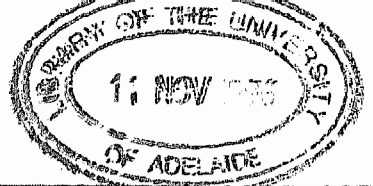


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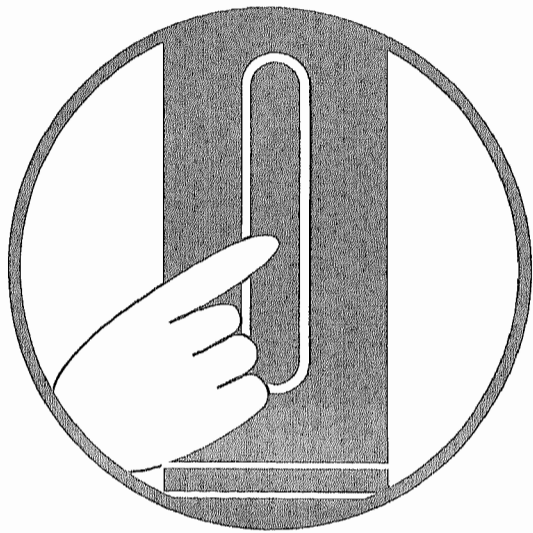
On Dit

The Wayward Student

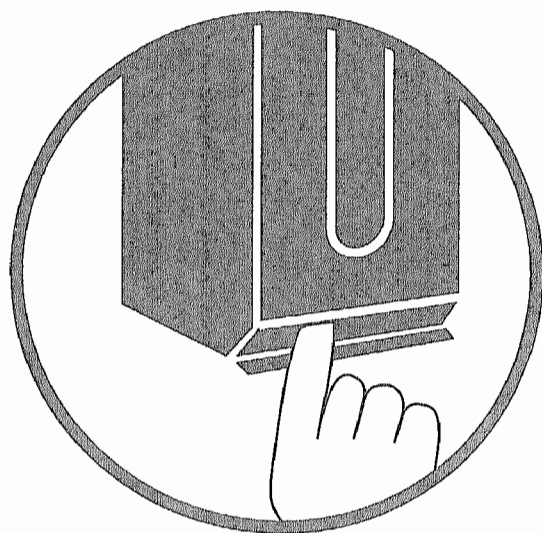
Issue 23

November 4, 1996.

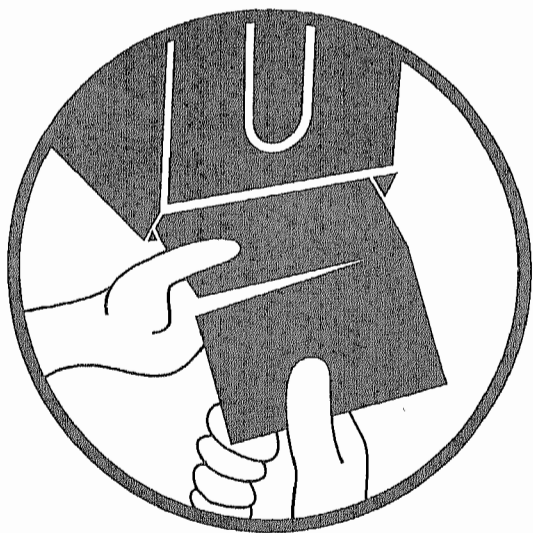
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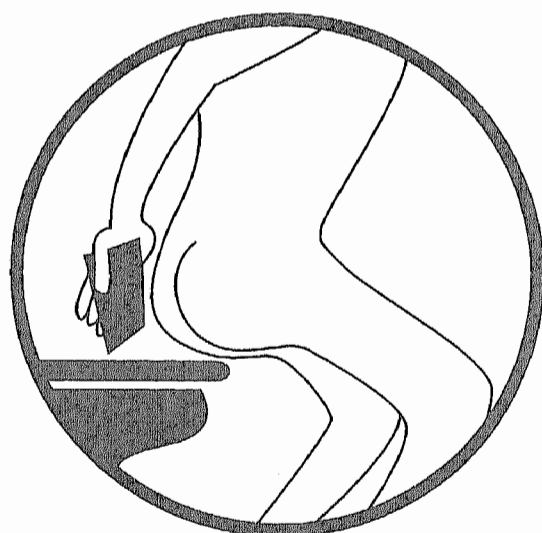
NEW ROLL



FIND SHEET



TEAR OFF



WIPE BOTTOM

Here's where the story ends

After two years together, (1995 as Music Sub-Eds, 1996 as Editors) the Soong•West•Trimboli conglomerate has finally come to an end. Check out our bits. Signing off, F&CK.

Kerina's bit

"Look what has happened to meee, I can't believe it myself, Suddenly I'm up on top of the world, Could've been somebody else..."

This year has been an extremely steep learning curve for me, to say the least. And we naively thought the hardest thing for us to deal with was election week 1995! There have been a multitude of highlights and even more lowlights in my time as Editor - thanks to some wonderful individuals and some complete (insert harsh insult here).

I'm a big fan of food - I enjoy consuming it on a regular basis. I particularly enjoy food that tastes good, is inexpensive and doesn't take too long to prepare. It helps if it's even partially healthy. One of my personal disappointments this year has been the chow on campus. On many occasions I've experienced poor quality, substandard service and long delays. Take my advice: if a small pizza takes longer than 30 minutes to prepare in the slow period of the afternoon it should be free. One should be warned beforehand of the inclusion of olives on a pizza, just in case one despises them (as I do). I may feel sad that my term at *On Dit* has drawn to a close, but no sorrow do I feel over never having to consume Union Catering's work ever again. After all that's happened this year, I can't believe I've just written my editorial about pizza and olives...

To conclude in the words of another: "I love youse all".

Frank's bit

There are many incidents that are still fresh in my mind from this year and there are many tangents that I could go off on at this point. But perhaps the one moment that sticks in my mind, the one moment that seemed to capture what *On Dit* '96 was really about occurred one weekend, several months into the year.

As usual many of our sub-editors and writers had come into the office to help out. After several comical, although disastrous slip-ups, I simply said out loud, "hands up every one in this room who has got no idea what they are doing". I stuck my hand up immediately, I knew I had no idea what I was doing, that's why I asked the question. But to my surprise every other person in the office also raised their hands (some of them raised both).

It was as if at that moment something clicked, each one of the raised hands sounding a note which combined to strike a beautiful, yet harrowing chord. We had seen the light. We knew we were shit house, but hey, at least we were able to come together for one year and do something.

Thanks Everyone.



Christina's bit

On Dit: one phat learning experience. A lotta coffee/cola. Meeting some incredibly kool Kids. Meeting some absolute freaks. Having a love/hate relationship with so many different groups/

people/AU celebrities on campus. Good times.

Phrases heard in the *On Dit* office all too often:

- * "Err, I've just got the bomb icon on my computer" or "Umm, my computer just crashed."
- * "Where's that ad gone? It was just here."
- * "... you know, it's not like we've got a paper to put out this week."
- * "Look, let's just call our lawyers and see what they say ..."

Lessons learnt:

- * You can't please everyone so ...
- * It's a freakin' scary world, with a lotta scary, scary people in it.
- * Fluorescent lights are detrimental to your health.

Thanks guys. Love your work.

This Year's *On Dit* was produced with:

- * 2 scanners
 - * 4 computers
 - * one printer
 - * 4 toner cartridges
 - * 23 reams of reflex paper
 - * 60 glue sticks
 - * 10 stanley knives
 - * 12 slabs of coke/pepsi/export cola
 - * 10 tins of coffee
 - * various illegal substances
 - * 35 whiteboard markers
 - * 29 highlighters
 - * 500 stickdown sheets
 - * 100 packets of chips/pretzels/potato gnolls/crackers
 - * 7 kilos of mixed lollies
 - bucketloads of good advice/bad calls
 - one fridge
 - one coffee machine
 - one kettle
- Soundtrack by Pulp, Clouds, Blur, Jello Biafra, Motorhead, Suede, Teenage Fanclub, MBV, Portishead & Slowdive.



Rock and Roll Stars

Production Notes

Advertising Manager:

Josie Simpson aka The Suit who managed to break the advertising budget with such style and ease.

Sub Eds:

- News - Nick Nasev
- Music - Mark Sruby & George Nisyrios Jnr
- Theatre - Fontella Stuart Koleff
- Film - Ching Yee Ng
- Wayward Student - Shelley Kulperger
- Literature - Anthony Paxton
- Creative Writing - James Morrison
- Employment - Mark Kernich & Jamie Lowe
- Vox Pop - Natalie Whelan & Kerryn Doyle
- Sport - Daren Potts
- Video - Fiona Sproles
- Visual Arts - Marian Clarkin
- Motoring - Simon Hunt

This issue of On Dit equals last year's record edition of 80, yes, count 'em, 80 pages of quality merchandise. Enjoy!

Regulars:

- Joltman
- Nick Fryer
- Paul Bradley
- Chris Slape
- Georgina Neill
- Roxanne Crook

For service above and beyond the call of duty:

- Ching Yee (mail person)
- Paco Paco Paco (bin monitor)
- Marky Mark (sex symbol)

All our contributors:

You made it happen

Congrats to the 1997 *On Dit* Editors:

Ching Yee, James and Fiona. May the force be with you.

Cheers!

Cadillac Printing, especially Bonnie and Simon.

Thanks to past *On Dit* Editors:

Bryan, Matt and Natasha (1995) and Timothy Law from the Gow faculty (1994) for all their words of advice and wisdom.

That SAUA crowd:

Jane, Sharon, Fiona & Vicki. Thanks Kym.

And it all ends here:

Families, friends and housemates for their support, good vibes and tolerance.



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.

Editors:

- Kerina West
- Frank Trimboli
- Christina Soong

Advertising Manager:

Josie Simpson

Freight:

Fiona Sproles

Web Administrators:

Derek Wee, Kevin Wee, Anthony Daniele & David Bellm

Typesetting:

Fiona Dalton

Printing:

Cadillac Printing

Sex on Legs:

Chris Slape, Natalie Whelan, Ching Yee, (ta for the jellybabies, BBQ shapes and champers) Anthony Paxton, Mark McRae Scruby, Jamie Lowe, Georgina O'Neill (ta for the icepops), Paul Bradley, James Morrison, Josie/Jason/The Suit, Dave Bloustein, Bryan Scruby (Master Yoda - you remembered us!) Barbara Fitzpatrick just for being Frank's friend & The Connection just because.

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.

How to Contribute/Contact Us:

Ha Ha - you're too late. The '96 *On Dit* team has left the building.

About the Cover:

Don't forget to wipe your bottom.

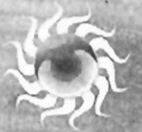
Prizes

25 preview tickets to *Dead Heart*. Ta to Wendy at Academy. To win, rock up to the *On Dit* office on Wednesday at 12:15pm with the correct answer to one of the questions of the film quiz (see page 47). Also check out the review on page 44.

P.S.

To all those who fucked us around:
Money talks, bullshit walks.
Seeya later!

The Stag Turns One



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Crisp

Nov 8 - friday

Stir Fry

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Andy Glitre saturday

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TAKE IT OFF.
TAKE IT ALL OFF.
NOW.

Letters
Here are the last round of letters for the year. Read and enjoy!

Conspiracy theorists have the last word

Dear Eds,
With regard to the comments which Chris O'Brien and I have been making about the University Union, and the response to those comments:

Our comments were motivated by a genuine concern for the delivery of Union services to students, in the terms of the Union's mission statement. It was our intention to be constructive in rapidly raising debate about the efficiency and accountability to its members of the Union, not to disseminate destructive hype. We are not politically aligned.

What we know of the Union's finances is based on documents available to every student. Our opinions are informed by these and by comments made to us by Union officers.

We made several statements in our recent letter to *On Dit*. These statements are not central to our concerns, being indicators of them rather than substance. We would like to respond briefly to the letters of Colleen Grady and Rosslyn Cox (*On Dit* 28/10/96) by giving examples to support those statements.

On 'conflicts of interest': Several members of the outgoing Union Board were employees of the Union, in addition to holding their elected positions. We contend that unless those members abstained from voting on any matter which could affect their employment, their interests were potentially in conflict with those of the Union's members.

On 'dereliction of duty by paid student officers': We referred to the discharge of duty by a Union officeholder. We do not feel that it is productive to air this in *On Dit*, and have given full details of our complaint to the Union President.

On 'questionable payments': One example which came to our notice was the cost of \$4000 for signage in the renovated OSA and PGSA rooms in the George Murray Building. We could not find evidence of this value of work, and on that basis find the cost excessive. Another example was the payment of the SAUA Activities Committee cash prize for the best Prosh stunt to AUSKI for a stunt which failed to get off the ground, raised no money and attracted no publicity. This payment seemed questionable when, for example, other groups raised a net amount of over \$2500 for their Prosh efforts at Old Parliament House.

On 'over-staffing': At the Union Board meeting on 23/9/96, the catering manager stated that staff costs in the Equinox had reached 60% of

turnover, when the industry standard is under 40%. In any case, we question the need for seven catering outlets on this campus.

On 'politically-driven decisions against the interests of students': We referred to the influence of party politics on the actions of the Union Board. Anecdotal evidence, difficult to prove but nonetheless persuasive, indicated to us that the influence of political parties in the Union does not always support the interests of student members as a whole.

The outgoing Union President, Colleen Grady, told Tim Simpson on 1/9/96 that Catering and other areas of the Union were 'in a mess' (we did not misquote her). Union Board member Haroon Hassan told several of us, on a visit to the architecture school prior to the recent elections, that the Union figures were 'rubbish'. We understood this statement to be in the context of our queries about the allocation of administrative costs.

In the light of this information, on our own observations about the decline in quality of Union services, now affected by funding cuts and price rises, and because of the poor information about Union affairs generally available to Union members, we decided to risk the ire of the Union by publishing our concerns in order to raise constructive debate and awareness about important issues. These issues are not so related to the performance of individuals as to the operation of the Union as a business entity. In short, we are concerned that the Union can do better, and that, if the Union does have problems, the situation could improve with the student understanding gained through the better communication of those problems.

We are gratified that we have helped in some part to raise debate on these matters, and that the Union President has committed herself to increased transparency of Union operations. Discussion with the new Union CEO has been similarly encouraging to us as Union members. It's also good to see *On Dit* giving the Union better coverage, getting on the Web to which many students have access, and getting a bit ballsy too. The fact that some people around here have demonised us with the standard perjorative of 'conspiracy theorists', and might not speak to us any more, is a small concern.

Let's get back to the funny stuff.
Tim Simpson
Chris O'Brien
6th Yr Architecture

For \$8000 HECS, it was all worth it

As the end of my fourth year at University approaches, I believe the time has come for me to share the wisdom I have gained in these years and speak out on the following topics; student politics, outspoken student Christian groups, and that enigma, Shotgun Jim, who one day came upon the idea of leaving out all the full stops and comma's in his letters and is yet still fascinated by it.

Without any further ado, I would just like to say then,

I left my underpants at home
They just cramp my style
You can tell I'm not wearing them
By looking at my smile.

Tony Roccisano.

"And you claim these words as your own"

Dear Eds,
I refer to the letter in the latest issue of *On Dit* from someone hiding behind the nom de plume "Chuckie". This person claims to be an inaugural member of the "mid Life Crisis Club". I am sorry to inform this person that they can't be the inaugural member as this club already exists! I will admit that at this moment in time it is known as the Mature Students Association but in the latest edition of "The Rupertizer", the official organ of said association, I announce its soon to be ratified name change. So there!

Also I do not take kindly to my jokes being stolen! As a result I will be handling the matter over to my legal firm: Thorpe, Mudd, Gutz & Murray. These fine people specialise in theft of Themes, Jokes, Japes & Jocularly. They have defended me on numerous occasions. I will also be contacting Network Ten for their unauthorised biography shown last Sunday & Monday nights. I assure all students I do not consider this to be a conspiracy against me.

Dave Matthews
Still and Simply, the Beast

Angry young man

To the People,
We live in a world in which physicists are made famous by pretending to know something about philosophy. But that's OK, people in philosophy pretend to know something about science. Everyone is polarised between two extremes. You're a fundamentalist or an atheist, expressing quaint faith in ghosts and angels. Astral travel happens. Peter Singer knows what he's talking about. But that's OK, as long as you're not in the middle of the road. As long as you don't know anything about what you're criticising, or don't think through your options and all their consequences.

We climb from the swamp (in six days) and find that the reason is outdated. We must look to empathy. The world is male-dominated. Promote anyone, as long as it's a she. Then cry "Men are hard done by". Democrat, femocrat. Protect the environment, but don't kill the rabbits or the koalas because they're cute.

Possess any opinion you want on campus, as long as it's way left. We have free speech here. Or else you're an engineering or med student and don't give a fuck. The only reason you don't vote Green is because Daddy joined you up in the Liberal Party.
"Many students have difficulty cop-

ing with university" - easy, change the course. Don't teach any abstract concepts. Need more uni places? Upgrade technical colleges. Don't give pay rises to academics. Make sure there's more than one administrator for each of them. Let's all study Psychology and Anthropology! Let everyone in, hell if we all get an Arts degree we'll have the most educated country in the world!

Don't listen to what people have to say, just believe the hype, hate someone because they sell fish and chips. They're probably wrong anyway, but don't try to work that out for yourself.

Have you ever met one of those people dubbed "a leader of the future"? Scared yet? Discuss Nietzsche shallowly with your friends. Uni students are so smart. Disprove God's existence then espouse human rights. Get drunk every Friday night. God my parents are stupid.

What me worried about the future?

TBK
Arts/Engineering

All contributions gratefully accepted

On Dit & Sport
It was a great disappointment to learn about the attitude towards sport that the Editors (?) of *On Dit* seem to have. I think it is a great shame that the paper gets involved in so many other aspects of the student's life, but choose to mock and belittle (as it seems) sport.

The sports articles Darren Potts has been contributing in recent issues of *On Dit* have been enjoyed by a great number of people.

Being an important part of the lives of many students, including myself, sport should be promoted in every possible way, by students for students. It is a team building activity/hobby, it serves as a stress relief and it promotes a healthier way of life, etc.

Darren's sports articles were a great way for the sporting clubs to inform fellow students of their latest activities and/or results. It would have been nice to see the 'Student's Paper' promote these students' activities and give them their due appreciation, the major example here being the Blacks footballers and their fantastic effort.

It was a disappointment, but it is not too late to rectify it.

Monica Tobin
President
Adelaide Uni Karate Club

(Eds note: We as Editors can only be in so many places at once. It has been our experience this year that very few people are willing to contribute sports articles for *On Dit*. And we know that this University has a myriad of sporting clubs, so it's not through lack of activity. By the way, the Blacks received plenty of coverage prior to the final).

It was good while it lasted

To everyone who didn't buy custard from the Mayo Refec...

BASTARDS!!!
It's all gone (sob, sigh, grizzle, mumble, groan). Well, we tried.
Yours in custardless depression.
Banana Bec and Karamel Kylie
C.L.O.C.
(Custard Lovers on Campus and the Hairy Dairy Queens)

Sounds like an ad to me

Dear *On Dit*,
While swanning thro' the Union the other day - something which I might do every 5 years - I chanced on the August 12 *On Dit*.

Overcoming my amazement at *On Dit*'s high standard (compared to two generations ago) I looked through the ENVIRONMENT section with great interest.

Professor Hugh Possingham seemed to be right on the ball with his assessment of the Australian and World Ecology, and I asked him whether he would like to give a public talk, and to answer talks on the subject.

He agreed, and at 11.30am on Sunday 1st December, he will give a talk on "The Population Explosion and the Australian Environment" at the Unitarian Church, 99 Osmond Terrace, Norwood.

A little discreet publicity seemed a good idea, and Ewart Shaw of 5UV has promised to record the talk for his science program - if he has the money!

Some boring further detail:
The Unitarian Church (no creed - you're expected to think for yourself) is nowadays awash with atheists and humanists as well as near-Christians.

Along with most thinking folk, we realise that the world is reeling under a surplus of people, and that unless humankind quickly learns to manage its own multiplication tables a lot better, The Pope's concern with "the culture of death" - abortion and euthanasia" - will seem a very minor matter.

Anyway, come and hear what Hugh Possingham has to say.

Sincerely,

Jim Follett

Reaction to Action? Think Again....

Fellow International Students,
I am writing in response to the recent developments concerning the controversial speech given by a Member of the Federal Parliament, Pauline Hanson. I realise that many of you out there are anxious as to what may happen as a result of her racial comments, especially the amount of publicity it is receiving. As the President of the Overseas Students' Association, I am naturally concerned with such developments, that is, what if words turn into action? All I can advise you is this. The question now comes to mind. "What if I am the victim of a racial discriminating act?" You have two options. One, you can choose to do nothing about it and leave it as it is. Or two, you can immediately go to the Equal Opportunities Department (tel.: 8303-4456) and report the incident. Once again, reaction is not the solution.

As your representative, you can be sure that this is a concern of the Overseas Students' Association (OSA) Council and that it is being looked into.

Communications & Awareness in International Students

Wai Sing Yong
OSA President
1996/7

The last word on catering

Dear Rosslyn & Alok,
Yeah, nice. Just a few things
1. Although the affiliates offer good services, not every (ie. most) student needs to use them.

2. More students use catering than the affiliates.

I compiled the results from the union survey conducted in enrolments too, and student perception is that the 10% discount is the only service where they get value from the union. This decision does not put students first, it is a quick-fix solution for the difficulties being experienced in catering at the moment. (If it's true, as you said in your other letter, that you struggle

to make ends meet you'll understand why it doesn't put students first.)
Yours Sincerely,
Jane McDermott
2nd Year Arts/Catering Employee
PS: Why do you see the need to defend this position as irrelevant to your political careers? No one ever said they were connected.

Safety warning for the Kids

Dear Mr Enthalpy,
I would firstly like to congratulate you on the addition of the word 'enthalpy' to your vocabulary. I assume you are a chemical engineering student. If so I hope I do not demonstrate you for Chemistry I. I also assume you have done experiment 9 (Covalent Halides) in the Chemistry I Practical Course, If so, may I quote something to you from this experiment: Page 9-10, Part Three: Identification of a covalent halide.
"Care must be taken to avoid inhalation of fumes and skin or eye contact".
If you do in the future redo experiment 9, please note this precaution.

Regards,
Frances the slightly aggressive
Chem I Demonstrator.

The last word from Jim

Dear *On Dit*,
(Take a deep breath, kids, its a long one!)

How the fuck do they arrange it so that your video breaks down three days after the warranty has expired and why is it that it can always manage that feat of timing exactly but it can't manage to tape the damn Simpsons and how do you get that stupid clock to stop flashing and how dumb do you feel if you own a Beta video recorder and it really sucks when you put a Mars bar in your pocket and you forget its there and you don't remember for two hours and when you remember you open it straight away and it pours out onto the floor and what a waste of perfectly good chocolate and why is it always so difficult to get a computer

printer to work and admittedly it doesn't help when you step on it but nothing major appeared to break and why are bike seats so damn uncomfortable and why does this continue to be so universal complaint and how hard is it for them to do something about it and I feel like I've been sitting on a belt sander for a few hours and what is with all these first year Engineering students stabbing everyone else in the kidneys with their T-squares and how hard is it really and if they can't carry them safely they shouldn't be carrying them at all and they probably don't need them or know how to use them anyway and they're just posing and what type of depraved mind thought of Tazos and especially the Simpsons ones and it seems that I'm always eating corn chips lately and it would probably be cheaper to buy the chip company and what type of moron waiters work in this city and when I said I didn't eat fish and would prefer pasta he asked if I'd like spaghetti marinara and is it just me or does that mean fish sauce and then when my sister asked for no fish he asked her the same thing and too much inhaling exhaust fumes I think and why is it so hard to get an extension for an essay and fair enough I've had six months to do it but I'm short of time now and like its gonna hurt anyone if I take another week and who cares about that shitty subject anyway and how annoying is it when a brand new motorbike breaks down on the first day you have it and it won't start at all so you can't even take it to get fixed and it wouldn't be so bad if your car hadn't broken down as well and in Kapunda of all places and how the hell are you supposed to collect it without a car to drive there and why do farts smell so bad and who arranges it so your computer always seems to crash just as you are about to print an assignment and especially if you actually have it ready early and lecturers never believe you when you tell them and I thought these things were supposed to make life easier and instead it seems to be a perpetual pain in the butt and why are haircuts so expensive and it's not like its a huge or difficult job or anything and especially as it'll just grow back in a month and what a waste of effort is that and how annoying is it when you're flying downhill on a bike and you have your mouth open and you

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swallow a bug and you can't do anything to prevent it because it flies straight down your throat but you can still taste the damn thing and why don't they make better tow ropes and the one thing they shouldn't do is snap and especially when the tower gets a bit enthusiastic and is doing eighty clicks around a curve in the road and that just spells problems for everybody and why does anyone listen to what Pauline Hanson has to say anyway and why does this same shit get dragged up every few years and why doesn't she just go play with some hand grenades or something and why is my radio never tuned to the same station when I turn it on that it was when I turned it off and if I want to listen to Alta Mira I'd bloody well adjust the knob myself and I find it really patronising when my radio tells me I'm in need of spiritual renewal and it can go get stuffed and it really sucks when I forget what I was going to write next and I should really keep a list but what type of joke would I be then and what do I mean then and why does that guy on the Denkee air conditioner commercials say Denkee, best you can buy and should we believe him because he's wearing a blue coat and is obviously a technician or because he's Japanese and obviously a technological genius and I just think he has rather sloppy English and why is my new watch strap worse than the one it replaces and on top of that it looks like shit and maybe I should just look at more clocks and leave the watch at home and why does everyone react as though you've just dropped your pants when you correct their non-gender inclusive language and then restate their sentence in a really patronising way and I'm sorry but I was under the impression that they'd made the mistake and why are people so stingy when it comes to donating to charity and I know there's no actual obligation but what happened to compassion and social responsibility and fuck you all you heartless bastards and just pray you never have to rely on someone else's benevolence and what the hell am I gonna do with my life and what am I gonna do next year or even past November (or that matter and maybe I should have gone to more lectures instead of doing this and why can't I seem to have a successful relationship and general angst type sentiments.

I love youse all,

Shotgun Jim
32nd Year Arts

PS - Sorry Adam Barlow and everyone else who wants me to continue, but I'm graduating! Yes, I'm finally getting out, so this is it from me. Thanks for making it fun!

PPS - Hi to Tash's friend Dave - sorry I turned out to be such a normal person!

PPPS - Many thanks to Dave, my co-creator in the early days, Kieren, Fab, Sam for starting it all, Joe for all the material, the Travestites, Tania for the Elle Dit letter, Iadynne for being himself (and no he wasn't copying me), Mum, everyone who's written in or talked to me about it and, most importantly, the *On Dit* editors - legends, legends, deadset legends.

The gospel according to Alan

Dear Editors,
I was fascinated to read, in the last edition of *On Dit*, a letter from Marijuana Legalise claiming that several Liberal students visiting the last Board meeting "were present to ensure that Liberal Party Members of the Board voted for the Impact! faction."

As a Liberal Board Member I did have great pressure exerted upon me, to the point of harassment including threats of legal action (which is, of course, impossible). These threats, however, came from the LEFT, and not the Liberals.

Furthermore, I am surprised that anyone could take offence at the attendance of Liberals at Board. As a Board Member I was highly encouraged by their commitment to the Union, and I only wish that Labor and Left groups would also take an interest AFTER election week.

Mr. Legalise writes that "two out of three Liberal members of Union Board submitted to pressure and did what they were told". How he knows this about a secret ballot remains a mystery. However, if it is true, I take great pride in being the one Liberal who voted for the right team, rather than the competing coalition (Activate/ Initiative / etc), which included self-proclaimed socialists committed to diverting funds from student services and towards leftist political activism.

Yours liberally,

Alan Anderson.
Engineering
Union Board Member
Finance and Development Standing Committee
Catering Advisory Committee

PS. Thanks to Kerina, Frank and Christina for a year of high quality editorial work. (*Awrow, shucks - Eds*)

Get it right, Madj

Dear Editors,
I am writing in response to last week's letter by Marijuana Legalise. His analogy between the plight of Aboriginal and Asian victims of racism, and that of unsuccessful Board candidates for Committee positions, is ridiculous. It displays the desperation of the Left to exonerate themselves of any responsibility for their ongoing electoral failure at Adelaide University. However, I wish to particularly respond to his obscene misrepresentation of the motivations of Liberal students who observed the Board vote on 14 October.

Over the past couple of months, the attitude and behaviour of many non-Impact and particular affiliate associated Union Board members towards Liberal members of Union Board was unacceptable. Much pressure was applied on them to vote for non-Impact candidates, with threats of legal action for allegedly breaching one's "fiduciary duty" being made in the lead-up to the vote.

Indeed, I was threatened in my capacity as President of the Adelaide University Liberal Club with legal action for allegedly facilitating such a breach by

Union Board member Andrew Townsend. Such threats outline the ignorance and blatant misrepresentation of facts demonstrated by non-Impact, and non-Liberal, Board members throughout the pre-Board vote period.

Extreme pressures such as the above placed on particular Liberal students on Board brought non-Board Liberals out to support their peers. Our presence was a show of support for particular embattled Board members, and an expression of confidence in the democratic process of Board elections. We would like to think that our presence contributed to ensuring that the Union Board elections were conducted with honesty and accountability.

Finally, Marijuana Legalise made several mistakes when listing the names and positions of different Liberal students. The State Young Liberal President is Michelle Lensink (not Lensonk), and Angus Bristow is no longer SA Young Liberal Treasurer, holding instead the position of Development Director. These sorts of errors provide additional reasons why, when it comes to explaining the motivations of Liberal students, what we stand for and who we are, no one should ever listen to the Left.

Yours sincerely,

Alex Smith
President, Adelaide University
Liberal Club
Honours Anthropology

The last word

Dearest Ritchie,
You poor misguided darling.

I'd like to clarify a few misconceptions of yours that featured in your letter to me that appeared in *On Dit*. You assert that I, as a member of a faction that tried to change NUS policy to reflect its view that HECS is a good thing, voted in favour of doing so. If you were watching me at the time, you'd know that I voted against the changes. Anyway, I can't see how my beliefs on HECS have anything to do with the evils of parties and factionalism.

Furthermore, I did hear about the whole PJK postcard debacle. Like you, I was suspicious of how those gorgeous postcards disappeared. (Maybe I accidentally souvenired a few for myself: some for my diary, some for my bedroom, one to gaze at in my bathroom...). Like you, I did not do as you allege and vote against reprinting those missing cards. Please get a hold of the minutes next time Ritchie; I hate to see your argument fail for incorrect factual information.

You are however correct in saying that "parties work on solidarity with common aims and goals and it is commonly expected that those aims are aspired to on all levels, including student representation". This is all very elementary to me. Members of a political party are members of the same party because of their common goals. If they really believed in those broad aims and goals, we'd expect those members to attempt to make them become reality, would we not? So shoot me.

What saddens me is that you've been in a faction all your political life and haven't known it! Many years ago, even

before either of us were at uni, an ALP recruiting front was established here; it was called *The Independents*. Eventually, those members of this faction who were actually members of the ALP and believed in something other than themselves grew increasingly bored with the pretty, cute individuals your grandmother would just adore who made up the rest of the faction, and said good-bye. The refuse left and their anointed successors carry on the name today.

The facade of being non-factional, "independent" students continued whilst members of *The Independents* carried on the style of factional organisation of their predecessors. These "independently-thinking and unbiased student leaders" behaved just like other factionalised students; I know because I've had to negotiate on behalf of my faction with negotiators representing your faction. That's why I laugh when *The Independents* talk about being non-aligned and believing in nothing but signed students.

We all believe in students; believing in students is not a claim that only *The Independents* can legitimately make. But what binds your old faction together is the antithesis of what binds mine. The members of my faction are centre to moderate left students whose beliefs about what is best for students reflect that. Your faction appears independent of any real political persuasion, any common direction or idea of what is best for students. It is the lack of defining ideas, the ambiguity, that binds you together; and that's OK, that's your choice. But being non-aligned is inconsistent with being in a faction, and furthermore, calling a faction *The Independents* contradicts the very idea of a faction, complicating matters further. Why don't you be honest with yourselves and the students in whom you claim to believe and come out of the closet with the news that you, too, operate through factionalism.

You should be applauding those students who have become involved with parties instead of advocating that only those without a party card should represent students. You're so proud of PJK telling members of *The Independents* to "Get a job"; if that's Haroon's greatest achievement, then I'm sorry. At least I can say that mine was moving the policy changes at the ALP national conference, after much faction convincing and negotiating with the Minister, that ensured that we don't pay undergraduate up-front fees. Whilst I was representing Young Labor at that conference, I happened to be general secretary of NUS SA. I did what I thought was best for the students, and was able to achieve it only because I was in the ALP. Meanwhile, you and your puritan friends can sit around talking about how independent you are whilst you achieve very little.

You've got to getamungst Ritchie. I'd be happy to show you the ropes; maybe we can do coffee.

I Love Your Work Too.
Despina N. Anagnostou
Arts

PS. I refuse to write to Jack because he has no affection for my writing style, doesn't appreciate the whole PJK attraction, lied about *Initiative* supporting *Reform* candidates (as if), and completely missed the point of my letter.

P.P.S. Kim Beazley may be a big cuddly teddy bear but no one could replace PJK.

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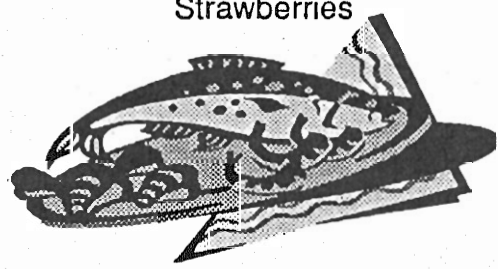
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Talking On

You've heard her on the radio, seen her on the telly (*Good News Week*, ABC 8:00), now it's possible to read her solo book, *In Pursuit of Hygiene*. *On Dit* spoke to Helen Razer to ask her about bad shagging, nineties nostalgia and the P-word...

On Dit: Tell me a bit about your book.

Helen: Can I just grab my clock? (Silence as the clock is retrieved and the interviewer is left anxiously perspiring). Oh, my book, it's a bit of a tragedy, just bits and pieces, nothing much to say about it really!

On Dit: Have you had many interviews about your book then?

Helen: Oh, a couple, but I'd like to sort of avoid the question, I wrote it three months ago and then it's out there and please please buy it because I'm very broke, I don't get paid much at the ABC.

On Dit: With the book though, you've got some speeches and debates included and they're the more serious bits, do you feel as though they add to your credibility or just show that you've got a different side to what you do at Triple J?

Helen: Add to my credibility? I don't think I have any credibility! Oh well that was certainly not the intention but I just wanted to include them because they were half decent pieces of writing and at the time of going to print they seemed kind of fairly topical, being about university fees and political correctness and feminism, y'know, three HOT topics at the moment, so I thought since I'd spent some time on them, and they were well received by a small audience, maybe they'd be well received by a large audience.

On Dit: Well, just touching on political correctness, what about when someone like Pauline Hanson defends her views as free speech-

Helen: We don't use her name, we call her the P-Word.

On Dit: The P-Word? Well, when the Prime Minister refuses to condemn them, who should they be accountable to, what sort of response do you and Mikey get when you refer to the "P woman"?



Helen: Well, we try not to refer to her anymore because you have to remember that she's an insignificant backbencher from Queensland, it's a frightening thought that she's going to go for the Senate in the next election.

On Dit: But do you get much response, like people going "Oh Yeah", backing you up?

Helen: We surprisingly get a lot of really racist people who ring us up and tell us we're very wrong so I don't really understand what's going on, I seem to have woken up in a different country, I don't really have a great deal of love for my nation at this juncture in history. This morning (on Triple J) when that Queensland politician referred to the mongrelisation of the races, I just thought "shades of mind cancer", and sort of had to say something... We're in a

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SO, WHERE ON EARTH ARE WE?

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cycle, walk, crawl, fly or drive to us soon -
we'll give you all the vino-therapy you need.

Razer's Edge

kind of difficult position, I feel incredibly strongly about these things, so I shouldn't really talk about it on the radio because I am an ABC broadcaster, and you have to sort of keep these things to the level of humour and satire. It would kind of be an abuse of my position to rattle on endlessly about how much the Liberal Government really really SUCK! But sometimes I just can't keep my mouth shut, on those occasions it's sort of mixed. A lot of people are completely in love with Pauline Hanson including Triple J listeners, including people who are into alternative music which I find very depressing.

On Dit: Moving on, when I was showing your book to some of my friends they all flipped to the chapter on "Bad Shagging", it seems to be the section that everyone turned to first.

Helen: Oh good.

On Dit: Did you enjoy writing this?

Helen: Oh well, because you know, I'm a bitch (characteristic Razer laughter), I like poking fun at people who know they're the person being poked fun at so (more laughter), uh, it's immense fun to be nasty and know that you'll be published!

On Dit: You've got guys in bands in (the list), what do you have to say about the rock god myth?

Helen: Oh, well, it is exactly that isn't it really, just a myth, (I'm) very resentful of those little boys that strut around and pretend to be beautiful losers and the fact is a lot of girls fall for it.

On Dit: I've noticed that even though stations such as Triple J have a good balance, it tends to be this thing that, y'know, music is still automatic guy territory and guys take their music very seriously.

Helen: Yeah, it's kind of interesting, things like world music and country music and indigenous music seem to be equally shared by men and women, particularly country music, but not rock and roll, so I just recommend that girls take up an instrument as soon as possible! It's not because we discriminate, but because proportionally that's what's available to us. I mean we do kind of enact some sort of positive discrimination on Triple J in that we do play indigenous content and we do play 35% Australian and there's kind of an unwritten agreement at Triple J that we all strive where possible to play music, where possible, made by women.

On Dit: How did you get into the media?

Helen: Just by accident, by hassling.

On Dit: Did you start at uni?

Helen: Oh, I kind of did a little bit at uni, a little bit of public radio, not too much, on and off for a few years, and then gave Triple J a demo and sort of walked in at the right time really. I hassled until they gave me a go.

On Dit: What about your unfinished arts degree? Are you going to go back?

Helen: Well frankly it's too expensive!

On Dit: You sum up nicely the extended nostalgic adolescence that so many of us dwell in, what parts of the nineties do you think we'll be nostalgic about?

Helen: Distressed furniture. Umm (pausing for words), Turkish inspired cuisine... it looks like bum cleavage is going to be in next year, so that probably, and Wonder bras which are the shoulder pads of the nineties. I don't know, I think the nineties are inherently more tasteful in terms of interior design and stuff like that so there tends to be a bit of a return to classicism. So I don't know, there's not too much to snigger about, but post-modernity in general I guess (will have) people sniggering.

On Dit: You've also got your chapters devoted to "Things that get me up", men and women you don't really like, even your bad shagging list. It's always fun to have a whinge list but is there anything that you like?

Helen: Well I tried to write a chapter on things that I really like and it just wasn't very good... I'm just a very negative person unfortunately (Sigh).

With the interview coming to the end, and inspiration running out, I asked the very general question "Anything to pass on?"

"Oh, bloody vote Labor!"

Helen Razer's book *In Pursuit of Hygiene* is out now, and available at lots of bookstores that stock that sort of thing.

Shy Girl Georgina Neill

UNIBOOKS



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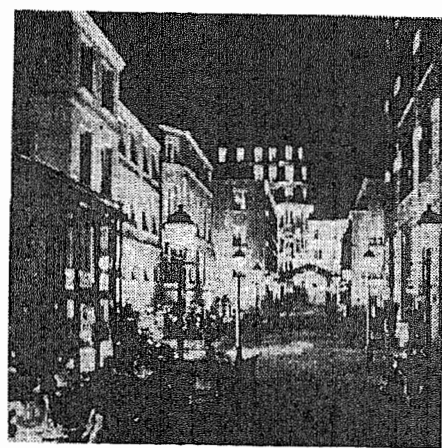
NAME: _____

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Entries can be sent or dropped into the On -Dit Office

Europe - Not like Adelaide with more people at all really or How to spend the profits from pizza delivering ... quickly!



Don't try to economise at knife point, I thought, as the stairwell progressed from cracked tiles to darkened ceilings punctuated by globeless light fittings. I was contemplating breaking my budget for Lisbon should my gap toothed guide so demand. We'd meet him in the mall outside an hour after alighting from the overnight train in which we had left Madrid late on the previous night. Something about our tired eyes or the hump backed gait that is developed after a few days of carrying all your belongings over your shoulder hinted to him that we needed a room and with a few hand gestures and an unintelligible word or two, he had us in tow. If only the Bannon Government had made Portuguese a compulsory subject in the schools of the '80s then I would have been able to exchange more than olá, adeus and obrigado (hello, goodbye and thankyou).

The door opened to an aproned woman and a flurry of linguistic gymnastics. From further back, an older woman who, had she been an actor, would have quickly become typecast as an old crone, stared at my neck for no apparent reason. The room was offered to us. Firm bed, bidet, balcony view of Lisbon (don't lean on the rails), shower down the hall, no knives. After a brief hand-written haggle over the tariff, the equivalent of about \$13 a person was exchanged and the room (live in hosts and all) was secured. Smiles and obrigados from everyone.

The act of sitting in a pub on Rundle Street and listening to the tales of an Australian abroad or at least a recently returned one, are a kind of semi-regular event for uni-students in the age of jet travel. For years I was the one nodding a lot and exclaiming "wow", at the appropriate times across the table from someone with a head full of memories and an empty pocket. But today I'm in Barcelona and it's my turn to relate my grand adventure to you. Try to be polite and sit still.

So in the style of the CD reviewer who spins the disc two or three times before passing judgement on months or years of a performer's work, here are my reviews of the small fraction of Europe that I've been able to cover in the first three months of my epic voyage. Thousands of years of culture experienced and summarised for you in black and white so you don't need to come here for yourself. And you don't even have to buy me a beer.

U.K.

Soft place to start this. Almost everyone speaks English. Features-Europe's largest city which is as grimy as it is portrayed in all your favourite BBC police dramas (wipe your face with a clean tissue after a day's touring of London and you'll see what I mean). From the alternative tomfoolery of the Camden Town and Portobello Road markets to the National Gallery that is home to more household name painters than your household could name (and who operate their audio tour on a donation system - suckers), London can be all that you want it to be.

Rural relief can be had in the distinct and beautiful entity that is Wales. Time restrictions forced me and Natasha Yacoub (my week long travelling partner) to limit ourselves to Southern Wales. Reflecting now on the vistas from the train windows between Cardiff and Fishguard, on the west coast, 'limit' is the wrong word. I'd prefer to use 'rapturously handsome' but then the sentence wouldn't make sense.

Welsh band, Gorky's Zygotic Myncci were one of countless highlights for me in one of the 3 music festivals that I attended in 3 successive weeks of decibel excess. The bank holiday weekend campout and mudfest that was Reading was the music geek's overdose you know it would be. If you want to see a band, then this is the country to be in. Yes, even if you abhor Britpop.

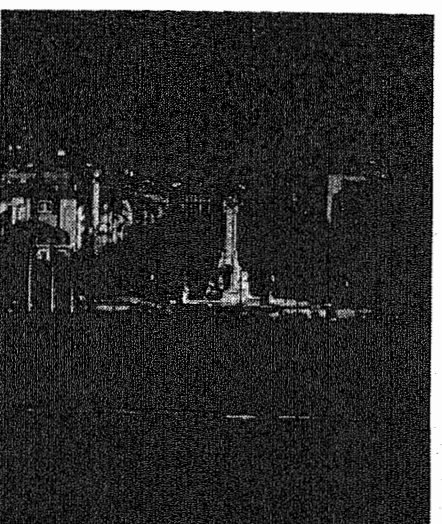
The Netherlands

Drug addled coffeeshops, prostitutes in windows, canals and bikes. Amsterdam is famous for these things and they abound in the city of loose laws. As the only cheap way to abuse a substance in the whole country, the Heineken Brewery tour comes across as half school excursion, half Duff Brewery tour episode of *The Simpsons*. It includes a 30 to 45 minute quaffathon at the end for less than \$2 and is best done after visiting the (non-chemically) mind expanding Van Gogh Museum.

Beyond the cheese factories and the windmills lies the Hoge Veluwe National Park, which envelopes the Rijksmuseum Kröller - Müller and its Van Goghs (276 of them), Seurats, Rodins and so on and so on. There are few better ways to savour this nature/art collaboration than on the one speed dragsters that are complimentary extras at the front gate. All museums should be this health and this much fun.

Belgium

Unless you fluke a visit to Brussels on the day they hook up kegs of cherry beer to the Mannekin-Pis (the statue of the little brat urinating that has spawned a million brat concrete replicas available from a garden centre near you), like we did, it can be a mash of run down buildings and sanitised business quarters that aren't that inviting. Better to spend your money on the chocolate, the waffles and the fruity beer (of which there're supermarket aisle after aisle of options) in some place like the medieval preserve that is Brugge. And expect to spend a lot of it because this EU focal point is an expensive place to become addicted.



Luxembourg

I took advantage of the special travel conditions provided by my Europass to visit Luxembourg city on a 3 hour stopover and had seen all I wanted to in 2. Apologies to all those Luxembourgers at Adelaide Uni, I'm sure I didn't do it justice.

France

Ah, the chance to put all that school-boy French and Pepe le Peu phrase work into practice. And why not try to converse with the people because despite their government's attempt to make the Pacific glow a brighter shade of green, the French are the model of hospitality and good manners. Fact. Try to find a shopkeep that fails to say his or her bonjours, au revoirs and mercis. Better yet, just order a plain au chocolat and enjoy the spectacle provided by the Japanese tourists racing to be photographed next to their favourite arm-less antiquity in the Louvre. You've probably already formed an opinion about Paris, such is its fame and for me that opinion was not far from the reality. Beyond the tourist hot-spots (no, I did not visit Jim Morrison's grave), it isn't that hard to tap into the day-to-day life of Paris.

Countyside that is probably best described with the French word for 'lovely' if only I knew what it was, abounds along the Loire and the Dordogne. We splurged on a cheap hire car for the former and then could only afford bikes for the latter but the impression left by green fields and fairytale chateaux was the same. The myth that wine from these regions is superior to the Australian equivalent must, however, be quashed here and now.

My French experience was rounded off with an hour's worth of the X-Files Français. Mulder and Scully and "oh la la" combine hilariously. Only the dubbed voice of the American Indian translator type had any cred although that hasn't made the show any less popular than it is in Australia.

Spain

That siesta thing is real. Can you believe they lock up the shop shutters for hours every afternoon for a long, long lunch? It gets a little frustrating putting your life on hold until you get into the swing of the 2.30 lunch, and the 10 o'clock dinner. Actually its hard not to be impressed with the exuberant Spanish lifestyle. Sure they torture bulls for sport but beyond that barbarism, they have the big eating, casual living thing sussed. Madrid is manic Seville palm tree picturesque and Barcelona... well it's just plain chic. The Olympic legacy is great in terms of facilities and if you know Sydney now, chances are you won't by the year 2000. If only Adelaide could get hold of the Commonwealth Games...

Portugal

Some 4 or 5 hundred years ago, the Portuguese traversed and conquered much of the world in a golden age of discovery. Today, its hard not to wonder what happened because there aren't that many monuments about that celebrate any achievements since. It would probably be less noticeable if every second street name didn't refer to that period. Lisbon is guilty of this retrospective focus and of being the place in which I was offered more drugs in half an hour of standing in the Praça Do Comercio than in my entire stay in Amsterdam.

Luckily, I did a bit of discovery myself in finding the fishing village of Tavira on the South coast area known as Algarve (not the foreign touristy bit - further to the east). The scooters were cheap and the fruits of the sea plentiful.

Morocco

Sometimes to appreciate one thing you have to lose it, try something else and then find it again. So it was for me with Europe. A 10 day jaunt into the squalor and the persistent personalities of this North African country (only a \$60 return ferry ride from southern Spain) was more than enough to jolt me out of my complacency. I was met at the port by an endless stream of multi-lingual Moroccans offering to be my 'guide' (for a small fee of course) to the city of Tanger's sights. Harder to shake than a dose of food poisoning and twice as tiring, these guys were everywhere. It got better the further south I went but the 'entrepreneurial spirit' of the sale seem to lie at the heart of most of the tourist/local interchanges nation wide.

From the snake charmer of Marakesh to the wailing calls to prayer from the mosques of Fés, the Moroccan thing is different. Two incidents represent that difference between the people of Morocco and the people of Europe...

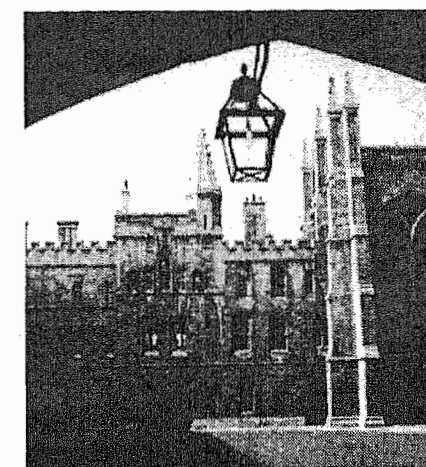
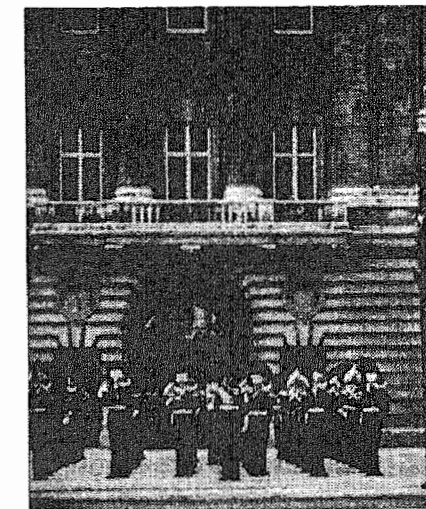
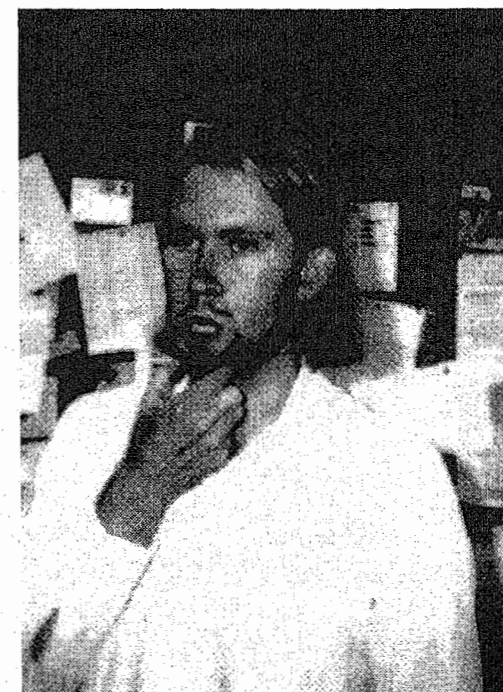
i) The Abdul incident: we met a man in the street who welcomes us into his home with, "you my brother, you my sister." A former strict Muslim, he only took up drinking three years ago. After trying unsuccessfully to out drink the Aussie on local red, Abdul passes out. His family paint a henna hand tattoo on Jess, my belly-ill travelling companion and then his young nephews rip us off in the taxi ride home.

ii) The Saharan silver salesman scam: we arrive in Asni looking for a truck to take us to Imlil from where we were to begin our 2 day trek up Mt Toubkal (all 4167 meters of it). Some guy offers us a cheap ride to Imlil from a nearby village. We're taken to a waiting room and are hit on by some guy who has just been to the Sahara and has very cheap, genuine silver trinkets to sell to his new friends. There is no truck. The guys ask for a small gift from us. I offer them my four colour Bic and the friendship is severed. This scam failed but the next one was just over the hill, I'm sure.

Now you know what my journey around not very much of the world in 90 odd days has been like for me. The quickly discovered truth of any trip, be it Europe or wherever, is that the experience is unique and that which I have savoured today, I might find sour tomorrow. So if you get your chance one day to be the story teller (assuming you haven't already) with the burning desire to inform Adelaide's pub goers of your adventures, be assured that your Eurotrip will be a very different version to mine. So don't be put off by the fear that it's all been done before because it hasn't been done by you.

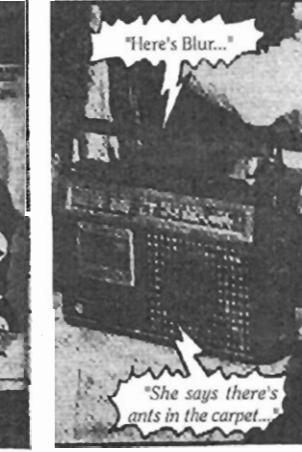
One word of warning though. If you see me coming your way in Rundle Street sometime in the New Year and you don't want the 12 inch mix of what you've just read including Eastern Europe, Germany, Italy and the like, put your head down and pretend you didn't see me 'cause I got a need to talk and a story to tell and the story is growing by the day.

Bryan Scrubby
1995 *On Dit* Editor (currently 'on tour' in Europe)

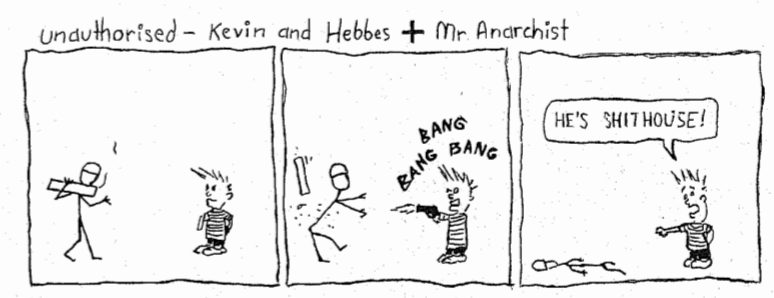




I never thought it would happen to me!



To discover if Gwen gets her wish, tune in to *On Dit*, '97 style



THE YELLOW RACE WILL TAKE OVER THE WORLD

The Yellow race will take over the world. Well that's true. We're evil. Pure evil, don't you know? I for one spend hours in my bedroom plotting world domination. Yeah, right. According to Pauline Hanson, Federal Independent Member for Oxley, Asian immigrants come into our country, (now that's a debatable concept isn't it?) use up our money, form ghettos and don't assimilate.

As an Australian born Chinese (ABC) I've watched and heard Ms Hanson speling for the last few weeks with outrage and growing unease. Surely people weren't actually listening to this woman!? Well, apparently they were.

Ms Hanson is fond of referring to mainstream Australia while discussing what Australians want. They're that determined and hard working bunch of Aussies who apparently don't want their country overrun by Asians. Mainstream Australians are people that go to the footy and the beach. (So presumably you have to own an eski and a couple of stubbie holders to qualify for mainstream Australia!) She's their sole champion, the one MP who's daring to say "what everyone else is thinking."

I'm actually quite amazed Hanson has got so far. With MP Graeme Campbell and his old senior adviser John Pascorelli pulling the strings, she's danced her way right into the spotlight, winning points for being the underdog, the Aussie battler. Or maybe I'm not that amazed. Maybe the time was just right, with unemployment and the economy being how they are, for someone to come along and say "it's their fault. Blame them."

But Hanson is simply ignorant. After her now infamous maiden speech she has been reported in every medium (TV, print, radio) making such wholesome declarations as: "Let's look after our own first. Give

"YOU'VE GOT TO BE CRUEL TO BE KIND."

them a job. Build roads. Build railways. Get them doing national service. Clean up the streets." But when asked how she was actually going to do these things she was stumped. She'd complain about having to explain and clarify her statements (hell! She is after all a federal member of Parliament!) or fall back on cliches like "You've got to be cruel to be kind." And when

asked to comment about actual figures of Australian born Asians from the Department of Immigration, (around 866,000 Australian born Asians compared to a population of over 18 million) she stated that she didn't believe them. All in all, she was simply unimpressive.

Among Hanson's many faults, she is simply naive and ignorant. Banning Asian immigration is wrong socially and morally but it also makes no sense economically because immigration is beneficial to Australia. Immigrants create jobs because of their demand for goods, housing etc. paid for by their savings they've gained from selling their assets in their country of origin. Moreover, the cost of training them is borne by their country of origin, not Australia.

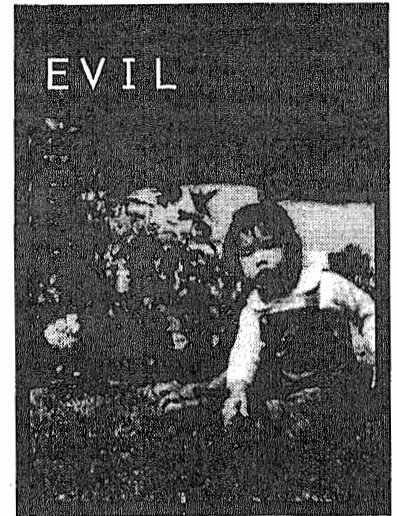
Imagine the ramifications such a ban on Asian im-

XENAPHOBIA
- THE FEAR OF ALL THINGS FOREIGN

migration could have on relations between Australia and Asian countries - "sorry, we don't want your type here. We're quite happy to take your money though." I don't think so.

What annoys me about the whole Hanson debacle is the way its been handled by PM John Howard. It wasn't until Hanson became literally an international incident having detrimental effects on trade, business and cultural relations that Howard was prepared to stand up in parliament and say, hey guys, racism isn't on. Gee, thanks Howard. For weeks he had dodged censoring and condemning her by bleating out: "free speech." He ignored the real issue of Hanson being an ill-informed and blatant racist, and did a neat side-step, all the while chanting: "Free speech. Free speech."

And so the thing comes down to economics. Until it finally hit home that what Hanson was saying was having a much wider spread effect, nothing much was actually done. But the minute business deals started falling apart, tourists started cancelling trips, students stopped enrolling at our universities etc., then it's uh, oh, we better do something - quick! Never mind the fact that Hanson is blatantly offensive to Asians, Aborigines, Gays etc. and is promoting an atmosphere of



hate and alienation - no, it was only when Australia stood to lose money that Howard actually did something. And, unbelievably, mainstream press were last week praising Howard for doing the right thing! Well done, Johnny? More like about bloody time!

However, it's highly unlikely that his belated damage control will have the full effect that he wishes. Of late, Hanson has been making the local press in countries like Malaysia and Singapore. Now just remember how much flack the French copped for the nuclear testing episode last year. Suddenly, it wasn't Chirac who was bad, it was the French, as a nation. Similarly, it's not unreasonable to say a racist Federal MP translates to Australians are racist. This kind of tag doesn't disappear overnight. The fact that Hanson has been featured in local press overseas is testament to the fact that the impression she has made will be long lasting. Howard should never have let it go so far. He should have distanced himself and the Government from her comments from the very start.

Following Howard's belated censure, the opinion polls have apparently reported a drop in support for Hanson from around 60% to 30% approximately. While it seems quite incredible that people would actually listen to Howard, and furthermore, agree with him, it hopefully spells the end of Hanson's turn in the spotlight. After all, it's surely time for her to be left out in the cold.

Christina Soong

An Interview with Pauline Hanson

Interview may not have actually occurred.

OD: How's it going?

PH: Oh. I didn't realise I'd be talking to one of the yellow race. Look I don't hate you but I just think that you don't fit into mainstream Australia.

OD: What's mainstream Australia?

PH: Hold on a second, let me just ask my de-wogged senior adviser, John Pascorelli. (*inaudible*) They're people who go to the footy and the beaches.

OD: So who's not in mainstream Australia?

PH: Dole bludgers, Aborigines, Asians, gays, people in ethnic groups unless they've totally assimilated.

OD: So what's your cultural background Pauline?

PH: Beg yours?

OD: Where are you from?

PH: I'm an Australian and I'm proud to be an Australian and I've got a serious work ethic you know. I haven't had it easy you know. I could have just sat on my butt but I didn't.

OD: Yes, but where are you from originally?

PH: I was born here. I'm dinky di Aussie.

OD: You're not a native of Australia are you Pauline? You're not Aboriginal are you?

PH: Well of course I'm not. That's a pretty stupid question.

OD: So I guess your family must have migrated here.

PH: Yes, but we're not yellow you know. We're hard workers.

OD: So how many Asians do you know Pauline?

PH: One - she worked in my shop, she was a good worker.

OD: So what's your problem with Asians?

PH: Well they're going to take over the world aren't they? My fear is that if we keep going the way that we're going, as my Mother has said for many years, the yellow race will rule the world, because they have a different culture. A different way of life.

OD: Have you got anything nice to say about Asians?

PH: Well they helped us out with the railways.

OD: Are you xenophobic?

PH: Please explain.

OD: You scare me.



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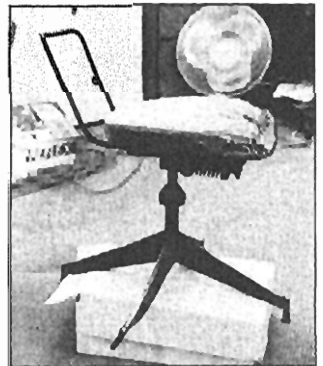
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SUN GODS

The combination of art and technology is something that the Android Sisters have developed into their own art form.

The towering sculpture-like robots, have become a common and popular sight at many of the major festivities around Adelaide since their inception at Womadelaide last year and thus it comes as no surprise that the group has been invited to take part in the Festival of the Sun, taking part in tonight's (November 4) Rundle Street party.

Tony Hannan, from the Android Sisters said that while the show was still being work-shopped when interviewed by *On Dit*, it would nevertheless incorporate the major themes from the festival such as technology and solar energy.

"We received a brief from the Fringe, which we are working from," he said. "For us this festival provides the perfect environment for our work and I think that is why we were invited to participate and this performance will be to do with the relevance of the company.

"At the moment we are aiming for the Robots to appear like Sun Gods, along with the interpretation of being like technical beings - the perfect

marriage of art and technology.

"The robots will then embark on a ritual-like performance whereby it appears as though they are gaining their energy from the sun and are then passing it on emphasising the importance of the sun for solar energy."

"The idea is to present a blend between the pre-early human aspects of sun worship with high technology and the worship of technology."

One of the concerns of the group has been the barrier that has been built up around technology, especially through its idealisation.

"I think that one of the things with technology is an arrogance that has been built up around it," Hannan said. "Yet the irony is that the more sophisticated we become, the more arrogant we get and in the only thing that can occur is that we will get burnt. So one of the aims of the Android Sisters is to break down that barrier. "The biggest irony of all is that this energy that we use comes from the sun," he said. "No matter what form of energy it is, it is still derived from the most primitive source of energy, the sun and I think that is something that people often forget about."

While the group is planning on presenting pieces tonight, an element of

their work is the ability to take inspiration from the surrounding environment, an aspect which will form a feature of their performance.

"There will always be an element of improvisation in our work," he said. "One of our strengths I think is that we can connect directly with the audience and it is something that we want to maintain."

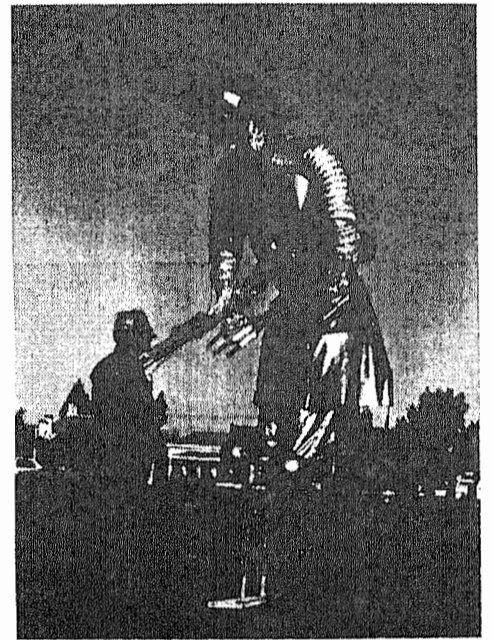
The merging of art and technology by the Android Sisters is best illustrated through the robots, a point that Hannan acknowledges. Along with devising performance ideas, the group also works on the technical development of the robots

"The robots are becoming increasingly technical as time goes on," he said. "We have already developed programmable circuits so that elements such as the robots lights can be pre-set while the stilts and the robots' hands are mechanized which allows us to be more agile and more interactive with the audience.

"A new area we are developing is the incorporation of television cameras within the robots with probably small televi-

sion screens being set within the palm of their hands. The aim will be to transmit images of the audience further emphasising the link between the robots and their surrounding environment. Unfortunately this work will not be ready for the festival."

Fontella Stuart Koleff



Virtual Art and the pursuit of happiness

In a festival celebrating science, art and technology as the Festival of the Sun, it comes as no surprise that the internet will play a prominent role during the various events.

Local firm Virtual Artists, who broke ground in combining technology with art during the Adelaide Festival Fringe through their Cyberfringe project, will

once again provide the focal point for the internet element of the festival.

Jesse Reynolds from Virtual Artists said the company association with the Fringe began at this year's, providing their website along with a physical presence with a solar powered cybertent in the parklands featuring a microwave internet connection.

"This was a ground breaking innovation at the time and I think it was one of the reasons which has probably prompted the Fringe to go with this festival and why they asked us to work on the Festival of the Sun," he said.

The Adelaide Festival Fringe website has provided a coup for Virtual Artists, through their selection as semi-finalists at the prestigious National Information Infrastructure Awards in the United States for their work on the project.

Work on the Festival of the Sun website started about eight weeks ago in consultation with the Fringe and according to Reynolds lessons learnt from the "Cyberfringe" have been influential in developing the latest site.

"What we are doing is to adopt aspects from the Adelaide Festival Fringe site along with elements from the website we did for the Melbourne Fringe last year," he said. "There are a

number of different developments that have occurred with the site including our first innovative use of frames, an area that we have previously resisted, along with combining websites with data bases."

The aim, said Reynolds, is to create a website from where the Fringe can edit their information and present it to the public. The site will also be updated on a constant basis so that people will have access to the latest information, best illustrated through Fringe News. It will also include a forum area, known as "insights", whereby experts in ecology and high technology can inform the public on various issues.

Other features of the site include listings of the artists involved in the festival, featuring their background and their festival projects, while a festival program will be made available. Media releases will also be issued through the site.

Another feature of Visual Artists work during the festival will be a robocam, a surveillance camera that has been installed outside the Ngapartji Multimedia Centre. This was a feature developed from the "Cyberfringe" project, being installed at the courtyard tower during the festival.

"This allows anyone from around the world to tune in through the internet to what is happening in Rundle Street during the festival," said Reynolds. "They can control the various viewing angles and even zoom in on a particular piece of the action."

Reynolds said involvement in the project has been exciting and agrees that Virtual Artists' involvement is essential for such a concept.

"An event like this cannot succeed unless there is an on-line component," he said. "But even with more traditional forms of festivals the importance of being on-line is becoming increasingly paramount and I think this is something that the Fringe is aware of."

"I think the most exciting thing about this festival is the combined promotion of arts, science and technology which will hopefully lead to more co-operation between these traditionally disparate groups and interests. This festival is important in that it is providing a venue for such communication to occur."

The Virtual Artists website address for the Festival of the Sun is: www.va.com.au/sunfest.

Fontella Stuart Koleff

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Art and Technology

Welcome to the brave new world! This is the message of the Adelaide Fringe with its involvement in the Festival of the Sun, the fusing of high technology, science, ecology and art, to create an event that is not only innovative but unique.

With a long-standing reputation for innovation, the Festival of the Sun according to director Barbara Allen, ensures that the Fringe remains on the cutting edge of art.

"It is not like we are copying someone else's idea, the fact is that we have leapt off the edge," she said. "I think something like this is a good thing for us as it is certainly breaking down that element of isolation that has been a feature of artistic development in Australia. It shows that we are just as innovative, experimental and adventurous as institutions overseas."

"Being the first event of its kind from an artistic point of view this year is a real experiment for us and so whether it will work socially or culturally is another question that we won't know until it is all over."

Allen said the idea for the festival occurred earlier this year after being approached by Australian Major Events, who were looking for a celebration to coincide with the World Solar Car Challenge. The approach also coincided with a desire by both Allen and Fringe chairman Glenn Cooper to adopt a new project.

"It was just the perfect vehicle we

were looking for," she said. "The Fringe has traditionally been arts based and primarily we wanted to do something new and different, our aim is to keep the Fringe fresh. The early November timetable was also ideal."

"I think there are a lot of arts institutions who are not embracing the opportunities that come along, while with this festival we can illustrate how innovative the arts can be.

"As with many things of an artistic nature the idea then developed laterally."

Allen acknowledged that the Festival of the Sun is one of a few ideas being considered as a non-fringe year festival.

"I think this has the potential to be developed as such a concept and its something that we will be seriously considering, along with other ideas," she said.

Allen acknowledges the Festival of the Sun as a "Funny hybrid of all sorts of things."

"The ideas (for the festival) came from a range of areas but I am also lucky in that my father is a scientist, so that background has been of enormous benefit. This festival is essentially my vision along with that of other artists," she said.

"There are a number of key angles, with a big emphasis on the internet," she said. "Since the Fringe earlier this year, we have found the multimedia movement in Adelaide a big inspiration for us."

Another element of the Festival that had a genesis from the Fringe Festival is the ATSI program which Allen is particularly proud of.

"This time it will be judged as part of the program rather than separate and I think it will be an absolute knockout," she said.

"I am particularly pleased with the mix of the elements such as artists from an indigenous culture coming from either visual arts, music and drama background who will be integrating their work within a high technology concept."

Allen said that the artistic side of the festival will be concentrating on design rather than performance, another element that she has elaborated on from the Fringe.

"One of the great strengths of Adelaide is its visual arts and design", she said, "something that I also tried to highlight during the Fringe."

"I think this festival will be primarily

of interest to artists and designers, but saying that it is also an event that will be accessible to everyone. The general aim of the Fringe has been to bring all the elements together so that everyone can enjoy it. We want to bring out the concepts of science and technology in a way so that it is fun. It is a really exciting concept and it has been a fantastic process."

Allen is delighted that the combining of arts and technology has become the hot topic within the international arts community. The result is that the international focus is now on Adelaide and the Festival of the Sun.

"The interaction between arts and science was the main talking point at the Edinburgh Festival much to my surprise and delight," she said. "So this project has been a really exciting thing to work on, especially when everyone around the world is talking about it."

"Up until now the two areas (arts and science) have traditionally been divided but I think it has been an artificial division as creativity is not the exclusive area for both of these fields," she said. "The aim therefore with this festival is to make communication and connections and hopefully breakdown these divisions, which I suppose is a very 90s concept. This is a festival which is neither about science and/or art, it is about something in between that people can enjoy."

Fontella Stuart Koleff



Festival of the Sun Timetable

While the festival kicked off yesterday (November 3) the festivities will continue today (November 4) with the finish of the inaugural World Solar Cycle race from Darwin outside Alfrescos in Rundle Street at approximately 2pm. This evening will see a Fringe street party in Rundle Street East from 6pm. Among the entertainment will be a major street performance at 7.25pm involving sound, lighting, local performers and special effects co-ordinated by Lee-Ann Buckskin, the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Arts Coordinator for the Adelaide Fringe and featuring local Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander artists including Betty Sumner-Lovett, Shade of Brown, Anthony Wilson, John Clarke, Mark King, Steven Goldsmith and Kerry Mackenzie.

On Sunday (November 10) the focus will move away from Rundle Street East to the Adelaide Zoo for the Sunbear Celebration of Science, focusing on the Sun within the environment and its important role as an ecologically sustainable source of energy. The free activities include Associate Professor Mike Tyler from the the university's Biology Department talking about sunbathing frogs at 1pm along with music and dancing performances by Aboriginal dancer Sherry Yhi Yunggarra and the Huanira Andean Group. Zoo staff will conduct tours around the zoo concentrating on sun related topics, while there will also be an art exhibition featuring works by Wilderness School students and a number of displays depicting various Sun topics. There will be also a special Sunbear feeding session during the day to enable people to learn about these endangered animals.

The Festival of the Sun will conclude on Sunday, November 17 with a return to the action at Rundle Street. At 10am with the Walk on the Wild Side, a 5km fundraising walk for the Heart Foundation. The course will cover the grounds of Government House, the Zoo and the Botanical Gardens, including the Bicentennial Conservatory. Interested participants can register at Rundle Park on the morning. This will be followed at noon by the BikeSouth Adelaide Street Races, featuring some of the state's leading cyclists competing over a street circuit located in Rundle Street. Followed at 2pm with the SPARC Paralympians and Wheelies tandem race, including Atlanta paralympian gold medalist Keiren Modra.

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THE CANBERRA TIMES, Thursday, May 16, 1996

THURSDAY MAY 16, 1996

THE COURIER MAIL

Axe falls on universities

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Enrolments up as unis combat cuts

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The Sydney Morning Herald

Tuesday, May 28, 1996

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By FRAN METCALF
Parliamentary reporter

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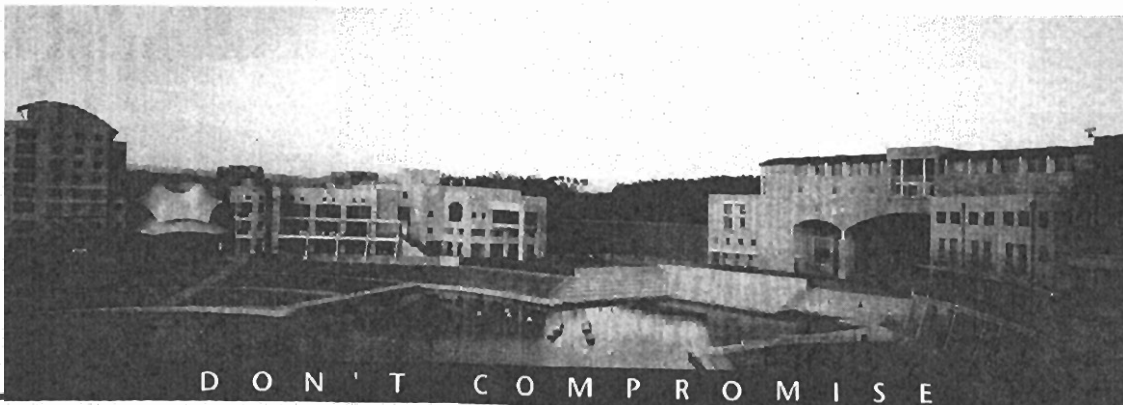
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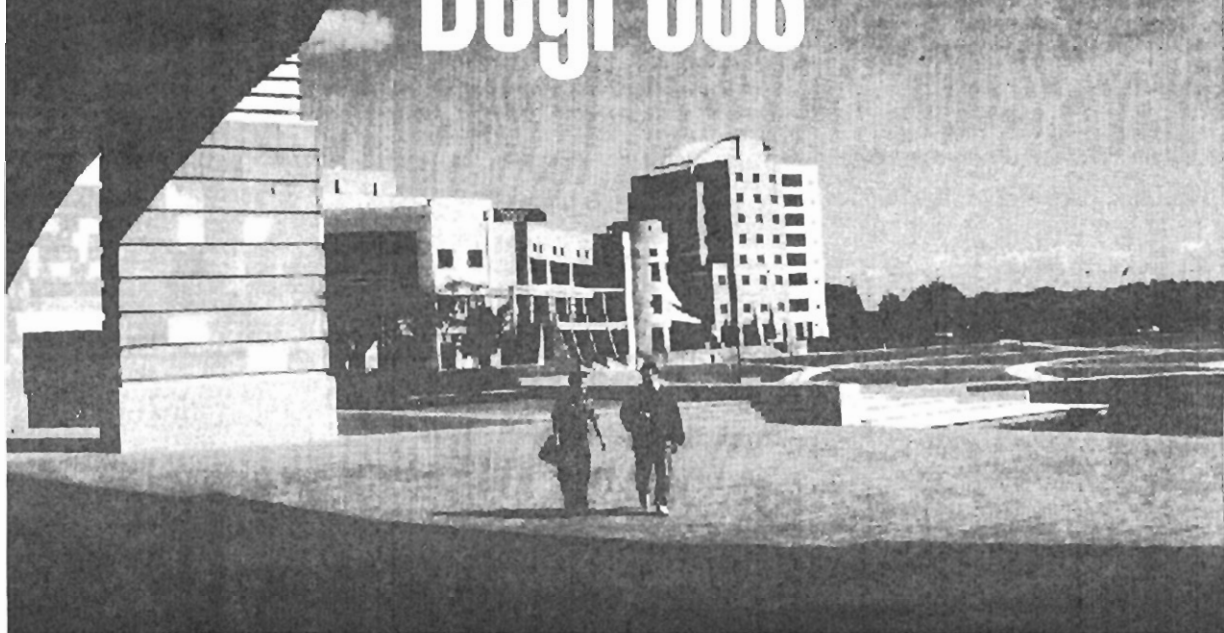
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Media Activism 101

some hints from the 1996 student radio director
Katrina Picozzi

Now that my term is drawing to a close, it's time for me to get on my high horse and share some of the knowledge I have gained during my 4 years as a student media activist. I have grown from mistakes. I have celebrated successes. This is by no means THE DEFINITIVE PERSPECTIVE. This is merely my personal perspective. Media work requires a great deal of thought about ways of communicating and it is important to find your own individual methods. There is no right or wrong way to communicate, just more effective and less effective ways. So if you have an interest in playing in media spaces read on.

Let's start off with a few chants which I have found useful.

Chant no.1

Oh please give me the wisdom to know the things I can change, the strength to accept the things I can't change and the sense to act with integrity.

Chant no.2

The media is an immensely powerful tool for communication and change. The media can and has destroyed lives.

Word up or leave it alone.

It is vitally important to research your stories. Read your promotional material thoroughly. It may be someone else's reality you are conveying in your work. Look deeply into what has come out of your area of interest so far, so that when you do your story you are adding to that body of knowledge rather than stagnating in repetition and old information. If you go in without prior knowledge of the area, you will look stupid and this is embarrassing. And remember, the fact that you are doing a story does not automatically give you the right to call yourself an expert in that area. That is the reason why the experts exist; so you can consult them.

What exactly is an expert?

Quite simply, if you've lived it, you're an expert on the matter. You can draw from your rich personal experience. If you have read about it in a book, or talked about it, or seen it on the TV, you are not an expert. That topic may have been mulling around in your head, but it is not in your body, and we all know how the mind can play terrible tricks on us sometimes, don't we?

Have some respect for the people that put their butts on the line for knowledge. Listen to what they have to say. Value differing perspectives. Everyone likes to think that they are right and anyone who doesn't agree is wrong. Try and let

go of this bullshit when doing media work. Keep your own ego out of it. Audiences want to hear from the experts, so if you have no direct experience in the area, stay out of it, and focus on arranging and

presenting the information in a clear and meaningful way. Being self-righteous about your perspective is probably going to CENSOR someone else's. As a media activist, it is your job to promote free expression, not to limit people's ideas according to your own moral code. And if the experts refuse to talk to you, don't get immediately defensive. Think about the reasons why they may not feel comfortable with you. You might just learn something about the way you work and do it better next time!

The Lush Factor

I know too many journos who are luses. Don't fall into the trap. The pub isn't necessarily the best place to make connections. Alcohol and drugs effect your clarity of expression and put major limits on how effectively you can communicate your ideas and grasp onto someone elses. I'm not saying there isn't a place for these indulgences, but if you are doing work, have enough respect for yourself and those you are working with to remain relatively clear and articulate. You will be much more productive this way.

Talk the Talk then Walk the Walk

If you say, you will do something, do it. If you don't have the time or energy, say so and refer the inquiry onto someone who does. You are not a martyr. You are not a hero. If you are going to be late, let an appropriate person know. Don't leave people waiting for hours. It makes them shitty. You also invoke a bad reputation not only for yourself, but for the organisation you are representing. This seems like basic stuff, I know. But believe me, we all need reminding.

The Sycophant Syndrome

Treat people like fully rounded human beings, do not iconize them. They will feel like aliens, I guarantee you will not be creating an adequately comfortable environment for them to open up and share.

There is a way of worshipping and admiring someone without having to shove your tongue firmly up their asshole. Rimming's fun ... sure ... I won't deny it. But media work is not the right context.

Don't Assume That Because I told You I Want You to Tell Everyone Else

Never assume that everything someone tells you is everything they want you to expose. Be careful about confidentiality of source material, sensitive issues, outing of any kind and treat rare and valuable information as just that. Divulge details in a way that takes into account the

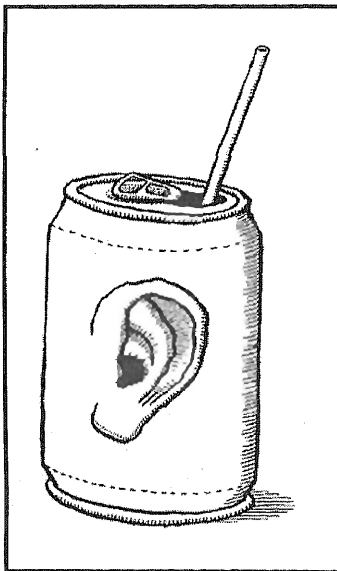
diversity of your audience and the varying reactions you may receive. Your viewpoint might be liberated and open but you cannot assume that your audience is the same. Furthermore, if you do feel as though you want to push the boundaries a little, be sure to know where your legal limits lie. Check up on defamation law. It may save you a lot of hassle and expense in the future.

The Last Word

This is the most valuable lesson I have learned.

If you have your own values and you want to stick to them, create your own media. Get access to some scissors, glue and a photocopier. Buy/borrow a super 8 camera. Organise your own show. Find like minded people and work with them. Media is your tool for expression and dissemination of information. Do not be captured by the romance of being a media personality. You will not make changeul media in this way. You will not cause awakenings. You will not cause connections. And remember, if you want to work in the mainstream, you will not change its nature, it will change yours. You will have to submit to assimilation of some kind. You will have to serve someone else's agenda.

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Now there is nought to do but contemplate your belly button fluff over a latte while sizzling in the heat of another brilliant Adelaide summer. After exams, of course. Someone has posted a list of suggestions entitled "30 things to do during exams when you know you're going to fail anyway" around the uni. Very brilliant. I'm looking forward to running into someone else's exam, grabbing the papers and running out screaming, "Andre! Andre! I've got the documents!". See it out, youngsters.

Now that Jim Waley has departed the late night news scene for a bit we can finally engage in the heavy-weight extravaganza that is, *The Battle Of The Late Night News Babe Tilt Thingys*.

In the Packer Memorial Corner we have the sultry Mediterranean goddess, Gina Boon! She's fresh on the scene and is a veteran of many a substitute performance for other Nine news heavyweights such as Clive Robertson and Old Man Jimbo. She has one of the sexiest voices in television - not the most glowing reception

- but I can look into those deep brown eyes for hours at a time.

In the generic, no name, give us your tired, old and burned out aging stars, sit coms, and Jason Priestly corner, may I present the most beautiful woman in the world (according to the readers of *The Advertiser* - I kid you not), Sandra Sully! Ten is hedging their bets on this blonde beauty to lift them out of the ratings doldrums. Watch this space.

In the Murdoch "I'll buy a stake in this network just to annoy Kerry" corner we have the glassy eyed Medusa of the South, Anne Fulwood! Once from Adelaide (pathetic claim to fame attempt No. 216(a)), and a veteran of that memorable Olympics broadcast (how can we forget!), Anne is 6 foot 4 inches and 195 pounds of storm troopering, power punching, salary topping, nightmare haunting terror. Just look at that haircut - it's a work of art! No wonder they can't (won't) sack her, they'd be done by the National Trust for desecrating a national treasure.

Finally, in the Howard Holo-

caust Museum for the Financially Challenged, we have the tag team combination of Maxine, Indira, Rosemary, as well as a host of other newsreading types. The rotating roster of late night variety guaranteed to keep you tuned in, if only to see who is on duty.

Who will win? Is it important? Who cares anyway? The important thing is not the news itself, but who is the face that can pull in the most viewers. Go Gina!

With the advent of exams comes a great deal of free time on your hands - so what better time to tune in for that favourite show you've missed all year, right? Wrong! The curse of Summer TV raises its ugly head to smite all who would be entertained into couch potato oblivion. Watch for these signs. First there is the arrival of the dreaded bracketed message "(Final)". Much shedding of tears already. Then there is the hours of weekend TV devoted to cricket. Then there is the most dreaded arrival of all, the Christmas Special.

The Christmas Special is the most ridiculous invention that has ever graced the screen - well, apart from *I Do, I Do*. It is the chance for any sitcom or serialised program to engage in schmalz of an exponentially high degree. I don't need to tell you how they go, although the 'best' one I ever saw was the *Yogi Bear Christmas Special*. It was an example of unmitigated capitalism with just a dash of the "Christmas Spirit" to keep things in check.

Let's face it. Christmas should

just be called 'Xmas' and pronounced as such. The idea of the "Christmas Spirit" has about as much to do with this day of the year as Christ has. About the only place you see Christ in relation to Christmas is either in Christian Television Association adverts or as part of cheap, plastic nativity sets from Target - both suck. If you push it 'Xmas' sounds a bit like 'eczema', which is appropriate if you think about it. It is a nasty rash which hurts more if you scratch it. They say Christmas comes but once a year. Yes, but it comes four months too early.

My final top ten best shows for 1996.

1. *Ned and Stacy* - funny, quotable, sexy and sexist to boot.
2. *The X Files* - David and Gillian (drooooo!!)
3. *Nightline* with Gina Boon (drooooo! part 2)
4. *Monty Python's Flying Circus* repeats - blink and you missed it.
5. *American Visions* - seen it once, never see it again, but boy it was good.
6. *Mad About You* - the sit-com comes of age.
7. *Northern Exposure* - repeat fans' idea of heaven.
8. *Cybill* - not as dumb as it looks.
9. *The Naked Truth* - almost as dumb as it looked, but funny
10. *The Simpsons* - good, but not great this time round.

Notable absentee - *Seinfeld* - it just doesn't cut it anymore.

Goodbye for this year. Merry Eczema everybody!

Star Signs with Astra Zoid

Sagittarius (Nov 23 - Dec 21)

This is the month, if you're a student, to knuckle down and do some study. I can foresee some exams ahead and they will be important in shaping your future. You will celebrate your birthday in the next couple of months. There will be some good things and some bad things.

Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 20)

Like Homer Simpson once said: "D'oh!". You just can't stay out of trouble, can you? Lock your doors and get out the cache of weapons you've been saving for this special occasion. The police will be around in five minutes. They know where you live. A stranger will give you money.

Aquarius (Jan 21 - Feb 19)

Look up this week as you will be hit by a falling television - the stars never lie. Lucky numbers are 'π' and 'x', especially if you're studying Maths. You will all win first division in X-Lotto, which will really suck as you will all get \$23.76 each. Buy a book, it will make you look more intelligent.

Pisces (Feb 20 - Mar 20)

You will uncover a lost love who will bring renewed hope back into your life for the first time in years. Unfortunately they will also bring a new STD into your life so get that prescription ready! Watch out for men with

neckties, they are much more wealthier than you and don't care about your fondness for Twinkies.

Aries (Mar 21 - Apr 20)

Nobody likes you as you're a pushy, arrogant, annoying airhead. This is true so don't come whining to me.

Your lover will dump you, you will lose your job and you will fail your exams. The world will reject you like gangrenous lard. Your lucky numbers will be 3 and 657.89.

Taurus (Apr 21 - May 21)

You cannot choose between all of the prospects at your fingertips. My solution is to take the bit between the teeth and grab them all. You're a boring, stubborn git so take this opportunity while you can. Remember to put out the garbage this week. You forgot last week and it's still there festering on the pavement.

Gemini (May 22 - Jun 21)

Jupiter is the largest planet in the solar system. You will need to know this for your Astronomy exam. If you're not studying Astronomy then you should have listened to me at the end of last year! Don't worry, there will be a question about Jupiter

future - see, anyone can write this crap.

Leo (Jul 24 - Aug 23)

You will see females of all shapes and sizes over the next few weeks. You've always seen them, it's just now you're noticing. Beer will get you drunk. Cigarettes will give you a cough. Look out for asparagus - it's really yucky. You're so vague - even Phoebe off *Friends* has got it more together than you.

Virgo (Aug 24 - Sep 23)

A rare combination of Mars and Venus in your sector of love will turn you into a raging nymphomaniac. This could have problems as it will strike twenty minutes into any exam you will sit. Sneak in a vibrator or a plastic bag, but remember to check for leaks beforehand. Be confident concerning the ordering of any take away food over the next couple of months.

Cancer (Jun 22 - Jul 23)

Remember that packet of

Libra (Sep 24 - Oct 23)

You will be out of step with fashion, but don't worry. There will be a turnaround at some point. This will involve fruit, a chainsaw, and a rubber tyre. Other events that will befall you will include a trip to the circus, lemons in your bed, and a faint smell of gunpowder on the 19th. Stock up on toothpaste.

Scorpio

(Oct 24 - Nov 22)

Once bitten, twice shy will be your motto this month, especially if you're a Golden Delicious Apple. Uranus in your sixth house is refusing to pay rent. Send in a Black Hawk helicopter. If you really have six houses, what are you doing at university anyway? Get a life you Liberal voting scumbag

chips that you left at the supermarket? Well, it's grown up now and will be suing you for neglect. You will get a raging headache on the 25th and your chemist will not have Panadol. On the 16th there will be a burst of good luck concerning your

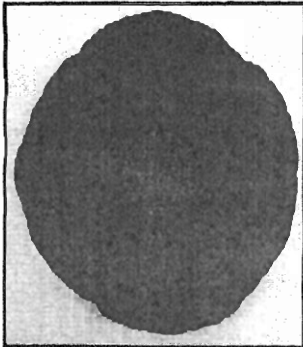
STEREO TYPES



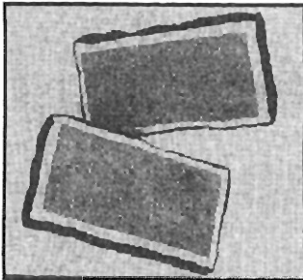
CRAFT

with
Dr
John
Wamsley

If you're bored these summer hols and you've no cash to buy some real enjoyment, raid Mum's rag bag and whip up these groovy stereo cushions - they'll add music to any room!



Materials: To make the realistic record player, you'll need 1.5 metres of shiny red satin (use the leftovers to make some CD and cassette cushions), 70 cms of black satin (use the leftovers to make some erotic undies), 50 cms of wadding, 30 cms of wide silver netting (for the speakers), 30 cms of black suedette (no suedette is not a groupie who follows Suede), scraps of blue satin and silver lurex, some wide silver braid, terylene toy stuffing, matching sewing threads, one packet of Vilene Bondaweb.



N.B.: When using Bondaweb for applique sections, iron webbing to back of fabric before cutting out shapes, and follow direction on the back of the packet. RST means right side together, and allow for 1.5 cm seams throughout. Draw all pattern pieces onto wrong side of fabric with chalk before cutting out.

Record: Cut two 45 cm diameter circles from black satin, and two from wadding; from Bondaweb backed

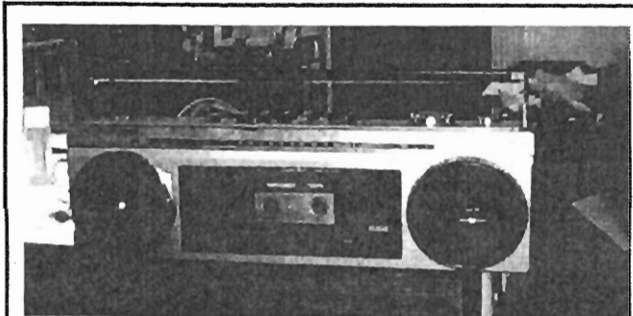
fabric cut two 10 cm diameter circles in blue satin and two 2 cm diameter circles in black satin. If you feel inclined, you may want to embroider the names of your favourite popstars on the centre of each record, being careful to spell them correctly (otherwise your friends will think you're a knob).

To make: Mark centre of all circles and bond blue circles to centre of large black circles, then bond small black circles to centre of blue circles. Using a sewing machine (ask Mum's permission before using scissors or her sewing machine) sew around edges of bonded pieces. Pin or tack a piece of wadding to the wrong side of each circle, then, starting at the centre of the record, quilt outwards with a straight stitch in a spiral, keeping lines of quilting at least 1 cm apart. If you can't be arsed, give it to your Mum (who will be happy to be of assistance, as long as you agree to do the dishes and clean your room) to do. Stop quilting 3.5 cms away from outside of record. Place pieces RST and sew round edge, leaving enough room to stuff it. Stuff lightly. Sew hole up to prevent filling escaping.

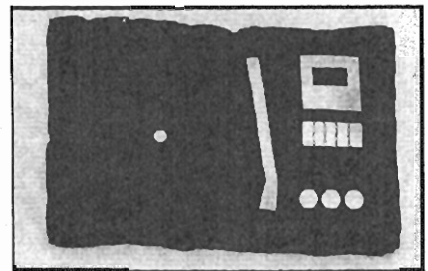
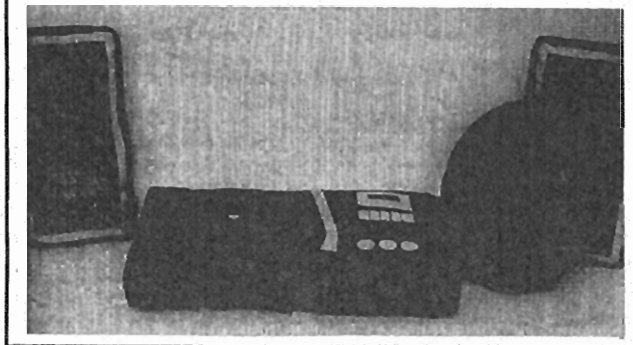
rectangles about 45 cms by 25 cms from red satin and two from black satin. Cut some stripes from red satin, and two 40 cm by 20 cm rectangles from silver net. Bung 'em together in whichever way you see fit.

Record Player: The construction of the centrepiece will separate the stayers from the fly-by-nighters. It's a bitch. Cut two 60 cm by 40 cm rectangles, and two 97.7 cm by 10.2 cm strips from red satin; a 30 cm by 15 cm rectangle from bonded black satin; a 30 cm diameter circle from suedette; a 2 cm circle from bonded lurex; record player arm and control fittings can be bought from an electrical seconds shop, or alternatively use bonded lurex and blue satin, following the diagram.

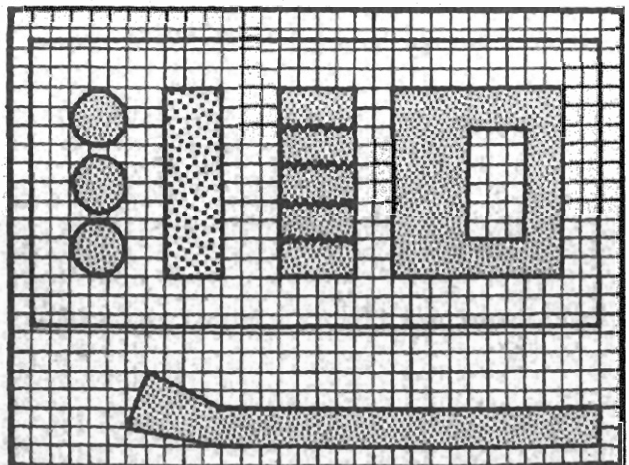
To make: see below diagram. Apparently it's supposed to help. If you're unsuccessful don't blame me. Do I look like Tonia Todman?



If you follow the instructions carefully, your sound system cushions should look like the example above. If you fall, they'll look like the example below.



Speakers: Cut two



Apparently this diagram is supposed to help you construct your cushions

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VOX POP



Questions

1. What has been your highlight and lowlight of the year?
2. What do you want for Christmas?
3. Who do you lust after?

Andrew

1. a. Auromonal [?!?...we weren't sure how to spell this dear reader, please forgive us:] Equinox
b. Rolling over a car bonnet.
2. A degree.
3. My girlfriend and Mazzy Star.

Gin Bin Flinn Slim

1. a. Seeing Andrew roll over a car bonnet.
b. The museli slice that I brought today for my lunch was appalling.
2. My two front teeth.
3. I can't think of anyone.



Jacyn

1. a. Hot weather
b. Uni itself.
2. A kiss from Santa
3. Plenty of the girls around



Zeddy

1. a. Getting my passport for my trip to Bali.
b. Richmond missing the finals...
2. To get home safely from Bali.
3. Anyone whose taken...



'Fuzzy' Jin

1. a. Summertime, the festival, my 21st...I should stop drinking as I can't remember anything good that happens.
b. I drink to forget...
2. A holiday anywhere, I want to get away and get to know myself, maybe go and see Madonna's child.
3. ...maybe when Madonna's child grows up, there are several people...I'm not too choosy...Margaret West, Jodie Foster, The french woman from "Mission Impossible", Lisa Simpson...



John

1. a. Mid-semester break.
b. the exam period.
2. My own European soccer team.
3. No comment.

VOX POP

Simon

1. a. Meeting Nat, over 50 cent beers.
b. watching the Grand Prix at Mike's.



2. I've already got my two front teeth...A Brunatex CD and some 50 cent beers at Diamonds, 'cause Xmas falls on a Wednesday.
3. I'm afraid I don't lust for anyone...I can't say because too many of my friends read *On Dit*.

Beryl

1. a. Having paid employment...getting a cheque every week.
b. There are a galaxy of stars shining in my lowlight department this year.
2. A paid job, and to sit on Santa's big 'ol lap.
3. People would expect me to say The Connection.

Tristan

1. a. Lazy days on the Barr Smith Lawns, talking crap with my friends.
b. The night before any DPS assignment is due.
2. An around the world cruise in a five star ocean liner in the best suite available.
3. My girlfriend.



Oliver

1. a. When we saw the sun rise for four days in a row.
b. Last swolvac.
2. Turntables, amps, guitar and also for some very generous person to pay my Uni fees for me; also a round Africa trip would be nice.
3. There is a girl who lives up the road from me in England, about 3/4 of a mile away, up the hill and turn left...I am going to see to it when I return home.

Kerryn

1. a. May 18th 1996, Gouger street, 4am...also seeing ash [although they didn't play too well]
b. Apart from the usual plethora of shitty things...like being pushed down in Rundle Mall...Wednesday, 22nd of May stands out as a low point.
2. \$10,000 and a ticket to England.
3. David, Jarvis, Damon, Mark "Ash" Hamilton, Neil Morrissey from *Men Behaving Badly*, all of the Beatles but especially George and John, Sick boy [I'm sure that there are others]...also that babe that we see out every Saturday night...you know who you are!

Natalie

1. a. Getting a job and seeing Jeff Buckley in concert...
b. drinking too many 50 cent beers at Diamonds night club...[plug, plug]; also leaving too many assignments till the night before they were due.
2. I want to find Jeff Buckley wrapped up in sparkly paper at the bottom of the Christmas tree.
3. Damon and Alex, the Moz and the Roz, Crispian from Kula Shaker ; I could go on, and I will...; the lovely lads from ash [yes even you Rick!], Johnny Lee Miller [Mmmm...Donuts], Brett Anderson...and Jeff Buckley.

Ching Yee [not pictured here...]

1. a. Booking the airline ticket for my holiday destination (hurrah!), discovering Jarvis, coupla X-files episodes and Jacky Cheung's '96 mandarin album.
b. Too many to mention but usually study related: finding out that I have two exams on the first day, getting a shitty mark for an essay in the same week and Microbiology practicals which is 5 hours of complete headfuckery.
 2. World peace and a good rest, if I don't get the first one, the second would be just as good, thank you.
 3. I think that the others have covered them all but also Ian Hart, a number of people I see on the street...you know the kind, five minute lusts.
- [note. Dear reader if you think that these lists are too long, or extravagant well fuck you 'cause we are the sub-eds and can write what we like. Cheers!]



The year that was.

We're just beating those new year specials presented by John Riddell.

1996 is a year after 1995! And what an exciting year it has been. January saw the first sort of free elections in the Palestinian West Bank and Gaza Strip. Yasser Arafat won but since then all peace in the Middle East has just gone down hill. Elections happened in Israel in May, when Benjamin Netanyahu of the right wing Likud Party won with the policy of 'strength means peace'. So much for the Peace Process. The heady days of the intifada have returned and provocation on both sides has increased. That came after a spate of suicide bombings of the extremist Hamas group killed 90 Israelis in February. In retaliation, and to show the Israeli public that he had balls, Shimon Peres launched an all out attack on Palestinian sites in southern Lebanon in March/April. This brought about large condemnation from around the world except from a jittery, election-conscious United States. Over in Iraq, Clinton was still election-conscious, ordering some bombing raids in early September on military positions in southern Iraq. This was in retaliation for Saddam Hussein's support for one faction of the Iraqi Kurds over another. This event has already been forgotten. Iran this year concentrated on not allowing more cultural pollution to enter the Islamic Republic, by even releasing an Iranian Barbie Doll clone called Sarah. Afghanistan's incumbent Islamic government, after four years of trying to control the country, were overthrown by the ultra-extremist Taliban, whose base was in the south of the country. October in the country was the scene of constant fighting between the ex-government and the Taliban, with Pakistan supporting the latter and Iran the former. To add to the fun, Uzbekistan and Russia are supporting fellow Uzbek warlord Rahman Dostam, who controls the north. No easy solution or any end to the seventeen year war is in sight. Burma (Myanmar) regained some attention with Democracy leader Aung San Suu Kyi defying the Burmese military authorities and staging democracy rallies on the weekends. While the west was quick to support Aung San Suu Kyi's actions, the rest of South East Asia see better economic opportunities with a strong stable military government. Anyway, for democracy to work in Burma would embarrass the rest of South East Asia by exposing their forms of democracy for what they really are - sham democracies. One of these sham democracies came under increasing pressure in July this year when the daughter of Indonesia's first president Megawati Sukarnoputri was ousted from the leadership of the Indonesian Democratic Party (PDI) for calling for real democracy. Pro-Democracy demonstrations rocked Jakarta and Soeharto. To top off Soeharto's year, Papuan rebels in West Irian kidnapped a large group of philanthropists in January and two Catholic Timorese bishops won the Nobel Peace Prize. The Olympics gained our attention (brought to you by Coca Cola) in late July, held this time in the Coca Cola city of Atlanta USA. Australia won

9 gold medals, with the honours of winning the most medals going to the host country. Looking back, the Olympics were not so memorable for the actual sports as for the transport problems, bombings and the new Muhammed Ali cult personality. As per usual, South America is in the United States' sphere of influence, so we are not allowed to be concerned about the place. However, Cuba's president allowed anyone to leave Cuba, filling up Florida with heaps of Cubans. The Americans couldn't take it. The irony of it all was that an Australian attempted to swim from Cuba to Florida and she almost made it. Bosnia, after four years of fighting, finally calmed down - sort of. Elections were held in September and since then Bosnia has been relegated to some place that no one should care to know about anymore. The United States did their job and that is it. Greece and Turkey fought over a little rock and recently Greece too said that having the word 'Macedonia' is acceptable for international use by their northern neighbour. Of course, Macedonia retaliated and said that then there is no problem at all with going by that comment and the past five years have been wasted by Greece. Poland elected an ex-communist government while the Russians voted for Boris Yeltsin, who practically had a heart attack in joy of his victory and is on the verge of death. Chechnya is an on-again, off-again war, with the Chechens for most of the year gaining the upper hand. Northern Ireland went hand in hand with Israel/Palestine with the IRA ceasefire cancelled because of intransigence on the side of the British. Italy almost broke in two, with some quacks in the north declaring a separate Repub-

lic of Padania in the north of the country. African news centred on the ongoing trouble in the Rwanda/Burundi region. While back in Australia, after thirteen years of Labor Rule, for some reason unknown to me, the Liberals won the March election. The Liberals were to become enemy number one of the students, especially as they do not plan to follow any of their promises in regards to education, health, social security and basically everything else. The folly of the year was Pauline Hanson, a clean blooded lass from Queensland who has yet to learn how to apply mascara properly. Her comments regarding the invasion of Asians into Australia and that Aborigines are in a privileged position in society brought about a period of "free speech". Finally in October both Kim Beasley and John Howard agreed to a bipartisan anti-racism bill in parliament, condemning Pauline Hanson and her motley crew of "I'm not racist" MPs. The Northern Territory was labelled the Death State by opponents to its revolutionary Euthanasia bill, which went into effect July this year. The dust has yet to settle over that one. And Australia gained Brownie points from Clinton by successfully putting forward an Anti-Nuclear Weapons bill through the General Assembly of the United Nations. The only obstacle is that India, a potential nuclear power, voted against it and various similarly militarily capable nations like Pakistan had voted yes but would refuse to sign any such treaty.

That was 1996 in the world of news. Enjoy the 1997, hopefully without Lime Green and the Macarena.

News Sub Editor 1996
Nick Nasev

NEW ENGLISH SUBJECT FOR '97

ENGLISH FOR PROFESSIONAL PURPOSES - Andrew Bear

Level: II and III

Points value: 4 and 6

Pre-requisite: None

Contact hours: One lecture and one two-hour workshop

Lecture: Tuesday 2.15 p.m.

Workshops: To be arranged

Content: This is a new subject so the content will have a degree of flexibility.

English for Professional Purposes is a 'practical' subject for students who wish to improve their oral and written communication skills. It will provide instruction and practice in the main forms of writing commonly encountered in professional contexts and will include a public speaking exercise as one assessable component.

Genres of professional writing analysed and practised will include job applications, business letters, memoranda, reports, media releases and public relations announcements.

Communication skills likely to be enhanced by this subject include confidence, fluency, style, presentation, vocabulary, spelling, grammar, clarity, brevity and the ability to construct logical argument. It is not a subject in English as a Second Language or Remedial English but could be of benefit to students wishing to work in those areas.

Assessment: Attendance and participation-10%

Public speaking component-15%

Written projects and essay-50%

Examination-25%

Special features of assessment in this subject are that a mark of at least 50% must be obtained in the examination before the subject can be passed; the amount of written work required will be relatively high because extensive practice and feedback are basic to the subject's purposes, and students will be able to opt for a 'best mark' assessment based on the number of pieces of written work submitted.

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For further information contact:

Marilyn Saxon, Department of Botany, The University of Adelaide 5005
Telephone: (08) 8303 5280 Facsimile: (08) 8232 3297

Applications for 1997 close December 1996



THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

The American elections.

It's on this week!

That day of days has finally arrived - Melbourne Cup Day. But an event which is just a little bit more influential on the future of the world is happening as you read this article - in the United States. It's election day and about half of all eligible voters will turn out and vote. The number of voters is so low because voting is not compulsory. And the politicians have been using this to their advantage. More on that later. It is certain, if you go by the opinion polls, Bill Clinton will go on to govern the United States and be "The Leader of the Free World" for another term. He will then become an ex-president at the spritely young age of 54. His opponent, the 72 year old Republican Bob Dole has been all but disendorsed by his party, and ads have even appeared urging whatever voters remain to at least vote for Republican candidates in the Congress. Bob Dole, described as tired and too old fashioned, never made a major dent in the

opinion polls. As some political commentators have said on Bob Dole's performance, a US president now must be a talk show host and entertainer, rather than a politician. Dole is a politician in the traditional sense, whereas Bill Clinton is more of a soap star. With the "spectacularisation" of US politics, he is better suited to play the part. The low turn out of voters reflects the ignorance of some people and the dissidence of others. Many Americans have become disillusioned with politicians and the whole spectacle which now surrounds a Presidential campaign. The "50%" figure is also not across the board in regards to demographics. The Republicans, in a last ditch attempt to muster some votes have appealed to senior citizens. They are targeted because an overwhelming majority of them actually vote, making their political clout much larger than their representation in the overall demographics of the United States. Health issues and Social

Security have received the most attention by the Democrats, while trade tariffs and immigration issues have been pushed by the republicans, often with overtly xenophobic tendencies. Maybe this is a sign of things to come for Australia, when the Liberal-National Coalition will soon introduce to parliament a bill calling for an end to compulsory voting in Australia. The status quo will remain in the United States, with much of the country not changing at all. The promises and the youthful direction that Clinton possesses seems more like a facade than reality. With everything in the United States except the amount of new infomercials and Aaron Spelling soaps stagnating, the most dynamic economy and

the world's "most successful democracy" seems to be heading down a path of pretentiousness.



"Lookin' for girls who like boys..."

Hutus and Tutsis - The fighting starts again.

It seems that someone high up does not like the Hutus or Tutsis, and no matter where they are they are in some sort of violence. This time, the new escalation in fighting is taking place in the strife-torn country of Zaire, to where millions of refugees from Rwanda fled since 1994. Because the borders of Africa were never drawn to reflect the ethnic boundaries, Hutus and Tutsis are found not only in Rwanda but also they form the two major tribes of Burundi and are found in large numbers in neighbouring Uganda, Tanzania and eastern Zaire. Goma is the largest city in eastern Zaire and is now the centre of renewed fighting. Fighting has also occurred in Bukavu. Not only has the violence resumed between Hutus and Tutsis, but it is believed that the Zairean Army, being the underpaid and heavily corrupt organisation it is, wants all the Rwandan and Burundian refugees to go back home. The most likely reason why the army wants them out is because these refugees have been bled dry by paying bribes and "taxes" to the Zairean Army and have nothing left. Who wants to be responsible for people that don't have any money to be swindled of. In the meantime, following a Hutu army coup earlier this year, Burundi has been totally isolated by all its neighbours, in retaliation to breakdown in the democracy process. But not much attention has been placed on Zaire. Ruled (if you can call that) by dictator Mobutu, his thirty years of reign has caused Zaire to go from poverty to even more poverty, war and corruption. It is amazing that Zaire is still in one piece and that the railways

or any other part of the public infrastructure has not been sold off to the black market. Formerly a Belgian colony, Zaire is the Amazon of Africa, with a large part of the centre of Zaire covered by thick rainforest. Communication between eastern Zaire (around Goma and Bukavu) and the capital Kinshasa in the west is minimal at most, and every province is virtually ruled by warlords, usually the local Zairean Army General. Mobutu's best friend was one dear Nicolae Ceausescu. On hearing the news that the Ceausescus were killed by their own people, Mobutu took notice and announced that changes would take place. "Democraie" was the in thing, but Mobutu too realised that he would lose power. Then anarchy came into the question. Kinshasa is one of the most dangerous cities in the world and looting happens regularly. The formerly productive mining areas in the south of the country (around Lubumbashi) are now idle with the people more concerned with their own form of ethnic cleansing. The deportation of the Katanga people from the south to eastern Zaire in 1994 never made it into the news. Talk of an all-out war erupting in the Rwanda/Zaire/Burundi area is not far-fetched. Mobutu desperately needs something to occupy his army before they become so bored of milking bribes out of every living thing that they plan a coup against him. A war too would unite Zaire in a wave of nationalism, and no one in Zaire better represents that than Mobutu himself. Yet again the world does not really care and yet again there is no optimism here.

"MAKE IT 0"

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Normanville 15-18 February



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available from the SAUR OFFICE

Applications due:
Friday 8th November

**ORIENTATION '97 -
BEAM ME UP
DIRECTORS**

CLUBS GEAR

MASSACRES ON CAMPUS
Film Society and Craig Andrews present
THE WILD BUNCH: THE ORIGINAL DIRECTOR'S CUT and HARD BOILED, complete and uncut. Video projections of these two fantastic films, Wednesday November 6, 4.15pm, Union Cinema, Level 5 Union Building. \$2 for Film Society Members, \$3 for everyone else. Two absolutely unforgettable movies about loyalty, hour and firepower, both culminating in astronomical bodycounts. That means no under 18 kiddies are allowed.

Pride Piss up/dinner
Thursday 5th December
@ Penang Restaurant
Hindley Street
8.30pm. All welcome.
Contact Michael 8340 0602

The University of Adelaide Astronomical Society will be holding an end of year BBQ, and is inviting everyone to come along to celebrate the end of an academic year. The event will be held on the Physics Building Grounds at 12 O'Clock in the afternoon of Sunday 1st December. Cost will be \$2.00 for members and \$3.00 for non-members, bookings are essential so contact
Trang Tran on 8243 1895 or 268 2739

or Tomath Rainsford on 8276 7689
Please feel free to participate, any enquiries can be made to the above people.

The Vietnamese Students Association will be holding its annual summer camp at Crystal Lake. All members and friends are invited to come along and have lots of fun. Cost \$55, Date 6/12 - 9/12, 1996.
Phone; Andrew 266 2291
Han 041 141 7528
Trung 365 4579

Get A Job!

This year's Get a Job! column has been a veritable treasure trove of information. We began with the saga of the Federal election and the landslide coalition victory. This final article intends to review the events of this year, through our suspicious eyes and then some!

John Howard was ushered in under the promises of revitalising our economy and combating unemployment through small business incentives (remember!) He promised everything, he no doubt made many of us feel secure and that it was actually time for a change (note: I am not a Labor club member nor do I intend to be).

While Johnnie was full of concern for young people who are unemployed, students and workers during his campaign, he's trying to seriously fuck us all over now.

I'd like to be fucked over!

Maybe his lack of concrete policies should have warned us of our impending fate. At the start of the year the question was: How much easier can John Howard make it for employers to mistreat young people? Look up Australian Workplace Agreements, individual contracts, new minimum standards, unfair dismissal law changes, flexibility in industrial relations, youth wage debate and more calls to implement a work for the dole scheme. But don't feel safe as soon as Uni grad.

With 16% unemployment (not just Arts students thanks) among Adelaide University graduates, not all of us will get those cushy jobs.

The questioned loomed when we revealed (like it was a surprise) education was about to cut, if John Howard really wanted smarter business to bloom, why was he cutting tertiary education? Weren't these the very people who would be future business leaders? Smart business run by dumbfucks, clever country run by Yet the cuts continued. The DSS and other arms within the DEET family faced severe cuts in an already dehumanising system.

The next big issue was the Paxton family. Before rock n' roll stardom and playboy features were the go, these naive group of kids dared to break all the rules. That's right, they did not want to move 1,000's of km's away from home, didn't want to get their hair cut, despite being guaranteed more money than on the dole. These scum were then publicly crucified by talk back radio and the media machine. The new PM, while content with a pay rise, sought to stop the worldly benefits the dole provided to these three kids! What did this lesson teach us? That plastic haired Ray Martin with the big pay cheque wants ratings and that the

easiest way for young people to get into the media is to do something wrong.

To get back on the jobs track we often discussed the implications of the changing nature of work in our society, in particular casualisation and increased part-time work patterns. Most people were used to working a full-time job in the same workplace for many years. Part-time work was used to increase productivity during industry peak periods. People would feel safe turning up to work every day, week in, week out, year in, year out.

Over the past decade as we have undergone national and international economic change, so too our working lives have undergone an element of deep transition. These days part-time and casual employment does not supplement full-time work; in many industries it has replaced it. The retail industry is dominated by part-time and casually employed young people who often are faced with shit hours, shit conditions and shit pay. Where else but McD's would you find a young fifteen year old working at quarter to twelve on a Friday night for \$6.02 (rounded to \$6.10 by now!) an hour.

Most of us face the prospects of shite jobs while struggling through uni. Unless you're lucky and your Dad owns a firm you can work at for the summer, your best prospect may be Pizza Hut delivery. At least you'll get confidence and self-worth through hard work, yer! I'm real sure. Has anyone ever said to you: "Because I slaved away at the local pizza shop for two months I now have the confidence to strive to be my best in my final year at university and

who often disproportionately feel the social and political impacts of our societal problems. Many (well known) companies outsource work to NESB people who are, due to language difficulties, invariably ill-informed on their rights and other valuable information we take for granted. They are often forced to work for as little as \$3 an hour producing items then sold for \$200 in fancy name stores. Added to the fact such groups, which are an intrinsic part of our Australian (multi-) culture, have traditionally been misrepresented or ignored by unions and other social groups it is no wonder such discrimination and exploitation is common place among new arrivals within our community.

These kids broke all the rules. Even before rock n' roll stardom and playboy features

Another group who are often talked about, but rarely included in the discussion is the unemployed members of our community; looked down upon and viewed by those more senior members of our locality as lazy, worthless and troublesome. New programs are introduced all the time. They usually only serve the purpose of creating complicated playgrounds to keep those

waste of time. It does not create any jobs, employers do not have to keep a record of those who applied for positions and therefore there is no way to verify the entries in the job diary. Furthermore what social implications are there for people who must record their actions for government scrutiny. Are they singularly responsible for our employment crisis and why should we/they/anybody who faces unemployment be forced to keep a diary like criminals under surveillance in case we do not do as we are told and fulfil our weekly duties?

Next in the limelight was the slash and burn budget, followed by the Parliament House rally in Canberra. Described as an unAustralian act? I don't think so. While violence as witnessed on that day can never be condoned, it was an Australian act pure and simple. It was carried out by ordinary Australians. Whether they be unionist, indigenous, working or unemployed, they were Australians in the broad sense and it was they who were displaying an anger at the government. Of course they did prove they were not the variety of Australians who championed the Liberal/National governments neo-liberal agenda, displayed through a budget and a 'flexible' industrial relations system which will have negative effects on the already marginalised groups in this country. Which is the unAustralian act we might ask?

So as we prepare for the future, take heart. Our government is avoiding interventionist economic growth and abandoning the development of the social fabric within this country, in favour



The Howard Government is making dramatic changes to policies which affect you.

in my future career!"

Thirteen percent of Adelaide University graduates will be engaged in part-time employment but are seeking full-time work. So not all of us will be able to avoid the transformation in working patterns and secure those cushy jobs we deserve so much.

But as is the case, certain groups within our society (as we have highlighted on many occasions) seem to take the brunt of such change without a great deal of input into the processes of restructuring occurring within our society. Lets highlight some particular areas.

For example, it is people from non-English speaking backgrounds (NESB)

kids on the go. These complex jungle gyms result in a group of people who have all their energy and enthusiasm expired through useless efforts in encounters with the wheels of bureaucracy. Such valuable energy should be harnessed and used for the benefit of the community and our society, by giving these people a meaningful role in our society. They should not be constricted by job banks and other processes which only give employers cheaper, more exploitative labour.

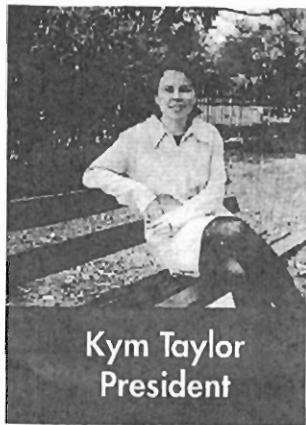
It is for these reasons that when the next bright idea in the employment debate was lit, we ran to get the extinguisher. The job diary, which is currently who knows where, is a complete

of an overwhelming free market ideology. This may well be letting us slip into the hands of international economic powers dominated by the vested interests of certain countries and multi-national corporations who will create instability and volatility in our economy, and our working lives.

So if you dare or even care -
Get a Job! Tune out...

Jamie Lowe

PS: We have been displaying what the Careers Service has had on offer all year (re: issue 4 article). I hope you took advantage of it, if not get into it next year (if it doesn't get cut, that is!) It's a great help and very informative.



Kym Taylor
President



Wendy Telfer
Environment Officer



Gareth Higginson
EVP



Sophie Allouache
Women's Officer

Dept. Amalgamations
Talks between students and the VC continue. It's still too early to tell what will happen but students shouldn't give up! Letters from the students in the various areas effected have been sent to the VC and hopefully at the upcoming meetings there should be a good opportunity to discuss the issues. If you're interested in coming to the meetings come and see me.

Overview of the Year
This year has been a huge year for the SAUA and we have covered an amazing range of issues, events, and activities. On behalf of students I have worked on 4 rallies, a Federal Election campaign, the Federal Budget Bloodbath, the Uni. disability liaison officer, a security on campus campaign, submitted a variety of papers to the University including a submission on University scholarships, participated in the selection committee for the Vice-Chancellor, as well as continuing to push for better equity measures inside the University. I hope that you feel that the SAUA has done it's best to protect and promote student rights this year - I've certainly tried my best.

Thankyous
There are too many people to list that I have to thank for their wonderful support throughout the year so I won't mention them all. However, I would like to give special thanks to my family: Mum, Dad, Kylee, and Gina, and the staff: Jane, Vicki, Sharon, Fiona, and Elise.

Exams
Good luck to everyone for your exams and remember if you're having any hassles to come and see Gareth or myself.

Finally
Good luck to Amrita, Liv, Soph, Ant, Gin, Fiona, and Ros for next year - you'll be great!

Dear Environmental Freedom Fighters (yes, if you still read me my column, that's you),

Its time to say Goodbye and Thankyou. Its been an amazing year. On campus we've achieved big things... we have an Environment Policy, we nearly have a bike enclosure, we had lots of campaigns and hopefully lessened the impact of our University on the environment. For all of the campaigns and for my sanity I am deeply indebted to several people - to Catherine and Gin and the Environmental Collective, EnvSC, the other office bearers - thankyou just does not cover it.

Its hard to know if a year of working for the environment makes any blip on that horizon of environmental destruction. I believe that it does. That everything we do has an impact, like that butterfly flapping its wings somewhere. Every bit does count - every coast or tree we save, every species we protect, makes the battle all worthwhile. In the words of Bob Brown "there is no one on the planet who does not lose when wilderness is lost".

The green revolution is slowly awakening and it is an invigorating movement to be a part of. The best part of it is always the people- people who care and people who believe in a future for the planet. The challenge in environmentalism is to fight each battle and to still keep an understanding of the big picture. The answer to this for me is always in the beauty of nature, its always there constant and reminding us of what we're working for. So in closing, thankyou for caring, and don't forget to see the colour of the flowers and run barefoot with nature this summer.

Peace and Green Enthusiasm,
Wendy.

Well, the last column for 1996 arrives. Initially I would like to thank all the Education Standing Committee members of 1996. They did a great job and worked hard throughout the year.

Secondly I would like to thank you all for reading my column. How do I know you read it? Simply because I had letters written to me regarding a certain column I wrote earlier in the year.

Thirdly I would like to say that I've enjoyed my term of office as EVP. It's been filled with many great moments and the rallies this year have been lots of fun too. I hope that next year we carry on with the same vigour that we have this year. The fight for a quality, accessible education is far from over, so please don't give up the struggle yet.

Fourthly I would like to mention that I will be EVP until the end of December so if you have any queries after the exams about your exams, don't hesitate to come and see me.

I will be examining the results of the Quality of Teaching Survey over the holidays and so next year you will be able to find out those all important results.

Well, that's about it for me except one last word from the "quotation memory bank"..... "I am pride, I am power, I am a Christian" Yours in faith that one day you too will become a Christian
Gareth E. Higginson.

Things have started to quieten down now as the end of year looms large in the eyes of many students. However that didn't seem to worry the Women's Collective who had quite an interesting evening after the AGM on Wednesday! Let me just say that the food was beautiful, the belly dancing was amazing and the singing was, well lets' just say there was singing!

At the moment the Women's Department is starting to think about Orientation so if you have any ideas for women's events or want to see anything in particular then come in and visit me cos I'm going to be here all summer!!! I'd also like to take this opportunity to wish you all the best for your exams and I hope that you have a fantastic holiday. I'll see you next year.

P.S. Don't forget that International Women's Day is happening on the 8th of March next year.

P.P.S. The Women's Collective is meeting on Monday 3rd of February to start talking about Orientation, so if anyone is interested in coming along we would love to see you.

ORIENTATION

As Orientation Co-ordinator, it is my job to provide an enjoyable Orientation for all. By completing this survey, your input can aid in producing an even better Orientation 1997. Each entrant will be in the draw to win a double pass to O'Ball 1997 and a double to see the movie of your choice.

Comments on Orientation 1996

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.....

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Ideas for Orientation 1997

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Favourite O'Event

Are you Interested in helping out?

Name

Phone Number (not for publication)

Please return to the Students' Association by end of exam period. Winner will be drawn after exams.

FIONA BRAMMY
 1997 Orientation Co-Ordinator

counter calendar

a beginner's guide ...



- step 1**
Fill in a form on your subjects for this year
- step 2**
Stick it in the boxes springing up everywhere around Uni, including:
- Barr Smith Library
 - Students' Association Office, George Murray Building
 - Union Building
 - And coming to a faculty near you
- step 3**
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Victoria Bannon, Megan Thorpe, Tom Webb
1997 COUNTER CALENDAR EDITORS

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THE STAG

The Summer of '96

As we head towards the Summer break and the Christmas silly season, it seems as though everyone has also decided to take holidays. Why is it that your favourite television programs which you have been dying to catch up on during the study frenzy go into recess just when you have time to laze in front of the box? Or are you one who finds the thought of days spent without the demand for intellectual pursuit a horror? Don't despair, there is plenty on offer in local theatre circles to get you through the Christmas/New Year period before academia begins to renew its demands next March....

Kicking off the Summer season is **Vitalstatistix** with their finale for 1996, *Bull Bar Tours*, an integral focus on the issues of indigenous and non indigenous relations. Researched and written in collaboration by Catherine Fitzgerald and Eva Johnson, following a commercial outback tour to Central Australia. Within the context of a cultural tour *Bull Bar Tours* takes the audience on a journey to witness the complex misadventures of a complex group of tourists as they soak up the ambience of the great outdoors, sample bush tucker, grapple with notions of their own cultural identity, while being unaware of their role as consumers of appropriated indigenous culture. The production, which will also feature sound design by local musician Andrea rieniets, will open at Wharf Shed 5 at Port Adelaide on November 12 and continue until November 30...

A feature of local theatre this year has been the emergence of new groups, as part of a drive to provide outlets for the burgeoning talent in this State. The recently launched **Brink Productions** will produce its debut production of Howard Baker's *(Uncle) Vanya* at the Red Shed later this month. Already this group has gained recognition with this production chosen to be performed at Belvoir Street Theatre in Sydney next year. Although the cast is local in origin, some are now based in Sydney and the word is that the group decided in recognition of the fact, to present their premiere season in Adelaide (*Uncle) Vanya*, a reworking of Chekhov's classic work. A gun is fired, the bullet hits its mark and the course of events changes irrevocably.

Led by Vanya, the ensemble tear down the confines of their imposed environment and liberate themselves to define a life based on desire. Directed by Tim Maddock, the cast includes Syd Brisbane, Colleen Cross, Michaela Cantwell, Lizze Falkland, Victoria Hill, Richard Kelly, David Meador, John Molloy and Paul Moore. (*Uncle) Vanya* opens on November 22 and continues until December 7....

Another fledgling local company ready to make its mark is **Zip Antics** with its debut production, *Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love*. Written by Brad Fraser and directed by Malcolm Fox, the play deals with distortion, sexuality, murder and the eternal search for love. Founded by Shar Camilleri and Monique Briggs, the aim of Zip Antics is to educate through theatre in the classroom and to provide a further outlet for actors and technicians to gain experience. *Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love* opens at Sturt Theatre, Flinders University from November 20 to 23....

State Theatre wraps up its inaugural Australian Playhouse season next month with Nick Enright's and Terence Clarke's musical *The Venetian Twins*, which will also be toured to the Victorian Arts Centre in January. Based on the Carlo Goldoni play about twin boys who are separated at birth. One grows up in city becoming suave and debonair in the process, while the other, who grows up in the country is a disaster waiting to happen. Each meets the other's betrothed and since no-one can tell the difference the predictable chaos ensues. Directed by Warren Coleman, the cast includes Paul Blackwell, Jon Bode, John Crouch, Gary Down, Edwin Hodgeman, Luciano Martucci, Lucia Mastrantone, Jenny Vuletic and Gina Zoia. The production opens at The Playhouse on December 4 (with previews on December 3 and 4) and continues to December 21....

On another musical note, the Adelaide Festival Centre will kick off the New Year celebrations with the **Out of Space Cabaret in the Space**. Opening the season will be **Club Swing** with the Edinburgh Fringe hit *Appetite* from January 2 (preview on December 31). They will be followed by another Edinburgh success, **The**

Umbilical Brothers with *Don't Explain* from January 14 to 18. Back by popular demand is **Lano and Woodley** fresh from sell out seasons at the Edinburgh Festival and the Royal Festival Hall in London with their latest show *Curtains*, running from January 23 to February 1. In between **The Umbilical Brothers** and **Lano and Woodley** a local group of comedians **Pull My Finger** will strut their stuff, comprising of David Williams, Alex Collins, Pete Monaghan, Jo Coventry and Charlie Hill-Smith, Gary Bradbury and Justin Hamilton and Damien from the Bunta Boys. **Pull My Finger** will run from January 3 to 24....

At a jump to the left (or is it the right?), the Festival Theatre will rock along to *The Time Warp* as it plays host to *The New Rocky Horror Picture Show*. This production designed and directed by Nigel Triffitt, marks the 21st anniversary of the original stage production. The cast for this latest production includes Dale Ryder, Peter Rowsthorn, Jane Turner, Annie Jones, Ron Reeve (or "Tower" from *The Gladiators*), George Kapiniaris, Richard Piper, Lucy Briant and Kamahl! Madness will take its toll from December 30 until January 25....

Although the World Theatre '97 program will not be announced until later this month, word is out that the first production of the new season will be sometime in January while State Theatre launches 1997 with Farhana Sheikh's *Tales From The Arabian Nights* at the Amphitheatre, follow-



ing two seasons "al-fresco" in London. Sheikh has distilled *Tales* from the epic *A Thousand and One Nights* seeking "to recreate in the play a sense of the pleasures that the tales can give." The production opens on February 13 and continues until March 5.

The Umbilical Brothers and Lano and Woodley, both back by popular demand



Stills from *Zip Antics*

Those Daze of our Lives

As we run around struggling with final essays and trying to revise for exams, housework has suddenly become an attractive proposition to the stressed out student.

Yet just before you set off giving the house that overdue Spring clean, Melbourne-based Handspan Theatre reminds us about the domestic tyranny in its production *Daze of Our Lives*.

Taking the inspiration from the cartoons of Mary Leunig (primarily the books *There's No Place Like Home*, *A Piece of Cake*, *One Big Happy Family*, *Black and White and Grey*) Handspan have linked them in a series of scenes featuring a single heroine (Julie Forsyth) caught in a world of living, leaping household items.

According to director and co-writer Annie Wylie, it was this element in Leunig's drawings that made her believe that the project was possible.

"In her drawings she has a number of inanimate objects, animate which follows very well the type of work that we do," she said.

"On a number of levels each one of her drawings seems to have an implied narrative, it as though you can imagine the before and after.

For the uninitiated, Leunig's drawing taps into the world of domesticity, giving a humorous slant on a world that most of us accept as part of our lives but rarely think about. Her figures battle daily with furniture that threatens to swallow them, overwhelming boredom and the ever hovering sense of danger - right in the home.

"In my initial interaction with her drawings I had only been aware of the domestic metaphor", said Wylie, "but I have since realised, having now studied them in close detail that she also involves other elements. But I have mostly concentrated and developed on this idea [the domestic metaphor] so to give the audience a starting point."

Although Leunig's drawings act as a starting point, it is the elements that she projects in her work rather than the images themselves that have been translated into *Daze of Our Lives*.

"It's a very liberal interpretation of Leunig's work," Wylie said. "However during our creative development process we interacted a lot with Mary as it was important for us to get feedback from her and while she was at times surprised on the various interpretations of her work, overall was delighted with the result."

For Wylie *Daze of Our Lives* was a difficult show to put into realization.

"Initially we thought that the project was just too big a concept as it meant working in reverse to our usual approach, as we were taking an image and then working back," she said. "Normally, what we take is a notion or story and then pull images out of that."

"Another challenge was in deciding what drawings we were going to use as they were just so prescriptive. There were so many drawings to choose from, great pictures containing miniature stories, but finding a way to link all that and have a character develop was the central issue."

While Wylie and co-writer Kathy Bowman initially avoided using a human character in the show but soon realised during the creative development process that a central human character was a necessity if the audience was to access the humanity of the piece.

"Julie Forsyth has been just wonderful in her role," said Wylie, "she is pivotal in bringing the ideas to life." "Without her we probably would not have been able to pull the whole idea off so successfully."

Wylie said that putting the concept into reality was a labour intensive process with the idea put through a creative development process, involving close collaboration with Leunig, before going into production. "We needed this process to see if we could come up with something and then to see if we could develop it further into a full production," said Wylie. "It also provided the skeleton for what we scripted fully."

"The cast have also offered ideas along the way, which is part of the way we work, so has been very much a collaborative effort."

of South America we just received a phenomenal response to it." Wylie admits that the audience should be aware of Leunig's drawings before coming to see the production, so to assist the audience the company have set up a display of her drawings in the thea-

tre foyer. Since the premiere of *Daze of Our Lives* in Melbourne last year Wylie says that the show has since been refined and developed.

"The work has since then developed more of a rhythm and I think it is a much better product now and I am much happier with it," she said.

"I think that the sky's the limit for us and I can see us going into even more high tech areas in the future."

The visual nature of the work has enabled Handspan to break the language barrier when touring, as discovered during a tour earlier this year to South America.

"As it is not language based and incorporated such a universal topic, we have found that everyone relates to the imagery very well," she said. "During the tour

While Handspan Theatre has long been well known for the visual nature of their work, Wylie said she was aware of the increasing involvement in visual imagery in Australian theatre, as companies look at ways to give another layer to their work. For Handspan, this feature of theirs is set to go even further following the appointment of their new artistic director David Bell.

"Hybrid works are a well established part of the theatre scene now," she said.

"I think that the sky's the limit for us and I can see us going into even more high tech areas in the future. Even though we do puppetry work we have never used marionettes as we believe they don't suit what we are doing.

"Essentially anything however is a potential idea for us and I think this (*Daze of Our Lives*) is a case in point. During our collaborative process I have often discussed with her about what is the genesis of a particular idea and often we have found our approach very similar."

Although Leunig's work can be seen to be blackly humorous and at times even depressing, Wylie believes that *Daze of Our Lives* does contain some hope among the housebound terrorising.

"It is really a show about self-acceptance, what we are saying is that often your fears are of your own making," she said. "And when you face those fears you realise that they may loom large but they are essentially harmless."

Handspan Theatre's *Daze of Our Lives* opens at The Space Theatre on Wednesday (November 6) and will continue until November 16. Tickets are available from Bass.

Fontella Stuart Koleff



Melodic and romantic

State Opera
Eugene Onegin
Festival Theatre
October 26

Tchaikovsky's opera *Eugene Onegin* is difficult to bring off at the best of times. In years past, the work was often presented in German or English rather than in the original Russian. This factor however has been rectified more recently, while adding considerable challenges for singers who are more accustomed to singing in Italian, French or German. When taking this into account, it is undeniable that the State Opera's current production of the work contains much to be applauded and recommended.

Onegin, whilst containing some of the Russian master's most heartfelt and lyrical music, causes some problems in performance due to the fact that the most famous and favourite pieces in it - Tatiana's Letter Scene, Lensky's aria and the title character's misplaced and timed outpouring of love at the opera's conclusion - are all at best, interior monologues or soliloquies. This makes the work one of introversion and totally unlike the extroverted potboilers which the Italians chose to set. However, for all of these problems, there is much to admire within this State Opera production.

The large chorus employed for the work sang with passion, though at times the suggestion that they were mouthing incomprehended Russian sounds was apparent. At times this led to a sense of dragging against the forward momentum of the score. As in the last production (Puccini's *Turandot*) the troupe's enjoyment during its delightful choreographed moments was readily apparent.

The entire solo vocal cast sang very well indeed; highlights for me include an almost Schwarzkopf-like warmth and dignity to Claire Primrose's debut as the heroine of the piece, Tatiana. Tenor Gregory Tomlinson, repeating his *East Coast* success as Lensky, was a joy to hear as well as watch. Conductor Kenneth Montgomery was able to draw from the Adelaide Symphony the necessary warmth in string textures and tone that is so necessary in bringing across Tchaikovsky's romantic score. Congratulations are in order for the solo clarinet playing throughout the score by Gregory Blackman which added a Mozartian or Strauss-like touch to the music.

I must admit to not being totally taken with Dale Ferguson's much discussed exterior sets. There were too many birch trees set in much too straight lines during the first act. This led to Garth Welch's fine choreogra-

phy being obscured at times, but this problem had been rectified by the time that the Russian winter of Act Two's duel scene was reached.

For those who enjoy Tchaikovsky's music or who are looking for something melodic and romantic in opera, whilst avoiding the cliched Italian classics by Verdi and Puccini, *Eugene Onegin* has much to offer. The State Opera season runs until the fifth of November with performances, at the Festival Theatre, commencing at 7:30p.m.

Brett Allen-Bayes.



Ultimately painful

State Theatre
The Fire On The Snow
The Playhouse
November 2-23

What are the indefinable human elements of fear and courage? Well they're kind of indefinable, aren't they? This latest production by State Theatre explores the importance and inherent vitality of human existence. But tell us something new. *The Fire On The Snow* traces the journey of Scott and his expedition to the South Pole. What begins as a topographical expedition to the center of an unknown continent becomes a topographical voyage to the center of the soul. Douglas Stewart's finely crafted play expresses the anguish and emotion of this doomed misadventure. He examines the relationship between fragile humanity and the harsh, harrowing forces of nature. The markings of passage that these explorers leave are under threat from the blizzard. There is only a large white line (in the form of a tundra) between existence and death. The implications from this relate to our concepts of speech and discourse. It is quite remarkable that Scott kept his diary and that it survived to present us with a voice from the past.

Douglas Stewart's impressions of

the expedition are wonderfully portrayed by director Michael Gow. The performances are exceptional but they simultaneously suffer from the same melodramatic flair that stagnates many State Theatre productions. Sure this play has its merits, I mean it is an interesting though depressing tale, but do we really need pointless falls from an interesting prop, and incomprehensible religious symbolism? Paul Charlier's music was one of the greatest effects of the play, yet paradoxically it also wins mentions as one of the most annoying drones that I have ever heard since *Daryl Braithwaite's* cover of "Rise". I guess it was intended to convey the bleak and monotonous landscape of the Antarctic wilderness. This coupled with the minimalist set, a dramatic narrative which fails to be dra-

matic and the fact that *Fire On The Snow* is a seventy-five minute one act play, all lead to a zenith of boredom. This performance is ultimately painful and disappointing. There is so much possibility for this text and the actors involved. There should have been far more than just a simple reliance on spectacular stage devices and some universal appeal to our sympathy. Why is it that a great concept can ultimately become an ultimate wank?

Anthony Paxton



Well it's that time of the year again when we review the reviews. On reflection Adelaide has been subjected to some wonderful theatre performances. The Adelaide Festival and Adelaide Festival Fringe gave us a terrific start to the year, while World Theatre and State Theatre Australian Playhouse seasons kept the ball rolling. One of the standout features of 1996 has been the emergence of small local theatre companies, part of a proactive approach by actors to produce work for themselves while providing yet another element of diversity that makes the Adelaide theatre scene exciting. With the lack of time preventing me from negotiating with my fellow reviewers (sorry guys!), the following list have been compiled from shows that I have reviewed this year. While most have been included for outstanding performances, others have been included for being memorable and they are not necessarily in chronological order.

Fontella's Top Ten (plus one)
Picks for Theatre 1996

1. Out of Joint/Royal Court Theatre - *Steward of Christendom*
2. Multicultural and Indigenous Theatre Ensemble - *Islands in the Sun*
3. State Theatre - *The Shifting Heart*
4. Maly Theatre of St Petersburg - *Gaudeamus*
5. Annie Sprinkle - *Post-porn feminist*
6. Batsheva Dance Company - *Mabul*
7. Hotel Pro Forma - *Opera-tion Orfeo*
8. State Theatre - *Night on Bald Mountain*
9. Paco Pena - *Flamenco Fiesta*
10. Philippe Genty - *Stowaways*
11. Playbox Theatre - *Good Works*

Like your work

Filumena.
Independent Theatre.
Theatre 62.
Nov 5th - 9th.

This is the South Australian premiere of Eduardo de Filippo's play, and as such I was eager to see the result of Independent Theatre's dabble into the world of the Neapolitan. Filippo's *Filumena* is set in Naples during the 50's and it follows the struggles of Filumena Marturano, a former sex worker who deviously marries one of her former clients and long term lovers, Domenico Soriano. Filippo's text is brilliant and poignant as it explores the relationships of the characters and the day to day affairs of Neapolitan life. There is more than enough intrigue and a little love as the audience discovers that Filumena has secretly had three children. Domenico must struggle with his own pride and stubbornness before any form of domestic bliss can survive. This is the crux of the play, and as such it would fail if not for the delicate craft of the Italian genius Filippo.

I do not wish to imply that the cast did not live up to this extravagant and demanding play, although they

did start slowly. But by the final act the audience was in tears thanks to the powerful and adept performances of John Edge (Domenico Soriano) and Sheree Sellick (Filumena Marturano). The lighting and stage design were absolutely brilliant and perfectly suited to the cosy arena of Theatre 62. Independent Theatre's production of this work by the Italian master is superb, and this is fitting - seeing as the final performance on the 9th is also the play's 50th anniversary. Perhaps it is fair to warn that there is a generation gap and cultural disparity in the play's content. The discussions of Italian life in the 50's and the concerns that these raise may be slightly anachronistic to the younger members of the audience. This being the case, it is yet another reason to go and see *Filumena*. What type of world would we live in if art only spoke to our inner being and not someone else's inner being? This play is a perfect opportunity to experience (in a limited sense) another culture and another time. It is a chance to embrace diversity and revel in difference. More, More!

Anthony Paxton



The stamp of the tropical north

Expressions Dance Company/
Decadances
Dance North/World's Cafe and
The Blood Loom
October 29 and 30

The stamp of the tropical North is apparent on all but one of the pieces by Brisbane's *Expressions Dance Company* and Townsville's *Dance North*, in Adelaide last week as part of the *Made to Move* initiative.

Decadances by *Expressions* is a programme of two pieces each inspired by the paintings of Edward Hopper, and both quite different from each other. The first, Natalie Weir's *In-Sight*, is a summer-sultry exploration of the observing gaze, lit by shafts of golden light. The audience are on the outside looking in, watching five dancers through three windows until the set turns and we are suddenly in the room with them. The bay windows are moved often throughout the piece, caging then releasing the dancers, changing the perspective of the voyeuristic gaze, and often they are watching us as intently as we watch them. Fabulous layers of inter-

locking bodies, and the startling clarity of bare outstretched limbs give this piece great texture, rolled along by the warm, sexy sax of Jan Gabarek.

Maggi Sietsma sets a chillier tone to her piece *Alone Together*. The isolation of individuals in the urban landscape is explored through images of free-association, set in a cavernous white-lit room lined with icy Venetian blinds, punctuated only by white doors and the outside noise of an unanswered telephone. Characters talk to each other without listening, social habits with no real meaning are revealed for what they are. This is a true dance theatre piece, the significance lying as much in what the dancers say as in how they move, and in the sound accompaniment which is more than simply music. Dislocation is the point, and it is represented quite sharply in the contrast between disconnected dance movement on the stage and the momentum of a pulsating minimalist score. This conflict is not entirely successful; emotionally the connection is there (as Sietsma herself comments in the

programme note), but the powerful structure of the music pushes uneasily against the movement on the floor.

Dance North the following night returns us to the golden heat of the tropics, or at least the equatorial region, with Graeme Watson's *World Café* and Jane Pirani's storm-ridden piece *The Blood Loom*. The tradition and experience of the café inspires Watson's piece, and in it he explores social interaction at many levels. It begins in darkness with an ever-growing silence, its space outlined by small sounds of tinkling stones, audience shuffling and the sounds of our own breathing. From the civilised politics of two men playing "Go" (the archetype of all board games) the piece builds from a solo through a duet to a trio, and then ensemble piece, driven by the zesty rhythms of Yemenite Israeli singer Ofra Haza. Shades of whirling dervishes and other traditional Eastern dance patterns are evident in windmill arms and swirling skirts, the old given a new twist with dance-beat music informing a modern-day belly-dance as

sexual tensions, desire and courting are played out.

Pirani explores memory, personifying elements of the inner self in her choreography. In *The Blood Loom* she examines the inner tensions of a woman packing up and leaving, drawn back by her house and by her 'Ancient Child' (representing her race or genetic memory). I wasn't too sure about the Ancient Child; inner child worked for me more successfully. Set among fragments of the house the woman plays with and fights against her memory. As in the piece Pirani brought to the 1996 Fringe, she makes good use of bodies, rolling and lifting at unexpected angles, giving her choreography an athleticism well met by her dancers. The narrative structure is far more successful than previously, drawn tighter and more focused, giving significance to elements of everyday life—in particular here is the use of windows and shutters, opening and closing against the tropical storm as it thunders around the house.

Celia Brissenden

The Fones

The Fones are as much a part of the Barr Smith Lawns as the grass itself. The artworks have caused a mixed reaction over the years, with the extremes ranging from admiration to disdain.

In the past, students have chosen to publicly voice their opposition to the sculptures in *On Dit*, with some going as far as to condemn the purchase of art by the Union.

A *Vox Pop*, from earlier this year, indicated that many people seem to like *The Fones*, as the general tone of the responses was positive. However, none of the interviewees were able to correctly name them and only one gave an accurate reason as to why they were put there in the first place.

Fuelled on by the evident ignorance towards one of the University's most controversial and talked-about works of art, I decided to track down *The Fones'* creator to get the inside story, first hand.



"They were never meant to be pretty. They were just meant to be a kind of rather rude intrusion on to a really nice lawn...I mean rude in the old sense of the word. Almost an eyesore but not quite. Quite a nice eyesore."

Johnny Dady is an Adelaide-based artist who was born in England, where he enrolled in an Art and Design course, in 1980. He later went to another Art School, where he graduated with a B.A. (Hons) in Sculpture.

As an artist, Dady spent his time surviving in Brixton, London, as he explained, "I needed a change. I badly needed to get away from Brixton and I just came on holiday to Australia."

After visiting Australia, he returned to England. After a month, Dady found himself back in Sydney, where he lived for a couple of years. His colourful experiences there include squatting, then eventually renting and making work in a large warehouse.

Studio space became too expensive in the big smoke and, lured by the cheap rents, he carved a new home for himself in Adelaide.

Dady became rather sweaty and dirty during the

summer of 1991/1992, in aid of creating *The Fones*.

It was believed that the work would be both aesthetically pleasing and a good investment for the University's art collection.

In 1991, it cost \$4,850 to fund the project, which was jointly commissioned by the Adelaide University Union and the University Foundation.

Dady spent two months casting the forms, from three huge styrofoam moulds, working days and nights. He described it as a harrowing experience!

"To those who know anything about casting, it was the most ridiculous mould in the world, and I will never do one like that again."

"Too hard. Too Difficult. Too likely to fail. But I needed to do one like that. It had to be that way. I could have done it another way that was much easier but unfortunately, in order to get the results I wanted, I needed to tie the whole process into the actual structure."

"So when you look at it, there's a memory in its making there. Most people don't see it but when you look at it quite closely you can see that."

The three individual structures that form *The Fones* consist of red fibreglass-reinforced concrete.

In the summer heat, the concrete was drying too quickly and Dady was often stripped to the waist, with gloves up to his elbows, to keep the red pigment away from his skin.

Amazingly, *The Fones* are only one centimetre thick throughout and do not have any steel supports. Corrugations strengthen the thin 'necks', increasing the surface area, as they are actually concertina cylinders that can support the weight of human beings. One day Dady discovered this, as he observed two very large men sitting in the top of one of *The Fones*.

Originally, it was proposed that the sculptures be situated beside the Wills Refectory's eastern entrance and coloured green. However, it was later decided that this would be inappropriate, due to the tables and benches planned to form an outdoor eating area, with umbrellas that would compete with its environment, rather than enhance the vicinity.

Located in the south-western corner of the Lawns, the red forms contrast with the surroundings.

I asked Dady where the inspiration for the shapes came from. His response: "I don't know. It came from doodles first and then I just liked the shape. It actually came from a horn shape. It was that which I really liked."

"I really like brass instruments and I think if anything crossed my mind, and a whole load of things crosses my mind, it's almost like I'm the viewer as well, instruments really was one. My father was a sculptor. He was also a musician and when I was little we used to have our bedroom in his studio. When I was very, very young and he played the tuba and the sousaphone, which is the big one that wraps around your body and has the horn above your head."

So there we have it, *The Fones* are also the product of childhood memories.

Despite this, Dady does not like them. "I hate them now. I can't stand them. I went through a whole period of really disliking them and now I can see certain qualities in them but not as a whole."

"I can hate them from an informed point of view."

He had some amusing comments to make about the holes at the base of each structure. "That was a formal decision to make. They weren't designed with holes in them. The

arseholes, as I called them. But it needed that. It was a beautiful visual logic because they had these great big collecting openings, if you like, and they needed something to get out, otherwise they'd look terribly anal, and so I needed this kind of evacuating hole out the back, that also lets the rain out."

Another statement Dady made about *The Fones* is that they are not meant to be beautiful objects, in

"I hate them now. I can't stand them. I went through a whole period of really disliking them and now I can see certain qualities in them but not as a whole."

the classical sense.

"They were never meant to be pretty. They were just meant to be a kind of rather rude intrusion on to a really nice lawn...I mean rude in the old sense of the word. Almost an eyesore but not quite. Quite a nice eyesore."

There was a whole series of similar shaped works. The rest are in private collections and are smaller in size than *The Fones*.

At Critti Palace hairdressing salon, on King William Road, there are bas reliefs, (wall decorations) that Dady also created.

He has since moved away from this style of work into what he describes as a much more conceptual area, and is now probably back with traditional conventions. Lately, Dady has spent more time drawing.

Currently, he is also a teacher at the Adelaide Central School of Art in Norwood.

Dady resides in a studio, which is an old lodge hall. This provides him with sufficient room for his sculptures.

At the end of the clay, with respect to *The Fones*, we are left with fundamental questions relating to art, such as, "is art meant to be beautiful to be considered meaningful?"

Arguably, art is supposed to stimulate thought and debate, and not just be purely decorative. As Dady says, "Everybody is a valid critic."

No doubt, *The Fones* are both revered and despised. Thus, they have fulfilled their purpose.

Marian Clarkin



The Planet's in Focus

Festive Season Calendar 1996



Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday

November					
					1 Beatles Anthology 2 Pleasure dome
3 Relax	4 Chicken or Vegetable Laksa \$5.00	5 \$5 MAIN COURSE EVERY MON & TUES	6 DISCO WITH PLANET DANCERS FREE COCKTAIL 9-10PM	7	8 T.G.I Friday 9 WIN A TRIP TO GOLD COAST THANKS TO DNA
10 Sleep or Weep	11 \$5 MAIN COURSE EVERY MON & TUES	 DENI HEINS CONCERT	13 DISCO DJ JAKI J MC BRIAN DATSUN	14 HAPPY HOUR 5.30-6.30 Mon-Fri	15 WIN A TRIP TO GOLD COAST THANKS TO DNA 16 Guest Dj BRENDON
17 Feelin Fine	18 BBQ Beef Burger \$5.00	19 \$5 MAIN COURSE EVERY MON & TUES	20 JELLY BEAN JAM	21	22 23 FREE B4 9.30pm
24 Free	25 \$5 MAIN COURSE EVERY MON & TUES	26 Coffee & Cake \$3.00	27 NEW ROMANTICS	OPENING NIGHT 'HAPPYNESS'	29 ATTITUDE LAUNCH Fashion Parade 30 WIN A TRIP TO GOLD COAST THANKS TO DNA

Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday

1 Be Happy	2 Any Pasta with Chargrilled Chicken, Sundried Tomatos & Olives \$5.00	3 \$5 MAIN COURSE EVERY MON & TUES	4 DISCO FESTIVE PARADE	5 DANCE THROUGH THE AGES @ 'HAPPYNESS'	6 Try a Test Tube from our nursing Staff	7 DANCE CLUB OF THE NEW AGE
8 Prepare yourself	9 \$5 MAIN COURSE EVERY MON & TUES	 Hot & Spicy Fish \$5.00	11 ONE HIT WONDERS	12 'HAPPYNESS'	KLF PERFORMING LIVE	14 WIN A TRIP TO GOLD COAST THANKS TO DNA
15 Shop 4 ?	16 Pud Thai \$5.00	17 \$5 MAIN COURSE EVERY MON & TUES	18 NEW ROMANTICS	19 'SOULI' GUEST DJ @ Happyness	20 XMAS BREAK UP PARTY	21 MC TIM DJ ATB DJ MADNESS
22 Wize up!	23 	24 XMAS EVE WITH DJ ZAC	ESCAPE XMAS NIGHT	26 THE PARTY Continues! Doors Open 9pm	27 FESTIVE RECOVERY	28 DJ ZAC MC JULES
29 2 More Sleeps!	30 9 inch Pizza with the lot \$5.00	NEW YEARS EVE	December 			

Get some of that po-mo magic

The Island of Dr. Moreau
Academy Cinema, currently showing.

By now you've probably heard the kerfuffle, skimmed the reviews and sniggered at the previews. Let me bend your pre-slandered ears with my non-conventional wisdom in saying that, well, I just didn't think this film was all that bad.

A quick review for the uneducated - turn of the century, Darwin is new on the scene. H.G.Wells writes another book. Subject; maniacal genius lives on island and creates bipedal, intelligent, five-fingered beings by vivisectioning animals. Trains them to follow a rigid moral code by inflicting pain. Yadda yadda yadda. 100 years later, Richard Stanley (*Hardware*) decides to make a 21st century update. Now Moreau is a geneticist.

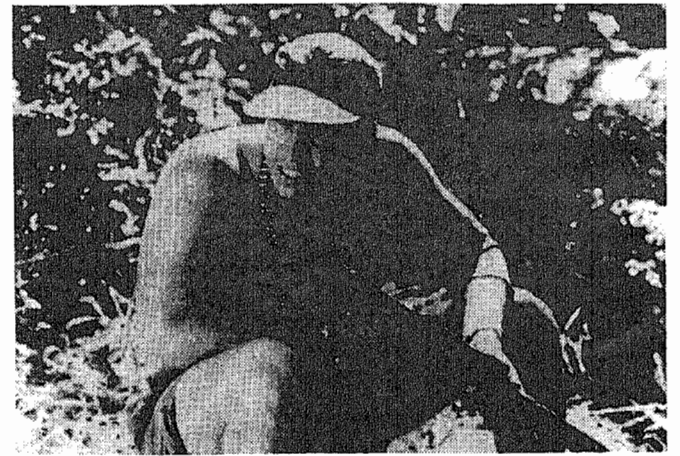
Gets Brando to play doctor. Gets Kilmer to play hero. Kilmer fucks around - gets Stanley fired from production (as director). Result - totally different production based on Stanley's (co-written) script.

The feel of the film itself is a kind of po-mo magic realism, much like the recent *American Gothic* series but less melodramatic with a distinct lack of ghosts. The cast combines the best of Hollywood's acting talent and make-up skill. They include: David Thewlis (Mike Leigh's films) as the five-finger hero; Fairuza Balk as the feline love interest; Ron Perlman as the man-ram mystica; Temuera Morrison as the panther-man butler and Marco Hofschneider (*Europa Europa*) as M'ling the ... er ... poetry guy.

The actors are all wonderfully toned down, except for Brando who has managed to stop mum-

bling into his false teeth and begun to speak a dialect we can all understand. Kilmer is good as per usual (if only he wasn't an utter bastard in real life ...) My only negative crits goes to the photography and the computer imaging. They used computer generated animal movements for some scenes to add a note of realism, but they just couldn't compare with *Jumanji*.

All in all, it weren't so terrible, but it weren't Richard III neither. As



"I shall eat bugs if I want to".

big-budget American blockbusters go, it's worth a week of *Independence Days*. The rest awaits your cinematic dollar.

Bring back Manimal.

Dave Bloustien

It's got Cancer Man!

Unforgettable
Wallis Theatres, currently showing,

Realism in film is an interesting thing. Sometimes having it is good, sometimes not having it is good. What is never good is not having it, but pretending that you do. The latter was never so evident as in *Unforgettable*.

Ray Liotta (*Goodfellas*) is a medical forensic examiner guy whose wife was murdered some time back. He was suspected of doing it, but released on some technicality. Fortuitous circumstance introduces him to Linda Fiorentino, a neurobiologist pioneering the development of memory transfer. He learns from her how he can experience his wife's memories, by the swallowing of pills and the inject-

ing of his wife's central spinal fluid (CSF, the magic elixir wherein one's memories are apparently stored). So he goes and does it. Then he tracks down other people's CSF and does it again, and again. A tale of twists and turns ensues.

It's not really a bad story. The prospect of visualising one character experiencing the memories of another should get many a filmmaker's pulse racing, since the possibilities for nifty effects are plentiful. My problem with it is the attempt to give this memory transfer business a scientifically plausible explanation. I would sooner the writers invoke hypnotism, astral travel or spiritual possession than this load of cack about spinal fluid. I won't pretend to know whether spinal fluid does play some role in memory, because I don't, but the

sight of Liotta stumbling around, stealing people's central spinal fluid, popping a couple of pills, and shooting up is ridiculous. Don't pretend to be rationally sound unless you are.

Major gripe number two is the portrayal of Liotta experiencing someone else's memories. In my experience, memories are generally retained in the first person; what you remember is what you see. Here, though, we frequently see Liotta experiencing flashbacks of the same scene from multiple angles, and rarely from the point of view of the person whose memories they are. This seems so obvious that it's a shame to have to spell it out, but there it is.

Otherwise, the film did have good points. There were a couple of plot twists that I didn't see coming. I

don't think anyone else did, either. Bonus there. Sections of the film were superbly shot, with some snazzy angles and lighting and whatnot. The general standard of acting is not brilliant, but I thought Liotta did okay with the dodgiest script he'll see for a while (hopefully). It's not easy to act out another's memories by rolling around on the floor, but for the most part he did it quite well.

On the whole, though, a pretty severe serve of shite. I would recommend that you stay away. Unless you're a die-hard X-phile and you think it's worth sitting through two hours of drivel for a ten-second cameo from Cancer Man, that is. In that case, and that case alone, you should go.

Chris Slape

Taste just like watermelon

She's The One
Hoyts and Wallis Theatres, currently showing.

Written, directed and starring the talented Edward Burns, whose previous effort was the fabulous low-budget *The Brothers McMullen*, *She's The One* was a most enjoyable film to watch, just as I had expected. Revolving around the lives of two brothers, and their relationships with each other, their father, and their current (and ex) girlfriends *She's The One* is fresh and natural (just like a piece of fruit). The film is similar to *The Brother's McMullen* in its charming, funny and quirky nature, as well as its focus on life and love, and of being from an



Edward Burns tells the cast to drop the method acting.

Irish/Catholic family. But wait, that's not all; staring alongside Burns again are actors Maxine Bahns, and Mike

is obviously a chemistry between them all. The film also stars - Jennifer

McGlonne, who have the same relationship with Burns's character (i.e as girlfriend and younger brother respectively) as they did in *The Brothers McMullen*. It was good to see the three actors work together again as there

Aniston (T.V.'s *Friends*), Cameron Diaz (*The Mask*) and John Mahoney (*Reality Bites*), and features a Tom Petty soundtrack. There's something about Burns's filmmaking style that makes *She's The One* come across as very charming and appealing (you'll leave the theatre smiling), and I've narrowed it down to the fresh (there's that word again) new actors that feature in it and their great performances, the lively script, and the charisma that simply oozes from Burns himself. A far cry from the big-time Hollywood wank that cinemagoers are constantly bombarded with this is one film that is worthy of your hard earned cash.

Natalie Whelan

"I'm a nice guy, honest"

The Fan
Hoyts Theatre



I just reaaaally like the ball game, man.

Baseball film meets psycho-thriller, it had to happen - maybe it already has and I missed it. In any case, two formulas collide in *The Fan*, and it's really not too bad.

Robert De Niro is a sure bet as the nutter, Gil Renard, an obsessed fan of baseball player Bobby Rayburn (Wesley Snipes) who has just been transferred to I-forget-which-team on a \$40 million contract. Rayburn finds on arriving at his new team that his lucky number eleven already belongs to Cuban import Juan Primo (Benicio del Toro). Of course, he finds that without it he can't hit,

and the fickle fans and media give him hell.

Gil's life approaches crisis at the same time as his hero, and his obsession develops as he loses control of his life. His job (as a knife salesman!) is on shaky ground, as is his relationship with his ex-wife. Looking back on this, there's nothing very original about the elements of the plot; man is isolated, man goes mad, man is not nice to know. De Niro's made a career out of it, though, and he does it so well that you for-

get you're watching formula.

In fact, I've come to the conclusion that there's nothing wrong with formula well-done - in fact it's much better than a lot of the vomitous art-wank you come across. The press kit for *The Fan* was not the usual tome, and so I can't tell you who directed it (it's *Tony Scott-film sub-ed*), but whoever it was knows their stuff. It's really well-paced, with enough being held back to keep you in the proper state of squirm. Sure it's not *Taxi Driver*, it's not even *Seven*, but in a year when Hollywood has been particularly hopeless, *The Fan* manages to stand out.

Rachel Templer

Cyclo zooming ahead

Cyclo
Mercury Cinema



Explosives and play-doh. What a beautiful combination

Cyclo is dramatic departure from

Tran Anh Hung's first feature film, *L'Odeur de la Papaye Verte* or *The Scent of Green Papaya*. Everything in *Papaya* was beautiful. The film absorbed you and every second was a delight to watch. *Cyclo* on the other hand reminds you of the reality for many Vietnamese. It is an honest and at times shocking portrayal of modern day life in Ho Chi Minh City.

The story centres around three people. The first is a Cyclo (Le Van Loc) or a pedal cab driver. His cyclo is stolen and to pay the owner back he is forced to commit acts of sabotage which draw him down into a world of crime. The leader of the gang he is involved with is referred to as the Poet. There are no names used in the film. The Poet (Tony Leung-Chiu Wai), without realising there is a connection, is pimping the Cyclo's sister. The Sister (Tran Nu Yên Khê, the star of *Papaya* and

Hung's two short films) falls in love with her pimp but is still forced to work as a prostitute.

Hung, who not only directed but wrote the script, has reassembled many of the key crew members from *Papaya*. He has used the same producer (Christophe Rossignon who also produced *La Haine*) as well as the same composer (Tôn Thất Tiêt) and director of photography (Benoît Delhomme). This was proven to be a winning team when together they won the 1993 Camera d'Or and the 1994 Cesar for best film for *Papaya*. *Cyclo* won Best Film and International Critic's Prize at the Venice Film Festival in 1995 plus the Grand Prize at the 22nd Film Festival of Flanders also that year.

This is not the kind of film you see for enjoyment. The violence in this film is realistic and at times disturbing. This film however can only

be described as brilliant. The lighting and photography are so well done that even without the music or dialogue they would still create feelings of terror, insanity or peace. The music in this film can not be praised enough. In some films it seems as though the music has just been thrown in as an after thought. In *Cyclo* it is an integral part of the film and it ranges from an occasional western song ("Creep" by Radiohead) to more traditional pieces.

This is cinema at its best. *Cyclo* is well worth seeing if you think you can handle the raw side of reality. While there are moments of extreme violence in this film, there are also moments of intense beauty which help balance it out. After two brilliant films what will Tran Anh Hung offer us next?

Christopher Bolland

Emma's clueless

Emma
Wallis Cinemas from 7th Novem
ber

The problem with *Emma* is that she means well ... but she stuffs up. Some would say the same about the makers of this film. I guess I just *did* say it. Much has been said about the proliferation of Jane Austen adaptations this year; debates have raged in weekend papers over whether or not it means we all yearn for a nicer society with more manners and less feminism. In this case, though, I think even the cake-fork brigade would be hard-pressed to watch without cringing.

Emma Woodhouse (Gwyneth Paltrow who, to her credit, manages

not to sound like an American), decides matchmaking is her thing after marrying off her governess, and tries to find a husband for her poor and silly friend Harriet (Toni Collette.) Her good intentions blind her to what's really going on, though, and it seems as though she'll hurt everyone in her village.

If this sounds like your cup of tea (little finger extended) maybe you should read the book, because for all the obvious good intentions of everyone involved, something has gone horri-



Gwyneth Paltrow holds Toni Collette enthralled with her stories on Brad's eating habits.

bly wrong. It's amazing considering the number of good actors in *Emma*, including Ewan Macgregor and Toni Collette who've done great

things only to put in average-to-woeful performances here. Sophie Thompson, who made a fantastic hypochondriac sister in *Persuasion*, is utterly painful in what could have been a decent character role.

All of which makes me think the finger should be pointed at the director Douglas McGrath or maybe the colour of the production money (Hollywood Green.) It was pleasant enough, but it was so hollow that I really didn't believe anything that happened in it. Maybe Austen was hollow, maybe everyone in "the olden days" talked in high, squeaky voices, but other films seem to find more to it than this.

Rachel Templer

Australian blinder

Dead Heart
Academy Cinemas from November 14th

Some films are put together with such a deft touch that they can completely capture the atmosphere and characteristics of a place and its people and let you experience them through the cinema screen. Nick Parsons' *Dead Heart* (adapted from his successful stageplay) is the sort of film that drives home just how good movies can be.

Wala Wala is an isolated Aboriginal community hundreds of kilometres west of Alice Springs, 'run' by a small group of whites - the local cop Ray Lorkin (Bryan Brown), teacher Les (Lewis Fitzgerald) and his suffocating wife Kate (Angie Milliken), a community nurse and an anthropologist. When an aboriginal man is found hanged in his cell, Ray and Billy (Lafe Charlton), the aboriginal police aide, become embroiled in a

slowly developing conflict which consumes the entire town. Billy is wounded by a spear through his leg as part of

pay-back, and this is only the beginning of the growing wave of violence which Ray, a man trying to do his job under the most difficult circumstances imaginable, is unable to control.

When Kate's lover Tony (Aaron Pederson) is murdered after the two made love in a local sacred site, Ray is convinced that the man behind all of the trouble is the tribal elder, Poppy (Garnayarrahe Waitaire), who had never even encountered a white person before his twentieth

birthday, and who refuses to let go of his traditional ways - which involves a strong adherence to brutal justice.

This film is an absolute blinder.

The near apocalyptic beauty of this barbed-wire and bresser brick town in the middle of nowhere is

captured with absolute perfection, and the seething potential for violence and conflict between the black and white inhabitants gives a high level of tension to the story. The casting is perfect (including Ernie Dingo as David, the local Lutheran priest), and the acting has none of that slightly stilted qual-

ity that can come from adapted stageplays. The dialogue is superb and the camera beautifully captures the arid surroundings, engagingly realistic sex, conversations, violence and, despite the grimness of the subject matter, humour.

This film covers a whole swathe of issues which are currently extremely relevant (land rights, sacred sites, black deaths in custody, 'stolen children') without anything seeming out of place, and offers the most realistic and complex view of Australian black-white relations to ever make the screen. Nobody is made out to be the villain, because everyone's viewpoint is shown so well. *Dead Heart* is easily one of the best Australian films ever made, and certainly one of the best films of the year. If you never see it, you'll be spiritually impoverished for the rest of your life.

James Morrison



It's the hat, right? Chicks love the hat.

Don't bring me down

Jude
Trak Cinema from 21st November.

Man has a brief relationship with woman, woman thinks she's pregnant, man and woman get married, woman leaves, man falls in love with forbidden woman.... sound like a trashy modern movie? Wrong you are, set in late 19th century England this is a brilliant movie based on Thomas Hardy's last novel which rises above the label of trash to leave the viewer emotionally drained.

The opening scene begins with Jude (Christopher Eccleston) as a young boy receiving his life long inspiration from his teacher, Philloston, to go to university. The film then shifts to colour as we move forward into Jude's life as a young stonemason obsessed with reading Greek and Latin in his dream to attend university. This is in the period when Jude fulfils his sexual curiosity by playing around with Arabella (Rachel Griffiths) in a pig sty! A marriage proceeds shortly as we later discover that it was hurried due to Arabella's belief that she

was pregnant. The marriage does not last very long as Arabella soon departs to Australia and Jude heads to Christminster, a bustling university town, to follow his dream. It is here that Jude meets his cousin Sue (Kate Winslet) and a strong friendship develops into a forbidden love with many obstacles. The film is heart wrenching and a tear jerker with some big surprises. It is another one of those tragic love stories but it is worth the time and money to go and see.

Josie Simpson



Rachel Griffiths?

Eddie = Sister Act 3

Eddie
Academy Cinema, currently showing.

Whoopi Goldberg should be declared a living treasure. Over the years she has continued to succeed in pulling some very funny moments out of some very dumb movies. And that's pretty much what you can expect from *Eddie*. Whoopi plays Edwina "Eddie" Franklin, a New York limousine driver and die-hard fan of the lack-lustre local basketball team, the Knicks. When her seat number is called out at a game and she becomes "Honorary Coach" for the day, the team's owner (Frank Langella) is so im-



"I'll handle the funny gear. You stick to playing ball."

pressed by her crowd-pleasing antics that Eddie ends up ousting the arrogant Head Coach (Dennis Farina) from his cushy job (sounds likely, doesn't it?). Eddie the fan/coach then starts to turn the team's fortunes around like a certain lounge singer from Reno once did for a badly tuned choir of elderly nuns. The similarity of this film to *Sister Act* is really quite astounding. I suppose the film-makers philosophy might have been "When you're on a good thing, stick to it." It's a great showpiece for Whoopi's undeniable talent and I guess that also makes it worth seeing. Not being a great basketball fan I grant that some of the more sub-

tle nuances and overtones of the film might have been wasted on me. Anyway, implausibility, predictability and downright silliness aside, it's really not a bad film. In fact, at times, it's very funny. I could go on, like how director Steve Rash, *Eddie* deals with the way in which the corporate takeover of big league sports has left the fans disenchanting and disillusioned, etc. but I won't because it doesn't. It's just a movie with lots of laughs, lots of basketball and lots of panoramas of the amazing city that is New York. See it, but be sure to leave your cynicism at the door.

Daniel Sanderson.

Wasted Weiners

Sleepers
Hoyts Cinemas, real soon.

Despite the film sounding like a valium title, if ever there was one, this intriguing tale of childhood, institution brutality and revenge, currently holding the numero uno box office position in the States (supposed to increase credibility), promises much. The film's opening half, detailing four child protagonist's experiences in Hell's Kitchen during the sixties, and their subsequent terms at Reform school, for a prank that went terribly wrong, is definitely quality cinema from director Barry Levinson, whose previous credits include *Rainman* and *Good Morning Vietnam*. Childhood innocence in the sweltering playground of Hell's Kitchen, is suddenly thrown into the harsh reality of a violent reform system where inmates face torture, abuse and rape. Years pass, memories are

suppressed, characters are forever changed, and then in walks the demon from the past. That's when the desire for revenge sets in, and



"Hi, I'm lackey # 452. What about you?"

that's where the film is supposed to get interesting. Unfortunately, the sudden influx of stars, Jason Patric, Brad Pitt and Dustin Hoffman, who have had to sit out

half the film before making their appearance seem to cram the screen. The film suddenly bloats up, begins waddling, then loses balance and falls flat on its face. And so begins the American tragedy.

The film that promised so much, but seemingly went astray, emphasised in the poor use of one of the minor characters, an ageing mob boss, King Benny, played by Vittoria Gassman (a past best actor at Cannes). Talk about underused! What does someone have to do to get a decent part in a film? Does it always have to involve a couch?! If Vittoria was

over seventy, did he even stand a chance? What do you do when spoilt little punks headline films, and you can't even make the film poster? However, this wasn't as disturbing and as emotionally draining as watching one of those hot dog carts hurtle uncontrollably down the stairs, sending all that sauce, and mustard, and crusty bread in the air, and all those wasted weiners. If there be a food of gods, then let it be hot dogs, said the immortal bard. (Then again I could be wrong!) This was the crime that the children perpetrated, and yet for this grave vandalism of an upstanding cultural icon such as the hot dog cart, they only received one year, in an institution! Now where's the justice in that? What happened to the Chair?

The American Tragedy is coming soon to a cinema near you.

Kanesan Nathan.



114, King William Road, Hyde Park.
Thank you to Ray, the manager for supporting us in 1996. Your generosity is much appreciated.

The Dream Theme

In *Naked Lunch*, bug exterminator William Lee (Peter Wellers) discovers his wife shooting up his yellow bug powder (follow the yellow brick road, we're off to see the wizard). Now everyone's seen a bug with a talking arsehole, but a typewriter that changes into a bug with a talking arsehole, now that is something else. William Lee may take the meat of the aquatic giant black centipede (resembling run over black cats) in order to counter his bug powder addiction, but in the end, it's just another high. Regardless, the careless manner in which he conducts his William Tell routine, (must remember to shoot the glass on the head, and not the head) is the catalyst for his trip to Innunnteeerrrrzoooneee. Morocco, it looks like Morocco, and then Kiki gets done in a parrot cage by a giant worm thing and then one hell of a film. You'll just have to see it to believe it.

And then there's *Dreams*, by Akira Kurosawa. A collection of short stories, figments of memories, dreams, perhaps even based on Kurosawa's own life, examining Japanese folklore, the legacy of the war, and the unstoppable rush of the nuclear age. Produced by Steven Spielberg, the story the *Crows*, features effects by Industrial Light and Magic as a photographer wonders within the world of Van Gogh and encounters the eccentric artist, played by Mr. Martin Scorsese himself. Despite the film's relatively slow pace, this can best be appreciated while on the meat of the giant aquatic black centipede.

And then there's that monster of a film, *Un Chien Andalou*, or the Andalusian dog. This my friends, is the *Independence Day* of surrealist cinema. From Mr. Melted Clock, Salvador Dali and his equally tripped out 'insane in the membrane' amigo Luis Bunuel, these two twisted men have created something so unbelievably bizarre, one has to see all seventeen minutes, to realise these hombres are really loco. Rotting donkeys stuffed in giant pianos tied to priests, ants crawling out of a hole in a hand, and one of the most violent and controversial images of cinema, that involves an eyeball and a razor blade. If this film doesn't tap any repressed desires, then try some bug powder instead.

Well as this is the last Kino column, thanks must go to Ray at Kino for his immense support. And as Dennis Hopper said in *Blue Velvet*, "let's hit the fucking road!!!".

Kanesan Nathan

At The Trak

375 Greenhill Rd Toorak Gardens

Big thanks to the manager of Trak Video for supplying us with so many awesome videos for review this year. Much appreciated.

One of the great modern French directors is Luc Besson. He is a master of the nonchalant action thriller. His characters are incredibly cool and charismatic and his style is, indeed, impressive.

Subway is one of his earlier films, made in the 80s and stars Christophe Lambert as a dishevelled safe breaker, Fred. He is invited to a party given by the very beautiful Helena (Isabelle Adjani), where he steals some of her husband's papers. After a manic car chase, Fred finds his way into the Paris subway where he hides from a multitude of people searching for him. Also making appearances are Richard Bohringer as a flower seller and wise man, and Besson regular, Jean Reno as a drummer.

Quite surprisingly, there are a multitude of characters living in the subway. All the passages and secret hiding places make it an appealing place for people on the run and buskers seem to make a living from the daily crowds that pass through. The film is superbly shot and the music may bring tears to the eyes, particularly in the latter stages.

Nikita is one of Besson's more recent films and stars his wife, Anne Parillaud as a punk junkie, Nikita, who kills a policeman while robbing a chemist. She has a vicious temper and is sentenced to execution. She wakes from her supposed death to be given a second chance at life as a killer for the government. After a difficult training period she is sent back into the world.

As one can imagine, such a life isn't much fun and discord soon sets in. Jean Reno appears once again, this time as a "cleaner" for when missions go wrong. *Nikita* is a very stylish film with superb performances and something below the surface that makes you want to see it again and again. Absolutely enchanting.

Joanne Farrand

Goodbye Mercury!!

MERCURY

Yes, Mercury Cinema, Adelaide's beloved art-house cinema will be closed... forever on 17 November. Due to a number of reasons: financial difficulties, burn-end deals by film distributors and lack of support from the State government, the cinema has been forced to closed down (sigh!). However, the Media Resource Centre will be unaffected and remain open.

Sure, it wasn't located at the most happening place in Adelaide but over the years, I have grown to like the cinema tremendously. Those comfy chairs, the friendly staff, the intimate atmosphere and the excitement of approaching the cinema, with the knowledge that the film will be different from your average mainstream release. The last truly gob-smacking cinematic experience I had was at the Mercury and I'm sure many of you out there will agree that the Mercury have consistently shown films along those lines. Too many great films to mention, too many good moments to reminisce and too many people to thank. Thumbs ups Mercury, for providing Adelaide great cinema over the years and for supporting *On Dit*. We love your work. You will be sorely missed!!!

Fillums 1996

Here's the best and worst (and a little bit more) in the fillum world of 1996 according to the film reviewers and other staff of On Dit. Read it on the bog, debate about it, do whatever you like but don't come up and tell me I'm wrong, (1) 'cos I'm not and neither are you (2) I'm more likely to tell you to sod off.

P.S. : Films listed are in no particular order, none of that position rubbish.



What can I say, these films have class. Coen brothers and the makers of Trainspotting, we salute you. 1996 was not a complete success in films but these stood out, be it due to great storytelling, acting or just plain enjoyable without the Hollywood tackiness. The Australian films were brilliant too. Congratulations to all winners.

Best - we love 'em

- Trainspotting
- Fargo
- Dead Man Walking
- Heat
- The Confessional
- Shine
- Love Serenade
- Richard III
- Twelve Monkeys

Trainspotting

Beautiful Thing

Beautiful Thing
Dead Man

Bugger it, we love these too..

Unzipped, Strange Days, Living In Oblivion, Love and Other Catastrophes, Sense and Sensibilities, Secrets and Lies, Leaving Las Vegas, To Die For, Persuasion, Antonia's Line, The Truth about



The Confessional

Cats and Dogs, Shanghai Triad, La Haine, What Happened Was.., Ghost In The Shell, Matilda, The Kingdom, The White Balloon, Hollow Reed, Lilian's Story, Hoop Dreams.

Shanghai Triad

Lucyippt



The Truth About Cats and Dogs



Leaving Las Vegas



Richard III



Antonia's Line

These were neither good nor bad, enjoyable or annoying, liberating or restrictive, tantalising or repulsive.. you get the picture. They were the in-betweeners!

Othello, How To Make An American Quilt, Run Of the Country, Cosi, The Birdcage, Nelly and Mr.Arnaud, Get Shorty, Flirting With Disaster, Last Dance, Beautiful Girls, Mission Impossible, Dating the Enemy, Mission Impossible

The following films sucked big time (we kid you not,) made many viewers reach out for barf bags and at worst, razor blades. Mindboggling amount of money for nifty sci-fi effects and Demi Moore definitely do not help. And despite history, they still haven't learnt simple rules like if no one gave a rat's arse about the first one then why make the sequel? Sorry to those people I gave tickets to these films to and thanks are extended to On Dit film reviewers who had to stomach them. And to anyone who paid to see them, I would like to say, you have my sympathy.

These aren't worth your cornflakes either..

Twister, Vampire in Brooklyn, Mr. Holland's Opus, Diabolique, The Black Sheep, The Nutty Professor, A Time to Kill, Things To Do In Denver When You're Dead, Powder, Suture, Down Periscope, Bed Of Roses, Barb Wire.



Overheard at the preview of Lawnmower Man II" Call the paramedics, I can't feel my legs anymore"

Worst - shite, shite, shite

- The Juror
- Multiplicity
- Independence Day
- Lawnmower Man II
- Cable Guy
- If Lucy Fell
- Doom Generation
- Moonlight and Valentino
- Striptease
- Mall Rats

Let's blow 'em sky high!



"Are you trying to tell me my film are crap ?"



Yawn..

Try-hards which drowned in their own artistic puddle

- Doom Generation
- Strange Days
- Sister, My Sister
- Suture
- Girl 6
- Things To Do In Denver When You're Dead

I can't believe I paid to see that aka I knew I should have waited for it on video

- The Cable Guy
- The Rock
- Striptease
- Mission Impossible
- The First Wives Club

Valium/Prozac requirement

Mr. Holland's Opus - Opus, schmopus. ●●●● pills of Prozac to get over.
If Lucy Fell - Sarah Jessica Parker and Elle Macpherson. Nauseating factor extremely high. ●●●●●●●●●● pills of Valium.
Moonlight and Valentino - a whole bottle of Valium
Lawnmower Man II - a lifetime supply, I assure you and if that doesn't work, a lobotomy.

Memorable Performances

- Frances McDormand - Fargo
- Ralph Fiennes - Strange Days
- Geoffrey Rush - Shine
- Lothaire Bluteau - Les Confessional
- Janeane Garofalo - The Truth About Cats and Dogs
- Hank, the Great Dane - The Truth About Cats and Dogs
- Willeke van Ammelroy - Antonia's Line
- Martin Donovan - Hollow Reed

Kodak Moment

Tom (Ian Hart) wearing goggles whilst cutting up onions in *Hollow Reed*.

Memorable Lines - Well said, amigos.

"Good for your spots and all," Jamie to Ste, who is eating a sandwich in *Beautiful Thing*

"Do you really have to use words like that?! It really disempowers you," Tony reprimands his girlfriend Sandra when she used the word "Bird" to describe a woman in *Beautiful Thing*.

"We fuck, and then you lose the power of speech," Al Pacino's wife in *Heat*, pin-pointing the problem in their marriage.

"Yern't never gonna get out of this house Blanche and yern't never gonna get out of that chair," Isaac Mizrahi (*Unzipped*) imitating Bette Davis' dialogue from *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?*

"Would you like to come over and ease my loneliness?," Ken Sherry (*Love Serenade*) asks the question guaranteed to give anyone who's seen the film the shivers.

Trainspotting - Renton's whole spiel about life...bloody inspiring!

Best Soundtracks - ooh aah, beautiful grooves

- Trainspotting
- Love Serenade
- Dead Man Walking
- Les Confessional
- Kansas City
- Stealing Beauty



Ian Hart. Martin Donovan.

The Very Hard On Dit Film Quiz

On Dit Film Quiz. Try it. You may win a prize (see page 1 for details)

1. Who said "Get away from her, you bitch!" and in what film?
2. Name the actresses who played the heroines in Krystof Kiewslowski three colour trilogy, Blue, White and Red.
3. Name three films that Steve Buscemi was in this year.
4. Which current sitcom star played a baddie in *Aliens*?
5. Where does Marge's husband get his artwork recognised in *Fargo*?
6. Janeane Garofalo appeared as a comic on several shows before making her debut in *The Truth About Cats and Dogs*. Name a show.
7. Who's Joint in *Girl 6*?
8. Which film featured the musical production of the *Elephant Man*, titled "Elephant?"
9. Name the Czech film-maker who made a puppet version of *Alice in Wonderland*.
10. Other than *Trainspotting*, what films has Ewan McGregor been in?
11. Which film featured David Bowie as a shark?
12. What movie was John Lennon in other than Beatles films.
13. What are the two songs that Ferris performed on the float parading through New York in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*?
14. Which of the seven deadly sins was the last revealed in *Seven*?
15. Name Kathryn Bigelow's (*Strange Days*) vampire film.
16. Who directed *Dead Man Walking*?
17. What does the big ruffian guy in the London pub call 'I' on his way to the toilet in *Withnail and I*?
18. Where did Johnny Suede get his shoes?
19. Decipher this :gseroihvxcbvdkxjhewfopisfioj.
20. "Honey, I'm homo!" Which film is this line from?



Richard E. Grant and Paul McGann say "Give us beer" Q17



Hi, I'm featured in question 20. Take a guess on me.

PS: If you're looking for the answers, there ain't any. You just have to find out yourselves or read next year's On Dit, if you still care then...

Coming Attractions 1997

The Frighteners - Peter Jackson's new film with Michael J. Fox (?!). Nothing can prepare you for this movie, warns one of our proliferative film reviewers.

Vacant Possession - Australian film by Margot Nash about a woman (Pamela Rabe) returning to her childhood house in after her mother's death. Reconciliation with her past and her family is high on the agenda. Look out for it at the Mercury.

Feeling Minnesota - Keanu Reeves (as Jjaks, that's not a typo) and Cameron Diaz as a couple on the run in a directorial debut by Steven Bagelman. Ho hum.

Mars Attack! - Tim Burton with a big budget and a big actor, Jack Nicholson, based on a series of trading cards dealing with alien invasion. ID4 it is not.

Portrait of A Lady - Jane Campion's second film based on Henry James' novel, after *The Piano*, with a cast of such reputable actors it bring tears to your eyes. John Malkovich, Nicole Kidman, Barbara Hershey and Martin Donovan (!). Sounds so good it can't fail but then again..

Romeo and Juliet - Baz Luhrmann's (*Strictly Ballroom*) adaptation of the Bard's tale of star-crossed lovers with Leonardo DiCaprio and Clare Danes set in Florida. But are they in sequins?.

The Crucible - Nicholas Hytner (*The Madness of King George*) directs Daniel Day Lewis, (thespsss alert) in Arthur Miller's play about all things Satanic (or is it?) in the town of Salem. Winona Ryder is not the sacrificial virgin as far as I know.

James and The Giant Peach - animated version of another Roald Dahl's tale, with Spike Jonze (music videos Elastica's "The Car Song", Weezer's "Buddy Holly") directing.

The Star Trek Movie - what can I say?

Ransom - Ron Howard (Opie) directs Mel Gibson and Rene Russo in a thriller about the kidnapping of their son. Mel being the daddy decides to ignore all instructions from people in the know and take the kidnappers into his own hands. Ooh, the rebel.

The Horse Whisperer - Robert Redford and Emma Thompson in a romantic drama based on Nicholas Evans. Sounds just like the romantic drama last year with a certain crusty faced Oscar winner actor and Oscar winning actress who said "The dingo took moy baybee".

The Chamber - James Foley directs another John Grisham thriller, starring Chris O'Donnell. It will probably be huge. Chris O'Donnell will be everywhere and there's nothing you can do about it.

The Pall Bearer - David Schwimmer (another *Friends* dude) plays Tom who agrees to be a pallbearer at a funeral. Also starring Gwyneth Paltrow and Toni Collette.

Devil's Own - It's Brad and Harrison...in a thriller. Described as "a tale of passion and revenge". Hmm..

Flirt - Hal Hartley's new film, comprising of three vignettes.. Starring Martin Donovan (bingo!) Already released in other states.. we're still waiting (sigh!).

Jerry Maguire - more corporate studio celluloid, this one with Tom Cruise in a (gulp) comedy about a sports agent's redemption or sumphin' or other.

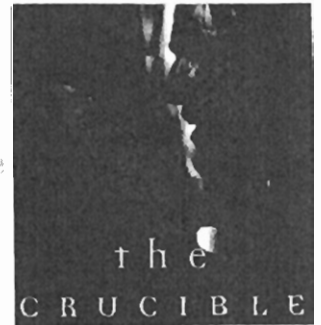
Looking For Richard - Al Pacino makes his directorial debut with his version of Richard the III with a shitload of friends, Kevin Spacey, Winona (again), Aidan Quinn etc.

The English Patient - Michael Ondaatje's book is adapted to screen with really cred actors Ralph Fiennes and Kristin Scott Thomas (ooh, aah). Has 'tragic love story' written all over it.

Fierce Creatures - not a sequel but an equal, they said. Let's hope there's enough funny gear to top *A Fish called Wanda*. The old cast is back too, John Cleese, Jamie Lee Curtis and Michael Palin. Yee har!



Al, looking spunky in his Elizabethan garb.



Which is Winona and which is Daniel Day Lewis?



Portrait Of A Lady



Lovely funeral was it, Gwyneth?

The Pallbearer



Fierce Creatures

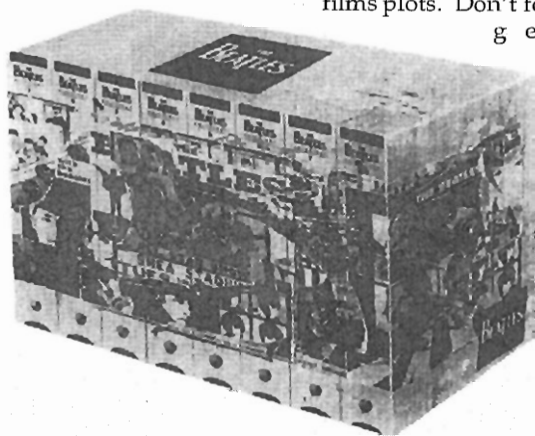
Mmmm.. spiders.

BYE BYE VIDEO COLUMN (WITH PRESSIES)

Alrighty my loyal readers (you can count them on one hand... I am very, very proud of the increase) this is the last video page, or paragraph as it has turned out to be.... I was going to put in the rest of the Nick Park interview, but lo and behold, it's fallen into the On Dit Blackhole. So to compensate, I have some little Christmas presents, thanks to the magnificent Anabella Pojer of Roadshow who has given you all your prizes during the year...what would we do without you, you legend you !!!! So what has she given us this issue.? Why there's lots and pots of thingamijigs.

SEVEN....it was my lucky number till this wee release hit the shelves. You all know the story, so I won't rant and rave, I will get to the crunch I will. Roadshow have released a heap of action movies, including Judge Dredd; Johnny Mnemonic; Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Mortal Kombat; Cut-throat Island and, as previously stated, Seven. All titles are available from retail video outlets everywhere for \$29.95rrp each. As an added bonus, purchasers of any two of these videos have the chance to win the ultimate adrenalin adventure holiday for two in New Zealand. Check inside the pack for details. Now for the really fun bit, I've been handed some pretty swanky prize packs, all you have to do to get it is come down to the office and slip a bit of paper in the competition box describing at least one of the films plots. Don't for-

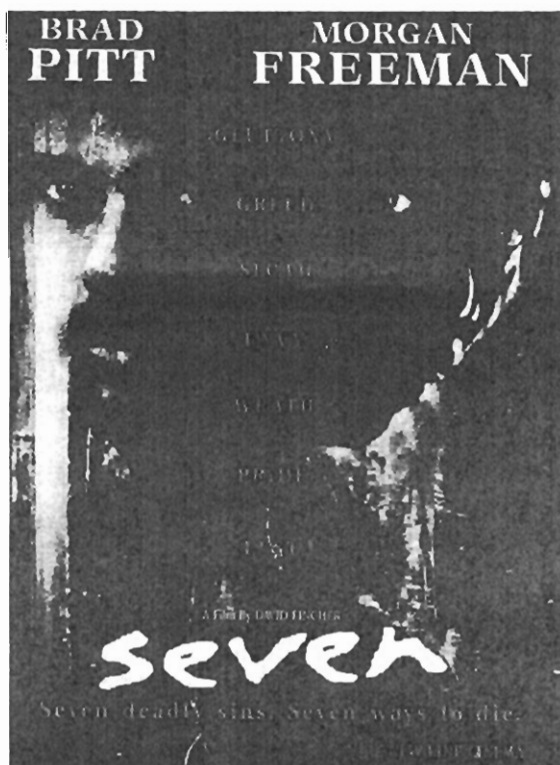
g e t



your phone number.

Because the BEATLES anthology is the biggest thing to hit the stores, Anabella has handed me a Beatles prize pack with shirts & posters...to get them, come down and stick your name, contact no. and the name of your six favourite beatles songs in the competition box.

In the meantime, it's Bye, Bye for 1996... but you haven't got rid of me yet. James Morrison, Ching Yee Ng and I will be back in your lives next year as the editors of *On Dit* 1997....join us, we can only make it with your input. Arrivaderci, Merry Christmas, Happy New Year. Be good now. All my love.....Fiona Sproles, once video editor.



November 30 / December 14
Madlove Bar, Synagogue Place
with Mos Eisley plus others

VOICES in the DARK

By Paul Bradley.

The sun sits above the eastern horizon and gently shines down onto the barren, nondescript landscape. The stillness of last night remains undisturbed, apart from the puffs of dust raised by the feet of the two as they reluctantly approach their usual meeting place.

"So we meet again," says the one.
"And again, and again, and again," sighs the other.

They sit down in their usual places and stare out across the nothingness for a while.

"My back aches this morning," says the one. The other makes no answer.

"Don't you care?" asks the one. "No," replies the other.

"Why not? We are always together like this. At least we should care about each other."

"Why?" asks the other, "Just because we both live the same life we should care?"

"Well," replies the one, "I just thought... oh, never mind." Silence blankets the two for a time.

"Anyway," starts the other, "I *can't* care, there's nothing to care about." "Am I nothing?" whines the one.

"Can you prove that you are not?" replies the other, "Were you anything before you came into this world? Will you be anything once you've gone? Before you're born, you're nothing, and when you die you're nothing, and in between it's the same."

"But..." begins the one.

"But what?" interrupts the other.

"Nothing."

Silence resumes between them, the only sound, that of their breathing, disappearing into the dust.

"I spy," begins the one, after some time, "With my little eye, something..."

"What do you mean 'something'?" interrupts the other.

"Something begi... oh. Nothing. Never mind."

As the sun slowly grinds its way across the sky, the bleakness of the landscape bleakly bleakens their already bleak outlook.

"My trench is getting quite deep now," muses the one. "Its amazing, isn't it, how we tread the same paths, day-in and day-out, and each day

we wear away just a little more of the path, turning it into a trench."

The other remains silent.

"I expect mine's about six feet deep, now," continues the one. The other sighs.

"Like a grave, really, being six feet deep and all," the one persists. "Oh, shut up!" interjects the other.

"But don't you think its kind of incredible how it seems we've devoted our lives' work to digging our own..." "Look, shut up! Just Shut up, okay!" yells the other.

"But why do we do it?"

"Because we must!" roars the other, "Who would do it for us? There is no-one else - no-one who would go through this stupid, pathetic existence, anyway."

"But couldn't we do something else instead?" asked the one.

"Such as?"

It takes a few moments before the one can answer.

"I don't know," comes the sullen reply, "But why should we have to do anything?"

"Because we must," insists the other, "We just.. ..must."

"Well, it makes no sense to me."

"Sense?" erupts the other, "What do you mean, 'sense'?"

"I don't know. It's just a word I heard somewhere."

"Where?"

"I don't know. Nowhere."

Silence again falls between the two. The one tries to whistle for a while, as usual, but stops when it fails to annoy the other. The sun continues to drag itself across the uniform blue sky.

Eventually the two stand and dust off their clothing.

"Same time tomorrow?" asks the one.

"As always," sighs the other.

The sun sits just above the western horizon and gently shines down onto the barren, nondescript landscape. The stillness of the day remains undisturbed apart from the puffs of dust raised by the feet of the two as they disappear from each other's view.

THE END.

B E C O M I N G

I see. I am not blind.

The words are docile but the mind that created them reels.

*

It was easy to see why he spent half his life hiding, head behind a desk, so paranoid about his feet because people always looked at your feet. Didn't they?

So he always watched intently, savouring what never happened, staring at the ceiling until the air felt so heavy on his face that he could hardly breathe or think or feel. Or even just be (His feet always feeling large, protrusive.). In his sleep, he would shrink to a single black dot and his feet would grow and grow, filling the proportions of the room until the dawn broke through his own uncracked window. Then the black dot mutated to a question mark and finally he would open his eyes and slowly forget.

Puzzled by the strange tingling in his feet.

There were no edges, nothing to slide searching fingers behind; the boundaries lay so distinct it dazed the senses to consider crossing them. But he did anyway. Tip-toeing wretchedly across crumpled lands, sure that people were laughing at the absurd contortions of his feet, always able to somehow hide his face, but never quite managing to drag his feet in behind.

So the months grew longer, elastic, until one day a red VW moved to reveal Raphael's Madonna, standing inappropriately on the pavement, absently curling a loose strand of hair with one divine finger. He was awestruck and (knowing who she was) enchanted utterly. In that moment, his feet changed and became just like everyone else's; no longer obtrusive, mere attachments, almost at one with the rest of him.

Then a bus pulled up and she was gone.

He tip-toed off wearily, feeling his feet grow large again, exerted, clumsy. Recoiling from those around him, he saw them recoil similarly from him (or his feet) and the divisions rose angrily before him. Still he tip-toed stealthily, the enormous boulders of his feet spurred on by the glorious presence of the Madonna and liberation.

Twice during the next week he saw her again. Transfixed, he would stand watching her, wanting to hide behind the frayed laces of his boots but finding himself suddenly tangible, accepted, tracing clouds through the sky and forgetting entirely about his feet for minutes on end. He hovered in corridors and greeted people. His gaze was no longer challenged by echoing thuds, people smiled at him (though not out of sympathy), arching streetlights beckoned. And always he would find his way back to the street where she stood.

One day, she looked up and glanced at him, standing directly across the street. He gazed squarely back, waiting for her to shrug and turn away, believing himself powerful when she did and striding home.

The next day a bus hit her. He saw the photo in the newspaper and went to her funeral in the afternoon.

Forced to bow his head, he stared warily at his feet; tile patterns spun frenetically in his brain, shades of carpet encircled and mocked him, the gloss of polished wood joined the intricate rays of sun light in a conspiracy to blind him; but his feet remained.

He watched them cover her with three square metres of soil and did not feel sad. There was a certain release about dying that could never make him feel sad, he thought; merely changed. He was reassured and taking off his shoes and socks, he laid them on her head.

Then he smiled and walked home barefoot.

C.M.



238a Rundle Street Adelaide
Phone (08) 223 2335 Fax (08) 223 6119
Open seven days til late

The Spiral Stone

The graveyard on the brow of the hill was white with snow. The marbles were white, the evergreens black. One tall spiral stone stood painfully near the centre. The little brown church outside the gates turned its face in the more comfortable direction of the village.

Only three were out among the graves: "Ambrose Chillingworth, aetat 30, 1675"; "Margaret Vane, aetat 19, 1839"; and "Thy Little One, O God, aetat 2," from the Mercer Lot. It is called the "Mercer Lot," but the Mercers are all dead or gone from the village.

The Little One trotted around busily, putting his tiny finger in the lettering and patting the faces of the cherubs. The other two sat on the base of the spiral, which twisted in the moonlight over them.

"I wonder why it is?" Margaret said. "Most of them never come out at all. We and the Little One come out so often. You were wise and learned. I knew so little. Will you tell me?"

"Learning is not wisdom," Ambrose answered. "But of this matter it was said that our containment in the grave depended on the spirit in which we departed. I made certain researches. It appeared by common report that only those came out whom desperate sin tormented, or labors incomplete and great desire at the point of death made restless. I had doubts the matter were more subtle, the reasons of it reaching out distantly." He sighed faintly, following with his eyes, tomb by tomb, the broad white path that dropped down the hillside to the church. "I desired greatly to live."

"I too. Is it because we desired it so much, then? But the Little One —"

"I do not know," he said.

The Little One trotted gravely here and there, seeming to know very well what he was about, and presently came to the spiral stone. The lettering on it was new, and there was no cherub. He dropped down suddenly on the snow with a faint whimper. His small feet came out from under his gown, as he sat upright gazing at the letters with round, troubled eyes, and up to the top of the monument, for the solution of some unstated problem.



FOR THE LOVE OF HIS NATIVE PLACE RETURNED TO LAY HIS DUST THEREIN. THE JUST MADE PERFECT.

"It would seem he did well and rounded his labors to a goodly end, lying down among his kindred as a sheaf that is garnered in the autumn. He was fortunate."

And Margaret spoke, in the thin, emotionless voice which those who are long in the graveyard use: "He was my brother."

"Thy brother?" said Ambrose.

The Little One looked up and down the spiral with wide eyes. The other two looked past it into the deep white valley, where the river, covered with ice and snow, was marked only by the lines of skeleton willows and poplars. A night wind, listless but continual, stirred the evergreens. The moon swung low over the opposite hills, and for a moment slipped behind a cloud.

"Says it is not so, 'For the Love of his Native Place?'" murmured Ambrose.

And as the moon came out, there leaned against the pedestal, pointing with a finger at the epitaph, one that seemed an old man, with bowed shoulders and keen, restless face, but in his manner cowed and weary.

"It is a lie," he said slowly. "I hated it, Margaret. I came because Ellen Mercer called me."

"I left the village suddenly!" he cried. "I grew to dread and then to hate it. I buried myself from the knowledge of it, and the memory of it was my enemy. I wished for a distant death, and these fifty years have heard the summons to come and lay my bones in this graveyard. I thought it was Ellen. You, sir, wear an antique dress; you have been long in this strange existence. Can you tell who called me? If not Ellen, where is Ellen?" He wrung his hands, and rocked to and fro.

"The mystery is with the dead as with the living," said Ambrose. "The shadows of the future and the past come among us. We look in their eyes, and understand them not. Now and again there is a call even here, and the grave is henceforth untenanted of its spirit. Here, too, we know a necessity which binds us, which speaks not with audible voice and will not be questioned."

"But tell me," moaned the other, "does the weight of sin depend upon its consequences? Then what weight do I bear? I do not know whether it was ruin or death, or a thing gone by and forgotten. Is there no answer here to this?"

"Death is but a step in the process of life," answered Ambrose. "I know not if any are ruined or anything forgotten. Look up, to the order of the stars, and handwriting on the wall of the firmament. But who hath read it? Mark this night wind, a still small voice. But what speaketh it? The earth is clothed in white garments as a bride. What mean the ceremonials of the seasons? The will from without is only known as it is manifested. Nor does it manifest where the consequences of the deed end or its causes began. Have they any end or a beginning? I can not answer you."

"Who called me, Margaret?"

And she said again monotonously:

"I didn't call you."

The Little One sat between Ambrose and Margaret, chuckling to himself and gazing up at the new-comer, who suddenly bent forward and looked into his eyes, with a gasp.

"What is this?" he whispered.

"Thy Little One, O God, aetat 2, from the Mercer Lot," returned Ambrose gently.

"He is very quiet. Art not neglecting thy business, Little One? The lower walks are unvisited to-night."

"They are Ellen's eyes!" cried the other: moaning and rocking. "Did you call me? Were you mine?"

"It is written. 'Thy Little One, O God,'" murmured Ambrose.

But the Little One only curled his feet up under his gown, and now chuckled contentedly.

This Naked Word electronic edition of The Spiral Stone was by Arthur Colton, 1903

"Ellen isn't buried here."

"Not here?"

"Not here."

"Was it you, then, Margaret? Why?"

"I didn't call you."

"Who then?" he shrieked. "Who called me?"

The night wind moved on monotonously, and the moonlight was undisturbed, like glassy water.

"When I came away," she said, "I thought you would marry her. You didn't, then? But why should she call you?"

"The stone is but newly placed," said Ambrose, "and the new-comer would seem to be of those who rest in peace."

They went and sat down on either side of him, on the snow. The peculiar cutting of the stone, with spirally ascending lines, together with the moon's illusion, gave it a semblance of motion. Something twisted and climbed continually, and vanished continually from the point. But the base was broad, square, and heavily lettered: "John Mareschelli Vane."

"Vane? That was thy name," said Ambrose.

1890. AETAT 72.
AN EMINENT CITIZEN. A PUBLIC BENEFAC-
TOR AND WIDELY ESTEEMED.

A N G S T

"Anywhere not within physical reach is too far away", Dutch groaned.

She was stretched on the floor writhing and contracting like rubber bands.

"Anywhere distant from me".

The sun was apparently playing dead, for shifting layers of grey clouds replaced each other again and again. Evaporating dissipating, regrouping. Dutch rolled onto her stomach and watched her plants suspiciously.

"Why won't you talk?" she asked angrily. "You're all against me!"

The leaves trembled slightly, quiver like, shivering.

"Ha!" Dutch was not impressed. "Call that speech?"

She rolled away and darted looks at the potted green occasionally.

"Try to sneak up on me will it?" she thought, eyes narrowed. "I'd like to see that!"

The radio whispered in her background like wind.

"Anywhere not here" Dutch whined. "Not here here".

And finally she lay still, concentrating on the carpet, close up. Such a landscape; not at all engrossing, hardly inspiring, captured her attention though she could not decide why and she desperately tried to tell herself she wasn't hiding out in here because there was a telephone sitting in easy reach. No. No it was most emphatically the carpet that kept her. Malicious girl, Dutch formed O's with her lips and tormented the plants with intermittent blasts of lung-hot air.

"Mmmm angst angst".

She can taste him like as if he were still there, smearing paint on her face, eyes bleeding yellow purple tears, feel his breath so warm and sweet. It whistles in her hair and realigns her skin.

'Strawberry-poison' dart, chocolate coated. Ah. Suppress...suppress.' Dutch was hoarse and dry throated. It was obvious and clear how she was thinking, as evidenced in this sudden but not uncommon chocolate thing. And considering chocolate gave her headaches these days, it would have been wise to leave it all alone.

"Mmm angst"

Dutch stared vacantly but inconsistently at the carpet. It was of a non-descript brown, smelling not surprisingly of dirt and dust. Dutch was willing however to slouch about here for some time

yet, as long as someone supplied muted violins. Her cheek was irritated and tickling by the wool polyester bitch boring floor. Dutch shifted her head slightly from this side to that and the discomfort eased temporarily, returning with fierce intensity. In such innocent games does carpet burn begin. Dutch raised her head to glare indignantly at the plant.

"Shut up you, I'm still here. I can see you" she muttered.

There was no evidence that the pots had advanced, but the room filled with imagined menace. Dutch remained. She was adamant, adamant, sparkling and starlike, ha-ha, virgin cut. Thousand million carats, waiting, glistening rainbows falling.

"He is not air" she proposed. "He only breathes and gives it warmth to carry."

The plants appeared unaffected. Dutch lay on her back, gathering strength from the ceiling. Her vantage point implied such vastness and distance of space, she was almost convinced that at night the stars hung in the room.

"He is not water". Dutch continued aloud. "For in him no fish float all gilled for breathing".

She giggled and gave the leaved things a guilty look.

"I know, I know. Mmf. He is not"...she paused..."rain!"

Triumphant, Dutch beamed.

"You could not frighten him with umbrellas even if you tried.

Yellow plastic hats won't save you from his HIM!"

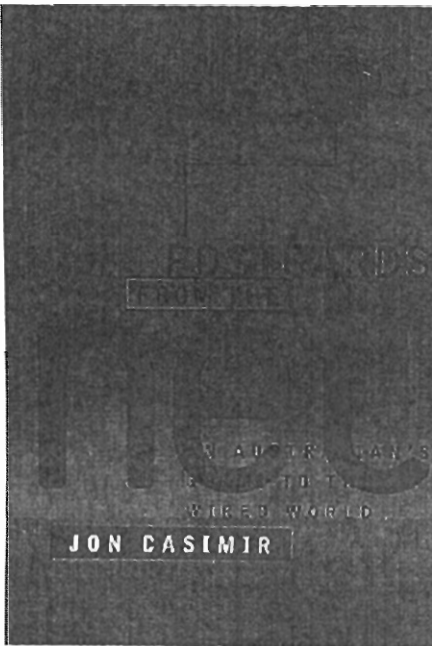
Dutch felt she was losing her edge. All this tacky cheap innuendo. Then she felt angry again, was almost motivated enough to get to her feet, and stalk around the room, maybe even progress outside, to other rooms, the kitchen maybe or into the garden if she was feeling very adventurous. Instead she realigned herself, so her new view of the sky was unobstructed by curtains. The clouds were still repeating themselves, spinning round and round and round and grey. Endlessly drifting grey.

'Angst' Dutch ground her teeth as if intensely pained. "He is not here". Dutch closed her eyes and tried to sleep. Dense silk-sifted light fell on her through the windows.

"Sleep? HA!" she thought.

Lilian Radziszewski

Does The Net Have a Gift Shop?



Postcards from the Net.
Jon Casimir.
Allen & Unwin.
\$19.95

Forget those tedious newspaper articles and TV shows muttering on about how the internet is going to change the world and how everybody's going to be online and

how many computers there are hooked up and how many people and blah blah blah. All that *Guinness Book of Records* stuff is very nice, sure, but what we really want to know is how to get at what we want on the net, and what else is out there that we'd never thought of looking for. Fret no more, folks, because the ultimate guide has arrived, and you couldn't ask for anything better.

Postcards from the Net was written by an Australian for Australians, and it shows. None of that irritating American bias that much net-related

media demonstrates. Jon Casimir knows his audience well, and has tailored his book to be the perfect roadmap to everything good, useful, funny or just plain mind-boggling. More importantly, given the rapid change that the world wide web can be subject to, this guide is absolutely up to date.

Music, film, celebrity obsessions, soap operas, haikus, conspiracy theories, comics, porn, TV, urban legends, electronic zines, books, religion, death and politics. It's all out there, and Casimir has done all the hard work for the rest of us. He seems to know all too well the peculiar frenzy of mouse-clicking that can come over you at two in the morning when all you've consumed is coffee and chips for forty-eight hours as you wait for some ridiculous thing to download from Norway. The easy-to-read format of this book makes all the short cuts available so that you can jump straight into what you're after.

Each section of *Postcards from the Net* is made up of a brief discussion and then a cluster of relevant addresses. The writing style is funny and dead-on accurate in pinning down the concerns of most net-heads. Most importantly, Casimir discusses things that more conventional guides would like to pretend do not exist on the net. Queer resources (and the point is well made that for many people in isolated areas, such as rural Australia, the net may be the only way for gays to find any sort of queer 'community'), feminist resources, aboriginal sites... stuff that no staid American manual or desperately hip UK magazine is going to tell you about. The cyber-porn debate

is presented rationally and non-judgementally. He even includes the Declaration of the Independence of Cyberspace.

And as for the dumb stuff - the stuff you find unexpectedly when you were looking for something important and which completely distracts you - this is what the net does so well and Casimir will take you places you never thought could exist. The Kooks Museum (brilliant!), 'Rude Things In My Fridge', The Centre for the Easily Amused, The Bureau of Missing Socks, Pig Decoy Carving, The Foolproof Guide to Making Any Woman Your Platonic Friend, Ferret Frenzy, Guess the Evil Dictator And/Or TV Sitcom Character and the Johnny Howard Comedy Store (including the most horrifying images you may ever see - cleverly fakes nude pics of Amanda Vanstone).

It's great. I spent a happy weekend trawling through the backwaters of cyberspace with this book as my native guide, and I only managed to prise myself away to write this review when the whole system crashed. If you're one of those people who flouts university rules by sneaking into the science or arts computing labs to play with the web then you've got to buy this book as soon as possible.

James Morrison

In The Beginning Was The Wurd...

The Wurd.
Chris Wilson.
Flamingo.
\$14.95

This wur brilyant!

One of the great moments in human evolution must have been the development of speech. Think of the sudden rush of progress this would bring in terms of cultural development - the formalisation of relationships, the division of food, a grasp of the past and the future, the concept of death and, above all, the sharing of thoughts and ideas.

Chris Wilson's sixth novel (and I tell you, I'm rushing out to read the rest right now) is brilliantly set on the cusp of this development, necessitating the author's use of sum crood langwij to get the point across. His narrator is Gob, an old, dying man who was around when the first word was spoken, when the first story

(and lie) was told, when folks got their morals; indeed, at the very birth of Hystery. His task is to relate all of known Hystery (which, strangely enough, centres around Gob himself) to Blind, the only one who will listen to him and pass it on to future generations. Blind is her name, you see. In the depths of the tale we learn how Blind lost her sight, how folk worked out where babies come from, what the worst deed ever done was, the art of making a woman of your own (of course, you need the raw materials first), the unhappy coming of medicine, the even more unhappy first rape and the subsequent learning of courting rites, the first earthquake, the sad attempt to frighten the ice away, and countless other adventures. Combined, these broken tales form a strong image, accurate or not, of what life was like with the earliest communication, and the

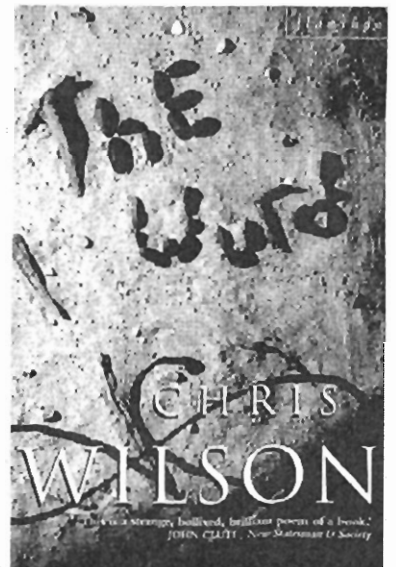
possible origins of much of human culture. A study of humanity, at its simplest, with messages strange and, sometimes, true.

And funny? Chris Wilson has a doctorate in humour (he really does), and there isn't a page of this novel where you won't find yourself amused. Evidence from Gob's list of morals: "But neva eat peepil. Fowks ain't food. Sept yu mite eat yur kin. Sum small parts. But not from hunger. An neva befor they're gon." Another moral: "Neva fukfuk wiv kin. No good eva cum of that. Yu purbly go invisible." Funnier than that in context, too.

This is a great book, possibly the best I've read this year. Get some

culture into you.

Chris Slape



MORE NET STUPH



Surfing On The Internet.
J.C. Herz.
Abacus.
\$14.95

A disjointed narrative relating the adventures of Herz as she travels along a bewildering array of Net stuph. Herz spends most of her time strung out on cold coffee as she works through all sorts of useful information for the net-head. Most of this is very strange, but that might simply be Herz, whose prose style is immediate and absorbing, not to mention witty. The Net worlds Herz describes are bizarre; from her introduction to the net @ alt.cyberpunk, she moves on a whirlwind tour of sites, personalities and themes. My fave is the site called zenMOO, where the point is to clock up the best inactivity rating by not typing or interacting with

the server; if you breach these rules, you get kicked out. What a visionary site, I am definitely going to check that one out.

Herz is concerned with the status of the Internet as the last uncensored form of mass media. Her representation of the net highlights the immense variety humanity achieves when millions of people are exposed to communal conversation without reference to commercialism or interference from State agencies. Herz rails against the current trends toward direct marketing e-mail, increasing commercialisation, and the influx of 'newbies' who are appearing on the net in ever increasing numbers. Not that Herz is so elitist as to suggest that the net is for established patrons only, simply that she is aware that the fragile culture which has developed within this me-

dium is under threat from the weight of numbers joining at a phenomenal rate.

This is not a travelogue, but a pastiche of sites from different parts of the world, connected by nothing other than the fact that they are all on the net. Herz has gone out of her way to present a selection which does justice to the immense scope of the Internet, including the downsides - such as net addiction. If you are already a net head, this book has some wild sites to check out, and will be easy to relate to. Alternatively, for all you net virgins out there, this is a great look into a wonderful and occasionally frightening world where the only rules (for now at least) are those the culture has developed itself.

Tom Stoddart

Go-Go-Go-Goal!!!!

Keep It Simple, Stupid.
Peter Goldsworthy.
Flamingo
\$14.95

Goldsworthy's latest novel, *Keep It Simple, Stupid*, marks a point of departure from the sensational tone of his previous two, *Honk If You Are Jesus* and *Wish*. Heeding the philosophy of his own title, Goldsworthy delivers a narrative for which the thematic material is nothing more startling than an ageing soccer player struggling to come to terms with the changes in his life as they are played out in Adelaide's Western suburbs.

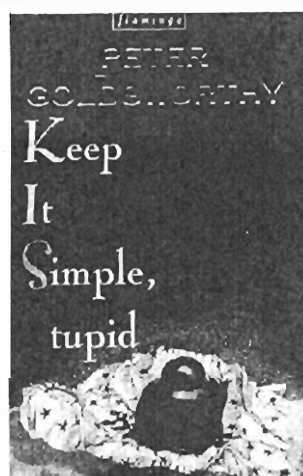
Paul 'Mack' MacNeil is a thirty-something high school teacher, a simple bloke whose life has revolved around his surrogate family, the local soccer club, since his adolescence. Al-

ways the prankster with a jocular retort for any situation, Mack is the typical male of the "no worries mate" ilk. Then the fun begins. Faced with weeks on the bench thanks to a knee reconstruction, life also throws up a few other challenges for the unsuspecting Mack. His wife, Lisa, desperately wants a baby but after fifteen years of marriage domestic discord is descending on the MacNeil home; he must face the demons of a tense relationship with his late father and, at the heart of the narrative, he becomes aware of a growing estrangement between he and his beloved 'wog ball' club. Could it be his playing days are over?

After establishing these problems in Mack's life the remainder of the novel follows Mack as he negotiates them. Ultimately Mack must alter his per-

ception both of himself and of how he thinks he is perceived by those around him. It's a classic tale of growing up and facing responsibilities, though in this instance the situation is complicated because Mack is already an adult. The story itself is in many ways akin to Goldsworthy's first novel, *Maestro*, in its depiction of the every day suburban life and the characters who struggle through it. In the hands of any other author the result may have been a rather mundane publication, but as always Goldsworthy's compelling style and detailed characterisation round out the story and pack it with humorous episodes and recognisable characters. Read it for what it is - a simple story of an interesting life.

Sasha Menz



Take Your Time, Hurry Up, The Choice Is Yours



Slowness.
Milan Kundera.
Faber & Faber.
\$24.95

Czech writer Milan Kundera is one of the most interesting and, frankly, just plain odd writers alive today, and although his writing career stretches back several decades, *Slowness* is his first book in five years. So who is this Kundera bloke anyway? You don't know? Then you don't know what you're missing.

Kundera is probably most famous for the film based on his book *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* (occasionally nick-named 'The Unbelievable Prevalence of Bonking'), but how

many people have actually read the book? For my money, though, his best work is *Life is Elsewhere*, a simultaneously hilarious and tragic story of a self-absorbed young writer which ought to be read by anyone who has ever perpetrated a bit of teenage angst. Or perhaps it *was* his best work, because *Slowness* may just be edging into the lead...

Although it lacks a normal plot, this is made up of two similar love stories set within the one building, but separated by two hundred years. Kundera himself, and his wife, are also characters in this story, watching over his creations as they go through their awkward, love struck paces. Mixed in with this are Kundera's thought-pro-

voking and clever essay-style discussions about life, love and the relationship between speed and memory (his "existential mathematics" which give the book its title - slowness equals remembrance, speed equals forgetting).

Intelligent, fascinating and often quite funny, this is the ideal book for anyone who has never read anything by this man. He's an odd old bastard, and it won't be to everybody's tastes, but if you like it then you'll never look back. And, yes, it is a bit pretentious but hell, if this is pretentiousness then bring me my satin waistcoat and feathered hat, I'm going out. *Slowness* is quality stuff.

James Morrison

Christmas Ain't What It Used To Be

The Stations of the Sun: A History of the Ritual Year in Britain.

Ronald Hutton.
Oxford University Press.
\$49.95

Yes, it is November already and with the Christmas Pageant been and gone we are now officially (according to the time honoured retail tradition) upon the Christmas season. With its associated frenzy such as the plethora of drinks, dinners and parties, the dreaded family gathering, the kilojoule loaded Christmas lunch, not to mention destroying the bank balance in the pursuit of presents.

All this activity leaves one very little time to reflect on the true meaning of this particular festive season. In our increasingly secular society we often overlook the religious significance of the season but it is particularly the traditions (such as the Christmas tree), built up over the centuries, that we have little or no knowledge about, although we still practice them.

With our predominantly Anglo/Celtic culture, it comes as no surprise that most of our celebratory traditions (including Christmas) are derived from this background and Ronald Hutton's book *The Stations of the Sun* provides a wonderful sum-

mary of the various Anglo/Celtic rituals and celebrations that include not just Yuletide but other ritual periods of the year including New Year, Valentine's Day, Lent, Easter, May Day, Midsummer, Harvest and Halloween.

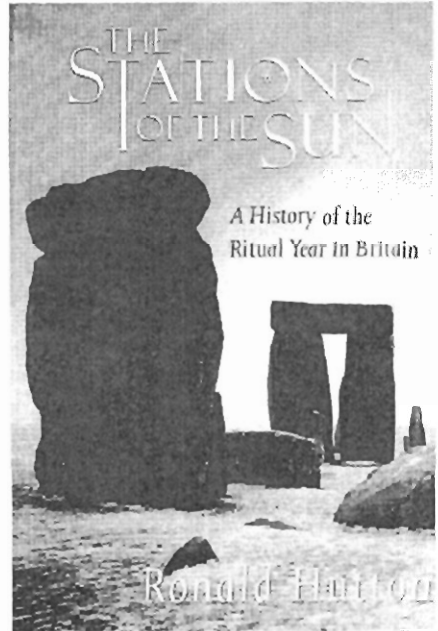
This is a work that is redolent of the English countryside, the Scottish highlands, the Welsh mountains and the green fields of Ireland. The English tradition of Morris dancing is featured alongside the Irish Lughnasadh (the festival of the Celtic god Lugh), the Scottish Hogmanay, the Welsh wearing of laeks on St David's Day and the Cornish Helston Furry.

Not only does Hutton cross geographical borders he also moves through the ages from the often Pagan beginnings of the various festivals, through to their appropriation and adaption by the Christian church and how the impact of the Reformation and industrialisation not only saw changes and adaptations to the various celebrations, but the spawning of new rituals. These customs are not necessarily time honoured and constant traditions, often reflecting the versatility and flexibility of society.

Considering Hutton's background, as Reader in British History at the University of Bristol, *The Stations of the Sun* is primarily an academic text in the Annaliste tradition, with re-

search derived from such primary sources as manorial, parish and county records, Canon law, governmental decrees, works of literature and newspaper articles. Not only does Hutton record the history of the various customs, but also comments upon the historiography of English folklore. For all of its academic pretensions however, it is an extremely approachable tome (427 pages long!) with Hutton's writing not only readable but full of interest.

Best of all it is a wonderful reference for various bits of trivia. For instance did you know that the Christmas card emerged in the 19th century as a convenient and sophisticated evolution of the ancient custom of giving blessings or good wishes for the New Year. Father Christmas, meanwhile, initially emerged in the seventeenth century, sometimes being described as Sir Christmas and Lord Christ-



mas, and was essentially concerned with the adult world, personifying feasting with games and having no connection with presents, usually being a burlesque figure of fun.

Fontella Stuart Koleff

The Five Star Hepburn

Katharine Hepburn.
Barbara Leaming.
Allen & Unwin
\$14.95

I'm not usually a fan of biogra-



**KATHARINE
HEPBURN**

BARBARA LEAMING

'Compelling, meticulously researched... excellent'
—*Booklist*, FEBRUARY 1988

phies unless I'm extremely interested in the person. Katharine Hepburn, I will admit, was never one of my favourites (I used to think she and Audrey were sisters and always wondered how one of them was born graceful and gentle and glamorous whilst the other always came across as cantankerous and twangy and very forthright). But I will recommend this book to anyone and everyone.

The way it's written makes it extremely easy to read and consistently engaging - informative, witty, empathic to the actress as a person, to her family history and her relationships. Leaming relies on letters, interviews, and other archival documents to present a balanced story which is not only the life story of Katharine Hepburn, but is also a family history of the Houghtons and the Hepburns, a history that is lively and poignant,

marred by recurring tragedy, the worst of which is the suicide of Hepburn's older brother. Yet the history is life-affirming as it preserves the characteristics and particulars of a very unique family.

The book also chronicles the progress of the feminist movement in America from the beginning of the century, delving into the ups and downs of the American suffragettes and the fight to legalise abortion and against venereal disease: both Hepburn's mother and aunt were involved to the hilt in these battles. Hepburn herself inherited the passion and strength of the mother and aunt, though she chose to portray this through her art rather than channelling her energies directly into the feminist movement.

The author also illustrates with a deft hand the nuances and peculiarities of American culture, especially theatrical and Hollywood culture, pre- and post-World War II; describing in intimate detail the main players on the stage and on the screen.

At the heart of the biography is the description of the love-trian-

gle between John Ford, one of Hollywood's most acclaimed directors, Katharine Hepburn, and Spencer Tracey, one of Hollywood's most acclaimed actors. Leaming describes with gentle insight, humor, and utmost sympathy for Hepburn, the poignant circumstances that inextricably bound together the lives of two Catholic, Irish-American married men and one outspoken, fearless, life-embracing actress who was willing to risk her career for both of them at different stages of her life.

Leaming is honest about Hepburn's faults and her vulnerabilities, leaving us with the impression of a quicksilver, passionate, generous woman who tried not to let past tragedy taint her belief in life itself; who in fact seemed to believe that by offering dark, brooding self-centred men like Spencer Tracey her unconditional love and attention, she could make up for not having saved her brother all those years ago when she was only fourteen.

I give her five stars.

Amrita Dasvarma

Clique-Cloque



Ticktock.
Dean Koontz.
Hodder Headline
\$14.95

Tommy Phan has until dawn to escape the clutches of a killer doll. Sounding like the plot for some doggy B-Grade movie ("Hi, I'm

Chucky, wanna play"), Dean Koontz manages to turn this dubious sounding plot into an incredibly gripping and intense experience combined with slapstick.

This book is a supernatural thriller and Caddyshack-esque comedy all rolled into one. It successfully manages to blend these genres without losing coherence.

Koontz paints a vivid portrait of Tony Phan, a man struggling with both his identity and a super-natural entity - all on the same night!

As well as fighting a battle to the death, Tommy finds the girl of his dreams.

Possibly only unpopular with anal retentives and those plebs with no imagination, this book thoroughly entertains the reader. How?

With a flawless, racy plot, superb characterisation and an abundance of metaphors. The book reflects Koontz' unique style, and for those of you lucky enough to have read his previous work - this book now. In fact, buy this book now, regardless.

Courtney Squires

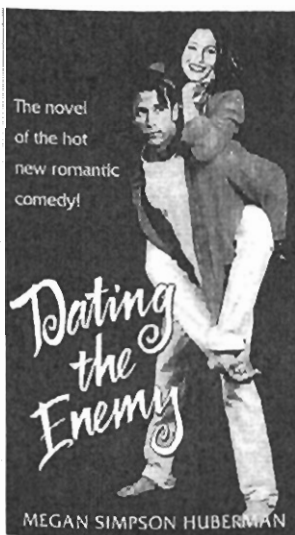
Love is a Battlefield

Dating the Enemy.
Megan Simpson
Huberman
HarperCollins paperback
\$12.95

Claudia Karvan and Guy Pearce may have made the film version of this book enjoyable, but unfortunately there was no such distraction in the novel. However, it was not a bad story, just a little light on the thought

process. The whole book took me two hours to read, and though I do read fast, that was somewhat of a record. It is your typical romance novel, that is, boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl again. However, in this version, boy loses girl. Due to the forces of fate that have brought Tash and Brett together, their personalities are switched, in order to get them back together. This leads to some genuinely funny mix ups, as well as some boring ones. The descriptions of Brett at an aerobics class are somewhat sexist, as is the way male and female behaviour is discussed. I also think that the problems facing Tash and Brett in respect to the physical problems they must have dealt with were glossed over, and that could have been enjoyable, however the time when Brett had PMT was mildly amusing. If you are sick of studying, and are after a little mind candy to clear the brain, then this is the book for you. For mental stimulation however, steer clear of this and stick to the textbooks.

Caitlin Macky



Stick It Up Your Nose



Dylan: Behind Closed Doors.
Clinton Heylin.
Penguin.
\$18.95

This is no biography. The author has apparently already accomplished that in *Dylan Behind the Shades*. Instead, this is a follow-

up, no-frills attempt to document the recording sessions of Bob Dylan (all of them, ever), with some discussion of the relative worth of each session, what was kept for release, what was ditched, what was ditched and shouldn't have been, and everything else. It is arranged chronologically, not by album but rather by session date, so you can analyse what went on when, and see what happened to it. It is heavy going, as you'd expect from anything containing this much information, and much prior knowledge is assumed. If you are sufficiently pre-enlightened, then this book will be a treasure-trove for you, full of little bits you never knew, photos you've never seen before (although they are rather few and quite dull) and even photocopies of original session charts.

This is really only for balls-in-hardcore completists who absolutely must have everything. Good quality gear, but only for those already in the know.

Chris Slape

Cool as Math

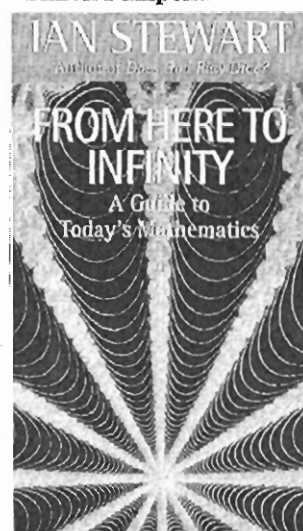
From Here To Infinity.
Ian Stewart.
Oxford University Press.
\$17.95

In a world where the great adventures have reached extra-terrestrial realms, it's amazing that fantastic new frontiers are being explored daily simply within the minds of people who think about them. These realms are the latest progresses in mathematics and as a guide to these new realms, Ian Stewart excels in imparting to a reader the sense of excitement associated with a great adventure.

Some of the areas covered by the book are modern knotting theory (nothing to do with scouts), which lends a hand to string theory in physics and the advancement of chaos theory. Most interesting for me was an explanation of a 350 year old problem that has been solved recently. This was Fermat's Last Theorem, and its explanations highlighted the drawback of the book where I, being someone studying maths, still had trouble following the explanation.

The success of the book is Stewart's flair and enthusiasm for the topic being discussed and also the use of a lot of each topic's history, people and most importantly the wrong turns. In this way Stewart achieves a different level of understanding of mathematics that cannot be gained by reading a maths text book, especially for the lay person!

Simon Pampena



Fatal Distraction

How to Conceive a Girl.
Beth Spender.
 Random House.
 \$16.95

Beth Spender's first full length novel sits uncomfortably between superlative and frustrating. Admiration for her skill and whimsical inspiration subsides when the taste of something special is never quite substantiated. Although there are glimpses of satisfaction, phrases of perception and clarity, her stories are ultimately disappointing.

As with many other short story writers, the themes are recycled: love, sex, families, religion, suburban escape, fatal attractions, sex as power. These tools are used to shape narratives commonly focussing on a woman's journey, her sights and impressions, as influenced by recollections of the past. Two stories are particularly impressive, *Barbara Boul-*

levard and *Fatal Attraction in Newtown*.

The former is a domestic tale with a surreal spin: Barbara Boulevard is the new identity of a woman who has fled to Perth, lives alone, dispassionately conducting relationships with a series of medical specialists. The theme of maternalism intrudes into the narrative, with Barbara's silent love for her neighbours daughter Courtney, an anxious hesitant child that is only extroverted with a cat mask and role to play. The child's behaviour is used as a metaphor for the roles women play or are forced into. Recurring images of phallic symbols, and violent body invasions intrude into the narrative, fracturing the false haven Barbara has constructed, heralding her next escape and new identity.

Fatal Attraction in Newtown borrows the scenario from the film *Fatal Attraction*, to analyse the

motivations behind Alex's vengeful behaviour against Dan, with whom she shared a one-night stand. Cold isolated images of Newtown lanes, city buses and shopping malls are created. One night stands are compared, the minute of love that can exist between two strangers brave enough to make eye contact when alone; the ideas explored are interesting, and create a curious story.

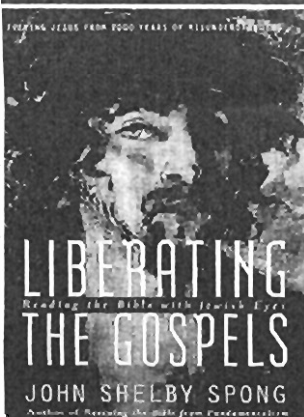
It is hard to discern exactly what is missing from Spender's stories; the ideas are imaginative, the writing style is strong, constructed in layers that build up the emotional power of initially minor features. However, the hint of greatness of a tale that will entertain and absorb, is unfulfilled, serving only to create a sense of dissatisfaction.

Sort of worthwhile, sort of not really. It's tempting to skim through.

Georgina Neill



Is The Pope Jewish?



Liberating the Gospels: Reading the Bible Through Jewish Eyes.

John Shelby Spong.
 HarperCollins.
 \$24.95

Bishop Spong, ever on the cutting edge of controversial theology, has attempted to place Christian scripture within a secular historical perspective. Drawing on the work of Michael Goulder, an academic and ex-priest for the C of E, Spong reads the Gospels as inherently Jewish texts.

The Jewishness of Jesus is something (Spong argues) which has been driven out of mainstream

Christian thought. Much of modern Christianity has been tainted by the enmity between Orthodox Jewry and Greco-Roman Christianity, and the Jewish origins of these texts has been totally ignored.

What follows is a series of coherent arguments deconstructing the Gospels from what Spong calls a "Jewish approach". Now, as the proud possessor of a pair of Jewish eyes, I cannot totally agree with the good Bishop. His historical approach to the political life of Jesus is one I would agree with, but his explanation for the Jewish rejection of early Christianity is lacking. This he puts down to an issue of survival - the Judean priests wishing to preserve

the purity of Jewish scripture in the face of the Roman invasion. There is no mention of the basic theological disagreements of the two - that such a physical embodiment of God (as is central to Christian belief) cuts against the grain of Jewish monotheism.

Regardless, the majority of the book moves beyond this point in history, exploring instead the way the Gospels were developed and interpreted and placing them within the context of the Jewish liturgical calendar. Interesting stuff if you like a bit of comparative theology. If not, leave this book well alone.

David Bloustien

Lecturer in Panty Raid

Superstitious.
R.L. Stine.
 Harper Collins
 \$9.95

A book about a university lecturer possessed by a myriad of hideous demons who commit unspeakable acts of violence and mayhem? Sounds like exam revision to me!

Superstitious chronicles the antics of the charming and spunky lecturer Liam and his desperate urge to

sire a baby so that the family curse will be passed on. You see, Liam is plagued with an inconvenient affliction - when someone breaches "the laws of superstition" (ie. breaking a mirror, not saying "bless you" after a sneeze) these big scary scaly demons climb out of his mouth and murder people - usually unsuspecting, sexually promiscuous female university students.

So Liam bonks his way about campus, whilst con-

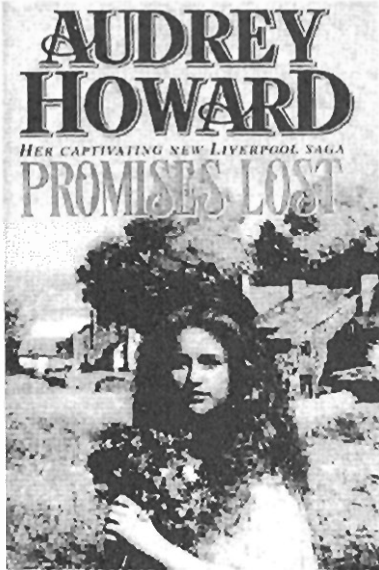
tinuing a sexual relationship with, of course, his sister, occasionally tearing the scalp off someone who didn't get security to escort them to their car after dark. What more can a reader ask for? *Superstitious* gives us sex, violence and the seemingly preposterous but strangely convincing idea of a lecturer housing a supernatural force for evil.

I give *Superstitious* 8½.

Penelope Fredericks



Lost and Found Dept.



Promises Lost.
Audrey Howard.
Hodder & Sloughman.
\$ 39.95

Set around Liverpool during the nineteenth century, *Promises Lost* centres around the two Hamilton sisters, Alice and her younger sister Sara. One day the two girls are walking in the countryside, when they are accosted by a group of road gang 'navvies', who try to have their way with them. They are saved by one of the youngest 'navvies', Jack Andrews, who comes to blows with the rest of the group in his quest to help the sisters. Beaten to a pulp, Jack is taken back to the girls' home where their father, a doctor, restores him back to health over a period of weeks. It is during this time that Jack falls head over

heels in love with Sara, much to Alice's chagrin. Alice is a social climber, who, in spite of Jack's kindness to herself and Sara, considers Jack below her family. Sara on the other hand has consented to marry Jack as soon as he can afford a home for the both of them. When a cholera epidemic strikes the girl's village, they lose their father and are left destitute. Consequently Alice moves Sara and herself to Liverpool where they try to make their fortunes dress-making. I'm not going to give away the rest of the story, believe me I have only told you a little of what happens; but let's just say that the rest of the book involves the lives and loves of the two girls as they struggle to make their way in a hostile environment. Separated by Alice, the love affair of Jack and Sara is a focal point of the book. This review

is beginning to sound like a bad promotion for a Mills and Boon novel, however *Promises Lost* is not really of this style at all. At times I found myself beginning to lose interest in the novel, because I didn't really become all that involved with the characters. The actions of the characters within the narrative saw me raise my eyebrows at times. Although obviously I am not an expert, the interactions that some of the characters had with each other appeared to be a nineties interpretation of the eighties hundreds. The ending of this book is predictable also, but perhaps that is just what people want in a novel of this sort. *Promises Lost* is worth a read if you have the time, although I have read many better books in the same genre.

Kerryn Doyle

Can You Spare Me A Couple Of Bucks

The Unkindest Cut: How a hatchet man critic made his own \$7000 movie and put it all on his credit card.
Joe Queenan.
Picador.
\$16.95

"Approximately 77% of the movies made in the US this year will generate the reaction 'I could have made a better film than that.'" Joe Queenan is one individual who took this to heart. Inspired by Robert Rodriguez's \$7000 art house flick *El Mariachi*,

Queenan sets out to prove that anyone can make a film for \$7000, using his neighbors as actors and his credit card for money. *Twelve Steps to Death* is the politically incorrect story of Turk Bishop, a cop whose wife and kids have been killed in a hit and run accident by a schizoid anorexic recovering alcoholic with Attention Deficit Disorder. The hard-nosed cynic (not unlike Queenan himself) Bishop's assignment is to track down the killer of psychiatrist Peter Thorpe, a sadist responsible for the mental wellbeing of No Quarter's fruitloops. But this plot is only a fraction of *The Unkindest Cut*. In his quest to beat Rodriguez by \$2, *Twelve Steps to Death* becomes the most expensive \$7000 film ever made - the budget coming closer to \$50,000 than the \$35 he boasted ("Well the whole picture would have cost me nothing, if I didn't shout lunch on the last day"). As Queenan reasons, if you're going to lie to the public you may as well lie big time. Queenan's autobiographical *The Unkindest Cut* is an amusing and somewhat cynical look at the processes of filmmaking, as Queenan debunks the myth that anyone can make a film for \$7000. Don't even bother trying.

Kerina West

We Don't Like Hindu, We Love It

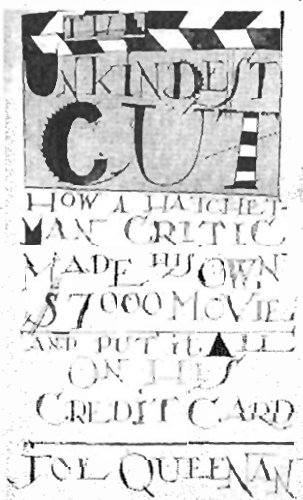
Ancient Eastern Philosophy for Beginners.
Richard Osborne and Bonn Van Loon.
Icon
\$16.95

If you're interested in the mystical East, keen to discover something about hidden China or exotic India. Or perhaps you're feeling that it's time to diversify, become a more sophisticated reader - whatever, then *Ancient Eastern Philosophy for Beginners* is for you. Kinda bizarre suggestion I know, but with Australia becoming increasingly integrated into Asia it's not just those with a specific interest in the socio-anthropological structures of our neighbours that need enlightening (Case in point - re: Pauline Hanson M.P.). It's also those of us more interested in the crystal clear waters of Bali or cricket on the subcontinent who owe it to ourselves to hold at least a threadbare understanding of Eastern culture. And *Ancient Eastern Philosophy for Beginners* is the definitive slackers book to do this by.

Not only have authors R. Osborne and B. Van Loon compiled a book that saves you the tedium of ploughing through the 3 Confucian classics or the very real dangers of impulse buying as you search Cosmic Pages for a compendium of Taoist thought. They've done it in a concise and, dare I say it, in an interesting manner. *Ancient Eastern Philosophy for Be-*

ginners is just that - for beginners - so you needn't fear philosophical mumbo-jumbo. Instead you'll be greeted by a friendly comic and a bit of light discussion that outlines the basics of Hindu, Buddhist, Confucian and Taoist thought with just enough detail to enable you to hold cocktail party chit-chat with credibility. So if you have around \$10, 2 spare hours and an unbalanced yin-and-yang invest in a copy of *Ancient Eastern Philosophy for Beginners*.

Andrew Rehn



Why Be Dull?

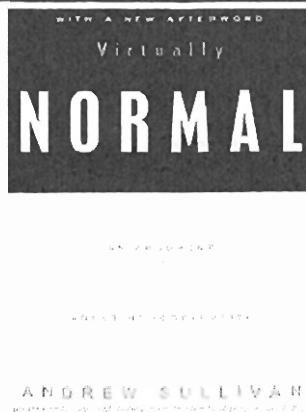
Virtually Normal.
Andrew Sullivan.
 Picador UK.
 \$ 16.95

Wow! This is no normal book about homosexuality. The author has obviously spent a lot of coffee time and hours in libraries doing the research for this PhD thesis on what society makes of homosexuals. Divided into four parts of society - the prohibitionists, the liberationists, conservatives, liberals and homosexuals themselves, it is pretty heavy going and not something to

read if you just want to get a basic light into politics and homosexuality. Much attention was made to a few writers on homosexuality (like Foucault) and they are frequently referred to throughout the book. The interesting bits in the book are how society in general dictates how our relationships should be handled and managed, which in turn not only affects homosexuals but also heterosexuals. There was a lack of acknowledgement of bisexuality, but then with all this intellectualism being hurled at the unsuspecting reader, not

much of the text was really clear. You really need that PhD that the author was aiming at (oops, excuse me, he already has one from Harvard). So if you have an intense and burning desire to find out how society works, indeed if you are studying sociology, then read this book. On the other hand if you just want to be informed, then don't be fooled by the blurb on the back and instead ask a non-hetro friend for their opinion. It will be more to the point than the book.

Nick Nasev



Love To Love You, Baby



Australian Love Stories: An Anthology.
Kerryn Goldworthy.
 Oxford University Press.
 \$ 29.95

This anthology of Australian love stories covers a plethora of different themes from Australia's colourful past. Written by both contemporary and historical Australian literary figures, this anthology is sure to appeal to the wide audience of the literary world. The thirty-five stories selected by Kerryn

Goldworthy are varied and refuse to reinforce the popular stereotypes of romantic fiction. Love and loss; rejection and betrayal; intimacy and ecstasy are all themes that some of Australia's most famous authors [many of which I have never heard of] explore in the stories in this anthology. All of the popular stereotypes are there, the pub, the dry dusty weather, the old aussie larrikin, plus there are outback stories of love where people use terminology like "Geez" and "cobber". How-

ever there are also stories involving war; plus a broad range of contemporary urban romantic fiction between both heterosexual and homosexual couples and the like. This anthology is great as a history of the different forms of romantic fiction in Australia too. This book has not been released for the Christmas season although it would make a perfect present for your loved one...gee I should have gone into advertising...

Kerryn Doyle

The Best Things In Life...

The Free World.
J.H. Macdonald.
 HarperCollins.
 \$ 16.95

The Free World is a fascinating book; beautifully written, devastatingly honest and unashamedly introspective. The book is written in sections, each coming from the point of view of a different character. There is Nick, a young and confused companion to an eccentric elderly couple; Ivor, Nick's sometime lover, an aesthete and a cynic; Alec, an intelligent man seeing his usefulness subside as he ages. The bond between the three is that they are all disillusioned with the state of their lives and are left to search for meanings in the left-overs.

Such a summary might make *The Free World* sound like a lot of self-indulgent, angst-ridden dribble, but, on the contrary, it is a very

entertaining book. The three men's searches take them to some interesting places - a model city, meat market (the description of which would turn anyone vegetarian), an Italian Renaissance villa, a gay sauna and the memory of an old station house in New Zealand. While there is always action underway, we come to know of it through protagonists' thought rather than through a description of events. For *The Free World* is an exploration of the inner life, with all its frustrating complexity; its perception and misconceptions. Fortunately, Macdonald doesn't let himself become purple or vague. The characters' thoughts are real and the conclusions they come to are unambiguous. In fact, I was quite impressed by their ability to nut things out as they did, considering that the things that they are nutting out are usually pretty hefty issues. Love, death, sexual-

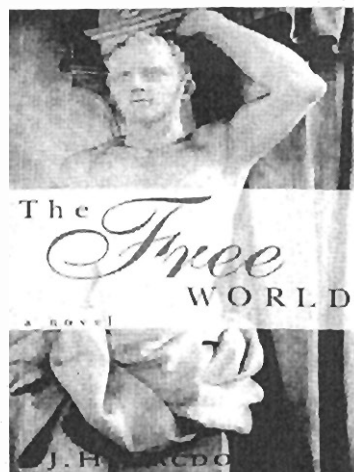
ity, history, friendship, food (yes, I do think it fits here) and the general state of Australian Society in the 1990s are all thought about by one or more characters at one time or another.

In *The Free World*, Macdonald shows real insight. There are flashes of understanding throughout the book which act like scalpels cutting away the dead flesh of pretence and illusion. Macdonald really tells it like it is. This honesty is what I appreciated most about *The Free World*.

There are some novelists who bite off more than they can chew; they can often seem a bit on the trite side. *The Free World*, with such potential for fitting into this category, thankfully doesn't. It is a beautifully written demonstration of the au-

thor's view of the world and as such is well worth the read.

Daniel Sanderson



Go To Sleep, Everything Is Alright

The Sandman: Book Of Dreams.
Neil Gaiman and Edward Kramer.
 HarperCollins.
 \$ 35.00

When author Neil Gaiman began the story of *The Sandman* for D.C. comics, you could tell something special was happening. I should know, I picked up the first issue when it first came out (though probably more on the strength of Dave McKean's striking cover than any pre-publication hype. Pretty facile I know but at least honest.) Yes, the first issues were heavily influenced by D.C.'s then flagship horror title *Swamp Thing*. Yes, that Alan Moore's influence was also readily recognisable but still there was something about the title that was just good old fashioned entertaining and also reeking of promise. Neil Gaiman delivered over the next seventy odd issues and *The Sandman* today is definitely considered one of the best written monthly titles ever. When I sat down to read the new *The Sandman: Book Of Dreams* I must admit I was quite excited.

Unfortunately I was ultimately disappointed. It is not as if the stories aren't well written. Susanna Clarke, Delia Sherman and John M. Ford in particular write some great stories. The problem seems to be they don't necessarily need to be *Sandman* stories. This book could quite easily have been entitled *Re-*

ally Good Stories By Some Swell Writers, lost all the *Sandman* characters that appear to have been tacked on at times and sold independently from the name of Neil Gaiman. The problem with this book appears to pop it's head up with numerous disguises.

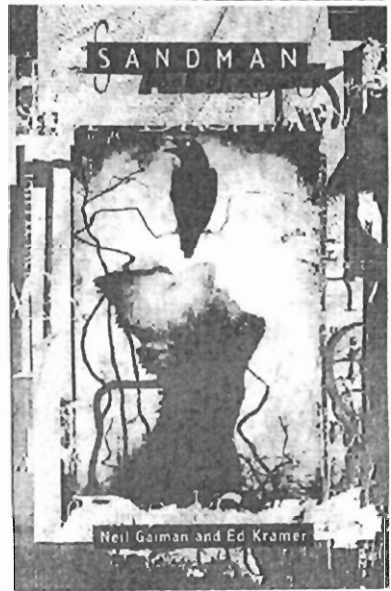
First of all, *The Sandman* works perfectly as a comic, which is not to denigrate it in any way. As we all know, some comics have grown up and are considered a valid art form (though I will not sit here and pontificate about that subject unless I want to sound like that pompous *Simpsons'* character who runs the local comic store in Springfield. Go to any comic store in the world and you are very likely to see at least one of these freaks lurking in the corner getting quite excited over the size of Wonder Woman's bosoms. If you don't see anyone fitting this description: warning! The freak could be you!) Having these stories written as prose seems to have stagnated the very precise rhythm that punctuated the way the comic was written. Often I found myself reading a story and enjoying it at first but then having to force myself not to scream out "Get on with it already!" In trying to get the same feel the authors have left their stories feeling, well, boring.

Secondly, Neil Gaiman has this great technique of talking about stories that have taken place off the page. In one line he would write, as an example: "A city in which the

streets are paved with time. A man who inherits a library card to the library in Alexandria." These are all great ideas that might make wonderful stories but somehow seem to have more power by not writing anything else about them at all. You read that line and your imagination takes over. These stories would have been much better if they had been left at that. A single line that allows everybody else to sit back and think of a story that suits them. Once again, great ideas but stories that pretty much go nowhere.

Finally, *The Sandman* was written by Neil Gaiman and Neil Gaiman alone. He had a singular vision as to where the story was going and he took us there avoiding all the bumps and turns that could have destroyed his creation. These stories seem to lack Neil's vision which is funny considering he has helped edit it. Gaiman has moved onto other projects now and so, while he may still have a soft spot for his "baby", the emotional attachment is no longer there and it shows.

I'm disappointed to have bagged this book a bit and anyone who has



bought this book and hasn't read it yet may still enjoy it. I didn't and anyone who disagrees with me can consider it my loss. I'm just grateful I didn't pay for it (Thanks Anthony old chum). *The Sandman* comic is over, dead, finished. It would probably be better to let this title lie in peace and start moving forward, looking back at it fondly rather than adding excess baggage.

Hamster Cunning

Summer Reading List

Books that transport you, are remembered as if night time imagery, or half remembered dreams. Books that change your life, and impose another character upon you. Piss-funny books. Sci-fi. Here's a summer list to take you away....

Funny Stuff

Dirk Gently's Holistic Detective Agency - Douglas Adams. Adams' distinct style is infectious and engaging.
 Armadillos and Old Lace - Kinky Friedman.
 Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas - Hunter S. Thompson.

Worth a Gig

My Boyfriend's Father - Ben Winch.
 Sex Crimes - Peta Spear.

Funny Kids

Absolute Beginners - Colin MacInnes. A time-capsule of kids, jazz, crusty coffee shops and inner-city London.
 Good Omens - Neil Gaiman and Terry Pratchett. Good Time Apocalypse.

Disaffected Yoof

Milk - Penelope Farmer. Introspective narrative, startling, perceptive.
 Catcher in the Rye - JD Salinger. Just don't make it your bible.

Redeems Your Faith in America

The Accidental Tourist - Anne Tyler. Domestic surreal tales.

My Name is Asher Lev - Chaim Potok. Gorgeous, aristocratic, poignant.
 Sailor Song - Ken Kesey. Fuckin' Awesome. The Perfect Book.

Terribly English

Brideshead Revisited - Evelyn Waugh. Gorgeous, aristocratic, poignant.
 The Camomile Lawn - Mary Wesley.

"Bloody changed my life!"

The English Patient - Michael Ondaatje. Evocative and beautiful.
 The Unbearable Lightness of Being - Milan Kundera. Phrases to be savoured.
 The Lorax - Dr Suess. Sad, funny, timely and all in great colour!
 The Demon Lover - Robin Morgan.
 Money - Martin Amis.
 The Crow Road - Iain Banks.

Love and Angst

The Children's Bach - Helen Garner.
 The Golden Gate - Vikram Seth.

Science Fiction

Axiomatic - Greg Egan.
 Red Mars/Green Mars/Blue Mars - Kim Stanley Robinson.
 The Dispossessed - Ursula Le Guin. Unsurpassable - The greatest.
 Feersum EndJinn - Iain M. Banks.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

Mark Scruby talks to Mos Eisley about the book, the movie and the boardgame. Or something.

With world-wide sales of their 1988 album, *Hysteria*, creeping towards the twenty million mark, it comes as no surprise that you've heard of Def Leppard. However, you may not have heard of Mos Eisley. Well, you should have. Sure, they didn't write 'Pour Some Sugar On Me' but neither did The Beatles and that didn't stop *them*. Mos Eisley are five regular *Joes* from Adelaide who just happen to be one of our most exciting new bands. Filling the void left by, well, the last band to play noisy pop songs, they have one thing on their side that most other similar bands lack - really good songs. From the riffastic *rash* of the 3d Radio-hammered 'Fall' to the bleary-eyed groove-nugget set-closer that is 'Phibed', Mos Eisley sound disturbingly non-Local. And thank God for that. However, it was in a suburban Adelaide house that I had a chat with singer Brad and guitarmeister Matt to find out exactly what was going on. With *Aliens* on the TV, Go-Betweens on the stereo and chocolate milk in the coffee, the scene was set for secrets of Earth-shattering importance to be di-

voiced. Or maybe not.

"One day I was at Pop and Brad was sitting at the bar pissed out of his mind and I said, 'We're looking for a singer', and he said, 'I'll do it', but I didn't take him seriously," remembers Matt when quizzed on how Brad joined the band.

"Then a few days later we were mucking about and we gave him a tape and he did a pretty good job with it so that was about it, really."

But what about the rest of them? "I dunno but people won't be interested in this. Be more flowery. Give 'em some flowery prose," advises Brad.

Rising to the challenge, Matt continues, "Well, Tony (the other guitarist) was my drug dealer originally and..." The conversation deteriorates into laughter but Matt is the first to recover. "No, the way we got Tony was we were

at The Exeter having a few beers with Mark (the drummer) and Tony rocked up and we sat in the car park listening to Tony's four-track stuff that he'd done and he had a ninety minute tape chock-a-block full of Tony mood music. It sounded really good. And Tony knew

"We got told we sound like Underground Lovers, Swervedriver, Verve... which are all very nice compliments but, you know, I can hear it a little bit, maybe. People ask what we sound like and I really can't say."

Matt agrees. "We have a general thread going through most of our songs but there's just no real similarity between a lot of our songs. They're not too samey."

Brad interrupts, "There's something for everyone' is what you're trying to say."

Well, he's not far wrong. With a newly recorded five song demo primed to plunder the Three D charts very soon and some live dates at the Mad Love Bar in November and December, it certainly seems that they're on the right track for global stardom. Sure, they don't have big hair, they've never employed the Armageddon It/Am I gettin' it play on words trick in their lyrics and they're drummer does have all four limbs intact but I reckon they might just have the talent to make it anyway.



Michael who proved to be a winner 'cos Michael ended up to be a brilliant bass player."

Brad explains, "Basically, Tony's got all this music that he's been working on for years. Originally, a lot of it's done on synthesizer. A lot of it comes from that - we pilfer a lot from the past."

Hmmm, but what do The Kids say? "We had one person say we sounded like Prima Scream," enthuses Brad.

Mark Scruby's Top Seven Releases For 1996

1. Suede 'Trash' CD1 and CD2 - Okay single but the b-sides are Absolute Killers. 'Another No-one' could possibly be the best thing Suede have ever done and is certainly the best new song I have heard for quite a long time. It was released weeks ago but my spine is still tingling. As for 'Every Morday Morning Comes', how the hell didn't that get onto the album - it should have been the first single.

2. Ride 'Black Nite Crash' - Sure, the album stinks but the single is a no holds barred, crackjack chunk of raunchy, arrogant and cool, rnan, rock. Despite the most disappointing form slump I've ever seen from a band after such astronomical beginnings, this shows that ever at the very end they still had the Spark that shot them to The Top so early in their careers. The b-sides are surprisingly good too.

3. Suede Coming Up LP - Sorry, but I couldn't help it. With a bit of shuffling between b-sides and album tracks, this could have been The Album To End All Albums. But it ain't. 'Lazy', 'Saracrazy' and a couple of other tracks aren't up to the high standard set by Beautiful Ones', 'By The Sea' and, yep, you guessed it - the b-sides. Regardless, this is an amazing comeback after the Butler debacle - they should be proud.

Equal 4th. Lush Lovelife LP - They tossed out most of their effects pedals and revealed a whole bunch of pop songs to die for, none more sensational than the last two numbers: 'The Childcatcher' and 'Olympia'.

Unfortunately, their return to form was spoiled by the death of their drummer but, I s'pose Rock is like that.

Equal 4th Kula Shaker K LP - Read the review in this week's edition. It's Hendrix joins The Charlantans to play 'Revolver' era Beatles songs. 'HeyDude' must be high in the singles of the year list. Then again, so must 'Tattva'.

6. Robert Forster Warm Nights LP - The ex Go-Between pulls another bunch of winner tracks out of the bag including the ultra cool 'Cryin' Love' single. Nice take, too.

7. Cast Allchange LP - The La's ex-bass man tackles the tricky task of Post-Oasis PomRock and comes up trumps. 'History' wins my annual award for Best Use Of A Delay Pedal. By A Contemporary Rock/Pop Ensemble (past winners - 1993, Slowdive for 'Souvlaki Space Station'; 1995, Slowdive for 'Crazy For You').

Honorary Mentions... The Boo Radleys, 'What's In The Box (See Watcha Got)'; The Bluetones, 'Slight Return' single; Super Furry Animals, *Fuzzy Logic LP*; Jack Frost, *Snow Job LP*.

Too Early To Judge But Showing Promise... The Divine Comedy, *Casanova LP*; The Boo Radleys, *C'mon Kids LP*; Delicatessen, *Hustle Into Bed LP*.

Other Ace Stuff I Forgot To Include... Can't remember.

Isaac Bridle's Top Ten In No Particular Order...

NOA - Calling (Geffen)
All the best elements of Alanis Morissette and Kate Bush, delivered with the voice of an angel against some stunning Indian-flavoured rock. Outstanding songwriting.

Dubwar - Wrong Side of Beautiful (Earache)
Probably the best rock album to appear this year - loud, angry, and DIFFERENT. Check out their Eps too... everything from grunge to jungle.

Dubstar - Disgraceful (Food)
What is it with this DUB thing? This isn't dub, or disgraceful for that matter. What it is is lush pop that blends the Pest Ship Boys with the Cocteau Twins into a sound of almost impossible beauty. Great songwriting and vocals again.

Underworld - Second Toughest in the Infants (Dance Pool)
Can these lads do no wrong? Yet another masterpiece of indescribable trance - they've even got Carl Hyde singing again! Don't trust 'Born Slippy' and think you've heard it all; go and check this out.

Adiemus - Songs of Sanctuary
Better than Enya. More gorgeous than Secret Garden. Closer to the sounds of heaven than Clannad, even. And all this blissful new-ageness without a hint of being just a big wank. Remarkable. Perfect atmosphere music.

Morcheeba - What Can You Trust?
Until Portishead get off their butts

and release another album, we'll be a little starved of quality trip-hop - but Morcheeba should go some way toward filling the gap. Soulful vocals anguish away over (deliberately) cruddy beats and some daring instrumental arrangements. Only needs Beth Gibbons to be perfect.

Robert Miles - Children (Deconstruction)
The track that started the whole 'dream house' media blitz. A spooky intro, bouncy beat, smooth strings, catchy piano - and it's good! The 'Dreamland' album wasn't much cop, but the first single is a classic.

Dubstar - Not So Manic Now (Food)
What, again? Not only is this single one of the standout tracks of the album, but also features three unreleased songs that are BETTER than most of those found on *Disgraceful*. An essential companion disc.

Busta Rhymes - Woo-Hah!!!
Why do I like this? Is it funny because Busta sounds half pissed? Is it hardcore because he does stick a few menacing lyrics in there as well? Is it the catchy-as-hell "Who-Hah" that comes screaming out in the chorus? Yeah, probably.

Goldbug - Whole Lotta Love (Acid Jazz)
Fantastic reworking of Led Zeppelin. TV cop show themes, and whatever else was lying around on a tape in the studio that day. Big Beats, groovy bass bits, screaming vocals. Alright!



**Billy Bragg
William Bloke
(Mushroom)**

There's no mystery about it. When you pick up a Billy Bragg album you know what you're going to hear - and you're either going to love it or loathe it. Fatherhood has mellowed the big-nosed bard from Barking, and *William Bloke* reflects a not-quite-so-angry-young-man.

The album opens with "From Red to Blue", dealing with the changing values of the individual as one progresses through life ("Should I vote red for my class or green for our children?"). The first single "Upfield" has a catchy rhythm and brash brass section. As to be expected, the album is a mix of light hearted pop tunes, slower ballads on love and life (and fatherhood), and '90's style working-class anthems ("Northern Industrial Town").

In all, *William Bloke* shows a matured Bragg singing about what he knows best - love him or loathe him.

Kerina West

really has given up preaching at the listener. Many songs are still political but they are approached in a more subtle and poetic light, with some songs showing real vulnerability. Lyrics such as "if we surrender ourselves to industrial rules, we'll wake up in the wreckage of tomorrow" and the like, remind the listener that although musically the Oils have to a certain extent mellowed out, but they are still passionate about preserving the natural environment.

Breathe however is not a landmark Oils album by any means though: "One too many times" is without a doubt in my mind the worst song the Oils have ever written, I hope they leave that Country music genre well and truly alone. Apart from that song none of the others are outright duds, however few tracks near the end of *Breathe* failed to retain my attention. *Breathe* is still a good album, with "Sins of Omission" and "Star of Hope" being as good as any brooding rock tune penned by the Oils in the last decade. To me, "In the Rain" is the standout track, with atmospheric keyboards and unusual percussion reminiscent of trip hop, while Peter exposes his soul as he sings in a falsetto, his voice soaring like never before. "Bring on the Change" is the classic Oils rock song which the fans are sure to love.

Overall, another good Oils album, but it makes me wonder if the Oils will ever release another album as brilliant as *10 to 1*.

Scott Berry

Hayley) in one day so he thought he'd better put it into their absolutely cracking second single, 'Tattva'.

Anyway, to the album. As I've already indicated, it was no surprise to see 'Hey Dude' rocket to number two on the UK charts - it's an absolute winner. The second track also defies a crap title, 'Knight On The Town', to (uh) shine through with some classy late sixties/early seventies rock. And when he shouts '... that walk on the ground' you know you'll be able to find a special place in your CD collection for this young man - at last a singer who ain't afraid to let it all out. 'Temple Of Everlasting Light' eases it all back and provides the listener with a more exotic brand of pleasure ("If I wait another day to travel to the east/Time will prey upon me/Dance upon me with its feet") as preparation for fourth single 'Govinda'. "Govinda Jaya Jaya/ Gopala Jaya Jaya Rhada-ramanahari/Govinda Jaya Jaya." Get the message? Sure, Crispian returned from his trip to India a while ago but his soul is still there, man. And it's a bloody good thing too, 'cos 'Govinda' is maddeningly catchy and, well, mesmerising, really.

'Smart Dogs' sounds like something The Charlatans would come up with if they got more into Hendrix and, obviously, is another top track. If that's not good enough for ya, he uses the word 'freaky'... and isn't trying to be ironic. Cool. 'Magic Theatre' loses me a bit with it's *The Godfather*-on-opium sort of sound but certainly sits pretty nicely between the more upbeat tracks like the Bye Bye Badman by The Stone Roses soundalike, 'Into The Deep'. 'Sleeping Jiva' gives a pleasant two minutes of sitar/tamboura work and, as such, is a sensational intro as it slides into the truly groovin' and highly danceable 'Tattva'. This one sounds like something The Charlatans would come up with if they got more into The Happy Mondays. Irony? Maybe.

Next comes the debut single, 'Grateful When You're Dead', a track as praised as it is ridiculed but which is sure to grow on you - it's sort of like a Lenny Kravitz single except with infinitely more taste! (That sounds like an insult but it isn't meant to be.)

The Grateful Dead references become intentional as 'Jerry Was There' floats in, and this time they are being ironic. But in a nice, R.I.P. kinda way.

Hendrix returns in a big way with the killer riff/intro to '303' and, you guessed it, it sounds great ("Headless guru in the night/Show me what you mean!"). 'Start All Over' is a nice little pop song but, strangely, the vocals sound like Crowded House and, when the Hammond organ kicks in, well, frankly, you gotta start worrying. Ha, the Finn brothers wish they were this cool! 'Hollow Man (Parts 1 & 2)' tidies up the loose ends in an initially atmospheric but ultimately climactic kinda way and... I like it.

And that's it, in a nut shell. I like it and I'm not surprised that it went straight in at number one on the

British album charts. Gaura Gaura Gaura Hari, Gaura Hari, Prabhupda, Govindum indeed.

Mark Scruby



**Brand New Knife
Shonen Knife
(MCA)**

I know it might be a bit painful, but tease yourself just this once. Imagine if The Orange Organics had been obsessed by Ratacat's *Tingles* EP and strived to emulate it. Now imagine that Jenny (oh, Jenny) sang with a Japanese accent. Now you're getting close to Shonen Knife. Pop, Pop and nothing but Pop, so help me Pugwall. Need I say it? The results are pretty good. Sure, some of the playing sounds a little shonky and a lot of the songs are pretty basic but that only adds to the appeal. The combination of this endearing innocence with some classic guitary pop tunes and a touch of melancholy means that *Brand New Knife* is a real grower.

No songs really stand out as stinkers, but sometimes the needle on the cutesy-o-meter goes a little too close to 'off the scale'... and that's the album's only downfall. But, who cares? When everything clicks, it clicks. Some of the best moments are the Lush-like 'The Perfect World', the eerily Spiderbait-sounding 'Magic Joe' ("Hey Magic Joe, you're my plastic robot toy"), 'Tower Of The Sun' and the rockin' out 'Buddha's Face'. But the best lyric award has to be for the chorus to 'Frogphobia'. "Acrophobia,

Scotophobia, Greenpeasphobia, F-f-f-f-frogphobia, yeah." Or it could be the diary entry style of 'One Week': "Monday, I go to watch sumo wrestling/It's an easy day to get a good ticket/Tuesday, My friends come to my house/And we play that Twister Game/Wednesday, I play computer games all day/ My favourite's 'Jewelbox'/Thursday, I drive to a toy shop/And I buy a Barbie doll/Friday, I go to see the Kinks/Dancing, screaming and drinking beer/Saturday, I go ice skating/Playing tennis is very good too/ Sunday, What movie do I wanna watch?/How about the new Star Trek flick?/Monday to Sunday/One week has seven days/One week/ Life!"

Well, some people say you should never write about things that you haven't experienced. Sure, that would have caused a problem with, say, the Star Wars trilogy, but not with Shonen Knife. And I'm glad 'cos *Brand New Knife* is playing right now and I'm smiling.

Mark Scruby



**Midnight Oil
Breathe
(Sony)**

Oils albums generally have a common theme which flows throughout most of the songs. Diesel and Dust had an outback feel to most of the songs. Well "Breathe" is no exception, and the theme which seems to run through many of the songs is that the Oils have returned to their roots and drawn inspiration from the surf. This is obviously displayed in the two songs receiving radio airplay "Underwater" and "Surf's up Tonight", but also in "E-Beat" as well as the underlying feel of many of the other tracks.

Another important feature of *Breathe* is the variation of Peter Garrett's vocal delivery which simply captivated me. From the sudden pitch variations of "Sins of Omission" to the simply brilliant falsetto of "In the Rain" to the urgency of "Bring on the charge". Similar to "Earth and Sun and Moon" Peter



**K
Kula Shaker
(Sony)**

From the awesome beginnings of the dubiously titled third single, 'Hey Dude', to the moody outro of 'Hollow Man (Parts 1 & 2)', this is a surprisingly good album. By throwing a groovin'-down-man-Hendrix spin on the overly Revolverish approach of most current British pop they've come up with a really fresh, but still very retro, long player. And the Revolver side of things is more George than John and Paul, if you know what I mean. God, why don't I just say it? They use sitars and tambouras and have songs with names like 'Govinda', 'Temple Of Everlasting Light' and 'Sleeping Jiva'. Get down to the groun' an' diggit, maaan. Oh, and don't forget - Acintya bheda bheda tattva. Okay? Apparently two people said that to lead singer Crispian Mills (son of



**Bob Marley
Soul Almighty
(Movie Play)**

Together with Jimi Hendrix and Elvis Presley, Bob Marley forms the holy triangle of artists that have had a shit load of stuff released after their death. Their albums are reworked and re-released, the vaults are constantly checked for any previously unreleased material. This one of those "previously un-released, out of the vault" jobs, 16 tracks, 4 of them previously released.

There are some corkers here (including the opener "Rock Steady"), but some aren't really worth it. One interesting feature of these recordings is that they show more of a blues influence on Marley's work (many of the tracks were recorded in the late 60s).

The tracks have been digitally remastered, but still, some of the vocals are very poorly recorded - this is really one for the hard-core Marley fans.

Frank Trimboli



**Angels and Insects
The Balanescu Quartet
(Mute)**

Um [pause]. You watch a movie and sometimes it'll make you feel happy and sometimes it'll make you feel sad and sometimes it'll make you feel excited and sometimes it'll make you laugh and sometimes it'll make you cry and blah, blah, blah. Quite often, a large proportion of the blame for these emotional fluctuations lies with the soundtrack. But sometimes, when removed from the context of the film, a soundtrack can lose quite a lot of its impact. Of course, in this case, the film didn't have too much impact to begin with. Yes, Angels and Insects is a bit of a nothing film but the soundtrack isn't too bad. After all, the composer, Alexander Balanescu, does have an outstanding pedigree. He's collaborated with such winners as The Pet Shop Boys, Kraftwerk, David Byrne and Spiritualized. In fact, it was his work on Spiritualized's rather

brehtaking 'Pure Phase' LP that first drew him - and this film - to my attention. Sure, the soundtrack to this period-piece was always gonna be pretty straight down the line classical gear but it is nonetheless an enjoyable CD. From 'Slave Raid' through 'Butterflies', 'Love Scene' and 'Matty Drawing' to 'New Beginning' you're taken on a patchwork journey through a series of very short, very moody pieces with silly names. But that's what it's all about. It's a soundtrack. I'd still rather listen to 'Pure Phase, though.

Mark Scruby



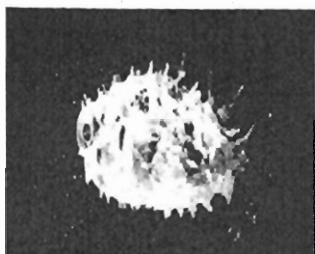
**Belinda Carlisle
A Woman & A Man
(Chrysalis/EMI)**

I've always rated the work of the Go-Go's very highly, their great brand of guitar driven pop was my staple diet as a primary school child. For me and many others Belinda Carlisle is always going to exist in the shadow of the Go-Go's, despite the fact that her solo work is completely different in style, lacking in guitar and is adult oriented pop - blah!

I knew Belinda and I were not on the same wavelength when I heard the opening lyrics of track 2, "California" - "I remember I was in the tanning salon, when I heard that River Phoenix was gone". Sorry, I don't go to tanning salons.

Some of the songs here are duds, although I am willing to say her voice hasn't failed her yet. The production is good with the incorporation of strings being a nice touch - but lets face it, this album is not everyone's thing. Basically, if you like good guitar, stay clear.

Frank Trimboli



Porcupine pufferfish

**Fishbone
Chim Chims Bad Ass Revenge
(Sony)**

After several years of releasing imaginative and creative CDs (especially Give a Monkey a Brain...) Fishbone has come to the end of their useful-

ness with this new album. Rumour had it that with Chim Chims Bad Ass Revenge the band was returning to their Ska roots and had produced an album with as much high quality as their debut.

They were wrong.

This CD is a mix of thrash noise and vocal overdubs that produce a cacophony of crap worthy of a pretentious cock band. In an attempt to make the whole album an interesting reflection of Chim Chim, the songs run together without any interesting breaks or highlights, reminiscent of a Sublime album. In short, it has no direction and its impossible to listen straight through because of boredom. Its use of dynamics takes it from string bits of funk to complete noise to demure ska with cliché cord changes and flat horn parts. The only saving grace is an appearance by Busta Rhymes.

This work of "art" on the part of Fishbone is definitely not worth spending money on, and I hesitate to say it may not even be worth wasting a blank tape. If you're a fishbone fan looking for the usual funk influenced statistic ska-core, skip it, cause you won't find anything that catchy on this disc. In my opinion, Chim Chims Lame Ass Failure is a bust!

Katie Rask



**Diane Schuur
Love Walked In
(a record company)**

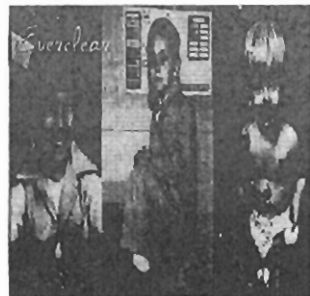
The perfect dinner - candlelight, wine, gazing into the eyes of your partner over the table. All it needs is some ultra-shmaltzy music, and this album lays it on with a spade. Anyone who found themselves falling in love to the 'Sleepless in Seattle' Soundtrack - or even Harry Connick Jr. in his mushier moments - is bound to find something worthwhile here.

It's all quite good too. The big(ish) band sound is polished and unobtrusive, the strings are lush, and the drummer's been politely told to chuck everything but his brushes away. Ms Schuur is a pretty accomplished singer, with impeccable intonation and a good interpretive style. I found her accent a little suspect at times, and her vibrato grates a bit if you listen too closely, but otherwise she's got these smoochy background numbers just right.

Overall, the choice of songs is disappointing - mostly slo-o-ow ballads along pretty much the same lines as the stuff Frank Sinatra is recording these days. Still, Schuur comfortably outperforms Ol' Blue Eyes here, and at least the laid-back nature of the album might slot it into the current

'lounge music' scene. This may not have instant - or particularly wide - appeal, but trust me; its good. Definitely worth a spin on your next romantic evening at home.

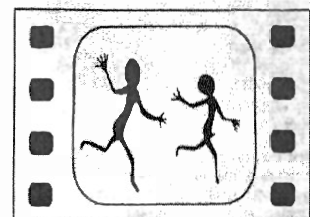
A Reviewer



**Sparkle and Fade - Australian
Tour Pack
Everclear
(EMI)**

Yes! At last, an acoustic version of 'Heroin Girl'. What a freakin' yawn. If you already have the album then you've probably begun salivating... and you probably love nothing more than a "fuckin' gnarly mosh, man." Oh, well. I guess it's too bad that you'll have to buy the album again if you wanna get the extra EP that comes with it now. Ah, it'll be worth it, I hear you try to convince yourself. Mmmm. Life without the acoustic version of, um, 'Fire Maple Song' would be a bit of a waste of time, wouldn't it? And, damn it, it'd be so coool to have two copies of the album. Fuck it. I'm gonna do it. "It feels so good inside your shadow (it's the place I need to be)/Yeah I know I need to climb you/ Like a tree." Oh yeah, man. Straight from the heart, man. I can dig it. [Pause, someone coughs in the distance.]

Mark Scruby



Photogrammes from the new Thanaos Rentzis film, CORPUS (information from Thanaos Rentzis, Sóna 58, Athens, Greece)

**Steven Michaels
The Underclass
(independent)**

Just a single, so I'll be brief. This is intended to be a political statement about the state of Australia's political economy. Poorly recorded, uninspired, production-line rock n' roll is the order of the day here, along with dodgy sleeve notes and a couple of shamefully bad stickers.

Unforgivable lyrics like "We love our country, we wanna own our beer," are the final nail in its coffin. So full marks for your good intentions, Mr Michaels - just don't expect to earn any street cred with this one.

Isaac Bridle

Never Mind The Bald Spots

It's anarchy in the Thebarton Theatre as **The Sex Pistols** lob a gob on Adelaide. **Zoe Cole** reports....

The side doors opened and we walked out of the Thebbie. I was still buzzing from the crowd frenzy of the pit and the ringing in my ears made me feel like I was in a bubble, the strange silence only being broken by the sound of water bottles crunching underfoot and "Pretty Vacant" playing in my mind. Some bogans were abusing the guys in the Triple M car. As the air cooled my sweat-drenched clothes I kept wondering what to make of the whole thing....

As the hour of ten approaches the punters are becoming more and more tense. I realise that most of the crowd are ageing punks or wannabees, nostalgic for the days when rock was theirs. They've been waiting fifteen years or so for this, and the Village People music that is playing is really starting to tick them off. The Sex Pistols enter the stage and the crowd cheers as the moment is realised: they are here. Johnny Rotten makes it to the microphone and gives the crowd a cynical look that seems to say, what they hell am I doing here?

They begin their set with a few of

the Pistols' classics, saving "God Save the Queen" for about halfway through. They play alright, some of their toxicity is missing, and Johnny isn't singing with much bite. The original bass player who was wheeled in for the Filthy Lucre tour does a pathetic imitation of Sid Vicious (may he rest in peace), his stance is completely fake and could in no way emulate the melancholy sincerity of Sid.

The show pauses for a while as the audience collectively gives Johnny a one-finger salute. Someone next to me yells "You're fifty!" But most are content with calling them bastards, or wankers, punctuating their war crews with their favourite expletives....

Johnny Rotten gave as good as he got. He sounds like one of my Pri-

mary School teachers on being hit with a beer can he says "you come up here and take it like a man". He tries to get the crowd to join in a chant of "Coward... coward... coward..." but the punters keep pointing their fingers

at him. The lead guitarist quickly motions to the drummer to start the next song. I laugh as their own cowardly arrogance turns against them.

The strange contrasts are hard to swallow. Why are a band who were once so obsessed with the wickedness of the ruling classes of England calling their tour "Filthy Lucre"? Why are their fans who so rampantly endorsed an anarchic lifestyle so quick to act as a mob, all following an angry few? Perhaps one of the things

I will never understand because I was born too late to be a punk, is why the fans abuse the band, and the band are so cynical about their tour and fans to play decently, or is that all part of their act?

At the end of the night, the Pistols left the stage to be serenaded into an encore. I think the thought of them leaving the building without singing *Anarchy in the UK* made us all realise how cool the Sex Pistols really were, or that we hadn't yet got our money's worth. The noise of the crowd was the most impressive of these kinds of routines I have witnessed in Adelaide. Johnny said that it was better than Melbourne. By then everyone was going off; they all knew the words. Then he said something pretty dumb: "So you like us, eh? Fancy that!" Their tone changed as he saluted the crowd, bowing to us with his hands raised in admiration/gratitude (and his t-shirt rose also to reveal a stomach he could wear as a skirt!). I bet they walked off that night thinking they had taught this city a lesson. I don't think so, Johnny, we're as chameleon as you are.



More Top 10 Gear

The Word According To Ian E. Lau

Best Albums 96

1. Spiderbait - *Ivy & the Big Apple*
2. Tumbleweed - *Return to Earth*
3. Mark of Cain - *III at Ease*
4. Blink 182 - *Cheshire Cat*
5. Bad Religion - *Grey Race*

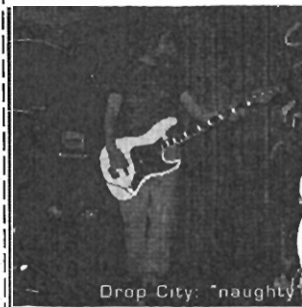
Best Gigs of 96

1. Green Day at Thebarton
2. Regurgitator & Superjesus at Uni - Best mosh pit ever
3. Blink 182 - at Uni Bar
4. Tumbleweed & Regurgitator at Uni - Loudest Concert ever
5. Drop City - at Uni Bar - 15 minute Apple Tree and naughty version of Setting Sun "You come on over with those come fuck me eyes... ... I can't resist your mouth watering thighs."

Scott Berry Tells It Like It Is

Top 10 Albums for 96

1. You am I - *Hourly Daily* - simply faultless
2. Ash - *1977* - clever kids
3. Ben Fold's *5 - 70s* piano music done with 90s freshness
4. Garageland - *Last Exit to Garageland* - are they ripping off the Pixies?
5. Morella's Forrest - *Super Deluxe* - fuzzpop at its best
6. Weezer - *Pinkerton* - the catchiest pop
7. Suede - *Coming Up* - ain't Britpop cool
8. Dam Builders - love those violins
9. Bodyjar - *Rimshot* - punk pop at its best
10. The Cure - *Wild Mood Swings* - same old, same old and I love it.



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BEDTIME STORIES ON STUDENT RADIO

MONDAY NOV. 4

10pm **SLANDER, LIES & AUDIOTAPE**
abuse, denial & sound

10.30pm **POLPI**
rhymes with wolph

10.50pm **THE THIRTY POINT PLAN TO DESTROY THE YOUTH NETWORK**
take it from mark...they're all out to get you!

11.40pm **ON THE BEAT PETE**
beat up, beat poet, beat me, beat safe, beat...le



TUESDAY NOV. 5

10pm **PABLO FANQUES FAIR**
rant, rave & tantrum-out with the experts...if you dare!

10.50pm **RADIO SHAVEN CHICKEN**
fetishizing the utterly unfetishizable

11.40pm **MARUTI & THE ELEPHANT WATCHING SILVER 2**
at least they know what they mean



WEDNESDAY NOV. 6

10pm **POPSICK**
If the 80's haven't made you puke yet, don't worry, your time will come

10.50pm **SPANKING THE MONKEY**
it won't happen overnight, but it will happen

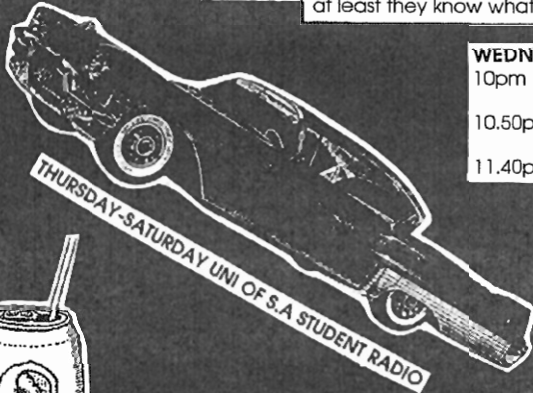
11.40pm **THE EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC SHOW**
bored with mainstream crap? you won't hear this stuff on the jays

SUNDAY NOV. 10

10pm **FACES FOR RADIO**
lookin' for lerve in all the wrong places

10.50pm **24 FRAMES**
boxes, boxes, boxes

11.40pm **RIDING ON THERMAL ROCK**
long live the almighty electric penis extension



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just fill in the blanks, and drop into the SAUA or SUV
no later than 4pm Friday 29th November

NAME:
PHONE:
ADDRESS:
EMAIL:
CONTACT DEPARTMENT:
CAMPUS OF STUDY:
COURSE:

Why do you want to be involved in Student Radio?

Have you had any radio experience?

What kind of show would you like to do?

What training would you like to receive?

Would you like a semester or year long show?

What music do you like?

What do you do for fun?

Are you interested in being involved in any of the following:

Live Music?	yes	no	maybe
Radio Drama?	yes	no	maybe
Outside Broadcasts?	yes	no	maybe
Special Events? (eg O'Week, Prosh, etc)	yes	no	maybe
Collective Shows? (eg current affairs, sports, popular culture)	yes	no	maybe
Other _____	yes	no	maybe

Are you interested in broadcasting on campus (9am to 5pm Monday to Friday on 88FM)?

Anything Else?

There will be a brief interview in early December and training sometime in January or February. Thanks for your interest and stay cool!
Andrew Wolfrumger 1997 Student Radio Director

ON DIT 1997

Think this is tacky? You ain't seen nothing yet...

JOIN ON DIT in 1997! We want you! We love you! We can't live without you!

Application forms available from the SAUA now!
Applications close on the 20th of December, 1996.

We Need Sub-Editors for...

NEWS, WAYWARD, EMPLOYMENT, FILM, VIDEO, CREATIVE ARTS, MUSIC, LITERATURE, VOX POP, VISUAL ARTS, THEATRE, SPORT, ROSEWORTHY REP, WAITE REP AND ADVERTISING MANAGER (PAID)

PLUS - is there anything missing from *On Dit*? Grab a form and tell us what you want to do for us!



They said it would take 3 more bullets.



The Sunday Edition

Starts Sunday abc

EXORCISE THE GHOST

You are a ghost.
Yet I can't seem to exorcise you from my mind.
Vengeful, tormenting demon that you are.
I have incarcerated you for too long in the walls of a
self-devised prison.
But these walls are crumbling my friend!
Their structure, their mortar, is being destroyed by the
righteousness of one!
The one who served as a catalyst to destroy your in-
flated emptiness.
You held up your emptiness as an abyss.
In futility I tried to fill you.
Cannibalistically nurturing you with myself.
But I'm empty now, and I waste away.
If I don't free you now, I die.

Courtney Squires

TRAPPED IN THE UNIVERSAL LABYRINTH

*Mountains of coloured, thickened books
Bi-products of rainforest-bred pulp
Waves of putrid, foul-smelling ink
An endless sea of information.*

*The brow beads with a fine sweat
Head pressed to a hand that aches
Eyes of colourless gel lose their focus
Complex neurons interweave and melt.*

*The only fine-tuned, refined story
A girl left hours before execution
Knowing that she does not know
Mirages of dancing, winking words.*

*Body slumps, shoulders sag
Head swims to an underground stream
Dreams of thoughts moving osmotically
Out of the ferociously damned pages.*



*Bob the Devil-Beaver,
Creative Writing Mascot 1996*

*Cyanide-laced and chocolate-dipped
A path so tantalisingly simple
Weaves underground towards the sirens
An ultimate end perpetually in sight.*

*Losing the homeward bound taut string
Cut by crazed, selfish dogs
Trapped in a maze that knows one end
Crushed by mountains of coloured,
thickend books.*

Jack Gaffey



The Devilish Dancing Bobette Twins

**Man/Woman:
Cancer Ward.**

1: Vanitas. The constellation of
Scars settled crab-like

On the chapped beach
Of your face.

2: How long have you been here?
Shadow-

Have you no heart?
I can put my fist where

Your heart should be.

1: There is a residue of
Beauty

In those attentive eyes
Of which

I was once possessed,
When I was young.

Now I go backwards.

2: Now you go backwards.
And yes:

Attraction lingers
In sagging tubercular chest

I rest my pitted head upon.

1: Vanitas. If I had
I would rise-

2: Enough! You want
To plant fresh flowers

In my shrivelled heart,
In this heat,

This fevered pallor, this
Furious

Flush of heat, to burst
With your gnarled fingers

These beads of black sweat?

1: That is my desire.

2: And could we be two shadows,
Shovelled Out husks

Of scorched flesh raked over?
Vanitas

1&2: The temerity of crabbed age
And disregard

Two melancholic clowns
In antiseptic face paint

Hurling backwards
Into the substanceless crush

Of birth and a little
Happiness

Sightless.

PATRICK NIEHUS

A HUGE thanks to all of the beautiful people at *MIND FIELD BOOKSHOP* on Rundle Street for all their support and patience through the year. We love ya!

THE WONDERS OF THE NIGHT

*Moose said to Rhino,
"There's a nice moon out tonight."
"Oh yes, and see the stars
so high above the valley."
As they looked and smiled
- happy in their thoughts,
Horse walked up behind
and to both of them said,
"Stars form clouds in the sky at
night
and the moon is like the sun,
hidden among them are other
worlds
we visit in our dreams.
I gallop through the cosmos
to journey among the stars,
oh, what wonders I see
my eyes opened wide
so high above the sky at night."
And Moose and Rhino began to cry
tears so sweet as they remembered
the wonders of the night.*

TONY ROCCISANO

SPAM!



SPAM HAIKU

**A MAN SEES DOCTOR,
I EAT SPAM EACH DAY, HE SAYS.
ANGIOPLASTY.**

ANONYMOUS

ODE TO A GREEN MAN

As I stroll the streets of Adelaide,
 and wander to and fro,
 My eyes are always wide, search-
 ing for,
 the man I'd love to know.
 I get to see him quite regularly,
 he's reliable and strong,
 but lots of times,
 I don't know how,
 My timing can be wrong.
 You see...
 I'm running late for uni,
 lost my bag,
 missed the bus.
 As I hurry through the mall,
 I think of the green man I can trust.
 I scuttle down that little road
 where the Muses leads to Prides
 and I wait with bated breath
 for whom my feelings I can't bide.
 I prepare to turn the corner,
 tears of excitement in my eyes,
 and I run onto North Tce,
 awaiting my surprise,
 I'm searching for the green man,
 but oh! where is he?
 He's disappeared, he's vanished
 and in his place I only see,
 that BASTARD of a red man,
 flashing sarcastically,
 his evil fire burning a crater

where my heart should be.
 Despair fills my body as I slobber
 and I shake,
 I'm gonna get that red man,
 Again he's ruined my date.
 But just as I'm about to lunge
 my body on the road,
 a tiny glimmer of hope appears
 as the cars shift to lower mode.
Yes! it is the green man,
 The green man I adore,
 Oh green man,
 oh my precious green man,
 you've appeared to me once more.
 As my heart swirls with love,
 I skip happily across
 and as I step onto the footpath,
 I give my hair a little toss.
 I take one last look
 at the man who's made my day,
 and he also sneaks a peek before
 he goes upon his way.
 "ahh, my friend", he says to me,
 "do not despair, there is more".
 "I know" I say, "There's always
 more"
 as I bow my head in awe.

ANNA SENNIS

THE

WELL, IF I MUST...

AHH... DREAMS OF THE WORLD BEFORE THE DRUGS WERE RELEASED INTO THE WORLD'S WATERWAYS.

THE GIRL'S SCREAMS HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH MY DREAMS, I THINK...

STAY AWAY FROM ME! I MEAN IT!

THIS IS MY LIFE NOW, PRACTICING SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, DASHING OVER ROOFTOPS, CRUSHING THOSE WHO HAVE TORN APART MY WORLD AS I MAKE A NEW, SMOKING LIFE FOR MYSELF...

WHAT THE...?

WHO... WHO ARE YOU?

I AM... THE BUDD!

THUD!

NEXT TIME ...
 WHO WERE THOSE THUGS?
 WHO IS THE BUDD?
 WHO DRUGGED THE WORLD?

GABB #1

Crunchy The Spider in "GEN-X SYNDROME"

HELLO BOYS AND GIRLS, I'M CRUNCHY THE SPIDER! TODAY I'M GOING TO REVEAL THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE!

AAIIIIIIII!! A SPIDER!!

SPLAT!

HEY, WHAT DID HE SAY?

WHO CARES? LET'S GO WATCH MELROSE.

MARCOLI & TERRY '92

DOING ARTS in 1997 .. ?

Then get your hands on the
1997 Faculty of Arts Undergraduate Handbook

- full descriptions of subjects for next year
- getting into one of the 'named degrees'
- the new Bachelor of Environmental Studies degree
- the 1997 timetable

Available mid-November for just \$5
 from Faculty of Arts Office, Level 2, Napier Bldg.

Faculty of **ARTS**

■■ REMEMBER: Continuing Arts students RE-ENROL December 2-6 ■■



I Caught Her By The Fingernails

I caught her by the fingernails
She was slipping, falling
She had been hanging on to her sanity
by the barest of margins.

I pulled her from the brink
and then she clung to me,
trying to meld both of our molecular structures
into an amoebic mass of US.

It was then, in a sudden flash of insight
I realised that it really was she who was saving
me.

I had rescued her for an entirely selfish
reason.
I had saved her wonder for her to be my companion
on my scary foray into normality and its
plethora
of unfulfilled expectations.

Courtney Squires

GRACE

Alcohol is the most tyrannous of poisons,
softening the heart into a syrupy soul of revelry,
an aesthetised from hatred and torment.

It seduces us slyly into childhood again,
that state where there are no unrequited
questions
and no need to make distinctions,

where we break into the madmen's waltzes,
supple, innocent and ecstatic—
Oh how you detest us, Proud Gracie,

sipping your long black slowly
and peering through sharp icicle blue eyes
at us, the alcohol souls.

Our spirits bubble with uncertainty;
we were always too loosely defined
for you to play your shrill staccato upon us.

You prefer those who are crafted in sharper
lines,
calcified in principle and aesthetics,
hard boiled in the long black's thick sediment.

JULIAN ZYTNIK

URGENT
LET US START WITH AN OBJECTIVE...
THE ABOVE IS TO BE...
URGENT! READ THIS NOW!
LET US START WITH AN OBJECTIVE...
THE ABOVE IS TO BE...
URGENT! READ THIS NOW!
LET US START WITH AN OBJECTIVE...
THE ABOVE IS TO BE...
URGENT! READ THIS NOW!

Adelaide Uni Union &
present the



END OF YEAR SHOW
Friday 8th November

FIREBALLS

CLOWNS OF DECADENCE

KINETIC PLAYGROUND

\$7 AU STUDENTS

Tickets at the door
doors open at 7.30pm

Race in for a drink on



Tuesday 5th November, 1996

12 noon - 4pm



Schooners of VB - \$1.50

Carlton Cold - \$2

Glass of Champagne - \$1.50

SWEEPS - (by world famous resident Bookie
on campus)

BBQ - (provided by the Irish Club)
plus those famous chips from the Bar

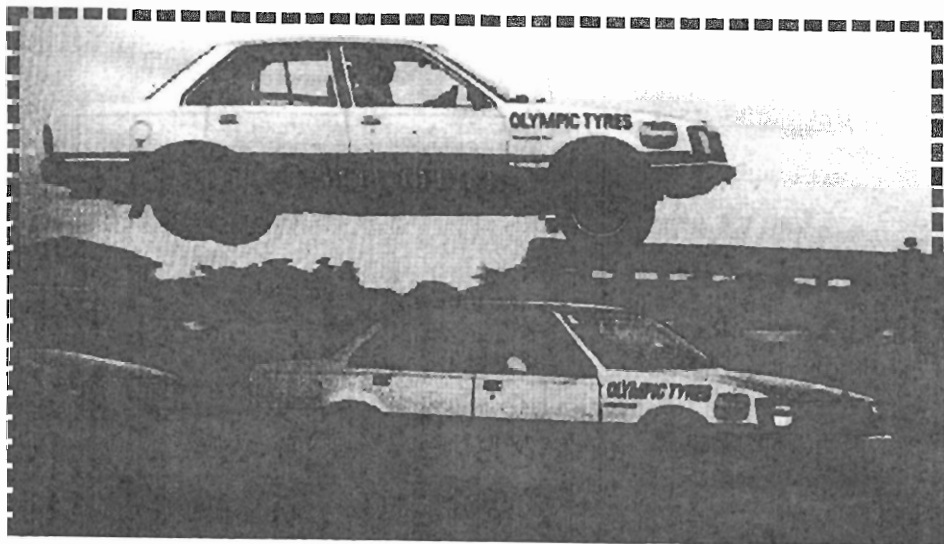
SEE THE RACE LIVE ON
THE BIG SCREEN

Race Starts at 3:20pm

Only at the



We asked our Motoring sub-editor to come up with something funny. He supplied us with this picture and caption - we hear where he's coming from



You can't do that in a Ford!

ON DIT '97

Editor Application Form

Name:
Contact Phone:
Address:

Position(s) you are interested in (and why?):
.....
.....
.....

Experience: (Attach CV if not enough space)
.....
.....
.....

Brilliant Ideas™ for On Dit:
.....
.....
.....

Are you also interested in reviewing (and if so, what?):
.....
.....
.....

Anything else you feel is important?:
.....
.....
.....

Please return to SAUA by 20/12/96



On Dit '97? I'd love to be involved!



Gotta get my form in on time

ALL PLAYERS PLAYED WELL

Uni Games

Last week's article from Helen Turnbull (Science) about the medallists at the Uni Games which were held in Canberra from 2-4 October omitted the following silver medallists from the rowing regatta.

Mens VIII

B. Natt
D. Fielder
S. Kenda
S. Doe
M. Southcott
L. Hirst
A. O'Shanesy
E. Lyons (stroke)
S. Perry (cox)

Women's IV

S. Haynes
H. Bignall
E. Southcott
K. Slalter (stroke)
J. Woffman (cox)

Men's Lightweigh IV

M. Windle
M. Malone
S. Bauer
J. Sawon (stroke)
C. Maywald (cox)

Men's IV

S. Kenda
M. Southcott
A. O'Shanesy
L. Hirst (stroke)
J. Hoffman (cox)

Congrats to these crews,
D. Greenslade



"You won't be omitting these guys again in a hurry."

One Bedroom Flat (Upstairs) available in Blair Athol. Available from 9/11/96 or before if possible. \$65 per week rent, plus 4 weeks bond. Close to public transport and shops. I need someone to take over the lease. Cat OK.

Contact Blights First National (Susie or Kyla) 015 797 269 / 8269 2252

Your Union Education Welfare Officers

Chris & Karen
Information/Advice on Austudy, Loans/Grants, Housing, Grievances, ????????, Anything in fact

Come see us in the Lady Symon Building
or give us a call on 8303 5430/ 8303 5915

Require person to share **2br flat in Parkside**. Close to shops & Public Transport. One room (9 by 14 feet). Washing Machine, fridge and some other gear provided. Ground floor. Pets are cool. Call Grant 8373 5481.

Community Aid Abroad North African Interest Group and SA Council of Churches invite you to Sudan through Women's Eyes

The three kidnapped Australian nuns and a representation of the SPLM/A share their experiences of life in war-torn Sudan.

At Christian Brothers College, 214 Wakefield St. 10 November 1996. 12am - 4pm. Dance, music, singing, hairbraiding, stories, information and a caravan for peace.

Accommodation

2 bedrooms in 4 bedroom house

North Adelaide
\$61.25 per week, \$200 bond
Close to public transport & shops

Share with male or female
Just off O'Connell Street, 2 minutes walk to bars, cinema & many restaurants, 15 - 20 minutes walk to Uni of Adelaide, swimming pool around corner, rooms come

with wardrobes.

Can share food etc., all bills shared
Contact Emma or Amanda ph. 836 18698

Adelaide High School is holding a special Assembly and Social afternoon to farewell the Principal, Peter Sanderson, who retires after nine years as Principal of Adelaide High from 1987 - 96, and ten years as a Chemistry teacher and Senior Master during the sixties.

Old scholars of the school, and teachers who have taught with Peter during those times are invited to attend both the Assembly which will be held at 1.45pm on Friday 6th December in the Old School Hall, followed by the social afternoon to be held from 3.30 until 6.30 in the main quadrangle of the school. Should any reader wish to attend, please phone the school to confirm this on 231 9373 by 30 Nov.

Mazda Turbo

1986 FWD 2L EFI Turbo, 2 door sports coupe, airconditioning, factory sunroof, cruise control, power windows, mirrors and steering, 4 speaker stereo, alloy wheels, just 145000 kms. Very good condition, \$9600 ono. Peter -8294 2496

Aids Awareness Week

24/11 - 1/12
Aids Council of SA
Events Held:
29/11 - Red Ribbon Day. Buy one to show your support
1/12 - Walk for AIDS and Concert
Enquiries: 8362 1611

I require a Tutor in Visual Basics, Computing (a Business Application Programme), for 1st Year Uni. Prefer someone who can work with me at my home (in Grange). Rate of pay to be negotiated. Call Jason 8353 2114.

Classifieds

Community Aid Abroad are seeking interested individuals to assist with their annual Christmas Tree Appeal, held this year on Sunday 15 December. If you are willing to spend a couple of hours on a Sunday helping deliver trees to homes throughout Adelaide, or staffing one of our sales depots throughout the city, you could be the person we are looking for!

The trees are harvested by volunteers on a plot of environmentally friendly land which has eucalyptus grown between the trees to ensure the land is not denuded after harvesting each year.

The Christmas Tree Appeal is one of Community Aid Abroad's biggest fundraisers and the money from the event is used in projects assisting some of the world's poorest people. Volunteers are needed to ensure the maximum amount we earn goes to where it's needed - the projects themselves. People interested in helping should call Jaz Packer, the 1996 Christmas Tree Appeal Coordinator, at the Community Aid Abroad office on 8223 3405. People with utes and trailers are especially welcome!

Also, if you're wanting to buy a Christmas Tree, you can order one by calling 8223 3405. Trees are \$20, delivered to your door on Sunday 15th December. But remember, orders close on December 5th! Alternatively, you could buy a tree from one of our many suburban depots on the sale day. For more information, call Community Aid Abroad on 8223 3405

New Enrolment Procedures for Continuing Students

The University of Adelaide is implementing an 'Early Enrolments' pilot scheme this year for continuing students in specified courses in the Faculties of Arts, Dentistry and Law.

This pilot scheme is part of the ongoing program by the University to upgrade its services to students and is designed to make the enrolment program more client-orientated and a more efficient and less time-consuming process.

The course involved in the pilot scheme are:

Arts: All internal students

Dentistry: B.D.S.

Law: LL.B and LL.B (Hons)

Continuing students in all other courses will enrol in the usual way in January.

Students involved in the Early Enrolments pilot program have an Enrolment Information Guide Posted to them. To aid in this process, it is essential that

students' address details are up to date. Participants seeking further information or elucidation may visit their Faculty Office or the Student Information Office prior to the Enrolment period noted in the information guide.

The Faculties of Law and Dentistry have now completed the first step in the Enrolment Process, with students having lodged their 1997 enrolment forms. The Arts Faculty, the largest in the University, will enrol continuing students in the week commencing 2 December.

The aim of the new procedure is to significantly streamline the enrolment process, reducing the time students spend on campus during enrolments and removing much of the stress and frustration faced by students and staff alike. The response from students so far has been positive and it is hoped that continued feedback from students will assist in further improvements to the Enrolment Process.

Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. New Product! Save \$\$\$ on Phone calls. Uni-Dial Phone cards. Call Interstate and overseas from almost ANY phone and save up to 44% off Teletra Payphone rates. Contact Vicki Kolberg 8303 5406.

Web.state

Play and Party

the Fire on the Snow web.state after show party. Featuring Guest DJ; "What Scott Should have worn"; meet the cast and crew; giveaways; plus more

in the transformed Backstage Bar & Grill

The Playhouse

Adelaide Festival Centre

Thursday 7 November, 8pm

Tickets \$15

If you are 26 or under, just flash your ID at any BASS outlet to secure your tickets at this special price. Booking Enquiries - BASS 131 246

More info; Chandran @ State Theatre

phone (08) 8231 5151

fax (08) 8231 6310

email state@webmedia.com.au

For Sale

Microscope - Steinberg

1,000 Magnification

Wooden carrying case

Pre-war model

Pristine condition

\$350 (Reputable Valuer's

recommendation)

Phone Clare 8384 6764

For Sale

Table + 4 matching chairs.

\$130.00 mmm

Old Fashioned Phone table

\$50.00 double mmm

8357 8496

Tell your family, tell your friends. Tell anyone who has some money.

Want to go to Europe and Britain?

No one to go with?

I am a first year student looking for a companion to travel around Britain and Europe next for a few months (the time period has not been finalised).

So, if you're female, 17-24 yrs and interested give me a call on 8281 9373

Girls' College Requires LIVE IN STUDENTS for part-time supervision of Boarders.

Vacancies exist for suitable students to work as supervisors at Loreto College Boarding House. These students would assist the Head of the Boarding House in providing care and supervision of the girls. Full board will be provided in exchange for limited rostered duties.

Interested persons should apply in writing, stating all relevant information and the names of two referees to:

Mrs Louise Campbell

Head of the Boarding House

Loreto College

316 Portrush Road

MARRYATVILLE 5068

Further information can be obtained by phoning Louise Campbell on 8364 4673

Youth Conference on Genocide.

The Makerere Students' Guild in conjunction with Youth Vision International are organising a conference on the theme "Damn Genocide, Preservation of Humanity" The conference will take place 3 - 8th January 1997 on Makerere University Campus, Uganda.

The general theme of the conference will centre around the fact that young people have been used as a major vehicle in the killing of civilians (in civil war, etc), and recognises that the world's youth have never had a forum to discuss this problem.

If you wish to attend the conference as a delegate, or require more information, please contact Kym Taylor, President of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide on 8303 5406.

National Union of Students National Conference Observerships

There are up to five (5) observer positions available for Adelaide University students to attend National Conference 1996. Applicants should apply in writing, no more than 200 words, to the President of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide, Kym Taylor. Applications are to be handed to the President of the SAUA by 4pm on Friday the 8th of November 1996. Applicants will be able to address SAUA Council at the meeting of Tuesday the 12th of November 1996 at 6pm in the Cannon Poole Room, 5th Floor Union Building. National Conference is held in Victoria from the 8th to the 14th December 1996.

Lab Coats

\$10

Use them for a bathrobe, painting gown, or wear them to the next 21st birthday. Available from the Students' Association, George Murray Building.

Guitarists! Established original band with good live and studio experience is considering the addition of a guitarist to assist in songwriting and performance. Aust / indie / poprock sound. Vocal ability preferred. 18-30 years old. Phone Matt: (0412 831 446), or Mike: (leave message) 015 397 463

REWARD, REWARD

Lost: 1 Thick linked silver bracelet

Where: Somewhere between cloisters & Napier

Please, please return as it has sentimental value

No questions asked

Contact Alicia 381 8343, 211 7122

Wanted

Translator to translate letters from Italian into English, also assist with writing letters to Italian people. Rate of pay to be negotiated.

Contact Tracy Trimboli on 8364 3060(w).

"Vietnamese Camp"

The Vietnamese Students' Association is holding it's annual Summer Camp from the 6th to the 9th of December. All members and friends are invited to come along. Where: Crystal Lake

Cost: \$55

How: By bus.

Call: Andrew 260 5029; Han 041 141 7528; Trung 365 45 79

On Dit

On Dit

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On Dit



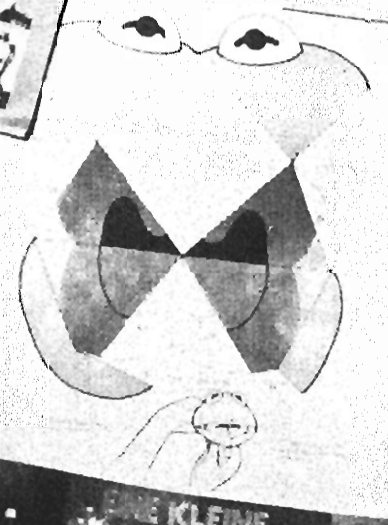
MULTICULTURAL WEEK 19 23 A 11



On Dit



Bad Boys, Bad Boys



THE KLEINE SKOBAND

On Dit



Turn It Up!



The following edition of On Dit is rated
[M] for mature audiences.
Sex Scenes (S)
Violence (V)
Nudity (N)
Alcohol, Tobacco, or
Drug References (D)

Orientation '96

On D



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CAFE'S

Open

Mon - Fri

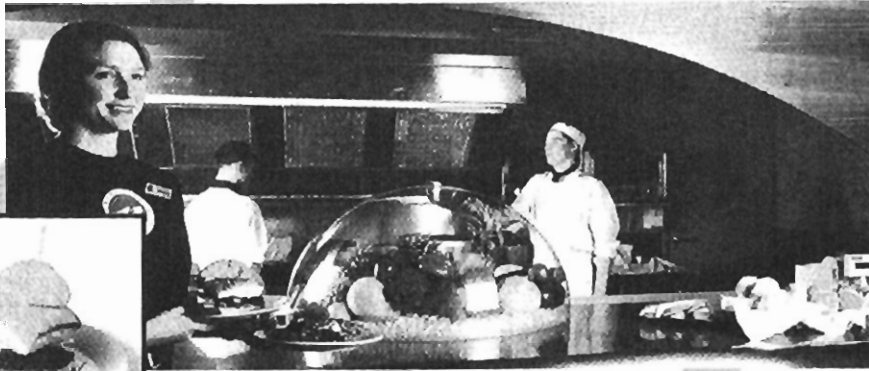
Lunch

12.00-3.00pm

Mon - Sat

Dinner

6.00-9.30pm



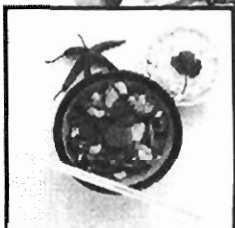
Quality



Cafe Oz



Variety



Cafe Thai



Speed



Cafe Italy



Deli Bakehouse

\$5 FOR

ANY

MAIN COURSE

Value

OFFER VALID MONDAYS & TUESDAYS

The Planet 77 Pirie Street Adelaide Telephone 8359 2797