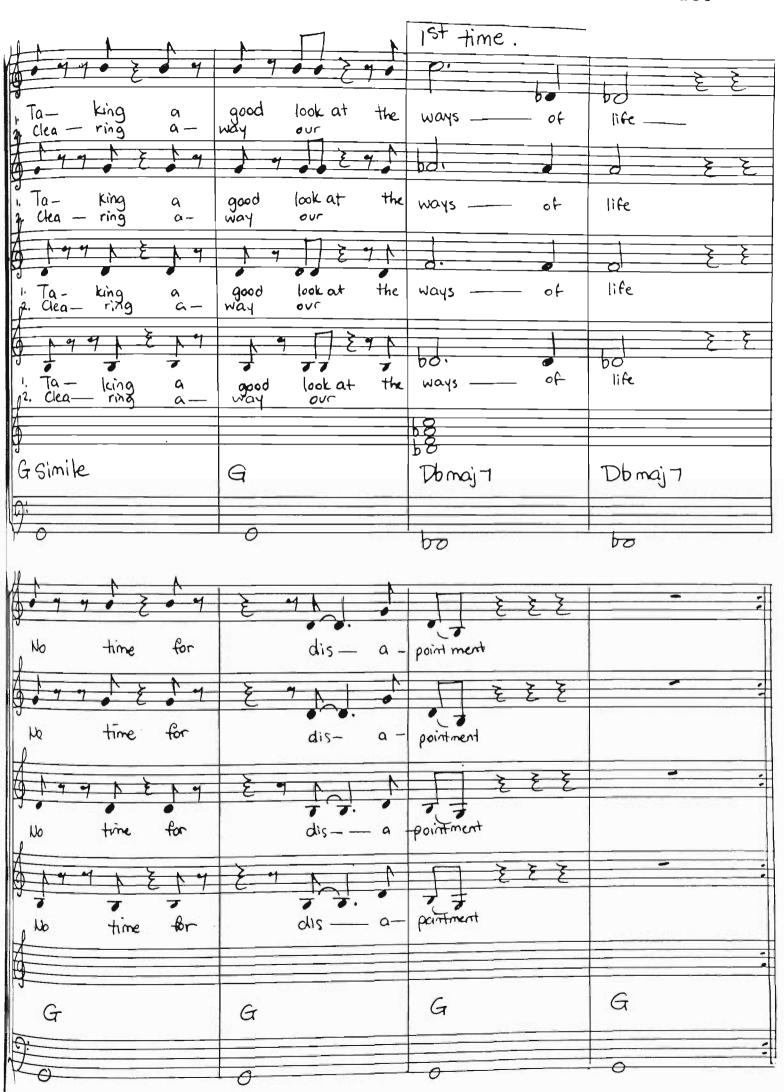




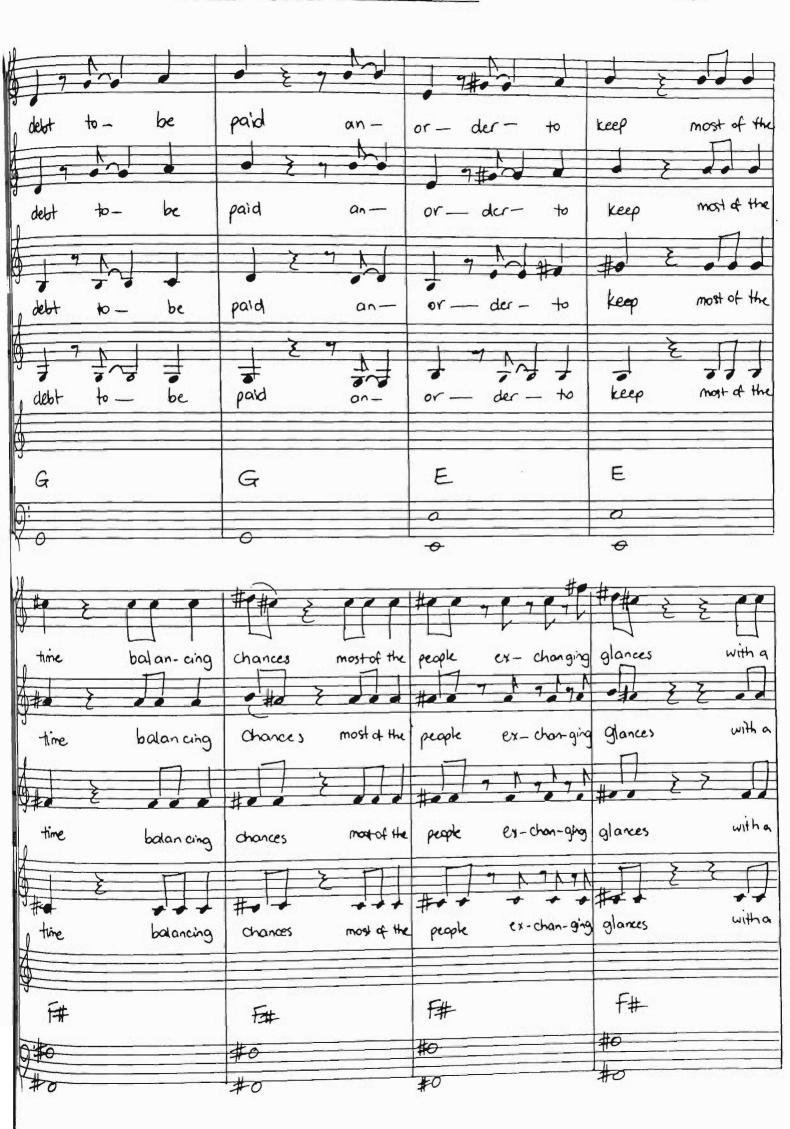
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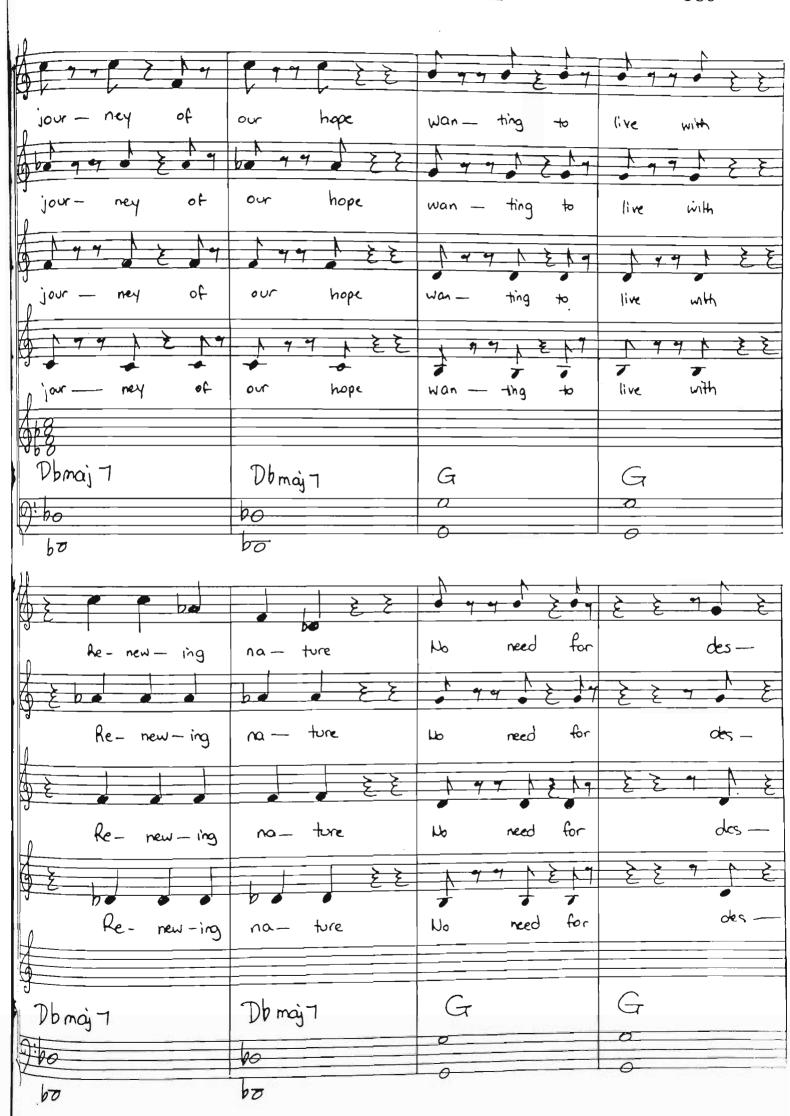
















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