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LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY
- 2 JUN 1997
OF ADELAIDE



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

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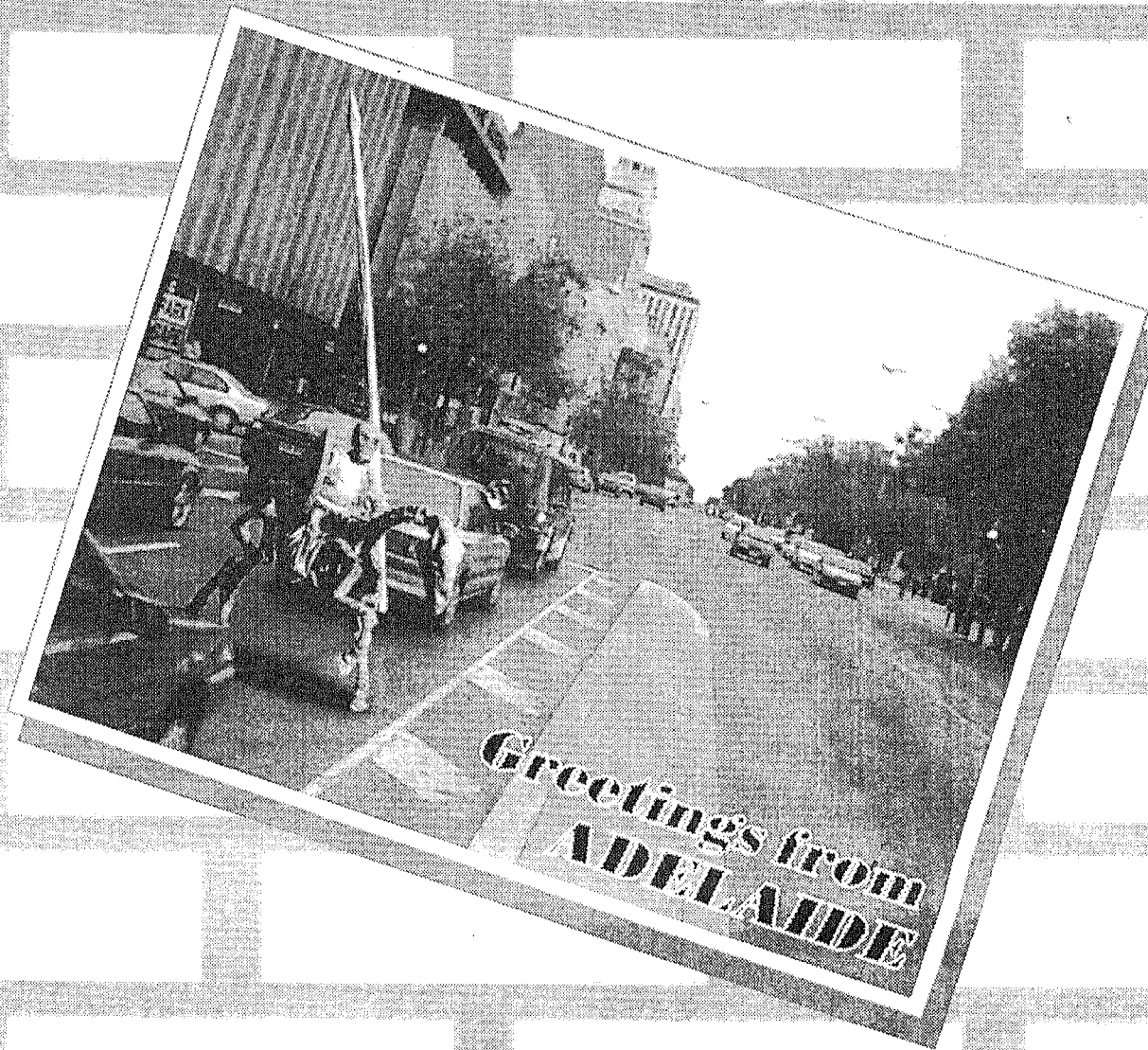
Digital image by James Morrison - see **FAKING IT**, on p6

GIVEAWAYS

See our **FILM** and **VIDEO** sections for a fantastic range of glittering prizes

EDITORIAL

We at *On Dit* get many letters but many die a quick and painful death because they don't have a name and contact number (we stress, these details are not for publication). If you are one of these writers and still want your letter published, then come down to the office before Wednesday 5 pm and pay your last respects before they are sent off to the cremator.



Dear Mum,

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- 6 - ~~Music~~ Fishing It!
- 8 - News
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(Plans, etc.)

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MS Copernicus
666 Anglerfish Ave
Tribadism Heights
Hepatitis 3632

With You We hear!

♥ [Signature]

Divided we stand, united we... no, that's not right

To the Students and Staff of the University, It was a new experience for me to take part in the rally on the National Day of Action and it was great to see so many other CASM (Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music) students and staff united in protest with our fellow students of the university. In the past I would have marched at the back, shame job than to be seen. For indigenous people our lives and day to day existence often feels like a political act and struggle, and in the past the last thing I would have felt like doing at the end of the day, was to march at a political rally. However, I'm learning and changing and at the rally found myself making a speech and gaining strength from my fellow students fighting the cause. Up front fees have huge implications for all students but particularly for minority students. Indigenous people already hold a minority of places within mainstream university courses and remain the most disadvantaged group within this society if we don't have the financial means to access educational facilities and what sort of future is this posing for our children?

There is much at stake and it is great to see students from CASM becoming politically active and uniting with their fellow students to have their views heard. As the president of the CASM and Friends club I would encourage further activities to fight up front fees and would welcome and support any initiatives that members of the club would like to undertake to continue to make their opposition heard. The energy and activity has to continue to support the anti-racist and cultural diversity events being heard. For the indigenous community and CASM students this provides an opportunity for us to reflect on and embrace the diversity that exists within our own back yard.

As a person of three bloods, Aboriginal, Torres Straight and Papua New Guinean, I often receive criticism from my own people and my identity is questioned. There have been times in Adelaide when I've felt like a stranger in my own country and have experienced racism because I'm not Nunga. I tell you, we're just digging our own grave when our people become divided in this way, with elements of white society always eager to pounce on such divisions to strengthen their position. We've got divisions of a struggle maintaining our place and culture within society, that the last thing we need is internal fighting. Within CASM we have students and staff who have come from many regions of mainland Australia, the Torres Straight and the South Sea Islands, who are of mixed blood. We have the opportunity to embrace such diversity and to present a solid and united front within the university and the community. It is only from such a position of strength that we can become reconciled with the Australian community.

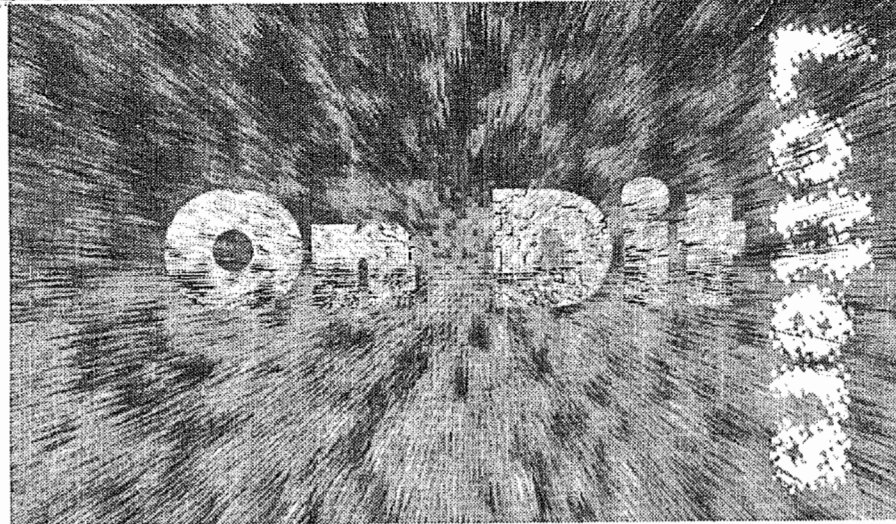
Thanks for everyone's involvement in the activities over the past few weeks and thanks to the student union for supporting our inclusion. Thanks also to all the members of the CASM and Friends Club and to those people who work behind the scenes to keep it up and running. We want to remain involved and active and to keep these issues on the agenda.

Multongun Charlie
Reproducing Arts Student

Yours Sincerely,
Tim Gibuma
President, CASM and Friends Society

Shallow Imitator

Have you noticed that nothing is ever as simple as it seems and everything takes longer than you expected and if there is a possibility of several things going wrong the one that will go wrong first will be the one that will do the most damage and left to themselves all things will go from bad to worse and if you play with something long enough you will surely break it and everything seems to be going well you have obviously overlooked something and if you see that there are four possible ways in which a procedure can go wrong and you circumvent these then a fifth way will promptly develop and that nature always sides with the hidden flaw and that it is impossible to make anything fool-proof because fools are so ingenious and if a great deal of time has been expended seeking the answer



to a problem with the only result being failure the answer will be immediately obvious to the first unqualified person and persons disagreeing with your facts are always emotional and employ faulty reasoning and enough research will always tend to confirm your conclusions and the more urgent the need for a decision the less apparent becomes the identity of the decision-maker and the more complex the idea or the technology the more simple minded is its opposition and each profession talks to itself in its own unique language and that research is reading two books that have never been read in order to write a third that will never be read and a consultant is an ordinary person a long way from home and that statistics are a highly logical and precise method for saying a half-truth inaccurately and that the chief cause of problems is solutions and marriage is the cause of all divorces and at some time in the life cycle of virtually every organisation its ability to succeed in spite of itself runs out and even paranoids have enemies and work expands so as to fill the time available for its completions and expenditure rises to meet income and expansion means complexity and complexity means decay and delay is the deadliest form of denial and successful research attracts the bigger grant which makes further research impossible and the progress of science varies inversely with the number of journals published and an enterprise employing more than 1,000 people becomes a self-perpetuating empire creating so much internal work that it no longer needs any contact with the outside world and in every hierarchy whether it be government or business each employee tends to rise to his level of incompetence so that every post tends to be filled by an employee incompetent to execute its duties and incompetence knows no barriers of time or place and work is accomplished by those employees who have not yet reached their level of incompetence and if at first you don't succeed try something else and internal consistency is valued more highly than efficiency and the unexpected always happens and an ounce of image is worth a pound of performance and as soon as you mention something if it's good it goes away and if it's bad it happens and an economist is like a person standing at the back of a ship watching where it has been and you never finish what you

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Multongun Charlie
Reproducing Arts Student

The Real Deal

Dear On Dit, OK, you win. I've finally been provoked into action, partly by repeated requests from this page, but mostly so people will stop coming up to me and asking "So what happened to Shotgun Jim? Did you suddenly get a life or something?"

Look kids, I know I left in a hurry, without much warning except a "P.S. - I'm graduating" I wrote a special extra long last letter because of it, as the grand finale. Much as I would love to continue, my degree (hence Ausstudy, hence money) was over. Believe me, if someone was to pay me for my drivel, I would go on forever living the life of a uni student and writing without punctuation (try asking Amanda for some money to fund it next time she's on campus). The simple fact, though, is that I am now otherwise occupied. It was a challenge to get letters in when I was still at Adelaide.

it would be a nightmare now. How can I be an outlet for Adelaide uni student angst when I'm not at Adelaide anymore? How can I make witty retorts to the previous week's letters if I can't pick up an On Dit Monday afternoons? You'll be OK, kids. FlyGuy is an excellent contributor, far superior to my incoherent ravings. Many thanks to Jadyne, incidentally, for keeping me supplied with On Dits, but mate, I've moved house, you can stop leaving them in that letterbox now. Oh, and Bluebird, I would suggest you try selling hot water in Sydney at \$1.00 per cup (even more as the Olympics approach). One small correction though, I was never doing an Arts student at Adelaide Uni (one can only hope). Oh fuck!...

Why do people have this problem understanding what a red light means and does it need to actually have "stop, dickhead" written on it and who lets pensioners drive anyway and they should be home watching Mid-day not trying to kill me and what is this aversion Ten seems to have with showing an episode of The Simpsons in its entirety and how many more ads can they possibly squeeze in before they totally replace the program and they should realise what gives them the ratings and I'm not watching for the ads morons and why is Foxtel so bloody expensive and it pains me that I could have uncult Simpsons if I had more money and maybe I should beat up a pensioner and what is the deal with the fucking Macarena and I know it was ages ago but I forgot to complain about it last year and it has bothered me all summer and I feel a lot better now and maybe its because no one plays that crap song anymore and who though traffic lights would be a good idea under the Morphett St bridge and there wasn't any need for them until they put them in and now so many people use them they'll never take them out and it's all fine for car drivers but a red light at the bottom of a hill can fuck up a bike rider's whole day and what is with that shillhouse sheep sound effect they play at Rams games and it really is pitiful and are they the Rams or the Lambs and why are bus seats so sucking uncomfortable and small and why is Sydney so far away and how can roadhouses legally sell the "food" they have for human consumption and if I had more money I could have flown to Sydney and beating up a pensioner looks better and better and why is my printer fucking up again and the warranty expired two months ago and it was repaired only a short time ago and the thing is totally useless and its not even heavy enough to be a boat anchor. Damn. Make it last, kids.

Shotgun Jim
33rd Year Arts
(Sorry, I might graduate, but Jim never will)

P.S. Simon Pampena - hai scrulto un bellissimo lettera. Auguri.

P.P.S. OK, I know this may give away who I am a bit, but I have to write about my graduation. You see, I was one of those graced with the presence of Amanda Vanstone. Jack Gaffey you know what really ruined the day for me? Vanstone's presence. You know what saved it? The protest coordinated by the Union. I wore my blue ribbon with pride, and experienced the ripple of laughter that went through the graduates when the shouting began during her speech. I would have considered my over \$1300 invested in the Union over the years wasted if there hadn't been any

protest. Alan Anderson, maybe more of us would have requested such action if we knew Vanstone was coming before the day. The simple fact is that we couldn't conceive that the University would do such a disgraceful thing, and were incredulous on finding out. It disappoints me that you would seek to speak on behalf of myself and the other graduates, when all I've seen in the letters section from actual graduates has been supportive. Let us not forget the real disappointment of the day - that the University invited Amanda Vanstone to the graduation of a faculty she has killed off as an honoured guest. I really wonder about who made this decision, and if they felt they needed to give her a chance to redeem her public image? Why do they feel their opinion of her was more important than that of the graduates, none of who would have thought of inviting her?

P.P.P.S. Dear Rosslyn Cox, thanks for wearing all those stickers. Full marks - SJ

Failure

Dear Everyone I write in regard to the woefully under-attended National Day of Action rally on Wed 26. I wrote a similar letter this time last year after the first NDA of 1996 (appropriately labelled by the eds "National Day of Action Apathy"), and inquired of no one in particular why it was that on a day when students had the opportunity to stand up and express their outrage at the Liberal Government's (then) proposed anti-student legislation (VSU, HECS, savage uni funding cuts etc, these students were instead obviously lounging around the Barr Smith Lawns, eating lunch and generally wallowing in apathy. Sadly, on the 26th of this year the situation was even worse... there were more people queuing to use the ATM than gathering for the rally. Though this situation was mildly improved by the last-minute decision to leave the departure until 1pm... when it should have been in the first place (most people I know had lectures on at the scheduled 12pm start and not everyone is prepared to make the noble sacrifice), overall attendance was disgraceful.

There are two main reasons why I believe this rally (and most of those last year) was, with no disrespect to those involved, basically a failure: Firstly, it was interesting to compare our rally with those that took place in other cities - unlike Adelaide, it was plain that they had succeeded in mobilising many grassroots students, whereas here our rally was mainly attended by leaflets and those heavily involved in the political scene, eg SAUA. While we were out defending public education, everyone else was blissfully eating lunch in the sun. This is clearly due, as I said last time, in part to the SAUA failing to promote the campaign aggressively enough to educate and connect with these grassroots students; but mostly due to the extraordinary apathy of Adelaide Uni Students who, despite the efforts of the SAUA (including some brilliant articles by Arvrita Dasvarma & Olivia Nassaris in On Dit & the O'Guide) to make them aware of the threat to their education, didn't seem to give a shit that they are now paying double HECS; their Uni budget has been savaged and the quality of their education severely compromised, or even that not nosed rich kids are now able to buy Uni places at the expense of us mere mortals who get in on academic merit.

Given the resulting disgracefully low attendance level, Amanda Van(dal)stone can easily dismiss such raffles as a bunch of whacko leaflets on an excursion (and unfortunately she wouldn't be too wide off the mark.) I also have to say that apathy aside, perhaps a reason why mainstream students seem reluctant to get involved in the campaign is the perception that it is too party-political and elitist (symptoms which were discussed in other recent letters). Many students feel alienated and understandably wary about getting involved with a bunch of apparent extremists. I have often felt this way myself. I write from the perspective of attending the rally because I believe in the cause... not to participate in party-political rabble-rousing. In this regard the SAUA basically alienated the general student populace by failing to make them realise that the

cause belongs to everybody and the buck stops with them. (Though I realise student inertia and thick heads at Adelaide Uni make this a monumental task. The sad fact is that the average student is an ignorant, apathetic git who skips the SAUA page and related articles because they've got too many words and too few pictures. The SAUA needs to find more creative (and friendly) ways to increase their awareness of education issues & motivate them to stand up & make a difference). This brings me to my second reason for believing that the rally failed... not only have those involved succeeded in alienating the student population, but they have also failed to get the general public on side. Marching down King William Street, I observed the disgusted and horrified expressions of many onlookers as this bunch of foul-mouthed rabble-rousers marched past, screaming that the Liberal party was "full of shit". Enough said. No wonder students are perceived as being greedy, lazy yobbos.

In Sydney, it was worse. I was horrified to see footage of totally bezerk students storming the Uni admin block. How Amanda Van(dal)stone must have laughed... she doesn't have to lift a finger to defend destructive Coalition policy because we have shot ourselves in the foot. She certainly isn't going to take this NDA as a serious show of student solidarity and opposition to her medicine. Getting the general public onside is absolutely crucial. However, I am sure the general public is appalled and disgusted at the antics of students in the wake of NDA. This behaviour, in conjunction with the pitifully small numbers of students involved, gives both the government and the public the impression that those involved are a militant minority, not representative of the overall student populace, and can be easily dismissed. (In part, the media is to blame for focussing on the minority whose disgraceful behaviour gives students a bad name and ignoring the majority of students peacefully exercising their democratic right of protest.) Demonstrations are vital as a democratic means of displaying solidarity and dissent. Unfortunately, though, performances like NDA do our cause more harm than good.

Abuse

Dear Mother MAE LAW I was not impressed by your little story about me featured in the last edition of On Dit. You're a pathetic individual who obviously has too much time on your hands. Your three year obsession with me is ridiculous, but last week you took it one step too far by making it public. Your issue with me can be of only mild interest, at best, to the readers of On Dit. This petty vendetta you've held against me for three years only reveals you're a shallow and paranoid person with a persecution complex. You have made a fatal assumption. That is, that anyone cares about your "RED" jacket or his "buns of steel". The person who probably cares least of all is me. Find another interest to occupy your vacuous mind. Life's too short to care about you.

**Todd Golding
Arts/Law**

Eds Reply: This will be the last published word on this sordid little argument. Todd Golding has had his right to reply, and that's it. The other letters we received on this topic were variously defamatory or banal. Rather than risk the lawyers, we're calling a halt to it now. Debate is fine, but petty personal vendettas are not going to be pandered to.

Politics. Hmm.

Dear Editors, So, Mr Alan Anderson is using his position on the Education Standing Committee to promote his liberal view of the world, defend the Bower Boys, attack one of my alter egos. If I remember right Big Al was elected to the ESC on a platform of utmost resistance to differential-HECS & so on. Maybe that wasn't a core promise? Maybe it was just election hype? Mr Cardiff would not be impressed! Perhaps the 'scruffy looking radicals' those 'rowdy degenerate idiots', who occupied the uni registry a few weeks ago also 'distracted media attention'? Away from Pauline Hanson & the Crows and onto issues of substance, that is. They even got our Vice Chancellor quoting 'The Red Flag' in her paper. Not bad, I'd say. If Al reckons he can be elected to represent students and then claim he's a minority, so can't do anything but snipe at his colleagues, then perhaps he's better have a good look at what the democratic process entails. Involvement, commitment & standing up for what the group decides would be a good start. Dissent is fine but treacherous sucks. And if democracy is not the way to go, then follow the RAF and 'smash that which is smashing you'!

Cheers,
Red Dread
Ps When were the privileged not a minority?

Sad Blokes & Net Porn

To the wonderful eds of On Dit, Stuck in the library wanting to complain yet not knowing to who, I finally settled on you guys. I've just left the student computer lab, where I was peacefully trying to do some research on the net. But instead I was surrounded on either side by a couple of desperate guys, getting their thrills from pictures of naked women on the 'puter screen. Apart from totally breaking the rules (I thought) set out for internet use, it was disgusting and degrading. I couldn't concentrate on my work, and this was at 7pm on a Thursday night. Didn't these guys have anything better to do with their lives?? Basically I just wanted to whinge, but also to let those guys know that they suck big time. Maybe something can be done to stop this internet abuse...

Paraletters

Dear Editor, My name is Sue-Ellen Lovett, I was a member of the Australian Paralympic team last year when the world's best athletes with a disability competed at the Paralympic games in Atlanta. I've been losing my sight since I was a child, but I'm never going to lose my vision of Australia staging the best ever Paralympic Games in Sydney, in October 2000, just after the Olympic games. Preparing and winning takes time and money - and we need to start early. So in September this year, I'm riding my horse Mudgee from Melbourne to Sydney to raise money for the Paralympic games. My guide dog, Eccles will come on the ride too. I never go anywhere without him. He even came to the Paralympic games in Atlanta with me. I will, of course, also have a sighted guide with me. I need Eccles because I am now almost totally blind. I have an inherited disorder known as retinitis pigmentosa, commonly known as tunnel vision.

Would your readers share my vision of Australia hosting the best ever Paralympic Games by giving an early donation to my fundraising ride from Melbourne to Sydney? The route we're taking is 1,455 kilometres long. Just two cents a kilometre would be a tax-deductible gift of \$29.00. If you could manage twenty cents, it would raise \$291.00. The Federal and NSW governments have contributed more than 40 per cent of the cost of the Games. There will also be income from ticket sales and sponsorships but we need your support too. Your readers' gifts will help stage the games and prepare the athletes. Donations can be sent to Sydney 2000 Paralympic Games, Locked Bag 2000, Annandale, NSW 2038. Or, you could fax through a donation to 02 9519 83 41. All donations should be made payable to the Paralympic Games.

For further information please call 02 9519 3486
**Yours Sincerely
Sue-Ellen Lovett**

Obsessive

Dear Editors, Okay, I had no idea that you needed my REAL name, and what if it was my REAL name and I merely neglected to leave a contact number. What if my mother (God bless her!) had really named me SNAGGLEPUSS, you know - just one name, to be cool, like Madonna or Cher! I think that On Dit needs a Problems Page. On the joy I experienced in my youth reading such gems as "Dolly Doctor" and "What Should I Do?" Unfortunately I know (screaming headlines) "How To Kiss A Boy" and "What To Expect Your First Time" (having already been there). So Dolly has nothing to offer me anymore (gee, oh darnit). My personal favourites were the ones which read "I bleed every month, what's wrong with me?"

(Well, DUH!) Oh, and the "I think my best friend is an anorexic/lesbian/drug-addict because she doesn't eat/came-on-to-me/has funny eyes and skips science class."

But on to more important things. My flatmate moved my address book. I know that this may seem like a small thing to some people, but to me it is a grave concern. I am a very neat person, and admit to dumping the various possessions of past flatmates in their retrospective rooms when the unkindness became too much for me, but even I (the original neat-freak) will leave a person's address book (which contains phone numbers, obviously!) NEAR THE BLOODY PHONE! He put it on my desk - Arrrrrrgh, it bugs me! And another thing... (even more worrying than the first!) my plates disappeared for a couple of weeks. I left them on the table with cups & bowls etc when I first moved in, with the request that room be made for them in the cupboard (flatmate was, for some reason, unhappy about me taking over the cupboards but for \$70/week fuck it!) (I have rights damnit!). The cups/bowls/little plates found homes, but the big plates disappeared. When I asked about their whereabouts both flatmates claimed to have no idea what I was talking about. BUT a few weeks later they mysteriously materialised in the cupboard with the other big plates. A natural occurrence? I DON'T THINK SO! Oh to be able to live alone. WANTED: One very neat (but not excessively, ie. the address book) person just like me to live with me. Seeking mature (mentally, not as in old) / female with groovy clothes my size who won't start trying to bed EVERY FUCKING GUY I WANT (I know you're out there somewhere, Megan), or a groovy guy who is really nice but has no sex-appeal because that would lead to problems and damnit I just can't help myself.

Love and other stupid ideas.
SNAGGLEPUSS

Plastic Shrapnel

A Shattered Dream We have a dream, that one day we may enjoy ordinary delights (schnitzel, chips & gravy) from the Mayo without cheap, plastic cutlery exploding across the Mayo, critically injuring fellow Mayo patrons, and littering our juicy, tender schnitzel, chips & gravy with life threatening plastic splinters. We have experienced equally fine culinary delights from other union establishments (UniBar) which provide both excellent foods and quality stainless steel utensils. For once there was a time when the Mayo would have been included with these establishments but no more! We can appreciate that it is cheaper and easier to throw out plastic cutlery, but what is the long term cost? No only are we creating unnecessary waste, but it makes eating dangerous. So I ask you the student body to rise up and fight for your right to have stainless steel cutlery. For no one should have to endure this disgrace!!!
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FAKING IT

Zen and the Art of Photographic Fabrication

or

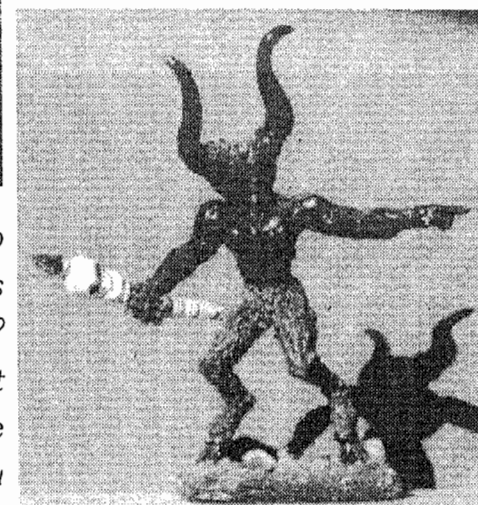
How I Made The Devil Grope Pauline

Visual effects have long been a staple of Hollywood movies and other businesses with serious money to burn on faking incredible images, while the rest of us were left with the low-budget equivalents that would never really fool anybody - chromakey never looked that real, as endless episodes of *Doctor Who* and *Blake's Seven* can attest. In recent years, however, the ability to fabricate any image - any image at all - has come within the grasp of pretty much anybody who has a little time and access to fairly standard modern computing equipment.



in eyes can be trusted to be so. But these early digital films cost millions, which still put the technology beyond most people's reach. Now, though, a couple of years on, it is highly accessible to all - as shown by the digital imaging work put together even by this poorly-funded student newspaper. If we can do it, the argument goes, then so can pretty much anybody. So what does this mean? Paranoids get out your lie detectors; you can't trust anybody these days.

The most dramatic examples of this have, as always, begun in the movies. Films like *Terminator 2: Judgement Day* and *Jurassic Park* showcased the huge leaps and bounds that digital imaging technology had taken in recent years. Unlike the film's character's, *Jurassic Park's* dinosaurs were utterly convincing, and the first time that a broad cross-section of society had been exposed to the fact that, from now on, nothing you haven't seen with your own



A few cases in point: over the last few years Stuart Littlemore's excellent *Mediawatch* (9.15pm Monday nights, and required viewing for all cynics) has exposed a couple of abuses of this technology by the Australian mass media. One was a much acclaimed and dramatic photograph of a smoke-stained bushfighter clutching a rescued baby in the face of oncoming flames - later revealed to be a cleverly faked composite (the bushfighter and baby in question were nowhere near anything remotely flame-like at the time). A second and more recent (and more serious) incident involved the first published photographs of Martin Bryant in the days after the Port Arthur massacre. The now famous photos of the mass murderer had been digitally altered to make his eyes both paler and wider, giving him a manic and deranged look. These doctored images appeared in pretty much every major Australian newspaper

fake a dramatic news shot. The *National Geographic* was criticised for moving around the Pyramids of Giza because they didn't line up satisfactorily for one of their cover shots. Perhaps these instances appear to be pretty minor in the scheme of things, but the potential for abuse that they represent is not. They show that the mass media is completely willing to manipulate images in order to get the photo that they want, and modern technology means that they can do this seamlessly in order to produce a final image that would convince anybody. Objects or people photographed at completely different times and places can be brought together with great ease. Backgrounds can be altered, details changed, faces de-wrinkled or aged, shadows removed, added or altered, new elements completely fabricated, and so on - and all of it in such a way that the unsuspecting media consumer would not notice.



Not all of these alterations have been made in order to

So what is the answer? The

technology itself is not bad - technology never is. It is the uses to which it is put that are problematic. Part of the problem is obviously the laxness of media control in this (and other countries). It also seems to be fundamental to human nature that all new forms of technology will be abused - most often for military or pornographic purposes (brief fact: when videos were first introduced, and only 1% of households had one, more than 75% of available video tapes were porno films). This has again been a problem with digital imaging - there have been numerous cases of faked celebrity nudes being circulated on the net, and as for military uses, the potential for secret service organisations are quite obvious.

imaging software, were together (Hanson, demon and background), it was then a fairly simple matter to make all of the alterations required to have the two 'people' interacting. With his arm slung casually over her shoulder and his serpentine tongue probing her body, Pauline Hanson's demon makes a convincing explanation for her policies and her effect on current politics. This photograph was faked in under an hour, as an example of the ease with which these things can be done. With better technology, even bigger frauds could be perpetrated.



So how are these photographs faked? At *On Dit* we make use of probably the most common piece of

each. Once all of the individual elements of the picture

As I said before, if we can do this, pretty much anybody can. You have been warned. JAMES MORRISON



News

Sitting at the bar of the Producers Hotel is a cultural experience. At any one time during the day or night you may be surprised to find yourself in a cocktail of company from business men sipping ale and talking about daily business, to Aboriginal locals from the Tandanya collective hanging out and playing pool. Tie-dye clad hippies may be sitting just around the corner sipping wine and saving the world; all the while fighting to be heard over hard and heavy punk riffs invading from the beer

this one where you felt "like you were sitting in your own



garden. You may describe this place as a chaotic cacophony of humanity, (if you like big words) or even a cultural soup mix. But I just call it home.... Yes, there is nowhere else I'd rather be than where the atmosphere mimics that of a cultural festival, celebrating similarity in diversity.

"What a crock of shit!" I hear Don say, (oh yeah, he's the publican by the way and has the nasty habit of crushing the sentimental in me...) "This place is like any other where people come to drink, relax and hang out". Well, yeah, sure.... people come, they hang out, they drink, they relax....but is it like any other pub in Adelaide? I mean, for a start where else can you go and see your friendly publican jump up on stage and accompany a punk band.....with a laga phone. Where else can you eat, drink, dance till you're completely broke, and then go and borrow a tenner from the publican himself. Where else can you find more Glenside patients than at Glenside, and who ever heard of staff wearing Pauline Hanson "Get &*%\$#@!" T-shirts and not offending anybody? Still, as crazy as the Producers sounds, many people have "warm, sticky" feelings for it. "The Producers has evolved from the dark days of the Woodman's in to one of the alternative institutions of Adelaide," says one. Another raved that you can't find a pub in Adelaide like

loungeroom." Another could only come up with "He he he" (yes we all know what you've been doing in the beer garden!).

For me the first "breath of fresh air" about the place is the lack of "muscle" at the front door. Yes, you know the type, they block the entrance and say things like, "You can't come in 'ere lookin like that." The next is the distinct lack of trouble that the pub has seen in the past. The bottom line being that it doesn't matter where you come from or what you look like as long your intentions don't include guzzling all the alcohol in the bar and then trying to punch the shit out of the person next to you. I consider though that the most important and perhaps the most characteristic quality of the bar is the variation of live music that can be heard there. All due to the philosophy of the publican himself.

"It's all about giving the local talent a chance to express themselves," the publican says. "It's important to allow people to play original music and in Adelaide it's difficult to find a venue where you can do this properly. The Producers has a policy that it won't allow cover songs to be played on stage and that has really freed up the original bands to explore their own styles and ideas." Referring back to his success as lease owner of the Crown and Anchor five years ago, Don says that it is this element of freedom that has contin-

ued to attract the local talent and in turn rewarded his ongoing efforts. "It's not that the music that comes out of here is any better than what you would get at a night club," the publican adds (Yeah right Don!), "it's just that there is a market for this music in Adelaide and a need for an alternative venue in which to play it." Adding an edge to the weekly "soup mix" atmosphere of the Producers is the politically incorrect, "Wock against Work Project", held every Tuesday afternoon, where unemployed patrons are invited to hear live music for free and make a political statement by getting their "dole diary" signed. (Bloody stupid idea to think that getting a book signed is going to get you a job anyway!)

But it must be added that this article is not meant to be a free plug for the bar and its amazing diversity, but is destined for a far more solemn purpose. That is to inform you that the lease for the bar is currently on the market and that in the future the musical refuge of the Producers may no longer be available (*gasp!*). So what does this mean for devoted regulars and upcoming young talent?



(I think it means that you panic now....)

Well the publican is quick to point out that there are many venues that offer live original music in Adelaide, and some as frequently as the Producers Hotel (ie, six nights a week). He also points out that there are heaps of cool places to go and we should "all stop being so silly." Anyway he

says he will be planning on opening a muso's club after a bit of a holiday (had you scared though, didn't I!). So it seems that the future of original alternative music in Adelaide is still fairly safe and that the man responsible (or in part at least) will once again save the day and provide for us a space where the concept of entertainment gives way to the sheer experience and expression of "poetry in motion". Still, the building for some does hold as many special memories as the experiences within it. So what are the plans?

Rumours circulated involve the notion of an invasion of old people playing the pokies and sipping watered-down shandies. Others say it will be taken over by "normal" people and turned into a "nice restaurant" (joy). Some see it being torn down and still others "know the aliens are coming and say that the government have a secret plot to turn it into a hide-out shelter" (yep, they let this guy out of Glenside way too early!). So, clearly no-one is quite sure but it is certain that at some stage the establishment will change hands. The winters are going to be so much longer without the warmth of the fire drums in the beer garden and the fire-side chats.... Still for the moment we can feel safe in knowing that there is at least one person who gives a shit about good music in Adelaide and they are still willing to put their money where their mouth is (cause in this game actions speak louder than words). For the moment though it is still Don's voice that comes calling through the thin walls of the

much loved and appreciated Producers Hotel, and at the stroke of midnight yells, "drink up tiddly winks, love youse all but it's time to fuck off now! I'm going out to party!" Well cheers, and have one on me Don....

Rosalie Holden

Physicists, if you hold 'em down long enough (raunch!), will tell you that there is no such thing as a universal now. Are we all on the same page here? The Universal Now - the phenomenon whereby you and I (not to get personal (although if you'd like to ... nah, let's still not do it (nothing personal, you understand (the rejection, that is, it's not that I can't do anything personal))), any two people will do (but do what?)) could be in opposite corners of the globe (an interesting expression there is no room to discuss) or, hell, the galaxy, and it would still be possible for us, if our movements were adequately documented (not to start espousing Big Brother theories or anything), to get together later on and say "Hey, when you were doing activity A (the mysterious activity A, which may be any of the following; playing snakes'n'ladders, dancing the tango, strumming a banjo, or tossing the caber), at the exact same moment, I was doing activity B (activity B being generally lewder and considerably more fun than any of the options for activity A)! How about them apples?" This, the physicists will say, squirming about on the ground, is impossible. They will say something about the arrow of time and which way it points,

or maybe that it's not an arrow but kind of like a rubber sheet with dents in (there's a joke in there about the role of the rubber sheet in pinning a physicist to the ground, but I'm buggered if I can see it (and there's another joke that won't be touched today)), and other such models to aid the mere mortal in appreciating the ineffable mysteries of the universe. They'll probably even mix some jargon in about how time doesn't move forward or backward, it just is, it's probably nothing at all like a river, no such thing as time travel (although teleportation, maybe, but that's not strictly relevant (nor is it even loosely relevant, actually)) and definitely, they would say, it's very quantum. But then, isn't everything? (The FlyGuy says: yes, it is. Quantum, as he understands it, is concerned mostly with things occurring in little bundles, and bundles of things are always happening to him. And so, he is a believer.)

Right. So. The Universal Now. What bugs me about there not being the possibility of the existence of any sort

of common present (by which I don't mean ties or pairs of socks, okay?) is the telephone. How does that work? I'm aware that this is not an original objection, and I'm equally aware that everyone in the know laughs at me when I raise it, and yet, and yet, I am yet to hear a decent explanation as to why, when I call someone, the phone rings. Yet. If I call someone now, and they answer it now, then aren't we both in the same Now? I think that at this point

the physicists (writing in fits caused, in

equal part, by

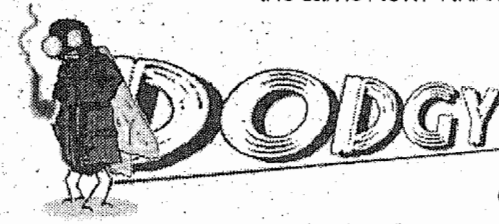
frustration (intellectual, not the other one) and lack of oxygen (owing to your firm grip on their windpipe)) will begin to mutter about isolated systems and that the humble telephone is capable of joining two isolated systems into one and so you are allowed to experience the same Now. Or something. (Telephones are damn amazing, you know ... I'm just sitting here now, and I could just reach over, pick up the phone and talk to some bloke in Scotland (who would probably say something like "Bug off, ya wee laddie, or aye'll have ye insectoid scrotum fer me dinner!" (well, I never was

much good at accents)). But I won't, you know.) I wonder if the same applies to two people, who may not even know each other (such people do exist, you know), who both sit down, independently, to watch the same TV show. Star Trek, let us say. We all know Trekkies are punctual (read: fanatical). Do they all join some grand temporal unity as they sit and view their weekly fix of bad suits and pointy ears? Some brilliant, unknowable harmony of like-minded spirits, forming by simple virtue of the TV breaking down the boundaries between their separate physical systems?

I doubt it. But I won't rule it out. And if it is true, the prospect scares me. Very, very much. Although I guess it begins to explain the attraction of Star Trek ... although if you wanted to join in spiritual harmony with a group of people, wouldn't you choose viewers of The Simpsons instead? I'll guarantee you have a better time. And it doesn't explain the viewing of Star Trek videos, something that does go on. I know, I've seen it. And it wasn't pretty.

And you can let those physicists go now. I don't think they'll be troubling us any more.

FlyGuy



Grill Bar open from 8am

will's refectory...grnd level union building
Hot Dog With cheese & onion,
side order of fries & can of drink...\$\$4.50
try our NEW Halhal burger & fries...\$\$3.50

Gallery

Level 6 union building
breakfast from 8am
Giant muffin & coffee...\$\$2.50

Equinox

Level 4...union building open 10-10
Thursday...come & hear students from
the jazz school perform FREE from 6.30 to 9.30 pm
Book a table, eat, drink & enjoy yourself
All week...small ham & pineapple or vegetarian pizza...\$\$5.00
Large ham & pineapple or vegetarian pizza...\$\$8.00

uni Bar

Level 5... union building
pie or pasty, chips & gravy...\$\$2.50

Catacombs

union hall, opp. Barr Smith Lawns
Hot Dog...\$\$1.50
or Hot Dog & can of coke...\$\$2.50

Backstage & Mayo

Schnitzel, chips & gravy...\$\$3.00

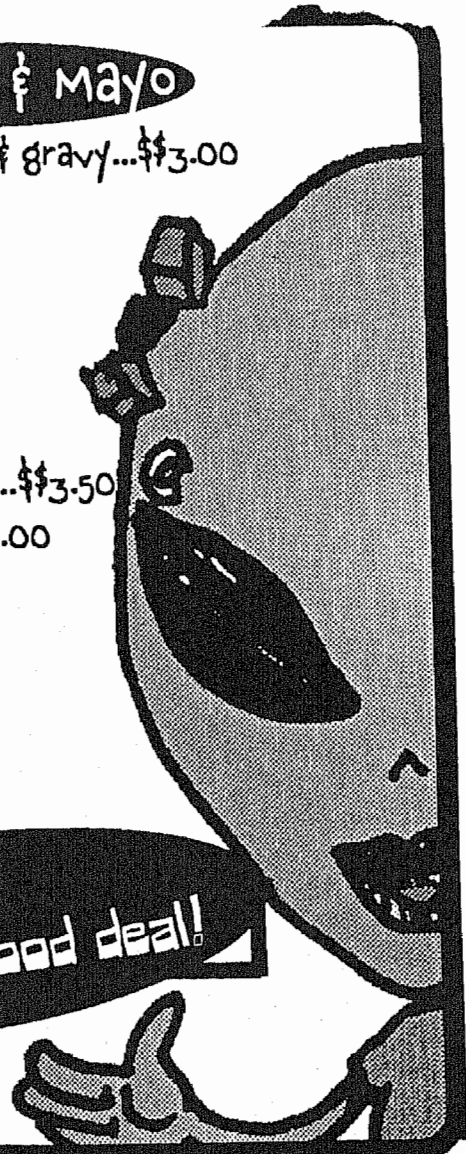
Foodcourt

Level 4 union building
meat or seafood Laksa...\$\$3.50
vegetarian Laksa...\$\$3.00

waite & Roseworthy

Schnitzel, chips & gravy...\$\$3.00

now this...
is the real food deal!

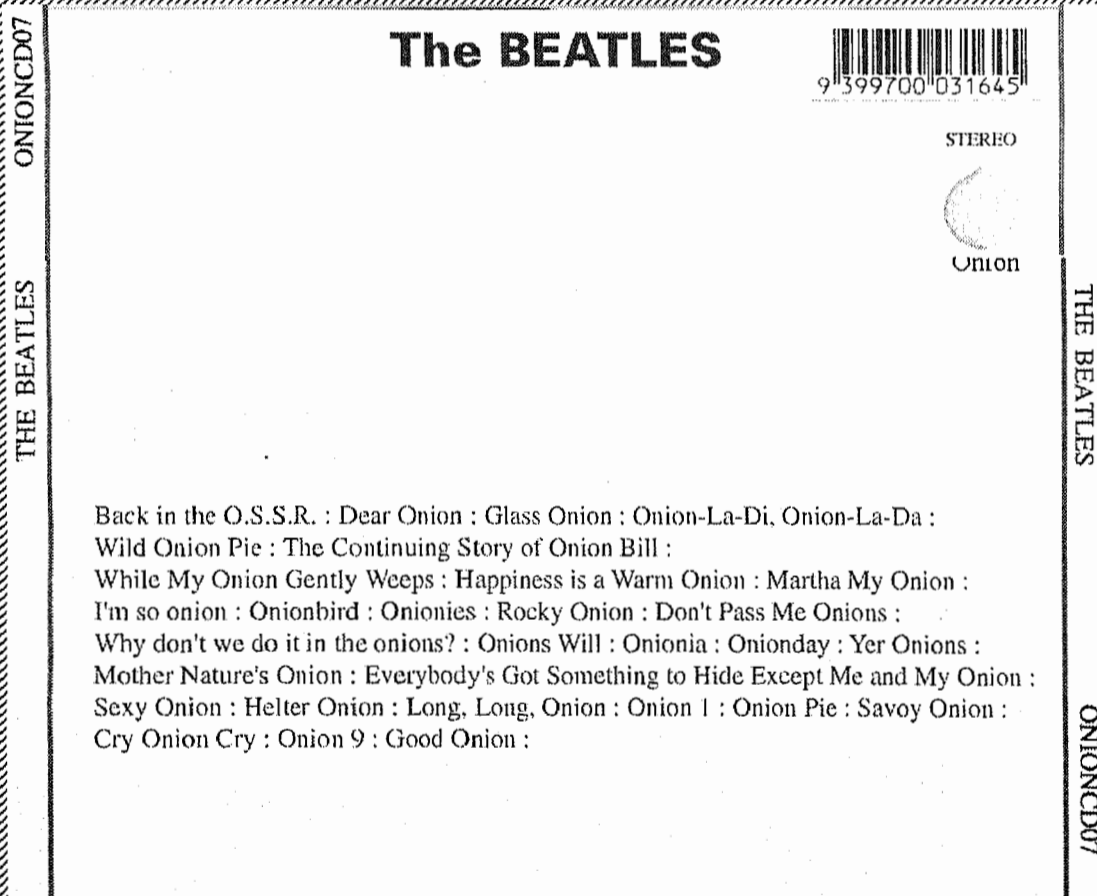


Special Offer

Widely known as "The White Onion", the Beatles' self-titled double record was the first two-parter to appear in the Onion series, and perhaps the most revolutionary. Reforming just before Lennon's death in 1980 to record this special tribute to the most tearful of vegetables, this was the "true" Beatles' swansong (not counting their ill-advised recent Anthologies, though the rare 'Free As An Onion' was an interesting exercise). In fact, it is one of rock'n'roll's lesser known facts that the lyrics to 'Everybody's Got Something to Hide Except Me and My Onion' inspired Lennon's assassin, Mark Chapman. Convinced that Lennon did, in fact, have something to hide, he attempted to see inside the singer through the eyehole afforded by a low calibre bullet entry wound. Sadly, it all ended in tears - as do many things involving onions.

ROGER AUBERGINE
New Musical Onion (Editor)

The BEATLES



Back in the O.S.S.R. : Dear Onion : Glass Onion : Onion-La-Di, Onion-La-Da :
Wild Onion Pie : The Continuing Story of Onion Bill :
While My Onion Gently Weeps : Happiness is a Warm Onion : Martha My Onion :
I'm so onion : Onionbird : Onionies : Rocky Onion : Don't Pass Me Onions :
Why don't we do it in the onions? : Onions Will : Onionia : Onionday : Yer Onions :
Mother Nature's Onion : Everybody's Got Something to Hide Except Me and My Onion :
Sexy Onion : Helter Onion : Long, Long, Onion : Onion 1 : Onion Pie : Savoy Onion :
Cry Onion Cry : Onion 9 : Good Onion :

ONION CDs

"Like an onion, on CD"
- Damon Albarn (Blur)



Amrita Dasvarma
SAUA President

Up Front Fees

Last week at Academic Board the Vice Chancellor presented a paper on introducing up front fees at the University of Adelaide, which she asked the Board to endorse. Student representatives, including myself, Jill Thorpe, the PGSA President, Rosslyn Cox, the Union President, Olivia Nassaris, the SAUA EVP, and Sophie Allouache, the student rep on Academic Board and the SAUA Women's Officer, all argued strenuously against the introduction of up front fees. Surprisingly, out of a Board of 100, only about 15 academics spoke up - though of that 15, all said they were

against fees 'in principle'. Student reps were the most vocal against introducing up front undergraduate fees. The arguments we raised included the inequities of the 'user-pays' system of higher education which benefits the rich and decreases the access of education to the community as a whole; the fact that not all courses would attract up front fee paying undergraduate students and hence would not benefit from the 'extra money'; questions of academic merit as a standard which still needed to be sorted out. The Vice Chancellor was forced to admit that a lot more investigation

needed to be done before she could wholeheartedly say that up front undergraduate fees would benefit the University of Adelaide, and she also conceded that introducing fees in 1998 would be premature. The Vice Chancellor's motion asking the Board to endorse fees was rejected. Instead the Vice Chancellor seconded a motion drawn up by the student reps requesting a lot more investigation and detail on the fees issue to be presented to the Board before 'blind endorsement' was expected. This is a minor victory in the fight against up front fees, but we need to

keep up the campaign, so please come into the SAUA and get involved!
Did you get Proshed...?
Prosh this year was low key but a lot of fun. We had some very funny pranks: changing the name of the (F)Art Gallery, rearranging people's offices in the SAUA, and of course stealing the Port Road flag and hanging it from the Union Bldg. We raised a tidy sum for charity - about 1500 in donations alone! Thank you to everyone who helped out, and everyone who got involved...and got proshed!



Olivia Nassaris
Education VP

A WIN FOR STUDENTS ON ACADEMIC BOARD

As one of your undergraduate representatives on Academic Board I am pleased that it was the students who directed a lot of the debate about up front fees.

A motion from the Students' Association, PGSA and the Union was put up before the board and was passed. This motion defers the implementation of up front fees at Adelaide Uni.

It also forces the Vice Chancellor and University Council to investigate the impact of up front fee paying students.

EDUCATION ACTION GROUP, every Tuesday 3pm in Cloisters

Come along to Education Action Group, all participation is welcome. Remember that the University Council meeting where they will vote on up front fees is on Friday 13th - mark it as a

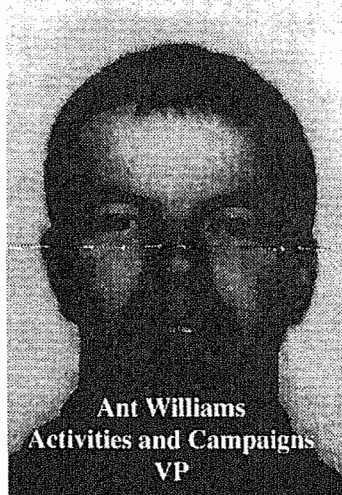
black day in your diary.

ACADEMIC BOARD WEEK - 2 ND - 6TH JUNE

Academic Rights Week comes before exams and when a lot of your main essays and assignments are due. The week is about knowing what to do if you are unfairly marked or if you need a supplementary exam for a medical or compassionate reason. There are people that can assist you with grievances. The

Education Welfare Officers are available for students to seek help and the Students' Association President, Amrita and myself can also help you.

SIGN A PETITION AGAINST THE INTRODUCTION OF UP FRONT FEES AT ADELAIDE UNI IN THE SAUA OR AT LUNCHTIME ON THE EDUCATION ACTION GROUP TABLE.



Ant Williams
Activities and Campaigns VP

PROSH. The tradition continues. While the weather was not so great, the support of those involved was fabulous. A tidy sum of money was raised by hard working volunteers with collection tins and generous sponsorship topped off the funds nicely.

I do sincerely hope that you were all aware, (or at least the majority of you), that it was Prosh week last week.

Visits to lectures and people running around in cartoon costumes should have alerted you. Also not for getting the Prosh edition of On Dit which came out the week before Prosh to give everybody lots of warning. As for the pranks and stunts full marks to the lecture boat race team who wheeled a keg around to lectures and demonstrated the fine art of beer skolling,

(yes, that's how it's supposed to be spelt), to the masses. Mardi Gras eat your heart out, we've got the Prosh Parade! Taking the Uni to the streets and picking up a few more dollars for the charities. A classic turnout of vehicles all shapes and sizes, not to mention all of the other people involved. What was about \$30 of entertainment value was en-

joyed for \$10 at Prosh After Dark Saturday night. The acts were many and varied with a good time had by all those in attendance. My thanks go to all those involved in Prosh events. I will endeavour to thank everybody by name in the next edition of On Dit. Until then, thank you again.
Ant.



Gin Simpson
Environment Officer

Hola! Hope everyone had a good Prosh and didn't use too many plastic cups at Prosh After Dark.

Well.....firstly and most urgently, this is a final call for all students interested in attending the Students and Sustainability Conference in Townsville. If you haven't heard about it yet but would like to know more, call or visit me in the SAUA. If you have heard about it, and want to go, you should come and get a registration form from me. If you have heard about it, and don't want to go, you should. If you got a registration form from somewhere else, but want to come up with us, let me

know. But anyway, the main message is-PLEASE GET ALL REGISTRATION FORMS AND \$80 REGISTRATION FEE CHEQUES TO MY OFFICE BY THIS FRIDAY (call me if you have a problem with this). I will be able to help a little, financially, but it will be easier to sort it out afterwards, when I have definite numbers of delegates. So...you have 'till Friday to pledge yourselves to a week and a bit of trains and tents and funky people and unbelievable food and newfound knowledge and forest and desert and trains and trains.

Other happenings...SANTOS min-

ing company held their AGM at Town Hall a week or two ago, and a few of us went down to join The Wilderness Soc., ACF, FoE, the Conservation Council, Australian Greens etc in loitering outside as the shareholders went in. Completely silent protest- we just stood around with the banners of our respective organisations and looked at them (the shareholders, not the banners). They knew what it was about....their money is about to cut into a fragile wetland in N.E. SA which I've written about in the column a hundred times already- Coongie Lakes. Some actually stopped to shake their

heads at us and tell us that we all "really should just grow up". Kind of funny, kind of disturbing. Good media coverage though. So, if you feel as though you don't have enough verbal abuse in your life, join the Green Action Squad (details should be in this On Dit edition somewhere), and come and try protesting against wilderness destruction.

Hope you took note of the campus Anti-\$hell campaign last week and bothered to read a flyer, even if you didn't get to see the speaker. BUT- more on that next week. 'Till then..... ~gin~Ph. 8303 5182

WOMEN'S ONLY SPACE WEEK

This week is Women's Only Space Week. The concept of Women's Only Space is one which tends to promote a lot of debate as people have very definite ideas as to whether we should have it, whether it creates more of a division between men and women, and whether it's sexist. I'm not going to go into the whole debate here, I'll leave that for my article save to say that I believe Women's Only Space to be vital and to have it recognised as such is also important. For those women who

don't know where the Women's Room is located it's downstairs in the Lady Symons Building so go down and check it out.

Events happening this week:

Monday: **Self Defence Course**

Irene Watson Building 12 - 2

\$4 per session

Tuesday: **Lunchtime Movie**

'When Night is Falling'

Union Cinema 1 - 3

Reclaim the Bar

6pm onwards

cheap drinks for chicks

Wednesday: **Wine, Cheese and Chocolate discussion night**

Women's Room - 5pm onwards

NOWSA

The NOWSA Conference is happening in Brisbane this year from the 7th to the 11th of July. Some proposed ideas for sessions are Feminisms, International Issues, and Indigenous Issues. For any women wanting registration forms or more information come and see

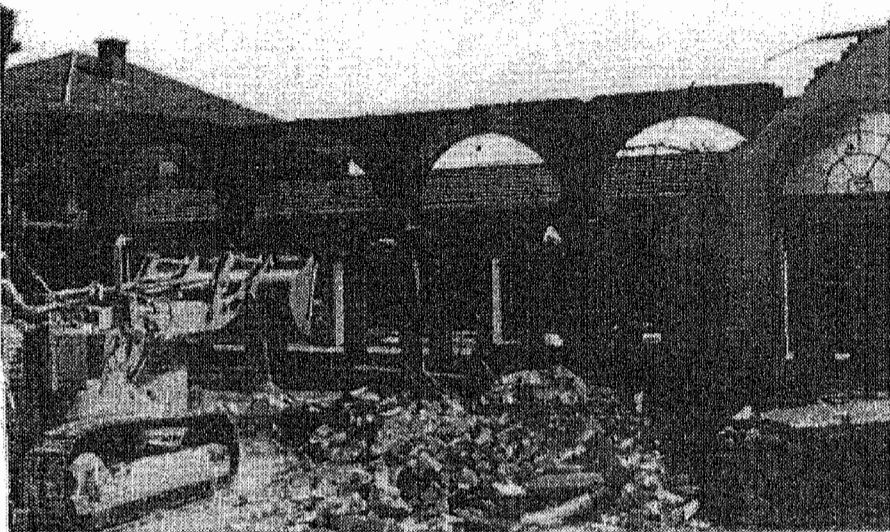
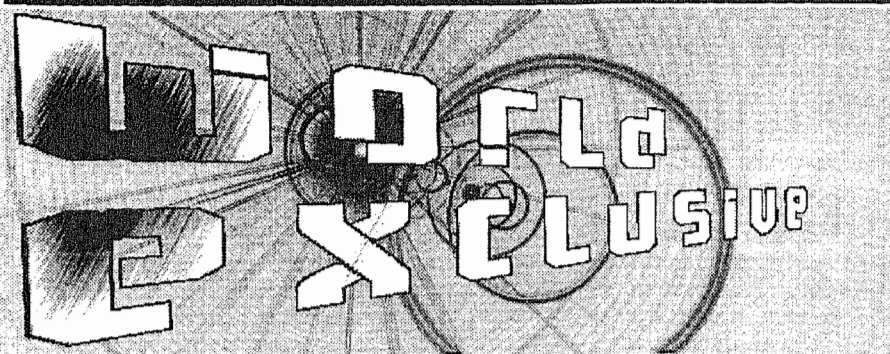
me in the SAUA or give me a call on 8303 5406.

INTER-UNIVERSITY QUIZ NIGHT

On Thursday 5th of June there will be a quiz night to raise money to send as many women as possible to NOWSA. The night will be held in the Food Court on Level 4 of the Union Building starting at 6pm. If you are interested in participating you can come and get a registration form from the SAUA or call Sky on 0414-369 013.



Sophie Allouache
Women's Officer



Look what can happen if too many little children are left alone to play in the cloisters.....

It seems as though a prosh stunt in the early 70s went horribly wrong. One brave University student decided to let loose the children in the day care centre - seemingly the person was trying to break free the shackles of capitalism - children behind bars....

The Children in a huge riot headed straight towards the Union building and the SAUA office, not having the university bar to contend with, the children set about breaking free the students from the shackles of the Cloisters.

The University student was brought to justice and the children were given counselling - so that such an event would never occur again.



1997 BUDGET

The 1996 budget set the scene for many screams of anguish from start to finish. After such an event which resulted in massive cuts, we were not quite sure what to expect this time round.

Some Australians said that after cutting training schemes, and reducing student assistance and income support in 1996, the Government would make a wise decision to invest in Australia's future through a comprehensive job creation package. Others at the peak of their anger last year commented that things would only get worse next time round and so we lamented on what could be the tremor before the quake. But what actually happened for young people in the budget of 1997?

Well many people are still asking that question. Nothing really exciting or glamorous occurred in this budget for young people. Perhaps we should feel a degree of relief since severe cuts were not once again thrust upon us. Alternately, we could be disappointed with the fact that we lost a opportunity to implement employment generating policies capable of combating unemployment, particularly the severe levels of youth unemployment in regional Australia.

It would seem the only approach the government has taken in combating youth unemployment is the work for the dole scheme. A program which is in effect insulting to young people by extending the notion that we need to be pushed into acquiring the work ethic and squarely lays much of the blame for not finding a job solely on young Australians.

The work for the dole program despite being ill conceived and providing little assistance to those suffering from long term unemployment has been given a meagre \$21 million worth of funding over 2 years. No doubt this will be much more effective than a clearly targeted strategy aiming to further training and increase employment in those regions worse effected by the unemployment epidemic. Hopefully all those people effected by BHP's pull out of Newcastle can find solace in the fact they too can get a work for the dole placement.

These views are reinforced by the comments made by the South Australia's peak youth body YACSA (Youth Affairs Council of South Australia). Their executive officer Mr Kym Davey stated (13/5/97) the budget "... does nothing to restore young people's confidence in a Government which promised real jobs and better education opportunities. It's a missed chance to break the cycle of chronic unemployment and to make the future work for young Australians."

A small gain of \$1850 p.a in Austudy allowances for families with two or more students in tertiary study is worth mentioning. But against the backdrop of this small gain is the \$40 million cut to Abstudy over the next three years, something YACSA questions as a possible result of the Hanson effect. Other cuts include a \$20 million cut p.a. to vocational education and training grants to the states, abolition of funding for the Australian Language and Literacy Council and \$110 million p.a. cut to public

housing, which includes the abolition of rent assistance for public housing. So the end result is a budget lacking any commitment to improve the stance of young people. It is a quite uneventful, yet predictable mid-term budget aimed at causing little panic, particularly in the wake of the political shake-up that occurred in 1996.

Jamie Lowe

BUSINESS INITIATIVES

Do you have an innovative idea that could be formed into a business? Well Adelaide University has the course for you! No seriously I am not trying to sell anything to you, okay so perhaps I am just a little. It's just that through Business Initiatives from Graduates (BIG) the University of Adelaide accepts 4-8 candidates to develop a business idea. This is quite an exciting opportunity for potential entrepreneurs - but wait there's more.....

A fully funded scholarship for 12 months, training in starting up and operating a small business, assistance with business start up, capital and operating costs, supervisory and business mentor support, rent free furnished office accommodation and use of computing facilities at the Thebarton Campus, and access to the University's facilities.

You may be thinking that the selection process for something this good is way too rigorous-but if you have an idea go for it right? One such student applied for a position in BIG after developing the concept of manufacturing papyrus style paper on a mass scale. The student's vision was to develop papyrus as an environmentally superior alternative to some wood pulp based papers. As a result of the work done, a grant was awarded for approximately \$500,000.

This success, only after a year in business illustrates the potential for recent graduates to successfully develop new business ventures with the initial support of the University. It is recognised that an involvement in the BIG programme and the support and expertise that the student received and, will continue to receive played an important part in the assessment of the application.

How can you find out more information? Call the BIG office on 83034467 or 83034468. Alternatively you can visit the web page: <http://www.adelaide.edu.au/OIL/BIG.htm>

Be quick though because applications close Wednesday 4 June 1997.

Chances are you've never heard of Citizen Advocacy. But for many people this organisation is crucial to their well-being and safety. Last week, we interviewed Justin and Julie, two members of Citizen Advocacy. We left the interview feeling quite humbled and inspired by the courageous efforts of all people involved in the organisation.

OD: What is Citizen Advocacy?

CA: Citizen advocacy occurs when an ordinary person in the community stands up for and befriends someone with an intellectual disability. This is a commitment which is unpaid, long-term and one-on-one. The volunteer is known as an "advocate", and the intellectually impaired person as their "protégé". Advocates represent their protégé's interests as if they were their own. We encourage advocates to imagine what it would be like to be in the same situation as their protégés.

OD: Why do people with intellectual disabilities need citizen advocacy?

CA: Many people with intellectual disabilities are devalued by society. They often have no one to stand up for them because they have been abandoned by their families, or isolated by the service system. We come across people all the time who have nobody in their lives — particularly people who have been institutionalised. Unfortunately, there is also a high incidence of abuse amongst people who are intellectually impaired.

OD: What sort of things do advocates do?

CA: One of the roles of an advocate is to be a monitor of services. Often this is a case of having a cup of coffee with your protégé and checking that things are running smoothly. Advocates need to make sure that their protégés are getting the services they need, and also that the services are not being too controlling. Sometimes the intellectually disabled are chronically over-medicated, and any adverse reactions they might be having to their medication are overlooked. This occurs particularly in large institutions where there are so many people that it's easy to

say, "well, he or she is always like that". An advocate can look at the situation from a different viewpoint and complain that this just isn't good enough. Quite a few institutionalized people are zonked

out on medication because they're easier to handle when they're like that. You really notice the benefits when they are taken off the drugs; they're suddenly vibrant, full of life.

Advocates also acts as negotiators for their protégés in situations of conflict, and as friends for their protégés. Often the intellectually impaired do not really know anyone outside of the service system and other people with intellectual disabilities. Advocates also need to look out for the general well-being of their protégés — for instance, make sure that they're wearing decent clothes, that they're dressed properly. In one case a woman had blisters on her

feet because she was continually given shoes that didn't fit properly. The advocate mentioned this to the carer who gave her a new pair of shoes.

In extreme cases, the protégé might be undergoing sexual, physical, emotional or verbal abuse. The advocate needs to step in and stop any abuse from happening. Basically we're asking advocates to be vigilant.

OD: Can anyone volunteer to be an advocate?

CA: Yes, anyone, except those who have an intellectual disability. We have all sorts of people on the programme, including teachers, university students, farmers, ex-nurses, computer programmers. . . . When we interview prospective advocates, we look at their value of life, their attitudes, and most importantly, their desire to stand up

for somebody because they see them as a valued human being and not as a person with a problem.

It is important for advocates to have high expectations of their protégés. So many people as-

OD: Does Citizen Advocacy exist only in South Australia?

CA: No, Citizen Advocacy was founded in the USA in the 1960s, and now has branches all over the world. Every organisation is independent of each other, but run by the same principles.

OD: Who funds the programme?

CA: We get our funding from the federal government, and are managed by a voluntary management committee who meet once

a month. Federal funding is enough for us at the moment, although the government is threatening to withdraw funds from many services catering for people with disabilities. We need to lobby to make sure we continue to get our funding.

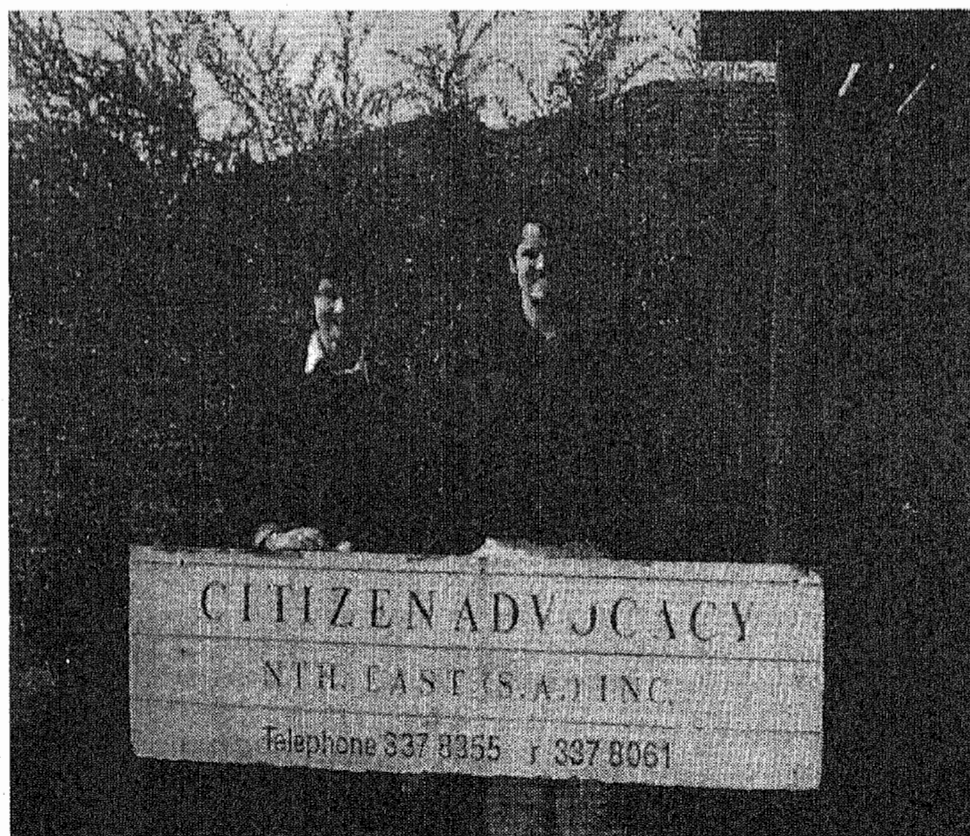
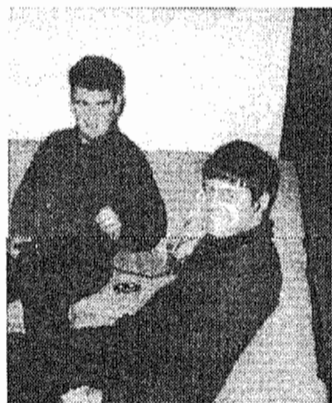
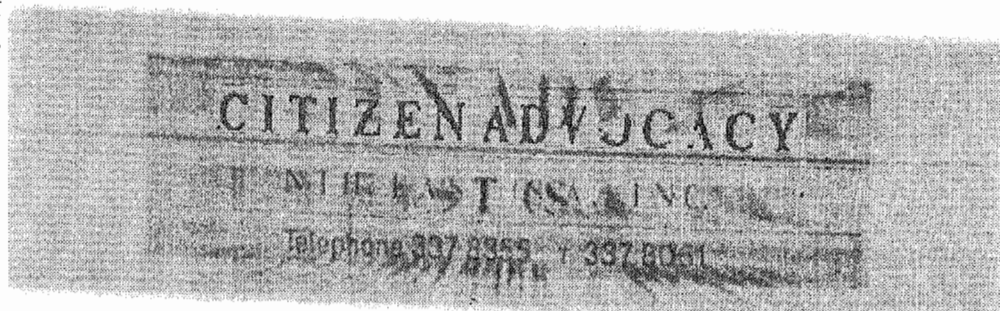
Anyone interested in becoming an advocate or just finding out more about the organisation should ring Citizen Advocacy on 8337 8355.

We ask for commitment and continuity of the relationship. So often disabled people have people drifting in and out of their lives.

Citizen advocacy is a way to reverse some of the deprivation and hurt experienced by people who have an intellectual disability.

All advocates are assigned one particular protégé. It's all one-on-one.

Annabel Davies & Jocelyn Milbank



WOMEN'S-ONLY SPACE

GREEN ACTION SQUAD

So why have Women's Only Space? What does Women's Only Space mean to you?

There seem to be two very distinct arguments on this subject; there are those who believe that having a Women's Room or a space where women can go and feel safe and not feel that they will be harassed by anyone is of vital importance and then there are those who believe that having these spaces are sexist and only serve to intensify the divide between men and women. So where do you stand?

One of the main reasons for having a Women's Room or forums for women is because women are discriminated against by the very structure of society. Having these spaces is vital in recognising that women still do not have many of the privileges that men do. Let's just look at the fact that there are huge numbers of women who are subjected to sexual harassment, sexual assault, domestic violence and rape. The suffering of the victims of these crimes, both emotionally and mentally, is incomprehensible to most. The fact that women still are not safe in society is frightening. When a woman is attacked, especially in a public place, the result is that all women feel disempowered and demoralised. I don't know any women who feel completely relaxed and comfortable walking around Uni alone at night, or anywhere for that matter. Unfortunately, due to the way we have been conditioned, many women still blame themselves if they are attacked or assaulted constantly thinking, "I shouldn't have been walking there by myself," or "If only I hadn't worn that dress." Unfortunately society can't face the truth that being assaulted is never the woman's fault because that would mean that they would have to solve the problem. So instead women walk around in fear and this is one of the main reasons why we have women's only space. It's the one place where women can feel safe and free from male harassment.

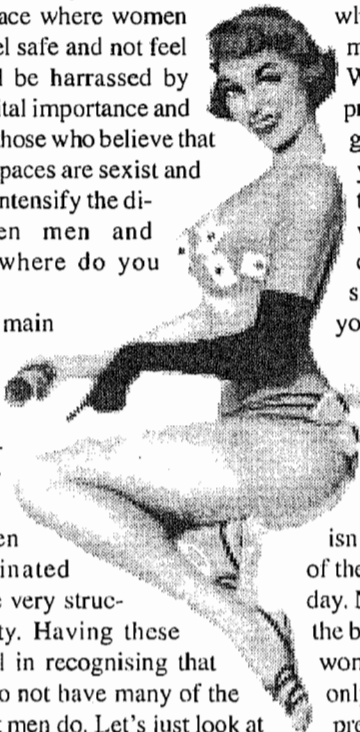
It is also because women are submitted to sexual intimidation on a daily basis. It's not only the stares and the comments as you walk past, it's also being spoken over when you speak or having your issues and input overlooked as 'women's issues' and not significant arguments. I have had complaints from women at Uni who have been riding

to Uni and have had so many men yell out the window or honk the horn at them that by the time they have arrived at Uni they have been so frustrated and confused and so pissed off but they didn't know what they could do about it. A few months ago I was walking up King William Street with a friend and it was probably about 9.30 at night and some guy leans out of a car window and yells, "\$20 for half an hour" or something equally offensive. We were just walking down the street. But what can you do? Whatever you do in that situation you get labelled; if you smile you're a slut, if you ignore them you're a prude and if you abuse them back you're a butch feminist. Hello! What's going wrong here?!

The flimsy argument that 'men don't have men's rooms so why should women have their own space' isn't adequate because it denies much of the oppression that women feel everyday. Men don't experience oppression on the basis of their sex in the same way that women do. Many women feel that the only way they can fight against this oppression is through grouping together with other strong and politicised women who experience the same difficulties. This raises the concern that there are few places where women can meet without feeling the unwanted attention of men. This is why having a Women's Room on campus is so important. It is there that women can meet and organise, a room where they can feel empowered.

So this is why there is space specifically for women, this is why there are forums and conferences for women, and this is why the next time you go to question the legitimacy of having these spaces you should look at the way society works. From the simplest everyday things to the horrifying attacks. This is why women's only space is vital and should never be discredited.

Sophie Allouache
SAUA Women's Officer



Dear student population and potential environmental activists, Do you suspect there may be a wild and woolly greenie residing somewhere deep inside you? But you don't ever have time to let him/her out to play? Wishing there was something you could do to help the green movement (other than sending money off in an envelope) and make the world a better place with almost no time commitment? Well ... there are plenty of issues in SA that need desperate attention and a part of this is "Direct Action" (meaning protests, rallies, sit-ins, media stunts ... anything that will be effective in bringing issues to public attention (and hopefully media attention too!). I am therefore putting together a GREEN ACTION SQUAD and am hoping that you might be interested in enlisting.

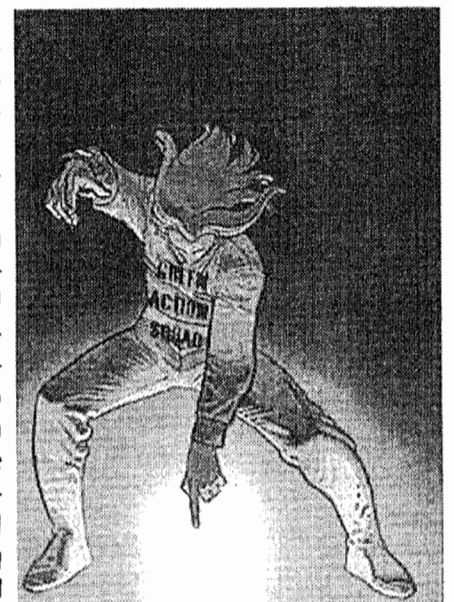
The GREEN ACTION SQUAD will be a group of people who I can call whenever it looks as though some visual (maybe rowdy, maybe subtle, depending on what seems appropriate) protest is needed. Of course signing up doesn't mean you have to be in on every protest - it just means that you're at least interested in hearing about actions that are happening in Adelaide. I will make sure that we have a briefing meeting before any action so that all involved are well-informed about the issue.

Rabble-rousers at the forefront, quiet support lingering behind - both types of participant are essential. It's a small time commitment, but it is such an important part of publicity and making governments hesitate about ripping into our wilderness. So if you want to get into some serious (or silly) green activism, or if you just want more info ... get in touch!

Gin: Wk 83035182 Hm 82695963

Email: vsimpson@student.adelaide.edu.au

or drop the attached slip into the SAUA (if I'm not there, Deb will put it into my pigeonhole for you). Cut it out and send it in!



GREEN ACTION SQUAD CONTACT

Name:
Phone:
Email:

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Sweetwater

Fashion Victims

by Joshua Kennedy-White

Am I the only one who reacts to fashion shows with a slap to the forehead and gasp of disbelief? Are we really expected to believe that people will wear dental floss g-strings and cling-wrap T-shirts? Linda Evangelista said it best, "I don't always like the clothes I wear, but liking them isn't my job." Quite game, I thought, after milking the Australian Fashion Week organisers out of \$180,000 for four days work. What's it all about?

I'm not the first to write about fakery of the fashion world. I don't even know much about fashion. In fact, I could write all I know about fashion on the back of postage stamp, but that doesn't seem to stop the gurus.

Have we come to the point in fashion where we need to take our advice from a formidable collection of experts? Experts who observe fashion runways behind dark glasses and hangovers from designer drugs? Are these people our window to what's hot and what's not. To these experts everything is fab-u-lous, every outfit is a sensation, and the term "favorite" is used so often it loses meaning.

Australian Fashion Week deemed black the season's colour. I didn't know that we had lost it? "New Black"

or "the colour formerly known as brown" also gets a showing. But who wears it? The short answer is highly paid models and rich suckers. I'm not suggesting that aesthetic appeal is absent in these outfits or that they lack practicality. Fancy dress, Halloween, and pajama parties are festive occasions that spring to mind. Do people really stand in front of their wardrobe thinking, "I need an electric blue jumpsuit with solar panels on the back, a clock radio on the front and a tangerine stripped propeller baseball cap."

A male model, lying face-down on a brass bed in his silver-glitter undies, broke his silence for a reporter. He revealed his face-down pose was due to the cold, which had rendered him half the man he used to be. Female models wore an array of sheer outfits, see-through chiffon tops or simply underwear briefs, causing the usual reaction: unblinking scrutiny



from men and furrowed brows from women.

Terry-toweling seemed the fabric of choice this year. The just-out-of-the-shower look adorned runway models, who possessed the only figures that could wear brown toweling and maintain dignity. That's the central problem, isn't it? Linda Evangelista could look good in anything, or nothing which is the trend. Debates over the evil way in which designers use anorexic and junkie-looking models are not new. Why do we put up with these unrepresentative models?

The answer lies in the message that designers are transmitting. Buying the clothes transforms the wearer into the model. That means being the object of attention and desire, something perhaps everyone craves. Marlboro cigarettes used to do something similar with their advertisements, selling the cowboy dream to men in



the urban, white-collar demographic. Joe Camel is currently under fire for selling his leather-jacket-with-attitude dream to American kids. If the Simpson case is any indication, he'll probably get off.

So when you attend your next fashion show, remember some tips before you make a purchase. The "gurus" who write for fashion magazines are paid by designers to attend. Gurus have to write nice things about stupid outfits or they won't get invited next year. Buyers who purchase outfits for department stores are also paid to attend and it's never their money being spent. The media are hardly going to comment on the unremarkable. Models are well paid and look good in anything. Nearly everyone is under some mind altering drug that impairs their judgment and no-one wants to be different.

Life is choice. Choose wisely. That way you'll avoid being lumbered with an outfit you'll never wear. Does anyone want to buy a post-apocalyptic gamma ray suit, complete with infrared goggles, kevlar vest, fire retardant coat, lime green moccasins and helicopter hooks. Should be a big hit in about 225 years. \$10,000 or near offer. Call 1-800-SUCKER

The trip from Newcastle had been too long, no doubt about it. Eight hours is too long to spend in the back of a small car, speeding through the rain, cassette player churning out the same song, broken only by the warble of country radio. The destination, Byron Bay, was different - a badge of distinction proudly displayed by the locals.

Depending on whom you asked, Byron was a retreat, an herbal holiday camp, or a place for therapy. Byron seemed the great Australian getaway. It was multifaceted. It had a strong inertia. "I came for a week and stayed for five years", confessed Jamie from Argentina. Byron was bustling yet tranquil, a place for the enlightened and a den for the stoned. It was, in short, schizophrenic.

Like Byron, our host pents were different. They were like photo-negatives of each other. The father laughed. The mother fidgeted. After thirty seconds I knew they were mad. They ran the local delicatessen in Byron's high street. They had previously lived in Toowoomba - beachbums they explained, pioneering hydroponics before moving to Byron. They lived in a rustic beach house, classically Australian, two dogs, pots and pans hanging in the pine kitchen. Every flat surface was taken by items in transit: a jar of pickles, old newspapers, an un-paid phone bill. Unlike most transitory objects, these items would never make it back to the cupboard: they were refugees, destined to wait at other people's mercy. In the kitchen, every day seemed like Sunday - a day of rest, particularly for housework.

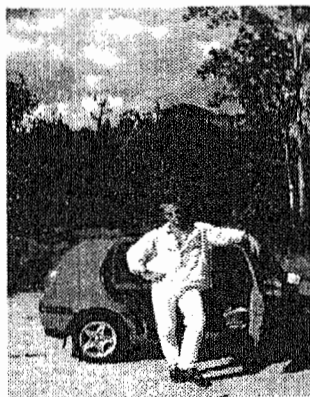
My first initiation to the "country way of doing things" was a midsummer night trek to a Christmas party. Despite our pleadings - "it wouldn't be our scene, we'll catch up with you later" - our concerns were either ignored or interpreted as not wanting to impose. This strengthened their resolve. Our only victory was taking separate cars. The Volvo sped off dangerously along the narrow country roads while we did our best to follow. Unlike most Volvo's, this clapped-out farm vehicle - "we once had a cow in the back!" - lacked tail lights, brake lights, and had a dangerously flat rear wheel. "Try not to turn too sharply to the left," was the remedy. Under the careful supervision of a normal driver, the situation would have been merely dangerous. Under our hosts driving, it was negligent. It seemed that they had an urgent appointment with an exorcist - father smiling the strange smile of the deranged, mother somewhere near Pluto, while son bit his tongue like a Far-Side character while snatching at the wheel.

After half an hour, "it's only five minutes up the road," the Volvo lurched onto the hard shoulder without warning or indication. By engaging defensive driving, we narrowly avoided a fatality. Pausing only long enough to ask directions from a farmhouse, the Volvo took off again, driven by its crash-test dummy. Some time later we arrived at the venue printed on the ticket - handwritten on recycled paper in process deemed safe to animals. Deserted save for three infants splashing in the pool, the venue, like the Volvo, had the knack of changing loca-

tions without warning. Interpreting the babble from the kids, we set off again, this time heading for Federal, "you know, near that bridge where Tony had a party last year!"

Arriving at a tiny restaurant, *The Puggle Inn*, a waiter greeted us wiping his hands. "Yeah, they came up this way to make a booking but we're booked out," that is to say that both tables were taken. Like the waiter, I too wanted to wipe my hands of this goose chase, I wanted to fly the coup and get away from the rural menagerie that our convoy had become. We waved the family on. They had broken our stamina, but we had the map and used it to return to Byron in the remaining twilight.

Joshua Kennedy-White



Flash-back:



Byron



Bay

WOMEN AND BUDGET CUTS

or The Government, Feminism and the Purpose of Education *

The first thing we need to acknowledge is the importance of education for women and the role of education in women's achievement of equality and liberation. Women have only had access to Higher Education for a very short time - that's why we celebrate **Blue Stocking Week** every year - and it is only in the last 30 or 40 years that women have begun to attend university in equal numbers with men. Even now when women make up around 60% of undergraduate students we are still concentrated in so-called 'non-traditional' and non-profit generating courses and very few women have access to those all-important research dollars in post-graduate studies.

Women face extra barriers to their access to Higher Education institutions, such as inadequate security on campus, inadequate child care, poor quality student services and the entrenched social attitude that education is wasted on women who are "only" going to get married and have children. **We all need to continue the struggle to ensure that everyone, regardless of gender, race or socio-economic status, is able to access quality, publicly-funded education - the kind of education system that the Howard Liberal Government has consistently demonstrated they are *not* committed to.**

Before I go on to the effects of the 1996 Higher Education budget cuts, there are a number of established barriers to access that affect women more than men. Inadequate, expensive or non-existent Child care on campus is something that stops many women from attending university because there is no doubt that women still bear the greatest burden in regards to the care of children. As a further blow to an equitable education system the Federal Government cut \$150 million from the Federal Child Care budget last year. May 7 was National Child Care Red Alert Day where people wore red, covered their centres in red streamers and had red badges to support student parents and their families. This is an ongoing campaign so look out for petitions to sign or write to your local MP about why you think child care is important, or ask the Students' Association how you can get involved in the campaign. Cuts to child care will hit single mothers, young families and mature age students particularly hard - groups that already have limited access to Higher Education.

Another barrier to women's full access to Higher Education is the lack of representation of women in decision-making processes within universities and the Government. That is why the National Union of Students (NUS) and your Students' Association have Women's Departments - to ensure that women students have a voice at universities and to the Govern-

ment. Too often student services such as security, equal opportunity and Child Care are inadequate because there are not enough women on the committees making the decisions to make sure such services are recognised as vital. Even the committee that is reviewing the future of Higher Education for the next 20 years has only one woman on it and is headed by a man who was the principal for many years of the most elite private boys' school in Sydney.

Women are not second-rate citizens and deserve the same access to and representation within universities as men.

Last year's budget cuts were the most vicious in many years and are set to affect women particularly harshly. Under the old system of HECS, before differential HECS and the lowering of the HECS repayment threshold, it was predicted that 1 in 4 women as opposed to 1 in 25 men would still be paying off their HECS debt at the age of 65! With the new lowered repayment threshold, which is \$7000 below average weekly earnings (and women's average is lower than the Australian average), women will pay back their debt faster but they will still do it at a slower speed than most men, with more interest and more economic hardship. The new threshold brings the lie to the Liberal Government's claim that Graduates automatically get high-paid jobs - if that was so why we they need to force us to pay back our HECS when we are earning 25% less than the average wage? The truth is that degrees do not come with a guaranteed high-paying job and that there is more to education than just earning money- it is also about improving our quality of life, developing the ability to argue, to critique and to change our society. If we are to be the clever country, our Government needs to realise that knowledge is power and an educated society benefits everyone.

The huge increases to HECS (by up to 125% for some courses) and the differentiation of courses according to future earning prospects combined with the cost of running each course, also has a detrimental effect on women. The low participation of women in non-traditional courses is still a fundamental issue for feminists and needs to be addressed if we are to end gender-specific

socialisation in our culture. By placing courses such as medicine, veterinary science, dentistry, architecture, applied science and engineering in the top tiers of HECS the Liberal Government is only offering disincentives for increased participation by women in these areas. The HECS increases are especially a barrier to mature age women students, whose participation in Higher Education increased dramatically in the period of free education in the '70s and early '80s, but under the HECS system the prospect of adding a study debt to mortgages and Child Care costs mean that for many women study is simply not a viable option.



OK, maybe not this heartwrenching but..

The 1996 Federal Budget Cuts also opened up the option of charging upfront fees for Australian undergraduates and Adelaide University Senior Management is seriously considering the possibility. Already Melbourne Uni, Sydney Uni, Deakin Uni and Uni of Central Queensland have said they will be offering 25% over quota upfront fee-paying spots in some of their most prestigious courses and these spots are

not being sold cheaply. Melbourne Uni has said they will be charging up to \$110 000 for their degrees, and Mary O'Kane, the Vice Chancellor of Adelaide Uni is talking about similar figures. Upfront fees have serious ramifications in terms of equity - it means that people who didn't make the grade will be able to buy a place instead! 'Over-quota' places means more students packed into already overcrowded lecture theatres; it means more students vying for books in the library (at the same time that libraries are being slashed because of cuts to university operating grants) and other resources such as computers; it means more students in your tutorials and more students fighting to see your tutor in the one or two hours per week of tutor contact time (and don't forget these students didn't get the grades to get in on merit so they will be needing more help from the tutor, and since they're paying thousands of dollars upfront they have every right to demand that they get extra attention). Women will be affected especially badly if upfront fees are introduced at our universities because women don't earn as much as men, because it takes women longer to pay off debt (if they decided to take out a loan to pay for an

upfront fee-paying spot), and because women are not always prioritised for tertiary education by their families.

Until recently I thought we lived in a society where certain basic rights were guaranteed - food, shelter, adequate health care, equality of opportunity, freedom from discrimination, *access to quality education...* but it seems that the Howard Government is less than committed to these rights - seeing them instead as privileges that only those with enough money can indulge in. The Coalition Government seem especially determined to drive women back into the home with their anti-woman agendas of slashing Child Care and public health care (thereby forcing women to take up the age-old burden of being unpaid carers in the home); by declaring that speech which is non-gender specific (and therefore doesn't render women invisible) is silly and even restricts their freedom of speech (how about women's freedom to be recognised as human beings in the language of the government that is supposed to represent them?); and fundamentally, by making education accessible only to those few women who are already privileged in our society by their colour and their socio-economic status.

Education is a right not a privilege and it is about time the Federal Government started to realise that!

One of the purposes of Higher Education is to make us engineers of social change, so let's start talking about and fighting for the kind of society and the kind of education system we'd like to have - one where everyone has access, where everyone receives quality teaching, quality resources and quality student services.

Get involved in the Education campaign. Go into your Student's Association and ask when and where the next meetings of your campus Education Action Group and your Women's Collective are. Or come along to the South Australian Education Network (SAEN) meeting every Thursday at 6:00pm in the Margaret Murray Room, Level 5, Adelaide Uni Union Building, North Terrace Campus, and find out how the campaign is being run across the State. The National Union of Students (NUS) is working across Australia to ensure that your education is protected so you can call us if there's anything you want to know, on 83592455. The only way to make the Howard Government put student rights first is for everyone to get involved.

We are the only ones who can make it happen, so let's get ACTIVE!

Sky Mykyta, NUS (SA) Women's Convenor

* the title of this article is borrowed from a speech given by the NUS National Women's Officer at International Women's Day in Melbourne this year.

Briared mind's shrine
 psychedelic psyche
 paisley daisies for eyes
 smelting melting face
 cadaverous and cavernous
 tombstone bones
 overdosed on caffeine
 nicotine like strychnine
 caught in sticky cobwebs
 chain cigarette smoke
 Morpheus' morphia morbidity
 mourning the born
 mire's dire mind
 its rat infested alley
 festering flea sea
 rattling like snakes
 thieves steal reality
 stripping it naked
 assassins of passions
 rape the soul
 hypnotised and victimised
 in rite's night blight
 pimp of being
 in libido's lost world
 lotions emotion's potion
 conned concatenations
 fatuous infatuations
 beggar of love
 in vanity's insanity
 eros and thanatos
 flashback black
 possession and confession
 bewitched witch
 stitching sacrificial rituals
 in miracles of mirrors
 empty simile of a smile
 unreal surrealism's nihilism
 illuminations of the doomed
 zany and insane
 incandescent incantations
 words fly like birds
 necrophilia's neophyte
 sucking corpses of the dead
 ranting and chanting
 ideas, ideograms, ideologies
 onomatopoeia encyclopaedia
 diva of the deviant
 mad maelstrom's maestro
 syphilis symphony syringed
 rave on song
 brain drain
 decaying cadence
 decadent sense
 call a seance of sanity
 an exorcism of visions
 exodus from hell's hex
 at the zodiac's zenith
 a metaphysical metaphor
 a messenger of being -
 the mentor doctors came
 martyred masochism's asylum
 in sadism's sanctum
 sepulchre sculpture
 prison wreathed with chains

A direction of thought

From above the stars
 came a wind who
 thought he was a
 thought
 his friend, a sound,
 thought differently
 but did not say any-
 thing.

And while I was sitting
 here
 I felt a breath of wind
 upon my brain
 or was it a thought
 and yet I think I heard
 a sound who could
 think.

So when I asked them
 which way to reality
 they told me to follow
 the street lights
 until I reach the end of
 the world, then turn
 left.

Sam

**LIQUID LYRICS
 A Vision's Rhythm
 By Sound**



weaves the air
 plaiting her namesake
 with seaweed hair
 hieroglyphic Sybil's sym-
 bols bleed
 Piscean dreams scream
 broken totem images
 the unconcious voodooos
 the soul taboo
 destiny tattoos
 voices heckle and jekyll
 diagnosis symbiosis psy-
 chosis
 schizophrenic schism
 genetic genesis germ
 fluorescent fluphenazine
 rearranges the deranged
 libido's placebo
 no talking to her shadow
 mosaic mentally made
 prosaic
 mugged drugged
 lobotomised and atro-
 phied
 into mundanity banality
 sirens signal from heaven
 arms stretched in
 Christos' cross
 riding a comet rocket
 wings syringed unhinged
 death after death
 no dharm karma nir-
 vana.

Julie Thompson

house hunting

A blur of abodes.
 Up steps to spaces,
 ginger brick
 in 1950's vulgarity.

Beckoned by frizzy agents,
 poised in the centre
 of the largest room
 waving vaguely
 so as to avoid contact
 with the enclosing walls
 they are trying to sell.

Carpet that needs mowing;
 a swirl of brown ripples
 that would seem to hide
 crumbs of another life.
 Remnants
 of a tenancy of meals
 concealed amidst a forest
 of dirty fibres.

Decaying rays
 struggle listlessly
 to enter a shadowed room.
 Bolted out
 to prevent the illumination
 of odious surroundings.

And the stench of closed spaces.
 A box of un-lived in
 human existence;
 captured and bottled for six weeks
 to be released
 upon our arrival
 in the \$110/week flat.

Anika Johnstone



ADELAIDE UNI TOILETS
(13/3/97)

Pontoons.
Solitary.
Alone.

The sheet of disinfectant
vs. abusive grime.

The smell of excrement.

Primitive explanation.

An expression.

Toilet flushing.

Farting.

Fumigating my mind.

Fouling.

Smells piercing.

Inner web.

Inner thoughts.

Intermittent pattern of urine.

Please Lord.

Poets scratching on the wall.

Agenda.

Agenda.

Agenda.

Lesbian.

Feminist.

Vegetarian.

Platform/policy.

Sinner.

Lover.

Victim & the Counsellor.

Poetry/prose. Poetry/prose.

Relief.

Belief.

Gushing sounds.

Pressure dismounts.

Merging.

Submerging.

Blurring into blue, anonymous

black biro down the toilet wall.

Flushed.

Flushed.

Gurgled.

Gargled.

Swallowed by the septic tanks.

These expressions of angst.

J. A. Paine

THE AFFORDABLE ROMANCE

We sit here
& I clasp your hand,
a loving gesture.
The house wine is finished
& I smile the smile of so many adverts,
a shallow pool of expression, garnished with love.
It's all you can eat, & we've done that,
both of us full & glowing, radiant
& I rip a phrase from those who meant it:
"I love you."

We sit here
& a woman appeals:
"would the gentleman like to buy a rose?"
How novel to buy one!
I do and you accept.
What a gentleman I am.

We soon depart
& as we walk, watch the wind race bits of rubbish.
We are both cold through
& like a gallant knight
I honour you with my coat,
a gesture of such chivalry.

We kiss once more
as my car waits,
an icy vessel & a witness
& I open its door for you,
a gesture more noble than the rose itself.

And now I want you
I've bought you with my money, manner, affection
you owe me and I know you want to pay me.
You must surrender all to the romance.
You fight, bite, kick, scratch, snatch for air,
but I'm away,
I was caged for too long.

The act over with
I wonder
why did you fight?
Surely my effort & expense deserve something.
Why didn't you yield to me?

Dinner should have cost more.

AIDAN COLEMAN



Look out of Crystal eyes
Onto a world pricked with innocence
and freedom.

Project the pearl of your mind and
Spread your life with a smile
Of power and Clarity

Love your Sister -
Kiss her Lover

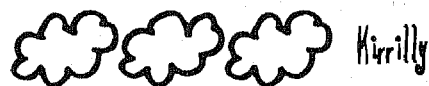
Sit in the shade of the moon
And reach out for the touch
of another

Kiss like a child
And receive like a lover

Show your harmony
To a stranger
Clasp his hands in your own
For noone sees the ugliness
in your heart
except
that which you have created.

As the ink flows free and fast
Know your sensuality has returned
And your body is free to receive
the embodiment of all
That is free

Feel the softness and texture
of an artificial feeling
Naturally Instilled.



BOOK OF THE WEEK

*The Unconscious
Civilisation*

JOHN RALSTON SOUL

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Our Price: \$15.25

SOME THOUGHTS TO SHARE

*"...feel like a flicker in a film,
borrowed by a viewer for a
buck, licking on a
lollypop left by luck, looking
like you're lying for your
love, but that's
somebody's broken heart
lying in the puddle in the
mud... hurry past the
heart that holds the hole,
thinking 'bout what might
have been the meaning of
the man..."*

I don't know what to say. I have nothing more to say. I don't know who I am. Bullshit. I know all of these things, but they are still sentences I use frequently. I always have something to say. So why do I say that I don't? Part of living a lie. It's just my contribution to the world's pool of bullshit. Another meaningless statement going unnoticed because of all the crap gone before it. Maybe pretensions have always gone unnoticed. Maybe they are necessary. Maybe useless statements are a balance for the good ones that people come up with every once in a while. Or maybe not. It seems to me that there is so much to say that really need not be said at all and so much that has already been said before. I bet many of the most insightful statements go unnoticed anyway. But what is talk? Talk is cheap.

Now that was a good insight. It is comforting to think that things are worse now, for me and my fellow man than they ever have been, or that perhaps the technological era has posed bigger and more challenging problems for human nature than ever before. In reality however, it is quite probable that we, all of us, face problems of uncertainty, fault and loss that our forefathers, and all peoples from all over the globe face, have faced since the beginning of our existence. And still there are no answers. I find the thought that we as humans share our faults a comforting one. But maybe that is just because I am anglo-saxon.

Katherine Hepworth

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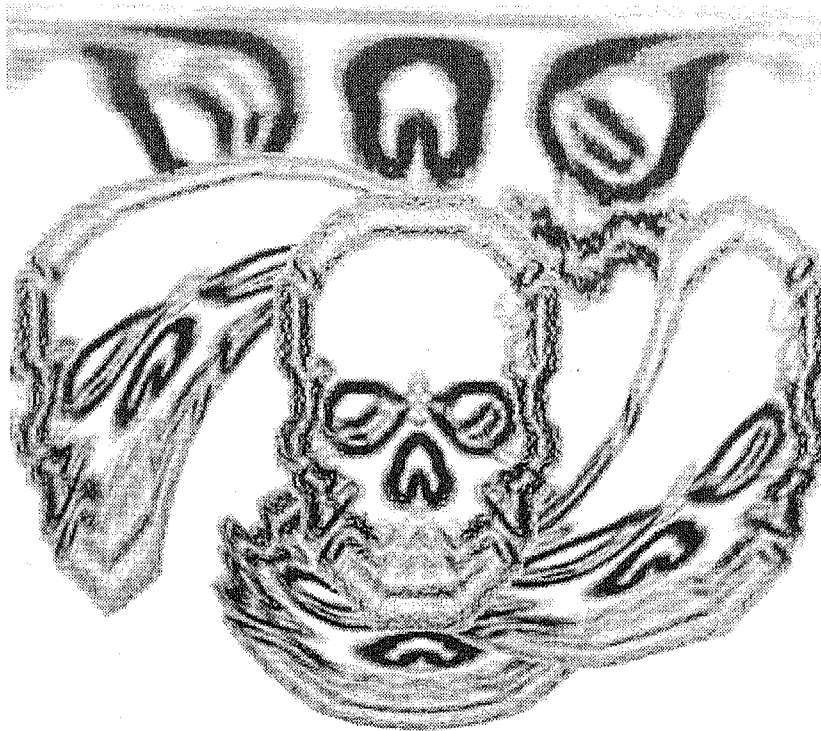
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Prose, poetry, comics, drawings, just about anything will be considered. The submission box is down in the ON DIT office. Written work will be best received typed and under 1500 words. A name and phone number (not for publication) must be included.

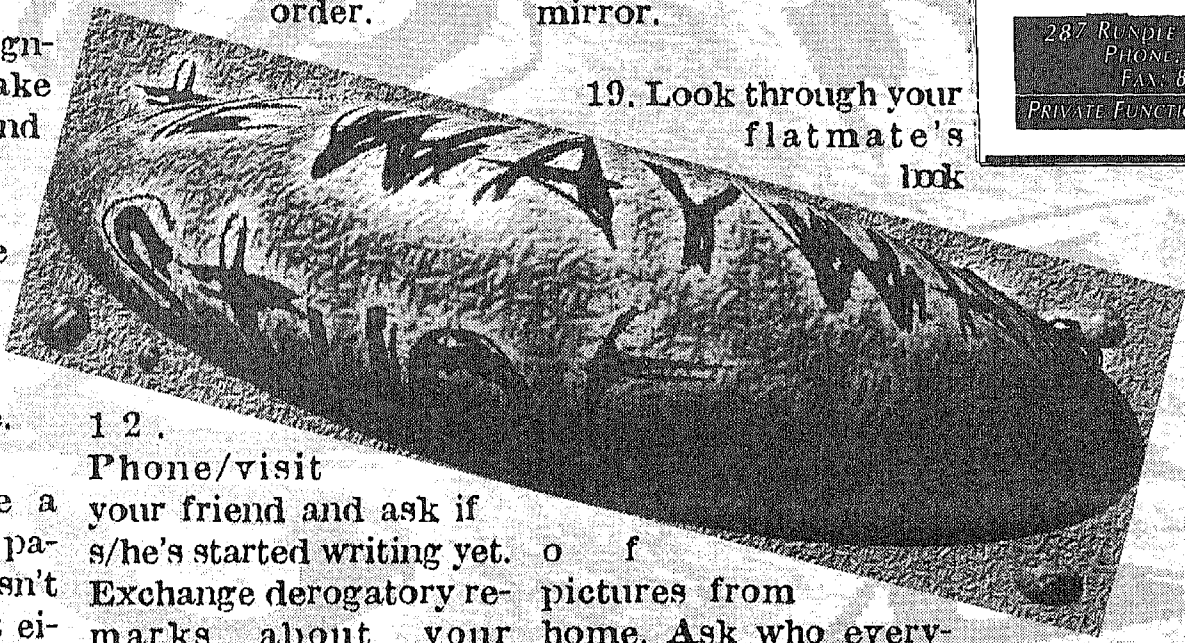


HOW TO WRITE A PAPER....

[adapted from the internet]

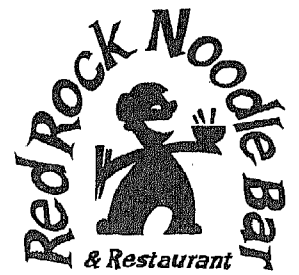
1. Sit in straight, comfortable chair in a well lighted place with plenty of freshly sharpened pencils.
2. Read over the assignment carefully, to make certain you understand it.
3. Walk down to the kitchen/vending machines and make/buy some coffee to help you concentrate.
4. Visit or phone a friend also doing the paper. If your friend hasn't started the paper yet either, you can both walk to McDonald's and buy a hamburger to help you concentrate. If your friend shows you her/his paper, typed, double-spaced, and bound in one of those irritating see-thru plastic folders, drop her/him.
5. When you get back to your room, sit in a straight, comfortable chair in a clean, well lighted place with plenty of freshly sharpened pencils.
6. Read over the assignment again to make absolutely certain you understand it.
7. You know, you haven't written to that kid you met at camp since forth grade. You'd better write that letter now and get it out of the way so you can concentrate.

8. Go look at your teeth in the bathroom mirror.
9. Listen once to your favourite CD and that's it, I mean it, as soon as it's over you are going to start that paper.
10. Listen to the other side.
11. Rearrange all of your CDs into alphabetical order.
12. Phone/visit your friend and ask if s/he's started writing yet. Exchange derogatory remarks about your teacher, the course, the university, and the world at large.
13. Sit in a straight, comfortable chair in a clean, well lighted place with plenty of freshly sharpened pencils.
14. Read over the assignment again; roll the words across your tongue; savour its special flavour.
15. Check the newspaper listings to make sure you aren't missing something truly worthwhile on TV. NOTE: When you have a paper due in less than 12 hours, anything on TV from Masterpiece, English at Work, the Sullivan's, to the infomercial with the speed-reading guy, is truly worthwhile, with these exceptions a) Freddy's Nightmares and b) any movie starring Steve "Mahoney" Guttenberg.
16. Catch the last hour of Space Precinct.
17. Phone your friend to see if s/he is watching. Discuss the finer points of the plot.
18. Go look at your tongue in the bathroom mirror.



19. Look through your flatmate's lock

12. Exchange derogatory remarks about your teacher, the course, the university, and the world at large.
13. Sit in a straight, comfortable chair in a clean, well lighted place with plenty of freshly sharpened pencils.
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16. Catch the last hour of Space Precinct.
17. Phone your friend to see if s/he is watching. Discuss the finer points of the plot.
18. Go look at your tongue in the bathroom mirror.
19. Look through your flatmate's lock
20. Sit down and do some serious thinking about your plans for the future.
21. Open your door and check to see if there are any mysterious trench-coated strangers lurking in the hall.
22. Sit in a straight, comfortable chair in a clean, well lighted place with plenty of freshly sharpened pencils.
23. Read over the assignment question one more time, just for the hell of it.
24. Scoot your chair across the room to the window and watch the sunrise.
25. Lie face down on the floor and moan.
26. Leap up and write the paper.



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FIRST DATES IN CULINARY HELL

LOCATION IS EVERYTHING

A Wayward Guide to Averting or Courting First Date Disaster

by JAMES MORRISON

The first date - a social minefield of almost epic proportions. Some dare not face it at all, preferring a monk-like life of loneliness and despair rather than facing the old 'So what are you studying / Is it interesting / What will you do next year / Seen any good films lately?' circular discussion, punctuated with long, embarrassing pauses and red-cheeked shuffling where appropriate. Others repeatedly hurl themselves into this seething storm of potential disaster, hoping against hope that something good will come of it - or at least something a little longer lasting than a casual knee-trembler in the alleyway behind the Pancake Kitchen.

The location of the meal (usually after the film) on the FIRST DATE is a difficult quandary. Dare you risk picking a place you like, knowing that this may backfire on you by revealing something of your notoriously ill-formed social network and poor tastes? Or should you just go with an unknown quantity, risking woe-ful food and the possibility of your partner for the evening watching Sky TV over your shoulder for the entire time? It's a difficult one.

This article aims to make the entire process less painful. A number of eating establishments are rated here on a number of critical factors. These are:

1. AWKWARD SILENCE CAMOUFLAGE:

When the conversation falls into a hideously long pause, will the silence sit there between you like a turd on a plate, shaming you both, or will there be background noise (possible even music) which can help swallow up those ghastly verbal wastelands.

2. UNDER-TABLE GROPAGE POTENTIAL: Only really useful if the date is going well, this rating measures the opportunities afforded for "copping a feel", as it were. Dangly tablecloths or seethrough tabletops - this can be a critical factor.

3. ROMANTIC LIGHTING QUOTIENT: Are there little candles on each table, or is there a single, flickering, greasy fluoro above the kebab counter? Will the flickering 3 Hz strobe light unleash your latent epilepsy?

Will the light hide the bags under your eyes, or will it reveal your pock-marked face in all its dermal hideousness?

4. VISUAL CONVERSATION STIMULATORS: When you run out of things to say, is there anything in the place for you to desperately latch onto, like a drowning man offered a life raft,



in the hope of resurrecting communication between the two of you? Or will you be forced to tell that "funny" story about your mad uncle and his clockwork penis?

5. EMBARRASSING FRIEND ENCOUNTERS: How likely is it that your least tactful acquaintances are going to show up and tell your prospective life partner about the time you were caught naked in a nunnery?

6. ALCOHOLIC SELF-DESTRUCTION PROBABILITY: In a nutshell, how likely are you to get tanked and make an arse of yourself? The final hurdle many people fail to jump.

And so, with these six measures in the hands of our capable social scientists, let us saunter forth into the world of the desperate and dating...

CEYLON HUT, 27 Bank Street
Underground and, frankly, strange. The toilets are at the end of a long, subterranean corridor that is more

appropriate to a train station, and the decor is... unique.

1. **ASC: 40%** Poor background music of the turned-down bazouki variety, compensated for by the loud conversation of quite obviously mad people at the other tables.

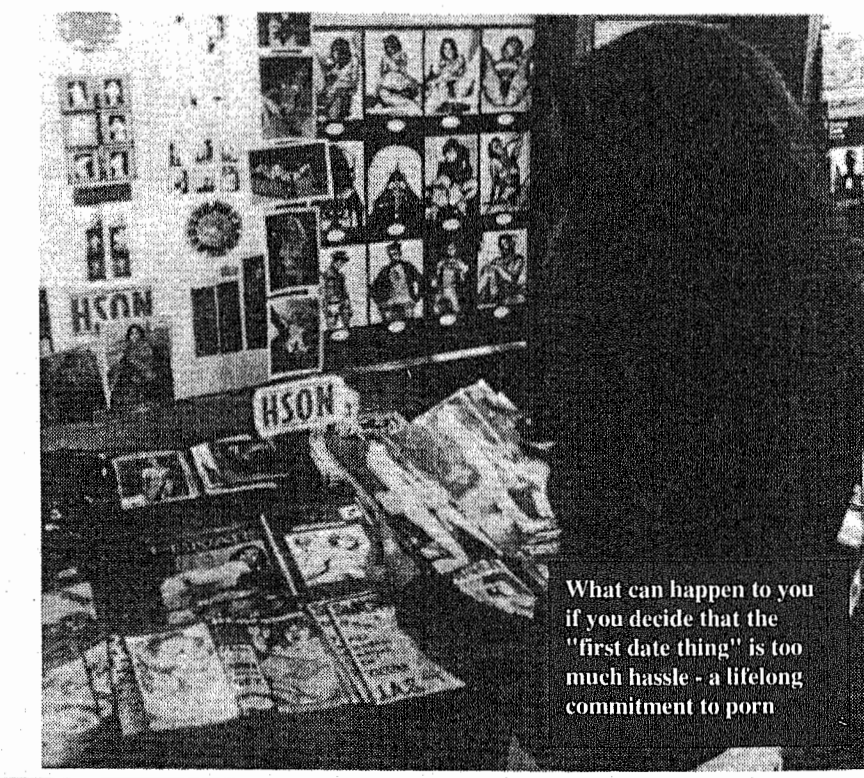
2. **UTGP: 70%** Lowhanging red table cloths will hide most dirty deeds,



though beware the watchful eye of the apparently motorised waitress.

3. **RLQ: 30%** Exposed power cables and high fluoros dispel much romantic magic. If you find fake plants and coconut shells a turn-on, though, then you're in heaven.

4. **VCS: 95%** Endless elephants, wall-rugs, masks and toy monkeys - like a



What can happen to you if you decide that the "first date thing" is too much hassle - a lifelong commitment to porn

surrealist's plastic jungle from the seventies, seen through an acid casualty's haze. Aforementioned mad people likely to be entertaining if not stared at too obviously.

5. **EFE: 5%** Very unlikely, unless all of your friends weigh several tonnes, have big ears and tusks.

6. **ASDP: 75%** Beware the terror of BENGAL LAGER - "puts a tiger under your belt!", apparently.

Good Date: Laugh at decor, share lampries, leave early.

Bad Date: Mention that you "come here often", spend rest of evening getting odd looks from partner before being abandoned before last bus leaves city.

GRIMALDI'S, Trak Cinema Complex

Popular, with excellent food and a man whose job appears to be guiding waiting customers to spare seats, like an air traffic controller of cafe furniture. Get extra date points if you address him by name. It's "Ben".

1. **ASC: 100%** Very busy, very crowded - if you can't hide an embarrassing pause inside this place then you make the world's noisiest silence.

2. **UTGP: 20%** Small tables, no table cloths - but your partner's nether regions will be within easy reach, even from the far side of the table.

3. **RLQ: 20% - 80%** Poor inside, but

excellent outside when moonlit - much opportunity for staring soulfully into each other's eyes.

4. **VCS: 100%** Video store next door, lots of movie posters and a strategically placed lava lamp. What more could you want?

5. **EFE: 70%** If you have trendy friends, chances are you'll see them here (or at least see them as they emerge from a movie).

6. **ASDP: 60%** Might get carried away with all the good food (ie infamous "Wine / Women / Song" scenario)

Good Date: Stare into each other's eyes, talk about movies, snuggle together for warmth at outdoor table.

Bad Date: Discover utterly incompatible movie tastes, get laughed at by "Ben" for misunderstanding which table is meant to be yours. One of you discovers a deep-seated hatred for lava lamps.

MONTEZUMA'S, North Adelaide

Decorators have gone apeshit with Mexican motif. Mucho liquor ads. Strange graffiti in toilets.

1. **ASC: 70%** Loudish Crowded House will satisfy both tentative mainstreamers and relaxed indie kids.

2. **UTGP: 65%** Little booths means big gropings (possibly).

3. **RLQ: 70%** Nice candles at every table - effect only slightly undermined by huge pink and green pinatas hanging from roof.

4. **VCS: 100%** Aforementioned pinatas, stuffed birds, big hats of the sombrero variety, crocodiles, ancient Mexican pictograms on menu, etc.

5. **EFE: 30%** North Adelaide-based cronies may pass by, but otherwise unlikely to attract attention of annoying "friends".

6. **ASDP: 80%** Danger due to dreaded pink margaritas. They even have umbrellas in them.

Good Date: Share margarita, go home full of beans (ho ho).

Bad Date: Drink seven margaritas on own, spend entire evening star-

ing malevolently at paper mache donkey hanging from ceiling.

MCDONALD'S, Rundle Mall

Tacky, plastic decor for the tacky, plastic customers to eat their tacky, plastic food. Signs demand the customers take no longer than 20 minutes to eat.

1. **ASC: 50%** Crap 'tunes', shouts of deprived low-wage teenagers behind counter.

2. **UTGP: 40%** If you have no shame, groping here will be quite easy. The bloke across the aisle with his baseball cap on backwards and the Adidas windcheater already has his hands down somebody's dress.

3. **RLQ: 0%** It's McDonald's.

4. **VCS: 0%** Unless you find the Hamburglar interesting, or are the sort of person who poses for photographs with that ugly plastic Ronald McDonald in the Myer centre.

5. **EFE: 80%** Any number of budget-conscious or taste-unconscious persons of your acquaintance liable to appear at any moment and demand some of your "fries".

6. **ASDP: 0%** Unless you get some sort of toxic infection from the thickshakes.

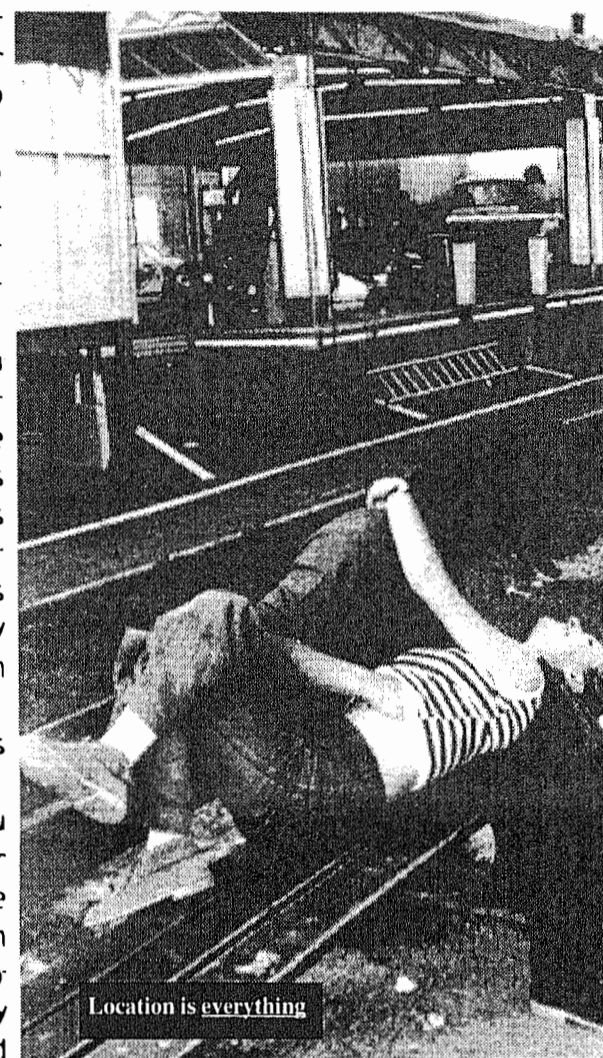
Good Date: High impossible, unless you've both already dropped out of the human race.

Bad Date: Virtually guaranteed, but at least you won't have bothered spending much and you might get some sort of crappy plastic toy out of the experience.



Some try to compensate for a poor first date location with "personality" - this is a mistake

you pay exorbitantly for your meal before sitting down, unlike in any self-respecting real restaurant. Extra points awarded if your partner knew you were bringing them here and was still willing to come with you.



Location is everything

1. **ASC: 75%** Crowd noise at high level, including feeble cries of people failing to attract attention of trainee waiters. If conversation grinds to a complete halt, can always escape to the "Salad Bar", there to survey the limp vegetables and watery pasta sauce "spread" put on by malignant demons disguised as Sizzler managers

2. **UTGP: 20%** Poor, although can always hide hands behind huge pieces of suspicious, cheesy bread which are distributed with each meal.

3. **RLQ: 0%** Unless you count the headlights of people pulling up outside as romantic.

4. **VCS: 20%** Other than saying "How about them fake plants?" or "How about that Salad Bar?", there is little to stimulate the struggling conversationalist. However, may impress / infuriate date by addressing staff

by first names or filling out the little report cards in a "witty" manner.

5. **EFE: 70%** If you have embarrassing friends or, especially, relatives, they'll be here. Optionally include confused grandmothers asking for "Malibar" chicken.

6. **ASDP: 20%** Not the place to go for a stiff drink, though a stiff bill will be guaranteed.

Good Date: Start getting close when pressed intimately together in queue to pay for food before holding hands at the cash register.

Bad Date: Annoy date by announcing that "Sizzler has gone downhill since they made all of those changes!" every twenty minutes.

SNAKE CHARMER, Unley Road

Home of delicious Indian food, including the best naan in the free world. It's cheap, too.

1. **ASC: 40%** Occasional light music and the odd Anglo waitress swearing light-heartedly at the customers.

2. **UTGP: 90%** Low white tablecloths, small tables and cosy little rooms means groping opportunities galore!

3. **RLQ: 50% - 100%** When it's good, it's very good.

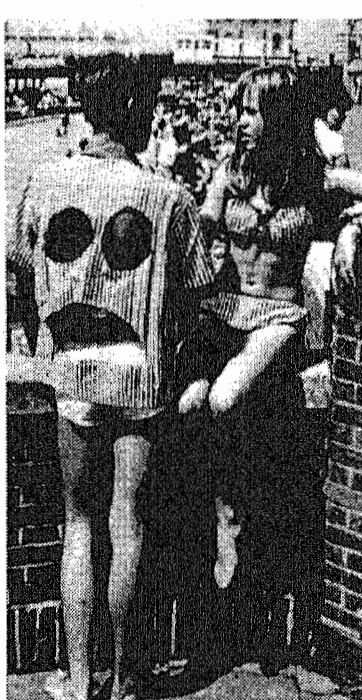
4. **VCS: 30%** If you're not looking into one another's eyes then you'll have to make do with the occasional Hindu god statuette or tasteful KamaSutra-esque illustration on the walls.

5. **EFE: 10%** Even if they were here, they'd probably be in another room, and thus not a worry.

6. **ASDP: 45%** Good food may engender incaution vis-a-vis drinks. Be warned.

Good Date: Both eat delicious garlic naan, but nobody minds at all.

Bad Date: One of you eats garlic naan, other refuses to pucker up upon departure at evening's end.



Armed with this preliminary success, we wish you every success with your future romantic careers. May you go forth and multiply with fruitsome abandon. Good luck to you all.

Dedicated with greatly heartfelt thanks to LISA DOLMAN

BELL'S / SIZZLER, Glen Osmond Road
One of many identikit eateries where



On Dit Vox Pop. Stardom (albeit

Question 1

What is your opinion of John Howard's 10 point plan?
(Do you think it is possible to have a legislation that can provide certainty for pastoralists but also protect native title rights?)

Question 3

We all have some songs that we sing the wrong lyrics to - please share with us the lyrics you have



Ashley

1. Did a law student make this up?
2. My mother's dress is fantastic - especially her knee-high f###k me boots.
3. I just can't get it up ("I just can't get enough")



Eve

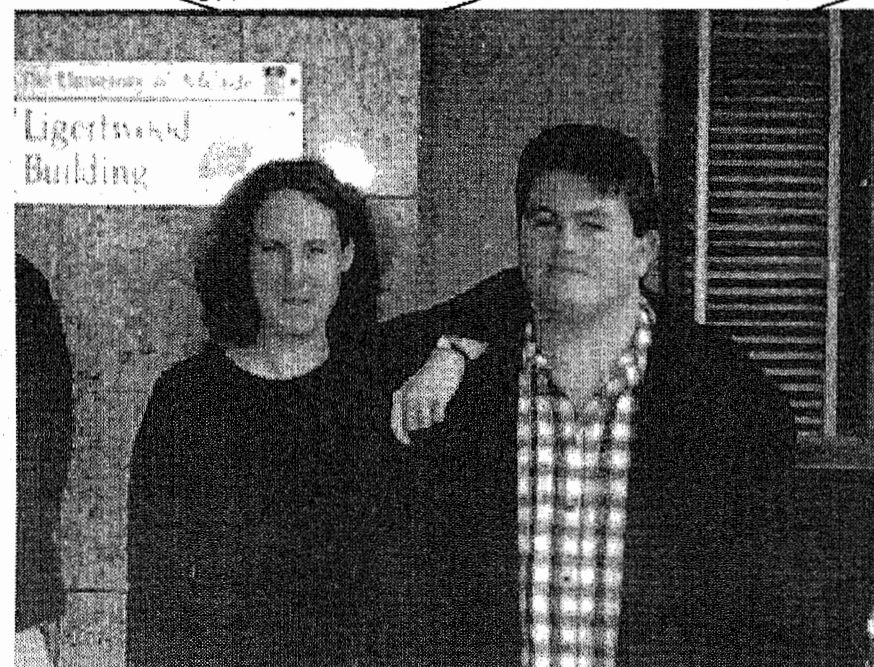
1. ?
2. Yeah the same for Lora's answer.
3. I can't think.

Josie

1. (scratches head)
2. Shoes.
3. ?

Lora

1. ?
2. Her jackets.
3. ?



Todd

1. We don't know, we haven't been given the lecture yet.
2. My mother's floral frocks.
3. I wish you had rabies. ("I miss you like crazy")

Nicole

1. Ditto.
2. [in response to Todd] Frocks is the worst word in the English language.
3. Walk with your sister Lorraine ("Walk with your sister in the rain")



brief) guaranteed! 26 May 1997

Question 2

(Which was generously donated by WSC - we choose the pick of the bunch)
Which of your mother's clothes would you most like to wear?

sung only to find yourself grossly embarrassed by (eg Hey Jill, don't take those sleeping pills - Suede).

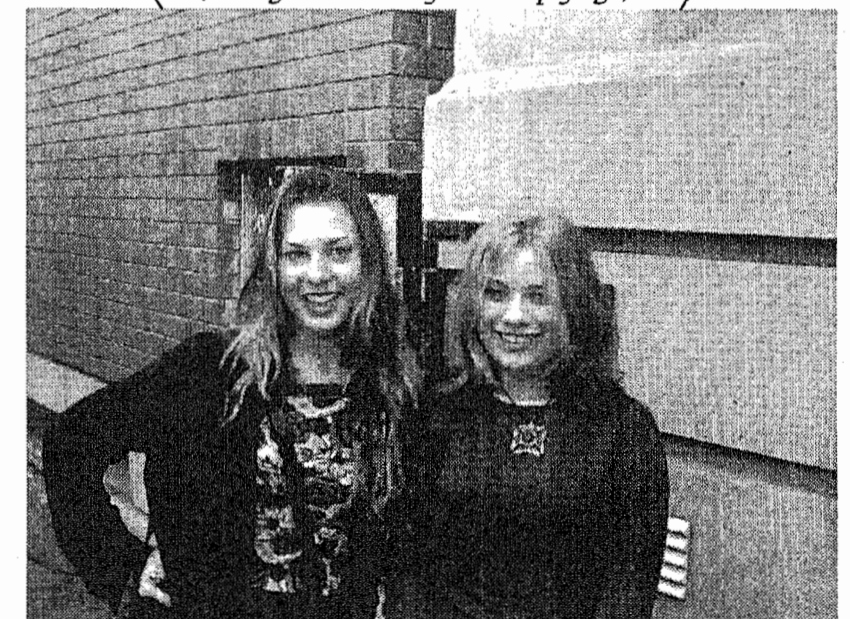


Kathryn

1. You thief, you stole this question from a constitutional law tutorial.
2. Her FrankenFurter outfit.
3. The ants are my friends, they're blowing in the wind. ("The answer my friends is blowing in the wind")

Aldona

1. I like John Howard's 10 pint plan better.
2. The crazy psychedelic purple poncho with a fringed edging.
3. I've got shoes, they're made of plywood. ("I've got chills, they're multiplying")



Jeremy

1. Seems like a buy off for the National Party support.
2. Which one wouldn't I like to wear.
3. Nothing.

Sam

1. No Comment.
2. I'm not sure that I'd fit into anything.
3. Carry the crows ("carry the cross")

Geoff

1. I have no links to the country.
2. Which I do wear or which I would like to wear?
3. No, not really.



Tweety

1. Does it involve cats or beer?
2. A diaphragm.
3. You can't print it because it's defamatory.

General Disorder

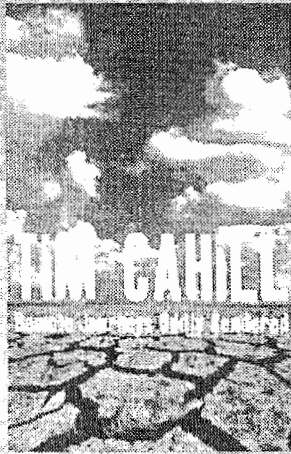
1. I would shoot it and blow it up.
2. If she had a bullet-proof bra...
3. I've sung a lot of songs about masturbation.

Travel All Over The Countryside...

Remote Journeys Oddly Rendered

Tim Cahill
Fourth Estate
\$19.95

Any travel writer whose works include books with titles like *Jaguars Ripped My Flesh*, *Pecked To Death By Ducks* and *A Wolverine Is Eating My Leg* (as well as an unrelated work on the life and times of serial killer John Wayne Gacy) has got to be worth a look - and in the case of Tim Cahill, such a look will be greatly rewarded.



An American journalist who appears to be most at home either hanging from a cliff, drowning in icy water or being insulted by nomads, Cahill's latest book is a collection of short pieces, most of them relating to his peculiar adventures in suitably obscure and dangerous areas. While it would be easy for such a writer (particularly a male writer) to turn this into some sort of machismo-charged "See me wrestle crocs with my bare hands!" Alby Mangels-style ego-fest, Tim Cahill neatly sidesteps this by maintaining a healthy sense

of humour and a finely tuned bullshit detector. The first tale, 'Mongolia: Adventures in You-Cut Hairstyling', details his travels across Outer Mongolia collecting hair specimens for DNA analysis back in the United States. The locals are suitably bemused by this peculiar fetish for unwashed hair, but are more than willing to help him. The story opens with Cahill and his companions being pursued through the frozen grasslands by a pair of heavily armed yoghurt riders - standard blood-and-thunder journalism at first glance - but a clever twist at the end reveals that barbarism is the last thing on these warriors' minds. Every story in this volume is fascinating, from the short three-page anecdotes about shoe trading in

remote Indonesia and revenge by bee-hive, to the longer articles which not only explore the present-day situation of numerous remote parts of the planet, but cleverly examine the tumultuous histories and cultures of these countries into the bargain. Such information-dense writing might normally be unreadable but Cahill does it all superbly (and even opens the book with a seething broadside about the sort of people who dislike travel writing). A delightful book, despite its woeful, textbookish cover, and one which all armchair travellers who like a bit of adrenaline with their Amazon should consider.

James Morrison

OPERATION: DESERT YAWN.

An Australian Odyssey from Giza to Gallipoli
Garrie Hutchinson
Sceptre (Hodder Headline)
\$24.95

Wouldn't Homer be pleased! A parochial Getaway style recount of a relatively uninspiring tourist jaunt, put upon a par with the wanderings of Odysseus. Garrie Hutchinson, a self-professed seasoned traveller, invariably manages to get ripped-off by the Cairo tourist touts at every turn - hardly perfidies of Homeric proportions.

That said, there is some merit to be found in Garrie Hutchinson's novel *An Australian Odyssey from Giza to Gallipoli*. With a keen sense of his peers' interests, Hutchinson aims squarely at the Australian nostalgia market. Indeed, he uses every far-fetched technique he can muster to somehow link in a substantial way the Australian experience of Gallipoli with the Greek and Middle Eastern experience of the last few millennia. Not surprisingly, the result is

AN AUSTRALIAN ODYSSEY FROM GIZA TO GALLIPOLI



GARRIE HUTCHINSON

All worthy winners, and, unlike recent winners Demidenko and Koch, all blissfully free of controversy. Proof positive of the depth of Australian writing talent. Cool, huh?

- Literature Sub-Editor.

Oh, By The Way...

For those interested, the short list for this year's Miles Franklin Award - worth a pleasant \$27,000 to the winner - has been announced, and here 'tis:

- Thea Astley - *The Multiple Effects of Rainshadow*
- Robert Dessaix - *Night Letters*
- Robert Drewe - *The Drowner*
- David Foster - *The Glade Within the Grove* (my personal favourite, reviewed in our orientation edition)
- Janette Turner Hospital - *Oyster*
- David Malouf - *Conversations at Curlow Creek*
- John Scott - *Before I Wake*

rather contrived. Seemingly random quotes from great Greek authors such as Herodotus are mingled with those of their less eminent Australian counterparts (in a very loose sense indeed) C.J. Dennis and C.E.W. Bean. The most banal of travel-brochure camel rides are dressed up as epic desert expeditions. Reading the in-flight magazine while being pseudo-hijacked is compared with cattle truck transport to Auschwitz.

All very well for lounge room titillation, but hardly the stuff to last 2800 years.

Those who have an interest in potted histories and cruise boat travel will find this book both informative and entertaining. The rest of us will just have to pack our rucksacks.

Christopher Gray

Seeing Things

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Here's Leprous Vini

The Eleventh Plague

Leonard A. Cole
Freeman
\$39.95

Six thousand sheep just over thirty kilometres downwind of a Utah chemical and biological warfare 'testing ground' drop dead from apparent nerve gas poisoning, and multiple local rancher families suddenly develop a range of debilitating physical problems. The American military concludes that the health problems and sheep deaths could not "conceivably be related" to tests at the proving ground. Nationwide airborne sprayings of bacteria later determined to be too dangerous to expose people to. Deaths of cleaning staff by anthrax in 'abandoned' military buildings. 'Disappearing' vials of active bubonic plague. Iraq's use of biological weapons against Iran in the eighties, as well as its own Kurdish population. The mysterious 'Gulf War Syndrome' of

the nineties. The Aum cult's gas attacks on the Tokyo subways. Ebola outbreaks. A man ordering the makings of plague through the post (and receiving them). Nasty stuff. Indeed, the nastiest stuff. At least a city flattened by a nuclear bomb gets less and less dangerous with time. A viral weapon has the potential to get more and more powerful, and spread throughout the world. Once they're out there, these things cannot be controlled.

Subtitled *The Politics of Biological and Chemical Warfare*, Leonard Cole's horrifically well-researched book takes as its central philosophical point the idea that the elimination of these weapons is both utterly desirable and attain-

able. It's a hard argument to fault, but this has not stopped the quiet proliferation of biological and chemical weapons, a terrifying arms race that began with gas attacks in 1915. What's more, it is an arms race that most people don't even begin to understand. Most countries have signed treaties to control these weapons, but this has achieved little. Nobody interfered during Iraq's use of bio-weapons in the eighties, thus giving tacit approval for the development of more dangerous substances

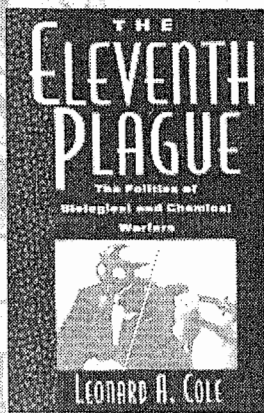
which were then used against the Allies in 1991. If ever there was proof that people are unendingly stupid, it is to be found in this book.

Cole clearly outlines the moral and political arguments against

bio- and chemical weapons, as well as discussing in great depth the numerous accidents, cock-ups and deliberately immoral actions that have already cost countless people's lives. He not only dissects the problem but also suggests what appears to be a highly workable solution. A timely and fascinating study, and passionately argued. Unfortunately, you suspect that none of the people who should be made to read this will even consider it - at least, not until after what is surely an inevitable accident on a monstrous scale.

One final thought. It would only take \$10,000 of lab equipment, reasonably basic scientific knowledge and some mail-order bacteria for one person to wipe out millions - well within the reach of many terrorists and lone nutcases. The next Unabomber won't be mucking about with conventional explosives.

James Morrison

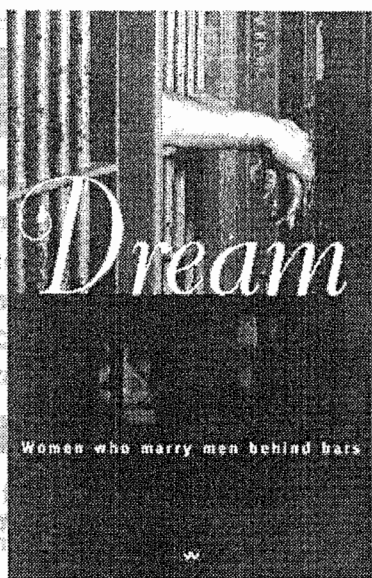


So I Don't Have To Dream Alone

Dream Lovers - Women who marry men behind bars

Jacquelynne Wilcox-Bailey
Wakefield Press
\$14.95

Despite initial misgivings about an author with a hyphenated name this book has many redeeming qualities, for those amongst you who have asked why women marry men behind bars and how do their relationships turn out, this book is for you. The author compiles material from interviews and correspondence over a ten year period following several different prison couples. It is an interesting insight into the life of a woman married to a man in gaol. For instance waiting by the phone during the day not wanting to leave in case your husband or boyfriend rings and you're not there and they are unable to ring again. Worrying if you wait home and they don't ring. Are they in the infirmary or solitary? Did something happen or are the prison authorities just being difficult? One thing that proved very interesting from my point of view was how the couples adjusted after the man was released. Many relationships faltered through a variety of pressures at this stage. Often the male was unable to readjust to society and the subsequent tension cre-



ated by this ever present potential to re-offend coupled with the women adjusting to a partner now at home proved too much for many couples. The author suggests

some categories for the types of women that marry men in goal in the preface of the book. These included 'martyrs' (to their husbands cause) or 'saviours' (doing Gods will) or the 'power freaks' (controlling their spouse from the outside) but then, quite properly, Wilcox-Bailey leaves you to decide on the accuracy or otherwise of these categorisations as the wives and husbands speak for themselves about topics such as courtship, marriage and intimacy. Noticeably each women treasured one aspect of their prison relationship above all else - their partners ability to communicate. One could sardonically quip 'what else did they have', but this is missing the point. For the women involved marrying men behind bars gave them something that they were unable to get from those men around them. In men behind bars they found, for whatever time, someone focussed and listening to them, someone yearning for conversation and interaction with them. Perhaps this is something all men can learn.

Robert Kalnins

Pieces Of Eight.

The Pirate's Daughter

Robert Girardi

"Wilson Lander is incapacitated by dread..." - so starts the press release for *The Pirate's Daughter*. More incapacitating for Wilson in my view is the silly text and the weight of the stereotypes that fill this book.

Robert Girardi has attempted an old-fashioned adventure story spiced with a shot of romance and plenty of soul searching. It was obviously too much for him to handle, because the result is bland and formulaic.

Sad Wilson runs away to sea at an unspecified age, leaving behind his job and his girlfriend. He meets a variety of people, but Girardi's character sketches are simply caricatures - the old salt captain (hates modern technology), an idealistic lonely rich guy (money can't buy happiness). These characters lack the realism to make this book worth reading. Their one dimensional personae negate any chance of the reader feeling sympathy for them as they meet their various ends.

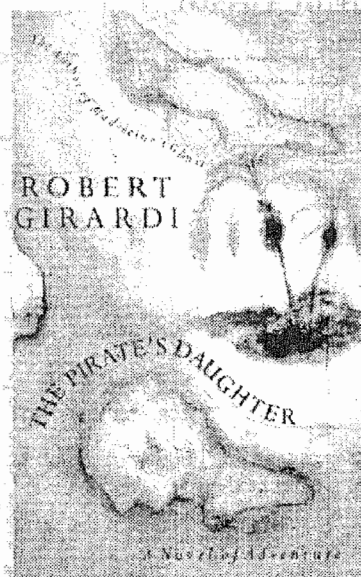
The text is, as I mentioned before, silly. It tries to be varied - philosophical, ("The sea receives

all kinds of orphans, mister.."), moral, ("couldn't build my happiness on the proceeds of piracy.."), snappy, and intriguing, but fails completely (as those quotes should prove!).

The novel details Wilson's adventures and his pathetic personal problems, which are cured with a dose of an African hallucinogen (at least that was unexpected). Throughout the book he retains his high moral calibre despite meeting countless monetary

and sexual temptations. Thankfully, Girardi spares the reader the cliché of pirates with hearts of gold - they're all bastards, and Wilson's new girlfriend doesn't reform from her slave-trading ways. However, this brief burst of Machiavellian realism doesn't last. Naturally, Wilson returns to his old girlfriend, who has had her own mid-life epiphany and become a painter - just what Mummy and Daddy didn't want. They'll live an alternative but safely middle-class existence for the rest of their lives. Having bitched about this novel for the entire review, should I finish with a somewhat softer comment about its redeeming features? No. Next!

Alex Wright



Jiggery-Pokery Abounds.

Sorceries
Katharine Kerr
Voyager
\$14.95



This is a collection of recent short stories from quite a few of the prominent fantasy writers around. Fantasy, as a genre of literature, often has a hard time defending itself from critics.

Much of it is repetitive (cloaks, dragons and eye-of-newt), and this is to the detriment of the perception of fantasy writing; however, there are exceptions to this rule and, as a display of the variety and substance of the good writing around, it would have been nice to have seen a diverse collection

of unique and original stories contained in this anthology. Sadly, this was not the case.

The stories are divided into three sections (Morning, Afternoon and Night), seemingly based solely on the age of the sorcerer or sorcerers described therein. It is a sad misfortune that this chronology lumps all the stories which concern the pubescent wizards and witches together at the start. These stories are almost uniformly bad; the only possible exceptions could be "The String Game" by Barbara A. Denz and Lawrence Schimmel's "Family Ties". This section would be better served as a separate collection for younger readers. One story that is not in this category is Dennis L. McKiernan's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice", in which Larry, the ado-

lescent apprentice, conjures himself up a moaning, groaning, pumping blonde, but gets the spell wrong and finds himself fucked to death. The last line: "The autopsy turned up one thing most peculiar: Lenny's corpse had no brains." Congratulations, Dennis, you win Worst-Story-In-Antology. The Afternoon section is considerably better; there are still weak stories, but there are more that stand out - Richard Parks' "A Time For Heroes" is an excellent spoof on the medieval wizard theme, "The Hanged Man" by Lisa Mason is a cyberpunk story with an incidental gypsy and a happy ending, and was the highlight of the anthology for me, "The Silicon Sword" by Katherine Lawrence is a clever time-travelling virtual reality story that didn't go as far as it might have done, "The Most Beautiful Girl Alive" by Mike Resnick and Nicholas A. DiChario has a nice twist, and Esther M. Friesner's "Tea" and Simon Ings' "Swallow" are also good. If the Afternoon section was good enough to keep you awake, the sto-

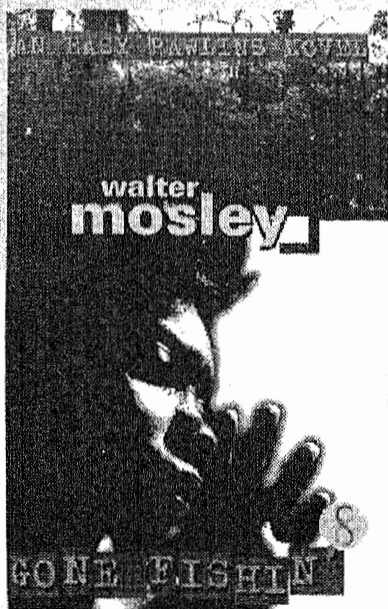
ries lumped under the banner of Night are likely to send you back to sleep. Dave Smeds' "Dust and Sand" is quite good, "A Wreath of Pale Flowers For Vitri" by Teresa Edgerton is a clever blend of science and sorcery, Charles de Lint's "Birds" is good enough, and "Looking into the Heart of Light, The Silence" by Mark Kreighbaum has a weird enough ending to warrant a mention. Nothing else is really up to scratch.

Worse yet is Katharine Kerr's introduction, wherein she speculates at length about the origins and importance of sorcery and magic and religion in literature, history and culture. Self-important and completely unnecessary. Anthologies are risky at best; you're generally better off finding a collection by an author you like and sticking with that. The one thing anthologies are good for is finding new authors that you can then go and read more of; there are not many of those that came out of this one for me.

Chris Slape

Angling is an art worth your learning

Gone Fishin'
Walter Mosely
Serpents tail (Allen & Unwin)
\$19.95



Things happen too easy. Mouse makes things happen. But Easy Rawlins is the hero of the novel. He doesn't rescue anyone or save the day. Almost the antithesis, he joins Mouse in keeping a secret that calls into question his whole moral core.

Mosley blends politics, sex, violence, race and friendship into a great tale. He explores these topics without labouring them or hindering the story. Nor are they dealt with surreptitiously or as a moral to the story, but quite simply as a matter of fact. In your face, and this is what it is. Even the way they fish, a 45 slug into the water concussing fish, echoes their lifestyle.

Gone Fishin' questions friendship and the lengths we will go to save our own skin, and the effect it has on us. What is the cost of friendship? If you have nothing else in the world but those around you, do you sell short your morals? Morals are for the wealthy. Virtue is its own reward. It is easy to excuse those close to us, the most heinous crimes are always forgiven - so long as the crime is against some-one we do not know.

Gone Fishin' is from Serpent's Tail publishers. Serpent's Tail first came to my attention with the publication of *High Risk 1 & 2*, collections of short stories that are 'on the edge'. They have another winner with Mosley. If this is an indication of the calibre of Serpent's Tail I will be actively looking out for more from their stable.

This is the first of a series of Easy Rawlins novels. I want to read the rest of them. Badly. For a novel that I recommend highly, I seem at a loss for words.

Read it.

Michael Blackwell.

Gone Fishin' is slick and smooth.

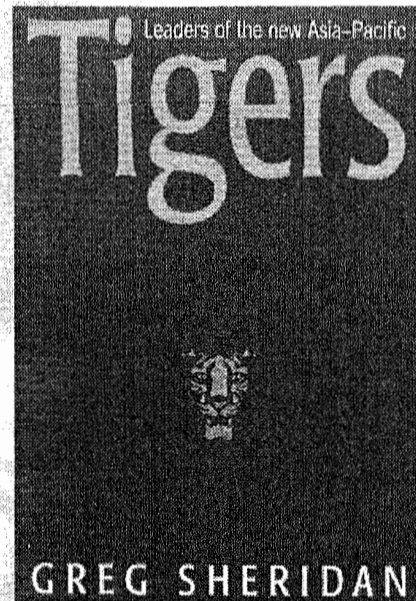
Houston, U.S.A., 1939. Easy Rawlins and his friend Mouse drive off to Mouse's home town to collect cash from Mouse's stepfather. Along the way they pick up a young couple, Clifton and Ernestine, who are on the run from the law. Clifton beat someone to death for looking the wrong way at Ernestine.

Mouse is twisted and cunning. Manipulating people to his will and to his bidding. Clifton is used against Mouse's stepfather just as Easy is. Clifton though is just a prop. Easy is a little more fortunate. Being part of Mouse's plan seals their friendship. Rather, it seals Easy to Mouse.

Tigers: Leaders of the New Asia Pacific
Greg Sheridan
Allen & Unwin
\$29.95



Picking up a book concerning politics is generally considered a fairly desperate move and a tedious experience. Not so the case with *Tigers*. Greg Sheridan, the foreign editor of *The Australian* is the author of this journalistic account of the big players and leaders of the Asia-Pacific. He focuses on the vital, though somewhat overlooked role of leadership as the driving force behind the Asian miracle. His study includes numerous portraits, like



that of Kim Young-Sam, the President of South Korea, his amazing rise to power, and struggle for democracy, anti-corruption, and stronger relations with North Korea. Of Fidel Ramos, the energetic President of the Republic of the Philippines, an identity-challenged nation still trying to right the wrongs of the Marcos era. Also an extensive portrait of Paul Keating, his successful and passionate incorporation of Asia into Australia's foreign policy. The list continues: Suharto, the President of Indonesia; Mahatir, the Prime Minister of Malaysia, and his deputy, Anwar; Lee Teng Hui, Taiwan's President; Morihiro Hosokawa, Prime Minister of Japan, and more.

Sheridan's analysis is largely based on interviews carried out as foreign editor; consequently parts of interviews are reproduced liberally, a definite strong point of

the study. Beyond the policies he also explores the leader's rise to power, their aspirations, and personalities. With the facts intact, Sheridan does not hesitate to record his own opinions. He writes a very harsh critique of Bill Clinton, depicting his policy towards Japan and China as hesitant, vague and neglectful. John Howard's foreign policy is described as clumsy and tactless. Sheridan himself says he

does not shy away from giving the bad with the good, though sometimes the impression given was that he was excessively allowing personal factors to cloud an otherwise sound and justifiable analysis. The most obvious flaw in the book, which Sheridan admits, is the very obvious, though unavoidable, exclusion of China's leaders, because access to them in an interview form was almost impossible. In what could have been a potentially dry and complex study, Sheridan has managed to create otherwise. The inclusion of lively first-hand character descriptions, relatively simple terminology, and the requirement of minimal background knowledge, has made this study not only extremely informative, but also very engaging.

K. Pearce.

SHORT, SWEET & CRYPTIC

MUSICHEADS - "MINIATURE"
CONCERT
Hartley Concert Room
12 May
8:30 p.m.

MusicHeads are a bunch of young Adelaide composers who regularly showcase zany new music in concerts that they organise & promote All By Themselves. Now 'cos young = funky and zany new music = ***original gear*** this stuff is really (to be hopelessly colloquial) kewl. Post-modern meets high-art meets mod-tech (did I make that up?). Which all = seriously FUN.:-)

Peter McIlwain's 5 miniatures ("Miniature #1", "Miniature #2", etc) were just spectacular, with interplay between electronic music (2 CDs playing through 4 speakers) and live percussion C/O Ryszard Pusz. In "Miniature #2 cymbals were placed atop drums and bowed with a violin bow to freaky effect. In "Miniature #4" the percussionist performed like a cricketer in slow-mo. And "Miniature #5" featured gurgling bathtub-like noises with gentle percussion. Really wild stuff. I want a CD!

Jemy Rowney contributed 3 quirky, unsettling kinda gothic pieces. "Mastaka" was a clarinet solo, gloriously played by Louise Nowland, with big leaps and subtle dynamics. "Kaloongi" was lots of fun, with trombone, bass clarinet and percussion in warped counterpoint. And finally there was "Drink Hermitage Moon" - a grim, tense song featuring the bass instruments, percussion and tenor.

My fave pick for the night was the musick of Catherine Leahy. First-up was a three-

movement set of art songs for Piano and tenor, with text from the poetry of John Shaw Neilson. They were beautiful and eerie, delicate and lovely-ly crafted. Last-up was the cute-as-the-name-implies "Chikki" - spooky, mysterious & playful, a real gem. Luv this stuff! Luv it! From Anthony Peluso there was "Four impressions of my Lover, Johnny" - inspired by the W H Auden poem "Johnny". Interweaving music & text, beginning in melancholy then hopping off into jazz. Hey! Funky! And finally them was Padma's not-quite-miniature "StoneHead Love Song". [Curiouser & curiouser.] Using all 5 performers (clarinet/bass clarinet, trombone, percussion, tenor & piano) with some text sung and some text spoken. "StoneHead" was full of tense, manic melodrama. Even the text, by local poet Chris Mooney, was outlandishly bleak: "I'm a block of stone/An emotional clone". (goggle giggle) 2+2 = 4 of the composers concluded the concert in a "Bowed Saw Ensemble" - with saws and violin bows. Performing with extreme concentration, they looked like nothing so much as little kids mucking around with grown-up toys. (Only these were grown-up kids playing with grown-up toys.) Way to go, say I. You gotta have a sense of humour.

Final Sales Pitch: MusicHeads concerts are MEGA-worthwhile, so if you're a music-lover or theatre-goer, you might wanna check out Adelaide's diabolical composing-zing-zing talent. 'Cos local = cool. I'm deadly serious.

Alice Ray



Congratulations To.....

The Miltons on their fantastic new EP CD *Casual Climber*, **Sway** for their debut CD glove puppets anonymous and **Puck** for exciting Adelaide with *Glamour Junk* (yes I know I'm a little late with that one but I just got it!!)

XXX

Fuck Drivin', I'm Sailing!

Trout Fishing in Quebec (and their groovy T-Shirt entourage) will be breezing into Adelaide in June. You can catch them (get it?) on June 5 at Flinders Uni over lunch, later that day (after tea) at the Madlove Bar or on Friday June 6 at Adelaide Uni (also

after tea).

XXX

And

The Blur saga continues. This time [V] claimed that Blur might be coming to Australia for Livid. However, their record co. reps once again said that they couldn't confirm anything. (Thanx Roxy for the info).



Block Rocking Beats, The Chemical Brothers (EMI): The Chemical Brothers prove that even without a Gallagher or Coke commercial, they can produce a mega hit. The B-sides are way too techno-y for me, but then I get a migraine from walking past Central Station. (Roxy)

Kowalski, Primal Scream (Sony): Return to *Screamadelica* territory with this subvocalised electronicky effort which is promising for near-future album. Fans of their *Trainspotting* track will be pleased. B-Side covers will wow none. (JRSM)

TOP TEN!



1. DISCO BLU - Disco Blu
2. REAL VIBRATION - E.O.S.
3. ENCORE UNE FOIS - Sash
4. DA PUNK - Daft Punk
5. SO IN LOVE WITH YOU - Dubo
6. GROOVE BIRDS - Natural Born Grooves
7. NIGHTMARE - Brainbug
8. FOOTPRINT - Disco Citizens
9. MAKE THE WORLD GO ROUND - Sandy B
10. PUNK PHENOMENA - Armand van Helden

Indyfest 500

It was with pain (induced by some very festive FA Cup English beer imbibing) and anguish that I [Catalogue Man] poked my head out into a wet, wintry and bloody cold Indyfest Sunday morning. Fearing that the termination of the gig might not be far off, I tuned into that trusty radio station that we've all come to love (in an odd kind of way), JJJ, in the hope of hearing some gig related good news. Like a ray of golden sunshine piercing the grey skies it came across the waves; rain or shine, Indyfest will go on. A phone call thirty seconds later from Miss Barbarella, my escort for the festivities, confirmed it.....we were ready to rock.

I too [Neko] was fearful of the termination of Indyfest 500 but Grandma assured me over lunch that the sun would shine over me for the rest of the day. She was almost right.

Entrance Debacles: Walking down Frome Road under threatening skies, we were overwhelmed by an amazing Big Day Out deja vu. Shrugging it off with a shrug (funny that), we put our minds to the task at hand and offered our bod-

ies to the wandering hands of the big beefy guy at the gate for a friskin' good time! First exciting event of the day out the way we sallied forth into the fray. (It must be mentioned here that even though I - Neko - missed out on the physical joy of entrance activities I did have an exciting time trying to convince security peoples that my dictaphone was actually authorised - see!!!)

Initial impression: Upon entering the arena (or the racetrack...) we were overwhelmed by the plethora of beanie clad NOFX fans running amok. The day looked set to be one of fun-filled rowdiness and adventure. A trip to the bar was remarkably quick given the mean age of the race goers. The huge turnout, whilst being encouraging - a g -

fine form. Renate was sounding and looking great (as usual) and had the crowd in the palm of her hands. Zac was giving it his all (as usual) and surprised us with some particularly groovy shimmies. Jed (unknowingly) was living out his lust-worthy position - exhibited by a small crowd of young female fans standing (read: ogling) by. And Steve, well were

Back to the cloisters, the Living End were playing to a small but appreciative crowd, although for some of us (i.e Neko) this experience was cut short by a looming interviews with VJ extraordinaires (well at least they think so). The word on this band: FRESH. Bodyjar. We didn't catch Bodyjar but we were informed by a reliable source that they were SICK. We didn't catch Bodyjar because we were too busy fighting our way up

Indyfest

the stairs to catch a glimpse of Crisp's new keyboard player. The beanie-clad Sia was in fine voice, pretty much captivating the Unibar crowd. Oh yeah, and the new Keyboard player (yet to find out his name) was good too.

We didn't get to see Big Heavy Stuff, but according to Miss April 1997, these guys were cool, the only downer being the lack of people for the cloisters gigs early in the day. Well, for the most part of it, really!!!

Snuff played a gig for the new fans, concentrating largely on material from their more recent releases. Whilst this was still a cool gig it would have been good to hear more of their older songs which exhibit greater originality and the 'snuff' style to which we've become accustomed. Still, they certainly confirmed their excellent talents, and won a new legion of younger fans. The Paradise Motel continued the cloisters mosh free zone with their satirical Nick Cavesque rip off, and Merida sounding refreshingly angelic (in a day dominated by gravelly vocals). The Lime Spiders, resplendent in a (not surprisingly



ing at the start, later resulted in a number of minor casualties and stairwell crushes. Was this poor planning a new trend (the administrative/security blunder? I guess we'll never know....

The bands: First on our agenda were the Miltons, who were in

we're finally graced with HIS vocal talents. The only down side to this set was the obvious frustration at the lack of audience participation. Next car up on the grid, taking pole position on the lawns, was Where's The Pope? who played a solid set - hard, fast and typically furious. Frank has his Rollins inspired stage presence finely tuned, and for WTP? fans the set did not disappoint. Love 'em or hate 'em, they do it well every time and this was no exception.

est 500

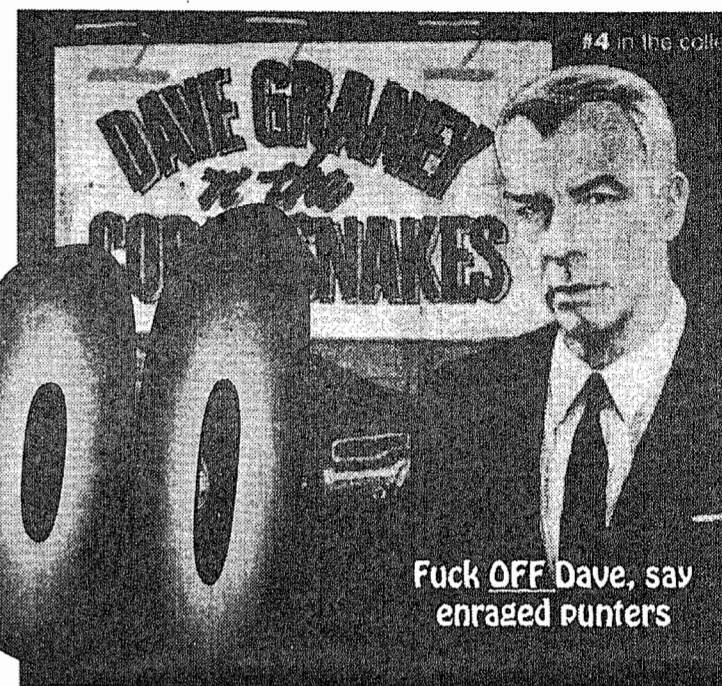
green) Hawaiian shirt, played a fairly average set (Neko thought all the songs sounded the same, Catalogue man and Miss Barbarella were off somewhere else drinking beer). At this stage we decided to suss the stair situation one more time and found ourselves back in the all too familiar bar surroundings for The Brown Hornet. Amidst the screaming Dylan-from-Recovery fans (predominantly female - no surprises there) we arrived at differing opinions about how much Jazz-Funk fusion

is too much. Neko found the experimentation of form, styles and instruments enough to last the whole set but Catalogue Man and Miss Barbarella tired of (in their words) too much slap and repetitive sounds, although they were very impressed by Dylan's stage presence, clarinet ability, audience working skills and tight buns. Due to the Brown Hornet interlude we unfortunately missed Something for Kate but can virtually assure that they would have KICKED BUTT anyway (even without us there). Not able to face another darkened stairwell mosh, we took our lives in our hands and stage dived from the fifth floor Bar Balcony to the Cloisters below. Believe it or not. I guess you could say we dropped momentarily into the last minutes of the Drop City set, who honestly played their "Triple J" songs in order of appearance. Under darkened skies The Weed (not the ex-footy player) took to the Lawns Stage to a massive crowd. Their set was as tight as Dylan's buns and was well received by all and sundry. All the favourites were

done well, highlighted specifically by a powerful rendition of 'Silver Lizard'. Over to the cloisters for possibly the set of the night. The Fauves took the stage in front of the largest cloister crowd gathered thus far. Expecting great things, we were not disappointed. Starting their set with a few technical difficulties which were quickly sorted out, we were graced with fantastic songs and even better link n g

dia-logue. Miss Barbarella was stoked by the fact that Andrew Cox was sporting a Gibson Epiphone (just like his) and Neko just thought he was hot. Andrew Cox rox. 9.40 marked the start of a Tex-is-Sex Perkins session. The Beasts lurched on stage in typical Rock God fashion and 'Saturated' us with a pretty awesome set. Dave Graney swapped with Skunkhour (who were probably still getting to Adelaide in their trusty Tarago) sported his way onto the cloisters stage. Actually Dave was 'Lookin' Kinda Sporty' in his tailor-made track suit (like the stripes, oh King-of-the-track!) and put the crowd's anticipation at ease early in the set by playing his latest hit second. Maybe this was not such a good thing because as far as Neko was concerned there wasn't much left worth waiting for, and she just felt like cutting his pointed finger off after a while. Just for

the record Catalogue Man can't understand why people call Dave Graney the cool man of Australian Music (???); as far as he and Miss Barbarella are concerned, Rex Hunt has more appeal. Comments like "It's hard work being such a legend" don't help his cause. Dave we wish you'd go back



Fuck OFF Dave, say enraged punters

and hide in Rock & Roll. We don't want to see you anymore. NOFX liked Dave Graney about as much as us (particularly his moustache and Piano Player - no offence to pianists intended). They were unable to finish managing his ego, in the meantime keeping the crowd interested with stand-up comedy, but when they did, THEY ROCKED!! Their set was (in true NOFX style) non stop with more songs in one

set that you could poke an Indyfest stick at. Fat Mike powered through some of NOFX's best tracks, highlights including 'Stickin' in My Eye', 'Please Play This Song...', 'Bob' and 'Kill the White Man'. The only thing lacking from this set was the 'Malachi Crunch', their all-time killer track.

The NOFX mosh was frenetic yet friendly with everyone giving their all in the mud. Highlight of the mosh was the return of Catalogue Man's fave Pennywise cap (lost in the first five minutes, stepped on in the last ten - somewhat muddy, but all the better for the experience). This set was obviously what the crowds had been waiting for, and

they were left on an all time high. Like Catalogue Man and Miss Barbarella many chose to withdraw from the race at this point. Neko, on the other hand raced on. Skunkhour seemed to be as cold and pissed off as us that we had to wait so long for a twenty minute (three song) set. Aya kept apologising for the fact that "the organisers didn't have the guts to kick others (namely Dave the Graney) off when they ran over time". Still the nice little tale of quality and not quantity was yet again enforced. They were a cool way to end a cool day.

With the race over and the nitro burning funny cars packed away, we can only hope that the sound pollution guys didn't find anything too wrong with the event - 'cos we'd like to race again next year.

Signing off for now: Neko (with a lot of help from her tall[er] friends) and Catalogue Man (with a lot of correspondence from Miss Barbarella and Miss April 1997).



BLACKROCK
selections from the soundtrack
(Polygram)

I usually steer well clear of the marketing phenomenon that is The Soundtrack. But what the hell. This (sampler) EP looked a little more cohesive than most. 5 rocky songs. All from an Australian film. Those are pretty good credentials in my book.

Sidewinder's "Titanic Days" is a winner, with a sing-along chorus catchier 'n' hell: "You've looked for me in all the wrong places/Searched me out in all the wrong faces". (Weird though - the guitar line keeps making me think of U2's 'Hold me Thrill me Kiss me Kill me'. Don'tcha think?) Tumbleweed's "Gonna Make You" is not the kind of thing I dig [as a rule] however it seems to work in the context of this soundtrack/film (which after all is about grungy doped-out surfer type party-goer people). And while I don't see the relevance of Ben Lee's "Portable Walt Whitman" ("I know that I'll get over this phase/And I can't help that she's twice my age/But I'd give my right arm to be part of her life") I won't contest that he's a talented songwriter. It's inoffensive, which is important. Shihad's "A Day Away" is so like-sounding ("derivative" is too harsh) that it just washes right over you without leaving a trace. And tho' I'm not a big Rebecca's Empire fan I have a lot of respect for "The Way of All Things" (the title song from the debut album). It rocks out. They use it right at the start of the film, with shots of the guys & gals riding the waves at Blackrock Beach.

I read a review of 'Blackrock' that said it was just like a long rock clip: fast furious, colourful, loud, kinda hard to understand. Personally, I thought, "Wow, how wild!" Anyway, a rock clip just don't work without decent music to begin with. And so far, I've got to say, I'm pretty impressed. What the hell. I endorse this soundtrack until further notice.

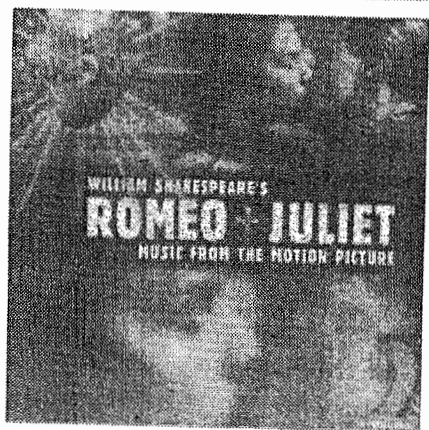
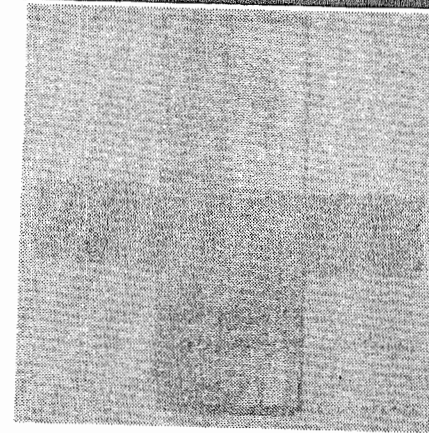
Alice Ray

William Shakespeare's Romeo + Juliet Music From the Motion Picture (Vol 2)
Capitol Records

Nothing could sound sweeter than the first CD to touch my (now) replaced stereo system. And in this case it's more than just the fact that I haven't been able to listen to CD's in the comfort of my own home for 3 months. The pleasure I received from *Romeo + Juliet Volume 2* tells me that good things are worth waiting for.

This CD is better than a 'soundtrack' from the movie, this is the score (the bit that adds so much more to movie-watching delight) and I might even dare to suggest that this is better than Volume 1 (gasp, horror, and all that...).

From "Prologue" to "Epilogue" *R + J Vol. 2* captures all the romance, love, anguish and tears that made up the motion picture. You can expect to find 'remixes' of the popular songs from Vol. 1 such as an instrumental version of "Kissing You" (love theme from *Romeo*



+ *Juliet*) which then extends into the "Balcony Scene" (read: the same chord structure and melody for well over 8 minutes), and an extended version (or Ballroom version - as stated on the cover) with a special Italian insert (you'll know what I mean when you hear it).

R + J Vol. 2 also features the much awaited "When Dove's Cry" and "Introduction to Romeo" (courtesy of Radiohead's 'Talk Show Host' samples), not to mention "The Montague Boys" (the boys - the boys!), "Juliet's Requiem" and the "Death Scene".

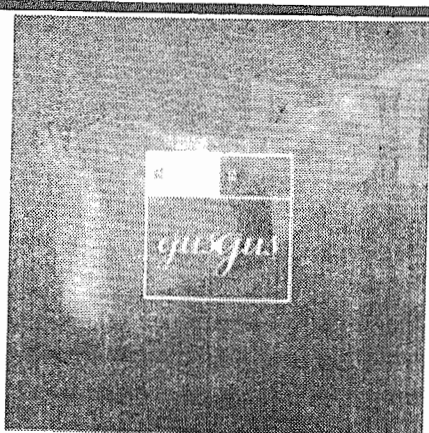
Inside the CD cover the following quote is printed: "I have bought the Mansion of Love but not yet possessed it and although I am sold, not yet enjoyed. Well, I have to say that I have bought, I possess, I am sold and I have enjoyed."

Polydistortion
Gus Gus
(4AD/Shock)

"Fraebart!" declared Iceland's music press, describing Gus Gus' debut album as brilliant. Hmm... that's one hell of a claim, and repeated listening doesn't seem to back it up. Not that there's anything technically wrong with Polydistortion - it's just that it's a bit too uninviting for anyone to head back for multiple listenings.

Best described as a distinctly electronic take on disco pop, this album's got melodies and rhythm. That's not the problem. Toes may well be tapped; fingers on tabletops may be a-drumming. In the end, though, hardly any of it will stick in your mind.

Opening with 'Oh!', a drum-heavy instrumental which bleeds into the sub-vocalised 'Gun', *Polydistortion* cruises in its low-key fashion right through to the end with only one substantial blip - the haunting female-vocal-lead 'Why?', which gets you right in the spine. As for the rest - well, um, yes. Gus Gus are an Icelandic nine-piece, made up of musicians, DJs, singers, film-makers, photographers, actors and programmers. The



smooth hybrid beast which results in perfectly formed but lifeless.

The first thousand copies of this release also come with a bonus disc of remixes. These completely fail to refute the as-yet-unbeaten theory that All Remixes Are A Waste Of Time.

James Morrison

Lucille & Friends
BB King
(MCA/Universal)

You've seen him on TV playing alongside those crazy blue-covered chocolate things, now meet Lucille (Mr King's Gibson guitar) and discover why this man's name has become synonymous with the blues.

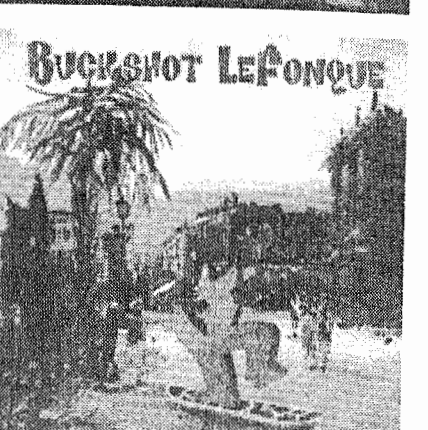
This excellent compilation of previously released collaborations demonstrates BB's incredible chameleon-like ability to adapt to various musical styles and levels of sophistication and yet maintain his trademark sound. The diversity of artists alone is staggering ranging from jazz great Branford Marsalis to U2 and Stevie Wonder and of course blues legends such as John Lee Hooker. There is definitely something for everyone on this album. My personal favourite is the gospel/funk groove of 'Spirit in the Dark' with Dianne Schuur.

It was Mr King's manager (Sid Seidenberg) and producer (Bill Seidenberg) who began the blues duet record revolution that has become big business these days way back in 1970 and they sure are on a winner with this one. If you don't already have some BB King in your collection, this is a worthy addition but you can not truly say you are into his music unless you have seen him live. Don't miss this one.

Shink.

The Saint Soundtrack
(Virgin)

Here's yet another cynical push of a few dodgy bands masquerading as a movie soundtrack right? I mean, the movie's



being hyped to death, so this just has to be merchandising, doesn't it? Maybe in a more realistic and hardbitte' world the answer to these questions would have to be 'yes,' but this compilation stands very well on its own merits - and I have to say that I like it. The artists featured read like the more electronic end of the Triple-J playlist: Sneaker Pimps, Moby, Luscious Jackson, The Chemical Brothers, Underworld, and etc. Anyone who has bought any of their singles lately is likely to have half the tracks here already, but for everyone else this is a godsend compilation. There are some less well-known tracks as well, though. '0111 of My Mind,' Duan Duran's new single, hasn't been getting much airplay - and neither has Everything but the Girl's 'Before Today,' Danny Saber's great -ut not jungle) mix of David Bowie's 'Little Wonder' is a welcome addition, as is Dreadzone (why aren't they HUGE yet?) with 'A Dream Within a Dream.'

The unquestionable highlight of all this, however, has to be Orbital's reworking of 'The Saint Theme,' which has been getting plenty of airplay without ever managing to become annoying - while the biggest downer is probably Daft Punk's 'Da Funk,' which is being played to death and grating plenty with it. Overall, 'The Saint' is a pretty good value soundtrack though, and you'd do well to check it out.

Isaac Bride

Music Evolution
Buckshot LeFonque
Columbia/Sony

Buckshot, best known for their massively underrated song about racism a few years ago, "Breakfast at Denny's", is not so much a formal musical group as a collaboration of established artists. It is produced by Branford Marsalis, the renowned saxophonist, and he performs on almost all the tracks. The rest of them seem to be guests - there's some of that "yo, break it down" and "MC in the house" type of rubbish, but thankfully it doesn't happen that often.

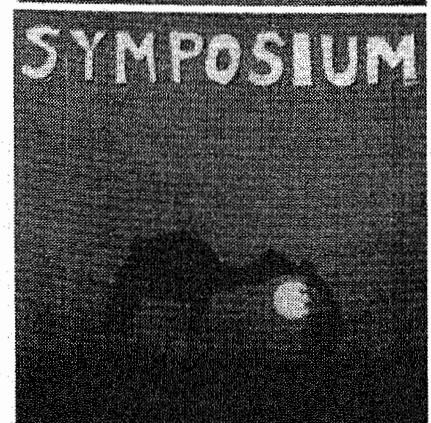
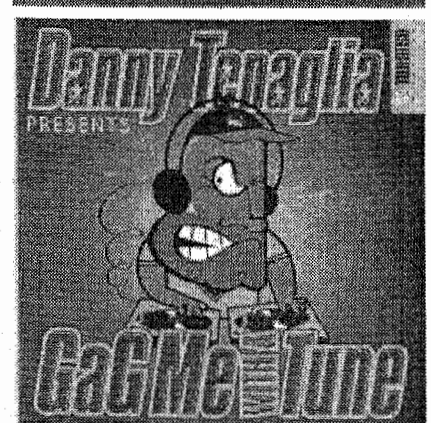
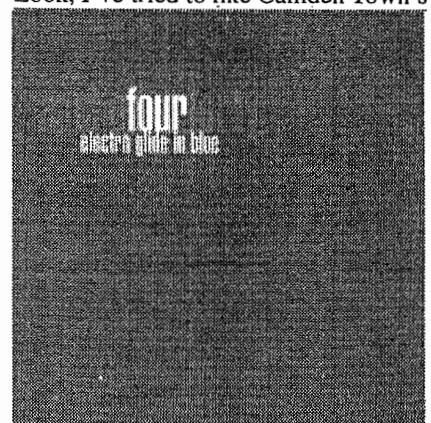
A notable guest is GURU, best known for his *Jazzmatazz* collaborations, and Marsalis seems to be extending the success of GURU's jazz vs hip-hop genre. Other interesting musicians on the album are The Unknown Soldier on rap and DJ Apollo on "tha wheels o' steel". While the title track is about new growth in music production, it seems a little ironic that it contains lyrics such as "eenie, meenie, minie, mo/let's pick a song/let's make it long and add the rap to make it strong", which, admittedly, isn't the worst I've heard.

All the musicians are very mature in their style and skill, and they work together incredibly. The raps over the jazz beats, which occur on almost all the tracks, are smooth and well-planned. The jazzy track 'James Brown' is one that stood out to me; at 105 bpm., it's the fastest track on the album. The album's pretty diverse - there's a blues track, 'Another Day' which would be more at home on 5AD, and 'My Way' almost sounds like Rage Against The Machine (crossed with jazz!) yet most of the album would find it hard to get onto Triple J (maybe The Groove Train). While all the tracks are musically very good, they're not very radio friendly. I'd say this is a dinner party album - the lyrics aren't very deep, but the brass emanates pure, faultless phunk.

Zane

Electro Glide in Blue
ApolloFourFifty
(Epic/Sony)

Look, I've tried to like Camden Town's



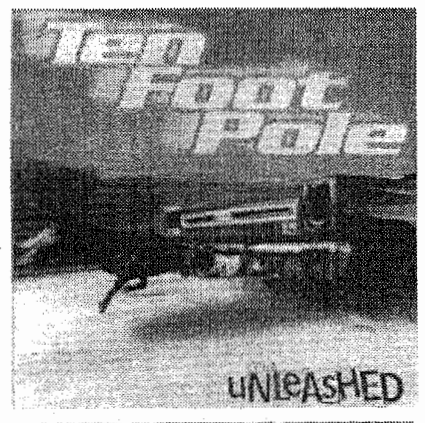
Apollo 440, but I can't, and its taken me a lot of listening to put my finger on the problem. I think the words "heavy-metal," "orchestral," "intensity," "passion" and "overture" started the alarm bells ringing. Okay, I'm not against eclectic sampling-Daft Punk and the Chemical Brothers turn it on-but what Apollo 440 have done is quite different. Rather than funk-inspired house with blues samples, Apollo 440 have let themselves go in the orchestral cock-rock aesthetic they sample, or more precisely, update. The very structure of their songs recalls the rock anthems of yore-yuck! Sure, there are plenty of filthy guitar rift loops, but the beat seems lost in a return to the epic melodies of Van Halen and their ilk-hmmm! Now I'm far from a house purist, and I even own a copy of Van Halen's self-titled album which occasionally sees the turn-table for old times sake, and listening to it I am reminded that David Lee Roth never took himself or his music too seriously. Maybe what is missing from Apollo 440 is a sense of restraint, a self-deprecation that is there in the exuberant excess of the original. (Check out "Eruption" on the Van Halen album for an example of this excess-zounds!)

The two tracks that appear to have maintained some sense of fun are the well-aided "Ain't Talkin' 'Bout Dub" and the unplayed "Tears of the Gods," the latter being so wrong, musically and in terms of political correctness, while poking fun at the new-age mysticism, that it is the most tempting of the cd's invitations to cross-over to the dark side. Despite my having hammered this cd, it might tempt a few Darth Vaders out there, but my money's on Luke.

Slick

Gag Me With a Tune
Danny Tenaglia
(MCA/Universal)

This cd, mixed live at one of New York's coolest clubs, Twilo, kicks arse. But then what else would you expect from the home of garage. Speaking of garage, this album could be considered a tribute to the Paradise



Garage, the club that lent its name to the funky, slightly old-fashioned, New York house sound. Cevin Fischer's "The Way We Used To Be" is dropped in three times in two different mixes just so you don't forget the garage influence-not that you would. With Armand Van Helden breaking through to the mainstream clubs, and a host of other hot New York acts getting some well-deserved recognition, it looks like the old New Yorkan adage is again proving itself true: "If you can make it here..."

This album starts in house club-anthem territory, but cleverly winds its way into deeper house with a trancy climax around three quarters of the way into its 75 minutes. This climax takes the form of "Werking (Tranced Euro Effect)" by Head Case, a slammin', minimal funky track that makes you realise how subtly this album has progressed from the tamer house numbers from the likes of Daphne it started with. Along the journey there are a couple of real standouts, like the two mixes of "We Kan Never be Satisfied," but picking best tracks is a bit pointless as the album really works as an ensemble-the sign of a good mix. Of course, this is what you would expect from a dj/producer with discography that includes such tracks as Right Said Fred's "I'm Too Sexy," and names such as Madonna, The Pet shop Boys and Yothu Yindi, as well as a spot as resident dj at Twilo. *Gag Me With a Tune* is the kind of cd you can chuck on and get down to-sure its not quite as beefy as the Chemical Bothers, as funky as Van Helden, or even as rough and rugged as Daft Punk, but this is one smooth, friendly garage cd that won't have you skipping tracks-and shouldn't upset the party's techno-phobes.

Slick

Farewell to Twilight Symposium
(Infectious/Mushroom Records)

Don't let the cover fool you - it gives the impression of African world music - but nothing could be further from the truth. The British press has hailed this band as the next Ash, the next Suede and even as the English equivalent of the Foo-Fighters. However, in my opinion none of these descriptions are entirely accurate. A better comparison would be that they're the English equivalent of Jebadiah with a punk twist. These teenage boys will soon have you sinning along with thier little ditties about love and growing up. The first two tracks are perfect examples of alternative guitar pop. Track three 'A Song' continues in the poppy vein with an impeccable mix of acoustic and electric guitars. The fourth song 'Easily Scared' is of great contrast to the other tracks and is so incredibly cool. It has a very Sex Pistols sound to it and has been on repeat in my CD player all week.

Symposium are an amazing band - every song on this EP is certainly good enough to be a single in it's own right. I can't wait to hear an album from this band to see if they can maintain the quality. Symposium are yet another brilliant band from the UK that make me wish I was in England.

Roxy

Unleashed
Ten Foot Pole
(Epitaph)

Racy guitar punk-rock is the easiest way to explain Ten Foot Pole. Signed on the infamous punk label Epitaph, these guys sound very much like our very own Bodyjar (but of course, no comparison). Ten foot pole tackle serious issues in their songs such as child abuse - 'Daddy' ("Daddy won't hurt me/ this time it was all my fault/ I'll be a good girl/ and he wont have to get so mad") about a girl coming out and telling someone about

her heavy handed father, homelessness - 'John' ("Dennis it's good to see you/ you have no idea/ just how bad it's getting on the street/ I try to hide a way but they find me every day/ and I'm so fucking tired of the heat"), relationships - 'Its not me' and 'Damage', and anger at life- 'Friction' ("Life's so unfair as you turn off your t.v./ life's so unfair you sobbed as you picked up your keys/ you lock your castle door behind you and go for a ride/ your shiny car roars as you think of all the things you've been denied") about being content and able to recognize your luckier than some, 'Regret' ("there's a monster in my heart/ he tries to tear my world apart/ there's a demon in my head/ telling me ill be better off dead") and 'Denial' ("every person has a dark side please don't show me yours/ I don't really think I want to know you can't be trusted"). Unleashed has also time for less serious songs such as 'Hey Pete' and 'A.D.D.' about a child who is hyperactive and his mother doesn't let him take his medication ("Please let me take them I don't want to be an idiot/ Ritalin will make me smart at least that's what my teacher says/ all the other kids take them I think I'm the only one/ talk too much cause I am dumb"). Ten Foot Pole show their depth backed up by tight, fast, music. They also have a black sense of humour with a picture of a run over cat on the cover sleeve and a disclaimer "Only two animals were harmed in the making of this album. All stunts were performed by a non-professional driver and an amateur stunt dog on a closed circuit. Do not attempt to perform these stunts without strict adult supervision".

Green Suede Shoes
Black 47

Black 47 are a hard-core Gaelic band (à la Pogues) situated firmly in New York's Irish quarter. With more than a touch of 'Rock & Roll' and 'unsubtle political commentary', there are times when Black 47 sound more like a local agit prop group than a American rock band. There is a discreet sense of charm, though.

I couldn't stand the title track - it's too self-indulgent, too Beastie Boys for my taste. 'My Love is New York' has a lovely brass section. 'Bobby Sands MP' and 'Vinegar Hill' belong to that breed of track which makes valid political statements but is embarrassingly explicit about it. 'Change', 'Brooklyn Girls' and 'Walk All the Days' are a couple of nice reggae numbers, connecting the plight of the Irish to the plight of the Rastafarian. 'Walk All the Days' is interesting 'cause it's the only song that I can think of that speaks from the perspective of a beat cop. 'Czechoslovakia' and 'Five Points' are distinctly Poguesian accounts of immigration. 'Gerty's Farewell' is where Black 47's talents really shine - it's a (short) instrumental piece of traditional Irish music. 'Sam Hall' is an excellent hard-core, political piece about the class struggle. 'Rory' left me a bit confused - I think it was written about a friend (it comes across as gentle, bluesy rock). 'Forty Deuce' is another Irish New York track - it's a slow ballad (about loss of innocence. Finally, there's 'Mo Bhrón' - a spiritual (distinctly Enya) piece written in Gaelic.

Black 47 are no Shooglanifiti, and they're not great lyricists either - but any fan of Gaelic rock should probably check them out.

Dave



Brother of Sleep

"Brother of Sleep" is one of the seven films to be presented in the nationally travelling film event, Cine 7. If the other 6 are only half as entrancing, see them all. If you have just one artistic bone in your body and can appreciate a captivating, borderline epic film, see this. It is the talk of Johannes Elias Aizer (Andreas Wisemann), who from birth, was to be blessed with supernatural relationship to nature and music, which overtake all of his life experiences.

The lives of the three main characters are interwoven to present a story of jealousy, ignorance and love. The film is set in an eighteenth century Austrian hinterland mountain village, which is superbly presented in itself, as one becomes involved with a compelling portrayal of a society of squalor and poverty. It is here where Elias lives, surrounded by filth and the backwardness of peasant life. With the blessing and cursing of his musical genius, his only sanctuary is the church organ, the only outlet of happiness he craves. One follows his life through from childhood to his adult life where he falls in love with Elspeth (Dana Vavrova) to who he is unable to express his feelings physically as his approach is of a spiritual nature. Her lack of appreciation of such matters leads her to another man, which provokes Elias to suicidal tendencies. The final piece of the main trio of characters, Peter (Ben Beckett) who would be the only one to stand up for Elias when they were both children, also falls in love with him. However, Peter realises that Elias could never be his, even in trying to set up a partnership between them through the popularity of Elias' music. Finally, Elspeth, with consequences, which when you try to kill people have to be expected, that effect everyone's life forever.

Subplots revolving around they typical nature of village life are prevalent, at times offering well earned, light hearted relief from the intensity of the plot. Characters ranging from a number of village idiots (you always have to have a few) to a senile priest are used to break up the action as well as to further portray the attitude of village life as well as the time.

Visually, mentally and acoustically spectacular, this truly is a piece of artistic cinema. The film begins with a flurry of pure cinematographic spectacle, which does not let up until the very end. The atmosphere created at times reminded me of Stanley Kubrick's "2001: A Space Odyssey" as one becomes absorbed with the overwhelming ethereal nature of the entire production. On the merit alone of the photography of the countryside and the car with which it was shot, I would see this "motion picture event" again. Although it was a two hour film, I felt I had been in the cinema all day as the whole experience was quite draining. The film had me gasping for air by the end, concluding in a very satisfying way. With a superb cast, story development, cinematography etc... it is just superb. However, just make sure you have that one artistic bone in your body to appreciate such a film.

Basil Genimahallotis

TRUE LOVE AND CHAOS PALACE EAST END CINEMAS

Even if *True Love and Chaos* doesn't get recognition as must-see groundbreaking cinema it will probably receive plenty of unadulterated interest for the rather hip cast: Miranda Otto (*Love Serenade*), Naveen Andrews (*The English Patient*), Noah Taylor (*Shine*), Ben Mendelsohn (*Cost*), Hugo Weaving (*Priscilla*), and er... Kimberley Davies. And then there is the music. From the likes of Blondie to Leonard Cohen, the music sometimes dominates the film much more than the characters. I can see the soundtrack earning a nice bit of spare cash.

This is a road movie of sorts: Mimi (Otto), an unambitious backing singer is determined to find the father she never knew and to reconcile with her mother in Perth. She wants her boyfriend Hanif (Andrews), an ex (he insists he had given up) drug dealer to accompany her on this daunting journey but he fears the commitment. Hanif and his junkie friend Dean (Taylor) eventually join Mimi on this trip but for all the wrong reasons and only to serve their purposes (the prats). Along the way, they pick up Mortis (Weaving), a drunk musician who evokes Hanif's resentment because of Mimi's fondness for him. Road movies are always easy to identify with. We all know the vast loneliness of the road, the irrelevant chatter and music to fill in the monotony and boredom, the silence as the passengers mutually settle down with the humming of the engine and the seemingly endless stretch of the road, especially if travelling across the Nullarbor, like these characters are. All of these elements are captured well by the director Stavros Andonis Efthymiou and almost nostalgic brand of cinematography is reflected, especially on the road. However it is the endearing soul-searching characters, particularly Mimi that takes precedence and maintains our interest. The story itself loses some of its effect which I feel is due to the invasion of the aforementioned music at every available opportunity. This is rather distracting as are the all-too-lingering scenes which occur sporadically throughout the film. This is not a thought-provoking film by any means but the performances by Otto and Andrews (who are too cool for words) and others hold it up well. They and the affectionate and intimate exploration of familiar issues (relationships, home etc.) in the narrative ensure that you won't be bored. *True Love and Chaos*, it may be but not in a killer dose.

Giveaways

Sunday doubles continue at the Nova. Over the next three weeks there's a chance to catch up with some films you might have missed lately. Coming up are *Bound and Crash* on 26th May, *Lost Highway* and *Dead Man* on 1st June, and *The People Versus Larry Flynt* and *Lone Star* on 8th June. On Dit has a free double pass to each of these screenings to giveaway on Tuesday 27th May at 1.00pm. A new French effort, *The Liars* by director Elie Chouraqui, starts soon at the Nova. Shot in Paris and South Africa it's apparently a romantic-adventure-comedy-thriller about lies, flattery, deception and showbusiness. There are five free doubles for any liars, flatterers and deceivers who make their way down to the On Dit office at the above time. *Bitter Herbs and Honey* is an Australian documentary about the experiences of Jewish migrants to Melbourne's Carlton, screening soon at the Nova. Mostly from Eastern Europe these immigrants chose to maintain their cultural identity in religion, language and tradition while integrating into the local culture. The film uses archival footage and photographs as well as interviews with former Carlton residents. Directed by Monique Schwartz *Bitter Herbs and Honey* promises to be a fascinating, not to mention timely film and offers something of a challenge to the deep-fat fried fish and chipper view of Australian history. We have five free passes to give away.

ALAS POOR WORTON

Hamlet
Capri Theatre from May 22

Ah, the glory of the big screen. This four hour full length epic version of *Hamlet* is best seen at the theatre where monumental effort in the cinematography, costumes and set decorations can be fully appreciated. All these and much more can be expected in Kenneth Branagh's ambitious adaptation of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, notably the bard's longest play.

The characters may not be wearing funky Hawaiian shirts or tote antique guns, and despite the fact that the average age is thirty, this is still riveting Shakespeare, which proves that it's still the words that hold it together. Branagh's version of the Danish prince who seeks revenge for his father's murder is imaginative, passionate and compelling. Set sometime in the 19th century, the characters are decked out in gallant military uniforms and caper around in what can only be described as an opulent castle, surrounded by magnificent snowfilled landscapes. The decision to go wide screen 70 mm is a fateful one, the fine and magnificent details of the costumes, set, landscape is captured handsomely with epic-like elegance.

Branagh has such a way with Shakespeare, previously successful with *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Henry V*, making this rather tormenting tale very accessible indeed. Branagh, dashing blond and fearless plays the prince of Jutland with great intensity, delivering soliloquies with enviable ease and yet still manages to articulate the painful and tragic elements of the play. Aye, the passion overfloweth (sorry, can't help myself). The rest of the cast is on par with the director, Kate Winslet, touching as Ophelia and, Derek Jacobi, terrifically treacherous as Claudius. And if you get a trifle tired during this four hour epic, you can at least play spot-the-star. There's Gerard Depardieu, Billy Crystal (!!) and god-forbid, even Robin Williams, amongst many others. Good stuff.

If you are still not convinced then, there will be a two hour version released elsewhere but why only watch half the movie?

Ching Yee

THE FIFTH ELEMENT

HOYTS CINEMAS

It is the twenty-third century. To make the point, there are plenty of flying cars and synthetic clothes and some interstellar travel. Unfortunately this fantastic future is about to be eaten alive by the forces of badness (actually, it's a manifestation of the other-dimensional forces of anti-life, which is apparently very Plato). This evil looks remarkably like a huge fireball in space, and it's getting bigger and will eventually destroy us all. Happily, this happens every five thousand years and there is an alien race (the guys with the incredibly small heads) who knows all about it and is willing to help us conquer it every time it shows up. Unfortunately, this time the alien representative gets shot down by a rival alien race (the shaggy-looking guys) and his help is lost. We still have two things; a supreme being (Leeloo, played by model/singer/actor/unknown Milla Jovovich), who is reconstituted by modern science and who rapidly finds and falls in love with Korben Dallas (the effervescent Bruce Willis), and an old priest who knows what's going on (Ian Holm, best known for *Alien*). The bad guys have Zorg (Gary Oldman), who wants everyone to die for some reason, and a bunch of the shaggy aliens. Battles, opera and heroics ensue.

It really should be a fantastic film. Really, really good. It's directed by Luc Besson (*Nikita*), it's got a huge budget, it has magnificent special effects and it also has Gary Oldman. All of these are good things. Even Bruce Willis is okay by me. But it isn't that good. It's good, but it's not that good.

It is well directed; the style and feel of it are good and it's mostly well paced. Much of the time it comes across a bit like a cartoon, through the bold use of colour, zappy camera shots and some very physical acting. It's also very funny, which I wasn't expecting but is certainly a good thing. The acting was good; Gary Oldman was as good as you'd expect, Willis was also what you'd expect, Jovovich was impressive and amusing as the naive supreme being, and there is a hilarious standout performance from Chris Tucker as Ruby Rhod, talk show host extraordinaire. There is a piece of opera in the middle that I liked a hell of a lot, cleverly counterpointed with some rather nice action scenes taking place elsewhere. Look out for that (not that you're likely to miss it). So all of these are good things. My major problem with it was the poor mythological basis for the story. The whole evil-fireball thing is tied up with ancient Egyptians, and there's a whole heap of crap about the four elements - fire, air, earth and water. The fifth element is life itself, resulting from combining the first four, and is personified in the supreme being. This is why she is required for us to stop this fireball, and I don't know about you, but it sounds like tripe to me. Maybe it's not intended all that seriously, and that's okay, but it would have just been so much better with a decent premise. Luke Perry makes a brief, early appearance as an Egyptologist investigating the whole anti-life phenomenon. This does not enhance the story's credibility. The science that they did go into was very, very ordinary and would have been better left out. If you're going to do sci-fi, try and get some realism into your science. I must also briefly mention the *Star Wars* references scattered throughout. I'm not sure if I liked them or not, as I am unable to decide whether they were homage or pisstake. They were there, that's all. McDonald's puts in an appearance as well - that's definitely a pisstake.

I urge you all to go and see it. It will keep your eyes amused and your brain ticking over. Whether you'll like it or not, I can't say. I'm having a hard enough time working that out for myself.

Chris Slape

THE LEADING MAN

Trak Cinema
REP Distribution

Okay, the phone conversation went something like this ...
OD: Hey, Dave, do you want to see this film? All I know is that it stars Barry Humphries and Jon Bon Jovi.
Dave: Well, hey! Sounds like a riot!
Hmmm...

Before you even consider seeing this film, read the following sentences very carefully: This film is SERIOUS. It is NOT a COMEDY. It is a WRY, slightly WHIMSICAL MELO-DRAMA.

Felix Webb (Lambert Wilson - *Belly of an Architect*) is a successful playwright who is heavily involved with his leading lady (Thandie Newton - *Flirting*). His distraught wife (Anna Gallena - *Jamon Jamon; The Hairdresser's Husband*) is mutilating his wardrobe and scaring the children. His leading man (Jon Bon Jovi) offers to seduce her so that she can regain her self-confidence, leaving Felix free to run off with Hillary.

It would seem this movie has all the foundations necessary for a mid-summer sex-comedy of errors. Hmmm...

The hardest part for me in critiquing this film is that there was nothing actually wrong with it. The actors were good, especially Bon Jovi (!) who - if I didn't know him as the soft-option, Danielle Steele type - I could have placed as the new face of New York art-cinema. Barry Humphries was particularly pretentious - he should definitely stick to comedy. The big bonus for me was seeing a cameo by David Warner (*The Omen; Company of Wolves, etc.*), the veritable king of middle-of-the road cinema. Why this man hasn't won a logie by now, I cannot say.

The dialogue wasn't bad, though not overly exciting either. The plot was sufficiently complicated, although not terribly new. The direction was unexciting, but still told the story well ... all in all I was distinctly ambivalent about the whole thing - it's like dreaming about watching television for an hour and a half.

I didn't really enjoy *The Leading Man*, but I did enjoy going to the Mercury again after all this time. They still have good choc-tops there, by the way.

David Bloustein



MOTHER NIGHT

Palace East End Cinemas

WOW! This was fantastic. The best movie I have seen in a long time. It is the story of Howard W. Campbell, Jr. An American man who grew up in Germany to become a famous playwright, married a beautiful German actress and decided to stay there when WW2 broke out. He is pressed into service as an American spy and told to move as high as possible in the Nazi party. He becomes a radio personality, giving rallying anti-semitic speeches over the air waves that contain hidden information for the American army. The movie opens on Howard in a cell in Israel, awaiting trial for war crimes - no-one believes that he was a spy. He is given a typewriter and told to write his memoirs for the trial. A fantastically complex series of events, characters and relationships unravels itself through the tapping of his typewriter, from the pre war years in Germany to his post war 'living death' hiding and being discovered in New York.

Mother Night is incredibly engaging and entertaining. There is nothing of the dreary, depressing style of other war movies like *Schindler's List* about it. It is a wonderful story, fast paced, colourful and absorbing, combining elements of the thriller, mystery, drama and romance genre very successfully. There is also a very strong sense of irony throughout the film, even a very black style of humour. The complexity of the characters and their interactions are amazing, not pointless and confusing as attempts of this kind of complexity can often become in the short two hours of one movie. The script and actors capture the real life intensity of personalities with divided loyalties and actions with ambiguous moral stature. The background to the plot, the theme that ties everything together, is the pervasive sense of a man re-living his very extraordinary life, trying to prove his innocence to himself as well as to the world. The movie thoughtfully challenges the way we divide the world into black and white, heroes and villains.

Nick Nolte heads a fantastic cast as Howard W. Campbell, and is absolutely brilliant in the role. The story is based on a novel by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. which I expect would be well worth reading if you like this sort of thing. Mother Night was directed and produced by Keith Gordon, who also did *The Chocolate War* and *Prince of Tides*. The cinematography is also absolutely brilliant, there is one especially fantastic shot of Howard typing where the camera looks up at him through the keys of the typewriter.

Basically this was a brilliant and haunting movie, it's stuck with me for a week now. I think everyone should go and see it, especially Pauline Hanson.

by Georgia West

GRATUITOUS NOSTALGIA

TANK GIRL

Tank Girl would have to be one of the coolest expressions of femininity that has so far made it into the movies. She was born in comic world, but made the transition to the big screen in 1995. She lives in 2033, when a comet has struck the earth, causing an 11 year drought. The truly eeeeevil Water and Power control 'most of the water and all of the power'. Malcolm McDowell (the evil guy in *Star Trek:Generations*) is the director of this omnipotent (or so he thinks) organisation. Only two things stand in his way to world domination. The rippers; half human, half kangaroo soldiers - the best there are, and TANK GIRL (played by Lori Petty, the whingeing little sister from *A League Of Their Own* is completely unrecognisable in this role).

After her life is destroyed by Water and Power, Tank Girl hijacks a tank and proceeds to achieve heights of attitude never before seen coming from a female on the big screen (well at least not by me). She's furious, violent, tough, clever and ridiculously brave whilst simultaneously keeping her rather alternative but still very glamorous hair, makeup and wardrobe choices (and there are many changes) in peak condition.

I love Tank Girl because she is a true action adventure hero, and she's also a girl. She demonstrates that girls can be knights in shining armour too, and boys don't have a monopoly on toughness, attitude and ego. She achieves hero status without sacrificing her essential femininity, she's still attractive, sexy and caring.

Georgia West

THE ETERNAL 12 GLASS CEILING

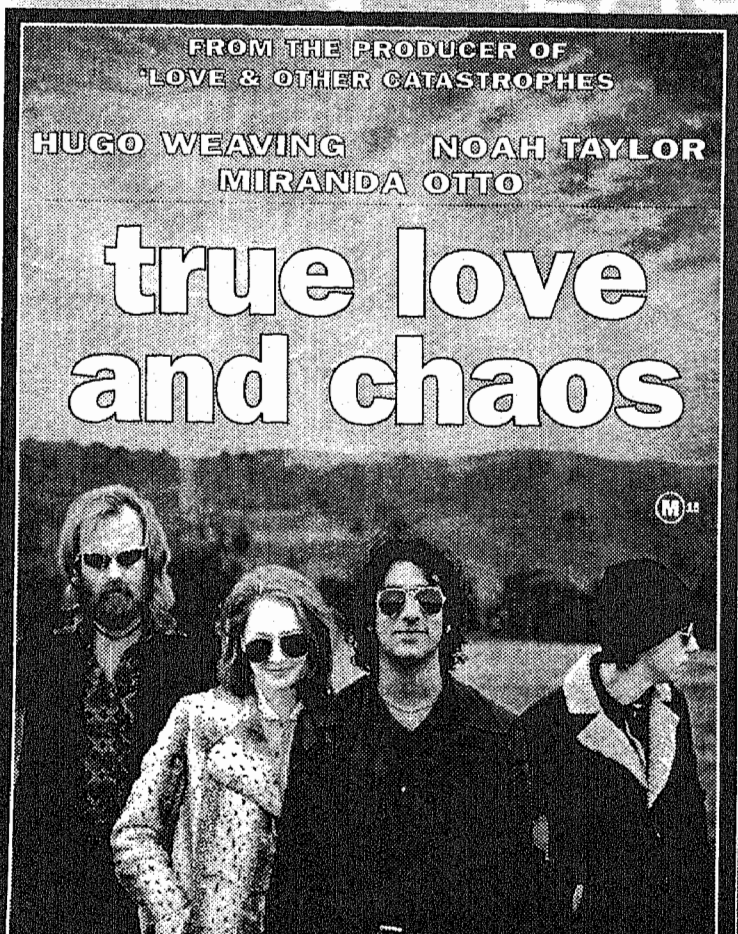
The Associate
Hoyts Cinemas.

The Associate centres around a financial analyst by the name of Laurel Ayres (Whoopi Goldberg). Someone who seemingly possesses all the skills to go straight to the top of the corporate ladder but who has trouble breaking through the "glass" ~ a feat easily accomplished by most of her male counterparts. Having a well deserved promotion go to a male colleague that she trained convinces Laurel to start her own business and be her own boss. Unfortunately, Laurel finds that attitudes don't change much and that all of her business proposals are turned down by so called friends because their 'partners' wouldn't go for it. Laurel then hatches an ingenious plan to create the perception that she has formed a partnership with a powerful male, fabricating the persona of Robert S.Cutty.

Business offers and the money soon starts rolling in but the more successful that Laurel is the harder it is to convince everyone that Cutty is always out of town. With the help of an impersonator friend and a lot of tricky make up, Laurel makes a public appearance as the elusive Cutty and from then on things only get worse. At one point Laurel is even arrested for the murder of her elusive partner, a bind she only gets out of because the same guy who stole her promotion works out what is going on and steals the Cutty idea as well. Rest assured it all works out in the end and everybody gets what they deserve.

The Associate is a film that really took me by surprise. Goldberg puts in an extremely funny performance and the supporting cast in Dianne Wiest (*Parenthood*), Bebe Neuwirth (*Cheers*, *Jumanji*) and Tim Daly is exceptional. Highlights to look for are Neuwirth's attempted seduction of Cutty and Tim Daly's dancing. The make up is not exactly *Nutty Professor* stuff but if you can look past it there are some genuine laughs to be had.

Dale Tiver



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Bars, Motels and Endless Highways

After much rescheduling of interview times, I finally got a chance to talk to the director of the Australian film, *True Love and Chaos*, a contemporary and intimate road movie about the personal journeys of four characters, played by such revered young Aussie actors (bar the Englishman, Naveen Andrews) Miranda Otto, Noah Taylor and Hugo Weaving. The director,



Stavros Andonis Efthymiou, was flurried, surviving a bad cough, and doing endless rounds of promo interviews (ay, carumba!) but as they say, the show must go on...

The Idea

I asked Stavros where the idea for this road movie originated from, to which he explained "I was interested in themes like home and identity," and how we "try to construct meaning from our lives. I thought that by placing the story on the road would remove it from things; houses and workplaces, fixed things which are part of the things of home and identity. To create a transient story which suits the theme of the film."

The Characters

I was interested to know where the characters in the film were drawn from. Were they people I knew? "Yes, they were people that I knew in my past. There are mountains of people sometimes. Obviously the story is not anybody's story but the characters are people that I've known over time and I thought they were quite interesting. I mean they are all kind of lost in some way and trying to make sense of their lives. Some of them do."

The Actors

The roles of Noah Taylor and Hugo Weaving were written with them especially in mind, due to admiration the director had for their work, "I really admire them as actors and I wanted [the part] particularly for Hugo. He is very, very

different in this film from whatever he'd done and I know he's a very versatile actor. I like working with people I know. I find that enjoyable, I'd rather write with somebody in mind. Even writing the scripts, I would have written every character with an actor in mind even if I didn't end up with that actor."

On the question regarding the casting of the Brit, Naveen Andrews (*The English Patient*), it was very simple, really. "I just rang him and he said sure."

The Travelling.

For this film, the director travelled across the desert himself, as part of research for the film but surprisingly said that this did not play a defining role to the end product.

"Only one small part of the film was influenced by that."

Physically, the four characters are travelling from Melbourne to Perth,

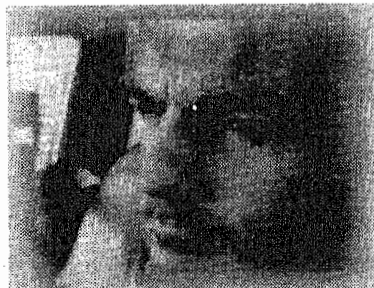


stopping at interesting sites along the way, but it is their soul-searching journey that is appealing.

"Although it's a road film, it's more the act of travelling than where in particular you're travelling to. I don't focus too much on landscape or kangaroos. I was more interested in having these people removed from the city but not necessarily in the environment, just trapped in the car. That was what I wanted, to explore their particular changes; small but subtle changes over the course of a couple of days."

The Music

One of the distinctive features of *True Love and Chaos* is the music used. I asked if music was an important element to his films or



was it just especially so in *True Love and Chaos*.

"I do love music," but replies with laughter "but I haven't done that many films." He revealed that Emma Kate Croghan, director of last year's successful *Love and Other Catastrophes*, which Stavros produced, selected a lot of the music heard in the film.

The Joys of Directing

"There is no joy in directing," he exclaims with laughter and cheekily adds, "none at all." "There is loads of joy in writing and there is joy in editing but actually, physically, be on the set is a nightmare".

Stavros constantly finds ways on the set to improve his film, a style as a director he acknowledges.

way but this is the way I find best to cope with in the situation."

Cannes Film Festival

"It's a madhouse," at the mention of the festival. "Most people are not interested in films, they seem to be interested in getting tickets to parties." There was a highlight to the gaudy festivities for him though, "I saw a beautiful film there called *Ice Storm* by Ang Lee, which was great."

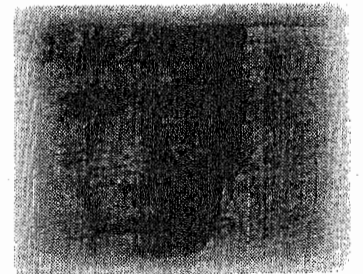
At this point I asked if he wanted to continue with the interview.

"I'm happy to talk but I'm a bit braindead. I've got the flu and I have a cough but the cough seems to have gone away." Strangely enough, this elusive cough returned moments later and unmercifully attacked him, leaving me on the other end, listening to worrying sound effects. He persisted with the interview.

At his inquiry to the response of his film, I mentioned that nobody walked out of the preview. "Cannes is funny because people get up and leave all the time. People are trying to see loads of films, they see 5 minutes and then move on. They are there to buy films so they see it, they say "I like it and I want to go and buy it. It's funny".

Films

Was there a film he saw recently he wished he had made? I foolishly suggested *Star Wars*, which I as-



sumed would be the mantra of influence to most directors.

"I don't wish to have made *Star Wars*. I wish I made *Ice Storm*... (thinks hard) ... See this is the braindead part!" he apologetically said, laughing.

That is quite alright. You're forgiven.

Ching Yee Ng

Today's program was brought to you by the letter 'V' - Video and..

Bulletproof

1996, Director: Ernest Dickerson
Adam Sandler, Damon Wayans
CIC Video

Archie (Adam Sandler) and Keith (Damon Wayans) are the best of friends, they trust each other more than any other person on the planet. They both earn their keep through stealing cars, or so Archie thought. Keith is in actual fact an undercover cop, whose loyalty towards his friend is overriden by his commitment to 'the force', which devastates Archie. When the undercover project is discovered, a carnage ensues, and Keith is shot by his former friend who manages to escape. This results in both men seeking revenge upon the other, as their paths cross again. This is where the real action starts, as Keith and Archie dodge bullet after bullet and another betrayal is revealed. The humour is slightly 'yobbo', and crude. It was the action that kept me stuck to the screen. All in all, it was a fun, but grotesque video, with a couple of gut stirring scenes. I wouldn't watch it twice.

Fiona Sproles

Chain Reaction

1996, Director: Andrew Davis
Keanu Reeves, Morgan Freeman,
Rachel Weisz
20th Century Fox

It seems mainstream movies are finally getting an environmental conscious, albeit a microscopic one. *Chain Reaction* attempts to create some commercial plausibility for this politically correct movement, sadly using the legendary Keanu and the great Morgan Freeman in this lame effort.

Keanu Reeves is Eddie Kasalovich, an undergraduate machinist working with an experimental team. This team is attempting to produce cheap clean energy to replace fossil fuels. Morgan Freeman co-stars as Paul Shannon, an enigmatic character keenly interested in the outcome of the experiments.

On the evening of this team's supposed success everything seems to go drastically wrong. The factory the team are using explodes destroying eight city blocks surrounding it, and the idealistic, respected environmentalist, Dr. Alistair Barkely, who is heading the experiment is killed in the blast. Much to Eddie's dismay, all the evidence seems to point to Eddie and physicist Lily Sinclair (Weisz). They soon realise they are being framed and must flee.

What follows are some implausible chases and evasions, with some special effects thrown in for good measure. It was disappointing that Reeves and Morgan even appeared in this film, as we have come to expect more from both of them (check out *Little Buddha* and *The Shawshank Redemption* for further explanation). *Chain Reaction* is an action film set in a politically correct

scenario, a lukewarm improbable Keanu flick. Let your mind go numb, and you could find yourself this one.

Natalia Bondarenko

Bordello of Blood

1996, Director: Gilbert Adler
Dennis Miller, Angie Everhart, Erika Eleniak, Chris Sarandon
CIC Home Video

This film was co-conceived and co-produced by Robert Zemeckis, that paragon of Hollywood virtue and all things sentimental who directed every American's wet dream movie; *Forrest Gump*. It appears that misogyny and bad taste do not rate among the list of sins that Hollywood is always preaching against.

Bordello of Blood is about Lilith (Everhart), a legendary vampire whose corpse is found somewhere in the South American jungle and revived by a midget who holds the key to her desires: literally. She sets up her blood sucking operation under the guise of a brothel and takes on numerous fake breasted vampire apprentices to help her run it. But her business is threatened when one of her customers goes missing, and a penniless and horny detective (Miller) is hired to find out what happened.

The thing that I found most disturbing about the film was the scene where all the half-naked vampires of the bordello are annihilated by a toy gun which left many of the women running around with only half bodies. Yet, regardless of all its plot failings, cheesy lines, bad special effects, and ill-conceived attempts at humour, the story moves at a good pace and manages to hold your interest.

Carmel Pascale

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

Refugees: human rights have no borders
This year AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL will direct its focus to the plight of refugees around the world. The need for such a campaign could not have come at a more urgent time. There are an estimated 15 million refugees worldwide while a further 20 million people have been uprooted from their homes and forced to flee in fear of their lives, but remain within the borders of their country of origin. 90% live in the world's poorest countries. Millions live in a precarious situation, unable to return home, but also unable to find proper protection against being forcibly returned to their country of origin.

Closing doors: although the numbers of those seeking refuge is rising, countries are increasingly reluctant to live up to

Doctor Who: The Green Death

1973, starring Jon Pertwee as the Doctor
Roadshow Entertainment

THIS IS NOT A RENTAL VIDEO

This 1973 *Doctor Who* story is the last of the tenth series of the BBC's long running science fiction series. *The Green Death* features the talents of the third Doctor, John Pertwee - you know, the one with the curly grey hair and the ruffles. This video offers what you should expect from *Doctor Who* of this vintage ... low budget special effects

(plastic maggots, horrible video overlay techniques), the Doctor's dodgy 'kung-fu', the folks from UNIT attempting to solve problems by either shooting them or blowing them up, and screaming female sidekicks ... and in addition to all these things you have come to love, a whole bucket load of bad Welsh accents and stereotypes!

The Green Death is set in southern

Wales, as a spate of mysterious deaths strike miners in a small Welsh village. The dead men glow with a pulsing (completely unconvincing) green light. The Doctor, Jo, and the Brigadier soon find themselves on opposite sides. It becomes clear that the nearby chemical plant run by Global Chemicals is involved - but how? (Do we really care?)

The key to enjoying *The Green Death* is to watch the video in small episode-long bites (so the cliff-hangers are more effective), and to not take it all too seriously. Dated but still vaguely amusing.

Stephen Finney

Kingpin

1996, Director: Peter Farrelly
Woody Harrelson, Randy Quaid,
Roadshow Entertainment

On the stakes of crude and distinctly unfunny films, this one must rate very highly. Full of stereotypes, including a vicar who chases big breasted girls, a naive Amish farmer who has a spell as a drag table top dancer, bestiality, and a man who vomits after sex, *Kingpin* encompasses many of the most unattractive aspects of American culture.

Set in the 1970's and 1990's it follows the life of Roy E. Munsen (Woody Harrelson), an Iowa State 10-pin bowling champion in 1979, who then has his bowling hand destroyed. He ends up a broke alcoholic who spots an Amish lad (Randy Quaid) and convinces him to come to Reno with him in the hope of winning the \$1 million that is on offer for a bowling championship.

On their way they meet a perpetually short skirted woman (Vanessa Angel) who alternately joins and betrays them, eventually and inexplicably throwing herself at Roy. A more unattractive man would be difficult to imagine. The conclusion is not the most predictable, though it was still 'happy' to the point of sickliness.

The humour is of the basest kind, with only one or two slightly amusing scenes, and nothing original. The soundtrack was a hotchpotch of songs ranging from *The Sound of Silence* to *Disco Inferno*. Overall, it an uninspiring film with no real redeeming aspects.

Bronwyn Davis

Freebie Corner

The video sub-ed has kindly obtained a copy of *Dr. Who: The Green Death* (which you cannot rent!). To win, be the first person come down the office on Friday after 12.15pm

their international obligations. They ignore the human rights tragedies which lead to people fleeing, and frequently violate the principle that refugees not be returned. Wealthier states in particular are restricting the access of asylum-seekers to their territories, often imposing conditions or procedures on those who do arrive which violate basic human rights. Unfortunately, this criticism also applies in many respects to Australia.

Why refugees are a human rights issue: Every single refugee is the consequence of a government's failure to protect human rights. By definition, a refugee is someone who has fled their country of origin out of fear of persecution - in other words, they fled the threat of human rights violations. Refugee producing countries persist in the human rights violations that cause people to flee and which frustrate any possibility for them to return safely. In many countries to which

large numbers of refugees have "voluntarily" returned, human rights violations persist or are re-occurring, creating the possibility of another refugee exodus.

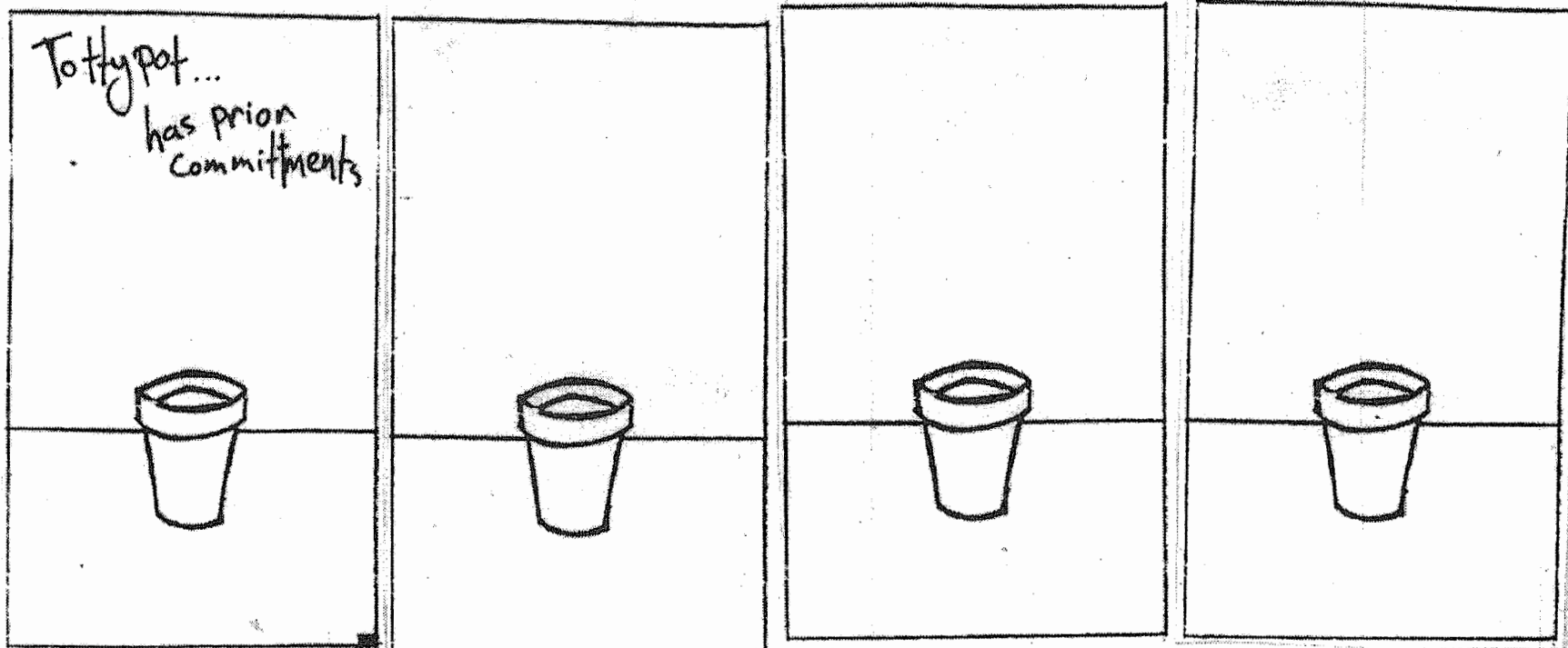
Without human rights abuses, there would be no refugees. The campaign will therefore focus on preventing the human rights violations which lead to people fleeing, and encouraging every government to take more responsibility.

Who Are Refugees?

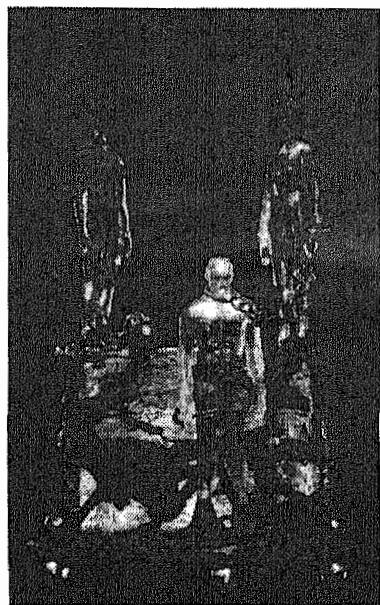
- Refugees fear human rights abuses.
- Refugees have fled their country
- Refugees are not like migrants
- Refugees are not criminals
- Refugees are survivors
- Refugees have rights

(Amnesty International campaign briefing)

Join Amnesty International on campus. Meetings held 10m Thursdays, 5th Floor Union Building, Cannon Poole Room.



The Meltdown Show
Anima Gallery
187 Rundle St



The Anima Gallery provided the perfect escape from the wind and the rain last week when I went to see the MeltDown Show by Stephen Skillitzi. This exhibition is Adelaide based glass maker Skillitzi's first solo exhibition since 1981. It comprises some forty glass and metal sculptures, screens, panels and tables.

I found many of the works very interesting with great colour. The often contorted form of the material interplayed with the different images and figures, namely fish and human beings.

Pieces such as *Dragon Lady* and *Fish Dance #1* incorporate glass, colour and shape on a range of levels but to me they looked like glorified venetian lamps. Skillitzi's use of electro forming metals gives interesting texture to some works like *Egyptian Queen* which possesses a slightly aztec feel.

Skillitzi's skill in the manipulation of glass is very good though, not surprising as he is one of the founding pioneers of studio glass in Australia. The "Meltdown Show" is for people who enjoy glass and sculptures: if not then I'd leave it for a rainy day.

Amelia Matthews

Interactive Experience
Interactive Gallery
254 Hindley Street West

The Interactive Gallery has been around for a couple of years and in the middle of last year moved to its new space in the West End. The directors, Ebony Jacobs and Jon Crouch aim to create an arts drop-in centre that gives everybody the chance to exhibit their artwork without the prohibitive costs and exclusivity common to other Adelaide galleries. Some exciting things on offer at the Interactive are:

- Σ cheap coffees and cakes
- Σ free life drawing sessions on Sunday afternoons.
- Σ poetry readings on Friday nights
- Σ musical / performance evenings
- Σ monthly newsletters

People interested in attending any of the above activities and/or exhibiting their work are encouraged to visit the gallery or ring 8212 6688.

The gallery is well situated in the midst of the West End yuppification. The rear of the gallery presents itself to the studios of the Masters students from the South Australian School of Art. It is also situated close to the new City West campus of the University of South Australia which gives artists the perfect opportunity to sell their works to unsuspecting rich business management students as they wander past in search of a restaurant in their lunch hour.

Enough of the advertising, what's the artwork like?

To tell you the truth, I find it too difficult to categorise. Each exhibition I have seen is a trash and treasure market featuring a number of artists' works. All works I have seen are small - a combined effect of gallery size and the restrictive cost of materials. There is an energy about the artwork that makes me think the artists are younger and more optimistic than many. I

am now familiar with some artists' names and their particular styles. Stickman's wave pictures and intricate tree paintings are numerous, as are Ebony's vividly coloured, swirly tree-trunk paintings. Stickman also produces hand-painted T-shirts of dolphins, waves and the like.

The current exhibition "ART is here" is a fascinating mixture of sketches, earth craft, sculptures and paintings. A painting that particularly appealed to me was Elizabeth Silwood's *Women of the Stars*. It is more relaxed and free-flowing than other paintings in the room. Her painting *Freedom from within* (possibly inspired by a 70's sci-fi book cover, depicting humanoids in low-gravity!), is also quite smoothly executed. The poetry throughout the gallery dampened my appreciation slightly as it reminded me of the doodles and scrawls I used to produce whilst under the influence. (Interactive's newsletter is also full of stuff.) My favourite pictures are Rowan T's small, intricate gauche and pencil drawings. These distorted images of figures, building and interiors are playful and cartoon-like but have macabre undertones. His painting *Food*, I read as an image of tragic gluttony. It is quite violent, both in execution and subject matter. The appropriately named *Icecream 1* and *Icecream 2* (in modern decor colours) seem inoffensive and chirpy.

The word Art obviously holds great meaning for the gallery directors, with comments such as "Enjoy your Art" and "Art is life" appearing on the newsletters and fliers. I feel the gallery could benefit by producing exhibitions that stick to a more specific theme, thereby encouraging artists to branch out and improvise. Last year I watched the Interactive Gallery shop sign being painted. It started out with confident and large lettering but when suddenly, the end of the sign approached, the word "gallery" was quickly squeezed in. This ech-

oes a lot of the work on exhibit. The spirit of experimentation is definitely apparent and the artists attack their work with great gusto, but without some form of plan, it is unlikely that their work will ever change. Life drawing sessions are a luxury few artists can afford, so the free sessions at Interactive provide an opportunity for artists to experiment further and widen their experience, which will in turn help channel a new approach to artwork. Maybe this change will be reflected in the works of Interactive's core group in further exhibitions.

I strongly support the existence of the Interactive Gallery as an arts space. All artworks are realistically priced. A small group of poverty-stricken uni students could easily get together to buy a friend a fantastic piece of artwork between them, so why not have a look soon?

Cathy Sinclair

**Viz Arts...people.
Get into it!**

If you think you know the difference between Dadaism and Neo-Futurism, or if you don't, the experience of re-viewing art exhibitions can be really rad, daddy-o. If you would like to partake in the enlightening experience of re-viewing art exhibitions for On Dit, and at the same time getting your name in lights (well in print), drop me a line at the On Dit office. I have my very own pigeon hole, you know! Martin Polkinghorne.

What is the difference between Dadaism and Neo-futurism anyway?

Juxtapositions I and II:

Flinders Art Museum

Thursday 8 May - Friday 13 June 1997

To prevent the unthinkable of the *On Dit* Visual Arts section repeating itself, what follows is a 'remarkably' different review of the same exhibition. But, don't let that turn you off, cause *Juxtapositions* is worthy of two reviews! Please read it, because it would make me ever so happy!

It takes a heck of a long time to get to Flinders Art Museum. Ensure that you pack your waterbag and compass. Make detailed travel arrangements. But... when you get there and see 'Juxtapositions' you realise it wasn't so far after all. 'Juxtapositions' an exhibition of Australian Indigenous works from the collection of the Flinders Art Museum is simply wonderful. The exhibition provides a survey of Aboriginal works incorporating a 'variety of media and artistic conventions'.

I must confess my intense interest in Australian Indigenous art, especially dot paintings and the more abstract works. I was certainly chuffed with the 'Dreamings of the Desert: Aboriginal dot paintings' exhibition at the Art Gallery of South Australia last year, celebrating 25 years of the dot painting movement (it was mind blowing!), and even more chuffed at the opening of an Australian Indigenous art gallery /shop next to the Exeter on Rundle Street. Take a quick look at this place next time you're waiting for that chicken yiros order at nearby Falafel House - you'll probably forget all about that yiros.

Unfortunately my knowledge of Indigenous art does not match my enthusiasm. Fortunately, 'Juxtapositions' provides a fascinating and comprehensive introduction to the works of Australian Indigenous artists.

Flinders Art Museum, so I am told, possesses one of the most significant collections of Indigenous Art in Australia. Thus, it is a privilege and event when the Museum exhibits some of its collection. The exhibition attempts to expose the viewer to a selection of Aboriginal styles and themes, providing a comprehensive cross-section of relevant works. The coverage of the exhibition is only limited by the relative small exhibition space of the Flinders Art Museum.

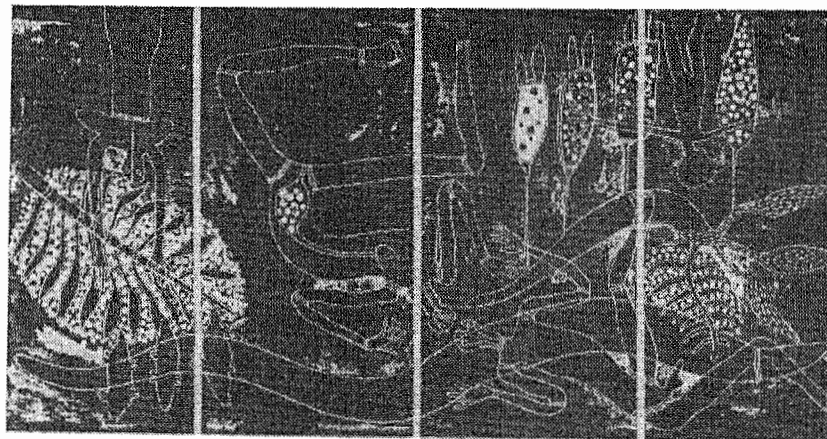
When considering this exhibition it is important to note its title - 'Juxtapositions'. My trusty Concise Oxford Dictionary cites juxtaposition as... "Placing, being placed, side by side." Thus the exhibition provides juxtapositions of major themes in Aboriginal Art, juxtapositions of media and artistic conventions, but most significantly it represents a juxtaposition of cultures imposed as a result of anglo colonisation. Mutual understanding and assimilation of cultures has not been simple or even successful, however we should not give up hope. We can not give up hope. Cultural juxtaposition of Australian Indigenous artists within a modern multi-cultural Australia is reflected via the art presented in this exhibition.

'Juxtapositions' is divided into five essential themes that are central to Aboriginal culture. These themes are Water and Rain, Honey Ant, Rock Painting, Digging Stick and Totemic Images. Another two sections are specifically devoted to two exceptional artists:- Jarinyanu David Downs and David Corby Tjapaltjarri.

The dot paintings relate to me on the level of abstract op art, however these works are infinitely more meaningful and significant. They hold great spiritual meaning that goes beyond the mere visual aesthetic of abstract art. An example of a contemporary dot painting

style is *Thorny Devil Lizard Dreaming* (1995) by Kathleen Petyarre, which is simply unreal. This painting demands your attention as it draws you into the swirling whole. Other examples of dot paintings include the work of David Corby Tjapaltjarri, whose paintings attempt to illustrate his ancestor's journeys and the landscape within which these travels took place. *Honey Ant Dreaming at Ellery Creek* by Benjamin Landara is another excellent example of this absorbing and hypnotic style.

The landscape is an essential theme within many of these works. Coupled with the mythi-



cal iconographic representation of animals, the symbiotic relationship between the Aboriginal people and nature becomes obvious. The relationship with the land can be represented by some of the more 'western' style water colour landscapes of Cordula Ebatarinja, Arnulf Ebatarinja and Claude Panuka. These works are reminiscent of the work of Albert Namatjira.

A standout work within the 'Rock Painting' section is *Mythical Figures and animals* by Mundabaree. This psychedelic tribal 'x-ray' hallucination transports the viewer back to the time of Dreaming via a colourful contemporary interpretation.

The works exhibited by Jarinyanu David Downs are all the more interesting and relevant to 'Juxtapositions' when his background is revealed. Downs is identified as a Christian, a juxtaposition of an established western religion upon a traditional tribal culture.

One should note that this is indeed a small, however representative collection of Aboriginal works. There is obviously an immense pool of talent of Indigenous artists able to express their 'being' via artistic expression, no doubt induced by the 'tradition' of story telling.

I do not want to delve into the political issues currently surrounding Indigenous Australians, as Marc Vickers, in *Juxtapositions I* has provided a sound coverage of current problems, except to say I think we should all open our eyes to the obvious inequities and Pauline should go and suck on a sour lemon. I'm sorry if I've resorted to cheap jibes, but she really does deserve it!

'Juxtapositions' is a fantastic introduction to Australian Indigenous Art. It celebrates Aboriginal art and culture, and provides a refreshing respite from the unfortunate negative images we are constantly bombarded with.

So... the Burke and Wills-like expedition out to Flinders was worth it after all. My fine day trip to 'Juxtapositions' was complemented by a tasty beverage stop at a conveniently located Truck station on the long trip home. Mmmm... refreshing.

Martin Polkinghorne

The small (but excellent) Flinders University Arts Museum is currently showcasing around 40 of the 1200 pieces of Aboriginal art owned by that uni. Having talked to the curator of this exhibition, Maggie Fletcher, I gathered that it was put together, initially at least, under one rubric—a juxtaposition of early pre-commercialised Aboriginal art made for cultural reasons with later works made by the same artists, but this time to be sold for profit. How-

ever, it appears that this rubric was too restrictive and the more general rule of representing the diversity of Aboriginal art seems to have been applied in the choice of most of the art included in the exhibition, *Juxtapositions*. And what might have been lost in academic rigorousness in this broadening of the selection process has been more than compensated for by the aesthetic quality of the works selected—they provide an excellent introduction to a fair range of very high quality Aboriginal art.

During the opening speeches, the point that art cannot be viewed in a political vacuum was proposed. It was pointed out that many Aboriginals suffer bad health, and that on average they die much younger than whites and are less well off. These are uncontested facts; as a people, they are disadvantaged. The reasons for this disadvantage might be debatable, as might be the cure, but the fact of its existence, despite Pauline's assertions to the contrary, is irrefutable. Likewise, the fact that Aboriginal children were taken away from their parents by the thousands in our very recent history appears to be proven by the commission into "the stolen generation." Nowadays, most people agree that the state taking children away from parents is barbaric behaviour, and many would expect to be compensated if it had happened to them, particularly with a pro-family government in power. We'll see, won't we. Which brings me to the third political issue that raises its ugly head—Wik. This risks being the most shameful moment in Australia's recent history. The Wik decision, as I understand it, merely

states that on pastoral leases, where any Aboriginal native title rights that might exist conflict with the pastoralist's needs, the pastoralist's needs take precedence. So, for example, if a pastoralist needs to build a fence round a sacred site to keep stock in, he (almost invariably) has the perfect right to do so, despite any Aboriginal concerns. Now, how this threatens pastoralists' interests is hard to see. However, when we look at what "pastoralists" are demanding via the NFF and The National Party, it is clear that Aboriginal native title rights are nothing more than a smokescreen. What the NFF and the NP really want is for land currently only being leased by them to be given to them outright, for free! Yippee, I've been renting my house for years, can I have it now please? Get real! This is the most shameless landgrab in Australia's post-federation history. Around half of Australia will, if this occurs, be given, yes given, to some of Australia's already richest people (and this is crown land—it belongs to you and me). I know that the Liberals have a slight traditional bias towards the rich (as did the last Labor Government for that matter) but this is ridiculous.

Anyway, back to the art. Most of the time we are bombarded with negative news about and images of Aboriginal life in general, and as a result it is easy to forget what so-called "white" Australian culture gains from Aboriginal culture. If you need any reminding this is the exhibition for you. And, even if you don't need any reminding or don't want any reminding but simply wish to see sublime art, this exhibition is for you. It ranges from three traditional pointillist "dot" paintings of David CORBY, well-balanced white, brown, ochre and black constructions that relate ancestral stories; through to Kathleen PETYARRE's almost abstract looking *Thorny Devil Lizard Dreaming*, a work that on a purely visual and abstract level alone puts all the pommi rubbish I saw in the last Biennial at the South Australian Art Gallery to shame with its sophisticated sensuousness; through to three powerful, yet delicate, bark paintings by three different artists, Thompson YULIDJIRRI, William MARALWURA and Timothy NADJOH; and through to Heather WALKER's haunting yet humorous *Watching 1988*, a painting I can't help but interpret as a wry comment on the Bicentennial—in retrospect, a tragically missed occasion for reconciliation.

Marc Vickers

Phantom of the Opera

Phantom of the Opera
The Really Useful Theatre
Company
Festival Theatre
Thurs, 24th of April.

I had always believed that the hype surrounding this show was bloated and was the major contributor towards its phenomenal success. Thus I entered the Festival Theatre with the expectation that the show I was about to see was over-rated and therefore I should be prepared to be slightly disappointed.

The atmosphere was one where people were there to see and be seen. I overheard a few people telling their conversation groups (a little too loudly) about how many operas that they had already been to and how fantastic they all were. Definitely not my type of crowd.

As I sat down I silently thanked the publicists for giving me decent seats so that I see all that was to ensue. Being totally unfamiliar with the story and only familiar with a few of the songs heard from a borrowed CD (cheers Kevin-legend!) I prepared to suspend my disbelief.

The operatic style is hard to adjust to but it is worth it. From where I was positioned I could hear fine, but I suspect that the vocals were assisted for those seated in the rear. Being untrained I cannot rave about how good the voices were except to say that there were no obvious mistakes and that all the cast had great sounding voices.

The Phantom of the Opera is a blend of action and singing. Ordinarily this would become tiresome

but the most amazing feature about this show is the sets. This production costs more than our state deficit to put on and it shows. Literally within ten seconds the stage can be transformed from on-stage during rehearsals, to back-stage following a performance, to the strange and eerie confines of the phantom's abode.

The lair of the phantom deserves a paragraph to itself. From the floor rises lit candles, whilst candelabras enter unassisted from both sides of the stage. The smoke rolls strangely into the orchestra pit whilst the gondola with the phantom and his hopeless victim the beautiful Danielle gracefully traverse the stage.

The performance is a blend of magic and drama. Unlike Hollywood, the audience is not bombarded into submission by special effects but rather they complement and add to the action in a way that convinces you that what you are seeing is reality.

As a performance the *Phantom of the Opera* is not something that you are likely to forget in a hurry. As an example of theatre it is too highly orchestrated and controlling of the audience member's attention. There is no scope for the audience to think about what they are seeing or to respond to the piece with their own emotions as the style of theatre is so contrived.

If you are given the opportunity to see this production then do see it, you will enjoy it. Just don't expect this to be the show of your lifetime.

Courtney Squires.

Don't Change The Channel!

Whenever I Thought About You The Channel Changed.

Accost theatre group.
 F.A.D. Cafe
 Thurs, 1st May.

WITAYTCC (pronounce that-I challenge you!) is a show produced by an enthusiastic group of young lads and lassies who want to work in this area as their career. What they prove is that you don't need ridiculous amounts of money (including a promotions budget that equals production costs) to produce a good show.

WITAYTCC is fresh and it is confronting. The plot uses TV as a vehicle with which to explore the desires and weaknesses of five very different people.

The setting looks a little like a doss house with each character owning a small area of the stage. With five characters on stage it is inevitable that some will be confined to downstage but the direction allows each character to interact with the audience at a more intimate distance.

From behind the audience the character of Footnote appears. Dressed in drag he prances onstage and draws the audience into the world of each character's life.

From a young writer (18 year old Drew Proffitt) this play deals with issues such as

sexuality, success and failure, and life in a surprisingly mature way. At times the script does drag and it becomes unclear what exactly the character does feel or think but this happened infrequently and with practice and maturity this problem should clear up.

The direction was hampered by the stage and this led to some characters being confined to the rear of the stage for the majority of the play which sometimes made it difficult to hear all of the dialogue and also lost some of the action. Technical aspects of the play were impressive with slow motion video and TV excerpts.

Some of the actors appeared uncomfortable with the material and there was a sense of tension within the group. The outstanding individual performance dealt with the conflict between being attracted to someone's mind or their body, all demonstrated via the vehicle of a young stripper.

I enjoyed this show but I can't help but feel that if the group worked together a little bit better then this show would have really been great. I'm looking forward to the next show from this group because there is huge potential.

Courtney Squires.

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COR! THEY HAVE A School for Scandal! SCHOOL FOR THAT NOW..

INTERVIEW
BY
JOCELYN
MILBANK

Some guy once said that modern theatre was dead. How many times can you reproduce Shakespeare or Chekhov? How many times can you give the same speeches reworded to "fit the times?" Avid followers of theatre would be shaking their heads furiously, "theatre is a way of life," because it expresses the inexpressible - a parody of life on stage, social commentary. Local directors of *The School for Scandal*, Lia Weston and Georgia Cheesman aim to do this - revive the theatre (was it ever dead?) *School for Scandal* is reproduced from Sheridan's original play from the late 18th century. I met with the two directors, and spoke to them about their up and coming play.

OD: How is your play different from a reproduction of something like *Romeo and Juliet*?

L&G: Well, Sheridan was writing during the Restoration. This was a period that signified a revolt against the former Puritan plays (Shakespeare????) - where all women were virtuous and wore lots and lots of black. Restoration basically means the restoring of life, and is a more vibrant and colourful than something in English verse.

OD: How then have you chosen to dress your actors?



Directors of *School For Scandal*.

L&G: Because the play reflects a time in history where "colour" was reintroduced into society, this has given us a chance to really let go. For instance, one of our characters is a typical fashion victim. She has no idea how to go about "dressing" herself. So we chose to dress her in some very gaudy colours; mixing pink and yellow: tight mini skirts and tops. Lots of fake fur. (faux)

Costumes have proven to be very important in this play because they reflect the identity of the characters. We have a typical Burnside mother with matching gold chains, belt and shoes and an extravert male who wears hot pants and boots. We have really let ourselves go creatively. Part of our set is furniture is covered in velvet (we noticed while stocking up on material that the fake fur was very fashionable.) I think that a lot of people will recognise either themselves in the characters, or someone that they know.

OD: You mentioned that Sheridan wrote in the late 18th century: did you have to modify the script at all?

L&G: Yes. We didn't think that language such as "ye gods" was appropriate for a modernised play. (Do I detect a hint of sarcasm?) So we have changed things like receiving mail to email, yee gods to dammit, and a messenger to a modem.

OD: It sounds like a play that breaches all bounds of time. Does it have a particular message?

L&G: No, not really. I suppose if you really want to look for one, you will find one. Perhaps the search for self identity, but I find that you can find a meaning in anything. It'll be like watching something like *Melrose Place*, pure entertainment. (Hmmm, pure?) It's a fun play, everyone can relate to it - broad based appeal.

OD: How did you get involved in the production of this play?

G: I got involved because of

my friendship with Lia, and I originally got involved in the company, Take the Couch Youth Theatre Company Incorporated, for the production of costumes. In fact I'd like to consolidate one point - I am the Artistic Director - Lia is the Director. (Excuse me!)

L: I have been involved in amateur theatre since I was in High School - that's about 5 years ago. I did study Drama for a while at Adelaide University but I found its content very limited, it was like Chekhov, Chekhov, Chekhov. There is a point where you can have too much. I was involved in this theatre company since it's last production - *Romeo and Juliet* - also modernised.

OD: How did the name "Take the Couch" evolve?

L&G: It's actually a line from the play, *The Removalists*. They did a production of that play and the name was relevant - they just kept it because it was more suitable than others they had had.

Lia then notes that she likes the name Take the Cow much better - perhaps a fetish for cows?

You can catch "The School for Scandal" from May 28 - 31st at Immanuel College. Tickets available at the door, or ph: 8362 0250

Professor Keen-Bean



This was what 'Byte My Floppy' was made for - we could have called ourselves 'Bits and Chips', 'Computer Section' or made any number of wacky electronic references. But we had to be odd, yeah? Just a little bit queer ... Well we were going to do a scintillating piece

on the memetics of virus culture but just hours before the weekly deadline, stumbled across the VNS Matrix. The Matrix is a cyberfeminist collective made up of four South Australian vis/lit/theory artists dedicated to bringing down Big Daddy Mainframe (the embodiment of all that is evil in phallogocentric cyberspace).

The site has links to various things that they're working on including: their manifesto (printed here), virtual theme parks, and personal projects. VNS Matrix are currently working on a computer game (Bad Code) which details the exploits of Gash Girl against the dark patriarchy of Big Daddy Mainframe.

BITCH MUTANT MANIFESTO

BY VNS MATRIX

The atomic wind catches your wings and you are propelled backwards into the future, an entity time travelling through the late C20th, a space case, an alien angel maybe, looking down the deep throat of a million catastrophes.

screenflash of a millionmillion conscious machines

burns brilliant

users caught in the static blitz of carrier fire

unseeing the download that scribbles on their burntout retinas

seize in postreal epileptic bliss

eat code and die

Sucked in, down through a vortex of banality. You have just missed the twentieth century. You are on the brink of the millenium - which one - what does it matter?

It's the cross dissolve that's captivating. The hot contagion of millenia fever fuses retro with futro, catapulting bodies with organs into technotopia . . . where code dictates pleasure and satisfies desire.

Pretty pretty applets adorn my throat. I am strings of binary. I am pure artifice. Read only my memories. Upload me into your pornographic imagination. Write me.

Identity explodes in multiple morphings and infiltrates the system at root.

Unnameable parts of no whole short circuit the code recognition programs flipping surveillance agents into hyperdrive which spew out mil-

lions of bits of corrupt data as they seize in fits of schizophrenic panic and trip on terror.

So what's the new millenium got to offer the dirty modemless masses?

Ubiquitous fresh water? Simulation has its limits. Are the artists of oppressed nations on a parallel agenda? Perhaps it is just natural selection?

The net's the par-

the-noge-netic bitch-mutant feral child of big daddy mainframe. She's out of of control, kevin, she's the sociopathic emergent system.

Lock up your children, gaffer tape the cunt's mouth and shove a rat up her arse.

We're <>verging on the insane and the vandals are swarming. Extend my phenotype, baby, give me some of that hot black javamagic you're always bragging about. (I straddle my modem). The extropians were wrong, there's some things you can't transcend.

The pleasure's in the

dematerialisation. The devolution of desire.

We are the malignant accident which fell into your system while you were sleeping. And when you wake we will terminate your digital delusions,

hijacking your impeccable software.

Your fingers probe my neural network. The tingling sensation in the tips

o f your fingers are my synapses responding to your touch. It's not chemistry, it's electric. Stop fingering me.

Don't ever stop fingering my suppurating holes, extending my boundary but in cipherspace there are no bounds BUT IN SPIRALSPACE THERE IS NO THEY there is only *us*

Trying to flee the binary I enter the chromozone which is not one XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX genderfuck me baby resistance is futile

entice me splice me map my

ABANDONED genome as your project artificially involve me i wanna live forever upload me in yr shiny shiny PVC future

SUCK MY CODE

Subject X says transcendence lies at the limit of worlds, where now and now, here and elsewhere, text and membrane impact.

Where truth evaporates Where nothing is certain There are no maps

The limit is NO CARRIER, the sudden shock of no contact, reaching out to touch but the skin is cold...

The limit is permission denied, vision doubled, and flesh necrotic.

Where truth evaporates Where nothing is certain There are no maps

The limit is NO CARRIER, the sudden shock of no contact, reaching out to touch but the skin is cold...

The limit is permission denied, vision doubled, and flesh necrotic.

Command line error

Heavy eyelids fold over my pupils, like curtains of lead. Hot ice kisses my synapses with an (ec)static rush. My system is nervous, neurons screaming - spiralling towards the singularity. Floating in ether, my body implodes.

I become the FIRE.

Flame me if you dare.

© VNS Matrix April 1996

GAME REVIEW

Star Control Accolade

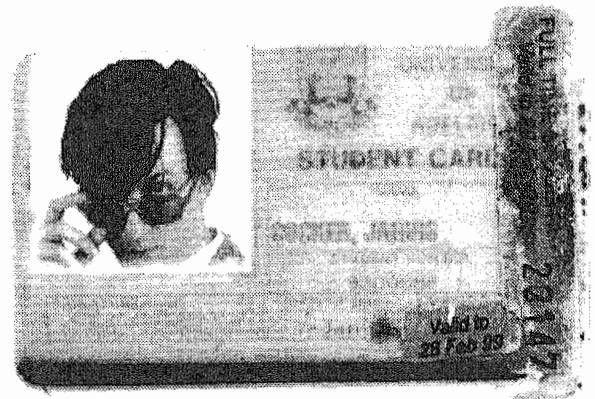
In the same fashion that the movie industry has cult B-movies, the computer gaming industry has Star Control. And in a move not unlike that which made us endure so many Rocky and Rambo movies, Accolade have decided to release a third Star Control game.

Unfortunately, Accolade really does seem to have taken tips from the producers of those numeral hungry buck-grabbers. SC3 offers nothing that we haven't seen before. For the 630 or so megabytes that you get on the CD, I would guess that there's about 10 worth of game (roughly the size of Star Control 2) and 620 of pre-rendered 3D graphics and speech. This game is es-

entially, Star Control 2 with fancy graphics and sound.

Unfortunately, you don't need a killer computer to experience this monstrosity. The minimum requirements are a 486DX2-66 with 8Mb of RAM and a CDROM. If you have a sound card, you'll also be able to hear all of the rehashed tunes and sound effects from Star Control 2, as well as some of the worst voice acting you'll ever hear in a computer game.

If you were thinking about buying this game, then I'd recommend that you go and get a few Star Trek (the Original) videos. At least there was *some* acting in those, and at its worst, it was actually *funny*.



CUT OUT AND KEEP!

It is a little-known fact that many celebrities have attended Adelaide University, even though they might later attempt to hide this fact. Here we present an identical facsimile of one former student's identity card. Simply cut it out, laminate it and use it to gain access to the places where the wealthy and successful hang out. Or not.

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look at your diary. Now wouldn't that just be the perfect start to the new year?

And here's one date you'll definitely want to remember - 1 August 1997. That's when entries close, so get out your pens and paper and start designing.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY: 1. Designer must be a current South Australian University/TAFE student. 2. Designer must submit ID Number and the name of the University/TAFE currently attending. 3. The design must be landscape or portrait in A3 size suitable for reduction to A5 spiral bound. 4. Allow for bleed-off. 5. Provision should be made for one small logo and a corresponding institutional name. 6. Submit full colour design on hard copy. 7. The winner will be notified by mail. 8. No responsibility will be taken for loss of artwork and the judges' decisions are final. 9. The judges reserve the right to modify the winning design if necessary.



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Is sport, is support! Aye.

Badminton - shuttlecocks, I say

30/4/97

B1: Lockleys-Power 8. 177 d UNI 2. 79. (One doubles game to Steele & Wong, one singles to Wong (15-7)).

7/5/97

B2: UNI 6. 139 d Sturt 4. 134. (One men's doubles to Faulkner & Thai, one women's doubles to Hunt & Donovan, one mixed doubles to Thai & Donovan. Singles wins to Faulkner & Thai (men) & Hunt (women).

14/5/97

C: UNI 7. 149 d Glenelg Gold 3. 122 (The men (Faulkner, Crouch & Rogers) won every game they played in, singles, doubles & mixed doubles, with the ladies (Hunt & Donovan) not going home empty handed, due to their contribution to mixed doubles wins.)

Douglas-Irving Trophy

Basketball 7/5/97. GIRLS: St Marks 16 d Flinder's Hall 8. Lincoln 27 d St Anns 15. GUYS: St Marks 30 d Aquinas 17. St Anns 19 d Flinder's Hall 17.

Soccer 11/5/97. GIRLS: St Marks 8 d St Anns 0. Flinder's Hall 4 d Lincoln 1. Aquinas forfeited to St Marks (3-0). Lincoln 5 d St Anns 0. Aquinas forfeited to Flinder's Hall (3-0). (*Looks like Aquinas isn't interested in the Cathedral's keg which has been donated to the final winner of the D-I Trophy '97. -BW.*) GUYS: Flinder's Hall 9 d St Anns 1. St Marks drew with Lincoln 1-1. Flinder's Hall 3 d Aquinas 2. Lincoln 5 d St Anns 1. Aquinas 2 d St Marks 1.

Football - Phwoar!

Round 3 date 3/5/97

Div 1. University Oval. UNI 15. 14 d Athlestone 8.9. Best (JR May, CS Pascoe, SC McGahan, SC Tamke, GJ Smith, SC Dixon.) Goals (BS Harrity, 6. CS Pascoe, 3. CE Chaplin, JR May, 2. Roberts-Thompson, SR Kewell, 1.)

Div 1r. University Oval UNI 17. 12 d Athlestone 12.16. Best (M Hobby, C Walkley, S Newman, C Rule, L Gallagher, R Wearmouth.) Goals (C Mudge, 6. C Botsman, 4. R Wearmouth, C Rule, 2. L Gallagher, M Dabrowski, J Kelly, 1.)

Div 8 South. Park 10. UNI 14. 17 d Portland 4.5. Best (Danielak, O'Callaghan, Thompson, Peacock, Maxwell, Mossman.) Goals

(Maxwell, 3. Dennison, James, Mathewson, Grier, 2. Evans, Darcy Thompson, 1.)

Div 8r South. Park 10. UNI 14. 12 d Portland 10.6. Best (Smidt, Walker, Baker, Kokar, Papps, Ward.) Goals (Papps, 4. McDonald, 3. Ward, 2. Goulding, Thompson, Uppington, Jobling, Kokar, 1.)

Div 8 North. Foxfeild Oval UNI 11. 16 d Athlestone 7.9. Best (JC Argent, AJ Cassidy, DR Prescott, MS Belej, N Ragghianti, BL Parfrey.) Goals (JC Argent, Champion, 2. AJ Cassidy, DR Prescott, MR Hurn, MT Huppertz, SW Bridgwood, N Ragghianti, BL Parfrey, 1.)

Div 8r North. Foxfeild Oval UNI 8. 13 lost to Athlestone 14.13. Best (LD Kube, MI Kube, W Leitch, A Fitzgerald, A Sarson, J Juttner.) Goals (D Graetz, M Bird, 2. A Brock, LD Kube, A Fitzgerald, Featherstone, 1.)

Div 10 South. South Parklands (Sth Tce/G'wood Rd.) UNI 21.8 d Adelaide Lutheran 5.1. Best (Moore, Smid, O'Reilly, Heintz, Mayes, Walsh.) Goals (O'Reilly, 7. Rigden, 5. Smid, 4. Piazza, 2. Moore, Bryson, Mayes, 1.)

Round 4, 10-5-97

Div 1. UNI 9. 16 lost to Henley-Greek 18.15. Best (Dixon, McGahan, Moten, May, Roberts-Thompson, Llewellyn.) Goals (Harrity, Ford, Pascoe, 2. Chaplin, May, Roberts-Thompson, 1.)

Div 1r. UNI 14. 14 d Henley-Greek 7.6. Best (Coats, Price, Hobby, Walkley, Vezis, Kewell.) Goals (Charlton, 3. Botsman, Wearmouth, Dabrowski, Kelly, Krieves, 2. B Vezis, 1.)

Div 8 South. W-L Shore Res. UNI 18. 14 d Smosh/West Lakes 9.3. Best (Thompson, Clohesy, Prescott, Binder, Mossman, Walker.) Goals (Prescott, 5. Clohesy, 3. Maxwell, Walker, 2. N Vezis, Darcey, Mathewson, Aplin, Roberts-Thompson, 1.)

Div 8r South. BYE

Div 8 North. University Oval. UNI 8. 11 lost to Salisbury North 23.14. Best (Bridgwood, Hurn, Black, Adams, Douglas, Burton.) Goals (Hurn, 4. Bridgwood, Cassidy, Huppertz, 1.)

Div 8r North. University Oval. UNI 34. 15 d Salisbury North 1.3. Best (Brock, Furey, Graetz, Goulding, Featherstone, Wildash.) Goals (Brock, 14. Graetz, 9. Kube, Quinton, Andrews, 2. Bird, Roberts, Juttner, Stanborough, Quinton, 1.)

Div 10 South. Park 10 UNI 17. 11 d Glenunga 8.5. Best (Reddin, Quirk, Duncan, Mayes, Lamb, Piazza.) Goals (Duncan, 4. O'Reilly, Rigden, Bryson, 3. Sheirlaw Walsh, 2.)

Round 5, 17-5-97

Div 1. University Oval. UNI 19. 13 d G'wood Saints 16.15. Best (May,

Arnold, Dixon, McGahan, Tamke, Moten.) Goals (Arnold, 7. Wearmouth, 4. Harrity, Chapman, 2. Bryson, Ford, Roberts-Thompson, Granger, 1.)

Div 1r. University Oval. UNI 17. 14 d G'wood Saints 6.7. Best (Walkley, Mudge, Smith, Thomas, Kelly, Charlton.) Goals (Chaplin, 7. Kelly, Mudge, 2. Botsman, Ellery, Wallace, Price, Rule, Smith, 1.)

Div 8 South. Park 10. UNI 11. 15 d Portland 5.6. Best (Ritchie, Clohesy, N Vezis, Paltridge, Darcey, Binder.) Goals (Maxwell, Prescott, N Vezis, Roberts-Thompson, Paltridge, 2. Cassidy, 1.)

Div 8r South. Park 10. UNI 22. 18 d Portland 3.1. Best (Densley, Baker, Kokar, B Fewster, M Fewster, Goulding,) Goals (Densley, 10. Goulding, 4. B Fewster, 2. Wildy, Perry, Grady, Furey, Matt Hutchens, 1.)

Div 8 North. Rosewater Oval. UNI 9. 7 d T-T-Gully 7.9. Best (Rudge Stanborough, Bridgwood, Evans, Adams, Hurn,) Goals (Hurn, 3. Bridgwood, 2. Ragghianti, Wildash, Evans, Rudge, 1.)

Div 8r North. Rosewater Oval. UNI 7. 9 lost to T-T-Gully 13.11. Best (Kube, Parfrey, Foster, White, Sarson, Quinton.) Goals (Brock 3. Graetz, W Leitch, A Leitch, Sarson, 1.)

Div 10 South. Sth Parklands, Glen Osmond Rd, UNI 22. 23 d Pembroke O.S. 6.3. Best (Steel, Lamb, Duncan, Reddin, Quirk, Piazza.) Goals (O'Reilly, 5. Mosey, 4. Lines, Rigden, 3. Russ, 2. Piazza, Walsh, Bryson, Mayes, 1.)

Hockey - Stick 'em up!

Wed, 14 May 1997

WOMEN

Premier League Women drew with Adelaide 3-3. An early goal fired Uni up and we played our first really decent hockey for the season. We went 2-0 up early in the second half and things were looking good! They scored a goal when there was still about 20 minutes to play. Another quick short corner from Adelaide saw the score 2-2. Uni bounced back with some good field play, which was finished off by a lovely solo effort from vice-captain, Robyn Hampton, who feinted the goalie and calmly slotted a goal. Adelaide however were able to steal a draw from a short corner.

Premier League Reserve defeated Adelaide 3-0. Amy Williams scored two goals, both from short corners. A third goal was scored in the run of play from out wide.

The whole the team played well, and there were some excellent efforts to keep opposition players in check, especially when life in defence livened up in the second half.

The Div 3 women lost to Blackwood 1-6 after playing a very good first half. Magdy scored in the second half with a great shot from on the edge of the circle.

Div 4 lost to Adelaide 1-4. The ladies played their best game, so far this year, going down 1-4 to Adelaide. Scorer Tamara Braun.

"Hollick Wines Player of the Week" is Anna Rowlinson, after her dazzling performance as kicking fullback, quickly overcoming extreme anxiety to show considerable strength and allowing the team be very attacking.

The Div 5 Women lost 10 nil after 8 players turned up including the coach's Mum and cousin. Thanks to the Arney family. We desperately need another 5 players for this team!

MEN

The Premier League Men had a disappointing game against Seacliff and lost 0-2.

The first goal came from a penalty stroke. Uni was awarded a stroke later in the first half which was saved by the Seacliff goalie. During a poor second half Uni conceded 1 more goal.

Premier League Reserve defeated Northern Districts 4-0 Grant Coleman walked away with a "hat trick" and Mike Munro converted one of our numerous short corner opportunities. This was a remarkable turn around of form following the previous weeks token effort (going down 7 - 1 to Adelaide, not the 4 - 1 which was reported)

Div 3 men lost to Port Adelaide.

Div 6 defeated Seacliff 4-3

"Black-Outs" started the game off reasonably - scoring the first goal, but then Seacliff put in 3 easy goals in the first half. After half time things improved with Uni holding their own until about the 20 minute mark. Cannon then scored a goal, standing near the goal post, and he simply trapped and slotted. The team fired up and about five minutes later Uni won a short corner with Terry doing a great stick stop and Fridge slotting it into the back corner to even the game. With three minute left on the clock, we won another short corner which was slotted by Cannon (after a big scramble on the goalie) to give Uni a match winning lead.

UNIVERSITY GAMES (IV)

Anyone who is a student at the Uni of Adelaide is eligible to go and you do not need to play hockey for Adel. Uni. We will leave for Melbourne on roughly Friday 26 September and get back on about Sunday 5 October. Cost at the moment is looking like being about \$600 (+ spending money), but we're working on reducing that (through sponsorship etc.) so hope it will be less. Contact phone numbers: Tumble (James Dwyer) 8373 1553. Gaffa (Sam Verco) 8379 6732. Muffy (Amy Williams) 8274 1396.

(Continued overleaf.)

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Judo -

On guard.

The National titles were recently held at the Octagon Theatre at Elizabeth. AU Judo Club carried the weight of organisation for the event, supplying most of the equipment. Congrats to Barbara Potter (Gold) & Tony Clarke (Silver). Lee O'Shaunnessy (USA) & Melanie Dale also competed from AU Judo, strong medal chance Cuong Pham had to withdraw at the last moment through illness, & Will Tamblin suffered a huge slack attack which precluded his competing.

**Soccer -
Balls!**

Results 4/5/97

AMATEURS:A-grade. UNI lost to Olympic 0-4. B-grade. UNI d Olympic 2-1. Goals to Nick Baverstock & Ian Curd.

WOMENS:A-grade. UNI lost to Campbelltown 1-2 (Monica Korecki). B-grade. UNI lost to Sturt Marion 0-1.

COLLEGIATE: UNI Black A v Agua 2-2. (I Curd,2.). UNI Black B v Agua 2-2. (Charlie Detmold, Michael Mathews.)

UNI White A v Norwood O.S. 2-1. UNI White B v Norwood O.S. 3-1.

UNI Blue A v P AOC 1-2. UNI Blue B v PAOC 7-2.

Graduate Red v Windsor Gardens 4-2. UNI Dodgers - bye.

Results 11/5/97

AMATEURS :A-grade. UNI d Hellenic 4-0. Goals (Lance Stewart, Marco DiMaria, Ian Curd, TOG.) B-grade. UNI lost to Hellenic 1-2. Goal (Ian Curd.)

WOMENS :A-grade. UNI won by forfeit. B-grade. UNI lost to Stirling 1-3. Goal to Emma Barson.

COLLEGIATE: UNI Black A v Pulteney 0-4. UNI Black B v Pulteney 3-1 Goals (Evan Burman 2, Des Wee). UNI Blue A v UNI White A 3-0. UNI Blue B v UNI White B 2-2. Graduate Red BYE. UNI Dodgers v St Peters 4-5.

Results 18/5/97

AMATEURS: No games due to bye. A friendly was organized against Flinders Uni which resulted in a 1-1 draw.

WOMENS: A-grade. UNI v Western Districts 1-3. Goal to Imo Baghurst. B-grade. UNI v Western Districts 0-0.

COLLEGIATE: BYE

CENTURY III QUATRAIN 63

"Roman Power will be quite put down following the footsteps of its great neighbour. Secret hatreds and civil disputes will delay the crassness of these buffoons." - Nostradamus.

Commentators from Europe are adamant this quatrain refers to the relationship between Mussolini (Roman Power) and "its great neighbour", Hitler's Germany.

In fact, the verse is quite easy to interpret from 1990's Australia, unencumbered as we are by the psychology of the Eurocentric. This quatrain is of course about South Australia and it reveals a fascinating insight into the mind of Nostradamus. Not only does he accurately predict the inclusion of Port Adelaide in the A.F.L., he also states that he barracks for the Crows. Let's examine this amazing piece of prophecy.

The word "Roman" when used by Nostradamus, does not automatically refer to the Rome of Italy. It does in fact apply to any city-state, like Adelaide. Most analysts agree that in this case Nostradamus is in fact talking about Adelaide, for while it is true that Perth is also a city-state it is generally, accepted this quatrain cant be

talking about Perth, because nobody talks about Perth, not even Nostradamus. The only exception to this is, of course, Perth people, who talk so much about Perth they rarely talk about any thing else.

Given then that old Nostro' (as he was known to his friends) is talking about Adelaide, the word "Power" can only mean one thing. This Adelaide Power is of course, the Port Adelaide Power. In this first line then, Nostro' prophesizes the inclusion of Port Power in the A.F.L. He goes on to predict Port will be "quite put down". This is also startling in its accuracy, soundly thrashed as Port were by St Kilda in round 7 of the competition, "following in the footsteps of its great neighbour". This, as I said before, is not Hitler's Germany as has been asserted in the past, but Port's great neighbour, the Adelaide Crows. How could Nostradamus, who lived nearly 500 years ago, possibly know that both Port Power & the Adelaide Crows would struggle away from the Crow's nest. It demonstrates the breadth & scope of Nostradamus' interests in life.

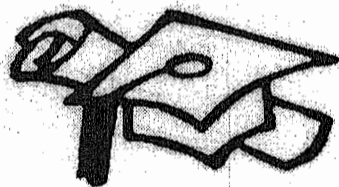
While most of his prophecy relates to European heads of state and their ruling elites, here he is taking an interest in the great egalitarian game of Australian Rules Football.

In the last line, the great prophet foretells of "secret hatred and civil disputes..." once again accurately predicting the acrimony that has emerged in Adelaide after Bruce Weber, and the rest of the Port Adelaide board, sold the football public of South Australia 'down the river'. This, as Nostro' states, delayed Port Adelaide's inclusion in the A.F.L.

In this Quatrain then, Nostro' has incredibly predicted the inclusion of Port Power into the big league, as well as foretelling their defeat against St Kilda and in the broader context the difficulty of winning away from home.

The last line, about the buffoons of Port Adelaide, is not a prediction because Port people have been crass buffoons since his time. Rather, it is Nostradamus' own cryptic way of telling us that he thinks Port are scum and that he follows the Crows.

**Interpretation by
D. Warner.**



Postgraduate Students' Association

A reminder to you all that there is an A-Z guide available from our office to assist you in steering your way around the campus and maximising the facilities, such as they are.

On a more sombre note - TAXATION OF SCHOLARSHIPS!

Earlier this month Mark Latham, Shadow Minister for Education and Youth Affairs released a press statement with regard to this matter. CAPA has been lobbying for some time now to prevent this happening. The following is an extract from this press release:

"Taxation of these scholarships will damage our research and development effort, because some students will not be able to continue if their income is further reduced ... Postgraduate research scholarship students could face a situation where

their scholarships are taxed, reducing their income by more than \$20,000. If they take part-time work to make up the difference, their earnings will be taxed, and these earnings may even put them over the HECS repayment threshold.

Happily, the press release indicated that the ALP will be moving an amendment in the Senate to delete the new section in the taxation laws Improvement Bill 1997 which removes the tax exempt status of postgraduate scholarships funded by the commonwealth under the Higher Education Funding Act 1988. (Incidentally, this possible taxation number has been hanging around since 1994!)

Here in the office we are trying to find out, should this tax number pass, whether or not education expenses can be claimed, etc. Also, exactly which scholarships will be affected.

A further straw for the drowning to clutch onto is offered by Bronwyn Fredericks CAPA President:

"While Minister Vanstone is still considering amendments to the Tax Act to preserve at least some of the tax exempt status of industry funded scholarships (but) CAPA has un-

earthed two Tax Bills due to be debated in the next sitting of the senate which will make government funded scholarships taxable."

She also writes that it appears by next year at least 50% of post-graduate coursework students will have to pay fees. Postgraduate coursework students are also singled out as the only group of students who have no access to income support such as Austudy or Scholarships. This certainly appears to be true on this campus.

The above should be a massive incentive to get the hell out of University as soon as possible!

For those of you not interested in Prosh After Dark, there is an alternative on the Thebarton Campus - A Bush Dance. For details on this really cheap event call 8303 3928.

Another cheap tip... Woolworth in Rundle Mall have a Pepsi Drink machine situated near their discounted chocolates, which dispenses cans for 70c.

Stop Press: MARK LATHAM has just visited the campus and given us what is apparently the new Labor Party formula for tertiary education. I will elaborate next week.



The Clouds

one show only

end of semester show at Adelaide UniBar

Saturday June 14

with the Miltons and special guests

tix from CIB on sale May 20

