

THE FAROE

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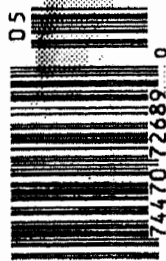
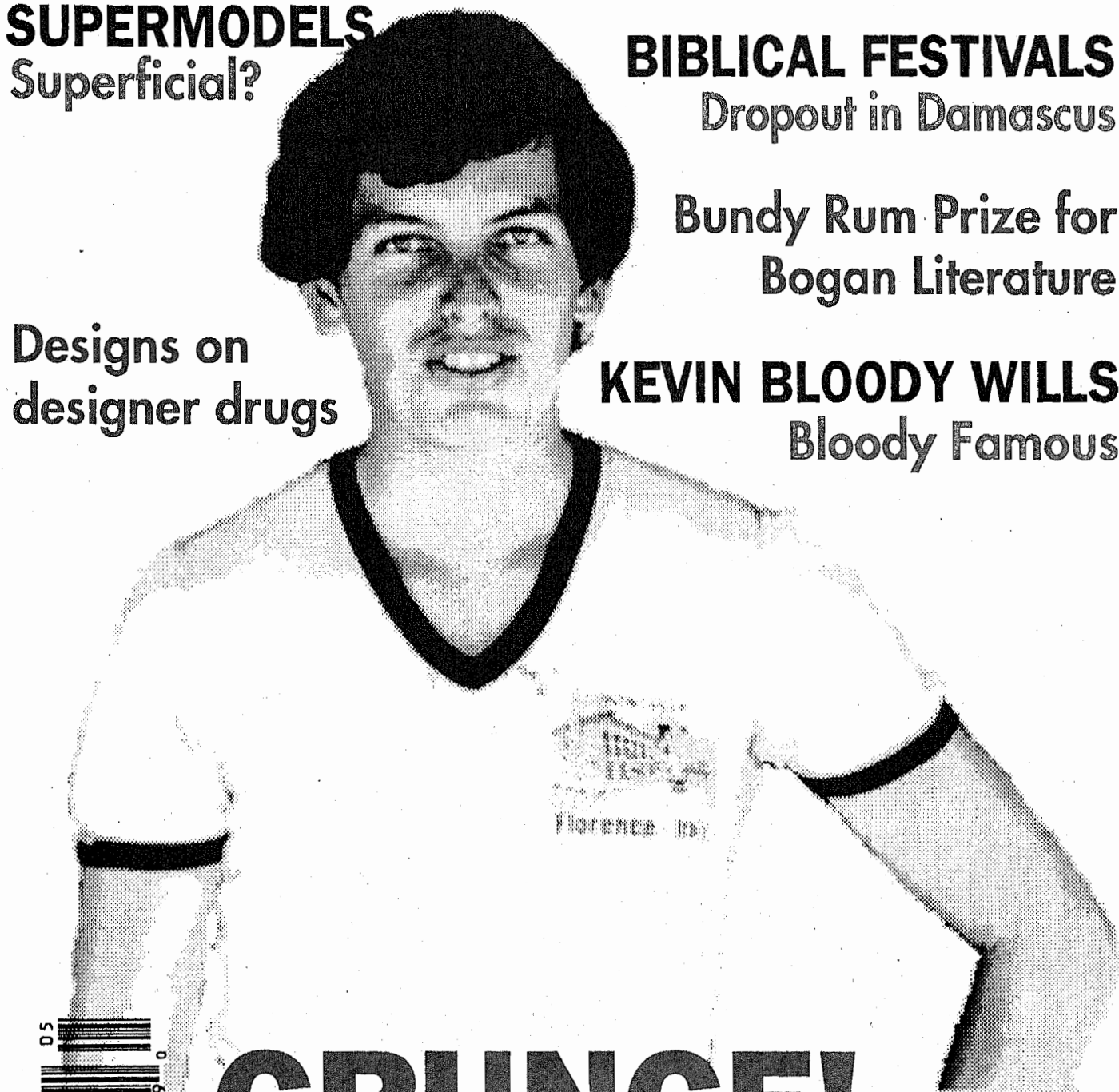
SUPERMODELS
Superficial?

BIBLICAL FESTIVALS
Dropout in Damascus

**Bundy Rum Prize for
Bogan Literature**

**Designs on
designer drugs**

KEVIN BLOODY WILLS
Bloody Famous



GRUNGE!

The look of the '90s or just passé?

B. Salter wearing
Gaultier original shirt
(\$800)
photographed by A.U.
Union

Miss Gladys Sim Choon

SALE

**Nothing Under
\$250**

**Shoes start at
\$399**

**Dresses to clear
from \$650**

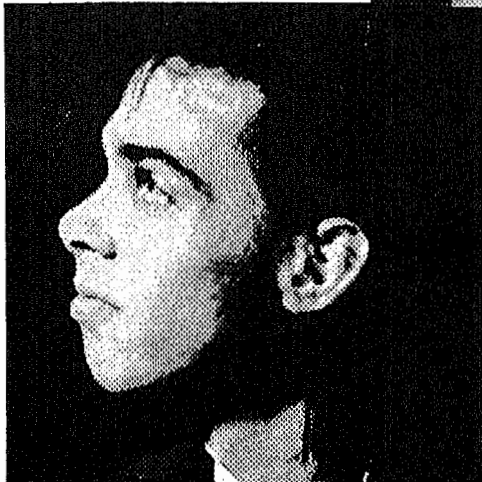
**All passé stock
must go.**

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THE FARCE



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Goth on p.26 (below)



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Q. Why did the monkey put bacon on his head?
A. Because he wanted to be a gorilla.

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CHEERS Dave for computers and snazzy techno bits, Happy birthday Simon and thanks for being spesh, Mr and Mrs Healy for their kind hospitality and delicious truffle cake, Rohan, Evan, Colin, the lovely Sam Maiden, Sonja, Sian, all our parents, congratulations to Amy Safe, Sophie and all the Clements' for the neat party, Jessica, Rachel, Stacy, Kate, Daniel, Jesse, Jo, David, Tracy for the story book, Adam, Dale, Select, Jamiroquai, the diggers, everyone else that helped out with this issue and, of course the ever generous Darren.

letters

Write to THE FARCE (letters), First Floor, Hipster St, London E17 OAP

Violent addiction My first experience with Slaughter the Infidel was at my friend's house the other day. We sat down and played it for over four hours. I then found myself going to the football on Saturday and belting a few shocking geezers that barracked for one of the teams. What dweebs!

This isn't machismo speaking, this is just myself but there is nothing I enjoy doing more than whopping some cruddy shithead in the gob.
Don't you?

B BACON
SHEFFIELD.

Fashion malady I'm a religious freak. I like to wear silly round hats and let my beard grow around my ankles. Black suits are in because Harrison Ford protects your community and sleeps with all your widows. This is why I thought your piece on "Amish Fashion: Grunge or what?" was spot on.

K MACGILUS
TOXTETH

PS- Keep up the good work and remember John 3:16.

Shiny shiny right down behind me My hair is big & my brain is small. Do you

really want to sleep with me?

H. PALLADIUMS
STOUBRIDGE

Shiny shoes My shoes are made of leather but I am a vegan. My morals are in a quandary as I don't know whether to defend myself to all my mates or attack them for liking roast shoulders of pork.

This is why your article "How to be trendily vege and not appear a hypocrite" struck the right chord with me. How I would have lived my life without your insightful interpretations of actions or a brain I could call my own is something that I would not like to face. Keep up the good work and continue to tell me what to think.

H. THAMUS
BIRMINGHAM

The last laugh? I have been purchasing your wonderful monthly outburst of literary prowess for near on four years, and am completely satisfied. Apart from one thing: where have the brilliantly stupid and unfunny jokes gone from your Contents pages? Being a person with a totally imbecilic sense of humour, I'd like to see them return. Your magazine is way cool, and these jokes were the

icing on the cake. So how about it? Bring back the crap jokes!

MATTHEW IAN BOLTON
UPMINSTER.

Money thing How has the departure of the pouny from the ERM mechanism affected your per capita advertising dollar? Has it gone down or up?

D SAG
WEST FINCHLEY

PS- Do you think Sabon is a crap font?

Dance Trance. Me and friends went Euroclubbing the other night and got heartily fedup with sparked out folk sitting in corners, talking intently and generally looking like they were getting to know each other. Why pay outrageous entrance fees and not prance around like a huge knob on the dancefloor, sweat buckets and drink bottled tapwater is what we would like to know.

G W MACLENNAN
R FORSTER
BRITTON

The Lost Leadership I decided a few years ago that I should contribute to the future of this country (other than through the inequitable tax

>>

system!) But the party I have joined believes that a cultivated accent, hair dryer, fake tan and a meaningful relationship with some washed up cabaret artiste is all you need to win government. Does this mean I will always be confined to staring at Paul across the dispatch boxes and wondering whether my lisp is as bad as my school friends made out? Yours sincerely,

JOHN H
CANNBERRA, AUSTRALIA

The "Bland" Factor

Friends of mine say I am very boring and couldn't organise a fuck in a brothel; let alone win the next state election. Perhaps I should join an assertiveness training and public speaking course. Then again, I could get a cushy job on Greenhill Rd.

D. BLAND
NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR

"Concerned" I thought it imperative to point out to your politically aware and

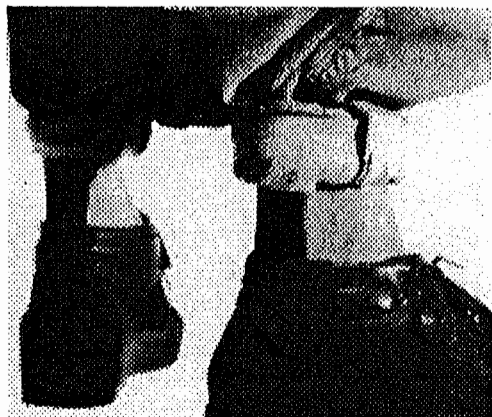
concerned readers that a this year's Prosh magazine has not been sanctioned by any group that is concerned with what people read. As a writer for Green Left Weakly I feel that all publications should do their utmost to be sensitive to the many and varied groups that have played a part in society. For example, I see that you made no attempt to solicit articles from dyslexics and illiterates although (as you well know)

they have made a contribution to this society which you so easily ignore. (Boo, Hiss).

Yours in solidarity,

A. TROT
LENINGRAD

P.S. The revolution is coming and it's bastards like you who will be first up against the wall. (I apologize for lapsing into a patriarchal view of the print media; you could all be bitches for all I know).



my new trainers

a very arty film

"I didn't understand a word of it but it's the best new film of the year"

Boyd Hartly-Smythe, Artwank Magazine

"Simply ravishing. Portrayals of the characters are intense.....the depth of emotion conveyed stunned this hardened critic."

Augustine Smallacombe, the Guardian

"Warmly appealing. Denzel Washington convincingly tied his shoelaces"

Beatrice Allen, Image Magazine

(R) 18+

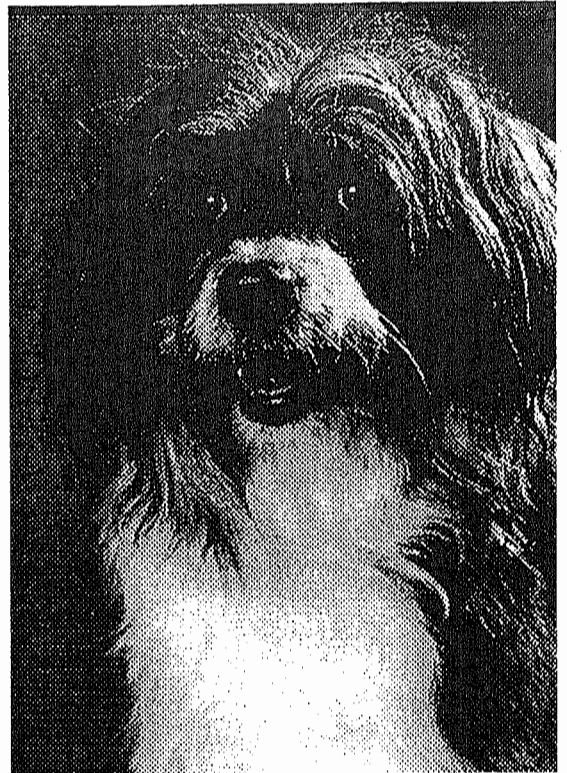
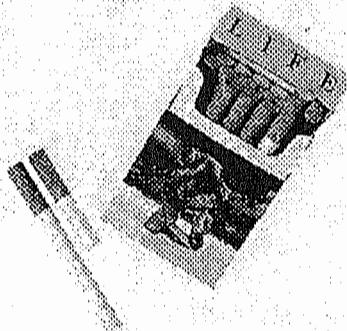
RECOMMENDED FOR
RESTRICTED
AUDIENCES. 18
YEARS AND OVER

Nominated for seven completely irrelevant awards. Starring lots of unknown actors. Promises to be completely unintelligible. Theatre will be full of people that talk very loudly about how it reminds them of that brilliant picture made by the same director when she was only four years old. See it and be the envy of your friends.

TRIBE!

anti-smoking campaigners are up in arms over the launch of a new cigarette brand.

'Life Cigarettes' have an attractive box designed by Kurt Legerfeld and come with an information leaflet detailing the benefits of smoking. These include "greater social ability" and "relaxing physical effects". The special "family box" includes smaller cigarettes for children as well as the normal size for Mum and Dad. As an extra treat for the kids, there are a series of cigarette cards depicting animals such as rabbits and white rats enjoying cigarettes under safe laboratory conditions. "They're also good for your health," said a spokesman. "New research has proved that smoking is no longer dangerous and is, in fact, beneficial." Great!



dj eric

Patrons of The Department of Energiee In Hammersmith have recently been dancing to the tune of a very different drummer, or, at least, a different deejay. Since Phil Stylee, the wiz-kid ten-year-old, blind deejay from Sidcup, left to replace one-handed wonder Tony Sancha at Close Encounters (who in turn is replacing Anthony Burgess as visiting lecturer in English at Hull University), Eric the Dog Jones has been displaying his own inimitable mixing technique at the club.

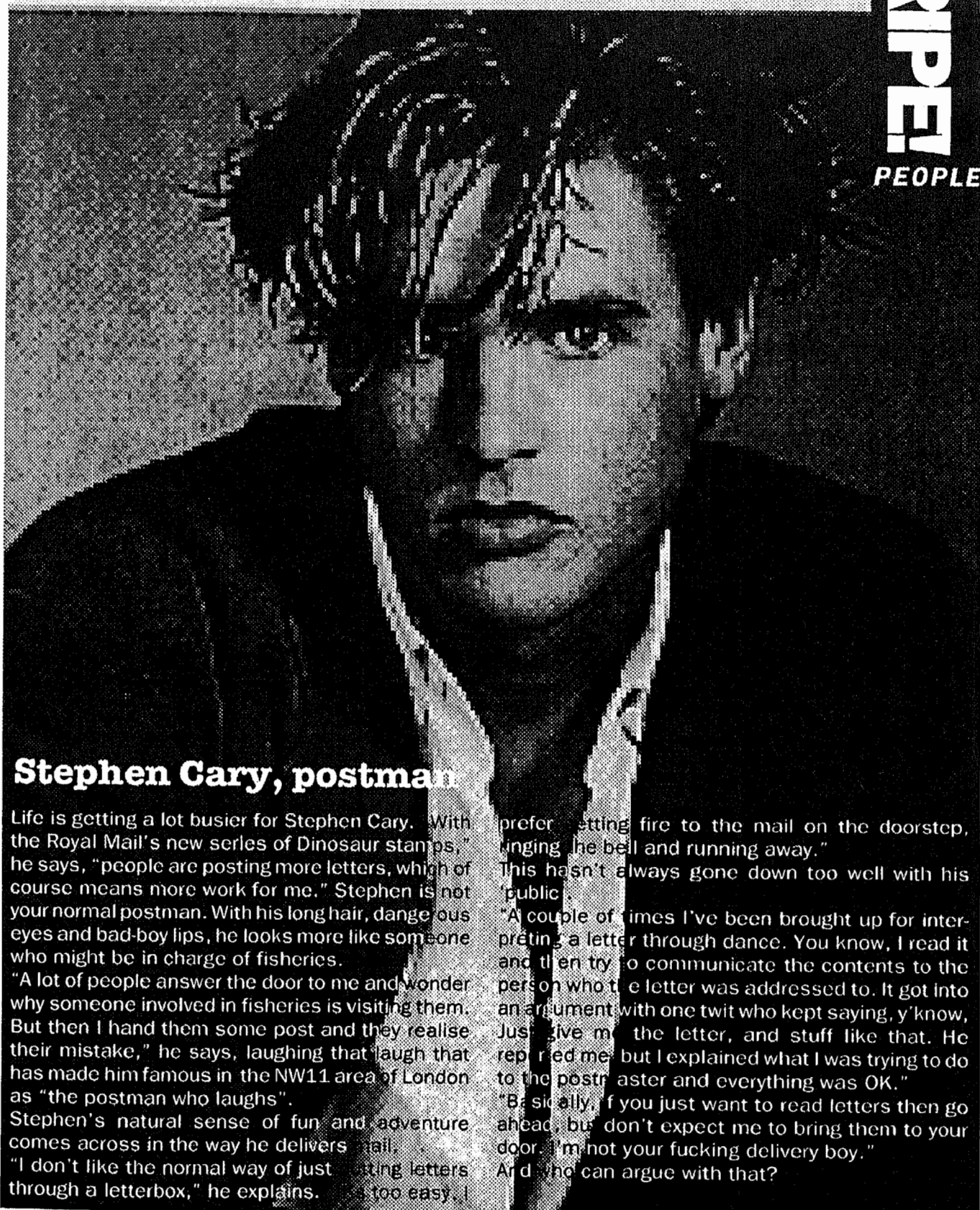
Eric is the first dog to spin discs at The Department since Alan The Labrador Lewis' brief stint during the Summer of '92. With his periodic barking and idiosyncratic mixing style, Eric's brand of "dog house" has already left its mark on the club's regular clientele.

"He's not very good," said one clubber. "He just yelps and walks all over the turntables and it sounds awful and there's shit all over the place."



Publishers Fulcrum & Windpipe launch an innovative new magazine next month. *CD Magazine Buyer* is the first magazine for people who buy magazines about CDs. In issue one there's an article on the future of CD magazines and a handy pull-out guide to the various CD magazines available now. It's entertaining, teasing, informative, although sometimes infuriating (*CD Buff* is better than *CD Today*? I think not).

If you're interested in magazines about CD magazines, then this is the one for you (*Issue one includes a free CD magazine*).



Stephen Cary, postman

Life is getting a lot busier for Stephen Cary. With the Royal Mail's new series of Dinosaur stamps," he says, "people are posting more letters, which of course means more work for me." Stephen is not your normal postman. With his long hair, dangerous eyes and bad-boy lips, he looks more like someone who might be in charge of fisheries.

"A lot of people answer the door to me and wonder why someone involved in fisheries is visiting them. But then I hand them some post and they realise their mistake," he says, laughing that laugh that has made him famous in the NW11 area of London as "the postman who laughs".

Stephen's natural sense of fun and adventure comes across in the way he delivers mail.

"I don't like the normal way of just putting letters through a letterbox," he explains. "It's too easy. I

prefer getting fire to the mail on the doorstep, ringing the bell and running away."

This hasn't always gone down too well with his 'public'.

"A couple of times I've been brought up for interpreting a letter through dance. You know, I read it and then try to communicate the contents to the person who the letter was addressed to. It got into an argument with one twit who kept saying, y'know, 'Just give me the letter, and stuff like that. He reprimanded me, but I explained what I was trying to do to the postmaster and everything was OK."

"Basically, if you just want to read letters then go ahead, but don't expect me to bring them to your door. I'm not your fucking delivery boy."

And who can argue with that?

Timothy, brickie

The popular image of bricklayers as thick, ignorant Irish layabouts is soon to be exploded by the work of Timothy Jeffrey. The youngest member of the British Union of Bricklayers, 18-year-old Jeffrey has already caused a storm with his controversial work methods.

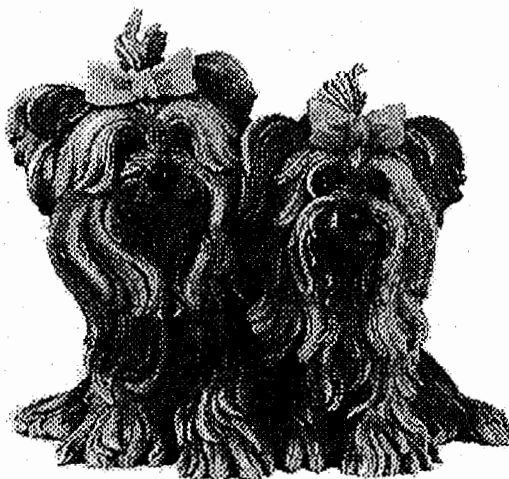
"I don't use cement because I don't like it as a substance. And if a building or a wall or whatever is any good, it'll stand up anyway, without artificial bonding agents."

He also flouts convention by insisting on using round bricks.

"They are difficult to work with, yeah, tending on the main to roll around the place, but I like the loss of control that entails. The definition of a house shouldn't be that it's got four walls and a roof. It should be in a constant state of flux. I like the fact that you can wake up one morning and find that the stairs don't go anywhere, or your house has rolled down to the bottom of the hill."

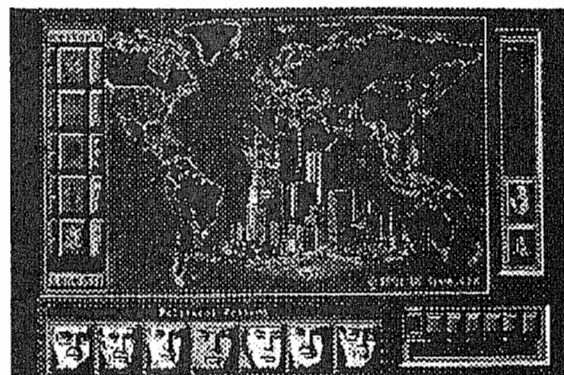
Timothy hasn't worked since he built an extension on his Auntie's house three years ago. He laughs at the memory: "I had the usual complaints ... it fell down, there were injuries, blah, blah. I mean, is that all that's important to you? A firm structure? Reliability? Durability? If you want that, that's fine, but don't call me."

Timothy's phone number is 081 - 222 1778. ("I'll do anything as long as it's unconventional and you're not too worried about quality. Because of the present Tory government, I can't get a grant to work on my own stuff.") Whether or not he'll be hearing from you in the future, you'll certainly be hearing from him.



ogunge? Waif? Seventies? Glam? How passé! Hottly tipped as *the* look for the latter half of '93 is what we at The Farce have fondly dubbed the canine look. Big hair and a black, wet nose are going to be *de rigueur* in all the right clubs this summer, so start trawling the boutiques for large pink bows now! And remember where you read about it first.

this month's new beers. More exotic beer from the Far East hit the better clubs this summer. *Alkohol* is the first pure 100 per cent alcohol beer to become available in this country. The distinctive steel can is reinforced with lead, as a normal can would melt on contact with the tar-like content. The beer cannot be drunk, due to its non-viscous nature and must be spread on a slice of bread or cream cracker before consumption. The beer is enormously popular in Tokyo's fashionable Kyo district, where clubbers have been eating it while wearing nicotine patches all over their bodies and smoking cigarettes. The effect, says one club manager, has been "catastrophic" ... In Hong Kong club-goers have been going spray-crazy with *Aromabeer*, the first aerosol beer. Useful both as a perfume and a beer, it is sprayed into the mouth like a breath freshener and travels straight to the back of the throat where it more quickly absorbed into the bloodstream. This leads to a ten-second high, followed by a 15-minute depression. However, it's been the hit of the year in the Madam Con-Too's club, where patrons have taken to spraying it into their eyes, causing temporary blindness ... *Heinz Beer*, the 'beany beer', is the Heinz corporations' first non-food produce. Boasting a zero per cent alcohol content, the beer has a beany, ketchupy flavour and is also quite filling. Its state-of-the-art label design (by *enfant terrible* Linford Brady, he of the startling cover for the Japanese edition of Bret Easton-Ellis' *American Psycho*) may distract people from noticing that it is not, in fact, a beer.



computer love

Hot on the tail of Sonic the Hedgehog II comes *Grunge: The Game*. Choose from a vast array of characters from Tad Doyle to Mark Arm. The aim of the game is to win yourself a record contract with Geffen and become world famous on the coat tails of your good pals, Nirvana.

Of various levels is included The Indie Label/ coloured 7" vinyl years. Bonus collectability points can be scored for those whopick up the Thurston Moore power pill and make a record on his little known label Ecstatic Peace. The SubPop years comprise the second level, with bonus points if you can form a supergroup with Don Fleming, Richard Hell or Martin Bland. Subsequent levels, referred to as the Geffen years involve getting through complicated liggig, snorting speed and wild orgies with Axl Rose. To complete *Grunge* successfully you must get to the top of the charts without signing away all artistic integrity, carefully avoiding the hordes of kids shooting 'sell out' poison arrows. It's sure to be a winner.

Hot gossip around the traps at the moment is that at the opening of the tres chic Optima gallery last week, rebel of the moment bad-boy Brett Anderson of Suede made the dreaded social faux pas of comparing the work of photographer Jean Claudette, whose exhibition opened the gallery, to that of dated Belgian air brush artist Fedor Koludrovich. Gaspol! Some boys never grow up.

TRIPER

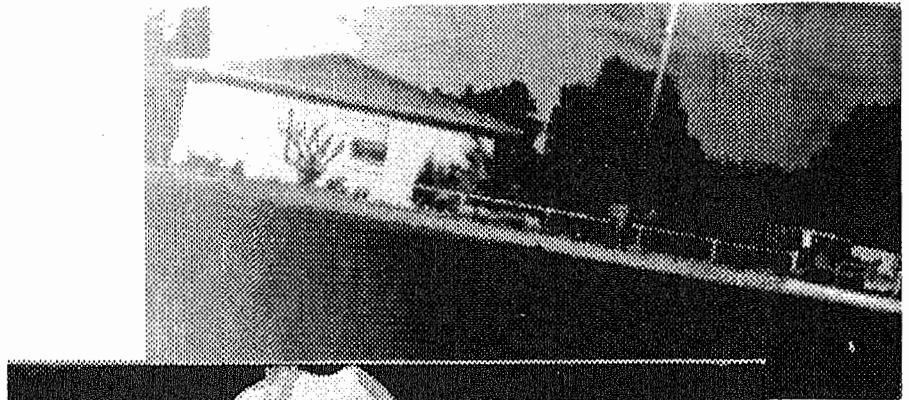
it's very rare that an artist can be defined by his photographs. There is, however, always an exception to the rule.

Although somewhat reserved when it comes to talking about his art, hip new photographer Kevin Surname is sure of one thing: "I dunno," he says candidly, "they're just some pictures I took around the house." Striking for its use of soft focus, dutch angles and incitful close up shots, Kevin's latest exhibition has set the art world ablaze. Entitled "Uncle Frank's birthday", Kevin has chosen to dedicate the entire exhibition to his inspiration, the great man himself; "Yeah, he's, OK, y'know. I just took the photos 'cause Mum told me to."

Individual pieces are tipped to fetch a cool million each if Kevin decides to sell at the end of the year. Hot favourites include "Frank and Irma's house", "Davo having a smoke" and the chillingly honest "Self portrait", the latter predicted to cause quite a commotion when the exhibition goes to New York in June. The focus of the collection, however is Kev's personal tribute to his beloved uncle. Simply titled "Frank", the brutal charm of this picture, coupled with Kevin's signature use of light, is sure to make it a landmark moment in photography.

When questioned about his methods and equipment, Kevin wasn't about to let us into any of the technical genius that make his shots so unique. Any hints, Kevin? "Ummm, I used one of those throwaway camera's. You know, the yellow ones."

Kevin Surname is certainly a name to watch.



JAMAICA

ADELAIDES PREMIERE REGGAE BAND



COME OUT
SKANKIN AT:-

LONDON TAVERN
FRIDAY 13th AUGUST
10:00pm - 1:00am

KENT TOWN HOTEL
SATURDAY NIGHTS
9:00pm - 1:00am

political correctness

a how to guide

The latest conversational fad to sweep the nation is a must for all wishing to climb the social ladder. Nothing is what it seems in PC speak. During those heady conversations over a Latté and Foccacia it is imperative to say the "right thing" so as not to be seen to be reinforcing the oppressive and inherently conservative standards set upon the individual by society. In this handy rip out guide the Farce's Josephine Tiddy tells you how to be right on and avoid offending those pesky minorities. And remember if in doubt the old adage: "I'm not (insert prejudice of own choice) but..." never fails.

Josephine Tiddy contemplates another lager, and probably the Mabo debate as well



- Old = Chronologically gifted
- Short = Vertically challenged
- Tall = Vertically gifted
- Ugly = Aesthetically challenged
- Overweight = Horizontally gifted
- Girl = Pre-woman (or is that womyn)
- Boy = Pre-man (or is that myn)
- Depressed = Mentally non-positive
- Failed = Achieved a deficiency
- Liberals = Intellectually challenged
- Labor party members = Factionally challenged
- Wimmin = Spelling(ly) challenged
- Derryn Hinch = Challenged
- Surfers = Conversationally challenged
- Rob Brice = Managerially challenged
- Beverly Hills 90210 = Scriptually challenged
- Dead = Mortally challenged
- Athiest = Spiritually challenged
- Agnostic = Not sure if they are spiritually challenged
- Christian = Evolutionally challenged
- Australian = Culturally challenged
- Bangladesh = Tidally challenged
- Somali = Dietarily challenged
- Steve Vizard = Comically challenged
- Blind = Aurally gifted
- Deaf = Visually gifted
- Kerry Packer = Economically gifted
- The Advertiser = Editorially challenged
- Earth Mothers = Menstrually gifted
- SNAGS = Identity challenged
- John "Pigs Fuckin' Arse, Buurp" Elliot = Nasally gifted
- Warwick Fairfax = Stupidly gifted
- Michael Jackson = Pigmentationally gifted
- War-wick & Joanne Capper = Financially challenged
- Nazis = PC Challenged
- The STA = Chronologically Challenged

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Kenneth Bloody Wills: Academic, Musician, Legend

Those of you who have been to the Student Records Office, the Careers Service or the Vice-Chancellor's Mud-Wrestling Pit will have been into the Kenneth Bloody Wills Building. But how many people really know the full story of the superstar whose name adorns this great edifice? *The Farce* caught up with the great man who has had such an extraordinary career in so many fields, and finds out his next move...

Meeting Kenneth Bloody Wills for the first time is an intimidating experience. As I walked into in the small, urbane coffee shop (*The Exploited Nicaraguan*: their apple turnover is impeccable) in downtown Paddington where the interview was to take place, a sheepish looking gentleman in a duffle coat and a *Romper Stomper* T-shirt had just approached Wills' table asking him for an autograph. Wills, as always, obliged with a smile. "It's embarrassing," Wills admitted as I sat down with my latté, "but you live with it. It's a bit annoying when they want to talk for ages about my work, but I guess my art lends itself to in-depth analysis... so maybe I bring it on myself," he chuckles. "Nowadays, I guess I'd notice it more if no-one ever approached me: it just becomes part of your life after a while." Most people know Kenneth Bloody Wills as the genial ocker renowned for pissing his initials up against a wall and singing light-hearted racist folk songs. But there is another side to the artist, a side which has seen him complement his comic talents with a successful career as University administrator and Professor of

Anthropology. It all started back in 1982, when KBW's comedy was going through an early, experimental phase: "At that stage, I used to just invite minorities over to my house and beat them up while my friends laughed," he recalls with an embarrassed chuckle. "It was all pretty primitive by today's standards, but it was so much fun back then: there was less pressure on. Just me and my mates, you know? Now it's all big business." His eyes glaze over sentimentally as he stares out onto Cino St. It's at times like this one gets the impression that Wills is a romantic at heart, secretly yearning for the uncomplicated days before stardom arrived at his doorstep. However, with his talent, it was



Kenneth has always been renowned for his impassioned live performances: "I like to give my fans everything," he says.

inevitable that big business would track him down. The big break came in 1984 after his self-financed debut LP *Close-Up of My Perineum* made waves on the national charts. "Well, I was just this scruffy kid wandering into record shops in Perth trying to get them to stock a few of my records: soon they were calling up telling me they'd sold out, and demanding more. Before I knew it I was number two on the West Australian charts, and number 41 nationally, and this was all from an office in the back of my garage!" Inevitably, record companies descended and, after a bidding war, his second album *I've Been to Number Two* was his first in a three-record contract with Kelvinator Whitegoods allegedly worth in excess of \$500,000 to Wills (a figure he refuses to confirm or deny). *I've Been to Number Two* went to No 3 nationally, and its follow-up *See Mrs Slokum's Pussy* peaked at No 5. However, while his wallet was getting thicker, some critics complained that, creatively, the plot was thinning.

"In retrospect, that was fair criticism. The record company kept pushing me to record and tour, record and tour, and the pressure of having to produce new product every year to keep the fans happy was a great drain on me," he recalls. "It was just as much my fault, though. When you first become famous, it's like 'Wow!'. You just want to grab hold of it and shake it for everything it's worth, because you never know how long it's going to last. I'm the first to admit that back in the mid '80s I got a bit too carried away with the fame side of things, and my records suffered. "That said, *Mrs Slokum* still has some of my favourite work on it. I was especially proud of "I Fucked Your Sister Too", and "The Drink-Driving Song" really charted new territory for me," explains Ken. "A lot of artists like to divorce themselves from their earlier work, but I really miss not playing some of the old songs. They're almost like my first children: if I was to tour again, I'd definitely have them on my set."

By 1986, the pressures of stardom were starting to toll on KBW, and he began looking for a release valve. "I'd just seem so many of my friends descend into the whole drink, drugs and promiscuity scene, and half of them were dead or all washed up. I knew I didn't want to go that way, but... well, it was tempting for a while," he candidly admits.

"I guess the reason I'm so against drug abuse is that I saw myself going down that path for a while. One day, I just woke up after a huge night where me and- I think it was Wendy James, Tex Perkins and Tony Hadley from Spandau Ballet- shoved half of the Columbian national product up

our noses. I just looked at myself in the mirror and asked myself, 'Do I want to keep living like this?', and the answer was yes. However, I couldn't afford it, so I soon gave up."



"Who Farted?" asked Ken in his 1985 song of the same name.

These days, Wills is renowned for his anti-drug stand, and selflessly donates many hours in volunteer work for the Take the Piss Foundation, which kidnaps alcoholic kids ("or anyone who looks like they might be in danger of alcoholism: it's a forward-looking Foundation," explains KBW) from the streets of

run-down urban areas and sends them away to country re-education camps. Typically, Ken modestly downplays his contribution: "I spend a lot of time with them, for sure. But I don't do it for the publicity or out of a sense of guilt or anything. I do it because I love the kids," he enthuses, and his eyes gleam with genuine excitement as he turns his attention to the Apricot Falafel which Yvonne has just brought to our table.

In 1987, Wills shocked the music community by announcing that he was taking an "indefinite sabbatical" from writing and recording in order to take up the post of Billy Roy Colon Chair of Anthropology at Adelaide University.

"The chance came up, and it was just the right move for me at the time. I needed to get my head around something more substantial, and when not writing scatological songs which breach most state Anti-Discrimination Acts, I've always spent a lot of my time studying the theories of Levi-Strauss and Weber. They certainly

influenced a lot of my work: a few astute people realised when I released "Blue Flamin' in Kalgoorlie" that it betrayed a strong Weberian heritage, and I'd be foolish to deny that. "Most of my better work, I think, is anthropological," he adds seriously. "The great tension in a lot of my art has been to find the middle-ground between the comic or showbiz elements and the more academic, analytical side of things. Between the head and the heart. And the nine inches of hard cock. You can never find the perfect balance, but I try," he adds with an endearingly goofy smile, and I can't help but be amazed at how unpretentious and

affable this much-revered man can be at times. After spending 2 years in the Anthropology Chair (during which he won the prestigious Allan Pankowitz Prize for Offending Students),



Wills downplays allegations of romantic links between himself and Julia Roberts, although insiders say that his song "Wanking in the Back Row" was dedicated to her.

Kenneth took up a position in the University Administration as Deputy Pro-Vice-Chancellor (Maintenance) of Moving Bits of Paper Around Slowly at Great Expense. Given his distinguished record as a teacher and scholar, everybody wondered, Why? "I just needed a new challenge. I never like stagnating anywhere," Wills says, a little defensively. As a man without any experience in administration, some within the University community sniggered when he was appointed. There were even some rumours of bias on the part of the selection committee; Wills, however, defends the way the system worked: "Everyone knew that Professors Buscemi and Swammerdüng were academic colleagues of mine; there was no secret in that. Of course, not everyone knew that I was sleeping with them, but these things happen. All of the other candidates had an equal opportunity to use their erotic wiles: there was nothing biased about the process.

"As the saying goes, you can get help to find a position, but no-one else can make you look good once you're there. Sadly, that turned out to be true."

trusted to behave in a responsible manner. No-one was denying his genius, but it was a little too erratic for the routine nature of administration," says the University Registrar of the time, Toxteth O'Grundy (now a Liberal Senator in Canberra and Shadow Minister for the Status of Warwick Capper). "His position paper 'Graduate Students on Campus: Seventeen Years at Uni and You Still Can't Find a Fuckin' Job?' canvassed all of the major issues, but I'm the first to admit that it alienated sections of our community."

After the report was released, a series of ugly incidents between Wills and the PostGraduate Students Association culminated in KBW spraying Milton Brown, the then-Textiles Officer of the PGSA, with purpled faeces. "I wasn't proud of what I did," says Wills, "but I'd been consistently goaded and provoked by him for months, and I just lost my cool for an instant."

The PGSA claimed otherwise, alleging that Wills had called a photographer friend, Grosby Grindle, the morning before the incident and arranged for him to be at the scene of the confrontation, where he took a number of photographs.

Wills was widely criticised by students, academic staff and even fellow administrators during his first few months in the job for his "inappropriate attitude and approach" towards the position. "There was a broad feeling that he couldn't be

Despite the fact that a picture of the incident adorned the cover of Wills' comeback LP, Kenneth strenuously denies any premeditation on his part: "It was a purely unforeseen, but in retrospect amusing, coincidence. How about another Corona?" he asks, evasively.

In the wake of the Brown Smearing Incident, Wills received an official caution from the University, but was allowed to keep his position. After this rap on the knuckles, Wills underwent a professional transformation, gaining widespread praise for his restrained, moderate and professional approach to the position of DPVC(M). His newfound aptitude for the position was rewarded in 1991, when the University's Mark Bickley is David Silver Committee took the unprecedented step of nominating KBW to have his name adorn the administration building. The proposal was taken up enthusiastically by lobby groups around campus, and became something of a *cause célèbre* for the Adelaide University Football Club.

In the meantime, Wills wasn't concerned by the attention being lavished on him. He was busy planning his next move: "I soon discovered that the only real skills needed to be a University administrator are the ability to set one's alarm clock, drive to work without crashing the car, and socialise with important people while chucking back alcohol at an extraordinary rate. Nothing I hadn't already mastered in the entertainment world."

And so, always looking for a new challenge, Kenneth Bloody Wills turned once again to the music industry. After a "very torrid, sometimes scary" three months in the studio with producer Pik Botha, Wills' fourth album *Back in the Shit* (B.I.T.S.) was released on 13 March

1992, the same day that the renamed Kenneth Bloody Wills Building was officially opened by the Governor of SA, Dame Roma Mitchell. "I am proud that the University has seen fit to name this building after one of its most distinguished office-bearers," said Mitchell at the opening ceremony.

"This guy seems to have made a career out of finding bodily functions and demeaning language amusing," said Shane Sutton, reviewing *Back in the Shit* for *The Advertiser*.

"That sort of callous, ill-considered review hurts, sure," says Bloody Wills. "Any artist who says they don't care what gets written about them is a liar. But I'm just glad that I was vindicated by the general reaction to *BITS*."

Despite *The Advertiser's* lack of enthusiasm, broader critical reaction to the album was rapturous. To sample just a few:

"Wills has obviously done a lot of thinking over the last 4 years: this is his most intriguing, ambitious work to date (pun intended)": Lynden Barber, *Sydney Morning Herald*.

"Kenneth Bloody Wills has, once again, single-handedly changed the direction of Australian music: 'How'd Your Neighbour's Dog Get Pregnant?' is the benchmark against which all future 10-minute epics will be measured": Steven Grappelli, *Brisbane Courier-Mail*.

"Ken is the all-West Australian kid made good, but with *Back in the Shit* he's now even better. Don't dream of driving your convertible down to the beach next summer without "(Crack a Fat On a) Nude Beach" blaring out of your stereo":

Alani Koffelman, *The West Australian*.

"If you're a fan, you'll really like this. If you hate Wills, then maybe you won't. Can you actually believe that I get paid for writing this crap?": Darrin Hyde, *Rip It Up*.

KBW is, once again,

characteristically modest about an album hailed as "a masterpiece" by *Rolling Stone*: "Academia made me really think about the direction of my work. My University colleagues have to take a lot of the credit for the innovative approach I took on *BITS*," he explains. "It's premature to talk of any recent album as a classic, anyway: the full import of *Shit* will be felt in ten years' time." And so, as he has so often throughout his career, Kenneth Bloody Wills once again stands at the crossroads: successful musical career in one direction, and college life in the other. He still hasn't made any firm decision on whether to stay on at Adelaide Uni ("I recently received a very flattering offer from the David Irving Department of History in the University of



Kenneth Bloody Wills today: "I'd like to think that I've grown up a lot over the last ten years. I wear a lot more sweaters, for sure."

Witswaterand, but I had to knock it back" he reveals) or whether to accept a lucrative offer from the Michael Kaffir Corporation to tour nationally in support of *BITS*, which has become his most commercially successful album yet. Whichever way he goes (or indeed, if he continues to go both ways), there appears to be no doubt that Wills' status as one of the greatest living Australians will only continue to grow. And if you see him walking across the Siân Hughes Plaza, don't forget to regale him with his trademark line, "Get yourself up a dog!" "Even after all these years, that line still cracks me up," proclaims Ken, with a twinge of pride. And that's Kenneth Bloody Wills. All over.

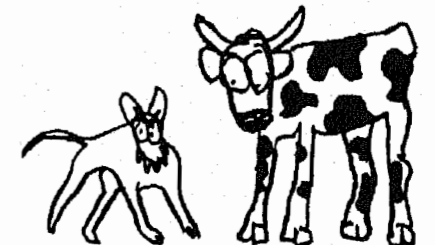
Help, Help, I'm being oppressed

For years now, minority groups have rightfully struggled for recognition in a society that has and still is dominated by white, middle-class males. These minority groups have placed themselves at the forefront of all social change and remain untainted by conservatism even though reactionary conservative groups have endeavoured to regress and thus reclaim their position of prominence and dominance. From this position the rules are made and we as unwilling stooges can only resist and organise to change. To achieve worthwhile change, not just blatant examples of patriarchy and racism should be targeted but the oft overlooked, understated and widely accepted symbols must also be challenged and changed to create an equal and free society. Such is the case with, perhaps, the most insidious symbol of male, white, corporate oppression; the walk don't walk flashing signs. The ones with flashing green and red able-bodied men. Whether they have nine inches of hard, beet-red cock is up to your imagination. These signs are one of the cleverest devices used to subjugate a person's individuality and keep the paradigm intact. The traffic lights trivialise and limit our individuality, freedom of expres-

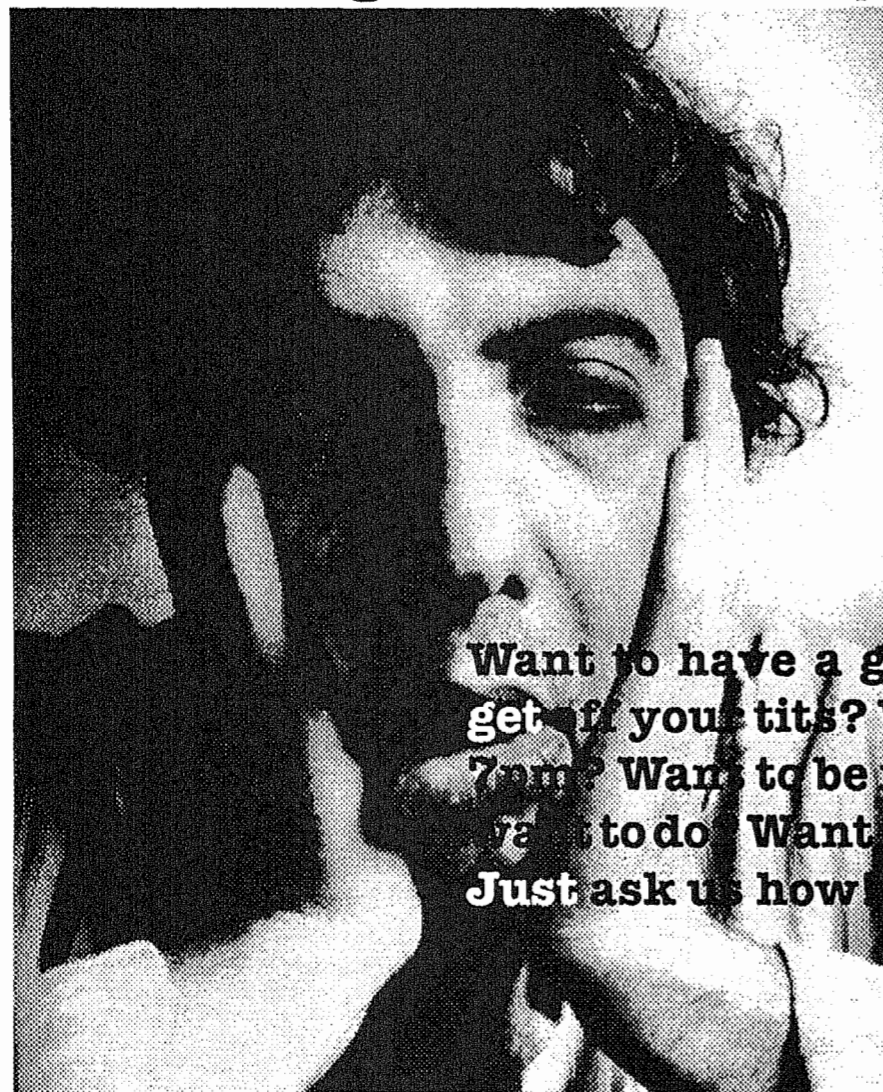
sion and freedom of thought in many ways; none of which are good or morally right. By categorising behaviour into two categories and limiting individual expression to these two categories, the walk signs force us to conform to limited stereotypes of who we are and who we can be. Individuality is too diverse to fit into two neat categories therefore walk signs should be as diverse as the humanity and personalities that they purport to represent. If you elect not to follow the demands and express yourself, you are fined, subjected to punishment, thus non-conformity is actively discouraged. This further strengthens the inherent conservatism that the walk signs represent and actively perpetuates the classist society. The walk signs follow narrow conventions that exist to control behaviour. Walk between the lines or get run over is the message espoused. Be orthodox or die. Conform or else. This further strengthens the hold of patriarchy as this is the norm in society. Walk signs are authoritarian, actively impinging on the basic freedoms of right, movement and thought that "democracy" supposedly seeks to uphold. By stereotyping the decision making process and using a masculine figure to represent it, patriar-

chy is reinforced. The representation of decision making as a male bastion marginalises any other group in society and refuses to acknowledge any contributions that they could make. This stereotyping only allows able bodied men to make decisions and can be extrapolated to mean that ablebodiedness equals decision making ability and therefore intelligence. This narrow definition of intelligence excludes all groups apart from able bodied men and thus can only insult all free thinking folk. Some who don't mind fart jokes incidentally. The worst factor in this disgusting state of affairs is the marginalisation of all minority groups and the marginalization of a majority group aka females. Not once do you see a representation of a physically challenged person demanding you to walk or wheel. Not once do you see a chronologically gifted figure encouraging you to follow it's directions. Not once do you see a little nipper controlling your walking directions. Never do you see an indigeneous person shepherding the masses across the street. Women are just not represented at all, perhaps the architects of this dastardly scheme would prefer them to be still in the kitchen

pumping out the progeny and the lamingtons. Fuck 'em I say. Put all of the above factors together and you have a recipe for disaster, a recipe to hold the teetering tiered cake that is society together. A recipe that will keep male, white, corporate sluts at the top controlling our slice of the cake. Historically, the free thinkers of society have contributed the most when outside pressure has been negligible and societal subjugation has not been present. The sharp decline in the popularity of left thought and the numbers in the various groups of anarchists such as anarcho syndicalists, Up against the Wall motherfuckers etc. can be correlated to the sharp increase in the number of traffic lights and pedestrian lights. For first hand information ask one of your chronologically gifted relatives about the comparative numbers of lights before and after the War. This is why it is so important to express your individuality and contempt for the rigid society that we live in by ignoring these symbols, expressing your freedom and individuality and jaywalk till your feet bleed. Brought to you by the marginalised letter Z.



D the good drug guide



Want to have a good time? Want to get off your tits? Want to dance until 7am? Want to be free to do what you want to do? Want to lose weight now? Just ask us how!

First, we asked the stars what they like to 'go off' to on the night of a big concert:

Nick Cave: "Smack. It got me where I am today. Heroin writes most of my songs, performs in my backing band, and cleans my house for a couple of hours every Tuesday. I don't know where I'd be without it."

Bobby Gillespie (from Primal Scream): "Ecstasy and speed is a great combination. A bit of coke too. In fact I'm

the only person in Britain to have out-consumed Bez from the Happy Mondays. It's a proud record to hold. In fact, I'm partial to anything. I'm not fussy. Didn't bring some Tipex to the interview, did you. Or some glue?"

Evan Dando: "Um... I guess it's, um... what was the question?"

"Yeah... um... I guess that... I ran into a good mate of mine the other day. J. Mascis... he's in Tyrannosaurus Rex, I think... who

K

are you? Did you like my last record? Do you like my hair? Can I refer to Juliana Hatfield for no reason?"

"Look...umm.....you're freaking me out mannn..."

John Major: "Well at Raves I prefer Ecstasy, but at the festivals I go for Dope and Acid, 'cause I want to know how the kids feel, and that's pretty good might I add!" Why do the stars like these drugs? Why can't they have a good time with the straight edge? Why didn't Washington produce more self-righteous hardcore bands? We roadtested the drugs to find out for you...

Speed

Otherwise known as Indian Hemp, otherwise known as Hallucinogens, otherwise known as Vitamin C Tablets, speed is a drug notorious for doing nothing unless you take at least 10g in one hit.

Here in the office, we love speed because it allows people to relate well to each other when work has to be done. This use of speed to facilitate efficiency in decision-making is well-known and used at all levels of government. To take an excerpt from the ABC Documentary *Labor in Power*:

Graham Richardson: "It was a pretty hairy Cabinet meeting. I mean, Paul's volatile at the best of times, but put 15 or 20 grams in him and he just Goes Off, if you know what I mean. The debate over mining in Kakadu went something like this:

"Bob Collins: 'It's a beautiful natural reserve. We can't just rip it...'

"Paul Keating: 'YOU ARSEHOLE! I'll rip your head off! I'll fuckin' murder your

family... (throws a large desk at him).' It just got more violent from there. Drug abuse, mental instability... from there I knew he was our next PM."

So see what sort of job a shitload of speed can get you? Try it now.

Special K

Otherwise known as 'The K'. What more do you want to want for fifty bucks? You're guaranteed to pass out for 15 minutes and feel shit for the next 10 hours. Much like being punched by one of the bouncers out front of the Austral, actually.

Eccy

You're one of my best friends in the whole world. Have I ever told you how much I respect you...? No, I love you [strokes arm enthusiastically]. Would you mind awfully if we had a fuck? In a purely Platonic way, of course. It's just that I adore you so much... (continues for 15 hours or until someone administers a dose of Special K).

Trips

Otherwise known as The Cabbage, Anthony Roediger, The Macintosh, The Exeter, Blue Hair or Frank O'Neill, trips are great for getting to know your best friends even better. Like, have you ever tried sitting down and talking to one of your best mates NON-STOP, LIKE FULL-ON, NO THIS IS SO AMAZING, for 3 hours? See what you're missing out on?

Particularly recommended for those with a predilection for watching Macintosh Screen-Savers for three days continuously.

Dope

Has no nicknames... man.

No known side-effects... man, other than possibly causing a fondness for science fiction novels and the works of Pink Floyd, and an unshakeable belief in the genius of Jim Morrison... actually, there are heaps of side effects, now that I think of it... man. Is monster good fun... man.

Habitual dope-users have been alleged to have reduced vocabularies, stupid shaggy haircuts and a tendency to finish every

sentence with the word 'man'... man. But that's obviously a complete lie.

Cocaine

Sorry, I can't talk. I'm just going out for a 20 km jog. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? DO YOU HAVE A FUCKIN' PROBLEM WITH THAT? I'M FINE. JUST FINE.

Proton Energy Pills

Give you the strength of 20 atom bombs for a period of 20 seconds. As has been said by those in the know, 'When Ramjet takes a Proton Pill the crooks begin to worry/ They can't escape their awful fate from Proton's mighty fury.' Recommended by those in the force.

Panedine Forte: Now this is good shit. Guaranteed to make you feel capable of watching Ray, then Phil then Oprah. Or am I really talking about Valium. (If in doubt about the effects of prescription drugs talk to somebody who is "in the know" ie your Mother).

Red Cordial

To the cogniesetti, this is the drug of choice. Fantastic. You break the law while on it and blame all the preservatives and food colourings. If you are a only child you can pass off your "attention deficiency syndrome" as being drug related.



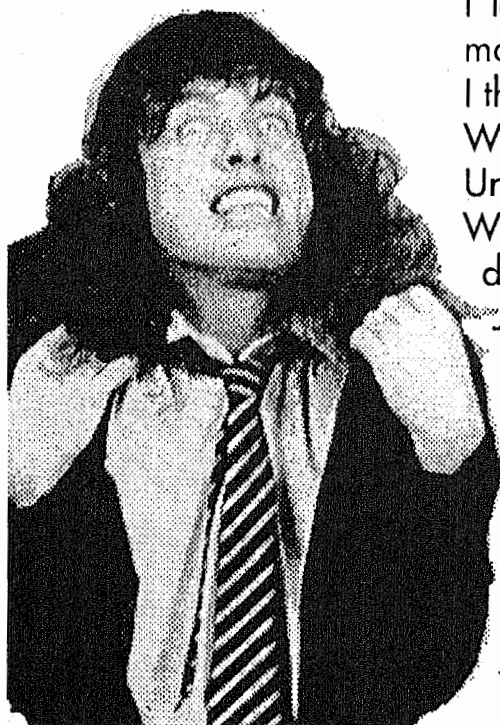
Bundy rum

Prize for bogan literature

The University is proud to announce the Bundy Rum Prize for Bogan Verse. 50 bucks and a case of the good stuff will be given to the finest example of poetic genius churned out by the bogan students of this fine institution.

The Bundy Rum Prize for Bogan Verse was established from a bequest by Ted Bundy in co-operation with the "There is No Life After Chisel" Fan Club.

To fuel your creative juices, here are a couple of examples of winners from past years:



My Fuckin' Chick

My fuckin' chick walks down
the street

Gentle as a sigh

My despair is like the deep-
est month of June

You better get your fuckin'
hands off her

Maaaate

I love her more than my
mag wheels

I think that she and I

Will be together

Until we split up

Which is fuckin' soon if she
doesn't keep her eyes off
Jason.

Ode to the Jimmy

"Well I sold my soul to
the Southwark man
Khe Sahn..."

My soul sings when I hear
them first two lines

They're fuckin' grouse
Make me wanna beat some
shit head up

Jimmy is a legend
I love his sensitivity
Soft as an autumn sigh
'Cos when a man loves a
woman

He can't keep his mind on
nuffink else

Except for Sharon, that
spunky chick who works in
the Packing Section of Bi-Lo

Bogan Haiku

There's a lady who's sure
All that glitters is gold
And she's buying a house
In Salisbury

(Sorry, I couldn't come up
with a fifth line that ended in
a word that rhymed with
Salisbury)

PR



SH

FRIDAY, 13TH AUGUST, 1993

8.30 am Beer and Champagne Bike'n'Breakfast
Barr Smith Lawns / Mayo Refectory (if wet)

1pm Free band (Marshall Fig) in the UniBar

2pm Skulling Competition
Barr Smith Lawns

4pm Pub Crawl
Begin in UniBar

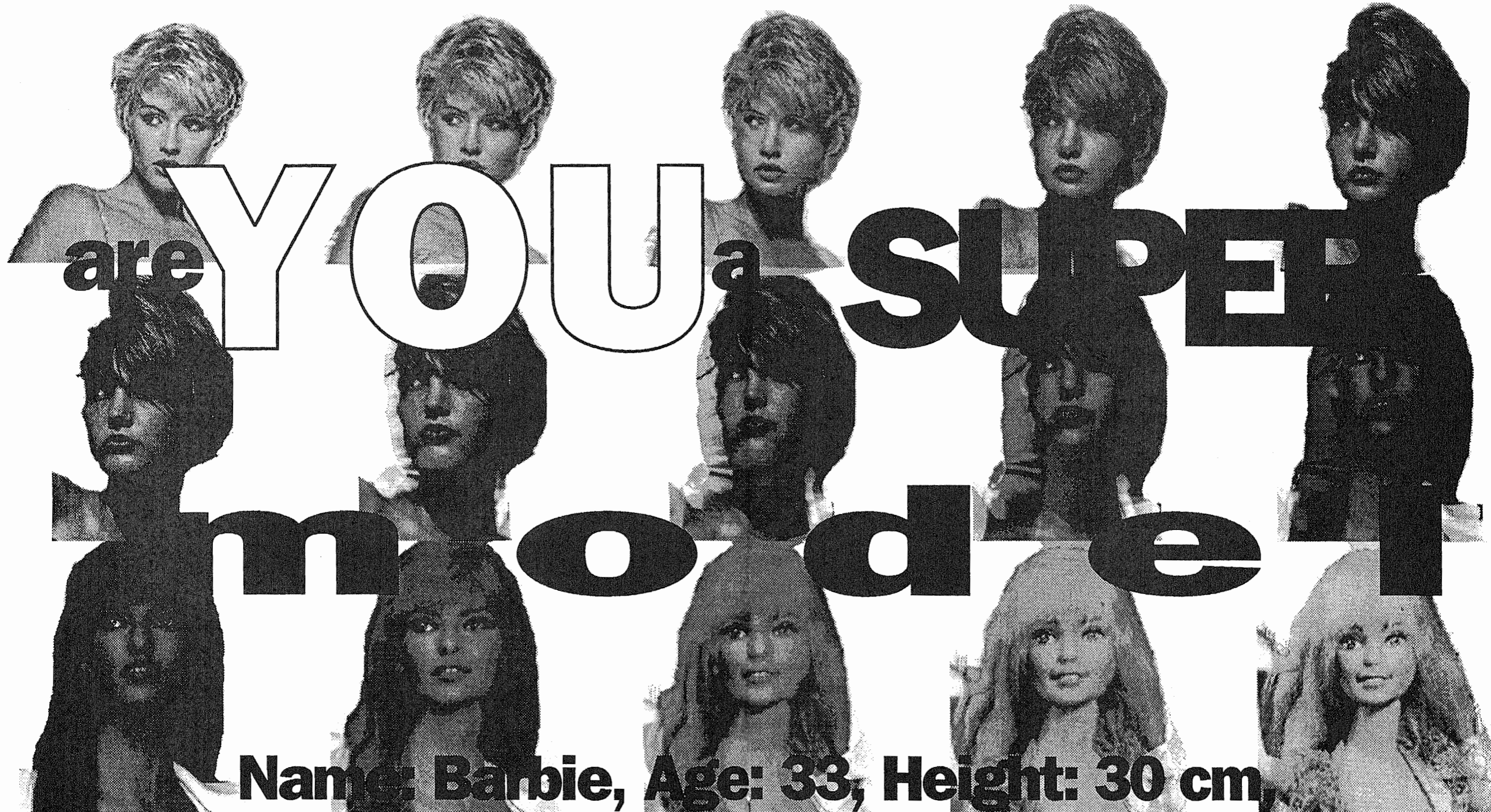
8pm PROSH AFTER DARK !!
Party Hard - Union Building

All proceeds to the
Aboriginal Community Recreation and Health Services Centre
of South Australia

COPEERS
BREWERY



BALFOURS
FOR ALL THE RIGHT REASONS



are **YOU** a **SUPER**
model?

Name: Barbie, Age: 33, Height: 30 cm,

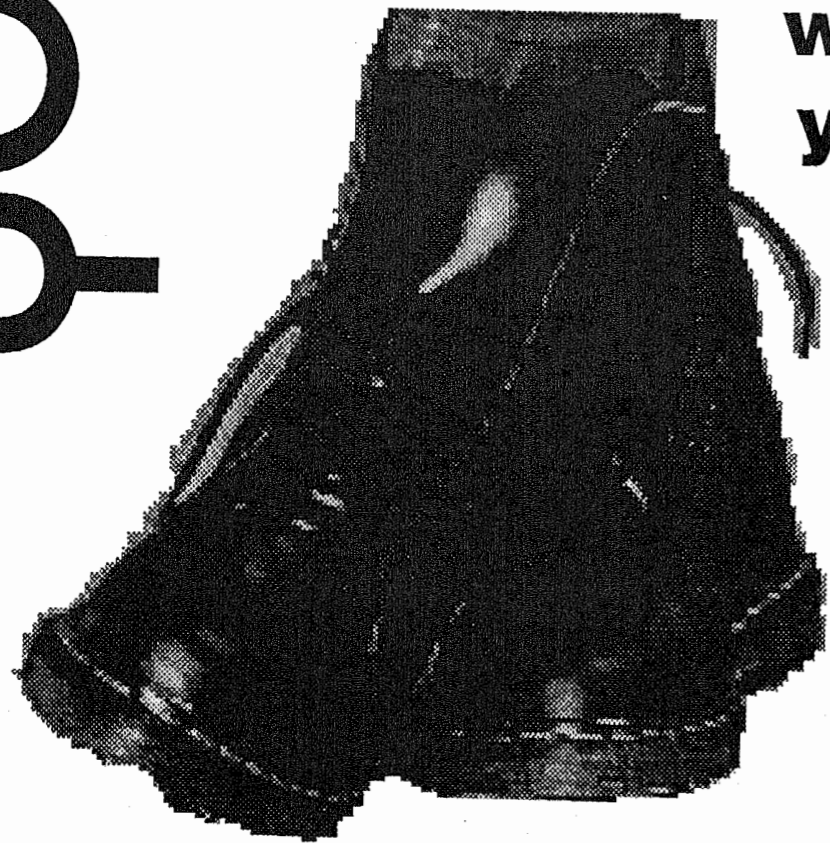
Income: \$1,000 Million plus per annum, Favourite colour: Pink

Did you know? 2 Barbies are sold every second in over 100 countries! Barbie has had over 500 makeovers! Barbie started life as a fashion model but has been a ballerina, a surgeon, athlete, aerobics instructor, business exec., doctor, rock star, and sergeant in the marine corps. In many regards, Barbie is held up to be the rolé model for millions, yet she bears scant resemblance to any real person... or does she. We are proud to present the ultimate super model.

alternative

UP
RO
Y

**What you wear is
important than who you
termines who your
are, how much they
and your position in
scheme of things.
do you belong to?**



**want to
your**

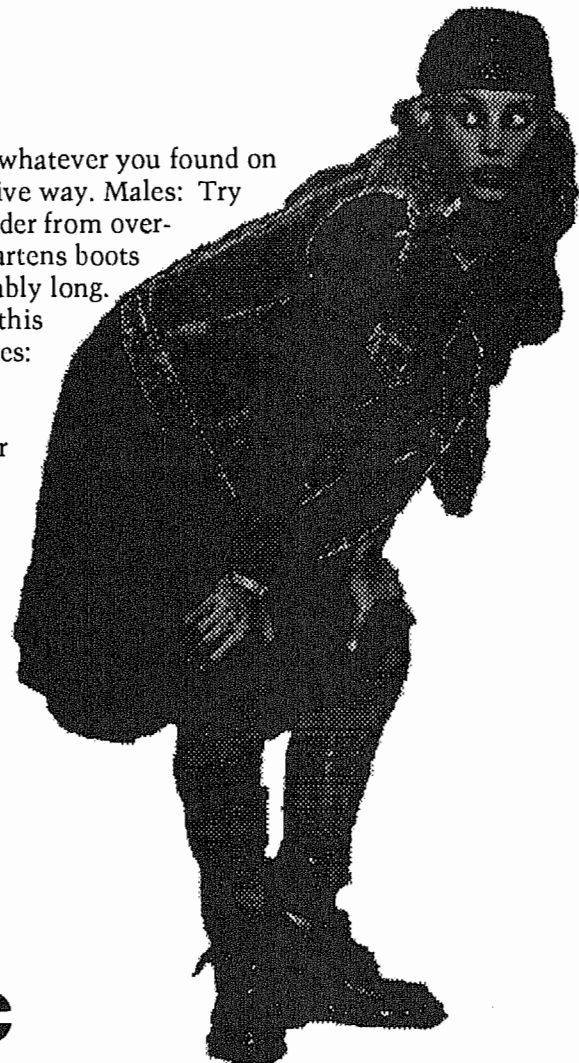
**more im-
are. It de-
friends
like you
the social
Which tribe
Which tribe do
you
belong to? Read on and make
choice; there is only one thing
to remember, and that is to
conform to your non-conform-
ity!!!**



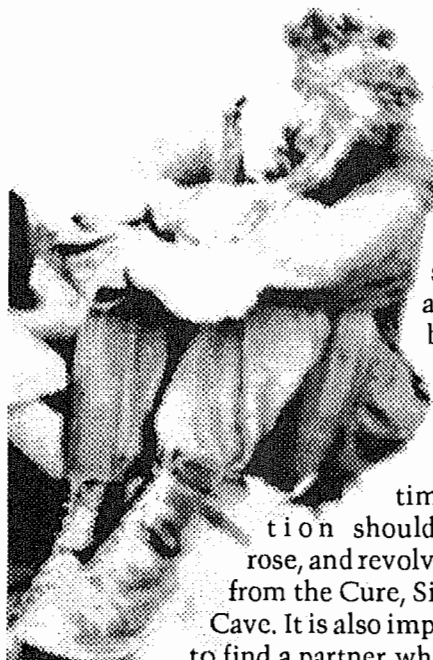
Fashion

Grunge

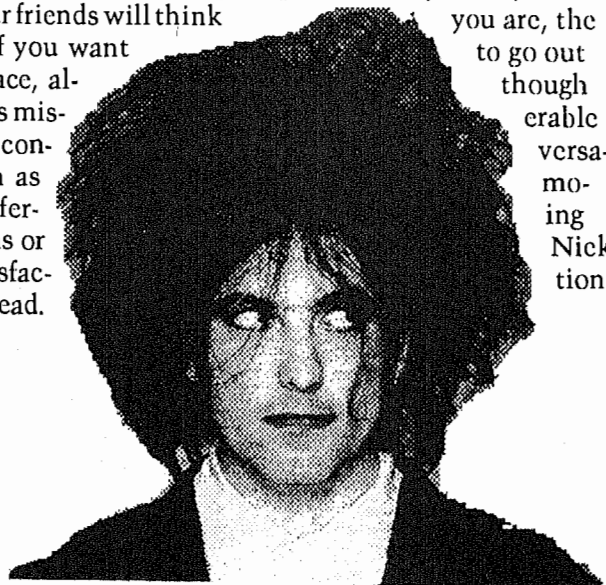
The key to the Grunge look is to look as if you are wearing whatever you found on the floor when you woke up this morning, but in an expensive way. Males: Try to obtain really obscure band T-Shirts, preferably by mail order from overseas. You will also need a flannelette shirt, jeans, and Dr Martens boots or Converse All Stars shoes. Hair must be messy and preferably long. Make sure mummy doesn't iron your flanny or T-Shirts, as this could lead to an embarrassing and painful social death. Females: Crochet tops, pants, hats (tea cosies) in fact crochet anything. "Authentic" op shop dresses purchased from Sportsgirl (natch). Pile on haphazard layers- long johns under a sheer floral dress and an out of shape sweater for example. Mismatch patterns- team plaid with florals and stripes. Chunky boots must be worn with everything, be it shorts, dresses or even bathers. Hair must be layered and stringy rather than the shiny, long, all one length look that's been so popular with college girls for years. Conversation should revolve around the latest offering from Sub Pop, plus any band from Seattle. Mudhoney, Nirvana, Pearl Jam and Alice in Chains are words that should appear in any Grungers' conversation.



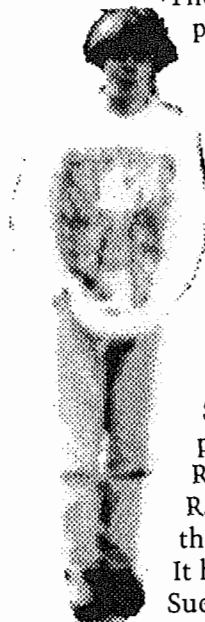
Gothic



Despite being horribly eighties "Goths" are still around, the current batch being about the 5th generation of miserable Cure and Sisters of Mercy fans. Clothes for both sexes must be black, old, and preferably 2nd hand, with tears and holes an option. Capes and top hats are also very popular. Hair (once again for both sexes) must be big, and preferably black (unnatural red, pink or green are acceptable.) Pasty pale skin is preferable. Make up should be worn at all times and must be applied heavily with special attention being paid to the eyes. Nocturnal behaviour is also a big plus, the more vampiresque you are, the more mysterious your friends will think you are, the cooler you will be. If you want to go out though Sanctuary is the place, although you could have just as miserable a time by yourself. Any conversation should include words such as rose, and revolve around the latest offering from the Cure, Sisters of Mercy, Swans or Cave. It is also important for sexual satisfaction to find a partner who is willing to play dead.



Indie kid



The label "indie kid" can prove a trap for young players, for it encompasses such a broad range of fashions. Here are three examples -

Indie purists

Indie kids can be spotted beneath shaggy fringes and baggy band T-shirts; a Ride t-shirt being the standard.

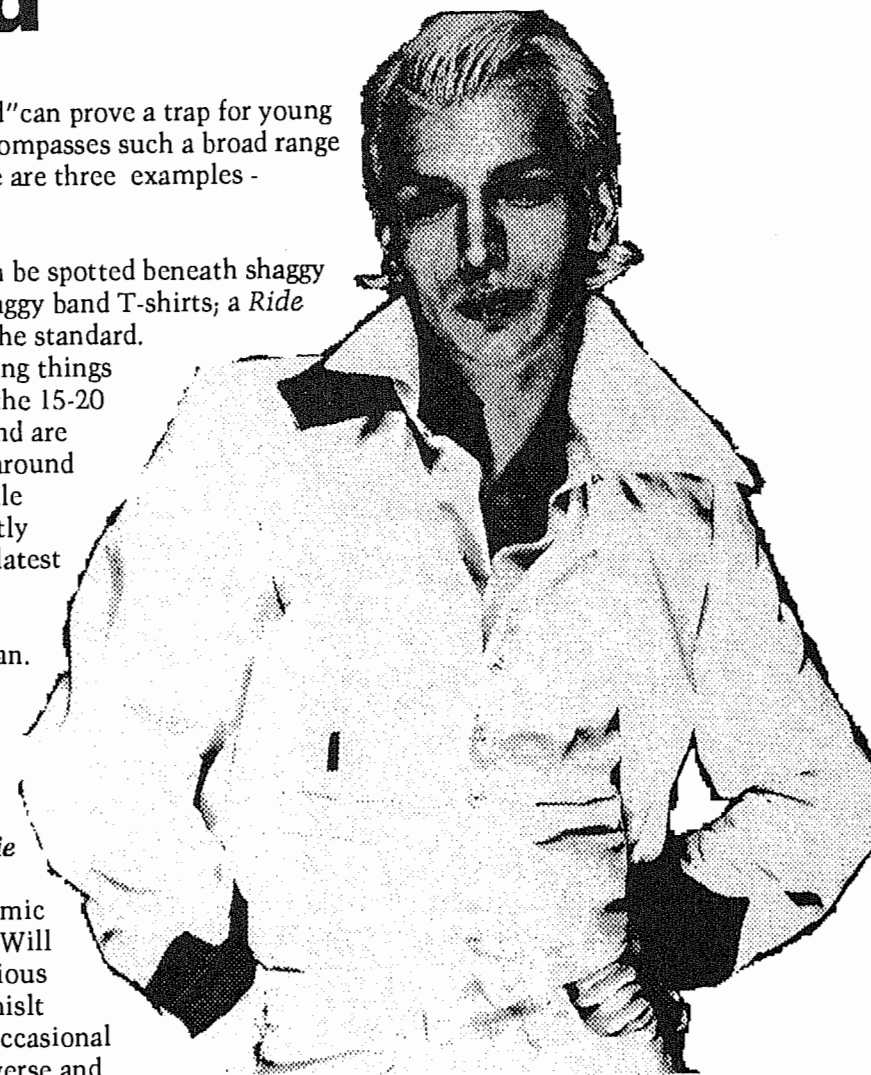
These shy young things are usually in the 15-20 aged bracket, and are found walking around campus or Rundle Street permanently plugged into the latest Ride/Lush/Boo Radleys album on their Sony Walkman. It helps to hate Suede. Gavin

Williams is the granddaddy of this genre in Adelaide. The "I've got 'fuck' written on my t-shirt"/Stourbridge/indie popsters

You will find them at Ned's atomic Dustbin, Wonder Stuff and Pop Will Eat Itself concerts, skulling copious quantities of lager and cider whilst pogoing madly. Long hair, the occasional sign of a dreadlock, crappy converse and grubby t-shirts, long tartan oversized shorts, a penchant for the f-word and a fake Midlands accent are all musts.

The glam rock contingent

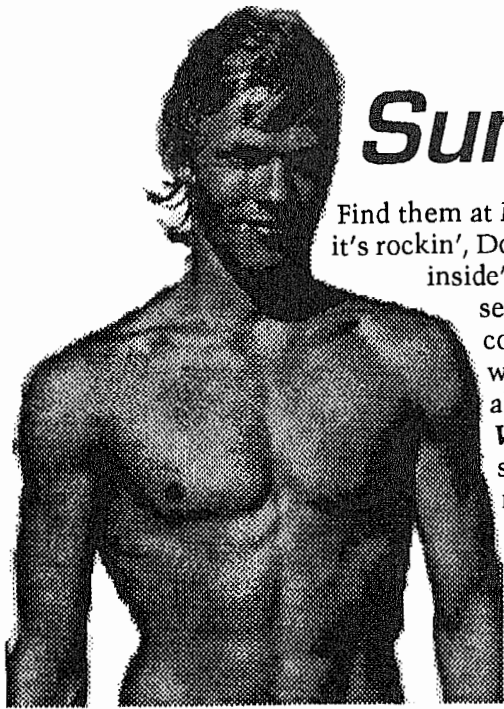
A recent arrival on the scene, this genre has proved itself extremely popular of late. Its origins can be traced back to Ziggy Stardust and T-Rex - David Bowie is openly acknowledged as the god to be worshipped. This scene is appealing to androgynous poseur types who always wanted to be on Countdown but were too young. Suede, Denim, Verve etc...



Bogans

Flannie, Uggies, Salisbury, Monaro, SAFM, Lennics, Beam, Bundy. Some things never change.





Surfies

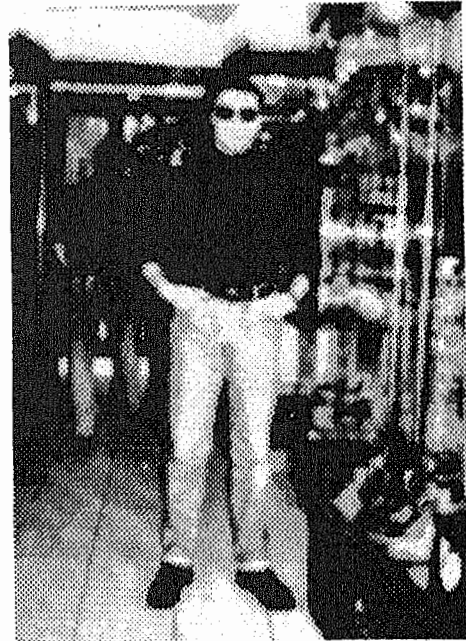
Find them at Middleton Beach, in green Sandman vans with the obligatory "If it's rockin', Don't bother knockin'" or "Don't Laugh, your daughter may be inside" sticker on the back. They exist on Chicko rolls, surf wax, and seaweed. These people have no need for conversation - they are quite content to sit in the back of their Sandman/beaten up old station wagon, smoke a cone and listen to the latest Tumbleweed album(man). Hangouts: the Holdfast and the Seacliff.

Warning: Surfies proper must not be confused with the "plastic" surfies who can be identified by their turquoise Rip-Curl t-shirts, matching board shorts/happy pants, and ripples with fluroescent soles and laces, as well as mummy or daddy's Range Rover with surf board (unused) strapped to the roof, and Oakley sticker across the wind screen.

The Stylish Clubber

Cool, clean-cut and Calvin Klein, and that's not just a description of their underwear, these crisp club goers have left behind the ultra-baggy, ultra-colourful club gear for a more sophisticated style. Paying ex-cruciating amounts of money for trendy labelled clothing is the ulterior motive here is that keeping these labels in business means keeping Rundle Street alive with Chapel St style shops. What satisfying than ducking into Trademarks or Sym chatting with the wave yuppie of techno-er who dreary pouty-with-a-belt-caesar cut also im-fresh only one

for portant faced look is be heavy but definite invest-highly visible of Rundle Street that the down. Renovations are in of style.



choons, ooohing and aaahing over a Lisa Ho number and staff about how STATE went off last weekend. This new-the 90's is not to be confused with the passé extraordinaire still gets around in (groan) dawn gear and hi-techs, or those lipped girls with their baggy-jeans-gathered-around-the-waist-over-body-suit-look. These new smooth edged groovers favour the men and for women the go for hair is just style style style. It is to keep it ultra clean and watch those stray flyaway hairs. The a definat no no, but just remember that make-up should not matte. While this look is versatile, there is prehaps just ment to be made- a pair of gold rimmed Ray Bans, name course. The ultimate place to be seen is that cafe on Health Authorities recently gave the thumbs order but meanwhile, pray café latté doesn't go out

Music

In our continuing mission to bring you all that is cool, The Farce presents a showcase of bands and artists so cool that, in all probability, you haven't heard of them before.....



Roger the Cow

Is it a statement or is it a command, I hear you ask. Well, kids, it's unlikely that we will ever know, because those wacky Stourbridge lads in the band seem to have no interest in divulging to anyone.

"It's just a fucking laugh," was about all I could get from singer/guitarist James T. Picard.

Picard and I are sitting in Birmingham's best known and coolest coffe shop, the Coffe Shop. I suggest that the best place for us to begin would be to discuss the all-important: just how cool he and his bandmates really are.

"No," he replies, "We're just another bunch of lads trying to have abit of fun with our instruments. If other people think we're cool, that's OK for them!"

Modesty is a wonderful thing, but Picard is truly the height of cool, sitting back in his perfectly baggy clothes, his perfect little fringe flopping forward everytime he lights a cigarette, and his middle initial placed perfectly in his name (ie the middle).

This is cool kids.

This is where it's at.

D.F.A.

Hexen Vanderwhoo

Double-bass in hand Hexen Vanderwhoo is fronting her four piece band before a packed house at the Olde England. The small venue suits her sparse, acoustic sound, and she seems in good humour.

Good humour that is until a loud male voice calls from the audience: "I like girls with big guitars." Calmly Hexen pulls a compact Uzi from her pocket and pumps five rounds (all blanks) at the offender in the front row. The somewhat agitated punter leaves. Quickly.

Helen Vanderwhoo is regarded as one of the new "tough women" of British music. After the show I ask her what she thinks of this.

"I kind of like it," she replies. "If some asshole does that sort of thing, I'd rather kick him in the gob than sit back a look embarrassed. I'm not Juliana Hatfield." As if to punctuate the point, Vanderwhoo plucks a mosquito from the air in front of her and crushes it.

Perhaps Hexen is not the strong character people expect her to be. She should have pulled the wings off, really.

Big guitars aren't everything.

P.V.F.



film

all reviews by Timothy Cravatte

A plethora of new and original films have been released and this little black duck has had more popcorn than an entire American teen slumber party lately. Art films seem to becom- ing more widely accepted as the number of arty student types with time on their hands and a predilection to use large words that they don't quite understand increases. All of the latest cinematic adventures attack their visions from a slightly alternative angle but I had my Blundstones and Jesus the Oxywelder skivvy on so I was pompously set.



Lex and Linda in a rare moment of passion

Passion Whine

A John Sayles triumph.

Lex and Linda are your demographically normal teen couple. He has a car; she has the fashion sense and intelligence. Together they cruise the highways and byways of ol' Kentucky until fate deals them a cruel blow. Chantelle, a no-nonsense nurse must supervise their recovery from their accident and Passion Whine tells of their courageous grappling in coming to terms with their burgeoning sexual appetites as well as their never-ending quest for the dozen bottles of Passionwhine that Chantelle has stashed for her own debauched use.

Passion Whine is gritty, realistic and extraordinarily powerful. A veritable salad of a film that combines the eclectic post feminism of Fried Green Tomatoes with the appealing ambience of Driving Miss Daisy with the youthful vigour of Porky's. This film is a tour de-force.

Gas, Food, Lodging.

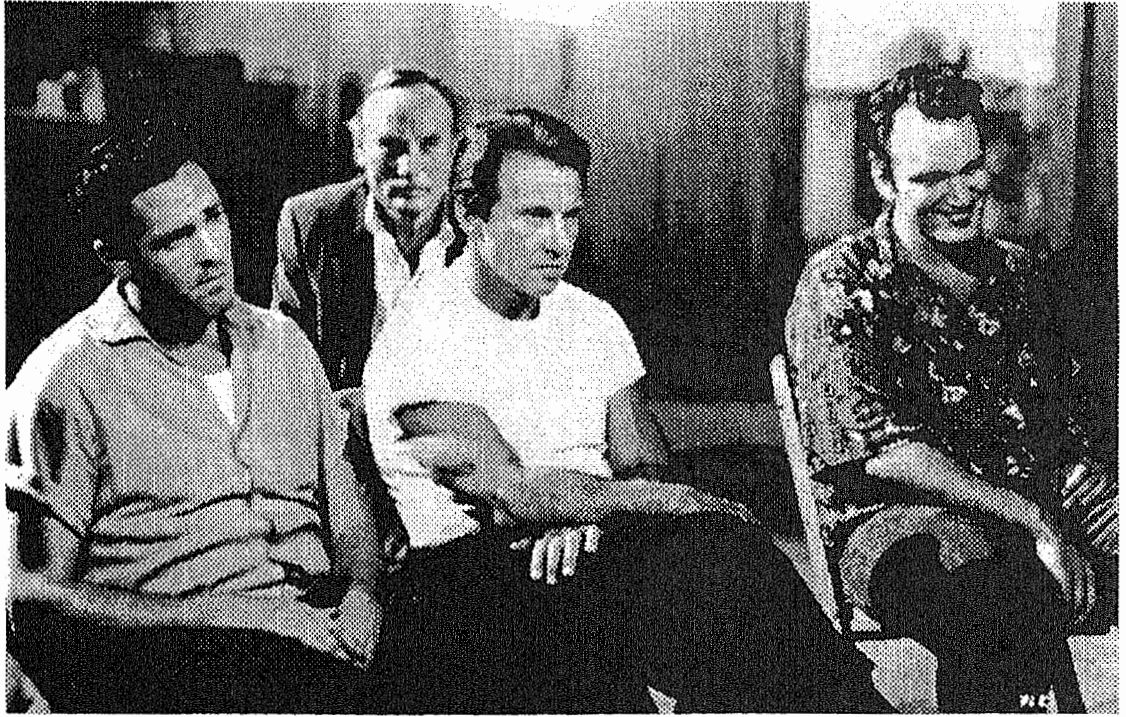
A Peter Greenaway Film.

Greenaway turns his unique vision of post-modernism to a simple tale of a single, white female searching for shelter. An intriguing look at the pitfalls that befalls her in her travels. Greenaway fills the screen with imagery, both symbolic and extraneous, and these images tell of the decline in individuality and of the creeping conformity that is constricting society. By a clever use of a simple advertisement that fills the screen for 57 minutes which is allied to an indecipherable Nymanesque soundtrack, Greenaway bores the plebs shitless, yet allows verbose movie critics to get carried away with the sound of their own typing. This film is a tour-de-force.

Romper Stomper Room

A Geoffrey Wright/SAS production.

This joint Australian production broke all boundaries when originally released. A neo-apocalyptic view of race relations between toddlers in the near western suburbs of Melbourne, Romper Stomper Room is a hardhitting non-judgemental film that pulls no punches. The lead role, Miss Helena conveys the paradox that is her character so well that it is hard to focus on any other character that appears on the screen with her. Several undisciplined bitparts, eg Fay Barrington as Kate & Kelvin Martyn as Smithy, do detract slightly from the gestalt that is R.S.R. Overall, the film leaves the viewer saying "how can this happen?" without leaving them without hope for the future. This film is a tour-de-force.



Reservoir Dogs

A Stanley Kubrick Film

Kubrick's latest odyssey sees him tackling the touchy issue of corruption in the education system. It concerns itself with a group of five individuals brought in to save the ailing finances of Grange, a once prestigious but now floundering university. But it soon becomes clear to the five men (who know each other only by the code-names Sleepy, Dopey, Grumpy, Happy and Doc) that they are being used in a cover-up by "Mr. B", the one truly responsible for Grange's dire straights. Clocking in at five hours it's quite a sitting, but Kubrick's direction, mixing the pathos of *A Clockwork Orange*, the humour of *2001* and the romance of *Full Metal Jacket*, is worth it all. Watch for Gary Oldman, Sam Neill and Madonna in stand-out roles. This film is a tour-de-force.

The Piano

A Jane Campion film.

A disturbing but compassionate viewpoint of the world is one of Campion's trademarks. This viewpoint allied with the quietly understated mysticism that surrounds the viewer gives this film a dreamy hypnotic feel that eases the soul. *The Piano* is the life story of a Steinway baby grand. Expressed from the emotional and spiritual viewpoint of the Steinway, *The Piano* is melancholic yet curiously uplifting. The triumph of the inanimate spirit shines through. Shot from the dark corner of one room, *The Piano* is slow paced yet holds the interest throughout. This film is a tour-de-force.

Sleeping With Yourself.

A Michalengo Antonionioni Film.

The central character, Donald, is a 21 year old student with all the normal problems that students face. This gripping docudrama focuses on his unbelief in his own reality and that of others. *Sleeping With Yourself* is his story and tells of the existentialist angst he suffers when faced with taking an afternoon nap. Should he count sheep or should he have a hot chocolate before going sleepy beddy bobos? Only time tells.

A harrowing in depth look at problems that beset a generation. This cinematic highlight brooks no alternative.....*Sleeping with yourself* takes the viewer to hidden unexplored depths of the soul and forces the viewer to confront their inner self..... Definitely not for the emotionally squeamish. This film is a tour-de-force.

Τη φεστιβαλ γοερ≈σ βιβλε>

The festival goer's bible.



Damascus - 20 miles

The first Festival in the Holy Lands, Dropout in Damascus, was held in 45 AD, and ever since then, in the words of Ismollah Shibboleth, rave organiser for the Shake with the Shah Festival, "the music has got louder and the E has got better."

The popular image of Festivals has always been hopelessly drunk people, probably out of their heads on psychedelic drugs, driving their Kombi vans onto a large field with 60,000 other people to spend a weekend rolling around in mud and reaching new lows in personal hygiene. "This isn't actually too far from the truth," says Oman Wakabier, administrator of the Krazed in Kuwait Biennial Festival, "but the Middle East doesn't have so much mud."

What of the authorities who have always looked on Festivals with such suspicion? "We encourage people to get out and about, and have a good time," said a spokesperson of the Israeli government. "Most governments in the region take a united stand on the issue: if we get the kids out of the battlefields and into the rock'n'rave festivals, it will be better for

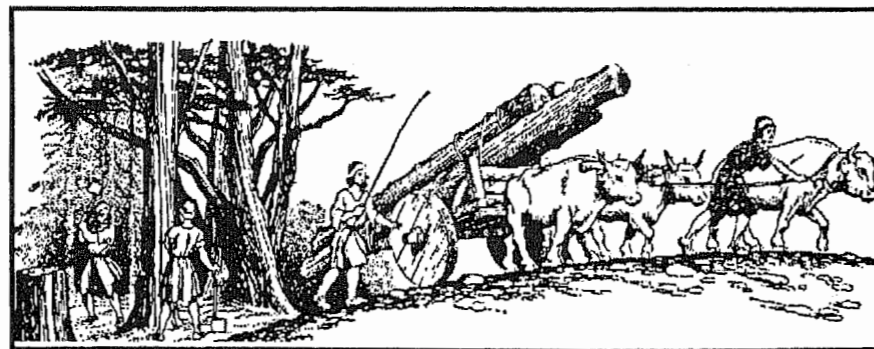
The Festival has become the site of the pilgrimage of a new age of music and culture lovers. Festivals are great places to get smeared in mud and excrement while listening to new indie-rock sensations Jesus Invades Bosnia on a sound-system so distorted that Sheila Chandra would sound like the Jesus & Mary Chain. The problem with Australia is that there aren't enough Festivals, and the problem with England is that it's too wet and you might run into a British rock journalist.

Clearly, the world needs a new Rave Scene: and the Middle East has it.

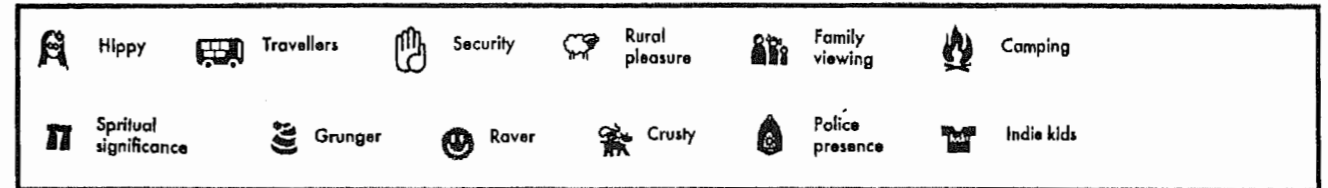
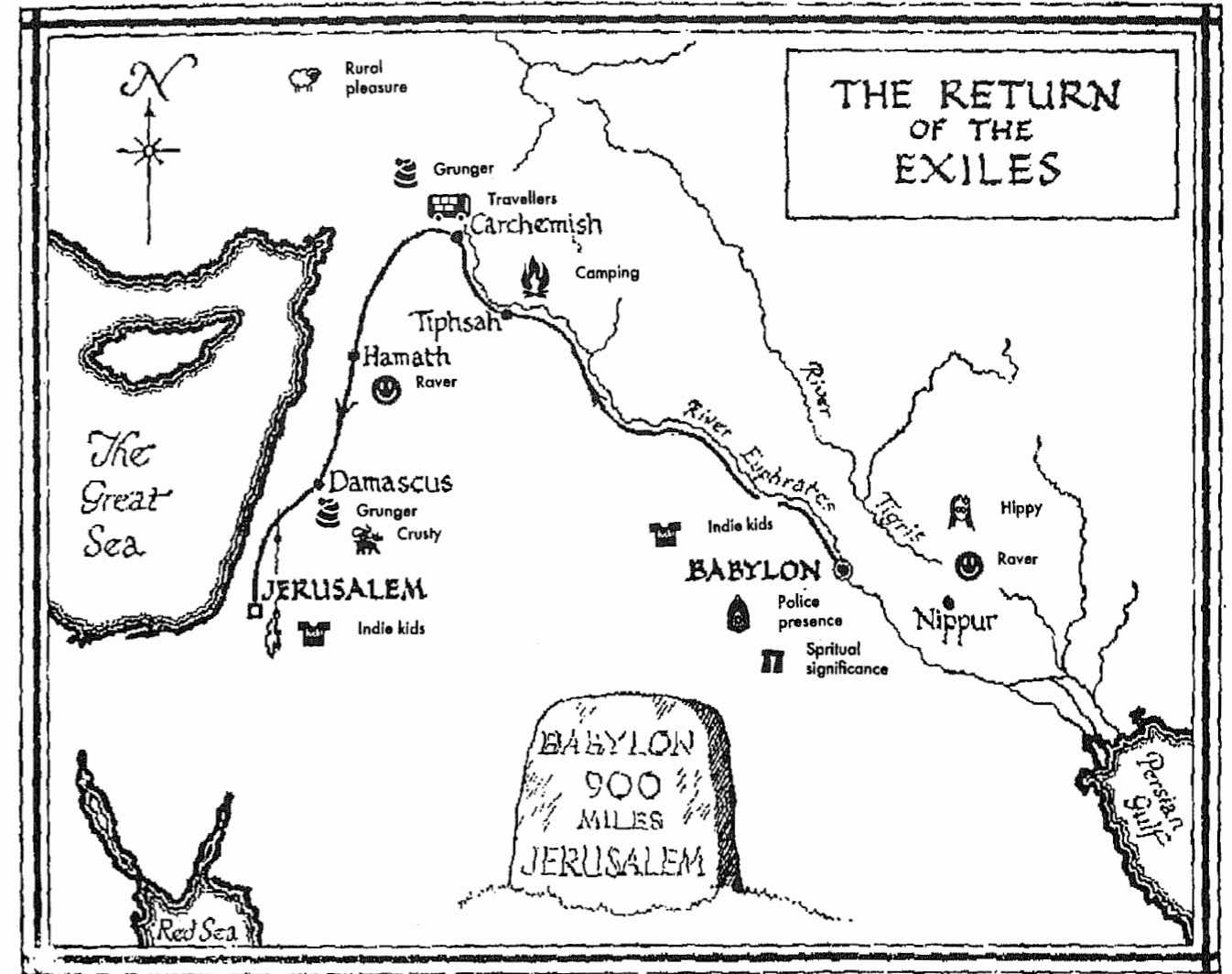
everybody.

After all, would you rather be killing the sworn enemy of your homeland or listening to indie-rock sensations Jesus Crumbs What Modra Drops? I rest my case." There are now 52 separate Festivals in the Middle Eastern region, but *The Farce*, always committed to trivialising complex issues, wants to beef up just one place and one festival as the place to be this summer.

The Jerusalem Jaffa is the biggest Festival in the region, with over 100,000 people anticipated to attend the "'93 Jaf". Headline acts include indie-rock sensations Jesus Burns the Bible, Jesus Attempts the Wok-Skull, Jesus Couldn't Drum, Judas Sells Out and the anarchic Anus Jesus Knife. Other acts include the comedy troupe None of Us Are Called Jesus, leading folk band The Land of Fruit and Nut, and controversial US rap outfit Black



"Everybody in the house of love, one love, one god, everybody in the house of love..."



Jesus Sweetmeat.

For the first time in a Middle Eastern Festival, an experimental noise band (called 'Depeche Mode') will be playing. Promoter of the Jaf, Kakik Uq-Jabba-Abramowitz says that "we're going to really get jolly high on life over the weekend of the Passover. Yes indeed." Pretty heady stuff, huh?

Entry price is two cows and your first-born son.

All of the staff from *The Farce* are going to be there, but we're getting free tickets, so fuck you.



Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path
Psalm 119

Mitsubishi Motors & Midwifery Service Inc.



**For when you want a van that delivers
& we mean deliver.**

New Age Comestibles

OK, you're out of home and living below the poverty level on Austudy, odd gardening jobs, the dole etc. So, how do you act like a real student? Forget the social niceties, forget the table manners that you were taught by your mumsie and dadsie, forget to go food shopping for a fortnight; here's the guide to make you look constantly hungover and pallid for the rest of your University career.

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The setting is a typical 'share' house thus the more students the better. Give your house a silly name (i.e. Hackney half-way house), and put up a lot of ripped posters. For the almighty street cred get old tour posters of way cool bands before they became popular. Don't do the dishes, don't move the empty casks or dirty dishes. The grottier the house, the more suitable. The following guide requires little money or imagination, a few empty soft drink bottles and a craving for alcohol. Face it who among us doesn't mind getting amongst a few little soldiers. Get a few of the housemates together in the grotty lounge room and scrape together your

change and you're on your way. Follow these easy recipes for nights, preferably any weeknight, of bacchanalia

CASK WINE COCKTAILS

WHYALLA SUNRISE

60% Riesling (preferably Buronga Ridge)
40% Fanta (if in doubt 20% Lemonade, 20% O.J.)

Get a horribly chipped schooner glass (preferably stolen from the UniBar) and mix well. Always add riesling first. Bon Appetité.

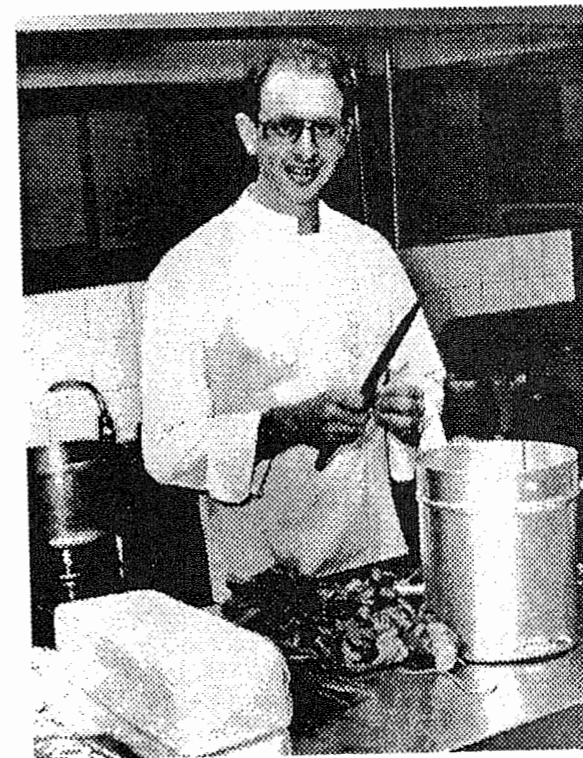
To add an exotic feel to the night, slowly pour a dash of red cordial into it. Layer it as you would a Tequila Sunrise. Guaranteed to impress your scummy housemates.

BALL TWISTER

60% Riesling (the cheaper

the better)
40% Lemonade
If feeling decadent, add a squeeze of lemon off of your neighbours tree

Slop it all together. Even an idiot can make it, you'll feel like an idiot after drinking a couple of these. Excellent for drinking games, easy to drink, a favourite with the kiddies. Drinking etiquette -



more cocktails...

skull, don't be shy. Remember, no social niceties are necessary with this one... Do not be scared if you vomit through your nostrils, it's a side-effect.

CLOCK WORK ORANGE

60% Riesling (Paddlewheel, 1993 Vintage, 5 Litres)
20% Cola
20% Fanta

Gross, don't drink this unless you're completely desperate. Unless you're feeling completely suicidal.

NIGHT OF LONG KNIVES

60% Riesling (has to be Golden Gate)
40% Cola

Mix well and drink quickly. A very good drink to accompany the following 'Greasy Noodles' (that is, if you have a toilet in the close proximity).

ENGINE OIL

50% Claret, preferably mymate Stanley
50% Cola

Great for those cold and lonely nights. Mix ingredients thoroughly by adding claret to a half bottle of Cola. Don't shake. Drink out of bottle whilst watching something on TV that you loathe. Guaranteed to get you the hell out of your house and into the pub.

Food

Here's a couple of tried and true recipes to accompany the previous cocktails. Prepare when completely maggotted, making either way too much or way too little to eat. An iota of imagination is required, yet don't worry, you won't care what the hell you're eating by then. Elect a chef, usually the drunkest person is a sufficient candidate. Beware, these following recipes have a high vomit potential.

THE TYPICAL STUDENT'S DIET

GREASY NOODLES

A huge amount of cheap noodles (NOT Maggi)
Oil (NOT car oil, although that would do the job sufficiently)

Onions, the mouldier the better
Any vegetables starting with the letter 'A'

Actually, any vegetable you have in the cupboard; the more obscure and unusable, the better.
Salty soy sauce
Any other weird sauce.

Chop onions into little eeny weeny bits. Fry off in stupidly large amounts of oil. Remember, oil helps you fight cholesterol. At the same time, cook noodles in water. Chop vegetables into interestingly eeny weeny pieces. Cook. Once noodles are kind of tender, add everything to the greasy glob that you once fondly called, 'onions'. Wait until cooked mass resembles something you regurgitated a while back. Eat out of frying pan, dirty stolen cutlery helps to refine your eating style.

M ore food

SOUP ON TOAST

One can of soup, cream of leek works well

Bread
More bread

Using can opener, open can of soup. **WARNING** - do not dilute. Place in saucepan. Heat. Toast bread. Place warm condensed soup on toasted bread. Eat.

Variation one - to add croutons, pre-toast bread, chop into small squares and add to soup after heating.

Variation two - make a groastie by placing a portion of soup between two pieces of bread into the toasty-toastie (jaffle maker) and cook. Eat.

QUICK PASTA

A container of the funny fresh pasta
A big jar of pasta sauce, to your taste

Heat pasta sauce. Heat pasta. Combine. A favourite with my mother.

NB - a) it's expensive
b) it tastes like poo
c) you'd be better off with instant pasta

DESSERT

There are many variations on this theme. Predictably, some member of the 'party' will have a sweet tooth.

DESSERT ONE

One old banana
A lot of sugar

Cut banana in half. Sprinkle liberally with sugar. If you can obtain any A.lfoil, wrap banana in it. Grill. Eat, but re-

member, it's hot.

HANDY HINT- if there is no Alfoil in the house, the liners from cigarette packets work well

ON THE GO



At certain(OK, many) times in your life as a poverty-stricken student you will find yourself stranded in a location without a kitchen and/or food. The time will be anywhere between 1am and sparrow's fart. You will have a maximum of five dollars between a minimum of three people. Never fear, help is at

hand. If you are in North Adelaide, walk straight to either the Blue and White or the Red and White(both Burger Bars, both in O'Connell Street). You are about to enjoy a gourmet sensation which Gabriel Gaté would cream himself over if only he were inventive enough to think of it. Order the maximum chips you can afford, and ask for them to be served with "the lot". This entails gravy, tomato sauce and garlic sauce for that extra tang. If you are lucky the garlic sauce will have little bits of cucumber floating delicately and aimlessly around in it. Grab a few plastic forks and napkins if you must be civilised about your dining pleasure, and sit down to enjoy. If you have any change left over, have a game of Adam's Family or Doctor Who before you head off.

If you want to expand this suggestion into a two course meal, follow these tips. A subtle yet satisfying dessert can be found at the Road Pantry(or "Road Panty") as it is fondly known). These fantastic inventions can be found everywhere, but if you are on O'Connell Street you can have yourself a "Progressive Dinner" by walking less than fifty metres down the road to the Road Panty. Inside you will find a chocolate thickshake machine and also a vanilla soft serve ice-cream machine. Grab a monster-big cup and "fill 'er up" with a combo of chocolate and vanilla. As you leave, grab a snack-sized packet of sultanas and a spoon. Sprinkle the sultanas liberally through this concoction, stir, then enjoy.



I'm not a racist, but...

Hugh Morgan is a battler; He battled damn hard to be chief of Western Mining and knows that its fellas like him that have made this country what it is today.

"People in this country whinge too much; the Abos, the Leso Femo-Nazis and the snot Greenies. I know what this country needs. It needs more people who are prepared to see the value in what the people of this country can do if they live in the kind of toler-

ant climate that allows them to achieve their best free of persecution."

Although no stranger to controversy, Hugh knows what it's like to feel the brunt of the community's hate.

"When I left school, people said that I would never amount to much as I was just another rich kid from a good family who would rely too much on my parents. Well, I had a chat to the old man and he paid off the cops and had 'em arrested. Then I started to work in his law firm, and as they say, the rest is history."

Hugh has attracted na-

tionwide media attention lately for his stance on Mabo (where the High Court rejected the notion of Terra Nullius; That Australia was inhabited by Latin speaking people before 1788).

"Yeah, well you roll with the punches. I just know that as an Australian first and foremost that Aborigines have no place here. They should just go back to where they came from."

Hugh Morgan, The Advertiser salutes you. You are just the kind of person this country needs.




UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE FILM SOCIETY PROGRAMME


FILM ARAMA

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY NIGHT PLUS WEDNESDAY LUNCH

Members \$3
Students \$4
Public \$5



BLADE RUNNER: THE ORIGINAL



Members Free
EXTERMINATING ANGEL

UNION CINEMA: UNION CINEMA


MEMBERSHIP
Membership provides entry to up to 12 films free plus many other benefits. Students \$10, Public \$15. Join at the door.

TIMETABLE

Tuesday 10 August
5.30 Blade Runner
8.00 Alien - the original

Wednesday 11 August
12.15 Blade Runner
5.30 Exterminating Angel
8.00 Blade Runner

SPONSORS
Film Society is sponsored by the University of Adelaide Foundation and

Commonwealth Bank 

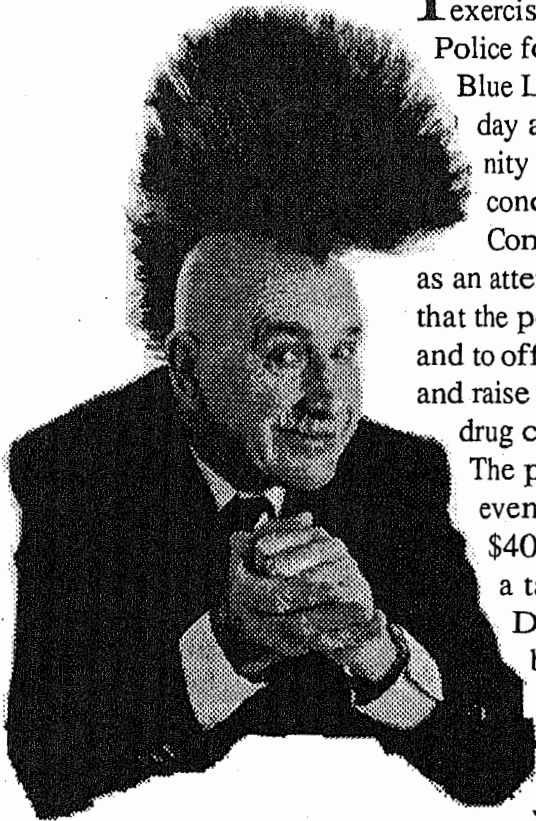
Next Week
Sound of Music

Next Week
Sound of Music

Next Week
Sings in the Rain

blue light raves

The Police force: Dancing to the beat of a different drum. (machine)



Commissioner Hunt, keeping up with the kids

In a new public relations exercise the South Australian Police force will launch their Blue Light Raves this Saturday at the Croydon community centre. The project was conceived by Police Commissioner David Hunt as an attempt to help kids realise that the police aren't that bad, and to offload confiscated drugs and raise revenue for future anti-drug campaigns.

The planned format for the evening is that for a mere \$40 the kids gain entry and a tab of eccy at the door. DJ Constable Care will be spinning the latest in Hardcore techno for the course of the evening, and Evian will be sold for a mere \$6 a bottle. There will be no pass outs so Mum and Dad you don't have to worry about Junior going

outside and getting up to any unsupervised mischief. At this afternoons press conference Commissioner Hunt said: "It promises to be a great evening. My wife and I went down to Chapel Gesture yesterday afternoon and purchased some groovy Dawn Gear and Kickers for the night, we're really looking forward to it." "In fact I am currently exploring the possibility of changing the Police uniform regulations so that as to keep up with teen fashion. I thought that the Drug Squad should go for the Techno look, and the Major Crime Force are exploring the possibility of adapting the Grunge look. The traffic squad were keen on going Gothic, but we decided that this would be unwise considering the fluro orange sash's they are required to wear on night duty would clash with their get up."



The New Look
Major Crime
Force



The Controversial
Traffic Squad
Outfits

THE HELLFIRE CLUB

• ADELAIDE CHAPTER •



FRIDAY AUGUST 13 • SPECIAL OPENING NIGHT PARTY

Welcome to "The Hellfire Club", Adelaide chapter. What Melbourne & Sydney have had for the past twelve months finally comes to the home of Australia's perverts—Adelaide. That's right, cry no more as we introduce Adelaide's first true S&M nightclub. Hellfire opens its doors to Sadists, Masochists, Rubber Lovers, Foot Fetishists, Spankers, Voyeurs, Exhibitionists, Body Piercers and Tattoo freaks everywhere.

Finally, Adelaide, your mania has a home. Hardcore Trance and Techno music will provide the backdrop to displays of pain, pleasure and perversion. Named after the 18th century gentleman's club dedicated to Kinkiness and Libertinage Hellfire continues this tradition with a dark night of sexuality run amok.

Dj's Uzi, HMC, and Special Guests

UPSTAIRS ROOM FOR S&M PLAY AND PERFORMANCES

Opening night will see a special gathering of Adelaide's S&M community. Gay, straight, bent—all are welcome to celebrate the taste of the lash and bite of the rope. Hellfire has a strong fetish dress code. Special prizes and gold memberships for the best and wildest fetish wear and fashion. Be part of the historic Opening Night as we begin our descent down the road of debauch and obsession.

Fridays at Disco • 69 Light Square Adelaide • 10pm till Dawn • 212 6044

KINKY HARDCORE EXPERIENCE

Star signs

Wot's yer Star Sign Luv?

Aries

You are an arrogant arsehole. But don't worry, I like that in a person. This month you will offend everyone you know, injure yourself, and then get a bad migraine. Try to exercise away some of that marion energy. High sex drive and low inhibition count spells a touch of the clap. Try yoghurt.

Taurus

No matter how many times you're told you still won't stop eating like the pig you are. Stop being such a stubborn cunt and go on a diet you fat pig.

Scorpio

Stop being such a vindictive swine.

Sagittarius

The car for all Sags is one of those crap roofless Suzuki's. Buy one you irresponsible git.

Cancer

Still off in cloud cuckoo land? Stop snivelling and get a job. No decent planets in your sign but a monster full moon spells emotional outburst. Well, it won't be the first time.

Gemini

Every criminal I have ever known has been a Gemini. Beware full moon in one week- you will do something really stupid.

Leo

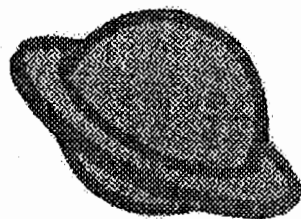
When you stop boring freinds and enemies alike with your theatrics please do something about your finances. It may be birthday time but if you don't stop treating money with the same respect you offer most of your nearest and dearest it will be 10 twenty buck headjobs for you.

Virgo

Calm down, have a drink, relax. Virgos are always winners. This month life will just get better.... (for me.)

Libra

Those Librans still waiting for that special someone can forget it because your relationships only ever last two weeks anyway. You know why too, you narcissitic old hag. Putting metho on your zits is downright offensive- cease.



Capricorn

Once again you will be obsessed with your own tawdry ambitions. Once again you will bore your partner because you're so damn conservative in bed. No, the girl on top is not kinky.

Aquarius

Saturn in your sign makes life shit for at least two years. Hang on to your sanity, it's not over till it's over.

Pisces

As usual you will get pissed or develop some other clichéd addiction. If this doesn't happen it's only because you're locked up at Glenside. All Pisceans are either pissed, drugged, or suffering from schizophrenia.

Postcodes. Rave on.

Thebarton SA 5031
Steiglitz TAS 7216
Speed VIC 3488
Nguiu (Bathurst Is-
land) NT 0822
Old Junee NSW
2652
Jennacubaine WA
6401
Bellimbopinni NSW
2023
Bruce ACT 2617
Neville NSW 2799

**Do not send any money.
We'll bill you.**

What do these ten postcodes have in
common? What indeed? Answer next
prosh rag.

-Meet market-

Someone Special

28 year old single woman seeks 30-40 year old male for friendship and perhaps romance. Enjoys country drives, romantic walks on the beach, hot sex, candlelit dinners, growing own potatoes. You get the idea. must be warm, sensitive, caring n' sharing. Must have own car, and nine inches of hard cock. Genuine persons only please reply to Clarinda Box 5440.

Home and Away

Roolly mature 14 year old spotty gal seeks nine inches of hard cock. Must be into Craig MacLaughlin, Dannii Minogue and Angel from home and Away. Sally Box 6666

Sister of mercy

Goth from Portsea seeks like minded. Must be heavily into hot sex whilst listening to Sisters of Mercy. Naturally, must possess 9 inches of hard cock. William Box 8787

Pina Colada

Do you like Pina Colada, and getting caught in the rain, and the call of the ocean, and nine inches of hard cock? I do. If you do too send your love missile my way on Box 2222. Barry S.

Young at heart

98 year old, looks younger. Looking for that special man with whom to spend a lifetime of pleasure. Must have retractable false teeth, must not wet bed. Must have 9 inches of hard cock. Call Betty, Box 07147

Hairy nipples

Caring guy of 45, been around, no looker but loving sensitive nature. Seeking that special someone. Hairy nipples OK. Reply to Claude Box 8888

Angel of death

Broadminded angel of death seeks nihilistic sex machine - no holds barred! No job too

great or too small. Cutting lawns and odd jobs around the house a specialty. Cheap rates for pensioners. meet me outside the museum - I'll be the one with nine inches of hard cock. Desmond Box 1990

Under the knife

Also dissilusioned with plastic surgery? Let's take off our paper bags and talk about it. It's not what's on the outside, it's what's on the

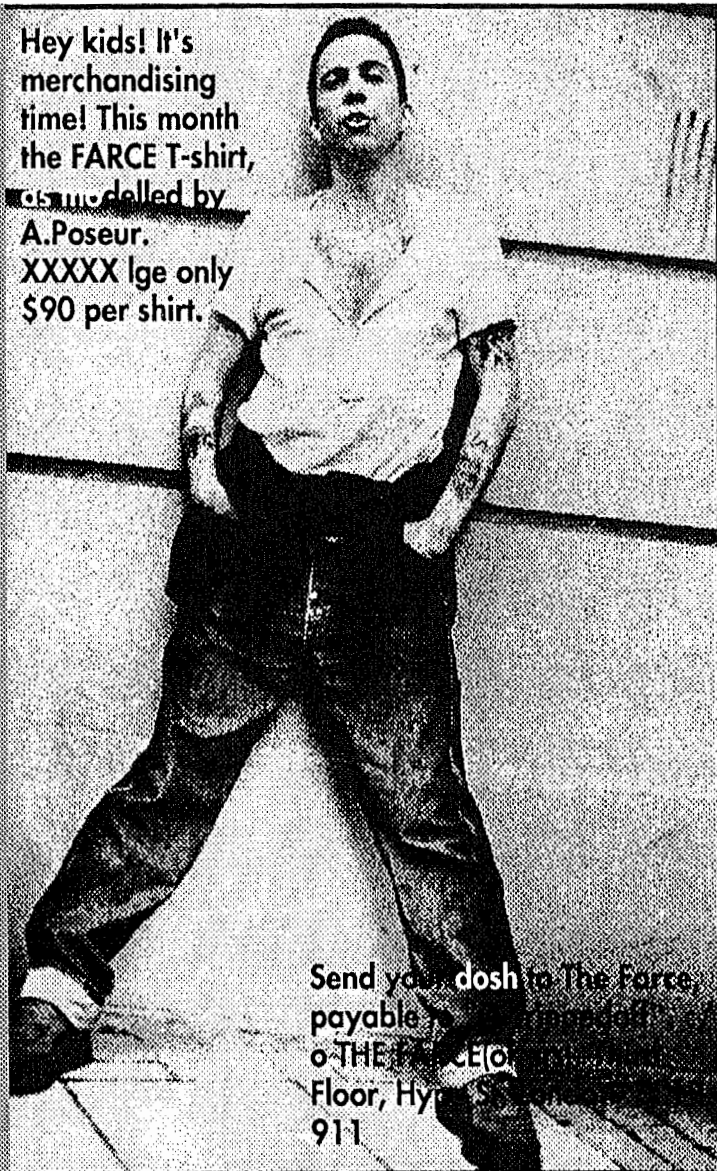
inside that matters. Unashamed, available, and the proud owner of a nine inch penile implant - that's me! Esmerelda Box 2134

Nine inch nails

Lost. 9 inches of hard cock. Last seen heading down highway one. If found return to Peter Box 5478

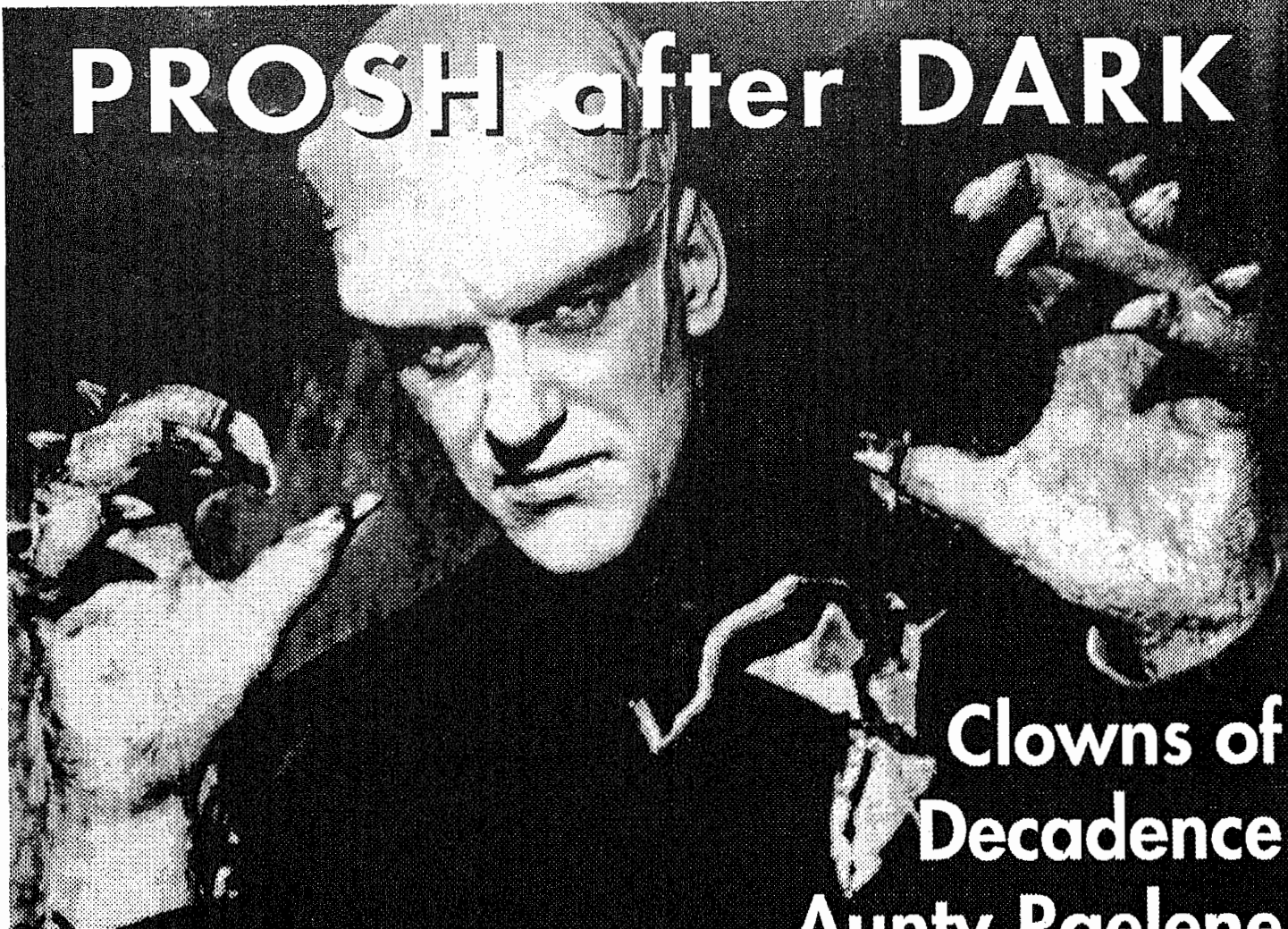
If the Farce fits - wear it

Hey kids! It's merchandising time! This month the FARCE T-shirt, modelled by A.Poseur. XXXXX lge only \$90 per shirt.



Send your dosh to The Farce, payable to [unclear] o THE FARCE (O [unclear] Floor, Hy [unclear] 911

PROSH after DARK



Clowns of
Decadence
Aunty Raelene
Cerveza y Putas
The Undecided
Crush
Kula Choice
Ajemaluda

Friday 13th August 8pm
Level 5 AU Union Building
Tickets \$8/9/10



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