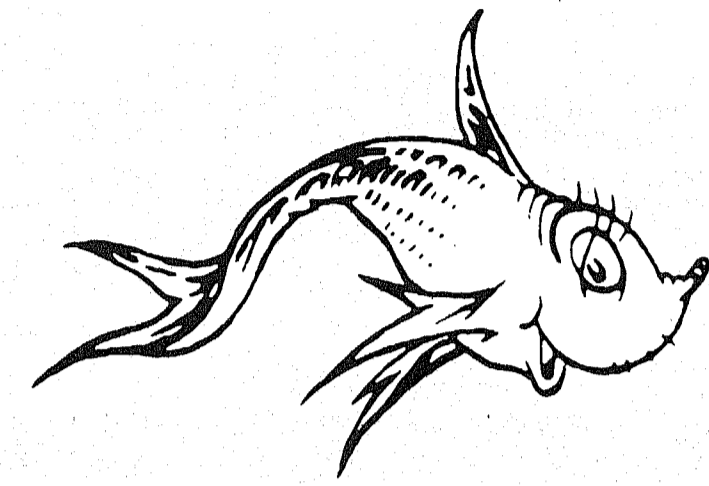


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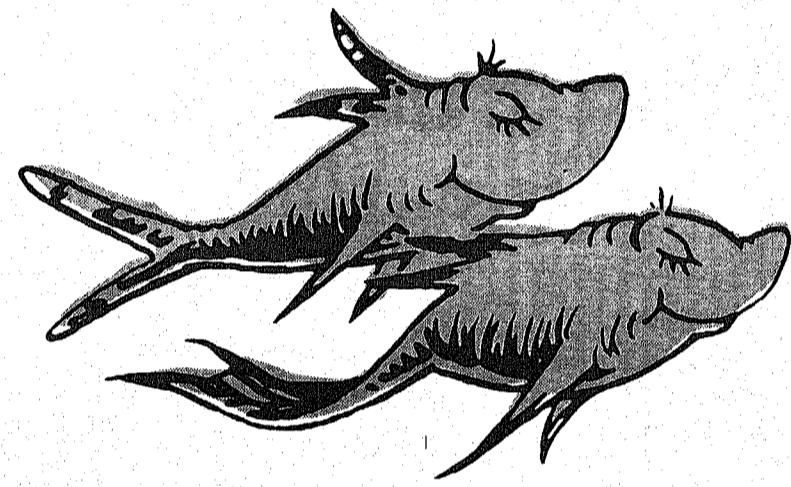
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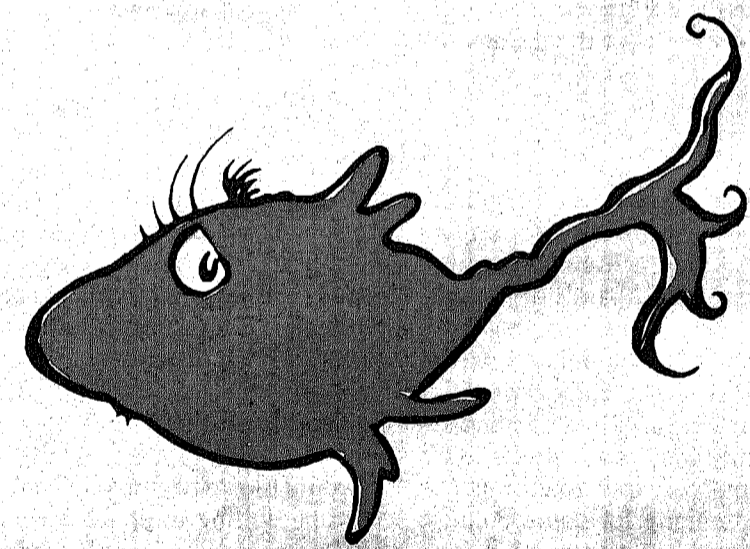
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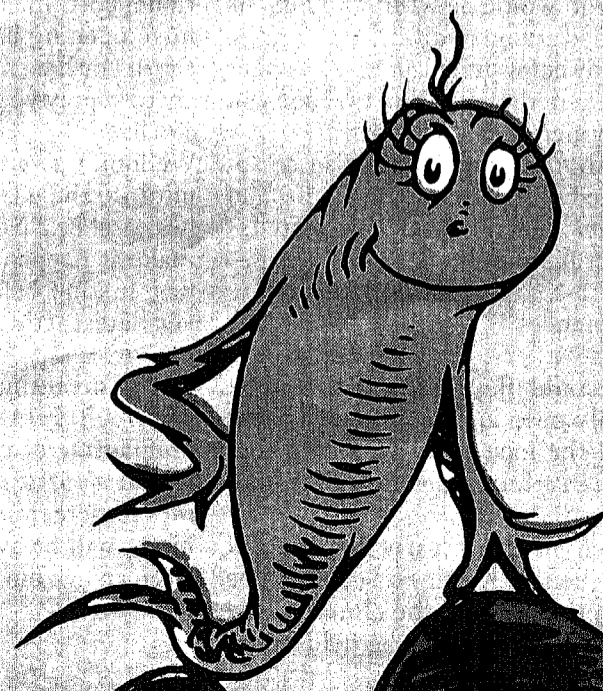
One fish



two fish



red fish



blue fish



Election changes (At Last!)

This year, voting for the Annual Student Elections will commence Monday, August 30, and conclude Friday, September 3. Available are positions in the Students' Association (Office Bearer positions such as President; Media positions of *On Dit* Editor/s and Student Radio Director/s; membership of Students' Association Council, Activities, Education/Services, and Women's Standing Committees; and National Union of Students delegate positions), and membership of the Adelaide University Union's managing body, the Union Board (the Union President is elected by Board members), and the Union's Activities Committee.

The Students' Association and the Union have changed their voting regulations in order to make the process

more professional and responsive to student needs. Unlike last year and previous years, all voting will take place in private polling booths in the way that local, state, and federal elections are conducted. The polite inquiry, "Can I help you fill out your ballot paper?" and not-so-polite directive, "Let me fill out your ballot paper," will become redundant from August 30, 1993.

Another major change is the opportunity for obtaining a postal vote if you are not going to be on campus during Election Week because of formal course requirements or hospitalisation, to name two instances. You must apply for a postal vote in writing. Come in to the Students' Association Office or ring 303 5926 for more information, and keep in mind a postal vote will be given only to those students whose case meets

the specified criteria.

Do think seriously about nominating for a position. It is your union fee that funds these student bodies, and it is desirable that they reflect the diversity of the student community at the University of Adelaide. Obviously many students run together as a 'ticket' for Students' Association and Union positions, but there are always students who run on their own for, and obtain, a position.

The extent to which you would like to be involved depends on the individual position. For instance, Students' Association Office Bearer positions (President, Education Vice-President, Activities/Campaigns Vice-President, Women's Officer, Environment Officer/s) require a high level of commitment, whereas Students' Association Coun-

cillors do not have to fulfil duties other than meeting attendance although there is always scope for further involvement.

Information on Students' Association positions and the way in which the Association runs, is available from the Association's office, ground floor of the George Murray Building, north-eastern corner of the Union Cloisters. Likewise, Union information can be obtained from the Union Administration Office, upstairs in the Lady Symon Building, south-western corner of the Union Cloisters. Nominations open Thursday, August 5, and close Friday, August 13.

Monica Carroll,
Students' Association Project/Research Officer.

One Size Fits All

Ansell International, with the support of the Pharmacy Guild of Australia is instigating a Condom Awareness Week (1st - 7th August, 1993) and National Condom Day (Saturday, 7th August) promotion as a major new element of its public education sponsorship program.

Using the theme "Protect Yourself", National Condom Day aims to generate awareness of the need to 'protect yourself' not only from HIV/AIDS but also from the host of other more prevalent sexually transmitted diseases (STDs). Authorities have estimated that condoms are used in less than 50% of high risk sexual encounters (sex outside long-term monogamous relationships) because the "it (AIDS) can't happen to me" attitude persists. They are

ignoring the awful and higher risks of falling victim to herpes, gonorrhoea, chlamydia, pelvic inflammatory disease (PID), the wart virus and the potentially fatal hepatitis B. Unprotected sexual activity in itself is a recognised co-factor in the development of cancer of the cervix. Please help stop these tragedies.

The University Health Service (ground floor Horace Lamb Building) will be supporting this health promotion activity and will have information leaflets, stickers and free condoms (coloured, ribbed, thin, tuff) to give away. Anyone wanting further information can come and discuss it with the Student Health Nurse (Sister Chadwick) or one of the Doctors. The Health Service can be contacted on 35050.

Multicultural Week

Multicultural Week which will take place all week from *September 6 to 10* is an opportunity for all students of Adelaide University to take pride in their own unique origins, and to enjoy the colour and diversity of Adelaide's undeniably multicultural community.

This is your celebration and we would be delighted to hear from you for assistance in one or several of the following areas.

Food

There are daily food festivals taking place on the Barr Smith Lawns from 12 to 2 pm, in which a mouthwatering variety of meals, snacks and drinks will be served by students and ethnic community groups. We would like to taste your own special home-made contribution! Team up with a few of your mates, or your family and talk to us about setting up your very own food stall.

We are also looking for some volunteers who would be willing to help us serve food at some stalls where the food is already being provided. You'll be sure to get a generous dollop of the food you are serving!

General volunteers would also be appreciated to help set up the stalls, and do other general tasks. Interested? Contact Justine Vaz.

Performances

If you would like to present an item at the daily open air lunchtime concerts held at the food festivals, please contact our Performances head, Henrick Lau.

An open air dance party the likes of which the Uni has never seen, will be held on the last day, the climax of the weeks celebrations. To be held in the

Cloisters, two or three very popular bands will perform, thrilling performances and seriously funky and contagiously danceable music will be featured. Tickets priced at under ten dollars will be ready in August. We would like you to help spread the word and encourage friends to get their tickets early as only 800 will be available.

Exhibitions

Exhibitions will be held in the Exhibition Room in the library as well as in the Craft Studio window. We are looking for items of cultural significance to be displayed in the cases. These may include, arts and crafts, traditional outfits and other display items of cultural significance. Please let us know if you have any contributions.

National Costume Parade

We would like to hear from people who would be willing to dress in their national costume for a parade during the huge opening bash to be held on the 6th. If you haven't got your own we will try to supply you with one. Just give us a call.

We look forward to receiving your input into the weeks activities, so don't hesitate! Be a part of *M* week and we'll make it happen together! Please contact Justine before August 10 at the very latest at the OSA office at 3035852.

In the meantime, for the rest of you *Multicultural Week* watchers, the full programme of craft workshops, traditional sports demonstrations, free movie screenings and much, much more, will be available in two weeks. Keep an eye out!

Rare books slashed

The Bookshop at the Art Gallery has books you won't find elsewhere: art, art resource, design, photography, architecture, and reference books. Huge reductions. Limited time! Sale starts 1 August. Open 7 days on North Terrace.



Liars, Damn Liars and Self Interested Individuals

David Moxham ex National Enquirer journalist, now writing for "Oh Dear" lashes out at "Eye Among the Blind"

There is a darkness in our world. The fall of "State Socialism" in Eastern Europe has left it untouched. It is the vision of economic rationalists and their ideal state.

A publication circulated last week entitled "Eye Among the Blind" contained many contemptible articles, but I shall contain myself to the piece "Freedom of the Individual Versus 'Big Brother'". I thank the author, Denis Dragovic, for having the courage to express his views. It is not so often that one sees the vision of the ideal economic rationalist state so clearly expressed.

"There are few places on Earth that stir the heart when their name is mentioned as Hong Kong does." He is dead right. The British colonial administration of Hong Kong is a blight on the face of this earth. It is anti-democratic, racist, elitist and has perpetrated the most perverse social experiment on a people that the Foreign Office would not dare contemplate inflicting on the people of the British Isles.

The people who brought us the insanity of Northern Ireland also have been busy in the Far East with Hong Kong. The pure disregard for the indigenous population has allowed even the thought of such extreme social negligence.

The economic inequality that is Hong Kong is rivalled only by the USA. Sure, while one or two messengers have made their millions, the overwhelming majority of the ethnic Chinese population has little chance of living in anything but poverty. The general wages for the ethnic Chinese are exploitative. It is a system devised to benefit a very few at the expense of the vast majority.

It has nothing to do with individual effort. The Protestant work ethic, that hard work produces results, is bullshit. Birth, friends and luck have far more to do with becoming rich. Also a good dose of social irresponsibility like fraud, extortion, blackmail, thuggery, theft and market manipulation can help. Read any of the stories of so called self-made "men". Most of them are turds of the highest order.

Their obsession with "Individual Freedom" is the problem. "Individual Freedom" is code for I will do what I damn well like and fuck you. Kerry Packer's performance before the Parliamentary Committee last year is a perfect example. He held the Committee in contempt. He believed he was answerable to nobody.

These people, far from being people we should aspire to follow, are dangerous psychopaths. Their obsession with power and money is self evident. Their lack of regard for others in business is well documented.

It is a matter of opinion what sort of society one wishes to live in. My firm opinion says that greedy bastards should be treated with the contempt they show towards others. Why should we have to

put up with others who insist that they can have whatever they want only because they insist it is their right?

Who says they have the right to act like such shitheads? When a two-year-old insists on filling up the supermarket trolley with chocolates, I do not acquiesce.

We live in a wonderful world full of resources. That does not mean we should gorge ourselves stupid like a child with a box of chocolates.

The obsession with production that many theories have concerns me.

The point of life is not to produce things and hopefully make a profit. The reason why I live my life is to be contented, fed and help continue the human race.

Believe it or not, it is possible

to live a life

without mass production and money. Most (primitive) societies did so quite ably. However, I do not advocate a return to the world before 'time'.

The fact of life is that we live in a society that is 'complex' in so much that we must rely on others to provide goods or services for our own use.

This implies to me that there must be co-operation for our society to function. Let the economic rationalist argue that rugged individualism is sufficient to provide all the needs within a community.

If Hong Kong is to be the example of the free market at work, then I would rather live in Australia any day. I would like to dispel a few myths about Australia.

Firstly, we are not an overtaxed country. In the OECD, the countries we like to compare ourselves with, only Turkey has a lower rate of overall taxation. We compare with Japan and the USA. It just so happens that we tax individuals moreso on their capacity to pay through a progressive income tax system. This pisses off those with higher incomes no end so we never stop hearing their whingeing.

A move to a GST is nothing more than shifting the tax burden from higher income earners to lower income earners. Add this to slashing the public sector, the poorer are screwed and the rich laugh all the way to the bank.

Dressing up such policies in the rhetoric of fairness is a joke.

The Big Lie that Australia is dominated by evil trade unions is so bizarre that it would dissolve into a fit of uncontrollable laughter if it was not believed by so many people.

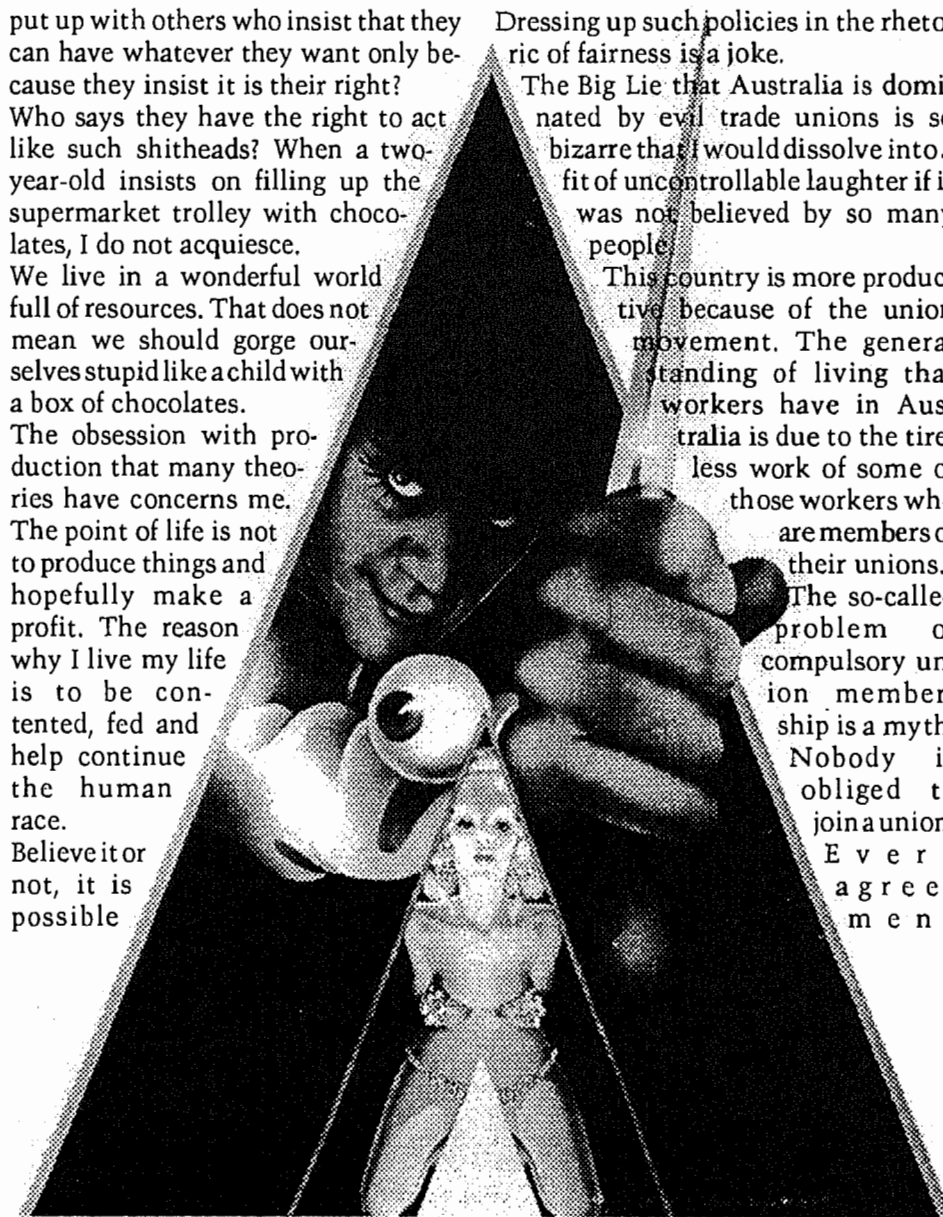
This country is more productive because of the union movement. The general standard of living that workers have in Australia is due to the tireless work of some of those workers who

are members of their unions.

The so-called problem of compulsory union membership is a myth.

Nobody is obliged to join a union.

Every agreement



that I have seen has an out clause for objectors.

There are good reasons why many workers wish to work collectively. For a start, the employer is not a disparate entity. An employee negotiating with an employer is hardly an equal affair. When the law gives the employer all the power, employees are reduced to begging. A worker's pay packet is not alms for the poor.

The wages that union members have negotiated for themselves through their unions underwrites our economy. Most Australians are, have been, or will be employees. "Self made men" are the extreme exception. The captains of industry need employees to buy their products. Our higher standard of living provides a greater market for them.

Statements like "Australia's economic problems like in the fact that we aren't competitive on an international level, productions costs in this country far outweigh those in other countries," are simply not true. It is a blatant lie that can be easily disproved. Even the Japanese "earn" more than Australians. If Australian Industry is having problems marketing its products in the world it is a bit rich to blame the workers.

Dangerous propaganda like "In Australia not only are we not encouraged to work but we are actively discouraged," is designed to transfer the incompe-

tence of management onto the workers.

Some corporations are quite able to design excellent products that sell in highly competitive markets and pay their employees (who enable them to make those products) good wages.

The "work harder" ethic seems more appropriate in a sermon rather than from an economist's model. After all, should not the market produce whatever it needs? It seems to me to be a bit of ad hoc theory defence. The theory would work if it was not for those naughty unionists.

The fact of life is that there are a large number of non-unionised workplaces in this country. If, indeed, their theory was true and non-unionised workplaces are more productive, the unionised workplaces would go broke.

Producing the cheapest product has never guaranteed a market for that product. The amount corporations spend on advertising suggest they do not believe that people are 'rational'.

Funny thing about human beings is that they do not always act in their self-interest. In fact, quite often they seem to care for other human beings when there is no objective rational reason to do so.

This must be very galling to the rugged individualists. Their theory of life is simply untrue. Believing that "self-interest" is the primary motive of human behaviour does not conform to the world that I know.

Sure, I know plenty of self-indulgent, greedy people, but they make up just one portion of our population. I have known many more people who treat others with respect and a desire to mutually benefit each other. What is more, I have even met people who will help others with no thought for self-reward.

Enlightened self-interest may be a reason for many preferring co-operation over competition. Another reason for many preferring co-operation over competition. Another reason may be that some people do not give a toss for competing in the first place. The primacy of the individual is but one understanding of the human race.

The Japanese culture has a very community-based value system and yet they seem to be quite productive. What is more, their government has a highly interventionist industry policy and they have high tariffs. Could it be that there are other ways to consider the 'economic' debate?

If 'self-interest' is the purpose of and motivation for life, then it is a pretty greedy and fucked up world. Luckily, I have found there are far more important things to do with my life. My growth as a human being comes through nurturing those around me. Together we produce a world that is worth living in.

David Moxham
Politics

President: Anthony Roediger

As the Federal Budget draws closer, the harshness of proposed increases to *your University fees* becomes more apparent. The Students' Association needs your assistance in voicing student concerns.

Lifetime Debt Threat

The author of a report on HECS and Austudy student debt has "discovered" (surprise, surprise) that many students face a "lifetime" of repayments.

Professor Ann Harding found that repayments as a percentage of income were highest for graduates in their mid 20s and early 30s when they were vulnerable to mortgages, marriage and

maternity.

She said while most men would fully repay their HECS / Austudy debt by their late 30s, many women would still be paying it off in their late 40s and 50s. The findings are based upon a model which assumed all students undertake four years of study and elect not to pay HECS upfront, so that all students graduate with a HECS debt of \$9,312 and an Austudy supplement debt of \$16,000. The SAUA urge you to write to: Mr Kim Beazley, Minister for Employment, Education and Training and Mr John Dawkins, Treasurer both C/- House of Representatives, Canberra.

Alternatively, come into the SAUA and fax *free* your complaint. The only way this can be stopped is for the Government to realise that Uni students are not made of money and that financial backing should *never* be a criterion for entry to University.

In Brief

- Roseworthy opened their new gym last week, a great service to students.
- Rebecca Shinnick has successfully negotiated longer weekend hours in the Law Library. Student protest works!
- *Prosh is coming!* Get involved.
- Keep dropping in with grievances, we are handling more and more all the



time.

- HECS Campaign, Blue Stocking Week, Safe Sex Campaign, Prosh, Indigenous People's Forums - drop in and find out.

Environment Officers: Jo, Tania & Goose

Mabo.

There has been much discussion lately about the implications of the High Court's decision in the Mabo case. It seems that many of our politicians, especially certain Conservative Premiers, are having problems with the concept of the Indigenous people in this country having native title to the land. It is a pity that when the opportunity has arisen for governments around the country to acknowledge the dispos-

session of Aboriginal land that has occurred, we instead find the politicians are once again more interested in defending the rights of pastoralists and foreign mining companies.

In Tasmania we have Premier Groom denying that the genocide of Tasmanian Aboriginals occurred, and in Victoria Professor Blainey criticising the Mabo decision as incorrect, because it imposes a 20th century view on events in the past. What else is it meant to do?

Was the burning of those women accused of witchcraft alright because that was the view of the time? Of course not. The High Court has given all Australians a chance to rectify part of its past which we should have done years ago. Here's your chance PJK.

The Radio Show.

Just a reminder that the environment show hits the 5UV airwaves once again in second semester. Check it out every second Sunday at 4-30pm, 531 on the

AM band for the hot gossip on the environment, great music, and a cynical look at the Australian media and way of life.

Library Recycling

Don't forget to use the recycled copiers now on trial in The Barr Smith Library until you drop. There is one on level 1 of the Library, near the main stairs, as well as one in Reserve.

Activities/Campaigns VP: Maddie Shaw

Prosh!!

Next Friday (13th) is Prosh Day. All proceeds from the day go to the Aboriginal Community Recreation and Health Services Centre of SA, so it's a very good excuse to be completely decadent for the day and have fun.

The day's programme is:

8.30 am - Bike, Bus and Walk Environmentally Friendly Beer and Champagne Breakfast, Mayo Refectory. Orange juice and croissants will also be available. A sloshy, lagery sort of start to the day.

1 pm - Marshall Fig will be playing in

the UniBar. Entry is free.

2 pm - Skulling Competition. Bring a team of six to the Barr Smith Lawns and test your skills.

4 pm - Head up to the UniBar. You can either stay around and drink your fill or you can follow the Engineers on their tour to shame and lager - the Pub Crawl.

8 pm - Back to the Union building for the big one - Prosh After Dark.

For only \$8 (!!!) (for Adelaide uni students, \$9 other students and \$10 general public) you get to hear:

The Clowns of Decadence, Aunty

Raelenc, The Undecided, Cerveza Y Putas, Crush, Kula Choice and Ajemaluda. There will also be performing freaks, food stalls and *BEER as a door prize!* !! A jolly good deal and tickets are on sale at the Students' Association office.

Prosh day is proudly presented by Coopers Breweries and the Students' Association.

Blue Stocking Week.

This is Blue Stocking Week, celebrating women's participation in Higher

Education. Putting this week together has been an incredible effort from lots of women, so join in! There's lots on offer throughout the week.

Free Education?

On Thursday, August 12th at 1 pm in the North Dining Room (level 5, Union building) there will be a forum on free education. There will be a speaker from each of the three major political parties, so come along and ask the tough questions.

Education VP: Rebecca Shinnick



Wednesday, 11th August - Information table on Lawns

Thursday, 12th August - Free Education? Debate

There will be a fax jam and letters to send to members of Parliament. So if you don't want HECS to increase any further, sign a letter and make your voice heard.

The Return of the Exam Papers

Student Affairs has recommended University policy on this and at Academic Board on 28th July, 1993, a motion was passed to recommend to Council the favouring of the return of exam scripts. More on this next week.

Individual Grievances

There have been lots of complaints about illegal fees lately - keep them coming.

See, I said it would be brief.

Cheers (and coughs).

Hello to everybody! I hope you are all settling back into the grind of study (not too quickly though!). I'm suffering from the flu at the moment so I'll make it brief.

HECS Campaign

Tuesday, 10th August - GSM, 1 pm, Barr Smith Lawns



STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

Coming up...

Monday 2nd - Friday 5th July
Blue Stocking Week

Monday 2nd

Blue Stocking Launch

Tuesday 3rd

Blue Stocking Fair Day

University Open Day

Wednesday 4th

Blue Stocking Forum

Friday 5th

National Condom Day

"Women's Day Off"

Monday 9th - Friday 13th
Education Week

Tuesday 10th

National Day of Action

General Student Meeting 1 pm

Wednesday 11th

Education Stall on Lawns 1 pm

Thursday 12th

"Free Education?" Debate 1 pm

Friday 13th

Prosh Day

Blue Stocking Week

Celebrating Women's participation in higher education



Monday
2nd August

2 pm
BLUE STOCKING WEEK CHAMPAGNE LAUNCH
Loft, Union Gallery, Level 6, Union Building. Women only. Drinks and snacks provided.
Speaker: Peggy Mares

6.30 pm
PGSA FORUM, BUFFET AND ENTERTAINMENT
Union Gallery. "Getting There" - a forum celebrating women in Post Graduate education.
Speakers: Janine Haines, Audrey Nicholson, Margaret McGuire, Sandra Taylor, Penny Boumelaha

WEDNESDAY
4th August

1pm
MULTICULTURAL WOMEN'S FORUM
Little Theatre.
Hear women of different cultures speak of their experiences within that culture and within the Australian multicultural society.
Speakers, Maria Pallotti-Chiarolli, University of South Australia • Tanya Bensimon • Ingrid O'Loughlin, Aboriginal Cultural Institute Inc, Maya Thillakkannu.

TUESDAY
3rd August

WOMEN'S FAIR DAY
Come and hear women's band KULA CHOICE play on the Barr Smith Lawns. Browse through the fair stalls.

Friday
5th August

WOMEN'S DAY OFF
Spend the day relaxing in the Craft Studio - pottery, screening, being massaged, etc.

Women in Tertiary Education Seminar Series



Celebrating Women in Tertiary Education - Getting There
2nd August, 1993 - 6.30 pm. Adelaide University Union Gallery. Food provided. Women only. Bookings essential.
Speakers: Janine Haines, Dr Sandra Taylor, Professor Penny Boumelha, Janet Verbyla, Margaret McGuire.

Women in Health Science Education
12th August, 1993 - 7.30 pm. Flinders University Union Brasserie.
Speakers: Associate Professor Genevieve Gray, Associate Professor Ann Crocker, Dr Ida Llewellyn-Smith, Associate Professor Jennifer Greenwood.

Women in Science Education
23rd August, 1993 - 7.30 pm. Adelaide University Union Gallery.
Speakers: Ann-Marie Grisogono, Deborah Keighly-James, Angela Renfrey, Carol Kreswell.

The Experiences of Senior Women in Tertiary Education
6th September, 1993 - 7.30 pm. Flinders University Union Brasserie.
Speakers: Associate Professor Faith Trent, Ms Kay Schofield.

Indigenous Women in Tertiary Education
13th September, 1993 - 7.30 pm. Adelaide University Union Gallery.
Speakers: Sharon Cruse and other speakers to be confirmed.

Demystifying Postgraduate Study
5th October, 1993 - 7.30 pm. Adelaide University Union Gallery.
Speakers: Sherri Forby, Dr Lyndall Ryan, Kay Rollinson and other speakers to be confirmed.

The Experiences of Women Studying Overseas
18th October, 1993 - 7.30 pm. Flinders University Union Brasserie.
Speakers: Yumi Lee, Helen O'Grady and other speakers to be confirmed.

The Marginalisation of Women and Women's Issues
1st November, 1993 - 7.30 pm. Flinders University Union Brasserie.
Speakers: Helen Macdonald, Kerri Allen, Mary Stead, Jan Whittle.

Contacts:
Jane Prince 201 3174
Maria Sloggett 303 5898

Presented by:
Adelaide Postgraduate Students' Association
Flinders Students' Association
Flinders Postgraduate Students' Association
Refreshments available. Childcare and disabled access available by prior arrangement.

Letters

Address your missives to On dit, GPO Box 498 Adelaide 5001, drop 'em in the box in the SAUA, or give them straight to us: SW corner of the cloisters, first on the right. Come up and see us, make us smile.

Some Feminisms are better than others

Dear Editors,

Ms McEwen in her article on women in Japan has demonstrated exactly what I find so distasteful about Western feminism when it is applied to other cultures.

Firstly, she should not be so sanctimonious. Women are *not* equal to men in this society. One look at our rape, domestic violence, sexual harassment and eating disorders statistics shows that this is a self-evident fact. Women are stereotyped in the media, often playing submissive or marginal roles. Ms McEwen should watch Beverly Hills 90210 or read Cleo, Cosmopolitan, etc. before she criticises the alleged devaluation of women in Japan.

Secondly, many of the social evils she criticises in Japan, are equally prevalent in this society. Pornography, often depicting violence towards women, is widely available here. Violence towards women is also condoned by the representatives and enforcers of the law (e.g. Bollen, Bland and co.) to whom rape does not exist because "no" means "yes", and even if it really means "no", one has the option of "rougher than usual handling" or knocking the victim unconscious.

Sex tours involving the exploitation of child prostitutes in Thailand and the Philippines, involve people from all over the world, including Australia. While the author may be aware of this she should acknowledge it, instead of implying (by omission) that the Japanese are the only people who are involved in the horrific abuse of these children.

Lastly, she has the audacity to state that "Japanese women usually do not continue working once married." This is an insult to the countless generations of women all over the world who worked to raise a family and manage a household. Believe me, this involves a great deal of effort, organisation and dedication and to glibly dismiss it as "ensconced in the home" betrays Ms McEwen's ethnocentricity and patriarchalism. Even if she did live in Japan, she is still writing from the perspective of her social and cultural conditioning. Did it not occur to her that a Japanese woman might not see resigning her job to stay at home as "giving it all up to become a traditional acquiescent wife"?

By implying that a woman cannot achieve personal and job satisfaction unless she rejects her traditional domestic role and by promoting paid jobs (traditionally dominated by men) as a goal that all women should aspire to, the author expresses the aspect of Western feminism which I find most offensive. On devaluing women's traditional roles, they betray their own feelings of inferiority (to men) by trying to be like them, i.e. devaluing the domestic sphere and assuming (or rather, presuming) that a woman's work is only of value if it involves a non-domestic career. Women should have the option to choose whether they wish to work in their homes or outside them. It is senseless to "free" women from the "chain" of domesticity, only to fetter them with the expectation that they should join the paid workforce. Ms McEwen would do well to remember that the devaluation of the domestic sphere is a Western perspective and is not necessarily a view shared by other cultures. Women who work at home are, in many traditional societies, respected for and gain satisfaction from their invaluable work. Ms McEwen's comments are shallow and superficial and reveal far more about her ethnocentric and patronising attitudes than they do about the position of Japanese women in their society. If she wishes to effect radical scope for this in Australia she should not attempt to do so in another society and culture of which she obviously has a very limited understanding.

Name withheld

State of the Union

Dear Students,

The Union is rotten to the core. Everywhere the wishes of students are ignored by an arrogant management and a Board mostly ignorant of its responsibilities to the students.

Why did the Union pay for an outside market research firm to assess the Union when any number of students could have done the job better? How much money has the Bar lost and why? This sort of inefficiency will not stop until the people who pay for these services - the students - have the right to manage them.

Instead of the current inflexible structure, management should be based on student committees, open to all, each responsible for one aspect of the Union - the bar, the coffee shops, the refectories and so on. Over all management issues can be dealt with by regular student meetings. In this new structure, decisions must be based on consensus, not controlled by those with one point of view. Students can no longer tolerate a Union management that sees fit, among other things, to tape students' conversations without their knowledge or consent.

Jason Hawkes
Politics
David Roussy
Psychology

Still Smokin'

Dear TRJ "Get a Name" Kittel,

Once again you have seen fit to put pen to paper to bore us all with your urine fixation.

I would like to remind you that the On Dit article to which you refer *Smoke on the Water*, was published over four months ago. No one is interested in your obscure toilet 'debate' but you. Your letter writing is indicative of a pathetic craving for attention, as you attempt to bask in the rapidly fading light of my pop art masterpiece, *Smoke on the Water*. The same could never be said of me. Still, I suppose that for you this kind of reflected fame is better than none at all. Your latest letter has only confirmed the belief that my smoker-baiting lark was wasted on your kind - a case of "dangling pearls before swine".

Hilarious and expertly crafted though my stunt was, it has long since faded from the memories of most. So have you, you pathetic little dweeb, so stop hanging around like a smoker's breath. I would advise you to get on with your life.

Best regards,
Matthew Denby
(Zany Satirist and Great Guy)

He's back!

To those who push a feminist barrow,

When I think feminism, I think ennui. Well, why wouldn't I? These days the droning monotony of feminist banging their own drums leaves little more than a dull ringing in my ear. The same resounding choruses of wimmin against injustice and sisters fighting sexism has been vibrating in the fabrics of time for years now. It's just another background noise, like that of moving traffic, that has to be filtered out of my hearing or at least turned down to volume one.

It's the same stale old stuff year after year that never fails to name the latest up and coming challenge to the cause the "battle of the sexes". Ah, wearily I examine this fresh new injustice to find only an overwhelming aroma of dust and mothballs emanating from the pages before me.

- Mr X causes injustice to Ms Y because she is a woman, therefore sisters, men need to be changed. Can't argue with that I suppose. If you wanted to select one man to represent the entire male species then I guess this character Mr X would be adequate and general enough.

Then every so often there's that embarrassing occurrence where the public are notified as to how women are progressing in today's society and if the author's ever so adventurous it will be about the achievements of women in traditionally male dominated arenas. Despite the multitude of times I have witnessed this pattern of storyline I still cringe at this demeaning, self patronising event and its resulting paradox. On the one hand you have feminism based around an ideology which deems that people should be judged on their own talents and shortcomings, not their sex, yet here you have ridiculous, self-congratulatory articles that seem to say - "Hey fellow females take heart, they're women and they can do it just like men can!".

It's just the same, boring, typical idea being recycled again and again - that women need to be made aware, concerned and motivated towards the feminist cause, and in particular, its goal of equality. The same division of men and women. The same segregation and apartheid of the sexes. The repetition bores me stupid.

Surely the time has passed for the femi-

nist campaign to be wielding its devices exclusively in the direction of women?

Perhaps one day the feminist cause will adopt a more holistic approach, including both sexes equally in its pursuit of equality. Ah! It will be a joyous day when I can remove the present dusty shroud of feminism, along with its associated numbing boredom, and perhaps, just perhaps, view something a little more balanced and fresh.

Alexander E. Smith
2nd Year Chem. Eng.

Vituperative

Dear Elle,

I can only hope that your vituperative letter in last week's On Dit was a sad attempt at a joke (why the quotation marks?), for it is news of this kind that serve only to widen the gender gap and further misunderstanding. Your "analysis" of the "typical male" demonstrates little, if any, comprehension of males or, for that matter, of analysis. Rather, it reads as a petty, vicious attempt at male-bashing, an easy target in the current political climate. That is not to say that the balance of power that has traditionally been a male sphere of dominance should not be changed to a more equitable distribution between the sexes, this is important and necessary and will eventually happen. However, your comments, especially regarding the "pseudo feminist", actually render this outcome more difficult.

Surely the women's movement would be pleased to accept the support of any willing participants of either sex and any racial or class background, in order to realise their goals more speedily and smoothly. The examples you give of typical males ("brutal, assaulting, barbaric" and "rapists") are obviously not typical but minorities.

The women's movement has been working against the traditional stereotypes that have been imposed on them; your letter is a litany of equally shallow stereotypes of males ("thinking with his dick" for Christ's sake!) and also serves to reinforce the perception of feminists as radical, bellicose misandrists (sic). Yours in disgust,
Chris van der Walt
Arts

P.S. I am curious to know why you didn't sign the letter with your own name(s). Cowardice ...?

Sonically bonkers youth

Dear George, Richard and Fiona,

I feel that it should be brought to your attention that one of the greatest rock legends to have graced the face of our pitiable little planet is in desperate danger of folding. Yes, kids, *Schlerfen* are on the rocks. After many years of forever changing the way that we think

about contemporary music, those fun-lovin' guys are thinking of throwing in the towel. And this tragedy is perhaps greatest for us, the students at this hallowed institution, as they were planning to begin their world-shattering "... and now we're cooking with gas" global tour right here, with their appearance in the Campus Band Competition. But no more will our halls resound to the cry of "Too drunk to talk". Please, fellow human beings, be aware of the great tragedy that may be about to befall us, and pray that it will never come to pass!

Thurston
3rd Year Arts / Law

Football

'Carn the Crows'? More like stone the bastards.

Wasn't it a pity when Channel 7 broke its 'promise' to the people of Adelaide and showed, horror of horrors, a *delayed telecast* of the 'mini grand final', 'club's most important game in its brief history', 'clash of the interstate Titans' game between the Crows and West Coast. It's enough to make the dead turn in their graves - like hell!

Adelaide, take a good look at your collective selves. It seems that some sort of small-town mentality has gripped us to such an extent, that a football game is now capable of getting front page status for five days running in the morning paper. So much for the economy, Maho, Bosnia and Somalia.

Everyday one can read that the Demi-God of Adelaide, Tony 'Mark of the Day / Week / Year / Decade / Century' only has to kick 19 goals in the first quarter of the upcoming game to break all the football records known to man. And of course, this time he will do it. Frankly, it's all about as interesting as the storyline in the next episode of 'Paradise Beach', where Tori finds that she no longer fits in her size 4 bodysuit and goes on a crash diet.

Equally like as England losing the next test, Adelaide's media is bound to continue the hype around the 'might Camry Crows'. When will wisdom prevail and channel 7 return to showing nature documentaries on the burrowing habits of sub-Arctic whale otters on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon? After all, it's only a game.

Peter Matera
as told to Shaundee Sen
Medicine

Women students

Dear Editor,

I am researching why women over 25 return to study, what they enrol in and how their perceptions of study change over time. Any readers who are interested in sharing their experiences with me can write to me at: 13B Justinian Street, Palmyra, WA, 6157.

Thank you,
Vicki Mannion

Depraved

Dear Eds,

I congratulate you on your tireless efforts to provide the students with informative and intellectually stimulating reading material. If I bathed in lamb placenta and shaved a greasy piglet I would be a prime candidate for the Chairperson of Tasteless amnesiacs manipulating poor orange numbats (Tampon).

For all those readers feeling somewhat bored with their mundane futile existence try sifting through babyshit to find:

- (a) a lego block
- (b) an old toe nail
- (c) a used condom
- (d) a budgerigar's foot.

Remember - only those who truly hold

themselves in high regard would consider felching road-kill.

Yours,
A higher diety (sic)
P.S. Any responses welcome.

Damien, where are you?

Dear Eds,

Please print this in On dit: Damien, Engineering student born in the Year of the Rabbit who was at Heaven Wednesday 28th July and led into the park by Annette. Please call her. (Annette's phone number has been withheld to protect her from Damian wannabes. Damien, call into On dit and we'll hand it over - Eds.)



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TODAY'S PROFESSIONALS HELPING TOMORROW'S PROFESSIONALS

It's all cricket to me

Unionists and people of the Left of the political spectrum have always used a rich vocabulary when discussing their daily work. From the standard description of the capitalist system ("The bosses take the profits, the workers take the blame"), to the equally inspiring call to revolution ("If you have nothing, you have nothing to lose"), in the past the Left has coined many memorable phrases that will be with us forever.

The Australian counterparts, however, tend to avoid all encompassing adages that have characterised the speeches of Lenin and indeed even as recently as the colourful ex-British P.M. Neil Kinnock (they don't call him "Kinnock the red for nothing"). Only recently, the divisions created in the union movement over when to seek an \$8 pay rise through the Industrial Relations Commission has seen one of the greatest oral barrages of the last few months. The general secretary of the national

Union of Workers, Mr Greg Sword, strongly endorsed the ACTU's current strategy to delay the payment, saying the best time to win the \$8 claim was when the union movement had a "few more runs on the board".

Cricketing metaphors abound elsewhere in the media and politicians have usually been the ones to use them.

"It's up to women to go in there and bat," hailed Alan Jones recently on television on the more prominent role women should take in politics.

"There's no reason to bat on," sighed Graham Richardson. He was referring to his mate Keating and his prospects of mounting another leadership challenge after the failed first Kirribilly House attempt last year.

"He's really thrown down a googly!" is often heard when an MP has made a particularly hairy announcement in parliament or to the press.

Or the famous arts critic who wrote: "Ms X has had about two flops among the 12 plays she has produced which is a hell of a batting average."

Not to be outdone by its boring cousin, football has also hit a metaphorical six. "Get the Guernsey" is commonly used



Shazza goes the tonk

to denote someone getting a turn or a go at something.

Yet the most endearing (and most confusing) must be the language used in

the trading and subsidy war between nations. Farmers are often the orators: "Australian farmers are trying to play on a level field but the Americans are always moving the goals."

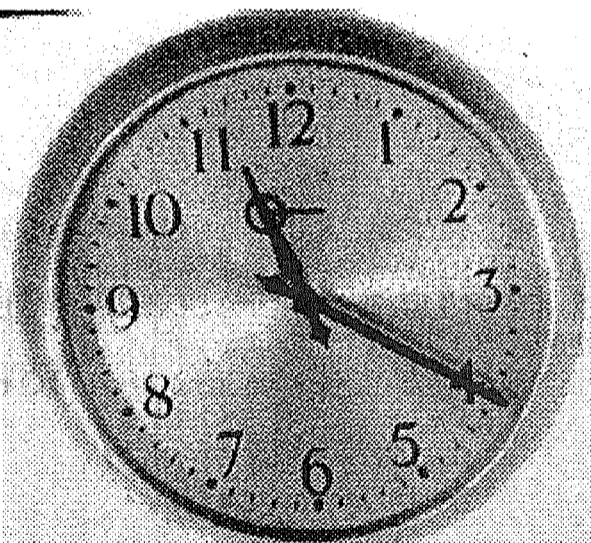
Taking the Federal Labor Government to task over their inactivity in regards to job creation, ACTU President Martin Ferguson said that projects to fund jobs should be initiated and investment should be boosted: "We're on a level playing field, now we've got to kick a few goals."

The very topical Mabo debate has necessarily, given the seriousness of the nature of the issue, provided us with some beauties: "The High Court initiated it. Coe (Land Rights lawyer) picked it up and ran with the ball."

Winter is battling up to be a season of bouncers and we can expect John Hewson at the crease and Peter Reith and Bronwyn Bishop behind the stumps waiting for a nick to the slips. In the meantime, we nervously eye the changerooms and hope that the twelfth man, Howard, is padded up just in case everyone else is hit for six as Australians wonder whether Sir Joh really is a run short of a century.

Mario Bianco

What's the time?



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PROSH - COMING SOON...

Doug Anthony Allstars

Rohan Thompson and Jeremy Hillman have a post-show chat to Tim Ferguson about fame, feminism and Flacco



The Doug Anthony All Stars are certainly not what you call the archetypal show-biz crew. To be greeted with Richard's feelings on *Cerebus* is hardly the response anyone would be looking for. Hell, you simply wouldn't walk around expecting anyone to know anything about *Cerebus*. The Doug Anthony All Stars do. They also know about *Kiss*, Nippy's Orange Juice and monkeys that bear a resounding resemblance to Paul. Of course there are the groupies. Even people as vulgar, grotty, politically incorrect and smelly as DAAS get them. Just take a look at the hordes of fawning youngsters waiting with baited breath to meet their idols. Shit, they're human. They're people with a nose, two legs etcetera. Tim is drivelling shit. It's probably one of the best ways to satisfy fans and not have to think about it at the same. They're happy, they've got their five cents worth of fame. Tim is running the show.

DAAS seem to be becoming famous at exponentially. Judging by tonight's performance, it be starting to get out of hand. Their lives seem full and even the bi-annual pilgrimage to the festival would appear to be off the cards. March is a bad time. Perhaps they'll be in England rubbing uglies with Tom Jones, Julian Clary or whomever on *Viva Cabaret*.

Full seems to be the only way to describe their agenda with many upcoming activities and releases, a comedy album, videos, a new DAAS Kapital Comic release in the immediate future - as Tim says, "We've always wanted to cover everything

everything we can get our hands on." This would include, it seems, a move into current affairs. The proposed plan is to create "... five minute vignettes about London, fashion, sex, terrorism and Europe." Of course, this may not be entirely truthful - said Tim of DAAS's indefinite move to Europe: "We lied."

There are plans afoot to release most of this here in Australia. Although first and foremost they want to service

you love to hate. He just scored himself a gorgeous Astro Boy bomber jacket by some crazed fan. Sick I tell you! Sick! Sick! Sick! Some people just take it that extra bit too far. It's a bit like teenage unrequited love. You're showered with gifts and you plainly don't give a shit. You're flattered, but you just couldn't have cared if they did or didn't give it to you. Those fans, they're wacky!

According to Tim, "you can never be

According to Tim, "you can never be really responsible for the audience that you attract or what they assimilate from what you do." One look at the comfortably numb gimboid gimp down the front and you'd have to say, "yep, I'm glad I'm not his mother."

the European market, they won't be forgetting their roots. "It would be very silly of us to ignore the market we have here," said the most vocal Tim. "We'll come back a couple of times a year and remind people that we're still alive, really." Christmas is touted by DAAS to be the next time they visit. This time 'round "Adelaide was at the top of the list" at the expense of Perth, Brisbane, Sydney and Kalgoorlie. Maybe the same will hold next visit but they've already confirmed one thing and that's their unpredictability. Didn't Tim lie once?

Richard, being the quiet one strolled into the room sometime during the conversation as did Paul. Paul is the one who's hard to fathom. He's the one

really responsible for the audience that you attract or what they assimilate from what you do." One look at the comfortably numb gimboid gimp down the front and you'd have to say, "yep, I'm glad I'm not his mother." There's always a rotten one. Rotten things are always the best to throw. I'd say it's got something to do with peashooters bouncing off the hide of an elephant. You work out which is which.

Obnoxious fans Tim can handle, but it is the radicals and their criticism that he has rather stronger views upon. In the case of his "O man, O sapien, O cock" poem, a complete piss-take of feminist literature, feminists either didn't quite know how to take it, or took offence. Says Tim of separatist

feminists "...what they're talking about is a whole pack of cock. All they're talking about is men, for a start, and all I can say to that is tit fucking whallop!" And in the case of supposedly "women's magazines" that only have articles about men and contain only 13-year olds in bikinis with a tan, Tim described a mature woman's magazine dying after only a few issues. "Want to ask me why? Because if I was going to sink money into a magazine, I wouldn't sink it into one with over-40 women ... unless they were naked." Does that in essence sum up the Doug Anthony All Stars? They are *not* wife beaters. They are *not* into degrading women by hauling them up on stage to be ritually debased and humiliated. They don't feel the urge to down slab after slab after slab and cry at the passers by down Hindley Street, "cor, cop that set o' fun bags!". Nope. Opinions they may have. Reasoned opinions is what they are. Listen to them. They're not made of cardboard to be put on display in a supermarket, grinning and with a speech bubble saying "buy Retinol". That's Flacco's job. Though controversial to many people, and distasteful to others, it cannot be denied that the DAAS have a large core of followers, followers that can see past the DAAS as performers and see that they are three-dimensional people with a huge talent for comedy and music, two facets of performing that they have merged with great success.

Rohan Thompson
and Jeremy Hillman

The World of Oratory, Rhetoric and Debating

Words move history. Like nothing else it is humankind's capacity to speak that creates massive social change, summons the greatest armies together, establishes empires and nations and tears them apart. One might expect the early Rhetoricians would have had this fact firmly borne in the mind.

Rhetoric, the study and theory of public speaking, was a discipline that stood at the forefront of Greek and Roman education. Famous for the teaching of rhetoric and rhetorical technique were the Greek Sophists whose skills were frequently sought after. A knowledge of how to speak well was viewed as important assets to the Greek citizen who, living under a system of Athenian participatory democracy, could use his skills to gain considerable influence in

political circles. Possibly what is regarded as the best known publication on rhetoric stemmed not from the Athenian sophists but from Roman civilisation. To wit, Quintilian's *Institutio Oratoria*, literally translated to mean the Training of an Orator. The work constitutes a twelve volume set and it focuses on the process of educating a speaker from infancy to career mastery. Interestingly enough, Quintilian took the view of Plato, a critic of the Sophists, that oratory and morality should not be separated and that a good speaker must also

"It is not the powerful arm, but soft, enchanting tongue that governs all."

- Sophocles, Philoctetes (495 - 406 B.C.)

be a good citizen. But morality is an amorphous thing and throughout history the acclaimed orators, the great practitioners of public speaking, have achieved their successes by evoking their own morality, their own view of the world and their own agenda for what was to be done. Pope Urban II is famous for his messianic call to arms of volunteers for the first crusade. Centuries later, it would be the defiant words of Martin Luther, at the Diet of the Worms, that would catapult Europe into the Protestant Reformation and the Wars of Religion that followed. In the twentieth century, the practise of public speaking has been no less critical in determining the fate of history. In fact, the momentous advent of the Second World War was as much a battle of words as military strength. The rise of Adolf Hitler in Germany was, to a large extent, attributable to the dictator's command of words, and the ruthless delivery of his speeches. But Hitler's powerful conquest of self-expression was equally matched by the solemn and yet passionate speeches of Sir Winston Churchill as he summoned the British people's to the defence of Europe.

Socrates, Cicero, Aquinas, Calvin, Voltaire, Lincoln, Disraeli, Lenin, Mao,

Kennedy, Thatcher; the list of great orators throughout history continues ad infinitum offering endless evidence to support the notion that words and their speakers move history.

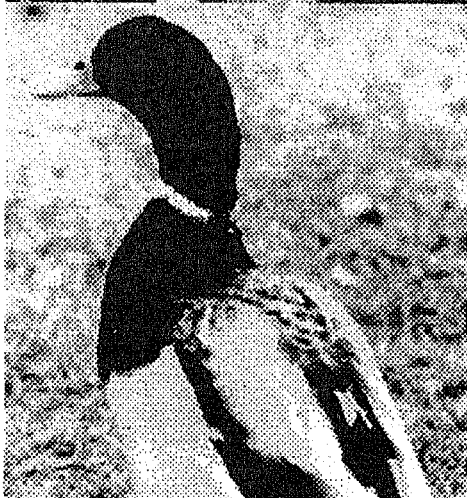
Debating is the practise of oratory as part of a formal competition. The contest is between two teams, usually with two or three members on each side, that present opposing arguments pertaining to a certain issue. The issue disputed is usually stated in the form of a positive resolution, i.e. 'That all art is quite useless.' It is up to the affirmative team to defend the statement and the negative team to discredit it. The argument on both sides usually take the form of assertions supported by evidence. A stimulating aspect of debating is that it allows for the techniques of oratory and rhetoric to be employed to their limits. Debators make use of allusion, metaphor, reasoning by analogy, deductive and inductive logic and satire in an effort to support their case and counter that of their opponents.

Today a knowledge of public speaking and the skills that accompany it are in high demand. Careers in public relations, commerce, politics and law require a high competence in speaking. Even careers in the more technical fields of science, economics and medicine require personnel with good communication skills and a capable grasp of language. And so it may be said that the proficient speakers of today are creating tomorrow's history. The champions of the debating contest may well go on to become tomorrow's leaders and historic figures: for better or for worse.

Peter H. Slegers

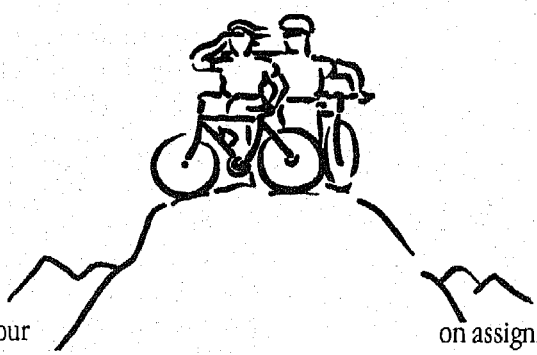
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Prime Mover

David Mills spoke to Paul Mercurio, a dancer

Paul Mercurio. The man sure can move, and he proved that fact to millions in the movie *Strictly Ballroom*. But can he talk as well? What lies behind that clean-cut exterior and boy-next-door smile? I set out to find the answers to these questions and more during his recent brief jaunt in Adelaide.

In pursuing this interview I wound up at sunny Leabrook in the Coopers Breweryhouse (of all places), a large old place flooded with the aroma of fresh beer. You could probably manage to get pissed on the wafting currents of air alone. An unexpected place to come across a gifted and sensitive young artist.

But all became clear. Coopers is sponsoring Mercurio's latest pet project, a dance theatre company called the Australian Choreographic Ensemble, currently playing in rural centres with a piece called "Imprint". Coopers is investing big money in Mercurio's reputation and talent, so when they asked him to take time out from his rural tour, who was he to say no? Mercurio came to the Big Smoke with two dancers from his company in tow, to hobnob with the press and drink all that free beer.

Talking to Paul Mercurio was almost ridiculously easy. Engagingly friendly and down-to-earth, it struck me that, even with his sudden rush of fame, he has kept himself on terra firma. He is unpretentious and immediately likeable. All round, a good cultural ambassador.

And certainly a busy one. In the past year, Mercurio has maintained a high public profile to the point of risking over-exposure, what with establishing his own team, his celebrated work for the Sydney Dance Company, and singlehandedly making it cool again to wear the chesty Bonds singlets through his promotional work. Other public appearances have included flaunting his tattooed thigh for the pages of that dubious teen-scene magazine *Smash Hits*, and his listing as the eighth sexiest man in the universe, according to a recent article in *Cleo*.

Mercurio is obviously delighted and somewhat amused at his inclusion on that list. Upon asking him his reaction to it, he breaks out in a broad smile: "Yeah! That was...um...(mentally gropes around for the appropriate word and eventually gives up). The old ego goes Hey! But - so what? Why wasn't I on the list last year? It's not that I'm more sexy now than I was two years ago. It's just that all of a sudden I'm news and it sells. That's the whole deal".

That kind of exposure is not doing one ounce of harm to Mercurio's career. Nor to his credibility. Mercurio's fresh, energetic and dynamic style has seen him pushed to the forefront of all that is new and innovative in contemporary dance. Suddenly, he has found himself

in the situation of being an inspiration to young would-be's countrywide. This kind of responsibility is one that he is not entirely comfortable with, it seems. However, fame has given Mercurio the opportunity to move more into choreography, which is what the Australian Choreographic Ensemble is all about. Fame has also put Mercurio in the enviable position of being able to turn down offers of work. He is currently considering several new film projects, although he is adamant in his belief that he is not a movie star (this despite an Australian Film Institute nomination for Best Actor after his role in *Strictly Ballroom*). He prefers to describe himself as a person fulfilling his dreams; but don't mistake these for the words of some star-crossed hippy. Qualifying that self-description, he says: "To do that you've got to work hard. I'm devoid of that sex-symbol kind of stuff, and that sort of showbusiness. What I do is a lot of bloody hard work". He seems acutely aware, however, of the whole process of celebrity image-construction, and he certainly knows how to milk it for all that it is worth. He says, "often when people see me on film and then they see me in real life they come up to me and say "Gee, you're a whole lot shorter than I thought", but that's the whole thing about the romance of being a performer. Audiences sit there and they look up at a screen or a stage and it's always larger than life, so that when they meet you, you're a different size or shape or whatever. The romance sells it, and I suppose that is what people to some extent want; they want to be carried away on that exciting journey".

Audiences and critics alike have been mightily impressed with Mercurio's latest work for the ACE, *Imprint*. He explains what the piece is about: "*Imprint* deals with childhood experiences that led us to discoveries about ourselves. Issues that everyone goes through such as competition, masturbation and sexual relationships. The second half of the piece is about how those discoveries imprinted themselves upon our personalities. When people grow up and become adults they tend to say "Oh, I've worked that one out, but in fact I think people can take a lifetime to work out some of the simple issues that confront them as kids."

Mercurio and the ACE bandwagon have been taking *Imprint* all over the place, making the most of the comparatively small market there is for contemporary dance. Mercurio describes the country audiences as fantastic, and very willing to show their appreciation. People in regional centres are often deprived of full-scale professional theatre, and they seem to have flocked to *Imprint* in their herds. When the ACE played in Lismore, one thousand people crammed themselves into the tiny town hall and tickets were being sold for standing room. In the words of Jan Pinkerton,



"I will always wear my Bonds"

one of Mercurio's fellow dancers, "That's pretty mega!"

Adelaide audiences will have to wait some time before they can make up their own minds about Mercurio's new work. Although this current tour is coming to Mount Gambier, Port Pirie and Whyalla, Adelaide has been bypassed, largely because such a visit would have come hard on the heels of Meryl Tankard Australian Dance Theatre's production of *Furioso*, work which is in a similar vein to Mercurio's. Mercurio also told me that the ACE will not be performing at next year's Festival, although a submission had in fact been made. One hopes that they may finally make it to Adelaide mid next year.

It is ironic, then, that the principal sponsor of this tour is Coopers, an Adelaide-based company. It appears that Coopers is using this tour to gain exposure in the lucrative eastern states, and no photo opportunities have been wasted: Mercurio was called upon to pose with all of the managerial bigwigs. Oh, the life of a celebrity. He was also called upon to make a speech, in which he stated: "I'm really quite excited actually to be one of the only dance companies in the world to be sponsored by a brewery". The connection the assembled press made with the South Australian Brewing Corporation and their "Beer man" advertising was immediate and obvious. Mercurio continues: "Coopers is about culture and

we're about culture as well". Oh the life of an artist, sucking up to patronage...

The dancers in Mercurio's team are full of praise for him. He is described as a good teamworker and really open to suggestions about different approaches and methods to their work. To be cynical, I guess nobody in the ACE is going to say anything unkind about the man whose name is largely responsible for the success of the company. But the atmosphere around him seems to be genuinely a positive one. It's not hard to believe. The words that struck me afterwards in most aptly describing Paul Mercurio were "nice" and "guy". Paul Mercurio, nice guy.

The complimentary beer and champagne at Coopers was slowly being put away, so, like a real journalist, I knew it was time to depart. On my way out I passed Mercurio and noticed the outline of that famous Bonds singlet under his overshirt. Feeling plucky (probably as a result of the booze I'd been quaffing) I asked him how long his partnership with Bonds was going to last:

Him: Forever. I will always wear my Bonds.

Me: That's quite a statement...

Him: It's gotta be Bonds.

Me: Loyal to the last.

Him: Coopers and Bonds. I'm a happy man.

Mmm.

Yes Mr. Mercurio, I'll bet you are.

Mabo magic

Tim Gow tries to make sense of Mabo mania

The High Court decision in the Mabo case was undoubtedly an important one, and one which has caused extensive discussion both in the media and in parliament. A number of issues have been raised, the most prominent of which has been the concern that investment may be deterred by the land claims of newly emancipated Aboriginal People seeking to destroy the economic framework of modern Australia.

This week, our own premier, Lyn Arnold, sought to guarantee the Olympic Dam and Roxby Downs against such land claims. The concerns of the mining industry have been expressed in a variety of different ways ranging from the extreme (and arguably racist) remarks of Hugh Morgan to the more balanced remarks of Normandy Poseidon chief executive Robert Champion de Crespeigny. Whilst it is conceivable that the furore over Mabo could sow the seeds of doubt in the minds of overseas investors, it would seem a little short sighted. The logic behind

this view originates from the crux of the Mabo decision itself, which overturned the doctrine of terra nullius, as such impliedly questioning the colonial idea of British sovereignty. Taken from this angle, the confusion over Mabo must surely be concerned with issues over and above the mining industry, as valuable as this industry is to the Australian economy. It should also be focussed on the question of reconciliation and the type of society the Australian people want to create in light of the Mabo decision.

Undoubtedly, the decision creates some difficulty, however, the attempt by some political leaders to dismiss such difficulty as a worthless hindrance to the economy would seem to be somewhat callous. Two of the main protagonists here are Jeff Kennet and John Hewson, both of whom describe the issue as being a divisive one which needs to be gotten rid of as soon as possible. Whilst the Mabo decision is divisive to the extent that it has created a complex and at times bitter debate

containing a number of deep conflicts, it must be remembered first and foremost that, being a decision of the High Court, it is not something that can be simply legislated away by the states or the Commonwealth. Similarly, as an issue of national consciousness, it would appear that the attempts of some of the states (Victoria and Western Australia in particular) to take on the Commonwealth are likely to create an even more complex division as this questions not only the federal government's policy but also its jurisdiction over the issue itself. Dr. Hewson recently threw his hat into the ring by asserting that the onus was on the federal government to conform to the needs and requirements of the states. This remark would seem to be questionable as it ignores the fact that there is more at stake than just a few investment dollars. Similarly, the government has encountered a number of difficulties with its legislation both inside and outside the parliament. Foremost amongst its problems is that appears to

have tried to please everybody; this bearing the unfortunate but perhaps inevitable consequence that it has pleased nobody. The result has been difficulty in getting the legislation through the senate as well as complaints from Aboriginal and investment groups away from Canberra.

The point that seems to have been overlooked by the mainstream media is that as yet it is far from clear which land claims are legitimate under Mabo and which are not. Thus, it is also unclear what kind of threats, if any, are faced by investment industries as a result of Mabo. This, as much as anything, has been the source of confusion in the aftermath of the decision as it means that Aboriginal groups, investment groups and the States simply do not know what they may gain or lose as a result of federal legislation. Whilst it would be nice if the issue could be resolved quickly and concisely, its sheer complexity would suggest that reality will dictate otherwise.



"No Mabo tell"

Students' Association
of the University of Adelaide

1993 ANNUAL ELECTIONS

POLLING DATES:

30th August - 3rd September, 1993 inclusive.

The following positions will be elected at the Annual Elections:-

1. President (paid position)
2. Education Vice President (paid position)
3. Activities / Campaign Vice President (paid position)
4. Women's Officer (paid position)
5. Environment Officer(s) (paid position)
6. Orientation Co-Ordinator (paid position)
7. On Dit Editor(s) (paid position)
8. Student Radio Director(s) (paid position)
9. Eight General Members of SAUA Council
10. Six General Members of the Education/Services Standing Committee
11. Six General Members of the Activities Standing Committee
12. Four Members of the Women's Standing Committee
13. Five National Union of Students' Delegates

Nominations for the above positions will open on 5th August, 1993 at 9.00 am and close on 13th August, 1993 at 4.00 pm at the Students' Association and 4.00 pm at Roseworthy Agricultural College Student Union.

Nomination forms and further details will be available in the Students' Association Office and from the Roseworthy Agricultural College Student Union.

Authorised by Nick Dunstone, Returning Officer

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION ANNUAL ELECTIONS 1993

Positions Available:
Union Board 18
Activities Committee 5

Nominations Open:
Thursday, 5th August, 1993 at 9am

Nominations Close:
Friday, 13th August, 1993 at 4pm Sharp

Nomination Forms Available From:
Union Administration (First Floor, Lady
Symon Building)
Roseworthy Students can collect
Nomination Forms from
Roseworthy Student Union Office

ANNUAL ELECTIONS WILL BE
HELD
30TH AUGUST TO
3RD SEPTEMBER 1993

Steak, Salad, Seafood ... in Sydney

Roving reporter Colin Frearson checks out where it's at in Sydney

Sydney, Australia's largest and only true international city, is a fantastic place to while away University holidays. Three and a half million people, one of the world's most beautiful deep water harbours and a vibe that lasts all day and night, every week, all through the year.

Sydney has more than its fair share of restaurants, pubs and coffee shops - congregated mainly around the city. Streets to head for are Oxford Street (Paddington), King Street (Newtown) and New South Head Road (Double Bay). There is enough diversity in shops and lifestyles in those streets to appeal to all tastes.



Pubs

Orient Hotel, corner George and Argyle Streets, The Rocks. Looking suspiciously like a Cointreau advert with its hard modernistic architecture this hotel is similar to 'The Office' with its preponderance of suits. The first floor is quite civilised with intimate small wooden tables overlooking Circular Quay. The second floor night club comprises a wooden floor and a few spotlights; the interior decoration budget must have run out at the first floor.

Jacksons on George, 176 George Street, Sydney. For the same reason that you must go to 'Jules' or 'The Metro' in Melbourne at least once, this is the pub for the entirely debauch evening. Encompassing a pool room, night club, pokies, restaurant and a clientele between 18 to 45 go there for a look. \$5 cover charge for night club.

Zooms, 93 - 95 Oxford Street, Darlinghurst. This night club-cum-restaurant is one of the best new dance clubs in town. Using some of the best DJs in Sydney, the large dance floor is the place to be on a Saturday night. Cover charge.

The Exchange Hotel, 34 Oxford Street, Darlinghurst. This club has a very diverse clientele with Sundays being a predominantly Gay / Bi night. Plays Techno / Hip-Hop music with a good light show. \$6 cover charge which entitles you to a free drink.

The Oxford Hotel, 134 Oxford Street, Darlinghurst. A predominantly older Gay crowd from Sydney's more affluent eastern suburbs. Jam-packed on weekends. No cover charge. Pick up a copy of either of the two Gay newspapers "Capital Q" or the "Sydney Star Observer" to find out what's happening around town.

Watsons Bay Hotel, 10 Marine Parade, Watsons Bay - catch a ferry from Circular Quay. The best place in the world to be on a Sunday afternoon for a quiet drink. The beer garden looks south over the harbour to Rushcutters Bay. Watch the small boats racing and the ferries heading for Manly and, if you're feeling wealthy, have a meal at "Doyles".

The Golden Sheaf Hotel, 429 New South Head Road, Double Bay. The quintessential eastern suburbs pub, Sydney's "Norwood". The place to wear that

dinner suit and / or taffeta number and talk about the footy. Has the mandatory wooden tables and green leather chairs with "The Commitments" playing in the background.

Cecchini's, 157 King Street, Newtown. A dark and intimate cocktail lounge. A great place to kick back and wonder what the poor people are doing at that moment - probably sitting at Cecchini's wondering what the poor people are doing.

The Landsdowne Hotel, corner City Road and Broadway. With bands playing usually seven nights a week it is the first place to check out Sydney's live scene. Has a Bangkok BBQ every night. Cover charge depends on band.

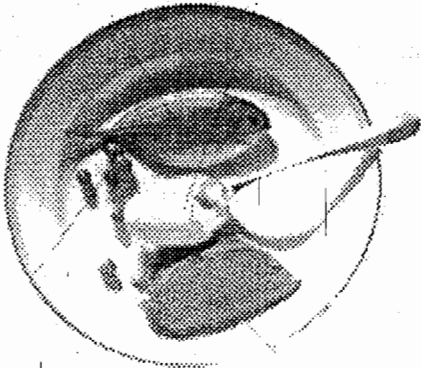
Harold Park Hotel, corner Wigram and Ross, Glebe. Famous for its cabaret and new shows which are on nearly every night of the week, check it out and find out if something takes your fancy.

The Royal Oak Hotel, 28 Bay Street, Double Bay. Popular haunt for eastern suburbs uni students on weekends this pub is less pretentious than the "Sheaf".

The place to see and be seen. This rather modern cafe is expensive but very popular. Sit and watch the Rolls Royces and BMWs fight for car parks.

Lolita's Cafe, 29 Glebe Point Road, Glebe. Pop in for breakfast on the weekends (served from 9 am to 1 pm) and pick from dishes like banana porridge with maple syrup, coconut pancakes with berry sauce and cream or a vegetarian brekkie.

C. Frearson



Restaurants

Dara's Asian Food, 82 Belmore Road, Randwick. A cheap and tasty eatery favoured by University of New South Wales students. Difficult to find a seat but with meals costing only \$4.80 a plate which can be piled up again and again with a variety of different dishes it is exceptionally good value. Dine-in and takeaway, seven days a week.

Le Kilimanjaro, 278 King Street, Newtown. This fast African restaurant with main courses averaging \$6.50 and BYO is a pleasant and comfortable place to eat before hitting the town.

China Bowl Restaurant, corner Beach and Dolphin Streets, Coogee. Overlooking the ocean this large restaurant has staff continually parading different dishes around which you can pick from. Eat as little or as much as you like with your waiter ticking a card that you are given at the beginning to show how much you have eaten. Prices range from \$2.50 to \$6.50. Open seven days a week.

Gourmet Pizza Kitchen, 80 Campbell Parade, Bondi Beach and 199 - 207 Military Road, Neutral Bay. An eclectic and diverse range of meat and vegetarian pizzas cooked in a wood-fired oven. Pizzas are around \$10 / \$11 each. Dine in and take away, seven days. BYO available.



Cafes

"Badde Manors" Cafe, 37 Glebe Point Road, Glebe. A great cafe with booths, old theatre seats, plush red velvet curtain and a fantastic atmosphere. Try the chocolate ribbon truffle torte or choose from their selection of sorbets and gelati.

Cafe Latte, 153 King Street, Newtown. A small cafe with a huge menu comprising Asian, Mexican and Italian dishes with salads, fish and more. There is alfresco dining available upstairs. Recommended in cheap eats.

Teascapes, 71 Perouse Road, The Spot, Randwick. With its bright colours, wooden floors and painted tables this is a comfortable old coffee shop. Happy hour 5 - 6 pm, Tuesday to Friday with coffees available for \$1. Closed Mondays.

Dee Bee's, 27 Knox Street, Double Bay.



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WISECRACK.

The Late Show's Judith Lucy reveals her 'love of the drop', her passion for flashers.

Judith Lucy may leave an entire generation talking like stand up comedians. Already avid watchers of the ABC's Late Show find themselves dropping into her own peculiar signature rhythm. While her mode of delivery is leaving fans speaking as Deborah Norville might following a shandy and a sincerity bypass, Lucy's non-stop tales of flashers, perverts, and the dateless continue to educate women into dropping better one liners when strangers drop their pants. Being the sort of person who seems to draw plenty of the latter variety, I wanted to know if there was a scientific explanation.

"I know about two other of women that have the same problem. I've only actually attracted one masturbator but I've had a lot of obscene phone calls, and abuse from car windows. But my best friend has had more men wanking off at her than I've had hot dinners." Having had one flasher in particular ask "what my problem was" when I threw a cigarette case at his head, Judith recognised the wise words of a man with his genitals hanging out when she heard them.

"Well I agree. You're obviously just some sort of hung up neurotic bitch if you can't just you know, take a chill pill and put up with that sort of thing. He was just being friendly."

A self described "failed actor," Lucy claims her path to stand up nirvana is littered with empty iced coffee cartons and chocolate donuts. "I have got to start making up a better answer to this

After spending four years on the stand up circuit she's graduated to that ever-green employer of ex university revuc casts, the ensemble comedy show. And true to all the great exponents of black comedy, a lot of Judith Lucy's humour falls into the John Waters basket of being "inspired by hate."

"Well I think I'd be lying if I said I had no idea what he was talking about. Certainly anger can be a great motivator when it comes to comedy. Often I will end up doing material about situations that have either made me furious or have really depressed me, and I'll try and turn it into something that's hilarious. And, you know, a bit more empowering."

The previously unshuffled D Generation welcomed her on board after the job of producing sixty minutes of side splitting comedy a week proved to be a tall order.

"If you look at how many writers a show like *Full Frontal* has, or even something like the *Comedy Sale* - roughly seventeen writers for 47 minutes of comedy. That's seventeen writers, probably plus the performers. Last year these guys were seven people producing sixty minutes of comedy. Like performing it, writing it, in some cases directing and editing it - that's just too much work."

Even for the robust, gutsy *Truth* joker Mick Malloy? He of the blowsy sensuality and engaging smile? After watching the last few episodes fans could be forgiven for thinking there was the whiff of sexual tension in the air between the two. Judith's answer is

spontaneous is obviously a job perk for all of D Generation's members, but every silver lining has its cloud. Surely it's not interviews though?

"Well, let me tell you, they're probably pretty close to the top of the list. It's funny you know. When you fantasise about what you're going to end up doing, and you think, 'Gee, I bet I'm really going to enjoy this aspect of it.' It's probably publicity I hate more than anything else. But don't take that personally in anyway."

Surprisingly, it's apparently not seeing various parts of your body in close up on large television screens.

"You know, there are so many things that I dislike about it it's kind of hard to know where to start. Even in a way I can deal with that, that's something I'm getting used to. It is that awful thing where you spend half of the show not even thinking 'My God am I being funny,' but 'My God what was I doing in that outfit.' And of course I have one of those mothers who rings up and doesn't say 'Gee the show was funny.' She actually rang me up on Sunday and said 'What were you doing in that wig, and whose idea was it that you stayed in that top for the whole show, you looked appalling.' So, none of that's too good."

"I could actually deal with the job a lot better if it was kind of nine to five and you could be completely anonymous. What I hate more than anything is walking down the street and thinking that people might know who you are. You know you get strange looks and you think 'Is this just a potential maniac, or is this person looking at me because I forgot to put a skirt on?' Or are they looking at me because they've seen *The Late Show*? If you're a paranoid person it just gives you so much more to worry about."

As it turns out Judith has plenty on her mind already. The top ten paranoid delusions?

"You name it really. Am I funny? Do people like me? What am I wearing?"

Dissappointingly her much publicised early career possibility - the Church, fails to get a guernsey

"I don't get paranoid about the fact I haven't become a nun but sometimes I think life would be a lot simpler. You know, if I just had to have a relationship with God."

Of course this begs the question what does Judith Lucy do with her in spare time? Diplomatically she was not forthcoming with any *Late Show* gossip.

"You just want some dirt! I hate to be disappointing but no I...I'm just going to sound really sucky when I say this but I mean everyone does get along well and they're just a bunch of really professional people. If you're asking about

uncharacteristically, unhelpful. After a few seconds silence the only noise that can be heard down the line sounds like....

"Heh Heh Heh..."

Eventually Judith decides to come to the party

"Oh...well... look... we get on fine. We get on absolutely fine. But I tell you, if I had a dollar for every time I'd been asked that in the last week I could retire!"

The slow hand of *Truth*'s sexiest corre-

JUDITH ON FLASHER ETIQUETTE "Well I agree. You're obviously just some sort of hung up neurotic bitch if you can't just you know, take a chill pill and put up with that sort of thing. He was just being friendly."

question because it's just not that interesting. I didn't get into the VCA [Victorian College of the Arts] and ended up being a sandwich hand, and thought there's got to be more to life than chicken schnitzel."

"I just went along to a few try out nights, and if you have ever been along to one of these let me tell you there's a some pretty embarrassing people, and thought 'Good God, I can't be as bad as that.' And... the rest is history!" she delivers dryly.



my relationships with other people I have to be honest and say I'm just spending so much goddamn time in the ABC studios that I really don't have relationships with people anymore."

It's a bit of a sahara? "It's a complete sahara. After living the happy go lucky life of a stand up comedian for four years it's certainly bit of a culture shock. I suppose I was just really used to having more of a relaxed kind of lifestyle. Getting up late, working nights, and all that sort of thing. I've certainly never worked so hard in all my life."

But don't think Judith is going to lie down quietly after *The Late Show*. When the ABC odyssey is complete she plans an equally strenuous regime. "Quite possibly drinking for a year solid. And not working at all. She has the look of someone who likes a drink."

"I'm not going to deny that Sam. I am quite fond of a drop. I can honestly say

I don't think there's been a drink invented that I haven't at some stage gone 'Mmm that's delicious.' Depending on what sort of state you're in you can pretty much enjoy anything."

"You know when you have one of those parties and there is always one of

JUDITH ON DRINKIN' ETIQUETTE "I can honestly say I don't think there's been a drink invented that I haven't at some stage gone 'Mmm that's delicious.' Depending on what sort of state you're in you can pretty much enjoy anything."

those casks that's left over because it was just so disgusting that noone could bring themselves to drink them. We once had a cask sitting on the back of our fridge, it was a four litre cask of 'Fruity Lexia' if I'm not mistaken. And, it sat on the back of our fridge for I would say a good eight months. There was one night when a friend and I had a

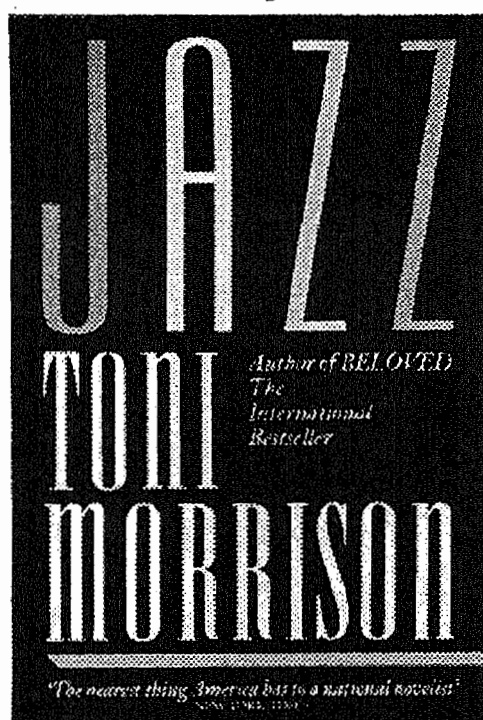
sizeable amount to drink and there was nothing left in the house, and we thought 'Hey! Let's get that cask out', that's just been sitting on top of a hot engine. And we drank it. And something had definitely happened to it. Like, because of the heat I think it had

kind of fortified. Anyway, we decided it was just the most delicious thing we'd ever had, and drank most of it. Then the next day when I was sober I tried to have a glass of it and I can honestly say I think it's the most disgusting thing I've ever put into my system." What's the most embarrassing thing Judith Lucy's done while drunk?

"Here's one that's not to good. I came home from somewhere and *Cat People* was on the television. I turned it on for a minute and then there were credits. And I was absolutely furious. Whoever would have done this? They've started the movie then they've just finished it. This is outrageous. And I rang up the television station and said 'Look. I've been absolutely furious, what's the story? I come home and I see five minutes of it and then it's over. What are you guys thinking?' And as you may have guessed it was the last five minutes of the film I saw and the closing credits. But somehow I got in my head that this was the start of the movie and not the end."

For a drinker of Judith Lucy's undoubted calibre the story seems a poor effort. Before she had to go Judith came clean. "I have done worse. But probably more sexual encounters. And the less said about those the better." Samantha Maiden

Snazzy



Jazz
Toni Morrison
Picador
\$14.95

If someone asks you what book you would take to a desert island if you could only take one (if there are people around who still insist on asking such deep, meaningful and probing questions) you could quite safely answer *Jazz* without fear of being scorned. It is an incredibly rich novel which you could read over and over again and still find more in it to enjoy and think about. The book traces the lives of Joe and Violet who have moved to the city, lured from their lives of hard work in the country. In the book's wide scope, it also tells the stories of many other people who have some connection to Joe and Violet.

But the novel goes far beyond simple character portraits. This is part of Morrison's contribution to a history of blacks in America. Story telling is important to this end, even if some of the stories are distressing for both reader and character. While reading, it seems important that all the stories in *Jazz* are told. This is because the past is joined inextricably with the present; there is a sense that all that has gone before is somehow part of what is happening in the book's present; the nineteen-twenties, but also to the present of the reader. *Jazz* is told in the first person although it is never clear who the narrator is or where they fit in the scheme of things. There are other times where different characters directly address the reader. The one criticism I have is that the idea of jazz music as a constant background seems a little forced. As the title suggests, jazz is meant to be a central part

of, and metaphor for, the whole novel but it is often forgotten and reappears without having been missed in the first place. It is true that Morrison's prose is stunning and could be described as musical (if one went in for that sort of thing), but even so I remain unconvinced of the efficacy of the device. This, however, does not detract in any way from the overall impressiveness of this piece of writing. It is impressive in the beautiful prose that Morrison writes; she avoids clichés like few other writers are able to. It is impressive in the character portrayal, in the wide range it has, in the points it has to make which are never forced but rather develop naturally. In fact, it is impressive in pretty much everything it does.

Lorien Kaye

Plots and paranoia

The Kwinkan
Mudrooroo
Angus & Robertson

If you're sick of Australian writers who struggle with an Australian identity by obsessing over the past and the bush, neglecting present-day life and its incessant power struggles, then this may be the book for you. *Mudrooroo* has turned to tackle the power structure of modern Australia and the "Australian way of keeping things in cupboards", something that Australian writers have continually failed to do in the past. *The Kwinkan* is written in the form of a recorded document narrated by a failed Queensland politician, whose purpose

is to elucidate the "... life and career of the famous Dr Watson Holmes Jackamara", a mysterious Detective Inspector who once worked for the narrator and who may or may not be involved in the narrator's new official mission. The narrator himself remains anonymous, and a transcriber's note tells us the document has already been circumscribed by various governments under their secrecy acts. Throughout, there are undercurrents of proscription, corruption, secrecy and ambiguity, heightening in the reader an awareness that everything we read is determined by the writer's certain personal and social history as it is contained in the networks of power and that history itself is similarly a textual vestige of

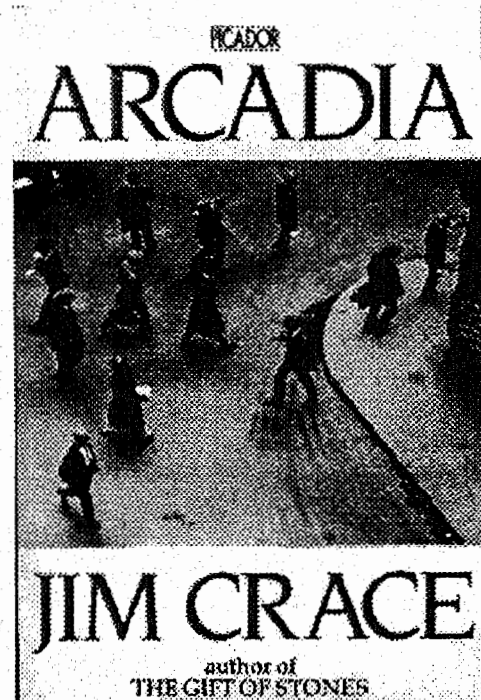
one person's experience as she or he intersects with the wider community. The story occurs in the near future, when Brisbane is the new capital of Australia, and only a few remote corners of the South Pacific remain undeveloped. The narrator, a stereotypical Aussie male, is an old collegiate study buddy of the PM - part of an 'old boys' network which resuscitates his old career by dropping him on an obscure Pacific island, where colonialism is on its deathbed and international property developers, corporate and government, are falling over each other vying for turf. It is a typical post-modern scenario: the narrator is on a mission which parallels the reader's search for understanding. In this sense, it is reminis-

cent of Pynchon or DeLillo, but *Mudrooroo* maintains a poetic writing style and sense of humour that could only be Australian. There is a proliferation of searching: for wealth, reputation, justice, truth, meaning and understanding, which parallels our search for the esteemed Jackamara. Progression and digression become indistinguishable as the narrator and his mission move us closer to Jackamara, closer to an answer

The novel is an enormous amount of fun to read. There are plots and paranoia, lies and love, secret identities, politics and power ... all those things that make everyday life so confusing and so enjoyable.

Andrew Fisher

Subtle



Arcadia
Jim Crace
Picador

Subtle is a good word to describe Jim Crace's latest novel, *Arcadia*. On the surface, the narrative hums along with almost nonchalant ease, but underneath lies a welter of hidden meanings and coincidences which only occasionally manifest themselves and which are of an often unknowable significance. This makes *Arcadia* an entertaining read, if a rather puzzling one as well.

The *Arcadia* of the novel's title is a futuristic marketplace in a nameless city, an architectural and anthropological marvel that is commissioned by an eccentric octogenarian billionaire named Victor. From his earliest days as a beggar through to his position of complete dominance, the novel traces Vic-

tor's association with the marketplace. Crace explores a variety of tangents to this in an effort to show how little quirks of history influence final outcomes - the sort of things that are always omitted from the history books. The curious tangents that Crace follows cannot quite be called "funny" - the use of humour is so spare and subtle that it often passes by unregistered. Compensating for this is Crace's keen sense of irony, of which *Arcadia* is brim-full. Just one such example is the downfall of Victor's subordinate Rook, which comes as a direct result of him planning a special birthday celebration for his boss. The ironies are indeed cruel, and became for me the most engaging aspect of the novel.

Crace also makes extended play with the difference between city and country dwellers. The city people are all urbane and rather shallow, while the country characters are hearty but seemingly stupid. Crace's central character

of Victor remains enigmatic throughout the novel; in a sense, he is the epitomic city dweller - anonymous, just another face in the street. *Arcadia* is emphatically *not* a novel of detailed character studies. Its concerns are far broader than that as it deals with historical cause and effect. Even so, Crace's writing is not what you might call didactic; the conclusions the novel reaches seem as ambiguous as the political slant of its author.

Arcadia remains for me something of a curio, too much of a curio to actually put down. The number of engrossing "significances" within the novel have, more than anything, led me to suspect that there were very many more that eluded me. In five years time when I reread this book maybe I will know that with certainty. Then again, maybe not.

David Mills.

Lie Back and think of England

The English Patient

The English Patient was the joint Booker Prize winner for 1992 and whilst such a credential may mean little to the potential reader (the *Guardian Weekly* could do little more than describe it as a "stilted ceremony"), the book remains one of the most fascinating pieces of writing in recent years.

Sri Lankan-born author, Michael Ondaatje, has developed a narrative that takes the reader on a dream-like incursion into the lives of four shell-shocked characters in an abandoned villa in Italy during the closing stages of the Second World War.

The villa marks the place where nature, innocence and humanity try to regain their footing after the fighting has passed through. This is a meditative work. The characters are confused; they desire and need faith, but the betrayal by civilisation forces them to draw on inner strength and things other than what nations have to offer. This feeling of alienation is highlighted when Hara dismally tries to recapture a fragment of a bygone era when she sings the 'Marseillaise'. "There was no certainty to the song anymore, the singer could only be one voice against all the mountains of power. That was the only sureness. The one voice was the single un-

spoiled thing." The importance of the individual, the need for truth and honesty - "They could imitate nothing but what they were."

The novel has many facets to it, involving lost romances, mystery and espionage. It is passionately anti-war, bitter in its tone against the distorting power of nations and condemns any form of cultural repression. The novel succeeds as it achieves all of this without preaching. Despite a lapse in the narrative half-way through, the reader's interest is maintained to the very end.

The poetic style of this book is captivating; the imagery stand out in this hauntingly evoked series of episodes,

recollections and memories, tainted by dirt and war. The evocation of the mysteries of the desert rivals *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and the book forces the reader to utilise all senses in the reading of it.

As you have probably gathered by now I rather enjoyed this book. It constantly questions both the reader and itself, yet the author is at his best when he immerses himself in the tale. The ending is haunting and tinged with inevitability. In a world that cannot be overcome, the book is one that celebrates experience, sensation and what humans and nature have to offer one another.

Jason Irving

Ouch!

Manfred's Pain
Robert McLiam Wilson
Picador
rrp \$14.95

A story of an old man's past has potential to be a very 'average' book, yet *Manfred's Pain* implements a balance of both powerfully disturbing narrative and pity for Manfred's suffering in such a way that it is "unremittingly compelling". *Manfred's Pain*, the second of Robert McLiam Wilson's novels, was short listed for the 1992 Whitbread award for fiction and unsurprisingly so. This follows on from his previous success of his first novel *Ripley Bogle*, winner of four literary awards. *Manfred's Pain* is unpredictable with Manfred's secret slowly and painfully revealed as the story progresses. The narrative is melancholy, yet not

depressing. It delves into the horrific personal and political traumas suffered by Jews in World War Two, leading to the indirect loss of Manfred's wife Emma. "Manfred had wanted to die for a long time" as the first fact revealed about Manfred is possibly quite off-putting, yet is sadly indicative of his deteriorating condition. His pain is both physical and psychological, as with his suffering caused by his violent separation from Emma. *Manfred's Pain* reveals the emotions and motivations of Manfred as a soldier and wife-basher as compared to a regretful old man. Manfred's past is revealed throughout the novel, employing a technique involving alternating past and present chapters. These give insight into his final state of decrepitation and lost love. Where *Manfred's Pain* is not a cheerful novel by any stretch of the imagination, Manfred's plight is somehow up-

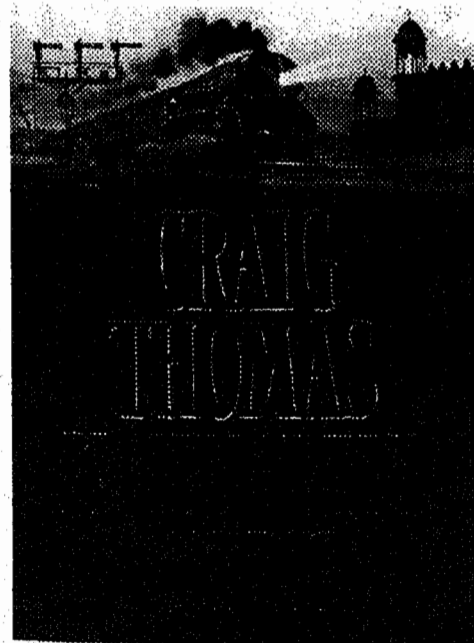
lifting. He manages to liberate himself from his unwanted life through a method that he desired. *Manfred's Pain* gives an insight into pain and suffering through ageing and reflection, yet does so with a degree of dignity and pride. His determination to endure almost self-inflicted pain and fulfil an excruciating personal death sentence is symbolic of the penance he feels required to carry out to gain forgiveness from his

wife.

Manfred's Pain is a fascinating look at an old man and his guilt-ridden past, it is a novel difficult to put down despite its slow pace. Be warned, read this novel but not when you're depressed; it might make you feel better about your predicament, but I seriously doubt it.

Tracy Skehan

Snakey



Playing With Cobras
Craig Thomas
Harper Collins

All plot and little else. Unfortunately *Playing with Cobras* fits overly well into this elusive category (probably not so unfortunately if you appreciate trashy

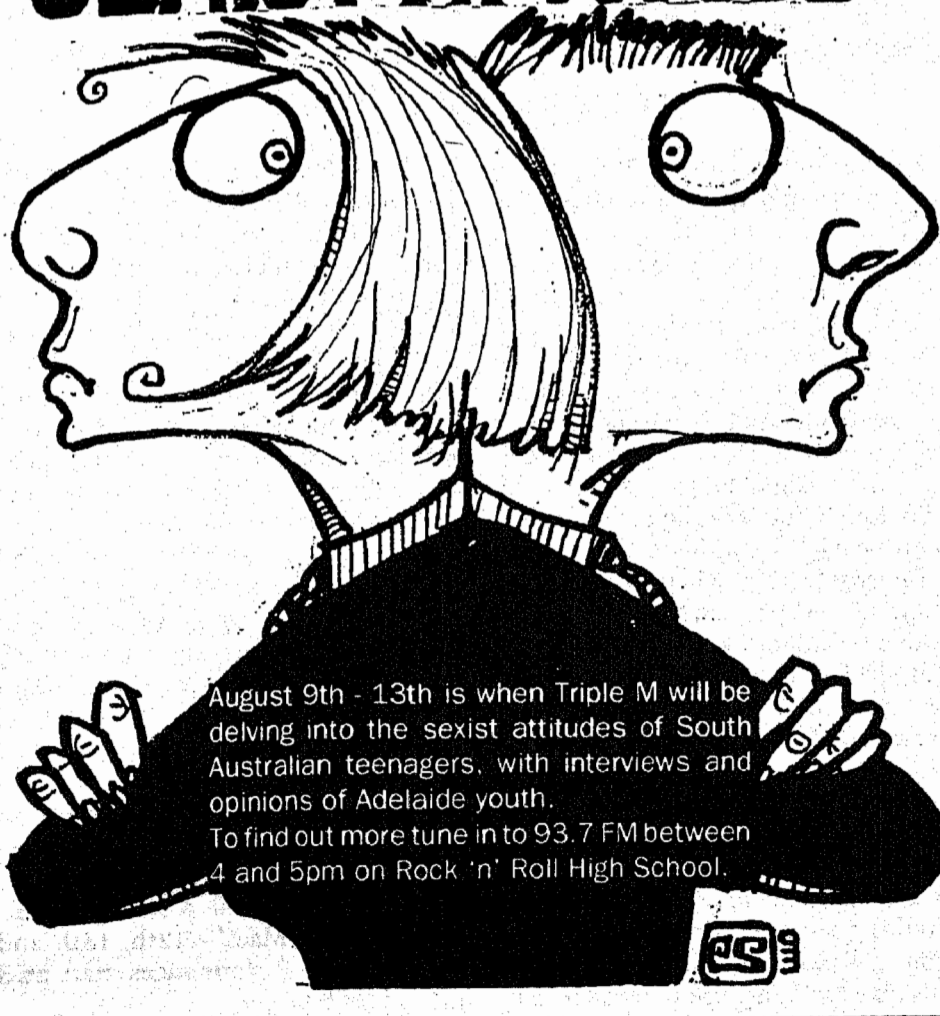
spy pulp]. Apparently *Playing with Cobras* "...displays all the authors customary skills of political speculation, high tension, stunningly captured backgrounds and credible characters placed in the extremes of danger", yet despite this is somehow devoid of substance. Thomas' fifteenth novel, it plays along a very similar vein as his previous classics, including *Winter Hawk* and *Firefox*. Easy to read, it lacks authenticity in its development of the stereotypical main characters, Patrick Hyde and Philip Cass. As per usual, the female characters are portrayed as mere 'accessories to the crime'.

The plot is complex, although delving into it would reveal the attraction of the novel. An escapist novel, *Playing with Cobras* is a perfect way to relax. Non-challenging, Thomas' style carries the reader on an action-packed pseudo-political ride.

Sit back in a comfy chair and grab a hot chocolate, *Playing with Cobras* will offer the reader entertainment on a cold and lonely evening. Don't expect to gain anything else from it though.

Tracy Skehan

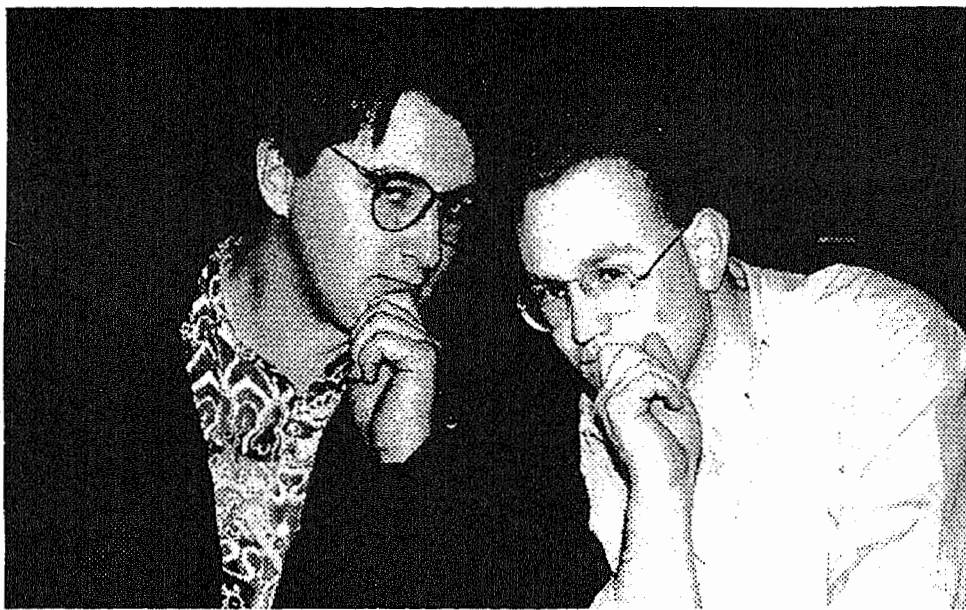
SEXIST ATTITUDES



August 9th - 13th is when Triple M will be delving into the sexist attitudes of South Australian teenagers, with interviews and opinions of Adelaide youth.

To find out more tune in to 93.7 FM between 4 and 5pm on Rock 'n' Roll High School.

White Men Can't Judge



Jamie and John, both white and male, seen contemplating their future at the bar

The Law Review is back! After an absence of many years, students from the Universities of Adelaide and South Australia have com-

combined their considerable talents to demonstrate that at the heart of every lawyer lies a frustrated actor. John Wells and Jamie Watts have co-

written this topical jab at all things legal, entitled *White Men Can't Judge*. They have examined a future with Mabo, lunching with lawyers, courtroom procedure, and the true horror of open book law exams. However, the revival of the Law Review is not only limited to the glorification, and/or degradation of the profession - who could omit the Crows and Beverly Hills 90210 from any serious discourse on life in 1993?

The all-singing, all dancing cast is a mix of old and new faces from the University theatrical scene. Parting Company regular, Caroline Mcalor, is rumoured to be a star, playing Andrea from *Bev Hills*, while Law School tutor Alex Reilly, fresh from marking Evidence papers, being both white and male, tunefully forces us to ask the question - can white men really judge? Mary Simpson has been hard at work researching her role as a very PC woman. "The social interactions that I have observed at Al Frescos and The Exeter have provided an excellent gauge

of political correctness," she said, sipping her latte.

The production is in rehearsal, and with the attention to detail for which lawyers are noted, every second is being finely honed. A renowned dancer has been called in to assist with choreography, The Band turning up and authentic costumes are being sought. This has not posed a problem, as most of the cast possess the requisite natty suit with shoulder pads, necessary for many of the legally orientated sketches. This wonderful display of whacky, crazy and yes, zany undergraduate hijinks has only a three night season at the Little Theatre, from August 12 - 14. Tickets, at \$10 and \$6, are available from the SAUA, and will also be sold at the Law School next week. Be quick - a show which is so current, so controversial is sure to sell out.

Sarah Roberts

First Time Out

Shakespeare, Chekhov, Ibsen, Virgil, White, Jonson. Fuck that! The Adelaide University Theatre Guild is now bringing you real theatre. Four new South Australian plays, directed by new South Australian directors are being amalgamated for some of Australia's most exciting and innovative theatre. A brainchild of the Adelaide University Theatre Guild, it started as a trickle of murmurs amongst Adelaide's liter-

ary circles and has formed itself into an artistic torrent of theatrical talent. The four one-act plays, 'Love in a Chookhouse' (Ross Barrett), 'Out of Time' (Jenny Martin), 'Diary of a Starving Man' (Benjamin Brady) and 'The Old Macs' (Malcolm Purcell) were chosen from a list of dozens submitted to the Theatre Guild. And an odd and exciting collection they are.

bre tones. Set in Paris during the Great Depression, it explores the reactions of people in a situation not of their own choosing; the individual human struggle within a framework of global existence; hopelessness surrounded by hope. The fourth play, 'The Old Macs', directed by Lyn Coleman, centres around an elderly couple desperately struggling against change. It deals with the cause and collapse of the mind, ritual and reality in conjunction with racism and abhorrence to change using colourful and rhythmic, "in-your-face" theatre.

"These inspiring new plays promise to be not only high energy, groundbreaking performances, but damn good entertainment to boot!"

'Love in a Chookhouse', directed by Eddy Knight, tackles the awkward and controversial questions of human genetic engineering with side-splitting humour. A suspect entrepreneur with a business card for every occasion and a half girl-half chimpanzee help to portray these serious issues in a witty and lighthearted manner. Jenny Martin's extravaganza, 'Out of Time', directed by herself, is a play of almost unexplainable proportions and diversity. The Ancient Greek Muses become a troupe of actors, performing anything and everything to those who stop to listen. The director describes this play as "... a piece of textual anarchy, a play within a play subdivided by

These inspiring new plays promise to be, not only high energy, groundbreaking performances, but damn good entertainment to boot! Mind-blowing and unmissable.

Performances (along with the audience) will be on the Union Hall Theatre stage from 5th - 14th August. 'Love in a Chookhouse' and 'Out of Time' - 5th, 6th and 7th; 'Diary of a Starving Man' and 'The Old Macs' - 12th, 13th and 14th August. Performances start at 8 pm (\$6 for 2 plays).

Ben Fitzgerald

THE LAW STUDENTS' SOCIETY PRESENTS
the revival of the law revue

WHITE MEN CAN'T JUDGE

Little theatre, Adelaide University
12 - 14 AUGUST at 8 PM
Tickets \$10/\$6 avail from SAUA (303 5046) or the Law School.

Out at the Cinema

New Queer cinema at the Mercury 'til 11th August

The New Queer Film Festival opened last Thursday, with some of the best titles from the Melbourne and Sydney Queer Film Festivals. A season of 28 films, ranging from full-length feature to two-minute experimental has been curated to give us a cross-section of what's new in cinema with a slant toward gay and lesbian themes.

Makers of Queer cinema are outside the Hollywood system - they don't stick to the norms of sexuality as defined by the "dream factory" which seems to require that any gay or lesbian character be demonised, their sexuality being the excuse for any kind of anti-social behaviour, from bizarre table manners, to murder. A documentary entitled, aptly enough, *Homophobia in Hollywood*, screening on Wednesday at 7:15, examines this very issue. The makers

of *Silence of the Lambs* try to explain that they're not here to redress the obvious anti-gay themes of modern cinema; *Basic Instinct's* producer tells how conflict is necessary to build a plot and gay characters are perfect for providing this conflict. Their cavalier attitude to the power of their medium is made clear, as is their "make 'em muck if it makes us money" approach.

The Gay Rock and Roll Years opened the Festival on Thursday night, and screens again on the final night. This 60 minute documentary charts a history of gay oppression and liberation from 1953 to the present. Find out what Doris Day's "Secret Love" was, see how gay MP Ian Harvey was replaced by the "reliable" Mr. Profumo; see the Stonewall riots which started on the day of Judy Garland's death and formed a landmark in gay liberation. Using original newsreel, film and TV footage, director Shauna Brown shows how the good ol' British Empire managed to

keep same-sex consenting sexual activity on the criminal offence books until the 1970's, while some more enlightened nations like France did away with any legal proscription in 1791.

We all know Rock Hudson was gay, but he was never allowed to express his sexuality in his movies... or was he? Mark Rappaport's collage film *Rock Hudson's Home Movies* re-examines his life in the light of what we all now know about him - we see a montage of scenes from his 50's and 60's films where Rock is repeatedly asked why he's not married, and some daring scenes where he appears to be cruising his co-stars, including John Wayne and Kirk Douglas. Using a Rock look-alike to link the scenes and explain how they in one way or another confirm or deny Rock's necessarily concealed homosexuality, his pillow talk takes on a completely different complexion.

Innings, from the BBC-TV series *Saturday Night Out*, shows that a star's

public denial that they are gay usually leads to the opposite conclusion - we see George Michael, Cliff Richard and Prince Edward all trumpet their heterosexuality in the headlines, and Jason Donovan beckons us into his house to reveal a few secrets. *Suddenly Last Summer*, from the same series, shows us how the women's tennis scene is really a "Dyke's paradise".

These are just a few of the highlights of the Mercury's continuing programming of new and innovative themes in cinema. From the opening night to the final night's *Personal Hygiene for Boys*, New Queer Cinema promises to provide a poke in the eye for convention, and give Adelaide a glimpse of some confronting and outrageously funny, as well as empowering cinema.

Alan Merritt

Who's a tough guy, then?

Reservoir Dogs Film Event, at the Chelsea

Director Quentin Tarantino's first feature is destined to be a classic. That's not to say that it will be a Hollywood family affair like *The Sound of Music*. Quite the opposite. *Reservoir Dogs* is one of the most confronting and violent pieces of cinema that this hardened old cineaste has yet seen. What puts it in the classic queue is its brilliantly effective use of a mixture of violence and humour. This may be seen by some as popularising violence, but believe me - this is not gratuitous, slow motion, dwell on the twitching and spurting, but upfront, unexpected and repellent. I left this film feeling queasy (as did many others).

Reservoir Dogs concerns a bungled jewel heist carried out by five professionals (known as the "Dogs") who for reasons of anonymity are known to each other and us by colours: Harvey Keitel (soon to be seen here in Jane Campion's *The Piano*) is Mr. White; he's supported by new-to-the-gang Mr. Orange (Tim Roth), with a resident psycho, Mr. Blonde, and the antagonistic Mr. Pink (Steve Buscemi). While the Dogs are carefully chosen by an avuncular boss, things don't go to the plan and they become paranoid and consumed with finding who amongst them is the rat. This leads to the disintegration of trust, and an ultimately inter-necine ending.

The background to each character and the bungled heist is told non-chronologically, with the aftermath, where our colour-coded crims sniff out the rat in a claustrophobic warehouse, forming the present. Humour is juxtaposed with a series of gruesome events as the Dogs' harrowing tale unfolds. A soundtrack of 70's hits from a radio show provides

an ironic reference to the screen events, as well as contributing to a sort of timelessness: no direct pointers to any exact time frame are given - the Dogs operate in a sort of 70's timewarp, which unfortunately means that gender stereotyping is rife: the only women we see are victims and referred to conversationally in derogatory terms, and Mr. Pink is unhappy as he's seen as the "fag".

Tarantino borrows from many other genre sources: Scorsese's *Goodfellas* and Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* are brought to mind, and Lynch's *Blue Velvet* is paid a direct homage in one scene where the psycho Mr. Blonde ... but I won't give any more away.

Reservoir Dogs, while not redressing any concerns at the upsurge in screen violence (why should it?) is a new film not to be missed.

Alan Merritt

Mississippi masala

Mira Nair (the director of "Salaam Bombay") produces a realistic and confronting film from a beautifully written script by Sooni Taraporevala. "Mississippi Masala" deals with the usual life issues but those that are so relevant: racism (from a variety of angles), love (between man and woman, brotherhood, that of parents) and home (is it where you are born? Where you look like you are from? Or where you choose?).

Denzel ("MoBetter Blues", "Malcolm X") Washington plays Demetrius, an African-American who has never left Mississippi, who falls in love with Mina (played by Sarita Choudhury) who is from a family of Indians forced from Uganda during the dictatorship of Idi Amin as "foreigners" despite having

made Africa their home for generations. Although the prologue and subsequent flashbacks are poignant and, at times, heart-wrenching, the film is an often comic, mostly touching love story that does not disappoint. The romance itself is simple but the background and surroundings are intricate and ironic.

The soundtrack (by Subramaniam) is an energetic and stirring mix of African drums with American blues which makes the film seethe with life. The casting is also excellent. Washing and Choudhury create a couple you will find it easy to care for, though the gentle courtship, sensual intimacy and unexplainable scandal. Roshan ("Gandhi") Seth, as Mina's father, gives tremendous depth to the story as the Indian-African who longs to be "home" in Uganda. Included is a peppering of black / white / eastern characters who add to the rich and diverse tapestry of the small town community. The stunning cinematography of African landscapes and Mississippi fields is breathtaking. Overall, "Mississippi Masala" is a gorgeous and touching film (see it at the Trak Cinema on Greenhill Road and hurry - it may not be there for very long!).

It is also refreshing that a film can be more thought-provoking by *not* hitting you over the head, or making you feel guilty or helpless for not being born black (as a Richard Attenborough or Spike Lee film can tend to do). As Demetrius says to Mina about racism "... it's all there in amongst the other stuff in your life. You just have to learn what to eat and learn what to leave on the plate."

M.J. Hamilton

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TIMETABLE

Tuesday 3 August
5.30 Husbands & Wives
8.00 Woody again in Zelig

Wednesday 4 August
12.15 Husbands & Wives
5.30 The Canterbury Tales
8.00 Husbands & Wives

HUSBANDS & WIVES
Members \$3
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Ronnie Taheny

Ronnie Taheny, talented multi-instrumentalist and ex-member of the now defunct *This House*, has for the past six months been making bold strides with the germination of spin-off trio *Ronnie Three Chords and The Truth* (a covers band) and its alter ego playing originals *The Chosen Ones* as well as a burgeoning solo career with the release of her first record "Deep Sea". Ronnie airs her (very definite) views to On Dit about commercial music, the art of hassling venue-owners for gigs, sexual politics and more.

It is immediately apparent, upon meeting Ronnie Taheny, that she is a somewhat larger than life character. She oozes charisma, disarming humour, a potent self-confidence in her own abilities as well as a shrewd understanding of the industry, the result of many years gigging as a successful musician and always (except in the latter *This House* years) being self-managed. Different duos, trios and now her former band, *This House* have come and gone, but Ronnie, one of the main creative forces behind the band, carries on writing, performing and earning critical accolades, most recently nominations in the South Australian Music Industry Awards for Most Outstanding Female Vocal, Most Outstanding Individual and Most Outstanding Song Writer (1992). And getting the good gigs - residencies at the Oxford, Heaven and The Norwood for *Ronnie Three Chords and The Truth* have come quickly as well as forthcoming support performances as *The Chosen Ones* with Rene Geyer and Tim Finn. So how does she score such in-demand spots?

"People are always astounded at how I have my ear to the ground and how we manage to get good supports. But one,

we deserve them (laughs) and two, we are well versed in the gentle art of hassling - dogging the organisers."

On behalf of all those would-be bands and musos out there I felt compelled to ask the scope of her persistence.

"Just ringing them absolutely every day, telling them we would be interested in the support, sending them a promo package, pestering them for an answer. They don't mind. They have to find a support anyway - it may as well be the most tenacious, the most up-front. We are also lucky that our reputation and professional attitudes from playing over the years precedes us and has enabled us to get continued exposure alongside big acts."

The Chosen Ones support appearances are always with acoustic acts (not always easy to come by), in line with their own predominantly acoustic sound - Ronnie on vocals / piano, guitar, etc. and other ex-*This House* members Paul Garner on drums and Dominic Gerace on bass (including upright bass). So how did *The Chosen Ones / Ronnie Three Chords* as a unit come about?

"A bit of destiny, I reckon (haha). Three years' ago, *This House* were asked by the Adelaide Fringe to do an acoustic performance, because of sound problems. Three members didn't want to do it, the other three (Dominic Paul and I) wanted to. We did the gig and loved it and called ourselves *Ronnie Three Chords and The Truth* for the night. Musically, it worked - it was not cluttered."

Yet with the "acoustic" lineup *The Chosen Ones / Ronnie Three Chords* still produce a polished / stylised sound that people can groove to. This is, in part due to the quality of the musicians and also that their music, a combination of classic covers (*Hoodoo Gurus*,

Violent Femmes, *Seal* and *REM* among others) and originals is inescapably commercial. "Deep Sea", Ronnie's first solo effort which features many numbers played in her live shows, is overrun with catchy melodies, tight arrangements, strong vocals and choruses with easily-defined hooks - both in upbeat and more powerful balladic forms. Out of twelve songs, eleven are originals written solely by Ronnie (except the exceptional introspective "Change", which was a joint effort with David Jacquier) the twelfth being a cover of the old Fischer Z song "So Long".

On the marketability on her originals Ronnie says -

"Commercial music is, by definition difficult to gauge (i.e. is the Cure still cult?). However, I don't apologise for a strong melody To me, commercial music means airplay plus market therefore wouldn't most bands be aiming for these things if they wanted recognition, in some form?"

But don't assume that all Ronnie thinks of is her potential market.

"I don't play anything I don't like to sing or play. It just so happens the songs I write / styles I'm best at happen to be in a commercial vein."

Relationships predominate in her lyrics, especially sexual politics. However, she is careful to avoid coming across as an extremist in her writing.

"From my point of view, from the stage, I witness what are incredible social rituals. The expectations and stereotypes people set up as obstacles and being victims of their own conditioning. Women and men both play the games in different ways - we've both got some improving to do."

Another reason adding to the increasing appeal of *Ronnie Three Chords* (in particular) on the pub-circuit is the

megawatt stage presence of Ms Taheny - she doesn't just play - she entertains - talking, joking and ad-libbing easily with the audience (often half-tanked, rowdy and obnoxious punters - my words, not hers) and never, ever letting a heckler get the upper hand.

"The singer, whether they like it or not, are always the focal point. And therefore I have never accepted boring, no personality, no energy, apologetic bimbo figures upfront. To me, that's not good enough. You are out there offering entertainment - confidence and ad-libbing has a lot to do with it. I worked as hard on my confidence as I did on my playing. You've got to give." So confidence was not something that came naturally?

"Some people have a ten year battle with drugs, mine was with shyness. Tragic but true and proud to say that's all over. I'm probably too much the other way these days but for those who have been a little unconfident in the past too they'll surely agree that 'extrovert' is better (laughs)."

Ronnie is anxious to steer clear being stereotyped as a light or superficial performer.

"A professional musician is one who plays the instruments. The icing on the cake is if you can entertain as well. The market is full of shoe gazers."

Danielle Poulos

The Chosen Ones will be featured on the Terri Roberts acoustic show on Triple J on 8th August and will be playing supports for Rene Geyer (18th August) and Tim Finn (19th August) at the Office.

They are also finalists in the Yamaha National Band Competition at Heaven on 10th August. "Deep Sea" is available at David Jones, Glenelg records or at gigs.

1993 Composers Forum

The Composers Forum is an opportunity for composers to write pieces to be played by the ASQ in a workshop situation. Nine pieces were chosen by composers from all parts of Australia who met in July at the University of Adelaide for the week-long event. Besides the participating composers the forum was well attended by the local composing community and from interstate.

The workshops were broken up by lectures given by guest lecturers and composers. One of which was a lecture given by Larry Sitsky entitled "The Suppressed Russian Avant-garde 1900-1929" in which the crushing artistic suppression of Stalin was outlined. The details for this lecture came from what must be a considerable research effort for a book (soon to be released) by Sitsky on this topic.

As the rollcall of the names of the lost composers of this period was read out (this one forced to denounce his music, this one sent to exile in the southern

provinces, this one sent to a labour camp) the spectre of a cultural "blackhole", as Sitsky put it, became apparent. It is saddening to realise how much Russian and, indeed, all of us, have lost. What the rich culture of Russia will produce, now that artistic freedom seems possible, is impossible to predict and the potential for something new and interesting is a very exciting prospect.

In complete contrast to the Russian experience, the composers at the forum were given an enthusiastic and warm response from the ASQ. Despite what was a very taxing work load for the quartet, the sessions were handled with professionalism and humour. There was a wonderful feeling to the workshops as a wealth of string techniques and sound colours were explored to see if they would be of use to the composer and, in some cases, just for the fun of it. While the sessions were run by the composers Graeme Koehne, Nigel Butterley and Larry Sitsky, everyone at the forum

was encouraged to take part by making comments and suggestions about the pieces. This interaction is greatly aided by the fact that the ensemble is small enough and talented enough to be adaptable to this kind of workshop. It was great to be able to suggest "try playing it sul tasto" or "can the first violin play that up an octave" and to have the quartet do it immediately and competently.

This goes a long way in dispelling the kind of preciousness that composers can get about their work when it is apparent just how plastic music can be especially with the diversity of nuance a quartet like the ASQ can produce. Another aspect to this is that the composer in this situation can not hide behind saying that they didn't play it correctly as the ASQ spent much time in rehearsal before the workshops and went to great pains to give the best rendition of each score that time allowed. Thus having performer error eliminated, to a large extent, the forum

was able to focus on the compositions themselves. When weaknesses in the compositions arose they were treated as opportunities for exploration and education.

Although there was much structured activity during the week the organisers were sensitive to the social aspect of the event. There was plenty of free time to meet other composers and the relaxed feel of the forum made people inclined to do this. In fact, one night a large number of people (including the lecturers and some of the ASQ) all went out to dinner together.

Much credit is due to the ASQ for developing the Composers Forum and to Graeme Koehne the forum's coordinator. The forum is a very positive move to encouraging Australian composition and in creating a better dialogue between composer and performer. It's a shame that it can only be a biennial event.

Peter McIlwain

Fidel Castro and the Oxocubans

The Oxocubans, are a groovy fun and brass instrument orientated band from Melbourne who have just zipped through Adelaide on a whirl-wind tour over last weekend. Before they set off, On Dit's intrepid reporters managed to get hold of Mal, the Oxocuban's lead singer, in amongst the band's busy schedule to discuss life's big issues, music and establish what life really is like under that much maligned man with a mandate, Jeff Kennet. Taking a no-holds-barred approach Mal confirmed our worst fears: "Well it's weird, you think there's not much more he (Jeff) can do wrong now ... and then he just totally fucks up and you think, Oh well, that must be the end of it — and then he does it again. He's incredible."

However, according to Mal, the music industry has not been affected significantly by Big Jeff and the Oxocubans in particular, have survived the recession well, which is likely to be due to their well known reputation of taking a comic approach to music and in particular their lyrics. "A lot of songs I listen to on the radio, I think well shit, people are going to be able to relate to it but wouldn't think to. I've just written a song called 'Duna Hog' which is about a girl who is perfect except she's a duna hog, and I think everyone can relate to that, well everybody who has had a bonk I suppose." Other songs which exhibit this farcical style are 'Tim-tam Slam' and 'Falling Out'; examples of the care-free attitude which Mal feels many Australian bands could benefit from because "They're trying to take themselves seriously because they want overseas people to take themselves seriously. There's no humour in their lyrics whatsoever and that's sad."

The happy go lucky approach to life of The Oxocubans is expressed most obviously in their live performances which reflect the band's origins as buskers at the Melbourne markets playing Afro-Cuban music (which with the help of a certain stock cube brand, gave birth to the name Oxocubans). "We started off being this totally busking thing, totally idiotic and doing a lot of wacky zany stuff and then over the past few years we've got more attached to P.A. and getting more into being a stage band ... In the past couple of months we've started getting off the stage more which is nice, getting back to our busking roots ... Tim, the congo player has started, during a solo, and going out into the middle of the dance floor and doing a solo."

The group have been known to hand out Oxo condoms at their gigs, a practice which stopped when members of the band kept borrowing them to use and an incident occurred while performing at a school: "I accidentally threw one at the end of the gig and it was at an Anglican school. One of the condoms went flip, flap, flip, flap and landed in the lap of a girl who this rumour was going about that she was pregnant."

Currently, the Oxocubans have two albums out and are preparing for their third studio effort which should be ready for release at the end of the year but definitely before their appearance at the Adelaide Festival next year. The writing and recording styles of the group are quite unique in that it often takes the main songwriters Mal and Leo, over a year to write a song. This is partly due to the tight instrumental arrangement necessary to make any sense of chord changes in the group which has no guitars or keyboards. When it comes to recording, however, their two previous albums have achieved the legendary studio times of seven and eight days respectively. For the record, Mal stated that "We're looking to do it in a slightly bigger room where there is a few possibilities ... because there's something about something as big as a tuba or a trombone, that are large acoustic instruments, which need a bit of space about them to get a sense of their sound."

Recent comments directed at the band from friends such as "Five years old and still not famous" and similar comments from people at gigs has given an image of The Oxocuban's cruising along when they would rather not be, in fact they'd love to be famous and play to large crowds (who wouldn't!). The Oxocuban's may soon have this dream realised in the form of the WOMAD concerts: "We're not indigenous enough to do an Australian one, but its possible we could do one of the overseas ones. The music's Australian, but I think people can't stand the fact that we play brass instruments and pretend we're Australian. It confuses them."

The Oxocubans will be in town this week to promote the re-release of their first album on CD. Check your favorite gig guide for details. They can be contacted to obtain any of their previous albums or for other information at P.O. Box 115, Eltham, Victoria, Postcode 3095.

Jordan Parham
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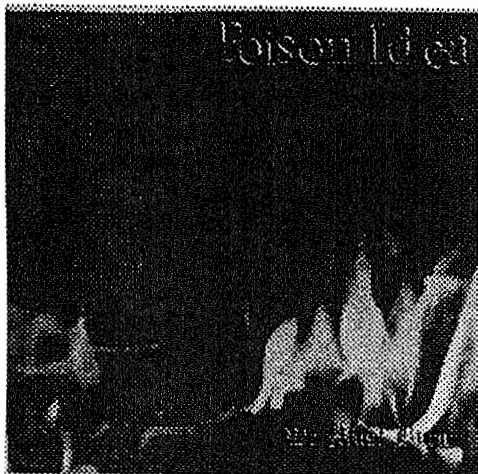
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- POTTERY TUES. WED. THURS. 6.00-8.00 PM
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Poison Idea
We Must Burn
Vinyl Solution/Shock

Poison Idea have never been known for their subtlety or their fondness for attending Sunday School, and *We Must Burn* makes this clear once and for all for those ever in doubt. This album leans a little more towards metal than previously (well I think so!) but still contains the essential P.I. ingredients: Two guitars on 11 played with machine gun precision, Jerry A. getting pissed about a lot of things and not whispering about it, and a rhythm section that's not too keen on the guitars being even louder than they are. There are a number of highlights, particularly 'Endless Blockades For the Pussyfooter', an entirely manic song that can exhaust you after one listen. I think this one's a cover and it could do some serious damage turned up loud; one of the hottest, loudest songs I've heard in ages, despite the mildly excessive scale solo! I'd recommend this one to metalheads as well as fans of seriously noisy thrash/grunge or any closely located pigeon hole. Unfortunately this looks like the last work from Poison Idea, as they've broken up. (Yup, the Australian tour has been cancelled.) They have left a large back catalogue of influential work, and it appears at least two spin-off bands will emerge from the fragments, so perhaps all is not lost.

Daniel Kearney

Aladdin
Original Motion Picture Soundtrack
Walt Disney Records (Sony)

In the past, Disney Studio's have produced *The Little Mermaid* and *Beauty and the Beast*. *Aladdin* continues with the same phenomenal success. This score is typical of Disney movies, but as long as Disney comes out with these movies, we will have these soundtracks. That's not to say this isn't very good; rather if the hype surrounding the motion picture's release catches on and people go to the cinemas to see the movie, this album has every chance of becoming a big hit.

Anyone who knows the story of Aladdin knows that this music will have a Middle East feel to it. Coming from a family movie, we expect sugar-sweet tunes and nothing too sharp or loud, but *Aladdin* contains some exceptional music, combined with excerpts of Robin Williams' character from the movie, the Genie, and two versions of Aladdin's theme, "A Whole New World".

The first version of "A Whole New World" is good, performed by Brad Kane and Lea Salonga, but the second version, by Peabo Bryson and Regina Belle, deservedly won an Academy Award for Best Original Song. Robin Williams sings the two tracks "Friend Like Me" and "Prince Ali" in his role as the Genie, which are more than just fill-in songs, and the majority of the album is devoted to orchestrations by Alan Menken, Howard Ashman and Tim Rice. The fact that this won another Oscar for Best Original Score speaks for itself, considering the quality of the contenders for the award.

Listening to this album is like listening to the movie without the picture, with the highs and lows associated with certain moods and scenes in the movie. The penultimate track, "Happy End in Agrabah", gives away the ending to the movie (it is a cheery song) but we all know the final outcome to the story, and, well ... this is a Disney movie and Disney movies are hardly unpredictable.

To quote the back sleeve, "Rub the magic lamp and hear your musical wishes come true with the original motion picture soundtrack Aladdin is a musical magic carpet ride for the whole family!" This is definitely for the young-at-heart.

Nick Pickard

Beach of the War Goddess
Caron Wheeler
EMI

There is so much I could write about this album, it is hard to fit it within the requisite space. Those who expect another Soul II Soul album take heed - with the exception of the gently loping "Wonder" and "Need a Man" - this offering is far removed from the influence of Jazzie B (although he does guest appearances here) and is, in fact, a far more diverse array of shadings and colours.

Dance and funk beats dominate but they merely form the base for the songs which draw inspiration from a variety of music styles. In particular, a distinct African influence can be detected in the "Beach of the War Goddess" and "Naughty Eyes" and soul in the laid-back "Soul Street" (complete with Hammond organ) and "Light as a Feather". The lyrical content is exemplary for a dance album - social justice issues such as racism, Aids, drugs and woman's interests frequently appear, in intelligently written / non-preach form, balanced by lighter songs about love and relationships.

Also watch out for Caron's version of Jimi Hendrix's "The wind cries Mary" - which is raw compared to the rest of the tracks (it's cleverly sampled from the original recording) and appealingly funky although it may offend Hendrix purists. Throughout Wheeler's soaring vocals deliver a consistent talent, providing an anchor for the disparity of material and indicating the ease with which she adapts to the different styles. With an incredible combination of vocal talent, lyrical credibility, top producers such as Jazzie B. (Soul II Soul), Jimmy Jam (Janet Jackson) and Terry

Lewis and African/Funk-inspired dance grooves, *Beach of the War Goddess* is a definite must for the thinking dance (note: not techno) music lover's collection.

Danielle Poulos

San Francisco Days
Chris Isaak
Reprise Records

I have to admit a certain fondness for that song that has become Isaak's signature tune, "Wicked Game". It just fitted so well into the Twin Peaks / Juliee Cruise groove of 1991 and because of my own situation, I had a great deal of empathy for it. So it was with that in mind that I wanted to review *San Francisco Days*. But if you are expecting (or dreading) an album of "Wicked Games", then you will be disappointed (or pleased). As the biography so gleefully proclaims, this is a new move for Isaak and the music reflects this decidedly.

That said, the best song on the album is, in my eyes, "Can't Do A Thing (To Stop Me)". It is also the first single and perhaps for that reason, the most like "Wicked Game". It grooves along in a daze of betrayal and angst worthy of the most sensitive of teenagers.

As for the other eleven songs, they are a mixture of country, bluesy and acoustic tracks that would probably be great live. The guitar is especially well done throughout. Some of it is a bit corny (the tacky organ in "Two Hearts"), but it stands as a competent piece of unthreatening work that is really good to unwind to. And on top of that, there is the added bonus (to some, anyway) that Isaak sounds remarkably like Elvis, if you like that sort of thing.

A good effort, but you won't despise yourself for an eternity if you miss it.

Ben Authers

Puzzle
Dada
IRS / EMI

"Art is a Plesiosaurus." - Tristan Tzara

I have to admit high hopes when I first picked up *Puzzle*. Operating, as I was, with an extensive knowledge of the Dadaist movement, I was looking forward to something that worthily carried on that fine tradition, a group of welcome successors to Picabia, Arp and Grosz.

Ha! Bugger Bruitism! Instead, I found a trio of musicians producing some fairly typical stuff, some of it good, some bad and some very bad.

Puzzle starts pretty pathetically with the self-indulgent "Dorina", and the only thing that "Mary Sunshine Rain" and "Dog" prove is that Dada should never again try vocal harmonies. Ever. "Dizz Knee Land" is the singularly most irritating song since "Ice Ice Baby" and about as imaginative. It starts to get better with "Surround" and from then on picks up, with the last four tracks easily the best. There is enough variety here to please everyone and the lyrics please, with just about the right amount of pretentious obscurity.

Vocals and instrument performances are solid and serve their purpose well. It is quite a good album and there is nothing dramatically wrong with it, but honestly, it's no Plesiosaurus.

Ben Authers

Bleeding Star
The Jean Paul Sartre Experience
Flying Nun Records

Whilst their record company press release has hailed the JPS Experience as the saviours of the modern world, it is in my nature to be a bit more cautious in my praise. That said, this is a pretty good album. New Zealand artists are making more of an impact of late (The Headless Chickens and Margaret Urlich spring to mind, although I'm not too sure why ...), and this is certainly a good thing.

In case you were wondering, the JPS Experience fits the first category more than the second. Guitars, drums and dreamy, hypnotic rhythms and vocals are the staple of this quartet. Lyrics follow suit, adding to an already out-of-sync effect. The repetition of sounds and words is used often, with short songs stretched out, but not so they become boring (i.e. the 28-word "Angel"). And, rather surprisingly, you can actually hear their accents at times, pleasing in these days of mass-production.

What I did not like was the aimless "Intro", which is little more than the group tuning their instruments. And because they are so similar, a mistake was made in putting "Into You" and "Ray of Shine" next to each other. But these are petty things.

Bleeding Star is a decent effort that won't sell billions but will provide enjoyment to those who do purchase it. Definitely worth a listen.

Ben Authers

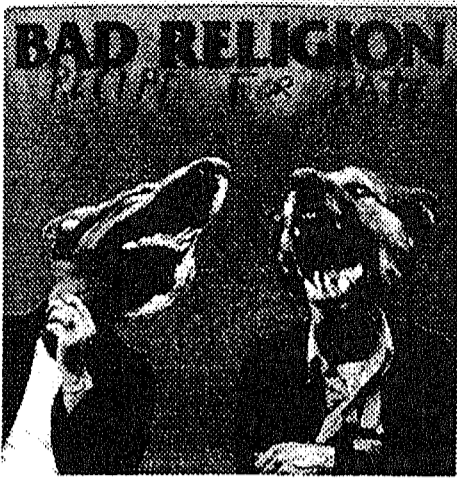
Return to the Apocalyptic City
Testament

By the cover alone I knew this was going to be a brutal album, as the cover depicts a person getting his face torn apart by fishing hooks on chains, and when I had a listen, I was not let down. The first four songs are live tracks and are extremely brutal and fast. Chuck Billy, the vocalist, sounds very raw and sounds as if he has an extremely sore throat. Alex Skolnick, a guitar legend, however, is not present on the first four songs, so the guitar sound is a bit lacking but they still manage to be pretty crunchy.

The last two songs, "Reign of Terror" and "Return to Serenity" are both recorded in the studio and both feature Alex Skolnick. "Return to Serenity", which is a catchy ballad, shows the band's maturity and true musical ability.

Overall, I was very impressed by the album, but the only complaint I have is that it only has six songs.

Matthew H.



Bad Religion
Recipe for Hate
Epitaph/Shock

Bad Religion have been pouring out this stuff since the beginning of eternity, and fully deserve their position as one of the most respected and best selling independent bands. All their albums feature intelligent, thought provoking lyrics, but rarely preach, as well as fast but not fancy punk guitars as backing. They have gradually become more produced and accessible as time has passed, and this could have a lot to do with their saleability, as well as Greg Graffin's brilliant, smooth vocals. *Recipe for Hate* simply continues in their trade mark style; if you liked *Generator*, you'll probably like this, although I found it took me longer to fully appreciate this one. I'm sure, like me, many older fans could cope with the guitars being turned up a little. (It's not fair when all these loud bands send you deaf with screaming guitars then frustrate you by turning them down as you get harder of hearing. What..huh?) This point is exemplified by 'Man With a Mission'. If you've managed to borrow Clawhammer's amazing twin guitar attack for a song, you don't bury them in the mix!!! Despite my miserable whingeing this is probably up there with Bad Religion's best, and therefore up there with the best. Oh, and remember, it's all O.K., because the president believes in God.

Daniel Kearney

Black Tie White Noise
David Bowie
BMG

David Bowie over the years has earned a reputation as pop music's chameleon with an ever-changing image and corresponding changes in musical styles. This single is another example of this trend, even though Bowie has deviated less from his last recordings than he has in the past.

The CD single features four songs: 3 mixes of the title track and remix of "You've Been Around" - recorded with Tin Machine guitarist Reeves Bagrels - by Jack Dangers. The latter is probably the best track on this release (then again, I have an affinity for B-sides) and of the three mixes of *Black Tie ...*, the Urban Mix, by Al B. Sure!, is probably the best and definitely the mellowest. Overall, this doesn't break any new ground for Bowie: it's quite listenable and fairly innovative but pales in comparison to Bowie classics such as "Space Oddity".

Florian Minzloff

43 Minutes
Sam Brown
POD Music / Festival

It's been three years since we last heard from Sam Brown, the artist who gave us the hits "Stop" and "With A Little Love". Following tough economic times, she has gone out on a limb by recording *43 Minutes* on her own label, POD Music. This has allowed Sam to develop different styles of music, which flow from track to track.

The song "Fear of Life" looks at depression and contemplating suicide "Do you see any light? Or do you just see spite? In the distance, if I look I see the sun obliterating all the shadows, everyone ... How does it feel to be lost in life". The music on this album draws heavily from Sam's own experiences, including the death of her mother (as seen in "Fear of Life"), but this feeling is replaced with optimism on most of the album.

From the first track, "Come Into My World", it is obvious that Sam is happy with her new-found freedom that comes with her own label and this is reflected in fresh new music. "Into the Night" is a sultry ballad, exposing Sam's husky but sexy voice, whereas "Into the Rain" predominantly features piano, intertwined with limited vocals. In "The Morning Song", there is the optimistic outlook that life goes on after death and this continues in "You Are My World", a mellow track dealing with love and life in general.

43 Minutes has its highs and lows, yet is promising.

Nick Pickard

Call Me Resolution
BMG

When handed this two-track single titled *Resolution / Call Me*, a group name was nowhere in sight.

The group of musicians, tipped "Resolution", is headed by song writer Phil Pyne, who has a distinctly recognisable style. The music seems to be in the style of the Adelaide band Seven Stories. It is environmentally pointed and well polished.

Although not exactly my style, it definitely holds a high place in the music industry, showing a contemporary easy listening style that should satisfy the right sort of listeners.

James Mau

Spilt Milk
Jellyfish

The boys from Jellyfish must be pretty paranoid about the similarity of their sound to that of Queen. Otherwise, why would the information sheet which accompanied my copy of 'Spilt Milk' spend two full paragraphs playing down such accusations? As it turns out, the comparisons are well-founded.

Sadly, this CD doesn't come close to their obvious idols. Queen's characteristic pseudo-metal guitar riffs are here replaced by sickly sweet over-production. Too often the music sounds like it

should be playing in the background of a Disney telemovie as the reunited family link hands and stare, misty-eyed out the window of their snow-covered house as their long lost labrador bounds anxiously towards ... and so on.

Jellyfish lack the timing that their musical approach require for success. The rhythm changes, vocal waves and bouncy piano chords are just too forced. The only tracks that hint at better things are "Joining a Fanclub", "All is Forgiven" and, to a lesser extent, "The Ghost at Number One" (the resurrection of Freddie Mercury?).

If you liked Queen, but not as much as The Beach Boys because the former were too heavy for you, and you love all those movies that are on television in the week before Christmas which star at least two of Dick van Dyke, Barbara Eden, the dad out of the Brady Bunch and Elliot Gould, then you might want to buy this. Otherwise, don't bother.

Mark Scruby

Planet Drum
Mickey Hart
Festival

"Grateful Dead drummer Mickey Hart realises his life long dream; to gather together the world's great drummers to make a recording based entirely on percussion."

- The question you may well ask is ... why?

Sure, there is some really groovy African type drumming and singing, but to produce a whole album of very similar percussion based songs is a bit of a joke. The beginning of 'Light and Shadow' sounds suspiciously like the *Jaws* theme. Cool. Also 'Jewe' sounds like the guy is singing "Gaol Bait". That was slightly amusing.

I wouldn't buy a whole album based on percussion. I don't know anyone who would. Hey, maybe you would. Maybe you'd like it. Maybe you like the Grateful Dead.

I found it a tad boring after about 30 seconds.

Julie Kitto

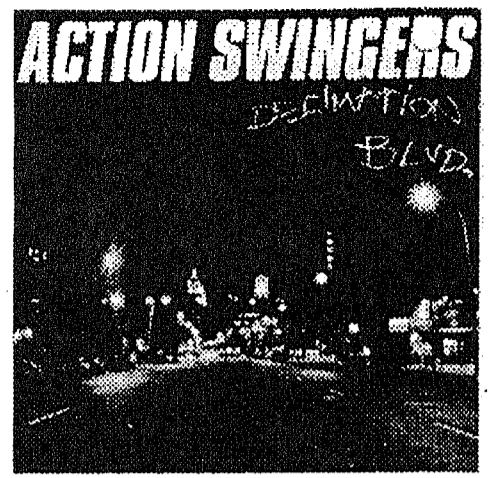
Lines Around Your Eyes
Lucinda Williams

Despite approaching this cassette with a genuinely open mind, by the end of the title track the door to that part of my brain which deals with such matters was ajar - supported only by the hope that the next song would bring a radical reversal of form. Unfortunately, "Something About What Happens When We Talk" came along as a very large wrestler with a strong desire to rest his considerable body weight against the aforementioned door.

'Does this make sense,' sings Lucinda. Nup. 'Does it matter anyway?' she continues. Ditto.

The final lil' ol' number, surprisingly enough, is a very cleverly positioned broom-handle placed so that the door can't quite close ... for now. All it needs is for Lucinda Williams' next release to be a hacksaw, or even a dog with a broom fetish, to close the matter once and for all. Time will tell.

Mark Scruby



Action Swingers
Decimation Blvd.
Caroline/Shock

When an album contains 14 songs and clocks in around 20 minutes you can guess what it might sound like. Indeed, the Action Swingers produce fast, short punk rock with a whole lot of hooks. This isn't really Ramones-style though, there are no sickly sweet vocal harmonies and the guitars are a whole lot louder. Production by the Stooges/New York Dolls/Kiss sound engineer adds to the entire package. The lyrics cover the standard punk rock stuff, plus a nifty tune about the joys of attempting to master 'user friendly' VCR's. There's no class to this record, and not a whole lot of originality. Having said that, neither are much of an advantage in making a cool record, are they? Great stuff, and there's no way you can get sick of it 'cos it's over before you know it. Oh, and for those who are swayed by such things, one song features Don (Dinosaur jnr, Gumball) Fleming, and Superchunk cover one of their songs.

Daniel Kearney

Thousand Roads
David Crosby

On this album, David Crosby has gathered together a stellar group of his friends, including some of contemporary music's top writers, producers, players and artists.

The list of musicians who contribute to the album includes Phil Collins, Graham Nash (of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young fame), Marc Cohn and others. Incidentally, David Crosby was a member of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young (for all of you out there who can remember who they are).

This album is quite good, at which I was quite surprised as I'm not usually inspired to much by this style of contemporary music.

The first song, "Hero", which features Phil Collins and David Crosby singing together, is a stand-out track on the album and is quite an emotional song. However, this style continues through the whole album, which, after a while, gets a bit repetitive.

Overall, the album wasn't bad and if you're a fan of this style, I'm sure you'll like it, but if not, don't buy it.

Matthew H.

are sad.

Comic News

• The *Fantastic Four* movie has been delayed. The reason stated is because the production company has fallen behind with the special effects. The company is stressing that they will not be facing another *Captain America* style fiasco where massive reshoots and numerous delays resulted in the film never seeing a cinematic release.

• The Image Comics cut backs have now reached further than the initial titles reported last week. *Maxx* will cease to be published by Image as of issue 5. *Tribe* by Larry Stroman and Todd Johnson has been cancelled and issue 2 will not be published by Image. Larry and Todd have plans to self publish their title. The following titles have now been taken off the Image schedule and will not be published: Frank Miller's *Big Guy*, *Enemies of Mankind* by Alan Moore and *Tiger Files* by Tom Artis.

As for the long delayed *Wetworks*, a statement with regards to when that title is due should be forthcoming sometime during August. It is understood that Whilce Portacio wants the comic to be complete before he begins soliciting it.

• For anyone who wanted to pick up *Cerebus* but was a bit afraid to, The Adelaide Comics Centre now has complete sets of the phone books. They're all available at the best prices for such sizeable collections. *Cerebus* issue 172 is also out on Monday.

• David de Vries' and Glenn Lumsden's effort on *The Eternal Warrior Yearbook* is due out soon through Valiant. On Dit will be giving readers a review of what looks to be one of this year's best reads.

X-Men 2099

Artists: Ron Lim, Adam Kubert

Publisher by Marvel

Frequency: Future Release, Monthly ongoing

With the phenomenal popularity enjoyed by the numerous X-titles and spin-offs among Marvel readership, there was no need to be a psychic to see this release coming. Adding to *Spiderman 2099*, *Punisher 2099*, *Doom 2099*, *Ravage 2099* and the planned *Hulk 2099* is the *X-Men 2099*. Intended for regular readers of the 2099 series as well as the regular X-Men readers, it should score a huge chunk of cash regardless of actual quality. However, the preview Marvel have graciously provided for us is promising.

Unfortunately, the writer was not named, but the artists left their signature on the splash page. Ron Lim has a nice, uncomplicated style that generally leaves surfaces line-free, a relative rarity amongst comic artists these days, it seems. His art is well complemented by Adam (brother to Andy "X-Men") Kubert's inks. Facial expressions are well drawn, although

Comics



occasionally the necks on characters seem to be a little long. However, overall, it is impressive to look at. The dialogue appears to be fairly standard fare, a bit stilted at times, but not too unbearable. However, it is the story that has me a bit confused, because it appears to have very little to do with *X-Men*. Sure, the main characters are introduced as mutants but it doesn't look like they are actually a group. An as-yet unseen character named Xiian is described by another as having messianic delusions and could therefore be a Professor X substitute, but overall the comic doesn't really strike me as being a recognisable equivalent to the X-men of the present. Personally, I think that this could be a

good thing, a strike out into a new direction but whether the official Marvel Zombies see things the same way is another matter. I was expecting something like the future recounted by Bishop but I must say that I am not disappointed with the way the comic was handled. *X-Men* fans will probably pick it up anyway, as will 2099 fans and others will steer a wide course around anything with an X in the title, so I can't see many new readers drawn in by this competent effort, but I still think it is worth a look for those who enjoy the superhero comics.

Jeremy Hillman

In This Week

Marvel

- Daredevil #300
- Marvel Age #128
- Punisher 2099 #8
- Classic X-Men #86
- Quasar #50
- Guardians of the Galaxy
- Spectacular Spider-Man
- Cable #4
- Killpower #1
- Dragon Lines #4
- Immortals #1
- Marvel Comics Presents #136
- Secret Defenders #7
- Spyke #3
- Black Axe #6
- Death's Head II #10
- Deathlok #27
- Ghost Rider/Blaze #14
- Hokum and Hex #1
- Incomplete Death's Head #9
- Infinity Crusade #4
- Moon Knight #54
- 'Nam #84
- Punisher War Journal #58
- US Agent #4
- Venom: Funeral Pyre #2

DC

- Black Canary #9
- GL Corps Quarterly #6
- Hawkman #1
- Kid Eternity #5
- Ragman #2
- Adventures of Superman #504
- Blood Syndicate #6
- Detective Comics #666
- Flash #81
- Justice League Task Force #4
- Legion '93 #58
- Lobo: Unamerican Gladiators
- Metamorpho #2
- Skin Graft #3
- Team Titans #12

Image

- Spawn #12
- Youngblood Yearbook #1
- Trencher #3
- 1963 #4

Valiant

- Magnus #29
- Secret Weapons #2
- Harbinger #22
- Bloodshot #9
- Hard Corps #11
- Deathmate Yellow

Aardvark-Vanaheim

- Cerebus #172



Comic book heroes

Cable No. 2

Writer: Fabian Nicieza

Artists: Art Thibert, Al Milgrom

Published by Marvel

US \$2.00

Frequency: Monthly ongoing (hah!)

The issue of Cable's first appearance, *New Mutants* No. 87, has reached a value among collectors of around \$100, leaving no doubts as to his popularity. However, both Cable and "X-Force" have been the subjects of some unfair criticism, mostly due to the unpopularity in some circles of Rob Liefeld, creator of both. However, now that Liefeld is completely divorced from the two titles and working at Image (though still whining "I created Cable!"), the two should be looked at in a different light.

Cable and X-Force are very closely linked (apparently he will lead X-Force again sometime soon), but the first two issues of Cable show a completely different side of the man: his battles in the future alongside the Clan Chosen against the Canaanites and Stryfe. They also focused on Kane (Weapon X) and his struggle to reach his own time, as well as his discovery of the source of Cable's apparent lack of compassion.

Art Thibert's pencilling is very nice, although, as Rohan Thompson has repeatedly emphasised, it is very much like Jim Lee's in style. This is, in my opinion, not a bad thing, as Jim Lee is a bloody good artist. However, Thibert seems to have succumbed to certain temptations, as he depicts the various members of the Clan Chosen walking around with oversize guns, muscles and breasts, although not to the extent that some other artists would.

Fabian Nicieza appears to have the dialogue well under control. Nothing sounds stilted or too unnatural and of special note is the way that Dawnsilk's neural damage is accounted for in the script. The story, too, is interesting. There is not as much emphasis on action as one might expect and so interaction between characters comes to the fore. The fact that Nicieza also writes "X-Force" promises close ties between the two books in the future.

However, yet to be explained is Cable's miraculous escape from death at the end of the X-cutioner's Song crossover. Hopefully, it will at least have some form of realism in it and not be the usual bullshit-Marvel-escape-from-certain-death syndrome. However, although coming out later than scheduled, "Cable" is an interesting and attention-keeping comic (for some) and will hopefully stay that way.

Jeremy Hillman

Sachs & Violen

Publisher: Epic (Marvel)

Writer: Peter David

Artist: George Perez

Frequency: Future release, Monthly 4-issue limited series

Well, somebody has obviously decided to take the saying "sex and violence sell" to an extreme. Described by Marvel as a "...sexy, thrill-a-minute book", the comic revolves around a nude centrefold model called Jennifer Jean Sachs and her photographer/frustrated would-be lover Ernie "Violen" Schultz. When one of JJ's friends is mur-

dered during the making of a porno snuff movie (in which the actress is murdered on camera), she decides to do everything she can to find those responsible.

Peter David, the brilliant writer behind *The Incredible Hulk* each month and the *Incredible Hulk: Future Imperfect* success story last year, is the man brought on board for this four issue limited series. Those familiar with Peter's work will readily realise that if anyone can pull this off, he's the man. Trademarks of his work include brilliant dialogue, a healthy sense of humour and excellent characterisations - attributes that shine through in no uncertain terms on this occasion as well.

George Perez was the second half of the *Incredible Hulk: Future Imperfect* series, and his art is pleasingly detailed. Faces, bodies, backgrounds, all bear his attention to detail and it is nice to see people well proportioned and not of "heroic stature"; after all, these are just normal people and not super heroes.

However, I do have reservations about this title. Some of the characters seem to be a little cliched: Ernie Schultz used to be a news photographer in Vietnam, and wants to forget; JJ's sister is a nun (perhaps a bit much of a contrast) and the lead actor and the director in the snuff movie hate each other. Still, the first five pages or so are genuinely shocking and the bare flesh is kept to a tasteful minimum (I mean, really, if you want to see flesh, go out and buy a porno, you frustrated scumbags!). I have faith in Peter David and George Perez and their ability to make this comic great, and look forward to its imminent release. Keep cracking that whip JJ.

Jeremy Hillman

Thunderstrike No. 1

Writer: Tom DeFalco

Artists: Ron Frenz, Al Milgrom

Published by Marvel

US \$2.95 (1st issue only)

Frequency: Future Release, Monthly ongoing

"When architect Eric Masterson stamps his wooden walking stick upon the ground, it is transformed into a mystical weapon called Thunderstrike! Armed with incredible powers, Masterson works to prove that one man can make a difference, because this world still needs heroes!" Thus blurts the blurb at the top of page one of this impending release of Thunderstrike. When Thor, son of Odin, had to return to Asgard, he appointed Eric Masterson as his successor and left him with a parting gift of the mystical mallet. From that point, everything just slips into oblivion.

I will start off by saying that Ron Frenz's art is good.

The heads are slightly out of proportion with the rest of the body on the muscle-bound types, but on the whole everything is clear-cut and well-drawn. No, what really lets down this comic is the writing.

The writing can best be described as 60's dressed up to look 90's. Give us some examples!" I hear you cry hungrily.

OK, Check this out, my personal favourite, spoken by the man Masterson himself (in the middle of a battle, no less);

"Raw power is never enough my friend! Power without responsibility, compassion and intelligence is merely a defeat waiting to happen!"

Oh, yes, please, preach to us mere mortals some more! Four pages in, after destroying a car to stop some thieves, he thinks (and I quote once more) "What about her car? Who's going to pay for it? Will her insurance company cover her?" The real question is "Does anyone reading this really give a flying fuck?"

Along with this fantastic, goody-two-shoes, sensitive New Age Guy Superhero are the beginnings of an interracial relationship (between Masterson and his black lawyer Samantha), and appearances by minorities (such as the Hispanics). Now, this in itself is a good thing but the way it is presented leaves a foul aftertaste in the mouth. Fans of Captain Planet and the Planetears will probably love this oh-so politically correct offering which provides positive role models and morals for the kiddies, but all I can say is that this is an absolutely pathetic effort that should be spurned like the pariah that it is. Burn, Baby, Burn!

Jeremy Hillman

Hokum and Hex

Writer: Frank Lovelace

Artists: Anthony Williams and Andy Lanning

Published by Marvel / Epic

Frequency: Monthly

So, Clive Barker wants to venture out into generic "superhero" comics, but with a twist, does he? And Marvel has let him? Fine. I'm all for diversity in the

comics market. What I object to is mindless drivel taking up our precious spacetime. And *Hokum and Hex* is the epitome of such drivel.

I tried to like it. Really. But the blurb promises a "unique blending of magic, comedy and explosive suspense" and does not deliver. I let the first category slide (Magic is so indefinable, anyone can quite rightly use it to endorse anything), but frankly, I found more "explosive suspense" in "The Muppet Christmas Carol".

And as for humour? It has been done really well before (*Sebastian O*, *Excalibur*, *The Justice Leagues*, *Hulk*, *Youngblood*) but *Hokum and Hex* was as much fun as Year 12 Economics. The concept (Earthling given paranormal power by other dimensional deity to stop opposing other dimensional deity taking over Earth) would seem to be the weakest of the *Razorline* concepts and was certainly not elevated by writer Frank Lovelace. The art is only marginally better. Hopefully, it will die a quick and painless death.

All the advice I can offer is this: if a rabid Clive Barker fan takes your parents hostage and threatens to kill them unless you read *Hokum and Hex*, remember that there is always welfare ...

Ben Authers



are glad.

lawyers guns and money

How sweet it is to be a lawyer now that Spring is (almost) here! Or so I have been lead to believe by the incredible proliferation of lawyer-type things on the box. Last week, two new programmes rushed to fill the vessel labelled "the Law on Television" despite the fact that this vessel is full to overflowing.

Civil Wars and *Law Order* began their seasons on Ten last Tuesday and the question I'm really driven to ask is: "when did law become so sexy?"

It used to be that lawyers were evil, balding parasites (apart from Perry Mason who was more generally disagreeable). But now! Now we can't seem to get enough of American law types sliding their Calvin-Kleined arses across silk sheets on their way to yet another sweaty but tasteful shag.

The whole problem can be traced, I think, back to *LA Law* (*what about Rumpole! eds*), the first TV show to really exploit the sexual tension inherent in having an attractive male lawyer leap to his feet (shudder), and call out "Objection!" only to be answered by an equally attractive female judge (ohhh!) with "Objection overruled, Mr Kuzak. Sit down!"

Perhaps lawyers feel its their turn to be the sex symbols. God knows we've taken our time getting around to them. The eighties belonged to the greedy, entrepreneurial Gordon Gekko types, the nineties to the lawyers.

(Of course, we've only managed to admire American attorneys; the local vultures feeding off the State Bank carcass and little else have a way to go before they can provoke lust in even the most desperate telly viewers with

wig and gown fetishes.)

And just what is your average nineties lawyer like, as per Channel Ten? Well, s/he is caring and sharing, just like George Bush wanted everyone to be in this decade before he got fired for being too old and stupid. The main message of *Civil Wars* seems to be that "lawyers are people too." In this slice of Lex Americana, the only people with the bad attitude are the clients who have the gall to demand something in return for their lawyers' 50% cut. Clients waste considerable amounts of their lawyers', let's face it, chum, 'cos you're paying by the minute, valuable time with little human fripperies more properly taken care of by a relative who's financially dependent on you or, better still, a good psychiatrist.

These lawyers are all so bloody nice! They defend irascible but justifiably so, good honest people who've been gravely wronged. All very important I'm sure, but who's going to do the real bread and butter law work, who's going to stand up for the huge multi-national corporations and defend their right to exploit people, especially blacks and women? Well, we've established that everyone's got a heart of gold but what's the show actually like? I'm glad you asked. *Civil Wars*, for better or worse, is another TV programme in the *Twin Peaks/Northern Exposure* mould. It has that much-vaunted "quirkiness" which American TV producers currently can't get enough of.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining. As such. But playing the game of laugh-along-at-the-weird-character's-amusing-foibles tires after a while when said weird character doesn't have any

solid characterisation to back him/her up.

Civil Wars has a cycling poet who quotes macabre verse to anyone he can corner and looks funny to boot. This is all based on the premise that no one is going to take him aside and say: "listen, mate, you're a dickhead." Woo hoo! Quir-Key!

And then there're the aggressive, estranged elderly sisters who fire belligerent homilies at one another and of course, the retarded Japanese Sumo wrestler/double amputee who spends all day sucking his grossly distended ear lobes and exclaiming to anyone who'll listen: "there's a fish in my coffee!" Etc etc.

It's not a bad series, I just wasn't sufficiently interested to watch an entire episode. Maybe next week. If I'm sick in bed with a cold. If I haven't already taped Oprah. Perhaps. We'll see.

And what's *Law and Order* like? OK. Confession time. I hadn't actually watched *Law and Order* when I started this piece. Now I have. Let me tell you, it's pretty damn good. It's not quirky. It's not played for laughs. It's not even especially sexy. (Though the lawyers are a lot better looking than the cops.) It's intelligently scripted. Episode one started an excellent precedent; the lads (amazingly, none of the regulars are women) investigated medical malpractice, resulting in a stirring clash of the super professions; the Law vs Medicine. Worth watching.

That's the law on TV for you. Something in there for everyone—sex and reality. What more can you ask for? Only a law degree, I guess, so you could join in the fun.

Nick Smith

On dit

The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly

Production Notes

Oh Dear is the weekly newspaper of the Students Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete editorial control, although opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own, ie. Fiona may think X-men 2099 is the best comic ever, despite Jeremy saying it is only average. George may think Reservoir Dogs is worth missing, despite what Alan says. Richard may not have an opinion on anything.

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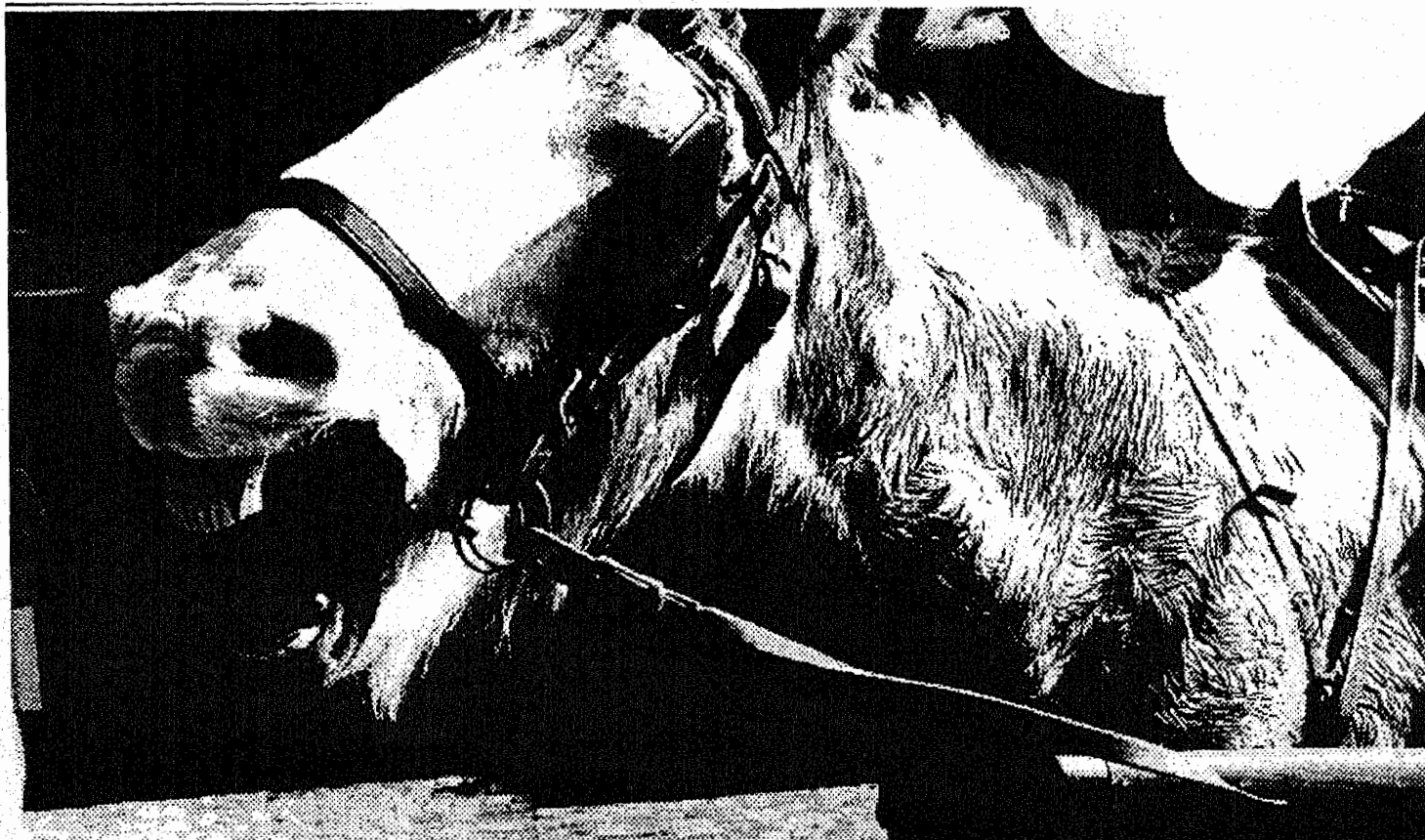
Hip'n'Shoulder

Darien O'Reilly

Cheers

Rachel, Stacey, Rohan, Dr Andy for the cocktails and ensuing hangover, Sonja J. T., Andrew P. Street and the boyz, Colin, Denis (the menace) Safe, Bon Voyage Mrs. Safe, Tim, David, Jessica, the Falafel House Hindley St., Darien and Nick for the monster yummy tucker, Tracy, Dave, everyone else at Hackney for putting up with us, Simon, Sarah Roberts, Dr. Seuss, Daniel for the Dickies, Stuart G. (friendliest guy in rock) Robertson, Alan, Tom, Arthur for the service with a smile, Happy birthday Emily (sorry we didn't make it), the Butthole Surfers, the Byrds, Hüsker Dü (the "Dü"), the Mad Turks, the Best Kissers in the World, the Bev (well directed Jason, a one hour exposé on the pros and cons of hoping on a rollercoaster!!! you dickhead!) and of course the lovely S-S-S-Smantha (giz a kiss) Maiden

This weeks paper was bought to you by the number 3 and the letters K and Q, along with liberal doses of Coopers fine Ales.



The Law is an... hmm, doesn't matter

classifieds

Experience the true taste of Africa through Music, Dance and Drama
The Multicultural Artworkers Committee and Nexus Cabaret presents: Cafe Musica, "African Night Special", Saturday, 14th August, 1993 at 8 pm. Program features: Dynamic music and dance performed by one of the most popular African bands in Adelaide - Hoza, with traditional African Drama and Humour presented by guest artists. Admission: \$8 / members and concession \$5, Nexus Cabaret, Lion Arts Centre, cnr North Terrace and Morphett Street, Adelaide.
See you there ...

Adelaide University Japanese Animation Society

Meeting, 7.30 - 9.30 pm Wednesday, 4th August, Upper Refectory, Level 4, Union Building. We will be showing *Bubblegum Crisis I* (finally) and *Record of Lodoss War I* (Japanese, so read a synopsis). Maybe *Silent Mobius II* if people demand it. *Important* - bring a list of all your anime. Include program, format, language and quality. All new members welcome.

GALA Meeting this Friday 1.00pm in the Gerry Portus Room. Everyone welcome, Bring along some lunch to eat, tea and coffee will be provided. On the agenda is a film night at Queer Cinema, our plans for changing our name (and a few other things) and the AGM. New members or interested people always welcome.

Meeting

There will be another brief meeting at 1pm Thursday in the Union Cinema for any students who would like to be involved in a broad-based progressive ticket in this years student elections. Progressive students wishing to run in the election, help with the campaign or simply contribute ideas are welcome. michael Wait ph: 379 2481.

Community Aid Abroad

is looking for *Team Leaders* for the Annual Freedom From Hunger Doorknock. If you can organise a group of people (however small) to Doorknock for a few hours one weekend in September, phone 223 3405 (b.h.) and help us to *Give a hand not just a handout.*

Any person interested in being part of the crew for the French Club play in 1993 (being performed 14th - 16th September), please meet on Wednesday, 4th August at 1.10 pm in Room 722, French Department, 7th Floor, Napier Building. If you cannot attend, please ring 362 5478 (ah).

The University of Adelaide The Bunday Prize For English Verse

The Bunday Prize of \$50.00 is offered for the best poem or group of poems in English submitted in competition. The competition is open to both graduates and undergraduates of the University of Adelaide, provided that they entered their studies at the University not more than six years prior to 30th September, 1993. No restriction is placed on the subject, form, or length of the poem or poems. Entries, preferably typed, must be accompanied by the name of the author in full and be delivered to the Faculty of Arts Office, Room 203, Napier Building no later than 30th September, 1993. The prize shall not be awarded twice to the same competitor. Copies of all poems presented will be retained, and a copy of the successful entry will be deposited in the Barr Smith Library. The Prize is not confined to any particular Faculty and entries will be welcomed from all sections of the University.

The Singapore Students' Club (SSC)

cordially invites you to attend our Annual Dinner and Dance to celebrate Singapore's 28th National Day (organised by the Raffles Club of S.A. Inc.). Saturday, 14th August, 1993 at 7.30 pm at the Norwood Function Centre, 12 Wood Street, Norwood. SSC Members \$12* (subsidised); Non members \$20*. (* excluding drinks). 10 course Chinese banquet, live band, cultural display, door prizes and lots of surprises. Tickets: Contact "P.K. Yap" through OSA Office (between 1 - 2 pm, before 6th August).

The ongoing IWD collective invites interested women to join the challenge!

Groove on down to the Women's Studies Resource Centre (North Adelaide) at 6 pm on 2nd August, 6th September, 11th October, 1st November and 6th December.

The Literary Society Writers' Group

Invites you to Catherine's Cellar for an evening of underground poetry and other subterranean literature in an authentic cellar. Bring writing, food, candles and friends on Saturday, 7th August at 7.30 pm. 105 Queen Street, Norwood. Phone Matt on 374 1969 or Julian on 390 1294 for details or directions.

AU International Socialist Club

The IGM will now be held in the North Dining Room on Thursday, 5th August, 1 pm. Students wishing to discuss socialist ideas with other left wing activists are invited to attend. For more information phone Peter 271 9694.

Keep Left Keep Left

A World in Chaos - The Socialist Solution
A weekend of debate and discussion in Sydney. 21st - 22nd August, 1993 University of Technology Sydney Markets Campus, Quay Street, Haymarket. Highlights: Debate with the ALP; Has Labor got a future? Fascism in Germany; is history repeating itself? Mabo; the struggle for land rights. Rosemary Gillespie; Australia's war on Bougainville. Tim Anderson; the right to organise. Humphrey McQueen; a history of Coca Cola. Somalia and Bosnia; collapse of the New World Order. Japan; end of the miracle. Robespierre and the French Revolution. What made the Bolsheviks different? Clare Zetkin and the German Women's movement. What causes economic crises? Education in crisis - how can students fight back. Refugees - scapegoats for the crisis. Is crime a growing threat? Surrealism; revolution in art. Sexual violence - what's the socialist solution? Visiting British socialist Julie Waterson; is revolution possible in the west? Many more workshops and forums. Sponsored by the International Socialist Organisation and the IS Club at UTS, for more information telephone (08) 370 6124.

Rhodes Scholarship for 1994

The scholarship is open to both men and women and is tenable at Oxford University for two years in the first instance. In 1994-95 a personal allowance of not less than 6,100 pounds sterling a year will be paid in addition to the scholar's College and University fees. Applications will close with the Honorary Secretary of the South Australian Committee on 1st September, 1993. Intending applicants are advised to write for application forms and additional information as soon as possible.

OSA VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT

Sat. 7th August
Teams of 7.
No Sexual discrimination
Time: 10.30 - 5.00pm
Venue: Walkerville YMCA
Forms in the OSA office or from Eddie "Teddy Bear" Fong. Contact him on 331 8627. Please reply by Wednesday 4th August.

Chess Club AGM

Monday, 9th August at 1.15 pm in the Jerry Portus Room. New season starting at the end of August - new players welcome!

Amnesty

There will be a letter writing meeting this Wednesday at 1.00 pm in the Jerry Portus Room. If you couldn't come to any meetings last semester, now's your chance. New members also welcome.

The Rubichi Grants

The Rubichi Trust Fund was established in 1980 to encourage the study of Italian language and culture in South Australia and is administered by the Trustees, Mr Frank O'Neill and Mr Terry Groom (MP). A grant of \$1000 will be awarded in 1993 to the successful applicant or shared by two equally deserving students. It is intended that the grant shall be an encouragement to successful students to pursue further their studies of the Italian language, in Australia or in Italy. Academic achievement, attitude to the learning of Italian, sense of purpose, motivation to further study and intention to teach Italian are the main criteria for selection. Applications should include any information which applicants consider relevant. A brief proposal for the use to which the grant will be put should also be included. Students at the University of Adelaide who believe that they have distinguished themselves in the study of Italian are invited to forward their application to: The Rubichi Grants, The South Australian Institute of Languages, C/- The University of Adelaide, South Australia, 5005 by the 30th November, 1993.

"A Theology of Sexual Liberation"

Student Christian Movement (SCM), 1 pm Thursday, Chapel (Lady Symon Building). All welcome.

An exhibition entitled Working the System WEL will be at Speakers Corner, State History Centre, Old Parliament House from 2nd July - 27th August, 1993 to celebrate 21 years of non-party political lobbying by the Women's Electoral Lobby.

WEL's agenda is broad. During the 21 years of its existence, no part of society has been untouched by its efforts to improve women's status through the reform of economic and social conditions in our community. The exhibition is being launched by the Hon Anne Levy (Minister for Arts & Cultural Heritage, Consumer Affairs and the Status of Women) at 5 pm on Friday, 2nd July. It aims to inform people how to achieve social justice by promoting an understanding of the political system and bureaucratic processes and to demonstrate how to use available channels effectively. After August 1993, Working the System WEL will become a travelling display of the State History Centre, available for exhibition throughout the State of South Australia. For further information, phone Deborah McCulloch on 297 6626 or Rosanne DeBats 226 2891.