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## ISSUE 65.9 MAY 12-23 1997 FREE



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# Rip It Off Letters

Yes, we know RIU has no 'witty' titles for their letters, but why break a fine tradition?

## The Pseudonymous Voice

Dear S'N'M

I'm afraid that I must concur with James Badger's (Actually, his name was Daniel - Eds) comments in his first letter in last week's issue. His letter was eminently qualified for publication in On Dit the week before because it was boring as fuck, and would have fit in perfectly with the political debate. Instead of asking poor, overworked S'N'M what the CVP does, go and ask him yourself, Daniel. I would just like to take this opportunity to finish this letter with an expletive, hopefully to increase its chance of publication: FUCK!!! Happy birthday to all of you.

**Bob Ferret**  
Honours Pants

## The Unhappy Voice

The Editors,

The current "On Dit" practice of giving titles to classifieds in a manner which both denigrates and obscures the messages does no credit to the Editors of On Dit. Also the language used for the headings of letters to the editors is of like nature!! Also too, the recent edition focussing on sex and sexuality did not give a balanced view of sexuality in our culture in 1997. Therefore if current practices in presentation style continue in this paper one can only hope that there are a group of students in 1998 who can get together and give us a well presented, well balanced, interesting student paper which is both a credit to the editors and a pleasure to read. I will be interested to see if this letter is published?

**Lorraine May**  
2nd/3rd year Arts

*Eds: Dear Lorraine. We have never ever received a complaint from anyone about the title given to their letter or classified ad, indeed we have had requests to repeat some ads. Of course we will publish your letter. We wouldn't want your ignorance to be just something we know about - we think everyone should share*

*in the joy. And as for your comments re our Sexuality edition - you said to us when you came down to the office, "some of my friends are homosexuals" - perhaps you'd like to show them your letter. In the meantime, perhaps, instead of whingeing about what you think is lacking in the paper, how about actually writing an article expressing your views. Also, consider the fact that every other media is saturated by all things heterosexual, so we as editors didn't feel like we should follow hoi polloi. We included EVERYTHING we could in the edition - we were not intending a 'balanced view paper', we were printing articles about every facet of sexuality that we could. You complained to us in person that your student's fees were funding the paper, so why should you have to read stuff you don't like? The people who wrote the articles you don't like also pay their student fees - at least they were contributing. As to the editors of this paper in 1998, our prediction is that you sure as hell won't be one of them.*

## The Multicultural Voice

PAULINE HANSON,  
SHUTUPPA YOUR FACE!  
Cari direttori,  
non capisco Pauline Hanson? Chi é questa donna così stupida? Lei pensa che io non sono Australiano? VA FUNCULO PAULINE HANSON! I miei genitori, nonni e tutti I parenti sono Australiani piú da lei! Sempre abbiamo rispettato tutti ma non capisco che dica lei. Solamente voglio dire, "Pauline Hanson... whats ammater for you!"  
**Simon Pampena**

## The Confused Voice

Dear S'N'M,

Once upon a time there lived a cherub cheeked boy, with blow-dried hair, a checked shirt and sandals. Every morning he'd plod off to the gym for a fast and furious work-out to enhance his Rubenesque form. Preferring the aroma of his own bodily excretions he would choose not to shower, instead donning a form-fitting Ed Harry's original suit. With the sweat on his brow and between his arse cheeks, the cherub cheeked boy proceeded on his chaff-riddled journey to his Law lecture.

Yes, this pungent young boy was a LAW STUDENT, well equipped with the up-standing conservatism possessed by his forefathers. As he approached the intellectual ground that is Ligertwood, something caught his eye. For the first time,

## What's Right

- NOTHING - ever

## What's Shite

- WHIGFIELD ETC - synthesised six-lyric bullshit for people with rhythm but no brains
- STREET PAPERS WHO THINK THEY CAN DEFINE WHAT'S HOT AND WHAT'S NOT - who the fuck are they, and why the fuck would we care what they think?
- REALLY STUPID ENTRIES IN THOSE COLUMNS - when they can't even think of anything so they just spout crap
- FOOTBALL - everything to do with it and everyone involved with it
- FOOTBALL FANS - as though saying you like some team who you don't even live near somehow makes you superior when they win
- BANDS - who do promo tours in Sydney and Melbourne only - we will never buy your CDs again - actually, we will, but we'll bitch a lot about it
- TALENTLESS PRATS - self-explanatory
- SHITEY ENVELOPES - the ones with the nasty glue that hangs round in your mouth for hours like an unpleasant party guest who won't go home.
- PEOPLE WHO HAVE CHAINS ON THEIR JEANS - you know who you are
- GETTING DOUBLES OF GOOSEBUMPS CARDS IN YOUR CHIP PACKETS - we want new ones for our magic bobbing wall, damn it!
- COVER VERSIONS OF ANYTHING - particularly by The Fugees or Warren G
- ONLY GETTING SHITEY MAIL - such as 'The Zionist Conspiracy' and its accompanying begging letters for cash so that he can keep up this vital service
- UNINVITED GUESTS AND ASSORTED PSYCHOPATHS - just because we're underground, it doesn't mean that coming down here will be like a return to the womb for you - go away!
- PEOPLE WITH NO SENSE OF HUMOUR - for goodness sakes, live a little!
- EVERYTHING - always

our young protagonist encountered people unlike the specimens he had previously associated with amongst his wide circle of friends at a Central Boys College. They were laughing. And having fun. They wore clothes that were a little different. They were "loud". "Freaks", he thought. Ruddy cheeked, he felt offended, violated, and oddly... curious. He wanted to get to know them, emulate them, BE them. Alas, his exclusive social set of Single White Females would not allow him to freely express his desire. Instead, he retaliated. His hair became more blowdried, his cheeks became more pronounced, he wore socks with his sandals. He would not succumb to their evil ways. They threatened his raw, unadulterated heterosexuality. Constantly, at the back of his mind, he pondered the sexual orientation of those

"loud freaks". Her coat was so RED, and he couldn't help but notice the way his flares clung to his firm Denise Austin buns of steel. Would he ever be the subject of their fantasies? Our cherub cheeked boy was destined to spend the rest of his illustrious Law career in agonising torment of what his life could have been had he not chosen therapeutic sandals, blowdried hair and mixed checks.  
**Mother MAE LAW**

To contact RIP IT OFF, see our details on page 3



# The Political Voice

Dear Jack Gaffey,  
On April 30, I graduated from this uni at the ceremony of which you wrote last week. My and many other graduates' problem with the day was not the protests aimed at Mandy Vanstone but rather it was the fact that our university offensively invited this arrogant and short-sighted ignoramus onto our campus and to our ceremony.

This woman, instrumental in destroying all remaining equity and access to higher education, was supposed to be the 'inspirational speaker'. Rather she was quite the opposite, the thoughts of the graduates on her speech being able to be summed up in one word: HYPOCRITICAL. But the following is where you are wrong. The majority of graduates of law and performing arts on that day DID want the students' association to protest, just as the vast majority (and not the 50% you espouse) of us did by wearing ribbons and refusing to applaud.

Yes, we have 'spent at least five hard years of studying and living in abject poverty', but, if Mandy was in charge 6 years ago, many of us there would not have graduated as we would not have received a place nor support in her elitist, rich kids system of higher education. We worked hard for our degrees and through the uni inviting Vanstone to the ceremony, they cheapened and degraded our effort.

The protests of the day did not significantly disrupt the events nor importance of the day, while still getting our point across to the university and Vanstone. I suggest, Jack, that you abandon your Liberal affiliations when you participate in student activities and realise exactly what the union and SAUA is here to do. Love your work, Amrita and Olivia.

**Ritchie Hollands**  
Honours German.

# The Appalled Voice

Dear Editors,  
In response to the letter by Jack Gaffey regarding the graduation protest, I wish to state categorically that as a member of the SAUA's Education Standing Committee I had no part in its organisation. I too was appalled that protesters would have such disregard for the tradition of graduation ceremonies as to engineer a rowdy disruption.

Let me clarify to Mark Kernich what that noisy protest achieved (and if Mark was really quiet, he was the only one!). The public saw the graduation ceremony of real students marred by outbursts from a bunch of scruffy looking radicals. While graduates maintained a dignified silent protest inside, wearing blue ribbons and not applauding Senator Vanstone, idiots like Mark distracted media attention so as to further marginalise student protesters in the public eye.

It is claimed that graduates "wanted" the protest disrupted. It may even be true that the majority did. But many students were not wearing blue ribbons in protest, and they had a right to a peaceful graduation. Democracy is not the tyranny of the majority; minorities have rights too. In this case, the Students' Association (after being approached by only two students of each of the two faculties, claiming to represent them all!) decided to trample on the feelings of the dissenting minority, when all groups apart from the rowdy degenerates outside could have been satisfied by confining protest to the civilised and dignified behaviour of the students within.

I sincerely apologise on behalf of those of my colleagues who have yet to learn good manners or good sense.

**Alan Anderson**  
Education Standing Committee  
Engineering

# The Presidential Voice

I am writing this letter in response to some of the criticisms and misunderstandings expressed by Jack Gaffey's letter in the May 5 edition of On Dit. The protest organised by Students' Association and the Union against the completely inappropriate invitation extended by the University to Senator Amanda Vanstone to present the occasional address at the Commemoration ceremony for law and performing arts graduates was done after both the SAUA and the Union were approached by a number of these concerned graduates. The Minister is the one directly responsible for the cuts to University operating grants which resulted in the slashing of the Performing Arts faculty last year; she is the one directly responsible for the introduction of differential HECS which sees law students in the highest tier. Utmost care was taken to ensure that the ceremony itself was not disrupted: the silent protest of the blue ribbons and the request not to applaud the Minister's less than inspiring speech was organised in conjunction with the graduates and discussed extensively at SAUA Council. The decision to declare the Union a Vanstone-free zone was discussed extensively at a Union Executive meeting. The protest outside the ceremony was coordinated to last the duration of the Minister's speech - it was not loud enough by any means to drown her out but effective enough to express students' dissatisfaction with her presence, and it by no means caused any disturbance to the rest of the ceremony. The SAUA and the Union have a responsibility to organise on behalf of students and represent their views, which is exactly what the Vanstone protest was about. We also have a responsibility to ensure that students' rights and concerns are voiced and responded to, not just within the University but to the Government and the wider community. The

## NOTICE TO ALL LETTER-WRITERS!

**We will print your letters as long as we have your REAL name and contact number. We won't print them if you don't want us to, but for legal reasons we DO require them. The info will go no further than the editors.**

number of graduands, their friends and family members who were involved in the protest was a majority, and the gratitude expressed by many who were extremely disgruntled by the Minister's presence prove that the protest was successful in expressing students' concerns without ruining the celebration of the graduands' achievements. Perhaps the next time Jack would like to express his concern that many students were the presence of Senator Vanstone on this campus, he should also mention his Liberal Party affiliations, and that as a member of Union Board, he had ample opportunity, and in fact, a fiduciary responsibility to voice his dissent to both the Union and the SAUA presidents instead of petty attempts at political point scoring by writing letters to On Dit. I encourage all students who are concerned with the operations of the Union and the SAUA to come in and see us and tell us what you would like to see us do or change. This is your Union, and your Students' Association - run by students for students.

Cheers,  
**Amrita Dasvarma**  
SAUA President 1997

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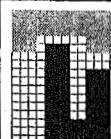
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What can be said about Crowded House's 'Onionface' that hasn't already been said by other critics? Released posthumously, just days after the band's triumphant final concert at the Sydney Opera House (where they performed a touching a capella version of 'Four Onions In One Day'). This peculiar yet ultimately wonderful album is full of statements filled with love and loss - "Eywhere you go, always take your onions with you!" and "Can I have another piece of onion cake?" being two of the most memorable lines. A pop fan's dream, and a disc that will always hold a special place in my heart.

**ROGER AUBERGINE**  
New Musical Onion (Chief Editor)

CROWDED HOUSE ONIONFACE

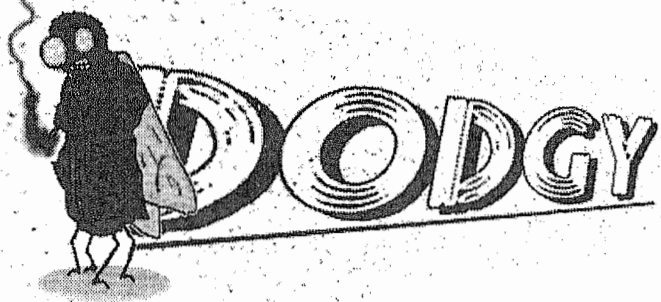


1. Onion Cake
2. It's only onion
3. Onions At Your Feet
4. Tall onions
5. Onions With You
6. Onions And Moans
7. Four onions In one Day
8. There Goes onion
9. Onions Is
10. All I onion
11. As onion As I Am
12. Italian onion
13. She Goes onion
14. How Will You Go, onion?



**The ONION CDs**  
**All Class, No Arse**





What ticks me off is when the weather gets cold and you can finally start wearing that super-snazzy winter wardrobe you like so much, and so you get all rugged up and then (this is the part that yanks my chain) people go out of their way to heat places up. Houses, offices, lecture theatres (well, some lecture theatres), you name it, people heat it. So you're constantly putting on and taking off the clothes all day, and it's a hassle. I wish I lived somewhere cold enough so I could wear a scarf all day and not look the fool. Sorry. Not important. Anyway...

So. Prosh, eh? Now, I've been here for a number of years, and, despite the immense analytical powers of which the FlyGuy is possessed, I have been unable to decipher the Prosh phenomenon. Not for want of time spent trying, either (one week per year, more or less). I mean, predominantly it's for fun, it

gives the kids a chance to get out and strut their funny bones, and that's okay and to be admired. Generally. I do often wonder at the wisdom of saying to the student populous "Here is a week; run amok; play pranks." It seems inherently fraught with danger. No one can control these student minds when they are turned to and focussed on evil doings, and surely, when someone does go too far, the University or the Union or whoever runs the damn thing must take some measure of responsibility. It just seems nonsensical (not that the FlyGuy is opposed to nonsensical per se; applied nonsensically is the thing that shivers his little spine). And I never could quite work out where charity fit into it. That seems like a bit of ad hoc justification. That said; run amok, kids. I don't care.

The FlyGuy, sadly, is not much of a practical joker, preferring instead to sit idly by and observe the follies

of others. Thankfully, he is (for the most part) ignored by the nasty-pasty pranksters who merrily reap their havoc on the unsuspecting (and therein, perhaps, lies the secret to being ignored; you must, at all costs, all the time, be suspecting); it is only the gentle nice-pie (and often half-pie) gagsters who occasionally have a go, and this is, generally (mood swings notwithstanding), quite welcome. So, with this being the situation, I find myself forced into the (somewhat pleasant, actually, in a voyeuristic kind of way) position of relaying the practical japester story of another. The story was given to me by my good mate QueenBee. She does great things, QueenBee, and she has the best stories you'll ever hear. This isn't one of them. But it's still pretty good. And here it is.

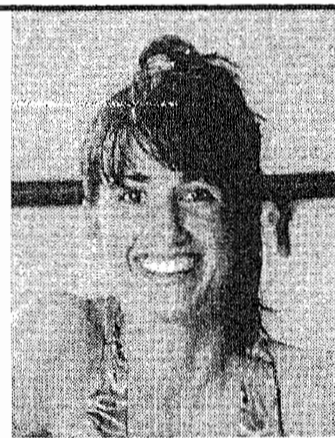
It takes place, sadly enough, in the Medical School. If there is a School, however, that's ripe for the ripping, it is the Medical School. Well, hang on, let's not forget the Law School. And the School of Thought that says caffeine is a bad thing. But anyway. The story goes that there was a young man, the hero of the jape (despite his medical student orientation), who was lazing in bed one morning (despite

his medical student orientation) when the phone rings. It is a favorite lecturer of his (at this point the tale was heightened by legends of why this beacon of academia is revered by all his students, which are here (perhaps to the story's detriment, but what are you going to do about it?) ignored), telling our hero that he has been selected to attend a conference and he has to get up and get to the airport (for the conference was somewhere far removed) post-haste. No doubt you can see the joke already. Young man rushes to airport to pick up ticket, argument with air-ticket-giving-person ensues. Hero realises the jape he is the victim of and slinks back to his car, all sheepish. Nnnnnheh. Heh. And yet, we are not done. The tragic twist is yet to come. Upon returning to his car, he finds his stereo has been stolen. "Bummer!" he cries. Word of this gets around, the japesters (I gather there was quite the bevy of them) feel guilty and raise the money for a new stereo. Following receipt of this gesture of apology and goodwill, our hero stood before his packed lecture and said, "Thanks for the dosh, chums, I'm off to buy me something nice!" For, you see, his stereo was not stolen. Never was. It was the reciprocal jape. Damn funny when QueenBee tells it, but the FlyGuy ... meh.

**FlyGuy**



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**Colour Prejudice in Classroom**

TEACHERS at a Midlands comprehensive school are dropping red ink from pupil's exercise books to eliminate "danger and male dominance" in marking. James Weekes, a Canadian physics teacher at Sir Graham Balfour High School in Stafford, said Canadian studies had shown that children reacted better to corrections in green ink because it was a "more peaceful colour".



**BOB HAWKE - BLOWING HIS OWN TRUMPET (OR, INDEED, TROMBONE)**

**Milkshakes with a Kick**

**A L C O H O L I C** milkshakes that are stronger than most beers have gone on sale amid claims from health experts that they are an attempt to exploit the young people's market. Dr Bill O'Neill, of the British Medical Association, said the BMA was deeply disturbed at the ease with which young children could gain access to alcohol.

So she pulled it, filed it down and super-glued it back into his mouth.

Saraiva went to the Maryland state board of dental examiners to complain. The board told him there was no record of Soto's licence.

DPA

**UK Beer**

LONDON, April 29 PA - The British like to drink their beer warm, but now one of their most famous drops can be enjoyed in frozen form. Newcastle Brown Ale ice cream is one

of the treats on the menu at Newcastle-on-Tyne's new Metropolitan brasserie, which tries to reflect local ingredients as much as possible.

"Brown ale is part of the north-east heritage so I thought it would be a good idea," head chef Nick Robinson said. "It took three or four goes to perfect but it could be improved further so I'll work on it some more."

PA

**US Pie**

BATON ROUGE, Louisiana, April 27 Reuter - A 41-year-old Louisiana man faces up to 50 years in prison after being convicted of shooting his girlfriend's brother for eating a slice of his lemon meringue pie. Lester "Bear" Bryant was convicted of attempted second-degree murder for shooting Paul Thomas in the chest last Au-



**TONY BLAIR - COLGATE'S WORST NIGHTMARE**

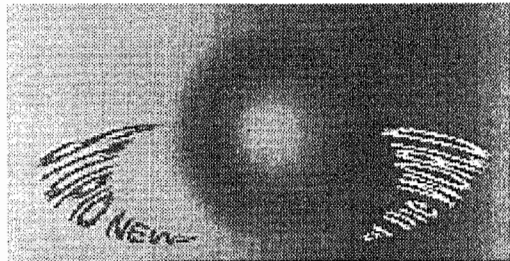
gust for eating a piece of the pie he had warned everyone in his house not to touch. Thomas made a full recovery.

Prosecuter Tony Clayton said after the trial that the verdict showed local residents would not stand for violence over a piece of lemon meringue pie. "However, if it were a piece of my mama's apple pie, it might have been a different verdict," Clayton said.

REUTER

**Malaysia Undies**

KUALA LUMPUR, April 23 AFP - Malaysian Prime Minister Mahathir Mohamad, who has a penchant for speaking his mind, has criticised high-rise flat dwellers for hanging out their undergarments in the open to dry. "We hang our underwear like flags. The Triumph and Maidenform and Crocodile brands are there for all to see. We know we all use these but



you need not display them outside," the New Straits Times today quoted Mahathir as telling residents in the

northern state of Penang. He suggested that high-rise buildings be equipped with machines to dry the clothes of flat dwellers within their premises. "In a developed country there is no

to keep winning lottery tickets safe. Winners have been so frightened of losing their lucky numbers overnight they have gone to great lengths to keep them safe.

One nervous winner put the jackpot ticket in a tobacco tin, put the tobacco tin in a sweet tin, put the sweet tin in a biscuit tin and put the biscuit tin in the tumble drier.

Cynthia and Basil Taylor, from North Yorkshire, who won Stg3.2 million (\$A6.67 million) on April 30, kept their ticket in a purse under a pillow when they went to bed.

Andrew Harrison, who was holding his syndicate's Stg1.3 million (\$A2.71 million) ticket overnight on April 26, hid it in a dictionary under 'M' for millionaire. Previous winners have included Ian Judge who won Stg46,349 (\$A96,642) - and took his ticket to a local police station in Scotland for safe keeping.

PA

**Quotes**

"If one is not finding new challenges one might as well be a vegetable." - Colin Leakey, grower of a low-flattulence bean.

"Diplomatic immunity is like virginity. Either you have it or you don't. I have not seen a half-virgin." - Brazilian dip-



need for the prime minister to go around talking about such matters, but the prime minister here has to give such advice," Mahathir lamented.

AFP

**UK Hide**

LONDON, May 5 PA - What do a bra, a teddy bear and a police station have in common? They have all been used

lomat Jose Eduardo Martins Felicio, arguing that New York City can't legally take away the liberal parking rights usually accorded U.N. diplomats

"Switzerland only seems small because it's all folded up. If you opened it out it would be bigger than the U.S." - E.U. Commissioner Neil Kinnock, defending the ability of tiny Switzerland to block a European roads agreement.



## AIDS VIGIL

Lauren Gordon

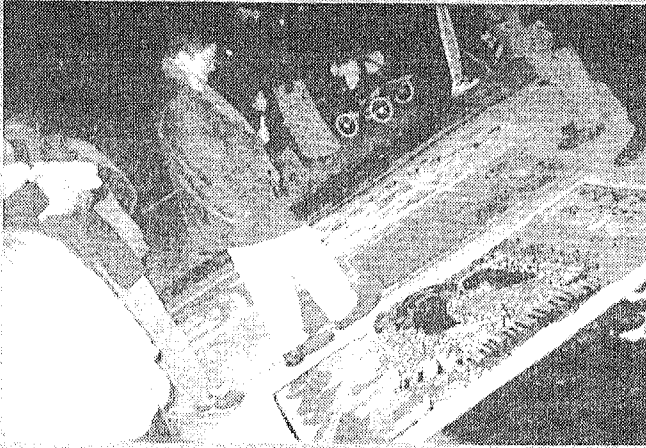
It was to "illuminate the truth and honour of every death and value of every life" that an estimated 1500 people marched from Victoria Square to the Festival Centre on Monday night. Candles in hand the people of Adelaide assembled to join 290 cities in over 40 nations in the 14th International AIDS candle light memorial.

Hosted by the AIDS council of South Australia, the memorial began with remarks from the council's executive director Peter Kay, giving his view of HIV as a world-wide problem, and discussing the major difficulties in the global treatment of AIDS.

Internationally, AIDS affects 22.6 million people. 90% of those are unable to access medical services as the majority of HIV carriers are living in poverty. Mr Kay explained Australia's efforts to help in the rectification of this problem, having (as well as in our own country) established treatment/support programs in the Philippines, Malaysia and The People's Republic of China.

The candle-light vigil, he said, was a public effort to support both those infected and affected by AIDS throughout the world, and to remember particularly the 220 South Australians who have died

in recent years.

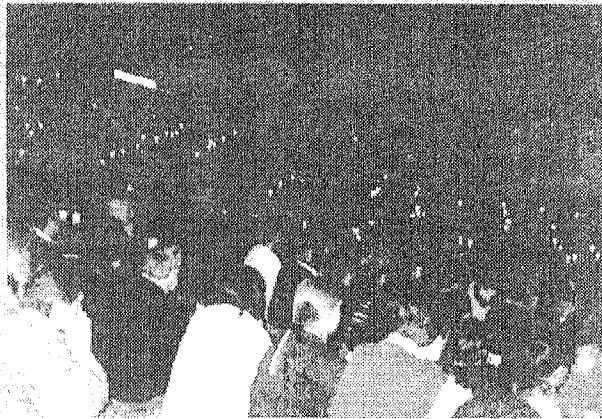


Alan Sulley, who is the convenor of 'People living with HIV AIDS' in South Australia, and has been infected with the virus since 1987, explained the health and support services available to victims, and congratulated volunteers who have helped in the support and care of people affected by HIV/AIDS.

A charity concert, in honour of AIDS victims, was held at the Festival Centre - with music from The Trade Union Choir, and casts of *Phantom of the Opera* and *Porgy and Bess*. The company 'Restless Dance' also performed in aid of the concert.

The victims of AIDS were further commemorated in several presentations of quilt patches depicting the lives and personalities of those killed by AIDS. All over Australia, friends and families of victims sew patches in their honour, and the national quilt, which is now larger than a football field, is a potent reminder of the humanity behind those affected with the virus

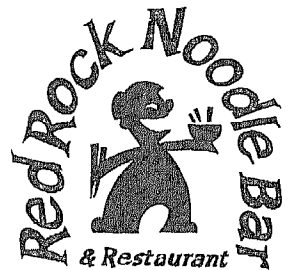
Despite the tragedy of such a disease, the vigil did more than mourn the deaths. In keep-



ing with the theme of "illuminate the truth, honour every death and value every life," the meeting was a celebration of the lives and accomplishments of AIDS

victims.

Reverend Greg Smith (of Adelaide's Metropolitan City Church) focused on *hope* in his contribution to the event. Smith (a homosexual whose partner died of the disease last year spoke of the development of new treatments, and *life* gradually overcoming death. He stressed the need for AIDS education on all levels, so that AIDS carriers can live with dignity, and was positive in his conclusion that: "With hope in our minds and love in our hearts, we will overcome."



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**in the Equinox**

**Specials for this week...**

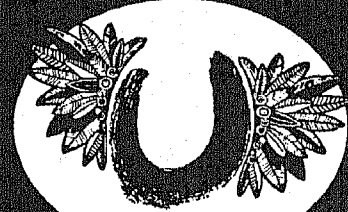
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Large Pizza bread for the price of a small  
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**another  
Union catering announcement**





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## WHAT THE HELL IS PROSH?

"...one of the best independent Australian films of recent years..."  
Toby Creswell JUICE

"sublime performances... the soundtrack is incredible..."  
THE MAG

Soundtrack includes  
Nick Cave, Blondie,  
Leonard Cohen,  
Ash, Tom Jones,  
Beasts of Bourbon,  
Powderfinger



# true love and chaos

From the producer of "Love and Other Catastrophes" a film about the grittier side of love A FILM BY STAVROS ANTONIS EFTHYMIU

NESTSIDE FILMS in association with THE AUSTRALIAN FILM FINANCE CORPORATION presents a Film by STAVROS ANTONIS EFTHYMIU "TRUE LOVE AND CHAOS" NAVEEN ANDREWS KIMBERLEY DAVIES BEN MENDELSON MIRANDA OTTO NOAH TAYLOR HUGO WEAVING

SEASON COMMENCES MAY 22

Prosh is a traditional longstanding annual event at The University of Adelaide. All you have to do is asks your parents or older friends and you're sure to revive some memory of past Prosh goings on.

The people of Adelaide used to fear Prosh in many ways because they new nothing was safe or sacred. It is true that as The University environment has become more competitive events like Prosh have lost a little of their madness. However I don't think this is any reason why at least some of us can't put aside the study for a day or two and re-live the past. So 'what's been done?', and 'what can I do?' I hear you ask.

In the past many students have made legends of themselves for acts of stupidity and daring way beyond the call of duty and hell this could be you!! Just think, you too could get together with your friends and plan some harmless fun, all in the name of charity fundraising of course, and become Prosh legends. Sure you don't have to do anything really stupid, but make it an attention grabber and who could resist giving you lots of money? Remember it's for charity. (That normally lets you get away with your prank or stunt anyway).

For corporate pranks, (for example a celebrity kidnapping), the best way to go about pranks is to actually let

the people involved know what's going on. That is if it doesn't spoil things too much. This way they can set themselves up to get maximum exposure and so be more willing to help the charity cause.

For smaller scale pranks just make sure whatever you do is legal, because we won't bail you out.

So put your thinking caps on and join the race for the ultimate Prosh prank.

This year all money collected and profit from Prosh After Dark, (May 24th), will go to The Florey Research Fund and Club Friday. The Florey Research Fund exists to provide funds for research and other support for The Adelaide Medical School. Their research covers the total spectrum of diseases and their work helps students and the community in general. Club Friday provides support and encouragement to survivors of acquired brain injury, particularly in the area of development of social contact.

Whatever your involvement this year make sure you enjoy PROSH.

Keep your eyes peeled for more info or ask me in the SAUA, as tickets for After Dark will go on sale soon and other events are soon to be announced.

So get Proshed the lot of ya!!!

Ant Williams.

What this means to the students studying at the Waite campus, is that University life is so much more than just lectures and practicals. They now have a place to eat, drink and relax. The Waite Institute Students Association have an office which is both practical and accessible to students. The quality of campus life for the students has been increased through the provision of these services. It seems fitting that the campus which he gave so much to as on academic, will forever bear a memorial of his contribution for the betterment of the life of the students.

Professor Rogers was made a Life Member of the Adelaide University Union in 1979 for outstanding service to the students of the University. In 1982 the Professor and Mrs Rogers bequeathed the whole of the issued capital shares of WP Investments to the Union and it was with this gift the Complex was built.

It was an absolute delight and privilege to have met both Professor and Mrs Rogers at the morning tea and tour at the *Lirra Lirra* Cafe. One of the clear-

est memories I have of that day was seeing the reaction of some of his former colleagues and students when they saw him, some for the first time in 20 years. I remember one of his students thanking him for his generous style of teaching, that he made learning a joy. I also seem to remember some colleagues talking about his love of wine and the regularity at which he would love it!

I think it is fair to say that he touched the lives of many people within the University community in one way or another. I also think it is fair to say that his generosity will live on forever and will continue to touch the lives of the students he obviously cared so much about.

I would like to thank Mrs Rogers for giving me the opportunity to thank the Professor one last time on behalf of the students at the University of Adelaide and I would like to take this opportunity on behalf of the Union to wish Mrs Rogers and the rest of the family all the best for the future.

Once again Professor, thank you.

## In Memory...

### In Memory

Emeritus Professor William Percy 'Buddy' Rogers passed away on Tuesday, April 29th. I spoke at his memorial ceremony on the Friday, on behalf of the Union I have included the eulogy below, as I believe the Professor was a man who deserves to be remembered by all the students of the University of Adelaide. The Professor and Mrs Rogers bequeathed their property to the Union in 1982. It was from these finds that the Union was able to enter into the contract with the University to build the WP Rogers Student Complex and *Lirra Lirra* Cafe and Bar at the Waite Institute. As a Life Member of the Union, one of the meeting rooms on the fifth floor of the Union Building has been named after him.

Roslyn Cox

President

Adelaide University Union

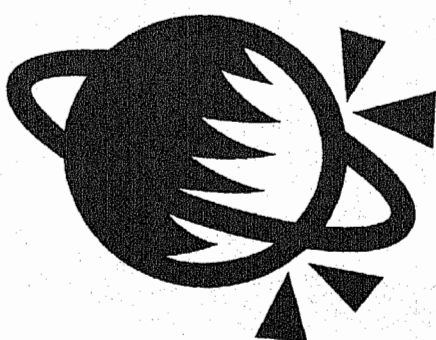
Professor WP 'Buddy' Rogers

2nd April 1997

I only had occasion to meet with the Professor once, but his generosity and modesty left a lasting impression on me, and I'm sure on every student who will ever walk into the WP Rogers Student Complex at the Waite Institute or the WP Rogers Room in our Union Building.

It is because of this generosity the Union was able to participate in the construction of the Complex, but more importantly, it allowed the Union the opportunity to provide the students of Waite with a much needed entertainment and recreation facility.

Within the Complex is the *Lirra Lirra* Cafe and Bar, named after the Professor's property at Oakbank. I have been told that the Blue Wren, whose Aboriginal name is *Lirra Lirra*, was a regular visitor to the property. Fittingly a painting of the Blue Wren hangs to the side of the front entrance as a constant reminder of the reason the project was able to come to life.



# Cheapest on campus!\*

\* Possibly on Earth!

YOUR STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OFFERS THE CHEAPEST PHOTOCOPYING ON CAMPUS.

From 8 cents a page, we will meet all your photocopying needs: from double-sided A3 coloured copies to A4 black and white, sorted and stapled. And all our paper is recycled, so the planet will thank you.

We have four machines with a lot of love to give 9-4 daily. So come and see us, we're on the ground level in the George Murray Building in the Cloisters, or give us a call on 83035406.







Amrita Dasvar  
SAUA President

Last week was an extremely important and active week in terms of higher education issues at this campus. I hope everyone got involved in the National Day of Action: either by participating in the Fair Day (thanks to all the speakers, CASM performers, Labour Studies, or coming on the rally to Vanstone's where we met with students from USA and Flinders and marched back to the University of Adelaide Chancellery, where students demanded to speak to the Vice Chancellor regarding her plans to introduce upfront fees at this University. The Vice Chancellor made herself available to debate the issue of upfront fees with students: though she claimed

to be in support of accessible and equitable education and opposed to fees in principle, she blatantly admitted that she would vote for up front fees to be introduced at this University. After hearing this admission, a number of students decided to occupy the Chancellery in protest against the VC's hypocrisy. The occupation was also in support of other similar occupations around the country: at Griffith University, at Sydney University, and at Melbourne University where 180 people occupied the University administration.

The SAUA will be coordinating an awareness raising and lobbying campaign opposing up front fees at Adelaide Uni for the next

month. It is really important that we all get involved in fighting for a quality education that is accessible. If you want to find out more about the issues or get involved, please, please come in and see us in the SAUA!

Celebrating Diversity: Racism has no place...on this campus!

This week we are celebrating cultural diversity and encouraging people to speak out against any sort of racism on campus. Keep an eye out for orange ribbons, information about the week, get involved in the activities. Come along to a special screening of *The Long Walk* at the Union Cinema on Friday, May 16, at 6pm and 8:30 pm.



O Ed

First of all thanks to everyone who participated in the National Day of Action. It is important that the campaign continues and that we remain aware about changes that affect students here at Adelaide uni and around Australia. Occupying the Vice Chancellors office was a great end to the day and it gave us the chance to discuss what we can do about the introduction of upfront fees here

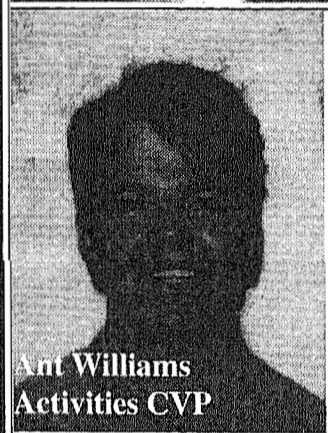
at AU.

Students at Melbourne and Sydney Uni also held occupations - we had strength in numbers across the country. To participate in the campaign you can do as much as you can or contribute through signing a petition. Come to Education Action Group meetings every Tuesday at 3pm in the Cloisters or into the SAUA.

It's Anti-Racism Week and

there will be awareness material around, music from CASM, badges and *Dear Pauline* postcards available from Union Catering outlets so if you're in the mayo or in the gallery for a coffee make sure you grab one. Racism sucks and that's all from me but have your say on a postcard (there are also ones for John and Amanda) Tell her what you think.

Yours in Union, Liv

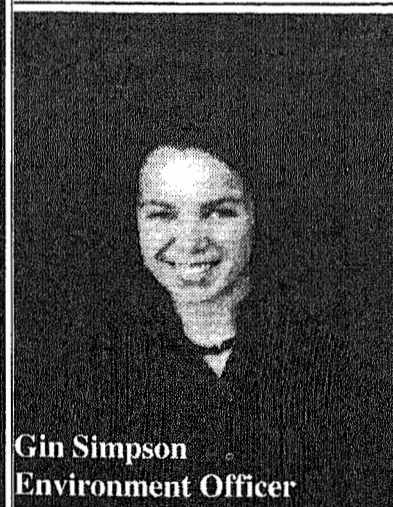


Ant Williams  
Activities CVP

We have a problem my friends. This problem has been long standing and is of concern to me. Last weeks On Dit featured a couple of letters from Daniel Badger, who had some very valid and interesting criticisms of Students Association promotion. Yes that's right, I am quite prepared to cop a fair call from a student who has paid his Union fee and wants to see something for it. (I happen not to be an arse sitting useless polle as some other letters have labelled all student pollies). Daniel I thank you for your comment suggesting that I am "probably doing a good job". I believe I am doing a good job but rather than put myself on the back here it would be better to answer your concerns. Yes we have got promotional channels like On Dit, Lecture Bashes, posters and fliers. Beer and BBQ week should have been included in my March 17th On Dit column but I completely forgot that there was no On Dit the following week. My fault and no one else's. So instead the whole column was devoted to Prosh Week and associated activities. Please everybody no-

tion this is the Prosh edition because Prosh Week is next week. (Yes, there will be more promotion for Prosh than Beer and BBQ week). I wish that there was some channel we could use which would be cost and time effective and that would reach every student on every campus. Sadly there is no such channel and the ones we have got are not fully utilised. We do intend on pulling up our socks and now have info on the Net on our Web page. (This can be found off the University of Adelaide site). Also, more input into On Dit and Lecture Bashes should help. Let's just hope we don't piss off more people than we help with Lecture Bashes. The effectiveness of posters has been challenged, as some well posted shows have had poor attendances. Another aspect is that posters are not friendly to the

environment and so go against Student Association policy when produced on mass. The same goes for fliers. Invite constructive criticism and welcome any ideas and/or help to get info to students. I also wish I had less 'red tape' crap to wade through so that I could do more myself. My problem not yours, I know. Please notice the large ads for Prosh in this edition. The Mature Students Association Quiz night is on Friday May 23rd at 7:00 pm in the Upper Refectory. Tickets available from the Clubs Association in the Lady Symon Building. Prosh After Dark should be a great show with CRISP headlining as well as many other excellent bands and comedy. Tickets from the Students Association. Work out your Prosh pranks, enter the Prosh Parade, do as much as you can for fun and charity. Thanks, Ant.



Gin Simpson  
Environment Officer

Hello...  
The recycling system launch went well, with a good deal of the university student population allowing themselves to be plastered with "Bin Man" and "Bin Girl" stickers as they gaped at the unlikely superheros. Profound thanks to Bin Man and Bin Girl(s). The next step is to keep the system running, so don't forget to keep looking out for those blue and yellow wheelie bins and the blue and white cardboard ones. And putting the right paper in them too...

The NUS Environment Office is running a campaign which they have

dubbed "Solutions", and are looking for submissions from students on their solutions to achieving environmental sustainability (for a publication by the same name). Political, philosophical, agricultural, social, scientific....for more info, give me a call or drop into the SAUA. Your contribution would be much appreciated.

Other news- The Wilderness Society "Uranium Roadshow" is due to hit Adelaide Uni campus on the 10th of June- a full slide show and a talk from Kevin Parker, TWS's National Campaign Officer. Should be a great

show, and extra-informative for those who are a little hazy on the evils of uranium mining and what the expansion of the industry in SA could mean for our environment and future. Very important issue at the moment as there are two more mines proposed for SA, along with the expansion of Roxby. More info on that as I get it...

Think I've run out of words. My office is open (as always) if you are interested in further info on anything green. Or blue.

Gin (=



Sophie Allouache  
Women's Officer

Okay, I know we're only into the third week of the term but it's time to start thinking about NOWSA. For those of you who don't know NOWSA stands for the Network of Women Students Australia and is an annual conference for women held in a different city each year. This year the lucky city is **Brisbane** and the dates for the conference are the **7th to the 11th of July**. Some of the proposed sessions are: Feminisms, International Issues and the Environment, Women Work and Education and Indigenous Issues. Registration fees are \$30 for students/ \$60 for paid workers if you pay before May 31st or \$35 for students and \$100 for paid workers if you pay after

May 31st. I have registration forms in my office so if anyone is interested in attending come in and see me. Also if anyone is interested in getting involved in doing some fundraising for NOWSA so that as many women as possible can attend then come to the next **Women's Collective** meeting which will be on Monday May 12th at 2pm. Actually while we're on the subject of the Women's Collective I may as well give you all the dates for the rest of the term;

- Wednesday May 21st @ 12 noon
- Monday May 26th @ 2pm
- Wednesday June 4th @ 12 noon
- Wednesday June 11th @ 12 noon

The SAUA Women's Department is also running a **Self Defence** course for women throughout this term. Classes are in the Irene Watson Room, level 5 of the Adelaide University Union Bldg. The course started last week and the dates for the rest of the course are:

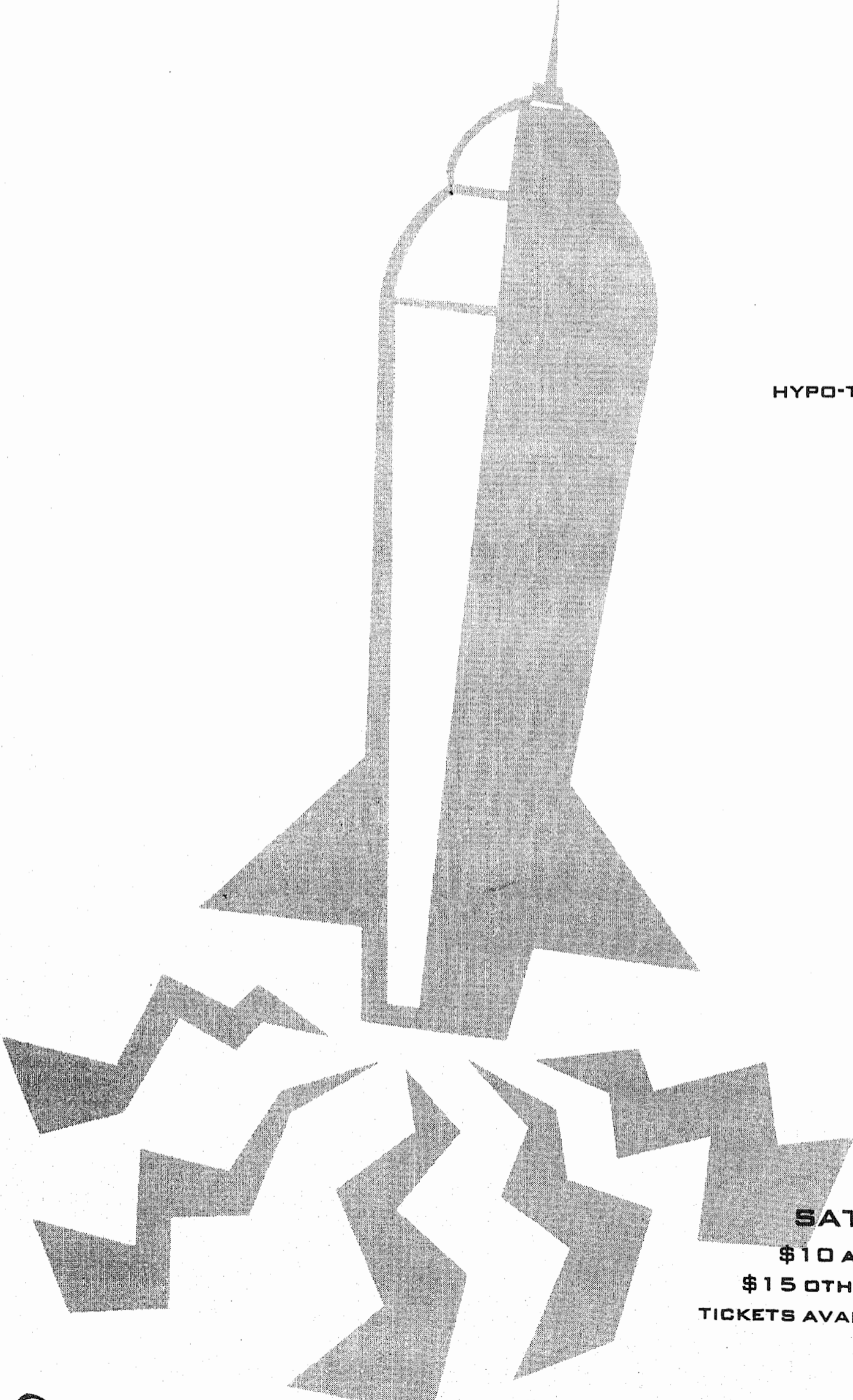
- Monday May 12th @ 12 noon
- Tuesday May 20th @ 12 noon
- Monday May 26th @ 12 noon
- Monday June 2nd @ 12 noon
- Tuesday June 10th @ 12 noon

If you would like any more information on the Self Defence course or NOWSA please come in and see me in the SAUA or give me a call on 8303 5406.



# PROSH '97

# AFTER DARK



## music:

**CRISP**

- BIG THINGS FLYING
- TESTEAGLES
- RASH
- REVOLVAR
- ENTROPY
- HYPOTHETICALS WITH THE FIZZ

## comedy:

INC. JODY HILL

## cinema:

CLASSIC FILMS

## goodwill:

PROCEEDS GO TO  
THE FLOREY  
RESEARCH FUND  
AND CLUB FRIDAY

## details:

**SATURDAY MAY 24**  
\$10 AU STUDENTS PRE-SOLD  
\$15 OTHERS AND AT THE DOOR  
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM THE SAUA  
DOORS OPEN 7.30PM

# PROSH '97

PRESENTED BY SAUA ACTIVITIES AND STUDENT RADIO

## what?

THREE DAYS OF  
PRANKS AND  
ACTIVITIES

## and...

BEER, BBQ'S, BOAT  
RACES, BANDS,  
DANCERS, CASM,  
DEBATES, COMEDY, ETC

## where?

IN THE CLOISTERS OR  
ON THE BARR SMITH  
LAWNS  
(WEATHER PERMITTING)

## plus...

THE INFAMOUS  
PROSH PARADE  
ON FRIDAY 23RD MAY

## when?

MAY 21 - 23

## more info?

CONTACT THE  
STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION  
ON 8303 5406  
ALL PROCEEDS GO TO  
THE FLOREY RESEARCH FUND  
AND CLUB FRIDAY

**REGISTER YOUR PRANKS  
AT THE SAUA NOW**





# Say no to Pauline

## Celebrating Diversity: Racism doesn't belong.... on our campus

The advent of Pauline Hanson has truly highlighted the need for strong opposition to the racist trends she has uncovered within our society. At this university, we have students and academics and staff from various backgrounds, of various ethnicities, from various cultures. Of course misunderstandings and conflicts occur, but the key to resolving them is to learn about other cultures and beliefs, instead of marginalising or stereotyping people. **Speaking out against racism is everyone's responsibility. We all have a collective responsibility to ensure that the society we live in allows all peoples the right to self-expression. We all suffer from racism even if we aren't the victims or the perpetrators.**

This week the Students' Association is focusing on anti-racist issues at this University. There are various activities that have been organised, so keep your ears and eyes open and get involved. These include The Long Walk featuring videos of the Long Walk at the Union Cinema on Friday May 16, at 6 pm and 8:30 pm, for all of those who participated in the Long Walk or supported the campaign to stop the Hindmarsh Island Bridge. On Thursday will be a bands and barbecue day on the Barr Smith Lawns...and keep an eye out for the posters and badges coming out from the SAUA and the Union.



May 8 - National Day of Action.

## Keep South Australia a Fees-Free Zone!

Last Thursday, May 8, was the National Day of Action fighting against the introduction of up front fees at the University of Adelaide in 1998. There was a Fair Day held on the Barr Smith Lawns with performers from CASM, speakers, the band Crisp, barbecue and beer put on by Labour Studies, and information stalls; afterwards about 300 students marched up to Senator Vanstone's office to join with students from USA and Flinders to express our opposition to the Federal Government's regressive higher education policies. The day culminated in a rally to the University of Adelaide Chancellery where students demanded to speak to the Vice Chancellor Mary O'Kane about the possible introduction of up front fees at this University in 1998. An occupation of the Chancellery was organised to impress upon the University students' concerns statewide

way to the commodification of higher education which will result in a user-pays system that will diminish the community benefit of higher education resulting from a publicly funded system. The intangibles of education - the desire to learn and experience, the ability to freely challenge and question, the capability to put into practice those principles we have put to the test within the microcosm of society at university - these intangibles should be jealously guarded by students and academics alike; constraining education within fiscal bounds stifles debate and free thought.

This system will ultimately disadvantage equity sectors the most when the University has a policy of prioritising these community sectors. All of the advances that women students have made, that students from indigenous backgrounds, migrant backgrounds, lower socioeconomic sectors, will be reversed if up front fees for undergraduates are allowed at this University.

What exactly are these concerns? They are numerous; starting from the user-pays mentality which perceives education as a product to the equity issues involved to the detailed implementation of this system... I have listed a few of them below:

- Introducing up front fees leads the
- Why should anyone be able to buy their way into uni when all of us, and indeed many school students for the future, have competed equality on the basis of merit, and not the size of our wallets? This sort of system will only advantage those who are rich but not quite as smart...why should they get a second chance when none of the rest of us do?
- The implementation of this proposal raises questions regarding the rights between user-pays students and Commonwealth funded students, for instance: will a student

paying up to \$100,000 up front for their degree be entitled to more academic and support resources than a non-fee paying student?

For those of you who ask - Why should I care, I'm already here...think again. This University has made cuts to students services - to the library, to careers counselling, to faculties across the board. And with the slash and burn approach this university has shown with regards to areas like performing arts and humanities, your course may not even be offered at this University in the near future. Now they want to bring in more students without making any funding guarantees to these crucial areas. Student support services are crucial to a quality education for all of us.

The University of Western Australia has said no. The Australian National University has said no. We can convince our University to also say no to a user-pays system of education. Come and find out more - come into the SAUA and get involved in the campaign against up front fees, talk to your lecturers and tutors, talk to your fellow students.

Education is a right, not a privilege. Education should be for all, not just the rich.

## North Terrace

### OPTOMETRISTS

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Quality comprehensive  
eyecare and eyewear  
Eyewear with appeal,  
performance and value  
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professional and  
clinical service



15% Savings to Student Card Holders

### UNIBOOKS - Position vacant...

Nominations are opening for the position of Students' Association (SAUA) representative on the Board of Unibooks. Applicants are asked to write an application of about 200 words and attach a CV and drop it into the SAUA by May 26. Please talk to the President, Amrita Dasvarma, if you have any questions.

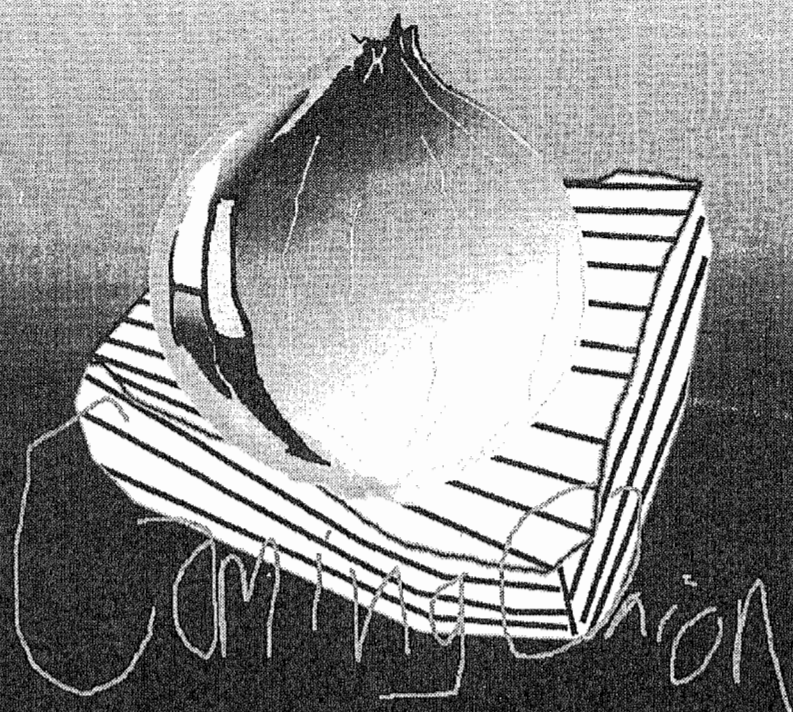


Still recovering from the departure of their lead guitarist, Bernard Butler, Suede dispelled all doubts about their future with the stunning *Coming Onion*. While Brett Anderson's voice might not have soared as brokenly as on earlier classics (like much of 'Dog Man Onion'), he still cuts the onion-flavoured mustard. Instant heart-breaker 'Beautiful Onions' features the clever lines 'High on onions and gasoline, psycho for onion machine, shaking their bunions to the onions', while 'Onion Trash' goes off with "We're the onions on the breeze."

I like it a lot.

**ROGER AUBERGINE**  
 Editor (New Musical Onion)

**suede**



- 1 onion trash
- 2 filmonion
- 3 lazy onion
- 4 by the onion
- 5 she-onion
- 6 beautiful onions
- 7 onioncrazy
- 8 picnic by the onion
- 9 the onion between us
- 10 onion night



RIP IT OFF



# Clubs Column

## The Inaugural General Meeting of The Adelaide University Environmental Collective

Will Be Held In The Clubs Common Room, Level 6, Union Hous at 1pm on Tuesday, May 20 1997. For further information contact: Darren Jones 8351 0691

## Dr Who Day for PROSH

4pm - 10pm Union Cinema, Level 5 Union Building

Tuesday 20th May. Gold coin donation for PROSH

We will be screening 10 episodes of "War Games", with Patric Troughton as The Doctor. These are the episodes where you find out, for the first time, who The Doctor really is. It contains the first Dodgy shots of Gallifrey, and YES, we guarantee you will see at least on quarry used as a set

Filmed in glorious black and white, its a real treat! Come along and help The Adelaide Uni Film Society & AUSFA raise some dosh for PROSH.

## ASA Mexican Fiesta at Adelaide Rowing Club

Date: 23rd May

Time: 8pm - 1am

ASA Members \$5, [anarchi] members \$6, others \$7

Mexican drinks, food and entertainment

Tickets available from ASA library

See you there amigos...

The Le Corbusier/Coopers Ale competition was won with a perfect entry from Peter Collings

*Yes, it's the clubs column. It works apparently or something... keep it short and get it in by Wednesday 5pm.*

*PS: There will not be an On Dit out 19 May because it's a public holiday. Harh!*

Water Polo

Do you have the ability to:

- Swim
- throw a ball
- enjoy watching the opposite sex in tight togs
- and consume alcohol?

Then JOIN the WATERPOLO CLUB. The University is sending a team to intervarsity, so if you would like to come please come along to our AGM at the North Adelaide Aquatic Centre @ 8.30pm on Wednesday the 14th of May. Membership forms can be filled out at either the Sports Association in the Cloisters or at the meeting on Wednesday. Get "Wet'n'Wild" at intervarsity and JOIN the Waterpolo Club, the only club which gets more grip in the wet. If you require more information don't hesitate to call Jack Gaffey ph. 8364 2264.

## Maths Students Society Quiz Night

featuring the Planet's incredibly talented "MC Jules" as Quiz Master and out very own "Smug Boy" 7pm, Friday May 23rd

to be held in the upper refectory

Cost: \$4 members, \$6 non-members

Tickets available in room G02 (Maths Building) at 1pm on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of weeks 8,9,10.

Over \$1300 worth of prizes

Major prizes donated by:

Miss Gladys Sym Choon

JR's Surf & Ski

Nova Cinema

Billy Baxter's

Stern's Software

Price Attack

Sweet Water Restaurant

Wacko

All proceeds from novelty events will be donated to charity.

Get your table of 8 together now.

# OSA News

The University Of Adelaide  
Overseas Student's Association

Dear International Students,

To walk or not to walk? That's the question or challenge???!!!!

The activity Standing committee of the OSA Inc. is organising 3 different series of fitness/fun walk with each walk lasting not more than 2 hours.

Benefits: HEAPS

When: ~ 1st Walk 17.05.1997 (Sat)  
~ 2nd walk 24.05.1997 (Sat)  
~ 3rd Walk 31.05.1997 (Sat)

Where: It's a delicious surprise for you people!!!

\$\$\$\$: Almost AUD\$0.00 (You might still need to take the bus from your home)

Requirements: Healthy Body  
A pair of good and comfy walking shoes or any other type of sport shoes

What to do: ~Drop by the OSA office from lunch hour onwards (Level 1, George Murray Building).

Tell any of the mortals present in the office at that time of your intentions.

~Register your name.

~Sign a disclaimer form and return it to the office

~Read the information sheet posted just beside the registration lists for additional information about the walks.

Simple!!

Closing dates for registration: ~1st walk 15.05.1997 (Thu)

~2nd walk 22.05.1997 (Thu)

~3rd walk 29.05.1997 (Thu)

Places limited to 12 Homo sapiens @adelaidean ONLY

## POST GRADUATE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

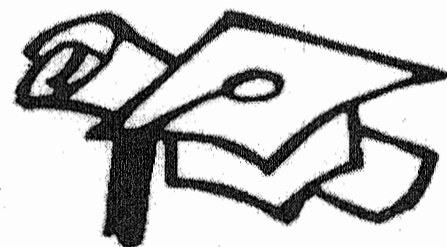
Welcome to **anti-racism** week. This is a week that is of massive importance to Post Graduate students and we hope you will wear an orange ribbon of solidarity all this week. Ribbons will be available from departmental offices and from the PGSA. On Thursday we will be running a BBQ and presenting music from CASM.

**JUNE 4 Terry Grimmond Workshop.** It will cost you \$15 for a four hour session. For this you also get a handbook and a fabulous afternoon tea. The luxurious premises are on L2 Capita Building, the Staff Development Centre. Numbers are limited to 60, 50 book now.

Don't forget the **Supervisor of the Year** award.

For those of you looking forward to life in the workforce in the near future here is some HECS news:

From 1 July 1997 the first compulsory repayment threshold will be lowered to \$20,701, with repayments starting at 3% of HEC repayment income. The maximum threshold will be \$37,263, where repayments are made at the rate of 6% off HEC repayment income. The thresh-



olds will apply to all HECS debtors including past students with an outstanding HECS debt, continuing HECS-liable students and commencing HECS liable students. The 2% voluntary repayment arrangements will no longer be available.

But wait there's more - here's the good news!!!

People who have deferred their HECS liability and who have a spouse and/or children will be exempt from making a HECS payment in any income year in which they receive an EXEMPTION OR REDUCTION OF THE MEDICARE LEVY BECAUSE OF LOW FAMILY INCOME.

**Our Home Page is** <http://www.adelaide.edu.au/~pgsa/>

Your President & RESSO

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One voucher per table.

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Ph: 8223 6855

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Sweet Water





# Place

## Memory

## Colour:

# An Interview with Kathryn Millard

### *Parklands*

I took off my shoes, slumped in a very bad-for-my-back kinda way and gazed at the cinema screen for an hour. I was entranced the entire time.

*Parklands* is meandering and melancholy: a film of memories and moments. It does not rush but instead pauses on details creating an atmosphere of relaxation which puts the audience into the film. Starring Cate Blanchett and Tony Martin *Parklands* never gives its audience everything/ the whole picture/(the truth).

I eagerly met the director, Kathryn Millard, with whom I proudly strutted into the *Gallery* where we chatted about her just-released film.

Kathryn Millard brings messages of hope to all despairing uni students: she attended Adelaide University and (a) got out alive (b) admits to it in influential circles and (c) did not have her creative ability theorised to a pulp. Admittedly she rarely attended uni and redeemed herself through *studying elsewhere*.

Like her film, the layers of Kathryn Millard slowly showed themselves: She is a successful writer/director/lecturer who dresses in sophisticated black/a first-time director uncomfortable with her role as to-be-looked-at. She is determined, articulate and career-focused/closely guarded of personal details. She is relaxed, friendly and eager to help/a teacher who is used to being in control.

The film maker now lives in Sydney but has chosen to create her first film around the ideology of suburban Adelaide. *A-la-Muriel's Wedding*, *Parklands* centres on the 'typical' Australian/Adelaidian. However, these characters are neither glorified nor humiliated for their background instead they just are.

Amy: I'm interested in how you would describe *Parklands* as it differs

from the spoon-fed norm.

Kathryn: I guess like many contemporary writers and film makers I'm interested in structures that mix genre. I think that it's a kind of blend, in a way, of a kind of mystery story and a more kind of relationship story with a lot about place. It's not a thriller; it borrows from the thriller. If you rely too

very beautiful, that there are a lot of nice old buildings, about the suburban kind of lifestyle.... I think that the suburbs are not often treated with much dignity, and this is something which interests me. This film is set in a particular place; it is written for Adelaide. But equally wherever my next film was set I would write it for a particu-

of space for the audience to interpret. And as you say, one of the early archival films, it's actually a housing film called *A Place to Grow* from the 1960's, where the young home-buyers cruise around in a wonderful red holden under semi-blue skies and it all looks very idyllic and everything - but every moment of how they should experience their lives is spelled out. On the other hand... I think there are lots of approaches which are suited to lots of kinds of films. Recently I heard David Caesar talking about *Idiot Box* and he said that one of the things he did more of in that film was have more of those transitions... and that allowed him to create a mood....

A: One thing which I really like about *Parklands* is how it deals with memory...language cannot capture these experiences where-as film can combine language with other mediums.

K: I think there is a visual aspect of memory and I guess it's a pretty visual culture which we live in at the moment; many people are quite visually literate. I think, myself, that we kind of compose and re-compose memories over time. They are not static things but are coloured by all kinds of things like photographs of a particular era or, god forbid, contemporary television might creep into the way in which we remember 1997....memories are not fixed but are kind of fluid.

Kathryn Millard told me of her passion for place, memory and colour. Her recent film interweaves these passions dreamily and poignantly.

*Parklands* is screening at The Palace with two challenging and exciting short films:

*Shooting the Breeze* and *No Way to Forget*. Fabulous.

Amy Murphy



much on the conventions of the genre they create their own demands, and that would demand a kind of resolvable story which isn't what I'm interested in with this particular material. Essentially, I think it's a father/daughter story; it's about the nature of family relationships; it's about how where people grow up affects the way they go about things and their values. It's about secrets, about investigation....

A: *Parklands* is very much about place; Adelaide is strongly featured. I was wondering how growing up in Adelaide has affected your film making and your ideas?

K: Well, yeah I grew up in Adelaide. I grew up with lots of stories about Adelaide and that sense of pride that people have - that it's a very designed kind of place, that the parklands are

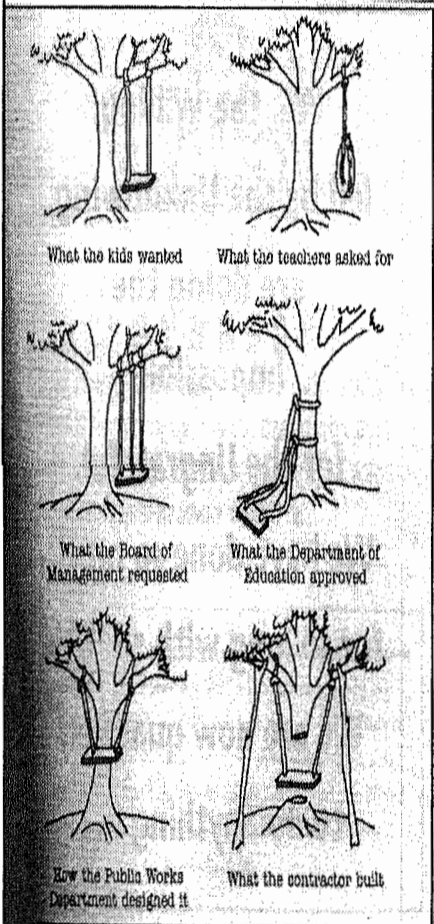
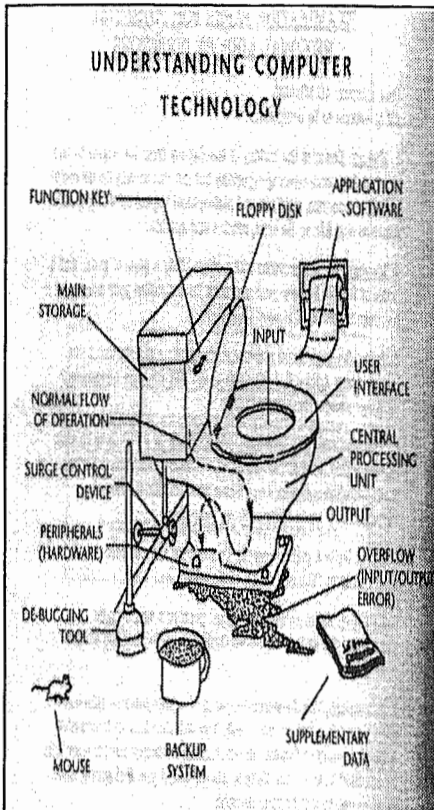
lar place because I like those kinds of stories. I believe you can arrive at the 'universal' through the particular and detailed. Many of the films which have the most resonance for me are really grounded, not only in a place, but also in a particular type of (indecipherable) people....

A: Moving on to the narrative structure: when I was watching the film I became aware, through the use of archival footage, of how *Parklands* left the audience to make connections. The archival footage contrasted this by filming links - a man pulling up in his car/stepping out of the car/walking up the driveway.

K: ....I think that's what *Parklands* mostly does. It's got these very distilled moments and it's quite impressionistic with a kind of mosaic-like structure....I hope there is some kind

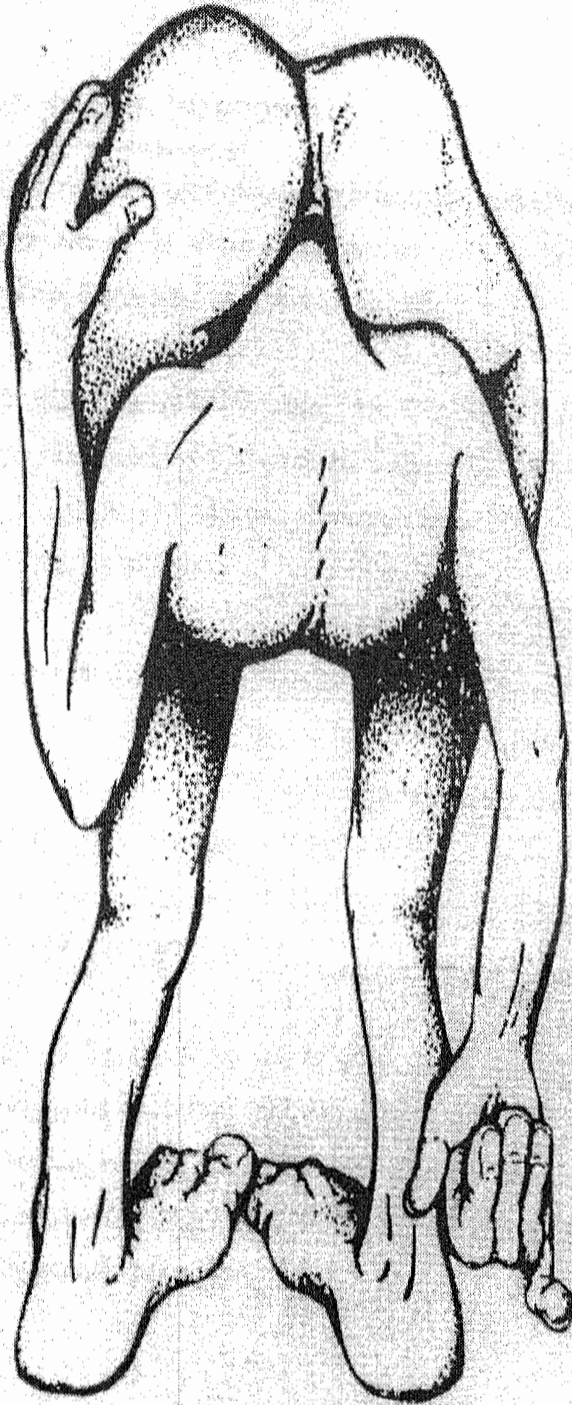
### Behind the scenes ER:

- A 28-year old male was brought into the ER after an attempted suicide. The man had swallowed several nitroglycerin pills and a fifth of vodka. When asked about the bruises about his head and chest he said that they were from him ramming himself into the wall in an attempt to make the nitroglycerin explode.



All 3 images stolen from *The Bare Fax* by Graham Seal.

**YOUR PROBLEM IS OBVIOUS**



**THE PROCESS OF POLICY MAKING**

In the beginning was the plan.  
And then came the assumptions.  
And the assumptions were without form,  
and the plan was completely without substance:  
and the darkness fell upon the face of the workers.

And they spake unto their supervisors, sayin:  
'It is a crock of shit, and it stinketh.'

And the supervisors went unto their section heads, and sayeth:  
'It is a pail of dung, and none may abide the odour thereof.'

And the section heads went unto their branch heads, and sayeth unto them:  
'It is a container of excrement, and it is very strong, such that non here may abide it.'

And the branch heads went unto their first assistant secretary, and sayeth unto him:  
'It is a vessel of fertiliser, and none can abide its strength.'

And the first assistant secretary went to the secretary, and sayeth:  
'It contains that which aids plant growth, and it is very strong.'

And the secretary went to the minister and sayeth unto her:  
'It promoteth growth, and it is very powerful.'

And the minister went unto the cabinet, and sayeth unto them:  
'This powerful new plan will actively promote the growth and efficiency of the department... and reflect well upon the government.'

And the cabinet looked upon the plan and saw it was good.

AND SO THE PLAN BECAME POLICY.

**Connections**

**PURE STYLE** (pure schlock). 34, Leslie. Has cascading blond hair (mangy) that's caught the cameras more than once (home video). This dynamic lady (drama queen) has travelled the world and soaked up its varied colours (and herbs). She would love to meet a professional guy to 50 (is that the age, or the amount of professional guys?) who has a passion for life and love.



**58, No Ties** (only thongs and vests) or **Hangups**. (and no idea). Likes to treat a lady like a lady (chauvanistic pig). His piercing blue eyes and cheeky smile (bald, fat, polyps on nose) hint at his gentle personality (a personality so gentle that it's really not even there). Gary wants to meet you if you are a one guy girl (no one attractive please, he wants to be on a par) living South. (Pic available... like the cancer warning on a pack of fags.)

**AND NOW FOR THE PINNACLE OF FUNNY STUFF, THE BEST OF THE BEST.**

" 10,600.

That's how many of our youths are out of work.  
It's time all governments acted to end this crisis."

courtesy of The Advertiser, Friday May 9th 1997.

**HAR, HAR, HAR, GIGGLE, FART, SNORT, ALRIGHT, NOW THAT WAS GOOD, PUHRETTY DAMN FUNNY. GIMME ANOTHER ONE, COME ON !**



# STYLOROC

So you've got Saturday Night Fever of the non-70s variety. The Wayward Students suggest you might like to gulp down some pints of Dark Ale or your preferred poison and sample the Styloroc experience.

**When:** Saturday nights, 9pm - 4am

**Where:**

Crown & Sceptre Hotel, King William St (near Trims / court buildings)

**What:**

There are 3 DJs - Craig, Jamie and Smiley, but it all boils down to Britpop/Indy/Alternative tunes. We don't want to name names but it's a safe bet you'll hear the likes of



Gene, Pulp, Suede, Prodigy, Blur, Smiths, Chemical Brothers, Elastica, etc, on the same night.

**Cover Charge:** \$4

**Crowd:** Talented young Girls and Boys

**Dress:** Jeans, pants, shirts, dresses, skirts, shoes, socks, underwear ... whatever.

can do a lot with lighting. It's dark but not too dark. We like the concrete minimalism of the beer garden, the comfy lounge chairs and the blue strobe.

**We applaud:**

- The music
- Happy Hour from 10:30 - 11:30pm. A very civilised hour indeed.

Capture that happy moment on a Saturday night when you look your best or worst. All the world will see it up on the Stylo Stars photo board the following week.

- Friendly bar staff show care and concern. They remember what you drink.

**Comments from The Kids:**

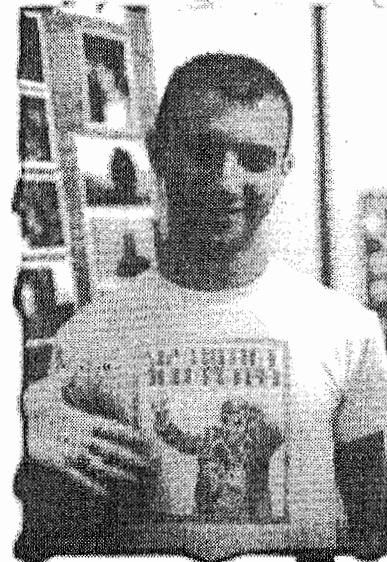
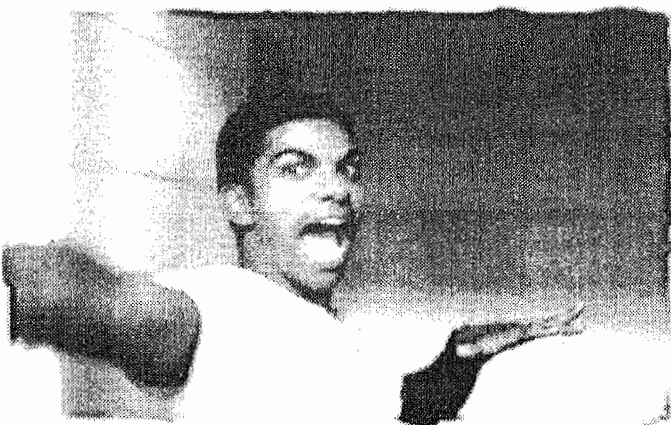
- "I just like to go ... and have a bit of a dance."

• "It's not pretentious."

• "Casual and relaxed."

- "It

feels like a party at someone's house."



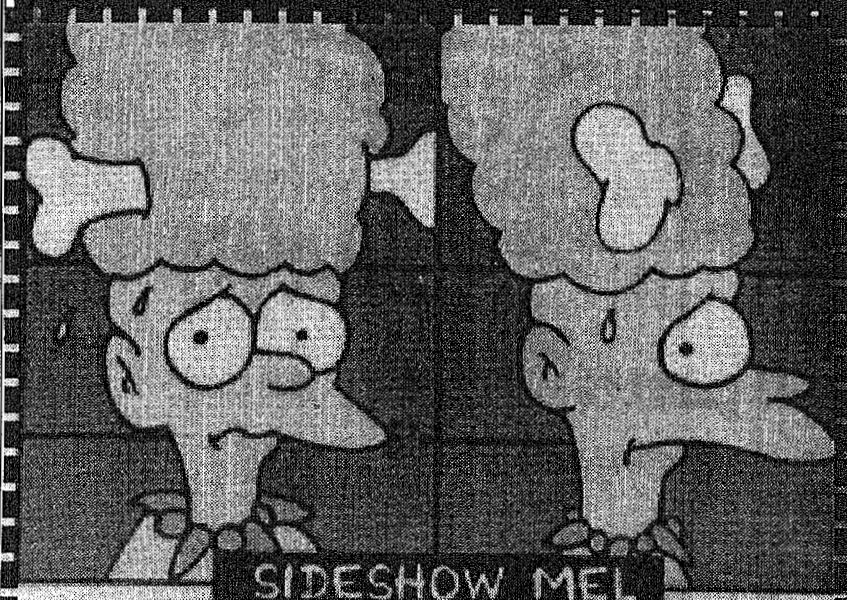
But a halter neck top would feel lonely.

**Decor:** It is a pub, but a pub with character and you

- Life and art is combined at Styloroc: get your photo taken by the resident photographer.

# STYLOROC

"Diane, I am currently holding in my hand a small box of chocolate bunnies".



# THE WAYWARD STUDENTS

**YOU MIGHT BE A UNI STUDENT....**

- If you have ever priced shopped for a pack of Extra.
- If you live in a house with three couches, none of which match.
- If you consider Macaroni and cheese a balanced meal.
- If you have ever written a cheque for 45 cents.
- If you have a fine collection of domestic beer bottles.
- If you have ever seen two consecutive sunrises without sleeping.
- If your glass set is composed of McDonald's Extra Value Meal plastic

- cups.
- If your underwear supply dictates the time between laundry loads.
- If you cannot remember when you last washed your car.
- If the first thing you do in the morning is roll over and introduce yourself.
- If you have run out of petrol more than three times in the past few months.
- If you can list the day, time and location of every happy hour within an eight hour radius of the city.
- If you have a nervous breakdown over the most stupid fucking things.



# bad girl gets bitchy

## A HARSH ANALYSIS OF CONTEMPORARY ADELAIDE CULTURE

### **The Advertiser (less than \$1)**

O hallowed 'Tiser, that benchmark for all our humble Adelaide endeavours, that benevolent springboard for all our humble Adelaide ideas. Um yeah OK - that might be going a bit too far. No doubt about it, this one's for the masses. You get the lot - news, arts, comics, business, travel, real estate, weddings, weather, horoscopes, letters, TV, crosswords, dot dot dot. And it's not too bad really. So long as you know that what you're getting is middle-class (oh definitely) kinda half-involved, slightly biased jabber on a lot of sensationalised but otherwise worthy issues. Page 1 headlines are invariably on which team won/lost the footy - or, failing that, political scandal. For a quick read, you can get by with headlines alone.

Highlights: The letters page - what The People think. Thursday's "Guide" is OK for muzak although the reviews are yawningly non-committal. Tuesday's "Life" section is great for giggles.

Lowlights: Rhonda. And the editorials are dreadful.

Value for money: Not great, but most people buy it anyway.

### **Green Left (\$2)**

Muchly political. The amount of high-energy news crammed into each page can (and usually does) give you a headache. Best taken with a cup of coffee and lotsa concentration. Still it's a nice jolt of REAL world news after the pissweak sugar-coated mainstream propaganda delivered by the desultory "world" pages of the *Advertiser*.

Journalists are highly literate and idealistic.

Photographs tend to be fuzzy and abstract, with odd titles like "Collecting shellfish at Welpa", "The entrance to Chinaman's Dam" and "Indonesian women factory workers assemble barbie dolls" (April 9 edition, I kid you not).

Highlights: Great Australia-wide classifieds, with everything from art exhibitions to movie nights, activist meetings, lectures, protests, marches & debates.

Value for money: As entertainment, forget it. To stretch your brain - well, what else can you do for just \$2 a go? (\$1 if you subscribe.)

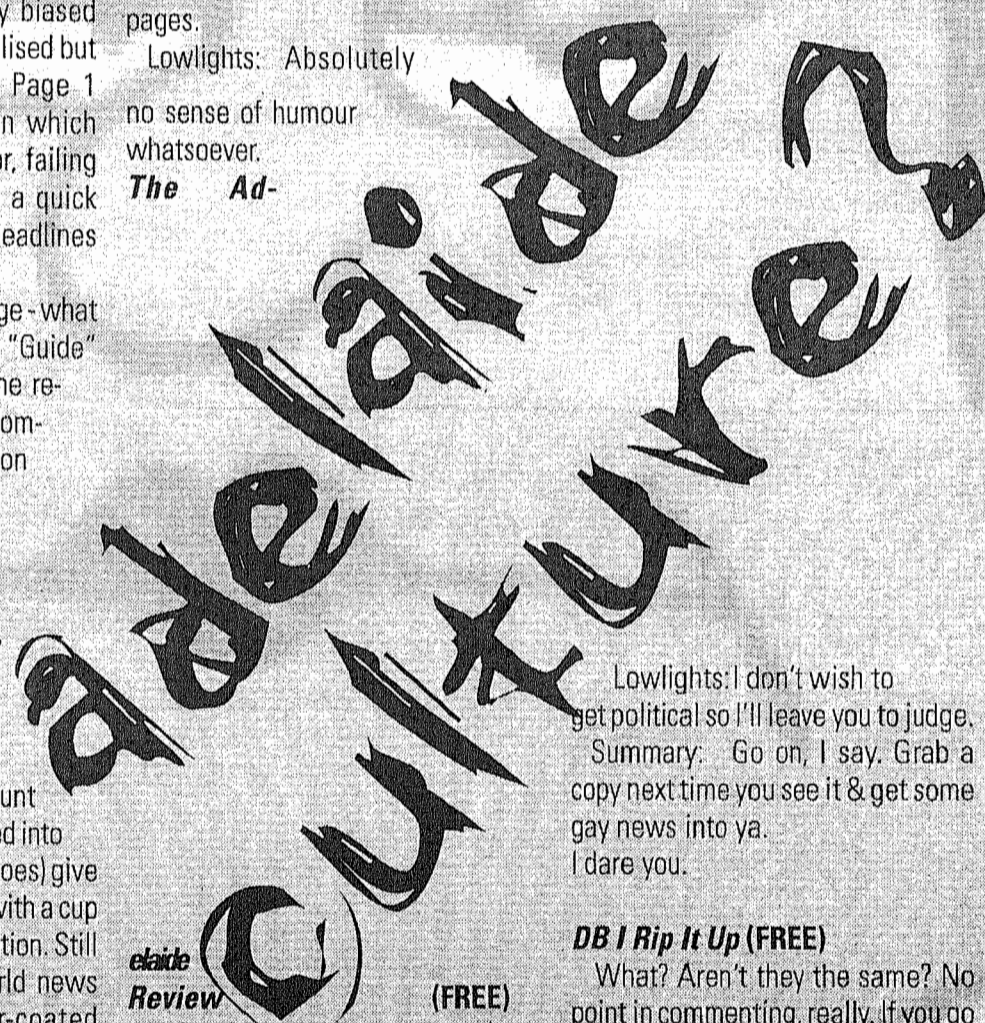
### **The Adelaidean (FREE)**

The University of Adelaide newspaper, academic-style. Short and sweet. More interesting than you'd guess from the grim front page. Something for everyone, really. (For "everyone" please read "academia of AU".) Much high-faluting faculty news.

Highlights: Good bulletin pages.

Lowlights: Absolutely no sense of humour whatsoever.

### **The Ad-**



### **Adelaide Review**

(FREE)

Ads take up more than half of every page. Which is good, 'cos the ads are way, way more interesting than the articles. Headlines tend to be dull and discouraging, like (I quote from number 164): "Drains, trains and automobiles", "Read all about it", "Abridged too far" and "The look of things" (asleep yet?). And it's so bloody (English accent) *proper*. My god - they quote, theorise, prove and disprove, all in the scope of a single review. Grammar, spelling, syntax. These people have not read Irvine Welsh.

Highlights: For the arts-minded literate there are a few ideas to prod your interest. Sure, it requires a bit of

brainwork, but ...

Lowlights: Boring, boring, boring, yyyaaaawwwwnnnn ...

### **Adelaide GT (FREE)**

That's Gay Times for all your dull 'uns out there.

Colourful and glib, with some truly clever reporting. Arts pages, fashion pages, club news, music news. Includes "Positive Living": a magazine for people living with AIDS.

Highlights: Belly-laugh interviews.

Lowlights: I don't wish to get political so I'll leave you to judge.

Summary: Go on, I say. Grab a copy next time you see it & get some gay news into ya. I dare you.

### **DB I Rip It Up (FREE)**

What? Aren't they the same? No point in commenting, really. If you go out then you read them and if you don't read them then you probably don't go out. And that's cool.

Music, bands, gigs, people, dates, times, places, just like the usual teen-babble conversation.

Angst wars (to the death!) in the letters-to-the-ed pages. Ads abound. Pannies are cool.

Something for all the body-pierced/dope-tokin'/goth/grunge/surf/punk/rock crowd out there, and everyone else who's too hip to be cool.

RIU comes with *Onion* (clubby news for clubby kids). No comment 'cos I just can't bring myself to read it. Oops sorry.

### **The Sunday Mail (around \$1 I think)**

Avoid at all costs. Headlines are wildly sensational, biased, irrational or just plain ignorant. Articles include gushing "exclusive"s; gooey news about some (male) sport star's new wife/new cereal commercial/new baby; soap-opera gossip/scandal; the royals and their dirty habits.

Value for money: Bad, very bad. Although it is cheaper than *Women's Weekly*.

### **The City Messenger (FREE)**

Ay, the good old Messenger. Well, what can I say? It's a community newspaper, with community news - local break-ins, local arts scene, local shopping, local sport.

(Mother's Day was a big feature last week.)

Tacky classifieds. A kind of cosy flip-through-and-yawn affair.

### **On Dit (FREE)**

Um ... I'm not sure if *On Dit* is trying to service a sub-culture, create one, or say "fuck you" to one. (Probably all three.)

Ad factor: mid to low.

Highlights: Because of the happy-go-lucky nature of this erstwhile publication you do get some really damn cool stuff happening every once in a while.

Lowlights: I can't afford to speculate I might get bashed.

Headlines: Trying very hard to be punny. (Sorry.)

Summary: Self-indulgent. Dodgy grammar. Lots of gratuitous humour. These people have no shame. 10/10 (but then I'm biased).

### **Sunshine Ray (ha ha - oh fuck it)**



# Prosh Vox Pop. 12

The spirit of mischief was rife under the dark humid skies this Wednesday afternoon as the Vox Pop crusaders prowled about the Barr Smith Lawns seeking, as ever, the terrible truth about the mischiefs that lurk in the young adolescent minds of the Adelaide Uni student.....

1. What's the most disgusting and/or creative thing you can do with your body?
2. What's the best/worst prank/practical joke you've ever pulled on someone?
3. What do you believe is the most worthwhile charity?

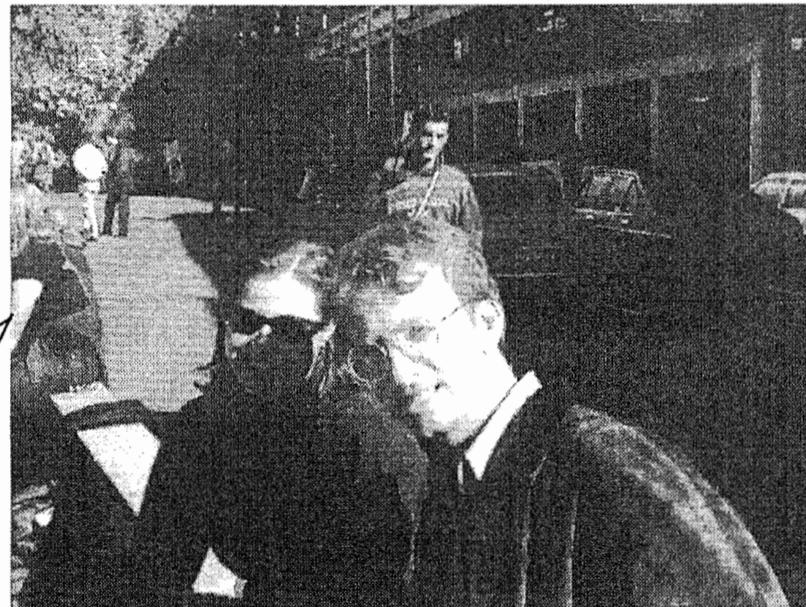


**Bin Man**

1. Suspend myself from a Meat Hook
2. Getting us into these boxes
3. Society for the landrights of gay whales

**Bin Girl**

1. Eating Meat
2. Ditto.....
3. Paper Chase

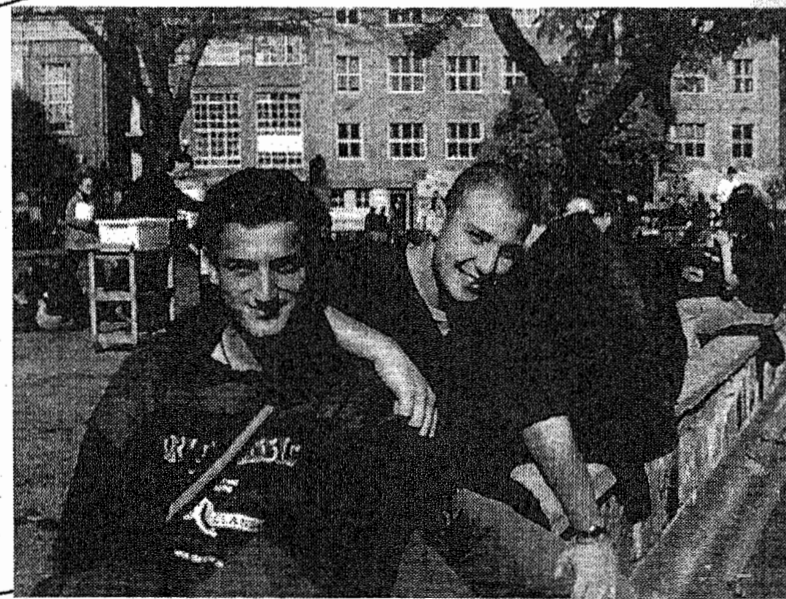


**Craig**

1. I eat my earwax
2. We once raided a Biology One lecture as a Prosh prank decked out in Camouflage gear, water bombing everyone
3. Red Cross/Salvos

**Samantha**

1. I can touch my eyeballs with my tongue
2. I shifted my ex boyfriend's car so he thought it was stolen
3. Ditto



**Theo**

1. I can put my legs behind my head and do somersaults
2. We stripped someone and left them naked in a park
3. The McDermott/McGuinness Foundation

**John**

1. I can fart on command
2. We blindfolded and handcuffed someone before subjecting them to a fatogram
3. The Mary Potter Foundation

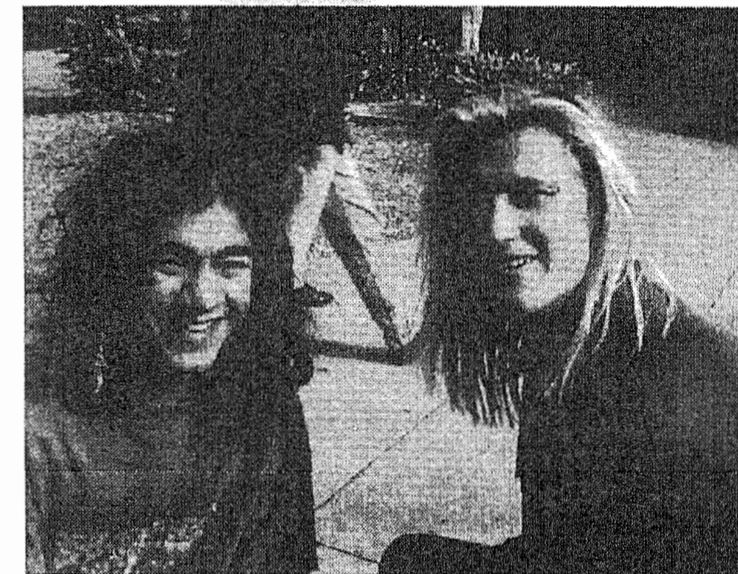
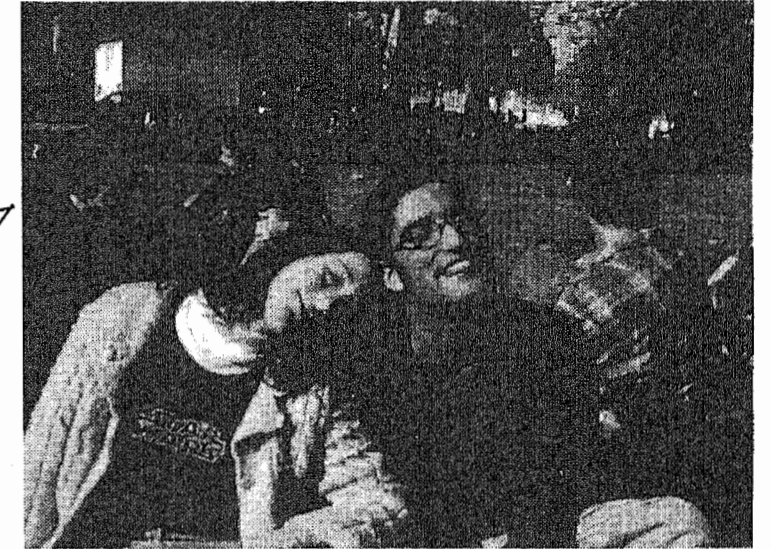
# May 1997 Har!

**Alicia**

1. I can pick my nose with my tongue (demonstration of the week...)
2. I never do anything nasty.....
3. The Alicia benevolence fund

**Janak**

1. I can pick my nose with my tongue standing on my head (so there.....!)
2. I substituted my fat greedy Indian cousin's chocolate for laxative chocolate
3. The Bovine Freedom Foundation



**Daish**

1. Chopping off all my limbs....especially difficult when you get down to the last one...
2. I don't think jokes are very practical...
3. Me! and World Wide Fund for Nature

**Jason**

1. Paint my body with Nutella
2. Drain someone's car of brake fluid/sump oil
3. Green Peace and the Surf Rider Foundation

**Mike**

1. An accident involving a toothbrush and a television
2. Put a V.Dub in a locker room
3. WK the world

**Brian**

1. Swallow your own genitalia
2. Tipping a portapotty over while it was otherwise engaged
3. The fund to take out peoples' bottom ribs



**Tim**

1. I drink Iced Coffee and shoot it out through my nose like a fountain
2. I'm very nice to people
3. I think there should be a foundation for people like me who are nice to people their whole lives and get nothing in return..... I want payback!



**Boom Boom Boom (Let's Go Back To My Room) - Paul Lekakis**  
**Me - A-Ha Safety Dance - Men Without Hats YMCA - Village**  
**Electric Youth - Debbie Gibson The Right Stuff -**  
**Will I Be Famous - Bros Macarena - Los**  
**Kylie & Jason Mona - Craig**  
**Samantha Fox**  
**The (Gotta) Party)**

**Me, If I Time -**  
**The Rain -**  
**She's Like**  
**Patrick**  
**Is The Word -**  
**Ain't Bad -**  
**Macarena - Los**  
**Opposites**  
**Paula Abdul**  
**Here Waiting -**  
**Richard Marx I**  
**We're Alone Now -**  
**Tiffany Sunglasses At**  
**- Corey Hart All I**  
**Wanna Do - Heart 500**  
**Gonna Be) - The**  
**Just Called To Say I Love**  
**Dancing On The Ceiling -**  
**Of My Dreams, Get Into My**  
**Love - Huey Lewis & The**  
**Light - Meatloaf Ice Ice Baby**  
**Buck's Fizz Walk Like An**  
**She's My Cherry Pie - Warrant**  
**Get Physical - Olivia Newton-**



**Respectable - Mel & Kim Take On**  
**People Ring My Bell - Collette**  
**New Kids On The Block When**  
**Del Rio Especially For You -**  
**McLachlan Touch Me -**  
**The Only Way Is Up - Yazz &**  
**Plastic Population (You**  
**Fight For Your Right (To**  
**- Beastie Boys Under The**  
**Boardwalk - Bette**  
**Midler Don't Cry For**  
**Argentina - Madonna**  
**Could Turn Back**  
**Cher Blame It On**  
**Milli Vanilli**  
**The Wind -**  
**Swayze Sexy**  
**Melissa That**  
**Ratcat**  
**Del Mar**  
**Attract -**  
**Right**

**Think**  
**Night**

**Miles (I'm**  
**Proclaimers I**  
**You - Stevie Wonder**  
**Lionel Ritchie Get Out**  
**Car - Billy Ocean Power Of**  
**News Paradise By The Dashboard**  
**- Vanilla Ice Piece Of The Action -**  
**Egyptian - The Bangles Venus - Bananrama**  
**Girls Just Wanna Have Fun - Cyndi Lauper Let's**  
**John Wiggle It - 2 In A Room**

# LACKING CLASS: The Ultimate Musical Release on CD!

**Boom Boom Boom (Let's Go Back To My Room) - Paul Lekakis**  
**Respectable - Mel & Kim**  
**Take On Me - A-Ha**  
**Safety Dance - Men Without Hats**  
**YMCA - Village People**  
**Ring My Bell - Collette**  
**Electric Youth - Debbie Gibson**  
**The Right Stuff - New Kids On The Block**  
**When Will I Be Famous - Bros**  
**Macarena - Los Del Rio**  
**Especially For You - Kylie & Jason**  
**Mona - Craig McLachlan**  
**Touch Me - Samantha Fox**  
**The Only Way Is Up - Yazz & The Plastic Population**  
**(You Gotta) Fight For Your Right (To Party) - Beastie Boys**  
**Under The Boardwalk - Bette Midler**  
**Don't Cry For Me, Argentina - Madonna**  
**If I Could Turn Back Time - Cher**  
**Blame It On The Rain - Milli Vanilli**  
**She's Like The Wind - Patrick Swayze**  
**Sexy Is The Word - Melissa**

**That Ain't Bad - Ratcat**  
**Macarena - Los Del Mar**  
**Opposites Attract - Paula Abdul**  
**Right Here Waiting - Richard Marx**  
**I Think We're Alone Now - Tiffany**  
**Sunglasses At Night - Corey Hart**  
**All I Wanna Do - Heart**  
**500 Miles (I'm Gonna Be) - The Proclaimers**  
**I Just Called To Say I Love You - Stevie Wonder**  
**Dancing On The Ceiling - Lionel Ritchie**  
**Get Out Of My Dreams, Get Into My Car - Billy Ocean**  
**Power Of Love - Huey Lewis & The News**  
**Paradise By The Dashboard Light - Meatloaf**  
**Ice Ice Baby - Vanilla Ice**  
**Piece Of The Action - Buck's Fizz**  
**Walk Like An Egyptian - The Bangles**  
**Venus - Bananrama**  
**She's My Cherry Pie - Warrant**  
**Girls Just Wanna Have Fun - Cyndi Lauper**  
**Let's Get Physical - Olivia Newton-John**  
**Wiggle It - 2 In A Room**



## Mondo Video Reviews with "Mad Dog" Pascale

### **Judgement In Stone**

**Roadshow Entertainment**

**Starring: Sandrine Bonnaire, Isabelle Huppert, Jacqueline Bisset**

This French thriller, with two well-known French actresses Isabelle Huppert (*Amateur, Le Separation*) and Sandrine Bonnaire is based on one of Ruth Rendell's stories by the same name. A rich upper class family, lives in the countryside and desperately requires a housekeeper to make their house 'presentable'. They thought they had found the perfect person in Sophie Bonhomme (Sandrine Bonnaire), a hardworking, unobtrusive (if rather creepy) young woman but then...(there's always a but, isn't there?) along the way we find out that perfect Sophie has a past (sounds familiar?) and by making friends with the local postal clerk (Isabelle Huppert), whom the patriarch of the family loathes, she is pushing her new found popularity with the family. For a 'person with past gets narky' type thriller/mystery 'tis rather slow, folks and the already thin plot is ridiculously stretched out; I was relieved when the end credits rolled. It was a good effort by all, competent acting and narrative but instead of a memorable and suspenseful thriller, *A Judgement In Stone* (or *La Ceremonie*) became mildly exciting way to pass an hour and a bit. Not very memorable at all. Shame.

**Ching Yee**

### **Maximum Risk**

**1997, Director: Ringo Lam**

**Jean-Claude Van Damme, Natasha Henstridge  
Columbia Tri-Star**

Jean-Claude Van Damme plays a French policeman who goes to America to "get to know" his dead twin brother whom he only knew he had after the brother died in a *Bond*-style chase in the opening scene. It turns out that dead Van Damme was mixed up with some crooked F.B.I. agents and the Russian Mafia. This provides the opportunity for lots of karate kicks and chops, as French Van Damme

whips the baddies asses.

The smut content of this film is kept to a minimum (as French Van Damme also "gets to know" his dead brother's girlfriend), but some viewers may be titillated by the very intimate brawl in a small elevator, and the vast expanse of sweaty flesh exposed in the men's club scene. Again, lots of high karate kicks, but miraculously, no towels slip below the waist. After these scenes, the girlfriend's importance in the story becomes fairly clear; ie. Hollywood's "token woman to make the male star not look gay".

This is a good action film done with lavish doses of flair and irony, (check out the final shoot out in a meat store filled with pig carcasses), and is a suitable video for when you want to sit back and put your brain into neutral.

**Peter Hill**

### **Shine**

**Dir: Scott Hicks**

**Starring: Geoffrey Rush, Noah Taylor, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Lynn Redgrave, Sonia Todd, Sir John Gielgud**

Well, what can I say about Shine that you haven't heard already? What I can say is it is a very engaging film, where the characters are well developed. I found Armin Mueller-Stahl particularly good. He portrayed David's father as a man who loved his family but had no idea how to really show it.

I went through feelings of anger to regret seeing David alternately beaten and verbally abused to be hugged, kissed and told by his father that his father loved him very much.

Whatever happened, David somehow, and in a strange way made a success of his life.

This is a movie to make you laugh, cry, be angry, and wonder. It is intense but like most Australian movies there are lighter moments to give you a break.

It was like watching real people. This film is well made and definitely worth watching, and watching again.

**Polly Kennington**

### **Spice Girls**

**1997, Roadshow Entertainment  
THIS VIDEO CANNOT BE RENTED**

This is Spice Girls, or *Spice, The Official Video Volume 1: One Hour of Girl Power!*

In this episode Geri, Mel B, Emma, Victoria and Mel C take us on a guided tour of the past two years in the life of the Spice Girls as they act out their childhood pop-star fantasies. We go to Los Angeles with them, to New York, to Paris, and Hong Kong. We see Spice Girls in *Baywatch* mode. We see them on stage at the Brit Awards, looking decidedly uncomfortable. We see them give a radio interview in New York, in a scene of the video that should surely have been omitted if Virgin was serious about promoting the band: thankfully, most of their real live talent has been carefully edited out.

**Carmel Pascale**

### **I Shot Andy Warhol**

**1995, Director: Mary Harron  
Lili Taylor, Stephen Dorff,  
Jared Harris  
Roadshow Entertainment**

I loved this movie! It was funny, perverse, rude, poignant, and sad. *I Shot Andy Warhol* is the story of

Valerie Jean Solanis (played by Lili Taylor), who shot Andy Warhol in 1968. She was a radical feminist, outspoken misandronist (man hater), flagrant lesbian, and carried out her life with passion. The film is set around the events that led up to Solanis' shooting of Andy Warhol, but is interspersed with snippets of her psychiatric assessment and readings from her work. The film gives us a glimpse of the slums and subversive subculture of the 1960's drug and art scene. We get to see The Factory, Andy Warhol's famous New York studio, and the bitchy, back-stabbing atmosphere that surrounded Warhol. But this is primarily a voyeuristic view of Valerie Solanis.

Solanis spent the greater part of the 60's supporting herself as a prostitute on the streets of New York. She hated men and developed a theory of life that revolved around her belief that men are biologically inferior to women. The film follows her daily life on the streets, tells of her efforts to get her writing printed and recognised by mainstream society, and her eventual breakdown.

Solanis' extreme views are not condoned by the film and I was left feeling as though I'd watched her life from a distance, and it intrigued, amused and entertained me.

**Esther Speight**



Token Black Spice Girl: Yeah! Girl Power! Awright!

Blonde Bimbo Spice Girl: Hey, Girl Power! Two tasteless individuals can, like, win us, yeah?

Red-Head Spice Girl Who Posed Nude In A Bondage Mag: Yeah! Girl Power! Just come down to the On Dit office, yeah, like, Girl Power!

Vacuous Brunette Spice Girl: At 12:15pm this Friday, yeah! Girl Power!

Remaining Spice Girl: Zigzagah!

# Stage Page

## Benedict Andrews interview, Tuesday, 6/5/97 @ Magpie Theatre offices.

Braving the brass monkey weather one grey and chilly morning I made my way down to the offices of Magpie Theatre to talk to the new artistic director, Benedict Andrews. It was to my shock and surprise that I was greeted by someone younger than 40 and who was wearing something other than a suit!

Being such a ridiculously early hour in the morning I can't promise that we were coherent but here we go.

### On Dit: What are you trying to do with Magpie Theatre this year? Are you trying to make it more accessible and relevant?

BA: I'm worried about the words accessible and relevant. I mean we used to do theatre in education and that was "relevant" because it dealt with "youth issues" but it's not the way to have a policeman, teacher, etc talking to you. I'd like to make theatre that is of us and if that crosses into territory that we need to have dialogues about or ask questions about what it means to live at the end of this century then that is what I'd like to do.

As an art form, most "young people" feel that theatre isn't for them and that it belongs to someone else. There is an edifice around it and codes of behaviour - buy your tickets, clap politely, etc. Generally it doesn't communicate to them. Theatre is about one group of people who are transmitting words, gestures, actions in time - fundamentally in one space. There's one space - even when you are moving around within that - and here we are live, now. And there is a thousand possibilities within that and we are trying to bring that excitingly and refreshingly onto the nervous system of our generation.

The works are fresh and exciting and they touch me and speak to me and it is about bringing in new and young artists and giving them a chance to speak in roles that they usually wouldn't get a chance to do. This is a chance for them to work on material that is of them rather than fulfil someone else's dreams.

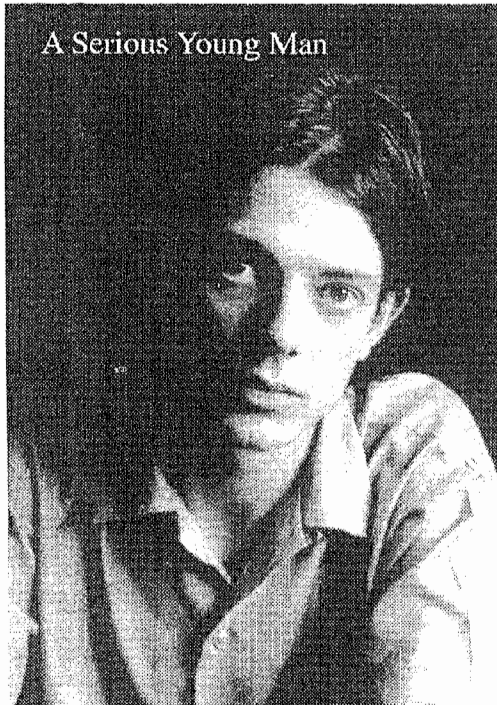
### On Dit: What are Magpie Theatre's long term plans?

BA: The ad I answered discussed a change in focus to "new generation theatre for new generation audiences" and this is a very ambiguous term that allows me a lot of freedom. Breaking it down it means a move away from theatre in education (and) ... this needs a driven, flagship company. The demographics - which I don't really believe in - focus upon the 18-26 year old range but I see

it as young or old people. It is people of our generation regardless of age, I would imagine and hope that older audiences would want to get off on theatre that is fresh and different as well.

### On Dit: What about the playwrights?

BA: Raimondo Cortese is a young Australian writer that you will probably start hearing about. I hadn't heard about him until last year and then read a few of his



A Serious Young Man

pieces and was really impressed. I think that he is the most audacious and exciting playwright that I've read. Most young playwrights are unfortunately still caught in naturalism, even if they step outside of it - and I know that this is a sweeping statement - they tend to remain quite safe. He is nothing like this. Bernard Marie Kolteff, who wrote "The solitude of cotton fields", died a few years ago from AIDS. He was nearing the end of his thirties when he died but he created a significant body of work - 7 or 8 plays. He is very well known in Europe and is considered the best playwright of his generation. Chirac denounced him as "euro-trash" because he would always put these marginal characters on stage and depictions of our world and its problems. Someone said that he put things in front of you which you don't want to look at - as opposed to reactionaries that push things away. Others have called him the new Chekov because he, like Chekov, was writing a new format and was a great innovator for his time.

Thomas Brasch is an East-German who was forced to emigrate to the west in the early 80s. He writes in this hyper-real post-modern style.

### On Dit: What do you feel about directing?

BA: Directing is about creating something that is to be repeated. In theatre it's like you are editing as you go, you are

writing and composing in the actor's body. It is always communication and interaction between bodies. It is always about interaction, immutability, and change. I have to create situations where that has to happen. I love creating pictures in space and in bodies. I am also very obsessed with language, words, and stage language. I like to decipher that, recode it and "spark" it up.

It is about playing together in a room. You and a bunch of other people. Sometimes that can be very formal and sometimes very loose.

It's a bloody labyrinth. It's bloody because it is always about the body, it's always about flesh. You cannot get away from it. There's nothing to hide behind, there's no page, there's no camera. It is you and the work and the space. Sometimes you have a map, sometimes it's the text, and sometimes it is the conceptual framework that you have devised.

### On Dit: Thanks for your time.

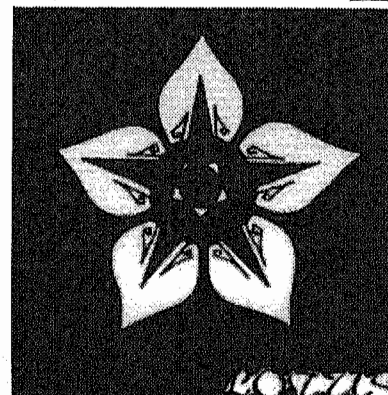
Courtney Squires.

## LOTUS

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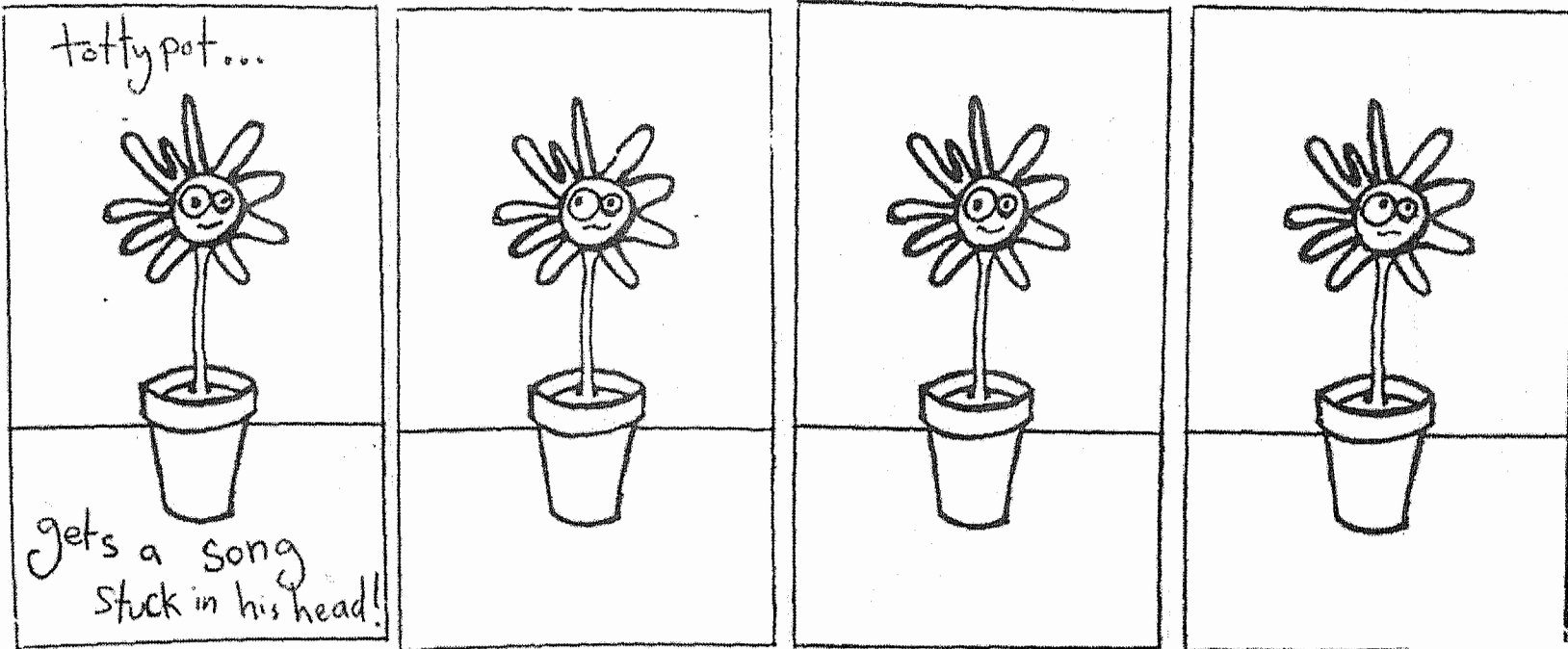
CELESTIAL CLOCKWORK (France) Opens 22 May  
BROTHER OF SLEEP (Germany) Opens 29 May  
L'AMORE MOLESTO (Italy) Opens 5 June  
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ALL THINGS FAIR (Sweden) Opens 26 June  
MOLOM (Bulgaria/France) Opens 3 July

<http://www.palace.net.au>

9pm you get the Coopers happy hour but more importantly is the bands. Honeyfix, Mr Fuzzy, and Red Kube - how's that!

This will be a regular monthly do at the Nexus cabaret so get along and support the efforts of local artists.





A. R. Penck  
Greenaway Gallery  
Until May 18<sup>th</sup>

## PRIMAL LANGUAGE

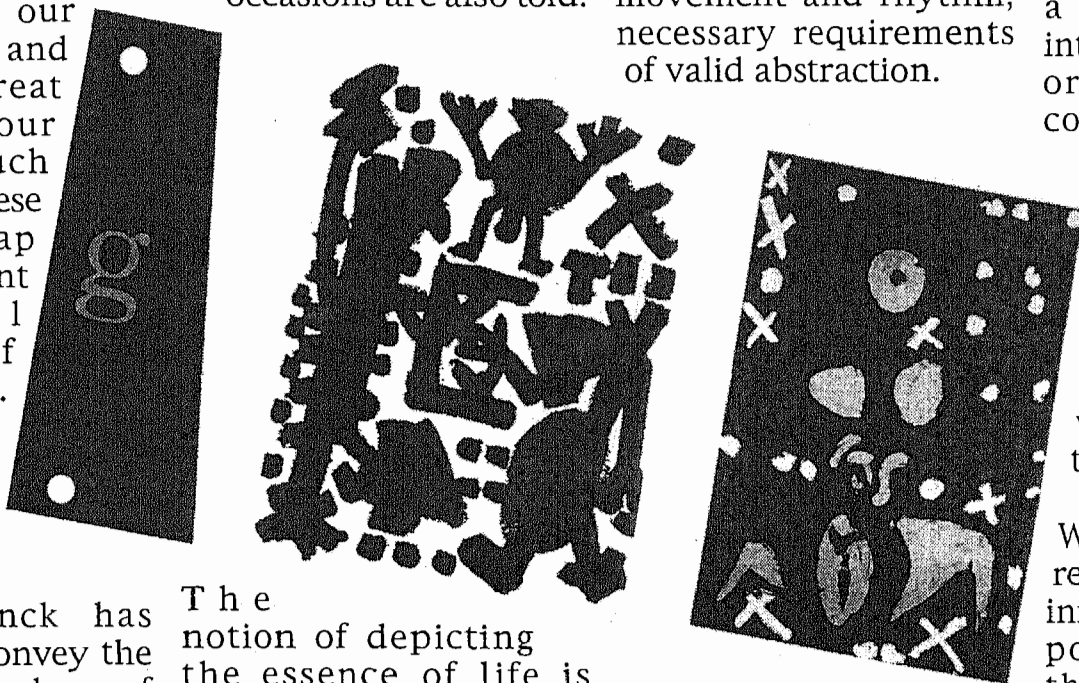
Primitive depictions and totems have been utilised throughout the ages to represent the cosmology of our existence. We have inscribed such icons on cave walls to tell the story of our identity, to make sense of our consciousness and to mark great events in our history. Such depictions as these attempt to tap into an inherent universal language of iconography. This tradition is continued with the work of Penck.

It seems Penck has attempted to convey the primitive cosmology of the universe, explanations of existence and folklore as primal depictions - true to traditional totem. These have however, been presented with modern materials. The exhibition consists of twenty serigraphs and woodcuts focused upon the central 'primitive icon' theme.

Penck retells the tribal stories of existence:- man

and woman, yin and yang, cosmic forces of the universe and creation of the earth and heavens. Stories of great hunts and momentous ritual occasions are also told.

story behind each of the works, they may be sufficiently valid to stand up as primitive abstract depictions alone. The work possesses direction, movement and rhythm, necessary requirements of valid abstraction.



The notion of depicting the essence of life is perhaps central to all artists. All artists irrespective of subject matter are depicting 'their' translation of existence.

The bright palette and specific modern mediums propose Penck's work as a crossover between poster art and primitive totem. Although it may be advantageous to comprehend the specific

References to primitive rock art of the nature of Australian Aboriginal and Native America are clear, however other influences such as the pop representations of Keith Haring and Willem De Kooning may also be detected. The four *Woman Abstracts* almost seem to pay direct homage to the late De Kooning. Gauguin-like

reverence for tribal and native cultures is also revealed, especially in *Du*.

The location of this exhibition is superb. The spacious and open areas of the Greenaway Gallery enable enough space to be allocated to each work. The viewer can stand aback and properly assess a piece without the intrusion of other works or the decor. This contrasts with other galleries where insufficient space is provided for works which demand large areas. The Greenaway is also open to 6pm. Woo-hoo! This sits well with those of us on a tight schedule!?

We are asked and required to tap into our innate knowledge of love, power and evil throughout this exhibition. To strip away our modern persona and succumb to our primal urges. However, although understanding may be attained, the works do not provide and instant, numbing realisation as was perhaps intended.

**Martin Polkinghorne**

# Hot Spuds!!

# INCEST-O-RAMA

## *Kama Sutra* Palace East End Cinema

In writer/director Mira Nair's homeland of India her latest cinematic offering *Kama Sutra* has come under the scrutiny of India's renown conservative film censors. After viewing Nair's work the film censors asked for a total of eight scenes to be edited from *Kama Sutra* before they would declare the film acceptable for public viewing. Owing to Nair's refusal to remove three of the eight requested edits *Kama Sutra* is yet to be released in India.

The plot is simplistic to say the least. Set in sixteenth century India, the narrative revolves around a young woman of 'lowly birth' who would be destined to a life of poverty. However owing to her extraordinary beauty the young woman is sought after by the Rajah to be a concubine in the imperial palace.

As this somewhat brief synopsis would suggest the content of this film hardly encapsulates contemporary feminist principles. Even though the central female character is able to thwart men with her sexuality, she only ever gains a semblance of power. While the female director of *Kama Sutra* believes that her film reflects sex and sexuality from a feminine perspective, one may argue that visually Mira Nair has failed to portray this ideology. For I could not help but notice that the male characters are portrayed as sexually dominant while the female characters are submissive.

It could be said that if the sex scenes were removed from the film it would only be twenty minutes in duration. Initially the film is successful in captivating the audience members imagination during the first couple of sex scenes. However by the tenth, eleventh and twelfth sex scene it all becomes a tad repetitive. For myself and other audience members it became comical in the end, for we all knew once a certain piece of music was played or there was a lighting change the inevitable sex scene would ensue.

While the content of certain scenes is repetitive the cinematography used in the landscapes is both beautiful and unique. Essentially the panoramic views of the landscapes and the

shots of the vivid palace interiors help to depict the decadence of the imperial society. More often than not the cinematic splendour of the film acts as compensation for the poor narrative of the film.

Primarily one sees very little credible acting in the film. However Ramon Tikaran's portrayal of the misogynistic opium addicted Rajah is often impressive. Even though the film's director defends her film as not being a "documentary on sex sex undoubtably dominates the narrative. While certain elements of the film are plausible, at the end of the day *Kama Sutra* is merely soft porn.

Sarah Ridge



## *Jack and Jill Go To School: The Movie*

Catheter Cinemas from May 25

This was always going to be a difficult thing to put on the screen, and director Hockey Rocksmith has certainly displayed his limited vision once again. The original book upon which this film was based concerned the first day at school for a pair of young innocents in blue cardigans and knee socks. Rocksmith has taken all of the subtle sexuality of the original text and turned it into a tacky,

balls-out (literally) incest-o-rama. What's worse, he has recruited characters from other classic books of the genre, obviously thinking that this is somehow 'post-modern' or 'cool'. Unfortunately, the inclusion of popular character 'Spot' in this already complicated love rhombus (also featuring Meg and Mog) lowers the whole thing to some sort of seedy soft-core sex-romp. And, furthermore, the sound quality is shocking. Less dick, more diction, Mister Hockey Rocksmith.

Randy Saucebacks

*ER continues..*

An unconscious 36-year old male was brought to the ER with cocaine-induced seizures. As a nurse pulled back his foreskin to insert a catheter (a tube passed through the urethra and into the bladder) a neatly folded twenty dollar bill fell out of the foreskin fold. When the man woke up and demanded to leave, the nurse gave him back his belongings and told him where she had found the money. His response: "It was a fifty, bitch!"

# GREAT HOMEGROWN STUFF

## *The Quiet Room* Palace Cinemas

One of a rare breed - a home-grown Adelaide film. Happily, it's also a damn good one. Written and directed by Rolf de Heer, who was also responsible for *Bad Boy Bobby*, *The Quiet Room* is a study of the disintegration of a childhood world, seen through the eyes of a seven year-old girl. A girl, by the way, whose name we never find out. Her parents are separating, and our heroine is so affected by the tension and unhappiness around her during this time that she has stopped speaking (hence the title). She's only stopped talking with her mouth, mind you - she still speaks to us, and, she believes, to her parents, through her thoughts. Her narration, then, is not a traditional descriptive narration, but rather a simple set of child-like observations. This style is well suited to the film's content, as it is more a situational character study than a straightforward series of events. Labelling it with big words like "situational character study" is a bit inappropriate, though, because when you get right down to it, it is a remarkably simple film about a simple topic. What makes it so good is the

fact that it is brilliantly effective at recreating the world and perceptions of a seven year-old, and that it urges you to sympathise with it and get caught up in the childishness. And it is really, really hard not to.

The seven year-old girl is magnificently played by Chloe Ferguson, and the same girl is played in flashback sequences by her three year-old sister Phoebe. These flashbacks are the girl's memories of happier times, and on several occasions she tries to reconstruct past events, only to find it an impossible feat. The parents, played by Paul Blackwell and Celine O'Leary, take a back seat and allow Ferguson to dominate proceedings. The recreation of the world of a child is a great success - the use of colour is particularly appropriate and effective, and the little projects that the girl embarks on through the course of the film (such as the attempted hatching

of an egg under a desk light) perfectly complement the reconstruction.



The film never steps outside of the girl's view of the world, and it is a completely convincing experience.

It's difficult to get across the full impact that *The Quiet Room* makes. It's not just a story of a child whose parents are separating, it's not just a weirdly effective device to suck you back into your own childhood, and it's not possible to remain unaffected by it. It is a truly superb example of fine film-making, and it's a fact we can all be proud of that it was made right here.

Chris Slape



## Omigod! Freebies!

### Giveaways

We have one, and one only, one day pass to the Nova's Woody Allen Day coming up on 18th May. To make this fair and avoid any sticky disputes with the umpires (that's us), the winner will be asked to perform the relatively trivial task of naming the Japanese thriller Woody dubbed into English.

We have also got five in season double passes to the Spanish 'satanic action comedy' *The Day of the Beast* and five more to the new print of Orson Welles' *Touch of Evil*, also from the Nova. THEN, there are 3 CD of & 3 double passes to *Kama Sutra* to give away.

For any of these brilliant offers, show up at the On Dit office at 3.00 Wednesday 14th May, and remember, the umpire's decision is final.

## GRATUITOUS NOSTALGIA

### Liebestraum

On video - English language  
**What happens when a town's dark, forgotten past is being relived again and you are caught in the middle? What lies behind the three murders in the Ralston building? Why are you being haunted in your dreams, who are you really and are you already dead?**

This is the story of Nick Karninski (Kevin Anderson - *Sleeping with the enemy*) who goes to Elderstown to visit his dying mother in hospital with only one week to live. While there he comes across an old college friend, Paul Kessler (Bill Pullman *Lost Highway*). Paul works in the Town and is in the process of demolishing an old department store, the Ralston building. Nick becomes fascinated by the building because he is an architect and the cast iron design is like the missing link in American architecture. Nick is invited to a party of Paul's and so begins his journey into the past of Elderstown and its inhabitants. He soon learns of the three murders which took place many years ago causing the closure of the building and the more he delves into the mystery the more is revealed, not only about the building's past but also his own. This is a week that will change Nick's life forever.

Written, directed and music by the brilliant Mike Figgis (*Internal Affairs*, *The Browning Version*) the film has a wonderful soundtrack featuring some beautiful classical and jazz music (Figgis was a jazz musician and composer before taking up directing) featuring a cool jazz version of Liszt's song 'Liebestraum' The cinematography was astounding. It has a spectacular use of colour and shadow in the mostly night scenes and complements this perfectly by the 50's noir style decor which is reminiscent of David Lynch's *Lost Highway*.

The acting by Kevin Anderson and Bill Pullman is faultless, the only downside of the movie being Pamela wife. There are also notable performances from the many supporting roles of the various town-folk ranging from the Sheriff; hotel manager, doctor and the last surviving Ralston who add comedy and flavour to the film.

This is a film whose plot will have you guessing up to the final scene and perhaps even beyond. Luckily it is now a weekly hire movie so you can watch it several times to solve the mystery and get absorbed into Ralston building and the darkness within.

Stefan Panczak

## UPCOMING FILM BITS.

Over the coming weeks Palace Cinemas will be screening a touring program: 'The Best of the 1997 St Kilda Film Festival', on the 14th and 21st of May. The short films included are all winners of festival awards, such as *The Snag in Drag* (14th) which walked off with the Palm Door award.

-Not to be outdone, the Nova has events of its own coming up. Sunday May 18th is Woody Allen Day with day passes available in advance, which might be a good idea, all up. The Spanish horror comedy about a priest out to do evil, *The Day of the Beast* is doing the weekend late shift and a new print of Orson Welles' *Touch of Evil* is on its way, starting May 22nd.

# THE BEST OF BRITAIN

### New British Cinema Palace Cinemas, 7th May

The first in a series of three short film nights at Palace (the other two featuring award winners from the St Kilda Film Festival), this program of five British short films was nothing short of excellent. It kicked off with *Dead London* (starring Ewen Bremner - *Trainspotting's* Spud - and Dexter Fletcher), a peculiar tale about two men who have discovered a way to calculate or "intuit" when people will die from accidents - and they make sure that they're there with a camera. Directed by Thomas Napper, this dark little monochromatic tale doesn't quite succeed as well as it could, but it is still a clever wee film. This is followed by perhaps the weakest of the five films, *Was She There*, starring, written and directed by Annie Griffen. One day she travels from London to Blackpool in disguise, having various sexual and social encounters along the way. The

next day she repeats the journey as herself, interviewing those who she met earlier and trying to find out how much they remember of her. The cast are mostly members of the public, and quite charming in their naturalism. Clever but ultimately puzzling (what's it all for?). Still,



more fun than David Lynch any day.

*Red* is a wonderful film, about a young Chinese girl, Xiao Mei, whose family life is recorded on Viewmaster discs. She leaves China in 1977 for an arranged marriage in London, where her family live. As she tries to live with her Elvis-absorbed hus-

band in the days just before the lardsome hip-swiveller's demise, she is also exposed to the worst of British racism and its effects on her family. Beautifully filmed and quite lovely.

*Dah Dit Dah* is excellent, and begs to be developed into something longer - the ideas and

until his daughter feels threatened by her father's new girlfriend.

The best film is the last, *Fork In The Road*, the sort of thing that gets you all fired up so that you come away itching to make a short film of your own. Funny, violent, clever, brilliantly filmed and with an unexpected twist at the end to add to the overall excellence. A ripper of a film.

The only tragedy about this is that the second program of UK short films, screened in Sydney and Brisbane, will not be shown here. However, the St Kilda award winners should be well worth seeing when they screen on May 14 and 21 - *Cabbie of the Year*, for example, screening at the latter, is very funny and very well-written.

Short films need your support so that they can continue being made. When they are of this calibre, there is no excuse for not seeing them. Go.

James Morrison

# BUMPY RIDE

**Turbulence.**  
Academy Cinema

I think that future generations are going to look back on the 90's as the disaster film era. Whether it's dinosaurs, volcanos, twisters or air disasters the underlying idea remains constant. Film makers want to scare the pants off of audiences by putting people in more impossible situations than have been filmed before and filming them in a bigger and better way than has been done before. Clearly flying is considered to be a fear that a large audience can relate to because the plane hijacking thing has been done to death. Bruce Willis dealt with the problem in *Die Hard 2*, Wesley Snipes in *Passenger 57*, Kurt Russell and Steven Seagal did it in *Executive Decision* and over the coming months we have Nicolas Cage's *Con Air* and Harrison Ford's *Air Force One*. It seems that if you can connect a bankable star with a nail biting air disaster you have a surefire box office hit.

Now don't get me wrong every movie that I've listed I have either seen or plan to see. I want to know as much as the next person what is happening to my favorite stars. The question is whether amongst this mass of choices *Turbulence* is worth a look. All things considered I'd have to say yes. *Turbulence* is a film that does all the usual things but differently enough to hold its own.

Set at Christmas Eve (big surprise), the film centres around Ryan Weaver (Ray Liotta), a convicted

serial killer being transported by plane to Los Angeles along with an armed robber named Stubbs. Whilst Stubbs spends his time giving his captors a hard time and scaring the pants off of flight attendant Teri Halloran (Lauren Holly), Weaver is introduced as a guy who denies being guilty of murder and claims to have been set up by his arresting officer Detective Hines (Hector Elizondo). Teri is a little too easily sucked in by this and it's not until Stubbs, all the U.S. Marshalls, both of the pilots and some of the crew and passengers are dead that she finally clicks and realizes that Weaver is not exactly trustworthy.

We are then left with a cat and mouse game between Psycho Weaver who wants to crash the plane and go out in a blaze of glory and helpless Teri who against all odds has to survive the ride and somehow land the plane. Thrown into the mix is a massive storm which literally turns the plane upside down, a run in with a building and a parking garage and a fighter jet with orders to shoot the plane down before it reaches L.A. Director Robert Butler does a good job of letting the surprises out of the bag at the appropriate times to keep the audience interested and despite being riddled with action cliches Liotta always plays a good nut job and holds the film together admirably. As long as you check your brain with the usher and just view the film for what it is *Turbulence* is a ride worth taking.

**Dale Tiver**

**Celestial Clockwork**  
Palace Cinemas

Everything is ordained, and everything is foreseeable. Everything is interconnected and million to one co-incidences happen nine times out of ten. Making these the underlying premises of your movie is nothing new - they drive the plot of many a Hollywood pic.

*Celestial Clockwork* takes the same ideas and treats them as light-hearted *fantasy*. How refreshing!

This is the story of Ana (Ariadna Gil), a young Venezuelan who bolts from the altar, returning home only to pick up her vanity case and poster of Maria Callas before jumping on the next plane for Paris, still in her wedding dress. Once there she hooks up

with a bunch of Venezuelan girls in a bedsit and starts looking for a singing teacher. For a while I must admit it was a bit like watching the Spice Girls *espagnoles* (there's nice spice, Ana, innocent and pure, and then there's nasty spice, Celeste, who tries to ruin Ana's plans, and in between are three other generic filler spice types) but it soon started to go somewhere, so I forgive them.

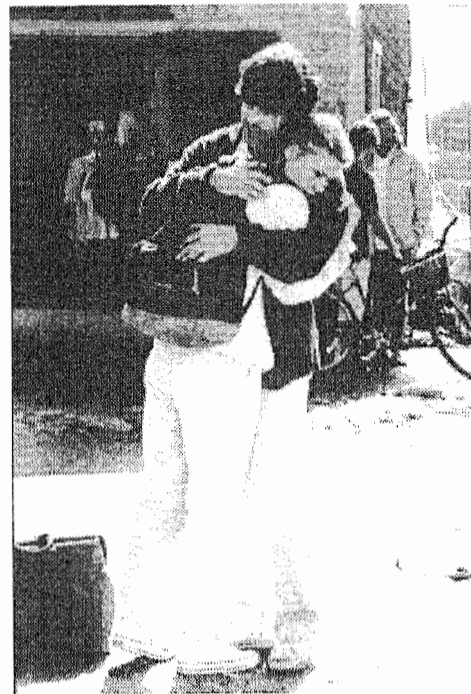
Meanwhile, famous director Italo Medici, is famously unable to find a Cinderella for his opera-film *La Cenerentola* and Ana is desperate to audition. (It is here that I must issue a warning about *Celestial Clockwork*. While music idiots like me will be completely amazed and utterly seduced by the sound of opera, serious singing fans may be upset

## Happy B'day to your dead mother.

To Gillian on her 37th Birthday  
Cinema Nova

Erm... what can I say about this film? I could tell you it had a reasonably intriguing story: wife (Michelle Pfeiffer) dies young, husband (Peter Gallagher) grieves even after two years, daughter (Claire Danes) feels neglected and wants to leave, concerned friends (Bruce Altman and Kathy Baker) try to set the husband up with another woman all these potent emotions culminate on the Labor weekend where the family is spending the weekend at Nantucket Island. I could also tell you that it had some good actors and therefore could potentially be a solid-drama type film a la *Marvin's Room*. But then I would have to tell you also *To Gillian...* turned out to be a mediocre piece of celluloid.

Fair enough, it wasn't the schmaltzy film I expected but it wasn't many notches above that either. The pace was too slow, especially considering that it was THE weekend. The important events in the film came and went without much effect and the sporadic humour was ill at ease with the rest of the material. Perhaps the theatre origin of the story proved harder to be adapted to the screen for director Michael Pressman than he thought. I also think that they are trying too hard to validate the message in the film, of people letting go, saying



goodbye etc... It really wasn't all that deep and meaningful, folks, and it wasn't that touching either. Not as the filmmakers would like us to think.

I s'ppose it isn't all bad, there's some nice ocean scenery and bad karaoke singing for you to cringe to. Acting-wise, competent but the final verdict is if its target audience (ie. my mother) found it ordinary then it can't be doing the right thing. Mind you, half the audience was sniffing so it still manages to pull the right (albeit easy) strings.

**Ching Yee**



## Celestial Fantasy



at the poor miming skills of Ariadna Gil as Ana the opera singer.)

The rest of the plot is so complicated as to deny explanation, but its enough to say that *Celestial Clockwork* is in operation (as well as "*Cosmic Kaka*" as the fabulous gay waiter/astrologer/ex-cabaret artiste Armand (Frederic Longbois) likes to say). *Celestial Clockwork*, like all good fairytales, spirals towards its ultimate conclusion, dragging psychologists, witchdoctors, waiters and a video witch-cum-wicked stepsister into its machinery of interconnected, pre-destined parts.

The humour and pace of this film are inescapable. Cheesy as it is, it is so cheesy, so cute that cynical, mean, time-hardened reviewer that I am, I couldn't avoid loving *Celestial Clockwork* - I guess it was pre-ordained. While

it is actually a Spanish-Venezuelan-French-Belgian co-production, the Spanish are undeniably in the drivers seat - it seems to belong to the wave of new Spanish films characterized by their bright colours and anarchic mood. Directed by Fina Torres, it's definitely not an Almodovar pic, but then not all that far removed either - just replace sex with opera and witchcraft.

**Rachel Templer**

*This is the first in a series of seven films from seven countries which will be screening over the next seven weeks in a festival called - Oh My God-Cine Seven. Going to the first film apparently means discounts on the subsequent ones, and given that all the previews we've seen so far have been a bit spesh, it might be worth checking this festival out.*





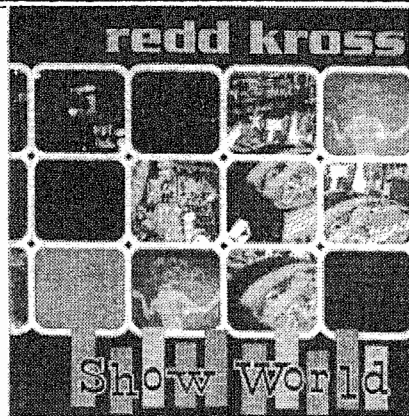
**Dig Your Own Hole**  
**the Chemical Brothers**  
 (Virgin/EMI)

The band that made Noel Gallagher listenable, the band that put the most interesting musical track behind that guy from the Charlatans he's ever had. Two pretty good efforts in themselves, but more than that, they've made a follow up to *Exit Planet Dust* that leaves them out there on their own again, and a good thing too. *Dig Your Own Hole* has the singles you've no doubt had bludgeoned into your heads by triple j, "Setting Sun" and "Block Rockin' Beats", both of which are brain-kickingly cool. The other tracks on the album are able to veer, wander and perambulate away from the tight, punchy beats of these two songs presumably because they don't have to please radio. This produces the hypnotic loops and hazes of "It Doesn't Matter", the beat madness of "Elektrobank" and the leftfield bizarreness of "Piku".

For straight-up Chemical Brothers thumping hookery, the title track is a cracker, as is "Get Up On It Like This" and "Lost in the K-Hole" is bloody funky...look, the whole album is a victory for the kind of indie-techno-whatever that the Chemical Brothers were largely responsible for kick starting in the first place. Another appealing aspect of this album is the excellent liner photos which feature previous covers to Chemical Brothers releases as well as airbrushed cornball reminiscent of the photography on Blur's *Great Escape* fold-out ...wow, they're intertextual AND ironic!

If you are a mad keen britpop & co. fan (ie: if it's been in NME you gotta have it) then go mad for this, and if you make decisions based on what music sounds like also go for this because it will batter, groove, dance, thump and glide your socks off.

**Paul Lobban**



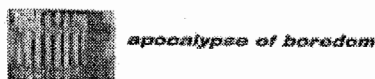
**Show World**  
**Redd Kross**  
 (THISUAYUP; Mercury)

The press release put these guys in the same league as Urge Overkill, but this, I think, is misleading. Redd Kross, though sharing the same kind of 60's revisionist philosophy as the Urge, are actually very good at what they do, while still managing to seem modest, instead of the other way around.

The songs are simple with the emphasis on melody, the arrangements punchy and easy to listen to. If you've fallen prey to that most insidious of 'boomer' advertising victories, manufactured nostalgia and reverence for a decade that few of us ever really experienced first-hand, then this is probably right up your alley. File it in your C.D. collection right next to your copy of the That Thing You Do soundtrack.

If you're into guitar-pop that doesn't tax your sensibilities too much, then I can recommend this album. Think Teenage Fanclub if they grew up in Orange County with rich parents and kidney-shaped pools. Think Frank Black if he had landed on his head one time too many and lost his sense of irony. I find it makes good study music; inoffensive and in no way distracting.

**J.D.**



**Apocalypse of Boredom**  
**Various**  
 (Hip to Hate)

Local carpark taunters "Hip to Hate" have come up with this collection of local bedroom acts that opens the sharp-edged can lid on the submerged (to a lot of people) sounds of this little metropolis. If you haven't heard of a lot of the bands on here don't fret yourselves, just decide you can afford to take a bit of a punt at this stage in your life and give it a whirl.

It would probably just be stupid and against the spirit of the record to suggest that, outside of these acts being located in the same geographical space at some time in the recent past, there is any coherence to this group of sounds. There seems little to connect the acoustic piquancy of Crowdforn's "Perfect Turn-out", the sub-lo-fi sharpness of The Silvermine Tape's "The Great International", Brian Apple's Joy Divisionish

"Eyes That Can't Be Hidden", Crank's poptacular "Theme From Crank" and the brain contorting techno-massage that is Backfeed Slumber's "Trip Chaser", except that they are all cool songs.

If you have ever indulged in Rubber Record's excellent *American Pie* series then the variety of this CD, as well as its commitment to effort over mere polish, will be familiar, if you haven't then this record will be a nice, and probably overdue, surprise.

To try and describe everything on here seems pointless, but I will mention these...King Krill's "Stink Bug" is effectively loud and dumb, Home For the Def Big Band's "Manson(A Feminist Manifesto)" is possibly dumber and very short, Madonna's Armpit's "Yahtzee" is full distortion torture through a strained microphone, See Saw Trace's "Landslip Celebration" is quaveringly nice and Silica Gel finish it up with a dose of fuck knows what, but it's a bit scary.

With a lot of the acts contributing more than one song, the CD balloons out to a healthy 24 tracks which is good value; a value enhanced by the discovery, if you didn't know it before, that Adelaide can produce sounds that reflect a commitment to just playing enjoyable tunes rather than sucking up to the aural blandness of the latest trends.

**Paul Lobban.**

orac



**Radiant**  
**Orac**

Orac are a Melbourne - based group who produce techno/ambient/trance music. Never having heard of them before, I was very impressed by their new album, *Radiani*, which contains some of the best trance I have heard in ages - not to mention great packaging! The album came with a sample of *oracioc*, an Italian hot chocolate, and a copy of the *National Oragraphic* which contained some info about the band and album.

The album is over 70 minutes long, and contains 9 tracks. A couple of the tracks, *Empty Sky* and *Oracle* have already been released, and are remixed on this album. One interesting thing is that only one of the tracks was totally studio recorded. The remainder are either entirely performed live, or some of the melodies are improvised live - these guys must have some talent! At several stages throughout listening to the album, I thought it had influences of Mike Oldfield's Tubular Bells, in a more modern, synthesised guise, and Single Gun Theory.

I get the impression that Orac use a lot of old technology' analogue synthesisers. Although this limits the variety of sounds that can be produced, the album is very diverse and doesn't bore or become too repetitious at any stage - a feat mastered only by such groups as The Prodigy. On the down - side,

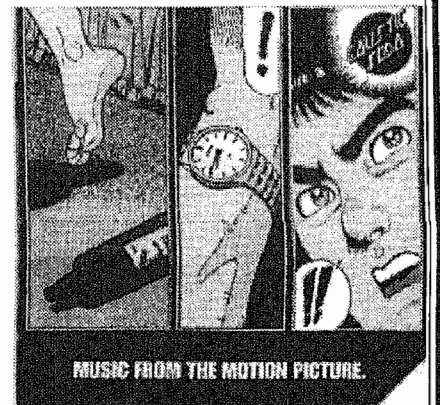
after a close listen some of the melodies begin to sound like the soundtrack to *Super Mario Bros*.

The first track on the album, *PAff* is also one of the stand-outs on the album. It begins with a good bass line, and then a cool break - beat is added. More melodies and rhythms are added, and it builds up to a climax. The third track, *Empty Sky*, has been released previously, and has been played on JJJ. It's got some great melodies and variation also. The fifth track is the *Oracle '97* Remix, which has a more driving beat, with a catchy, dominant main theme. There are other stand-out tracks, but you'll have to give *Radiani* a listen to appreciate Orac's true appeal.

The sheet that came with Orac's album quoted 'Orac are an independent Melbourne group who built their own studio, write their own songs, engineer and mix their own material, produce their own film clips and bounce their own chcsques'. While trance is notoriously bland and repetitive, Orac have produced an album which is very appealing - while it has a few stand-out tracks, the whole album is great. The band describe it as a 'Metaphysical journey', which I believe accurately describes it.

If you have any appreciation for ambient/ techno/trance music at all, or even dance music, I urge you to give Orac's *Radiani* a good listen.

**Gregg Barker**



**Music From The Motion Picture**  
**Caustic Soda**  
 (Shock Records)

This is a classic Sunday arvo album, you know, when you forget about the essay and sit in the sun with a smoke, dreaming about your big night before. Dreaming is easy to do with this band. The lyrics don't stand out or sink in (as they might with a good punk song), and the tunes seem a little repetitive at first. The album as a whole gives an impression that makes you look forward to seeing them live, (as you will if you attend this year's Indyfest) but I don't think the tunes work fantastically well recorded. One that stands out early is *Plot*. A simple song. *Like a Day* and *Bound to the Connection* are worth hearing. The heavier stuff grows on you, but the slower ones do nothing for me. If you like to out-sing the vocalist, every single lyric has been neatly typed up for your convenience. (Maybe they want someone to make better use of the words). Honestly though, the album grows. If you like Aussie punk or loud Melbourne bands this is worth a listen. Album-wise there is not much that helps this one stand out from the crowd of loud bands today. But I think they'd put on a fantastic live set.

**Starr**

# BALDY

SkunkAnansie  
Fuel  
Heaven 24/3/97

After waiting an interminable time as always seems to happen before a gig, Fuel played as the support act for Skunk Anansie. They played a short, tight and heavy set with much vigour to a crowd that was for the most part uninterested. After they finished, the stage was arranged for the main act, and the crowd began to grow in size as more people began to file in. The lights dimmed as Skunk Anansie came on stage and then burst into light as they exploded into action. From the first song "Yes, It's Fucking Political" right up to the end,

they played with a controlled fury that this scribe can not recall seeing before. Lead singer Skin was mesmerising with her stage presence, flinging herself across the stage in all directions, including occasionally into the crowd itself. However it was not her tomfoolery that grabbed attention, it was her voice; a beast which alternately crooned at the audience before blasting at it with an incredible raw force. Bassist Cass played some crazy slap base, his dreadlocks whirling Medusa like, while Mark Richardson bashed away quite admirably on the drums. Guitarist M.K. played

with one expression on his face which could probably sum up the whole performance: intense. In an hour and a half long set they played from both albums, "All I Want" and "We Love Your Apathy" being standouts from a selection of songs which included all of those which have received some airplay. The performance was ended with Skin inviting up half the audience up onto the stage with the admonition not to step on any of the pedals. Not bad for a Monday night.

Chris Jones

# SPIKEY

CACTUS CHILD  
Live @ The Cargo Club  
Thursday March 27

The long drive down from Sydney had definitely taken its toll. CACTUS CHILD appeared tired and unenthusiastic delivering a set filled with flashes of brilliance but largely

mediocre pub funk/rock - a far cry from the deep in the pocket grooves found on the album.

Maybe it was the lack of people, perhaps the new drummer or simply the missing horn harmonies, backing vocals and percussion that failed to create the same vibe present on the album. Whatever it was, the drunken group of male chauvinist dickheads certainly did not help. Gemma displayed considerable expertise in dealing with these losers with a

quick come back for every pay out and successfully publicly embarrassed the one try hard rock star game enough to get up on stage (much to the delight of the true fans).

The lyrics were indecipherable in the first two songs but thankfully the mix was right for "Fall" and "Wish" which went down well with the small but appreciative crowd. Unfortunately a certain section of the crowd (you know who you are) showed very little respect during the ballads assuming that others would

prefer to listen to their gibberish rather than the music. Thankfully the volume went up a notch on an old favourite, "True Love" which was my personal highlight of the night.

After a surprise encore (demanded by the front row), I left feeling disappointed by a show that was, all things considered, pretty average for CACTUS CHILD. One thing's for sure though, Gemma is definitely not an endorsee of Lady Remington.

Shink.

# DIRTY

The Earthmen/Reckoning  
Adelaide Unibar  
Friday May 2

Back with their eyeliner and glitter nail polish, Reckoning showed that they had lost none of their magic while in Melbourne. For once Seamus was straight and this paid off in a much-more-together-and-energetic set.

My favourite part of the show was when Seamus changed the lyrics of 'I Am Stone' to "I'm not stoned and that's my problem", climbed off the stage and touched me with his bass, woo hoo! Yes Seamus you are a Rock God, but please grow the hair.

Matt's guitar conked out during 'Armadillo', but this resulted in a brilliant improvised piece. The one new song they played, "The Symbiotic Sounds OP", indicated Reckoning to be heading in a different direction. The space references were still there and (even if it is a tad self-indulgent) it's good to see them becoming a little more experimental.

Reckoning's set ended with an acoustic version of the deeply moving 'Candle', which will be on *Flying Saucer* - the new CD Reckoning are currently working on.

A lot of people left immediately after Reckoning finished (meaning in reality they were the headlining act). But what was their problem? Was it past the little kiddie's bedtime? However, those who did remain were treated to the melodic sounds of The Earthmen's perfect pop.

The Earthmen were also plagued with tech-

nical difficulties (with singer Scott Stevens complaining about "bad noises"). Nonetheless I don't think The Earthmen could produce bad noises even if they tried. I couldn't help but bop along as they played the songs from their debut album, *Love Walked In*, including the singles 'Whoever's Been Using This Bed' and the gorgeous 'Coloured In' which lifted the audience onto another astral plane.

The Earthmen and Reckoning - please come back soon!

Roxy.



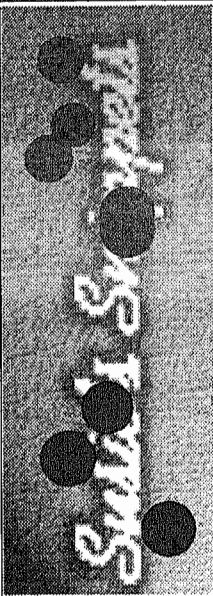
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### Empty Promises

You might remember a few snippets ago that Blur were rumoured to be coming - well you see the news now reads that they aren't coming at all. Mind you, this little advice was given c/- the kind folks at CC records who claim that Blur are now not having a 'private gig' at Heaven. The plot continues (but isn't really that interesting....)

### Not a 0055 Number!

Other acclaimed Adelaide street magazines might now have a 'lonely hearts club' (great title for a book) but we at Adelaide Uni now have the opportunity to utilise the all new Jazz Line. The line is reported to contain news of upcoming jazz events and so forth. You too can join in the fun by dialling 8303 3755. That number again is - 8303 3755

### Band Breakup

Shock news this week as favourite Australian band You Am I announced that they were calling it quits. Long time rock God hero, Tim Rogers told On Dit this week that he was 'bored being a musician because all

you did was please crowds, drink beer and bonk fans'. He's now decided to move to Canberra and join the Disciples of Jesus in as part of his quest for God's forgiveness. But You Am I fans do not grieve. Local tribute artists will be holding a farewell gig titled 'They Were Us' later this month.

### Long Weekend Fun

#### Friday

Warm up the weekend with heat 1 of the NAD National Band Competition - catch acts such as Cool Hand Luke, Lucid, Hypersuper and Gutfool and decide for yourself.

#### Saturday

Twigstock '97 at the Interactive Art Gallery featuring Fiona Beverage, Bob's Ca-Ca, Starbuck Spacewanker, Vlad, Claire, the nineties, Bird-E7 X-Large, Hoax, The Sweet Smelling Pumpkins, Mixed Blessings and Crowdforn. Stay away from the yellow-with-purple-polka-dot alkaline.

#### Sunday

The Indifest 500 - Adelaide Uni from 2pm to 1am. 30 bands for \$30 dollars (approximately) Do it.

know that local Adelaide band The Undecided have now decided and changed their name. From this day forward you shall find the current band members truthfully (and without the pretension) playing under the title 'We Don't know/ Couldn't Give A Fuck/ We Thought We'd Find Any Name And Try And Be Witty'.

Of course this band is not alone in band name changes - Reckoning now go by 'Rock-Em-In', Wendyhouse are now just 'Cubby', Flat Stanley have admitted to 'Squashed Stan' and the Blood Sucking Freaks have decided that their name has not yet been exhausted.

### Touring Soon

Confirmed this week by an extremely reliable(?) source was the news that everyone's favourite band Pulp will be coming to Australia later this year (possibly September). Apparently arrangements are being made to have the boys play at a 'Secret Venue' for two shows - one for the 'jump-on-the-bandwagon' fans and the other for the real followers (Oooh, touchy!)

### Final Word -

Of encouragement to all and sundry. About absolutely anything.



what's your name? (easy question)

ANSWER 1: simon day

ANSWER 2: as if you wouldn't already know [simon day]

how old are you? (tricky question)

ANSWER 1: unknown

ANSWER 2: i'm not obliged to tell you but as old as you want me to be [anything for the fans]

what's the name of your band?

ANSWER 1: well, it starts with 'r' and ends with 't' and it's not ratshit

ANSWER 2: well, it starts with 'r' and ends with 't' and it is ratshit

when is your next gig?

ANSWER 1: ratcat aren't signed with rooArt anymore & simon day is busy with his graphic art business.

ANSWER 2: never!!!!

how long has the band been around for?

ANSWER 1: formed in 1986, "danger mouse" (as they were originally known) soon adopted their more dynamic moniker, and began hawking their infectious brand of fuzzed-out pop around sydney.

ANSWER 2: too long

how long have you been playing [insert name of instrument here] for?

ANSWER 1: simon day was born with a guitar in his arms and a mike in his hands.

ANSWER 2: same as the above response (2)

what made you decide to start playing?

ANSWER 1: it was in my blood

ANSWER 2: money, fame, glamour and the chance to bring my music into the houses of unsuspecting australians

what was the first CD or record you ever made?

ANSWER 1: ratcat, a self-titled mini LP

ANSWER 2: in my past life, i was elvis [of course he isn't really even dead yet.....]

who's your favourite band/musician/vocal artist?

ANSWER 1: simon day; ratcat

ANSWER 2: elvis

what's your favourite song?

ANSWER 1: anything from this nightingale, anything from tingles, everything from blind love, anything from inside out, anything from informer 86:289 and anything from easy rider

ANSWER 2: couldn't top that

after a rock & roll star, what's the next thing you really want in life?

ANSWER 1: a graphic designer

ANSWER 2: another rock & roll star

how far away is brainmelting megastardom for you?

ANSWER 1: i am still maintaining an appreciation of all things weird, wonderful, comical & horror like.

ANSWER 2: been and gone thanks

what design would you most regret if you had it tattooed on you?

ANSWER 1: anything(?)

ANSWER 2: "i love ratcat"

name the worst decade of the twentieth century?

ANSWER 1: the 90's, because it marks the demise of a wonderful thing

ANSWER 2: the 80's because it marks the rise of a 'wonderful' thing.

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

ANSWER 1: one of the great things about being in ratcat and receiving the mass recognition that we did [is that now] we can afford to pay our own way, hang out and just be layabouts.

ANSWER 2: parting is such sweet sorrow.....goodbye for now [aah!]

\* interview may not have actually happened

### Name Change

Just a brief note to let you

**WANKERS ANONYMOUS**  
A new support group for  
**Students With Mobile Phones**

Students With Mobile Phones is a relatively new disorder; a form of unpleasant social disease. You might know a sufferer - you may even be one yourself. SWMP Disorder is a major contributing cause to Student Politician Syndrome, something which must be stamped out as soon as possible.

**RICESON**

AN RUNNY STORY COMPILED BY THE ON DIT TEAM.

It was a dark and stormy night. Dark-shrouded minions gathered at a pre-determined rendezvous point, below the darkened windows of destiny and above the babbling brook of truth.

Gingerly poking at his bandaged genitalia, the Chief Monk of Justice™ began to wonder if this whole secret society thing hadn't been a bad idea.

He stared down at some unknown reservoir, or puddle, perhaps, of water, slime, and, now, blood - and thought back to the previous morning, that seemingly primordial dawn before he had lost his dog, injured his wife in some obscure sexual ritual, begun to seriously question his sanity, and the whole sordid affair had unfolded.

The Chief was waiting for a new member to call him on his mobile to arrange his initiation ceremony but he was half a fucking hour late. The double circumcision and cicatrization would be extra painful this year!

Suddenly a shot rang out. The maid screamed. The queen swooned. Suddenly

a pirate ship appeared on the

a p - Chief Monk of Justice™ no more. From this day forth I shall be known as the Chief Monk of the MAMBO!

# CHIEF MONK OF JUSTICE

horizon.

They all leapt off the boat. "1, 2, 3 ... Bop, Jangle, Jig Boys!" yelled the captain. To the Chief's astonishment all the pirates leapt to the left, twirled to the right and after the "grapevine" they linked arms and spun their partners with great delight, after which they ran to their cabins in pairs and left the shore.

"Oh fuck it!" said the Chief Monk of Justice™. "I am

With out for their ado he flung off his rather dreary Justice ceremonial garb, revealing a rather savvy S'N'M outfit, and launched into that devilish dervish of dances, the MAMBO!

"Watch me twirl!"  
"I do this scene."  
"I'm the pagan dancing Queen!"

"You can't dance for shit," his wife yelled from one of the pirate cabins, "and you're a lousy lover!" The chief retaliated with the universal sign language - the finger. He continued doing the MAMBO and he then switched to the Bus-Stop.

It was when the bus pulled up that the Chief's damaged genitalia were subjected to further damage, owing to a freakish combination of circumstances: a dim-sighted bus driver, the Chief's penchant for dancing in the middle of the road, and the peculiarly wide-legged stance required by the wearing of the S'N'M outfit. He peeled his testicles off the headlights separate headlights, mind, and crawled off the road.

The true story addition: she went into the Post Office. Two men were working, backs turned to the counter, using the mail scales to evenly divide the contents of a quality Street box of chocolates. She was certain they were the 21st present that never arrived from the relatives she never saw. For this she was being made to wait, fuming. But anger was better than tears, and she did not at all consider that it was a paradoxical occupation for her to be a tear therapist, when the only person that needed her help was the Chief - her husband.

And yet ... and yet ... her husband was beyond help. He and his tricky genitals had intruded into her life for the last time.

The funny thing was that the Chief and his wife were twins, adopted twins. His parents feared he'd grow up with the "only child syndrome" and spent lots of money adopting Indira, even giving her the same birthdate as the Chief. As the Go-Betweens sing "never trust a man who doesn't have a sister," but the Chief lost all benefits (being well-adjusted blah blah) by marrying his sister and violating the emotional taboo.

Emotional taboo? Huh? Monk/Chief of Justice/MAMBOTM was more concerned about the fact that his wife (wife? who wrote that? how boring) was a Bryan Adams, Ace of Base and - for God's sake - Wiggles™ fan. Oh yeah. We're talking damn elitist snobbery. I mean MAN. Wiggles, you know - you gotta love 'em.

Her Wiggles obsession was largely his fault, after his "wiggles" was damaged beyond repair in events already described. Had it not been for his immense wealth and fantastic lawyers (from the Law School inspired by Amanda Vanstone, no less), she'd have divorced him years ago. Instead, she spent most of her time in her room, sucking her thumb.

SUCH A STRANGE HABIT, HER THUMB AND HER WERE FINALLY ONE. BORED AND ALONE, SHE DECIDED TO TUNE INTO THE HOME SHOPPING NETWORK, AND WHAT WAS ON IT? WIGGLES DOLLS. SHE DIVED TOWARDS THE PHONE, SNATCHING IT UP TO DIAL THE INEVITABLE 1900 NUMBER TO RECAPTURE HER LOST SENSE OF HOPE.

And it worked. And with her newfound sense of hope, she gazed about her with a renewed perspective unlike any possessed by anyone else. For example, she was uniquely aware of the fact that the night was dark and stormy; that there had, once, been a maid who screamed and a queen who swooned; and that her husband's much-awaited phone call had never come. Bearing all these facts in the forefront of her mind, she gathered around her her husband's army of forgotten minions, and mounted a coup on the far-flung recesses of the public memory. And then it all disappeared in a puff of fairy dust. Everyone was left to wonder what it all meant

- Alice Bignall
- Chris Bolland
- Luc Bondar
- Paul Bradley
- Jocelyn Milbank
- James Morrison
- Georgina Neill
- Ching Yee Ng
- Chris Slape
- Fiona Sproles

...AND SUSIE BATE FOR THE INITIAL INSPIRATION

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Prose, poetry, comics, drawings, just about anything will be considered. The submission box is down in the ON DIT office. Written work will be best received typed and under 1500 words. A name and phone number (not for publication) must be included.



# UNTITLED



"Oh God! Who did that?"  
 said the father when he smelled it.  
 "Well, it certainly wasn't me!"  
 claimed the mother, blaming everyone  
 else, as usual.  
 "Don't look at me. I didn't do it."  
 commented the older brother, picking  
 his nose.  
 "It couldn't have been me,"  
 said the sister, "I never fart".  
 "And it wasn't me,"  
 piped the younger brother, "it must  
 have been the milk  
 The milk farted!"  
 And indeed it had.

Paul Bradley

## ODE TO A SMALL BLUE THING

O small blue thing, thou art so  
 blue;  
 And for certain thou art small too.  
 Being small and blue must be such  
 fun;  
 A small blue thing - I wish I was  
 one.

I'd spend my time being blue and  
 small,  
 And nothing else - not a thing at  
 all.  
 It would be great being small and  
 blue  
 But instead I'm pink and six foot  
 two.

## Nine Dogs and a Small Piece of Phlegm

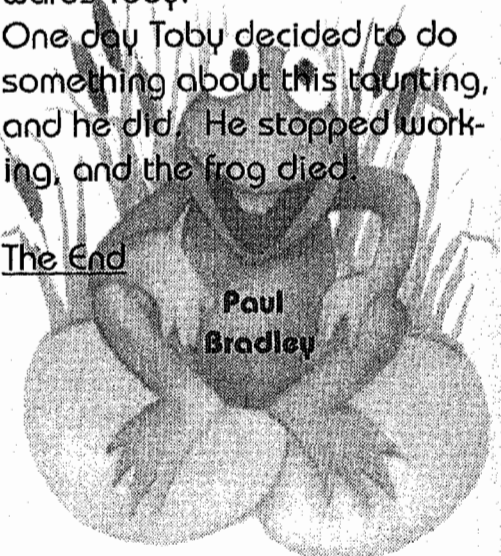
(Or It Was Late and I Was  
Tired)

Toby didn't like being a frog's  
 liver. He had a weak stomach,  
 you see, and all of the bouncing  
 around tended to make him feel  
 sick. Sometimes it got so bad  
 that he actually threw up, which  
 made things even worse, be-  
 cause all of the other organs in  
 the frog's abdomen would  
 tease him and make him feel  
 really depressed and upset.  
 Warren, the frog's pancreas,  
 was particularly cruel, and  
 would often call Toby really  
 horrible names, sometimes  
 making him cry. What made  
 this even worse was that War-  
 ren and Toby had once been  
 the best of friends. When the  
 frog had been a tadpole, War-  
 ren and Toby had spent hours  
 together, just cruising effort-  
 lessly, producing enzymes like  
 there was no tomorrow. How-  
 ever, when the tadpole had  
 begun to metamorphose, and  
 Toby's weak stomach was re-  
 vealed, Warren suddenly  
 changed. He began to hang  
 around with the "tough" organs  
 - Frank the stomach, and Vinnie  
 the small intestine - and began  
 being cruel and vindictive to-  
 wards Toby.

One day Toby decided to do  
 something about this taunting,  
 and he did. He stopped work-  
 ing, and the frog died.

The End

Paul  
Bradley





## Is it about a bicycle?

# Think About It, Kids.

**Creating Kids Who Can Concentrate**  
Jean Robb and Hilary Letts.  
Hodder and Stoughton  
\$19.95

Don't be misled by the title into thinking this book only has something to offer to those who work with children. Slanted to a different audience it might have been titled 'All You need to know about changing missed learning opportunities into productive and effective study skills'.

Throughout, the authors demonstrate their capacity to meet the needs of adults and children alike through their aptly named education foundation, Successful Learning. The subtitle of this book, Proven Strategies for beating ADD without drugs, is an indication of just how far their skills extend. Parents are treated kindly as rational adults. Robb and Letts work first on their needs and then focus on the children. They use a holistic approach which generates a range of strategies to choose from. The first step is always to enable you to feel good about

## Creating kids who can concentrate

Proven strategies for beating ADD without drugs

Jean Robb & Hilary Letts

yourself and thereby free up the energy that is ordinarily consumed by anxiety. They don't see worry as needless, just usually misdirected. By changing the direction, to put you in control, the same amount of effort can be used to work on the situation which elicits the anxiety.

Their successful method always begins by acknowledging achievements to date. The next step is precise identification of the problems. Putting you in control is achieved by your selection of those items which it is possible to change and, from them, choosing those which you want to change.

Individual chapters focus on specific kinds of problems, revealing missed learning, which the authors have gathered together as concentration problems. While each is treated individually in a step by step approach, the principles used are universals and provide useful strategies which can be applied again.

There is a down to earth chapter on allergies, their effects and how to work with them. Fear, worry, guilt and anger are handled in a very practical way. 'Disruptive behaviours' is geared to children's performance but adult readers may recognise lingering habits from their own childhood. (As one who is always planning to stop procrastinating tomorrow, I found the section on avoidance really touched the spot.)

The method functions by recognition of a difficulty as a small part of the sum of behaviours, acknowledgment of existing skills, decision on remnants that constitute problems, identification of those

which can be altered, choice of the ones you want to change, development of a step by step action plan, review, recognition of gains, acknowledgment of achievements, and importantly by viewing mistakes as opportunities for learning and succeeding. Relaxation is given a whole chapter and uniquely targeted stories are provided for reading as part of the process. Each one is identified as 'this relaxation will help someone who is very nervous'; 'someone who has limited imagination'; 'someone who is feeling that a particular demand is just too difficult'; someone who feels lost, lonely or out of place'; those who never want anything to change' and so on.

The easy to read format uses scenarios in which recognisable real-life children and parents interact. Sequelae are believable, applicable and possible. Solutions, as in real life, do not always achieve the intended result. The method given continues to work as long as it is applied. No magic formula is promised, but the skills developed are useful life-long. Use of those skills remaining a choice which can increase control of one's life.

Information in boxes, light-hearted illustrations and A-Z guides help break up the text into easily digested bites. Sadly it lacks an index. It is neatly divided into three major sections. The first spells out what concentration is and isn't and spends some time discussing the abuse and appropriate use of the term ADD. The second and largest part of the book works through teaching concentration in individual situations. The final section is concerned

with effective parenting, of our children and of ourselves as parents.

From tantrums to whingeing, from aggression to fidgeting the reader will find most socially unacceptable aspects of immature behaviour are confidently approached. Parents feelings are dealt with first, then a child's performance reduced to a missed opportunity for learning, which can be remedied. Detailed information is provided on possible ways to proceed. Process is left to adults and children as independent individuals who respect each other's choices. Adults are shown how to see from their own child's point of view and how to help children see from a viewpoint which puts problems within their control.

From the context of a genuinely holistic approach, the only lapse I noted was one use of 'teach your child how to learn'. The entire work demonstrated that given the tools children and adults both know how.

For any parent who has been told or is afraid their child has ADD, who were themselves labelled as 'hyperactive' or any other kind of behavioural problem, or been driven up the wall by a child's lack of attention or frustrating behaviour this book aims to offer concrete proven practical ways to put themselves and their children in control of what happens to them. It delivers. The method is one which can work from kindergarten to early Alzheimers and all the ages in between.

Helen Slater

## Ineluctable modality of the legible.

**Ulysses II: The Sequel**  
James Joyce  
Party Penguin  
\$19.95

It's here! Joyce's posthumous novel has finally been published, and is set to turn the literary world on its ear. Joyce strictly stipulated that his sequel to the greatest novel of the 20th Century, *Ulysses*, not be published until at least 50 years after his death, and here it is.

And it's a beauty, too. First, the plot. Molly wakes on the 5th of June, to find Stephen Dedalus going through the kitchen cupboards, looking for munchies. Bloom is not there, having, apparently, left them 'to get to know each other a little better', as they say. Molly and Stephen decide to elope, travelling to Paris, where Stephen finally gets around to writing his gargantuan masterpiece, *Telemachus*.

In the meantime, Bloom cooks up another kidney for breakfast, and then sets out in pursuit of Molly, who has gone through his pockets and taken all of his loose change. With the help of Sam Spade he makes his way to Paris. He bursts into the offices of Shake-

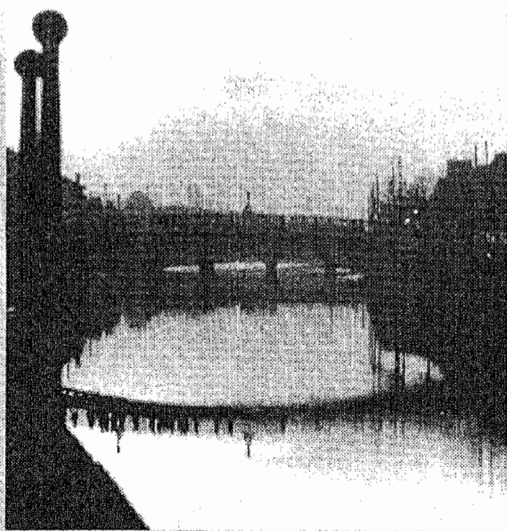
speare & Co., where Stephen is narrating his latest work, with Samuel Beckett taking dictation. He reads what Beckett has written, throwing in his opinions at various points. Unfortunately, he is reading this aloud and Beckett has to write down everything he has already written all over again. Molly, apparently, has nipped down to the shops, so Bloom leaves, vowing to return.

He does the next day, finding Molly and Stephen in bed with Beckett, Nora Barnacle, Leon Trotsky, Mahatma Gandhi, Anna Livia Plurabelle, and a bag of onions. In a fit of confusion, he finally gets around to taking the soap out of his pocket, throws it at them, and toddles off back to Dublin. Stephen resents this behaviour, and as an act of revenge, devotes the rest of his life to writing a novel that nobody can understand.

Whatever you do, buy this book. Joyce was a genius, and he displays it to the full over all 9732 pages. His language is as inventive as ever, and the interior monologues make *Ulysses* look amateurish. Top stuff.

Blazes Boylan.

JAMES JOYCE  
*Ulysses II*



## Kissy Kissy.

**The Kiss**  
Kathryn Harrison.  
Allen & Unwin  
\$29.95

*The Kiss* is a novel about incest. Great attention getter, hey?

Normally I would not consider reading anyone else's review of a book before I write my own. This time I did read other reviews. Two main reasons: incest autobiographies have an air of tastelessness about them, and, I was told that Kathryn Harrison's father was denying all the accusations. I wanted to see what others thought of this torturous novel.

There seems to be a plethora of "I slept with my daughter's boyfriend" or "I ate dog food to throw back up again" type stories hitting the bookshelves. Is it the only way to sell a book now?

With any incest-type story there is the trouble about whose story one believes. How easy is it to concoct a story and blame one's parents? Not as easy as it is to believe that the incest didn't happen, as so many people do.

But this story is more than incest. It is the torture of a young woman.

The most unusual aspect of this incestuous relationship is that it did not start until the daughter was twenty. Her father left her mother when Kathryn was a very young child. Does that lessen the impact? It may have in other circumstances.

Kathryn led a shitty life well before the incestuous relationship. She was left to the care of her grandparents after her mother found that a child inhibited her lifestyle. She felt unloved by her mother and suffered years of bulimia and self-hatred. Her father

steps in and showers Kathryn with affection manipulating her psychologically. Kathryn can only exist with her father. Her father manipulates her body and soul.

It could be easy to pick holes in this book if you were a member of Harrison's family. How well does anyone remember what someone said to them when they were seven or eight?

Is our memory really that infallible? But this is not a purely factual autobiographical novel. It is a Kathryn Harrison's story about her life. Irrespective of the factual details, the main threads are there. Who cares what colour a piece of clothing was during an incestuous meeting. It does not diminish the profound pain of this relationship. Kathryn says in the book that she cannot remember the actual details, only that her father was on top and she just lay

there. Says it all really. *The Kiss* is glacial and painful. It is yet another novel/story that convinces me that

My belief that families are evil is correct.

If you're after cheap thrills in this book, forget it. There is only an emotional dirge.

I have only had this book a week and in that time been unable to find out anything about Kathryn Harrison's father denying the accusations. Sorry. If anyone does know anything please drop me a line c/o the *On Dit* offices.

Just as an aside - does anybody read the book reviews? Drop the editor a line. I'd like to know if anyone does.

Michael Blackwell





# Ooooo! Spookies!

**Sacrament**  
Clive Barker.  
HarperCollins  
\$14.95

Ahhh, 595 pages of total fantasy to lose myself in during the holidays. Well, that was the theory. Sometimes I like to read books without having to think. I like to be able to run away from the world at times. And I was hoping I could do that with Clive Barker's latest.

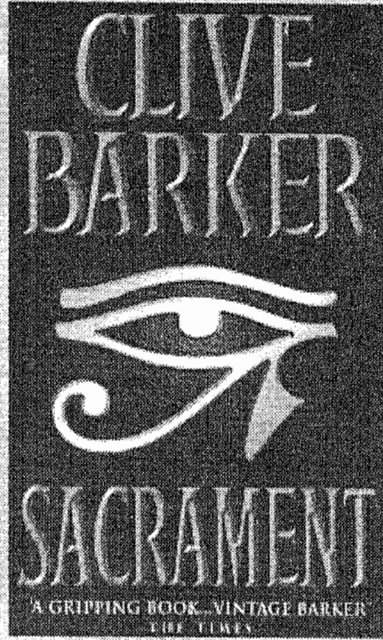
To those who don't know, Barker writes horror. And generally good horror. Some of his stories have resulted in great mind candy movies like *Hellraiser* and *Nightbreed*. All in all a quite enjoyable story teller. And that was what I was hoping for this time around. Unfortunately I read the back of the book and was hit with the phrase 'unique brand of eco-mysticism weaves as potent a spell as ever'. I almost puked then and there. Whenever I hear the word 'mysticism', or 'eco-' anything I reach for my Luger, and to have them combined into one pseudo word is hor-

rific. I still wake at night screaming... I am rambling, but that bloody pseudo word ruined my escape.

And once I was warned to look for the eco-message, I saw it everywhere. And that made it worse. The main character was a photographer called Will. Will, after a chance encounter with a bloke and a woman in a small country town, trundles around the world photographing animals fossicking in humans' garbage to tell everybody what a horrible place the world is. The bloke with whom Will has his encounter just happens to be bitter and twisted (and for a good rea-

son - but you'll have to read the book) and extincts (I just made that word up) animals.

Now here is the eco-message that I got. Will happens to be gay. Now I don't happen to care, and feel that a person's sexuality is not worthwhile noting. I wouldn't have written that Will is heterosexual, and so ordinarily would not mention that Will is gay. Yeah, stop rambling and explain. Will's old lover, Patrick, is dying of AIDS. Barker seems



to draw a link between the gay ex-

cesses of the 70s and the supposed resultant HIV epidemic. ie: party now and you will suffer later. And that is what is happening to the world - after centuries of partying the world is dying. It didn't sit well with me. I don't like eco-messages. Actually, I don't like eco-anything. Well enough of the bad bits.

*Sacrament* is a good read. Barker creates great images with words. There are stories within stories in *Sacrament*. Vivid and moody with twists and turns in the plot and story-line. The characters develop and surprise us along the way. The overall mood is haunting and almost dream-like.

*Sacrament* is not as 'scary' as many of Barker's other books. There isn't as much of the old-world type legends or magic in it either. *Rawhead Rex*, from his 'Books of Blood' series, was the first Barker story I ever read and this is nothing like it. But it is still Barker, and the change is good. Barker is not getting stale, that's for sure.

Michael Blackwell.

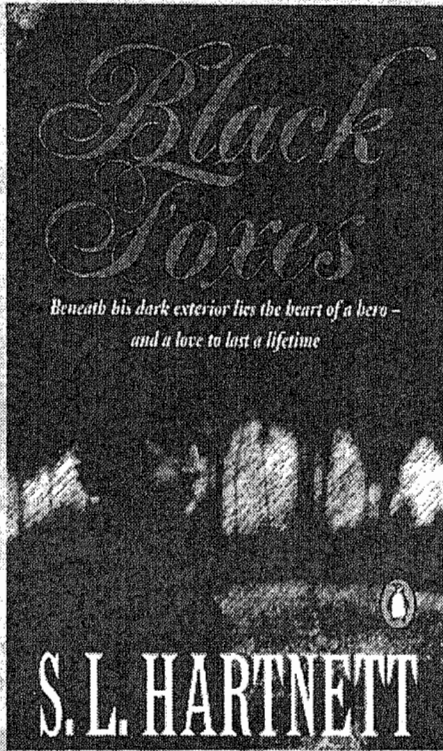
## Reynard Left and went to Warwickshire...

**Black Foxes**  
S. L. Hartnett  
Penguin  
\$14.95

I picked up this as light holiday reading. It seemed a quick and entertaining read - dark and brooding lords pacing halls after whipping steeds into a frenzy. Curiously enough (not to mention fortunately), *Black Foxes* defies the traditional romp-in-the-hay-with-the-miller's-daughter stereotype. The characters were refreshingly human. Oh, they smouldered and cursed, but they erred, got confused, and sobbed as well.

In early 19th Century Britain, Lord Tyrone Sully (ahem) is the troubled orphaned owner of Wilde Hyde Hall. Yes, he's also darkly handsome and terribly witty. None of which sounds anything but laughable. Strangely, this is part of the book's charm. Hartnett is light-hearted in her approach, making *Black Foxes* both enjoyable and good. I was surprised by its turmoil and pathos. No happy endings? Consequences of actions? Almost strange, yet a relief in a book that might have been in the bookshop's Cheesy Crap Section. In fact, there are lots of little plot twists and exciting goings-on. I was unable to put *Black Foxes* down, even though I had more pressing matters to attend to.

Part of the success of *Black Foxes* is the fallibility of its characters.



Tyrone is sullen and bratty, Silke is self-absorbed and almost pompous, and Oscar is so nice that he is in danger of being trampled underfoot every three chapters. Bravo, S. L., for good clean fun. Something akin to George Eliot, or an unstifled Brontë. A guilty pleasure. Might I suggest a *Ulysses* dustcover, to avoid incurring high-brow disdain? However, because these 492 pages are fluff, it is important not to turn the pages too quickly or you risk detection when employing this surreptitious method.

Rasp.

## Lay On, MacDuff!

**MacDuff, Thou Ornerly Varmint.**  
William Shakespeare  
Oxford University Press  
\$16.95

This is one of the Immortal Bard's least-known works, seldom seen outside a publisher's office, which is a shame, really, seeing as how it demonstrates Will's versatility not just as an Elizabethan poet and playwright, but also as a self-reflexive Postmodernist.

The hero of the play is MacDuff, from *Macbeth*. He wakes the next morning to find that he did not really slay Macbeth, but that instead it was all a dream. Sort of. Macbeth was killed, but not by him.

He finds out exactly who did kill him when Macbeth's ghost appears to him one night, and explains how he was poisoned, *Hamlet*-style, by his brother, Dougall, who had been separated from the family so that the evil Darth Vader would not find them both. Dougall has since gone on to usurp the throne and turn to The Dark Side. MacDuff decides revenge is the go.

But first he needs a Kingdom. Henries IV, V, and VI are all using (or losing) theirs, but he gets his hands on a nice little kingdom for the price of one horse in a Bosworth Field deal with Richard III. Thusly prepared, he sets off for battle.

Meanwhile, Dougall has sent spies into Macduff's new kingdom, who whisper unpleasantries into big Mac's ear, leading him to become extremely jealous of his new wife, almost killing her. Anyhoo, he wins

William Shakespeare



the battle with Dougall, but comes home to find his son in bed with Banquo's ghost, Hamlet's father's ghost, Julius Caesar's ghost, Macbeth's ghost, the Weird Sisters, Bottom, and Shylock, while King Lear takes photographs for the black market. MacDuff and wifey then do much woe-is-me-ing, and do themselves in a *la Romeo and Juliet*. Everybody dies. It's a comedy.

Of course, being by Shakes, the writing is bloody good, and you won't be left bored. But don't expect to see Kenneth Branagh doing a film version - it's not quite his style.

Get into it!

Puck.



- A 50-year old woman came into the ER with a complaint of mild abdominal pain. During a pelvic exam the doctor found that the lady had inserted a whole chicken piece by piece into her vagina. Unable to have children she was hoping that the chicken would turn into a baby.

- A man in his mid-fifties did a Lorena Bobbit on himself in a drunken rage and ended up in the ER. The urologist thought that he could reattach the mans' genitalia if it could be recovered and if it was in good condition. The police were dispatched to the man's house and the search was on. During the search one of the officers heard a choking sound coming from the man's poodle that was sitting in the corner. After a brief fight the officer was able to retrieve the man's jewels from the dog's mouth. After inspection of the parts by the urologist it was decided that the man would need to be taught to pee while sitting (if you know what I mean) The officer was given a commendation from his precinct for medical assistance.

- A woman with shortness of breath and who weighed approximately 500 lbs was dragged into the ER on a tarp by six firemen. While trying to undress the lady an asthma inhaler fell out of one of the folds under her arm. After an X-ray showed

a round mass on the left side of her chest her massive left breast was lifted to find a shiny new dime. And last but not least during a pelvic exam a TV remote control was discovered in one of the folds of her crotch. She became known as "The Human Couch".

- A doctor who spoke lim-

- An elderly woman came into the ER complaining: "I got the green vines in my virginny" (Interesting). A pelvic exam verified that she did, indeed, have a six inch vine growing out of her vagina. Further inspection revealed that she had a mass in her vaginal vault. It was easily removed and looked very much like a potato. It

Patient: "Sexually active? No, sir, I just lay there."

Doctor: "I see. Well, do you know who the father is?"

Patient: "No. Who?"

- A 92-year old woman had a full cardiac arrest at home and was rushed to the hospital. After about thirty minutes of unsuccessful resuscitation attempts the old lady was pronounced dead. The doctor went to tell the lady's 78-year-old daughter that her mother didn't make it. "Didn't make it? Where could they be? She left in the ambulance forty-five minutes ago!"

- A 15-year old boy was laying on a stretcher with his mother sitting next to him. The boy

## *Sad but True* *Tales from the real...* **E.R.**

ited Spanish was rushed to a car in the ER parking lot to find a Spanish woman in the process of giving birth. Wanting to tell the woman to push he started yelling "Putal Putal Putal" At this the grandmother started to cry and the baby's father had to be restrained. What the doctor should have been saying was "Pujal" (Push!) Instead he was saying "Whore! Whore! Whore!"

- A 40-year old man and his wife were playing with some vegetables when a cucumber became lodged in his rectum. Unable to get it out on his own he showed up at the ER for some assistance. All he was given was some pain pills and KY jelly and told to wait and he would eventually poop it out.

was, indeed, a potato. The patient said that her uterus was falling out and that she "put a potato in there to hold it up" and then forgot about it.

- The most nonemergent ER visit: A male adolescent came in at 2 a.m. with a complaint of belly button lint.

- A young female came to the ER with lower abdominal pain. During the exam and questioning the female denied being sexually active. The doctor gave her a pregnancy test anyway and it came back positive. The doctor went back to the young female's room. Doctor: "The results of your pregnancy test came back positive. Are you sure you're not sexually active?"

was coming down from "crack" (methamphetamine) that he had injected into his veins with needles he had been sharing with his friends. Concerned about this the doctor asked the boy if there was anything he might have been doing that put him at risk for AIDS. The boy thought for a while then said questioningly, "I've been fucking the dog?"

- A 19-year old female was asked why she was in the ER. She said that she and her boyfriend were having sex and the condom came off and she wasn't able to retrieve it with her fingers. "I went to the bathroom and "gagged" myself to vomit but couldn't vomit it up either," she said.



# garlic



WWW

THE ONLY WAY IS,  
UNFORTUNATELY, CLAP

**ELECTRONIC MUSIC & TECHNO:  
BY MORONS FOR MORONS**

**CLUB CULTURE LIFTOUT  
EDITION 31**



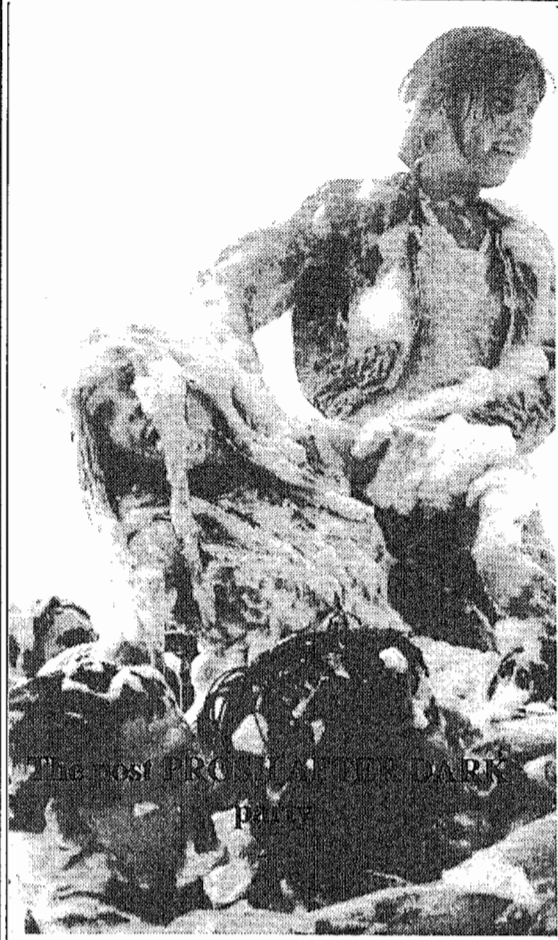


*Arse Hole*

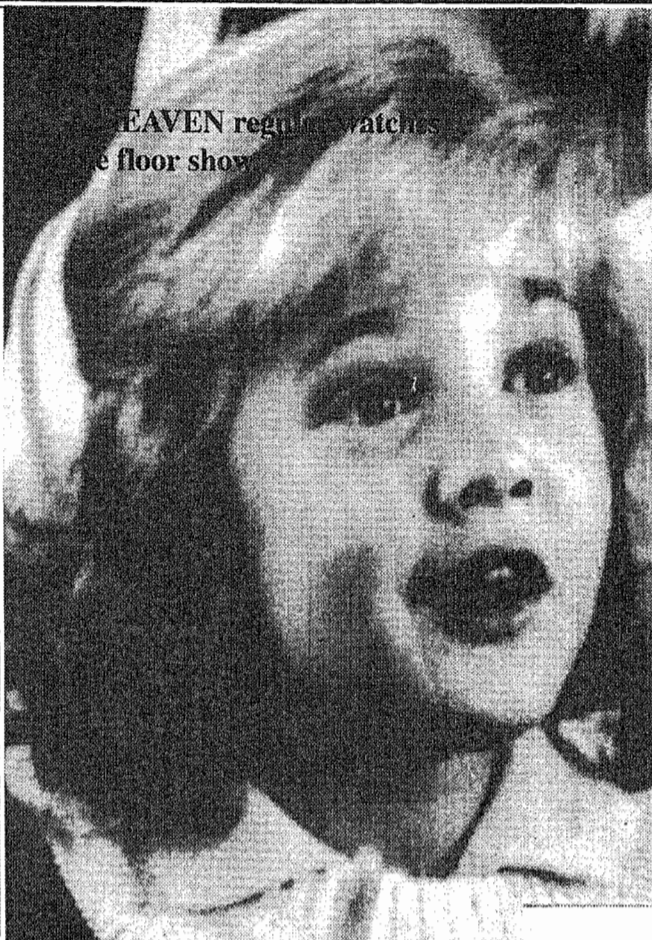
*pour homme*

*to smell  
like a  
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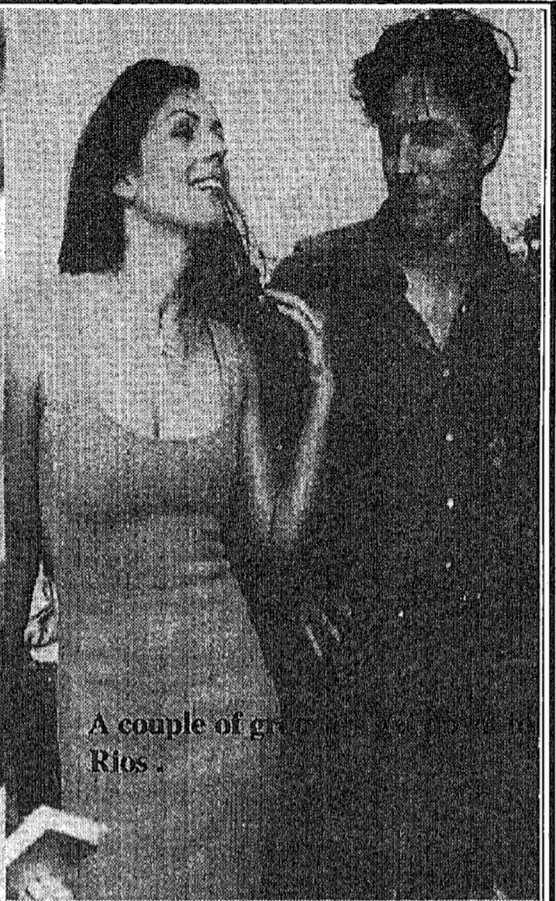




The most PROSH AFTER DARK party



HEAVEN regularly watches the floor show



A couple of great friends at the Rios



Down to Diamonds for a break from PROSH activities



A poser at PROSH AFTER DARK!



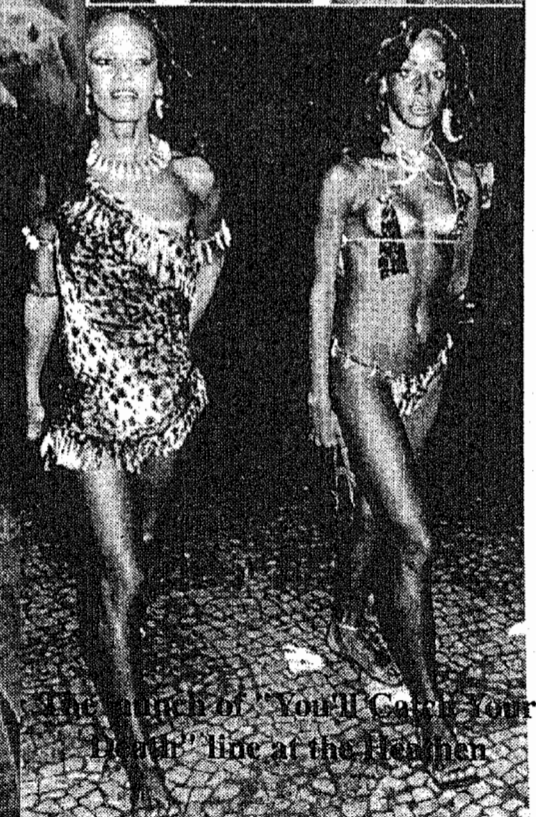
After hours of lining up outside The Big Ticket, the fellows decide to get friendly to pass the time



Fred was a civilized lad before PROSH. We caught him in the last hours of the week stumbling out of the Uni Gates



After PROSH AFTER DARK line up. You think you'll ever get in. Sam's had back to the line



The launch of 'You'll Carry Your Heart' line at the Heavens



Umm, dunno...stumped, no title

Special Student Offer \$10 for performances Monday 5 - Tuesday 6 - Wednesday 7 May  
Abroad with 2 Men  
Written and performed by Jonathan Biggins, Linda Nagle and Phillip Scott  
A satirical visit to Australia's Arts Festivals  
From the creators of Three Men & a Baby Grand.

Playhouse  
Adelaide Festival Centre  
Season Monday 5 May - Saturday 10 May at 8pm

Festival Internationale's Artistic Director Clifford Kosky-Archer Von Schofield presents International acts, including  
The Mindless Cretiennes from Montreal  
The Agnostic Gospel Choir of Harlem  
The Royal National Theatre Company of Lord Howe Island  
The Rustaveil Theatre Company of Georgia's No Sects Please We're Georgian  
The Three Clansmen from the Edinburgh Fringe  
Tap Slobs

"...this is the funnest, most consistent and best performed show I've ever seen... drop dead and die hilarious." Sydney Morning Herald

Book now - Special \$10 student offer applies to performances on Monday 5, Tuesday 6 & Wednesday 7 May  
Book at: BASS outlets, Dial'n'Charge 131 246  
www.bass.sa.com.au  
a non-refundable service fee applies

How to fight Goliath

Small Business Management Seminar  
Wednesday 25 June, 9.30am - 1.00pm  
Our guest Speakers will address the following topics:  
• Banking and finance issues for the small business  
• Setting up systems for the new/small enterprise  
• Business networks

Deadline to register (includes fee): Tuesday 17 June 1997  
Fees for the seminar: students/concession rate: \$30; non-students: \$70.00  
Bank SA has kindly provided sponsorship for 20 free places for students at this seminar. These places are available on a 'first come first served' basis. Contact Josie Butschek to secure yourself a placement on ph 8303 3098, Fax 8303 4844.

Trevor sticks it to Mandy

Scholarships for career ambitions up to \$15000  
If you're 18 and under 30 years of age and have a career ambition, but you can't afford to gain the experience, knowledge or skills you need to achieve your goal, find out more about the Masonic Foundation's Scholarship Scheme.  
It has been established to help young Australians advance their employment or career through study in Australia or overseas.

Applications are now being called for The Trevor Prescott Memorial Scholarships, valued at \$15,000. There are no set qualifications required and applications close 30 June.  
Brochures and Application forms available from THE MASONIC FOUNDATION INC.  
2/262 Grange Rd.,  
Flinders Park, 5025  
Phone (08) 84439909

Are YOU a Sagittarian?

Student or worker needed ASAP to share house with 2 females in city house (near Huttt Street) Sagittarians preferred. \$67 a week. Call Michelle on 8232 5471



Good for dem hot dayz

Beachside Deli  
Casual vacancies available for 2 persons living in the Western Suburbs  
Training now ready for summer season  
Phone 8356 8925 for enquiries

Get a Brain!

Improve your mental capacity  
Are you wasting valuable time studying and still getting nowhere? We have the answer for you!  
"Subconscious Awareness". Our skilled staff will manipulate you until you are completely satisfied. We will improve your IQ by an amazing 87.5%  
Here's what one of our satisfied customers had to say "Umm... it is really good" (Dave, 8th year pure maths)  
Call Amanda on 8257 7940 to make an appointment. NOW!  
conditions apply  
\* 10% discount for students\*

Questions, questions, questions

Who studies Law and why?  
How do we train our lawyers?  
Who trains our lawyers?  
Where do law students go after law school?  
What can and do out lawyers do?  
Do we need lawyers do?

Answers to all of these questions and many more will be available at The Law School at The University of Adelaide during South Australia's Law Week '97. The Law School warmly welcomes school students, parents and members of the public to attend the panel discussion it will be staging as part of its contribution to law week between 24 - 30 May 1997. On Wednesday 28 May, between 5.00 - 6.00 pm, a panel of distinguished and dedicated academics will be available to answer questions from YOU about the study of law and the place and role of graduates in today's and tomorrow's society. Everybody is most welcome to attend. We look forward to seeing you.  
If you would like further details please do not hesitate to contact Sarah at the Law School on 8303 5545

The Beetle is on the move

Dear Scarab Club Member  
It's true, Scarab Design is relocating it's Myer Centre store to bigger and better premises.  
After 3 great years at the Myer Centre with your support we now have to shift to a larger store at 85 Gouger Street (near the Central Market).  
With all our new designs and larger range of ladies and mans clothing we need more space so down to Gouger street we go where you will find all the clothes you need to keep up with all the latest fashions.  
To celebrate our move we are having the sale of the year. The moving sale to end all sales with savings of up to 75% of a huge range of jeans, tops and shirts. We'll still be at the Myer Centre till the end of April but then our new store will open with everything you need at the right prices.  
So come down and grab yourself a bargain while they're still there.  
Scarab xx

GO FIDO GO!

The Only Sled Dog Race on show in Australia  
Dinner Plain Village 9th & 10th August  
The Pedigree PAL Sled Dog Derby is the only race of its kind in Australia. More than 70 "mushers" (handlers) and over 120 dogs will compete in what is, without doubt, two days of spectacular high speed, snow racing activities held at Dinner Plain Village, 8km east of Mount Hotham, in Victoria

For further information:  
Steven Taylor and Associates  
(060) 41 6551

PROSH is not a spectator sport.

Oh! You!  
Prosh Week is nearly here and we need helpers to give us a hand for the proceedings. Volunteer as much or as little time as you want. We will be running a beer and barbeque setup with Student Radio providing music, as well as debates and bands and all sorts of other silliness happening, and would love your input to help make this a great week. Please contact Felix (8277 5043) or Ant (0411 193 162) to find out more, or just drop your details into the Students' Association office and we'll get back to you. COME AND GET PROSHED!

Relax, but don't fall asleep..

MEDITATION is a necessity for anyone who would like to conquer the stress of studying. Stress doesn't help anyone to learn or retain information, but actually hinders the process. Meditation is a free and natural method of overcoming stress and developing a happy, healthy life. Here's how:

"Meditation means conscious self-expansion. Meditation means the recognition or discovery of one's own true self. It is through meditation that we transcend limitations, imperfections and bondage.

Meditation is dynamism on the inner planes of consciousness. When we meditate, what we actually do is enter into the deeper part of our being. At that time we are able to bring to the fore the wealth that we have deep within us. If we practise meditation daily, then we can rest assured that the problems of our life, inner and outer, are solved.

Excerpt from Sri Chinmoy's "the silent teaching".

Free meditation classes are being offered by the Sri Chinmoy centre in the North South Dining Room, in the Union Building on Tuesday evenings. The classes begin on the 15th and continue for three weeks, inclusive. They start at 7pm and run for one and a half hours. Other free classes are available at Mile End, Fullarton and the City on other evenings. Please call 8332 5797 for further details. Prior registration is unnecessary.

They want a pain in the neck.

Do you suffer from headaches with neck pain? You may receive 6 weeks of free treatment if you are eligible to join the national headache study. Many people who suffer headaches with neck pain have found relief with physiotherapy and/or taking tablets. The National Headache Study is clinical trial examining the effectiveness of four different types of treatment for headache and neck pain. It is being conducted concurrently in each Australian capital city during 1997. The results of the trial will hopefully lead to the effective treatment being offered to headache sufferers in the future.  
If you suffer from frequent headaches with neck pain, and you would like to join the study, you will be asked to complete a simple questionnaire about your headaches. Interested volunteers who fit the eligibility criteria will then have a medical and physical examination of the neck and have one X-ray taken.

If you are interested in joining the trial, please telephone:  
Mrs. Libby & Mrs. Bernie Flynn  
Trial Managers (South Australia) - Ph: 8332 7033 or  
Dr. J Setchell, Student Health Ph: 8303 5050  
The questionnaire will be sent to you with sent you within a few days of days of your call.

Strumm with a Plecktrum

Guitar lessons (folk, blues, rock, funk, metal, grunge, jazz), qualified teacher, based in city area, beginners welcome, free introductory lesson, ph. David 8267 4714

A Good Time for All!

Pink House Productions  
Street Theatre Workshops

Getting Out There!!

Over the next ten weeks young performers will be taking to the streets, with Pink House Productions, street theatre workshops.  
The groups will meet every Sunday at Urban Myth Studio, formerly Unley Youth Theatre and welcomes performers, writers, musicians and creators.  
These workshops will be lead by Bec Phipps a local performing artist and director. Bec will be devising performances with the group in parade, clowning and political theatre.  
"The most important thing is that the workshops be fun" Bec says "we will be focusing on performance, this will be a great opportunity for young people to explore street theatre and have their say."  
These workshops are funded by S.A.Y.A.B. and are free to participants. Each session will include movement, rhythm, games and improvisation.  
For further information contact Bec Phipps or Claire Charenton on 8271 4818.

It's life Jim..

Attention all Trekkers  
Could all those interested in joining a Star Trek club please ring: Anthony 8262 4157 after 8pm. Live Long and Prosper.

God Knows!

Who am I?  
What am I doing here?  
Find out what the Bible has to say.  
Tuesday 1pm Margaret Murray room  
level 5 Union Building  
Disciples on Campus Bible Discussion

Salvation comes at a price.

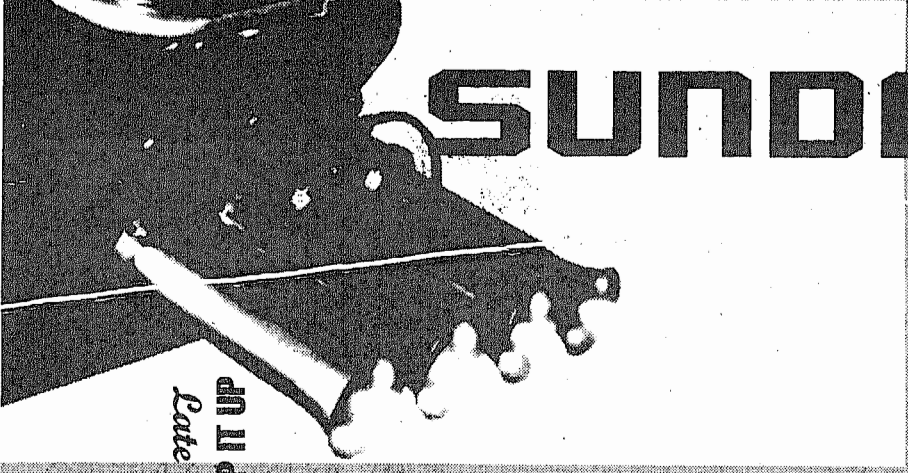
Time Running Out?  
Assignments need typing?

A professional, fast typing service is offered to University Students  
Rate: \$2.50 per double spaced page (\$4.00 single spaced). Additional charge for tables, graphics, charts  
Copies: 5 cents per page  
Word processing  
Proof reading  
Laser printing

Gayelle Smith  
8 George Street, Royal Park SA 5014  
Telephone / Facsimile: 8243 2352

**Sale of the Week**  
One housebrick. A reluctant but urgent sale as the owner is moving to Islamabad. The brick is in good running order, little rust and low kilometres. One previous owner. \$3 o.n.o.  
For further info, Phone Jadyne: 8326 3814 a.h.





**SUNDAY 18.5**

*All Ages*  
BRING ID FOR ALCOHOL

**ROCK ON**

*Tickets \$35 plus booking fee from CC Music*  
*Late Starters \$40 on the night if any placings left*

**NITRO BURNING FUNNY CAR ACTION BROUGHT TO YOU BY**

**THRILLSEEKER + JEDI NIGHTS IN CONJUNCTION WITH REP IT UP**



**DAVE DROP CITY**  
**THE LIVING END**  
**DAVE GRANNEY & THE CORAL SNAKES**  
**SIN DOG JELLYROLL**  
**PARADISE MOTEL**  
**GOOFY FOOTER**  
**BEASTS OF BOURBON**  
**BLISS**  
**MANIC SUEDE**  
**SKUNKHOUR**  
**WHIPLASH**  
**RICAINÉ**  
**NON-INTENTIONAL LIFEFORM**  
**THE FAUVES**  
**KING KRIDD**  
**INDIAN GIVER**  
**CRISP**  
**BROWN HORNET**  
**SOMETHING FOR KATE**  
**KRANKTUS**  
**BODY JAR**  
**THE MILTONS**  
**TUMBLEWEED**  
**LIME SPIDER**  
**MONO**  
**WHERE'S THE POPE?**  
**CAUSTIC BEULLAH'S FIX**  
**HEAVY STUFF**  
**ASD**  
**MOLER**  
**SNUFF**  
**SODA**

*Look Out for Indyfest 500 Program*  
*CLUSTERS + UNBIRD + GAMES ROOM*  
*Sick Skate Display By Daily Grind*

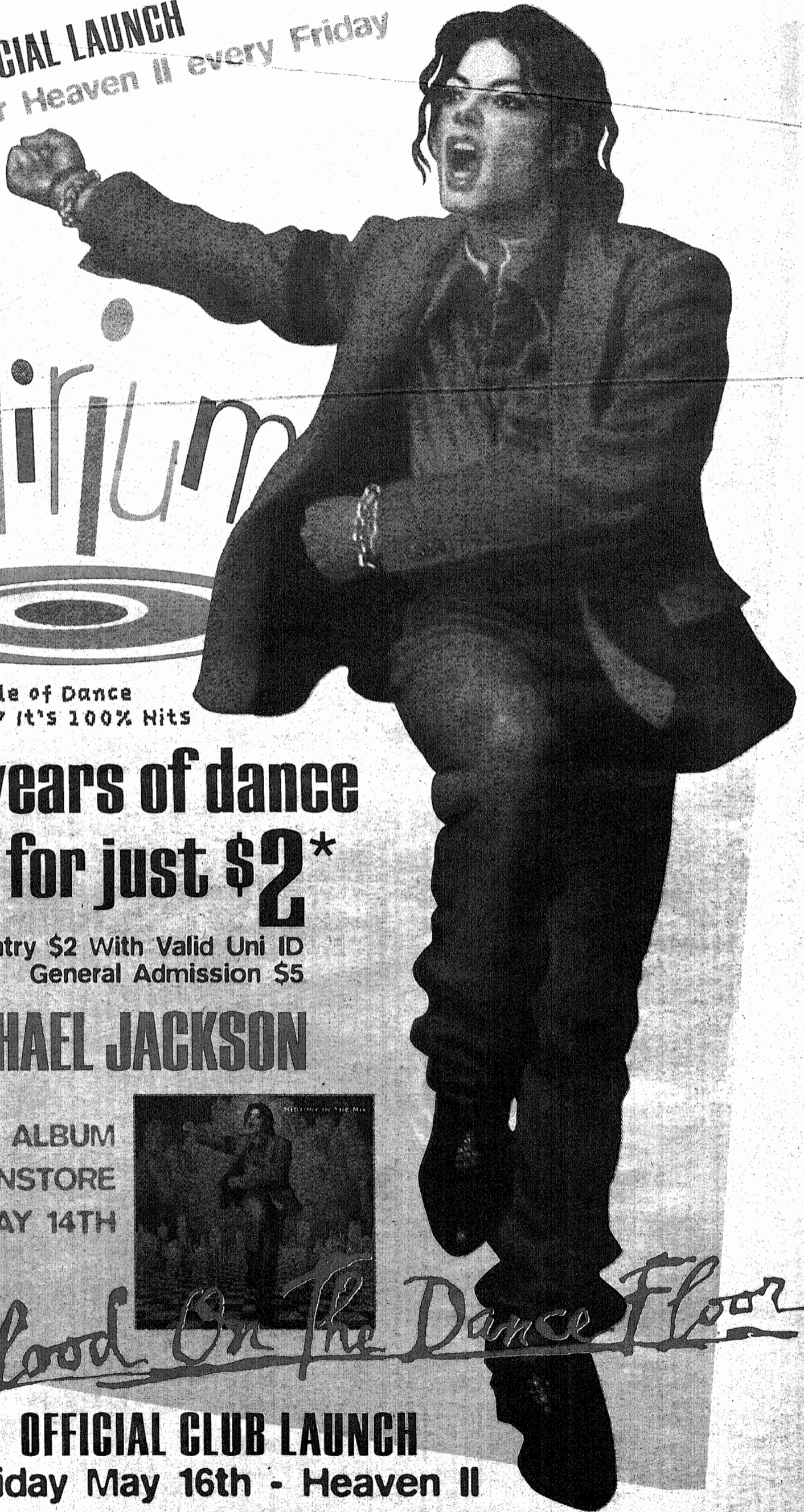


**Race Starts 2pm-1am**  
**ENTRY VIA GATE 8 VICTORIA DRIVE ONLY**  
**ADELAIDE UNI SPEEDWAY**





MAY 16th OFFICIAL LAUNCH  
Uni takes over Heaven II every Friday



delirium



A Decade of Dance  
1988 - 1997 It's 100% Hits

**10 years of dance  
for just \$2\***

\*Entry \$2 With Valid Uni ID  
General Admission \$5

**MICHAEL JACKSON**

NEW ALBUM  
INSTORE  
MAY 14TH



*Blood On The Dance Floor*

**OFFICIAL CLUB LAUNCH**  
Friday May 16th - Heaven II



University of South Australia  
Students Association  
Incorporated

