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On Dit
Adelaide University Student Newspaper
March 3rd Vol 65.2

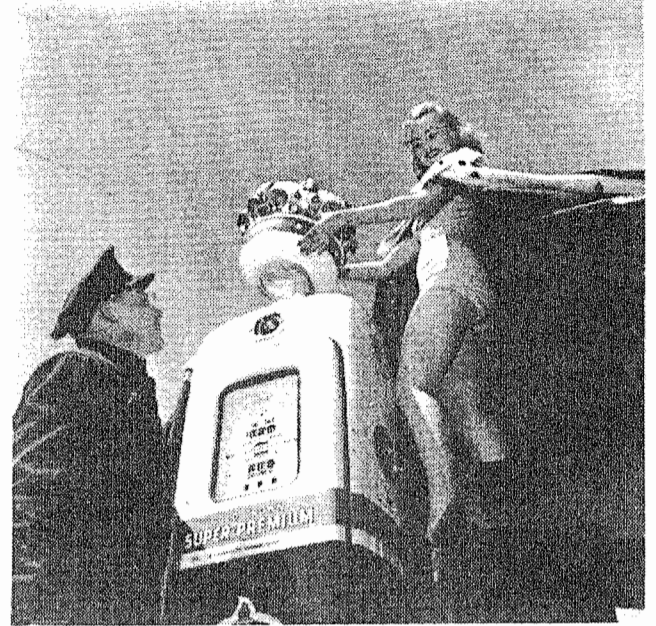
GIVEAWAYS & COMPETITIONS

2 Double passes to SKUNKHOUR, thanks to Sasha
2 Double passes to DEF FX, also thanks to Sasha
- only one double pass per person,
come down to the office 1.15pm Tuesday

Opening on the 6th at the Nova is brilliant new US film *Basquiat*, the story of artist Jean-Michel Basquiat who lived and worked in New York in the '80's. Art, money, fame and David Bowie utterly mesmerising as Andy Warhol, do I need to say more to convince you to come down to the On Dit office at 1.15 Wednesday 5/3 for your free double pass? (Thanks to Nova Cinemas)

We've also got ten double passes to give away for *Judgment in Stone* thanks to Palace Cinemas.

And to win one of five doubles to any session of Cinema in the park come down and show us your best impression of Jack Nicholson in *The Shining*. Fun starts 1.15 Wednesday. For the rest of this month, if you flash your student ID, you may purchase tickets for a mere \$7.50. Blimey, it's good being a student. Thanks muchly to Michael Taverner.



4 Double Passes to **EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL** at Heaven to give away! To win, simply invent a witty caption for this picture, drop it into the submission box inside the door of the On Dit office by 5pm Thursday. Ta to Michael Coppel Presents and Au Unibar.

EDITORIAL

o'week

first week of lectures now

oh my god

second edition

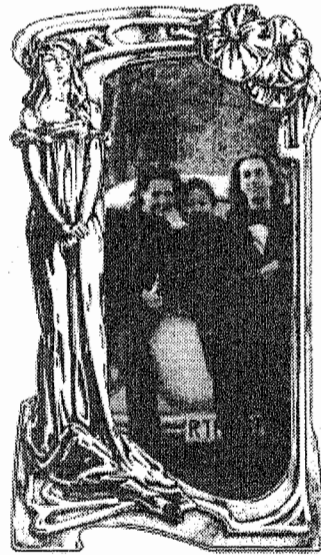
very tired
want to go home

help me....

good-bye

(mummy!)

S'N'M



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

Editors:
Fiona Sproles
Ching Yee Ng
James Morrison

Advertising Manager:
Luc Bondar

Freight:
Kerryn Doyle & Natalie Whelan

Web Administrator:
Derek Wee

Typesetting:
Fiona Dalton

Printing:
Cadillac Printing

Thanks to: Vivienne Holloway, Paul Bradley (books, anyone?), Anthony Paxton, Natalie Whelan for bringing the munchies, Roxanne Crook, Brett Will and The Connection for gracing our humble office again.

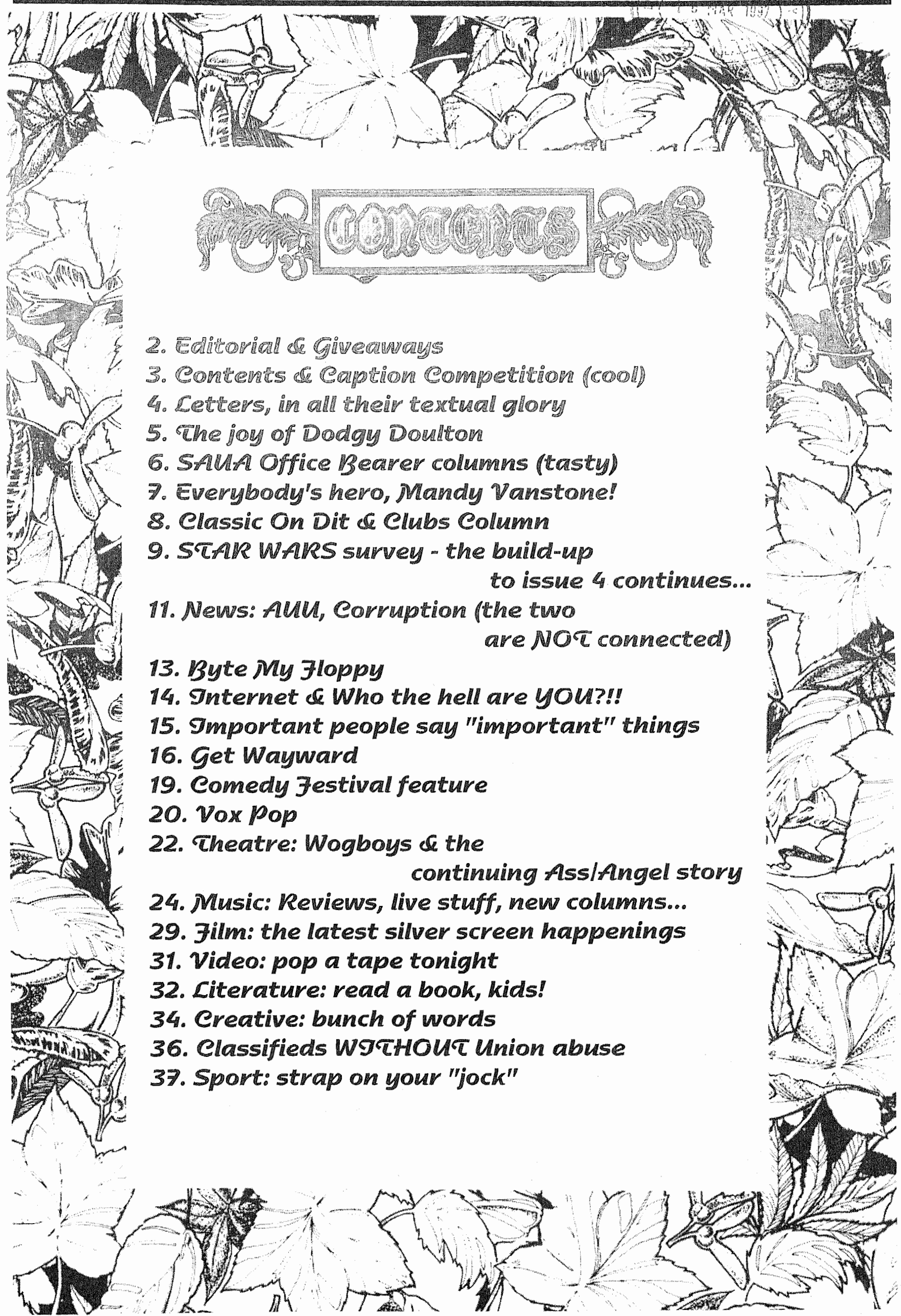
We forgot to thank these people last week:

If you were one of those lucky 200+ people who manage to get tickets to *Mars Attack*, then it's all thanks to Wendy Brew at Academy Cinema
Many thanks to Angela Tolley at Neil Ward Publicity for the *Idiot Box* Screenplays
Thanks to Digicall for the mobile phone offer.

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

How to contribute/contact us:
You can drop off your copy at the office or in the contribution box in the SAUA office.
Alternatively, you can drop us a line at On Dit c/o Adelaide University, SA, 5005, phone us on (08) 8223 2685 or 8303 5404 pr fax us on (08) 8223 2412.

About the cover:
Digital image by James Morrison. "On Dit" is a name that even the mightiest intellects seem to have trouble grappling. Featured here are some of the many variant spellings we have found on things posted to us at the office.



CONTENTS

2. Editorial & Giveaways
3. Contents & Caption Competition (cool)
4. Letters, in all their textual glory
5. The joy of Dodgy Doulton
6. SAUA Office Bearer columns (tasty)
7. Everybody's hero, Mandy Vanstone!
8. Classic On Dit & Clubs Column
9. STAR WARS survey - the build-up
to issue 4 continues...
11. News: AUU, Corruption (the two
are NOT connected)
13. Byte My Floppy
14. Internet & Who the hell are YOU?!!
15. Important people say "important" things
16. Get Wayward
19. Comedy Festival feature
20. Vox Pop
22. Theatre: Wogboys & the
continuing Ass/Angel story
24. Music: Reviews, live stuff, new columns...
29. Film: the latest silver screen happenings
31. Video: pop a tape tonight
32. Literature: read a book, kids!
34. Creative: bunch of words
36. Classifieds WITHOUT Union abuse
37. Sport: strap on your "jock"

Centre for Aboriginal Studies of Music

To the Students and Staff of the University,

Throughout the year of 1996, as the President of the CASM and Friends Club and as a 2nd year CASM student, I had some growing concerns over a couple of issues, which I will now express.

Firstly, I feel that artistically and socially CASM students have remained excluded and isolated within the University of Adelaide. We remain on the boundary. There have been very few examples where the talents of our students and our music and culture have been embraced. Very rarely are our students invited to perform and to be included in the regular gigs and events that take place in and around the University.

Secondly, when we have been invited to perform it has often been under a multicultural label. We are the indigenous people of this country and while we are willing to work with those people who have settled here, we still insist that our identity and our culture remains acknowledged and embraced on its own terms. We insist that we are given an equal place within the University of Adelaide and that we are equally included in the events that take place here.

As the President of the CASM and Friends Club, I view my role as primarily to provide a bridge between Indigenous, Australian, and International students. I believe that there needs to be greater partnership between these different groups, so that all can feel that they have an inclusive place within the life of the university.

I hope that in 1997 we will witness such partnerships, I also hope that the talent and music coming out of CASM is given greater exposure and recognition within the university.

Your Sincerely,
Tim Gibuma
President of the CASM and Friends Club

Bus Ruination

Dear Union,

I have just spent half an hour in BankSA paying my fees. Having completed this arduous task, I waited in the SAUA for fifteen minutes to get stickers put on my card. Now I have stickers. At last I can ride the public transport system at concession rates. It's a shame that I had to travel at full fare for the first three weeks of my course owing to a lack of a "full time" sticker, but I guess that's the price that you pay for such convenience. This was much better than paying our fees at enrolment. Nice innovation, guys.

Chris Slape
Honours Science

Riposte

Dear Editors,

As I mentioned to James (Morrison) and Fiona (Sproles) on the Barr Smith Lawns 25th February, the item on the Union in the Classifieds on page 32 is incorrect. The article titled "'Union Cock-Up'" states 'toth Union Fees and Up-Front HECS are due on 15th March, not 28th Feb, as in the student diary'.

Firstly, there is no mention in the diary about the due date for payment of the Union fee.

In the actual diary section, on the 28th February is written "last day to pay up-front HECS".

As you will be aware, the diaries are actually printed in October of each year for distribution the next year. At the time of printing, the due date for payment of up-front HECS was 28th February 1997. This was the date given to us by Student Administration at the time. It was only in November 1996 that the University moved the due date back to 15th March 1997. By this time the diary had been printed.

While it is unfortunate that students did not have accurate information regarding the payment of up-front HECS, the Union cannot accept any responsibility for it, but would like to correct the mistake.

Both Union fees and up-front HECS are

due on 15th March. The University will send out a fee statement detailing your fees once you have enrolled. You then take the fee statement to any Bank SA branch and pay it straight into the specified account. Take your receipt and student card to the Library to get it validated.

The 'item' was a misrepresentation of the facts. At a time when the very existence of student organisations is threatened, this kind of misinformation only frithers the cause of anti-student movements.

In 1997, the Union will be attempting to make our practices as transparent as possible. If you ever have a problem with the Union or its practices, please do not hesitate in coming and speaking with me. This situation could have been easily avoided through communication.

Adelaide University Union: Celebrating over 100 years of Student Control of Student Affairs

Yours sincerely,
Rosslyn Cox
President
Adelaide University Union

Eds: We would like to point out that the body of the diary clarification was printed verbatim from the information we were given by the Union

Our Foreign Friends

Dear New 1997 Eds,

I'm an ex-pat Adelaidean student on a year's research in Cambridge. One of my mates just sent me the last edition from '96 and,

1. I want to tell you that *On Dit* is SO fucking much better than any of the student papers in this so-reputed brilliant academic institution. Varsity here takes itself so goddamn seriously - they all want to be future editors of the Times (as, in fact, many of them sadly become) and hence are (almost) totally boring! Check out their web-page publication - look up Varsity On-Line or go in via link from Cambridge Uni homepage.

2. [edited for legal reasons]

3. I hope Shotgun Jim is still there for his 33rd year of Arts.

4. Why don't you have a web page / email address that I can contact you on, or that I can read your articles by, as I miss Adelaide (believe it or not, when you're over here it seems a pretty cool place in lots of ways). Esp Coopers, although Oddbins has just flown in a few cases for me. Nice of 'em, but at 1 pound 19 (\$2.20) a bottle, it's affordable but not cheap. Certainly far from \$29 a carton!

5. What in fuck happened to the Falafel House? That institution of fine yiros and great falafel with Cheech and Chong behind the counter and a million notes on the wall telling how great they are? Rumour has it that strange things are afoot (or afelafel) in Rundle street.

So, get back to me!
All love,
Christian Hamilton-Craig
ex-5th yr Medicine
and coming back in October so watch out

Eds: Many people have asked about On Dit's situation with regard to the internet, so here it is. In a nut shell, we were promised it a year ago, and after many, many requests, are yet to be properly linked in. There is a web-page, and an email address, but printing the details here would be somewhat pointless since we are physically unable to read our mail or inspect our own page. With luck, the page will soon be operative, although the email situation looks set to remain unchanged for some time to come. Viva falafel!

APOLOGY re: Union Cock Up mentioned in Edition One.

The Editors of On Dit apologise to the Adelaide University Union for their poor judgement and harshness in relation to the publishing of the Union Cock Up. The Union had asked On Dit to inform the students of a mix up with payment dates, however our approach was unnecessary, and we regret if this has damaged the union in any way.

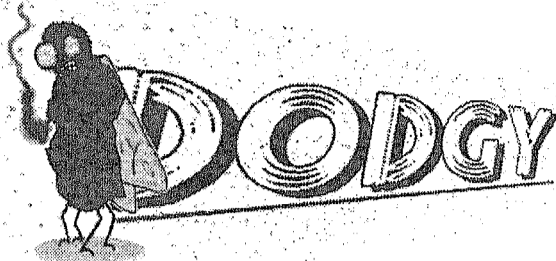
S,N,M

"I have to go to the toilet."
 "Where is the toilet?" "May I use your toilet?"

The word toilet is among the most unattractive in the English language. Maybe it's the word, maybe it's the device (or the pursuant act) itself that is instantly conjured up in the mind, most likely it's a combination of both, but it is damn unattractive. I don't like it. And I don't like having to say it. I hate having to excuse myself from a group of friends, or enemies, or people I don't know, or any manner of gathering, with my only excuse being; "I have to go to the toilet." I can't say it. I often relieve the tension by making another excuse, preferably inane, for me to disappear. "My parking ticket is running out." "I have to go see ... some guy." You know the drill. Yes you do. You do it too. Hey, "relieve the tension" a few lines back, that was funny. A pun. And then, having made the excuse, if you're planning to return to wherever it was you made the excuse to get away from, you have to make sure that you're gone for the exact length of time that whatever excuse you made would take to fulfil if it was really something you had to do. If you see what I mean. So you're there, doing your business, and you're calculating just how long it would take you to walk to your car, find out you have no change, perform an impromptu act of busking to score sufficient change to avert the parking ticket, and walk back. And when you get back,

you've probably calculated incorrectly, and everyone's looking at you and you can tell ... they know.

Somehow it's easier to just tell the truth if you don't have to say the word toilet. Americans don't seem to have a problem with it because they can just say "I have to go to the bathroom." Which always makes them sound like little kids, to my ears, but at least they don't sound stupid. For once, our society has deemed it unsatisfactory to mimic the Americans in this matter, and so we are reduced to expressions such as "have a slash", "shake the weasel", "give birth to a politician", "damaging the Doulton" and "sitting on the porcelain throne". Most of these are just plain stupid, and I myself would not be caught using any of them (except in a witty, sardonic, ultimately hip, ironic display to demonstrate just how inappropriate they are) in any situation where I have not had too much to drink. And many of them are inappropriate for the women amongst us, which is just plain unfair and, well, I won't stand for that. Although, now that I think about it, there would be something curiously attractive in a woman pushing her chair back, standing up and



saying "Just off to point Percy at the porcelain, fellas." Sort of like an extra (sorely needed) layer of wit, and simultaneously one of those sardonic ironic hip things I was talking about. Mmm. Yeah. Or maybe that's just me.

Hey, you know, I don't think it is just the word. There must be something fundamentally embarrassing about the event itself (although it could still be both (which is what I said before, so this is a waste of space)). The reason for this sudden change of heart (or not) (see previous set of parentheses) is my sudden recollection of a restaurant incident. Bored out of my brain, I was watching other patrons, which is what I do, and in particular (and of especial reference to my point in this case) the couple right in front of me. Man and woman. Enough details, don't want to embarrass the poor sods. Suddenly (and having mouthed the word "toilet"), she was up and off to, you guessed it, the toilet. I don't think she would have been one to point Percy at the porcelain. But the thing is, she went a long way out of her way, requiring that she negotiate many more tables and other obstacles in her travels, just to ensure that she was

walking behind her partner. She did not want him to see her walking to the toilet. And when she came back, she was happy enough to walk the easy way, where he could see her. Why is this? Is it more desirable to be seen returning than going, as if it is somehow more attractive? Or less unattractive? I completely understand where going would be seen as unattractive, but why not also hide on the way back? "Hi, I'm back, no more bladder pressure, and, if you're really lucky, my hands are nice and clean." I don't see it. Maybe it was more to do with being able to keep an eye on him as she returned, which she could not on the outward trip, facing away from him; thus, she elects to walk behind him. This could be an anti-perv manouever; you'd better not watch me when I walk. Is this, I wonder, something that women do all the time? Are they constantly on the look-out to prevent as many guys as possible from gaining their fill of voyeuristic satisfaction? I know I would be, if I was a woman. Maybe it's only those women with low self-esteem or confidence who don't want to be watched. That sounds feasible. I must pay attention to see whether men do it as well. That would be interesting. And it would be nice to have something interesting to say.

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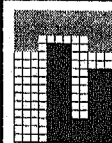
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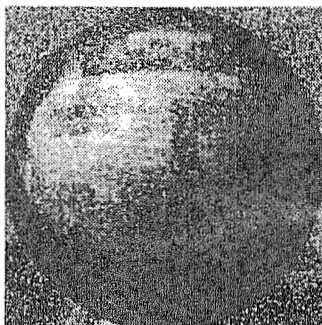
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AMRITA DASVARMA
SAUA President



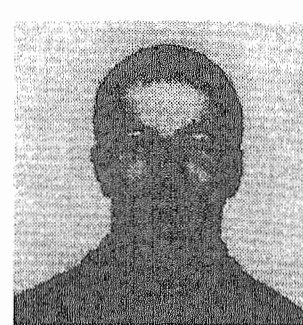
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Education Vice-President



VIRGINIA SIMPSON
Environment Officer



SOPHIE ALLOUACHE
Women's Officer



ANTHONY WILLIAMS
Activities/Campaigns
Vice-President

Hello everyone - hope you've all recovered from Orientation and are geared up for a great academic year...

Orientation 0097 was a success, and I'd like to warmly congratulate everyone involved: to the O'Guide Editors, **Anthony Paxton, Mark Scruby, and Ching Yee Ng**, to the Counter Calendar editors, **Megan Thorpe, Tom Webb, and Victoria Bannon**, to the O'Camp Directors, **Jason Watson, Caitlin Macky and Jodie Rae**, to the O'Week Directors, **Mardi Conduit, Elysia Turcinovic, and Alida Parente**, to the O'Ball Directors, **Jeremy Wheeler and Fiona Brammy**. And last, but not least, thanks to Pro Tour Directors **Tod and Christie/Crystal/Kristal**. Most of all, thanks to **Fiona Brammy**, my wonderful Orientation Coordinator, for putting together one of the most legendary Orientations in the history of the SAUA!

Thank you to all the helpers and volunteers who did all of the hard work, put in all the late nights, offered their spur-of-the-moment creativity to Orientation 0097 and made it all happen - the SAUA thrives on the involvement, commitment and energy that you guys put in! And no thanks to those who got distinct pleasure out of dunking me (twice!) and pie-ing me in the face...revenge awaits!

Child Care Centre

I went to the opening of the Johnson Building Observatory Child Care Centre, which is an excellent initiative on the part of the University. The child care centre is doing extremely well, and the expansion to the Johnson Building is significant as it proves that student parents have every right to an education. We need to keep fighting for affordable, accessible child care for student parents!

Students Against Racism

The Students' Association will be running an anti-racism campaign in April in conjunction with other interested organisa-

Hope everyone got orientated in a fine way and a huge congratulations to Fi the O'Coordinator and all of the O'Directors. Well, the academic year has begun. You might find that some of the subjects you have chosen are not what you thought they would be, or that you are having a hard time coping with university life. There are careers councillors and faculty advisers you can see about your course and I would advise that you do this if you aren't happy. As for coping with university life, come in and see me and I might be able to help or tell you other people you might want to see. This week we are going to be focussing on the importance of student control of student affairs. It is very important that you are aware of everything that affects your education here at uni and participate in the outcome of events. Look out and listen to people coming into your lectures to tell you what is going on and we are always grateful for people to come in and help out. I hope that everyone has marked **MARCH 26 IN THEIR DIARY FOR THE NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION**- this is our chance to make an impact and tell the government that we are not commodities but we are students and the ones that are affected by regressive changes. Yours in union, Olivia.

tions and groups. There will be a meeting on Thursday at 1:00 pm in the Unibar about organising the campaign, so if any of you are interested in getting involved, please come to the meeting or come in and see me in the office.

Have a good first week at University - and if you have any problems whatsoever - whether it's a timetable clash, or any sort of hassles with your course or uni life in general, or you just have general questions, concerns, or want to get involved - come in and see us!

Uh. Orientation is finished. Moving turtle-speed this week, BUT.....it was all worth it for the HUGE sign up we got for the 1997 Environmental Collective-I haven't counted exactly yet, but the recruits were around the 300 mark. For all those who did sign up- please don't disappear!!! Your big chance to 'Save The World' is upon you! Our first meeting has been set for **TUESDAY NEXT WEEK (11th), 1PM in the CLUBS COMMON ROOM (level 6 of the Union Building, northern end)**. Anyone is invited to come along, regardless of whether you've signed up or not.

Orientation went well, green-wise - a lot of people picked up information from the Collective table and from the adjoining anti-multinational stall. The paddle boat races in pursuit of Rufus the inflatable platypus were funny, with a record number of people (including myself) falling into the Torrens. Thanks to Haighs for the chocolate prizes...

Last week was also a huge week for green networking in Adelaide. Matt Fagan, the National Environment Officer from the National Union of Students (NUS) visited Adelaide. I spent a lot of time with him meeting the major green groups in Adelaide and planning campaign strategies for the coming year. It looks as though everyone is keen to work together on the major campaigns in S.A. which is a very encouraging start to the year. Our first Cross Campus meeting happened last Thursday- I will give notice of the next one in this column, so if you are interested in coming along (and hopefully lots of you are!!!), keep watching.

BINS!!!! The bins which were around in O'week for the collection of your counter calenders and O'guides are now for old On Dits - you can also use them for other old newspaper publications, BUT PLEASE NOTHING ELSE!!! Thanks! Happy week one-ing....Gin.

Well now that the fun's over it's time to start studying...yeah right! Well I hope that you all enjoyed O'Week and O'Ball and got involved in all the fun activities!

Well I guess the most important event for the Women's Department this week is **International Women's Day** which is happening this Saturday. The march leaves Victoria Square at 10:30 and will be moving to Parliament House where there will be some speakers and then moving on to Rymill Park where the Festival will be held between 1 and 3:30. There are going to be heaps of stalls selling cool things and the march is going to be great so make sure you come along.

In terms of the SAUA Women's Department we will be running a Safety Awareness campaign next week so look out for the information brochures or come in to the SAUA and ask me about the services provided by University Security.

Also for all of you groovy women that joined the Women's Collective during O'Week or for those of you who didn't get a chance but would like to get involved keep an eye on my column to find out when we will be meeting.

Well Hey!!!! It is currently 1602 Friday 28/02. Although Skuldug and O'Ball have not even been held yet I'm convinced Orientation 97 was a complete success.

Thanks must be first on my agenda as so much time and effort was so willingly donated by all Staff and associated SAUA people. I can't name them all here even though I would dearly like to, but I must say well done to -Fi Brammy (O'Coordinator) -The O' Directors, one and all - All O'Helpers (we love you all) and of course all the other 'dancers', coppers' and 'vaners'.

I've never seen so many enthusiastic AU students here before either. Record numbers of you came out and supported clubs, sports, beer, barbeques and of course yourselves this year. We can only do our best now to support you, and we will work hard to do it!

By the way thanks to all our incredible sponsors because without them O'Stuff would be pretty limited. Thanks to the ASC. Thanks to all the AUSKI crew, (record breakers again - 600!!!!) Lastly thanks to Anthony Paxton for his relaxing aire. **See you all at PROSH**

Amrita gets down and dirty during O'Week! S'N'M applaud all the O'Week Co-ordinators and helpers. Fi Brammy, we give you a standing ovation!



Trust me, I'm a politician.

What is the definition of a politician? The Oxford Dictionary states that a politician is *one who seeks personal or partisan gain, often by scheming and manoeuvring*. Of course we all know that politicians have a much wider, varied role in society than this one. However it is this definition that we as students apply to our own politicians such as Senator Amanda Vanstone, Kim Beazley, and perhaps to a lesser extent - John Howard. If we read on to the second definition of a politician; it is *one who is highly skilled in the administration of government*. Face it, the people who are in charge of South Australia and Australia as a whole are all politicians. They are not meant to be menacing monsters who if given the slightest chance will cut 15 billion dollars from the budget, and they are meant to be there to represent us - the people. We do after all, live in a democracy. It was with these conflicting thoughts in my head that I conducted a brief, but comprehensive interview with the Minister for Employment, Education, Training and Youth Affairs, Senator Amanda Vanstone.

"We haven't cut funding to education. What we've done is shift some of the load on to students."

Long-term future of Australian higher education.

The big thing that came out of the 1996 budget was the seemingly massive cuts to all areas of higher education. In the next two years the Coalition plans to cut a total of 4% in funding to Australian Universities. That may seem minimal to some, but if we stop and think about what is being targeted it is operating grants. This is the grant that goes to the Universities so that they can function; this is the Union. At Adelaide University this has meant the abolishment of various areas like career counselling, and substantial cuts to areas such as the student's association and staff. With cuts such as

these, how can the University expect to run at a level that maintains quality to all students be they undergraduate or postgraduate?

"The funding per student has hardly changed."

This may be so, but there has been a significant drop in available postgraduate places due to the lack of government funding. Although the senator stated that there was an increase in research funding by the government, the course work for postgrads has received much less funding. Will this create a generation of graduate students who are of the elite - the upper class? *"If you do a post-graduate course work degree that's a career choice, that's an additional thing over and above a basic degree and therefore you can be asked to pay."* Who can afford to pay this?

Back to undergraduates - 1998 will see the first year that students will be able to buy their way into university. This will dramatically affect the quality and future of higher education in a "positive" way.

The Senator predicts that because students pay up front for their degree it will:

1. *make way for those students who are unable to pay, as special places will be set aside for them.*
2. *create competition between universities for these students - this money will go directly to the uni.*

This money can be used to improve student services in a whole variety of ways - forcing the Universities to deliver more resources, and better quality of education to students.

But what about the remaining students?

Those that are completing their degree during this period of change, those that have to deal with the limited resources, those that have to deal with the lack of career counselling? The senator's reaction to this was to say that *"only 25% of school leavers get to go to University, the other 75 don't have that chance."*

Why cut education resources and not defence?

Every portfolio had to make a contribution to save money. In Education's case it was 11 million dollars. Defence also has suffered cuts in the civilian area with the savings going to equipment. How-



ever, the savings from education don't go anywhere, rather the Commonwealth has put less money into education because the students are putting it in - HECS.

"HECS is the cheapest access to money you'll ever get."

HECS..... Adjusted for CPI, no real interest, inflation, low income... These are a few of the words that you will come across when hearing a senator talking about the HECS system. What basically happens is that each degree has a certain charge for tuition; the government lends us the money which we are expected to pay back once we earn a wage. This loan has no real interest on it like you would receive at a bank, instead it is adjusted for inflation or CPI.

So what's the problem? Not only are new students from 1997 charged at a higher rate - especially law and medicine students, the repayment thresholds have

been lowered so that individuals start to repay their debt back sooner and more quickly. However, the fact is that in the workforce males are typically paid more than their females counterparts, thus females take longer to pay back this loan. Shouldn't the Minister for Employment be doing something to make this system more equal? Senator Vanstone's reply to this was *"every woman in Australia is looking forward to the day when men and women earn the same, BUT if women are earning less, they're paying less back and generally speaking at a lower rate."*

Politicians to me just have a knack for making everything seem so confusing, Senator Vanstone was no exception to this general rule. However I have the tendency to think that this Senator is not the monster that has been portrayed to us over the past year through various channels - if her thoughts are genuine (I can't tell, she IS a politician) and she truly cares about the future of the youth and education and not about that super-doooper Porsche she could buy with her pay rise, I think she has taken rather brave steps to mend the deficit gap "created" by the former Labor government. Let's have no name calling here, though - like all of her colleagues in parliament, she is still a politician, and she does have legislative power over education. It is just too easy to dislike a person who we don't agree with. It is even harder to debate and to understand her point of view.

A Final message from the Senator to students at the University of Adelaide....

The Changes made to higher education will result in much better delivery of services to students, and I think that the increase in charges are a fair and reasonable acknowledgment of the private benefit that you get by going to university.

JOCelyn MILBANK
ANNABEL DAVIES

Did you join a Club?

AU Bridge Club AGM to be held in the Canon Poole Room L5 Union Building at 1.00 Monday 17th March.

Notice of an AGM

The **Adelaide University Skindiving Club** will be holding its AGM on Thursday 13th March, 1997 from 6.30pm in the WP Rogers Room (level 5, behind the UniBar).

The positions of President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Boating Officer, Equipment Officer, Newsletter Editor and Two General Members will be voted on.

Constitutional changes will also be discussed and voted on.

People wishing to attend the spectacular Marion Bay Easter extravaganza will be required to attend this

meeting and be willing to part with \$50

The **Adelaide University Film Society** is screening a video projection of Fritz Lang's classic Film Metropolis. Tuesday 4th March at 6.15pm in the Union Cinema. \$1 members, \$3 non-members.

Also screening Dr Who Classics on Tuesday March


11th, Union Cinema, in association with AUSFA, 4-7pm Genesis of the Daleks, 7-9pm The Curse of Fenric - Free Entry (small charge for Jelly Babies).

Don't miss our AGM Monday 17th March, Margaret Murray Room - come and tell us what films you want to see!

Also coming up SHINE March 18th And PSYCHO March 25.

On Dit Highlights circa 1979

Classic On Dit is a new section which reprints articles from past years; articles which, intentionally or unintentionally, seem pretty funny now. PLUS, it may lull you readers into the sense that this year is the best year of On Dit that has ever been...



the White Heron Lodge

ST. PETERS AVENUE, NORTH ADELAIDE, S.A. 5009 PHONE: 42 3202

The Accounts Manager,
Adelaide University Students Union,
Adelaide University,
North Terrace,
ADELAIDE, S.A. 5000

Dear Sir

Further to our verbal discussions with your Mr. Cras Kippel subsequent to his patronage of our Hotel, we submit our final account for services (itemised) and Damage (also separately itemised). Mr. Kippel indicated that it would be unnecessary for us to engage a loss adjuster.

We wish to apologise for the attitude of several members of our staff on the evening in question, towards Mr. Kippel. Mr. Kippel is welcome at the Hotel at any time, and we will forward our quotation for the 1988 Christmas Party under separate letter.

SERVICES:		
Tarif, Bridal Suite, December 27 - 29, 1978.		\$180.00
Meals		
Breakfast, 27/12/78, two people	12.80	
Luncheon, 27/12/78, twelve people	153.70	
Dinner, 27/12/78, twenty people	429.54	
Breakfast, 28/12/78, two people	10.40	
Luncheon, 28/12/78, fourteen people	174.88	
Dinner, 28/12/78, twenty people	395.87	
Breakfast, 29/12/78, eight people	52.10	
Luncheon, 29/12/78, ten people	125.60	
Dinner, 29/12/78, twenty-two people	487.50	
Liquor Service		
27/12/78.		
1 x Glenfiddich Scotch	36.00	
1 x Bailey's Irish Cream	20.00	
1 x Bushmills Irish Whiskey	25.00	
Ice	2.40	
Beds	3.60	
28/12/78		
24 x Glenfiddich Scotch	\$32.00	
12 x Bushmills Irish Whiskey	300.00	
60 x Heinekken Lager	90.00	
Ice	12.00	
Soft Drinks	52.00	
Escort Service		
"Bluebeards", 27/12/78.	500.00	
"Miranda", 28/12/78	450.00	
Telephone		
Melbourne, 27/12/78, (eighteen calls)	391.31	
Sydney, 27/12/78, (twelve calls)	138.49	
Perth, 27/12/78, (four calls)	44.92	
Brisbane, 28/12/78, (two calls)	57.68	
Sydney, 29/12/78, (one call)	103.7	

SUNDRIES		
Wendie's Jewellers		310.00
Handie Furriers		1295.00
Suburban Taxi Service		38.50
Ansett Airlines of Australia		448.00
		\$6773.03
DAMAGE		
Broken lavatory fixtures		\$260.00
Replacement of floor coverings		840.00
Replacements of two mattresses		280.00
Replacement of two pairs of curtains		149.00
Removal of two television sets		1,850.00
Broken glassware		700.00
Broken china		50.00
Damaged silverware		70.00
Replacement of elevator door		350.00
Drycleaning of maids' uniforms		530.00
Replacement of waiters' uniforms		45.00
Medical Service (for our staff)		90.00
Medical Service (for our guests)		150.00
Fumigation of Bridal Suite		30.00
Replacement of bed linen		100.00
Broken tables		60.00
Broken chairs		120.00
Broken windows		30.00
		\$6015.00
TOTAL		\$12,788.00
LESS: Deposit received		2,000.00
BALANCE DUE		\$11,788.00

We have, as requested, not presented your deposit cheque for payment yet, and as arranged, this will be done today. Hence this request was by Professor Long Planks, we are happy to comply, although we should point out that it is a little unusual. We understand that Professor Planks is the vice-chancellor of the University.

It is not the policy of the Hotel to extend credit for a period in excess of ten days, as our accounts are largely for labour costs. We shall therefore look forward to your remittance at your earliest convenience.

Thank you for your kind patronage. We assure you that remarks not authorised by the Hotel are not the responsibility of the Hotel.

Yours faithfully,
Mr. Kippel

STAR WARS SPECIAL

Hey, kids. I'm sure you know that the Star Wars trilogy will be rereleased on the March 20. Are you excited about it? You should be. We, at the On Dit office are practically a dribbling mess at the thought of seeing the words "Chapter 4. In a galaxy, a long, long time ago.." appear on the screen. Mmm.. but I digress. We need your contribution for our Special Star Wars edition, so any Star Wars matter that tickles your fancy and you think should be read by all and sundry, then send it in. Deadline: 12 March 1997. In a meantime, you can contribute by filling this survey.

Which Star Wars character do you most identify with?

How has the force changed your life?

Tell us the most bizarre piece of Star Wars merchandise you own.

Tell us your Star Wars fantasy (this can get a bit raunchy).

If Star Wars was made today, who do you think would make the

cast?

What would be the coolest Star Wars merchandise?

What's the most creative thing you can do with a light sabre?

What is the relationship between Luke Skywalker and Boba Fett?

What do you think Hans Solo and Princess Leia kids will be like?

What do you think of the Ewoks? What do you think should happen to the Ewoks?

Think of some possible Star Wars theses topics.

What happened to Luke Skywalker's mother? Who is she? Tell us your theories.

What do you think of the new action figures, compared to the old?

The results will be published in the special edition so get them pens out now.

Compiled with the help of my co-editors and some major Star Wars fans, you know who you are.

%^|.I repeat...this is not earth...wrong co-ordinates* C...
this is not earth!!!
☺ } | are you receiving me?????
Communication with the home planet has been lost...
Attempts to correct navigational route have failed...
Looks like we won't be sampling this week's specials.....

Food Court
\$2.50 - Fried Rice, Spring Roll & Can of drink

Backstage
\$3.50 - Your choice of hot dish & a can of drink

Gallery
\$2.50 - Giant Muffin & Coffee

Equinox
\$5.50 - Small Pizza Hawaiian, Hot & Spicy or Vegetarian, slice of garlic bread & Schooner of Beer or Post Mix.

Mayo
\$3.00 - Plain Pie & Chips & small Post Mix Drink

Catacombs
\$2.50 - Hot Dog & Bottle of Coke

Grill Bar
\$2.50 - Slice of Vege Pizza and fries

⌘ x^ I wasn't in charge of navigation ... I thought you we're supposed to.... ^&™☺

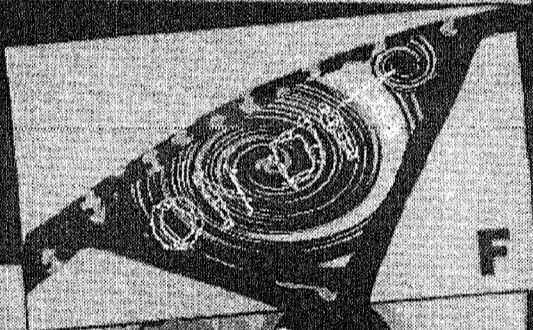
MASH HITS SHOP

NEW!

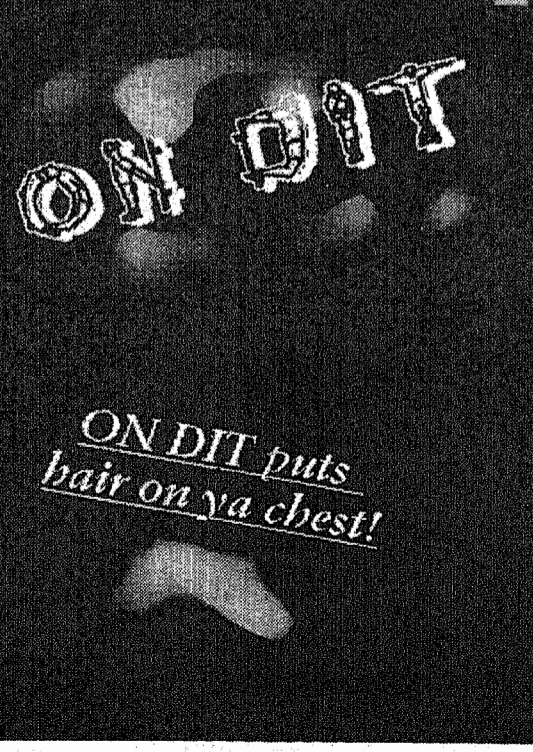
THE MASH HITS / ON DIT SELECTION



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F



ALL T-SHIRTS Men's Sizes S M L T-SHIRT COLOURS Black or white						
Qty	Item	Size	Code	Price	Total	
	JOKER T-SHIRT		SHBAT A)	\$299.99	\$	
	LOGO T-SHIRT		SHBAT B)	\$249.99	\$	
	ACTION T-SHIRT		SHBAT C)	\$299.99	\$	
	LOGO T-SHIRT		SHBAT D)	\$299.99	\$	
	BELT (Men's or Women's)		SHBAT E)	\$199.99	\$	
	BANDANA	Black	SHBAT F)	\$ 49.99	\$	
	5 ROUND BADGES FOR \$10		SHBAT G)	\$10.00	\$	
	LOGO POSTER		SHBAT H)	\$ 79.99	\$	
	ROUND POSTER		SHBAT I)	\$ 79.99	\$	
					Post & Pack	\$2.50
					Total	\$

THE MASH HITS / ON DIT SELECTION
 MASH HITS OFFERS, P.O.Box 146, DARLINGHURST. NSW. 2010.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

POSTCODE: _____

Enclose payment of cheque/Money Order (no cash) to mash Hits Offers - Name and address on back of payment as well please.

OR
 Credit card payment by:

Bankcard Mastercard Visa

NB: Minimum credit card purchase is \$10.00

Card No:

Cardholder's Name: _____

Cardholder's Signature: _____

Expiry Date: / /

Please allow up to 2888 days for delivery.

WELCOME! TO (& FROM) THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

Mission Statement: *The Adelaide University Union is the main social and cultural centre for those University activities not specifically included in the academic syllabus. It endeavors to provide a common meeting ground for staff, graduates and students.*

Well the academic year for 1997 is now upon us and I would like to take this opportunity to welcome and congratulate all the new students at the University of Adelaide and to all those who are back for yet another year, hmmmm, I commend you on your persistence.

Of course those students returning to once again walk the hallowed halls of this institution know full well that University life offers so much more than just text books and lectures. In fact I think we would all do well to remember that Universities were first established to provide well - to - do sons with an opportunity to learn more about life before taking over the family business. It is from these origins also that the three year degree was established, as three years was deemed a suitable amount of time in which to learn about the facts of life.

Why be a member of the Adelaide University Union?

The Adelaide University Union, its affiliates, staff and service centres all believe that University should be so much more than just text books and lectures

Representation

In the 1996 Student Survey, responses indicated that the number one priority for students was representation to the University and then Government from their Union. The Students's Association (SAUA), Postgraduate Overseas, Waite and Roseworthy Student Associations are the main vehicles through which the Union achieves this representation (for more information see the SAUA President, Amrita Dasvarma.)

The other important aspect of having a strong student body is resolving academic grievances. The student associations and education welfare officers are not intimidated by University hierarchy and will not only support you with enormous strength, but also get results!

Sports and Clubs

The Funds that the Union provides subsidises the high costs involved with playing sport or travelling to represent your club interstate. We have about 40 sports clubs and 100 interest group clubs on campus. NO Union means NO sport & NO clubs.

If you have ever joined a club or played a sport for a Uni team, the Union has enriched your experience at University and achieved its aim.

Catering and Text Book Division

The Union facilitates the provision of catering services and ensures that students have input directly into aspects of catering they are concerned with.

Discounted text books & stationary are provided by UniBooks, owned by the Union yet run independently. Having the Union control the provision of these services ensures students will have what they want and need.

Diversity

The greatest strength of the Union, is that it has the capacity to encourage and promote cultural growth in many areas and at this stage is very diverse in its service provision. From the Resource Centre to the Little Theatre, Roseworthy and Waite campuses, discount movie tickets to band nights, the Union attempts to provide everyone with something that enriches their lives.

If you feel that the Union fails to provide a service that is in line with the mission statement and would enrich your life at University, feel free to come and see me and we can discuss this. Every year Board members offer new initiative and new ideas, and every student member can do this.

If you don't like paying the Union fee, consider this: Not paying the Union fee would not mean you automatically pay less. The University may still decide to charge you fees for various services provided and maintained by the University. The difference is that the services and products provided to you by the Union, its affiliates and the various student service centres are controlled by students for students.

1997: Celebrating Student Control of Student Affairs

In 1997, the Adelaide University Union's theme will be **Celebrating Student Control of Student Affairs**. As the name suggests, it will be a year of celebration and promotion of the Union, its affiliates and student service centres, the representation, services and products they all provide, for the enrichment of your life at University.

Look forward to hearing a lot more about the campaign during O'Week and indeed the entire year.

What you get for your \$260

Read the breakdown on page 2 of your Union diary! The break down adds up to more than \$260, as the Union has some other minor sources of income apart from the Statutory.Fee. For information about these

and other services, see pages 22 to 45 of your Union diary. Or, alternatively, come and speak to me in the Lady Symon Building. One correction that needs to be made is the cost of the affiliation fee to the National Union of Students. It should actually read \$4.80 not \$5.14 (that's per student).

The discount may be gone, but the estimated amount the discount costs the Union is approximately \$225 000. While some student polities rave about mismanagement and catering losses, the fact remains that a policy decision was made in the past to give 10% clear profit away and this must be taken into account when looking at all the figures.

Why it has been removed?

The Board do not believe that students should be subsidising users and vice versa where possible. In a situation where the Union is made up of seven affiliates to enrich the lives of students on campus, the Union fee is going to be distributed primarily to those affiliates and to the administrative bodies who allow those affiliates to be run effectively.

The 1995/96 Board felt that they could make a cut in catering as there was a clear alternative available. The Union can run catering commercially while still providing students with cheap and convenient meals, without needing the Union to subsidise the service to the tune of \$225,000. What this allowed the Board to do was to redistribute that money to affiliates **WITHOUT having to increase YOUR Union fee** (the Union fee for 1997 is the same as 1996).

The decision to cut the 10% student discount was made in the interest of

- not increasing the Union fee for 1997
- strengthening or at least maintaining the capacity of the seven affiliates
- building up reserves for future years, and

The discount was originally introduced as a service to students to provide cheap and accessible food. While the discount is no longer available, the Union are providing you with: drinks, confectionary, pies, pasties and cakes all now 5c - 10c below the recommended retail price. So you'll find some items are now 10c - 15 c below last year's Prices.

Austudy/Abstudy specials. The two days before your next payment, particular catering outlets will be offering cheap and nutritious budget saving meals (available even if you are not receiving Austudy/Abstudy).

Student Union meal deals. Making your dollar stretch further! How to find out what's going on in your Union cut out and keep

Union Board Meetings for 1997

All Union Members WELCOME! (that's you)

mt no.	Date	Time	Place
1	10 Feb 1997	6pm	WP Rogers Room (level 5, Union Bldg)
	Plus campus tour		
2	3 March 1997	6pm	WP Rogers Room
3	7 April 1997	6pm	Roseworthy
4	5 May 1997	6pm	WP Rogers Room
5	2 June 1997	6pm	WP Rogers Room
	Set budget rounds, appoint R/O, set election date		
6	4 August 1997	6pm	Waite: "Lirra Lirra"
7	8 Sept 1997	6pm	WP Rogers Room
8	13 Oct 1997	6pm	WP Rogers Room
9	10 Nov 1997	6pm	WP Rogers Room
10	1 Dec 1997	6pm	WP Rogers Room

Come and speak to me at any time during the year. My office is on level one of the Lady Symon building or phone 8303 5401.

Good luck!
Yours in Union

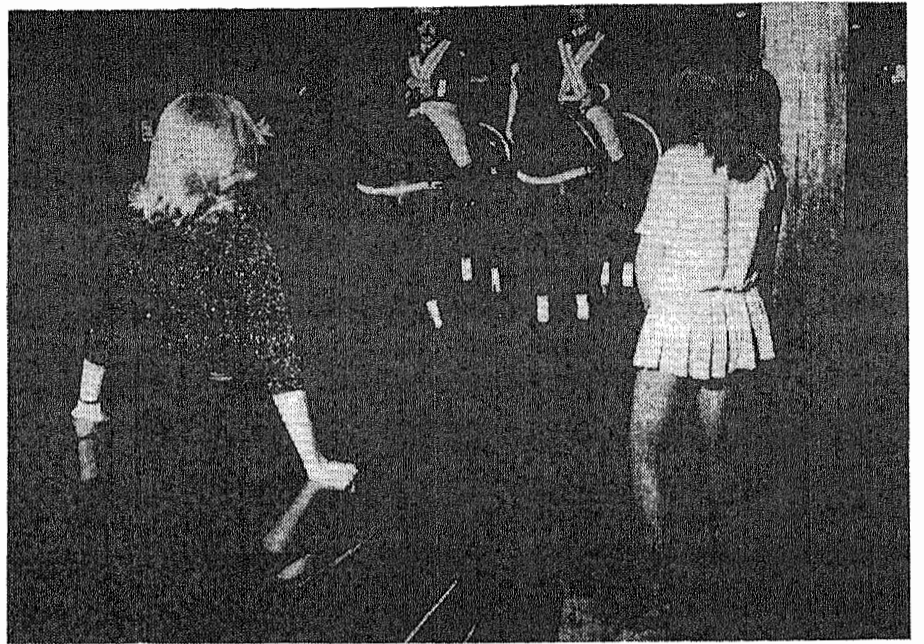
Rosslyn Cox
President
Adelaide University Union

Corrupt Me

"Don't I know your face?" said the senior policeman to the officer.

On the 25th February 1997, The Australian reported that female police officer, Ms Kim Hollingsworth had been sacked because she had not informed her employer that she had been a prostitute for eight years and a stripper for four. Apparently her dismissal was not based on what her previous profession was, instead it was the fact that she had chosen not to reveal the latter upon request. However, her lawyer, Mr Ian Barker OC highlighted to the Industrial Relations Commission that "...she was required to state only her three previous employers on the application, which

she did honestly...." Hence one can assume that her forced departure was morally based. Had she worked in a 'morally acceptable' job such as retail, gardening, taxi driving or teaching, her past would be irrelevant. Ms Hollingsworth, who is not taking this rejection lightly has claimed that "...she was harshly and unjustly sacked in July 1995 after disclosing her past in the sex industry..." It seems absurd to me that Hollingsworth is not allowed to fulfill her desire to work with the police force. She has obviously proven that she is capable of the job, and has supported this estimation by the fact that she was chosen to partake in undercover work for the NSW royal commis-



Want some donuts, boys?

sion into police corruption....Could this be a conspiracy?

So Hollingsworth was a prostitute (note past tense), this was and still is illegal. But she is not a prostitute today. And if her application asked her to state her three previous employers, and none of these were related to prostitution or stripping, then she had not been a prostitute or a stripper for at least a couple of years before she joined the force. She is obviously no longer involved in the said profession, and has actually chosen its direct opponent.

Her commendations were not questioned until a detective at the academy where she was training had approached her about opening and operating a brothel in Sydney. To further support the claim that she had 'changed' and was serious about her new profession, and was obviously an honest person, she proceeded to inform senior police about the offer. She was then asked to be involved in a 'sting' operation so that investigators in the royal commission could learn more about the apparent corruption. Her knowledge of prostitution and stripping was obviously okay while her employers needed it, but then when it wasn't needed anymore, she was sacked.

If her profession was so abominable, then she should have been sacked as soon as it was disclosed. This fluctuating morality is a worry! If Hollingsworth's appeal is not successful, will all the other men and women in the force be subjected to a rigorous inquiry into their past and if so, will all the officers who have visited a prostitute be sacked along with her? (even if visit was before their appointment to the force).

This case carries a lot of baggage, such as:

'Who is worse, the prostitute who provides the service, or the person who provides the prostitute with the financial means to maintain the service?'

'Should the morals of one person determine the fate of another who may correspond to a different set of morals?'

'Should prostitution be made legal' (I say 'Yes') and then if prostitution was legal, would her 'moral integrity' still be questioned?

To sum it up, I firmly believe that Hollingsworth was unfairly dismissed by a group of inconsistent and uptight 'moral police' who, 80% of the time need to have their own moral integrity put under the microscope.

Fiona Sproles

JAL Scholarship

Wing your way to a summer in Japan with the 1997 Japan Airlines Scholarship. JAL is offering three scholarships to undergraduates in their second, third or fourth year from all faculties.

The Scholarship includes a six week stay in Japan (July 22 - August 27 1997), attending the Summer Session of Asian Studies at Sophia University in Tokyo, and provides students with the opportunity to experience Japan and its culture.

You must be 20 - 28 years of age, an Australian resident living in Australia for at least 8 years and have not previously lived in Japan. Knowledge of the Japanese language is not necessary.

Japan Airlines will provide Return Airfare, Accommodation, Tuition fees for Sophia University, Sightseeing, Homestays, Insurance, Daily allowance and Text book allowance.

Applicants are required to submit an essay on a given theme.

Entries close 18 April 1997.

For more information and application guidelines please contact:

**JAL Scholarship Coordinator
Japan Airlines, Level 14, 201 Sussex Street,
Sydney NSW 2000. Ph (02) 9272 1100**



Japan Airlines

So You Want To Buy A Computer ...

So you've been sitting at the desk in your poorly lit flat, hammering away at a Model K Fischer-Price typewriting set. The carriage return bar is bathed with sweat and your fingers are streaked with liquid paper. There must be a better way, we hear you cry.

Actually, most of you probably have access to a computer in some form or another, but for those venturing out into the high-falootin' world of the computer market, here are some helpful pointers.

Where do I start?

The first question a prospective computer buyer need ask is "Just what do I want a computer for?" Generally speaking, there are three or four common answers including: word-processing, study tools, internet access and entertainment. Each has its own specific needs.

Some computers are specifically designed for a certain audience. Consoles, like the Sony Playstation or the Sega Saturn for example, are dedicated games machines which do not cater for any other functions.

These were the two main game consoles on the market until the advent of the Nintendo 64 (which came out last week).

According to *Choice*, there is little to distinguish between the Sega and the Sony except for available software. The Nintendo 64 is much more powerful (its processor can work with 64 bits of information at a time) but it is still only a games machine.

Computers such as IBM compatibles or Apple Macintoshes allow a wider range of activities but are not as effective for specialised activities. Of course, a multimedia personal computer will probably be 4-8 times as expensive as a specialised machine.

Personal Computers

At the dawn of time, when the

personal computer first pushed its metaphorical nose through the primordial soil and onto the desktops of the free world, it had yet to evolve from a faceless box. Back then they were little more than elaborate hobbies for the bored and antisocial, much like philately or the ham radio.

Today, two titans struggle for control of the electronic world. In the red corner, with the stripy 'peek-a-boo' boxer shorts, there is Macintosh. The



Never sit on your mouse... the resulting operation is a painful and unusual one.

Mac is renowned for its friendly interface and ease of use. A recent study by *Computer Choice* magazine showed that Mac still inspires more loyalty than its competitors, despite criticism of its lack of software.

In the other corner, flexing its formidable corporate muscles is the IBM-compatible. This boasts a huge variety of applications software, and a number of different companies each vying for market dominance, but it lacks the indefinable Apple quality.

Moreover, some models of IBM compatible can be equal or superior to their Macintosh equivalents while others (including IBM's own Aptiva) can fall below Macintosh's standards (cf: *Choice* again).

Top-of-the-line PC's can range in price from around the

\$3000 mark (Gateway 2000 PS-133, Apple Power PC) to over \$4000 (Packard Bell Pentium 4704). Of course, these models include all the trimmings such as CD-ROM drive, 28.8kbps modems (you can get good internet access), 1-2 gigabytes of hard disk space (you can fit lots on them) and about 16 megabytes of RAM (you can generally do lots of stuff very fast). It's not worth your while getting anything much less than this because of the rate which

software is updated. Newer programs eat up memory at an alarming rate. However, if all you want is a glorified typewriter, then you can probably pick up a second-hand number complete with software for much less money.

Computers on Campus

Of course, if you can't afford to buy a computer or just have no desire to give up your desk space, there are a number of computer suites around both City and Roseworthy campuses.

Just ask your head of department for directions to your nearest computer lab. Don't forget to bring a floppy - they're

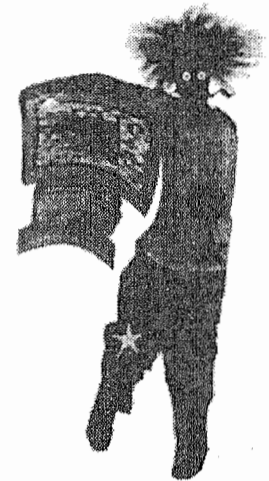
available from Camtech or the Unibooks stationery shop. The computer suites also have (monitored) internet access as does the Barr Smith Library. (So if hard-core cybersex is your thing, I suggest you do it from the sanctity of your own phone bill).

Finally, it's worth asking around about 'Computers for students' campaigns. Often computer companies are willing to give out computers on a 'student loan to own' basis.

Dave Bloustien
Anthony Dick

Well, that's all for this week. Don't forget that Byte My Floppy is desperately in need of articles. Come on down and ask for Dave.

Ask Professor Keen-Bean



My computer won't turn on, no matter how hard I slap the monitor. What should I do?
Confused.

Perhaps you are not treating your computer with enough respect. Do you talk before you slap? A good guilt-trip will often provide better results than outright violence.

I can't get past the Spandex King on level 75 of Spandex Nights from the Elastic Zone.
Perturbed

Have you tried giving the magic duck to the albino wood-nymphs? It worked for me.

I've been 'surfing the net' for some time now but all I can find is academic mumbo-jumbo and informative political discussion. Where are the hard-core porn pages? I need a web page where I can really get my rocks off.
Disturbed.

This is a common complaint. If you would like to contact a support group try the newsgroup alt.sleaze.depressed.pervert

The crab-grass in my back lawn has grown unruly. Which model PC do you recommend?
Concerned.

IBM's long awaited JDF-823.243 has a switch for adjustable lawn-height and can even foam your cappuccino

I can't find my mother.
Lost.

Have you looked behind the couch?

I'm a hot motherboard looking for a 28.8kbps modem to transfer my data. Anybody interested?

No.

I want to upgrade my computer but haven't got the money although I do have ample compost and grow-lite nutrients. Could this be the answer to my problems?
Jim.

Well, Jim, you may have something there. The growers almanac does say, however, that such delicate crops should be grown in season otherwise you may get a network, not an upgrade

My foot hurts.
Ouch.

Me too. I can feel your pain.

How about you readers? If you have any genuine questions about computers etc., please send them in to Byte My Floppy c/o On Dit. Remember that we know next to nothing so if you have any answers to other people's questions please send them in as well.

Who The Hell Are You?

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?



NAME: JOHN O'KEEFE

OCCUPATION: UNION STEWARD

WHAT U DO: YOU BOOK THE ROOM , I MAKE SURE YOU GET THE ROOM OPEN AND WITH ANY EQUIPMENT SET UP AS REQUIRED. THE STEWARD IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SECURITY OF THE UNION BUILDINGS. WE TELL YOU WHERE YOU ARE AND WHERE TO GO.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN THIS PLACE?
GEEZ, YEARS.

WHAT WAS THE BEST EXPERIENCE OF YOUR LIFE (SO FAR) OUT TO LUNCH FOR NEARLY 30 YEARS IN THE ADVERTISING BUSINESS.

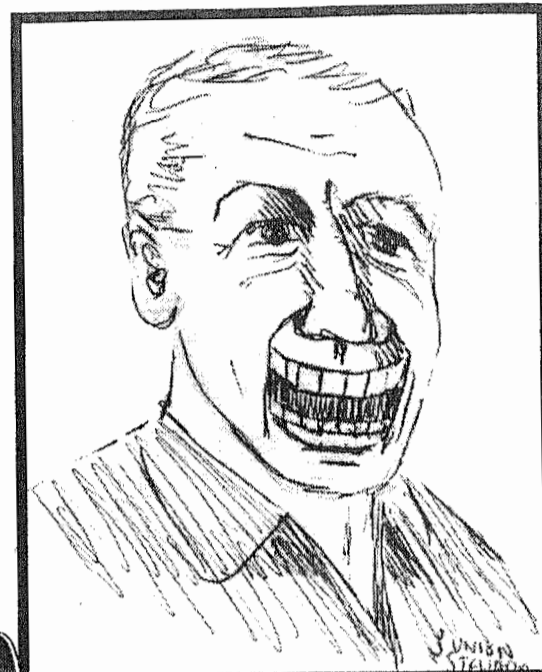
WHAT WAS THE WORST EXPERIENCE OF YOUR LIFE (SO FAR)? GINGER NUTS THAT FLOP IN YOUR COFFEE WHEN DRINKING.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE GROG TO GUZZLE? BEER AND GRANGE HERMITAGE.

WHAT DO U DO IN YOUR FUN TIME? FISHING; LISTEN TO RY COODER, MOZART, LED ZEPPELIN. I ALSO DESIGN AND MAKE WOODEN ROCKING HORSES.

WHAT RHYMES WITH "I WANNA SUE THE EDS"? I BOMBA YA TA EGGS.

DRAW A PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF



Not the computer page

INTERNET DOES NOT EQUAL COMPUTERS

The Internet and computers are not synonymous. Yes, the devices used to run and access the 'net are computers, but they are just vehicles on which the information is transferred. The Internet is a *human* medium. Everything on it is produced by and for human beings, like you and me. All the companies that are pouring billions into it's continual development are doing so to eventually make money off human beings.

In fact, placing the Internet in the broad field of computers would be much like placing television in the field of electronics, simply because the devices used to access and produce content for it are electronic. But that is not how we perceive television. We characterise it not by what it physically is, but by the *content* that is produced for it.

Admittedly, much of the content that has dominated the 'net up to this point has been computer-orientated. Many sites are dedicated to the reviews and distribution of computer software. There are also many forums designed to assist people with the use and upkeep of Personal Computers (PCs). But this is certain to change (and already has) as many other sectors of the community become aware of the potential of the

medium.

Large companies, which have used the 'net exclusively as a marketing device in the past, are realising the additional options available to them. Corporate *infranets*, in-house company networks based on internet technology, are assisting internal communications. As encryption technologies make it safer for secure monetary transactions to occur over the 'net, companies will also have a new point of sale available to them. Non-profit organisations, such as conservation or extreme political groups, are discovering the potential of a medium that can provide them with a cost-effective method of spreading their message throughout the world.

One of the most appealing aspects of the Internet, however, is email. Currently, there are more users of email than the world wide web. The idea of being able to send mail anywhere in the world, cheaply and virtually instantaneous is very appealing.

For anything to gain universal acceptance however, it must satisfy two main criteria: ease of use and relative cheapness. Even though the 'net is both of these, the PC is neither. And because the PC remains the only home device capable of accessing the Internet, it restricts the 'net's ability of becoming a truly mass-medium. A staggering 70% of Australians have turned their backs on the PC as

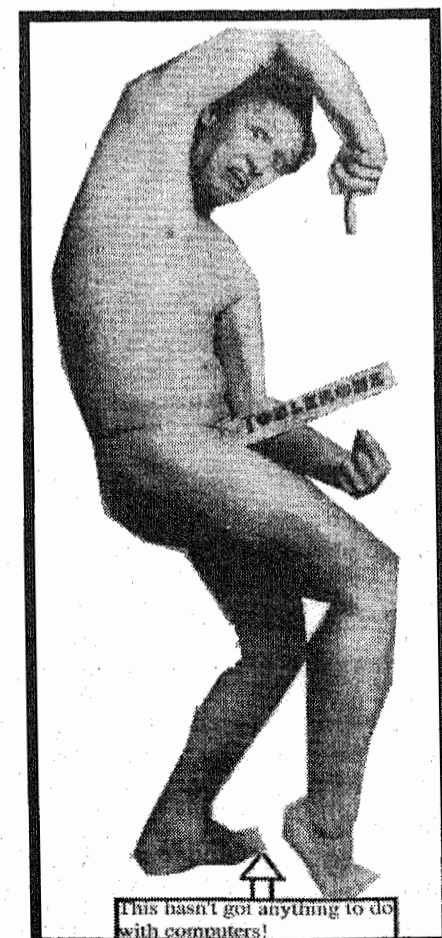
a home-appliance, stunting future growth projections for the 'net. But once the medium graduates from it's desktop computer antiquity, all Australians will realise it's natural appeal and relative ease of use. This will mostly likely come in the form of WebTVs, new devices made by such industry heavyweights as Sony and Panasonic, designed to plug into your television for the express intention of surfing the 'net. There will no longer be any need to involve yourself with the massive cost or headache of owning a home PC.

The internet *will* become as common to the average Australian as television. But unlike television, the internet will have many faces and personalities, reflecting the cross-section of people that use it. If television is a novel, the Internet is a *choose your own adventure*, that has unlimited options and only ends when you want it to. Like sport, only a few

rough rules are set and the rest is up to you. Every 'net experience is unique, just like a game of footy. It is important to be aware throughout this technological progression, that human beings will remain the central figure. All technological advancement has done, and will continue to do, is provide us with better tools and forums to express ourselves and showcase our skills and person-

ality. That is why a *Terminator* type view of the future is so unlikely. Science is done for science's sake, but nothing gets universal frinding or interest unless it has the ability to significantly improve the living standards of real human beings. The internet has this ability, and will become more and more pervasive as we move into the next century.

Anthony Daniele



This hasn't got anything to do with computers!

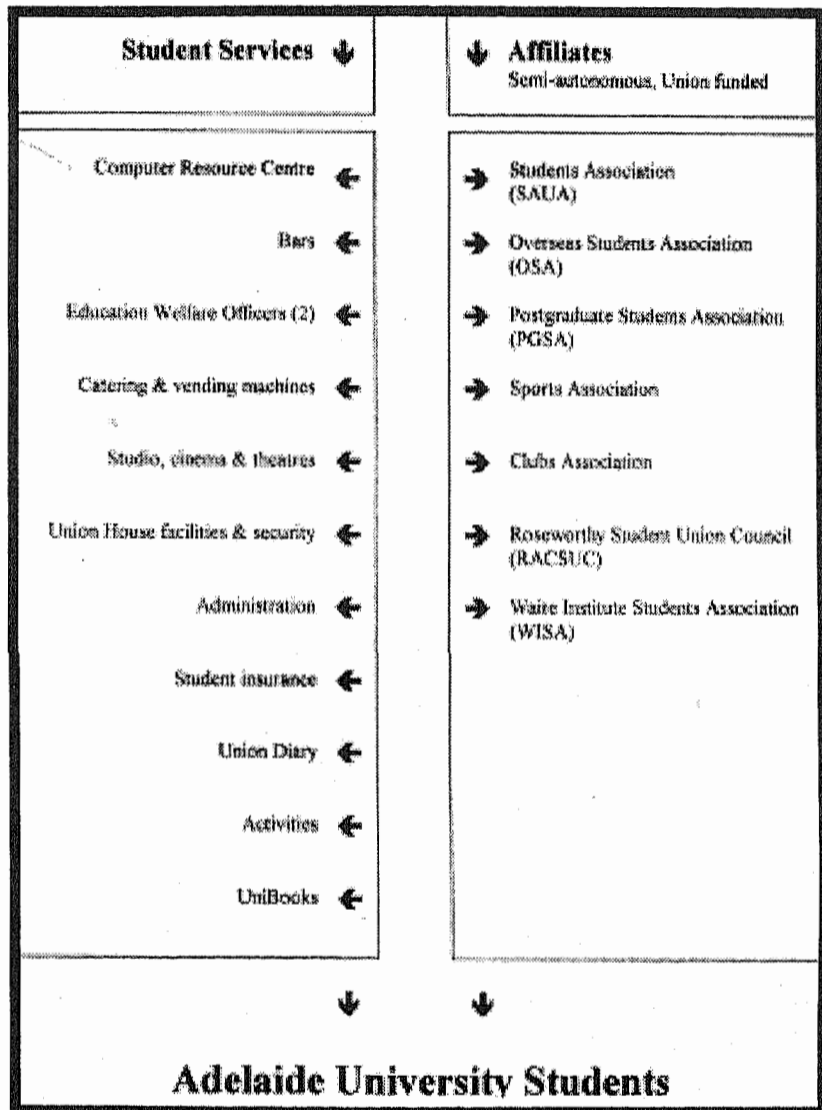
Celebrating Student Control of Student Affairs

In 1997, the Adelaide University Union, your student services Union will be celebrating over 100 years of student control of student affairs. It is hoped that all the student service centres and the seven affiliates will participate in the celebration through their own program of events.

Why does your Union exist?

Coming to the University of Adelaide, you would have come with the intention of acquiring the skills necessary to fulfil a particular purpose in life. This may comprise of a career in perhaps the government, non-government, private, public or other sectors of the community. **The choice is yours.** The University's role is to provide students with the tools, advice and support necessary to gain these skills.

As important as careers skills are, so are the personal skills that you are able to acquire during your University career. These skills will not only hold you in good stead in the "work force", but will also allow you to better understand who you are and perhaps more impor-



tantly how to achieve the goals and dreams that you have for yourself. Considering you are supposed to make a decision at such a young age, with so little life experience as to what it is you want to do, the opportunities offered by your student services Union are invaluable. Services, products and representation are all characterised within the seven affiliates and student service centres which comprise your student services Union. (see diagram above)

What does "student control of student affairs" mean?

So we have established that University is so much more than lectures and textbooks. In fact, it could be said that the University and the Union collectively believe that your University career should contain structures amounts of academic and personal education. That both are of equal importance.

The current situation is this:

1. You pay \$260 to **your** student services Union (the Adelaide University Union), set by the Union Board (students)
2. You are then a consumer of the services, products and representation provided by the Union as a whole
3. You elect your student representatives on the Union Board and in the Students' Association (SAUA). So in the spirit of democracy, they are there elected by the people, for the people. If you don't like what they are doing, don't vote for them at the next election.

The choice is yours.

Under this system, you are the consumer. You are the shareholder, the member. You have the right to demand from your Union, what you want.

The managers of your Union are students. This means that by definition, they are students who have had to pay their \$260 to their Union. The only difference is that they are directly involved in the direction setting and managing of the Union's affairs. Hence the meaning of Student Control of Student Affairs is defined.

The choice is yours.

The alternatives are this:

1. The Adelaide University Union, run by students, for students does not exist. You still pay an amenities fee, set by the University. That amenities fee is spent, as the University feel appropriate. In other words, the University would have complete control over the distribution of that money (and if you think that the administration expense is high within the Union, you won't believe University administration until you have seen it). Students would lose control of their money and instead, the control would lie with (with all due respect) much older academics and administrators. It is questionable if they know what services and products are best for students.

More expensive sport.

More expensive clubs.

Little representation to the University and the government: **no organised student voice.**

No jobs for students in catering.

No say in what services you have and the quantity or quality of those services.

The choice is no longer yours.

2. The Adelaide University Union, run by students, for students does not exist.

Because of the enormous higher education cuts, the University cannot afford to use resources to administer student services. They are no longer a priority and the quality and quantity diminish drastically.

Perhaps **no more sport.**

No more clubs.

No representation to the University and the government: **no organised student voice.**

No jobs for students in catering.

No say in what services you have and the quantity or quality of those services.

The choice is no longer yours.

So in summary, Student Control of Student Affairs is about ensuring that needs and rights of students are protected and promoted. That you have control over that \$260 Union fee.

The choice is yours.

Yours in Union

Roslyn Cox

President

Adelaide University Union

P.S. Over the next year, I will be writing lots of articles about the Union, its affiliates, student services centres and what opportunities are available to students. So stay tuned!

next edition: the difference between a student Union and a trade Union.....mmmm....the mystery explained

P.P.S. Good luck in 1997!

In the 1996 student survey done by the Adelaide University Union, responses indicated that the **number one priority for students was representation** to the University, the Government, and the wider community.

Student representatives from the University of Adelaide have been involved in the fights against Vanstone's hatchet budget cuts to higher education in 1996, against the University senior management's plans to shut down Performing Arts and scale down Humanities, against Vanstone's latest blunder with the Austudy Actual Means Test.

Student representation is a crucial aspect of celebrating student control of student affairs. Without student representation, students have no voice within our university, no way of promoting our interests, no way of protecting our rights and vocalising our needs.

The Students' Association of the University of Adelaide's (SAUA) primary role is representation, and this covers a wide range of activities and responsibilities that all SAUA representatives take part in: from advocating on behalf of individual students; to actively participating on university committees and working parties to guarantee that student rights are protected and promoted; to addressing broader issues of critical concern to students through campaigns, through lobbying University senior management or political figures, through organising rallies where students can express our outrage and show our solidarity to the community. The SAUA does its work throughout its departments - Education, Women's, Environment, and Activities/Campaigns, and its standing committees and council. **The SAUA's representational work and activism is done simultaneously at a variety of levels and through a variety of ways to defend and promote student rights, especially every student's right to demand accessible, equitable, quality education.**

Without student representation, we would have little or no avenue to impact on University policy, to ensure that students are treated fairly; that student services and student welfare issues are addressed and prioritised by the University and the Government; that quality higher education is regarded as a right, not a privilege, and that it is made accessible and equitable.

If you are interested in these issues, if you have any concerns or queries, if you care about protecting your student voice, if you want to get involved in the SAUA, which is your representational body, come in and see us, and get involved in celebrating student control of student affairs!

Amrita Dasvarma
SAUA President 1997

OH LORD, WON'T YOU BUY ME A.....WELL, HOW ABOUT A BABY?!?

BY FIONA SPROLES

On September 9th, 1996 Who Weekly magazine released 237th edition. On the cover was a photo of rock singer Melissa Etheridge and her lover Julie Cypher, accompanied by the words "Girls who love Girls...and have kids!" Good Stuff. The Lesbian community applauded this couple who acted on their desire to give birth too and love a child. On Australian shores, the Queensland Anti-Discrimination tribunal has allowed a 23 year old Lesbian access to donor sperm after a Brisbane fertility clinic denied the latter to her. The tribunal president Roslyn Atkinson stated in her judgement that the woman was definitely discriminated against due to her sexuality, and she was awarded \$7,500 in damages as she had been unnecessarily humiliated by the refusal. As with most, if not all issues concerning the civil rights of Gays and Lesbians, a controversial debate has sparked between those who insist on denying Lesbians and Gays the right to have children; and those who firmly believe in the right of each person to choose whether they would like to have a child.

According to GT (Gay Times) Newspaper (7 Feb. 1997), Deputy Prime Minister Tim Fischer attacked the Tribunal's judgement "... claiming that society should not have to pay for the whims of gay and lesbian couples. Mr Fischer believes that fertility programs should be reserved for infertile women..." Fischer's ignorant and misguided comments were criticised by Tasmanian activist Rodney Croome who was quoted in the same issue of GT stating that the lesbian (name disclosed) was not seeking access to invitro fertil-

sation, she was requesting access to the sperm donation program which is designed for fertile women who do not have access to sperm. The view that 'Lesbians do not make fit mothers' was supported by the shallow, naive and pathetic Circuit Judge Joseph Tarbuck of Pesacola, USA who was revealed to be an extreme homophobe by GT (21 Feb. 1997) after he changed a child's custody order so that the Father, who had served eight years for the second degree murder of his first wife during a previous custody battle for another child gained the custody. GT stated that in his ruling, Tarbuck stated that children should be raised in a Lesbian-free environment! Alas, a voice of reason has prevailed in this case thanks to retired lawyer Allan Terl who showed that Tarbuck had violated a judicial canon against bias or prejudice based on sexual orientation. Although the mother has since died of undetermined causes (foul play was ruled out), Terl has not given up his fight against the pedestrian attitude of Tarbuck.

What's the big fuss about a Lesbian being a mother? Some of the most understanding, caring and gentle mothers I have ever met are Lesbians, and no, their children are neither twisted or confused... if anything, they're the most open minded children I have ever encountered. Many critics argue that Lesbians and Gay Men could only ever breed sexually confused and disorientated children, and that it would be hard for such a child to grow up as a 'normal' heterosexual. (So how do they explain the presence of Gay and Lesbian children in traditionally hetero-

sexual families... they don't, because they can't. Their only possible explanation for such an occurrence is sexual abuse, which can sometimes be one of the many 'causes' of homosexuality. Let us not forget that this is also the 'cause' of physically and emotionally abusive heterosexual and homosexual relationships.)

The individuals and the resulting fanatical groups who state that Lesbians should not give birth to children because they will hurt and confuse the children have ignored a huge phenomena in society, being the abuse of children in heterosexual families. Dozens of children are killed every year by their violent parents, and hundreds are abandoned. Thousands are physically, sexually, emotionally and/or mentally abused either by their mother or their father or both! Millions of children are the result of unplanned pregnancies (On Dit estimation... if there are 6 billion people in the world, it would be fair to say that 1 female in 6000 people will give birth to an unplanned child). Lesbians who choose to only ever have sex with women will never become pregnant (unless they are the victims of rape or are the subjects of an immaculate conception), hence the absence of unplanned pregnancies. To have a child without having sex with a 'sperm donor', Lesbians must either access Invitro Fertilisation, or buy donated frozen sperm and a turkey baster! (This will not occur on a first date). A Lesbian who decided that they want to have a child would have to really, really, want one! Hence the child born would be much loved and cared for as

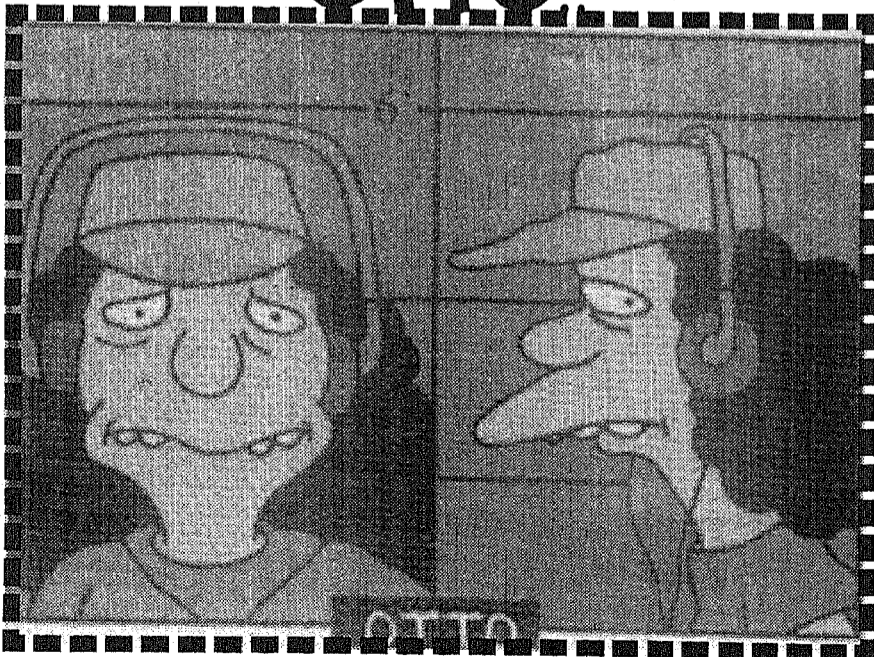
they were wanted so desperately from before they were even conceived. It is a relief to hear that Lesbians living in South Australia have a network of support, the central support being Family Planning South Australia (FPSA) who wrote to GT (21 Feb. 1997) and stated that "... FPSA supports the rights of lesbian women to have access to safe, affordable services related to fertility and pregnancy. As an organisation we are seeking to improve the sexual health services we provide to lesbian women and have been actively seeking information and feedback from the lesbian community about how we can best do this... FPSA believes that all members of the community should have equitable access to health services within the public funded health systems..." Let's hope this view multiplies to the point that the squeals of the disconsolate are crushed, and Lesbians and Gays are seen to be as what they are, equals. Julie Cypher summed up this desire in her interview with Who Magazine: "I look forward to the day when I can tell our grandchildren, 'There was a time when your grandmother and I couldn't hold hands in public, can you believe that?'"



Lesbian mum Amanda Barse from Married... With Children.

2 IN THE RARE
SIMPSONS COLLECTOR'S
CARDS. MY NAME IS

OTTO



PLACED AT THE LEFT HAND CORNER FOR YOUR CUTTING CONVENIENCE.

Message from KAOS

Hello peoples, hope you are all well after recovering from "O' Week", (if in fact you got involved) and that you have now all gotten into 'study mode'. Going to lectures, practicals, tutes, workshops, seminars, whatever, getting books, signing up, taking notes, what have you.... we know you are probably getting inundated with information at the moment, but in the spirit of learning we have a few points we would like to share with you all. Now don't roll your eyes at us like that, these are important life lessons, which we didn't learn at Uni actually but whilst out last Saturday night. We feel that this type of advice applies to anyone who has or ever will socialise where alcohol is involved...hmmm

Number 1: Too much of the devil's drink can be hazardous [dark ale pints...yum, yum].

Number 2: You may think you are funny, and your drunken friends may agree but... [we were going

somewhere with this....].

Number 3: It's safer on all accounts to simply keep your mouth shut [literally]

Number 4: Morrissey was right when he said "A bond of trust has been abused, something of value may be lost...why waste good time fighting the people you like who would fall defending your name. Hold on to your friends".

Number 5: Always carry a pen.

Number 6: We love Sean Hughes (this is incidental to this article, we just thought that you would like to know)

Number 7: The Carpenters were the icons of their and following generations, we're sure that you'd agree. If you don't there is something wrong with you. We mean this in the nicest possible way...no we don't.

We've got a ticket to ride, have a merry week.

Max and 99.

BARBIE

THE EVIL FACE OF BARBIE

In August last year a new magazine hit the stands. Under the aegis of a small plastic icon it aimed to fill a gap in the market - catering for girls aged about 5 to 12. I had to laugh at "Barbie" magazine when I first saw it, with try-oh-so-hard glitzy little-girl models and pages of pink advertising. But in the fickle world of glossy print media "Barbie" has been tenacious. I actually know a girl who buys it, which frightens me a lot. She let me flip through her copy of the December issue. The thing that stuck most in my mind (apart from the chorus of little girls crying "I want to be a singer!" & "I want to be a model!") was the double-page makeover of an 8-year-old into a mermaid. But was it an evil doctrine to sexualise young girls or just dressing-up fun? I couldn't make up my mind. So, heart-in-mouth, I went and bought my own copy of "Barbie" magazine - the February edition - to decide once-and-for-all whether it was really as depraved as I imagined.

It's called "the magazine for girls" and is extremely colourful, almost garishly bright. Lots of pink, lots of yellow. All the writing is done in a cute little print that really begins to grate on the nerves after a while. It's true that children respond to pictures and colours - but the pages of "Barbie" are so saturated with sugary advertising and pink glitz and glitter that it's like another world entirely. Sure, escapism is cool, but escaping into glamour-glamourland is a pretty hazardous pastime for the average six or seven year old who doesn't have the life experience to separate superficiality from reality.

"Barbie" portrays the world as a place where things like "Home & Away", singers in the vein of the "Spice Girls", pretty clothes (that'll make you look like a "cutie") and barbie dolls are all-important. And boy, do we get

those barbie dolls rammed down our throats. There's the "Barbie Bazaar", advertising new barbie toys on the market; there's "Barbie buys" and "Dress up like Barbie"; there's a "Dear Barbie" questions & answers page; there's Barbie mag pen-pals and a "Me and my Barbie" photo page. There's "freebies" like \$9.95 "Barbie necklaces" and \$5 Barbie sticker-books - all, of course, when you dial that good old 0055 number.

And everyone interviewed by "Barbie" magazine gets asked that all-important question: "Do you have any barbies?" Jay and Eric from Kulcha: "Ye ah, we've got a whole collection. No, we've got a Ken collection. Uh, no man, we don't have any dolls."

"Barbie" keeps a tad of integrity with double-page spreads (near the back, of course) on the environment, things to make and "Tummy Treats" (experimental cooking). But for the most part it's just a junior version of Cosmo or Cleo. On a page labelled "Beauty" you can read about shampoo that'll give you "the coolest locks on the block" (oh please). And there are infants dressed like teenagers, modelling clothes with captions like "Talk about a totally HOT LOOK!" Girls this age shouldn't need to focus at all on looks and clothes. Being bombarded with unscrupulous information about "beauty" and "what's cool" will only confuse girls who are still making up their minds about what human life is really about. Worse still, the aw-

ful tendency to sexualise young girls places an ever-greater pressure on children to act - as well as look - like sexual beings. Girls who at 8 and 9 are trying to dress and behave like teenagers will, at 12 and 13, be professionals in the act. "Barbie" just places these girls on a treadmill leading straight to Dolly ("How to get boys") and Cosmopolitan ("How to improve your sex life"). It is truly disgusting that a magazine born in 1996

can go a long sweetly with the cultural trend of portraying females merely as doll-like objects.

Could it be a total accident that the two girls on the cover are both wispy-blond and cute-as-pie? Or that on the

seven covers since "Barbie" first appeared, there have been 3 white-blond girls, 3 dark-blond girls and only one brunette, who happens to be dark-skinned and standing arm-in-arm with one of the aforementioned blondes? And why does all the advertising feature predominantly blond girls? Where are the red-heads? Why is there such a push to portray the young Australian girl as shiny-haired, blond, cute and smiling? Don't be fooled into thinking that kids of this age are too wrapped up in "other things" to imbibe the messages that "Barbie" puts out about looks, clothes and image. The problem of popularity begins way down in the early grades at school. Placing value-judgements upon superficial qualities like looks and clothes is dangerous and unfair to young kids. They

haven't the worldly knowledge to contest what they see, and if they feel they

don't measure up to the "Barbie" ideal of an elf-like, laughing-faced, happy-go-lucky charmer, they could be introduced all-too-early to the hell of adult-female insecurity.

It would take a lot to make "Barbie" magazine digestible, because being a magazine it is forced to advertise for funds, and the advertising is half the problem. But if you have young kids, my advice is - please, DON'T buy them "Barbie". Buy them a book by Roald Dahl or Paul Jennings instead. They'll learn a hell of a lot more about the real world from Dahl and Jennings than they will from the stylised, glitzy, glamour-soaked pages of "Barbie". And that's saying a lot.

The feminist battle for recognition of equal rights may have been won but the insidious subjugation of women is still a big problem. We're losing the beautiful to popularity, the unbeautiful to self-abasement, and the in-between not-pretty not-plain to an illusion of feminine "goodness" which subdues ambition and thwarts all-out success. If girls are growing up in a culture where the media blasts superficial images at them from all angles - magazines, films, and the biggest culprit, TV - how can they be expected to disown the idea that looks and popularity are more important than self-development and personal achievement? Do we want girls to be pretty, prinked-up, smiling little dolls or do we want them to be cogent people?

Anyway, I'm off to road-test my free pink plastic heart-shaped bangle and to whip up some butterfly sandwiches with strawberry jam, peanut butter, apple and sultanas ...

Alice Ray



Frozen Coke: Aaahh...

Continuing our aim of reviewing the best of frozen confectionary, this week the Frozen Coke steps up to the stand. To avoid confusion the Frozen Coke used to also be known as the Icee, but for some reason that name wasn't good enough and so people thought that they would change it. Or maybe that was a different company...who knows. The use of the double e was quite wacky I thought. But we're not here today about the spelling of the product. What is imperative in dealing with frozen coke is its texture, taste and consistency. A bad frozen coke can ruin your day. You know the kind I'm talking about, slushy (like the machine has just been defrosting), a bad pour (yes you do get to pour your own... very tricky), taste (you thought that to be different you'd try an alternate flavour that ends up being not up to scratch). The things that can go wrong are endless. Being somewhat conisseur of the Frozen Coke (step up and challenge us... we dare you), we thought that we'd prepare a guide to help you to recognise a good as opposed to a bad frozen coke.

Colour: a sort of dull brown. For different flavours, such as raspberry, lime and the blue flavour (I still haven't decided what it is) the colour of the frozen beverage tends to be a little more bold.

Texture: although a little runny at first the sign of a good frozen coke is one where just as it contacts with the bottom of the cup, it solidifies, making the pour a pleasure. If it starts to melt the second you walk outside with it...the consistency of the coke needs attention.

Flavour: We say "stick to the coke

flavour". It is not too over-powering (as raspberry tends to be), and doesn't taste too artificial (as the blue and yellow flavours tend to).

Packaging: look for the snazzy machine with Frozen Coke blazened upon it. The cups are rather self-explanatory, however, always make sure that the straw has one of those little scoops on it...this is very important.

Where to get it: All over Adelaide and its surrounding suburbs, although some machines are a little temperamental. If you are in Glenelg...try to suppress your desire for a frozen coke...the machine at one of the ice-cream parlours (starting with a C) always seems to be defrosting. In the CBD the best frozen cake around can be found in the mayo refectory. We are not just saying this.

Price and size: At uni rather cheap. Small cost \$ 1.00. Medium cost \$1.20. Large cost \$ 1.45. Just be careful to select the right cup. Once I was charged for a medium frozen coke despite the use of the small size cup. Distressed, I tried to explain the joys of the good pour, and the high level of technical difficulty involved, but to no avail.

When and where to eat it: We say any time of the day. Recent studies have found that people tend to enjoy their frozen beverage when eaten outdoors. It is very refreshing on a hot day, but equally refreshing during the cooler months. This is one of the many plethora of reasons that we like frozen coke. You can't beat the (frozen) real thing.

Kerryn Doyle

SANDWICH ATTACK: RARF!

Picture this scenario. You're at uni, work, play... and it is now time for lunch. All of the kids are seen to be pulling out various lunch-type packs bought from home that had been thoughtfully prepared the night before. Suddenly a feeling of absolute dread fills your soul as you realise that your very own sandwich is sitting neglected after you forgot to remember to bring it, but despite constant reminders you didn't. What are you to do? Take my advice and head straight down to Sandwich Attack at 229 Rundle Street. Upon arrival, you will be overwhelmed by the array of excellent combinations that you can select to make up your sandwich, roll or baguette. All combinations have been tried and tested by staff, ensuring that you,



the customer, will not be disappointed with your selection. Coming from a history of running designer sandwich boutiques, the owners know what they are on about. Instead of only offering a multitude of traditional fillings (such as lettuce, tomato and vegemite), at Sandwich Attack eighteen combinations including fillings such as pesto, roasted capsicum, smoked Salmon, fetta, and avocado to have on your sandwich or roll. All ingredients used by Sandwich Attack are of the freshest and highest quality possible, which to a certain extent is reflected in the price of the sandwiches. However, all sandwiches are typically priced below the five dollar mark (although you will pay a little extra for a roll) and once you see what your money

has paid for you will not be disappointed. Once you taste your selection you will know that you did the right thing. On our visit to Sandwich Attack, Natalie and I had a certain advantage, as we have dined there before. Instead of having our regular fillings, both of us opted to try something a little different and were thrilled with our choices. Natalie chose the number three filling, on a lapinia roll. This filling included smoked turkey breast,

cranberry, and lettuce. However I decided to try the number fifteen: chicken, rocket, wholegrain mustard and fresh grated parmesan on a baguette. Bliss. On an earlier visit Fi (our 'wayward in disguise') ate the number sixteen: pesto, roast capsicum, parmesan tomato and

lettuce, which she pronounced delectable. Indeed the servings of our roll and baguette respectively were so generous that we could not finish our choices and so had to take-away the other half for later. It is possible to dine in or take away at Sandwich Attack. If you choose to dine in, you have the choice of eating inside the cafe, or outside soaking up the ambience of Rundle Street. You will have to be relatively early however, Sandwich Attack gets rather busy at lunch times, and for good reason. So the next time you find yourself in that embarrassing 'no lunch' situation dazzle the kids with your choice from Sandwich Attack... everyone will want to be your best friend. Special thanks to John for all of his help on our visit.

Kerryn Doyle

Are you searching for charm? Well, search no more.

First in our series of *In Search of Charm* comes our guide to facial expression. Okay admittedly we are classy girls, but even so, after following these easy instructions to looking good, we have found that our lives have been transformed magically in ways unimaginable. Fame, fortune, love, luck...well, not really, but by reading the article we

Facial expression

In biting winds how can you look attractive with a screwed up face which seems to be saying: 'I just can't bear it'. Try relaxing your face to the wind, thinking 'wonderful cold wind' and pretending you are thoroughly enjoying it. Everyone passing will be taking a second look at your radiant expression.

if you spend hours and hours with a frown, 'tramlines' on your forehead, or a tight mouth? Keep a serene face whatever the pressure.

When travelling how can you look attractive or arrive at your destination cool, calm, and collected if you're working yourself into a nervous tension at every little delay? Once in your vehicle, relax in your

much easier to live with if you train yourself to be understanding, calm, patient, and sweet whatever happens.

Boredom this will inevitably be written all over your face. Ask yourself what is wrong with you when the world is chock-full of interest or need in all directions. Try 'tuning-in' to everything and everybody



found it did fill in some time whilst waiting to watch reruns of Models Inc the other night. No really, we've taken these excerpts from a book called *In Search Of Charm*, by one Ms Mary Young, published in 1963. Are we serious? Is she? What is going on? Read on...

First Things First:

In the heat how can you look attractive if you are visibly wilting? Try holding up your face as though you're blissfully revelling in sunshine and warmth. Everyone around you will be asking how you 'keep so cool'.

During hard concentration at work or play how can you look attractive

seat; even close your eyes.

Looking angry, irritated or impatient if you have any doubts about what these emotions do to your face, just confirm your worst suspicions by making for the nearest looking-glass. Your 'mental mirror' will serve for ever afterwards. Life will be much happier for you and you will be

around you. Boredom is something of which to be ashamed.

Worry even if you really have some deep problems - need you also lose your looks? But do ask yourself whether you have really got much to worry about.

Greg Fleet: 10 Yrs in a Long Sleeved Shirt

One of the great things about my job is having the opportunity to talk to interesting people, Greg Fleet is one of these. "My new show is called *10 years in a long sleeved shirt* and is subtitled "*How to take drugs and influence people*". With a title like that Greg sounds like he could be flogging his show to Amway (ala Carnegie) but it's probably inappropriate; "...it's about drugs and drug culture and my endeavours in that field." So for a percentage of us at least this show is topical. I asked Greg about his last show *Thai Die*, I noted that he elicited a lot of nervous laughter and laughter directed at him, and wondered whether this to be a feature of this show? "Yes, it was a deliberate effort on my part because on the surface the topic is'nt that funny, but there's comedy in every situation in life. People might not immediately think that drug addiction as being terribly funny but there are funny scenarios". One of

the striking things about his last show was the pathos, would this again be prevalent? "There's some bits that aren't that funny and then I get a laugh and it's a laugh of relief more than anything else..It's like thank god he's said something funny". We discussed the sensationalism of Ecstasy deaths in the mainstream media, Greg felt that no doubt people do die from ecstasy but compared to deaths from cigarettes and alcohol the rate is miniscule.. "It's just bullshit." He feels that one of the contributing factors to increased use is the fact that scare tactics "make people think that it's so naughty that they have to do it." I wanted to know if the biennial rabidity induced by the comedy festival was common. "Edinburgh's the same, it goes right off for a month. Melbourne's starting to..but I love Adelaide and Edinburgh." What struck me during our conversation was how down to earth Greg is, we strayed upon

the subject of wannabe comedians, I asked what where his insights into the comedy business

that it's fairly dull and depressing."

"It's like everything, you've got



"It sounds pretty obvious..but be funny. It's a thing that people kind of overlook. If it doesn't come to you naturally then it's going to be really hard. A lot of people get into it for the wrong reasons, they want to get on TV or something which is pretty crappy because once you do that sort of work you realise

to enjoy it to be good at it" Greg obviously enjoys his work and it should be a great show. Get along there people!

March 5-9, 11-16 @ Four Theatres, Hindley Street.

Courtney Squires

AN INTERVIEW WITH MATT KING

BY COURTNEY SQUIRES

Whilst his show *Blimey!* may be a bittersweet dialogue about growing up in dreary England (merely confirming

my suspicions), Matt King himself is far from dreary. I had read all the promo material but I was keen to know what the show was really about. "...basically the show is my story about growing up in England and how crap it was. And that's why I came to Australia." After "26 years of crap and a couple of good years.." Matt returned to sunny England (insert snigger here), was it any better I asked? "Well

no..worse. There's been new bits of weirdness to do with my family.." You may be asking yourself, but will this be funny? "Well it's a pretty cheery old show ..apparently its very funny", Matt's honesty is refreshing. So what sort of show is it? "It's sort of tragic, someone came up to me once and said that it's sort of like listening to a mate in the pub talking about how crap his life is, and it's very funny." Matt tells me that it is not stand up, I suggested that it resembles the dramatic ideal of holding up a mirror to the audience and asking if they like what they see.."It does have that effect on sections of the audience" As a different form of comedy I wanted to know how it compared to stand up.."It's the truth" Fair enough, but why should you see the show punters? "Well I think everyone, unless they are lying,

has had some sort of crap childhood to varying levels. This show is a good way of looking back on it and saying "fuck it. I'm over it and I can laugh about it now." So go along laugh at someone else's misfortunes and maybe learn a bit about yourself in the process.



Questions:

- 1. What was your favourite misdemeanour of this summer?
- 2. If you were to go down in Adelaide Uni history as a legend what would it be for?
- 3. A piece of advice for innocent young first years?

Kirsten:

- 1. New Years Eve.....I drank too much

Ross:

- 1. (Misdemeanour of the week...) New Years Eve.....I watched the sun set and went to bed at 8.30

Debbie:

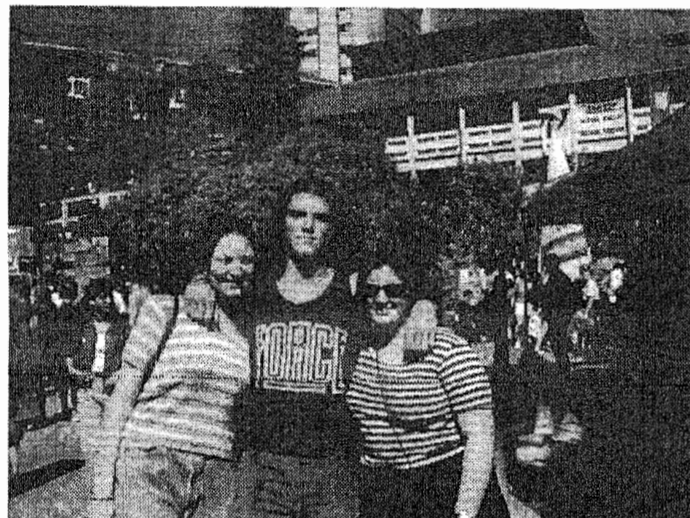
- 1. Beer

2.

- K: Run through Uni naked
- R: Not getting drunk in O'Week
- D: The Photographer of Kirsten's infamous deed

3.

- K,R & E: Stay away from Vox Pop people!



Abu:

- 1. Getting picked up for doing 90 in a 60km/h zone

Rachael: (Ran off screaming like a mad-woman, and hence is absent from the picture.....)

- 1. Falling off a motorcycle

Emily: (She followed Rachael in a scene reminiscent of The Crucible....)

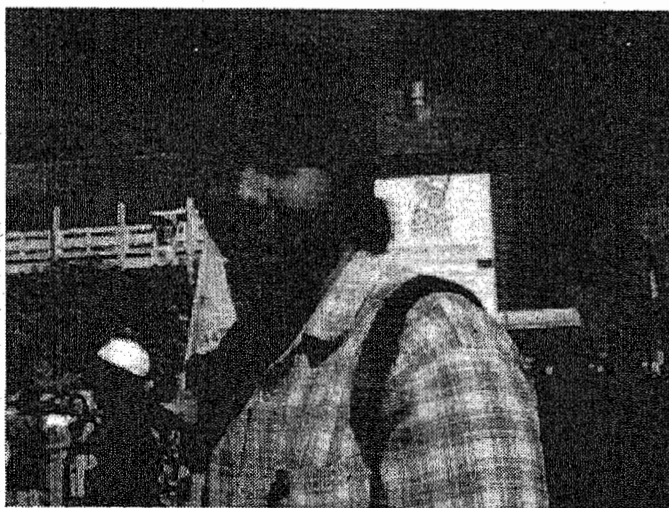
- 1. Taken home in a police car

2.

- A: Being truly outrageous
- R: Bikini Girl
- E: Supermodel

3.

- A: Go to the library every day and study
- R & E:who knows maybe this was the question which threw them or maybe it was the thought of being a legend....



Very Special Guest Roxanne:

- 1. With crimped hair and hotpink eyeshadow, getting pulled over by the police, searched for dope and made to walk home.

Ultra special anyway, Vivienne:

- 1. Getting pulled over by the police in my unregistered vehicle and told to "hand over that marijuana wrapped up in alfoil"

2.

- R: Glitter
- V: Tiara Girl

3.

- R: Having somersault races on the lawns does not make you immature
- V: Running around like a psycho is okay



Alida

- 1. O'Camp. I had heaps of fun, I got drunk and kissed lots of people very heavily on the lips.

Caitlin

- 1. O'Camp

2.

- A: O'week Director (yay!!)
- C: O'Camp Director

3.

- A: Come to every event at O'Week. It's the only way to make friends. and (Quote of the week....) Boogie Oogie Woogie till you cant Boogie any more!
- C: vehement agreement with Alida.....Get involved!



Tim:

- 1. Got a speeding fine at 73km/hr

John:

- 1. I'm an angel

2.

- T: The Greatest sculler
- J: Pulled the most chicks

3.

- T: (.....struck dumb by the intensity of his enlightenment)
- J: (asked how he planned to pull those chicks)
- I don't have to do anything, I just look at them



A CHAT WITH A WOG CHICK BY COURTNEY SQUIRES

Interview with **Rebekah Elmaloglou**,

Last week I was given the opportunity to speak with Rebekah Elmaloglou, from the Wogboys show. We discussed what the show is about, "it's basically about four ethnic men who are trying to deal with multiculturalism in the early 90's." Unlike the previous shows; Wogs out of Work and Wogarama, which were basically sketch comedy "...wogboys is still comedy but it also has its serious sections too it, has its morals and is therefore more like a play.." Rebekah's character is the girlfriend of Nick Giannopolulos' character, I asked how her character interacted with the other characters, "I come in and cause quite a few conflicts, she's got a lot of attitude", being the girlfriend of Steve (Nick's character) "...they (the 3 other character's) all hate her, none of them have girlfriends they basically bang them and leave them". What are the boys' character's like? "Alex (Dimitriades) plays the young guy (Chris), is into music and is really "on", Vince (Colosimo) who plays Frank is the kind of dude who reaps millions of girls and is into his car, John (Baressi)-who plays Dominic is the pharmacist, who's a bit of a nerd, and Nick plays the together one; the leader of the pack.." I asked Rebekah whether a non ethnic member of the audience

would get anything out of the show, "I think all people

enjoy the show..in the process of rehearsals in Melbourne I would watch to see all the different people who would come and see the show..I think all the "Australians" love it too, I mean there are a few things which go over your head, there are a few things which went over my head and I come from an ethnic background..'wogs' probably appreciate it most as they can identify with it." In regards to scripting, Rebekah had this to say "...Nick is so clever (in that) he does write for those broad audiences. It's not just that 'wog' thing.." The show is different to that in Melbourne as Rebekah's character was previously a "skip" chick but when Rebekah was cast in the role it was decided that she would be a 'wog' chick, slightly changing the nature of the conflict between her and the boys.

So, what is my verdict of the show?

WOGBOYS, Saturday, 22nd February.

The atmosphere is charged and the theatre is full, the opening night of Wogboys is about to begin. Shh..shh..the lights dim and..and we see Nick Giannopoulos in drag, playing the Greek mother; Petroula, from the previous productions, this time she has a small business dealing in her special crop which she grows in with the tomatoes.

This sets the topic for the remainder of the show.

From the outset the show reveals itself to be a melange of stand-up

comedy and theatre. The setting is simple, yet effective, with the play being set in one room of one house. The action is often broken up with some totally removed stand up, surprisingly this does not detract from the general action and continuity is upheld. In fact, the stand up sections of the performance provide some quick, welcome relief, with Nick sharing his lifetime experiences as a 'wog', occasionally the jokes went straight over my head; being directly aimed at an ethnic audience, however for the most part I found them to be hilarious. Despite myself, I could not help but laugh at the stupidity of "skips".

Diverting from its traditional formula as simply a series of stand up sketches, the material survives the transition into a more formal form. The "play" is really nothing more than a vehicle for lots of damn funny jokes but do not let this deter you, even those dramatic purists out there. The situation itself is not that important but the insights into the boys' characters and ultimately the ethnic males' psyche is hilarious.

The action flows smoothly, with stand out performances from Vince Colosimo and Nick; a natural born entertainer. It was unfortunate to notice that the performances of John Baressi and Alex Dimitriades were not so great, both were professional but did not communicate that they were enjoying themselves, as Vince and Nick seemed able to do.

The finale of this show is not to be missed, in fact it

is the most memorable aspect of the performance. Not because the main bulk of the show is poor but simply, "Reservoir Wogs" shined in its simple entertainment value. Alex Dimitriades plays the most hilarious Samuel L. Jackson this side of the Pacific.

Whilst I enjoyed the show, I felt that the material relied heavily upon the exploitation of those stereotypical "wog" blokes. As a result, the show was funny but not particularly insightful. I would recommend this show to those who like a laugh at their own expense, irrespective of your 'wog' or 'skip' status. It is fair to say that the section of the audience who enjoyed the show most were the ethnics. If you feel like being outnumbered five to one when putting your hand up as an Aussie then go for it, if you find that sort of thing threatening and can't laugh at yourself then don't go because you will probably become offended and angry.



"And the ass saw the angel" Part 2.

This week we continue delving into "And the Ass saw the Angel". You were enthralled last week, go on admit it. Keep reading..

Brand 'X' Theatre Inc.

SCENE 2: Just call me Con - Con the artist.

Must write grant application... MUST WRITE GRANT!... must have cigarette first, then write grant... must watch Ricki Lake, then write grant... must circle my chair a dozen times, re-arrange desk and clean that damn computer screen, then write grant...

For god's sake boy get it together! All I need is that first line, that first sentence that will begin the tidal wave of inspired thought and artistic argument... but where in the hell did I put that sentence...?

OK. Our idea is reasonably simple. It requires that we seek permission from Nick Cave's management to transpose his novel "And the Ass Saw the Angel" into a stage play. Why do we want to do that for?... because... it.. would be cool. No, because it hasn't been done before? No, not entirely true... because it's an amazing story?... getting there. Because the author speaks to the dark and theatrical side of our generation and encourages us not to conform but to effect, because the content allows for artistic experimentation through all facets of the process - from concept to development to performance, because the experience will inspire its audience to discover the raw personal truth within themselves that shocks

and appeals but holds no apology in its delivery! Whoa hold on!... does this make any sense?

"...Fiona, howdy James. How's it going?... You applying for the SAYAB grant as well?... Stuck eh?... What we need is a drug that motivates us to write the most wicked application in the shortest period of time... Cocaine! We're artists, we can't afford cocaine! Maybe we should go for a grant... Look mate I wanted to put you down in my application as Dramaturge for the next



Brand 'X' gig... An adaptation of a Nick Cave novel... I promise, we'll arrange it so that you'll only be required for a part of the process... No it's a SAYAB grant so there's no wages in it, although I could look at playing with some artist fees in the budget...?.. \$200 or so - plus split from the door, same as usual... Cool! Send us your C.V and we'll

go from there."

Grant applications are unique things. You're required to sound as if the project is completely organised, ready to run and full of benefits to the community when all you've actually done is SPIN SHIT WITH A FRIEND! But it is the job of an artist to make ideas come to reality, so this process is one of the many tasks implemented to cull the over-ambitious... over-arrogant... over-it person's tempted to display their talents to the eagerly awaiting public - well,

the few that can be bothered rocking up to theatre anymore.

After your tenth coffee, after your tenth packet of 'Stuyvies', after your tenth attempt at smacking your head against the brick wall, you begin to realise that

you're answering the question "Why is this project innovative and exciting". Slowly you begin to structure an adequate sentence answering that bloody "How is the project relevant to young people" question, and as you begin to sail down that stream of consciousness you find that your "Aims and Objectives" are pretty much self explanatory.

tory.

Now the budget. How many people can we legally cram into this venue?... how much will the film processing cost?... how can I scam this video equipment for free?... what price should I set aside for copyright?... WILL ANY CORPORATE COMPANIES SPONSOR THE ARTS ANYMORE? An application budget requires a deficit. The deficit becomes the amount you request from the funding body. South Australian Youth Arts Board (SAYAB) hold grants up to \$4000.00 - just enough for tight production and administrative costs, the rest must be made up from box office (door takings) and sponsorship. You are competing with hundreds of young artists, or youth companies from around the state for a slice of this limited funding, and the selection relies entirely on your brief, concise and POSSIBLE strategic plan (your application).

As per usual you get your seven copies of your grant application, with the collection of C.V's of all personnel, examples of previous work, reviews, references and company information into Carclew just before 5pm on the closing date.

And you suddenly realise how quiet everything is...

"Hey Ro-ey, I want to read you this... Dear James, with reference to your application... I am pleased to advise that I have approved a grant... for the development of Nick Cave's novel "And the Ass Saw the Angel"... Yours sincerely, Diana Laidlaw MLC."

"Fuck! We've got to do it now!"

... sexy, passionate, fresh ... LOCO rips the folklore from flamenco

Liana Vargas'

world premiere

loco

Featuring international artists, flamenco dancer and star of Strictly Ballroom **Antonio Vargas** and direct from Spain, flamenco guitarist **Tito Heredia.**

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The Ghost of Tom Joad
Bruce Springsteen
(Columbia/Sony)

Those who have followed Springsteen's career over the last twenty-odd years will know that the New Jersey-born singer-songwriter has essentially maintained two careers, or at least two personas, for a good part of that time. There's Bruce Springsteen *the Boss*, who, backed by his E-Street Band, has filled stadiums on five continents and recorded such radio perennials as "Born To Run" and "Dancing in the Dark"; then there's Bruce Springsteen, the introspective balladeer who still plays unannounced gigs under pseudonyms in small intimate venues and writes perfect songs about the plight of the working class and the traumas of love. This Springsteen has always taken a back seat to his more popular alter-ego, recording only a handful of albums, including *Nebraska* and *Tunnel of Love*.

The Ghost of Tom Joad, originally released a year ago, has now been rereleased in a special tour edition to coincide with Springsteen's first visit to Australia in twelve years, since his *Born in the U.S.A.* album. It is possibly his finest, and undoubtedly his most honest work, in as many years; a folk-infused cure for the bland pop formula of his recent efforts, which owes as much to John Steinbeck as it does to Woody Guthrie. The album is a collection of stories, yarns about regular joes trying to get by as best they can; ex-cons ("Straight Time"), hobos ("...Tom Joad"), illegal aliens ("Sinola Cowboys"), and border guards ("The Line"), all struggling to make sense of what life has handed them.

For Springsteen it marks a return to the stripped-down lo-fi aesthetic that marked the classic *Nebraska* album. *Tom Joad's* strength lies in its simplicity; some uncomplicated guitar picking and shallow keyboard washes paint a backdrop for the singer's rich voice and candid style, the sparse arrangements showcasing Springsteen's frank, artless lyrics. The album is cohesive and balanced, a series of pictures forming a bigger picture, and the tone is ultimately hopeful, in spite of the last song, "My Best was Never Good Enough" (a reprise to *Tunnel of Love's* "Tougher Than the Rest"). It is an indictment against a society which refuses to acknowledge its own failings, but at the same time it is the continuation of the oral tradi-

tion of Guthrie and Dylan, telling the stories of those with no voice of their own.

If you buy the album, be sure to purchase the tour edition with the bonus EP. The live solo version of "Born in the U.S.A." (a song I have until now always despised) will make any difficulty in finding it worthwhile.

J.D.



Freakshow
Silverchair
(Sony)

Silverchair's new album continues their tradition of borrowing influences like a bored pensioner does big print books from the local library, but they are getting better at it. The artwork is worryingly reminiscent of the mock-19th Century sideshow art of the Smashing Pumpkin's *Mellon Collie...*, and the obsessions with adolescent torment and despairing images (living in cemeteries and such terribly troubled things) indicate the Novacastrians have decided to keep along the thump and wail track pioneered by others for as long as they can manage.

The album can sometimes blend into itself, as can be said of much in this genre, and although they are handy with a nice instrumental or vocal hook, they tend to labour their points a bit. An example of this is the single, "Freak" which is hook-happy but ends up staggering under its own excesses after a while. The stringy and wallowy "Cemetery" is a step away from their usual rumble and, despite stupid lyrics, is a nicely constructed piece of corporate rock (take that how you will).

The much vaunted Helmet influences are all there, but this translates into a whole lot of thumping and sudden stops. Daniel Johns' voice is all moan and the odd scream, but it has improved since the last album and it shows on songs like "Abuse Me". The thing that depresses me most about Silverchair is the air of contrivance about the whole thing. All the shallow imagery about death, self-abuse, depression, hate, deception and blah-de-blah just strikes me as adolescent posturing marketed for maximum gain (see: "Pop Song For Us Rejects", "Learn to Hate", and "Lie to Me") No doubt the boys do actually suffer from all the mood swings and stropiness of adolescence (they are 17!), but you just get the feeling that someone in

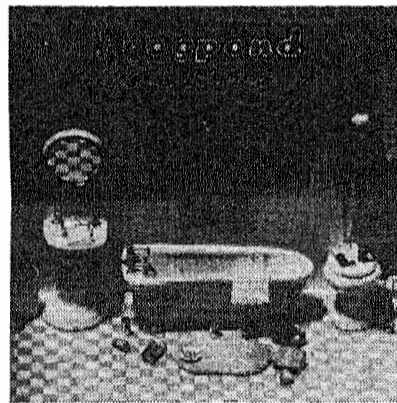
a suit is quite happy to make a squillion out of recording their bad teenage poetry to a generic guitar track.

This album will sell a billion, fatten wallets, shake bedrooms with unsafe volumes and have thousands lip-synching along to all the words. In the end, though, it is an album of safe proto-'alternative' guitar rock that marks another stage in Silverchair's very public musical pubescence.

Paul Lobban

Count To Ten
Frogpond
(Columbia/Sony)

For a first album, Frogpond's *Count To Ten* has a hell of a pedigree. It was produced by Everclear frontman and fellow Chicagoan, Art Alexakis, and he and the guys receive personal thanks from the band in the liner notes, along with the bands, REM (particularly Mike Mills), Letters to Cleo, Go Kart, and the Toadies, to name a few. Also mentioned among the thank you's are the noteworthy clubs the Hurricane and the Blue Note. As a rule of thumb, any band who has played



Chicago's Blue Note warrants a listen.

The first thing you notice about the album is the cover art. Inside it is the now common collage of personality and performance black and whites; the outside shows four rooms in a doll's house which look like the apartment of 'drunken sophomore barbie'.

Frogpond have their own sound. They don't fit into the pat descriptive reviewers tend to fall into. Think L7 if they just weren't so darn angry. The chunky guitars and catchy melodies are there. Think Liz Phair without the swearing. The songs are just as infectious. The most obvious comparison would be Jale, only without the innate Canadian niceness.

This isn't background music. It doesn't demand your attention so much as patiently wait for it. The musicianship is competent, the melodies hummable, and the harmonies sweet without being sugary. Stand-out tracks include "Nowhere", "Even Now", "Be" (with its oh-so-catchy bassline), and "Trust?", though the whole album is remarkable, and gets better with the second and third listens. If this is the sort of talent we can expect from Chicago

in the future, then Boston, Halifax, and Chapel Hill might have some competition for the mantle of 'the next Seattle'.

J.D.



This is the New Sound of Popcore
compiled by Michael Wells-aka-TECHNOHEAD
(MOKUM/Sony)

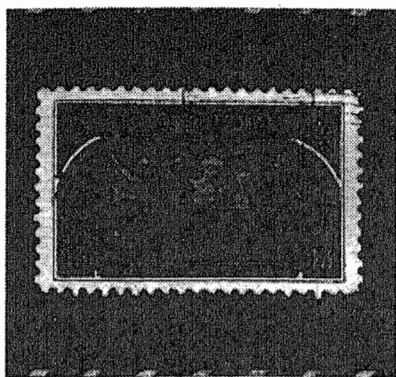
As the sleeve explains, Popcore is like Hardcore Techno/Gabba but with a "happier, bouncier and more uplifting sound." TECHNOHEAD already have a fair following with "I Wanna Be a Hippy", a song any Triple J listener would be familiar with, and four of the seventeen tracks are his, two of them remixes of the aforementioned "Hippy". Of these two mixes, track 17, the "US Edit", is the most fun. For reasons that I suspect are not entirely in keeping with the spirit of the US constitution's fifth amendment (freedom of speech), the words "stoned" and "marijuana" are either replaced by sounds or are made unrecognisable. Having said that, the replacements, and in particular the screaming "stoned", make the song even more worrying (and fun) for those who are used to the version played on the Js.

Not surprisingly, given the name "Popcore", many of the songs on this album are techno versions of old pop favourites. It has to be admitted that some of these old pop songs (and some are from way back) lend themselves more readily to re-interpretation than others. I for one question the wisdom of trying to make "Aquarius" danceable. On the other hand, the Party Animals, who fail so miserably with "Aquarius", are responsible for the stand-out track on this album, "Hava Naquila". Forget Neil Diamond's stirring rendition in *The Jazz Singer*, this mix would be good enough to get a National Action meeting dancing. Played loud on a good stereo this track's the best argument for circumcision I've heard — Dance like a dancey thing, gentiles!

Other standouts that, however, don't quite reach the heady heights of "Naquila" are Back2Bass's two mixes of "I Wanna Be With You", again a song that Triple J listeners should recognise, and tracks 10 and 11 by Domination and DJ X-Play respectively.

So, in brief, one excellent track, around five or six pretty good tracks, a few ordinary tracks and three or four dogs, not bad for a compilation — well worth a listen.

Slick.



Tested
Bad Religion
(SONY)

Bad Religion have left the theatre, and the city, actually. To anyone interested in how these Nebuchadnezzars of punk approach their live shows (and missed the concert), *Tested* is your chance to hear and read for yourself. The liner notes are a veritable manual on how to record a live show without compromising your musical integrity. Indeed, integrity seems a large part of Bad Religion's manifesto after several hundred years (or so it seems) at the forefront of America's (pre-corporate) punk scene. I wasn't aware that punk had so many principles, but the liner notes are replete with a self-admitted concern with the ethics of hard, honest, credible punk rock.

So what is it like? Well, it's straight ahead chord punching drum splitting mile a minute punk rock from the old school recorded on their extensive American and European tour of 1996. To those expecting three chord pop punk about how being 15 with bleached hair is such a rebellious way to piss off your parents, then Bad Religion's concerns with social comment and political venom might confuse you. Triple J listener's (and aren't we all as "young people?") will recognise "Punk Rock Song", but there are much better songs on this album. Let me just list the almost melodic "Drunk Sincerity", the relentlessness of "Recipe for Hate", the William Blake-like "God Song", the staccato verses of "What It Is", punk anthems "Do What You Want" and "Fuck Armageddon This Is Hell", the rapid stampede of "Ten in 2010", the swaggering menace of "Along The Way" and the venom and killer chorus of my favourite "Pity the Dead". Of course there are moments of sameness (there ARE 27 songs!), and even a soppy moment on "Dream of Unity". But in the end, this is an album not to be listened to in a reflective state of mind, it is to be raised to unbearable volumes and accompanied by unconscionable acts of stupidity while in its grips.

For all the earnestness of the liner notes, Bad Religion have actually produced an honest punk rock live album. This means moments of exultation and boredom, energy and inertia, but in the end it is a true record of one band's commitment to its musical ideals, whatever we may think of them.

Paul Lobban

Time Further Out: Miro Reflections

Dave Brubeck Quartet
(Columbia/Sony)

Originally released in 1961, *Time Further Out* was Dave Brubeck's response to the not entirely expected popularity of his earlier *Time Out* album. With *Time Out*, Brubeck introduced to a growing jazz audience the possibilities inherent in unusual time signatures and rhythms. The second track on the album, "Take Five" (a reference to the tune's 5/4 beat), was an instant success, and became Brubeck's signature tune for the next three decades.

Time Further Out found the clean-cut young composer again pushing the envelope, introducing ever-more obscure time-signatures (such as the 9/8 timing of "Blue Shadows in the Street", and the tricky 7/4 beat of "Unsquare Dance"), and writing a 'blues suite' of related pieces rather than a collection of songs. The suite



comprises a series of meditations on Joan Miro's *Painting: 1925*, featured on the album cover. Brubeck wrote, "For those who like to ponder such topics, many a long winter evening may be spent discussing the relationship between painting and music. Suffice it to say, that it was just such reflections, on the specific relationships of Miro, painting and jazz, which brought about the music of this album."

Time Further Out is both musically a natural progression from and the perfect companion piece to Brubeck's earlier album. The two recordings taken together mark a significant development in jazz, but that is not to say that the album is only of historical interest. The songs on *Time Further Out* run from the quirky ("Charles Matthew Hallelujah", "It's a Ragga Waltz" (which is actually neither), through the sultry ("Far More Blue", "Unsquare Dance"), to the sublime ("Bluette").

For the novice, *Time Further Out* would prove an entertaining introduction to jazz. The converted will delightfully wallow in the eccentricity and playfulness of this quite extraordinary recording.

J.D.

Secret Samadhi
Live
(Radioactive/Universal)

The new Live album brings us the aftermath to the slightly unexpected juggernaut of 1994's *Throwing Copper*. The ap-



proach is not all that different on this offering with Edward Kowalczyk's vocals the most potent element of their musical casserole.

Many of the formulas of *Throwing Copper* have been retained, but the band has branched out on tracks such as the current single, "Lakini's Juice", with its stuttering guitar growls and string section.

The press release that came with the album contained quotes from the band to the effect that this album reflected the progress of their art and a commitment to the creative process. This was achieved by composing in a house with views overlooking Montego Bay in Jamaica. Frankly, it is probably a good thing that this information does not accompany every CD, it is the kind of artistic (read, wanky) overstatement that pop music can do without.

Live's penchant for (melo)dramatic song structure is evident in songs like "Rattlesnake", "Graze", "Unsheathed" (a rant against free love and hippies, wasted energy in 1997?) and, well, most of them! The songs deal with love, despair, obsession and all those sorts of things, although the pop psychology of "Heropsychodreamer" and the cultural comment of "Freaks", do stand out from this.

The one good break away from the prevailing musical mood is the catchy (and REMish), "Merica", my vote for best song. The final song, "Gas Hed Goes West", is a brooding summation to this solid but unspectacular album.

The lyrical style of Ed Kowalczyk is well adapted to his delivery, all impassioned and mock-poetic, although how poetic is "everybody's here/puke stinks like beer" from "Century"? Sometimes the words are just plain silly, but pop never relied on the consistency or intelligibility of its lyrics, did it?

The musical differences between *Secret Samadhi* and *Throwing Copper* are not as great as they would perhaps like you to believe. There are no songs with the total anthemic obsession of "I Alone", but the basic structure of quiet moody verses and impassioned crashy choruses is pretty well maintained all the way through. For those partial to Live's brand of monumental pop-rock, *Secret Samadhi* is a solid continuation of the themes and proclivities of their last record with some musical refinements. For those unmoved by Eddie's pleas, as you were.

Paul Lobban



Inferno: Souvlaki (Dance Pool/Sony) House fans might like this luke-warm dance track I think I've heard on the radio a bit but I don't —not hot enough! **Are You There...: Wink (Sony)** Six mixes of "Are You There..." (around 35 minutes worth) add up to a Trance enthusiast's CD. If you "are there" you'll love tracks 3 and 6, "A Capella" and the "New Mix"; if you're not yet into trancey, dreamy techno this is probably not the CD to start your collection with. **It Must Be Love: Korruption (Columbia/Sony)** I thought corruption was supposed to be darker and more fun than this; the only thing "korrupted" here is the English language. I find "It Must Be Love" bland and insipid. (SLICK) **Love You To Death: Type O Negative (Roadrunner/Sony)** More Goth histrionics about love, death and over-produced tidal waves of orchestrated moodiness. Sisters of Mercy Lite, and not very filling. **Happy Shopper: 60FT Dolls (Indolent/BMG)** Guitar pop with a dash of stropiness about it. Nice little chorus and oh-so-bloody ironic world weary attitude make for reasonably satisfied CD shoppers anyway. **Degenerate Boy: Mark Of Cain (rooart/BMG)** Lifted from the *Idiot Box* soundtrack, this old punk cover sums up the malaise of the film's characters quite nicely, but MoC's original stuff poos all over it. Nice bit of thumping idiocy, though. (PABLO) **Australia: Manic Street Preachers (Sony)** Weird to hear your own country mythologised as some escapist fantasy-land by Richey-less Manics, but a nice anthem (no pun intended) nonetheless. **What If...: Lightning Seeds (Sony)** Latest single from newly expanded brainchild of Ian Broudie, and a wee corker it is too. A couple of brilliant b-sides and an instrumental remix make this a fine release indeed. Bodes well for the upcoming album, out in a couple of weeks. **Small: Effigy (Sony)** Unimpressive follow-up to more catchy Garbage-esque first single "Lovers", two inferior remixes of which are included here. (JRSM)

ROCK STARS

What's your name?

Jon Heard

How old are you?

20

What's the name of your band?

Wendyhouse

When is your next gig?

March 7th at the Flinders O'Ball

How long has the band been around for?

A year

How long have you been playing drums/guitar/bass/violin/saxophone for?

Bass - not long enough (but I'm working on it).

What made you decide to start playing?

Sam (the guitarist) - he's a pushy bastard!

What was the first CD or record that you ever bought?

Blur - *Leisure*

Who's your favourite author? What's your favourite book?

I don't read enough (but) Richard Scarry's *Busy, Busy World*

Who's your favourite actor and what's your favourite film?

Actor: Bryan Brown

Film: Anything that Bryan Brown does is brilliant - what an Aussie talent!

Have you got a favourite TV show?

Yes.

Who's your favourite band/vocal artist? What's your favourite song?

1) Verve & 2) At the moment it's 'She's Everywhere' by Strangelove.

What's your signature drink?

I can't write my signature while I'm drinking.

After a rock & roll star what's the thing you really want to be in life?

A Christian Fundamentalist - those guys have really got their shit together.

You're having a party and God comes down to tell you that he can pick any 10 famous people you want, dead or alive, and he'll make them come down. Who do you choose?

I don't know - I've never had 10 people turn up to one of my parties before. I guess God himself, I wouldn't mind asking him a thing or two - I'd love to see him pissed too.

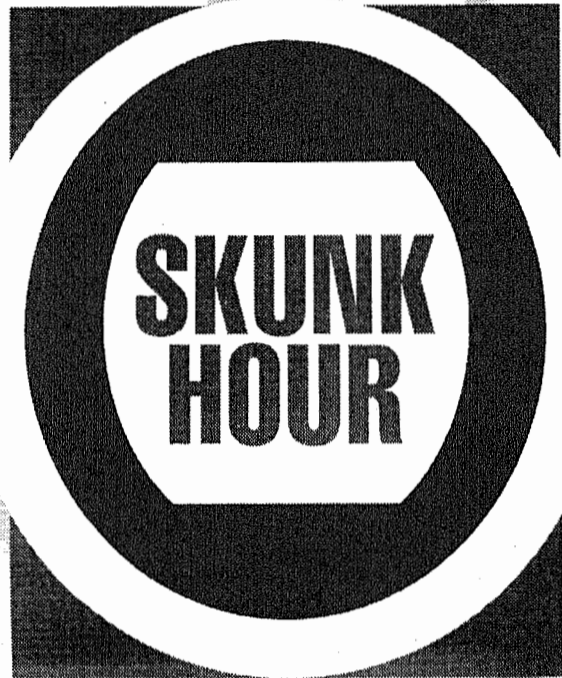
What's your last word to all the kids out there?

Usually "Goodbye".

SKUNK'S NOT DEAD

After a few months away from our ears and a change in lineup and approach, Skunkhour are about to revisit Adelaide to promote their forthcoming single, "Breathing Through My Eyes." The sound of their last LP, *Feed*, was one of polished funk groove overlaid with the deadpan delivery of rap lines from former vocalist, Del. The new single will reflect the changes in approach since his departure. According to drummer, Michael, Skunkhour have "distilled our style quite a lot, the influences are just not readily available to be heard." Opting for a more diverse sound, with an eye to their own longevity and a desire not to be pigeon-holed, the band has opted for a sound which is "melodically more focussed", able to incorporate more chordal patterns and feels, in Michael's words, "more gelled." Part of this process has been the abandonment of the polished groove style (and the now departed rapping) with an increased focus on reproducing the harder edges of Skunkhour's live sound in the studio. This broadening of their musical range has been contributed to by the addition of new personnel to the Skunkhour cocktail. The first of these is Adelaidean percussionist, Chris Simms, who has been added to their live lineup and contributed to the recording of the new album. Simms' previous performance experience had been playing with DJ's in nightclubs rather than in a band situation, but his addition to the Skunkhour sound has increased the depth of their rhythm section and provided the band with another musical dynamic to blend into their mix. The other factor in the broadening, and toughening, of Skunkhour's sound has been the recruitment of Regurgitator producer "Magoo". His contribution to the recording process was, according to Michael, an important and refreshing one. Coming in with his own ideas and

independent opinions about the virtues and shortcomings of Skunkhour's progress and sound, Magoo helped to redirect the group's musical compass. As Michael puts it, Magoo is "good at recording really raw sounds", and used this talent to accentuate the rawness of their live performances in the studio: "He always felt we were not given justice in the previous record, just through the sounds. The live experience was quite different from the recorded experience and he wanted to bring out the rawness of what Skunkhour is. We've got a lot of rough edges around us and he just wanted to highlight those and did that really well. He knows how to work with putting things in the red, and distortion, not guitar distortion but you can distort everything and it sounds great!" This is not to say that Skunkhour is all fuzz



and rumble now, Michael is quick to add that there is a flipside, "we are slightly tougher edged in places and softer edged in other places." The new and improved Skunkhour reach Adelaide in early March and hope to receive more of the same support local audiences have always given them. "Adelaide was the first place outside of Sydney that got into our music", claims Michael as he reminisces about their first incendiary gig at the Cargo Club a few years ago. The tour is primarily to support the new single in advance of a new album around the middle of the year. The single itself contains a few remixes of "Breathing Through My Eyes" and another original track from keyboardist, Paul. Reaction has been good to the new stuff and we get to give our verdict when **Skunkhour play at Adelaide University on March 7.**

PAUL LOBBAN

A FRIENDLY MESSAGE FROM THE MUSIC SUB-EDS TO ALL POTENTIAL REVIEWERS

If you've just started the really boring routine of lectures & tutes, pracs & workshops and you're wanting to do something a little challenging, something a little more interesting than everything else (except of course the Unibar!) well.....Then you might just feel like doing something special and exciting like joining the *On Dit* Music Team - writing reviews, Articles & doing interviews. If it sound like your kind of thing then hop on down to the *On Dit* office (by the Barr Smith Lawns) and leave your name and number for one of the Music Sub-Eds (Susie, Alice & Paul) and we'll give you a call. Ya gotta be quick coz weekly meetings have already started!!

I SAW THE 'FIX, THE 'PIT, THE 'ZY, THE 'STAN, THE GROUND, THE 'TONS, AND THE 'DIAH ON SATURDAY NIGHT!

Jebediah, Flat Stanley, Sandpit, The Miltons, Mr Fuzzy, Kinetic Playground, Honeyfix et al...Unibar Saturday 22 February.

Did it really happen? What was it called? The balmy night, the promise of something exciting, the forgetting of earplugs and having to use roll-your-own cigarette filters instead. Rock was in the air.

I arrived during Honeyfix's set which, I know, was a while after the doors opened. The compact audience seemed to appreciate the band's sheets of guitar fuzz and this was transmitted through their total inaction, but in a loving way. The format of the evening revolved

FLAT STANLEY: "What's that down there?" "Rock!"



with faint echoes of American indie in the background. The short sets left me wanting more time in the 'pit, but given the time they had they put in an engaging performance. Watch for them.

So to the regression therapy as I turned to be faced with the prospect of spending the next 30 minutes at a house party somewhere in 1968. Mr Fuzzy are either a breath of unpretentious pseudo-psychadelic fun or contrived

boucy fuzz of "Pre-Accidental" and the melodic sway of "Defectable" to the astrologically predetermined finale, "Check Out the Sell Out." Go the 'Stan!

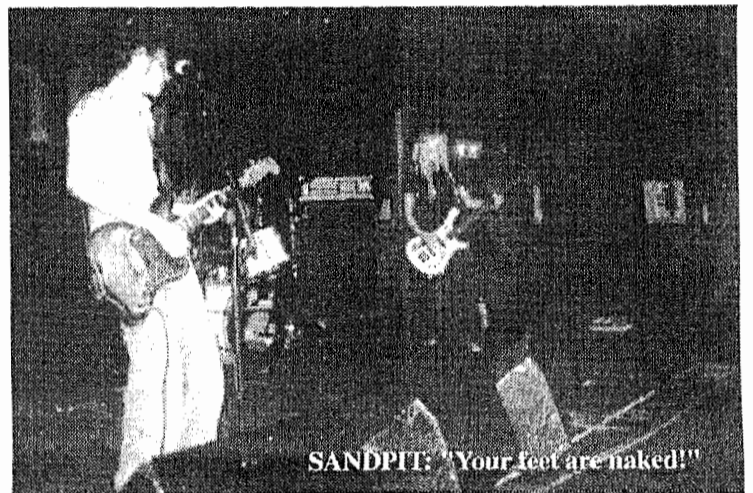
I must admit to be slightly distracted during the next two bands, but can report this much. Kinetic Playground delivered a cascade of bass and enthusiasm to the audience. Not being very familiar with their oeuvre, it seems

to me based (har, pun!) around energetic delivery and a sound somewhere between a retro-60s feel and the bass-slapping

of contemporary acts like Primus or even Flea from the Chili's. If this offends any Playground fans, I apologise but that's what my ears were telling me.

Local enfants terrible, The Miltons were the penultimate act and demonstrated, again, their inexorable rise in local audience's esteem (except for the guy next to me). They seem to be venturing into the realms of sonic voyaging at times, but what the hell, the kids love 'em. And then to the interstate lu-

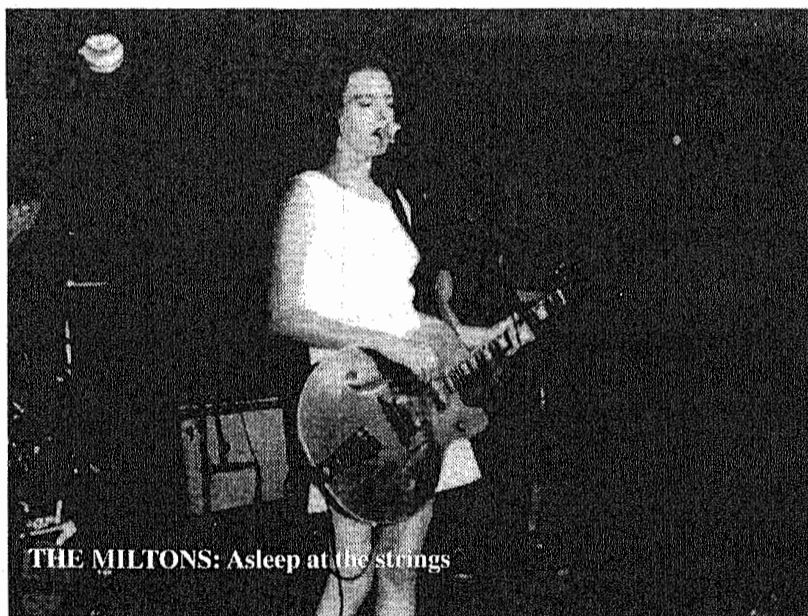
minaries. Jebediah have been getting a bit of exposure on that youth network and delivered a pretty bouncy set, despite it being at the end of a long night of rawk. Some remarked that their vocal delivery was reminiscent of Green Day (which is the kiss of death for some listeners), but they were able to come out with some pretty feisty fuzzy pop. "Monument" thumped along, "Lino" was a more energetic and likeable song than that particular floor covering deserves to be associated with, "Moving Home" was pretty darn good, and had my toesies tapping on that dingy carpet. The latest single, "Jerks of At-



SANDPIT: "Your feet are naked!"

attention" and their last track, "Teflon" were also darn tootin'! They are the sort of band that will probably do quite well nationally because they have the kind of instantly agreeable pop zest that translates well to the hit and run approach of radio programming and listening habits. This is a good thing in its own way, and made for a smiley kind of face as I, and the rest of those who stayed right til the 1.30+ end, filed out into the warm darkness, half deaf but full to the brim.

PAUL LOBBAN.



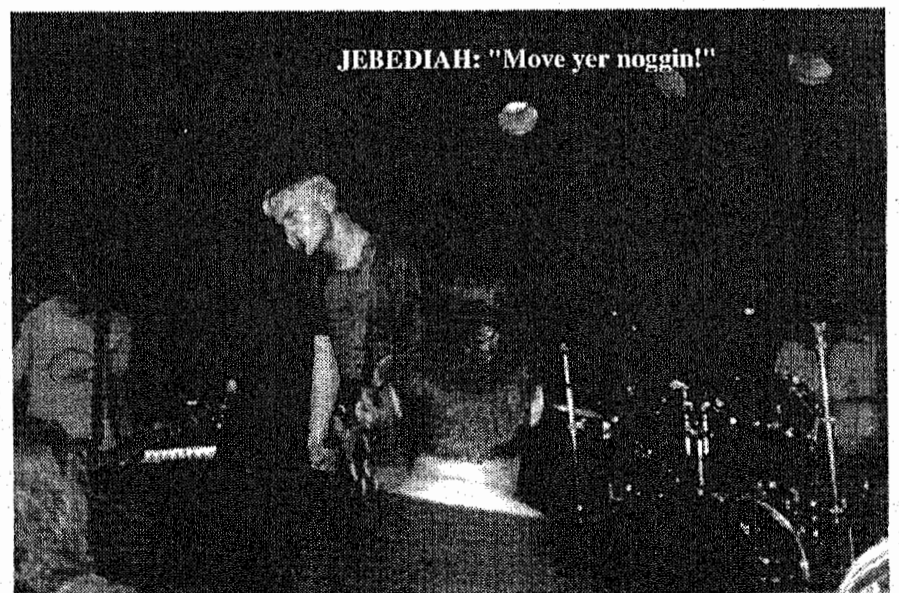
THE MILTONS: Asleep at the strings

around stages at opposite ends of the bar, with bands playing half hour sets. This titillating smorgasbord effect meant that my coming in half way through Honeyfix's set allowed me to see only a couple of songs really well. But they toiled on like the troopers they are.

Starting immediately (almost) at the other end of the bar were the (I am about to use an increasingly overused adjective) angular sounds of Melbourne threepiece Sandpit. This band was one of the real highlights of the evening. At once all off-centre and recalcitrant, their playing would then cohere into contagious guitar-driven pop

and annoying, or at least these were the views expressed to me throughout their set. For myself, half an hour was just enough, and how many Hammond organ solos do you see at uni these days anyway?

Local rock gods Flat Stanley graced us at the other end of the room. With songs old and new, and from all three vocalists, Flat Stanley gave us, effectively, a special preview of their complete show (which can be seen on March 6 at Madlove when they launch their CD with Gaslight Radio!) and the musical range of this band, from the warm and



JEBEDIAH: "Move yer noggin!"

Suzie's Snippets

**T H E
1997 SA
DANCE
MUSIC
AWARDS**
Presented
by Central
Station in
association
with the
DMA

Are you
a regular
dance
trooper?
Do you
groove
away to
the night
sounds

driven by the DJ on the spin table? Is Dance Music your 'thing'? If you answered yes to one (or all) of these questions, then you might be interested to know that the SA Dance Music Awards are on again. Presented by Central Station Records, in association with the Dance Music Industry Association, the awards are designed to recognise and encourage those who work in the dance music industry.

There are 19 awards in total, each designed to acknowledge talent and success on a local, national or global level. New categories have been introduced to commend achievements by important aspects of the industry that have often been overlooked. These include Female DJ, Best Underground or Special Event and Local Street mag. Other categories such as: Club of the year, Local radio station, Local single, Promoter of the year, Sound/Lighting production, MC of the year, Major record label Independent record label, International DJ/Act, Up & Coming DJ, Party of the year and (of course) DJ of the year are also high features of the night.

The Awards night is scheduled for Monday 24th March at Saint Paul's Reception Centre. The event is a sit down, formal dinner with the guest list reading like a who's who of the industry. Anyone is invited to attend but be warned tickets are very limited and go on sale Saturday March 8th. They cost \$45 with all proceeds going to charity. This

year's beneficiary is the Drug & Alcohol Services Council. Monies raised through this event will be used to educate all of the dance music community about safe practices. "We feel a responsibility to help prevent any further and unnecessary death of suffering within our community" - Toni Clarke (Coordinator).

YOU - the general ragers of the dance scene have been invited to vote for your favourite people (from the above sections) and can do this very soon (when the nomination voting forms become available). So, keep this in mind next time you have a great night out!

**BERT IS A LUCKY
BASS**

Robyn Habel will be launching her new tape *BERT* at The Governor Hindmarsh Hotel on Sunday March 9 at 4pm. The cassette *BERT* features 8 tracks of solo vocal and double bass performances (for those who haven't been introduced....Bert is Robyn's double bass; and I'm told that they both will serenade you through a host of great songs).

The launch at The Gov will also showcase special guest Cavan Te (singer/songwriter) who is said to be another of Adelaide's rising stars!

U2 GO POPMART

Following the (very!) recent release of their new album Pop! U2 are keenly beginning the first leg of their international PopMart tour in North America in late April. From there they will move on to Europe before returning to America for their second leg (legs do come in pairs don't they?).

As with every U2 'thing' the PopMart stage is set to be huge with confirmed plans for a Golden Arch 100 feet high, a 35 foot high Mirrorball Lemon (hmmm, I wonder which song it will turn in?!), a 12 foot wide illuminated stuffed Olive (on a 100 foot tall

tooth pick) - and (to keep the Pope happy in Rome) a 3 inch tall Squeaky Nun. Australia can expect to marvel in the delights of the U2 PopMart Tour stage....AND the music (of course!!) in the first quarter of 1998.

**JEFF MILLS - NOW IN
ADELIADE!!**

Jeff Mills (said to be "one of the worlds most sought DJ's because of his unique and entertaining style") is making the big trek down to the Southern Hemisphere to experience some Australian (weather? - Not!) passion. Other DJ's eager and ready to show Jeff their stuff are HMC (Adelaide's own techno legend), Nigel, Madness, Noddy, Matt Pearce, Tristan and Reincarnation. You can catch Jeff Mills in an exclusive one-off outdoor Adelaide Experience at the Adelaide University Cloisters, Friday 7th March. Tickets are \$25 or \$20 concession at usual outlets.

**YOU CAN'T MUNCH, BUT
YOU CAN BE FILLED
WITH THE JOY OF MU-
SIC!**

I'm sure I speak for most people when I say I enjoyed hearing some nice music on the Barr Smith lawns during lunch break. Well, you should be happy to find that this occurs every week on Fridays in the Elder Hall (the other half of that building next to Napier that always has beautiful music floating out of it!!).

The Elder Conservatorium's 1997 Lunch hour Concert Series is a unique opportunity to see and hear the best local, national and international performers and begins with a percussion concert featuring 1996 Elder Con. Masters graduates Amanda Grigg, Jim McCarthy and Kevin Tuck, playing Marimba and Vibraphone. These very popular concerts are held every Friday in Elder Hall from 1.10pm to 2.00pm. Admission is free or by Donation.

**CLOUDS &
STAN RIDGWAY**

Clouds & Stan Ridgway
Tivoli Hotel
Thursday 20th February

The 3-piece Clouds continue to be a very good support act, mixing it up enough to maintain the audience interest. Their professionalism, vocals and strong drumming carried the act in what was excessive energy-sapping heat.

The appearance of Stan & Band (the "Stan Ridgway Quintet") brought the fans to the stage. Brittle bones and the aforementioned heat stopped most from doing other than foot tapping and head nodding.

The crowd - including this punter - started to get into it more seriously when 'I wanna be a boss' was followed by 'Camouflage' and 'Mexican Radio'.

The crowd took a while to get it together, but by the second encore we were going off- as was lead guitarist Mark Schultz.

After the gig Stan signed CDs, t-shirts and poster, during which I (pissed minda by this stage!) tried to ask him a few questions which he politely answered until this one:

"Why did you write 'Camouflage'? (a fanciful Vietnam tale in which a ghost Sergeant saves a trapped Private) which elicited this response:

"I spend half my life trying to avoid people like you " and other stuff which I choose not to remember. Most of the crowd was in the 30+ age bracket with Stan suggesting that one punter he saw was at least 70.

The stand out feature of the evening was definately Stan's voice which I can't describe but which is unique and has lost nothing in the last 10 years.

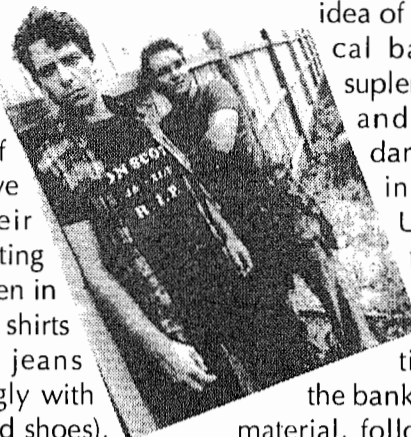
Thanks for coming Stan!
Brett Will.

Television - drug of a nation

Idiot Box Greater Union Five

I am not sure what Australian cinema is coming to. This feeling was exacerbated by the grueling forty-five minutes Natalie and I spent watching this black comedy. I guess watching is not an accurate word to use. Perhaps the term "cringing at" would be more accurate. Don't get me wrong I am very proud of Australian cinema, it is just that movies such as this one tends to detract from the finer movies produced within the industry. Before anyone raises the question-

yes I do know what a black comedy is and accordingly I would shudder to lump this movie in amongst others of the genre. Basically the movie revolves around the day-to-day movements of two mates (I have forgotten their names), galavanting around the screen in their flannelette shirts and spray-on jeans (teamed alluringly with their ripple soled shoes),



interacting inanely with the wider community around them as they wait for their next dole payment. Along the way they toy with the idea of ripping off the local bank in order to supplement their income and because they dared each other to in a drunken stupor. Unbeknownst to the duo, the police have targeted that particular branch of the bank as prime robbery material, following a series of

copy-cat robberies around Sydney. Just an amazing coincidence? Who knows? Who cares? At this point we decided to enact our silent form of protest by leaving the movie, so we can't tell you what happened. The fact that the events on the screen seemed to bring out the most obnoxious elements in the audience around us...(if the girls who were sitting in our row are reading this I hope that you realise we are talking about you..) did nothing to enhance our cinematic experience.

Kerryn Doyle

Sketchy Lady

Portrait of a Lady Nova Cinema

Jane Campion's *Portrait of a Lady* floods us with all the dialogue we missed out on in her previous success *The Piano*. Her latest film is based on the classic novel by Henry James, which proved to be a challenge particularly since the emphasis on the main character,



Isabel Archer is the internalisation of her fears and innocence. Nicole Kidman was chosen to portray Isabel. Her performance was commendable, however it was not

amazing as she did not complete James' sketch of her character. It is obvious that she tried though, but the challenge was obviously too hard. Isabel was the heroine, a lady whose determination to remain independent and travel the world was both admired and derided by her peers. One of her admirers, was the sickly Ralph Touchett (beautifully performed by Martin Donovan) whose love and admiration led him and his father (John Gielgud) to assist her in an extraordinary act of gener-

osity. Unfortunately though, Isabel's determination for independence was not nearly as strong as the manipulating and evil wants of her friend Madame Merle (Barbara Hershey) and future husband Osmond (John Malkovich). *Portrait of a Lady* will maintain your interest, however the plot plods along, and by the time the 'big revelation' arrives, you will find yourself thinking "...I waited for that, how deflating!.."

Fiona Sproles

Get your floaties, kids!

Floating Life Palace Cinemas

Floating Life is touted as Australia's first foreign film but it definitely has a lot more going for it than that. I'm not very acquainted with Clara Law's work, having only seen one of her previous films *Farewell, my China* but the intensity and rawness of that film still lingers in my mind today. I was surprised to find her most recent work to be a big departure in terms of style and direction. However, one thing remains, the message in both films hit the spot and hard.

Floating Life deals with the Chan family, Ma, Pa and two sons, who decide to move to Australia to be with their second daughter Bing who is now well established in Oz. However Australia doesn't turn out

to be the paradise they thought it would be. The loneliness, the wide open spaces of suburbia is stark and frightening after the bustling cramped hypercity that is Hong Kong. However, it is the alien surroundings within the family itself which is shaking its foundations. Bing has become a workaholic and has an authoritarian grip on the family, heightening the tension in the family with stories of killer-redbacks, pit-bull terriers and the eminent presence of that big hole in the ozone layer. Yen, the eldest daughter has her own family and lives in Germany while Gar Ming, the eldest son is still in Hong Kong, unsure of all this relocating business. As the film progresses, we develop an understanding for each family member, why Bing is the bossy, demanding bitch that she is, why Yen is unhappy in Ger-

many, why Pa doesn't drink tea anymore and why Gar-Ming acts like a satyromaniac in H.K.

Floating Life is a brilliant and intimate study of a family broken apart by the relocation to Australia and how they come together again. It's intensely emotional and moving but also very ironic and funny at times. This film may sound melodramatic or even preachy but it isn't and neither is it manipulative. The facts are presented as it is, no funny gimmicks, no forced humour. The whole cast is superb, Edwin Pang and Cecilia Lee as the parents exude great screen pres-



Hmm, I thought I saw a giant two-headed red-back.

ence like only veteran actors can. Clara Law suggests that we are all floating; 'transient beings passing through this place called earth'. This is an important element that is rendered so perceptively and beautifully by Clara Law it brought tears to my eyes. See it.

Ching Yee Ng

Catch me, I'm falling...

The English Patient
Palace Cinemas



The English Patient, based on Michael Ondaatje's novel has been translated to the screen by director Anthony Mighella (*Truly, Madly, Deeply*) into a beautiful, grand epic on the scale of *Lawrence of Arabia* and *The Sheltering Sky*. For those of you who haven't read this book, the main

frame of the story revolves around a debilitated and badly burnt patient, known only as the English Patient (Ralph Fiennes). He is being painstakingly cared for by French Canadian nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche) at the end of WWII in a deserted Tuscan monastery. The patient's identity is revealed to the audience with the arrival of

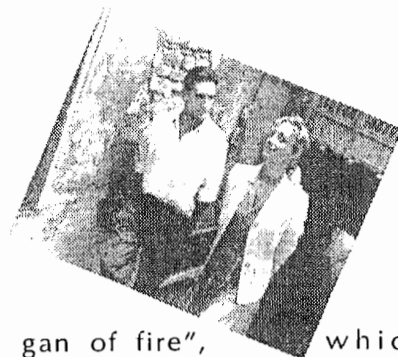
Caravaggio (Willem Dafoe) and through a series of flashbacks, we learn of his (very) tragic love affair with Katharine Clifton (Kristin Scott-Thomas).

There is a very crude synopsis of what happened, as the film is littered with wonderful, detailed layers, despite its epic proportions

and it deserves more than this review.

The cinematography by Australian John Seale is truly amazing - numerous shots panning across the golden sand dunes of an African desert, which fills the screen with a golden hue. Mmmm... Having said that, the film has more than just beautiful scenery. It has an intriguing story along with well-acted characters making *The English Patient* one of the most polished big films I have seen in a long time. Big-budget *Gone With the Wind*-type films with the nice pictures/people are good, but when the latter two factors go AWOL 'tis a bit irritating ... but I'm digressing here.

There are so many things in this film that would make you swoon, the tragic characters, the brilliant cinematography, the goddamn-heartwrenching story, the accomplished actors. The actors seem to have all adopted one of the film's quotes "The heart is an or-



gan of fire", which seems to personify the characters and permeates through the whole film. Ralph Fiennes performance is quiet but exceptionally affecting, even under layers of ugly prosthetic-burnt-victim make-up. Kristin Scott-Thomas is equally charming. She puts in enough elegance and poise into her character to knock your socks off.

Sure, big epic love stories can be a little self-indulgent at times, and sure it clocks at 2 hours and 45 minutes (fact!) but trust me, you won't feel a thing ...until after the movie, that's when you bones really start to hurt but then, that won't be the only thing that will be hurting (sigh).

Ching Yee Ng

Read This

if you want to review films.

Calling all film geeks...

On Dit is always on the lookout for reviewers. We're after that rare breed of person who realises that FREE STUFF IS GOOD STUFF, and would like to see movies for the small price of a 300 word review. If you belong to this elite group come on down to the first film meeting for the year, Tuesday 1.15 at the On Dit office.



I didn't shoot Andy Warhol

4 cool guys
Basquiat
Nova

One of the greatest fears to come vomiting after post-modernism is that there are no new statements to make and no new media to explore. Julian Schnabel's biography of Jean Michel Basquiat (1962-88) refutes this idea in a number of ways. First of all, as an exploration of Basquiat's work, it takes the concept of art away from movements and intellectual trends and into a more passionate, instinctual mode of communication. Secondly, the film makes a stylistic departure from mainstream biography by combining public history with abstract fiction: on the one side are the 'real people' (Andy Warhol, Rene Ricard etc.) while on the other are fictional constructs which represent generic figures in Basquiat's personal history (Benny, Gina, Albert and Big Pink).

The result is a little confusing - I

had my mediapack to help me decipher it all, but as an exploitation of art and film, the result is an intellectually challenging abstract portrait of a figure who seems to have faded from the public memory. The performances are just amazing - the ensemble cast works well together without jostling for stardom. Jeffrey Wright gives a wonderful debut (lead) as Basquiat. David Bowie is perfect (naturally) as Andy "Death Warmed Over" Warhol; Michael Wincott (*Dead Man, Strange Days*) completely absorbs himself into the camp, passionate poetry of Rene Ricard. Other actors include Benicio del Toro (*The Fan*) as Basquiat's friend Benny, Claire Forlani (*Mallrats, Press Gang*) as Gina, Parker Posey (*Doom Generation, Amateur*) as art dealer Mary Boone, Christopher Walken as a bigoted interviewer, Willem Dafoe as an electrician-cum-sculptor, and Gary Oldman as Albert Milo.

The soundtrack is unbelievable. It includes well-known tracks by the Pogues, Tom Waits, Grandmaster Flash, Charlie Parker, and Iggy Pop (to name a few) which were taken from Basquiat's private collection. In addition are a new tracks by P.J. Harvey, Tracy Bonham and Tripping Daisy among others.

The film itself has been out since mid-96, but for some reason has only just made it into Australia - much like the belated arrival of *Nadja*, hmm...

Julian Schnabel's writing and directing debut supplants his globally



4 un-cool guys

celebrated artistic career. With performances by multi-faceted artists such as Bowie and Dennis Hopper, the result is a poetic exploration of what it means to be an artist in a society concerned with fashion and possession.

David Bloustien

Video killed the radio star, as the Buggles were wont to say

Restoration

(1995) Director: Michael Hoffman.
Robert Downey Jnr, Sam Neill, David Thewlis, Meg Ryan
Roadshow Entertainment

Restoration is a period film set during the early years of Charles II's reign in England, which restored the monarchy to the throne, and ushered in a new era of decadence following the rule of Puritan Oliver Cromwell. It is about a gifted but undisciplined young doctor, Robert Merivel (Robert Downey Jnr), who prefers pleasure seeking to medicine. After he saves the life of the King's favourite spaniel Robert abandons his work for a position at court and a life of leisure. The story is basically about his attempts to find true love and happiness, which he finally does only after he returns to medicine and suffers with the sick.

Unfortunately, this film promises more than it delivers. Although the cast includes some good actors, like David Thewlis from *Naked*, the acting is definitely second rate. While Sam Neill does a good job of playing the King, Robert Downey Jnr is fairly unconvincing, and Hugh Grant, in a smaller role, plays Hugh Grant. This might be due to the fact that the characters lack any depth, while the plot itself is fairly pedestrian. The sets and costumes, which are usually a big feature in period films, are overdone to the point of nausea.

Carmel Pascale

An Eye for an Eye

(1995) Director: John Schlesinger
Sally Field, Keifer Sutherland, Ed Harris
CIC

Apparently, there is a growing feeling in the U.S.A. that the crime rate is increasing, that too many criminals get off too lightly, and that the law usually fails to give the victim any sense of justice. Tim Robbins' *Dead Man Walking* entered this discussion by trying to bring some sort of balance to the debate. *An Eye for an Eye*, however, appears to have been made purely in order to earn the producers some money by exploiting its topicality.

The story is about a happy, middle class American family whose seventeen year old daughter is raped and murdered. The killer (Keifer Sutherland) is eventually found but because of oversight in the prosecutor's case he gets off on a technicality. Karen McCann, the mother played by Sally Field, becomes obsessed with him and finally decides that the only way to get justice is to kill him herself.

An Eye for an Eye is an average revenge movie which tries to make you believe it is dealing with some important current issues. Near the beginning of the film for example, the camera lingers on an image of the O.J. Simpson trial which is being broadcast on television. Yet, even if you get past its pretensions it's kind of hard to ignore the half-hearted acting and direction.

Carmel Pascale

Sgt. Bilko

(1995) Director: Peter Jackson
Sally Field, Keifer Sutherland, Ed Harris
CIC
I guess if you have seen one American army movie you have seen them all. This is what ran through my mind as I prepared to sit down to watch Steve Martin's latest 'comedy' *Sgt Bilko*. Some people will probably enjoy this movie. Although I didn't, my elder sibling did happen to chuckle a few times during the watching of this video. Oh well. Martin plays sargeant Bilko, a U.S army officer who works at Fort Baxter military research base. On the sly Sgt. Bilko runs the base's gambling operation, and generally doesn't do a lot except goof [good word huh?] around. However in the past Sgt. Bilko made a few enemies and as it often does, the past has now come back to haunt him. The general gist of the story is that Sgt. Bilko comes under suspicion for embezzelling the base's funds in an illegal gambling operation, funds that have been set aside for a defunct research project. The person accusing Bilko was someone that he had sent to Greenland in the past and needless to say, he wants revenge. In true U.S schlock

style, although his position is threatened, Bilko succeeds in keeping his position in the base, with the assistance of his trusty, crusty loyal troops in the motor

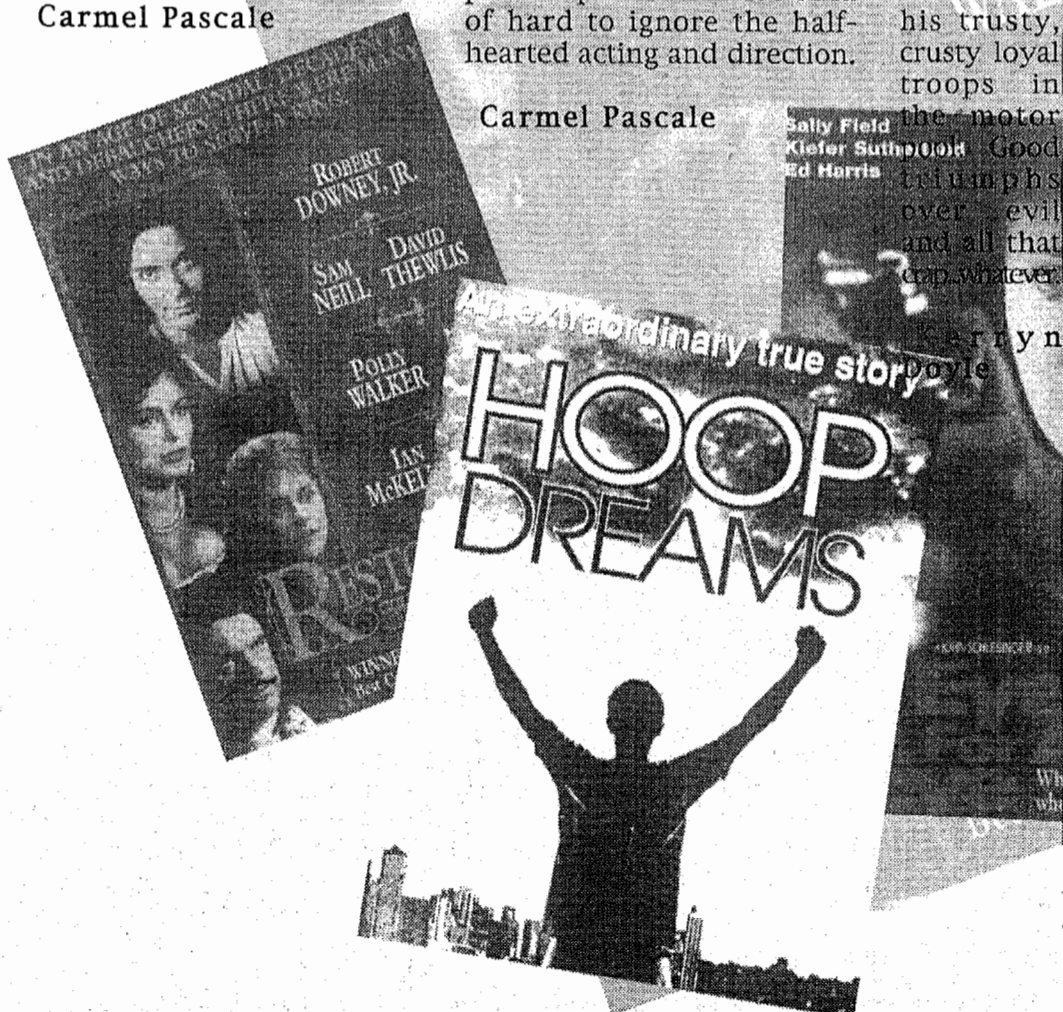
Good triumphs over evil and all that crap whatever.

erryn

Hoop Dreams

When I turned this video on, I was convinced that it would be another mega million dollar turning flick full of all the biggest stars and the smallest plots. However, I was pleasantly surprised to find myself watching a rather long, but intriguing documentary on the lives of two black American boys and their families. Both dreamed of entering the NBA, however their only chance would be through being 'discovered' by a talent scout. Both boys were found. It was fascinating watching their successes and failures and the events that led them to their final choices. This film could have been cut by an hour or so, as it could get quite tedious, but the desire to know 'what happens' keeps you watching! What I enjoyed was that I generally can't stand sport movies, particularly basketball films, but the emphasis on the individual rather than the game made it quite fun and interesting. To sum it up, this is a very relaxing and sometimes emotional video, I have no qualms in recommending it.

Fiona Sproles



PALACE EASTEND CINEMAS
274 RUNDLE STREET (08) 8232 3434

The parties were wild. The sex was free. The gun was loaded.
I SHOT ANDY WARHOL
DAILY TO WED 2.30, 4.45 & 9.15pm

Surviving PICASSO ★★★★★
Picture perfect!
Bill Diehl, ABC RADIO NETWORK
DAILY TO WED 11.25am, 1.45, 8 & 9.00pm

FLOATING LIFE no Australian film has told this story before
DAILY TO WED 12.30, 7.15pm

Crash DAILY TO WED 12.45, 3.00, 5.00, 7.30 & 9.45pm

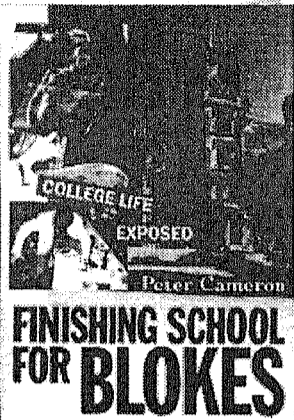
Mike Leigh's **Secrets and Lies** DAILY TO WED 5.00pm

thecelluloidcloset DAILY TO WED 12.00, 4.45 & 9.30pm 11.45pm

THE HORSEMAN ON THE ROOF DAILY TO WED 2.15 & 7.00pm

Commencing Thursday 6th March - Call for session times.
A JUDGEMENT IN STONE & THE ENGLISH PATIENT

Chicks, Beer and Footy



Finishing School For Blokes.
By Peter Cameron.
Allen & Unwin
\$16.95

As a Presbyterian minister, Peter Cameron was convicted for heresy, basically for supporting the ordination of women. So you

know he can't be all bad. But *Finishing School For Blokes* is not about that particular event. What it is about is his period as Principal of St Andrew's College at Sydney University in the early 1990s, and the reasons for his forced resignation - basically for suggesting that the college go co-educational. In relating his version of the events he reveals certain home truths not only about single-sex education, but also about education in general, and the broad nature of Australian society.

First, there's the college. Rampant students, partying, drinking, running about naked, holding spew competitions, excelling at sports and nothing else, insulting women as consistent with the misogynistic attitude fostered by an all-male environment. The Council, aged, stuffy, hard-core traditionalist Andrewsmen, inflexible, petty and small-minded (no

women, of course). Into this strides Cameron, who shows himself to be intelligent enough to realise that the college needs change, fought at every step by the Council. Sometimes there's an element of Yes, *Minister* about the whole thing.

Cameron describes in this something he calls 'the Australian disease', a blend of the Tall Poppy syndrome, the desire to become a tall poppy, and an unwillingness to lead that results. Unfortunately he does not acknowledge that this is not a uniquely Australian phenomenon (as a Scot he makes no mention of, say, your average Glaswegian slob), and occasionally comes across as somewhat pompous and snobbish. Fortunately these occasions are rare, and for the most part he appears generous, open-minded, and enlightened - especially in his refusal to regard an educational institution as a profit-oriented business.

Amanda Vandstone could learn a thing or two from him (well, actually she may not be capable of learning anything of the sort - if she were not a woman, she'd be an ideal candidate for the St Andrew's College Council).

Of course, we must keep in mind that he is the author, and thus his own bias may be acting in this, but then again, is anyone truly objective? And he does consistently remind us that it is his version of the whole debacle that he is relating, as opposed to the official Council record, and that this is how we should regard it. Not only do we read of a battle between the individual and bureaucracy, but also between the individual and cultural conditioning. It reads easily, and leaves no doubt that tradition for its own sake is an anachronism.

Paul Bradley.

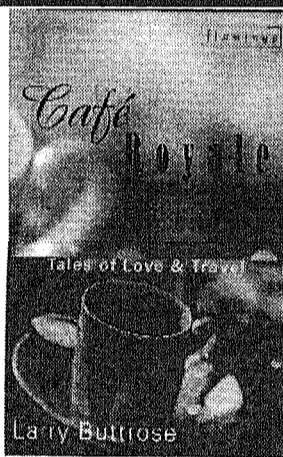
A Cuppa and a nice lie down...

Cafe Royale
Larry Buttrose
Flamingo
\$16.95

Larry Buttrose was one of the stars behind the hit Australian show "Hot Shoe Shuffle". He got dragged in to write the script a month before it premiered, as he wryly recounts in "Cafe Royale". But "Cafe Royale" - Buttrose's second travel novel - is a far cry from the glitz of theatre and tap-dancing. Slapstick humour prevails, but the atmosphere is empty of glamour and over-full with the joys of travelling - robbery, beggary, odd-smelling food, travel

sickness, vomiting, tropical diseases and diarrhoea.

Buttrose was born in Adelaide, which may or may not explain the attitude of this book. Without structure, without plot, without much energy or wonderment, it trundles along, a rambling string of anecdotes only occasionally spiked by a funny incident or interesting fact. He writes about cafes, food, and people. His lover Kathryn, with whom he's having (yawn) rela-



tionship problems. Loud and obnoxious Americans. Sleazy Arabs. Taxi drivers in Morocco who want to talk about "The Satanic Verses". Prostitutes. It's a bit of a mixed bag - some are interesting, some are dead-boring. Buttrose is the one saying "Yes" and "No" and "Really?" in the dialogue, prompting other people to gush and perform, presumably so that he can capture

their quirks in print. But there's too much yada-yada-yada conversation - as if he's just sat there with a tape recorder and then transcribed it all non-selectively.

Editing is the real trick of a good writer. This could have been a brilliant book if only the sentences were snappy and about half the material cut. Instead it flips distressingly between times and places and cafes all around the world. Oh, we're in Paris. Oh, now we're in Japan. Now Mali. Timbuktu. Still vomiting and still meeting bizarre people. All a bit tiresome, really ...

Alice Ray

No Warmth At All

Winter
Simon Brown
HarperCollins
\$12.95

Australian science fiction has been quietly proliferating over the last few years, almost to the point where you can walk into a bookshop and find some. Largely (though certainly not entirely - there is some great Australian sci-fi out there, kids!), it seems to me that it is more or less at the point that the rest of the sci-fi world was at ten or fifteen years ago; predominantly "soft" science (that which does not incorporate much actual scientific detail or accuracy) frequently combined with a pulpish detective narrative. Simon Brown's second novel is a prime example of the syndrome, but also not a bad showcase for the genre.

Winter is set in Sydney in post-nuclear war (nuclear winter, get it?) in 2037. Most of the world's popu-

lation and civilisation was wiped out during the war, as one might expect, but the missiles headed for Sydney had dud fuses and the city survived largely intact. Some years on, it is now the nexus of communication and trade for the whole world, conferring massive power and prosperity on Sydney's inhabitants. Or so you would think. The citizens, however, lead mostly miserable existences, under the forbidding control of two government branches, the Council and the Security Department. Both are involved in a game of subterfuge with the legitimised smuggling merchants, and each other.

The story revolves around two Security agents, Marilyn and Harry. It's hard to say too much about it without giving it all away, but Marilyn does a runner, and Harry has to "bring her in" before the evil Security people do it instead and do nasty things to her. Pretty straightforward stuff when ex-

pressed like so, but it is actually a lot more complicated and quite involving. There are no major twists or turns that you don't see coming, but there is sufficient layering and complexity in the plot to more than keep one interested. The problem that the novel has in maintaining this interest is the lack of any real character development. The two key characters are fairly standard disillusioned cop characters, and their

respective partners and friends are also largely stereotypical. Dialogue is mostly of the stilted variety, which is not always a hindrance but is rarely beneficial. There were two minor characters who were much more interesting than any of the leads, and that, friends, is a pity.

Lack of solid characterisation is a frequent problem with a lot of science fiction, so perhaps I shouldn't harp on it so much. I'm not exactly sure if this is really science fiction, though, what with there being no funky gadgets or planet-sucking aliens or anything. You need to do more than set your story forty years in the future to qualify as science fiction in my book. Of course, there's nothing wrong with not being science fiction, it just removes one of your excuses for not having decent characterisation. An excuse that this novel rather needs.

Chris Slape



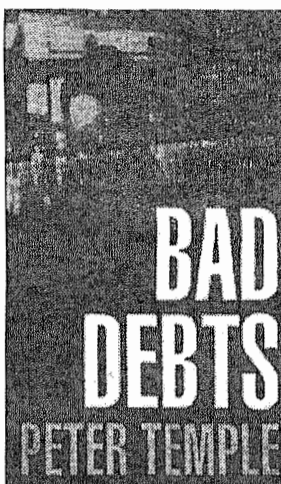
Is there such a thing as a Good Debt?

Bad Debts
Peter Temple
HarperCollins
\$12.95

The cultural cringe is fading as far as Australian thriller writers are concerned, and it's a bloody good thing. Gone are the days when the only thrillers people wanted to read involved foolish cold-war era plots about macho Americans fighting identikit commie opponents or hard-bitten divorced lawyers wading through endless courtroom scenes. A new breed of local writers, like J.R. Carrol (*The Clan*) and now Peter Temple, are making the genre their own.

Bad Debts succeeds in every way. The central character, widower

Jack Irish, is engagingly middle-aged and self-doubting, a very ex-lawyer who spends most of his time as a debt collector and works on the side as a bagman for a racehorse dealer and high-stakes gambler. He's financially challenged, a die-hard supporter of eternal football losers Fitzroy, and spends his spare time as an unskilled cabinet maker. One of the best drawn and realistic characters ever to appear in this sort of novel, Irish finds himself mixed up in government and police corruption when a former client (who he failed to keep out of



gaol) calls him up just before being 'murdered' by police. Every other character in the story, even the one-paragraph bit parts, are brought to vivid life by the skilled prose.

Temple's first-person style brings to mind many similar amateur detectives, but he knows his stuff well, and *Bad Debts* has a freshness, ready sense of humour and self-aware style which keeps everything boiling along nicely. Add to this the remarkably atmospheric 'Australian-ness' of

the setting - rain-sodden Melbourne - and the similarity of the plot's central themes to issues which are in the news right now (such as the current NSW royal commission into paedophile activity in government and police), and you have the perfect suspense thriller. Who couldn't admire Jack Irish as he puzzles over the changing face of the modern Australian crim - "a man hit me on the upper left arm with a full swing of a baseball bat. It was an aluminium baseball bat made in Japan. This would never have happened in the old days. He would have hit me with a Stewart Surridge cricket bat with black insulation tape around the middle."

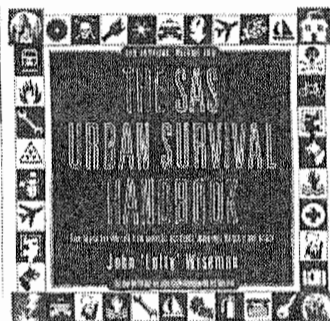
James Morrison

The perfect book for fat fuckers with cammo pants and hidden Uzis

The SAS Urban Survival Handbook
John Wiseman
HarperCollins
\$29.95

It's a tough world out there, so why not get a book to tell you how to survive? This book promises to tell you how to protect yourself from domestic accidents, muggings, burglary and attack, amongst other things. This book is a follow up to the SAS SURVIVAL HANDBOOK, a guide to survival in the

wild. Now read the manual on survival in the urban jungle. I was highly impressed when first picking up this book, it's presentation is fantastic, with great pictures and diagrams dotted throughout. The format is reader friendly with clear and sensible differentiations between topics, and easy to find



sub-sections which are all amazingly relevant. However, as with all books it is the content which is of most importance. I feel that this book does not deliver what it promises. It often annoyed me by devoting large sections to what I felt to be perfectly obvious things, eg. "NEVER leave valuables in a car", "Electricity and

water are an extremely dangerous combination". I know the author is trying to be helpful but I prefer not to be condescended to when reading a book and there is a definite sense of this throughout the text. I feel that this book is really a novelty book, keep it in your bookcase and occasionally bring it out when you want to amuse your friends. Definitely a book worth buying for its novelty value, but little else.

Courtney Squires.

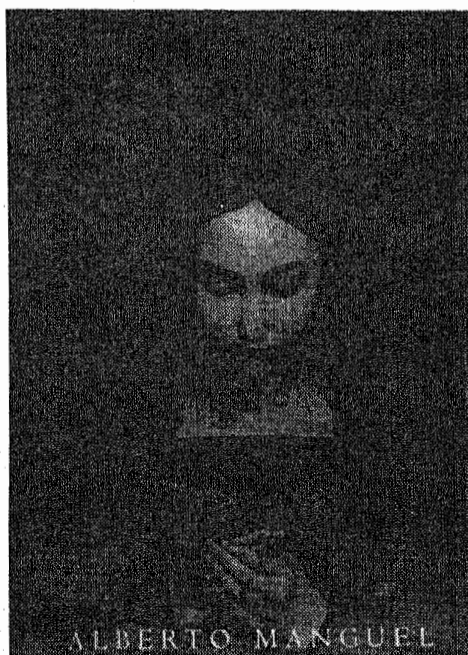
Books... nice...

A History of Reading.
Alberto Manguel.
HarperCollins.
\$ 45.00 HB

What would constitute a history of reading? Or, more importantly, what is this activity described as reading? This is Alberto Manguel's first concern in this gargantuan journey through the paths of readings past, present and future. For any reader or bibliophile this book is a masterpiece of self-affirming celebration. There is something in the wonder of books that transcends all other concerns. These objects are the source of wisdom, an escape or exit from the concerns of the world, they can even be our erotic partners. The sensual experience of sight, scent, taste and touch all contribute to the seductive and tantalizing act of reading. Let's face it, books (and bookworms) are sexy. We've all seen *Revenge of the Nerds*.

In *A History of Reading* Manguel does not restrict him-

self to the study of the reader. The author still has a place within the paradigm of literature, but this is a position fraught with uncertainty and ambiguity. As readers we still enjoy attending readings or book signings. It is still considered a joy to meet the famous writer and discover the supernatural entity which gives life to the narrative. Yet it is not the author who gives life to the text, it is the reader who has the last say (or the last read). Manguel eloquently states that "in creating the role of the reader, the writer also decrees the writer's death". It is not the



author, writer, scribe, translator, or recorder who is responsible for the activity of writing, "All writing depends on the generosity of the reader." Our understanding of reading does not cease with an examination of books. Those unfamiliar with or uninterested by reading are probably mumbling, "This book sounds like crap. I don't read!" Well one couldn't be further from the truth. We read nearly every moment of every day. We read the people that we speak to. We read signs, messages on screens, images in na-

ture. This is the greatest and most liberating thing about reading: we have the freedom to create the world as we read it. Through all of these methods of reading there is a fundamental and spiritual journey which we all embark upon. Whether we like "to believe that the text into which we gaze holds our reflection" or not, we constantly bring ourselves to each reading. Reading is an inevitable reading of the self. As such Manguel's *A History of Reading* is a must read for all readers. It is not a heavy theoretical tract. Rather, it contains numerous anecdotes and delicious historical tidbits. There are some noticeable absences. Hypertext and reading in the generation of IT does not get a mention until the penultimate page. In spite of this *A History of Reading* is an incredible book which enables you (as a single reader) to place yourself within the larger frame of a history of readers.

Anthony Paxton

The Mormons had become frequent visitors to Lisa's house that summer. The powers that be seemed to have determined that the entire suburb of Magill had been allowed to slumber in its sinfulness for too long, and had now chosen it for a campaign of salvation from which none would be spared. Scarcely a day went by when the suburban landscape, embossed in lethargy and concrete, was not graced by the unlikely sight of several pairs of neatly suited young men diligently attempting to spread the Good News across the spiritual wilderness to which their faith had led them. Such was the zeal which the bicycled invaders displayed that neither garden hoses nor large dogs being encouraged to bark loudly nor Led Zeppelin albums played backwards at full volume provided a permanent deterrent against them; and it soon became obvious to the people of Magill that evading salvation was not going to be as easy as they had first hoped.

"We're being too nice to them," Andrew had told Lisa. "The last guy I lived with used to chase them with a nail gun." Andrew, her flat-mate, had shown particular concern in regards to the frequent reappearances of the Mormons, as he did in most things religious, having a vested interest in establishing his reputation as the local antichrist. The first indication that a Mormon delegation was making its way to the house was usually not a knock but Andrew emerging from his bedroom naked except for a G-string and matching stilettos, with a pentagram drawn on each bum-cheek. Lisa had always managed to intercept him in the past at some point before he reached the front door; that particular day, however, she had been preoccupied with a search for a rat which had obviously died some-

where in the house, and had not realised what was happening until it was too late. As it was, she managed to arrive at precisely the wrong moment, just as Andrew, having allowed the full horror of his appearance to sink in, was beginning a stirring rendition of "Too Drunk to Fuck". Although Lisa was able to bring proceedings to an unceremonious halt by slamming his head into the door frame, the damage was already done; the Mormons, after staring at the unhallowed sight for some moments, left hastily, looking back only once, as if to confirm to their incredulous minds that such evil really could exist. Lisa watched their retreat down the road, filled with sudden misgivings.

"Congrats, Andrew," she said. "I think you've finally made the league of the damned".

"You're either for them or against them, Lise", Andrew replied cheerfully. "Everyone's got to choose."

But it seemed that for her, as she reflected, the choice had already been made.

"Dickhead." Andrew's hand was waving about in front of her face. "You look tense. You're getting that constipated look again."

"I'm always tense", Lisa said. "That's how I know I'm still alive. But, you know, Andrew," she continued, chewing distractedly on a nail, "You really should try to keep in with at least some Christians, even if just because you're going to be wanting a burial or something one day."

Andrew grinned. "You need to relax more."

Lisa had been told this frequently, by her friends, her naturopath, and the meditation tapes which she had retrieved from the Chemplus bargain bin, and which had

promised her hours of relaxation accompanied by the soothing sounds of the sitar. The voice on the tapes had advised regression. "Take yourself back," it had murmured sanguinely, "back to the last time you were happy. Come on. It can't be too difficult." And the sitar had twanged encouragingly. Lisa had experienced the unnerving feeling that somewhere in the universe, someone was taking the piss.

"Did you know," Andrew was saying, "that the Mormons wear those shirts to hide the naked ladies they have tattooed all over their bodies?"

"The funny thing is," Lisa said, following him inside, "that they actually go to all that trouble to try and help other people out. I mean," she continued, "how many people actually devote their lives to trying to help others?"

"I don't see that it's such an achievement," said Andrew.

"Andrew," said Lisa. "When did you last do something for someone else?"

Andrew suggested the names of the last five girls he'd had sex with.

"Exactly," said Lisa.

"The last thing I did to help someone", said Andrew, "was to leave them alone in bloody peace and quiet."

"But there must be a reason why they all try so hard," said Lisa.

"Heaven," said Andrew. "They're stoked because they're all in like Flynn at the big all-you-can-eat bar in the sky."

"I used to go to church," Lisa said. "There was this rack where you could light candles. They were like prayers. You'd light a candle and say a prayer for someone."

"Sounds like a load of crap."

"I was happy," she murmured.

"You were a lobotomy case."

There was a long pause.

"I have a strange feeling," Lisa said, "that I'm not ever going to be that happy again."

"But you're going to be a lot more fun," he replied.

Lisa was staring at a point on the wall. Eventually, when the wallpaper patterns began to move into shapes bearing an uncanny resemblance to Princess Di, she turned her gaze to her flat-mate. "You know, Andrew," she said. "It was nice, thinking that." She stopped. "It was nice thinking that... God loved you."

"Urgh," said Andrew.

"Wouldn't it be nice to think," said Lisa, "that someone would always love you for who you are?"

"It would," said Andrew. "Most people just want me for the sex."

But Lisa was already heading back out the door. The flat, and Andrew's presence inside it, seemed to be suddenly inducing a sense of claustrophobia in her, and her neck was beginning to ache. Outside, the air was cooler and the signs of life more visible. She whispered "Relax" and thought of lights hanging over the altar, long robes made out of silk, smoke-stained wax figures smiling down at the small mortals who had come to the alcoves to petition them. The darkness, incense filled and punctuated by the soft glow of candles, dotting the arched ceiling above with pigments of hope. She chewed another nail and thought suddenly that she understood everything, then remembered that, in fact, very little was within her grasp. Nothing, as she could have predicted, was actually happening in the front yard. She went back inside.

Stephanie Hester

MAN / CLOWN: OLD GEEZER WARD

(With apologies to P.)

Blistered crab scab chubby bloke,
hasn't washed for days,
Opens his sad eyed soul to the heavens -

Used to ride a monocycle,
kiddies loved his capering
'neath the bright spotlight of his buttock-baring bollocksy bigtop
but now he can't juggle two overripe peaches
without wetting himself and breaking his hip.

Oh, if the angels could lower themselves
to his ugly mug and say,
"you're a joke! you're a clown!"
he would feel less like a deluded old git
and more like
Bozo.

Uberclown -
do you hear me Herr Bozo?
clean colostomy bag
glistens in the sun.

garden of the clown
who can't laugh
tragic sorrow
lost joy

Ha ha ha

underpants on his head.

Paul Lobban

Friendship

Friendship smells of

roses,

Bringing a sparkle to my

eye.

Comforting my soul,

And making my step light.

Mr Kevin Lewis

The Beholder

by Chris Slape

Poised on the edge, delicately; I hung in the space between two fates. My toes over the edge, feeling for a firmness that wasn't there, and me safe on the other side. A brisk wind whipped up the side of the building and into my toes, into me, into my face. It wasn't that strong, but I felt it forcing me back, tipping me back to safety, and I fought it, leaning out further over the edge. Another element in the equilibrium, the breeze, like me, like my feet, my nose, my parasail of a cloak billowing out behind me, the pendulum weight of the binoculars hanging around my neck. Periodically I lost my balance, and spun my arms around in a frenzy to regain the symmetry, all the more exhilarated for having come closer. Each time, after I survived, I swung my head back to check on the big full moon, feeling the ecstasy spread across my face. I felt we had a certain kinship - as I hung in the balance, so too did the moon, treading the gravitational line between Earth and the void. So I stared for lengths at a time at the moon as it outshone all the lesser lights in the sky. Most of which, of course, are actually greater, but even so. Not to my eye. And what is it they say about beauty? Eye of the beholder? That may apply to more quantifiable measures also, like the size of heavenly bodies.

The street hovered below me, seemingly oscillating back and forth in phase with the gusting wind. Directly below me, halfway to the street, was a flat overhang - no, not an overhang; an underhang? - a jutting out, distinguishing

the top ten floors from the rest. It occurred to me that, if I fell, I'd want to push off quite hard, or I'd land on the protrusion, only halfway down, halfway between life and death. But then, that had an appeal of its own.

Beyond that, I saw people on the street. Directly below, they were little more than bobbing heads, but further to either side the shapes elongated and became more familiar. The shadows that they cast, confusingly, stretched and shortened with the passing of streetlights. The binoculars brought them all closer to me, such that I could make out their details - long hair, short hair, fat, thin, young, old, those in groups, those with no one, those who rode in limousines and those with nowhere to go. I held them all in my scope, in my grasp. By the very act of watching them, from my removed (so removed) position, I exerted my power. The observer, through the act of observation, alters the system. Quantum physics.

The Beholder I surely was, thrilling to my own power, with the beheld beneath me, scurrying, oblivious to my impact on their lives. Balanced on the edge, my power, the essence of my spirit, was far greater than those securely on one side. Either side.

My body beat back and forth, my legs buckled and swayed, and my arms flapped like the wings of a hummingbird.

The moment was upon me.

Poised; balanced; on the cusp. Of something. Everything.

I didn't go home.

Plane trees. Great movies.



Wed 12 Feb - Sun 16 Feb

Wed - Mad Max I (R)
Thurs - The Big Blue (PG)
Fri - Jaws (M)
Sat - Some Like it Hot (M)
Sun - Clerks (R)

Wed 19 Feb - Sun 23 Feb

Wed - Bladerunner (Director's cut) (M)
Thurs - Baraka (PG)
Fri - Ferris Bueller's Day Off (PG)
Sat - Breakfast at Tiffany's (PG)
Sun - Much Ado About

Wed 26 Feb - Sun 2 Mar

One of our Adelaide wine and no screenings during this week
Wed 5 Mar - Sun 9 Mar
Wed - The Shining (M)
Thurs - Like Water for Chocolate (M)
Fri - Babe (G)
Sat - Rebel Without a Cause (M)
Sun - Baraka (PG)

Wed 12 Mar - Sun 16 Mar

Wed - Jackie Chan - Rumble in the Bronx (M)
Thurs - Il Postino (G)
Fri - Psycho (M)
Sat - Priscilla Queen of the Desert (M)
Sun - An Affair to Remember (G)

Wed 19 Mar - Sun 23 Mar

Wed - Delicatessen (M)
Thurs - A Clockwork Orange (R)
Fri - Grease (PG)
Sat - Barefoot in the Park (PG)
Sun - Diva (M)

Wed 26 Mar - Sun 30 Mar

Wed - Ghost in the Shell (M)
Thurs - Cyrano de Bergerac (G)
Fri - The Blues Bros (M)
Sat - Pulp Fiction (R)
Sun - Breakfast at Tiffany's (PG)

WHEN & WHERE

Wed - Sun, 8.45pm start.

The Plane Tree Lawn, Adelaide Botanic Garden. Enter via Friends Gate at rear of gardens.

PARKING: Plane Tree Drive off Hackney Road.

ADMISSION

Includes short film, intermission and feature. Adults \$11, students \$8.50, unem/pens. \$7.50. Book of 10 tickets \$75. Tickets at the gate from 7.30pm or call 0883 on 13 12 46 for enquiries and bookings. Check papers for session updates.

FOOD & WINE

Hardys wines available by the bottle or glass plus delicious food from the Botanic Garden Restaurant. Bring a rug or cushion and enjoy a picnic atmosphere.



THE AUSTUDY ACTUAL MEANS TEST.....A JOKE!

THE ISSUE

The Austudy Actual Means Test has dominated the higher ed scene for the past few weeks. Amanda Vanstone said that "The Actual Means Test is about fairness". However, the minister has recently admitted that the Actual Means Test is too hard, too confusing and not accurately showing students real expenditure, and decided to re-assess everyone's applications after denying the inequities of the test for weeks. Her decision to re-assess everyone's AUSTUDY application was made **not** because of any real concern for students but because of the political repercussions, the backbench lashing out at her. The Actual Means Test limits people's access to uni and it is harsh and inequitable.

DEFINITION - "ACTUAL MEANS"

The Minister loves making up a funny language that no-one understands and this is no exception. "Actual Means" can be explained as all the expenditure and savings which are not connected to the main business activity of the family. This include the bartering for goods. Rent is included in the expenditure column as well as school fees and trust funds, the mortgage. It's all very detailed, even the Department doesn't quite understand it. The definitions of an independent student is another thing the Department doesn't understand very well. The Means Test considers a person of 16 to be no longer dependant on their parents, but they can't drink, smoke or vote. The test considers that the very same person not eligible for independent AUSTUDY for another 9 years. It is all a bit ridiculous- if only Howard, Costello and Vanstone could also see this.

It's important to remember that the Department of Employment, Education, Training and Youth Affairs (DEETYA) is not directly responsible for the Means Test bungle, although Vanstone has tried to blame them. She herself authorised the test, she herself refused to see its blatant inconsistencies.

BACKGROUND INFO

Here is a brief rundown of how the education system has changed over the years. From 1974 to the mid 80s education was free, alas this wasn't to last. This was a step in the right direction to make higher education equitable. Making higher education free was not adequate enough action to addressing the equity problems in universities, and as a result the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme was started. This scheme financially assisted students in need and our current scheme, AUSTUDY, followed this model. However the previous scheme and AUSTUDY inadequately meet the real needs of students. The Keating government and the coalition both insist that AUSTUDY is not intended to be the sole source of income yet documentation has shown that being a full time student and trying to find adequate paid work to fit into your spare hours per week is extremely difficult and sometimes not realistic. As a result the maximum away-from-home rate is still not enough and most students on AUSTUDY live below the poverty line.

THE PROBLEMS WITH AUSTUDY-NOT JUST ADMINISTRATIVE

The Actual Means Test is more than an administrative bungle; it's a joke. The minister is blaming all the problems and students not receiving AUSTUDY on administrative reasons. But, how can administration work effectively if they do not have the number of staff to answer phones, deal with students problems, with 3-hour long lines?

The Government should look at the real problems, like slashing the budget of student assistance. The Actual Means Test was designed by the government to supposedly catch people whose expenditure exceeds their taxable income. However, the figures that they base their test on are inaccurate. The Minister doesn't realise that a lot of us still live below the poverty line. The Actual Means Test is designed to seek out millionaires with creative accountants and does not do anything to help students, hence the system's inequity. The test seriously affects middle to low income earners, who as students don't receive any or enough financial support. All applications processed under the AUSTUDY Actual Means Test are being re-processed ('bout time!)

CHANGES THAT AFFECT YOU

One reason that you may have been denied AUSTUDY or have been given a reduced rate

is that your figure of expenditure may not have been accurately calculated. If you think you have been unfairly treated you can apply for a review or you can submit an amended application. A review can take ages, possibly weeks, so submit an amended application as this will be processed much faster. Another change is that the Department can no longer overrule the information provide by you and input their own figures. The AUSTUDY assessment team used to be able to put their own figures in and change yours. You might be thinking "Well was the bloody use in me filling out a form in the first place if they are going to change it? The answer is "Who knows!" However they are not allowed to do this anymore so if you were denied AUSTUDY because the figures you submitted were changed by the Department don't worry your form will be reprocessed. The "loans" category will also be looked at carefully as it was found that some loans were accidentally counted twice.

WHERE TO GO FOR HELP

You can go to the local AUSTUDY office for help but remember the local AUSTUDY office has nothing to do with the processing of the forms, so don't blame the staff in there. They get just as frustrated as we do. Instead, go to the Ministers office. It is a fine idea to go here because the Minister has said to the media that her office would like to conduct a review of the problems that have occurred with the system. So don't see yourself as a burden, but rather someone who is being extremely helpful by going to explain your problems to them. The Minister needs to understand how we as students are affected by the system and how students live. She is accountable to us! They might one day understand that students have been living off of menial amounts of money and assistance schemes make or break our chances of being able to afford to study at uni. So it might help to tell them this for their review. Other places to go for help are to the Union's Education Welfare Officers who can be found in the Lady Symon Building just near the cloisters.

If you haven't enrolled yet as a result of not knowing whether you are eligible for Austudy, the University will consider waiving your late enrolment fee, so come in and see us in the SAUA and we can help you!

THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR

The Department of Employment, Education,

Training and Youth Affairs (DEETYA) does check up on you. They'll check everything like your enrolment, your income, your housing arrangements, they may even check what you eat for breakfast (actually, I hope not)

There are some particular things to look out for when it comes to receiving AUSTUDY. The AUSTUDY office looks at your workload semester by semester. Basically, to get paid for a semester you must be doing .375 HECS loading (ie 9 points). However, there are exceptions under certain conditions. You can go as low as .332 HECS (ie 8 points) BUT you will need to get a letter from your faculty.

If you have a disability or you are on sole parent benefit, different rules apply. If you change your enrolment, you have to tell AUSTUDY. Don't wait for AUSTUDY to check your enrolment - you might have scored a \$3000 overpayment by the time they get around to it.

They will also check your personal income. The safest way of covering your arse is that, if you don't earn more than \$3000 in any 6 month period, January-June or July-December, it will not affect your AUSTUDY. If you earn more, it might. Remember when you state your income, you must give the before tax amount: but you can deduct any self education expenses. So, by paying your \$260- Union fee, you already have a \$10 deduction. Other deductions are books, photocopying, field trip costs etc.

Also watch out for other changes in everyday life that might occur during the year and affect you. Changes can alter your AUSTUDY, like if your parents' income increases, or even make you eligible to receive payments during the year. Examples of some of these things are:

-if your parents' income decreases
-if your parents qualify for a Health Card or DSS benefit

-if your parents separate

If you've been taken up the creek by AUSTUDY stuff-ups keep your eye on the SAUA this week we are having an AUSTUDY action on Wednesday March 5th at 12 so meet at the Students' Association office at around 11:30 to participate. Lets show the three stooges that we will fight to maintain "Student Control of Student Affairs"

CLASSIFIEDS

Free, fabulous and pine-scented. Just drop them into the tray inside our office door, and then run before we set the dogs on you.

An ad

about ads

If you want to write ads, you must be mad.

If you want to create ads, you'll have to do AWARD school. A school which pits you against hundreds of other budding Art Directors and Copywriters, and makes you work harder than you ever have before.

AWARD school is a course run by the Australian Directors Association, for people who want to become copywriters or art directors in the advertising industry.

The school will accept up to 200 students and will run in NSW, SA QLD, WA & VIC.

Award School commences 15th April (1st of April in Sydney). To be accepted into the course, you must submit an A3 folio of work based on a brief. It is important that the top right hand corner of your portfolio is clearly labelled with your name and address, and that each

piece of your work has your name and address written on the back, in the top right hand corner.

It is at this stage students are accepted in the course according to the results from submissions. Deadline for submissions is no later than 5pm 17th March 1997 (5pm 3rd March in Sydney)

If accepted into the course, there is a fee of \$500.00 to enter AWARD school (\$750 in Sydney)

For more information please contact Cathy McLean or Danny Searle at:

Young & Rubicam Adelaide
182 Fullarton Rd, Dulwich SA 5065
Ph. 08 8366 4777 Fax: 08 8333 2276

Because it was there

MOUNTAIN CLUB will be having a champagne lunch on Fri. Mar 7. Free champers & snags for members.

Lost

leather

Lost Tuesday of O'Week

One double-stranded leather necklace with silver & brass beads. HUGE sentimental value but small heart felt reward offered - Please help!!!

Please hand in at either the security office or phone Courtney on 8272 4815

Not at all like that episode of The Simpsons

Hi! I am a mature, experienced, child loving woman who is interested in becoming your child's babysitter. If you are looking for someone like me to mind your child, call Amy on 8267 2142

Bikie

For sale ; Honda VT250 FII Motorcycle. New sports exhaust, low kms, excellent condition. Urgent sale. \$2200 o.n.o.

Call Julian ~ 8276 3153 (anytime)

Not at all like that scene in "Love & Other Catastrophes"

Plympton South
\$60 per week (plus expenses)
3BR House, inground pool, large private yard, off-street car parking. Quiet location, close to transport and shops. The accommodation offered has private access, is a double-sized fully furnished lounge/bedroom with ample room for study area (need own desk), wood combustion heating. Female student preferred.

Phone A/H on 8293 7889

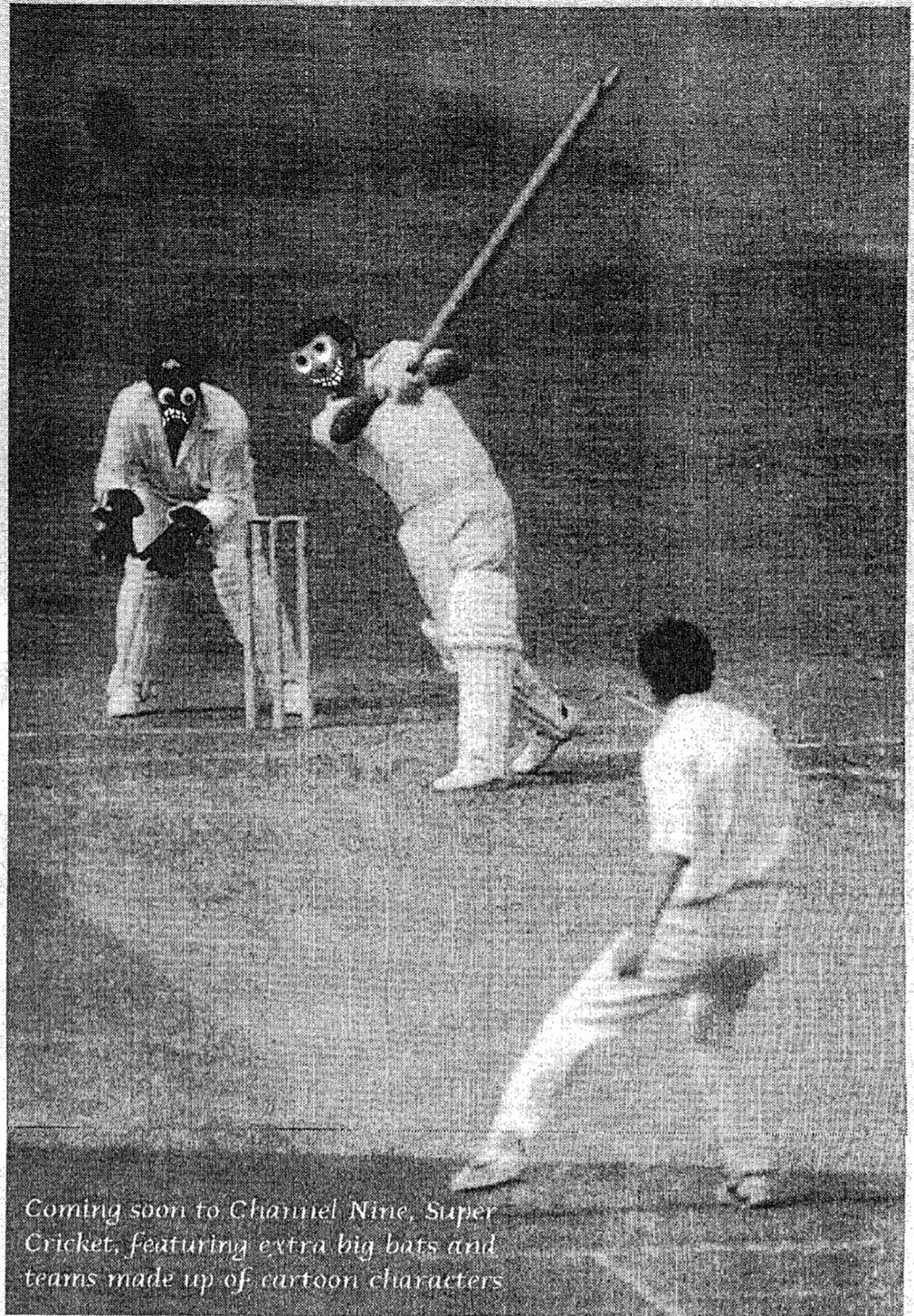
CRICKET SCORES

A Grade. Uni v Prospect. Prospect 1st-153. UNI1st-6/157 dec. (C. Williamson 65 D. Ligertwood 31). Pros. 2nd 4/223 dec (Rice 2/33 [7.4 overs]). UNI 2nd 9/110 (Ligertwood 26).

B-Grade UNI 312 (Coots 112, Singh 65) d. Prospect 307.

C-Grade Prospect 8/255 & 2/26 d. UNI 152 (Souter 40, Shanahan 26, Schaeffer 25, Parsons 25.)

Legends-UNI 149 (Phelps 35) d Sturt 8/144 (Toogood 2/16). TURF-C Payneham 255 (Duffin 3/64) d. UNI 167. LOA. UNI 9/161 (Matthews 61 n.o., Black 55), Grange 149 (A. Lock 3/32) LOC. Mercedes 194 (Durant 3/21, Evans 3/70) d. UNI157 (Johnson 66 n.o. Rice 32).



Coming soon to Channel Nine, Super Cricket, featuring extra big bats and teams made up of cartoon characters

THE **BIG** PICTURE

The mighty CORROLLAS certainly gave the PASTIES the sauce, after 1/2-time anyway. The PASTIES looked a bit undermanned in the back half though. Mad Mal wont be getting too carried away at this stage, but better to win than lose.

The WINDJAMMERS will be fighting it out with the MENTAL ROCKERS to see which team is the bigger bunch of Dock-Heads.(unfortunately deadline falls b4 Fri night, so I can't comment in this edition.)

The SUID AFRIKKAAN's have been given the kiss of death with 2:1 favouritism to whip the GREEN-BAGS, in the forthcoming battle for world domination. The African Newspapers have been telling their readers that the G-B's will be sledging harder than Santa at the North Pole, but that their boys will be gentlemanly & humorous, when making remarks about (girl-friend, wife, mother, country, national food, etc.). By the way, if Mark Waugh is poetry in motion, is Paul Adams a limerick?

Finally the whole state, paralysed with expectation, finally gets to see the LAMBS strut their stuff against those arrogant heathens the COWBOYS.

SKUNK HOUR

with KINETIC PLAYGROUND

Friday 7th March
ADELAIDE UniBar (Tix @ CIB)

\$10 ADELAIDE UNI. STUDENTS • \$15 OTHERS
OVER 18s ONLY, PHOTO ID

Adelaide UniBar and Rip it Up presents

DEEP FIVE

ROCK

KRAINKTUS

Saturday, 8th March
Adelaide UniBar

\$10 AU Students, \$12 Others
- Pre-sold thru C.I.B.

\$15 at the door (if available)

over 18's - photo I.D please.

FREE Entry B4 9:30pm

PLANET DISCO



Featuring

Jaki J • Steve HOOPER • Dolly

Every Wednesday Night At The Planet

• Half Price Drinks 8pm - 10pm •

