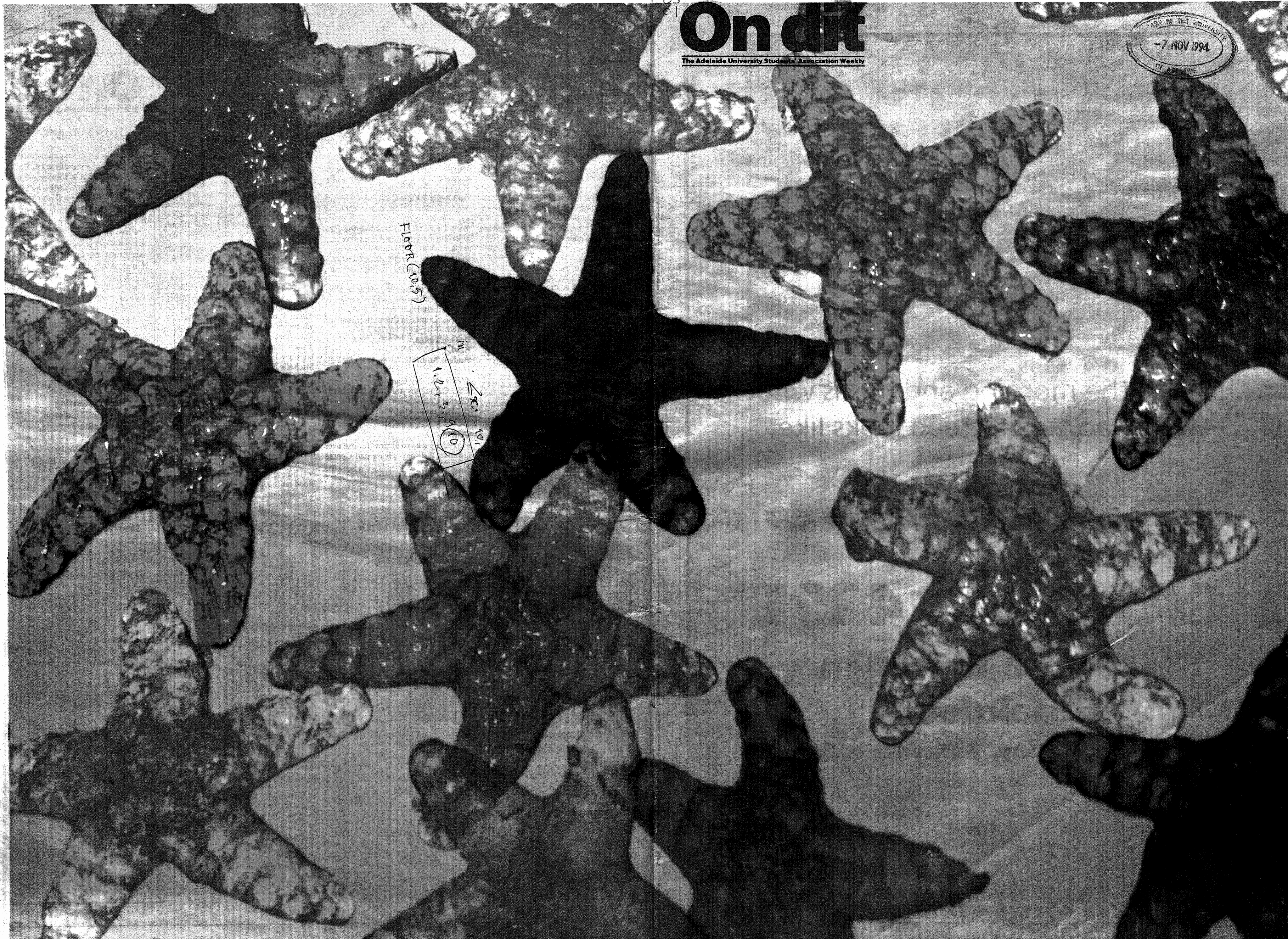


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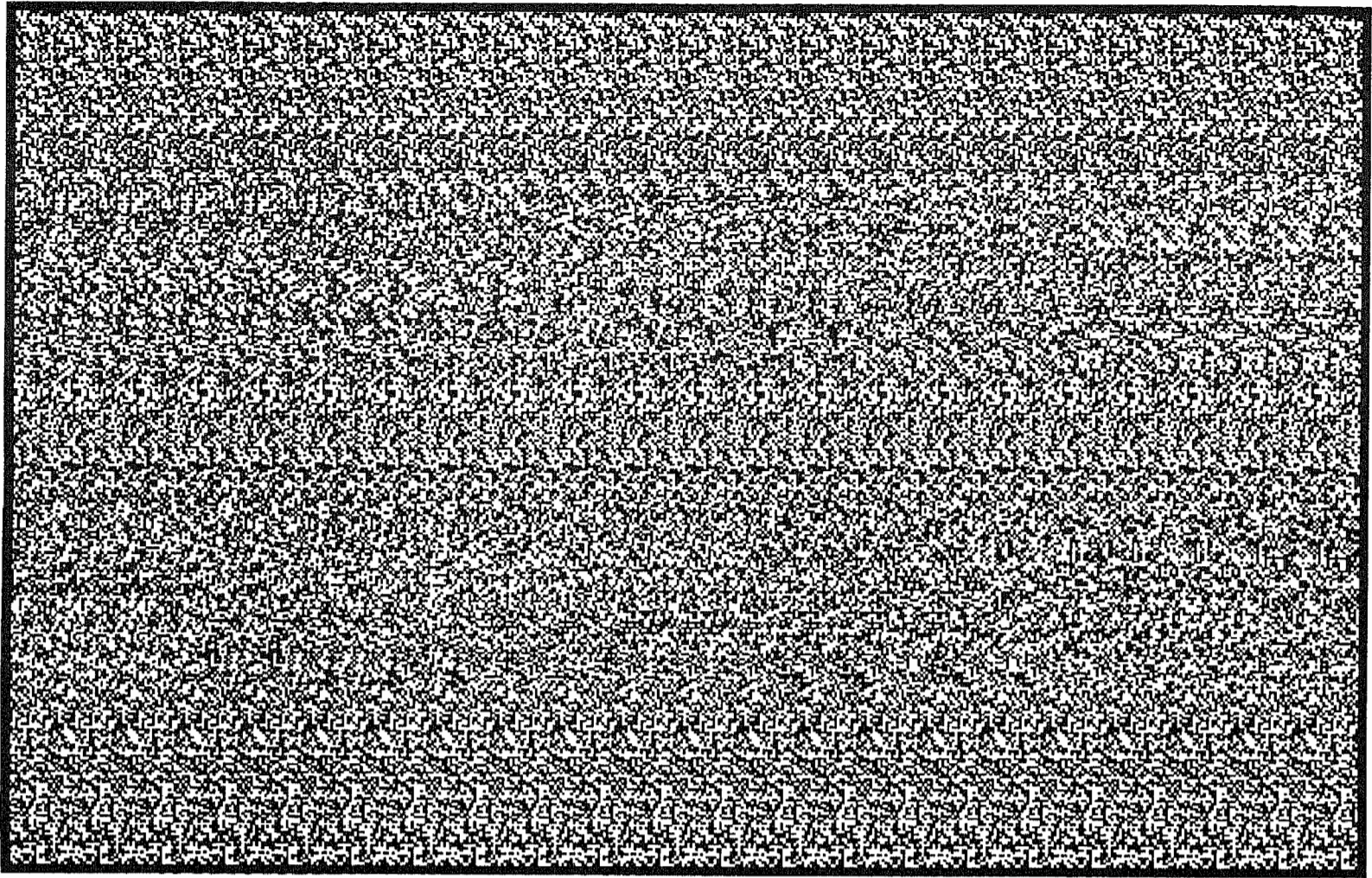
The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly

UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE
-7 NOV 1994
OF ADELAIDE



FLOOR (105)





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EDITORIAL



It's 4:01pm and we are suffering from severe sleep deprivation - something we've grown to know and love (not) - in our efforts to get this paper off to the printers. If we had 10 cents for every weekend with a total of less than 12 hours sleep we would buy the New York Times and put pert buttocks on the cover.

As the evening sunset's warm and comforting rays slowly creep across the cloisters, the fragrant yet gut wrenching odour of the compactor wafts through our open window. We pause to reflect upon the past twelve months - the agony, the ecstasy... and then some. The office ambience is not an entirely unfamiliar one: Darien, on his fourth packet of Marlies for the weekend, sips thoughtfully on a cola and does some mean pasting, pausing only to make some kind of gag, and occasionally scratch himself. Fiona diligently plugs away at the SAUA page as she curses all the names on it, George has slipped into one of those twilight zone-esqe dazes and has been staring at the same sentence for about six hours, and Richard is sitting in a corner somewhere dribbling, and muttering something about dates. Not to worry, it'll get out. The paper that is.

Gratuitous thankyou's are in order to the evergenerous, ever charming Darien O'Reilly. Without Darien we'd have probably perished not only from hunger but love as well, ahhhhh... You don't really appreciate a big squidgy hug unless you are stupidly tired and Darien is administering it with all his available passion. Oh, and he kinda helped get the paper out as well.

I guess we should thank all the things that have got us through this year. Cuisine By: The North Adelaide Burger Bar, the Falafel House, Marconis Gelateria, Road Panty, Fasta Pasta, and of course Darien "Gaté" O'Reilly. Soundtrack: Superchunk, Uncle Tupelo, Big Star, Buffalo Tom, Nick Cave, The Best Kissers in the World, Urge Overkill, Cosmic Psychos, Sebadoh, Dinosaur Jr., and (lest we forget) Screaching Weasel. Live Production: Truck Train Tractor, Cerveza Y Putas, Madonnas Armpits, Hard Copy. Carcenogins: Marlboro, Pcte Stuyvesant, and Alfie Dunhill. Transport: Mitsubishi, Volkswagen, and not to be forgotten Mum's Taxi (RIP). Pinball by Williams, George's hair and makeup by Dave Krantz. Fiona is dressed exclusively by St. Vinney, and when staying in Adelaide Richard chooses to stay with his parents.

Huge thankyou's to Tracy, Dale, Sam Maiden - always there with some lager and a juicy anecdote when the time is right and the author of some ripper articles, Jason "hooch" Bootle, David, Lorien, Tim, Rohan Thompson - he with the furry sidies, neat specs and enthusiasm for all things kooky, Tanya, Peter, Max, Tom and Alan without whom we could have put out the paper but there would not have been anything to read.

Best of luck to Tim, Lorien and David for next year, and last but not least a big thanks to you for reading.

Stay Young,

G'n'F'n'R

Against The Grave - Yard Lease Of Mabo



Human Rights Day on December 10, 1993, will mark the great disappointment in grass-roots people at a betrayal by Government of the promise of 1992. The International Year of the Family will commence with the anniversary of the historic comments of the Prime Minister that Australia must change. Now that the agenda of compromise has been spelled out in plain English by the greatest pretender in Australia politics since the Rt Hon Robert Menzies, Lord of the Cinque Ports et al, the Irish remigrate republican first minister of

the Queen of Australia, the Hon Keating PM M.P., the Indigenous and other native Australians and immigrants may ask why. The off-pat answers of the past are now insufficient to spell out this confidence trick upon the community. Investment confidence is not based on the outdated and failed techniques of colonialism of the British Empire. The global boardrooms look for sound administration to maintain equity. It is the complete failure of equity and access in the social engineering of justice as a fire-sale in the bombast of social

justice the world sees. To mark the devastation of the winds of change planned to bring more havoc and more permanently to the indigenous lands of Australia by Paul Keating, a Day of Organised Repudiation against the graveyard lease of Mabo must be opened up on Human Rights Day 1993 to close the *door* against hypocrisy. Without the authority of Eldership circles being stamped into the paper deeds of the Mabo outcome proposed by the presently negotiated legislation, the grass-roots people in Australia have no recognition in the compact. Only the authority of Eldership circles in unison across Australia has any power to partition the shames of the past from the integrity of the future. The union of grass-roots people is enough to open up on Human Rights Day on December 10 the Day of Organised Repudiation (the *door*) against more of the same policy and practice of the Commonwealth of Australia of racialism. However, it is only the power of Eldership circles formalised in grass-roots assemblies marking the end of the probationary year of the Indigenous Peoples and commencing the International Year of the Family which can then close the Day of Organised Repudiation (the

door) against the shame of Australian institutionalised racism which the proposed republic will uphold. The union of grass-roots people depends upon the willingness of everybody committed to the integrity of the future, to reject the racist mainstream. Without a vibrant fringe surviving under the authority of Eldership circles to invest the marginalised with the means to a new indigenous quality of life, the grass-roots will be cropped and decimated by the grave-yard lease of Mabo. Commonsense alone dictates that working in unison is imperative. Traditional respect mandates that this Unified Nations Indigenous Organisations Network spelled out from the unison of indigenous authority must be established in the jurisdiction of Eldership circles to constitute local legislative assemblies whose powers are sufficient to open the *door* to life. While practical activities are themselves alone necessary and enough to invest the grass-roots with the Unified Nations Indigenous Organisations Network (*union*) power to close the *door* of shame with this key to a fairer Australia, the *door* will need to be opened and closed on 10 December 1993.

Pride

Last Tuesday, 26th October, was the final AGM of GALA, the Gay & Lesbian Association of Adelaide Uni, as we have all come to recognise it. It's new name, Adelaide Uni Pride (or just Pride for short) was chosen to reflect the more inclusionist and coalitionist philosophy of the Association. As Tony Weir, past President of GALA and other supporters of the name put forward, Pride is a name which incorporates more than just Gay men and Lesbian women, it includes bisexuals and all other people who choose not to identify under the heterosexual label. It is also an appropriate name because Pride is already associated with GALA through *Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual Pride Week* and the *Pride Dance Party*. A new constitution was adopted at the AGM. Changes included a move from one President to two co-convenors (one of each gender); a clause which states that, ideally, at least one third of the committee be of each gender; the adoption of a set of aims and objectives as well as the introduction of an associate membership, open to heterosexual people supportive to the aims and objectives of Pride. Elections were also held for the 1993 Committee. Andrew Harden and myself were appointed Co-convenors, John Attwater was appointed as Secretary, Michael Williams as Treasurer and Serena Bosworth as Clubs Association delegate*. Anyone interested in finding out more about Pride is welcome to come along to Wednesday's meeting (see On Dit Classifieds for details).

Sabina Nowak

*All people mentioned in this article have given permission for the names to be printed.

Reclaim the Night - A Success

For some, Reclaim the Night was a protest, not only against not being able to walk our streets at night-or any other time, but also against violence and all forms of inequality faced by wimmin in all aspects of our lives. For others it was a eufhoric celebration- a few hours where we could walk the streets, supported by and unified with other wimmin of all ages, races and backgrounds. For these reasons, over 1500 wimmin joined together on Friday night for the annual Reclaim the Night March. Meeting at Victoria Square, Hannah McDougall told us that she is, as we all are, the daughter, grand-daughter and great-granddaughter of a feminist and the rich feminist herstory we all are privilege to, must not be forgotten or ignored. She passed on a torch, which her suffragette great-grandmother had had in jail, when protesting for wimmin's right to vote, to 13 year-old Sophie, who carried it throughout the march. Holding candles and sparklers, we marched, sang, screamed, whistled and chanted-we were hell-loud, and we loved it! Paying tribute to the Reclaim the Night mural at the East End Markets, the *Not for Joe* Morris dancers entertained us and we continued to join in with the amazing harmonies of archipaelo group Archipelago. The feeling of strength and jubilation spread to onlookers, most of whom clapped and cheered, with some even joining in. Assembled on the steps of Parliament House, Sultanija Cerimovic,

a Bosnian womyn reminded us, that even as we celebrate our solidarity, rape is not only being used as a weapon of the Bosnian war, but it is also being largely ignored by the patriarchal powers that be. If such an atrocity can go unaddressed, it remains imperative that we continue to raise our voices. Jen, a rape-survivor, showed great strength, telling us that wimmin are not victims, but survivors, who can, and will continue to fight the patriarchal establishment that is our society. Anne Levy, the Minister for the Status of Women also had a brief word, obviously enthused and inspired by the march, encouraging all wimmin to 'work and fight even harder'. Never one to miss an opportunity, she also gave us a friendly reminder of Dec 11th - thanks Anne! Events like Reclaim the Night are so important, not only to show society that we as wimmin demand safety on the streets, in the workplace and in our homes and that we will continue to shout and fight until it is achieved. (And it isn't just a few crazy femmos, it is estimated that 10000 wimmin took part in Sydney's march and 8000 in Melbourne); but also to unite ourselves as wimmin. To remind ourselves, that we are strong, and together can force change. It is also reassurance that you are not alone...to know there are thousands of other wimmin out there fighting day after day is empowering and inspires you to fight on.

Nikki Anderson
Maddie Shaw



Burma Support Group Boycott Pepsi Co

In 1988, the people of Burma rose up against the repressive regime of General Ne Win and nearly toppled the Government.

In response, the military set up the "State Law and Order Council" (SLORC) and cracked down brutally on the uprising

In 1990, in response to international pressure, the SLORC organised free elections, which were won in a landslide by the opposition National League for Democracy (NLD) under Aung San Su Kyi. However, the SLORC has refused to hand over control to the elected government and most of those elected have been placed under arrest or have fled to the jungle to join forces with ethnic minorities who have been struggling for decades against the government.

In 1992, Aung San Su Kyi, who has been under house arrest since 1990, was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, however she has not been released.

In the meantime, the SLORC has continued to commit human rights abuses on a scale which shocks even the nations of ASEAN. There has been intense international pressure for a trade boycott and many companies have decided not to invest in Burma until the SLORC hands over power to the elected representatives.

Pepsi Cola International (Pepsi Co) is one of the few large foreign companies doing business with SLORC. Without this kind of foreign economic support, SLORC would be bankrupt and unable to continue paying for the weapons used to repress the Burmese people.

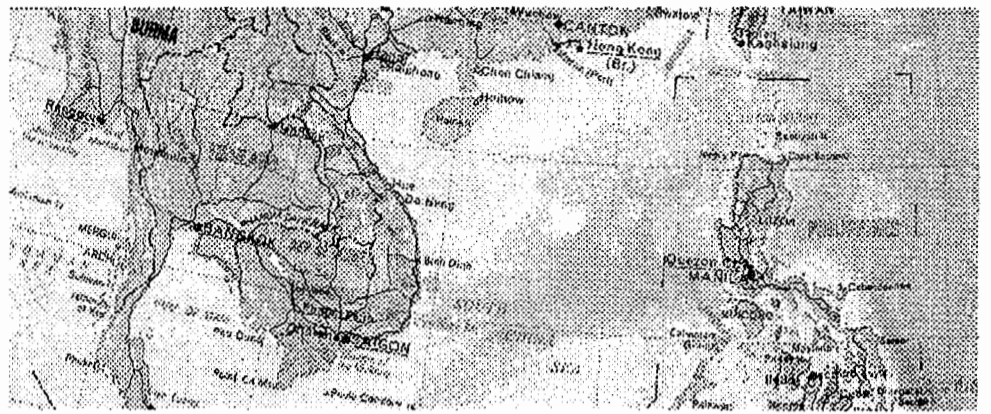
On November 22, 1991, Pepsi Co entered into a joint venture with the local private enterprise Myanmar Golden Star Co., now producing 100,000 ten-ounce bottles per day. Although the investment of Pepsi Co of US\$3 million is relatively small, its propaganda value to the SLORC cannot be underestimated. Pepsi says that "trade will promote understanding". Instead Pepsi's very presence legitimise the existence of the SLORC.

In the last two years, a series of international campaigns have been organised to persuade an end to foreign investment in Burma, and these have resulted in a number of significant changes:

1. Petro-Canada pulled out on November 2, 1992. It was reported that "the protests were part of the decision-making process."
2. Shell and Unocal pulled out in October 1992.
3. BHP withdrew in 1992.
4. Levi Strauss & Co withdrew recently and stated "under current circumstances, it is not possible to do business in Myanmar (the SLORC's name for Burma) without directly supporting the military government and its pervasive violation of human rights."

Today in Burma, people are still under repression; thousands of political prisoners are subjected to physical and psychological torture. To show support for the demands of the Burmese people for a democratic society with fundamental freedom and human rights, we invite you, your organisation and friends to join our Boycott Pepsi Co Campaign.

The Aim of the Boycott;



Burma (Top left hand corner); The site of Pepsi Co's investments

* Arouse people's consciousness about the adverse impact of foreign investment, especially investment of Pepsi Co in Burma.

* Put pressure on Pepsi Co to end their investment in Burma for the cause of peace and human rights.

Hut, Kentucky Fried Chicken and Taco Bill);

3. Tell consumers that the business link between Pepsi Co and the SLORC forges the chains locking up the human rights and freedom of political prisoners, the ethnic minorities, students and people in Burma;

Actions Requested

1. Publicise the Boycott Pepsi Co Campaign among your friends, network and local press;
2. Organise the Boycott Pepsi Co campaign in your country to boycott Pepsi Co's products (Pepsi Cola, 7-up etc.) and Pepsi Co-owned businesses (Pizza

If you want to know more about the struggle for democracy in Burma and what you can do to help, write to Burma Support Group
1/11 James Street
Bondi Junction NSW 2022
or telephone on (02) 387 4313.

Careers Service: Back to the Future

Another year nearly over ... we wish all students the very best with end of year assignments and exams.

We also hope to see you in the Careers Service, especially if you've put off thinking about and applying for jobs until after your studies are finished. And, if you've been putting off looking for employment because you feel it's all too difficult or "not worth it", we can assure you it *is* worth it and our help will make your job seeking efforts easier.

The academic year may end but we'll still be here, happy to assist you with any employment or further study issue you want to talk through with a Careers Adviser. You can make an appointment for a longer discussion and you can drop in on a Tuesday or Friday without making an appointment if you'd like feedback about a job application or for a brief discussion.

Are you in first or second year? We'd love to see more non-final year students make use of the information and advice we can provide. We can suggest ways to help you become more employable as you proceed through your stud-

ies; we also have a careers guidance programme you can use to help you identify or clarify career / future study possibilities.

A final word to those students completing their courses at the end of this year: we want you to feel most welcome to make full use of the Careers Service after you've finished your studies, in other words, once you're a graduate! Keep an eye out for vacancies which crop up from employers even at this time of the year. At the time of writing this for example, two employers have contacted our service with jobs for final year students and graduates; one, the State Bank seeking applications from economics and commerce graduates, the other, a company inviting applications from *all* disciplines.

Joanne Pimlott and Dave Lamb, Careers Advisers.

(For those of you who don't yet know, we're in the Careers and Course Advice Centre, Level 4, Wills Building near the Post Office!)

YOU'LL LAUGH, YOU'LL CRY, YOU'LL HURL!

**LEADERS
Wanted For 1994
O'Camp
O'Ball
O'Week
Host Scheme**

**Apply in the SAUA
Applications close
December 1st**

SAUA Page

Enviro: Anita Butler

Handy Hint: Dry your hair in the bath

Women's Officer: Jo England

Well, I'm back after a weeks absence purely due to my lack of ability to manage my chaotic life. It won't happen again, I promise.

Elle Dit.

Hopefully you've all managed to pick up a copy of this magnificent publication. Its production was a phenomenal achievement, especially as it was one of the biggest On Dits ever!

Working in the On Dit offices until five-thirty on a Monday morning certainly reinforced my respect for the On Dit Eds.

The feedback that we have received has been extremely positive, but obviously there are those that still don't get it. (See the letters in last weeks' On Dit)

Read our editorial again, boys.

Congrats.

Congratulations to the Elle Dit Collective 1993.

Special thanks to the On Dit Eds, George, Fiona and Tricky Dicky for all their patience and determination not to compromise the quality of the publication.

Cheers!

Thursdays in Black.

Thanks to all those who purchased badges and wore black in support of this campaign. The badges all sold out. For those of you who aren't aware of this campaign, see the article in On Dit.

I'm ordering in more badges and they should be available as of this Thursday.

Reclaim the Night

Unfortunately I'm writing this prior to the event, but hopefully next week I'll be able to tell you all of the enormous turnout in support of this cause.

T-Shirts.

There are still plenty of "I'm a Beer Man's Nightmare" t-shirts available for anyone who thought that they'd missed out.

Grievances.

I am available to any women with grievances of any nature. So if you've been sitting in lectures all year steaming about gender exclusive language or have been made to feel uncomfortable about any aspect of Uni life simply because you are a woman, come down and see me, as there are measures that can be taken. You do not have to put up with this treatment, it's not trivial and you are not just imagining it. You can take as much or as little action

as you like. Even if you don't necessarily want to take it any further but would just like a sympathetic ear, I'm your girl!

The Women's Room.

This is to notify all women who make use of this facility that renovations will be taking place on the study room during this week. A fire exit will be added to the study room, along with sprinklers. So that's what all the noise is about.

As this is my final column for the year I'd like to thank a few people who've made life easier for me along the way. Thankyou so much Nikki Anderson (what would I do without you?), you're a shining example to WSC members everywhere.

Buddies.

Thanks to my buddy George. Just keep on reminding me!

Cheers to Maddie, Kate, Sally-Ann, The Austral and Misha.

Wishes.

Best of luck for your exams, I hope you all have great hols (I hear that Victor's good this time of year.).

Supps.

And I'll probably see you all back in January, when I'll be sitting for my supps.

Dear Anonymous Arts Student

On intolerable behaviour. As you state in your letter, it is unprofessional, and you should not be disadvantaged academically by your refusal to submit. There are grievance procedures you can take without being afraid of reprisal. I can point you in the right direction and support you every step of the way. At no stage will most folk know that this is not true. any action be taken with which you are not completely comfortable. Actions taken against a sexual harrasser can range from a letter (with or without your name on it) explaining that a complaint has been made, to termination of employment or expulsion. The university does take these matters very seriously and will in no way trivialise your experiences.

I am concerned that your grievances are not being dealt with to your satisfaction. I urge you and any others in your situation to come and see me in my office in the Students' Association.

A/CVP!!!: Matty! SNFU! Deaner!!

Activities / Campaigns Vice President

My final column for the year and what a beauty this one is !! Here's the news...

BBQ * Band / Lost Property Sale

Thanks to all for making it such a success - especially to members of Activities Standing Committee for their efforts planning and running the day. Big thanks also to Richard Ward from KEARNS BROTHERS AUCTIONS, Kleiderfubb and to helpers roped in at the last minute (willingly or otherwise!)

The Lost Property Sale raised \$443.10 for the Uni Child Care Centre so many thanks to all you bidders out there!!

Wanted - Uni Student Bands to perform in 1994

ASC are beginning to compile an agenda of activities for 1994 and bands interested in being called upon to perform on the lawns etc (for free!!) to coincide with other SAUA activities are invited to leave relevant details and if possible, a demo with the SAUA receptionist. I can't promise to be able to use all bands, but please enquire if you are at all interested.

ORIENTATION LEADERS - APPLY NOW!!

Forms are now available to be filled in for those wanting to be:

- O'Camp Leaders
- O'Week Crew
- O'Ball Crew
- Host Scheme Leaders

In addition, fill out Counter Calender surveys to have your opinions included in

the 1994 edition. Any suggestions / ideas for Orientation keep letting your Directors know!

Division Of Activities Standing Committee

Members of ASC have expressed interest in holding specific portfolios of interest in dealing with the Campaigns and Activities of various groups, in their relation to the SAUA. These portfolios are...

- CASM / Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Students - Ali Field
- Overseas Students - Cathy Fitch
- Roseworthy - Siva Selva
- Clubs Association / Faculty Groups - Marianne Clarkin
- Sports Association - Dale Adams
- Conservatorium / Jazz School / Centre for Performing Arts / Post-Graduate Association - Nic Shinnick

This doesn't mean other groups won't be

catered for by ASC, but aims to give committee members a focus for the year. Members of the various groups outlined can contact the relevant committee member in the SAUA, through pigeon holes or by leaving a message at the desk, we can be of any help on any matter. More details will be sent out to the groups.

Generally though, keep any ideas or suggestions coming in. We're only too willing to listen!!

Have a great break and be prepared for a fantastic Orientation!!

Letters

Cheers!

Dear On Dit Editors,

I would like to thank you for all your hard work and energy this year in producing On Dit. Not only has it been creative and challenging, it also has enabled a lot of people to write and be involved who might not have been, thanks to your open door policy, Thank you for a great paper

Tanya Collins

Cheers again!

Dear Editors!

Congratulations and thank you for producing a paper that was one of the enjoyable aspects of my otherwise more-boring-than-I-expected first year of Uni life.

Sincerely,

Florian Minzlaff
1st Year Commerce

Florian and Tanya you are the lucky winners of our best letter of the year award. Tanya you have won a free dinner at Marconi's with as many caraffles of red as you can drink, and Florian you have won a free trip to Seattle to see the band of your choice. Thanks guys.

G'n'F'n'R

Wanker? I think so

Dear Editors,

Tim Gow doubts the support of Senator Amanda Vanstone and Mr Chris Pyne MHR for Education. Might I remind him and On Dit readers generally, that at the last federal election the Liberal Party proposed *expanding* education in Australia and reducing education costs. Senator Vanstone and Mr Pyne have been long term supporters of students through both the Liberal Club and Young Liberals. Mr Gow, like the On Dit Editors, ought to get their political analysis accurate rather than correct.

Yours

P.J. Sheppard
5th Year Law / Commerce

New Order

Dear Colleagues and Acquaintances, In the 'Republic' enunciated his famous principle of specialisation. Basically the concept suggested that it was commercial practical and socially conducive to have a society in which individuals spend most of their time doing what

they were best at. A bootmaker makes boots, a carpenter carries out carpentry work and so on. Whilst a quaint theory one wonders about the broader implications of this. Could it be said that modern western societies like our own have become slaves of this principle of specialisation? Do we gear ourselves to mastery of a single occupation and have little or no scope for adaptation to other tasks?

What of universities? It might be said that as institutions they exemplify just this. With an increasing emphasis on training rather than education *per se* do not the universities simply recruit and train experts in a variety of designated fields? It might be said that students are not taught to *think* any more but simply to apply technical or professional knowledge without any concern for influences outside of their training.

The twentieth century information boom has made it almost impossible for the individual to keep abreast of new developments and findings in all fields of knowledge. The Francis Bacon's of the world learned in mathematics, biology, philosophy, history and law, are fast disappearing. They are being replaced by the Honour's graduate in Cellular Structures or the PhD on the Politics of Zambia.

Has the principle of specialisation undermined the human capacity for improvisation and adaptiveness? Comment anyone?

Your concerned friend and scholar,
Eric Arthur Blair.

Moxham is a farce

A letter to Mr Moxham,

As a student leader and President of an important body on campus, namely the Clubs Association, you have shown an appalling disregard for standard University procedure.

In a clear and concise article, you have made your Association's annual budget known to all students. You have also told everyone, in no uncertain terms, how they might utilise a valuable resource on campus.

Hasn't anyone told you, sir, that you are meant to complicate the issues and keep as many people in the dark for as long as possible? Where did the bizarre folly of giving people information originate?

Don't let it happen again.

Paul Connor
Law

Mr. CV

"Find out *all* the facts!" would be my first response to Tim Gow's criticism of the strategy adopted by student organisations in the post-Budget lobbying against HECS changes (On Dit #22).

Be assured Tim that *all* political stakeholders were lobbied and that strategy varied from State to State depending on logistic possibilities. Time suggests that NUS should have pressured the "Greens and the Democrats to... work out a backroom deal with the ALP," which was in fact exactly the strategy adopted, and the strategy which resulted in the withdrawal of HECS penalty rates of \$3,500p.a.! This was shown in papers put forward to John Dawkins by both parties.

Having said this, Tim believes that we should not have supported the Democrats at the rally the way we did. I ask you then, how else do we encourage and "pressure" a political party to support students' interests, but by acknowledging how they have supported students and education, and urging further action?

I must say first off, that I was appalled by some of the false and misguided economic rhetoric, outdated and uninformed criticism of student reps, and "wise words" that Chris Pyne came out with at the rally. *However*, Tim suggested that we should *not* have 'directed our pleas' to Liberal Senators.

Yet the political reality was that if we did not, and a deal by the Greens fell through or did not achieve all we hoped, (which it didn't) then the only way to achieve change or postponement was through Liberal support, as the Labour party has been categorical about forcing through these changes, despite some back bench opposition. In addition, by gaining some Liberal support, it would then give supporters of education further "ammunition" with which to secure compromises from the ALP, in the interests of a fair and equitable system. The rally was held the week before the Liberal Party Room discussed the HECS Bill, and so was an ideal opportunity to reflect student concerns. Quite clearly, *we in South Australia* could not get the Greens to speak, so having the 'wetter' of the Liberals in our State provided an opportunity for us to show them student feeling directly. The result has been Liberal support for foreshadowed amendments, which the Democrats and Greens have supported from Day 1, to remove retrospectivity, prevent overseas qualifications being counted as a "first degree", and refer some changes to committee.

This now gives us the opportunity to call for greater changes to remove the unfairness of double HECS for second degrees. Time will tell how successful this strategy is, but I would suggest that the SAUA and even NUS did their job as best they could.

Anthony Roediger,
Member NUS(SA) State Executive.

It's a conspiracy

Hail all Sean, of the Paddington Brown Cabal.

Greetings Sean, it was most pleasant to read your missive. Adelaide University continues well, the Illuminati here are a pretty pathetic lot. One of the Illuminatus Primus just got his fingers burnt trying to move a motion of no confidence against the Clubs Association Executive. You'd think the wor-

shippers of the All-seeing eye would pick better agents, wouldn't you. Of course, there's always the possibility that this Illuminatus Primus is but a mere puppet of the True Conspiracy (tm), set to lull us into a false sense of security.

But that would be paranoid, wouldn't it?

Regarding your questions: Freeman Hagbard Celine has been trapped by an evil aneristic sorcerer called Robert Anton Wilson between the pages of a work called the Illuminatus! Trilogy. Bastards, working right out in the open! And not one of the poor sheep suspect what's going on around them anyway. If you want to help free Hagbard you must read the trilogy five times in five days. This combination of sacred numbers should free him from the grasp of the shoggoth calling himself Wilson. The work resides in several University Libraries, including the Barr Smith, so if you wish to achieve this great feat it shouldn't be too hard. The Leigon goes well here, several minds are already well and truly fucked (by their previous standards anyway, I prefer to use the word liberated). And as for Mao Tshsi's phone number, well I wonder why you'd want that. Feel like practising a bit of Tantra, do we now? Anyway, its 555-5555. What else could it be? 8-^)

If you want to contact me Sean, try alt.

discordia. I often hang around there.

Yours most eristically,
Pope Sir Andrew of the Crazy Lady,
KSC

Episkopos, John Bannon Cabal,

Paratheoianametamistikhood of Eris

Esoteric

Leigonnaire of Dynamic Discord

This is Serious

One final parting shot -
An address to the stereotypical Adelaide Uni student.

You know, the type who, although they are now so politically correct that they'd get \$50 instead of \$5 for getting the fucking questions right on "Sale of the Century", will drop their feminist / post-modernist / SNAG facade and become 5AD devotees the minute they leave Uni, get married and have kids. The sort of person whose head is even further up their arse than Warwick Capper's football shorts are up his.

As the D-Generation appear to be riotously popular at this Uni, and as TISM are the best band on the planet, this is all the more reason to poke shit at them. So - why do TISM wear masks? I've come up with three answers that no journalist wanker ever thought of.

A: They all have severe acne problems.

B: They rob banks for a living and want us all to know it.

C: They have more identity crises than OnDit's Advertising Manager (her/his name changes every bloody week!).

On the subject of TISM, rumours abound of a song recently co-written by TISM and Judith Lucy: "D- Genital ... or (I think I've Got) Mick Molloy Worked Out". Speaking of Judith Lucy, catch her spin-off series at 4.30 am weekday mornings (for the TV ignorant, it's "I Love Lucy"). Also, can any of you remember her first TV appear-

ance? It was the Big Gig, circa 1989, and she was taking the urine out of some guy who was wanking off at her in a laundromat. Some things never change. Another TISM pisstake song, about a person whose musical taste deserts them completely: "I Don't Want TISM, I Want Girlfriend". Speaking of Girlfriend: my first profound thought in 3 years at Uni - if commercial talent can be defined as the desire to make shit look credible, then Girlfriend have commercial talent.

Finally, an open prediction, written beforehand, that The Late Show's last musical finale this year will be, instead of "New Kids on the Block", Matthew Krok (The little fat kid from Hey Dad-Krok by name, Krok by nature). Here's to the first person to sing "Send In the Clowns" at the next Clowns of Decadence gig.

Yours in indifference,
... stuff anonymity,

Richard Miles
3rd Year Arts
Mailbox: Politics

P.S. News Flash

As a response to continued Western hegemony in the world economy, the Third World nations have collectively decided to go on a hunger strike. Pity nobody will notice the difference.

P.P.S. Another potential Late Show musical finale, instead of the Painters and Dockers, Barry Crocker.

P.P.P.S. To the critics. You think these letters display no talent? Well, to blatantly plagiarise a "Kim Salmon and the Surrealists" album title: Just Because You Can't See It, Doesn't Mean It's Isn't There.

Chill Out!

Dear Michael Guarna,

I'm terribly sorry to shatter your little delusions, but you're fucked! You have totally missed the point of the 'Hints for Hets' article, namely 'do not assume you know what Lesbians want / need'.

The statement "Do not invite a Lesbian to places where men will be present, without letting her know" does not tell all het women to assume that all Lesbians are man-haters. From what I can gather, it means merely that everyone should not assume that all Lesbians are going to be thrilled with the concept of meeting men all the time. Just as not all Lesbians are separatists (I'm sure you can think of many examples of Lesbians acting in coalition with non-Lesbians, including men), not all Lesbians identify as Queer.

Even with this diversity of Lesbianism in mind, it is highly insensitive of you to imply that just because a Lesbian may wish to spend some time in women-only space, she is the next David Duke or Adolph Hitler. Nowhere in your letter have you even managed to make the so-called link between separation and supremacy.

Sabina Nowak
Arts

P.S. To K. White and all others who question the legitimacy of a women's edition of On Dit, yours is a shit boring

argument, repeated time and time again. "Everyone is equal, so why do we need a women's / Lesbian / Gay / bisexual / multicultural edition, etc. etc?"

My answer is also shit boring, repeated time and time again, however, for your benefit, here it is:-

1. Society is not equal. It is not a homogenous conglomeration of equal people. It is *diverse*.

2. Each group of diverse individuals that make up society have worthwhile things to contribute to everyone (Elle Dit had a lot of valuable and enlightening information that would not be usually included in On Dit.).

3. Any group on campus is welcome (I'm sure) to produce their own edition of On Dit.

Personally, I would like to see a men's edition - not as an excuse for a misogynist free for all - but to deal with the issues that affect men, such as health issues, sexual assault, the men's movement, etc. as well as an opportunity for them to be creative as well.

Macedonia again

Dear Fellow Australian's,
This letter is in reference to the Macedonian propaganda printed in last week's On Dit. I realise that most people of a Non-Greek or Slavic background may not fully understand the issue or why it is so important to us. You may even be under the impression that the Greeks are trying to bully and intimidate the Skopjians and deny them an identity. We have never said that they should not have a recognised independent country of their own. We only object to them using our history and identity and passing it off as theirs.

In addition they have quite clearly got expansionist intensions and plan to try to take the Greek state of Macedonia (as many maps published in Skopje indicate). We will not stand by and watch the Skopjians take our history, identity and most of all our country. Please try to understand, we are not trying to bully them out of a country but only to preserve our past and ensure our future.

Yours sincerely,
Ula Kirgianis.

Macedonia again

I wish to clarify some misconceptions which were presented in Macedonia 2 in last week's issue of On Dit.

Firstly, Thesaloniki was the name of Alexander the Great's sister. She had married one of her brothers 4 generals and he named the city after her. Where the name Soluna comes from, I have no idea.

Secondly, Aristotle was born in Stagira in Chalkidiki, not in Vergina, as was mentioned. This is a known historical fact.

Thirdly, in the bible, in the writings of the prophet Daniel, reference is made to Alexander the Greek. The Hebrews welcomed him as the one to free them from the Persians.

Fourthly, Macedonia was divided into four thanks to the allied powers after

the war, a similar example being Berlin. During this time, an exchange of people took place between the regions. Why did the Slavic people living in Greek Macedonia remain there if they had their own so-called state to go to? Fifthly, Saints Kyrilus and Methodius (two of the most educated people in Hellenistic and Ancient Greek) from Thesaloniki wanted to spread Christianity to the Slavic people. At that time, the Slavs only had a spoken dialect. The two Saints devised an alphabet for them so they could read the bible (all they wanted to do was to educate the Slavic people in order to teach them about Christianity).

Lastly, the persecutions and genocides which took place happened to the people living in Greek Macedonia. The Bulgarians kept on pushing further down into Macedonia, closing churches and schools, slaughtering first the teachers and priests and then anyone else who got in their way.

Everyone is entitled to an opinion, but it first must be based on fact. Facts also should not be altered just to suit the circumstances, no matter what side you are on.

Yours faithfully,
Vicki Makris
2nd Year Arts / 1st Year Science

You guessed it...

Dear Stephen Mavrakis,

OK, let's get things straight. You are Greek and I am an Australian of Macedonian descent and since we live in a multicultural society, you will just have to accept that I am not going to let anyone deny me of my human rights just because some far-off "cradle of democracy" is scared that the true character of Macedonia is being revealed to a world that has been lied to for decades.

Other than that, who out there in the public really cares if Alexander the Great was Greek or not? Or if some obscure statistics from way back prove the ethnic purity of a present day region?

I suggest to you, Stephen, that you don't worry about my Macedonian mother and let the war-minded, exploitative Balkan politicians destroy a bastion of peace.

Nick Nasev

But wait there's more

Dear Editor,

I refer to the letter titled "Macedonia 2". This "AVJ" person who is too cowardly to publish his / her name, has made some serious accusations. He / she insinuates that Greeks are all 'motherfuckers'. If "AVJ" wants to argue against the established historical facts, I urge him / her to do so on the lies that people such as "AVJ" constantly propagate.

Theo Bexis

Maced...

Dear Editors,

Macedonia was, is and always will be Greek.

Yours faithfully,
National Union of Greek Australian Students

Yes there's more

Dear Editors,

I was embarrassed to read the letters to the editor on the Macedonian issue. Embarrassed, because I could not believe the intellectual capacity of some of these people.

Everybody knows that the Olympic Games originated in Ancient Greece, between the then Hellenic city-states. The city-state of Macedonia competed in these games. But still the Skopjians people continue to base their arguments on blatant lies and propaganda.

If one of the provisos for competing in the ancient games was that each competitor be of Hellenic origin, how can anyone question the Hellenic and subsequent Greek nature of the Ancient Macedonian city-state.

Paul Stamati

There's nothing new

Dear Editor,

I write in reply to the letter of Mr P. Forster regarding Macedonia in last week's On Dit.

If Mr P. Forster can not understand the "we were here first" argument, he should consider the High Court of Australia's decision in *Mabo V The State of Queensland*.

Your faithfully
Peter Charatsis
2nd Year Law

Everything's borrowed

Dear Editors & AVJ

In response t AVJ's letter in On Dit last week, I would like to make a few points clear.

Firstly Aristotle (teacher of Alexander [not Alexsander], the Great) was born in Stagira (now Stayira), a Greek colony on the peninsula of Halkidiki, and not Kutlesh! Obviously, someone has been throwing Hundreds and Thousands on AVJ's Braille book.

I am definitely not against the Skopjians being recognised as an independent state. However, they cannot take what is rightfully ours by being known as Macedonia, i.e. our proud culture and heritage.

Yours Hellenic-ly
Bill Sucondis.

P.S. Even the computer spell-check does not recognise "Alexsander"; where did you find the 's'?

Everything's used

Dear Editors,
Wishing something to be true doesn't make it so. Your letter was extremely interesting, if a little off the mark. Firstly, Thessaloniki, the capital of the Greek state of Macedonia (the only Macedonia as far as I'm concerned), has been called so for thousands of years. Not the so-called "Soluna" you seem to have invented. If you need proof, check the bible, which you seem so hot on: "Paul and Silas travelled on . . . and came to Thessaloniki." (Acts 17.1). Furthermore, it talks about the "large group of Greeks" (Acts 17.4) who inhabited the region. If you had bothered to read it properly, it refers only to *Greeks*, not some imagined separate Macedonian race.

Which brings me to my next point. You stated that the bible mentions Macedonia and Achaia, Achaia being Greece. You are wrong. If you had endeavoured to look closely, it actually refers to the area in the area in Greece now known as the Peloponese. Pick up a Good News Bible and refer to a map printed therein. It also indicates the island of Crete in the same bold letters. Does that make it a separate country too? Nope. Just a separate state of the one nationally, the Hellenic.

Let's get a few facts straight here. Alexander (as it is correctly spelt) was Greek. His mother was Princess of Epirus (World Book Encyclopaedia, Vol 1, p326); she too was Greek. His father was Phillip 11 of Macedon; he was Hellenic also. When Alexander conquered the world he spread the Greek civilisation, not the "Macedonian". By the way, did you ever hear of a Napoleon the French or a Peter the Russian? I think not. . .

Finally, Macedonia is, was and will continue to be Greek. It is not a case of "being there first" but one of preserving our culture, our identity and our history. No matter how hard you try, you will never take them from us. Regards, a damn proud Greek!

Vicki Kyriakakis.

P.S. Notice that I had enough courage to sign my name. Weren't you confident enough to sign yours? Oh, by the way, Oedipus Rex was a story, love. . . learn to distinguish between fiction and fact.

But we know we're cool

Dear eds,
I was surprised to see such an immediate and passionate response to my views of the Macedonian history and people. I shall overlook the personal abuses, the petty attacks and the, prank calls and I shall try - for a last time - to clarify some points that were probably not conveyed well in my letter and article. To Mr Nick Nasev I'll only say that I totally agree with him in that the interpretation of history and the current - complex - politics of the region are two very different issues, and only the latter is of crucial importance. However, it is hard for me to see the Skopjean Repub-

lic as a "bastion of peace" when they continually publish maps with massive Greek territories as "Macedonia" and they keep on implying that the Greek Government is suppressing its people, and it will be the Skopjeans who will "liberate" them. That is hardly good neighbourhood is it? Especially when the '91 U.N. report "Measuring human development and freedom" describes Greece as a country with "high degree of freedom", and places Greece 17th world-wide (pg 20), when Australia (with her massive resources) was placed 14th, the U.K. was 16th and countries like Italy, Spain, Portugal and Ireland were further behind. I should also note, that Yugoslavia, at position 58, was considered a nation with "low degree of freedom". (Fax from the Greek Consulate of S.A. available from On Dit). The Greek Government's position is that not only will they recognise their new neighbours, but they will also *help* this tiny new nation and see its viability. Greeks are just very cautious about the name for reasons mentioned in my article. They were also very careful in recognising Bosnia and Croatia. Can you blame them now?

To Mr Forster, I would like to say that I can't see why he displays such empathy against me and stress that, if I was him, I would be very careful when talking about "ethnic cleansing". I have said many times: This was *my* interpretation of history, and it was presented in order to protect what I consider my cultural heritage. If he thinks this is "historical acrobatics", then I am looking forward to reading *his* comprehensive article. Also it is not an argument of "we were here first". It is an argument of me going to Vergina and being able to read a 3000 year old epitaph with no training in classics, using only my knowledge of Modern Greek. And that is *bloody remarkable*, even if Mr Forster - understandably - cannot see the value of that.

As far as AVJ's letter is concerned, I elect to ignore it for two reasons: Firstly, because personal abuse is not my style of debate and it only shows lack of arguments. (*How can he/she even claim to have anything to do with Aristotle and Alexander the Great when he/she debates like that!!!*) And secondly, because if someone does not value his/her opinion enough to sign it, why should I?

Regards,

Stephanos Mavrakis,

P.S. May I thank On Dit for the hospitality and AGUA and for their support.

'cause we're cooler than you

Dear Editors,
Re: Letters regarding Macedonia in On Dit 25 October 1993.

After reading the letters about Macedonia in the edition of *On Dit* published on 25 October 1993, I feel obliged to make a few statements and clear up a few points.

Macedonia is Greek. I know this because my parents were born in Macedonia (Halkidiki province, approximately 50 km south of Thessaloniki) and lived

there before migrating to Australia as adults. My parents and I, like all true Macedonians, love Macedonia for what it is: one of the most beautiful and historic parts of Greece. To put it simply, Macedonia is the name of the northern region of Greece. There is no such thing as a Macedonia separate from Greece (it would be like saying that South Australia was not in Australia). That is why true Macedonians have Greek names, speak Greek and love Greece: because they *are* Greek. What upsets us true Macedonians is people such as Mr Nasev and "AVJ" trying to rewrite history for their own political ends, and trying to steal our history, culture and identity.

Such "pseudo-Macedonians" ("pseudo" comes from Greek meaning false) are a curious mixture of Slavs and Bulgarians, with a good measure of Albanian and a tiny dash of Turk thrown in. The name "Macedonian" was imposed on them in 1943, as part of a Stalinist plan to identify themselves with northern Greece so as to justify an invasion. With the collapse of Communism and the breakup of Yugoslavia, they retained the name purely to enable themselves to forge (in the sense of "counterfeit") a national identity.

To address some of the falsehoods point by point:

1. The references to the "Macedonian" language are incorrect. The language being referred to has nothing to do with the true Macedonia; it is really a Slavic dialect of Bulgarian.

2. "AVJ" writes that "Vergina's real name is Kutlesh. . . this is the birthplace of Aristotle." In the pseudo-Macedonian language, "Vergina" may translate to "Kutlesh", but Vergina is in Greece and Vergina is the Greek (and English) name. However, Aristotle was not born at Vergina; his birthplace was in the Halkidiki area at a place now known as Stageira (as all true Macedonians know).

3. The beautiful city of Thessaloniki has had the same name since biblical times. See the epistles of St Paul to the Thessalonians (i.e. the residents of Thessaloniki) in the New Testament. For "AVJ" to suggest that the city is really called Saluno is laughable.

4. Alexander 111 the Great (there is no 's' in the name) most certainly was Hellenic (Greek). There is a 1000 year gap between Alexander and the Slavic migration to the Balkans, a gap that the pseudo-Macedonians cannot deny or explain.

5. The Republic of Macedonia was not proclaimed in 1903. It was in fact 1943 when Tito established the "Socialist Republic of Macedonia" as part of his expansionist aims.

6. The only migration from Asia Minor to Greece in the 1920's was during the Great Catastrophe of 1922, in which thousands of Greeks were expelled from their homes in Turkish-occupied Asia Minor after an unsuccessful attempt to liberate Constantinople.

7. The bible may refer to separate churches of Macedonia and Achaia, but that merely reflects the early Christian church's somewhat haphazard development. It is an act of ignorance to suggest this means different ethnicities.

8. Mr Forster's letter talks about Slavs occupying most of Greece between the

seventh and eleventh centuries, destroying or assimilating the pre-existing population and having their own "Macedonian" state. That's not quite right. There was actually this little thing called the Byzantine Empire, which included all of present-day Greece, and more. The Hellenic nature of the Byzantine Empire is unquestionable.

9. The letters suggest that Greece uses ethnic cleansing and torture to suppress the "Macedonian minority" in Greece. First of all, there is no pseudo-Macedonian minority in Greece (as true Macedonians are wholly Greek and not a separate group). There is a very small Slavic-speaking group (a few thousand) in northern Greece, but these people have full citizenship of Greece, consider themselves Greek, and have even fought for Greece in wartime. Secondly, Greece is a modern parliamentary democracy (and a member of the EC) in which human rights are guaranteed for all peoples by its Constitution. Claims of torture and the like are complete fabrications.

10. Mr Nasev's letter suggests Greek politicians are war-minded. Of course, I wouldn't say that Greece's politicians are angels of goodness (after all, they are politicians), but it is the pseudo-Macedonians who have a taste for expansionism. Why else would they publish maps indicating substantial increases in their country's size (at Greece's expense), or bank notes displaying symbols of Thessaloniki as if they were their own symbols, or hold rallies with slogans such as "Thessaloniki is ours?"

Mr Nasev and "AVJ" claim that their people are oppressed by the Greeks, but the converse is true. It is Greece and the Greek people (in Greece and abroad) who are being oppressed by malicious lies and propaganda.

Yours faithfully,

John Kyrimis, B.Ec., LL.B.,

Student representative on the Education Committee (1992).

P.S. Just who is "AVJ"? Here we have someone trying to assert a national identity who will not reveal his or her own identity! Perhaps "AVJ" is just too cowardly and ashamed to put his or her name to the lies that he or she has written. Perhaps "AVJ" is connected to the prank telephone calls and other forms of harassment that the pseudo-Macedonians have been inflicting on Stephanos Mavrakis in recent weeks.

Almost there...

Dear Editors,
I will not waste my time lecturing and quoting historical fact. The truth will avail itself to all. History can not be changed no matter how hard certain groups may try. To do so would require the burning of all the historical, classical and other texts from all public and private libraries in the world. Completing this task of historical bastardry would mean replacing these texts with equivocations projected by these Slavs. History cannot be denied, despite all attempts to do so, Macedonia is Greece. Rather than dwell on explaining fact, I will draw your attention to a more pertinent issue that directly relates to

Australia. The freedom of expression embodied in the concept of "multi-cultural" Australia is one that all Australian respect and treasure and is the envy of many nations. However these freedoms are a 'double-edged sword', because they open a 'Pandora's box'. Nick Nasev, you question who really cares whether or not Alexander the Great was Greek. . . I and millions of other people do. You have abused the freedoms of Australian society in order to propagate your lies. It is your privilege to do so and no-one will deny you that privilege. However telling lies and expecting people to swallow these lies as truths are intrinsically different.

At no stage would anyone encourage the suppression of the 'human rights' of you or your people. Quite to the contrary, Greeks do not object to the creation of a sovereign state to the North of Greece's borders. These Slavic people have blatantly shown irredentist action through maps, associations, money bills, stamps, etc. That is a crime and an oppression of my human rights and those of all truth-bearing people.

The claims of these people, to draw a hypothetical parallel would be as ludicrous as Papua New Guinea claiming Queensland as part of their nation, Brisbane as their capital city and at the same time speaking Indonesian as their official language.

Truth will conquer all in the end, regardless of actions to impede this.

*Yours in Hellenism,
Peter Louca,
President,
National Union of Greek Australian
Students.*

Until next year...

Dear Editors,

I am the writer of the original article titled "Holiday in Macedonia". Let me begin by explaining my motivation for writing that article. During multicultural week (at which the Macedonian Folk Ensemble "Sloboda" performed), the organisers of that event asked me to provide some information on the dancing group and on Macedonia and Macedonian culture.

In doing so, I had no intentions of offending any other nationality or culture, the aim of the article was to simply provide a brief history on Macedonia from someone who is in the best position to do so - a Macedonian. Anyone who has read the article will agree that nowhere in the article have I claimed Greeks to be anything other than Greek, so why is it that in the letters which followed my article written by Mr Mavrakis and the Australian Greek University Association Inc., the writers continue to claim that Macedonia is something other than Macedonian?

Without providing another history lesson, I would just like to say this to Mr Mavrakis and members of AGUAI, if I am not Macedonian, then why do I and over 5 million other Macedonians around the world insist on calling ourselves Macedonian and are so proud of

it? The answer is simple, Macedonia can only belong to the Macedonians just as Greece can only belong to the Greeks.

So, Mr Mavrakis, stop wasting your time with nonsense historical arguments and learn to accept the fact that Macedonian culture, tradition and language always has, still does and always will be Macedonian and Macedonian only!

*Goce Miteu
BE / Sc*

This one's not about Macedonia... honest!

As this, my first year at university draws to a close, it might be worthwhile to reflect for a while on the practicality and usefulness of the year's study - being an arts student this reflective process yields a somewhat alarming and frightening answer, but what the heck, have another beer and relax, there is still another two years at least before frying hamburgers at Macdonald's beckons, but I digress. Being an Arts student is bad enough, but being one of the two hundred or so poor souls (or is it dopes) who elected to do English I, makes one standing in the University community almost untenable. Look closely around campus and see huddled groups of tortured minds and bodies furtively discussing the latest riddled essay question or with the aid of their more logical minded Science student friends trying desperately to solve the mathematical equations involved in sorting out which exam questions they're *not* allowed to do. Incredible but true. In what other subject is it possible to study and hand in work through the year only to see exam options diminish rather than increase, then there is the content itself. I must have been a naive romantic fool way back in January, but I was looking forward to studying Charles Dickens, Lord Tennyson, D.H. Lawrence, William Thackeray, Jane Austen, Oscar Wilde, John Milton, Christopher Hemmingway, Samuel Joyce, George Bernard Shaw, John Keats and Alexander Pope; the only trouble is none of them are on the syllabus. Instead we have had the unique humour of studying the combined talents of such well-known luminaries as Jane Gardam, Olive Senior, Chinua Ashebe, U.S. Naipul, Elizabeth Harrower, Jean Rhys, Wol Soyinku, Katherine Vrichard, Jack Davis, Uikram Seth with a token Shakespeare, Janson and Daniel Defoe thrown in to fill in a bit of spare time. I'm not denigrating these writers some of which have been interesting - none, however, are masterpieces of the written arts and many are simply sub-standard. The reasons given for this appalling syllabus is that we are studying literature written in English as opposed to English literature - fair enough - but why the glaring imbalance? Why the need to compare classic masterpieces such as 'Jane Eyre', 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Heart of Darkness' with three vastly inferior 'sequels' written by authors with chips on both shoulders?

All this sounds, I must admit, like I'm

a conservative reactionary. In the ordinary course of events, nothing could be further from the truth, but having waded through the barely decipherable language of African villages, West Indian Islands, Aboriginal dreaming and ultra-feminist tirades, one begins to feel, however briefly, that the rantings of Bruce Ruxton and Hugh Morgan do, in fact, have a poetic ring to them. Now I know that this letter will have limited appeal in On Dit, but its sentiments, I'm sure, will bring emotion paced tears to the eyes of at least 200 of your readers - In the interests of kindness to dumb animals (English I students), I hope you print this letter. I shall, reluctantly leave it unsigned. I have an essay and an exam, still to be marked and am far from confident in the idea that vindictiveness is a human trait not to be found in the English department.

*Signed
Charles Dickens*

Bring! Bring!

Dear Editors,

I'm just writing you this letter 'cause I'm bored... Oh, there's the phone, gotta go, bye now.

Bill

Wow!

Dear Eds,

You are all extremely attractive, amazingly interesting, truly wonderful people. I have only one problem, My arms come out of my head rather than my shoulders. This causes me great discomfort. What are you going to do about it?

Derek

A Load of Rubbish

Hello,

I'm writing to find out what happened to the rubbish compactors behind the Mayo refectory. I truly miss the gut wrenching nausea I felt every Monday morning; it used to remind me of what a shithole Uni can be. Where will all the rubbish go? Where will the rats breed? Will the space become Claude Pronol's office? Was our Union fees used to remove them? The everyday student has the right to know the answers to these questions. Who gives a fuck about the Unions mis-management when 'they took my compactors away'. I demand for the rubbish contractors to return these fundamental landmarks that helped create Adelaide University's cultural and academic heratige. I propose that they be titled

the Barr Smith compactors (I'm sure there's just as much rubbish on the Barr Smith lawns, and in the library).

In this day and age of environmental concern, students should be aware of the importance of effective refuse removal. I'm sure I would have Anita Butler on side. Perhaps the host scheme could incorporate these landmarks in the tours.

Through removing these intrinsic elements of University is to marginalise the issue in a similar manner to racism, sexism and any other -ism. I say death to garbagism, and long live smelly rubbish bins. It's you, the everyday consumer that produces the garbage, you should learn to live with it. Examine the trash you produce and maybe, just maybe, you may learn something about your little lives.

In all sincerity,

*concerned 2nd years Arts student
(name withheld for avoidance of victimisation from non-refuse lovers)*

What?

Dear eds,

Just dropping you a line to ask why am I sitting in the On Dit office at five o'clock on a Monday morning, waiting to do freight when I know damn well that the paper isn't going to be ready for twenty-four hours. Please explain.

yours,

*dale f adams
2nd year arts*

Thanks to everyone for writing to us this year. There will be no more On Dits now, so anything you don't like about this one you can shove up your proverbial. Keep writing next year for David Lorien and Tim, unfortunately they won't be able to shorten their initials to G'n'F'n'R, but hey, shit happens. It would be really cool if the world was a tim tam, oops sorry I lost myself there for a minute, it would be really cool if you put some of that letter writing energy into actually finding the office, and getting amongst some serious article writing, but hey we wouldn't expect too much, you crazy Gen Xers just don't care do you. In fact I'm suprised you are even reading this. Anyway thanks for taking the time to write letters, it's healthy.

G'n'F'n'R.

Exposure! Erasure! Exposure

To all Adelaide University student bands wanting exposure on the lawns or in the Unibar in 1994. Leave relevant details in the Students Association, George Orwell Building, Cloistarse this week.

Matt Deaner (Activities Campaigns Vice Person)

SUMMER VOX POP

"Shall I compare thee to as summer's day?
thou art more temperate and more sweet. "

Bill may have known what he was talking about but he's been dead for a couple of hundred years, so perhaps this would be as good a time as any to update what your average punter thinks of the best time of year.

Unfortunately most students don't have the lyricism and a grasp of rhythm that the ol' Bard had, but it's a bit much to expect your average commerce or science student to think of a couple of words, all in a sentence, and after each other and everything to top the greatest writer since Des Colquhoun came along.

Most responses revolved around lager, the green death, brews, coldies, the little soldier, and an'othery. That's right, the demon drink. Well over half went on at length about how they'd love to wrap their lips around God's own.

"Summer means to me long evenings waiting for the sun to go down, a slab of the green cans in front of you. Kicking back, watching the cricket with a pack of Marlie soft." Now that's a description most can relate to.

But some people were down right strange. "Summer reminds me of cherries because they start summer off and you always get them at the beginning of summer and not at any other time of year." And "summer means the end of hayfever" said one sneezing student. Of course there was the mandatory "summer usually means Victor Harbour, Kyton and boys" and the inane "lots and lots of fun".

But the ol' Bard can take heart with

"Wherever there's a pool, there's a flirt

Whenever there's school, there's homework

The stars always shine and the birds always sing

'Cause Coca-Cola is the real thing."

BBQs also figured highly. "Sausages and beer" and "BBQs, surf, sand, and sex" said one reject from the cast of *Puberty Blues*.

Very few people mentioned the end of uni, with only two saying that summer meant the end of lectures- perhaps lectures don't interfere too much with the average social life. "Summer means no lectures, oh and it's also the time that Father Christmas comes."

One described it as "lager, BBQs and terry towelling hats" but , BBQs also figured highly. "Sausages and beer" and "BBQs, surf, sand, and sex" said one reject from the cast of *Puberty Blues*.

Very few people mentioned the end of uni, with only two saying that summer meant the end of lectures- perhaps lectures don't interfere too much with the average social life. "Summer means no lectures, oh and it's also the time that Father Christmas comes."

One described it as "lager, BBQs and terry towelling hats" but , perhaps it can be just as simple as "getting a suntan and going out."

Colin Fearson

TV or not TV?

With the start of summer comes the onset of probably one of the most insidious acts ever performed on the humble television viewer. The end of the ratings season. This seemingly small and insignificant fact brings forth the very best that archival television has to offer. Much of which we thought we may have been lucky enough to never see again. Already the inundation has begun almost subconsciously with the return of the seventies masterpiece, the Goodies. Many an evening has been spent sitting around reminiscing about the various episodes that we grew to know and love in our childhood when the Goodies was still as new and fresh as a stiff piece of extra chewy.

"Remember the one where they had a pirate radio station and only had 'A walk in the Black Forest'?"

"Yeah that was cool. But, did you see the one where the scouts were banned and Tim joined the secret sect?"

(After some thought and deliberation) "Oh, nah, but I'm sure it was as good." Anyway you know the scenario.

But the fun doesn't stop there though. Classics such as 'Mr. Merlin' and 'Gilligan's Island' being pushed aside for the likes of 'Saved by the Bell' (starring our second favourite Beverly Hiller) and 'My profile looks remarkably like

a horse' Spelling) and the pure entertainment value of 'Small Wonder' and 'Parker Lewis Can't Lose'.

Those fans of the big fat guy on 'It's A Knockout!' will also be in raptures over the news that Channel Ten (The leaders in archive television) have decided to give it another airing, this time at the prime time of 6 o'clock on Saturday. Don't get too excited though, its p.m. not a.m.

Those early risers will have been aware that 'The Sullivans' has also got a new berth, at about five-thirty in the morning, on Channel Ten (God bless their little souls!) and even that reflection on American society, 'Rosanne' has been the given the continuation sledge hammer, with Darlene going from starting to shag David to being an eleven year old whose biggest problem has been when she's going to start wearing a training bra.

But, it's not only the re-runs of series that we are exposed to over the festive season. Oh no, it only gets worse. The ratings period ends and we are left to the mercy of the mountains of crap film that TV stations have accumulated over their many years of fine (?) broadcasting. The dust gets blown off the classics like 'Laurel and Hardy join the foreign legion', 'Laurel and Hardy go to crazy ape bonkers with the virgin



Only the computer saw the murder.
And it liked what it saw

astronaut' and many, many fine films that start coming our way.

It's always reassuring to know that you can rely on those last bastions of newsworthy reporting 'Hard Copy' and 'Australia's Most Wanted' to keep you going on the summer fun-bus and with a constant flow of American shite in the form of classy idle shit-chat we have

plenty to keep us happy.

Americans with an overpowering sense of self-confidence just keep coming our way, but not only in the one-hour form that graces our screens for three hours every weekday on such emotive topics as 'I was arrested naked' and 'My father had an affair with my boyfriend', but in 'special' episodes. Such as Oprah, where we were lucky enough to hear Arnie pronounce words with more than one syllable, and Mr. Donahue's latest episode on the latest sexual fetishes (anyone who experienced seeing people having a shag via an ultra-sound and Phil Donahue having a virtual reality sex experience will know what I'm talking about.)

For those that thought they could escape the multi-channel inundation of sport on the weekends by only viewing their trusty box during the week are also in for a rude awakening, coz' everyone knows that the only thing to do in summer is to play sports (of course!) So, if you're like me, and can't be bothered getting out and playing the sport for yourself, you can always rely on Channel 9 for their constant inundation of cricket (occasionally interspersed with my favourite, swamp racing), to Channel 7 and their 'live' telecasts, recorded only several hours earlier, of any game of tennis that you'd care to mention. Oh joy! Oh rapture! If only tennis wasn't such a shit boring game to watch. On more than one occasion I have seen people brought to tears over a Lendl/Becker match.

Don't despair though. Summer only lasts for three months and the ratings season starts again with the return of never before seen episodes of 'Class of '96' and 'Bay Watch' (where you can learn how to hold yourselves in skimpy swimsuits and discuss crap poetry while shagging your lecturer). But until then you'll have to persevere with the 'Little Drummer Boy' and the cricket to get you by.

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(Matt Batten)

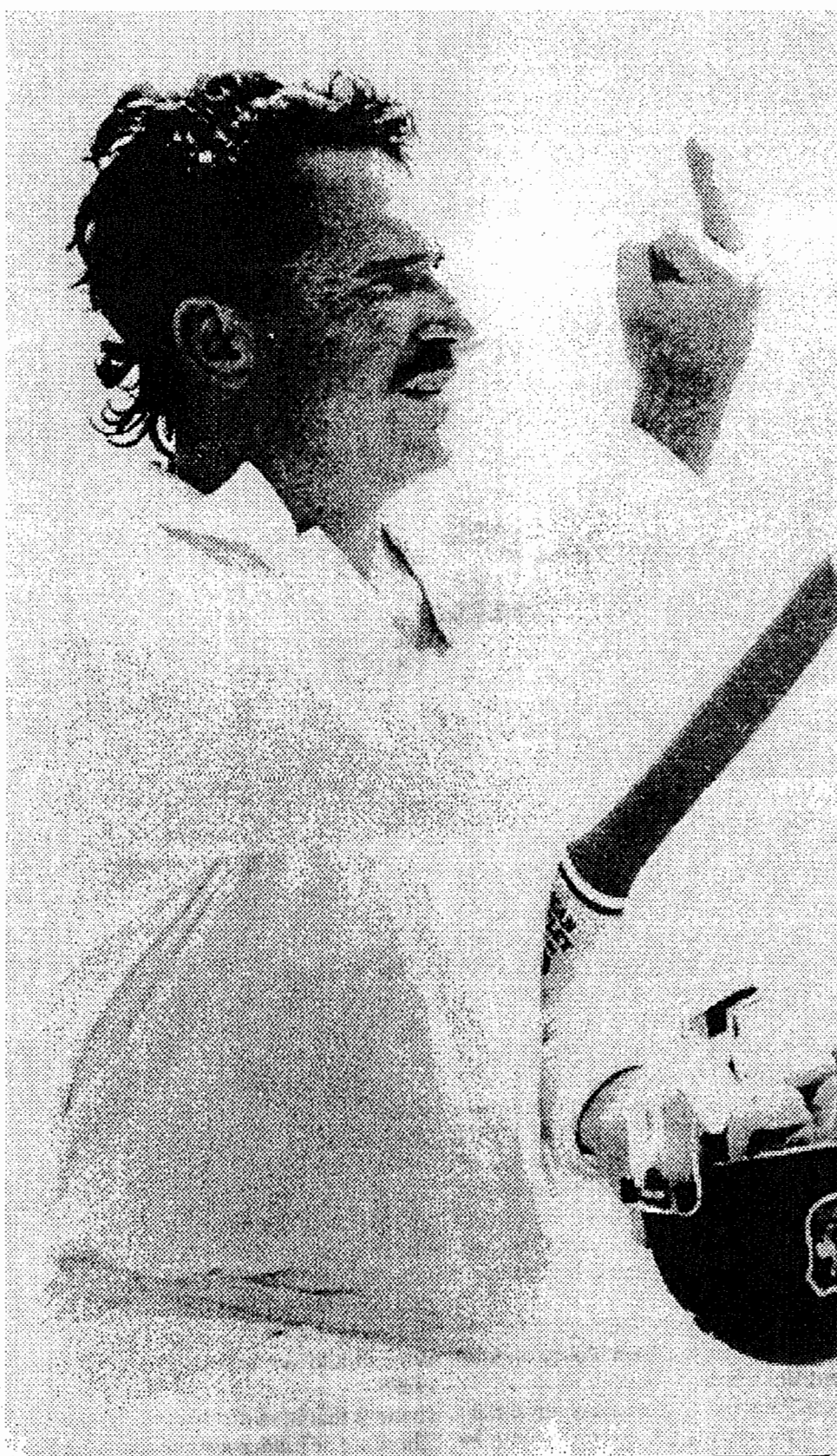


Hand or machine wash. Use mild soap. Gentle cycle. Reduced spin. Do not bleach, rub, soak or wring. Line or tumble dry without delay.

Smell the Glove

"Cricket is the ultimate art form. It's poetry. Mate, it's better than poetry...It's just beautiful".

Allan, an Adelaide public servant.



"AB goes the full biscuit"

Summer is upon us. To the initiated this can mean only one thing: long lazy days spent watching the ultimate in sporting enjoyment. Cricket. In days to come people will ask "Where were you when Miller took the rebounded catch off of Tavaré to dismiss Thompson and clinch the 82/83 Melbourne Test in much the same way they ask where you were when Kennedy was shot. Cricket is an Australian way of life. The thwack of leather on willow is far preferable to the tired spectacle of Tones Godra flying above the pack one more time. Summer, we can say, is not summer without cricket.

Not that I am urging anyone to rush out and play the game. Far from it. Few things in life rate quite as highly in the boredom stakes as spending six hours in the unique Australian sun at long on without the slightest sniff of a chance. No. What I am talking about is the most revered of pastimes—the sitting and watching of the cricket.

This leisure activity can be broken down into two main forms: the going to the game and the watching of the television. With the prices of a patch of turf under the scoreboard sky-rocketing to the near unaffordable, the question of the pilgrimage to the Oval is fast leaving the reach of the average punter. So my advice to the kids out there is, therefore, sit at home and marvel at the inestimable brilliance of the Channel Nine broadcast. It will make your summer complete.

This is, however, not as easy as it seems. There are a number of subtle tactics that must be employed to make your viewing sensation complete. Without them you fall dangerously close to ruining your appreciation of this, the greatest in sporting spectacles.

Television

Now, you may think that any run-of-the-mill tellie will see you through in your watching of the grand spectacle. Wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong. For a start, one can not tolerate a black and white. Think of the subtleties lost when viewing the one day version of the sport. How is the average punter supposed to tell the all so small differences between, for example, the Australians and the Sri Lankans? Without that vital colour differentiation the, those not in know may not know. And even in the five day version of the noble game, much of the visual pleasure is lost in the gradual fade-out so common in the B&W sets. So colour is in. The size of the set depends entirely on your circumstances. The small portable is ideal for the lying in bed style of viewing. But for the large group of persons clustered around swilling lager, you're stuffed with the little fella, aren't you? Thus, in situations such as this, the large screen number is called for.

Seating

Where one sits whilst watching the cricket is an important factor. It is a game that must be enjoyed from the most comfortable of vantage points. The normal suburban couch may not be what you're looking for. That one broken spring could ruin an entire day's play. One trick I have often employed is to



conduct a "Couch Inspection" while Tony Greig conducts his "Pitch Inspection". If any major problems rear their ugly heads, then the floor ploy must be implemented. Grab some pillows, and make it quick. You might miss the toss. Arrange in the ideal places for lounging, you are in a position to view the game in complete comfort. It is perhaps handy to have the latest copy of "Inside Edge", the finest of cricketing mags, at your elbow to peruse during the commercial breaks or the fall of wickets.

Always take special note of the seating if you intend to have people over to watch the game with you. It is always tragic to see three couches filled, their occupants quite comfortable, whilst others are forced to hover on the outer on their dining room chairs. This is bad.

Lager

Now we reach the most important part of the cricket viewing. I in no way wish to encourage drinking to excess, but cricket must be enjoyed with a lager in one's fist. The choice of brew that you wish to sup upon while the action unfolds is an important one. The time of year is vital to the decision. Now, while Cooper's finest, Pale Ale, is perfect choice for the long winter nights watching A.B. and the boys on tour, it is not the ideal drink for the local season. The heavy consistency of the ale can be a bit too much to endure on a typical scorcher of day. It is now the time to turn our attention to the draught end of the spectrum. Cooper's Draught is a solid choice, but I have often found Victoria Bitter the best choice. There's no better way to spend a day than to sit back with a Green Can and the cricket on the tellie. Unsurpassed viewing excellence.

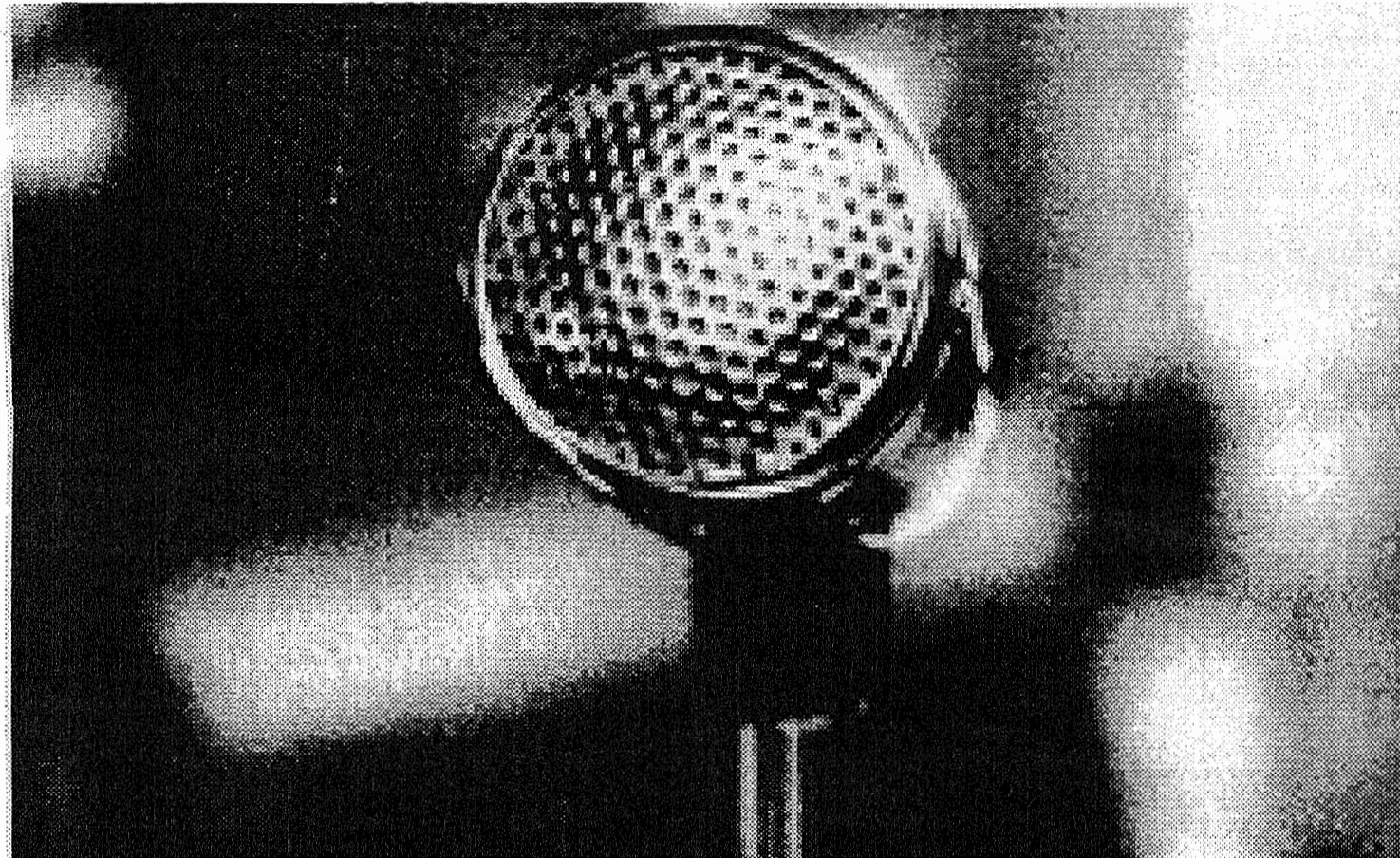
Many people complain that cricket is boring. Taken as it stands, it can be. To the uninitiated, it can succeed completely in making no sense at all. Yet it is a much misunderstood game. If you treat cricket the right way, then it will be your friend. Try the suggestions that I have made. You may well come up with few of your own. Whatever happens, you've gone a long way to learning how to make cricket work for you. Your summers will never be the same again.

dale f adams

Sach is life...

Bob Sach. Ever heard of him? Better known as the Shadow Minister for Further Education, Employment and Youth Affairs, he was also elected as the Member for Fisher in the southern suburbs of Adelaide at the last election. Fisher is one of the largest electorates in this state. Answerable to many, does he fulfil his representative role to his constituents satisfaction? And what is he going to do for us kids if his party is elected in the forthcoming State elections?

Adam Le Nevez investigates.



What is your position on the HECS issue?

I've always been philosophically concerned with the principal of HECS. I'm not naive to believe that there's anything such as a free lunch or a free education but I believe ultimately people repay the cost of their education through their tax and the higher your income the higher your tax, and that's the way it should be. My philosophy, whether it be in terms of education in the Universities or the new institutes is giving people a go.

How Does that equate to the National /Liberal policy on up-front fees?

Well what the Feds do and what I say as a statement may not necessarily be the same because there's not necessarily uniformity on all issues. What's happened in the last few years in major parties is that they see economics as an end in itself whereas we see it here as a means to an end. We shouldn't be worshipping at the alter of economics. Economics is not an end in itself, it's a tool to help people make wise decisions. I am certainly opposed to any system that discourages or prevents people from having an opportunity.

DEET stands for the Department of Education, Employment and Training and it is interesting that The Federal Govern-

ment groups it like this. Do you think that education is puerly a means to become employed?

I don't see the roll of education purely in job terms. Certainly training is important and I would distinguish between education and training because they're not the same thing. The idea that Universities and institutes are simply to turn out people with skills I think is fallacious. One of the things that worries me about the so called competency approach is that if you are not careful you'll end up with people who are highly skilled but dangerous because they don't have any value context. They have no understanding of the community in which they live or the wider world. What we need are people who are critical and creative thinkers. That's where I would distinguish between education and training. Training by its very nature has a skills focus. Education can incorporate a skills element but it also goes beyond that.

That is a personal view, obviously. Is that reflected in your party?

Well I think it is. We're about economics not as an end in itself but as a mechanism for increasing opportunity. What's the point of an economic system which at the end of the day doesn't make people better off, give them a more satisfying life and to protect the environment. I'm always wary of fanatics whether they be from the left or the right. Ideol-

ogy is a distortion of the world.

Would you, for example, classify Jeff Kennett as an ideologue?

I guess in one sense...I would probably see him as reflecting viewpoints and values which are widespread in our community but not... necessarily intellectual. the Australian community is in many ways non intellectual and in some aspects anti-intellectual and that's where you get the uni-bashing sort of approach. I don't personally know enough about Geoff Kennett to pass judgement on him and what his personal orientation is. Its difficult to judge in terms of policies because at the end of the day policies are always a compromise. So its fallacious to say that what a government does is automatically the representation of the ideology of the leader. The process is far more complex than that. You don't see that in the five second news grab.

What is the State Liberal Policy on Student Unionism?

We in South Australia have a very different view of this than some people in other states. I think there has been a fundamental misconception by people in this state particularly- a confusion between the role of a Student Union and a traditional Trade Union. One is in essence welfare based in terms of providing services, the student union, and I think that it's quite misleading to por-

tray a Student Union as a Trade Union. There are some students who may wish to turn a Student Union into a Trade Union but they're poles apart.

Our policy is not to focus on the issue of the Student Union fee because the Union fee in our view is used to provide a range of services for students. Traditionally as a party we don't like compulsion in a whole range of areas but it's a question of horses for courses and in this case the Student Union provides welfare services and benefits to students and I personally have no difficulty with the fact that there is a Student Union fee paid. I do have some concerns from time to time about the way some of the money is spent but ultimately it's up to the student body to sort those things out for themselves. But traditionally there have been people, and I'm not talking about this university in particular, who have used Student Union funds for political purposes and I'm not talking about the general advancement of student concerns because I think that that is quite a legitimate use of student funds, but where for example they are supporting an insurrection in VooDoo land or something like that. I believe that is where it becomes more questionable. At the same time you could have Student Union funds used for activities which are non political. Whenever you have captive funds there is always the potential for some people to correct it in a particular way and I think that that is just a characteristic of organisation. But if the Universities can't organise their own affairs then we've got problems. In essence I think that universities and Student Unions should run their own affairs. I deplore anyone whether they're of the left or right who try to use Student Union funds for causes which are not directly related to the benefit of students. But you could argue that Student Union funds are legitimately used if it's to protect student interests in the broad sense.

A lot of students on this campus are opposed to the idea of VSU and they see that every State Liberal Government has introduced it. Will you guarantee that this will not happen in this state?

Well as far as you can guarantee anything, I can tell you we have no intention of going down that path. We have no intention of getting involved in the Student Union fee matter and we believe that it's a question for students and their universities to work out.

Why should we as students vote Liberal?

I believe that it's time for a change in SA. There are no hidden agendas and there's no Geoff Kennett agenda.

So why are the policies being released so late?

Well we've got this ridiculously lengthy campaign and there will be ample time to scrutinise all of the policies. Political parties clearly try to maximise their

advantage in a campaign. The government can announce when an election is, we can't.

Dean Brown claims that 200,000 new jobs will be created in SA in the next 10 years

Right, that's the target.

How is he going to do it?

A lot of the specifics will be spelled out in the next few weeks, but a change of government in itself will send a signal to the wider community that something is happening in SA, its time to invest and that investment will create long-term jobs. We've got quite a few incentive schemes that will be introduced. If you keep the cost of business to a level of other states but without reducing our services, you're more efficient. We've made a commitment that the core services of education, health and community security will not be compromised. They are in a sense privileged areas. We have no intention or plans to close any schools. South Australia is not Victoria. But the same question needs to be asked of the government as the opposition of future intentions.

That being said, even if you don't cut back on the education system, with the increasing number of students who complete year 12 and who look for entry into a Tertiary institution, that creates existing pressure on the system, particularly at a tertiary level. You have to increase spending just to keep up with the demand.

Part of the answer is that for a long time our school system has been out of balance; we've been trying to shunt everyone towards university when there should be other options available. That's where the institutes come in. That's been a commitment from the present Federal government as well as the opposition, to pump six or seven hundred million into the institutes in the next three or four years. What we will be looking at is putting to secondary students the option of the technical areas as attractive options. What has been largely a single focus on getting everyone to university, you broaden the gate if you like so that students have got a range of options.

Let's get back to Dean Brown's 200,000 jobs promise. What sort of jobs are they going to be?

There are a lot of exciting prospects, one is in the area of food processing. South Australia produces a whole lot of food products but we don't do a lot with them. Wine is an example where we do everything from producing the grape to bottling and marketing. A lot of our other stuff, grains, meat etc. we export and other people do things with them. We can do a lot more processing that food.

So Adelaide will become the spam capital of Australia?

Well, we've certainly got the potential

to do a lot more.

There's also great potential for jobs in tourism and hospitality and in high tech manufacturing. We have to become the smarties, the clever people, the ideas people as well as the people who can apply those ideas and sell them to the world.

Paul Keating said in the federal Election Campaign that he is going to create two million jobs nationally in the next ten years. The population of South Australia is about 10% of Australia, so are your 200,000 in addition to Paul Keating's 200,000?

We would hope to out perform what he is predicting but that would be part of that global figure. But we would want to try to do better than that. Creating jobs is part of our top priority which is creating economic growth.

Of these jobs that will be created will they be career type jobs or hospitality type waiting and waitressing jobs and part-time jobs?

Well I guess there will be a whole range of jobs. What we have to get across is that it is likely that you will be in the same job for your whole working life. That's where you get this multi-skilling type thing coming in. You might be in the hospitality industry but you might not be doing the same thing for the next 30 years. There's nothing wrong starting off being a waiter or waitress but we want to be able to give some opportunities.

But a lot of these jobs you are talking about will be low level and low paid. Unless you want to be served by a robot, you're still going to need a human face performing those tasks. But one wouldn't want to be locked in with no possibility of progression or change. People will need to re-train and pick up new skills.

By giving young people and unemployed people a job will you or won't you reduce the award wage?

No, we're not into reducing awards. What you need to focus on is not the pay side of it but the productivity side. It's not trying to keep people to a low wage, what you want to do is in the end having people paid in a way that reflects their contribution and their productivity. The award system remains and if people want to stay in that they can. If they want to go down the collective bargaining path they can, the choice is theirs.

It's all very well to keep the awards system but if you say you are allowed to go out of that, an employer can say, 'Well this is what I am intending to pay you, like it or leave it.'

No, it won't work that way because there are going to be a very tough, legally enforceable and legislatively backed ombudsman type system to ensure that people don't get exploited. People who are put in a situation like that will have a legal action taken by this ombudsman. We're not in the business of reducing

wages and conditions, wages in the long term should reflect productivity. Any employer who tries to screw workers is not only short sighted but will run into difficulties in the system.

But you appreciate that there is an imbalance of power between Employer and Employee.

Yes and that's why we've built in a safety net and an ombudsman. But I guess there will always be a small minority of employers who wish to exploit their workers, just as there is a small minority of workers who may not do the right thing. But businesses that go into that sort of thing I believe will be fairly short lived. We would suggest that young people are paid what they are worth.

So how much are they worth?

Well that goes according to their productivity.

Alright, a few quick questions. The State Youth Strategy, does it stay?

Yes, our youth policy is incredibly innovative and creative...I can't release the specifics.

Kickstart. Does it stay?

Yes, there is no intention of getting rid

of Kickstart. But I think there needs to be a review of all of those programs because there is a bit of overlap. There are places for Kickstart type programs, whether you call them by that or a different name.

The Grand Prix. Are you going to ensure that it stays in Adelaide?

We're committed to the Grand Prix. I think it's a great thing for SA. It has a lot of potential that can still be developed, linking in food and wine festivals, street theatre and music. We're fully supportive of the Grand Prix, but like any government, you have to ensure that the money is appropriately spent and that the community gets some benefit out of it.

And the Adelaide Festival and the Festival Fringe?

We would be strongly supportive of the Adelaide Festival and the Festival Fringe, as far as I am aware. They are great festivals. It's all about quality of life. There is more to life than worshipping the dollar.

On Dit 1994

True to our word, we're advertising for people to fill the following positions next year:

- Advertising Manager
- Campus News Editor
- External News Editor
- Music Editors (2 positions)
- Sports Editor
- Books Editor
- Visual Arts Editor
- Film Editor
- Theatre Editor

Pick up an application form in the On Dit office or the SAUA and return it to the SAUA office by Friday December 3rd.

Yours truly, David, Tim & Lorien.



A Piece of Fiction

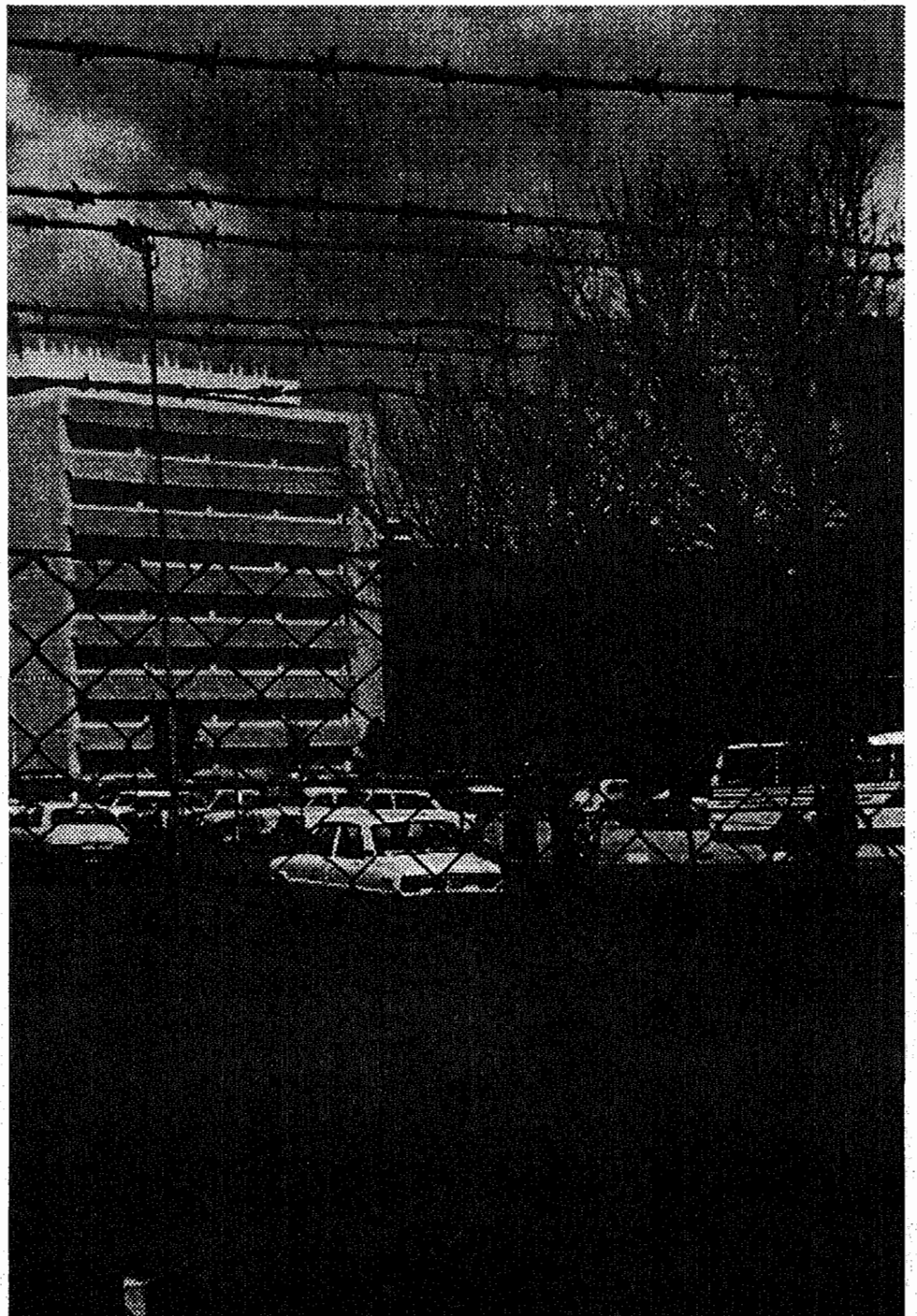
I've got my hands in my pockets. Fumbling with my docket. Mumbling what I had to remember. Vaguely stimpling over the bridge with rumbles in my tummy. So I get a pie with sauce and a classic chocolate. From this much stingy/scungey deli. Where the woman gets a pie from out the back instead of getting one out of the pie-warmer. And I sit back on the bridge. And I am dangling my legs over the edge, with the cars to my back and the trains to my front. And the pie is good. Not great but good. And the sauce squirted on my legs so I was forced to rub every single splodge onto a finger and lick it off again before I could tackle the pie again. And then it struck me that all the cars were busy on the ears. And their smell was busy on the nose. But I was forced to just stand there for a bit longer. Because of the train tracks. I really dug the train tracks and the rail yards and trains for some reason. Maybe just because it sort of represented some weird connection to going away and a journey where you can't see the end because it's at the end of the tracks, and possibly a holiday. But not so much. And the tracks also were sort of a symbol of industry and metal and the Transport Industry. And they were sort of like the tracks that underpinned all the economical things, and sort held the city down. From blowing away. All because of these long bits of metal that were joined to other cities and linked up with every other one. But it wasn't just all of this crap that made me just stand there and look. It just felt nice to stand on the bridge and seeing all the cars rushing around, and the trains much slower and checking out all the tags and the little moron in the white overalls painting over it. Because there weren't allowed to be tags on Commonwealth property. As if one tag would seriously hurt the State - the wealthiest common people around. But the little man kept on painting. As if he cared about any of this. The big man who pays him to paint. The small boy with the big cap who done it because of how big his shorts were and because he wanted to be seen by the worker people who got the train in. By the Authorities in blue slacks and blue jumpers and a badged brain.

And I've just snapped out of it. What am I doing just standing here getting confused by dumb things like this. So I had a quick look the other way which had the casino and Hyatt and Pent House and thought "Bugger it. Man, gotta get going". I've still got my hands in my pockets so I got rid off the docket. They flew away. And I shuffled away. And everything was going fine until this huge truck ripped through my head and nearly wobbled me off the pavement with its wind and nearly bedazzled me with its stress. A dirty smelly truck full of filthy live stock hoot-a-nanny down the middle of the city off to the abattoirs. You'd think they'd at least take the back streets so we all don't have to feel guilty and miserable. And just that stupidly wet human feeling of feeling mildly sorry for the poor animals, for about the time they're actually in vision and then just forgetting about them. I'm sure one of the filthy bastards farted on me as they did their drive-by. Just as a token Hate-a-Human gesture. And then my after taste pie-hit came on and I thought "sucked-in" (only to the one who got me). I think I was just winning my own sort of battle there. And badly confusing myself. Clear head. Clear my head. A clear head was what I needed to cross the road.

Easy enough. My heels were scuffing the pavement now. And were going Tsh tsh tsh. And I think I turned down to the right. And ended up strolling down Hindley Street. (Two of the most beautiful words in my vocabulary and one's an abbreviation). Hindley Street (Pronounced Hindey Street, not Hindley Street). But I wasn't gonna stop.

Necessarily unless I wanted to for some reason. And I was just walking along. Feeling a bit queasy every time I saw a guy standing in a doorway with a Tad-gut, a Jurassic Tad-gut and a big red beard. And a chesty bonds singlet but I knew it was irrational and dumb and paranoid, but I just couldn't help it. Just from way back those men scared me. And I was just checking stuff out. And walking past the Boobhouse trying not to peek or trying not to let anyone see I was peeking out of the corner of my eye.

(Those racy sun bleached photos on the window) but it's ok because that's something from way back as well. Just can't help it. Just kept walking. Just kept quiet. And to myself. And I cross my arms and each hand sort of rests underneath the other elbow and holds my side. Like I'm gripping myself. And my reflection just embarrasses myself. Just the effort to try and look. To try and give a look about myself. Was too hard. Slow walking was the key. And eventually I ended up at the State Bank dick. Our very own phallus. Of banking power. My spanking tower. And I notice all these Channel Ten wankers all posing out the front and being filmed for a dumb Channel Ten ad or something. There was George Donikian and Willsy and Baby-John Burgess and some other really excited and hyperactive news-readers who I can't remember. Just posing with big cheesy grins around the base of the power-tower. And they looked so happy and I just wanted to know why? And all the polyester floral dresses standing around with such cheesy grins watching. And the nosy pin-prick busy-ness men glancing over their shoulders weren't innocent. And there were a few dumb kids who were running around trying to get on film. All kids just wanna see themselves on TV. They just wanna be seen. and they look at Baby-John and Willsy and they sort of feel they are something special just because they get to be seen. On TV. I just felt dumb hanging around looking like a stupid bum with nothing to do. And plus I was sick of seeing all these turds doing a sick ad





But I was forced to just stand there for a bit longer. Because of the train tracks. I really dug the train tracks and the rail yards and trains for some reason. Maybe just because it sort of represented some weird connection to going away and a journey where you can't see the end because it's at the end of the tracks, and possibly a holiday. but not so much.



that they can interrupt my TV with. With all this stupid statetriotism. As if our city has anything to brag about. Oh, it almost slipped my mind. The Grand Prick. The greatest prix of them all. That would explain the girls all dressed down in their lycra marlie-packets showing heaps of appeal and revealing all about themselves and how much they like their state and all that. You know. Who needs me to tell them. But really. It's not that bad. Me and Willsy and Baby-John, and all of you, we're just one big family. We're all part of the big family, the S.A.D. family. The Family. Homosexual bashings and drowning. Child-buggery. Freezer burn. War crimes. Fucking crimes. Crimes about fucking. Misogynist judiciary. Judges of women. Berri and the Barossa in general. Death Valley '79. Barnesy. Alan Barnes. Alan Barnesy. The irony. Rob Kelvin. Must have been one of those news-readers who slipped my mind. And I'm just slopping around, maundering in and out of the streets just trying to get over that dumbest outburst I've had in ages. I mean, it was just an ad so I should just drop it. And drop in to a shop to check out some material things that can't hurt me like that did. Soft on the brain. But then again, even jeans aren't like they used to be. All saggy and limply loose fittingly baggy as all hell. It was too much. I needed to get away some where quiet. Because everyone was talking so loud, and they would never hear me. Me and my trendy-shuffle. So I got out of there. I bought a finger bun from Balfours the human rights specialists, and mingled in the onion slicer demonstration crowd and then got straight out there. I went down to the river. And I finally sat down and made myself a gaffer and did it. It was nice to get back to nature. Ducks with their little duckling trains waddling around behind them. And the poor little ugly thing which kept running and falling over. And he was so upset but none of his mates would wait for him, but he just battled. Just sort of trying to get seen for once and I respected him for it. And the sun was nice. It just touched my face in the way it only knew how. And I sat there for ages. Just lying on the grass. And I got my lighter and burnt out my name. The "t" was a bit retarded, but it was ok. Until the boring people came and made me sick. The little lonesome - lovesome who just kissed and had jean sex right there. Fuck em and the horses they rode in on. So I started gaffing right next to them. Just thought for once I'd show em. But I'm glad I mildly amused myself because they didn't give a damn. Just pretended not to notice or else they truly didn't notice. O, true love, thy beautiful thang. I pissed on them and left. And they killed me. As if. Too busy on the tight lovin' schedule. No time. so I wandered through Uni. And I sort of vaguely bumped into Chris. And he was in another world as well so it didn't matter as much. We sat down. We laughed some. And he asked me how my day was. And he was listening. but all I could manage was a mumbo jumbo of something like "It was OK." And we dropped it. And he went and someone else came but I just pretended not to see and walked home. And on the way I

couldn't help but think that I was just a little turd wandering around with all these dumb things on my mind. As if anyone gave a shit. And just then I remembered that Storm Boy was on TV tonight. And that just made things worse. No real reason. Just because. And everything looked drab now. The sun was gone and I was only half way. The wind sort of slowly started to hit me. And that pissed me. And all the traffic was just terrible. All the vans. Have you seen how many vans there are lately. Delivery is the new thing. I swear people are getting lazier. And before I knew it I was home. The dried apricots were too hard. The Anchovies were all gone. There was crap on the radio. My room smelt. I had lost my lighter. The dog was nowhere. I needed to go to the toilet. And Wheel of Fortune had just started. So I sat down with my legs up and just chilled out to that music. And the lights. And the action and suspense and all that was Hollywood within me. Adrianna was gorgeous. Baby-John was dressed by Peter Shearer, and one of my friends was on the show. Fancy that. Wheel of Fortune of all places. But he got beaten badly by a polyester nurse. Who guessed Brahma Lodge as a "Place". Beat me as well. And sometime in between Graham the spa-bath salesman winning a Stanley 22 piece screwdriver set, and Baby-John cracking a funny about those Channel Ten Executives, I fell asleep. And because no-one saw me and even bothered to wake me, I eventually passed away peacefully without even realising it.

Peter S Psaltis.



73 fun things to do in summer

OK. So you've finished your exams and you have three months of luxuriating ahead of you. The only problem is that you often tend to get bored in these three months. Sometimes, just sometimes, it gets to the stage where you want to go back to Uni. Bad move. All you need is a little imagination and you could be having the best time, well... since last summer. Unfortunately a little imagination often costs a lot of money, like going to the pub. However, you don't need oodles of money to have a rip snorter of a time. There are alternatives to going interstate to escape boredom. The little pleasures in life are often the best, or so the saying goes. I truly believe in this, I mean you could spend a hundred dollars stuffing yourself full of drugs and beer and go out to a club but still have a better time staying at home with friends sitting on the roof or playing under the sprinkler. Maybe my sense of fun is a wee bit imbecile, but believe me, I never get bored or broke enough to want to go back to Uni. So it goes. Follow this stupidly easy guide to cheap, if not free summer fun and remember, summer living should be easy.

- if you're inside, sit where your cat sits (it's really cool).
- or have a cold bath
- or a cold shower
- or sleep in, and when you do turn over the pillow to the cool side
- if your pillow gets too hot, take it out of the pillow case
- if your mattress

- gets too hot, turn that over
- or place a wet towel on it.
- sleep outside, and get sunburnt in the morning when you sleep in (better with a partner)
- bonk
- sit on your roof at night
- clean your house (not advisable)
- freeze grapes
- or make ice blocks out of bananananas
- cut your own hair and then regret it
- wear jandals (thongs) and sit on the Torrens, fishing for Carp
- hijack a paddle boat
- have a bar-be-que (see guide)
- play back yard cricket/ volley ball/ badminton
- play under the sprinkler, even better, get a wading pool
- even better, get to know someone with a proper pool and invite yourself around
- ride down the bike track to the beach, slowly (you can take off your stack hat and let it all hang out)
- slip, slop, slap
- swim
- enter the 107 days of summer SA•FM volley ball competition, then make a fool of yourself
- meander aimlessly around Magic Mountain and Jetty Rd., Glenelg
- smoke (not so cheap)
- sun tan yourself

- if you're a smoker say "sucked in to suntans, you'll all get bastard skin cancer"
- make homebrew (also not so cheap)
- grab a cheap cask and

- make cask wine cocktails
- study for supplementary exams
- ignore supplementary exams
- read books that you were given or bought and never got around to reading
- lounge on balconies watching the sun set
- watch freak thunder storms from a protected verandah (better with champagne)
- write letters to Santa Claus
- write letters to long-lost friends (see above)
- catch up with old school friends, even if you don't like them
- write Christmas lists
- write Christmas cards
- count down the days until Christmas with a paper chain thing
- if it's really hot and you're in the city, go to the Egyptian room in the museum
- or the art gallery, down stairs
- or the fountain outside the museum
- or the little park near Hindmarsh Square and read
- have a picnic in Botanic park or Botanic gardens
- play frisbee, then lose it in a tree
- climb trees
- go into the Magic Cave and have a ride on Nipper and/or Nimble
- go to the Christmas pageant and act like a six year old, fighting to get to the front
- go to Sky Show and get pissed and act like a bogan until some family tells you to shut up
- h a n g

- around the Fringe Festival
- visit the free concerts in Elder Park
- hang around outside concerts in Memorial Drive
- watch sport
- watch more sport
- get pleased with yourself for not being so stupid as to play it
- window shop
- go to the Donut King in the City Centre arcade at about 5pm and get half-price donuts
- return all of the empty soft drink bottles from around your house and buy chips and gravy
- develop a crush on someone
- then spend the next two weeks getting fit to impress them
- wander up and down Rundle st. with your latest girl/boy friend and
- gesticulate wildly, talk loudly and drink café latté
- get a Christmas casual job, then regret not being outside
- not get a Christmas casual job, then regret being broke
- play darts at a pub
- get creative and attempt to make your own crap jewellery
- cut your old pair of jeans into shorts
- or try to grow your own vegies at the wrong time of year
- walk around bare foot

Tracy Skehan



Party time, excellent...

No doubt in the summer months there will be a fair few parties happening. Parties vary tremendously in size, quantity (people and alcohol) and theme. By theme, I mean types of parties, from the generic bar-be-que to the dinner party to an absolute annoy-the-hell-out-of-the-neighbours-and-police parties. It's often difficult to know what to expect from a party, what to take and who will (or won't) be there. This is a common problem for both guests and hostesses/hosts. Don't fret, there's a few easy ways to escape potential social *faux pas*. Firstly, if it's by invite only (ie. you receive a personally addressed hand written invite), then it is probably advisable not to ask all of your housemates along. However, if you get a photocopied A5 sheet of crumpled up paper given to you in the bar, what the fuck, you probably won't know anyone there so it doesn't matter. A crucial point to remember, even if you think you won't know anyone, it's highly likely that you will. Remember, this is Adelaide.

The problem for getting ready for a party is that you often don't know what's expected of you. Preparation that is foolproof is next to near impossible and needs to be tackled in several categories:

Potentially Formal includes 21st birthdays, dinner parties etc. You will usually guess this by the invites. 21st parties are an excellent place for getting completely shitfaced, providing the birthday kid's parents supply the alcohol. For these parties, ask beforehand if you need to bring drinks and/or food to save the embarrassment of turning up under- or over-prepared. Use this chance to dress up, because drunk people always look better if they're a bit sophisticated. Not being an expert in this field (dressing up that is), I won't attempt to shove my dress sense down your throat. A dinner party is somewhat different, as you will be expected to bring something to drink, a feisty Shiraz always seems to keep conversation going until the early hours of the morning. If you are not expected to bring food, maybe some yummy chocolate or something. **Preparation:** Rarely try to organise these parties unless you have loads of money. These are the kind of events that you get invited to, yet you never seem to hold. That is unless your parents offer to fund it. An alternative is having a dinner party, a progressive dinner or a "How to Host a Murder". If you decide to do the food yourself, get your invited friends to bring the vino. Eight is a nice round number, but avoid the fateful three couples and two leftovers, it can only lead to trauma, anger and heart-break. Where this may be a sweeping generalisation, it is advisable to think about the compatibility of the people you're inviting. The big mistake of cooking only meat dishes should be dodged at all costs.

Semi-Organised are parties that have been organised a couple weeks before-

hand and sound like they'll be a bit subdued. Bar-be-ques also fall into this category, so look at the bar-be-que article in this edition for a comprehensive guide. Usually a gathering of friends for a video/beer/whatever night, they can be a lot of fun if they don't die out too early. People are generally pretty casually dressed and mannered. It's the kind of party you don't mind embarrassing yourself at too much as it's "all between friends". You will probably hear about how you ran around dacking people for the next fortnight though. Bring your own drink, snacks if you want them and a camera.

Preparation: These parties are usually organised in a drunken state of spontaneity at the pub with friends. There's normally little or no reason for invites, the people you invite are usually friends you see during the week. Make sure you do not miss out on anyone as they're likely to get offended. Little preparation is needed, clearing out the lounge room and making it homely and comfy is recommended. Sometimes crap balloons and streamers add an unexpected jovial atmosphere. Plenty of fridge space and lots of ashtrays. A stereo with some groovy CD's and a video with some funky vids is also highly recommended. Basically see what the kids want and give it to them in a big way. Slumber parties rule, OK?

Chaos is a kind of party where over 100 photocopied invites are distributed freely between favourite pubs, sitting spots at Uni. and wherever else someone might know someone else. These parties are the kind where the host/hostesses lock up the main part of their house and pray that the police won't come bursting into their bathroom whilst a partygoer is snorting a line of speed. This is the kind of party where you have to bring your own drink (preferably cask wine, as people will quaff it down in gay abandon), cups (plastic) and food (usually dope cake). Sometimes there's a theme like bad taste or outerspace (for those who had just too many drugs) and it's a case of working out how many people are sticking to it. If there's heaps, it's better to scrape the

bottom of your wardrobe to find something completely ridiculous. If there's not heaps of people dressing up, dress up, but take spare clothes. Live bands are popular at these events, the back garden can become a mini Big Day Out with any musicians, skilled or not, having a jam. These are the parties that get talked about for a fair while, thus are a pity to miss.

Preparation: if you are suicidal enough to hold one of these parties, there are many precautions to be taken. Firstly, make sure the date doesn't clash with any other parties or good gigs. Once

you've confirmed the date, you should have at least one month in advance to organise, try and secure a band that you know of. Bonus points if you know someone in one as you can often get them to play for free, that is if you can convince them that your party will be huge. They won't need a PA, they can just play through their amps. With these two factors decided, get an arty person to design a groovy invite. Clearly state BYO and any live bands playing. This is the fun time; take about 40 of these

invites with you wherever you go, throwing them out without thinking rationally. Make sure you've always got spares. Remember, everyone's invited. If a friend says there's something else on, shock, horror, well your party's going to be a fuck load better. Convince them of this and they'll believe it, telling their friends. Ring up anyone you don't see within the first fortnight. If you've decided on a theme, tell absolutely everyone (even if you've got it on the invite). Once you've got yourself a guaranteed crowd, keep on reminding them.

Here's where the hard work begins, if you start seeing signs of it being really big (once I found a couple invites floating around in the pub I work in the clutches of some grubby stranger), plan to lock half of the house. The bedrooms are especially important. Anything breakable gets hidden, except the phone. One thing to realise is that the phone bill may be astronomical the next month, or hopefully, as people ring cabs. Don't hide the phone, as really, you don't want to be responsible for some pissed bastard killing themselves in an accident on the way home from your house. When you go shopping, don't

buy food, it will simply get eaten. As much as you trust your friends, they get pissed and well.. they have friends that you don't know. Instead, buy items like lots of spare toilet paper and garbage bags. Even someone with loads of money can't provide enough food for 100 party goers. Ashtrays are unnecessary as you'll be picking cigarette butts out of the garden and carpet for the next month (ie. everyone will ignore them). On the day, pray for good weather and clear out any non-bedrooms. The more the better. Minimilise furniture to old lounge and kitchen chairs that aren't readily breakable. The kitchen is a difficult one. Put any old glasses, like mugs from the UniBar, out on bench space. If you've got old jars, put them out, people get desperate. If you can lock your cupboards, do it. Clear the gardens as well. You might like to place some conspicuous garbage bins around the place, which probably will not get used, but what the hell, it can't hurt. Get the band to arrive late afternoon and set up.

You should be basically set up by 7ish, assuming your party starts at the generic 8pm. Sit around for a couple hours and drink your well stashed drinks (it would be hell for you to run out of alcohol!) and wait. Once it's happening, it's a good idea to keep your eye on the stereo, if you're brave enough to leave one out, as no doubt the house will be full of strangers that you don't know and don't care about.

Don't worry about the mess in the morning, you'll be known as someone who's stupid enough to volunteer to have strangers trash your house. If you convince people to stay the night utilise their ability in picking up empties to the highest degree. An advantage about lots of drinking happening is that you can return the beer bottles for cash to pay for the door someone kicked off.

The above three examples obviously do not encompass every conceivable party. A party is essentially a gathering of people. There does not need to be alcohol, illicit drugs or very noisy music to turn a gathering into a party. However, it does help. The fundamental element is that party goers have something in common; be it drunkenness, an interest in a football game or a basic desire to stuff themselves stupid with gourmet food. Therefore, the conventional (and indeed I have been remaining within these boundaries) party may be less fun for everyone, as compared to a quiet sit down kind of lounging around thing. It seems that at many larger and chaotic parties, people seem to pretend to have fun. Well, sometimes anyway. As long as the party goers have a reason to be there, it can be considered an official 'party'. So relax, enjoy yourself and don't think about the mess in the morning.

Tracy Skehan



sexuality

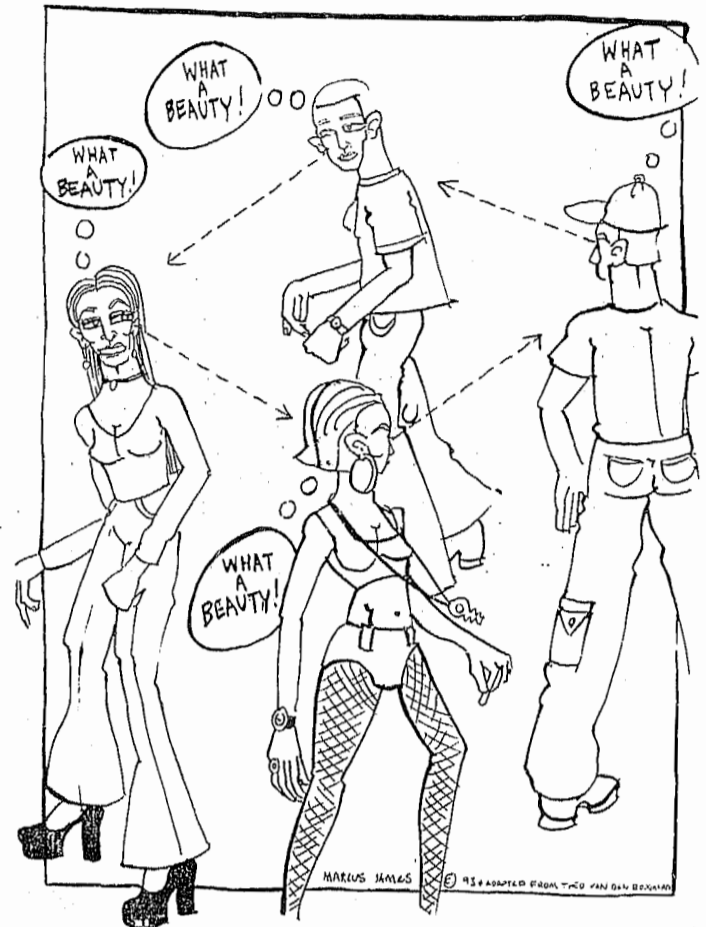
When you think about sexuality, think of it as your sexual character - the way you express love and affection.

Throughout the centuries, and across all cultures, there have been many different ways to express love and desire. It is no different today, though we try to pin it down and categorise people with words such as lesbian, gender fluid, bisexual, straight and gay.

As with any human desire, sexuality can be put to good or bad ends - in itself it is not evil. Understanding what it means to ourselves as individuals can lead to a more balanced and interesting life.

Sexuality is not just about how we have sex and with whom. Its relevance is to be found in how it affects the way we relate to people, how we perceive the world and our place in it.

As with other positive aspects of human expression, sexuality is something to explore throughout life, to celebrate.



On Dit 1994

We are looking for writers, artists, cartoonists, photographers and anyone else who is interested in getting involved in next year's fabulous paper.

Come and see us over the holidays.

We will welcome you with open arms.

We will be moving to our new office downstairs in the George Murray Building (north-east corner of the cloisters, near the SAUA office, where the men's toilets are) sometime over the holidays.

New York, New York

NY is full of fantastic bars and clubs which Adelaide can only hope to aspire to! Here's a brief summary of the best NY has to offer:

Crane Club, Columbus Ave. and West 79th Street

Full of the upper middle class Manhattanites. This happening abode is the favourite of a friend of mine - it's one of the best places to mingle with those who have and hence can afford to buy. The music is a mixed variety stemming from remixed 70's and 80's alongside the very latest in Techno and High Funk, from a truly groovy version of ABBA's "Dancing Queen" to a technodynamic reworking of Phantom of the Opera - which has to be heard to be believed.

Admission: \$10 Average Drink: \$4 + tip Partytime: 11pm onwards, Fridays a fave.

China Club, Amsterdam Ave. and West 74th Street

Just down from Crane Club, this happening little nightclub caters to the likes of Cher and reeks of Sheer Grunge! Very heavy get down and get dirty crowd partying away to the best of good ole American rock and roll. It can be quite fun but a definite "you'll never go home alone" kind of place. The crowd is mixed and lacks variety. The problem with a room full of torn clothes and fashions dug out from a dumpster is that it looks exactly like that!

Admission: \$10 Average Drink: \$5 Partytime: Midnight til late, Wed and Fri. for full effect!

Coffee Shop, Union Square and West 16th Street

One of my personal faves. Definitely a place to see and be seen. It reminds me of the Cargo Club done right, the difference here is that the patrons are all beautiful people and don't just think it! This is a restaurant/cafe that is also a bar. There is no cover though there is a huge wait on Saturday nights. The music switches from groovy 90's back to the 60's and more often than not a band plays. It's usually Jazz/Blues/Motown or Reggae.

Definitely a place to go celeb hunting, also attracting lots of young Europeans and a gay friendly crowd.

No cover Average drink: \$5 Average Dinner: \$25pp + tip Partytime: Anytime, Sat the biggest.

Save the Robots, Alphabet City, Downtown Manhattan

A place for the diehard clubber, entry only with a known face! Servicing the "In Crowd" from celebs to Wall Street types. The only drink served is Vodka, you don't even ask for anything else. Nose candy is all around and if you're not already gone then you soon will be. Somewhere you never venture alone. Music is happening and almost anything goes. A favourite retreat of Bruce Willis - much to Demi's disapproval.

Admission: \$25 Average Drink: \$5 Partytime: 3am onward.

Club USA, Broadway and West 47th, Times Square

The club to end all clubs. A refurbished Theatre giving multi-level party floors to late night groovers, linked by a covered slide from the mezzanine to the dance floor, talk about the ride of a lifetime. The atmosphere is that of anything goes and it does! Full of interesting people of all walks of life. The theatrical feel lets everyone let go and unwind to the Max! Words cannot do this Mecca of clubs any justice. Alternately, if you were to go in straight then it could also prove to be your worst nightmare! There is always a line up usually monitored by the police. An aggressive "this is my city and I'll do as I want" attitude has always got me through! Frequenting by celebs including Madonna, Jean Claude Van Damme and Naomi Campbell in only the last few weeks.

Admission: \$20 Minimum drink: \$5 Coke or Vodka Partytime: 11pm on, Thurs a fave.

Tom Orlovic

A Change Is As Good As A Swot Vac

Or is it? A Survivor Tells



To the discerning student, Swot Vac is the most wonderful time of the year. A time evenly balanced between the tedium of lectures and the duress of exams, and yet with the responsibility of neither. It is a time for revelry and good cheer. A time for rest and relaxation. A time, above all, for procrastination.

It is hard to avoid, in the days leading up to that festive week, a mounting sense of euphoria. As the assignments, projects, and essays are one by one written, faked or copied off, and for the first time all year there are no new ones springing back to take their places like noxious weeds, the feeling of release from a long sentence begins to grow.

Practicals cease to exist, reuniting the student with parts of Tuesday and Thursday that had been thought lost forever. Lectures become almost pleasant. Fifty frantic minutes attempting to construct a train of logical thought from an obscure and apparently pointless monologue give way to a series of chatty and altogether friendlier sessions where little work is done and lecturers tend to summarise the course material in a reassuringly oversimplistic way.

A faint scent of holidays, growing stronger each day, begins to stir an unavoidable feeling of impending leisure within the breast of every student. Half-remembered visions of summer start to float across serious and more pressing thoughts in a delightfully unexpected manner, bringing with them pleasant memories of beaches, parties, hot weather and above all, months of blissful laziness in which a mind crammed with knowledge may be allowed to sag and slowly reassert itself to a state of natural ignorance.

The first few days of Swot Vac may be given over quite justifiably to catching up on two essential commodities usually in short supply during the previous weeks - sleep and television. The forward thinking who programmed their video with frivolity and reckless, devil-may-care abandon during the times when assignments held a rare position of priority over TV watching may now reap the fruits of their toil and are guaranteed a televisual feast of exceptional entertainment.

As it happens, this is unnecessary. It is a well-documented phenomenon that Swot Vac is always one of the most exciting weeks of television in living memory. The screen vividly bursts with quality new shows, returns of favourite old series

and blockbuster first release movies. The stations seductively lure the weak and morally spineless, tempting the wavering student with a lush assortment of delectable morsels each day. Not that it matters. The TV set would continue to hold its place dear to a student's heart regardless of content. One of the greatest joys of Swot Vac is being able to let the mind succumb to that most simple of all pleasures, the brain-deadening torpor of a really mundane TV show.

It suddenly becomes obvious, with unexpected clarity, that the daytime soap operas are classy stuff. How you could ever not have noticed such high quality drama hidden away during the day before becomes an insoluble mystery. Santa Barbara becomes compelling viewing. The Bold and the Beautiful becomes heart wrenchingly real. The problem of the

"It suddenly becomes obvious, with unexpected clarity, that the daytime soap operas are classy stuff. How you could ever not have noticed such high quality drama hidden away during the day before becomes an insoluble mystery."

characters in The Young and the Restless become your problems; their joys and misfortunes, their erratic mood swings take on a significance far outweighing those of your own life. You find yourself idly wondering if Jack will ever forgive Paul, if Macie and Thorn will get back together and what the dark secret of that guy with the eye-patch could possibly be. Programme you wouldn't have touched with the pointed end of a TV Plus in your unenlightened days are now essential viewing. The Channel 7 movie, plucked fresh from the "Agonisingly Prolonged 1970's Drama or Love Story - Warning: Contains Flares" section of the archives is an undiscovered all-time classic, worthy of high critical acclaim and prime-time scheduling. The ABC's Kids' programmes are documentary masterpieces, and Behind the News is so helpful and informative that you begin to feel uni classes should instigate it as compulsory weekly viewing as well.

The real decider, however, is the point about half-way through the first week when the SBS test pattern becomes interesting. The programme suddenly inherits a deceptive complexity, easily overlooked by most viewers, that belies its simple appearance. Mental games of "Guess the SBS Broadcasting Frequency in Wagga-Wagga" and "Can You Read Both Lines of Text Simultaneously" provide hour upon

hour of harmless entertainment and every now and then the plot takes an unexpected twist when one of the lines changes or disappears entirely.

This nadir of coherent thought and mental activity is the turning point. Some last remaining scrap of pride, a remote inkling of reason finally makes the desperate, uphill struggle to consciousness and erupts, causing the remote control to be flung from the hand in horror. What am I doing? What was I thinking? It's already Thursday and exams start on Monday. This has got to stop. And I mean it this time. An end to this continual deferment. The time has really come for some serious study.

But getting started is quite a problem. Even casual strolls past the study area for completely unrelated purposes may induce a slight sweat as a flicker of long-

hidden unpleasant memories shifts uncomfortably in the depths. Any attempt to think seriously about getting on with a bit of study may cause a sudden, rising tide of panic and the need to take a prolonged cold shower or a bit of a lie down for several hours.

The secret is to gently ease the luxury-softened intellect, that only one week before was able to spew forth a thirty page report in the space of an afternoon, back to the stage where it can write a half-page note summary in under two hours without feeling the strain of relentless overwork. The first things to make are lists. Lots of lists. Unnecessary lists. Lists of lists. Lists that refer to other lists and lead joyfully to a sublimely organised world of lists. The first list is a neat copy of the exam timetable, carefully translated from a rather indistinct smudge on the left forearm into a masterpiece of graphic design, with any number of flourishes, pictorial decorations and extravagant text styles adorning it in a truly artistic fashion.

The next list is a schedule of the remaining study days divided into equal segments, each of which is allocated a subject. The programme is strict and rigidly inflexible. The lunch and dinner breaks have been whittled down to a half hour only, with one essential break at 4 o'clock for Parker Lewis Can't Lose. The

work begins at 7.00 a.m. and ends at 9.00 p.m. A day of sustained, solid, productive study. Every day. Starting tomorrow.

But despite having the backing of more good intentions than a student politician at election time, the schedule is doomed to failure. Walking at 11.30 the next day with time payments already owing on four subjects, the rising tide of depression at a sad lack of resolve is countered by reading the paper, meticulously tidying the desk or watching Sally Jessy. At 4.00 p.m. when the study begins for real, the agenda is scrapped in favour of a simpler and uncharacteristically sensible plan of attack: start with the subject you least understand first.

After an hour of staring at a blank, seven-hole sheet of white paper with 34 lateral blue lines at 8mm intervals from decreasingly distant perspective's, it becomes apparent that a subject that was difficult to understand in the company of textbooks, tutors and well-meaning friends is nigh impossible when confronted alone. It can be seen that the plan is fine with one small modification: the subjects to be studied first should really be the easiest ones, to start the studying machine off in first gear and to bolster a self-confidence that has begun to wither pitifully in shame.

It is by this painful process of agony, denial and self-deception that the ardent Swot Vac'er arrives at the morning of the first exam: unwashed, unbrushed and unshaven for the better part of a week; with a comprehensive thesis-standard knowledge of all the subjects he already understood, a guilt complex from the previous day's Oprah and an illegible page of desperate scribbling from 12 o'clock last night when it finally came home for the first time that studying the subject there was an exam on that day couldn't really be put off any longer.

Here the manic screaming, the panic and the bitter recriminations begin. Reasons for not starting studying earlier suddenly look a lot thinner than they did a week ago, and the rationale behind watching Ray Martin at Midday daily can't even be remembered, let alone justified.

Resolutions are made. Resolutions about paying attention in lectures next year, about writing up notes properly and about studying during the holidays. Resolutions, thankfully, that will never be honoured beyond the last day of exams.

Lagoon

A Second Rate Citizen?

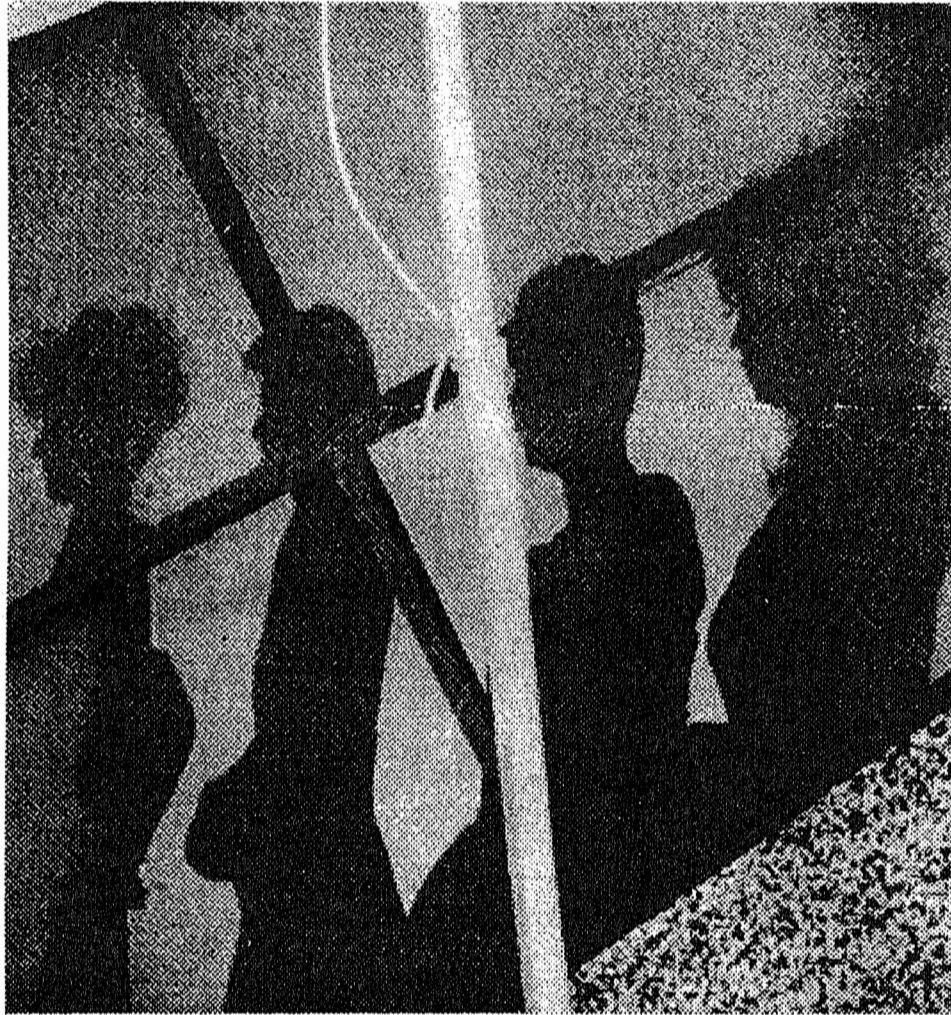
Another Side of Prostitution

I am a student at Adelaide Uni and have been a sex worker and I have a few things that I would like to bring up with Ms E, the woman who was interviewed for this year's edition of *Elle Dit* regarding her experiences as a sex worker.

My experience as a sex worker was quite different to yours and I accept that we obviously have quite different attitudes towards prostitution. However, I feel it is very important for people to be exposed to the other side of the coin and hear the story of someone who has given up prostitution for very distinct reasons.

Firstly, you claim that you are exploiting your body in "a context that is safe". From my experience, sex work is *not* a safe profession. I don't know whether you work for an escort agency or not but I did and my only form of security was my driver who would (sometimes) wait for me outside the hotel or house that I was in. If my job was an hour, he would more often than not be called to pick up another woman from another job and that would mean that he wasn't always outside. The security precautions that I would take at each job were to ring the agency as soon as I got in to let them know that I had the money in my hand and that I felt safe (more importantly that I had the money in my hand). They would then page my driver to let him know that everything was O.K. if he did not receive a message, his job was to come and knock at the door and if no answer was forthcoming he would bash it down or try and get in any way he could. For a start, it's not likely that my attacker is going to let me go for a few minutes so that I can use the phone. Secondly, the space of time it would take for the agency to realise something was up and then send a message to my driver would be ample time for an attacker to pretty much clean me up if he wanted to and escape out a back window or door. Not that his escape would really mean anything legally, as the police don't give a fuck about assaults to sex workers. Police protection is not something any normal citizen would really want to rely on (you only have to look at cases of domestic violence where the police get involved to see that: their complacency and lack of compassion is unbelievable). . . but when you are a sex worker, you are considered a second rate citizen and not worthy of police protection. You are a "bad girl" and you probably deserve it anyway. Sex work is not a safe profession. I can remember many times when I had to stand waiting in dark alleys or streets in suburbs that I didn't even know existed, let alone be able to negotiate my way through if I had to. Fucking scary I can tell you. I carried a knife with me at all times but I certainly would not have felt confident if I had to use it and I always had to have my wits about me, always in control of the situation, always making quick decisions, never

trusting. . . 'why does this man have the lights turned out? . . . why didn't he want me to turn the light back on? . . . what are those marks on his body? . . . look closer. . . they look like scabs. . . should I believe him when he tells me that they are a natural skin disorder and that they are not contagious? . . . will the agency get mad at me if I cancel this job? . . . is it worth it? . . . of course not.'



Learning to trust one's gut reaction is always an excellent talent to have but I don't think that is the best way to learn it.

Secondly, you also claim that you have not met any sex workers who were victims of the patriarchal order. Either you're working privately from your own home and did not meet any other sex workers or we're going to have to agree to disagree on that point too. All of the sex workers I met during my time at the agency had chosen the job because they *needed* the money and because they were not able to obtain it from another source. . . a job. Many were unable to find employment because they were not able to complete their tertiary, sometimes secondary education due to factors other than class that I would suggest are gendered factors such as child rearing responsibilities designated to them by societal sex role designation and lack of education opportunities for women. Call me a liar, but I can see the patriarchal order starting to creep its way in here. Some were single mothers who had children to provide for, some had unemployed husbands to support. I was a student with rent and bills to pay and, unlike Ms E, wasn't able to score myself a waiting job. If I had a choice between the two as you did, I know

which one I would have chosen and it wouldn't be sex work. I do agree that waiting and sales are a subtle selling of one's sexuality, but I'd far rather batter my eyelids and say "That'll be \$29.95 thank you sir" than say "Lie down there on your back and let me sit on your cock and give you loads of pleasure" . . . *read* "Just sit there, don't move, don't touch me, and let me do it my

way so I can have the least amount of physical contact with you as is humanly possible, get my money and get the fuck out of here." Hey, I don't know. . . you be the judge. I didn't choose the job because the nature of it appealed to me. . . I chose it because the money and independency appealed to me and I needed money and to be able to work the hours of my choice.

Finally, you said that sex work is not an arena in which "you are playing out stereotyped ideas of female or male sexuality" because many men go to sex workers to fulfil fantasies of passiveness and submission. But when you boil it down, they are the still the ones with the power as you are playing out *their fantasy* for them. They have the initial money to pay of the service (the bargaining power), they buy your sex and you do what they want. . . fuck them. Even if you dictate what position you have the sex in and the conditions of the contract, it's still only a verbal contract and an illegal one at that. He's not legally obliged to observe your requests. So many times I found myself compromising my initial contract in order to make the job run more smoothly or be hassle free. How can you even claim that when you feel in control of the situation that you are

doing what you really want to do anyway. Having sex with ten strangers a day is not really my idea of an empowering experience. . . and that's what it is in the end: fucking and sucking off ten strangers. You said yourself that the job is not about getting pleasure, it's about "understanding what his (fantasies) are" and fulfilling them. I see that as being a total perpetuation of stereotyped male and female sex roles.

I am no longer a sex worker because I could not keep up the facade. I could not keep lying to my friends and family who were becoming very suspicious of my evening activities. The money was great. . . but at what cost? I was constantly having to compromise my boundaries and personal rules, especially for my regulars. Like any job, regulars keep your business going and one must go out of one's way to keep the customers just happy enough so that they'll return. You encounter arseholes who stay at the Hyatt and keep you waiting to use the phone while they complete drug deals over the phone, only to have them send you back and order another woman when they decide that you aren't slim enough for their fancy tonight. They have the money and the power and you usually find that you're giving a large percentage of your *hard* earned money to an arsehole very much like the one who just kicked you out of their hotel room. The job is very demanding, both physically and mentally and it's really shitty to have to get to Uni for a 10.00 a.m. lecture every morning when you are physically exhausted and have only had 4 hours sleep. You have no social life. . . well. . . certainly not one in the evenings anyway and a relationship is definitely out of the question. So, you pay your bills, but, as I said before, at what cost?

But most importantly, I found that I could no longer call myself a feminist. About the only thing *my* feminism has in common with a sex worker is that we both get labelled "bad girls" in one way or another. But I'd rather be a bad girl doing something that I feel promotes a more positive existence for women. It was really easy to rationalise sex work when I made the decision to enter the profession. I read all the literature and rationalised it beautifully, but it was not until I started working that I realised that no matter how much you dictate the terms of your contract and feel in control of the situation, as a feminist, you are doing nothing to counteract the oppression women are suffering in every area of their lives. I am not condemning prostitution as an evil thing and I am very anxious to see workers obtain their rights and improve their situation.

But for me, I always come back in my mind to the skeleton of sex work: *women are available to be bought by men for sex* and me being a sex worker is doing nothing to combat this appalling fact. . . I am merely reinforcing its existence. My true realisation of that came just before I quit my job. And now I'm broke again, but at least I know I'm not alone. A problem shared is a problem halved and all that crap.

Anon.

A pizza of me and a pizza of you

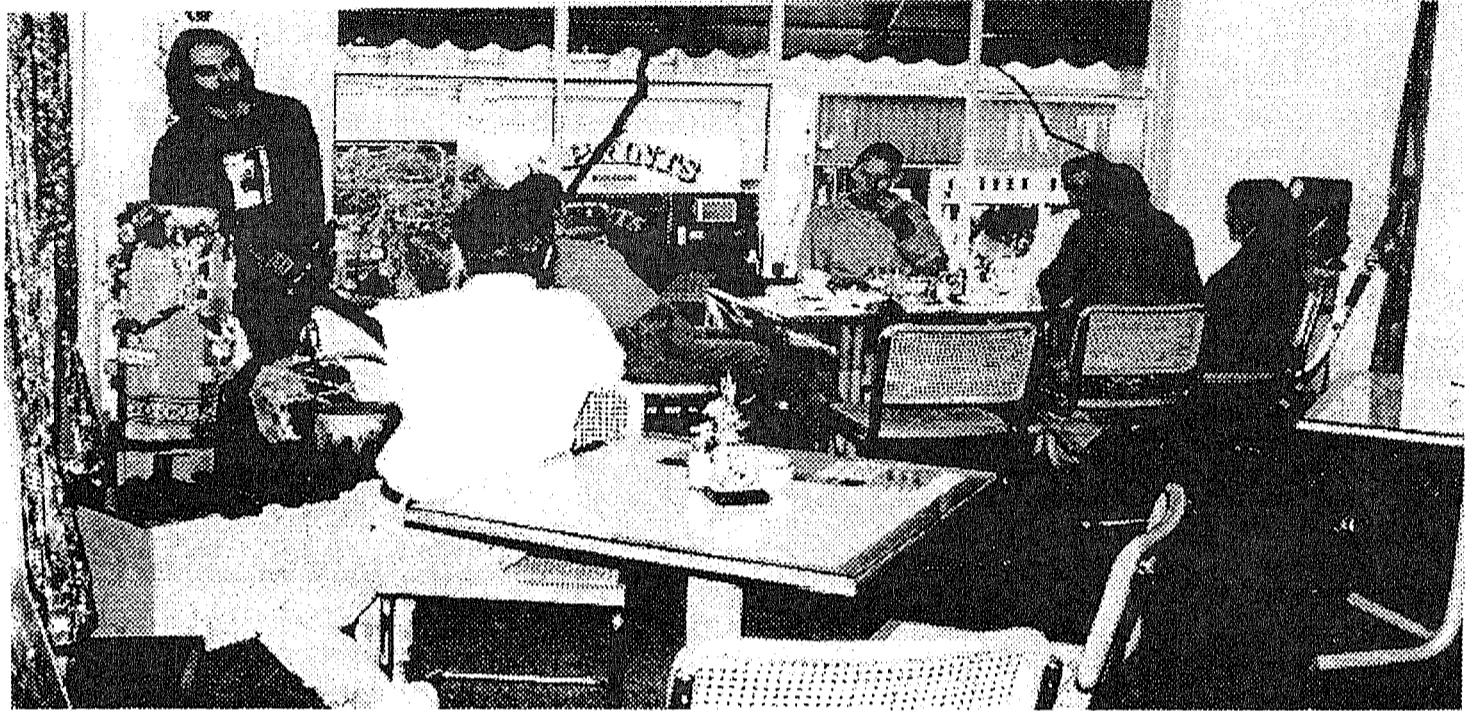
Summer is the time for staying outdoors, partying, sunbathing and generally having a good time. As we all know, in some cases a little too well, staying up late entails imbibing a few, puffing a few billys, ingesting some overpriced card and feeling a little peckish.

Most people when struck by the bite of the munchie monster will generally have also been struck by the 3-4 hour lazy bug. Reaching for the telephone has become a pastime, a lifestyle and an incredibly expensive habit. This habit though, has become an increasingly acceptable method of quelling the pangs.

Most people will not think about how the food is prepared as long as footprints don't appear across the anchovies.

As the proliferation of fast food outlets continues and the amount of chains grow, more and more people are finding their employment niche. As a rule, fast food chains prey on the young and the would be young to sell their food to as well as to provide their workers. Working on the badger theory; that of every family has their takeout night and the kids badger the parents until they cave in, and on convenience, fast food outlets supposedly put the fun back into dining, take the work out and put the taste in. Most folk know that this is not true. Kids love the taste of fast food. It must be the specially designed drugs that the food scientists add to all the mixes, the ginger bread men and the drinks to keep them coming back. They put the convenience in as well as other dodgily prepared things whilst their idea of fun is charging \$2 for a painted flimsy plastic cup with the latest fad on it. I'm personally waiting on the IXL NBA Jam all Converse with enormous tongues jam or the Modra deal from Hungry Jacks. You get to take a boomer over the manager's back, get it recorded for posterity plus a scientifically developed Whopper (guaranteed to keep you leaping all day), regular fries and a small Crows Milk for only \$6.95. Now that's what I call value.

Whether the merchandising teams, that in some chain cases probably rivals the number of actual counter assistants, have retained some shred of dignity and not sold their souls to the buck is debatable. You can argue that they are supporting Sport eg. Hungry Jacks supporting junior football, or the Arts but this, to me, seems to be another way of hooking the kids on their products. For example, Hungry Jacks will



A group of people not hitting the Hut tonight

give out 2 for 1 Whopper vouchers for achievements but is this teaching the kidders a good example? Do well, therefore eat more. No wonder the Australian population is beginning to look generically hefty. Jack Lord knows I am.

The upside to this explosion is that they are doing the kids a favour by paying them various amounts of small change to get them off the streets for up to 20 hours a week under 17, 15 hours under 18 and 60-90 minutes for the kinds that are over 18. This gets the lucky folk out of the unfortunate 40% and into the money; albeit sort of only slightly, thus improving their spending power and helping Australia to leisure it's way out of this bastard recession.

extraneous verbosity when the kidders know exactly what the job entails? Is it just a font to their conscience?

Why don't they just be honest about the job, the food and their quality of service? The chains, granted, do keep the advertising industry agog with orders, new product endorsements and orders for the latest sports hero to say "our product is so tasty it's a wonder that you can live without it!" This then keeps the tie industry afloat and thus Australia and Italy afloat. Working in the fast food industry lends itself to a new outlook on life. I had the (un) fortunate experience to be a pizza making machine for Pizza Hut. Apparently my job description went along the lines of food preparation, hygiene control and all

control thus falls by the wayside as you reach the stage where near enough is good enough. So what if there is only 3 slices of pepperoni instead of four, no-one will notice, least of all the customer. Hygiene quickly follows with the washing of hands after every separate task taking an early shower, the mixing of vegetables follows separating 18 kilos of beef cubes and the coughing takes place inside over the tables instead of outside over yourself. The main aim of the exercise is money but pride forces the willingness to churn out a pizza you would eat to follow. Then you find yourself faced by the thought of eating something that you had prepared and find yourself saying, "It's OK, I ate before work." or "No thanks, I think I'll have a Yiros/ Dagwood Dog/ Baked Spud etc." even though the workplace conditions might be just as primitive as those you just emerged from. Pride takes a fall and money is the only objective left. This is easily discernible by the willingness to ignore the shite and do extra shifts.

Starting off with the indoctrination period that all trainees go through was an eye opener. Usually this period lasts two days and what a treat this must be. Ours lasted one hour which was more than enough to become completely dotty in. Obviously a thick skin is called for. It started off with several of the ubiquitous training videos that seem to be pervading all levels of society. Soon a training video on how to be model Uni student will come out, probably using the waning John Cleese as the "bad" Uni student and Petula Clark as the "good" one. One that immediately made me go gaga was the one correlating the fall of the Berlin Wall to serving the "CUSTOMER" at Pizza Hut. "You too can be part of the Revolution at Pizza Hut. Remember the

Soon a training video on how to be model Uni student will come out, probably using the waning John Cleese as the "bad" Uni student and Petula Clark as the "good" one

The downside is definitely the job descriptions that go along with the work. Comestible preparation and development means that you get to put the pickles on the burgers and double the amount if folk want extra pickles. Sanitary control overseer means that you get to crouch in grotty corners, that only youth can reach, using your fingernails to scrape off the built-on grime. Why do the chains continue to think that they can fool people by using

round cheese menial. Fair enough, we were employed for the duration of the Royal Adelaide Show which could be considered to be different than the usual run of the mill Huttee, but the basics were the same. Mass food production leads to a change in attitude regarding food. Food changes from the stuff of life to another task that you want to get out of the way as quickly as possible while watching the clock drag itself around the block yet again. Quality

Where's Harold?

A tale full of sound and fury

five points for good service":

1- Acknowledge the customer courteously.

Read simper at them as you would a bad debt collector.

2- Seat them quickly yet politely and tend to their every whim.

Read sit them somewhere in a corner where it is possible for the waiters/waitresses to collectively ignore them.

3- Take their order and offer other suggestions as fit.

Read get their orders, muddle them slightly and offer products that do not usually get sold because they are too expensive, tasteless and nouveau cuisine.

4- Be brisk, efficient yet not overbearing in delivering their orders.

Read serve the "CUSTOMER" as quickly as possible so the next lot can get in.

5- Thank the customer and make them feel that they are special.

Read simper again and don't forget that extra bit of enthusiastic grovelling.

Fair enough, service quality is important as nobody likes to feel unwanted and a burden, but making a 20 minute video on commonsense is, frankly, a little tedious.

Why don't they make a video on how to go to the toi-toi as well? Service quality depends on personal interaction between the waiter/waitress and the customer, not on some enforced behaviour that allows no room for interaction and no inference of

personality. No wonder there are queues at the drive throughs with almost no custom in the dine-in. The final solution would be to replace the "overpaid" innocents with automatons. Save the firm money as well as get rid of those pesky kids.

By equating the fall of a social structure and way of life to serving customers is ludicrous and faintly foolish especially when the fall was meant to be increasing individualism and the training video aims to teach a generic way of thinking and acting.

The funniest videos were the ones on how to make a guaranteed, dyed in the wool, honest to goodness Pizza Hut pizza. The ingredients are particular to Pizza Hut only, with the Pizza Sauce Spice Blend Mix coming with a warning on the packet that the contents can be divulged only with permission from Pizza Hut. Funnily enough, the Spice Blend is a large packet of Mixed Herbs. I'll walk you through it as they did me. This is the recipe for Lunchtime Supreme Pan Pizza (LPP).

1- Make your dough. We were lucky in having pre-made bases that took approximately 6 months to develop. The dough apparently is easy to make with specific proportions to be added via special Pizza Hut measuring cups.

2- Make the sauce. For large amounts of pizzas use 3 kilos of tomato paste, 3 litres of water and approx. 500 grams of mixed herbs. Mix until a saucy paste is developed. For smaller amounts use the ratios as above.

2a- Oil the bottom of the tray with 6 mls of oil. Spin the dough around until bottom is oiled.

3- Proof the dough. This means let it rise to

M- Meats- not applicable for LPPs

The irony is that the vegetable mix for LPPs contain the scary round beef cubes. These beef cubes contain TVP (Textured Vegetable Protein), Ground Beef, Water, Salt and *Spices*. Personally, I feel that they contain no beef.

8- Top with 15 gms pizza cheese, spread mixture evenly and cook until done.

9- Eat.

To keep the recipes flowing here is the LPHawaiian Pizza

Steps 1-6 as above.

7- 60 grams of ham and pineapple mixture

8- Top with 15 gms cheese. Cook.



Adam selects the vegetable mix of the day

until approx 10 cm high. This should be done in a small size Alfoil tray

4- With a round thing, push a centre into the dough so that a lip around the edges of the dough develops.

5- Using a 30 ml spoon, sauce the dough

Would you like a drink, garlic bread, gingerbread man, all you can eat limp salad bar, sundae or banal conversation with that."

working from the centre out.

6- Then spread 15 grams of grated pizza cheese onto the sauce.

7- Using the PVM method, whack the edibles onto the saucy, cheese base.

P- Pepperoni (4 slices) first then

V- Vegetable Mix (30 gms) and last but not least

9- Eat.

Once the basics are known, the variations are endless and, more importantly, it won't cost you \$3.95.

The video on how to deliver the pizza to the customer was also a tad dreary. "Here is your Large Supreme with extra anchovies, minus pickles plus triple pineapple. I hope it meets your satisfaction and if it doesn't return the unused portion for your money back. Would you like a drink, garlic bread, gingerbread man, all you can eat limp salad bar, sundae or banal conversation with that." I mean, surely the customer knows what they want and how many people have bought extras after the waiter/waitress has spent 2-3 minutes extolling the virtue of something you know has no intrinsic value or taste at all. The actual physical process of making pizzas was machine and production line stuff with separate people having separate tasks. I personally was the cheese master and lugger of boxes.

Happy happy, joy joy. Efficiency was the taskmaster, with approx 3500 pizzas being churned out per day whilst the dulcet sounds of SSSSSA-FM provided the background tunes. Repetition on top of repetition. Numbness breeding numbness. The pizzas were made in a shed, read warehouse, with the health inspectors a trifle dubious about the hygiene value of this outpost of frenzied food fun.

The fast food industry does seem to rely on interchangeability of products and chains with very little difference between The Hut and The Haven for example. They all tend to blur into the same many headed hydra.

The things that you have to say and do are really quite unbelievable such as picking up all the cigarette butts in the carpark, not because it does anything to keep the customers coming back but so the managers can feel in control and, well umm, just do it.

Wearing a uniform that is not utilitarian is also rather ridiculous. You know, wearing slacks whilst working outside the public eye is silly especially when you are on your hands and knees crushing frozen cheese or licking the rubber mats clean. Complementation based around the colour red is a travesty for any uniform especially if the aforesaid uniform is made from polyester.

The weird thing is that for a place that says that we treat you as an individual, to be generic in treating the customer, contradicts the approach the customer deserves; that of individuality. Pizza Hut is owned by PepsiCo and has over 7000 franchises worldwide with youth providing the bulk of the workforce, that is, until they get

too expensive and tossed onto the 'too old' scrapheap. Pizza Hut were pissed when they had to supply Coke instead of Pepsi at the Show. Profits going to the opposition grated badly. Sucked in, I say.

The fast food industry is continuing to grow but better value is had by going to the family owned and operated stores. Once the owner/operators get to know you they will ensure that your every wish is their command. They will treat you and will offer discounts, free tastings and advice that helps you, not their profit margin. This, with repeat business looks after itself. Support them, get treated to better food at better prices and assert your individuality whilst not supporting the nasty multinationals.

All in all have a neat Summer, eat well and don't forget to make your own pizzas all summer long.

Darien Cheesemeister

Fuck



I swear by my Rice Bubbles

Summer ...so what the hell comes now?

*I got my first real six string
Bought it at the five and dime
Played it till my fingers bled
That was the summer of '69*

Bryan Adams (No relation to Dale.f.Adams. We think.)

Well . . . exams will soon be over. If you are an avid follower of *class of 96* it is time to kick off those ol' shoes and throw yourself into party mode, cast those inhibitions to the winds.

Hmm . . . Sound familiar? In fact it sounds a hell of a lot like what has been going on all throughout the year. Study, what's that? Okay, so you have been lagering partying and consuming illicit drugs for the entire semester, and now that you actually have the time and lack of deadlines to do so in earnest, you tend to find a certain emptiness in these rebellious pursuits. I mean why bother now that you can get away with it without any form of anxiety or angst. Where is the fun. Where is the danger. Oh! What ever shall we do! So. What we really need is something exciting, thrilling, dangerous, and if at all possible, life threatening. Lets take a look at what some of our favourite teen idols do to pass the time.

Brandon (*Beverly Hills 90210*) : Well man, like I don't get a lot of time to myself in summer, what with all that prancing around I do at the Beach Club, and the torrid love affairs I get into once weekly. . .

(He turns his head to stare wistfully at a picture of his sister on the wall, and his cutsey face knots with rage.) . . .and no matter what Dylan says, I'm not riding the horizontal hobby horse with Brenda, it's all viscous lies and Dylan is just bitter because his hair is receding and - (Brandon had to be cut off at this point, as he became violent about someone called "Sister Kate"?)

Parker Lewis (*Parker Lewis Can't Lose*) : Well I'm supposed to be working for my dad at "Mondo Video" for most of the weeks, but hey, my best buds and I have a plan. We will achieved coolness or perish trying. Eat your heart out Ferris Bueller.

Macgyver (*Macgyver*) : Sorry mate, I'm about to be drowned in an airtight room filling inch by agonising inch with water. But . . .

(He flicks his wavy blond hair and his face lights up with hope as that dramatic music we have all come to know and love, floods the air)

. . . it just so happens that I have a ball

of conductive wire, a watch battery and my trusty duct tape. I don't suppose you have any common, everyday, run of the mill, homebrand, household ammonia?

Jack Mackay (*Beverley Hills 90210*) : Who gives a shit. I'm Dead.

The Doctor (*Doctor Who*) : Well, I was planning to realign the ionic bi-lateral time/space configurator that would at last enable me to stop the fucking TARDIS looking like a police box where ever I go.

I mean do you have any idea the trouble I have picking up the cute babes in this bloody monstrosity? What I want is a Porsche or a Ferrari . . . but then again I'll probably just land on an unknown planet at the scene of a murder and somehow miraculously restore the balance of the space/time continuum. The same ol' same ol'.

So kids, it seems as though the stars have precious little of significance to say . . . where do we turn next? The answer my children is television adverts. I mean hey, all one must do is buy "Carefree" tampons and a good time is assured. Look what happens when you buy "Coca-Cola". You could find your-

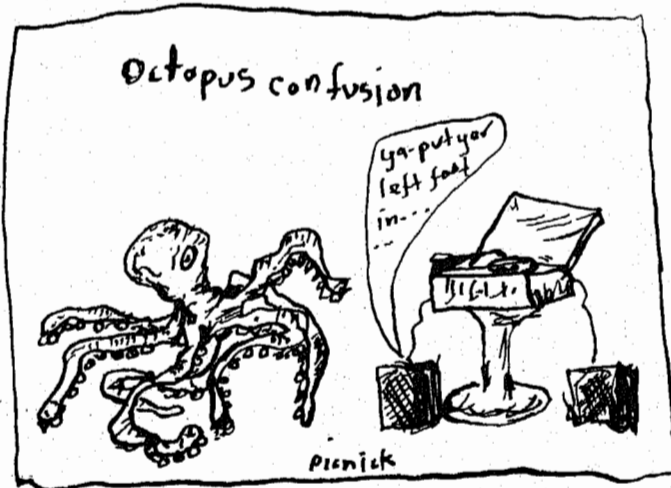
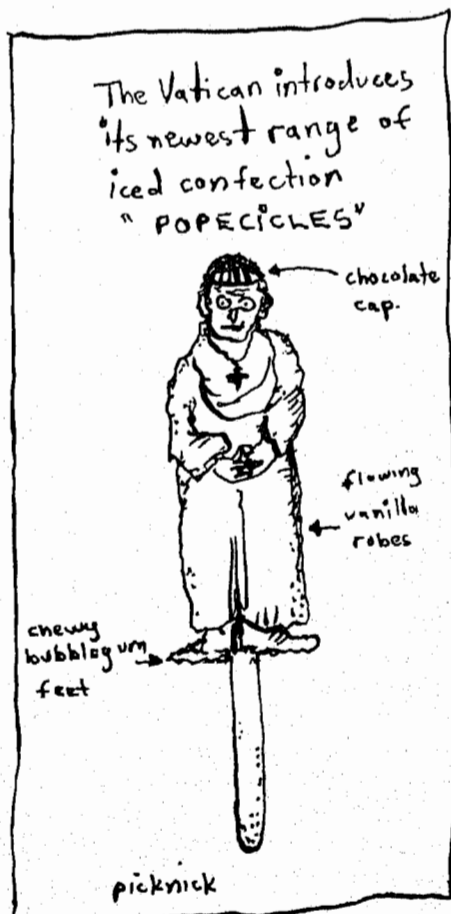
self in a rock band, sucked into a screen printed t-shirt of your own design, leaping out of a single engine aircraft with nothing more than a carefully hidden parachute and a surfboard, or simply acting out a crappy rendition of the cooking scene from "The Big Chill". Perhaps travelling is more your style. Hell, what's wrong with travelling hundreds of miles to bet at a casino, drink beer and watch cricket in forty degree plus temperature, with a level of humidity that cannot yet be measured by modern science.

What's wrong with it? You can do it all for bloody free without leaving the state, and you don't have to worry about making it home alive. So much for that. Well kids, that would seem to be my opinion on the sad, sad, sad situation of summer holidays entertainment. But then again, there's no need to take my word for it, I'm just a boring, neurotic, depressive, sarcastic, short, ugly, hunch-backed, facially disfigured, compulsive liar.

Let it all hang out - bungee jump, go to the beach, watch the cricket, but whatever you do, keep three things in mind. Consume what you must to get through the long hot days.

Party all night. Enjoy these summer holidays while they last. They'll be over all too soon.

David Lim



Sunday Afternoon Barbecues

All Australians have at one stage or another had, attended or thrown that most recognisable of Australian cultural icons, the Barbecue. Barbecues figure strongly in a lot of people's upbringings. Who can forget those gatherings where the adults would lounge around quaffing chilled wines, champagne or a few long tall cold ones while the kinder would steal the mixers, blast a few strong raspberry cordials and then have each other out over twelve yards of Nature's carpet? The grown up folk would join in, take over the game and banish the chronologically challenged to another twelve yards of dreams.

Barbucues will take place anywhere and everywhere. This is one of their beautiful qualities; that of ease of transport and their inherent itinerant nature. Parks, backyards, balconies, driveways, beaches etc provide the stage upon which the festival is played out. Barbucues are synonymous with Summer. Naturally, this is because BBQ's are an outdoor activity - who in their right mind would want to eat a damp sanga. Barbucues also provide the perfect excuse to put off any tiresome chore. Got the house to paint? Nah. It's such a beautiful day. Let's have a few friends around and toss a shrimp on the barbie. Who wouldn't choose tossing back anotherie and scoffing their face over spending the day trying to find their notes for that all important supp, washing the car or spending the day with the relatives that you barely recognise let alone know well enough to natter to.

It is unfortunate that the mental image conjured up when one mentions barbucues is that of a rickety tripod with a mound of onions, sausages, fatty chops, potato slices and spitting fat left to drown in their own juices then served with some buttered bread, a litre or two of sauce, a dreary potato salad and a dry grated cheese and carrot salad. A tad scary but hearty and traditional. In Australia we are lucky enough to have an incredibly diverse range of fresh fruit and vegetables and the cheapest and leanest meat in the world. Being able to draw upon the wide range of cuisines from our multicultural heritage should lead to an exploration of barbecue taste sensations, but unfortunately, this doesn't seem to be the case.

Since the '70s, Australian cooking has undergone a mild renaissance thanks to wider acceptance of different culture's cooking methods and a general willingness to experiment. This renaissance has been largely limited to

indoor cooking. With the walk from the kitchen to the barbie being a small one, what is stopping us from adapting the more enlightened elements of new Australian cuisine to the humble barbie. Before throwing a barbie, there are several things that should be organised beforehand.

1- Get a barbie

There are two schools of thought amongst barbecue intellectuals- the pre-Weberians and the post- Weberians. It seems that people believe in either one or the other in much the same way as the divisions that have polarised Northern Ireland when owning or using both makes more sense as you can extract different flavours from each. These flavours also quite happily complement each other.



The Weber is excellent for roasting haunches, legs etc as well as roasting whole vegetables. Experiment with the vegies to achieve what you desire. Whole butternuts, potatoes and onions work brilliantly. Anything from chokoes to squash works as well. Of course, the trick is to not overcook, but if you must err, err on this side.

The Weber does have its drawbacks though. A trifle large and unwieldy to carry around and it takes a while to master the set up. Never, ever light the Weber then try to drive it to the place of Barbecue. This leads to the sight of smoke pouring out the back of a moke which can only cause concern. I remember spending a good four or five hours standing on the patio watching my poor father, a man of letters, struggle in vain with a veritable armoury of inflammables- heat beads, Jiffy firelighters, kero, brandy, metho, and two litres of unleaded petrol. It looked like a Neil Davis photograph of the Tet Offensive. Dad toiled with the bastard kettle for an eternity, asking aloud "How many beads does this mongrel need?", "Why have all the firelighters dissolved?", "Which way is the wind blowing?", "Why has this spatula got so many sharp bits on it?", "How much would it cost to buy takeout for everybody?" and "Where have all the hairs on my arm gone?" The guests arrived for lunch at 1pm and at 11.30pm they were presented with a raw leg of

pork. They politely thanked us, left and haven't been heard of since around these parts.

For the smokier and grittier flavour connoisseurs out there the only option is the traditional barbie. Interesting smoked flavours can be had by varying the wood that you use. Note, no gas has been mentioned. Start with a few pine cones and kindling then add something like mallee. Blend in a few bits of hickory for variety.

Don't ever use gas barbics as you don't get any of those barbie-esque nuances which make the food so different from the common indoor variety.

2- Get some Meat.

The heart and soul of the barbie is meat, so one of the biggest mistakes you can make is to invite a vegetarian. They are

boring and sanctimonious and will spend the entire day talking about how cows have the faculty of reason, how dolphins actually can talk and how it takes three times more land to provide the same amount of meat as it does maize. They'll bugger up everyone's day. Refute their comments and plough into another fillet of a native animal. If by accident you do get a vegan/vego at the barbie, don't despair, as you can always play practical jokes on them. Mince in the grated carrot and capsicum salad is one, or for the more aggressive host, pinning them to the patio and stuffing handfuls of prosciutto down their throats will usually trick them. The meat that you get must be fresh and lean. Try to get to know a particular butcher and not only will they see you get the right stuff, they'll also provide handy hints.

3- Get some Fruit and Vegies.

Once again, fresh is best. Try to vary the vegies so you don't get bored with them. Same with the salad material. Find a reliable grocer who will show you the produce before you buy it. The best place to go is either of the markets. Try to become a regular as this will ensure good produce.

4- Get some herbs and spices.

Whatever you do, don't use dried herbs. These should only be a last resort if the fresh stuff isn't available. Understated use is best.

5- Get some friends.

This is the most important aspect of the whole shebang. As barbics have a tendency to degenerate into an all night orgy of eating, drinking, dancing, singing and pissing off the neighbours, to put it succinctly, Bacchaliania should result. If your neighbours are real bastards it's good to get into the habit of having barbics when they've got their washing on the line. Use wet wood for maximum effect. Maybe you should set up a Bastard Barbie Network so friends can appear as soon as the peg basket appears. With the background organised, it's time for the shenanigans to begin. The shebang needn't actually involve using a barbie at all. The salads and appetizers are just as much a feature as the hot meaty bits. The wines, lager and champagne are also important. When preparing a menu it's best to stick to one cuisine or else things get a little "all over the shop," and crowded. There is enough variation within each individual cuisine to whip a diverse and huge feast.

The individual dishes should not have a massive congregation of seasonings, the cooking rule of thumb applies to barbics as it does to indoor cooking. Understate and underplay the seasonings and they will weave their own special brand of magic for you. Too many people think they can mad scientist up a taste treat by tossing about sixty different spices and herbs at an innocent foodstuff. Unless the recipe calls for it, don't go mad.

We've prepared three menus: Greek, Australian and Mexican: all with fairly simple recipes. The menu is designed for eight people so add or subtract the amount of ingredients needed. Time to grab the aprons with the fake breasts and get cooking.

GREEK

Mezes

Mezes means appetizers in Greek. These are monster easy to make and eat.

Bits- 1kg tenderised octopus, 1 kg calamari, olive oil, white vinegar, oregano, olives, cucumber garlic, salt, 1kg tomatoes, 2 large onions, 300gms feta, crusty bread and rosemary.

Method-

Pickled octopus- Put octopus in oven bag and bake at 280°C for an hour. Transfer to saucepan full of boiling water and cook a little longer, once the water turns pink drain off about 1/4 of a cups worth. Mix 2 parts olive oil, 1 part vinegar, salt, oregano and garlic. Remove the puss from the bag, add the mix, and the water, then serve to the hungry mobs.

Calamari- Cut into rings and cook over a hotplate with oil and lemon. Serve. Can be basted with a light oil, fresh chilli and garlic sauce then cooked. Both - tasty.

Salad- Chop tomatoes into largish bits,

slice onions into small bits, mix and pour enough olive oil and vinegar (2:1) over. Add feta cheese, cucumber, olives and herbs. Add cos lettuce if you so desire.

Serve mezes with lots of crusty bread.

Roast Greek lamb- Baste leg of lamb overnight in mixture of olive oil, lemon juice, marjoram, fresh black pepper and salt. Before cooking, rub more salt, pepper and marjoram into the leg. Cooking time in a Weber will depend on size of leg. Serve when pinkish in the middle.

Drinks- Retsina, Ouzo, lager and Greek coffees for after.

AUSTRALIAN

Australian food should incorporate the best elements of the region, and draw on any of the cuisines available for style and flavour. Why have we chosen an Asian influence? We figure because there are a baker's dozen Asian supermarkets aground the Central Markets, the decision is obvious.

King Prawns in Dill and Lemon Butter- 64 king prawns, 1 cup fish stock, 1/2 cup white wine, 5 finely chopped shallots, 1 noisy bunch of dills, juice of 1 lemon & 250 gms butter.

On top of a trad barbie, reduce fish stock, shallots and wine to about 1/2 a cup. Slowly add butter and about four tablespoons of those dills. Thread prawns onto skewers (four on each one) and grill over coals. Spoon sauce over prawns and wait for the applause.

Chicken Satays- 8 chicken thigh fillets, 1/2 cup crunchy peanut paste, 1 cup chicken stock, 2 tbsps dry sherry, 1 tbspn soy sauce, 2 tbsps lemon juice, 1 tspn grated ginger, 2 tbsps honey, 1 garlic clove, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 tps curry powder, 1 tspn cumin, 1 tspn coriander, & 3 drops tabasco. Cut chicken into strips, toss back a G & T and stick the strips on skewers.

Combine the rest of the goodies in a shallow dish then throw the hook into the marinade for a very long time. These things are best left to your imagination. Grill satays over a trad barbie and spoon sauce as you go. A good method is one spoon per one G & T.

Kangaroo in Chilli & Coriander- Cook eight roo steaks over the coals of a trad. While drinking another G&T mix 4 red chillies, 8 chopped peeled tomatoes, your amount of fresh black pepper, 4 cloves garlic and a bit of oil in a sauce pan. Cook until hot, then spoon onto plates next to the roo. Sprinkle about a tablespoon of freshly chopped coriander on top, eat, sit back and enjoy.

Grilled Kidneys- Soak kidneys for approximately 4 hrs in salt water and garlic. Chop off the fatty white tissue and discard. Grill on a trad barbie with lemon, garlic, olive oil, parsley and black pepper.

Baked Potatoes- One for the nippers.

Wrap the spuds in foil, chuck them onto the coals and leave until cooked. Approximately 2 hours. Generation X, that is. Serve with chopped chives, sour cream and choice cheese.

Dessert- Fresh fruit salad. Go with the tropicals. Fresh figs and ricotta cheese also make quite a combination.

Drinks- The usual and plenty of them. If beer is going to be there, make it Cooper's.

MEXICAN

Guacamole- This is the Guaca' from hell.



4 avocados (Hass are best), juice of 2 lemons, 2 onions, 6 tomatoes, 2 green capsicums, 2 seeded green chillies, 10 drops of tabasco, 4 tbsps mayo, and 4 tbsps thickened cream.

Chop everything into bits. No uniform size is specified. Mash the avocados (put lemon juice on them so they don't brown) and mix with the liquids. Serve with plain corn chips. No bits of celery, you hear.

Chorizos con Salsa Verde y Garbanzos 16 chorizos (Mexican sausage), ten green chillies, four onions, 1/2 kilo chick peas, 2 lemons and a luvly bunch of rosemary.

Blend onion and chillies and set aside. This makes the salsa. Soak the chick peas overnight; impress your friends by calling them garbanzos. Boil them until they are soft, whack in a few bits of rosemary and sprinkle with lemon juice. Cook chorizos on the barbie. Serve and watch people's faces light up with delight.

Here comes the biggy, and this one is a definite must for any host if faced with a polarised barbecue audience. The carnivores will love it, the vegos will run away.

Cochinita Pibil

For this you need a ute, a very sharp machete, a shovel, mescaline, three sheets of corrugated iron, a hacksaw, twenty bricks, a wheelbarrow full of

red hot coals, the address of the Christies Beach RSL Club, and a whole dead sheep with its entrails intact.

Method- Get in the ute with a friend and some little soldiers and drive to the Christie's Beach RSL Club. Take machete and locate a large maguey-anagave cactus. Hack off twelve long leaves, throw them into the back of the ute, quaff a lager and drive home.

Diga holes six feet deep in the backyard, put ten bricks in it and pour half the hot coals onto them. Line the walls of the hole with the cactus leaves so that you can't see any dirt. Saw the corrugated iron into a circle so that it fits into the

hole and place on top of bricks.

Toss the sheep into the hole and cover it with another circular section of corrugated iron.

Empty hot coals onto iron, put a third circle of iron on top of the coals. Fill in the rest of the hole with the dirt.

Leave for two days and uncover at about 1pm on Sunday arvo. Celebrate by lip, sip and sucking and then take out the sheep, which by now should be a seething mass of flaky, moist flesh, cooked tenderly in the smoky-sweet cactus juice.

Serve with floury tortillas, salsa verde, sour cream, chopped tomatoes and onions. This way everyone can stuff their tortillas with the filling of their choice, and their face with as much as they desire.

Frutas frescas con limón y chile.

This is sold in bags on the street of every Mexican town. It doesn't sound so good but it's superb.

You'll need a generous mix of summer fruits- rockmelons, watermelons, mangoes, custard apples etc. Chop the fruits up and sprinkle with chilli powder and lemon.

Drinks- If you've got a bit of cash to spare, deck out the eskies with Corona. Get a couple of bottles of Tequila, some lemons and salt. Lip, sip, suck and collapse.

Pleasing those bloody VEGETARIANS.

If by some chance you like barbucues but are vegetarian then don't feel despondent. Barbucues can be your little playground of pleasure as well. Even if you only have just a trad barbie, there are great and easy recipes to follow or make up.

Grilled Aubergine

Cut the aubergine into cubes and salt them to remove the nasties. Thread onto skewers and cook until tender, this should take about 10-15 minutes. Cook away from the central heat. Variations upon this simple yet tasty theme are as boundless as the amount of vegetables that you have hibernating. Alternate whole mushrooms with the aubergine slices for one. Saucing the kebabs helps if the above sounds a little bland to you.

Neato Tomato Sauce

1/4 cup tomato puree, 1 tbspn onion pulp, 3 tbsps wine vinegar, 1/2 tbspn mustard, 1/2 cup oil, 2 cloves of garlic and fresh black pepper.

Mix thoroughly in a jar and dollop over the kebabs when cooking.

The onion pulp can be had by scraping a 1/2 onion cut crosswise with the tip of a teaspoon.

Zucchini and Herb Cream

500 gms sliced zucchini, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 to 1 tbsps butter, 1/4 cup cream and a teaspoon chopped fresh Rosemary, Thyme, Sage or Marjoram.

Slice the zucchini 1/2 cm thick. Cook zucchini, water, butter in covered pan over high heat. After the liquid has evaporated, add the herbs and cream. Cook uncovered over a higher heat until cream thickens and coats the zucchini. Serve either hot or cold. A handy hint with this one is to not add too much of the chopped herb or this will overpower the zucchini and you'll spend all day apologising for the taste.

Vegetable Kebabs

Aubergines, red and green capsicums, zucchini or corgette, onion, mushrooms, largish cherry tomatoes etc.

Thread 2-3 cm cubes of the above on skewers, grill with vigour and eat. A variation of the above is to let them soak in the tomato marinade as above for two hours then cook on the barbecue. The key is turn the skewers frequently whilst cooking or one side will burn and the other won't cook.

Marinated tofu makes for an additional little bonus. 500 gms tofu, 1/4 cup soya oil, 1/4 cup lemon, 1/4 cup soya sauce, 2 large chopped garlic cloves, 1 tbspn sesame oil, 1 tbspn oregano, marjoram and pepper to taste. Leave for 4-48 hours in an airless container turning occasionally, you may have to stay up all night if you get the rare "insomniac" tofu. Drain and keep the remnants.

A Darien O'Reilly reworking of a David Penberthy original.

Videos, Drugs, and Summer

Dave Sag and Andy C., two quite amiable chaps, suggest some of the better videos to hire this summer, and how they should be watched.

The point of these reviews is not to indicate what makes a great video film. It is rather to suggest to the reader which films are only improved by the consumption of controlled substances. Remember you don't need drugs to have a good time, much like you don't need to go out of your house to have a good time. For those of you who would rather spend most of your summer indoors, watching videos and smoking yourselves stupid, here are just a few recommendations.

Action

Action Jackson

Carl Weathers plays the title character in this piece of blaxploitation for the 90's. A lot of people are shot, and Action (in the film's funniest joke, his disgruntled boss keeps calling him "Esprit de Corps Jackson") sleeps with a lot of white chicks. Not only did I watch this film after ordering pizza, putting Pink Floyd on the stereo and falling asleep, but when I took it back to the video store three or four months later, they wouldn't accept my explanation that I'd been performing a public service.

4 buckets.

Die Hard et al

Die Hard is a film that doesn't muck about. The villains, led by the superb Alan Rickman, are nasty and clever "Benefits of a classical education" and not what they seem. Bruce Willis is in top form as NYPD detective John McLean who has come to LA to visit his sort of estranged wife and kids but ends up shooting lots of people and blowing up the building. The film is rich with humour and director John McTiernan (Predator etc) keeps the pace fast and furious, with ripper stunts and heaps of carnage.

Die Hard 2 on the other hand has a strong story, albeit a little contrived, with John arriving at the airport just in time to thwart a pack of evil renegade military types hell bent on freeing some sort of Noriega-a-like. This one was directed by Renny Harlin (The Adventures of Ford Fairlane - 4 buckets) and, while not as good as the first, is not too bad. Apparently DH2 was only ever intended for video release but somehow wound up on the big screen anyway.

DH1 - 2 buckets & beer

DH2 - 3 buckets & more beer.

Jurassic Park

I saw this film twice and I'll probably see it again. The first time I was stoned as B'Jesus and I loved it. The scene when the raptor jumps up at the escaping good guys made me jump. The second time I saw it I was pissed and stoned and this time I saw it with the much raved about Digital Sound. It was

very loud and gave me a headache but I enjoyed the film more than when I saw it the first time.

Forget the story, forget the acting and simply enjoy the dinosaurs. Take as many drugs as you can and slurp loudly on your fanta.

5 Buckets, 1 six pack.

Predator

Possibly the best Arnie film ever. John McTiernan (Die Hard, Hunt for Red October, Last Action Hero) directs a fucking mega cast including Carl "Action Jackson" Weathers and Jesse "Rock'n'roll Wrestling" Ventura through the Latin American jungle where they encounter Terence Trent D'Arby in the guise of the shimmering Predator. Everyone else dies except for Arnie who wins out at the end natch. This film is clever, suspenseful and violent. The special effects are a trip. I saw it on ecstasy and everything shimmered.

2 Buckets, 1/2 Eccy (optional)

T2

I loved T2. From its moving opening scene of a playground in flames to the stupid thumbs-up ending there is scarcely a scene longer than 30 seconds. Get as stoned as you like in this film - it'll only help suspend disbelief - but for the full effect be sure to crank up the volume. The effects are still a spin out, even if every second car ad uses "Morphing". Great action, great acting, top effects - top film.

3 buckets. Trip optional.

Comedy

Back to School

Rodney Dangerfield essentially plays himself, as usual, in this extremely engaging film about a crass self-made millionaire who enrolls in his son's college. He dates his English lecturer (Sally Kellerman), hires Kurt Vonnegut to write his term paper, installs a hot tub in his room, and hires Oingo Boingo to play at a party. Robert Downey Jr. plays Dangerfield's sulky son's ridiculously New Wave roommate.

Rating: Bring a jug of beer every ten minutes until someone passes out, then bring one every seven minutes.

Blame it on Rio

Michael Caine has never been noted for his good judgement in choosing films (see Jaws 3, The Island, Mr Destiny, etc, etc). In 1984, however, under the direction of Stanley Donen, he reached some kind of career nadir. Caine and Joseph Bologna are two businessmen who holiday in Rio with their families. Caine starts an affair with Bologna's daughter (she seduces him, the little minx), and the film becomes a series of slamming doors and hasty exits from bedroom windows. There is a very lame attempt to examine the moral issues involved.

Demi Moore began a career of playing unlikeable, unsexy characters as Caine's not unreasonably outraged daughter. 3 buckets.

Caddyshack

What do you expect when you put Chevy Chase, Rodney Dangerfield and Bill Murray together on the same elite golf course? Of course it's funny and naturally much of the humour is drug related. The plot is as thin as it needs to be: Danny is a young caddy whose parents want him to go to college despite his poor grades. He befriends wealthy eccentric (Chevy). Dangerfield is himself again as a flamboyant, irreverent property developer who wreaks havoc in usual hilarious fashion. Danny attempts to curry favour with Judge Smalls in order to win a place in college or some such thing - it doesn't really matter. Bill Murray, meanwhile, plays the assistant greenskeeper in what could only be called a retarded style. His mission is to destroy the gopher which has been plaguing the course. There is so much in this film that I suggest you watch it four or five times and at no stage stray from being under the influence. Watch for Chevy's numerous cocaine references.

3 buckets, 1 six pack, anything else that comes to hand. (sniff)

The Jerk

Some people claim not to find Steve Martin funny. This is an easily explained situation, based on seeing his more recent films (Parenthood - ugh!; LA Story, which I had to sit through about six times as an inflight movie in the course of one holiday, etc), instead of the early, funny stuff (c.f. Woody Allen). The Jerk is a loosely constructed but extremely funny film in which Martin goes from rags to riches and back as a result of inventing the Opti-Grab. On the way, he marries Bernadette Peters after one of the more endearing courtship scenes in cinema history. This film starts with the premise that Martin was born to a poor black family, which gives you an idea of the tone of the thing. I loved it.

2 buckets.

The Three Amigos

I smoked 9 buckets as a dare before settling in to watch the Three Amigos. They did the job and in fact provided the inspiration for the bucket rating system. Nuff said. Watch out for the following scenes: singing bush / the invisible swordsman / "what is a plethora" / "The real El Guapo" etc.

9 buckets.

Vacation films

What can you say about a series of films based on the holiday exploits of the original dysfunctional family, The Griswalds. Chevy Chase is brilliant as Clark Griswald - idiot dad and the jokes flow so thick and fast that it's a shame that the drugs make you miss some of them. The scene where they tie their

dead granny to the roof of the car is easily right up there with the best. Beverly D'Angelo stars as the patient mother who generally copes with disaster while the kids provide their fair share of humour. These films are almost a genre in themselves.

3 buckets each.

Drama

Bad Influence

As far as I can recall, people were not too unkind to *Bad Influence* when it came out a few years ago. Watching it now, it is hard to know why. Certainly, the film has become almost legendary for its risible depiction of a "decadent" nightclub life that has never existed outside its writers' fevered imaginations, but this is the least of its faults. What is really striking on rewatching *Bad Influence* is how utterly unlikeable all its characters, save for one, are. Michael Boll (James Spader) is a - wait for it - "successful, but bored, marketing analyst" (for this 1990 film the 80s clearly never died). At first he seems like a nice enough guy, with his nerdy science student haircut and glasses: he's not assertive, he gets dumped on at work, he's getting railroaded into marriage (his fiancé, by the way, played by Rosalyn Landers, is familiar to Melrose Place viewers as the "other woman" from the hospital). This quickly changes. Michael, or Mick, as he chooses to be called, moves rapidly from assertive through reckless to being an accomplice to murder and a killer himself. He chooses to conceal the murder and dump the body because he is being framed, to protect his job, and because he shares the opinion, along with his nemesis and, apparently, the writers, that she's only a woman, and not a person at all. I don't think I'm being too picky, or too reflexively P.C. here. The woman, Claire (Lisa Zane), is at no stage defined as a character. She knows Alex, but she roots Michael. We get to see it on video, several times, slowed down and sped up. She turns up again in a slinky backless dress and gives Michael her phone number. The next time we see her, she dies. We get to see the body, of course, and we get to see it being dumped and being dredged up again. I'm only surprised it wasn't nude.

Alex (Rob Lowe) is a scriptwriter's idea of Mephistopheles. He's handsome, he has a devilish grin, and he has a way with the ladies. Why, we even see him in bed with two women at once! We don't know how he lives, or where he comes from, or why he does what he does, i.e. hang out in the aforementioned nightclubs, effortlessly open locked doors, and make sport with the lives of total strangers. We don't have

to know, the writers would argue. This is a moral parable about the temptations of evil, and how we all have within us a dark side. Bollocks. This is the sort of movie that is called a "psychological thriller" because most of it is shot at night time and none of it makes sense. As for the rest of the characters - well, they're scarcely there at all. There's the sneaky business rival, the doormat secretary, the Boss, the fiance... After that it's hard to match adjectives to names, they're all such ciphers. It's telling that the cast credits begin with Naked Woman and continue through Stylish Eurasian Woman, Arguing Woman and a dozen or so others.

I began to realise early on that this was at least a two bucket movie. What confirmed this opinion was the appearance of Michael's brother Pismo (yes, Pismo) Boll (Christian Clemenson). This man, the only likeable character in the film, is introduced as someone who spends his whole time in his apartment smoking pot. It transpires that he spent six months in jail for possession eight years earlier and he's been too scared to get a job since. It makes about as much sense as anything else in the movie. We see Pismo borrowing money from his brother, turning up at Michael's door with "the fear", coming to his own gate in his underpants and then, in the film's highlight, sitting in his apartment in his underpants smoking an enormous water bong. If I'd been watching the movie under ideal conditions, I'd have stood up and applauded at this point, and then awarded myself another bucket.

Sadly, Pismo gets caught up in all the nonsense too, carrying Claire's body to be dumped, obtaining Alex's fingerprints from a bottle (this ruse is not brought up anywhere in the rest of the film), and filming Alex's confession at the end. This last scene is a cheat. We are given no clue that this is about to happen. Michael is seen to be rapidly disappearing into a well earned moral black hole, and sets off to kill Alex, but after a scuffle and a chase, he only wanted to film his confession and not kill him after all. He can't be such a bad guy. Of course, the writers want it both ways and he gets to shoot Alex anyway. Actually, I found when watching the final scene that, try as I might, I couldn't entirely hate this movie. The people who made it weren't entirely stupid (except the set designers, who obviously thought they were making a comedy), and there are times when you sense the glimmerings of a good, thought-provoking film somewhere under the confused mess that made it to the screen. Anyone who has strong feelings about onscreen violence against women should avoid this movie. If you insist on watching it anyway, take my advice and get very, very prepared.

2 buckets + penalty bucket whenever they take drugs.

Paper Mask

This clever film about a hospital porter who impersonates a doctor manages to remain tense and chilling no matter how many people drop in at random while you watch it. It stars Amanda Donohoe (Lair of the White Worm, LA Law) and Paul McGann (Withnail & I) and despite consuming every gram of dope in the house, the film just became

more and more engrossing. This is the classic video thriller. Rent it.

2 Buckets or none, it doesn't matter.

The Boost

This film almost makes it as a comedy but fails as a warning of the evils of cocaine abuse. James "Cop" Woods teams up with Sean Young in this hopeless piece of crap. Jimmy is a salesman who carries on like a prick until he starts taking cocaine. Strangely he becomes an okay guy for a while until things go bad. He and Sean spend a lot of time fighting and snorting before coming to terms with the idea that it's the coke and not them that is the problem. This is of course bullshit but they try to quit, fail and fight some more. This film is so confused and so bad that it makes you want to shove fist fulls of face drano up your nose as fast as you can.

4 buckets, 12 lines.

The Breaky Club

Yet another John Hughes teen film in the days before Home Alone. The Breakfast Club attempted to offer the youth of the day some insight into coping with each other's differences and showing us how even seemingly natural adversaries are really just good kids gone bad. Blah blah blah it's just crap really. The only message in the film is that drugs will help you get on with each other better and everything works out fine in the end. They should have replaced Judd Nelson's hard bitten cynical "kid's poet" character with a more 90's slacker and remade the film as The Brunch Club. Then, instead of smoking pot and going hypo, looking into each others' hearts, they could have sat about, ate some tim-tams and giggled a bit. It could have ended the same way.

3 buckets, but only smoke when the characters do.

Two Moon Junction (aka Two Heads Bobbing)

I saw this film by accident as Laurie Anderson's Home of the Brave (5 buckets and rising) hadn't arrived at the cinema as expected. As you could probably guess TMJ went down like a shower of shit with the HOTB audience. Whoopsie. Sherilyn Fenn shows her tits off and Richard Tyson shows off his butt in this daft soft porn costume (or lack thereof) piece set in the South. It was written and directed by Zelman King (9 1/2 weeks etc) which should give you some idea of what it's like.

4 buckets & 1 six pack per person per hour.

Zandalee

Nicholas Cage and Judge Reinhold in an incomprehensible film set in the Deep South, about friendship and loyalty and betrayal, but mostly about rooting. The female lead spends almost the entire film naked. Actually about ten times better than Wild Orchid, which isn't saying anything.

4 buckets.

Fantasy

The early 80's gave us lots of bizarre fantasy films. The Sword & The Sorcerer, The Beastmaster, Krull and the Conan movies are all worth a look in but only with the right preparation.

3 buckets minimum.

Horror

Reanimator etc

The books of Howard Phillips Lovecraft almost never made it as movies. This is probably due, for the most part, to HP's failure to really describe anything except in terms of it's "unspeakable loathsomeness" or some such nonsense.

When director Stuart Gordon decided to make a fist of it the first thing he did was dispense with the 20's loathsomeness and replac it with a more new wave 80's setting. The film is set at the Miskatonic Uni, so popular with HPL. Herbert West (played by Jeffrey Coombs) is the Re-Animator, a brilliant med student who has discovered a bright green formula for bringing dead flesh back to life. There follows the usual set of hi-jinks as the dean tries to steal the formula and ends up dead, then alive. Particularly gory and truly revolting in places, this film is pretty good fun and warrants about a five bucket rating. (See sequels Bride of Reanimator and From Beyond, neither of which live up to the original.)

The Evil Dead

Director: Sam Raimi
Stars: Bruce Campbell

Billed as the ultimate experience in gruelling horror and made on a budget of only \$10 000, The Evil Dead is THE horror film of choice for any serious video buff. The effects are great, the body count is high and you'll laugh as the unfortunate Ash (played by Bruce Campbell) gets more and more blood poured over him.

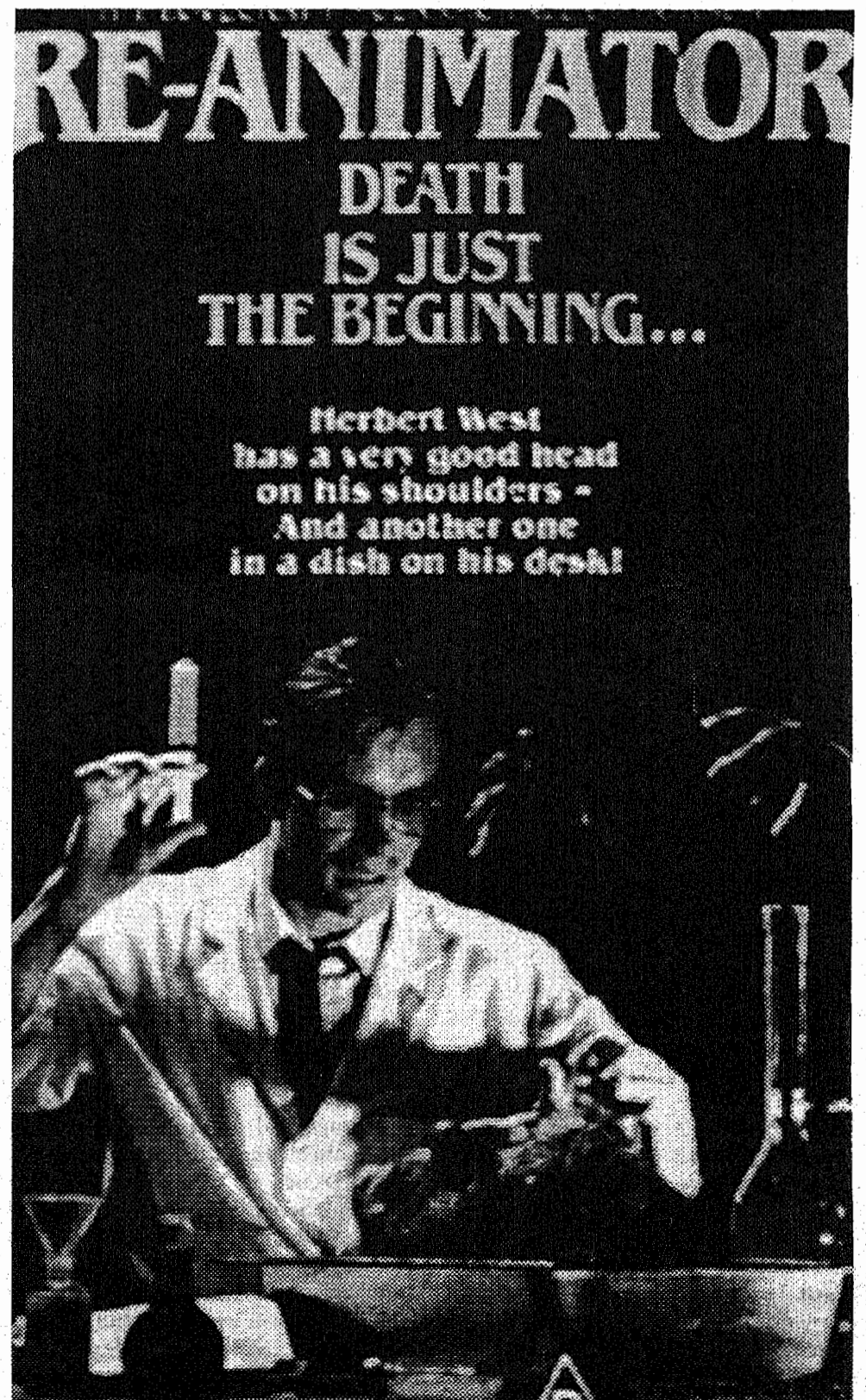
The plot goes like this. Five college kids go up to a deserted mountain cabin for a holiday and accidentally wake the evil spirits who promptly possess everyone. The possessed kids can only be stopped by dismemberment and decapitation. Naturally the forces of evil win out. Moo ha ha.

There is an alternative explanation for all the supernatural shenanigans however. Some brainy uni types have suggested that the five kids all took acid and what you are seeing are just Ash's hallucinations. The implication is that Ash hacks all his friends to death in a drug addled frenzy and the famous final scene is simply Ask turning to face reality.

Whatever you think, The Evil Dead is a masterpiece of low budget horror and has no rivals.

Bucket Rating: 2 buckets.

Evil Dead 2



Kind of a remake of ED1 rather than a sequel. Roughly the same story except that at the end Ash is flung off through time and space. This is more a comedy than anything else with gory laughs a plenty. The scene where Ash cuts off his possessed hand and covers it with a cup, then puts a copy of Farewell to Arms on top of the cup to keep it still is typical of the humour.

3 Buckets.

Evil Dead 3

Subtitled Bruce Campbell vs The Army of Darkness takes off where ED2 left us. That this one was billed as the ultimate experience in medieval horror is indicative of the style. Better effects and a really strange story make this film worth it but only on drugs.

4 buckets + beer.

Actors

Andrew McCarthy

For a while in the early 80s, Andrew McCarthy was king of the teen films. His appeal to casting directors was never really explicable - he looks like a squinting, bewildered sheep in most of his roles - but he starred in a lot of movies which have become part of my generation's collective adolescent experience. In *Pretty in Pink* (2 buckets), he was the preppy nerd who Molly Ringwald chose over luckless Jon Cryer. In *Less Than Zero* (3 buckets, or two lines if you have it spare), his trademark bland passivity passed as existential anomie in a tale of overprivileged teens going to Hell and bad nightclubs. Against all expectation, he was not only animated but entertaining in *Weekend At Bernie's* (at least two buckets, but there is no reason to stop there), a cruelly underrated film. Sadly, *Year of the Gun*, with Sharon "Kiss of Death" Stone, was an overwhelmingly stupid, unexciting "thriller" which you'd have to be comatose to sit through. (If you must have a rating, I suggest four pints at the pub instead of watching this stinker.)

Arnie

Multi Talented, multi accented, multi million dollar salaried. Drugs only improve Arnie films. See any of them except perhaps *Raw Deal* ("Don't drink and bake") which was just too awful even to be saved by 50 buckets of monster bullshit Thai tripping buds. Best buys: *T1* (1 bucket), *T2* (3 buckets), *Toto Recall* (3 buckets), *Commando* (first kill in under 90 seconds, 2 buckets, 1 six pack), *Predator* (with Terrence Trent D'Arby, 2 buckets 1/2 eccy), *Kindergarten Cop* (2 six packs, afternoon's worth of dope).

Bruce Willis

It is impossible to look back on the 80's without thinking about Moonlighting. The love tryst between David Addison (Bruce Willis) and Maddie Hayes (Cybill Shepherd) kept me interested for years. Whereas *Cybil* went on to do pretty much zip, Bruce has become an action hero in his own right. He fuffed about in *Blind Date* (Blind drunk) with Kim Basinger before careering headlong into the character of John McLean in *Die Hard*. He was given a chance to repeat himself in the "made for video" *Die Hard 2* and then extend himself with *The Last Boy Scout* (3 buckets and lots

of beer). Word is out that *Die Hard 3* will be out for summer. Yippee.

Chevy Chase/Rodney Dangerfield/Bill Murray/Harold Ramis

See *Caddyshack*. These people, more even than Cheech and Chong, are what drug-oriented comedy is all about. In a very real sense, they are the raison d'etre of the bucket rating system, i.e. any film with any of these actors will be immeasurably enhanced by being on drugs (with the possible exception of an unforgivably awful film with Chevy, Dan "I am a cunt" Ackroyd and John "So am I" Candy which I saw a bit of on TV a few months ago).

Best films: *Stripes* (3 buckets, with extra buckets for any scene featuring PJ "Rock'n'Roll High School" Soles), *Ghostbusters* (2 buckets), *Fletch* (2 buckets).

Christopher Lambert (Christ off Lamb Bear)

I first saw Chris in the film *Subway* (2 buckets if you don't speak French, fuck off if you do). It was all in French and, despite hating French things per sé, wasn't bad. Lambert (pronounced lamb bear by francophile friends) displayed rugged good looks and a sort of euro-charm which made him at once intense and sympathetic. Then came *Greystoke*, the *Legend of Tarzan* (4 buckets). This great looking but ideologically questionable film was the first real taste of Lambert for many non euros. Now a minor hit in Hollywood, Lambert went on to shine in *Highlander* (2 buckets) before crashing and burning in *Highlander 2* (5 buckets) and the even worse, Aussie made, *Fortress* (200 buckets just ain't enough). If he ever makes another film, be sure and take as many drugs as you can find, you will need them.

Dennis Hopper

Most people know that Dennis Hopper was in *Rebel Without a Cause*, but he is best known for the drug-addled antics that began with *Easy Rider* (two or three monster spliffs) and, as far as anyone can tell, have never stopped. I defy anyone to get as stoned as Hopper was in *Apocalypse Now* (and even more evidently in the documentary *Hearts of Darkness*) and try to function coherently within the next week. Hopper has been pretty much typecast into the role of the sinister druggy freak: see *River's Edge* (actually pretty good on its own, but probably a few buckets to keep up with all the doobie action on screen) and, of course, *Blue Velvet* (two or three hits of nitrous and four fat lines of speed). He also popped up as Molly Ringwald's dad in *The Pick Up Artist* (see below).

Harry Dean Stanton

Along with Dennis Hopper, the godfather of cool. Made a lot of obscure films with Warren Oates and the like. Best known to video audiences for Alex Cox's punk/ sci-fi thing *Repo Man*, where he snorts an awful lot of speed (3 buckets, speed optional). Also seen as Molly Ringwald's father in *Pretty in Pink*.

James Woods

Back in the early 80s, Jimmy Woods seemed to be one of the most promising actors around; *Salvador* (one bucket for added paranoia) is probably still his best film, as well as being the only good film Olly Stone has ever made. Woods' feral screen persona was so intense,

however, that he was almost invariably cast in very similar roles (e.g. *Best Seller* - 2 buckets), and when he wasn't (e.g. *Immediate Family*, with the odious Glenn Close - 3 buckets, or just keep going 'til you pass out), it was hard not to expect him to start intimidating characters left, right and centre. Best moments: David Cronenberg's delirious sci-fi horror film *Videodrome* (3 buckets, and it still won't make sense), *Cop*, which is actually a pretty good stab at the hard-core embittered loner cop genre (2 buckets), and *The Hard Way*, where he teams with Michael J Fox to make a terribly routine but still pretty enjoyable cop-buddy movie (3 buckets). Worst moment: *The Boost* (whatever the earlier review said, and then some).

Michael Caine

Where do you begin to describe thirty years of films which range from the sublime (*The Man Who Would Be King* - no drugs, thank you) to the ridiculous (see *Blame It On Rio*, above)? *The Ipcress File* was a 60s thriller that dabbled in the psychedelic, and should be watched with anything that makes colours look prettier. Get Carter is just fucking good; Caine's character seems to be taking benzedrine throughout the film, but if you do the same, the relentless atmosphere of nastiness may become a little overwhelming. *Dressed To Kill* teams Caine with Brian de Palma in good, sleazy form and is definitely worth a look (2 buckets for extra strangeness). *Deathtrap*, with Christopher Reeve, is another film where Caine explores his own sexuality and displays his fondness for general foolishness (3 buckets). The 80s and 90s haven't been kind to Caine, and he has shot himself in the foot repeatedly with his choice of rentpayers. (Does anyone remember *Sweet Liberty*? If so, award yourself a penalty bucket immediately.) Video stores are just thick with Caine films in the \$3 a week shelves; pick anything you like, with a minimum three buckets per film.

Michael Douglas

Kirk Douglas's son and self-confessed sex addict Michael Douglas made his name as the star of the series *The Streets of San Francisco*, and the producer of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. His early film roles in *Coma* and *The China Syndrome* were inoffensive, if undistinguished. *The Star Chamber* (1983 - 3 buckets) pointed to the future, but it was *Fatal Attraction* (1987 - 2 buckets for male viewers, at least 4 or some valium for female viewers) in which Mike really declared his true colours. He slicked back his hair for Oliver Stone's ponderous morality fable *Wall Street* (2 buckets) and even won some sort of award.

Everyone has seen *Basic Instinct* (5 buckets), which represents some sort of new low in Hollywood's view of sexual politics (try this syllogism: all women are bisexual, and all bisexuals are murderers, therefore Sharon Stone is a murderer. Whoops, did I spoil it for you?). There are so many things to dislike about this film that it's hard to know where to start, but it does have a nice car chase. *Falling Down* (3 buckets) has been described variously as "racist bullshit" and "I quite liked it actually"; it's hard to know where Michael Douglas can go from here.

Peter Weller

Buckaroo Banzai and His Adventures in the Fourth Dimension (4 buckets, 1/2 trip) was my introduction to the charming Mister Weller. This bizarre film tried to do so much and failed to do anything except entertain me and my friends one rainy afternoon as we sat about the bucket bong. Pete then rose to fame as *RoboCop* (1 bucket), one of the most intelligent sci-fi techno anti corporation films ever. *RoboCop II* was not as clever but just as enjoyable (2 buckets with a third during the final fight).

The Nekkid Lunch really is a film which, if you watch it on drugs you only get more confused. This can only improve it however and tune you in to the subject matter of the film. (3 buckets, morphine.)

Phoebe Cates

Not only *Gremlins* and *Gremlins 2* (3 buckets apiece, or 5 for two), but also *Private School*, also starring Matthew Modine, and a staple of late night TV (3 buckets).

Robert Downey Jr.

Before the massively soporific Chaplin (4 buckets), RDJ seemed to be on his way to being one of the more likeable as well as talented actors of his generation. As well as appearing in some not-bad fare (e.g. *Back To School*), he managed to maintain his dignity in some absolute dross (e.g. *Less Than Zero*). *The Pick Up Artist* is a particular favourite of mine (one bucket if you want to feel extra warm and fuzzy), and the little seen *Chances Are* with Cybill Shepherd was undeserving of its early box office death (2 buckets for a daft premise nonetheless).

Sigourney Weaver

Alien (1 bucket to add creepyness) propelled Sigourney to action hero status. *Aliens* (3 buckets or you get too scared), *Gorillas in the Mist* (never saw it but I suggest 3 buckets to get over Brian Brown), *Dave* (don't need drugs but perhaps just 1 bucket for safekeeping) 1492 (5 buckets minimum. This film is crap but looks great.), *Working Girl* (1 six pack at least), *Alien 3* (I saw it on mushrooms and the first two minutes made me cry.), *Ghostbusters* (2 buckets) and many more.

Tom Selleck

After driving about Hawaii in a red Ferrari as *Magnum PI*, Tom starred in such laudable films as *Runaway* (2 buckets) with Gene Simmons of *Kiss* fame and a cast of gadgets, before hitting his straps with *High Road to China* (2 buckets) and *Three Men and an Epilady* (2 buckets for the first one, 3 for the second)

Director

Penelope Spheeris

Not only did she direct the stupidly enjoyable *Wayne's World*, but back in the early 80s, Penelope Spheeris made *The Decline of Western Civilisation*, one of the best rock movies (or rockumentaries, if you will) ever made. *The Decline Part Two: The Metal Years* features Ozzy Osborne cooking his breakfast. She also made the alleged comedy *Dudes*, which is impossible to see without drugs.

Pinballcore comes to town

Free moving Curtis are Stuart Silcox (Geetar), Jim Selene (Lead and with an optional e on his last name), Warwick Savvas (Drums), Dave Plague (Bass) and Steve Shank (Vocals. He has an optional extra s on his last name.). They have been playing around Adelaide, with a tour or two interstate, for approximately two years. With a pedigree encompassing such Adelaide notables such as Bloodless, The Plague, The Shanks and the Hot Tomatoes a different sounding band was expected. Lyrically, FMC lean towards the angst ridden end of the spectrum without sounding like that they expect sympathy. Their sound is a curious amalgamation of styles without pandering to any one specific interest group. The resident old person from On Dit, Darien O'Reilly caught up with Steve at the Crown and Anchor and digressed about varied topics including pinball, toasted sandwiches, the direction of music and the importance of cartoons in your upbringing.

On dit: How important is it to the band that Jim lost the last "e" off his surname?

Steve: It's not that important to us, but Angus had a bit of a fit due to spelling mistakes. I saw the proofed copy of the cd and everything was fine on it, except when you hand it over to the printers, they always seem to make some mistake. We talked to Lizard Train and they said that they have never had a release in their history that hasn't had some really bad spelling errors on it. So we just expected it.

OD: Steve also got called Steve Shanks and should have been called Steve Shank. How important to your sense of self-esteem is that kind of spelling mistake?

S: I'm a broken man.

OD: Do you think that the band will ever be the same again? Do you think that you'll still use guitars, or will you become an acapella outfit?

S: No, we're just thinking of drinking lots of beer and doing, as Harry Butler said, acapella burping and belching...like Free Moving Curtis sort of unplugged. Not unplugged and seated, unplugged and tanked. This has hurt, but by putting ourselves through activities such as the above, we will come back bigger and better. Even it takes as long as until our next show.

OD: So, unplugged, staggering and belching. Any scratching, spitting, cussing and farting?

S: We'll probably bring a spittoon along just to get the soundtrack working. You know the 'beding!' noises that occur after a cartoon character hawks a lugsy. Those noises should ring a bell with

everybody. They should help us to remember the innocent and playful days of childhood.

OD: I hear that the members of FMC don't mind a few games of pinball. Do you think that playing pinball hones your reflexes and hones your vocal ability?

S: Not really the vocal ability, more the gyrating ability. It teaches you to move to the rhythm thus generating more stage presence and making the band more accessible.

OD: So saying "Go for the jackpot, go for the jackpot, go go go go go go" doesn't really help! Can we expect to

strongly about pinball as you do!

S: Our bass player Dave is not a big fan of the pinball, he's more into video games...So we're considering getting a new bass player. Warwick likes a game, though he lacks confidence on it. This though is due to practice, enthusiasm is not enough to get you through. This also reflects itself in a band, enthusiasm will get only so far. The rest is up to aptitude.

OD: So Warwick just ineffectually flips the ball. The master of ineffectual pinball, would you say?

S: I think he's got the skills, he just doesn't play enough. He's not dedi-



see Free Moving Curtis doing a song about Jurassic Park?

S: Not about Jurassic Park as such, but about pinball in general. Especially considering we think of ourselves as a pinball core band. Pincore is the new wave of music. It is at the cutting edge of all music. Basically, it gets back to believing in yourself. Pinball reinforces belief in your own abilities thus making the onerous task of getting up on stage and belting out a few tunes that much easier. We've had photos of us down at the Rocket Bar with me just carving up on the Doctor Who machine.

OD: How much did you carve it up? How many free games?

S: I can't actually remember the quota, it was just mind-blowing. The games mounted and mounted until they could mount no more.

OD: Do the rest of the band feel as

cated. He's more dedicated to the band, we're more to pinball. Jim's really good, he'd have to toss up with me for Free Moving Curtis' reigning crown of pinball. Stuart's up there but he's a bit inconsistent. There is a bit of a battle about it.

OD: Is it true that we can expect a new game out from Sega called Free Moving Curtis? Apparently the object is to get a couple of the members of the band to get a haircut, manoeuvre them down to the barber shop, and the others to go to the pub before linking them up at the stadium before their show?

S: Well that is a vicious rumour, but we have been talking to Sega. Nintendo are in the bidding as well. We prefer Sega, so we'll probably stick with them. Dave prefers Sega and since he is the video and bass expert in the band we listen to him.

The interview then had a trifling recess as Steve battled in vain to try to get Timmy off the electric fence

OD: Go go go go go. It's a vital thing getting a free game. Is it sort of like the first favourable crowd reception of the night?

S: Yeah. Both give you that emotional high, make you keen for more and help you to strive to keep on achieving that reaction. By the way, these flippers are fucked!

OD: An extreme outburst of petulance there. Is this common from Free Moving Curtis?

S: Only when I get soooooo close! Yet soooooo far away! From the bands point of view, no.

From this point, the Jurassic Park machine took control, but took a pasting. The influence of cartoons on childhood was brought up. Everybody at one stage or another has tried to imitate their favourite cartoon. This acting leads to experimentation and thus only good things can arise.

OD: What is your favourite cartoon, and what were you weaned on?

S: Well, my favourite at the moment would have to be Ren and Stimpy, but as a kid I was always into Batfink, Hong Kong Foey which was always a bit of a classic and Birdman. Hong Kong Foey had the best car as well as a great theme. We were talking about this at a party the other night, and there were some obscure fucking cartoons coming out. I still like the Simpsons these days.

OD: Do you think that the Simpsons is an atypical cartoon even though all the endings are a tad schmaltzy?

S: Well, yeah... they always seem to end up nice and mooshy at the end, but there always seems to be something that throws you a bit. They are either trying to be overly corny at the end, or just are bloody corny! Some of the humour in it is quite funny, but I do agree that it can go for the cheese button at the end.

OD: What exactly is the cheese button?

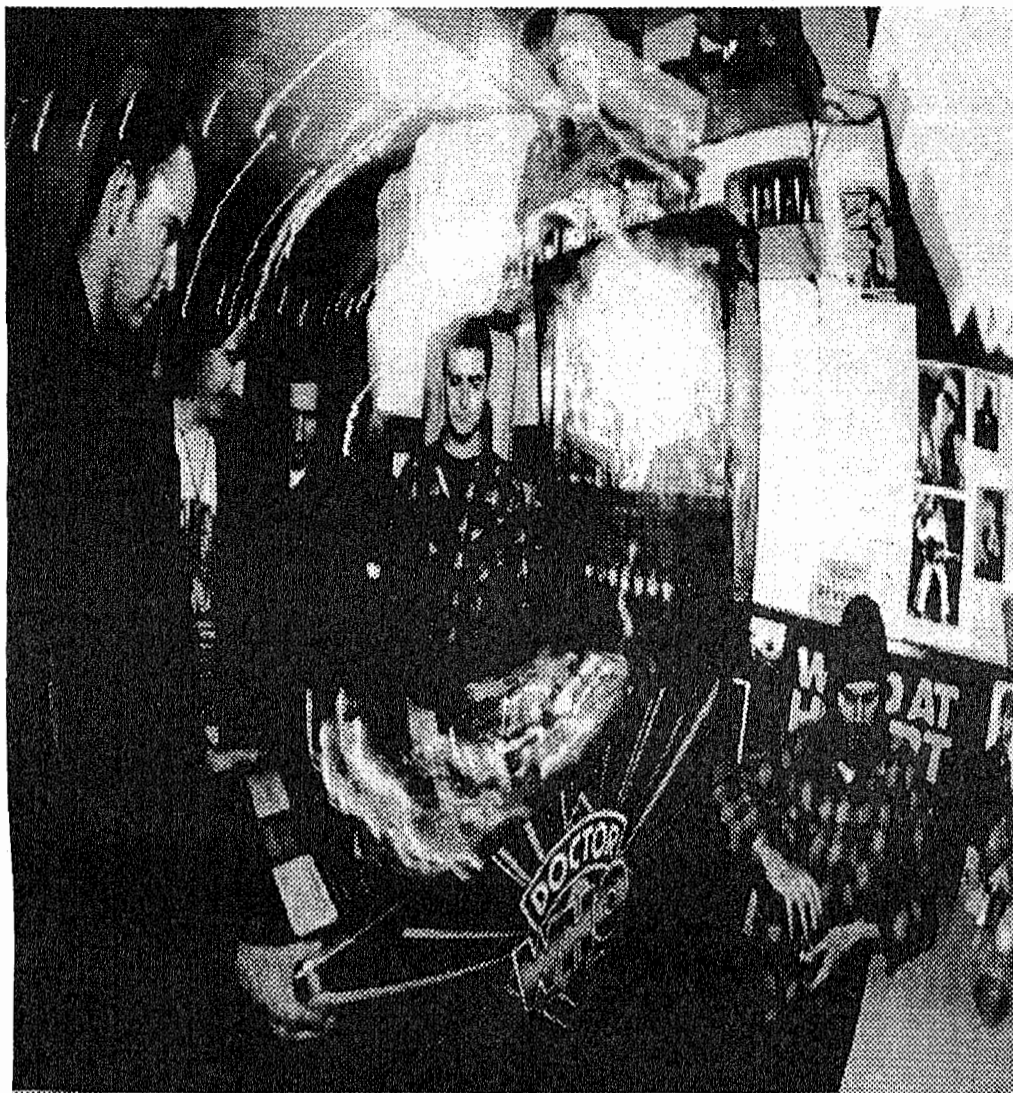
S: The cheese button is the button that all American networks seem to have. The button that can be pressed to bring in the pleasant ending just when things are looking a little off-centre and not quite right.

OD: So you think that it could be a satire on traditional American sitcoms?

S: Yeah, but you never know with those kind of characters. I mean, you don't know who funds it for them, so they could be told to do that.

OD: What the Parents Musical Rights Association?

S: Yeah, or the CIA. Or some big drug corp funds the Simpsons, it's just all a big front for a Reagan comeback.



Up the ramp skate punk

OD: *Either that, or do you think that the Medellin Cartel from Columbia has anything to do with the Simpsons?*

S: Possibly, possibly, but then possibly not.

OD: *Apart from a love of pinball and music is there anything else that draws the band together?*

S: A general love of Cooper's products helps. There isn't anybody in the band who is a born performer or who really enjoys being on stage. We all like playing music and respect each other's musical abilities and enjoy playing as a band. We've just stuck at it and really enjoyed the songs that we've written. We're taking a while to come up with new ones but we've got eight or ten new ones on the cards. If they don't turn out, anything could happen. People expect us to come up with other records just because we've got a contract. Just because we've got a contract doesn't mean that we'll come out with other records. If we get bored with it we would just throw it away at a minutes notice because the deal isn't the important thing, the enjoyment is. I know this is easy to say. Warwick plans to go to Melbourne at some stage. We'll just take it as it comes. At the moment it's good fun to jam especially now we're fourtracking. Going back to the FMC unplugged idea, weekly we have a quieter session of jamming. A few guitars, a little portable tape, a couple of practice amps and we sing like Eric Clapton and Rod Stewart.

OD: *How did the band get together? Was it just through a mutual respect for each other's abilities?*

S: I was last in on the scene because I was living and working in Perth. I did try out for them before I went to Perth, came back after they had a singer who disappeared because they enticed me back. My respect for their abilities was quite immense thus forming a band with them was the perfect enticement.

OD: *With the time between idea and germination of a song, is that due to wanting them to be perfect or being slightly idealistic about the sound?*

S: I think we are fussy with the arrangements of the songs. We know that we do have songs that we don't play. The songs do seem to evolve more than just be written. Perhaps sometimes the songs do get too complicated and we should simplify them a bit but that's the way they turn out. The acoustic sessions, even though sounding like a joke, have been where we have written some of our best songs lately. I'll take the acoustic guitar tracks and write the lyrics, see what will fit where.

OD: *Are the lyrics personal or just observations?*

S: They're mainly personal even though they're fairly ambiguous. They're not really depressing but they couldn't be called uplifting. Most lyrics I write seem to be written when I'm depressed or during the winter when I was living in a basement near the beach. Affectionately called the Bunker. Whether the lyrics are good is not something that can be

judged. Lyrics can be respected but shouldn't be judged. I think that the best lyrics are those that reveal something about the person writing them without being openly telling what they mean. Lyrics should not be a voice of authority. With regards to ourselves, we're basically a personal band but interpretations of what the lyrics mean differ from person to person.

OD: *With Shock supporting your new cd ep, can you see support from America for "Blind"?*

S: Shock distribute through a few stores over there, but not in many great numbers. If, and only if, they sell out will Shock send any more over. As a band you must rely on self promotion as much as you rely on being pushed. We've sent quite a few copies to American College stations and are hoping that somebody, somewhere will like it, play it on the radio and not take it home. I feel that success often depends on sheer chance, where you come from and if it is easy for the music to be pigeon-holed. The sheer chance factor also depends on who you know. For example, Martin Bland (ex-drummer for the Purple Gang, Bloodloss, & the Primevals amongst others) is living with Mark Arm (Mudhoney). Rhen (also ex-Bloodloss) lives there as well and Bloodloss have recorded in Seattle with Mr. Arm on guitar. Jim is finds it a bit funny, here he is touring the Adelaide Business Centre and here are his ex-bandmates recording with Mark Arm.

OD: *What do you enjoy listening to now that you've escaped your skate punk past?*

S: My taste does seem to run into the harder category. As a kid I always liked Led Zeppelin, Black Sabbath, Kiss while now I find enjoyment in Fetish 69, The Fluid and Smashing Pumpkins to name a few. Black Sabbath still get a work-out. They all exert some influence but none are ripped off in our music.

OD: *Do you think that musical taste is defined by environment or a matter of chance?*

S: A bit of both in much the same manner that anything is. You find something that you like, you go exploring and then meet people who are interested in the same thing. This then repeats itself.

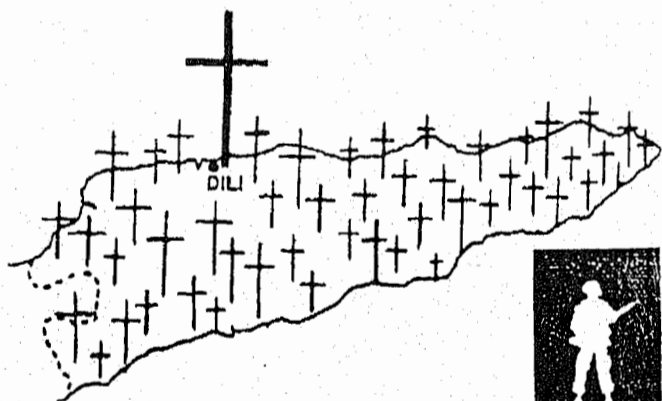
Darien O'Reilly

Free moving Curtis have released a five track ep, "Blind" out on Hippy Knight records and distributed through Shock. It should be available through any fine record stores. The five tracks last a total of twenty minutes. For me, the stand out track is 'Back Tab'.

The interview lasted another twenty five minutes, so if you want the unexpurgated version came into the On Dit office and take it off the light table. Steve is a verbose young man who happens to front one of Adelaide's finer exponents of the art of live music.

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No Diana Ross here, folks

Rohan Thompson chats about himself to Tommy from the Supreme Love Gods.

There will always be the group of wrinkly strummers who pump out tunes at the corner hotel on a Sunday afternoon. They'll get out the guitars with their friends whom they've know for years and they'll speculate as to why the great goddess of success never came knocking at their door and loved them the way they wanted. There'll be no passionate kiss of the charmed. Then there are the younger bands who can smell the waft of fame and it really is coming their way. Then of course there are the freaks of stardom that are The Supreme Love Gods. Theirs is the good life. It's the tale of a deity. Gaining prominence for The Supreme Love Gods never proved itself to be particularly difficult. Downright easy it was. There are bands that would sell their Les Pauls off for five bucks a piece to get a deal with Sony within five months of hitting the scene. It sounds like the sort of success you could scrape off the floor after

to shop around." It worked. The honeymoon never lasts forever. The inference is there that Sony didn't treat the band too well. They were off Sony fairly quickly. They'd released just one record, "Against Dissection". "They had no idea" sums it up fairly succinctly. The friction seems to be understated here. The Supreme Love Gods are a band that rose to a major label in less time than it takes to grow a good veggie patch. Has Sony always been the house of cutting edge bands? "We weren't found by an A&R director. We had a contact who had gotten hold of the vice president of CBS and she said that we were signed and she assigned people to deal with us. The people that were assigned to deal with us had no idea what we were doing." Autonomy was spoken of in hushed tones throughout the Sony times. It was during this time that the first Supreme Love Gods record was released through One Little

we squeeze a song out of it." Productivity from conflict, it's been done before. If Malcolm MacLaren can get cash from chaos then The Supreme Love Gods should be able to get a song out of it. When the record was cut Tommy and the drummer were into bands like The Meat Beat Manifesto and other industrial dance bands. The singer was into bands like The Replacements and REM. The diversity is the glue and provides the substance. Listen to the record and it's all submerged in the waves of sound. The Supreme Love Gods sound like they're in for the long haul. They're desperate not

doubtful as to whether they'll ever appear on these shores for a while. A tour has been offered but "we're feeling kinda tired." Obscurity still plagues them here in Australia but give them time. With a career travelling this far there is always the possibility that they'll burn up all the fuel in one brilliant dash and blinding burst of iridescent flame but the cruise control has now been set. They're pacing themselves and they'll get there, wherever it is that they're going. Sooner or later. The first step is to get out of bed and have a cup of coffee.

J Mascis lives.

Rohan Thompson

"err no, er not really; nothing really serious. We were just hangin' out and jamming and stuff."

a hard party the night before. It's almost criminal. The Supreme Love Gods are a band that were "just bummin' around Fresno". The Gods really do smile on some. The logical response is, of course, "oh, they must have spent years in semi-established bands for years prior". No, that's not the case. Tommy sounds sufficiently like J Mascis when he says like a half drugged hound dog "err no, er not really; nothing really serious. We were just hangin' out and jamming and stuff." You want to shoot him for making it sound so effortlessly simple. There are always going to be those that are born to their posts. Here's one of them. The slacker drawl could kill ambition. The name "The Supreme Love Gods" suggests a group of young go-getters who are just waiting to take on the world and shake it into tiny little bits that crunch under your shoes as you walk over them. Tommy sounds like he's never really cared much, man. Generation Xers unite under this man. Let him join Dinosaur Jr. "A lot of it was who you know and it was kind of a weird thing, you know. We contacted the right people basically. That's the most of it. We had some good tunes," were Tommy's comments about the band's rise to their first major record deal. It was never expected, "we were just playing locally, you know, I had some recording equipment and we recorded this one song on an old four track. We used that

Indian in the UK. It made a minor splash. The band got a write-up in the NME and the bassist left. End of Sony. Then came the not-so-Def-American label, home of bands like The Black Crows. The Supreme Love Gods do seem a bit out of place, but it pays the bills. "Now that we're with Def American we have a lot more artistic control". They got what they want backing form a big label and autonomy. The result was an album that the band is happy with and a tour that they all loved. The Supreme Love Gods draw from a variety of styles. Tommy was listening to bands like AC/DC and Ozzy Osborne. Anything other than country. The album was described as being a fusion of Blur and Primal Scream. They do sound very English. Tony has a chuckle at this. "There's always a new one. Every time I talk to an interviewer or somebody who's done a review or something they've said something that's different. They've said The Stone Roses. One time when we were in England they said it was as if we were a cross between KC and The Sunshine Band and Iron Maiden." Now there's a weird one. Tommy puts this down to their live presence. "Live we're a lot heavier, what with guitars and the whole thing." The dance element to the record is attributed to the blend of different styles of music that are listened to by each individual band member. "We argue quite a bit about it and



The Supremes meet The Shadows

to be another flash in the pan. They're a collective that wants to do as much as they can for as long as they can. It's

PS: I've got silly sidies.

WHO ARE YOU, WHO, WHO, WHO, WHO?

Being an absolutely joyous time for indie-rock lovers in terms of 'must have' new releases, you are forgiven for not having purchased You Am I's debut album "Sound As Ever" yet. But, don't forget or you'll be denying yourself something special. I can't get started to begin to say how 'goddamn' excellent it is. (Crap puns, I know - but essential nevertheless).

And the shows over the weekend were not that bad either.

Sitting in the front bar of Lennie's with Rod Stewart in the background was an atmosphere congenial for a chat with Tim Rogers (singer/guitarist) and Russell Hopkinson (new drummer) of Sydney band You Am I. As far as the new album goes, Tim sounds very happy, having previously fallen prey to the 'denial-of-old-material' syndrome that begets even the greatest.

"I haven't really been happy with anything we've done so far. But a couple of months divorced from this one and it's quite easy on the ears." By the sounds of it, the recording of it was a pretty intense time for the band, firstly being jetted to Minneapolis to record it (the home of all Tim's 80's rock idols), mixing down in New York City, having dinner with Babes In Toyland and the inevitable band tensions resulting in the recent departure of drummer Mark Tunaley.

"Being such an intense period, we can hear a lot of things on the record that other people probably can't, but we're really enjoying playing all the songs live, so that's a good thing. As far as Mark goes, it was going to be more of a stress having him around. It was hard with us being together for so long - I mean, it's like a gang of little kids when somebody doesn't want to tow the line anymore and be diplomatic about things. It's better to do something about it before it drags everybody down. It just became very apparent while we were recording." The new drummer on the block, Russell Hopkinson, seems very relaxed about the whole thing, a veteran of the Perth punk-scene and old drummer in Nursery Crimes, to him it must be like just another band.

"I've been playing with the band for about 6-7 weeks now. Two weeks after they returned from overseas Tim rang up and we had a bash. They liked it and I liked it, so we took it from there." The live sound hasn't changed all that much to my ears, cool bordering on proud, flamboyant bordering on flashy, exciting bordering on nervous, sound as ever. If anything, I think the drums have assumed a more subtle role, opening the way for the intricacies of the songs to come through. Sparser perhaps, and I don't think it's a bad change either. (Sorry, but they're not sounding at all Death-metal as Russell was hoping.) You Am I are a busy band at the moment - an Australian tour with



"A photographer from Rolling Stone rang up Todd from RA records and asked if the lead singer of You Am I wanted to do a photo shoot. And I went, 'oh, not really... oh, only if I get to keep the clothes.' And so it was all lined up and Todd sent some photos down. And then the photographer rang up and said Oh, I'm sorry, I think Andy's better looking. So that was it."

the Beasts of Bourbon in a month or so, recording some Who covers for a Melbourne label, and then a probable tour to the U.S. following the American release of 'Sound As Ever'. Tim's cynical again, grabbing any opportunity to swallow humble pills.

"I'm not sure about the Beasts tour - it'll be good but they're a bit tougher than us. More macho."

"And their jeans are tighter."

"I think we're doing O.K. on the jeans. Yeah, apparently we're going overseas for 4 months, but it's a bit

like when you hear that the best looking girl in the school is going to ask you out. You know?"

That never happened to me, so I'll never know, but now I'm getting to see where maybe some of Tim's angst/frustration has come from that so made him want to be a rock legend. And then came the story of when he was a spotty fourteen year old living in Adelaide's, getting hassled at the beach for being pale, skinny and tall. I'm sure I've seen that same thing on a beer ad or something. He must be a guy with

no luck, I'm thinking, as he explains about the bass player Andy Kent stealing a modelling job in a Rolling Stone magazine.

"A photographer from Rolling Stone rang up Todd from RA records and asked if the lead singer of You Am I wanted to do a photo shoot. And I went, 'oh, not really... oh, only if I get to keep the clothes.' And so it was all lined up and Todd sent some photos down. And then the photographer rang up and said Oh, I'm sorry, I think Andy's better looking. So that was it."

But aside from all this, Tim's particularly happy with where he's at, at the moment.

"I've got a habit of being really down. But at the moment it's great. We're writing new stuff, we're enjoying playing and getting stupendously nice drinks riders. It's great. If I wasn't doing this I'd probably be lugging someone else's stuff you know."

And the worst thing about being in You Am I?

"Nothing, really. I can't believe bands don't like touring. The little things, like loading, are shit, but I suppose the biggest pressure at the moment is to maybe sell a few records, which was never a big thing before. Now that you've got someone putting in a bit of money, too much money, you think well maybe we've gotta pay that back so we can keep doing it. We've got consciences you know."

And then a side of You Am I hadn't expected. One word - Testmatch. Endless hours of the Death Metal Eleven vs the Punk Rock Eleven. The English-pop-sensibility eleven vs the Dead-Rockers Eleven, etc. Sounds like fun to me,

But back to rock - "rawk and rawl - as we, You Am I have interpreted it", with a bow, a smile and one sky wave from Timofi. So seventies it's sick. So dirty - glam it's cool. So defensive and self-doubting. And they get away with it all. Everything about them is loser and legend in one - it's almost as if they're acting out the rock thing so well you begin to believe them. And maybe that's all shit. Because it's the music, man. The music is everything. And the music is real, and you can feel it's about real things. Some people are born to speak through songs, and that is Tim Rogers, for sure. I can't write down what the You Am I sound is, because that will just lead to turdy comparisons (stay away). All I can say is that if you like your rock with a big R, if you like your jeans with a big flare, if you like your rock-sensibilities with a big S, then You Am I is yours with a big smile.

**Peter Psaltis
and Max and Matt.**

PIOTR, PIOTR, PUMPKIN EATER

Against Perfection was never really comparable to The Breeders' latest offering - that is in terms of sales. Adorable's following still falls well short of the bleating fan hordes who proclaim The Breeders as the best thing ever. So why are Adorable touring? Perhaps it's because they like touring. You've got to like touring if you choose to play before crowds in Czechoslovakia. The tour itinerary has taken a downturn and now Adelaide is on the agenda. Who knows how tickets are selling? Who cares? They'll be playing on 7 November at Le Rox. That's enough flagrant plugging, Piotr is the subject here.

The wake of *Against Perfection* saw very little coverage apart from what the band themselves created. The records still sell. If that wasn't the case then there'd be no cause for them to tour anywhere and make any money out of it. They've survived without being heaped with praise. Quite on the contrary, they were ear-marked as precocious upstarts when they first hit the scene. That scene was the indie scene (you know, all those people that stare at their shoes the whole gig while juveniles faint at the sight of fey boy/men wielding guitars in the most non-threatening manner). The NME loved them in the singles column but reviled their assured stance in the gossip sections. So the NME left them alone. They're a self made success. A bit like Dick Smith, really.

"We have been ignored a year and a half and our records still sell healthily. We've existed without the press for almost the whole part of our career. Heaven knows what would happen if we - shock! horror! - got a bit of press". Press is just what Adorable are getting now but realistically it's not where it counts. Cynicism seems to be playing a part of Piotr's view of the band and their direction. The shift has come off desperately trying to influence the people who decide who gets touted as the next big thing on the covers of the papers. Adorable play gigs and sell records. There's nothing particularly startling about that. They're a three minute song pop band. That's it. The difference is that they're good at it. Listen to "Favourite Fallen Idol" and it becomes clear. If they make it, great! And if they fail they wanna do it completely and move on to the next imperfect phase of existence. "Following the album reviews and some of the live reviews that we've been picking up recently, I think that people are starting to become aware that we're going to be around for a bit." If the tarot cards were flipped at the moment, failure would not be staring back up from the table. The last thing Piotr lacks is confidence.

How good was the album? Piotr speaks obliquely of the reviews as if the allusions were there that theirs was a good album but not a brilliant one. With a title like *Against Perfection* then it would come across as being a little on the hypocritical side if it was the perfect pop masterpiece. Time mellows opinion and hindsight is always twenty-



twenty. Just the same, you can't focus on your own finger when it's a centimetre before your eye. Piotr's objective criticism is just. He would be typically superstar boring if he were to say that it's the best thing he's ever heard. It would also be a confirmation that everything the NME said about arrogance was true. "I'm now sufficiently distanced from the album in terms of 'we made it nine months ago' to say that I still feel proud of it and I think I still will in twenty years time when I look back at it. I think it will sound dated

"We're not Bjorn Again."

- PIOTR, ADORABLE

but I don't think it will sound bad. I don't think any stretch of the imagination could consider it a poor album. For me it's got six tracks that I'm really proud of and six out of ten tracks isn't bad." There's the admittance of human frailty that forms the essence of the record. It could never be perfect. Piotr sounds as though he would be both pleased and disappointed if it was perfect. Concerning the other four tracks Piotr said "They just weren't quite there, you know. They had that indefinable not-quite-thereness." It probably is a bit more definable than Piotr indicates. The tracks lacked the injection of falling-sky adrenalin enthusiasm that you'll find on "Homeboy" or "Sistine Chapel Ceiling".

Where this leads is towards a complete Piotr manifesto. His "arrogance" is explained. He's opinionated. When told that he shouldn't expect a Lemonheads crowd Piotr responded with "we wouldn't want a Lemonheads crowd anyway." OK, so he likes Echo and the Bunnymen and not druggy Evan. Ador-

able are not the Coventry Bunnymen Show. Don't expect the a different flavour of The Australian Doors Show. Adorable and Piotr will always stand on their own feet. "We're not Bjorn Again." The point is about perfection and it's source and how impossible it is and how futile it is to obtain it. Creativity has its source and nothing can be produced without a grounding. Just as My Bloody Valentine were constantly compared with The Jesus and Mary Chain "no doubt there will be a band in a few years time who will sound like

Adorable, or sound like Suede. And just the same accusations that have been levelled at us will be levelled at the next band along the line and the same accusations that were levelled at Echo and the Bunnymen were probably the same accusations that were levelled at Television and The Doors. What happens is that we don't live in a vacuum, we live in a world where we're constantly influenced by other bands. There is no truly original band in the world, or the truly original bands are almost unlistenable. There is no band that doesn't sound like any other band." You don't learn to speak until you've heard someone else say the same words before. You can't write a ground breaking book without reading the books of those that have gone before. Everyone has been influenced by whomever wrote a pop song in the first place. "We're hardly very original. We're just four white, young, middle class young lads playing guitars with a distortion pedal." There's no urge to break out of the formula. That's what pop's about. The

parameters have been defined. Adorable are within them.

The spate of re-releases from the seventies and sixties and even eighties proves that pop hasn't really come along very far, "It doesn't matter. So long as the song's good it doesn't matter!" Adorable are honestly good. They accept their place and have no notion of escape. There's no need to try to be God when you're human. They have no desire to get fat on beer and become the Jim Morrison of the indie world. "People are interested in those that fail." Marilyn Monroe, James Dean and JFK wouldn't be the icons that they are today if they hadn't found the cultural elevation of death. "I think failures are interesting. I think they're more interesting than successes. Orson Welles is a good example of a man who started off his career making *Citizen Kane* which is widely regarded as one of the best movie that has ever been made but he ended up making beer adverts in England, almost penniless." The prospect remains for Piotr what could have happened if Orson Welles had been killed after the completion of *Citizen Kane*. The fact is he didn't die and he stayed human and failed. He became mediocre. That's the manifesto of Adorable. "We're not interested in the perfect person next door. Everyone hates the perfect people, you know, the toothpaste people. If you strive for perfection then you end up with a Hitler/Nazi/Aryan type world where you want perfect people like *Logan's Run*. That isn't what people should strive for." Adorable embody the flawed and the beautiful. To succeed you must fail. There is a frame of reference for everything and life at the top is lonely.

Rohan Thompson

I was a, was a Kamikaze Pilot...

Richard Vowles tracked down J.J. Hijinx on the eve of the release of the Clowns of Decadence three and a half track cd Kamikaze Karnival

The Clowns are about to release a CD, no truly it's actually happened this time. All the rumours are true it is actually coming out. Anyway I had a chat to J.J. Hijinx about the clowns, summer and global power. We started off with the obvious question, what do the Clowns think about summer?

Well, some are good, some are bad, and some are totally indifferent. No seriously one of the Clowns favourite things to do during summer is hobby farming, we have a bit of a fetish for cattle. We find cattle excretions very good for the Clowns vegies.

This aroused my curiosity as to how the Clowns actually live, in a commune I ventured hesitantly,

We do, we are generally nomadic, we move from place to place. I suppose our last commune was in Melbourne. It's really funny, whenever we set up commune in Melbourne, and play gigs there we always see more Adelaide people

there than Melbourne people. Like Tony Modra. We are all avid crows supporters, in fact my parents have got a couple of crows that they feed mincemeat to every morning. I don't know what they are called. We can't stand football, it gets in the way of things. We played a show at Glenelg Surf Life Saving club recently. It was reasonably well attended. But the Hotel Grand and St. Leonards were both packed, and we were trying to queue up to buy some beer, because the Surf Life Saving Club was not licensed, but all these people were there because apparently some of the football players were appearing there, and they had all shown up to see their heroes. Luckily we didn't have to wait around too long.

Having heard rumours that the Clowns planned world domination with the release of the CD, I asked J.J. What the CD actually has to do with this plan.

Nothing! Our plans to conquer the world revolve around the construction of a nuclear device. We've stolen some



plans from Israel recently, and we hope to have the finished product ready to go by the album launch. Hopefully it will be really big and colourful. We are going to fill it with heavy metals which should add colour to the flame it will emit. It should be able to be seen from as far north as INDONESIA, and hopefully the fallout will reach as far south as Antarctica by Christmas. We hope to plug the hole in the ozone with plutonium, so we're really doing the world a favour.

Alright, but what have the Clowns got planned beyond the release of the CD?

We have plans for a longer recording by the end of the year, but weather it happens by the end of the year I don't know. I mean we've been promising this CD for... well it's been getting on about 50 years now. The original recording was financed by our friend and mentor Sir Robert Menzies when he

was Prime Minister. But that one never actually came about. It was going to feature Jail House Rock, but unfortunately Elvis came to one of our concerts, liked it, and recorded it for himself. He was like that. Anyway, we also plan to continue to tour interstate, keep plugging away at Melbourne and the like. We are also plugging away at the Northern suburbs, playing places like the BRIDGEWAY. It's been pretty quiet, but we'll keep at it.

Not to worry, this one will be in the shops as you are reading this. It is called Kamikaze Karnival, it features three and a half tracks according to JJ, five according my CD player, and four according to the back of the CD !!! they are; Alien Sex Romp, Inside the mind of Cincinnati Fats, Decadent Days and The Outerlude. There will be two album launches. One was this weekend just gone, so you will have to go to the other one which is at the Synagogue this week. See you there...

Dis Orientate me

DisOrientation Ball
Saturday, 30th October
Cosmic Psychos, Aunty Raelene,
Dazychains, Exploding White Mice,
Finger Licken' Good.

And what a disoriented affair it was. Held in the cloisters with an impressive stage and mammoth speaker stacks, it unfortunately didn't attract impressive or mammoth amounts of punters. About one hundred really. The line-up was of good quality, yet ranging in musical styles dramatically. Instead of attracting a diverse range of punters, it deterred them (probably due to the Clowns of Decadence CD launch). Surprisingly, Aunty Raelene and their frocks were on first, playing pretty enthusiastically despite the lack of an

audience. Hang on, there were three people dancing at the front. Finger Licken' Good seemed a bit lost however. Passé suave perhaps. They were good at what they did, apparently "hip hop and graffittittittit". They never missed a beat and interchanged vocals in an effective albeit hip hop kind of way. I interpreted their song about lurve as "dippidy dip doop, rappy rap, screech screech". Is that how they make lurve or am I missing out on something? Musical style aside, the audience (except two devoted followers) also seemed a bit lost. Dazychains were a nice contrast to the hip hop. Nice melodies, nice guitars, well, nice. Unfortunately I disappeared into the depths of a cosy pub never to return, therefore missing when Exploding White Mice and the

Cosmic Psycho's got on stage. Whilst chatting to audience members it appeared that these two bands were the main attraction. Not surprising, as the last time they played together at the UniBar with the Iron Sheiks, they attracted about 400 punters.

In between bands, the expected mass hysteria and movement was non-existent. Probably because it was so bloody freezing. The food stalls (read single potato stall) was lacking business. By 11pm five of the nine security guards were sent home. An amusing aspect of the bar I have to mention (except the UDL) was that the price of beer was the same as cola. Not a complaint on my behalf, but probably one from the non-drinkers. The only mens toilet was on level five of the Union building, a bit of

a hike for those absolutely desperate. I'm not passing the DisOrientation Ball as a failure; indeed the concept of outdoor concerts is something much needed in Adelaide. Ian Messenger and Chris Tatchell (two of the three 1994 O'Ball directors) are to be commended on their attempt to make it happen. It simply seems that students didn't have the spare cash for tickets between \$12 and \$15 for a mish mash of bands. Possibly it would work on a night after exams not clashing with a gig of the same musical genre. Unfortunately the 700 people necessary to break even was approximately 600 short. Folk rock, hip hop, white boy pop and noise pop; DisOrientation Ball had it all except the punters.

Student Radio

Do you want to be a *Star*?

Student Radio is leaving this place, for another place. That place is 1994.

We are off air from 28th Nov - 31st Feb.

If you want to be part of Student Radio next year, pick up an application form from the SAUA, or your campus equivalent. Being part of Student Radio is an excellent opportunity to gain valuable experience in Journalism, Radio Production, Script Writing, Promotion, Recording, and Voice Training. Don't hesitate, grab a form today.

In the mean time, keep enjoying Student Radio till the end of November.

Guide for Sunday 7th Nov, 2:30pm - 12:30am, 531 kHz.

2:30 Local Noise. Local music and talk with Tracy Skehan and Mark Nichols.

3:30 Donald & Beverly Rock Adelaide. Alternative new releases with Jesse Reynolds.

4:30 Music with Andy Joyner.

5:30 Arts Show. Catherine, Alex, Marion and Tom present an Arts Showcase.

6:30 Current Affairs

7:00 Darien O'Reilly plays Loud, Brash

and Ugly Non-Australian tunes from the last 15 years.

8:30 World Montage. Presented by the O.S.A.

9:30 Womens' Show.

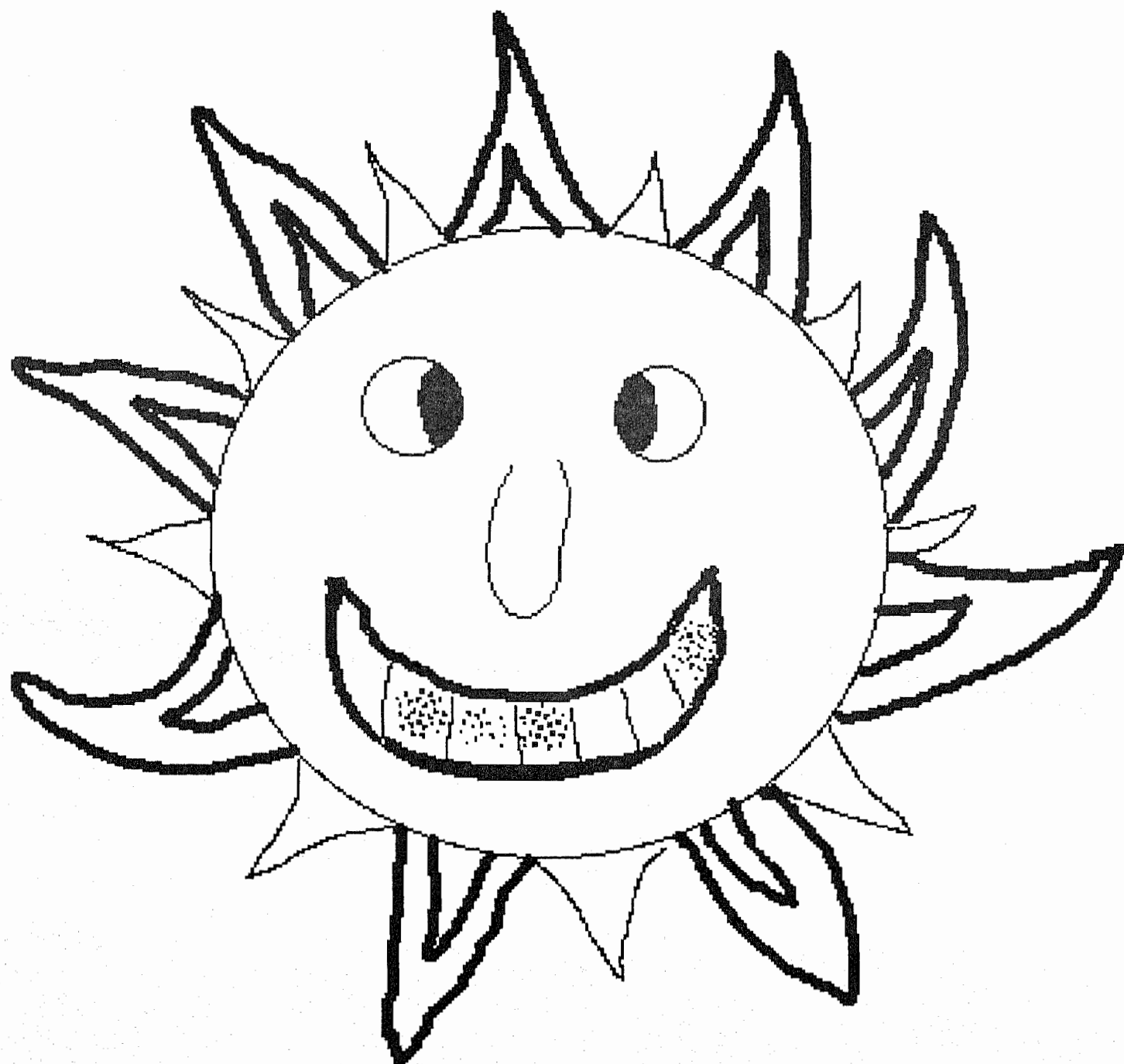
10:30 Ultrasound. Chat and Talkback with Sam Maiden and Sonja Thomas.

11:30 Chris O'Brien and Mat Fleet lull you to sleep with some hard knocking Alternative music.

12:30 BBC World Service, Wow!

give me noise
Student Radio
531 kHz
Sundays 2:30pm - 12:30am

ROLLINS BAND

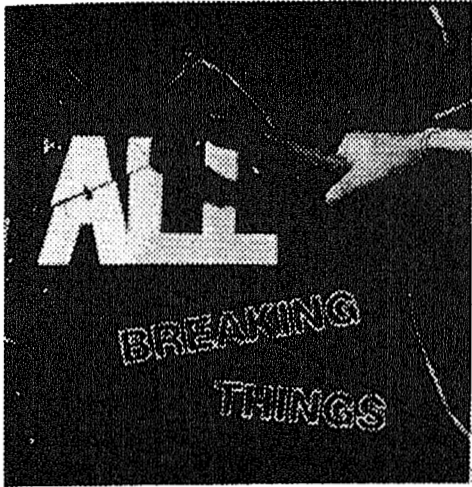


The New Album

"MACHINE 48"

"Another in your face, gut wrenching, thinking persons, cathartic release from the band that redefined anger"

Welcome to the Cruz seats

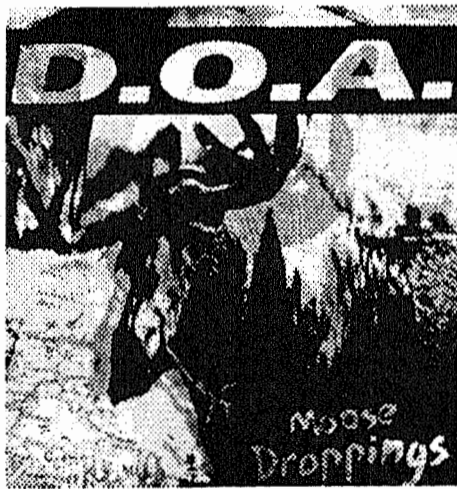


Breaking Things
All
Cruz/Shock

This bunch were of course the Descendents until Milo Aukerman was replaced on vocals, and this album sees Milo's replacement replaced with one Chad Price, with Milo singing back ups. This is far and away the best thing they've done since the Descendents hung their dirty sheets out to air. Chad's voice is much better than that pun, and a bit more powerful than previous vocalists. The sound has also been beefed up, with both bass and guitar vying furiously for prominence and the greatest number of variations around the basic melody. The lyrics continue to be a cross between sickly sweet corny girl/boy stories and cynical social commentary. The songs range from the criminally hooky single 'Shreen' to the more pummelling noise of 'Excuses'. I think this lot were responsible for pop-punk becoming a common term, and it's the perfect description, with the added benefit of a good twist of the guitar's volume knob. It's good to see a return to form after a couple of disappointments - this should win the hearts of anyone who loved the Descendents or likes pop-punk with songs to hum along to. Damned nifty. (Hell, I nearly forgot 'Crucified' - the one dodgy one - I swear it it sounds like Pearl Jam! Minor aberration though.)

Moose Droppings
D.O.A.
Timberyard/
M.D.S.

D.O.A. were one of the forerunners of hardcore punk, and it seems there's no reason for their message or music to be any less relevant or urgent now than thirteen years ago. The combination of a two year rest, a new drummer and a return to the Alternative Tentacles label has seen them produce their best work for some time. This particular CD was released in conjunction with the D.O.A./ nomeansno Australian tour, and contains four songs from 1992's '13 Flavours of Doom', the 'It's Not Unusual' EP and 6 of the best releases from 1980 - 1985. It's a good way to sample their recent work and have some of their classics as well - a great introduction to the band if you're not familiar with D.O.A. already. The mainstay of D.O.A.'s repertoire is three chord punk rock, screaming guitar and venom laced vocals. The lyrics are, almost without exception, about the many inadequacies in society, from the prison system to the environment, Gulf War, racism and shitty ex-band members. If that's not enough, the finale is a rather gorey version of the Tom Jones classic mentioned previously. This is pretty much essential for anyone with even a smidgeon of punk spirit, presuming you don't own the original releases!



Bastards
Motorhead
Thrust/Shock.

Mo'head. The only metal band it's cool for punks to like. The self proclaimed loudest band in the world. Vehicle for Lemmy, legendary ugly man with warts and absurdly gravelly voice. The only man who finds it necessary to sing at the ceiling while playing bass 'round his ankles. Motörhead. Hell, when anyone reviews a blistering band bordering between thrash and metal, they say, 'it sounds like Motörhead', so how do you review Motörhead? Well, it sounds like Motörhead. As a matter of fact, Motörhead at their best. And loudest. And fastest. Like the last Poison Idea record in parts, perhaps. Being dumped from a major (despite being nominated for a grammy!) seems to have rekindled the fire that had perhaps cooled just below blue flame. The only low light is 'Don't Let Daddy Kiss Me', a fairly sensitive look at child abuse as the child might perceive it. The idea is admirable, but the sheer agony of Lemmy singing(!) without accompaniment, followed by acoustic balladeering and rising rock crescendo - well, it's got to be a practical joke, huh Lemmy? Yeeeurk! The placing of 'Bad Woman' directly afterwards kind of confuses the issue. Otherwise, well this is Motörhead. I really shouldn't need to say much more. This is the sort of music that doesn't need 'Play Loud' written on the cover. It's loud at any volume!

Destroy Me, Lover
Pain Teens
Trance/Shock

From the cover art to the lyrics and 'wantonly innocent' vocals of Bliss Blood, this record literally oozes sex. Not light, happy fun teenage sex, but as the title and art suggest, darker more dangerous areas are explored. 'Cool Your Power' ("I just want to cool your power, feel that heat inside") starts the album off with pure fuzzed-out lust, the closest thing to a pop song on this album. The Painteens tend to deal with atmospheres and emotions rather than verses and choruses. Some previous work has bordered on industrial, as do works here like 'Shock Treatment' (brutal noise overwhelming a psychiatrist discussing shock therapy) and fair emphasis is still given to disturbing samples, but the whole album remains cohesive and compelling. The falsely comforting gentleness of 'Prowling' is tempered superbly by the hypnotic grinding of 'Tar Pit'. 'RU486' combines sweet vocals and Mooseheart Faith style warped guitar in a love song to the abortion pill. ("What have we got to lose, there are too many of us anyway, we're starving everyday") As you may have gathered, this is not your average record. Butthole Surfers comparisons are often thrown at this band (hell, they're from Texas, they *must* sound like the Surfers!) but I prefer this to those Buttholes records I've spent my hard earned cash on. (That, by the way, is a compliment!)



- 1- Destro-oh- boy!- New bomb turks
- 2- Splatterheads- Bot the album
- 3- Painteens- Destroy me, lover
- 4- Fu(n)gazi- in on the killtaker
- 5- Hoss- Bring on the juice
- 6- Bored!- Scuzz
- 7- nomeansno - Why do they call me Mr Happy?
- 8- Cosmic Psychos- Palomino Pizza
- 9- Poison Idea- We must burn
- 10- Ripe- The plastic hassle

By **Daniel "Ben Weasel" Kearney**

Preserving Tribesmen

The Screaming Tribesmen, a Sydney-based band, have been around since the early/mid-80's and released several EP's, singles and albums, without ever getting the full recognition that they deserve and now may finally receive with their latest album, "Formaldehyde". Of the original members of the band (one of whom was ex-Radio Birdman Chris Masuak), only singer/guitarist/songwriter Mick Medew remains, and it was with Medew that I spoke. I asked him first about the new album.

"I'm really happy with it this time 'round. . . It's a lot different from our last record. I guess it's kind of getting back to what people liked about the band in the first

"Rock 'n' roll made a man out of me"

place. . . Blood Lust [the Tribesmen's last album, from 1990] was a lot heavier and a lot more metallic-sounding than our previous stuff and what we were known for. This time around, we wanted to make sure we showed up our influences a bit more than we had in the past."

These influences included The Stooges, MC5 and Radio Birdman, ". . . that kind of

thing that came out of Detroit and Ann Arbor in the late 70's and got carried through in Sydney as well."

"I was raised on Hendrix and Zeppelin . . . and I still love Iggy a lot; I went to see him when he came out here [Big Day Out], and I just thought that he was better than ever: he's non-stop energy, didn't even stop to have a drink for the whole hour that he was on stage."

Radio Birdman vocalist Rob Younger in fact produced the album, and Medew freely admitted his influence: "It was the first time for many years that the band has had a producer that was a band member, someone outside the group with a different set of views. . . Rob doesn't care two hoots about commerciality. Mick describes their sound as "hard-

edged, psychedelic power pop, and also very Australian. "While commenting on the difference the changes in the line-up had made (Glen Morris for Brian Mann on guitar, and Paul [Celibate Rifles] Larsen on drums), he mentioned Larsen's drumming reminded him of Guns n' Roses first drummer Steven Adler. I took the opportunity to ask about the lead guitar work, which in parts sounds similar to Guns n' Roses.

"Yeah, it's interesting that you mention that because when we went to the States everyone was comparing us to them, when they were trying to pigeonhole us. . . yeah, I guess now that you mentioned it, some of it is a bit reminiscent of them.

That first album was one of the all-time classic albums. They've got a lot to answer for, too."

To hear what Mick means, have a listen to the outro solo of *So Alone*, and some of the guitar work and drumming on *Day We Said Goodbye* and *Fatal Fascination*.

"Formaldehyde" is an album featuring "hard" rhythm guitars and some great soloing, innovative drumming and bass playing, but Medew's snarling, distinctive pop vocals still take centre stage.

So how *do* they write their songs, by jamming together or just out of anywhere/nowhere, I enquired.

"Yeah, jamming. . . I think songs are just in the ether, you know, they just sort of come to you and say 'I wanna be like this'. We

shows in about 46 days", contending with concern over the political consequences of the Gulf War raging at that time [terrorism], fatigue and a snow-storm on a German autobahn which almost caused them to miss the ferry to England. "Rock n' roll made a man out of me", Medew quotes.

Asked how he feels about the fact that the band sell more records out of Australia, and especially in Europe - where they have gained cult band status in some areas - than in Australia, Medew is philosophical: "I guess it's just a bigger population, and also in Europe, I think Australian bands are still really popular, whereas I think in Australia and the States, there's more of a trend to Seattle bands. . . which I find kind of ironic



Feeling the cold and rocking out

did a lot of writing before we went in to record "Formaldehyde", hence the title: we went off the road for eighteen months. I just stayed at home and wrote 23, 24 songs with Jeff [Silver, bassist/songwriter' on the Port-a-Studio) with the drum machine." "We were trying really hard to write more songs and develop our songs writing a lot more. Let's face it: the band was a bit of a road beast in the eighties, we were always touring; things are a bit different in that way now. Hopefully, we'll be able to put more albums out more frequently."

We've still got a few tracks in the can, a few songs that weren't included on the album because the record company is gonna put the album out on vinyl as well, for Europe, . . . and if it's too long you lose a bit of clarity on vinyl. We're hoping that another three-track single is going to be coming out in the coming months."

Don't look for the band to stop touring, though: "a record label" European tour is planned, the Tribesmen touring the continent with the Chevelles (one of Mick's favourite new bands) and German band The Strange Men. Hopefully, this tour will build onto the successful European tour in the beginning of 1991, when the Screaming Tribesmen played some "38, 39

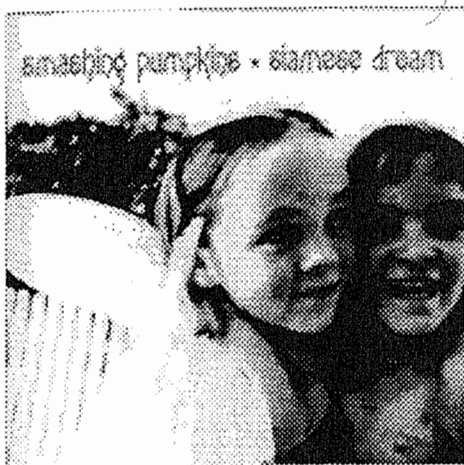
in a way, 'coz when I read interviews by some of these bands like, for instance, the Lemonheads and Mudhoney, they cite a lot of Australian groups as their influence." However, no resentment is felt towards "the Seattle scene" by Medew: "I really like it; it's a healthy thing, a good thing. But I'm glad we don't sound like that, though: it's a good thing for us not to sound like that. . . I like some of the groups that come out of there: after all, Jimi Hendrix was from Seattle."

Unfortunately, the Tribesmen missed Adelaide on their most recent Australian tour; in fact, the last time the band were in Adelaide is so long ago that Mick asked if the Tivoli was still going. I was too young to see them at the time so I still haven't had a chance to verify whether their awesome live reputation is deserved: I hope to find out soon and I recommend that you do too since the Screaming Tribesmen generally, and "Formaldehyde" in particular, are worth paying some attention to!

Florian Minzlaff.

BIMBO

open
 mon - thurs 10:30 - 6
 fri 10:30 - 9:30
 sat 10:30 - 5
 sun - 12:30 - 5
 279 rundle st.



Smashing Pumpkins
Siamese Dream
EMI

In the light of recent publicity which tells us to "forget comparisons; the Smashing Pumpkins stand alone" you could be forgiven for assuming that this record constituted a radical departure from rock music as we know it, this is not the case. The Pumpkins play a kind of guitar driven rock which is not really all that far removed from the likes of Led Zeppelin or Guns'n'Roses, with riffs a-plenty and no shortage of blistering solos. However, these guys play it well, and every song on the album appeals, thanks to a generous dose of melody, a consistently high energy level, and an ability to craft songs which can range from moments of touching sensitivity to powerful rock crescendos. In an age where rock lyrics tend to range from cliché-ridden tales of love to nonsensical babblings, with very little in between, it is refreshing to hear frontman Billy Corgan's tales of angst and hope, which manage to powerfully convey the pitfalls of the human condition without sounding overly contrived. Songs like the opener, Cherub Rock, Today and Hummer are genuine rock'n'roll classics, and I'm certain that if SA•FM played this album instead of Barnsey and the Eagles, the Smashing Pumpkins would have a multi-platinum album on their hands. Of course, this won't happen, but Siamese Dream is an album influenced by the rock tradition which manages to achieve a feel of freshness and originality, and should appeal to fans of Nirvana and Aerosmith alike. I for one can't wait to see this band at next year's Big Day Out, and recommend the album to anyone interested in good new guitar music.

Jeremy MacKinnon

Sebadoh
Bubble & Scrape
Shock

No doubt about it Sebadoh sure know how to write a good song. I'd be the first to admit, though, that the quality of their albums is not so great; an excellent guitar-driven song about the pain of love set to a spine-tinglingly good tune might be immediately followed by an art rock dud. Sadly Bubble and Scrape is a perfect example of this. The first two songs are killers, Soul and Fire chugs along slowly, and when Lou Barlow chants the simple line "I think our love is coming to an end," we feel for him such is the beauty of the tune. Two Years Two Days pursues a similar

theme, but ups the pace a bit and demonstrates that Sebadoh are not afraid to rock. If the album continued in this vein, I would advise you to rush out and buy it now, but sadly things degenerate a bit from this point. There are other excellent songs on the album, such as Homemade, Sacred Attention, and Think (Let Tomorrow Bee), but there are just a few too many failures for me to be able to call this a great album. At their best Sebadoh show that rock can be powerful without being loud and raucous, but they've yet to produce a consistently good record. Bubble and Scrape is worth owning for the pockets of brilliance it contains, but when faced with the prospect of shelling out twenty-six bucks for a CD, I'd urge you to listen to the whole album before handing over your hard earned cash. That said, Sebadoh write some great songs, and I can't wait till Dino records release their best of.

Jeremy MacKinnon

Home Is Where The Floor Is
Various
Dog Meat

Taking its title from the song by X, this compilation features seven bands who have recorded for Dog Meat Records, and was given away at a couple of gigs in Melbourne and Geelong. Each band contributes two songs, one of which is previously unreleased or hard to get hold of. The lineup of bands is pretty impressive - Hoss, Powder Monkeys, Phillistains, Sunset Strip, Red Planet Rockets, Freeloaders and the Splatterheads. Highlights include a live version of the Powder Monkeys amazing 'Atomic Resolution' featuring numerous 'watch how many notes I can hit in an eighth of a second' solos from John Nolan, and a great live recording of 'Ark' from Hoss. The Freeloaders outdo themselves with a forthcoming single, 'Something For Nothing' and needless to say the two Splatterheads songs are awesome. As an added bonus, you get a complete Dog Meat discography inside. In short, this contains some of the greatest rock ever made anywhere and deserves a proud place in your record collection. Although a very limited giveaway, Dog Meat have a few left for people interested interstate, apparently at a reasonable price. If you're interested, contact Dave Laing at Dog Meat (P.O. Box 2366v Melbourne 3001). Also watch out for upcoming releases from the Powder Monkeys and the Freeloaders 'cos they're going to be something else!

Daniel Kearney

Post-Historic Monster (2 million years BC)
Carter USM
Chrysalis Records / EMI

With 'Post-Historic Monster', Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine reaffirm their status as the band on top of and yet distinct from the indie movement. This CD is close to brilliant and entirely distinct from any other release out there. Apart from their well-known electronic backing section and fuzzy, driving twin guitar attack, this album features some brilliant lyrics: deep

thoughtful reflections on the sad state of the planet and individual people are expressed in humorous, ironic words that succeeded in getting their message across while still making me smile, for example, the apocalyptic sentiment of "The Music that Nobody Likes", Yes siree boy, there's nothing worth living for But it really ain't worth dying for So just say three hail Jesus and Mary Chains, two how's your fathers, give your thanks to God and say goodnight Jim Bob or the republican "Stuff the Jubilee!" Excuse my rudery But stuff the jubilee! Princess A to Princess Bea and all their work for charity ... And every sodding polo team In Hello! bloody magazine Carter USM express their sentiments on a variety of issues in a similar way: commercialism in music ("Sing Fat Lady Sing"), thoughts of suicide ("Suicide isn't Painless"), religious extremism ("Mid Day Crisis") and many others; I could go on for ages but why don't you have a listen to 'Post-Historic Monster', and witness the genius of Carter USM for yourself.

Florian Minzlaff

Between the Sheets
Fourplay
Warner Bros

City apartment dining room - crisp linen setting, champagne effervescing through silver, china and crystal remain untouched ... harbour lights and moonlight shining through the picture window ... soft, sensual musical ponderings from the sound system ... this night is yours and mine, alone. A celebration.

'Between the Sheets' is the second album from Fourplay; it's 1991 debut spent a record 33 weeks at No. 1 on Billboard's contemporary jazz chart and reached No. 2 on the R & B. Bob James (keyboards), Lee Ritenoun (guitars), Harvey Mason (drums) and Nathan East (bass and occasional vocalist) have individually won Grammys, gold albums, performed, composed and produced for themselves and just about every artist from Michael Jackson to Barbra Streisand ... have a look through the album notes of your collection! Collectively, their experience and abilities are showcased as "Fourplay" - consummate craftsmanship and seamless ensemble playing, complemented vocally where required by Dee Fredrix, Chaka Khan and Philip Bailey.

Best tracks to immerse and indulge in are the intro "Chant", "Between the Sheets" (vocal duet by Nathan East and Chaka Khan), Neil Hefti's "Li'l Darlins" (is this the theme to MASH?) and "A Summer Child" (similar in sound / structure to Sedaka's "Breaking Up is Hard to Do"). At the time of labelling, the sound is at times reminiscent of George Benson or Kenny G. Over an hour of musical silk! When the sun rises later this morning, I'm off to find their first ... dinner can wait.

Roger Gurr

Minds Alive
Braintree
Wildside / Festival Records

Braintree is an unknown band from New Zealand. Their cassage "Minds Alive" is not bad, but it appears that they are just an everyday rock band, nothing out of the ordinary. They don't seem anything special to me, so unless they improve or continue on with the style of music in the song "One Second", I don't expect them to ever get big.

The first song, "Minds Alive", has the title repeated a total of 50 times during the song. The second song, "Aloneness", is okay, but the third and last song called "One Second", particularly stands out as the best one. It's slow and depressing but the band puts emotion into the song and you can get into it more than the other songs.

Overall, not too bad.

Scott Berry

Who Are You?
ScaryMother
ATI / Mushroom Music

If you went to the Faith No more concert during their Australian tour, you will probably remember ScaryMother, who was the support band on this particular tour. There is a trace of FNM in ScaryMother's music, but it really is some of the most original, unique material released by the Australian music scene (in fact, the music scene *per se*) in recent times. ScaryMother have been called "Joy Division with Marshall Amps and keyboards" and "a sullen version of the Doors". I'd like to add another definition to the above: it's a bit like the Pet Shop Boys jamming with Metallica might be.

"Who Are You?", the second single off their debut album (which should be out now) is about a split personality and a typical example of ScaryMother's music to boot: swirling keyboards, a wah-wah guitar riff through the verse and a resounding chorus with intelligent lyrics. There are two mixes of this song on the cassage, plus a third track, "Stuck", which is harder and rockier than the title track, but still very good. Definitely worth checking out.

Florian Minzlaff

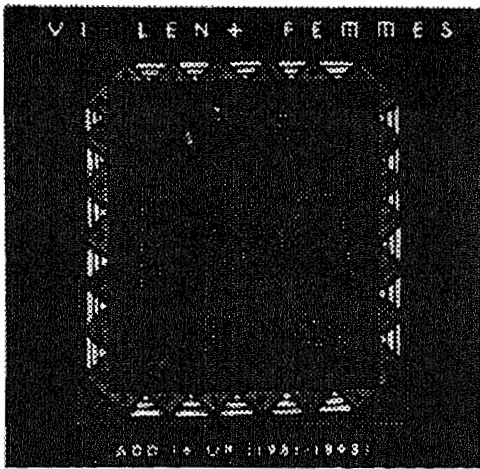
From the Devil to the Deep Blue Sky
Disco Inferno
Rough Trade / Festival Records

This is quite weird: a haunting, trancey song that I can only describe by what it's not: it is not techno, disco or anything danceable. Similarities to Pink Floyd and the Velvet Underground may be detected and I suppose this could be called art rock, but I like it a lot.

The second track, "A Rock to Cling To", is even stranger: a 9 1/2 minute instrumental, it features the sound of breaking glass, birds, several percussion instruments (such as a Glockenspiel) and possibly even a few cowbells, besides the conventional bass, guitar, drums and keyboards.

Very trippy and mellow, this could be the sort of thing stoned people might enjoy.

Florian Minzlaff



**Add It Up (1981 - 1993)
Violent Femmes
Slash / Liberation**

Tosay that compilations are often dodgy little deals is merely a statement of the bleeding obvious. Nonetheless, one of the joys in life is the discovery of a compilation which actually stands as an album in its own right, rather than just being another of the faceless "Best of / Most of / Best of the best of / Most of the best of's which we are invariably inundated with every Christmas. Whereas 1990's "Debauch" compilation was comprised of thirteen damn fine tracks, it somehow failed to capture that essential Femmeness (Violent Femmininity, perhaps?) that was occasionally captured on vinyl and always exuded at their live shows. However, you need not fear as 'Add It Up (1981 - 1993)' goes far to redress this.

Let's see, to satisfy the "singles collection" urge, there's your ol' favourites ranging from "American Music", "Gimme the Car" and "Country Death Song" to that O'Camp classic, "Blister in the Sun" (minus Nick Dunstone). More importantly, there's an early demo ("Waiting for the Bus"), a swag of live cuts, the mandatory previously unreleased newies ("Vancouver", "36-24-36") and a variety of odds and sods from surreal radio ads to introductions by drunken tour promoters. But best of all, there's a telephone message revealing the answer to that oft wondered, but never before answered question of why Gordon Gano was late to the first Femmes recording session.

Admittedly, all of this may seem somewhat curious to the uninitiated, but it's enough to keep the faithful jumping about rabidly until the Femmes (complete with new drummer) return to our shores in April (tentatively) next year. Victor deLorenzo may have called it a day, but 'Add it Up (1981 - 1993)' guarantees that this hiccup doesn't allow that "Good Feeling" to go "Out the Window".

Michael Osborn

**Jesus' Blood Never Failed Me Yet
Gavin Bryars**

OK, here's the deal: Mr Bryars has taken a recording of an English tramp singing the words:

"Jesus' blood never failed me yet,
Never failed me yet
Jesus' blood never failed me yet
There's one thing I know
For he loves me so"
and put the tape into a loop. Over this repeating refrain, he slowly builds an

orchestral accompaniment. Tom Waits eventually joins in and the piece fades out with Tom warbling the same words over a string ensemble. Fine. Except the piece is 74:43 long and you get the refrain 161 times. Some people may find this irritating, others may find it cathartic.

Mr Bryars sticks to the same harmonies throughout the piece, only changing a note here and there. There is no development of rhythm, either. The idea has lots of potential, but by trying to sound as 'eternal' as possible, Mr Bryars has ended up with a load of harmonic clichés.

The high point of the piece is the inclusion of Tom Waits, whose demonic baritone suits the mood of the piece perfectly. If the piece was cut down to about twenty minutes (ironically, the length of the original LP version) and you kept the bit with Waits, it would have a lot more emotional impact.

HBC

**Hot Shoe Shuffle
Original Australian Cast Recording
Festival**

Grunge is dead! Techno got RSI! And those crusties have just shrivelled up! "So, what's next?" cry out the insatiable masses. Well, as I see it, the only logical progression is to tap dancing music - What? Tap?! You bet, and thanks to Festival Records, the definitive tap release, guaranteed to shape the next big sound of the 90's is now available! Assembled here on one massive tape we have the cast of Hot Shoe Shuffle (one damn bigger than Ben Hur musical) performing all the show's classiest tracks live. Hey, you get "Little Brown Jug", "Ac-cent-tchu-ate the Positive", "Puttin' on the Ritz", "Fifteen Minute Intermission", "It don't mean a thing (if it ain't got swing)" as well as thirteen other gems.

What, you want more? Well, you'll get it because almost every second song has at least one tap solo. Admittedly, this aspect does tend to lose a bit of its impact without the visual element of watching some spiffily dressed guy jumping around like a firewalker on speed. Nonetheless, those "clickety-clack-clickety-clack-clack-clacks" sure got me going.

According to the liner notes, the Melbourne Age dubbed Hot Shoe Shuffle: "the most exhilarating dancing to ever shake the theatre floor..." And, really, who am I to disagree? So, there you have it; not only is the art of tap the latest dance sensation, but furthermore, it's the official anthem of the future - and remember where you heard it first.

Michael "Tap Brother No. 1" Osborn

**En Mana Kuoyo
Ayub Ogada
Realworld**

Ayub Ogada is a Kenyan vocalist, songwriter and nyatiti (thumb piano) player. He sings and plays like an angel, his high, soft voice perfectly complementing the delicate sounds of the nyatiti. Listening to this man perform sends shivers up and down your spine. Listening to this album is like having a hot bath and a massage.

The songs on the album range from "Obiero" - a delicate ballad dedicated to Ayub's brother - to upbeat numbers like "10%", a political protest song. The lyrics are sung in Ayub's native language, but the sound of his voice is a delight. The album is set out perfectly with the songs following each other in an organic progression.

Complementing Ayub's voice on nyatiti are the Kenyan flutes Imbele and Wea, which Ayub plays himself. Additional instrumentals on various tracks include guitar, bass, percussion and piano. There is even a guest appearance by Geoffrey Oryema. The other performers are incorporated perfectly into Ayub's sound, never overpowering him, but always making a valuable contribution to the song.

It is astounding that Peter Gariel's Realworld label continues to find such amazing musicians and promote and record them to the extent they do. Ayub was discovered busking on the London Underground and if it wasn't for Womad and Mr Gabriel, we may never have heard him at all.

H.B.C.

**U + I
Hallelujah Picassos
Festival**

This 4-track is the first recording released by this little known New Zealand band and, yet again, the cliché that "you can't pigeonhole this band" is true as they have quite a unique sound that draws from many types of music. It seems to me that their many influences are reggae, rap, tribal and pop music.

"U+I" and "Homegirl" are very catchy, groovy tunes, the song "Rewind" is too, but to a lesser extent, all three songs are quite happy and poppy. While "Snakeman's Cry" is more serious and appears to almost be a tribal song.

The *Hallelujah Picassos* have scored rave reviews in New Zealand for their shows (including a show to 2,500 ravers), even through they aren't techno, their performances have been described as "big on energy, showing that their manic reggae-rap-ska-thrash thing is more convincing and cohesive with every new song".

Overall, the *Hallelujah Picassos* are a great new band with a huge future, so if you see any of their recordings around, give it a listen.

Scott Berry

**Purrrr
Hollyfaith
Epic / Sony Music**

Despite normally being reluctant to categorise music, I have no hesitation in slapping a big, fat "grunge" stamp on 'Purrrr', since this is what this album (featuring a cover that has to be a strong contender for 'Worst Ever Album Cover') obviously intends to be. Though *Hollyfaith* don't hail from Seattle, all the rest is in place: the producer (Don Fleming, who has worked with the *Screaming Trees*, amongst others), the look (one of the members owns a Layne [Alice in Chains] Staley-type goatie and, in fact, looks just like Staley) and the music, of course. Not that there's any-

thing wrong with that; in fact, 'Purrrr' is great.

The album opens with "Bliss", a smooth track with a tough edge, continues with the *Butthole Surfers*-ish vocals and manic guitar attack of "Who Is You", "Delicacies" and the psychedelic "Watching, Waiting, Turning". Especially the latter two tracks are reminiscent of *Stone Temple Pilots* and the latest material from *Nirvana*. From here, however, the mood changes: "Zero" features sleazy verses backed with clean guitar and an anguished, noisy chorus, "Voodoo Doll" has an intro reminiscent of *Crowded House* before breaking into a languid, bluesy tune reminiscent of early *Aerosmith* or *Guns n' Roses*' "Dust and Bones". "Whatsamatta" is back to standard "grunge" fare, "Whirlwind"'s lyrics are spoilt somewhat by the song itself being fairly forgettable, but "Colour of Blood" reverses this: a strange piece of rock n' roll with some worrying lyrics, it doesn't paint a good picture of *Hollyfaith*'s state of mind (nor mine, I guess, since I quite like it).

"Needs", a tender song a little reminiscent of Pearl Jam, contrasts with the previous track and ends one of the best albums I've heard this year: hey, so it's not 100% original, but since when did originality ever guarantee a great record?

Florian Minzloff

**Money Spyder
The James Taylor Quartet**

For a distinctly unimpressed looking bunch of short-haired Poms, these characters play some surprisingly happy and highly danceable numbers. All instrumental, the James Taylor Quartet (no relation to the Yank) take one on a nostalgia trip through the grooves of the sixties and seventies aboard a funky Hammond organ, grinding guitar, a good solid bass and drums rhythm section and the odd bit of mellow sax.

The tracks are all derivative, intentionally so, evoking old American cop shows, tacky sixties surf movies and even a bit of hipped up Western soundtrack music. The Union Club, for example, reeks of naive bouncy teenage fun in the sun, and although each genre is readily recognised, none of the tunes are excessively clichéd.

Some laid back, Latin feel, new wave and swing also sneak their way in, so if you're after derivative danceable diversion, JTQ is for you.

Dylan Woolcock

**Jam
Little Angels**

This offering from *Little Angels* is consistent in its good quality. There is a variety of songs ranging from ballads such as "Sail Away" to hard rock, anti-establishment songs such as "The Way That I Live".

The style of this band has flavours of *Aerosmith* and *AC/DC* (when Bon Scott was singer); hard, yet melodic and words worth listening to.

I thoroughly recommend this CD; it has earned a place in my collection as one of my favourites.

Polly

Snazzy Jazzy

The last reviews for the year

**Babel
D*Note
Dorado Records
/ Shock**

D*Note are another group that fit loosely within the "Acid Jazz" mould, the creation of multi-instrumentalist and lyricist Matt Wienevski.

Their sound is difficult to define skirting between hip-hop, ambient dance, house and smatterings here and there of the current UK soul movement. Most tracks are up-tempo, of suitable funkiness, featuring dubbed voices, rapping and often the enticing vocals of singers Pamel-La Anderson and Dee Major. There is also more than a hint of jazz here as can be witnessed upon hearing a rather adept sax impro in "Bronx Bull". The piano (or its synthetic counterpart) plays a particularly significant role - adding substantive riffs to faster tracks such as "Rain" and "The Message" and in some cases creating waves of dreamy, melody as in the tiny one minute track "Lydia" and "Pharaoh".

Overall, there is tremendous variety in the instrumental texture making this recording one that is difficult to tire of. In fact, repeated listens are recommended for those who want to explore the nuances on this record to their fullest. On this, their debut CD, D*Note reveal themselves as the innovators at the cutting edge of the Acid Jazz / Dance Movement. Definitely worth a listen.

Danielle Poulos

**High Havoc
Corduroy
Acid Jazz**

Corduroy are a four-piece band from London. Their press release describes them as an acid jazz band but in reality they sound like a 60's action movie soundtrack, sort of like 'The Tokyo Ska Paradise Orchestra' meets 'The Crazy World of Arthur Brown'. *Corduroy* is an apt name. 'Safari Suits with Twelve Inch Lapels' would have been apter.

While none of the four lads in the band can be described as virtuosos, they still manage to produce a tight, groovy and, above all, *silly* sound. Some of the tracks on 'High Havoc' sound like background music from 'Scooby Doo', while others sound like muzak on drugs. Most of the album is instrumental (keyboard, bass, guitar and drums used to their full cheesy potential), but when the vocals come in, they're more or less acceptable. 'High Havoc' is an album that grows on you, although it can be hard to take the variations between funky groove and complete silliness that occurs between tracks. The band sounds a little too careful - when they groove, they could groove harder and when they're silly, they could certainly be *much* sillier.

An interesting note for all jazz students: the guy on the far right of the album cover looks *exactly* like Bruce Hancock.

H.P.C.

**Grow Your Own
Mother Earth
EP
Acid Jazz**

Yet another excellent release from the

Acid Jazz label. These guys are supremely funky with bass guitar and drums weaving groove like silk in amongst each other and sweet soulful vocals soaring above.

Track three is a version of the *Small Faces* instrumental, "Almost Grown", with an appropriately 60's / early 70's feel, opening with organ, introducing some tasty harmonica and characterised by that famous "Hendrix" chord, you know, a seven sharp nine, happening stuff.

If you're into funk and groove, I couldn't recommend this more highly and apparently they're touring soon, maybe, who knows, but, if, well, stay tuned!

Dylan Woolcock

**Three for the
Festival
Roland Kirk
Le Jazz**

Blindman, multi-instrumentalist, jazz man, Roland Kirk was quite some character.

The first track "Easy to Love" bounces along in a standard up-tempo, straight-ahead, small jazz ensemble-type manner, but then, six minutes in, it just gets downright bizarre. God knows what instrument raises its ugly head here, a stritch, a manzello? It sounds like a cross between a cello and kazoo, through which Kirk emits disturbed and sinister psycho laughter. Extremely manic.

There isn't really time to recover before track two "Love Madelaine" casts further doubts on the validity of reality. Playing three reed instruments at once, using trick fingerings and a sizeable

amount of ingenuity, Kirk produces some rather weird, clashing and basically insane music, brilliant nonetheless, or because of the bizarreness factor increases as the CD progresses. Don't listen to this guy when on acid, or if you just can't help yourself, a warning: beware of the lizards, lizards, lizards.

Dylan Woolcock

**Second Genesis
Wayne Shorter
Le Jazz**

Wayne Shorter's *Second Genesis*, recorded in 1960 for the Vee Jay label, is a driving and colourful piece of Jazz lovers' Jazz. I don't know how a newly reformed Jazz listener would cope, but if you feel confident with a slick Cedar Walton or a Coltranesque Wayne Shorter, you'll be fine.

At first glance, I found this album to be a little too hectic for my taste. After a couple of listenings, (attentive and not so attentive) the chaos showed itself to be quite organised and not chaotic at all.

All the players on is album have a fantastic time, feel and driving energy, whilst managing to keep everything very approachable. It seems that *Second Genesis* is a political exercise in keeping everything about the Jazz Quartet pure in sound, exciting in energy and always melody-friendly. You can hear the story in each solo and no-one ever gets in anyone's way.

The players in *Second Genesis* are Wayne Shorter; ten sax - Cedar Walton, Bob Cranshaw - bass and Art Blakey - drums.

Kylie Cook

Jazzing over Summer

Fezbah - The Hot Club

There is a new jazz club starting at the Fezbah on Saturday nights over Summer. The Hot Club (taking over from where Swingshift left off) will feature some of Australia's hottest jazz talent with a focus on home-grown bands.

Hot Club Co-ordinator, Christel Freeman, said, "It was decided that Swingshift would continue this year but with a fresh outlook. There had been many requests from bands who were not swing groups to play at the venue, so we decided to take a new direction in programming. A new name, a new face lift and a more intimate nightclub atmosphere will give us the opportunity to programme a greater variety of jazz."

The new programme will be commencing on a high note - the opening night (6th November, 1993) will be featuring Adelaide's leading jazz composer *Paul Grabowsky*, with Adelaide's own *Ugetzu* on support. Later dates will feature *Sasstrass*, *Lookin' Sharp*, *Kathie Renner & the Fuse* and *Andrew Firth*. Be there!

Jazz at the Office

Margaret Urlich, performing in jazz mode with special guest saxophonist *Dale Barlow* at the Office for 2 shows only - Tuesday, 2nd November and Wednesday, 3rd November, 1993.

Synagogue

Friday, 5th November, brings Sydney funksters *Swoop*. Check gig guides regularly for other groovy acid-jazz type-

things happening here.

Jazz Co-Ordinator Concert

The last Jazz Co-Ordinator Concert for 1993 will be held at the Arkaba Hotel on Sunday, 14th November at 7.30 pm. It will feature *Schmoe & Co*. Bookings 303 4339.

Green Mango Cafe

Don't forget that the Green Mango Cafe, 419 Magill Road, St Morris, will be continuing its programme of Wednesday and Saturday night jazz in November / December. Concerts start 8 pm, entry is \$5.

Jazz Action

The Jazz Action Society's "breakup" Xmas party for 1993 will be on Sunday, 21st November, 7.30 pm at the Arkaba. Playing at the Arkaba will be *The Kim Parting Trio* and *Absolute* (more in acid-jazz vein) who include

in their numbers some of Adelaide's best young talent - finally.

Cargo Club

The Cargo Club will continue to feature top jazz every Tuesday night (*Boplicity*) over Summer. In addition to this, here some more dates you might want to pencil into your diary:

Absolute - Saturday, 6th November (featuring DJ Route);

Dr Buzz - Friday, 19th November (featuring Groove Terminator Vibe-Selector);

Miles Files - "We want Miles". Miles Davis tribute, Saturday, 18th December;

The Truth - If you like your funk raw and no bullshit. 26th / 27th November (DJ: Groove Terminator).

That's all I can fit in groovers. Just bear in mind - this is only the tip of the iceberg!

I've Seen it in Your Eyes, I've Read it in Books

What's Nice to Read This Summer

It's that time of year again- nearly time to put away the books you have to read, and pick up the ones you've been waiting to read. And, of course, there's the grim period in between - exams...

Exam Reading

These are my three favorite exam distraction authors,

PG Woodehouse

A guaranteed stress reliever, the disasters of Bertie Wooster's life can make even ensuing exam trauma seem minor.

Robertson Davies

His trilogies are the kind of books that you find yourself unable to put down, and as you are transported into his world of bizarre characters, magic, opera, art and small town Canada.

Harry Harrison

The Sci Fi spoof series starring the Stainless Steel Rat - well written and totally mindless.

After the Horror

1993 has yielded some top notch fiction, not least among them the acclaimed "English Patient", by Michael Ondaatje, the 1992 Booker prize, now in paperback. Written in a lyrical, almost poetic style, "The English Patient" is the account of the interaction between four characters remaining in Italy at the end of the war. Central to the tale is the English patient himself, a man whose past is a mystery which is gradually unravelled through the book. This year's Booker prize has just been awarded to Roddy Doyle for "Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha". The Booker Prize often reflects literary fashion, and this year, Irish fiction is in.

Other Irish writers to keep in mind are Brendan Behan, William Trevor, whose anthology of short stories has just been released, Colm Toibin and Patrick McCabe, whose "The Butcher Boy" has been compared to Brett Easton Ellis' "American Psycho". Soon to be released is an anthology of Irish writing "Soho Square VI", edited by Colm Toibin (\$34.95 pb).

There are several other important titles coming out in the next few months, Jeanette Winterson's "Written On the Body" is coming out in paperback in November and Peter Goldsworthy's new novel "Little Deaths" should be released this week.

With any luck, some time this summer, "Like Water For Chocolate" should appear on the Adelaide cinema circuit, it's been doing very well in Melbourne. It's based on a novel by Mexican writer Laura Esquivel, and is a tale of unsummed passion interwoven with sex and magic, and recipes.

Another South American novel to read over summer is "the Alchemist" by Paulo Coelho - it should only take you an hour or so, but you'll make all your

friends read it too. It is a parable of a boy who dreams of travel and treasure, and on his subsequent journey learns how to listen to his heart, and to realise his dreams. Coelho treads the thin line between heartwarming and nauseating, but manages to avoid cliché and come up with an instant classic.

Pinkola Estés has written the feminist book to read this year: "Women Who Run With the Wolves" draws on a range of myths and stories to demonstrate how women can reclaim and rejoice in feminine power. By overcoming the repression of a value system that trivialises intuitive wisdom, emotional truth, women are able to rediscover the essential nature of the feminine.

Last but not least, here are a few of the best miscellaneous titles:

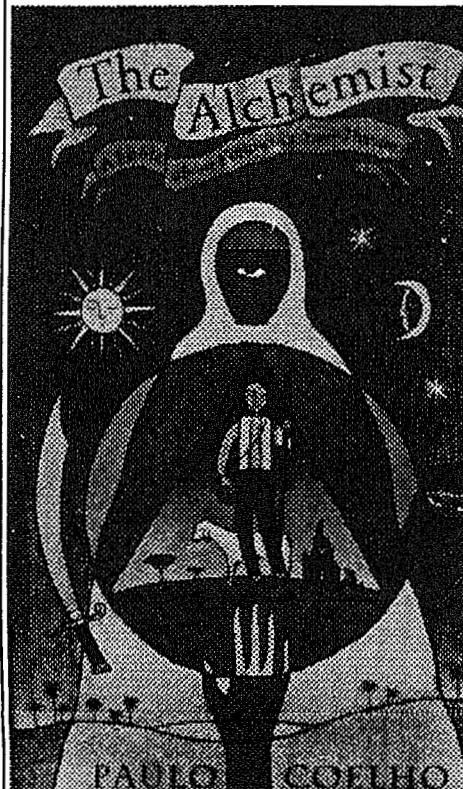
"The Surreal Gourmet" - Bobby Blumer has combined select, guaranteed-to-work recipes with his surrealist food artwork. Each recipe has music to cook by, and tips for adventure lovers. Don't miss the section on the Zen of Dishwashing.

"The Magic Eye" - Computer Generated 3D images without the glasses. See it to believe it.

"The Existential Cowboy" - a satirical existential parody of a cowboy, who should have run when he had the chance. Camus eat your heart out.

Compiled by Bridget Booth
Mind Field Bookshop

LIST OF SELECTED TITLES



P.G Woodehouse

Carry on Jeeves, \$12.95
Thankyou Jeeves, \$12.95
Jeeves in the Offing, \$12.95
Jeeves Takes Charge, \$12.95

Robertson Davies

The Salterdon Trilogy, \$19.95
Cornish Trilogy
Deptford Trilogy

Harry Harrison

The Stainless Steel Rat, \$9.95
A Stainless Steel Rat is Born, \$9.95

Michael Ondaatje

The English Patient, \$14.95

Roddy Doyle

Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha, \$17.95

Colm Toibin

The Heather Blazing, \$14.95

Patrick McCabe

The Butcher Boy \$14.95

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American Psycho, \$18.95

Colm Toibin

Soho Square VI, \$34.95 (pb)

Jeanette Winterson

Written On the Body, \$13.00

Peter Goldsworthy

Little Deaths, \$14.95

Laura Esquivel

Like Water For Chocolate, \$14.95

Paulo Coelho

The Alchemist, \$16.95

Clarissa Pinkola Estés

Women Who Run With The Wolves, \$19.95

Bob Blumer

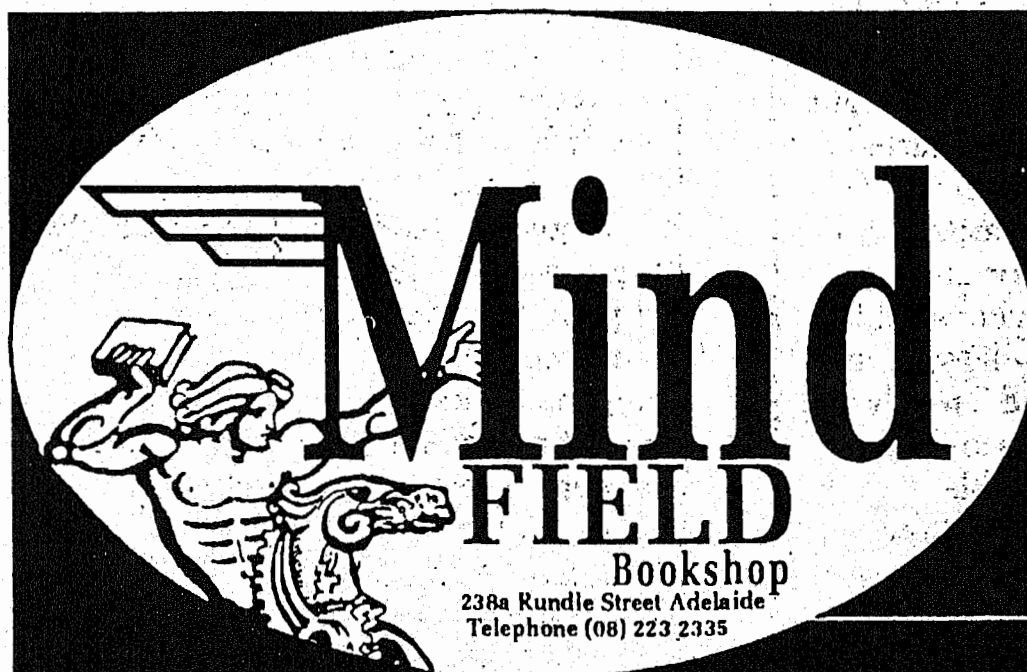
The Surreal Gourmet, \$26.95

N.E. Thing Enterprises

The Magic Eye, \$18.95

Michael Rowland

The Existential Cowboy, \$12.95



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The books you've been planning to read for ages. The books you need to go with other books on your shelves

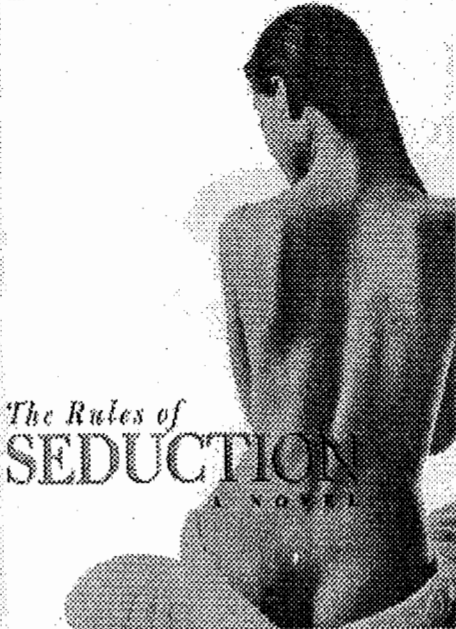
The books you want to own so they'll be handy just in case

The books you've always pretended to have read...

OPEN 7 DAYS

DANIEL L. MAGIDA

The Rules of Seduction
 Daniel L. Magida
 Picador
 \$14.95



Jack Newland has it all - power, money, fame. He is a society magazine columnist in New York, mixing with the elite and charming them with his bitchy columns. He chooses to watch their circle rather than participate, even though he belongs to one of the best families. His passivity spills over into his love life, where he lives by one rule - never make the first move. He has had both men and women seduce him all his life and has never cared for any of them. Understandably, he is rather jaded and cynical, despairing of his empty existence but too lazy to do anything

about it. The novel starts with a *Less-Than-Zero* ish scene in a New York nightclub. Jack appears to be a total bimbo. However, a young friend sees there is life behind the façade and decides to save him. He kidnaps him on the eve of Jack's 28th birthday and takes him to a country house where no one can find him. There Jack gradually comes to terms with the guilt of his past and falls in love. The secrets of his past are revealed one by one in an effective manner. They are down-to-earth, no rape and incest, rather incidents that hardened him and turned him into an emotional corpse, like unsuccessful relationship and misunderstandings. This is a modern day version of Edith Wharton's *Age of Innocence*, recently filmed by Martin Scorsese and starring

Daniel Day Lewis. The 19th century Newland is confined by an external morality, enforced by social ostracism. The 20th century Newland lives in a world where anything is acceptable, but everyone is empty inside and hence equally confined. *The Rules of Seduction* is well-written and involving. Jack is a complex character, his dead centre explained, his metamorphosis convincing and not at all sentimental. His bisexuality is handled in a matter-of-fact, non-sensationalist way. Highly recommended - mature and complex.

Jocelyn Fredericks

The Porcupine
 Julian Barnes
 Picador
 \$11.95

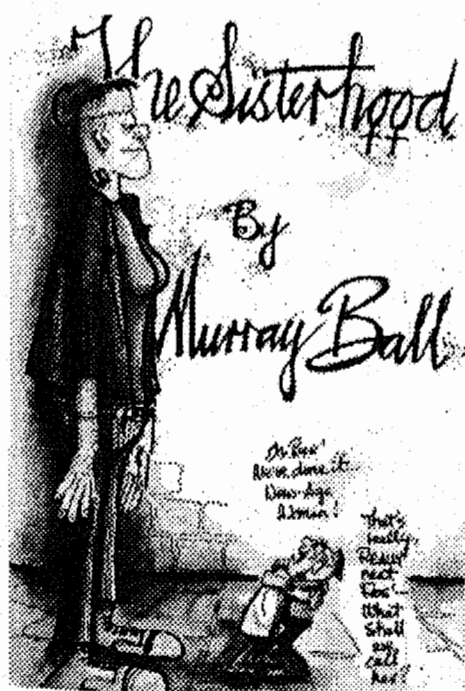
Julian Barnes is one of those names that you can drop casually into conversation at the sort of dinner party where one is likely to want to name-drop. "The latest Julian Barnes," you can mention carelessly. "Postmodernism," you can murmur. "While I particularly liked *Flaubert's Parrot*," you can say, "perhaps *Talking it Over* is my favourite. And the thing is that you can actually mean what you are saying at the same time as you are pretentiously trying to sound well-read. *The Porcupine* has many of the ingredients that make for successful light intellectual dinner-party banter. You may want to read it for this reason. You may

also want to read it because it's a good read, although (and here I'll do my best knowledgeable dinner-party guest impression) it's not as enjoyable as some of his other books. *The Porcupine* details the trial of the deposed leader of an unnamed Eastern European country where communism has just broken down. It concentrates on a number of different people involved in and affected by this trial: the deposed leader, Stoyo Petkanov; the Prosecutor in the case, Peter Solinsky; four young people who watch the televised trial in the hope of seeing Petkanov get his; and the grandmother of one of them who remains loyal to communism despite all. It also tells something of the 'ordinary people' of this country, acknowledging the hardships of food shortages and electricity cuts. This broad sweep of characters means that the implications of the situ-

ation are captured well and not simplistically. There is no easy solution to any problem, no black and white, no absolute good and bad. It is easy to sympathise with Petkanov's hatred of American imperialism, but at the same time it is impossible to forget the atrocities he is said to be guilty of, and it would seem that he is guilty of them, even if it is nearly impossible to pin them on him. Nevertheless, his own view of the way the world is remains a powerful and persuasive force in the novel. Someone asks: "Which is worse, the true believer who continues to believe despite all the evidence of observable reality, or the person who admits such reality yet continues to claim to be a true believer?" It is difficult to know where Petkanov fits into this formulation. How far is he a true believer, how far does he really believe that he was a good leader, that he was not corrupt?

And how far is all this true of the prosecutor? Solinsky tires of Petkanov's games and is tempted to abandon the procedure of fair trial, if indeed there is a possibility of such a thing. Solinsky would seem to succumb to the temptation of a small measure of corruption. In some ways the distinctions between them are slight. *The Porcupine* draws particularly on the recent history of Bulgaria, but it is not about any actual country or leader. Rather, it is a mix of documented recent history and historical personages such as Gorbachev and the Ceausescus with fictional characters and an invented history. It explores some of the issues raised by the break down of communism in the late 80's and early 90's, mixing History with Fiction and asking some important questions by doing so

Lorien Kaye



The Sisterhood
 Murray Ball

Let's not mince words, I'm going to slag this book off. Murray Ball is not a very sensitive man, much like his characters in *Footrot Flats*. "The Sisterhood" is a poor effort at portraying women in cartoons; they're either masculine looking trolls, or huge breasted bimbos. "The creator of *Footrot Flats* has turned completely genderless and non-threatening pen upon what he sees as the

teeniest, finest little mistakes that the women's movement might be making in their quest to rule the world in a completely non-sexist women's way." More likely, he's shit scared of women gaining confidence in themselves and not submitting to the often smutty humor he creates. Instead of confronting the issue in a sympathetic manner and creating a rational argument through his characters, Murray Ball ridicules it. He portrays any woman who wants equal rights as a lesbian, and any lesbian as physically unattractive. Even worse, he illustrates the women's movement as wanting total world domination. The interpretation of women and the women's movement is superficial, derogatory and seemingly to boost his own measly ego; "And if this makes him a rebel, then so be it!" He's still in extremely bad taste. "The Sisterhood" contains over 150 full sized pages of cartoon and anecdotes trivialising women's issues and ridiculing female assertiveness. Being a feminist to Murray Ball means completely alienating males. In my opinion, Murray Ball has too much balls and not enough brains.

Tracy 'Slagin' Skehan



Sisters
 Imprint
 \$16.95

A collection of short stories by some of Australia's leading women writers, *Sisters* explores the often sensitive subject of sisters. Often fragmented and slightly obscure, it often appears that the reader is on the outside looking into a private world. On the whole, *Sisters* offers a variety of

views upon interpersonal relations, from jealousy to love in the past, present and future. The 'Australian-ness' of the characters often surfaces through vernacular and geographical locations, thus emphasising the authentic heritage of women in this country. "The Childhood Gland" by Gillian Mears is the first of the six pieces and focuses on not two, but four sisters and a mother in an atypical family situation. Sisters are more than family relations, but a form of identity and autonomy. Through the diverse styles, the anthology paints a full and comprehensive picture of what it is like to be a sister. "A must read for anyone who has or has ever wanted a sister."

Tracy Skehan

The National Association for the Visual Arts and the Crafts Council of SA present AN EVENING OF VERY HELPFUL HINTS & INFORMATION ON the NEW Professionalism & the old Problems

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BLEEP BLEEP

'Click On:

Accessing the Contested Zone with All New Gen, the DNA Sluts offers more than is usually thrown your way in the day-to-day games offerings made for (and by) boys with joy sticks in their hands. In challenging and changing the techno macho corporate zone, All New Gen and the DNA Sluts reveal and generate paths and mappings that not only work in the box but take you beyond, into the frame, out of the frame, into words, into images, into new connections ...'

All New Gen and DNA Sluts
Experimental Art Foundation
21st October - 21st November, 1993

With this introduction, the artists produce an exhibit centering around an interactive computer installation.

Computer Game - the computer stands alone in the middle of the room. Click on: A face appears as does a voice and the game begins. The player is sent on a quest to be the saboteur of Big Daddy Mainframe. Mario move over, the champions of this game are none other than the DNA Sluts. These characters can be best described as an obscure, feminine form of the he-men dolls. Throughout the game 'feminist' quotes appear on screen, their relation to the game somewhat obscure. The game definitely has an element of the erotic, as does the whole exhibition. Players may view a haphazard series of images to which one responds in an emotive, psychological way. Click again: In a neo-realist landscape, inanimate objects are engaged in symbolic sexual intercourse. Back to the quest: one must find the way to defeat Circuit Boy, a 'dangerous techno bimbo' and therefore, destroy Big Daddy Mainframe.

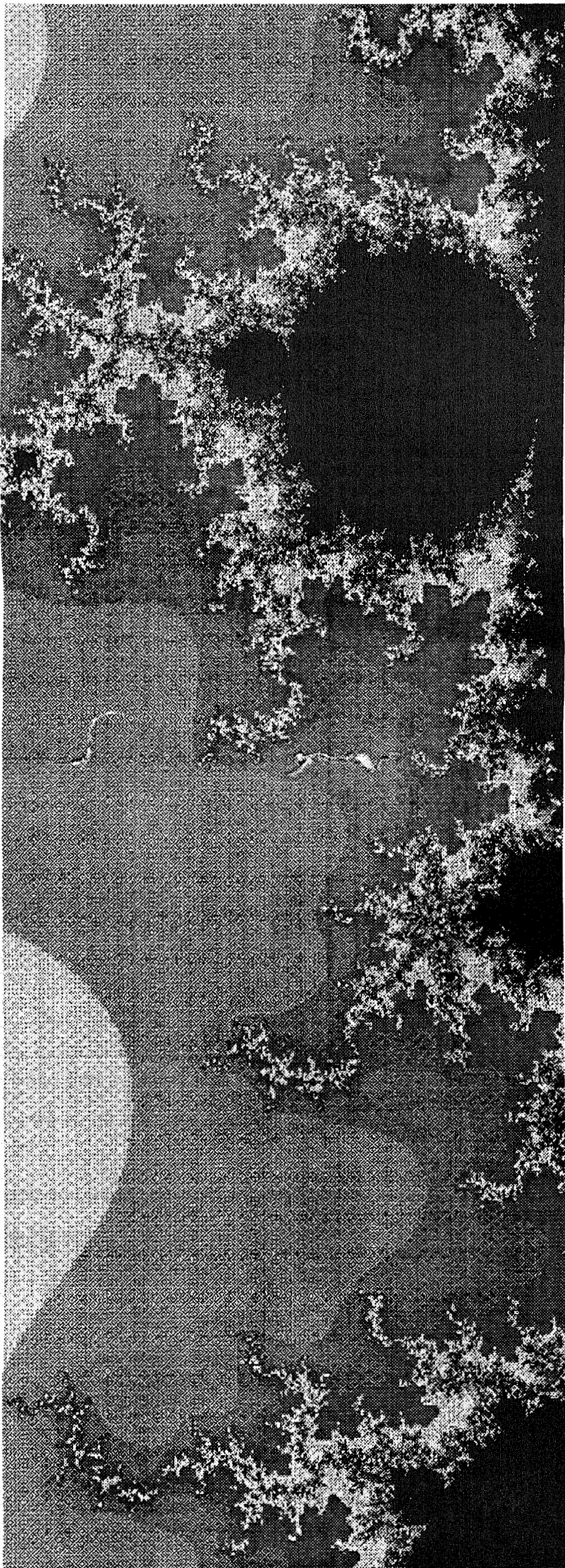
Bonding Booth - shoes off and behind the curtains you go, the bonding booth experience begins. The booth is constructed along the lines of a shrine and has spiritual overtones until the video begins. Shock follows as a very sexual, almost pornographic, homosexual scene begins, however, the direction of meaning of these images were difficult to sustain and understand. It is a confusing sequence, the images are left open to interpretation. The artists appear to be making a statement about the bounds of society but this is still unclear. Pre-conceived views of the socially accepted are challenged by this techno impression. The purpose of these images may rest in the 'Cyber Feminist Manifesto for the 21st Century' - 'unbounded, unleashed, unforgiving' - 'we are the virus of the new world disorder' - 'terminators of the moral code'. The Bonding Booth is a graphic display of sexual expression. This display does not go so far as to depict the full dismantling of the social and moral confines of soci-

ety. It does not release women.

Visual Displays - Various frames taken from the computer sequence are presented as still images with audio descriptions. These images did not enhance my understanding of both the game or the message but provided some interaction between the viewer and the image. These displays were only fully appreciated after viewers had consumed numerous glasses of wine at the opening.

I have considerable difficulty understanding the meaning of Cyber feminism. What is a feminist perspective of technological reality? I found it hard within the constructions provided by the video and the computer game to come to terms with the artists definition of Cyber feminism. If they are trying to depict an invasion of the masculine technological domain by imposing a feminist perspective through the means of technology, one is left without the conviction that this has occurred. It would appear that Big Daddy Mainframe has been substituted for Big Mother Mainframe, old infrastructures still existing. However, the feminist perspectives of the artists still remain a mystery. It is possible to surmise that the All New Gen and DNA Sluts have failed to 'rupture the symbolic form from within' ... 'corrupting the discourse' and have not adopted 'positive anti-reason'. All New Gen and DNA Sluts is definitely an exhibition worth seeing. The use of computers in art will become increasingly important and it is encouraging to see women with a feminist bent breaking new ground. It is difficult, coming from a mainstream art perspective to understand an ill-defined message on a relatively new medium - life and reality are increasingly being interpreted in technological terms. This exhibition is a voyeuristic experience. As this art form evolves, prepare to be bombarded with complex words and pictures, easily lost in the confusion of verbal and visual imagery. The artists have not yet mastered the communication techniques necessary to present their view to the world. The installations may take you into the box but do not take you into the frames, out of the frame, into words, into images, or into any new connections.

Erryn Cresshull

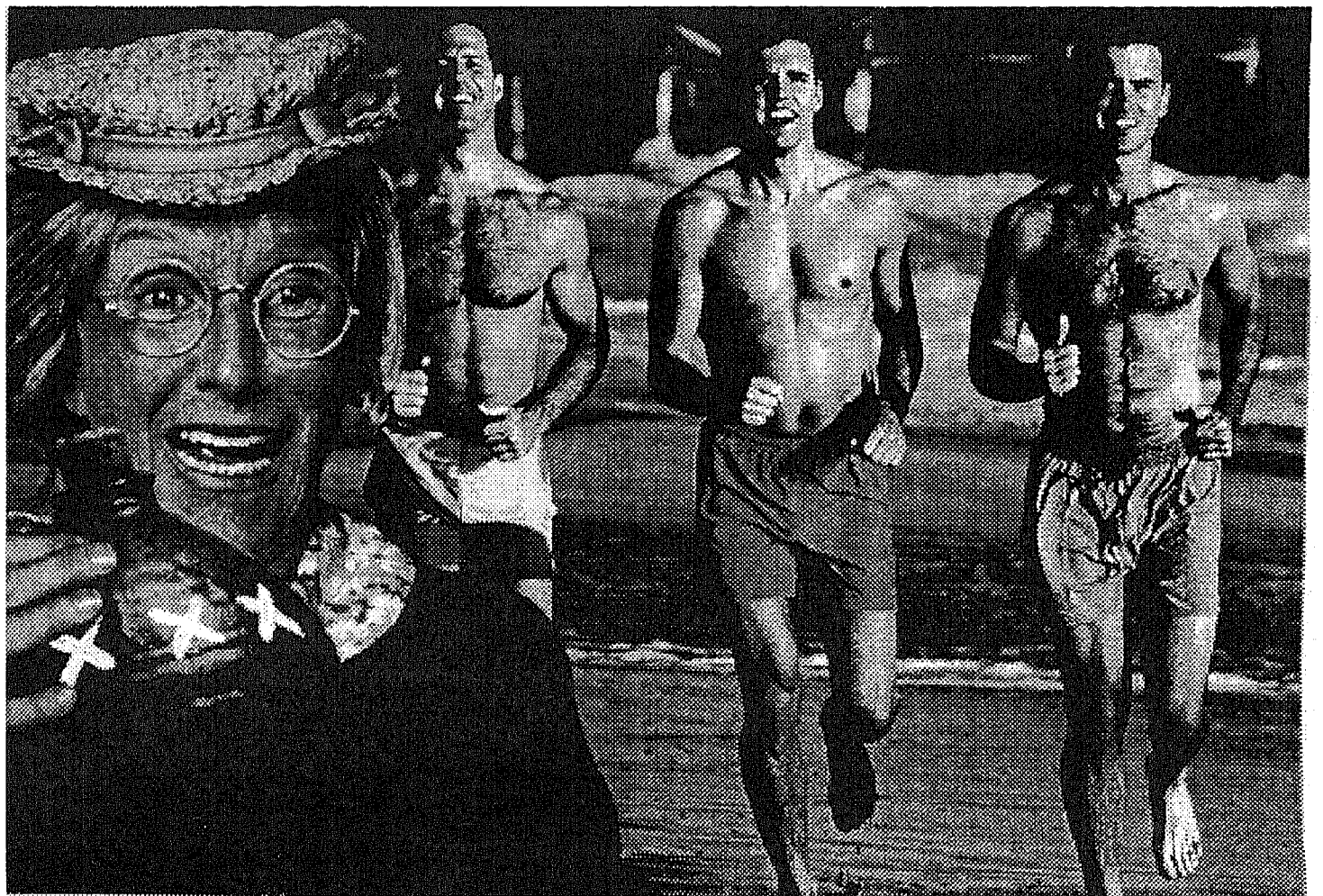


After the horror of exams there is Summer: theoretically three months of glorious carefree time. When you have the time to indulge again as a TV couch-potato, there is nothing worthwhile to satisfy this basic need until ratings start at the end of February. So unless you have been taping hours of late night films and saving them for the coming desert of visual entertainment (as Alan has!), then you're stuffed. The local video barn will soon run out of \$1 per week quality Charles Bronson classics. There will be only so much Young Talent Time brought back especially for the bedridden. So what options are there? Apart from strenuous activities like sport and work, there is Cinema: and what a veritable cornucopia of films await the intrepid explorer!

At the end of exams, you should still be able to see *Jurassic Park*, for those of you who desire nothing more than Digital Dinosaurs. Its a pity that the plot is so unbelievably flawed. Perhaps the film would have been more credible if Sam Neil, Jeff Goldblum, Richard Attenborough and Laura Dern were digitally enhanced virtual characters, as well.

Coming to Greater Union include films like *Fatal Instinct* due for January release starring Kathleen Turner as well as *Hard Target*, the new Jean Claude Van Damme feature. If either of these films are of similar quality to *Basic Instinct*, *Fatal Attraction* or *Nowhere to Run*, then prebook those tickets!

Hoyts has a varied lineup for those hot sunny days when we need to protect our dermis from the sun's ruining rays: starting in December is a new Martin Scorsese number, *The Age of Innocence* based on Edith Wharton's novel, with Daniel Day-Lewis, Michelle Pfeiffer and Winona Ryder. This promises to be a classy production, set in fashionable New York society of the 1870's. Also starting in December is *Mrs.*



SUMMER FILM

Alan Merrit and Tom Pikusa find out what's going to bust the Box Office this summer, and what isn't

Doubtfire, with Robin Williams donning a plastic face and padded frock to become the eponymous, British housekeeper for his own family after losing access following his divorce from Sally Field.

Robin Hood: Men in Tights comes to us from Mel Brooks, with Cary Elwes, Mel himself and Tracey Ullman, the

summer of 1125 promises to be as full of fun as the merry men's tights.

The last for this year also looks one of the worst: *Rookie of the Year* has a little-leaguer develops a magic arm which enables him to achieve the Big league, and also win our hearts. Or turn our stomachs. But with the TV being full of baseball at this time, this is really relevant! Take the baseball-hatted brats along, or lay down on the beach and avoid!

The new year brings 20th Century-Fox's latest reworking of tried and true (and tired) TV sitcoms: *The Beverly Hillbillies* is enjoying a high-budget move to the big screen. Promising "non-stop hysterics" and with Dabney Coleman as Jed, Cloris Leachman as Granny and Lily Tomlin as Miss Hathaway, we've yet to see whether this latest TV homage enjoys the success of *The Addams Family*.

If you've time between Festival events, there are some quality films on offer: Merchant Ivory productions bring us their adaption of Kazuo Ishiguro's novel *Remains of the Day* with Anthony Hopkins as the long-time manservant of James Fox. One of the highlights of the Festival

itself is the re-release of the 1921 silent classic *The Sheik*, with a full orchestral backing. Rudolph Valentino's notorious charm will revisit Adelaide and provide a meeting place for both cinema and orchestra lovers.

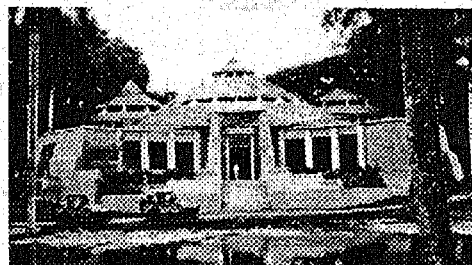
At the end of March, *RoboCop 3* will grace a silver screen near you. In his commitment to the public trust and to protect the innocent RoboCop will blast, bludgeon and generally do what he did in RoboCops 1 and 2. Will we see the human side of him under the chrome? Will it be a cute 10 year old who awakens (almost) human feelings in him? Yep.

On a more thinking note, *Philadelphia* is also released in March. With Tom Hanks as a lawyer who loses his job after developing AIDS, and has to hire a brilliant, though homophobic personal injury attorney, played by Denzil Washington, to help him win his job back.

So much for the big guns. The Trak continues its series of quality, non-Hollywood releases with *Urgu: Close to God*, a French/ USSR co-production, starting on November 11th. Christmas brings *Leon the Pigfarmer* - an irony really, seeing that Leon is Jewish... and after Christmas is *Belle Epoque*.

So, apart from deciding what time to get up, which beach to go to, or which cool tinny to open, summer does present a dilemma in terms of which of the new releases to see. Don't think too hard though, just sit in the cool dark with a choc-top and enjoy.

"At the end of exams, you should still be able to see *Jurassic Park*, for those of you who desire nothing more than Digital Dinosaurs. It's a pity that the plot is so unbelievably flawed. Perhaps the film would have been more credible if Sam Neil, Jeff Goldblum, Richard Attenborough and Laura Dern were digitally enhanced virtual characters, as well."



Theatre 1993

The Good, The Bad and The Shithouse

The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of:

Richard III. Bell Shakespeare Company. Even deformed megalomaniacs need love.

Hamlet. Bell Shakespeare Company. A production that proved madness can be fun.

Cosi. State Theatre and Red Shed Company.

A production that proved madness can be a lot of fun.

Sweetown. Red Shed Company.

The Red Shed at their fantastic best.

Death And The Maiden. State Theatre. Drama! Tension! John Gaden in smelly old underwear!

Dancing At Lughnasa. State Theatre.

To be sure, to be sure, to be sure...

Anything Goes. Northern Light Theatre Company.

What can I say? It went off!

As You Like It. Parting Company.

Liked it very much, thankyou.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Botanic Gardens.

The production that proved, once and for all, that Glenn Elston is totally away with the fairies.

Dead Set. Shaken And Suspicious.

The most fun you'll ever have without gasping.

Furioso. Meryl Tankard's Australian Dance Theatre.

So intense it burns. Woo!

Too Clever By Half. Independent Theatre.

Too dumb by quarters.

Macbeth. State Opera.

Yawn...

Most Hilarious Cancellation:

How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying, at the Festival Centre. This show promised to be Something Else with such luminaries of the stage as...wait for it...Noel Ferrier and Tom Burlinson.

Special Mentions For Self-Indulgence:

To John Waters, for trying to make everyone believe he was John Lennon in **Looking Through A Glass Onion.** Ha! We noticed.

To Meryl Tankard, for renaming the Australian Dance Theatre after herself. Onya Mez.

To Peter Goers, for rewriting Australian history with **Eureka Stockade.** Absurd.

Most Exciting New Appointment:

Chris Westwood, new Executive Producer at State Theatre. Three months in and already planning big changes. An exciting year looms ahead!

Most Totally Undeserved Media Hoo-Haa:

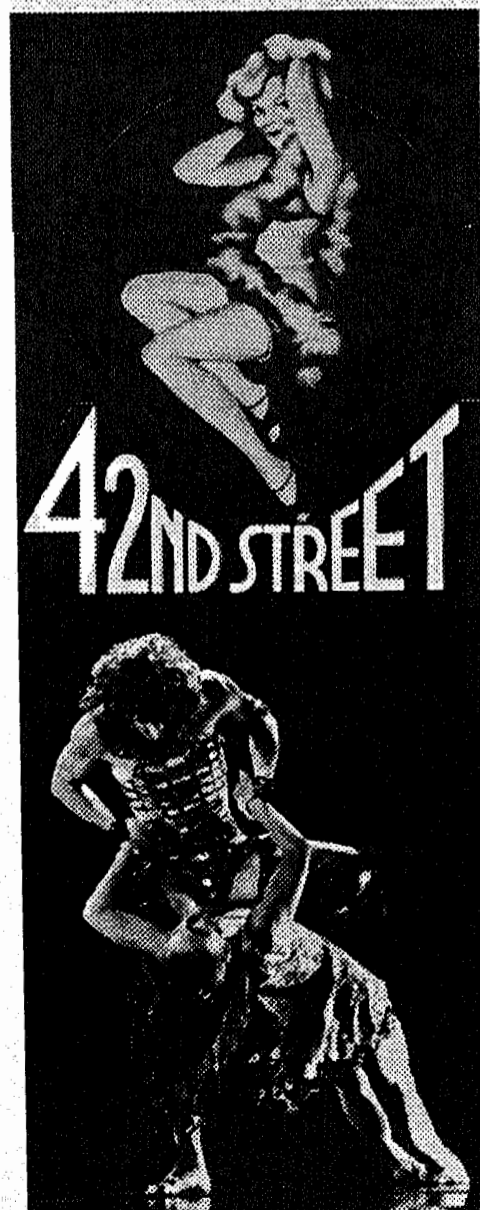
For South Pacific. Obviously.

Nice Idea But...Of The Year:

State Theatre's "In The Raw" season at the Lion Theatre. Bizarre plays and squeaky seats.

Broken Promise Of The Year:

The horse in **Eureka Stockade!**



Stuff that boring-night-outs are made of:

(Slap me awake when it's over)

South Pacific. Festival Centre Trust.

Paige O'Who?

The Drunkard. Q Theatre

Theatre should never be such a painful experience.

42nd Street. Adelaide Festival Centre

Disappointment of the year. All glitz and no substance.

Out Of Order. Her Majesty's Theatre.

MORONIC !!! Now there's a word!

Carmen get it...

Carmen

Raised on a cathode ray nipple as I was, my first experience of Opera was only last Saturday at the State Opera's production of Carmen. First Impressions: well, I wasn't overwhelmed but I didn't entirely go hungry either. Which doesn't really help you, the prospective opera goer.

Let's take a step back to begin with and examine the premises upon which opera is based: a number of people with really quite sweet voices, some of whom are more important than others, sing and act their way through a fairly routine storyline. Nice generalisation but, you remark, upon what authority is this assertion based. I've only seen one opera. Good point. Well, no authority really. But just let that try and stop me.

Anyway. Carmen. No coincidence that I chose this for my first foray into opera. This French corker is chock-full of those classical classics that you can hum along to as you watch your favourite margarine commercial. You might have the most banal KA-FM taste in music, but you will have heard several tuneful tunes from Carmen. But it's not just a grab-bag of nice songs written by a dead frog. Oh no. It's much more than that. It's set in Spain to start with. And it's got a story line, your average "gypsy woman (Stevie Nicks type) knifes a buddy, gets banged up by the pigs, gets away and a few people fall in love (with each other)" type of narrative.

Director Keith Warner sees Carmen the woman (the one who does all the knifing and plenty of the loving) as a "modern woman, a modern archetype." You can forget this because it's basically a load of bullshit. Carmen is a bolt of sexist crap from the nineteenth century. If you think

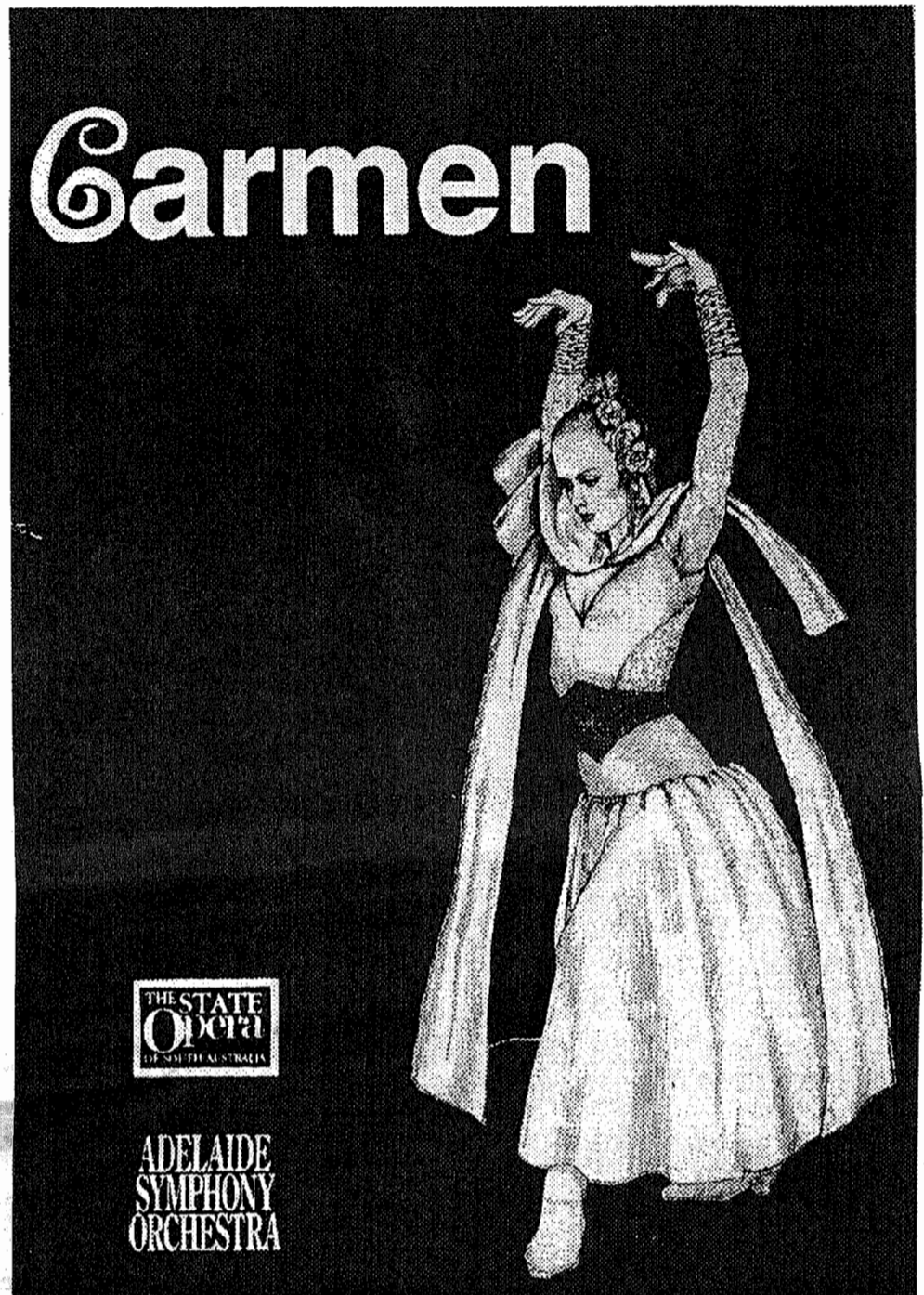
there's anything remotely feminist about it then you're an idiot. But hey, that's okay. Because you don't go and see Carmen for an investigation of contemporary feminist positions.

What Carmen is, is a beautiful tragic love story set to some exquisite music. This being my first experience of opera (did I mention that this was my—) I found it hard to get past the contrived silliness of it all and accept it as any kind of real story. But others in the audience, older more experienced opera goers, enjoyed the various plot developments considerably (although they must have known them intimately). When Carmen whispered "Je t'aime" into Don José's ear, a number of my fellow Carmen-watchers broke into spontaneous applause.. I mean, they were moved.

But wait a minute here. Wait. What's this with the "contrived silliness?" Yes. I'm afraid this production has its moments where you suddenly think "what the—". This Carmen has been modernised (To the chagrin of some audience members). It's set at some moment in the early period of Franco's dictatorship. (Well, it was either that or Barcelona '92). Perhaps it's supposed to be making some kind of oblique statement. Gee, isn't Fascism terrible. Hope it never catches on here. Bits of it, Carmen, I mean, just grate: the underlit white disco dancing floor, the all-white police uniforms and men's suits. (Didn't anybody learn anything from the eighties?) But that's not to say the production design was poor. Far from it. The huge, mobile, metallic set is excellent. It gives the whole production a sense of grandeur and complexity.

And how well did the opera singers sing? Sounded fine to me. But what the hell would I know?

Nick Smith



Get A Kick Out Of This!

Anything Goes
Northern Light Theatre Company
Shedley Theatre, Elizabeth
Until November 6th.

Amateur theatre is a strange beast. It is dismissed by many people who see it only in terms of crappy companies in obscure theatres putting on indifferent productions of bad plays. And yet even with this reputation, amateur theatre lingers on. Why? Possibly because every now and then, at the most unlikely times and in the most unlikely places, an amateur theatre company manages to get it all RIGHT.

The Northern Light Theatre Company do not quite manage to pull everything together for their production of Anything Goes, but it's a near thing. The opening night performance of this musical was sufficiently snappy and polished to ensure that everybody - both offstage and on - was thoroughly entertained and left the theatre in merry spirits. Who could ask for more?

Cole Porter's most famous musical is a whimsical story of romance set on board an ocean liner bound from New York to London. The score contains some knock-out songs, including "You're The

Top" and "Blow Gabriel, Blow", and there are some great one-liners as well. The acting and singing from the principals was hardly that of a professional touring standard, but reasonably substantial nevertheless. Rodney Hutton injected a suave sense of Frank Sinatra into his role of Billy Crocker, and choreographer Sue Pole obviously relished the role of the ditsy Bonnie: she also had the most convincing New Yorker accent of the company. Special mentions must go to Brian Godfrey, who displayed superb comic timing in playing the sappy Sir Evelyn Oakleigh, and also to the astoundingly tall Linda Taylor, who out-lunged 'em all as Reno Sweeney in a very assured performance.

The band evidently had a few teething problems. Although most of the big numbers were belted out with competence, the opening bars to the number "Anything Goes" sounded as if the entire brass section was dying a particularly slow and gruesome death. They also came out with a very slow, maudlin version of "I Get A Kick Out Of You" - an interesting variation, but a song that still probably works best as a big up-with-your-heels-flash-your-der-

riere-at-the-audience number.

The highlight of the production would have to be the big tap dancing number to the title song at the conclusion to the first act. This is truly a sight worth seeing, and one that gave my heart a cosy warm feeling: although some of the dancers lack precision and although it looks as though some of the back-rowers didn't attend enough rehearsals, every single person on stage is obviously having the time of their life. The young and the not-so-young dancers alike all performed with such infectious spirit and such smiling faces that one would not want to fault their performances.

That same kind of group enthusiasm would appear to have gone into many areas of this production. technical aspects of the show are (relatively) seamless, even though the ideas used in costuming and lighting were rather uninspired. Given the constraints of such a company, however, this is a forgivable flaw. It all comes together nicely -if not perfectly- in the end, and is a production of which director Alan Taylor and all members of the company can be proud.

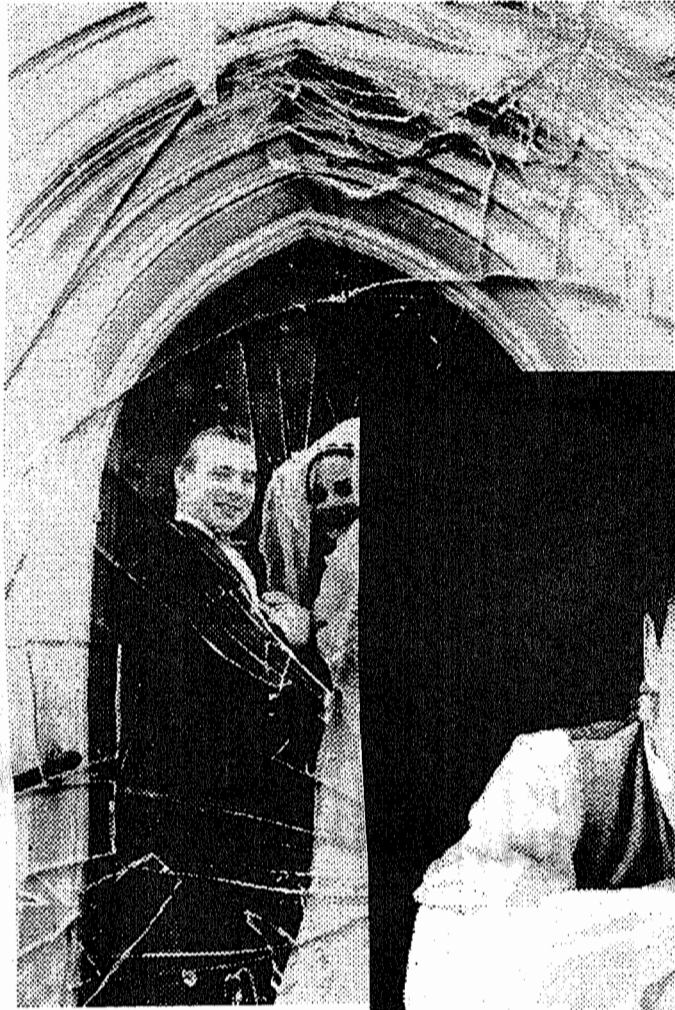
Despite some obstacles, the remote

venue, the out-of-step dancers, the occasionally slipshod American accents and an embarrassingly under-rehearsed curtain call, Anything Goes is a quiet triumph for Northern Light. On top of that, it also makes for one very enjoyable evening out. Damn everything, this show is a winner!

David Mills.



Coming, Ready or Not!



rives from Sydney to stay with her and her lover Reg, feelings and inner secrets begin to surface. All of the characters confront themselves as they are forced to question identity, honesty and change. Opening at

Unexposed Construct

Looking for something a bit experimental? An arts collective called Stream present Unexposed Construct, a site-specific performance/installation at the Madley Dance Space. Stream makes art from recycled materials and personal memorabilia: their shared philosophy is "nothing is wasted". Unexposed

surprising way."

Thus runs the promo for Five Across, a new play directed by Martin Welsh and presented by those old funsters, Parting Company. The production opens at 8pm November 17th at our own Little Theatre. Tickets \$10 full \$6 concession.

A Bedful Of Foreigners.

More stars than there are in the night time sky will appear in A Bedful Of Foreigners, a(nother) "classic British farce". The action takes place in a no-star hotel on the French-German border and features all kinds of c-razeeee goings-on. The cast let down their hair (and their trousers) in this bedroom romp told in two saucy acts. Opening at The



Under Milk Wood.

State Theatre's final production for the year has just opened, but will play for three more weeks yet at The Playhouse. Dylan Thomas' fabulous lyric play is set in the Welsh town of Llaregub and focuses on a day in the life of its eccentric inhabitants. The production stars a huge cast of State Theatre regulars. Tickets \$33 full/\$24 concession.

Theatre 62 on December 3rd at 8.30 pm. Tickets \$16 full \$10 concession.

Daily Grind.

Daily Grind is the story of Louie and Roxy, two strip dancers working the R-rated cinema scene. Increasingly under pressure to do "hot" acts, they are faced with an ultimatum - "work hot or get out". Together, Roxy and Louie bump and grind their way through life, relying on each other for encouragement and support. Sound interesting? Melbourne Workers Theatre presents Daily Grind at the Space Theatre from November 4th at 8.15pm. Tickets \$22 full/\$15 concession.

Dichotomy: union/separation.

Two one-act plays written and directed by young-things-about-town Glen Johns and Angela Nicholls, presented by the reincarnated Bills Theatre. The first play *Union: quiver* is a two pronged love story described as "part satire, part soap and part poignant love story". *Separation: luggage* is an exploration of how two young women deal with being alone and separated from things familiar and known. The production opened last week, but has two performances remaining, at 7.30 pm on November 2nd and 3rd at Boltz. Tickets \$8 full \$5 concession.

Cracks In The Wall.

A new play by Stephen House presented by a company recently formed by gay professional theatre workers, Not So Straight Theatre. *Cracks In The Wall* explores some of the "greyer and gayer" areas of sexuality and promises to "fascinate, entertain and stimulate". When Tina's gay brother Pax ar-

The Keys To The Animal Room and Flowers And Chocolates.

Junction Theatre presents these two new productions by local playwrights Peta Murray and Glenn Perry. Both plays deal with the issue of domestic violence and feature the same characters: *Animal Room* examines a marriage torn apart by violence while *Flowers And Chocolates* focuses on the ensuing court proceedings. These two plays open on November 6th at 4pm in the Junction Theatre, corner of South Road and George Street, Thebarton. Tickets for both plays \$25 full/\$18 concession, tickets for one play only \$15 full/\$10 concession.

Construct is about the process of making art which is similar to living life: some hard choices have to be made.

Stream present their performance/installation at the Madley Dance Space on the 11th, 12th and 13th of November at 7pm. Duration approximately 35 minutes.

Five Across.

"Did you ever wish you could change past mistakes? Did you ever wish you could make up for words spoken in haste or not at all? Did you ever wish you could steal a moment more with someone you have loved and lost? These are just some of the questions facing Robin, 40-ish and fast fading into a staid and sorrowful middle age, when his past catches up with him in a most

Playhouse, November 25th at 8pm. Tickets \$29.90 full/\$25.90 concession.

Me And My Girl.

London's happiest musical is coming to town. *Me And My Girl* is the story of a Cockney barrow boy who suddenly discovers that he is the long lost Earl of Hareford; he finds he has to choose between his inheritance and his long time love, Sally, a Cockney fishmonger. Opens on January 6th, 8pm at the Festival Theatre. Tickets \$46 full/\$38 concession.

David Mills!

CEREBUS

It's more than a comic, it's a way of life

"If you read three hundred issues of Superman or Spiderman they don't make sense as a story or a life. When I started Cerebus in 1977 uppermost in my mind was the thought that I wanted to produce 300 issues of a comic book series the way I thought it should be done; as one continuous story documenting the ups and downs of a character's life. A series that would conclude with the death of the title character in the final issue."

Dave Sim on Cerebus.

One hundred and seventy two issues and 16 years later, Cerebus is the biggest selling black-and-white comic on the market and Dave Sim has become a virtual beacon for self-publishers and those operating in the black-and-white medium. The story of the former mercenary / tax collector / Prime Minister / Pope / house guest aardvark has captured a captive (some would say fanatic) audience world-wide and the number of new readers is ever on the increase. During a telephone interview with Dave at 3.00 am on a Sunday morning, I asked Dave the most obvious (and from the sounds of it, most common) question, "Why an aardvark?" "I gotta do a top 10 list sometime. The top 10 answers to the question "Why an aardvark?" People were tired of ducks, would be one of them. Cerebus the Squirrel sounds funny. I don't answer that question any more. It's like Conan the Sumerian, Col the Aquilonian, Cerebus the Aardvark. At first that's what it was. Now, it's sort of a shorthand for alienation. I think we all feel like aardvarks in the world of humans; the last half of the twentieth century is about making people, everyone, this special individual completely unlike anyone else and far from making us feel superior, most of the time it makes us feel inferior and alienated. Having one funny animal in the world of humans seems to strike that same sort of chord."

It can also be seen to show the emphasis that is placed by society on appearance. For instance, in Cerebus number 163, in a direct parody of Oprah Winfrey, Cerebus's ex-wife Sophia is saying to a crowd "I just think what's inside the person is more important," to which a single individual claps very lightly. Sophia's mother, Henrot-Gutch, replies quickly, "A donkey on the outside is a donkey on the inside," to which the entire crowd erupts into applause and laughter.

Just from this, you can tell that Cerebus isn't just about an aardvark running around with a bunch of humans, although in the very first issues, that's more or less what it was. Some old-time Cerebus fans pine for the days when Cerebus was funny, when

Cerebus was scamming people for as much gold and advantage as he could get.

But, after the somewhat depressing end of "Church & State," Cerebus became far more serious and the comic itself took a more complex and sober turn, a turn which some fans saw as being detrimental.

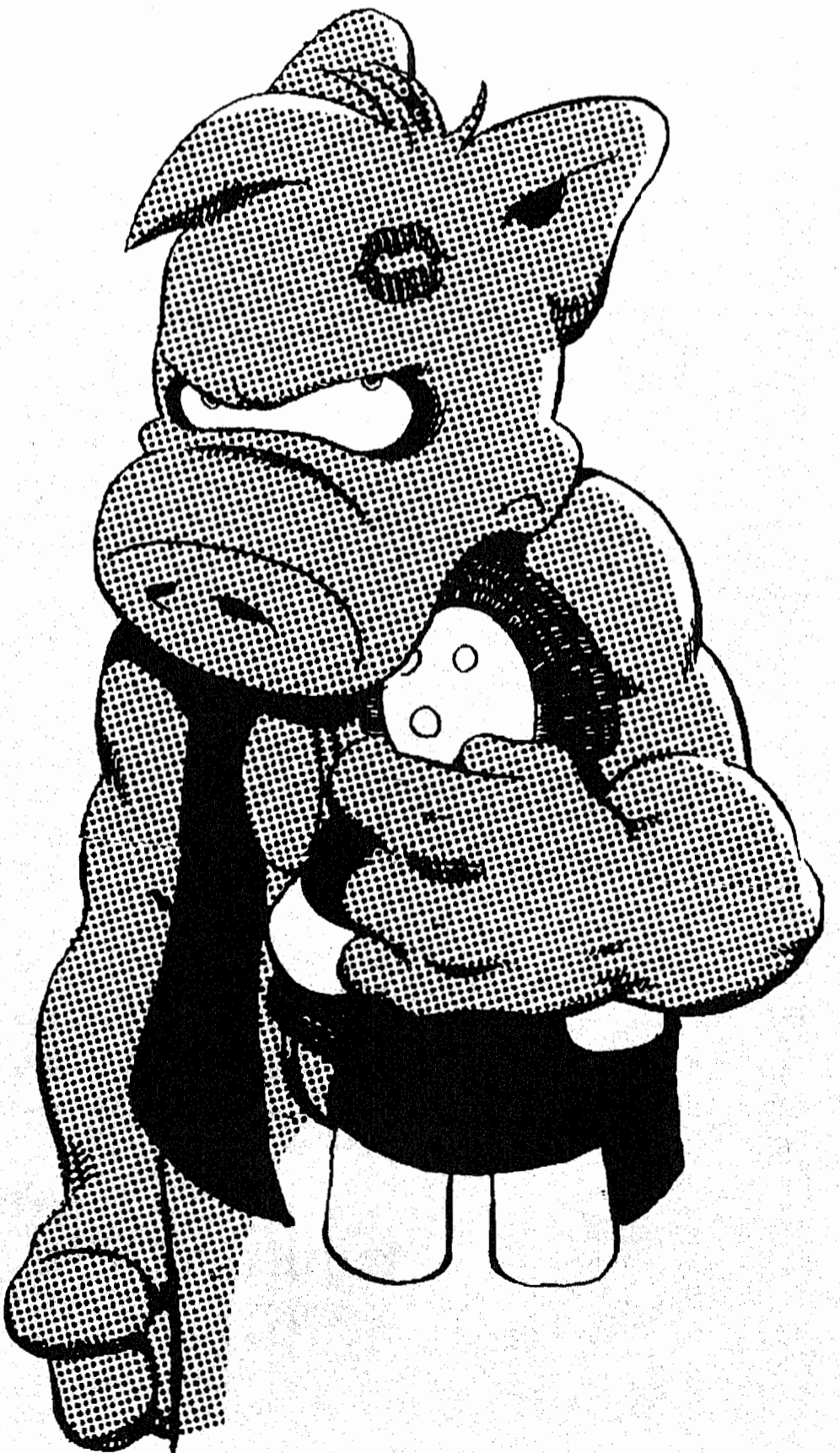
However, Dave's reply to criticism is to simply state that it was always his goal to document a genuine life and that "lives themselves become less funny as they go along. Most people in their twenties are living pretty humorous existences and then as you become more aware of all of the different forces at work, you get to see the next generation coming along, you get to watch your parents getting older, you watch your grandparents die and life becomes a good deal less funny. I mean, there are parts of the story that are very serious, there are parts of the story that are very funny. I think the first half of "Mothers & Daughters" had quite a bit of humour in it, but I am locked into a story and sometimes it's funny and sometimes it's not so funny. I am working on parts of the story that I've been working on for 14 years and I suppose that if I was a Paul McCartney-style "give-the-people-what-they-want" sort of individual, sure, let's throw out all of the serious thinking and what not that I've done for the last 14 years and let's just give them "A Night at the Opera," with the Roach bounding in and out.

But I think it's impossible as a writer to maintain your own interest if all you're going to do is "A Night at the Opera" for 26 years.

"One of the things you do find is that you can't do a comic book by committee. You just can't sit down and say "Well, I've got to put some of this in because these people like this, I've got to answer all these questions for the people that have large questions about what's going on in the story. I have a definite handicap in that I know what's coming up ahead and, in retrospect, it's very easy to see why people were so frustrated by "Melmoth" and "Jaka's Story" because it just looked like "Well, I don't know what to do next, so I'll do this." But, apart from taking out full-page ads in the Buyer's Guide saying here's all the surprises coming up ahead, it's very difficult to reassure people. In "Mothers & Daughters," we take a 180 degree turn right at the halfway mark and I'm pretty aware of the fact that a lot of people are not going to be happy with the way the story changes. It will only be once the issue 200 comes out, I think then, when they can stand back and look at the big picture of what I was trying to do, then they can assess whether it was a failure or a success. My experience has always been that everyone hates whatever it is that I'm

working on while I'm working on it, or they like it while I'm working on it and then they change their minds and either go from liking it to hating it when I'm done, or from hating it to liking it when I'm done. And then six months later they've got something new to hate, so suddenly the thing that they hated while they were reading it, they now get very nostalgic for. When you're doing something for 26 years, you can't sit down and say "Okay, what are peoples' expectations and how do I fulfil them?" The best I can do at this point is say "Well, I think it's a pretty good bet that they're going to like this part and then at this part they're just going to turn on me with a bunch of knives and axes." And speaking of turning on Dave with knives and axes, I would have thought that the die-hard Cerebus fans would have done just that when he wrote Spawn #10 for Todd McFarlane. But surprisingly, the mail and response that Dave has received has been mostly positive stuff from Spawn fans. "There's been a lot of letters from people who had never seen Cerebus before, but who were reading mainstream comics and very much enjoyed that issue and de-

decided to go out and find out what Cerebus was about. I knew what I intended to do with Spawn #10, I wasn't just going to write a "Then He Tracks Down The Bad Guys And Kills Them" sort of a story, but again you can't really say that at the outset. If people are sitting there and saying "Oh Jesus, Dave's gonna write a dumb superhero comic for the money" and you say "Well no, I'm gonna write something new and different that's extraordinary," both things are just going to get them pissed off. I mean, first of all, that you would write a superhero comic and, second of all, that you've got the nerve to say that it's going to be a new, different kind of storyline. So again, I have a pretty clear idea in my mind at any given point what it is that I'm trying to do and what it is that I'm trying to say, and most of the time you just have to weather the reaction - there's a drop in sales, or sales go up, there's a flood of mail saying that you're a genius and there's a flood of mail saying that you're a fuck-up, and you just get used to the fact that you can't take any of it seriously. You have to realise that when you provoke extreme reactions, you get extreme posi-



tive reactions and you get extreme negative reactions and the only thing that keeps you sane is just sitting down and saying "Well, what do I want to say? It's my story." I don't walk around feeling better about myself when everybody's saying "Oh, you're this god of comic book writing," and I don't walk around feeling bad about myself when they say "You've completely lost whatever you had and now you're just sort of floundering around trying to find something to say." And a lot of times that drives me crazy, they're really not happy with someone. There's a percentage of any audience who wants to be listened to, who think they know better than the person doing the book how to do the book, and I'm always surprised to find that reaction. It's one of those things you go through. If you sit down and remain true to yourself and just say "Okay this is the story I want to tell and I want to tell it as best I can," you find that you just start switching audiences. Every time that this person thinks that you've suddenly caught fire and that it's just absolutely brilliant, this person over here says "Well, it was really brilliant, but now it's just really dumb and pretentious."

And Dave is under no illusions as to his status in the comic book field. One appearance of his at a comic convention was advertised as "Dave Sim: Writer of Spawn #10," and completely disregarded his 16 years of writing and drawing Cerebus. Dave's reaction to this: "You have to be realistic about these things."

You can get huffy about it, but I'm in a very small end of the comic book field and being the largest-selling black-and-white comic is like being the world's tallest dwarf. And if you don't know that, if you don't know what your status is, then I think you're just kidding yourself. I mean I knew the minute that

Todd asked me to write an issue was that this was Todd McFarlane doing me a favour. I was by no stretch of the imagination doing Todd McFarlane a favour. I think it was maybe balanced out between Todd and Alan Moore, Todd and Neil Gaiman, Todd and Frank Miller, but Todd McFarlane and Dave Sim? I mean I was under no illusions that 95% of the comic-book field wasn't going "Dave who?"

Unfortunately, this is very true. At the Adelaide Comic Centre in John Martin's Plaza, 20 issues of Cerebus are ordered in each month. Compare this to 200 X-Mens, 200 Uncanny X-Men, 150 X-Factors and up to 200 Spawns. And as Martin Wagner stated in his introduction to Hepcats Special Edition no. 1 " . . . for every retailer who owns a comic shop because he loves comics, there are five who own comic shops because they love money. And when black-and-white comics failed to produce that money some years back, those people will now only support comics based on pre-sold concepts, merchandising phenomenon's, or the umpteenth rehash of some tired old superhero."

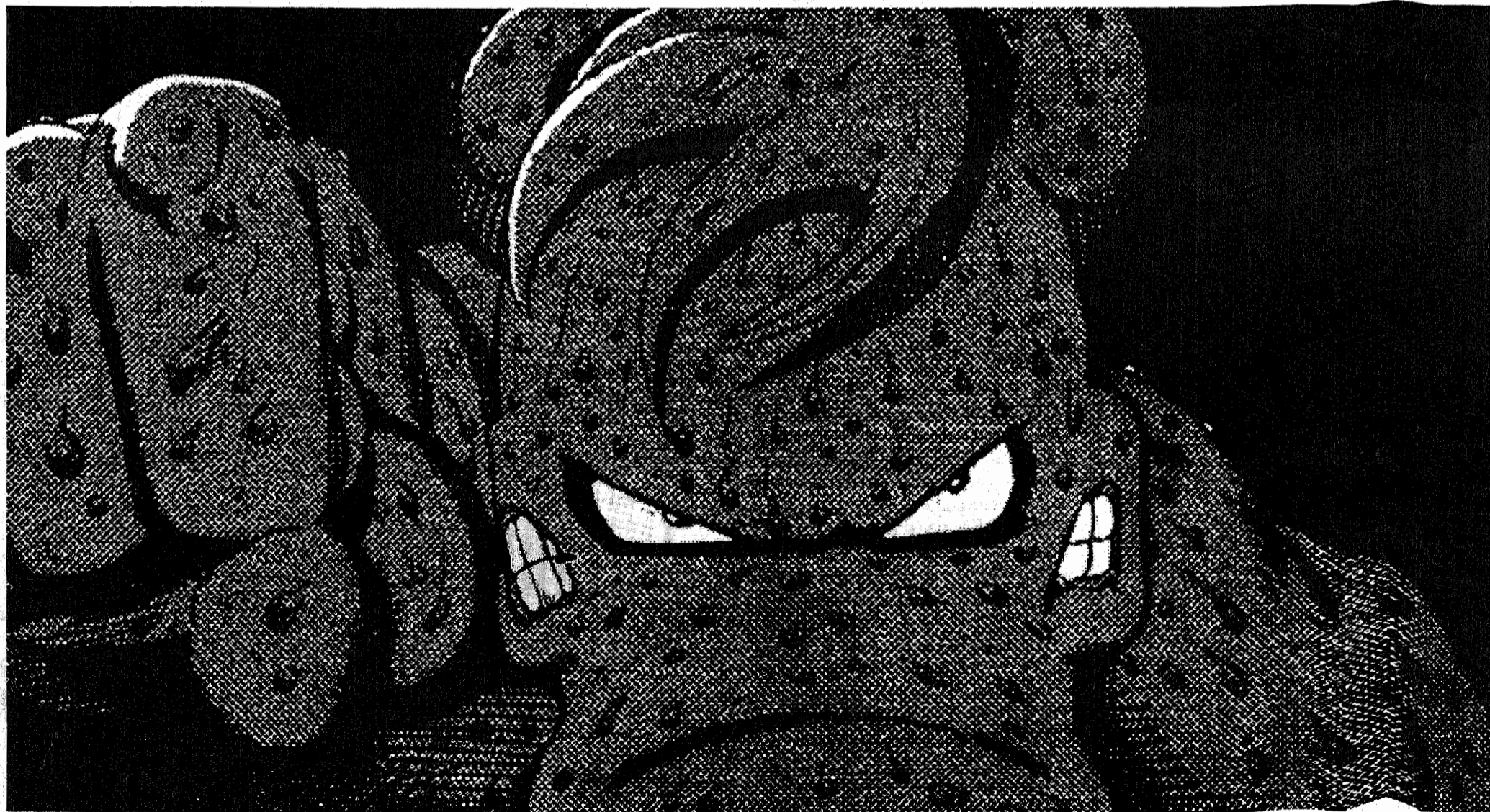
Now, 20 issues of Cerebus a month is a big increase on the 5 that it used to be, and nearly all of the Cerebus trade paperbacks are out on show. This is partly because of promotion, and partly because of the strategy of introducing 200 new people to Cerebus by Dave writing for Spawn #10, and following this up with a Cerebus Zero. This was not one of the gimmicky Number Zeros that abounded with many of the Image titles, but was a reprint of the issues not contained in the Cerebus trade paperbacks - the epilogues to "High Society," "Church & State" and "Jaka's Story." And as Dave says, these provided a pretty good snapshot of what Cerebus is about. "If you want to get

new people reading your book, you've got to be promoting constantly. You can't just say "Well, okay, I did Spawn #10, and that came out in April, so we'll just sort of ride that wave." I mean, that wave lasted until about June and if you don't have a Cerebus Zero or something like that following behind it you're just pissing away in the wind. When you're putting a package like that together, you do sort of develop a great deal of empathy for the people who have to make trailers for movies. I mean essentially you're taking a two hour movie and you have to distil it down to 15 or 30 seconds, and you have to create a reaction in people that says "Well I have no idea what's going on there but I gotta go and see that." I think between the note on the inside front cover describing what I was trying to do and then the introductions giving a bit of context to the stories and the fact that two of the stories were shorter and funnier and one of them was longer and more serious, it's not Cerebus in a nutshell, but then if I could find a way to say what I'm trying to say in 40 pages, I sure as hell wouldn't take 26 years to write it. Comic books create an emotional rather than an intellectual reaction, and I don't even think emotional quite sums it up - it gives you a feeling. If you pick up a comic book, and you read it when you have no context for it, when you are seeing the characters for the first time, a lot depends on how it makes you feel. I think that's Cerebus's greatest strength, really, is it's being written and drawn by a couple of people who really find entertainment sorely lacking everywhere else. We have the same entertainment everyone else does. I watch the same television shows, I see the same movies, I read the same books and my reaction most of the time is "Well that was a complete waste of time," and I try as

much as possible to keep those things out of Cerebus to, if nothing else, make it surprising because I think that it's something missing from most entertainment, most culture, most art in the last half of the twentieth century it's that nothing is surprising. It exists to fulfil your expectations of it. No-one's going to go and see an Arnold Schwarzenegger film and see anything but exactly what they expect."

If two words had to be used to describe Dave Sim, they would have to be focused and committed. Committed, because he has spent the last 16 years of his life writing Cerebus, and made many of the sceptics realise that it is possible to become a successful self-publisher. And as for focused - well, Dave wrote it himself in the pages of Cerebus (in "Flight"): "The most distinctive trait of the fool is his submission to distraction and diversion and an abiding faith that they are inescapable matters of course. His quite tedious refrain: "life is what happens when you're making other plans." Conversely, it is a cornerstone of wisdom that obstacles exist to be bypassed: and where that isn't possible they are to be overcome or eliminated entirely. The more worthwhile the road, the more seductive will be those paths divergent from it." Or, as Cerebus himself puts it, "It's like climbing a mountain. You know you're at the top when you run out of mountain and until you run out of maintain, you keep on climbing." And you can be sure that Dave Sim will keep climbing until the mountain runs out in March 2004 with Cerebus no. 300.

Jeremy Hillman



classifieds

Come join the Dark Side!

Announcement of the first meeting of a rather inappropriately named club that hopes to examine modern musical theatre. If you are worthy of the Dark Side and you're interested in post-1970 musicals, attend a meeting at 6 pm at the Margaret Mitchell Room, 5th Level Union Building on Tuesday, 2nd November, or ring Scott on 018 082 775. Of course, if you're not interested, please feel free to come. Thank you.

Pride

(Formerly GALA)

The next meeting of Adelaide University Pride will be at 1.10 pm Wednesday, 3rd November, 1993 in the Jerry Portus Room. All welcome.

Declaration of Result

Election of the undergraduates on Wednesday 20 October 1993 of two members of the University council.

There were nine candidates for the two vacancies on the council, each vacancy being for a two - year term. I declare that the election resulted in the following candidates being elected:

Anthony Paul Roediger
Georgina Kate Safe

FJ O'Neill

Returning officer

Commemoration Ceremony 1994

Applications to graduate were forwarded on 19 October to all students who at enrolment indicated their intention to graduate in 1994. If you do not receive an application form by the end of October please call at the Student Records Office, 5th Floor, Kenneth Wills Building to lodge a request for an application form.

Would you please complete the form and return, it to Student Records Office no later than 31 January 1994. Failure to do so may prevent you from receiving your Certificate at the Ceremony you nominate.

If you have already lodged an application form, no further action is required on your behalf.

Your assistance in this matter is appreciated.

Dr Don Longo,
Head,
Student Administration Branch.

Please take My Game Boy

One Game Boy for sale. Only \$80 - Cheap! Comes with Tetris. Call Fiona or Mark on 373 0509

Wanted

Two Backpacks to borrow for use over summer. Will pay. Please call George on 353 2018.

Wanted to Sell

One Madonna ticket, Melbourne, Saturday night. Price negotiable. Ph: Nicki - 276 1085.

Wanted: Financial Accounting II Notes

I lost my notes for "Financial Accounting II" and I desperately need a set of notes / tutes for a supp in January. Could anyone please help me? Phone Paul 297 2688 (best to call before 12).

Declaration of Result

Election of two undergraduate members on the Academic Board.

There were six candidates for the two vacancies on the Academic Board (each vacancy for a two year term). I declare the following elected from 1 January 1994-

Michelle Marie Giglio
Suzanne Kathryn Mc Court

FJ O'Neill

Returning Officer

Out They go!

Tons of Vinyl at bargain prices, read them and weep:

- Bad Manners- Ska'n'B
 - Beach Boys - Greatest Hits
 - Blood on the Cats
 - Chapterhouse - Whirlpool
 - Cure - Mixed Up (double), Between the Forest and the Sky ptII, 90 White, 90 Picture, Batpak x4, Wish IV. Feb '92
 - Dance Craze
 - Depeche Mode - 101
 - Doors - The Doors, Live at the Hollywood Bowl, An American Prayer, Alive, She Cried, Absolutely Live, The Best of the Doors
 - Dukes of Stratosphere - Psonic Pspot (purple)
 - Flowered Up - It's On, Take It
 - Jesse Garan and the Desperados - Grand Hotel
 - Bill Haley's Greatest Hits
 - Hugo Largo - Drum
 - James - Strip Mother
 - Goldmother
 - Madness - Dance Crazy '81 Tour Live, One Step Beyond
 - Manic Street Preachers - You Love Us, Stay Beautiful, Mowtown Junk
 - Psychedelic Furs - Forever Now
 - Revillos - Rev Up
 - Rocky Horror Picture Show
 - Slowdive - Morningrise (EP), Just For A Day
 - Something Pretty Beautiful
 - Spirea X - Firebladeskies
 - Talking Heads - Speaking in Tongues
 - Thousand Yard Stare - Hands On+10"
 - Trashcan Sinatras - Cake, Only
 - Toungue Can Tell
 - Violent Femmes - Why Do Birds Sing?
 - XTC - Go2
- Just call in to the On Dit office to pick up some of these beauties and ask for Richard.

On dit

The Adelaide University Students' Association Weekly

Production Notes

On dit is the newspaper of the Students Association of the University Of Adelaide. The Editors have more control over the content of the paper than The Wheel Of Fortune has over the giving away of cars to people who don't drive. Nevertheless, opinions expressed in this paper are not necessarily their own. Nor possibly those of Baby John Burgess.

Editors

Fiona Dalton
George Safe
Richard Vowles

Advertising Manager

Mr. T.

Typesetting

Sharon Middleton
Catherine Tsmeris

Pasty Paste

Darien "Sabon" O'Reilly
Lorien Kaye

Fright

Dale F'n Adams

Thankyou and Goodnight

Thankyou to everyone who has been understanding and brave enough to live with the editors throughout the year - we love yoose all: Sonja cutesey wutesy booo Tomas, Simon, Jessica, Stacey, Rachel, Eternal love and bouquets to Darien and Tracy, Daniel, Julie, congratulations to Lorien, David, Nick, Emily and Dave Krantz on theses, goodluck and love to Sam Dixon, Jason Bootle, Tanya for yummy chocolates, Nikki and Jo for the tasty diaries, Sabina, Pasta, Dale, Dave Lim, Evan and Rohan Anne Mc Ewen, Sharon, Monica, Catherine and Jo-Anna, Jo, Jesse, Adam Le Francais, Nick Smith Dave and Dr. Andy, Samantha Maiden and Andy J, Bimbo's, Congrats to Ben "its a new car" Allen, Sim, all at Walter St, Barsearse, Matt Batten and Andy Fisher and all of Student Radio. And of course all of our Sub- editors : Lorien, David, Tim, Alan, Tom, Jeremy, Pete, Rohan, Danielle and Tanya. See Ya!

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Magnus Nankervis & Cur/NTT2676

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