

On Dit
 Where shoes were everything
 The University of Adelaide Student Newspaper
 November 2 1998 Vol. 66 No. 24



EDITORIAL

Well. Here we are. It's 1:14 am Monday morning at the time of writing, and we're getting reasonably near the completion of comfortably the biggest *On Dit* ever: 108 pages, surpassing the previous record of 80. Not bad, eh? We think you'll find it's a quality read, too, just as you have all year. It's not like we just scrounged up a whole shitload of filler or anything. After this, of course, you'll be hearing no more from us. We are out of here. To find out how we feel about this, you should really read our various spiels in this edition (specifically pages 17, 18 and 19), because we wrote them when we were slightly more coherent than we are now.

To matters of more import (depending on who you are), last week's referenda have gone through. You can see the numbers off to your right there. We express no opinion regarding these results, but we would like to express disappointment at something that took place during the referendum. It came to our attention that "Vote Yes" propaganda had been inserted into some copies of last week's *On Dit* and placed back at distribution points. This occurred after we had gone to some difficulty to present an impartial front to events, and had specifically rejected a suggestion by certain "Vote Yes" campaigners to insert their fliers into *On Dit*. So we're just a smidge pissed off and wish to reinforce that we had no official position.

If you choose to read this week's letters section (and why wouldn't you?), you'll probably notice a couple of suggestions that VSU (Voluntary Student Unionism) would be preferable to the current state of management of both the SAUA and the Union. We should like to counter this suggestion by reiterating our horror at the prospect of the introduction of VSU legislation and suggest that you read our two VSU articles in this edition (pages 24 and 25).

We might also point out that Unibooks have changed the way in which they are collecting used textbooks for sale; for details of this you should look at their lovely advertisement on page 11.

Finally, we've got a bunch of people we have to thank

for making this year easier, bearable, fun or possible. So we'll just do that, then. Firstly and foremostly we ought to lavish thanks upon our tremendous team of sub-editors and contributors, who make our job both possible and infinitely more fun. We might include in that bracket our unofficial sub-eds, Peter and Christian of Student Radio fame, who do nice work both on and off air and have often gone many leagues out of their way to entertain or help us. Our advertising guru Leeanne has been splendid in raising all the money that we sort of needed to print the paper. She's nice, too. Fiona from the SAUA is a lifesaver in several different guises, particularly in laying out SAUA columns and helping out with the odd Pagemaker tip or two. Jane, also from the SAUA, has proven herself to be something of a saint in putting up with our pleas for money (love that Zip drive! And the digital camera!) and for dealing with endless reams of election- and referendum-related gear of late. Phil Harrison has been more jovial than is strictly necessary, and for this we thank him. Deb Aubert similarly seems to stay happy, which is good, because someone's got to, and it means we don't feel so bad about annoying her with stuff. She does good work.

Big thanks go to Bonnie, from Cadillac Printing, who allowed us to call on weekends with problems coming out of our ears (well, once or twice, anyway) and who helped us with some technical details that allowed us to make our covers the joy-giving things of beauty that they have become - oh, and Simon too, who did some of that as well. Alison and the crew from the Resource Centre for helping us out with all our very many computer difficulties all year. The Myer Centre for keeping us fed, with especial regard to the fine yakitori.

And, of course, all of you guys out there who we never met but who liked our stuff anyway. You guys rock. See you, kids.

Susie, Paul and Chris

Referenda Results

Returning Officer's Announcement

Please find below the results for both the Students' Association and Adelaide University Union Referenda. There were no matters referred to me which in my opinion would cast any doubt on the integrity of the ballot. The result of the voting is as follows:

Adelaide University Union

YES	1032
NO	367
Informal	14
Total	1413

I declare that 1000 valid votes were cast and that the majority of more than 100 votes were cast in favour of the Constitutional amendments.

Student's Association of the University of Adelaide

Yes	1023
No	365
Informal	12
Total	1400

I declare that more than 800 votes were cast and that the majority of votes were cast in favour of the Constitutional amendments.

I thereby declare the Referenda carried.

Ian Cannon
Returning Officer



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. Anything you can do to make our existence more bearable, including gifts, food, drink and flowers, would be most welcome.

Editors:
Susie Bate
Paul Bradley
Chris Slape

Advertising Manager:
Leeanne Storr

Freight:
Chet & Eliza

Typesetting:
Fiona Dalton

Printing:
Cadillac Printing

Web Stuff:
SMUG

Web Administrator:
Anthony Daniele

People we love this week:

Peter for doing somewhat more than a Student Radio Director ought; Christian for crazy golfing antics and all-round niceness; Eva for somehow managing to not sleep for about three weeks in order to get everything done, and for still having more energy than us; Esther and Philip for their amusing shenanigans and assistance (respectively); Chris B for doing the same he does every week times about seven hundred; Brentyn for crazy gear which somehow maintained a streak of sanity; Alice for a cool story and snazzy help; Georgie for even more than usual (and that's a lot); Janak for getting his stuff in early this week; Jon for finishing his thesis in time to help us out; Andrew for just for being such an outstanding individual; Helen for offering her assistance and her boyfriend; Ching Yee for food and advice and friendly gear; Leeanne for exceptional work as per usual; and Crazy Dean for getting off the bus long enough to help us out. Go and lay out your own paper, you crazy bastard.

People we hate this week:
Nah. We love everyone.

Where we are:

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

How to contribute/contact us:

You're too late. But gifts can be dropped off at the office. If you still really want to talk to us, you can drop us a line at *On Dit* c/o Adelaide University, SA, 5005, phone us on (08) 8223 2685 or 8303 5404, fax us on (08) 8223 2412 or email us at ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au

About the cover:

We all did this one. It's nice, isn't it?

Next edition:

Dunno. Probably some time next year. You could look forward to the O'Guide. Or, if you can't wait, make your own at home. All you need is two friends, some paper, some ink and a stick of glue.



THE PLANET CELEBRATES 20 WEEKS OF

SUMMER

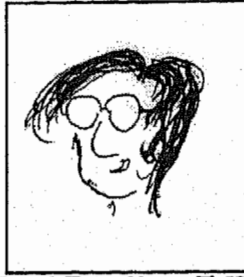
coming soon ...

On Dit: Class of '98



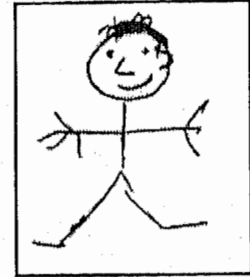
Susie Bate: Editor

Nickname: Starbale; Squash.
 Activities: All of them.
 Quotation: "I love this song! This bit! No. Wail. This bit! Yeah!"
 Voted Most Likely To: Go on to a long and illustrious career in print media, which will probably involve lots of schmoozing with famous people. Good-looking ones.



Paul Bradley: Editor

Nickname: The Other Chap; Someone Else; One Sick Puppy.
 Activities: Doing good work; Playing Snood; Goofing off.
 Quotation: "Have fun! Don't get too rowdy!"
 Voted Most Likely To: Enjoy rave reviews following the premiere of his one-man tribute to himself, and continue to enjoy life until his head gets too big for his boots and he falls into the gutter in a drunken stupor of mixed metaphors.



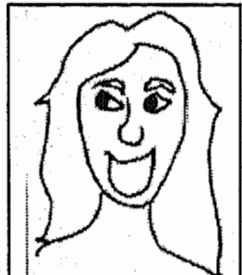
Chris Slape: Editor

Nickname: Slappy; Nasty Chris; Chris S.
 Activities: Sacking people; Cow rustling; The fish game.
 Quotation: "I am the King of the World!"
 Voted Most Likely To: Never become king of the world, but to found a secret society of people dumb enough to elect him President, and decide that that's damn well close enough. And instigate previously undreamt of advances in the women's movement.



Leanne Storr: Advertising Manager

Nickname: Dadgirl.
 Activities: Embezzlement; Fraud; Grand larceny.
 Quotation: "I just want a job overseas!"
 Voted Most Likely To: Skip the country.



Georgie Hambrook: Current Affairs

Nickname: George Negus
 Activities: Sitting at a desk; Writing
 Quotation: "Usually nothing we could understand"
 Voted Most Likely To: Bring about world peace through negotiation, diplomacy and sheer bloody-mindedness.



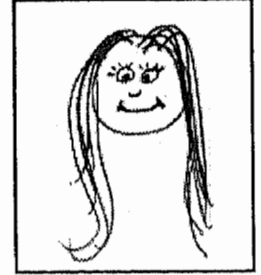
Chris Bolland: Film

Nickname: Chris B; CJ Bolland; Arly Pants.
 Activities: Making burgers; Getting all the girls.
 Quotation: "Anything in a funny accent, love."
 Voted Most Likely To: Revolutionise the film world with a stark retelling of his life.



Esther Speight: Video

Nickname: Spanky.
 Activities: Proof reading; Tending small animals named Philip.
 Quotation: "What do you mean you forgot my section?"
 Voted Most Likely To: Jeopardise national security in a sex videotape scandal.



Alice Bignall: Wayward

Nickname: Alice Ray; Filthy Alice.
 Activities: Picking fights with Paul.
 Quotation: "No il's noll!"
 Voted Most Likely To: Lose her Nobel prize for literature while drunk.



Jocelyn Milbank: Wayward

Nickname: Joc; Joc-a-leen.
 Activities: Drinking coffee; looking cool.
 Quotation: "Damn, I'm a groovy chick!"
 Voted Most Likely To: Do something. Next week.



Annabel Davies: Wayward

Nickname: Bel; Booty Junior.
 Activities: Jumping out of planes.
 Quotation: "I know I haven't done anything ..."
 Voted Most Likely To: Assist chocolate addicts everywhere, to kick their habit.



Brentyn Ramm: Free Thought

Nickname: Peculiar.
 Activities: Sitting; Thinking; Forcing his beliefs on others.
 Quotation: "No, you're wrong. Insanity!"
 Voted Most Likely To: Instigate the Great Meaning Of Life Riots of 1998.



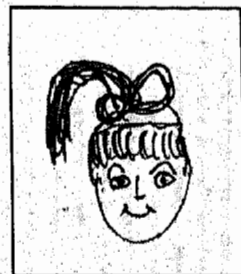
Andrew Weaver: Music

Nickname: AnDrEwI; Monkeyboy.
 Activities: Using the shift key; Leaving the mouse on the wrong side of the computer.
 Quotation: "Anything from South Park."
 Voted Most Likely To: Cut his right hand off, forcing recognition of the left-handed plight.



Jon Dyer: Music

Nickname: JD; Muffy.
 Activities: Muffins; Theses.
 Quotation: "No, you the man!"
 Voted Most Likely To: Become a household name as a spokesperson for repressed muffins everywhere.



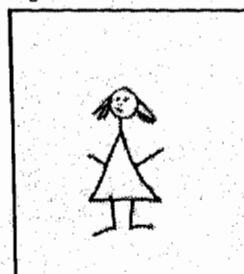
Lucy Ralton: Literature

Nickname: Pommy.
 Activities: Going to London.
 Quotation: "I'm going to London!"
 Voted Most Likely To: Stay in London forever and forget all about us.



Eva O'Driscoll: Literature

Nickname: Book Guy.
 Activities: Reading; Writing; Not sleeping; Cooking her biscuits.
 Quotation: "How big was it?"
 Voted Most Likely To: Revolutionise society by instilling the Laws of Eva.



Kate Hanson: Creative Arts

Nickname: The Phantom.
 Activities: Walking through walls; Getting good jobs.
 Quotation: "Anything that rhymes."
 Voted Most Likely To: Compose a sequence of sonnets and have them deemed offensive and thrown into the Torrens.



Helen Speck: Vox pop

Nickname: Ariel; Specky.
 Activities: Mouthing off; Having birthdays; Poking her tongue out.
 Quotation: "What happened to the camera?"
 Voted Most Likely To: Have her life story reinterpreted as a Disney film.



Leanne Attard: Vox Pop

Nickname: Poppin.
 Activities: Featuring on page three of The Advertiser.
 Quotation: "Where's Helen?"
 Voted Most Likely To: Most likely to be Helen's voice in the Disney film.



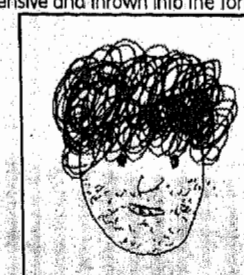
Janak Mayer: Theatre

Nickname: Burnin' Arse.
 Activities: Some sort of politics gear.
 Quotation: "Can I bring it in Sunday?"
 Voted Most Likely To: Appear in Cleo's Most Eligible Bachelor List.



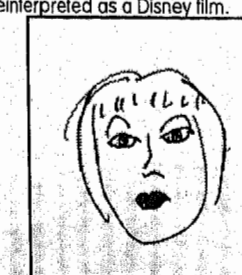
Daren Potts: Sport

Nickname: Potts; Ralph.
 Activities: Running; Jumping; Sporty gear.
 Quotation: "Do you guys want a keg?"
 Voted Most Likely To: Corrupt everyone he meets with alcohol and lead a life of happy debauchery.



Simon Pampena: Science

Nickname: Pamps; Pampers.
 Activities: Solving the mysteries of the universe.
 Quotation: "Hey, lovechunks."
 Voted Most Likely To: Be responsible for the Earth collapsing to a singularity.



Eloise Wiseman: Student Affairs

Nickname: The Lackey.
 Activities: Lots. She never stopped.
 Quotation: "I can't believe Ricegirl did that!"
 Voted Most Likely To: Develop a system of politics that doesn't involve idiots, just so that she could sleep at night.



Peter Adams / Christian Haebich: Student Radio

Nickname: Surly Christian and Pirate Peter.
 Activities: Golf; Ink-sniffing; the hunt for booty; small mammal shooting.
 Quotation: "Arr!"
 Voted Most Likely To: Be here next year.

UNIVERSAL

Thursday nights at the Planet

50 CENT BEER

first ten minutes of every hour

This Thursday, November 5th

GORDON KAYE (UK)

Recognised internationally as one of the best house DJs on earth. This will be his first and only Adelaide gig this year.

Thursday, November 26th

DAVE ANGEL (UK)

A man with no equal when it comes to trance and techno. Dave Angel has astounded audiences worldwide with his perfect mixing and futuristic soundscapes.

with Adelaides strongest DJ line-up over two arenas

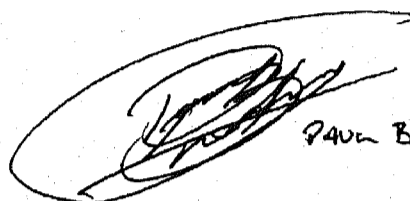
BRENDON ATB NODDY BOF MCDJ MAESTRO D RUDEBOY JULES

UPSTAIRS IN THE JUNGLE: MPK NODDY FICTION EVN RUSH MC PAB

Doors open at 9pm . 77 Pirie Street, Adelaide

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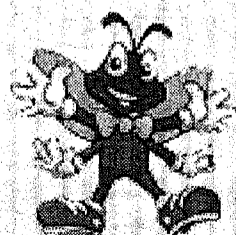
This space is for the signatures of all the sexy people you have met this year, it probably should be at the back but this is *On Dit* you are reading.



PAUL BRADLEY.



CHRIS SLAPE



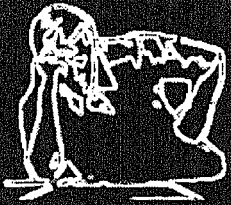
Susie Bate

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OPEN AIR

made
like **NO** other
shoe on
earth

Dr. J. Z. A. H. S.
Martens



letters to the editors



Hey kids,
If you want to write us a letter, you're too damn late. You can make it as sexist, racist, homophobic or defamatory as you like, because we're not going to print the damn thing anyway. However, if you really feel the need to communicate with us, we will be accepting gifts of flowers, chocolates and other nice things. We'd love it. Many thanks to our letter-writers from this week, and for the whole year. We really did enjoy reading them. Well, most of them. Some of them were boring as shit, and others were as dumb as shit. But on the whole, they were good. You guys do some nice work.



We Don't Call Him That For Nothing

Reading as I always do,
The magazine that has the shoe,
I thought about the year just passed.
How should this year's *On Dit* be classed?
The latest one, it had the juice -
The one based all on Dr. Seuss.
With standards as usual so very high,
And such laughter that it made me cry,
Such as has been all damn year.
Alumni I, it brought a tear.
That Susie, Chris, Paul and their staff
Had once again brought a laugh
To the many students of Adelaide
Dee 98 has made the grade.

But my head then took a turn -
Will you people never learn?
This year, for once, has been harmonious
No acts, no deeds that were felonious
Between the major papers we
Empire Times and *On Dit*.
When I met you - you weren't mean!
Gave me the nickname Crazy Dean,
We talked a lot, and had some fun!
Newcastle - we were number one!

(But that was of another time:
Now, Mr Bradley's little rhyme.
I expected better than the grinchin'
From a man who studies Pynchon.
Twas a joke, I know, in jest.
To be funny was his quest.
I'll play along, just don't tell Paul.
But to think he had the gall!!)

To say the least I was surprised!
ET bad? What utter lies!
We have no cows. We have no shoes.
Without of course we're bound to lose.
But *ET* now is copacetic!
It's *Entropy* that is pathetic!
The advertising there is criminal.
No bounds to the subliminal.
- an in-flight magazine, maybe!
As for sentence - well, we'll see.
We at *ET* tried our best.
So what do I think of the rest?
Entropy - a load of crock.
As for *On Dit*... you guys rock!

Crazy Dean Kielpinski
Empire Times



17% of cows think that Crazy Dean rocks the universe. This isn't very many, but when you think about it, cows aren't really that smart.

It's All True Give Generously

Well kids,
It's the end of the year again and exams will soon be over (though, unfortunately, we have to pass through them). But before the festivities begin, spare a thought for the all the poor little *On Dit* people. This is the last *On Dit* for this year, and that means that many bedraggled *On Dit* people will now have no place to go. However, you can help! If you feel you would like to help by adopting a misplaced *On Dit* person, please come down to the CWPFODP. Our friendly staff will assist you in choosing your companion from those that have been brought into the Centre. Unfortunately we don't have enough resources to sustain all of them indefinitely, and most of those who have been in our kennels for over seven weeks will have to be "put to sleep". So please consider an *On Dit* person as a pet.
If you find a stray *On Dit* person in the street (or at a bar, or wandering around near the Uni male toilets) please don't just take them home or worse, leave them. Bring them directly to the CWPFODP where one of our fully trained *OnDiterinarians* will give them a rabies shot and a full check up. Then, if you want to keep it, we will advise you on the specific needs of *On Dit* people.
And remember: an *On Dit* person is not a toy. They are living creatures with needs much like our own. They don't just need to be fed and groomed; they need constant care and attention and you can't just "give them up" or return them. Never for-

get: "*On Dit* people: it's not just for Christmas, it's for life."

David Butler
Managing Director of the Centre for the Welfare and Protection of Former *On Dit* People.

I Never Thought There Was

little-known facts about the uni. of adelaide, number seventeen: according to www.student.adelaide.edu.au, there's no student at the uni. of adelaide named Zane

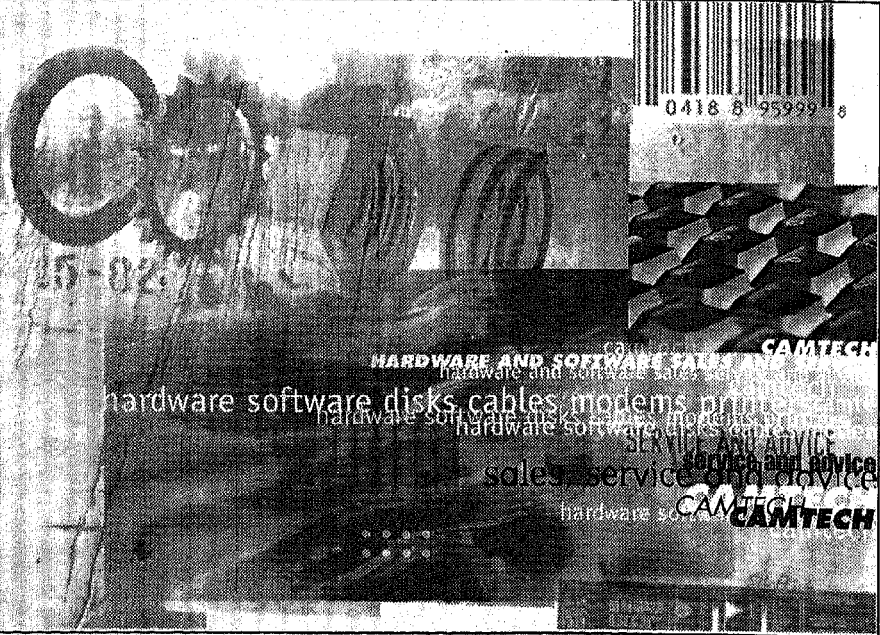
Zane

Shucks

Dear Editors,
I just want to say that you guys, and your helpers, contributors, friends and allies have done (in my opinion) a damn fine job of producing *On Dit* this year. The character you have injected into the paper has been a part of the invigoration in student life that has occurred this year. I hope your shoes take you to where you want to go, and that those following in your footsteps don't trip up. Merry Xmas - and once again, well done.

Yours truly,
Mark Kernich

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University of Adelaide Telephone: 08 8303 3320 Email: shopau@camtech.com.au

Shuck's

Dear On Dit editors,

Seeing as this is your last edition, I just thought I'd write and let you know just how much I think you guys rock. So here is how much I think you guys rock:

Lots.
Which is to say, you have indeed done very good work this year.

Yours Sincerely,
Mr. Nice

Shuck's

Dear On Dit,

It saddens me that this is your last issue for 1998. We should not, however, dwell on the sad times; let us instead reminisce over the good times: the ink, the Student Radio column, the space monkey cover by Peter Adams, Peter Adams, anything by that Slape fellow, the election conspiracies (my mum did my dad in return for deals...), Christian Haebich's rare and sublime book and CD reviews, also the ink letters, Eva and everything by her, and of course, the story in the Bruce issue about the Great Easter Round-Up. I love your paper. Here is to the past and the future.

love,
Christian Haebich B.A.
Vice Chancellor Adelaide University

Shuck's

I am so pleased that this is the last issue of On Dit for 1998 because it means that I can write whatever I like about whoever I like and they will have no chance to respond. It has been a real relief reading Mark Kernich's letters in On Dit since the elections because it reassures me that I did the right thing by all students by not voting for him. I wonder if the name Lunatikit took time to develop or did it come to him during some sort of epiphany?

Anyway I voted for Alida Parente for President and Amanda Camporeale for Sexuality officer and myself and Rosslyn Cox and Sophie Allouache for Union Board. O My God; my vote is no longer secret I am so scared. Will the gay mafia hunt me down? Will I be thrown over the foot bridge? Now you all know how I voted, please don't tell my mum. Isn't it exciting to realise that the reason for the elections being void was this secret ballot business.

Speaking of God; I recently found out how God feels about me being gay. You see God told some guy with a 'passion' who passed it on to me. Problem is I saw God on O'Connell street last Thursday and She was hanging out with Her girlfriend whose name I think is Julie or Jasmine or something but she is heaps cool because she doesn't care that God is black. Wow, hang on. Dodging light-

ning bolts. Anyway God told me She loves me and the rest of us regardless of what anyone tells you we're all going to Heaven. Hooray.

One really important point that needs to be added here is that along with elections being void, Livvy and myself have been forced to declare all preferences submitted to us before, during and after elections void as well. We take no responsibility for any failed relationships or friendships. Those involved know who they are and we apologise for any inconvenience this may cause.

I also want to submit an amendment to Zane's 'little known fact about Adelaide Uni' number fifteen; the couch in the George Murray Men's room was once upholstered until vandals reached it and it was a dedication to On Dit.

Tired fingers, must stop typing soon. I better end this by saying that I loved the contents pages of On Dit and the letters were always one crap worth which means if you leave it by the toilet, each time you go you can read one letter. I don't like the shoe fascination On Dit has left me with but it's queer friendliness was fantastic this year as was the work by the eds. This is not a report card just abit of drool. Thanks Susie and Chris and Paul.

George VARIOUS

Rightio

I was a little surprised to find that the demise of the Madlove Bar had not been covered in recent issues of On Dit, which is a pity as I would have thought that the music sub-eds would have jumped on this immediately. Still, if you want something done, better to do it yourself I suppose. Well, the Madlove has finally folded owing to financial troubles, so say the lawyers or whoever stuck the note on the door and changed the locks of the place.

It's a crying shame that such a fine venue should cease to serve both public and musicians alike. There are many punters who no doubt remember long sweaty nights in the place watching some excellent bands doing their stuff. There are many bands who were given their first shot at gigging in the Madlove, and many others who would keep returning there to play shows, given the venue's excellent support of local bands. Still, all good things must come to an end. Hats off to Teresa and Curtis for the superb job they did at running the place. It would be easy to sob and cry that the local music scene is well and truly up shit creek with the demise of the Madlove and the Tiv (apparently undergoing transformation into an over 30s nightclub), but we band types love a challenge, don't we?

RIP Madlove
Felix Riley
Arts

Theses Get In The Way Of All Sorts Of Things

A few months ago I saw something that really pissed me off (I have waited until now to get it off my chest because I have had a thesis to write - but don't underestimate my level of pissed-off-ness). There was an anti-Pauline Hanson rally shown on TV (which I probably would have attended had it not been for the above mentioned thesis). A young girl in this rally - organised by the socialist group Resistance - was carrying a placard that read: "Baby Killers in Vietnam". When I saw this I was more angry and upset that I have ever been at Pauline's diatribe. Let me explain why...

My uncle is a Vietnam Veteran. His birthdate was pulled out of some patriotic hat when he was nineteen. Although he had worn glasses since he was four, he was given a bill of perfect health and perfect eyesight by an army doctor and sent off to war (yes, this does have conspiracy theory undertones). The atrocities he witnessed, the confusion the Australian soldiers (who were babies them-

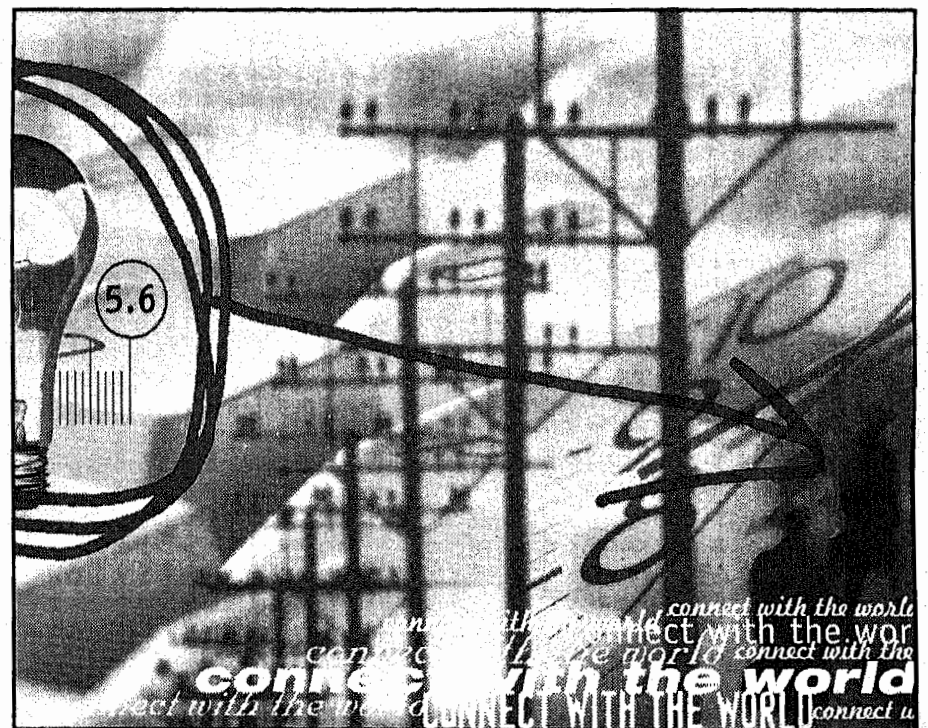
selves!) experienced and the conditions they lived through cannot be expressed in this letter. Yet today, my uncle suffers every day with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, including problems of aggression and extreme insomnia. He is a fully grown man who falls to the ground in the foetal position at the sound of the Channel 7 helicopter, and cannot sit in a room unless he is facing the door - his escape. Yet no-one seems to want to admit liability for the mental and physical health of Vietnam War veterans; admit that the myriad of pills that they were told to swallow everyday, or being repeatedly covered in Agent Orange, may have been harmful to their health. Resistance claims to fight "against every form of injustice" (1) What has happened and is still happening to Vietnam Veterans is unjust. I suggest the girl holding the sign get informed, instead of being so fucking ignorant of what happened to our Australian boys in Vietnam three decades ago.

Kate Harris

1. Roberts, Wendy "What is Resistance?" On Dit 66.19 (1998): 16.



2% of all cows complete the surveys that are sent to them. This kind of sucks, but you do what you can.



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It never ends

Dear On Dit,
In response to Mr Allgrove's letter I would like to raise the following questions;

1. If past elections have never been strictly secret does this justify future elections never being strictly secret?
2. Could there be a correlation between the secrecy status of past elections and voter turnout in future elections?
3. Assuming that there are approximately 14,000 students at Adelaide University and being generous and assuming 4,000 voted in this year's election, how can you justify that 29% is not pathetic?
4. What is the difference between "void" and "technically void"?
5. How much money was wasted on this referendum so x% of members can ratify what you perceive to be a breach of the constitution (singular)?
6. Who says the results of the election were not materially affected?
7. Could it not be possible for individuals to act when they access relevant information that they were previously not privy to?
8. Why do you imply that concepts such as freedom, democracy and the future of the human race are not important to university students?
9. How do you justify your belief that students got what they wanted when such a small proportion of the student population vote?
10. Why would it be so catastrophic if we had to wait until next year for an election? After all the Board did appoint three (3) administrators?
11. Will the Orientation Coordinator give up their entire summer to organise a party or will he/she be employed to organise a Party?
12. Are all the members going to be informed as to the nature of this restructuring and the extent of the Union's losses or is this an in camera matter?
13. What tasks does the Education Vice President actually perform in the granting of supplementary examinations and academic grievances?
14. Why do you continue to assert that people have been elected, when the election itself was void?
15. Don't you acknowledge that clubs and sports have a major influence on campus culture and orientation?
16. Why do you assume that people with opposing beliefs and opinions from your own are idiots and revolutionaries who are out to sabotage the interests of other people?

In relation to the publication of the "record of outcome" of which I was a plaintiff, I wish to ask Ms Allouache why all the orders were not published? Concerning our Presidents' allegations of "printing" and "distributing" "misinformation" I do hope they have all their facts. Concerning the email notice sent out to staff of our Union and our Students' Association by our Union President, how does she justify denying Ms Grainger and myself our membership rights to speak to staff of these organisations?

I would assume that readers should by now be well aware that any one who is prepared to put their neck on the line against a corporation and an association, is a person who has been prepared to express their genuine concerns over a matter of some importance. If it takes a No vote to prevent blinkers being placed on students, then I can justify this. However I cannot support the volume of paper used to persuade members to vote.

You can't use the environmental platform when its politically expedient to do so (Election Broadsheets) and then do an about face in a situation when the environmental platform is less politically expedient.

So maybe now it is time to stop the political spin, and start addressing the issues. Inform, educate and represent all your members, after all isn't that what we are paying for?

Yours Sincerely
Anne Fisher

No it doesn't

In this week's edition of this fabulous mag Anne Fisher has responded to my letter regarding the referendum in last week's edition. As this is the last edition of the year, I thought that I should respond to the questions she put to me now, rather than waiting to next year when even fewer people would give a damn. So here goes - (please refer to Anne Fisher's letter for the actual questions).

1. I admit that the Constitution was breached, and there is no excuse for that, but the reality is that a strict "secret ballot" will never work when you cannot force people to vote at specific booths and/or you cannot afford the infrastructure for an electronic roll. I think we should be able to trust the integrity of the Returning Officer, and that this will fulfil the intention of the term "secret ballot". Remember, this year's elections were in fact secret.
2. Refer to question 1 - I do not believe it would affect voter turnout materially.
3. I think 29% is bloody fantastic; I am delighted that 4,000 students bothered to vote. If you look at other unis, and indeed the US Presidential election turnout, the 29% begins to look better and better.
4. There is no difference - I apologise. I was referring to the reason for voiding, not the voiding itself.
5. I believe around \$3,000 was spent on the referendum so students could exercise their democratic right to vote. Just remember that voting is voluntary at Adelaide Uni, and so it should be, so the percentage that turn out to vote is up to the students - the way it should be.
6. I believe that is still up to the Arbiter, if you read the referendum.
7. I'm sorry, I do not understand what you are implying with this question.
8. I think "freedom, democracy, and the future of the human race" are vitally important to students, but I do not think that this referendum had anything to do with these concepts. Rather it was about ensuring that we had solutions to a problem, continued provision of student services, and continued, accountable, student control of student funds.
9. Once again, voting is voluntary.
10. Correct, the previous Board did appoint three administrators, but in a period of vital restructuring it's important that a wide range of student views are represented, and with all respect to the administrators, I do not believe that 2 students and the Student Services Director adequately fulfil this role.
11. I am concerned that you seem to belittle the role of Orientation Coordinator. Being last year's Coordinator, I believe that Orientation is more than a "party". It is about providing an injection of life for those returning to uni and a fun, friendly, and informative introduction to uni for new students. I believe the number of first years participating in activities on campus

this year is a testament to the success of Orientation. And remember that over 10,000 students attended Orientation events last year. What's more, of course the Orientation Coordinator is paid an honorarium. I was at uni from 9-5 (or later) nearly everyday during my summer holidays, and deserved my honorarium. Indeed, if you work out the hourly rate the Orientation Coordinator gets, I can assure you that it would be well below the minimum wage in Indonesia.

12. All Board minutes are available from the Union office, if any member is interested. Indeed, all Board Meeting dates are advertised on the door of the office and on the Union web site, and I encourage members to attend. As for the issue of "in camera" matters, I have no trouble in justifying the use of discretion when we are dealing with matters that are commercially confidential, affect peoples' jobs and lives, and the like.

13. This question worries me, as I believe you actually ran for the position of EVP in the recently voided elections. If in doubt I suggest you speak to Sky Mykyta, read the SAUA Constitution, or speak to one of the many people that have been helped with exactly these matters.

14. Basically, for want of a better word, to describe a process that has been undertaken.

15. I would be the first to sing the praises of clubs and sports and the contribution they make to campus culture. I wish more people would.

16. I have no qualms with people who have opposing views and beliefs to mine. I respect their right to those opinions and encourage people to have them. But in the case of this referendum, I will not back away from my remarks. I do think it is idiotic to ignore the practical effects of one's actions on the interests of the students they claim to represent; I do think it is idiotic to advocate that students relinquish control of their affairs for 6 months, while others work towards sensible solutions; and I do think it is idiotic to challenge the right of students to voice their opinion in a referendum in the Supreme Court! As for the "revolutionaries" tag, I apologise if it offends, and will allow students to make up their own minds on that one. Perhaps if those opposed to the elections had sought to find a sensible solution to the problem of the secret ballot, distribution of Psycho, and other deficiencies, before or during the election, rather than waiting until they knew they could cause havoc, then we wouldn't have had to spend \$3000 on this referendum in the first place.

I hope that that answers your questions, and I thank all those students who decided to vote in the referendum.

Ben Allgrove
Commerce/Law

You see?

Dear Editors,

As one of "those that may respond" I wish to point out to students the lengths to which "those with vested interests" are prepared to go to silence two students who DARED to stand up for what they believed was right, and against something that was not in the best interests of the students. The people who are acting in an official capacity as Administrators of the Union and SAUA have acted towards myself, Ms Fisher and other students who were involved in the "Vote NO" campaign, in an unconscionable manner.

Point 1. In response to the letter in last week's edition from Ms Cox and Ms Allouache, referring to myself and Ms Fisher: In the context of the letters page last week, that statement could be interpreted that any information we were distributing throughout the "Vote NO" campaign was "misinformation" (read: lies).

I approached the Union CEO and insisted that he pass on to Ms Cox and Ms Allouache that the posters referring to this "misinformation" be taken down by 12:00 the next day. The posters have been up all week. I am still considering what to do about such a personal and public attack, particularly when the election for University Council is currently in progress, and both Ms Cox and Ms Allouache are candidates in that election, as am I. I can only assume that they feel some sort of threat from me that they have to resort to casting aspersions on my character.

Point 2. The judgement of the Supreme Court printed in last week's edition of *On Dit* had one important Order missing. Order 2: that the plaintiffs pay the defendants legal costs. Why did the Union hire a Barrister and a Solicitor to fight two students? Students' Union Fees were used by the Union to fight two of its own members and now we are expected to pay again. I suppose this is to deter any other students who may be interested in standing up for their concerns and/or rights from taking any action against the Union that is supposed to represent them.

Point 3. As members of the Mature Students' Association, we have been threatened with having our Club's room taken away. As individual students, Ms Fisher and I have been threatened by the Union CEO that if we do not pay the legal costs of the Union (around \$3000, we have had estimated) within "a reasonable amount of time" we will be placed in "bad financial standing" with the University. Is that what happens when students question their own Union: Their University careers and their education are threatened? How is it that two first year Arts students can pose such a threat to the Union that public slander, personal threats, denial of our rights as members to even SPEAK to Union staff, and denial of access to Board meeting minutes is the response from those students' own Union?

Point 4. There are undoubtedly students who think, as does Ms Allouache, that we had "no right to decide what should happen in the Union and Students' Association. Who does then, if not the students? But can someone please explain in what capacity, and with what right, one Union Administrator offered myself and Ms Fisher a "deal" whereby we shut up about the referendum, let them hold it and change their Constitutions (assumption on his part that they would get a Yes vote) and we would be appointed to a "Task Force" to help them rewrite their Constitution and present that at a referendum during the next annual elections! Of course, if we didn't back off and "let the referendum go ahead", the offer was rescinded. Apparently, if we don't take bribes or do back room deals we lose our intelligence and ability to make worthwhile suggestions.

This is the type of Union we have, kiddies. Having experienced its wrath first-hand, I can say that even VSU seems preferable all of a sudden - and I'm anti-VSU!

For everyone's information, you do NOT have to pay your Union Fees. You can be a conscientious objector and insist that the Fee is donated to a charity of your

choice. The RSPCA will be getting my \$270 next year, and every year thereafter until the "Union" that we are forced to join cleans up its act and starts acting FOR students instead of against them with all the power they can muster.

Absolutely disgusted, gobsmacked and mad-as-hell,
Sharon Grainger

Told you so

Dear *On Dit* Eds,

I would like to once again correct some of the misinformation being printed in some of the letters in this edition of *On Dit*. In response to the letter from Sharon Grainger, I feel that a couple of points need some clarification.

In regards to point 2 of the letter: the Union had to obtain legal advice after we received a letter from Grainger's lawyer, stating:

"Should the proposals for the referendum not be withdrawn by 12 midday Tuesday 20 October 1998, and by then a decision not be made to hold fresh elections and a new referenda in relation to the constitutional amendments voted on during election week, our instructions are to issue proceedings in the Supreme Court seeking an urgent injunction to restrain further action in relation to the proposed constitutional alterations and seeking declarations requiring the holding of fresh elections and constitutional referenda in place of those held in election week.

If we succeed in obtaining such as injunction and such declarations, our instructions are also to seek an order for costs against the SAUA and the AUU."

As neither the President of the Students' Association or the Union (against whom personally the injunction was being sought) have any experience representing themselves in the Supreme Court, we felt it necessary to engage the services of a solicitor and barrister. It seems a little hypocritical to me that you are now complaining that you have to pay the legal fees when you instigated the action and were going to seek costs yourself. Why wouldn't we seek costs? Any logical person would.

In terms of point 4: your comment about who has the right to decide what should happen in the organisations was my point exactly. It is all students who have the right to decide what happens to the SAUA and the Union, not just 2. We're not the ones who were attempting to take the right away from students to decide for themselves through referendum, by applying to the Supreme Court for an injunction.

I think you misunderstand the "deal" as you refer to it. I believe it was more an invitation than anything else to be involved in the process of rewriting the constitution in a constructive way. You were actually given the opportunity to contribute your suggestions to the amendments to which you declined. There's not much more that could be done.

It comes down to this: the elections were voided. No one is contesting that. Ever since then, there have been a handful of students who have wasted the time of student reps in both the Students' Association and the Union, and a great deal

of money (had the court not awarded costs). Both organisations have been transparent about what they have been doing to rectify the situation, and ensure that both the Students' Association and the Union have student representation working for students.

Sophie Allouache
 President
 Students' Association

Ah, well

Dear Eds

The discontent on campus seems to be growing. The disaffected can no longer be pigeon-holed as ideologically-driven political opponents of the present regime. The malcontents now include ordinary students, becoming more aware about what's going on, and becoming increasingly concerned at the way their Union is being run.

I sympathise with the two students who were plaintiffs in the recent court case, as I have been called a variety of names in retaliation for objecting strongly to the continuing heavy losses (paid for by students) which have resulted from reckless or unwise decisions of the Union board and management.

The recent history of the Union is a depressing, Orwellian tale of which this electoral fiasco is simply the latest chapter.

One strategy (among several) for avoiding a typically Orwellian conclusion to this sad and expensive saga, with a minimal amount of angst, is this: The Board should pre-empt the probably inevitable by putting the Union "under management" for at least twelve months. A capable and independent person, given wide powers, would then help the Union repair itself, so that it can emerge from the process a sound, well-organised structure able to provide the best possible services to its members in return for their trust and their money. The ideal candidate for this job would have the knowledge, organisational skills, time, integrity and commitment to undertake the task, and would also need to be available at a reasonable price. Ideally, the person would already have some knowledge of the University and Union environment.

My nomination would unhesitatingly be Mr John Bannon, whom some may remember as a former Union President and architect of the present Union structure, and who, State Bank notwithstanding, has the qualities and quite possibly the time and the inclination to help the Union. Even the most Liberal-minded students should be able to accept such an appointment, in the interests of their Union and its future. If action is not taken now, that future is grim, VSU or no VSU.

Tim Simpson
 BArchSt, BArch

There's not
 much you
 can do



Letter to the Editor,

Well hi all. This is the Nancy, Lunatik, Grim Reaper oh and of course University of Adelaide student. I have just had the most fun this last week so I just felt as fellow students you should share this with me. Did the 'Yes' vote get through? I don't know but fuck we tried hard.

If it did get through then I am sad. I love this Uni and I love Unions too. But if this is life then roll on VSU.

If it didn't get through then thank God I can still 'live' to fight another day. Still as the Reaper said
 "Get up stand up
 Stand up for *your* rights
 Get up stand up
 Don't give up the fight."

To all of you, so long and thanks for all the fish. Hope life is not too Grim. Have a nice holiday, think of me. Don't Panic and if only 42 really was the answer to the meaning of life then I'd be right. See you at the restaurant at the end of the Universe.

from the Grim Reaper,
Nancy White

PS. To all those I upset - Pooh.
 PPS. See you next year. Yes I will.

While it might be true that 96% of cows read the letters page of *On Dit*, it is well-established that this is simply so that they can see themselves in print and make out to their friends that they're real big shots. It is a generally accepted fact that not much of what they read is actually absorbed, and virtually none is acted upon. And so, once again, it is established that statistics can be horrendously misleading.

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REFERENDUM

The Referendum that was held last week to amend the Constitutions of the Students' Association and the Union was passed. Over 1000 students voted in favour of the changes. The next steps will now be implemented to ensure that the Students' Association and the Union maintain student control of student affairs. Please refer to the report from the Returning Officer in this edition of On Dit.

COUNTER CALENDAR

The Counter Calendar, a subject guide produced by your Students'

Association, is out now. The launch took place last week and copies are readily available from the SAUA Office and other various locations. Make sure you pick up a copy before you choose your subjects for next year.

EXAMS

Good luck with your exams. Remember that if anyone is having any problems with their lecturers or tutors myself, Sky Mykyta the EVP or the Union's Education Welfare Officers are here to help you.

THANK YOU'S

Well it's definitely been an interesting

year, the SAUA has produced many campaigns, organised heaps of activities and continued to represent students at all levels. Huge thanks go to, Alida, Sky, Dan, Eileen, Ben, Jane, Phil, Fi, and Deb for keeping the SAUA the most fun place to be this year. To Liv, Ros, and George for the many, many laughs. To all the Students First people, you guys were and will be fantastic. To my family for all your support throughout the year. To all the people involved in the SAUA throughout the year thanks for your commitment, dedication and passion.

sky mykyta - education vice president - skym@smug.adelaide.edu.au



Well, that's it. This is my last On Dit column for the year. It's been real. But on a serious note I'd like to leave you with a few points before I sign off for good...

- Pick up a copy of the '98-'99 Counter Calendar - it rocks (and it's useful too!)
- The "yes" vote won the Referendum so now we wait to see who will be the student reps in the SAUA until the annual elections next September.
- If any Faculty/Department student reps are reading this - can you send me a short summary of your term as a rep, what issues you dealt with, what could have been

done differently, etc. I'll be sending a letter out to everyone anyway.

- If you have any problems during the assessment period come into the SAUA or see the Union's Education Welfare Officers.

AND NOW FOR A FEW THANK-YOUS...

- to my fellow Office-Bearers for their support.
- to Jess, Janak, Nic and John (ESC '97-'98) for coming to meetings and group hugs and silly stuff.
- to Phil, Fiona, Jane and Deb in the SAUA for always giving more than the job requires.
- to my Mum coz she rocks.
- to Amrita, Evelyn, Aleecia, John, Liv and Janak for listening to me

whinge and putting up with my moods (and still loving me!)

- to all the Students First kids for being totally cool and hanging around the SAUA lots.
- to Jenna, John and Tim for living with me during this year (I know it hasn't always been easy!!)
- to my family for feeding me and keeping me sane.
- to Bonnie for always being there (you know I love you).
- and to the students of Adelaide Uni - you're why we all do it.

No thanks to everyone who fucked me around this year.

Good luck for exams, Merry Christmas and see you in '99!

alida parente- activities/campaigns vice pres. - acvp@smug.adelaide.edu.au



THIS IS IT...

Well it's the last week until Swot Vac begins.

Firstly, I want to thank every single person who has helped me through out this year. I would list you all but I would need over two columns. I would also like to thank all the people who attended any events that were had throughout this year; it was great to

see so many people getting involved in the events that the activities department has provided.

BUT WAIT THERE'S MORE...

There will be one more activity to see the end on 1998 academic year. That's right DISORIENTATION. Yep, you know the drill by now, head on down to the lawns/cloisters for all the activities. There's going to be plenty of beer, food,

music and a whole variety of things to keep you occupied. When, I hear you say? Friday, lunch time.

FINALLY, GOOD LUCK IN YOUR EXAMS/ESSAYS.

I hope they all go really well for you, and hopefully I'll see you around next year. Cheers, Alida

eileen fisher - womens' officer - sauawo@smug.adelaide.edu.au



Well, this is my last column for the year so firstly I would like to say have a good holiday and I hope you all do really well in exams.

SECURITY ON CAMPUS

Last Friday night I had the opportunity to be involved in the bi-annual security check around campus. As a result I have recommended areas of the university that are currently poorly lit to be fitted with new and improved lighting. Furthermore, in November the City of Adelaide Council will be meeting and I will be making a submission for increased lighting surrounding the university in such areas as the Torrens and routes to university colleges. If anyone would like to be involved with

this, feel free to come in and see me in the SAUA or give me a call on 8303 5408.

VICTIMS -> SURVIVORS -> THRIVERS

On Monday the 9th of November from 11:30am to 3:30pm at Victoria Square, there will be an opportunity for women to come together and express their feelings of human suffering. It has been organised to promote healing of suffering from sexual or emotional abuse, accident, illness, loss and racism just to name a few. This event has been organised by Melina Magdalena, Mary Kastanos and Elder Dawn Trevorrow. If you are interested in attending and would like some further information

about the event, I am happy to supply you with the contact details of the organisers.

WOMEN'S ROOM

As I wrote last week, the Women's Department has decided to renovate the Women's Room over the summer with the hope of being ready for Orientation 1999. Any ideas or suggestions would be really good, so fill in one of the surveys in the Women's Room or come in and see me in the SAUA. I'll be around for all of the holidays so if anyone is interested in helping out with the revamping of the Women's Room just let me know. See you next year! Eileen

danielle kowalski - environment officer - kowalski@smug.adelaide.edu.au



Well, we are getting closer and closer to the end of the year and I know everyone is busy thinking about studying and how close the exams are. There are just a few things you should keep in mind at this very stressful time:-

- When you are writing your exam revision notes - use both sides of the paper or use paper that has already been used on one side.
- I know that the last thing on your mind is cooking - but don't resort to MacDonalds if you can help it, you'll be better off in the long run.
- When studying everyone needs chocolate - but keep in mind that

Cadbury's is better than Nestles and if no Milka's a great one, too.

- This is also a time when everyone is in the Library photocopying those past exam papers - because you can't do double sided photocopying remember you can use the other side later and then recycle the paper, there are plenty of places at Uni where you can do that.
- All else fails - don't be afraid to ask, I'm always here to help.
- I was given this tip from a high-school teacher - if you want to learn your exam revision notes really well, stick them up on the toilet door - but make sure you are not using Kleenex

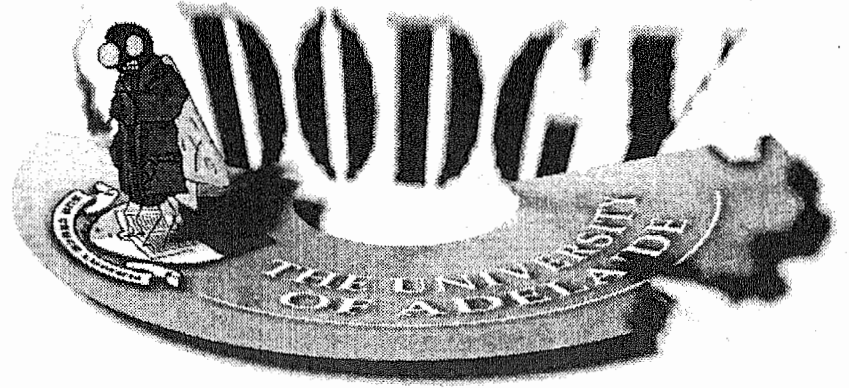
toilet tissues - the company cuts down our native forest.



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**WHO,
ME?**



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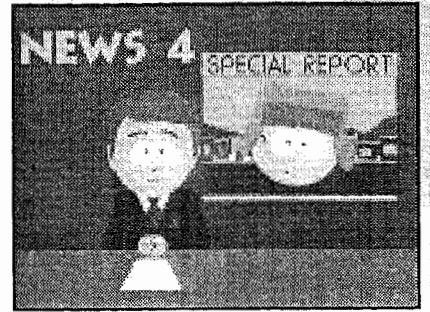
Sign your name and details
in the application book in the
SAUA office and we'll ring
you up sometime after exams



It (I guess I am not, of course, actually guessing; this is a consequence of the inanity of modern converse) it's kind of (kind of, hell: there's only so many kinds of silliness that exist in the known universe, and you lot encompass most of them) silly to try to explain what a pronoun means before you've actually read the context in which it's placed, so perhaps I won't try after all (just accept for now that all will be adequately explained a little way down the road (and if you can't do that, well, I guess we're about through, aren't we, buddy?))) seems pretty (I use pretty here in the sort of sarcastic (it's not really sarcastic (which is why I said sort of); I'm not sure what sardonic means (although I am very well aware of its merits as being a very fine word phonetically and use it frequently in my everyday speech, but this does not mean that I am entirely convinced of the practice of using big words just because they sound nice (of course, this is actually an abhorrent practice; in actuality I do myself an injustice, for it is not only big words that I do this with (there are lots of short words I don't know the meaning of either)), but that might have been a better word for it) form in which it means extremely unlikely (the practice of statistics, of course, suggests to us that, especially with such a large readership (dubious facts are okay, so long as they make you feel better), even the most unlikely events (well, not the most unlikely, but some of the pretty bloody unlikely ones) are bound to have occurred to at least some members of a large population, so that, if what I said before is true, some of you will have defied the odds; it is this fact that leads me to conclude that the event is not simply unlikely, but rather impossible) to me (you remember me; I'm the FlyGuy) that you lot (I do hope that you'll forgive my ubiquitous degradations of your good selves; it's simply that I don't like you (never have, never will, so don't even try)) have even the vaguest (it is a scientific fact that most individuals are excessively (I use excessively as though vagueness was an inherently bad thing, but it need not necessarily (not necessarily, but most likely) be so) vague (I conducted a social experiment just the other day wherein I asked several people for directions to France (I extemporaneously point out that I did not actually wish to go to France (horrible place that it is), but that it was chosen simply for it's familiarity (such that the idiots would at least recognise what I was talking about (this time))), and the best (by which I mean that it was the most useful (had I actually wished to get to France which (as I have pointed out), I did not) response that I got was a surly looking chap who pointed (in only approximately the right direction (that is to say, not South)) and said, "It's that way.") idea (you might have some notion (which is another word for idea, in some contexts) of the concept (which is another word for idea, in certain other contexts) of ideas; these are the things that strike you (as you sit around in your pointless existence), make you sit up and say to yourself, "Hey. I might do something.") as to what (if anything) I've been (past tense, you might notice (no, you probably won't, will you (well, you wouldn't have if I hadn't pointed it out, would you?)) going on about (that is, giving most (which, in this context, means only considerably, and is not intended to be used as a yardstick for comparisons between two (or more) persons' rationality) rational (no, seriously) discourse upon) all (this is an intentional use of all; intended to convey that there has never (nary a once) been a dropping off in quality of discourse for any period of time) this time (and it has been quite a while (from my end, at least)). Ah, well.

FlyGuy

DISPATCHES



Slip through the fingers...

If there would ever be an instance where politics would have to defer to the pursuit of justice, you'd think that the prosecution of crimes against humanity would be one of them, no? In the horrific wake of the Holocaust, the international community purported to put the crimes of genocide, and war crimes, and terrorism at the top of the no-no list. You'd think that upholding the universal condemnation of such acts would prevail over political perks - like diplomatic immunity - would you not? Well, last week the British High Court exposed my naivete by holding that former Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet was illegally arrested and detained, and could not face any criminal or civil charges (in Britain at least) in relation to acts allegedly committed during his time as Chile's "head of state". Thus, justice will have no place to turn if such a precedent is upheld (there's an appeal before the House of Lords) or adopted by other "sovereign states". Not only are victims of the illegal acts committed by a State or its officials (whether Chile or another) often barred from legal action there (through the granting of amnesties), but they will also be denied recourse elsewhere if the principle of diplomatic immunity is treated as untouchable - even more untouchable than the principles of respect for human life and bringing wrong-doers to justice. Perhaps, even more galling is the realisation that the newly constituted International Criminal Court is impotent to pursue such actions on its own accord because they were committed prior to the Court's creation. You've gotta sympathise with the Chilean

victims of the Pinochet regime. The military there still holds considerable power - the granting of the amnesty was achieved through an alliance of Pinochet's cohorts. Ditto, Pinochet's ascension to Senator for life status. There's nowhere really to turn at home, and the rest of the world is too self-possessed to care, it seems.

...Not Once, but Twice?

Both Kosovar Albanians and Kosovar Serbs are unhappy with the latest diplomatic manoeuvrings over the withdrawal of the Serbian military from the renegade Serbian province. Kosovar Albanians are dismayed at NATO's non-enforcement of last Tuesday's deadline, by which Slobodan Milosevic was supposed to have overseen the reduction of Serbian military presence in Kosovo to February's pre-crackdown levels. NATO let the deadline pass despite the tardy and incomplete nature of the Serbian retreat. One Kosovar Albanian refugee moaned: "NATO, it is not doing the job. They don't attack. They just give a news conference." NATO is hoping that the threat of attack will be sufficient to bend Serbian will to the West's liking. How many times have we heard that before? And the refugees remain unconvinced - most are yet to attempt returning to their homes, despite the rapid onset of winter. Meanwhile, the minority Kosovar Serbs are also upset with the retreat of Serbian law and order - but not because it isn't comprehensive enough. No, Kosovar Serbs are angry at what they perceive as their government's capitulation in the face of International grandstanding. They are also fearful of being exposed to retribution by the more radical elements within the Kosovar Albanian majority. Many Serbs expect attempts to drive them out of Kosovo. But they are prepared to retaliate: "There is no way an independent Kosovo can exist. The Serbian people have been living here for centuries and will not allow this, regardless of what the agreements say." Now, if fighting intensifies among civilians in the wake of military withdrawal, you can bet your bottom dollar that Serb forces will march in once more - proclaiming a right to self-defence, 'regardless of what the agreements say'. I think it will be a case of "same time, same place next year".

five month old leadership of President Habibie. The students are demanding that Habibie resign because of his failure to implement the democratic and economic reforms necessary to divorce Indonesia from its immediate past of crony capitalism (masquerading as free enterprise and development) and compulsory consensus (masquerading as democracy). The students have identified this month's convening (or not) of the national assembly as Habibie's litmus test. The students want the Assembly to be dissolved since they believe that it remains riddled with Suharto cronies and is the last organisation likely to initiate the necessary reforms (preferring window-dressing and empty platitudes), and placing next year's 'truly' democratic elections in jeopardy. Instead, the students are rallying for the immediate creation of a transitional government of national unity - drawn from all politics - to oversee the democratic reforms.

The Truth is Out There

South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission has come under fire from all sides with the release of its report into the apartheid-era atrocities. The ruling African National Congress unsuccessfully attempted to prevent the publication of the Report because of the ANC's anger at the Report's declaring the ANC and some of its members (including Winnie Madikizeli-Mandela) as "violators of human rights". The ANC had argued that there is a fundamental difference between those who committed atrocities in the name of the apartheid regime, and those who committed offences fighting against that system. Earlier, the last leader of the apartheid era and joint Nobel Peace Prize winner, FW de Klerk, won a court injunction against the publication of his name in the Commission's Report as an accessory after the fact to State terrorism, relating to the bombings of several ANC offices and Churches during the 1980s. The Commission over the past two years has had the job of raking over the coals of the apartheid era, gathering evidence from both victims and perpetrators, in relation to a variety of politically motivated crimes. The Commission can recommend both amnesties and prosecutions. Among those recommended for prosecution for gross violations of human rights are de Klerk, Madikizeli-Mandela and Inkatha Freedom Party patriarch, Chief Mangosotho Buthelezi. But, it seems that the truth is still contested and that reconciliation still has a long way to go.

Georgie Hambrook

Sources: Los Angeles Times, Associated Press, Agence France Presse, Reuters, Africa News Online, BBC World.

No Ifs, No Buts

Student protests are hip again in Indonesia. Last week, they took to the streets protesting the snail's pace of reform under the

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What will 1998 be remembered for? Is there anything worth remembering?

Well, 1998 will certainly be remembered in South East Asia - what with the ramifications of the economic crisis. This had a profound impact on the politics of the region. Indonesia's long-time plunderer, Suharto, was ignominiously removed from office. Which brings me to one of my favourite newspaper headlines of the year, from February when Jakarta first erupted - *Indonesia's Tough Guy Prez promises rioting citizens: I WILL BREAK YOU!* He went rather meekly in the end. As the year draws to a close, Indonesia is still struggling to come to grips with the legacy of Suharto, and more ructions are likely. The reformist fever has also spread to nearby Malaysia. Presently, Premier Mahatir is clinging stubbornly to power. He is utilising the age-old tactics of dictators - use "emergency powers" to detain without trial his political opponents. Although, here at least there are charges, believed to be trumped up, against Mahatir's former protege, Anwar Ibrahim. Like Indonesia, Malaysians have gotten a taste for reform, and are taking to the streets to demonstrate this new zeal. It remains to be seen whether either Indonesia and/or Malaysia resort to the Chinese tactic of gunning the protesters down. Interesting days lie ahead.

At home, 1998 was notable for the longest and phoniest election campaign ever - and a month after polling day, the pollies are still running around in something like election mode, talking of what they're going to do, how they're going to do it, and how many people support them in doing so. Something like "All talk, no action". Whereas in 1996, John Howard presented himself to the electorate as the incredible shrinking man, promising that nothing much would change except that we'd all be thanking him for making us comfortable and relaxed, in 1998 the PM took his hobby-horse of taxation reform to the polls, won less than convincingly, and promptly claimed a "mandate" (the most superfluous word ever invented) for things that were conspicuous by their absence in the lead-up to the election - things like reconciliation and the republic. Is it just the ravishes of Millennialism, which seems to be infecting many, many people, or something else. Methinks that man's shrewd. In one term, social policy is screwed in the name of forging a reputation for "good economic management". Now, it seems he's shifting his chairs - if the "good" disappears from the economic management then it seems Mr Howard will look to pin his hat on his achievements in social policy for the next poll. That'll be the day.

1998 has also been notable for the leaders of the Cold War-era superpowers losing control over their ships. Russia's President Boris Yeltsin seems to be rapidly approaching infirmity. He sees his

doctors more often than he sees his wife, apparently. His government's only contact with him seems to be with the decrees Yeltsin issues when he's sacking it. There's been three governments this year. Any further change in December and the Russians should consider deporting Yeltsin to Italy - where seasonal governments are run of the mill. Otherwise, Yeltsin can't seem to do a lot without falling over, turning up late, sometimes not at all, mumbling, pantomiming a tea party at a press conference, etc. It doesn't do well for Russia's rather bombastic political reputation - when Premier Khrushchev bashed his shoe on the table of the United Nations, the rest of the world covered. Now, whenever Yeltsin appears in public, the rest of the world makes vodka jokes. The Russian government now seems set on trying to keep Yeltsin out of the public gaze while privately urging him to resign.

Meanwhile, the keeper of the free world has been beset upon by sleaze - largely of his own making. In a plot befitting the tackiest of conspiracy thrillers, the two-timing President Bill Clinton has found himself at the mercy of the vengeful Linda Tripp and her tape-recorder, and the zealous Kenneth Starr with his expanded legal powers. The pawn in this game (utilised by both Clinton and his enemies) has been the semen-stained cocktail dressed Monica Lewinsky, though she's hardly a shrinking violet herself - and you can take your turn in the White House Intern Game on the Internet! Where this will end nobody knows. Except that it will take a long time. In the meantime, America and the rest of the world will have to endure Mr Clinton hanging in the breeze, bombing the odd pharmaceutical factory in the third world to remind everyone that he's still about.... In his more lucid moments, President Yeltsin dreams of such an opportunity, if only he could locate that nice, but small, red button.

In other parts of the world, nations are lurching from war to a fragile peace, depending on political expediency with a dash of goodwill, if you're lucky. Northern Ireland has taken the most positive step - endorsing a bipartisan council and undertaking to end the violence - and so far the results have been encouraging so much so that the major political leaders (with the notable exception of Sinn Fein's Gerry Adams) have been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Another Nobel Peace laureate, Yasser Arafat, is finding things a little tougher - proving that while the path to peace may be paved with good intentions, sabotage lurks in every crack. Lately, the PLO has undertaken to crackdown on the more radical Palestinian elements - especially Hamas - in an effort to keep the peace process moving, if not automatically in the right direction. By the end of 1998, we don't find ourselves much more advanced from the beginning. The Oslo Peace Accord re-

mains unfulfilled, although lately Israel has shifted slightly - acceding to the idea of a military withdrawal from the West Bank. Whether Israeli leader Binyamin Netanyahu finds himself shot down like Yitzhak Rabin for his "treachery" remains to be seen. The current money is on the conservative members of his government trying to unseat him, but we hope it goes no further than that. Meanwhile, the Balkans just can't quite get the genocidal urge out of its system.

Highlight of the Year?! The trials and tribulations of the former Spice. Just in case we were getting too comfortable in her absence, the blonded Ginger Spice shows up at the annual Royal Variety concert (or whatever it is) and performs a truly terrible "Happy Birthday" to the 50 year old Prince of Wales (who looked less than impressed). Is it just me or did Geri Halliwell look like a meringue, a navy blue meringue?

So, that is the defining image of 1998 - the navy blue evening dress, as modelled by Monica Lewinsky or Ginger Spice.

Georgie Hambrook

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THE LUCKY COUNTRY

Australia is "the lucky country" - poor Donald Horne never meant for the phrase to be used this way. It is a flourishing democracy, bristling with confidence and heading into the new millennium with unprecedented prosperity and opportunity. It is well and truly on a mission: undertaking a bold new tax reform, allowing its wealthiest citizens free rein to boost the economy, and soon to perhaps shed its colonial clothes and reconcile itself with its original ancestors.

Here is a nation which re-elected a party that promised to create more jobs, make the taxation system more efficient and build an economy that would triumph in the face of global economic woe. John Howard rode the wave of election euphoria by proudly proclaiming that his was the only party in the history of the West which had won at the ballot box by making tax reform the primary issue. The modernisation and reformist spirit is well and alive in the land down under.

Here is also a nation that gives its rich businessmen the greatest possible chance to thrive in an ever-competitive global environment. Take the recent bout between Kerry Packer and the Australian Tax Office. The Federal Court decided in favour of Kerry Packer over the tax office after a seven-year fight. The victory earned Packer personal and corporate savings totalling \$258 million. Packer will now be able to invest and build on his commercial empire so that millions of dollars may pour into every Australian's purse in the not-to-distant future.

And who can ignore John Howard's proposed social agenda for his second term in office? Howard stated: "Non-economic issues will bulk large on the political horizon over the next three years, there will be a referendum on the republic; we do need to achieve reconciliation". Wow - a growing national identity with a true connection between white and black people.

But wait, there is more. On the front page of the Australian Financial Review a few weeks ago, there featured an impressive Access Economics report. It said the number of Australian millionaires had doubled over the past five years. One in 50 households are now in the millionaire class.

Well, all of this should be a cause for celebration, for a euphoric outburst of noisy patriotism, shouldn't it? After all, how lucky are Australians to inhabit a country with a combination of visionary leadership, a tax system that aids rather than hinders the rich, a peaceful coexistence between races and a robust and increasing competitive economy?

A glance at a recent United Nations report - which, incidentally, received little media coverage - reveals that there may be something missing from the picture of Australia I have painted above. It shows that on the UN's new poverty index, Australia ranks 12th. It states the gap between rich and poor has widened, with the top 20 per cent of money earners being paid 10 times more than the bottom 20 per cent. Some nine per cent of Australians live below the poverty line. Australia's

ranking on the poverty index places it just above Russia, - yes, I repeat *Russia*, the land where most people live wretched lives - where the gap between top and bottom money earners is 11 times.

While this UN report should not be a cause for outright pessimism, it should induce a degree of concern. After all, where was John Howard's commitment

to bridging the gap between rich and poor in the last election? A goods and services tax may make the tax system more efficient and it may build a better economy, but it most certainly will make the rich richer and the poor poorer. The theory that creating greater wealth at the top end of the scale will somehow trickle down to the bottom end is plain rubbish - UN report indicates the poor never see the fistful of dollars made by entrepreneurs and the like.

And what about the legal victory Packer won over the Australian Tax Office? The nation's newspapers were suspiciously quiet about the Packer case. Even in Murdoch's papers, the episode hardly rated a mention. The *Australian Financial Review* was the only paper to have the case on its front page.

Peter Costello did not issue one statement on the Packer case. Kim Beazley said he "wouldn't want to comment on an individual case like Mr Packer's. I don't know the full circumstances". John Howard was asked several times of his opinion on the issue and eventually answered that he refused to comment "on an individual, whether its Mr Packer's position or, indeed, anybody else's". He went on to say that he believed in "people paying their fair share" of tax and that the GST reform package "will make the use of those sorts of [tax avoidance] devices a lot more difficult in the future".

Where was the outrage at Packer slipping through a tax loophole to the tune of \$258 million? Where was the expressed belief that Packer should pay tax like the less fortunate citizens of this country? Unfortunately, the media and politicians acknowledged, by either ignoring the issue or by dancing around it, that the rich may live by different rules and laws than the poor.

Thus, while Howard must be congratulated for putting the republic and reconciliation at the forefront of his second term agenda, a burning and ever-present issue must be addressed over the next three years. Unless a few people earning bucket loads of money at the expense of others is deemed outrageous and a serious threat to the fabric of the lucky country, Australia may not be as fortunate in the future.

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"ISN'T THIS year going to be SO MUCH FUN?!"



Yes, I'll admit it - this was a phrase that I repeatedly exclaimed time and time again at the beginning of this year. In honestly believed it to be true - I mean, how could it not be fun?

I've always read the last editorials with a certain interest. Phrases such as "steep learning curve", "sleepless nights and stress beyond words", "sink or swim and survive situations" coloured the memoirs. Surely, I thought, it couldn't be all that bad. While I didn't find the year (and it has been a full year, folks) a pleasure a minute, I also didn't find that I dreaded going 'down to the 'Dit' - although I did refer to it as 'my dungeon'.

At the risk of sounding self-indulgent and crapping on about stuff that you don't really want to hear, I would like to tell you my *On Dit* story...I began the long *On Dit* journey in 1996 when I decided (finally) that I would venture down the stairs and offer my soul in return for the opportunity to see my name in print. I started writing (quite rank) CD and gig reviews and frequented music meetings (dare I enter the boyzone?). By the end of the year I had been coerced into applying for a sub-ed position with a fellow female music pal. We wanted to Vox Pop, as did everyone else, but we were told that we'd probably have more chance if we would consider doing music instead. We took the plunge and suddenly I was immersed in the world of schmooze, in-jokes, and family fun. I had no firm ideas about using this as an opportunity to gain advantage in the journalism realm (in fact, I had been quite disenchanted about that thought - but that's another story), but I did think that student media was about preferring an angle slightly different to that of the commercial world. Even at the beginning stages of my term as music sub-ed I was careful not to be disillusioned about the the 'selling' side of things. I tried to research people I interviewed, sure talk about their new CDs/tour/side projects, let them get their practiced 'spiels' out of the way, then ask them about some pertinent issues. I'm still not sure if I was successful at this approach, but I do think that the inspiration behind this idea came from the notion of student media being an 'alternative voice'.

A growing desire to be a bigger part of this led me to throw my hat in the ring (along with two other fellow 1997 sub-eds) for the *On Dit* editorship challenge. After shunning student elections for nearly three years I found myself amongst the action. Suddenly

elections took on another meaning. Preference deals, endorsement, factional party politics, slander and general mess. Teams running for *On Dit* have traditionally been 'independent', but then get endorsements from as many of the factions as possible. The first team to get all the endorsements usually gets branded the 'anointed ones', and gets in. We were anointed and we did indeed get in. Roll on 1998...

This year has been one that can never be repeated. And like a childhood story I always remember at times of farewell (although not the title), I have been saying to myself all week - last time I rush to get the cover finished, last time I go to collect the mail only to find that someone else already has, last time I walk home because I spent my last dollar buying Twisties from the illustrious vending machine, last time I have to fight to get the chair with the straightest back (the red one), last time I get to leave all my stuff in a central place in the city, last time I have to find enough drive to fill the editorial space (and then get overexcited and write too much). Ah, so many 'lasts' one would almost have time to feel sad - but I'm not quite there yet.

Being editor this year has been an interesting experience. Editing a student newspaper can sometimes feel very isolating. At the recent National Student Media Conference in Newcastle (and I know I harp on about it a bit too much these days) I found that meeting people who totally understood my plight was an amazing feeling. It's a bit like finding a person who likes the same obscure (and largely unknown) band as you. It's the little messages of good luck, the notes of thanks and the pleas for help (via email, of course) that got me through the hard patches and pumped me up during the good ones. Working on weekends in an underground office can place you in a timewarp situation. I don't think any amount of explaining can really give the impression of how much time we really do spend on the paper. Apparently on those days of the week that we come down here and work really hard other people do fun stuff, like weekend stuff. Yeah, looking forward to that! No, really.

I can tell you about all the things I won't miss - not being able to go out on Friday or Saturday nights without having to consider the consequences at work the next morning; having to deal with people who bring their articles/letters in at the absolute last minute and ex-

pecting us to smile sweetly and say "thanks"; having to rely on temperamental computers that suddenly crash because of 'error type 41' (what exactly is 'error type 41' and why does it hate me so much?).

But somehow, at the end of it all, it feels so much worth it all. I loved doing this job; I even considered running for the job again at this year's elections for the sake of keeping myself occupied during the uni academic year. I loved meeting all the new people from around the place (yes, even you Crazy Dean). I loved being involved in the 'cross-student media' stuff with the Student Radio guys. I even loved this stinky office (and let me tell you, it really did smell bad on the hot days). I still don't know how I can tear myself away. But away I must go. It's time to carry everything I have learnt on to another place.

Hmm, it's time for the thank yous.

My Fellow Editors -

* **Chris 'Slappy'** for your sarcastic remarks and warped sense of humour, your true love of cows (even though it was only inspired by the way it annoyed me so much) and your 'serious editor' face which turned up often at crunch time on weekends.

AND

* **Paul Bradley** for teaching me how to lay out on the O'Guide weekend, your organisation (without which we would never have survived) and your wicked laugh which turned up so unexpectedly.

* **Dadgirl Leanne** for your cool 'girly' comradery and cool chats at 'your' desk. Oh, and your super ad effort which kept *On Dit* afloat this year.

* **The 'Subbies'** - all of you. Yes, every single one of you... Chris for the inspiring conversations and all your good work; Esther for forcing us out of the office for a little fun every now and then, Eva for being so nice and letting me have books for a little longer than most; Alice for helping me make the first step into the *On Dit* office; Helen & Leanne for truly fantastic Vox Pops all year; Janak for tackling the theatre thing at the later stage of February; Georgie for consistently amazing us with your news knowledge; Brentyn for daring to approach us with such a successful idea (Free Thought) and keeping us amused at the best of times; Jon for the weekend muffins and for giving me CDs to review (even though I was a bit demanding at times!); AnDrEw 1 for carrying on the 'andrew' tradition; Jocelyn and Annabel for being so wayward; Lucy for being so

conscientious; Simon for being such an enthusiastic interviewee; Kate Hanson for your creative flair; Daren for trotting up to the sports role and fixing our computers when things got desperate; Eloise for giving it such a good bash; and finally, andrew four, for practically being a sub-ed - you do good work my friend.

* **The Student Radio Directors** - Peter and Christian for being so much more than just associates...and for letting me learn on the job on Monday night's 'ink' sessions.

* **My Friends** - Jemille, Clare, Nome, Jaime et al. for always agreeing to meet me 'down here', putting up with my mood swings and even helping out every now and then.

* **My Family** for all their support and challenging 'why don't you try calling...' questions.

* **My Housemates** - John, Jon and Julia for letting me get away with doing the housework a day late and for just being cool.

* **The ET peoples** (and especially Crazy Dean) for going against the grain and providing us with some friendly competition, for the first time, this year.

* **The 'Other' Student Newspaper Editors** - everyone I have ever spoken to, or emailed, or written to, for your nice little messages...but especially Ben, Finn, John and Sarah (from *Catalyst*) for being such excellent people, and for cutting me a bit of slack in these stressful final stages; Rob for giving us an essential article and for being so damn nice; Jonathan from New Zealand for surprising me so much with initiating communication between countries; Bruce for being so lovely; Matt Reader from Canberra for just writing to me one day (among other nice Canberra people who wrote just recently); Tadoo Jack for the photos; Simon GROCK for helping me out in the 'you rock' campaign...and everyone else I met in Newcastle, and everyone else who thought about *On Dit* as a comrade at some stage.

* **The SAUA people** - Fi, Deb, Jane, Phil for helping me out in sticky situations, laughing at my 'worried' faces and always smiling back.

* **The SAUA OB's** - Sophie, Alida, Sky, Eileen and Danielle for helping out where you could.

* **Anyone else...** who ever walked passed me and smiled; anyone who ever picked up *On Dit* and gave a damn; anyone who likes the sun/beach/stars.

Love Susie ★★★★★

Interview with An Editor ~~Vampire~~

It's not often that a struggling young student journalist gets a chance to meet someone who has made it to the top in their chosen field, so when the rumour went around that current *On Dit* editor **Paul Bradley** might be available for an interview, junior reporter **Phillipa Paige** leaped at the chance to talk with her idol. They recently caught up over a bowl of chips at the Wills Refectory to discuss life in student media.

PP: Good afternoon. Thank you very much for taking the time to speak with me today.

PB: Not at all, it's my pleasure. I'm always pleased to take the time to help out a struggling young writer such as yourself.

PP: You are most gracious. Did you have breakfast?

PB: Yes, thank you.

PP: If I could just start by asking you - how did you first get involved at *On Dit*?

PB: Well, it all started back in 1995, when I was a first year Arts student. I had been reading in the Letters pages a debate that had been raging for a number of weeks, set off by some reprehensible pratt whose name escapes me, all basically being a big argument over the relative merits of Engineering and Arts students.

PP: I guess as an Arts student you felt you had to defend your course?

PB: Actually, the major feeling I had was one of intense boredom at seeing all of these people taking themselves far too seriously, so I felt compelled to write a letter of my own, something totally silly, that might brighten things up a bit. I came up with this sort of anthropological analysis of the practice of ushers tearing cinema tickets in two before you go in to the movie. That was the first time my name appeared in print in a public forum.

PP: Wow. And it all steamrolled from there?

PB: Yes, in a way, I suppose it did. More letters followed, all very silly of course. I had a short story in the final edition of the year, there were a couple of book reviews - one real, one fake.

PP: You got a fake book review printed?

PB: Yeah. Just made it up.

PP: Incredible. That's just incredible. I'm awestruck.

PB: Well, anyway, I got quite a taste for seeing my name in print, so in 1996 I wrote quite a number of book reviews, as well as the odd creative piece.

PP: Didn't you start getting more involved in the paper's production at that stage, too?

PB: Yes. I was coming in regularly on weekends to proofread and help 'stick down' the paper. I found that the more involved I got, the more involved I wanted to be. In 1997 I was Sub-Editor of the Literature section. I started laying out my own pages then. Later in the year Chris Slape asked me if I had considered running for Editor, and as it so happened, I had. Susie Bate came on board, and the Bate-Bradley-Slape team was born. The rest is, as they say, history.

PP: Looking back, do you think you were well-prepared when you first started as editor?

PB: I'd have to say yes, I think I was. I was heavily involved in 1997 - laying out my own pages, 'sticking down' on the weekends, so I had a good grasp of the physical processes involved. And I was around the office quite a lot, and bore witness to a lot of the administrative details and problems that the editors had that year. I think we all went in quite prepared for the year ahead.

PP: What would you say have been the high points of your time as Editor?

PB: Oh, dear. Where do I begin? There have been so many. The Native Title edition was greeted by all as quite a success. The covers have been really good, I think. We've managed to explore bright colours to quite a degree. I think overall the paper has been of a consistently high quality all year, which is really pleasing. We've had some good writers in the News section, and of course the Free Thought section seems to have gone down very well with the kids - credit there should go to Brentyn Ramm, I think. We've managed to get a really good relationship going with Student Radio, as well as the kids at *Empire Times* - they're crazy, those guys. And the in-jokes! Endless in-jokes! Most of all, I think the friendships I've made with people around the office have been the best thing. We've all (mostly, anyway) got along really well, it's made the office a good place to be.

PP: But it hasn't all been plain sailing, has it?

PB: No, you're right. There have been a few problems.

PP: The Bruce edition, for Prosh, that ruffled a few feathers, didn't it?

PB: Yes, that's right. I guess when you're trying to come up with something funny, you can't please everybody, and the people we didn't please on this occasion were the ones above us. Although I must say that the vast majority of the feedback

we've had about it was that it was actually a very funny edition.

PP: And the whole election fiasco?

PB: Well, that was just a pain in the arse for everyone, but particularly for us, because we were greeted with all manner of student politician coming down and wanting to vent their spleen in our paper. It sucked arse bigtime, baby. I've come away feeling that student politics should just be given a major swerve. The whole process seems just too much hassle. I just want to curl up in a corner somewhere and hope it doesn't notice me.

PP: Mmmm. If I could ask, given your experience over the past year, what qualities need one possess in order to make for a good editor?

PB: Of course you can ask, and nicely phrased, too.

PP: Ha ha ha!

PB: Ha ha! I guess you've got to be organised, for one thing. You've got to keep in mind the physical limitations of what can actually be done, and prepare in advance as much as you can. And you can't be thin-skinned. If you're going to get upset at any minor criticism or comment that someone makes - and, believe me, they will make them, there are always lunatics out there just itching to have a go at you - if you allow yourself to get upset and distracted, then you're just going to bugger things up for everyone.

PP: Turning, if I may, to other matters, you have recently been linked romantically in the press to a number of celebrity supermodels, and also to the deaths of certain rock stars -

PB: Look! We agreed before the interview that that was out of bounds! What kind 'journalism' is this, bringing that up now?

PP: The public has a right to know.

PB: The 'public' can bugger off! Look, that's it! The interview's over!

Mr Bradley then stormed out of the Wills, spouting obscenities and overturning tables and chairs, muttering something about 'getting a new agent' as he went. Such, one supposes, are the pressures of editing as student newspaper.

How Now?



I was an *On Dit* novice in late 1996 when I asked then-editor Kerina West whether she was sorry to be leaving the paper. She kind of shrugged and waved her hands and jiggled her head about. It was a difficult gesture to interpret at the time. Now, I think I understand.

It's a terrible thing to be leaving. It has been such a good year, with so many good people and good things to do and good work to be proud of (well, we think so, anyway). *On Dit* has been a major part of my life for three years now, and it will be a shame to leave. At the same time, this year has been full of stresses and problems the like of which I've never had before and never want to have again. I have never been so angry as I have been at numerous points during this year, all of them stemming directly from *On Dit* problems. I don't like being angry. From that point of view, it will be a relief to be finished.

I don't want to bitch on endlessly about our various controversies, because I'm trying to be all warm and fuzzy and that kind of thing stresses me out. Suffice to say, we were always as fair and impartial (and right) as it was possible to be, we worked very hard and we did a good job.

Becoming an editor after two years in the fun-filled no-worries land of minor contributor was a real kick in the pants. There's a lot more that goes on than I had realised as a sub-editor. Most of it's shitty. Possibly this is because last year's editors were much more secretive than we are, because our sub-editors hear all about all our problems. Or perhaps we've just been lucky enough to be here for an unusually controversial year. Either way, we had to deal with a lot more irate politicians than we had counted on. As you can imagine, this pleased us no end. Obviously, this has occurred especially in the lead-up to elections and in the ever-so-long (and still ongoing) aftermath of the elections. Politicians have an unerring willingness to defame each other in their letter-writing practices, and everything election-related that we printed had to endure a terribly painful process of "checking". Most of this was not our fault and just had to be dealt with.

The bit that we were more keen on, and

the reason that we wanted the job, was the fun that can be had in producing your own publication. Do you know how much money they give us to play with? Well, actually, it's not much when you think about what we have to spend it on, but it sounds like a lot when you say it quickly. To have the responsibility of producing an entertaining and informative newspaper nearly every week, and to have complete control over both content and the style is a really, really cool thing. We know that most of you don't appreciate the depths of our humour, the heights to which we have escalated the art of the in-joke: this is because you are neither in, nor as likely to read the whole paper every week as are we. Still, we know they're there, and we believe that their presence contributed a lot to *On Dit's* character this year. Also, it keeps us (reasonably) sane. And we did need some keeping sane: the workload is quite intensive and doesn't let up for several weeks at a time (of course, then we get paid to stay away from uni over semester breaks, but still ...). It was always our intention to try to inject our personalities into the paper as much as possible. In-jokes go a long way towards achieving that goal. Little things like putting the headings on letters and reviews, and (later, when we knew what we were doing) funky layouts also helped. And in most of our editorials we were pretty flippant (although, by God, we made some damn fine incisive comments) and just wrote what we felt. This, I think, is a good thing.

If at any point during the year we came across as indulgent (like, say, right now, or the time we took the morning off to go to the zoo, or anytime the in-joking got too much to bear), I make no apologies. We put a lot of ourselves into the paper on purpose, to personalise it, and if you have no life and wish to live through us or if we have no life and wish to appear as though we do, then where's the harm in that? It's fun, and I think it worked nicely. The world would profit from being more like us.

Hmm. Us. The Bate-Bradley-Slape triumvirate. How does such an organism develop? Where does it come from? (Where does it go?) It was an odd little beast: it almost just sort of quietly accumulated through 1997 until one day, pre-

student election time, it was there. Once it had solidified its little self, however, it began to metamorphose rather quickly. It became apparent that, although we all wanted to do the same job, we didn't really know what that job was, and we had to sit down and work out what we were and what it was we wanted to do. We did have that sit down. But I don't know that we resolved very much: looking back, it seems to me that most of what that creature did to *On Dit* it did without forethought, without guidance, and with only subliminal communication between its three heads. Not that we didn't talk and didn't plan, but that that planning didn't result in any of the more interesting things that we did. I remember turning to Paul and Susie on the first weekend we were laying out, and I said, "I'm calling the clubs page 'Clubby Clubby Clubs Clubs'". If only I'd known what I was setting in motion. I don't mean to set that up as one of our greater achievements (but, come on ... Clubby Clubby Clubs Clubs, for Christ's sake!), but that's how a lot of stuff happened. Crazy.

What might rank as one of our greater achievements is a zero incidence of in-house arguments. We have not fought at all. Ever. We were quite terrified early in the year. Many of the editors of previous years made it known to us that we would end up hating each other. We would. There was no maybe. Foolishly, we believed them. Rebelliously, though, we can now stand proudly and claim a perfect record. Well, I did beat Paul repeatedly about the face last week when he said something rude about cows, and it's no secret that we tease Susie shamelessly about her numerous obsessions. But apart from that. We're good. It's difficult to know why, exactly. I'm

not too sure that anyone especially cares. For the record, though, I suspect that we might have lucked upon a mongrel beast in which, amazingly, each bit complements each other bit. Or, to speak more plainly, the three of us nicely complement each other's strengths and weaknesses (where weaknesses exist) as far as getting the job done goes. Also, for the most part, we're all rather tolerant individuals who can suffer fools reasonably gladly, for reasonable lengths of time (which is a skill put to use rather too frequently around here). And we were all just so determined to have a good time this year. We made it fun. And when you make things fun, it's hard to not enjoy yourself. I think everyone enjoyed themselves. I hope they did, because I did, and I wouldn't have if it wasn't for them. They're all fine individuals.

Finally. The cows aren't as funny as everyone seems to think. It was just a joke that grew massively out of proportion, but I'm happy enough to go along with it. It largely arose from a desire to annoy Susie. This has largely backfired: she has grown to accept the cow as the magnificent animal that it is, as it witnessed by the photograph below, which is a cow she bought for me at the Royal Show a couple of months ago. (The photo up the top is me in front of cow shop in Newcastle. Don't read too much into it.) It works both ways, though, because she used to annoy me with her use of stars and now I accept stars as having a legitimate role in society also. I think there's something in that for all of us.

Chris Slape





On Dit 1998

by susie bate

the year in review

At the beginning of this year I got the cleaning bug - if you've ever dared enter the *On Dit* office you'll know that this is no mean feat. I decided that I would have to clear the piles and piles of previous years' *On Dit*'s which blocked the way (and hid the carpet) and order them in some kind of manner. Behind these stacks I found a wooden shelf-type-rack which contained editions of *On Dit* dating back to 1932 (the founding year). Apart from providing a good distraction from the cleaning at hand, these editions also gave us an indication of what we had nominated ourselves to do. Some past years' editions celebrated the advancement of 'the bird of the week' (incidentally this was also the same era the former Premier John Bannon was editor); others had crazy things like 'sunday fail' piss-takes; most of them tackled serious issues such as education rights, university cut backs and what's happening in Adelaide/Australia/The World. We noted the changing face of *On Dit* - from an eight page news broadsheet to a 40 page publication with a full colour cover (however, the tabloid size has been pretty consistent over the recent years).

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What has always been different is the style, the angle and the flavour that the editors insert into the publication. When we three sat down at the end of last year and prepared our election statements we outlined areas of the paper that we'd like to enhance, sections we'd like to introduce (or re-introduce as the case may be), issues we'd like to focus on and the general outlook; all the things that would make *On Dit* 1998 look and taste distinctively of the people who made it happen.

Recently at the National Student Media Conference people were agog to hear how many sub-editors and contributors we have involved in the making of *On Dit*.

It seems that as well as being the only weekly student paper in the country, we also have the biggest production rate (in terms of size and the people involved in every issue). Indeed at the start of the year we had 18 named sub-editorial positions. However, as with any other free publication that relies on the goodwill of people with time on their hands, more significant priorities such as study, (paid) work, social life, sleep and sanity prove to be more attractive options. Despite the occasional comment about 'too many reviews' (although I will acknowledge that this edition pushes the friendly barrier between sizeable and excessive), we make no apologies for providing an easy and popular outlet for budding writers to showcase their work. It is through these sound review sections that people become more interested in writing larger 'feature' articles, applying for sub-editor positions and learning about weekend production work (even the insidious task of proof-reading).

One of the greatest things about a student newspaper is that anyone can get involved (at least, in principle). The successful introduction of sections such as "Free Thought" and "Science and Technology" and greater cooperation between *On Dit* and Student Radio can only be attributed to those individuals who approached us with the brainchildren in the first place. Our production weekends too were made much easier by those generous souls who came in to proof-read, bring food, correct

pages and get up to all kind of crazy-arsed monkeyshines. Thank you to all and sundry who participated in *On Dit* at some level this year (you know who you are, and you'll find your names in the appropriate 'thank you' section!).

In addition to the 'overall' and general planning of *On Dit* 1998, there are also the annual 'special editions' to consider. As you would all realise, the Students Association plans 'weeks' in the academic year in which students

are given the opportunity to become more informed about (and celebrate) various aspects of society. Orientation, Sexuality, Prosh, Environment, Women's (Blue Stocking) and Multicultural were all named occasions that *On Dit* traditionally produces a special edition for.

Also this year, given the current

progress (or lack of) in the Native Title debate, we were approached early in the piece by UANTaR (University of Adelaide for Native Title and Reconciliation group) to focus on Native Title and Reconciliation issues during the week coinciding with 'Sorry Day'. We all thought that this was an excellent introduction to a current topic of interest (let's hope it continues on in future *On Dit* volumes). In fact, if we were to look retrospectively, the UANTaR people were the most cooperative mob we've ever encountered. They had all their articles in on time and organised shifts of people to proof-read on the weekend. They brought food aplenty with them too (let this be a HUGE hint to anyone who considers approaching *On Dit* in

the future). At this stage of the year it may seem late in the piece but again, thanks to all those who were involved in making the inaugural Native Title special edition a masterpiece (we even had favourable comments from our New Zealand equivalents!).

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Our most raging controversies were our two A4 editions: Prosh (a piss-take of the ever growing Men's Magazines) and *Elle Dit* (the women's edition).

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Prosh has been a part of Adelaide Uni student life for over 90 years and the plan this year was to take it all back to its roots. Originally it seemed like a version of 'schoolies week' for big(ger) people to participate in. Pranks of the most humorous kind were pulled and a big procession of lavish floats and people dressed up in silly costumes decorated the city streets of Adelaide...except that wasn't all that it was about. While the shape, size and form of the pranks change from year to year, they are always inspired by the prospect of raising money for a specific charity (this year it was the Florey Research Fund).

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On Dit too has long been involved in Prosh and uses the opportunity produce an edition focussed on send-up. Over the course of recent years this has been established as a chance to send up another publication (all in the greatest of humour, of course). Past efforts have included the previously mentioned 'Sunday Fail', 'One Day Whale' (both *Sunday Mail*), 'Who-gives' (*Who Magazine*), 'Rip It Off' (street mag *Rip It Up*), 'The Murdoch' (*The Australian*) and 'The Farce' (*The Face*).

In light of the recent influx of men's magazines *On Dit* decided to produce our own take on the situation and created "BRUCE - It's a Bloke Thing". Surely a magazine for any 'normal' Aussie

bloke to read(?) and enjoy. After many weeks of collecting highly intelligent articles about beer, pick-up lines, shooting (thank you Peter and Christian) and 101 ways to offend women (among other fine contributions) we were more than prepared to create and produce a publication laced with irony. Or at least that's what we thought. Despite the fact that we had thoroughly researched the topic (if I read another men's magazine in this lifetime it will be far too soon) and had acquired an interesting analysis of the type of magazine *BRUCE* was inspired by (the guest editorial; again thanks to Rob Schutze from *Pelican*) it became all too apparent that some people missed the point of satire. The men's magazine was a legitimate target, but a difficult one considering the sensitive nature of its content. Some people thought we had overstepped the fine line of taste and we spent a good part of what was supposed to be our long weekend off placing stickers over pictures of reclining women in their underwear. We are sorry that some people found this publication offensive but we are not sorry that we created *BRUCE* in the first place. Indeed there were also many people who enjoyed the edition so much that there were requests for more.

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What this incident brought home to us for the first time in our 1998 term was the fact that *On Dit* is a publication of the Students' Association, and therefore the President is the ultimate publisher of the paper. As such we were obligated to adhere to their expressed policies.

One of these policies was the traditional production of a women's edition by and for women; *Elle Dit* ('she says'). *Elle Dit* is produced by an *Elle Dit* Collective, a group of women who utilise this opportunity to develop skills in writing, desktop publishing and general production of a publication. These women also collectively take on the editorial control of the publication.

As the only female editor this year I was particularly concerned about how the production of *Elle Dit* was going to be managed and how the collective could be properly trained. From the outset Chris and Paul were more than willing to assist in the training for the ultimate production of the publication. Unfortunately our arrangement was not met with much approval. While we were fully aware of the traditional constitution of *Elle Dit*, it seemed very unclear why the Women's edition continues to be produced underneath the *On Dit* banner (in terms of financial and material resources) and yet not in terms of editorial control. I was disappointed to find later that our initial questioning of the arrangement at this level caused the male editors to be branded 'misogynists', a label which was extremely inaccurate and grossly unfair.

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I would not like to dampen the good feeling that the *Elle Dit* collective established and maintained throughout the making of the publication. The process of working out questions about content, censorship, and who

Elle Dit is targeted at was extremely relevant and rewarding. I feel comfortable in suggesting that many of the women involved in the making of this publication learnt things they otherwise would not come into contact with. Undoubtedly there were many people who supported the *Elle Dit* Collective throughout the whole process, male and female alike, but the proposal of having male participation/contribution at a practical level was also voted against early on. The need, and the potential for women to take ownership of their own publication is still a very important consideration, and I applaud the hard work put in by the many individuals who helped out during the weekend. However it must also be recognised that the only experience I had had in a production like this was *On Dit* where we have a specific working routine and a teamwork pattern already in place. *Elle Dit* was certainly a completely different organisation and after a 30 hour slog in the final stages of the production I began to wonder whether I felt liberated or enslaved to the notion of a women's only project.

There is also an interesting question about who *Elle Dit* is aimed at. If it is a 'women's only' edition, then should that encompass



"Our most raging controversies were our two A4 editions..."

all women? If it is an edition about women's issues should that also include the task of educating men? Is there still a need for a separate women's edition of a regular 'all-inclusive' student newspaper or would it be more appropriately produced from under the Women's Dept. banner? After having spoken to other student newspaper editors about the very same problems in their equivalent women's editions, I have come to the conclusion that questions involving *Elle Dit* are far from over.

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Finally, there have been questions about the appropriateness of an exclusively women's edition without a countering 'men's edition' to balance it out. One such request for a 'men's edition' was passed on to us earlier this week, but given the time constraints (and the general fact that this would be our last edition) we had to pass it over. This is not to say, however, that we would not have considered it in the first place had it been seriously suggested to us earlier in the year. In fact, the outcome of a court case held in mid 1998 (the Judge ruled that to have a

'women's only' edition without an equivalent 'men's edition' was in fact sexist) would seem to suggest that this is an issue that will need to be dealt with in future *On Dit* terms.

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The year was far from over at that stage and our other self-proclaimed special editions have seemed rather meek and mild in comparison. *On Dit*'s special sense of fun led to an inaugural 'left-handed' special edition, as well as the annual environment, and election focussed editions.

Following this Chris and I went to the inaugural National Student Media Conference in Newcastle. Since we have already detailed (read: indulged) our movements in previous editions ('We went, we rocked, we did SA proud' Vol 66 No 20, and the two 'Newcastle' articles in our travel edition Vol 66 No 22) I won't spend too much expanding on what went on there. I will say, however, that the discussion initiated in Newcastle has prompted much discussion on a more unified approach to student media on a national level, and a much higher level of solidarity. In the growing atmosphere of commercial 'news' infiltrating our society, it is essential that this level of cooperation within a 'alternative' news network continues to be fostered.

Our past four editions have had a note of 'finality' about them; pirates, zoo (hippos), travel (space monkey), Dr Suess and all that's good. Our most recent controversy involved letters. Far from being the most entertaining section (not nearly enough complimentary letters and no chocolate or flowers to be seen for miles - oh, but we did get Coke™ once from Oska) the letters section

has the potential to turn into a slaying match between two opposing parties, often with a vested interest in the topic at hand. Okay, perhaps this kind of entertainment may paint your house. But it didn't paint ours. Obviously *On*

Dit has the potential to be the most appropriate forum for informed debate (and admittedly there have been some examples of this in 1998 too), but personal attacks of the most vicious nature are not the least bit constructive. Just something to keep in mind. Oh, and if you are reading this, perhaps you'd like to remind yourself to write your REAL name, student number and contact number at the end (not necessarily for publication). It is such a shame to receive highly intelligent letters and not be able to print them because the person hasn't followed the rules.

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And now we are at the end of our tether term. We hope you have enjoyed our stay; twenty-four editions of highly principled and unbiased journalism (in-jokes and fun). So why the shoes (and cows, and stars, and posing women that hide behind books)? They would be the wheels on our bus, of course.



At long last, here it is...

Sunrise at Jabiluka

For the Jabiluka blockades, the beautiful, open, Aboriginal sacred site of the camp became home. Conditions were not always easy. Natasha Yacoub spoke with twenty year old Ali Murdoch, from Shepparton in Victoria, who lived at the Blockade from its establishment in April this year.



Ali was involved in a number of actions during her time at the Blockade: "When I first arrived in April, we set up a blockade using tripods at the Jabiluka lease gates to stop workers entering the site.

There was also a sunrise gig with Regurgitator, Coloured Stone and Midnight Oil.

By June, ERA was moving machinery onto the lease to begin construction, so our main focus was to stop those trucks for as long as possible. This included using lock-ons and tripods and people physically blocking the road.

Once the machinery was onto the lease we focussed on stopping work. This included some actions where small groups of people locked-on the machinery. It was at that time that I got arrested for locking-on to a truck. There was also two mass actions where over one thousand people were arrested in each

action. Other actions I've been included in have been regular presences at the lease gates, court houses, Westpac Bank, etc... to inform the public of the issues involved with the proposed Jabiluka Mine".

Ali describes the police treatment of blockaders at Jabiluka as absolutely appalling. She considers that NT police and TRG (Tactical Response Group) were excessive in every aspect of the way they dealt with peaceful, non-violent activists, and showed a clear bias towards ERA, rather than being neutral peacekeepers and law-enforcers. The police used intimidation tactics, she explains, such as driving into a camp and flying helicopters 30m above the camp to frighten people. In her opinion, the police and TRG repeatedly

violated international civil and political rights norms. For example, they confiscated water from those locked-on to machinery. They also used excessive force in removing people, resulting in head injuries, dislocated shoulders, neck and back injuries, burns, cuts, etc... If this wasn't enough, Ali explains that, "Other threats of physical and sexual assault have also been used to intimidate blockaders". Furthermore, she explains that, "Police have violated human rights norms in regard to lock-ups. For example, after one action 118 people were put into a cell designed to hold a

maximum of 12 people. Approximately 60 of these people were held in there overnight". When asked if there has been anything done about these abuses, Ali explains that, "Incidences of police brutality and human rights abuses have been reported to the Ombudsman and to Amnesty International and are being looked into further".

The blockades were a passionate and committed group of people, and despite abuse from authorities, maintained a positive atmosphere at the camp. Ali explains that: "Living at Jabiluka Camp has been such an amazing experience. I've learned so much about every aspect of life. The land and the people around you are both so incredible that you can't help being changed by it all.

The lifestyle is one that I loved too. There is a communal kitchen which is vegetarian (and vegan most of the time), which produced some incredible food, and it was always great to sit around the fire eating together, listening to the amazing musical talents that went through camp.

Dealing with living up to 500 people at once wasn't always easy and neither was the heat or mozzies but after a bit you get used to all of that. It's been a great home."

She explains that the most uplifting aspect of living at camp was, "how much I learned about myself and how much I grew within myself. I overcame a lot of fears and stupid little hangups that I had before I came to Jabiluka. It was really great to be surrounded by people who were so supportive of me and who were here for the same reason.

The single-most uplifting part of camp though, was knowing that we are going to stop the mine!! - The hardest thing has been seeing how much damage ERA are doing to the land. What they have done is horrendous and it brings tears to my eyes to think about it".

Ali explained that it was really uplifting to hear about all the actions taking place nationwide, and also all the international support. It was common for Blockaders to feel cut off from the rest of the world when you're at Jabiluka, so letters from people down the rest of Australia and from overseas were always appreciated. National and international awareness generated from the campaign resulted in widespread support.

It is astounding that with the pressure from "Stop Jabiluka" action, the Australian people, the European Community, the World Heritage Bureau and elsewhere that the Howard Government are still pushing ahead with this mine. It is clear that the Howard Government only have corporate interests in mind, and is concerned that they have no interest in representing the Australian people. "We all have so much to lose if Jabiluka Mine is allowed to proceed. We all have to keep fighting this, no matter where we are; at the Blockade, in the cities, in the country - everywhere. This is a fight we can't afford to lose".

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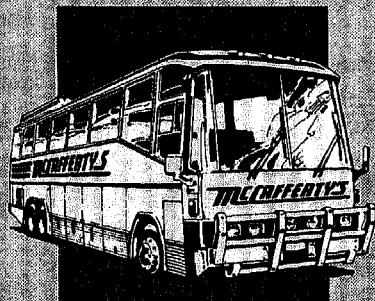
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POOFS OUT OF THE POOL

Why do I cause so much grief? Walking into the Feast festival's pool party on Sunday night I was met with a barrage of insults from the fifteen or so National Action "demonstrators". "Poofs out of the pool", "No poofs for parents" and, memorably, "Poofs out of Oz". What is it about the idea of male homosexuality which tends to galvanise such anger and hatred? I mean, there were many women who attended the party, but they did not attract nearly as much attention from the "protesters". Is it the mere imagining of the male homosexual act which engenders people's sense of disgust, or is it that they equate such with paedophilia and child abuse and reject it on those grounds? In fact, it is not easy at all to define what these people are "demonstrating" against or "protesting" for.

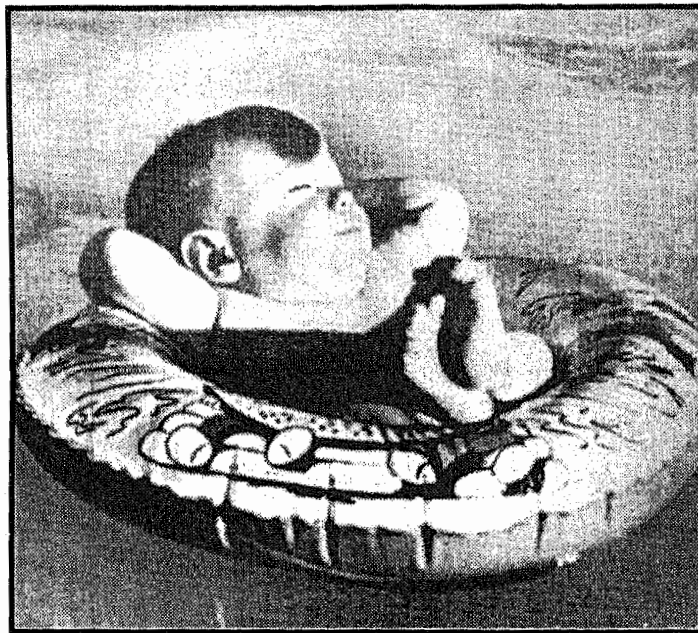
I had the privilege of overhearing some of their amateurish rant while I was having a cigarette. In the space of five minutes, the red-faced speaker fumbled his way through a cultural survey of Australia - doing a Pauline Hanson on health, families, religion and history. Homosexuality, according to National Action, can be caught through swimming water, didn't you know? Or perhaps they just meant that AIDS was, with some of their ilk donning Grim Reaper outfits (do they have a sewing circle?). This kind of alarmist rhetoric is a throwback to the earliest post-AIDS propaganda, which warned of the disease being transmitted by touch or saliva or even proximity.

Next from the Ipswich Centre for Higher Misunderstanding was the National Action thesis on same-sex families. Apparently, men who want to raise other people's children "do so with the mind to turn them into sex slaves". It's boring to trundle out the same old statistics, but child abuse is largely perpetrated by the heterosexual adult male figure in the household. I mean, come on guys, think of some fresh shit to drawl.

Talking at one of the Feast forums, the point was made that right-wing groups in this country would rather take this country "back to the future". The lurch towards not only preserving the status quo, the cultural hegemony of white heterosexuals, but also towards winding the social clock back is evident in the Sunday activity by National Action. Their definitions of a Christianity and an Australian nationhood that excludes any (sexual) diversity is so puerile and childish in its blatant need for security as to be laughable. National Action, and its supporters, yearn for a simpler time, a less complicated world. One in which men are men and women shut up. The ideological misogyny at the core of such fundamentalist groups is displayed through their almost complete disregard for lesbians. Male homosexuality receives the bulk

of the attack because it is a violation of the patriarchy's valorisation of heterosexual hierarchies. That is, lesbians are ignored because women's sexuality isn't valued very highly by National Action in the first place.

National Action want a release for their anger: someone to blame for the disappointments of life - their unemployment, their living conditions, their failed relationships, their general inability to conform to the most lenient criteria for aesthetic beauty or intelligence. And a well-dressed, happy gay boy has a bull's-eye on his forehead. There was nothing sensible about what these protest-



ers said - they didn't want to make sense. This is what is threatening about them. They have no political ideas, no ideology - they just have their anger. As Toni Morrison says, fascism is not about ideology but about power.

Walking past them on Sunday, I could feel their seething anger. Prematurely exposed behind the thin veil of their desperately simplistic rhetoric,

their anger was like the raw anger of a child unleashed, it would discharge itself without prethought. It is the irrationality of their anger which is threatening - because there is no resolving that. I can never debate a National Action member and reach some common ground, because they have no reason for being sexist, homophobic or racist. Xenophobia is just their childish response to being pissed off. That is why groups like National Action are a cop-out.

National Action exposed its desperation to provoke some reaction by declaring the right-wing killing of gay academic Dr. Duncan as being "a good thing" and that "there should be more of it". What, however, provoked me to write this little response was none of this. One expects drivel from infant minds. What inspired me to write was National Action's attempt to describe Australia as a country founded by hardworking heterosexuals, a country now going to ruin thanks to the decadence of the homosexuals. Further, they tried to enlist the Eureka Stockade - surprise, surprise - as their motif of a queer-free Australian spirit. Well, what I can say is this: no one who stands up for the status quo, who denies the experience of hard work and who subscribes to a cultural hegemony which operates by oppressing the society's muted groups stands with the spirits of the Eureka Stockade. For that was a battle for equitable opportunity, for mutual respect and solidarity and for self-determination. No one who seeks out the shallow assurances of right-wing rhetoric stands with those early rebels in imagining a brave new nation.

Oh, and have a happy Feast.

Daniel Marshall,
Exsexualityofficerelect.

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Susie and Dean's VSU Article, which we think should be called

Rock!

No. It doth not rock. Even reading about VSU sucks arse big time. It's true. Trying to make the implications of VSU sound lighthearted and fun is not something that we can do well, nor want to.

Voluntary Student Unionism, or 'VSU' as we hip people call it (although we must mention here that a much more accurate description of it is 'Anti-Student Organisation Legislation' - ASOL) is to us but a fleeting nightmare that begins on both our eastern and western borders. Like the mouldy vegetables in our fridge that threaten to corrupt the nice ravioli neapolitan we made the other night, VSU seeks to seep into this state, sucking the life-blood from our Students' Associations and generally putting a downer on the whole University non-academic life thing. We hear horror stories of newspapers being forced to solicit advertising from companies like McDonald's (oh my GOD!). Of course, we get to say that because we don't have to solicit advertising from them...yet. That's all we want to say really.

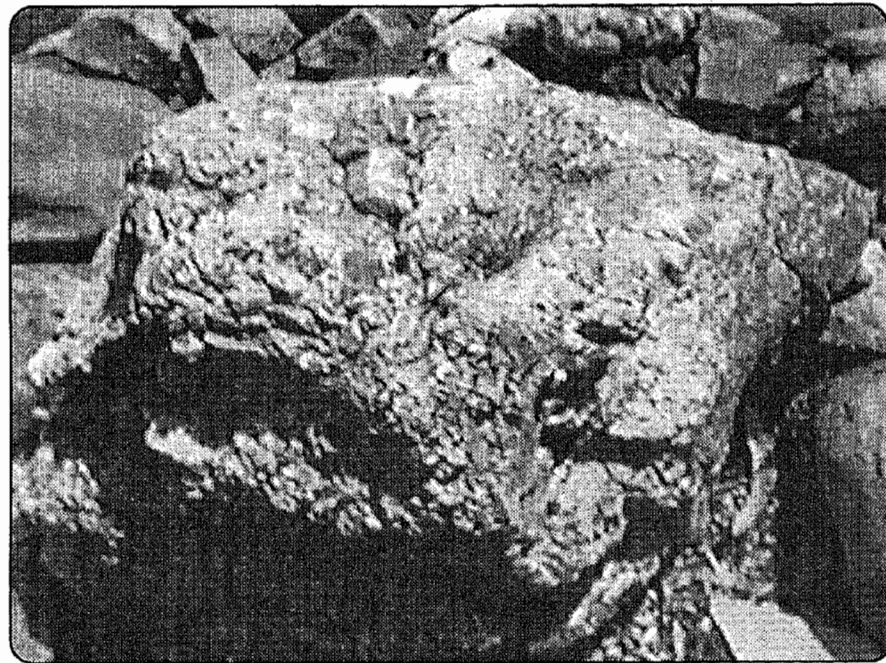


Oh, hang on.

Right, that's better.

The thing about coming from a non-ASOL state is that ASOL is this big evil thing that belongs somewhere else. In SA at the moment we currently have three different universities, and three different student newspapers - *On Dit* (Adelaide Uni), *Empire Times* (Flinders Uni) and *Entropy* (Uni of SA). *On Dit* comes out weekly, *Empire Times* fortnightly and *Entropy* monthly (we think).

The only reason we can afford to come out ever so often is that our respective student associations throw cash at us. Well, at least they fund the whole process (from printing costs to wages). This is done in the traditional manner: the universities collect a student services fee, around \$270, and it is distributed via the Unions to the Students' Associations,



who apportion it to us. A good sum, usually, so that much of our production is paid for, though the level of advertising required for each paper is different. Within the structure we usually have a number of paid positions - editors, advertising manager, freight, casual layout/contribution. For the most part this too is paid for by our students associations.

In terms of advertising, *On Dit* has a target amount set at the beginning of the year and that forms the cornerstone of our budget. In previous years *On Dit* has had little trouble meeting the deadline, although this year, with cutbacks in the Union's catering and activities advertising budgets, we've had to seek more and more outside revenue. *Empire Times* is far luckier and is not dependant on outside revenue to continue production, though any revenue is welcomed to further subsidise printing costs. It should be pointed out though that we still have a fair say in the kind of advertising we solicit, things haven't become so desperate that we need to accept whatever...perhaps we're jumping the gun a little, but this state of comfort could all change with the introduction of ASOL in South Australia.

ASOL is the insidious strategy already employed by state governments in Victoria and Western Australia (and under con-

sideration nationally) to disempower student representative organisations, especially as political entities. Essentially it makes the payment of student union fees at enrolment voluntary. This has led, in Victorian and Western Australian universities, to massively reduced operating budgets for their respective student representative organisations.

In the Victorian model of 'VSU', fees paid go to the University administration, and they are responsible for doling money out to the representative body. Activities that are deemed "non-political" can be funded freely; anything else can be funded by entering into a "funding agreement" with the administration, taking the control of such activities out of the hands of the students. The Western Australian model is considerably different, but the effect is essentially the same: the funding of student activities has been greatly reduced. Tasmania currently has voluntary membership provisions (however these are by no means in the same vein as the models employed by the East and West states).

The government's insecurities in dealing with unions, as evidenced by the waterfront dispute in 1998, are an obvious motivating factor in removing the power of students to join together and have a collective

voice. Obviously this is a bad thing, but this is of particular interest in terms of student media because they seem to be the most vulnerable appendages of the student organisation, and the first to lose funding and go under. In terms of SA, the rampant rumours of VSU hitting by the year 2000 are a regular topic for discussion. Of course this does not mean that SA is ready to concede defeat, but it should be acknowledged that early preparation is the best course of action, not just for student newspapers, but for the entire organisation.

South Australia is perhaps fortuitous in regards to Voluntary Student Unionism. Our own state Liberal Government has never forwarded VSU legislation, or even put ASOL on their agenda. This is probably due to the Liberal Party not having control of the Legislative Council - thus, any such legislation would die a quick death in this chamber (thankfully). As would be noted with the re-election of the Howard government, such legislation (or at least an attempt at such) is likely to be enacted on a national level. The Democrats will gain control of the senate as of July 1st 1999; as the Democrats have indicated, they do not support this legislation in any way shape or form. Thus it is up to the Coalition to 'railroad' through any such legislation before this date (go team!).

Unfortunately, by not being on the agenda of this state's government, the exposure of ASOL to the 45,000 or so tertiary students of our state has been negligible. Despite the ethereal nature of the legislation, the effects of such Anti-Student Organisation Legislation would sadly perhaps sound the death knell for student representation in our fair state; it is up to us, the students, to fight and make sure this does not occur.

Susie Bate & Dean Kielpinski (with generous help from Chris Slape, Phil Harrison, and Graham Hastings).

VSU Can Really Fuck You Around

Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU) aims to destroy student organisations and the ability of students to represent and collectively organise. Student organisations in Western Australia and Victoria are affected by VSU legislation. The Liberal Governments in those states claim VSU provides students with "choice" and aim to break the opposition from student organisations.

Demand Student Control

Within the university environment students must be able to organise independently and democratically without interference from governments or university managements. Student organisations exist so that students have a strong independent voice that can criticise both government and university management without fear of individual reprisal. It is for this reason that student organisations existed through a system of universal funding. Acting very much like a system of local government, student organisations require independent funding which could be used to act collectively on behalf of the student population of the institution.

Making membership of student organisations voluntary by legislation is purely designed to stop student "political" activities. Despite the opposition of students, staff, unions, and even some university's bureaucrats, VSU legislation was passed and students lost control of the way in which their voice is heard in universities throughout the country.

In Western Australia where the legislation outlaws any compulsory amenities or "service" fee, Student Guilds run completely on income derived from membership or commercial services. The implementation of VSU in this state has seen students lose much of their effect on student affairs. WA Guilds now exist almost entirely through a tenuous relationship with their university administrations. The university has a significant amount of control over the actions of the Guilds because they have very little independent funding. As income from membership makes up only a small proportion of the operating revenue, monies from this are contingent on a good working relationship with their University. To date WA Guilds have managed to sustain this relationship but not without making unnecessary political sacrifices.

University Governance and VSU

Through the implementation of VSU legislation, students have lost much power of their affairs to the government and the university managers. The role of student representatives and activists on campus is to provide vocal opposition to regressive university policies and their attempts to create elitist, fee paying institutions. VSU actively undermines the work that student representatives perform on campus by questioning their representative status. No longer do students have one single democratically elected body to represent their interests, VSU creates

the opportunity for other bodies to claim representative status of the students on campus. The vital role of student representation, once undertaken by democratically elected students can now be challenged by the Sports Association or the Drinking Club on campus.

VSU as mythology is about portraying student unions as a playground for "student politicians" who use student money to serve their own interests. The activities of student unions are claimed to be irrelevant to the lives of most students, and such students shouldn't be forced to fund these activities. This argument serves to delegitimise student representation and the fight for student rights. At the same time, destroying universal membership will ensure that only Liberal and Labour party student politicians are the major players in student unions because they would have access to resources (supplied by their parties) to intervene into student unions.

If your student organisation is not providing adequate dissent to the introduction of fees on your campus or any other regressive policy, become involved and overthrow the elected representatives.

No Politics thanks, we just want services.

Liberal governments do not care if student organisations run services for the benefit of the students on campus, as long as it is nice, clean fun and does not usually lead to an outbreak of political activity on campus. However the service role of student organisations is something which is being used as substitutes for political activity.

In Western Australia where the membership is completely voluntary student organisations are either unable or unwilling to fund activities that do not create some sort of revenue - these activities are usually the "political" activities of the organisation. The Victoria, the legislation is different in that "political" activities are banned under the legislation.

Organising around political issues such as sexism, homophobia, racism or even education cut-backs becomes either unprofitable and/or illegal and hence sometimes does not happen. If and when funding cuts do occur, there may not be enough money left over for student organisations' activities to be funded properly. Therefore, things such as women's rooms, environment campaigns, campaigns challenging the role of education within capitalism and the like do not eventuate.

VSU bans the use of the Student Services and Amenities Fee (which students have to pay at the start of every year) for certain political activities such as running campaigning against the introduction of up-front fees, TAFE Amalgamations and yes, it's even illegal to produce material such as this about VSU.

VSU is a blatant political attack. It has nothing to do with giving students the choice about whether or not to join the union but was directed at smashing the only structures that exist where students can collectively organise to protect themselves against various attacks on the right to education. Whatever else the VSU legislation was designed to do, its primary purpose is, and always has been, to weaken the power of students:

- To have control over our own affairs.
- To intervene into their own organisations and university structures; or
- To organise collectively and legitimately in their own interests.

VSU is about defining and limiting what "student interests" are.

One of the most tragic things about VSU is the way in which it works to de-politicise student organisations. We must resist the temptation to follow this path and fight the ideology that justifies the government to not properly fund the tertiary education sector.

The Australian Labour Party is not our saviour!

Some people argue that the Liberal Governments' commitment to VSU is so strong that students and student organisations will only ever benefit if we re-elect the Australian Labour Party. Whilst the ALP (along with the Greens and Democrats) has stated its commitment to universal membership of student organisations, we must not fall into the trap of thinking that the ALP is the friend of students.

In 1995 Simon Crean, as ALP Federal education Minister, used his discretionary powers to remove emergency funding to some student organisations because their student newspapers printed an article he was unhappy with. In thirteen years of government the ALP did little to gain government student support within the higher education sector. Remember, the ALP has presided over the dismantling of free education, introduced HECS and up front fees for postgrads.

There is a desperate need to fight against VSU. We must fight for independent student organisations, we must continue to fight regressive education policies, and we must fight against profit orientated education. Most importantly we must not be fooled into thinking that this fight can be won by supporting the party that led Australia into the deregulation of Australian education.

Phil Harrold

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HRATHGAR FRAGMENTED

(In which various Fragments are assembled.)

I

When as in socks my Toenail goes,
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
That comfy fabric 'pon my toes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
Those wretched clippers come at me,
I'll turn 'pon my heels and flee!

II

Toenail, Toenail, sitting tight
'Pon the cuticle of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

III

O foot thou art sick.
The invisible clipper,
That flies in the night
In the dank bedroom:

Hath found out thy bed
Of keratin joy:
And his sharp secret blade
Does thy life destroy

IV

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A toe so touching in its majesty:
This foot now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the toenail; silent, hard,
Nails filed, polished, shining and sumptuous lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky.

V

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and toeless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose worn
And cracked toenails
Tell that its sculptor was not quite right in the head:
And on a pedestal these words appear:
"I am Hrathgar, king of kings:
Look on my toes, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains.
A bit of a disappointment, really.

VI

I have seen them at close of day
Coming with mottled faces
From stocking or sock atop grey
Wrinkled toes.
I have looked with weary, nodded head,
Or glanced quickly in a rush,
Or have lingered languorously, saying
Polite, meaningless things,
Praising for vanity's sake
To please the nails upon my toe.
What now the clipper's work is done,
The nail from toe so harshly torn?
All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

VII

The hand that clipped the toenails felled a city;
Five sovereign fingers hacked the breadth,
Crippled the thickness and halved the length;
These five kings did ten kings to death.

The mighty hand leads to a working shoulder,
The shoulder to a neck and head:
The head shows he who made the murder:
It's me that made my toenails dead.

VIII

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The toenail cannot touch the toe;
Nails come apart; the keratin cannot hold;
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The clippers of maliciousness abound;
The toes lack all conviction, while the blades
Are full of passionate intensity.

IX

I celebrate my toes,
And what they assume you shall assume,
For every nail belonging to them as good belongs to you.
I embrace my toenails and all that they contain, which is all that there is, for they are all-embracing
All the men ever born are in my toenails, and all the women ever born are also in my toenails;
And all the trees and shrubs and sprouting flowers are also in my toenails, and so are the moss and
mushrooms and other fungi, all the plants of the world are in my toenails;
And so are the cows (cows say 'moo') and ducks and sheep (ducks and sheep do not say 'moo')
and hippos and monkeys (especially the Spacemonkeys, which still do not say 'moo'), all
embraced within my toenails, a whole menagerie of all the animals of all the countries of all
the continents of all the earth live and breath and frolic and play and fight and snarl within
the confines of my toenails, because my toenails are the world, and the world is my toenails.
All the bridges of man's world exist within my toenails, all the highways and all the harbours and
all the train stations (and the bus stops, too), because all that travels travels within my
toenails, especially all the cars and ships and trains and buses and airplanes, all travelling,
all moving, all zooming and buzzing within my toenails;
And all the buildings being built, and all the buildings being torn down, and all the buildings not
being built or torn down, in all the cities and all the towns and all the villages and
metropolises in all the world are all built or torn down within my toenails, because my
toenails contain and celebrate all that is constructed and demolished and somewhere in
between being constructed and demolished.
My toenails are omnipresent.
All the food and drink of the world are contained within my toenails.
All the ham (and green eggs, too), and twisties and potato chips and all the meat and vegetables
and sweet, sweet fruit (and all the sour, bitter, unripe fruit too) and all the breads and
whatever else is in the five food groups, are all intrinsic to my toenails;
And so are all the beverages, the cocktails, the shooters and shot-glasses of whisky all live and
breathe within my toenails
(And yes, I have been drinking)
And when you eat and drink you eat and drink my toenails
(I am just as drunk as you, because you are me and I am you, and let me say, just let me say, mate,
that I love you, no, really, I love you mate, I really do).
My toenails are all-encompassing.
I know how you would clip my toes. I know your hate of my toenails.
I accept your hate, for what is yours is also mine, as much a part of me as you, and know my love
is also yours, for what is me is also you.
I accept your clippers, for your clippers are embraced and encompassed within my toenails,
And in clipping my toenails you clip yourself, because you exist within them
I sound my barbaric 'Arr!' over the roofs of the world,
And go off in search of booty.

HRATHGAR THE UNAVOIDED

DO WE REALLY NEED A WOMENS OFFICER?

EILEEN FISHER 1998 SAUA WOMEN'S OFFICER

This year the Students' Association faced a challenge to the Women's Officer position, which according to our constitution is a women's only position. The SAUA was taken to the Equal Opportunity Tribunal by a male student of the university who believed that he was being discriminated against because he was barred from running for the position of Women's Officer and because no Men's Officer position exists within the SAUA. Luckily this attack on women's activism was defeated when all the claims were dismissed.

The claims were dismissed by the judge who ruled that the allegation of the existence of a Women's Officer position that can only be filled by a woman is discriminatory, was not valid. In fact in the course of the hearing the complainant acknowledged that the duties of the Women's Officer are such that many of them cannot be appropriately dealt with by a male, and he conceded that to be a woman is a genuine occupational requirement for the position. Furthermore, the judge said that although there was not a Men's Officer to deal with men's issues, there were extensive support facilities that men could access on campus, including the Equal Opportunity Unit, Education Welfare Officer's and the Counselling service.

I thought this would be a good opportunity to look at the reasons why we have a Women's Officer and not a Men's Officer, and why there is a need for this position to be filled by a woman.

The creation of the position of Women's Officer is a structural and political step which acknowledges that women have historically faced, and continue to face, specific gender related problems on campus.

These issues include:

- sexual harassment and assault
- security on campus
- access to child care and family responsibilities
- sexist attitudes from members of the university community
- women's involvement in non-traditional areas of study
- the concentration of women in particular disciplines
- the lack of representation of women in post-graduate research and senior academic positions
- gender-specific language in the curricula.

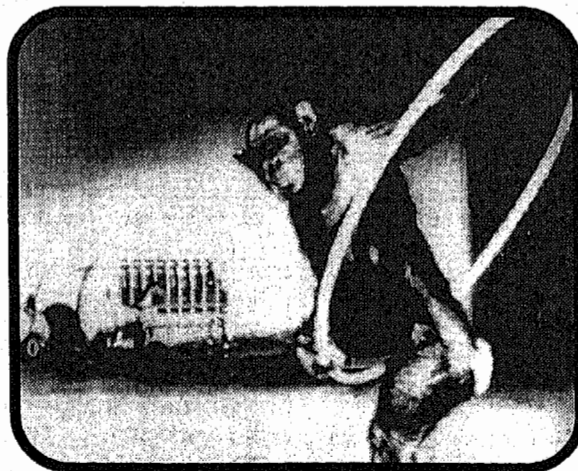
Women's Officers and Departments also have the ability to research and be involved with women's issues in the wider community. This gives women on campus the opportunity to have an insight into issues including unpaid labour, mainstream representations of women in the media and body image just to name a few.

The Women's Officer is there to liaise with on-campus women's groups, organise campaigns and produce information on issues that affect women, act as a link and reporting mechanism between the student organisation and women's group deal with sexual harassment and discrimination, represent and voice women students' concerns, ensure that all publications and events on campus are non-sexist, represent women students on various committees, and convene the *Elle Dit* Collective to ensure that a women's edition of the student newspaper is produced.

Another important point about the role of the Women's Officer is the necessity of the position to be a woman. This is because women understand the problems which other women face and can share common experiences. Women students find it easier to talk about problems such as sexual harassment, contraception, sexuality or health issues with other women. It would not be suitable nor would it be desirable to have a man representing women in the position of Women's Officer as he would be unable to cater for or understand the needs and issues women face. In a society where power ultimately resides in men, a male Women's Officer would be merely another way in which men speak for women and stop their voices from being heard.

The recognition of autonomous women's organising both on- and off-campus and a Women's Officer are important ways in which the above restrictions upon women can be addressed, and subsequently challenged and changed them. So as long as women still face sexual harassment and assault, as long as they are still afraid to walk the streets at night, and as long as they still face barriers to education, we need Women's Officers, and we need to maintain support for them.

so, are you a chimp looking for a new trick?



how about getting involved in On Dit 1999?

APPLICATIONS FOR POSITIONS RANGING FROM MUSIC
SUB-EDITOR TO WAYWARD COORDINATOR ARE NOW OPEN.
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PICK UP AN APPLICATION
FROM THE SAUA AND RETURN IT BY
18 TH OF DECEMBER

men stopping violence

written by Michael Flood

Men have a crucial role to play in stopping rape and violence. Many men know that rape and sexual assault are wrong, but we have done little to reduce sexual assault in our lives, families and communities. We have believed the common myths about sexual assault, we have ignored women's fears and concerns about their safety, and sometimes we have been sexually violent ourselves.

But there is much that men can do to help stop rape and other forms of violence.

Sexual assault will only stop when men join with women to put an end to it. And both men and women will benefit from a world free of rape. Most men do not use violence. But when violence occurs, it is mostly males who do it. Why?

Men's monopoly of violence is the product of a lifetime's training in how to be a "real" man. In Australia, the traditional model of manhood offers to men such qualities as aggressiveness, control, a sense of entitlement to power, and emotional callousness, as well as a series of myths which justify men's violence and men's power. These include the myth that women say "no" and mean "yes", that women lie about being raped, that women provoke violence. Far too many men in the community still hold onto these myths.

The models of male sexuality presented to men also contribute to sexual violence. Men learn that we should always take the initiative in sex, be in control, prove our virility, and see how far we can get. Sometimes men don't listen to women, and we either don't recognise or choose to ignore women's refusals, discomfort, pain and fear. We learn to treat women as objects. We confuse sex and intimacy, trying to get all our emotional needs for closeness and support met through sex.

Rape is also the product of sexism and power inequalities. And rape maintains these inequalities. Sexism (a belief in male superiority) and patterns of male power both encourage men's violence against women. This violence is a threat to women's mobility, self-esteem and everyday safety.

Many boys and men are not sexually violent. Many men have loving and respectful sexual relations with women. But these manhood myths are still common, and some men do act on them.

Violence to men

There is also growing recognition that males too are the victims of violence, including sexual assault.

While boys and men are the large majority of perpetrators of violence, boys and men often are also the victims. Males are bashed up, bullied and sexually assaulted. Boys and men are most at risk of violence from other boys and men.

Ending violence to girls and women and ending violence to boys and men are part of the same struggle - to create a world based on equality, justice and non-violence.

Men will benefit

In campaigning against sexual assault, it is important to remind ourselves of what we are for. We want sexual lives based on consent, safety, and mutual pleasure. We want sexual relations which are fair, empowering and peaceful.

Men have much to gain in ending rape. In our relations with women, instead of experiencing distrust and disconnection, we may find closeness and connection. Men's sexual lives will be more pleasurable and mutual, rather than driven, obsessive and predatory. And boys and men ourselves will be free from the threat of sexual assault.

Further reading

"Stopping rape: A challenge for men", by Rus Funk (Philadelphia, PA:

New Society Publishers, 1993)

"Transforming a rape culture", edited by Emilie Buchwald, Pamela Fletcher and Martha Roth (Minneapolis: Milkweed Editions, 1993)

Thirteen steps men can take

1. Check out the sex you have with your girlfriend, wife, boyfriend, partner or in one-night stands. Make sure that the sex you have is always consenting. Don't pressure a woman to have sex. Realise that your strength, size, social role and age are all factors that can contribute to a woman's feeling of powerlessness against your pressure for sex. Don't guilt-trip, expect sex in return for buying dinner or blackmail her or him with leaving the relationship.

2. Take "no" for an answer. The assumption that women say "no" when they really mean "maybe" or "yes" is just that, an assumption. Do not ignore a woman if she says "no" or seems resistant in any way. If she really means "yes" then it's up to her to communicate her consent. The right to say "no" is a constant, regardless of previous sexual relations. And silence doesn't mean consent.

3. Talk about sex. If you are unsure of what a woman wants, ask her. Say what you want to do and check out what she or he wants to do. Discussing mutual expectations and clarifying any mixed messages eliminates confusion and greatly reduces the risk of sexual assault. If you are unsure about how she is feeling, you could ask, "Is this comfortable?" or "Are you feeling okay about this?"

4. It's never okay to use force or coercion. Don't assume that just because a woman dresses or flirts in a manner that you consider sexy that she wants to engage in sexual activity. Realise that women don't provoke rape by their appearance or by agreeing to go to a man's room or house. The person responsible for the rape is the person who uses force or pressure.

5. Take responsibility for your sexuality. Don't assume that if you are being sexual with a person on one level, then you can automatically start being sexual on other levels. Kissing or masturbating doesn't mean that intercourse comes next. What you do with your penis is your responsibility. Having an erection doesn't mean you have to put it somewhere.

6. Avoid excessive use of alcohol or other drugs. When you've been drinking or taking other drugs, your decision-making abilities are impaired, you may become aggressive, and you may not think clearly or communicate effectively. Remember that being under the influence of alcohol or drugs is not a defence against criminal behaviour and rape is a criminal act.

7. Understand how sexual stereotypes influence attitudes and behaviours. Social roles and expectations may affect a man's decisions about sex. Some men feel pressured into having sexual intercourse by their peers. Men are also taught that expressing feelings is not masculine. Examining your social role and learning ways to express feelings directly and non-violently can help to create deeper and more meaningful interpersonal relationships. You don't have to prove yourself.

8. Don't engage in any forms of sexual harassment, such as wolf-whistling, unwanted touching or peeping. Women aren't public property, available for our intrusions. Neither are men.

9. Inform yourself. Develop an awareness of the cultural supports for violence against women. Develop a "crap detector" to recognise the myths. When you see sex without consent on TV, in a film or book, remind yourself that it is rape.

10. Talk to other men about sexual assault. Start by mentioning something you read, a conversation you had or something you've been thinking about.

11. Believe people when they tell you they've been raped or harassed or they know someone who's been raped or harassed. Support what they say about it. Don't ask, "What were you wearing?"

12. Don't assume that women want or need your "protection". But support women if they ask you to, such as by walking with a woman to her car in a carpark. If a woman is walking in front of you along a dark street, give her lots of room or cross to the other side of the road.

13. And finally, take public and collective action. Intervene or do something if you see violence happening. Get involved in local efforts to end sexual assault. In whatever places and spaces you live - whether your workplace, the street or your house - do what you can to end sexual assault and sexual harassment.

MEN AGAINST SEXUAL ASSAULT

Men Against Sexual Assault (MASA) is a network of community groups concerned about violence. MASA encourages men to take responsibility for actions against the crimes of sexual and physical assault.

If you would like to get involved in MASA in Canberra, contact Michael Flood, on (02) 6279 846. Or write to MASA, PO Box 26, Ainslie ACT, 2602. E-mail: michael.flood@anu.edu.au

STUDENT REPS ON COMMITTEES

Applications are open to be a student rep on one of a myriad of University committees in 1999. Put your hand up, get involved and have your say!

Expressions of interest should be addressed to Sophie Allouache, Students'

Association President and The Students' Association of the University of Adelaide

Council. Applications will be presented at a meeting of the SAUA Council on

Tuesday 17th November, at 6.00pm.

Applications to be handed in at the SAUA Office (ground floor, George

Murray Building, Union House) by 5.00pm, Thursday 12th November.



Men Against Violence

Wilto Yerlo

The staff of Wilto Yerlo view the formation of a Men Against Violence Group to be integral to the well being of all students on campus. The reasons for this stance are many and obvious, what is not so obvious are the many forms that violent acts take. When thinking of violence, one usually thinks of the visible, the physical act of one striking another. This is problematic as violent acts also exist in less recognisable forms such as verbal and institutionalised abuse, which causes angst and frustration for victims just as physical attacks do. Wilto Yerlo hopes that the less recognisable exercises of power

by dominant groups over less powerful groups, such as able bodied people over disabled people or men over women are identified by The Men Against Violence Group and the effects of these actions acknowledged and restricted.

I predict that most students in their time at the University won't be confronted with many situations where they can intervene directly to restrict physically violent situations. However, we can speak out against many of the other forms of violence and influence campus norms. Some of the forms of violence I refer to were bought to my

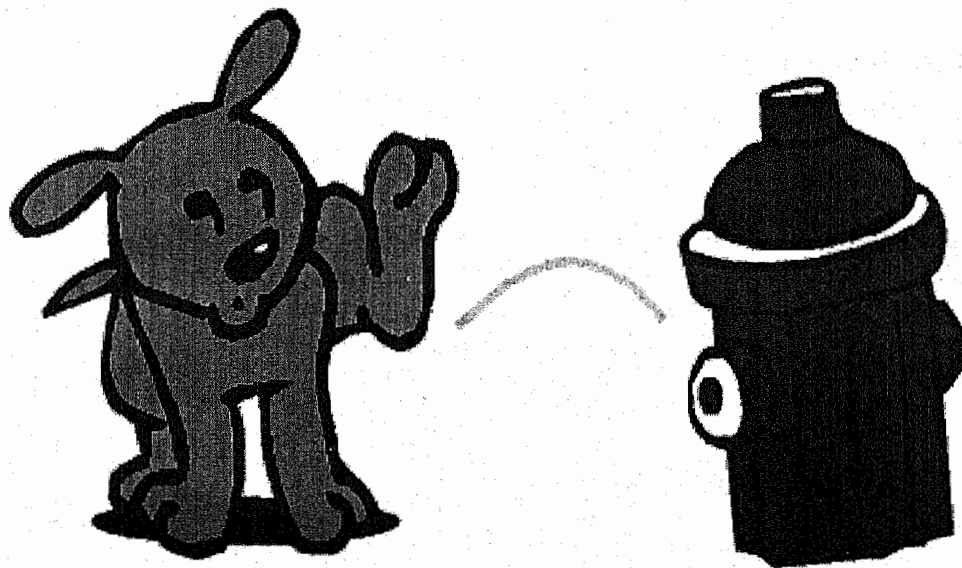
attention by a female graduate of the University. She stated that experienced physical violence was often easier to deal with as it could be named, identified and is socially unacceptable, whereas verbal and emotional abuse is not as easily named and identified but can be just as damaging. Another problem with accepted verbal and emotional abuse is that it creates an arena whereby physical violence can proceed.

Throughout Australian colonisation Aboriginal people have dealt with physical violence, verbal and emotional abuse and the violent act of restricting people from kin and land. The first act of violence that I speak of, physical violence is less recognisable in 1990s Australia though still prevalent in the penal system but institutional and emotional abuse and the effects of this abuse are still common. One only has to turn their attention to the recent focus upon Australia's Stolen Children and the accounts of these people to identify the inappropriateness of this act. The inquiry into Aboriginal people separated from kin and land con-

cludes that between one in three and one in ten Indigenous children were forcibly removed from their families and communities between 1910 and 1970. Often the forcible removal of Aboriginal children by the government, churches and other bodies was committed with the belief that they were doing it for the 'betterment' of Aboriginal people or out of 'love'. This may sound familiar to the rhetoric of those committing violence in a domestic situation: 'I didn't mean to get angry and hit you but it's your fault, you spoke to that person, your girlfriend, asked the barman for a drink without my permission and worst of all you know how I get jealous'. The discourse of taking over the power and control for the betterment of the individual or group is one that we need to be aware of and one that Wilto Yerlo is keen to address. Any act which seeks to exercise power and control over an individual or group needs to be carefully examined as to whether it is a form of violence.

Jared Thomas

Show us what you're made of!



Orientation '99

Helpers and leaders needed for Orientation 1999
O'Week O'Ball O'Camp O'Tours

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Creative

The storm has gone, but has darkened the night,
and the streetlights gleam off the rain-streaked street
as five dark shapes with black-booted feet
stalk out of the shadows and darken the light -

black torn leather, raven hair and chains,
long black cloaks and dark shadowed eyes
straight down the middle where the white line lies,
cars swearing and swerving right out of their lanes.

By the side of the road under gaudy awnings
sparkly high heels move like nervous cattle
Bouncers are restless as jewellery rattles,
and lounge in their doorways, glaring their warnings -

but the painted hordes stand obediently lined
and the tall silhouettes sweep silently by.
The night breathes out an audible sigh -
and then sees the five left a little one behind...

She had stopped to tie a recalcitrant lace
and now stands bewildered as a lonely breeze there
tugs at her long shirts and long dark hair,
damp on her large eyes and small pale face -

she skips forward vaguely and smiles at the night,
then turns, surprised by the sound of jeers.
The bright people laugh, exposed flesh leers,
and she stares uncertainly at their stilted height...

The night breathes again, and where there were none,
the four reappear with no warning at all.
Without a glance at the hooting cattle,
they anxiously call to their missing one.

She skips forward gladly, her back to the light,
they reach for her eagerly, seizing her hands.
One tucks her arm in his coat as she stands
secure in their number, secure in their night -

five turn, cloaks swirling, and fade away.
The streetlight glitters on the empty gutter,
as leaves on the sidewalk that damply clutter
rustle uneasily and wait for the day.

Erica

Long ago I knew him as a bright and happy boy
I loved him like a brother and he filled my life with joy
We'd play together every day in innocence and bliss
And every night we parted with a promissory kiss

We'd play our games of 'let's pretend' as soldiers, kings and more
Unaware our fantasies were lives we'd lived before
Our play grew more and more intense with memory the spur
Until at last we realised the truth of who we were

No mortals playing childish games, but spirits old and wise
Connected with a love that transcends any earthly ties
Although we may forget the past with each new life we lead
Beyond one life the love remains and with it we are freed

Barbara

I Write You This

I write you this from my bedside,
fluorescent light exaggerating each error of my hand.

I write you this fresh from buried sleep
where my dream played with water and heights.

I dreamed I was you:

and suddenly I look at the world from your eyes.

As the film maker chooses black and white
to challenge the critics and the hard core fans,

or the poet chooses images from *Newsweek*
to write hard times and pain,

I see that you see only darkness.

I write you this as conversations can not be kept
and referred to on lonely afternoons.

I write you this as I feel you
and I wish to teach you
how to wake.

Belinda Schaefer.

Ode to my coffee cup

I look like caffeine

I walk faster than others

Glazed. My eyes are dunked in clear nail polish

I think of you when I wake

You are my good morning kiss. My sweetheart

You are my bitter breath and my yellow stained teeth.

I lie awake at night because of you

And think of the places we have been

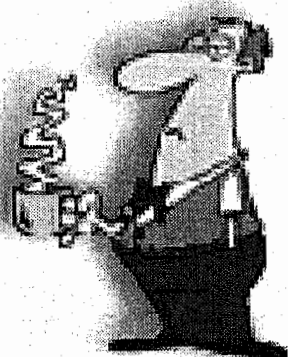
I wonder at how you differ around the world.

You are caffeine

You are my temptation. Chocolate brown lover.

My pulse now beats faster.

Belinda Schaefer



Chocolate Bars

pulling back the foil,
the silver-lined wrapping -

the brown, sugar sweet solid gazes at me.

I want to eat it now, pleasure myself,
Feel the satisfaction of saccharine
satiated desire.

But what if the pounds come?
& the guilt chases me down to the
gym.

paralysed for a moment, I take a deep breath
& start the exam.

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ONE DAY A N O T H E R

It was a pleasant morning in the *On Dit* office. Slappy and various hangers-on were busily getting gear done, when a crazy commotion was heard on the stairs.

"Hey, look everybody," exclaimed Slappy, "here comes Crazy Dave!"

Everybody turned around and saw that Crazy Dave had come for a visit. They knew it was Crazy Dave by his crazy hair and his crazy eyes, and the crazy walk he walked, and the crazy talk he sometimes talked. Crazy Dave was crazy.

Everybody called him Crazy Dave. "So, Crazy Dave," said Slappy, "tell us what crazy-arsed monkeyshines you have been up to lately."

Crazy Dave was always getting up to some sort of crazy-arsed monkeyshines. He was crazy like that.

"Yes, Crazy Dave," said one of the office hangers-on, "regale us with a tale of one of your madcap escapades where some of your high-spirited hijinks have landed

you in some sort of difficult situation, and only that Crazy Dave craziness we all know and love could get you out of it." Everyone gathered around and listened in wonder as Crazy Dave began to tell them of one of his crazy adventures. It was very funny, and very crazy, and everybody laughed.

"That certainly was a very crazy adventure, Crazy Dave," said Slappy.

"I thought you might enjoy it," said Crazy Dave, talking that crazy talk he sometimes talked, "but I should be going now."

Everybody moaned, because they did not want Crazy Dave to go.

"But first, there's something I'd like to know," he said "Why does everybody here call me Crazy Dave?"

Everybody laughed. It was crazy the way Crazy Dave could just come out with crazy things like that and make everybody laugh.

Crazy Dave was about to leave when in walked Crafty Dave and Roderick, the Student Radio Guys.

"Hello Crazy Dave," said Crafty Dave.

"Hello Crafty Dave," said Crazy Dave.

"Hello Crazy Dave," said Roderick.

"Hello Roderick," said Crazy Dave.

"So, Crazy Dave," said Crafty Dave, "tell us what crazy-arsed monkeyshines you have been up to lately."

"Yes," said Roderick, "You're always getting up to some sort of crazy-arsed monkeyshines. You're crazy like that."

"Well, If you insist," said Crazy Dave, and everyone gathered around and listened in wonder as Crazy Dave began to tell them of one of his crazy adventures. It was the same one as before, but it was even funnier, and even crazier, the second time around, and everybody laughed and laughed.

"That certainly was a very crazy adventure, Crazy Dave," said Roderick.

"I thought you might enjoy it," said Crazy Dave, talking once more that crazy talk he sometimes talked, "but

I really should be going now."

Everybody moaned,

because they did not want Crazy Dave to go.

"Goodbye Crazy Dave," said Crafty Dave.

"Goodbye Crafty Dave," said Crazy Dave.

"Goodbye Crazy Dave," said Roderick.

"Goodbye Roderick," said Crazy Dave.

"Goodbye Crazy Dave," said Slappy.

"Goodbye Slappy," said Crazy Dave.

"Goodbye Crazy Dave," said everybody.

"Goodbye everybody. You guys rock!" said Crazy Dave, as he left.

"So, Student Radio Guys," said Slappy, "what brings you two down here?"

"Well," said Roderick, "I just like hanging around with you guys, and Crafty Dave here wanted to come down and see Cindy," and with this last bit he winked conspiratorially at Slappy and tried to tap with his finger the side of his nose, dislodging his sunglasses in the process, sending them plummeting floorwards and making himself look quite the fool.

"Ah, yes," said Slappy, winking back and tapping with his own finger the side of his own nose, and getting it right, looking not so much the fool as the charming rogue, "of course. I should have guessed."

"Oh, cut it out, you guys," said Crafty Dave, shooting them a look. This look was a look that Crafty Dave had perfected, and was a very crafty look indeed, which was why everybody called him Crafty Dave.

"Well," said Slappy, "as you can see, Cindy is not here. She is out getting us lunch. Would you like to wait for her? I'm sure she won't be too long."

"No," said Crafty Dave, "actually, we want your help. We've been doing this crossword but have got bogged down on a couple. Like 8 across: five letters, begins with B. 'What's another name for pirate's treasure?'"

"Why," replied Slappy, "I do believe it's 'booty'."

"Booty?"

"Booty. That's what it is," said Slappy.

"And what about 17 down," continued Crafty Dave, "three letters, begins with C, ends with W. 'What is the funkier animal on earth?'"

"Well," said Slappy, "that's a cow, of course."

"Oh, yes. Thankyou Slappy," said Crafty Dave, "you certainly are hip to the beat."

"I wish we were as down with the kids as Slappy is," said Roderick.

"So do I," said Crafty Dave, "but now let us take our leave."

"Aawww!" complained Roderick, "Can't we please please wait? Please? I want to hang around with Slappy and the kids."

I thought we could play Pirates."

"No," said Crafty Dave, "we've got work to do. Come on Roderick. We'd better go. Goodbye Slappy."

"Goodbye Crafty Dave," said Slappy, "and goodbye Roderick."

"Goodbye Slappy," said Roderick, his head hung low and a solitary tear forming in the corner of his eye as he followed Crafty Dave out the door and up the stairs.

"Goodbye Student Radio Guys," said everybody.

"Goodbye everybody. You guys rock!" said the Student Radio Guys.

Slappy turned back to the computer and started a CD playing.

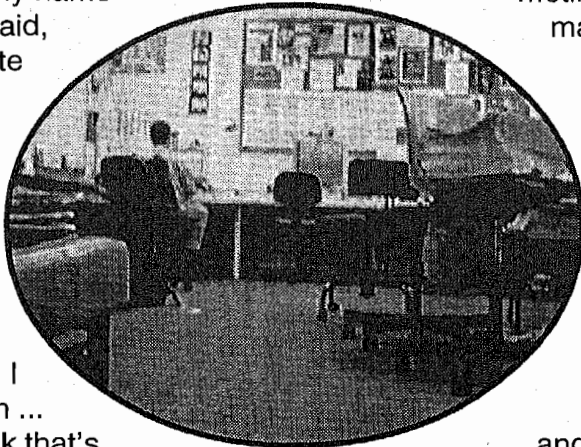
"I love this song!" squealed Cindy, coming through the door, the smell of everybody's lunches accompanying her to pleasing effect, "especially this ... no, not this bit ... here it comes ... this bit!"

Enthusiasm is not a word often appropriate around the office, but Cindy somehow managed to go against the grain every time. If you've ever seen a little girl wake up on Christmas morning and find a whole pile of presents just for her, then you'll have some idea of what Cindy was like.

"You were gone quite some time," said Slappy.



"Oh, sorry I took so long, but I bumped into this girl I was in a first year tute with and haven't seen in, like, ages, and we had to stop and catch up. You know she didn't even know I was an editor of the paper? She just saw my name on a CD review and said, like, 'So do you, like, write stuff for the paper?' and I said 'Sarah, I'm, like, one of the editors!' and she just went 'Oh. How did you get that job?' and I said 'We ran in the elections last year and won' and she said 'Oh, that's right, I voted for you' and ... um ... yeah. Don't you think that's



weird?" "Can I have my lunch now, please?" said Slappy. Cindy giggled as she handed Slappy his lunch.

"Sorry," she said, then "is there any e-mail for me?" the note of hope in her voice at once both charming and pathetic, "it's just that the other day I bumped into a girl I went to school with and haven't seen in, like, ages, and we talked for ages. I mean, get this right, like, she's been a student here for years and we just haven't seen each other around, and she saw my name on a CD review and thought 'I wonder if that's the same Cindy I went to school with,' and, like she's always meant to come down and help out and write stuff for us but just never got time, right, and so I gave her our e-mail address so she could e-mail like an article or something. So is there any e-mail?"

"I don't know. I haven't checked," said Slappy, "I've been too busy trying to lay out the paper." He turned back to the computer in hope of finding a good font. Cindy sat down at one of the other computers and looked through the e-mail, emitting various squeals of delight as she read messages from various editors from various other student newspapers around the country.

"Oh, look!" she squealed yet again in a voice that sent all dogs within a five kilometre radius into a frenzy, "there's one from Crazy Dave!"

"He was down here just a few minutes ago, while you were out getting lunch," said Slappy, "he was very crazy. He regaled us with a tale of some of his more recent crazy-arsed monkeyshines.

It was very funny, and very crazy, and everybody laughed and then Crafty Dave and Roderick, the Student Radio Guys, came down and made him tell it to them, so he did. It was even funnier, and even crazier, the second time around, and everybody laughed and laughed. Then Crazy Dave left. Crazy Dave is crazy. Then I asked Crafty Dave and Roderick why they had come down, and Roderick said that he had come down to hang around with us - I think he wanted to play Pirates again - and that Crafty Dave had

come down to see you, and with this last bit he winked conspiratorially at me and tried to tap with his finger the side of his nose, but dislodged his sunglasses in the process, sending them plummeting floorwards and making himself look quite the fool.

Then I winked back and tapped with my own finger the side of my own nose, and got it right, looking not so much the fool as the charming rogue, and said 'of course. I should have guessed'. Then

Crafty Dave told us to cut it out, and shot us a look. This look was the look that Crafty Dave has perfected, that is a very crafty look indeed, and which is why everybody calls him Crafty Dave. I told them that you were out getting lunch, and asked them if they wanted to wait. Roderick wanted to, but Crafty Dave said they had work to do, so they went away."

"Hey," said one of the office hangers-on, "why is it that Cindy went to get the lunches? Is it because she's a girl? Because if it is, then that's very sexist and misogynistic of you."

"No," explained Slappy with the patience and serenity of a Saint, "She went because it was her turn. I went yesterday, and the other chap, whose name eludes me at the moment, went the time before, didn't you, Other Chap?"

The Other Chap, sitting at the end computer, getting a new CD ready to play, turned and nodded.

"See. All in this office is indeed fair and equitable," continued Slappy, silencing any possible further criticism, as the CD began playing.

"I love this song!" squealed Cindy, "especially this ... no, not this bit ... here it comes ... this bit!"

Everybody bopped for a few moments, enjoying the tune.

"Ooh, guess what!" said Cindy, "I went out last night, and I bumped into this girl I went to kindy with and haven't seen in, like, ages, and we just did heaps of catching up. Apparently she saw my name on a CD review or something and thought 'Hmm, I wonder if that's the same Cindy I went to kindy with' and I am. Apparently she's been at Uni for the same amount of time as me, and, like, we've done all the same classes, and we're doing the same course now, and we've got the same supervisor and



everything, but we just haven't seen each other around! Oh, and she lives next door to me, too. Isn't that weird? Apparently she's always meant to come down and help out and write CD reviews and stuff, but just never got around to it, so she's going to come down some time today, or next week, or something. But isn't that weird?"

A booming, resonant, magnificent laugh came through the door, followed by a large, enthusiastic man bearing a bag of muffins. It was Muffy, the music Sub-Editor and official office Muffin Man.

"Hello Slappy," said Muffy.
 "Hello Muffy," said Slappy.
 "Hello Cindy," said Muffy.
 "Hello Muffy," said Cindy.
 "Hello everyone else," said Muffy.
 "Hello Muffy," said everyone else.
 "What brings you down here, then?" said Slappy.

"I thought I'd come down here for the music meeting," said Muffy, "it being part of my job and all."

"Music meeting?" said all three editors, looking at each other (which is not easy to do, as the potential for one not to be looking at both of the others is tremendous) as the office began to be crammed with all manner of people champing at their collective bits to get free CDs. "Isn't it time we did that really important thing we have to do?" said Slappy, looking at Cindy and The Other Chap.

"What thing?" said Cindy.
 "You know, the thing," said Slappy, emphasising the last syllable.
 "Oh, yes. That thing. We should do that, yes," said Cindy.
 Slappy, Cindy and The Other chap scrambled.

* * * * *

The next day was a pleasant one in the *On Dit* office. Slappy and various hangers-on were busily getting gear done, when a crazy commotion was heard on the stairs.

"Hey, look everybody," exclaimed Slappy, "here comes Crazy Dave!"

Everybody turned around and saw that Crazy Dave had come for a visit. They knew it was Crazy Dave by his crazy hair and his crazy eyes, and the crazy walk he walked, and the crazy talk he sometimes talked. Crazy Dave was crazy.

Everybody called him Crazy Dave. "So, Crazy Dave," said Slappy, "tell us what crazy-arsed monkeyshines you have been up to lately." Crazy Dave was always getting up to some sort of crazy-arsed monkeyshines. He was crazy like that...

Paul Bradley.

The Rain of Terror

It was five o'clock in the evening, October 24th, 1998. My significant other had gone into Kuala Lumpur with a certain degree of trepidation. Just last week, demonstrators were assaulted as they were dispersing. Many were chased across the city, hunted, pursued, beaten and locked up. The very next day, even family who were visiting them at the Dang Wangi Police Station were scattered by FRU. Yesterday, water cannons scattered crowds at Dataran Merdeka. The seat of our democracy, the Parliament Building, was surrounded by police, as though it was under siege. And, indeed, one may argue, all these things were happening exactly because thousands did feel that our democracy was under siege.

Rumours were flying that people were bringing kerosene and petrol bombs to the demonstrations this Saturday. Many felt that these rumours were started by people who wanted the police to crack down hard on the demonstrators and show no quarter. I didn't want to take any chances either way. We made sure we didn't carry any bags or anything that could be even suspected of containing incendiary material. We were, after all, not rioters - we just wanted to get my mother a pair of slippers from Jalan TAR! When we emerged at the front entrance of Pertama Complex, we were met by a huge crowd of shoppers. I say 'shoppers' because they were not angry young men - there were children, elderly men and women, families. No one was shouting, or chanting or singing. There were no banners or placards. People seemed to be just milling around, talking to each other, minding their own business. I remarked to my significant other, that things looked as busy and as normal as any other normal day in front of the popular shopping mall.

As we were pushing our way through the crowd, en route to Jalan TAR, we suddenly heard a resounding cheer of 'Reformasi!' roared from the crowd. That shout was followed by a resounding 'Allah Akbar!' (God is great). A dozen plainclothes policemen emerged from the crowd and two or three men were pulled out, handcuffed and dragged by their hair by plainclothes policemen. They were paraded in the middle of the road, in front of the crowd.

The crowd became silent after that - but they were seething. As we pushed through the crowd, you could hear people swear under their breaths 'anjing' (dogs), 'zalim' (cruel).....

A truck then arrived on the scene and someone read the Police Act over a loudhailer. This is an illegal assembly. RM 10,000 penalty. One-year jail. Disperse now.

A line of policemen moved forward and waved us away, down Jalan TAR. Another line of policemen directed us into a back alley, round to the Coliseum cinema and back to the main road. We crossed into the Masjid India area but this time all entrances were blocked with even more police than there were last week.

As we walked along these back alleys, we could hear sirens wailing nearby. It would sound for five or ten seconds, stop for a few minutes, then wail again. The air was thick with fear.

We entered Jalan Campbell just minutes before it was blocked off as well. I surveyed the scene from under the huge billboard of the Odeon cinema and it was as though the whole area was in a state of curfew. Except for squads of heavily armed and armoured policemen, all four roads

leading to the Odeon junction were blocked off and deserted. Passers-by were milling on the pavement not sure where to go - there were lines of police blocking every conceivable exit from the area.

We heard shouts from the Pertama Complex area and saw at least two dozen policemen run towards the complex shouting obscenities. A number of them had a boy pinned against the wall and a squad of other policemen surrounded him. They were kicking him mercilessly. Moments later, we saw a man being dragged on the ground by his feet by policemen at the other end of the junction, near the Campbell Complex. His face seemed swollen and blood was oozing out of his ears. He was being dragged by men in red ski masks, and they were surrounded by other men in plainclothes, but with red ribbons tied on their shirt sleeves. A uniformed police officer approached one of the men in ski masks and pointed to Pertama Complex. 'Okay ... now go to that lot of people over there and handle them.'

There were so many plainclothes officers lurking in the crowds, they probably needed the red ribbons for quick identification. There were stories that a number of plainclothes Special Branch officers had been beaten up by their own brother officers in last week's demonstrations. Then another dozen or so policemen emerged out of nowhere from a nearby alley towards our little group. At that point, a young Chinese reporter working for one of the foreign news wire services walked alongside us and asked us 'Are you by-standers?' I responded with a resounding 'Yes!'

'Are you shocked by what has happened here?' he asked 'No. It's happened a lot. They're not here to protect people or property. They're here obeying the orders of their master.'

'Were you here last week? And what ...'

But before our enthusiastic journalist could finish his question, our interview was cut short by the sound of loud 'whoosh!' behind us.

Turning around, I saw a red water cannon truck just 10 metres away shoot a thick plume of water into the air, like a geyser. The water rose into the air and started to descend in a thick blanket upon us.

It was pandemonium. Almost immediately, everyone ran in every direction, in the wake of the acid rain. Within seconds, you could smell the choking fumes that burned your eyes and stung the skin. The road ahead was blocked by a thick wall of FRU personnel and, after seeing what had happened to the man who was dragged by his feet, we had no wish to be greeted by those guardians of the law. We sprinted into the Odeon cinema parking area towards Medan Tuanku. People were scrambling over cars trying to find the shortest distance between the water cannon and safety. We ran into a side road, and collapsed in exhaustion on the pavement in front of a popular North Indian restaurant in the area. There were hundreds of other people milling about. Many were wiping their arms and faces with cloth, trying to get the sting out of their skin. Most had handkerchiefs over their mouths and noses and I myself started coughing uncontrollably.

A friend we met there said that he saw flyers with Anwar Ibrahim's photograph being dropped from a nearby building. A passerby stopped and picked one up. Three plain-

clothes policemen very quickly descended upon him and started kicking and punching him. Another bystander approached them and pleaded for them to stop. They handcuffed the good Samaritan and he was herded into a truck. In the Medan MARA area, hundreds of people were trapped in a tunnel that was packed with men, women and children - many crying, shouting in panic, tending wounds they received as they fell to escape charging policemen. The air was thick with acidic fumes - and terror.

One poor boy wanted to go into the Pertama Complex underground car park to retrieve his motorcycle. A uniformed police officer said police were searching the car park and no one was allowed in. He suggested the boy wait in the area for a while. No sooner had he walked away a few steps when the boy was suddenly kicked in the back by a laughing plainclothes policeman.

Another reporter came by and said 'Chow Kit, Chow Kit ... they're going' Before he could finish, we heard that loud whoosh again. Another water cannon truck was driving up Jalan TAR towards us and the crowd ran helter skelter again. A wave of people swept us further into Medan Tuanku and towards Kampong Baru.

Every road and alley we turned to - columns of FRU and police were waiting in ambush. Tables and chairs were strewn all over the roads and pavements as panic-stricken diners abandoned their stalls and high tea in search for safety in the wake of the acid spray.

At no point during the evening did I see any hint of violence from the crowd. No one shouted verbal abuse at the police. Traffic was not being obstructed and there was no damage to property. Only twice did the crowd cheer 'Reformasi' and 'Allahu Akbar', followed by the occasional clapping. None of the flags, banners and placards of last week. For the most part, the thousands of people there just stood and stared at their would-be attackers. That was the extent of the demonstration.

But it was clear that the police were not there to ensure the safety of people and property. They were not even there to stop protesters and pick them up. It was evident what their orders were - clear the streets completely, by whatever means, no matter who's there - not one dissenter or even suspected dissenter must be left on the pavement. Peaceful or not, they were dissenters and had to be punished. For our country cannot abide with dissent.

And, indeed, they did clear the streets - with brutal efficiency. The many incidents I saw did not indicate the police were being tough or even harsh - they were just plain cruel. But by sowing terror, they planted the seeds of anger and hatred, and they showed the world exactly why thousands of Malaysians have taken to the streets of Kuala Lumpur for six consecutive weeks.

Later that evening, reports indicate that over 30 truckloads of police arrived in Kampong Baru. Police armed with sticks fought protesters throwing stones after police fired tear gas into the mosque in Kampong Baru and sprayed various areas of the district with a water cannon. It is thought that at least 300 people have been arrested. Hospital staff said at least 12 demonstrators were brought in for treatment of injuries following the clashes. Police claim one officer suffered minor injuries.

Many people have asked why the English Department of a university of Adelaide's calibre offers no courses on Shakespeare. *On Dit* can now reveal the answer: the texts as they stand simply won't do in the 1990s. They must be re-written before they are fit for culturally sensitive students.

On Dit is proud to bring you the first sample of the re-vamped texts. The work of re-writing this has, of course, been outsourced.

Richard III — The Politically Correct Opening Soliloquy

'Now is the winter of our discontent'

At this point in time the previous period of alleged conflict — This (now is the winter) is a Eurocentric construct which seeks to marginalise or exclude the southern hemisphere where it would be/have been summer.

'Made glorious summer by this Sun of York'

Is experiencing a significant upturn in metaphorically expressed personal and social conditions due to the unceasing personal activities of this male offspring of the previous Yorkist party leader (re: summer: see note above).

'And all the clouds which lour'd upon our house'

And all the meteorological phenomena which seemed to indicate an adverse outcome for our familial & societal grouping/domestic domicile.

'In the deep bosom' of the ocean buried'

Have undergone a significant amelioration and have become subject to bottom-of-the-harbour potentialities.

'Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths'

We celebrate with vegetable bondage.

'Our bruised arms hung up for monuments'

There has been a strategic withdrawal of heavy weapons tactics.

'Our Stern alarms changed to merry meetings'

We have entered into accord through face-to-face encounters not lacking in opportunities for leisure pursuits.

'Our dreadful marches to delightful measures'

Our ritualized and over-militaristic forms of pedal progress to dance-forms designed to meld with musical accompaniments in rhythmical form inductive to balletic physical activities.

'Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front'

Non-pleasurably indicative conflict has significantly upgraded the neatness potential of its frontal elevation.

'And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds'

And at this point in time, having made a free decision to eschew outmoded forms of transport which may be held to be in contradiction of animals rights.

'To fright the souls of fearful adversaries'

To adopt threatening postures designed to force amendment to politico-religious beliefs of those whom in the discourse of violence we designate as not disposed to our welfare.

'He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber'

The sibling nominally designated Edward moves in balletic forms, athletically unchallenged, in a female person's personal space.

'To the lascivious pleasing of a lute'

To the subliminally sexually arousing aural sensations of a digitally operated stringed instrument.

'But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks'

But I, personally, myself, lacking the self-esteem to overcome my self-perception as differently abled in a male-female sexual construct — (the term male-female is used with reference to this particular text and should not be read as imputing any lack of viability or meaning to adult male-male or female-female partnerships).

'Nor made to court an am'rous looking glass'

Not to mention aesthetically challenged vis-a-vis reflective devices.

'I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love' majesty'

I, myself, that am too much of a carbonaceous gemstone and deprived of self-aggrandisement potential in male-female social/sexual constructs - (male-female: see note above).

'To strut before a wanton ambling nymph'

To enact primitive male-pride oriented courting rituals designed to be attractive to female persons whom the male discourse designates as sexually available or morally challenged.

'I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion'

I, myself, challenged vertically and multi-directionally of superficial attraction.

'Cheated of feature by dissembling nature'

Made a victim by societal-congenital-familial heritage.

'Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time into this breathing world scarce half made up'

Structurally impaired and the victim of an induced birth brought about to fit the obstetrician's golf commitments.

'And that so lamely and unfashionably that dogs bark at me as I halt by them'

And that so lacking in conformity to current trends that canine animals vocalise in my direction as I perambulate in a manner conforming to the greater lengthwise challenge of one of my lower limbs.

'Why, I, in his weak piping time of peace'

Why, I, myself, personally, in this physically impaired period of time delineated by an absence of military engagement.

'Have no delight to pass away the time'

Find my latent talents in a state of non-challenge.

'Unless to spy my shadow in the sun and descant on mine own deformity'

Unless to adopt as free-time entertainment the study of solar movement and vocalise above the concurrent harmony upon my own state of physical impairment.

'And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover'

And therefore, that is, being that at this point in time I am unable to give empirical proof of my abilities in a male-female social/sexual construct (re: male-female: see note above).

'To entertain these fair, well-spoken days.'

To enliven the present dull scenario.

'I am determin'd to prove a villain and to hate the idle pleasure of these days'

I think I'll enter politics, meanwhile wasting no time in non-productive pursuits while I maintain the status quo.

'Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous'

I, myself, personally, have set wheels in motions which may produce results deleterious to others.

'By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams.'

By leaking to the press while apparently under the influence of intoxication-potentialising beverages.

'To set my brother Clarence and the King'

For the purpose of setting my male-gender siblings nominally designated Clarence and the present male sovereign.

'In deadly hate the one against the other'

Into antithetical postures one vis-a-vis the other.

'And if King Edward be as true and just'

So that in the event of the male sibling nominally designated the present male sovereign being as motivated to be seen to be striving to ensure a level playing field with regard to the due processes of the law.

'As I am subtle, false and treacherous'

As I am born to be a politician.

'This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up'

Within a period of 24 hours should the male sibling nominally designated Clarence to subject to a period of incarceration not exceeding that stipulated by the relevant legislation, due regard being had to stipulated non-parole periods.

'About a prophecy that says that "G"'

With reference to a leakage of information which may be deemed to be not unexpressive of evidence of an alleged conspiracy that "G".

'Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.'

Shows infanticidal tendencies towards the juvenile male offspring of the said male sovereign.

'Dive, thoughts, down to my soul - here Clarence comes.'

But at this juncture I take the conscious decision to allow my thought-processes to adopt an electively mute posture - to this present physical space, at this juncture, pedally proceeds my male sibling nominally designated Clarence.

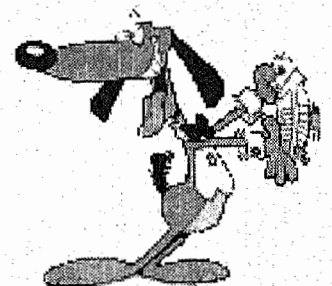
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AND FOR MY NEXT TRICK ...

I'LL GET MY CLUB'S SUBMISSION
FOR THE

O'GUIDE

IN REAL SOON!



ASTROLOGOS

ARIES (March 21st - April 20th)

The next week will bring trouble on the relationship front in the form of an altercation as to who wears the pants. A wee bout of tug-o-war will end in rippery (it's always the pants that suffer, in situations like these) but the thimble in Venus next Tuesday indicates that mending may be an option.

TAURUS (April 21st - May 21st)

Avoid all green things. If you yourself should become green, for whatever reason (be it overindulgence in alcohol, seasickness, scurvy, or the result of alien experiments), avoid looking in mirrors.

GEMINI (May 22nd - June 21st)

People may call you surly, but it's not true. Just as all coins have two sides, all Gemini's have two personalities and in the next month you will surprise everyone by revealing the hitherto unsuspected cuddly-fluffy-kitten side of your nature.

CANCER (June 22nd - July 23rd)

Surprise everyone by discovering your inner-

grownup. (Tip: Grownups don't give wedgies)

LEO (July 24th - August 23rd)

Bigger isn't better.

VIRGO (August 24th - September 23rd)

You often feel that the weight of the world is on your shoulders. The weight of a messy, messy world. And you seem to be the only person who knows how to wield a Hoover. Well, it's time to cut loose. Mercury's move to Reno over the break will signify that the time has come for you to let your hair down. Just to get in the mood, go over to your sock-drawer (be it arranged by shades, going from dark to light or alphabetically, by colour), mess it around, empty the socks onto the floor, and then leave them there! Anarchy!

LIBRA (September 24th - October 23rd)

Hamlet was a Libran. How do I know? 'To be, or not to be, that is the question ... Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them ...' Your motto for the week is: he who hesitates is lost. Furthermore, a stitch in time

saves nine. Or something.

CAPRICORN (December 22nd - January 20th)
Contemplate the mystery of the toenails.

SCORPIO (October 24th - November 22nd)
Self-control is going to be a big issue for you over the next few weeks. For this reason, it would be wise to avoid anything which might conceivably be considered tempting in any way, shape, or form. Particularly zucchini.

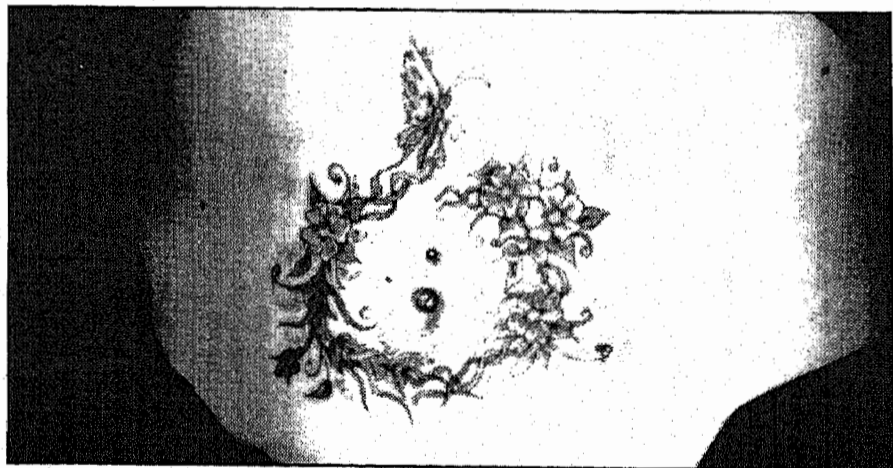
SAGITTARIUS (November 23rd - December 21st)
Honesty is not always the best policy.

AQUARIUS (January 21st - February 19th)
A lifetime of paranoia will be justified when, while out walking one day next week (in blatant disregard of the fact that it is a 'hay-fever alert day,' so you really should be staying indoors away from all that nasty pollen) a plane falls out of the sky and lands on you. No-one else. Just you.

PISCES (February 20th - March 20th)
An encounter with a man named Rex will leave you with food for thought.

Aster

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WAYWARD STUDY TIPS

In the great tradition of quality *On Dit* journalism, we bring you a serious, indepth account of "How to Survive Exams". Adhere to these rules without deviation if you want to survive the horror. To deviate is to be a deviant, and that is just plain naughty (although naughty is nice in a deviant sort of way).

1. Do not read books in heavy traffic. This is mainly a danger when driving but just sitting in heavy traffic (especially if you are not in a vehicle) can also be detrimental to your health.

2. Coffee, the ambrosia of students, must be no more than 1 metre away at all times and a pot or plunger must constantly be brewing.

3. At least 75% of all study should be done in bed.

4. Sleep with as many lecturers as possible. Gender should not be an issue, these are exams.

5. Be sure to take your mobile phone to the library, this way, you can leave it hidden in the busiest part of the library so that every time it rings, you will disturb other students from studying. Then when it comes to exams, they'll get shit marks and you'll look good.

6. Be sure to watch the films of the books you are studying. It will save you remarkable amounts of time. But refrain from mentioning any actors names as it is a sure give away and *Great Expectations* is set in England, not the United States.

7. The following list of phrases will go down a treat with lecturers:

The evidence shows....
I will show that....
This indicates....
A large amount of research indicates....
Such and such states in their article....

8. If you find the stress of exams to much to bear, then drink copious amounts of red wine before the exam, it will seem so much easier.

9. Signs that say "break in case of emergency" can be useful to you. If on the morning of your exam you feel you have not crammed enough, then break the glass. It will give you at least an extra hour in which to study.

10. Procrastination is an essential part of study. Hence, you must spend a week, preferably swotvac, planning what to do on swotvac. If you think there is a conflict in this then you are just not cut out to be at university, or are you?

11. If you find one evening that you can't study, then go and get your rocks off (or whatever it is you have). Although they say you shouldn't have sex before a big sporting match it doesn't matter, you're not playing sport.

12. If sex isn't an option for you, then there is an alternative. There is the trilogy experience. All you need is a trilogy of films like; *Star Wars*, 3 of the *Police Academy* films or just three films you like. Then you have to watch them, one after the other, without a break. When you are finished you will be in a suitably brain dead mood to resume studying.

13. When doodling while studying, don't draw circles or squares, draw stars. They are much better and intellectually stimulating. Plus, they allow you to make more points. For more advanced doodlers, draw cows.

14. Commuting is a waste of time. It should be possible to work out a way to sleep in the library so that you never have to leave. Wearing camouflage gear is a surefire way to dodge any librarians looking to throw you out.

15. Magazines have lots of pretty pictures and are an ideal source of addi-

tional study material. The ability to quote a recent *Who* magazine in an essay should not be overlooked.

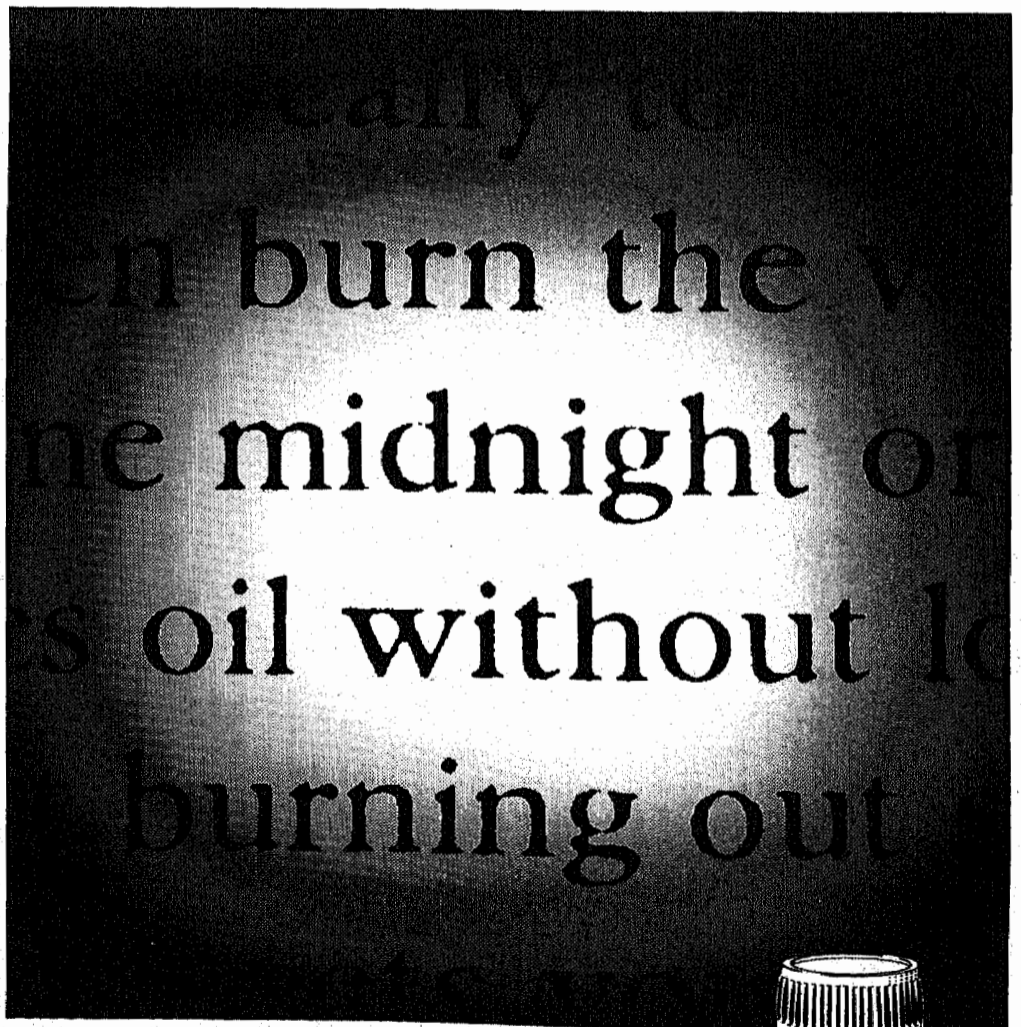
16. Studying to music is always beneficial. Louder is better.

17. A good way to relieve study tension is to go and find someone that you really don't like and punch them in the nose. This works even better if it is someone else in your course, because then they won't be able to study effectively, and you can steal their notes.

18. An alternate plan is to get someone to punch you in the nose, thus qualifying you for a medical supp.

19. If you haven't started studying by now it's already too late and you'd be better off watching *South Park* videos. You know you want to.

Professor Café (Editor)
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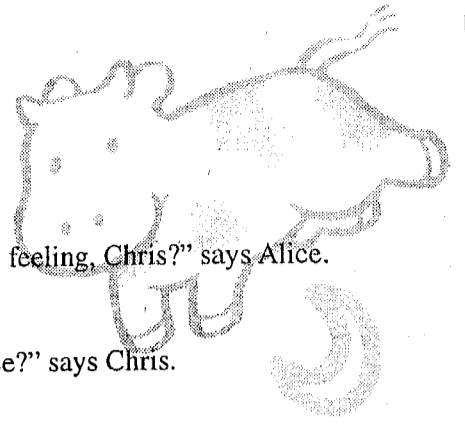


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the menagerie



"Guess what," says Alice.
"What?" says Paul.
"If you rearrange the letters in COURTNEY LOVE you get VERY COOL TUNE."
"Wow," says Susie, "that's really cool."
"Is Chris coming in?" says Leeanne.
"He should be," says Susie.
"Hey guys," says Jon, entering the den. "Where's Chris?" Jon looks at Susie. Susie looks at Paul. Paul looks at Jon and shrugs.
"Somewhere," Paul says. "He said he'd be in sometime."
"I thought everyone'd be here," says Alice, turning from the computer. "Where is everybody?"
"One word," says Jon, "Six letters."
"Are we playing hangman?" says Susie.
"E" says Paul.
"Yes," says Jon.
"T" says Paul.
"Yes," says Jon.
"Extra Terrestrial," says Alice, confusing everybody.
"No," says Jon. "That's not a letter."
"Z" says somebody, as a guy wearing a beanie, who no-one recognises, stumbles into the office.
"I was just looking for the toilets," says the guy with the beanie.
"Try the SAUA," somebody suggests.
"Cool beanie," says Alice.
"Ta," says the guy with the beanie, and exits, brushing shoulders with Esther as she walks through the door.
"They didn't have any cows," says Esther, "so I got *South Park*."
"What for?" says Alice.
"It's for Chris," says Susie, "for next year."
"A tie," says Esther.
"Don't tell," says Susie.
"What was the answer?" Alice asks Jon.
"Huh?"
"Hangman," says Alice.
"Thesis," says Jon.
"Thesis," repeats Alice. "I've almost finished my story. What should I call it?"
"What's it about?" says Paul.
"Us," Alice says. "All of us."
"Well, how about calling it something to do with that?" suggests Paul.
"How about *A Day At The Beach*?" says Alice.
"Has that got anything to do with what it's about?" says Paul.
"No," says Alice. "But it sounds like a good Enid Blyton-y title, which is the kind of twisted humour I'm aiming for... Hey, where's Chris?" she adds, turning around.
"I don't know," says Paul. "Don't keep asking me."
"He said he'd be here," says Susie, looking at her watch.
"I got told," somebody says, "that he slept with TWO of the sub-editors to LURE them into working for *On Dit*."
"That's a nasty, vicious rumour," says Alice.
"What's a nasty vicious rumour?" says Chris, ambling into the office, leading a black-and-white spotted cow.
"No!" cries Susie. "You can't bring it in here!"
"Watch me," says Chris.
"Chris!" says Alice. "What do you think I should call my story?"
"I don't know, what's it about?" says Chris.
"Us," says Alice.
"I'm... flattered," says Chris. "Everybody, this is Daisy. Daisy, everybody."
Everybody stares at Daisy, then at Chris.

"By the way... how are you feeling, Chris?" says Alice.
"Surly," says Chris.
"Again?" says Alice.
"How are you feeling, Alice?" says Chris.
"I'm good," says Alice.
"That's good," says Chris.
"It is good," agrees Alice. "Very good."
There is a sudden bolt of lightning and the building rattles as two armed bandits burst into the office.
"It's Peterandchristian!" says Susie.
"Not him again," mutters Chris. "What's he doing here?"
"We've come for the cow," announces Christian.
"We're gonna raffle it off on air," explains Peter, "after the CRUD radio boys've used it in their show."
"What've you done with it?" demands Christian, booting Paul and Esther off the couch and checking under the cushions.
"Ask Paul," says Chris, looking blankly round the office. "Paul?"
"Don't look at me," says Paul.
"You probably frightened her away," says Susie.
"Hey everybody," says AnDrEw 1, entering the den.
"Hey," answers everybody.
"Punk is dead!" says Alice, staring at AnDrEw 1's hair.
"..... okay," says AnDrEw 1, raising his eyebrows at Alice. "Has everybody got their Big Day Out tickets yet?" he adds.
"Sean Lennon," says Alice. "Ohmygod, I'm gonna die."
"Quick," says Helen, appearing in the doorway. "We need the camera. We've got a live one."
"Where's Chris?" says Leanne, looking around the den.
"Here," says Chris.
"He's feeling surly," says Alice.
"Shut up," says Chris.
"Is it true? About the cow?" says Leanne.
"What? No," says Chris.
"Chris!!!" says Susie.
Paul hands the camera to Leanne and Helen, who disappear through the door, dodging a guy with an eyebrow ring.
"Who were they?" says the guy with the eyebrow ring.
"They were the vox pop chicks," Chris says.
"I thought they looked familiar," says the guy, looking around the office. "Can I get to the toilets from here?"
"No," say Paul and Chris at the same time.
"Try the SAUA," somebody adds.
"Ta," says the guy with the eyebrow ring, and exits, brushing shoulders with Eva as she steps into the room.
"I've brought chocolate!" says Eva.
"Yay!!!" says everybody.
Eva plays Easterbunny, beginning with Susie, Paul and Chris.
"What about me?" says Christian. "Don't I get any?"
"I didn't bring any for you," Eva says.
"I'll have Chris's, he won't mind," says Christian.
"You can't do that," says Eva. "That's against the law."
"What law?" says Christian.
"The Law of Eva," says Eva.
"Thy shalt not steal chocolate from the *On Dit* editors," says Paul, "under pain of death."
Suddenly the phone begins to ring.
"Get that, Leeanne," says Chris.
"Get it yourself," Susie tells Chris.
"Fine," says Chris, sauntering over. "I will. Hello?" he says, picking up the phone.
"Who is it?" says Susie.
"Chris," says Chris.
"What's he saying?" says Susie.
Chris listens, then says: "He's not here at the moment..."

"We know that," says Susie.
 "Wait!" says Chris. "I haven't finished."
 A profound silence.
 "He's not here," says Chris, "because... he's meeting Cate Blanchett."
 "Who?" says somebody.
 "The Queen of England," says Alice.
 "Hey," says AnDrEw 1, appearing from behind the Great Wall of Coca-Cola, "found her."
 "Who?" says Chris, hanging up the phone.
 "Daisy," says AnDrEw 1. "She's kinda squashed between the rubbish bin and the filing cabinet."
 "What's she doing there?" says somebody.
 "Don't know," says AnDrEw 1, coaxing her out of the corner.
 "Perhaps she likes Coke."
 "Don't be ridiculous," snaps Chris, yanking the lead from AnDrEw 1.
 "Give her here," says Christian. "Come on, hand her over."
 Sulkily, Chris hands over Daisy's lead.
 "If no-one wants her, we'll bring her back to you," promises Peter.
 "Fine by me," says Daisy.
 "Christ," says Chris, jumping 5 feet into the air, "A talking cow!"
 Daisy looks at the carpet.
 "I say," says Peter, "we make it our mascot. We could paint it. INK incorporated."
 "INK inc," says Christian.
 "What about yellow," says Susie. "With purple stars."
 "Yellow is a happy colour," says somebody.
 "I say black," says Christian. "The kids want black."
 "Do it for the kids," somebody says.
 "I mean," says Christian, "you've got ink, which is black. You've got panthers, boot polish -"
 "O. J. Simpson," suggests Peter.
 "- Doc Martens, the Crow, black magic, the list goes on," says Christian. "I say, make it black."
 "Hear hear," says AnDrEw 1, patting Daisy on the head.

A clatter of footsteps on the steps outside - a guy with dreadlocks walks through the door. "I was just looking for... the toilets," he says, staring at Daisy.
 "Try the SAUA," says somebody.
 "Is that... a real cow?" says the guy with dreadlocks.
 "It talks," says Peter.
 "Uh, right," says the guy with dreadlocks.
 "Cool dreadlocks," says Alice.
 The guy with dreadlocks mutters something like "crazy" and exits, brushing shoulders with Georgie.
 "Georgie," says Chris. "Have you got any news for us?"
 "Well... are there any more *On Dits* this year?" says Georgie.
 "Well... no, there aren't," concedes Chris.
 "Well..." says somebody else, trying to make a joke of it but killing the conversation.
 "You know," says Alice, gazing around the office, "These guys have done a super job. They've made *On Dit* fun. Haven't they made *On Dit* fun?"
 "We should reinstate them for next year," says somebody.
 "The elections *have* been voided," says Eva.
 "That's it," says Peter. "The Bate-Bradley-Slape-Adams-Haebich Dream Team Return For A Second Term."
 "Georgie, write that down," says Chris.
 "Write it down yourself," Susie tells Chris.
 "Do you know what you guys are going to be doing next year?" says Georgie.
 "I don't," says Susie, looking at Chris.
 "I don't," says Paul, looking at Esther.
 "I don't," says Chris, looking at Daisy.
 "Guess what," Alice says. "If you rearrange the letters in I DON'T you get -"

THE END

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THE ART OF SHOPLIFTING

In 1995 Rabelais, the La Trobe University Student Newspaper, published a political article entitled "The Art of Shoplifting", a tongue-in-cheek statement about the distribution of wealth in Australia. Consequently the editors were charged under the Classification of Films and Publications Act 1990 (Vic) for "producing, distributing and depositing an objectionable publication", despite the fact that similar articles had appeared in more 'reputable' publications in that same year. They were found guilty, but the case is still entwined in the lengthy appeals process, which will culminate in December with an appearance before the High Court. The loss of this appeal would set a dangerous precedent for censorship, not only in student media, but free speech in this country. For more information, or to show your support call the Rabelais Defence Campaign on (03) 9925 4768 or 0418 140 387. We print the article (that caused the ruckus) herein. We should point out that this report has been reprinted via the original Court Reports, and so that makes it okay - Eds.

Shoplifting is a topic that is practically relevant to many and it should therefore not become an exclusive craft confined to a small shoplifting elite. On the contrary, shoplifting is an art that deserves the widest possible dissemination. For your convenience we have printed below a step-by-step guide to shoplifting. Good luck!

Within capitalism, most of us are either

- (i) alienated from our labor and hence dependent on the ruling classes for commodities such as basic food and clothing,
- (ii) excluded from the division of labour, in which case we are likewise dependent on the State, or
- (iii) performing unpaid and/or unrecognised labour and hence dependent on patriarchal relations for food, clothing, etcetera. In any case, our access to resources is severely limited by contemporary relations of domination. One partial solution to this problem may be to STEAL. Sadly however, many people living precariously on low incomes tend to either (1) avoid shoplifting for anarchistic moral and / or ethical reasons; or (2) remain ignorant of the better method or techniques of shoplifting, thus failing to maximise their lifting potential.

From the onset, the golden rule of theft should be enunciated: NEVER STEAL FROM SOMEONE WHO COULD CONCEIVABLY BE A COMRADE. Hence, kicking into a house on XXXX street with a beaten up Mazda in the yard is irresponsible and counter-revolutionary!

Be careful too, about taking stuff from small 'corner store' type shops - you could be ripping someone off in a situation not dissimilar to your own. On the whole, it is best to play it safe and go for the corporate fuckers.

Some people will suggest that shoplifters are a selfish breed, since "we all pay for it in the end" through inflated prices to cover losses and so forth. However, comrades, this and closely analogous arguments are used to justify lowering wages, breaking unions, lowering corporate taxation and taxation on the rich and corporate sector we may as well sell ourselves into slavery now, or join the Liberal Party.

No, the injunction against stealing from capitalism is itself a capitalist ideology and should be spurned as such. Although we have been taught that 'thou shalt not steal',

an order historically backed by threats of divine retribution, this should not for one minute stop us from taking wealth into our own hands. Believe me, no one else is likely to do it for us. What follows is a list of effective methods and observations that may prove useful.

PREPARING ONESELF FOR THE BIG HAUL:

1. If possible, you should always have some money on you when intending to shoplift, because if you've got none, it's rather hard to argue that to steal the item was a spontaneous decision. As a result, if you've got no money and are caught shoplifting you are more likely to be charged for burglary as well as theft.
2. Buying something at the same time that you steal stuff doesn't necessarily ensure success. Approaching staff for items you are absolutely sure they don't have is just as good. Think of something that you know they don't have (ie a doona cover with a specific pattern or something equally obscure) and pretend that you are looking for this, so that you have an excuse for being there. If staff are ever suspicious of you ask them if they have got the thing you are sure they don't. Never screw this up - if you do you will have to buy the item or they'll realise you are there to steal.
3. It is always a good idea to carry a bag although you should never stash anything in it - if security / sales staff are suss on you the first place that they'll check is your bag and it may just get you off the hook if they can't find anything suspicious inside of it.
4. Remember that there is no such thing as a standard store detective - there is no qualifying dress code, age, race gender or class. Grandma will bust you this week and next week it'll be a five year old kid.
5. Just as there is no typical store detective, nor is there a standard shoplifter. Security do not go looking for the poorly dressed people. They may pick you up out of boredom, but remember, only an unsuccessful store detective picks on poorly dressed people. By the same token don't believe the stale myth that suits-dressed = more success: security anticipate that professional shoplifters will dress up a bit. Wear whatever you want.

ON ENTERING THE MAZE:

1. As soon as you enter the store, suss out the sales people. First impressions often count here. You could find a valuable blind eye turning ally in younger or less affluent employees. Alternatively, an employee can often stand out as more wishy-washy gullible individual - so even if they see you they are likely to be too gutless to mention it, either to you or security.
2. Don't be put off by signs such as "Shoplifters will be prosecuted" or "Security Police Patrol This Store". Often this is a bluff, anyway, and in any case there is no security measure that cannot be undone by a clever shoplifter or a quick taker. DO however, keep your eye on security and be on the lookout for video surveillance cameras.
3. Try to find where the video surveillance monitors are and who is watching them; often they are not even looking at them. See if you can get a glance at their monitor. Often it is one monitor hooked up to twenty cameras which changes sequentially (every thirty seconds or so). Other times it's one guy in a room looking at fifty screens while reading the papers or glued to the box. These monitors are usually small and have a wide aperture, showing more of the room but not enough detail to adequately see

what you are upto.

4. It's a good idea to keep your back to the camera as much as possible without looking suspicious. Check out cameras (hold up cameras) are often set up to check on employees, so they are not hard to keep your back to.

BLIND SPOTS AND OTHER LIFTING TECHNIQUES:

1. A blind spot is a section of the store where you are barely visible and can thus feel free to both dump and collect stuff, without fear of being seen. Display units can make perfect blindspots - they ensure security is confident they have their eye on you, when in fact they can only see your top half - at the same time enabling you to keep your eye on security. For these reasons, the best blindspots are usually below the chest - around waist high. Blindspots for food are loaded into the lip of your jeans or into a jacket.
2. Make sure your blind-spot is not under surveillance. Never hang around your blindspot for too long. Most of all, be careful to never lead security into your blindspot.
3. A good method is to take everything you want to your blindspot and collect it later in one go, or better still get someone else to collect it for you. Getting someone else to collect it for you can be a great system, particularly with exchanges - which I'll come to later. If you are really pedantic, or think they are watching you, then load up, go to the toilets and pass the stuff under the wall / partition of the cubicle to a waiting friend in an adjoining cubicle and get them to leave with it.
4. Speaking of dunnies and change-rooms, one of the oldest tricks in the book is to put more than one garment on a hanger (works particularly with women's underwear), got to the change rooms and put the garment underneath what you are wearing. Alternatively, if you are a woman, you can slip your old bra on a hanger and pull on the new one. Don't be put off by staff as you enter the change room - they are usually quite disinterested and so long as the number of hangers you exit with matches the little plastic they've given you they'll be satisfied.
5. On the subject of women's underwear, the lingerie department is ideally suited to male shoplifters - not only is it the perfect excuse for looking embarrassed or suspicious (they have come to suspect this) but staff are less likely to harass you by trying to be sympathetic generally.

EXCHANGING CRAP FOR MORE CRAP:

- Exchanging things - that is, taking the redistribution of wealth into your own hands by refunding yourself for an item you never paid for, or swapping something you stole that you don't want that is unstealable and therefore refundable - is a whole new ball game.
1. If you plan to steal something and then make an exchange always take stuff that people are likely to take back like sheets, or other obscure household items. If questioned you can say to them "as if I'm gonna keep the receipt, I didn't plan to bring it back". Books and other small but expensive items such as computer software are also great exchangeables.
 2. Stealing women's underwear and cosmetics are the perfect alibi for male shoplifters who specialise in exchanges. Male customers always fuck up buying stuff for their girlfriends / wives / mothers and when it comes to lingerie, it's just too easy for a

guy to look goofy, have sales staff sympathetic and all too quickly agree to exchange or refund the items. This works particularly well around Christmas time when you can tell them you bought it for your mother but she already had that one.

3. Never take an exchange back to the shop you stole it from and make sure for an exchange the other store (eg Myers in Doncaster as opposed to Northland) has the same item before you take it back.

4. Make sure you have chosen your item before you approach anyone for an exchange. Also, tell the people in the first department you want an exchange without mentioning receipts - they should send you down to the appropriate department for your other item and then ring up this department providing a referral, which if you are lucky will mean you do not have to provide a receipt given that everything appears legitimate.

5. The first time you exchange stolen item for another product make sure you get something unstealable in return, like a video, watch or something else kept behind a counter, so that the second time you do it, even if you don't get an exchange receipt they will not suspect it is stolen.

6. Exchange receipts are a pain in the arse. Sometimes smart arse sales people will write across the original docket, 'no original receipt' which is a problem, so if you have a bit of money on you, it is a good idea to exchange for something that costs a bit more, so that they have to give you a cash receipt.

7. Don't freak out if they call security while you are acting out an exchange - as returns will quite often require security's signature. This is a standard procedure and nothing to worry about.

8. If you're having problems getting an exchange, big department stores normally have customer rights people located upstairs somewhere - they can usually be contacted by information telephones. These are people with big egos who like to wield power and sales staff who are pretty much down the hierarchy, are usually pretty freaked out by this power. If you do get the ego from upstairs outside, they will organise a sales person to look after you and after the egomaniac goes upstairs again, they sure will - because the sales person does not want to be reprimanded by the same person more than once, you will practically be able to get them to do anything you want them to. A good technique is to tell the person upstairs a different story to the one you tell the sales person. You get angry at this stage and tell them that they fucked you around, that you don't want an exchange anymore and that you want a refund and want it now and they will usually comply.

9. Be wary of the longterm employee - you've got to know when to stop. Be particularly wary of the head of sales or middle management who have been working there for a long time (sometimes 20 years or more) and are not as scared of the big guys from upstairs as are the newer employees. You can convince some of the younger staff that they are allowed to do refunds if you tell them they used to work there.

10. Another commonly used technique is to take an empty bag from the same store with a receipt in it for previously paid items and the nick the same stuff, which gives you the perfect alibi.

11. Better still, if you've got some money, find two things that are worth however much you've got, take them out of the store and stash them somewhere, then go in and buy the exact same items. While leaving the

checkout, make a big deal out of it - "Am I doing the right thing? Will she like it? Will it fit him? etcetera" and "What the heck" (make sure you don't go overboard and push them to mention keep the receipt or worst of all mention it yourself!). Pay for it. About half an hour to a couple of hours later (not too long) take the stuff back to the same sales people and they'll usually give you cash without a receipt because they will remember selling it to you. If you pull it off you've got a cash receipt and your stolen goods which you can exchange at another store.

LEAVING THE STORE SAFELY:

1. Always double back just as you are about to leave the store so that you can check if anyone is following (99% of the time they will follow you out of the store before they approach). Alternatively, go up and down an escalator or in a lift and press every button in the lift and it will be obvious if anyone is following you.
2. If people are watching you, whatever you do, do not try to discreetly dump stuff unless you are absolutely sure you can get away with it. If caught dumping stuff they usually won't charge you but they may fuck you around for a few hours.
3. If you are caught dumping stuff never let a store detective know it was because of them. Always make out it was because of a guilty conscience. Never let a store detective know that they are on to you, because they won't put them on you the next time. That way you get to know store security and are able to keep your eye on them as much as you can.
4. If you want to have a bit of fun and don't plan to continue shoplifting that day, or ever, or you just don't give a shit, go up to a store detective and treat them like a sales person, asking them for help, etcetera. It is just as embarrassing for them to be caught as it is for you. It is always a good thing to break their spirits or at least bring them down every now and again. Alternatively, use reverse psychology on them. Say, "I'm going down to such and such department, I'll see you down there", often they'll be too embarrassed that they've been busted and that you won't do it now you're being watched and you will have the run of the mill.
5. NEVER GET TOO CONFIDENT or you will start to make silly mistakes.

THE END

Finally, if you get caught - lie through your teeth! Never admit to premeditation. Always say that the opportunity arose, so you took it. Don't act tough or be a smart arse. Cry. Bawl. Admit a guilty conscience. Beg them not to call the cops. Tell them that the CSV will take your kids off you and then weep.

Even though some stores say they have a policy to call the police it is not necessarily true and they may, after much tears and admissions of guilt, just get you to sign a statement which says you'll never enter that store again. If the cops do arrive, it's a good idea to act scared shitless because they may assume you're a first offender and not bother to check your record. Don't antagonise the filth - it is their personal discretion as to how bad you get busted.

You are most likely to be charged with theft if caught 'shoplifting', but you can be charged with 'burglary' as well if you don't have any money on you. 'Equipped to Steal' is what you will be charged with if, for example, you have a slit in the lining of your jacket for concealing stolen goods. 'Obtaining financial advantage' and 'deception' are what you are most likely to be charged with as well as theft, if caught exchanging stolen items.



It goes without saying that *On Dit* has had a particular (read: peculiar) shoe fascination this year. Many people have often asked me 'why shoes?'. I would like to dispell any rumours that may have whispered the words 'foot' and 'fetish' in the same sentence. It is, in fact, quite the opposite; I do not like feet at all. I think that feet are possibly the ugliest body parts ever. The thing about shoes is that they

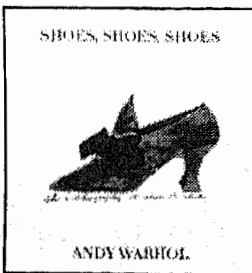
succeed in covering the feet. And you can tell a lot about a person by the shoes they wear; how well they care for them, how often they change them, how many pairs they own...you know the drill. I now bring your attention to three books which have heightened my interest in the subject. Read; enjoy; and remember, this is the last time you'll have to indulge my little habit. Thanks for your time. Love Susie.



Wit, Irony and Footwear
Tamasin Doe
Thames and Hudson

"The most obvious thing I can convey through my shoes is a sense of fun. I love what I do. Shoes are not my job, they're my passion." - Patrick Cox.

When I found this book in a little shop in Melbourne I couldn't believe my eyes; surely I had just found the in depth answer to all my shoe questions. Patrick Cox is not just any old shoe collector. He is the master crafter of shoe designs today. Imagine putting your feet into the same designs that have graced the likes of Madonna, Elton John, Sharon Stone, Oasis, Pulp and blur. *Wit, Irony and Footwear* forms the basis of discussions about working methods and inspiration and delivers a chronology of Cox's career and milestones to date. The result is much more exciting than a boring shoes catalogue. Cox gives his own analysis of the shoes pictured, leading one to believe that what he creates is art and not just something that you hide beneath your hem.



Shoes, Shoes, Shoes
Andy Warhol
Bulfinch Press

If only we'd found this book at the beginning of the year, our 'shoe quotes' (from the front cover) would have been much more ambiguous (read: arty). *Shoes, Shoes, Shoes* is 35 colour and 5 black and white drawings of shoes accompanied by some of Warhol's greatest shoe quotes. There are many inspiring shoe mentions such as "Beauty is shoe, shoe beauty...", "to shoe or not to shoe" and my favourite "Dial M for shoe". The illustrations range from the very elaborate designs to the simple line sketches. But all of them have a certain authoritative way about them. As if they're saying "hello, I am a good shoe; I do good shoe work". This book is part of a series which also includes icons such as *Angels*, (*Angels, Angels*), *Cats*, *Love*, *Flowers*, *Yum* [I guess that means food]. However, how could you walk past something that obviously has such heel appeal?



Shoe Money
Maggie Alderson
Penguin Books
\$16.95

"I think I'll just stick to my own footwear philosophy. As many as possible, until death do us part." - Maggie Alderson

I have to admit this straight away. I only knew about this book because I saw the advertorial next to the 'editorial' in *Cosmopolitan* this month (but I will justify this purchase because *Cosmo* was going through a subliminal 'shoe crazy' phase - something I can well identify with). *Shoe Money* is all about dispelling the fashion myths in a light hearted and humorous way. Maggie Alderson, renown style writer for *The Age*, offers some useful quips about everything fashionable from hair colour to packing for a holiday. But I was more interested in what she has to say about shoes...and they feature in four whole chapters! Chapter 1 'Show Me the Money' describes the justification behind spending loads of money for the feet and sometimes less than adequate amounts in, say perhaps, the kitchen. Similarly the other three chapters ['New Shoe Blues', 'If the Shoe Fits...' and 'Platform Shoes'] appropriately deal with the vigour that people react to the "shoe thing" (both positive and negative). The other quite enchanting thing about this book is that with every chapter heading there are illustrations (by the author) of different shoes.

Shoe Money has the potential to keep you occupied for many, many hours indeed.



TV 1998

Ally McBeal

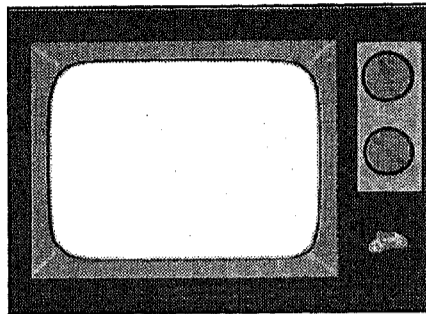
The most overhyped and "eagerly anticipated" show of the year was undoubtedly *Ally McBeal*. Before it arrived, one suspected that its American success was based largely on the successful cross-genre approach in the writing: is it *Melrose* or *The Practice*? A comedy or a soap opera? Neurotic or realistic? This sort of thing. It's unfortunate that the infamous Dancing Baby episode isn't on until the night after the day that this edition hits the streets, because this was the first glimpse that I had of the show, and the focus for much of the early hype. On the basis of that one scene (in which, for the unaware, Ally sits on the floor in her bedroom contemplating the tick-tock of her motherly biological clock before getting up to dance with the imaginary dancing baby), I was quite excited about *Ally McBeal* myself. Not because of the nifty computer animation, but for the very notion of the dream sequence itself. I like a good dream sequence. But on viewing the actual show once or twice, I was disappointed to find that these dream sequences are, in the vast majority of instances, less dream sequences than brief hallucination sequences which, while often funny, lack the emotional import and subtle symbolism of a dream sequence well-rendered. *Northern Exposure* did it so much better (and about five years earlier). So I don't watch *Ally* much any more. The unisex toilet is a cheap gimmick. Don't fall for it.

South Park

Stan, Kyle, Kenny and Cartman kick ass. You'd have noticed various tributes to *South Park* throughout *On Dit* this year (if you've been paying attention). It's true that it was on TV last year, but then it was only the really cool people who knew about it. Now it's on for every man, woman, child and their dog. It's impossible to walk down a street in Adelaide without seeing some sell-out cash-in idiot wearing a *South Park* T-shirt. Most of them feature Cartman because he's the crudest one, but I like Kyle. Kyle's subtle, in a *South Park* sort of way. Whoever you like, *South Park* is comfortably the best show on television since *The Simpsons*. And that's a big call. Don't kick the baby!

World Series Baseball

I know most of you won't care about this, but it really annoyed the beejeebers out of me to learn that this year's World Series of Baseball was not



to be shown on free-to-air television. In previous years the World Series was the only American baseball (not to denigrate Australian baseball, which is alright as far as it goes, but it's not really anywhere near as good) one was likely to see on Australian television. It was always shifting networks, and formats, and quality, but it was there. This year it was just gone. I know that I'd've been okay if I'd only had Foxtel, but if I did I'd never leave the house and that might not be entirely healthy. So I contented myself with the thirty second highlights of Game Four on Sports Tonight, and consoled myself with the knowledge that this year's was the most one-sided Series for some years. Not like last year's, which went to extra innings in Game Seven. But I forget, none of you care.

American Football

None of you care about this either, and this at least is justifiable because, while baseball is, seriously, the best sport in all the world (except maybe for cricket ... the cricket/baseball argument is a tough one), American Football is horribly glitzy and commercial and not really worth the humiliation of watching it. Usually. The thing is, for us Australian fans, the game is compressed into tiny little chunks which have generally had all the glam removed and leaves only the sport, which is quite engrossing in its fusion of strategy, strength and athleticism. The season is about eight weeks old now, so there's still time to get into it if you're at all inclined. The two main problems that you'll have are: 1) it's on at 11:00 am Sundays; 2) the highlights package SBS screen is a week old by the time you get to see it. Other than that, it's quite good. I watch it when I'm not piecing together an *On Dit* on a Sunday morning.



This Life

I've not really watched *This Life* much, but I know several people, most of them *On Dit* staffers, who go rollicking apeshit baby for *This Life* so I felt that I should mention it. I know there's a guy called Egg. And it's about a bunch of lawyers. It's apparently really, really, really, really, really good. Sort of.

The X-Files

This is the reason I wasn't watching *This Life*. This year's batch of episodes was, as ever, a bit mixed, but the main thing I noticed was an increase in the level of humour used. You know, it was funny. It excelled at taking the piss out of itself, which is a very appropriate thing for a show about paranoid conspiracy theories. The best episode was undoubtedly the black and white one with the genetically engineered freak who ate sandwiches and had a comic book based on him. The same episode also featured Cher, Jerry Springer, and the guy who played Pederman on *Seinfeld*. You can't really beat that.

Seinfeld

The only rival to *Ally McBeal* for most overhyped show was the grand and rather cleverly named *Sein-Off*. Well, perhaps not cleverly, but catchily. The final episode unfortunately fell really, really flat, but I think you have to try to understand how difficult it would have been to come up with a good ending. The show is supposed to be about small, inconsequential things (which isn't quite "nothing", but which is a bit more long-winded), so any attempt to do anything out of the ordinary is pretty much doomed from the outset. If it had been me trying to come up with a good way of ending it (as it should have been, really), I'd have done something more ordinary. But funny. But I thought the rest of the season was quite good, a step up from the last couple of seasons which struggled a bit. Ever since Susan died, the show hadn't been the same, not because Susan wasn't there but just because. It had become too serious and it just took a while to recover. The last season, I thought, was a return to form. And of course, the series as a whole was just a tremendous phenomenon. The best ideas are always the simple ones.

The Simpsons

If anyone understands what Channel Ten were doing with the new season of the *Simpsons* this year, I would really appreciate being told. It seemed that there was about three new episodes and then, in the same timeslot for the next three weeks, there'd be repeats. I suppose it's really rather obvious what they were doing: they were hoping we'd all just sit there like idiots and watch the

reruns just as avidly as we'd watch the new ones. I'd love to see some figures on how successful this little ploy was. I would imagine it was reasonably successful. We are idiots. The quality of the episodes when they did get run, however, was undiminished from every previous season. Never a foot wrong. A highlight for me was the 200th episode, not simply because it was the big 200, but because of the nifty little environmental message it sent. It featured Homer having a disagreement with the local waste disposal system and running for town waste-management-official-guy. He utilised U2 as a political tool to get to the top, and the guy he beat for the job was played by Steve Martin. It taught us all a lesson and made us all laugh. Aah. Just like a good *Simpsons* episode should. Full marks to those people.

Law and Order

If Channel 10 hadn't put this on in unfavourable timeslots for the past few years, it would have been more popular than it is, and I would have discovered it earlier. They finally started promoting it properly this year, very full on, and with any luck, it's paid off. It's a brilliant show, easily the best drama currently on television. For those who are unaware, the show follows two detectives for the first half hour as they track down the bad guys, and then the focus shifts to the District Attorney's office for the prosecution of the same bad guys. What's so impressive about the show is the complexity of the trails that are followed in every episode by both the cops and the lawyers. Each lead leads to a surprising twist and a new lead. You won't understand how complex or how brilliant it is until you see it. Which you can do, because it's still on. Monday nights. I should say that, earlier in the year, they killed Clare, the assistant district attorney, in a drink-driving car accident, which made for a really good episode (I, at least, didn't know who was going to be killed, and the ads let you know that someone would, so it was very scary, and very well done) but which was very sad and then she was dead. They replaced her with Jamie, who is still good but not quite as good. That was a



shame, but it's still a good show. Watch it.

Frasier

Just returned to Channel Nine after a long, long absence. From what I've seen so far, the high standard has been maintained and the laughs are just as good. *Frasier* is possibly the only spin-off to surpass the original (being a spin-off of *Cheers*), and is easily the most cerebral comedy on television. That is, when it's on television. It obviously doesn't rate very well because it's been given numerous chances in reasonable timeslots and now finds itself on Saturday night. But not-watched does not equate with not-good, so check it out. The best character is Niles, Frasier's brother, played by David Hyde-Pierce. He's a rather camp, impractical socialite guy who is ultimately a good guy but doesn't have much of a clue about anything. He's great.

The Naked Truth

This is the third and final season of *The Naked Truth*, and it's the third major reinvention of the basic concept to try and make it work. It's always been good, though, and I've always liked it, and it annoys me when they reinvent stuff to make everything all new and yet, just by coincidence, certain old characters mysteriously reappear. And sometimes they have new personalities. But if you can ignore all that, *The Naked Truth* continues to be a well-made show with a fresh style of humour and the very clever Tea Leoni. I don't know what she's doing after this season, but I hope it's something and I know it'll be good.

Friends

I don't know about this. It hasn't got a hell of a lot of street cred about it because everyone in it is good-looking and basically happy. But if you can get past the *Melrose* overtones, it's really quite good. The standard has dropped a bit over the last couple of seasons, though, so I wouldn't be too surprised if it went belly-up pretty soon. Plus, of course, they've all got much bigger heads than they did when they started, and that will never help a sitcom.

AFL

I watch football on TV. But I don't like it. Every year it gets more and more complicated, and I'm pretty sure it's not because the rules of the game are changing. It just seems that someone at Channel Seven thinks that they have to keep reinventing themselves to make it

interesting. Not true. We're only watching for the football, not for you. Get over yourselves.

ER

I watch it. It's getting worse, though, and I don't know how long I'll stick with it. The only thing keeping me going is the fact that George Clooney's going to be killed next season. It used to be better when the focus was on just the four major characters, but they've been slowly expanding the supporting cast so that there's now about eight or ten main characters. And I don't like it. But I still watch it, mostly out of habit. And, out of habit, I'll probably continue to. I don't have anything better to do, anyway.

Sex/Life

I'm not about to admit to watching this, but you might recall that it was hastily taken out of its usual 9:30 timeslot and relegated to late night after Senator Brian Harridine led complaints about the explicit nature of the content. It was corrupting the nation, apparently. I won't go into a whole censorship thing here, but I'd just like to register my disgust. There it is.

Good News Week(end)

I've not really participated in *Good News Week* earlier than now, but I started watching it semi-regularly and kind of got into it. Their problem is that they frequently have stupid people on. What was Amanda Vanstone doing trying to be funny? I don't get stuff like that. And Mikey Robins has really started to annoy me. Paul McDermott's a damn funny bloke, though, so it's worth watching when you're in the mood. As for *Good News Weekend*, it's got cash-in writ large all over it and it's full of painful padding. The Sandman wasn't terribly funny when he was just on the radio, but on TV he's plain annoying. I didn't like *Good News Weekend* at all. But that could just be me.

The Panel

Some call it a *Good News Week* rip-off, but I don't really see how you can put a copyright on people sitting around discussing current events. *The Panel* is quite good for the most part, occasionally brilliant, but often suffers from bad patches brought on by dodgy guests and, occasionally, dodgy panel members. Generally, though, anything Rob Sitch and company do is okay by me. Glenn Robbins has risen considerably in my eyes since he took this gig on. Santo's standing has diminished a little bit. Shaun Micallef has been on a few times and he's an absolute legend who isn't on television often enough. On a personal level, I should like to thank Rob Sitch (and, before him, James Cameron and Leonardo DiCaprio) for popularising the phrase "King of the World!"

Chris Slape

A SLIGHTLY LESS THAN STEADY REVIEW

1998

Here's a tired line - I can't believe its the end of the year already, it's all gone so fast. And with this being the last edition of *On Dit*, I thought that I'd take the time to theorise and muse over the many complex and inter-related factors that have conspired to make the last nine or so months go so quickly.

But then I'd be talking a heap of shit. There's only one reason why this year has gone so quickly for me. Tons of free alcohol. Almost every weekend. Why? Because this year, me and basically 90% of the people that I know turned 21, held a party, and made sure everyone got riotously smashed. It's amazing how quickly you get through the weeks when you spend every Sunday completely hungover; every Monday and Tuesday vaguely recovering, and don't actually feel human again until Friday - when it is obviously time to go out drinking again. Time flies in a vague alcoholic blur.

So, as a tribute and a fond farewell to the year of free beer, here are my 21st dos and don'ts. Everything here actually happened - I either saw it, did it, or was told it (which may of course mean there is some exaggeration here) - so let's start.

DON'Ts

1. If your little brother gives you a drink that looks a bit like red wine, but smells more like paint stripper, DON'T drink it. He has of course mixed up all of the spirits in the house in one terrible concoction for you. If you do drink it, DON'T scull it because it tastes bad and you want to get rid of it faster. This generally results in unconsciousness.
2. DON'T slap the spoiler of the taxi that's picking you up after the beer tab runs out at the bar you were at and you head off to a strip joint. Those spoilers are made of fibreglass or some other piss-weak material and tend to shatter. If you shatter the cabbie's spoiler, he won't pick you up. He will instead

call the police.

3. DON'T drink so much that you vomit all day Sunday and then have to go into hospital on Monday morning because you've ripped up your stomach lining and have started spewing up blood.
4. DON'T let your dog upstage you. This requires explanation. If you're having a 21st at home and you happen to have a dog that's fond of dry humping people's legs, you really should think of locking the dog away for the night - because, right in the middle of the speeches, the dog will start rooting some unfortunate guest's leg. This embarrasses your guest and will completely upstage whoever is making a speech at the time.
5. DON'T drive to a 21st. 21st's are for drinking, and as we all know, it is very irresponsible to drink and drive. There's really nothing more annoying than the person who drives off at 12 claiming to need an early night for some stupid reason. There is a flipside though. For the cheap drinker, the idiot who drives can be a ready source of lifts home, saving plenty on taxi fares. The trick is to make them hang around while you drink until 4am.

DOs

6. DO provide warmth for your guests. If it is a cold night, and you want to make your friends sit outside (obviously because they're utterly messy bastards) you should provide some warmth for them. Otherwise, they will provide warmth for themselves - by lighting a fire on your lawn, on top of the pile of empty beer bottles that they have been working on all night, fuelled by (hopefully excess) wood scavenged from the building site next door. Providing warmth will avoid having a pile of singed grass and broken bottles on your back lawn.
7. DO participate in drunken Greek dancing to "Zorba the Greek" if the opportunity ever

presents itself. In fact, you should make the poor Greek band play it at least half a dozen times as you and your equally drunk friends run around in a circle looking very silly.

8. DO sing loudly, preferably in a large group, but on your own if you're drunk enough, to the Beatles or the Whitlams. It doesn't matter if you don't know the words, the only important thing is that you wake up in the morning with no voice and can't remember how you lost it.
9. DO drink as much as possible at every 21st you go to. Remember that the person holding the party will at some stage probably be at your party drinking your beer. If there's too much beer, feel free to smash a few stubbies on the road outside as people are leaving - at 3am. Also, as people are leaving, make sure that you shout goodbye very loudly - also

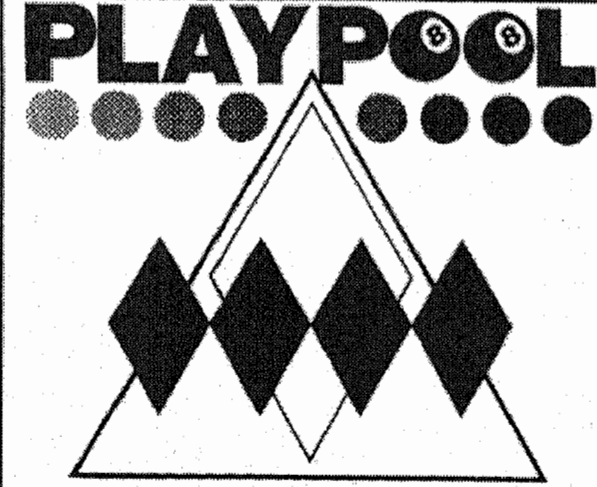
while standing in the middle of the road.

10. DO pour beer from the keg into jugs. Jugs are a necessity to ensure that you get the maximum value out of a keg. I really can't stress this enough - appoint some vaguely sober and responsible person to pour beer into a jug, minimising beer loss through excess head. Otherwise, drunken idiots who do not know how to pull a decent beer will waste half of the keg in head, and no-one wants that. Beer is the blood the flows through the veins and arteries of any good 21st. Spill it and the whole party bleeds.

That's really all I remember. Thanks to all those people who provided these cautionary tales by drinking to excess and inviting me to their parties. My final word of advice for those born in 1978 - drink hard - the next time you'll see this much free piss is when your friends start getting married (shudder).

Tim Kentish.

PLAYPOOL



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ON THE GROUND FLOOR

The Seven Seven's

Dwayne Thomas

Rage like a flame blackens the soul

Time like an epithet is written on a stone

Rumor like a plague spreads among us

Fear like a bandit steals your wit

For the seven are among us:

The proud one;

The lying tongue;

The bloody hands;

The wicked plans;

The sneaking feet;

The blind to truth;

And the evil whispered.

My mind and country turned inside out.
I escaped their trap and hunt them now
I will catch them all and bring them down
Now you know my circumstance
It's time to make my travel plans.

Prologue

In shining globe's they came
Seven craft with seven men
Smile they did and greet us well
A toothy grin straight from hell

The children ran
and mothers cried
The men stood firm and gave a shrug
They knew their duty (though some did
hide)

Along came king's soldiers
And some of king's men
Putting the situation
Back together again

Along came the captain
Strutting forward
Soon to be used
Just as a toy would

Knocked off his horse
And red in the face
Sent to the king
A man in disgrace

The king did meet them
Later that day
Their leaders did greet him
In splendid array

Charmed by their lies
And offers of help
King gave them power
Livery as well

Suspicious I was
Of their motive intent
So I told the old king
And talked in dissent

At that time
I was overheard
I sensed this
And choked on my word
Making exit poste haste
I hid my feature
I started to think
Of killing these creatures

While I plotted their end
They plotted mine
They wanted my heart
And liver to dine

So exit I did
With my traveling pack
Just in time
To meet their attack

The attack

Echoes in my mind
Throw disharmony
My shadow's twinned
The edges runny

I walk the edge of madness
Stabbing at the light
Fighting for sanity
Sweating blood and fright

Echoes in the darkness
As I strike out at need
My life as nothing
But nothing is for free

I strike them down
Stabbing at a throat
A head rolls splashing
Lifeflood on my coat

I clean my blades
And stagger onwards
Carving their ranks
No time for words

For I dance with death
The slide slash and retreat
They were seven now two
Cringing in defeat

No humans these
No breath no hearts
Feeling no pain
Trained in dark arts

A side-step and thrust
Takes care of the last
They were good
But not as fast

I avoid all thought
Of my pleasure and pain
Lest in the darkness
My soul should remain

I had made a stumble
But I'm still in the race
They will fear my skill
Not knowing my face

The seven sevens would be dead soon
I would kill all forty-nine
Evil they were
Outside of our time

JOCK, MACK & JACK

JOCK AND MACK

YOU GRIN AS YOU PUFF ON YOUR CRUSHED CIGARETTES
LEANING CASUALLY IN THE ENTRANCE OF YOUR DUSTY ARMY TENT -
NO WORRIES.

YOUR FADED ARMY PANTS BRUSH

THE SCUFFED TOES OF YOUR MUDDY COMBAT BOOTS.

YOU'RE SHIRTLESS, WEARING ONLY DOGTAGS.

YOU HAVE GLEAMING WHITE TEETH.

THE YEAR WAS 1943

YOU WERE TWO AUSSIE BOYS THE SAME AGE AS ME

EXCEPT YOU HAD THE WEIGHT OF THE NATION ON YOUR SHOULDERS.

AND NOW YOU ARE FORGOTTEN SOLDIERS.

WERE YOUR NAIVE, BOYISH EYES PREPARED

FOR WHAT YOU SAW AT WAR?

YOU WERE BROTHERS, BOYFRIENDS, NEIGHBOURS, SONS

TO THOSE YOU LEFT AT HOME

YOU WERE FILLED WITH PASSION

WITH BELIEFS

WITH DREAMS

AND YOUR SUNTANNED FACES GLOW WITH THE IMMORTALITY OF YOUTH

I HAVE YOUR FEARLESS FACES FROZEN FOREVER

IN ONE FADING BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH

GIVEN TO ME BY YOUR GOOD MATE

My GRANDPA

JACK.

REBECCA DETTMAN



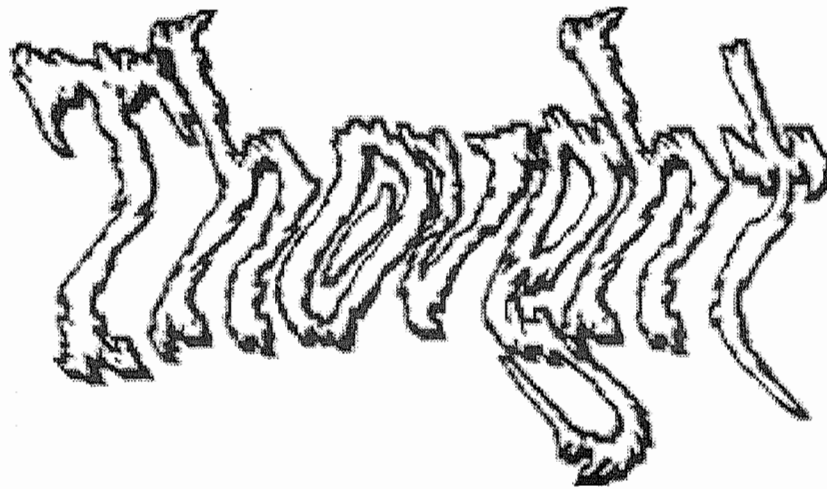
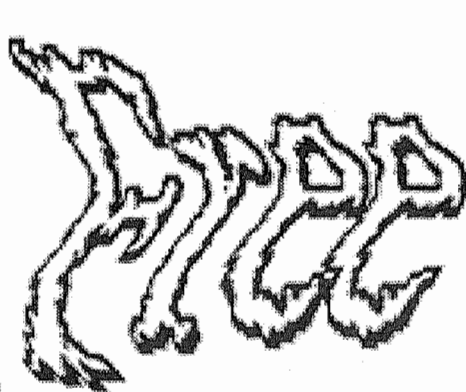
delight
The Times

delights

Better homes
Gardens

delights
jungle numbers journal





Free Thought Supplement

In which Ben realises it is late on wednesday, and that the submission date for On Dit is closing fast, so he makes up any old shit. Gila monsters are found to dislike student politics, save for student polliies, who they love with a little salt.

This will be coming out too late to alter anybody's votes on the referendum, but this is probably a good thing, as incitement of guilt and remorse with an evilly vengeful streak is my stock-in-trade. I do so hope that you voted 'nein, mein fuhrer!' in the referendum, cos... well, see last week's letters page for the yes / no arguments, and assume I suscribe to the no camp. I just don't like it. It's a little like when you realise that you just put sweet chilli sauce on your ice-cream, and think "bugger, i really screwed that up". You generally have at that point, two options. You can eat the chilli sauced ice-cream and feel sick for the rest of eternity, ended only by your bloody death at the claws of a rampaging gila monster, or you can throw out that fiendish concoction and start again. Dammit, in this circumstance it don't matter if we waste all that time and effort required to pretend that we're grown up and can vote in the moron of our choice. Boot them!!, Boot them I say!!. OUTOUTOUTOUTOUTOUTOUTOUTOUT and bloody stay out (heh, ben does pauline hanson). Anyway, by the time you read this something will have been decided. We may not know what, but it will have happened. Something will be different in the forest. A horrible clogging calm will descend over our fair university, working its ethereal hands into our mouths, down through our oesophagus and into our pockets. Its no good saying "Union fee, Union fee... come back, come back. Pleeaaaaasseeeee come back, i'll never hit you again". Your mournful wailing will fall on deaf, and probably amputated ears. 'BWAHAH-HAAAAHAAAAHAAAAAAAAA!!!' will come the echoing cry from our union pres. "your petty cries are nothing to me!! H a a a h a a a h a a a a BWAHAHAHAHA" (I have all the space i want this week, so the rambling insanity will continue until i say so). Surreal creatures of the night will start appearing around the cloisters at the stroke of midnight, ready to do their dark masters bidding "go forth, and bring me the little dog too!!", spiders will infest the lecture halls, medical students will start gibbering like imbeciles (hmmmmm). UNION CATERING WILL START PRODUCING NOTHING BUT YUCKY FOOD! !! (noooooo, tell me it can't be so. Heh.) (20 cents for sauce-WTF??). Anyhow, where was I... oh yes... winged demons will start circling the union building and dark clouds will perpetually block the summer sun. The droning of lecturers will be interspersed with the crackle and hiss of lightning. The sour smell of sulphur will slowly smother somebody somewhere and surprise them somewhat. Cracks glowing with the unfriendly end of the light spectrum will open on the Barr smith lawns, dragging innocent dope fiends into their murky depths. "awwww man, ah just dropped mah joint in the mud-Oh boy, waz that flinky hole over there, bennyboy? Neat shade of pink - ah am soooo totally tripppppppiiii



~aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh". (as falls down hole in ground). I appear to have got of the track somewhat. Oh well. I hope we end up with a land free of student polliies, where lollies grow on those bushes outside the Hughes building, and cheerful dwarfs skip through The Circle throwing out pasties to anyone who wants one. Lah, lah, lahh, lahh. Hmmmm. Something else dwelling on my mid of late, but I can't remember what that was..... Oh, holy shit. my bus comes in 2 mins - must print out and run. Hope to see ya around before summer vacation, and good luck with your exams. I'll tell you my views on them in person.

See ya.
Love Ben.

Ben Tucker- Correspondent from Uzbekistan.

Bennie,

Do you realise how bloody long it took me to edit this letter? Such insanity must be punished by an infinitely long period of slapping.

Brentyn.

Reply to/comment on various aspects of "free thought" over the past academic year.

What is the purpose of life?

I find myself pulled in two directions here. As a "rational" scientist, i can state categorically that the purpose of life is to reproduce itself - no more, no less. I came to this realisation at the age of ten with respect to spiders and flies, and slowly worked my way up the evolutionary ladder to mammals and thus humans only recently. I find that, from one perspective, this is a very liberating view of the world to have - once you are consciously aware of the instinct driving your every waking moment, you are free to defy it if you so desire - I could spend my life "hopping on one foot"(Bartholmeusz, 1998) and that would be my choice. from this perspective, anything you do to stay alive and functioning at optimal level can be justified.

However, there is another part of me: call it spiritual, call it hippiechick, call it nonrational; this part of me believes in a higher purpose, believes that whether consciousness is an evolutionary accident or an inevitable result of the increasing complexity of the cortex, now that we have it, we have a duty to use it, and use it to benefit, and consider not only ourselves, not only our immediate relatives, but anyone or anything that exists, really. This is where I get into problems of comparative valuation: intrinsic vs. denoted value ie, how and more importantly, WHY, do you value (for example) the environment? just because it keeps us alive? or from a more gaian perspective, as something with inherent value, quite apart from its ability to sustain the life of H. sapiens? my constant struggle is to reconcile these two equally weighted parts of my self, of my mind; I can't rationally justify my beliefs about the requirements to value other forms of life, and yet the reliance of rationality is so much a part of how I define myself as a biologist, and as a person.

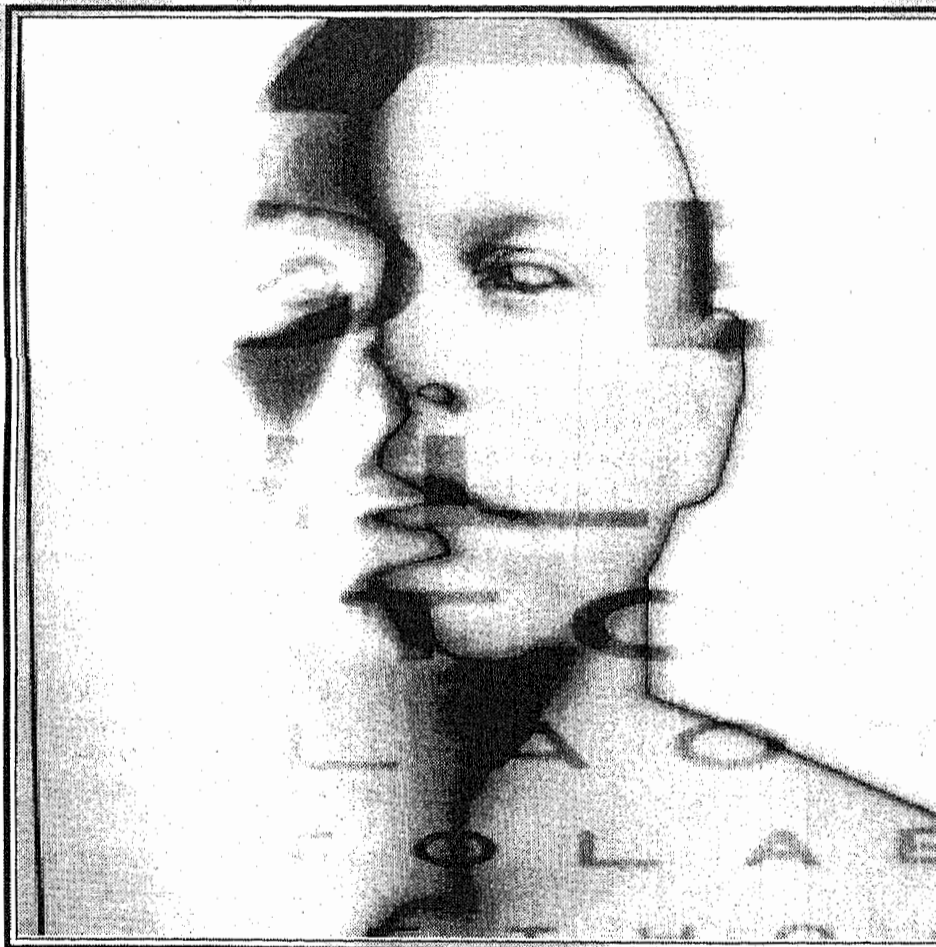
As far as the reason for existence, as opposed to the purpose of life, you can go in so many directions: playthings for indulgent and malignant gods; accidentally; no real reason; fundamentally (there is no other way it 'could' be), etc, etc. Personally, I am inclined to a

"just because" perspective - I will leave it to the philosophiscists to determine why (if they can) and I will believe it if I want to. Basically, I don't think about this stuff very much, as I think is true for most of us, and I would like to offer my thanks to you, Brentyn, for writing this column so faithfully, and bringing the big ideas to me every week. Congratulations, I think you've done a great job and I will miss "Free thought" next year!

Jordan.

"It is the beginning of wisdom to view the universe, and our miraculous existence, with an ever-present emorion of amazement and gratitude." Gardner (ex-Chesterton)

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF LIFE?



or
HOW SHOULD WE LIVE?

Xenia Onatopp: "Enjoy it while it lasts Mr Bond."

James Bond: "The very words I live by."
- *Golden Eye*

"What are you search for?
Your life is in your hands.
And you know just where you're standing by the way your life's unfolding".
- 'You're Going to Get Hurt'.

Well here we are. Right here. Right now. The last edition of *On Dit* for 1998 is in your hands. Some of you are hanging about the uni. Some for the last time as a student. Endings... What is an ending? Is it but the sad

end of a new beginning? Is the universe a seamless stream which we punctuate with meanings, purposes, events, beginings, and ends? I think so.

Why are endings so sad? Whether you be an *On Dit* editor, a lecturer, a student, whoever... when something that you've devoted yourself to comes to an end, you feel sad. A reflective melancholy. An emptiness. For the period that you did that thing you gave yourself purpose. To do something, to accomplish something worthwhile is to give yourself meaning. When that thing is over, you mourn the loss of that source of meaning. However, endings are usually permeated with a sense of excitement, for it is time to go on to new things from which you can gain meaning. These meanings are derived from the various purposes you choose to fill your life for the time that it lasts. But it is not about these things which I wish to talk. Rather it is about the meaning to life in general. Not, what should we do? But how should we do it? Or, how should we live?

EMPTINESS AND THE HUMAN CONDITION

The meanings to life provided by striving for various goals can be very fulfilling, but they aren't everything. Goals are transient. They all come to an end. What I want to talk about is a general meaning to life which stays with us always. A meaning to life which transcends all events and situations. In fact without this meaning, all other purposes are meaningless. You can have all the money in the world yet still feel miserable. You can have the best relationship with your dream partner and yet somehow still feel empty, and incomplete.

What do you do if you have everything you could ever want and yet you still feel an emptiness? This is the fundamental problem our of existence. The fundamental problem of the human condition. How do you fill this hole in your heart? What do you need to fill it? The dilemma arises: if you have everything you could ever want, yet still feel unfulfilled how can you fill this emptiness? It can't be that you need something extra, just one more thing, because you have already admitted that you have everything you could ever want. How then do you fill this hole? I can't hope to give a definitive answer to this question, perhaps the answer is something unique for every person. Perhaps it is only the individual themselves, only you, who can fill this hole. I shall venture an answer in any case.

HOW SHOULD WE LIVE?

Free Thought:

The situation: you have everything you could ever want, need, or desire, yet somehow you still do not feel fulfilled. Since you have everything, striving for something else is futile - the emptiness will remain. The problem doesn't reside within your situation, thus it must be the way you are feeling about the situation. As I have said the meaning of life is derived from our feelings. It doesn't matter who you are, what you do, or what your position is in society. If you don't feel good about what you are doing, then be you beggar or king, you won't feel happy. So how do we make ourselves happy?

ON FINDING HAPPINESS

Stupid as it may seem many people deny themselves of happiness. They sit around telling themselves they are worthless and not surprisingly their verdict comes true - it is self fulfilling. Doing this is like going to Disneyland, purposely sitting on chewing gum and then pouring a milkshake over your head. How much fun are you going to have? Not everyone has fun at Disneyland. Those that do, however, are usually those that decide to. If you decide to go on all the rides and have the time of your life, then you will. This same applies to life. To push the metaphor further - the rides at Disneyland are like the opportunities that present themselves in life. Some rides look scary, and others have a huge line in which you'll have to wait for hours. But with courage and persistence you'll get on the ride and WHAAOOAAHOOOO!!!! Thus the first rule to the meaning of life is:

1. Take your opportunities.

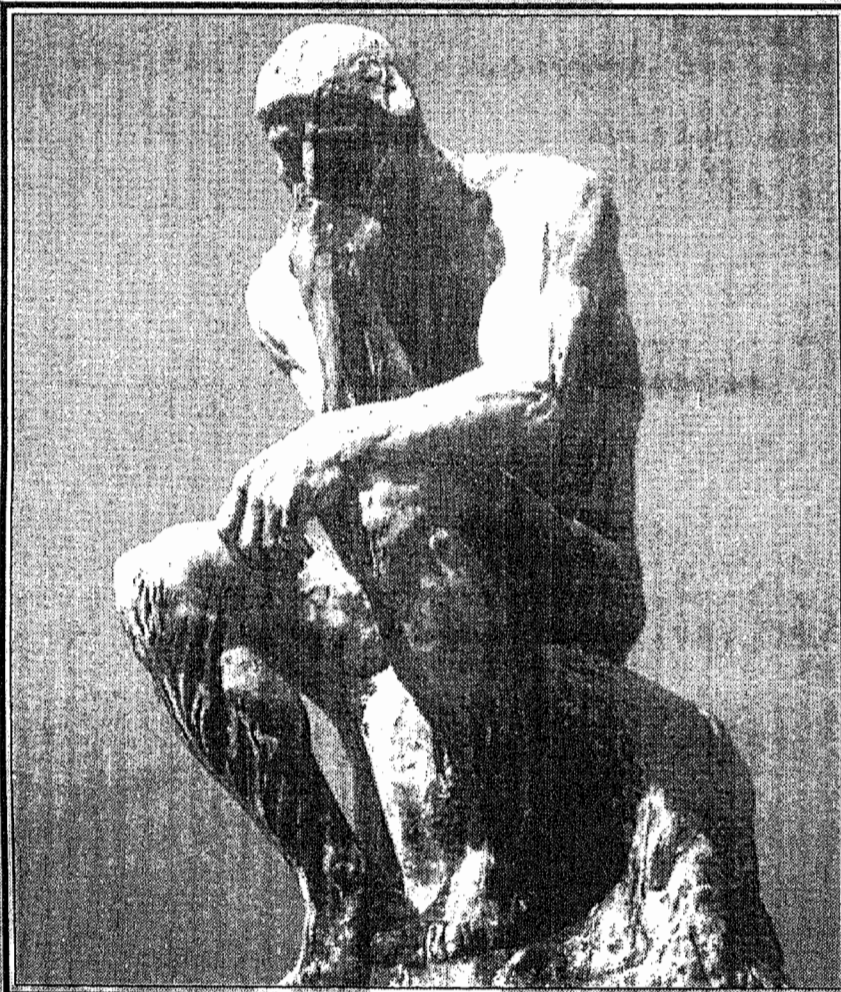
Taking your opportunities simply means deciding that you are no longer willing to stand on the side lines. You're no longer willing to watch passively as life passes you by. You're going to act! As I said last week there exists a continuum from dead things to living things. The more you act the more alive you are. The less you act the closer you are to being dead. Action is derived from inspiration. It is that magical feeling that explodes through you like star dust. It is that feeling that makes you undefeatable. It is inspiration that incites you to live.

As you take your opportunities you will find yourself living through various experiences. These experiences are worthless, however, unless you enjoy them. It makes no sense to get on a ride and then sit there moping as you are thrown about, and complaining to the person next to you that "this ride is shit", or "its not as good as I expected", or

"the last ride I went on was better". This attitude is the psychological equivalent of raining on your own parade. Instead what you should do is scream your guts out, laugh yourself silly, and yell in sheer exhilaration. Thus we have second rule for the meaning of life:

2. Savour the moment.

This applies to all aspects of life. No matter what you do, by savouring the moment you can increase the joy of existence. Even mundane jobs can be made exciting. Why just mop the floor when you can turn the music up full blast and transform your kitchen into a mosh pit? Why make mere food when you can create a gastronomic triumph? Don't just say "yeah I'm making food now", say "This meal's going to kick arse!" As you're cooking start shouting out "Yeahh!! This meal's going to be wicked!" Try this experiment next time you watch your favourite movie: When



it gets to the exciting parts leap out of your seat and go wild. Shout instructions to the characters. Say the lines how they should be said. Laugh madly at anything mildly amusing. Dance when the characters dance, fight when the characters fight. Just go psycho. The meaning of life resides in turning trivialities into triumphs.

THE INFINITE VALUE OF FRIENDS

We give ourselves meaning by striving for various goals, taking our opportunities, and savouring the moment. These are personal meanings - but there is much more to life than satisfying yourself. We don't just go

through life alone; we meet many people along the way. With some of these people we form very special emotional bonds known as friendship. Friends are our allies against the negative aspects of human existence. Our friends support us, and we support them. Think how empty your life would be without friends. Whatever you do don't take them for granted.

Many people lose the meaning in their lives because they concentrate solely upon self-centred motives. There's nothing wrong with this, accept that those who only ever consider themselves also tend to take themselves too seriously. Since we live in a universe that cares nothing for us, the more seriously we take ourselves the more our existence approaches absurdity. One way out of this is to make an effort to improve the lives of others. Go out of your way for someone, be kind, make someone laugh, make sacrifices for others. Have you ever noticed that people that regularly help others also seem to carry an aura of peace? Why is this? Because by helping others we gain a very special type of meaning. It is a meaning that surpasses the mere boundaries of our self, because we achieve a purpose which facilitates the purpose of someone else. To make a positive difference in the world and contribute to the meaning in other's lives, is to increase the greater good on a holistic scale that far surpasses your own personal desires. This is the ultimate source of affirmation of your own self worth.

"No one is a failure who has friends". - *It's a Wonderful Life*.

"Whoever saves a single life saves the world entire" - *Schindler's List*.

WHERE THE TRUE MEANING RESIDES

I've said it before and I'll say it again: The meaning of life is not expressible in words. Meaning resides in our feelings. The meaning of life isn't something that you can get from reading an article. The meaning of life isn't contained within these words. The only purpose of these words is to stimulate feelings within you. If you feel uninspired by the end of this article then I have failed to communicate the meaning of life. Some people are so resistant to the meaning of life that it takes a dramatic shock like a near-death experience to shake themselves out of their apathetic existence. Its only when they stare oblivion in the face, and truly realise their mortality that they FEEL inspired to live life to its fullest.

THE MEANING OF LIFE IN THE MOVIES

Further sources: I am a great believer in the power of movies to inspire feelings. The following are a number of movies which I

believe communicate various aspects of the meaning of life.

- Dead Poet's Society* (savouring life)
- Ground Hog Day* (savouring life, helping others)
- Schindler's List* (helping others)
- It's a Wonderful Life* (helping others)
- The Doctor* (savouring life)
- My Life* (savouring life)
- Gattaca* (determination)
- Braveheart* (determination)

A LIFE OF FINITUDES

It's difficult to imagine, but life is finite. People don't like to think of such things, but the simple fact is:

One day you are going to die. When this happens you will cease to exist - forever. OBLIVION. NOTHINGNESS. ALL CONSCIOUSNESS GONE. NEVER AGAIN WILL YOU ENTERTAIN ANOTHER THOUGHT. NO DREAMS. NO HOPES.

DEAD. DEAD. DEAD.

Do you understand why we should savour life yet? Allow me to give another argument:

DEAD. DEAD. DEAD. DEAD. DEAD. DEAD. DEAD. DEAD.

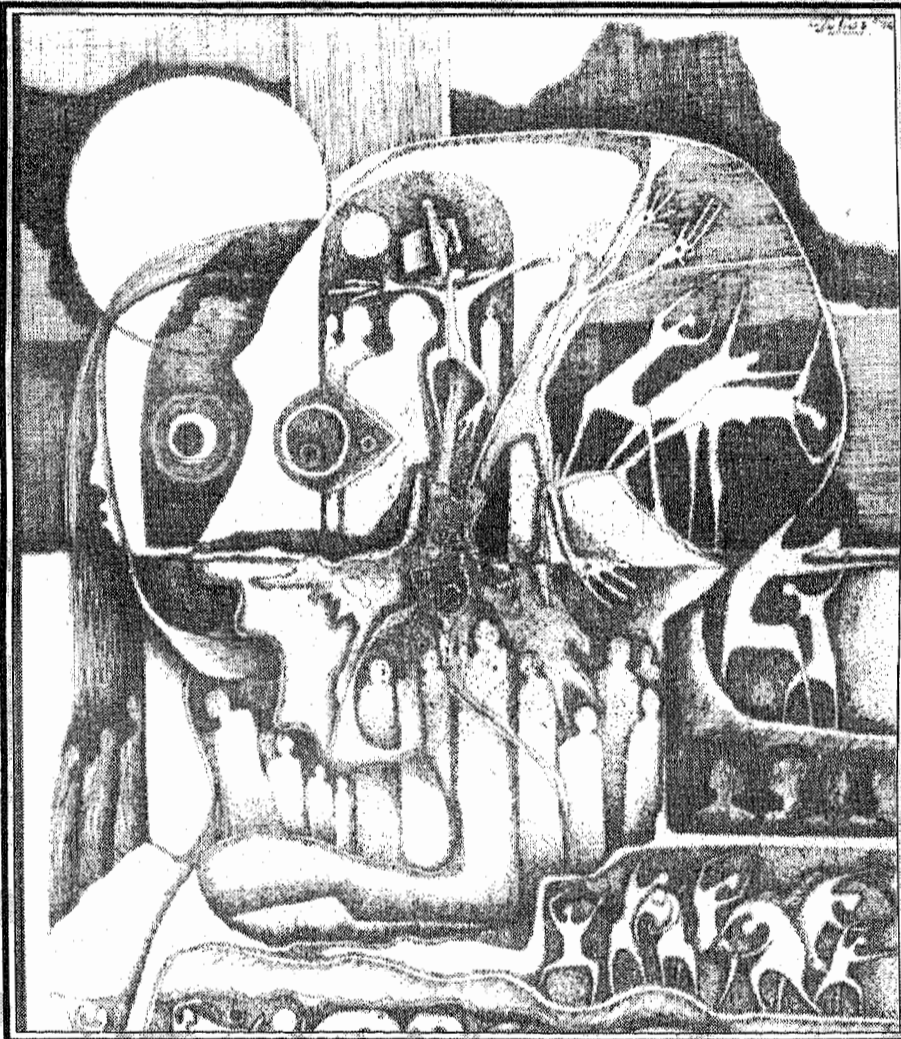
This could happen tomorrow.

Imagine that a scientist mad on statistics decided to hire a Data Recorder to follow you around for your entire life and note down the exact number of times that you did anything. This Data Recorder amasses a huge bunch of papers. These contain columns on it, each one detailing every aspect of your life. There is a column for every time you eat chocolate, every time you walk, every time you breath in and out, every time you see a sun set, every time you smile, every time you laugh, every time you cry, every time you sing, every time you dance, every time you embrace, every time you have sex, every time you sleep, every time you look at the stars.... At the end of your life the numbers are tallied up and at the bottom of each of the columns a number is written. This is the magic number. If you were to look under the column of chocolate it says that during your life time you sampled its divine taste exactly 85,089 times. Look over the other columns: What you only lazed in the warm sun 103 times? You only rolled in the grass 37 times? You only felt the cool breeze on your face 20,671 times? What you only danced 659 times? "But I felt too silly to dance." Do you really have time

to worry about looking silly? What you only smiled 337,987 times? But I was too worried to smile more - those damned noisy neighbours, and my bloody boss was pissing me off, and I didn't have enough money, and I always had to be somewhere. Do you really have time for these excuses? There is no time for fear. Fear and hesitation eat into your tally, taking up what could have been more smiles, more good meals, more dances, more music. TO LIVE IN FEAR IS NOT TO LIVE AT ALL. Every time you do something it is another mark on the tally, one step closer to that diabolically finite number that is the exact number of times you will do that thing.

A LIVING MOMENT

It is not the quantity of experiences, but the quality that matters. Feel that breeze on your



face, close your eyes, breath in deep and lose yourself in it. Smell that rose and allow its perfume to penetrate your soul. Eat every meal as though it was your last. Savour every flavour. Savour every moment! Life is not some future event you are planning for. You are living it right NOW! Are you waiting to get a good job before you will be happy? Enough money? Enough personal possessions? A loving relationship? There is just one problem. Life is NOW. It is one long today. There is no tomorrow. There is no future. All you have is now, right now. The only moment you need worry about is now. Don't get me wrong, plan ahead and organise by all means, but remember:

LIFE IS IN THE GETTING THERE.

Enjoy getting there. Enjoy now. It won't be easy. You may have to fight for your happiness. If fate is cruel then defy it, and be happy any way. Be the beggar who sings as they collect cans. There is glory in that. Be happy with what you have got. Remember how much you really do have. You may just find its enough. EVERY MOMENT OF YOUR LIFE IS A LIVING MOMENT.

THE SYMPHONY OF LIFE

The entire universe is full of reverberating and fluxing energy. Whirling and turning and morphing and blending, emerging into fantastic and wondrous patterns. Some form such intricacy they become self-automated and life is thrust into existence. Growing and improving in organic bliss, these patterns of reverberations build layer upon layer on themselves and in a soaring violinic harmony - consciousness is born. Death follows doggedly on its heels with beating drums, but life preserves its essence, each note's internal melodic lyric seeding the next. Individual notes fleet, but are never mourned, for the symphony plays ever on, passing on its joyous tune. For to have been a single note, to have every particle of your being burst into the song of existence, is to have been a part of the grandest, most magnificent piece ever written: the symphony of life.

Like a symphony aware of itself, we choose the notes that make up our lives. Everyone composes their own unique pieces, but we also assist in shaping the reverberations of each other. Everyone has their own potentials. By inspiring them to fulfilment we enrich our souls. By inspiring ourselves we truly live.

Each one of us, for a time anyhow, has been given the most fantastic and precious gift in the cosmos. The gift of life. May we savour every moment, and save someone with a smile.

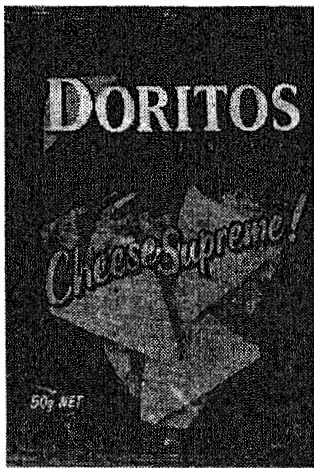
This is Brentyn Ramm signing off...

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thanks to Chris, Paul, and Susie for taking a risk and giving me the fantastic opportunity of writing this column - not to mention giving it superb layouts. Also thanks to the sub-eds for being such cool people, and to everyone that contributed pieces to this column. Thanks for reading.

The Great Chip

Chips. We all love them. They come in many forms. Some long, some thin, some with holes there in. Some are yellow, some are red, some taste good with bread. Those cheesy, go down easy, those salty go down well as well. We here at *On Dit* decided that we'd try out some of the most popular brands available from snack food machines around campus to help you, the consumer, choose which snack food to consume. This has been a public service announcement.



Doritos

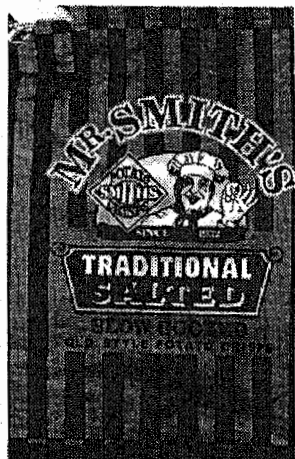
Texture: Hard, crunchy, south of the border.
Taste: Cheesy, arriba, south of the border.
The Breath Factor: Nachos Cheese, south of the border.
The Finger Factor: Finger licking good for weeks to come.
Packaging: Los ultimos gringos mierda.

Overall score out of ten: A precarious 6.45

The Full Monty

Texture: Perfectly corrugated with the occasional crusty bit.
Taste: Tasty, disgusting, not of bacon.
The Breath Factor: Vomit like stench.
The Finger factor: Positive, not much of a mess after the act at all.
Packaging: Raunchy.

Overall score out of ten: Artist score of 7.6



Smiths - Lites Lightly Salted

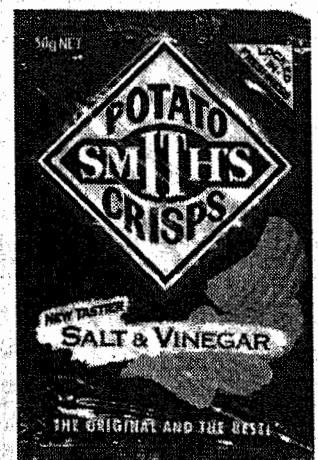
Texture: Crisp; Like Cardboard; Pleasant texture.
Taste: Authentic Potato taste; Salty; "Light" taste - not heavy or salty.
The Breath Factor: No worries! Salty; Not much at all.
The Finger Factor: Bit greasy; High on grease factor, low on crud factor.
Packaging: Shiny metallic wrapper (nice); Cool blue; good.

Overall score out of ten: A very plain 6.7

Salt and Vinegar

Texture: Briney, not unlike plankton.
Taste: North Atlantic, shiver me timbers it's good.
The Breath Factor: Fishy fresh.
The Finger Factor: They're still there after you've eaten them.
Packaging: As purple as the Octopus in his garden; sexually frustrated.

Overall score out of eight: 9



Taste Test

Burger Rings

Texture: Cos dere rinks, dey R gud 2 eet 'nd beta 2 where.

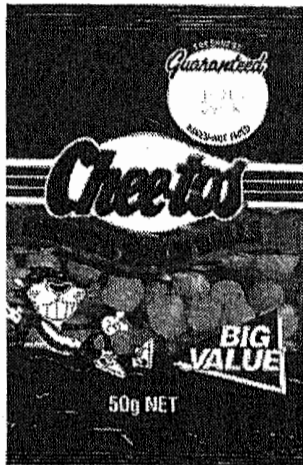
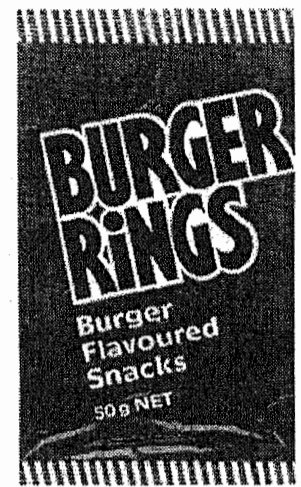
Taste: Nothing like burgers.

The Breath Factor: Ask you're friends if you have any left, they'll know.

The Finger Factor: They'll make your fingers glow in the dark.

Packaging: Imagine a jumper like that.

Overall score out of ten: A far out brussel sprout 5.



Cheetos

Texture: Mmm. Like foam balls; Like eating air.

Taste: Too cheesy - but that's what you get; Bacon & cheese.

The Breath Factor: Gouda good; Smells like pig to me.

The Finger factor: They use this stuff to paint roads at accident scenes.

Packaging: Cheesy like the cheetah's grin.

Overall score out of ten: Good.

Twisties (chicken)

Texture: I used these last week to fill my bean bag.

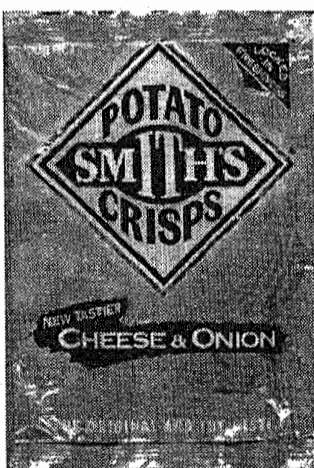
Taste: Like only the best battery hens money can buy.

The Breath Factor: Smells like chicken shit; They're fowl!

The Finger Factor: Don't shake hands with anyone you like.

Packaging: Go well with the Burger Rings jumper, what an ensemble.

Overall score out of ten: 3 for each foot.



New Tastier Cheese and Onion

Texture: Like every otherbloody chip. It's fried potato man, deal with it.

Taste: I'd hate to taste the old, Less Tastier cheese and onion chip.

The Breath Factor: Oniony, baby! Oniony.

The Finger factor: Should sell them with Wet-Ones.

Packaging: It's no twisties packet but it keeps the chips in.

Overall score out of ten: 4 onions and 3 cheese slices, thanks mum.

Judging Criteria:

Texture: This area looks at the crunch, flex, shape, "fluffiness", how much the masticated chip adheres to the interior of the mouth, etc.

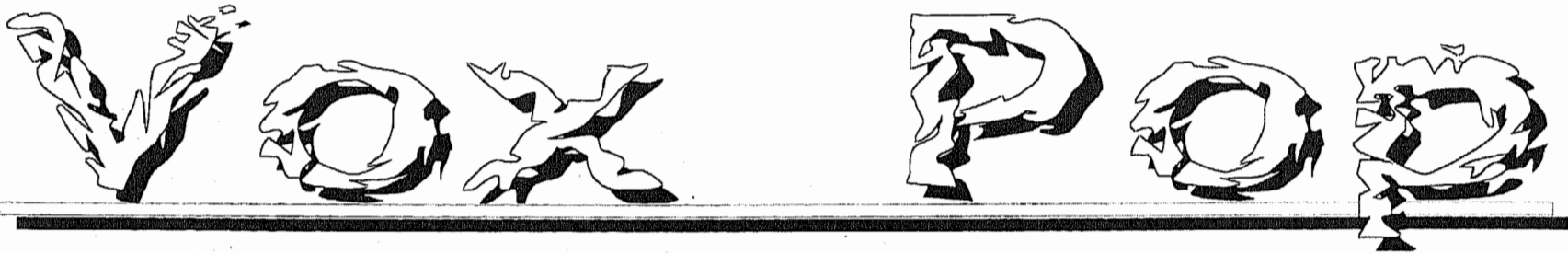
Taste: The Taste is judged on such areas as saltiness, bitiness, softiness, chewability, overtones (as in wine tasting), etc.

Breath Factor: This is probably the most important factor when eating in company. It assesses the ability of the chip to taint the odour of your breath.

The Finger Factor: This area looks at the ability of the chip to stain your fingers during the process of eating the chip. Special attention must be paid to those chips which use cheese as a flavour base.

Packaging: This looks at the style and presentation of the in the packet.

Clubland

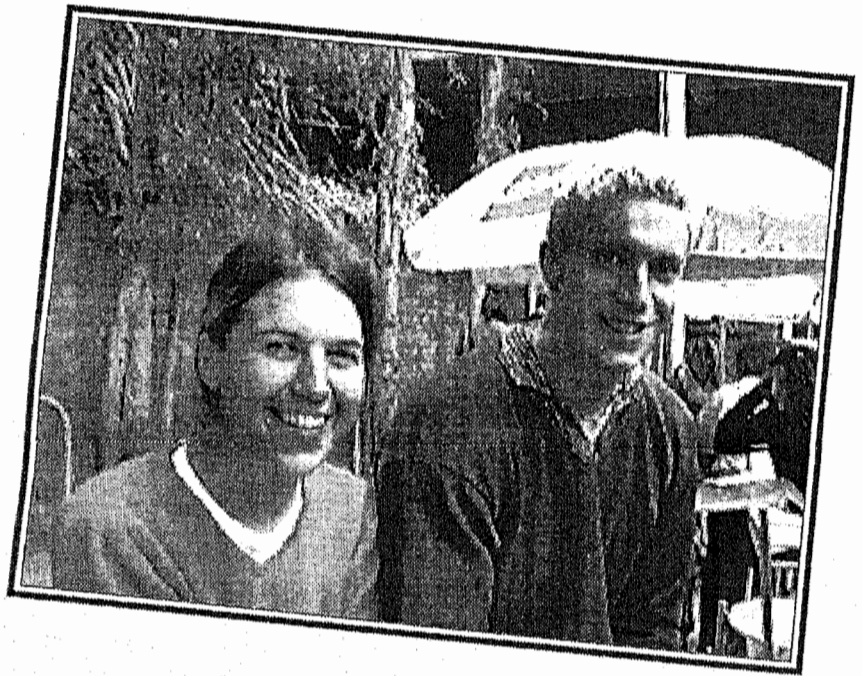


Questions

- 1.) What have been your highs and lows of the year?
- 2.) What section of On Dit have you enjoyed the most?
- 3.) If there's one thing you'd like to say to the university dean, what would it be?

Liv and Kyle

- 1.) L: The AFL grand final. The first half of the grand final.
K: Heading into warm weather and short skirts. The coming of winter which saw the end of short skirts.
- 2.) L: Vox Pop and Jouzza's Nanyeta Gypsy Tavern
K: The pricetag.
- 3.) L: Thanks for the best three years of my life.
K: I'll never forgive you for calling the cops at Skulduggery 96. It's never been the same since.



Leanne & Helen

- 1.) L: Going to Malta. Doing Vox Pop with Helen.
H: Re-release of *The Little Mermaid*. Doing Vox Pop with myself.
- 2.) L: I don't read the damn thing.
H: Space monkey cover - high class artistry.
- 3.) L: What main duty do you perform in an average day?
H: Nice place you've got here.

Anthony & Damien

- 1.) A: The Crows winning the premiership. The uncertainty about whether I am getting into honours or not.
D: Finishing. Same as Anthony.
- 2.) A: This thing that you're doing.
D: The letters.
- 3.) A: You've done a great job. Maybe change the honours entrance into psychology before next year.
D: Nothing.



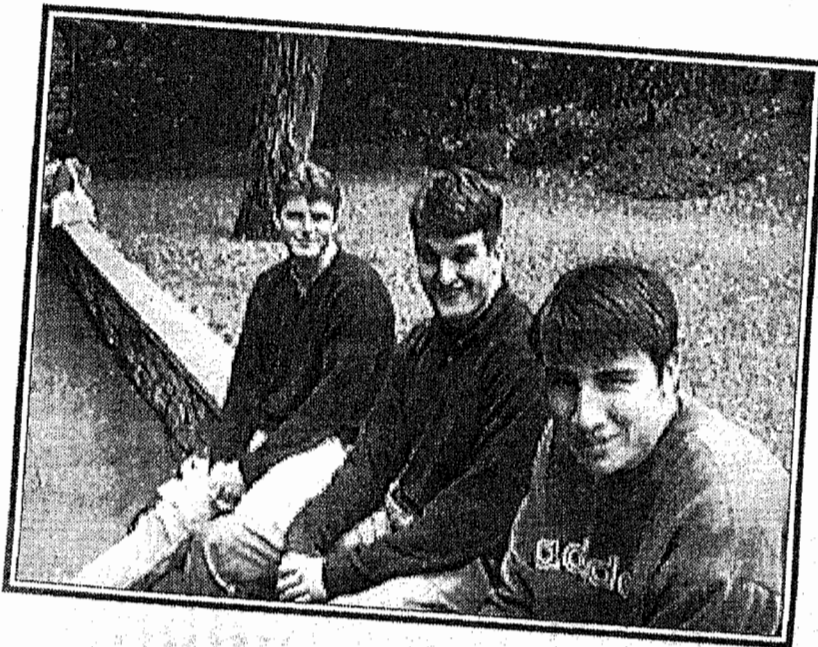
Deanna, Sarah & Julia

- 1.) D: Meeting new people. Not getting any library privileges like honours students do.
S: Independence. Not finishing till 7pm.
J: Meeting new people from all over the world. The confusion at uni.
- 2.) D: The letters.
S: The covers.
J: The music reviews.
- 3.) D: Who are you?
S: What do you do all day?
J: Help students more.



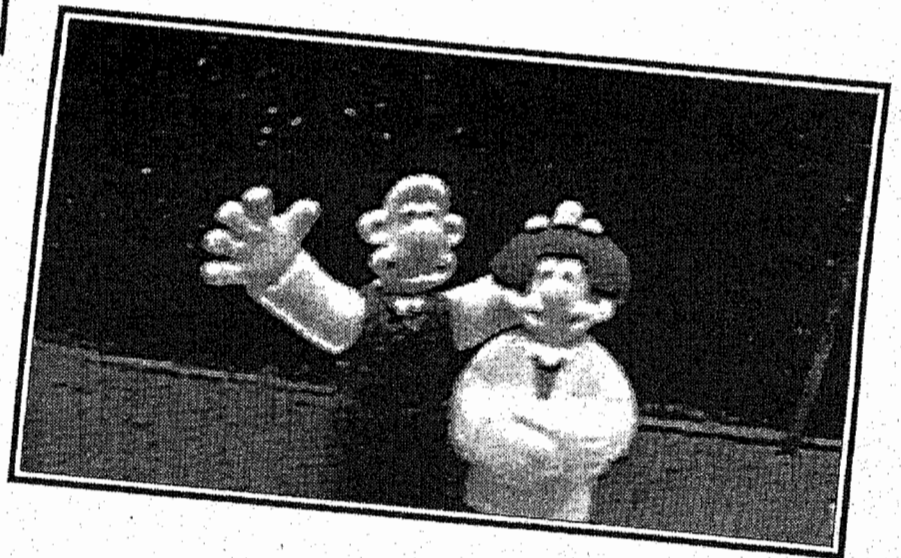
Brad, Matt & Michael

- 1.) B: Crows.
M: Crows. The election.
M: Crows winning the flag.
- 2.) B: Vox Pop.
M: The music reviews.
M: Movies.
- 3.) B: Keep up the good work, whatever you do.
M: Make the Unibar cheaper.
M: Give more BBQ's and free beer.



Jason & Juliet

- 1.) Ja: Seeing the Mavis' here. Getting up early.
Ju: O'Ball. Going through the election again.
- 2.) Ja: The music reviews are often most splendid.
Ju: I usually like the creative section.
- 3.) Ja: Hello.
Ju: Sell cigarettes on campus.
Leanne ate your photo. Sorry.



Ianak & Zane

- 1.) J: O'Camp. Getting voided.
Z: Getting elected unopposed. Getting voided.
- 2.) J: Theatre.
Z: Little known facts about University of Adelaide.
- 3.) J: You don't exist (the first person to point out that the head of the university is the vice-chancellor).
Z: Hi Dean.

ROWING AROUND THE WORLD

1998 has been a successful year for the Adelaide University Boat Club. In addition to having 3 club members in the Australian Womens 8 at the World Rowing Championships held in Cologne, Germany in September, AUBC also won the Australian Universities Womens 8 Championship last month for the 4th time in 6 attempts since 1992.

A member of that crew, Jenny Vesnaver, has been awarded a sports scholarship to the University of Washington. Jenny will head over to the USA to take up her scholarship in December.

Another member of the Club, Amber Halliday, has recently returned from the World University Rowing Championships which were held in Zagreb, Croatia.



City of Adelaide Carnival Sprint Regatta

As On Dit was going to press the Boat Club had just competed in the opening Regatta of the season. With most of Adelaide's Olympic rowers in attendance the Sprint Regatta produced some stunning wins for the Blacks. The open women's four and eight were won in fine style by the Blacks.

Kate Slatter, Allison Davies, Carmen Klomp and Amy Safe produced stunning form to beat off an equally strong Torrens crew in the open four. Winning more medals than most was Steve Perry, Boat Club Captain who led the charge with 4 wins coxing both Olympic and club rowers. The club boated

the biggest number of crews at an opening regatta since the halcyon years of Southcott, Greenslade et al in the early 90's

World University Rowing Championships

What did you do during your holidays?

If any of you are interested in one day competing in the World University Games for your chosen sport, I say do it!

I recently competed in the World Rowing Championships in Croatia and blast - let me tell you about it.



Zagreb is a great city with about the same population as Adelaide but much less urban - it is every-thing I expected a Euro-city to be - beautiful, full of markets, streets lined with huge paved old cathedrals and a lot of history.

There are no signs of damage from the war which, I am told, didn't really touch Zagreb, just a few ugly buildings built by the communists when they were in power.

The rowing course is man made and set in a recreational park called Jarun. In the summer, the course and its surrounding lakes serve as Zagreb's sea but it felt more like a roller blading

competed in the World University Championships in Zagreb, had a blast - let me tell you

great city same Adelaide urban - thing I expected a beautiful city, cafes, squares, and a

on any recent

rink - I have never seen so many roller-bladers in my life! Coaches would blade along the path adjacent to the course with a mega-phone and blast out Croatian to their crews, rowers would warm up, cool down and fool around on roller blades after their session, not to mention wear them to dinner!

The athletes village, which was a complex of buildings that usually serve as university student dorms, was always an interesting place.

You could walk down the hall to your room and pick four different languages being spoken. I found that the other athletes liked to live up to their stereotypes in rowing, for example, the French came onto anything remotely female, the Americans talked and smiled non-stop with their larger than life mouths, the Croatians seemed stern-faced and serious but were actually great people and the Germans were just huge and scary!

The other Australians on our team of 5 were typical larrikins and went crazy with their video camera



of every opportunity, learning as many swear words in as many languages as possible, building up quite an impressive vocabulary by the time we left!

The Men's pair did well and got silver with the women's double achieving 6th in a tough field. I, the lightweight single sculler, ended up with that awful position just out of the medals - 4th. However as I was against competition fresh from the World Championships in Cologne, Germany, I thought it was alright and well worth the trip over there.

The best part of the trip was meeting so many people from all over the world and many e-mail addresses were exchanged along with uniforms.

Two occasions of the two weeks I spent in Croatia will always be remembered as highlights: number one, being the only rower training on the lake early one morning and the fog being so thick that I couldn't see 10 metres away from the stern of my boat, and number 2, the Australian initiated drinking game and the post-regatta party where we had rowers from about 15 countries on their hands and knees in a huge circle, slapping their hands on the ground then pointing with their elbows and yelling "you scull" in their own language!



USA Sports Scholarship

Since taking up rowing 5 years ago, Jenny Vesnaver has been in the State rowing team for the past 4 years and represented Australia at the 1995 World Junior Rowing Championships.

In 1997 Jenny was invited to be part of an Australian crew which was invited to race in Seattle against the University of Washington. The regatta is known as the Windermere Cup and is an annual race between the University of Washington and an invitation country to celebrate the opening of the USA rowing season.

The race is watched by a crowd of approximately 1000

proximately thousand spectators. Apart from Jenny, the crew comprised members of Australia's 1996 Olympic team, including Adelaide University rowers Kate Slatter, Alison Davies and



Carmen Klomp.

So if you get the opportunity to go overseas with your sport, I highly recommend it and I would like to thank the Adelaide University Boat Club and the Sports Association for helping me on my trip.

Amber Halliday

During this trip Jenny was spotted by the University of Washington and offered a 3 year fully funded gold scholarship. After recently successfully completing her SAT exam, Jenny intends to study after a three year Bachelor of Business, having been enrolled in a Bachelor of Finance at Adelaide University over the past two years.

The University of Washington is ranked the number one rowing university in America and has won the past two national championships. The coach of the women's squad is also the coach for the American Women's Olympic squad.

The Boat Club wishes Jenny all the best in the States and looks forward to her wearing the 'Black V' for us again in the future.

Mark Miller



Sports Association Raffle Winners

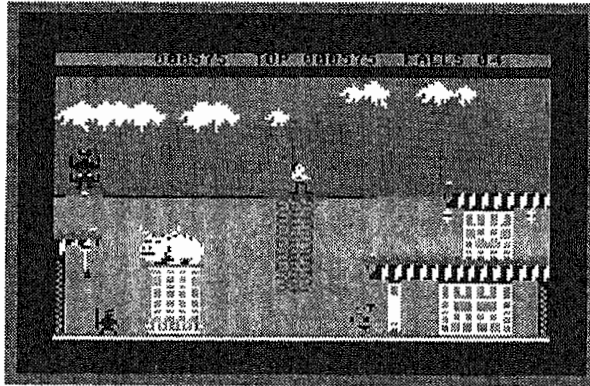
- Melanie Fuss - Hockyroos Shirt
- Brandon Watson - Port Power Football
- Frank O'Donnell - Crows Football
- John Peppas - Red Backs Cricket Bat
- Christina Siothard - Rams Poloshirt and Hat
- Vicki Vlahos - Thunderbirds Netball
- D Kerr - Giants Baseball
- Geoff Shepherd - Adelaide University Union Rugby Top
- Cheryl Anderson - Rebel Sports Gift Voucher
- Mary Watson - CD from Union Activities
- Adelaide University Cricket Club - Carton Beer from Unibar

COMMODORE 64

00011 00101 11010 00110 00010 10010 00111 01110 11010 00011 THE FUTURE OF COMPUTING

INTRODUCTION THE COMMODORE IS KEEPING UP WITH YOU
The Commodore 64, what a fine piece of machinery. If you didn't have one, you knew someone who did (or still does) and made it your business to be over their house often. The Commodore 64 'Micro Computer' (yes, the big fat chunky brown box was called a 'microcomputer') came out around 1984 and lasted in appeal until around 1989 when you first started seeing PC 386's and the Commodore Amega. During the 64's glory days a legion of computer gaming kids were created filling the entertainment void formerly occupied by social interactions, outdoor activities and exercise. The 64 sought to change all of that with kids instead focusing their attention on only particular muscles, concentrated in the thumbs and wrists.

Picture the scene: The year, 1986, you're 11 years old, you've had the Harris Scarfes catalogue open to the computer section every weekend for the last 3 months, hoping that your mum would see it. The day arrives. It's your birthday, and you're casually watching *Astro-boy* while eating some Wizz-Fizz when your dad, who wants to keep up with the latest technology, gives you a present. Too big to be a Transformer, too small to be a bike, you open it up, and all of a sudden the possibilities of the world become a Dot-Matrix printer away. Your parents, of course, bought you the 64 for 'educational purposes'. This concept however lasts about as long as it takes for you to set the computer up. The bonus educational software (titles such as 'Brain-bustin' Physics' and 'Maths with Mickey-Mouse') gets one look at before being filed away under B for boring. Within hours you wear out your first of many joysticks, and from that moment on, your eyes at least, will never be the same.



Comparison of the Commodore 64 and today's average home computer:

The Specs:	16 colours	16,000,000 colours
	64 kb Ram	320,000 kb Ram
	less than 1 Megahertz Processor	233 Megahertz Processor
	170 Kb game size	500,000 kb game size

THE C64 COMPLICATED MACHINERY

The 64 wasn't complicated. While today's Personal Computer requires some knowledge on installing hardware, installing software, drivers and autoexec files, the 64 didn't. As confusing as the computer not being on because it hadn't been switched on is, the 64 on the whole was not a difficult machine.

While today's PCs have powerful cooling fans spinning away within the machine's case, the Commodore relied on the owners initiative to cool it. Many cassette-tape covers were wedged under the 64 to let air pass underneath it where it got very hot after a while.

THE C64 KEEPING THE KIDS OFF THE STREETS

The 64 had a bucket load of games and ILLEGALLY COPYING or PIRATING these games was huge. An Amway-style network was set up in every school, in

every suburb, with disks being copied and distributed at will. Every once in a while, a kid wouldn't be at school and the buzz would be that he had been caught copying and, of course, faced death from the big game companies. The fear of copying illegally, however, never deterred anyone in constantly adding to their personal collections.

And then there was programming your own games. Kids would spend hours and hours copying lines of programs out of books, with the dream of forming a computer game before their very eyes. At the end of the day, the program was finished and you proudly go to run the program. Time and time again I remember being sorely disappointed by what I saw. Instead of seeing an animated character walking through jungles or driving cars, I was left with the computer waiting for me to respond to questions such as: "You are on an island and see a tree. Do you go to tree?" After typing "yes" the next question would appear: "You go to tree. The tree falls. You die. Play again?"

Of all the games ever copied, the following 2 stand out in my mind.

1. CALIFORNIA GAMES

From foot-bag to BMX racing, California games optimised a lot of 80's recreational culture (I'm suprised it didn't have a computer game playing event). With

great graphics (square shouldered orange coloured hunks with dots for eyes "surfing" on white squares over blue square waves), funky 3 channel sound and many events to participate in, senses were always on edge.

2. THE GREAT GIANA SISTERS

Hmm. Now as a university student I know the laws involving plagiarism. They are very strict with academic suspensions and the such ready at an instant to be imposed. The makers of this game obviously never went near a university. The Great Giana was a pure rip off of the Super Mario Brothers, except they weren't super, they were Great, wasn't Mario but Giana and not brothers but sisters. A good game on the whole.

THE C64 ON THE INTERNET

The C64 is HUGE on the internet. As I meandered around the Hong Kong Hue Web site, finding links to *The Goodies* and *Monkey Magic*, I tried Commodore 64 in the Search Engine. To my amazement many, many links presented themselves to me. These are the best to start from.

<http://www.ozemail.com.au/~gvincent/>

You can download an Emulator to make your boring old high-end Multi-media PC an exciting pulse-racing Commodore machine. With many games to download and pictures to bring a sentimental tear to your eye.

<http://www.jbrain.com/caboom/index.html>

Provides links to many other pages on the net. A bit more technical than the above page.

BY BAZZ

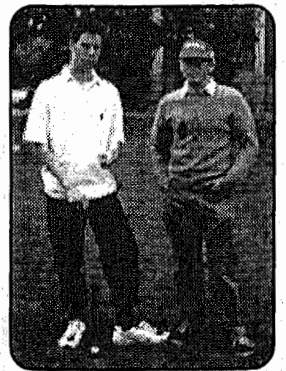
Why I Like Playing Golf

by Christian Haebich

I like playing golf for the following reasons:

1. You can wear silly clothes and look good.
2. It does not make much sense, but is good anyway.
3. You are allowed to wear a good hat.
4. You get to use clubs, which are not bats nor racquets.
5. It is like a stroll except you can hit stuff as you stroll.
6. Hitting stuff is always good.
7. It has a secret language, which is secretly good.
8. There are flags and they look good because they are flags.
9. You can hang around with corporate fat-cats.

As you can see, golf is good.



Playing Better Golf with Peter 'Pitching Wedge' Adams

Golf Tip For The Day:

Wear a hat, and some sunscreen. This always improves your game.

Soft, Sexy, Velvet.

Velvet Goldmine

Opens November 5

Palace Eastend Cinemas and selected cinemas

Glam rock surfaced for a short period at the end of the peace and love era of the 60s and sang a totally different tune. Instead of nakedness and naturalism it espoused fierce artificiality and experimentation with everything from make-up to gender. While the phase only lasted a few years its influence lives on, with most styles from punk to new romanticism owing something to Ziggy Stardust and friends.

Velvet Goldmine is an ambitious film that amazingly manages to achieve all it sets out to do. It tells the story of the era and its participants through a parallel 70s and 80s to our own. Brian Slade and his creation Max Demon are the idol of legions of fans both male and female. After his faked assassination while on stage in London in 1973, Slade disappears into obscurity. But in a deliberately Orwellian vision of 1984 an English journalist working in the States begins to uncover the past following a trail of discovery interspersed with both his and the main players' memories of the times. Interspersed is an almost fairy tale narration, scenes from Oscar Wilde's life ('the original glam rock star') and shots of the nameless people who lived the fantasy concocted

on the records and worshipped its creators.

The characters themselves are brilliantly played and incredibly well developed. It is evident that all concerned threw themselves heart and soul into the film. Toni Collette plays Slade's small town American turned London socialite wife perfectly, providing one of the most sympathetic characters in the film. Ewan McGregor is Curt Wild, an uncouth trailer park singer who becomes Slade's lover and obsession. He plays the part brilliantly, including doing his own vocals. Slade himself is played by Jonathon Rhys Meyers with a performance that would be amazing from any actor, let alone a nineteen year old. He manages to epitomise the untouchability and yet fragility of such a character from small time performer to superstar. Both Rhys Meyers and McGregor do their own vocals and performances with such gusto that it is difficult to believe they themselves are acting. Eddie Izzard's role as Slade's masterminding agent is played with a huge amount of relish as well.

However, one of the most understated yet best performed parts is Christian Bale as the journalist Arthur Bale. His memories of being a provincial fan whose love and fascination for the scene was at least as intense as those involved. Yet he does not have the courage to fully embrace it until being humiliated by his

very straight laced parents into leaving home, he goes to London. There he seeks out his idols, only to find himself unwittingly being present at the Death to Glitter Concert, a farewell gig to mark Glam's demise. He is the every man whose dreams and memories fill up a lot of the film, and who epitomises the ordinary trying to escape into the fantasy. As may be expected particularly with REM's Michael Stipe as Executive Producer, the music is excellent. While David Bowie chose not to permit them to cover

bands were formed to both perform new numbers and do covers from the era. They included such notables as Thurston Moore from Sonic Youth, Thom Yorke and Jon Greenwood from Radiohead and Ron Asheton, Bernard Butler and Mike Watt. It all combines to give a very impressive soundtrack and one that is so much in the spirit of the original glam rock as to be nearly indistinguishable.

The look and costuming of the film is very impressive; showing beautifully the contrast between the fans and

the stars, and blurring the difference between reality and fantasy even more. This can be a little confusing at times but is satisfying on the whole as it is so open to interpretation. Haynes cleverly uses the characters' imaginations, the filled video clips and a variety of different media to challenge the audience's interpretation of fact and fiction, including some 'accidental' footage of the overhead mike at a crucial moment; reminding us that even our experience of the film is unreal. Overall, it is one of the most remarkable films of recent times and while not straightforward to watch is an excep-



his own songs, plenty of original work is still included by the likes of Roxy Music, Iggy Pop, Lou Reed and others. In addition, several bands including Pulp wrote songs specifically for the film, and three

tional production.

Uncle Psychosis

SILLY BOY

Henry Fool

Opens November 19th

Cinema Nova

Hal Hartley is one of those names that comes up in film conversation constantly by people who know more about independent American films than me. In fact, I had never seen a Hal Hartley film until I was kindly given the task of giving my unbiased, honest, constructive, brilliant and witty (?) opinion of *Henry Fool*, Hartley's first film in two years after *Flirt*, *Amateur* and *Simple Men*.

The plot is simple enough. Henry Fool (Thomas Jay Ryan) an arrogant, sloppy, perverted writer arrives in town to finish his "confession" - the story of his life which he suggests has been vindicated and is in desperate need of defence. He befriends Simon Grim (James Urbaniak), a lonely garbage man who insists that he

is "not retarded" and encourages him to write poetry. The result is a book-length manifesto, an epic poem labelled as pornography by some upstanding community members and as startling brilliance by others. Simon becomes a success, a notorious celebrity while Henry's work is dismissed as pretentious and incompetent. Needless to say (but I will), their friendship is put to the painful test confronted by jealousy and the obligation that Simon has towards Henry, the man who discovered him. Simon's trashy nymphomaniac sister Fay is played by recently crowned "Queen of the Indies" (*Time Magazine*) Parker Posey (*The Daytrippers*, *Dazed and Confused*, and *The Doom Generation*).

OK, so it's fine for that aforementioned opinion. I liked it. I liked it a lot because it is

funny and unpredictable, while at the same time being thoughtful and emotional. The humour comes from the characters and their situations rather than snappy one liners and silly observations.



I must mention that there is a great vomiting scene and another involving diarrhoea, which in 9 times out of ten (not that I've actually seen 10 diarrhoea scenes) I would find rather off-putting and crude, but here it's hilarious. Hartley claims to be a writer and director of comedies, but he admits to "a weakness for morbid introspection and dramatic

irony." *Henry Fool* has a rare quality about it. One minute it is funny, the next disturbing and dark, then back to funny and back again.

As Simon, the introspective poet, Urbaniak is a stand out. He uses pauses

like he invented them and his scenes with Ryan allow us to see his character's strengths through the weakness that the rest of the town can only see. Ryan, Posey and Kevin Corrigan as Warren are also very good, each adding colour and often brilliance. *Henry Fool* - a loud, beer swilling, chain smoking, brutally honest to the point of rudeness, ex-convict sex

offender arrives in town, makes an impact and exits, leaving the audience to ponder how uninteresting life would be without him. It's aimed for the University crowd which is you, so go and be part of the fun.

Beinda Schaefer.

The Whole Shebang, Baby!

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels
Opens November 12
Hoyts and selected cinemas

When I was handed a press release that suggested this film was comparable to the work of Quentin Tarantino, I cringed. I like Tarantino's work, but how many times do I have to hear a claim like this and then see a film that is nothing like it? Odd thing is, I came out of this film thinking, "Humm, that kinda was very Tarantino-ish." But to take my review in this direction would not be doing the film true justice, because in many ways this film was superior to Tarantino's. In fact, this film was pretty damn superior to most of the films I have seen, full stop.

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels is the story of a bunch of blokes from London's East End who have decided to put all their savings into a high-rolling game of Three Card Brag, run by notorious gangster and porn king, Hatchet

Harry (P.H. Moriarty - *The Long Good Friday, Patriot Games*). Eddy (Nick Moran - *Hard Days Hard Nights, Buddy's Song*) is a professional gambler, and after managing to get into the £100 000-a-seat game, he loses all the group's money thanks to Harry's hi-tech cheating. What ensues is a frantic series of schemes and mishaps as the group try to recover the £200 000 they need to repay Harry, before he cuts off all their fingers and repossesses the pub which he once lost to Eddy's father in a card game.

There are two things which struck me most about this film, and thankfully one of these was the acting. Oddly enough, one of the most engaging performances in the film is that of Big Chris, and I say odd because he is played by a professional soccer player, Queens Park Rangers' Vinnie Jones. Apparently, in his early

notes for the film director Guy Ritchie wrote that Big Chris should be like the footballer Vinnie Jones, so really this was quite appropriate casting. For me, the coolest and most intimidating of all was Eddy's fa-



ty J. D., played by Sting (*Dune, The Grotesque*), however the authenticity of all the characters was undoubtedly influenced by the casting of real ex-cons as various hit-men and cronies. There aren't really any real nice guys in this film, every-

one has a criminal past and no-one is actually doing anything legal in the story, but you find yourself falling for many of the characters, even the nastiest and most violent.

The other thing which really drew me into this film was the photography; at times I was left dizzy and groggy after some very unsettling visual moments. To the film's credit, although it is actually quite violent, very little of this violence is ever shown on-

screen and you are left to imagine it for yourself. I have to recommend this film, and I think everyone at the preview screening pretty much had the same opinion. The story-line is incredibly paced and full of unbalancing twist and turns, and at the end you're left with that feeling of wanting more, for reasons I'll leave you to discover. You won't be disappointed by this film. Number 1 at the UK Box Office can't be too bad a thing.

andrew four

Green THUMBs

Home Grown
Opens Nov. 26
Cinema Nova

I found this film to be disappointing. Not in a particularly bad way - just that it could have been so much more than it is.

Let's start at the beginning. John Lithgow plays Malcom, a very wealthy - and paranoid - drug baron. Not paranoid enough, really, since it is only a few minutes before he gets killed, while visiting one of his marijuana crops. The team of guys looking after the crop (Hank Azaria plays the leader of the bunch) grabs a few plants and run for the nearest safehouse before any cops/rival gangs/etc can turn up and kill them. But while arranging the sale of the dope (to local dealer Jon Bon Jovi)

(no surprises there, really). they notice the curious absence of hordes of cops/goons/rippers - and decide to take over the \$3 million harvest for themselves.

This presents more than a few problems. Malcolm's other business partners want to know where he is. Rippers might conceivably want to lay their hands on this much dope. They don't know who killed Malcolm, or if that person's gonna come after them too. Then, of course, there's the odd backpacker who wanders into the middle of a harvest. Did I mention that there's also a love triangle here to complicate matters...?

Sound like the ingredients for a great film, right? Could be a crime thriller cum murder

mystery. Could be an intricate series of plots and double crosses a la *Get Shorty*. Could be a comedy as these guys stumble their way through various deals, right? Unfortunately the film tries to go in all these directions at once, but never does any particular aspect spectacularly well.



There are a few funny bits. There are tense bits. There's suspense and action and all the rest, done completely but without the verve to bring the film to life. That said, it is not a bad film. It has some very funny moments, and it raises a few issues regarding drugs without

trying to preach. One of the more subtle parts of the script - just after one of the guys has bribed a cop - is where the cop talks about the school musical his cousin is in. While his relative can't sing that well the new auditorium is a sight to behold. And it's the kind of thing the community never got when lumber was the cash crop. And as that cop walks out the door, the ethical issues of the drug trade become that much murkier. Is the cop 'bent' because he won't enforce the law, in the interests of his community? Is it alright for this small town to profit from the crime in urban areas because previously, they were the ones being screwed over?

I guess that sums up the film, really. Not spectacular, but still interesting and worthwhile.

Luke Toop

Perdita Pelegrosa

Perdita Durango
Opens November 5
Cinema Nova

In *Perdita Durango*, a handsome killer named Romeo Dolorosa (think Gomez Adams on crystal meths) and a Latin-American Mallery Knox in the title role, embark on a mission to create havoc on both sides of the Mexican/US border. While at a community festival on the American side, a contemplative Perdita decides that a young man should be kidnapped, fucked and eaten, for indeed, Romeo is also a Voodoo priest and requires a sacrifice.

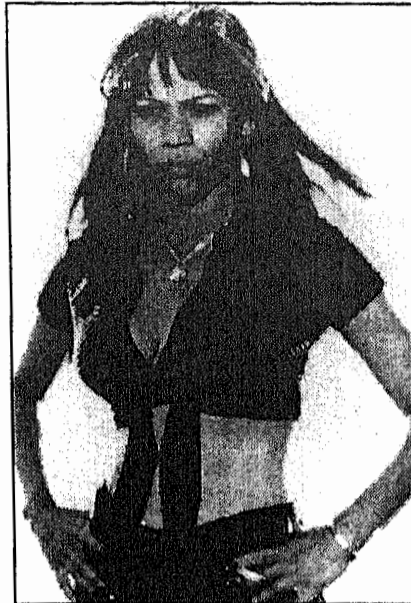
Okay. What should we get?
I don't know: blonde, tanned, muscular.
Are you fucking him or eating him?
Maybe both.
Perdita, window-shopping from the

car, chooses an unfortunate teenage couple, Estelle and Duane, whose relentless, hysterical tantrums rapidly diminish any sympathy one has for them. Their fear is comical, which is unfortunate, as for any empathy one is intended to feel is lost through the inability of the viewer to relate to these pathetic characters.

The story continues along reasonably standard lines. Romeo's cousin Reggie San Pedro (Carlos Bardem) has mentioned his name to the Mafia boss Marcello "Mad Eyes" Santos, for whom he works. Subsequently, Romeo is hired to drive a truckload of human foetuses to Las Vegas but things go wrong.

What follows is a schizophrenic, contradictory mess of intensely graphic killings and attempts at black humour. Complacency is a recurring theme throughout the film and establishes the two lead characters as being completely devoid of any

sense of the human. Also, the ste-



rility with which the more graphic actions of Romeo are delivered denies any deranged justification and consequent sentiment that one realises with the villains of a David

Lynch film. I refer to Lynch, because his film *Wild at Heart* was based on the same novel by Barry Gifford on which *Perdita Durango* was founded. *Wild at Heart* is, needless to say, a good film. Alex de la Iglesia's interpretation is not a good film. The production distributed the dirt, light and colour so uniformly that even the incomparable filth of the Mexican villages appears fabricated. Rosie Perez is unconvincingly tough, as the unscrupulous superwoman Perdita Durango and Romeo Dolorosa displays a nice-side that is far too sincere to make his more horrific actions comprehensible. A scene in which a hallucinating Romeo is superimposed into a western film is the only original and successful fragment of directing in 120 minutes of viewing, that being the key word for it is incredibly difficult to feel involved to any degree in this sequence of industry standard shots and events. It is disheartening when the distance between the audience and the screen is as evident as it was in *Perdita Durango*.

RobWilliams

It's not water!

Halloween (H20)
Now Showing
Wallis and selected cinemas

Not having seen the original I was totally unaware of what the story was about but this did not hinder my enjoyment of this film in any way at all. They tell the original story through narration and characters and about 15 minutes into the film

you know the original story, who the killer is and his relationship to Jamie Lee Curtis. Thirty-something years ago, Michael Myers killed his 17



year old sister. At the time he was only 6 years old. He was put in an asylum and escaped when his younger sister turned 17 to try to kill her. And of course, it all happened on Halloween. It is Halloween, 20 years after the second incident and Michael is back. This time he is after Jamie Lee and her 17 year old son. With LL Cool J and

Adam Arkin in supporting roles the cast is descent. There is a really cool scene when Janet Leigh (who plays a secretary or something) talks to Jamie Lee and says Can I be motherly. For the uninformed, Janet Leigh is Jamie Lee Curtis' mother, hence this was a comical moment.

I hate gory horror films, they bore me and are unrealistic. This, thank-

fully, is more in the vein of *Scream* and *I Know What You Did Last Summer*. The suspense is high and the gore factor is low. The film flies along and is over before you know it, I think it is only

about 85 or 90 minutes long. Don't expect to be challenged by this film, it is not that kind of thriller but it is still enjoyable. I saw it at the drive-in with some friends, which was fun, but I think it would be a lot more suspenseful on the big screen in a cinema.

Chris Bolland

Dancer is a town

Dancer, Texas Population 81
Now Showing
Cinema Nova

This is a delightful film about four young men who have just graduated from high school and have to decide if they can carry out a pact they made years ago. The pact was that as soon as they graduated they would leave Dancer, their town with a population of 81. Well, back when the boys were 12 and made the pact, life was much easier.

Now that they are older, they have family commitments that keep them tethered to the town. Out of the four there is only one who really wants to go, the others are torn between their friendship and their families. So the story plods along as we watch the boys come to terms with their futures and not a lot really

happens.

The film is pleasant but don't look for anything too deep. It makes a change to have a story like this that concentrates on men instead of women but that is where the novelty ends. Two of the guys from *Can't Hardly Wait* are in the film. Peter Facinelli who played the jock in *Can't*, plays Terrell Lee the pretty boy of the town. Ethan

Embry who played the guy who is madly in love with Jennifer Love-Hewitt, is Squirrel, the

town fool but basically loveable guy. There are a few good laughs and a few laughable southern names, eg. Terrell Lee, but this is an average film.

Chris Bolland



Actors are not the same

After seeing *Dance Me To My Song* I was eager to talk to Joey about the film and her role and friendship with Heather Rose, the films creator. This is what came of our chat.

CB: I have to say, Madeliene is a bit of a bitch.

JK: She is. You're the first person to say *bit* of a bitch.

CB: Okay, major bitch.

JK: One hell of a bitch.

CB: You get flushes of humanity, you can understand she's a bit lonely, but it doesn't excuse her behaviour. How did you find playing the character?

JK: I was very challenged in playing M. She is a nasty piece of work, however I try to look at the big picture, I don't think anyone is all black or all white, all evil all good, all angel all devil. It's really important that when you play a character it's easy to play a villain as a villain... it's much harder to play a villain with a background or a history or a broken heart. I tried to imbue her with as much life and light so that there was many strokes in the film... putting Julia's hair back wrong, not giving her a kiss goodnight or a touch... so that when the slaps came, or the conflict, it really disturbed people. It's too easy to set your audience up otherwise... 'oh yeah, we don't like her, she's the bad guy, we're going to hate her,' that's easy. If you have women in the audience or people in the audience particularly women who would take one look at her and go, 'oh we hate her, she's so awful, she's despicable, oh but look at her, it's terrible what's happened to her, men handle her so badly, oh no we hate her, but wait a minute she's so lonely and she lives in this horrible apartment, oh no we hate her'. So then actually I make it harder rather than easier for the audience to travel. I didn't know where M was going, I just knew she was stuck in that cycle of despair and there was no getting out for her. But I wanted people not to see her there but to understand why she was there. She's a nasty piece of work. And that's a big challenge as a performer. To perpetrate acts of violence is a hard thing. To perpetrate an act of violence against someone with a major level of disability is almost impossible.

CB: I went to a media screening of it and there were probably about 10 or 15 people there, and when M started slapping Julia, and at the end when she was kicking her, Valerie was like, "Oh NO! UH!" and she couldn't watch, she covered her face.

JK: I actually think any performance you can give that elicits a response from somebody means you're doing what you should be doing. And people do exactly what you said, they cover their face, they rock, they say "Oh no, oh no" in those Barry White voices, they say "Bitch, bitch, bitch", you get an audible sound

through the audience. They hiss the villain, which is what good theatre should provoke an audience to do. It should be provocative and evocative. It should make you... not just sit back complacently, it shouldn't be easy. I want it to be as tough for you as it is for M and for Julia. It's not easy to be a voyeur, to sit back and sit viciferously through someone else, but to sit back and go, 'wow, I feel really implicated in this, really compelled to respond, to hold my breathe, to make a sound, to cry, to leave thinking and to talk to some people about it'.

CB: Something else I found in the film was that you don't see a sexual portrayal of disabled people. You never see that.

JK: Until this film.

CB: When you're confronted with it in this film, your insecurities come out.

JK: It's a bit taboo.

CB: - and then you realise how narrow minded you've been. I sat there thinking 'why didn't I ever think that they were sexual people before?'

Chris Bolland talks with...

JK: Why am I shocked by this?

CB: Yeah, and it came through really well in the film.

JK: It was done beautifully and tastefully and cleverly as well, it's not gratuitous in any way, there's no exploitative nature at all. I think all the sex scenes were handled in that way.

CB: I thought it came through really well in the film, that Julia was lonely, that she was an adult woman and like any adult woman, like any adult, they want intimacy...

JK: I guess that's it, that it's any adult, needs deserves and aspires to be loved and touched and held, and to put it in its simplest terms to be sexual, to be fucked, to have access to that. It's not just about a person with a disability needs that, we actually see through the film that all your major players are actually looking for contact, for touch, for love, for compassion, for humanity. I think that's what is really clever with Heather's script as well, that it's not just your typical kind of disabled film, she's seen as the great heroine and everything's kind of rosy, we see her dark and light side, we see John's character Eddie, we see his dark and light side and we see M's dark and light side. That Heather's character is just as manipulative, just as emotional, just as lonely, just as frail, just as nasty, that she too has a personality and a sexuality in the same way as all of us do. We

should be watching the film and going, this is a film about people, and the handling of people, and the handling of people's bodies. Everybody's bodies, not just a person with a disability. But on that journey as well, our eyes are opened. I thought I was liberal minded, I thought my eyes were open to the world, I had this great upbringing in a huge family, very Christian-indoctrinated, nice colleges, I thought I'm university educated up at Flinders University in a very feminist kind of right-on drama situation, I thought I knew. I've done a lot of knife-edge, ground breaking theatre in Adelaide, I've done so many Daniel Keene plays that it's broken down taboo after taboo after taboo. I thought really well not that I knew it all but that I knew a bloody lot. Until I met Rose and did this film and went, 'you know jack shit'. This is part of the reason we have this

film, for the same reaction you had: the same reaction that's happening in so many people around the world who've seen this film. They're going, wow, why am I shocked by this or I am shocked by this or why

can't I watch this or why should this be any more of a problem or why should this be any more of a problem than the billions of gratuitous sex scenes that we see alternatively in American films and other films, why should this be any more disturbing? But we are disturbed by it. It's partly because it is a first. What Heather's doing is saying, look at me, not as the handicapped chick in a wheelchair, but as a person absolutely in my own right. I am an entity. I am a spirited, indomitable, indefatigable person who will not be held back by anything. If there's any message in it, it's not just that people with a disability can do anything but that people can do anything. Unfortunately at the end of the film I think the only one who hasn't travelled is my character M. She's back exactly where she started, she's stuck in that cycle of despair and she'll never get out of it. Ignorance is a sad sad thing sometimes, knowledge is a great weapon. But like I said, I thought I had a lot of knowledge until I met Heather Rose. She's remarkable, she's extraordinary.

CB: Do you know how long it took Heather and Bridgette to write the script?

JK: It took about 18 months to write the script proper, the time frame you see Heather writing in with the film is not



attributed a time frame, it's that slow. Some days are better than others, some days her tremors are worse or better. When she's anxious she finds it a lot harder to control her hand. Heather has taught herself to communicate to the world, a great struggle at great odds, she forces herself to get that message across. Writing the film is all the more remarkable when you think about that - she didn't just sit at her typewriter, hammering away night after night, to put a letter down involves a great deal of concentration and focus, let alone your artistic level. Her and Fred spent quite a lot of time working together and looking at the first and second draft before Rolf (de Heer) was involved in the third draft. As you would know, the film has now been nominated for best original screenplay in the AFI's, so there's four on the shortlist or half a dozen, with Heather and Fred and Rolf up there, so that's quite extraordinary. Especially when you think what she's struggled against. I mean it's hard enough to make a film, as a film maker, let alone be a woman, let alone be an Australian woman, let alone be an Australian working class woman with very little funds available to you, and on top of that have a severe level of disability. And then still write the film and then

star in it and then have the film tour the world and receive prizes and accolades everywhere. It's extraordinary.

CB: It must have given her a big boost.

JK: This has given all of us a big boost. Not just Heather, everyone has been implicated in this adventure of this filmmaking journey, has been touched and challenged and changed. I know personally I am not the same person as the person I was when I accepted this film role. I can't begin to describe the impact of working with Heather and Rolf and John and working on the film and travelling to Cannes. In particular working with Heather. I have positively humbled in her presence, and also pushed to strive. Climb one mountain, not high enough, that's what she says. Climb one mountain, not high enough, next mountain. What a remarkable person. Her days on the set when I'd be really losing confidence, she'd do this little sign where she'd just put two fingers up by her eyes, and it was I've got two words for you, two words only: go girl. Here's me, and I've been a veteran of the industry, working at 17, and I didn't get my first feature until I was in my thirties which was *Shine*, late twenties, and then this one, and I've got this amazing character saying two words: go girl, go girl, I'm with you, I'm thinking of you, I know this is hard for all of us. And it was hard for all of us. She's so selfless, to find those moments to be alive. We went away and my mum gave her a business card, and said 'This is John and I's home phone number and

Joey Kennedy

our mobile. If Joey gets in trouble ring this number. Heather showed it to me when we got to France and I went, "What!". Mum didn't say, "Here's my number, if Heather gets into trouble, call me", she slips the business card to Heather, like I know who the sensible rational one is here. If Joey ends up in the Bastille, call us. I can't tell you what a beautiful sense of victory that gave Heather as well. It's funny, it goes around and around in the world, empowerment and disempowerment, and who's empowered by whom, and Heather has empowered herself and all of us enormously in the making of this film. I think if you spoke to anyone who was involved in this they'd say the same sorts of things as me, we're different people now.

CB: I have to say that I think that one of the best things about this film is that it's South Australian produced.

JK: It has a cross-section of cast, but primarily your writers, your director, the bulk of your cast, and your crew, are South Australians. And if you can make a low-budget film that is pitched against the top films in the world, with a budget that is like one percent of their budgets... we made this film for what is the average press budget of an American film. We made the film for less than the party for *Blues Brothers*. That's how polarised the world is. I went to a party in Cannes that cost more for one night than the entire budget of my film. Therein the problem lies. What a remarkable thing to do, not just to make the film, but to make the film on that budget out of South Australia and have it pitched against the so-called best films in the world. That's extraordinary. That's achievement. We didn't bring home an award from Cannes, as yet we're yet to receive an AFI, but we've been nominated for so many things and we've had so many second prizes that just going to Cannes is a prize in itself.

CB: Just getting selected.

JK: If you think of the industry like the Olympics, it's very rare that you bring home a gold or a silver. But to go and represent your country is an achievement in itself. I feel like Heather Rose got into the Olympics for filmmaking. And we didn't bring home the gold or silver from Cannes but we went to the equivalent of the Olympics in my industry. That's a trophy in itself. That's saying we were up there, we were alongside the so-called best. We rocked the boat. And you can't ask to do much more with a film than that. Except maybe open the eyes of the world. That'll be next.

CB: Well, this will definitely open a few eyes.

JK: We were talking before about responses, that people have such mixed responses. I'm finding that quite a few people are finding it very difficult to speak to me afterwards. I saw a Rundle

Street shop owner on Saturday night who said, "I can't talk to you now. I just saw the film. I can't talk to you now. I'll talk to you in a few days". It's not easy being mean.

CB: One thing I find so interesting is that people have trouble distinguishing between actors and characters. Did you get that with *Shine* or with this one?

JK: No, with this one. I have occasionally with plays, some interesting feedback, but this is the one which has most brought it home. I think she's a shocking character and people are finding it hard to come up to me afterwards and just have a cup of coffee or a scotch and act normally. It's as if people think to do those things you must have a touch of the madness in you, or you must be a bitch to play a bitch. It's not necessarily true because I've played ghosts and prostitutes and punks before and I've never been dead or a prostitute or a punk.

It's like, where do you draw the line? This one more so than ever, I've had people come up to me threatening to hit me, saying they've got a good eye to give me a hiding, they'll hiss every time they see my



face on screen from here on in, that I've created Australia's first screen villainess, that it's about time Australia had a bitch in cinema, that the Americans have got the bitches and it's about time we produced one. It's a mixture of dark and light, praise and criticism. This is quite extraordinary. The closest I came was one of the carers nearly floored me after one of the first screenings. She said she knew very well that I was acting but she was so impacted by my performance and Heather's performance that she just wanted to smack me. She said I know you were acting but I still can't step away... what is so disturbing is that she said I know this happens and that's why. But that's the first time ever I've come out of a performance and had someone want to floor me afterwards. Not quite sure how to take that.

CB: It must have been really emotionally draining for you to do those scenes, and for Heather.

JK: I think very emotionally draining for both of us, I think people would be idiots to assume you could shoot scenes like we've shot and then knock off, have a beer and forget about it. We had quite a winding down process and quite a warming up process, where Heather and I got very close to each other, spent a lot

of time talking, touching, feeling safe with each other, trading stories, sharing histories so that we knew and we were safe and trusted each other before we began. It still didn't make the shooting of the scenes any easier, they were actually excruciatingly difficult on some days. The first time I had to be violent with Heather it was quite apparent that I was pulling my punches. Rolf and Heather both spoke to me after the first take and said, go for it. Heather said, I wrote the script. I chose to play this character, treat me like an actor and it was probably a big hurdle for me, and it was her way of saying you are discriminating against me by not seeing this through. If this was another actress who you worked with on stage you wouldn't be holding back. It was quite a lecture. I thought, you're so right. You did write this film and you are being paid and you are an actress and why am I protecting

you? Then she provoked me during the scene as well very much quite deliberately so and we got quite a powerful scene. Rolf also took me to the side and said, it looks like you're holding back. I said, I am holding back, this girl is tiny, she's

beautiful, I love her dearly and she's in a wheelchair. Somebody else step out here and slap her and tell me it's easy because it isn't, it's very difficult and very emotionally charged. Rolf said, I have two words only: caution and courage, and Heather said go girl. And I went girl. The film is the proof of the pudding. Now we just both need another gig, that's what we're looking for. Heather Rose, quite a character, looking for anything, she wants to play the villain next. I'm going to play the innocent.

CB: You're writing a script at the moment; theatre, film?

JK: For film. I won't go into detail but I'm trying to rework a novella that I read couple of years ago. I'm quite a believer in fate, and somebody put a novel in my hands, some extraordinary camp man in an underground bookshop in Coober Pedy came up to me and said, I think you'll like this. And he was right. I was reading it and I was so moved and I went wow someone should make a film out of this and I kept talking about it and my friends went well, go on. I'm in the process right now of trying very much to get a script up off the ground. I'm also collaborating on another script with some of the people that worked on

Dance Me To My Song, one of the producers and one of the other writers Frederick Stahl, we're all co-working on a television script for SBS. I'm writing a lot of music, I was writing as well as performing for a long time. Actually, Heather and her courage and her ability to say, if you sit around on a couch waiting for life to happen, that's exactly what you're doing, sitting around on the couch, waiting. Get out and make it happen. I was a bit of a make-it-happen girl before Heather but now there's nothing stopping me. I have got more fingers in more pies than you could believe, and that's partly the energy she's generated in me. The belief, perhaps, you have to have faith in yourself and your ideas, and that the network of people around you and the cosmos will take care of it if you put it out there and go for it. But nothing comes to you if you sit back and wait.

CB: People like Heather really put life in perspective, you'll be whinging and moaning about stuff and you see someone like Heather and think, what the hell was I complaining about?

JK: Exactly! Actors go, oh my life is so hard, oh I'm out of work, every day's a struggle, every audition's a struggle, every job's a struggle, we complain when we're working, we complain when we're not working. Then you meet someone like Heather who to type a message is a struggle, to say hello to me, to give me information may take minutes, whereas I can speak faster than most people can move and I just think wow this is a humbling experience. I thought my life was tough. This is not to patronise her in any way shape or form but you're right, it's the big picture, it's perspective. Also, that you stop making excuses for yourself. You stop saying, "I couldn't do that, I couldn't do that -"

CB: How the bloody hell do you know unless you go out and do it?

JK: Heather had never written a film before this and now she's written a film that's being played around the world at the moment. Which is in itself an enormous achievement let alone an enormous achievement for someone who is unable to communicate without a voice synthesiser or move without a wheelchair. It's extraordinary, the journey she's taking us on, and it isn't over yet, it's far from over. It's just the beginning.

CB: Thanks.

JK: Thank you.

Dance Me To My Song is now showing at Palace Eastend Cinemas.

On the Trail of Sheep bums, or not

Murray Fahey is the talent and the muscle behind the new Australian film *Dags*. Murray wrote/directed/produced/starred in *Dags*, an independant Australian film recoreded in a record 9 1/2 days in Sydney. Murray recently called us up to flog his film, so we gave him the third degree.

dag¹ / dæg / n. & v. Aust. colloq. • (usu. in pl.) a lock of wool clotted with dung on the hinder parts of a sheep; such a lump cut from a sheep.

OD: So, Murray, why a film about sheep shit?

MF: Actually, you see, it's not about sheep shit. It's about an Australian way of life.

dag² / dæg / n. Aust. colloq. • 1 a person who is eccentric but entertainingly so; a character. 2. a person who is conservative, unfashionable, behind the times.

OD: Oh, so, not about sheep shit?

MF: No. Not at all. More about the traditional Australian national pastime of being

daggy. We celebrate dags. Dags aren't upper or lower class, they're in a class of their own. Dags are cool! Dags think a big night out is getting take away.

O h ,
r i g h t .

Dags is, in fact, an independent Australian re-lease produced by Murray Fahey almost entirely on

his own (the catchphrase is "Murray Fahey mortgaged his mother's house twice to finish the film!"). He shot the film on a shoestring budget over a shoot of only nine and a half days, with a cast of mostly unknown Australian actors (the most noteworthy being Tanya Bulmer, a regular on Good News Week, and Recovery's Enforcer). Murray is now bus-

ily struggling to get the film. It has enjoyed a successful run in Canberra ("We made \$300 less than Lethal Weapon 4! Of course, Lethal Weapon was in its fourth week.") which has



contributed towards the cost of getting the film screened in Adelaide. Hopefully, Murray says, the Adelaide season will pay for a season in Melbourne or Sydney.

Dags celebrates the reknowned daggy Australian lifestyle in all its glory. It runs in semi-documentary style, with renowned anthropologist Sir Richard Cranium offering

running commentary on the dag lifestyle. David Attenbrough was originally going to fill the role but was too busy during his trip to Australia to fit in any shooting. The plot is rather mundane: Kevin, who works in a video store, aspires to fame through the unusual method of conspiring with his best friend Trevor to rob him every night so that he can get into the Guinness Book of Records as the world's most robbed shop attendant. One night, Trevor bungles the robbery and ends up kidnapping Cheryl. Kevin, of course, rescues her, and the two fall in love. This pleases Cheryl's mum no end, and a daggy shotgun wedding follows not far behind.

A light-hearted Australian comedy without a message, *Dags* is the ultimate in, well, being daggy. Its Adelaide season begins at Academy Cinema City on November 12.

Chris Slape

To keep you up to date with the movies coming out over the holidays, I have put together a list of up and coming movies.

Things to Come

Wallis have a few cool films coming out soon, in fact, one film that a lot of people have been waiting for opens this week. *The Avengers* opens on Nov. 5 with Uma Thurman and Ralph Fiennes saving the world from an evil Sean Connery. The week after *54* is released on Nov. 12. It is about the night club Studio 54 that was the club to be in, in the late 70s early 80s, and all the sex, drugs and music that went along with it. Nov. 26 sees the release of *Occasional Course Language*, an Australian film about twenty-somethings with a really cool soundtrack including The Living End, Spiderbait, Jebediah and Grinspoon. *Practical Magic*



with Nicole Kidman and Sandra Bullock as witches is released on Dec. 3.

Palace Eastend Cinemas have a few films coming up which look pretty good. Neil Jordan's (The Crying Game) *The Butcher Boy* opens Nov 12 and with Sinead O'Connor as the Virgin Mary how could you not see this film. The much

publicised film *Kurt and Courtney* opens on Nov. 19. I'm sure you have all heard about how Courtney Love tried to stop this film from being released. Now we can see why. Dec. 17 sees the release of the UK romantic comedy/drama, *If Only* and then *La Vita Bella* (Life



is Beautiful) on Boxing Day (Dec. 26).

Cinema Nova will finally be releasing *Gadjo Dilo* on Nov. 19. This film about Romanian Gypsies has been doing really well in the eastern states and due to the small number of prints, its release date here was postponed.

Homegrown, *Henry Fool* and *Perdita Duranga* will all be released soon but check out the reviews section for info, on them and Luc Besson's Baraka type film *Atlantis* will be released Dec. 10. Remember way back at the beginning of the year when we had the two festivals here and Cinema Nova had *The*



Blue Grassy Knoll playing live to a Buster Keaton film. Well they will return in January to accompany his film *Sherlock Junior*.

The Trak Cinema will be show a gem for one week only beginning on Nov. 19. Volker Schlöndorff's *The Tin Drum* (based on the Gunter Grass novel) has been re-issued for

its 20th anniversary. IMAX will be releasing *The IMAX Nutcracker* for Christmas and then *T-Rex* probably in the new year. Both films are in 3D.

Happy viewing!
Chris Bolland, Film Sub-editor.



Annie Hall (1977)
Dir. Woody Allen

Screening this Thursday, November 5th at 7pm in the Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building. Also screening is short film *Sundae in New York*. Film Society members FREE, non-members \$3 (to join).

Woody Allen's Multi-Oscar-winning film, *Annie Hall* is still one of his best. Allen himself plays the lead role (as he does so often), the neurotic Alvy Singer who meets the similarly neurotic Annie Hall at a tennis club in his be-

All the way from the UK.

loved New York. The two start an awkward and unstable relationship, during which Woody introduces Annie to one of his life's main interests; therapy. The story of their relationship is told in a series of flashbacks, narrated by Alvy, with cleverly devised



cinematic techniques revealing the innermost thoughts of the characters. The film is in the classic Allen style. Allen wrote it, directed it and stars in it, and it does appear to be semi-autobiographical, which seems to be inevita-

ble in his film-making. The Alvy character really is neurotic, just like all Allen's other characters. Diane Keaton won an Oscar for her role as Annie Hall, and she is excellent as Annie: easily able to keep up with Woody Allen on screen. The dialogue is witty, and so is the visual form. It can take some effort to get used to Allen's film style, but he is one of the few auteurs left in world cinema. Given Woody Allen's enormous output over the years it can be difficult to know where to start. *Annie Hall* is a great first step.

Helen Chandler

Cool Films

There were many good films that came out this year. These are just few we came up with and are in no particular order.

Bloody Brilliant Films

The Big Lebowski
The Truman Show
Kundun
The X-Files
Shooting Fish
Deconstructing Harry
The Wings of the Dove
Dance Me To My Song
Live Flesh
The Sweet Hereafter

Worthy of a mention:

As Good As It Gets
The Tango Lesson
Elizabeth
Funny Games
The Boys
Stella Does Tricks

Crap Films

There have been a few crap films this year and, as with the good films, we make no judgement as to which deserves the grand title of "Most Exulted Crapness".

Crap Films

The Postman
Godzilla
There's Something About Mary
Deep Rising
Species II
Total Eclipse
Kissing A Fool
Firestorm
Leave It To Beaver
The Edge

Worthy of a mention:

Great Expectations
Armageddon
Soul Food

I would like to thank my family, my friends, my budgie Roger.... (think Oscars, baby!)

On Dit couldn't have happened this year without the help of a lot of people. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the people who contributed to the film section; it's been great, kids. I would also like to thank the following people for arranging interviews and giveaways as well as review screenings of films. We couldn't have done it without you. On behalf of *On Dit* and myself, thanks a million to:

The fabulous Angela, Neil and Valérie (wherever she now is in France) at Neil Ward Publicity.

Claire and all the super cool gang at Palace Eastend Cinemas.

The wonderful Cecillia, Wendy and Paul at Wallis.

The ever charming Diana at Cinema Nova.

Hermine at Nova before Diana and then at IMAX.

John Cronin for 20th Century Fox and Columbia Tristar.

Kathryn McGowan for United International Pictures.

Anna O'Connor at The Workshop.

Adele and Ruth at the Media Resource Centre.

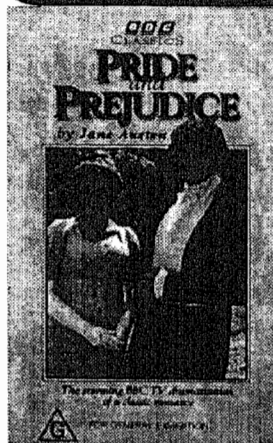
If I have forgotten anyone, sorry, and thank you.

Chris Bolland, Film Sub-editor.

Giveaways

This week we have two sets of giveaways. The first is for *Lock Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*. We have 10 double inseason passes thanks to Neil Ward Publicity. The second film is *Henry Fool*, for which we have 5 doubles to the opening night on Thursday, November 19, thanks to Diana at Cinema Nova. If you want one, then bring your name and phone number down to the *On Dit* office by 1pm Wednesday for our final draw. If you miss out on a *Henry Fool* pass then check out the *Unitbooks* competition that starts in about a week. Remember kids, this is your last chance to win something from *On Dit*.

The Final Giveaway



So this is the end and I have two copies of the double video pack of the brilliant British television series *Pride and Prejudice*. Based on the Jane Austen novel, this critically acclaimed series has been an ABC shop best seller. All you have to do to win a copy is write your name and details on a piece of paper with one good reason why you read the video page. The two most flattering, and I repeat FLATTERING, entries will get a copy. If you can't think of anything you can buy the videos from any good video retailer for \$49.95.

Cheers and Good Luck
Esther

November Releases

The Wedding Singer

(1998), Director: Frank Coraci

Adam Sandler, Drew Barrymore, Some Really Bad Haircuts.

Roadshow Entertainment

It's simple story, tried and true: Girl dumps boy at the altar, boy gets depressed, boy meets new girl, falls in love, new girl is already engaged, girl makes decision, first girl comes back, boy loses new girl, but wins her back through the 'healing power of song'. Now how many times have we seen that one, eh, girls and boys?

Thing is, though, thanks to a clever and funny script, excellent performances from the two leads, and the terrifyingly strong power of nostalgia, *The Wedding Singer* really works. It's a light, enjoyable film, not too demanding, with some extremely funny moments (Sandler's 'love' song comes to mind), and, for anyone over the age of twelve in the mid-80s, plenty of cringey "Oh my God, did we really look/act like that?" moments.

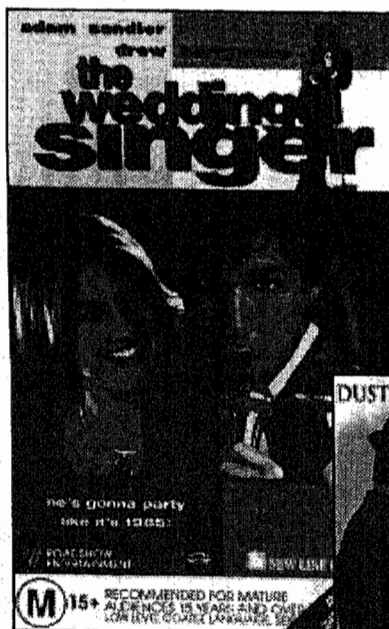
There are some great cameo performances, too, including Billy Idol as himself acting as a cupid figure, and terrific uncredited spots from Steve "Indie God! Best Thing in *Armageddon*"

Buscemi as a drunken, pissed-off wedding guest, and Jon "Comedy God" Lovitz as a rival wedding singer.

If you're one of the two or three people who missed this at the cinema, rent it out, get some pizza, 'mullet' your hair, and have fun.

And thank god I'm not the only person who remembers *A Flock of Seagulls*...

Gerard van Rysbergen



Wag the Dog

(1998), Director: Barry Levinson

Robert DeNiro, Dustin Hoffman, Anne Heche.

Roadshow Entertainment

Even before the Clinton/Lewinsky scandal blew up into the disproportionate monster it appears to have become of late, it seems some of Hollywood's more perceptive film-makers recognised prime material when they saw it. First there was the thinly-disguised but extremely clever and funny Travolta-as-Clinton flick *Primary*

Colours, and now we have Barry Levinson's second film this year (the other being the execrable *Sphere*), a clever, unflinchingly cynical political black comedy starring his favourite man Hoffman, the always-busy "I'm in everything, me" thesp DeNiro, and rising star Heche. Together, the three deliver a powerhouse performance, barely off-screen for more than a few seconds.

The entire film centres around the trio's attempts to cover up a Presidential sex scandal just weeks before an election, and the tight focus upon these characters

and their actions reduces the rest of the cast to nothing more than elevated cameos. But what terrific cameos - Denis Leary as The Fad King ("Shoes, shoes"), Willie Nelson, whose "We Are The World" borrowing campaign song is a highlight of the film, William H Macy as a hard-bitten CIA man, and of course Woody Harrelson as the unfortunately deranged Private Schumann - the fictional hero of a fiction war with Albania. His final moments are a treat.

Although sometimes a little too clever for its own good, *Wag the Dog* is a highly entertaining, blackly hilarious 90 minutes, with a premise that is just too worryingly believable.

What B3 bomber?...

Gerard van Rysbergen



Deconstructing Harry

(1997). Director: Woody Allen
 Woody Allen, Demi Moore,
 Elisabeth Shue, Robin Williams,
 Judy Davis, Julia Lois-Dreyfus, Billy
 Crystal.

Allen's latest film is one of his best of recent years, and returns to the blacker comedy of his earlier work. As with most Allen films, it is full of familiar faces such as Julia Louis-Dreyfus, Demi Moore, Kirstie Alley and Billy Crystal. However, the brilliant script and the depiction of the characters themselves ensures that rather than another self congratulatory Hollywood cameo film, this one remains clever, sassy and highly entertaining throughout.

Welcome to the world of Harry Block, a New York based writer whose neuroses and egotism have lead to having a string of ex shrinks and ex wives. None of them are on terribly good terms with him either, as the main body of his work is thinly veiled retellings of happenings that they have been involved in.

He is a spiritually bankrupt person, described by his devoutly Jewish sister as 'having no values, your whole life is nihilism, cynicism, sarcasm and orgasm'. He is one of Allen's least sympathetic characters of recent years, yet there is still something intrinsically humorous in his situation which he himself tried to milk at all times. We join Harry on a typical few days, as he is preparing to go to his old university (who expelled him at the time) to be honoured. Along the way we meet a selection of exes and

friends of Harry's and see the events of the past and then stories written about them being replayed.

The stories are depicted by the characters in Block's work while the accusations and memories are mentioned by the characters in the film; meaning most characters are played by two people. While a clever technique and original idea, it does make things a little confusing early on. However, as the characters themselves begin to take on parts in Block's life, much like in a fairy tale it becomes easier to understand.

This is only one of the unusual techniques that he employs. The direction itself is rather disjointed at times, much in the style of a documentary interview and he makes good use of jump cuts, particularly at the beginning. Being a Woody Allen film he also makes many references to other films, including 'The Seventh Seal', 'Hannah and her sisters' and a quite hilarious 'Star Wars' barmitzvar. There is also a great depiction of hell with Billy Crystal as the Devil.



The whole film is a case of

Schadenfreude - getting amusement out of watching others' misfortune yet Allen's delight in describing these scenes is so infectious it is difficult not to only see the humour. The dialogue is also brilliant; sizzling with the classic one-liners that are Allen's trademark. Overall, it is a very satisfying film, providing all the classic Allen elements and proving that even in his 60s he is as sharp as ever, and showing no signs of mellowing.

Uncle Psychosis

Loved

(1998) Director: Erin Dignam
 William Hurt, Sean Penn
 Roadshow Entertainment

This movie is a suspense/thriller, or at least that's what it said on the cover. It's a movie that I found less than gripping, but the idea was good. It may have been a better film if it had been eighty minutes long instead of a hundred minutes long. There was a feeling of the story not quite taking off, and to be honest, I can't remember much of it.

Anyway the story involves a woman who jumps out in front of her boyfriend's car and goes through the court system to bring him to justice. As it turns out she is not the only woman to have been physically hurt by him. He seems to make a habit of it. I found the flashbacks more confusing than intriguing, and the movie as a whole to be rather vague.

The acting was good and the idea for the story-line was good, but the film just didn't come together as far as I am concerned. The issue of violence in relationships is dealt with during this film as well as family issues between mother and daughters, and between sisters. The fine line between interfering in a daughter's or younger sister's life and being supportive and caring is explored. This is a film that requires the audience to actively watch and think, rather than a film that leaps out and grabs you by the throat.

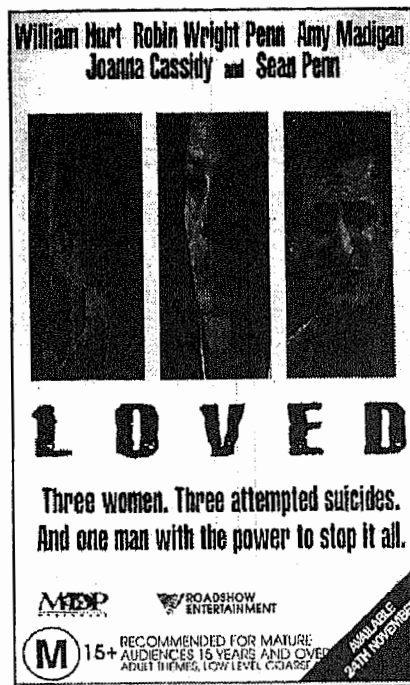
Polly

What's Up?

Also coming out over November is the Bruce Willis driven film *Mercury Rising*. Bruce is a renegade FBI agent who finds that a nine year old autistic boy who has

broken MERCURY, the latest and most advanced encryption code. Rated M15+ it is a hard-core action adventure. *The Midas Touch* is a children's fantasy adventure. Billy Bright has a run in with an old lady and then finds

that he has been given the Midas touch. He accidentally turns his grandmother into gold and then must save her from the bad guys who plan to melt her down into gold ingots! David Schwimmer's latest big screen movie is about to come out on video. *Kissing a Fool* sees David (Max in this film) asking his best friend to try and sleep with the woman he is about to marry to test their relationship. Needless to say, this is a Romantic Comedy.



A Big Thankyou (in Attic Bold)

I want to thank everyone who made the job of putting together the video page a little better. I would like to thank the Coopers family, but the truth of the matter is I have been so busy that I haven't had enough time to go to the Unibar much this year.

Thanks go to:

The Distributors: Belinda from Roadshow, thanks for all of the giveaways, good luck with everything (make mine vanilla!), Peggy from CIC, Kristen from Twentieth Century Fox, Lillie at Columbia TriStar and Alison and Danielle at Maria Farmer, Natalie at Twenty First Cen-

tury, Jonathan at Siren (love those films!). Thanks for all of the help, advice, patience, giveaways, and everything else that made video sub-editing a real pleasure.

The Reviewers: Carmel (you are a hard act to follow), Nadia (always ready to review, thanks), Belinda (thanks for all of those reviews, and on time too!), Tim (thanks), Gerard (you lifesaver you), Andrew, Chris (thanks), Juliet (thanks), Jocelyn (thanks), Simon (thanks), David (thanks), Cathy (thanks), Kathy (thanks), Helen (thanks to you over at Oxford), Anthony (you kick!), Alex (thanks for always calling me

back), Stephanie (thanks), Michael (thanks for the review, really really sorry about the typo ... oops!), Diana (you were a good pseudonym), Dave (the rude man of video reviews), Michael (keep up the excellent work), Bronwyn (you already know how excellent you are), Polly (thanks for everything), Auburn (thanks), Brandon (thanks), Eva (thanks for all the books and the review), Zane (sorry I didn't have more Jackie Chan's!), Susan (loved your work, thanks), Ian (thanks). And thanks to everyone else who helped, whose names escape me at the moment.

The Editors: Susie, Chris and Paul

- thanks for putting up with me missing deadlines (we won't mention them and I won't mention your review deadlines!), and all of my outrageously disgusting personal habits, you guys rock and you know it.

Extra-special thanks: Chris Bolland (the movie darling of *On Dit*) and John Dyer (the music guy, and also a darling). You guys made 1998 special and I mean that in a very good way.

Love you all

ESther
 1998 Video Sub-Editor

December Releases

Lost in Space.
(1998). Director: Steven Hopkins
Gary Oldman, William Hurt, Matt LeBlanc, Mimi Rogers
Roadshow Entertainment

Unlike a lot of people I think the original *Lost in Space* series is utter crap. The idea that after 30 years a shit program can somehow become cool is lost on me. *Lost in Space* was

crap when I was a kid, and the original still is.

The movie however is great. Yet again I appear to be at odds with others, and from what I can gather, most 'real' reviewers have taken a meat axe to this movie. Bad plot, special

effects for the sake of it, Matt LeBlanc, etc. Well, fuck 'em. I don't know much about movies, but I know what I like. And I like the *Lost in Space* movie. The basic plot is very similar to the original: the family trot out into space and are thwarted by the evil Dr Smith. There are no surprising subtexts, men do men's stuff, and women do women's stuff in the film. The one major change is the relationship between the family characters. There just isn't the same harmony that was in the original series. Young son is ignored by father, wife fights with husband, etc. Can you imagine Mrs Robinson fighting with Mr Robinson in the original?

Keep an eye on Penny. She has that great drugged waif look. And apart from slipping into *Friends* mode occasionally, the acting is well done. The one thing that did ruin my enjoyment is a found creature that they befriend; just like Gloop in the original. This time it was computer generated animation, not a chimp with pointy ears stuck on it. Bloody stupid in the original, ridiculous in the movie. If they left the creature out I would give it a 8.5/10. As it is it gets 7.5/10.

Michael Blackwell

Phantoms
1998, Director: Joe Chappelle
Ben Affleck, Peter O'Toole, Liev Schreiber
Roadshow Entertainment

Phantoms is really not a very good film. I have no prejudice against dodgy sci-fi thrillers, but there are good dodgy sci-fi thrillers and bad dodgy sci-fi thrillers, and Phantoms

is the latter.

Plot goes like this: Rose McGowan (*Scream*) and Joanna Going (who was in a *Seinfeld* episode but I can't remember which one) are sisters. Going is the older successful sister and McGowan the younger bitter one. The two go home for a visit, to a sleepy little tourist town somewhere in TourismUSA. They have the obligatory sisterly spat along the way but this is soon forgotten when they

notice that everyone in the town is dead. So they wander for a bit, checking all the baking ovens in case there's anyone alive inside, until they run into the cops (Affleck, Schreiber, among others). Together, with the help of world Phantom authority expert Peter O'Toole (who is quite funny, occasionally), they deduce that, surprise, it's Phantoms™ who are responsible for the dead town, and enact a clever plan to get rid of them. That's where the sci-fi comes in. I won't ruin any suspense by revealing what the Phantoms are. I didn't really understand it. But I know what I don't like, and this is it.

Chris Slape

Desperate Measures
(1998). Director: Barbeft Schroeder.
Michael Keaton, Andy Garcia
Roadshow Entertainment

Desperate Measures has a thin plot about a cop convincing a murderer, who is serving life, to donate bone marrow to the cop's son. The cop finds out, by breaking into an FBI database on donors, that the only compatible donor is the lifer (Michael Keaton). Keaton eventually agrees to donate bone marrow but only if he is allowed certain privileges reinstated. The state governor makes the prison chief give Keaton all he wants, but oh no, this is all just a plot by Keaton to escape! And that is the movie: Keaton being clever and getting out of a maximum security prison hospital. And to make his escape just that bit easier, the cop (Andy Garcia) helps him by making sure that the cops don't shoot him. A dead donor is no use to Garcia. Of course Garcia finally drags a battered Keating back to have his marrow sucked, and law 'n' order is restored. (Almost, but see the film for the ending.) Overall this is not a bad

movie, nor is it particularly good. Wait until it is out of the new release section, \$6 is too much for it. There were many holes in the film that defied suspension of disbelief, shoe laces in maximum security for one thing. Although they annoyed me, most people would not notice. It still is sloppy film making though.

One of the best things about the movie was the titles. They were excellent, the best I've seen for yonks. (I'm serious!) 6.5/10

Michael Blackwell

Mortal Kombat: Annihilation.
(1998). Director: John R. Leoneffi
Robin Shu, Talisa Soto, Brian Thompson
Roadshow Entertainment

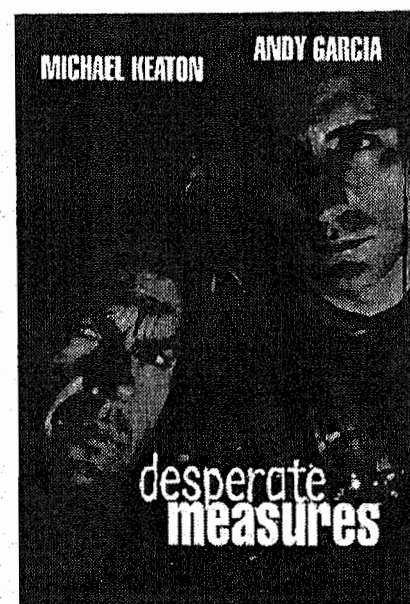
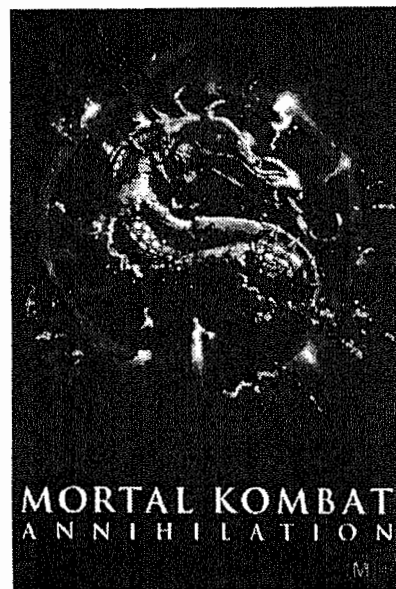
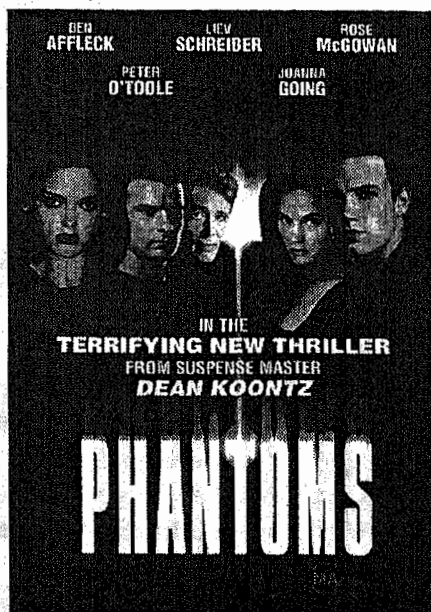
If you know what *Mortal Kombat* is, then you don't need a review. Basically to ensure peace from the 'other side', Earth sends its best warriors to do battle with the bad guys. This time

though, after *Mortal Kombat* the portal has been kept open.

The film has no redeeming story-line aspects. But who cares? Let's be real, this is a great kicking film for 12 year olds. And there are some great kicking scenes. This film was fair

to middling as far as visuals. Nothing spectacular, nothing too drab. Though the big mean looking critters could have had a greater part. Not much else to say about this film, I'm sure a review wont push anyone to get this film. You either want it, or you don't. 6/10 (8.5/10 if I was 12)

Michael Blackwell



The Gingerbread Man (1998). Director: Robert Altman. Kenneth Branagh, Embeth Davidts, Robert Downey Jr. Roadshow Entertainment

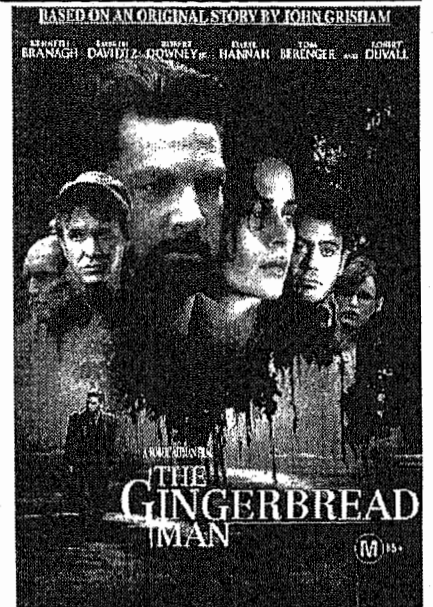
I am not a hard core movie freak. This either makes me naive or pig ignorant from a reviewing point of view. The one thing I suppose is that I won't go on too much about the background of any film I review. It is with this that I start my review of *Gingerbread Man* directed by Robert Altman. From what I can gather, Altman is a good director and people see films

because of his previous films. Well, I can't say I can remember any film by him, so I have no idea if *The Gingerbread Man* is indicative of his directing. If it is I wouldn't see a film purely because he is the director. This is a film about a lawyer who is set up, through a convoluted process, to kill a young woman's father. The story line is quite intriguing with a nice twist at the end. (If I tell you, it will ruin the film. And the twist is the only real interesting thing about the film.)

There is nothing striking at all about this film; good solid middle of the

road entertainment. *The Gingerbread Man* is apparently a book by John Grisham (*The Pelican Brief*, *The Client*, *The Firm*). Although his films are successful, I have a feeling that they are better as books. Some stories need the reader's imagination to work well, moving them to the screen makes the whole exercise too passive. If you like crime thrillers, then this is a great movie. The twist, though bordering on obvious, does make the whole thing enjoyable. 7/10

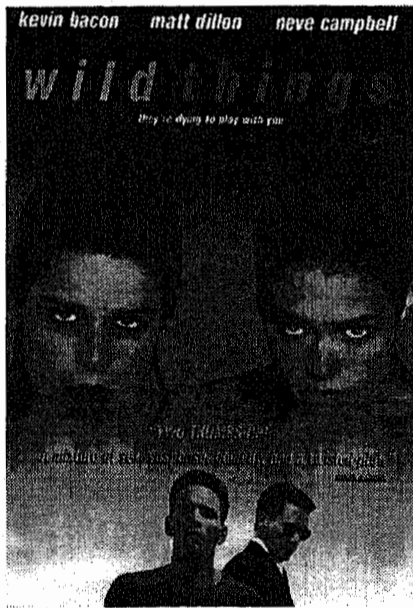
Michael Blackwell



January Releases

Wild Things 1998, Director: John McNaughton Matt Dillon, Neve Campbell, Kevin Bacon Denise Richards, Bill Murray, Theresa Russell. Roadshow Entertainment.

I bet you've heard at least something about *Wild Things*, whether it be the Neve with Denise, Denise with Matt, Matt with Neve sex scene, Kevin Bacon's full frontal or the fact that the soundtrack to this film is really cool. If you've heard nothing, here's a brief fill in to a great video movie. Matt plays Sam Lombardo, a guidance counselor and a bit of a playboy. Word gets out that he has raped Kelly Van Ryan (Richards), but it is only when "no nudity clause" Neve's character, Susie testifies that she too has been raped that the twists begin, and boy are there twists. Too many to count in fact, but who counts plot twists, anyway.



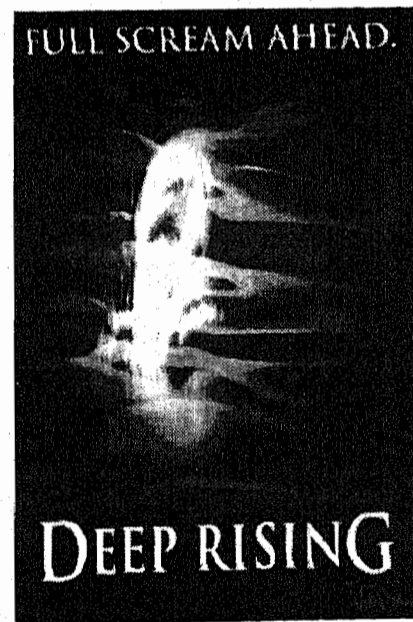
lot of members of the male community have expressed interest in certain aspects of the film, but that's another issue altogether. The acting, especially from the two female leads is good, given that there are a few awkward lines and the audiences believability in the script is at times tested. As I said, it's a good video flick because it needs lots of running commentary and generally people in cinema's don't appreciate that kind of behavior. What it really needs is a group of friends and a few drinks for the games to begin. As it says on the cover: They're dying to play with you. One last piece of advice: keep rolling the final credits because it is there and there only that you find out what really happened.

Belinda Schaefer.

Wild Things is fun. Interestingly, a

Deep Rising. (1998). Director: Stephen Sommers. Treat Williams, Famke Janssen, Anthony Heald, Kevin J. O'Connor and introducing a Big, Slimy Octopussy Thing. Roadshow Entertainment.

Near the beginning of *Deep Rising*, a passenger aboard "your fun ship: The Argonautica" which is unfortunately sinking, locks herself in the bathroom, sits on the loo and begins to scream hysterically. About three seconds later her whole body gets sucked down and the television screen turns red. It is at precisely this moment that we realise that *Deep Rising* is going to be a disaster. Writer and Director Stephen Sommers wants to be James Cameron. One second he's plagiarising the set and some sequences from *Titanic*, the next the creatures from



Aliens, and even some of *Terminator 2* pops up here as well. (His heroine runs around in the latter part of the film with a white singlet and a big gun, a la Linda Hamilton). Basically, "far below the South China Sea lies an underwater mountain range with canyons deep enough to hide the Himalayas, deeper than any man or machine has ever explored. Throughout the centuries, countless vessels have vanished into these waters without a trace". OK, now the lucky ones get to find out why. Creatures from underwater come on to these vessels and kill the passengers (who said there were no original ideas in Hollywood anymore). Besides the aforementioned toilet scene, some scenes that are especially memorable are when a creature

regurgitates one of the main characters who is creamy and grossly deformed, and when another main character says "that's not something you see every day" when encountering a ten foot monster with tentacles oozing slime and other stuff from the makeup room. *Deep Rising* is guns after cliché after deplorable acting after guns, more guns and the most unfortunate plot with the most unfavourable lines and the most annoying characters who all deserve to be eaten alive.

Belinda Schaefer.

Just wanted to mention ...

For all of those little Tarantino fans out there (like me) there is a tribute movie (well, or sorts) being released called *Plump Fiction*, release date: December 22nd. The blurb goes: Bring out the Gimp and everyone else who ever starred in a Quentin Tarantino film! From Fiction hitmen, to *Reservoir Nuns* and *Natural Blond Killers*, no-one is left unscathed in this hilarious take on the movies that took violence to new heights. Nothing is sacred: Even *The Piano*, *Forrest Gump*, *Clerks*, *Apollo 13* and *The Adventures of Priscilla: Queen of the Desert* get a going over (so to speak)! It's juicy, meaty - it's *Plump Fiction*. Got fat? Then get the Fiction. The Director's Mother says: "So much better than the original". I haven't seen it, but in lieu of no new Tarantino films, a good laugh (hopefully) is better than nothing. ES

AnDrEw 1's top albums of the 90's

Arab Strap *Philophobia Matador* (1998)

The best thing about Arab Strap is that they combine Will Oldham style music with alcohol and sex. But no rock and roll these two Scottish guys (with lotsa help from others) like to keep things nice and quiet. The worst thing about Arab Strap is the thick Scottish brogues thank heavens for the lyric booklet. **IMPORT ONLY**

Beastie Boys *Hello Nasty* (1998)

It was a choice between this and *Paul's Boutique* (their other "fun" record), and the choice was made somewhat easier when I found out that *Paul's Boutique* was released in 1989. Everything about this record brings to mind good times its just great fun. Its the sort of record where you just cant keep still while its own youve gotta shake your bootie!

Belle And Sebastian *If youre feeling sinister* (1997)

Possibly the most "perfect pop" record from a Scottish 7-piece, even though you could swear at times that theres only a boy and his guitar. Belle And Sebastian released this as their second record to hugely favourable reviews everywhere in the world. Their new record is pretty damn special too. **IMPORT ONLY**

Jeff Buckley *Grace* (1994)

Every once in while, there comes along an album that completely blows your generation, and generation upon generation after that, away. Along with Nirvana's *Nevermind*, Jeff Buckley's *Grace* is one such record pop music played so beautifully it amazes even the most perfect of musicians. I still vividly remember hearing Jeff's take on Leonard Cohen's 'Hallelujah' for the first time.

Girls Against Boys *House of GvsB* (1996)

Everyones always waxing lyrical about how "sexy" GvsB are well, that remains to be seen: their music, on the other hand, rocks like there's no tomorrow. This is the last album before the reinvention of their sound back in the halcyon days when they used a double bass attack to hammer their point home. Topped off with Scott McClouds Mark E. Smith-esque voice, GvsB are the complete rock package. **IMPORT ONLY**

June of 44 *Four Great Points* (1998)

Combining the stop-start strategy of Rodan with Codeines "thump" (for want of a better word), June of 44 take post-rock to a new level. Imagine Slint, but with Tortoise also heavily prominent. Yep, they're that good. This record (and, in traditional record sense, it has to be heard as a record not as individual songs) blew me away at the start of this year, and it continues to do so every time I listen to it. **IMPORT ONLY**

Radiohead *the Bends* (1995)

Radiohead *OK Computer* (1997)

Radiohead would have to be the band of the 1990s. Whilst I still think *Pablo Honey* only had about four or five good songs on it, every song on *the Bends* and *OK Computer* is great. I personally prefer *the Bends*, but then again, I am a child of the early 90s (rock out dude).

Regurgitator *Tu-Plang...Kon-Uauk* (1996)

I really thought, when they released *Tu-Plang*, that Regurgitator was going to be unconquered as the best Australian band of the 1990s. Everything about it screamed "now!". Whilst I quite like Unit, it just doesnt get close to the eclecticism of *Tu-Plang*, which is like melding Red Hot Chilli Peppers with Public Enemy and then adding irony and a good dose of pop sensibilities. Great artwork too.

Rodan *rusty* (1994)

Taking up the stop-start mantle where Slint left off in 1989, then further expanding and reprocessing it, Rodan only ever released this one album. But what an album it just gets better and better every time you listen to it. An absolute essential album for any self-respecting trainspotting shoe-gazer, not only because the members went on to be in June of 44, Sonora Pine and Rachels, but because its just **BRILLIANT. IMPORT ONLY**

Sloan *Navy Blues* (1998)

Only introduced to me by JD this year, it was very hard not to include *Twice Removed* in here as well, but *Navy Blues* won out because it uses piano. Im a sucker for a band that uses piano as much as guitars which Sloan do on *Navy Blues*. Every song is a winner, but I especially love 'Chester The Molester' a song about a guy trying to get laid, but he's too pathetic. File next to Teenage Fanclub. **IMPORT ONLY**

Smashing Pumpkins *Siamese Dream* (1993)

It's funny that this album seemed to legitimize the whole re-emergence of 70s guitar rawk, because only 3 songs (the singles somewhat unsurprisingly) really fit into that mould. My faves are all the more "weirder" tracks that dont fit into that sorta 70s rawk vibe. The only reason that this is as good as it is because, according to rumour, Billy Corgan played every instrument.

Elliot Smith *XO* (1998)

I didnt know whether to put in *XO*, Elliot Smiths record - from this year, or his break-through *Either/Or* of a few years ago I ended up pumping for *XO* for two reasons: its released in Australia, and it has lots of piano on it lilting piano that just makes you want to listen in ever more intently. I think Elliot Smith will, eventually, be recognized as one of the greatest ever singer/songwriters.

Sunny Day Real Estate *Diary* (1992)

Sunny Day Real Estate *LP2* (1994)

Sunny Day Real Estate *How it feels to be Something* (1998)

Sunny Day Real Estate basically invented emo music by borrowing Slint-style stop-start methodology and then adding some louder, rockier edges to it. *Diary* is in here because it is angry emo, and *LP2* (aka "Sunny Day Real Estate" or "Pink Record") was after Jeremy Engik (lead singer and guitarist) found God, which in turn led to Splittsville for SDRE. Recently reformed, their new album *How it feels to be Something* on sounds like they never went away in the first place. **ALL THREE IMPORT ONLY**

Teenage Fanclub *Grand Prix* (1995)

Every song on *Grand Prix* is pop music at its greatest heights. Another brilliant Scottish band, this is, somewhat strangely, the only Fanclub album I have on CD its just so much better than their other work (I hear screams of Bandwagonesque in the distance) more melodic, more mournful, more breath-taking. What an album.

You Am I *Hi Fi Way* (1994)

You Am I *Hourly, Daily* (1996)

"Back in the days", lil Timmy Rogers could pen a damn fine pop tune. Both these rekurds show how good a songwriter Tim is both these albums have left indelible impressions upon recent Australian bands to appear since then many of them unafraid to quote You Am I as inspiration.

Nirvana *Nevermind* (1991)

Nirvana *MTV Unplugged in New York* (1994)

Oh c'mon. Like they were ever NOT going to be in here.

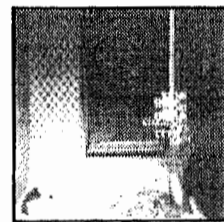


Ash
Nu-Clear Sounds
(Infectious/Mushroom)

Greg from Uni Records tells me that nobody is buying this record. Why the hell not? Its great! Its not as pop as 1977, their debut record from 1996, but its so much better. Everything about it screams "rock n roll". And I love it. Its great. Buy it. Support Ash. They rock!! But seriously, this record is one of the better rock n roll records of 1998. While it doesnt start of with hi-speed vomiting like 1977, it is a better album. "Projects", the lead track just screams along at about 120km/h. so does first single "Jesus Says", which features the best "whoohoos" in a song, that it even manages to be an equal rival to blurs "Song 2". "Death Trip 21" features scratchings courtesy of Dick Kurtaine, and its possibly even a faster track than "Projects". In fact, Ash have decided to use lots and lots of DJ influences, and like so many Brit bands (theyd hate that theyre Irish) it really suits them.

Unfortunately, Ash only know two speeds super, super fast and super, super slow. Whilst the ballads, such as "Low Ebb", "Folk Song", "Aphrodite" and "Im Gonna Fall" are all very nice, they lack the sonic punch that is provided by tracks like "Projects", "Jesus Says" or "Numbskull". As if you couldnt tell, I love this. Ash rock!!

AnDrEw 1



the goo goo dolls
dizzy up the girl
(Third Rail Records/Festival)

There are very, very few rock and roll bands left in the world. I hear a lot of you saying "thank god for that", but for me, rock and roll is like bread and butter - you grow up on it, and it never ever seems to go out of fashion. Pearl Jam are a truly great rock band now theyve lost the whole Seattle thing, and theyre all the better for it. Goo Goo Dolls used to sound like proto-punks the Replacements, but they too are now going for a more "rawk" sound.

This has both its high and low points. I personally think that "Iris", from the City of Angels soundtrack, is an okay little ditty - certainly its better than the Matchbox 20 crap that seems to pass for rock and roll these days. And its okay - not as good as "Name", the song from 1996 that catapulted them to worldwide fame and fortune, but not bad anyway. (For some strange reason, "Name" is actually included on this record, as is "Slave Girl". Methinks this something to do with the fact that distribution in Australia has been changed >from Warners to Festival.) The bad comes in the form of ditties like "Amigone" and "Full Forever" - both Robby Takac (the bass player) contributions. Compared to John Rezniks (the guitarist) tunes, they are pale imitations of the Replacements glory. This is not to say that John Reznik is a master songwriter - he is not, but he is a talented one. Each of his songs (and he is the main contributor) contain a certain style of their own - and they are polished to perfection.

That could be said to be the weakest link in *dizzy up the girl* - the production levels are far too high. Whilst every song tends to "rock on", some of this rock is mis-placed because the production is just so perfect. When the songs are not utterly brilliant, a bit of dirt in the mix never goes astray. Somewhat unfortunately, Goo Goo Dolls disagree.

AnDrEw 1



Royal Crown Revue
The Contender
Warner

Now, I'd like to tell you about a thing called 'the bandwagon'. 'The bandwagon' is a metaphor for something hip and trendy that everyone wants a piece of, and to 'jump on the bandwagon' means to do that thing that is so hip and trendy simply because it is hip and trendy and will possibly make one, therefore, hip and trendy. But for a bandwagon to exist, there must be a proponent, one who affirms to those that so wish to be hip and trendy that "This is hip and trendy."

If you haven't noticed, swing is making a quiet, ever so quiet revival. Not quiet because it isn't a big thing, but quiet because true swinging cats like to be quiet about being ultra-cool. That's how they get to be ultra-cool. Royal Crown Revue are true swinging cats, and they may just be about to create a bandwagon. *The Contender* has the message to those who are ready to listen and accept it, swing is hip and trendy.

At this point I must make a small observation. You see, many reviewers have a bit of trouble defining Royal Crown Revue's style. I call it swing, because, well, that's what it is. That and the fact that when you open the CD liner the words "Swing! Dance! & Duck" nearly hit you in the face. If they're game to say it, so am I.

And the songs themselves? At first listen I could have sworn I'd heard some of these tunes before. After consulting the writing credits, I discovered that I probably had, since four of the tracks are true swingers from the 30s to the 50s. It's a fair indication of the band's skill that not only do they perform the classics with sincerity and style, but these tunes blend in beautifully with the band's originals. Highlights: 'Zip Gun Bop' - a gangster tune complete with police siren and gang chorus, 'Big Boss Lee' - think 'Get Smart', and the Dizzy Gillespie instrumental 'Salt Peanuts'.

Hip and trendy. That's all I have to say.

andrew four



Ten Minute Warning
Ten Minute Warning
Sub Pop

For anyone who knows anything about the whole grunge phenomenon, an explanation of the significance of the two words 'Sub' and 'Pop' should be unnecessary.

For those who don't I will just say that without this Seattle-based label, we would probably never have had grunge. No Soundgarden. No Pearl Jam. No Mudhoney. And none of that other band. Somehow Sub Pop has managed to survive the era, and they're latest offering to us is Ten Minute Warning. Which I kinda like. The opener 'Swollen Rage' is very Soundgarden-y, which will always generate a thumbs-up from me, and yet oddly enough the second track 'Buried' reminds me more of U2, and the middle of 'Bullet the Blue Sky'. In fact, a lot of the vocals seem a gravelly cross between Bono and Chris Cornell. The music sways between grungy and rocky and bluesy and fuck, hang on, I just noticed who the bass player is. Does the name Duff McKagan ring a bell? Try Guns 'n Roses. For some, that in itself would be enough. Myself, on the other hand: not a big Gunners fan. But I like this stuff. If any of the names I've dropped in this review mean anything to you, check this out. Today. Go. No, finish reading On Dit first, we've put a lot of effort into this one.

andrew four

PAUL LOBBAN (SUB-ED 97): 20 (TOTALLY SUBJECTIVE) BEST ALBUMS OF THE 90s

- IN ALMOST CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER (with fave track).

Bunny Gets Paid - Red Red Meat (1995) - Disheveled production, gobsmacking tunes and indecipherable lyrics. Total masterpiece. (see Oxtail)

Slanted and Enchanted - Pavement (1991) - Scorching, genre-moulding smorgasbord of indy standards. Someone say "seminal"? (see Loretta's Scars)

In Utero - Nirvana (1993) - Biggest selling, and best, suicide note ever? (see Serve the Servants)

Loveless - My Bloody Valentine (1991) - Deformed, hazey, warped, effects-mangled wall of shoegazing bliss. I think my tinnitus begins here. (see Soon)

Going Blank Again - Ride (1991) - Claimed they were forced to do it as a contractual obligation. Wish they forced more often. Tinnitus inflamed here. (see Twisterella)

Trompe Le Monde - Pixies (1991) - Howling, swaggering, vein-splitting swansong. Contains the line 'You know when you grope for Luna!' (see Subbaculture)

Bone Machine - Tom Waits (1992) - He growls, mutters, whines, wheezes, bellows, and even sings on this eponymous cracker. (see Jesus Gonna Be Here)

Vauxhall and I - Morrissey (1993) - He was still in form here. The band had ideas, the lyrics were spot on and the imagery still pertinent. Sigh. (see I Am Hated For Loving)

Last Splash - Breeders (1993) - World dominating single, malevolent album tracks, crushing live performances and its finger right up the zeitgeist. (see Invisible Man)

Dusk - The The (1994) - Matt Johnson found tunes (thanks to Johnny Marr) and made the album he had always promised. (see Slow Emotion Replay)

The Bends - Radiohead (1994) - More consistent than OK Computer. Best second album of the decade. (see Black Star)

Dog Man Star - Suede (1994) - Brett & Bernard make drug-addled mock-glam opus of outrageously operatic proportions. Excellent. (see The Asphalt World)

Modern Life Is Rubbish - Blur (1993) - Overwhelmed by Parklife and Blur (both excellent in their turns) but I liked this best for the longest at the time. (see Turn It Up)

The Holy Bible - Manic Street Preachers (1994) - Manics at their most Richey-inspired: offensive, scalding, polemical, intransigent and fatally flawed. (see Die In The Summertime)

Viva Last Blues - Palace Music (1995) - Will Oldham cobbles together a collection of fragile, rickety tunes with lyrics as beautiful as they are obtuse. (see We All, Us Three, Will Ride)

Under The Bushes, Under The Stars - Guided By Voices (1996) - Bob Pollard enters his late-30s with twentysomething blissful slices of indy rock-pop. (see Man Called Aerodynamics)

The Aeroplane Over The Sea - Neutral Milk Hotel (1997) - Sweeping, melodic, thickly layered and extremely inventive sequence of tunes. (see Holland, 1945)

Ten Rapid - Mogwai (1995) - No lyrics just a short collection of shimmering guitar tracks with nefer a power chord in earshot. (see helicon 2)

Hankerin' Homes Torchin Towns EP - Gaslight Radio (1996) - Weird, off-kilter and from Queensland: a standout from most homegrown "indy" fodder.

susie's top album's of the 90's

- pulp - different class
- blur - parklife
- radiohead - the bends
- portishead - portishead
- bjork - debut
- you am i - hi fi way
- primal scream - screamadelica
- u2 - achtung baby
- rem - automatic for the people
- prodigy - experience
- massive attack - mezzanine
- peter gabriel - us
- luka bloom - turf
- neil finn - try whistling this
- crowded house - together alone
- pavement - crooked rain, crooked rain
- the clouds - penny century
- jeff buckley - grace
- spiderbait - ivy and the big apples
- nice cave and the bad seeds
- murder ballads

Paul's Top 20 CDs of the 90s
(In which all is not necessarily comprised of the utmost seriousness, except for some of the bits)

1. Radiohead - Ok Computer
2. Radiohead - Ok Computer
3. Radiohead - Ok Computer
4. Radiohead - The Bends
5. Radiohead - The Bends
6. Radiohead - The Bends
7. Radiohead - The Bends
8. Crowded House - Together Alone
9. U2 - Achtung Baby
10. They Might Be Giants - Flood
11. Jeff Buckley - Grace
12. Pearl Jam - Yield
13. Radiohead - Pablo Honey
14. Radiohead - Pablo Honey
15. Blur - Blur
16. U2 - Pop
17. Neil Finn - Try Whistling This
18. You Am I - Hi-Fi Way
19. REM - New Adventures in Hi-Fi
20. Regurgitator - Unit



Big Wreck
In Loving Memory Of...
(Warner)

I have been hanging out for this album for a while now in the hope that it was as good as the lead single, 'That Song', which is one of my personal favourites of the year. I must admit that the rest of the album is not so accessible as this song and requires some dedicated listening at times, but is ultimately quite rewarding. Ian Thornley's voice is very distinctive and powerful, and is compliments himself with some superbly unique and sometimes unusual backing vocals. The song-writing basically amounts to a slightly skew version of traditional rock, incorporating sounds at times akin to bands like The Dave Mathews Band and lighter stuff by The Tea Party.

'That Song' is still my favourite on the album and this certainly wasn't hurt by the album version, which is longer and has

somewhat smoother and mellower verse and bridge sections, whilst still retaining the intensity of the song's core riffs. The jangly delay guitar riff in the album's opening track, 'The Oaf' is certainly a highlight, as is the ultra-mellow and Candlebox-ish 'Blown Wide Open'. Traces of 'Down On the Upside' come through in the groovy 'How Would You Know', with its Chris Cornell-style harmonies. The interchanging 3/4 then 4/4 in the verses of 'Waste' are cool, as is the ultra-heavy guitar line of 'By The Way'.

If you liked the single, you won't necessarily like this album; it's more complex and unusual than 'That Song', but I think it is an excellent recording. If you're interested in slightly off-beat rock bands, check this one out. It's got a cool cover too.

andrew four

I can't see this album's title without thinking of the "Jazz Club" sketches from *The Fast Show*, and the mop-topped beatnik turning to the camera crooning "Niiiiiiiice" and "Grrrrreat" every five seconds. Pretty apt image, really, because - although nowhere near as awful as the acts that appear in the sketches - *Beat Club* is often in a similar vein of music. Jazzy, bluesy, rootsy, smoky pop, familiar yet somehow new.

I've never really been too big on The Black Sorrows in the past (they were sort of an Australian Style Council in my eyes), but this is a pretty classy album. Reminiscent of Van Morrison at his peak

at times, raw and gutsy at others, and occasionally even harking back to a more 'classic' Black Sorrows sound (one to which, like The Style Council, I've mellowed a little towards over time).

It's not by any stretch the best album I've heard this year, but it's bold and direct, and does exactly what it promises to do, showcasing the versatility of the 'new' Black Sorrows (minus Vika & Linda, thank God!), and stands out as a refreshing change from the ocean of sludge-u-like Australian indie-pop that's out there at the moment.

Gerard van Rysbergen



The Black Sorrows
Beat Club
(Mushroom)



Blues Brothers and Friends
LIVE FROM CHICAGO'S HOUSE OF BLUES
(Festival Records)

What can I say? This CD blew me away. Stuff the *Official Blues Brothers Soundtrack*. buy this instead. It was fantastic. The standard fast-talking intro by Dan Aykroyd sets the scene. The entire CD is a live recording and while this may not work with other genres of music, the blues is about audience. *Blues Brothers and Friends* are superbly mastered to capture just the right level of audience and music. The songs are strung together by introductions by Aykroyd, making this album more than a collection of songs, but a live experience. There is nothing that you can do to stop tapping the beat to any of these spectacular tracks.

11 is a real tribute to that piece of music history known as the Blues. They are all great songs, performed by renowned blues artists and it is hard to pick the best. 'Sweet Home Chicago' is probably my personal favourite, followed closely by Lonnie Brooks' 'All My Money Back', then 'Viva Las Vegas'. It is not the individual songs that make this CD great. It is the collective style and vibe. I will keep the conclusion short and to the point: Grab your dark suit, sunglasses, hat and air-guitars, write your name on your knuckles and listen to this CD!

Lindsay Gordon

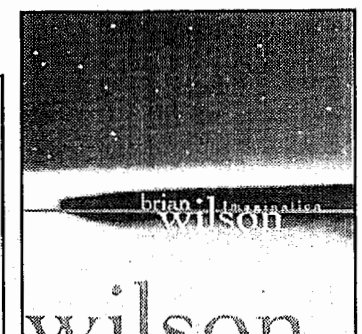
Brian Wilson is the man who is damn near single-handedly responsible for giving the world possibly the most influential pop album of all time, The Beach Boys' *Pet Sounds*. This was the album that, amongst countless other examples, inspired the Beatles to write *Sgt. Pepper's*, and is largely responsible for a lot of what we still hear today. Unfortunately, not long after this triumph (followed by the stunning classic "Good Vibrations"), Wilson went more than a little off the rails, and has spent a good part of the last thirty years in his own emotional and personal hell.

About a decade ago, Wilson released a self-titled solo album, which, although brilliant, revealed to the world a man still trapped in torment and confusion. Now, freed from the questionable

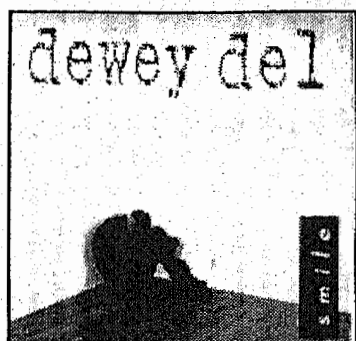
therapy of Dr Eugene Landy, and back with his family and friends, Brian Wilson has released *Imagination*, a far more uplifting and balanced collection, but just as - if not more - superb.

If any criticism could be levelled at Wilson, it's that his style hasn't progressed much in those thirty-odd years - bluntly put, this is a Beach Boys album, albeit unquestionably the best one since the early 70s - but who cares when the music's this good! Brian Wilson is a man who has definitely suffered for his art, but his gift for making beautiful, perfect summery pop music has remained unsullied. *Imagination* is one of the best pure American pop albums in a long time. Buy it and smile.

Gerard van Rysbergen



Brian Wilson
Imagination
(Giant/Paladin)



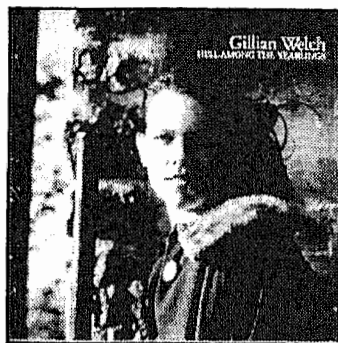
Dewey Del
Smile
independent
\$10 from lots of places
(eg. koorong.com.au)

Dewey Del, formerly known as The Band Formerly Known As B*B, formerly known as Just Bob, formerly known as Bob, are a band who've been around Adelaide for some time now. They're good. They sound a little like The Mercy Bell/Eat The Menu, Monté, or perhaps a groovy version of Frené. In fact, this CD was produced by Darryl Thompson, the same guy who produced the Mercy Bell album and in the same studio. It has a lot of tracks I know and love, being a bit of a regular at their shows, but it sounds incredible. James Mau's percussion is spot-on. What else would you expect from an Adelaide Uni student? I have similar praise for the guitarist Stephen Lowde. Not only is he a former Adelaide student, but he has the guitar stage-groove thing happening and

he's cute when he pouts. Jocelyn Chamberlain, the lead vocalist, has a beautiful voice that shows versatility in the funkier songs, and fragility in the lighter songs. Combined with some pretty slick effects and smooth bass and guitar, she can go from funky to spooky at the drop of a hat. Dave Turley, the bass/double bass/whistle player and bg vocalist, is talented also, and has a surprising voice. He does vocals for my favourite song of the album, 'Naked'. I guess I'd have to say this album's fantastic. The production is slick and so is the mix, and the musicians are really talented. This band is to be watched, they have big things ahead.

This CD will be launched at the back room of The Governor Hindmarsh On Nov. 27 at 7:30. Be there!

zane



Gillian Welch
Hell Among The Yearlings

Shifting schizophrenically from minor bluegrass to plodding, but swanky country tunes, this album pushes the boundaries as to what we call folk music. And that's exactly what the songwriting team of Gillian Welch and David Rawlings set out to do. Rather than being a product of the Nashville phenomenon, this duo are being touted as true 'alternative' musicians.

For most of the songs, the instrumentation is kept to the bare minimum, with combinations of guitar and banjo, and Gillian's voice. At this level, songs not worth their salt are recognised for what they are, but the song-writing talent of this duo shines throughout the whole album.

The sombre poetry of 'Caleb Meyer' propels this catchy song along, and show just how they are breaking away from the stand-

ards of folk and country music, especially lyric-wise. 'The Devil Had A Hold Of Me' tells a story of deception, and a lot of the lyrics are similarly morbid and dark. Every now and then, though, they revert to their roots on songs like 'Miner's Refrain', with obvious folk influence, and 'Honey Now', with its 12-bar blues-rock'n roll style (which is the only song with drums, incidentally). But my favourite would have to go to 'Whiskey Girl'. Complemented by producer T-Bone Burnett's haunting piano, this soulful ballad has beautiful texture to it, and sounds brilliant in a dark room (or with your eyes closed, you know what I mean). Perfectly punctuated by the sing-along ditty, 'Winter's Come and Gone', this album is a great find for any folk/country fan who is looking for something with extra bite.

Greg Heaton

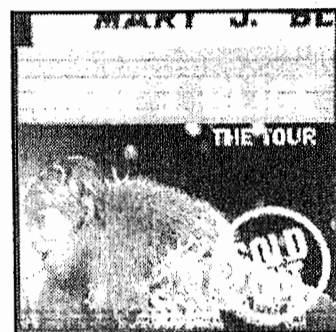
I have never heard of Mary J. Blige in my life, but apparently there are a lot of Americans who have, since the crowd noises in the background of this CD are loud. I have listened to this recording several times and recognise none of the tunes, which is unusual when a retrospective album such as this is released. The recordings themselves were made, I gather, on recent tours through the US, although no credits for venues or live recordists are given in the liner notes, and from the sounds of it the album is a collection of particular live performance highlights rather than one full-length concert.

It's basically R&B, if you're unaware of Blige's work, with a little funk and soul thrown in here and there, with samples of Curtis Mayfield, James Brown and The Stylistics amongst others. The band is certainly very enthusiastic, and the recording has an in-

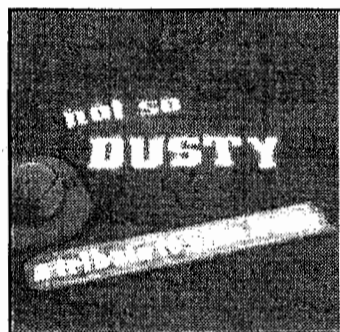
tense energy that is maintained throughout, even through some pretty severe cut-and-pasting over offensive language. Blige's voice is super-competent and commitment to her messages heart-felt, but I find the whole thing a bit devoid of memorable song-writing. I think Blige's concerts are a bit more of a 'you-had-to-be-there' affair; quite often the crowd is screaming away at stuff that is quite obviously visual, so you kinda need a good imagination to get the most out of this one.

If you know and like Mary J. Blige and her music, then definitely check this one out, the recordings themselves are brilliant. If you don't, then I doubt you'll get much out of this recording unless you're a big R&B fan (but then you probably know and like Mary J. Blige, so see previous sentence).

andrew four



Mary J. Blige
The Tour
(Universal)



Various Artists
Not So Dusty
(EMI)

When trying to sum up the bloke Slim Dusty AO, MBE, what comes to mind? Basically you have a guy that has spent 61 years in the music industry and, writes and performs songs about everyday Australian life. His songs are an anthology about our culture and a link to our past. His 31 Golden Guitars from 71 nominations and his 5.5 million album sales from 94 albums is testament to his rightful place in Australian folklore. So a tribute to the guy is only too fitting.

You might expect then that the album is full of great names to cover the greatest. This is the case. With the likes of Mental As

Anything, Karma County, James Blundell, Screaming Jets and John Williamson, you have some people at the top of their respective fields to pay homage to the legend. You would have already heard some of the tracks from this album. So to give you a general guide *Midnight Oil* with 'Pub With No Beer' would quite possibly be the worst track on this album. So if you enjoy this one, as I do, then you will love the rest of the album. Sure it's a country album but you know what they say; you can take an album out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the album.

Rock'n'Roll Rodney

This two CD set covers Parton's career from her country roots in the late sixties to the Vegas-country of her 90s output, and in between.... Well, in between it goes through her commercially successful period where her music reflects the current trends in pop, whether it be West Coast-pomp rock, disco, or synth-pop, all filtered through a prism of country background. The best music in the set is the country that bookends the collection, from the basic country of her early years such as 'The Bargain Store', 'Coat of Many Colors' and 'Jolene' to the much flashier country of 'Yellow Roses'. The rest is, well, shit. The worst is on the second disc, Parton's music in her 80s synth-pop phase, which coincides with the most successful part of her career in Australia - it's the

section that contains her duet with Kenny Rogers on 'Islands in the Stream'. At this stage in her career most of the country accoutrements to Parton's music were gone, yet amazingly she was still considered to be a country star. The mid-to-late 70s section that is the weakest part of the first disc moves directly into the bloated West Coast Sound, sounding like ELO backing the Eagles; the music and sound effects becoming more important than the song. This hollow phase is nothing more than pop playing dress-up in country's clothes. Despite all this however, *The Ultimate Collection* will probably sell a shitload and there's not a damn thing we can do about it.

Mr. Bush



Dolly Parton
The Ultimate Collection



Rachid
Prototype
(Universal)

According to my dictionary a prototype is "the first example of a type, from which all other forms are developed or further refined" (Heineman Australian Dictionary, 3rd ed.), unfortunately this CD does not fit that description. It is a rather bland blend of soulful songs that are either about love or god or evil or charity. However, whereas it seems all very ordinary on the surface, upon closer inspection I discovered that charity in track 2 'Sweet Charity' refers to donating at a sperm bank, 'Prodigal Pete' is about male prostitution and in the last song 'Back to the Room', Rachid sings about his androgony, resulting in him proclaiming "Fuck all the Santa Clauses". This is the only directly offensive element, the rest is top 40 material, if that.

All of the lyrics are written by Rachid, as is the music for the last two songs. The music for the remaining songs was contributed by a number of different people, but the style is primarily the same throughout. It is moderately paced, melodic and the lyrics are clear. A number of different instruments are used, guitar is prominent only on the last track, on the remainder there is a lot of keyboard, some strings and different orchestral sounds, and very light drums. I think he is from New York and he looks something like Peter Andre or Savage Garden. If you like music that is easy-listening and rather inoffensive, but with a quirk then you may be interested in this.

kym



BEN LEE IN A SPIN

Why Modular Recordings [Ben's new record label]?

The thing I was attached to, or committed to, or felt attached to, in Fellaheen was the people involved. I like being on a label where I care about the people.

Do you really want to work with The Avalanches?

I want to. I like them a lot. The Beastie Boys are past it, they've had their day. They're old man. They're all overweight too. Too many cigars, their cholesterol's up, they couldn't cut it with me. They couldn't cut the rug in the style that I appreciate.

What's the deal with the letter you sent to the Prime Minister?

I wrote it in February. I just kind of wanted to make a statement about Australia being anti-Art.

Do you feel that your music has progressed?

It's all a progression. Just time pass-

ing makes it all a progression.

What's the deal with 'Burn to Shine' it sounded so great acoustic?

I've recorded that five different ways! There's actually another version coming out on a soundtrack that is all old players, from guys who played with the Stones, and Tom Waits, and Elvis. I've done a more "folky" sort of version, and it's more in that style it's on a soundtrack called *Best Men*.

What's your inspiration at the moment?

I haven't really seen any film or anything that's inspired me lately. I saw this Swedish video installer that I'd really like to get into one of my video clips; she was amazing. I thought the Edie Sedgwick autobiography that I just read was pretty amazing. I just read the memoirs of the woman Reny Riefenstiel who made all of Adolf Hitler's movies like *The Olympia* and *The Nuremberg Rallies*. She was a heartbreaker when she was 15; guys would show up on her doorstep with their wrists slit, asking her to marry them. This is also her memoirs, so it might be a little embellished, but it's

a pretty amazing story.

Do you think that will ever happen to you?

What, I'll slit my wrists? Oh, you mean people showing up on my doorstep. There's already been blood on the tracks [Bob Dylan] and blood on the dancefloor [Michael Jackson], I don't think we really need blood on the doorstep.

How much time do you spend in Australia?

I'm just going from one thing to the next. I go from recording to touring and then back to recording. I go wherever I have to at that moment, but I try to be back here every few months. The human body's not really made to travel from country to country, but you can sort of acclimatise to it. I always wanted to be an adventurer, so, you know

Do you still wish you were "him" [Ben's big first song was when he was in Noise Addict and sang 'I Wish I was Him']?

He's [Evan Dando] a true rock star. He was always just doing what he was meant to do, but the world was just not ready for him. I don't person-

ally wish I was anyone. I still have the utmost respect for him, though.

What have you heard lately that's inspired you?

I think the new Gerling is absolutely amazing. They're on a bigger path, and it's fun to watch. I've really got into the Bands greatest hits, and I really got into that *Smiley Smile* Beach Boys compilation.

What's the strangest comparison you've ever heard?

I always think it's strange when people compare me with Billy Bragg, because I've never heard him. It's the same with Paul Kelly, and people are always telling me to listen to him.

Why are you touring with a band in January this time?

I don't believe in acoustic music anymore; I'm still using acoustic guitars, not electric [he has NOT had a Bob "Judas" Dylan-esque moment] guitars it's become a cage rather than a liberation [to perform solo with an acoustic guitar].

AnDrEw 1



Ben Lee
Breathing TORNADOS
(Modular Recordings/
EMI)

Ben Lee has claimed that his third solo album, *Breathing TORNADOS*, is the greatest Australian record ever written. Well, that remains to be seen. Certainly its up

there with You Am I's *Hi Fi Way* and Regurgitator's *Tu-Plang* which, I suppose, makes it at least the third best Australian album of the 1990s which is about the amount of time I've been listening to "real" music, as opposed to more kiddie stuff, like the Beatles, the Doors and Madonna.

'Cigarettes Will Kill You' is the lead track and the lead single, and it's a fantastic introduction to *Breathing TORNADOS*. It's still got a distinctive Ben Lee sound to it, and that's AOK by me no matter how much time he spends in America, he still sings with a huge Australian accent. And that's great.

When his first record *Grandpaw Would* came out when he was a little tacker (I think it actually came out when he was 15 going on 16 years old - he's 19 going on 20 now). Ben was pigeon-holed into being too "cute" for his own good; the songs were all about girls, and love, and girls, and acoustic guitars, and girls, and love. On his second record, *Something To Remember Me By*, he tried to move away from that a bit, but the best tracks were still the love songs, such as 'Eight Years Old'. Finally, with *Breathing TORNADOS*, Ben has left the building of lurve. Whilst there are still love songs on it (such as the magical 'Birthday Song' and the full-band sound of 'Burn To Shine'), there are also plenty of other great tracks on it that have absolutely nothing to do with lovin'; 'Nothing Much Happens', 'Sandpaperback' and 'Ship My Body Home'. In fact, there is not a single weak track, which is quite an achievement, and something that many people who have been in bands since Ben's age and are now many years older still can't achieve.

Featuring a plethora of "all stars" (Sean Lennon and Petra Hayden from That Dog being just two), *Breathing TORNADOS* is a truly great Australian record, and I sincerely hope it does fulfil Ben's wishes and gets to Number 1 on the charts.

AnDrEw 1



My Little Garden.
Jo Dudley and Shaun Parker.
Performed in Peter Lehmann Winery,
17th Oct 1998 - Barossa Music Festival.

My Little Garden is the brainchild of Jo Dudley and Shaun Parker and was created specifically for the 1998 Barossa Music Festival. Set amongst the barrels of a future Peter Lehmann release, Dudley and Parker - with their cast of musicians and dancers - presented their art with an earthiness and sheer energy befitting their surroundings.

The program title imagines a rustic stage - water tanks at the back, cubby house to the right, a kitchen table laden with oranges and lemons to the left and a sink behind. Out of the general hubbub of the audience emerges the taped sound of children playing with balls to further enhance the image as the lights go down ...

Throughout, ready-made soundscapes drive the show. Out in the garden the dancers wake into the performance, to the sound of rain gurgling down a drainpipe, and stretch to the sky. In the kitchen, a spoon beat strikes up an unusual accompaniment to a renaissance melody. Cutlery also figures later in the show when percussionists Kevin Tuck decides to beat his dishes clean, firing the dancers in the garden. Dudley's recorder and Japanese gong provide the stimuli for erotically charged scenes, the male dancers puppets to her every sound.

Music provides more contemplative scenes and sides to the work, and Handel's light and bubbly Where-er You Walk, sung by Parker to a more traditional (Baroque) recorder and cello accompaniment, is underscored by a scene of dysfunctional romance from the garden. Recorder and percussion solos follow later in the work until the dancers emerge from the water tank, soaked, sending water and bodies flying in the grand finale.

In My Little Garden, Dudley and Parker have successfully combined their talents to produce a performance which is imaginative and convincing. The choreography is strong, and the use of the entire stage, and the combinations of sounds and forms is both novel and ingenious. From these artists there is much to look forward to.

Tom Farnam

The Living End

...an interview by AnDrEw 1

Living End interview

An interview with Trav Demsey, the drummer for the biggest band in Australia. Maybe.

How's it feel to be the biggest band in Australia?

I didn't realise we were bigger than The Superjesus. I don't know whether you could say we were the biggest in Australia I don't think we've proved ourselves to be anything like as big as The Gurge, or You Am I, who have had several albums, relentless touring and a couple of jaunts overseas. We've been to the States once, and we're about to go over to Germany and back to the States again soon. There are a lot of good big bands in Australia, and we're just happy to do our own thing, we're happy to play with any band in Australia, no matter what their style is. We've toured with Jebediah, Bodyjar, and this time we're off with a ska band Area 7, who are friends of ours. Every time we go on tour we want to take a band, or travel with a band I should say, as an event, rather than just as a support band. Its "special

guest" not "support" thats shit. When people come to see us, we think they should also see one of our friends bands. I respect anyone who plays in a band. Some people are just very gifted at playing guitar, or drums or writing songs or whatever.

What do you feel about The Clash influences?

I don't think we do, but it seems like people like Rancid and stuff sort of think that a couple of our songs are very raw, and in a Clash style.

How exactly do you spell your last name?

Well, there's a long story behind that, but basically it's Demsey. On the single ('Second Solution/Prisoner of Society'), it was Dempsey. That was because, in the 20s and 30s in Melbourne there was a bit of a gang war and to disassociate our name from it, my family dropped the P. When I sing I sound exactly like Paul Dempsey. Paul is from similar circumstances to me, there are huge amounts of us in Ireland and America; we have similar people in our family. I think it's a Dempsey thing to have piercing eyes and a chisel jaw.

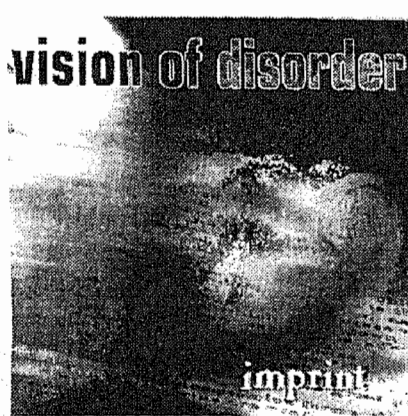
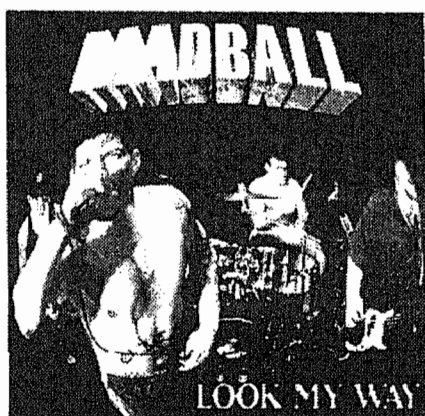
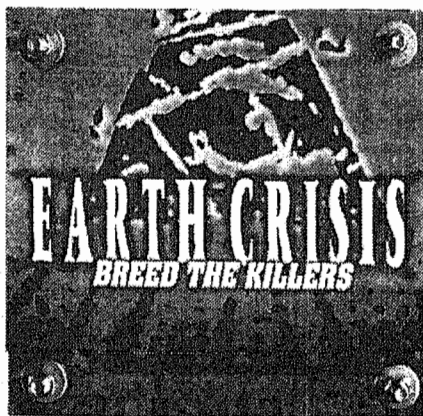
Who would you most like to play/tour with?

I could honestly say, in Australia, I'd love to tour

with You Am I. I think our personalities match up well. Rusty's outlandish and is into his drums, so am I, Tim is very private and just trying to write good songs, and Chris Cheney (singer/songwriter for The Living End) comes across like that in some respects, and our bass player is a lot like Andy (Kent YAI) very laid-back, and non-plussed about everything. We would love to play with them, we've asked a few times. If we could tour England, I'd love to tour with Supergrass; they write a really good pop song, and they seem like nice guys, or so everyone who's met them said. In America, Rancid is a big one (it's going to happen), but my favourite band in the world, well, my two fave bands in the world, the Rolling Stones (they're daggy, but they're still amazing) and Social Distortion - I'm the big fan. I try and buy all their stuff off the Internet and everything.

Are you punk, pop or rockabilly?

Err...guilty. Chris writes a poppy tune and we have punk ethics. We try to take all the styles that we fit into and write the best songs we can.



New York's Finest:
Vision of Disorder - Imprint
Earth Crisis - Breed the Killers
Madball - Look My Way
Roadrunner Records

Before I continue I'm going to give you a name: Philip Anselmo. If you know who I'm talking about, then you may be interested in this review. New York's Finest is a collection of four new releases from bands on the Roadrunner label which the company is offering as the best of what they've got. The three CDs I have received are all hardcore, and so I assume, is the fourth in the series, Both Worlds' *Memory Rendered Visible*. I don't know much about hardcore, I must admit, but I am willing to take a punt and say that this is pretty good stuff. Earth Crisis have some pretty neat guitar lines between them, the vocals are very powerful and the lyrics have some pretty deep messages about self and

environmental destruction. Award for most hardcore goes to Madball, whose album is loud and fast, with the longest track being a whole three minutes and five seconds. I think the whole suppressive aggressive tone of the album can be summed up in the opening lines of 'Pushin' Me': "I'm tryin' to keep calm and you keep pushin' me". There's obviously some fans about, because they played the UniBar on October 17 (remember?). But in my view, the real gem is Vision of Disorder, and for those who were drawn in by the opening sentence of this review, this is probably the one you'd most be interested in. You see, Phil Anselmo of Pantera even had a crack at this one, singing on and co-writing the track 'By The River' on *Imprint*. Not that you'd recognise him unless you'd been told. Now you have. Buy it, it's very loud. **Vision of Disorder tour in December: 10th @ the Royal Hotel and 11th @ Flinders Uni.**

andrew four

andrew four's top ten albums of 1998

1. **The Boo Radleys - Kingsize:** the OK Computer of 1998, with a big fat orchestra.
2. **Jeff Buckley - Sketches for My Sweetheart (the Drunk):** for so many reasons, but mostly for the four track recordings and the notepad extracts.
3. **Hole - Celebrity Skin:** I know I said I'd give it 'Album of the Year'...
4. **Pearl Jam - Yield:** there's no such thing as an average Pearl Jam song.
5. **Holly McNarland - Stuff:** somehow the world has overlooked this album. Brings out emotion where there is none.

6. **The Smashing Pumpkins - Adore:** mmm...and now I have my sweet, sweet vinyl copy (\$20 at Muses - bargain).
7. **The Superjesus - Sumo:** rock. That's all I have to say.
8. **Powderfinger - Internationalist:** awesome band, brilliant songs, Pearl Jam producer - what more do you want?
9. **Marilyn Manson - Mechanical Animals:** scary? Not really.
10. **U.N.K.L.E. - Psyence Fiction:** it has Thom Yorke on it. That's enough for me.

The Living End
The Living End
Modular Recordings/EMI

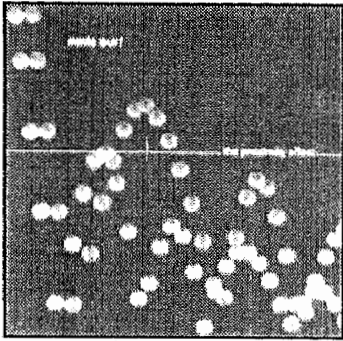
These guys are probably the biggest band in Australia right now - more popular than You Am I, more alternative than Natalie Imbruglia, more rockabilly than punk. Yet why are they so popular? The Fireballs have a similar sound, yet this sort of popularity has eluded them. But, you see, The Living End have a formula that works with the kiddies.

"Cos I'm a brat/And I know everything/ And I talk back/And I'm not listening to anything you say" or so lead singer Chris Cheney sings in smash hit 'Prisoner of Society'. They sing about the kiddies, for the kiddies! An instant formula for success (just ask silverchair) that has also worked incredibly well for The Living End. But can they keep up that sense of teen rebellion for a whole album? Well, quite honestly, they don't even try. They're happy to play punk-edged rockabilly, with pop quirks thrown in for good measure, which is all topped off by Cheney's strong voice.

Whilst it is a little strange to hear a Melbourne based band singing about London's West End (in certain hit 'West End Riot'), this shows where the Living End have one of their influences - the Clash. This is particularly evident on 'All Torn Down' and 'Trapped' (which incorporates Clash-style ska with trumpets having their impact), where the guitar line sounds straight off of The Clash's debut album. Not that theres anything wrong with that - just ask a myriad of new-wave punk bands, all led by San Fran masters Rancid.

But it is first single 'Save the Day' which has really won me over to The Living End's sound. It's catchy, punky yet poppy, and above all else, a call to arms. (A punk band with a call to arms song? How surprising!) This is a particularly strong album, and whilst I'm not sure if The Living End will have a lasting impact on the Australian music scene, this is a very good start.

AnDrEw 1



nada surf
the proximity effect
(Elektra/Warners)

Nada Surf made it big about two years ago with a song called 'Popular'. And then, like so many American one-hit wonders, they disappeared into the ether, presumably never to be heard again. But they have reappeared now, with their second album, *the proximity effect* in tow. Whilst it doesn't contain anything as super-catchy as 'Popular', it's a pretty fine record nevertheless.

Filled to the brim with poppy glee, the proximity effect overflows with catchy riffs - from first single 'why are you so mean to me?', to 'slow down', whose lyrics come from a letter written from lead singer/guitarist Matthew Caws to his brother. It is probably the song that will either make or break this record - vaguely similar to 'Popular' (in that it has the same teen-angst vibe), it could well be the summer song of 1998/99. Whilst it's not the greatest record ever written, the proximity effect would be a fine addition to any record collection - it's got rock and pop elements, all rounded out with a bit of teen-angst.

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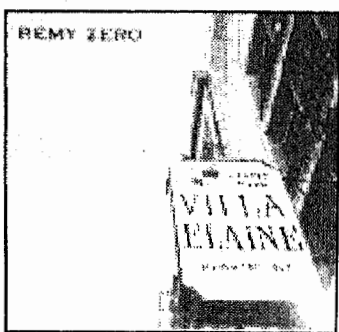
Novacaine
Nervous Disposition
(Chock)

Catania, Stereophonics and some other pretty good bands have come out of Wales lately, unfortunately this isn't one of them. It's not that Novacaine are that bad, they're just nothing special, and, well, when you combine 14 mediocre songs that are more than a little repetitious it all becomes a tad tedious. Novacaine are 3

shifty looking working class blokes in their 30s whingeing about how unfair the world/their lives are, how everyone hates them and they want to die blah blah blah. But I think they're a bit old to be lamenting about parents as in "Mother/Father". Maybe the reason they have so many problems and feel trapped is because they still live at home.

If they come on the radio you're not going to immediately change the station, but you're not about to rush out and buy the CD either.

Roxy



Remy Zero
Villa Elaine
(Geffen)

When you first put on the album and listen to it, it gives you an impression of someone that you have heard before. With a lead singer who is reminiscent of Jeff Buckley, or Nathan Gaunt of Thrive, Remy Zero has a rich mix of sounds that culminate in utter excellence. In the same breath, they have the ability to strip a track back to its roots, and transform it into a purely special moment.

When listening to this album there is no one thing that really stands out. It is the complete picture that makes this truly special. The guys have also snuck in a secret track as a completely different side to the group, maybe some sort of clairvoyance into any future material. This group and its associated album is my absolute hit pick of the year and has all the necessary parts to be a success in this country. On the couch potato rating system, Remy Zero's *Villa Elaine* is a definite five spuds. I certainly hope to be hearing a lot more from Remy Zero in the future

Rock'n'Roll Rodney

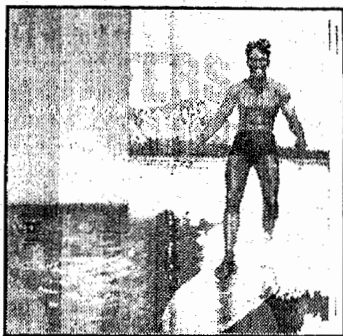
Original London Cast
The Rocky Horror Show
(Universal Music Australia)

The missing third word "picture" is not a misprint: this CD is the original recording with the original cast, back in the days when it was a small and unnoticed play at the Royal Court Theatre in the London cast. Celebrating the 25th Anniversary, it has been given the digital 'techie' treatment and the resulting quality is exceptional. For the unlearned, this 70s sci/horror/crazy/sexual-freedom/transvestite-ruled extravaganza is a piece of history and cultural

icon that still has people heading for the fish nest and tight leather when attending movie screenings.

Before I invent another adjective for *The Rocky Horror Show*, I better talk about the CD as it stands. All the famous tunes are here such as 'Time Warp', 'Sweet Transvestite', 'Science Fiction' etc. However, listening to the CD is just not the same as watching the outrageous costumed actors in the movie or play. The narrator's cliched booming snippets at the start of the songs are good, but there seems no value in this album other than for collectors or nostalgia driven fans. *The Rocky Horror Show* experience is not just the music but the hilarious B-grade visual spectacle as well.

Lindsay



The Surfers
Songs From The Pipe
(Epic Records Group)

This CD handed out the line: "It's Kelly Slater. Peter King, etc trying to play in a band". I was fully expecting a dodgy collection of "let's hear Kelly say a few words, while other musicians to the real work". The truth is that this CD is not a dodgy collection and a quick scan of the inside cover shows that it is really the surfy boys themselves playing the instruments. Kelly is not a bad singer and does pretty well in 'Never'. My main criticism of this CD is that

while it doesn't gloriously proclaim that Kelly + Co. are the artists, their identity will end up being the major selling point. This is sad as this album can stand its own two feet.

The CD is well suited to lazing at the beach with songs like 'Alone By A Tree', 'Hawaii' and 'Australia'. The other tracks that most struck me were 'Not Your Slave' and 'Spill'. The lyrics are more gutsy and both have a catchy guitar riff. The Surfers have done a good job with this CD, making it a decent light rock album in its own right, resisting the urge to rely solely on their surfing popularity. Worth a listen.

Lindsay Gordon

symposium
on the outside
(Infectious/Mushroom/Sony)

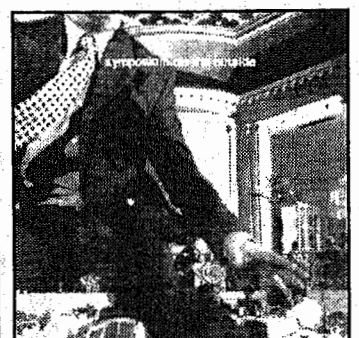
Ah. More bloody britpop - haven't they done with this genre yet? Well, maybe. And maybe Symposium are the band to bring an end to britpop. Their take on the genre is far more American orientated than their contemporaries such as Oasis, blur and Embrace. They have a far more "American" sound with chunky guitars, grinding riffs and funky rhythms - kinda Pixies-esque, who were apparently heroes of this young band.

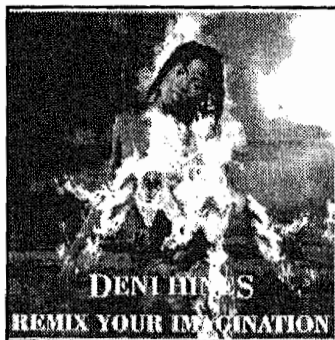
'The Answer To Why I Hate You' sounds less like a British band

hitting it's straps, and far more like an American band hitting theirs. The only thing British about symposium is the vocals - which sound straight out of London, not surprisingly, where the band is from. Unfortunately, like all British bands, symposium are prone to "the big ballad". In their case, it's the perfectly titled "nothing special", which is...well, nothing special. It's the faster numbers, such as 'Impossible', the chugging riffery of 'Bury You' and 'The End', and especially 'The Answer To Why I Hate You' and 'Circles, Squares and Lines' - perhaps a reference to Pulp's 'Sorted Out For E's and Wizz'? - that show how good symposium can truly be.

A promising debut album, it'll be interesting to see where they go from here on.

AnDrEw 1





Deni Hines
Remix Your Imagination
(Mushroom)

In short this is a remix album of the highly successful release "Imagination". What is also special is that this is only to be released in Australia, a special gift from Deni to the people to which she owes everything. It not only incorporates remixes of all of her best, but also includes five brand new tracks to tantalize your

ears. A few highlights include the *Don E* mix of "It's Alright", the 1996 smash hit; the haunting cover of 10CC's "I'm not in love" from 1975 and the straight saxed, stripped back version of "Imagination". The only down side is that it tends to be a little disjointed which detracts from the overall quality of the album. There are some real gems on "Remix Your Imagination" and is quite buyable. It may not be my cup of tea totally, but the majority of the punters will like this one.

Rock'n'Roll Rodney

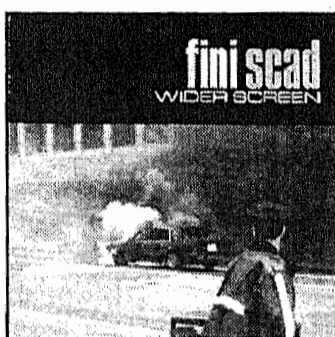
Digital Biscuit
Discount and Crettins Puddle
(Shagpile/Shock)

This is an eclectic compilation between two bands, *Crettin's Puddle* (Aust) and *Discount* (USA). The reason that I have called it eclectic is that the first band *Crettin's Puddle* are quite good, but the second band are absolute shite. This is a real shame as it doesn't do justice to *Crettin's Puddle*. *Crettin's Puddle* are a nice blend of punk and metal, with the

associated guitars and drums. It moves along quite quickly, with some interesting tempo changes, but isn't this what we expect from a talented punk band. They are the sort of band that sound familiar, but you just can't place them. I would look out for things by them in the future, because they really have talent.

Now for *Discount*. Utter Crap! Another thing that detracts from this album is that you need to be Sherlock Holmes to figure out the track listings, so defeating the purpose of promoting two young bands. In summary, I would wait until *Crettin's Puddle* release something on their own, but for this album, forget it.

Rock'n'Roll Rodney



Fini Scad
Wider Screen
(Mushroom Records)

This strangely named four piece from Sydney got their major break with the song 'Coppertone' and after only a few years together have released their first album. No point in disguising the fact that I had very high expectations for this offering and I was not disappointed. Fini Scad have a good raw feel and as a result the listener ends up being tantalised by images of awesome live sets. This translates into a great album, possibly one of the best debut

albums this year.

Arranging the tracks from best to worst in *Wider Screen* is useless. Fini Scad have produced one of those treasures which contains no duds, so there will be no skipping of boring tracks as is often the case. Having said that I particularly like 'It's Not Real' (which has been doing high rotation on the J's), catchy 'Wider Screen' and 'Sonic Boy'. 'Coppertone' is placed late at track eleven, but it's easy to see where the popularity came from. This album is a worthwhile purchase for anybody who even remotely liked any of their material.

Lindsay Gordon

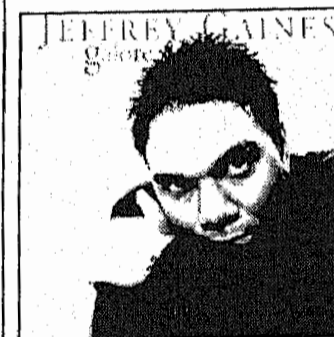
Jeffrey Gaines
Galore
(Rykodisc)

Jeffrey Gaines seems like a nice kid. He has a cool voice, with that slightly husky edge that makes the girls go wild. In the photos he looks like a bit of a toss, but that's probably his publicist. He must have some talent: he wrote and arranged all the songs on the album, besides singing and playing guitar, piano and various other musical items. He's got a handle on the bigger picture, too. The third track, 'A Simple Prayer' is an exquisite ballad decrying

war.

At the end of the day, however, *Galore* doesn't quite nail it. I'm not sure what's missing. Maybe it's just me. The album's very radio-friendly, with a half dozen tracks that have top 10 potential. It's certainly the best stuff of this kind I've heard in a long time; Gaines actually manages to bring some heart and soul to his music. It's just not where I'm at at the moment, musically speaking. While Gaines's own songs are exemplary, it's the five-track bonus disc that really blows my hair back. These are covers of a few perennials, featuring Peter Gabriel's 'In Your Eyes' and Elvis Costello's 'Riot Act'. Gaines definitely deserves a listen.

J.D.



jack black
self titled
(Cacaphone Records)

Jack Black are a three-piece outfit from New York. The CD cover shows a definite 50's biker influence with pictures of Harley Davidson bikes, women, sunglasses, gelled up hair and a spades symbol as the band's insignia. The music is not as retro as indicated by the cover, although the influence is apparent in some songs (eg. number 1 - 'Untouched' and number 10 'Feelin' Vicious'). Jack black are a guitar, drum and bass combo, their music is lively and some tracks are really catchy (track 6 '#27', and track 2 'Prayed For Rain'). There seems to be a sort of Ramones feel to some of the songs, while one in particular sounds a little like Guns 'n' Roses.

Their style could broadly be defined as rock - some rock'n'roll and some American rock.

The CD avoids repetition by including a couple of slower songs. They are not ballads but are melodic and have a narrative feel. A few of the songs sounded familiar on the first listen (track 11 'Darkside' in particular, which was a standout song on the CD) probably because the style of music is quite old. Despite that, however, the CD as a whole comes across as a hybrid of styles that results in a fresh yet familiar sound.

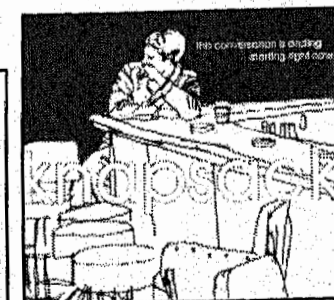
kym

Knapsack are one of those side projects alternative musicians are always amusing themselves with. The band is comprised of Blair Shehan, Colby Mancasola and Sergie Loobkoff, which may mean something to you, or it may not. At the end of the day it doesn't matter all that much.

What does matter is the music, and it's grand. Chunky power-pop with some brains behind it, Knapsack's lyrics make for a few bemused smiles on the second or third listen. The first listen, of course, you're just going to be blown away by the album's solid, glittering musicality, grounded in the band's intimate understanding of the need in each song of a catchy melody, and their ability to

provide just that. "Katherine the Grateful" must be the designated single, such is its pop-superiority. Not that you're ever likely to hear the song or any other off *this conversation is ending starting right now*. To make it in the music scene these days you have to have attitude [that commodity that seems indefinable except for its ability to make the nicest, most easy-going person into a complete arsehole as soon as they adopt it], and from listening to this album it's my guess that Sergie, Blair and Colby are just interested in making really cool music. Pity, I guess, but then again, maybe not.

Sam Andreas-Fault



Knapsack
this conversation is
ending starting right now
(Alias/MDS)

**Area-7
No Logic
(Rapido/MDS)**

Cool. A really good Australian ska band, at last! All right, there may be others out there, but I haven't actually heard them (or heard of them) - though I'd probably like to - so this is something of a find to a fan of this stuff like me.

I'm not sure what to call this. It's too short to be a proper album (unless you're the Beatles!) at a mere 22 minutes, but it has eight tracks - just a tad much, I would've thought, to count as a single or an EP. I'll play it safe and call it a mini-album. And a pretty fine one, at that. The Victorian Area-7 (Is this their first release? Anyone know?) have a winner on their hands here, a brace of eight traditional, to-the-point, bouncy and catchy ska tunes that should satisfy anyone who loves this music. A mix of original songs and covers, it has the wonderful mix of irreverent humour and social awareness that typified the best British 2-Tone ska, and includes a terrific, funny, breakneck cover of Queen's "I Want to Break Free".

Wrapped in some fun cover art, emulating a comic book, a view-master and magazine ads, No Logic is a great intro to Australian ska. I hope to hear more from these guys in the future. Skankin"

Gerard van Rysbergen

**A DJ Mix album by the Chemical Brothers
Brothers Gonna Work it Out
(Freestyle Dust /Virgin)**

No. Calm Down. Drop a chill pill. This is NOT new Chemical Brothers material. Which is a pity since I'd kill someone for a new single. This album is what you'd experience if you dropped into the Sunday Social (the Brothers home base) some time in the last couple of years to listen to a live set. In fact, this is the closest you'll get to the Chemicals live until Tom & Ed stop messing around in Europe and the US and get the hell over here! (I'm angry, can you tell?)

Brothers Gonna Work it Out is a mix of the Brothers favourite tracks from throughout their DJing career, and as such it maps out many of their influences. Funk, hip hop, rock and acid house all collide in what Tom originally called "Big bass, big drums, siren, mad" but has now been dubbed "Big Bear". This mix contains very little material from either 'Exit Planet Dust' or 'Dig Your Own Hole' the sole album track being a heavily remixed version of 'Block Rockin' Beats'. Despite this, the Chemicals stamp each track with their own distinctive style, which has since spawned countless imitators (I'm looking at YOU FatBoY SLIM, Junkie XL!). Though mixed seamlessly into a continuous flow of over and over, Brothers Gonna Work it Out yields some definite high points. Early highlights include the vocoder slam of 'Don't Stop the Rock' by Freestyle, Meat Beat Manifesto's quirky 'Mars Needs Women'. The Best is saved for last, however, as the two closing tracks are the best. These are the Brothers mix of 'Everything Must Go' by the Manic Street Preachers and their empty, Private Psychedelic Reelesque take on Spiritualized's 'I Think I'm in Love' which finishes the set with a swirl of ethereal synth.

If you're a fan it's a must.

Steve Finney

**Chris Smith
Cabin Fever
(Avalanche Express)**

Chris Smith (who was once a member of Golden Lifestyle Band) released a debut single "Altitude" in 1997, and it was one of those moments where you hope the face of Australian underground music is slightly altered. Its beautiful vortex of displaced sound was a clarion call to all small underground who turn away from commodified rock toward improvised noise, a fidelity sound and pure emotional expression. Cabin Fever is his debut album - made up of three years worth of home recordings, it provides an impressive overlook of Chris' work. There are moments on here that are exhilaratingly touching - "Circular Breathing" sets a three chord spiral constructive melancholy to glowing, ascending drones; 'School Daze' follows and is a slight and tender piece reminiscent of some of Codiene's more resigned moments. The two most impressive things about Cabin Fever, though, are the width of Chris' sound palette - this disc takes in the aforementioned tracks, live vertiginous droning, duple-flecked improvised clatter (the wonderful "The Problem with Trouble"), a gorgeous take on Kiwi-flecked instrumental churn ("First Rain Since") and some stumbling piano pieces - and also Chris' ability to thread these apparently divergent pieces together into one consistent, flowing whole. Cabin Fever is improvised rock and roll as pure fluid; a gorgeous rush down rapids of guitar invention. Its ability to endow decidedly abstract music with a sure sense of emotional involvement is a rare feat indeed, and this album is surely the Australian album of the year. Chris Smith is launching this album at the Mad Love Bar on Thursday the 15th of October with Peter Jefferies from New Zealand and Flat Stanley affiliates The Silvermine Tapes; it promises to be a great show.

Jade Pillar

**Russell Malone - Sweet Georgia Peach
Danilo Perez - Central Avenue
Impulse/Universal**

These two albums are from the extensive Impulse! Records catalogue, and if these are anything to go by, it's quite a catalogue. I'm not a big fan of the digipak format, but Impulse provide very neatly presented albums with comprehensive liner notes; generally a very collectable product.

"You get to the point where you don't feel like you have to prove anything, I'm 35 years old, and people in the jazz world know what I've done. There's no need for me to blow the house down," says Malone, a guitarist from the US. This comment is reflected in the subtlety of his music, with some highly technical lines left drastically understated. His own music is just as good as the covers he chooses, one by Monk and the traditional 'Swing Low Sweet Chariot', which I must add, is brilliantly arranged.

Perez's music is very much influenced by his home, Panama. His piano playing is rhythmic and intense, whilst remaining smooth and unforced. The vocal and rhythmic accompaniment is at all times superb, and his arrangements sensitive, with versions of 'Panama Blues' and Coltrane's 'Impressions'. Like Malone, Perez has an ability to get intricate messages across with subtlety and clarity. It's easy to sound complicated. It takes a special artist to make complex ideas sound simple.

These are just two examples of the excellent quality of music available on Impulse. Check some out where you buy your good jazz (might I suggest B#?).

andrew four

**Rod Stewart
When We Were the New Boys
(Warner)**

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. It's the new album by Rod Ver Mod, master of the crappy throaty ballad and boring MOR (but he was good once, honest!), in which our Rod-er-ney tries to prove that he's hip, daddio, by laying down tunes by the latest popular beat combos, as well as some of his personal favourites. Oy!

Actually, frightening as it may be, this isn't as bad as it sounds, and the final result is at worst listenable and at best not bad. Roddybubs actually does a pretty good job on his versions of Oasis' "Cigarettes and Alcohol" and Primal Scream's "Rocks", making them sound like they could've been lifted from one of his early 70s "good" albums. He also acquits himself well on a couple of the songs from his own past, like the Faces' "Oh La La", and on the title track. His cover of Skunk Anansie's (yes! Skunk A-bleeding-nansie! !!) "Weak", however, is a dull, over-produced mistake, and a promising return to his long-gone form is ruined by the usual dosage of drab ballads and sickly smooth love songs from hell.

When We Were the New Boys proves that Ol' Roddles can still produce the goods when he can be half arsed to. Unfortunately, he just can't help but ruin it all with the half-arsed stuff he seems to have succumbed to lately.

Buy it for your parents.

Gerard van Rysbergen

**B-Sting
TESTEAGLES
(Shock)**

The most anticipated Adelaide release of the year (except maybe for that other one), B-Sting has been delivered and with a phenomenal response. In its first week in the Real SA chart (March 26) it knocked the SuperJesus off the top position.

'A positive message driven home with all the subtlety of a Mack Truck,' as their bio-sheet warns, this EP is certainly a face first experience, containing three new tracks and two gutsy live performances. The title track has a dark bounce to it with classic fan-chant lyrics, including the infamous 'do you capisce?' and 'you can do anything, you got the B-Sting.' Track two provides us with more heavy rhythms and even weightier vocals screaming lines like 'you can have your hallelujahs, I don't need to pray' and a neat little breaking glass sample which even had a certain Sydney magazine talking. 'Preen' is a very Alice In Chains-ish ballad (if TE have such a thing as a ballad) highlighting the awesome TE bass and drum sounds.

The live tracks showcase the tight unit that TE are, especially the version of 'Death In the Midday Sun' recorded for Triple J, which includes one of TE's trademark sample intros. My personal highlight on this CD - however, is the totally live version of 'Wise Up', recorded at the Uni Bar last year. With Matt going sick at the crowd and the crowd going crazy at the band, this track sounds like the real TESTEAGLES, as any fan would most likely picture them. It's heavy, it's honest and it is most importantly very intense, a quality which I think maybe is lacking a little on the studio recordings. Don't get me wrong, Krell have put together a pretty good package here, I just think that it could be heavier yet.

If you've ever seen the TESTEAGLES live, you will buy this CD. If not, take my advice, buy this CD.

andrew four



Assorted Jelly Beans
What's Really Going on!?!
Kung fu/Shock

The Vandals loved this band so much that they started Kung Fu Records just to put this CD out. They're a punk band. They're not bad. But really, they sound like a lot of other punk bands. They're talented, but I don't really see them as different. (That could be because I only listened to one song.) There are a couple of Adelaide bands who would give them a run for their money. Aren't I nasty.

zane



The Haunted - Self Titled

There's something very wrong with me. The bio that came with this album, states that 'if you can't appreciate it then there must be something wrong with you.' The Haunted are another 'new breed' of heavy metal band, staying close to the confines set by Slayer, Machinehead, and the faster Pantera stuff. But where the Haunted fall down is a distinct lack of variation.

With the exception of one song, the whole album just steams along at break-neck speed, song after song after song after.... you get the point. The exception to the rule, 'In Vein', is actually a really good song. Fast verses blend well into slower, albeit chunky bridge and choruses. This song is also the bearer of the only melody on the album.

The lyrics are the usual scenario; putting blame on everything under the sun for his pitiful circumstances. They blame society for being violent and bloodthirsty, but half of their songs are about killing weak people and listing their favourite tools of killing. The last song 'Forensick' tries so hard to be tough, it's almost laughable.

It's all been done before, but by better bands.

Greg Heaton.



Webster
Off The Record
(Shock)

J-55 from Webster's last EP *Walk It Like You Talk It* is a hard single for the band to live up to. But the title track from *Off The Record* proves to the critics that Webster have got their shit wired when it comes to writing infectious little rock songs. I suppose you could

call it a pop song, but Webster are too rock to be called pop - and yet too pop to be dismissed as a simple rock band. If you didn't catch them at Indyfest, you should familiarize yourself with these Brisbane ex-pats because they've got plenty to offer with their gritty indie rock approach. The final track is called *Teknologiklee Fazed* but let me assure you it's not about some post-modern, anti-internet or anti-techno toss. Rather, it is a recording of a stoned phone call the guys made to a talk-back radio preacher - very *Jerky Boys* and very cool. Fork over your cash there tough guy.

glancey



Tommy Emmanuel
Collaboration
(Epic/Sony)

Many people that I have come across will tend to discount the talent of Tommy Emmanuel's work, but this is a view that I do not share. He just is a creative and fantastic guitarist and it would be hard to refute that.

Collaboration is the culmination and celebration of his thirty-seven years of work and achievement in the music industry. Some of Australia's finest instrumentalists and singers were invited to help in putting this album together and in doing so "fill out" his work. With the likes of Slava Grigoryan, James Morrison, Glenn Shorrock and Chet Atkins, it provides the platform for some great performances. Its also nice to hear people singing when Tommy is playing. The highlight of this album would have to be Glenn Shorrock with a jazz club version of 'Reminiscing', that is superb. Another would be the work of Ben Northey, on his alto sax, on a couple of tracks. It may border on being Kenny G 'ish, but it is still fantastic. Sure, as with most albums there are a few duds, but on the whole it is quite a good album. Maybe not the thing to be playing at a dance party, but it has its place.

Rock'n'Roll Rodney.



Rainbows Of Colour
Grooverider
(Dancepool/Sony)

I would consider this a work in progress. It has the elements of a good dance track, but have been incorporated in such a way as to produce a track that is unworkable. The main problem is that the underlying beat is disjointed and lacks timing with the vocal line and the rest of the ingredients. It is comforting to know that they finally get it right on the final mix on the single. It is likely that this is the version you may here from in the clubs.

Rock'n'Roll Rodney



The Knack - Self-Titled

The Knack are back, and what could be the reason for this return but the 80s revival currently underway since 'My Sharona' hasn't had one of its periodic resurgences recently. And they're still peddling their 60s based power pop, living it up as hangovers from the new wave. Like before these one hit wonders have got their form down pat, they know exactly what

music they're playing and how it's played and there's no leaving the course that has been laid out. This makes the songs solid pieces of forgettable songwriting, lacking the flair or quirkiness that made contemporaries such as XTC (who, incidentally are recording again) interesting, fun and, most importantly, lasting. The CD contains songs about love and fame, with nothing new to add to the canon on either, and a dreadfully misguided tune by the name of 'Pop is Dead' which is ruined by the fact that the Knack have no imagination. So, all in all, do yourself a favour and go buy something by XTC and don't get the Knack!

Mr. Bush

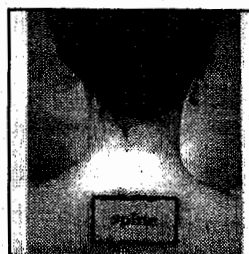


Greg Page
Self-Titled
EMI

I'll give you three clues: yellow skivvy, "Toot Toot!" and ten million screaming children along with countless love-struck single mothers (according to recent studies). Yes, Greg Page is a Wiggle, the one in the yellow skivvy to be exact. And now he has released

his first solo album. But it's not a kiddie thing, this is serious, Mum. Now, these are some pretty neat-o tunes if you're into Ray Martin and a bit of good old Aussie country-folk kinda stuff. Some sweet harmonies and a bucket-load of competent musicians make this very listenable for that traditional 'females-over-40' demographic. If you're looking for something for your mum for Christmas (if she's single, be aware that Greg Page is the married Wiggle - coincidentally, he met his wife after she attended a Wiggles gig...) check this out. It's every bit as good as your, well, whatever else it is you have to choose from. I'm sure of it. I'll stake my reputation on it. Maybe.

andrew four



Veda Hille
SPINE
(Bottom line record company; Shock)

Canadian artist, Veda Hille sings in a style not unlike that of Tori Amos (in her more acoustic numbers) and the album *SPINE* introduces Veda as a strong sounding, intelligent and talented female musician. The Tori Amos comparison arose because a lot of the tracks on this CD have piano as the major source

of accompaniment, and the lyrics display a similar honesty, confrontation and strength. However, this CD is not merely a rerun of other's work, it displays it's own uniqueness and character.

Variation and diversity between the songs is maintained through the use of different combinations of instruments on different tracks. Of the eleven songs, six are piano based and these too show variance. Number 2 'Sweet' additionally uses "marbles and cups", a "saw", a "yakbak" (??) and a "big drum", while similarly, track 8 '6 Feet of Silence' makes use of elastic bands and balsa wood (which sounds like rubbing an inflated balloon) to provide an interesting addition to the piano. On the remaining songs Veda plays the tenor guitar and has a similar assortment of inventive accompanying instruments.

The sound is largely acoustic, with an emphasis on the lyrics which are strong and figurative, and therefore interesting, original and meaningful. Her strength seems to lie in an ability to create swelling and melodic choruses, which lend further emotionality and force to her work.

Kym



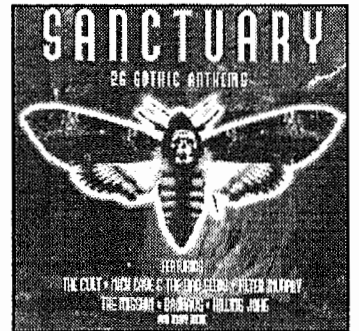
R.L. Burnside
Come On In

Be warned. Although this is a R.L. Burnside album, it most certainly is not your traditional delta blues record. Opening with a one-minute exhibition of what to expect, I was surprised to hear the snappy break-beats and sampling work of a DJ complementing RL's blues work. Most of the drum programming is done by RL's grandson Cedric, and much of the mixing/sampling is performed by Tom Rothrock. The re-mixing of original music by DJ's has been done to quite a success lately, (see *Small Soldiers* soundtrack), and again, the programming becomes part of the song, rather than spoiling it. The better tracks rear their heads early in the album, 'Let My Baby Ride' starts with a great blues line by R.L. and a low-mixed drum pattern, and sounds great when the drum-

beat proper kicks in. 'Don't Stop Honey' has some fantastic techno stuff worked into it, and the 'Rollin' Tumblin' re-mix grooves along nicely. One problem with the album is that it doesn't really flow together. Flat out back-beats followed by the odd live performance (which aren't remixed) leave you a bit lost. Aimed at somewhere between blues fans, and hip-hop fans, this album would seem to please the latter, I would venture to say. Towards the end of the album, the songs become more and more about funky rhythms, and less about R.L, which is quite sad, really. R.L fans probably won't like it because it's too off-base, and hip-hop fans probably won't even look twice in it's general direction....
Greg

Let's face it, these sort of compilations are always a tad dodgy, aren't they? A smattering of really good, appropriate material from a-list bands, a few cast-offs, some neglected gems, and the usual batch of "what the fuck's that doing here?" things to round it off. Thus 'tis with *Sanctuary* a collection of so-called "Gothic anthems". Admittedly, for a big-label thingy, it's not too bad, and reasonably well selected - most of the bands here are pretty, well, *Gothy*. There's the usual amount of secondrate songs from the "Biggies" (The Cult's 'Spintwalker', Bauhaus' 'She's In Parties'), and a typical selection of no-hopers and also-rans (Alien Sex Fiend, Sex Gang Children). But there's also a pretty big selection of decent stuff (Killing Joke's sublime 'Love Like Blood', Peter Murphy's

'Cuts You Up'), recent stuff (Marilyn Manson, NIN), and hidden gems (Rosetta Stone's 'Adrenaline'). However, as usual, there are the ones that aren't really all that particularly Gothic: Nick Cave's 'Ship Song' (ballad), The Damned (comedy punk Goths), New Model Army (Crusties), Love and Rockets (80s glam), All About Eve (folkies), etcetera. Why? Good as many of 'em are, why? Still, for all its faults, *Sanctuary* is a pretty good buy for fans of Goth, and an interesting tour of (mostly) the darker British music of the '80s. But where the hell were The Sisters of Mercy, Siouxsie & the Banshees, or even The Cure?? Oh, well. Maybe on Volume Two, eh, Universal?
The Dark Lord's Younger Brother



Various Artists
Sanctuary - 26 Gothic Anthems
(Universal)



Scott Weiland
12 Bar Blues
(Atlantic/Warner)

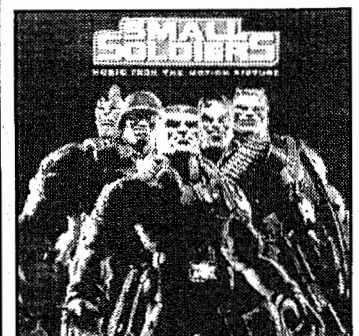
Unlike many Stone Temple Pilots fans, I absolutely loved their last album *Tiny Music: Songs From the Vatican Gift Shop*. The band were exploring new territory, experimenting with jazz and just generally evolving as they had done previously on *Purple*. For most though, it was too far detached from the down tuned, trad style grunge of their debut *Core*. Of course, the critics were more interested in the bands personal problems - lead singer Scott Weiland's much publicised battle with heroin especially. As a result of his drug addiction, the band dropped Weiland, then teamed up with some no-nothing-nobody singer and released an atrocious album under the moniker of Talk Show. I'm still unsure whether or not STP have actually broken up, but I'm relieved to know that at least one of their members is still producing quality music. On *12 Bar Blues*, Weiland continues the evolution STP had already embarked upon. In fact, this album sounds like it picks

up on the creative vibe the band were experimenting with on *Tiny Music*... but Weiland takes it one step further. He flirts a little with electronica, the odd drum machine, some keys and some sonic guitar tones while punctuating each song with various forms of percussion, as well as his own inimitable voice. Weiland drives home the fact that he is a song writing genius on such tracks as *Barbarella*, *Cool kiss* and even *Mockingbird Girl* which he originally recorded with an earlier side project called The Magnificent Bastards. Regurgitator fans might be tantalized by Weiland's nod towards the eighties but, unfortunately, *12 Bar Blues* will probably only translate to established STP fans. Damn shame that, because it's a very unique and varied album.

(fancy) glancey

Remixes of old classics are the order of the day, DJs and rappers joining forces with the great song-writers of yesteryear. In general, the songs come up shining, but in some cases, you wish they just left it as it was. 'War, what is it good for?' is the title track, and features Henry Rollins, Tom Morello, Flea, and rapped by Flesh-n-Bone. With that line-up you can't go wrong, and they didn't. Another gem is the Cult classic 'Love Removal Machine', as remixed by Mickey Petralia. I loved this song, but this version kicks it up the butt. Great triphop sampling, without ruining the guts of the original. Rich Costey also does good work on Cheap Trick's 'Surrender'. He beefs up the backing track without taking away the essence of the song. DJ Z-trip does mostly his own brand of record scratching on Rush's

'Tom Sawyer', but again, the song comes out well. The 'skip' tracks include Pat Benatar's 'Love is a Battlefield', as ruined by Queen Latifah. The original was good, but this really smells. Wyclef Jean does his best to alienate all Queen fans in 'Another One Bites The Dust', and succeeds. This one includes rap by someone called Pras, who sounds identical to Queen Latifah, which is not good. The other tracks are remixes of 'The Stroke' by Billy Squier, 'Rock And Roll' by Gary Glitter, 'My City Was Gone' by the Pretenders, and the original version of 'War' by Edwin Starr. On the whole, this is a fairly good album. 2 songs are wrecked by bad rapping, but the remixing itself is of high standard.
Greg Heaton.



Small Soldiers
Soundtrack



Southern Culture on the Skids
Zombified
(Shock/Cortex)

Diary of Dr. Frankenstein (& The G-String Band), October 11 1998. A most unusual delivery to the laaaaaab today, in the form of a 'concept' mini-LP from a South Carolina popular beat combo known amusingly as Southern Culture on the Skids (or SCOTS for short - chortle, snigger). I, being the cultured, urbane mad scientist (and all-American rugged folk-rock singer) that I am, had no idea what such a piece of werewolf dropping was doing in my possession, so I gave it to my creature (he's alive! ALIIIVE - aaaaaaaahhhahahahahahahahhaaaaaaaah! !) to do with as he would. This time, he managed to get it into my self-patented musical playing device without destroying it, and, lol! To my surprise, I found it to be rather entertaining in a shlocky sort of way, containing several rockabilly, hep-daddio, groovy cat, swamp delta

styleee (I believe that's the current parlance?) songs on topics close to my heart, such as "Undertaker", "Torture" and "Sinister Purpose". My creature was mesmerized, and danced around the laaaaaab in ecstasy (and yes, he did 'the mash', if you must know). I must admit to a little 'boogie on down' myself. Well, I was stunned, to say the least. Shocked, stunned, and not a little amazed. However, as I am totally opposed to pleasure in any manifestation (being completely crackers and all), I had no option but to destroy the thing, sever my creature's brainstem, and chastise myself severely with a scourge. It's a dull life, but we're happy.
Entry terminates.
Translated by The Scary Evil Clown



The Big Hit Soundtrack
Various Artists
(Festival)

And now for something completely different.... This is the basic premise that this soundtrack album is built on. As a producer of a movie you would hope that the music selected would serve some purpose, or have an underlying theme, but this is not the case in this instance. The tempo of this album changes so violently throughout it has the tendency to lose you, and in so doing, makes you lose interest quickly. Coupled with this is the fact that they have managed to place the two worst tracks at the start of the album.

Once you overcome all of this though there are some memorable moments, giving you hope that the money was worth it. E-40's

'Watch Where You Lay Your Head' and Molotov with 'Voto Latino' are some highlights of the soundtrack, as well as the Fun Lovin' Criminals with their self-title track. The Mighty Dub Katz have provided a tripped out remix of 'Magic Carpet Ride' which in the process has been completely butchered, but the highlight of the album would be Buck-O-Nine's 'I'm The Man'.

This album has about the same lifespan as the movie from which it came, and should not have the full price paid for it. If you want a cheap copy though just look out for it in second hand stores, because that is where it is likely to end up.

Rock'n'Roll Rodney

If you're anything like me, when you hear that The Boo Radleys have a new album out you'll likely say, "Who the hell are The Boo Radleys?" For this you deserve, as did I, a good slap to the head. This album is one of the most sonically incredible that I have ever heard. If you want a list of names that may spring to mind even on the first listen: Oasis, Ben Folds Five, Radiohead, The Beatles, The Verve, U2, Pink Floyd, Blur, and many, so many more. Having not heard this band before I had no preconceptions of their style, but I am a little mystified that in this era of effects and samplers The Boo Radleys have not gained a higher profile. Their fine blend of quality sampling and programming with soulful and catchy rock and pop tunes is exquisite, and it is refreshing to see that for once a band has chosen to use electronic means as an enhancement of good songwriting rather than as an excuse for its omission.

Highlights are many, beginning with the vocoder prelude to 'Blue Room in Archway'. 'The Old Newstand at Hamilton Square' is big, with a sweet brass section and studio-style orchestra which,

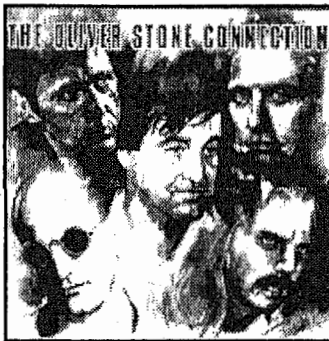
although I have mentioned above the quality sampling on the album, are live and beautifully captured; this is but one of ten tracks on the album which feature the Millennia Strings and Prophet Brass. 'Free Huey' is an Oasis-meets-Prodigy beer-drinking song with ultra-catchy melodies, with quite a message: "If you didn't have a gun then I wouldn't need a gun." On the Oasis theme still is 'Eurostar', reminiscent of the pro-The Verve tune, 'Cast No Shadow', with its beautifully flowing chorus. A special mention needs to be made of the auto-wah keyboard sound in 'The Future is Now' which is one of the funkier I have heard.

Every one of the songs on the album it seems has the strangely thought-provoking and comfortably reassuring feel of the-tune-at-the-end-of-the-film-with-the-happy-ending; maybe there should be a musical category called 'Credits Music'. This is the feel-good soundtrack for the feel-good movie, so get into it and feel good.

andrew four



The Boo Radleys
Kingsize
(Sony)



The Oliver Stone Connection
A Musical Trip Into the World of Oliver Stone
(Universal)

Strange though it may seem in these, the music pages, this release is probably of more general appeal to those more interested in reading the film section. This is not simply because this is a collection of songs from Stone's films, but because fourteen of the thirty-six tracks of this double - yes, double - CD are the spoken words of Stone himself, describing the significance of all the songs. This kind of kills its use as a regular bung-it-in-the-CD-player-and-groove purchase, but if you're interested in Stone and his craft, you'll love it. Each of the spoken word bits is reproduced in the booklet - personally I would have liked them to have been left off the recording and just available to read, because at times he does ramble on. I must say, though, this release does feel very personal, and I find myself sitting back and saying things like, "Yeah,

Oli, I hear ya." Tracks include 'Tracks of My Tears' by Smokey Robinson which actually inspired the soundtrack of *Platoon*; 'Telephone and Rubber Band' by the Penguin Café Orchestra, which is that engaged-signal song you hear on one of the telephone company ads and originally from *Talk Radio*; and my personal favourite, the *Platoon* version of Barber's 'Adagio for Strings' ("the darkest strings ever written"), complete with the Charlie Sheen soliloquy. Other artists include Nine Inch Nails ("the most anarchic and wildest in the world"), The Doors (of course), Nusrat ("I am sorry that I never met him"), and the work of many screen composers such as Ennio Morricone and John Williams. Worth at least one listen, surely...

andrew four

I don't own a PlayStation, and therefore know sod all about the game on which this compilation is so blatantly cash-orientatedly based. However, I know a decent compilation when I see one, and this is one of the better ones.

A showcase for EMI's more popular and lesser-known "alternative" acts (a ridiculously loose term these days), *The Sound of Gran Turismo™* (trademark inclusive) does its job pretty well. Some of the selections from better known acts are a little strange - Garbage's 'As Heaven is Wide', Blur's 'Chinese Bombs', Bowie's 'Scary Monsters' but you do get corkers like Supergrass' 'Richard III', Fluke's 'Atom Bomb' and the '...Last Junkie on Earth' by The Dandy Warhols. Of the others, Feeder's two tracks are grungily passable,

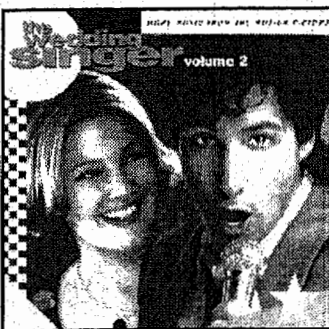
Cubanate (also scoring two tracks) are a third-rate Ministry, Radiator's 'Resistor' is promising, and Philadelphia Bluntz are as rubbish as their name suggests. It's nice to see stuff from "almosts" Placebo and Mansun. The other, more dubious, reason for this compilation seems to be to serve as a soundtrack to playing the game, thus the blend of up-tempo rock and industrial dance. This still leaves some of the choices a little baffling - why not something from Bowie's sublime *Earthling* album, rather than a (frankly inappropriate) 18 year old track? And where are the Nianics, who apparently contributed music to the game it self (yes, I know they're not signed to EMI, but still)?

A good compilation, if a rubbish idea. Buy it for your *real* car.

Gerard van Ryshergen



Various Artists
The Sound of Gran Turismo™
(EMI)



The Wedding Singer - volume 2
Maverick/Warner Bros.

The movie, *The Wedding Singer*, is as kitsch a story as you can get, set in 1985. It's cute and doesn't require any deep intellectual capacities, but it's fun, fun, FUN! And the same could be said for the soundtrack.

Basically it's a collection of '80s pop and it's scary the way you just seem to know all the words to these songs.

Personally I like *Volume One* better, and would rather have seen one double CD soundtrack released, but what can you do?

'You Spin Me Round (Like A Record)' still makes me want to get up and boogie as does Madonna's 'Holiday', whom I liked much more when she was trashy, wore too many bangles and teased

her hair into a side ponytail. 'Money (That's What I Want)' by the Flying Lizards kicks butt on the Beatles version any day and it's interesting to compare Depeche Mode's, 'Just Can't Get Enough' to their latest work. Other inclusions are the B52s, Kajagoogoo, Spandau Ballet (one of the worst bands EVER) and The Cars.

And 11 songs later when you're getting all nostalgic about your childhood it ends with 'Grow Old With You', the sickly sweet love song Adam Sandler sings to win Drew Barrymore on the plane (after a little help from a very aged Billy Idol).

So listen to 'The Wedding Singer', reminisce about the good(?) old days, and be grateful we're still not in the 80s.

Lessie Does

This year I have had the chance to review a lot of local acts and stacks of debut EPs, but my favourite is still the first release from Lessie Does, *Ride the Yellow Yota*. If I had to categorise the style of Lessie, I could use words like rock, pop, punk, even a bit of tongue-in-cheek ska, but whatever words you want to use, it's damn good stuff. Earlier in, well, I should say at the beginning of, the year (sorry guys) I spoke to them about the CD and about the band in general...

Ride the Yellow Yota came about as the result of the band winning the Mitcham City Band Competition, which earned them a day's recording at Love Studios. Prior to this they had entered in a Uni band competition and came second to last (Revolvar apparently came last): "They bagged us heaps too...he said we belonged in a garage...If we'd lost this time we probably would have chucked it in, or at least pretty close to it." Thankfully they won and the resulting recording is a collection of catchy songs exploring personal relationships ("inner-self and stuff"), surfing, religion and Beverly Hills 90210 (well, not really). The EP's opener, 'Fairy Floss' ("Only fools say he's not there - they will die like floss at the fair" - I think that's how it goes...) is ultra-catchy, followed by the hard-riffing but pop-y 'She Rock'. 'Daynus' I believe got a bit of airplay on Triple J as the band's entry in Unearthed, and deservedly so with it's cruisy feel and memorable chorus: "We're too late to follow the sun today." The drumming in 'Nemesis' is super-fast and super-impressive, layered with some great vocal harmonies and sweet bass lines. Andrew Lang's lyrics to the final song 'Last Train' are on the surface simply "about missing the train", but the true message is so mysterious even the band don't know really know what it's about: "There's some girl in it. We don't know, he won't tell us." I did get the girl's name, but in the interests of protecting the innocent... The marvels of modern CD production even allowed the band to put

on three (and for those that have the EP, yes three) secret tracks, including some marvellous mouth trumpet by drummer Jeremy Owen, which if you're lucky enough, you might even get to see live. On Friday night the band performed in the final of Triple M's 'Battle of Rock' competition, and took out one of the two prizes on offer, the 'People's Choice' award. This is a direct reflection of the quality of Lessie Does' live performance, which is always ultra-tight and energetic, and the positive reaction they have drawing from all of their supporters. The show audience was riddled with industry reps, so hopefully Lessie's success has made an impression on someone with a bit of money. For those interested, the major prize was won by Chaotic Lounge. The line-up at the CD release for *Ride the Yellow Yota* was a testament to the bands crowd-pulling ability, filling the Seven Stars to capacity. You see, there are many people who have discovered already the brilliance of Lessie Does, and now I'm here to make sure you don't miss out. At the time of writing this article, Lessie were about to wind down their schedule for university exams, but this summer there will be gigs a-plenty, so be sure to check them out for yourself. Trust me, the best time to be jumping around to Lessie Does is in the summer. And buy *Ride the Yellow Yota*. Get the CD, go to a gig. Got that? Good.

andrew four



SINGLE

CUBA - 'Cross the Line (featuring Mau)' (4AD)

A blend of Curve beats and guitars with the feel of a raw Gus Gus, and The Wolfgang Press and Colourbox at their peak, with just a (bizarre) smidgin of Carter USM and Credit To The Nation thrown in, CUBA are, along with the similar Theivery Corporation, perhaps the most promising new signing to 4AD in a long time. Although guest rapper Nlau initially sounds like a petulant 14 year old (he might be!), his persistent chant of "Only together are we unstoppable" becomes itchily addictive over the insistant backing. Cool sampling of Network on the second track, too. CUBA are one to watch out for.

Gerard van Rysbergen

Tripadex (Cup of Tea Records)

Tripadex promises much and delivers nothing. I expected techno and got a boring blend of elevator muzak with a beat. This is 90s lounge music with no redeeming qualities, with the possible exception of track 6 (Dr Wheeler by Statik Sound System) which was almost danceable in a very docile relaxed way. The cover of the CD says "will not cause drowsiness" pah!

Esther Speight

Kylie Minogue - 'Cowboy Style' (Mushroom)

It frightens me, frankly, that I've actually liked a fair bit of the stuff from Our Kyles' last album. This isn't too bad, and has quite a bizarre little B-side (either that, or the CD's stuffed!). Cred established already! Now for Nick Cave's teen-dance LP.

Gerard van Rysbergen

DM3 - 'Lure' (Mushroom)

DM3 are an Australian band, competing with Jebediah, etc. The title track, 'Lure' is great rock, but it is eclipsed by the second track, 'Rome'. The song has an organ, bass guitar and drums and no singing, a definite catchy tune. The last song is a live recording for Triple J's Acoustic Sessions. A diverse and successful single from DM3.

Lindsay

Super Furry Animals - 'Demons' (Creation/Sony)

Another damn fine slab of Welsh guitar pop from the sadly neglected (here, anyway) Furries, and possibly their best song since 'God! Show Me Magic'. Excellent B-sides again, as well. Now let's hope Sony'll release 'Radiator' - the album - over here, and soon.

Gerard van Rysbergen

Marcy Playground - 'Sex and Candy' (Capitol/EMI)

A saccharine sweet pop song extolling the virtues of two of the world's greatest indulgences. The catchy vocal melody and earthy tones prevent the song from evolving into an annoyance, but I can't help but wonder if Marcy Playground will be one hit wonders.

glancey

IMAGIN - 'Shorty (You Keep Playin' With My Mind)' (Liberation/Jive Records)

This new band of four lads between 14-15 are not bad as far as R+B goes and there may be a glimmer of hope for this Hanson-like band. I liked snippets of the songs featured, but it is too early to tell if they will turn out like most black R+B bands ie crap.

Lindsay Gordon

Depeche Mode - 'Only When I Lose Myself' (Mute/Liberation)

A must for all DM fans, the only new track from the Singles 86-98 compilation - a typical brooding, spellbinding, dark ballad, backed with two equally gorgeous new tracks, showing there's life in the old miseries yet. Buy! Buy! Buy!

Gerard van Rysbergen

Credit to the Nation - 'Tacky Love Song' (EMI)

Radiohead sampling 'comeback' song from Lil' Matty Hanson, formerly of "Call It What You Will" fame. Nice and inoffensive (unless you're blatantly anti-rap 'Head fan), and almost certain for chart success. Aptly named too.

Gerard van Rysbergen

Alex Lloyd - 'Peep Show' (EMI)

So how do you follow up the best single of the year ("Black the Sun")? Well, you release something very Beck-ish. Actually, I prefer this to much of Beck's work - Alex Lloyd's voice sounds like Jeff Buckley, and this single sounds amazing.

AnDrw 1

Danielle Greenwood - 'If I am Cruel' (Epic/Sony)

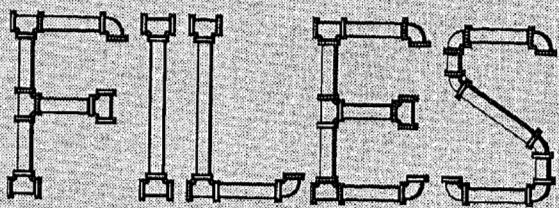
Danielle Greenwood (an unknown from Aus. I think) has written both the words and music to all four tracks on this single release. She has a clear voice, and plays the piano for accompaniment. Track 1 sounds a lot like Natalie Imbruglia crossed with Allanis Morisset, while the rest of the songs are very soft, flowing ballads.

kym

ALICE'S ALBUMS OF THE DECADE

1. GRACE (jeff buckley) 1994
2. DUMMY (portishead) 1994
3. PORTISHEAD (portishead) 1997
4. POST (bjork) 1995
5. DRY (pj harvey) 1992
6. DEBUT (bjork) 1993
7. SKETCHES (jeff buckley) 1998

i also endorse tricky's ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES and MAXINQUAYE, all of pj harvey's other albums, blur's BLUR and MODERN LIFE IS RUBBISH and some songs off PARKLIFE, tori amos' FROM THE CHOIRGIRL HOTEL, anything by the avalanches, and sean lennon's INTO THE SUN.



Lisa Gerrard and Pieter Bourke - 'The Human Game' (4AD/Shock)

Cool, smooth, and actually pretty catchy Bondesque standout track from *Duality*, backed by two tracks from some obscure film or other. Don't bother with the album if you don't like the B-sides, but buy this for the excellent lead track, a kind of evil, world-tinged Portishead.

Gerard van Rysbergen

Rancid - 'Bloodclot' (Epitaph/Shock)

Ugh! What a gross song-title! The song itself is pretty cool, though, and advance reports say the 'Cids new album is a bit of a corker. With a running time of just over five minutes for three songs, however, it's probably worth holding out to buy said album, unless you're a Rancid completist (interesting term, that).

Gerard van Rysbergen

Super Furry Animals - 'The International Language of Screaming' (Creation)

This song has taken over seven months to get out here, but at least we got it - surprising enough considering the Furries aren't exactly in the Blur/Oasis/Verve league in Oz. A fine enough lead track by the twisted Welsh boys (what is it with good Welsh bands lately, anyway?), but another one outshined by its B-sides, in particular the storming "Wrap It Up". Now, how 'bout the album, guys?

Gerard van Rysbergen

Aqua - 'My Oh My' (Universal/BMG)

What is there to say about Aqua that hasn't been said? This is fairly typical of them. Not their best, but what can you say is their best?

zane

The Crystal Method - 'Comin' Back' (Outpost/BMG)

Not one of The Crystal Method's best. Girly vocals and a catchy chorus give it a tacky commercial feel. Listenable, though.

zane

REM - 'Daysleeper' (Warners)

Slightly disappointing acoustic-based nod to the Automatic era. Sweet, but bland, unlike the three b-side tracks, which are pure REM gold. Why not smile?, especially, has me foetal and whimpering everytime.

simone

Loveinc - 'Broken Bones'

Just another unimaginative dance tune with female vocals and repetitive music. Had potential but failed. Comes with five separate mixes, each more boring than the first...

Anthrax - 'Crush' (Igition Records)

These three songs taken from Anthrax's new album *Volume 8 - The Threat Is Real* are unsurprisingly aggressive heavy metal. These are not the best from the Anthrax album but both *Crush* and *P*** and Vinegar* are good solid fast paced songs. This won't convert you to the Anthrax style, but it is not a total lost cause.

Lindsay Gordon

Michelle Ross - 'Rescue Me' (Mushroom)

Yeah. Another singing voice over a heavy dance beat for the teenybopper audience. This single of Michelle Ross contains the obligatory extra remixes of the main single. The song tacked on the end, 'Everybody' sounds the same as 'Rescue Me'. This is a pathetic excuse for a song and deserves a good burning.

Lindsay Gordon

Frank Black and the Catholics - 'I Gotta Move' (Shock)

You have to feel for Frank Black, really. The Pixies split before they ever made that leap from 'seminal' to 'serious unit shifting', and every solo move he's made since seems to have been overshadowed by his old bass player. Sadly this sluggish piece of pop noise is hardly a step in the right direction. Lumpen and repetitive, with some truly horrible sounding vocals (methinks that recording straight to track two wasn't such a hot idea), it lends the distinct impression that the old boy is sadly in need of ideas.

Dale F Adams

Antenna - 'Come on Spring' (Mushroom Records)

The flyer for Antenna chucks around big oz music names like they were going out of fashion. The band is formed from members of Hoodoo Gurus, Southend and Surrealists and will feature other guest vocalists. By the way the song is good, but for what amounts to a catchy rock ballad, I am sure this is only the beginning for this 'new' group. The string remix is pretty cool too.

Lindsay Gordon

powderfinger picks up again...

It's been a little while between drinks for Powderfinger. But just before everyone started saying "I wonder what happened to that band Powderfinger..." they've hit us with another work of art. Moving on from the success story of *Double Allergic* (their second album) has been quite a challenge, but *Internationalist* is well worth the wait. You might even remember sampling some of the 'new stuff' at this year's Indifest...but according to them, it probably wasn't the best introduction. Their most recent Adelaide performance at The Synagogue saw a much better response.

"Sometimes it's just a matter of a 'good gig' versus a 'bad gig'" muses Ian Haug, "for some reason we just weren't working the crowd that night [of the Indifest] but I think that people are now getting more used to our new material".

And what of *Internationalist*...is it really as big as anticipated?

"Well, so far it is selling better than the first album but not as well as the second" says John.

Written largely after the 1996 Federal Election, there is much scope for political commentary. The first single lifted from *Internationalist* 'The Day You Come' was actually written after John Howard got into power.

"So, it was a very pessimistic way of looking at [the result]...I mean, he doesn't seem to care about social issues as much as we would like him to" says John.

And then there's Adelaide's own "Hindley street on parade". But why Hindley street?

"Oh, it's not just about Hindley street" adds Ian, "we also talk about other great icons in other states. It's more about travelling around, you know, the while touring thing and the fact that you only get so much time to experience the local culture in each place".

Well, they must like it like that, because Powderfinger are just about to launch themselves on yet another tour around the country to promote *Internationalist*. They hit Adelaide on December 10, for an all ages gig at Adelaide Uni with Swervedriver and Not From There.

Susie Bate

Slappy's Top Twenty of the 90's

- Try Whistling This - Neil Finn**
- OK Computer - Radiohead**
- Hourly Daily - You Am I**
- Achtung Baby! - U2**
- From The Choirgirl Hotel - Tori Amos**
- Together Alone - Crowded House**
- Grace - Jeff Buckley**
- Yield - Pearl Jam**
- Woodface - Crowded House**
- The Bends - Radiohead**
- This is Hardcore - Pulp**
- Little Earthquakes - Tori Amos**
- Debut - Bjork**
- New Adventures in Hi Fi - REM**
- Hi Fi Way - You Am I**
- Different Class - Pulp**
- Version 2.0 - Garbage**
- Dummy - Portishead**
- Transmission - The Tea Party**
- Pop - U2**



“Ayeee. blaahh. oi mossy, pass me the beam. faaarrk. The best news after Cold Chisel reforming is that ...

student radio are opening applications for 1999.

piss off, Don. get your own cigarettes. To get involved all you have to do is pick up an application from the SAUA, Union Building, 5UV, or any good bottle shop.

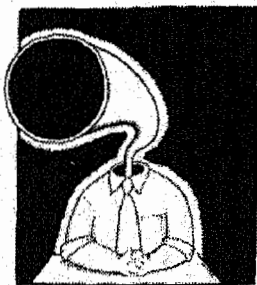
Fill it in and return it to the SAUA no later than 5:00 pm on NOVEMBER the 20th, or when ever you get up.

Okay, so how does Flame Trees start again? ...”

this week on local noise

dogboat

'live to air' on tuesday the 3rd of november
9:30 PM on LOCAL NOISE



**student radio.
give me noise.**

7 nights a week 9:30 PM - 1:30 PM Radio 5UV 531 AM

THANKYOU

WE'D LIKE TO THANK EVERYONE WHO HELPED US THROUGHOUT THE YEAR IN OUR JOB AS STUDENT RADIO DIRECTORS.

From Student Radio: Jo Buckley, Anthony (Daniele!), Slatty de Crud, CJ Crudston, 'Crazy' Sam McCrudden, the rest of the cruddy porny boys and girls, Seb, Jono, James and other phatsters, Zoe, Sally, Brionne, Anna, James, Christine, another Brionne, wunderkids Mark and Dion, Will, Tom, Kenneth, Jadyne, Laura, Sarah, Roxanne, Emily (we love you), Kate, Tristan, the elusive Ben, Luke and his 'gate mates, Doug, Denni, Jaecinta, Alex, Nick, Hugo, and the missing Jessica, Jocelyn, Kingsley, Cate, Heather, Bree, Bree again, Bree, Dan, Chantel, Petra, Joni, Ellie.

Kathleen and Jessie for their excellent work in organising Totally Wimmin Powered, and Jo and Jane and everyone girlcrazy.

Simone, freebaggin' Jeremy (who is good looking), Jamin, Anna the wonderful (especially on Thursdays) and Jon. You people have done a lot of stuff this year to make everything possible. We thank you especially.

Chris and Susie and Paul. Your support and help were invaluable to us personally, and to Student Radio as a whole. Thankyou. Thanks also to Eva and Chris B and John and Leanne and Esther and so on from On Dit.

Phil, the all Australian Hero, Deb, Fiona, Jane, all the office bearers, and the SAUA in general, Nick and John and the Pacman from StewardLand, all the people from Maintenance, Paul in the bar (and his patient staff), Natalie, the people who do our pay each week, and most especially Mr. Cannon. And Fiona B.

Sacha Sewell, for his lessons in charm and sophistication (and help), and Jo who does his work anyway (can you say that?!).

Mr. Vili and all the workers at Café de Vili.

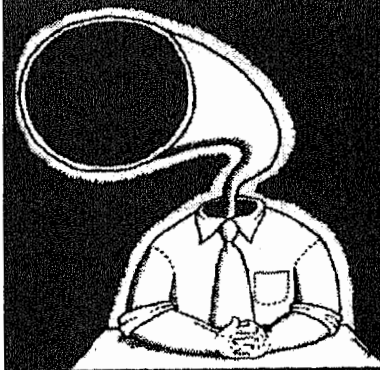
Judy, the other Flinders people including Chris, Maria and Shannon and Crazy Dean. Thanks also to Paula.

Jeff, Laine, boatgirl Sally, Jane, Lindy, Tate, Darren, and anyone at 5UV who have given up their time (and studio space) for us.

Jed P., Chris and Justin from Go-Light, dB (espec. Avalon), Rip It Up, Monique from Mushroom, BJ from Universal, Sally from MDS, all those from Shock, Sony, Warner, Polydor, etc., Ross Stanley, Derringers Music, and all of the bands that have played on Local Noise, especially Dial, Brunatex, and Revolver (who need haircuts).

And thankyou to everyone who has listened. We hope you've enjoyed it as much as we have.

PETER ADAMS AND CHRISTIAN HAEBICH
STUDENT RADIO DIRECTORS



This is the last column for 1998 folks. So much to say, so little space. So much love, so many thankyou.

Most important:
Do you want to be involved in Student Radio in 1999?

You will need to have some good ideas for Student Radio, plenty of time spare during the summer break, and a year's worth of dedication and love.

Grab a form from the Students Association or 5UV, fill it out and return it to the SAUA. Make sure to answer every question. The forms need to be returned by 5pm on November 20. We cannot accept any after this date.

It is as simple as that, which is quite simple.

We would like to thank each and every person that has taken the time to listen to Student Radio, or read this column, or come to any of our events, and most especially all of the great people currently involved in Student Radio that have made the year possible.

Thankyou. We love you.

On Dit may be finishing for the year, but Student Radio still has some weeks up its sleeve. Keep listening, it will be good. This Tuesday Local Noise features the doggy boatiness of DOGBOAT, live and exclusive 9:30pm TUESDAY the 3rd of November. We may also be featuring MOLER and even EVEN later in the year, so stay tuned.

Peter Adams
Christian Haebich
1998/1999 Student Radio
Directors.

Gettin' Jiggy Wid It

Snake Dancing
(Part 2 of *Snake Dreaming: Autobiography of a Black Woman*)

Roberta Sykes
Allen and Unwin
\$22.95

Imagine racing into a hospital at two o'clock in the morning with your screaming baby clasped desperately in your arms and having the doctor refuse, point-blank, to even look at him. Imagine being offered money *not* to marry the father of the child you are carrying. Imagine going to the police because you had been raped, and having them be far more interested in arresting you than charging the perpetrators. Imagine being charged with being 'drunk and disorderly', taken into custody, and raped five or six times by the police officers. Imagine most people thinking this is fair simply because of the colour of your skin.

Present generation Australians like to think that, basically, we are a pretty good bunch. Racism? That's for the few moronic bigots (tautology? or is

it?) that vote for One Nation and spend their time listening to Michael Brander rabbit on at rallies. The 'thick' minority; not the province of 'normal' Australian behaviour. And haven't we pretty much always been that way? It is so easy to forget, today, that the battle for recognition and rights is *still going on* for Black Australians. All of us need to be aware of that. And for that reason, for the simple awareness of truths so terrible that they are still being swept under the carpet, Roberta Sykes's autobiography is something that every single Australian should read.

She writes with compassion and honesty, telling simple truths. The reader is invited to share every moment in this remarkable woman's history, and

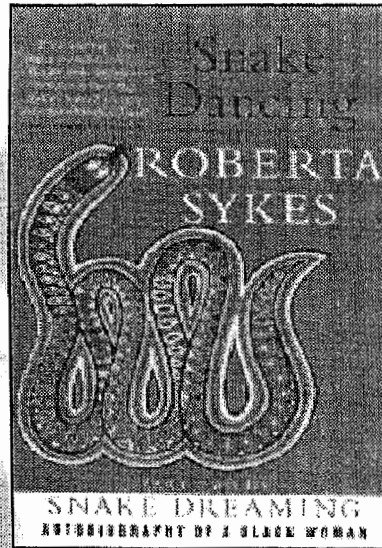
in such a gentle manner that sometimes the horrific nature of what she says takes a second or two to register. And then it explodes in your mind: the raw emotions spill over. Her experiences are too often appalling, yet the feeling that remains with you throughout the book is an absolute respect for her ability to tell a story without filling it with hate and anger. She has retained an incredibly strong sense of self, and direction. She has a remarkable ability to

decide on a course of action and do everything she possibly can to achieve it. Sykes is continually bombarded throughout her life by people and circumstances that would destroy most people, yet she still remains strong enough to continue to fight for herself and her peo-

ple. In every way she is an inspiration to everyone, and is a brilliant example of the triumphs possible for humanity that will continue to shine down through the ages.

Don't be scared off by the fact that this book is part two of a set: it is extremely readable, and should, in fact, be read by everyone. There is not a person on this planet who should not read this book. For those who are suffering, or have suffered, it exudes strength. For those who have never suffered, it is a wakeup call, and one that none of us can afford to miss. The human rights abuses that Roberta Sykes tells of may not be so blatant here in Australia any longer (although a removal of the thin veneer of civility will reveal most of them still in terrible existence), but they continue in other parts of the world. We cannot be silent, and we can't afford to be ignorant. If nothing else, what has happened to Roberta is a part of Australian history: part of *your* history. It needs to be recognised as such.

Erin O'Donnell



Daddy Dearest

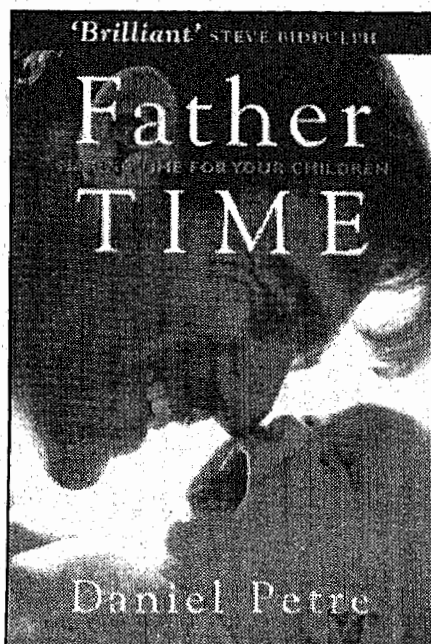
Father Time: Making Time For Your Children

Daniel Petre
Pan Macmillan
\$19.95

Daniel Petre is both a father to three young daughters and an extremely successful businessman. He knows first-hand the challenge of combining the hectic climb up the corporate

ladder with maintaining a family life. His book, based on his personal experiences and observations, offers valuable insight, inspiration and innovation to the busy father who actually desires to spend time with his children, and he writes with great compassion and understanding. Chapter titles give a clue to the book's content, for example: 'Lost fathers,' 'Involved Fathering, what makes a good father?' and 'Separated fathers ... separated children.' Not only would *Father Time* benefit the 'busy father,' it would also benefit the 'busy mother,' who, as Petre admits, is also increasingly subjected to crippling work schedules and a dwindling amount of time for the family. Petre's book also offers valuable insight for single mothers and divorced parents on the importance of a father maintaining contact with their children. Altogether, this is a great book. I am going to send a copy to my father for Christmas — it proves he's a bastard and to blame for my neuroses.

David Cheeny



Moonshine

The Pool of Two Moons
(Book Two of *The Witches of Eileanan*)

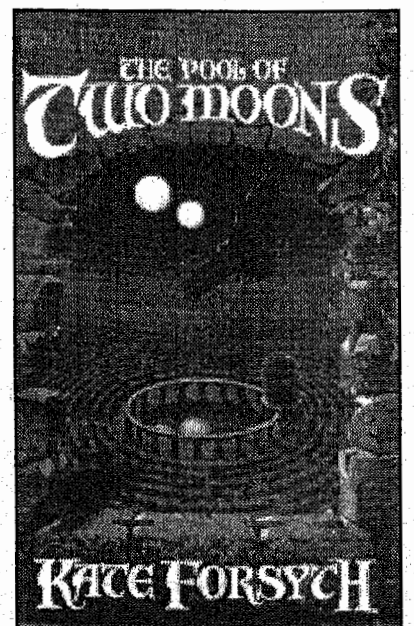
Kate Forsyth
Arrow
\$14.95

Rumours in the countryside tell of a prophesy - they say a winged man will come to save the land, bearing the lost lodestar in his hand. He shall come with the dragons at his shoulder and all the powers o' sorcery at his command ... Meghan of the beasts, key bearer of the coven knows the time is near. It will be by the pool of Two Moons ...

The Pool of Two Moons is the sequel to *Dragonclaw* in Kate Forsyth's *Witches of Eileanan* series. It is unfortunate that Book Three is yet to be completed, because I can't wait to read it! Forsyth is a brilliant and imaginative writer, and her characters are both charming and credible. As promised by the blurb on the back of the book this truly is a 'gripping story of magic and adventure.' Despite not having read

Dragonclaw I was quickly caught up by Forsyth's characters and drawn into her narrative. I particularly enjoyed the many witty and humorous parts in the novel, and the detailed landscapes: Forsyth creates a wonderful visual picture. If you love fantasy novels you will really enjoy this book - it's great. But try and read the first one first - I wish I had.

Martin Benson



A Tale of Bread and Flatulence

The Breadmaker's Carnival

Andrew Lindsay
Allen & Unwin
\$29.95 (Hardcover)

In the imaginary town of Bacheretto (also known as Little Italy) there is a baker named Gianni Terremoto. He is a large, grotesque man. He is prone to flatulence. As he kneads his dough he imagines his lover's breasts. He makes nice buns.

His daughter's name is Francesca. She has just reached puberty. She is about to become enshrined as a new local saint, the town's carnival martyr. She has become housekeeper to Emile Pestoso, the village priest and villain of the piece.

Gianni does not look forward to easter - the only thing he cannot bake is a hot-crossed bun. But this year Good Friday coincides with April

Fool's Day, and Gianni decides to make, with some exotic ingredients donated by friends, an easter bun the likes of which there's never been.

The ensuing hallucinations and food poisoning derail the entire town. And when Francesca arrives and lifts her skirt in the middle of the church, revealing all, the entire town discovers a truth it had never imagined and must rebuild itself anew.

That's a fairly basic plot summary, but there is so much more to *The*



Breadmaker's Carnival. It is crammed with a strange, slightly whimsical humour and a sense of true joy in telling tales. Not to mention a cast of fascinating characters, such as Luigi Bacheretti, the artist trying to take a photo of God, and the one-legged Pia Zanetti, who aims to be the world's first monopedic ballet dancer.

This is Andrew Lindsay's first novel, and it is written with real enthusiasm, communicated through its narrator and in his disclaimer at the

beginning, in which he claims that "some of the inaccuracies are there for the sheer sensual pleasure of telling lies, or of being inconsistent." It's a telling sentence, that, because not only is the joy of storytelling communicated, but it's also an extremely sensual novel, it's style and humour grounded in sheer physicality. Which lends it a sort of timeless quality. When you read it you feel it could be set any time from, say, 500 years ago to the present, all because its essence is based not in a place or a time, but in ordinary people (and yes, one-legged ballet dancers can be ordinary people too).

The Breadmaker's Carnival is a warm, strange, funny, touching novel. I hope Mr. Lindsay doesn't stop at one.

Paul Bradley.

Zigzagah Zigzagah!

Easy Cooking Recipes
Easy Seafood Recipes
Easy Recipes for a Triumphant Dinner Party
(Book of Three)
Ziggy Zen
Pan MacMillan

I had heard rumours that people found cooking a chore. Perhaps that is the reason those Continental gravy packs are so popular - you 'just add water' and the granulated whatever-it-is creates rubbery magic - all because some of us out there don't share the same joy - or passion - for cooking. Along comes Ziggy Zen to redeem all you philistines out there tricked by the water craze. Here is a set of three cookbooks with meals you could receive in a restaurant, made easy (but wait! there's more!). It's actually a really funny read. Be-

cause cooking is not only fantastic fun but also a great way to procrastinate, and an altogether better way to eat. If you would like to become a dinner-party legend and avoid crippling psychological damage with amazing simplicity - read on.

One recipe from the collection is Mushroom Vichyssoise - that creamy French soup made with potatoes, cream and leeks. This one I made. Minimal mess, and a great success (judging by my own tastebuds). Vegetarians, don't despair (as I did) at all the recipes using chicken stock - just use vegetable stock instead - it's absolutely fantastic.

But don't listen to me raving, listen instead to the words of guru Ziggy Zen: 'Under no circumstances use roadkill as an ingredient.'

Happy Cooking!
Jocelyn Milbank

Everything?

Everything's Fine [without sticker]
Everything's Fucked [with sticker]
- a beginner's guide to thwarting nihilism
Helen Razer
Vintage
\$17.95

Amidst a most distressing time in her life, Aunty Helen (Razer) is back with some sound advice for the meek and mild. *Everything's Fine/Fucked*

is Razer's brazen attempt at creating a self-help book for the intellectual. I say 'intellectual' without much trepidation because to actually read this book you either need to be well versed in several verbose-like Arts disciplines (Anthropology, Philosophy ...) or have a dictionary/thesaurus handy. But then, it wouldn't be the Helen Razer that we all know and love if *Everything's Fine/Fucked* wasn't another raving rant.

One thing that's been sorely missed this year has been Razer's sharp quips on the radio. So, any takes on

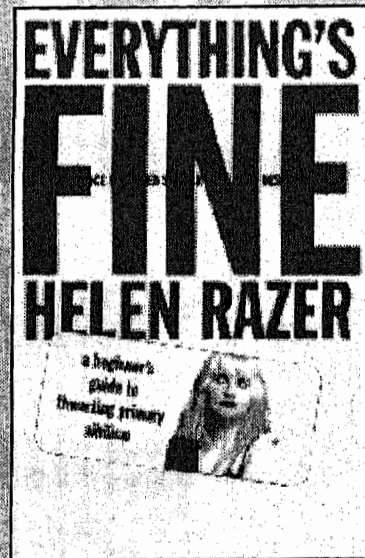
her rants of the written kind are warmly welcomed. Who else could get away with comments such as "And while I'm at it, techno does not resonate with the ancient heartbeat of a beautiful planet in need of our healing love. It's something that makes sense to people in spangly hotpants that are absolutely fucked up on tatty year eight science project amphetamines that I wouldn't have the heart to kill vermin with. ARE

WE CLEAR ON THIS?" Yeah, try to say that without taking a breath in between. It's Razerisms such as these, and the repeated five point plans (there's one list for every chapter) that keep you on your toes during this book.

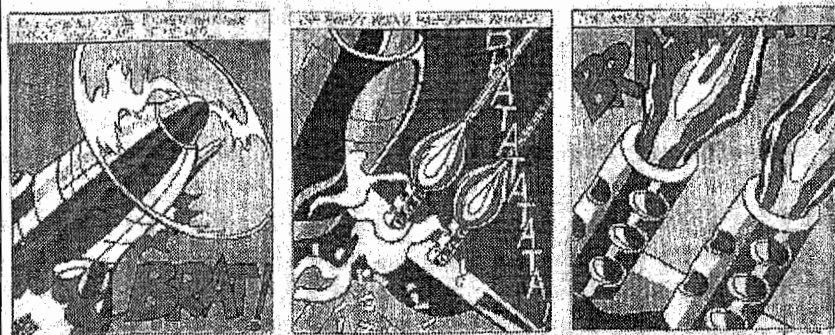
And then, at the end of the book, there's also the feeling that underneath all the verbosity and smart

one-liners, Razer's point is quite a interesting one. No longer content with the convenient excuses we use to justify 'trendy nuances', Aunty Helen is there to shake us free of apathy.

Susie Bate



THE YEAR ENDED, EACH ON DIT EDITOR DECIDED TO LET OFF STEAM THE ONLY WAY THEY KNEW...



The Fingerpost's Connected to the...

An Instance of the Fingerpost
Iain Pears
Vintage
\$17.95

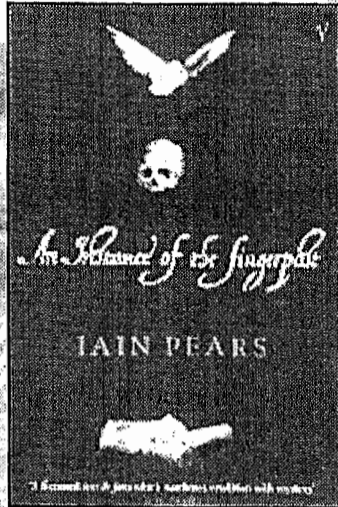
I approached *An Instance of the Fingerpost* with a little trepidation. Firstly, I had (have) a heap of major assignments to hand up and had (have) barely begun any of them; secondly, it was almost seven hundred pages long, which meant that reading it and writing a review would not improve my chances of getting any assignments done; and thirdly, critics have noted the novel's similarity to the intellectual subtlety of Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose* - and as my mind is slow at the best of times, how the hell was I going to get all my assignments done, plus read seven hundred pages, plus write a review, plus interpret the intellec-

tual subtlety of a book compared to *The Name of the Rose*? I was probably not in the best state of mind to read *An Instance of the Fingerpost*, but read it I did, and even if I do end up having to think up excuses for assignment extensions because of it, I am glad that I did, as it is a quality piece of writing.

An Instance of the Fingerpost is set in seventeenth century England. The novel is a combination of four different accounts of a murder committed in the city of Oxford. Each separate account of the murder divulges new information, progressively uncover-

ing more of the mystery as well as adding a few red-herrings, keeping the reader guessing right up until the end. The story centres around the murder, but the four narrators each have their own agenda in writing their account and four different subplots emerge as the story progresses. Although a fictional story, most of the characters are taken from English history: only one aspect of many in the book which demonstrates the amount of re-

search that has gone into its production. *An Instance of the Fingerpost* gives a no-holds-barred perspective on seventeenth-century England. The book is as much a comment on seventeenth-century English society and its beliefs and value systems as it is a murder mystery. Iain Pears's use of four different accounts to tell one story is done masterfully, with each account adding something different and new enough to keep the reader thoroughly interested. Some of the characters are difficult to empathise with because of their corrosive personalities but the mystery is so intriguing that you cannot help but happily persevere to discover the amazing truth. I am going to use a cliché here but it's the best way to describe the book - well, here it goes: *An Instance of the Fingerpost* is a book that is easy to pick up and get into but hard to put down.



Matthew Pastro

Gray Imagery

New and Selected Poems
Robert Gray
Duffy and Snellgrove
\$16.95

Robert Gray is one of Australia's most acclaimed living poets, and is greatly admired for his realisation of natural landscapes and vivid use of imagery. To pick one example from a horde of equally evocative imagistic gems, the following passage from 'Under Summer Leaves' epitomises the visual clarity and freshness of Gray's verse:

... close to the river's flexed arm,
we found the water deepened after the bend,
blocked from the mangroves with a low breakwater,
and here it became a peacock's purplish-blue,
always fluttering in the seabreeze.

Gray's sensitivity and sense of connection to the organic world - often evoked through brilliant imagistic detail - are concerns also expressed through philosophical statement and aphorism. At the heart of his work is an ecological romanticism which laments the vacuity of our materialistic society, in which alienation from nature has become the norm. When Gray turns to the human, the same empathy and alert consciousness of detail evident in his descrip-

tions of the natural world are focussed upon what he called in his poem to Philip Hodgins the 'pay-dirt of emotion.' In 'Poem to Krishna,' memories of an old friend are brought to life and made imaginatively present:

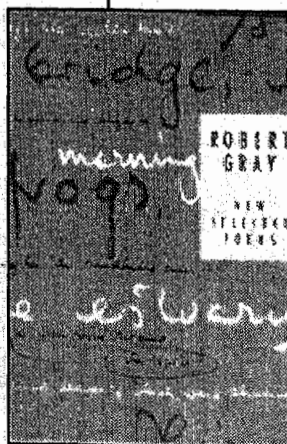
Your face, so often, ready to take offence;
defensive, hurt, if my eyes flickered
away while you talked all your unsure
rush of talk.

Such moments of awkwardness and inept communication are contrasted with ordinary, yet very special moments of togetherness - epiphanies in which the everyday and apparently banal becomes radiant with meaning and significance. Such commonplace experience is the gold of emotion dug from the past:

I remember those times when I was happy
and didn't think I was.
Strange, the way
only now I recognise it
as happiness.

I would recommend this volume to anyone with even the slightest liking for poetry: it is accessible, filled with linguistic gems and wondrous imagery and packed with bucket loads of spiritual fodder.

Gary Clark

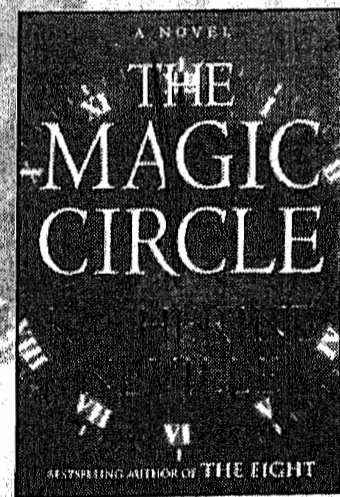


Gina? Hope? Who?

The Magic Circle
Katherine Neville
Macmillan

A dark secret links major historical events and figures such as Christ, Genghis Khan and Hitler to the 'chilling truth of the coming millennium.' Only one woman can draw together the ancient riddles of the past and prevent a future apocalypse. Sounded pretty exciting to me... But, oh, if I wasn't committed to writing this review I wouldn't have read past chapter two. Although Katherine Neville admirably draws from a wide

novel. Her writing is sometimes so clichéd it's embarrassing - for example, the heroine is a beautiful, tiny blonde. Her mother embarrasses her by being drunk at a funeral and ... falls into the grave. Government agents dress like people from the X-Files. The heroine falls in love - at first sight - with a devilishly handsome, wealthy and mysterious man, who has a foreign accent. Her uncle, a famous conductor, dresses in a cape - which he flourishes every time he steps onto the page - YUCK. To be fair though, I had to finish the



number of religious, esoteric, cultural and historical sources to create an epic novel spanning over 2000 years, her characters seem to have stepped right out of the pages of a trashy Mills and Boon book, or from a cheap detective

book. Had to find out what would happen. I did get a bit excited. Did get a bit frightened. Wondered if it was true, maybe. Mind you I do watch *Days of Our Lives* - just to find out if Gina is Hope, and if Marlena survives the exorcism. I'm sorry, but I liked Neville's book - I'm just ashamed to admit it. Read it and tell me what you think - go on, I dare you!

Becky Mardigan

Through Kids

Ghost Children
Sue Townsend
Random House
\$14.95

Sue Townsend is most renowned for her Adrian Mole diaries, which depict with humour and a large amount of pathos the life of a struggling adolescent 'intellectual who is also not very clever.' In her latest book, humour has taken a back seat. In its place is a talent at least as impressive, telling the stories of generally unremarkable individuals in a style that not only makes them thoroughly believable but also leaves the reader with a depth of emotional attachment that is rare for purely fictitious characters.

Ghost Children is an apt title as they play a part that is peripheral in the story, but central to the lives of all the characters. There are several intertwined stories, all of people who are desperate for love and grieving for something that is lost. One story is that of Christopher and Angela, who were in their twenties and in love when Angela fell pregnant.

While Christopher was ecstatic to be having a child, Angela felt only abhorrence, and arranged to have a late abortion. The spectre of the child haunts them both as they travel their separate paths. Another story is the tragedy of Storme, a little girl born to parents who are at least as in need of help as she is herself. When she keeps on crying during the night, her father beats her until she lapses into a coma in order to teach him a lesson.

Townsend's deft use of language is evocative to an extent that the description of the dull city with its grimy cafe, housing estates and common, conjures an image that is

undoubtedly English - to the point where you can smell the grease and feel the cold. While this may seem cliched, she has described the setting so accurately that anyone with more than a passing experience of the world cannot help but be drawn in. The characters are not remarkable and nor, particularly, are their stories, but they themselves are totally believable.

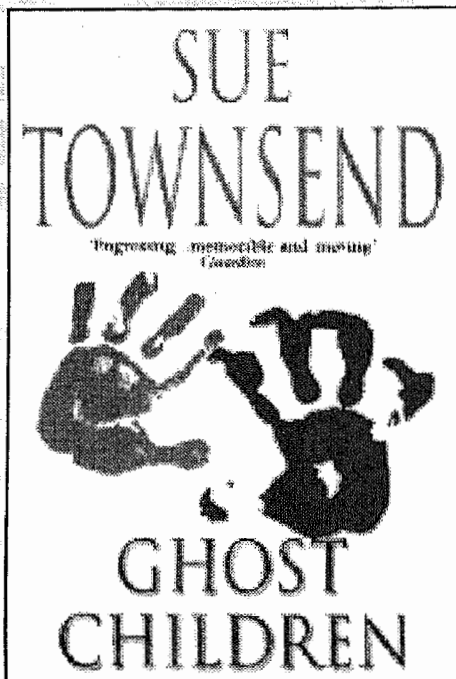
By employing such an evocative world, Townsend has managed to draw the reader in to an extent where it becomes difficult to read with a normally dispassionate point of view. While their struggles are not going

to rock the world at large, it is clear that for them (and, so it seems, for us) what happens to them is going to be a matter of great, and sometimes life-and-death importance. Her talent for seeing the humour in the mundane ala Adrian Mole or *The Queen and I* has reached its maturity in a deep compassion for the everyday person, and acknowledges that their struggles are at least as difficult as those of someone climbing Mount Everest or voyaging into space.

As could be expected of such an emotional experience, the conclusion is a little deflating. In order to tie things up there are a couple of neat plot devices used, though most of my disappointment stemmed from realising that my journey with these characters was over, though it seemed that theirs would be continuing.

Overall, *Ghost Children* is one of the most wrenching, yet also one of the most rewarding books released recently. It is not only a worthwhile read, but will provoke some thought afterwards as well.

Bronwyn Davis



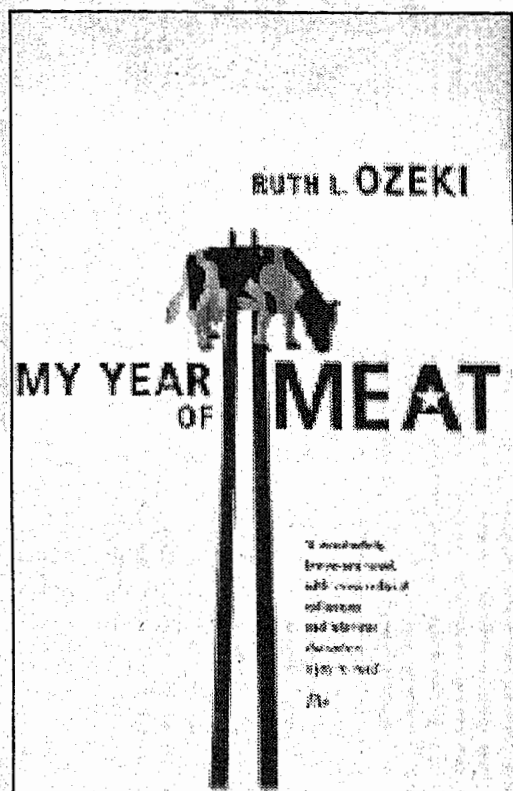
Meat City Art

My Year of Meat
Ruth L. Ozeki
Pan Macmillan

'Brilliant, just brilliant. Just when you thought that the nineties novel was nothing but drugs, drugs and more drugs, along comes a book like *My Year of Meat*. It is the story of a young, female documentary-maker who is recruited by the beef industry to make a series of stories about meat consumption in the United States called 'My American Wife.' The idea was to sell this series to Japan in order to increase the size of the meat consumption market. Jane Tagaki-Little is perfect for the job, due to her inter-racial background and her knowledge of Japanese culture. What the producers don't count on is the personal touch and background information that the fiercely independent and sharp-witted Jane brings to the lives of those involved.

If you want something that is a mix of fact and fiction, laughter and misery, then this is the perfect piece of entertainment for you. It's an outstanding work of art.

Claire Murphy



Noble and Interesting

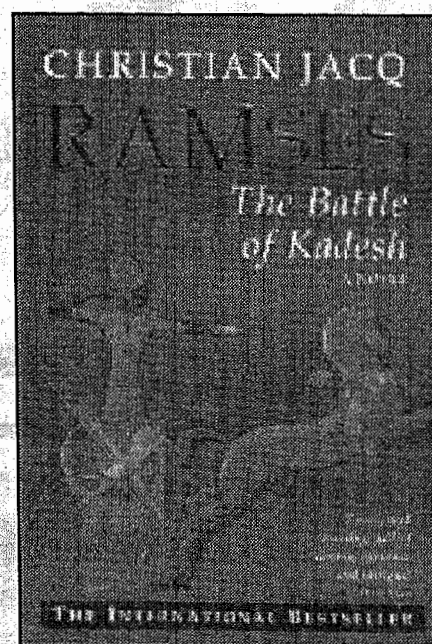
Ramses: The Battle of Kadesh
Simon and Schuster
Christian Jacq
\$19.95

Ramses: The Battle of Kadesh is the third in a series of novels by author and Egyptologist Christian Jacq. The plot centres around Ramses II and his struggle to prevent a Hittite invasion of Egypt, while also trying to some-

how save the life of his beloved queen Nefertiti, whose health is failing rapidly. Judging by the blurb, this all sounded like pretty exciting stuff, but *Ramses* turned out to be a bit disappointing.

Words you might expect use to describe the story of an Egyptian Pharaoh would be 'noble' and 'extremely interesting' - to describe this story, I don't think you would be using too many of those words. Not to say that it was complete rubbish: believe me, I have read worse, but to say the least it was slow. It took a while to distinguish between parts of the story and the reader was moved from one place to another without any real explanation. *Ramses: The Battle of Kadesh* is a little tough to describe, because it wasn't so much the story as the style that let it down. It was too stunted, sometimes too emotionally lacking - to the point that I ended up not really caring about the characters or their predicament. For want of a better word, it was okay.

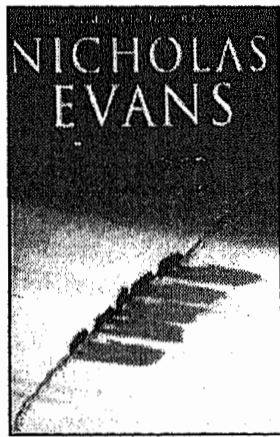
Claire Murphy



Loopy Loopy

The Loop
Nicholas Evans
Transworld Publishers
\$36.95

A pack of wolves has returned to the "sleepy Rocky Mountain ranching town of Hope, Montana" where thousands of their kind were once destroyed. Cattle are disappearing, but as the wolf is now a protected, endangered species, it seems that nothing can be done. As the losses continue, more claims for government compensation are made, so biologist Helen Ross is sent to the area, but as her job is only to monitor the movements of the wolves to ensure their protection, she must endure the anger of the townsfolk, who want blood. Curiously, no-one can produce evidence of the wolves' involvement; no bones or other remains are ever uncovered, and yet the insurance claims are escalating. This situation, however, becomes merely a background for Ross, who begins a treacherous love affair with the eighteen-year-old son of her biggest opponent, the powerful Buck Calder. At first the book seems to be about the wolves, moving slowly and concentrating on the image of the wolves, their lifestyle, their history. The 'loop' of the title is described as a device placed in dead chickens to kill wolves, back when it was legal: as the animal eats the bait, the loop lodges in its throat and expands, causing a quick but painful death. But as the book progresses



the story picks up pace, as it starts to concentrate on the characters of Hope and their relationships, and the 'loop' is described differently, referring to the cycle of life and to the food chain.

These two ideas form a strong framework for Evans' exploration of "primal passion and redemptive love." His screen-writing background has given him the ability to provide a powerfully self-orientating visual picture of the tale unfolding in Hope. Having sold twelve million copies of *The Horse Whisperer*, which also became a moderately successful film, his style of storytelling appeals to a very broad audience. *The Loop* is, stylistically at least, every bit as engaging as its predecessor, and will certainly please those who are already fans of Evans' writing. And wolves are far more exciting than horses. *The Loop*, though very detailed and accurate in its accounts of the wolves themselves, is essentially a love story or, perhaps more precisely, a passion story. The power of the fear that the wolves evoke reflects the power that Calder possesses over Ross, and the ultimate climax of the story (and of their opposition) is devastating. Definitely a fulfilling book for those who enjoyed *The Horse Whisperer*, and for anyone interested in this type of story, this is a quality read.

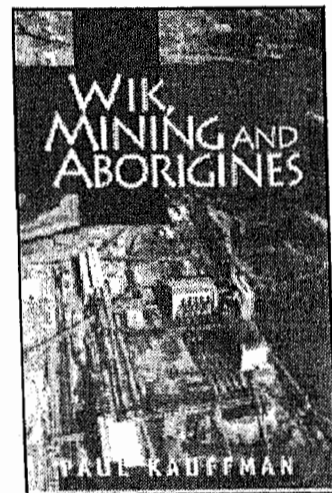
andrew four

Native Title

Wik, Mining and Aborigines
Paul Kauffman
Allen & Unwin
\$24.95

Looking for a nice book to snuggle up in bed with? This probably wouldn't be your best choice. But if you are interested in Aboriginal land-rights and mining and perhaps want to know what the hell the Jabiruka thing is all about, you couldn't find a better place than this to start.

Wik, Mining and Aborigines is painstakingly well compiled, with nearly a quarter of the book devoted to appendices, indexes, references and notes. But the fact that this book is so thorough is not surprising: Kauffman has a doctorate in history and anthropology, and is currently Associate Professor of Native Title at the University of Canberra. He has lived with the Wik people of Aurukun, has worked for Commonwealth Government and Aboriginal organisations, and has already had two other major reports published. So the guy knows stuff. But is the book any good? Generally, this kind of book troubles me: I usually find them tedious and often dubious. This example, though, is neither. I was generally interested in what I was reading, and was able to read it all with ease. Kauffman has a very user-friendly style, offering bulleted lists, diagrams, tables and maps, saving the



reader from huge slabs of text and illustrating every point that he tries to make with clarity.

The main idea that Kauffman is trying to demonstrate with this book is that Aboriginal land-rights and Australia's mining industry can operate successfully together. He presents this idea by explaining some of the key points of the Mabo decision, state legislations, and mining agreements from 1957 right up to January 1998, so the book is current and very relevant. And a brief glance through the lists of sources and notes would suggest to even the most sceptical reader that the information given is all based on fact.

If this is a topic that you are interested in, for whatever reason, I suggest *Wik, Mining and Aborigines* as a starting point; it is a brilliant introduction and provides an almost endless list of further reading materials. Even if you are very aware of all the issues, this book can provide you with perhaps a slightly different analysis of some materials, and will certainly help clarify many key points. It certainly offers a very large range of analyses of mining agreements up to the present. To the best of my knowledge, this is the only non-Governmental document so far that attempts to cover this topic in such a way, and I highly recommend it.

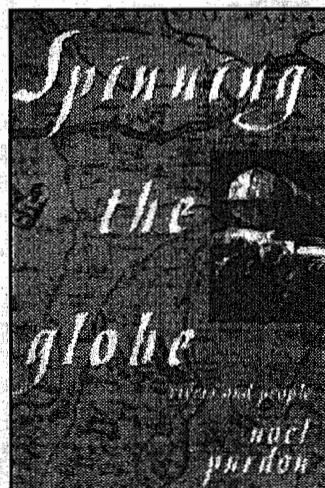
andrew four

Punting Down The Cam?

Spinning the Globe: Rivers and People
Noel Purdon
Duffy and Snellgrove
\$22.95

I had an intensely personal response to this book: it encapsulates a lot of the things I would have loved to do, and now will probably never achieve. It is a saunter down the memory lane, or perhaps more appropriately, memory river, of an extraordinary man. Purdon has led a life rich in detail and humanity, culture, language and literature. *Spinning the Globe* is a book structured around a trip down the Congo River, and the incredible experiences that entail. Conrad called the area a

heart of darkness: Purdon shows it to be the heart of rainbows, of light and darkness conmingled. This tale inspires jealousy, even at the moments of horror: 'if only I'd been there ...' is a lament that the reader often cries. Every scene is painted in rich textures, every smell, sight and sound rippling with life from the page. It is a 'larger than life' extravaganza in some ways, yet this takes nothing away from the book. Memory is richer, fuller and painted with the colours of our in-



dividual choosing, and Purdon's perhaps subconscious style suits the nostalgic feel of the novel. Noel Purdon holds an incredible wealth of knowledge of language, literature, music and art. He has a detailed understanding and appreciation of history and human nature. This is clearly apparent in his writing: he is a fascinated, fascinating person. Simply as an exploration of this vital man's character, this book sparkles. There is a scene that I par-

ticularly loved: they are punting down the Cam in Cambridge, lazily observing the surroundings, placing them into the rich context of English literary history, and exchanging intelligent commentary on both what they see and what it symbolises for each of them. It is a scene full of warmth and intelligence, and I was green with envy. This book is for those who appreciate literature and humanity, with all its global facets. It has elements of the adventure story as well as contemporary political adventuring. Don't expect too much reality: it is a memory, and has been polished until it shines. It is brilliant in its exposé of a character, and a history.

Erin O'Donnell

The Quiet Country

Silences Long Gone

Anson Cameron
Macmillan
\$17.95

Silences Long Gone is Anson Cameron's second book, the first being a collection of short stories called *Nice Shootin', Cowboy*. In *Silences Long Gone* Cameron has written a story which manages to capture something that is essentially Australian in its characterisations, dialogue and descriptions of the landscape - with a success that makes it well worth the read.

The story is told in six parts and concerns an old widow, Belle Furphy, and the attempts of a multinational mining company to move her on from her home, which is due for demolition. The house is the last standing structure of an old mining town that, under the terms of the lease of the land on which it stands, must be completely removed so that the land can be returned to the original aboriginal occupants in the exact condition in which it was leased. Of course, the mining company wants to fulfil this requirement so that further leases will be forthcoming and mining can continue in other areas. Belle is the fly in the ointment, as she does not want to move from the home in which she has spent most of her life, and in front of which she has buried the ashes of her husband and daughter.

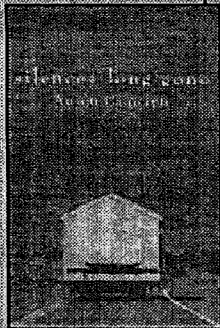
The narrator of the story is Belle's estranged son, Jack. Jack has not had much to do with his mother for a long time and is living with his wife in a

beach town in New South Wales, far from the Western Australian mining town. Jack sells real estate to retirees and, at the end of the day, does nothing to resolve the stand-off. He feels no attachment to his mother and his inability or unwillingness to step out of his comfortable life means that as the story unfolds around him he is a detached observer.

There are other interesting characters who add further dimensions to the story. Jack's brother, Adrian, is a policeman in a remote town full of dying old asbestos miners. The main part of Adrian's policing is cleaning up after the miners as they suicide one by one. Thaw is Jack's mate and the catalyst for the resolution of the stand-off. The most interesting and enigmatic character of the novel, Thaw is suspected by the constabulary of heinous crimes, and is constantly watched by them in the hope that he will drop his guard and some incriminating sample of bodily fluid will be shed to match that found at the scene of a crime committed long ago.

Not in any daggy or embarrassing sense, *Silences Long Gone* manages to convey a feeling that is uniquely and recognisably a product of Australia. To be read simply as a good yarn, or to provide a little insight into our country, *Silences Long Gone* is recommended.

Andrew



Who's On First?

Streets of Hope: Finding God in St Kilda

Tim Costello
Alien and Unwin
\$19.95

What a contrast! This was my first reaction when I heard Tim Costello speak on ABC radio with Phillip Adams about three weeks ago. Tim spoke of Australia developing a social conscience just when his brother, Peter, the Federal treasurer, had recently finished an election campaign stressing 'economic fundamentals' and the revolutionary benefits of a GST. Tim, unlike Peter, sounded articulate, deeply religious and willing to swim against the tide by publicly proclaiming the need for social justice.

Streets of Hope confirms many of my original impressions of the man. It is essentially about Costello's quest to live a life true to his own spiritual values and to help create a better and more compassionate world. He describes the book thus: 'This is my story of trying to build community through the family, through the church and through local government. Holding them to-



gether to serve each other is my challenge to live with integrity.'

Costello describes his interaction with a number of communities: Blackburn, where he grew up; Switzerland, where he took his theological training, and St Kilda, where he has been involved as a Baptist Minister, lawyer and mayor over the past fourteen years. Interlaced with his descriptions of these different communities are stories of his meetings

with a diverse range of people, mostly the downtrodden - prostitutes, drunks, drug addicts and the poor. Also included are his criticisms of a modern Australia which lacks a sense of religion, community, family and charity.

Streets of Hope is replete with inter-

esting remarks which reveal the depth of Costello's social conscience and his belief that God and community are the answers to Australia's present ills. For instance, he denigrates business managers and their wealth and sense of self importance, lawyers and their grab for 'grubby pecuniary gains' over social justice, Jeff Kennett and his 'debauched statesmanship' in heaping praise on the Melbourne casino, and an increasingly consumerist society which professes to offer miracles and cures for people's problems.

One cannot doubt that Costello makes some valid points and has lived a life true to his Christian values. But upon finishing his book one still has a sense of unease about his prescriptions. Is spirituality really the answer to Australia's low self-esteem? Is community attainable in a more globalised world? Can a caring and compassionate society be constructed in a world full of seemingly selfish people? I am not as confident as Costello in the building of a just society, undergirded by religious faith.

Nevertheless, *Streets of Hope* is an admirable book - it is perceptive and easy to read. At the very least, it should be read as an example of how to remain true to your own values.

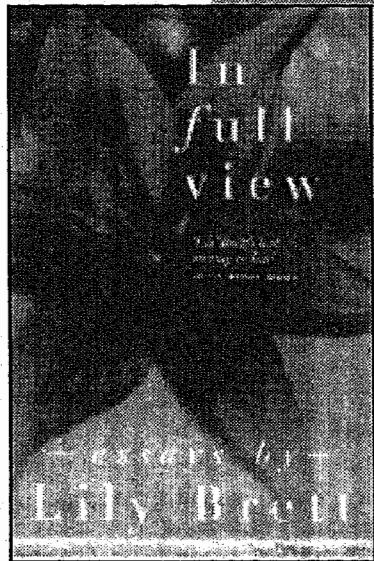
James Gruber

Seeing is Believing

In Full View

Lily Brett
Picador

In Full View consists of a sensitive collection of self-analytical, personal essays covering a range of universal topics. Brett opens herself up completely for this book, and we, as the readers, are invited to experience the complexities of her life. She addresses issues such as death, food, motherhood, ageing, love, and her rock journo career. Brett is a German-born Jew who was brought up in Mel-



bourne, and is constantly haunted by the ghosts of her family's past. Most of her relatives died in concentration

camps under the Nazis in World War Two, and although Brett was not yet a twinkle in her father's eyes, she experiences the pain of this history second-hand through the suffering of her mother.

Although my life and background is far

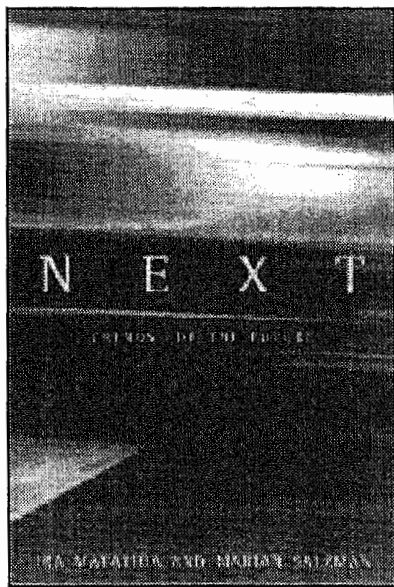
removed from Brett's intense reality, after three hundred and fifty pages, I felt quite attached to her. She writes in an extremely open manner and I found certain parts of the book, such as the discovery of her daughter's lesbian lifestyle, very touching. I really appreciated the honesty, clarity and simplicity with which she envisions life itself. There were no philosophical questions, no 'why are we here?' - just a calm, remarkable insight and a wish to live life to its optimum potential. However, by the end, I had had enough of the sections dedicated to her lifelong struggle with her weight. Maybe I'm a bit harsh, but I need to be picky about something.

Steph Carter

NEXT!

NEXT: Trends For The Future
Ira Matathia and Marion Salzman
Pan MacMillan

It should not surprise many that the future should be the subject of close, detailed study by advertising companies. Both the authors of *Next* are in the advertising industry, and have co-founded the Department Of The Future in their company. The premise is: we'd better know what trends people are following so that we can design a more effective advertising campaign. They've become absorbed in their work and are now 'futurists,' and while this book is technically an advertising manual, it contains a lot of insight into what we can expect



from the future. It also tells us about the present: it turns out that 'pre-millennial tension' is what is making us obsessed with retro fashion and recycled music. It gives incredible insight into modern inventions which will soon become mainstream: the wallpaper which changes itself to suit your mood, the PC/TV, et cetera - but also paints a bleak picture of the scarcity of water and air and a safe space for your children. When questioned on Triple J recently about whether the future would be about the 'haves' and the 'have nots,' Marion agreed: "A child who isn't on the internet

by the time they're ten years old is already being raised not to be competitive," she said. This is certainly someone who at least sounds like they know what they're talking about.

Next is an amazing book. While there have been a lot of books that have tried to predict the future, such as that children's book which said that by 1980 a nuclear device would be stolen by terrorists, we would have satellite-based weaponry and robots would clean our homes, this book is the real thing. These people know what they're talking about. By observing the present, we can see what's in the future. For example, Christian marketing in the US is a multi-million-dollar industry. Jesus is the

greatest marketing symbol of our time (just in front of Mandela). There are born-again virgins now. You can now reclaim your virginity and lead a pure(r) sexual life - you abstain for longer and longer periods and eventually become totally celibate.

This is a very big, very readable, very believable book. If you are interested at all in current attitudes towards money, relationships, business and jobs, advertising, news, the Internet, parenthood, pets, shopping, eating, or travel - pick up this book. It's really interesting and it's not full of unfounded predictions.

zane

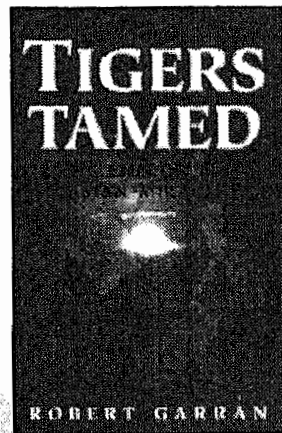
Tigers Tamed: The End of the Asian Miracle

Robert Garran
Allen and Unwin
\$19.95

If there were a maxim that could apply to most journalists it would go like this: they know a little about everything but not much about anything. In other words, trained journalists have a broad understanding of local, national and international issues - enough anyhow to get by with the writing of a 20 paragraph news story - yet they do not comprehend these issues in any sort of depth.

Robert Garran is an experienced journalist with *The Australian* and his book, *Tigers Tamed*, in one sense, succeeds splendidly as a journalistic work - it fails to give an original and comprehensive analysis of the subject it intends to. The book's aim is to give a history of the recent East Asian financial crisis, concentrating on eight countries in particular - Japan, China, South Korea, Thailand, Indonesia, Malaysia, Singapore and the Philippines.

Garran argues that the main elements of the crisis are undisputed: excessive short-term borrowing, poor financial systems, inadequate political responses, corruption and cronyism. What is in dispute, according to Garran, are the underlying causes of the crisis. Was Mahatir right in suggesting that the financial crisis was caused by manipulative foreign speculators, or was George Soros, one of those



global speculators, right in arguing that the crisis was homegrown more than anything else?

Garran hedges his bets. He says that corruption, hubris, cronyism and poor financial systems partly caused the East Asian crisis. In this way, the 'myth' that Asia had superior values to the West and a distinctive economic model which could beat the global markets, was proven a mirage. Garran goes on to argue that the volatility of the global capital markets also played a part, and that the International Monetary Fund exacerbated the crisis with its extreme free-market reforms.

The problems with Garran's book largely stem from his failure to retreat from contemporary journalistic platitudes. There is little original insight, no real attempt to broaden the scope of the financial crisis beyond its political and economic dimensions, and no willingness to venture out into the philosophical ramifications of the crisis - for instance, how can the volatility of the global markets be reformed? or how might the IMF improve its reformist efforts in the future?

The other major difficulty with *Tigers Tamed* is that it makes for tedious reading. Whereas journalists usually excel at bubbly, lucid prose and the telling of anecdotes, Garran does neither. He attempts to provide a sophisticated, detached analysis of the East Asian crisis but only succeeded in almost putting this reviewer to sleep.

James Gruber

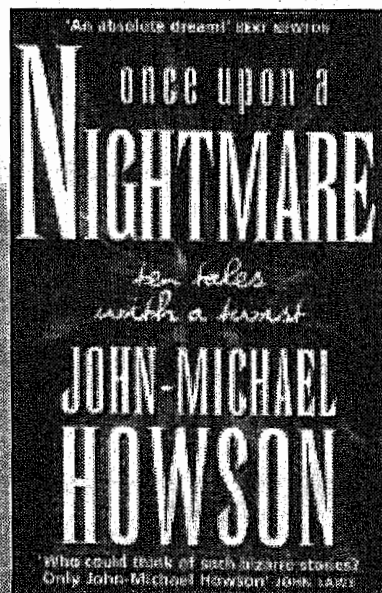
DOOH! SECURITY!

Once Upon a Nightmare: Ten Tales With a Twist

John-Michael Howson
Pan
\$16.95

John Michael Howson, he of the wimpy Hollywood gossip reports on TV, has written a book, and guess what? It's not half bad (ie it's good). It is exactly what it says it is: ten shortish stories with a twist at the end. Most of them are supernatural twists, so if this kind of thing is not your cup of tea, then forget it. *Once Upon a Nightmare* is touted on the back cover as being in the tradition of *The Twilight Zone* and *Tales of the Unexpected* - a description which is not far from the truth, as the stories do have a similar ring to them,

however, the *Twilight Zone* is sooo much better than most things I have read in this genre, so don't expect this book to be quite as good. The stories are well written, although a little predictable, but able to keep the attention of the reader. Most are set amongst the lifestyles of the rich and famous - something that John-Michael probably knows well - and this appeals to my voyeur-



istic 'Hollywood-watching' side. He has also provided us with the beginnings of a mythos: many of the stories overlap by mentioning characters and events read about in other stories, making the whole a more cohesive book.

The only thing that I found annoying in the stories was the relative stupidity of some of the characters. For example, your husband is a virtual stranger, you don't know what he does for a living

except that it takes you to all parts of the globe. He is meticulous about learning the geography of each new city. Oh, and in most of the places you visit some dignitary or celebrity gets assassinated. Gee, bad luck? A Hollywood child star of yesteryear has spent a good 40 years of his life cooped up in a house with his excessively controlling and protective mother - think he might be a little disturbed, or perhaps a stark raving loony and you'd better get out of there as soon as possible? Well, the stupidity of some of the characters did allow the inevitability of the situation to add suspense. I'd give this one a go if, like me, you like short stories with a bit of a twist in the tail.

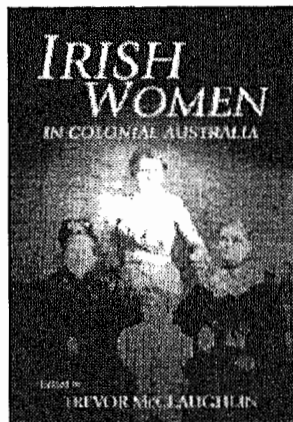
Esther Speight

TO BE SURE

Irish Women in Colonial Australia
ed. Trevor McClaughlin
Allen & Unwin
\$24.95

Just about everyone in Adelaide has been to an Irish pub. Rediscovering and acknowledging Australia's Irish heritage is becoming very popular, and rightly so, as the Irish made up a large proportion of our colonial population. *Irish Women in Colonial Australia* is a collection of essays that recognise the significance of Irish women in early Australian history and give human faces to the statistics of convicts and settlers alike. This book is particularly relevant to South Australians, as it has an essay devoted to Irish women in colonial South Australia, and three of its contributors are based at Flinders University.

As the contributors to this collection are all accomplished scholars in their own right, the research that has gone into these essays is, not surprisingly, exceptional. I will quite often use a non-fiction book's references section as a gauge of its quality, and by this method *Irish Women in Colonial Australia* gets the two-thumbs-up. Issues covered include the high percentages of Irish women in prison, kith and kinship networks, pride and respectability, and religious backgrounds. Generally, the essays themselves are all pretty good, but a couple stood out to me as highlights, mainly because of the freshness of their topics. "I was nowhere



else": casualties of colonisation in eastern Australia in the second half of the nineteenth century,' by editor Trevor McClaughlin was an interesting exploration of the experiences of Irish women who struggled with Australia: "In the second half of the nineteenth century, Irish women are most readily found incarcerated in mental asylums, in gaols and in institutions". This was my favourite essay, not only because of the subject matter, but also because McClaughlin's use of quotes and graphs helped to illuminate key points rather well. In the centre of the book is a collec-

tion of photographs which help the reader to humanise the experiences in the essays, but I think that more could have been done to incorporate photographs into the text to reinforce a lot of the messages. This is my only real criticism of the collection, which is otherwise well-written and thorough. This book is certainly a must for anyone involving themselves in studies in this area, and could also be quite an interesting read for anyone with an Irish heritage. It may even give you that conversation starter you're looking for when you've ordered that next Guinness at your local Irish pub (eg, "Did you know that between 1856 and 1861 44% of prisoners in the Melbourne Women's Gaol were Irish, and yet they only accounted for 19% of the population?").
andrew four

Plan 9 From Outer Space

The Omega Plan
Artemis P. Simopoulos, M.D. and Jo Robinson
Hodder Headline
\$24.95

Remember *Lorenzo's Oil*? Nick Nolte with a fake foreign accent, sitting in a library clipping paper clips together and saying 'thees chain of fahtty ahsids and thees chain of fahtty ahsids are not the saime'? That's what this book is about. It's supposed to be 'the medically proven diet that restores your body's nutritional balance,' but what it seems to be is a whole bunch of statistics and graphs and facts that are trying to prove to me that I need more sesame oil. To spoil the ending, I'll tell you the gist:

The seven dietary guidelines of The Omega Plan:

- 1) Eat foods rich in omega-3 fatty acids such as fatty fish (salmon, trout, tuna, herring, mackerel), walnuts, canola oil, flaxseeds (linseeds), and green leafy vegetables. Or, if you prefer, take omega-3 supplements.
- 2) Use monounsaturated oils such as olive oil and canola oil as your primary fat.
- 3) Eat seven or more servings of fruits and vegetables every day.
- 4) Eat more vegetable protein, including peas, beans, and nuts.

- 5) Avoid saturated fat by choosing lean meat over fatty meat (if you eat meat) and low-fat over full-fat milk products.
- 6) Avoid oils that are high in omega-6 fatty acids, including corn, safflower, sunflower, soybean, and cottonseed oils.
- 7) Reduce your intake of trans-fatty acids by cutting back on margarine, vegetable shortening, commercial pastries, deep-fat fried food, and most prepared snacks, mixes, and convenience food.



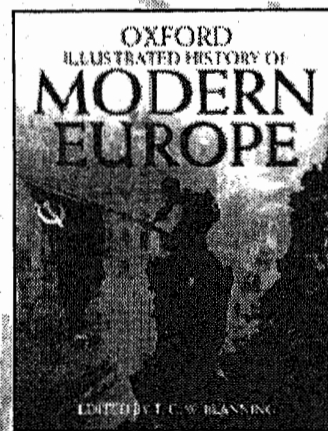
Sounds like any other diet, doesn't it? Well, actually, it is medically proven. It's based on healthy-as lifestyles of Crete and Italy, and was tested in a 'randomised clinical trial' - the gold standard of medical studies.

What the book basically says is that not all fat is bad, and there are certain fats you need. It helps you tell the difference between nasty fat and 'the good oil,' and even provides recipes. I did not try 'The Omega Plan' diet. I have enough trouble cooking baked beans. However, if I was going to try a diet, this would probably be it. (If that's not a recommendation, I don't know what is!)

When I Was Your Age ...

Oxford Illustrated History of Modern Europe
C. W. Blanning (Ed.)
Oxford University Press
\$39.95

When the title of a book begins with "Oxford" you know it is going to be of a high standard, and the *Oxford Illustrated History of Modern Europe* is not an exception to the rule. The editor, C. W. Blanning, is Professor of Modern European History at the University of Cambridge, and he has gathered other professors and lecturers in History to write this book. The name that stands out the most to me, as a historian, is Paul Preston. He is Professor of International History at the London School of Economics and Political Science and has been very widely published. When historians talk about Modern Europe, they generally mean 18th, 19th and 20th century Europe. The 1789 French Revolution often signifies the beginning of this period and the historians who wrote this book used it to do just that (although the chapter on industrialisation begins with 1750). This book is by no means



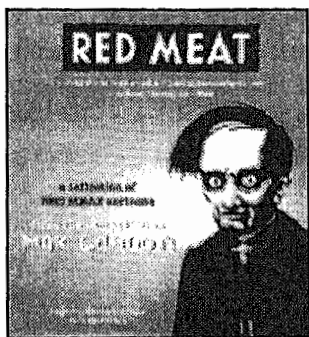
an in-depth study of Modern Europe: the topic is far too large to study in one 362-page book. *The Illustrated History* is a comprehensive historical overview that encompasses all European countries. It is easy to read and well organized, being divided thematically and then chronologically. The best thing about this book is that it does not neglect any area of history: it discusses politics, the military and war, society, culture and economics. Artistic movements and social forces like commercialism are also discussed, as is class division and the modernisation of the military. The majority of the illustrations are in black and white but there are some colour pictures, which have been made the most of. In the back of the book there are several maps of Europe including one showing how Europe was at the end of 1995. There is also a chronology (time-line) and an extensive further list. This book is excellent for someone who has an interest in Modern European history and perhaps even a first-year student who is looking for a good general guide before launching into the specialised texts.
Christopher Bolland

WaggieBurgers Suck!

Red Meat

Max Cannon
Pan Macmillan

Comics and cartoons have long been used as commentary on society. The 18th century had Hogarth, the 70s had Crumb, and then there has been Space Moose, Zippy the Pinhead, the Simpsons, Duckman, the Freak Brothers, Crisis, and so on. To this list comes Max



Cannon, an American cartoonist I had not heard of before picking up this book. Cannon strips bare the veneer of normality with frightening and unnerving precision. Crisp black and white graphics in three frames, with figures that never change except for their facial expression, emphasise the 'there's nothing wrong

here' feeling. These static drawings make the text even more sinister. Normality is shown for the fraud that it so often is.

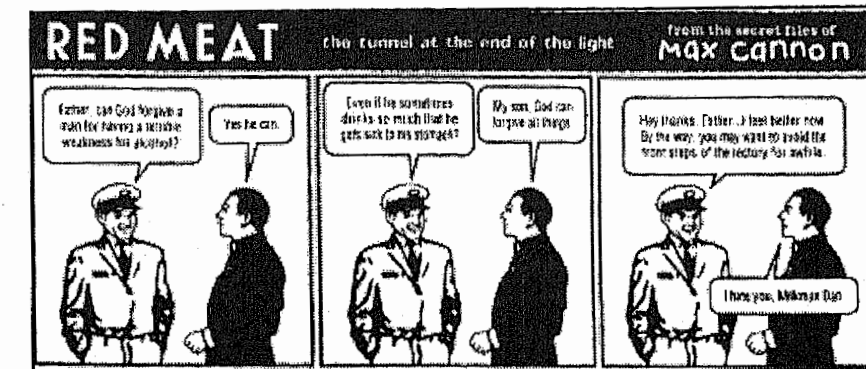
The graphics are like 1950s style clip-art advertisements, with the character Milkman Dan showing up frequently. Along with Milkman Dan is Earl (a Max Cannon alter ego?) who comes in with uncomfortable thoughts, like the following:

I had a queer dream last night.

My head wuz normal, but my body turned into a pine cone and it wuz bein' eaten by giant squirrels.

Giant lady squirrels.

Or



Whenever I'm feeling down I try to think about individuals who are less fortunate than myself.

If that doesn't work, I'll usually go and stalk someone ... just to make the voices go away.

figure, frightening children; a pipe-smoking father, archetypical in books from the 50s, gets bent on cough mix. Max is a sick puppy. If you like dark humour, if you marvel at road crashes and have a little voice inside you that laughs when unfortunate things happen to others, you will like *Read Meat*.

Max Cannon takes a fine scalpel to our archetypes and sacred icons: The local milkman - Dan - becomes a subversive

Michael Blackwell

Sex and Drugs

Sex and Medicine

Rosemary Pringle
Cambridge University Press
\$29.95

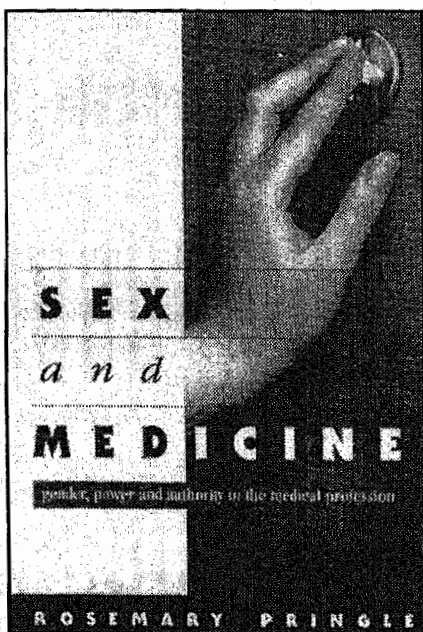
Sex and Medicine is the kind of book that can be enjoyed on a variety of levels. It can be read as a feminist work, as a history of women in medicine, or as a general commentary on medicine in Australia and the United Kingdom - to name a few. The author is honest in stating that, by the very nature of her subject, the information is biased towards the situation as experienced by women doctors. It was interesting to me too that the hours and the training regime are seen as hostile towards women. This is interesting because it is not the medical world alone that sees women as the primary care-givers, but society as a whole. It is true that women are the child-bearers, and that this is something that the training schedules do conflict with, but until society accepts that women and men are equally capable of raising children, being married, and working, the opinions of the medical world certainly won't change to allow women equal status and opportunities.

This book is incredibly well-written in an accessible style which gives information without being either patronising or too technical. I can't recommend it enough. It is interesting to read that although there are a growing number of women doctors, they are accepted far more readily in the

areas that are seen as 'caring,' such as general practice, or in the areas of paediatrics. An area (amongst many) that women are not well accepted is obstetrics and gynaecology, a fact which I found surprising. At different times, including up to the present, women have been kept out of medical practice, medical school, the best jobs, the best hospitals, and specialist training. This has been done overtly and covertly because of gender.

This really is a fascinating book, no matter how deep your interest in the subject of gender and medicine.

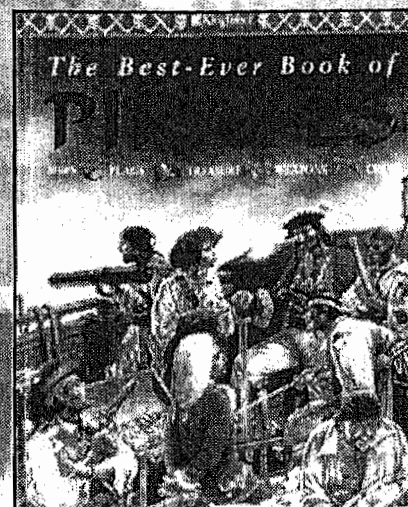
Polly



The Best-Ever Book of Pirates
Philip Steele
Kingfisher

Have you ever been stuck for something interesting to talk about at a dinner party? You know, something unusual, something that no one else at the table knows anything about?

Have the arguments about politics and religion reached their inevitable stalemate? Well, why not bring up the topic of Pirates. Yes, Pirates. You will amaze your friends with your intimate knowl-

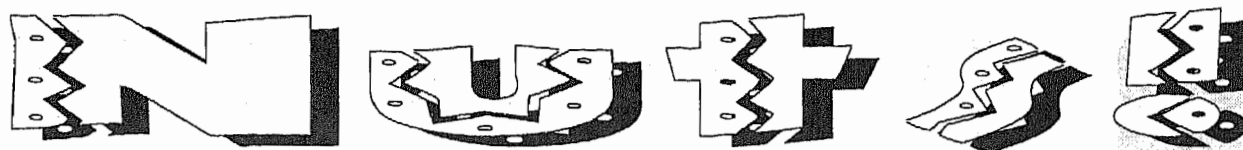


edge of sails and rigging, astound your host with facts about scurvy and other maritime diseases, and all with the help of *The Best-Ever book of Pirates*. Beautifully illustrated and bursting at it's barnacled seams with facts and figures, Philip Steele's homage to piracy is an excellent resource for those

looking to impress, and, perhaps more appropriately, of equal use if you're still in primary school and wanting to put together a piss-weak poster for your history or social sciences class, and it's due tomorrow. *The Best-Ever Book of Pirates* also includes a handy index for quick reference, and a glossary of rare pirate words, such as 'tax' and 'castle,' that will keep both the reader and those within earshot entertained for hours (strangely enough, however, when I looked up treasure the entry didn't read 'see booty').

Reading *The Best-Ever Book of Pirates* brought a salty tear to my eye, reminding me of my days as a captain of a 'topsail schooner,' and should be compulsory reading for all those interested in life on the high seas.

Peter Adams



The Oxford Companion to Australian History

ed. Graeme Davison, John Hirst, Stuart MacIntyre
Oxford University Press
\$79.95

I confess that I did not read *The Oxford Companion to Australian History* from cover to cover when setting out to write this review: it is, after all, 716 pages long, and I just don't have that kind of time. Instead, I set it a challenge. I looked up everything you could conceivably expect (or even hope) to find in such a volume, bar vegemite. And it was all there. Then I looked up vegemite, and that was there too.

I hope you're suitably impressed,

because I certainly was. Set out like an encyclopedia, the *Companion* contains approximately 1600 cross-referenced entries, listed from A-Z and ranging from essays of up to two thousand words to briefer entries of a hundred words.

It also includes maps of Australia and its states (the first of which is a map of Aboriginal Australia) and a subject index. Edited by three of Australia's most highly regarded historians, it includes contributions from 317 Australian scholars and writers, from old hands such as Geoffrey Blainey and Bill Gammage to lesser-known writers such as Judith Brett and Brian Matthews.



Society, politics, culture - the *Companion* places it all at the reader's fingertips in entries covering not only famous events, people and institutions but past-times, colloquialisms, and wider topics such as madness, social justice, prostitution, literature, femininity, gay history and multiculturalism. It does not neglect to discuss the more shameful (and often lesser-known) elements of Australia's past, such as massacres of

Aboriginal people (for example, the Myall Creek massacre) and includes a significant number of entries on Aboriginal experience - from traditional myths to modern narratives,

from white assimilation policies to Aboriginal reactions of resistance. The diversity of entries and contributors boasted by the *Companion* is intended to reflect the wide range of views and concerns Australians hold about their country, and I think that it does so quite successfully. Certainly, there are no glaring omissions. The *Companion* is not only a handsome, comprehensive and highly useful reference book, it also makes surprisingly interesting and entertaining reading. If you want to know more about Australian history, the *Companion* would make a valuable friend - if you can afford it, by all means, buy it - if not, put it on your Christmas list.

Eva O'Driscoll

Nuts, I Tell You! Completely Nuts!

Writing with Power: Techniques for Mastering the Writing Process (2nd ed.)

Peter Elbow
Oxford University Press
\$26.95

I am talking to that person inside everyone who has ever written or tried to write: that someone who has wrestled with words, who seeks power in words, who has often gotten discouraged, but who also senses the possibility of achieving real writing power. (p.6)

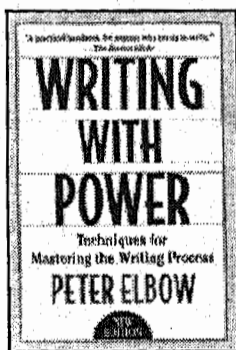
Writing with Power is intended as a book for everyone: it is not slanted towards any particular group, nor is it either insultingly easy or overly intellectual. It is a useful handbook written from the premise that virtually everyone has the ability to wield words with power: it's just a matter of learning how to make the most of the skills we have.

According to Elbow, many of the rules we have been taught to follow when writing are a hindrance rather than a help: all that planning, outlining, and keeping-the-audience-in-mind can so often leave us chewing our pencils or staring blankly at our computer monitors and just not getting anywhere - or getting somewhere that's really nowhere-special because by trying to 'write it right first time' we are prevented from being creative by our fear of being foolish. Elbow sees the secret

to good, powerful writing as lying in the successful balance of creativity and criticism: skills which are equally important in both fiction and non-fiction. By dividing the writing process into two separate stages, one based on intuition, the other on control, he suggests that we can make the most of these contrasting abilities and improve our writing. Chapters in the book deal with freewriting and sharing (techniques for getting words on paper), revising, dealing with the audience, reaping the benefits of feedback, and 'the mystery of power in writing': that special something that transcends mere clarity and facility with words.

Writing with Power is not only about getting power over words and readers, but getting power over yourself and the writing process. You wouldn't want to read it from cover to cover (it is 375 pages long, and not exactly riveting reading) but with a handy index and clearly divided chapters, it would be a good book to dip into. Although a lot of the advice and discussion the book provides seems pretty obvious, sometimes it does help to be told these things and, if nothing else, *Writing with Power* succeeds in making the reader think about the way they write and how they might improve it. Both interesting and comprehensive, if you want to improve your writing skills, this book is worth a look.

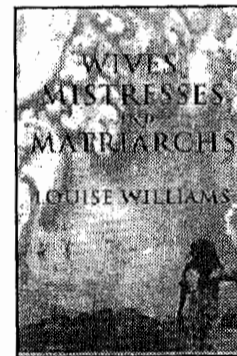
Eva O'Driscoll



Wives, Mistresses and Matriarchs: Asian Women Today

Louise Williams
Allen and Unwin
\$24.95

Wives, Mistresses and Matriarchs tells many of the untold stories of women of Asia. Louise Williams, an experienced Australian journalist and editor who has spent extensive time in Asia as a foreign correspondent, has interviewed women from Indonesia, Hong Kong, China, Vietnam, Thailand, Burma, Pakistan, South Korea, Laos, Sri Lanka and the Phillipines, and in this book she has recorded their stories with both perception and insight. She has spoken to women from all walks of life, from famous figures such as Benazir Bhutto, Corazon Aquino and Aung San Suu Kyi, to women whose names we wouldn't know - not only the factory workers and prostitutes whose stories may be familiar to us from condescending, self-righteous documentaries on the exploitation of women in Asia, but successful professional women such as a South Korean publisher and an Indonesian judge, as well as an ex-guerilla fighter. This book is neither condescending nor self-righteous. The women's stories are related in clear, non-judgemental prose and, to a great extent, the women are allowed to speak for themselves, with Williams quoting their words directly.



This book is far more than mere interview transcription, however. Williams has done her research, and her understanding of the culture, history and issues involved in the stories she recounts is impressive. Also, the degree to which the women she speaks to are prepared to open up to her when talking about their lives speaks volumes of her sympathy and sensitivity.

Each of the twenty-three chapters tells the story of a different woman and each can be read alone, or in any order you please. In this way, the book reminded me of a series of documentaries filmed in different places and telling separate stories but united by a common theme: in this case, that of the lives of women in Asia. While this style helped to make *Wives, Mistresses and Matriarchs* as interesting and easy to read as it was, an introduction or conclusion of some sorts would have helped to draw the threads together and made the book more cohesive and powerful as a whole - but this is really my only criticism.

Written in clear, concise, journalistic style, *Wives, Mistresses and Matriarchs* is a book that challenges Western perceptions of Asian women as repressed, submissive creatures and presents a fascinating study of the unique position of women in a region in which they occupy positions of both great public and private power and incredible powerlessness. I recommend it highly.

Eva O'Driscoll

J.D. GOES NUTS, TOO!

Once an Australian
 Ian Britain
 Oxford University Press
 \$24.95

I have never been overseas. Every time I make plans to 'do Europe' the following year something happens: I lose my job, I fall head over heels for someone and I just couldn't possibly leave them, or someone dies. The point is, I've always harboured a little resentment towards anyone who has managed to get out of Australia, and I despise anyone who has done it and not really appreciated their opportunity ('I went to Prague and got soooo drunk'). With all this baggage I began to read *Once an Australian*, Ian Britain's study of four Australians who have each in their own fields reached a kind of icon-status overseas. Britain tackles Barry Humphries, Clive James, Germaine Greer and Robert

Hughes: perhaps the four largest cultural figures (once *l'enfant terribles*) to leave Australia in the second half of this century. Each has made their mark in their chosen field, usually controversially. Each knows the others as acquaintances or friends, but the four have never been seen in the same room together. All four left their native country around the early sixties, with England as their first stop. In each case, the individual in question had to leave Australia to pursue their career, to make



a name for themselves: Alan Moorhead, the expatriate Australian historian, once told Hughes, 'If you stay in Australia the way you are, Australia will remain very interesting but you will become a bore.' Britain's book is less a series of short biographies than a set of frameworks for further reading; Britain himself refers to them as 'profiles.' These profiles are very focused: their subject is essentially why these people left Australia and what happened when they got to England. Britain's style is entertaining,

and he does succeed in bringing the Humphries, Greer, Hughes and James of the sixties to life: the reader can appreciate in claustrophobic detail the reasons each individual had for leaving their home to find another. In some ways things have improved greatly. Whereas not all that long ago a researcher or critic from Australia - or New Zealand or Argentina or South Africa - had very little chance of being taken seriously unless they were a Florey or a Moorhead, these days some internationally recognised leaders in their chosen field actually choose to stay in their country of origin, below the equator. There's still a measure of kudos, however, attached to an Oxbridge education; in the eyes of a lot of people, being a big fish in an Antipodean pond just isn't enough.

J.D.

TOP 10 REASONS READING IS BETTER THAN SEX

1. You don't get into trouble for falling asleep during reading.
2. A book is never not in the mood.
3. If you get bored reading a book, you can put it down and pick it up again later.
4. No-one will ever make derogatory remarks about how many books you've read.
5. A book is almost always where you left it.
6. Books don't mind if you stop reading them to read other books.
7. You can save the climax until you want it.
8. You can do it with your clothes on, so no getting chilly in winter.
9. A book will never leave you for another reader (although lending is permitted).
10. A book will stay awake as long as you do.

LitBit

Ever wonder why English spelling is so weird? Well, its not because we're sophisticated. After printing was invented, English spelling became more variable than it had been previously because printers employed cheap foreign labour (who were given no uniform training and who sometimes had no competence in English) and because charging by the inch encouraged printers to put in extra letters.

(Source: Verbal Hygiene, Deborah Cameron)

I'm A Little Mushroom

25 Years of Mushroom Records - A History of Australian Music
Dave Warner
Harper Collins
\$35.00

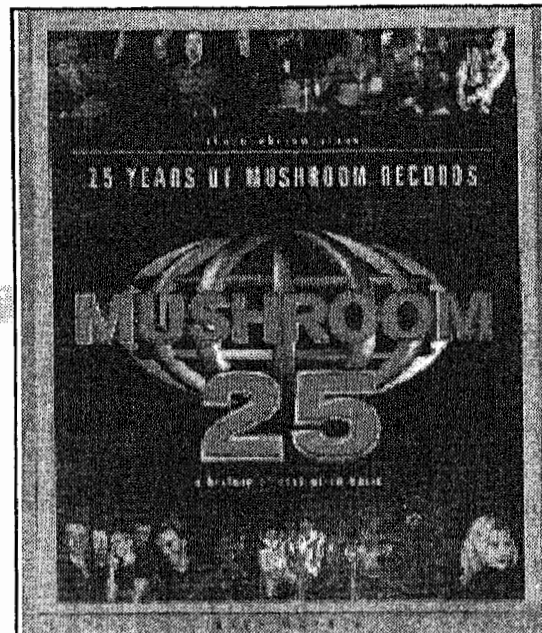
It is unfortunate that this cover looks so uninspiring in grey scale print (the silver on the cover and throughout the pages has quite a regal look about it). It is the silver anniversary of this Australian music icon and *25 Years of Mushroom Records* is quite a celebratory companion. Beginning with the words of founder Michael Gudinski,

Dave Warner threads life into the story of Mushroom Records. More than simply a trail of the past twenty-five years, Warner has crafted a complex tale that investigates the success stories and the 'one hit wonders' as they travel through the passages of Mushroom Records. An eclectic combination of musical eras, memorabilia, top tens, photos and record covers, this book reminds any contemporary music punter of the achievements of the past and present (Skyhooks, Split Enz, Jimmy Barnes, Kylie Minogue) and the promising stars

of the future (The Mavis's, Leonardo's Bride and Garbage). But the Mushroom story is an ever-upwards journey. With international success a day's break away, it is likely that the changing face of Mushroom Records will carry Australian Music well into the third millenium...and far, far beyond. *25 Years of Mushroom Records* is an excellent resource for any popular music studies, and an essential read for anyone

who has ever taken an interest in what they hear on the radio. Oh, and does anyone else think that having a Mr Warner writing 'the mushroom story' is a little ironic?

Susie Bate



SOME OF THE BEST BOOKS OF 1998

- Hiam* - Eva Sallis
- The Sound of One Hand Clapping* - Richard Flanagan
- Inversions* - Iain Banks
- Underworld* - Don DeLillo
- The Service of Clouds* - Delia Falconer
- The Wind-up Bird Chronicle* - Haruki Murakami
- Three Dollars* - Elliot Perlman
- Paradise* - Toni Morrison
- The Chosen* - David Ireland
- Whirling* - Chris Wallace-Crabbe
- How Proust Can Change Your Life* - Alain deBotton
- The Brentford Chainstore Massacre* - Robert Rankin
- The Oxford History of World Cinema* - Geoffrey Nowell-Smith
- In Full View* - Lily Brett
- Dreamtime Alice* - Mandy Sayer
- Wik, Mining and Aborigines* - Paul Kauffman
- Snake Dancing* - Roberta Sykes
- Next* - Ira Matathia and Marion Salzman

Got an attitude problem?

On Dit '99

wants your help.

Just saunter up to the

SAUA, fill out an

application, and get it back pronto.



Get off your arse and do it now, you bastard.

Or we'll smash your face in.

Need to Change Your Genes?

Altered Genes

Reconstructing Nature: The Debate

ed. Richard Hindmarsh, Geoffrey Lawrence and Janet Norton
Allen and Unwin

In today's sceptical society, it's often difficult to know who to trust, and difficult to ever be confident that you've got the whole story on any one subject. The truth, as ever, is often misrepresented and people presented as experts may or may not be as authoritative as they appear. Into this climate emerges the reality of genetic engineering, or biotechnology, an application of modern technology that has developed so quickly and has such tremendous power that it could dramatically revolutionise the way we live if it is allowed to proceed unchecked at its present rate. Unfortunately, the technology carries with it many dangers. These include environmental, ethical and moral concerns. Will the release of genetically manipulated organisms into the environment endanger entire ecosystems? Will genetic testing lead to an underclass of uninsurable citizens a la GATTACA? Is even the thought of messing with our genes (or those of other organisms) somehow reprehensible and tantamount to sacrilege? The answers to all of these questions will impact dramatically on society, both in day-to-day life and also in the way we think about ourselves. As such, the questions should be open for debate by a well-informed and scientifically literate public such that the conclusions that are reached, and appropriate actions subsequently taken, are truly in the best interests of society and don't simply reflect the desires of those who stand to make all the money. It is unfortunate, therefore, that for the most part, the public are relatively poorly informed about developments in the field and that the information they do receive is disproportionately favourable.

This situation makes the publication of a book like *Altered Genes* all the more encouraging. It seeks to redress the imbalance in the type and quality of information about genetic engineering that reaches the public, and to promote enthusiastic and informed debate about these issues. It does this through fifteen different authors from quite diverse backgrounds: there are scientists, but there are also academics from fields as disparate as sociology, women's studies, ethics and communications. The opinions expressed are also quite diverse, although the authors generally promote caution, as they all share concerns about the uses of genetic technology. *Altered Genes* is also written exclusively by Australians (except for the introduction by David Suzuki, who is an honorary Australian) and maintains a strong Australian focus throughout, so that we can see how the issues that will affect all of hu-

manity will specifically affect us, and we can also see what the current situation in Australia is, with regard to regulations on experiments, releases of genetically manipulated organisms, imports and the labelling of food produced with genetically engineered products. Australia's role in the global game of biotechnology is quite unique: it has an abundance of genomic resources (its large number of indigenous species), and the political and business position of aspiring to play in the big league with major economic powers; however, it lacks the expertise and capital to take advantage of its resources and is likely to end up being exploited, along with third world countries, by the major powers. So in addition to environmental, moral and ethical reasons for wanting to know what's going on, we should also be concerned from a business and political point of view. Of par-

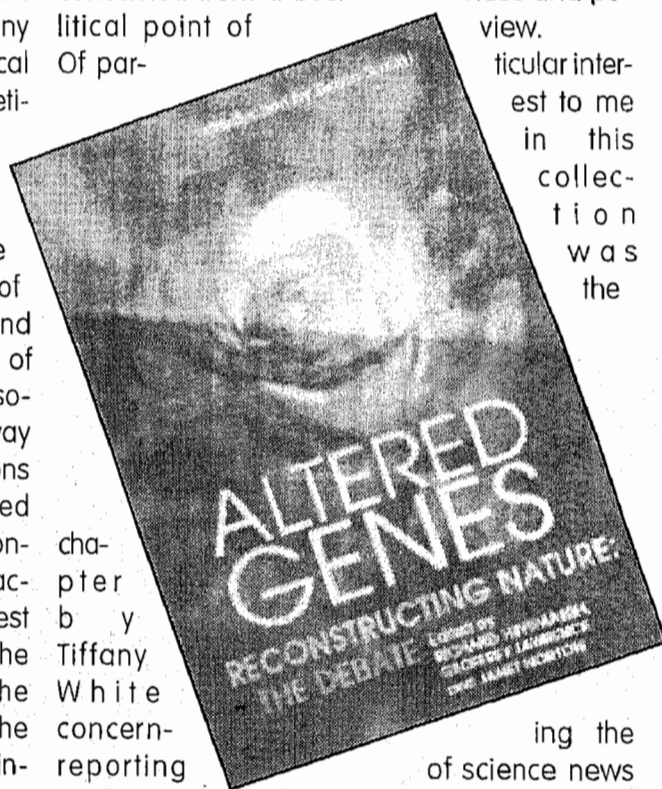
cular interest to me in this collection was the chapter by Tiffany White concerning the media. She has performed studies of the frequency and type of reportage that biotechnology received in the Sydney Morning Herald over 1995, and determined that the vast majority (67%) of reports were positive, and half of the remainder were neutral rather than negative. This is a fair indication of science journalism: the only time science makes the news is when there's a "big breakthrough" (like the latest fat pill) or a major problem (like, to take an extreme example, Chernobyl) and, of these two, the media prefers the good news stories because people would rather hear about how much healthier they're going to be than how much danger they could potentially be in. Also, of course, there are far more positive stories than there are disasters. This style of scientific reporting leads to a misrepresentation of scientific progress as a series of sudden advancements rather than a long and slow trial-and-error process. This produces a misguided sense of confidence in science: not that science and scientists

are not trustworthy, but the constant reporting of only their successes convinces a willing society that scientists can do no wrong, and so it tends to leave them alone and unwatched. This effect is exacerbated by so-called "lazy" journalism: journalists have little time to research their stories and have strict deadlines to meet and so often just end up paraphrasing media releases without doing an awful lot of digging. *On Dit* would never do this, of course, but we have heard that less reputable newspapers engage in this very practice - Eds.) Media releases, of course, come directly from the scientists or their institution and so are bound to be biased. Very few institutions are likely to voluntarily report events which make them look bad, especially in an environment of great competition for funding. This positive bias in science journalism is directly responsible for encasing us in a relative comfort zone, leading us to not question but simply accept. As has been pointed out, with the rate of progress of modern science, society needs to be informed and willing to engage in debate to ensure responsible development.

Another cause for concern is the increasing commercialisation of science (along with everything else). There is a lot of profit to be made in applications of all sorts of new technologies, and this is especially so in the case of biotechnology. Big companies pour large amounts into biotechnology research and development, which is okay in itself, but investors like this expect return for their investment - as large as possible and as soon as possible. Much of the profit lies in being the first to get a particular product on the market, so there is intense competition to beat everyone else in developing certain technologies. This haste can lead to only mandatory consideration of issues of safety, such as insufficient testing or an incomplete understanding of the environmental impact of the release of a newly engineered organism. This is of major concern, especially because, amazingly, much of the industry is self-regulated: where there are regulations at all, they are administered by other bioscientists whose views on such matters are just as liberal, and so the guidelines are relatively loose. Independent regulation bodies would obviously be much more objective and more likely to create and enforce socially responsible guidelines.

The key message that one takes away from *Altered Genes* is the need for more accessible and reliable information, and appropriate forums for informed debate with considerable input from the public. We all need to make decisions like these together, and for that to happen, things need to change.

Chris Slape



Journey From Madness

An Interview with Eva Sallis

EARLIER THIS YEAR I REVIEWED EVA SALLIS'S FIRST NOVEL, *HIAM*, WHICH WON THE AUSTRALIAN/VOGEL LITERARY AWARD. THE STORY OF AN ARAB-AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S JOURNEY ACROSS THE DESERT AT THE HEART OF AUSTRALIA AND THE DESERT OF HER OWN PAIN AND GRIEF, 'A JOURNEY FROM DISINTEGRATION TO A KIND OF INTEGRITY AND SELF-DISCOVERY,' *HIAM* IS ONE OF THE BEST BOOKS I'VE READ IN AGES, AND I JUMPED AT THE OPPORTUNITY TO TALK TO EVA ABOUT HER NOVEL AND ABOUT WRITING IN GENERAL. HERE'S SOME OF WHAT WAS SAID.

I HAVE HEARD *HIAM* DESCRIBED AS AN ALLEGORICAL NOVEL - WOULD YOU AGREE?

No, I wouldn't say that it's anything so black and white as allegorical. I think that if any of us go on journeys that involve putting ourselves in isolation it will have a modifying effect, it will be an introspective process. You don't have to be in the extremes of grief or disintegration for it to have a quite profound effect. If we remember back to any childhood journeys, they will be the sorts of things that retain some kind of potent atmosphere or aroma in our lives. And that's not allegory, that's simply the interaction of self and identity with the external world, the interaction of landscape and the individual.

THE AUSTRALIAN LANDSCAPE SEEMS TO PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE NOVEL - WHAT IS IT'S SIGNIFICANCE?

I think that the landscape and *Hiam's* identity are intimately intertwined. Rather than being allegorical, this comes from a belief that I have that to find ourselves as Australians starts with the landscape, and so for *Hiam* to find herself as an Australian, someone who has an identity within Australia rather than as distinct from it, that starts with the landscape.

HIAM IS VERY MUCH ALONE ON HER JOURNEY. DO YOU BELIEVE THAT IT IS NECESSARY TO DO THESE THINGS ALONE?

That depends on the circumstances. For that particular character, yes. I had to put her out in isolation because she had a lot of issues to deal with. Her identity had been very much based on how she perceived herself in the eyes of the people around her - in the eyes of her husband and in the eyes of the community - there's a beauty and harmony to that kind of identity but in her case it's exploded, so to actually become someone, she has to be alone for a period of time in order to face what has happened to her, in order to face who she is in isolation and separation.

DO YOU THINK THAT BY THE END OF THE NOVEL *HIAM* IS A MORE COMPLETE PERSON FOR HAVING GONE THROUGH ALL THAT THAN SHE WAS IN THE BEGINNING WHEN SHE WAS HAPPY IN HER FAMILY LIFE, SEEING HERSELF AS A WIFE AND MOTHER RATHER THAN AS A PERSON IN HER OWN RIGHT?

No, not necessarily. By necessity, she is forced into the journey, and comes out at the end with a very different kind of self, but losing a community-based self-image and gaining an individual-based self-image is both a loss and a gain. All of us who have ever yearned for a family or a social group in which we are understood or known are yearning for the elements of a community-based identity, which are incredibly rewarding - it's a very human thing. And to lose that and to end up alone is almost artificial in some ways. At the end I tried to imply that *Hiam* will now reintegrate into a community on some levels. Isolation ... permanent isolation is just a jour-

ney to madness, whereas her journey is much more a journey from madness.

DO YOU THINK THAT *HIAM* IS MAD WHEN SHE GOES ON HER JOURNEY?

I think she's certainly deranged, and she perceives herself as mad because she perceives herself as being so utterly different from the self she had understood herself to be before. Madness, or a sort of disorientation which is a temporary psychosis, I think, is often when we shock ourselves with who we might be, or could have been, other than we have allowed ourselves to be. At several points she feels herself to be mad, and in fact the whole physical aspect of panic attacks and anxiety attacks, the sort of descent that you can undergo under extreme grief, in which you really do feel quite disintegrated, is something that I wanted to capture, because I think that a lot of people have gone through that, for very different reasons, in their

THOUGHT THAT I WAS A PRETTY OPEN-MINDED, ENLIGHTENED SORT OF A PERSON, BUT I WAS SURPRISED BY SOME OF THE SCENES IN *HIAM*, BECAUSE THEY CONTRADICTED MY PRECONCEPTIONS ABOUT ARAB PEOPLE AND CULTURE. WAS THIS SOMETHING YOU SET OUT TO DO?

Well, I was very conscious of the preconceptions that do float around in Australia and I was also very conscious of how erroneous they are, so it came up almost organically that *Hiam* as an individual should challenge them. Some of the scenes that I worked through I did deliberately to establish something that would jolt an Australian reader. Some of them are also there to jolt a reader of Arab background, because I wanted a kind of equilibrium. I didn't want to suggest that one group is the victim and the 'goodies' and the other group is the oppressive 'baddies' - I wanted to suggest this mutual stand-off, this kind of reciprocal racism, if you like, and to suggest that it's destructive on both sides.

IT SAYS IN THE BLURB THAT *HIAM* EXPLORES THE STRENGTHS AND FRAILTIES OF EXILED COMMUNITIES - WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

I think that exiled communities are automatically quite fragile because they are usually very small minorities in a broader culture in which they don't fit or against which

they need to define themselves, and so they become very defensive and quite assertive about their own identity. They get very focussed on who their children marry, and that their children marry within the group rather than outside. They get very threatened by the external culture. And that automatically makes them very fragile, because obviously the children who are born here often don't agree that the outside culture is bad, or dangerous, or to be avoided, and there is this constant dissolution of the community identity at the fringes. And with it a loss of very valuable things: the historical culture that they have brought with them and the language, which is usually lost in the first generation. These things form an on-going, practically daily tragedy within communal life. Their strengths are a kind of resilience in the face of all this, almost a self-awareness that what they're doing is a little bit pointless, even ridiculous, but you've got to go on doing it, otherwise you lose it before you even fight for it; and a kind of humour in the face of not understanding the context in which they are situated. This idea was fascinating to me because it doesn't just apply to the minority communities we are familiar with here - it was equally true of the German community I met who were settled in Yemen ... the whole dynamics of that community were so similar to the Arab community here that I started thinking about the notion that communities get like that when they are under threat, or some collective cultural identity is under threat.

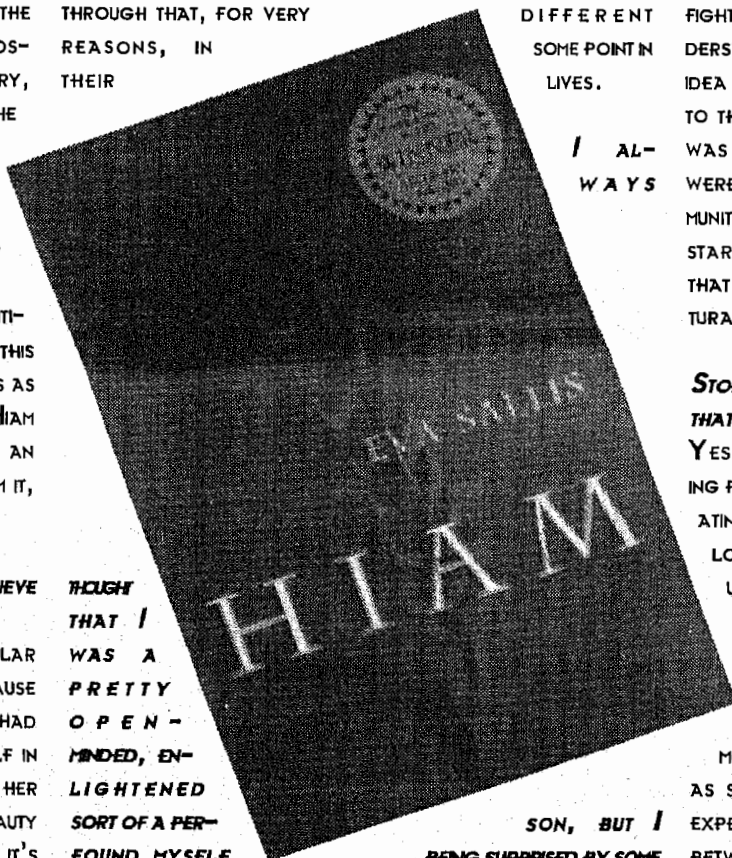
STORYTELLING STRUCK ME AS AN IMPORTANT THEME IN *HIAM*, IS THAT THE CASE?

Yes, it is. Storytelling is something that I use in my writing practise because it is a very economical way of creating layers of meaning, and it has a certain psychological realism - to narrate stories is intimately bound up in notions of healing, or self-expression, or cultural identity, and all sorts of other things. Stories are a way of creating parallel psychological states - so are dreams, for that matter. You can use dreams and storytelling in literature with more potency than they might have in real life because as soon as you parallel a story with a character's experience you've got a space of meaning taking place between the two - a sort of interactive thing happening in which the reader's brain is jumping back and forth, and it's very dynamic.

YOU SAID AT THE LAUNCH OF *HIAM* THAT EXCITING THINGS ARE HAPPENING IN ADELAIDE IN TERMS OF WRITING - WHAT ARE THEY?

I think that all around South Australia there is this sense of encouragement, a sense that writing is a legitimate thing to be doing and that developing your writing is something that you should be doing. Rather than checking to see if you've been born a writer, there's this notion that a writer develops and that the way to develop is to be writing now, to write through your hundred thousand words of crap or whatever before you start writing good stuff. Also, there is quite an ardent organic explosion of writing happening ... so many more young people you meet will openly admit that they write, whereas ten years ago when I was wanting to be a writer, I wouldn't admit it to anyone - it was a slightly shameful thing to say - people are less ashamed of it now, which is a much more exciting atmosphere to work in.

Eva O'Driscoll



The Europeans:

Dissected Cadaver of Conflict

AN INTERVIEW BY JANAK MAYER

Having started their season with a piece of light farce in *The Misanthrope*, Brink Productions next piece, Howard Barker's *The Europeans* seems set to present audiences with the kind of harsh, gritty drama they expect from a group like Brink. I caught up with Michaela and Rory, two of the actors in *The Europeans* in a mid-rehearsal break, as Michaela was munching her way through a bagel in the front bar of the Oxford.

On Dit: Brink promotes itself as a young, dynamic, ensemble based group – what then is unique about your way of working, and how does it allow you to produce work that companies with a more conventional rehearsal process can't?

Michaela: Well, for example, with *The Misanthrope*, we actually decided to spend two weeks rewriting it in a workshop, so we'd actually go in for however many hours a day and improvise, and then [the writer] would go off for maybe half an hour and dash off some rhyming couplets, and then come back, and we could have a play with that on the floor, and see how it went. The luxury of being able to spend two weeks on a process like that is something that would never be able to happen in a company like the State Theatre Company. Again with this piece [*The Europeans*], we actually spent two days playing around with the text, with different characters, before casting was even done, which is not at all a normal process to go through. So on the basis of those improvisations, the play was cast, which brings down a lot of barriers, you can actually work together really well as a group, and people are willing to make themselves vulnerable to each other, which for a lot of the best work is essential. After several weeks of delving into pretty intense and intimate experiences, there's not really any choice but for the walls to come flopping down. It becomes a much more pleasurable exercise, really.

OD: Is there some sort of compromise, then, that has to be reached, between what the group comes up with, and the overarching artistic vision of the director?

M: Tim [Tim Maddock, director of both *The Misanthrope* and *The Europeans*], of course is involved in the whole process. He shapes the workshops, he has final say over what actually happens. And that's vital, because when you're actually in a scene, it is very difficult to look objectively at the work you are

doing – you're too busy concentrating on your interaction with everybody else in that scene. So Tim has to give everything its final form.

Rory: And that's certainly something I wondered about and had my own thoughts about before I started working on this. I thought this could be a situation where an outside actor like myself came in and was working for about five directors. [Michaela bursts into laughter]. Well, yeah, but you know, that's how a lot of cooperative companies have folded – for those sorts of reasons, a case of too many cooks. But that's not the case at Brink at all – the artistic bottom line all comes down to Tim.

OD: As a result of his work with Red Shed, when it was still in existence, Tim obviously has something of a reputation for producing confronting, experimental theatre. How does this manifest itself in *The Europeans*?

R: He relies a lot on the actors. He doesn't push an idea too hard, he likes to see what we come up with.

M: He's also very open minded in his readings of a text – there's never any one particular answer. In any situation, you're always going to have at least two and up to forty answers to the same question. And he's willing to accept all of those, and work with an actor, to work through the different possibilities and come up with the best one.

OD: And in terms of the actual performance, and production values of the piece?

R: The set, and the whole way the piece is presented is very sterile. It's almost like it's presenting an autopsy on war, and how it affects people. It's like you have a body that's been through war, and been through the ages, and the writer is cutting it open to find out what this person has gone through. And the whole look of the production reflects that – it conjures up images of body-bags and a sort of surgical sterility.

M: Yeah, it's all metal and plastic, and lots of fluid – like body fluid – everywhere. At the moment all

we've seen are Mary Moore – the designer's models, and none of us know how this is actually going to work, and how we stop all this mud and juices going all over us, so a lot may yet change...

OD: Having recently finished a production of an old classic, re-staged in modern times, with *The Misanthrope*, with *The Europeans*, Brink is now looking at a contemporary play, which sets itself in the 1600s. It is an interesting contrast. What is the contemporary relevance of the piece, and why do you think Barker chooses to set it when he does?

M: I think the play essentially is timeless – it really applies to every single war that has ever been fought. Technically it is 1683, but really it could be Bosnia, or World War II.

R: Yeah, it shows that whilst technologically we might have moved on a great deal, in other ways we really haven't progressed much at all. It

asks questions about ethnic cleansing, and rape during war, the sorts of things we hear about all the time. It's not like any of that has suddenly stopped.

OD: Do you think that is then why Barker sets it in the 1600s – to make it not a topical issue, but one that is universally applicable?

R: I hadn't actually thought of that, but yeah, I think he probably does.

M: Yeah, it opens it up to all sorts of interpretations, and leaves the audience to make the connection that you know, that happened in 1683, but, Oh My God, it's still happening now.

OD: As actors, what are the biggest personal challenges you face in preparing these roles?

M: I guess it's being able to keep some sense of detachment, and enjoyment. I mean these are pretty horrific, hideous circumstances that are being portrayed, and you have to be able to not get too caught up in it, remember that at the end of it all it is just a performance, don't let it all become self-indulgent. Keeping it all fresh, night after night. But also *The Europeans* is a play of very stark contrasts and tensions, which

are what give the play its vitality, but coming to terms with those within your character can be very difficult. But that's also what keeps it interesting – it's not just 'this is the character', it's a constant process of discovery, and I could almost guarantee that if you came on opening night, and then came again on the final night, there would have been a whole host of major decisions that had completely changed throughout that course. And then because we're taking the show up to Sydney afterwards, we really do have time to have a big delve into all those things, and see where it all takes us.

OD: Brink bills itself as presenting 'theatre for the price of a film', and evidently seeks to attract a Uni-student audience. For a generation raised on film, what can theatre achieve that film can't?

M: More than anything I think it has to do with the act of performance itself, and the live aspect – like the difference between hearing a CD or seeing a band play live. With a film, everything is the same every time, with theatre you have the rush, the anxiety of knowing that nothing is set down like that, that anything could happen at any time. Apart from sticking to the basic structure, in theatre you know you are free not to limit yourself to one set thing, but to keep it honest, fresh and responsive, and react to every event as if it was the first time it had happened, which means doing all sorts of things differently every time. You have to keep yourself open to all interpretations. You can't hide in theatre, you have to plunge in completely, and if the audience wants to see raw emotion, then you can't deny them that.

R: Yeah, I mean I've been blown away by performances on film, I am all the time, but with theatre, you know that this isn't the twelfth take, but that someone has just summoned this up right before your eyes. That's where the magic is.

Janak Mayer

Giveaway:

Thanks to the lovely folks at Brink Productions, we have 5 double passes to giveaway to *The Europeans*, for Tuesday, November 17. To be in the running bring your name and contact details down to On Dit by Wednesday 1pm.

A Zany Interview

Jimeoin was in Broome, about to dip into the pool on a stinking hot day. I interrupted him by calling him on his mobile phone, and asking him about the show he was doing in Adelaide, called 'Slap 'n' Tickle' Tour.

J: It was such a big tour we had to split it up into two bits, and I had to go back to Ireland for a bit of it, then come back and do the rest of it, and I wanted to spend a bit more time in Adelaide, and do a long weekend instead of rushing it.

Z: So what's it about?

J: It's about the new rock 'n' roll. Comedy's the new rock 'n' roll. No it's not. I just used - I got Slap 'n' Tickle - What's it about - it's very hard to - (here Jimeoin seemed a little flustered, obviously surprised at the question for some reason) it doesn't really - I don't really stick to any subject matter, you know? So what it's about really is having a laugh. I

don't really stick to any subject matter for any long period of time.

Z: So you just do it all ad lib?

J: Well, you know, I have an act that I do, but I keep it very, very loose. Because, you know, the very essence of stand-up has that loose appeal. And just for me own sanity, 'cos it's a big tour, you can't just - if you do the same thing every night it gets...

Z: So, if someone was to go to your show three nights in a row, they'd experience something different every night?

J: Well, some people do, and the worst thing is that they let you know that they're coming to the show the following night, and you think 'Oh my God'... and you have to make a real effort to try and change it, but I make an effort for the first 15 or 20 minutes, to try and talk about things that I've never talked about before. And that's the way I write, I don't actually write at home, I never actually write anywhere other than on stage. I don't actually write, I just remember what I said... which is a form of writing I suppose.

Z: So is that how you come up with stuff, you just think of it?

J: Yeah, and that way it has a more natural environment, as opposed to conceiving it on your own. It has a natural place, a better setting when you do it on stage, and you don't force it. It's like when you talk, in a conversation, you see people who have these little stories that they tell every time. And you think 'Oh my God, if I have to hear this story again...' and it just comes across in that manner, whereas I find it much more entertaining if people tell stories that they just remembered, there and then.

Z: When you think of stuff to do, how do you know that there will be enough to make each show different?

J: Well, sometimes you have good ones, very good ones, other times you don't. It just depends. It's the best way to do it because you set the tone for

a freewheeling gig - which is probably what you're trying to achieve more than anything else. I've always got material - loads of stuff I can fall back on. That way it helps me to make the night unique to me.

Z: So you're in it for a good time as well...

J: Oh yeah, anybody who has to talk, their heart has to be in it. They can see it in your eyes if you're

just going through the motions. And that's probably something I've learnt more than anything else in doing stand-up. It's not about being funny really, because it's not the jokes on paper, but it's more about being into it, and of course being funny but being into it and being funny, enjoying what you're doing. You'd be there doing it if there was people there or not.

Z: What are the audiences like?

J: Well I always get really good crowds in Adelaide. And this is the biggest tour I've ever done. It's really good because people ask you, 'oh, you're not doing your TV show, so what are you doing now?' I just did like 45 dates in Australia, and they all averaged about a thousand each night. It's bigger than I've ever

done. And it's really enjoyable.

Z: So you don't have any trouble getting people then.

J: No, sometimes you do, but not this tour. They get better each year, but I really enjoy that side of it, because your profile isn't that high, yet it's like having a high profile, but you just have a certain select number of people who come and see you. I think turnout is great. But anyone new - that's great! (Here he laughs, but recovers quickly) You get different age groups too, now, which is funny... when I was doing 'Jimeoin' the TV shows, it was quite young, but when I started doing the Midday show, it was really old! And now I get a mixture of both.

Z: You've got the Midday crowd now.

J: I've got the Midday, I've got the Hey Hey, I've got the Jimeoins, I've got the Ho Hos...

Z: (ignoring this bad joke) So what about the TV thing? Are you doing anything else for TV?

J: No, not really, they're begging me to do another series of it ... I had a backlog of my stand-up, and each episode had ten minutes of my stand-up, and what I did was I got the number of episodes and divided it by the amount of stand-up I had. I was able to put ten minutes of stand-up that I knew worked. So I didn't want to go into doing another series, when I didn't have enough backlog of stand-up. And when I get to the point where I feel I've got enough stand-up to justify doing a show, you know, then I will, but I don't think I'll be doing myself any favours going on with another series, and people not enjoying it, or me not feeling as comfortable writing it, and not knowing I had that certain segment taken care of ... you know, stand-up, you can't just go and do it on national television without having worked it, you really have to work it on a tour, get it right, and THEN put it on TV. But TV's not the be all and end all... stand-up's much better live.. it's far better live. It's where it works best. TV I think's good for the news, documentaries and wildlife... comedy, you know, you

can play to loads of people and just be kinda funny, or you can play to a smaller audience, and be really funny, which is what I'd rather do.

Z: What do you think of cows?

J: Cows.. they're great. I used to talk about them, but Gary Larson, he's put a copyright on them.

Z: Can you copyright a cow?

J: Well, he seems to have. Copyright the humour on cows. I like them. I think they're, they don't get it very good here, do they? They've got it made in Ireland. It's so great there, it's ... hard work here.

Z: What shoes are you wearing?

J: I'm wearing sandals.

Z: Open or closed?

J: Open, with Velcro straps.

Z: Do you get a lot of enjoyment out of them?

J: Well, it helps my tinea.

Z: (playing along) oh, right. (laughs all round)

Z: Why do you think you're so successful?

J: Because I'm modest.

Z: But don't you think a lot of Jimeoin's appeal is the plain novelty of Ireland and Irish things?

J: Well, it goes very well in Ireland, so it's not that. In fact, I can talk about things a lot more, because people understand me, my accent a lot more, so I can talk much faster. I actually think I'm funny. I know I am, actually, I am funny. A lot of people find me funny. I don't try to be funny, I'm just funny to look at. I've got a funny head.

Z: And you're silly, as well.

J: Yeah, I'm silly as well, I've got a lot of nonsense about me. This guy said to me once, we were talking about being funny, and he said "well lets face it, you're off to a good start with that head of yours."

Z: I think I'm off to a good start as well... What do you think of Irish pubs in Australia?

J: I don't mind that there, I just hate the big dirty holes that are left in Ireland where the pubs used to be.

Z: They should put Australian pubs there.

J: They should do an exchange program! Ship them over, and replace them with Australian pubs.

Z: I was in an Irish pub the other day, and all the staff had fake Irish accents.

J: Maybe it's just one or two, have real Irish accents, 'cos they're so infectious...

Z: Yeah that's true. *I'm gettin one noe.*

J: (raucous laughter) that might be the case. I've seen people and you see them going "aye... aye... aye..." so it really is infectious...

Z: But what about the pubs themselves? Do you have any problem with that?

J: Did you ever see 'Star Trek: The Next Generation', where he has that room, like he's in a forest, and he presses a button and he's in the starship, Enterprise, ever seen that? Well it's like that. You're in Ireland, and you're in this pub, and everything's Irish, and then you walk out the door, and it's like Star Trek 'cos you're in Australia.

Z: It's an embassy.

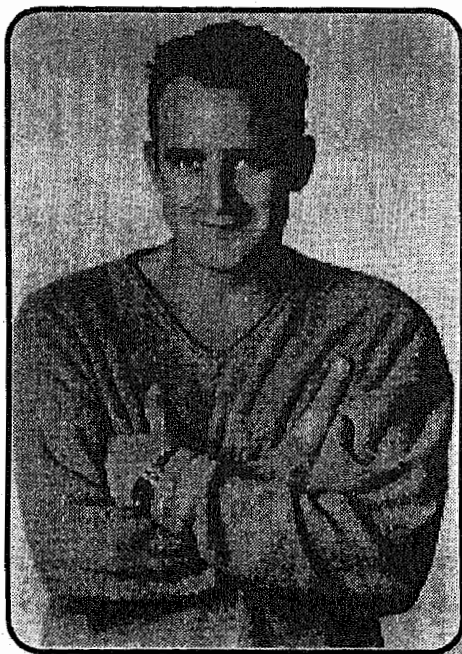
J: It looks like Ireland, it feels like Ireland, but it's not...

Z: Anything else?

J: No, I'm just going to jump in the pool right now... I'll see you in Adelaide, baby!

Jimeoin will be in Adelaide, at the Thebarton Theatre, on Thursday 5th to Saturday 7th of November. Tickets are \$25. Call 8223 7788 for details.

zane



Theatre Things To Come

Chicago

If big Broadway musicals are what do it for you, then be certain not to go past the new Australian revival of the 1975 hit *Chicago*. Playing in the Festival theatre for a limited four-week season, the Australian production is put together by the award winning Broadway team of director Walter Bobbie and Choreographer Ann Reinking. Having opened to widespread acclaim in Melbourne, the show now comes to Adelaide ahead of Sydney (now that must be a first!!!). Based on the 1926 play *Chicago*, by Maurine Dallas Watkins, a journalist for the Chicago Tribune, *Chicago The Musical* is the story of chorus girl Roxie Hart who murders her lover, then gets smooth talking lawyer Billy Flynn to invent her defence and manipulate the jury and the media to turn her criminal status into celebrity status. As one of the songs proclaims, 'Razzle-dazzle them, and they'll never guess wise.' The original Broadway production one six Tony Awards, Two Oliviers, and a Grammy. Filled with 'murder, greed, corruption, violence, exploitation, adultery, treachery - all those things we hold near and dear to our hearts', and as relevant now as it was in 1975, the musical is a classic of the Broadway stage, and almost every tune in the piece is a standout number. As musicals go, this one should be a treat. Tickets are available at Bass, and a **Full-Time Student matinee ticket can be got for \$28.**



Disco Pigs

Meanwhile, if you can tear yourself away from exam study, then it sounds like *Disco Pigs* is seriously a show not to be missed. I mentioned it last week, but it sounds so great I thought I'd bring it up again. Presenting a loud, funny, sexy, violent and tragic take on selfish, desperately inarticulate youth, *Disco Pigs* shows the teenage rampage of Pig and Runt, clad in aluminium foil-esque silver, working their way through the nightclubs, karaoke bars, pubs and fish and chip shops of their home town, Cork. Or Pork, as they call it in their own peculiar half baby-talk. Pork City, through their eyes, is peopled only by the two of two of them, a self-styled hormonal Bonnie and Clyde, and the only diamond shining out of the shite is the Palace Disco. As they swagger their way through their seven-

teenth birthday, platonic adolescent love comes face to face with a craving for something more. The play, written by Enda Walsh for this production by Irish company Corcadorca, has won the Observer Play of the Year, The Scotland on Sunday Critics Award, as well as a host of other accolades. This is one that I certainly won't be missing! To get your snout in the trough, get a ticket from Bass.

Tickets for under 27s are just \$15. Disco Pigs plays from 3 -7 November at The Space theatre.

Janak Mayer

OPEN SPACE OPEN SPACE

So ... what comes after X? Get ready for the Next Generation because the future begins now as emerging artists explore new territory with cutting edge, contemporary mind-blowing performance. It's the direction of things to come - a creativity explosion as art transforms space.

Catch different performances each night as these exotic hybrids spawn new dimensions to explore, tantalise and excite. The bold and brash new visions at the VizBiz exhibition in the Space Foyer are totally in your face. Post performance, enter the beanbag comfy zone and chill. Move that body to the sounds of music as DJs sample the best.

Open Space is brought to you by the Adelaide Festival Centre - providing the environment to support artists in developing new works.

Immerse yourself in the creativity fusion that is Open Space.



Adelaide Festival Centre in association with Arts Projects Australia present
Corcadorca Theatre Company's

DISCO

by **ENDA WALSH**

PIGS

by **TARANTINO**

and written by
James **JOYCE** on acid.
The Stage, London

3 to 7 NOVEMBER

**SPACE
THEATRE**

Adelaide Festival Centre

Book at **BASS** 131 246
or www.bass.sa.com.au

Supported by the Cultural Relations
Committee of the Republic of Ireland

**Under
27s
\$15**

WINNER 1997 Edinburgh Fringe Festival Critics' Award and
The Observer Play of the Year, **LONDON.**

Clubby Clubby Clubs Clubs

What's Christmas really about?

Adelaide Uni Choral Society
Final Concert for 1998!!
8pm Saturday December 5
at St Francis Xavier Cathedral
Wakefield St, City
(we hope!)

None of that bullshit Christmas Carol stuff - forget beastly wall-paper music, and come and hear AUCS sing what Christmas is REALLY about.

Come and experience the TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT Before modern commercialism kicks in! (there's a set of steak knives in it. Honest. Maybe.)

Contact Emma or Erica on 8338 3226 or 8379 8321 respectively

Sure you do E piglott's ...

Want to learn to bitch about your friends? Former *On Dit* staff are well equipped to offer you the training and support that you need to become a complete bastard. Or bitch. Our office might be locked: we'll leave some fliers at the SAUA.

Are you a person?

Are you a person (male or female) who couldn't care less about physical pain? Have you considered playing the world's greatest game? If you could play this at minimal cost (about \$100 a year), would you say "Yeah, sign me up!"? If you are, then here's some good news:

The Adelaide University Rugby League Club will be affiliating with the Northern Districts Rugby League Club to provide cheap playing fees, great social times, plenty of beer and competitive violence! Don't be a Nuffy! Join up now! Your Uni needs you! (players and fans wanted) Phone James on 8445 2801 or jamesengland@student.adelaide.edu.au

There once was a man from E piglott's ...

Can't get enough of rude limericks? If you can think of something that rhymes with limerick (and is rude), then you're just what we're looking for. The Rude Limerick Society Inaugural AGM is sometime soon, and will probably rhyme with Tuesday 2pm.

The World Cup was rigged

Notice of General Meeting
A General Meeting of the Adelaide University Soccer Club will be held on Tuesday 10th November from 7pm
Canon Poole Room
(level 5 - behind the Bar)

ALL members and interested persons are invited to attend.

We need help

Friends of the Centre for the Welfare and Protection of Former *On Dit* People Inaugural AGM
To be held no time soon, in no place that you could possibly find even if we gave you a map with a big red cross on it that said, "Hey! You! This is where you're supposed to go!" Christ, you're a dense bunch.
But, then, you're not half as stupid as all those redundant *On Dit* people. They need love, attention and a good home. If you can help, we'll see if we can get you a talking map. And a compass.

Nifty Pants

Fancy Pants.
Do you own fancy pants? Would like to own fancy pants? Would you like to meet people of similar leanings? Come see us.
We have fancy pants coming out of our ears, and we know what you like.
Fancy Pants Collective of the University of Adelaide.

Never heard of corduroy?

Are all your pants brown? Is this really how you saw your life ending up? At the University of Adelaide branch of Brown Pants Anonymous, our twelve step program probably can't really help you at all. But if you pay our subscription fees, it would really help us out. I don't know. You seem pretty gullible. What with that fashion sense and all.

The most popular club in the world

Sick of being pissed off? Join the club.



**As
opposed
to half a
mutt?**

THE FULL MONGREL!

Hot on the heels of "Liverdance" and it's sell out season at the Crown & Sceptre during the 1998 Fringe festival Crescent Company is back with it's long awaited "best of the rest" show. Crescent Company will be presenting some of your old favourites with a twist plus a few new surprises thrown in for good measure. Grab some friends have a few drinks and sit back as one of Adelaide's most established comedy troupes takes it all off!

The Full Mongrel
December 3 - 5 & 8-12 at
8.00pm
Stag Stables off Rundle
Street next to the Stag Ho-
tel. Book at Bass 131

* University Students with
a valid Full time student ID
card receive a 33% discount
on tickets!

**Don't
fall for
it!**

to give away -
a number of tickets to State
Theatre's "Kafka Dances",
November 17. Only condi-
tion is that you keep Zane
company!
Call 04 131 61863 and
leave a message.
Zane



Free to good homes: cows.
Lots of 'em. Apply On Dit
office post haste. If you
can't find us, you don't de-
serve to get one.

**Get
Zany!**

ZaneFest98 - A music, food
and fun event to celebrate
(what else?) Zane's 21st
birthday and the 12 days of
Christmas. Starting Satur-
day the 12th day of the 12th
month at 12pm (midday)
(yes we've been playing with
numbers!). Bands already
confirmed for this illustri-
ous show are **Hone,**
Jemima and **My Arctic**
Surrender (formerly
Soopentoast). It will prob-
ably be held at PAC, on the
lawns or in the hall. For
more details, look out for
the posters in December.

**Fries
with
that?**

McLibel
Two worlds collide
the 60 minute documentary
of "the trial of the century"
(Michael Mansfield)
Wednesday 18th November
Mercury Cinema
13 Morphett Street Adelaide
Session times 6.00pm &
7.30pm
Tickets \$10 or \$5
Bookings Don 8351 2404

**How
many?**

Jobs desperately needed for
three out-of-work editors
and many, many, many,
many, many, many, many,
many, many other good
people who suddenly have
nothing to do. We'd like jobs
that actually pay money.
We cann tipe goode, and oor
spallin uss gode to. Also,
we rock. And do good work.

**\$3.
Better
than a
kick in
the
goolies.**

Film Soc.

Tuesday 7:00pm.
Union Cinema.
It would be called **Annie**
Hall.
Members free. Everyone
else can pay \$3 (includes
membership, not that that
will help you because it's
the last film for the year).
Please come. Please.

**Let's
get
wet.**

***END OF EXAMS DIVE
TRIP***

Friday 27th - Sunday 29th
November
Port Victoria, Yorke Penin-
sula
Staying at the Port Vic Cara-
van Park (BYO tent)

Endless ship wrecks in 8 -
15m water

Social Highlight will be a
pub crawl organised by Ri-
chard Vaughan on Satur-
day Night

Space is limited so get your
name down fast.

\$10 deposit required by No-
vember 13th - payable to
Pene in the Sports Associa-
tion.

For more details contact
Pene on 8267 4671 or
Jason on 8523 2594

**If you
can't
type
your
own
stuff ...**

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*word count provided with
invoice

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TION

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**Where Shoes Are Everything
If The Shoe Fits ...
A Mile In My Shoes
Let There Be Shoes
Shoe Fly - Don't Bother Me
The Devil's Shoes
Happy Feet Wear Happy Shoes
Fish's Shoes?
Shoe Fetish
Native Shoes
The Winter Shoe Store
Floppy Clown Shoes
Shoes for Shoes' Sake
Multicoloured Shoes
Shoe Strings
Environmental Shoes
Shoes Left Behind
Arrr! Where's Me Shoes?
Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax
Shoes In Space ...
One Butterfly Shoe Butterflies
Where Shoes Were Everything**



Leaving Big Shoes To Fill ...

