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# **On Dit**

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## **Shoe Fetish**

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*the University of Alberta Student Newspaper*

May 1998 Vol. 66 No. 9

# EDITORIAL

Every year On Dit produces a Sexuality Edition. Every year we receive a tide (well, a bit of a dribble, really) of complaints regarding the Sexuality Edition. These complaints range from basic homophobic rantings along the lines of, "Us straight people don't get our own edition so why should all the poofers?" through to the more educated, "If it's a Sexuality Edition, you should represent all sexualities, not just homosexuality."

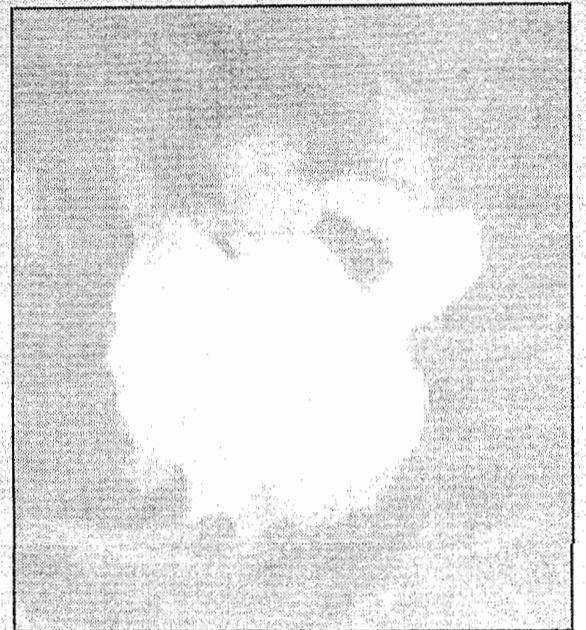
Because we enjoy the occasional pre-emptive strike, we respond to these criticisms thusly:

Complaint 1: It's not just an edition for gays and lesbians, it is also for heterosexuals. So sod off.

Complaint 2: The reason we don't print more articles which represent a balanced view of the diversity of the sexual orientation spectrum is that no one gives them to us. The folk from PRIDE get very involved and give us plenty of stuff; hardly anyone else does. So don't sit there and complain about it. Get off your arse and write something. For next year.

We must apologise profusely to all the clubs on campus and the Clubs Association in general and more specifically to Michael Blackwell, who weekly puts much work into collating the Clubs Column (commonly known as Clubby Clubby Clubs Clubs, much to our amusement if no one else's) for completely screwing up and losing this week's column. We tried our darnedest to fix things but we couldn't and so it's not there. Sorry. If anyone anywhere is even remotely interested in doing anything even remotely Clubby, we strongly recommend that you go into the Clubs Association (just through the Cloisters) and have a chat with 'em. Lovely folk. Sorry again.

Susie doesn't know yet that her father gave us a whole bunch of embarrassing photos from the selection presented at her 21st over the weekend. We're sufficiently brave to attempt to embarrass her by bringing you one right now. It's not really embarrassing. No, really, it's not. It's cute.



**On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The Editors have complete editorial control although the opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own. Anything you can do to make our existence more bearable, including gifts, food, drink and flowers, would be most welcome.**

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**Printing:**  
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**Sexy Chickadees:**  
Susie for finally turning 21 (we can all relax now), Jon "Choccy" Dyer, Leanne for not bringing Dean with her (happy birthday Dean), Ching Yee "Boss" Ng for her long-awaited return to the dungeon, Esther for chauffeuring us back into the 80s, Chris B for ensuring Susie's alcoholism for years to come and for making the rest of us look good, Janak because we assume he's coming in later on with the Tim Tams, Darren for averting disaster again, all our sexy contributors, and Mr and Mrs Bate and the whole

Bate clan for the stupendous event that was Susie's 21st, especially Mr Bate for the embarrassing Susie photos that we look forward to bringing you throughout the remainder of the year.. Oh, yeah.

**Stodgy Chooks:**  
Peter & Christian for being so stodgy.  
Susie for hardly doing any work all weekend.  
The busted vending machine upstairs. Bastard.

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

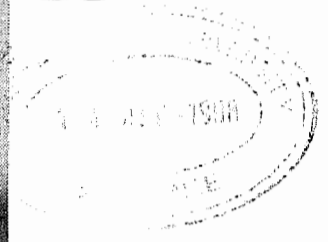
**How to contribute/contact us:**

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

**About the cover:**  
Chris had to go and put the condoms on the fence and take the photo (and then take the condoms off again) all by himself. He wasn't embarrassed, though. Seriously.

# Sexuality Edition

# Contents



Regular but still sexy stuff

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# what is prosh ?

**Prosh Week 19-22nd May**

## **prosh week**

Prosh Week is a week full of fun and mayhem. It's a week where students let loose and go crazy by pulling some out of this world pranks on and off campus, to raise money for charity.

Prosh Week began some 90 years ago, and has grown to become a time honoured tradition at Adelaide University. It's a week where people feared to walk the streets and the campus because of the possibility of being saturated with water, flourbombs and anything else students could get their grubby little mitts on.

The week is full of pranks, games, food and bands.

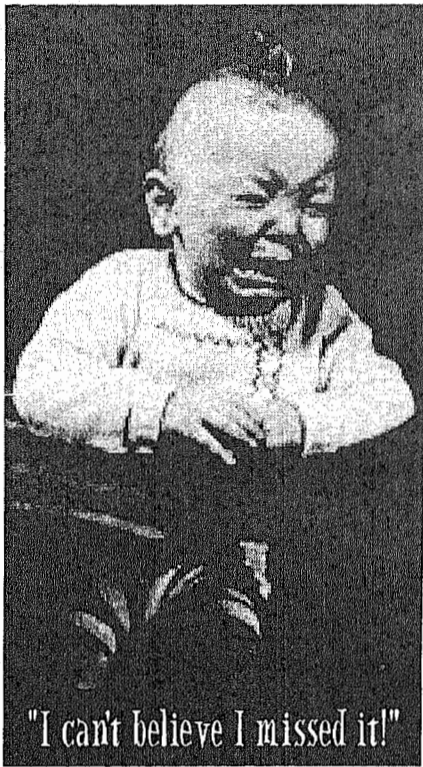
## **the pranks**

This is just what makes PROSH. It's a time to let your imaginations run wild and figure out some amazing pranks that will make you a legend at Adelaide University. BUT.....

ALL pranks need to be registered with me in the SAUA (Students' Association). The registered best prank wins a fantastic prize, that will make your knees wobble and eyes water.

REMEMBER: PRANKS MUST BE LEGAL WE, THE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION WILL NOT BAIL YOU OUT OR PAY FOR DAMAGES.

I know, I know, it's not fun if the prank is legal, and it's not fun if everyone knows. WRONG: Making the prank legal is a hell of a lot better then having the police breathe down my neck and most probably yours. So be nice - I don't need the extra hassles. You can tell me about the prank, hey, I might even be able to help you. registered pranks will stay with me, I won't tell anyone. Trust me I'm Italian.



## **past pranks**

Just some of the memorable pranks that have occurred include kidnapping and ransoming some of Adelaide's most notable personalities including the ex Premier John Bannon, Archbishop Rayner, and many notable media personalities like Kevin Crease.

More of the popular pranks include:

- pizza deliveries to lectures.
- The dismantling of your favourite lecturer's car, which was rebuilt in the Mayo refectory.
- Of course who could forget the infamous handcuffers. The handcuffers handcuff themselves to a person of their choice, and the handcuffee must either pay to be released or contend with that person for the rest of the day.
- The borrowing of Ronald McDonald from the Myer centre. Watching a group of

students run down North terrace with Ronald on their shoulders and Myer Security hot on their tails will sure be a sight many by-standers will remember.

- An attempt at holding up a bank with water pistols. Not necessarily a wise choice considering that no one was informed and people actually thought it was a real hold up and needless to say shitted their pants and called the police.
- The spinning the seats around in the med school so that the lecture theatre is facing backwards.
- Suspending a car above the Torrens from the footbridge

## **the prosh parade**

What a spectacle this is. Heaps of students walking, riding their bikes, driving their cars dressed up and dolled up and doing whatever down the streets of Adelaide. The parade is a visually spectacular event, and not only gets Adelaide students involved but lets the general community know what students can get up to when they put their minds to it. The Procession itself has grown to be a spectacular parade down the streets of Adelaide and includes all sorts of vehicles, from floats, students in all sorts of costumes, bands; and who could forget the beer truck (mmmm beer) and our beautiful Prosh Queen, that makes everyone swoon.

## **prosh after dark**

The Grand Finale to Prosh This years' Prosh After Dark is being held Friday night in the bar, and is going to be an 80's extravaganza. There will be students dressed up in funkified outfits, a discoball and the fine tunes of PORNLAND, also showing will be movies and of course DJ'S. This will be a really cheap and fun night out for all.

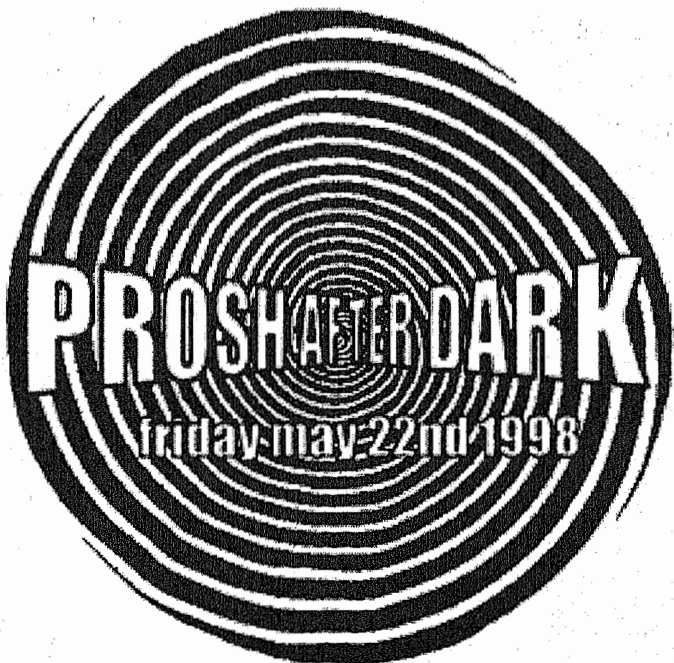
ALL THE MONEY RAISED DURING PROSH GOES TO CHARITY, SO BE GENEROUS AND GET INVOLVED IN ALL THE ACTIVITIES DURING PROSH WEEK

## **charity**

This year's charity is the Florey Research Fund. This fund researches in diseases such as cancer, heart disease, asthma, hepatitis and so forth. Howard Florey was born and raised in Adelaide. Through hard work he graduated from The Adelaide Medical School in 1921. His work led to the development of penicillin for clinical use and introduced a new era of antibiotics. This year is the centenary year of the birth of Howard Florey. Your donation during PROSH WEEK will help set the pace for establishing the base for future medical research.



For more information about Prosh, please contact Alida Parente, Activities Vice President, at the Students' Association: Ground Floor, George Murray Building, or by phoning 8303 5406.



featuring...

**PORNLAND** the band  
**80's DJ Dance Party**

**UniBar, May 22nd**

tickets \$3 au students / \$5 others  
available from the students' association office, and at the door.



# THE PLANET DISCO 1998

# GREASE

## BALL



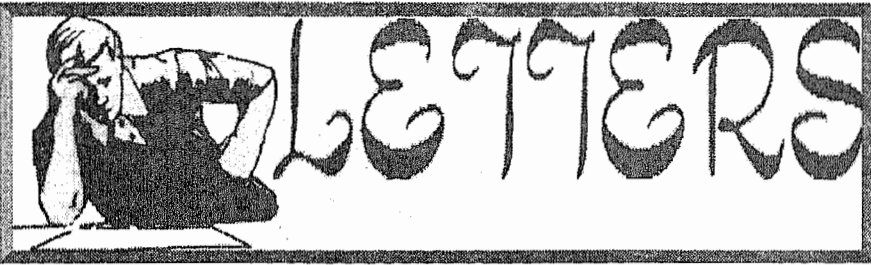
**WEDNESDAY 20TH MAY 1998**

- WIN A TRIP TO GREECE THANKS TO HELLENIC TRAVEL & ALITALIA • SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCES
- GREASE THE ARENA SPECTACULAR TICKET GIVE AWAY'S • PRIZES FOR SANDY & DANNY LOOK-A-LIKES
- CHUNKY CUSTARD PERFORMING LIVE • \$5 GREASE DINNER SPECIALS 6-9PM
- 50¢ BEERS • \$1 CHAMPAGNE • \$2.50 BASE SPIRITS • 9PM - 10PM
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## Gods! Will it ever end?

Dear Brentyn Ramm,

I would like to congratulate you on the accuracy of your assesment of me - I do make myself look superior to others by putting them down, I do feel inferior to others, I don't like looking stupid in front of others, I do live in a cell of emotion which does damage others that I have relationships with. I like to criticise and destroy rather than create because it is easier, I like to feel safe, sometimes I puport to be intelligent. And finally, you were right to note that I cannot get beyond the perceptions of my group of friends.

I am suprised you know me so well to deduce all of these things.

I must admit that the central concern of my last letter was slander.

The letters column of *On Dit* seems the place where such things are routinely placed (*We'll see you in court, pal - Eds*). But thank you for the challenge to write in. The root of my slander was in fact a philosophical one and not just a drunken slur. Your column, in common with the tradition known as analytic philosophy, is an example of the unexamined scientism at the heart of much contemporary philosophy. If you wish for some proof about this, which I gather you will, I merely point out the fact that your column from the start has been solely concerned with 'theories' of things - time, beauty etc.

The problem with this view of philosophy as a sort of 'pre-science' (as one of our esteemed philosophy lecturers at Adelaide likes to say) is that it makes mani-

fold assumptions about knowledge, humanity, science etc. etc. And, as a philosopher, someone who I assume would go along with the definition of philosophy as "the critical activity of thought upon itself", these unexamined premises make your enterprise a little bit thinner on the ground than it first appears. Do you agree?

And so I will not answer you questions about my theory of beauty and time because I have none, and they don't interest me. Brentyn, my problem with your style of philosophy is that it works within an

abstract, propositional, self-legitimizing discourse. This conception of philosophy is something that I do my best to kill off and ridicule at any possible chance.

In thanks for your questions, though, I give you one of my own:

"animals are divided into:

(a)belonging to the emperor

(b)embalmed

(c)tame

(d)suckling pigs

(e)sirens

(f)fabulous

(g)stray dogs

(h)included in the present classification

(i)frenzied

(j)innumerable

(k)drawn with a very fine camel hair brush

(l)et cetera

(m)having just broken the water pitcher  
(n)that from a long way off look like flies"

This is an important philosophical fragment to me. What do you make of it?

Thanks for your Time

**Immature Kant**

**18th Century Arts Student**

"Irony is not the enemy of soul"

## Christian's a pearler

Dear *On Dit*,

Good afternoon. How are you all? Your newspaper is the best thing I could ever read.

When I was a small child, my great-grandmother gave me a small pearl of wisdom that I have treasured within my soul until this very moment. Looking down at me with her bespectacled watery eyes, with her cheeks sagging from age and her hair falling out, as I played with my paint set, she smiled, looked wise and said to me:

"Never forget, young Christian, that you can't be kinky without using ink."

Bless her soul. She was right.

**Christian Haebich**  
Chief Lecturer for Arts

## Peter's a long- haired hippy

Att: *On Dit* Editors

Re: Letter in *On Dit* 4th of May, Vol. 66 No. 8, titled "La Hora What Now?"

My Name is Peter Adams B.A. (Jurisprudence) L.L.B. L.R.B. B.Sc. Y.M.C.A. A.O.K., and I represent a Mr. Peter Adams of Student Radio (no relation). I write to inform you that you are being sued for defamation for the comments published in your last issue (4th of May, Vol. 66, No. 8). The paragraph in question reads as follows:

"Peter Adams .. learn how to spell "rocken", you long haired hippie...."

I request that you make a formal retraction of this letter, and a written apology in your next publication. If this action is not taken I will pursue with any legal proceedings requested by my client.

Yours Sincerely,

**Peter Adams B.A. (Jurisprudence) L.L.B. L.R.B. B.Sc. Y.M.C.A. A.O.K.**

**Adams, Adams, and Adamson. Barristers and Solicitors.**

*We retract. We unreservedly retract. We also apologise. Unreservedly. We are humbled before the weight of your argument and the exemplary character of both you and your client. You are both short-haired and conservative. - Eds*

## They never shut up. Give us the gun.

Dear *On Dit*,

As Student Radio Directors, we could not help but to respond to the views expressed in a letter by a certain Will and Deano concerning some of the contents of the Student Radio. 'Talkin' Ammo' is a well thought out and well presented part of our programming, filling a need in the community for information about so-called less-popular ideologies, and weaponry. As such, our leadership has been amply demonstrated in keeping "Talkin' Ammo" in our programming. Just because you do not subscribe to their particular political viewpoint does not automatically mean that their views should not be aired in a public forum. You are advocating the sort of censorship-based, socially controlling political views that you are accusing "Talkin' Ammo" of offending and insulting us with. We and many others find "Talkin' Ammo", at 12:30am every second Saturday on Student Radio 531AM, to be highly amusing and informative.

More importantly, they talk about shooting things with really big guns. There have been many combat situations that we have been involved in where, in dangerous and pressing circumstances, the information that we have heard on "Talkin' Ammo" has saved our lives. Along with boot-camps and 5 year military service, I believe that "Talkin' Ammo" should be made a compulsory part of our fragmenting society.

**Peter Adams**  
**Christian Haebich**  
**1998 Student Radio Directors.**

## Pish Tosh

Hola *On Dit*,

I woke up on Monday morning to the sad news that Kevin Lloyd, who plays Tosh on *The Bill* has left us for that big boozier in the sky. This is tragic news for all fans of *The Bill* who will no longer be greeted by that mo and paunch every Saturday night that we came to love so much. Rest in peace big fella', may your roly-poly body never have to chase any spritely crooks again.

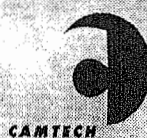
On the subject of British celebrities with a limited shelf life, has anyone else noticed that there is a guy walking around the Uni, probably an engineering student, who bears a striking resemblance to Posh Spice? Is this a result of one mans obsession with those Girls of spice, or could it just be that the spice mania that has swept the world has invaded my imagination too? (And was that really George Michael who I saw in the UniBar toilets last night?)

yours in mourning,  
**Dave**  
**1st year arts**

## "Back to Uni"

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# Folks Doin' Stuff All

Dear Editors,

Your esteemed publication mentioned last week in "Folks Doin' Stuff" that you have received no information regarding the 'National Campus Band Competition'. Maybe the writer should have looked at your back cover? (*The thing about writers is that they don't get to see back covers until after back covers have been printed. Perhaps actual publicity might have been forthcoming from organisers - Eds*) Anyway, details as follows:

Entries are now open for the Adelaide Uni heats of the National Campus Band Competition, presented by Union Activities.

Heats will be held in the UniBar through May and June.

Here's what you need.

- \* a band, or a soloist of some musical ability

- \* a currently enrolled student of the University of Adelaide to be a member of your group.....and to be making a substantial musical contribution. No students playing the triangle please.

Here's what you need to do.

- \* get an entry form from the Union Admin Office, Students' Association or the UniBar, then read it.

- \* fill it out.

- \* return it no later than 5pm STRICT on Friday the 15th of May. To the Union Administration office in the Lady Symon Building.

What can you win (well, apart from stardom and notoriety)

- \* if you win a heat you go into the campus final on Friday July 31

- \* if you win that you get a paid gig in the UniBar on one of our great bills and you get some cash. (Yet to be determined)

- \* if you come first or second in the campus final you go to the state final, also to be held at the Adelaide UniBar.

- \* if you win that, not only do you receive lots of prizes, but you get to drive with me to Melbourne (well that's not actually part of the prize that's more suffering for your art) However, by competing in the National Final you get: recorded and distributed by Troy Horse Records; a National Campus Tour; lots of prizes thanks to our very good friends at XLR8; and so much more there isn't possibly room here to tell you.

Other winners in previous years include Jebediah, Hardware, Story Time and Raison Toast, I think You Am I even entered it one year.

I am also reliably informed that bands who give a photo of themselves and a 50 word(max) bio will get a write up and spread in *On Dit*.

If you have any questions please contact me via:  
ph. 8303 5013  
fax. 8223 7165  
e m a i l  
ssewell@auu.adelaide.edu.au  
Good Luck

Sacha Sewell  
Activities Officer,  
Adelaide University Union.



16% of cows do it  
upside down.  
Statistics do not lie.

## Careers Fair

12th - 14th May  
Games Room  
Level 5, Union Building

ATTENTION ALL STUDENTS WHO WANT A JOB WHEN YOU LEAVE THIS SAFE HAVEN WE CALL UNIVERSITY!!!!

This week the Students' Association is organising the inaugural Careers Fair which will be taking place in the Games Room, Level 5 of the Union Building. This is your chance to obtain information about possible careers or career paths and make contact with employers from around Adelaide! The stalls will be staffed by the employers and will have information about their particular company or area of business. You will be free to take information, ask questions or even seek some direction. There will also be a table with general information about career options, the services available through the Careers Service on campus as well info about how you can go about entering your chosen field. It could even help you find your field!! This is a wonderful opportunity to find out what's really out there in the big bad world. So drop in and join us. The times when we will be in the Games Room are:

Tues 12 - 3  
Wed 12 - 3  
Thurs 3 - 6

The employers that will be attending the Careers Fair are:

- Overseas Service Bureau
- ASC Engineering
- The Association of Professional Engineers, Scientists & managers Australia
- Labstaff Pty Ltd
- St Clair Recreation Centre
- Securities Institute Education
- Motorola Australia Software Centre
- Computer Sciences Corporation
- South Australian Police Force
- Australian Human Resources Institute
- Graduate Entrepreneurial Program
- United Water

Here is a siropane  
Deer On Dee  
My name is Johnson. I am 11 yers old. I read On Dee. It is silly. My dog laughs at sexames street. I like Student Radio. The best shows are Talking Amos, 11:30 am, and Horn Latria 9:30 every Wednesday. I like them and they laugh me even though the radio D.Jays are silly too. Christean Hoybek is a int jundy - he is scareey. I like Jelly (Blue is best)  
Johnson Hamilton George  
3rd year Science



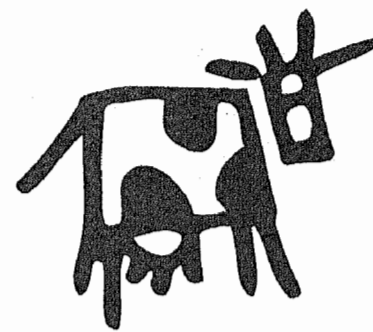
- Australian Defence Force

As well as these employers the Overseas Service Bureau, who run the Volunteers Abroad program, will be conducting an Information Seminar on Wednesday at 12 noon in the Canon Poole Room, Level 5 of the Union Building.

If you would like any more information please don't hesitate to contact either Sophie Allouache or Alex Pollitt at the Students' Association on 8303 5406, or just pop in and see us.

Sophie Allouache  
SAUA President

Alex Pollitt  
Careers Fair Co-Ordinator



92% of cows own, use and enjoy an environemntally friendly SAUA cup. 100% of these cows are perpetually drunk.  
Statistics do not lie.

light a **candle** for  
the **COMMUNITY**  
before it goes up in smoke

Budget Candle Light Vigil  
Wednesday May 13 5:30pm  
100 King William St Adelaide  
(outside Commonwealth offices)

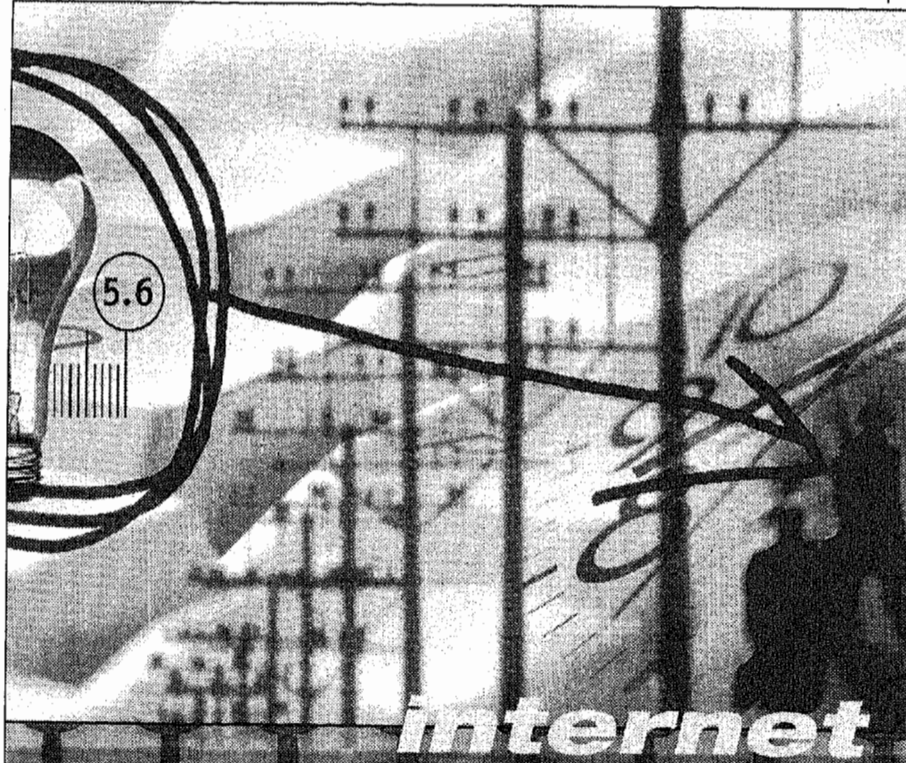
We want you, your family, your co-workers and your organisation to participate in this demonstration against one of the most regressive governments. Show them we will not forget what they have done.

FOR MORE INFO AND MATERIAL CONTACT  
OLIVIA MASSARE PH: 0416 189 981



NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS SOUTH AUSTRALIAN PRESIDENT

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# Wanted:

**UP TO THREE (3) EDITORS**

Ever thought the University Calendar description didn't do justice to your subjects?

Eager to let the University know what students think of courses?

Want to give advice to future students?

The alternative course advice manual:

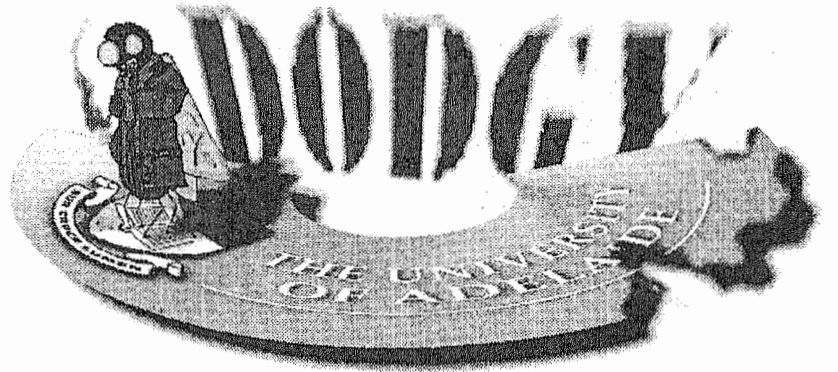
The Students' Association...

## Counter Calendar

Apply in writing to the Students' Association, George Murrays Building (behind Unibooks)

Or Phone Sky, Education Vice President on 8303 5406 for more info, or email:

skym@smug.adelaide.edu.au



Sex, eh?

I reject any ideology that necessitates the need for a sexuality edition of this magnificent publication (of course, the fact that there are people who don't accept my ideology (and not just my sex-related ideologies either: I'm talking about the whole big ball of wax with kettles of fish stuck all over 'em (you know the ones, of course); the fact that none of my ideologies are generally accepted by the community at large (which is (largely) because such a large group of people find it difficult to unanimously agree on anything (even remotely) controversial (the law of large numbers, or some such drivel)) is the very reason that this column is necessary (education of the masses; whatnot) on a regular basis (a principle also involving the law of deadlines)) may be a perfectly valid reason for doing such an edition after all).

Um. What I mean to say is that the education of the masses (especially the university aged masses, in the case of which what follows is already (largely) true and as such my point is doubly valid (but then in a very short while I invalidate it again, so let's not really try to keep score) concerning sexual activity is a) hardly something that should be entrusted herein to the pages of this magnificent publication, and, more importantly, b) not something that should be necessary at all. Ever. My argument for this is as follows (which is kind of a daft thing to say, but there you have it kids): the reason for these special editions and any sort of effort to encourage open and honest discourse on the topic of sex or sexuality is, of course, that it's instinctively not something that is done (hence in need of encouragement (arguing in circles can be fun and effective, kids)) as a matter of course, owing in large part (well, let's say entirely) to the needlessly destructive habit of lying to kids (and by kids here (and nowhere else) I refer to those individuals under a certain age (about eight) rather than those persons, young or old, who are so naff they are just the kids) about sex.

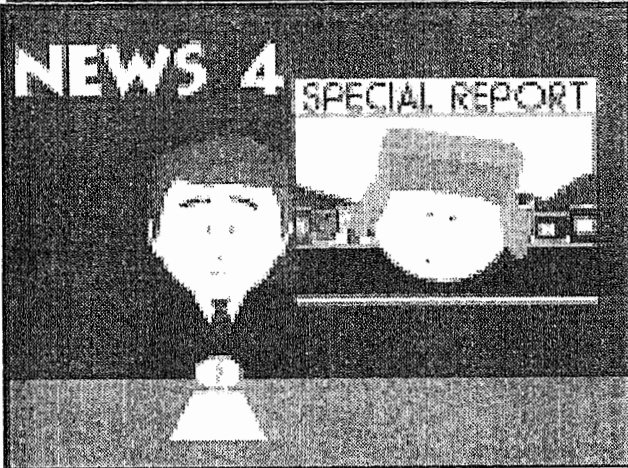
My concern arises from the some-

what ignoble field of sitting around places (which (aside from rational discourse and sleep) is what the FlyGuy does best) and observing (in this instance (although it is by no means an isolated incident, and it is this fact which is truly startling)) young children running around the place using words like peepee and doodle and dilly-willy and sausage and cha-cha box and doozleflingy and (with thanks to the Dude, who is a child at heart) Johnson, when, seriously, any halfway modern society should be teaching their children words like penis and vagina. This unfortunate observation led to the obvious conclusion that these kids would grow up not knowing as much as they could know and so not being as free as they might to think and form well-judged opinions on all matters sexual. Of course, this applies to areas other than sex; whatever you lie to your kids about could screw 'em up in the future. So sayeth the FlyGuy.

This is the bit where I negate my whole argument: one would not be totally unfair (in fact, completely accurate) in suggesting that this special edition of this magnificent publication does nothing whatsoever with regard to the actual education of the masses in the various acts of a sexual nature but rather in the areas of tolerance and understanding of those with a sexual orientation which is not generally represented in the mass media and so is underrecognised by the community at large. And so I've spent some fair time discussing matters not wholly relevant to the whole thing (and up goes the chorus of, "Well, nothing new here, then!"). There is, of course, the argument wherein lack of information as a child leads to misunderstanding and prejudice as an adult which completely vindicates my waste of time, but I will not point that out for two reasons: a) the FlyGuy by no means advocates conformism under any circumstances and so is happy to be irrelevant; b) I've sufficiently confused myself such that I can't go on.

FlyGuy

# CURRENT AFFAIRS DIGEST



### Dockers clock on

MUA wharfies returned to work late last week following the High Court's dismissal of Patrick's appeal against the Federal Court's reinstatement orders. However, the long term future of the wharfies' on the docks remains uncertain given that Patrick's is still under voluntary administration and that the High Court restored the administrator's discretionary powers (which had been partly transferred to the Federal Court in the original decision). Meanwhile, flak continues to fly over who knew what and when in the failed venture to train defence force personnel as stevedores in Dubai last year. The government continues to deny any involvement despite the signing of affidavits by two of the SAS officers involved implicating staffers in Workplace Minister Reith's department.

### Flashpoint in Indonesia

There was widespread rioting in Indonesia last week, particularly in the town of Medan. The unrest was sparked by fuel and electricity price hikes and growing dissatisfaction over President Suharto's handling of the economic crisis. Petrol has increased by 70% and kerosene by 25%, with electricity to rise by 20% by the end of May. The head honcho at the IMF, Michel Camdessus, had to gail to express concern over the social impact of Indonesia's economic restructuring - the government has no choice but to increase the prices as part of the IMF rescue package. The collapse in the value of the Indonesian

rupiah means that the cost of producing fuel and electricity has skyrocketed. However, massive national debts and political uncertainty means that Indonesia's recovery is likely to take years. Meanwhile, the US Congress is threatening to block the advance of funds to the IMF for the Indonesian rescue package because of concern that the money won't be used to help the people who need it most.

### Thar she blows

Four sailors on the HMAS Westralia were killed when a leaking fuel line they were attempting to repair in the engine room erupted in a fireball. The Defence Minister Ian McLachlan has announced a public inquiry into the causes of the accident. The board of inquiry will include a civilian in the hope that it will avoid a whitewash like that perceived in the inquiry into the Black Hawk disaster a couple of years ago.

### Truce sought in Food Wars

Hopes of avoiding another famine in Sudan have risen following the resumption of peace talks in Kenya between the Sudanese government and the rebel Sudan People's Liberation Army. Sudan's three southern provinces are on the brink of famine, a combination of drought and blockage to the distribution of food by the combatants. The talks are aimed at finding a solution to the 15-year old 'modern phase' of Sudan's civil war which has seen 1.3 million people killed by fighting and famine. In this civil war, the SPLA is demanding a separation of State from religion (Islam). However, the government's draft constitution - the central plank of any peace settlement - seems to reaffirm that legislative power shall be subject to Islamic law. While food relief will be distributed as the peace talks continue, the likelihood of a positive outcome remains distant.

### Stalemate in the Middle-East, too...

The London round of the Middle-East peace talks collapsed (again) last week as US President Clinton made urgent attempts to reopen negotiations in Washington this week. However, President Clinton's offer was conditional on Israel agreeing to the principle of land for peace. Under the American proposal Israel would cede 13% of the West Bank to the Palestinians. But Israeli Prime Minister Netanyahu rejected this plan, pulling out the old chestnut of 'no peace without security for Israel'. The 13% of land is less than what the Palestinians believe is theirs by right, but Yasser Arafat has agreed to the US plan, recognising it's a crucial stepping stone.

### ...but Gains Imminent in Northern Ireland

Northern Ireland's nationalists, including Sinn Fein, have given the referendum proposals the thumbs up, raising hopes that the latest peace settlement could be realised in the All-Ireland vote later this month. While several unionist groups have expressed their opposition to the Good Friday settlement, most unionists will probably support the proposal, especially since both present and past British Prime Ministers, Tony Blair and John Major, have joined forces in favour of the referenda's success.

### Pop Democracy

The Philippines votes for a new President this week. At the top of the pops going into the vote is Joseph Estrada, a fast and hard living former movie star known for guns and violence on and off the movie set. The political, religious and business establishments are unimpressed by Estrada's credentials, but the people clearly prefer him to outgoing President Fidel Ramos's anointed successor, Jose de Venecia. Senate and council elections are also dominated by celebrities including film and music stars, basketball players, beauty queens and socialites. Many candidates have nominated under their stage names, the best being "Beefsteak" who wants to be mayor of Quezon City.

### Slip-Sliding Away

The Italian region of Campania has been devastated by a series of giant mudslides which has killed more than

100 people and made 800 others homeless, while several thousands of others have been evacuated. Much finger pointing and soul-searching has begun with a lot of blame being directed at allegedly corrupt government authorities who allowed property developments to proceed in high-risk areas. Meanwhile, many people have died as a result of extensive flooding and landslides in Paraguay, Argentina and Uruguay. Like many climatic calamities in recent months, El Niño is identified as the culprit.

### Red Faces in Art Places

Incompetent guards and shoddy security systems are being blamed for allowing an embarrassing pair of art thefts in France last week. The daylight robberies resulted in the disappearance of a \$1.3 million Camille Corot painting from the Louvre and an Alfred Sisley painting valued at \$83,000 from a museum in Orleans. The thefts bore a striking similarity. The Sisley and Corot works were snatched in broad daylight from public museums with inadequate security systems. Both paintings were removed on their stretchers leaving the frame and glass coverings behind. Neither painting was under video surveillance nor connected to an alarm system, and the security guards were nowhere to be found.

### Wanted; SWF to share coffin. Quiet spot, close to fags.

An Irishman who advertised for a "gravemate" to share his cemetery plot was inundated with replies from women, ahem, dying to spend time with him in the next life. Donal Bredin-Smith, 65, received 23 replies from as far afield as the United States and Turkey after he placed his advertisement in the local newspaper. He bought a double plot in 1994 when he was still married. But his divorce prompted him to advertise: "One single grave, unoccupied. Spacious room for two occupants. Present owner seeks one female gravemate. First one in takes bottom berth. Garlic eaters and smokers need not apply."

### Georgie Hambrook

Sources: *The Australian*, BBC World, Reuters, The Daily Telegraph (London), New York Times, Tabloid News Services.

it has been a long time since an Australian film has emerged with as much power and energy as this remarkable work

urban cinefile

# the boys

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**Doctor Who - The Happiness Patrol**  
 Dir: Chris Clough (1988)  
 Starring: Sylvester McCoy, Sophie Aldred, Sheila Hancock, John Normington.  
 Roadshow Entertainment

1988, the 25th Anniversary year of *Dr Who*, saw the beginning of a move away from the slightly silly, brightly coloured, but enjoyable rubbish of the year before, toward the dark, more adult and credible feel of the show's extraordinary final year. *The Happiness Patrol* is a rather odd blend of the two.

Set on the planet Terra Alpha, where happiness is compulsory and rebellion, anger and sadness are punishable by (often bizarre) death, the story concerns the Doctor and companion Ace's arrival on the planet and attempts to overthrow the tyrannical rule of Helen A.

The idea is a good one, if a little familiar in SF, and the acting is very good, but it is in the execution where this story will stand or fall in the eyes of the viewer. Certainly, while good for their time (that's BBC good - a category of its own!), the Pipe People and Fifi (don't ask) look a bit silly now, and the sight of a patrol of military enforcers wearing short skirts, pancake make-up and bright pink wigs (well, they *are* the Happiness Patrol) takes a bit of getting used to. But the strangest element of all, and my personal favourite, is the Kandyman, Helen A's personal executioner, a robot made of giant licorice all-sorts with a high, squeaky voice who kills people in literally sticky ways. Trust me, he's *great*.

It is understandable then, that the in-your-face day-glo appearance of the story put many off to begin with (myself included), but the story actually wears repeated viewings well, and is a clever, funny, if sometimes obvious (Helen A is a clear Thatcher clone) and silly dystopian social satire, that proves *Dr Who* still had life in it.

A true 'cult' story, if a little sweet. Happiness *will* prevail!

Gerard van Rysbergen

### Doctor Who Giveaways

In celebration of the release of *DOCTOR WHO - THE HAPPINESS PATROL* the nice people at Roadshow Entertainment are giving us two copies to give away to the lucky two people whose names are drawn out of the *On Dit* prize drawing hat on Friday 15th May at 12:00 noon. To get your name in the hat write it on a piece of paper with your phone number and pop it into the video sub-editors pigeon hole in the *On Dit* office or call *On Dit* and leave your name and phone number on: 8303 5404. If this is too hard you can buy your own copy for \$24.95 at any good video retailer.



**City of Industry**  
 1996  
 Directed by John Irving  
 Starring Harvey Keitel, Stephen Dorff, Timothy Hutton.  
 Roadshow Entertainment.

The city referred to in the title is Los Angeles and the only industry covered is crime. The plot is this: Lee Egan (Timothy Hutton) is planning to steal \$3 million of black market Russian diamonds. To do this he needs help from big brother Roy (Harvey Keitel, the poor mans Robert De Niro) and mate Jorge and funky wheelman Skip (Stephen Dorff). As soon as we meet Skip we know he is a troublesome dude due to the buzzy-trash music played. The spikey blonde hair, wraparound yellow tinted sunglasses also offer strong clues. Regular fillum watchers will remember Dorff as P.K., the 12 year old welterweight boxer that channelled the spirit of not yet dead Nelson Mandela and led the blacks of Seth Efrika to freedom, but I digress. The heist goes off tickety boo until Skippy goes feral and shoots his buddies, taking the diamonds to pay of his loan shark in Chinatown (Elliot Gould). Unfortunately he waits till Roy is in the toilet to shoot the other two, thus ensuring Roy's survival and a movie that lasts longer than 35 minutes. What follows is a standard shoot 'em up, beat 'em up, blow 'em up movie. Harvey Keitel gets to scowl a lot. Dorff gets to threaten a lot. The 'redeeming sub-plot line' (as required by the Spielberg Act (1987)) is in the shape of Jorge's widow, Rachel and her two boys. A good woman who works as a waitress while hubby works as a crim. She helps Roy, reluctantly of course. The movie has a happy-ish ending (see above law).

This movie will appeal to those who like a not too complicated but bloodthirsty heist caper movie. I feel the movie needed at least one car chase to give it extra LA street cred. But that is merely my opinion.

Dave Matthews

**First Time Felon**  
 1997, Director: Charles S. Dutton  
 Omar Epps, Delroy Lindo  
 Roadshow Entertainment

The true story of Greg Yance, *First Time Felon* centres on one man's struggle to tear himself from a pointless gang lifestyle and to prove his worth in society. Yance (Omar Epps), a young black American born into a street-gang, is arrested for drug trafficking and sentenced to five years imprisonment, but as it is his first conviction he is given the alternative option of boot camp. He decides to take this option and is then faced with an extremely intense training camp that is run by Calhoun (Delroy Lindo), a black man with a personal crusade against gang warfare. Calhoun focuses his anger on Yance, who he sees as a perfect example of the type of man who is destroying his own people, and the film is based on his struggle to reform Yance. Added to this are the characters of McBride (Rachel Ticotin) and Tyrone (Treach) who provide, respectively, the counsel and at times restraint for Calhoun,

and the rival gang member influence for Yance.

The whole camp is put to the test when Calhoun's superior officers order the men to be deployed to a nearby town to help it protect itself from flooding. This provides a backdrop for the transformation of Yance, which is then headed for disaster when Tyrone ends up back in prison. Yance is then faced with a decision to save his pride and quit the camp, or to give in to Calhoun and complete his reformation.

Visually, this is a stunning film, with intense colour saturation and photography that captures both urban grit and the lush country scenery. The script itself seems a little sketchy at times, and some of the dialogue is a little hard to decipher, but ultimately I found this film to be quite enjoyable. It may be perhaps a little too feel-good for its own good in parts, but if you don't mind a few tearyeye cliché moments mixed with lots of f-words, check this one out.

Andrew Morrison

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 on campus?

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# I ONCE CAUGHT ONE THIS BIG!

*Deep Rising*  
Now showing  
Academy Cinemas

There are two sorts of good films. This is neither of them. This is one of those bad films, with no story, no acting and some kind of not-too-bad special effects.

The plot, in one hundred words or less, goes like this: a bunch of bad guys plan to board and rob the biggest and best cruise ship in all the ocean and then nick off and blow it up. The good guys are the unfortunate mercenary crew of a small boat which the bad guys are using to board the ship. And



then there's the beautiful, seductive female professional thief on board the cruise ship who is special for no reason other than that she is destined to end up with the top good guy bloke. Thing. Whatever. None of them planned on the damn bloody big sea monster thing rising up from its depths, expand-

ing to a thousand times its regular size and eating people. Eventually everyone left alive unites against the common enemy but die anyway. Or do they? Well, some of them do. You know.

The effects are nice without being brilliant, but the effort is wasted as the premise on which the rippling, barraging tentacles of the big squid are based is insufficient to hold one's attention. The acting is shocking: Treat

Williams is almost bearable as the leader of the mercenaries who gets the girl; Famke Janssen, as the girl, was the only one not to take the whole thing way too seriously but then I'm only saying

that because she's cute; everyone else was ludicrously bad. If you have nothing else to do with your time, you should go and find a wall to stare at and so save your \$8. It was just shitty.

Chris Slape

# KICK ARSE

*US Marshalls*  
Now Showing  
Academy and selected cinemas

Hollywood action movies seem to be getting tired, as they run out of ways to surprise an audience already dazzled by chases, crashes, fires and explosions. *US Marshalls* is a perfect example of a rehashed action flick. In this sequel to *The Fugitive* there is another innocent man on the run and the same team of Marshalls, led by the wisecracking Samuel Gerard (Tommy Lee Jones) are back on his trail. There's a plane crash to top the train crash, another case of mistaken identity, and to boot, a government conspiracy. However, fans of *The Fugitive* are bound to be disappointed with the patchwork result.

In this case, the fugitive is Mark Roberts (Wesley Snipes) who is accused of a double murder, although for a while we are unsure about exactly what he did do. As the chase continues, a government conspiracy to frame him unravels. Snipes plays the part well but the empathy audiences felt for Harrison Ford's character, falsely accused



of murdering his wife, is lacking. The Marshalls go through their paces with the usual gags, failures and successes. Gerard is always right, of course. Although the action is slick in some places, there's the lingering feeling that all this has been done before, and done much better. There are some great moments but they are isolated, and the screenplay is unable to sustain the momentum for so long (it's a long film). While Snipes and Jones are good, most of the characterisations are insidiously stereotypical (the token black woman, the rookie cop, the untrustworthy federal agent). There is little character development and little else for the other actors to do but fill in the gaps in dialogue. In

particular I was disappointed to see Irene Jacob (so wonderful in *Three Colours Red* and *The Double Life of Veronique*) wasted as Robert's girlfriend.

If you're into chases and conspiracies you may enjoy this movie, but don't compare it to *The Fugitive* because it doesn't really measure up. This action romp is too predictable and too formulaic to capture its suspense and impact.

Judith Webster

# SLOW FADE OUT

*Afterglow*  
Now Showing  
Palace Eastend Cinemas

This is a funny film with more depth than the usual offering from the USA. The film revolves around two couples, Lucky (Nick Nolte) and Phyllis (Julie Christie) who have been married 24 years, and Jeffrey (Jonny Lee Miller) and Marianne (Lara Flynn Boyle) who are in their early 20s. As with many films, the story revolves around unhappy people. There is discontent in the relationships of both couples. Jeffrey and Marianne have vastly different goals in mind for the next few years of their lives. Jeffrey sees his life as working out perfectly. His wife



Marianne, on the other hand, is as dissatisfied with life as Jeffrey is satisfied. She is ready to have a baby, with or without Jeffrey. Lucky and Phyllis have their problems too. Haunting this couple, is a pain that won't go away. Julie Christie is outstanding throughout the film, as she plays a woman both in emotional agony, and with an impenetrable emotional shield that keeps out the good as well as the bad.

The difference between these couples is that Marianne and Jeffrey are hurting each other now, whereas Lucky and Phyllis are still trying to forgive each other for the hurtful things done many years earlier.

When Jeffrey asks Marianne to get someone in to repair the front door, she calls Lucky "Fix-It" Mann. Marianne decides to also have a room redecorated as a baby's room. This is when Marianne starts her affair with Lucky. Lucky has no problem bedding anyone who asks him. Marianne and Lucky are open with their respective spouses about their infidelity, and so coincidentally Jeffrey and Phyllis meet at the Ritz while trying to spy on their unfaithful partners. They don't see their partners on this particular evening, but they find a certain affinity with each other and spend the rest of the evening flirting with each other. There is a lot of sexual tension between these two, but they are really just playing with each other. This was a really enjoyable film with just the right amount of tension and plenty of humour. It is well worth seeing.

Polly

# BOYS AND THEIR TOYS

*The Boys*  
Now Showing  
Palace Eastend Cinemas

It's been a while since an Australian film with the power and tension of *The Boys* has emerged from our industry. Based on a play by of the same name and inspired by the real life rape and murder of a Sydney nurse a few years ago, the film tells the story of the last 24 hours of freedom for the Sprague brothers. Brett Sprague (David Wenham) returns to his family after a year in jail serving a sentence for assault with a deadly weapon and grievous bodily harm. He is re-united with his two brothers, Glenn and Steve (John Poison and Anthony Hayes) and uses his first day back to put his philosophy "do it to them" into cruel action.

Not since *Romper Stomper* has an Australian film been so chilling thanks to the terrifying performance of Wenham, who is currently showing his range and talent for light comedy in *A Little Bit of Soul*. With his ice blue stare and contrasting vulnerability that can turn to severe brutality in a second.

Wenham, who played the role on stage in '91, is faultless in the difficult and dramatic role. Poison and Hayes add equally as compelling support, as do Toni Collette as Brett's



suffering girlfriend. Michelle and Lynette Curran as their all too trying mother.

Director, Rowan Woods is skilled in keeping the action tense and tight, almost claustrophobic as the character's weave in and out of the family's run down suburban house. He uses slow motion effectively and cuts to moments from

the months ahead to show the various outcomes of the brothers' brutal actions. He and cinematographer, Tristan Milani, succeed in making this a film that audience members can not watch from a safe distance. *The Boys* is a tough film. We watch, like flies on the wall, feeling like we are intruding on family squabbles that turn into something much darker and much more terrifying. With it's rawness on display at every moment, from the first scene we fear the worst and we are not allowed to forget it.

Belinda Schaefer

# The Mission CONTINUES

*The Blues Brothers 2000*

Now showing  
Greater Union

Well, 18 years after the original, the Lord still moves in mysterious but highly entertaining ways.

Just about every fan of Jake and Elwood Blues exploits would have to be worried by the prospect of a very belated sequel; especially one with Dan Conner from Roseanne, and heaven forbid - a kid in it. However, there is no need to be afraid.

2000 starts off with Elwood (Dan Acroyd) being released from jail after 18 years to find that brother Jake is dead, the orphanage no longer exists, Sister Mary Stigmata is now the Mother Superior; and that he is now supposed to mentor - if he knew what the word meant - a homeless kid called Buster. Despite these setbacks, the old Blues spirit surfaces, and Elwood goes straight back to his old tricks: running into the law - which has now taken on a disturbingly familial connec-

tion, taking on the suitably evil and inscrutable Russian Mafia, generally causing chaos and, occasionally attempting to reform the band.

The spirit of the first film is embraced and expanded. 2000 has quite an amazing soundtrack featuring almost thirty songs, fourteen of which are performed as full musical numbers. Many of the cameo performers from the original are also back, including Frank Oz, James Brown (still playing the Right Reverend Cleophus James - shows how quickly Hollywood forgets) and Aretha Franklin, who does an excellent version of Respect. There are also a few new ones, particularly in the Brothers' main competition - the Louisiana Gator Boys, which seems to have just about every blues singer alive plus a few extras in it. It's a great case of spot the musician, though they look older and more decrepit.

Along with all this, there are some pretty impressive special effects, including some very cool ghost cowboys, a flaming car dropped

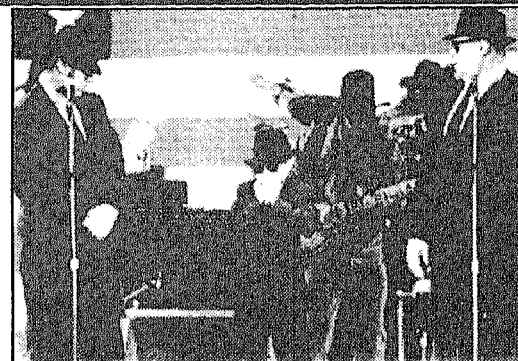
from 80 feet, and the largest car pile-up ever filmed according to the production notes, which is fantastic. While there aren't any long chase sequences, the stunt drivers are still out in force, and there is enough action in this department to satiate.

Surprisingly, having four brothers - one of whom is 10 - does actually work quite well. Most of the action centres around Elwood and Mack (John Goodman). Happily, Mack is not a second Jake at all, though his character compliments Elwood nicely as a sidekick.

While the actors claim there is a little more maturity in the outlook of 2000, this seems to be more in the greying hair of the actors. There is at least as much silliness in the film itself. One of the highlights of the film is the scene in which a humourless policeman gets lifted out through a tent up into the sky and transformed into a Blues Brother by no-one less than God himself. It really does have to be seen to be believed.

While this film's popularity may not endure to the same extent as the originals, it's a good sequel and a highly satisfying film in its own right. Don't expect anything terribly thought provoking, intelligent or alternative, but as a mainstream film, and a musical/comedy it is certainly one of the best.

Bronwyn Davis



## Giveaways

Wow!!! All right!!!  
We've got 10 (yes, that's 10) double passes to see *The Boys at the Palace* Eastend cinemas, valid from May 14 to June 4.

Want 'em?  
Well, come on down and get 'em.

Cool, huh?

## GRATUITOUS NOSTALGIA

*The Graduate* - 1967

Dir: Mike Nichols

This film holds a special place in my heart. Apart from being a film that indirectly lead to my conception (though no, I was not started in a Ford), it is also a masterpiece in every way - the direction is both original and expertly done, the script is excellent, featuring some great quips and some immortal quotations, the plot is both entertaining and while not particularly realistic, explores some feelings that are pretty universal around the age of 20. It also has a brilliant soundtrack; being the film that shot Simon and Garfunkel to worldwide acclaim, as they composed and performed almost all of it. And, if that all wasn't enough it was one of the first mainstream



films to feature female nudity.

It is impossible for me to give a reasonable plot summary, except to say that it centres around Benjamin Braddock (Dustin Hoffman), who come home after graduating from college, and feeling alienated from his own life, begins an affair with his father's business partner's wife, the seductive Mrs Robinson (Ann Bancroft). And that's all I'm going to tell you, so as not to ruin the story.

But the twin beauties of the film are its making, and the accuracy of its exploration of the themes. Mike Nichols' direction is exceptional, featuring unusual perspectives (ie, the view and sounds experienced by someone in a diving suit) and an excellent use of tableaux, with a three dimensional effect of objects both close to the camera and further away being used to great effect. Nichols has also used the brightness of a Californian summer and contrasted that with the mellowness of an autumn in Berkeley to great effect.

The themes are universal - and in that way are very thought-provoking. Benjamin has achieved in every area, and while his parents are proud of him, they still expect more, have a great future planned out for their son, and cannot see that he is not as interested as they are. This is something that many people seem to experience. The perturbation comes when you consider that this is a film of our parents' generation - and they felt the same way at this age, yet still seem to us as very similar to Ben's parents. It is a film of youth and youthful ambition, and

captures the essence of the universal feelings of young adulthood.

Benjamin's rejection of their expectations and his pursuit of his dreams, which are certainly not rational or realistic is a cheering reminder to everyone that this is possible, and that life is not set in concrete. Careers can be changed, expect-

tations not lived up to and the face of tradition can still have things flung at it. While I hope that maybe this gen-

eration will change and not force the same expectations on our children, I cannot help but think that the cycle will continue, and that the next generation will identify with this film as much as we do.

What more could anyone ask for in a film? There is nothing that could change for the better.

Bron

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# WATCH WHERE YOU WALK

*Lawn Dogs*  
Now Showing  
Cinema Nova

The arsehole mentality of conservative 90s middle class America leads to the rejection and isolation of many members of its society. *Lawn Dogs* tells the story of a friendship between two such outsiders. Trent (Sam Rockwell) and Devon (Misha Barton) fail to conform to the "model American" ideals which debilitate everyone around them. In each other they find an oasis where magic, imagination, trust and friendship can flourish in the sterile desert of "Camelot Gardens".

This significantly named suburb is an exclusive new housing estate in suburban Louisville, Kentucky. The houses are mini-mansions, catering for a very specific genre of American family and im-

portantly, excluding all others. Every home is surrounded by huge stretches of majestic green lawn uninterrupted by fences. Fences are no longer needed in the new lifestyle which the estate offers. They are replaced instead by a high wall which surrounds the entire estate and is patrolled 24 hours a day by security guards.

Trent is a lawn dog (a mower) in his early twenties who lives in a secluded old caravan outside of Camelot Garden's imposing gates and is let in only to mow the vast lawns. Devon is an eleven year old girl who lives in the estate. To her parents' great disappointment, she is unable to meet their stereotypical ideal of a daughter which they see as an essential accessory to complement their ideal new life in their ideal new home. In Trent, Devon finds a refuge from the ambitious, materialistic and fake world of her parents. The friendship which forms between them provides

a space in which they are able to escape the world of the estate which is so hateful to them both and yet to which both are inescapably chained.

As well as being an exploration of this remarkable relationship, *Lawn Dogs* also makes a social comment about the gap between the classes. The symbol used throughout the film for this is lawn, evidently an important status symbol in parts of America. In every one of the many scenes shot outdoors in the estate, there are inevitably several large sprinklers chup-chupping away in the background, regrowing the grass which the lawn dog has just cut. Whilst this does mean he'll be assured of more work,

in the long term it effectively ties Trent down to a job, a suburb and a way of life he hates. Due to the demeaning size of his pay, Trent becomes reliant on the regularity of that income for his livelihood (and that of a dying father). Effectively enslaving him to the people of Camelot Gardens,

who regard and treat him accordingly. Devon explains to Trent why her father considers him "trash". "My dad says that if everyone worked as hard as he did then there wouldn't be any poor people." From the other side of the wall, however, material success is evidently not

so easy to come by. According to Trent, "You got people who own lawns and you got people who mow'em and it seems to me they ain't never the same people."

This is a genuinely original and thoroughly brilliant film. As well as being thought provoking, *Lawn Dogs* manages to be inspiring and moving without the faintest whiff of sentimentality.

The relationship formed between Trent and Devon is a

uniquely beautiful and haunting one. The climax is particularly stunning. Approach this film with an open mind and I guarantee you will not be disappointed.

Spud



# GIVE ME LAND, LOTS OF LAND...

*A Thousand Acres*  
Now Showing  
Hoyts and selected cinemas

*A Thousand Acres* is the tragic tale of the Cook family. Use the term 'tragic' advisedly; based on Jane Smiley's exquisite and powerful novel by the same name, *A Thousand Acres* is a loose retelling of the *King Lear*, set in present-day Iowa. Larry Cook is a third generation corn farmer who has worked the land all his life. He has three daughters: the two eldest, Ginny and Rose, and their respective husbands, live and work on the farm under the patriarch Larry, while the youngest, Caroline, works as a lawyer in Des Moines. One day he announces to his daughters his in-

tenion to turn the farm into a co-op, in an effort to avoid death duties. Rose and Ginny go for the idea immediately, but Caroline is apprehensive; Ginny (in her voice-over narration) says that she spoke like a lawyer when she should have spoken like a daughter. Larry takes her uneasiness as a personal insult and all but disowns her, splitting the farm between the other two sisters and their husbands.

In the ensuing weeks all seems to go well, except for Larry's retreating into himself. Turning to Caroline for help, he seeks to win back the farm, that he has begun to see as being stolen from him, and in doing so he turns Caroline against her sisters. Meanwhile Rose confronts Ginny with a home truth about their father that the elder sister has spent her life avoiding. This family secret provides the momentum which car-

ries the story through to its inevitable conclusion. This is not the first film to tell the *Lear* story in a different setting. Japanese filmmaker Akira Kurosawa placed the setting in feudal Japan in

his academy award winning *Ran*, a film with which Australian director Jocelyn Moorhouse seems to have some acquaintance. I actually found myself being reminded of scenes from this film while viewing Moorhouse's interpretation. Laura Jones's script is faithful to the spirit of Smiley's novel, while Moorhouse doesn't let her direction get in the way of the characters telling their story. Jason Robards is extraordinary as Larry Cook, the family's patri-

arch. Sir Laurence Olivier wrote that the supreme irony of the *Lear* role was that it required the understanding of an older actor but the vivid energy of youth. Robards still has both in this film. Michelle Pfeiffer and Jennifer Jason Leigh

both give worthy performances as Rose and Caroline respectively. This, however, is definitely Jessica Lange's film. Her Ginny is nothing less than remarkable. Her best performance since

*Frances*, Lange plays a very difficult role - the strong woman who believes herself incapable of such strength - with pathos and verve. If there were no other reason to see this powerful and beautifully crafted film, *A Thousand Acres* would still warrant viewing for Lange's exceptional performance in the role; a long overdue return to the centre stage for this outstanding and talented actor.

*A Thousand Acres* is a story of incredible breadth played out within the confines of a small farm, a tale told with sensitivity and conviction. It is that rare kind of film - a literary adaption that lives up to its source.

Jonathon Dyer



# Noodles.

*Swept From The Sea*  
Now Showing  
Palace and Capri Cinemas

Literary adaptations seem to be the flavour of the month among film producers, with different companies tripping over each other for the rights to whatever "next big thing" is going. For period pieces, however, it's open season. While James Ivory and Ishmael Merchant have pretty much sown up the E.M. Forster (will we see, perhaps, a visual rendition of *Aspects of the Novel*), but there's still plenty Thomas Hardy to go around (Clare Danes as *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* maybe). And in the wake of Baz Luhrmann's *Romeo and Juliet* the possibilities are endless in regard to the contemporisation of period pieces.

All this is to introduce film's latest flirtation

(feticisation?) with Joseph Conrad. Perhaps the most famous interpretation of Conrad onto screen was Coppola's epic *Apocalypse Now*, inspired by the novel *Heart of Darkness*. Others include Ridley Scott's first feature, *The Duellists*, Christopher Hampton's *The Secret Agent*, and the recent BBC production of *Nostramo*.

So far as genre is concerned, Conrad is best known for his stories of high adventure in far flung lands and tales of spies and saboteurs set around London. *Swept From The Sea* is a departure from the writer's usual fare, but translates equally well to screen. Based on Conrad's 'Amy Foster', the film tells the story of a girl who has grown up on the rocky shores of Cornwall, near a small fishing village. She's unconventional in her behaviour, and therefore unaccepted by the close-knit and generally uneducated commu-

nity; some of the poorer folk think that she's some kind of witch.

In the midst of this community a stranger appears. Yanko is the sole survivor of a shipwreck in which hundreds of others lost their lives. The only people who accept him are Dr Kennedy, the parish doctor, and Amy, with whom he falls in love. A series of misfortunes befall the star-crossed lovers, providing the dramatic element of the story.

Many of Conrad's stories are critical of the injustice shown to the outsider; though he wrote his extraordinarily beautiful prose in English, he was actually Polish by birth, and had experienced the everyday persecution toward the outsider over the course of his life. *Swept*

*From The Sea*, however, is perhaps a little more heavy handed than the writer would have liked to see in its treatment of the various kinds of irrational prejudice that grow out of ignorance. This approach on the part of the (British) filmmakers would seem a conscious direction toward what they perceive to be the American

market; the presence of the subtitle 'The Amy Foster Story' in the title sequence being an indication of this overall 'dumbing-down' of the essential story.

In spite of these criticisms I did enjoy the film. Vincent Perez was exceptional as Yanko, capturing

the character's journey from complete isolation to qualified acceptance in a sparse under-performance, perfectly suited to Rachel Weisz's naturalistic realisation of Amy. The dual narrative provided by Dr Kennedy and Miss Swaffer works well, unravelling the story a piece at a time. Kathy Bates is both convincing and endearing as Miss Swaffer,

while Sir Ian McKellan really can do no wrong; his restrained Dr Kennedy perfectly balancing the essentially romantic tone of the film. *Swept From The Sea* is a romance, albeit an unconventional one, but it does stand as one of the better interpretations of classic literature to film in recent years.

Jonathon Dyer



## Dirty Realism Properly Done

Road

by Jim Cartwright

Director: Peter Evans

Price Theatre

TAFE Centre for Performing Arts

April 16 - 19

Jim Cartwright would have to be one of contemporary British theatre's most controversial playwrights. With play titles including the vaguely pornographic sounding *I Licked a Slog's Deodorant* (no joke - I got taken to see a production of that one last time I was in London!), Cartwright specialises in a brand of Dirty Realism that takes base, crude, everyday language of working class England, and transforms it into highly poetic theatre. *Road*'s undoubtedly the best known of his works to date, and was recently performed by third year students at the Adelaide TAFE Centre for Performing Arts, in a skilfully directed and surprisingly fresh production.

The play is set in the north of England, in a town hit hard by the ravages of Thatcherism, and documents the largely futile struggles of a bored, unhappy, disillusioned community where unemployment is massive, and there is seemingly little for many of the characters to do except dress up in the evenings, go out, get drunk, and perhaps find some meaningless sex. Cartwright, however, takes the rawness and crudeness of this setting, subject matter and language, and transforms it into an exceptionally well crafted play, rich in poetry, irony, real pathos, and tragedy.

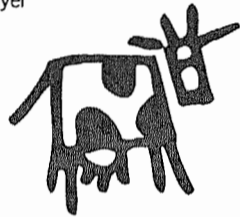
Lincon Austin's set for this production was innovative and imaginative, and rather than a traditional proscenium arch, actors and audience occupied the same space on the floor of the Price

Theatre. The road was physically marked out, and the audience sat in it, whilst action occurred in the houses on either side, marked out by door frames and window sills, and in the street itself, as actors pushed their way amongst the audience members. The intimacy and immediacy of this method of performance was extremely effective, and gave great dramatic power to the moments of climax in the piece.

For a student production, performances were, on the whole, of an extremely high standard, and although accents were not always convincing, and frequently wandered, the production overall had an impressive level of energy, vitality and freshness. Performances in the two final scenes of each act were particularly powerful, and gave the play the dramatic climax and gritty punch required by the script - by no means a small achievement.

Particularly impressive in this production is what director Peter Evans - a recent NIDA graduate who's credits to date include working with, amongst others, Stephen Birkhoff - has achieved with his student performers. In an extremely difficult work to convincingly pull off, Evans has created sharply focused, powerful, and thought provoking piece of theatre that, despite its three-hour length never once seems overly long or drawn out.

Janak Mayer



## Daredevil Stunts... Contemporary Style... Lousy Jokes.

Circus Oz

Optima Playhouse

22 April - 2 May

Circuses are a good deal less common than they once were. Somewhat eclipsed in the spectacle stakes by the special effects that film brought along, among a generation ever less naive and inclined to innocent wonder, and in an age when increasing awareness of animal and human rights has made the treatment of animals, and in many cases, performers, in traditional circuses highly criticised, there really doesn't seem to be that much of a role for them anymore.

Or so one might think. This, however, is an assumption that Circus Oz, Australia's most popular, contemporary, and internationally performing circus, do their best to challenge. With no animals, and a combination of humour, style, funky music, and, above all, astonishing, daredevil acrobatics, Circus Oz continue to redefine what a contemporary circus should be.

Partly due to the untraditional venue (the Playhouse), but more from the average age of the audience (excluding groups of toddlers about the place, the average age of the audience must have been around forty) it is evident from the outset that this is not going to be your average circus. When, in one of the earliest sequences, the entire group of acrobats enter the stage from directly above, to the beat of drums and a loud bass guitar, sliding, one by one, head first, hanging on by their legs, down a pole, clad in fluorescent lycra and various swimming accessories, that impression is resoundingly confirmed.

There can be no doubt that Circus Oz's acrobatics are extraordinary. No description can really do them justice - in their agility, and abilities to

hang, slide, jump, tumble, and fly precariously through the air, their stunts are nothing short of breathtaking, and you truly sit on the edge of your seat, partly in anticipation, but more in sheer fear that something, at some point, is bound to go spectacularly wrong.

The trapeze artists were almost definitely the single most astonishing of all the acts in the show. In the first act, a single male trapeze artist swung far out over the audience, alternately hanging only from the most flimsy of extremities, changing between holding on with a single hand, to hanging from his knees, to gripping the trapeze with his feet - all whilst swinging in an enormous arc, with the audience directly below! In the second act two female trapeze artists hung from the same swing, alternately holding each other up whilst hanging precariously from various extremities themselves.

Also worthy of note an extraordinary hoopla girl who, after an ever increasing number of hoops were dropped on her from above, as she kept spinning those already on her waist, must have ended up with near fifty hoops spinning around her at once, which she still managed to control precisely, sliding them up and down her body, and keeping them spinning whilst being lifted up in the air on a fly wire.

There is, however, only so much acrobatics most of us, even the truly young at heart, can take, and Circus Oz runs for a long time. If the stunts followed swiftly from one and other, this would not be a problem, but instead, the gaps are filled in with comedy which starts as mediocre, and ends with truly appalling jokes. By the end of the evening, no matter how entralling the tricks, the 'work-for-the-dole' jokes get just a trifle tired. The Circus Oz Adelaide season is now over. If you get a chance in the future, go and see them for their ability to defy the laws of physics, as well as their funky, contemporary style. Just hope that the jokes have become a little funnier.

Janak Mayer

## Callous Callas Sparkles with Subtlety and Sophistication

Master Class

by Terrence McNally

State Theatre

Director: Rodney Fisher

Optima Playhouse

6 - 30 May

Following on from the success of this season's State Theatre opening with *The Department*, comes Rodney Fisher's second piece as new Artistic Director of the company, *Master Class*. Taking Maria Callas' tumultuous, exceptional, tragic life as its inspiration and subject matter, the play, by Terrence McNally, winner of the 1996 Tony Award for Best Play, is a poetic reconstruction of one of twenty three Master Classes that Callas gave, between October 1971 and March 1972, for a handful of select music students, at the Juilliard School of Music in New York. Fisher's masterful production is proof positive that State Theatre have emerged from the wilderness of The Australian Playhouse seasons, and are back again, radiant, sparkling, and in top form. If the wildly enthusiastic reception of the piece by the opening night audience is an accurate indicator, they should also be firmly back in the box office with this piece.

Firmly based in the biographical details of Callas' life, the play's astonishing achievement is the truth, pathos, and sense of tragedy it creates in the representation of the extraordinary and intense life of its central character. Depicted at 47, her famous voice all but disappeared, and deserted by her billionaire lover, Aristotle Onassis,

McNally's Callas, played here by Amanda Muggleton, is portrayed initially as her chic, glamorous public persona, adored and worshiped for her astonishing voice by all lovers of the opera. As the play progresses, however, both through her interactions with the pupils she is teaching in front of an audience (an activity she took on, it is generally acknowledged, more to restore her confidence appearing in front of an audience, than in order to teach) and through two monologues, given towards the end of each of the two acts, the mask is slowly stripped away, revealing Callas' true identity, her triumphs, her tragedies, her insecurities and her neuroses. That McNally has contrived to do this, within the limiting framework of a single master class session, is a brilliant dramatic construct, and his play is utterly successful in achieving what it sets out to.

The production opens with great dramatic flair. The accompanist has been sitting on stage, at his piano, as the audience have slowly filled in. House lights still lit, the double doors at the back of the stage open, and Callas strides on, recorded applause prompting the audience to welcome her on stage (the opening night audience were swift to comply). Sternly, confidently, Callas commands the crowd to silence. "No applause. We're here to work. You're not in a Theatre. This is a classroom." Callas, directly addressing the audience, as she does constantly, throughout the play, makes it clear that rather than witnesses of a production, we are the audience of the master class - an audience which, at the time included Zeffirelli, Domingo and Tilton

Thomas, among the thousands who came, more to witness what remained of the Callas voice than to hear her advice to the young singers.

The production is an extremely slick one. The set is a simple concert stage, but lavishly executed in glossy, luminously varnished wood, blazingly lit up, providing all the glitz one would associate with a Callas appearance. The lighting for the piece is superb, and when the bright lights of the concert are extinguished suddenly, replaced with a single minute spotlight, illuminating Callas' face, whilst all else is pitch black, the effect is truly dramatic. When the curved wooden back wall of the stage is then slowly illuminated with a projected image of a packed audience at La Scala, amid the cheers of a recorded audience, as both the aria (sung by a young student soprano, and recollected at the same time by Callas, the live performance of the former fading and giving way to a recording of a Callas performance) and Callas' monologue which accompanies it, reach their climax, the illusion is complete, and we, along with Callas, are plunged into the world of her recollections.

The roles of Callas' students are all played by opera singers, rather than actors, for evident reasons. The quality of their voices are all beyond fault, and it is exhilarating to hear such powerful voices in the close confines of the playhouse auditorium. The novelty of a dramatic form which combines opera and theatre in this way is also extremely exciting. Above this, however, all the singers turn in highly professional, capable performances, and if they are slightly stereotyped,

this too is entirely appropriate. The comparative shallowness of their characterisations is a perfect contrast to the depth with which Callas is portrayed, and the characterisations, along with the nasal, whiney, Brooklyn and New York accents give the piece a deliciously cheesy, Broadway, almost Woody Allen feel, and contribute greatly to the frequently hilarious humour of the production.

There can, however, be no doubt at all, that the highlight of this production is Amanda Muggleton's breathtaking performance in the lead role. Her characterisation of Callas is measured and highly, highly sophisticated, combining incredible humour, wit and irony, during her constant callous interruptions and continuous put-downs of her students, and thinly veiled disparaging comments about her rivals (she claims to have none, as none where ever in the same league as she), with immense pathos and sadness as her brash bold front is slowly stripped away to reveal a crumbled, melancholy interior. Throughout, Muggleton is utterly convincing, and delivers a bravura performance that is utterly true to Callas' own commandment that one should 'be' and not 'act'.

For lovers of Callas, this is of course, compulsory to attend, but above that, anyone any passion for the theatre should make every effort to see this. This truly is a memorable production, and with a **web.state performance on May 14, with \$15 tickets**, there is no excuse not to get along.

Janak Mayer

# The Electric Chair

MUSIC NOT SEX

I saw this was the sexuality edition. No-one told me, I had to read about it myself (so if I got it wrong then I'm going to look like a bit of an idiot ... (Well that's why we didn't tell people ... but they mostly seem to have worked it out. Darn.- Eds)). So I thought that I could write about sex and sexuality on the internet. You know - a list of all the greatest free porn sites for the numerous repressed single white males out there; the internet diary of a woman coming out - but I couldn't be bothered - I figure everyone else can follow the theme, I'll follow what interests me (nothing to do with having no time, nothing at all). One of my many and varied interests is music - listening, playing, watching. And anyone who doesn't like music or who thinks that Kenny G is a musician can leave the room now. Being the repository of infinite wisdom that it is, the internet is chock full of stuff about music. I think it's because you can play music while using the computer, but I could be wrong. After sex sites, which it has been proven are the most popular, one of the next bunch (OK - so I've done absolutely no research on this) would have to be music sites. I can't claim to be overly interested in these - but, if you're a die hard fan and want to know absolutely every song Nirvana (a very popular internet band) ever recorded then you can find it on the internet. Where do I start you ask? I suggest that for all band related enquires that you head to the UBL or ultimate Band List at [www.ubl.com](http://www.ubl.com). This site contains a rather enormous database of band sites - just type in the band you're after and away you go. Unfortunately, because the UBL is very popular, it's also full of ads and they're trying to make it a bit of a magazine with articles and stuff - but its the best place to start off if you want a huge collection of Pantera bookmarks (and God only knows don't we all). If you're sick of listening to music then I suggest that you start playing it. The guitar is an excellent instrument and the bass is

equally good. The use of an amplifier means that the all important factor in music - volume - is only limited by your bravery and the size of your wallet. And if you want to find music or even want to learn how to play then naturally the internet has the information that you want - for free - which is much better than buying one of those crappy books from Allens that costs \$30 and tells you the chords to a whole lot of songs that only your parents know. To find music, lessons and the like, head to OLGA - the On-Line Guitar Archive (God they're clever with acronyms aren't they?) at [www.olga.net](http://www.olga.net). OLGA has thousands and thousands of different guitar tabs and lessons in its different mirrors around the world - from the most popular bands, to the most obscure, to the absolutely crappy. OLGA has faced a few difficulties from music publishers who suggest that they own the copyright to the lyrics and music of songs - so they can make money by selling it to you. The reality is that what you find on OLGA is pretty much never 100% correct or complete. In fact, when you sit down and play some of the guitar tabs, you'd swear it was worked out by a stubby fingered, tone deaf orangutan. Far from infringing copyright, OLGA is just people's best guess. That said, it's a great starting place to work out a cool song, it doesn't take very long for popular songs to appear, and who cares if you get it exactly right anyway. Turn that amp up to 10 and piss off the neighbours. Only you need know what you're playing! I'm going to leave it there for this week. The lack of research in this article is because I'm so damn busy at the moment (whine whine whine .....) but - I care enough about the half dozen people that I'm sure must read my column each week (some of you have sent me e-mail .... thanks) that I wrote something anyway. That's just the caring type of person I am.....

**Tim Kentish**

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# VIRTUAL GENDER

Gender is all very well and good in its real environment. We have periods of confusion, and some people never quite know if they are male or female. While this serious issue continues to exist in the real world - that new world, cyberspace, adds just a hint more confusion. So what is this cyberspace and why do people keep on wapping on about its extended influence for humankind? Cyberspace as you computer freaks will know has something to do with modems and software (ah yes the ditzzy response) it is a space in which people log into and are thrust into this virtual world. Away with all the poxy university wank, it's not just surfin' the net, clicking on a few sites to get you places. Rather, it's when all you do is use the software/modem to access IRC (Internet Relay Chat) or MUDs (Multi-User Dungeons). When a whole heap of people log in and enter the same room - we can call that a community. What makes this so interesting is that people are able to log in from all over the world, it is not just limited to people within the same national boundaries. And because no one can ever see the real you (unless you send a photo) it is quite common that people lie about the "real" self because in virtual reality you can escape your physical body and create a beautiful, sexually attractive self with a line of text. This illusion, as one person wrote, will be so powerful, you wont be able to tell what's real and what's not. So, dear readers, the wayward section is here to aid you in your quest for love, light, and enhancement of yourself in cyberspace:

**How to find the real you in a virtual landscape**

**Step 1: Picking your name.**

Pick a name for yourself that no one will ever read into what the real you would be. If those sex rooms are your thing, call yourself "Sexgod," or "Spandex-challenged," my personal favourite would have to be "Take-Me" it's short, its sweet, and dammit at least the intention is clear.

**Step 2: Introductions.** There are a lot of cool people on the net. Don't just wander into a room with the usual "hello" or "yo". Be creative. Short of not typing anything, the floor is yours! There is the direct approach: "I'm female" (Meaning that the user is most

probably male) followed by "I'm single" (Meaning that the individual has been married for about 10 years) "and a virgin looking for fun" (this cyberchick aint no virgin in real life). This string of words (when typed in the appropriate room) will surely get you lots of followers and friends to chat with. But if this isn't what you're after start your own online room.

**Step 3: Conversation.**

Once you've gotten past the chilly hello stage, the world is your oyster! Use your words as your weapons (its actually all that you do have!) Where you would formerly be cynical, be charming, where you would be nasty, be cynical. It's a fine line. So a conversation could start with a simple "how are you?" and it can end in several ways: by the exchange of emails (life long cyber-pals) exchange of phone numbers (life long real-pals) you getting kicked out of the room (the cynicism wasn't appreciated) or you getting permanently banned from the server (again with the cynicism!) Where ever this path takes you, don't forget, there are many other servers etc to check out.

**Step 4: Parting Farewells.**

If these online friends haven't been charmed by your virtual self, make sure they know you'll be back (as a threat!) First and last impressions really count!

Okay so my little account of cyberspace doesn't seem so different from what happens in real life. Well it isn't. The only thing that is different is the medium used, and the location of people.

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If you are interested in attending the July seminar to be held in Sydney contact The Centre for Independent Studies, P.O. Box 92, ST LEONARDS 2065, Ph 094384377, Fax 0294397310, E-mail [jenny@cis.org.au](mailto:jenny@cis.org.au)





# PRIDE WEEK

It is that time of year where all lesbians, bisexuals, gay men, transsexuals, and queers should come out and celebrate their sexuality and diversity. That's right, whether you like it or not, Pride Week '98, is upon us.

Pride Week is organised by a collective of people involved in AU Pride. Pride is a group for non-heterosexuals and their allies, who get together to socialise, offer support and political thought, and organise events such as those happening during Pride Week. For those of you who sound interested in coming along to Pride, meetings are held in the Rainbow Room on Mondays at 1:00pm. The Rainbow Room is a queer and wimmin friendly space on campus, where people can just chill out on the couches, study and meet people. It is open from 6:00am to 10:00pm on week days and anyone who is queer or queer friendly is welcome. The hard part is finding the Rainbow Room! It is located on level 6 of the Union building - opposite the main entrance to the Gallery Coffee Shop. Instead of turning right into the Gallery, turn left, go through a door, and you are there!

For those of you who wish to know what is going on during Pride Week, pick up a flier, or keep reading.

This year, Pride Week (11th May - 15 May) has the theme

of **NUCLEAR FAMILIES WASTE ENERGY** which draws attention to the many other diverse types of families that can and do exist, as well as some of the problems that arise within nuclear families. Such problems often stem from expectations placed on, in particular, a child to grow up and adapt to a regular 'every day' heterosexual lifestyle. An expectation which is often unreasonable and impossible to meet - especially if you are Queer! It is an important issue that raises further problems like homo- and biphobia, both external (from other people) and internal (phobias relating to one's self). So come out and help break down these romantic expectations and celebrate diversity among families.

Pride Week will officially be launched on Monday, 11th May on the Barr Smith Lawns at 1:00pm, featuring the group 'blade'. This will be followed by the official launch of the annual Queer Art Show in the Gallery from 5:00pm. This will feature performances by Madame 'O', Libby, and include fire twirling, and poetry reading, along with some cool queer art. The visual art works will be displayed in the gallery during the week, so go have a look! To top the day off, the new Rainbow Room will be opened. Unfortunately, due to space restrictions and renovations, the old Rainbow Room had to be moved. So, instead of a 2 year Birthday, we are

having another opening - any excess for a party!

In association with the Film Soc. The cult movie - *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* will be shown at 1:00pm and 7:00pm on Thursday in the Union Cinema - level 5 of the Union Building. So come along, dress up, and bring your supplies for a fun night at the movies. The cost will be: member \$3, non-members \$5.

The week will finish (Friday 15th May) with the prom that you never had, but always wanted - the Toxic Prom. Tickets are \$6/\$9 and available from the students' assoc. (SAUA), the Ed Castle, and miss Gladys Sym Choon. The Toxic Prom will start at 9:00pm

in the Renaissance Centre, Rundle Mall (that's right, where the annoying man harasses you, in the glass lifts and up to the top). You will have your chance to present yourself and partner to our special guest. Come dressed as you did for you prom, or how you really wanted to dress, but weren't allowed to. Whether it be fantasy or fetish, latex or lace come along and relive the experience you once feared.

If you have any questions regarding Pride Week, or Pride, call Michael on 8342 1382.

Don't Miss Out!

♥M

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## RECRUITING HOMOSEXUALS

So you think you're gay? Be warned that not everyone who falls upon this question has the stomach to see it through. This brief (ie. being gay) demands nothing less than your total dedication. If you are going to come out of this assignment alive you are going to have to put your body and soul into it, and the weak just won't make it. You have to be tough on yourself and those around you, you can't clock off at the end of the day. Once you start duty as a gay person you may be called on at any time, in any situation to define, defend and justify yourself. This is not a life for the faint hearted. You can turn back now. Join up with us and take your place in a social SWAT team or choose the more common options. Fact it, you wouldn't have come this far if you really thought they could satisfy you, now would you?

Okay. No one but yourself knows just what your sexual orientation is. It is important to remember that although we stringently segregate sexual orientation by the different labels we employ, it is more often than not in some reasonable state of flux. That is, sexual identity is more like a landscape of blurred colours rather than a map cut into states. The important thing is to realise that you don't have to be gay or straight, but that you can have the respect for every part of your sexuality and not feel ashamed of it. For some people, as in my case, coming out to the people near you became an important event. It is something which needs to be thought through very carefully, and you should only ever do it for yourself.

In my case, I decided to come out because I couldn't deal with the stress of trying to hide my sexuality from my family. That stress was nothing compared to my post-coming out stress so be warned, it may well be no picnic. I made lots of mistakes, I think, in the way that I came out, but it is finally becoming worth it. I can talk to my parents about my boyfriends and I can scope out guys with my sister. It's still quite awkward, but it's getting there. In short, I do not regret coming out, because I had to do it sooner or later, but I could have done it in a much more effective way. So, due to a request from someone who shall forever remain nameless, here is a critique of my coming out advice for those drilling and ready to take the offensive.

### A BEGINNERS GUIDE TO COMING OUT

- I had a dream. It told me to come out to my family on December 15th. I called them (it was October) and told them to be home then, I had some "special news". A dodgy beginning. As it turned out, I was working over that Xmas break as a timber stacker and on December 15th, I was on an afternoon shift. So at 10.30pm I finally got home and, determined to get it over, I had to wake my parents to come to the supper I had prepared. They weren't in the best mood. Don't listen to dreams.
- Ritualise in moments of high stress. I still have the supper menu of that evening: wine, pate, cheeses and dips, I even bought a beautiful virgin candle for the event. And I have the list of songs I played as the soundtrack: Morrissey's 'Ordinary Boys', Madonna's 'You'll See', 'Gethsemane' from Jesus Christ Superstar. Such an adolescent exercise. The remarkable thing is that of all this pre-meditated staging seemed perfectly in order to me at the time. By making it into a little ritual, by giving it a script - I had written a long letter saying all that I wanted to - I was making myself into a side show, a play. I dealt with the nervousness by making it seem like it was just acting, not really real. This accounts for my memory of the surreal atmosphere of that night. My parents were still half asleep, my sister was annoyed that I had pulled her off the telephone, it was almost 11pm and with a table laden with good food I said: "I wanted to tell you something and that is basically that I am gay." I can remember that moment as if it were that of my own birth. The first person who spoke was my sister, and she said: "You could have let us eat first!" Moral? Don't build yourself up to it in such a theatrical way; emotions will be high enough without the dramatic prelude. You can never determine how peaceful your coming out will be by how you do it, but I think that a lot can be said for the spontaneous, intuitive approach. With people you care about, there may come a time when the revelation of your sexuality is a natural development of your intimacy. For others you may need the sledge-hammer approach, as I adopted. This has its use but can cause more pain than good.

Coming out was important to me

## TEN WAYS TO COME OUT WITHOUT REALLY TRYING (FOR GIRLS)

1. Steal your brothers' gameboy
2. Buy an old car and spend your weekends "fixing it up".
3. Give that car a name that, while not being cute, connotes affection.
4. Wear the same clothes all the time.
5. Treat mirrors with indifference.
6. Know the names of the footy players that your Dad forgets.
7. Never understand the devotions of boys in love with you.
8. Scandalously inflict pain on these said boys at your will.
9. Bash gay columnists who stereotype you in pity list-cum-articles.
10. Really like the Spice Girls without hearing them sing.

as it enabled me to start looking at my feelings and emotions without immediately repressing them because I knew that they could expose me. I could not live with the fear of being accidentally outed, and I know that no matter how painful my coming out was for my family and I, it was the first time I really affirmed my gayness as something positive. Try to make sure that when you do go out on that ledge, that you have good friends nearby and a safe place to go. Coming out can be like going from a good citizen to refugee in your own family in 15 seconds, or it

may be really smooth. Either way, think it through and when you're ready: bite the bullet. Then you can start operating on your own terms. Just remember this, coming out is one of those rare emotional trips that takes you within the heart of yourself and makes you stand alone. You see yourself, with all of your inadequacies and fears exposed. It is the gutsiest thing I have ever done; once you access that level of autonomy, no-one can take it from you. Good Luck.

Daniel.

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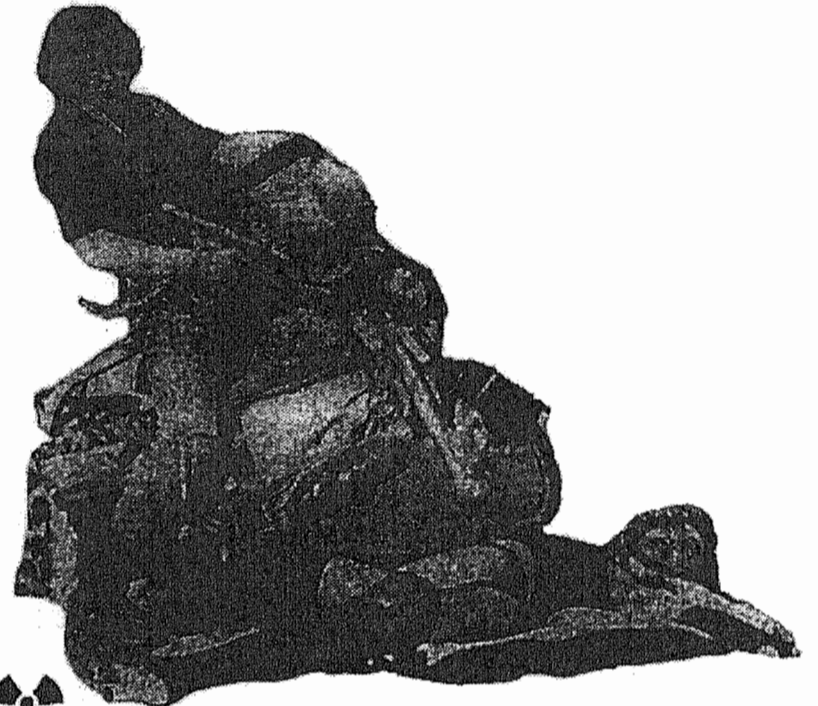
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If < 25 yrs, check if your parents health fund covers you


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Adelaide University Pride Collective  
and the Film Society present ...  
**The Rocky Horror Picture Show**  
7pm Thursday 14 May  
in the Union Cinema,  
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Adelaide University, North Terrace  
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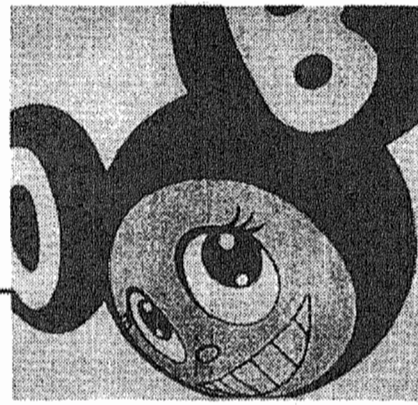


 Nuclear families waste energy



Queer art show opening  
5-7pm Monday 11 May  
Performance by Madame O, poetry & live twirling  
The Gallery Coffee Shop, 6th floor Union Building  
Adelaide University, North Terrace

 Nuclear families waste energy



Rainbow Room opening  
7-10pm Monday 11 May  
performance by Miss Liz  
in the Rainbow Room, 6th floor of the Union Building

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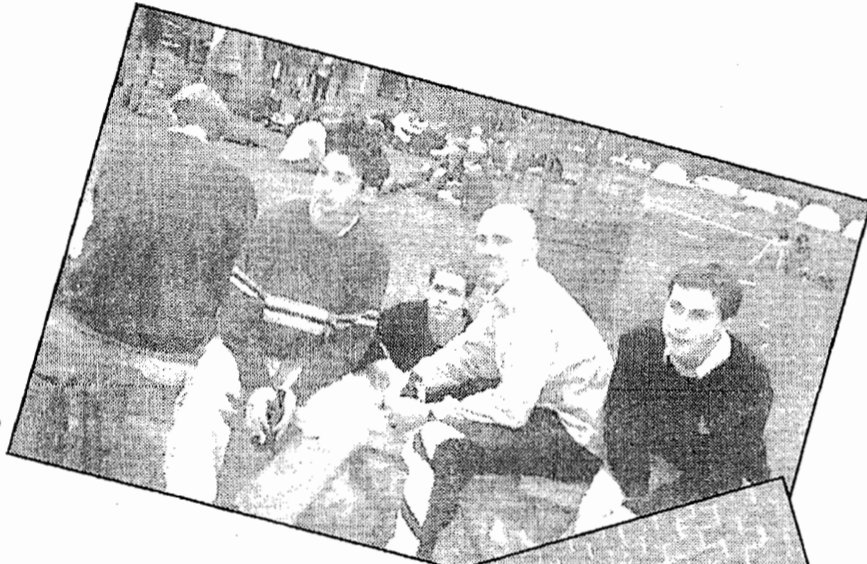
# WOW POP

Questions

- 1.) What's the sexiest thing about yourself?
- 2.) What's the best excuse to get out of sex?
- 3.) Give me a non-sexual use for a condom.

Andrew, Mark, Steve & Steve

- 1.) A: My South American boyish charm.  
M: My pinky.  
S: My stubbleicious hair.  
S: My manly physique.
- 2.) A: I agree.  
M: Why the fuck would you want to do that?  
S: As above.  
S: Yeah.
- 3.) A: Balloon animals.  
M: To lubricate a cucumber (they have those little spikes on them...)  
S: Over your head, to rob a bank.  
S: A gift to your girlfriend.



Jason & Anthony

- 1.) J: My smile.  
A: My legs.
- 2.) J: Herpes.  
A: Too drunk.
- 3.) J: Fan belt.  
A: Water bomb.

Mark & Cameron

- 1.) M: My shoes.  
C: My cords.
- 2.) M: Tired.  
C: Headache.
- 3.) M: Balloon.  
C: Water balloon.



Sarah & Sam

- 1.) S: My big toes.  
Sam: My shoulders.
- 2.) S: I have to eat.  
Sam: Prayer.
- 3.) S: Water balloon.  
Sam: Put them over the end of exhaust pipes.



Ben & Donna

- 1.) B: My interest in people.  
D: I smile and am happy a lot of the time.
- 2.) B: I don't think I have ever made an excuse for that.  
D: 'Sorry, you misunderstood me'.  
3.) B: A banana warmer.  
D: Everyone would say balloon, wouldn't they?

Sharon & Ben

- 1.) S: If I thought of it, I would have said it, but he's the one with the sexy mind.  
B: My mind.
- 2.) S: My brain is lacking imagination.  
B: I don't know about the best one, but the worst one would be 'I have a headache'.
- 3.) S: A money purse.  
B: A whoopee cushion.



Andrew, Birthday Megan, Louise & Bianca

- 1.) A: My engineering pick.  
M: My attraction to Ricky Dooling.  
L: My Marvin watch.  
B: (Couldn't come up with one in the 45 minute time limit).
- 2.) A: Is there a reason?  
M: Home and Away is on.  
L: 'You don't play basketball'.  
B: I've never had to use an excuse - why now?
- 3.) A: A water bomb.  
M: Party balloons.  
L: A Barbie sleeping bag.  
B: Rubber gloves, or mittens.

# SCIENCE AND SEXUALITY

MASTERS AND JOHNSON did FAMOUS RESEARCH ON SEXUAL RESPONSES OF MEN AND WOMEN THAT LED TO GREATER UNDERSTANDING TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE AND SEXUALITY IN GENERAL. NOT ONCE did THEY, OR ANYONE ELSE FOR THAT MATTER, EVER USE THEIR KNOWLEDGE TO "PROVE" HETEROSEXUAL SEX TO BE NATURAL, RIGHT OR NORMAL. WHY THEN DOES ANY RESEARCH INTO HOMOSEXUALITY SUDDENLY BECOME PROOF FOR IT'S NORMALITY OR ABNORMALITY? SCIENCE IS SCIENCE, NOT MORALITY. THE TERMS "NORMAL", "NATURAL" OR "RIGHT" SHOULD NOT BE DEBATED ABOUT HOMOSEXUALITY USING SCIENCE AS PROOF FOR OR AGAINST. HOMOSEXUALITY CAN BE ARGUED RIGHT, NORMAL OR NATURAL BECAUSE CONSENTING ADULTS WISH TO PARTAKE IN HOMOSEXUAL ACTIVITIES. THAT IS ENOUGH.

SIMON PAMPENA

## Bonobo Chimps and Human Sexuality

People who have argued that homosexuality in humans is an abnormality that needs to be cured have limited themselves to only one species of primates. Their argument needs to be extended to one of our closest relatives so to be complete. The bonobo chimpanzee shares 98% of their genes with humans and has homosexual sex as a cornerstone of their society. Try arguing that a whole species is abnormal. Humans are not alone in the abundance of homosexual behaviour. The bonobo's most common sexual pattern between adult females is genitogenital rubbing. One female facing another clings with arms and legs to a partner that, standing on both hands and feet, lifts her off the ground. The two females then rub their genital swellings laterally together emitting grins and squeals that probably reflect orgasmic experiences. The male bonobo too engage in a form of pseudocopulation that involves standing back to back while one male rubs his scrotum against the buttocks of another. They also practice what has been named penis-fencing, in which two males hang face to face from a branch while rubbing their erect penises together. This diversity in erotic contacts in bonobos also includes sporadic oral sex, mutual masturbation and intense tongue kissing. What needs to be pointed out in this description of sexual activity is that female bonobos genitalia is oriented in the same way as female genitalia in humans and there is also a strong capacity for orgasm, as with females in the human species. As a result of this, bonobos are the only animal other than humans that copulate face to face as part of their normal patterns of heterosexual sex. This means that bonobos of the opposite sex copulate like humans in the "missionary position", which was once thought to be uniquely human. In the argument that homosexuality is an abnormality to our species, it is ironic that an animal that is so similar to us that it has "straight" sex the same as humans also has "gay" sex amongst it's species quite naturally. Although there is a great number of simi-

larities in sexual activity between our species and that of the bonobo, the way they use sex in day to day living is unique to them. Sex is connected to feeding with the bonobo and even makes food sharing possible. It has been observed that after the discovery of a tree loaded with figs, there was a flurry of sexual contacts which lasted for five to ten minutes, after which the bonobo settled down to consume the food. One explanation for the sexual activity at feeding time could be that excitement over food translated into sexual arousal. Another explanation that is more far reaching is because of competition. Researchers believe that bonobo sexual activity is used to avoid conflict. One case was when a cardboard box was thrown into an enclosure of bonobos that resulted in activity of mounting one another before approaching the new object quite calmly. A similar situation with most species of primates leads to squabbling. The bonobo however are quite tolerant, perhaps because tension had been defused and attention diverted through sex. Another case involves aggressive standoffs between males and males or females and males to be resolved by genital rubbing or intercourse. What results is a very peaceful society that resolves conflicts between individuals in a fast and effective manner. Humans, while sharing the sexuality of the bonobo unfortunately share their aggressive nature with the other primates. The bonobo stance of "make love not war" has given them a rich and egalitarian society that is something that so many human societies have prized and strive for. It funny to think that it all has so much to do about sex: gay and straight.

simon pampena



## Scientific Research and Homosexuality

### SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AND HOMOSEXUALITY

William Byrne and Bruce Parsons of Columbia University observed in their thesis on the anthropology of homosexuality that in communities where people endorse or allow homosexual behaviour as a social norm, the incidence of homosexuality is vastly higher. This does not reflect a difference in the proportion of gay people in a population. Moreover, it reflects proportions of people who feel secure in publicly expressing their sexuality in the respective communities (Gay liberation is unheard of in the communist world where the official disapproval takes the form of stiff legal penalties). Thus, there are huge discrepancies in studies that attempt to ascertain the exact proportions of the gay population. Studies in more conservative societies cite the figure to be between 1 and 3 percent, whilst Alfred Kinsey's famous study in 1948 claimed that at least 10 percent of American males were exclusively homosexual, and a further 30 percent had had a homosexual experience to the point of orgasm. A study conducted by George Rekes shows that significant proportions of homosexuals have substantially fewer male role models in their families than homosexual males. This result may come from the rejection by, absence of or verbal or physical abuse from a same-sex parent. The most groundbreaking study in gay research was done by Dean Hamer and published in *Science* in July 1992. His research began with a simple survey of several hundred homosexual males, which established that their maternal uncles where also gay in a statistically significant number of cases. This pointed to a maternally inherited gene that is carried by females, although the trait itself is not expressed in them. These preliminary studies led to a painstaking search for a hypothetical "gay" gene which, it turned out, could possibly be located in a region on the X chromosome known as Xq28. Several fascinating studies on gay twins have also been conducted to search for a possible "gay" gene. One such study,

conducted by Baily and Pillard, found that there is a 50 percent concordance amongst genetically identical (monozygotic) twins, were both twins where raised together, and one identified as homosexual. This means that if one twin is homosexual, there is a 1 in 2 chance that the other might be also. This finding, however, may also argue for the importance of non-genetical factors, because for something to be genetically determined (as opposed to genetically influenced), there should be 100% concordance in two people with identical genes. Additionally, the twins grow-up in a shared environment. Therefore the result points to a combination of genetic influence and environmental influence. A further study has indicated that concordance in non-identical (dizygotic) twins is around 22%, and concordance in siblings is about 1%. The twin study has been criticised by some as being taken from a non-representative sample, as it has been noted that the very factor of twinhood can environmentally influence homosexuality. It is interesting to note that there are a significant percentage of identical twins that develop sexual relationships with each other. Another interesting study was that of Gunter Dorner, one of the major researchers in pre-natal hormonal influence on sexuality. His studies began with a preliminary survey which showed that male homosexuals perform more like average females on certain qualitative tests of mental functioning (which correlate with typical male/female brain differences). His research showed that during pregnancy, an excess of adrenal androgen in the mother (usually brought on by parental stress), coupled with the deficiency of the enzyme 21-hydroxylase, can affect the foetus' (sic) sexual orientation later on in life, if this occurs during the early stage of brain organisation. These results have been replicated by Norman Geschwind of Harvard University who also noted that this was a likely cause of left-handedness, and that over 30% of homosexuals are left-handed, compared to 10% in the general community.

Jerome Silver



# HOT POLITICAL POTATOES

## Prostitution Law Reform in South Australia

Prostitutes sell their bodies to save their souls while politicians sell their souls to save their (constituent) bodies (with apologies to Compton Mackenzie).

The road to prostitution law reform has been a long a tortuous one. Generally, 'decriminalisation' has been a dirty word in Australia, especially for politicians. South Australia's politicians are once again wrestling with the issue. However, the sex work industry remains nonplussed with the methods that Parliament persists in trying to impose on the madness.

Opposition to prostitution in South Australia has been derived from many sources in the past. Ranging from the self-appointed crusaders for public and religious morality to feminists who have conceived of prostitution as being exploitative and demeaning or a perpetuation of existing sexual power structures (particularly between men and women). However, the perception of prostitution has undergone substantial change over the past 20 years or so. The community is today less inclined to perceive of prostitution as sexual slavery or a profound 'sale of self'. Rather there is greater recognition about the nature of sex work. It is not so much the selling of self - ie the sex is not regarded as being inherently meaningful or sacred - as it is the selling of sexual services for non-romantic purposes; recreation, pleasure, companionship, even therapy for the client, and primarily as a means of earning a living for the sex worker. Now, if only the lawmakers would catch up!

In the push for reform, greater emphasis has been placed on prostitution as an ordinary economic activity (hence the reclassification of the profession as 'sex work') as distinct from the traditional notions of exploitation or sexual deviance. Moreover, sex work lobbyists have appealed to classical liberal ideals of bodily self-determination and that consenting adults should be free from state regulation or intervention of their sexual conduct whether it be in a personal or business relationship. An even more expansive view of sexual privacy and sexual expression invokes a right to establish and develop relationships

with other human beings so as to fulfil one's emotional needs. This would preclude sex work specific regulations - such as those which prohibit the advertising of sexual services, pimping or consorting with prostitutes - since this is an unnecessary fetter on sexual freedom. This approach is similar to that taken by homosexuals in their own battles for equality with respect to freedom of sexual expression and sexual privacy.

However, despite changed perceptions in the community about sex work the law remains a mess in South Australia. Since 1980 there have been half a dozen attempts at prostitution law reform. The latest attempt at reform is Labor Party M.L.C.

Terry Cameron's Private Member's Bill which is currently being considered by the South Australian Parliament. Mr Cameron's Prostitution Bill is a dog's breakfast which, if anything, is regressive according to the South Australian sex industry. Mr Cameron describes his Bill as aiming to decriminalise prostitution in a manner similar to the Western Australian regime. But this is no decriminalisation at all. It is a heavy-handed regulatory regime which specifically targets the sex work industry as a whole when other existing aspects of the law (like loitering to combat solicitation or child protection provisions to combat child prostitution) could quite easily be used in a way which doesn't perpetuate the

stigmatisation of sex work as something which is undesirable. Further, the Cameron Bill's prescription of compulsory periodic medical checks and certification that the sex worker isn't infected with STDs is unnecessary and potentially self-defeating. The AIDS Council of South Australia prefers self-regulation and maintains that the practice of safe sex is always to be preferred over health checks which are out of date as soon as certification is given. Another problem with the latest



reform Bill is that it doesn't provide for sex work done from home, nor does it distinguish between brothels and escort agencies. Sex work lobbyists would

prefer law reform similar to that proposed by Liberal MP Mark Brindell in 1995, which was based on ACT legislation - the most progressive in Australia. The ACT laws provide for the registration of sex workers and that all brothels be located in industrial zones (where they have been traditionally located). Sole sex workers who operate out of their homes are excluded from the definition of brothels, which better protects their privacy. Advertising of the sale of sex services is subject to less restriction in the ACT than it is in other states. Sex workers are further provided for in the ACT through the operation of Equal Opportunity laws which prohibit discrimination against people by vir-

tue of their status as sex workers. Consequently, a sex worker can't be charged more for ads in the media, or for the rental of work premises. Also, there is no mandatory testing for STDs, only a requirement that safe sex be practiced. Despite difficulties in policing this provision, it nevertheless offers protection to sex workers (and their clients) against STDs. The key to the acceptance of the ACT laws by sex workers is that the provisions don't try to change the sex industry too much, nor do they unreasonably burden the participants in the industry. It has been noted in other jurisdictions like New South Wales that regimes which are unnecessarily bureaucratic or heavy-handed end up being counter-productive as 'illegal' sex work is sent further underground, further into the arms of organised crime and police corruption and further from the reaches of health and education services - all of which make sex work more hazardous.

However, the prospects of progressive prostitution law reform in South Australia remain slim as the 1995 Brindell Bill, like its less ambitious predecessors and successors, sent SA's politicians running for cover. Explaining why the politicians here are consistently behind public opinion remains a mystery. Perhaps 'moral' crusaders like the Festival of Light have a hand on the purse-strings of the political parties. In the meantime, sex work lobbyists, lacking the sound and fury and the finances of the moral crusaders, continue their program of community education aimed at demystifying sex work and highlighting that the sex industry is not riddled with crime as a matter of course.

Georgie Hambrook

Sources: The AIDS Council of South Australia; SIERA, "Prostitution Law Reform: Defining the Terms"; Barbara Sullivan, "Rethinking Prostitution" in Caine and Pringle, eds. *Transitions: New Australian Feminisms*, Allen & Unwin: Sydney, 1995; 184-97; Simon Bronitt, "The Right to Sexual Privacy" *Australian Journal of Human Rights* (1995) Vol.2, No.1.





## ALISON FOLLAND: REALLY, REALLY NICE

I knew that when I became editor this year I would be trying new things and writing for various sections that I never had before. So, when the Film Sub-ed rang me and asked me to do my first ever film review (for *All Over Me*) I jumped at the chance. What I didn't bargain for was that this particular review also held an opportunity for interviewing an international film actor; Alison Folland. As you could imagine, I was quite nervous about the whole thing. Face to face interviews are a rarity in this office and the fact that Ms Folland's plane was late only built up my nervousness to an all-time high. However, upon meeting Alison Folland, I was immediately put to ease with her easygoing nature and sincere chatter. "Yeah, I like Australia so far. I haven't really had much chance to see it but hope-

fully when I get to Sydney I'll get to see some of the icons" said Folland. Also on the agenda was the Sydney Mardi Gras ("it sounds like it's going to be fantastic!") and some short-but-sweet time to see Australia's rural and coastal areas.

Anyway, about that film...

You may remember seeing Alison Folland in Gus Van Sant's *To Die For* ("I was the girl who got the gun for Nicole"), her first ever role in a film. Upon remarking about her sudden rise to recognition Folland retorted "Yeah, that was my first film... it was kind of sudden really. I hadn't intended on trying out for the part (there had been an open call in her area) but a few of my friends wanted to... so I went along too".

*All Over Me* marks Folland's second feature film, and first time in a leading role, as the shy but firm teenager Claude.

"Claude was a cool character to play. It really reminded me about what growing up as a teenager was like. I think both Claude and Ellen (played by Tara Subkoff) relate to people on many dif-



ferent levels because they're at different stages of developing in the world, regardless of the sexuality aspect," said Folland.

And yet the sub-theme of sexuality still remains a pertinent issue, especially within the framework of teenage development.

"I guess that's the main thing that people

will take away from *All Over Me* but I think there's still the presence of much more than that... friendship, loyalty, you know, the wider picture," Folland remarks.

And what's next on the agenda for Ms Folland?

"Well, I've had a couple of calls for various 'projects in the works' and a small walk-in part in *Good Will Hunting*... I'm still trying to get my head around the fact that people are starting to recognise me, that I'm now an actor, you know? I think I'll just take it as it comes," she answers. And with that, a smile and polite thank yous all round Alison Folland walks down Rundle Street to her next point of interview... or maybe lunch.

Susie Bate



*The Object of My Affection*  
Now Showing  
Hoyts and Selected Cinemas

Jennifer Aniston is back on the big screen again in another romantic comedy, this time with an interesting twist. Aniston plays Nina Borowski, a social worker who falls in love with her gay flatmate and friend, a primary school teacher called George Hanson (Paul Rudd). When Nina becomes pregnant she begins to question who she wants to help her raise the child - her slightly overbearing boyfriend Vince (John Pankow), or her patient, thoughtful best friend. Initially George is enthusiastic, but things become complicated when he falls in love with his perfect match, a young actor (Amo Gulinello), who is also the object of affection of theatre critic Rodney Fraser (a brilliant Nigel Hawthorne). Nina is forced to confront her true feelings for George and admit that she is not made of the right stuff to live such an "alternative lifestyle". This storyline has great poten-

tial and deals with interesting issues: unrequited love, sexuality, friendship, and what makes a long-term relationship work. Although it is funny in places this potential is not fully realised, mainly because of the imbalance between the comedy and the drama in the screenplay. This movie can't seem to decide which it wants to be, and the mix doesn't quite work as well as it could have. This unevenness is not helped by the fact that several of the characters are extremely dislikeable: the possessive boyfriend, George's philandering brother, and Nina's irritating stepsister. That said, there is also much to like. Aniston's acting has improved from her previous efforts. Alan Alda shines in his small role as Nina's stepbrother-in-law. In particular the inclusion of Nigel Hawthorne gives this film a dramatic pathos it may have lacked without his wonderful performance. It is always interesting to see how a formulaic Hollywood movie approaches issues of sexuality. This movie isn't brilliant but it is enjoyable and does the job better than most.

Judith Webster

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I KNEW THAT YOU DON'T KNOW THIS.  
WHEN WE MAKE LOVE,  
SHARE OUR BODIES AND OUR SWEAT,  
AND OUR HOPES AND DREAMS AND THOUGHTS,  
WHAT I ENJOY THE MOST  
IS HOLDING YOU, AFTERWARDS

LAYING THERE, EXPOSED  
TO THE SILVER WHITE LIGHT  
OF THE MOON.

EACH VULNERABLE TO THE SMALLEST WORD  
OR GESTURE FROM THE OTHER  
WE SHARE AN INTIMACY AND CLOSENESS  
THAT BINDS US CLOSER AND CLOSER

# Lovermine

My lover has junkie veins,  
Tiger-tawny mind  
And eyes like sun-warm malachite.

My lover has a gentle heart  
and sweet swollen lips.  
My lover's hips leave bruises on my thighs.

My lover has me time out of time  
With moon drenched golden skin  
and a grin like summer silver  
he opens up my heart

*- Faithful.*

# EATING

EATING HUNGRILY

I PAUSE,  
DISENGAGE FROM YOUR LIPS  
AND CLIT,  
AND LOOK AT YOU  
CATCHING YOUR BREATH.

GOD, I REVEL IN EATING YOU  
WANTING, AND WILLING  
YOUR PASSION TO BUILD  
WATCHING YOUR DESIRE EXPLODE,  
WATCHING YOUR BODY  
CONTORT IN THE AGONY  
OF PLEASURE.

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must be included.*

# SEXY STYLE TIPS FROM THE 80'S

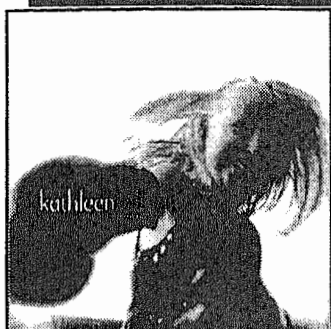
## PUNK 'N PREPPY SHARED THE SCENE



Styles of the year went to extremes. Way out was punk, with its symbols of anguish and anger; way in was preppy, with its old English boarding school look. Boys, with names like Spike, wore black leather, plenty of metal hardware and curled their lips. Girls named Muffy wore lots of natural fibres and their mothers' pearls. Other signs of the times follow.







Kathleen Wilhoite: *Pitch Like a Girl* (Dave's Record Company/V2)

Kathleen Wilhoite - loving your work. I don't know where you came from, I don't know where your going. But so long as you keep turning out the good gear, frankly I don't care.

I was a little surprised when *Pitch like a Girl* came into my possession. One of the guys said 'You'd like this, Rusty. It's count-reee'. After he got up off the floor I told him not to poke fun at me. Anyway, I took it home and had a listen. The first thing I noticed was Wilhoite's sweet, slightly raspy vocal delivery. My heart melted; I was in love. The first track, "Whatever it Takes", didn't sound particularly country-oriented. You can hear a country-blues influence on tracks like "Dumb Ol' Girl", "Yard Sale" and "No One Can Touch Me", kind of an early Bonnie Raitt thing happening. But the songwriters Wilhoite reminds me of most would be Jackson Browne, circa *Late for the Sky* / *The Pretender* and early Neil Young, or maybe Michael Timmins from the Cowboy Junkies. All the signs are there, a blend of genuine grief over love unrequited and exceptional songwriting skills. Example: 'Disappointment stops by from time to time / To see how I'm doing / He came by last night right after you left / My life in ruin'. There are touches of country influence, lap-steel slide-gear, lilting delivery on the higher notes, but don't be fooled; this is a remarkably accessible album. Call me a sucker for senti-

It's a girl thing.

Deborah Conway (Mushroom)

There is only one track on this single and no remix's. 'It's a girl thing' is an energetic little ditty but there are better songs on Conway's album, *My Third Husband*. Ganymede

Push It garbage (Mushroom)

'Push it' is the first single off the new garbage album and is very cool. The single features one remix and two other songs that are not on the album. 'Thirteen' is a ballad similar to 'Milk' and 'Lick the Pavement' is a bit harder. Very cool, check it out.

Ganymede

Rewind

Celitia (Mushroom)

If you're into R&B anthems and don't mind hearing the same song twice, this is for you. Seven versions, forty two minutes; that's value. Includes a gutsy eighteen minute club mix by Rob Bee, and versions by Cutfather & Joe, Ignorants, M.Doc, Silk and his protege, Kelly G.

andrew four

Saturday Sam

Peter Brunnell (Festival)

Flash Brit pop/rock with a hint of Paul Kelly. Loud, energetic and catchy, with a sweet track called 'Fly' featuring Melissa Jo Heathcote's mesmerising vocals. Go buy it, or get the album *Camelot in Smithereens!*

andrew four

LOCAL PRODUCE

BRUNATEX

Sometime on Friday I checked my pigeon hole in the *On Dit* Office. To my surprise I found a nice little orange folder containing the new debut Brunatex EP CD and a few dates for your diary. I've now had the chance to listen to the CD a couple of times over the course of the weekend and thought it only fair to give you a sneak preview of what you can expect. It's good, it's Adelaide, it's new and it's happening RIGHT NOW!



*Comfortable*  
Brunatex  
(independent)

October 1996. In the last dying stages of a couple of prominent local Adelaide bands a new band was needed to refresh the scene. Enter Brunatex. It's nearly two years later and their first EP re-

lease *Comfortable* marks their permanent spot in Adelaide music punters' hearts. Featuring well-loved songs from their live sets (I especially love their shiny & new 'Better Than Ever' even more than the original!), *Comfortable* covers all facets of the established Brunatex sound. The cool and unique collaborative effect of the usual bass/guitar/drums combo and the atmospheric keyboards proves that new sounds are not a thing of the rehashed past. A particularly newer component of the Brunatex sound is the inclusion of Tanya Giobbi's vocal delights. Giobbi's contribution to the vocal arrangement brings about yet another dimension to an already likeable combination.

*Comfortable* will be available at Brunatex gigs for \$8 and at Big Star and Unirecords for \$10 after May 24, 1998.

*Comfortable* will be launched over one weekend in May

- Thurs May 21 @ Seven Stars Hotel 9.30pm.
- Friday May 22 @ The Austral 10.45pm.
- Saturday May 23 @ Madlove Bar. 9.30pm
- Sunday May 24 @ The Crown and Anchor Hotel. 4pm start.



SUSIE BATE

ment, but my favourite tracks would be "Wish we Never Met", "Stop Yelling" and "Symphony", in that order. *Pitch Like a Girl* is definitely a contender for my top 10 list this year.

Rusty Springfield

folks doin stuff

Friday is it ... the moment you've been waiting for... **Sleepless** - those dulcet songstresses of the silver screen - are gracing the Adelaide stage once more. On May 15th (yeah, that's this Friday) the guys will be showing off their talents in acoustic, swimwear, and eveningwear heats. Rumour has it that some industry types are sniffing around, looking to make the band their next Lana Turner, so get along and show where your loyalties are.

Send the kids to the neighbours, you'll be coming back loaded! That's the plan for Saturday the 16th of May when melodic rockers **Yakspit** pull the shortest straw and play the Tivoli for Music Business Adelaide. If you're doing a little tour of the Eat The Street shows, make sure you catch the "hot rock action" of **Yakspit** - as Sarah

McLeod would say - especially if you happen to be an industry person (hint hint).

Have you been awaiting an explosion of electro breakbeat sound in Adelaide? Well it's arrived in the form of three piece electronica outfit **Nectar**. If you missed out on their series of gigs last weekend, **Nectar** will be hauling their computer and spiffy bleep-bleep machines down to the Producers on Friday 15th of May. So haul your arse down there and shake it around to the fat beats and analogue morphs.

Well tan my hide 'til it's golden brown. Don't tell me those indie rock stars **Alien Dave** are on the web? Seems it's true kids. Point

your clicky thing at <www.users.on.net/tori/AlienDave> and their ugly mugs will be staring right back at you. If you're not the nerd-dot-alt-dot-obsessive-dot type you could just head down to the Seven Stars Saloon on Saturday May 16th. It's free entry, the beer's cheap and those retro indie-rockers **Alien Dave** begin at 9.30PM.

You may have heard **Timothy's** ultra-catchy ditty *Tai Chi Song* on Triple J recently or even their Star Wars tribute track *Episode IV*. If not, you're bound to hear at least one of them at the Crown & Anchor on Saturday May 16th when the Triple J darlings do their geek-pop thing for all to see. There's also plans for **Timothy** to follow up their impressive sophomore EP *Life's ok Today* with a new EP titled *Krankenwagen*.



Top 10

1. I Thought it was You - SEX O SONIQUE
2. Horny - MOUSSE T
3. Don't Give Up - MICHELLE WEEKS
4. Put Your Faith In Me - ALISON LIMERICK
5. It's Like That - JASON NEVINS/RUN DMC
6. To Be In Love - INDIA/MASTERS AT WORK
7. Industry Standard - INDUSTRY STANDARD
8. Keep on Dancing - PERPETUAL MOTION
9. Love Shy - KRISTINE BLONDE
10. Free at Last - EDISON PROJECT/TYME MIX



Jeff Buckley  
*Sketches for My Sweetheart the Drunk*  
(Columbia/Sony)

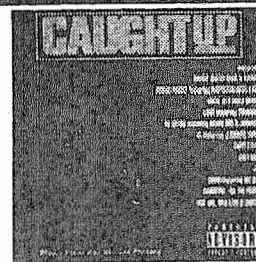
It is no simple task to review this much awaited Jeff Buckley album. The pressure of writing a simple 500 word piece on this man, who, after the magnificent *Grace* in 1993 changed my life. Finally there was an artist who made Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah" sound like the soulful song it should. Stepping way outside the tag of his father Tim, Jeff's voice is something that cannot be truly defined in words: any of you who have heard his voice and love it as much as I do, definitely know exactly what I am wapping on about. After his death last year when he decided that taking a dip in the Mississippi river was a refreshing thing to do (and with his rather chunky boots on), this action ultimately was the death of a god to me - no longer could I look forward to another release from this man with the soulful but sad voice. Well a year after his death, his mother, Mary, has compiled this album that I now have the honour of reviewing.

So many negative things have been said about this album. After playing it to a friend of mine, she noticed that it was a "little bit rockier than *Grace*." This is not, however, what I wish to do - compare this album to Jeff's first in 1993. What we hear, after all, is only a sketch of what Jeff wanted us to hear - and according to the notes in the front of the album, the band, who in *Grace* had such a pivotal role in de-

fining the sound of Jeff's voice, are largely ignored. There is a part of me who really likes this album - most of my faves are on the first discs which leads me to believe that this could have perhaps been released as a single album, and the second disc should have been released with a compilation of his live recordings. Sound wise this is NOT the Jeff from *Grace*, it is patchy and unpredictable (which is why I like it so much), however I cannot help but think that these sketches are in no ways a reflection of what Jeff wanted. Perhaps this is my sense of paranoia which is taking over, as well as my immortalisation of Jeff in his first album.

My favourite song so far is "New Year's Prayer" which appears not once, but twice on the album (on separate discs). It seems to me to reflect his main influence: Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan whose voice, like Jeff's is much more than that recycled crap that we hear from other mainstream artists. Jeff's mother decided to end the album as Jeff's memorial service ended, with a tape of him singing "Satisfied Mind." It is a good reminder that music for Jeff was, more than anything else, a source of joy. These recordings, while sketchy and unpredictable, capture him in all his talent and contradictions - full of life. Buy this album to be challenged not to remember his first album. Though the sadness of his death will never fade, his joy for will still come through.

Jocelyn Milbank



Caught Up  
Sound-track  
Various  
Artists  
(Virgin)

A soundtrack of a movie that I have never seen or heard of before is interesting fodder for a review. Taking the album by itself, reduces this to a collection of rap songs. Unsurprising, considering the names on the cover: Kurupt, Shaggy Doggy Dogg, Killah Priest, etc. This is really bad. Perhaps it is just my lack of ability to see anything musical about a guy talking in deep voice over the top of beats and bangs taken from Stock Standard Sound Sample Library Vol.3. And since this makes up 80% of the CD, it left me very unimpressed.

Ey-Yo is a relatively good song. It has an excited beat that was lacking in the other dreary tracks, but it made up for it in the repetitive nature. I could be judging this soundtrack too harshly as the stills on the cover show a movie about prisons, so the boring, cyclic and dull nature of the music could be symbolic of the prison environment. This is a rap album and I hate it.

Lindsay Gordon

this week on local noise

# something for kate

recorded live @ the UniBar

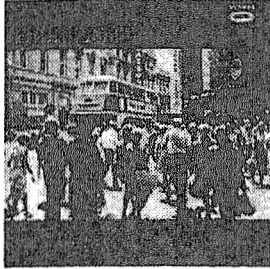
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Ammonia:  
*Eleventh Avenue*  
(Murmur)

*Eleventh Avenue* is Perth band Ammonia's second album since signing to Murmur. Their lords and masters sent the band to the States to work with people who know what they're doing

with music, which begs the question, did anyone at the label ever listen to *Mint 400*? The habit record companies seem to possess of taking perfectly good bands and trying to turn them mechanically into Next Big Thing material is disturbing to say the least (I'm thinking here of Seven Stories, the Jaynes, maybe to a lesser degree, Eat the Menu... oh, I'm sorry, the Mercy Bell). But I've talked about this in the past so I'll try to stick to what really counts - the music.

I have to admit to a couple of things first. I've liked Ammonia since the first time I heard "Drugs" on Rage, I think they're the best thing musically to come out of my own home-town since the Dugites (yes, I know I'm showing my age). *Eleventh Avenue* is not the direction I would have seen the guys going in; it's a lot slicker than anything that preceded it. Oft-times this can be a hindrance to the actual songwriting; lyric and melody take a back seat to the artist's need to *explore* what they can do in a cool studio with eight times their first album's budget (consider the difference in quality between Suzanne Vega's first and second albums). Well, I'm happy to say *Eleventh Avenue* does stand up to what has gone before it. It is at once a progression and a departure. The production values are a lot stronger and the songs are a little slicker-sounding than the band's previous gear. These things shouldn't detract from *Eleventh Avenue*, though. The album is like a mixture of earlier sounds and new ones. Designated singles like "Monochrome" and "You're Not The Only One" indicate the direction the band is going in, while songs like "Keep On My Side", "Killswitch" and "Yeah, Doin' It" show the guys haven't left their original fans behind completely. For signing to a major label, Ammonia seem to have come away disheveled but not molested.

J.D.



The Devlins:  
*Waiting*

If Savage Garden represent the best in idiosyncratic pop stupidity and, say, the Eels represent progressive pop, The Devlins are meandering around in the no-man's land that lies in between.

This is Sunday afternoon music at best; nice boy melodic rock with clean production and an earnest vocalist. The title track of the Devlins album, "Waiting", is a monotonous ballad that could be mistaken for an interesting song a la "No Aphrodisiac" or "Drugs Don't Work", except that they actually are interesting. Much like the album in general, it's nice, but uninspiring. The "Philharmonic Virus" that tends to wind its way through the rock world appears in "Years Could Go By" and, happily for potential Devlins fans, actually works to deepend the sound momentarily (too little too late, if you ask me). However, if you want to hear the true problem with The Devlins *Waiting*, try and pick the change of song between "Disappear" and "Surrender" (call me if you can, I'll give you a medal). Not that I would call it a low point. The album isn't interesting enough to have low points. As for songs that sound vaguely less tedious, try "Reckless" or "Kill With Me Tonight", just don't expect any great shock of musical genius, because that's about as likely as you finding literary genius in this review. Me and the Devlins make a nice pair.

*Waiting* is hardly a bad album. It's just not a good one (which is not to say some of you can't enjoy it anyway). The problem, essentially, is that washed-out America college rock is an old ball game, and I'd be surprised if anyone didn't feel they'd heard this album before. 100 times or so. That said, I have no doubt that The Devlins will have great commercial success. Which should be fairly indicative of how boring it is.

Simone



Various Artists:  
*The Wedding Singer*  
soundtrack  
(Maverick/Warner)

What can I say about this album that hasn't already been said by dozens of aging music reviewers who, like myself, are trying desparately to

hold on to the thread-bare remnant of their youth as it gets trampled under the on-going march of young talent ready to step up and take their rightful place as the vangard of contemporary music criticism (yes, fellow music reviewers, I despise and resent all of you - especially the teenagers).

Anyway, at the risk of sounding like a dag, I have to say I really like this album. As a soundtrack album it stands up well. As a representative document of the popular music of 1985 it is flawless; I would say *The Wedding Singer* soundtrack is a fairer representation of the music of the '80s than the *Boogie Nights* soundtrack was of the '70s. Some of the gear still stands up today against current stuff [Elvis Costello's "Everyday I Write the Book", the Smiths' "How Soon Is Now?"], some of it makes you grimace ["Pass the Dutchie" by Musical Youth], but for those of us who grew up listening to this stuff the first time it came out it's like a stroll down memory lane, except I can't remember where I left my walking stick.

J.D.

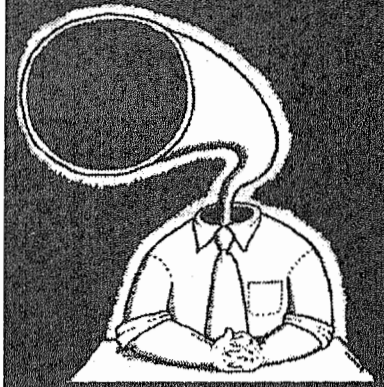


*Regarding the Soul*  
Dee Carstensen

As the title implies, *Regarding the Soul* is a highly personalized collection. It chronicles a painful period of loss which, deriving from the tone, could only be an account of the artist's own

experiences. Everything on this CD contributes to this theme and tracks the stages of sadness, longing, hope and healing. The musical composition is often quite haunting and Carstensen's voice soars dreamily in 'Before You' and 'Love Thing'. She picks up 'Angel' from Jimi Hendrix, reinterpreting it with some groovy African harmonies as well as the tender treatment it deserves. Carstensen has, primarily, written the lyrics and music for all but one of the tracks. The music is sweet but mature. The lilting tunes, embued with the influences of jazz, blues and a bit 'O country might well fit into that dreadful category of 'easy listening zzzzzz...'. It may be far from riveting but this CD is intended for quiet, intimate listening, of which the harp, played by Carstensen, is symbolic. Tunes that express a deep mourning and longing are broken up with more rhythmic even funky numbers such as 'What a Little Love can do'. *Regarding the Soul* is a reflective journey but this doesn't come across as a big 'heavy' or deep melancholy. It's only after reading the lyrics a few times that you realize the less cheery aspect of this CD. The music doesn't really give it away, even with the personal style of the contributing instruments that include cello, violin, guitar acoustics, as well as warm backing vocals. This two dimensional aspect of Carstensen's music makes songs like 'Before You' quite beautiful. Besides this, Carstensen has a rich youthful voice that unites the instruments. If you have an affinity for the likes of Mary Black, then you'll probably like Dee Carstensen - it's the kind of music that grows on you...

Medusa



## Student Radio Column

We like films. So do you. There is no point in denying it. Whether you prefer the high sea, high drama, high falutin' action of *Titanic*, or the soul wrenching, alcohol drinking, thought provoking action of *The Sound of One Hand Clapping*, all of us at one point or another like to sit down, or lie down, or stand up, to enjoy films. The next best thing, of course, is finding out about films. Sometimes, however, we just want David Stratton and Margaret Pomerancz to shut up. Who doesn't? But when this is the case, where does one go for information?

Why, Student Radio of course. Where else? (well, *On Dit*, I guess, if you're desperate. Or crazy.)

Each and every Saturday night Student Radio presents the best in film and theatre reviews on the shows 'Sticky Tape and Rust' (Saturday Week 1 10:30pm) and 'The F-Spot' (Saturday Week 2 11:30pm). Christine and Briony from 'Sticky Tape...' are two highly informed, highly entertaining young ladies who know their film stuff and want to tell you all they know. Bree and Heather are just as informed and entertaining, and often present in-depth feature shows, about such things as Bond films or *Star Wars* or anything else.

And both shows, every week are absolutely LOADED with GIVEAWAYS! That's right, FREE STUFF! Why wouldn't you want to listen?

This week Local Noise features Something for Kate. What more do we need to say? 9:30pm Tuesday night.

Peter Adams  
Christian Haebich

# no trouble with this woman!

- an interview with ruth tricky

"Nobody wants some dippy doctor recommending major surgery the first time you have a period cramp. And nobody needs a whacko naturopath saying that if you have severe endometriosis you just need to drink more watermelon juice and have a good lie down. This book is about the sensible middle road, driven by the philosophy of natural therapies. It emphasises self care and prevention".

In this very special sexuality edition, it is important to remember the vital role that good sexual health plays. Just as important is women's health. *Women's Troubles - Natural and Medical Solutions* is the new joint venture between Kaz Cooke and Ruth Trickey. I spoke to Ruth one very early morning about all things women's healthwise.

### How was working with Kaz Cooke?

Oh it was great - we had a good time. I mean, she's incredibly amusing but she's a very good journalist as well. So, her English skills and her grasp of the English language is fantastic. So, it was very good working with her.

### What kind of things did you hope to get out of the book?

My main aim was to write a book that would inform women about their options right across the board from medical to natural options. And the sorts of things they do themselves. But also to let them know about the most common problems they were likely to experience.

### How important are the three (self-care, medical and natural) therapies combined?

Well, it's different for different people. You know sometimes self care is fine and sometimes you need to adopt the entire spectrum of treatment, depending on what's wrong. What I certainly try to do in my practice is to decide with the woman what her outcomes are, what they need to be, from her perspective. Go through her options and then make some suggestions about which particular group of things might be the most appropriate.

So, it's quite variable which has a major role.

I noticed that the buzz around the office about this topic was generally avoided by my male counterparts. Is this usually the case when you discuss your work with male friends?

Um, yes and no. I guess I've been at dinner parties and things and said "I'm writing a book about periods" and the conversation had just stopped and people have just looked at me as if I've got two heads. In other situations when I've been with groups of men and said "I'm writing a book about periods" and they've said "Oh really? What are you doing?" I've found quite varied responses from men and women about the topic.

I mean, most women are very comfortable talking about their periods. The responses have been quite variable with men but overall my experience has been that most of my male friends have been very interested in the project from start to finish.

### How common are 'code names' when you refer to women's periods?

What I found talking to ranges of women was that older women tend to have, what I like to think of, slightly daggy names like 'Fred', 'On the rags' or those sort of things. And when I talked to younger women they'd say "Oh, we just call them periods. Don't be ridiculous!" Quite pleasingly it seems that there's quite a lot of acceptance among women, particularly younger women. You know, they're much more prepared to talk about it in a unembarrassed way.

What kind of age group are you expecting to be the most interested in this book then?

We've been watching people read it - because I'm selling it at my clinic. What happens is that a lot of people read it and go "Oh, this is great! I'm going to give it to my daughter". And then if their daughters happen to come in we see them pick them up in the clinic and snigger in the corner - have a really good time. So, that's good. So, it seems to be appealing to all sorts of people, all sorts of age groups.

### What was your own experience of learning about periods?

Well, I'm almost from the older generation where we had some weird film, and your mum had to come as well. And I think I was about sixteen or something.

You know, well and truly past getting my period. So, when I first got my period I thought "Oh God what is this?". And my mother's explanation was really quite bizarre. And I was brought up in the country, so access to information was absolutely nil. I sort of had to work it out as I went along. I think my father was more helpful to me - as I recollect! So, I sort of sympathise with women who don't have access to information and can't find things out easily.

A lot of the information in *Women's Troubles* has been put in simple terms. Was it important that you found a way to put things in an

easy to understand way?

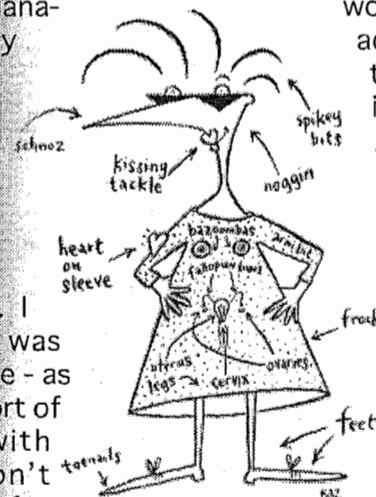
Oh yeah. I'd actually written an earlier book that was more geared towards practitioners and people who want to get into a bit of meaty research. And that for a lot of women who looked at it was far too technical. And that was the reason why we decided to write this book. I mean, every woman has probably had to do biology classes where you learn all that tedious stuff about hormones - it's so crushingly boring. And so we decided that we wanted to make it at least a bit interesting. And you know those things about anatomy, all those dreadful anatomy drawings. So I really love Kaz's really basic female anatomy drawings. I think humour is a really good way for people to take knowledge on board. I think in that way it's worked out really quite well.

### And the other things about the layout of the book worked really well too...

Like the grey information boxes? Yeah, that's how we wanted them to be so women would be able to easily find out what they could do and where they might need to go if they needed more information. It's... 'User-Friendly!' I think that's the thing with women's health - giving the women back a bit of control.

### What's the biggest misconception about periods?

I guess the thing that women seem to have adopted is the idea that periods are going to be a problem. And you need to 'medicate' it somehow. And that they are terribly mysterious and that you can't do very much about it yourself. You know, you have to go off and take hideous drugs. I guess that's the biggest thing that women come to me with. Some of those things still prevail - like you should take to the bed and have a fan waved in front of you when you have a period.



Susie Bate

# Because We Don't Care.

**Drug Use in Australia: A harm minimisation approach.**

Edited by Margaret Hamilton, Allan Kellehear & Greg Rumbold  
Oxford University Press  
\$34.95

When asked to review this book (many weeks ago) I was asked if I would like to expand a bit on the normal 500 word review. So I will - though not by as much as would like to!

Caveats first. I am an advocate for the decriminalisation of drugs. In particular, heroin. So obviously I have a one-sided view on this topic! Second. I have to think about self censorship. Do I say that *On Dit* has helped promote the current drug mythology and risk the editors breaking my legs, or do I omit anything to do with *On Dit*? (Omit anything to do with *On Dit* - Eds.) Obviously the first (*Wrong! Hahahaha! Watch out... we know where you live* - Eds). Student papers are one of the few remaining islands of dissent amongst otherwise bland, consensus driven media. More of *On Dit*'s role later.

When first given *Drug Use in Australia* I was initially sceptical about the content. Most books of this kind still regard drug use as a deviant activity, or as some obtuse academic study. So I was surprised when this book proved to be informative and well written.

Published by Oxford Uni Press, the book is, excepting a couple of authors, written by people who work at the Turning Point Drug & Alcohol Centre. While this makes each chapter work with other chapters smoothly, it is problematic in that there is a too unified voice. Perhaps I am too old and jaded to think that there is not some element of job justifying in this book.

The book is divided into two main sections: The Bio-Social and Cultural Context of Drug Use, and, Responding to Drug Use and Problem Drug Use. Part one explores the social, medical, and legal aspects of drugs. Topics range from the social history of drugs, to pharmacology, to epidemiology and grand theories. All drugs used recreationally are covered. Caffeine, alcohol, cocaine, etc. are given equal weight.

The chapter on pharmacology is excellent. It describes the various types of drugs and their effects, using technical words minimally and always with succinct explanation of the term. This book also puts in nice clear writing that one hit will not make you an addict.

Armed with the knowledge on how drugs work from the prior two chapters the chapter on epidemiology gives a broader insight into current policing strategies and community attitudes toward drugs. Heroin, for instance, is the biggest scare drug, yet the least used drug. It describes how opiates are targeted by law, although the are the least dangerous of the drugs. It is drug misuse that is the biggest prob-

lem. One interesting fact was that there have been no drug epidemics in Australia. Reading the newspapers though, one would think that there have been heroin and ecstasy epidemics in the past few years. This chapter too starts a common thread throughout the book, that is, that the current drug war is irrational and hyperbole. In many ways *On Dit* perpetuates this myth. The 'Wayward is a State of Mind' page (Issue 66.7, April 6th 98) was put in for what? Okay, it may seem funny, but what sort of message does this send out to people? (*Actually it was included not to be funny, but as an expression of the surreality of Life Magazine printing in it's 'The Year In Pictures' Edition a list of all drug-related deaths in America over a particular period.*) It's art, man - Eds) *On Dit* takes up other issues - environment, Shell, etc. why not drug law reform? The current drug policies in this state discriminate against people, infringe upon civil liberties, increase crime, etc.

There is an excellent chapter about the *Grand Theories* of drug use. Nearly everyone has one of these. There are all sorts of answers to why people use drugs. Grand theories like "People use drugs because low self esteem" might be true for some people, but they cannot be applied across the board. Too many professionals working in the drug field try to apply a single theory to every case. Most of these theories discussed in the book all come from the moral side of the debate. ie: 'drug users are morally inferior to non drug users'. The arguments laid out in the book quite thoroughly trash these theories. It also debunks the myth that supposed medical or sociological theories are objective. These theories too are moral.

It asks why are heroin users are viewed as suspect, yet the same is not true for alcohol. Heroin is not especially addictive, yet heroin use is seen as a sickness or as a moral weakness.

Theories about possible genes that cause addiction are questioned. Why not a gene for football team preference?

These follow the same family patterns that some studies try to say is the cause of addiction. The same terminology of behaviour can be applied to a hobbyist or a Trekky! Gene theories sound too much like eugenics for my liking.

Part two moves onto current treatment philosophies, and current policing and legislative aspects of harm minimisation. What is harm minimisation? Exactly that: reduce the degree of harm that a person who wishes to consume drugs is exposed to. This is more than seeking and treating addicts, it involves a public health approach that focuses on drug use within the community. This approach real-

ises that there is a "continuum of abstainers at one end to heavy users at the other." Responsible drug use could be another way of looking at it. If a person wishes to use drugs IV, give them information that assists, not hinders them.

This chapter acknowledges too the different harms that are caused by different drugs. These harms range from

overdoses to drunken assault of family members. There is, too, the harm that making something illegal does: it creates more criminals. And for what? Most harm that occurs from heroin for instance is extrinsic, increased criminal activity, etc, rather than intrinsic, what the drug actually does. Australia's drug policy is looked at in both a national and international context. Very few people realise that our current

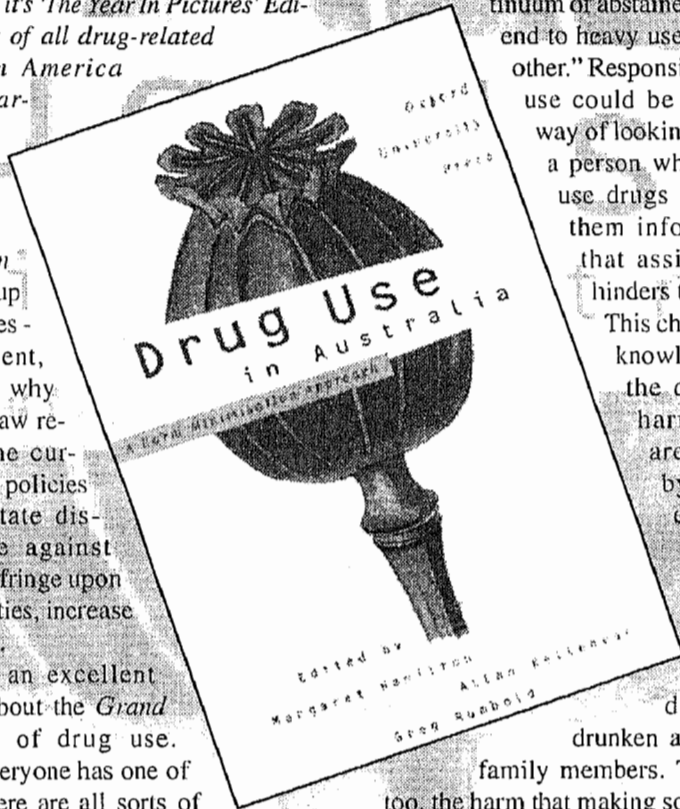
policy is directed by a UN charter on illegal drugs. Originally though, the pressure to change our drug laws came from America. There is a great quote from the book: "Current Illicit drug policy in Australia does not appear to have a scientific or rational basis..."(p158). Says it all really.

I won't go on to describe every chapter. There is an excellent glossary for those unfamiliar with drug terminology and the bibliography is extensive and recent.

This book treads the safe line in many ways. It acknowledges that there are many people who use drugs without ill effect. But it does this all too briefly. This is hardly surprising, Turning Point deals with people who have drug problems. Not wanting to sound like a paranoid Foucaultian, this book can be read as another institution justifying its existence. But it is also an excellent book for anyone interested in drug use in Australia. I recommend this book especially to doctors, counsellors, social workers, lawyers, etc that work with people who use drugs. If you use drugs, you should read it. It will help destroy many myths that one hears in the drug subculture. And if you do not use drugs, you too should read it. In South Australia you can be convicted on *intent* to sell drugs. (A "weasel charge" says Ann Dally, a London Doctor.) Think how much money is wasted every day to justify an unjust war. A war that is nothing more than something to take the public's mind from other issues.

Many people can find fault with this review. The usual "But my friend died after looking at a packet of heroin." type stories will no doubt abound. Rehashed myths and true stories. Like the first few gay people that came out, law reform needs more people to say "I am a drug user, and I am not a criminal." Drug users are just like everyone else - If you prick us, do we not bleed?

Michael Blackwell



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# BIG BUSINESS

The Thebarton Campus BIG scheme is one of a number of graduate business initiatives that allow successful applicants the necessary level of support to start up and operate a business over a period of two years.

The support is in part financial - office space, loan of all equipment including computers, access to fax, printer, photocopier etc. There are savings and benefits at almost every level of the business. Luminis provides the financial backing for any major initial costs and are open to personal negotiations to get the most suitable arrangements for the individual (or partnership).

Just as important is the personal and expertise support inclusive in the course that covers the major aspects of running a business. It also involves guest lecturers who are specialists in their field, a business mentor plus all the expertise and experience of everyone at the Office of Industry Liaison. It takes a while to figure out who does what but after you get settled, there are many people who are always willing to help you out, offer

advice or services and put their weight behind your business if that extra bit of influence or professional appearance is required.

While the background in BIG has traditionally been economics/engineering, they are open to graduates, past and present, from all disciplines. My own background is in Arts and while I had early reservations about whether it would be appropriate to my style of business, the BIG scheme has proven itself more than able and very willing to support innovative and original businesses of almost any type.

My own business -

"Paroxysm Press is a publishing house specialising in Australian 'alternative' literature which is a little different, more unusual or extreme than the traditional mainstream. Paroxysm Press edits, produces and distributes materials nationally to specialty stores, while also offering direct mail order."

I became interested in the scheme as it gave me an opportunity to work in a field of particular interest to me - ie the dream chance to do something with my life I loved before settling down to whatever crappy 9 to 5 I can get with an Arts degree (no offence to any now employed arts students). Not to be taken on lightly - it does involve a lot of work and stress - every decision and every mistake comes down to YOU ALONE.

The first book is to be released sometime in July with a launch planned to take place at the Madlove Bar.

This first publication will be a type of label sampler crossing over a large

number of fields and styles - giving a real cross section of the type of material in which Paroxysm is interested. It also acts as a sampler for the authors, as each has a more or less equal share of the book - ten authors with 20 to 25 pages of material each. It includes poetry, fiction, non-fiction - in styles that vary greatly from 'realism' poetry and stories, graphic 'real atmosphere' horror, totally fanciful tales, a quite dark styled short story, some non-fiction articles and on and on.

Seven of the authors are from SA, two from NSW and one from Queensland. However Paroxysm is entirely open to authors from any state while distribution will occur nationally, first in SA with other states to follow.

## TALE TELLERS

*The Oxford Book of Modern Women's Stories.*

Edited by Patricia Craig  
Oxford University Press  
\$ 16.95

The short story is the ultimate modern literary form that is usually concerned more with the essence of the situation rather than the development of the story. If also depends on an acute angle of vision for its impact and consequently tends to avoid vagueness at all cost. This is what makes reading short stories so much fun and ultimately satisfying and often complex reading. The form has the ability to sort good writers from brilliant writers, the difference being the power to captivate the reader from beginning to end. *The Oxford Book of Modern Women's Stories* features some forty of the best stories written this century by either men or women. Without sounding too much like an advert - which I suppose this is in a sense - you'll find stories by many of this century's most accomplished women writers Sylvia Path, Virginia Woolf, Stevie Smith, Doris Lessing, Jean Rhys, Margaret Attwood, Angela Carter, Bharati Mukherjee etc. etc. These writ-

ers have generally become well known through the outstanding quality or popularity of their particularly successful and more lengthy works. Reading their short stories can shed a totally different light on their scope of inspiration, as well as their command of techniques of writing which is often surprising. Besides this, short stories are SHORT, so it's hard not

to like them just a bit. Well this anthology is no exception. Full of literary punch, animation and poetry, they irresistably draw the reader on. They are concerned with a range of social, sexual and political issues. Fortunately stories about children, housewives, girlfriends etc have been kept to a minimum. For some plot is all important while in the case of others it's evocation that's vital. American life and the lives of immigrants feature highly, reflecting the particularly important enrichment of writing that has come from these areas in recent times. Patricia Craig has chosen a stunning bunch of stories that demand to be read both individually and as a collection, again and again, in this century and into the next.

Medusa.



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# JUST BE

**Wild Ways: New stories about Women on the road**

Edited by Margo Daly and Jill Dawson  
Sceptre  
\$22.95

**'BE BLATANT  
BE EMOTIONAL  
RISK EVERYTHING'**

As the title of this book so subtly implies, this is a collection of road-stories from a whole load of young female writers from Australia, New Zealand, Britain and Canada. The sixteen stories in this book are all based on that age old notion that the journey is more important than the destination.

The stories themselves tend to deal with a desire for the freedom to do something. In their introduction, the editors go to great pains to emphasise that this is the essential difference between this and collections of male road stories, which tend to focus on a freedom from some-

thing. Needless to say, there are some very different versions of life on the road gathered here. Particularly quirky is Louise Doughty, whose tale, 'Lady Chatterley's Chicken' describes a woman's odd relationship with a man who becomes almost a stalker, as she attempts to break free of him after a night of passion. Cleverly interwoven is a seemingly unrelated description of a local boy, which eventually becomes an unexpected way out for the woman and the gruesome demise of her

follower.

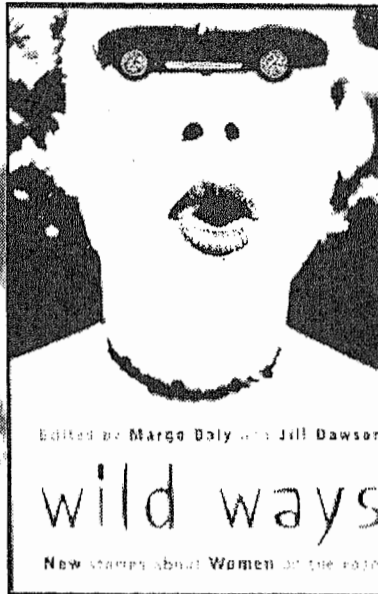
A lot of the stories seem to be part of an endless cycle of experience, often ending by leaving for the next town, or returning to the first one. Ah Smith's 'Okay So Far' is one of these, beginning with 'We have come a long way', it explores a close relationship between herself and her female travelling companion, and has some very swift dialogue and incredible imagery.

Some stories are not so satisfying though, in particular the opening piece, 'Can't Beat It' by Emily

Perkins. Although the story itself, of a painter travelling through America with a journal keeper in tow, is quite good, it has an awful ending akin to the junior primary strategy of 'and then a bomb fell on them and they all died.'

I'd have to say that apart from this, the book was generally very pleasing and kept me interested throughout. The editors' contributions were both highlights, and the experience that all of the authors have gained through international travel shines through in each story. Their own summary of the book reads, 'travel stories for women raised with the expectation that they too will have adventures, on their own and with friends, easily as many adventures as their male contemporaries, and nothing much can stop them.' This is a varied and at times challenging collection, and certainly well worth the money.

**Andrew Four**

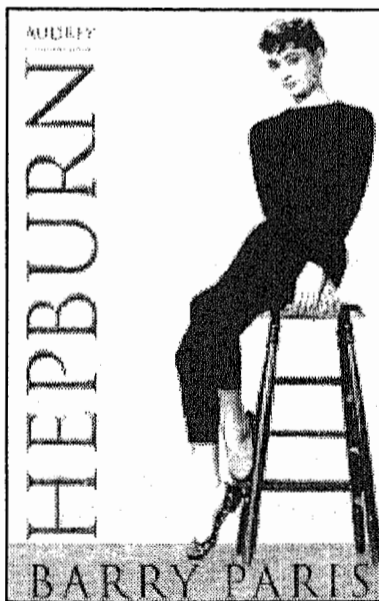


## WHAT'S FOR BREAKFAST?

**Audrey Hepburn**  
Barry Paris  
Orion Paperbacks  
\$16.95

During the 1950s and 1960s, while Marilyn Monroe was conquering the world with her blonde, busty, 'diamonds are a girl's best friend' look, a new look was on the rise, soon to become known as the 'Hepburn look', inspired by the grand-daughter of a Dutch baron who was to become one of the most celebrated actresses of all time. This woman, whose vitality and innocence captured the world's imagination and single-handedly established a new standard of beauty and sexuality, is none other than Audrey Hepburn and the subject of a new biography by Barry Paris.

At first glance, the reader would be forgiven for thinking this to be a typical biography of a Hollywood star, but the content reveals a depth to the book's glittering subject which is pleasantly refreshing in light of the plethora of stars' tales of woe and battles to fight alcoholism and drug addictions which dominate modern day tabloids. Perhaps the most refreshing thing about this biography is that it doesn't dwell on gossip as celebrity biographies tend to do, but offers a revealing insight into the life



of a remarkable woman. While the writing itself, like in most biographies, is somewhat dry in parts, this is not a trumped up, sob-story demanding our sympathy. Instead Paris offers the reader an honest and captivating account of Hepburn's life. From her traumatic childhood in Nazi-occupied Holland, to her successes in Hollywood and subsequent decision to forsake Hollywood glamour to work as an ambassador for UNICEF, no detail is too big or too small to be passed over. Not all the information is new, but Paris is successful in drawing together the life of one of the most admired and talked about women of all time in an interesting and informative fashion.

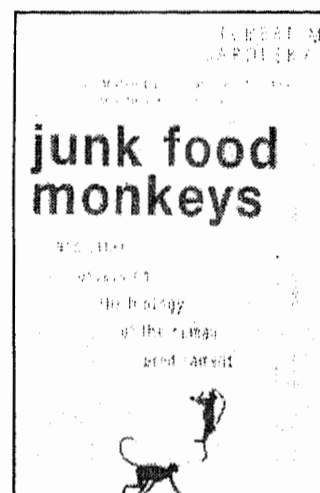
The story of Hepburn's life is one to touch us all, but if the thought of knuckling down to a biography doesn't exactly sound inspiring, you can just skip to the beautiful photo collection, which any die-hard Audrey fan would tell you makes the book a worthwhile purchase on its own. This isn't the first book I'd reach for if I was looking for a fast-moving, unputdownable read, but if you're looking for something light, interesting and easy-to-read, this one's worth a go.

**Belinda Glass**

**junk food monkeys**  
Robert M Sapolsky  
Hodder Headline  
\$16.95

Sapolsky is a scientist who studies the impact of stress on the neural network in the brain and successfully writes easy to read books. This might be a contradiction in terms but Sapolsky, a neuroscientist, has mastered the technique of hooking his readers onto a topic and not letting them get away.

*junk food monkeys* is a series of essays on the "biology of the human predicament" - a broad and potentially tedious, overly technical topic. The title of the book, though, suggests that technical accuracy and scientific objectivity are not prime objectives of the author, and in most ways this is correct. A quick flick through the book reveals chapter titles such as "How Big Is Yours?" and "The Night You Ruined Your Pajamas" and on the basis of these titles you would be forgiven for believing that the book dealt with poorly explained, patronising pulp, that has little to do with intelligent scientific inquiry. This is not the case though and reading through the essays reveals an intelligent and interesting discussion on human behaviour and a range of biological reasons for this behaviour. Sapolsky has adopted a very personalised tone, drawing from his own experiences and



then applying scientific principles to them. In the process, he generates more interest in his topics.

The topics Sapolsky addresses range from biological explanations of homosexuality to why only adolescent skeletons form the ancient remains found at the entrance to a complex and dangerous cave system. Issues such as why we

are so curious about certain subjects are examined by using contemporary examples such as the O.J. Simpson trial and Ted Kaczynski (the (alleged) Unabomber). The language and examples given are obviously aimed at an American audience, which is a bit of a pain, and a lot of the "evidence" Sapolsky uses is purely anecdotal. But Sapolsky is never patronising to his readers and he cites well known experiments to good effect.

No scientific study can be purely objective, and when it tries to be, it is as boring as hell to read and usually difficult to understand to the uninitiated reader. Sapolsky gives insight into human behaviour in an enjoyable and comfortable format.

*junk food monkeys* is a great choice for those people who wanted to do Psychology, but were scared off by the (yeeuky) statistics (that are yeeuky) involved. The book gives a funny, intelligent, interesting and unintimidating account of the human condition.

**Matthew Pastro**



# Philosophy

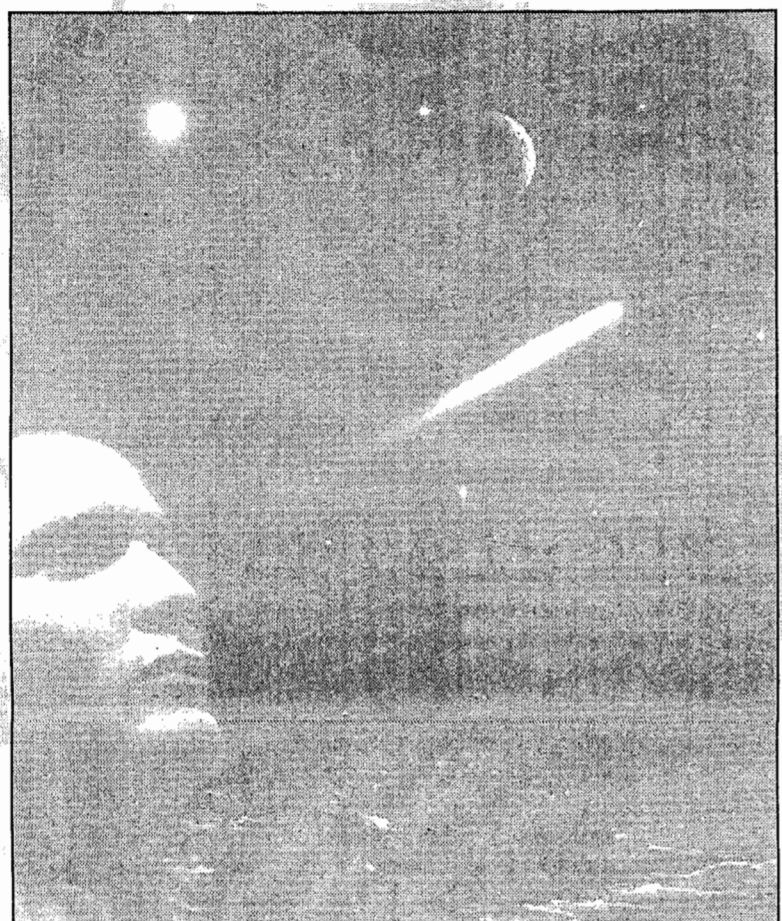
What is knowledge? Is there a difference between faith and knowledge? What does it mean to know something?

Knowledge in the philosophical sense means to know something completely and without doubt. To say that you believe something is to admit that the truth of your conviction resides within your mind only, and that it may not actually correspond to anything in the real world. To know something is to have hold of an unequivocal fact - it is to say that the truth you hold in your mind corresponds to real world events and it is impossible that it does not. Our ability to say that we know anything comes into question when logic is applied to it. Whenever it is logically possible that a piece of knowledge can be wrong, then it ceases to be knowledge and becomes mere belief. What is logically possible? Anything that doesn't involve a contradiction. Thus, it is logically impossible for you to be reading this, and yet not be reading this. But it is logically possible that the sun will not come up tomorrow, when you next look in the mirror your reflection will pull you inside, buses will begin to fly, you will wake up tomorrow stuck on the ceiling because gravity will have decided to reverse itself, the next photo which is taken of you will encapsulate your soul within the frame of the photograph from which you will stare for all eternity unable to cease smiling while the soulless effigy that is your body continues to live on without you - etc. ad infinitum. None of these things involve a contradiction and thus they are all quite logically possible. Of course the logical possibilities don't

have to be as improbable as these ones. It is possible to come up with quite feasible reasons for why anything you believe may be wrong. Since there are logically possible exceptions to everything you "know" you must know nothing. It is all just belief. The question: do we know anything? is intimately tied up with last week's question: do we know that there is a physical universe? If the answer is yes, then how do you know? There does seem to be a contradiction in saying: does the physical universe exist? while simultaneously experiencing it. How can you experience it, but at the same time it does not exist? Well, logic's a funny thing. You can say: Perhaps the world has always existed up to an hour ago. You just didn't notice that it ceased to exist. Why? Because a race of super intelligent aliens came to earth, abducted you, destroyed the earth, experimented on you for years, put your brain in a glass jar, and nicely categorised all of your other organs into separate jars. And in one last experiment

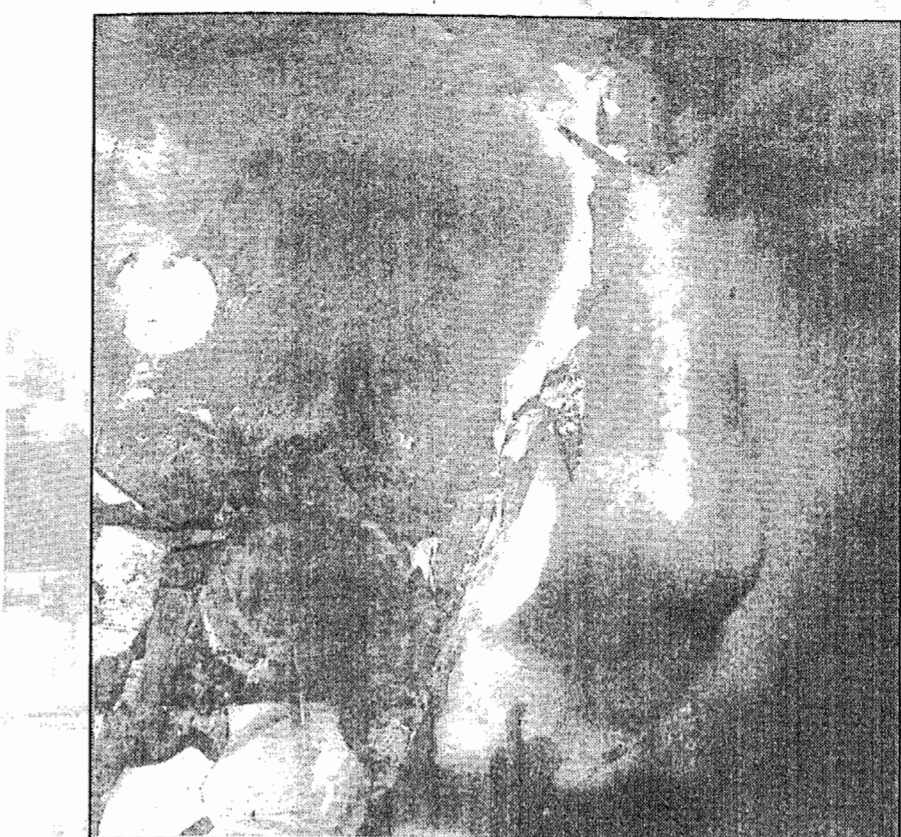
of cruelty they connected you up to a virtual reality device, which includes all the senses and is perfectly indistinguishable from actual experiencing. They then tampered with your memory, editing it like a film. They turned on the virtual reality de-

We take outside expressions of emotion, as indications of something occurring internally within that person's mind. This is a piece of reasoning based on the fact that our own actions are indications of our internal state. Since others show the same external actions as yourself, it follows that they also experience thoughts - they have an internal thought life just like you. Unfortunately pure logic does not allow you to call this knowledge. It seems very unsettling to say that you don't know that others have thoughts just like you. What if they have thoughts but these are very different and alien from your own? Surely we can say we know this not to be true? Nope. You just believe it. Surely logic allows us to know something. Yes, there is one thing. One thing you can never say without contradiction is "I do not exist". You must exist to make this statement, thus it is a logical impossibility negated by the very fact of its utterance. Thus, Descartes said "Cogito ergo sum" - I think therefore I am. In other words, if I can think, I must exist, therefore I know I exist.



vice and connected your experience unbrokenly with your last memory before they abducted you. Thus to you, you are still happily walking along whistling a tune, unbeknownst to the fact that you actually stopped whistling some three and a half years ago, your whistles are non-existent sound-data in a computer, the world you are experiencing no longer exists, and neither does your body. Since your experience of the real world can be disconnected from the real world, it is not necessary that the real world exists. Thus, logic also says that your memories may not be true. At any moment you could have just come into existence complete with memories of a past life and experiences. You could have come into existence two years ago, or even two minutes ago, and who you think you are and what you think you've done is just an illusion. Even worse is that your assumption of other people's consciousness may be an illusion. What if everyone else are just automations? Everything they do and say is for the benefit of your illusion.

The problem of knowledge and many others in philosophy seem to arise from a misapplication of logic. I say that its logically possible that logic itself is flawed. In fact, there is no logical support for applying logic to anything - especially to our foundations of knowledge. What are our foundations of knowledge? The senses. These are all we are equipped with, we can not be conscious of anything which our senses can not pick up. So if we attack these foundations of knowledge, we cease to know anything. We can not have direct access to the real world, therefore it might not exist. Of course, we can't have direct access to the real world. Thing's need senses to be conscious. To have direct access to the real world you must be the real world. You must be the rock you are trying to verify the existence of. But, to be the rock is to cease to be conscious and thus cease to be able to wonder whether the real world exists or not anyhow. We must have senses to experience the world. It seems that there is this naturally occurring fact, that there is the real world and there is our experience of the real world. Philosophers



pick and dig at this separation until they widen it into a gaping chasm. They do so with the tools of logic. If pure logic is relentlessly applied to everything we purport to know, pretty soon it begins to dissipate like a dream. What you think you know is not supported, therefore you don't know it. This seems to hold and is very useful in cases of logical fallacy like: a few members of that race have been known to show a certain negative characteristic, therefore all members of that race have that negative characteristic. This of course is racism. Logic is very useful in this way. But, it also seems to be more destructive than constructive. It makes more things uncertain than certain. But perhaps we should be more uncertain about things. It is an unfortunate habit of humans that we make assumptions and then act as though these were true, even though we have little or no justification for them. For example, it is ignorance that results in absurdities like war. People go to war because they take other's versions of the truth at face value. People are indoctrinated from birth to believe in an illusion called a "country" and then are further indoctrinated into believing they are a "citizen" or "member" of that "country" and thus have some sort of obligation to it. So they go off to war, at worst to die, at best to kill others who are also under the same illusion, only from a different "country". Its amazing how we all happily live by these illusions. We carve up places with names, and then act as though these names refer to something that exists in the real world. But we need these names so we can find and get to places, you say. True, but do not forget the origin of the naming of countries. We name countries so as to divide our land from that of our enemies. If you have no enemies, then you need no division between yourself and other lands. Names are and always will be

a tool for dividing one thing from another. Names of places divide those that live in that place from those who do not live in that place. You live in that country and we live in this country, therefore we are separate. This mere difference in name of location somehow makes your humanity different from our own. Therefore, it is justified for us to kill you. Its not organised murder on a mass scale, no it's war. Call it a different name and it ceases to be wrong. Abolish all countries, I say. Smite their borders from the maps. Smash all the walls and fences, those looming absurdities, those idols to our stupidity, there they stand, of greater lunacy than the rat that erects the barriers of its own maze. Don't have pride for your country, it has none for you. If one must know where you are from, tell them you are a citizen of the earth.

Brentyn Ramm.

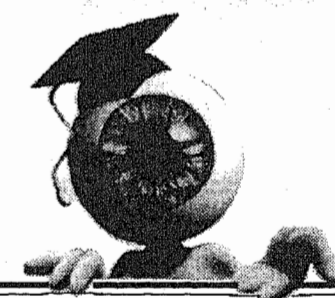
P.S. I seem to have gone off on a tangent - though an important one. I shall continue the discussion on knowledge next time. P.P.S. THIS ISN'T MY COLUMN. IT'S A STUDENT'S COLUMN FOR STUDENT'S IDEAS, QUESTIONS, THOUGHTS, AND REFLECTIONS. You can use your column to address your thoughts and musings to students or any other conscious beings for that matter. It doesn't matter if its only a paragraph or even a line. Unless someone else decides to take up these names refer to something that exists in the real world. But we need these names so we can find and get to places, you say. True, but do not forget the origin of the naming of countries. We name countries so as to divide our land from that of our enemies. If you have no enemies, then you need no division between yourself and other lands. Names are and always will be

THE MEANING OF LIFE - 2 minute version (depending on how fast you read)

The other afternoon I was on the bus when a friend asked, "What are you doing in Arts again?" then corrected herself with, "Oh, that's right. You're doing the thinking subjects." It sounded highly amusing at the time but closer analysis proved she was bloody right. Be gentle with Philosophy students. They have a lot on their minds. Philosophical questions appear embarrassingly basic, but, like John Olsen, they deceive you. They are positively labyrinthine. They are also psychologically disturbing (if a student isn't confused, then they obviously don't know what's going on) which is why Philosophy students drink very strong coffee. Moving right along, Brentyn wants to know the meaning of life and I wouldn't have taken the trouble of finding a pen that worked and writing all this down if I wasn't going to deliver the goods. A rather obscure boy I met in High School (who described himself as "Possessed, obsessed and depressed") once told me that the meaning of life is a syntax error. Very witty guy that. I have also read the confronting idea that "Life = 0" which set my brain off on a philosophical field trip of possibilities, which I shall thoughtfully spare you from delving into in this hurried time and place. HOWEVER, the meaning of life IMHO (which cyber kiddies will tell you means In My Humble opinion) is NOT MEANT TO BE KNOWN.

If it was really so earthshatteringly important (and/or blatantly obvious) then we would KNOW IT. (God/Budda/the sun-God/the Tax Roll God/alien, or some androgynous/superior being/spirit/force/dedly/car-salesman would have descended down on earth and ordered "Be nice to your mother!" or "Recycle!" or "Join a salsa-dancing club!" or "Become Seventh Day Adventists... For that is why you're all here!") Not knowing the meaning of life is how subjects such as Philosophy are able to EXIST. It gives us something to do. Despite providing poor Arts students with another option to major in, it gives us something to ponder over when we're on a really boring bus ride, or something infuriating's happened to us, or we are camping and looking up at the stars. Furthermore, I don't believe there could be any one meaning of life, because it would be perceived differently by every single individual person on this planet. Compare Martin Bryant's meaning of life to Nelson Mandela's. If each person is born for a purpose (and I did say "if" but that's another letter), there must be a trillion interpretations of the meaning of life. Too much philosophical thinking is extremely health hazardous, which is why I'm signing off now with these fridge-magnetable pearls of wisdom: Ignorance is not a frame of mind, it is a way of life. Empty your mind, the rest will come.

Beck Dettman



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SEMESTER & YEAR ABROAD \* FULL DEGREES



# Night of Nights.

The Richmond Hotel was the scene of Adelaide's biggest rowing soiree since the 1992 Uni Boathouse IV Party. Tim Brew, pictured below left in his early days as a leading American film star, hosted a celebration to congratulate South Australia's leading rowing talent. Located in the Richmond's upstairs dining room, Friday evening's show brought together the leading members of Adelaide's senior clubs to congratulate the SA rowers who recently gained national selection at the Penrith trials held during the week. The University of Adelaide is able to acknowledge with pride the inclusion of Blacks members Kate Slatter, Amy Safe, Alison Davies and Carmen Klomp in the Australian Team for the World Championships later this year.

On hand to witness their triumphant return was recent Olympian David Belcher who rowed in the light weight four in Atlanta in 1996. Taking the lead on the dance floor was Steve "twinkle toes" Perry the Captain and leading light of the Blacks. Steve also known as "Cocko" due to his sporting prowess is convenor of this year's Australian Universities Rowing Championships to be held at West Lakes in September. Perhaps seeking to be a part of the limelight was Blacks supporter and Federal Parliamentarian Andrew Southcott MP who flew in for the weekend to attend Friday's bash.



Tim Brew is hopeful that the Richmond Hotel will become a Mecca for the University community with its lunch time menu, meeting spaces for clubs and friendly atmosphere.

## SMALLBORE TARGET SHOOTING

Air rifle and .22  
The Adelaide University Rifle Club is organising a Smallbore group to shoot at the Wingfield Range. Training is on Monday and Wednesday evenings. For enquiries contact Andrew Malovka on 8267 2159

SA Smallbore and Air Rifle Association.  
Wingfield Rd Wingfield.

## Mountain Bike Hire

The AU Cycling Club has a selection of MTB's for hire by students during the week (\$15) and on weekends (\$10). For more details contact Daren on 8303 5403.

## Hockey

### RESULTS

3/4 May '98

#### Division 1 Premier League Men won against Woodville 5-0.

Three goals were scored in the first five minutes of the game (Todd Ballinger, Doyle Smith and Roger Woods). I think that we left Woodville stunned by our intensity early in the game. Two more goals scored by Humphrey (Nick Anderson) and Space (Jason Braun) in the second half really did put a nail in Woodvilles coffin. Best Player was Bjorn Smith. Todd Ballinger.

#### Division 1 Premier League Women won against Woodville 2-1.

First of many wins to come is what I heard some-one say after the game

#### Division 2 Premier League Reserve Men lost to Forrestville 2-0

A game were both teams were fired up to win and as a result was a little scrappy but at high intensity.

#### Division 2 Premier League Reserve Women won against Seacliff 5-2.

Seacliff played without a goalie so consequently it was a high scoring game. We played well in the first half to lead 4-1 at the break. Some experimentation in the second half seemed to leave most of the team confused and we played poorly in the second half. Although we had a good win, much improvement is still required.

Goals were scored by Danielle O'Neill, Alison Perkins, Michelle Sykes, Jacqui Strachan, and Alex Wawryk. Steve Hope.

#### Division 3 Women lost to Blackwood 5-0.

The girls were beaten this week by an experienced Blackwood team, who had obviously played alot of hockey together. Best Player was Compass (Elena Groocock) Todd Ballinger.

#### Division 4 Men won against Adelaide Hills 2-1.

Another poor game where much improvement will be required to play PLR next week. Most teams struggled to settle down with too many reserves. Our winning goal was only scored in the last few minutes from a penalty corner (Sean Maguire). The first goal was scored by Nic Jenkinson. The goal against was not legal but umpires do make mistakes from time to time. Steve Hope.

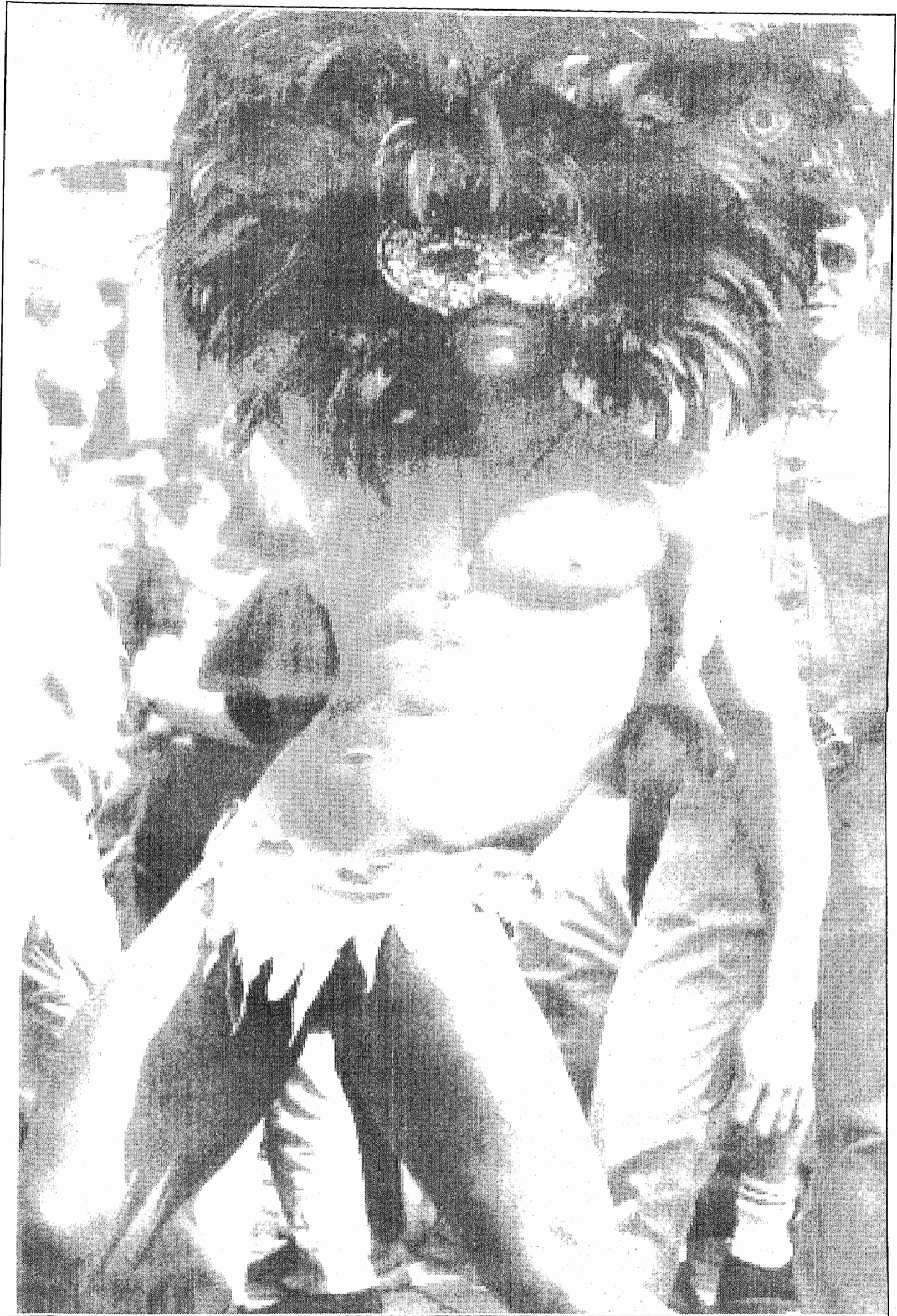
#### Division 4 Women lost to Team X 12-1.

#### Division 5 Women won against Team X 1-0.

#### Division 5 Men. Team X with X result.

#### Division 6 Men won against Westminster 2-1.

In a hard struggle, with a lot of excess players, the Div 6 Men defeated Westminster 2-1. With Mark Charman putting in his first goal for the season and wombat scoring the other one. A good return to form, and nice to get the 3 points! Wesley Hoskings.



**"Excuse me a moment while I remove this wedgie."**

It's not on any  
more. Get  
your own  
damn jobs.

Cancellation Notice!!!

The Jobs Expo that was to be held on May 23 in the Union Building is CANCELLED. We apologise for any inconvenience. Keep an eye out for our other activities!

Young Engineers SA & Adelaide Uni Engineering Society

Cloney Cloney  
clone clone

The Patenting of Plant Species and Intellectual Property Rights:

A Talk for Non-Scientists, sponsored by The Australian Institute of International Affairs, SA Branch Inc. (Tell: 8295 2071; Fax: 8379 3401) on Tuesday 19 May, 1998 at 6.30pm  
Speakers:

- Dr Ben Robinson, Consultant in Horticulture.
- Mr Alexander Ferrante, Apprentice Patent Attorney.

Website on cloning law: [www.med.unpenn.edu/bioethics](http://www.med.unpenn.edu/bioethics).

All are welcome to attend this interesting and topical presentation.

Venue: Margaret Murray Room, Level 5, Student Union Building, University of Adelaide. Closest Public Parking is on Victoria Drive. Pedestrians enter gate near University Footbridge. Note: The Equinox Cafe, Level 4, is open before and after this meeting.

We need a  
woman to  
handle our  
balls

Wanted

Adelaide Uni Women's Soccer Club is looking for Goalkeepers. No experience needed.

For more information. Ring John Peppas on 0417 831 730 or come out for a run on the Monday or Wednesday night from 6:30pm at the University Oval (Main or North).

Yakky Yakky

Yak Yak

For sale

6 year old yak. Low mileage. Bollocks as big as a house. Detachable awnings on horns. Call 8555-5555 and get bent. Twice.

Llamy Llamy

Llam Llam

For sale.

Llama. Excellent spitting range. Will trade for yak.

TAFS

TAFS (Talking About Female Sexuality) is a support awareness group for young women (12-26 years) in the western suburbs. It's for those who are thinking about or identifying themselves as lesbian or bisexual. TAFS provides fun, support, information and discussion on relevant issues, with the chance to meet other women!! TAFS is a six week programme starting on the 3rd of June at the Parks Community Health Centre. If you are interested please call Gloria on 8243 5611

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Sounds alright!

Nothing for sale.  
I ain't got jack.  
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I suck.  
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Get bent.  
Will you be my friend?

Yearnings

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Toenails (x10)  
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That is  
one big  
Dandenong

1998 Greater Dandenong Short Story Competition. This is a national competition which offers a total of \$6000 in prize money. Springvale Asian Business Association (SABA) is sponsoring a national award for ESL (English as a Second Language) students (\$500).

Il Globo-Rete Italia are sponsoring the Italian Language Award for stories written in Italian (\$1000 award).

The other categories are:  
• SmithKline Beecham International - OPEN AWARD (\$3,000 award)

• Southern Western Port Regional Council of ACFE - LOCAL WRITERS AWARD (\$1,000 in prizes)

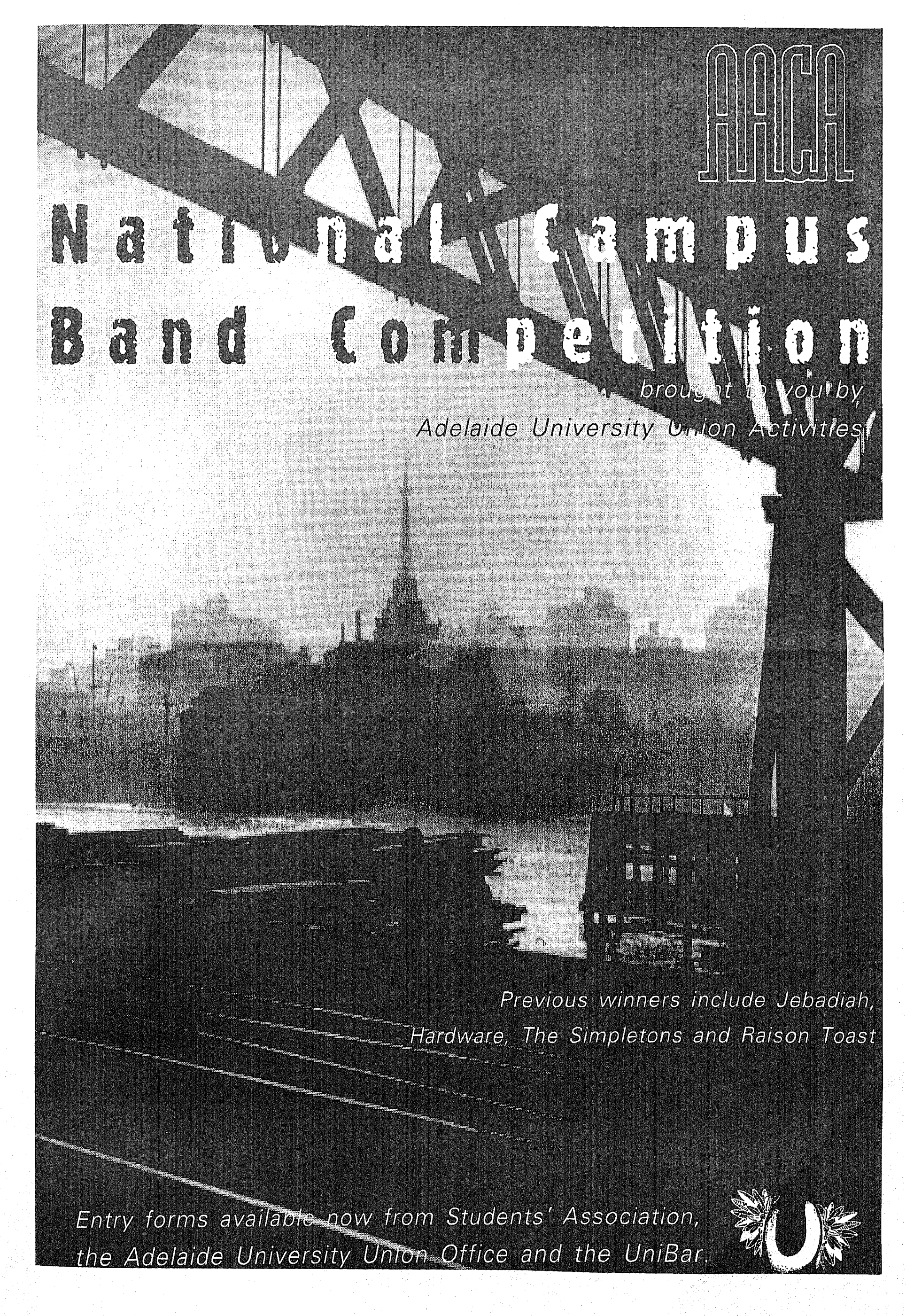
• Castricum Brothers - YOUNG WRITERS AWARD - (\$550 in prizes)

The competition is also sponsored by the Commonwealth Bank, The Journal, Scopo Italian Bookshop and Casey Institute of TAFE.

Coinciding with the competition is a 'Literary Fest' which offers a range of fabulous literary activities for people of all ages. The Competition and Literary Fest run until 30 June. For a free entry form and Literary Fest Calendar call Georgina Luck on: (03) 9239 5199



Wanted.  
Cows.  
Call On Dit on 8223 2685.

A black and white photograph of a suspension bridge, likely the Forth Road Bridge, with a city skyline in the background. The bridge's steel structure is prominent, and the city buildings are visible through the bridge's arches.

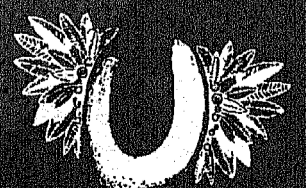
AACA

# National Campus Band Competition

*brought to you by  
Adelaide University Union Activities*

*Previous winners include Jebadiah,  
Hardware, The Simpletons and Raison Toast*

Entry forms available now from Students' Association,  
the Adelaide University Union Office and the UniBar.



Tuesday May 19th

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Sunday May 31st

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