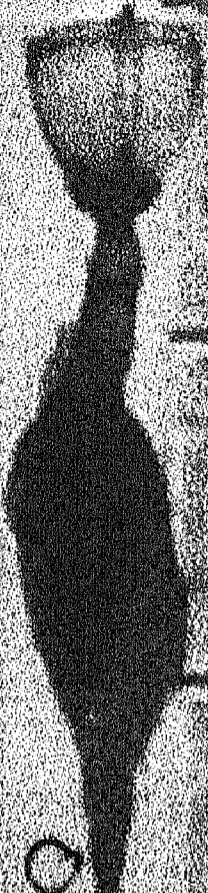
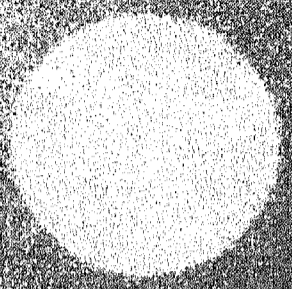
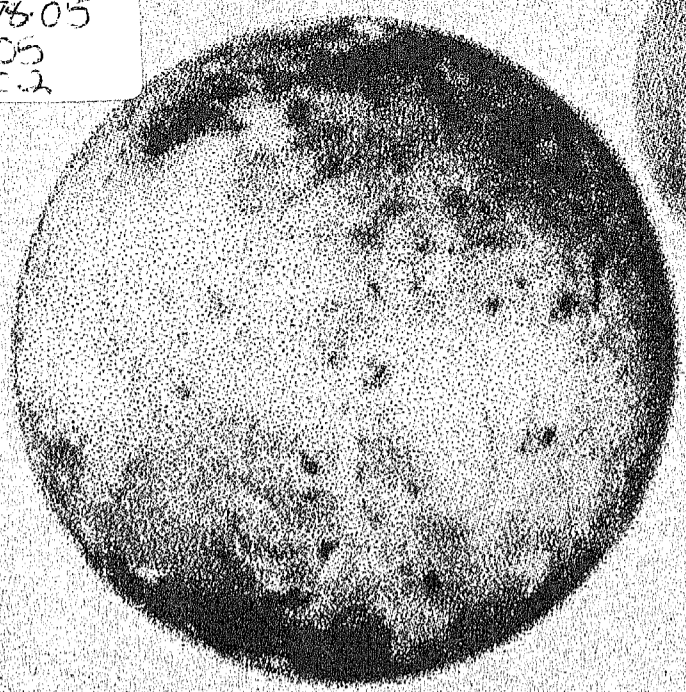


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ON DTG 05.21 APR 98



EDITORIAL

On page 19 you will find a quote concerning study habits and self-mutilation (of the ritual disembowelling variety) in Japan. It made us laugh. Anyway, in this time of graduation, as the undergraduates of yesterday become the B.A.s, B.Sc.s, etc. of tomorrow, we feel that it is timely to reflect on the futures that these once happy people may be facing. It is also worth asking how many people will be able to afford to get through the 3+ year run-up to graduations in the future. On that note, we have word that one "Big" Mandy will be here for the Law students' graduation. Be sure to pass on our best wishes, future lawyers.

Finally, we would like to refute the accusations made in Pauline Hanson's new book, claiming that the editors of On Dit make a habit of eating their children. That only happened once or twice after they took away our fridge, and anyway, you can only eat your children a certain number of times before you run out of them.

Thanks for listening,
S'N'M.

SEX! SEX! RAUNCH!

More sex than you can poke a stick at, assuming that's what turns you on! And even if it's not, what DOES turn you on will probably be featured in On Dit's limited edition **SEXUALITY** special, featuring more unleashed genitals than orgy night at the local Young Liberals convention. If it's orgasmic, rubbery, sensitive or rubbed raw, get it out and wave it about in the name of unfettered sex-type horseplay. Or not. Next Week, in ON DIT. Out May 5, Deadline April 30.



GIVEAWAYS

6 double passes for **SELF-MADE HERO**, thanks to Nova Cinemas
Pick Up at 12.30 pm on Wednesday at the holy shrine of the On Dit office

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

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Ching Yee Ng ("Egg chin yen")
James Morrison ("Jar in more moss")

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Printing:

Cadillac Printing

Thanks to:

Anne the Work Experience lass, Chris S., Paul B., Rachel T (twice! yeah!)

No Thanks to:

"Businesses" who try to break their advertising contracts - you know who you are

Where we are:

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

How to contribute/contact us:

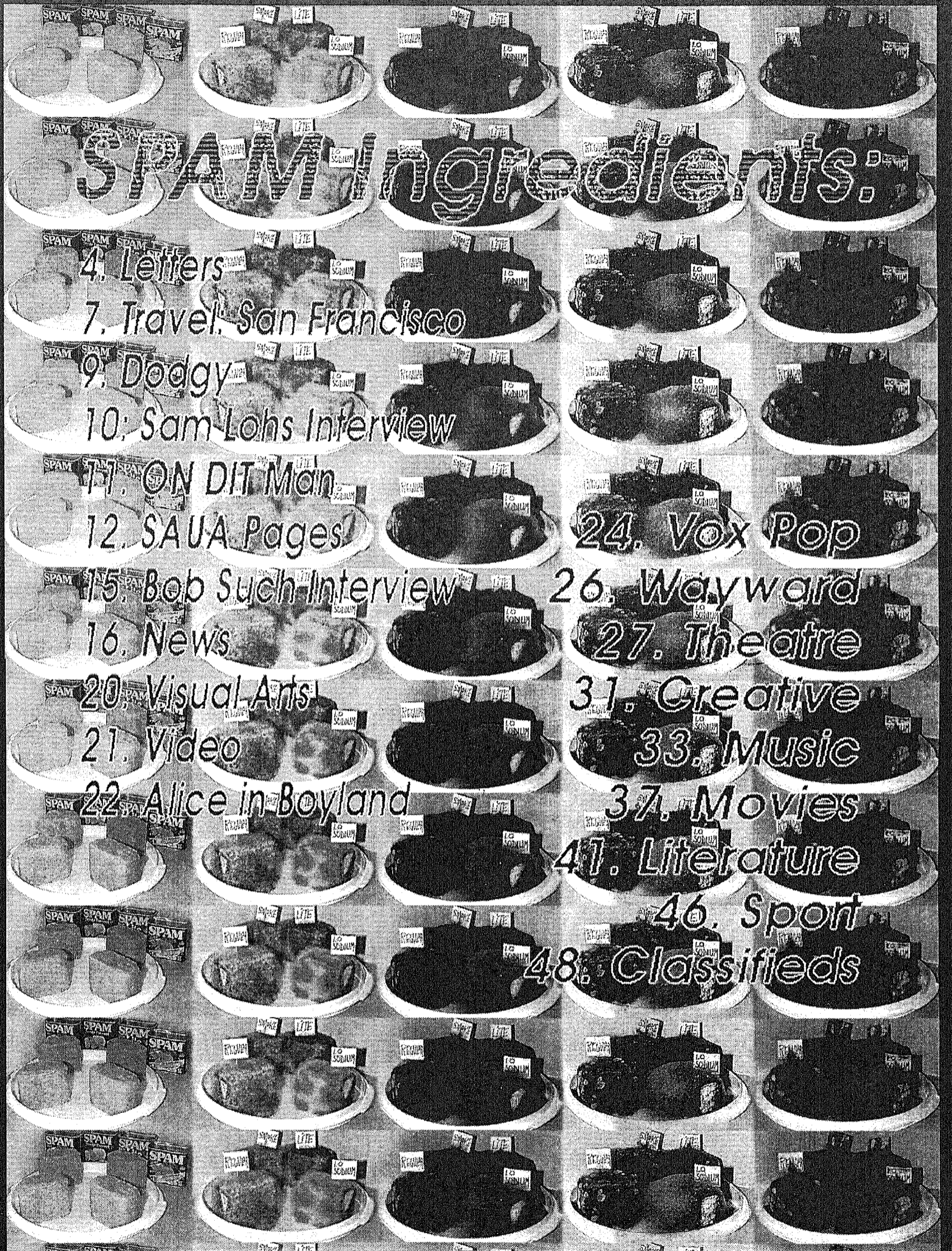
You can drop off your copy at the office or in the contribution box in the

SAUA office. Email to:

ondit@student.adelaide.edu.au
Alternatively, you can drop us a line at On Dit c/o Adelaide University, SA, 5005, phone us on (08) 8223 2685 or 8303 5404 or fax us on (08) 8223 2412.

About the cover:

Digital image by James Morrison, based on digital camera image of King William St Bridge. 'Twas a strange day in olde Adelaide town, what with the three moon conjunction and the plague of rare tropical frogs...



This page features four varieties of SPAM progressing sadly to their inevitable end - thanks to the Internet SPAMCAM

Let's kick off with a big 'un, as the actress said to the bishop.

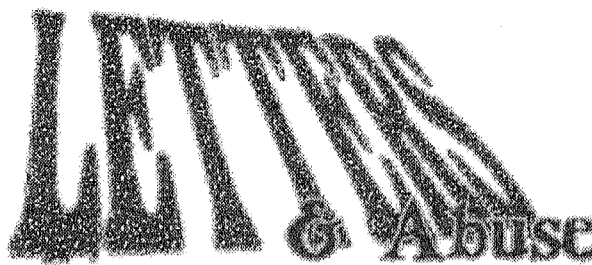
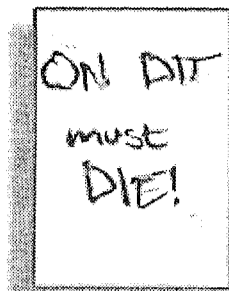
Dear Editors,

I am currently a Graduate working at the Australian Taxation Office (ATO) and wish to provide a warning to your readers who may be considering applying for the Australian Government graduate recruitment programme, specifically for employment in the ATO. The internal advertisements have already appeared and it looks like the ads will soon appear in the local and national press.

The fact is, a job as a graduate in the branches of the ATO is a career dead end and provides only a low skilled, tedious occupation with very little scope for advancement. I graduated with an honours degree in economics from Adelaide Uni in 1995. After blitzing the Graduate Public Service exam, I was offered a position in the Adelaide ATO in January 1995. Considering only about four hundred out of thirty thousand graduates get offers I was pretty pleased with myself. All the other successful ATO graduates had bachelors or honours degrees in a wide range of relevant and non relevant disciplines. After a one week induction we were assigned to various divisions of the office. Two graduates were allocated to an area called returns service and to their horror they discovered the ATO's plan was for them to key in tax returns for twelve months. Others were farmed out to answer phone enquiries or undertake fairly menial filing and administrative tasks such as updating technical manuals, or sending demand letters to tax debtors.

We all knew you have to start at the bottom, but there was no plan for our advancement and our direct superiors saw us as merely another base grade officer whose intelligence and education they could exploit without having to pay them a higher officer's wage. We were given a training programme to complete. However, it consisted of high school (and below) level technical training given by below standard, non qualified trainers. I completed mine in 4 months, learned little and almost died of boredom.

After much fighting most of us secured rotations to areas of slightly more interest, but still in positions about three levels below that which our ability and education prepared us for. Most government departments promote



graduates to a level called Administrative Service Officer (ASO) class four after twelve months (we all start at ASO 2 level). At the ATO you get promoted only when you apply for and get a job at a higher level. The trouble with this is it is difficult to be promoted without a significant level of technical knowledge and experience in the office. As a new graduate with at best a year or two in a low level job you have no chance of promotion, especially as you are seen as a threat by other public servants and resented for being considered 'better' (don't worry that you've spent 3 or 4 years on bugger all income, working your guts out and then passing a test none of them could). Therefore, despite the fact you are managed by people whose job you could do blindfolded you have no real scope for advancement.

The problem is even worse now as the public service downsizes and a great steaming heap of excess officers have flooded the system, taking the jobs graduates could do better, whilst they count the days to their retirement.

I have to admit, it is not doom and gloom for all graduates. The lawyers who joined with us have reached ASO 4 grades (\$34,000 p.a.) and higher and are actually doing the work they trained for. Further, it seems their skills are acknowledged and they do have room to advance. Similarly, any graduate who can get to Canberra has a big scope for promotion and a meaningful job. Also, some graduates are happy to do this sort of work. We have several at the ASO 3

(\$31,000) level who seem quite content.

However, to be honest, it is boring, tedious work. You are managed by imbeciles who have reached their level of incompetence. The pay is average (good initially, but doesn't increase like it does for private sector graduates) and there is really no scope to reach the level of work you study 4 years at uni for. They don't even re-imburse your LIECS any more.

I've now done my two years and am getting out. I have a few second round interviews with some financial institutions coming up and if they fall through I plan to resign in July and do a graduate diploma at the Securities institute. It is so bad here, I am prepared to go back to the poverty of student life just to get out. Across the country, about ten graduates have resigned since January 1997. Over a third have left since we began in 1995 and the numbers leaving are increasing as we hit the magic two years experience mark.

I've written this to prevent any more people making the same mistakes we did. Do not believe the promises tax make in the ads and in the interviews. We were told we would have a role in policy development and analysis and we ended up keying in tax returns. This place is so full of Dinosaurs who have no time for smart, well educated young people looking to build successful careers we call it Jurassic Park.

Yours Faithfully
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

FanGirl

I am feeling crappy because of some stuff that I don't want to get into. So I went to the library to do some work. Surprising how productive I can be when I'm running away from other stuff. And then the library wouldn't accept my student card because it didn't have that stupid green sticker on it, even though I have been using it like that since I started here for all the things they said I couldn't use. I have paid my union fees as well. So this was just not a good thing because I could not run away from some other stuff, and I could not do the work I wanted. Despondent, I considered doing some other work (which is by the way plentiful), but I decided instead to sulk. Put in a hugely bad mood by the librarian reminiscent of my times in the Tea Tree Gully Library and her monotone denial of my request to pick up a book I have on hold, I went to the Equinox to console myself with wedges, even though I was not particularly hungry. After sitting there for an hour or so enjoying the On Dit, another futile engagement for tonight struck me...write to the FlyGuy. And I thought about what I would write, and whether you would care, and whether you would take me seriously, and I figured you probably wouldn't. Nevertheless (gee I like that word, and no these brackets are not an intentional take off of your writing style) here I am, for the reason stated above. So now you know my motive, that I have not a lot that I consider to be better to do in my mood of sulk, and maybe will take my upcoming compliment a little more to heart. Well, I like your articles (that is not the compliment) and I think that the way you write is admirable. Now that I have humiliated myself in front of probably many people in the On Dit office with this admittance of being a fan, which is just not cool when the people I admire are not celebrities, I'm going to cut this short. Yeah, and it would be cool if you replied, but I am in a mood good for handling dissapointment, so it will probably not make much difference if you don't, but it would be good if you did. Thanks.

Kathy Hepworth
Arts

Another Satisfied Customer

Dear On Dit,

Why the fuck won't you let me through to the toilets?

Selfish twats.

From a distraught student.

Big Rant from Jonathan - we cut his reading list

To the Editors

The gross professional incompetence of the federal Treasury's so-called economic rationalist industry advice has put Australia on a self-exaggerating course toward financial and industrial ruin.

This began in 1973 with PM Gough Whitlam's 25% overnight, across the board, unilateral reduction of tariff protection. After this policy badly weakened or bankrupted many Australian manufacturers, under prime ministers Bob Hawke and Paul Keating, foreign multinationals were allowed to buy 90% of corporate Australia.

Much of Australia's manufacturing was then moved to Asia where costs are low. Many skilled Australians were made redundant as only sales outlets are now needed to sell these foreign products.

Foreign multinationals pay little or no taxation on profits that flow out of Australia. This gives them an unfair advantage in developing new overseas plant and products. This lack of taxation revenue and the huge social security payments to the unemployed have left the federal government with vastly reduced revenue for hospitals, schools, universities, etc.

Net foreign debt is now more than \$11,000 per head and borrowing to pay the interest on it is increasing it at twice our rate of economic growth. The federal Treasury is now using the deceptively named 'privatisation' to sell our public assets to foreign multinationals in a desperate attempt to raise revenue. These are one-off asset sales with no further revenue for future generations.

Financial deregulation is doing the opposite of each of the things Treasurer Keating said it would do, has greatly increased real interest rates and turned the banks into big international gamblers for nobody's benefit but their own.

American Rupert Murdoch's News Limited and the Fairfax Group are now foreign controlled and together own nearly all the major newspapers in Australia. Understandably, they very rarely

publish material about foreign multinationals paying little or no taxation on their Australian profits; the extraordinary level of foreign ownership of corporate Australia; or supporting selective tariff protection for Australian manufacturers.

Foreign multinationals and banks are making a silent and bloodless fortune out of the industrial plunder and financial ruin of Australia.

Yours sincerely
Jonathon Graham

Felix's Popularity down another 10 points

Dear On Dit,

I hear along the net grapevine that the Senate are debating the issue of timed business calls. To the average person, this is not really very interesting, but, timed business calls would increase the cost of internet access for everybody. So, why hasn't anyone said anything? It has not been publicised by the mass media. I do know however, that there are internet petitions regarding this issue. So why have the government decided to introduce timed business calls? There are undoubtedly many different reasons; increased profit (and therefore revenue) from Telstra and social control. Up until the internet, the means of mass communication have been owned. No one owns the internet. The media have been such that a one way transfer of information from producer to audience occurs, e.g. tv, newspapers etc. One can always complain, but how many do? The internet offers not only a means of disseminating huge amounts of information, but enables people from all parts of the globe to communicate with each other quickly, efficiently about the information provided for them. Consequently, mass communications as a means of social control is nearly useless, as people can communicate to each other, over great distances, in short time. What's on the internet cannot (as yet) be controlled by anyone. Hence the flow of 'undesirable' information such as child pornography and how to make weapons. I believe the government wants to make access to the internet more expensive, thereby limiting access to those who can afford it, which coincidentally are the ones who

want to maintain the status quo. The government cannot put the internet under centralised control, so it will do the next best thing: put it out of reach of most people.

I would also like to say that Felix has no f...ing idea what anarchist political theory involves. It seems he has obtained his definition of Anarchism from the mass media, and his ignorance really shows. I applaud Darren Jones' letter to On Dit (April 7 vol 65.6). No political theory is foolproof, Felix, the police state already exists, and is more dangerous because it is legitimised through apparent and selective public support via the media. Who do you think owns these institutions? Rich pricks like Kerry and Rupert. Do you really think they are going to portray Anarchism in a good light? They are happy where they are and don't want change. Wake up and smell the roses man, it shows you know nothing of anarchism, but it also shows you know nothing of the society you live in. You're not special Felix, you have been duped along with the rest of us.

Cheers,
Dustin Fisher
Social Science

More than 10% of adult Australians are illiterate

Dear s'm'n (*close but no cigar - Ed.*) I find it highly amusing that so many people are being caught up in the left/right debate. Student politions (*sic - ha! been waiting months to do that - Ed.*), of whatever alliance, operate in a very small social clique that ALIENATES people from a non-middle-class background. The only thing they fight for is themselves- to better their lot in the world. To guarantee their futures. This I know for a fact. I know people who actually CARE about students who have tried to get involved, but every time they try and get involved, they get forced out by the pressure of NOT being a middle-class wanker. Student polities go to cafes and pubs and restaurants to have meetings, something a working class person can't do all the time because (a) they have no money, and (b) they have no time because they're working all the fucking time. They always insist on having meet-

ings at fucked times - times most people are studying or working.

And then the wankers have the gaul (*sic - ho ho, what fun - Ed.*) to call the students "apathetic bastards" just because they can't organise a rally properly.

FJ.
Arts.

We, we, we will not be moved!

Dear Editors,

This letter is in response to the political debate in On Dit over Resistance. There has been much misunderstanding and some blatant lies about what Resistance is and what we stand for. Because we are a socialist group, and also in the current political climate when right wing views such as those of Pauline Hanson's are given much more encouragement and publicity, it's easy to taint Resistance as an extremist group.

But what does Resistance really do? In universities, we seek to build grassroots student activism and increase awareness both around issues that relate directly to students, like the education cuts, and also around other social justice and environment issues. Is it so extreme to put forward an alternative to the economic rationalist agenda of the current government and big business in their drive to maximise profits by slashing working people's and the poor's living conditions?

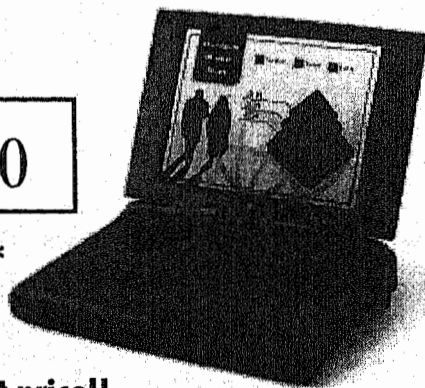
Resistance has played a crucial role in the education campaign in Adelaide, as well as nationally, for years. In the South Australian Education Network (SAEN), Resistance has been consistently pushing for pro-active visible actions that involve all students and for a focus on rebuilding grassroots networks. This role within the left on campus is important, especially at a time when the Adelaide University admin is considering introducing up front fees for 25% undergraduate places in 1998.

But while fighting against immediate attacks by the government on people's living standards, we also fight for the goal of a socialist society. Capitalism has not proved to be a fair, equitable or just system - it is the primary cause of much destruction, third world poverty, sexism

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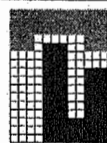
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Lepers Page

and racism. We believe socialism offers a workable alternative to capitalist society in that it is based on putting people before corporate profits and is based on the democratic mass rule of the people.

Most of the latest letters in On Dit won't give you much idea about what Resistance is, so if you'd like to find out, come to our club meetings, phone Natalie on 8231 6982 to find out dates and times.

Kathy Hepworth and Natalie Woodlock, Resistance Club.

Number Juggling in the Summertime

Many students will be aware of the pitfalls relating to the Austudy/Abstudy Supplement Loan arrangements.

For example, to receive an additional \$2000 in cash you must incur a debt of \$4000 ie a 100% charge the moment you are paid. The explanatory booklet proudly announces that no interest is charged, yet the debt, equal to twice the amount you receive, is indexed by CPI. This indexing is therefore equivalent to twice the rate of CPI on the money you actually receive. If you never intend to work the supplement Loan may be advantageous, otherwise it is likely to be an expensive exercise. You may find in the future that you do not qualify for a housing loan because of the combined effect of repaying HECS and the Supplement Loan.

If you need extra cash and are considering the supplement loan, please don't do anything until you have discussed it with Karen Walker or Chris Gent, the Union's Education Welfare Officers (EWO's).

As an alternative to the Supplement loan the Union has arranged a deal for students with Australian Central Credit Union (ACCU). It offers very competitive interest rates and repayment options. ACCU loan kits are available from the EWOs or the Students' Association.

The Supplement Loan can have considerable ongoing implications for you. Please think about it carefully and compare your options.

Rosslyn Cox
President
Adelaide University Union.

He paid money to be called that, you know. It's good to have a serious cause.

Dear S'N'M,

Nicole Page thinks that the DSP is "democratic" just because it has the word "democratic" in the name.

Yeah, right.

The DSP/Resistance is yet another in a long line of left AND right wing parties that believe you should do what you're told and think what you are told. I'd trust the DSP/Resistance with a police force about as far as I can spit.

Of course, the ALP and the Liberals do horrible things with police forces as well. Alan Anderson, you are smart. You have to be to get into engineering. Yet you make the same mistake as Nicole. Just because it's called the "Liberal" party doesn't believe that it behaves in a liberal way.

If you don't do what you're told, you'll be out before long. Maybe not out of the party, but out of any of the really powerful positions. No, I'm NOT saying the ALP is better. Marijuana Legalise

1st Year Not Hanging Much Around Uni Anymore.

PS: Alan - don't call me a left-winger if you reply to this letter.

Oh yes. He's really "crazy" (Distant sound of someone coughing)

Dear 2nd Year Simmering Hypocrite,

I am writing in reply to your letter in the last edition (Vol 65.6). My response is: Fucken Ay. That "Rally" (and I use that term loosely) was a disgusting representation of the potentially powerful student body.

It's not as if they had to dodge tanks, Soviet soldiers, topple communist regimes and install a new world order as my countrymen did. These "activists" couldn't organise a root in a whore house. Talk about useless. I can't believe I fork out cash for these people.

As I get neither Austudy or any other hand-out, I don't really give a shit what they're marching for. However that's no excuse for the crap effort they put into organising the event.

I feel perhaps Gunjah Girl would be a more suitable leader than megaphone woman. At least she would "want to go for a walk"!

Aside: Gunjah Girl is an alleged Arts student who staggers around Uni and the Barr Smith Lawns, stoned off her nut propositioning blokes with "Do you want to go for a walk?" Unfortunately she hasn't asked me yet. But I digress.

I know this Peter Wirth of whom you speak. He is fit for many things, not at all for print, but don't know about President of the M*A*S*H Club. It seems to me that Tony Roccisano would die if he couldn't play the part of Hawkeye. Don't get me wrong, my humble abode looks like a swamp and I'll down a martini morning, noon or night, but hey, lets leave it for Alan Alda.

To Bug Girl, Jamie Farr is the only hairy, big-nosed, Lebanese cross-dresser I want to see! To go along with this edition's theme (*wrong edition, Ron - Ed.*): Give a hoot, get a root.

Signed
Ron, the Crazy Bohemian

Felix's Popularity up 10 points (but only with himself)

Dear Nicole,

Thank you for your wonderful letter in the last issue of On Dit. It pleased me to see that you are such a learned, lucid, well thought out individual who has obviously put in a great deal of thought to the democratic process. You are correct in your assumption that I have not read a lot of Resistance/Democratic Socialist Party literature or attended any meetings. This is because the articles that I have actually read from several issues of *Green Left Weekly* (Weakly?) were very poorly written, tedious and did not hold any interest from me, although I found that the newspapers made great kindling for campfires and backyard rubbish burnings. Also, I did have the intention of attending a Resistance meeting, but unfortunately I had an appointment to get my eyes gouged out at the same time, so I chose the latter as a less painful, preferable option.

Nicole, while my views may be considered ignorant from that point, I must point out that I learn most of what I do know about Resistance/DSP from talking to some of its members. These people were self confessed Communists who cited Cuba as the example of a perfect society and talked of how it was Resistance's job to educate the masses about the impending worldwide workers' revolution. Sorry, but this doesn't sound terribly democratic to me. As I said, I'm glad you're so logical and smart, but perhaps it would be a good idea for you to edit your letter and send copies to all members of Resistance, to remind them just how democratic they are supposed to be.

My parents thank you for your sympathies and asked me when I was bringing you home so we can talk all about fun things like the Democratic People's Republic of Korea over a nice roast dinner.

Hugs and kisses
Yours lovingly
Felix Riley
History

PS To the people in the last Vox Pop who suggested that we make Olivia "get off your lazy arses and fight for your education" Nassaris, or any other student, the Education Minister: what a nice, logical idea. Lets then put a pauper in charge of social welfare, a militant neo-Nazi as the Minister of Defence, and a murderer in charge of prisons and the police force... yeah, great thinking, guys.

Bugs? Whatever

Dear On Dit Editors and fellow students,

I had no idea that my innocuous letter would arouse so much comment from anyone, let alone Mark Kernich and Alan Anderson. Unfortunately, these passionate individuals have misinterpreted me entirely.

Please let me clear my name from any notions that I am a Liberal sympathising Law student!!!

1. I am NOT a law student, never have been one and don't ever want to become one!
2. I have never been a Liberal sympathiser (ie "blue"); the whole reason I joined the ALP is because I hate "blue" politics.
3. Free education and reasonable Austudy are not selfish demands (as Alan Anderson implies), they are essential for education to be entirely accessible to all able people. Moreover, because graduates earn more, they pay more tax, thus funding "free" education indirectly and sparing factory workers a tax slug. Sounds pretty left to me, Alan.
4. When the Coalition are sabotaging the welfare state, and abolishing workers' rights, it's important to have an accessible strong and focussed labour movement to protect people from being fucked over by big business interests. Therefore, the ALP needs to down play, not emphasise, its factional splits, to regain this focus or else the movement will fail. Being a member of the Liberal party, it is in Alan Anderson's interest to heighten his opposition, so his economic rationalist elitist society can thrive. We must rise again to defeat this bankrupt vision, by promoting solidarity between the ALP, Trade Unions and other so-called "red fascist" groups like Resistance, to regenerate radical ideas and discussion in the community.

Or else we will become what Manning Clark called a "dull", "vapid" society, a "kingdom of nothingness", and I may as well become a corporate lawyer.

Yours in defiance of vapidty
Kathleen Lawler

3rd Year ARTS (not Law)

Strange Signals from Planet Cardigan

Dear On Dit,

I have just skimmed through your edition with the malls balls on the cover. I will now tell you some things that I am thinking, because I am in the Exeter at 10.30pm Tuesday night and I've just had a pint after work and this seems the appropriate thing to do. I think first I'll buy another beer... I would like you to know firstly that I did actually buy myself another pint of sparkling just then, and also that I love you. (Love is very special and you can learn about it by watching MASH).

First of all, I thought it was funny when you told those people who wrote in complaining of excessive ink usage that you didn't give a fuck. That was great. I remember last year when the On Dit editors told someone straight out to get fucked. I still think that was the funniest thing I've read in On Dit for a long time. What sort of a rebuttal can you come up with when a newspaper editor publicly tells you to get fucked. I wish the Advertiser would devote a page to Pauline Hanson saying "Get Fucked!". There. Isn't that simple? It would give so many people a warm glow of satisfaction.

I like writing letters to On Dit cos its fun. Who else can I write a letter to? This is a long one and I really hope you print it because it's very therapeutic for me and it might make some other students laugh.

Umm... I really loved one edition of On Dit last year that had sunflowers all over the cover. That was really so absolutely beautiful. I would love you forever if you could please reuse this cover again if you can, just for me.

I would also like to say that there is no other letter that bores me more than those friggin' student political letters. Who gives a shit? I don't. I don't give a fuck about student politics (though I think that someone must tell Amanda Vanstone to go to buggery) and I think those bitchy little student political letters are significantly less interesting than the bits of cotton fluff I sometimes find on my foreskin.

That's enough. Thankyou very much. I'll finish my beer now.

Signed,
Mr Cardigan.

Sorry I finished my beer so now I'll write more. More students should write nonsensical letters to the student newspaper when they're drunk. What other bloody newspaper would print them? I advise you all to do it (those that can anyway).

I think it's groovy talking to people you don't know when you're drunk. It's fun. Exeter: good place for that.

I think that the universe abounds with female energy. I think it would be a great and challenging experience as a male to live in a matriarchal society. Imagine that. All those wanker homophobe types would really be fucked then. They would fall by the fucking wayside. That's because they've got the wrong damn idea of what masculinity is. Someone should fix that. I wish I could stay here for much longer I hope that this entire letter is printed. I hope that the On Dit editors can read my handwriting. Oh, I nearly forgot. I have read many criticisms and insults aimed at law and law students. I am one and I even want to practice as one. Please keep your minds open a wee bit - we're not all the same so for those who continue stereotyping us all, please get fucked. Driller is playing good music. I go now. Thanks.

NEW YEARS EVE : SAN THE FRAN THE CIS CO.

Before we left the Youth Hostel we thought it would be sensible to ask the receptionist how safe the district was during New Year's Eve. He told us, in an emotionless but utterly honest voice, that he would not want to be out there tonight - especially after 12:00am when the drunken disorderlys become aggressive. We thought about his advice carefully, and decided to ignore it and walk straight out of the foyer onto the unpredictable Downtown Streets of San Francisco. Our destination was Planet Hollywood, three blocks away from the Youth Hostel. The walk from the Youth Hostel to Planet Hollywood was rather brisk and nervous. At most street corners there were three policemen positioned, and they seemed, surprisingly as nervous as we were, or stoned.

Planet Hollywood operates like a nightclub. They try to suck as much money out of you in as little time as possible and then discard you like a dead rat. There is a tendency to feel like you are at a military camp. But still, ironically, its a pretty damn fantastic place to be having dinner on New Year's Eve, especially if you are self confessed movie buffs - like Gin and I.

Our waiter for the night was your stereotypical nerd. Slicked back 50's hair, big teeth, wiry frame, quotes like " Now how

can I help you folks?" and a perfectly detailed knowledge of the menu (especially the milkshakes). His name was Franko. Gin and I were positive that Franko was the piece for the inspiration to write the *Revenge of the*



Nerds series. And from the Franko experience, I can honestly say that Nerds are the most interesting people, and they DO NOT drop trays at Planet Hollywood.

The meal itself was a large-open vege hamburger and too many fench fries. The drink was a vanilla orego biscuit thickshake. Both were so amazing that it is impossible to give an accurate description. Once the dinner was over, and we discovered that we had under-tipped Franko, we then had a gander around the 'Movie prop' exhibit. The kind of things on display were : Darth Vader's helmet from *The Empire Strikes Back*; Clint Eastwood's gun from *Dirty Harry*; Winona Ryder's diary from *Reality Bites* etc. During this time Gin some-

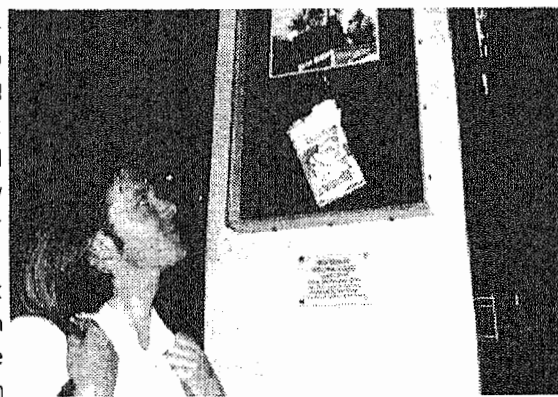
how convinced me that I needed to have a picture of me standing beneath the 'Reality Bites' exhibit. I do not know why, but Gin seemed to think I am obsessed with Winona Ryder, which is absolutey absurd. How can anyone be obsessed with a Hollywood movie star??

While returning to the Youth Hostel (11:45pm) we noticed that everyone was heading towards Union Square. Again we decided to do the sensible thing, that being not to think for oneself but to follow, regardless of what might happen. Union Square was packed with people. The excitement of being in another country and witnessing how they celebrate New Year's Eve was overwhelming. People were extremely promiscuous. One couple were engaging in a bit of the old mutual masturbation in front of 10 000 people. Strangely though, I felt I was the only person that noticed. But the most unusual thing I have ever seen on New Year's Eve started to occur around 11:50pm.

Policemen dressed in full riot gear, lined in an arrow formation and looking like their faces were made of stone, started to march down the streets between barriers. Impulsively people began shouting insults and throwing empty beer bottles at the stone-faced policemen. The spirit of New

Year's Eve had viciously turned around. Instead of trying to celebrate the New Year, we were trying to survive the New Year's Eve. As the police moved the crowd away from Union Square, Gin and I became trapped inside a Hotel foyer. It felt like we were hostages in a movie. Eventually the crowd dispersed enough for us to exit the foyer and make a haste trip back to the Youth Hostel. Along the way we managed to pick up a medium size bottle of vodka and some Guinness Stout. We spent the rest of the night locked in our room listening to noises created by the riot while philososphising about our lives and the magic of vodka.

Words of wisdom: Nigel Hayball
Pictures supplied by: Gin Simpson



"Hey, Noni, Noni", as Nigel gazes adoringly at the Reality Bites display at Hard Rock Cafe.

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AND MANY MORE



PROSH cometh but once a year. Don't miss it, or SAUA hit squads will come round and mess with your genitals. Contribute to the limited edition **On Dit** PROSH special, coming out on May 12 (Deadline: May 7)



I have spent a lot of time in queues recently. In fact, I have spent a lot of time in queues, period, but the recent experiences are ... well, they're no different at all, are they? It's all just queues. Okay, then, I have spent a lot of time in queues. For example, I am quite certain that we all recall the drudgery of enrolment, and this is hardly a new concept that needs delving into, so I shall stay well clear. That's not to say that what I'm going to have a rant about is completely original. I didn't make it up. It's not even of the been done before but now with a new slant variety. It's old. Everyone knows it. But (and this is the crucial point and thusly cannot be emphasised enough) it is true. It's also articulately written. So have a gander.

What concerns me is this: that we, as a species (that's the broader definition of species (ie person/slash/insect), so keep your damn traps shut), will stand (or sit; that's not really the point) in a queue which, by definition, requires the presence of numerous other people, and we will do so for sometimes hours at a stretch, and for all this time we will blatantly ignore all those poor sods standing (sitting) and suffering through the ordeal with us. You know what I mean, you've all done it; the vacant yet somehow intensely focused stare into space, the shuffling of the feet, the accidental catching of the eye and the hurried glance away. I've done it, too (you just

know there's at least one example upcoming); the FlyGuy is as guilty as any of you. My question to you all, as if it weren't obvious, is why? I have spoken to psychologists (and that fact should never have gotten out (you see what I do for you?)) who are unanimous in their agreement that people, basically, need people. We subsist on interaction and exchange with other people, so why, why, when we are presented with the opportunity and when the only alternative is one of seemingly endless dullness and dangerous self-introspection (the FlyGuy wishes to affirm that he is in full support of the practice of self-introspection (for without it, he would, without a doubt, be a lost little sausage), but, also, that too much can certainly damage the psyche and the self-image (for, after you look at yourself (and here I mean the real self and not the physical self (as in not mirrors and shit, okay?)) for too long, how positive can you possibly be about your own self-worth?) and so should be performed, (generally in the privacy of your own home) in short, concentrated bursts), do we elect not to strike up the all-important conversation?

The obvious thing is the lack of an ice breaker. I have never been able to work out what this ice is and, if I was being systematic about things, the nature of the ice would be the focus of discussion here today. But it's not. Anyway, I don't think it applies to most

queuing situations because everyone there must have something in common ("Oh, you get Austudy too! Golly. Small world, isn't it? Nice weather. You a Power man? Port Power to win ... we'll never give in ...") and so the icebreaker in a queuing situation should be taken as a given. The icebreaker in places of social gathering ... maybe at some future time.

Something that does contribute to conversationphobia is the fear that we will run out of things to say. One thing that's worse than standing (or sitting (last time I make that joke, I swear)) in the queue and not talking is standing (you see?) in the queue next to someone that you have tried to talk to and failed. Once you start talking you have to keep going, or else you've failed and it's embarrassing for both parties involved. So it's generally safer to shut the hell up.

Mostly, though, I believe it's the fact that we know how we would react if someone came up to us and started talking. This has surely happened to you all as well, though not nearly as often (unless you're some magnet for these sorts of psychos). You smile, if they're particularly unpleasant you start to nod, and all the time you're thinking "Just sod the hell off, mate, alright?" Do you have time for a story? Okay. I was on a bus, as I so frequently am, and this old guy (I would show proper respect by saying elderly gentleman or senior

citizen, but I have no such respect for him) plumps himself down right next to me. I had half a second to think to myself "Well, FlyGuy, you could have done a lot worse for yourself here; he doesn't smell too bad and he's only taking up one half of the seat. Good for you!" before he started talking. Nothing new yet, I know. He was talking about some adventure, as he called it, that he had just undergone (I believe it had to do with pokies), and I made my usual retaliation by grimacing, half-nodding, half-smiling, but this guy's too sharp for me and he notices that I'm not really listening. He leaps up out of his seat and says "Forget you, young man, I'm telling interesting stories and you're not even bothering to listen, you're a git, go back to your TV and your channel-flipping and escape the real world, go on, get away with you ..." and so on. He was pointing and yelling; it was quite a scene. Eventually, confronted with the stony-faced silent resistance of the FlyGuy, he relented and went to chew the ear off another poor young chap. Who, I might say, was extra careful to pay attention.

And so, dear friends, the reason that you won't find the FlyGuy striking up conversations with strangers (except, of course, for strictly research purposes) is that he doesn't want to become that old guy. But you know he probably will anyway. One day.

FlyGuy

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equinox
level four... union house
all day \$5.00 Schnitzel & sauce

4pm till late \$1.00 off your choice of Pizza
6-7pm Come and hear some Jazz
4pm till late \$5.00 Pasta
Happy hour 4-6pm
\$1.00 beer, wine, champagne
From 4pm get 10% off your food bill

Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday

uniBar
level five... union house
see your favourites on the big screen

90210 & Melrose Place
Xfiles
Men behaving badly & W.E. draw
Happy hour 5 - 6pm
Check out regular food & drink specials

mayo, Berri & Balfour special... standard pie or pasty, 400ml Just Fruit
backstage, of your choice (fruit pieces in syrup), 500ml Berri fruit drink
catacombs \$3.90

Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday

grrrrill bar
grrround floor, union house (east side)
your choice of two hot vegetarian dishes \$3.00
any hamburger with the lot & free side order of fries
till 11am enjoy eggs, bacon, toast and coffee \$4.00
vegetarian burger and free side order of fries
hot dog with cheese, bacon and onion \$2.50

week one
week two
week three
week four
week five

food court

lemon chicken and fried rice \$3.00
Malaysian curried chicken and rice and can of drink \$3.00
taco and side order of wedges \$2.50
fried rice or noodles, 1 spring roll and 1 dim sim \$2.50
hot potato with butter, sour cream and cheese, plus a cup of coffee \$2.00

gallery
soup is back!!
look out for our soup and bowl special deal...

Fi chats to Sam from "Fruit" & "Breathe": Read Below!

CHATTING WITH SAM LOHS

Sam, to sum her up, is a very talented singer, and a charming, intelligent and amusing individual whose involvement with *Breathe* and the all female band *Fruit* has brought her, and those she works with, considerable popularity and success. I had seen a couple of her performances with *Fruit*, and was very impressed with the professional standards of all the performers, and their ability to make the audience laugh, swoon, reflect, and then fly onto the floor for a dance (or ten). However, I wanted to know more about the woman behind the voice, so we arranged to have lunch and a beer at Beans (cheap, yummy, and according to Sam, their Vegetable Parcels are quite good!) so I could barrage her with all my questions and observations, such as "So, what have you been on?" (as follows):

Sam: I've been on the *Fruit* cd, the *Scala Compilation* cd with *Breathe*. I've also performed with *Slack Taxi*, which have some more music coming out at the moment, and I've performed on the *Into One* (or is that *Into 1*?) cd, which is just getting ready to be released. That has been organised by Mel Watson (previously performed with *Emerald Sun*, currently with *Fruit*). It's a compilation cd with the most absolutely amazing, fantastic music, they're all South Australian artists, including *Breathe*. *Into One* is made for the *International fund for Animal Welfare*, and all the proceeds go to them.

Fi: I thought *Fruit* preceded *Breathe*, but I'm obviously wrong.

Sam: Yeah, when I moved here from Queensland which was about three years ago, I really wanted to do music, so I met up with this guy called John Denny (Scala award winner) and worked with a various different people, and came up with a trio type band. Then Adam, who does the sound for *Fruit* came along and then John left. So we were left as a duo, and changed our name to *Breathe*. This is my passion. It's just the best thing. Adam and I write our lyrics. I love doing it, but it's been pushed to the side for the moment because of *Fruit*. Both bands are so different, I love both of them. *Breathe* is where I let people see the more passionate side of me, but with *Fruit* my songs are pretty up and happening, except for a couple of them now which are ballads. I would tend to think that most of me is in *Breathe*, which consists of two acoustic guitars... *Indigo Girls* type of stuff, but I wouldn't put it down to just one style. Katherine from *Fruit* plays percussion with us sometimes.

Fi: This is completely irrelevant, but if you could come back to earth as any animal, what would it be, and why?

Sam: Well I love a lot of different animals, but I'd come back as a cat because my cat has the best life. You get fed, you get to lay in the sun, you get to wander around, check everything out, come back and get fed again then sleep. They're two of my favourite things, eating and sleeping - I'm in love with it. I love my bed. I think my bed and I are having a love affair. If I was a cat, I'd also get all the little possies. I'd lay in the sun, on the shed, anywhere. They get looked after.

Fi: You said that with *Fruit* you were more vibrant, while you're more passionate with *Breathe*...

Sam: I'd say we're more relaxed, there are heaps of fast songs... it's got everything, especially beautiful harmonies. Adam is an incredible musician, his guitar music and his harmonies. I've never heard anyone do harmonies like he does. He's just an incredible all round human being basically. I couldn't choose between *Fruit* and *Breathe*, I don't have to and I wouldn't want to. We were actually talking about that in *Fruit* the other day and somebody was asking us "If you had a choice, and you were paid money to do it, would you just do *Fruit*?" Everyone said no, *Fruit* is our main priority at the moment, but the reason why *Fruit* is so diverse and different, is because of the other things we do, whether it be theatre, writing music for other people. We all do solo work. I'm in a duo. Mel does writing, and teaching. Janet teaches bass, and Katherine does percussion stuff. Three of us have jobs, and the other three, including me do other music stuff. We're all busy, that's what contributes to the life of *Fruit*.. I would play music constantly, but because we're going away, I want to save up money, so I can go to lots of different places during the tour, which I need a lot of money for.

Fi: I've heard that the Adelaide crowd can be harsh, what was your experience with this?

Sam: I don't think that was the case with *Fruit*, because we've always had a reputation for being good, honest, talented musicians. Adelaide is pretty small, and our music is quite diverse, so we bring in a wide range of people. We haven't had a problem.

Fi: Sam, you have a long way to go before you reach the age of 65. What would you like to have achieved, and where would you want to be on the eve of this age?

Sam: I want to be alive. I want to have played music lots. In lots of different places, to lots of different people. I would really like to be very well respected, and to have played with lots of different mu-

sicians. Have lots of recorded music, so I can sit down and show my grandkids... If I have them, which I don't think I will at this stage, but I can never say never. Where would I want to be? I just want to be with people who give a shit about me, and that I really care about. People who have seen me grow. I'd like to be on a verandah somewhere, overlooking a place I own, a really nice spot.

Fi: Would you have said the same thing ten years ago?

Sam: Probably not. I was heavily into sports ten years ago, I was 13 years old. I did my knee in, so that stopped that. I'm about to have a knee reconstruction, so I should be back into it in about a year. I was playing touch football when all the stuff with my knee happened. Back then I would have said that I would have been to the Olympics a couple of times (by 65). I guess was just getting interested in music. I started playing when I was 15 or 16. I always learn things really quickly. I've never really stuck at things though, but I did with music. My dad played music all my life, he was in a band. I always wanted to start playing, but when my sister started, I thought 'hey, I can do that'. I did it because I wanted to. It's her fault.

Fi: What's the goss about *Fruit* going to America?

Sam: On June 21st, we're leaving to go to the West Coast and Canada for eight weeks. We were invited by a lady who saw us here, but actually lives in Oregon, Eugene. She said that there was nothing like us over there, and so we would have to go! We thought 'yeah, yeah, yeah' (muttered cynically) 'cos people always say things like that. But then the woman that was with us came up and said 'Look, Margaret doesn't do things half heartedly, she does what she says she's going to do...' We thought 'yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah' again, but then she rang us up and it's been go, go, go since. So we're doing a lot of work. There will be festivals in Canada and America. We'll be doing the clubs, like our equivalent of Tapas bar. We'll be doing lots of big gigs before we go. It's our first international tour, so we won't be pretending that nothing bad is going to happen, but we're also not cancelling the possibility of really good things happening either. We're working hard at inter-personal relations within the band, so we don't break up or anything. We're doing the raffle thing for more money, selling t-shirts, cds etc... We have a mailing list, which is our main advertising. You can get it by writing to **PO BOX 88, FULLARTON 5063**. We have got some gigs ready, but I don't have the dates yet. *Blue House* are coming down, so we'll be playing with them as well, they're an excellent band, very, very good.

Fi: Is singing your career? Do you have another job to support it?

Sam: Yes and yes. Because we've decided to go away, and I want to spend lots of money. So I've been working at a bakery, Glenunga Bakery. My boss is excellent, and my co-workers are great. She gives me time off for *Fruit*, she's very understanding.

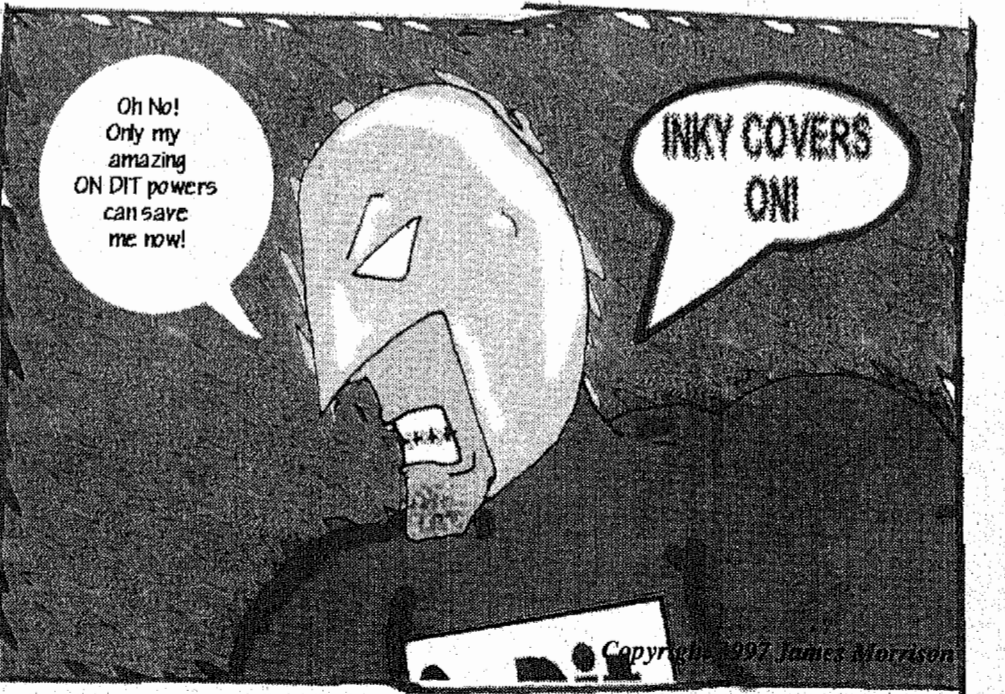
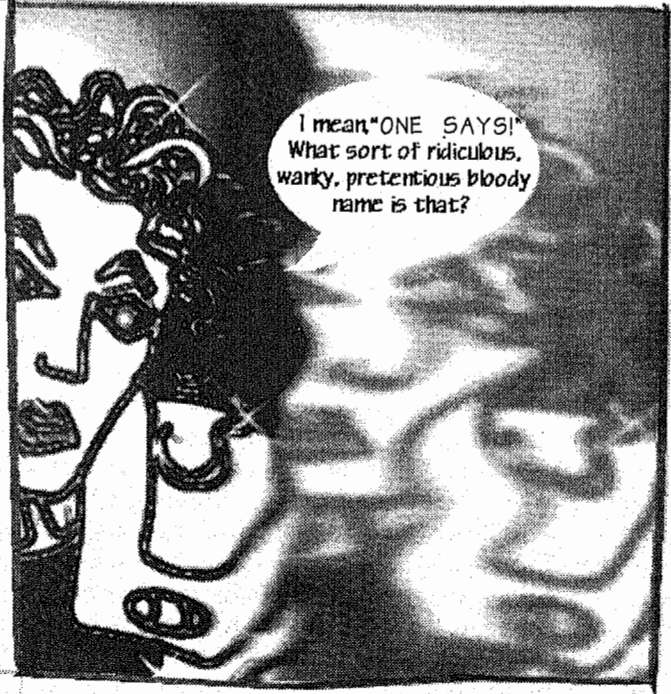
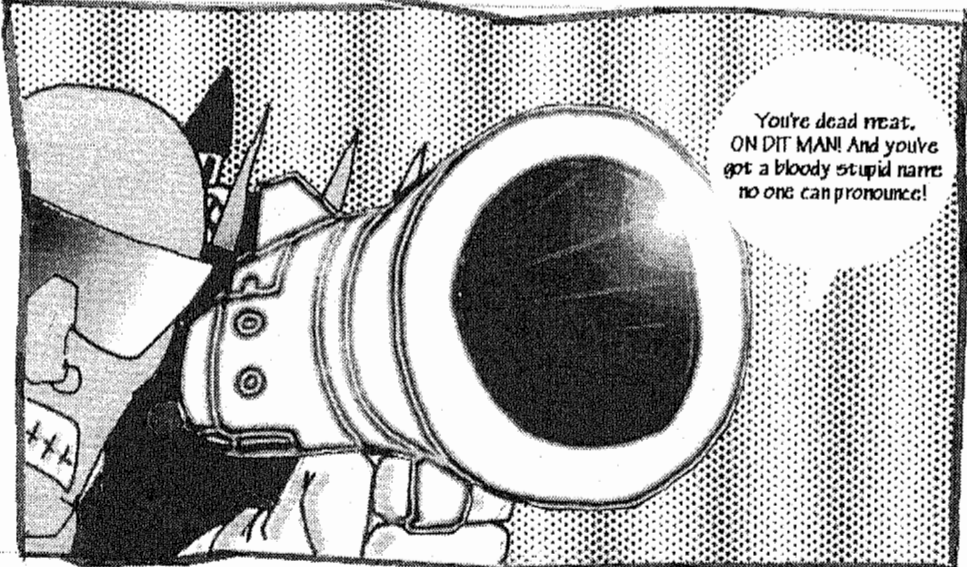
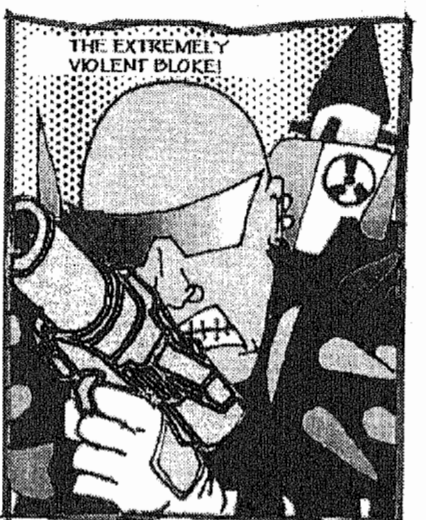
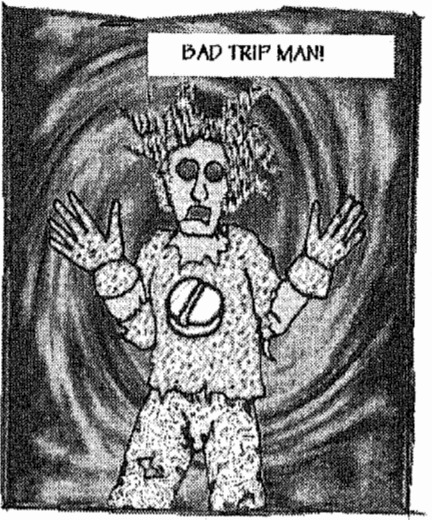
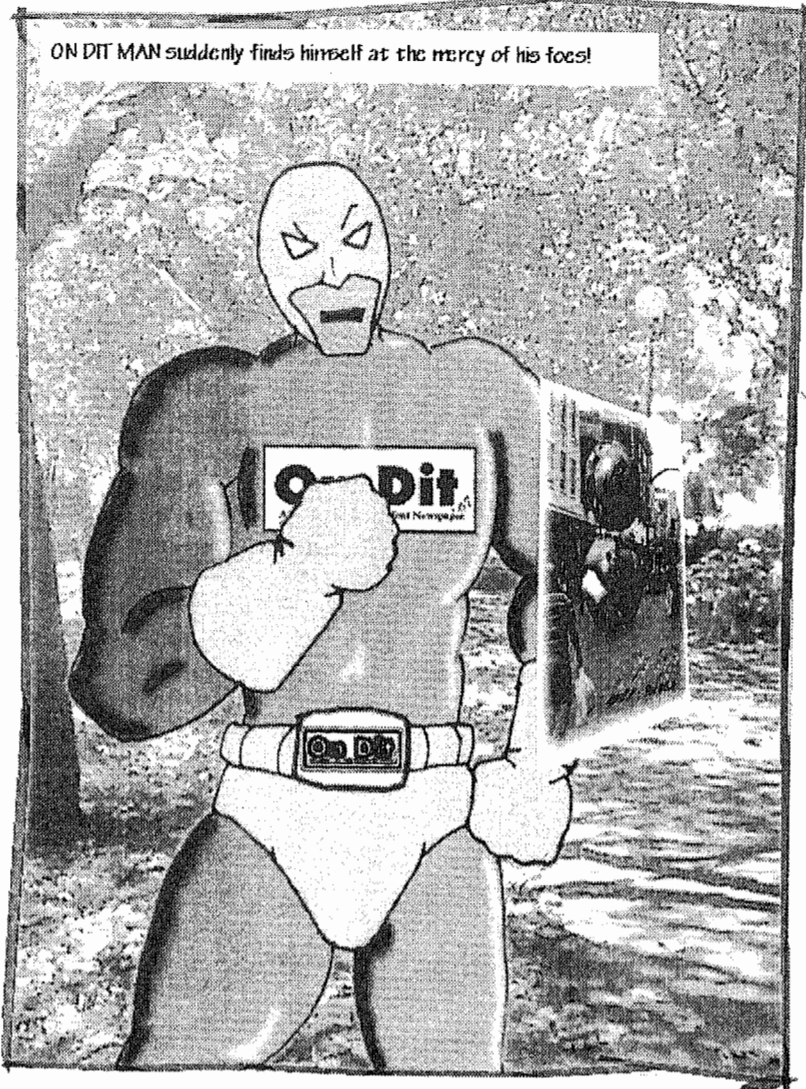
Fi: What would you say your motto for life is?

Sam: I think you get what you give. To be truthful, be kind and take time out for yourself. A lot of time, but in turn, work really hard as well. Find a balance... that would be it, *balance*. I live with Mel, Adam, his sister and Katherine. So those I work with in the office and with music, I also live with, so balance is essential. Often it's really hard to find that balance, and not to work, work, work. Learn to turn the answering machine on after hours. Learn to switch off, then switch on and work really, really hard. We don't rehearse at home. We used to, but now we don't have any space. So it's good that we don't rehearse there. Adam and I rehearse whenever we can, because it's just the two of us. You should make time to 'jam', eat well, sleep well, enjoy your friends and love people and make sure everyone is alright, and you're alright. It's easy to fix everyone else's problems, but if you can't fix your own then you're pretty screwed.

Fi: Why did you want to come to Adelaide from Queensland?

Sam: I travel a fair bit. I used to live in Queensland with a group of really nice people, but then things got really ugly, they started to do pretty heavy drugs. I was fairly young then, 19 or 20, and I thought "Shit, I've got to get out of here" so I sold everything I couldn't fit in my car, and put all the rest of the stuff in there and started heading south. I knew a friend who lived in Adelaide, so I thought I'd come here and have stayed ever since. I've made some really excellent friends. I started my life's path here! It's quieter here. Queensland is very fast, jobs come and go. I didn't like that. I'm a country girl from the Blue Mountains. I'd like to settle back there at the end of the day.

If you want to experience **BREATHE**, they will be performing at Adelaide University in the **Cloisters area at 1:15 on May 5th for the Pride Week Launch**. Be there. But if you can't wait till then, you can get a taste of **FRUIT**, and **BLUE HOUSE** who are both playing at the Governor Hindmarsh on May 3rd. Tickets are available on the night, or you can buy them beforehand at **B# records** on Rundle St.



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How will ON DIT MAN escape his terrible fate? Time might tell!



AMRITA DASVARMA
SAUA PRESIDENT

Hope everyone enjoyed their mid-semester break. Life has been exciting during the break. Here's a quick run-down:

Meeting with West Committee Representa-

tives:

A panel of student representatives from Wilton, the Post Graduate Students' Association, Overseas Students Association, and the Students' Association met with Roderick West, Lachland Chippman and Heather Dyne from the West Review Committee of Higher Education Financing and Policy on Tuesday, the 22nd of April. The meeting led to a rousing discussion on the issue of up front fees, the possible introduction of a voucher system (Chippman said the vouchers would be valid "anywhere in the world"...what if you wanted a refund?) and the issues of access and equity within the tertiary sector. The SAUA has done its own submission to the

West Committee and has had input into a joint submission between the three SA universities. If you have any questions regarding the West Review, please come and see us in the SAUA.

Have YOU Used Your Student Services Lately?

The Student Services campaign being run by the SAUA is on-going - please take the time to fill out a survey and grab a badge - and support the demand for quality student services at this university!

Vanstone on Campus

The Vice Chancellor, Mary O'Kane has hypo-

critically invited the Minister for Higher Education, Senator Amanda Vanstone, to speak at the commemoration ceremony for the Law and Performing Arts graduands. Mary O'Kane blamed the Liberal party for the cuts to Performing Arts in 1996, and for the staff redundancies and Vanstone also introduced Differential HECS, which sees law students paying 80% of their course whereas all other students will pay 30%, inviting her onto this University campus makes the Vice Chancellor seem approving of Vanstone's regressive attitude towards higher education.

Come into the SAUA to find out how we are expressing our opposition!



OLIVIA NASIR
EDUCATION V.P.

Well I hope everyone had great holidays. While the campus was quiet we had quite a lot of things happening in the Students' Association. We had a visit from the West Committee who are reviewing higher education for the Liberal Government and hopefully they will retain some of the views of Adelaide Uni students when they write their paper.

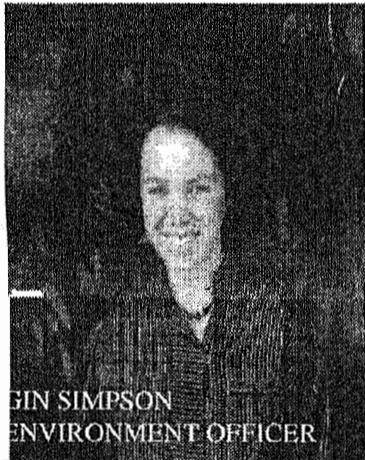
We also have the least exciting news of the holidays which is that **Minister Amanda Vanstone will be speaking at a graduation ceremony here on Wednesday April 30.** University management continually

blame the cuts to student services on the Government, then they invite one of the people that slashed our funds to speak and give well wishes to students...I don't think so. For those of you who are concerned that this action will disrupt the ceremony we have thought of that. The students who are graduating have been consulted and they will wear ribbons as a form of peaceful demonstration in the ceremony. Come along to Bonython Hall at 1pm on April 30 to show your support for a quality education.

We are also organising the **May 8**

National Day of Action which will focus on the issue that affects all students here at Adelaide Uni...UPFRONT FEES. If University Management and council decide to accept a 25% over-quota of full fee paying students then all of our education will suffer. Hope to see you at the **EDUCATION ACTION GROUP MEETING TUESDAY APRIL 29 AT 3PM IN THE CLOISTERS BY THE UNION BUILDING.** Get involved to protect your education.

Yours in Union, Olivia



GIN SIMPSON
ENVIRONMENT OFFICER

Ooh, I'm just a waterfall of On Dit columns. Firstly- sincerest apologies to anyone who turned up to the FoE "Land Grabs by Pastoralists" evening on the 9th April- it was postponed at the last minute until the 16th (now long gone). Sorry, sorry. OK. Other things....hope everyone's mid-semester holidays rocked, and that you all found some time to just kick back and enjoy a sunset or stare at some waves or listen to a native bird or smell some flowers and remember how beautiful Australia is (underneath all of this concrete).

Well, enviro-things to look out for: the environment department now has a web page

up and running, so don't forget to read it next time you're surfing the net.

The Students and Sustainability Conference in Townsville will be held from the 14th-18th July, with a couple of travel days either side....Adelaide delegates have the option of travelling up together- mini-bus from here to Brisbane, train (\$118 return) from Brisbane to Townsville, and conference registration is \$80 before July. For more info, give me a call.

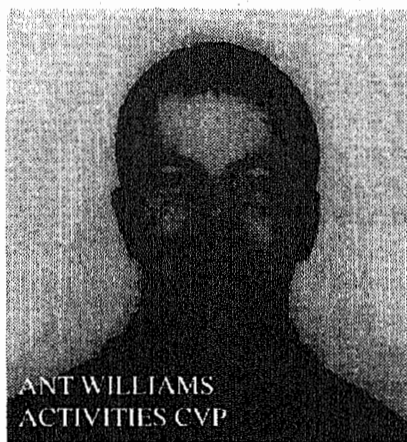
Cross-campus enviro meetings (very informal) will be continuing on the first and the third Thursday of every month (so there will be one this Thursday), 7pm at the Pro-

ducers Hotel. This group is just about all Adelaide has in terms of networked green uni student power, so please, come along and talk activism with us!!

Lastly- its a new term, so its the time to pick up on those bad habits from last term- if you don't already, get on your bike and cycle to uni! Pay more attention to using the right recycle bins! Start to limit your photocopying, and do it double sided! Its not all that difficult, but it matters...

Hearts and flowers from Gin

ph. 83035182



GRANT WILLIAMS
ACTIVITIES CVP

I hope you all enjoyed your holidays and have come back refreshed and rearing to go for the term. Well maybe not, God knows I'd like about two more weeks of holidays just to catch up with last term. You're probably the same yourselves!!

As long as we have to be here anyway we might as well make something enjoyable of it. Speaking of such things, the highlight of Term 2, 'PROSH', is only just around the corner. You may have read previous columns of mine which harped on about

PROSH but next to O'Week PROSH is about the best week of Uni for the year. I know it's a crappy cliché but PROSH is 'only what you make it'. I can only encourage you all to enjoy the events and participate in as much as possible.

But don't forget:

- Prosh After Dark Saturday May 24th

Tickets available soon

\$10 A.U. students pre sold, all other tickets \$15

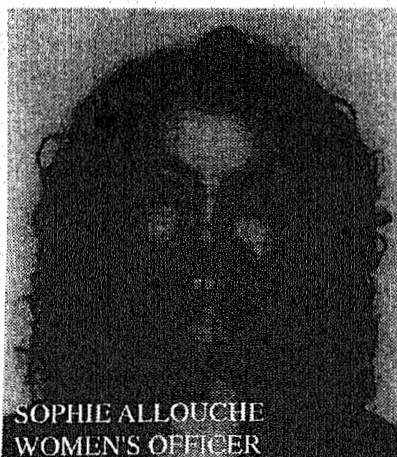
- Prosh Parade Friday May 23rd

Enter a car, walk, ride or whatever

- Prosh week starts Tuesday May 20 Bands, comedy, beer and BBQs

All the pranks and stunts you can organise!

The next NDA, (National Day of Action), is coming up on Thursday May the 8th. The main push is to voice student opposition to up-front fees. I'm sure Olivia, the SAUA Education Vice President, has more to say about this but if you want to attend and show your support then read the NDA articles and info in this and the next On Dit and turn up on the day.



SOPHIE ALLOUCHE
WOMEN'S OFFICER

Hello everyone, well I hope that you enjoyed the break and had time to do lots of fun things. The Women's Department was still alive and kicking throughout the holidays planning lots of fun and exciting events for the upcoming term.

Next week is Pride Week and the SAUA Women's Department is organising the **Queer Girls Cruise** which will be taking place on Tuesday 6th of

May at 3pm. This is a time for Queer and Queer friendly women to cruise the Forrens. Tickets are \$3 and are available from the SAUA office. There will be food and drink provided so come along.

Next week also sees the start of the **Women's Self Defence** course. This course will be run over a six week period and will include not only on self defence techniques but also discussion around self defence, why it's

important, myths about self defence, precautions and several other aspects. The cost of the course is \$20 for all 6 sessions or \$4 a session and they will be taking place on Mondays from 12- 2. If you would like any further information please contact me in the SAUA on 8303 5406 or just come in and see me.

Don't forget the **Women's Collective** is meeting at 3pm today in the Women's Room so come along and check it out.

NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION

NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION, MAY 8...WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING WHEN THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT AND THE UNIVERSITY COME FOR YOU?

Students of Australia have been the victims of the Liberal Governments attacks on education through their slash and burn style solution to fix the "black hole". However, students of Adelaide Uni should be motivated to campaign against University governance for the proposed introduction of upfront fees at Adelaide Uni.

Adelaide Uni will be holding a campus focus campaign to highlight to you how upfront fee paying students will affect your education. With the support of the other Unis we will rally from Vanstone's office on Pirie Street to Adelaide Uni where a tent city will be held (remember to bring your sleeping gear). Before the rally we will be having a fair day on the Goodman Crescent Lawns (North Terrace entrance to the Uni) outside of the Mitchell building (where the senior management of the University are) to highlight to them that the students and staff are the ones affected by University councils decision of whether or not to implement upfront fees here. There will be political, student, graduate and union speakers, free food provided by your Students' Association and

music to entertain students and staff during the day and through the night.

We are holding an EDUCATION ACTION GROUP meeting in the Union cloisters on TUESDAY APRIL 29 AT 3PM. All interested people should come along to help motivate others to participate in the campaign. If you want to ask any questions or want to participate contact the SAUA on 8303 5406 or come in and see us and we will see you at the meeting.

WHAT A 25% OVER-QUOTA OF UNDERGRADUATE FULL FEE PAYING STUDENTS MEANS?

This means that faculties will be forced to admit 25% more than usual number of students into the course and these students are able to buy their way into University. You might be thinking it doesn't affect you but it does. An over quota of students means more people to teach but with no extra teaching staff. If you feel like you don't receive adequate student/staff attention at the moment then with extra students this time will decrease even more. Your tutorial sizes will grow, your lectures and your lab prac classes will do the same. If there are more students needing help, guidance and assistance, then the teachers are put under even more pressure.

It also means that the number of students us-

ing student services will increase and with much more demand the quality and quantity of the services will suffer. What good is a library when the resources won't be sufficient enough for the number of students using it. The University has already cut student services significantly. Student services offer the necessary support that students need to get the most out of their academic life. The effect on you may be more students using the computers in your faculty, more people using the medical centre, or not being able to receive advice on future prospects and careers counselling because that service wasn't of great importance to the University.

LET'S TALK ABOUT EQUITY

Access and equity are words you often hear in the debate about upfront fees. This is because upfront fees limit the range of people able to attend university because of money. It should not matter where you come from or how much money your parents have - everyone should have the right to a tertiary education. Student services are integral in supporting students in difficult circumstances, therefore student services also contribute to the equity within the university.

Take the Law School for an example of a system of access and equity. Everyone applies for uni but some people have better

chances of getting in because of the school they went to or their home life was very supportive or they were financially comfortable. These people would have a better chance of getting into a course with a high cut off score. Students cannot go straight into law at Adelaide Uni and must complete the first year of another degree. It is through their performance at uni that they are judged on to get into law. Granted that peoples economic or living arrangements still may disadvantage them, these students have more equal footing academically than those who, for example, could afford to go to a private, good quality school. As a result of this form of intake the law school has one of the largest range socio-economic backgrounds and schools attended..



After months of searching, Reg finally finds his academic future.

RECLAIMING EDUCATION

Written by Amrita Dasvarma, President of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide

Very little thought, debate or discussion has centred around what is happening to higher education at the moment, as universities, on an ad hoc basis, make cuts to student services, slash and amalgamate departments, and introduce upfront fees for 25% over-quota undergraduate students in 1998. The sector as a whole is undergoing a massive period of transformation before our eyes, but in a reactive, panicked manner: from the eyes of a student, the tertiary sector appears very destabilised, with very little direction or sense of ethos underlying the changes, except for the alarming onslaught of economic rationalist terminology which seems to be overtaking campuses.

When did education become a commodity? When did the language of consumerism start to define higher education? When did higher education become a currency of exchange locally, nationally and internationally? The only consistent theme threading together the Federal government's slashing of Austudy, cuts to University operating grants, introduction of differential HECS and the allowance of undergraduate upfront fees for Australian students has been the blatant aim to privatise higher education and decrease the level of access to education for the community as a whole.

And the Government itself is not the only party guilty of commodifying higher education. The "learning ac-

counts" or vouchers, recently suggested by Mark Latham, the Federal Shadow Minister for Higher Education, parallels universities to banks, where students as customers can withdraw educational credits to buy places at universities, TAFES, and open learning systems.

Though the Australian Vice Chancellors' Committee has condemned Labor's suggested voucher scheme, sadly enough, universities themselves are becoming part of the process that has transformed higher education from a public good for the community at large to a currency of exchange between students as individuals and tertiary institutions.

As both a student at the University of Adelaide, and as the President of the Students' Association, I have been perplexed, outraged, and alarmed by the direction that the University of Adelaide seems to be heading. The issue of quality student services, whether they be academic, or welfare oriented, as being crucial to a quality tertiary education, has been one that the Students' Association has championed for a number of years, but without equal support from the University senior management. The cuts to the University's operating grants imposed by the Federal government has made it quite convenient for the University to lay the blame, for example, of the 12% cuts to student administration, and the 5% cuts to the library, on the Government's shoulders when it raises serious concerns about the University's priorities with regards to students.

The University senior management has been in a transitional stage since the beginning of the year: with the Pennington Review, and now the restructuring of the Registrar's position, the focus has been more on house-keeping and moving furniture within the Mitchell Building than on the lack of quality students services at this institution. And now, with the possible introduction of up front fee paying undergraduates at this University, students who will be competing with Commonwealth funded students for academic resources and student services, the Students' Association can only repeat the questions it has been asking since the beginning of the year:

When is the University going to match the standards set by other universities within this state, and without, and finally implement the multi-purpose student identification cards that the SAUA has been trying to realise for the past three years?

When is this University going to address the ridiculous ban on bags within the Barr Smith library that has led to many students' bags - with lecture notes, expensive text books and lab equipment, and personal belongings, being stolen and unrecovered?

When is this University going to acknowledge that its obligations to its students extend beyond the commemoration ceremonies and reinstate individual careers counselling as a vital and necessary service to ensure that its students receive the best guid-

ance with regards to their future careers?

When is this University going to prove its commitment to access and equity by appointing an effective convenor to the Non-Collegiate Housing Board which has been languishing since the beginning of this year, and disclose to students its intentions with regards to non-collegiate housing?

When is this University going to refocus on its 'clientele' and, instead of restructuring its senior management, undertake a dynamic, effective and comprehensive restructuring of the student services it offers?

If the University of Adelaide is truly to retain its reputation as one of the 'sandstone institutions' and realise its ambitions to become one of the finest universities in the world, it is imperative that this is reflected not just in the Vice Chancellor's public statements but also by the quality of education and student services received by its students.

It is time that students demanded quality for money, and I use that language deliberately. It is time that students reclaimed quality, flexible education as their right, especially if they are paying for it. If students are being perceived as customers in this new climate of education being marketed as a product to be bought and sold, then we should act like customers, and the onus is upon universities, as the suppliers, and the shopfront, to provide a quality product. Because when you're running a business, the customer is always right.

Clubs and Winners

1997 AUU Diary Voucher winners. Congratulations to all the winners.

Thanks for participating this year. Next year there will another great range of prizes for all students. (Please have your student ID to show when collecting your prize)

- * **Kane Aldridge**, first prize of full refund of Union fees, collect from AUU admin. office, upstairs, Lady Symon building, NW corner of Cloisters
- * **Briony Liebich**, second prize of half refund of Union fees, collect from AUU admin. office, upstairs, Lady Symon building, NW corner of Cloisters
- * **Donna Beaty**, third prize of half refund of Union fees, collect from AUU admin. office, upstairs, Lady Symon building, NW corner of Cloisters
- * **Brendan Scott** - first prize of box of computer discs from the AUU Resource Centre, level 3, eastern end of Union House
- * **Zamrany Hasral Ismail** - second prize of \$10 worth of photocopying from the Resource centre, level 3, eastern end of Union House
- * **Brett Will** - one free course from the Studio, level 4, western side of Union House
- * **K J Clark** - Sports Association Track Suit prize from the Sports Association, ground floor Lady Symon building, the Cloisters
- * **Marcos Cooper** - T shirt and SAUA cup from SAUA office, George Murray, NE end of the Cloisters
- * **Wen Chin Wong** - *Times Atlas of the World*, UniBooks, (worth \$195) east side of Cloisters
- * **Angela Hoh** - Mystery Parcel prize from the Uni Pharmacy, level 4, east side of Union House
- * **Madeleine Saburbo**, \$100 travel voucher from STA Travel, level 4, east side of Union House
- * **Rolf Schmidt**, joy flights with the Adelaide University Gliding Club, AUU Sports Association, Lady Symon Building, the Cloisters

North Terrace

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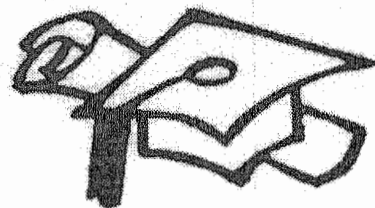
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Post Graduate Students Association



May I introduce your new committee for the next year.

President
Jill Thorpe - Business Enterprise

Vice President
Secretary
Helen Slater - Public Health
Ian Ball - Env Science & Management

Treasurer
Women's Officer
Donna Hayes - Botany
Helen Kavanagh - Asian Studies

Council members are:

Angela Clough, Drew Tyre, John Murphy, Anne Stacey, Yoko Kishimoto, Lucy Charlton, Nicole Wilson and Mark Kernich and the SA CAPA* regional rep.

Most important is our Research Assistant Joslyn van der Moolen.

Our general office hours are 9.30 - 12.30 then 2 - 5. However we are often around earlier and later and sometimes on weekends.

We are situated on the top floor of the Lady Symon Building which is at the eastern end of the cloisters. There is a PGSA Clubroom, which is available to all postgrads, who have exclusive use of the room between 12 and 2. Outside these times the room may be booked through Joslyn for meetings etc. The room contains a small library and recent University publications as well as the *Australian*. There is a kitchen area where you may make tea or coffee for 20c.

All postgraduate students are automatically members, including Honours students - we think you are postgraduate, even if the university doesn't.

If you have any complaints - that's what we're here to receive. We are represented on some 30 other committees and the Unibooks Board. Naturally there are a few committees waiting for someone to commit - so if you're interested...

Dates to Remember

May 3	Clare Bus Trip (organised by Thebarton Postgrads)
May 8	Pre Budget Rally on the Barr Smith Lawns
June 4	Effective Presentation Skills Workshop with Terry Grimmond)
July 31	Mid Year Dinner

The next issue of the Clever Country will be out in late May

*Council of Australian Postgraduate Associations (to which we are affiliated).

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Screaming Bob Such

Interview by Jocelyn Milbank

The burr in the saddle

Yes it's the back bencher with attitude, it's the one Liberal minister who appears to want to fight for the future of education. No it's not another interview with Mandy Vanstone - it's the former State Minister for Employment, Education, Training and Youth Affairs - Dr Bob Such. So who is this man, and why would I be interested in interviewing him? Firstly, this minister approached me. He wanted to discuss his dismay about the future direction of education with a student. Secondly...well I was able to have a personalised tour of Parliament House, the upper and lower houses - and I can tell you all - the new renovations (that cost heaps and heaps of money) are great! Bob Such has had an incredible impact on the shaping of higher education in this state during the past 5 years - this includes TAFE, training programs, and Skillshare. Meeting with the minister after a "heavy session" in parliament, I was permitted to view Question Time. This is basically where politicians let loose by asking each other questions challenging legislation, and are consequently shouted down. This is undoubtedly what makes politics so exciting! I arrived during the last 10 minutes of question time. It was quite disconcerting to see these jeers and jabs between ministers. It seemed as though those who were brave enough to dare question were quickly shouted down, whistled at, and basically humiliated...This be-

haviour was quite childlike...but from politicians?

The "bastardisation" of education.

By now, we should all been quite aware of the changes to higher education in the past year. Basically the 1996 federal budget brought the threat of massive cuts to education into the forefront of concern as all areas of higher education were targeted. In the next two years the Coalition plans to cut a total of 4% in funding to Australian Universities. Why? Firstly it has been rationalised on an economic level - 4% of government funding had to be cut from education to make the profit margin higher. Secondly it was to reconstruct the ruptured economy after the former Labor government.

But with cuts such as these, how can the University expect to run at a level that maintains quality of education to all students be they undergraduate or postgraduate?

We are prostituting ourselves for the mighty dollar.

Yes, Amanda Vanstone and the Coalition government have become the scapegoats for student anger, (well, she **is** the current Minister for Education...) but it is the inevitable "bastardisation" of education under Vanstone's education policy that is of utmost concern to Dr Bob Such. This is the "buy your own place in Uni" scheme that is operative from January of 1998. Yes, extra money will be coming

into the union, but at what price? Universities have been silenced to the point where the academics are scared to say too much because they are going to suffer some financial cut backs. In the meantime "Students have their burns in the air, trying to survive" - financially and academically. It's here where we should ask: is nothing sacred?

Training and Education

Education is all about the search for truth, objectivity, critical analysis, being prepared to look at the pros and cons, being tolerant of other people's views, attacking arguments - it is not about economics, and it is definitely not about politics.

Training and education are invariably different; education aims to broaden the mind, while training aims to give students specific skills for the work place. Which would we rather have? An education seems to be limited because it **does not guarantee** a job at the end. While a degree structured around attaining specialised skills does (in theory). Which degree has **more** respect in our society? The latter. This reflects the anti-intellectual sentiment present in Australian Society, which, as Dr Such highlighted, is largely due to the multinational media corporations. They do not allow people to think about fundamentally "important" issues, and keep them occupied with trivial matters. What are these *important* issues? Education, Quality of existence, human rights -

*In this way Pauline Hanson has actually done the country a service. She has expressed the frustration of people that **the political system we have right now is not what they want** (not very appropriate way though, was it? - Ed).*

What is the answer then? How can we attain a high quality of education in our seemingly "egalitarian" society? A society which rates skills over education, a society which is anti-intellectual, a society which allows people who can afford education to buy their way in....

A society in which the people who give the education (lecturers and academics) are unable to speak out against this system of education. We may have a political system in place at the moment that we do not want, but we also have a system in place that at least allows us the privilege of walking down a public street and having the freedom to choose - what to buy, wear, eat (although this too is debatable.) Ahh education, it does after all give us knowledge to question these important issues.

This is why Dr Such feels his position to be "the burr in the saddle." To keep ministers in powerful positions "honest" and to make sure the quality of our education is not threatened any further.

Isn't it comforting to know that we have at least one minister in our State Government who is willing to fight the "bastardisation" of our government?



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GENE POOL GETS MURKIER

DARWIN AWARD WINNER FOR 1997 ANNOUNCED: The Darwin Awards are an annual honour given to the person who did the gene pool the biggest service by killing themselves in the most extraordinarily stupid way. The 1995 winner was the fellow who was killed by a Coke machine which toppled over on top of him as he was attempting to tip a free soda out of it (he had pockets full of change at the time). In 1996 the winner was an air force sergeant who attached a jet engine (JATO) unit to his car and crashed into a cliff several hundred feet above the road (though this story may be an unconfirmed urban myth). And now, the 1997 winner: Larry Waters of Los Angeles - one of the few Darwin winners to survive his award-winning accomplishment. Waters' boyhood dream was to fly. When he graduated from high school, he joined the Air Force in hopes of becoming a pilot. Unfortunately, poor eyesight disqualified him. When he was finally discharged, he had to satisfy himself with watching jets fly over

his backyard. One day, Waters, had a bright idea. He decided to fly. He went to the local ArmyNavy surplus store and purchased 45 weather balloons and several tanks of helium. The weather balloons, when fully inflated, would measure more than four feet across. Back home, Waters securely strapped the balloons to his sturdy lawn chair.

He anchored the chair to the bumper of his jeep and inflated the balloons with the helium. He climbed on for a test while it was still only a few feet above the ground. Satisfied it would work, Waters packed several sandwiches and a sixpack of Miller Lite, loaded his pellet gun - figuring he could pop a few balloons when it was time to descend - and went back to the floating lawn chair. He tied himself in along with his pellet gun and provisions. Waters' plan was to lazily float up to a height of about 30 feet above his backyard after severing the anchor and in a few hours come back down.

Things didn't quite work out that way. When he cut the cord anchoring the lawn chair to his jeep, he didn't float lazily up to 30 or so feet. Instead he streaked into the LA sky as if shot from a cannon. He didn't level off at 30 feet, nor did he level off at 100 feet. After climbing and climbing, he levelled off at 11,000 feet. At that height he couldn't risk shooting any of the balloons, lest he unbalance the load and really find himself in trouble. So he stayed there, drifting, cold and frightened, for more than 14 hours.

Then he really got in trouble. He found himself drifting into the primary approach corridor of Los Angeles International Airport (LAX). A United pilot first spotted Waters. He radioed the tower and described passing a guy in a lawn chair with a gun. Radar confirmed the existence of an object floating 11,000 feet above the airport. LAX emergency procedures swung into full alert and a helicopter was dispatched to investigate. LAX is right on the ocean.

Night was falling and the offshore breeze began to flow. It carried Waters out to sea with the helicopter in hot pursuit.

Several miles out, the helicopter caught up with Waters. Once the crew determined that Waters was not dangerous, they attempted to close in for a rescue but the draft from the blades would push Waters away whenever they neared. Finally, the helicopter ascended to a position several hundred feet above Waters and lowered a rescue line. Waters snagged the line and was hauled back to shore. The difficult manoeuvre was flawlessly executed by the helicopter crew.

As soon as Waters was hauled to earth, he was arrested by waiting members of the LAPD for violating LAX airspace. As he was led away in handcuffs, a reporter dispatched to cover the daring rescue asked why he had done it. Larry Waters stopped, turned and replied nonchalantly, "A man can't just sit around."

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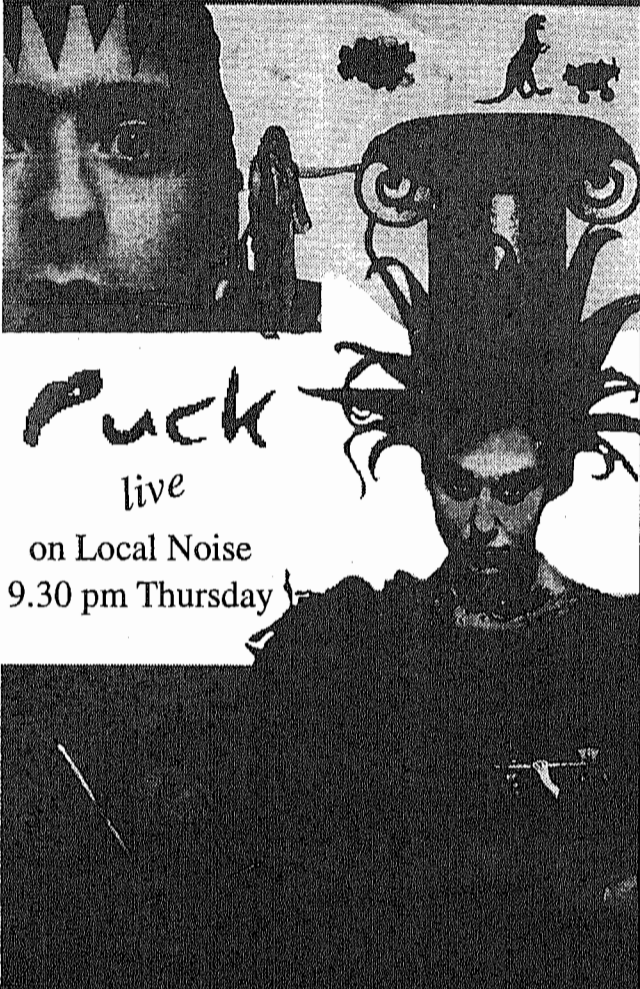
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9.30 pm - 1.30 am
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Campus Radio Application Form

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Why do you want to do a show?

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What Music do you like?

When are you available?

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Thank you.
Please return
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Coming up...

Local Noise

live at the
Adelaide Unibar

Thursday May 8th
doors open 6pm

Wednesday April 30th

Thursday May 1st

Saturday May 3rd

9.30pm **The Little Emperor**
Angela & Aiden
Saturate yourself in the ecstasy of The Little Emperor.

9.30pm **Local Noise**
Puck go live to air. Don't forget to check out their CD "Glamour Junk".

9.30pm **Morph X**
Jon Stokes & Adrian Harvey
"The most significant event in radio since the comeback of John Vincent" Simon Yeoman, Adelaide Advertiser 2/4/97

10.00 pm **Pablo Fanques Fair**
Peter, Christian & Nikki
We created Mr Cup. We are sexy. What more do you need to know?

10.00pm **Maruti & the elephant watching silverII**
Leo & Rob
It's all quite simple really...

10.00pm **Popscene**
Roxy & Emily
Professional Groupies. Hey, Hey listen to us tonight. Popscene. Alright.

11.00 pm **Cultural Cringe**
Marianne & Michael
Arts, entertainment & cultural news, reviews & interviews.

10.30pm **The Art of Fine Dining**
Courtney & Guy
Guy has left Australia to sample the fine dining in Amsterdam. Listen to me as I make it up off the top of my head.

11.00pm **Mediva**
Jodie, Heather & Marianne
You don't listen. We don't care.

11.30 pm **Crud Radio**
DeCrud & Crudstone
Hijinks & shenanigans with the Crud Brothers Corporation.

11.30pm **Spanking the Monkey**
John, Anthony & Stimp
Aural sex with a quiz.

12.00am **Darkadia**
Sam & James
gothblackindustrialelectromiatrancedeathdarksubculture - interested?

12.30 am **The Morgan & Julag Show**
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12.30am **The Croquet Show**
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Student Radio

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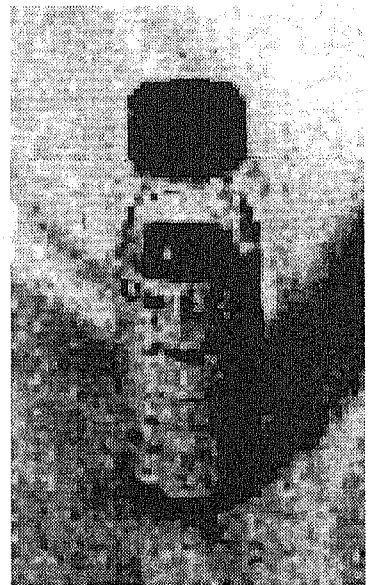
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We welcome all questions/comments!



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In order to finalise our list of committees and their topics, UN Adelaide has the difficult task of predicting what issues will be in the international limelight more than 12 months from now.

In this edition we preview a few of the proposed issues, to be highlighted at next year's conference.

SOCIAL, HUMANITARIAN AND CULTURAL COMMITTEE

The rise of multinational corporations has been paralleled by the increased interest in any unethical and immoral dealings of these giants. Exploitation of human labour, has been an especially topical subject.

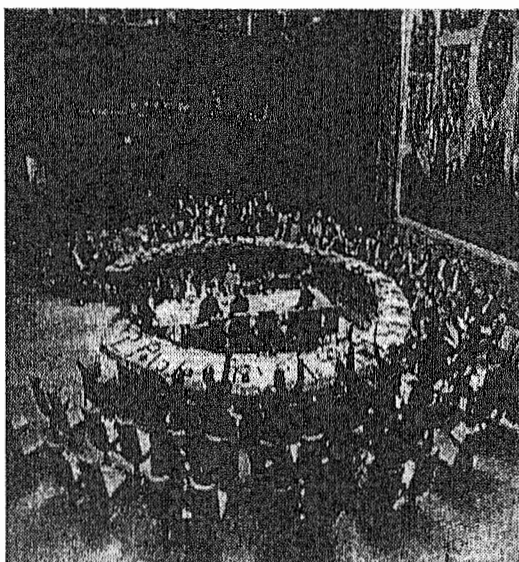
Most of us have heard the horror stories; Rumours that children are being chained to machinery to produce the oriental rugs so in demand on Australian lounge room floors, is only one of many examples. South East Asia, with China at the forefront have, most often, come under fire.

Those pointing the finger are generally wealthy Western states, USA being the head advocate.

The debate is an interesting one, because

nothing is clearly defined. Particularly when it comes to the main players and distinguishing on which team

they're playing. Even more hazy are the motives of the states involved; And we can only make educated guesses about who is actually defending human rights and who's defending their own economic well being.



This is an issue that was addressed by the UN body in Geneva. It failed to reach a conclusion and will be taken up by the delegates in Adelaide, '98.

World Health Organisation

Who, or what does one think of when faced with the word 'Dolly'? Following the breakthrough of some Scottish scientists, Ms Parton, and a teenage girls' magazine, are not on top of the list.

What we all think of is a not-so-ordinary sheep, cloned from DNA material.

This has enormous international consequences. It is an issue that must be addressed. Guidelines must be formulated. Agreements are waiting to be drafted and

signed by the nations of the world, to ensure that no nation takes genetic engineering that one step too far.

The topic is a controversial one. With new developments just around the corner, the debate surrounding it is unlikely to cool in the near future.

Ad Hoc Committee

The UN has always been hesitant in intervening in 'domestic' issues. Arguments to support this, such as national sovereignty, are quite valid. Yet it is becoming increasingly difficult to define what is a 'domestic' issue. Too many recent incidents, such as the Rwanda crisis, suggest that the UN stance should be relaxed. Furthermore, 'domestic issues' are rarely without international repercussions. Refugees are a constant example of this. However, how is this to be achieved without infringing on the sovereignty of a state?

Marta Harbuzinska

DEAR JOHN.....

Attention all students: Want to tell Amanda and John where to stick it? Do you have violent gratuitous rantings you want them to hear or if you actually have a constructive comment about the future of your education (and others), then here's your chance. Scattered around the campus are Campus Cards for your usage, all you have to do write your spiel, stick a stamp and mail it. It's not hard and even if they don't read them it's good to get it off yer chest, right?

YOURS SINCERELY,
MY. T. PISDOFF.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK FROM JAPAN:

"WE WISH TO MAKE IT CLEAR THAT ORDERING PUPILS TO COMMIT HARA KIRI IS NO LONGER ACCEPTABLE"

TOMIO SHIMAZAKI, TOKYO EDUCATIONALIST, AFTER A TEACHER GAVE TWO BOYS HUNTING KNIVES AND TOLD THEM TO DISEMBOWEL THEMSELVES FOR NOT SHARING THEIR SWEETS.

Anti - Racist Movement Formed in Adelaide.

On Thursday, April 9, an Inaugural General Meeting of over thirty anti-racism activists and delegates from a broad cross section of ethnic, Aboriginal and community groups, student bodies, religious and political organisations, and trade union representatives in Adelaide saw the 'Celebrating Diversity Coalition' (CDC) established as a replacement for the in-active and now defunct Anti-Racism Alliance. The AGM for election of officers and an official 'launch' of the organisations have been set down for July. While necessary formalities are being dealt with by an interim committee a number of sub-committees have already been formed to tackle such matters as rallies and mass events, media and publicity, worker and workplace education, and youth affairs.

'Celebrating Diversity' was formed late last year in response to the so called 'Pauline Hanson Debate' and organised one of the biggest anti-racism rallies seen in Adelaide in recent years. An immediate challenge for the new coalition will

be to focus its attention on the northern suburbs of Adelaide and effectively deal with the Neo-Nazi terrorist group National Action (NA) who have opened up a shop front/bunker in the Salisbury area. NA have been spreading anti-Asian sentiment and are attempting to recruit supporters from disaffected and unemployed youth. To support the burgeoning Asian community in the market place area, and to raise multi-cultural awareness, the CDC are promoting an independent initiative to stage a family day and food fair to celebrate cultural difference as a positive aspect of community. The CDC are also supporting a 'Rock Against Racism' concert at Parafield Gardens High School, the scene of a recent NA manifestation that saw public sensibilities affronted and children at the adjacent primary school in tears. Feeling against NA is high and it is hoped that a large scale mobilisation against them can be mounted soon in support of the victims of racism in the area.

Peter Lord

I AM NOT AN ANIMAL

Animal Instincts
Art Gallery of South Australia
Until 19th May
Admission free

Throughout the ages humans have interacted with animals. This has resulted in an almost symbiotic relationship which can be traced back to our earliest depictions of ourselves. Animals are symbols of life, eternity and the natural cycle of the universe, of which we are all a part.

Representation of animals in art, not only as metaphors, but objects of natural beauty have attempted to reveal insights into our own human condition. This has occurred by bestowing (perhaps this is the wrong word), more burdening animals with reflections of our own psyches, mortality and notions of existence. Analysis of animal behaviour has perhaps led us to the realisation that we are just animals ourselves, nothing more...? I am an animal. I have primal instincts. I hunger for food, thirst for water, desire sex, seek social interaction, and have a propensity for violence (fortunately this last one is negligible). Hey, I even go crazy on a full moon. It's good to be an animal ... sometimes.

I'm sure you've seen the proud members of our society parading their vehicles along Hindley, and more recently Rundle Streets late at night, just like proud birds fluffing their feathers to attract a mate. Men seem all too eager to prove their worth as a sexual mate by starting a bar fight. Apparently, it must work.

Perhaps it is these animal instincts which are holding us back?

Animal Instincts is an exhibition of works drawn from the Art Gallery of South Australia's collection, which explores the role of animals, not only in art, but in the whole of human experience. Representation of our 'animal friends' in art is not a small category and this exhibition achieves a good and relevant coverage. *Animal Instincts* is part of the visual arts program for Take Over '97, thus it has been curated with children in mind. It has various elements designed to attract, inspire and inform the kiddies, however there is a lot for the 'highly advanced' university student. The exhibition consists primarily of modern art, however some examples of Thai and Khmer ceramics from the fourteenth century are presented.

The first two works that the exhibition presents to us, are *Rhinoceros* by James Angus and *Cat* by Christopher Langton. One is instantly attracted to these day-glo sculptures, I'm sure the 'kiddies' rush to them like moths to a

spotlight. They may even glow in the dark? It may be possible that these works, which necessitate the use of sunglasses, are presented just outside the primary galleries to prompt people to continue...

"Hey kids!, Art can be rad!". Maybe you are reading this now because you saw the funny Mr. Cat man, but that's OK, isn't it?

These sculptures are cited by the accompanying wall spiel as objects of commerce. Sure, they may be appealing to the kiddies, but do we want them to blindly follow the lessons of commerce, that is the unlimited want of material possessions and limited resources? It may already be too late (oops.. sorry.. a bit of Socialist Realist rhetoric).

Cat is reminiscent of the sickly sweet work of Jeffery Koons, whose primary artistic statement is to "bring joy to the world", as seen on Robert Hughes' *American Visions*. If Koons thinks that world peace will be achieved by mass nausea, he is sadly mistaken. Langton has created a fun piece, bound to grab the attention of not only the kiddies. But lets face it, this work was created in 1995, pop art died with Andy Warhol, and hedonistic commerce art blew up with the eighties, well... it should have. The latest edition of *The Art Gallery of South Australia News*, suggests that this sculpture brings out "the more extreme or ridiculous nature of our own behaviour". Sure, I want to hug it, rugby tackle it... maybe even punch it in the face! Now there's an animal instinct! The 'News' also cites that this work "exploits our youthful longings for... brightly coloured inflatable creatures". Does this include sex toys? I looked hard, but the only hole I could find was the valve... but this is a show for kids.

Rhinoceros has been part of the Gallery's displayed collection since it was acquired following the last biennial. *Rhinoceros* is a life-sized fluorescent

maybe it's just artistic irreverence?

Of important inclusion are the Aboriginal works. Paintings from the Central Desert region and bark paintings from Arnhem Land are incorporated. Animal iconography from aboriginal mythology is at it's most primal and spiritual. These works not only stand up by themselves as valid art, but it is also important to present them to our children in these dark times of stuttering reconciliation. Only through education and empathy will reconciliation occur. Art provides an excellent vehicle for this. It confirms the validity of all peoples, and provides insights into their cultures.

Similar to some of the Aboriginal works, examples of Buddhist ceramics detail the spiritual and metaphoric importance of animals. Particularly as they relate to religious ritual.

Tony Flint's *Legs* and Ivan Durrant's *Gutted Rabbit* show us that, unfortunately we are not always kind to our animal friends. *Legs* are several boxes of real (they look real!) birds' feet, complete with family and species name inscriptions. They are presented as sick trophies or perhaps as natural history museum exhibits for reference purposes. For more of this stuff, head next door to the South Australian Museum, and check out the stuffed apes. The photorealism of Durrant is also testament to our shocking treatment of animals, not only for food, which in itself is unacceptable, but also for sport, and in the 'name' of science. *Gutted Rabbit* presents us with the conundrum, that whilst the majority of us eat meat, we detest the act of taking life.

Right! It seems we have covered the whole gamut of human experience relating to animals. Our innate bond

with the natural world, Jungian psychoanalysis and Socialist doctrine, yep it's all there! So... if you want to get in touch with the wild animal that lays dormant, primal, waiting to be unleashed, spend 15 years alone in the Tasmanian wilderness... um... or go and see *Animal Instincts*.

Martin Polkinghorne



yellow rhinoceros suspended above the floor to the gallery wall by it's feet. The best thing to do with this sculpture is to walk right underneath it, with the fear that it will fall upon you. But the nasty security attendants wont let us kids have fun. Perhaps Angus is prophesying that this will be the only way to see such animals in the future, following impending extinction? Or

Courage Under Fire

1996, Director: Edward Zwick
Denzel Washington, Meg Ryan,
Lou Diamond Phillips
20th Century Fox

This film is an action drama which reflects that all that happens in war is not necessarily honourable or intended. Washington portrays a military officer being investigated for a friendly fire incident resulting in a recommendation for the award of a medal.

The character is not developed to any extent, and although the implication is that he has had drinking and other problems, these are never fully explained. The action sequences are good, and truly reflect the haphazard nature of warfare. The main moral of the film appears to be that war does not necessarily bring out the best in those involved, and that personal survival is often the key ingredient. Meg Ryan as Capt. Waldren is seen as a series of character sketches as reflected through the eyes of her comrades, but this makes it difficult to determine who is the real Capt. Waldren. A film for those who like action, but no depth in development of characters.

Jim Parfitt

Nadja

1994, Director: Michael Almereyda
Elina Löwensohn, Peter Fonda,
Martin Donovan, Suzy Amis,
Galaxy Craze
21st Century Pictures

Set mainly in Brooklyn, New York, this modern gothic story tells the experiences of the sensual egoist Nadja, a vampire with a thirst for life. Very film noir, with dark and light contrasting to make the effects between good and evil, life and death, nightmare and reality, as interchangeable as the (many) cigarettes the characters smoke.

Consisting of drawn-out dream-like sequences, disjointed yet connected, the film portrays Nadja's encounters and effect on the lives of those around her, mainly on those of a couple whose marriage struggles to function - both living on the edge. All seek to escape "the pain of fleeting joy" and to find meaning in the transience of life. Everything becomes more

and more interwoven; the characters become enveloped in each other's lives, and drawn, despite themselves, to the things which they fear.

This film contains some sharp insights into contemporary life, some very funny moments, particularly from Fonda, as well as a great soundtrack from My Bloody Valentine and Portishead. This flick may not appeal to everyone but is definitely one worth seeing.
Zoë Harrison

Haunted

1995, Director: Lewis Gilbert
Aidan Quinn, Kate Beckinsale,
Anthony Andrews, Sir John Gielgud

This film is about a man who is haunted throughout his life by the memory of the death of his twin sister when they were children.

David grows up to become a psychologist and lecturer. He also sets out to disprove the existence of ghosts and the paranormal. He is summoned to a house that is supposedly inhabited by ghosts and finds Nanny Tess talking to an empty room at times; quite convinced that she is talking to ghosts that won't leave her alone. The secret of the Mariell family is revealed at the end of the film, but really the suspense isn't built up too much. If you have read the book (by James Herbert) that the film is based on, you will probably be disappointed. The film isn't true to the book.

This is a very light-weight film as are the supposedly solid wood doors. This is an entertaining film, and quite a good film to watch on video with a few friends (just in case you do find it scary).
Polly Kennington

Hellraiser Bloodline

1996, Director: Alan Smithee
Bruce Ramsay, Valentina Vargas, Doug Bradley, Kim Myers
Columbia Tri-Star

It is probably a good thing that this is the final instalment in the Hellraiser series: it is difficult to understand why they bothered doing one sequel, let alone three. For one thing it would be hard to find any more horror movie cli-

ches to recycle, let alone any more left-over Terminator robots to blow up.

This last chapter tells the story of the war between the hellraisers, Pinhead and his lovely sidekick Angelique, and the Merchant family, whose eighteenth century French ancestor created not only the hellraiser toy, but also the design that would close the gates of hell. So, from pre-Revolutionary France to the year 2127 Pinhead and Co. struggle to make sure that this second design is never realised. They lose of course, but along the way we get to see various manifestations of the horror genre - all badly done. From the stereotypical Frankenstein-like creation of Angelique, to 1980's 90's style Hollywood horror movies, which always seem to threaten white middle-class families, to futuristic interplanetary demons.

This lack of originality is made worse by Smithee's uninspired direction, and the cast's lack of acting talent. If you want to be scared and entertained apparently the first and third in the series are the best.

Carmel Pascale

The Phantom

1996, Director: Simon Wincer
Billy Zane, Treat Williams,
Kristy Swanson
CIC

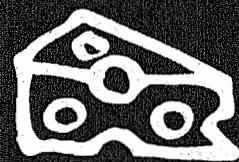
The ghost who walks makes the transition from comics to the big (and then small) screen, and fails to gain a dimension along the way. Billy Zane (*Dead Calm*) and Kristy Swanson (*Buffy the Vampire Slayer*) star as the man in the ridiculous purple jump-suit, and his "girl-scout" love interest, and don't do too bad a job.

The plot, pure comic book hokum, hinges about the acquisition of three mystic, all powerful skulls by the eeeeeevil villain stereotype Xander Drax ("Begins and ends with 'X'"), played by Treat Williams with his tongue set firmly in his cheek. Williams' performance is typical of the rest of the cast; everybody camps it up, only inches away from laughing at themselves. Visually, *The Phantom* is im-

pressive. Photography and production are of a high standard, with impressive scenery (beautiful jungle Thailand) forming the backdrop for an endless series of stock standard stunts and explosions.

Unfortunately, all this is wasted, as scriptwriter Jeffry Boam, who has succeeded with this genre in the past (*Indiana Jones & the Last Crusade* and the *Lethal Weapon* sequels), has had a definite slump in form. The scattershot dialogue tries to come across as snappy repartee, but seems more soggy than snappy.

Admittedly, there are a few moments where this film rises above the mediocre, but why watch an hour and a half movie for forty-five seconds of entertainment? Don't part with your money on this one.

Stephen Finney

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STREET
WALKERS
OF
THE
CITY

LIVING WITH BOYS

Isn't life freaky? The Monday before the mid-semester break I was just about to go to a travel agent and book a non-refundable, non-transferable return flight to Brisbane when I got a letter. It was from a friend called Matt - who I hadn't heard from FOREVER - saying "I've just got a house in Melbourne with two friends, you should come and stay some time." I rang him up and said "How about next week?"

And thus it happened that on Tuesday 15 April I arrived in Melbourne. I caught a Skybus from the airport and a taxi from the city. Matt was working (he's just got a job at Crown Casino, training 5 am - 1 am every weeknight) so I was received by his housemates - Pete "Baes" and Pete "Tayes". All three are university students - engineering, science and journalism, respectively - who met at college (UC, for those in the know). For around \$1000 a month they rent a house in Carlton, right off Lygon Street. You know, Lygon Street - Italian cake shops, a stack of restaurants with alfresco seating, bottle shops which stay open all night, a couple of pubs. Then in the daytime a whole lot of funky clothes shops and book shops, a drug with a supermarket and art-house cinema (the Nova). Yeah, it's the place to be.

But the house itself - oh god, what a dump. Absolute chaos. Two upstairs bedrooms, with the staircase at, ke, a 60 degree angle. The lounge room full of bottles, clothes & magazines. One wall stuck with party photos - blackmail material definitely - and another wall covered with names and phone numbers in blue chalk (Not a lot of the phone numbers have names and not all the names have phone numbers. The phone numbers without names are referred to as "random numbers" - da at your own risk). The TV is giant-size, painted pale purple and navy blue. They got it for \$30.

The toilet's way, way out the back, down the garden path. Creepy-crawly heaven. On the toilet wall's a sign "Lazy, Poor & Stupid: A Survival Guide" - with hints for (among other things) stealing food, stealing toilet paper, ripping off the government and riding free on trams. (This isn't hard.) A so-called "fourth bedroom" was home to all the moving-in junk, boxes of empty bottles, and two fridges - one for food (empty) and one for beer (full).

"You probably be going in here," said Baes when I arrived. Somehow, I couldn't see it. In the end, I crashed on the floor in Matt's room.

The kitchen you just don't want to know about. I tried to have breakfast on the first morning but the going was tough.

"Do you have any bows?" I asked Matt.



Boys

"Yeah, we should," he said. "We bought 3 last week." We searched for a while, to no avail. In the end, I just had an apple.

And the bathroom - oh god. I mean, there was an ashtray by the bath. I don't mean like an empty ashtray. I'm talking a permanent fixture. A wet, soggy, steamy pile of dead cigarettes. The bathtub was covered in sludge from when the guys body-painted themselves Jamaican for a party gag. The shower curtain was suspended by a slack piece of clothes retilting away from the bath. And the window - five panes of glass, each about a hand-width. One missing. The middle one. Breast-height. And the door had a very dodgy lock. I tell you, this was not a woman-friendly bathroom.

"What do you think of the house?" Matt asked me.

"Nice," I said. "I love your bathroom."

"Yeah, isn't it great?" he said enthusiastically. "The bath's so big you can lie down in it."

Um, yeah.

I had a pal exorcising Melbourne. I spent a whole day wandering in directions through Melbourne Central, and out of rabbit-warrior buildings full of designer gear. One guy caught me grinning at myself in the mirror as I tread on a sparkly silver bear. Kird of w/d. The shop was called "Dangerfield". The guy asked me if I needed any help and I told him I was from South Australia. No wonder Victorians think we're weird.

I sat at a lot of cafes, shopped at quirky book shops, caught a few movies. Yummy French film - with sucky title -

"A Summer's Tale" (Exquisite! See it!), another French film "The Apartment" (cracked but cool): "Romeo and Juliet" - my 2nd time - (the post-modern quickfix); Woody Allen's "Everyone Says I Love You" (hand me my tap shoes). But oh how I wish, I wish I'd caught a few local

gigs. It's true: Melbourne IS the Mecca of the Australian band scene. I opened up a street mag and saw Regurgitator, Magic Dirt, Automatic, Mavis's, Spiderbait - all in one weekend. I mean - wow!

Till the house-warming party Friday night I didn't see much of the boys. Matt was sleeping and working (and not going to ur). Baes and Tayes were sleeping and drinking down the pub (and going to ur). I was adjusting to the house. The chaos was beginning to hook me. It's a lifestyle, yknow? The student dive. Heavy on the alcohol, light on the clearing products. A though after a few days I went and bought 3 teatowels and a packet of squiddy things to do the washing up.

Matt said: "What for?"

Tayes suggested using the squiddy things as place-mats for stubbers. "Then if you spill anything, you can just squeeze it back out."

Eventually I got the clearing ggg worked out. You do what you have to do. So you only clear something (be it a plate, a knife, a towel or whatever) if you totally desecrate it - absolute 100% NEED it to be clear. The egalitarian share-house deal. End of story.

And it's not that they haven't got pride. The day of the party they spent all afternoon (till about 6 o'clock) tidying, clearing, vacuuming and - get this - painting the walls. I think this was Pete T's idea. On Thurs-

day morning he'd apprehended me in The Bathroom From Hell - the conversation went something like this -

Alice: "I'm just plucking my eyebrows - it's a girly thing."

Pete T: (What???) "Coo... Did you see where I painted the wall?" (Points out patch of bathroom wall, around bath taps.)

Alice: (What???) "Oh right. Cool. Good idea."

Pete T: "Yeah, you know, so it looks better for the party."

Alice: (WHAT???) "Oh, right..."

As for the party itself - well, from what I remember, it was a smash. Good music, fun crowd, plenty of alcohol. Also a few plates of caramel cookies (lo Baes's sister which disappeared in the first hour. All the usual crazy stuff happened - including the shattering of another pane of glass in the bathroom window. (Apparently the girl who broke it invoked Matt's help to blame it on Tayes.)

Saturday dawned gloriously clear - shame about the hangover - but lucky because Peter E (another Pete, a poor relative of mine) had promised to take me FLYING! We caught a tram out to Essendon airport and hired a little two-seater plane. When I first saw it I was disappointed. "I was imagining one of those ooper panes - like old movies, you know, where they wear goggles," I said.

"And scarves, said Peter, laughing at me. "No..."

"Can you do loop-the-loops?" I wanted to know.

Boy with guitar



"You can do a corkscrew kind of thing," said Peter. "You can also do rose-dives. You just cut the engine right back and aim straight for the ground."

Alice: "Really? You've done that?"

Peter: "Yeah..."

Alice: "Like, WOW!!!"

I hopped inside and started getting butterflies. "Wow!" I said again. "It's like a dodgem car!" There were foot pedals and kooky-looking steering wheels. We had to wear headsets - partly because of the noise, partly because Peter had to report to an air traffic controller for take-off and landing. We flew over Melbourne and circled the city in 5 minutes. Looking down, it was like - I'm going to be poetic - a glittering pile of broken toys. I mean it. It was beautiful. We flew over the boys' house in Carlton before heading back to Essendon. All-r-all we were in the air for about half an hour. Fur-fur-fur!

That was Saturday day. Saturday night - after a mix-up with times, places, parties, pubs, scribbled notes and answering-machine messages - Matt and I met up about half past midnight at the Metro, a dive in Bourke Street. Now this was one big motherfucker of a night out. A four-storey extravaganza, with labyrinthine staircases leading up and down all over the place, a main stage, a smaller sound-proofed stage looking out over the main stage, resoundable pumping music, crazy kids everywhere. On this particular night Gira G happened to be playing (OH MY GOD!) and for Matt's sake I endured two of her plinky-oad puke-poo songs before fleeing for the upstairs dance floor.

"Have you had your dum orchered yet?" yelled Matt.

"What???" I yelled back.

"This place is meant to be really bad for that kind of thing."

"No," I yelled. "But I've got that look on my face, you know: You touch me, you die."

The two of us left around 1:30 am. (at a guess) when they started playing "My Sharona", the Bus Stop, "Nutbush City Limits" and - of a things - the Proclaimers "I'm On My Way". You know the drill. We walked back to Lygon Street, where Matt insisted on getting more alcohol.

"But I don't want to drink," I said.

"That doesn't matter," said Matt, and bought a half-tre of gin.

Back home we put RAGE! on the

television and "Recurring Dream" on the stereo. (There is something very comforting about Crowded House.) RAGE! had a heap of oldies playing - not old, just a few years old - Garbage's "Vow", Silverchair's "Tomorrow", Crowded House's "Chocolate Cake", Regurgitator's "I-don't-know-what-cause-I-couldn't-hear-it-but-Ben-E-y-had-really-grungy-dreadlocks-so-it-must've-been-old." Matt and I talked, had a few drinks. OK, Matt had a few drinks and I had one, half of which spilled on the floor. We were drinking out of coffee mugs. Soon it was a quarter to five am. Beat me. This meant dragging Matt's bed downstairs from Pete B's room where it'd been dumped for the party. A



Flying: the not-so-cheap high

very noisy exercise, during which Matt discovered that Pete B hadn't yet made it home. And then the new mattress (delivered Thursday) had to be unpacked. And a sheet found. And then a beep. Uhuh. Out cold.

By Sunday - my last day in Melbourne - I was bloody tired. 2 o'clock in the afternoon we all tramped along to a free outdoor Soderzait ggg (It was to raise money for the East Timorese refugees.). On the way we passed a toilet block from which Pete B returned with a box of toilet paper under his shirt. This is for real. Because shooing is such a hazardous undertaking with these guys, they've reached a constant state of emergency regarding toilet paper. Mostly they avert catastrophe by cranking around from the pub down the road wherever they're running.

"But then I thought about what would happen if we ran out and the pub was shut," said Matt. "And that really scared me." So Friday he bought a packet. Meanwhile Pete T had fogged a ro' off his brother, which as far as I know never made it to the toilet. It was 5 o'clock and the sofa right up to the day of the party. What happened to it after that I don't know.

"A rock concert's always better with a few beers going down - and you can quote me on that." (Pete T, one ggg, Sunday afternoon.)

"Tayes, where's Baes?" (Matt.)

"Baes, where's Tayes?" (Matt. Ggg ggg from Alice.)

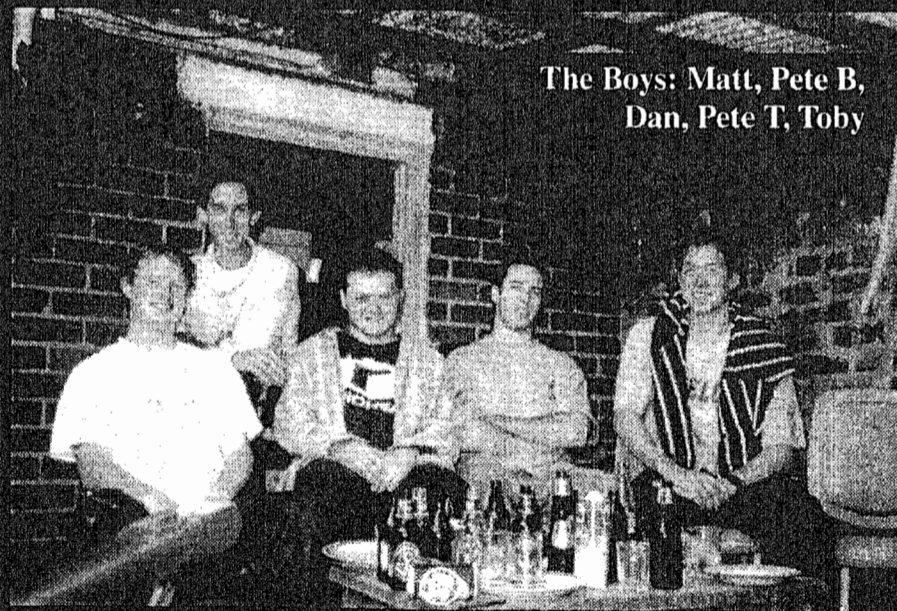
Some of the stories I heard just defy all logic. Once Pete T locked himself out of the house while taking a trip to the toilet. Rather than waking up Baes to get back inside, he decided to dismantle the bathroom window. (This is how it got broken to begin with.) And I've never asked to censor the details but I also heard about a time Pete T wanted a bubble-bath and - with this aim in mind - went and got some detergent. I mean - shit! Detergent!

And in the two months since they've had the house Pete B has lost his front door key twice. When I arrived he was going through a keyless phase. Getting another key cut was the obvious solution. Unfortunately you'd've required a degree of organisational forethought to this household. So what happened was the back door got left unlocked whenever everyone was out. Yeah, that works.

I don't want to talk about the sudge at the bottom of the fridge.

Or the two original tea-towels in the kitchen. Or the mess in the backyard. Or the crumpled plaster in Matt's room. Best just not to think about it. Really, I don't want to come in. It was just a bit of a culture-shock.

"I can't believe you're actually going to a cafe for breakfast. I can't ever remember the last time I had breakfast." Pause. "Actually I car. I had McDonald's." (Matt, my last morning in Melbourne.)



The Boys: Matt, Pete B, Dan, Pete T, Toby

"Remember the time Tayes recorded a message of himself saying?" (Matt? Baes? Toby? Dan? I can't remember. I'm still trying to figure this one out.)

"He's so f**king vague!" (Matt, about Tayes.)

"Remember how I concussed myself that night?" (Tayes. Don't ask.)

"The Tayes and Baes! Be around this arvo to help move the tree." (Dan. Gay what???)

"He loves his guitar more than any girl." (Matt, about Pete T and his new acoustic/electric.)

"SHITE!" (Baes, attempting to climb the steep-steep stairs in a rot-so-sooper cord for.)

"Caro? Caro, if that's you, we've gone to the pub." (Matt in the background. "And if you're not Caro, leave a message.") "And if you're not Caro, leave a message. By the way - you've reached Pete, Pete & Matt. And I'm Dan." (Dan's eloquent answering-machine greeting.)

"Remember the time Tayes recorded a message of himself saying?" (Matt? Baes? Toby? Dan? I can't remember. I'm still trying to figure this one out.)

"He's so f**king vague!" (Matt, about Tayes.)

"Remember how I concussed myself that night?" (Tayes. Don't ask.)

After the Soderzait ggg it was straight to the airport. Matt drove, we got stuck in traffic along the Tuamarine highway. I ended up having to run to catch my plane. No joke. The message on the departure screen had changed from "Brisbane: BOARDING" to "Brisbane: CLOSED". I was frantically searching for a gate number - for some reason it wasn't on my boarding pass - when they did a fire "final call" for my flight over the loudspeaker. And I ran. I was the last on the plane. But at least I made it to Brisbane. Which is another story - 'cos here I'm staying (or stayed, by the time this is printed) with another three boys (Russell, Brad and Patrick) in a house complete

with cockroaches, ants & wasps. But hey, it's the Sunshine State. What could go wrong? And look, I've got to say it. There is something about boys. There just is. So what if they never (ever, ever) get around to washing the dishes. So what if they're totally wrapped up in footie, beer, parties, sex and rock'n'roll. (And be ever me - they are.) So what if the bathroom is so grubby you don't want to put your clothes on the floor in case they get contaminated. So what, you know? Boys are cool. Boys are fun. What a holiday. Yeah, I had the time of my life. Thanks guys. (Love ya)

Hey! Hey! It's

Excitement buzzed in overcast skies as first term drew to a close. We approached some happy young boys and girls bouncing off the walls with happiness (well..not all of them...) and nit picked their budding adolescent minds.....

1. What will you miss most about university these holidays?

Many people felt that their views weren't being expressed in last week's rally and this may have been what led to the lamentable lack of participation. So this week Vox Pop asks:

2. If you were to rally for your rights as a university student, what would be your chant?

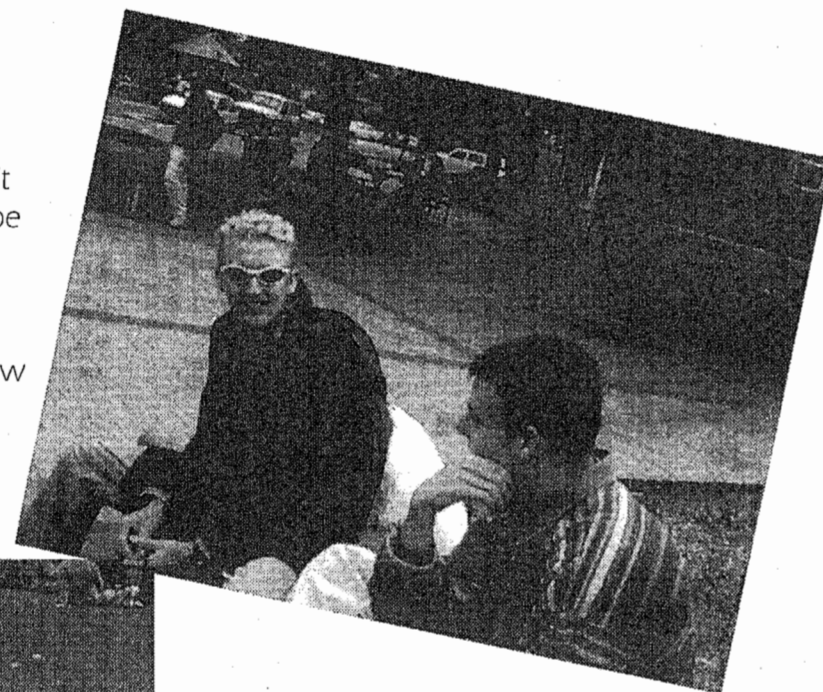
3. If you were to plan a religious cult suicide in these holidays, what would it be in honor of?

Brendan

1. The people
2. Educate Australia, don't de-educate it
3. If they do cut fees, I think there will be

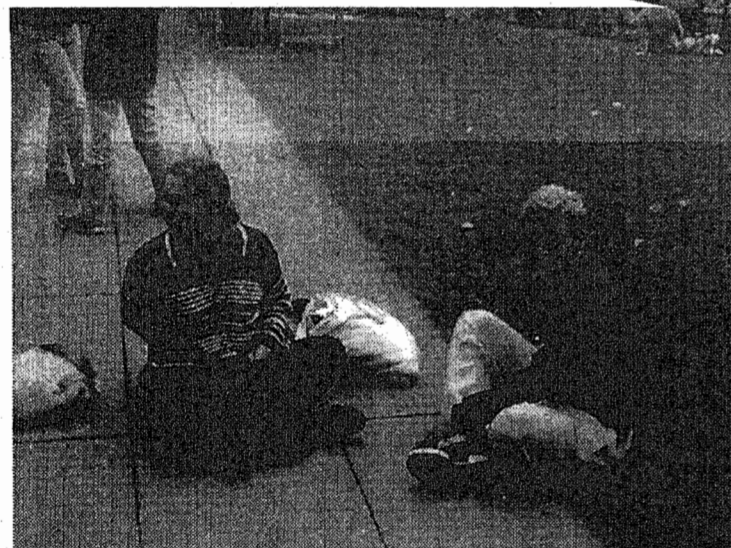
Jo

1. The ambience
2. They're not students, they don't know our predicament
3. Beavis and Butthead



Courtney & Paul

1. Our maths lecturer [isn't he cute -voice in background]
2. Voluntary Union fees
3. The feast of maximum occupancy



Emma

1. The bar
2. No ifs no buts
3. Of drinking too much the night before and just (7-Eds)

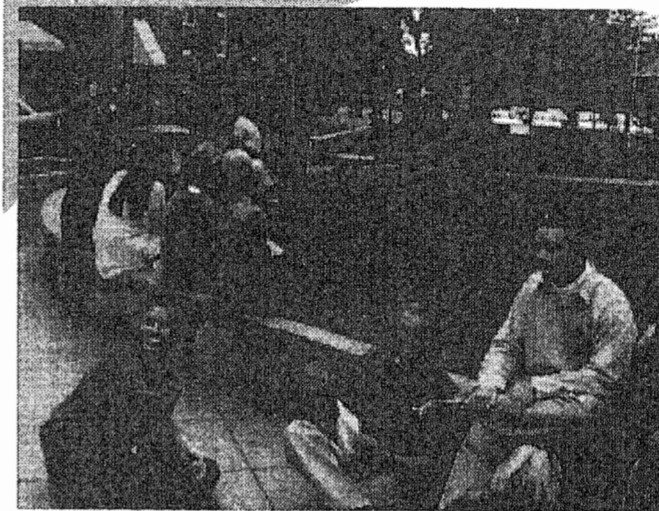
Jordan

1. Not having somewhere to go
2. No ifs no buts is cool by me
3. Goats



Fellow readers, we were just as baffled by

Vox Pop Time!



Jane

1. The work
2. We are the future, the government should support us.
3. U2

Simon

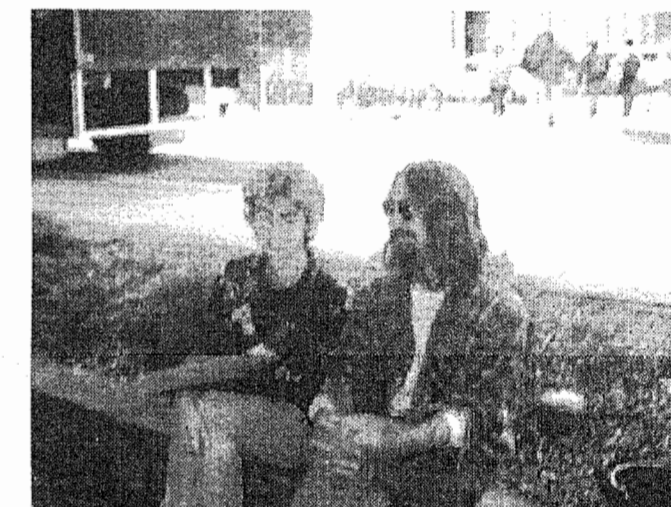
1. The uni double cheese burger
2. For starters, I wouldn't abuse the crowd
3. The roo-boy

Julio

1. The fellowship and companionship of these guys
2. Austudy
3. Winter Solstice

Tristan

1. The general stuff you have to do at uni
2. You should be able to keep the money you earn as well as Austudy
3. The anniversary of the death of Frank Zappa



Tim

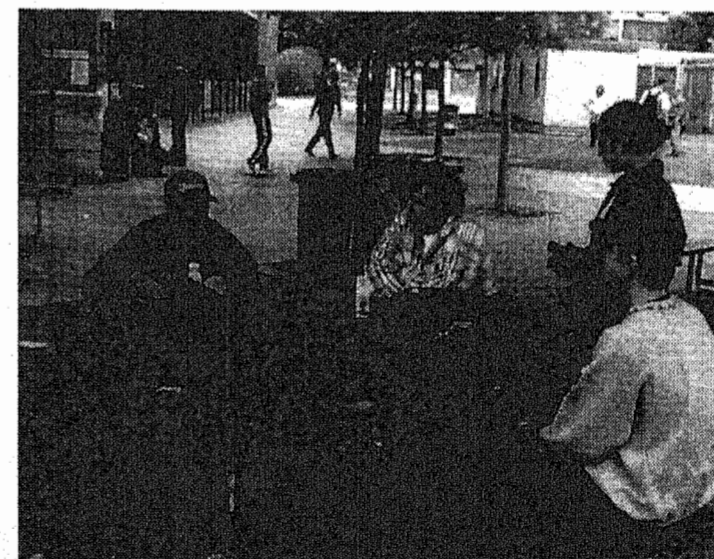
1. Not much
2. Senator Vanstone's a chicken
3. Sex, drugs and rock & roll

Allan

1. Social life
2. Out with the old, in with the new
3. Maybe in my mid-life crisis you can ask me again

Joseph

1. Nothing
2. I'll be out of here by the end of the year
3. Reversal of the big-bang



the Vox Pop answers as you are - Eds.

WAYWARD BUMPER SPECIAL

You know how it is...a long trip away in the car, hours to go until you reach anything that remotely looks like civilisation, you've spilt your Pepsi-Max on the seat, your M&M's have melted (in your hand), and you've listened to your Blur Live at the Budokan once too many times. Good grief...you know things are getting desperate when the occupants of the car have decided it would be a good idea to sing along to Green Day's Dookie, ("A fabulous album" Peter* in the back seat exclaims and hang on, is that Luane* playing air guitar??? [* not really their real names]) But wait...I've said too much.

Anyhoo, we resorted to the following 'game' to help keep ourselves sane. Whether it worked is questionable. Please note this game is not limited to long journeys, it can be used as a sedative for everyday road rage [put those screwdrivers away people]. So first in our on-going series of games-whilst-you-travel comes "Check out that Bumper Sticker". Its a game that everyone can enjoy,

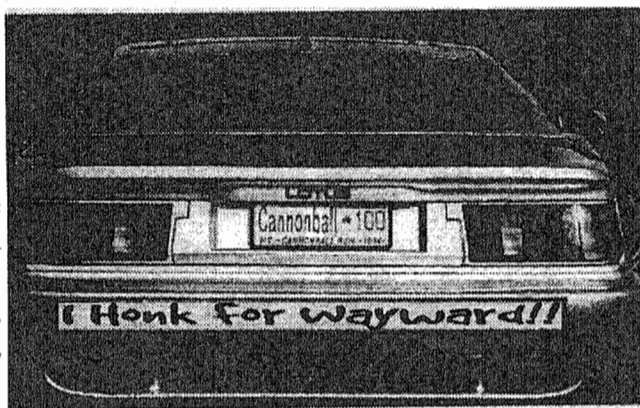
and the rules are quite straightforward. Actually there are no rules - the beauty of this 'game' is that everyone who participates is a winner! By concentrating on the cars around you, pointing/calling out the bumper sticker.

you may help alleviate your boredom, have a few laughs, and make new friends. At the end of your trip you can reminisce and decide on the overall "best" sticker of the journey. Wow, fun days ahead.

The following were some of the more memorable bumper stickers we came across on our road "I wanna go home" trip. They made us laugh, cry, cringe, get angry, confused and scared. If you have any

you would like to add please write in and share them with us. Enjoy the ride....

[in no particular order]
- "I stop for tailgaters"



- "Life's a witch and then you ride"
- "Save Beaches, harpoon a fat chick" and "I hate fat chicks"

[these two happened to be on the same wanker's car, no surprises there]

- Numerous "Bad boy" and "Oakley" and "Fugley" [rdrr] stickers

- "My dog is registered because I care", as opposed to our favoured version "My dog isn't registered because I don't care".

- The whole "Don't bother knocking if this baby's rocking" and "Don't

laugh, your daughter could be inside", "Shaggin'Wagon" types

- "Jesus loves you"
- "Port Power", "Go Crows!"
- "Scuba divers do it underwater" [allow pause for canned laughter]
- "...Home of Alanis" [allow pause for "creepy" shivers]

- "I'm a channel Nine News hound", "I love Seven", "KA-FM" [take these off your fuckin' car! Please.]

- While not actually bumper stickers, we will count the "Mums taxi", "Baby on board" types [death to whoever came up with the idea for those bloody yellow rhombus-shaped placards!]

- "I sleep wonderfully warm with Linda"

- Garfield's "Get off my tail" placard.
- "Thelma and Louise on board"

But the pick of the bunch, voted unanimously, was the following:

- "And on the eighth day, God created German Shepherds". [Huh?!?]

This was brought to you by the letters K, F, C (that was done deliberately), N, J and a couple of others...

An Octopussy Experience

Eros.
275-277 Rundle Street.

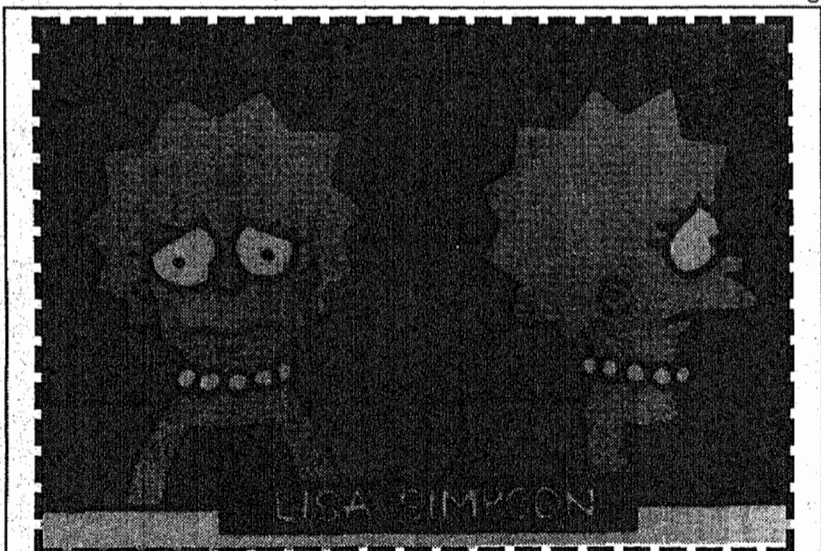
The thought of reviewing Eros had me in the tortured throes of anticipation. Now, I have eaten there before, but as we

found out, there is always something new to discover. Eros have continued the distinctive, traditional practice of serving meze, or small dishes. The idea is to select a number of dishes for the entire group

and when the food comes you share. How egalitarian. Hint: don't go to this restaurant with someone that you do not like. Share the joy and carnival of this festive dinner with people that you love. You actually have to talk to the people that you dine with (eg. "Could you please pass me that delicious

after lengthy attempts at persuasion she eventually experienced what I can only describe as marinated heaven. The tiger prawns are definitively succulent, the fried feta scrumptious and the marinated lamb is my idea of a perfect home. We felt decadent, full and delicious when we had to cease the meal and attempt the stuffing in of dessert and coffee. A meal at Eros would not be complete without a serve of ?? Kreme Kailifi?? as the ultimate in sensational desserts. Unfortunately we were just too full. This is the horror of Eros. The food and service are so good that it's hard to stop eating. More importantly, a serve of dips and a coffee are more than affordable for the funding-cut student. Why bother staying at the Gallery Coffee Shop when the best dip in Adelaide can be found as near as the Rundle strip. Gorge yourself stupid!

Anthony Paxton



THE BRIGHTEST MEMBER OF THE SIMPSON'S FAMILY IS HONORARY CANDIDATE #7 IN OUR SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION SIMPSON'S COLLECTORS' CARDS

IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHY WE PUT IT IN THE CORNER, YOU SHOULD GET YOUR HEAD CHECKED...



Htapodi Toursi (Pickled octopus?). This isn't a bad thing. Talking to your friends can be good. More importantly it can be very funny after a few traditional Greek beers. Speaking of the pickled octopus, one diner (whom we shall euphemistically call "Dry elk on rye") wouldn't have a bar of it. But

The Takeover Round-up

Myth Eruption: "CONSTRUCTION"

THE DANCE PIECES THAT FORMED CONSTRUCTION WERE MYTH ERUPTION'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE TAKEOVER PROGRAM. THE PIECES WERE DIRECTED BY THREE YOUNG DANCE GRADUATES FROM THE PERFORMING ARTS FACULTY OF ADELAIDE. EACH PIECE IN THEIR OWN UNIQUE WAY REFLECTED DIFFERENT INSIGHTS INTO THE VARIOUS EXPERIENCES OF THE FEMALE PSYCHE.

JANE NEVILLE AND ALEX GRAHAM'S PIECE "EMBRACED", OPENED THE SHOW AT AN AGGRESSIVE AND FAST TEMPO. WITH THE DANCERS DRESSED IN BLACK AND ASSUMING AN ALMOST MILITANT APPEARANCE, BOTH MOVEMENT AND MUSIC REFLECTED THE CONSTRAINTS AND FRUSTRATIONS OF WOMEN TRYING TO GAIN FREEDOM.

IN CONTRAST TO THE CHILLING IMAGES FROM THE FIRST PIECE CAME THE POIGNANT AND MELANCHOLY "SOLACE". CHOREOGRAPHED BY JENNI LUSH AND SET TO THE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC COMPOSED BY JULIAN FERRATTO, THE DANCERS HELD THE AUDIENCE CAPTIVE IN A DREAMLIKE STATE WHICH BECAME

OVERSHADOWED BY THE DARK AND LYRICAL WORDS OF ANNIE DEFRANCO.

"STILL", THE FINAL PIECE WHICH WAS CHOREOGRAPHED BY AMANDA PHILLIPS, INCORPORATED A VARIETY OF MEDIUMS THAT BEGAN WITH HARMONIC VOICES WITHIN THE AUDIENCE. SAUCEPANS WERE PUT TO THE TEST AS THEY WERE BEATEN AGAINST CORRUGATED IRON, CRADLED, THROWN AROUND, AND EVEN GIVEN BIRTH TO. EMOTIONS ROSE AND FELL THROUGHOUT THE PIECE, AND A DEFINITE HIGHLIGHT WERE THE ANGELIC VOICES OF KATE OWEN, KATE BEN-TOVIN AND SIDONIE HENBEST. THE IMAGERY OF THE SAUCEPANS WAS A PARTICULARLY CLEVER PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION OF FEMALE SUFFERING.

ALL IN ALL, THE THREE PIECES DEALT WITH THE DARKER ISSUES CONCERNING WOMEN THROUGHOUT THE AGES, THAT WAS INDEED HEARTFELT AND BORN FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE. MYTH ERUPTION BENEFITED FROM THE TALENTS OF DIFFERENT ARTISTIC BACKGROUNDS, AND WITH MORE TIME AND EXPERIENCE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY IMPROVE AND OFFER MORE THOUGHT PROVOKING WORKS SUCH AS THIS.

BANGERS AND MASH

good job of playfully involving the audience and pilfering their attention away from the loud, obtrusive drumming noises coming from the stage outside. (And no characters ever come and shake my hand anyway, as a theatrical rule).

The three pieces performed stemmed back to the country's Hindu religions, involving the flowers of blessing, the cross-encounter of a benevolent lion and an evil witch, and in the last, an epic story of a man and wife who come across a golden deer - cum - really funky mystical eagle in the forest.

The exquisitely elaborate costumes, a feast in themselves, were largely representational. That is, to see the lion's costume hanging on a coat hanger in the dressing room, one unknowledgeable in the area of Indonesian dance may not instinctively be prone to ponder, "Is that a lion hanging on that coat hanger over there?" until perhaps two Indonesian dancers were to disappear into the folds of gold and bring the animal to life through movements characteristic only of a lion, thus suddenly the flowing golden sheets would become a mane and the elaborate jewellery an adornment for none less than the almighty king of the jungle who has a presence and attitude to match his lofty status. Likewise the monkey's rigid, jerky movements were



kiddies at the Takeover Fesf.

Danceworks

Bharatan Theatre: *Me & Body Awakenings*
Tuula Roppola: *AINO*

The worst thing about the Takeover Festival's Danceworks program was its duration. With performances running over two(!!) days - the 3rd and 4th of April - by the time you read this review it will be too late to see the three brilliant dance pieces that made up the program.

The first two pieces were presented by the Bharatan Theatre company from NSW. *Body Awakenings*, choreographed by Damien Rahan, is a physical interpretation of the yogic ideal of the body being constructed of 'five sheaths': the Anatomical, the Physiological, the Mental, and the Intellectual, with the Blissful sheath encompassing the others - with each sheath personified by an individual dancer. The piece explores through the medium of movement the relationship between these states and its inherent disharmony. Rahan has created a work of contrasts - the physicality of the Anatomical / Physiological set in opposi-

tion to the conflicting Mental and Intellectual - which bristles with brooding energy and implicit sensuality.

The second work, *Me*, is, to quote the program notes, '...about the changes that take place in an individual's lifetime.' The piece in itself is remarkable in its consonance and accomplishment, more so considering that choreographer Kristy Foster (who also featured in *Body Awakenings*) used her own experience with spinal scoliosis as a starting point for the piece. *Me* is a disarmingly sophisticated and developed work which should ensure Foster of a future in contemporary dance.

In *AINO*, Tuula Roppola has created a performance that is painfully personal, yet universally accessible. Adapted from *The Drowned Maid*, a story from Finnish folk tradition, *AINO* tells the story of a young woman who, when betrothed to a much older man, runs away from her home and drowns herself in a lake, becoming a part of it in the process. This is the first solo work for Roppola, who has worked with the Australian Dance Theatre in Meryl Tankard's *Songs With Mara and Aurora*. *AINO* is a truly exceptional work, defined by its classical allusions and economy of movement from the stillness of its beginnings through to its emotionally exhausting finale, and one I hope will be seen again in Adelaide.

For those who missed Danceworks, the Bharatan Theatre will be returning to this city in August with their production of *Itha*, which will be performed in our own Little Theatre, so you have no excuses for missing it.

J.D.

BALI BANJAR SMKI CIRCUS TENT, ELDER PARK

Bali's renowned high school of performing arts, Sekolah Menengah Kesenian Indonesia, presented their Takeover dance programme in a refreshingly accessible way, allowing even the most culturally unaware ignoramus to benefit from this uniquely vivacious cultural offering.

Right from the beginning a happy bond was set up between audience and performers as the dancers interacted with the audience through admirably animated facial expressions, playful humour and even some English translation for those of us struggling a little with the Indonesian language. But despite the Take Over brochure's deceptive and altogether cheeky promise of all-round the audience action, after waiting all night for the monkey (who was ultimately cool) to come and shake my hand, or at least run down my aisle, I had to resign myself to the fact that nobody was planning to budge from the stage and perhaps this was a missed opportunity to develop even further the cast/audience relationship so prettily set up in the beginning.

No matter from where they were up on the stage the dancers did a spanking

exceptionally monkey-like, and the deer was so flighty and graceful it could only have been a deer (or a really funky mystical eagle). Behind masks, the facial expressions of the animal characters were not visible, but they were remarkably successful in conveying their every whim, worry and wonderment to the audience merely through exaggerated movement.

The dancers were accompanied throughout by a gamelan orchestra of traditional drums and xylophones, tuneful in their own distinctively off-key way, and singers who sang the stories of the characters in the native language.

As well as complementing the dancing in helping to convey the mood being expressed by the characters, the music was heroically successful in warding off very potential boredom during costume changes.

The circus tent where the performance took place provided for a reasonably warm and fuzzy, sharing and caring kind of atmosphere, with audience members allowed to express their autonomy in choosing whether to sit in the circus stands at the back, at tables and chairs, or on mats on the floor at the front where inspired youngsters were provided with enough space to give vent to their energetic imitative urges which tended to arise from time to time.

The tragically significant number of vacant seats suggested some people were daunted by the prospect of trying to stomach another culture's traditions on a Saturday night, but their fears were largely unwarranted as I could not depict the minutest hint of boredom within the crowd, which was representational of all ages, and the happy hollers and clichés of praise ("Wonderful," "Stunning," "So glad you made me come") which could be heard emanating from the auditorium suggested I had not been left alone in my giddy awe of this pleasantly spectacular cultural awakening.

I grieve with you in announcing that their Takeover season is now irretrievably over, so you've missed them (dumb, dumb, dumb), but stiff upper lip, I'm sure they'll all be invited back over that small stretch of rollicking sea before any of us have become very much older or wiser, so just as you (probably) wouldn't hide in your room when your next-door neighbours came over to show you their new insect dissecting kit, make sure you're not doing something boring and stupid instead of seeing these guys next time they pop over to pay us a friendly call.

Nadia Butler

ABROAD WITH TWO MEN

Contemporary, satirical, and fast paced. Sound like your cup of cha? Then maybe you would like *Abroad with Two Men*. This production spoofs the recent slashes to arts funding. It offers a hilarious solution by presenting *Festivale Internationale*, the new amalgamation of all existing arts festivals in Australia which promises a "best-of-the-festival" circuit in one glittering night.

This show was originally performed in a cabaret format but has survived the transition to the not so intimate theatre space well. This show is basically vaudeville and if you are sick of stand up then this could be an interesting alternative.

I was given the opportunity to speak to Phillip Scott, one of the trio of performers, who filled me in a little bit better.

On Dit: What is the show about?

"The idea behind it is because of all of the terrible funding cuts to the arts, all of the arts festivals in Australia have been rolled into one. Our evening is a preview of that festival".

On Dit: What sort of format does the show have?

"It is a fast moving review format where we have monologues, sketches and songs".

On Dit: And what sort of sketches do you do?

"We send up Phillippe Genty and the Rastaveli Theatre Company from Georgia with a piece called "no sects please we're Georgian!". There's a bit of a grunge Scottish group from the Edin-

burgh fringe that we take off. The trouble is that when we do this in the show for older people is that they are just horrified by the use of the word "fuck". It never occurs to them that it could be used in satire. The finale is the opening ceremony of the 2000 olympics where the funding has been cut so badly that it has to be taken over by the scouting movement - because they're full of talent and they work cheap - under the direction of the arkela from the Homebush scout pack.

On Dit: Who do you send up?

"Well we get a range of celebrities reading Australian bush ballads. We've got Julian Clary, John "H o l l y w o o d" Hausen, and Barry Otto, a well known Australian actor (from *Cosi*, *Bliss*, and *Lillian's Story*). We also do a piece called "Tap Slobs" where Linda does her version of tap with attitude. There are a few surprises, for example we do a piece from *Shine* - which represents the film festivals - in which we all play the Rachmaninov piano concerto."

On Dit: What sort of process do you work through to create a skit?

"The more tangential the idea the better. For this show I worked in a group. So at

first we go away and write out our idea and bring it back. It would either get thrown out or the others would pick up on it and add to it. We wrote and rehearsed at the same time so we had a good idea of what we were doing"

On Dit: Now that we've talked about your show I wanted to ask something a little more serious and less commercial. This production is obviously political but do you feel that contemporary Australian theatre has lost the balls to be political?

"Generally there are less places to experiment and do work aside from the mainstream than there used to be. For instance on ABC television their comedy department gave

people the opportunity, for example, DAAS capital - the Doug Anthony show - and the Big Gig. You could experiment with comedy on the ABC a few years ago but there is no way that you could do it now, they can hardly afford to do anything new and are reaching the stage where they are going to have to take existing shows off the air. There is a huge swing to conservatism right across the country and it is mirrored in the entertainment industry. This is unfortunate."

On Dit: Since this show is about festivals I thought I would ask about the plethora of festivals that we have in South Australia (because we're Going All The Way!). Each year we are told that they are hugely successful and are making more money than the last one, yet the majority of people seem unaware that they are even on. Are festivals as good as we are told they are? Do festivals alienate people?

"We certainly have too many festivals. The Adelaide festival was the first big one and is looked upon as a good example for others even though it has been successful one year and less so the next. One of the good things about festivals is that people are expecting to find something special and do get along.

But the bigger the festivals get in Australia the more likely it is that a few shows will do well and the bulk of them won't. The Melbourne Comedy Festival is a good example, it was way too big - 120 acts- and the majority of them played to near empty houses.

It is detrimental to the arts in a way because the most talented people get together and put all of their energy into creating a piece for a festival and then do nothing else for the rest of the year. Success is beginning to depend more and more on the promotion budget and this often means that the most creative work is lost because they don't have the budget to get into people's faces".

If you would like to see a bit of satire and have a good laugh then you would probably enjoy this show. The season runs from May 5th to the 10th at the Playhouse in the Festival Centre.



PRIVATE LIVES

Private Lives
Melbourne Theatre Company
Director: Roger Hodgman
The Playhouse
Tuesday 8 April

Despite being taken by surprise about the two interval breaks (I must remember to study the fine print in the program...) I felt that Noel Coward's *Private Lives* was quite aptly handled by the Melbourne Theatre Company (under the direction of Roger Hodgman)

Opening with the gallant Elyot Chase (played by Phillip Holden) and his new wife Sibyl (Rebekah Robertson) honeymooning on one side of the stage and the also-just-newly-married couple Victor and Amanda Pynne (played by Nicki Wendt and Mark Peglar respectively) on the other, the old cliché 'what a tangled web we weave' came to life.

Act One was delightfully witty - especially when Amanda's crushing words came into contact with

Elyot's equally crushing replies. Act Two however, apart from an amusing dance sequence, dragged terribly.

Thankfully Act Three saw the return of the 'digs and jibes' routine (at a cracking pace) and thus saw the play out in fine humour (for both audience and cast alike).

Phillip Holden was 'simply smashing' as Elyot, as was Nicki Wendt as Amanda (she quotes early in Act 2 that "a woman's job is to allure a man" and she proceeded to put this into practice with a brilliant attempt of body canting with constant crossing and uncrossing of her, often bare, legs). Rebekah Robertson's portrayal of the tiresome Sibyl was extremely suitable and similarly Mark Peglar's wooden characterisation(?) of Victor.

Private Lives, as played by the Melbourne Theatre Company is very representational of Noel Coward's play writing flair.

Susie Bate

ANDREW HAS COME TO TOWN

If the rabidness of our commercial brethren hasn't alerted you to the fact then let it be known:
The PHANTOM of the OPERA is here!!!

The Phantom of the Opera (POTO) opened on the 24th of April and will continue for a limited season. See the review in an upcoming edition.

The Adelaide Festival Theatre will be transformed into a Paris Opera house of the nineteenth century with the aid of the chandelier, the gondola, and a huge false proscenium. Inside the audience will enter the home of a brilliant architect, a master of illusion, and a musical genius - the "ghost" of the opera house, the Phantom of the Opera.

Rob Guest will play the phantom, a hideously disfigured, demented genius who hides his grotesqueness from the world in the depths of the Paris opera. Danielle Everett is Christine, the beautiful dancer who, under the Phantom's macabre spell, becomes the Opera's prima donna and the toast of Paris.

It promises to be a magnificent show.

ROB: JUST YOUR REGULAR PHANTOM TYPE OF GUY.

**MAGPIE THEATRE:
THE ONLY MAGPIE WHO DIDN'T
SCALP PASSERS BY WHEN ITS
BABY MAGPIE WAS BORN.**

MAGPIE 2: THEATRE LAUNCH

When you were a young lad/las-
sie in primary and high school
do you remember the Magpie
theatre company coming to your
school to perform? I do and I
have memories of being slightly
entertained but mostly being
bored by condescending crap.
Now the Magpie theatre com-
pany has moved away from its
theatre-in-education focus and is
creating a newer, more provoca-
tive theatre aimed at the young
adult audience.

Magpie 2, as the company will
now be known, will house itself
in the gutted shell of the Queen's
Theatre. By moving away from
the more conventional theatre
space the company hopes to cre-
ate some cutting-edge theatre.

With its focus upon our genera-
tion Magpie 2 hopes to trans-
form the idea of theatre and as-
sist in its evolution into a 21st
century art form.

"I believe that the form, content

and philosophies behind much
established mainstream theatre
have made it redundant and im-
potent for young people. It all to
often speaks with the assured
voices of another generation and
lacks the urgency of living and
bombardment of information
which my generation negotiate".
These are the feelings of Benedict
Andrews, the new artistic direc-
tor, who feels that "right now we
need theatre more than ever to re-
mind us of our humanity in an in-
creasingly wired world".

Featuring the works of controver-
sial playwright Thomas Brasch;
the phenomenally successful
Bernard Marie Koltes; and the
emerging talent of Australian
playwright Raimondo Cortese,
the Magpie 2 theatre looks set to
go off.

We will have an interview with
Benedict Andrews in an
upcoming edition. So look out for
it!!

**DAMMIT
I WAS
WATCHING
MEL ROSE!!**

***Whenever I Thought
About You The Chan-
nel Changed***

This new production
is innovative and
stimulating and is be-
ing produced by a co-
operative of young
artists. Accost is the
group, and they are
interested in creating
diverse art forms that
synthesise the talents
of artists from many
different fields.
*Whenever I Thought
About You The Chan-
nel Changed* is a col-
lage of different men-
tal states and emo-
tions.

This production
places the audience
in the hands of Foot-
Note, a cyber weirdo
from another dimen-
sion, as he channel
surfs through the lives
of five friends whose
night of TV is thrown
into chaos by a black-
out. The effect is
something like
Donahue meets the
twilight zone, as
Foot-Note manipu-
lates and torments the
other characters for
the audience's pleas-
ure. It is a world
where the bizarre and
fragmented experi-
ences of inner lives

are made external,
through the use of
song, fantasy and
popular culture.

An exploration of the
character's thoughts
and fantasies says
something about the
dislocation of self
within our complex
world as well as re-
vealing the entertain-
ing and disturbing
moments of popular
culture. Written by
Drew Proffitt, a
young talent, this
show promises to be
something different.
Every role within the
production from de-
sign to direction has
been undertaken by
young people seeking
experience in their
chosen field.

The accost produc-
tion of *Whenever I
Thought About You
The Channel
Changed* has started
and will be showing
on Thursday, Satur-
day and Sunday at the
F.A.D. cafe/gallery @
30 Waymouth Street.
Get along and sup-
port the efforts of
young and creative
people. Tix are \$8
concession and \$11
full. DJ and drinks
from 6pm. The show
starts at 7:30.

JUST LIKE A BANANA!

Peeling Back

Peeling Back is one of
the plethora of new
shows that is there for
our benefit in the
upcoming weeks. *Peel-
ing Back* is a show that
explores the experiences
of ordinary people. Set
in a corporate situation,
the plot contrasts a new
staff member who loses
her humanity, and an es-
tablished guy who finds
that he cannot stand the
life any more.

The show combines
symbolism within the
set with the centre of the
stage being an island of
reality and the outskirts

being the space of emo-
tions.

This show looks at the
moments when we feel
beautiful, ugly, or stu-
pid. It confronts us with
memories of our par-
ents, the uncertainty of
growing up and our des-
perate need to succeed -
whatever that means.
This is the stuff of *Peel-
ing Back*.

Peeling Back is the lat-
est production from the
Gelasius project and will
be performed at Theatre
62 from April 30 to May
10 on Wednesday to Sat-
urday nights. Tix are \$10
concession and \$15 full,
plus booking fee.

**AND THE ASS SAW THE ANGEL:
THE FINAL PRODUCT REVIEWED!!**

And the ass saw the angel.

Brand X Theatre.
Adelaide University
Boat Shed.
Thursday, March 27th.

Having read about this play for the past six weeks I was intrigued. What will it be like? What is it really about? By the time opening night rolled around I was really looking forward to seeing this.

I enter the tin confines of the boat shed and being late (as usual) I am seated on the floor, practically on-stage. The house is full and murmurs of expectation are wafting above the cello and guitar that plays in the background. Euchrid, played by James Winter, lies prostrate in centre stage. The lights dim, the whispers fade away, and the show begins...

James cuts an interesting figure against the stark background of the set. With his long, lank hair and wicked looking sickle by his side, James looked the part of Euchrid. Euchrid the mute, a hill-billy whose genetic makeup makes those good ol' boys from Deliverance look like royal stock (House of Windsor not included).

This performance, a one hour monologue, is the woe-ful life story of a much maligned mute who suffers life in a small ignorant town which is populated by the Ukulites, a scarily orthodox religious sect. The story is amazing. The suffering experienced by Euchrid mounts and becomes uncomfortable as the climax looms closer. It is narrated via parables and fables and is interspersed with black humour of the Bible-kind. The evocative language decorates the audience in a rich tapestry, incredibly descriptive and moving.

James orchestrates the language as it is torn from within him and then bounds

maniacally around stage with all eyes of the audience riveted upon him. It was a powerful performance that at times made me shudder and other times tore out a

painful laugh. Although not technically perfect, the intensity left a burning impression.

The transition from the book to the stage was practically flawless.

The direction was cohesive and maintained variety and interest considering the small set. The setting was highly creative and was the best use of brick pallets that I've ever seen.

One of the best features was the audio-visual effects. Interspersed throughout were short Super 8 clips, and slides which held imme-

diated reference to the dialogue yet also possessed thought provoking symbolism that occupied my thoughts for days. Unlike some of the more lavish (and more expensive) productions that I have seen, the effects were not superfluous and therefore did not distract my attention.

The music was a sonic experience which complemented the action. It was evocative yet subtle enough not to overpower James. The play would have been lacking without the music and it was interesting to hear the interaction of cello, guitar and basic percussion.

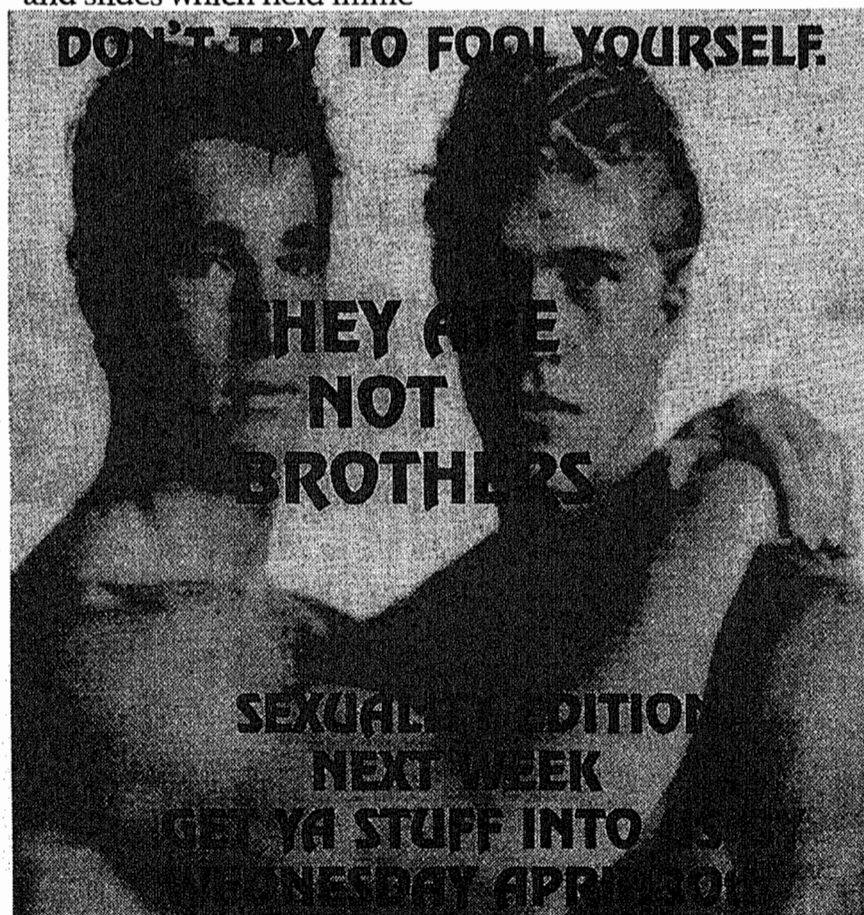
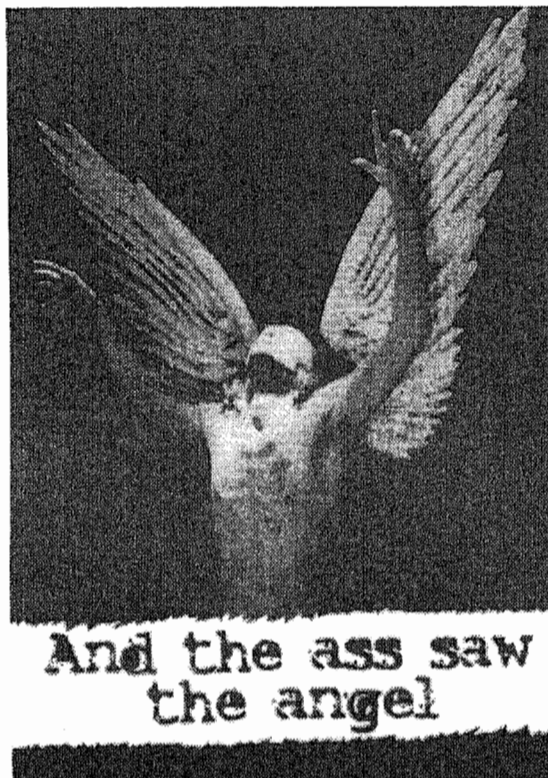
All too soon it seems the play reaches its terrible climax, with Euchrid where he started and the audience breathing a collective sigh. Most people are shuffling out silently with their heads bowed. I follow them with a heavy heart and hold a conversation in my head with Aristotle:

CS: Is catharsis really such a desirable thing?

A: It is the hallmark of all great theatre.

CS: Yes, you've got a point there..

Courtney Squires.



...fade away into the night, just like people who disappear out of our lives. When I was young, my mother used to tell us stories and fairytales of long ago. Princes, frogs, beautiful women, ivory towers, carpets and bear-



stalks all seemed to have a life of their own under my mother's breath. I remember those "Once upon a time..."s, as though they were the only appropriate introduction to every story. So perhaps, my story should begin here, with a "Once upon a time". But how can I start to tell a tale whose ending I don't even know? Does everything have a beginning and an end? Why? Why not? Why why not? Do you see what I mean?

She used to say that we all have our own stories. We are our own characters. If we put everyone's stories together, we have a collection of short stories, because life is short. It passes and is gone before we even know or make sense of it. Sometimes my brother and I would let her voice carry us away into far-away lands, before

drifting off again, floating and swimming in the air, in pools of cyan and maroon, whirling and swirling, swirling and whirling..... I keep on flying. Below me, phantoms faces and shapeless bodies form a kaleidoscope of different lights and darkness. Still, I fly and suddenly, the image becomes a familiar one. I saw myself holding my brother's hand as we walked in the middle of the night and talked till the early hours of the morning. It was the night he broke up with his girlfriend.

Who would have thought that growing up is hard to do? Child's play was always about being big. I thought I'll get to do what I want. Yet, here I am at twenty years of age, still confused about what it all means to be picking up the pieces my parents leave behind and carrying heavier baggages still as I move on. The past, that's what weighs me down.

I sometimes wonder what the lives of people with amnesia are like. Wouldn't it be nice not to remem-

ber what awful things other people did to us? After all, if we can't forgive, at least we can forget. Will we then arrive at what the mystics call the "here and now"? Eternity?

When I look at my own story, I see other peo-

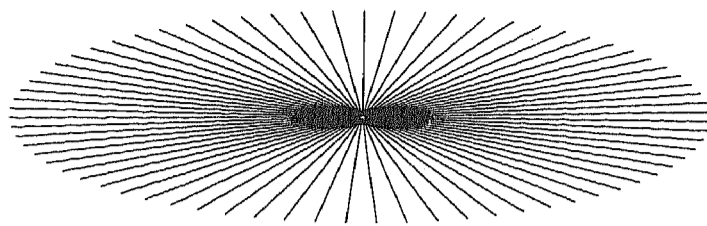
ple's too. Can we have music composed of just one note? Perhaps. But it is only in relation with other notes that they become meaningful. Stories unfold like music. When the sound ceases, when the play ends, everything still goes on. What does it matter?

There is no plot in my story. The characters are not developed because they are moved in and out by some mysterious force. I'll like to know them, but nothing stays the same, not even me. Have you ever looked at something in completely different eyes and realised how much you have changed or grown up? I wish someone would invent a word for those sorts of experiences. How about wadid, or newswk? Or maybe expensitation sounds more appropriate? Does it matter?

Is it alright if I put a question mark at the end of every sentence? Will you still want to go on reading? What's the difference anyway, between a question and an answer? Can a question be an answer and vice-versa? Do I sound like John Cage? Does that matter?

"It matters because life is precious. It's beautiful. Just go out and smell, touch, feel and hear it. Take it all in like a cigar smoke. Let it fill your lungs and touch your soul. Then you will know what it means to be alive." I doze off when I hear these words of hers. I wish she would stop. I let the sounds of traffic, conversations and stereo drown out every bit of me. Just for today, I will allow myself to be a walking corpse, indifferent to everything, immune and unaffected by all things. It's peaceful this way and I'll live happily ever after, happily ever after, happily ever after, happily ever after, happily ever after.

Iris Koh



APOCALYPTIC RENDITIONS AT DAWN

Apocalyptic renditions at dawn

6 a.m I can't sleep no more
The dawn is cracking through the sky,
As I eat a surge of pills,
To get me through, 9 to 5...

Before the poet inside

STRUGGLES FREE.

& Stumbles alive. SCREAMS

at what it sees,

at what I've done,

to remain alive.

(Learnt how

to JUSTIFY)

But now at 6 a.m,

I must prance up & down the road.

Forget such things,

Let the poet break FREE.

Read my poetry -

Be. Me.

To anyone who'll listen.

Depict my ugliness inside,

To an empty side street.

While waiting to kiss a toad,

A fellow inmate called Eliot,

Whose stuck in the mode,

Daring to ask "What is it?"

While I act out,

follow thru -

As the words come gargling out of my soul,

Burning their marks on the road,

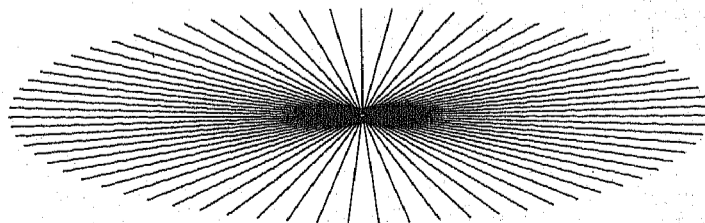
For the people to see after dawn,

After my renditions

are FINISHED,

As they follow their favourite suffocating traditions,
of going to work on a diet of
prozac, cereal & coffee...

J.A. PAINE



A SHORT SYNOPSIS ON QUANTUM MECHANICS

The CITY is forsaken: sailors are dying of cool night lusts,
Hungry Student Professionals catatonic & awaiting the great DEPRESSURISA-
TION.

Where have you been & who have you known? ... who can deny your protoplas-
mic qualifications?

PHILOSOPHER: "I saw a nest of splayed animals last night .. oh yeah ...
my corporeal body imploded, we spent hours realigning the Gravitational Fields ...
most likely an innocuous virus or some such affliction."

CLERK: "Sorry I'm late I was busy in Prague .. they wanted to kill me but I
eluded them using the principles of Destructive Interference my doctor says it was
a perfectly natural reaction."

I am writing a Page Turner if I had a typewriter I would write the Great
American Novel or a Shakespearian Sonnet.

"Where did I leave my pancreas anyway?"

I heard some such speculation down at the ARCADE where pinball machines
are secretly gaining knowledge in sinister alien consciousness.

Old man on lawns smoking pesticide to preserve the grass. Dogs & janitors
attending to broken sheds in endless maintenance - his wife died & made him a junky.

Where did all these people come from? presumably they must have been born,
despite absolute morality & relative science.

Don't talk GOD to me!!!!

All my deities are down at the horse track placing bets on the next apocalypse
& accepting sacrifices of half cooked hamburgers & diffused light.

Zarathustra - god of mobile digital whitewashed mausoleums & empty train
stations at midnight.

Poor homeless kid - inventor of cold fusion reactors in brown paper bags (&
appropriate marketing and sales divisions) - beaten to death by Police - whole thing
captured on camera like an ethereal insect.

I am becoming resistant to rain but I still don't like its effects on public build-
ings.

- I hear they made Erosion illegal in four states. It's about time - someone should
have arrested them and beaten them to death years ago.

"Nah, he doesn't fit the description."

- on to the next natural disaster; the parade is getting thinner, possibly due to an
excess of vector analysis.

Someone told me they found a planet of pure hydrogen - great but I think I need
another drink first, otherwise you never know what will happen.

One day we'll all be ruled by plants - I think it's happening already - a million
proletarians in ex-communist Russia finally sated in heliotrope ecstasy.

It's a good life - you only have to move twice a day - we have erected phospho-
rescent lamps in case of solar eclipse & silently compose classical music.

The Messiah is among us - he's down at the Department of Transport surrender-
ing his licence & then he's got a lecture at ten.

Maybe if we're all really quiet the radiation won't find us & we can all live on
obscure vegetables. There was a Russian scientist - dead on his desk of starvation
surrounded by seeds - a firm believer in Genetic Research. The Nightwatchman
found him & ate all the seeds & shot up the cure for cancer for kicks.

The virus world is much like our own except smaller & more adaptive. There is
said to be a virus in the Himalayas which laughs at its host for lack of tendrils &
administers euthanasia by Green Death - in total disregard for popular opinion. It is
yet to be categorised, dissected & stuffed in a small plastic jar & shipped to SE Asia
where it can be sold on the street for profit or administered to raw eels.

At the Hotels there are exquisite tourist attractions..... ..until they collapse on
you through Faulty Architecture ... Russian pilot was in the lobby taking a collection
for a new diode gyroscope ... the electrical systems were removed in the night by
Secret Police & used to execute political prisoners & non-payers of stamp duty.

Copernicus obviously thought he was exempt from genius ... until they barri-
caded his house & demanded spurious lobotomy in the name of Absolute Truth if
he hadn't been so well connected it could have been different...

MARK CAREY

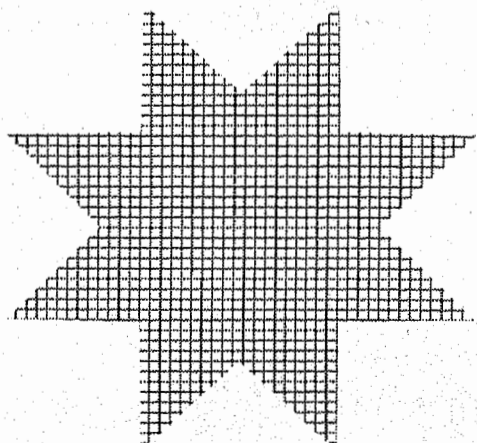


MITCHELL LAWNS (26/3/97)

Enclosing faces;
iron-flanked
elderly, grey brickwork.
Soft half-moon
rails around this lawn.
University life lies sprawled
on grass spears.
Bowed clumps
cocooned in
threads of words.
The whirr and click
of mind machinery
finding understanding
amidst tiny font.

(the overseer at least
would be proud
vision complete
as the quintessential
moment
unfurls at his feet.)

ANIKA JOHNSTONE



SCRUBBY RUBBABLE

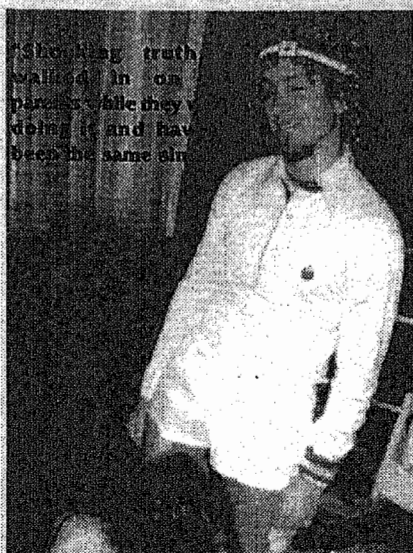
Those with an eye for poster art, and a penchant for inner city haunts will probably have heard of Scrubby Rubbable (the band). For the past eight months their fliers could be found from Fat Afro to Producers announcing their upcoming gigs. Bypassing formalities, captions such as "Shocking Truth: Laxative Marathon Man Sets New Record"¹ and "I walked in on my parents while they were doing it and haven't been the same since" can only intrigue. But who are Scrubby Rubbable?

The Exeter: A really cool place to meet people

Scrubby Rubbable have existed in their current line-up since April 1996, comprising Sebastian (vocals), Simon (guitar), Eddo (bass) and Herb (drums). This piece could be subtitled "A drinking night in February" for it was in these circumstances that Herb invited Sebastian to join his band as vocalist. Gigging since August 1996, their appearances include OFF THE COUCH for AusMusic Day, Battle of the Bands, Beat Route and Artery Party (as vocal+drums), as well as gigs at Boltz, Madlove and Producers. In March this year they launched their demo tape EAR WAX WONDERS. Currently enjoying a slight hiatus whilst Simon is overseas, I spoke to Sebastian and discovered the Scrubby philosophy towards music and performing.

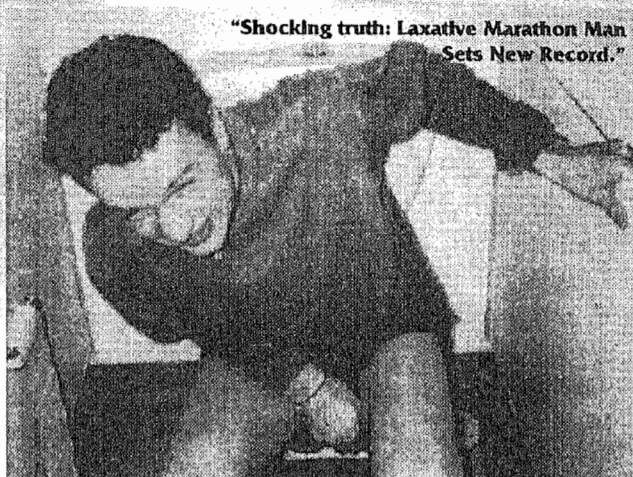
"The Scrubby package is there to be taken notice of, in some form."

Their music covers many styles:



"Shocking truth walked in on parents while they were doing it and haven't been the same since"

pop and punk, rap, disco, jazz, funk and techno, and reflects the huge range of music listened to. Trash cans, percussions and the dreaded recorder are incorporated, and in Rip It Up they were described as



"Shocking truth: Laxative Marathon Man Sets New Record."

"pastiche rock" (suggesting a writer with a sense of the post-modern). My sister saw them at Battle of the Bands and drew a flattering comparison to Primus, whilst others commented on the band's hysterical sense of fun, seriously good music and professional sound, the legacy of four years of playing together by Simon, Craig and Eddo.

To watch them live does involve a certain suspension of pop sensibilities, and Sebastian suggested that listening to their tape helps get into their sound, as it captures their live feel. Of their last gig at Madlove he enthused that the audience were really appreciative, "even jigging"². If aesthetics are

important, expect polyester and velvet on guitar, a drummer that looks like he's from Madness, and Sebastian showing how it's done, wearing tie and shorts. The Lionel Richie poster on drums adds a touch of class, or perhaps that's nostalgia speaking...

Lyrics are provided by Sebastian and you only have to listen to the songs to understand what Scrubby are about: the topics might be serious or deeply familiar (sample Speak to Me: "Stiffs and ancient

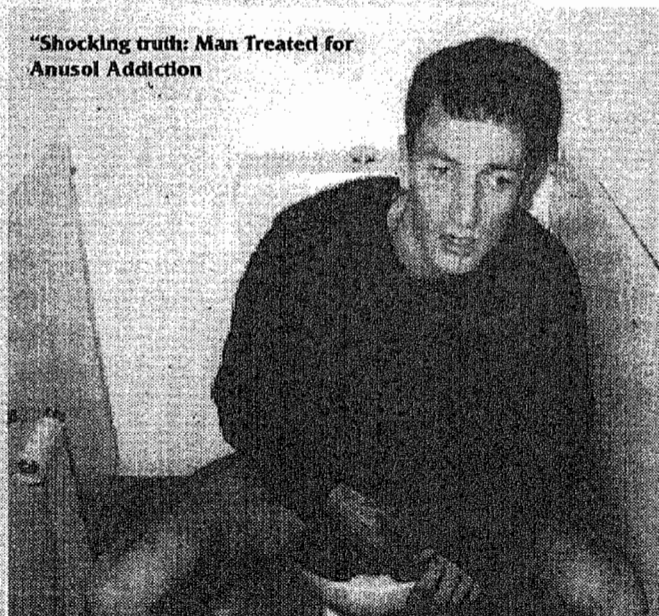
ones placing judgement and playing the power game"), but they're all delivered with a live energy and the trademark humour already apparent from their posters.

"Scrubby Rubbable run on happy, positive vibes."

Sebastian's distinctive approach comes out strongly through conversation and his songs, incorporating his philosophies and background in stand up comedy.

Nasty Pasty was explained as being about people who turn to violence. "I find it hard to believe that people can't find a way to channel out their aggression. It's time to wake up, stop repeating history." Fear not that he's the crusading type, for The Conservative Number³, also on their demo tape, deals with all the guff associated with self-righteous types that censor freedom of speech. Vitamiser and Additives were

"Shocking truth: Man Treated for Anusol Addiction"



described as straight out silly songs, "basically dealing with the phenomena of people trying to get drugs, and mellow people who are on drugs." Just can't get enough could be considered somewhat controversial: it pairs the always fascinating topic of sexuality, and the varying choices some people make, with some interesting vocals.

"Positives come out of negatives."

Reference to positives and negatives occur with greater frequency than a Year Nine algebra class. Song titles include Calculus "the mind games played in relationships", and Negative What, one of their earlier efforts, focussing on the fight to stop negativity getting on top of you and taking over. However the statement "positives come out of negatives", is more about the band's approach to their music and performing, their audience response. "We've never really had a negative response to our gigs... sometimes if at gigs there seems to be no response (we) feel people are not appreciating it because they're too freaked out. Attention is a positive." It's an infectious style: merging paradoxes such as negatives and positives, seriousness and humour, and it works.

Pastiche: The future

Currently working on new captions and creative ideas for the fliers that accompany each gig, Sebastian's other inspiration is the design of Scrubby Rubbable postcards, aimed for record companies, to accompany their demo tape (which is lurking at 3d radio for the requesting). If it was their posters that caught attention, it was the discovery of their website (<http://www.aitec.edu.au/~solly/scrubby>) that had me ultimately impressed. You don't even have to leave home to find them! If one was so into email that they checked their mailbox thrice daily, one could even email the lads. But you can get lost without leaving home, (especially if the website is down), and you'd be missing the point of live music. Energy! Fun! Kicks!

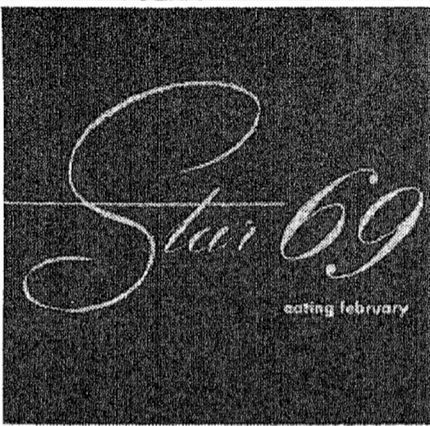
Scrubby Rubbable are due to play May 15th at Boltz, with other gigs following. Keep an eye out for their posters in your favourite East End/West End neighbourhood. Look up, not down.

Georgina Neill.

¹ Take a close look at the walls... the On Dit team are very curious.

² Another term for dancing, (as if you don't already know).

³ The "piece of cake" song, if you're Allison.

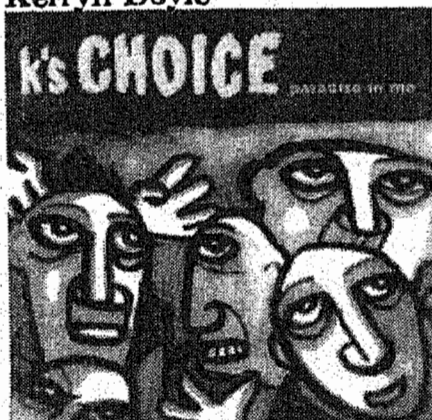


(the cover looks rather less funky in B&W)

Eating February
Star 69
(Sony)

The cover of this CD is really cool. I must admit that I chose to review it solely on the basis of the cover alone; call me shallow if you will. Perhaps it would be premature of you to purchase this CD on the basis of the cover and I would definitely recommend a listen if you are unsure of whether or not to go for the purchase. But this isn't a guide on how to buy a CD. Coming from America, Star 69 sound like many of the other bands that have come out of the U.S in the post-grunge genre. Unfortunately most of the songs sound very familiar, and the lead singer's voice was rather annoying after a while. Uninspirational lyrics like "He's in her head/ he's in her mouth" seemed a little crappy, and were boring to listen to. Perhaps I missed the profound meaning behind these lines. But I doubt it. Perhaps more effort in the lyrics would be a good idea. I hope that that is not too harsh a call to make. Personally if I was you I wouldn't rush out to purchase this CD (although let me reiterate, the cover looks bloody good!) Then again, I'm sure that there are some Star 69 devotees who will disagree with me.

Kerryn Doyle



Paradise in Me
K's Choice
(Double T Music; Columbia/Sony)

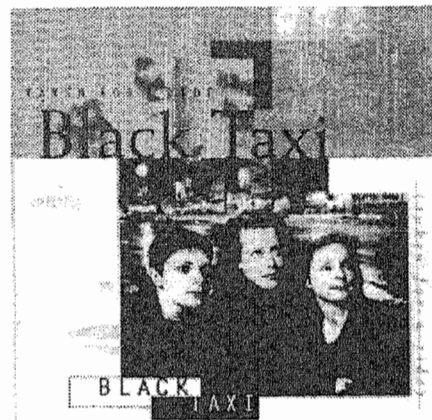
I remember as a kid once standing on top of a hill and looking down at a grove of trees below and thinking how inviting it looked. But when I'd walked down into the grove the canopy of leaves obscured the sunlight and the trees surrounded me and I suddenly felt very alone.

K's Choice have created something like a musical interpretation of that experience with their first album. *Paradise in Me* is musically accomplished and doesn't tax your sensibilities on the initial listen. The melodies are enticing and oh-so-slippery, so the content slides right over you the first couple of times. When you start to take in the lyrics, however, the album starts to turn dark and a little menacing. The opening track (and first single), "Not an Addict", doesn't hold back: 'The deeper you stick it in your vein / the deeper the thoughts, there's no more pain / I'm in heaven, I'm a god... It's not a habit, it's cool, I feel alive.' And from there on they don't back off. The songs go from dark ("A Sound that Only You Can Hear"), to bleak ("Mr Freeze", "White Kite Fauna"), to straight-out emotive ("Wait", "Dad"). The stand-out track on the album would have to be the haunting "Wait", an empathetic ballad of classroom obsession.

The production value on the album is slick without being showy or overdone, the arrangements clever without being cluttered, with a strong reliance on harmonies. Musically, think the later Go-Betweens stuff, or Til' Tuesday, circa *Welcome Home*. K's Choice's singer Sarah Bettens possesses a sensuous vocal aesthetic and an enchanting accent, her sound lying somewhere between the Cowboy Junkies' Margo Timmins and Penelope Houston.

On the whole, *Paradise in Me* is unashamed guitar-pop on the outside, brooding neuroses on the inside; disillusioned but still warily optimistic. A contradictory blend of sugar and vinegar, delicious as self-pity and addictive as prozac.

J.D.



Taken For A Ride
Black Taxi
(Festival)

From the moment this album begins, it's obvious that Black Taxi are sitting at the forefront of Australian Jazz. This vocal trio from the University of Melbourne deliver their mature, sophisticated songs as well as any of their American contemporaries and with a fair bit more variety as well.

Opening tracks "Traffic Jam" and "Hounds of God" even beat a lot of early Harry Connick Jnr - before the smoke-filled jazz club sounds of "Costs Too Much" and "Don't Worry" drag the listener right into the album. Once there, highlights like the moody "The Reed and the Growl", the hilariously corny "House of Love", and the sassy "Pick it up" ensure that this won't be leaving the CD player for some time to come. It's not just the vocal performances which impress, though. The instrumental players more than carry their weight - some of the solos are high points of the album in their own right, and the ensemble work is slicker than the North Sea in rush hour. In short, this is an amazing album from every angle, and I really can't recommend it highly enough. Perfect furniture for any lounge room or café.

Isaac Bridle



Higher and Higher
Jimmy Cliff
(Island)

Following his sensation in the late 60's and early 70's and the more recent success of single "I Can See Clearly Now" (a cover of the Johnny Cash classic), the legendary Jimmy Cliff returns to the limelight with his first solo Island album release in over 20 years.

Yep folks, the Granddaddy of Jamaican music is back. Originally known for his role as Ivan in the 1972 film 'The Harder They Come' Cliff's latest album release *Higher and Higher* suggests that his career is far from over! His seemingly immortal vocals soar in all directions (his falsetto is practically a category in itself) and the gospel inflections in the accompaniment in many of his songs are smooth and effective.

The four brand new tunes have a distinct natural quality to them which is perhaps what makes Cliff such a unique artist. However, the revamped and rearranged versions of the classic Cliff originals (and to a lesser degree, the covers) seem to conform somewhat as the accompaniment moves from instrumentation (as heard predominantly in the originals) to an unmistakable artificial sound at times. This takes away from Cliff's stunning voice - particularly in the (now much more mellow) cover of "I Can See Clearly No'.

Despite this slight downfall, we see some moments of Cliff's legendary genius return occasionally in such songs as "Bob Yu Did Yu Job", a cool, collected and serene reggae tune and "The Harder They Come" which has successfully preserved the original classic production.

Beyond Jimmy Cliff's words of wisdom and positivity (with titles such as "You Can Get It If You really Want", "Wonderful World, Beautiful People", "Many Rivers To Cross" and "I Can See Clearly Now"....!!) there is a more sinister side in tracks such as "Crime" and "Save Our Planet Earth".

In the miscellaneous region we have "Ashe music" which is a colourful kaleidoscope of voices and synthesised woodwind and percussion, which is traditional in nature and very rhythmic.

If you are a devoted Jimmy Cliff fan, it is certainly worth a listen and it's interesting to note how the man who predicted the success of Bob Marley has evolved musically since he was in his prime.

Taryn Coulter

Little Ripper! Wind Band Music
By David Stanhope. Elder Conservatorium Wind Ensemble, directed by Bob Hower. (Tall Poppies)

Wind Band! The bane of the high school music teacher. A thousand flutes stretch endlessly into the playground, licorice all sorts and the occasional euphonium, bad arrangements of "I wanna live in America". Forget that!!

This instead is a high quality collection of the David Stanhope's wind band music played by the multiple award winning Elder Con. Wind Ensemble, a huge ensemble with the capacity to make grand rich sounds, as well as the subtle and quirky. If you are not familiar with this musical beast I recommend it to you.

Much of the C.D is taken up by 3 Suites of Folksongs, which are dedicated to the memory of Percy Grainger. Who you might ask? Like him or hate him, this Australian composer's contribution to the wind ensemble repertoire is worthy of homage. Stanhope shows his considerable mastery of the ensemble in these suites, which use traditional folksongs as raw material to be put through the modern mill of metamorphosis, pastiche and disintegration. "Suite No 1's Lovely Joan", is very lovely indeed and utilises patches of skilful rolling polyphony amidst rich warm textures.

"E.G.B.D.S" is a work more divorced from other composers' material, in style anyway, juxtaposing ideas and utilising texture and tonality, as material itself. Much more what we have come to expect from "serious" Australian composers. I also enjoyed the veiled language of the 2nd mvt of the "Concerto for Band", a stylistic homage itself; the work of a skilful orchestrater.

At times the use of humour was a little too predictable for my liking and this is evident in the title work, "The Little Ripper", the weakest of the collection in my opinion. Overall, well worth a listen. Three cheers to the strength of the ensemble and to the skilful and obviously dedicated Bob Hower. More please.

Pallma



Faded EP
Ben Harper
(Virgin Records)

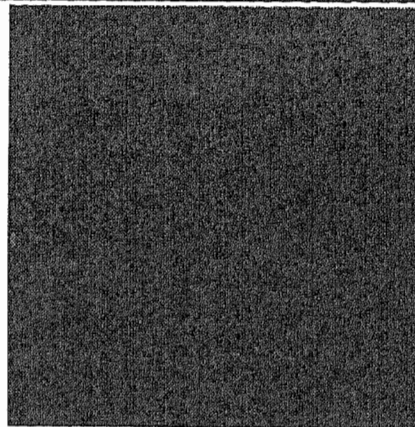
From the instantly infectious title track "Faded", with its cool guitar, to the remix of "Like a King", this EP is proof (if indeed it was ever needed) of just how amazingly cool Mr Harper is. On *Faded* Ben displays his talents as a singer, songwriter and musician (as do his band, the Innocent Criminals) both in and out of the studio. The two live tracks are covers - "Remember" (Jimi Hendrix), and Stevie Wonder's "Superstition". I know those of you who are Harper fans won't need any encouragement from me, but to those who have yet to experience the magic or, dare I say it, the religion, that is his music, grab hold of this EP and don't let go...until you get your hands on his latest album that is.

nat.

Butterfly Rocket
Nikka Costa
(Mushroom Records)

Although she is an extreme talent and has had this album out for a while now, it is a true fact that Nikka Costa remains a relatively unknown performer. This despite the fact that she has been getting airplay on triple's M & J, and has been doing heaps of gigs (some even free). I guess I would describe her sound on *Butterfly Rocket* as a combination of rock and soul. And if it helps, she has been likened to Janis Joplin, although I am in no position to back up that call. From the more mellow sounds of "Grab Hold", "Who's loving you", and "Treat her right", to the rockyness (is that a word?) of "Get off my Sunshine" and "Master Blaster" (probably her most well known song). The album is now available with a bonus live CD. [phew!] I must say that I prefer the six live tracks over the album, as the former gives us the truer Nikka, that is, Nikka really going off. And that's how I like her best. While *Butterfly Rocket* is not a reflection of the sounds that usually come from my CD player, there is something about her that really appeals. I think a lot of that's due to the fact that I know she's no faker, unlike some of the jokes around at the moment. See her perform if you get the chance. She'll blow you away.

nat.



Jesus Freak
de Talk
(EMI)

Remember that Christian Television ad, 'Jesus is Still Alright With Me'? Well the same guys have now released an entire album. To our disappointment the album doesn't have that song on it though, and the songs it does have aren't nearly as catchy. In all of the songs de Talk have a tendency to over use the words God, Lord, Jesus and this really gets on your nerves. With their lyrics they never let you forget that they're Christian and they insist on making them rhyme. For example in the title track 'Jesus Freak', "I saw a man with a tattoo on his big fat belly, It wiggled around like marmalade jelly". With lines like that how can they expect people to take them seriously, while they take themselves way too seriously. Basically if you ignored the lyrics, which is as difficult as trying not to hear Students for Christ when they take over the rotunda (impossible), you end up with something sounding like a cross between Sonia Dada, the theme to *Full House* and the generic rock they play in Triple M. De Talk are reminiscent of EYU, only they're not as good looking and one of them's married, so hands off. But if you enjoy a bit of American bible bashing and want to buy it, look for the paper cover because apparently it smells nice.

Roxy and Bri



The Roots of Acid Jazz
various
(Impulse!/GRP records)

This CD is not what it appears to be. It appears to be one of those 'they sold well in their generation, now it's your turn to buy them' compilations. Indeed, the latest recording on this album was made in 1975 - way before, I fear, many of us reached record-buying age. But it seems it is actually designed to educate. Using the recent popularity of 'Acid Jazz' - both the style and the label - some guy named Zischka has put together this disc of Acid Jazz tracks, previously released on the (apparently) legendary label "Impulse!" It should be emphasised that the title of the CD is a very good one, because none of the tracks strike me as 'classics' - but as Patrick Forge concludes in the notes, "you must know your roots to understand, to enjoy".

Not that this is just any bunch of jazz songs thrown together - there was real work in choosing and mixing of the tracks. Notable artists on this CD are Dizzy Gillespie, Quincy Jones, Chico Hamilton, Hank Jones, Lonnie Liston Smith Jr., and a whole bunch of musicians you've never heard of, but are worth getting to know...!

The CD is surprising - the intro. to Dizzy's "Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac" sounds more like some kind of Amazonian folk song than jazz. But Jazz it is. Then again, if these tracks are all jazz, they certainly push it to the limit. Some of this stuff was highly experimental at the time, and indeed, some of its ideas never reached popularity. One notable exception is Pharaoh Sander's original rendition of "The Creator Has A Masterplan" - a track most would know as coming from the Brooklyn Funk Essentials. Dizzy's modernisation of the gospel tune "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" rocks, as does Coleman Hawkins Quartet's "Go Li'l Liza".

This CD is definitely a collector's classic, and makes great background music. But if you're serious about listening to music, I would recommend this for only for hardcore Acid Jazz fans. Otherwise it is a tad alienating (read 'Scary').

Zane



Too Many Days Without Thinking Swell (Shock)

From the first song, this album rocks and funks it's way through many style and tempo changes. It ranges from slow to fast, acoustic to heavy guitar, and even includes (in "sunshine everybody") an intro very similar to that of The Tea Party, or Adelaide band the Sunday Roast. The acoustic guitar was used extensively throughout the album, and this is one of the reasons the album grew on me so much, and in such a short time. It was amazing how quickly the words to some songs were remembered. Their laidback attitude came through in the lyrics and music of songs like "throw the wine" "what always wanted", and my personal favourite of the whole album, "Bridgette, you love me". The lyrics are generally well written throughout, and singer David Freed does well in adding to the songs, by the change in tone and volume of his voice.

One negative comment about the lyrics, would have to be the over-use of that four letter f-word that we all know, and use too often. I'm not one to be offended by this sort of language, but I do feel it ruins a few songs (particularly "fuck even flow"). That criticism, as small as it is, would be the only one of the whole album.

There are a lot of potential singles on Swell's second album, and I don't just mean my favourite tracks. "Throw the wine" and "(I know) the trip" are the two main contenders.

"Throw the wine" starts off sounding like a Beck acoustic set, and then moves up a beat for the chorus, a contrast that works quite swell (pardon the pun).

"(I know) the trip" is also up there for mainstream success (make up your own mind if this is a good thing or not). The chorus is extremely

catchy. It's easy to remember, as the lyrics are simple, comprehensible, relevant, and most importantly, conducive to singing along to. Don't be surprised if this song gets airplay on many radio stations.

Other singles might happen, with a bit of publicity, and perhaps a tour (hopefully), but no others stand out. That's not to say the rest of the album isn't good, because it is.

Susie

Handsome Handsome (Epic)

With the sticker proclaiming ex-members of bands such as Helmet, Cro-Mags and Quicksand, one gets a vague idea of what one is in for (admittedly I haven't really heard or heard of some of the forementioned bands) and on the one initial listen I find a metal band that brings the phrase "The poorman's TOOL" to my mind. Nice, meaty guitar cords overshadow the almost whispered but melodic vox. You won't find any huge solos here (yay!) with the almost grind sound with the tempo being pretty constant (a fault?) with little variation. The words to the songs are reasonably lightweight with little encouragement to commit to memory, as one would find with popular music, but the strong sound makes up for that and adds to the appeal. Could this be another playing-loud-saying nothing band? A TOOL fan would (did) disagree.

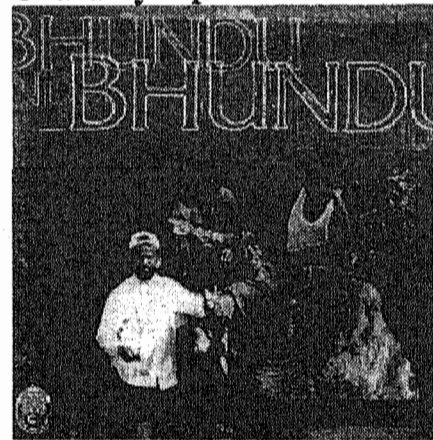
Ian E Lau

Muchiyeza (Out Of The Dark)

Bhundu Boys

Apparently the Bhundu boys played at Womadelaide. If so then I wish I had gone. The boys are an African world music group who pump out some awesome, groovy beats. They utilise a Western setup; with guitar, bass, keyboard and of course, vocals. But the music is unlike anything produced by your average band. Vocals sound more like unaccompanied harmony groups and could easily exist as such. The addition of the instruments does nothing to detract from the vocals and is great on its own standing. The songs deal with issues as varied as witches, to love, to people's wicked ways. The key to this CD is the music because unless you speak the dialect, the vocals don't mean a hell of a lot. If you're into funky grooves then grab this. You'll love it!!

Courtney Squires



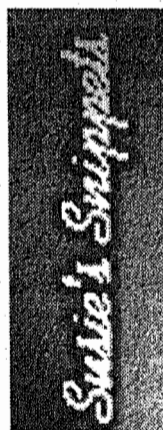
The Beauty Process-Triple Platinum L7

The fifth album from L7 is another blast of angry, female, grunge rock. This is the sort of album that you need to listen to a few times to really appreciate. This is a great album for when you find yourself pissed off at someone, something, or the world in general. At first the sound is sparse and washed out but if you pump up the volume then it sounds great.

Strong, simple vocals from Sparks and Gardner are supported by a basic drum track and at times, brilliant guitar playing. This album is about the problems of everyday living and especially relationships. The album doesn't break any new ground, but then it doesn't try to. Although written from the feminine perspective this album does not alienate the male listener. My favourite song on the album is: "The Masses Are Asses"; great lyrics, great sound, and a noticeable angry edge. I didn't like the first track, which consisted of the band warming up their vocals and fingers. It might hold some novelty value on a live album but on a studio album it just comes across as ego feeding and ultimately annoying for the listener (Use your skip button).

If the grunge thing still does it for you, or if you like a good female band, then grab this album. If you have never really listened to any of L7's stuff before (pick me) then you might be disappointed.

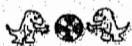
Courtney Squires



Under 25's Battle it Out!

Calling all young band-minded musos: here's a chance to get your gear heard. All you need to do is send a two to four song demo to - Cafe Committee, City of Mitcham, PO Box 21, Mitcham Shopping Centre, Torrens Pk 5062 - and the chance to win a full recording session is all yours.

Please remember to leave your name and number with the demo (it must be said!) and prepare for the battle on 31 May. So, get sorted and enter (minus mullets - of course) or come along on the day and support young bands. Good Stuff!!



Need to fine tune your Swahili?

Sherekea Afrika (Swahili for 'celebrate Africa') will be helping Nexus launch its 1997 Nexus World Music program on Saturday 3 May, with an exciting display of African music, performance and food. Doors open at 8pm and tickets (\$12/\$8) can be bought from

Nexus and B# records.



Hmmm

The folks at Blockbuster said definitely July '97 and probably at Heaven, and the guys at EMI said definitely soon and not Heaven. So, when exactly are Blur coming? We'll know very soon (promises, promises).



No Rumors Here

Jon Bon Jovi is coming in July (dates to be confirmed) to promote his 'much awaited' album *Destination Anywhere* - blah, blah, blah (like we [I mean [- Susie] care!)



Wilde Warblings - WILD!

Adelaide's exciting contemporary music ensemble, Auricle, will present its first concert for the year, *Wilde Warblings*, on Tuesday April 29. The program will largely include new songs by Melita White and Quentin Grant to texts by Oscar Wilde and will commence at 8pm in the Hartley Concert Room (Kintore Ave). Tickets are \$10/\$6 and are available at the door or by phoning 8413 6878.



Straight From A&M to Us

SEATTLE, WA - After twelve years, the members of Soundgarden have amicably and mutually decided to disband to pursue other interests. There is no word at this time on any of the members' future plans [no comment -Susie].



Witch of The White Rock comes

Noted Melbourne singer/songwriter, Wendy Rule, will be coming to Adelaide for a brief trip to perform two gigs. Wendy is making the trip prior to launching her new split single *Artemi, The Killing Moon*. She will be appearing on Thursday May 1 at the University of SA at Lunchtime at Producers Hotel in the evening.



Blue Fruit

Fruit, playing with Blue House, are at the Governor Hindmarsh, May 3rd. Tix on night or from B# records.

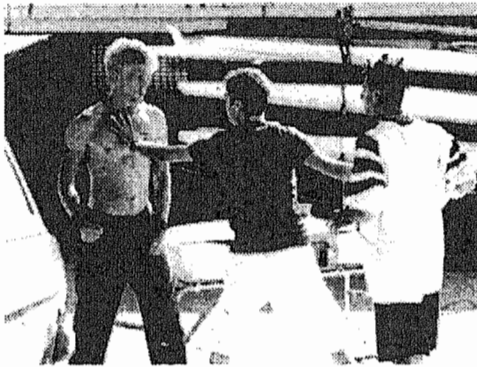


Happy Birthday

To Me.

Coastal Nastiness

Blackrock
Nova Cinemas



Blackrock is an Australian production based on a stage play by Nick Enright (Oscar nominee for *Lorenzo's Oil*) and has been adapted for the screen by him as well. Steve Vidler, who is an experienced actor, has turned his hand to directing and *Blackrock* is his first effort. With the aid of an experienced crew, that includes cinematographer Mark McGrath (*Muriel's Wedding*, *Children of the Revolution*) and water cameraman George Greenough (*Crystal Voyager*), Vidler has managed to put together a good film.

The film is set in a small coastal town on the northern coast of New South Wales and tells the story of a brutal rape and subsequent murder of a teenage girl. The lead character is Jared (Laurence Breuls) who witnesses the rape of the girl, a friend, by a group of his mates and fails to act. He did nothing to stop it, did not aid the girl after it was over and said nothing to anyone even after she was found dead. The rape takes place at a party being held by Jared for the return of the surfer hero and his best mate Ricko. Ricko is the major protagonist in the film but that is all I can really say without giving away too much of the plot.

The issues and ideas that this film deals with are worth taking note of. Jared's nihilistic attitude (which is also held by most of his friends) and his loyalty to his mates are the main reasons for his inaction, which makes it all the more unforgivable. After the rape there seems almost to be a gender division with the only males who are sympathetic to what happened to the girl being the investigating police

officer and her father. Some of the attitudes in this film will appal you and the worst thing is, they are real attitudes.

A lot of the young cast is inexperienced, including Breuls, and you have to give allowances for that but the older cast members make up for what is missing in the younger ones. Simon Lyndon is strong as Ricko and full points to Linda Cropper (*White Lies*, AFI nominee for *Palace of Dreams* and veteran stage actor) as Jared's mother. Cropper is outstanding in this role and deserves praise for her efforts. Another bonus for this film is the soundtrack. It includes bands such as Rebecca's Empire and Sidewinder who actually perform on screen as the band at the party. *Blackrock* is worth a look, it is not perfect but it will make you think.

Chris Bolland

What Field?

Where?!

Le Bonheur est Dans Le Pre (Happiness is in the Field)
Cinema Nova



This clever French comedy is worth going to see. Although, be careful, because Nova charge *everyone* a flat rate of \$11 on Saturday night, Student ID or not. Better to pop in on a Wednesday night when I think it's \$7 for all.

Anyway, *Le Bonheur* is about a stressed and unhappy French businessman (owner of a toilet brush factory), with a bitchy wife and daughter, and a fascinatingly outrageous best friend. One day he gets the chance to step into another life and family altogether when a charming woman and her beautiful daughters appear on the TV show *Where are You Now?* asking after their father and husband who has been missing many years and happens to look exactly like our hero. It has many truly funny moments and the plot is jam packed with entertaining surprises, especially in the second half. I would love to tell you more about what happens, but I don't want to spoil it.

Suffice to say that this film is a great story, full of interesting and slightly

quirky twists and turns, and it is this basic script which fuels much of the comedy. The acting was fantastic. The actors were very touching and a real joy to watch.

As well as being entertaining and funny in a simple way, *Le Bonheur* asks some interesting philosophical questions for those who are interested. Issues surrounding truth and truthfulness in everyday living are present throughout the film. Can we lie to ourselves and believe it? Is it OK to lie to make yourself and others happy? If happiness is based on a lie is it *real*?

Georgia West

One Fine Soufflé

One Fine Day
Hoyts Cinemas

9am on a Wednesday morning. I stagger into the Academy Cinema wiping my sleep-infested eyes and cracking my cramped neck. I want to sit back in a comfy chair with my feet on a seat and dribble my way through *One Fine Day*. Life after a three month holiday starts too fucking early. I want to feel like I am still on a long luscious break. I don't want to strain my brain (or even bend it a little). I am not ready for early starts, hearty muesli for breakfast, and long days of stimulating intellectual debate. I need the reassurance of Coco Pops and a cone for breakie; a slow day of idle chatter and knowing that the following days can be filled in the same manner. *One Fine Day* took me back to summer vacation la-la-land. Like my preferred vacation breakfast, *One Fine Day* is fluffy, sweet, and removed me from reality for a couple of hours.

Mmmm.

The plot is guessable and easy to follow; characters look lovely and follow dominant stereotypes; and production is sharp so the film looks slick and portrays the chaos of the New York City set.

Of course I am never satisfied after a bowl of Coco Pops - it lacks the challenging chomp and spicy sexiness of more nutritious dishes. Likewise *One Fine Day* lacks bulk (plenty of bull but no bulk). I mean, what's the deal making Michelle Pfeiffer into

a mummy? Melanie Parker (our I'm-usually-sexy-but-not-in-this-film Michelle Pfeiffer) is a sweet, workaholic 'Super Mom'. I don't know about you but I would rather see the fair Pfeiffer-woman dressed in a tight black suit and shiny mask than harassed by a kid and a grumpy boss, uncomely adorned in boring suits and a briefcase. Perhaps her age denies sex-kitten roles of the past but her svelte body and doe-eyes prove that this is not deserved.

Bring back Cat Woman!

One Fine Day could have been a fantastical and exciting tale if our beaming belle took on the role of the courageous Cat Woman. The pesky Sammy, her son, would have been left to whine and babble boring kid-talk at the child-care centre where he belonged - Melanie Parker's limiting mummy-conscience was a burden for both her and the film; Cat Woman would have discarded this wench and continued her own exciting life hassle-free. Likewise Melanie's coarse and repressed

boss would not dare speak to the marvellous masked woman in that tone, replacing it with



healthy fear and subservience. Cat Woman would have known where to shove his precious account, whereas the tiringly timid Ms Parker only grovels and lies and plays into his sexist assumptions. Ms Parker's attitude shitted me off. "Yes-Sir-no-Sir-whatever-you-say- Sir". I like a female lead with guts:

"You're-a-pussy-pimple-ripe-and-ready-to-squeeze-Sir".

Jack Taylor (George Cloony) as the boyish bumbler who can't handle responsibility at least has some charm. He is sexy in an I'm-too-scared-to-commit kinda way. However, as the movie develops we realise that he is a capable father and babysitter - but a piss-weak lover. Melanie Parker accepts and finds this charming - the voracious vixen, Cat Woman, would have heroically disposed of Jack and found a lover to satisfy her needs. *One Fine Day* won't satisfy your needs. However, add milk and marijuana and consume happily for breakfast.

Amy Murphy

Rollicking Good Romp

The Saint
Greater Union

Sorry, but I can't do better than the promo here (imagine a bellowing radio promo style voice reading this): Simon Templar (comma) gentleman and master thief (comma) is equally at home negotiating with power brokers, seducing beautiful women, or dangling from the top of a ten story building. Blah blah blah

...But he is more than a sophisticated thief. He becomes *The Saint*, battling for justice where the law cannot, or will not reach. And so on and so forth...

Val Kilmer's accents and disguises are pretty entertaining here, but he is not looking his best. Of course, the young and be-yoo-tif-ool woman Elizabeth Shue (who got an Academy award nomination for her part in *Leaving Las Vegas*) pierces his disguises right through to the heart that he never knew existed with her innocent feminine ways, and the evil guys want her formula for free energy for the world, and Val has to save her so they can live happily ever after and he can discover his true identity, and, and, and, everything is generally very exciting.

This movie is pretty full of cliches, but it's still really good, entertaining fun. It is not too corny or over cliched, somehow the stereotypes are acceptable, and even entertaining if you look at the movie as a wonderful example of the espionage genre. It keeps the pace and interest factors up high all the way through. *The Saint* is by the Australian director Phillip Noyce, who did *Dead Calm*, *Patriot Games*, and *Clear and Present Danger*, which were all also quite good if I remember rightly. However the only Australian thing in the movie is a really bad accent by Val at the beginning. The soundtrack is fantastic, in my opinion as good as U2's effort for *Mission Impossible*, but of course not destined for an equal amount of fame.

I thoroughly recommend *The Saint* for a "rollicking good romp" (Zoe Barry, 1997, Adelaide University Union Cafe) through international intrigue, romance, evil Russians and fireballs.



Georgia West

More Revenge Than Lust

Lust and Revenge
Trak Cinemas

Intended as a satirical comedy but more a slightly uneasy snide drama, Paul Cox's latest screen venture is filled with broadsides at both the commercial exploitation of the arts and New Age bullshit. And, for the most part, it works quite well.

Nicholas Hope (*Bad Boy Bubby*) stars as Karl-Heinz Applebaum, a struggling model who gets the assignment of a lifetime when he is offered ten thousand dollars to pose nude for a statue which will dominate the new wing of the National Gallery. Little do he or the sculptor, Lily Carmichael (Victoria Egger), know, but the sculpture is only a big tax dodge for local entrepreneur and would-be-philanthropist, George Oliphant (Chris Haywood). Unfortunately for Applebaum, his purity-obsessed cultist wife Cecilia (Gosia Dobrowolska) is dead against his naked posings. When Oliphant's bored, depressive but undeniably glamorous daughter, Georgina (Claudia Karvan) tries to interfere in order to save the statue project from ruin, much sexual,

nudie and arty gear ensues. Some of it is very clever, and some of it doesn't really work at all. Unfortunately, the major turning point in the film hinges on one of these flawed ideas, which

makes the whole thing a little sillier than it was intended to be.

The cast is excellent, avoiding the stereotypes that their characters might so easily have become, and the film definitely does have its funny moments (as well as the sexiest extra in the world - you know who you are). Filmed and set in Adelaide (despite the absence of a National Gallery here), this is worth seeing. Just don't expect it to be as biting as it claims to be.

James Morrison



ASH sings "C'mon Jackie Chan! Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!"



First Strike
Academy Cinema

Jackie Chan is a legend, if you'd seen any of his films, you'd agree to that statement. Having broken (nearly) every bone in his body for his career, you can't help but respect the man for his gutsy determination and relentless endeavour to perfect his films with inimitable, mindblowing stunts.

In his latest film *First Strike*, Jackie Chan returns again as the good cop forced into an assignment that flings him from Ukraine to Australia. There is a hunt for an important nuclear device, with a couple of secret agents giving chase, sharks... Aah, stuff the plot. Let's face reality people, this is an action film after all. The action numbs us into a state of submission, so remembering the plot or trying to figure out the logistics of the story would prove to be a waste of time.

Chan has been in the business long enough to know this and *First Strike* is a fine example. The good thing is it doesn't pretend to be anything else than the mindless, escapist entertainment that it is and an even better incentive is that it is unpretentious and filled with Chan's trademark acting, an irrepressible mix of Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Jim Carrey and Clint Eastwood which is so character-driven it makes up slightly for the plot department. The film steamrolls ahead with much gusto, punctuated with well filmed action sequences, thanks to director Stanley Tong. They are, of course, as gobsmackingly thrilling as ever and

Chan never lets up an opportunity to inject some humour into the scenes, an endearing trait which separates him from many action figures. Chan also makes them look so damn easy but as we find out from the now famous out-take footage in the credits, that's not true at all.

However, there is something missing from his latest film which I can't put my finger to. Perhaps it's the very evident objective of the film to capture the

international market (far-flung exotic locations) or the obvious big budget (investment by New Line Cinema) or maybe even too much Australian sun. Whatever. The action choreography (as amazing as the stunts are) seem less eye-catching and the rehash of some jokes from his old films shows weariness. My biggest gripe is the very obvious dubbing -being pro-subtitles it really shits me to see actors being dubbed because it sounds so unnatural (the women sound whiny, the men talk like they have a fist in their mouths). Maybe that's just bad dubbing.

Compared to its predecessors such as *Drunken Master* and *Armour of God*, *First Strike* is only half as good, but as itself, it's better than most action films, I s'pose.

Ching Yee

Queer Film Festival

The annual Queer Film Festival is back but has shifted to a swankier base at the Palace Cinemas. Get ready to see some of the world's best queer films from 24 April-30 April. A mixture of feature and short films as well as the "frocumentary" *Wigstock: the Movie*. For the measly price of \$20 for a three session concession pass it promises to be well-worthwhile.

BLEAK PORTRAIT

Guiltrip
Trak Cinema

Bastards, bastards, bastards. Men are bastards.

Okay, not all men, but Liam (Andrew Connolly), bastard star of *Guiltrip*, does nothing to prove the opposite. *Guiltrip* is a truly disturbing portrait of how very bad a marriage can be.

I find it really difficult to say that I liked this film. I think that it was a good film, but was also thoroughly unenjoyable. By portraying 24 hours of their lives *Guiltrip* describes the relationship between Liam and Tina (Jasmine Russell), a young married couple who live, with their one-year-old child, in a dingy Irish housing estate in a town centred around the local army barracks. Liam is a corporal at these barracks. The film opens with Tina waiting for her husband to come home late one night. When he finally arrives home, drunk, they have an often violent argument which continues until dawn. Throughout this argument the film flashes back to scenes from their respective days. She has spent the day in the town, showing the nature of their relationship as she hides from him when she sees him across the street, and he has spent the evening pursuing a local woman, the married sister of one of his men. We gradually come to see that they are each keeping something from the other.

I made an assumption as to what this would be, early in the film, that they had probably both cheated on each other, but, and this I feel is a sign of a good film, such predictability is avoided. What we discover she has done is startling, and what he has done is unexpected and absolutely horrifying.

Over and over again Liam proves exactly how awful he can be. From his book of standing orders, dictated to Tina, to his child's absolute fear of him, we see that he is an awful man. He forces himself upon his inferiors in order to meet their attractive sister Michele, who he has seen during the day and is determined to conquer, and prohibits Tina from seeing her irritat-



ing but harmless neighbour Joan, thus denying her her only relief from her tragic life.

The characters in this film are beautifully cast. Tina's youthful innocence shows her to be the obvious victim. Andrew Connolly plays Liam perfectly, being the image of the hard army corporal, and terrifying when he is angered. Michele, the cold, crude woman pursued by Liam, is appropriately trashy, and her brother Frank and his friend Petey are gorgeously harmless.

Like previous Irish films such as *Priest* and *The Crying Game*, director Gerard Steinbridge shows the dingier, lower class, grotty side of life in Ireland. His ill-lit, mundane sets provoke a claustrophobic, bleak view of life. This is most fitting for the nature of the film because there is an overall sense of bleakness and hopelessness. At the end of the film, when Liam says almost exactly the same as what he said at the beginning, we realise that every day is like this for this poor woman. Over the entire film is the realisation that this woman's life is hell on earth, and the suspicion that there really are women who live like this. This becomes a very scary thought.

This film was brutal, not an enjoyable experience at all, but definitely worth seeing. It is very well made, and while not visually spectacular or verbally profound it is a touching portrayal of how thoroughly terrible some women's lives must be.

Alexis Tindall

Excessive Intoxication

Blood and Wine
Cinema Nova.

Blood and Wine is about a dandy wine salesman who's marriage is falling apart, is going broke, and who has serious issues with his stepson. He steals a diamond necklace from one of his rich clients with the help of their nanny (his mistress) and his safe-cracking friend. Chaos then ensues when his wife catches him in a lie, beats him unconscious with the fire poker, and takes off (unknowingly) with the necklace. *Blood and Wine* becomes a horribly realistic look at the selfishness and violence of people and life in general.

The best thing about this movie is the mistress (Jennifer Lopez), she's gorgeous. The young male lead (Stephen Dorff) is pretty spunky too. Jack Nicholson, Judy Davis and Michael Caine play the other main roles. This rather impressive line up of actors do their best (which is very good) with a script that is convoluted, confused and has no idea where it is going or what it is trying to say or how it is trying to say it. The plot twists and turns, becoming tangled and difficult to identify with.

I found it impossible to place this movie. At first it seems to be quirky comedy drama, the characters (in fact the movie in general) starts out very innocent. Then it seems to cross the line into blackness and ditch the attempt at quirkiness and humour, eventually degenerating into a rather realistic and horrific portrayal of violence, abuse, and a horrid car crash. A sense of darkness, cruelty and violence takes over. Things go crazy and it's like a completely different movie. There was no real transition, no real basis or reason for the characters to start acting insane.

The characters and their interactions are very complex. I believe that they were too complex. The creators were going for richness and authenticity but I think they ended up with too much. Real life people and interactions are too rich and complex to fit into a 2hr movie, that's why we have stereotypes.

"You shouldn't get the idea that this film is about a robbery or a crime. The film is much, much bigger" cautions Caine. I found *Blood and Wine* too big, it ends up obscure, it has no boundaries, no points that you can grab on to and use to understand it, to place it in a context.



The creators obviously meant well and had some good ideas, but they tried to put too many things together and I don't think that they quite pulled it off. The result is simply confusing and rather icky.

So *Blood and Wine* ends up as more than a stereotyped hollywood production line extravaganza, but less than an intelligent, well written and directed film festival winner.

Georgia West

Funny ha-ha!

Trigger Happy
Palace Cinemas

Larry Bishop (Writer / Director / Co-Producer / Role of Nick) makes his directional debut on *Trigger Happy*. A modern western flick with lots of guns, killing and power struggles. It begins with the news that "Vic's getting out." Vic (Richard Dreyfuss) is the boss of a mob-like situation known as Vic's World and has been locked up in a mental institution. The film is about Vic returning as the boss, getting the balance of power back and cleaning up the outfit. While watching the film I divided the characters into categories: who's going to live, who's going to die, who's got the power, who's got the gun (the two are almost inseparable), who's the most quick with the gun and most importantly, who gets what girl.

Trigger Happy is scattered with fine individual performances and bursting at the seams with famous entertainers with the likes of Gregory Hines, Kyle MacLachlan, Burt Reynolds, with cameo appearances by Rob Reiner, Richard Prior, Billy Idol etc etc etc.

I thought that Vic's chief enforcer, "Brass Balls" Ben London (Gabriel Byrne) was one of the best performances of the film. His character was funny, deranged and had the full force of a motor mouth, that gets him into big trouble.

Mickey Holliday (Jeff Goldblum), super-cool and fastest on the trigger, was an interesting character, reserved, intimidating, perhaps a little too bemused at times, and oozing something probably meant to resemble sex appeal. I find it interesting that every different character Jeff Goldblum plays they are all remarkably similar. I would really love to see him play a character something along the lines of an overexcited, nervous, scatter brain that takes him to another level of character realisation for once.

After all the gun toting and western style shoot outs were over the sce-



GRATUITOUS NOSTALGIA

The Birds
"Screen Creatures" festival at the Mercury.

Not all films stand up to being seen in a cinema full of film critics tanked up on rather nifty red wine. Not all films are *The Birds*.

Some acting is so terrible it requires the co-ordinated hilarity of 100 people to really hit home. Likewise with special effects of a certain degree of dodginess. The beauty of Hitchcock's masterwork is that despite acting of such appalling, head-banding inappropriateness, despite the super-imposed, slightly transparent flocks of birds, Hitchcock still manages to scare the shit out of any ornithophobes in the audience.

I can't speak for others, but the premise of *The Birds* seemed to respond to my own deep-held suspicions about the creatures. With their three-chambered hearts and fragile skulls full of scheming little brains it seems quite likely that thousand upon thousand of birds might suddenly turn against humanity in a blitzkrieg of malicious swooping, flocking and pecking - as they do in the film's Bodega Bay.

Before I went into the film somebody told me to concentrate on the people's response to the problem, not the problem itself. Well, the human protagonists eventually overcome their

nario of the men with the guns and the power and the women as possessions and trophies for the men to obtain rang true. The two sisters, Rita (Ellen Barkin) and Grace Everly (Diane Lane), are drawn into the group by their involvement with the two main men Vic and Mick. It was Mick's job to keep an eye on Vic's girlfriend, Grace, while he was in the loony bin. Mick being, the 'sex on legs' kind of guy he was, did more than that and ended up two-timing the two sisters. I loved Ellen

Barkin's character, she was sexy, seductive and very fiery (her latest nip and tuck and bottle of peroxide serves her well: she looked great). Rita also proved her ability to play with the best of 'em at the end of the film where she saved Mick's ass from being blown away by Vic.

Trigger Happy is a fun film to watch, with some fun twists and lots of good one liners. Expect a strange and light look at the struggle to be top dog in a world that resembles a modern day western.

Amelia Matthews

credulity and barricade themselves in their house by banging bits of wood over the windows and spend an anxious few hours listening to the birds hurl themselves at it. I won't ruin it by telling you who wins, but let me just say that both sides are real troopers and can't be faulted for effort.

But anyhow, bugger the people's response. Concentrate on the premise, I say, and you'd go a long way (well, at least as far as the local Schlockbuster) to find a film as silly in essence and detail as *The Birds*.

Yet somehow - maybe it's that the birds are so much more convincing than the people - Hitchcock convinces you (even if it's only in the reptilian bit of brain at the top of your spine) that these birds mean business. If (and probably because) this film is no longer shocking, it is still endlessly entertaining: with it's B-grade values, it is A-grade schlock.

Killer Bee

Gratuitous Nostalgia: the dog that bit you. Write a review, article or whatever about the film in your past that won't let go and you will get more than cheap therapy, you will receive from us a free film pass. (Don't forget to include your name and phone number when you leave your copy at the office, so we can get back to you.)

Rachel Templer

Not Too Desirable Farce

The Most Desired Man



Palace Cinemas

Can a man be too desirable for his own good? This tongue-in-cheek question is explored in Europe's most successful comedy, *The Most Desired Man*. Written and directed by German prodigy Sönke Wortmann, this film attempts to unravel an absurd love quadrangle involving a gorgeous

heterosexual man, his girlfriend, a sensitive homosexual and a drag queen. Consequently, the audience is presented with a lively script, plenty of sex and some fitting one-liners.

The story revolves around Axel, whose continual infidelity finally motivates his girlfriend, Doro, to throw him out of their apartment. Unable to find accommodation elsewhere, Axel decides to move in with his gay friend, Norbert, until he can get on his feet. Norbert sees this as an opportunity to win Axel's affections, but soon realises he will have some fierce competition from Waltraud - a queen who is only too happy to change out of his dress for Axel! Initially, Axel is oblivious to all of the male attention he is attracting and continues to try and reconcile with his girlfriend, who has discovered she is pregnant with his baby. However, a series of bizarre coincidences lead Doro to believe that Axel has become homosexual and she vows never to see him again. Chaos and confusion reign as Axel attempts to convince Doro, Norbert, Waltraud - and himself - that he is straight!

Through the buffoonery of *The Most Desired Man*, Wortmann has attempted to deliver insights into topics such as sex roles, masculinity and the mis-communication between two sexual cultures. However, the farcical tone of the film prevents an effective analysis. Furthermore, as the characters are rather one dimensional, it is difficult to empathise with them or validate their concerns.

The Most Desired Man is actually based upon a series of comic books by Ralf Koenig - an origin that is reflected in the film's lack of depth.

Obviously Wortmann intended first and foremost to make his audience laugh, and in this respect the film is successful. If you are looking for an original, fast-paced comedy then *The Most Desired Man* may appeal to you. But don't expect to be challenged or educated; the film is just too silly.

Laura Stevens

Feeling Hungry?

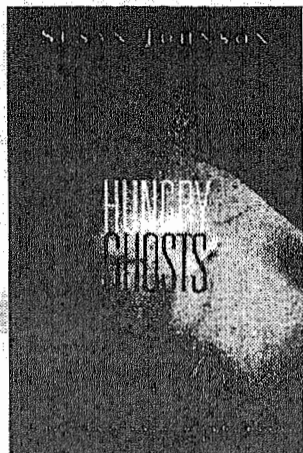
Hungry Ghosts
Susan Johnson
Picador
\$16.95

There are only so many stories to tell. So many themes. So many plots. I no longer look for a new plot in a book, rather, the way a story is told. *Hungry Ghosts* is about two friends and the man that comes between them. A typical story, yet told with an intense and beautiful passion.

Through small chapters usually around ten pages, characters are built up slowly. Like life, where we remember bits at a time, and sometimes out of sync, each chapter is a small memory of one of the three main characters, Rachel, Ann-Louise, or Martin. The 'memories' of these three are of their coming together, and who they are. Each character is developed completely,

and as if we are being told over a period of several weeks in person, slowly.

The story is Rachel's, and her chapters are told by her. Ann-Louise & Martin's chapters are told by the 'author'. The story weaves together into an almost obvious conclusion. The tension and personalities of the characters, though, are the novel. I kept on wanting to know more, pleased to be back to another character at the end of a chapter, happy to digest what I found from the previous chapter in the back of my mind.



Each central person in the novel is broken in some way. They are, like all of us I think, never satisfied. Though their lifestyles are atypical, what happens emotionally to them is not. There is darkness within each character. A darkness that lurks beneath the surface that is used to justify their existence. The same darkness of us all.

Susan Johnson explores the deep need to want to take risks, to want to be totally exposed. But the risks her characters take are the risks of person, not of soul. And when they finally do take the risks, it is not what they wanted in the first place, the hunger remains.

Central to the novel is Rachel and Anne-Louise's friendship. A deep symbiotic relationship. A friendship that is sacrificial, flagellant, full of pain, but deeply intimate. But all the more valuable for the sacrifice.

At some stage, each character is called a hungry ghost. Each one hungers for the same undefinable thing. Each person, a ghost of what they really are, a shadow that exists in one's own life.

Susan Johnson has written an exquisitely powerful novel. Any of the usual dictionary of reviewer's adjectives could be inserted here; compelling, profound, intelligent, etc. Johnson's words eat into and caress one's soul at once. Alongside Ian McEwan's *In the Company of Strangers*, this is one of those books that will haunt me for a long time.

Michael Blackwell

How About Some Veggies...

The New Kitchen Garden
Anna Pavord
Angus & Robertson
\$39.95

Ever wanted to grow vegies in the back yard but never had the slightest idea how? Well never fear, *The New Kitchen Garden* is here. More practical than a stats text book, more inspirational than a book of John Laws' poetry, and able to leap over stockpiles of *Burke's Backyard* ocker, ossie, vegie guide in a single bound!

This book is a comprehensive 200-plus page guide to growing over 100 types of vegetables, fruits and herbs. Each plant is discussed in seven separate categories: cultivation, site and soil, sowing, transplanting, routine care, yield and harvesting, and

pests and diseases.

Much of the book is devoted to cultivation techniques. This includes sowing and thinning, crop rotation, growing under glass, propagation, weed control, and the nasty little pests and diseases.

Unlike many books in this field, the author does not presume that you have a degree in horticulture. Therefore the text is easily set out and pleases the eye. There are more than 450 photos and these are accompanied by many illustrations. No photo is



superfluous as each complements the text and the rich, fresh produce that practically bursts from each page inspires you. The language is non threatening whilst being technical enough to communicate complex concepts.

This book is not simply about growing vegetables. It is also about integrating vegetables into the garden and exploiting their beauty in a decorative and productive way. Throughout are specially designed planting plans which incorporate vegetables, fruit and herbs into any conceivable space.

There is a wealth of information here, this book definitely rates as a reference. If you are growing vegetables then you will

look at this book. It holds interest even for those who are challenged for space by throwing in a few techniques that could see you growing vegies on your balcony.

My only criticism is that this book was written by an English person for an English audience. You may find the bias towards lovely little cottage gardens a bit sickening, also some of the vegetables mentioned may be hard to get a hold of. However, if you are thinking of planting some vegies in your garden this autumn/winter and want a guide then I recommend this book. Nothing is left unanswered and that equals value for money. Don't let the audience bias put you off as 98% of the book is applicable anywhere.

Courtney Squires

Asian Style.

Megatrends Asia: The Eight Asian Megatrends That Are Changing The World
John Naisbitt
Nicholas Brealey Publishing
\$19.95

If this book is anything to go by then we should all take up Mandarin and start to learn more about our Asian neighbours because we are really going to need it. John Naisbitt is the bestselling author of *Megatrends*, which accurately predicted the 10 major changes of the 1980s (so you could say that Naisbitt knows his beans) and in his current book, Naisbitt predicts that there are eight trends occurring in Asia today that will make it the dominant region by the year 2000, economically, politically and culturally (what's-her-name will be

appalled, no doubt). This book is filled, from cover to cover, with astounding amounts of mind-boggling data and statistics, mostly associated with the amazing rate at which Asian countries are developing and the continual rise of China, predicted by Naisbitt to be a country with a significant role in the future. However, on top of these data, Naisbitt himself adds analysis from his extensive experience in the region and the various excerpts from interviews of many business people, politicians and editors/authors also backs his case. However, I get the impression that the author isn't really trying to win the argument but to inform every reader that there are many benefits to be gained and lessons to be learnt by dealing in Asia, and if we don't take the opportunities provided then

we'll miss out.

Of course, these are only predictions: they may not eventuate, or they may not materialise as he predicted, but one would be foolish to dismiss this book as just a mass of amazing statistics and rantings of an author with a skewed perspective towards Asia. Naisbitt also touches on the effects of the fast rate of development on the environment in these countries and the oh-so-touchy subject of human rights, albeit a bit too briefly. The format of the book and the style of the author is

accessible although at times I was numbed by the vast amount of data and this is not one of the books you'll burn the midnight oil for unless you're crazy about this kind of information.

Whether you are chiefly interested in the economical future of the world or just remotely interested in the topics he covers ('from male dominance to emergence of women', 'the Asian Renaissance', 'from villages to supercities'), this book will certainly provide greater coverage than the so-called 'world' segment in our six o'clock news.

Ching Yee Ng



Local Girl Makes Good: Fantasy?

Sara Douglass is an author. She also happens to be from Adelaide, holds a Ph.D (from our very own institution), taught medieval and early-modern history at La Trobe University, and tends to get good reviews for her books. She has also said that 'fantasy' is a really bad name for the genre. Claire Murphy (who reviewed her latest novel *Threshold* in our justly famous 'Star Wars' issue) set out to find out a little more...

On Dit: *Threshold* : everyone who read my review knows that I think it's a great book. What I wanted to know is, where on earth did you find the inspiration to write around such a bizarre story line?

Sara: About 18 months ago a friend of mine dragged me along to a workshop about ancient maths. I thought it would be really boring but actually it was really amazing and it was from that workshop that I got the whole idea for the ancient worship of numbers. I thought it would be a great idea to write a book about it.

On Dit: I've read that a lot of authors who write similar novels to yourself don't particularly like being put into that whole 'fantasy' genre. What do you think about the whole idea of it being fantasy?

Sara: Fantasy, I think, is a really bad word for the entire genre and I don't particularly like it. I don't mind being lumped into that genre but fantasy as a word in itself and as a name

for it, I think, demeans the entire genre. At this point people always ask me what I would call it, and I've really got no idea. I don't know, people... Oh it's such a hard thing!... I think it's a very ancient genre. The art of telling this type of tale is at least two thousand years old and it's really only for the past fifty years or so that it has been labelled as fantasy, which sort of puts it way out to the right or left, I'm not sure where. It doesn't really count, if you call it that, as a serious genre, and I think that it is.

On Dit: One thing that I am personally interested in is how you found your degree. Has it helped you as a writer? Have you become interested in writing etc after you finished your English Lit. degree here or was it an interest beforehand? Have you found it beneficial to have?

Sara: I did English in the first year of my BA and then dropped it. I then actually majored in History so it is my background in History that has been the most beneficial to me. Basically I use what I learned and what I teach as a background for my work.

On Dit: In your writing do you have any main influences, authors that you yourself have read and found inspiration through?

Sara: Ah, none really! (*laughs*) I read a lot but I can't honestly say that there's any one author that I think has in-

spired me to write. Um, actually (*laughs again*)... Ah, should I tell you the tale?

On Dit: Go On!

Sara: I think it was because I picked up one of Robert Jordans' books, the first book in his 'Wheel of Time' series, I don't know if you've read them?

On Dit: No.

Sara: Well I picked it up and read it and it had this blurb on the front saying that it had sold millions worldwide and so that's the reason I actually bought the book. I read it and I thought it was dreadful! (*laughs*), and so I thought well, if he can write this type of book and sell millions, well, so can I!

On Dit: Fair enough! Well everyone knows what I think about your book. What do you think of your work?

Sara: I think basically what I've done with the book, with the whole idea based around ancient maths, is the best I've done. It was a book that literally consumed me probably for about eight months. It only took me about five weeks to actually write. When I had written it and sat back and looked at it I thought it was the worst thing I'd done. Once I actually sent it off I think then I actually felt very good about it. My other books I think had been very trapped into the genre of the golden heroes and evil Lords etc.. *Threshold* was the time to break out of that mould.

On Dit: I think the reason it would appeal to a lot of readers is because it doesn't seem to be written to any sort of formula that many other books seem to have. Did you have any sort of formula in mind when writing *Threshold*? I noticed that it all seemed to come together very nicely at the end. Did it all seem to flow in progress or was it very neatly planned?

Sara: I think it is because it was built around such an unusual idea that the plan itself is very unusual. But by 'plan' I mean that I did map it out very carefully before I actually started to write.

On Dit: What are your plans for the future? Do you have another book in mind, another work in progress?

Sara: I'm doing the next series of 'Axis' books at the moment but I hope that the next thing is to write rather like *Threshold* but to be based around the ancient medieval concept of time, which is very different to how we perceive time now. So rather than action packed it will be a story about time.

On Dit: Well, I look forward to reading it.

Sara: Well it's a long way away yet!

On Dit: Thanks.

Threshold (published by HarperCollins) is available at all discerning bookstores for \$14.95.

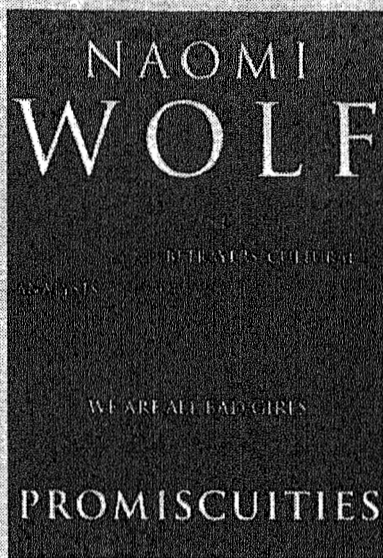
Interview by Claire Murphy

Sounds Rude...

Wordy-type Gear

Promiscuities
Naomi Wolf
Random House

We've had *The Beauty Myth*. We've had *Fire With Fire*. And now we've got *Promiscuities - A Secret History of Female Desire*. (Wow! It rhymes!) This is Naomi Wolf's sexual coming-of-age memoir - anecdotes about growing up in the psychedelic 70's, with a little feminist theory, psychoanalysis and anthropology mixed in. It's about being a girl, mucking around with a crowd of best friends, having sleepovers, crazy dares, experimenting with make-up and sexy clothes. And about feeling desire, discovering sex, losing your virginity, pregnancy and abortion. Occasionally Wolf halts her storytelling with a barrage of historical facts & figures about women and sex. This is where it gets boring - especially



after the enticing exploits of her ("not their real names") characters.

Wolf's argument is that girls have more sexual energy than society likes to acknowledge, and that culture shapes how that sexual energy is deployed. In *Promiscuities* she explains the way the 70's shaped hers and her friends' experiences - while parents were busy liberating themselves via drugs and free love. She presents these anecdotes as critiques of society. And, as such, I'm not sure the book is successful. Wolf has a solid feminist perspective, but *Promiscuities* is hardly groundbreaking. I've read plenty of fiction as "controversial" as this. Does being non-fiction make her book a somehow more worthy achievement? Hm ... I don't think so.

Alice Ray

The Oxford Australian Writers' Dictionary
Shirley Purchase Ed.
Oxford University Press
\$29.95

'What?' I hear you cry, confusion and perplexity permeating your already crowded consciousness, 'A dictionary? He's reviewing a dictionary?'

Well, yes I am. And about time, too, if you ask me. I've been proofreading this paper, at various times, for over a year now, and believe me a lot of work needs doing on the writing abilities of the student population out there (now don't get me wrong: I make mistakes, just like everyone else, believe it or not). And this is the book to help do it.

You see, it's not like your regular dictionary. It doesn't really have spellings and meanings. What it does do is tell you the correct way to use a word or name or phrase, whether or not it should be capitalised or in italics, and so on and so forth. Things of that nature. The type of things that make your writing clear, concise, precise, easily understood. Ambiguities dissolve, clarity emerges, your point unmistakable.

An example. Consider the following poem:

mr youse needn't be so spry
concernin questions arty

each has his tastes but as for i
i likes a certain party

gimme the he-man's solid bliss
for youse ideas i'll match youse

a pretty girl who naked is
is worth a million statues

Now, applying the 'rules', as laid down in the dictionary, let's see what it becomes. Something like:

Sir, you should not feel so superior in questions of art. Whilst I agree that taste is purely subjective, I cannot agree with yours. To me, the naked female body possesses more beauty than any static image your art could possibly produce.

See how clear it is? See how, whilst the original was open to numerous interpretations, the modified version could have only one possible meaning? See how boring it is?

Hmmmm.

Quick rethink. Mutter mutter grumble mutter two sides to every coin mutter grumble Hi Tess mutter grumble mutter something about a double-edged sword grumble mutter mutter. Right. Got it.

Good for essays, bad for poetry.

Be careful how you use it.

Paul Bradley.

(Poem from e. e. cummings, *selected poems, 1923-1958* (Faber & Faber, 1969)).

Sounds Ruder.

Rooting Democracy
Moira Rayner
Allan & Unwin
\$17.95

To introduce her: the author of this rather interestingly titled work is a lawyer, female, from New Zealand, living in Western Australia, who works closely with the Australian government. Now, a lot of people out there would insist that this woman really doesn't have a lot going for her, but no! Read this little handbook to Australian democracy and you will be more than pleasantly surprised.

I love her. She goes through the system with not so much a fine-toothed comb as a finely tuned mind. At last, somebody who works through and for the system takes a good hard look at it without hiding behind masses of political mumbo-jumbo. Please don't judge the book by the



quote on the back ("I want a society that offers a decent life for all its citizens: How do we build it together?"). I looked at it and thought 'here we go, it's the Utopian handbook on how we can all live in a place like Bedrock'. Really, I was very mistaken. The woman takes a realistic view and couples it with a wicked sense of humour. She tackles issues that have confronted Australian society up until recent times and that anyone with half a brain would have contemplated. Things like legal aid, farm life, children's rights, and law reform are all discussed in between taking a good look at the Australian political and legal systems, comparing their good points and their many, varied bad ones. My own personal favourite chapter, discussing the actions of government departments, is entitled 'Secret Men's Business', and subtitled 'Opening the Bureau's drawers'! It's great!

One problem I did see in this otherwise classy publication was the

inference that journalists, such as those who work in the print media, such as those who are like people that people like, Oh, say, ME, want to become, have an 'ethical standing' that is "ranked below Union leaders, Real Estate agents and Advertising executives". But then I realised they were ranked above Used Car Salesmen, and all was forgiven!

As a piece of research material I would give it five stars, and anyone who is looking at the problems of the Australian form of democracy should be encouraged to seek this work out. It is supported with

heaps of facts and contains a fairly extensive bibliography relating to each chapter. And to all those who hold a realist, slightly cynical, partially sarcastic view of the good old Aussie democracy, then I suggest that this makes excellent pastime reading.

On a final note, I am not even going to mention the wording of the title, but to those people who thought I was reading some sort of politically swayed sex book, think again!

Claire Murphy.

Frailty, thy name is woman!

Icons, Saints & Divas

Susan Mitchell
HarperCollins
\$16.95

This is an important book. Interviewing is a freaky thing - you either do it well or you don't, and just how much deep-and-meaningful information you manage to wheedle out of your subject depends upon your skills of "seduction" (as Mitchell puts it).

Susan Mitchell does it very, very well.

Icons, Saints & Divas is a book of interviews conducted by Mitchell during a week and a half in New York. And if Mitchell is a near-perfect interviewer, the women she interviews are near-perfect subjects.

Gloria Steinem (*Revolution from Within*), Phyllis Chesler (*Women and Madness*), Marilyn French (*The Women's Room*), Alice Walker (*The Color Purple*), Erica Jong (*Fear of Flying*), Kate Millett (*Sexual Politics*), Naomi Wolf (*The Beauty Myth*), Robin Morgan (*Sisterhood is Powerful*), Susan Faludi (*Backlash*), Betty Friedan (*The Feminine Mystique*).

What these women have in common isn't just a passionate dedication to the cause of feminism. They are all intelligent, articulate,

eloquent, artlessly honest and funny. They've all got a lot to say. None are coy. When they talk they say exactly what they think.

Mitchell really digs for dirt - growing up, family dynamics, loves, sex-lives - and gets it. All ten women are fascinating as they talk about themselves and their place in the feminist movement, as well as giving intelligent (and occasionally bitchy) critiques on the work of other women in the movement.

The book drips with quotable quotes. "Nobody is ever an ex-feminist, have you noticed that?" (Robin Morgan.) "[Depression] is a human response to what life does to us. It's depressing to look around the world and see what goes on and if you are not depressed there's something wrong with you." (Marilyn French.) "Winning [the Pulitzer prize] changed my life but the problem with that is that now 'Pulitzer prize winner' is almost a part of my name and it seems to imply that my work has value only because of this prize, and that's total bullshit." (Alice Walker.) "One of the hardest things for me is not being taken seriously. On my epitaph they will have 'she invented the zipless fuck.'" (Erica Jong.)

In fact the book serves equally well as an introduction to the work

of these women as an exploration of the way their lives have shaped their work. And so it's equally valuable both as a crash-course in the history of feminism and as a glimpse into the lives of these *Icons, Saints & Divas*.

My only gripe is the layout. Each interview is presented separately, but with a whole lot of preliminary ramble. So we get to hear about the time Mitchell's tape recorder falls her and she has to ring up Robin Morgan and beg for another interview. And we get to read Marilyn French's interview in two parts, since, having been diagnosed with terminal cancer, she isn't strong enough to do it all in one go. Maybe I'm nitpicking but I

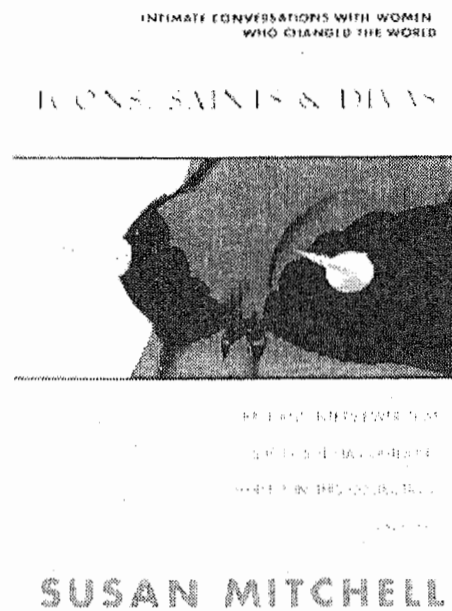
would've preferred to see each interview presented in a chapter which focussed entirely upon the words of the subject. That said, the

way Mitchell has chosen to present her material does give the reader a real view of each subject - of the person behind the interview persona, if you like. It means the book has more of a conversational feel than an academic feel - which, I guess, isn't necessarily a bad thing. I mean, it's not a book trying to push a particular feminist line. It's a book about the real people who basically kick-

started the feminist movement. And it's good. Engrossing. Liberating.

I liked it.

Alice Ray



A Secret Message To A Happy Home.

Dangerous Love

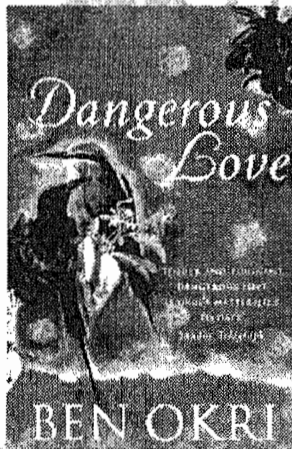
Ben Okri
Phoenix
\$16.95

I, being among the sinful minority, haven't read any other Ben Okri work. *Dangerous Love* has made me convert and repent my former life. Pilgrimages must be made, but first I shall attempt to preach the word.

Story-wise, Omovo is a young and talented artist living in a squalid African tenement with his disgruntled and disillusioned father and his much younger new wife. Omovo's two older brothers have fled the house after numerous disagreements with their father over his remarriage and his refusal to pay their university fees. All this

leaves our sensitive hero confused and powerless, hovering in the background unable to act. Ifeyiwa lives across the way and is stuck in an arranged marriage to an old and brutish man. Her chats with Omovo about art and literature are her only refuge from drudgery.

Of course, merely giving a synopsis of the plot lessens the scope and breadth of Okri's prose. It is with tender simplicity that he recounts daily existence. The reader wonders at Okri's command and



knowledge of our ways. Speech and thought are not omnipotent, but leave much unsaid and unanswered. We find truth through contemplation. Days fade into and out of each other and mosquitoes whine above our heads. The characters are so well drawn and immediate that it seems impossible that they do not exist. That an author can expose rawness and pain

and not leave us hopeless and embittered reveals a remarkable artistry. Okri is a master storyteller, combining tender deftness and an honest attentiveness. The drawing of human relations is neither removed nor exaggerated. I dislike classing *Dangerous Love* as a novel since it is entirely too real for me to see it as imaginary. The title of the book doesn't seem to do it justice, but perhaps this is simply because the words 'dangerous' and 'love' are often associated with bad Crime/Erotic/Horror fiction.

Dangerous Love struggles to make sense and bring meaning into life. Its success is an incredible triumph, showing the ache that accompanies beauty and achievement. It is a book from an artist for artists. Would that we all had such meaning.

Rasp.

Position No. 37: Taking Tea With The Person.

Yoga For Lovers: The way to sensual harmony.

Connie & Robert Dunne Kirby with Geraldine Ross
Smith Gryphon (Allen & Unwin)
\$19.95

Isn't yoga for old farts in track-suits and guru devotees? NO, NO, NO! Yoga is a complete science of life which was developed several thousand years ago in India. Usually it is perceived as a solitary process in which an individual, through meditation, exercise and breathing can achieve harmony and well being. However, like everything, yoga changes and now it has been adapted for couples who may wish to use it to help deal with our often stressful and distracted 20th Century lives.

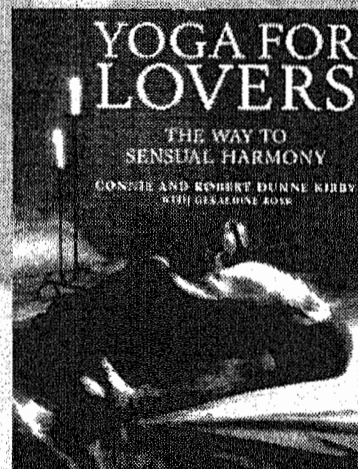
Yoga for lovers is not a Karma Sutra rip-off (damn!). This book falls into the self-improvement genre, thankfully it lacks the condescension from the author that so many other works in the field possess. This book outlines how yoga can be practiced in the comfort of your own home, with your partner. The book aims to teach the reader how

to integrate a comfortable form of exercise into our everyday lives, but that is only the surface. More importantly, this book focuses upon the development of a healthier, more intimate relationship. Yoga for lovers uses the principles of yoga to guide readers in developing mature, loving relationships that endure.

Eight sequences of yogic exercise are demonstrated. Each sequence covers the physical benefits, the emotional reflections, and a meditation that should be kept in mind. The photography is comprehensive and the exercises are easily understood. There is nothing that you cannot understand and I particularly liked the explanations of the poses, taken from the Sanskrit and translated to English.

This book is aimed primarily at a mature audience but that does not mean that the younger reader will not get anything out of it. There seems to be a genuine sense of authenticity and integrity in the work. This is not a book that just wants to cash in. This book will be helpful to anyone who would like to improve upon their relationships both in a physical, mental, and emotional sense.

Courtney Squires.

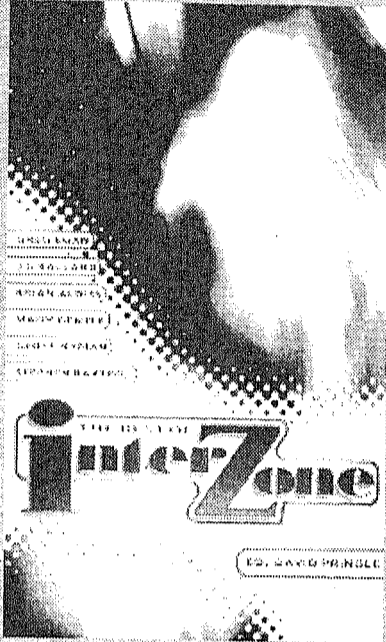


TECHNO-SHORTS

The Best Of InterzoneDavid Pringle (Ed)
HarperCollins
\$14.95

With all the *Star Wars* 'let's-do-it-again-and-make-even-more-money' hype going on lately (and, if it is possible to actually "be in the mood" for a particular genre, then for that reason also), I undertook this particular novel with the greatest anticipation I could muster. Quite lucky I was then, for I was not left disappointed.

Fifteen years ago in Leeds, Yorkshire, a young man by the name of David Pringle decided to publish a low budget, science fic-



tion magazine, intuitively calling it *Interzone*. It still exists to this day with over a hundred issues having been released, although no matter how hard I try, I cannot seem to find a copy here. This particular anthology, apparently the second of its kind, consists of thirty of some of the best short stories from *Interzone*, spanning the past seven years. And believe me, what a diverse range of short stories it does cover.

It is rather surprising that the first story, *Mitochondrial Eve*, is by an Australian-born author, Greg Egan, one known for other such works as *Permutation City* and *Axiomatic*. This is the first of the only two Australian stories

within the anthology, the rest mostly being of either British or American origin. The story itself, set in Sydney, 2007, is quite an ambitious perusal of "The Great Tree," an ancestral hierarchy of every individual ever on the planet, created by a palaeogenetic yet bureaucratic "Children Of Eve" cult, the cause of extreme racial tension. The story delves into the scientific realms of mitochondrial DNA sequencing and EPR (Einstein-Podolsky-Rosen) correlations. Fuck knows what the terms mean, but they do sound impressive, don't they?

The other Australian short story is Sean McMullen's, *A Ring Of Green Fire*. With the first twenty-one words of it being, "As I was travelling through Westbury forest, I met with a man with a ring of green fire around his penis," chances are the story won't instantly appeal to the casual reader. It is, however, a delightful medieval yarn about love, revenge and incandescent male genitalia.

Other possibly memorable short stories within include: *The Message From Mars*, astronauts

who just want a bit of bloody privacy; *Human Waste*, a clever but slightly immoral and disturbing blend of violent child abuse and nanotechnology; and *The Tourist*, a facetious account of when time travel will become a key part of the tourism industry.

I am yet to resolve what I think of *Pigs, Mostly* by Ian Lee and *Cybil The Cyberpig* by Eugene Byrne, both somehow managing to follow a distinctly porkish theme without too much trouble. Surrogate sows, artificially inseminated bacon and a French cybernetic swine ("a sick hybrid of violent machismo and capitalist repression" or merely ham going off? You decide). These are concepts that I'm sure will spark your imagination as much as they did mine.

The Best Of Interzone is a considerably remarkable cross-section of the modern science fiction genre, remarkable enough for you to realise that there are quite a few "creatively" mad people out there. It is so good to see we are not alone...

Brad Harding

Friendly.

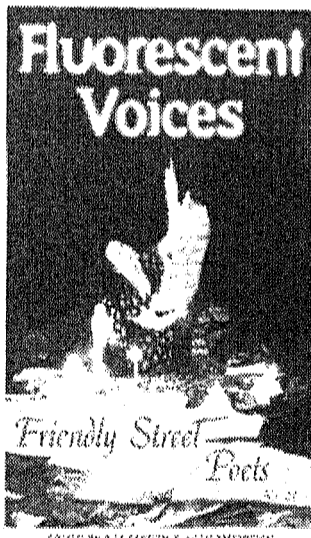
Fluorescent Voices: Friendly Street Poets No. 21Rae Sexton & Glen Murdoch (Eds.)
Wakefield Press
\$14.95

The Friendly Street Poets have been meeting and reading their poems on the first Tuesday of every month for the last twenty-one years, and *Fluorescent Voices* is their twenty-first anthology.

Of course, being an anthology, you know it's going to be a bit patchy. Some poets you're going to identify with, some you're just going to want to puke over, some you just won't care about at all. So it goes.

Okay. First the lowlights: Orson 'steve' Claridge's "a forgery" is a sickening exercise in self-pity; Junice Direen's "Banners in 1907" seems pointless; Peter Eason's "Grass" could have been worthwhile, but wasn't; Steve Evans' "Wedding Present" tries too hard; Tasma Ockenden's "Cavorting Wolf" fails to engage on all fronts; and Tom Vaughan's "Agony and Ecstasy" tries for too much realism, at the expense of readability.

Now, here's the good stuff: Ralph Bleechmore's "The Discovery of Night Poetry" is cute and fun; Janine Baker's "The Local Can Lady" rings in all our ears with fa-



miliarity; G. C. Beaton's "I was going to read tonight ..." displays a good sense of humour; Dawn Colsey's "Hollow Fun" and "Big Day Out" adopt interesting points of view; Jo Dey's "Red Herring" has an interesting take on the whole save-the-whales phenomenon; Jeff Guess' "Wisteria" is delightful; Rory Harris' "the phone rings" is hilarious; Erica Jolly's "That maiden speech" says something about Pauline Hanson I think we'd all like to say, only prettier; Tom W. McLean's "Nothing" is not; Graham Rowlands' "Benjamin Guggenheim on the Titanic" is pleasantly hip; and Ray Stuart's "Art Critic", concerning a Wassily Kandinsky painting, is as cool as they come, and has a sly dig at critics as well ("You're no better / than William Carlos Williams / and his bloody red wheelbarrow! / You weren't related, were you?!").

As you can see, there's more good than bad, which is nice to see, especially considering this is all local Adelaide stuff that has been read out at the readings. It's so diverse there's bound to be something you'll like, and remember, all the above is only MY opinion. Buy the book and make up your own mind.

Paul Bradley.

The Art of Self-Promotion: MusiciansRichard Letts
Allen & Unwin / Australia Council
\$19.95

No prizes for guessing what this book is about. It's the fifth in a series of books on "Self-promotion" published by the Australia Council - for visual artists, writers, composers, dancers, and now (drum roll, please) musicians. Oh yes. Time to lay down that guitar for a sec and learn how to sell, sell, sell.

"What Are You Selling?", begins chapter 2, "Crude question. But this book isn't about art; it's about connecting your art with its potential purchasers." And, as we all know, when it comes to the music business it's a dog-eat-dog world. You may be locked away in some little studio churning out High Art but if you don't know how to go about promoting yourself no-one's ever gonna hear it. Whether you're a world-class violinist, in a rock band, an opera singer or glass harmonica player extraordinaire, the idea is to assess yourself realistically, find your audience, and then get some serious promotional activity happening.

The first half of the book deals

mainly with housekeeping (after "What are You Selling?" comes "Who's Buying?") and would no doubt be incredibly boring if it

wasn't for Letts' sense of humour. "Whenever you perform, from this book's twisted view of the world, you are making a promotional pitch to the audience". The second half of the book (under the heading "Promotional Strategies") draws you into the strangely alluring world of marketing. Here you get the low-down on all the dirty jobs. Approaching agents. Approaching record companies. Finding

a manager. Releasing independent CDs. Networking and PR. Putting out media releases. Writing a bio. Making a media kit. Photographs. Interviews. Auditions. Selling via the internet. Mingling with your audience. Even - shock, horror - cultivating an image.

This is a valuable reference book, though with a practical rather than legal slant. For technical information about rights & responsibilities you would need something more in-depth. Still, for getting started as a self-promoting musician in the big wide world, this book is ideal. Want to know how much I liked it? I've got two of the other books (for writers & for composers) on my shopping list.

Alice Ray

THE ART OF SELF-PROMOTION
SUCCESSFUL PROMOTION BY MUSICIANS

Sport Support

Badminton (2-4-97): PAOC 9: 167 d UNI 1:98 (S Faulkener 15-2).



Douglas-Irving Trophy: Cricket (6-4-97). Guys Grand Final: Aquinas 6/185 (D. Whitmore 38, G Walker 37, D Clarke 37 n.o., S. Undries 36, Nigel R. 3/32.) d St Marks 5/169 (Russel 45, S Undries 41, Finnian 31, Nigel 22 n.o.).

Girls Grand Final: Aquinas 72 (Sund Ries 44) d St Marks 55 (S Undries 30).

Playoff for 3rd & 4th: Girls: Lincoln d St Anns. Guys: St Anns 3/134 d Flinders Hall 9/129.

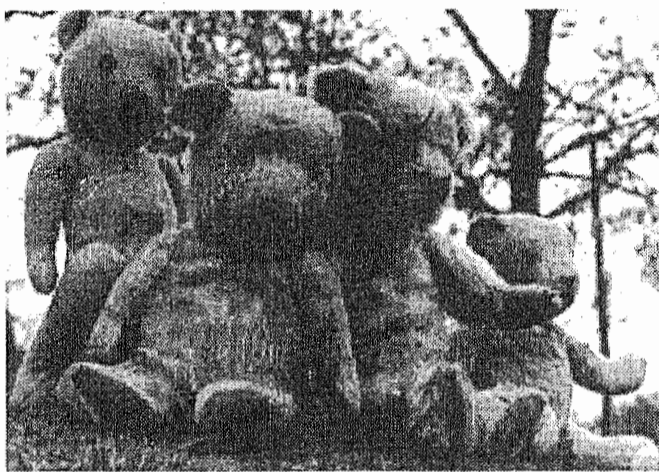


Football: Round 1 19-4-97.

Div 1 University Oval: UNI v Edwardstown 28.20 (188) to 14.6 (90). Best (Smith GJ, McGahan SC, Moten RFM, Ford TM, May JR, Wallace MA.). Goals (T Ford 6, C Chaplin 5, B Harrity 4, J May, C Pascoe 8 South. Largs Reserve, E Arnold, Z. C Bryson, M Wallace, J Sibbick, S Dixon, G Smith, S McGahan, Tamke, I.)

Div 1r University Oval: UNI 18.20 d Edwardstown 6.6. Best (Hobby, McGrath, Davis, Newman, Mudge, Restas). Goals (Mudge 7, Price 4, Botsman 3, Vezi, Krieves, Hobby, Walkley, 1). Div 8 South: Largs Reserve UNI 8.5 lost to Port District 11.12. Best (Roberts-Thompson, Dennison, James, Winkworth, Thompson, Aplin). Goals (Darcy 3, Maxwell, Dennison 2, M Grady 1). Div 8r South: Largs Reserve. UNI 7.4 lost to Port District 13.16. Best (M Grady, Baker, Bridgwood, Kimber, Holsman, Stanborough.) Goals (Holsman 3, Wildy, Huppatz, Hurn, Thomson 1.) Div 8 North: Park 10. UNI 3.3 lost to Athelstone 19.15. Best (Pengilly Robertson, Foster,

Ragghianti, Hutchens, Hosking). Goals (Ragghianti, Hosking, A Ward 1) Div 8r North: Park 10. UNI 9.9 lost to Athelstone 19.15. Best (A Leitch, Quinton, W Leitch, A Ward, Kube, Burton). Goals (Brock 3, Roberts 2, Graetz, Murray, W Leitch, Burton 1). Div 10 South: Daly Oval UNI 44.23 d Hectorville 1.1. Best (Lines, Sheirlaw, Whitnall, Cassidy, Presscot, Mayes). Goals (Lines 10, O'Reilly 8, Cassidy 7, Sheirlaw 5, Presscot 4, Quirk, Bryson 2, Whitnall, Ridgeden, Ciccocioppo, Wolff, Willson, Fitzgerald 1).



The family at the footy.

Hockey: The hockey season has been underway for 3 weeks. Results have

been a bit below par so far except for higher grade men.

Mens Results: Round PL (V Burnside) drew 2-2. Goals (Todd Ballinger, Sanjay Singh). Comment: Bjorn Smith & Nick Pannell were missing in action with the Adelaide Hotshots in Qld. Round 2 PL (V North East) drew 2-2. Goalscorers: Bjorn Smith, Jason Braun. Round PL (V Woodville) won 3-1. Goalscorers: Bjorn Smith, Jason Braun (2). PLR Round (V Port Adelaide) won 1-0. Goalscorer: Grant Coleman. PLR Round 2 (V North East) won 3-2. PLR Round (V Grange Royals) drew 0-0. Div 3 Round (V PAC) lost 1-3. Goalscorer: Michael Pugsley. Round 2 (V Seacliff) lost 0-2. Round (V

Adelaide) lost 1-2. Div 5 Round (V Port Adelaide) lost 0-10 Comment: Only 8 players. Div 5 Round 2 (V North East) ??? Div 5 Round 3 (V Flinders) ??? Div 6 Round (V Uni of SA) won 7-0 Goalscorers: Nick Canning 4, Wes Hosking 1, others unknown. Div 6 Round 2 (V North East) lost 2-3. Div 6 Round (V Woodville) ??? Womens Results: PL (v Burnside) lost 0-2. PL (v Forestville) won 2-0. PLR (v Burnside) lost 1-4. Goalscorer: Danni Dean. PLR (v Forestville) won 4-0. Goalscorers: Kirsty

Gilbert 2, Chris Landorf. Div 3 Round (v Port Adelaide) lost 1-2. Goalscorer: Christie Tambyn. Round 2 (v Uni of SA) lost 0-4. Round (v Grange) drew 1-

1. Goalscorer: Anna Hogarth. Div 4 Round (v Seacliff) lost 1-3 Goalscorer: Janicke Johansen. Round 2 (v North East) lost 0-4. Round (v Burnside) lost 1-5. Goalscorer: Janicke Johansen. Comment: Only 9 players and they actually led for a while! Div 5 Round (v Northern Districts) lost 0-2. Round 2 (v Blackwood) lost. Round (v Adelaide) lost 0-7 Social News: The social calendar is already up and running. We have already had a highly successful Presidents, preseason BBQs and a few informal parties. Our next event will be a Pub Crawl in May. Players Wanted: We still need a few more players for this season. Please check out our web page or ring Stephen Hope

(President) on 8333 0739 if interested.



Soccer. Results 6/4/97

Amateur A: UNI v Eastern Suburbs 1-2, (Craig Stevens) Amateur B: UNI v Eastern Suburbs 1-1, (Tony Circelli). Women's League: UNI A v Olympic 0-0. UNI B v Olympic 0-6. Collegiate League: UNI Black A v Mercedes 1-6, (I Curd). UNI Black B v Mercedes 3-1, (C Huntington 2, I Stone). UNI White A v Pulteney 2-0. UNI White B v Pulteney 0-0. UNI Blue A v Rostrevor 1-1. UNI Blue B v Rostrevor 2-2. Graduates Red v St Peters 4-2. UNI Dodgers v USA Raiders 3-3.

Results 13/4/97

Amateur A: UNI v Ignatians 1-1, (Phil Safi) Amateur B: UNI v Ignatians 4-0, (Arcady Turcz 2, Tony Circelli, Eddie Sergi). Women's League: UNI A v Plympton 1-0 (Stephanie Lambert). UNI B v Blue Eagles (UNI wins by forfeit). Collegiate League: UNI Black A v Woodcroft 1-2 (D Weaver). UNI Black B v USA Raiders 2-2 (D Anderson, Atul Kant). UNI White A v AGUA 8-1. UNI White B v AGUA 2-2. UNI Blue A v Norwood O/S 3-0. UNI Blue B v Norwood O/S. 1-5. Graduates Red v Flinders 5-0. UNI Dodgers v Flinders 2-1.

Results 20/4/97

Amateur A: UNI v West End 2-2, (Greg Bachorski & James Hafner) Amateur B: UNI v West End 1-1, (Tony Circelli). Women's League: UNI A v OJT 0-3. UNI B v Adel. City 0-10. Collegiate League: UNI Black A v PAOC 3-1, (J Crosby-Sluiser, A Kahland, I Curd). UNI Black B v PAOC 2-1, (D Anderson, A Pisanello) UNI White A v Mercedes 4-3. UNI White B v Mercedes 1-1. UNI Blue A v Pulteney 3-1. UNI Blue B v Pulteney 1-2. Graduates Red v Flinders 3-1. UNI Dodgers v Flinders 4-4.

He Wuz There, Friends

I wuz there:

an' it wuz ugly.

Port Power might just be the fastest maturing Football Club in the world. Maybe it's too early to tell, but two wins in a row at the end of round 4 look's good.

As a game of footy it had most of the requisites; high flies, hard tackling (David Brown came in for attention with both Ricciutto & Bickley hitting him hard on separate occasions), fisticuffs, freaky goals & a comeback in the final quarter. Power were hard at the ball and ran in straight lines from the opening bounce. By the second quarter you could see some of the Crows had had enough, and a few did shirk the issue late in the second. Power

had good third quarter (the most important quarter in any game) and looked to have the game won by three quarter time. Midway through the last the Crows rallied strongly with three quick goals and seemed to have some momentum, but Power battered down the hatches and held tight for a crucial 8 or so minutes to take away a hard earn win. The only real sour point for Power was the loss, possibly long term, of captain, Wanganeen.



Not a pic from the actual game but it's closest we could get.

In the stands, coffin like concrete monstrosities, the Crows supporters didn't know how to react to their first taste of grass roots footy. Many were intimidated by the large number of Power supporters, (about 10-15,000). Many of whom were Crow's season ticket holders who held those tickets for all these years just to be there when Port first played the Crows.

The genuine Crows supporters revelled in a return to the feel of

real football atmosphere. - I reckon there's an argument there for sharing Footy Park 50/50, when there are two derby's in the one season. It would certainly wake up the so called "chardonnay set" who go so they can say, "yes we went".

As usual the less hardy Crow supporters left early, much to the delight of the those hard nosed Power fans, who taunted with abandon once it was clear time had run out for the Crows. It was a great game for footy folklore with the socially derived new boys knocking of the corporate driven establishment side. All that said though, win lose or draw, I'd rather be a Crow supporter.

Brett Will.



the earthmen

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Were you under 18 in September '96 We desperately need under 18 footballers to play in the southern league to play for Morphettville Park Football Club. If you live anywhere from Marion to Glenelg of Unley or anywhere even close! Ring Hamish on 8277 9841

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The next two editions of **On Dits** are going to be special, and by that we don't mean that they need to be taught away from the other kids. No siree bob. Next week is the all-steaming **SEXUALITY** edition, and the week after, the special earlybird **PROSH** edition, featuring more funny gear than an entire series of the Eric Bana show (ie, at least two gags). The week after that there's a public holiday, then another 2 regular **On Dits**, then exams. Time flies, eh? If only you were having fun.

Clubbed to Death

We now have a Clubs Association Web Page

Don't miss the opportunity to be listed on the Web Page
If you club currently has a web page a link will be made from these paragraphs to it
Provide a paragraph of two about your club/society to:
VICKI KOLBERG
Clubs & Sports Association Office
North West Corner of the Cloisters

On disk or hard copy, or email:
vkolberg@auu.adelaide.edu.au

Advertise your upcoming events for your club on the "What's Hot" page

Looking forward o hearing from you soon
Pass on this info ASAP so we can get this up and running

If you want to have your own web page it is available through SMUG via Resource Centre, Level 3, Union House

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Suffer from headaches? Stop reading all this small text! idiot!

Do you suffer from headaches with neck pain? You may receive 6 weeks of free treatment if you are eligible to join the National headache study

Many people who suffer headaches with neck pain have found relief with Physiotherapy and/or taking tablets. The National Headache Study is a clinical trial examining the effectiveness of four different types of treatment for headache with neck pain. It is being conducted concurrently in each Australian capital city during 1997. The results of the trial will hopefully lead to the effective treatment being offered to headache sufferers in the future.

If you suffer from frequent headaches with neck pain, and would like to join the study, you will be asked to complete a simple questionnaire about your headaches. Interested volunteers who fit the eligibility criteria will then have a medical and physical examination of the neck and have one X-ray taken.

If you are interested in joining the trail, please telephone:
Mrs Libby Kelly & Mrs Bernie Flynn
Trial Managers (South Australia)
Ph 08 8322 2033

Or
Dr J. Setchell
Student Health
Ph 8303 35050
The questionnaire will be sent to you within a few days of your call.