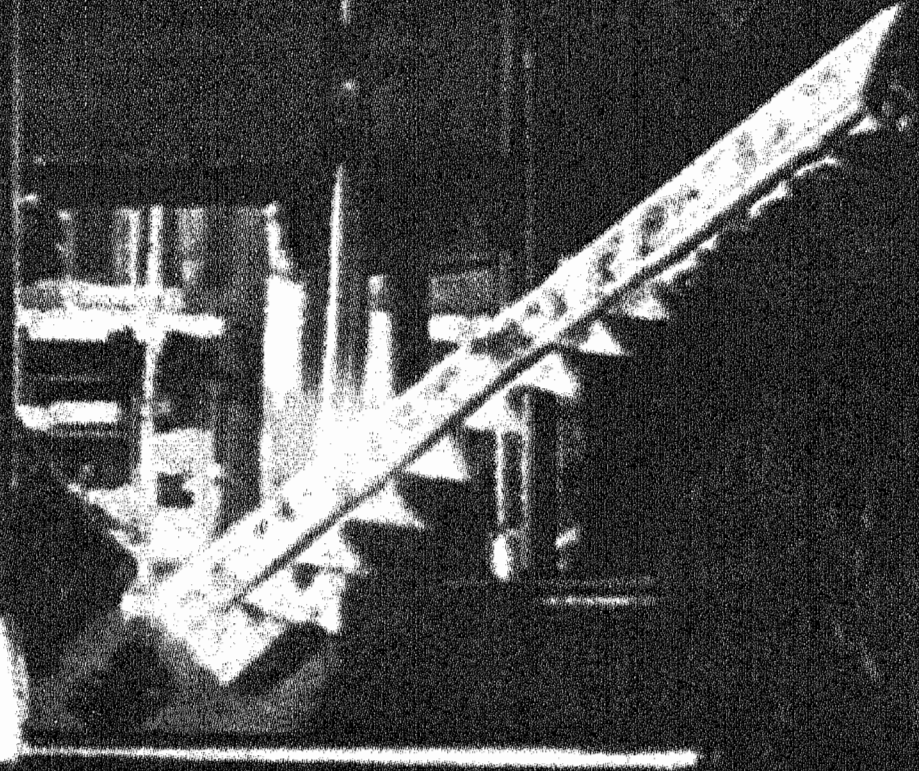


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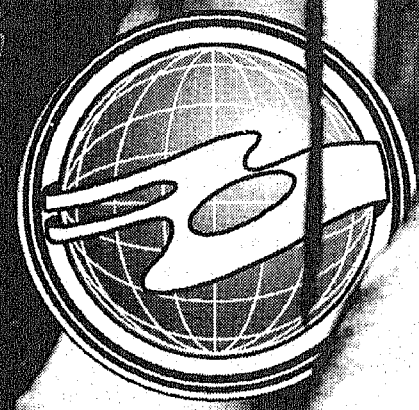
Top Hits:

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- Don't Stop Moving
- Where Can I Find Love
- Follow The Rules

SATURDAY 1st NOVEMBER

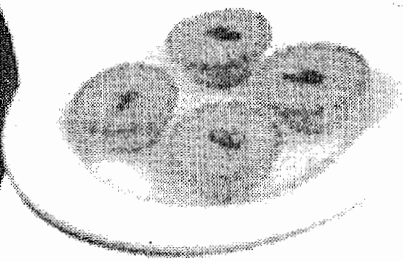
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Chocolate Cricket Cookies



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Ingredients: 4g News In Briefs; 5g Letters; 6g Choose Your Own Uni Adventure; 9g Dodgy; 10g News In Depths; 11g Hating Howard; 12g SAUA Pages; 15g Weedbusters; 16g Theatre; 17g Clubs; 18g Film; 22g Vox Pop; 24g Visual Arts; 25g Video; 26g Literature; 31g Creative Arts; 34g Music; 41g Sports; 44g Classifieds. If dissatisfied, please return uneaten portion for a smack in the face. On Dit Culinary Enterprises, a registered subsidiary of the SAUA GoodTimes SexFest™.



Serving Suggestion

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

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Viv, Alice, Chris, Roxy, Paul - love you all

Where we are:

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

How to contribute/contact us:

You can drop off your copy at the office or in the contribution box in the SAUA office. Email to: ondit@student.adelaide.edu.au
 Alternatively, you can drop us a line at On Dit c/o Adelaide University, SA, 5005, phone us on (08) 8223 2685 or 8303 5404 or fax us on (08) 8223 2412.

About the cover:

"Bad Day on Public Transport" - Photographs and digital manipulation by James Morrison

REMEMBER: Next week is the travel edition - see p10 for details

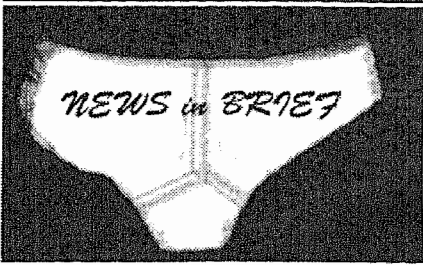
EDITORIAL

Some of you may have had trouble finding a copy of *Elle Dit* in the final week of last term. You weren't alone. The copies were delivered by the printers on the Monday afternoon, and distributed by our freight people straight afterwards to all of the usual places. Sometime on Monday night, an unidentified person went around and took every single issue, disposing of them. This meant that nobody else was able to get hold of a copy, unless they were lucky enough to get one of the few remaining issues from our office that week.

At worst, this action was a fairly serious act of censorship by some self-appointed anti-feminist misogynist - if that's the case, then whoever it was has only confirmed their own insecurity in that they cannot even stand to let other people *read* articles about female issues. At best, it was some feeble attempt at a joke. Unfortunately, it's not a very funny one. Whatever the reason, this person's action has cost you, the fee-paying students of Adelaide University, almost three thousand dollars in wasted printing costs - not to mention the time and effort put in by the people who worked on that issue of *On Dit*.

So, to the person responsible, you're an imbecile and a thief. I hope some of the more financially pressed students finds out who you are - then we might be able to have us a lynching.

Thanks for listening,
S'N'M.



Here's just a smidgen of what's been going on around the world over the hols.

Mandy's Gone!

Senator Amanda Vanstone has been removed from the Education portfolio following the Federal Coalition Government's Cabinet reshuffle. Yes! Yes! Yes! She has been replaced by Dr. David Kemp. But unfortunately Kemp's past policies towards higher education seem far from kind to students.

Travel Rorts

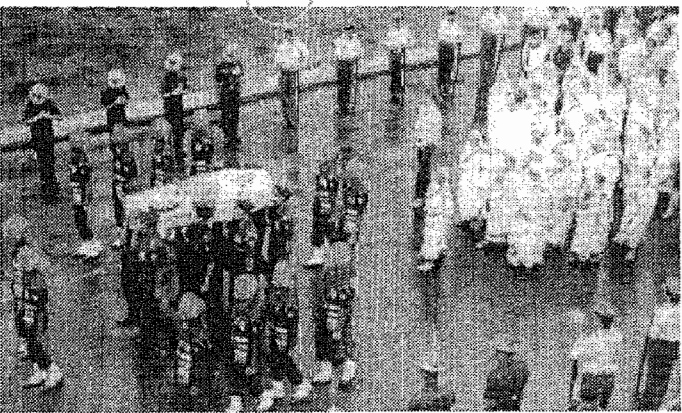
Dear oh dear. The government was in a state of shame last week after it was revealed that a number of MPs had been fiddling their travel expenses. Among those accused was Nick Sherry, one of Labor's four parliamentary leaders. Sherry attempted suicide on October 1st but was not successful and is recovering in hospital. He left a note apologising for his behaviour.

Go the Crows and all that

Okay, I should probably mention it. Just a tiny mention though. The Crows won the Australian Football League Premiership. That's it. You've all heard way too much already.

Farewell to Mother Teresa

Hundreds of thousands of people lined the streets of Calcutta to pay their re-

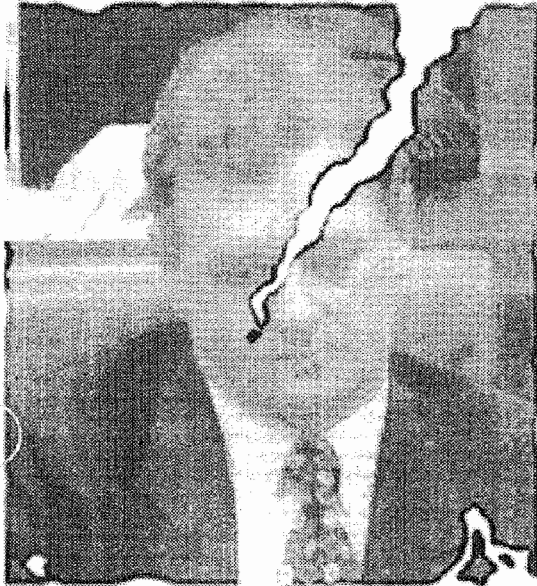


spects to Mother Teresa who died

last month. The tiny Albanian nun had become a symbol of the city's despair and hope. Her body was taken to 'Mother House' — the headquarters of her charity organisation and her home for nearly 50 years.

Jackson House for Sale

Michael "don't call me Wacko Jacko — it's not nice" Jackson has put his Neverland Ranch home on the market for an estimated \$35 million. The 2,700 acre ranch north of Los Angeles has a fairground, cinema, guest houses, a steam train and zoo. My god.



The singer has a new home in France.

Smog in Indonesia

Thick smog has plagued South-East Asia in recent weeks, but is now clearing. The smog has been caused by car fumes, industrial pollution and bush fires. Fires in Indonesia during the summer months are a common occurrence but this year they were made worse by the El Nino effect. El Nino is said to have contributed to the catastrophe by drying out vast forest areas, leaving the forest floor to smoulder long after the flames have been put out. The thick blanket of smoke has shut out the sun,

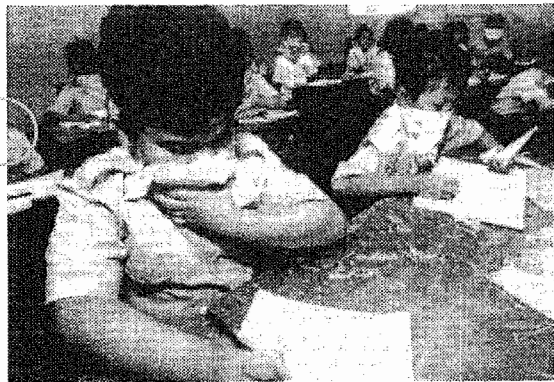
and aggravated respiratory and heart conditions in thousands of people as well as causing skin and eye irritations. Schools have been shut in some Indonesian regions and many people are wearing face masks and staying indoors.

Indonesian Air Crash

Thick smog and air traffic control error have been blamed for a Garuda Airlines crash, in which 234 people were killed. The plane came down in trees in the Straits of Malacca, between Indonesia and Malaysia. The fires hampered attempts to reach survivors of the wreckage.

The modernisation of Santa

It looks like Santa's undergoing something of an image overhaul. Adelaide retailers have been debating what sex and nationality their store Santa should be this year. David Jones has had a number of 'multicultural' Santas in the past, including those of Asian, Indian and black West Indian extraction. Apparently, few children made any observations or distinctions about these Santas. Although it has never had an



Aboriginal or female Santa, David Jones has said that it's not out of the question. The world really is a-changing.

Nurses Case Continues

The case continues over the murder of Australian nurse Yvonne Gilford at a hospital in Saudi Arabia. The two nurses accused of the murder, Deborah Parry and Lucille McLauchlan are awaiting trial. If found guilty, Parry could be beheaded. Lawyers are working on a reported \$1.7 million blood money deal to spare Parry the death penalty. McLauchlan has been sentenced to eight years' jail and 500 lashes for acting as an accessory.

Mooning Magistrate

British magistrate,



Josie Lewis, has been dismissed from office for baring her bottom to a stable owner during an argument. Lewis had been collecting some property from the stables when she became involved in an argument with Brian Woodfield, the stable owner, who began to photograph her, claiming she had not signed an inventory. When Lewis dropped her dacks, Woodfield continued taking photos. He then sent the photos and a letter of complaint to the Lord Chancellor.

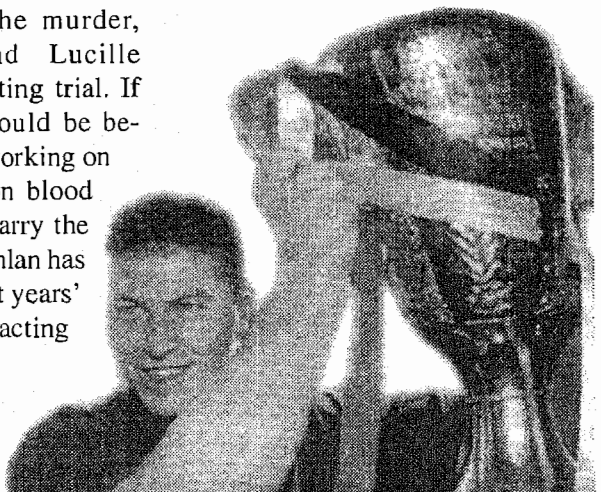
Earthquake in Italy

At least 10 people have died and hundreds have been left homeless after a series of earth tremors shook central Italy. Damage from the tremors was recorded as far away as the northern suburbs of Rome. The earthquake also caused irreparable damage to the 13th-century Basilica of St Francis in Assisi. Damage to the church, famous for its artwork, has been described as "a pure catastrophe for world heritage" by the director of the Louvre in France.

Anyone for a 12-year-old pie?

A shopkeeper in Somerset, England has been charged 300 pounds for selling 12-year-old tinned steak pies. Tradings standards officers found the pies and an 8-year-old tin of apricots during a routine check on the corner shop. Yeah, good one.

Annabel Davies



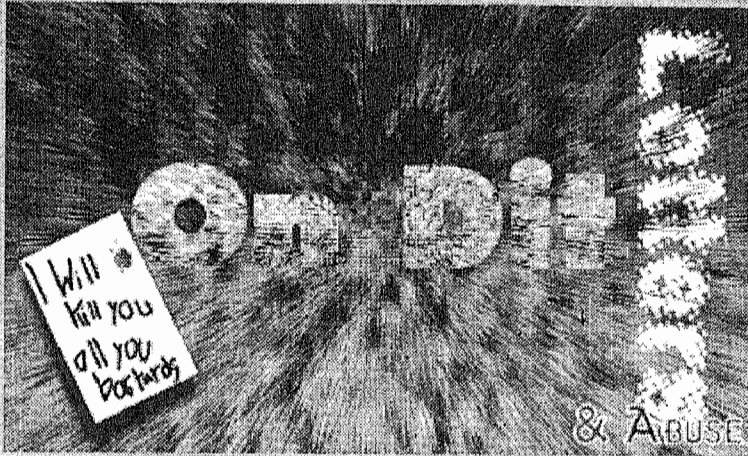
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UNHAPPY CONSUMER

Dear Greater World

How crap is what has been done to the catering stuff? I'm hungry, I'm still hungry. I just had to buy a roll, a lowly bread roll because not one desirable morsel of hot food remains. Why, oh why did the grill bar close? I'm so upset..... They were so innovative, just plain artists in grease. The Ab.... The great deep fried Mars Bar. Tragedy. Travesty. When will these people get credit for their work. So I encourage you brothers and sisters to take up arms and over throw something or someone. Yep. Viva la revolution.

Jadynne

p.s. People who eat red frozen coke should be lynched. crazy. very.

Eds: Yes, well, one of us has been known to imbibe the odd red frozen coke... try mixing it with the normal brown stuff. Now that's living!

Yes, after what seemed like years, the On Dit email account is finally working again, no thanks to SMUG. If you want to contact us, try:

ondit@student.adelaide.edu.au

STUDY-INDUCED MENTAL INJURY

There comes a time in the due course of every Art students semester where two sudden realisations fall from the sky, bite you hard on the left buttock and scamper off smiggering. Number one - I hate my major (ie philosophy is just not gripping and interesting anymore) and number two - I have a week and a half to write three essays and I have not begun to even research them. Those of you who have more than 9 contact hours per week will be laughing maniacally at this point (revenge) ha ha! REVENGE HA HA!) I am just regretting the amount of slacking off I have done thus far. So much for my mental vow to knuckle down this semester and do well (Ha) And so the dance begins: the petty plea for extensions (all the good articles on French films are in French) no-one has written a single thing on "Lost in Transit") (some bastard has the only book about "Blade runner" out) (I've completely changed direction) (I'm having difficulty finding information) (My grandmother ate it and my dog died) (My head fell off this morning and, ergo, I cannot see to find my way around the library. I tried to feel my way around, but they threw me out because my neck was spewing blood everywhere).

My flatmates laugh when I say I'm going to study. There is just so much more interesting stuff to do: challenge them to a game of chess (and yes, I lose big time) or watch 'Red Dwarf' (legend, legend) or read a non study related book or, god help me, do the bloody dishes (crusty food, incidentally, eventually takes on a personality and begins demanding the right to vote. Monday nights nachos has waged a religious war with Tuesday nights vegetables. The spaghetti bolognaise is campaigning for President (their slogan is "Basil, Oregano and more tomato paste". They've started a smear campaign on the champignons: "They're not real mushrooms - don't trust vegetables"). Little do they know there is a higher power - morning fresh and a dish mop.

As for me, I have to go and study now. Love and nose in the books.

SNAGGLEPUSS

minimum \$500 trade in

Bring your old Apple computer¹ (or PC²) into *Camtech Computers* - your campus computer store, between 13 September 1997 and 30 November 1997 and you'll automatically receive a substantial trade-in on any one of the brilliant new Apple Macintoshes shown below (all with the brand new Mac OS 8 operating system). With *Camtech's* generous student discount, you could wipe up to \$900 off the recommended retail price.

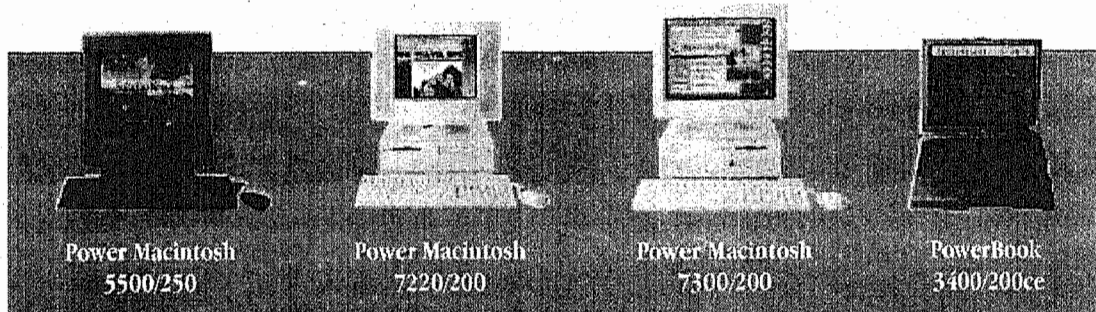


Trade-in computers must be in good working order and include a display, keyboard and pointing device. Minimum specification on trade-in computers are: Apple - Desktop or PowerBook with Hard Disk and 2MB RAM. ²PC - Desktop or notebook with hard disk and 4MB RAM with a 386, 486 or Pentium processor.



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UNI choose your own adventure

by JAMES MORRISON

START: You are an Adelaide University student with a critical assignment due. Can you survive the day with your degree, self-respect, financial reserves and brain cells intact? It's looking pretty doubtful...

1: You wake up, immediately wishing that you hadn't. The state of the bed is grim; gritty, tangled and containing you. The sound of your flatmate's shitty music seeps through the walls. Slowly you peel yourself from the nightmare sweat-soaked sheets and tumble to the floor. Washing, eating breakfast - it all seems too difficult and you have to rush for that early morning lecture (the *bastard* university with its *bastard* inflexible timetable). Then, as you reel wretchedly towards the bus stop, you remember the assignment. The one due a week ago but for which you scored an extension due to some half-baked, fast-talking excuse about cancer-ridden relatives and general poor mental health. The one that is absolutely, no excuses, due today. The one you haven't even really begun. As you clamber up onto the bus, forced to stand between two of the fattest, sweatiest, hairiest people you have ever encountered, your mind begins to race.

When you reach uni you may go to your lecture (2) or skip it and head for the library for desperate last-minute research (3).

2: You take your customary seat in the lecture theatre. None of your friends are here. None of the people you vaguely know through tutes or pracs are here. You sud-

denly start to feel a little paranoid, all alone in the world when you most need support from your nearest and dearest. As the lecture begins you're barely listening. Instead your mind races desperately over how you will get this assignment finished in time. Then, suddenly, somebody comes in late and slips into the seat next to you; somebody you once talked

to while drunk at the Unibar. You might have shared a mutual acquaintance's wedges and sour cream. You may attempt to talk to them, reaching out for much-needed human contact (4), attempt to pay attention to the lecture (5) or begin rifling through your bag for something that might help you with your assignment (6).

3: The Barr Smith Library - you dump your bag, carefully picking a spot that potential thieves might overlook, count the number of racks away from the door (three racks - you always have trouble finding your bag), dig out your pencil case and head through the big slid-

ing doors. A wash of cool air flows over you. To your right a group of industrious persons have taken all of the computer terminals. There's even a queue. To your left are the old card catalogues - some idiot's even flicking through them. At last, somebody you can feel superior to. You may head over to the main stairwell (7) or to the new journals section, hoping for overnight published de-

velopments which might conceivably help with the assignment (8).

4: "Hey, how's it going," you manage, with a feeble but hopefully friendly grin. They ignore you, hunched over their scribbled notes. Swallowing your pride, you try again, using what you hope is their first name - the memory is such a treacherous, alcohol-soaked thing. This time they look at you, with a mixture of surprise, contempt and non-recognition. Chastened, you turn back to the lecturer to find them staring at you. The whole theatre has fallen silent.

"Well, do you know?" asks the lecturer. Your face turns slowly red and you cast desperately around for the answer. Before you can ad lib something, perhaps saving your already tattered rep with a witty *bon mot*, the lecturer angrily shakes their head and chucks a fag-end of chalk at you. "Next time, keep quiet or don't bother coming!" they growl, before turning back to the board. The person next to you gives you a pitying look. Sinking into your seat, you decide to listen for a bit (5).

5: The lecturer drones on and on. You're no longer even sure what the hell topic it is that you're studying, and nothing they say is making it any clearer. Then, out of the corner of your bloodshot eye, you notice *them*. The person you've been quietly lusty after from across lecture theatres and tute rooms for the past three weeks. The one who dominates your daydreams and electrifies your loins. The one. You've never spoken, not yet, but surely, when you do, sparks will fly. The chemistry will be so powerful that they will fall forever under your spell. This is it! As the lecture trails to a feeble conclusion and everyone packs up to leave, restless to move on, you may elect to follow the object of your desires (9) or head for the library to work on your assignment (3).

6: You unearth the remnants of an old roll (rancid butter, hair), a tattered clump of old lecture notes wadded together by something sticky, an overdue library book (twenty-two demerit points and counting) and, *hallelujah*, a faintly relevant lecture hand-out which just might be useable for your assignment. Cheering inwardly, you read through the handout and scribble down a few notes for your assignment until the lecture finally ends. Relieved, you may decide to head for the library to continue working (3), or take a well-earned break and go down to the Union Building for some R&R (10).

7: As you are about to descend the steps (grinning, as always, at the little sign that says WAY OUT - you've always wanted to steal that and hang it up in your room ('Way out, man!')), you notice one of the net-capable computers is, miraculously, free. You may resist temptation and continue on down the stairs (11) or take this opportunity for a little harmless web-surfing (12).

8: As you wander over to the unbound journals you see this morning's paper open in the tiny reading area by the almost inevitably broken-down photocopier, promising yourself that you won't stop for long you take a seat and flick through *The Advertiser*. Oh, what woe-ful shite it is. Still, the comic strips give you a laugh (that crazy Calvin!), and you notice the screening times for that film everybody's been telling you to go and see. There's a session in a quarter of an hour. If you skipped your next lecture and tute you could go and see it (13), or you might decide to do some real work (11).

9: They move with surprising speed, leaving the lecture theatre by one of the lower exits. Almost breaking your neck stumbling

over a seat that won't fold up, you give inconspicuous chase. As you make the exit you see them vanish around

the bend in the corridor. Heart racing, you follow with a weird sort of half-jog, half-creep. You don't even know what this might achieve - are you going to summon the courage to talk to them, or is this just a spot of ambitious stalking? Then, as you round the corner, someone you haven't seen since high school rears up in your field of vision. They're grinning broadly, a first year looking desperately for friends, and they almost knock you to the ground with an enthusiastic greeting. By the time you've broken free of one of the dullest conversations you'll ever have, the object of your desires has vanished. Convinced that, had this fuckwit not stopped you, you would now be taking the first steps in a beautiful friendship, you rudely excuse yourself and move on. It's either library time (3) or time for comfort food (14).

10: Ah, the Union Building - an eyesore for sore eyes, with that stupid banner hanging from the SAUA windows (how many years can they keep claiming it's their 25th anniversary?) and the illegally parked sports cars next to the big industrial bins. You have a choice of entertainments now - Uni Records (15), the Refectory (14), Unibooks (16) or a handy copy of On Dit somebody's left on one of the rain-damp brown tables outside the Grill Bar (17).

11: Yes! Now you're working! See, you'll have this assignment finished in no

time! What was all the fuss about? All you need are some texts and some time. Grabbing a few likely look-

as it doesn't have anything to do with your assignment. A page exploring the Japanese enema museum? Brilliant! The Jarvis Cocker Shrine? Majestic! Cracker Biscuits of the World? Amazing! Why I Love The Spice Girls Page? Enthralling! Virtual Pet Rocks? Genius! Train Your Dog To Find Buried Drug Money? Of course! What a wonder-

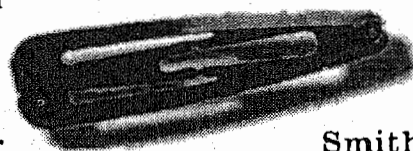
der

ing things from the shelves, you wander over to one of the study carousels and take a seat. Somebody has left half a sandwich behind, which you gingerly flick onto the carpet before opening the first journal. Determined to concentrate, you begin to read. Then, slowly, your vision starts to slide out of focus and your head begins to drop. Fatigue seeps through

your body and suicide reaches for your soul. This is all too dull to even begin contemplating. Perhaps you should just quit this university lark and take up a promising career in sleeping in parkland toilets. This degree won't get you anywhere anyway, will it? Are you an engineering student (18), a medical student (19), or something else (20)?

12: The most entertaining three hours of your life ensues. Suddenly you are interested in anything, as long

13: As you cross North Terrace on your way into town



Choose Your Own Adventure

proper to see the film you are run down and killed by an out-of-control molasses tanker. Still, death is the only excuse good enough to get you out of the assignment, so congratulations.

14: You cruise into the Refectory, poetry in motion. Pushing through the stupid supermarket-style turnstiles you are floored for a moment by the difficulty of making a choice. The chips (21), the frozen Coke (22) or a pie (23)?

15: Within seconds your spirit drops. The CD you'd been saving for and finally bought last week at Blockbuster for \$32 is here available for \$3.95. Cursing yourself you reel out of the shop and over to the handy vending machines. You slip a fistful of fives into the food dispenser, listening to the light clatter of metal echidnas as they vanish into the machine's vast change box. Then you stab out the code number for the packet of chips and wait... and wait... and wait... When wrenching at the coin return lever does nothing you reluctantly decide that what little cash you had is now gone, so no food for you today. Instead, you might decide to read On Dit (17) or head up to the Unibar (24).

16: You spend a happy few minutes wandering around the bookshop, looking at all the funky art volumes you can't afford and the University of Adelaide sweat shirts you'd have to be a lunatic to shell out \$60 for. Still, the sight of someone buying one of them makes you feel a little superior, and that's probably the best thing that's happened to you all day. Slowly you wind your way up the central staircase, trying not to look like a shoplifter, until your spiralling trajectory shoots you out sideways, past the Computers For Dummies books, and into the little corridor between STA Travel and the toilets. Suddenly struck by

a desire for alcohol, you wait fifteen minutes for the lift and then rise two floors to the Unibar (24).

17: On Dit. Possible the most incisive, brilliant and witty publication it has ever been your pleasure to read. You admire the bright spanking colours of the colour, the wit and charm of the contents page and the in-depth thoughtfulness of the editorial (always your favourite part). You flip through the clam, intelligent debate which always populates the letters page, and then come across something odd - a Choose Your Own Adventure for Adelaide Uni students. If you study post modernism you decide to have a go at it (1). Otherwise you skim the rest of the paper and then cast about for something else to do. The Unibar (24) perhaps, or the Refectory (14), or maybe the Cloisters (26).

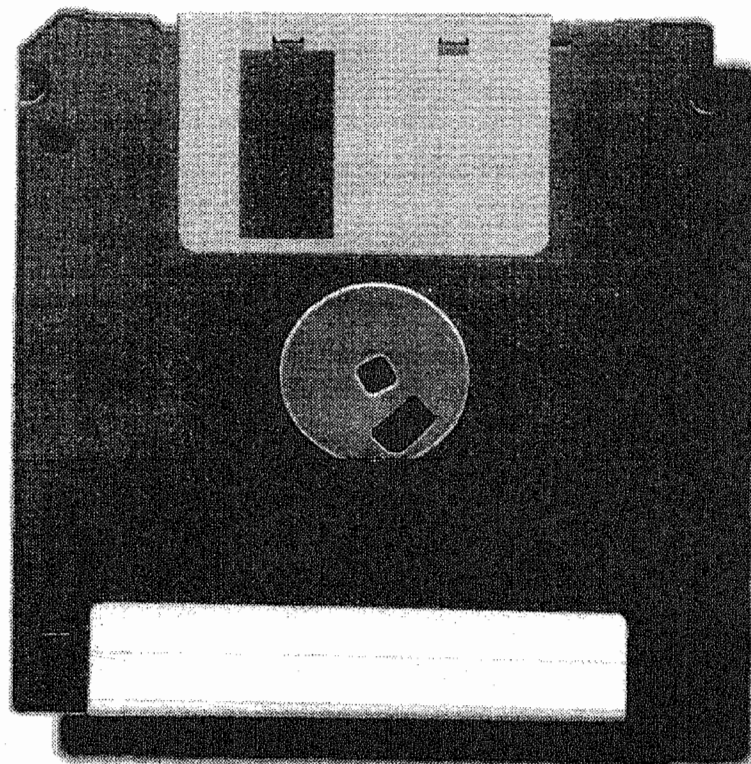
18: You need booze. You must have booze. It's the only way to survive the day. Looking down at your much-worn and much-loved Engies Pub Crawl t-shirt (impregnated with authentic beer odours), you reach a decision. To the Unibar with you! (24).

19: The drugs you took with breakfast are doing something strange inside your head. Everything seems to be sliding backwards around you, like Ewan McGregor's bedroom walls in *Trainspotting*. You begin to curl up into a foetal ball, feeling a strange, liquid heat rising behind your eyes. If only you'd stuck to the plain old amphetamines! But no, you had to branch out. As your life flashes before your eyes one final time you, be-

tween cringing at the most embarrassing bits, are at least thankful that this means you won't have to do the assignment.

20: This is no good. You've got all day (well, at least what's left of it). Perhaps you need a break before you really hit the books. Getting up, you wander out to the bag room, have a moment of panic until you find your bag again (third rack from the doors), and then go outside and down to the Union Building (10).

21: The chips are slightly cold and nasty. You can't finish them (25).



22: The Frozen Coke machine doesn't work properly, filling your cup with semi-frozen gloop before shooting a spatter of sticky Coke concentrate over your fingers as you turn it off (25).

23: The pie is just plain bad (25).

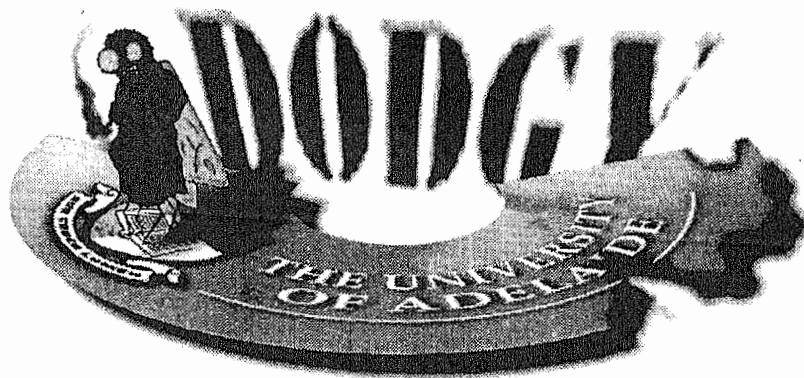
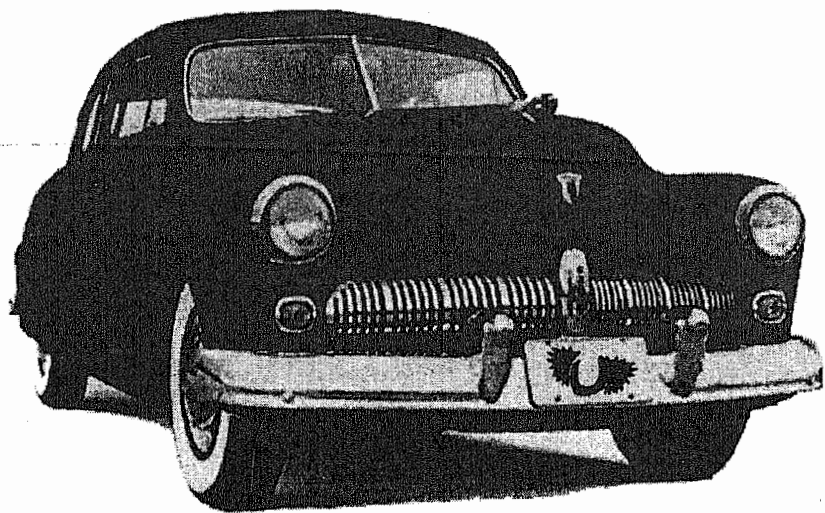
24: You enter the Unibar, slightly puzzled as ever by the boat stuck in the roof. Sauntering over to the bar you order the biggest, baddest, cheapest drink your stomach can handle. Sipping lustily you find an empty table and sit down, reflecting upon your assignment

and your place in life. After the first drink it only seems natural to go back for another. And then another. And another. What the fuck, you start the think, I'll have another. Outside the daylight begins to fade. You make a sideline into wedges with sour cream and chilli sauce. This makes you thirsty, so you have another drink and watch somebody you don't know playing the pinball machine in the corner, before turning to watch the Simpsons on the big, washed-out projection screen.

You wake up the next morning hunched over one of the chairs on the Unibar's outside verandah. A pile of vomit is your only companion in the early morning light. A magpie chortles madly in the trees. Your assignment remains undone. Your degree is officially wrecked. A strange joy suffuses your being at this thought. Smiling to yourself you take to the stairs, determined to leave the University forever and take up your rightful place in the dole queue at the exciting new Centrelink offices in town.

25: After the culinary exertion you decide you need a drink, and head up to the Unibar (24).

26: As you enter the Cloisters you hear a shout. A maddened looking figure with a gun charges out of the SAUA offices and begins taking random potshots across the courtyard. The SAUA President has finally lost the plot. As the bullets thud into your body you have just enough time to think that, at long last, your SAUA has done something for you in saving you from that assignment...



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WILLS REFECTORY**

(level 2 Union Complex, North Tce, Open 11am, - 4pm)

NEW: Hot Rolls with Salad

PLUS: Schnitzel

Roast of the Day

Fish

Snag & Onions

Continental Dog

Pasta & Lasagne

Vegetarian

Hot Meals

Vegetables

Fish & Chips

Chicken & Chips

Yiros

WILLS SPECIAL:

Pasta Bake & 300ml Daily Juice \$3.00

*Your Union
~ Working for you ~*

You know how sometimes you'll just be sitting quietly, or listening to the radio, or be in the midst of conversation, and you just suddenly get the urge to vocalise certain words? Words that have no relevance to anything going on around you, or even anything going on in your head (your conscious head, at least), but you just like the physical sound of them (sound is physical, you know) so much that you have to hear them? Out loud? For instance, right now I feel like saying "exclusivity" and "self-important", but I can't see how they relate to anything I'm involved in. On to more important matters: it has recently come to my attention (surprisingly, even the FlyGuy can be a bit slow from time to time (relatively slow, that is (you pack of dim-witted bastards couldn't even blink in the time it took me to catch on), but I am eternally a bit self-critical)) that there is a bird, more specifically a magpie, who (obviously also a bit slow) continually tries to fly through my bedroom window. Not, I mean, through the space which my window leaves vacant when it is open (although, actually, I suppose it is trying to fly through that space as well, but this is not what I meant), but actually through the window. The glass stuff. He (I am not an ornithologist, and the bird's gender is a mystery to me. To avoid offending anyone (which, it must be said, is nigh-foremost among my aims in life), I will alternate between the use of the female and male pronouns. True, this is idiotic, inconvenient, confusing and difficult, but that's political correctness.) flaps her little wings and comes zooming in at a great rate of knots (at least, he would do if she were a nautical vessel (nautical vessels are traditionally shes, aren't they?)), realises too late that something is wrong, realises a moment later that it is, in fact, too late, tries to pull out anyway, and ends up careening into the window with his underbelly, sounding a dull thud throughout the house and sending the poor little sod flapping and squawking madly on a rapid descent to the ground, a puzzled look prominent on her little birdy face. Five minutes later, same thing all over again. It eventually lets up toward the middle of the day, but resumes again with the setting of the sun, sending this little snoozehead (that's me) off to sleep every night with the periodic recursion of feathery thuds on my window. This has been going on for nearly three weeks now, and frankly, I'm getting a little sick of it (actually, in truth, the sensation has grown on me and I have become quite fond of the stupid little bugger, but a sense of outright indignation is probably a more appropriate reaction for the purposes of the ensuing discussion). To wit: do we not all live in glasshouses? (Oh, God, that was pompous, pretentious and a cliché. But funny. And almost relevant.) I often find it difficult, even after much wrestling of the conscience (my conscience is a tough bastard; used to be a law student (that was irony, and is also untrue)), to criticise people when they cock up. I criticise people frequently on the topic of their odour, their fashion sense, or fashion sense, or the size of their nose, but I struggle when it comes to people messing up. I instantly find myself imagining me, the FlyGuy (but you knew that), in their place and determining if I could have done it any better. And all too frequently the answer is no. I would have screwed that up too, I think to myself, and commiserate with the incompetent soul rather than lambasting them, as perhaps should be done. He was trying to kick that goal. She didn't mean to miss all those lectures and subsequently fail. It's not easy to sleep and drive at the same time and anyway, the dog could've been dead when he got there. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule; broadly, politicians and celebrities. This is because I know I could do their jobs better.

Golly. Indignation didn't really come into that at all, did it? That being the case: I love my little magpie. I really do.

FlyGuy

Politicians

The past few weeks have been a roller-coaster of fun for politicians in state and federal governments. Never have I witnessed such maturity, dignity, or charm from those wonderful people who are doing so much with their time in parliament.

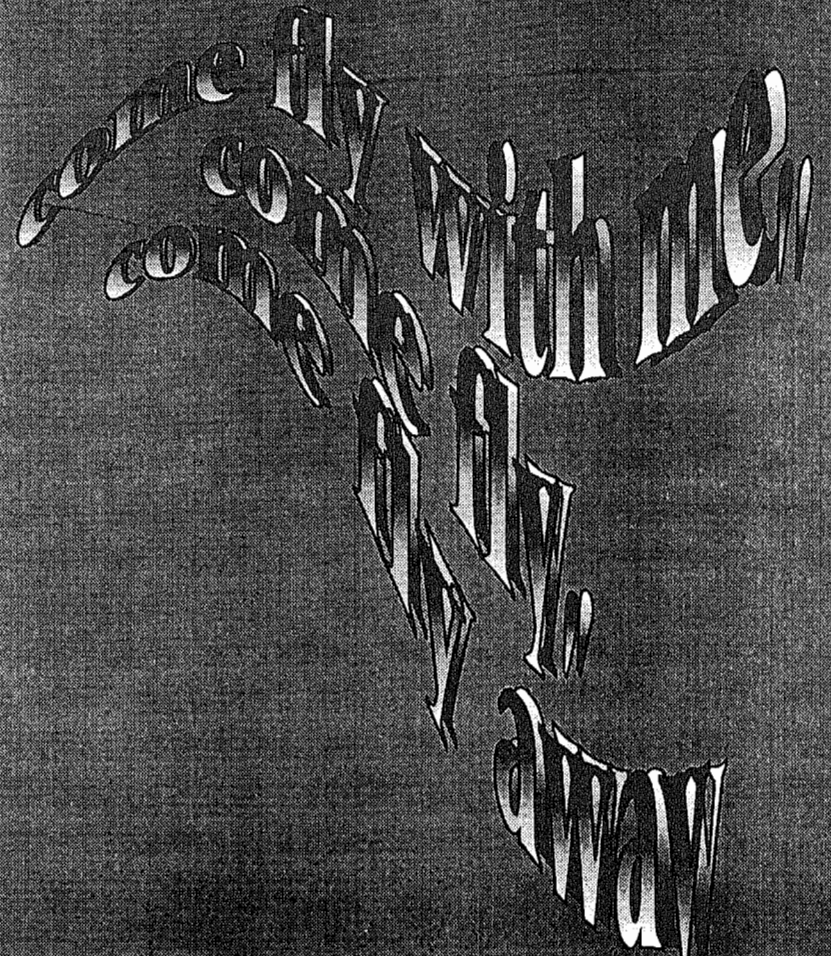
Yes, I'm cynical. However, this is, perhaps warranted. (We all know that **anything** can be justified.) If you fair students have been away from such wonderful media appliances as the television or radio, you would not be aware of the amount of squabbling that has been going on over travel expenses. One politician, who will remain nameless (they all look the same) attempted to take his life over this. It is not fair for me to completely put a black cross against all politicians. I'm sure there are a select few who are honest, and are in their positions as they truly want to do something for the wealth of Australia. I take offence, however, at the amount of time that even the Prime Minister has succumbed to fritter away time to discuss this matter.

His latest move in this area has been to reshuffle his cabinet: and if you had not known - this means the loss of Adelaide Senator, Amanda Vanstone. Again, if you have been living under a rock for the past two years, you would know that this senator was responsible for massive funding cuts for higher education, AUSTUDY means testing

and the proposed "dole diary." While many student and political leaders are rejoicing in this announcement, we must step carefully as her replacement, Dr David Kemp (part of the Melbourne club - okay so I don't know if this club actually exists, but there is apparently an Adelaide one - so let's not be geographically biased!) who, as shadow minister for Higher Education while Labor was in power, was very much in favour of returning Australian Higher Education to upfront fees instead of our beloved HECS. I am also sure that this may have something to do with Senator Vanstone's popularity, and she may detract from the Coalition's reputation in the instance of the next election. There are after all, quite a few voters under the age of 30 (Generation X) who are opposed to being stigmatised as either dole bludgers or elitist prats.

While these squabbles over the travel rort affairs or "travel-gate" scandal may be seen as benefiting students and the "youth" in some way.....If I may leave you with a parting thought, what is the government doing with its time in parliament: looking to the future of Australia's growing economic, social, and environmental crises, or looking to save their own skins against the tide of "embarrassment"?

Jocelyn Milbank



Coming Next Week...

**the On Dit
TRAVEL SPECIAL**

Where to go, how to get there and who to mug for emergency cash

All contributions, however tenuous in their relevance, extremely welcome.

**Deadline: Wednesday
5PM**

CANDLE SELLER

SALARY \$0k

Terrific opportunities exist to work with a global organisation.

Amnesty International is seeking enthusiastic people to give up 2 hours of their time, on the street, collecting donations on Candle Day.

In addition to street collecting, volunteers are also needed for other tasks prior to the event.

These tasks include contacting media organisations, preparing trays for street collectors, and arranging publicity activities.

Donations collected go towards Amnesty's goal of setting free victims of human rights abuse worldwide.

No experience is necessary. To apply for this opportunity to make a real difference, please contact:

Amnesty International
1800 808 157 toll-free 

Candle Day October 24
www.amnesty.org.au

Hating Howard

by James Morrison

WHY AUSTRALIA IS BUGGERED

The trouble with democracy is that any fool can vote; a lot did, and now we have John Howard as our illustrious Prime Minister. Not that the Labor alternative was much better - in these increasingly conservative times both major parties are getting harder and harder to differentiate. Still, a vote for Howard and his Liberals does seem to have been a vote for ineptitude, corruption and general cack-handedness. There is no better example of this than the Prime Minister's handling of the environment in recent weeks.

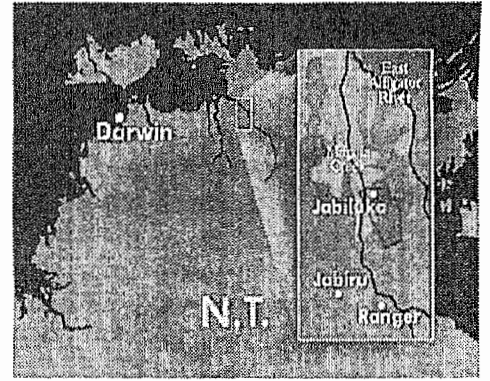
The recent South Pacific Forum addressed the problems associated with the Greenhouse Effect, and in particular, the way in which it will damage Pacific nations. South Pacific Islanders are, quite reasonably, fairly keen that their homelands will not disappear under the sea over the next century or so, and their leaders have been understandably annoyed by John Howard's determined and bloody-minded blocking of any attempts to press for tougher greenhouse gas emission targets.

Howard claims that he is protecting Australia's national interests through his stance on climate change. "In the end it's my job to look after Australia when I go overseas and I will always do that," he said. This is similar to the rhetoric employed earlier this year when Australia was pretty much alone in resisting greenhouse control efforts at the New

York conference. Howard claims that any further emission control will damage Australia's economic growth and reduce the number of Australian jobs (this, remember, from a man who has already overseen a slash and burn through the public service and a number of other political developments which have cost jobs). The narrow-minded Liberal assumption is that the economy is the most important thing, and that it is somehow independent of the environment. Well, this just isn't so, kids. The economy is, in the end, based upon the movement of *real things* - petrol,

Australia is not isolated from the world, to the detriment of all the globe's inhabitants, which is why South Pacific Island leaders are more than a little pissed off.

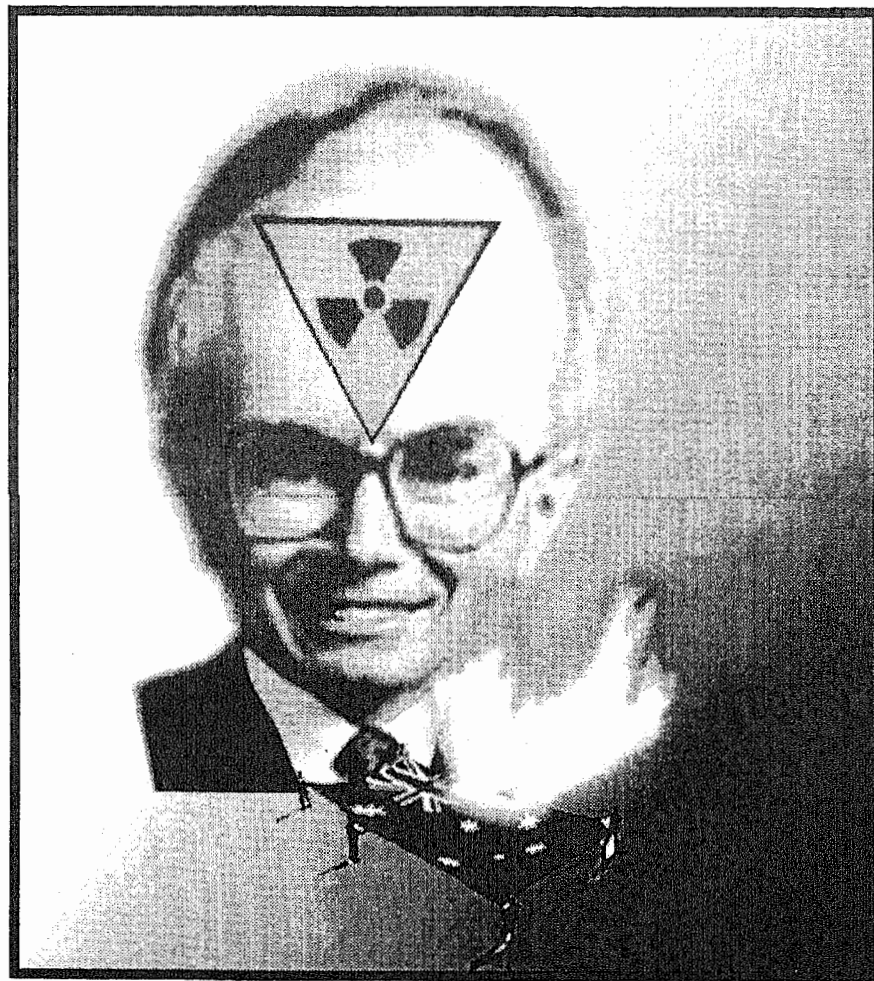
In the wake of the Forum, the Federal Government has decided to approve the Jabiluka uranium mine, near Kakadu National Park in the Northern Territory (see map). This \$12 billion project is in line with Howard's decision to overturn the



government, under Howard's leadership, is selling us all out on the greenhouse side of things by failing to make any moves to protect us or our surroundings, is willing to let the area near Kakadu be ripped open for uranium mining, and is then patting itself on the back for being environmentally friendly. The peculiar breed of logic employed by Federal ministers is nothing if not impressive in its convoluted idiocy.

Some might challenge these points as being environmental bleatings from somebody who doesn't understand the importance of economic rationalism. First, I say to you *fuck off!* Secondly, and in a calmer vein, I might add that even business is unhappy with the performance of John Howard - a recent report in the *Financial Review* claimed that two-thirds of business leaders are unimpressed with Howard and Costello's anaemic double-act. In fact, I challenge anybody to name *one single thing* that Howard has done since becoming Prime Minister that has done anything to improve Australia. The only time he showed any sort of leadership at all was during the well-timed guns buy back scheme, and that was a political PR opportunity that an intellectually stunted sack of potatoes couldn't have got wrong.

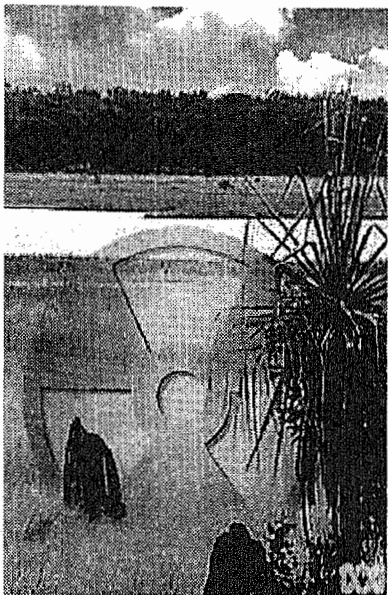
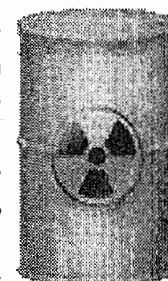
In short, I hate Howard and everything he stands for. The only thing that stops me paying somebody to knock him off is the horrifying realisation that the vampiric Peter Costello is lurking in the wings for his moment of glory...



wood, metals - and of these there is only a finite amount. Thus, economic growth cannot continue forever. Furthermore, since the economy must, by nature, be rooted in the real world, it can only suffer if the real world is going to hell in a hand basket - which it will if the current rape and pillage attitude of conservative governments the world over is allowed to continue. There's no point being wealthy (and unstably wealthy at that) if you are perpetually confined to a room filled to the ceiling with malodorous turds. Thus, by 'protecting Australia's national interests' by resisting any sensible environmental controls, Howard is in fact acting to the detriment of all Australians - and, because

previous government's limiting of the number of Australian uranium mines to three. While the mine is not yet guaranteed to come into existence due to opposition from traditional owners, the government will be pushing it as hard as they can. Resources Minister Senator Warwick Parer is in full PR overdrive - "In the spirit of making sure Jabiluka is number one in terms of environmental excellence, we'll seek to do that," he said. He also made some fatuous claims about how good uranium mining is because its products are used for nuclear energy, which has no associated greenhouse problems.

Hmm, well. In other words, the



York conference. Howard claims that any further emission control will damage Australia's economic growth and reduce the number

Map and smaller images (c) ABC News
Central image (c) James Morrison



**SAUA
PRESIDENT**

I hope everyone has enjoyed their two weeks' semester break and are revved up for the final lap of the year.

State Election

The long-awaited Government announcement of the date of the State election was forthcoming in early September. The Students' Association organised a pollies' forum, inviting Liberal, Labor and Democrat representatives to speak to students about issues of concern and interest to students. Unfortunately, the Liberal Party consistently knocked back the SAUA's invitation to send a representative to speak to students, though Trish White (ALP) and Natasha Stott Despoja (Democrat) both responded to questions from the Students' Association and from the floor. The Students' As-

sociation also produced policy pamphlets on each of the parties' positions with regards to education and employment and youth issues. I hope this allowed everyone the opportunity to make an informed vote on Saturday.

University Council Elections

University Council elections for two undergraduate representatives are being conducted at the moment until the 28th of October. University Council is the governing body of the entire University; it is extremely important that there is a strong, experienced, representative student voice on Council. Please make sure you come into the Students' Association or Level 6 of the Wills Building to lodge a vote.

More Elections...Constitutional Convention
The election for the Constitutional Convention

It is an education in crisis. Liberal Government education policy has:

- * cut \$1b from the education budget
- * sacked hundreds of lecturers and tutors
- *scrapped "unproductive" courses (here at adelaide they are drama and dance)
- *cut \$38 million from ABSTUDY
- *kicked thousands of people off AUSTUDY
- *charged fees for everything from

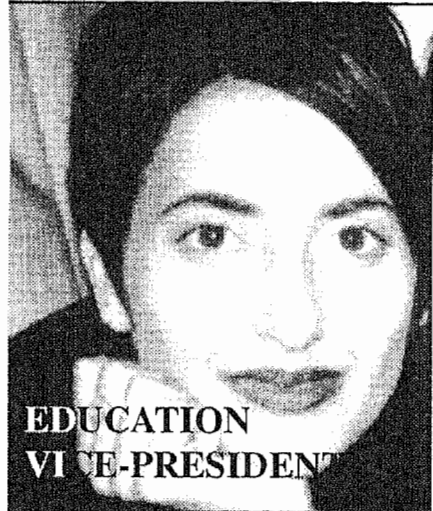
lected representatives is up and coming: ballot forms will be sent out from November 4. Keep an eye out for the student and youth candidates and make sure you do vote for those representatives who will be discussing the possibility of an Australian Republic on behalf of us all.

Upcoming Events

Watch out for the Lost Property Sale, a National Week of Campus Actions Against Education Cuts (Vanstone is gone, but Kemp could be worse!), and other SAUA-supported events.

Have a good week everyone!

Amrita Dasvarma
SAUA President 1997



**EDUCATION
VICE-PRESIDENT**

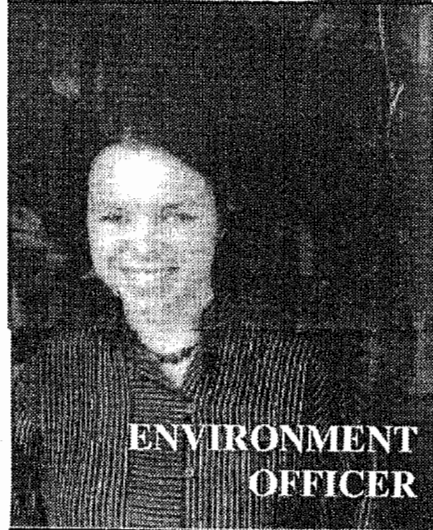
NATIONAL WEEK OF ACTION

There is a lot to think about in the ongoing campaign for a quality education: and just because the Liberals have sacked Vanstone it doesn't mean that they will reverse any of the cuts. In fact, it is alleged that even Jeff Kennet (Mr dry Liberal himself) thinks that the new education minister David Kemp is too right wing.

library books to internet access
•introduced upfront fees for domestic undergraduate students at 8 unis... INCLUDING OURS!

All of the above points are reasons to get involved in the NATIONAL WEEK OF ACTION ON OCTOBER 20-24.....COMING TO A BARR SMITH LAWN NEAR YOU!!

Yours in Union, Olivia



**ENVIRONMENT
OFFICER**

Hello everyone... welcome to springtime! Even if you are having to spend most of your time indoors with your books, I hope you all get outside at some stage to appreciate the wildflowers and sunshine....

POLYSTYRENE CUPS IN MAYO: At last there seems to be an alternative to the yukky polystyrene cups and to mugs that get stolen.....Romax (the people who make reusable black plates and bowls currently in use in the Union) have produced a wonderful new re-usable cup!!!! They are white plastic cups with black holders which can be re-washed up to 60 times before they disintegrate. The Mayo will begin trialling these super-cups from this term, but the success of the trial is entirely dependant upon the users so PLEASE DON'T THROW THEM AWAY!!!! Leave them in the Mayo on a table, or if you're outside, put them (along with any Romax plates

or bowls) on the collection trolleys in the cloisters and on the Lawns (they usually have a white plastic tub on them). Please also don't take them away.... if too many are lost (they are relatively expensive to buy in bulk), we will be stuck back with foam cups, which are notoriously bad for the planet.

BIKES: Thankyou to all cyclists who usually lock their bike in the shelter at the end of the Barr Smith Lawns- for your patience. Construction of the bike cage has been held up by several things....finances, misunderstandings etc. I am trying to have the rack of tyre 'V' thingies (currently along the wall) changed for rails like those outside the shed. The invention of quick release tyres means that if you have an expensive bike, you will need to lock your frame up too, but can't do this with the current arrangement. This may mean that there will be a few more days in the not so

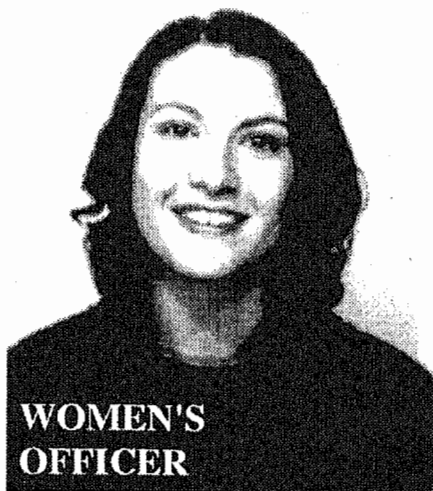
distant future when I will have to ask you to keep your bikes out- I will let you know when the time arises.

Logistics of how the swipe-card system will work, and where cards will be sold for how much etc etc are yet to be worked out in any detail, but for now you can contact me and leave your name and number, and I will call you when cards become available.

ENVIRONMENTAL COLLECTIVE: Meetings will resume as usual, Tuesday 1pm, Clubs Common Room (level 6 Union building).... not too late to get your hands green, so come and talk food coop or something with us!

Column's too long again. Okay then, merry second-week-back-ing, and don't forget to return those Romax cups!!

Gin, Ph. 83035182,
vsimpson@student.adelaide.edu.au
a call on 8303 5406.



**WOMEN'S
OFFICER**

Totally Wimmin Powered

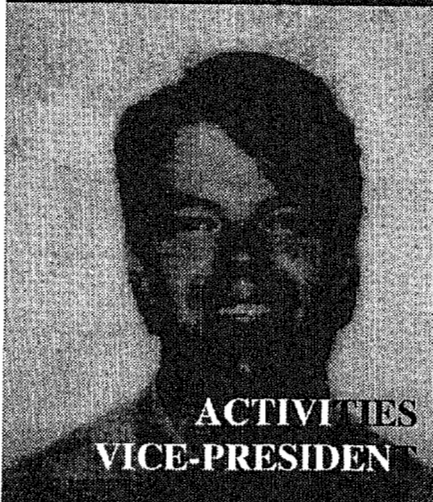
TWP is happening October 15, 16 and 18 from 9.30 pm to 1.30 am. This is the 4th year in a row that it has happened. The week is designed to have women teaching women technical skills, broadcasting ideas and also debating issues. There will be several interesting sessions with lots of discussion on issues including the importance of having Women's Officers and ideas on body image and eating disorders. If you would like to tune in and even contribute to the discussions you can find it at 531 am 5UV - 1st on the am dial.

6th Women and Labour Conference

This conference is happening from November 28-30 at Deakin University Geelong. The aim is to gather women together who are interested in improving the lives of all women. The conference will address the theme of feminist social change across the generations with a particular emphasis on the voices of younger and older women. Registration is open now so if you would like to attend the conference or would like some more information please come into the SAUA or give me

Reclaim the Night

Reclaim the Night a march which takes place each year every year where women take back the right to walk the streets at night without fear. This year it is happening on the 31st of October - yes I know it's Halloween! At the moment the Reclaim the Night Collective is organising the night so if you would like to be involved in the Collective the people to call are Kelly on 8340 4331 or Jen on 8390 1092.



**ACTIVITIES
VICE-PRESIDENT**

Welcome back, I hope your holidays were at least partially free of study and mostly relaxing.

Less than 4 weeks left until swot vac, in case you weren't panicking enough already.

In the last few weeks there still remains a number of notable events:

- The Annual Lost Property

Sale

Friday October 24.

Barr Smith Lawns 12 - 2 pm. There will be heaps of cheap stuff from pencil cases and pens to books, clothes and calculators.

- The usual Beer and BBQ will be on and finally,
- The Prosh Charity money will be presented to Club

Friday

and The Florey Research Fund.

Also look out for another Beer and BBQ event towards the end of semester.

Study hard and enjoy the sunshine.

Ant.



YES, IT'S NEARLY THE END OF ON DIT FOR 1997

(ONLY 3 MORE ISSUES), WHICH MEANS THAT WE'LL

BE PUTTING OUT THE BIGGEST EDITION, NOT ONLY OF

THE YEAR, BUT OF ANY OF ON DIT'S LONG AND

IGNOBLE 65 YEARS. YEA, AND THEY SHALL

SHUDDER UNDER ITS WEIGHT, MOST VERILY. ANY AND

ALL SUBMISSIONS OF ANY KIND ARE REQUESTED FOR

THE FINAL ISSUE - BRING THEM IN BEFORE OCTOBER

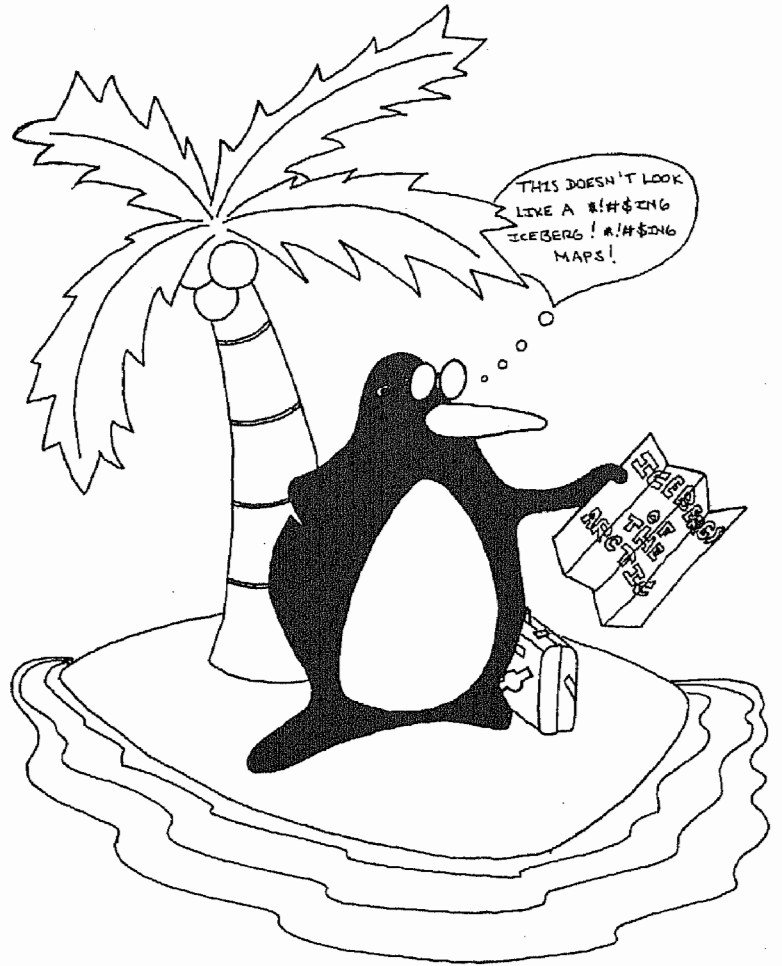
29, 5 PM, AND BE A PART OF HISTORY (ONE OF

THE SMALLER, GROTIER, LESS WELL-KNOWN PARTS,

SORT OF LIKE A SECONDHAND CD SHOP IN THE

ARCADE OF LIFE)

Looking for direction this summer?



Applications for 1998 Orientation
Directors are now open at the SAUA

POSITIONS AVAILABLE:

O' Week Directors (up to 3)

O'Ball Directors (up to 3)

O'Camp Directors (up to 3)

O'Guide Directors (up to 3)

O'Tour Directors (up to 2)

Counter Calendar Directors (up to 2)

* you may apply in groups or individually



Pick up an application form from the SAUA

Applications close October 15th, 1997

Enquiries to Ben Allgrove (Orientation Co-Ordinator)

via the SAUA, ph. 8303 5406

Students Unite

against polystyrene cups!



Finally, after years of traumatic dilemmas between horrible, disposable foam cups which destroy the planet, and nice coffee mugs which get instantly stolen, there is a light :-D !!! Its the ...

ROMAX RE-USABLE CUP!

Romax are the people who make the black plastic plates and bowls currently in use in some of the Union food outlets. And now they've made a cup which can be washed up to 60 times before it spontaneously self-destructs - just hope you're not user 61! (Actually Romax collects and recycles them). The cups will be on trial in the Mayo this term. So please, please, pleasease ...




DON'T THROW THEM OUT!

And staff: please don't carry them off to your offices and forget about them. Leave them on a table in the Mayo, or if you're outside, on a collection trolley in the Cloisters or on the lawns, along with your other Romax stuff (the trolleys usually have white tubs on them...)

Warning: if too many cups are lost, the economic monster will gobble up our beautiful new cups, and spit polystyrene back at us. God forbid.

IT'S TIME TO TEAR DOWN THE POLYSTYRENE REGIME!

Thanks from the SAUA Environment Dept, Mayo Management and your anxious little 

Bust A Weed

What is the greatest threat to SA's remaining vegetation?

- a) Bulldozers
- b) Chainsaws
- c) Weeds

The answer is c. Whilst bulldozers and chainsaws have been used to clear 90% of SA's native vegetation, their use is now very limited. The patches of vegetation that were not cleared, or that have regenerated after being cleared, are essential for the conservation of our natural heritage. Unfortunately, this natural heritage (ie. plants and animals and their interactions with the environment) is under threat due to the invasion of environmental weeds.

Environmental weeds are not the same as the weeds that you pull out/poison/ignore in your backyard. Most backyards are highly disturbed environments. In contrast, environmental weeds are those weeds that invade undisturbed native vegetation.

So why are environmental weeds a problem? Quite simply - they displace native plants (and the animals that depend on them, not to mention the disruption to possibly all of the ecosystem processes). While this may not sound too disturbing or dramatic (it doesn't happen overnight and no blood is spilt), it is a sure and obvious process. Also, those of you who have seen native vegetation that is heavily infested by environmental weeds know that it is a very disturbing and dramatic sight. There are no or very few native plants in such areas, and it is not hard, by extrapolation, to see large areas of what was native vegetation being replaced by a weed monoculture

(examples do exist).

So what are the solutions? Prevention is obviously better than cure and, at long last, we have legislation that will severely restrict the importation of plants that have the potential to become weeds - this is best environmental news for a long time. This means we only have to deal with the weeds already in the country. If we do nothing about them, then you can kiss goodbye to our native vegetation. If we expect the government to control them then we'll be waiting until the problem is so big that Blind Freddy can see it (and maybe even vote on it), by which time there will be little native vegetation, and hence little point. We can pin our hopes on biological control - the introduction of natural enemies of the weed. This is the optimal form of control, however, "the

history of biological weed control is marked by a small number of spectacular successes and a larger number of disappointments". We may well lose a substantial amount of native vegetation (very significant in biological terms given the small amount that is left) while waiting for biological control to effectively control the weed. A major part of the solution to environmental weeds may well be in the hands of the community - the problem certainly is.

There are a variety of community

groups that voluntarily control environmental weeds (eg Friends of the National Parks, Landcare and Bushcare). These people are the real heroes; long after everyone has forgotten who won the 97 Grand Final, they will remember those who had the foresight and commitment to saving our natural heritage (or who at least tried).

This week (October 13 -19) is Weedbuster Week. I have asked members of the Friends of Belair, Morialta and Para Wirra National Parks to take

people into their Parks throughout this week, and they have agreed to do so. These Friends will provide information on how to control environmental weeds (it is not the same as weeding within the backyard - rather it is all about enhancing the regeneration of the native vegetation). They will show you what the environmental weed Boneseed does (given time it displaces all of the native vegetation,

thus forming a monoculture), and how to pull it out (you'll very quickly get the hang of it). Fortunately, although boneseed looks like a formidable plant, it can easily be uprooted, particularly now while the soil is still moist. A group of people can make a huge, very visible difference in a couple of hours.

Belair National Park:

The Friends of Belair National Park will be your guides from Monday through to Sunday 19th October. Meet your guide at 9am and /or 1pm

in the car park, just inside the Park entrance, learn about the forest and make a difference for about 2 hours.

Para Wirra National Park:

The Friends of Para Wirra National Park will meet you at 9am and/or 1pm on Saturday 18th October, at the Main Entrance to this Park. Para Wirra is a very healthy Park with a relatively minor weed problem. However, boneseed is scattered throughout the Park and will obviously become a major problem if it is not dealt with. Boneseed could be eliminated from the Park and never allowed to become a problem, if we act now.

Morialta National Park:

The Friends of Morialta National Park will meet you at 9am, on Sunday 19th October, on Stradbroke Road (the Main Entrance). This group has a great deal of knowledge and experience in removing weeds and regenerating this beautiful Park. They will show you an area in which they have controlled boneseed. They are now controlling other weeds and restoring this area; they invite you to participate between 9am and 12 noon.

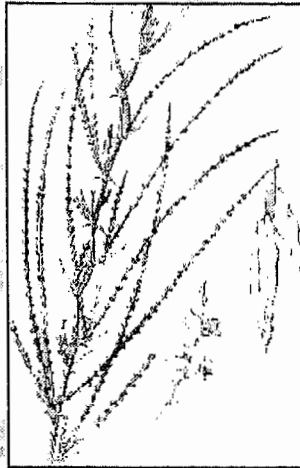
Whilst learning about, and pulling out environmental weeds you will be surrounded by native vegetation - this is a good time to discover that it is worth saving.

If you want any more information, or if you can attend, please contact me:

Paul Thomas, Weedbuster Coordinator

e m a i l : pthomas@roseworthy.adelaide.edu.au
ph 08 8522 6423 (leave a message)

"Weeds - Australia's most underestimated environmental threat"



15TH OCTOBER IS THE
DEADLINE FOR ON DIT'S
INAUGURAL SPECIAL TRAVEL
Edition.

HAVE YOU BEEN TO
PLACES, ARE YOU GOING
PLACES OR DO YOU KNOW OF
PLACES TO GO?

WE WOULD LOVE TO HEAR
FROM YOU (ANYTHING ASSO-
CIATED WITH TRAVELLING).

THERE ARE THOUSANDS
OF REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD
DO YOUR MASTERS WITH US.

In case you hadn't noticed, money is getting tight lately, so we thought we'd make you an offer you can't refuse. AITEC, the Australian Information Technology Engineering Centre, invites you to apply for a Master of Engineering in Information Technology and Telecommunications and receive a very attractive studentship* With your own workspace, computer, and colleagues working in a team environment, enhanced academic performance and excellent career prospects are more achievable. Once employed as a commercial engineer you can look forward to an initial salary some 15 to 20% above average and be on a fast track for promotion.

To be in the running you must have completed at least three years of an Institution of Engineers, accredited Bachelor's degree in electrical, electronic or computer systems engineering. Selection is based on merit and an interview.

For more information and details on seminars contact:

Administrator - Program Delivery, AITEC Pty. Ltd.

SPRI Building, Technology Park, The Levels, S.A. 5095 AUSTRALIA

Phone: 61 8 8302 3616. Fax: 61 8 8302 3617

E-mail: query@aitec.edu.au

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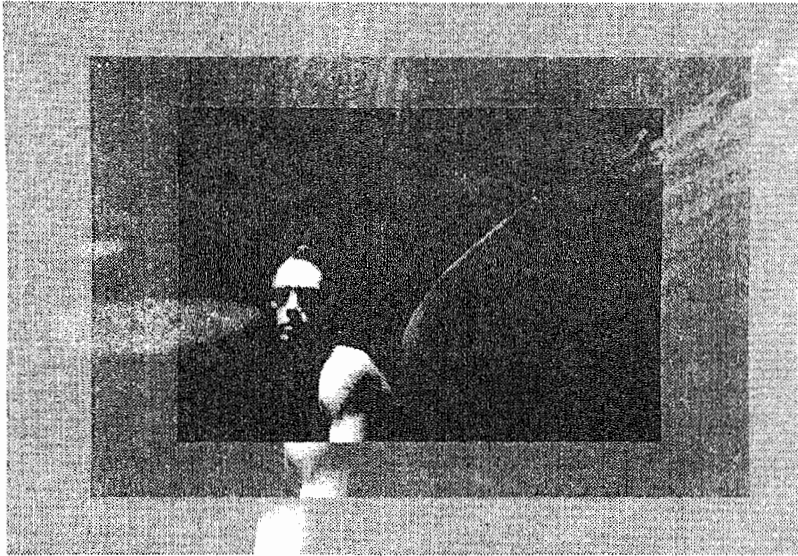


PROGRAM JOINTLY OFFERED BY THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN UNIVERSITIES

Indescribably Beautiful

And the Ass Saw the Angel
Brand 'X' Theatre

hurt).
The set was my favourite kind: stark, yet



Never before have I had such an intense theatrical experience. Never have I been so enthralled, so entranced, so utterly involved. Never has my heart been wrenched so forcibly from my body and torn into such bloodied shreds. Never have I felt so strong an urge to reach into a work of fiction and soothe the troubled characters within. Now it is my unfortunate duty to try to put into words the magnificence and wonder which was the second version of Nick Cave's *And the Ass Saw the Angel*.

My handsome young date for the evening worried that the more conventional seating might reduce the power and intimacy he felt in the first production-not a chance. James Winter, as Eucrid, was tender and angry and vengeful, and wove a spell around the audience which was not broken (at least, not in my case) until long after the production ended. His emotional delivery, combined with the music and Emily Taheny's stunning, sensual vocals, succeeded in breaking my heart more than it has ever been broken before (and believe me, baby, I know how to

effective. The stacked crates served as Eucrid's home as well as his swamp playground as he delivered the story of his life in a compelling, emotional, and sometimes hilarious monologue. The lighting and background images were sometimes soulful and sometimes angry, adding depth to the narrative and a further insight into Eucrid's thoughts.

The audience was forced to involve themselves in this production; I have never been so confronted in my life. Normally you can sit back and watch in voyeuristic laziness, but Winter takes the opportunity to provoke and challenge the audience, asking what role we play we who generally sit back and do nothing. Our lack of action, our lethargy leads to suffering and depravity, as is the case of the people in Eucrid's town. They sat back and allowed him to suffer inhuman dignities, and his pain was bloodily avenged.

If you have not seen this production, see it. I you have missed it, weep; it will change you forever. It is almost indescribably beautiful...

Rating: 20/10

Jayne Lewis



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Notice to Undergraduate Students at the University of Adelaide

Now, VOTE with your feet, deVOTE some attention, deVOTE some devotion ...

JUST VOTE !!!

for your student representative on University Council

There are TWO undergraduate student positions on Council. SIX nominations have been received from:

Rosslyn Ann Hamilton Cox
Michael Jlew Chiong Ming
Judith O'Varl
Matthew John Sykes
Kym Yvette Taylor
Matthew Stephen Toohy

The election closes on Tuesday 28 October.

ALL undergraduate students of the University are eligible to vote in this election.

If YOU want to vote:

- Contact the Students' Association on your campus
- Or come to Room 656, Level 6, Willis Building, North Terrace Campus
- Or phone 8303 5668.

Note: Voting papers will be sent automatically to all students who enrolled for the first time in 1997 only.

Returning Officer, Susan Graebner

CLUBS COLUMN

This is a notice that the Clubs Association Annual General Meeting is being held on the 15 October at 1.10pm in the WP Rogers Room, level 5 of the Union Building. Nominations are now open for all positions, and must be received by the receptionists at the Clubs Association before 5pm on Friday 10 October. All club delegates are encouraged to attend. Nibbles and drinks will be provided at the meeting. Any enquiries can be directed to Vicki at the CA, or ring 8303 3410.

☆☆☆

1997 Annual AUSCA Formal Dinner Friday 17th October at Adelaide Reception Centre 17 Sturt Street Adelaide (opposite Kings Head) Tickets \$25 includes 3 course meal and 4.1/2 hour all you can drink. Tickets available from Clubs Association or representatives in Catacombs (1-2pm) Thank you.

☆☆☆

Wow! The Film Society is showing cool stuff!

This Week:Pulp Fiction

d. Quentin Tarantino

Thursday 16th October, 7pm

AND Friday 17th October, 1:10pm

Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building

\$3 members, \$5 nonmembers

One of the best films of the 90's. A violent, clever, film with the sharpest dialogue and the coolest cast. It's Tarantino. This is why he's who he is. If you haven't seen this film there's a gap in your experience that must be filled. Now.

Coming Attractions:

In association with PRIDE:

Maedchen in Uniform PLUS Glen or Glenda

Week 11: Thursday 23rd October, 7pm

Union Cinema

Members \$3, nonmembers \$4

A German story of love in a Girl's Boarding school plus the worst film by the world's worst ever director, Ed Wood where he explores the world of cross-dressing.

Andy Warhol's Chelsea Girls

Week 12: Thursday 30th October, 6:30pm

Union Cinema

\$1 members, \$3 nonmembers

Probably the most commercial of the pop-art-ist's films. Chelsea Girls is set in New York's Chelsea Hotel. Each of the film's 12 reels, which are shown in pairs, depicts a different room in the Hotel. The actors are mainly well-known Factory types like Nico and Ingrid Superstar and the soundtrack is by the Velvet Underground of

course.

Debbie Does Dallas

Week 13: Thursday November 6th, 7pm

Union Cinema

Video Projection

FREE for all

I think the title speaks for itself. The trashiest of trashy porn. Find out for yourself why this is one of the world's most well-known films.

Tasty Film Society T-shirts in black or grey with a small logo on the front and a big one on the back are now available from the Club's Association. \$12 short-sleeved, \$15 long-sleeved: bargain!

e-mail us at aufs@student.adelaide.edu.au.

All the latest programme details can be found at our **web site** <http://www.student.adelaide.edu.au/~aufs>

☆☆☆

Exams are coming! Quick, join the Chess Club before your brain explodes!

The Chess Club meets Mondays and Fridays at 1pm in the Don Stranks room (level 5, Union Building). Free membership! Visit the web-page <http://www.student.adelaide.edu.au/~chess> for more information or email chess@student.adelaide.edu.au

Barr Smith Library hours extended

The Barr Smith Library will be open longer for four weeks at the end of Semester 2.

The (inclusive) dates are:
Saturday 1 November to Sunday 23 November 1997.

The extra hours will be:
Saturday and Sunday 9 am - 1 pm (which means that the Library is open 9 am - 5 pm).

The Library (and the Reserve collection) will open at 9.00am on both Saturday and Sunday.

From 9.00am to 1.00pm there will be no service from, nor access to:

- The Loans desk (the self-service loans machine will be available)
- The Information desk
- The electronic databases service

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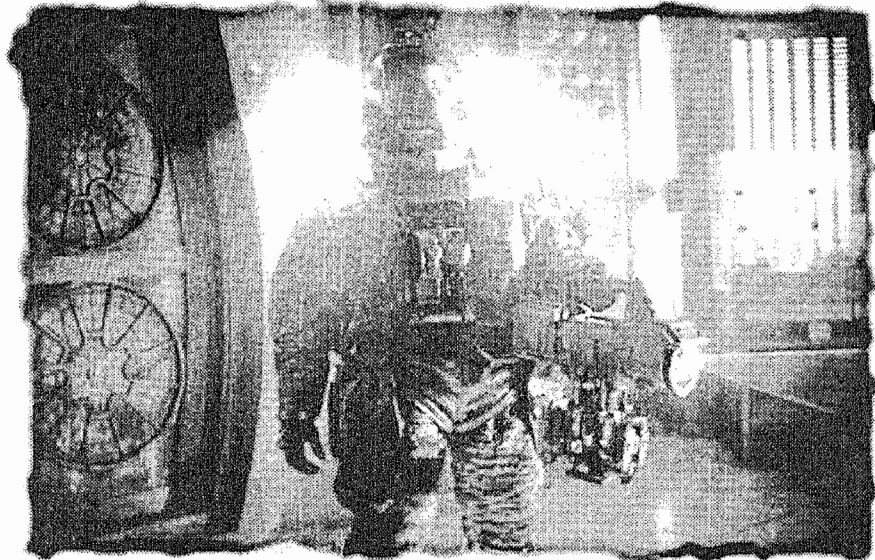
PLACE: University of Adelaide, Napier Building Room G04

TIME: 1.00 -2.00pm

DATE: Monday, October 20th, 1997

Dr Jill Teubner will provide information about the course and answer your questions.

singularity



EVENT HORIZON
Greater Union Cinemas

This film is a *fucking nightmare*—and I mean that in an extremely complimentary way. A visceral, brutal science-fiction trip to the fringes of Hell (literally), with all of the attendant agony, violence, psychological torture and general cruelty that this implies.

Director Paul Alexander's first film, *Shopping* was a triumph of style over substance. *Event Horizon* is simply a triumph: it does what it sets out to do (suck you in, tense you up and then scare seven shades of shit out of you) with consummate skill. Owing a little to the early Ridley Scott films (*Alien* and *Blade Runner*), this is visually stunning: from the early scenes of Sam Neill's character, Dr. William Weir, seen through a shuttered window, before the camera pulls back and back and back, spinning as it does so to reveal the huge, complex majesty of a space station in orbit around the Earth, to the interior of the Event Horizon—a vast, dangerous spacecraft—as zero gravity causes the detritus of an ancient accident to spin through the endless, threatening corridors.

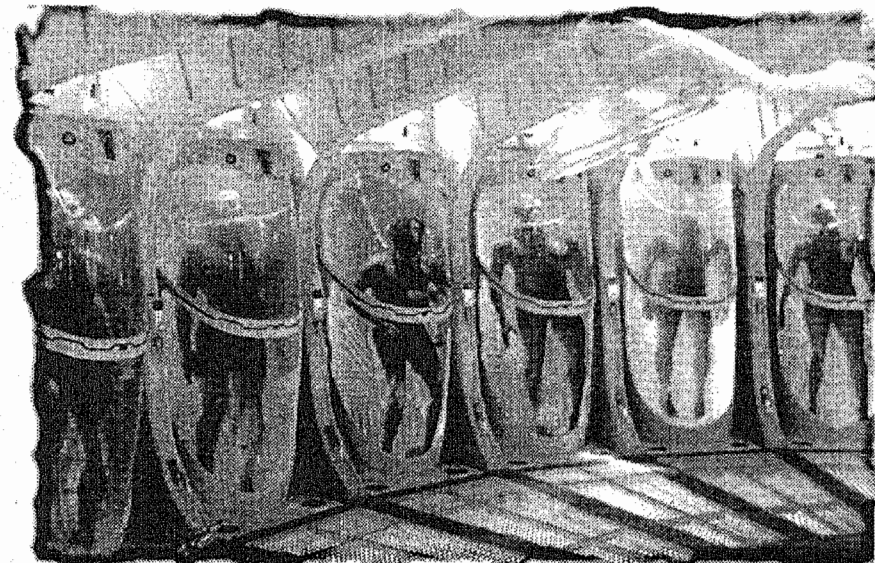
The plot is relatively straightforward. By 2047, humankind has not ventured beyond the solar system. Its one at-

tempt to do so, the Event Horizon (created by Weir), which used a tame black hole to distort space and pass through an alternate dimension to a nearby star, vanished with all crew seven years before—until now, when it has mysteriously reappeared in the outer atmosphere of the gas giant planet Neptune, far from the Sun's warm light. Captain Miller (Laurence Fishburne) and his rescue team, including Joely Richardson and Sean Pertwee, had been despatched to explore and recover the ship, using Weir as their guide. But all is not well aboard the ship... cue nerve-fraying horror and skin-crawling nastiness.

It looks spectacular (even the most vile scenes have a stomach-churning beauty in their composition and bizarre originality), the nastiness is of a particularly vivid and perceptive sort, and the whole thing is excellent. How it avoided an 'R' rating is a mystery. Recommended, with caution, to all with guts of iron or a taste for sci-fi that goes a little beyond the shallow mawkishness of *Star Trek*.

And as Sam Neill says, to most people Hell is just a word. He'll show you Hell...

James Morrison



singles



WALKING & TALKING
Nova Cinemas

A welcome antidote to the antiseptic feebleness of most TV shows about friendship and late twenties/early thirties relationship strife, *Walking & Talking* is the debut film by writer/director Nicole Holofcener. A sometimes bitter borderline comedy (in that it is dramatic rather than unfunny), this follows two women who have been friends since childhood. Amelia (Catherine Keener of Tom DiCillo's *Johnny Suede* and *Living in Oblivion*) and Laura (Anne Heche of *Donnie Brasco* and *Volcano*) are finally being pulled apart as their lives divert: up until now they have shared everything, including Big Jeans (Spatz, in his acting debut), their cat. But when Laura gets engaged to her boyfriend Frank (the eminently likeable Todd Field) it leaves Amelia on her own for the first time. The only person she feels she can turn to is Andrew (Liev Schreiber), who she used to date and who now has a complicated phone-sex relationship with a woman on the other side of the country—and who wants to borrow money from Amelia so that he

can pay his phone bill.

As Laura gets more and more wrapped up in organising her wedding (and has the traditional last-minute crises, panics and unfaithful urges), Amelia becomes increasingly desperate about her own loveless life. Even "the ugly guy" who works at her local video shop (Kevin Corrigan, who is very convincing as a pleasant if odd Fangoria-reading horror nerd), and who has been after her for a while, mysteriously drops her after what seemed to be a successful night.

This is an extremely well-acted and perceptive film which took Holofcener five years to get enough support to make. Filled with peculiar supporting characters (a man who claims to see little red devils everywhere, a pathetic waiter and actor, a smugly phallogocentric therapist). The limited range of its focus means that it probably won't shock you with dramatic new insights, but it is a cleverly made and sometimes hilarious film. Watch for the argument in a cafe about an excised mole. Nice one.

James Morrison



Freebies

Giveaways

We have ten double passes to new film *Daytrippers at the Nova* (ta to Hermine) as well as ten doubles to the preview screening of *Dream With The Fishes* (ta to Angela), the David Arquette film at Palace Cinemas on Sunday 19 October. To win one of the above goodies, come down to the On Dit office on Wednesday at 1pm for the draw.

Red, White and Blaine

Waiting For Guffman
Palace Cinemas (Season ended)

1946. Christopher Guest plays St.Clair brilliantly, as the campy, emotional, failed Broadway actor trying to prove himself as a big fish in the very small

In *Waiting for Guffman* Christopher Guest (best known as Nigel Tufnel, from *This is Spinal Tap*, seems to have gathered some of the funniest comedians in America and let them prove how basically funny American movies can be. In this film we don't have the awful



overdone sight gags of Jim Carrey, or the sad character typecasting of Bette Midler. (There are some awful films made, aren't there?!!) The film was just simply, basically funny. It knocked no one's socks off, but was great fun.

Set in the small town of Blaine, Missouri, *Waiting For Guffman*, shows the community preparing for its sesquicentenary, complete with a musical. The musical "Red, White and Blaine" is to be organised by Corky St. Clair (Guest), a failed Broadway actor who has made a huge impression on Blaine. St Clair has been quite a hit in this small town, with previous productions such as *Backdraft*, which would have been an amazing success except for the fact that they burned down the theatre in which it was staged. He gathers a small group of the townspeople to create a history of the town, the founding of the town, when the misguided settlers mistakenly believed they were in California, the town's reputation as Stool Capital of the World, and the UFO Encounter/Potluck dinner of

pond that is Blaine. He is surrounded by a brilliantly funny cast. Eugene Levy worked with Guest to create the characters and plays Dr. Allan Pearl, the very serious, sober dentist with a surprising theatrical talent. Catherine O'Hara (*Beetlejuice*, *Home Alone*), plays Sheila Albertson, who with her husband Ron (Fred Willard), run the local travel agency, despite the fact that they have never travelled outside of Blaine, and who aspire to making it big in Hollywood.

Considering that this film was made in 29 days, with no script aside from the musical itself, these people have proven their talent. The loose, relaxed style of production comes up with some hilarious moments, watch for the auditions scene, the alcoholic Sheila Robertson, and Corky trying to choreograph the production. The result of this is not one of the most spectacular films of the year, but a really amusing, fun film. Big recommendations from me!

Alexis Tindall

Look into the red light...
Look into the red light...
Look into the red light...
Look into the red light...

Men in Black
Practically everywhere

If you haven't heard of this; where the hell have you been?!? This is a quickie review because if you haven't seen this yet you probably don't want to. If you do want to, there are a few things you need to know:

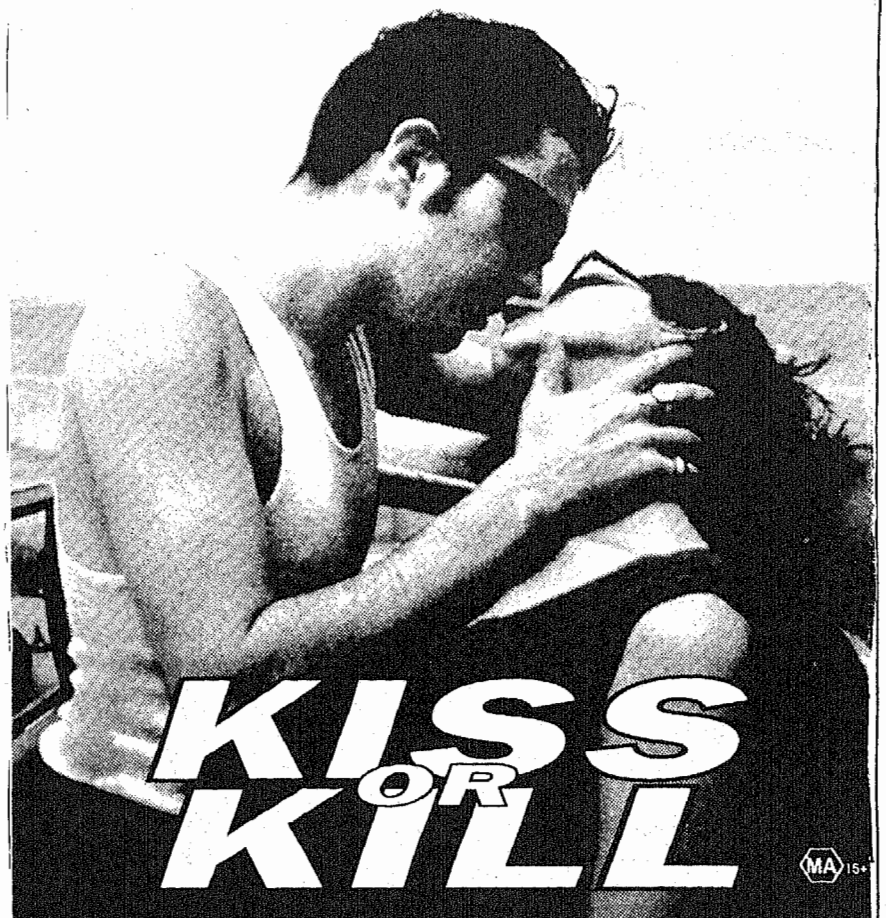
- 1) This is nothing like *Independence Day*.
- 2) It is not a serious alien movie, the aliens do not look real nor are they meant to.
- 3) It is a cross between *Ghost Busters* and *The Blues Brothers*.
- 4) It is not scary or suspenseful.



- 5) You get an occasional laugh.
 - 6) The opening and the closing sequences are the best. Make sure you stay right to the end so you can get the cosmic joke.
- I give this film 3 out of 5. Go forth and waste your money.

Chris Bolland

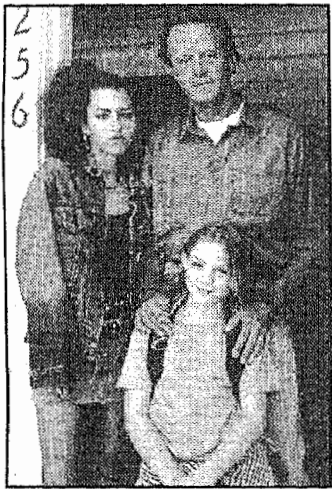
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Not worth the beeswax



Ulee's Gold
Palace Cinema

Remember that episode of The Simpsons in which Bart is to inherit Burn's estate and Marge and Homer go to that guy who claims that he brainwashed Jane Fonda and then Marge asks; "What about Peter Fonda?" and the guy says that he didn't succeed? Well it looks like someone has because Peter decided to take up the offer of acting in this sentimental piece of crap.

Peter Fonda plays a beekeeper Ulee Jackson who is raising his two grand daughters on his own since his son is in prison for armed robbery and daughter-in-law is a heroin addict.

How long did it take you to read that, five seconds? Well, writer and director of this film, Victor Nunez manages to use up an hour to establish these few basic facts before the first development in the plot takes place and two co-robbers in the above-mentioned robbery who didn't get caught start to harass Ulee and his family for some money that Ulee's son has concealed from them.

At this point the drug-fucked daughter in law also comes into the picture and Ulee has to take care of her with some help from Tim the toolman's wife (Patricia Richardson who plays the nurse living next door). Some highly forced emotional sequences follow, as the two girls are witnessing their mum kick a heroin habit and all this goes down right in the middle of Ulee's beesiest (ha, ha get it? he is a beekeeper and he is very beesy? ha ha ha ha) honey making season.

Will the family come together in the end?

Will Ulee find true love?

Will he complete his shipment of honey in time?

Will he outsmart the two punks?

Can you guess that the answer to all of the above questions is yes?

This would have perhaps made an OK TV-film but it certainly isn't worth paying money to see.

The plot is very uninvolved, sentimentally manipulative and the performances are mostly uninspiring. Peter Fonda looks bored in the lead role while the supporting actors give a "Fairy of Five" type quality to their roles. The only two exceptions to this are the two baddies who are played fairly convincingly by Steven Flynn and Dewey Webber and raise a few, not quite laughs, but chuckles in the otherwise dreary hour and 51 minutes which seem twice as long.

Give this a miss and rent something from Fonda's hey-day like *Easy Rider*, *Futureworld*, *Westworld* or *Nadja*.

Aleksander Habus.

Country Adventure

Doing Time For Patsy Cline,
Nova Cinemas

A naive, young lad sets out across the vast Australian outback with a guitar on his back, country music in his heart and a recording contract in his dreams. Along the way to his promised land Nashville, Tennessee he stumbles across a drug trafficker, falls desperately in love with someone else's girlfriend, takes the wrap for a crime he didn't commit and ends up in gaol sending "I'm having a wonderful time in Nashville" postcards to his mum and dad. This is the story of Ralph, wonderfully conveyed in Chris Kennedy's romantic comedy, *Doing Time For Patsy Cline*.

Matt Day (*Muriel's Wedding, Love and Other Catastrophes*) gives the character of Ralph a magnetic warmth and vulnerability, enacting a performance that will surely establish him as one of Australia's most talented rising stars. Richard Roxburgh (*Children of the Revolution*) also delivers a pleasing performance as Boyd, a violent but very funny drug dealer.

Miranda Otto (*The Last Days of Chez Nous, Love Serenade*) plays Patsy, Ralph's sensual love interest. Yet again Otto has been typecast as a sweet, sexy, eccentric young woman. Although Otto is convincing in this role, it would be refreshing to see her play a character that allows her to

explore more fully the scope of her abilities. Nevertheless, the scenes where Patsy sings with Ralph did allow Otto to

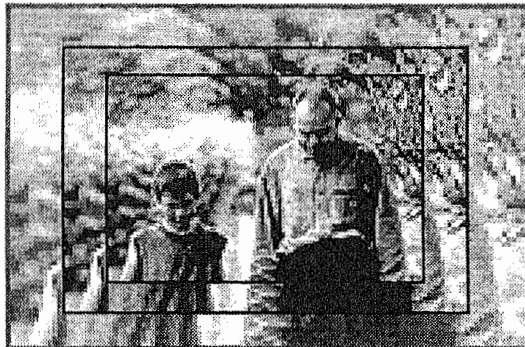
demonstrate her vast potential.

Country music not only constitutes the soundtrack in *Doing Time For Patsy Cline*, it also conveys the pace of the narrative and embodies its central themes. The tragedy, complexity and banality of life, reflected in the music of country artists such as Loretta Lynn, Emmylou Harris and Patsy Cline, is expressed in the words and actions of Kennedy's characters. However, Kennedy's reflections on life do not push this film down into soppy sentimentalism. His observations are brief and fresh, and generously peppered with classic Australian humour.

Laura Stevens



Sling Fest



Sling Blade
Palace Cinema

Billy Bob Thornton's Oscar winning screenplay has finally arrived. Want to know what the yanks were rooting for in the non-American dominated Oscars? This might give you an idea.

The narrative isn't all that new - a stranger, a slightly mentally retarded man in this case, befriends a young boy and unforgettable friendship is formed. Karl Childers (Billy Bob Thornton) was institutionalised for murder and has been recently release. He meets Frank Wheatley (Lucas Black, *American Gothic*), a young boy who accepts him with no tainted reservations and convinces his mother Linda (Natalie Canerday) to do so as well. The friendship that develops between Karl and Frank makes for some of the most beautiful and moving scenes in the film. It is this friendship that is pivotal to Karl's later actions. The only

obstacle to Karl's assimilation back into this small Southern bible-fearing town is Doyle, Linda's boyfriend. Doyle is an alcoholic, violent redneck whose favourite past time is to build people up and then smash them down, sometimes physically. Yes, he's one sick puppy and yes, there are more stereotypes in this film than you can poke a stick at.

True, this is an extremely moody and disturbing film, seeped deep in the richness of Southern United States but the familiar story and not entirely unpredictable ending detracts slightly from the overall affect of the film. Karl Childers is a great character, both to play and watch and Thornton has done fine job, although it takes time to accept his speech pattern, a combination of drawling, grunting, gravelly string of words that is supposed to be talking. The cast includes Robert Duvall in a small but important role, John Ritter and Dwight Yoakam (as Doyle) who is fabulously nasty in his small role. Black is especially good as the boy that eventually becomes Karl's most vital friend and support. Despite all this, *Sling Blade* is a slow moving tale with a repetitive theme and may not appeal to everyone. It is finely acted and very well produced but not enough to make me want to jump and applaud.

Ching Yee

North Terrace

OPTOMETRISTS

Elizabeth House
231 North Terrace
Adelaide

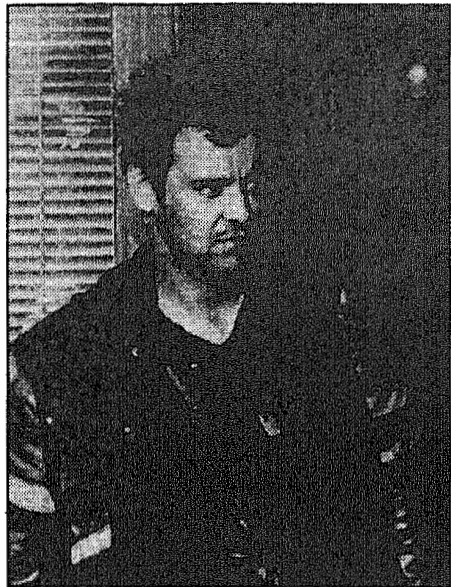
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Gender



Different For Girls
Palace Cinemas

Hmmmmmmmmmm. Well this is an *interesting* movie. *Different For Girls* is about a couple who do not ascribe to the gender agenda (a nice piece of alliteration don't you think?) It is about Kim (a male to female transsexual) and Paul (a relatively 'normal' - if rather immature bloke). They are old school buddies who meet again after 20 years and... Welllllll a few sparks fly. The film is well paced and also very humorous in places, and approaches some subjects that are still rather delicate in our society with perception, honesty and insight. The storyline and acting are also fantastic and very mesmerising. The movie is basically about two old friends

who meet and get to know each other all over again, and as such is your basic romantic comedy, but with a fairly major twist. The story has been treated in a fairly mainstream way, as a love story. This highlights the fact that Kim (and possibly many transsexuals) do not wish to draw attention to themselves, they want to live normal lives in the gender that they believe fits their true identity. In a way this mainstream feel to the movie serves all the more to subvert ideas about what coupledness is or should be.

Although as a relatively 'straight' person I found this film little disconcerting, as well as sensitive and captivating. I loved the exploration of issues

surrounding gender and sexuality. The movie revealed the socially constructed nature of categories like masculine and feminine, and 'straight' and 'gay', which is very easy to miss in everyday life for most of us. It is interesting to see how much of a woman society will let Kim be. Anyone doing "The Sexual Body; A Cross Cultural Perspective" must go and see this movie as part of their general education, actually, in this week of gender consciousness every elle dit reader may like to attend as a celebration of all marginalised genders.

All in all this is a film that you will not forget quickly.

Georgia West

Was a d.a.a.a.y tripper



The Day Trippers
Nova Cinema

The Day Trippers is a funny, clever and totally entertaining film.

First time feature film director Greg Mottola shows it is not the 97% of so-called dysfunctional families' we should be concerned about but the other 3% of so-called ~ functional families' who must be absolute freaks. The family in *The Day Trippers* are a close knit and eccentric family and, as you discover, do not belong with the 3%.

The film begins when one of the two daughters Eliza finds what her and her family assume to be a love letter to her husband from someone else.



The family, made up of her dominating mother Rita, more mellow father, Jim, her younger sister Jo and her annoying but very funny boyfriend Carl, all set off to New York to confront Eliza's husband Louis with the letter.

It takes all day and a some interesting people and funny situations before they actually track Louis down. Through this journey around the street of Manhattan piled in a station wagon with no heating in the middle of winter the film reveals many home truths about themselves and each other.

Jo's boyfriend Carl is a great character in the film. His ongoing saga about his book about a man with a dog's head and his other political and quasi-intellectual comments are hilarious. They also give Jo the

chance to reassess her attitude towards him.

As tensions with family members start to show the real characters emerge, like Eliza who is constantly dominated by her mother. She keeps most of what is going through her mind to herself and her confusion and disbelief show in her vulnerability to her mother throughout the day.

There are also some great scenes with excellent camera angles and shots that work with the aim of revealing more about these people and each other.

See *The Day Trippers* for its witty, relaxed and entertaining approach to human relations.

Amelia Matthews

Pulp Fiction

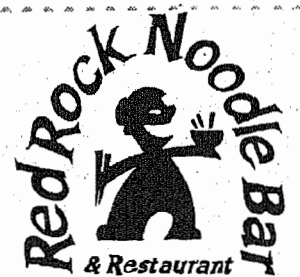
Director: Quentin Tarantino

There are actually people here, in Adelaide, even attending this university who haven't seen *Pulp Fiction*. Yes, I know, hard to believe isn't it? Let's run through exactly what they're missing. Well, first there's John Travolta (Vincent), actually acting and, wait for it, being dead cool. Then there's Samuel L. Jackson (Jules). Everyone knew he could act, but they didn't realise a part like this would come along. Vincent and Jules are hit men for the crime boss Marsellus Wallace. Vincent

has been assigned to show Marsellus's wife (Uma Thurman- is that drooling I hear?) a good time while he... but wait, what am I doing? I almost tried to describe the plot. We could be here all day. Anyway, there's so much more to it than the plot, clever though it is. There is some of the sharpest dialogue in an American film for years. There are some of the funniest and most violent scenes in a film ever. There's Eric Stoltz, Bruce Willis and Rosanna Arquette. There's action. There's something really wrong with Quentin Tarantino's brain; but there's not much wrong with this

film, I admit that at times I resented being forced to laugh at scenes of quite sickening violence, but I can't help admiring Tarantino's skill in constructing them. The film's warped, it's crazy. It talks about cheeseburgers with authority and it's just got to be seen, by everyone (over the age of 18).

The Film Society is showing *Pulp Fiction* on the big screen this week on Thursday October 16 at 7pm and Friday October 17 at 1:10pm in the Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building. Members \$3 nonmembers \$5. Everyone is welcome.

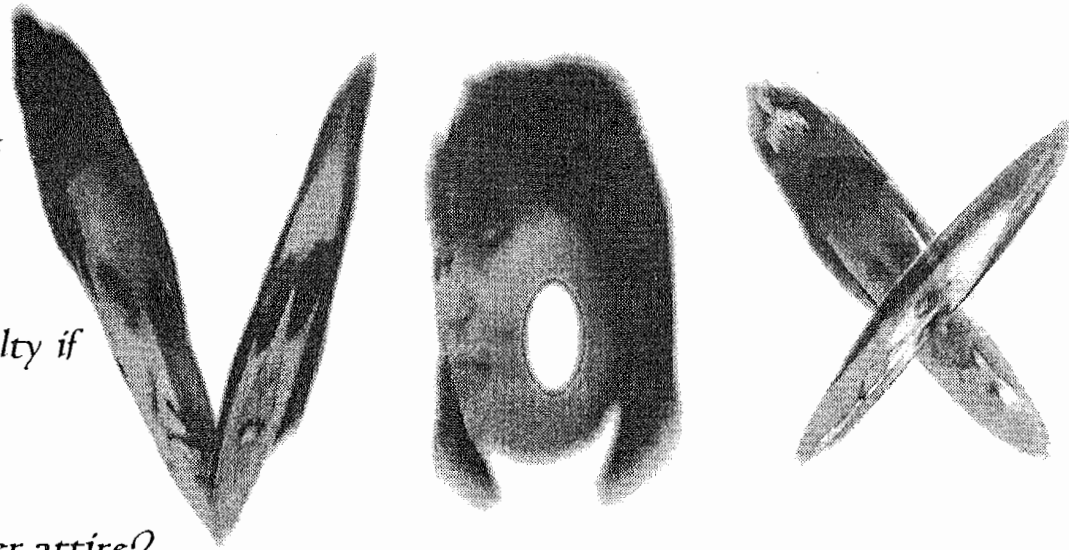


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Question 1
 Rather than travel rorts and sex scandals what other uncompromising situations would you like to see politicians in?

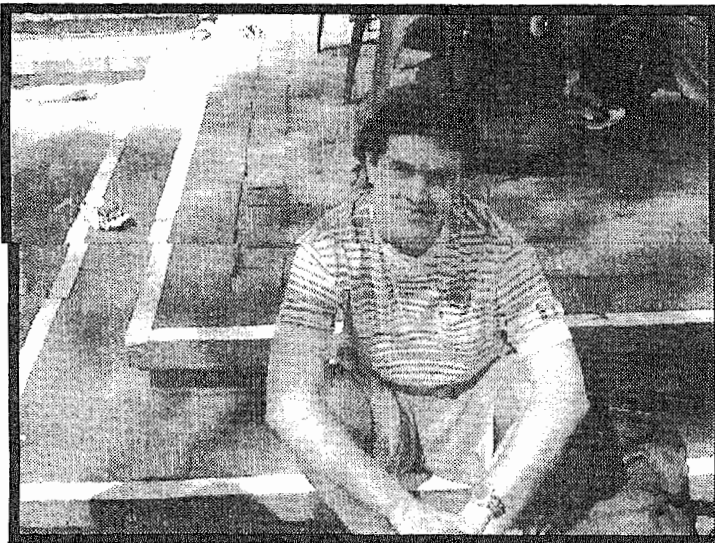


Question 2
 What will you miss most about royalty if Australia becomes a republic?

Question 3
 What is your favourite piece of summer attire?

Christian

1. Drinking, drugs, brothels,...but they would probably be pretty soft at those anyway.
2. Class systems. What a great institution it is, not.
3. hat



Colin

1. Having to deal with a change in the political system which would ensure democracy in it's true sense. Many of the 'losers' would not get in to the system.
2. What is there left of royalty?
3. None?!

Riley

1. Playing in underground punk bands.
2. Di
3. Sunshine alone is my favourite summer attire.



Kate

1. Necrophilia on the SAUA reception desk.
2. Toe sucking.
3. My "celebrate, eat cake, masturbate" t-shirt

Paul

1. I'd like to see John Howard on the job with the royal corgies.
2. Fergie.
3. My cowboy hat

Michael

1. Drunken parties in the house of Representatives culminating in urination on the speakers chair.
2. The best excuse to bag Poms about being whingers.
3. My docs - rain, hail or shine they stay on my feet.



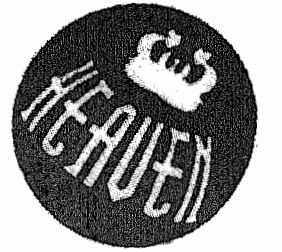
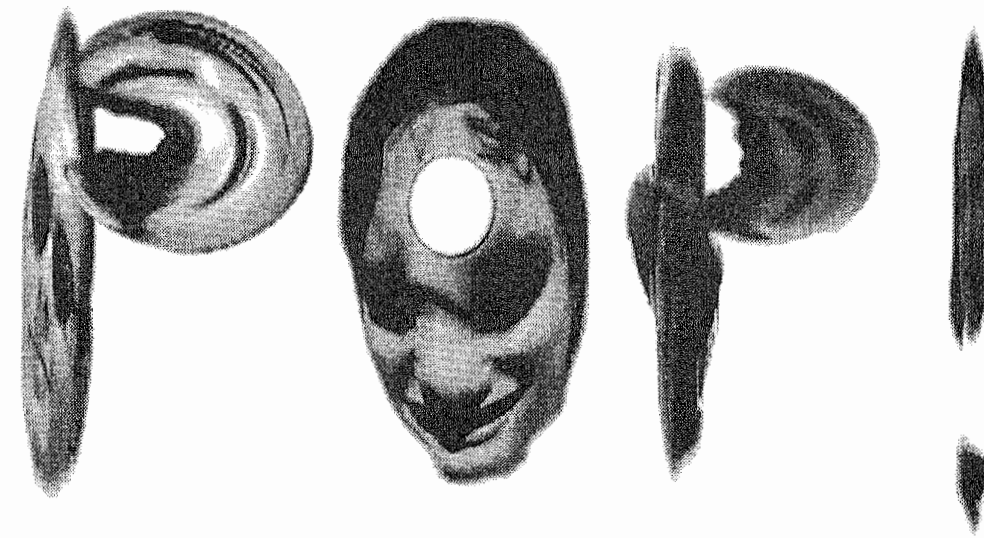
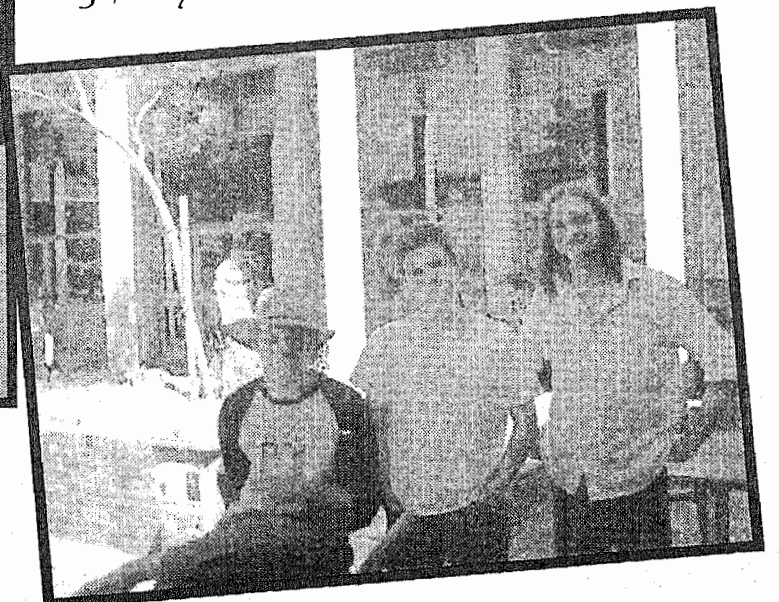
Simone

1. Indecent exposure at every major city's Christmas pageant by every major politician. Show us what you're really made of boys.
2. The funky patented wave. Now that's style.
3. No can do. I'm a big fan of summer nudity. Do watches count?



Steven

1. Pauline Hanson in a mysterious incident
2. The Queens speeches
3. Skin



THRIVE

John

1. In the octopuses garden without breathing apparatus.
2. The Jokes
3. Boxer shorts - they allow for freedom without exposure.

Nathan

1. Playing in cover bands and then getting famous for playing original music.
2. Now that Lady Di is gone, we wouldn't really miss anything about them.
3. My Richie Benaud.

Sam

1. Miss Hanson stuck in a lift with 10,000 gerbils who had been abducted by aliens and forced into weightloss programs called Deus.
2. Ummm.....
3. Sexy akubra



The Measured Room
 "...boundaries not included"
 Contemporary Art Centre of South
 Australia
 14 Porter St Parkside
 Until 2nd of November

The Measured Room is an exhibition about boundaries. Four artists comprising of Di Barrett, Mark Kimber, Deborah Paauwe, and Toby Richardson explore the notion of boundaries and directly relate it to their personal experience. The measured room is the reality which we inhabit by creating such boundaries.

The entry into this exhibition is dramatic. To enter you pull aside a curtain passing from the seemingly tranquil setting of a Parkside Bungalow and it's blossoming spring flora to an dark and sinister installation by artist Di Barrett.

Best Behaviour by Barrett immediately confronts you with enlarged photographs of the stereo-typical 'traditional happy family' of the 50's and 60's, perhaps Barrett's own family? The manner in which these photographs are presented however, suggests something sinister is afoot. Perhaps the very fact that the scenes are so 'frightfully picture perfect' suggests

that there is something not quite right? There are no indications to what this might be, if in fact it even exists. The large photographic reproductions are hung in front of black ink or paint splatters on the wall. A film projector sits at the centre of Barrett's work providing the images from a home movie as overtly sweet as the accompanying photographs. Projected onto a side wall the path of the film negative is extended to the ceiling and back, following a complex series of squeaking wheels and pulleys. This David Lynch-like macabre is completed with a repetitive moaning music soundtrack.

Kimber explores different boundaries to that of Barrett. He ponders what it was like to inhabit his fathers era compared to his own. Humanity is no longer constrained by the boundaries or obstacles that once controlled him. Modern technology has enabled the realisation of the possible infinite. Too out there? Well, it's very slick and high-tech industrial. Kimber utilises photographs from the National Aeronautical and Space Administration in combination with traditional images of humanity

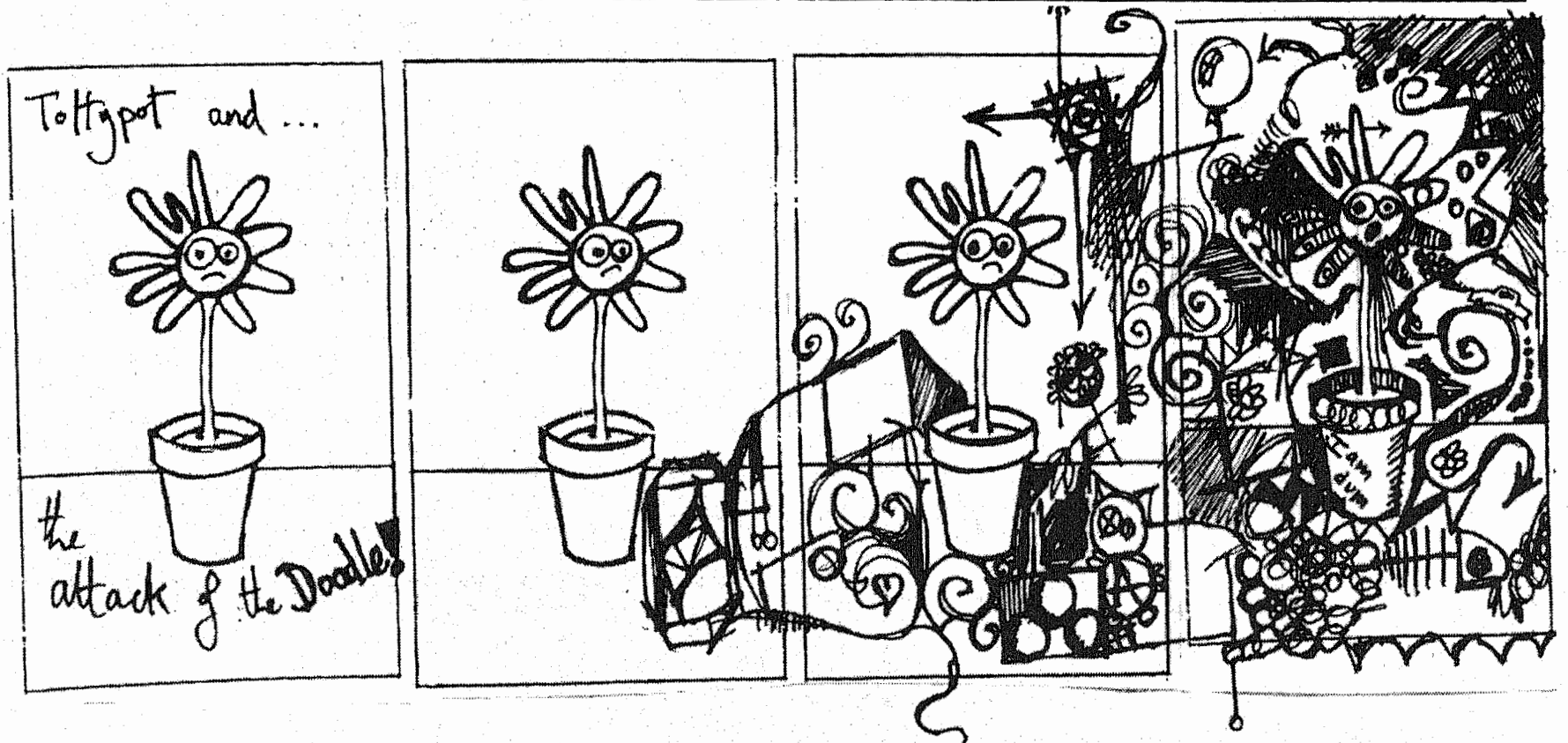
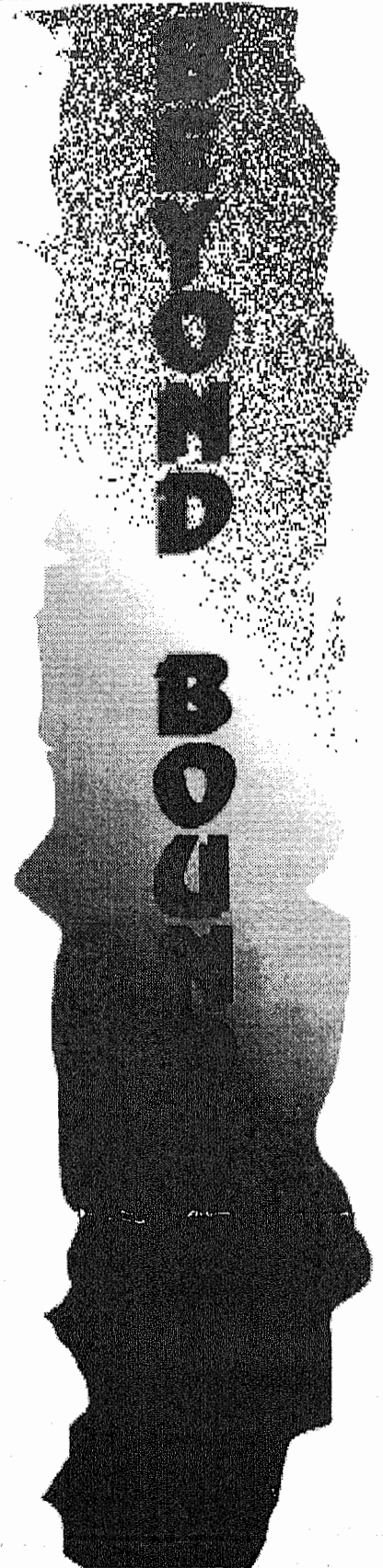
Deborah Paauwe transposes images from her Asian background upon

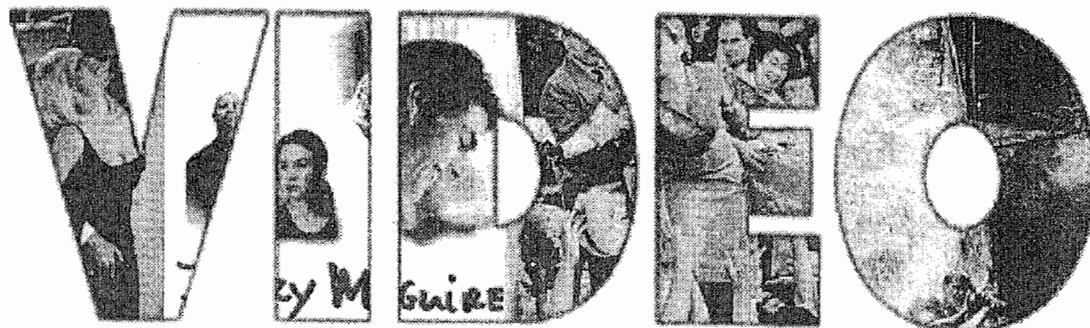
pop-like kitchen decor to consider the notion of boundaries in a contemporary Western culture. Tony Richardson presents perhaps the weakest works of the exhibition, if only for the bland subject matter. Suburbia is presented with spray jet prints upon linen and intriguing small wood puzzles of domestic environments. Perhaps I've lived in suburbia for too long, but these images are both mundane and inconsequential.

The artist's have used their allocated space excellently. Kimber and Barrett appear to have tailored their works to the exact specifications of their area within the CACSA Gallery. Another testament to the notion of boundaries is the digital tools and mediums used by the artists. As a reflection of the era in which these artists reside they have embraced the new photographic mediums created by advances in technology.

I also did not overlook the subtitle of this exhibition: "...boundaries not included", batteries not included, heh! Cheesy eh? But cheese should not get in the way of an otherwise excellent exhibition of South Australian based artists.

Martin Polkinghorne





Evita
1996, Dir: Alan Parker
Madonna, Antonio Banderas,
Jonathan Pryce
Roadshow Entertainment

Although the musical *Evita*, by Andrew Lloyd-Webber, has been in existence since 1978 this is the first time that it has been produced for the huge audience of film, and hence, video. Based on the story of Eva Perón, who is today an almost saintly myth in her native country, the film traces Eva's life from a poor background to the wife of the President of Argentina, but strives for authenticity and believability.

The cast is of a high calibre, all actors well suited to their characters. Jonathan Pryce play Juan Perón, the President of Argentina elected by popular mandate; Madonna is his mistress, and later wife, Eva Perón. One cannot help but become increasingly intrigued by, and attached to, this seemingly mismatched yet devoted couple, but at the same time, disgusted by the decadence and waste of their lifestyles. One opinion which is offered is that the young Eva is the proverbial gold digger, latching onto the popular Perón, and that her shows of generosity are lacking in sincerity. This theory is constantly offered by the sardonic Ché (Antonio Banderas), who narrates the story. Ché sees the money and power hungry side of *Evita*, never believing her fundraising efforts for the poverty-stricken are actually intended for the poor.

We are presented with both arguments surrounding this unquestionably remarkable woman. Was Eva Perón indeed a grasping social climbing figure, or a sincere generous and tireless worker for the underprivileged. Did *Evita* sleep her way to the top, or did she find love, respect, and a common passion for the cause with her husband? This is something each viewer must decide for themselves.

Just a word of warning - this is a musical, and for some people this fact alone would render *Evita* unwatchable. I, however, enjoyed it greatly which was an unexpected surprise. The score was quite difficult, yet all voices including the main actors were very good (yes, even Madonna's!). I must also make mention of the amazing costumes, especially Madonna's wardrobe, which apparently consisted of 85 changes, 39 hats, 45 pairs of shoes, 56 pairs of earrings, and 42 different hairstyles.

Although this film would be a chore for some, anyone enamoured with the

musical genre, or who is not usually a fan of Madonna, would do well to see this unusual, sympathetic, and intelligent portrayal of an enigmatic lady.

Natalia Bondarenko

Lust & Revenge
1996, Dir: Paul Cox
Nicholas Hope, Gosia
Dobrowolska, Claudia
Karvan, Chris Haywood
21st Century Pictures

This is an interesting film set in Adelaide. It's about cynicism surrounding art, new age religion, and love. It is quite a funny film but not a brilliant film. There was one point when I thought it was going to turn into a soft porn flick, but that was not to be.

This film centres around the creation of a sculpture. The man who poses for it is married to a woman who is embracing a new age religion and can't cope with him posing naked - she feels that it is pornography. She is later coerced into also posing for part of the same sculpture, however, later she does a bit of lying and manipulating herself.

Certainly, the women in this film are strong and know how to get what they want. This is a movie worth watching.

Polly Kennington

Daylight
1996, Dir: Rob Cohen
Sylvester Stallone, Amy
Brenneman, Viggo
Mortensen
CIC Home Video

My memory remains mostly empty about this fillum; however, here are a few lingering impressions.

The plot was fairly simple and highly reminiscent of *The Poseidon Adventure*. People get stuck in a New York harbour underpass and before they all drown they must find their way out.

There were enormous explosion scenes that were on par with solar flares! (Play this video next to a bar radiator and you've got a cheap and convenient substitute for an open fire place).

There was a curiously high body count of black men while at the same time we were expected to feel overjoyed at the survival of the rich guy's

dog.

A blatant product endorsement which made me wonder if they're scrounging for funds.

The *Indiana Jones* reference (or was it just plain old theft?).

A live electrical cable wrestling scene less convincing than the giant octopus wrestling scene in *Plan 9 from Outer Space*.

Well, I laughed all the way through this film, but most of all, I was staggered, nay, dumbstruck by Sly Stallone's continuing ability to break new ground in the development of English dialects, rivalled only Adelaide's own John Lombard.

Peter Hill

Talk
1993, Dir: Susan Lambert
Angie Milliken, Victoria
Longley, Richard Roxburgh,
Jacqueline McKenzie
21st Century Pictures

As the title of this movie implies, most of the movie centres around two women talking. They are two close friends; one who has a somewhat jetset lifestyle having just returned from Japan; and the other living in her country home with her husband and daughter. Each woman envies the lifestyle of the other, and as the film progresses we see that the grass isn't really greener on the other side of the fence.

This film is quite funny and very Australian. Julia, the settled family woman, is as much a modern woman of the nineties as Stephanie. They work together to produce adult comic books, and this effect is used throughout the film to show what Julia is thinking. This is an entertaining movie, but not really classic. Wait until it's on the weekly rental list.

Polly Kennington

Trigger Happy
21st Century Pictures
1997, Dir:
Richard Dreyfuss, Jeff Goldblum,
Gabriel Byrne, Ellen Barkin, Kyle
McLachlan, Diane Lane.

"Vic's getting out", and that's an important fact to remember. Vic is the head gangster honcho who has been institutionalised for several 'mental problems'. While the cat's away, the mice came out to play. Jake

(McLachlan), Ben (Byrne), Mick (Goldblum) and an assortment of nasty looking boys have been vying for his power and racing against time to get rid of each other. Involved with this group of trigger happy gangsters are the Everly sisters Grace (Lane) and Rita (Barkin).

There are plenty of laughs to be had in this strange and twisted tale. The humour is a mixture of farce and slapstick. Sometimes this potent mixture doesn't always mix well, the transition is at times all too obvious but everyone does such a good job that in the end you won't mind. Goldblum does "cool and sophisticated" yet again, Barkin does "sexy, impulsive" gangster moll well and Dreyfuss, erm... well he's just plain loony. Bizarre but good stuff.

Ching Yee

Jerry Maguire
Dir: Cameron Crowe
Tom Cruise, Renee
Zellweger, Cuba Gooding
Jr., Regina King

I don't think I have to say too much about this film. You've either seen it or heard a lot about it. In short, Jerry Maguire, sports-agent extraordinaire (ie. he bullshits for a living) grew a conscience, wrote a mission statement for his company, got sacked, met his ideal woman (although he doesn't realise) et. cetera. Hohum. You can probably see the ending from a mile away but how it gets there is another thing and its journey is what keeps the viewer interested.

The target demographic group is, I think, anyone with two X-chromosomes and old enough to have the ravaging hormones. Needless to say, director Cameron Crowe has turned the feel-good factor so high it would wet their pants. However, the film doesn't exclude the other hormone group. Not in the least.

At best, it has some great moments and interesting characters (flamboyant Cuba Gooding Jr., Bonnie Hunt who gets the best lines) and the pace never lets up. At worst the whole thing is slick, slick, slick. Slick editing, acting and direction. It's such a well oiled machine sometimes it even smells superficial. Still, it's entertaining as hell unless you're as uptight as a clam, which if you feel that way, this film might just be the remedy. See it when applicable.

Ching Yee

Spiders From ~~Mars~~ Venus?

First Term for Ziggy or Sex Scandal at Greyfriars
R.E. Warfe.
Hodder & Stoughton
\$19.95

Ahhh, a ripping good yarn told in the fashion of the old (1930s) style *Girl's/Boy's Own* annuals. Updated of course though for the 90s with 'illicit sex, recreational drugs and other spiffing wheezes'.

Unfortunately updated not enough for a jaded reader like myself. It really does read as a ripping good yarn with the adventures of the new bug, Ziggy (ever so innocent), at an all girl's school in Australia and her initiation into the seedy world of drugs and sex. But it is so, well, nice. A jolly good laugh that you would quite happily hand to a 15 year old Plymouth Brethren without the fear of Bell, Book, and Candle.

In place of naughty words like, fuck, shit, and pee-pee, though, we have !?#&*?!.. Okay, the actual printing of swear words do not necessarily make a book. But in a book like this they are not

going to hurt, and by deliberately missing them out in such an obvious way makes the book feel puerile (A friend did suggest that it was trying to copy that Girl's own annual style where swear words were written like that. I still think that it doesn't work with the rest of the book).

Safe sex is the order of the day (puuleese!!) and vague references to lesbianism which are even more obscure than the original type of story from which this has come. There are even a couple of pages where the girls discuss the benefits of recycling after which 'a lively game of tag ensued.'

After the first 75 or so pages it really is just more of the same. Tra la la, along we go into another day. For laughs we are treated to odd lesson combinations, like; theoretical apiary, French, cricketing history, Scripture, zoology and metaphysics. There are other combinations, that are just not funny.

I wasn't expecting something like *Blood & Guts at High School* by Kathy Ackar. But I wanted something a little more grunty. The possibilities for a book

like this are huge. But not even touched in this book.

Sounds like I am writing of another book, (I'm starting to feel like Peter Goers), however... This is a great 'young adult's' book. I would even recommend it for 11 up! The drug references are tempered by moralising, and the illicit sex is safe (and thus, in my book, not even sex). And if you're worried that little Mary or Johnny is too young, or is never exposed to those sort of things, you have a rude shock coming.

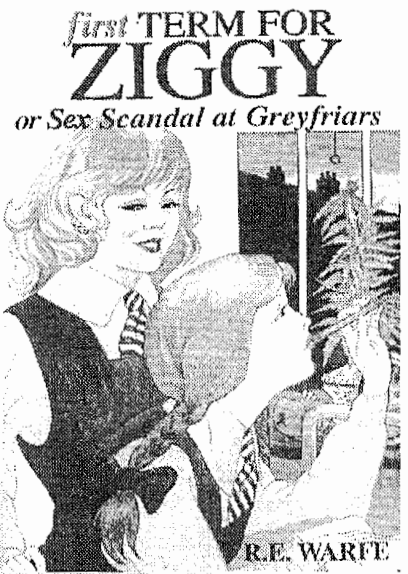
This sort of book can allow parents to even have those sort of topics eased into conversation. It can be hard to talk to your kids about drugs, and so a light hearted story can provide common ground.

Even the references to child prostitution at the school are made 'correct' by one of the girls explaining that children do not have enough information about the world to make a decision about sex.

The old *Girl's/Boy's Own* style lends itself to S&M, B&D, bestiality, illicit sex, drugs, and adventures in general. But if you think this is going to be a

laugh a minute, forget it. Relaxing non-taxing read with a few chortles - definitely.

Michael Blackwell



Absolutely Capital, Gents!

Capital, Volume One
Anthony Macris
Allen & Unwin
\$16.95

This is not a novel, at least by the usual definition of the world. There's no plot to bind it all together; there are no central characters (none that are immediately obvious, anyway). Much of it is virtually dialogue free. Despite all of this, though, *Capital, Volume One* is an enthralling and beautifully written debut by Anthony Macris.

Capital comes from the two centres of action in the novel - London and Brisbane. The chapters alternate between the two: the London sections are an unbroken and minutely descriptive passage about arbitrarily connected occurrences over roughly fifteen minutes in the Kings Cross station of the London underground - an overlaid Australian tourist teetering on the edge of the platform, a Japanese couple battling through the crowds, an overweight woman tumbling over a Lucozade bottle, an accordion-armed

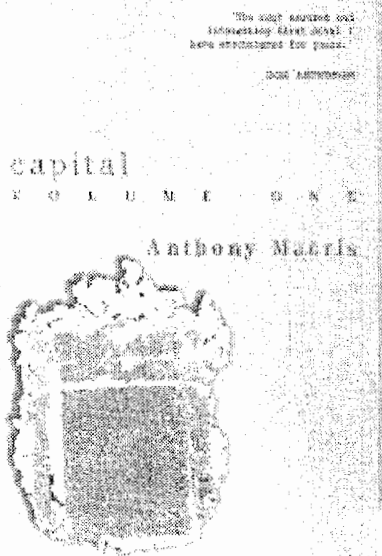
busker flogging dirty junk to passers-by. This half of the book is both distant and highly observant - none of the people who feature in it are named, though Macris cleverly reveals the most intimate details of their lives as though in passing - and has an almost slow-motion feel to it, given the wealth of detail which is crammed into such a short stretch of 'real' time.

The other half of the book, the Brisbane half, is like a collection of first-person short stories that may or may not be from the point of view of the one man at various different stages of his life. Each of these individual stories is enthralling and leaves the reader wanting to know more.

Despite the apparent lack of connection between the many elements which make up *Capital, Volume One*, it is bound together by other things - threads of pop culture common to many of the characters (a youthful fascination with David Bowie which turns to nostalgia with age, for example).

Macris' first book shows a deft touch and remarkable prose skill. A writer to watch.

James Morrison



Waterboys' Lament.

The Whole of the Moon
Duncan Stuart
Pan Macmillan
\$12.95

I get really uncomfortable when art deals with disability - to the point that when Lena Olin's arm got chainsawed off in *Romeo is Bleeding* I felt it was sacrilege to the otherwise perfectly slick, black film. I grabbed *The Whole of the Moon* naively thinking it was some kind of trendy sci-fi with characters on rollerblades. To burst the bubble, it is a book about kids with cancer. Kirk is a die-hard skater, who gets diagnosed with cancer (of the bone) after a skating accident. He has surgery, gets a steel rod stuck in his leg, and begins chemotherapy, knowing he'll never skate again, and knowing that his leg will have to be amputated if the chemo doesn't work. Remanded in hospital, he joins a crowd of variously afflicted (and bratty) kids all doing their

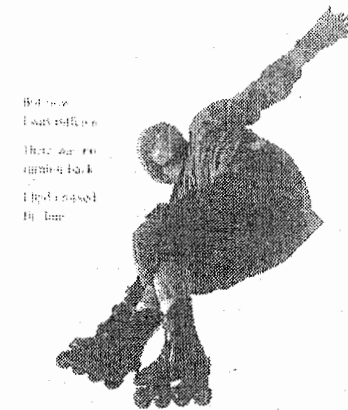
best to have a good time in a world that basically totally sucks. As Kirk gets abandoned by his old friends (caught up with their free & easy lifestyle) he gets to know the kids in his ward - in particular the mysterious "dark princess girl" with her rebel attitude and shady past.

We hear about all this from Kirk, apart from a few cloying sentimental chapters titled "Tory's Diary" (Tory being Kirk's girlfriend, until he gets sick). If you read the small print, it transpires that this book was based on the screenplay of a New Zealand film. It wants to be very "cool" with its up-tempo language, street cred and sexual politics; but ultimately for it to draw easy moral conclusions about How Cancer changes your life is just patronising. I hate the way it

wants to make a pitch for understanding, when it's just a flimsy piece of writing, with really average characters and a pedestrian plot. Nothing profound at all. I know I'm harsh, but I honestly believe there are better subjects for fiction.

Alice Ray

the whole of the moon



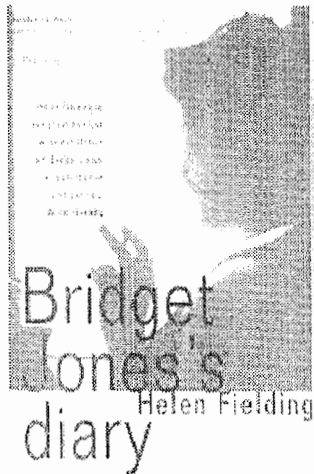
Dear Diary...

Bridget Jones's Diary
Helen Fielding
Picador
\$16.95

If every woman in the world was made to read Nick Hornby's *High Fidelity*, and every man made to read *Bridget Jones's Diary*, then there would be much better understanding betwixt female and male and the gender "war" would grind to a sheepish halt.

A publishing sensation which, for once, is equal to the hype, this is a year in the life of a fictional yet entirely believable London woman, stuck in her early thirties without a stable relationship or an enjoyable job, buoyed up by the support of her closest friends, frustrated by the patronising attitudes of the 'Smug Marrieds' and the eternal 'fuckwittage' of the men in her life - particularly her boss, for whom she has a case of the most unbearable hots.

Helen Fielding's second novel is based upon her regular English newspaper column, which in turn is vaguely based upon the plot of Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*



(but worry not, for this is an entirely original and utterly engaging book).

Bridget Jones is a comic character the likes of which come all too infrequently. Each diary entry is headed by her desperate records of her current weight, alcohol, cigarette and calorie consumption, and the number of lottery Instants she has failed to prevent herself from buying. Her struggles as a 'Singleton' in a world where everyone her age is already paired off, where her parents have split up and her mother

has become the country's most unlikely TV personality, and where a night of romance leads only to a day-after of desperate phone-watching and self-doubt, are enthrallingly real and funny.

You will devour this book. Don't wait for the film (there's one in the works). Don't wait for the sequel (I don't know how I'll make the distance - I want it now!). Get a copy of this book now. Go on!

James Morrison

Weirdos

Why People Believe Weird Things
Michael Shermer
Macmillan Education
\$39.95

Skeptics...they don't believe anything do they? Well, not exactly.

Actually the skeptic credo (if there is one) is to critically examine the facts instead of irrationally accepting something at face value. The author Michael Shermer is the editor of the *Skeptic* magazine and knows what he is talking about. Throughout the book he examines various popular schools of thought ranging from crackpots like holocaust deniers and creationists, to alien abduction victims, recovered memory adherents, and racists. What he does not do is bamboozle you with thousands of statistics, or arguments couched in the language of self aggrandisement; instead the text is flowing and easy to understand. Shermer begins by introducing us to some basic principles of science, and then making



the distinction between science and pseudo-science. From here he very helpfully lists 25 fallacies that lead us to believe "weird things" and he then uses them to demonstrate the falsity and irrationalism that many theories cling to for acceptance. Each "theory" is dealt with in a separate chapter, and follows a clear progression outlining both sides of the argument. I do think that Shermer's Judaism may have affected his choice of subject matter, ie Holocaust denial, creationism, racism, but not the argumentation itself. Consequently this book would be a great edition to have in your bookcase (provided that you do actually read it first!)

because the information contained inside is something that will always be relevant and useful. Once you are familiar with the fallacies it is easy to apply them to everyday situations - religious callers and political leaflet distributors beware! I commend this book for being accessible, understandable, and useful. If you have any desire in becoming better and more convincing at arguing, or are interested in seeing these "theories" being debunked then take a look at this book.

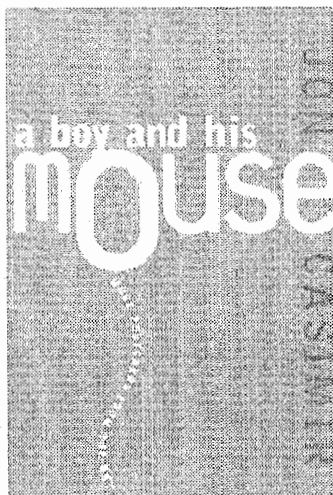
Courtney Squires

True Love?

A Boy And His Mouse
Jon Casimir
Allen & Unwin
\$19.95

In last year's *Postcards From The Net (An Australian's Guide to the Wired World)* Jon Casimir provided the perfect guidebook to the Web; specifically designed for an Australian audience and not filled with the tripe and hyperbole that dogs many books of this sort. It was and still is an invaluable tool for dedicated web-surfers, Casimir having chosen sites which have survived and (sometimes) prospered rather than perished.

One year on, and Casimir has produced a companion volume, partially based on his regular *Sydney Morning Herald* columns (as was his first book), which is just as entertaining as the first. Rather than just providing a wodge of address lists the way most net magazines do (usually suggesting that they've just culled a bunch of names from Infoseek) he actually engages in a short an intelligent (and frequently humorous) discussion about each topic, chapter where they are both



easy to find and don't fragment his prose. Having covered most of the heavy areas (such as sexuality and politics) in his first book, this volume tends towards the slightly more trivial sections of the web - sex sites rather than sexuality sites, fringe beliefs rather than serious philosophies, fetishes rather than freedom of

information. That being said, there is still much to fascinate in here, as well as to amuse. 'The Illustrated Guide to Breaking Your Computer', 'The Skeptic's Dictionary' and 'The Shy Exhibitionist Cyberzine', for example, are indicative of the breadth of interests and frequent weirdness available online.

We can only hope that Casimir will produce these excellent books each year as the Web grows and mutates. There could be no more entertaining a guide to this digital landscape.

James Morrison

Love That Weird Diary

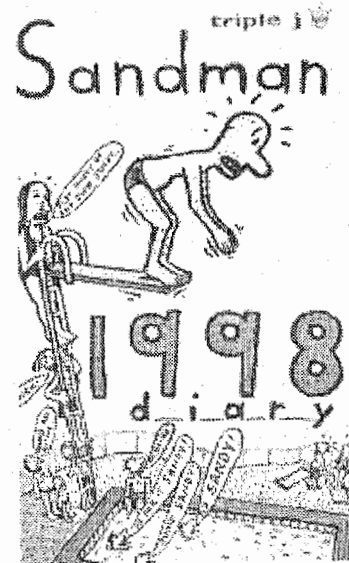
Sandman 1998 Diary
Sandman
ABC Books
\$14.95

Aah, Sandman. Will your pithy wit never end? The Cult of the Pathetic is risen, and you are its figurehead. All hail Mediocrity!

It's a diary. What more can I say?

Well, let's find out.

It functions quite well as a diary. It begins with January 1, ends with December 31, and features all of the intervening dates, all in the correct order. Good start. Of course, as Bono says, some days are better than others - March 15 is somewhat dull (I've never liked it, really), but October 8 is as entertaining a day as you could hope to find. And as for December 15, well, all I can say is 'hold on to your hats' (that is, if you wear a hat. If not, ask someone else if they'll share theirs with you - a great way to meet people).



Sandman's philosophy, as JJJ listeners will probably have worked out by now, is largely based on inevitable failure; on completely neglecting to win against all odds; on the knowledge that no matter how much you change your appearance, you're just as mediocre on the inside as you ever were and ever will be.

Which makes the diary the perfect format for his thoughts. One day follows another with a certainty perfectly suited to Sandman's optimism of the ordinary, his hope for getting through the year with the small being enough to surprise him. There's an intensely beautiful simplicity in statements like "Irony keeps you dry", "If you spit after every swear word you appear tougher", "Sometimes you have to stoop low to be proud" and "staring out windows makes you seem poetic and complex", a kind of basic truthfulness that's hard to discredit. So get yourself a copy.

That is, if your mum will give you the money.

Paul Bradley.

Rat Trouble.

Ratpackers
Chris Blake.
Hyland House

I didn't really need to review another book right now. Essays a-plenty, all due on the same fucking day. Then again, I do need a bit of R & R now and again. And what a great book to do it with! This has been one of the best fun novels I have read in ages. Okay, so it was written for the under 16s. I don't want to tax my already overworked brain.

Seriously, this is an extremely enjoyable book. Beth and Rowan, brother and sister rats, are forced to flee Perth after killing the local crime boss rat. With a gang of Japanese hooded 'Winja' rats after them they travel across the desert finally landing up at Cape York.

If you're buying this for a younger person, the characters are well developed and well described without being over the top. Each one is well balanced with just enough unpleasant things about them

that kids like. It is also very non-sexist. Beth, loving a life of luxury, lazing about and watching TV is the smart one of the two, and accomplishes her dreams with the aid of reprogrammed robots. The non sexism feels very uncontrived too. It is not as if there is any big deal made out of Beth's ability, it is simply a fact. Rowan's girlfriend, Erminia, too, is not just a side interest and trains an army in sea warfare tactics against cane toads.

Along the way in their travels they meet up with a quokka who decides to join them, and a Post Atomic Mutant Rat! This rat is neither male or female, a huge, self repairing ugly result of the Maralinga tests. They first meet the ugly rat after it has killed all the Winja rats after Rowan and Beth: 'Rowan's last impression was of a bloated rat bald rat, with a faint greenish halo, catching and stuffing its own [hacked off] mutilated and still writhing tail into its mouth, chewing greedily and belching at the moon. [Rowan] retched and ran into the night.'

There are hilarious parts in the book that blend well with the story. One part I liked was Beth ordering the house cleaning robot to suck up a gangster rat. The imagery is brilliant, as too Beth's nonchalance. Another was when a tribe of marsupial rats help look after them in the desert. One of the older rats, Willy-Willy was often biffing an impertinent younger rat on the head with a spear. Again, the image of a couple of marsupial rats arguing with an older one biffing the other with a spear is great.

This is one book I heavily recommend. Great for say ages 9+, and a brilliant way for an overstressed uni student to take a break for an hour or two during essay writing.

Michael Blackwell

RATPACKERS

Chris Blake



HOME TRUTHS.

The Macmillan Anthology of Australian Literature
Ken Goodwin & Alan Lawson (Eds)
Macmillan Education

How should one look at Australian literature? Chronologically? Thematically? Alphabetically? Obscurely? Or perhaps some other way? Personally, I just like to open the books and read the words. Whatever your preference, it's likely to be in *The Macmillan Anthology of Australian Literature*.

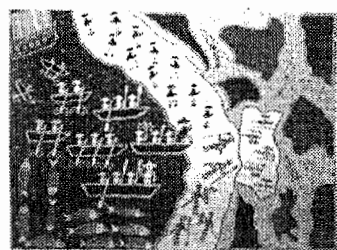
Ken Goodwin and Alan Lawson have arranged their collection thematically, but as they point out in their introduction, there's really no need to follow their guidelines. It's up to you, really. If you want to acquaint yourself with a particular author you need only look up their entries (so to speak) and

away you go. If you do follow their groupings you'll encounter such useful and instructive headings as "Place and People", "Living in Aboriginal Australia", "Convictism", "The Migrant Experience", "Cultural Intersections", "The Vision Splendid", "Mapping and Naming", "Cultural Politics", "The Writing Process", "Realism and Romance", "Person to Person", and "Writing the Self". A nice idea, really, to arrange the works selected in a fashion that indicates a progression of ideas along a particular theme, rather than simply presenting a

ragbag collection of poems, stories and excerpts without any unifying structure. I like it.

The range of works selected is extremely broad, including translations of Aboriginal legends, fragments from the journals of early European explorers, poems, short stories, excerpts from novels, bits of play scripts, and all sorts of

THE MACMILLAN ANTHOLOGY OF AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE



EDITED BY
KEN GOODWIN AND ALAN LAWSON

odds and ends; and including authors like Patrick White, Peter Carey, James Cook (of 'Captain' fame), Thea Astley, Miles Franklin, Bruce Dawe, Dorothy Hewett, Xavier Herbert, Gwen Harwood, Helen Garner, Barry Humphries, Drusilla Modjeska, Henry Lawson, Norman Lindsay, Peter Porter, Thomas Shapcott, Banjo Paterson, Ania Walwicz, David

Williamson, Mudrooroo, and a cast of others too large to mention (there's a hell of a lot of Australian literature out there, folks). Unfortunately not represented are perhaps Australia's most talented and intelligent novelist, David Foster, and the latest *enfant terrible* of the Australian literary scene, James Morrison. Ah, well. Maybe the next edition. But anyway, that's really the only fault in an extremely comprehensive and well presented collection. Bravo.

Paul Bradley.

TV Spin-Off No. 1000:

Millennium: The Unofficial Companion
N. E. Genge
Random House
\$19.95

Well, we have had one novelisation of the TV show already with *The Frenchman* and a second is on the way. So here comes the first (presumably) of a batch of 'guides' to the show. It's the Cash-In-On-Chris-Carter Sideshow Circus.

N. E. Genge was the author of the two 'unofficial' guides to *The X-Files* and she now turns her hand to Carter's newest creation. While this book does reek of a cash-in, and seems to be put together in quite a hurry, it does have a few redeeming features.

These redeeming features are found in the 'true-life' aspects of the various *Millennium* episodes that Genge explores. For each episode, she covers the case, myth, or prophecy that served as the basis for the plot. While some of these smack of tokenism (like her piece on when the millennium is supposed to start, or a 'biography' of Nostradamus) some are quite intriguing, like her brief look at Victim Services and her explanations of where

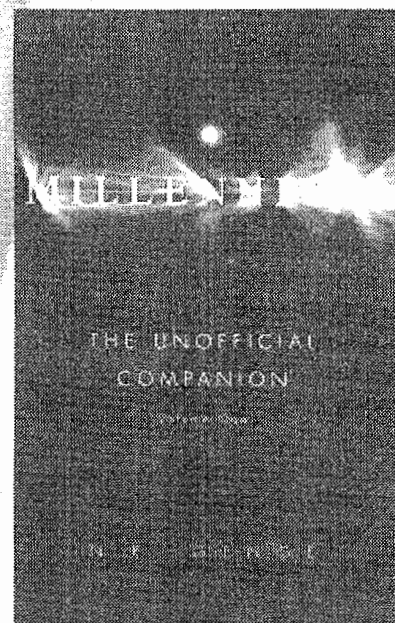
the quotations at the beginning of each episode come from. These are (mostly) entertaining but when her synopsis of an episode's plot consists of little more than a paragraph, it makes it a little hard to tie the real life case to the actual story (your memory will have to be very good!).

The best section of this guide is the interview with actual members of the Academy Group - ex-law enforcement people who now work as consultants to law enforcement agencies - the group that inspired Carter to create the Millennium Group of the series. A very short section, but interesting nonetheless.

There are also the obligatory bios of the stars of the show, a cheesy quiz (for BIG fans only) and an even cheesier 'Profiler's Primer' of 'law enforcement' terms. Ick. Some of the behind the scenes information is good, but there is far too little of it to make up for the rushed feeling you get from the whole package.

If you are a BIG fan of the show then by all means this is for you. Otherwise it is really only useful for checking how much Channel Seven ballsed-up the episode sequence.

Anthony Paxton.



Girl Trouble.

The Tasmanian Babes Fiasco

John Birmingham
Duffy & Snellgrove
\$19.95

John Birmingham's first book, *He Died With A Felafel In His Hand*, was a squalid masterpiece; a collection of anecdotes about the deprivation, impoverished and unhygienic sharehouse life-style - as a man who had shared more than twenty houses with more than eighty borderline sociopaths, he was well qualified. This sprawling book of true-life horror was strung together with a manic, caustic and often surprisingly wise narrative. After this astonishing and promising debut, his second book, *How To Be A Man*, was a crashing disappointment - yes, there were a few of the amusing anecdotes, but there was a lot more rubbish - padding made up of quotes and thoughts that really weren't that interesting. So, it is with great pleasure that the

tentative reader will find that Birmingham has returned to the place that made him justly famous. The sharehouse. Cue applause and tears of gratitude.

There are some differences, though. No book of anecdotes and advice this time. Instead, what we have is an actual novel - an autobiographical week-in-the-life of a Brisbane sharehouse. What's more, it's a house that might be destined to fall to the bulldozers before the week is out. We join Birmingham and his drug-addled, lesbian-separatist-baiting mates as they attempt to save themselves, their home and their drugs from the forces of government and development. The only problem here is that an ex-housemate has absconded with many of their possessions, most of the house cash and the widescreen TV. Action must be taken.

This is not as hilarious or quite as rewarding as *Felafel* for two reasons, both springing from the straight narrative/novel approach. First of all, strung to-

gether into a cohesive story over the space of one week, it all seems just a little bit unlikely - particularly the finale. The great pleasure to be had from *Felafel* was the knowledge that it was all true (or at least, as far as anyone could tell). The other problem is that Birmingham the Hero is less appealing than Birmingham the stunned victim and observer of other people's madness and musty underpants. Perhaps he just had to try too hard to sustain the plot. This is not to say that *Tasmanian Babes* is not great fun to read - it is - but it's just not quite up to the heights of the first book. Still, it's hard to be harsh. How many writers produce even *one* masterpiece?

James Morrison

THE BABES FIASCO

Sequel to
HE WITH
A FELAFEL
HIS HAND

JOHN BIRMINGHAM

Turning On The Light

The Enlightenment for Beginners

Lloyd Spencer & Andrzej Krauze
Icon
\$16.95

Generally speaking, the *...for Beginners* series is superb. Complex subjects are explained with clarity and simplicity, providing an easily-understandable and accurate introduction for the uninitiated or a refresher for somewhat more seasoned students of matters intellectual. All this surrounded by pictures that are not just decorations, but serve to actually illustrate the text to the point where the two entwine inextricably, creating a work whose point is unmistakable.

But care needs to be taken in the choice of subject. Too narrow a focus can lead to the book becoming more than just an introduction, whereas too big a subject can result in an extremely superficial work that doesn't say much about anything. *The Enlightenment for Beginners* threatens to spill over into this latter realm, but just manages to come down on the right side of the divide.

The Enlightenment is an enormous subject - beginning in the 17th century, continuing through the 18th and persisting, some would say, to the present day. That's a lot to pack into 176 pages, and

early on Lloyd Spencer's text verges on the vapid, threatening to become more a list of people and events than an explanation and analysis. But he saves himself as the book progresses, having set up a sequence of events as background, building on this foundation, and focusing on three of the giants of Enlightened thought - Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau (but also in the cast are such names as John Locke, David Hume, Laurence Sterne, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Jonathan Swift, Isaac Newton, Frederick the Great of Prussia, Catherine the Great of Russia, Adam Smith, Samuel Johnson, Immanuel Kant, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Montesquieu, Robespierre, etc. etc.)

- to relate the energy and the sense of optimism that pervaded the period as the intellectuals set about creating a new type of society, culminating in the late 18th-century revolutions in America and France. Andrzej Krauze's illustrations deftly demonstrate throughout the points of Spencer's prose and are the source of much of the book's humour - another trait of the series.

Overall, a difficult and diverse subject well summarised with style.

Paul Bradley

The Enlightenment FOR BEGINNERS



I Think I Can. I think I Can. (etc).

You Can Do It

by Paul Hanna
Penguin Books
\$17.95

I am always suspicious of books advertised on buses and television. Despite my far fetched hopes, this one proved to be no exception to the general rule with self help books. This rule (in my mind) is basically as follows: Although there may be a few new little ideas to improve your life or yourself, there will be nothing fundamental, and despite the blurb's claims, it will not change your life.

One of the book's small saving graces is that it's written by an Australian, though you can rarely tell, as he is truly a member of that hyped up 'evangelist' school of 'self help' authors that America seems to produce in ever increasing numbers. I also found it difficult to associate with him after his example of a great struggle in his life was when he had to give up his BMW. In fact, after that and his lengthy praise of McDonalds, I found it quite difficult to take him seriously at all.

It is easy to read and laid out very well, with little sections at the end of each chapter directing you to the various sections that you may be interested in next. This follows the central idea of the book that you are the pilot of your own life. Although this notion is admirable in itself, I found very little in his revelations that I had not already contemplated, and I am certainly not one of the 'winners' that he mentions.

Also, although there are sections advertised on the back cover on everything from making lots of money to improving your sex life, these are not quite as specific in the actual text, which came as a bit of a frustration to me.

As unlikely as it is that you will read this and feel extraordinarily motivated, and go on to achieve great things, it's also unlikely that you will feel worse; something that is in its favour. Although at

\$17.95 it's probably not worth it for the average uni student, unless you enjoy having not particularly original ideas told to you by someone who gives the impression of an Amway consultant, it's still an awful lot cheaper than attending one of his seminars.

Bronwyn Davis

Paul Hanna

Australia's king of motivation takes you higher and further than you ever believed you could go!

YOU CAN DO IT!

To see nothing at all, no, that's too much

DON'T MENTION THE WAR!

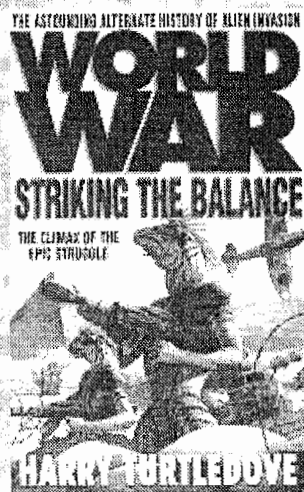
World War: Striking the Balance

Harry Turtledove
Hodder and Stoughton
\$14.95

The fourth book of the epic series, *World War*, sees a continuation of the plot of the second World War never coming to completion. Its source of interruption being the imminent arrival of the Race, an alien species from a distant galaxy with the intention of taking over Earth - a familiar theme, apart from the historical timing. These aliens have already taken over two other worlds somewhere else in the galaxy, where there is life, and successfully assimilated the local populace. With vastly superior weapons, not unlike ours now in the 1990s, their initial advances came easily. However being a race that develops slowly they were utterly shocked to discover their human counterparts had tanks and fighter aircraft and the beginnings of nuclear technology. They had been expecting armoured men on horseback, as had been shown to them by a probe that had in-

vestigated the world several centuries earlier.

The first three books, *World War: In the Balance*, *World War: Tilting the Balance*, *World War: Upsetting the Balance*, we see the human race attempt to stop their now seemingly trivial skirmish against each other to deal with the greater threat. Each power of the earth (USSR, USA, British Empire, etc.) tries to develop nuclear weapons to counter the Races' advances. Several cities scattered around the world become nuclear pyres as testament to the aliens power and we finally see the halt of the Race through ingenious means, which is not good news for them as their colonisation fleet will arrive shortly with several million occupants expecting a hospitable and habitable world.



The fourth book, *World War: Striking the Balance*, brings the epic to a conclusion. A few more nuclear weapons are used haphazardly on various cities, by both sides, the Race is forced out on its back foot more and more often, until, well, if I said any more it would spoil it.

We watch all this happen from various points of view of numerous people, (both historical and fictional), and aliens (obviously fictional ???). Some of the most horrible things in human history are explored first hand. The Russian gulag, the Nazis drive to exterminate the Jews, the ethics of the use of nuclear power. However the rapid jumping about between characters makes for some confusing reading, until you begin to remember them, but a help-

ful reference section of the characters at the front of the book is handy.

On the whole the final book is very good, and I would suggest it even to people who haven't read the first three books as it basically sums them up. There are times in the *World War* series which are episodic and slow, and usually this is part of a build up to something spectacular. However in the last book there is no great excitement to build up to because the climax is basically the talks for the peace - woops, I think I just let the cat out of the bag for the end of the story, not that it wasn't predictable anyhow. More could have been made of the talks - for me it was a little bit of an anticlimax, but for others who get their jollies from getting that warm felling inside when everything is all right, it should be fine. I thought the only one really bad thing, sentimentally speaking, is that both Sydney and Melbourne were reduced to radioactive slag, nuked on a whim.

T. Pluschke and another fellow.

Vagabond Spleens.

Gypsy Hearts

Robert M Eversz

Never trust the blurb of a book - it is like the trailers of a movie, showing only good bits, which may be the only points of interest for the entire novel. Well, I didn't follow my own advice here, and what happened is all my own fault. Knowing full well that I could return this book to Paul if I didn't like it, I instead chose to let it sink to the bottom of the book pile by my bed, where it has stayed for the past few months. And there it would have remained, if I hadn't started to feel guilty about it. Yes, I have a conscience.

Unlike the main character of this rather average grunge novel.

Nix is con artist who lives a self assured and heartless existence. He lives on permanent holiday in Prague, supporting himself by stealing purses from the women he meets. He fancies himself as a screenwriter and uses this 'career' to impress his victims. What a high class criminal existence! Well, Nix thought so, until he met Monika, who has surpassed him in all areas of the scamming lifestyle that they have in common.

Unfortunately, Nix's well developed ego doesn't stop him from loving

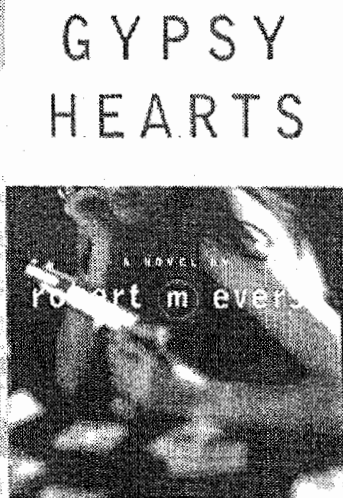
Monika. Naturally, she isn't nearly so impressed with him as he is with her, and spends her time either using him or running away from him. However, Monika has both the charm of the unobtainable and a need for the sort of 'situation' that Nix can provide (sound intriguing? Not really). This relationship (??) becomes the centre of the novel, narrated by Nix in the style of the screenwriters he admires.

The novel incorporates the requisite amounts of sex, murder, violence and betrayal. Examples: Nix survives sex with Monika, a murder attempt by Monika and various encounters where he is robbed/beaten into a dazed scrap of humanity.

These events occur so frequently that they get very boring, but being nice is for losers (though Nix does try it occasionally, before he realises that Monika prefers him otherwise).

This could have been a good novel, a 'realistic' version of the destructive teenage fantasies that most people quickly outgrow. Instead, it's the sort of book that I tend to half read and then forget about... but try it for yourself? Anyone who wants my copy can have it.

Alex Wright



Dross.

Melody.

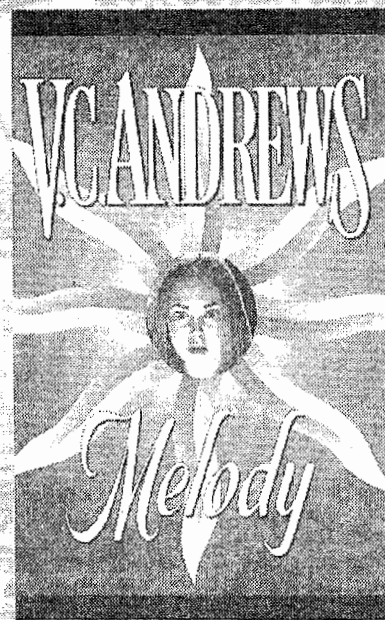
V.C. Andrews
Pocket Books
\$11.95

What can I say?! This book is totally and utterly what is expected of one of Ms Andrews' novels. A happy, unassuming, unsuspecting daughter living in heaven on earth when the tragic and unexpected death of her beloved father turns her world upside down. She is left with a selfish, vain and irresponsible mother who had her at a very young age, but who also dies unexpectedly later on. She is then dumped unceremoniously with relatives who had formerly exiled them but who grudgingly agrees to adopt the daughter because they believe that it was their duty to look after her to save her soul from her own mother. Our main heroine, named Melody, encounters difficulties with dealing with her newly adopted family and community. These people are not only of a higher social class from her life before, in other words snobs with power, but are adamantly religious people who believe in the old ways. She dis-

covers deep dark incestuous secrets about her parents, which of course she doesn't believe at first, but forgives and forgets in the end due to her love for her parents. And surprise, surprise she inherits a large fortune. Needless to say Melody is Young, beautiful, innocent, righteous and smart. The type of person who is so perfect in every way that you want to strangle her with your bare hands.

The only true distinction of *Melody* from other V.C. Andrews novels is the setting. *Melody* also seems to be for a more G rated audience i.e. the teens, and by this I mean to say that I miss the more raunchy and disgustingly deep dark skeletons in the closets that previous novels always had. From a person who had a passion for Virginia Andrews books when *Flowers in the Attic*, *Petals on the Wind*, *Seeds of Yesterday* and *If there be Thorns* first came out, it seems that her subsequent series and novels are tending to milk a formula which is beginning to give off a sour taste to the seasoned, and once faithfully devoted reader.

Kim



PARTS 4, 5 AND 6 (9TH JUNE 1997)
PART 9 (8TH JANUARY 1997)

My eyes dart back and forth. I scour the plaza. Usually it's easy to spot them - their fluorescent, almost binding colours are a dead give away - but there have been subtle disguises. I pause. Check my blind spot. There's no evading them, but some of them seem preoccupied. To my right, a cluster of green soufy-like figures are chatting in a closed circle. To my left, a yellow-clad male is starting to sit down with a friend. There are scattered individuals around, but just for a split second - I see a clear path through the centre. If I can just get the timing right, and the speed, yet try to look inconspicuous - GO! I'm off. Beginning with a fast stride, I head straight down the middle. Continuously analysing their positions I sense a change and I slow accordingly. Movement on the right - I dart left before veering back to my previous course. Speed up. Almost there. My reflexes begin to relax as I approach the finish. MADE IT! I slow down and breathe out. I have survived.

A piece of paper brushes my arm, and a grating voice greets me: "Have you voted yet?"

ZANE

I
I
You
Me
Them
Us
They

Friends
Argue
War
Kill
Truce
More

I know
I know
You know
She knows
He knows
I bleed
I bleed
You bleed
She bleeds
He bleeds

I
I
You
Me
Them
Us
They

To the front
To the front
The drive
of want

The boredom of the human spirit
The prostitutes of nationality
The reserve friend
The past is what another feels
Only a few of the great could make one feel
Who's hand is up the puppet now?

And the U.S. finally get punk

FRANSISKA KOSOVEL
FRANSISKA KOSOVEL

The Trap.

Given the time I'd make you a rhyme,
A rhyme of passion and meaning;
A rhyme with breadth and depth of vision
And with complex imagery teeming.

Then with this rhyme I'd make you mine;
You'd adore me without hesitation;
Caught in a cage oof lines on a page
Your mind full of adulation.

Given the time I'd make you a rhyme,
A rhyme of depth and sincerity;
A rhyme audacious, and boldly tenacious;
A rhyme of unbridled temerity.

But then I'd be trapped too - not by you,
But by my own regularity,
My need to control you, like words on a page,
My lack of spontanaeity.

Given the time I'd make you a rhyme,
A rhyme of human endeavour,
To move the earth beneath your feet,
And change your world forever.

Caught in a world of feet and metres,
With no descents or rises
All would be ordered, safe, secure;
Nothing would surprise us.

I'd express myself in a million ways
With but a few strokes of the pen.
You'd shake; you'd sigh; you'd laugh and cry,
You'd be taken in, and then,

So given the time I'd make you a rhyme,
And we'd both be slaves to its rhythm.
If I had the time I'd make you a rhyme,
But perhaps its better that I don't.

Pavl Bradley

Idio+



reckoning

The Reckoning lads hangin' at the Docks in Melbourne ("where we wrote the new song")

Alice: I first saw Reckoning in '95 ("The future is stupid" CD launch). And I thought you were on the verge of making it big. I thought you were going to -

Seamus: Rock it to stardom?

Alice: Yeah - get signed, go on TV. Now, 2 years later, you're still doing the same sex-drugs-rock-&-roll thing. Do you just want to keep going as this off-beat, perverse band?

Seamus: Definitely. We'll try and remain off-beat and perverse, that sounds good. I don't know - we might have done our dash with the sex-drugs-rock-&-roll thing!!! (laughs riotously)

Pete: We're definitely just cruising along.

Seamus: We're just chilling now. We've gone through our adolescent rock fury.

Alice: So what kind of band do you want to be now?

Seamus: I don't know... We just, we wanna put this record out - and that's the end of an era, really. In February we would've been together for 5 years. After the launch, we'll be

trying to work out what we wanna do from here. But we just wanna get better - heaps better. We haven't yet made an album-album either, which we'd like to do.

Alice: What happened in Melbourne?

Pete: Everyone kinda... did lots of things...

Seamus: Yeah - not a lot of rock and roll, but -

Pete: It got to the point in Adelaide where it was just like "We gotta get out".

Seamus: Really, we just went and hung out a lot... wrote a princely sum of one whole song, which is the first track on the CD, "BongdamongGong" - which is rockin'.

Alice: What's the new CD called?

Seamus: I don't know, it doesn't really have an official title. One sleeve it says "the symbiotic sounds of reckoning". On the front it just says "reckoning". And on the other side it says "shut up" - which is in the lyrics to BongdamongGong. Call it what you want! (laughs)

Pete: It's a rounding-off process for us, so we can push forward in the next year and hopefully write a whole new album. There's 5 new tracks on it, plus a 15-track compilation of a whole lot of unreleased stuff going back 5 years -

Seamus: The embarrassing, the good, the bad, the bit more embarrassing...

Pete: I like it, it's a funny little CD.

Seamus: We just thought what the hell. We've got seventy-six, seventy-eight minutes on a CD to fill - so we thought we might as well whack 'em all down. There's lots of demos, crazy demos that we knocked out in kitchens or whatever...

Alice: Do you see yourself as making music for art, or is it the live scene you get into? Or do you just want to make CDs that lots of kids get off on at home?

Seamus: All of the above.

Pete: We tick the all of the above box. But the main thing is you've got to be having fun. And you've got to maintain a sense of your identity, and once you lose that -

Seamus: We've certainly been through a difficult period and I'd say we probably did lose our sense of identity. Or, our identity became so strong within this town that it just got a bit much. Really, by the time it was "Weird Kids" and we were going off, it was a machine, just running itself. And by then, I personally was already over it... I mean, I'm glad that it didn't get even crazier than it did, that we didn't become the next national thing at that stage, because I personally would've crumbled.

Alice: What's happened to your gigs recently? This is what we all want to know.

Seamus: Why's that?

Alice: It's just that most bands get pretty wrapped up in their music, build up as the set goes... With you, you just want to pull the plug out at the end of every song. You know - fuck up the words, make stupid faces, say nasty things to the crowd. So by the end of it, you're just going - oh, okay.

Seamus: (laughs) Well. I don't know, I don't know... I'd say that we

have our good days and we have our bad days -

Alice: Too many drugs.

Seamus: Ah yeah. Just lots of things. Every night is a different night - some nights are great. Give us an example.

Alice: I can tell you the good ones - when you played out here, in the cloisters -

Seamus: With what, the JJJ gig?

Alice: Yeah - that was good.

Seamus: That was good.

Alice: Um... A night you were all completely out of it at Tivoli was OK, nice and quiet.

Seamus: When there was bugger-all people there? You knew we were out of it, did you?

Pete: We were wanging...

Seamus: We haven't really, ah... taken acid much and played... but we did that night.

Alice: A couple at Uni Bar recently have been pretty flat.

Seamus: You went to the Underground Lovers one? We'd been looking forward to that one for a long time and then - I don't know, it certainly wasn't a good one. Maybe we're just a bit rusty. When you haven't played for a month and go out and play it's just like, oh shit. But - to be honest, that night, somebody gave me cookies... (cracking up) there's a bad thing to do... I couldn't even move my arms or legs!

Alice: Seamus, you write the most gut-wrenching lyrics, but you play the fool. Do you really have all this angst inside you?

Seamus: (laughing) Yeah... definitely. I mean, I'm just like everyone else - just up and down, up and down. Often I listen to the singing and the songs and think: God, it sounds a hell of a lot more serious than I was being when I wrote it. There's a lot of things I actually have put in there for humour's sake - but I don't know if a lot of people pick up on that. I certainly wish we had more happy songs in our repertoire... perhaps they haven't been happy times (laughs). They have been happy times, they've been wonderful. I don't know - I think a lot of the songs tend to get inspired by the crap things that have happened all of a sudden... Matt sometimes doesn't like happy songs and pooh-poohs 'em... But I can understand that my happy songs are probably fairly trite and annoying (laughs). I mean I love songs like the Cardigans' song, I like Top 40 songs, I'm right into it. What's that song, ah... (singing falsetto:) "do-do-do, do-do-do-do, it's alright" - ha ha, it's great - "it's a-a-alright..." So there you go. I probably wouldn't be allowed to indulge my, uh, idiot side.

Alice: Is being in Reckoning just a legitimate way of avoiding working 9 to 5?

Seamus: Most definitely. I wouldn't say it's legitimate, though.

Pete: For me, Reckoning has definitely served the purpose of staying out of the whole 9 to 5 get-lost-in-

the-system-thing... That's a good question actually.

Alice: Ah yeah, I face it all the time. Worrying that you're sort of gypping out of the world by not wanting any of that.

Pete: For me, gypping out of the world would be just choosing to get lost in the system -

Seamus: And go round, and round, and round -

Pete: It's all too hard, I'm taking a 9 to 5 job, I just don't want to know, feed me shit, tell me Channel 7, create my reality and I'll just go and sit at a desk all day every day.

Seamus: But we've all had to work at times to get by. At the time we were recording "The future is stupid" I was getting to work at 8 o'clock in the morning and unloading a vegetable truck piled high with cabbages and shit, and then jumping on a bus and going and recording the CD at night, and doing the same thing next day. At other times, indeed, we have... doled it, big-time.

Pete: I've Austudied it for quite a while. For me, it's sort of been a combination of band, study, band, study. Plus the bit we've got from our friendly politician, C/O the dole. But we won't mention that -

Seamus: Yes we will. DOLE.

Alice: Who are you voting for in the big election?

Seamus: Not the Liberals.

Pete: Not the Liberals - Democrats and Green independents.

Seamus: We don't like Suits. Suits only want to take your money and keep you poor and uninformed.

Pete: I mean - since the Liberal party got in we've got nothing but more mining, more logging, more cuts to the social system, more cuts to the health system, more cuts to everything. There's token gestures to the arts to keep that side happy, but... the majority of it's a farce. John Howard would have to be the least visionary of any human being that's ever existed.

Seamus: Definitely we would say to someone who was 18 and hadn't voted before and didn't quite know what to think - as much as your rich dad tells you to Vote Liberal, don't listen to him, because that might be looking after your interests as a wealthy member of society, but you're doing it at the expense of the poor people. And the Liberals - all they care about is money, they don't even give a shit.

Pete: It's now to the point where it's at the expense of the next generation. We're at a point where we're trashing, completely trashing the place to make money out of it. And here we have a Liberal government that's only interest is short-term: How many zeros can we get on the end of this computer screen? That's all they're worried about, you know. It's just a farce. In the interview, print: IT IS A FARCE.

Alice: Pete Says: It's A Farce. Okay. Do you watch Recovery?

Seamus: If I can get up early

enough.

Alice: Dylan Lewis is a dude.

Seamus: He is.

Alice: Do you get Pay TV?

Seamus: Um... my parents do. I try to get a bit of it when I'm there cos I bloody love TV, bloody love it. I bloody love TV - and ah, indeed... it's good stuff.

Alice: Do you ever wear the same underwear two days in a row?

Pete: Ah, for sure, everyone does. And if they say they don't they're lying.

Seamus: I don't wear underwear.

Alice: Do you recycle?

Seamus: When we can.

Alice: What about the Crows? And what about Diana?

Pete: I'd say the loss of Diana is a bit on the tragic side... And the Crows - well, we won, didn't we!

Seamus: It was quite strange for us - cos Pete and I had just moved back from St Kilda to Adelaide -

Alice: The luck follows you.

Seamus: It was definitely cos we came back. It was just our aura.

Pete: And I would say that Diana didn't die, she was killed.

Seamus: You reckon? I wouldn't be surprised.

Pete: I reckon Diana was knocked out. She was about to get married to a Muslim -

Alice: You reckon she was - really???

Seamus: It could be the pot but I'm feeling slightly paranoid about it. I think it could be a conspiracy.

Alice: How do you engineer a car accident, though?

Pete: Ah, how do you do anything? They've managed to engineer bigger things than that. How would we know what went on? We only know what we're told.

Alice: And what's the future of rock & roll? That's always my last question.

Seamus: (deadpan) Us.

Alice: That's nice and humble.

Seamus: Ah, we're a humble bunch.

Pete: A lot of what we see now is cliched to a point that it can't continue. It will be something very very different. There are some things out there that I wouldn't even know what they're called but every now and then you see a snippet of something when you're half asleep, on RAGE - you think ah, what was that? - it's gone.

Seamus: Whatever we do from now, I think the main point is that it's going to be fucking different. Cos it's 5 years, it's an era wrapping up. So there's not going to be a lot of gigs where it's going to be just Reckoning As You Know It.

interview
by
Alice Ray

(ROCK&ROLL!!!)



The Symbiotic Sounds of Reckoning
Reckoning
(independent)

Reckoning - the ratbags of the Adelaide band scene, the darlings of the university crowd - have just launched their 3rd CD upon the world. As well as being a new EP with 5 newish songs (4 previously unreleased - "Fluffy Cloud" was on the '97 Gig For World Peace CD) it's also a retrospective of their past 5 years, with 15 "bonus tracks" - old demos, old versions of songs, even a track called "jo and susie washing their feet". To deal with the demos first, we've got, oh, lots of weird and wacky things. Things like "shame" and "adelaide" which sound frighteningly Undecided (if that still means anything). Things with spookily simple instrumentals, d o d g y lyrics, and just as dodgy vocals. (We're talking Iotsa pure cutesy pop songs.) Things like two old, old, old, versions of "naked". Things with a whole lot of charm. (Dig this line: "I'd probably go insane / I'd go mental in the brain" - yeah!) Thing is, if you're a Reckoning fan, you're gonna love 'em.

As for the EP... New song "BongdamongGong" goes down a yummy treat with the trademark swirly guitars and outer-space imagery, though it's just a bit... rhymey. ("Welcome to the planet of pure light / The department hopes that you enjoyed your flight / The department hopes that you enjoyed your stay / But if you don't then it doesn't matter anyway...") Track 2 is a gorgeous version of "Come Back Susanne" (my FAVOURITE!) with spacey, triple-layered vocals - shouting, croaking, whining, screaming. all in Seamus's angst-ridden adenoidal voice. "Flying Saucer" is musically nice but with kindergarten lyrics. I always thought "A Little White Fluffy Cloud" was the most outrageous title I'd ever heard till I caught the drugz theme. ("I'm running away / On a little white fluffy cloud...") The music itself, with its growly double-tracked vocals, is pretty specky - a bit of dynamic variation would make it even better. And we all love "Candle". (Can we have a stripped-back acoustic version some time, pretty please?) And that makes 5 symbiotic songs... rich... economical... and with glorious vocals. It's not as consistent as *Weird Kids*, and it lacks some of the disarming charm of *The future is stupid* (it's so very cynical) but there are moments of pure brilliance in *Symbiotic Sounds*. Dizzy stuff. I put my money on their next CD (hopefully an album). It's gonna be amazing.

Alice Ray

"CAN YOU TELL
I'M DRUNK?"

DINOSAUR JR

Ben Folds Five
Thebarton Theatre, Sep 27

Try as one might, and one didn't try very hard, you just can't avoid those gigantic Bacchinalian explosions when a football team you are associated with, even in the most spurious geographic terms, wins the big toaster. That is a rather inflated way of saying that by the time I got to the Thebby I was pretty, as they say, shattered. I had also missed Cordrazine, although I felt like I might want some of it

I seem to recall something about a roadie who thought he was fat and us all calling out "you're not fat, Trev!", and he wasn't, but what was all of that about?

injected if it would've stopped the world spinning in the wrong direction. Anyhoo, pint in hand and eyes focussed as clearly as possible I waited for the boys from Chapel Hill to work their imitation-ivory magic. And that they did. Before you could say, "Shit, why did it go dark all of a sudden?", the sweetly sobering tones of "Missing the War" were massaging my brain and my brain enjoyed it. They played a fair swag of stuff from the latest album, as you might expect, but did not bring out the über-ballads "Smoke" or "Brick", which might have been missed if I had been able to form the thought to do so. Although they were on for a fair old while, it seemed that they did not play that many songs; this perception may well be mine alone (like the impression I had that they had 4 pianists, all of whom were singing). When they broke out of the ballad

niche they were able to indulge in some song-extending and entertaining hi-jinks such as during "Steven's Last Night in Town", the crowd-igniting "Underground", and the ear-ringing "Song For The Dumped", oh, and there was "Kate!": all of which had the crowd going doo-lally. I seem to recall something about a

roadie who thought he was fat and us all calling out "You're not fat, Trev!", and he wasn't, but what was all of that about? In any case, the crowd lapped up the piano madness as it

all built towards a keyboard belting (due to Ben's propelling his piano stool into it), bass pick-up noodling, drum mucking about cacophany of "One Angry Dwarf...", which was much bigger than its protagonist. And then they were gone.

Almost. Due to some perverse twist of fate (let's call it running into the amenable Sony guy in the crowd) I was able to get backstage for the booze and schmooze session with a rather exhausted band. Guilty faced thanks to Ben and Darren (the drummer), and the two guys standing with him, for putting up with my ranting about whatever it was I was ranting about. Also cheers to Paul for enabling the whole reeling event. And you heard from Darren first, the new Flaming Lips CD is gonna be huge! I remember that much at least.

Paul Lobban

Dinosaur Jr and Snout
Heaven - Monday September 29th

Snout warmed up the small but appreciative crowd, while reinforcing their claim as one of Australia's best pop bands. They gave their all to their performance as they raced through their set. Songs from their forthcoming album such as "Hey, Hey, Hey" and "Get in the car" both sound as cool and catchy as previous pop gems like "What's that sound", "Night and day" and "Cromagnon man". Snout do well to find that perfect mix between experimentation and melodic pop.

During Snout's set, J Mascis and band wandered unobtrusively into Heaven, stood in the crowd for a moment to listen, then strolled backstage, without any fans disturbing them and few fans even noticing them. In a similar fashion the lads from Dinosaur Jr unobtrusively drifted onto the stage, but from there began the aural assault. J Mascis the guitar maestro, was always destined to impress, as one of the world's foremost guitarists, and he was here to display his amazing talent. Unfortunately from the opening of "Kracked" onwards the mixing was far from ideal; the instruments were painfully loud, J's vocals too soft and Mike Johnson may as well not have bothered with backing vocals as they were never heard over the rest of the noise.

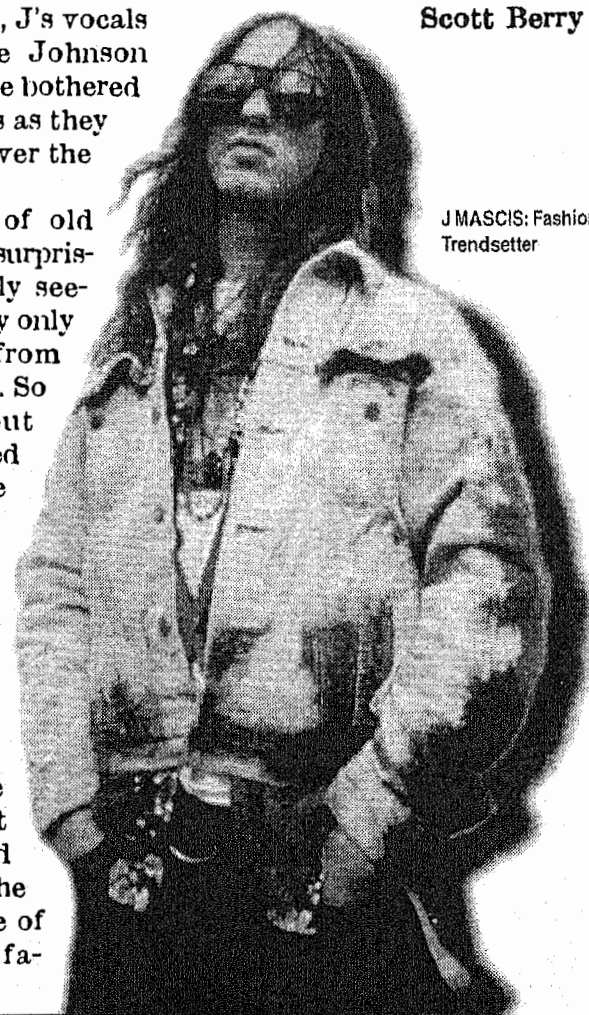
A good selection of old and new songs was surprising, after previously seeing Dinosaur Jr play only a couple of songs from their recent albums. So I was startled but pleased that J played epic songs like "Alone", where he takes you down on a journey with his guitar to his deepest despair. Then in the next song he pumps you up again with the classic pop tune "Freak Scene". It was also unexpected how infrequently the crowd moshed, one of the few obvious fa-

vorites for some of the crowd to jump around to was a rockin' out version of "Feel the pain". For much of the night it seemed that J Mascis blistering guitar sounds were the focus of the night while the original melodies of the songs were somewhat swallowed up within the mass of noise. But by the end Mike Johnson proved that he is not just a passenger on the Dinosaur Jr train, but is a talented muso in his own right (and he can smoke, play bass and look very cool all at the same time).

After playing for around an hour they went off for an extended break and upon returning played "Repulsion" and then finished with a delightfully raw and rockin' version of the Cure's "Just like Heaven". Unfortunately we never had the opportunity to hear the delicate acoustic brilliance of Dinosaur Jr, nor classic ballads like "Get me" or "Severed lips". You know a band has an amazing repertoire when songs like "Start Choppin'", "Green mind" "Grab it" and "Turnip Farm" can be omitted from an already strong set list.

Overall, some of the beauty of the songs were lost in the mix, but J Mascis still amazed us all with his guitar onslaugth.

Scott Berry



J MASCIS: Fashion Trendsetter

If you are a fan of hard-edged pop music, chances are you will love Automatic. If you have not heard of Automatic, their energetic live shows and catchy tunes ensure that you will become aware of the Melbourne four-piece band very soon. Their latest single, *Five*, has received heavy rotation on Triple J, and they have also featured other tracks from the band's debut album, *Transmitter*.

Automatic are signed to Sony's sub-label, Murrur, and released their debut EP for that label in 1995 entitled "Sister K". Over the last twelve months, the band has progressed, working its way up tour bills. Late last year, the band toured nationally with Powderfinger and Pollyanna, playing the Tivoli Hotel here in Adelaide, in November. Since then, the band has released their debut album, *Transmitter*, toured the US with "wonderkids", silverchair, and seen themselves as the middle-billed act on the recent 'Revelation Tour' of the Superjesus. This tour saw those bands, together with Brisbane's Webster, play 20 gigs around the country.

More recently, the band supported the Reef-Veruca Salt tour, and we were lucky enough to chat to Automatic's lead guitarist Alex Jarvis, while the band was in Adelaide.

Alex, I heard you had a few difficulties while you were producing *Transmitter*?

"Yes. It took ages to do the album. We did around three sessions. There was stuff like speakers blowing up and tape machines self-destructing. But the major thing was there were these transmissions coming from Adelaide to the studio in Melbourne, which destroyed the frequencies. So there was this crazy radio sound coming through our amps. It lasted about two days. It was a bit of a bummer."

How do you feel the change in the band line up (new drummer Danny, is a former member of Custard), has influenced the band's chemistry?

"The band dynamic changes. Our old drummer, Lee, was a lot more rigid, not much of a 'feel' player. Its great playing with Danny cause I watch him for about half of the gig.

He hasn't seen Keith Moon videos, which surprised me because to me he plays exactly like Keith Moon."

Who writes the songs for Automatic?

"It's pretty much a band effort. We all write songs together in a rehearsal room, or wherever we are. Matt (lead vocalist and rhythm guitarist) always writes the lyrics. Recently, we've all bought four-tracks, so we've been able to write more complete songs before showing them to each other.

How did you land the U.S. silverchair support slot?

"I'm not really sure how we got it. There were probably a few political factors going on there. We're released in America under a label called 550, and our album was released at the same time as the silverchair album. It was a real happy coincidence for us."

How did the crowd respond to you?

"Ever been to a silverchair gig? I reckon they're fantastic, one of the best live bands I've seen. You can't help but be impressed by a band that slays thousands of people a night, weeks and weeks on end. So the crowd was like really charged, waiting for silverchair. So they would get into us too. It was fantastic. The only thing is, we kind of hope that they remember us as a band, not just as part of the silverchair experience."

Are you planning to record again soon?

"Yes. We've been touring for about seven months now. It takes a big toll on your sanity as well. When you're on the road with three guys you know are completely insane and you're the only normal person?" (We all laugh).

So you're the normal one?

"Yeah. Why not! (Laughter again

prevails). We'll probably take a break after the Reef tour, and then start writing again."

When do you expect to release the new album?

"Hopefully March."

Will the album take a different direction from *Transmitter*?

"I reckon the new songs are going to be a lot mellower. Maff's been writing a lot of down beat sort of stuff. Maybe like the new Underground Lovers album. It's just fucking fantastid I wouldn't mind taking that kind of direction. It has a lot of loops and that kind of feel is how I'd like the band to feel."

Less rockin'?

Probably, yeah.

So the new album would take the direction of the slower songs on *Transmitter*?

There's a song on the Sister K EP, called "She's into Everything", which I still think is the best thing we've done. There's a song on the album called "Does She Kiss Like You", I pretty much had no hand in it, it's mainly Maff's song. That's my favourite song on the album."

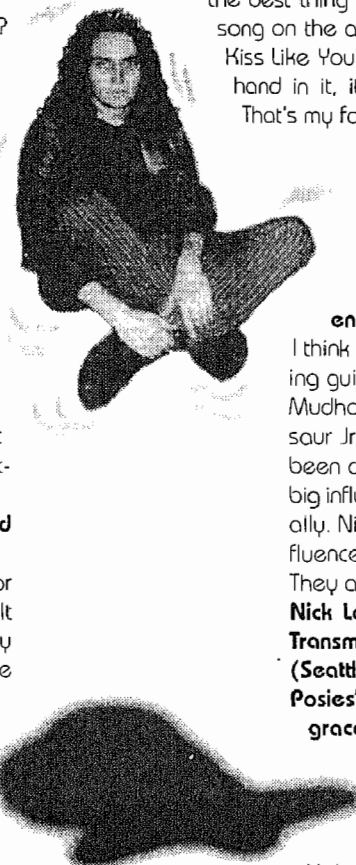
I noticed on stage that you use Fender jazz guitars (like Mustangs and Jaguars), are any influences behind this?

I think they're the best sounding guitars around. But, yeah. Mudhoney, Sonic Youth, Dinosaur Jr, all those bands have been a big influence on myself personally. Nirvana too was a big influence.

They all use(d) those guitars.

Nick Launay - who produced *Transmitter* - did his work on (Seattle power-pop band) the Posies' album "Amazing Disgrace" influence your decision to work with him?

Yes. The Posies are a classic band, and Nick was great to work with.



Apart from the Underground Lovers, what other bands have influenced Automatic's music?

When I mentioned the Underground Lovers album, it's because they seem to be taking bands which I like to a different level. I mean, I would imagine we'd do it completely differently and you know we're not the Underground Lovers by any stretch of the imagination. Bands like Spiritualized and My Bloody Valentine are two of my favourites, and Spaceman Three as well. That sonic trance sort of thing."

So what other kinds of music do you like to listen to?

"It depends on my mood. When I'm doing the dishes, I'll listen to Ministry's "The Mind is a Terrible Thing to Taste", because you just want to get the dishes done. But if I'm just sitting at home and watching t.v. with the sound down, I might listen to Stereolab or My Bloody Valentine. Pavement is a big one too. They're the kind of bands I like, ones which are kind of growers. I guess what I like on a fundamental level are bands which will seem kind of alien in a way, but also have a sense of the past as well. A band like Pavement, you can sort of see how they are trying to push things, but they are also giving a tip of the hat to like, you know, pop music that has gone before... Locally say, bands like Snout. I like that too. They're writing music which is of the 90's, but it certainly has that tip of the hat again to the past. Regurgitator are like a classic band of the 90's because they just like take everything and sort of put it together in a different way. Even though you choose music for different moods, I think music is sex. Because my favourite albums are the ones I like to fuck to."

That's a rather controversial statement! (Muffled with laughter) "No it's not. Think about it." (With giggles)

So Automatic is sex?

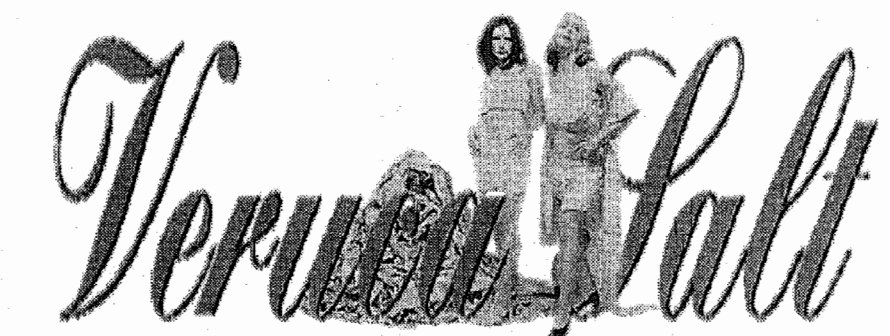
(With a grin) "No we're a dud root!"

Automatic's debut album Transmitter is available at all good record stores, keep an eye out for them live.

Michael Clarkin and Renee Lewandowski

Reef, Veruca Salt & Automatic: Thebarton Theatre September 25.

Automatic opened the night, and showed why they are fast gaining a reputation for their live performances. They enjoy themselves immensely on-stage, with drummer Danny never failing to amuse the audience with his unorthodox, relaxed approach to his craft. Lead guitarist Alex Jarvis climbed a fair height to the top of p.a. speakers and then jumped down onto the stage. Later Alex jumped off the stage, and while playing, went up to the barrier to give the punters a closer look. The set's highlights included "Five", "Another Up", "Sick" and "Sister K". Towards the end of the set, the people who were motionless at the start of the night were moving. Automatic had warmed the crowd up very well, gaining new fans in the process. Veruca Salt arrived on the stage, with female guitar duo and vocal-



oh... and Reef

ists Nina Gordon and Louise Post wearing rather revealing outfits, and platform boots. A far cry from the T-shirt and jeans look of the "Seether" clip I thought. Anyhow, VS continued from where Automatic left off. The crowd moshed happily, guys stared at Gordon and Post, as the band delivered a solid set, including the crowd favourites "Seether", "Volcano Girls", "Spiderman '79" and "Victrola". At the beginning of Shutterbug, Post and Gordon handed out flowers

to the crowd. Veruca Salt's riffy tunes were received extremely well by the crowd, and the male response to the 'look at our bodies' posing was equally as strong. It's fair to say that half of the audience had paid for their tickets to see Veruca Salt, and they were definitely the crowd favourite for the night. The response they received during their set's climax would not be matched during the remainder of the night. When Reef hit the stage it was almost as if that band

knew that it needed something special to out do Veruca Salt. Consequently, Reef gambled, playing arguably its best songs to open its set, namely "Place Your Hands On", "Summer's In Bloom", "Higher Vibration", and "Would Have Left You". Sure the audience was happy while these lasted, but after they were complete, there were no real inspiring or memorable moments to be procured from their performance. In fact, a noticeable portion of the crowd left before Reef returned for their encore. In this they played the current single "Yer Old", which restarted the hearts of the majority of the crowd. However, this was far too late. In fairness to Reef, I've been told that their performances in a club venue (they played Heaven earlier this year), are far better. But it was not their night. Veruca Salt ruled, and in the end, it was an unfair mismatch between VS' up tempo rift-rock and the looser sounds of Reef.

Michael Clarkin

Feature CD:

Sandro - *Live by Rivers* (Brass Companion/Mds)

This band are raved about by everyone in Melbourne - they are virtually regarded as the "indie gods". And for obvious reasons - their sound is unique (indie but still consistently melodic), they have built up a strong live presence and reputation and they are the inspiration of many indie bands - including my favourites Something For Kate, Sandpit, art of fighting and Augie March.

Imagine if you will Australian indie music crossed with Brit pop. Melodic but still with chord changes and clever, sometimes "angst-y", lyrics. These guys really are good. On the first listen to the CD, I was unsure, except with the song "Werribee", which is slightly faster in tempo than the other numbers, but I had a feeling that the CD would grow on me. And it has. By the third listen, I found myself being taken away by the story-telling beauty of songs like "St Charles song" and the epic seven-minute "Tonight" - probably my favourite song on the CD. The band that most reminds of Sandro is Crow, an ace indie cum blues band from Sydney. The lead singer, Gareth Edwards, reminds me a great deal of the lead singer of Crow, Peter Fenton. The story-telling nature of the songs also reminds of Bluebottle Kiss, particularly the epic song "Tonight", which reminds me of BBK's "Immune To Love".

Like the Golden Lifestyle Band's debut CD, this is also released by Brass Companion, who at this stage seem record company mostly likely to sign art of fighting (see On Dit "Multicultural Issue" Vol 65.15 for more on the GLB and art of fighting). This is better than the GLB, because it is less raw and more rounded. Originally released by Candle Records (the Simpletons record label), this has been re-released, and is worth a look. It's a definite grower and probably one of the best CD's for ages, and, like the GLB, retails for \$20 with plenty of quality music.

ANDREW 1

Washington State - *Something to Say* (demo cassette)

They provided "Local Produce" with a bio - which at the top states "Performing Rock Classics From Four Decades". Not a good start. I have a real problem with cover bands - I hate 'em. But, as far as I can tell, the tape only contains originals - this redeems them ever so slightly.

Everybody say hello to Eddie Vedder. A big booming baritone voice greets the gentle listener after a bit of cool bass to the sound of the opening track

LOCAL PRODUCE

Ahem, attention, attention one and all. Instead of our usual CD reviews section, this week we present a special bumper-sized LOCAL PRODUCE feature on releases by local bands. Read and enjoy. Oh, and Andrew, you're a whingeing bastard.

"She's So Strange". It's not a bad little ditty, just typical "we-wanna-be-from-Seattle" type music. Mind you, you'd have to pretty thick not to guess.. just look at the name of the band. All the songs are much of a muchness on the 7 track cassette, with the exception of the third track, "The Rain Song", which has a blues feel to it. Think Pearl Jam crossed with Cream.

They are obviously talented musicians, but they wear their influences not only on their sleeves, but on their shirts. I must admit the singer gives me the shits occasionally, particularly in "Till He Comes" and "Something to Say" - his voice is not that good. The last number "Retroman/Metalfest" is kinda groovy. Not bad/not good.

ANDREW 1

Avalyne - *Everything and Nothing* (demo cassette)

Helped immeasurably by Matthew Dufty (ace Melbourne indie band Something For Kate's mixer), this is Avalyne's best release by a proverbial "country mile".

The first track on the demo, "Flirt", is one of Avalyne's best, along with a still-to-be-released song, "Transmitter". Doug leads the vocals on this track, and the sound is superb - crystal clear. It is here that the gentle listener notices that Avalyne have changed a great deal in the last 6 months or so. A guitarist has gone, and a new guy, Simon, has taken his spot. No longer content to play straight-ahead pop rock, Avalyne have gone down the indie lane, and are a great deal better for it. The second track, "Right Wing", shares vocals between Doug and Andrew, and it even has some nice harmonies to it, along with some naughty words!

But it's the third track, the re-worked "Water in the whiskey bottle" (which appeared on Avalyne's earlier "Live End, Dead End" demo), that makes this demo. It's a classic. Featuring some screaming by Doug (you can't help but laugh if you know Dougie), it features a tres cool ending - where Matt Dufty plays violin for the band. If they recapture this feeling live, Avalyne have found themselves a fantastic song that

could help launch their career. This demo is available at all gigs for a very low price.

ANDREW 1

jibberish - *jibberish* (demo cassette)

This local three-piece band play the usual three-piece music - except that these guys sound far more relaxed and mellow than a lot of three-pieces going around, and this is particularly evident on their first song "Cedric's Weasel". The only complaint I have against the band is that the vocalist, Peter, tries too hard to sound like Eddie Vedder. The voice is definitely the only problem though, as the music is quite relaxing, and works wonderfully as background music - that's actually meant as a compliment guys!!

The second track, "bemused", is a better effort, as it sounds like Peter is trying less hard to do an Eddie Vedder rip-off. The music is still very melodic and almost pretty - particularly the finish when it goes all "middle-eastern" sounding.

The third track, "hobbes", is a dark little number, with an insistent drum beat behind it for the first little while, and the guitar being played very softly until after the first verse. Again, it works well as back ground music.

With a little bit of work, these guys could be really good. Their music is slightly different from the usual three-piece format, but it's still quite interesting. I think they mostly used plugged-in acoustic guitars, and it has a really good sound to it.

ANDREW 1

Bobby Loves His Dog king - *Self-Titled*

(Independent CD)

Instead of the usual angst or wank fest, these Adelaide boys have taken some truly abrasive (read 'annoying') guitar tones mixed them up with some farting bass sounds and some God-awful drum programming(?) and then hollered some hilarious, self-deprecating lyrics over the top. The occasional crappy keyboard parts are

cheesier than those bad 80's Euro-electric bands and the naive drum programming sounds like the drum accompaniment from an over driven church organ (or a \$29.99 K-Mart keyboard) but this CD is worth a few listens if only for the kitsch value. How can you not laugh at lines like "Got my stinking glands and my smelly breath/ Cannot seem to find any odours left" from *Fart?* Trust me, the booger and belch jokes don't stop there. Sure this CD may actually be painful to the ears at times, occasionally unlistenable and an extremely lo-fi venture into sonic distortion, but with lyrics like "I smell like a pig/I eat my own shit/I must be a pig/I'm round like a pig/I'm pink like a pig/I must be a pig" from *Pig* you've got to love it! I'm sure both Beavis and Butthead would be proud.

glancey

Timothy - *Somewhat After The Actual Event*

(Independent CD)

Timothy's debut release is book-ended with the sound of vinyl hiss, perhaps insinuating a lo-fi approach or a nod towards the past. If so, that's as close as Timothy get to these sentiments because the production work, (courtesy of Mick Wordley at Mixmasters), is exemplary and Timothy's tone sits comfortably amongst their modern contemporaries. The Timothy sound is primarily guitar orientated and punk influenced, (with Green Day coming to mind), but it never quite steps into heavy terrain or reaches racy tempos. Instead, Timothy utilise melody, energy, fun and quirky hooks. Scott's voice is rather strong, displaying a wide range and a fluid style. Even through the distorted wail of *Thank God You're An Idiot*, Scott's voice is still infused with melody. Wordley has unfairly engulfed Scott's voice with reverb, but as the CD progresses the depth of the reverb tends to diminish. Maybe Scott was gradually wearing him down during the mixing! What I love about Timothy is their casual, refreshing and self-deprecating humour which is not quite captured on this disc. Their live show offers much more, but this is still an outstanding debut.

glancey

PVC - *Love Action*

(Melod ian)

Light, Uptempo Guitar pop-meets-dance material that's really bloody good. Worth a spin just for the dodgy eastern vibe of "Turkish Delight" - and even the 'Love Action' remixes are great. Support local talent and get this quick!

Isaac Bridle

So, you want to be a radio star ?

Applications for **STUDENT RADIO 1998** are now available from the SAUA. If you have an urge to make yourself heard in the wonderful tones of AM, apply now before the rush. Fill out the form and return it to the **front desk of the SAUA** by **FRIDAY the 5th of DECEMBER 1997** and become part of the funky generation next world of **STUDENT RADIO**.

A meeting about the applications and **STUDENT RADIO** in '98 will be held at **1:30pm THURSDAY 16th of OCTOBER** in the **NORTH/SOUTH DINING ROOM LEVEL 4** of **UNION HOUSE**.

All interested and even vaguely interested are invited to attend.

STUDENT RADIO. GIVE ME NOISE.

Peter Adams (Crazy Spice) and
Christian Haebich (Surly Spice).

Student Radio Directors 1997/1998

Swive's Snippets

MARIE WILSON IS BACK

Yes, after months in exile...well not exactly, Marie is back on the Adelaide shores, with some new tunes to show off. To find out more, run down to the Semaphore Hotel on October 18th at around 8:00 for her cd launch. I'll be there!!

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS

Poignant. Impassioned. Confronting. Nostalgic. Naked. These are the words that spring to mind while listening to The Boatman's Call. And now we have the chance to hear it live. In the their first tour since the 1996 Big Day Out, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds will be performing in Adelaide on Wednesday, December 3 @ Thebarton Theatre. Tickets are already on sale - so, you'd better be quick!

SPIT THE DUMMY GUYS

Ending a much loved chapter to Australian Music History the HOODOO GURUS announce 'Spit the Dummy' - their last ever tour. Finishing in pretty much the same way as they started (playing pub gigs all over the place) the Hoodoo Gurus will delight Adelaide for the last time on Monday, Dec 1 and Tuesday, Dec 2 @ Heaven. This is your last chance.

CALLING ALL RUDE BOYS AND GIRLS

Sunday October 19 sees the opening of 'nuff respect at the Worldsend. From 12 noon - 8pm hear Adelaide's top selectors, Duncan, Dubarama, Lola and crew mix up a crucial selection of soulful reggae, dub, dancehall and a hint of ska. Also, during the opening week the happy hour will be extended to 5-7pm and some lucky members will receive give away tapes and CD's. Natif said...

MAKE SYNERGY YOUR SUMMER PUB/CLUB

Run by uni students for uni students ... every Friday night!!! At Synergy the PUB (8-12): \$1 beers & \$2.50 base spirits - plus DJ's Dave Adams and Martin Nichols. At Synergy the CLUB (12-5): regular flashing light special every hour on the hour. - Plus DJ's Jayse and Mayhem Crew. Loogie & Justice. Free entry before 10, and \$5 after that.



TOTALLY WIMMIN' POWERED RADIO

It's on again—**TOTALLY WIMMIN' POWERED RADIO** hits the Student Radio airwaves **THIS WEEK** on 5UV 531am.

For the fourth year in a row Adelaide University Student Radio will be blasting with the sounds of women on the air. From 9:30pm to 1:30am on Wednesday 15th, Thursday 16th and Saturday 18th, for one whole week of student radio, women unite to create diverse radio for you!!

Every night, to start of the evening, there will be a forum on issues relating especially to women with special guests, interviews and vox populi's.

The rest of the night is filled with a variety of shows dealing with different, interesting and challenging themes- **ALL POWERED BY WOMEN!!!**

SO LISTEN UP!!! AND SUPPORT STUDENT RADIO on 5UV 531am!!

LINCOLN COLLEGE
(THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE)



Applications are invited from suitably qualified women and men for the positions in the College in 1997 of:

Senior Tutor
Residential Tutor(s)

Lincoln College is a residential college for tertiary students located in parkland 15 minutes walk from the University of Adelaide and the University of South Australia. It operates under the auspices of the Uniting Church. The College community includes both local, interstate and international students from some twenty countries.

Residential tutors should be willing to provide academic assistance, intellectual leadership, and pastoral support to the resident members of the College. Applicants should be mature, academically able, enthusiastic people willing to play a leadership role in College life. They should be committed to the goals of Collegiate living and have an understanding of the problems and needs of students living away from home.

The positions of senior tutor and tutor are part-time and are therefore particularly suited to junior members of academic staff, post graduate students or senior undergraduates with a demonstrated record of leadership and academic success.

Remuneration is by way of substantial rebates on residential fees. The Senior tutor is also paid an honorarium.

Applications should be lodged by 31 October 1997.

For further information or application forms contact the College on (08) 8290 6000 or write to:

The Principal
Lincoln College
45 Brougham Place
North Adelaide, 5006

or e-mail: p_gunn@lincoln.college.adelaide.edu.au

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Albury	\$57	Geelong	\$35
Canberra	\$77	Sydney	\$77

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Australia's most modern
fleet of coaches.
Wherever you want to
go, we'll get you there
in air-conditioned luxury.

For information and
bookings contact: STA
Travel or McCafferty's

PH 13 14 99

*All prices quoted are student fares ex Adelaide,
one way and subject to change without notice.



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MCC3665

BRADMAN DRIVE

Today I would like to discuss an idea currently doing the rounds in the more in-



formed sporting circles in our fair city. A name change has been mooted for memorial drive, the strip across the river.

If commonsense has its way Memorial drive will be replaced by the name "Bradman Drive". This name not only celebrates the great man's name but also his famous cover drive. I cannot think of a more fitting tribute to the "the Don" than this.

With this in mind, I would like to suggest a few more changes that would help highlight our marvellous sporting achievements. Some are easy. The national War Memorial, for example, could become the National Waugh Memorial, & St. Peter's Cathedral could become the Ian Chapel. I know Chappel's surname is spelt differ-

ently but people would know instantly what was meant. Constitution Docks in Hobart should change its name immediately to the "Boon Docks" to celebrate their own nuggetty little achiever.

I would also like to erect an enormous monument in Adelaide, dedicated to our sporting endeavours. Nobody can go to New York without being struck by the Statue of Liberty, a monument erected to the glory of freedom. In Robe they have the giant Crayfish erected to celebrate the importance of cray-fishing to the area. What better way than to celebrate the glory of sport than with our own 200 foot statue of Pat Mickan. Think of the money she would generate as millions of tourists come each year to marvel at her.

Pat's head could be a rotating restaurant offering spectacular views of Adelaide oval & the new Olympic Stadium at Mile End.

This would send an unambiguous message to all those who believe that Adelaide has nothing to offer the tourist. Where else in the world could they enjoy the finest wines, the tastiest Australian cuisine & spectacular views all from the tastefully decorated ambience of Pat Mickan's revolving head. Jeff Kennett, eat your bloody heart out!

D Warner.

SHORT STUFF

Congrats to all participants at the Australian Uni Games hoping you were all able to remind a victorian that Croweaters know how to play footy.

Heard some good stories about IV from the A.U.Judo boys who managed to find a pub or two into between two Bronze medals (Cam White, John Saunders), a Silver (Len), & a good fourth place (Will Tamblyn), against quality opponents. In the B comp Cam & Gareth came 1st & 2nd respectively. The team is reported to have finished third overall. Well done!

But really you'd have to say something about the standard of South Aussie football, which hopefully is about to plateau at this year's very high level. The return of Malcolm Blight & the entrance of Port Power to the AFL have changed not only the face of Australian (V.F.L.) football but also has given an impetus to the local league with the SANFL grand final sold out. And Oh! .. wasn't it sad to see the Ethelton Magpies go down in a screaming heap. I wonder if a Jack Cahill led Port side would roll over so meekly?

Congrats are due the Uni Footy Club "the Blacks", who took out Premierships in an unprecedented five grades. The Baseball Club also took out a premiership this year and deserve a loud cheer. Also to St Marks College for taking the inter college 'Douglas-Irving Trophy', for 1997.

Any how Summer seems to be steaming our way, it's out with the bathers, racquets and willow, so don't forget to sign up with a cheap & friendly sports club for summer.

Brett Will

AUSKI

WELL SKI SEASON IS PRETTY MUCH OVER AND ONCE AGAIN IT'S BEEN A GOOD YEAR FOR THE SNOW SKI CLUB. UNFORTUNATELY THE SEPTEMBER TRIP DIDN'T EVENTUATE DUE TO LACK OF SNOW BUT WE'LL TRY AGAIN NEXT YEAR.

PAYMENTS, INCLUDING DEPOSITS FOR THE SEPTEMBER TRIP, WILL BE FULLY REFUNDED IN DUE COURSE OR THOSE INVOLVED MAY LIKE TO ROLL THEIR MONEY OVER TO BE ASSURED A PLACE ON THE JULY '98 TRIP.

THANKS TO ALL THOSE WHO SUPPORTED THE CLUB THIS YEAR. KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR PIGEON HOLES AND MAILBOXES FOR INFO ABOUT THE AUSKI CHRISTMAS SHOW TO BE HELD AFTER THE EXAMS.

ONE LAST THING:
SNOW SKI CLUB
A.G.M.

THURSDAY OCTOBER 30
1PM

NORTH DINING ROOM
UNION BUILDING
FOR MORE INFO CALL
0411 193 162.

CHEERS,
ANT.

GOT SOME TRAVEL
STORIES YOU WANT
TO TELL ?

GET YOUR STUFF INTO
US FOR THE ALL NEW
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DEADLINE:
THIS WEDNESDAY 5PM.



SPORTS SUPPORT

Hockey

2-9-97

The Div 6M's season is culminating with a berth in the finals, a jubilant Div 5M's team whose win has advanced their finals campaign and there were mixed results for the two PL teams. MEN Div 5 - Elimination Final vs Grange -WON 4-1. A brilliant team game by the Blacks. Only one goal was scored in the first half, when a pass deep into the left corner was crossed back to the top of the circle where a waiting Paul Senior slotted the ball into the back of the net. Grange started the second half with an equaliser within 20 seconds. Uni then recovered and kept up the pressure in attack, and the inevitable goals came from Marty Kew, Ben O'Donohoe and Jake. The Div 6 team defeated North East 3-2 in a tight struggle. Hopefully, we can play a better grade of hockey next week in the finals. Premier League Men lost to North East 0-2. This was a better effort than last time we played, but when you don't score goals you don't win! Roger Woods almost scored the goal of the season late in the game but the shot unfortunately hit the cross bar. Jason Braun (Space) also had a couple of deflections that went close. This loss has now shifted us back to third in the President's Plate. WOMEN Premier League Women WON against Seacliff 1-0. Uni defence played well under the relentless Seacliff attack in the first half. The only goal of the game was scored against the run of play and was well set up. Alison Perkins made sure the deflection hit the backboard.

Hockey

8-9-97

WOMEN Premier League drew with Forestville 1-1 (Wednesday night). After creating mountains of goal scoring opportunities Uni only managed to put one goal in the back of the net. Coming from a scrabble in the circle it was technically a Forestville own goal but consensus has it that Ann Keeler was the last Uni player to touch the ball. Premier League drew with Woodville 1-1 (Saturday). The first half was a huge improvement on previous games and once again Uni created many scoring opportunities but failed to convert. The goal was scored by Alison Perkins who slotted the ball in behind a stranded keeper. A bit of a lapse in the second half allowed Woodville to equalise. It was Bec Anderson's last game for the club as she assures us she will not be coaxed out of retirement for next season. Bec has done an enormous amount of work for AUHC both on and off the field and her contribution to the club will be sorely missed. All the best in "life after hockey" (apparently it exists!!). MEN Premier League lost to Adelaide 0-1. The last game before the president's plate finals. We can only hope that the team performs better against the same opposition next week. Adelaide's goal came from a penalty corner 15 minutes into the game. Div 5 - Semi final - lost to Port Adelaide 1-3 Uni had more possession of the ball throughout the game, but as was the case for most of the season, we were unable to get the scores on the board. Congratulations to Marty Pudney, who actually scored two goals - one at each end. A special thanks to Rex for coaching through the year, and to Paul Senior, winner of the Captains trophy. Div 6 men lost to Adelaide 2-6 but are still in the finals. They play the preliminary final next week. Nick Canning scored both of Uni's goals.

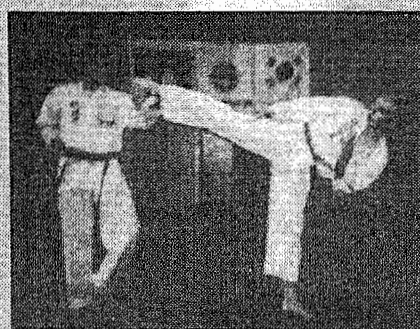
Tae

Kwon

Do

Once again members of the AU Rhee Tae Kwon Do Club have excelled at the recent round of gradings. New members Jean Todd & Evan Thompson, at their first exam, were very impressive, being double promoted from 10th grade to 8th grade after only training with us for a short time. Adam Byron & Thuan Ngo were promoted from 8th to 7th, while Han Pham & Thanh Tran shone with their promotions from 7th to 6th grade after only 7 months training with the club. Joining the ranks of the senior belts were Fernando Sun (5 to 4), Colin Marchant & Madeleine Sabordo (both 4 to 3. Uni members tend to perform at above average levels at all gradings, and have done so again with our members also excelling at alternate tests. Congrats to all.

Anyone wishing to train with AU Tae Kwon Do Club is invited to come along to the games room (Level 5, Union Building) on Monday & Wednesday at 1.00pm, or to the Irene Watson Room (Level 5, Union Building) on Tuesday night at 6.30pm. Or contact John O'Brien 018 841 650 or Shane Spellacy 8297 4631.



Football:

Div 8 South. Panther Park UNI 14:7 v Broadview 6:6 Best (B Vezis Penhall Aplin Davis Argent Mossman) Goals (Davis 6, Maxwell Clohesy 2, N Vezis Penhall Aplin Cullinan)

Div 8 South. Panther Park UNI 13:12 v Broadview 6:7. Best (Clark Furey Clarke Grady Baker Walker) Goals (Densley 5, Wildy 3, Clark 2, Scott-Young Schmidt Grady 1)

Div 8 North. Campbelltown Oval. UNI 11:13 v Salisbury Nth 5:9 Best (Bryson Pengilly Sheirlaw Steel Mosey Wallace) Goals (Smid Sheirlaw 4, Rigden Copping Wallace 1)

Div 8 North. Campbelltown Oval. UNI 10:10 v Athelstone 10:9 Best. (Graetz M Kube Bird Leitch Clode Lanyon) Goals (Graetz Brock 3, Sarson White M Kube I. Kube 1)

Div 10 South. UNI 15:10 v Hectorville 8:4. Best (Huppertz Iwaniv Champion Bellej Williamson Kimber.) Goals (Featherstone 4, Kimber Huppertz Walsh 3, Iwaniv 2, Lynn Champion Schapell.)

Soccer

25/5/97

AMATEURS Games finished w/e 7-9-97. The A-grade finishing 10th & B-grade a creditable 3rd. WOMENS Games finished w/e 31-8-97 with both teams finishing 8th in there division. COLLEGIATE Div A1 & B finished w/e 7-9-97. Congratulations to Uni Blue who were Premiers of A1 with Uni White 4th & Uni Black 8th. In div B, Black B finished 4th White 5th & blue 6th. CUP ROUND Uni Blue A v Windsor Gdns. 2-1 LEAGUE ROUND DIV A2 UNI Dodgers V St Peters 2-1 Graduate Reds bye

RiptUp & Adelaide Unibar Presents

ALTERNOTE

The End of Year Show

Saturday, November 8th
Adelaide Uni Cloisters

Tix on sale Monday, October 13th
thru' Adelaide Uni and all CIB ticketing outlets
\$15 pre-sold \$20 at the door if available

the line-up so far:

Underground Lovers
Sidewinder
Pollyanna
Rebecca's Empire
Brown Hornet
Moler
Kinetic Playground

CLASSIFIEDS

WANNA LEARN TO PLAY THE FLUTE?

I am an experienced Flute teacher, who currently attends the Elder Conservatorium. My rates are reasonable and open to negotiation. I'll teach you the style you want to learn, and my patience is inexhaustible. Can teach beginners and those who want to re learn or fine tune their established skills; and those who would like to undertake official examinations. To find out more, ring Ian on: 8357 4390

HAVE DEGREE, WILL TRAVEL ...?

Teach English while you're there The University of Cambridge, UK incorporating the Royal Society of Arts, offers an internationally and nationally recognised intensive course for adults over 20 who have never taught English as a foreign language but who have the motivation and educational background to do so. The good news is that you can take the course not only in the UK and many other countries, but also right here in Adelaide at Buckingham College of English. The next course runs full time from November 3-28, 1997.

Caroline Buckingham, Principal of the College, launched her own career in English language teaching with the CELTA - Certificate in English Language Teaching to Adults. Shortly after completing her degree, she enrolled in the course and four weeks later found herself on an all expenses paid package teaching English in Japan. Since then, she has continued to work in this field, and is now helping others gain the same qualification.

Many CELTA graduates have found employment overseas and in Australia through this initial teacher-training course. Should you be interested in learning more about the course, please contact the College for further information. Buckingham College of English 21 Hindmarsh Square Adelaide 5000 Tel: 8 359 3535 Fax: 8359 3550 email: bce@wantree.com.au

CHEAP TRIP TO PERTH

I wish to sell a \$532 Return Plane Ticket from Adelaide to Perth, available until December 10th, which I am unable to use. \$450 O N O Phone Andree on 8293 2575

A BIT OF HELP FOR THE BOYS

GAIM is a group for Greek and Italian men who are gay, bisexual, or who feel that they are attracted to men. We meet monthly, for informal meetings in a strictly confidential environment. For more information, call Leitho. Wednes-

day's on 8200 3935.

Unidos Cabaret

UNIDOS, the multicultural gay, lesbian and bisexual network as part of FEAST, is holding a cabaret evening. Gay, lesbian and bisexual people from diverse cultural backgrounds are invited to attend this exotic evening. Bring your partners and friends!

When: Saturday November 8.

Where: Adelaide Community Centre, 23 Coglein Street, Adelaide.

Time: 7.00pm - 11pm. Live acts, and other entertainment will appear beginning at 7.30pm BYO drinks and alcohol. An exotic supper as well as coffee from around the world will also be available. For more information, call Deb or Leitho Wednesdays on 8200 3925.

GET SOME MONEY THROWN YOUR WAY

June Opie Fellowship, 1998

The closing date for applications is 1 October, 1997

The award available to citizens and permanent residents of Australia, Canada and New Zealand, is designed as an incentive for students of high academic achievement who have a severe disability. It is primarily intended for those who plan to undertake graduate study with a view to preparing themselves for a role in the professions, in politics, or more particularly, in university teaching and research and who have disability issues as a continuing interest, but applications in respect of undergraduate study must be considered. The award is made to enable the recipient to secure such assistance, by travel, by the preparation of computer software, or by other means as will facilitate effective study and preparation for the future.

This is the first fellowship of its kind in the world and its principal purpose is the pursuit of excellence.

New Zealand, Australia and Canada were selected as the countries on which to focus initially in search of recipients. Application forms and full regulations for the Fellowship are available from the Scholarships Offices at Simon Fraser University, Canada, The University of New South Wales, Australia, and the University of Auckland, New Zealand. Simon Fraser University Burnaby

British Columbia, V5A 1S6

CANADA

The University of New South Wales

PO Box 1, Kensington

New South Wales, 2033

AUSTRALIA

ATTENTION FILM MAKERS

I have been interested in the film industry for a long time and have found it hard to make contracts and get experience. I'm after someone to give me experience and somewhere to start. I have done an

advanced video camera course through the M.R.C. I am willing to start from the bottom and work my way up, as well as give anything a go. I am not interested in money at this stage, only experience and gaining skills. I am not afraid of hard work and am very easy to get along with. I also have some artistic skills. If you are interested you can ring me on 041 139 5521 (ask for Lee)

DANCE WITH AN ECHIDNA

GIG GUIDE/ MEDIA RELEASE/ COMMUNITY ANNOUNCEMENT

Wilderness Society Dance Saturday October 18th, 8pm - 1am

The dance is the Art Deco Burnside Council Ballroom. A non smoking venue. Ticket prices - \$16 and \$12, includes supper. Tables are reserved (at your request) with your advanced ticket purchases for groups. Tel: (08) 8333 2472.

Entertainment on the night:

The exciting Heather Prahm whose music is an inspiration

The feisty, energizing and uplifting celtic sound of Whiplash will get you dancing like you never have before!!

So - ask your friends along and get ready for a night to remember!

Tickets at the Central Market Shop & on sale on the night.

Proceeds to the Wilderness Society (SA) Branch - A conservation group working on local environment issues.

MORE FREE MEDITATION CLASSES

Mondays 13th, 20th October OR Thursdays 9th, 16th October

Both at 7pm, both in the Margaret Murray Room, Union Building, 5th Floor. Meditation is silence, energising and fulfilling

Presented by the SRI CHINMOY CENTRE

CUTE HOUSE...CUTE MALE?

Cute house to share with artistic male 9th Nov - Feb, Torrensville.

\$65 per week, no bond. Close city, bus, shops, banks, swimming pool, can bike to city along Torrens. Could you possibly want more? Phone 8234 5496

after 5:30.

INDIGENOUS MUSICIANS WANTED

Are you an Aboriginal or Torres Strait Islander musician that would like to contribute your original music to an upcoming film exploring discrimination against indigenous Australians? The film will be screened at the Mercury cinema and hopefully at other film festivals. If interested please call Marina on 8352 7716. Hope to hear from you!

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR AWARD DESIGN PRIZE WINNER

One thousand dollars and a trip to Canberra are the prizes for the university student who wins the design competition for the Australian Awards for University Teaching.

Entry is open to all current university students, and the competition will be particularly attractive to those studying in design or art disciplines.

The winner of the design competition will be notified by October 27. They will be flown to Canberra to attend the presentation dinner on 24 November at Parliament House as a special guest to acknowledge their own contribution to the success of the Awards.

Media enquiries Frances Dart (02) 6294 8884 or 0412 008 801

PO Box 787, Rozelle, NSW, 2039 PH: (02)9555 2827, FAX (02)9555 2861

GET YOUR HEAD INTO THE SKY

The Adelaide University Astronomical Society Presents a talk by Dr Viz Gorlin - "Chaos in the Solar System", followed by tea and coffee and an Observation session (weather permitting). Admission is FREE and all welcome.

14th October, 7pm Kerr Grant LT, Physics and Mathematical Physics building.

RIP 'EM HAIRS OUT LASSY!

"EPILADY" Hair Remover Power Adaptor Model - 6 months old - barely used. With carry bag. Excellent condition. Cost \$80.00 Sell \$40 ono. Phone (08) 85632128.

STRUMM, PLING...STRUMM

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

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DINNER - EVERY NIGHT

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Valid Sunday to Thursday.

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