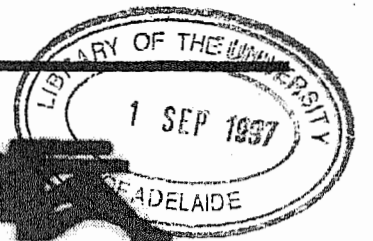


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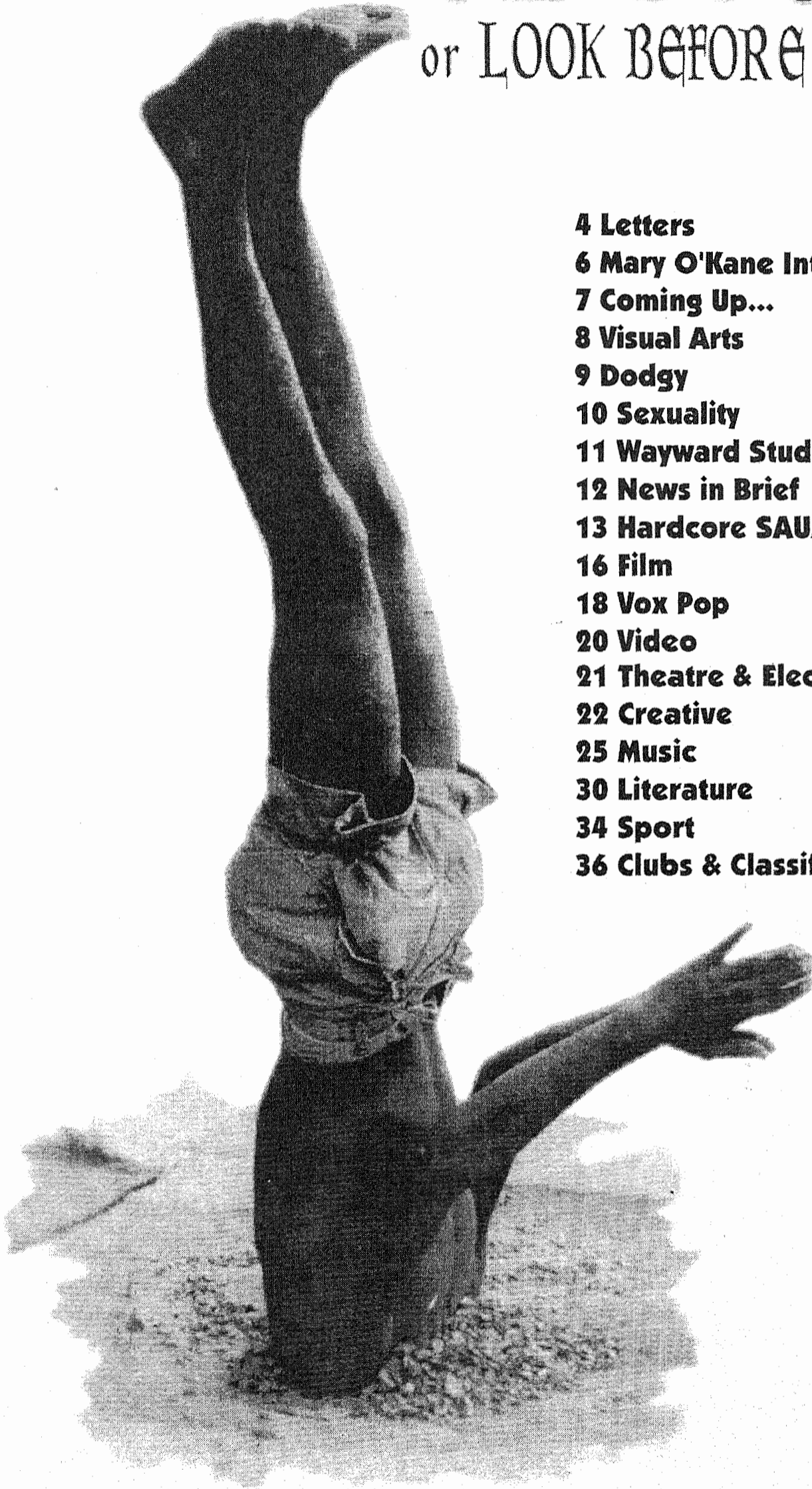
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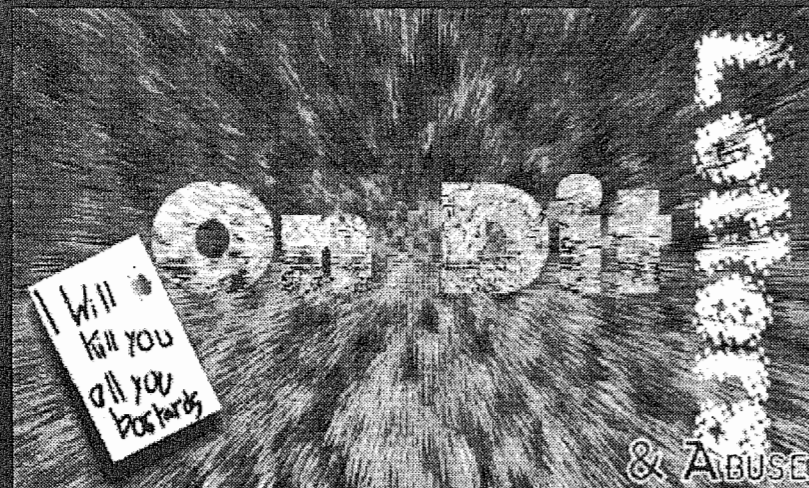


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ANSWER TO LAST WEEKS QUESTION: COURTNEY WOULD.

Dearest greetings to all I'm looking at Medici (the Snagglecat's cat!) for letter inspiration and all she will give me is a cool, black, cat stare. Thanks. Some help you are fellow feline.

Why is it so hard to find a job? This is, of course, not prostitution or McDonald's. Both are positions I have considered only in my darkest, moneyless moments. Like right now.

And god it sucks when you have no money & your socks have holes.

I'm moving house, OK. You all know I hate my flatmate, so I'm moving in with On Dit's VERY OWN THEATRE SUB-EDITOR (only so that he can no longer sneak off to see plays, then tell me there is nothing to review MR SQUIRES!!)

So the Liberal government wants to return to family values, eh? Tell me, am I the only cat who envisages a future where children cheer when their parents announce an impending divorce (hoorah, now I can get Austudy which one of you earns less?) and are shocked and hurt

when they get back together? Have you considered my feelings? What about Austudy?) Making parents support their children UNTIL THE AGE OF TWENTY FIVE only adds to the emotional and financial strain. And what about those of us who do not live with their parents and receive no financial support? When my Mum declares that she is living with her sleazy little boyfriend, I'm screwed. And do we wish to build a nation of dependents? At 24 you can be a fine, upstanding, married-with-kids citizen who is climbing some corporate ladder, but if you are a student, you are dependent on your parents. Add to this financial strain the fact that, with the disability pension cuts, today's Baby Boomers must support their children AND their disabled parents and you get a declining standard of living (not to mention resentment).

I can't believe that OUR voting public cannot see how esteemed government is artificially lowering our unemployment figures! Unemployed students (such as myself) already do not count, now anyone unemployed under the age of 18 (how long

until its 25?) gets mysteriously spirited away to a limbo purgatory land of not-employed-yet-not-unemployed (oh hell, we'll just forget these people exist).

(But hey, who needs health, welfare, research & education?)

Why don't we just shove the unemployed into the Army, ergo the Howard Government can claim zero unemployment??? Or even better, give us three weeks to find a job or no more dole. Watch while we starve.

I would like to see these bastards survive on Austudy for a while.

But the thing that fucks me off the most? With all these cuts and struggling students, the government still sets ONE BILLION dollars aside to build monuments commemorating an event which had little impact on the lives of the people. That wenchcat Amanda claimed that this would create jobs. Hoorah, after 6 years you graduate with your Masters of Physics or whatever, and you are given a degree and a paint scraper because the only job you can get is scraping bird poo off Federation Monuments.

Love & vote for the democrats next election

Snagglepuss

PS: Thanks to Casper (a friendly ghost if ever there was one) (Ma), Ryu & Slakko, but it wasn't quite what I was looking for.

Ahem: A guy walks into a bar with a sock puppet on his hand. The barman says "What can I get you? The sock puppet says "A beer for me, but my friend here is driving!"

OR: A guy walks into a bar with a sock puppet on his hand. The barman asks "Why do you have a sock puppet on your hand?" The sock puppet replies "I think it's a sexual thing!"

Where does it end?

Dear SNM,

Alan Anderson's letter last week shows that here is a young man with an unhealthy amount of anger and hatred toward the world. His scathing personal attack on me was the most ill informed and ill educated piece of writing that I have ever seen grace the pages of On Dit, and I can only wonder how long it will be before he attracts a hefty defamation lawsuit. I have contributed consider-

able time and effort into various organisations whose purposes are to improve the quality of student life on campus, such as the Clubs' Association and the Students' Association. I have been the most active member of the Activities Standing Committee (along with Paul Murray) and have worked hard at many SAUA events, even when the other members have shown minimal interest. Likewise, I have done a reasonable amount of work for the Clubs Association, the body which supports campus clubs financially as well as offering other important services. At least I know that at the end of three years studying here, I will have done more than many to contribute to campus culture, as well as learnt a lot of the invaluable skills that only an Arts degree can provide. Such skills include the ability to read and digest vast amounts of information, the ability to write coherently, and perhaps most importantly, the capacity of analysing arguments and evaluating them in a logical and factually correct manner. If Alan can only make attempts at discrediting people by fabricating 'facts' as it suits him,

I can only hope he enlists the services of a good lawyer, as I am sure that not all of his future targets will be as amiable as I.

Yours Sincerely

Felix Riley.

Arts

Student Number #962942z
Authorised by the RO

DOWN WITH DEM BUGGERS!

Dear Editor

As a student I was concerned to hear that a mobile phone tower is to be erected on top of the Napier building. Is this true? I know Thebarton Campus has one already and wondered why the University has not seen fit to tell students. As I am currently involved with the tower at Fulham Gardens I have perused research that questions the safety of these facilities. The CSIRO and the Australian Medical Association say "the jury is still out" on this issue. With 'athermal' effects such as increased risk of brain tumours, cancers, decreases in academic ability and increased risk to fetuses one wonders at the

University's decision to allow the building of these facilities on its grounds. One also wonders what they were paid.

Nancy White

Dear Editors,

At the last SAUA Council Meeting Andrew Wolfmeyer, elected Student Radio Director for 1997, resigned from his position. While there have been some faults in his directorship, we are certain that at no stage did Andrew Wolfmeyer engage in any actions other than neglect of duty that were improper nor questionable. Any suggestion otherwise is untrue, or at the very least ill-founded. We thank Andrew for the time and effort he put into Student Radio this year, and hope that he will continue to be involved with Student Radio in the future.

Peter Adams

Christan Haebich

Student Radio Directors

Dear Console Operator Man

You sir, are a legend, a voice for the over-worked, underpaid servicecum, respected

by neither customers nor peers. We give a face to faceless corporations, a shoulder to cry on, and if we're still in a good mood, a kind word. Do we get praise for the indispensable service we provide? Not fuckin' likely. No, we get hassled for making an existence (you can't call it a living) by working for franchises sharing little but name with their shadowy parent companies.

And who berates us? Some mummy's boy spooner, sitting in his BMW compact, that gets his HECS fees paid by upfront and has never has a day's work in his life, tells us to get another job!

I'm not one to complain, ... well maybe a little, but one day we will rise up, and who will lead us to glorious victory?

ALL HAIL CONSOLE-OPERATOR MAN!

Love,
Wai-Tor

OUCH!

Alan Anderson,

We are all sick-to-fucking death of reading your letters. You are a git.

Jordan Robert

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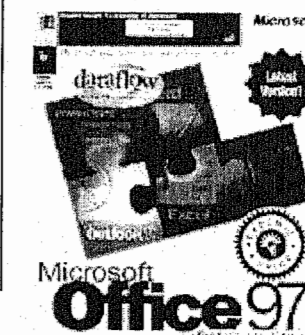
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The VC Speakeeth

Universities have accepted and absorbed cut after cut. What is this doing to the quality of higher education? We have to take a fairly strong stand and say no. We can't accept more cuts. That's the sort of message I'm trying to send back to the government. I think we should be very clear that we just can't operate on the sort of funding being offered.

Mary O'Kane Vice-Chancellor, Adelaide University

Mary O'Kane has not been a very popular lady lately. As vice-chancellor of our fair university, she has been responsible for implementing many unpopular reforms: firstly the disposal of Drama and Dance from the Arts department, and secondly the introduction of full fee paying places as of 1998. These reforms have left most students angry and confused. Yup, Mandy's legislation in the federal arena strikes again! Unfortunately massive cuts to higher education have made such actions necessary. We thought it was a good idea to have a chat to this chick who is our vice-chancellor for the next few years because like it or not, she is in charge of basically everything that goes down around you.

Sitting in Mary's luxurious office, overlooking the North Terrace entrance - antique fire places, oak tables, and a statue of Augustus in the Mitchell Building, I couldn't help wondering why anyone would want such a job as this. Yes, I suppose the pay is fantastic....and yeah the office is pretty damn cool — but I have the memory of a student rally projected directly at her — the faces of screaming, angry students, and the vice-chancellor left to defend her actions (although she may not necessarily agree with them).

Mary claims she is saving up for her retirement, and spends her quiet moments (what few of them she has) gardening or sipping Coopers Sparkling Ale (well it's better than Pale Ale - not to mention dark...) — or so she told us....She also has a lot to say about the ins and outs of Adelaide uni.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

OD: What is involved in your role as vice-chancellor?

MO:



The vice-chancellor is responsible for seeing that knowledge movement and manipulation is happening, that it is being done at a very high quality level, and that it is being translated into good learning and good teaching, and great research. In a sense, being a vice-chancellor is like running a big organisation, the income of which is over \$250 million a year.

OD: How are you finding it so far?

MO: Very challenging! Adelaide is a great university to be a vice-chancellor of. It is arguably one of the best two universities in the country if you allow for its size and mix of disciplines. However, as there is no demographic growth here, South Australian universities have suffered more considerable cuts than the eastern states. Women vice-chancellors often get a rough time in the early days.

OD: What have you found to be the strengths/weaknesses of Adelaide University?

MO: The University of Adelaide is not naturally good at promoting itself. Do you realise that this university is by far the best university in the biological sciences in Australia? (Picture the news sub-editors at this point shaking their heads, oblivious to this!) I mean it absolutely outstrips every other university! It is really off-the-planet good! (Yes we realise this now) The Waite Campus is the best agricultural research complex in the southern hemisphere! It is really quite outstanding! (enough with the exclamation points already) Adelaide uni is probably one of South Australia's best kept secrets! (one more)

THE ARTS DEPARTMENT ISSUE

OD: Why were the Arts faculties targeted more than other faculties?

MO: The whole of the university senior management decided where the university performed best; in terms of impact on employment, research training, and scholarly reputation. We asked ourselves whether we were too widely spread, whether we were offering things that our funding won't cover. We knew we had to make whole cuts rather than skimming stuff off the top. It was a very agonising decision and a very difficult thing to do. The areas that were targeted were those that didn't perform well or were offered in some other form in other South Australian institutions.

OD: Will there be further cuts?

MO: We have no plans to make another major cut unless the government cuts again and then we'd have to go through the same exercise, but it wouldn't necessarily be in the humanities: it could be in a whole range of things. I think that the three universities of South Australia have to work together to try and work out how best to offer certain disciplines.

EDUCATION

OD: We have heard heaps about the negatives of full-fee paying places, can you tell us what you see as the positive(s)?

MO: Well full fee paying places bring income that we can use to replace some of the money that's been ripped out of us by the Commonwealth cuts. The money will start to ameliorate the damage that has been caused by the cuts. Many services that

were originally close to poor were trimmed back, for example the careers service. The university needs unfettered sources of income.

OD: Do you think that the education system will get any worse?

MO: I just think that that's impossible. I am worried that both the major parties in parliament do not seem to want to vote more money into the higher education system, yet at the same time they want more people to go through higher education and this raises a real conundrum (what a word!) as to where that money is going to come from. I'm not sure how far you can push the HECS system. It's worrying that you could live with that amount of debt for a long period of time.

OD: How did you react to the rallies directed at you?

MO: I was quite distressed. There's a lot of anger about it and that's understandable. I'm a bit grumpy that a lot of it got focused on me; I understood it but it was a remarkable phenomenon to suddenly find yourself the target of a demonstration. It's happened to me a couple of times now. I was itching to say to people, "I could write a much better placard than that, with a much higher impact!" I wonder whether the reaction would have been the same if I had been a male vice-chancellor.

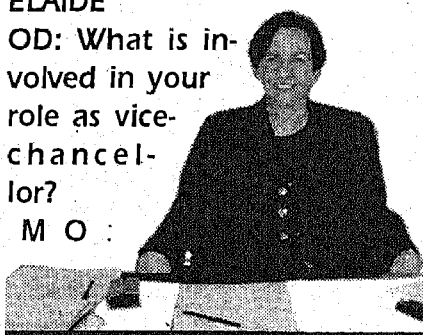
THE LAST WORD...

OD: Any last words to the students of Adelaide University?

MO: This is the time when the whole university community has to think very hard about the future. So I would particularly appreciate feedback — messages and requests from students about services that they think are most important for student life, and what we can do to get people to come to the University of Adelaide.

As a last word from your lovely news sub-eds (we're so great, fabulous, and sexy aren't we?) education is something that we ALL have to value and we are incredibly lucky to have our place here. The vice-chancellor does seem to be working in our interests to create a better environment for staff and students.

Jocelyn Milbank & Annabel Davies



Next Week! Deadline: This Wednesday! We want your articles, drawings, letters, whatever - anything cartoon or comic related!



BUT WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

BUT WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

In the beginning I was going to write about an exhibition that I glanced over during this week. However, through an inability to interpret this exhibition and a number of other reasons, I have come to question the meaning of it all. Thus the idea of the standard tedious exhibition review drifted far from my consciousness.

So... Just what does it all mean? And who really cares anyway? Cause I don't get it! Very few get it, or even bother to ponder what ever 'it' is. Contemporary Art is irrelevant! Post-modernism killed 'modern art' years ago, and your average cobbler doesn't give a brass razoo anyway. Have we come so far as to realise there is nothing else to work out? Surely not?

I'm sorry if this sounds like a bit of a cynical whinge, but in the tradition of my esteemed co-On Dit contributor FlyGuy I'd like to take a step back and look at the bigger picture. Sure, Art reflects 'the state of mind' of a society at a certain period of time, but to the world at large, Joe Six-pack and Doris Punch-card it means less than what they flush down the

toilet.

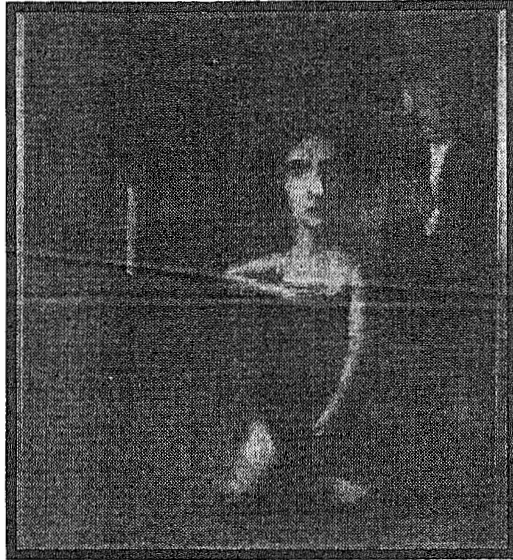
See..., I'm sure that you'd rather read this kind of banter than the same old 'what I saw at what exhibition', that is if you've even bothered to venture this far into the 'visarts' section. That is not to say however, that the standard of reviews in here aren't top notch, first class though!

If one observes Ancient and even Modern Art the significance of Contemporary Art is more obvious. It is the continuation of a means by which humanity expresses itself and ponders the trivialities of the human condition. Without a history of art there would be nothing. Art is in everything we do, everything we've done. It surrounds every civilisation.

Perhaps it is the times in which we live that makes Contemporary Art so irrelevant to the community. There have certainly been periods throughout history when conditions are more conducive to the production of Art and its significance in society was paramount. This is not one of those times. It is hard however to gauge and even harder to actually conceive how important Art was at certain periods throughout history. Art has remained one of the constants throughout the ages. Ever since humanity has been able, Art has been produced.

From the earliest cave paintings to the 'zany art productions of some art person' Art has been an essential part of humanity.

If you're wondering what the picture surrounding this article is for, well...as I mentioned earlier, I was going to write about an exhibition I went to during the week. I'm sure it was a very nice and pretty exhibition and all that...but well, I just didn't care anymore. Plus pictures make everything more exciting. What's an article without pictures I ask you!? I could have obtained more eye-catching 'READ ME' type pictures of gratuitous acts, but surely subtlety is the key, n'est-pas? And this picture is the kind of drivel you'd expect to see at your standard 'Contemporary Art' exhibition, isn't it?



Well...I've said it now. I won't be able to ever have a whinge again and next week it will be back to the 'run of the mill': at the exhibition I saw; and, my favourite work was type repartee. Oh well...You see, even this incoherent spiel which I have just regurgitated has turned into some insignificant philosophical debate, which in the end is utterly irrelevant...

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MARTIN POLKINGHORNE

Yes, yes it's another quickie On Dit survey on cartoons - please return this to the On Dit office by the end of Thursday. 5 random respondents will win a PALACE CINEMAS double pass, thanks to the lovely Claire @ Palace. Just remember, "cartoons" includes anime, Saturday morning stuff, comics, whatever.

CARTOONS SURVEY

1. What is your favourite cartoon of all time?

2. Which cartoons made you get up bright and early on Saturday mornings when you were a wee lad/lass?

3. What was the last cartoon you actually watched?

4. Which cartoon or comic character would you most like to be and why?

5. How has cartoon violence affected your life?

6. Who's the a)sexiest b)funniest c)funkiest character that you've ever seen?

7. If life suddenly was a cartoon what would be the first thing you would do?

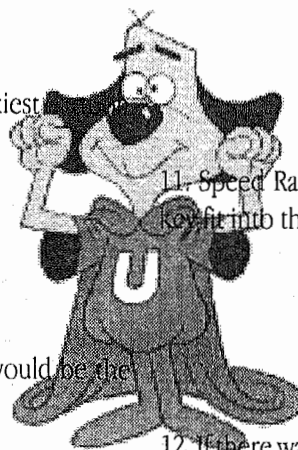
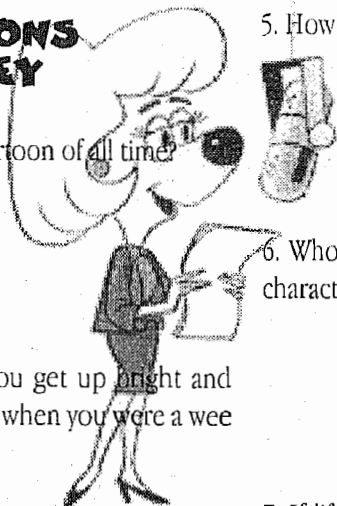
8. What cartoon should be banned and why?

9. Which cartoon is most overrated/underrated?

10. What's the magic ingredient in Scooby Snacks?

11. Speed Racer, gay or not and how does the mon-key fit into this?

12. If there was a live action movie of the Smurfs, name your dream cast (remember it happened with the Flintstones).





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\$2.80 coffee & danish
add \$1 for a garlic or herb bread
add \$1 for a glass of beer, champagne or soft drink
HAPPY HOUR FRIDAY 4-6pm
from 4pm 10% off your food bill

mayo refectory

level 2, open 8am - 6.30pm
plain pie or pasty & chips \$2.50
pasta bake \$2.50

backstage café

ground floor, schulz building, open 8am - 6.30pm
plain pie or pasty & chips \$2.50
pasta bake \$2.50

the canteen

north wing, roseworthy
plain pie or pasty & chips \$2.50
pasta bake \$2.50

food court

level 4, open 10am - 3pm
potato with bacon, sour cream, butter & cheese \$1.50

catacombs

basement, union hall, open 8.30am - 4.30pm
hot ham & cheese roll \$2.00

lirra lirra café & bar

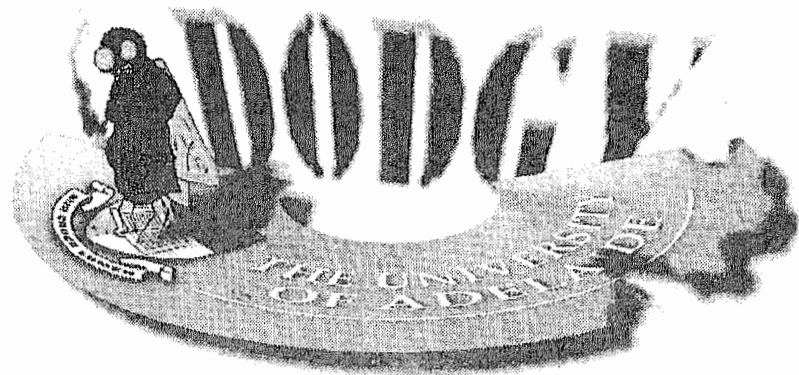
waite campus, café open 8am - 5pm monday - thursday & 8am - 8pm friday
hot ham & cheese roll \$2.00
pasta bake \$2.00

grill bar

level 2, open 8.30am - 4pm
order any burger with the lot & get a free order of fries on the side

unibar

level 5, open noon - 9pm monday - thursday & noon-late friday
coruba rum & mix \$3.00



I have a car. I drive my car. But that's about as far as it goes (that is: that is the extent of my relationship with my car; while it is true that my car will only go as far as it is driven, this is not at all even close to what I meant.). There are guys (while I attempt to remain free of gender stereotype, and acknowledge that the following also applies to quite a few women, there are some stereotypes that are so steeped in truth that not using them would be tantamount to blatant fibbing, and I won't be party to it) who take their involvement with their mode of vehicular transport a few steps further, always tinkering and tooling and souping up and the like, always paranoid that someone else's car is souper than theirs. It is strangely important to these individuals that they have a mean machine to ride around in. This is a small part of the overall "image syndrome" that pervades modern humanity, and while I seek (as ever) only to address the smaller issue, the perspective of society's strive to be chic should be taken into consideration and not overlooked. I do not condemn the entire species: there are numerous individuals who admirably abstain from all practices central to that of image creation; I admire these people and wish them naught but good things. But there is a significant proportion who are always on the lookout for the hottest, coolest, trendiest, naffest (or is that most naff?), etc, and among these are those who soup their cars.

It's always seemed daft to me. As I'm sure it would to any sane, objective individual. Cars are intended to get you from A to B. A souped up car will do this, sure, but at what cost? All the time and money that you spend on the damn machine really doesn't get you from A to B any more reliably or speedily (well, okay, in reality it does, but not much when you take the appropriate perspective, and who needs reality anyway?), so what's the point? I'm not even going to discuss the whole "chick magnet" angle; in this day and age, a refutation shouldn't really be necessary. And if you do believe that it works for you, I'm not sure I'd like to see the chicks it's raking in. Nor will I embark on the "penis extension" rigmarole. My philosophy is thus; it doesn't matter how cool your car is (while I'm at it, I'll kill two birds with the solitary stone (or the new-age version; feed two dogs with one bone, which is far nicer and less violent and I don't like it nearly as much) by incorporating high-flying wankers with their posh cars which make them so much better than the rest of us into the whole rant-at-cars spiel), when you pull out on to the road you'll still be surrounded by a menagerie of beat-up, run-down old bombs (along with some fellow wankers to make you feel you're still not good enough), in what could be expounded upon as a true and just representation of society if I had the space for it. Just remember; it doesn't matter what you drive, you can still get caught behind a truck. Or an old granny (which is another stereotype, yes, but the earlier qualification applies here also).

Now, on a related note; parking. I don't mean parking in the sixties-sitcom meaning of the word, but rather in the literal sense (ie what you do with your car when you're not driving it (myself, I prefer to avoid parking by catching the bus but, if I really have to drive, I fold my car up and keep it in my pocket)). Given that I don't park much myself, I draw on my observations of the parking of others, and also the experiences of those I know who park, in particular my good friend ButterflyGirl (who is, by the way, well and truly out of her cocoon). ButterflyGirl innocently parked her vehicular transportation in the city one day, and returned to find stuck under the wipers the most obscene note. It read: "Fucken' bitch, fucken' blocked me in, gonna fucken' get you, you fucken' bitch!" Which is not nice, as I think is plain for all to see, and really does not bear analysis. True, she blocked another vehicle in. And as far as I am aware, she is a rotten driver. I wish, thusly, to draw attention more to the practice of leaving notes on cars. Frequently (certainly in the recent example of another friend of mine, BumbleBeeGirl, who never has the right change) such notes are for parking inspectors, pleading against the danger of the parking ticket. Other times they are regarding insurance claims. And other times, all too often, as above, they are nasty and abusive and not in the least bit productive. And ... oh, gosh, I had a point, but I'm out of room. Heh. Nnnheh.

FlyGuy

SEXUALITY

The Rainbow Flag

In 1978, Gilbert Baker of San Francisco designed and made a flag with six stripes representing the six colors of the rainbow as a symbol of gay and lesbian community pride. Slowly the flag took hold, offering a colorful and optimistic alternative to the more common pink triangle symbol. Today it is recognized by the International Congress of Flag Makers, and is flown in lesbian and gay pride marches worldwide. In 1989, the rainbow flag received nationwide attention after John Stout successfully sued his landlords in West Hollywood, when they prohibited him from displaying the flag from his apartment balcony. Meanwhile, Baker is still in San Francisco, and still making more flags.

Color has long played an important role in our community's expression of pride. In Victorian England, for example, the color green was associated with homosexuality. The color purple (or, more accurately, lavender) became popularized as a

symbol for pride in the late 1960s a frequent post-Stonewall catchword for the gay community was "Purple Power". And, of course, there's the pink triangle. Although it was first used in Nazi Germany to identify gay males in concentration camps, the pink triangle

only received widespread use as a gay pop icon in the early 1980s. But the most colorful of our symbols is the Rainbow Flag, and its rainbow of colors - red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple - represents the diversity of our community.

The first Rainbow Flag was designed in 1978 by Gilbert Baker, a San Francisco artist, who created the flag in response to a local activist's call for the need of a community symbol. (This was before the pink triangle was popularly used as a symbol of pride.) Using the five-striped "Flag of the Race" as his inspiration, Baker designed a flag with eight stripes: pink, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. According to Baker, those colors represented, respectively: sexuality, life, healing, sun, nature, art, harmony, and spirit. Baker dyed and sewed the material

for the first flag himself - in the true spirit of Betsy Ross.

Baker soon approached San Francisco's Paramount Flag Company about mass producing and selling his "gay flag". Unfortunately,

Baker had hand-dyed all the colors,

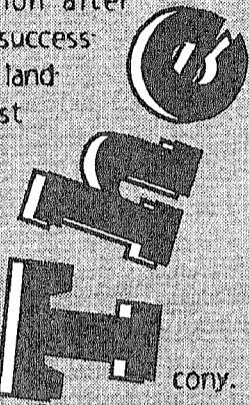
and since the color "hot pink" was not commercially available, mass production of his eight-striped version became impossible. The flag was thus reduced to seven stripes.

In November 1978, San Francisco's gay community was stunned when the city's first openly gay supervisor, Harvey Milk, was assassinated. Wishing to demonstrate the gay community's strength and solidarity in the aftermath of this tragedy, the 1979 Pride Parade Committee decided to use Baker's flag. The committee eliminated the indigo stripe so they could divide the colors evenly along the parade route - three colors on one side of the street and three on the other. Soon the six colors were incorporated into a six-striped version that became popularized and that, today, is recognized by the International Congress of Flag Makers.

In San Francisco, the Rainbow Flag is everywhere: it can be seen hanging from apartment windows throughout the city (most notably in the Castro district), local bars frequently display the flag, and Rainbow Flag banners are hung from lampposts on Market Street (San Francisco's main avenue) throughout Pride Month. Visiting the city, one can not help but feel a tremendous sense of pride at seeing this powerful symbol displayed so prominently.

Although the Rainbow Flag was initially used as a symbol of pride only in San Francisco, it has received increased visibility in recent years. Today, it is a frequent sight in a number of other cities as well - New York, West Hollywood, and Amsterdam, among them. Even in the Twin Cities, the flag seems to be gaining in popularity. It has also become incredibly popular in Australia, and was a main focus in last year's Mardi Gras. Indeed, the Rainbow Flag reminds us that ours is a diverse community composed of people with a variety of individual tastes of which we should all be proud.

Rainbow

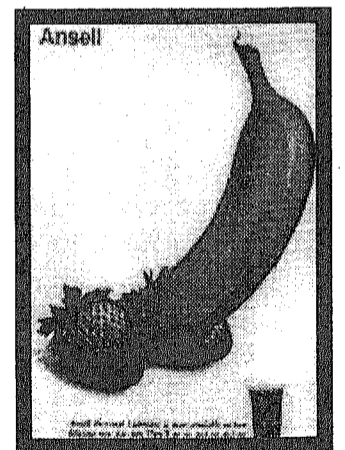


The OH&S Unit and Student Health Service are co-ordinating activities to promote Safe Sex Week. On North Terrace, the Occupational Health Nurse and the Student Health Nurse will have an Information Stand at the Cloisters between 11am and 2pm on Thursday, August 28th to promote Safe Sex Week.

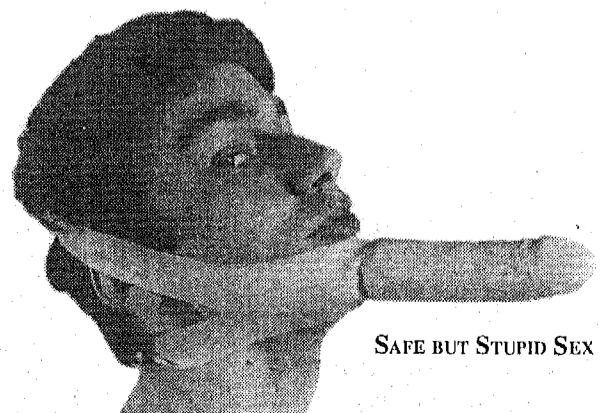
Ansell have donated Banana and Strawberry flavoured lubricants and condoms. These will be available on North Terrace, at the stand and also in the Student Association, and the Student Health Service all week. At Waite campus and Roseworthy campus these will be available at the Health Centres.

AUGUST 25TH - 31ST

SAFE SEX WEEK



SAFE SEX



SAFE BUT STUPID SEX

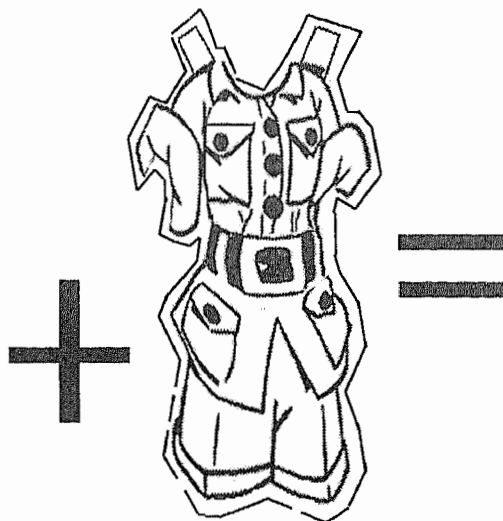
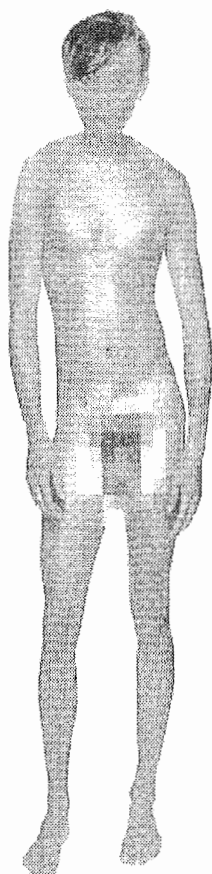


Dress-up Jarvis

Hmm, it's a brand new day and what would a stick-thin brilliant pop icon like Jarvis Cocker (front-man of Pulp or for the really uninitiated, the man who mooned Michael Jackson) wear?

Who knows but we've chosen the slightly tacky but inherently popular Safari suit for this lad from Sheffield.

OK, now for the interactive bit. Cut out your paper doll Jarvis plus the provided snazzy safari suit and watch him transform from nerdy celebrity to Jungle Jarv!



Safari

Jarvis!

OOH!

SINFULL Reading!

Wanting some interesting reading this semester???

Throw those text books aside, for On Dit is proud to introduce you folks to "True Confessions".

In Issue 620,

*So much love - so little time (one short year to gather memories for a lifetime).

*I joined a rebel club (we hated our parents).

*My beauty was a curse (I wanted to be loved, not worshipped)

*Come live with me (Then you'll understand love).

Or maybe Issue 797 is more your cup of tea,

*Sexy Silent Nights (No man had

ever made me feel the way Seth did). But then, I'd never slept with a man like Seth. A man who got paid)

*Let this goodbye last forever (In the winter sky, in the mountain streams, in every deer that comes to the forest's edge, I will have proof of our undying love...).

*Desire (the joys, and dangers, of giving in).

*Southern Loving (when its hot.....even in December).

While **Daring Confessions No. 517** has,

*One wasted summer (but I learnt a lesson for life)

*I was so aggressive (I threatened my husband's manhood).

*It hurt's when you care (so I'm through with love).

For those wanting a double issue, look for the **Secret Confessions Annual No.57**, with such features as,

*Just a kid, but certainly no virgin.

*Our boyfriend couldn't tell us apart (How could he know which one he loved).

*He gave her love therapy (That do-good lover of mine cheated on us).

*We teamed up for fun and sex (Then he dumped me on skid-row)

*Five years without loving (He turned me on. I turned him down).

Available at any second-hand book store that has them.



Melbourne by train is just \$39.

Why SQUEEZE on a bus?

THE OVERLAND

Until December 18 1997, a return trip on the Overland is just \$78.00. Hurry, seats are limited and some conditions apply. Ring Australian National Passenger Rail: 13 22 32 or your local accredited Travel Agent.



**SAUA
PRESIDENT**

Bluestocking Week...

This week is Bluestocking Week: celebrating women's achievements and participation in higher education. Please get involved in the great activities and view the exhibition in the Gallery organised by Sophie Allouache and the Women's Department.

Multicultural Week...

Multicultural Week was as always a

great success. Congratulations to the OSA for the great job they did in organising the week...it was excellent to see so many students come out in support of multiculturalism on campus.

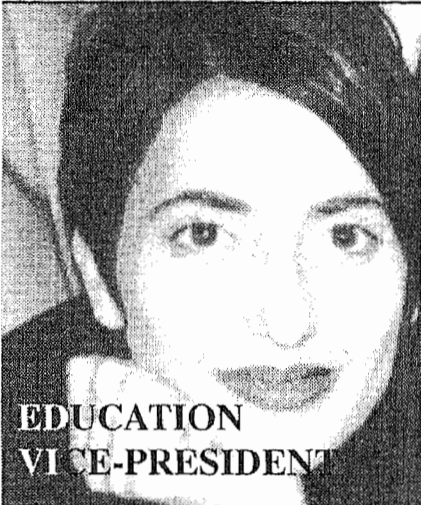
More SAUA Services!

The SAUA will be offering an expanded employment service in the future, as well as a discounted denim dyeing service for students. To find out more, please come in and see me.

Election Week...

is next week. Please vote wisely, ask candidates what they will do for you and for all Adelaide University students if elected, and make an informed decision. The future of your student organisations is in your hands.

**Amrita Dasvarma
SAUA President 1997**



**EDUCATION
VICE-PRESIDENT**

THE DEATH OF ACCESS TO HIGHER EDUCATION...

The funeral procession was a great success. We delivered the 2000 postcards signed by university students to Vanstone's office and distributed over 2000 to the general public mainly in Rundle Mall.

This kind of alternative action is good as it generated community attention so that people were asking us what it was about rather than us trying to tell them about the issues. We had me-

dia coverage on Triple J and the presence and support of Senator Natasha Stott-Despoja contributed well to the public's response to the action. Students need to look at ways of gaining community support for the future so that there is wider concern for higher education issues.

Restriction to Education postcards from the National Week of Action are still in distribution areas, so pick one up and send it to Minister Vanstone.

THE LAW SCHOOL...

There are various issues concerning staff and students pertaining to the law faculty. The Students' Association is aware of them and has been in consultation with both the Law School Society and the Dean of the school to find ways to resolve them. Contact the Students' Association or the Law School Society for more information.

Yours in Union, Olivia



**ENVIRONMENT
OFFICER**

**Hey, all.
STUDENT ELECTIONS**

I have distributed pamphlets to all election candidates reminding them of their environmental responsibilities through the election period (next week). The main aim is to minimise paper consumption, and posters and pamphlets are the main uses of paper by tickets. Keeping posterage at acceptable levels is the responsibility of the individual candidates, but the number of pamphlets that are used is very much dependant on the rest of the student population. Ways you can help keep tree wastage to a minimum are:

1. By only accepting pamphlets from candidates if you do not have one already and if you actually intend to read it. Please don't just take them as a means of quick escape, and then throw them in the next bin. The more pamphlets that are handed out, the more that will be printed during the week. So please take only what you need/want.
2. Once you've voted, please place your used pamphlets in the appropriately coloured boxes as you leave the tents- we will then take the boxes outside again for the pamphlets to be reused.

phlets in the appropriately coloured boxes as you leave the tents- we will then take the boxes outside again for the pamphlets to be reused.

BEVERLEY URANIUM MINE

There was a small but colourful protest outside the offices of Heathgate Resources (this is the company trying to set up a new uranium mine in SA without an Environmental Impact Statement). We set up our own uranium mine on the pavement and ranted and raved and laughed an awful lot, and eventually got on the nerves of Heathgate. Heathgate plan to have a trial mine running by Christmas, which Federal Environment Minister Robert Hill has requested an EIS for, but the State Government seems prepared to let the mine go ahead without one. Proceedings at the site continue, with very few South Australians actually aware of what is going on- a situation that is totally unacceptable in a supposedly "democratic" nation.

INTERNATIONAL ENVIRONMENTAL INDICATORS WORKSHOP

The Mawson Graduate Centre for Environmental Studies present the "Anzaas Workshop on International Environmental Indicators". The workshop will run over 4 days (25th-28th Sept 1997), covering issues such as state of the environment reporting, agricultural sustainability, forest sustainability and quality of life indicators. For more information or registration, call Liz Grant at the Mawson Graduate Centre for Environmental Studies- ph (08) 8303 4736, or email egrant@arts.adelaide.edu.au

Happy Blue Stocking Week! Enjoy the sunshine, and tread lightly as always....

Gin.
83035182,

vsimpson@student.adelaide.edu.au

BLUE STOCKING WEEK

Blue Stocking Week is happening this week and there are going to be heaps of exciting events throughout the week. One of the ongoing events is the photographic exhibition in the Gallery Coffee Shop. The exhibition will be featuring women academics of Adelaide Uni, women graduates of Adelaide Uni and women student representatives. **Monday night** will be the opening of the exhibition at 6pm in the Gallery. **Susan Mitchell**, author of books such as "Icons, Saints and Divas" will be coming to

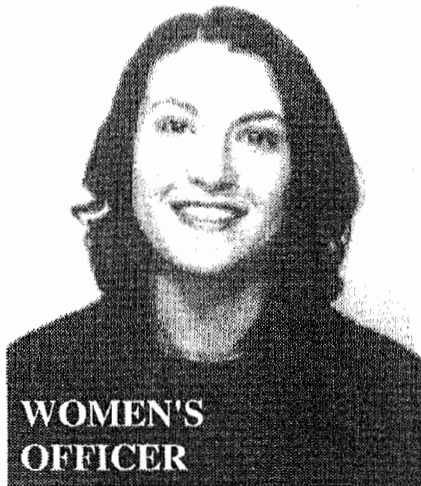
speak at the opening so anyone who is interested in coming along is most welcome. Food and drinks will be provided.

On Wednesday lunchtime we will be having women performers from CASM playing on the Barr Smith Lawns and Mercy Glastonbury from Wilto Yerlo will be speaking about the issues affecting Indigenous women's participation in Higher Education.

On Thursday lunchtime Janine Haines will be coming to talk about the cuts to education and how they are and will affect women in the Tertiary Sector.

SMART SEX WEEK

This week is also smart sex week and there will be a table set up in the foyer of the SAUA office with lots of smart sex devices! Come and try the strawberry and banana lube to make your sex life more fruity! Smart sex is all about having fun in a safe way, so it's really important to make sure you get the right information. The Women's Department also has booklets and information about many issues relating to contraceptive and reproductive issues.



**WOMEN'S
OFFICER**

Welcome to Ant's Billboard and Advice Column:

MMMMMM, M-week!!! Great weather and heaps of people on the Lawns. Well done all involved.

Don't forget the Quit campaign for all the would be non-smokers. Booklets available in the SAUA.

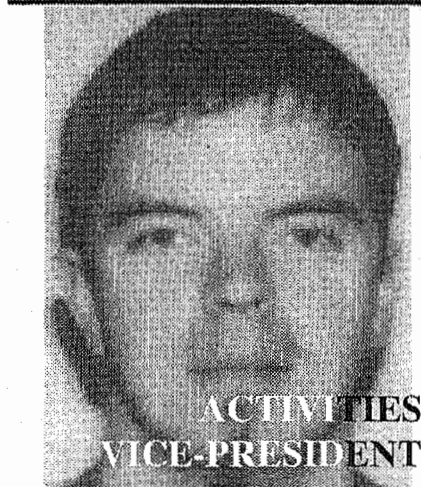
Watch out for the onslaught of student polities. Elections are only a week away. Grab a copy of the Election Broadsheet, check out the candidates and vote, vote, vote.

Keep an eye on On Dit for the lowdown on upcoming shows. Particularly traditional events like Roseworthy's '2 'til 2

show' and Waite's 'Keg on the Hill'. Not to mention Thebarton campus and some of their great end of term shows. Of course if any of these are too far away, (a very poor excuse indeed), then what about all the great shows planned for Nth. Terrace. Once more there is another Beer and BBQ week planned, (date to be announced), at which students will be able to have a beer and BBQ for only \$2!! You bet. As with our previous B & B weeks, only \$2. Sensational! So much better than a poke in the eye, don't you think? But wait, there's more! Yes, the SAUA in its efforts to bring cheap entertainment to the student masses while looking after the environment brings

you the SAUA CUP. This magical and mysterious object has hidden powers. Many people don't know that at any SAUA event at which beer is served in conjunction with a BBQ, 50c beers are available if you provide the SAUA CUP. Not only that but your first one's FREE!!!! Even if you don't have a SAUA CUP you can purchase one for only \$2.50 and use it over and over again. So no more throwing away that non recyclable plastic drink cup, the SAUA Acrylic Cup is here and is working for you and your environment.

Cheers,
Ant.



**ACTIVITIES
VICE-PRESIDENT**

Wanna know what's been going on around the world in the last week? Well read on. . . .

PAULINE'S NOT RUNNING FOR SENATE

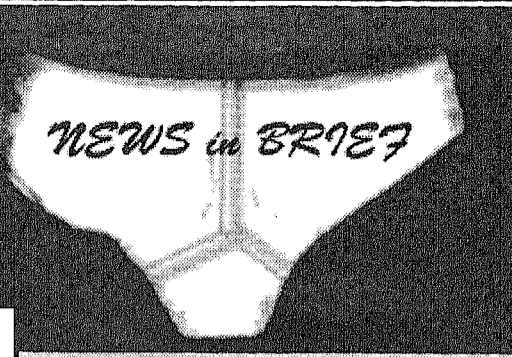
Independent MP Pauline Hanson has decided not to run for the Senate. (Yippeel yahoo!) To win a position in the Senate, Mrs Hanson would have required only 14 % of the vote in her home state of Queensland. But, in a move branded as 'political suicide' by Mrs Hanson's former adviser Mr John Pasquarelli, she has decided to concentrate on retaining the seat of Oxley — this means that she will probably need more than 50 % of the vote to stay in power. It looks like she won't have much of a chance of this (hee hee) — she is already being challenged for the seat by two high-profile candidates: former Queensland Labor premier Wayne Goss, and John Bjelke-Petersen, the son of former Queensland Nationals premier Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen. Apparently Mrs Hanson has already lost much of her support base in Oxley. Many residents believe she has been neglecting the electorate by "running around the countryside on the One Nation bandwagon."



Ms Hanson shakes heads with her biggest fan

economy and trade profile it is wrong to suggest that we are being irresponsible."

ELLE'S



GONNA HAVE A BABY

Oh my god! The world's in shock! Elle Macpherson is pregnant! The father of the child is Elle's boyfriend Arkie Busson. Elle's dad, Peter Gow, has said, "She's very much in love, she's very happy. It's what she wanted and I'm happy for her." The baby's due in February.

ME?
A British man who has repeatedly suffered memory loss whilst having sex with his wife has puzzled doctors at a London hospital. The man's bouts of amnesia lasted about 30 to 60 minutes, after which he recovered completely.

During intercourse the 64-year-old man repeatedly asked his wife, "What are we doing?", and afterwards did not even know what time of year it was. Apparently the man's wife got "a bit fed up" and asked him to seek medical advice. Doctors say that sudden bouts of amnesia during periods of physical and emotional stress are not uncommon. The man was found



Elle & Arkie: Fuck OFF!

NAUGHTY NUNS

Two British nuns have been banned for life from prison-visiting after they were caught smuggling tobacco and food to inmates. Sister Annuntiata and Sister Anna were caught with duck eggs, cheese and meat in their bags. Sister Annuntiata was nick-named "St Bruno" by the inmates because she helped to get them tobacco.

ROUBLE REFORM IN RUSSIA

Russian President Boris Yeltsin has declared that Russia has conquered inflation and that three zeros will be knocked off the rouble at the beginning of next year. Yeltsin announced: "There will be no more inflation. That is over. New zeros will never again appear on our notes." He said that everyone would be able to exchange their old roubles until the end of 2002. During the last currency reforms in 1991 and 1993, Russians were initially given only three days to exchange their Soviet roubles for new Russian notes, creating total panic.

to be perfectly normal except for an irregular brain signal which can be attributed to migraine. (Hey, what a great excuse if you're cheating on your partner! "Sorry, darling, I didn't realise I was having sex. Honest, I can't remember a thing.")

THOUSANDS FACE DEATH IN NORTH KOREA

According to a report by World Vision, 85% of children in North Korea are suffering from malnutrition. Watt

than as a source of information. Most users took part in chat rooms and interactive on-line fantasy games. The study found the Internet as addictive as drugs, alcohol or gambling.

Reported by Annabel Davies

Sources: *The Advertiser, The Australian, The International Telegraph*

ARRESTS OVER GREENHOUSE POLICY

Last Wednesday, 20 people were arrested at a conference in Canberra during a protest against the Federal Government's stance on greenhouse gas emissions. Environmental groups claim that the conference is concerned with deterring international attempts to reduce greenhouse gas emissions. The Australian Government has opposed efforts by the European Union to set legally-binding greenhouse gas emissions targets for all countries. It argues that Australia, as a major coal exporter, would be unfairly penalised. In an address to the conference, Mr



Boss Threads

Fischer controversially suggested that Australia may not only seek to retain its current emissions levels, but may even seek an increase in them. He said: "Given the structure of our

Hugo Boss, founder of the top designer label, used forced labour to make uniforms for members of Hitler's SS and Youth armies. Boss's past came to light when his name was discovered on a

BOSS MADE NAZI UNIFORMS

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15% Savings to Student Card Holders

A BRIEF RUNDOWN ON THE CURRENT SITUATION ON VOLUNTARY STUDENT UNIONISM IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

-Amrita Dasvarma,
SAUA President. 1997

-Rosslyn Cox,
Adelaide University Union President
-Sky Mykyta,
NUS SA Women's Convenor.

What is Voluntary Student Unionism? Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU) is state governmental legislation which, on the face of it, gives students the 'choice' about whether or not to join their student organisations. But it also has the effect of crippling student organisations' ability to do the work they are required to do. Student organisations provide a wide range of necessary services to students to enhance the quality of their education and of their university life.

The Adelaide University Union and its seven affiliates (Roseworthy Student Union Council, Waite Institute Students' Association, Overseas Students' Association, Post-graduate Students' Association, Clubs, ports and the Students' Association - SAUA, of which all University of Adelaide students are members) provide crucial services to students: in the form of representation and advocacy within the University, to the Government and the wider community; in the form of the Union Studio which offer skilling workshops and creative opportunities; in the form of the Resource Centre with its computer facilities; the various catering outlets, and of course, the diverse range of activities and events and sports which comprise campus culture. Without these essential student services provided under the umbrella of the Union, the quality of your degree and your educa-

tion would be seriously diminished.

There are two main forms of VSU currently implemented in Australia: in Victoria, the student amenities' fee (or union fee) is collected by the universities; a student has to indicate when paying the fee whether or not they want their money to be paid to their student organisation, hence becoming a member. Otherwise their money goes straight to the university. There are also government restrictions on how the Victorian student organisation can use their money - ie. they cannot invest any amenities fee funds towards any sort of 'political' activity, which does limit the organisations' ability to represent students' views on issues and advocate on behalf of students. In some student organisations, this restriction has extended to a ban on the student media!

This consequence of VSU is extremely concerning, especially as for example, Adelaide University students have prioritised representation as top service we expect from our student organisations (as shown in the 1996 Adelaide University Union survey).

The other form of VSU is manifested in Western Australia, where it is up to the student organisations to recruit members to their organisations. This has had the effect of changing the student organisations' focus out of necessity from representation and advocacy and quality service provision to one of survival and marketing because of diminishing funds. WA student organisations are in a precarious situation at the moment because guild

membership has become non-compulsory.

It is important to note that the VSU legislation has been implemented by Liberal State Governments.

The South Australian State Government has indicated that they will not be introducing voluntary student unionism. With a state election coming up, probably at the end of the year, the government may be deferring judgement on VSU so it doesn't become a vote-swinging election issue.

South Australian student organisations have been considering the possibility of living under a VSU regime for many years now, and in light of this have been looking at preparatory initiatives which may protect us should the State Government prioritise VSU as an issue.

The University of Adelaide Union and Students' Association have been working closely together to strategically fight against the possibility of VSU and the down scaling of student services on campus. This has been a two-part strategy: firstly lobbying externally and secondly educating students about the importance and value of their student organisations. Since the beginning of the year, the Union and Association have run a constant and vigilant campaign on "Student Control of Student Affairs" which has included student welfare, services, academic rights, women's only space, student activities (such as Orientation which has the double focus of giving students a fun introduction to university life and giving

them an immediate awareness of the campus student organisations), and environmental sustainability within the Union and the University.

Oral blitzing, high profile campaigns on student services, and inclusive and diverse campus activities have helped highlight the necessity of student unionism on campus. We have also initiated meetings with state politicians, like Dorothy Kotz, the State Education Minister, Trish White, the State Opposition Minister, giving them tours of the student organisations' services and lobbying them on issues of student concern has helped raise the profile of students organisations externally.

The Union Board has also been preparing for the possibility of VSU by consolidating long-term reserves and formulating a strategy that will allow for the Union to exist as a seven-affiliate structure (including the Association) without increasing the amenities' fee or down scaling on its high-quality services. This long term plan includes a focus on catering services which could be a source of income for the Union in the incidence of VSU.

The efforts of the Students' Association and the Adelaide University Union has resulted in a letter from the State Premier, John Olsen, guaranteeing that Voluntary Student Unionism will now (or is that not? -EDS) be introduced in South Australia and is not on the Liberal Party's agenda:

"As you are aware, this Government has always supported the provision

of necessary services to students and will continue to do so. The benefits of student run services as opposed to university run services include:

- providing experience to students running a complex commercial operation
- providing services which are responsive to student needs
- providing experience in democratic processes - elections for office are held each year."

Thus University of Adelaide student representatives have had success in illustrating to the State government the importance of student organisations.

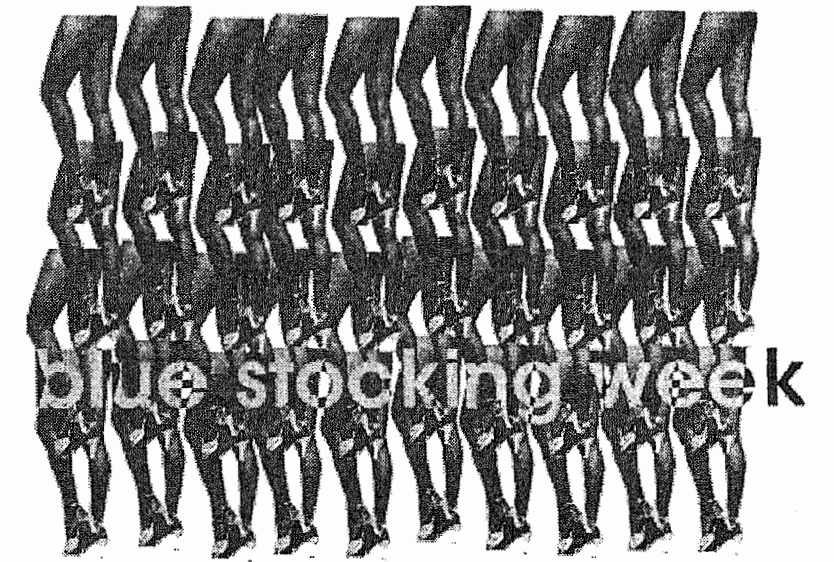
The Flinders University Union constantly update the Union's 'Prevention of VSU' document which includes strategies to deal with the possibility of VSU. The Union would like to decrease the reliance on the student services fee so that if VSU is introduced they will be able to decrease the student services fee immediately and maintain a high membership without decreasing services. They have been increasing marketing in conjunction with the Students' Association to improve members' awareness about what the Union and Association offer. The Flinders University Students' Association also aims to offer the best representation and services possible to members so that if VSU becomes a possibility, students will automatically strive to protect their student organisations.

The University of South Australia Students' Association has undertaken an organisational review to strategically plan for the next few years. They have also attempted to raise the profile of the Students' Association amongst the community by

lobbying on welfare and social justice issues, such as community child care, the legal system, and anti-racism.

The National Union of Students South Australian Branch has also been active in the campaign for student control of student affairs and universal student unionism. An integral part of this has been raising awareness of the importance of a national student organisation to students on campus. Because we currently have full affiliation in SA we are working hard to ensure member campuses are satisfied with the workings of NUS and its relationship to campus student organisations. The Office Bearers of the State Branch have had a policy all year of forging links with the community to increase community knowledge and support for student organisations. This has included contact with TAFEs, the Youth Affairs Council of SA, the Celebrating Diversity Coalition, the Coalition for Women's Right to Choose, the Working Women's Centre, local government and many others. NUS, in conjunction with the three students' associations has also been working on the implementation of an Outreach campaign to increase links with High School students and educate future university students about the importance of student unionism.

So although the implementation of anti-student organisation legislation is unlikely at this stage, the student organisations in South Australia are far from complacent. We are taking proactive measures to try and ensure that the implementation of VSU is not seriously considered by the State Government and to be prepared in the incidence that it does become a major threat.



What Is Blue Stocking Week?

Intellectual men of the eighteenth century, who indulged in literary discussions and academic discourse on topics such as Freedom, Liberty and Equality, were characterised by their legwear. They wore blue stockings.

Their concepts of equality, however, did not extend to women, who wanted to become involved in such intellectual activities. Hence, women who sought an education were slandered as 'Blue Stockings' because they were seen to be masquerading as intellectual men.

Since that time feminists have used the term 'Blue Stocking' as a focal point to collectively organise and discuss freedom, choice and liberation! Blue Stocking Week is a time to celebrate the achievements of women and challenge the barriers that women continue to face in the higher education sector.

It's only really in the last 30 years that we have seen women participating more in the Higher Education Sector. However there are still many barriers that women face every day. In particular with the recent cuts to Higher Education women are finding it more and more difficult to access a tertiary education, and of the women who do have the opportunity to come to Uni there are still many groups of women who don't such as women from working class backgrounds, Indigenous women, women with disabilities, migrant women amongst others. So while Blue Stocking Week is a time when we celebrate women's participation and achievements within education it is also a time to protect and defend women's rights to education.

Events that the SAUA has planned for Blue Stocking Week are:

Monday: 6pm In the Gallery
Opening of the Photographic exhibition featuring Susan Mitchell. The exhibition will feature women academics who are currently working at the University, women graduates of the University and women student representatives. There will be food and drink provided.

Wednesday: 1pm - Barr Smith Lawns
Women performers from CASM will be playing on the lawns and Mercy Gladstonbury from Wilto Yerlo will be speaking on Indigenous women in Higher Education and the problems they face.

Thursday: 1pm

Janine Haines will be coming to talk about the Budget Cuts to Education and the affect they are and will have on women both within the education system at the moment and those wishing to enter.

Please come out during the week and see what's happening and learn about the issues.

Sophie Allouache
SAUA Women's Officer 1997

ABSOLUTE POWER IS ABSOLUTE... IS THAT THE SAYING?

Absolute Power
Hoyts
Now showing

It's the new political thriller with a title stolen directly from a catchphrase which has nothing much to do with the plot! Yippee.

Still, I walked in not completely without hope. It's directed by, written by and stars Clint Eastwood who, though I'm not a great fan of his, is not a total clutz (even if he is a megalomaniac); it also stars Gene Hackman, about whom I could say much the same thing, although I'd probably have to leave off the megalomaniac bit. What really gave me hope was the minor role of Ed Harris (The Rock, Apollo 13) who I reckon is pretty good. So the fact that this is going to be a bad review is not because I went in sceptical. Okay?

My attempt to sum up the plot without giving too much away goes as follows: Clint is a master thief who devises and executes a brilliant plan (which basically involves deactivating the security system) to rip off Walter Sullivan, a rich bloke in Washington who is heavily involved in politics. The plan doesn't quite come off, however; Sullivan's wife arrives home while Clint is hiding in a secret hidey-hole behind a one-way mirror. And she's not alone. So Clint sits and watches while the two of them begin the intricate mating ritual (which goes on and on and on), until eventually the mystery man gets impatient and starts slapping her around a bit. When she tries to defend herself with a handy knife, two hired goons in suits burst in and kill her. Clint is shocked. Then Judy Davis walks in and starts bossing people about, getting the mess cleaned up and the body hidden. Clint stops being shocked after a while and just looks bored. Several hours later, everyone else leaves, and

Clint prepares to make his exit. On his way, he notices the knife, carefully wrapped in an evidence bag but foolishly left behind by the blokes in suits. He takes it. Then we find out what

cloak-and-daggery and subterfuge, which is all a bit pointless and doesn't really go anywhere. Before you know it, there's secret agents disguising themselves as doctors in order to kill

Clint's daughter. That's about when I switched off.

It's pretty dull. This is mainly due to the damn slow pace of the whole thing; it goes for over two hours and there are really only three or four major developments. The performances are okay: Ed Harris (who is the cop in charge of the case; I left him



Clint knew all along; the mystery man was, in fact, the President of the United States. Gosh, I hope I didn't ruin anything for you. I won't have if you've already seen the ads. This might have been quite an effective surprise if it had, in fact, been a surprise, but we all knew it was coming. From there it's all

out, didn't I?) was not bad; Judy Davis was quite good, especially in a dance scene with Hackman. Hackman himself was okay, and Clint was ... well. He was Clint Eastwood. Which isn't a bad thing. It was the story, really, which let this one down.

Chris Slape



Adrian Martin THE AGE

"THE FUNNIEST, MOST HONEST, SEX-COMEDY I'VE EVER SEEN!"

THE VILLAGE VOICE

THE COMEDY HIT EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT.

CHASING

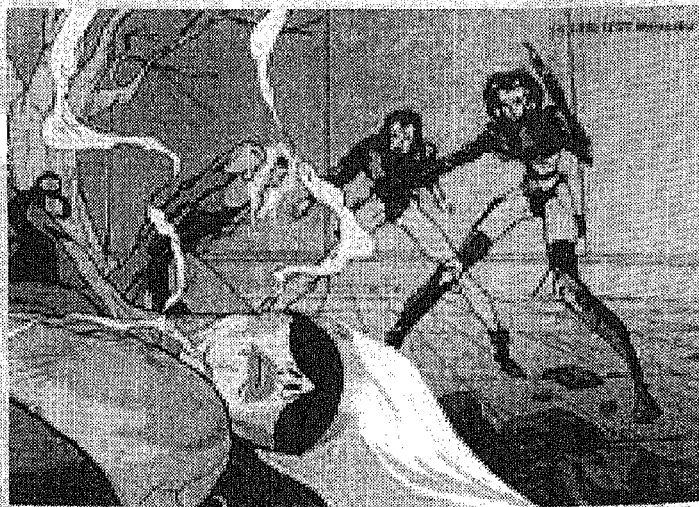
AMY

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NEXT WEEK:

CARTOON EDITION WITH BONUS "HOW TO AVOID THE CANDIDATES" SECTION.

BRING YA STUFF IN.

DEADLINE: THIS WEDNESDAY

5:00 PM

CAREER GIRLS

Career Girls
Palace Cinemas
Coming Soon

Career Girls, directed by Mike Leigh, is not about ambitious, power-hungry women as its name suggests, but rather a moving account of love, sex and friendship. The film stars Katrin Cartlidge (Naked, Breaking the Waves) as outspoken Hannah, and Lynda Steadman (you might have seen her in the British TV series Thief Takers), as shy and awkward Annie.

Hannah and Annie shared an apartment in London in the early eighties whilst they were at university. After graduating the two women went their separate ways, but reunite for a weekend six years later. During this time Hannah and Annie rediscover their friendship and encounter several people they knew during their uni-

days, including Hannah's bastard ex-boyfriend turned real estate agent (it figures), Adrian, and their former flat-mate and social misfit, Ricky. There are frequent flashbacks to the more memorable events in the characters' lives during the eighties, complemented by music from The Cure. I found it quite fascinating to see



how everyone had changed over time.

I can find little fault with the acting in this film, although the principal characters did have some

rather peculiar behavioural habits, which became a bit irritating after a while. Mike Leigh seems to have a soft-spot for slightly wacky, insecure characters (who can forget Brenda Blethyn's character and her drawing "sweedart" in Secrets and Lies). Mark Benton's portrayal of Ricky was very moving. One of the most sad and hopeless scenes in the film is when Hannah and Annie see Ricky again outside their old flat and discover the tragic events that have shaped his life in the years since they last saw him. Whilst I found much of the film quite sad, there

are some very funny moments, in particular the women's encounter with a sleazy riverside apartment owner. This film really made me think about what it will

feel like to look back on my youth — "the good ol' days" — when I'm all grown up. For thought-provoking, touching drama, go see Career Girls.

Annabel Davies



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CONSPIRACY THEORY

Directed by Richard Donner
Cast: Mel Gibson, Julia Roberts, Patrick Stewart, Cyk Cozart

If you're wanting a piece of pure Americana to liven up your night, then Conspiracy Theory is the film to see. Set in New York, it stars Mel Gibson as Jerry, a paranoid, sadly likeable taxi driver, who is convinced someone is out to get him. He sees a conspiracy on every street corner, believing he lives in a world where every thing is not as it seems and where he is merely misunderstood. Julia Roberts plays Alice, the doe-eyed heroine, a young attorney with a bone to pick

with the past, who manages to look like a frightened marsupial staring into car headlights for almost the entire movie. Patrick Stewart plays the evil genius Dr. Jonas, the ultimate anarchic baddie (with a big, black car to match!). When Jerry stumbles upon a conspiracy theory which could have some substance to it, all hell breaks loose, and yet he doesn't know which theory it is or who is after him for it. He turns to Alice, whom he has always admired from a distance, and the only person who takes time to listen to his rambling ideas. Together the two are led into more and

more intricate games of hide and seek, where the real truth is always ambiguous. Alice and Jerry realise the only people they can trust are one another, and so begins their love story the two are joined in a struggle against an unknown past, as well as fleeing the baddies with lots of running and explosions. (If it's beginning to sound simplistic, that's because it is). Admittedly this wasn't a film about which I had any huge expectations, but really after watching it, I came out none the wiser. It's something you could see on a Sunday afternoon and quite enjoy, it does have its funny

moments, mainly from Mel Gibson who manages to bring some complexity to his character (to make up for Julia's truly dismal acting abilities). There are some interesting camera shots, particularly in the beginning to create a sense of unrest, but really it's hard to find anything new or challenging in this Hollywood piece. Basically it ends up being quite a predictable suspense/love story, with a truly predictable, saccharine ending. If you're after conspiracy with a capital C, you're probably better off watching the X-Files.

Zoe Harrison

Yes, election week draws near once again with all the kiddies counting down the number of sleeps left to go until they can leap out of bed every morning shouting Yippee! Now I've got a chance to express my democratic opinion! Yay! Perhaps not.....

A more accurate description? Skulking around from dark corner to dark corner until you finally vote and can adorn yourself with enough stickers to finally be able to walk without fear in the light..... Okay.....

1. WHAT WOULD MAKE YOU WANT TO VOTE FOR AN ELECTION CANDIDATE?
2. ARE YOU GOING TO VOTE IN THE ELECTIONS? WHY, WHY NOT?
3. IF YOU WERE GOING TO RUN FOR A POSITION HOW WOULD YOU GET PEOPLE TO VOTE FOR YOU?

Niza:

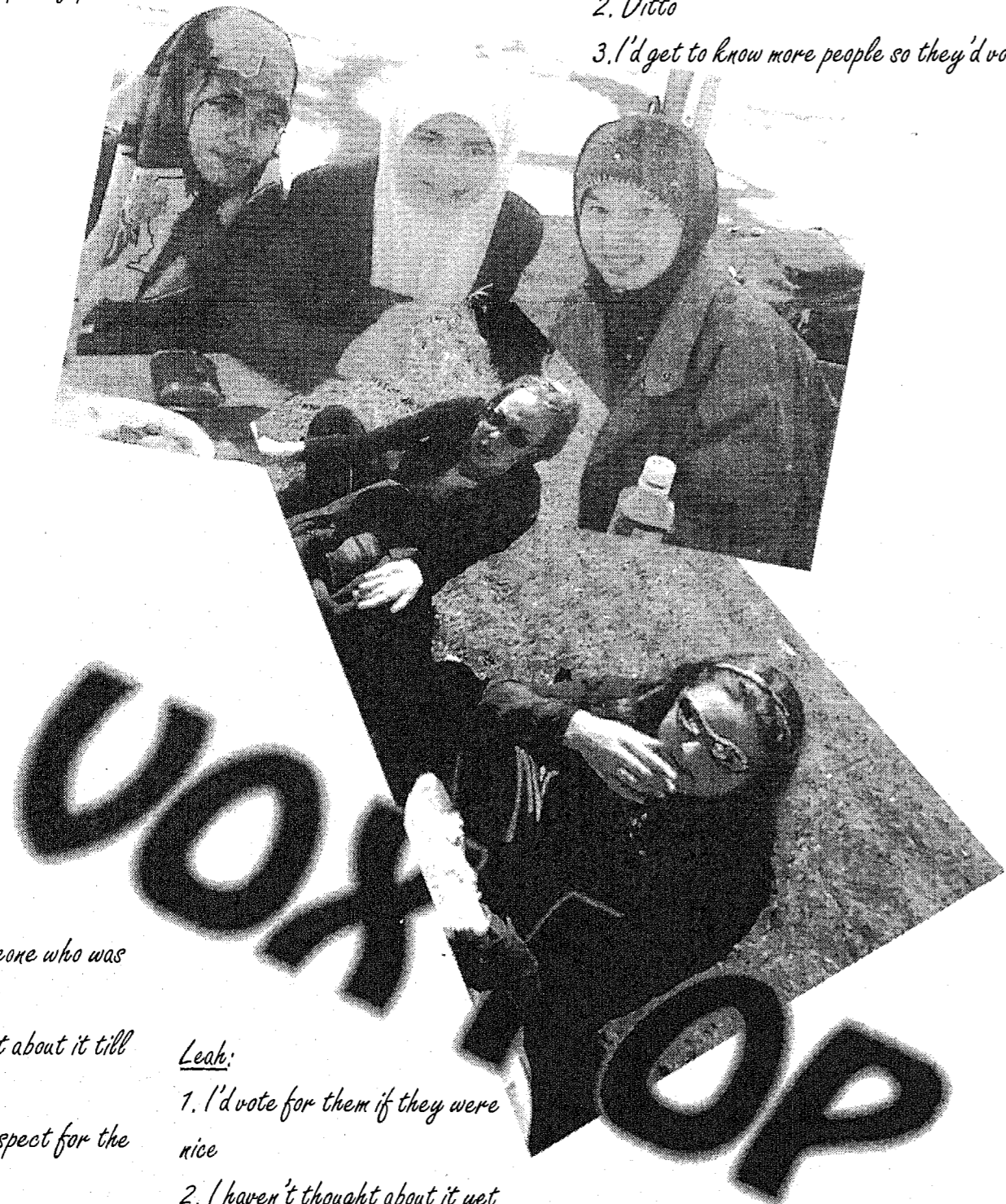
1. Same as Maria
2. Because I want the people I know to get in
3. Campaign

Yani:

1. Same as Niza
2. Ditto
3. I'd get to know more people so they'd vote for me

Maria:

1. I'd vote for someone I know
2. Yes, I want representation.
3. Put up a big poster.



Nadine:

1. I'd vote for someone who was down to earth
2. I hadn't thought about it till you came up to me
3. Honesty and respect for the student population

Leah:

1. I'd vote for them if they were nice
2. I haven't thought about it yet
3. Ditto to Nadine

Jason:

1. I'd vote for them if they worked at Bakers Delight
2. Yes, Only for the people I think would be good
3. I'd dress up like a smurf.



Sam:

1. Beer
2. Yes, my mates are running in elections.
3. I'd do a nudie run

Lindsay:

1. Dope
2. I won't be voting because I'm not affected
3. I'd do it with him.



Pat:

1. N/A
2. No, I'm not interested
3. I don't know

Peter:

1. If I could relate to them and their ideas
2. Yeah, I may as well
3. I wouldn't care too much if I got elected, I'd just do whatever I wanted.

Bastard Out of Carolina

1996, Dir: Anjelica Huston
Jennifer Jason Leigh, Jena Malone, Ron Eldard
Roadshow Entertainment

The awkward title of this film may be why *Bastard Out of Carolina* is one of those straight-to-video releases. But even with a better name this is the sort of movie that is best suited to the small screen.

The film is set in the deep south of America during the 1940's which gives it much character but also allows for an ending which would be unthinkable for a contemporary setting. The central character is Bone (Jena Malone), whose illegitimate birth has her mother, Anney, played by Jennifer Jason Leigh, desperately trying to give her a proper birth certificate, and a father. Anney falls for a psychopath who she desperately loves but who needs to beat Bone senseless before he can feel good about himself. It takes her a while to realise what a creep her husband is, yet even after he finally rapes Bone Anney is unable to leave him.

This film fails when it tries to convince us that these experiences actually make Bone a stronger person. Although the performances of all the actors are very good the problem seems to be with the script, which often jumps around and then tries to draw conclusions from things that aren't there. So, all you're left feeling is angry and frustrated about Bone's treatment without any sense of resolution at the end. This may be one for Jason Leigh fans only.

Carmel Pascale

Video

Welcome to the Dollhouse
1995, Dir: Todd Solondz
Heather Matarazzo, Brendan Sexton Jr, Daria Kalinina, Angela Pietropinto
21st Century Pictures

It's very hard not to rave too much about this film. Writer and director Todd Solondz has man-



aged to create one of the best releases of the past couple of years. *Welcome to the Dollhouse* is not only perceptively written and directed but it also has a talented cast, and an excellent, if offbeat, soundtrack.

The story revolves around eleven year old Dawn Weiner (Matarazzo), who is in her first year of junior high and a complete outcast. At school she is hated or ignored by her classmates who either abuse her vocally, force her to shit in their presence, or threaten her with rape. At home she is victimised by her family, who includes her ambitious older brother, a vindictive mother, and a younger sister whose life could not be more charmed. Her life is complicated by a crush on one of her brother's band members and a nascent relationship with the school bully. The unique thing about this film is that Dawn is also a pain in the arse. It's not so much that Solondz has tried to present a balanced picture, but to create a comedy and satire which rings true. He is very critical of the American school system and its aggressive socialisation and careerism. But what I found amazing is his ability to completely understand and portray the complexities of early adolescence, especially from the point of view of someone like Dawn.

Welcome to the Dollhouse is one for film lovers who want satisfaction on every level.

Carmel Pascale

First Wives Club

1996, Dir: Hugh Wilson
Diane Keaton, Goldie Hawn, Bette Midler
CIC Video

Elise (Hawn), Brenda (Midler) and Annie (Keaton) are college friends who lost contact over the years but come together again after the death of their close friend Cynthia. They all have husbands who left them for younger wives and this forms the basis for the ensuing bubbly nonsense trying



to pass off as a substantial story. The trio realises life is passing by faster than they can inject collagen into their lips and so gang up to get back at their ungrateful husbands. But they don't want revenge, oh, no, that would be just too easy.

Keaton, Hawn and Midler is a great combo and does well with what they're given but they have all done better (Keaton *The Godfather*).

The portrayal of both sexes doesn't exactly allow much room for manoeuvring and is strictly to suit the storyline:

"Don't get mad. Get Everything", I think that clarifies the level of intelligence this whole movie is based on so don't expect to learn or get anything from it except a couple of laughs at their ridiculous antics.

Ching Yee



A Very Brady Sequel

1996, Dir: Arlene Sanford
Gary Cole, Shelley Long, Tim Matheson
CIC Video

First of all, this was soooooo much better than *A Very Brady Movie* that it is worth checking out if you like to have a bit of a giggle about the 70's 'Brady mentality'. The movie is improved by the presence of Roy (Tim Matheson), a crook who turns up at the beginning of the film posing as Carol Brady's long lost husband in order to steal a priceless statue her husband had sent her before he disappeared. Matheson's character gives us a basis for normality that the original movie didn't have and provides some of the funniest scenes - take the scene where Alice finds some magic mushrooms and puts them in a special meal for Roy, or the spontaneous dance routine that Roy grudgingly joins in. A subplot is created when Marsha and ...(SIC) face the possibility of not being brother and sister, providing lots of room for funny innuendo.

There are also nods to other TV series that have gone down as 'crummy classics', like *Magnum PI* and *I Dream of Jeannie*, to keep up interest as the Brady's go through the motions of being themselves. A couple of better Brady Bunch songs also help to carry the film along.

Esther Speight

Hah! You thought it was the giveaway box dincha you hungry devils?

No sirree bob our video box is as empty and dry as Pauline's brain.

But remember our **CARTOONS EDITION** is next week. Deadline: Wednesday 28 August.

DID YOU GET YOURS THIS MORNING ?!!

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MMMM... COFFEE...

Four Elements In Full Force

iitha
 Bharatan Theatre
 Aug 13th
 Little Theatre, University of
 Adelaide

Just last week I was moaning about the lack of interesting theatre available to the theatre going public in Adelaide. Maybe there is some weird Karmic circle in operation because this week I have been moved by a powerful new form of theatre.

Normally, dance does nothing for me (Hint, hint potential reviewers!!) but the Bharatan theatre group has successfully managed to overcome the constraints of traditional dance choreography. Leigh Warren said to me: "Dance is about feelings, otherwise it's just moving". This quote captures the essence of this production.

By embodying the emphasis upon emotion, as opposed to words / technique, a philosophy practiced by Asian styles of theatre for millennia, *iitha* is about touching the audience in the best way possible: Through themselves.

Each "act" represented one of

the four Chakras: Air, Earth, Fire, Water. Air was loosely based upon the concept of sub-conscious awakening. As two performers are suspended from the gantry, they attempt to express the inexpressible first moments of awakening (any awakening). Vivid colours and evocative music complement this first piece.

Earth was about binding. Earth was a faster paced piece and demonstrates Peking opera influences. It reminded me particularly of the Chinese dragon dances. Pailin Guscott and Matthew Cormack manage to express a sense of the non-verbal link between two people, and two concepts. This was the stand out piece of the performance. I loved the facials!!

Fire was about expansion. There was a definite Indian influence (Kathakali) and it is reminiscent of my childhood impressions of the Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves cartoons and movies. This was a very free-style performance with all performers basically doing their own, unchoreographed dance yet reflecting their sub-conscious awareness of each oth-

ers location and movements. The headpieces were fantastic, reflecting the professional standard designs which were apparent throughout the whole performance.

The final piece was Water. As a close to the performance, the theme of reflection was appropriate. The fantastic shell like headpieces stood out, but I feel that this was an anti climax. Some outstanding solos from individual dancers lifted this piece above tedium. It lacked the strong direction of the other three pieces.

Despite the mediocre final piece, this was an outstanding production. The audience was enraptured (apart from Snagglepuss-Roar!!), hardly tearing their eyes from the performance space. The design was fantastic, look out for the name Nicola Connor! The whole performance reflected the cohesiveness of the group, as the performance flawlessly moved from piece to piece. Look for future Bharatan Theatre productions.

Courtney Squires.



Yes, Spring is a coming and like all things that are lovely it will be marred by some nasty karma. That's right, kids, it's election time and the sausage turners are out in full force. Here are the names of the candidates who are running in this year's grand circus. If we were nice we would wish you all good luck but we're not.

PS: Candidates running for the following positions, come down to the On Dit office and sign up (on our front door) for an interview this week: President, EVP, ACVP, WO, EO, O'Coordinator, On Dit, Student Radio.

1	PREZ	HANS AMSTEL
2	PREZ	FELIX RILEY
3	PREZ	SOPHIE ALLOUACHE

1	ON DIT	BATE/BRADLEY/SLAPE
2	ON DIT	SNEWIN/BOTEFF
3	ON DIT	WILL/SAINT

1	ACVP	ALIDA PARENTE
2	ACVP	PAUL MURRAY

1	O' COORD	BEN ALLGROVE
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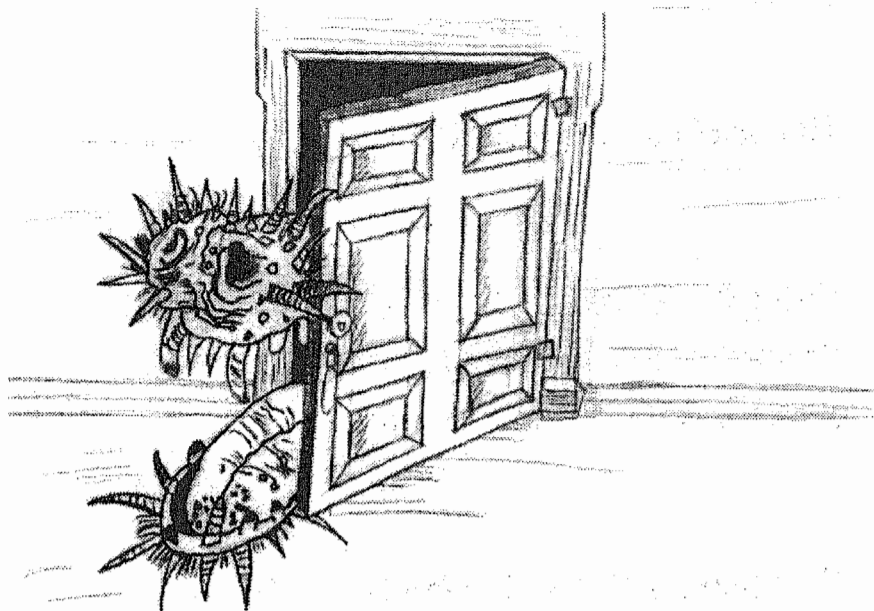
1	EVP	JACK GAFFEY
2	EVP	SKY MYKYTA

1	WO	RIK THORNECLYFF
2	WO	KILEY ROGERS
3	WO	KATE SOWERBY

1	EO	MATTHEW SYKES
2	EO	DANIELLE KOWALSKI

As some of you may have noticed (ooh, you're sharp, you are) these aren't all of the candidates running in the election. For people who are running for Education, Womens' Environmental & Activities Standing Committee, Union Board, NUS, Council and Union Activities, please refer to the Lost In Space themed Election Handbook which can be found in the SAUA and also in your pigeon-hole if you bother to check (hehe!).

Dragon's Lair



Sarah Harvey

Tumbling into the dragon's lair -
unaware,
unprepared,
you plummet

down

down

down

so fast
your jeans have to catch a later flight.

Into a pit of stagnant rage and
oozing sores fermenting
at close proximity as
flying monkeys

pick at you

so scratch yourself raw.

Bones thrust out of your
scarlet throat:

don't bother struggling
whispered voices echo,

"What a Wonderful World..."

Your overloaded brain

buzzes

like a fly on speed,

keep falling

down

down

down

like a fly on Mortein.

Legs crumple

sometimes,

your body twists aimlessly in the wind

until you're a bloody, whimpering wreck,

left huddling on the

damp

chill-blained floor.

And all you can hear are empty,


sonorous notes

lingering faintly,

in the dragon's lair.

Sarah Harvey

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 must be included.*

On a winter Thursday - busted jaywalking
Sun glances off the pavement where
Z had her ears pierced
Wearing proud clothes, yeah.

Thrown onto the street
An umbrella for a raining birthday
Finger paintings of your name in the soil
They are still around

Eerie reminders coil wrapped in with coffee
stairs
Every detail from some afternoons
Echoing down empty hallways
And breaking up my absent walk

Saving money to spin away
Down into the wishing well
Drowning with my hands above the surface
Like in dreams.

TO ZBIGNIEW HERBERT

The death of the words:

**Bittersweet release torn away:
the destruction of muse, not poet.
Pencil blunt. Confidence shaken.**

**Rise from a grave of misuse my muse
and save my pen
(witness the grand resurrection);
it has snapped in two, and the ink flows like blood
releasing a flood of words left unwritten:**

**embryonic, foetal,
finally aborted.**

Anton Zytnik

SNAGGLEPUSS

Idio+



Big Hole

The consistency of the soil was, as Goldilocks might say, "...just right." Gently pressing my trowel a careful inch within the pot's rim, I thus secured the white shoots of the bulb).

I had been in my garden shed when first I received that fateful call. I knew at once that this was as peculiar an event as ever I had heard of in my career. I hastily packed a bag of clothes for the fieldwork and obtained my kit of instruments from the bottom drawer of my wardrobe. I hurried back to the potting shed and finished the job I was doing to the camellias. Little did I realise that I was on my way to see perhaps the most fantastic occurrence of my career! I feverishly hurled my belongings into the trunk and motored off toward the highway. I bought a Gregory's at a petrol station as I was unfamiliar with the route.

It was day three and the news as I neared my destination grew ever more fantastic. I began to wonder if I was the participant in some marvellous dream! I inserted my cassette log of The Facts with which I was so far familiar. I mulled them over. On Thursday morning I received the phone call. It seemed genuine. But could it have been? Really? In all my years as a Hole Geologist I had never been confronted with a hole of such immensity, certainly I had studied the Grand Canyon, but the hole toward which I now ventured looked to be expanding quite literally at a rate of knots! My comprehension of holes: their magnitude and their causes, must until this time surely have been limited, although I was the foremost expert on holes in this hemisphere! What, then, was different about this hole? I intended to learn its secret. My alarm was palpable. I had to force my mind to other areas of contemplation, for my hands shook upon the wheel of the car as I hurtled along the road in anticipation. I was the foremost expert on the processes salination and erosion. I had numerous interviews in the newspapers and television under my belt. What force was responsible for the hole? I could be sure of one thing only: that the hole was indeed baffling.

The townsfolk awaited me at the perimeter. The breadth of the hole sent my heart racing! And to bear witness to it as it grew ever deeper! Of course, as is too often the case with the ignorant, the townspeople stood around discussing matters of

everyday importance, which greyhound to back, whether the TAB would still be open, conversation of that ilk. They could not see the terrifying splendour of the hole's majesty! With my binoculars I peered into its mouth; houses, streets, and a moderately sized shopping centre had been appropriated by the glorious monster. I spoke to the crowd in a voice which meant business: "Have there been any casualties?" Came the answer: "None". It scarcely seemed comprehensible, as the thing increased at the rate of about
o n e

prediction. I sat in the driver's seat and wilfully accelerated as it gulped the carpark into itself, leaving the townsfolk staggering backyard in a panicky wave. As if in response to my flagrant hubris, the wilful hole made contact with a nearby river and turned my descent into a raging mud-slide. Fortunately, I had in my varsity years, been an experienced tobogganist. I plummeted grimly on, the receding cheers of the townsfolk bolstering my esteem. They had found their hero. The tidal wave of mud was hindered somewhat by a flock of sheep. Poor creatures, I thought, they

The Big Hole

me
tre per
minute, that nobody could have been injured. I peered back into its throat and witnessed the impossible: a couple playing tennis. How could I help but be reminded of the flea-circuses of the heady spring-time of my youth? Memories of the bites, the incessant itching, scratching, and that most soothing of lotions: sweet Calamine. To me the tennis players illustrated the indomitability of the human spirit.

The hole meant nobody harm! Again I was overcome! This hole defied the principles I had laid down some years earlier in my erstwhile definitive text, "Holes: By Their Absences Shall Ye Know Them." My world was in complete disarray. This hole was making me appear a fool.

I had initially intended to retrieve my scientific instruments from the boot of my car. But it would have been lunacy to think that the vehicle would not be swallowed by the time I reached the belly of the creature. My jaw was set; if this hole defied my expertise to so great an extent, then I would engage with it in a manner beyond its inanimate

are
just
innocents in
this madness.

Once at the bottom I administered my thermos to them whose plight was most desperate. My course had set me down not far from the local RSPCA, I quickly became a favorite with its death-row tenants, I was able to supply ample sweet-meats. The folk were pleased to learn that I was an expert in both the theory and fieldwork of holes, (I hid from them my own apprehension as to the extent of my abilities in this particular instance). Some of them had families above, and although I leant a shoulder to cry upon, there remained the subject of the hole which demanded every ounce of my analytic attention. I sought the heart.

Attaching my elasticised rope to a nearby verandah and donning my boots, helmet and kevlar-lined overalls, I headed for the swimming pool that, the troubled citizens said, had spawned the deruption. I smashed my way through the tiles, and promising to pay a bill of repair to the owner, I bungeed into the void. I opened a small tin of dried fruit and nuts (what we in the trade call

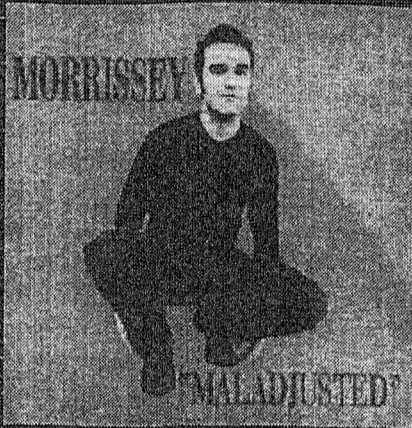
Scroggin) and sparingly avoided the salted cashews. I had only one can-teen of water. After what seemed a dark eternity I switched on my helmet-light and undid my harness. Before me lay a tremendous tunnel. As is common practice, I chalked an arrow at certain junctures through the labyrinth, the petrifying rumble of the earth's molten core enveloped me like some sonic primordial sea, ever echoing, ever reverberating.

My thoughts turned periodically to my potting shed and to my camellias. Their impending fate at this ravenous hole fuelled my resolve to persevere. The inky darkness seemed designed to force contemplation upon me. It seemed that I had lived my whole life at the edge of some sort of hole, be it large or small, was it the case that my fascination had alienated me in some way? Yes. Perhaps it was the depth and the pressure, but the rhythm of the earth's core caressed my imaginings, I submitted to the hole. Then, through a chink in the crevice into which I had nestled myself I saw what I shall maintain to my unwilling deathbed was the molten core of the world. Though it was a glimpse which left me blinded in one eye and permanently scarred from my partially melted goggles, I affirm (despite the wealth of criticism from my colleagues to the contrary) that it was at this moment the terrible grinding of the hole ceased. A word to my critics at this juncture: I staunchly refute your findings!

What force was it that drew me back upward to the surface? The joyful cries of the schoolchildren. I dare-say they were not so happy some minutes after the emergency was officially declared over and they had to return to their lessons. Luckily, the local hospital had been dragged to the bottom of the hole. In a few days I was released and I took the next helicopter home. My car still remains in the local museum both dedicated to and celebrating my bravery. As for the township? It now enjoys a thriving tourist economy; T-shirts abound with the emblazoned slogan, 'Our town is a Hole!'

Many analysts from academic and private circles alike find my story flawed and ridiculous, but it has been my ticket to numerous dinner-parties and I am now known as something of a hit with the ladies. I owe it all to the realisation that holes should not become the beall and end-all of a man's ambition.

Hamish Macintyre



Maladjusted
Morrissey
(Mercury/Polygram)

Having been in the thrall, to greater or lesser degrees, of this man for over a decade now it is becoming a rather monumental task to review another Moz album. My tastes wax and wane and yet I ritualistically purchase every new Moz CD as soon as it's released: why? Because when someone implants themselves in your psyche during your self-engrossed teen years (all angst, self-regarding artistic hubris, and wank, but fun nevertheless), you can't let them go. This is made easier if they don't give you a reason to think that you should. So we come to Moz. Since the Smiths died, Morrissey has produced 8 or so albums which have oscillated in quality and have marked various stages in his often very public rises and falls. Of late he has decided he is "box office poison" (his words) in England, moved to Ireland and released this album with a new record company. And it's a cocksure return.

My main problem with Moz's recent past is that his devotion to his backing band, and co-writers Alain Whyte and Martin (Boz) Boorer, has led to him developing a rather generic sound which places virtually all the emphasis in the songs on his vocal delivery and lyricism. Of course this has always been central to his "art", and is a long way of saying he sticks to pretty conventional song structures, but, having said that, this album comes together as a unified and at times intoxicating combination of sounds (even samples and guitar trickery), moods, vocal flourishes, and good old emotional jaundice: ah, Moz is BACK.

"Maladjusted" contains all of Moz's lyrical tricks and is suitably jaded and desperate: "Trouble Loves Me" is a stand out with a swooning music track reminiscent of "Everyday is Like Sunday", complete with cheesy interludes, and a wonderful tongue-in-cheek melancholy which is Gold Moz. "Ammunition" is a Boorer tune and works well, kicking away into a sweetly resigned chorus: "Roy's Keen" is full of quite bizarre and adolescent puns and rhymes (not to mention homoeroticism, what a surprise): "He Cried" has some vintage Moz moments where his voice connects with the music in a terrifically melodramatic chorus; "Wide To Receive" is musically simple but, again, wonderfully self-pitying; "Sorrow Will Come in the End" is a spoken word piece which is fairly obviously pointed at his victorious opponents in his recent court case over Smiths royalties, and is a bit bloody nasty (especially since he sings on "Ammunition" that he has no time for revenge!). The album ends on the almost triumphantly melodic and Moz-of-old-like "Satan Rejected My Soul", with wry lines like "Satan rejected my soul/as low as he goes/he never quite goes this low" and a joyous guitar line from Boorer. This album has a *Viva Hate* feel about it (and that's beside the green and silver colour scheme), especially in the first half, but it has an individual aesthetic. It may not be cutting edge pop but it is undeniably stylish, evocative, seductive, self-regarding (but with a familiar sneer), and assured (for all his insecurity). Moz has produced a bit of a blinder. It takes a couple of listens but repays with his best work at least since *Vauxhall & L.* Or longer.

Paul Lobban



B-Sides - Seaside & Freerides
Ocean Colour Scene
(MCA)

B-Sides - Seaside and Freerides was my introduction to the sound of Ocean Colour Scene. After years of reading about them in *Select* and *NME*, I finally got to hear what all the fuss was about. For a while now OCS has dwelt on the periphery of the whole Britpop explosion, always playing runner-up to bigger names like Blur, Oasis, Pulp, and now Reef - always the bridesmaid, maintaining respectable sales in the UK, but never quite cracking the overseas market.

B-Sides... won't change any of this, I'm sure, which is in itself a great shame. But hopefully it will open up a greater audience to OCS's particular style. As the title suggests, the album is a scrapbook of the band's recording history. Unlike a "best of" album, however, *B-Sides...* captures the true spirit of Ocean Colour Scene, rather than their label's idea of how the group's public face should appear. There is a playfulness, a sense of fun in each of the tracks that immediately draws the listener in. Songs like "The Day We Caught the Train", "I Wanna Stay Alive With You", and "Cool Cool Water" demonstrate the band's deft hand at knocking together a tune. Also featured are "Chelsea Walk" and "Charlie Brown Says", two songs from the Fanatics [a previous incarnation of OCS] and a respectably subversive version of "Day Tripper". With guest spots by Paul Weller and G1 & G2, *B-Sides...* has it all. A "must have" for anyone who says they like music.

J.D.



The Best of The Call
The Call
(Warner Resound)

This review will take the form of a history lesson. The Call were a synthesiser-driven band back in the "anything goes" early-eighties who flirted with popularity and widespread public acceptance, but tended to blush and shy away whenever they seemed close to consummating the affair. Their big failing was that they had something of a social conscience, a problem they shared with several other acts from the same period like the Hooters, Midge Ure and Bruce Cockburn. Damn pesky thing, a social conscience. Nobody likes to be preached at on the dance-floor. It's the sort of thing that can keep a Billy Bragg in the margins for a whole career. Now, fourteen years after the release of their first album, the public history of The Call has been documented in that most revisionist of textual forms, the "best of" album. Anyone for whom 1983-84 constituted a formative year will remember "The Walls Came Down". Purists will marvel at the exquisite textures of the analogue synths on the pre-'87 songs. Name-spot-

ters will have their work cut out for them with the likes of Jim Kerr, Peter Gabriel and Bono guesting on the odd track. Something for everyone.

The music hasn't stayed all that fresh. It is stained with all the trademarks of early/mid-eighties radio-friendliness. Of course, that won't matter to the devotee of just that sound. The contextual essay in the linear notes tries to create a pathos for The Call, which, I think, is going a little too far. "Over 10 years and seven albums," writes the eminent rock historian, "The Call forged a rock 'n' roll poetic. I wonder, would this make them the Walter Paters of their generation?"

J.D.



Living in the Circle
Dead Ringer Band
(Massive)

This is something of an odd album. The cover says "homespun" in a really big, ugly, low production-value kind of way. I was expecting the music to be something erring on the nasty side of Bad. Imagine my surprise when I was aurally-greeted by a pristine voice somewhere between Emmylou Harris and Dolly Parton, backed by some very professional sounding musicians playing just enough to fill out the sound without appearing cluttered. I should say now, if you don't like country music, skip the rest of this review. You've been warned.

Living in the Circle has some of the best slide and picking I've heard outside of Nashville. The lead-singer, Kasey, has the voice of a honky-tonk angel, all treacle and Tennessee. It's hard to believe that these folk produced the album themselves, and in a studio in Sydney, arguably the Australian capital most unsympathetic to country music. The whole thing just sounds so big-league.

While my favourite tracks are by other people ["I Needed You" by Townes van Zandt; "Loop Around Atlanta" by Vernon Rust] the Chambers folk [who make up three-quarters of the band] can write a good tune in their own right. "Just Like Yesterday", a [somewhat belated] tribute to Gram Parsons, is particularly touching. On the whole a choice set that proves that Australian bands can rub shoulders with the Americans on their own terms.

Rusty Springfield



Coal Chamber
Coal Chamber
(RoadRunner)

While I'm not in the habit of reviewing the

truly chunky, I do like to go out on the odd occasion and listen to a band committed to making loud, offensive, tinnitus-inducing noise. Call me old-fashioned, but I actually have a great amount of respect for those members of the community who have commended their lives and bodies to the difficult task of becoming a rock fatality. It is because of this that I feel qualified to say that Coal Chamber, for all their posturing and piercing, are not the real thing. In fact I'd go as far as to say they're light-weights. The songs are telling stories. In "Bradley" B.Dez Fafara is trying to tell us 'They're driving me so fucking crazy / They're making me so angry'. But read his 'thank-you's' in the linear notes and he doesn't sound so angry - he gets along with both his parents for crissakes. And in spite of the drug references and hints at dark affiliations, they all look decidedly healthy, if a little confused. No, the jury's in and the verdict is *big-L losers*.

I should say, though, there was one song that really caught my imagination - "Pig". In my mind I hear the squee / Squee here pig pig pig pig. Cool, huh?

Sam-Andreas Fault



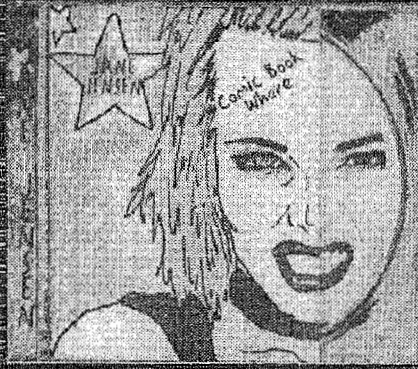
The Art of War
Bone Thugs-n-Harmony
(Ruthless)

For anyone unfamiliar with the sound of Bone Thugs-n-Harmony, they deal out some seriously hardcore hip-hop under the guise of twisted R'n'B. Their lyrics come at you at a thousand words per minute - half rapped and half sung - delivered over meticulously programmed backings, squeaky clean beats, and sampled sound effects. They enjoyed enormous success in the U.S. a couple of years ago with their album *E. 1999 Eternal*, and even managed to chart out here with their more mellow material.

The Art of War, however, is hardly likely to push Bone beyond their underground following. The listener is dragged through two hours of dark and twisted - almost nightmarish - hip-hop. Even the more soulful moments - like "It's All Me Thug" - have dark undercurrents that hint at some seriously ghoulish imaginations. And the more overtly evil tracks, such as the threatening "Look Into My Eyes," and the bleak "Body Rott" begin to sound like satanic schoolyard taunts.

In short, it's brilliant. The vocal performances are clean and punchy - given the pace of the lyrics they have to be - but they still manage to sound fresh and spontaneous rather than over-rehearsed. The backings are musical and varied - something quite surprising for rap music - and work to create a very strong atmosphere. Just check out "Thug Luv" (featuring 2Pac) as it creeps along through gun battles that sound like somebody playing *Doom* in the recording studio - one of the strongest moments of the second disc. The album's 'war' overtones are perhaps a little unnecessary, and its offensive content is undeniable, but I have to recommend it for its sheer quality. For anyone who bought *E. 1999 Eternal*: Bone have more than equalled the sound you know and love. For anyone else who even REMOTELY likes hip-hop, you have to hear this, it's that simple.

H!

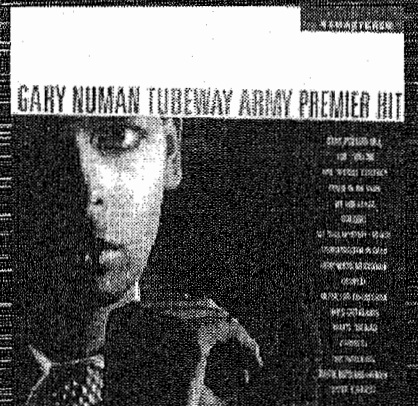


Comic Book Whore
Jane Jensen
(Mushroom/Liberation)

Some musicians go into acting after many years in the music business—David Bowie, Iggy Pop, Tupac Shakur. Less exalted are the actors who move into the music business—Kylie Minogue, Jason Donovan, Melissa Tkautz. And then there's Jane Jensen. Tinting her debut CD *Comic Book Whore*, she has truly lived a life suiting this description. From her "stunning" acting debut in *Troma Films* (remember *The Toxic Avenger*?) *Tromeo & Juliet* as Juliet (top scene: Tromeo eats popcorn from an open wound in her pregnant stomach, shortly before a number of rats escape from said wound) to penning her own unpublished comics (starring herself as a raygun-armed Tank Girl-style dreamer), she has now moved on to music. And, the music gods be praised, she ain't half bad when it comes to tunesmithing.

Probably the most immediately appealing (in a layered, dissonant sort of way) track here is first single "More Than I Can" with its bass-heavy music and relationship-busting lyrics ("That's just more than I can give, I'm gonna save myself first."). "Luv Song" might irritate over time with its raucous girliness but is admirable for its other-person's-perfect-boyfriend-stealing twist on the standard girl-wants-boy theme. "King", "Clumsy" and "Dream Ridiculous Implausible" are other highlights. This is really quite good; recommended to those who like a bit of guitar-meets-electronica (think low-budget Garbage with a pop culture obsession) and it's far less throwaway than Jensen's background might suggest.

James Morrison



GARY NUMAN TUBEWAY ARMY PREMIER HIT

Premier Hits
Gary Numan / Tubeway Army
(Shock)

Seen in the right coloured light, Gary Numan can be held responsible for ending the punk movement in Britain, paving the way for the currently very trendy "electronica" sound, and creating the image on which the eighties "new romantic" movement was based. Detroit techno producers cite him as a great influence, hip-hop producers sample him ruthlessly, and at last his turn for a "revival" has come.

As a collection of influential music (or even musical memories, for those old enough) *Premier Hits* is certainly great value. All the big tracks like *Cars* and *Are Friends Electric?* are there, digitally remastered, as well as very comprehensive history of Numan's 5 career in the accompanying booklet. The blend of guitars and drum machines still makes Numan sound like the grandfather of the Chemical Brothers and the Prodigy, the synthesizers still buzz away like ten-metal-wasps fighting to the death in somebody's garbage bin, and the lyrics still carry that

blend of alienation and introspection that made the eighties new romantics so pale and interesting.

But somehow it's all aged very badly. Perhaps I've just come to expect higher standards of production in recent years, but a great deal of *Premier Hits* just sounds like a poorly-recorded, monotonous dirge. It's easy to see its historic value, but that doesn't necessarily make it entertaining, and 70-plus minutes of post-punk pop is hard to stomach in one sitting. For anyone who doesn't mind such ropey production—or genuine Numan fans, for that matter—*Premier Hits* is, as I've said, a great value compilation. But for everyone else, there's always the (superior) sounds of many of the bands this music has inspired.

Isaac

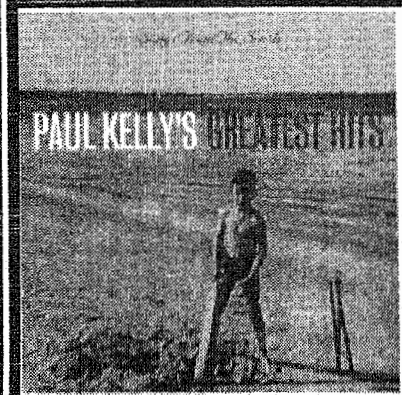


The Natural Life
Yazz
(EastWest)

One of the forgotten singers of the eighties has resurfaced in the form of a credible nineties album. Kylie Minogue pulled this stunt off with flair a couple of years ago, radically reinventing her musical style and image along the way. So it is with Yazz; gone is the bleached eighties campiness—replaced by a more sultry, brooding look. Gone also are the bouncy pop overtones—instead the album meanders through a variety of styles, as if Yazz is trying to impress the listener with both the music and the musicians she knows.

The musical lineup is very impressive. Names like Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare lend an incredibly professional sound to the album. The songs themselves—mainly covers like "Never Can Say Goodbye," and Bob Marley's "I'm Still Waiting"—are impeccably produced. The punchy horn sounds of "The Only Way is Up" are still featured on most tracks, but the overall sound of *The Natural Life* falls into Latin and Caribbean territory—except, that is, for one big surprise: the classic "Love Don't Live Here Anymore" covered in a clubby style that borders on jungle.

It's a very mature record from a very mature performer—Yazz's voice has certainly improved with age to become smooth as silk, and she is responsible for much of the production work as well. The only criticism I can level at *The Natural Life* is that it lacks energy somewhat. It's all very nice, but it never really takes off—and easy listening stuff like this rarely stands up to detailed listening. *The Natural Life* is good, but not that good—not something I'd be quick to jump up and down and shout about, but worth listening to all the same.



PAUL KELLY'S UNDERSTREET HITS

Songs From The South
Paul Kelly
(Mushroom Records)

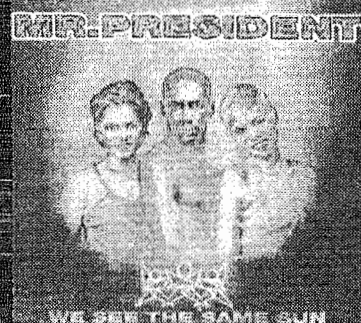
You can tell a Paul Kelly song when you hear one: it will have clean instrumentals, an easy-to-listen-to tune, distinctive vocals, and, of course, rambling poignant lyrics. Although this description can easily be applied to efforts from Cold Chisel and Dire Straits, Kelly's music is unique—just as unique, mind you, as anything from Chisel or Straits.

If there's anything that stands out the most about Kelly's song-writing, it's the lyrics, style and subject matter. The subject matter of his songs is, to say the least, diverse: from nostalgic love ("When I First Met Your Ma") to the discovery of a corpse ("Everything's Turning To White"). Kelly's style is direct; his words don't so much paint a picture as tell a story.

This "Best of" spans twelve years of Kelly's career. With twenty tracks and a running time of 77 minutes, you certainly get value for money. The jacket includes a discography (as well as the obligatory introductions).

This album received quite a lot of media attention around the time of its release, but it's important not to be put off buying it because of the hype. In this case, you don't need to go to the record shop and ask a (sometimes grudging) assistant if you can give it a test-run. Just think of Paul Kelly songs that have gotten major radio airplay: "Before Too Long", "Dumb Things", "To Her Door" and "How To Make Gravy"—these songs are included on *Songs From The South*. The tracks on this album (in my opinion) don't differ too much in quality, so if you liked the above-mentioned tunes, then you'll probably like the others as well.

Derek Wee



We See the Same Sun
Mr. President
(WEA)

Mr. President are another European "dance sensation" in a similar vein to Culture Beat—just as commercial, just as cheesy, and just as catchy. The album kicks off with a saxophone solo sounding like an out-take from the *Bladerunner* soundtrack, before the first "hit single," "Coco Jambo" (it was huge in the Czech Republic I'm told)—a stomping dance/reggae track in the style of Ace of Base. Next we have "Side to Side", which sounds as if it could have been lifted from the Outthere Brothers, and "Goodbye, Lonely Heart"—one of the catchiest tracks on the album, with more hook than a world fishing convention.

There is a great deal of variety throughout *We See the Same Sun*—even if it is not always entirely original. From the happy hardcore of "I Love the Way You Love Me", to the latin sounds of "I Love to Love" and "Where the Sun Goes Down", Mr. President don't leave anything out in terms of production or songwriting. There are a couple of turkeys lurking amongst the better tracks: Olympic Dreams (the title says it all) is a power-ballad which takes itself much too seriously, and "I Give You My Heart"—a too-swoony love song in an album already full of them.

Any faults on the album are to be pitied rather than scolded, though. After all, the European music market thrives on wholesome, tuneful music and doesn't see moody credibility as an issue. *We See the Same Sun* is an uplifting and energetic slab of commercial dance, and seen as such it is a shining example of what the European club scene is best at. It's pure cheese, but I've just got to recommend it.



Jullander Shere/Western Oriental/ Butter the Soul Cornershop (Wiiija/ Shock) They made their name as an Indian-English, Morrissey-liking, musically illiterate indie band; things have changed. They now sound very literate and have developed their sound and infused it with styles derived from Indian traditions with which a lot of us are at least passingly familiar. The two mixes of *Jullander Shere* throb with insistent rhythms; "Western Oriental" has some lazy beats in with some piquant moments (in both mixes); and "Butter the Soul" has some off-kilter sampling and finishes off this overall pretty cool EP. (PABLO)

"Bitter Sweet Symphony" The Verve (Virgin/EMI) They're Baaaack!—and sounding less brooding than their last outing (which we thought was their last outing). The title track is nicely mock-epic and brimming with Richard Ashcroft's resonant tones; "Lord I Guess I'll Never Know" is even; gasp, sweet; and "Country Song" is long and dark, reminiscent of their former sound. Pretty fine all round. Looks like breaking up IS the hardest part. (PABLO)

"Lazy" Suede (Nude/Sony) We all know the title track, and that's OK, if a bit twee. As is Suede's wont, the real finds are in the b-sides. "These Are The Sad Songs" is dark and simmering, "Feel" is long and sullen (I mean that in a good way), and "Sadie" is another of Brett's inspired nihilist urban fables about glittering clubs and dark streets. They are all darker and more interesting than the single which probably means the new gang are in stride and (I hope) ready to gobsmack us with their next album. Dog Man Star anyone? Yes, please!!! (PABLO)

"Heal the Child" Felt (Gotham/BMG) Three melodic charmers from Richard Pleasence [ex-Boom Crash Opera] and Wendy Morrison [Go-Betweens, Cleopatra Wong]. The shape of radio-friendly things to come. (J.D.)

"Somnambulist Homesick Blues" Bluebottle Kiss (Murmur) These guys not only know how to write a tune; they can belt it out with verve and conviction. A tasty five song EP without a single flat track. (J.D.)

"C U When U Get There" Coolio featuring 40 Thevs (Liberation / Mushroom) Homey's gotta know that his record's gotta go 'cause it's dull and flat and trite and his sampling is shite—C U in Hell. (C3PO)

"I've Got Something To Tell You" Deadstar (Mushroom) is a pleasant but still gutsy piece of pop; jangly guitars, cool vocals (Caroline Kennedy) and interesting melody. Contains four other live songs also. Bonus, if you're thinking of making the purchase. (Ching Yee)

"I Have Peace" Strike (Liberation) Predictable dance fare. Not bad, apart from some embarrassing rapping. Check out the "Late Late" mix for a bit of an improvement though.

101251A



ARE YOU EXPERIENCED

ARE YOU EXPERIENCED



Axis: Bold As Love
The Jimi Hendrix Experience
(MCA/BMG)

There's a crazy ass theory still going around that Jimi was a messenger from another world, sent to our humble planet to spread a message of love, peace and freedom. (Whoever came up with this should've stayed well clear of that Brown Acid!) If Jimi didn't get that message out through *Are You Experienced?*, he definitely came a lot closer with the funkier, sexier, psychedelia of *Axis: Bold As Love*. Probably because it was written in the studio, *Axis* explores more emotions and moods than *Experienced* (the first album) which was written for the road. Instead of delving into the kind of self-indulgent guitar work and complex multi-layering that was possible in the studio, Hendrix excelled in writing well crafted pop songs and beautiful lyrics. The luxury of the studio also lent itself to a much funkier Experience and you can see the roots of George Clinton (and even Ben Harper) weaving their way through 'Ain't No Telling' and 'Up From The Skies'. Of course the innovative guitar work is still there (this is Hendrix we're talking about!). But the backward guitar in 'Castles Made of Sand' and the melodious leads throughout 'Little Wing', don't sacrifice the song in preference to Jimi's ego. This is probably the only aspect of Hendrix's style that today's so-called guitar virtuosos haven't stolen from him. That's sad, because that's exactly what made Jimi so damn good - and *Axis* so timeless.

Electric Ladyland
The Jimi Hendrix Experience
(MCA)

For those uninitiated few, Jimi Hendrix is THE

God. Not A God, but THE God - of guitars. Think of it this way, if there had been no Jimi Hendrix, there would have been no Frank Black (or Black Francis or whatever the hell you want to call him), and if there was no Frank Black, there'd be no Kurt, so no Nirvana. Geddit? This is one of his best records, along with *Axis: Bold As Love*. Whilst it doesn't contain the big hits (such as 'Purple Haze', and 'Hey Joe'), it is probably a stronger album, as it has the brilliant rock out of 'Voodoo Chile' (and also the more well known 'Voodoo Chiles (slight return)' and the song that really made Jimi popular way back whenever, 'All Along on the Watchtower'. I actually think I prefer this to *Axis*, as it is less a compilation of songs, and more an album - does anyone out there understand what I mean? It has a number of slower, more bluesy songs (such as 'Rainy Day', 'Dream Away'), but the best tracks are... naw, they're all brilliant. You can't be expected to single out one track when an album's this good. Digitally re-mastered, this is an essential album. Buy it or face ridicule.

ANDREW I

Are You Experienced
The Jimi Hendrix Experience
(Special Edition with 6 Bonus Tracks)
(MCA)

Part of the Hendrix re-release after his family got the rights to this mother of a money maker, this is everything you could ever want from a Jimi album. To some that means the keys to the Kingdom of Heaven, to others it means facing a prehistoric boredom machine sent from the past to torture them.

Having experienced a few days of the 60s myself (no free love for this newborn, worst luck), I'm probably contractually required to at least like 'Purple Haze'. All of these songs are so much a part of our cultural background noise, thanks to 30 years of commercial radio and the continued popularity of marijuana as a recreational vegetable, that there are no surprises here. Maybe there is even a sense of unconscious comfort to be felt in the thrall of 'Foxy Lady', 'Are You Experienced?', or 'The Wind Cries Mary'. Spooky thought. 'Red House' and 'Hey Joe' remind me too much of Sherry and Dope binges in high school to be really enjoyable (plus I usually find the blues about as exciting as listening to porridge coagulate), but have their moments. Get out those stupid hippie dance moves for 'Can You See Me', get buried in 'Love and Confusion', and try to feel sexy during 'Fire' (it won't work, but give it a go). Speaking of Sherry and Dope binges, never listen to 'Third Stone From the Sun' straight, you'll be missing the point.

There is nothing here to make you change your mind about the long-gone Jimi, but it packages it all very nicely and gives you a big, and sometimes too solemn, booklet to go with it. Basically "groovy", but too familiar to be amazing unless you've never heard it before, in which case you deserve a bloody big smack.

Paul Lobban.

First Rays of the New Rising Sun
Jimi Hendrix
(MCA)

I have lost myself and if anyone can find me now it is Jimi. His swirling mists of Hendrixian electric vapour leak out from under the cover before I even have a chance to expose myself fully to the light therein.

'Drifting', I am drawn deeper into the flowery milk-and-honey world behind Jimi's eyes, until his D-string snaps back and awakes me from my reverie - 'Beginnings'. Awake? Or back on stage, 1970? Granite stacks of Marshalls grind out their funky chords in a love letter to 'Isabella'. Jimi's guitar becomes playdoh, and in his able hands is moulded, metamorphosing: guitar, machine gun, penis electric violin, 'Stepping Stone' into the outer reaches of reality. 'Wholesome' declared my brave companion when confronted squarely by the raging bull who had somehow slipped through my fingers and made himself known as an E chord. Jimi should have obtained a motor driven guitar, so that he would have been able to literally rev it

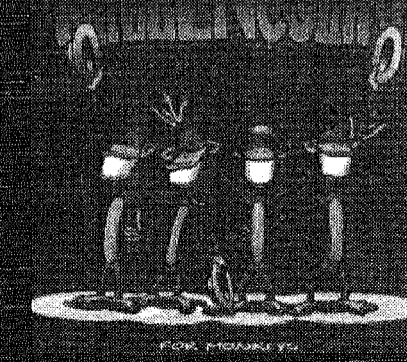
up, change gears and slide out on the last corner of his life - September 1970. Cruising in fourth, the wind takes over and carries the molensed guitar back to the land of ballads and cloudy psychedelic dreamscapes... An 'Angel' stands yonder, 'high over yonder'. This is the view of glory, the touching tale of celestial love, which must make its presence felt to balance out the sad glimpse through the 'Belly Button Room'. Now I sit shaking in a rocking chair rocked gently by the delta blues which were at the heart of things all along. Nervously I try to roll a cigarette, which serves only to obscure the unfinished. Tambourines rattle their last as Hendrix's followers slip into the cracks of the earth, leaving the man himself to be raised up on high. Amen. Is the microphone on?



Time For Healing
Sounds Of Blackness
(Perspective/PolyGram)

The cover of this album, as you can see, suggests a really atmospheric, ambient-CD. To my surprise, the Sounds Of Blackness are in fact a gospel choir, comprising a 21-voice choir and a 10-piece band. The name, rather than a reference to space or emptiness, simply refers to the colour of the members' skin. I was surprised to find that the SoB (not a good abbreviation!) have been around for ages. 'We sing the whole family of black music: gospel, jazz, blues, rock and roll, ragtime, work songs, and we've been doing it for twenty years.' This group has opened for the Jackson 5 and Quincy Jones, and is involved in Greenbelt in the U.K. Similar in sound to Melbourne acapella group Cafe Of The Gate Of Salvation, the Sounds Of Blackness pull no punches about where they're coming from: 'Our purpose is to glorify God and unifying people through our music.' It's not necessarily just Christian music though; they also sing about love and pulling together as a family, eg. 'Hold On' or 'We're Gonna Make It Through'. It's strange that Afro-American music is always singing about love and human harmony. However, each track on this album is heartfelt, and you can tell that it was fun to make, even if it is overproduced. The Sounds Of Blackness are most definitely a gospel group, but they have quite a funk to them too: almost 'Motown gospel'. The harmonies are great, the ambient tracks are spooky, and the jazz tracks are funky. If you're a fan of Motown, or gospel, you'll love this album. Definitely not for guitar lovers.

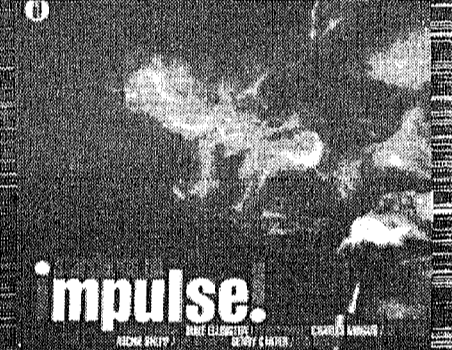
Zane



For Monkeys
Millencolin
(Shock/Burning Heart)

Who's the best band to come out of Sweden EVER? If you said ABBA you can fuck off and take The Cardigans with you. This is the third album by Millencolin and follows the great *Lite* on a plate with some success. The first thing you notice is the lack of 'ska' in their songs (there is good 'ska' and bad 'ska' and then there is Millencolin), it's more buzz-saw guitar played at lightning speed and less 'plunk-plunk'. Their English has gotten better and with that ability to understand what the fuck they are singing about. The first track, 'Puzzle' is a different way to start an album, it tells the story of how the CD was made and what they think about it. 'Twenty Two' is a relatable song about getting older not accomplishing anything. 'I'm twenty-two, don't know what I'm supposed to do or how to be to get some more out of me'. The songs feel as though they're influenced by what has happened in their lives over the past couple of years while on tour and being away from home. They slag off other bands that look down at them in 'Trendy Winds' ('I don't need you or your crew to tell me what to say or do') for not following the norm and look back and reflect on past experience in 'Lights Out, Oils' and 'Random am I'. But my favourite track is 'Entrance at Rudebrook' which is slower than most of the other material but has a catchy tune ('For twelve years I've been down/But I'm not winning, I'm still smiling and I'll be around every night') which seems to be what the whole album is about. All of the tracks have a sing-a-long chorus that get caught in your head.

Jan E Lau



Standards on Impulse!
Various Artists
(Impulse!/GRP Records)

Impulse is one of jazz's original labels. *Standards on Impulse!* is a selection of some of the label's premiere recordings of jazz's best loved [and most covered] songs and tunes, by some of the biggest and most important names in the field. The list of artists featured runs from the famous [Duke Ellington and Coleman Hawkins, Gil Evans, Art Blakey] to the obscure [Johnny Hartman, Shelly Manne]. Most of the tunes will be instantly recognisable even to the non-jazz listener. Chestnuts like 'Fly Me to the Moon' and 'Body & Soul' are set among lesser known tunes like 'What's New', 'Cherokee' and 'Sister Sadie'. And there is not a single dud on the whole album! Every version of every song is worth while, and it all sits together so beautifully it's a miracle. It's inevitable that some will argue that it isn't a real jazz sampler because it doesn't have any Miles Davis/Sarah Vaughn/Artie Shaw. Maybe this is true. No two collectors would be able to agree on what songs by what artists should go on to a representative CD. I don't think that anyone would complain about the quality of music on this disk. Or the quantity. *Standards on Impulse!* runs 76 minutes, 16 seconds, for around twenty bucks you will get your money's worth. It would be hard to pick a best track, they are all just so good. For my money, the album is worth buying just for Charlie Mingus' 'Mood Indigo' and Ben Webster's version of 'Stardust'. But like I said, every track is a winner. You'd be hard pressed to find a better jazz sampler at this price.

J.D.

Gig For World Peace CD Launch

**Thebarton Theatre
Saturday August 16.**

I've got no real excuse for turning up late for the Gig for World Peace CD launch (...I was working, I had to clean the bathroom, I was too damn lazy...), but then again when I did get there, not too many other people had bothered to turn up on time either. Anyhow, I arrived in time to see the end of Tim Gimbuma (the very tail end). Many apologies to **Onslaught** and **Helga** (who especially took time out of their delegated 'recording period' to play this gig), I'm sure they were great anyway - they usually are.

Paradox were my first ever taste of what GWP is all about. We were promised a highly visual performance from these guys - and we certainly got it. Interesting costuming, dance movements and constant lighting changes are as much a part of a Paradox gig as the music is. Industrial sounds, energy and beats are the driving force behind this trio and, although the response was fairly bleak (read bloody shameful - c'mon guys you can do better than that!) I thought that Paradox have certainly found their niche in

the new era of electronica music.

The first band to have the crowd up and on their feet were the fine lads from **Mr Fuzzy**. Mr Fuzzy are a great example of how reciprocal energy and appreciation works between the folks on stage and the folks on the flat. Songs like 'Captain Cabbage' had old and new fans cheering for more, but alas they had to make way for A.S.D.

A.S.D are the Masters of reggae, funk and evrything groovy. And, while lots of people seemed to be having Afternoon Tea during this gig, plenty of others were in the room and in the mood.

The Celtic-Rock legends of Adelaide **Whiplash** were for me, the highlight of local content at the GWP. Unfortunately they did not seem to have the crowd as excited as they might have been at WOMADelaide, but nonetheless those who were up and dancing clearly made up for the general mass. Even more unfortunate than the apparent disinterest in Whiplash was the fact that all the kiddies returned for **reckoning**. Why? I'm still trying to work out why the word 'reckoning' causes so many nice people to suddenly jump to their feet

shouting 'Seamus! Seamus' and the likes, when all they seem to be doing at the moment is disappointing. Without wanting to sound too harsh, reckoning's GWP contribution was possibly the worst gig (of theirs) that I've ever seen. One line from 'Flying Saucer' pretty much sums it up - "it feels exactly the same". All the best for your 'new' CD boys...I hope you feel comfortable about flogging all your old stuff to dedicated fans (don't you think they deserve better than that?)

Hip-hop and happening outfit **The Fuglemen** were up next and they funk'd the crowd senseless. Raw energy and real fun, the 'Men not only provided the crowd with some of their usual numbers, but also some improvised sets on the theme of the day - World Peace.

Then there was some **Belly-dancing** fun.

Then there was **Pre-shrunk** - who gave the crowd what they deserved: a solid set from start to finish. With this band you can expect the unexpected. Good harmonies, flavoursome bass, strong melodic material and an unreal stage show. Pre-shrunk are as tight as a knot.

Equally as rivetting was the **Funky Hacky Sack**

Squad. As one wise person exclaimed "the hacky sacks were happening!!". Hmmm...**Brown Hornet** 'Six of them! From Melbourne, live, loud and funky on the big Thebbie stage'. This was definately an act that screaming (?) Recovery fans had been waiting for. And actually they're not too bad: interesting uses of various instruments (including didjeridu) and an even more interesting stage presence. 'Nuff said.

DJ HMC is the man. Everyone knows he's the man. He knows he's the man. If you like Techno, then you like his stuff. If you don't then it doesn't matter who this man is because you wouldn't stick around. Those who stayed danced like the dancey-things they are. And the others just left.

All up I'd have to praise the organisers (Taa John and Jeremy) for their initiative in producing such a CD, and also arranging such a HUGE CD launch. The Gig for World Peace CD is now available. It's reasonably priced and contains many good songs from many great bands. If you couldn't make it to the launch - then get a CD from your friendly CD retailer (plug-plug).

Susie Bate.

LOCAL PRODUCE

**Pop-o-matic
Insecure
(Independent Demo Tape)**

Ah, indie pop. Indie indie indie. Gimme gimme gimme. It's always a good sign when I start playing air guitar within the first 30 seconds of a song, as I did on "Pinsripe Heart", the lead track to "Pop-o-matic", the local three-piece insecure's (ex-Insecure) third demo. It's all good harmless stuff, with the typical indie line-up - guitar/bass/drums/vox-way-out-the-back-some-where. Admittedly, this is not true indie - where are the change-ups, the feedback, the use of one chord for a whole song (indie bands are notoriously lazy - or maybe they're just influenced by the Velvet Underground). But, it is tight and catchy, and it rocks in no uncertain terms (tends to remind me of Automatic, a very cool band). My one complaint against this demo is the lead singer's voice - it tends to bug me

after a while - he tries to do a Hamish Cowan (Cordrazine), and lift his voice up (almost to a falsetto level) and drop it down fast - and his voice isn't really strong or good enough. The songs as a whole are what count though, and these guys are pretty talented, with thick bass grooves and cool drumming, accompanied by good guitar work. Good work from a supremely talented local outfit, who should go a long way. **aNdReW I**

**Armchair Circus
Armchair Circus
(Independent Demo Tape)**

Heard of em yet? Well it the quality of their press pack and demo tape is anything to go by. **YOU WILL**. This local four piece, formed less than a year ago, combine various influences to produce quality mood orientated acoustic/electric rock. Eli Baron-Trowbridge's emotive voice sits well above the bed of moving sounds layed down by the obviously experienced band. The music is polished and professional but with plenty of feeling and I'd say capable of work-

ing the right crowd into a trance-like state. There is definitely a feeling of something more... something a bit different there that words fail to adequately describe. The demo is just a small sample of the material the band intend to professionally record later in the year and it shouldn't be long before it's commercially available. In the meantime though, you can see them live at the Gov. Hindmarsh Hotel on Fri 29th August where I guess you *may* be able to get your hands on a copy of the tape? **Shink**

**Roger (the band)
(Independent Demo Tape)**

A local four-piece, this demo is, as far as I know, unavailable in stores like Big Star, so you'd prob'ly have to get in touch with the band to get it - and there is no info given on the band within the cassette cover. The sound clarity is superb - clear and (I think) *in stereo* (at least on my system) - i.e. not dodgy mono. This band is really quite diverse. The first track on their demo, "Pfczyek" is very similar in style to that of Mr. Fuzzy - big on the groove factor, and

pretty cool with it too. There is even a nice chord change towards the end - The second track, "A Suspended Second", is a lot more rockier, and features some guitar work and vocal effects very reminiscent to Grinspoon - but then the song completely changes tack. It goes from being a punky rocker, to a groovy song - an element that I wasn't expecting. The third track, "J Minor" is the highlight of the release - a funky, groovy number, which just has Bell Bottoms written all over it. The singer (no names given) really shows off what a talented vocalist he can be on this number, and the song even has nice guitar solo work in the middle, in a groovy, Mr. Fuzzy-ish style. The last track on the demo, "Gutrape", goes back to the punky feel of the second, which is a pity because I think this band is much stronger when they're mellowing out and grooving around. The voice is strong and the guitar playing is definitely a highlight. I haven't seen these guys live, but if the demo is anything to go by, a band well worth checking out. They should be playing at the Seven Stars Hotel soonish. **aNdReW I**

UNDERWARE.

Software
Rudy Rucker
Transworld/Avon
\$12.95

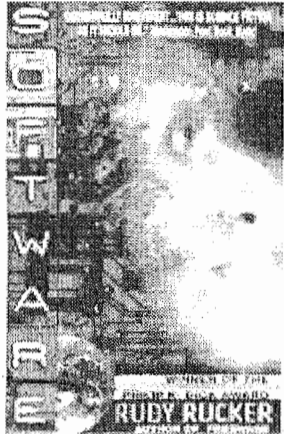
Wetware
Rudy Rucker
Transworld/Avon
\$12.95

Freeware
Rudy Rucker
Transworld/Avon
\$22.95

Software is defined as programs which will operate on hardware.

Wetware are the biological things which make use of the software and hardware (people, for example). Freeware are information sources available to all to make use of as they will. They are also the titles of Rudy Rucker's ambitious science-fiction trilogy, begun in 1981 and finally completed this year with the publication of *Freeware*.

The central theme of this trilogy is the nature of consciousness - what is it that makes us who we are? If the information in your brain which defines you could be prised free and run on a simulating computer, would that simulation be, to all intents and purposes, *you*? This is the focus of *Software*, in which Cobb Anderson, creator of the 'boppers' (artificially intelligent, self-aware robots) is promised eternal life by his creations - provided, that is, that he doesn't mind his brain being dissected so that his informational essence can be programmed into his new robot body. Drug-fucked Stahn 'Sta-Hi'



Mooney is also along for the trip to the Moon, which in 2020 is the home of the boppers. The two encounter both robots who hate the 'meaties', regarding themselves as the next step in the evolutionary process, as well as those who want humans and boppers to live in peace.

Jump forwards to 2030 and *Wetware*, where the boppers are now trying to create a human-bopper hybrid - putting the software consciousness into a wetware body. If successful, this would create the ultimate form of life - and with

the birth of Manchile, it seems to have succeeded. The only problem is finding willing female hosts to be impregnated with the bopper babies - but kidnapping is always an option open to the less moral boppers.

Freeware introduces a new species - the moldies - in 2053. These biological robots are the ultimate descendants of a chipmould developed to wipe out the problematic boppers. Moldies are programmed with the aid of freeware information readily available to all. But there is another source of free information in the universe - 'personality waves' encoded in cosmic rays which transmit the encrypted con-



sciousness of alien sentients around space. If one of these freeware waves can download into a moldie body, then the aliens will have truly arrived.

Rudy Rucker has twice won the Phillip K. Dick Award (the first time for *Software*) and there are strong links between Rucker and the late Dick in terms of writing style. The stories of both are packed to the gills with mind-boggling and creative ideas, and both have a tendency to glossily write *through* the holes in their own plots,

rather than properly considering a convincing way around the problem. But while Dick often had enough lunatic panache to disguise his stylistic flaws, Rucker is less successful. There is an obvious maturing of ability through the three books, written so far apart from one another, resulting in *Freeware* being twice the length and better-constructed than the first two slim volumes. Part of the problem seems to be a certain adolescence on Rucker's part - this is especially obvious in his approach to sex but also in his enthusiasm for ideas at the expense of literary skill. In his rush to get everything in, Rucker often has to mangle his plot to make it all fit. In *Software* and *Wetware* the reader often feels as though it has all been made

up as Rucker went along, rather than being carefully planned - although the neat way in which everything is tied together in *Freeware* goes some way towards rectifying this (though even in this book there are problems). The general hurriedness of things in these novels means that nothing is properly explored.

Another problem - and this one is beyond Rucker's power, so he cannot really be blamed - is that the books themselves

have, in their durability, made themselves incompatible with history. In 1981 it probably seemed reasonable to have the boppers first develop in 1995 and revolt in 2000. But we're already past the bopper inception date in the real world, so already *Freeware* is something of an alternate history. By the same token, virtual reality and the internet do not feature in either of the earlier two books, but are important in the last, despite the fact that the net is already highly prevalent.

All in all, this is an interesting, intelligent and imperfect trilogy. Recommended if you have the time for all three books - reading only one of them will leave you feeling somewhat cheated - and are willing to overlook the problems with Rucker's writing style. Avid sci-fi fans will be rewarded.

James Morrison



WILL YOU BE MY FRIEND?

The Diversity of Human Relationships
Edited by Ann Elizabeth Auhagen and Maria von Salisch
Cambridge University Press
\$39.95

Diversity is cheeky charming changing challenging. Diversity is colourful and curvy. A 300 page book on *The Diversity of Human Relationships* cannot encompass diversity; an indication that diversity exists, is however, desirable.

To have diversity in human relationships is to formulate different ways of loving. Ann Elizabeth Auhagen and Maria von Salisch have correlated 13 ways of loving and being in relationships. Their study is interdisciplinary but mainly from a psychological perspective. Dry and only sometimes crunchy the essays do not trace original diversity but instead build upon popular beliefs.

However, the collection is cohesive and attempts inclusivity. The chapter on

same-sex relationships is defyingly included but tame and timid. Bisexuality is referred to as "*shifting in and out of heterosexuality*" (p.211; my emphasis)!!! A fixed sexual status is dogmatically and dully created as healthy and wholesome. Common relationships are only considered and creative love is patriarchally ignored. The study upon same-sex couples is heterocentric and oblivious to Queer. Generic same-sex relationships are assumed; heterosexual relationships are instead divided and acknowledged as differing and diverse. In studying same-sex relationships sections upon AIDs, monogamy and meeting places are considered relevant; these topics are overlooked in analysing the less dangerous and deviant heterosexual relationships.

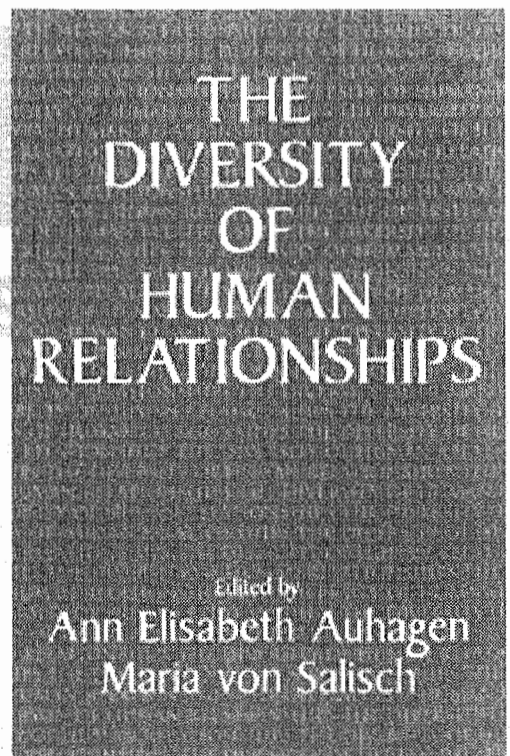
Alternative studies flow from childhood to adulthood surveying both intimate and occasional relationships. Holistically, the text follows relationships across ones lifespan. Relationships are mostly studied on a one-to-one ba-

sis. I found most of these studies dry; however, the study upon relationships between adult siblings is innovative as this relationship is often overlooked in favour of the parent/child.

Diversity in Human Relationships does not ponder questions - the facts are presented in an assured scientific manner. Chapters are FULL of sterile statistics and fanciful facts - these present themselves one-sidedly as relevant and original while leaving the founding experiments and methods unchallenged.

Diversity jumps from the page. *Diversity in Human Relationships* refuses to jump.

Amy Murphy



Charlie Don't Surf!

Apocalypse Wow: A memoir for the end of time.

James Finn Garner.
Simon & Schuster
\$19.95

As I am sure most of you know, the end of the second christian millennium is coming up. And as per usual many people get a bit freaked out with this round number. 'Tis sure the end of the world, aliens are coming, jesus is making a second round, etc, etc. And everywhere you look there is some book, CD, board game, whatever that will prepare, assist, warn, etc you of the times ahead.

This book is not one of them. Written by the author of Politically Correct Bedtime Stories - well worth reading - this book takes a poke at the whole end of

the millennium idiocy.

We are taken through the history of the craze, of starting at the beginning of the first millennium (where nothing happened), to the various prophets (good ol' Nostradamus is there), to the authors search for enlightenment (his crystal skull cap became too hot though), to, and bless em all, the biblical fundamentalists.

This is not a non stop laugh type book. It is more a chortle on every page, but that comes with the book being more ironic than anything. When you are reading this you are constantly reminded that a huge percentage of the word (well Western anyway) actually believe this stuff. He does point the end of the world deadlines for other cultures, none of which match the others.

Not only does he provide us with laughs, he succinctly debunks the theories, by showing the inconsistencies, in often no more than a paragraph!

He devotes a chapter to the Celestine Prophecy (if you haven't read it, don't bother) of course pointing out the obvious that *prophet* and *profit* sound the same.

One of the extremely interesting things was finding out that John (of Revelations - bible fame) was an acid head! He is handed a scroll by a gigantic angel and told to eat it - 'It will be bitter to your stomach, but sweet as honey in your mouth.' (Rev. 10:9) And after doing so - whack! visions a-plenty! Sounds familiar to me.

The only thing that did send a shiver up my spine is his listing of Barney the Dinosaur as the antichrist. Somehow,

well, that made me a little uncomfortable. Barney, is sort of, evil.

This is one of those great toilet books. Chapters that take only a short time to read, do not require continuation from one another, and provide amusement whilst defecating. Matches the subject matter really. (I have often wondered too what happens when the rapture comes and you're on the bog, is there like a bell and you have a few minutes to finish, or do you miss out, or are you swept up pants around the ankles?)

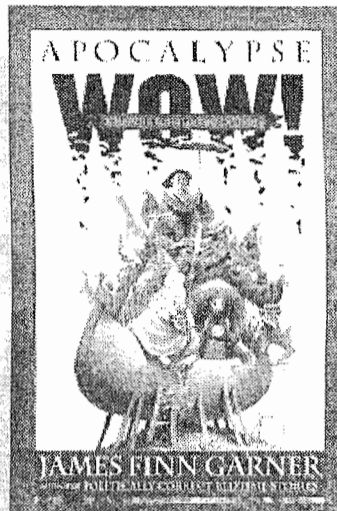
What I find amazing is that books like the Celestine Prophecy can dribble on,

and on, and spawn another book, guides, and a CD for all the gullible out there, and Garner dismisses it, and nearly every other millennium voodoo in a slim volume. And very completely too!

Well worth while getting.

By the way, anybody want to buy some saint's bones to help them through tribulation?

Michael Blackwell



THOU SHALT NOT READ.

The Bible Code

Michael Drosnin
Weidenfeld & Nicolson
Overpriced, even if it were free!

On a surface level this book appears to show compelling evidence that there is a code in the Bible that predicts actual events with uncanny accuracy, including the assassinations of Yitzak Rabin, Robert Kennedy and a few others. Although the purpose of this review is not purely to state my opinion on whether or not the 'Bible code' is true, if one looks into the ideas presented a little deeper, then cracks begin to appear. But more about that later.

Drosnin has written this book in a characteristically sensationalist journalistic style, with lots of short sentences meant to make more impact. Through almost 200 pages, he traces the origin of the code, its publication in the 'Academic journal' *Statistical Science* and the discoveries made. The basic idea is that when one takes equidistant letter sequences in the Torah, written in Hebrew, then word patterns can be seen to 'appear', apparently 'predicting' events of the past and possibly the future. This is apparently at some incredible odds of it appearing just at random, and nothing similar appears in several other texts examined in a similar method. Although the book is well referenced, and appears watertight, with even a section refuting various critiques that have been made, there are a few fundamentals that contra-

dict his case.

For example, he has to do a back pedal in Chapter Eight, where he shows that the world was predicted to end through a nuclear holocaust on the 13th September 1996. Obviously this didn't occur. There is also the point that although the chance of these patterns appearing at random is very small - though probably not as small as Drosnin would have us believe - they still exist. An example of this is the odds of someone winning the lottery. Although these are equally small, it still happens on a regular basis.

There are a few other points too, not alluded to at all in the text, but that are easily accessible on the internet. These were pointed out to me by a couple of friends (Thanks to James and Mike). The most important of these is that the Hebrew text of the Old Testament does not have vowels; these have been inserted, obviously making manipulation far easier.

Despite a site on the internet that, using this method has shown that Bill Gates is mentioned as an evil man in the Book of Revelations, there is no credibility to this method, something that I feel is proved in the text itself. Overall, this is not a book that is more worthy of a read than your average *Woman's Day*, and it costs considerably more. It is not particularly compelling, certainly not convincing, and is dubious in its very tenets.

Bronwyn Davis

Sentimental Old Fart,

Billy Batchelor

By Shirley McLaughlin
Harper Collins
\$12.95

To women still living in the dark ages, scrubbing dishes, and believing that finding a husband is the only occupation that you will have in your life time, this novel is inspirational. More entertaining than any Jane Austen novel, with more logic than any Mills and Boons this is an auto-biography of the family, career, and love, trials and tribulations of one *Billy Batchelor*. In TV terms it is an Australian Drama set in the period before, during, and after the two World Wars. Billy Batchelor is one of those incorruptible, ingenuous, and resource-

ful women trying to make a living in a world which is traditionally run by Man, so I don't expect any of you Pub crawling, cigarette-smoking, straight peeing blokes to run out and grab this book to try and understand what us wimmin have had to face over the years.



In the tradition of the Great Aussie Battler spirit winning out over all odds, I would say that *Billy Batchelor* is another one of those unsung heroines. Billy also delves into the question of white supremacist thought and Australia's mistreatment of the Aboriginal people over the years. I personally liked the book and I'll admit to being a sentimental old fart and that there were a few mo-

ments in the book which brought tears to my eyes.

Kim

SCARY SCARY MANIAC TYPE-STUFF.

Psycho
Robert Bloch
Bloomsbury Film Classics

The number of books that have been made into films - with varying success and fidelity to the original - must be phenomenally large. The film which was based on Bloch's novel is one of the most famous ever. I was not sure quite what to expect, but was surprised, given Hitchcock's reputation for using considerable poetic license, that the two *Psychos* - screen and paper - were remarkably similar. However, even despite the fame of Hitchcock's *Psycho*, the novel has been out of print for some years, and it is likely that it would have been forgotten long ago was it not for the film's fame. Although it is no literary masterpiece, it is an interesting read.

Without using more than conventional narrative techniques, Bloch manages to

paint convincing portraits of all of the characters, their pasts, and the reasons for their actions; particularly Norman Bates. Norman is portrayed as middle aged, fat, balding, and not really like the dark and youngish character played by Anthony Perkins on the screen. However, the relationship between him and his mother is given more depth, with more dialogue between them, particularly on the topic of Norman's sexuality, his use of pornography and his belief that they are in an oedipus-like relationship, something that Mrs Bates denies.

This is less 'scary' than Hitchcocks

film, with more emphasis on the personalities of the characters and less on the murders. Even the famous 'shower scene' is almost ruined by Bloch's over-description of the action. Although this is partially necessary without the facility of visuals, there is no real comparison between this description:



Mary started to scream, and then the curtain parted further and a hand appeared, holding a butcher's knife. It was the knife that, a moment later, cut off her scream.

And her head. and Hitchcock's lingering shot of blood running down the plug hole, leaving far

more to the often overactive imagination; probably concocting a far more gruesome picture.

However, the psychological aspects of the book are certainly chilling, especially when you consider that it was one of the first to introduce these ideas into print. In this Stephen King world, we have been desensitised to horror to a far greater extent than the audience when this was first published in the late 1950s. To that generation, the very idea of someone pretending to be his mother and committing horrific murders in this state, let alone being in a sense, not really responsible for them must have been far more terrible than someone ejaculating maggots. And, if the relentless soundtrack of the film version is playing in the background, the effect may well be greater than more bloodthirsty works of current times.



Semiotics for Beginners
Paul Cobley & Litza Jansz
Icon
\$16.95

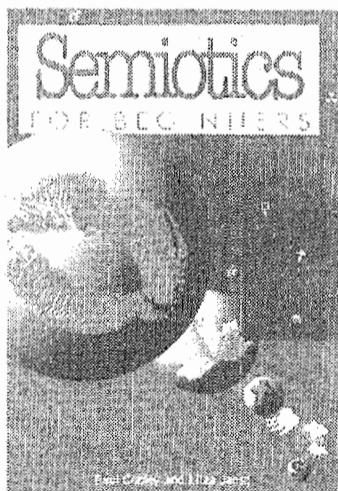
Signs, signs, everywhere a sign
Blocking out the scenery
Breakin' my mind

- The 5 Man Electrical Band

Semiotics is the study of signs. Not just your everyday road sign type sign, but a whole bunch of other stuff as well. For example, these are signs:



Letters are signs. Words are signs. Book reviews are signs. Anything can be a sign - even books. So *Semiotics for Beginners* is a signifier signifying the study of signs for people who haven't studied signs. But the fact that I'm reviewing it now makes it signified, rather than signifier. Which means that this review really does signify something - perhaps something significant. Or maybe not. Who knows. Not me. That's up to you, I guess.



Anyway, it really is a great book. Like the other titles in the *for Beginners* series it offers a clear, intelligent, yet simple introduction to its topic. Litza Jansz's illustrations gel perfectly with Paul Cobley's prose, which explores the origins of semiotics in the works of Plato

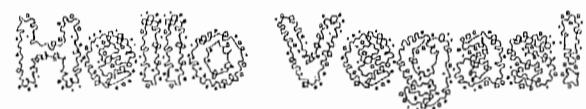
and Aristotle, and goes on to discuss the theories of Saussure, Peirce, Lacan, Barthes, Levi-Strauss, Derrida, Sebeok, Jakobson, and, of course, Eco.

Okay, let's give it a go. A road is signified by a road sign, right? But in naming that road sign 'road sign', we make it the signified, signified by the phrase 'road sign', which is its signifier. But then there are other roads that aren't signified by that particular road sign, and there are other phrases we could use to signify a road sign without having to say 'road sign'. And then, of course, there's the notion of context, which confuses the issue even more noodles. So with signifiers becoming signified, and vice-

versa, and the fact that we can't really know the full meaning of a sign without taking into consideration its relationship with all of the signs surrounding it, each of which carries its own associations with myriad other signs, and the fact that the whole process depends on our drawing the cognitive link between signifiers and signifieds, making us a part of the sign and rendering interpretation of that sign dependent upon each individual's experiences, makes it all very complex and hard to understand and makes my brain feel funny.

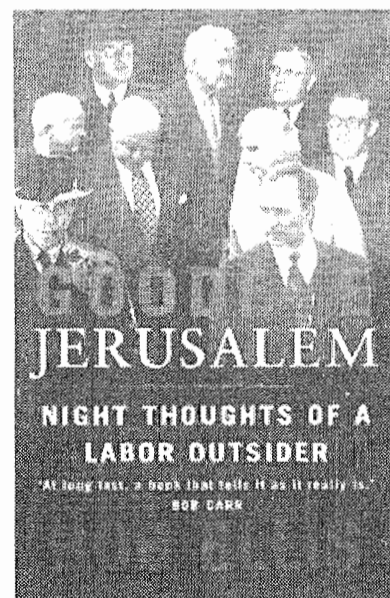
But it's good.

Paul Bradley.



Goodbye Jerusalem - Night Thoughts of a Labor Outsider.
Bob Ellis
Vintage
\$19.95

"I wound up as usual in Kim Beazley's office. The Deputy Prime Minister had a .303 rifle on his lap and was laughing in his highly infectious share-misery way." Sound good so far?? Well this was my introduction to *Goodbye Jerusalem - Night Thoughts of a Labor Outsider*: I thought to myself 'YIPPEE' a text is finally going to capture the irrationality of Australia's politicians. However the rifle wasn't loaded and quite frankly neither was the book. Bob Ellis gives a personal insight into the political circus of the Australian Labor Party based on his extensive experience of working within its confines as a political advisor, journalist and one time local MP. He provides a comprehensive range of extracts from his personal journal and presents them as a collage, disjointed, fragmented and non-sequential. He describes the personalities and physical attributes of Australian political caricatures, Kim Beazley "looked like a jocu-



lar amalgam of Falstaff and Fatty Finn" mind you this is about somebody Ellis claims to hold with the upmost respect and admiration. You can just imagine the ruthlessness he showers on those he detests.

Although I commenced reading *Goodbye Jerusalem...* with an open mind my initial judgement of the oppressive masculinist ideology embedded within the Australian political institution was definitively reaffirmed by Ellis's encounters and relationships with the mythmakers.

After 106 pages of reading about the personal lives of corrupt and often drunken politicians I could not continue. The mere thought of reading another 500 pages inspired me to utilise my time pursuing more fruitful endeavours, like studying, writing essays or even taking the garbage outside (oohh so harsh). Unless you have an overwhelming desire to learn about the characters responsible for ruling our country, making promises today that they forget tomorrow. I do not recommend you paying \$19.95. If there is anybody remotely interested in picking up a copy of *Goodbye Jerusalem - Night Thoughts of a Labor Outsider* you can have mine free of charge.

Agneta.

Fun With Gaffer Tape.

Sex, Lies & Litigation

Tyne O'Connell

\$14.95

Hodder Headline

In short, this was a fantastically funny book which I absolutely loved and want to recommend to absolutely everyone out there. I was laughing out loud by page 3, and that my dears is very rare for me!

So, what's it all about you ask?

Evelyn is a novice barrister from Sydney, working in a London office under Candida, a woman hater who Evie catches screwing the boss with his toupe covering his arse. Her first case is defending Keith the head-butter from Shepherds bush, who is rude, loud and has the longest foreskin in history. So long in fact, that he has a photo of his dog 'Vomit' hidden beneath it! Things just aren't going that well for her, particularly since she is also suffering from an "E" hangover, if that what that crappy feel-

ing after a trip is called. She is also being pressured by Sam and Charles, the lesbian couple she lives with, to sleep with a man, any man, so they can collect the remaining ejaculation in the condom for the child bearing sperm. This task is not a pleasant one for Evie, particularly since she has sworn off men for the past two years after finding 'goldilocks' in her ex boyfriends' bed, under her duvet she bought for when they were to move in together! However, through her 'Kevin' case, she meets Julian the demi god whose sperm she would die for. She sets on a mission to seduce him, which is not made any easier by Candida who

has thrown her into the hands of Stefan the prized hair stylist who sacrifices her loved 'bob' for something more, let's say, 'tres grungy'. She hates it, as does Charles and Sam who shave it all off, thus strengthening Candida's plan to tell their homophobic boss that she is a man hating lesbian!

What made this mad-cap adventure even greater, for me at least, was the similarities between the character's life, and mine. Evelyn went to Loreto College, Kirribillie. I went to Loreto College,

what it is like to be under the tutelage of nuns for 12 years, and I could sympathise with the effects this leaves on a young woman's life. Evelyn also lived in the Sydney suburb of Mosman, as did I in 1981. Now, excuse me for grabbing at straws here, but hell, she also walked down Kensington Park Road... I lived on Park Road in, you guessed it, Kensington Park.

All in all, this was one of the hardest books to put down. The chapters flowed into each other so beautifully, that it was impossible to read the last sentence of each chapter without craving the first sentence of the next. Self discipline is a must if you read this book, but don't have a lot of spare time to do so! I just gave *Sex, Lies and Litigation* to my girlfriend to read, I don't think I'll be seeing much of her for the next week! Maybe I should take it back...

Fiona Sproles.



SEX, LIES & LITIGATION

The most... the most... the most...

TYNE O'CONNELL

the most... the most... the most...

Marryatville. Different suburb, but same system. I could relate to all the stories of

THE THRILL AIN'T GONE.

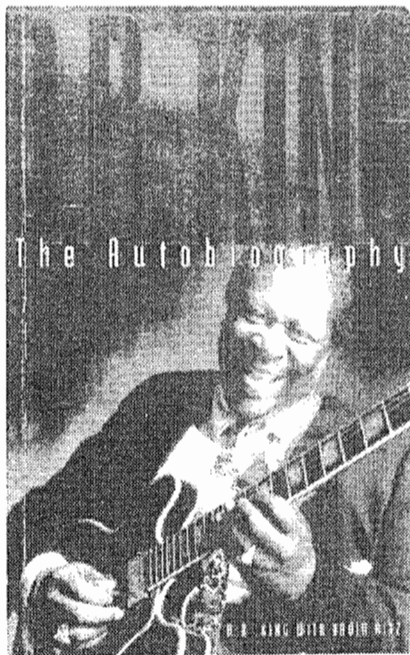
Blues All Around Me

B.B. King [with David Ritz]

Hodder Headline

\$24.95

Blues music is all about telling a story. It's about conveying a thought or feeling in as few lines as possible. The best blues songwriters - folks like Memphis Slim or Muddy Waters or Bob Dylan - can tell practically a life story in three verses. B.B. King is a singer/guitarist and songwriter who definitely fits into this category: a consummate musician and storyteller, he has spent the better part of his seventy-odd years honing his craft. In "Blues All Around Me" King tells the



beginning with his earliest memories growing up on a share-croppers' farm in Mississippi - the heartland of racial prejudice in the 'twenties and 'thirties - he relates his life without exaggeration or embellishment. Nor does he attempt to gloss over the less attractive aspects of his past or his personality. The book is dedicated to his children - fourteen in all, and each to different mothers. A reprehensible boulder, perhaps, but honest about it all the same.

King is the consummate performer. Even now, in his declining years, he plays around two-hundred-and-fifty dates a year. The book was dictated to music biographer David Ritz, mostly in cars going to and from

concerts. The written word retains the same cadence and tone as King's music, and manages to convey a hopefulness and faith that pervades his recollections. The book is less a biography than an oral history of a time long past, and another that has succeeded it, recorded on paper for posterity. A must read for blues fans and contemporary American history buffs alike.

J.D.

Killed By A Cow?

The Journal of Antonio Montoya

Rick Collignon

Sceptre

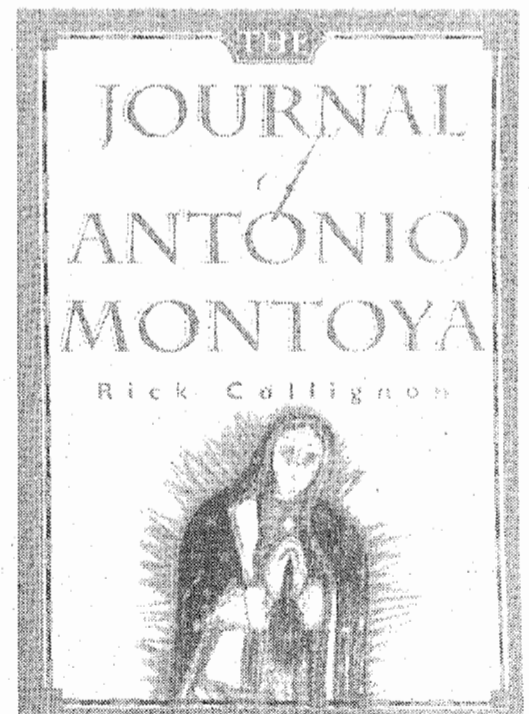
\$24.95

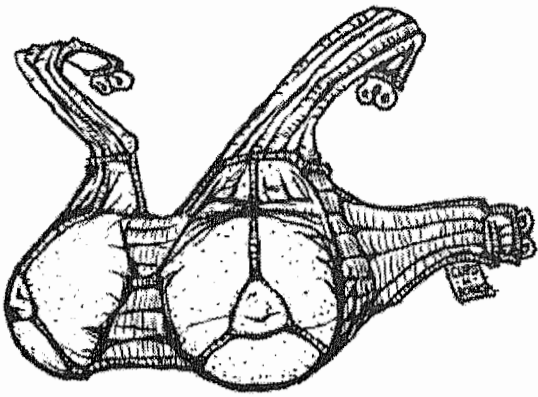
Ramona Montoya is an ageing single woman who has returned to her home town of Guadalupe after running away in her youth. Her parents are dead; her grandparents are dead. When her brother Jose and his wife Loretta are killed by a cow, Ramona, her other brother Flavio, and her nephew Jose Jr are the only remaining family to attend one of the most poorly organised funerals ever. She is somewhat startled when Loretta sits up in her coffin and asks Ramona to take care of Jose Jr. Not knowing what else to do, she picks Jose Jr up from Flavio's house and takes him to her home, where she is even more surprised to find her dead grandparents bustling around the kitchen. Quite a full afternoon, really. Her grandfather finds an old book and gives it to her to read. She finds that it's a journal kept by her distant relative Antonio (hence the title of the book, you see), and becomes fascinated with it's everyday mundanity and characters whose situations mirror those of Ramona herself and also the people around her. She reads, she learns, and when she reaches the end, she learns the most important lesson of all: most

stories don't end properly. They just stop. And then, of course, comes the end to the novel, which is inconclusive, but a fitting end.

The novel is a subtle and charming representation of family traditions and life in a small town. It contains some beautiful language and elegant imagery, and is most impressive as a debut novel. It's also an attractive, small format, hard-cover book, which pushes its price beyond what a lot of people would be willing to pay: this is a shame, because it certainly should be read.

Chris Slape





Soccer

Results 25/5/97

AMATUERS :A-grade. UNI v Hellenic 0-0. B-grade. UNI v Hellenic 4-1 Goals(Mark Emery, Marco DiMaria, Dan Kelly, Craig Stevens). WOMENS :A-grade. UNI v Western Districts 0-0. B-grade. UNI v Western Districts 0-2. COLLEGIATE : UNI Black A v Pulteney O/S 0-0. UNI Black B v Pulteney O/S 3-1. (Sean Kelly 2, Alex Christ.) UNI White A v UNI Blue A 1- 4. UNI White B v UNI Blue B 1-0. Graduate Red v Windsor Gdns. 1-6. UNI Dodgers bye.

Football: Round17 16/8/97

Div 1. University Oval. UNI 22:11 v Kilburn 20:9. Best (Arnold Llewellyn Dixon Moten Rudge Ford) Goals (Arnold 11 Bryson White Ford C Smith 2, May Granger Chapman 1.)

Div 1r. University Oval. UNI 16:14 v Kilburn 6:5. Best (Chaplin Gallagher Presscott Kelly Mudge Roberts-Thompson.) Goals (Chaplin 6 Kelly 3, Mudge 2, Botsman Cassidy Mills McGrath Roberts-Thompson 1.)

Div 8 South. Uni wins on forfeit (v Edwardstown) Div 8r South. bye. Div 8 North. UNI 13:20 v Athelstone 7:5. Best (Mosey Woolcock Wallace Copping Reddin Sheirlaw) Goals (Mosey 6, O'Reilly Withnall Smid 2, Copping 1.)

Div 8r North. UNI 14:15 v Athelstone 8:13. Best (Clode Stanborough Lanyon Brock Uppington Graetz) Goals (Brock 5, Graetz 3, Uppington Kube 2, Stanborough Kretschmer 1.)

Div 10 South. Glenunga Oval UNI 21:15 v Mitcham 4:2. Best (Iwaniw Huppatz Lymn Kimber Shapel Douglas.) Goals (Palmer Huppatz Schapel 3, Lymn Featherston Iwaniw, Eaton Andrews Watson Adams Champion Primerano 1.)

Hockey

Premier League lost to North East 0-2

A very poor game far below last week's effort.

In a game in which only 3 penalty corners were awarded (all to NE) scoring chances were minimal and we didn't really look like scoring and neither did North East until after half time.

Premier League Reserve lost to Woodville 1-3 Div 5 DEFEATED NECA 3-2

Uni played a very good team game, which was mostly played between the two 25's. Our first goal came from a nice play in the circle by Marty Kew, and the second from Paul Senior. NE first goal came from a short corner strike from the top of the

circle. Our third goal came after a flick was awarded to Marty Kew. NE tried to get back in the game, scoring another goal from a run by their right wing, but we managed to keep control and hold out for the win.

Div 6 DEFEATED Westminster 3-2.

We need to perform better next week in order to hold our position on the table. Reasonable performances by team members, with Wombat making a brave comeback from a bad injury.

The Women's results.

Premier League lost to Seacliff 1-2. PL women lost their last minor round (pre-split) match to Seacliff 2-1. After a 2nd minute goal by Captain Sara Fuller things slowly deteriorated.

Premier League Reserve lost to Woodville 0-2. Uni played well in the first half and was unlucky to be 0-0 at half time. Woodville played much better hockey in the second half and deserved to be

0-2 at full time.

Div 3 DEFEATED Flinders 1-0.

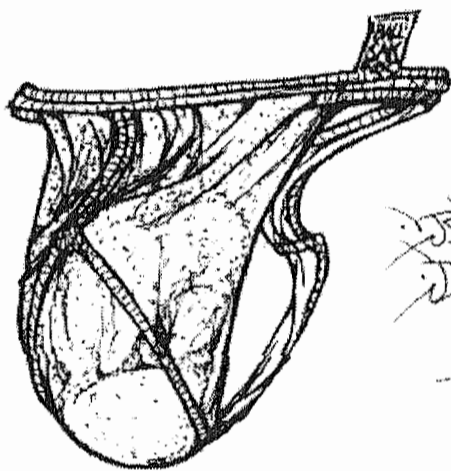
Div three Girls had our second win on the Trot. It should have been more convincing, as we were playing one of the bottom teams.

However a win is a win even if it is only 1-0. Thanks to our ring

in Trudy, who played well on the wing to score the only goal about five minutes into the game. Goalkeeper Jen Thiele had only about 5 touches for the game but our poor passing in attack prevented a better scoreline.

Div 4 lost 0-6 to Woodville.

Sport Support



As the country begins its discourse on taxation I would like to take this opportunity to have my two cents worth. so to speak.

Most people are favouring a broad based consumption tax. As this is merely a means of taking money from the poor & giving it to the rich. I see no value in it. this is what happens now!

However I have an idea that randomly taxes poor & rich alike. which is much fairer than just taxing the poor.

I call my system the Games & Sport Tax or G.S.T.

I don't wish to tax people who watch sport. that would make no sense. rather I propose to tax those people who do not watch sport. The less sport you watch. the more tax you pay.

There will of course be exemptions. Children under 4 will be exempt from not watching sport. as will Pregnant women & the clinically dead. Blind people will have to listen to sport on the ra-

dio.

Not all sports will be taxed at the same rate. For example. not watching a popular sport will be taxed at a higher rate than not watching a sport nobody watches. like Rugby League.

Nude Synchronised Swimming will not be considered a sport for the purposes of taxation.

It is hoped that people will be more encouraged not to watch unpopular sports than popular sports

The least popular sports will not be watched far more frequently & this should go a long way towards making them more popular.

This aspect of my theory has been borrowed from supporters of a consumption tax. who argue that by taxing food people will be more inclined to eat less & save more.

My other plan is what I call a "Tax tax". Every time you pay tax. like sales tax. import tax. income tax. what-

ever tax. you also have to pay an across the board 15% tax tax.

This simple method of taxation would raise millions of dollars. There is one exception. known as the "Hewson Exemption". A person buying a birthday cake for him/her-self will not pay the "tax tax". If however. you're buying this birthday cake for someone else. you pay.

The rich of course. who pay tax today on a voluntary basis should be allowed to continue this practice.



The NERVOUS WRECKAGE TOUR

BODDYJAR

and Friends

FRI 29th AUGUST Adelaide Unibar with special guests 99 REASONS WHY

\$8 - A.U. Students, \$10 - others
ALL AGES - PHOTO ID for alcohol

OB
magazine





Notice! Notice! Notice!

There will be a **Adelaide University Sports Association Council Meeting** on Tuesday 26th August, 1997 at 1pm in the WP Rogers Room (level 5, Union House).

Attendance is compulsory for the delegate from each sporting club.

Adelaide University Film Society Events

This Week:

Someone to Watch Over Me

d. Ridley Scott

Thursday 28th August, 7pm

Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building

\$3 members, \$5 nonmembers

Director Ridley Scott (*Blade Runner*, *Alien*) brings his own particular vision to this drama, set in New York. Mimi Rogers plays a socialite who witnesses a brutal murder. When the murderer is released on a technicality she is placed under police-protection with Tom Berenger as the gritty cop assigned to her case. Their relationship develops into something that threatens them both. A tense and exciting thriller that displays Ridley Scott's amazing visual style to perfection.

BEER! BEER! BEER! PIZZA! PIZZA! PIZZA!

BEER AND PIZZA AFTERNOON

Friday 29th August, 2pm

South Dining Room, Union Building

The Adelaide University Film Society is holding a beer and pizza afternoon this Friday, 29th of August in the South Dining room, Union Building from 2pm. Lots of free pizza, lots of cheap beer (COOPER'S stubbies \$1.50, wine \$1). Sorry, it's members only (don't forget your card for entry) but you can join at the door for our low price of just \$3 and enjoy not only the beer and the pizza but also a whole semester of great movies at really low prices.

The latest issue of our newsletter REELBUZZ will be in member's pigeonholes soon. So go ahead and collect your copy, you have a chance to win double passes to some great films.

Coming Attractions:

Week 6: Thursday 4th September, 7pm

and Friday 5th September, 1:10pm

Henry V

d. Kenneth Branagh

Union Cinema

\$3 members, \$5 nonmembers

Starring Kenneth Branagh and Emma Thompson. Shakespeare's drama interpreted in the Branagh style.

Week 7: Friday 12th September, 1:10pm

Mean Streets

Union Cinema

\$1 members, \$3 nonmembers

Starring Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel. This dark and violent film is set on the streets of New York's Little Italy. It follows Tony, Michael and

Charlie as they attempt to escape to another life.

Week 8: Thursday 18th September, 7pm

and Friday 19th September, 1:10pm

Beatles Double

Union Cinema

Those four lads from Liverpool get up to crazy antics on film. Oh yeah, and the soundtrack's good too.

Now members always welcome. Join at the door for just \$3.

Baseball Club

Baseball Intersivity Team. The Baseball Club is looking for expressions of interest from students who would like to compete for Adelaide Uni in the upcoming Intersivity tournament.

E-mail: digordon@aelmg.adelaide.edu.au

OR nbdandy@aelmg.adelaide.edu.au

OR htrigg@aitec.edu.au

BCC Presents...

Red Dwarf

Series VII

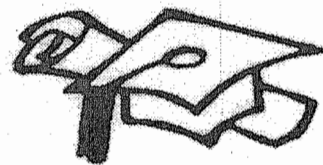
Three years in the making, the most anticipated release of the year comes to the Union Cinema.

The long awaited seventh series of your favourite British comedy is screening for your exclusive entertainment

3pm Union Cinema

FREE for members

\$3 non-members (inc. membership)



POSTGRADUATE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

We had an excellent mid-year dinner on July 31. It was so good that we are going to have another one (same deal) at the end of November. Thanks to our sponsors for helping us keep costs down and for donating the "interesting" prizes.

There is an issue of the *Clever Country* coming your way at the end of this week. EVERYTHING we put into it is vital to your wellbeing and is worth reading, so please consider.

SUPERVISOR OF THE YEAR

We have received eleven (11) nominations for the Supervisor of the Year. The presentation will be made in the Hoods Room at the University Club - colloquially this means *upstairs in the Staff Club* - on Friday August 29. All postgraduates are welcome to attend at 5.30 but you must RSVP to this office by midday on Wednesday 27th.

STUDENT ELECTIONS

Next week is election week and the executive hopes that postgraduate students will show their interest in the future of this university by voting for student representatives who have your education at heart. It is particularly important that you feel well represented by the Union Board, as this is the body that dispenses the millions of dollars the students pay in fees. This group has control of the amount of money allocated each year to assist the postgraduate cause - they control your future ability to be represented on University committees. Because of the nature and number of committees that the postgrads are represented on, we are acutely aware of the possibility for influence. Student representation can be of great import - if it is genuine. You should have received an election guide in your pigeonhole; if no contact this office on 83035898 or come and see us in the George Murray Building and we will get one for you.

REMEMBER ITS YOUR MONEY, YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE, YOU VOTE.

Teresa Parletta and Athena Doufos at the Payneham Community Centre on 8365 3977.

Kitty Gear!

Give Away

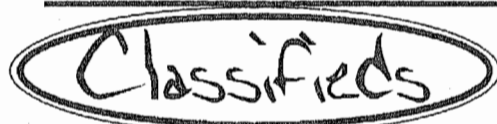
Cats/Kittens

1 white fluffy (with grey markings) boy

1 white short hair (black markings) girl

Ph 8410 1725

Mark or Julie



Sporty Gear!

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Plucking Strings Gear!

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

Petrol Guzzler Gear!

Camira SJ - White

1.6l

5 Speed

Airconditioned

Excellent Condition/Very reliable

\$1950 or ono

8364 3206

Sharing Gear!

North Adelaide Room to let
Person to share quiet, comfortable cottage with two others.

Close to shops, transport, Aquatic Centre, cafés and Uni!

Good sized room with polished floorboards. Would suit postgrad/mature aged student.

Room available August 31st

\$65/week + bond + expenses

Call John or Paul on 8361 8726

Musician Gear!

Musicians needed for Church music group in the Colonel Light Gardens area. Phone Bryan or Jill on 8276 6605

Overseas Sale Gear!

Again!

"Going Overseas Sale"

*Sony Walkman

.Radio Cassette Recorder WMGX322, FM/AM Recording, microphone, never used still boxed!

Regretful sale: Cost \$170, sell \$100 ono

*Sony SRSA21 Active Portable Speakers (2)

Size 84x131x86.3 mm - can be used with walkman, CD Discman or any portable device with headphone outlet - perfect for travelling. Still boxed. Cost \$55, sell \$30 ono.

*Technics Portable CD Player SLXP240. Very light, anti-shock memory. With all attachments, with CD carry bag. 6 months old. Perfect condition. very regretful sale. Cost \$175, sell \$100.

*Lady Remington - slimline electronic mirror. Day/night settings, hanging/standing attachments, magnifying setting. Light 25x32 cm. very new, fabulous! Cost \$60, sell \$30 ono.

Threshold Gear!

Threshold '97

2 much 2 mention

Young, original, energetic. That's the type of performers who will showcase their talent on Saturday September 20th, 1997 at the Payneham Civic Centre from 4pm until midnight, as Threshold Productions holds their minifestival.

Be prepared to be inundated by a melody of fresh performers, including poets; dancers; solo acoustics; bands and Djs - as part of the statewide celebration of Youth Week.

To launch this groundbreaking event, a parade will take place down Rundle Street on Friday September 19th, to promote the festival. A young band will play aboard a semi-trailer whilst Threshold members hand out fliers.

All performances will be of original work encouraging youth to be heard within a smoke, alcohol and drug free zone. Food and drink will be available; and educational booths will be set up to provide important information in a nonthreatening way. More information is available through

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MONDAY TO
FRIDAY

DINNER -
EVERY NIGHT

20% Discount on
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One voucher per table.

Valid Sunday to Thursday.

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Fax: 8223 7748

Sweetwater