

14 DEC 1993



On Dit

Arrr! Where's me

The University of Adelaide Student News

October 6th 1998 Vol. 66 No.

EDITORIAL

SUSIE'S BIT

Hello. And welcome back for the final term of 1998. Welcome back for the last five editions of *On Dit*. Enjoy them before the 3 month *On Dit* drought begins its onslaught. Arr, love that ink.

I must say that the five days I spent in Newcastle ROCKED. In fact, they rocked so much that by the time the SA contingent left the county (that is Newcastle) we had everyone far and wide telling each other that they do indeed rock. And rock they do. Except Simon - he Groks; and Bruck rocks in a togrock kind of way.

You see, although I only met these people a week ago, they have become my best friends (and not just in a rockin' sense). Throughout the year I have inundated people with my crazy 'hello' messages and sudden outburst of the whinging variety, via email. So, I thought I already knew them. It's a strange phenomena when people suddenly materialise as people and not just exciting names at the end of electronic mail correspondence. I never thought I'd be the one in the office who bursts through the door each day with the words "are there any emails for me today?" pouring out my mouth. I mean, I always had absolute contempt for anyone who did that 'chat' thing on the internet. I couldn't understand why people needed to email each other about arrangements instead of just picking up the phone. And in terms of written letters, well, it's a bit like shoes, you can tell a lot about a person through their handwriting. Wait, I don't really mean that.

I guess what I'm trying to say is - now that I've met these people I can focus on how I remember them as living human beings, people I write to...the human social contact side of things.

As for the people I see all the time? Like my co-editors? Well, I won't kill Chris yet (even though he still maintains that I make up stories about him). And Paul? Well, he rocks in every sense of the word. Whatta guy. Anyone who says "sure, you guys go away for a holiday and I'll hold the fort" deserves a really big shoe voucher. Love your work, Paul. Thank You. Oh, and seeing as we sent this off to print way before the election even happened, we're not sure who won. But we thought we should mention it. Anyway. Have a good week.

Love Susie XOX PS I always write too much!

PAUL'S BIT

D'you know what I hate?

No?

Well, I do. And I'll tell you.

What I hate is people going on and on about sport. I mean, it's just pathetic. And it's just about all I've heard for the last couple of weeks.

First it was 'Commonwealth Games this' and 'Commonwealth Games that' and, on a bad day, 'Commonwealth Games the other' too. A whole bunch of pathetic, small-minded morons jumping up and down in hysterical excitement just because Australia beat some tiny, no-account landlocked country 97-zip at water polo or something or because some teenager jumped into a pool better than a bunch of other people (which is, is it not, the height of absurdity: I mean, as long as you end up in the water, you've succeeded, right?). It's pathetic.

And now it's 'Crows this' and 'Crows that' and, more often than not, 'Crows the bloody other' too. Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid! It's bad enough that I have to endure it all Winter (that otherwise most pleasant of seasons). But now all this last week every man and his dog has been droning on endlessly about how Darren Jarman played and what was happening in whatever quarter and how overrated Wayne Carey is and they're all trying to be such experts and they're all saying exactly the same bloody thing every single bloody time and I'm sick of it! You hear? Sick to death of it!

So just cut it out.

CHRIS' BIT

I don't know.

Lots of stuff's been happening. Susie and I have survived a few days in Newcastle, working bloody hard at the National Student Media Conference. I think I can say with a relative amount of assurance that all concerned had a damn good time, and we did learn a lot and make a lot of new connections which will hopefully be perpetuated through future generations of editors at student newspapers all around the country. You can read all about the serious stuff on pages 12 and 13. The fun part of the trip will be featured in the upcoming Travel Edition™ of *On Dit* on October 19. Deadline is October 14, so get your gear in for that.

While we were away, Paul decided to turn this edition into a pirate edition. That boy's a nutter. But he does good work, and he held a nice little show together while we were away. Even if he doesn't approve of the Crows and, well, sport generally. Kudos to the man. He rocks. While I'm at it, Susie rocks, too.

And in late-breaking news, the recent student elections have been declared void. Which is kind of big news and not in a good way. Ian Cannon, the CEO of the Union, has written a short summation of the situation for us which you should all read. It's on page 4. There will be more news as events unfold.

And that about wraps 'er up. We're on the home stretch, kids, just five (well, four, now) editions to come. Arr! Shiver me timbers!

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

Editors:

Susie Bate
Paul Bradley
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Chet & Eliza

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Fiona Dalton

Printing:

Cadillac Printing

Thanks:

Pirate Susie and Pirate Chris for bugging off to Newcastle and giving Pirate Paul

a bit of peace and quiet for a change; Pirate Peter, for more booty than a stick can be poked at; First Mate Eva, for origami above and beyond the call of duty; Bosun Andrew four for being; the Dread Pirate Brentyn for requiring proof of his being; Pirate Georgie for hanging around the crow's nest and letting us know what's going on; Pirate Chris B for the usual; Master Pirate Ching Yee for advice on all things; Bosun Jon, even though he completely neglected to live up to that 'Muffy' nickname; Seaman Christian for offering.

No thanks:

Pirate Susie and Pirate Chris for bugging off to Newcastle and leaving Pirate Paul do a bunch of work for this damn edition we had to put together early because of the public holiday.

Where we are:

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

How to contribute/contact us:

You can drop off your copy at the office or in the contribution box in the SAUA

office. Alternatively, you can drop us a line at *On Dit* c/o Adelaide University, SA, 5005, phone us on (08) 8223 2685 or 8303 5404, fax us on (08) 8223 2412 or email us at ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au

About the cover:

It was a warm and sunny day when the good ship *On Dit* set sail for the Spanish Main, it's crew o'erflowing with energy and expectation after hearing tremendous tales of o'erwhelming wealth to be had in the form of silver and gold and all forms of booty. But they were not long out of port when the dreaded cry came from the crow's nest "Ahoy! Ahoy! Thar be pirates!" Captain Paul picked up his telescope and scanned the horizon in search of the ship, and was greeted with the terrible sight of all manner of pirates and buccaneers brandishing pistols and cutlasses and carrying parrots upon their shoulders and greedily looking over their booty and saying "Arr!" and "Arr!" and sometimes even "Arr!" and engaging in all sorts of wicked debauchery.

"Cool," thought Captain Paul...

Next edition:

Out: October 12th.
Deadline: October 7th.

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Void Elections

Student Elections for the Students Association and the Union

Unfortunately I have to advise all students that, as result of complaints made about the elections the Election Arbiter, Professor Keeler of the Law Faculty, has directed the Election Tribunals for each organisation that the elections are to be declared void and new elections held.

The problem with the Elections is that the process of numbering voting slips does not comply with the strict requirements for there to be a secret ballot.

There is no suggestion that the ballot was not in fact secret, but rather, on technical grounds it did not meet the strict legal requirements. Professor Keeler said in his report:

"I want to emphasise that in giving this direction I do not support any claims that 'morally reprehensible' events have occurred (Mark Kernich's covering letter to his objection). The Constitution and Election Regulations require both a secret ballot and a poll that extends over five days and several campuses. The Returning Officers inherited a scheme which recognised that a poll held on such terms creates enormous difficulties in securing its integrity and which itself breached the requirement of a secret ballot. The changes they made improved the secrecy of the vote by making it harder to associate voters and their ballot papers and the amended scheme was in practice useful in protecting the integrity of the ballot. But when a statute or Constitution requires a secret ballot it elevates the importance of the secrecy of the vote to a point where any methods of protecting the integrity of the ballot against other frauds must be very carefully devised indeed or specifically authorised by the Constitution and Regulations if the requirement is to be met."

Both the Student Association and the Union's constitution provide that, in the event that an election is void, the Chief Executive Officer of the Union shall be the Returning Officer for new elections on dates to be determined by the Chief Executive Officer.

I am currently seeking the advice of a Barrister as to how I can proceed with new elections. If I am required to follow the time table set out in the Election Regulations for a normal election I can not hold another election this year. The earliest I could hold it would be in April next year. This situation would leave both the Students Association and the Union without proper Boards for eight months. In my view this is highly undesirable.

It is possible that I may have a discretion in that a new election is not a normal election, and if so I may be able to have a new ballot in the fourth week of term ie in the week of 26 October.

Until I receive the Barrister's advice, I will not know what options are available to me.

I will provide further information in *On Dit* when I can.

Ian Cannon
Student Services Director/Chief Executive Officer
Adelaide University Union

GOING SOMEWHERE? BEEN SOMEWHERE?

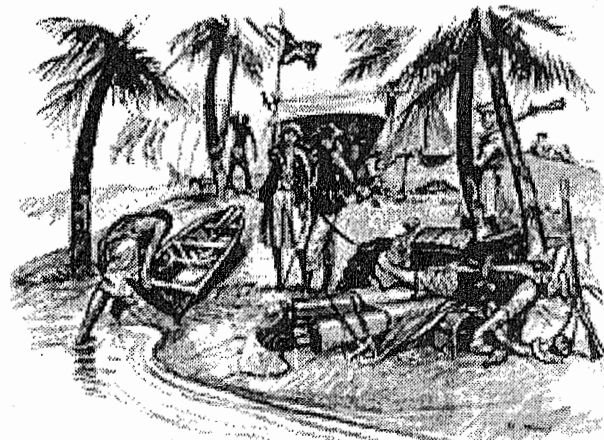
Chances are, we haven't been there.

And we need to know about it.

Submissions for *On Dit's* Travel Edition are now open.

Deadline for contributions is Wednesday October 14th.

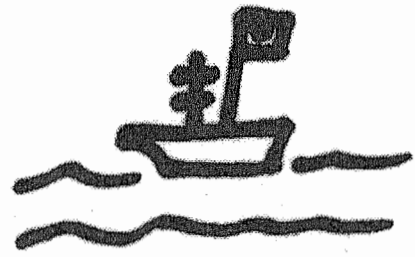
We're looking for anything to do with travel ... nice places, nasty places, horror airlines, bad food, good surf, and so on. Go on. You know you want to.



GET YOUR GEAR IN, ME HEARTIES, OR AVAST! WE'LL HAVE YOU WALK THE PLANK! ARR!



Pirate Treasure



Start ye search here.
Take **6** paces South
until ye reach the
Letters page.

Turn about and stride
8 paces and ye will
find the **SAUA**

East **10** paces and it be
Current Affairs ye shall find.

12 paces South will lead ye to a **Conference in Newcastle**.
Arr!

If tired ye be, take **14** paces West and
Sleep ye shall have.

Take **16** paces due North for pleasures of a
Theatrical nature.

17 paces straight to the South will end only in
Dodgyland.

For pirate **Poetry**, take **18** paces North and **19**
paces to the East, Arr!

Voxus Populi lies due South of here, at a distance of **20**
paces.

22 paces due East will see ye lost as a **Wayward Student**.

Landlubbers will flock to the **Video** section, **24** paces due West.

If **Film** ye seek, turn about **26** paces South.

Take **29** paces East until ye reach **Music**.

Southbound for **34** paces ye be until

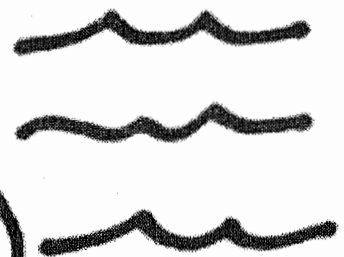
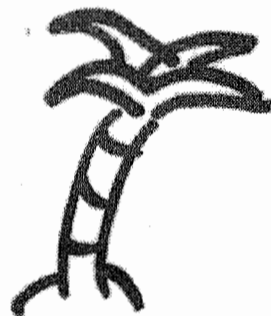
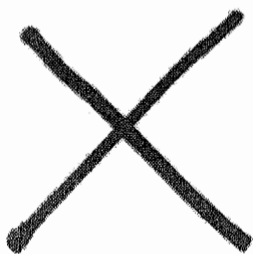
Literature soils ye shodden feet.

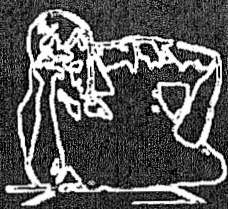
Set course for the setting sun, and **38** paces
will lead to **Free Thought**.

Turn North once more and
stride **40** paces, and it be

Classified Booty ye shall find.

Arr!





letters to the editors



Hello there, kids. You're back, we're back, everyone's back at the place of higher learning. Another five week slog and then we can all go home. To study for exams, sure, but it's still going home. Which is nice. We promised that when we returned we'd be complaining about the lack of letter-writing that would once again have been visited upon us. And it has. So ... we don't get enough letters. Write them for us, make them fun, and bring them in (or send them in) by Wednesday. This Wednesday, next Wednesday. Whatever. While we are disappointed with our quantity of letters this week, the quality of correspondence is unusually exceptional (given our regular load politics-driven bollocks). So there's absolutely no reason in the world for you not to read every single goddamn word on this page. Even if none of them are about pirates. Arr!

Yeah, give us your \$265. We deserve it.

Dear *On Dit*,

First may we say what a fine, fine publication this paper is and what tears of joy it brings to our eyes every time we peruse its ink-soaked pages. (To tell you the truth we are only going to this university so that we can always get *On Dit* straight off the press every week. A \$265 subscription fee is worth it, in our opinion.)

Secondly, may we say that lately we have been tuning in to Student Radio on 5UV (arr) and have discovered the most shocking, stunning, in-your-face, downright offensive piece of programming we have ever had the misfortune to hear on Saturday nights at 11:30 pm. We have tuned into this

little piece of student filth twice now and we both felt so moved as to write a letter to you people about it.

Ringo, Kriss and The Reverend of R RATED RADIO (11:30pm alternate Saturdays on Student Radio)(just to make sure you avoid it) should be made to assume tyre positions, be fitted to Christian Haebich's car and driven down Greenhill Road at top speed.

over and out,
Crinkles Goulash and Neddy Botra Gallachi

(in no way, shape or form associated with the filthy R RATED RADIO, its kooky presenters or any of its affiliates)



98% of cows agree that all Union fees should be paid directly into the coffers of *On Dit*. Statistics can always be used to meet your own ends.

Rock On

Hi guys,
I loved the left handed edition, with the exception of Tim Kentish's little rant, which I can't criticise strongly enough. The internet is indeed for free communication, and this means that I can communicate with my cousin in China without using telephones or whatever. As a music student, I hope to one day be a published musician, and this means that my income will include royalties. Some from performances of my music, and some from sales of my music. OLGA and other such sites would eat into such sales, thus depriving me of income. In other words, it has probably already deprived many other musicians of income. If you aren't serious enough about your music that you can't be bothered working songs out by ear, or paying for sheet music, I suggest you quit now.

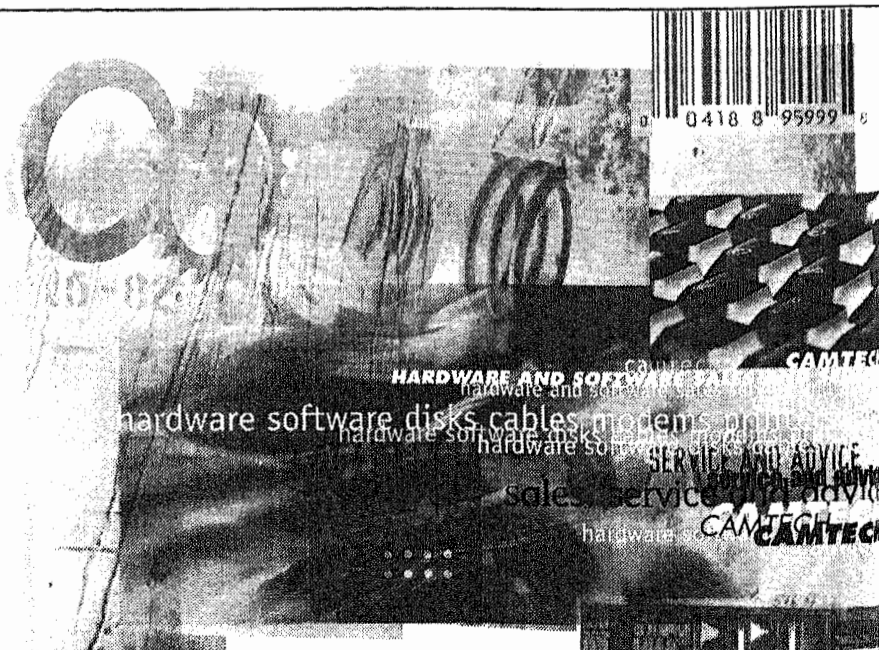
Yours Sincerely,
Aleksander Pusz

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Drop Dead

Dear Editors

I am writing out of concern for public safety as summer approaches, and thousands of innocent citizens flock to our coastal resorts, unaware of the dangers lurking there in the forms of the deadly dropbear and its sinister fellow-creature, the Australian Hoop Snake.

In the case of dropbears, it is indicative of the lack of proper information available that they are often described as large, woolly, fanged etc. It is a known fact that the dropbear is like a koala, only more vicious. They drop out of gum trees around the beaches of Australia on moonlit nights. They go for the moonlight reflected off the back of the neck. This is why you should always wrap your towel around your neck if walking near trees along a beach at night in a Risk Area (Australia).

The venom of the dropbear is very toxic. Medical help must be got within 15 minutes or paralysis, coma and death will result. Dropbear fatalities are always hushed up by the au-

thorities. I was told about this dangerous and elusive koala-cousin as a youngster, hanging around with my older brother and his surfing mates (cf 'grommet'). The fact that I have never seen a dropbear, but still take care to use a towel as described when at risk is, to me, proof undeniable of the hazard presented by these shadowy creatures.

No less alarming is the hoop snake, a type of brown snake which, on sensing the vibration of the human footstep (at a range of up to 800m), arches its back, bites its tail and, turning more or less into a wheel, comes at you at speeds in excess of 60 kilometres per hour! As if the terrifying threat of dropbears weren't enough. It's no wonder the government is running scared, and covers up hoop snake sightings, dropbear attacks, etc, in the interests of the tourist economy. Even in the current frenzy of electoral statements from politicians, there remains an uneasy official silence on the subject of these aggressive denizens of our coastal playgrounds.

At least with a hoop snake, an effective defence is available, which I pass on freely. You find

a stout stick, stand your ground, and as the hoop snake whizzes toward you, you put the stick into the hoop, as into a bicycle wheel, and fling the scaly beast away like a frisbee.

The very least the authorities could do is to make this simple defence known. The public has a right to self-protection.

Yours,
Wary Joe

Rolling Stones ...

Dear Editors,
There are people walking around Uni with big containers of poison on their backs. They spray it on places where people sit and eat. For example, they spray it on the moss which grows between the brick paving in the Cloisters. Personally, I would rather have moss than unnecessary chemicals. Have we learnt nothing from our mistakes in the past with other chemical sprays?

Andrew

Zany Sex

little-known facts about the uni of adelaide, number ten: the BSL holds two copies of *The Joy of Sex*, both of which are listed as 'missing'.

Zane

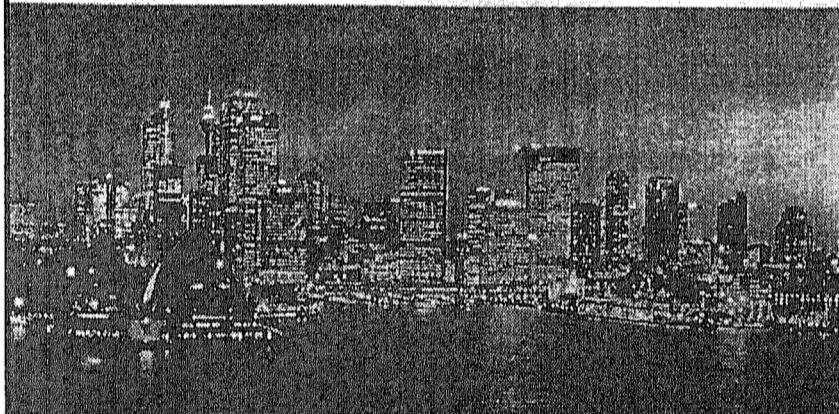
Ahoy, me matey!

Dear On Dit,

I really love your newspaper. Have you ever considered changing to an unreadable, half-sized, half-arsed format like Uni of SA's *Entropy*? Some ink is known to contain the giaddia virus. It should only be consumed with extreme caution. Spread the good word.

love,
Christian Haebich
Vice-President Associate
Faculty of Medicine (Arts Division)

Sydney Australia



wish you were here... ♡

Dear Kids,
Well, here we are in Sydney!
The flight was good, we didn't die and the food was okay. Susie was a little disappointed that she didn't get a colouring-in book but her friends Chris + Dean let her write letters to them instead.

Sydney is big and under heavy construction. There are lots of circles here... just noticed.

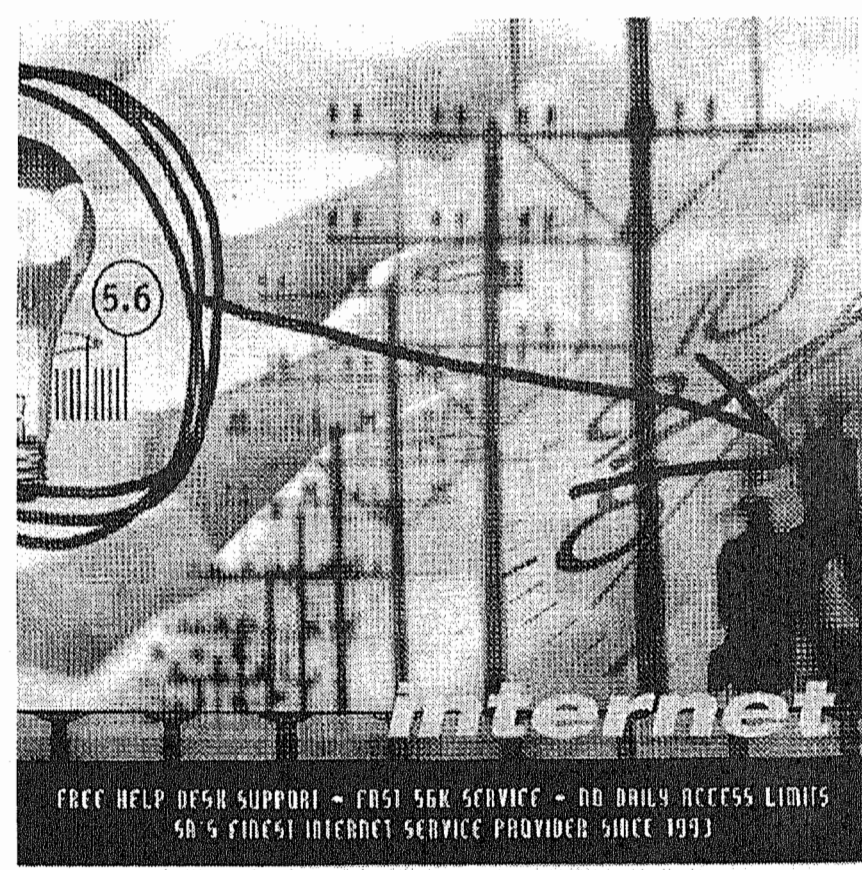
Sydney - Australia: something we love.
The beautiful harbour city at dusk.

On Dit Kids
c/- Adelaide University
North Tce
Adelaide 5005

Love to the Family
- wish you could be here too


Susie + Chris (+ Dean)

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Welcome back everyone. I hope that you enjoyed your holidays and are gearing up for the last few weeks of the year.

ANNUAL ELECTIONS

The Annual Elections held last term have been voided by the Election Arbiter on a technicality. This means that we will have to have another election either this year or early next year. Yeah, I can hear you all singing with joy!! At this stage it is unclear as to when the elections will be. For more

information please refer to Ian Cannon's letter in this edition of On Dit. There will also be more information provided in On Dit as it becomes available. Even though no one likes going through Election Week, candidates and voters alike, it is important that you vote in these elections so that you can ensure that you have strong student representation working for you.

FEDERAL ELECTION

At the time of writing this there are

still three days to go in the Federal Election campaign. Once the election has been declared (hopefully it won't be voided!) the Students' Association will provide a comprehensive breakdown and will look into what it will actually mean for students.

4TH TERM ACTIVITIES

As always the SAUA is still a hive of activity. This term there will be:

- Lost Property Sale
- Prosh hand over
- Why Weight Week and lots more.

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



STUDENT RIGHTS

In the lead-up to end-of-year assessment, make sure you are aware of all your rights as a student and that you know where to go if you have any problems. You have the right to a remark of any assessment if you feel that you have been unfairly assessed but there are different processes and procedures in every Department so make sure you ask your lecturer/tutor/head of department what they are. If you need a medical or compassionate supp make sure you go through the University Health and Counselling Services (phone 83035050/83035663) or the Union's Education/Welfare Officers (phone 83035430/83035915). If you

need an extension make sure you speak to your tutor as soon as possible and if you have any problems at all come into the SAUA (phone 83035406) or speak to the Union's Education/Welfare Officers (phone 83035430/83035915) ASAP. The sooner we know about problems the sooner they can be sorted out. The general rule is that if you have any problems speak to someone in the Department or Faculty first and try to sort it out directly then come to us if you can't sort it out. Good luck with your study!

FEDERAL ELECTION

SAUA reps handed out information to voters during the break and on Election day at polling booths to ensure that

voters considered Higher Education as an important election issue. I hope you voted and that you considered education when you voted! It remains to be seen whether there will be any positive changes for students with the new Government and Senate.

NUS NATIONAL WELFARE COMMITTEE

Is meeting this Friday in Melbourne at the National Office of NUS. We will be focussing on issues of youth suicide prevention, student accommodation, Childcare and harm minimisation with drug use. If you are interested in the proceedings of this meeting or the outcome on any of these issues please come and see me.

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



WELCOME BACK

Welcome back guys, I hope that your holidays were productive and fun. Before you get into studying why don't you try out some of the activities that will be occurring this term.

DIS-ORIENTATION

This is something new that will be coming out of the activities department. We've all been orientated, re-orientated now let's get dis-orientated.

This will be held in the last week before Swot Vac, and will be your last chance to party before those dreaded exams. Head on down to the lawns/cloisters and grab some food (both vegetarians and meat lovers will be catered for), drinks, both alcoholic and non-alcoholic, and of course music. So let your hair down and go crazy for this last week.

If you're all very good kiddies there will be also some rides to keep you amused

while the bands are playing.

THE LOST PROPERTY SALE

Will be held October 12-18th. The Lost Property Sale will be held on the lawns, and there will be tables full of goodies for everyone to scramble through and find a bargain. Items will vary from jewellery to books to even bikes. All money obtained through the Lost Property Sale goes to charity. Cheers, Alida

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



Welcome back everyone from the mid-semester break. I hope you all had a great holiday and are ready to get back to working hard! This semester will prove to be very busy for your Women's Department, so there will be a campaign to suit everyone and I urge you all to get involved.

WOMEN'S ROOM

The women's room, situated downstairs in the Lady Symon Building, and its facilities, are there to be used by all women on campus. Its facilities include a study room, bed and rest area, kitchen

with fridge, microwave and coffee making facilities, a lounge area, notice boards, lockers, toilet and shower facilities. In addition, the women's room is a great place to get information on the latest events, services and health centres for women. So we know it's good, but we want to make it better for you! We're going to revamp the women's room but we want to know what you want, so jot down your ideas on some paper and drop them into the SAUA.

WHY WEIGHT WEEK

This year, Why Weight Week, the

annual Body Image and Eating Disorders Awareness week will take place from the 19th to the 23rd of October. The week will highlight the problems and effects of body image as it is portrayed in society and in the mainstream media, upon women. For a detailed list of events happening in Why Weight Week, keep on checking the SAUA page. If anyone is interested in being involved with the week, don't hesitate to call me on 8303 5406, otherwise just come in and see me in the SAUA.

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



Well it's time for Uni again, I hope that everyone enjoyed their holidays.

THE KESAB ENVIRO. AWARDS

It is nearly time for judging so it would be great if everyone can remember to pick up their litter. remember:

A LITTLE BIT OF LITTER IS BETTER IN THE BIN.

JABILUKA

To find out the latest info on Jabiluka you can subscribe to the Jabiluka mailing list (through your email) by sending an email to jabiluka-d-request@issaries.com.au and as the subject write 'subscribe'. To send messages to the mailing list send it to jabiluka@issaries.com.au. There

is also a great website at www.jabiluka.net/latest/

BEVERLEY URANIUM MINE

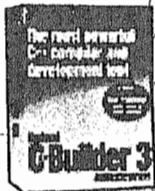
All submissions are now being looked at and the outcome will be in all major newspapers soon so keep looking out for it.

I hope to have more info soon Danielle

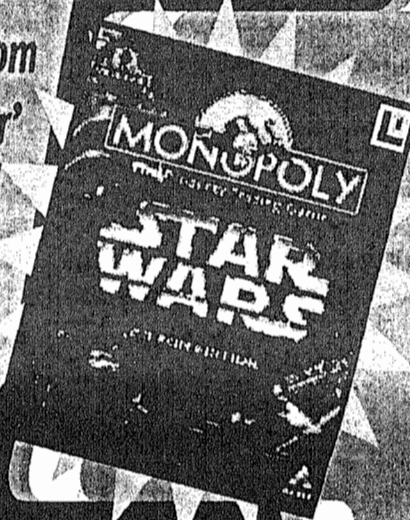
fill out the counter calendar survey form on the web, at:
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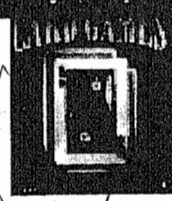
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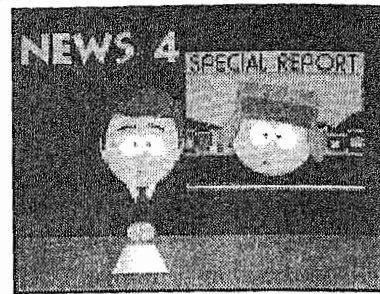
play harder



Available at your nearest Uni or TAFE campus computer store or bookshop.



Dispatches



Dust Settles over the Hustings

Five weeks of what has to have been the worst election campaign ever wound up last week. And for all the huff and bluster we awake to the news that Tweedledum has control over the reigns of power once more, with Tweedledee forecasting Armageddon. Don't blame me, I didn't vote for them. Perhaps if the politicians didn't take us for morons they'd be something to encouraged about. Instead, we the electorate have had to endure once more wholly negative election advertising – it was a bit rich for Mr Howard to complain in the final week about the fear campaign over the GST. Did anyone see the Liberal Party ads? If that wasn't fearmongering, I don't know what is. And while the media labelled the election the Millennium Poll, perhaps the Lilliputian Poll would have been more appropriate for all the innovation and scope in the major parties' policy documents. The spin-doctors are well and truly out of control, so much so that the 'truth' now appears to be the spin. Another couple of years of mediocrity, fellas? says I. Don't mind if I do, says them.

Big Man Goes Bust

An era has ended with the Big Man of Europe, Helmut Kohl, being unceremoniously dumped by Germans in general elections last week. Social Democrat Gerhard Schroeder is Germany's new Chancellor after leading the centre-left party to its first electoral triumph in 16 years. Mr Kohl's reign as the longest serving leader in the West was terminated with his conservative Christian Democrats recording their worst electoral result since 1949. Mr Kohl was to be doubly humiliated – he lost his own seat of Ludwigshafen. However, he will remain in Parliament courtesy of Germany's complex electoral system. Mr Schroeder meanwhile has tied himself to the policy coat-tails of the New Centre – the recent pin-ups of which have been Tony Blair and Bill Clinton. The Social Democrats

are likely to rule in coalition with the Greens and assorted Left wing politicians. The prospective government has been dubbed 'Red-Green' (Brown?) by the Christian Democrats. Despite this purported shift to the Left, Germany's economic policies are likely to remain the same given the constraints of being a member of the Europe's new single currency. Thus, it is unlikely that the government will be at liberty to pursue expensive public works in an effort to address unemployment – especially in the East – which is regarded as a major reason for Kohl being ousted.

Big Government is Best

Meanwhile, Swedes went to their elections recently faced with a choice between cuts to the highest personal incomes tax rates in the world, or a resurrection of public services cut back in recent years of budgetary belt-tightening. In a close call, Swedes voted in favour of more public services, suggesting that one of the world's most comprehensive welfare states is here to stay. Rather than embrace the global economy's mantra of "greed is good", Swedes decided to stick with their homespun philosophy that "just enough is best".

Ultimatum for Serbia

The United Nations Security Council has warned Yugoslavian President Slobodan Milosevic to stop attacks on civilians in Kosovo or face international intervention. Only China opposed the resolution, saying Kosovo was an internal matter for Yugoslavia, which was acting within its "legitimate rights" – but China would say that, wouldn't it? However, Serbian troops have continued to bombard villages in southern Kosovo in apparent defiance of the UN resolution. They say they are mopping up "terrorists" of the Kosovo Liberation Army, which gained brief military ascendancy earlier this year, before being crushed by Serb counter-insurgency forces. This has raised questions as to what happens next. The

UN resolution itself was deliberately vague on this issue – it needed to be for the Russians to support it. Russia is a traditional Serbian ally and opposes the prospect of military intervention in Kosovo. The reluctance of the Russians has prompted the United States and NATO to instead threaten independent military action "sooner rather than later" should there be no cease-fire. However, there is still concern within the United Nations regarding how much authority individual nations or regional organisations (like NATO) have to take military action without the unanimous support of the UN Security Council. Similar UN dithering should sound familiar – it occurred when military action was first threatened over Bosnia-Herzegovina and when Iraq recently refused entry to UN weapons inspectors. Kosovo is becoming ever more critical by the day with hundreds dying in recent weeks and hundreds of thousands being displaced – and winter is fast approaching.

Red Faces in South Africa

The reputation of South Africa's peace-keeping forces has been tarnished in recent weeks with the farcical events in the tiny kingdom of Lesotho. Riots and looting were the hall-marks of the "invasion" of 1000 soldiers from South Africa and Botswana who poured across the border to quell a military mutiny amid allegations that the Lesotho government had rigged recent elections there. South Africa had expected to go in and quickly restore order and leave. But its troops were unprepared for the opposition they found when they rolled in two weeks ago. Even opponents of the Lesotho government criticised the invasion. Said Mamello Morrison: "We protested here for almost 7 weeks without a single window being broken and now look at our city – it has been destroyed." South Africa's leading newspaper, the *Mail & Guardian* was heavily critical of the invasion, questioning the inconsistency in foreign policy which endorsed the intervention in Lesotho while opposing military intervention in the Democratic Republic of Congo. It has been speculated that Zimbabwean criticism of South Africa's inaction on Congo prompted South Africa to prove that "it, too, had the guts to kick arse around the region" (courtesy of Howard Barrell in M&G).

Faster, Higher, Ferret

There wasn't a high jump or discus throw, no one ran with a torch and pictures of the winners probably won't end up on a cereal box. Still, as one would expect, competition was ferocious at the Ferret Olympics. Nearly 200 ferret owners converged on Dallas, Texas to see which furry creatures would take home awards for tipping over the most plastic

cup, holding the longest kiss with their owners or doing the best weasel "war dance." A ferret called Sloopy was the big winner, taking first place in the paper sack escape event and placing second in the cup tip. "They're great," said Janet Kniep, owner of Ferris the ferret. "It's like having a kitten that refuses to grow up." Yes, but do they have a 'ferret down the pants' competition?

Wham Bam, thank you, Ma'am!

The introduction of Viagra to Thailand offers little hope that the country's men will lose their mantle as the world's fastest lovers. Speaking at the official launch of Viagra in Thailand, executives for the drug's U.S. maker Pfizer said it could not prolong sexual intercourse among Thais, found by a recent survey to be the world's speediest love-makers. Condom company Durex published figures last week showing that Thai men are the sprint kings of love-making with the average act lasting just 10.4 minutes. But Pfizer executives said Viagra's arrival at least meant more men were likely to be physically qualified to answer any similar survey should the opportunity arise again. "Viagra is not a sexual stimulant nor an aphrodisiac so we think it will just restore normal sexual activity between couples," said Beyhan Zaim, Pfizer's general manager in Thailand.

Quote of the Month

When asked why she kept that semen-stained blue dress, Monica Lewinsky responded: "I didn't have a reason... I didn't really realise that there was anything on it until I went to wear it again... I had shown the dress to Linda [Tripp; she of the secret tapes] at that point and had just sort of said to her... "Look at this, isn't this gross?" or whatever... And she told me that I should put it in a safe deposit box because it would be evidence one day. And I said that was ludicrous because I would never disclose that I had a relationship with the president, I would never need it. And then when Thanksgiving came around and I told her that I was going to wear it, she told me I looked fat in the dress, I shouldn't wear it. She... [tried] to persuade me not to wear the dress. So I ended up not wearing it and then I was going to clean it. I took it with me up to New York [where her new job was] and was going to clean it up there, and then this broke, so..." Indeed.

Georgie Hambrook

Sources: *New York Times*, *Mail & Guardian*, *The Independent* (London), Reuters, Associated Press, "Something Else".

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BRUCE NEWS

WORLD

Three images will remain with me from this year's election campaign. The first is that memorable debate, the 'Great Debate', between Howard and Beazley, both pleading their respective cases to the Australian people. The debate itself was, as expected, bland, with almost no discussion between the two leaders on any issue. Ray Martin was like piggy in the middle, itching to have some input, but staying decidedly neutral. The real debate, other than the Great Debate, went on before that memorable night. Both parties fought over whether there were to be one or two debates, whether the lecterns should be adjusted to make John Howard appear the same height as his rival and whether there should be actual debate or simply monologues.

The second image that will endure is of Howard chastising a Perth radio station for linking an increase in heroin use to the GST. Howard took off his headphones, said to the host, how dare you, and his media adviser continued afterwards to berate the radio station for typical ABC bias. The humorous part was the host of the show apparently misread "gvt" meaning government for "GST". The next day, the host dutifully apologised for her blunder and the ABC said she would be doing little on the election campaign in the future.

The other image I have of the election campaign is that of Howard and Beazley tramping around the nation, trying to convince Australians of their sincerity and knowledge in short, sharp, campaign slogan-type speeches. Howard ended up arguing that people should vote for the GST for the good of the country rather than for selfish reasons - a very good one liner indeed.

Beazley was no different. He succinctly said the GST is bad for jobs and bad for Australia. This argument was Keatingesque in its simplicity and profundity.

Why, do you ask, do these images stand out? Well, all three show the extraordinary power the media has in today's world. Howard and Beazley chose television as the means for a debate on election issues and argued vehemently over the most petty and idiotic things leading up to the night. Both leaders know the influence and reach television has on the contemporary mind.

Similarly, Howard led a continual onslaught on the ABC throughout the campaign knowing it to be one of the few left wing media in the country. The incident in Perth illustrated Howard's sensitivity to the ABC and the power it has to shape the opinions of voters.

Finally, the media followed Howard and Beazley wherever they went, exposing their blunders and capturing their statements in 10 second flicks or in short pithy quotations. Both leaders realised that simple headline grabbing statements that gained media attention were much more effective than sustained, logical arguments.

It is hard to fathom these days how much influence the media has. Radio, television and newspapers saturate us every day. Since World War II, the world has seen the astounding growth of the media into an all-powerful, all-knowing force. Correspondingly, governments have lost their power and thus politicians struggle to gain the attention of the populace.

The media has become the primary educative tool for the current generation. It is hard for this generation of Australians to distinguish between what is and what is not. For instance, The Great Debate between Howard and Beazley treated numerous Australians to a mix of propaganda and nonsense ideally suited to the medium of television. Howard's harangues against the ABC disguised that the media in this country is dominated by conservative views and the ABC provides one of the few counterpoints to this dominance.

And the 10 second flicks on Howard and Beazley we saw on the nightly news did little to inform the public, but did much to distort and disguise the issues.

One only has to turn to the Bill Clinton affair - no, this was not supposed to be a pun - to see the Orwellian-type of power of the media. Here is the President of the United States of America confessing on live television the fling he had with an intern, and then being humiliating with the release of the graphic details of the fling all over the

internet for the world to peep at - peeping Toms of a sort. The amazing aspect of this sordid tale is not Clinton having an affair - almost every US President has been guilty of this sin - but that the revelations did not shock the world. It seems a global familiarity with trial by television prevents any surprise at the allegations.

Today, the dictatorship of the media is complete. The death of Princess Diana last year illustrates the hysteria the media can generate and the lunatic investigation that can follow. Christopher Hitchens in a recent documentary on the ABC showed how all those who were critical of the mourning of Diana were shut up by

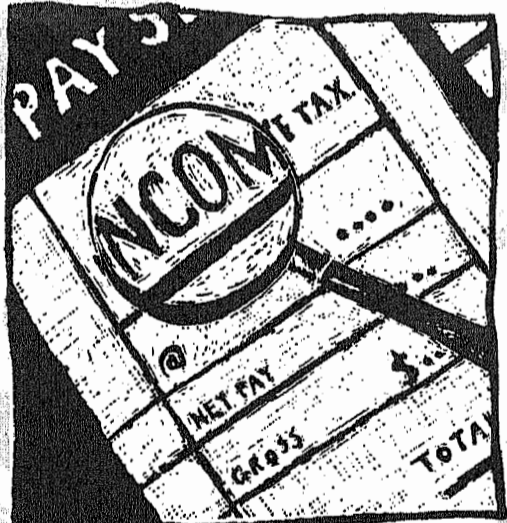
the British media, thereby only one view was conveyed on airwaves and television sets around the world. No media outlet said she had an absurdly spoilt childhood, did a few nice deeds later on in life probably out of boredom and her death in the grand scheme of things will come to mean little.

But Howard and Beazley would have killed for the kind of publicity Princess Di got in their election campaigns. They would have been on their knees praying to their Christian God to receive the same sort of warmth and emotion.

Put simply, both leaders acknowledged the media to be an all-seeing, all-knowing God, capable of turning the hearts and minds of Australians into one and reserving a place for them in either heaven or hell.

It is a brave, relatively new world.

James Gruber




tax angst?

Struggling through your tax return?
Don't know your deductions from your rebates?

The Students' Association now has a free tax assistance service to help you through these challenging times. If your gross yearly income is less than \$20,000 and you are a student of the University of Adelaide, you are eligible to use this service. Every Wednesday, between 3 - 5pm, come in and talk to our accountant (courtesy of Income Tax Specialists.)
Gain valuable advice & help with

filling out that pesky tax return form.
Simply call into the Students' Association, Office (ground floor, George Murray Building, Union Complex) or call (08) 8303 5406 to make an appointment.
Or, visit the web site for free taxation advice:
<http://www.taxspecialists.com.au>
user name: students
password: tax98

your students' association - working for you 

WE WENT, WE ROCKED,

About two months ago we received an email from one Nicole Piesch, a Novacastrian with a huge task. She was organising a National Student Media Conference, as part of the Newcastle Young Writers Festival being held at the same time. The chance to meet student editors from all over Australia (all the states were represented at the conference), and the opportunity to discuss topics such as censorship, VSU and our role as alternative media was not to be missed. Unable to contain our excitement, and realising that the conference needed some strong SA representation, we could hardly deny them our presence.

We got our rather large and heavy (even heavier on the way back) bags, hopped in a taxi, hopped on a plane, hopped on a bus and, finally, hopped on a train. We staggered into Newcastle (why we couldn't walk is anyone's guess), already bugged but keen to meet a few of the people Susie had struck up friendships with via email, and many more who would instantly fall for Chris's subtle charms.

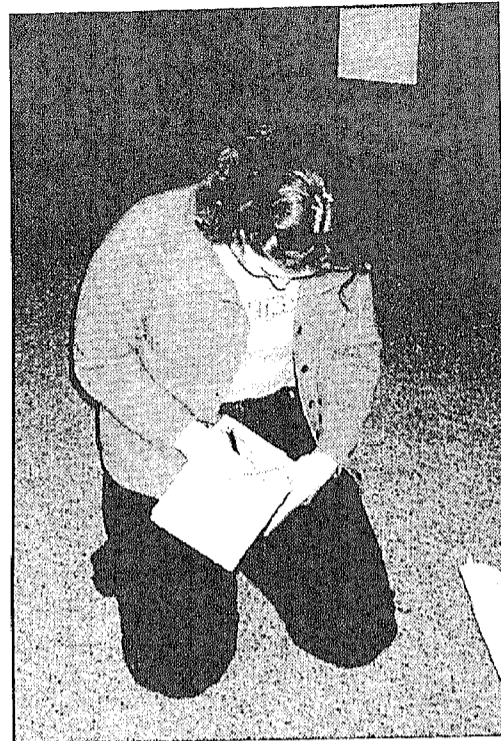
What followed was a conference that exceeded even our expectations, and we've come back more enthusiastic than ever about our job (and the five weeks of it that we have left).

INTRODUCTIONS

It's a weird moment when you're suddenly able to put faces next to the names in student publications. As we went around the room, introducing ourselves and describing which corner of Australia we'd travelled from, it struck us how necessary it was for us to be able to share our experiences, 'vent' our frustrations and boast our successes. For the first time (in a long time) we realised that On Dit is but one paper in student media land. And the issues that seem so resolvedly ours belong to others too.

Many papers exist within different student organisation structures. Some operate as mouthpieces for their respective organisations, others act as autonomous bodies. It seems that the question of editorial autonomy is a common one. How independent is a student publication when it is published by the students association/guild/council? Does this affect the material being printed? Does this restrict the flow of information to the student readers of the newspaper? How far can editors go in using the paper as a canvas for their own thoughts/beliefs/judgements? There are many examples of unjust censoring regimes and others pertaining to newspapers being little more than a catalogue of the editors' favourite subjects/pastimes.

Earlier this year there was the possibility that On Dit was going to be incorporated (in fact, this was also explicit in one faction's election statement during the 1998 student elections), however due to admin costs the idea was shelved. While independence and autonomy are important features of an alternative paper, such as a student paper, we also acknowledge that we have to operate with the structure that funds us. The relationship between 'us' and 'them' can often result in varying opinions on editorial policy. We noted that there was a difference between editors who are voted in during student elections and those who undergo appointment. We saw and met many 'publicity and publi-



Susie frequently found time to get actual work done. She does good work.

calions' officers who take up the task of training the editors, and maintaining some kind of uniformity between editorial terms. There were many similarities between the student newspapers of the country, and there were many recognisable differences. But then, diversity is the name of the game.

MAINSTREAM VS ALTERNATIVE MEDIA

It's easy to forget the purpose of a student newspaper when there's only a handful of people working hard in an office down next to the toilets. However, when there's 70 odd student newspaper editors gathered in a room together, it's hard to forget the collective potential of 2 million readers nationwide. That's the 'alternative' reality of student media in this country. This session of the conference 'Mainstream versus Alternative' exposed us to the mainstream reality (and the need for an alternative media) - the art of journalism in a commercial world. The panel for this topic, Mr John McLusky, editor-in-chief of the Newcastle Herald, David Macilwaine, a NBN news reporter, and Damien Cahill, NUS NSW and former editor of Tertangala (Wollongong) paper discussed the similarities and differences between the two print media. McLusky began: "Student newspapers are in an unique position", he said, "because [we] don't have to get the people to stop and get \$1 out of their pockets". Student newspapers have the advantage of being free of charge - and yet we do have to be read. Mainstream news is about putting involved things in simple terms, and although a good vocabulary is termed as 'bad journalism' (despite what McLusky insinuates as 'fashionable'), student newspapers have an obligation to provide a more involved examination of issues that affect students, and more generally, the population at large. It's a powerful reminder, when faced with the notions of

agenda setting, news justification and advertisement driven enterprise, that student media is a rare and precious tool in today's society.

CASE STUDIES: JABILUKA AND THE MUA

The session organised around the joint issues of Jabiluka and The Waterfront Dispute (more particularly, the media coverage of both events) was intended to highlight the power that student media can wield, and also to demonstrate how easily manipulated media coverage of an event or issue can be.

Greens politician Liz Rene spoke about her involvement in the Jabiluka campaign, her struggle to gain media attention for it, and the ridiculous amount and quality of coverage she did get when she went to the site itself. This coverage was a response to the "angle" inherent in her, a respectable "normal" person going out among the ferals at Jabiluka. No green issue is newsworthy enough to gain mainstream media attention in its own right. A common excuse given is that the story is not "local" But Jabiluka has made it into the mainstream news services, and a major force behind this was the attention given to it by alternative press, a bracket in which student media is a major presence. If we can get enough people to care about an issue, we can force major news carriers to cover it.

AMU guy Jim Boyle gave his views on media coverage of The Waterfront Dispute. This was dictated to an extraordinary extent by the government's media management strategy, wherein the focus was removed from the human stories of the dispute (the sacked workers with pregnant wives and four starving kids, which the media normally gobble up) and switched instead to images of lazy yobbo's not doing an honest day's work and expecting more money than they deserved. The AMU met with constant resistance to getting their side of the story told in the media, and resorted to a program of travel and public speaking to tell their story. The manipulation of the media in this case has produced waterfront reform under which packing and unpacking a ship actually costs more and is ultimately inefficient.



The kids from Perth (Pelican's Rob and Grok's Donna and Simon). They rock too.

VOLUNTARY STUDENT UNIONISM

VSU is the insidious strategy already employed by state governments in Victoria and Western Australia (and under consideration for South Australia and other states) to disempower student representa-

WE DID SA PROUD!

tive organisations, especially as political entities. Essentially, it makes the payment of student union fees at enrolment voluntary. This has led, in Victorian and Western Australian universities, to massively reduced operating budgets for their respective student organisations. In the Victorian model of VSU, fees paid go to the University administration, and they are responsible for doling money out



Susie and Chris remain friends despite five gruelling days together.

to the representative body. Activities that are deemed "non-political" can be funded freely; anything else can only be funded by entering into a "funding agreement" with the administration, taking the control of such activities out of the hands of the students. The Western Australian model is considerably different, but the effect is essentially the same: the funding of student activities has been greatly reduced. The government's insecurities in dealing with unions, as evidenced by the waterfront dispute, are an obvious motivating factor in removing the power of students to join together and have a collective voice. Obviously this is a bad thing, but it was of particular interest to the conference because student newspapers are the most vulnerable appendages of student organisations and thus the first to lose funding and go under. We were addressed by the editors of two Western Australian newspapers (Simon Collins from Curtin University's Grok and Rob Schutze of UWA's Pelican) on the impact of VSU at their universities and what they had done to overcome their resultant funding difficulties. Some of it was useful; all of it was frightening. The most important tip was that early preparation pays off, not just for student newspapers, but for the entire organisation.

CENSORSHIP

The main focus of this session was the 1995 Rabelais debacle which, for the uninitiated, resulted from the publication of an article entitled "The Art of Shoplifting" in Rabelais, the La Trobe University student newspaper. The article was a tongue-in-cheek political statement about the distribution of wealth in Australia and featured some rather detailed tips to shoplifting wannabes. Complaints about the article and a mainstream media beat-up led to the publication being banned and the four editors being arrested and charged with "publishing, distributing and depositing an objectionable publication". They were found guilty, but the

case is still entwined in the lengthy appeals process, which will culminate in December with an appearance before the High Court. If their appeals are rejected, the editors face hefty fines or jail sentences. One of the editors of the day, Melita Berndt, attended the conference and spelled out for us the details of the ridiculous chain of events which led to the legal proceedings (such as John Laws going on air and convincing Education Minister Simon Crean to take action against the article), and also pointed out that the mainstream publications SHE and the Australian Women's Forum (both of which have substantially larger circulation figures than Rabelais) have also carried articles that instruct in the art of shoplifting, yet no action has even been suggested against them. She spoke of the dangerous precedents set by the case, such as the prospect of printing a safe sex guide which happened to feature advice on anal sex and being subsequently deemed inappropriate because the readership is under 21, which is the age of consent for anal sex in some states. The most dangerous ramification, she said, was that current and future editors could be discouraged from printing similarly dangerous articles, thus committing self-censorship. This is a terrible thing: as an alternative to the mainstream media, we need to be able to print information and opinions that others may find distasteful or offensive. This is especially true of political debate.

The session also featured an appearance by Owen Trembath, Triple J lawyer-extraordinaire. He spoke of his involvement with Pauline Pantsdown, the artist responsible for the Hanson political parodies "Back-Door Man" and "I Don't Like It". "Back-Door Man" was, of course, pulled from the air after ten days following an injunction being placed on it. "I Don't Like It" is a newly-released song which Owen guided the development of to ensure (or "maximise the chances of") the song is legally not defamatory. Owen's stories and insights into other aspects of media law were enjoyable and insightful.

OTHER WRITING STUFF

Because this National Student Media Conference was initiated as a splinter event of the Young Writ-

ers' Festival, it seemed appropriate that most of our 'spare time' in the afternoons was spent at various Writers' Festival sessions. Some of the highlights included 'Writing From Life' - an examination of how to turn everyday life occurrences into highly motivating literature (or at least a novel of sorts); 'Shoot the Canon' - a vibrant discussion, lead by panelists John Birmingham, Mark Davis and Catharine Lumby, on the intricate nature of canonisation; 'How to win the Vogel Award' - apparently if you write about an elephant (or, our preferred animal, a hippo [it's about the size, baby]), you have the perfect chance; 'Media Uses and Abuses' - a most interesting discussion headed by Melita Brendt (former Rabelais editor), Helen Darville (of The Hand that Signed the Paper fame), Shane Paxton (from the famous A Current Affair scenario) and Matthew Thompson (the anti-Heavy Metal t-shirt prankster); and 'Starting Your Own Magazine' - by the founding editors of independent filmmakers. Given that the focus of student media is often regarded as 'political' it was nice to be able to concentrate on the creative side of all things written and fun.

FINAL MORNING

They let us sleep in on the last day of the conference, and gave us a croissant breakfast in a nice little art gallery. At this final session, we formalised a National Student Media Network (although we're yet to agree on a catchy name for it), put the wheels in motion for another conference next year and formulated a press release to let everyone know what we'd achieved in the space of a few short days.

So there it is. We went to the National Student Media Conference in Newcastle. We've achieved all our goals and we're now ready to retire as happy campers. We haven't told you about all the drinking we did - and we haven't told you anything about Newcastle itself. We will - in the travel edition in two weeks time. Stay tuned.

Susie Bate
Chris Slape



Do we all look hungover? The final morning session in the art gallery had that sort of feel about it.

Increasing

Your ZZZZZS...

Adequate sleep is essential to health and peak performance as exercise and good nutrition.

How much sleep is enough?

In general, most healthy adults need an average of seven to nine hours of sleep a night. However, sleep needs vary. It isn't simply how many hours of sleep time you're logging in that matters, but how you feel and how well you're able to perform each day. So, how do you measure how much sleep you truly need? If you have trouble staying alert during monotonous situations when fatigue is often "unmasked" you probably aren't getting enough good-quality sleep. Other signs are a tendency to be unreasonably irritable with friends or family, and difficulty concentrating or remembering facts.

What is insomnia?

Insomnia is the inability to sleep, or to sleep satisfactorily. It may involve one or more of the following:

- difficulty falling asleep,
- waking up frequently during the night with difficulty returning to sleep.
- early wakening
- unrefreshing sleep

What causes it?

Certain conditions seem to make individuals more likely to experience insomnia. Examples of these conditions include:

- advanced age
- female gender
- chronic depression, internalised and unexpressed anger, or anxiety.
- physical problems, eg sleep apnoea, nocturnal myoclonus, disordered circadian rhythms, arthritis, asthma hypothyroidism.

Transient and intermittent insomnia generally occurs in people who are temporarily experiencing one or more of the following:

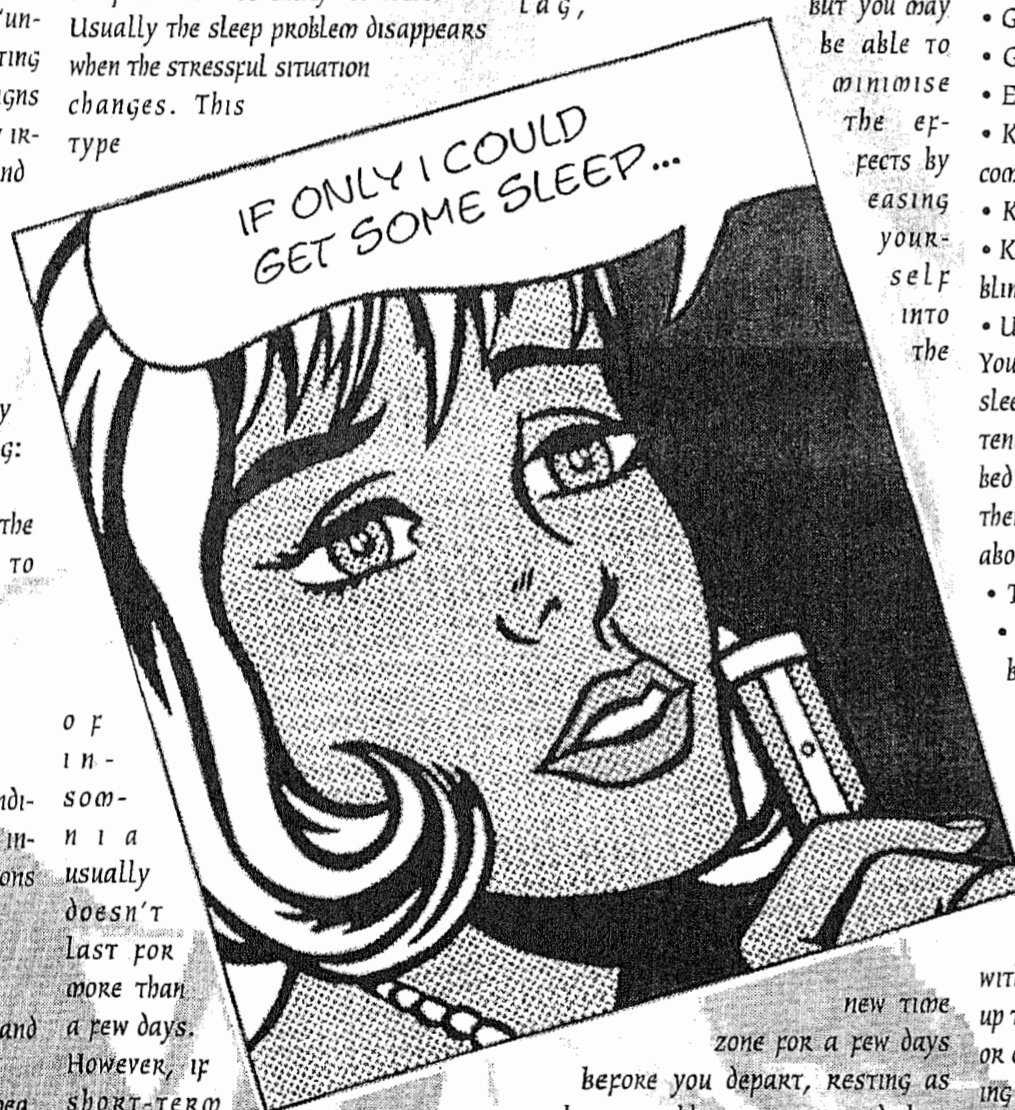
• Stress

The most common cause of short-term

sleeping problems is stress. Common triggers include university- or job-related pressures, a family or relationship problems, physical illness or trauma. A change in daily routine, for example moving into new accommodation or travelling, may also cause sleep problems.

Some people will often spend their waking hours in bed, when they cannot sleep, mulling over the problems of the day and experiencing feelings of panic about the coming day. The fact that they are unable to sleep becomes an additional concern to mull over and sleep is even less likely to come.

Usually the sleep problem disappears when the stressful situation changes. This type



of insomnia usually doesn't last for more than a few days. However, if short-term sleep problems aren't managed properly right from the beginning, they may persist long after the original stress has passed.

• Lifestyle

Without realising it, you may be doing things during the day or night that can work against you getting a good night's sleep. These include alcohol or beverages containing caffeine in the afternoon or evening, exercising close to bedtime, following an irregular

morning and night time schedule, and working or doing other mentally intense activities right before or getting into bed.

• Shiftwork

Shift work forces you to try to sleep when activities around you - and your own "biological rhythms" signal you to be awake.

• Jet Lag

Travelling across several time zones puts your biological rhythms "out of sync". You can't prevent jet lag,

but you may be able to minimise the effects by easing yourself into the

new time zone for a few days before you depart, resting as much as possible in transit, and planning a relaxed schedule for your first day or two after arrival.

• Unsatisfactory sleep environment

A distracting sleep environment such as a room that's too hot or cold, too noisy (especially intermittent noise) or too brightly lit can be a barrier to sound sleep. Other influences to pay attention to are the comfort and size of your bed and the habits of your sleep

partner.

WHAT ARE THE THINGS THAT I CAN DO THAT WILL HELP ME SLEEP BETTER?

Good sleep hygiene

Not all of sleep hygiene rules suit all people, you will need to try them and devise strategies that seem to work best for you. What is one person's "sleep elixir" may well be another person's poison.

- Go to bed at the same time each day
- Get up at the same time each day.
- Exercise regularly.
- Keep the temperature in your room comfortable.
- Keep the room quiet when sleeping
- Keep the room dark enough. Use dark blinds or wear a mask if needed.
- Use your bed only for sleep and sex. Your bed should be associated with sleep. If you believe that reading, listening to the radio, or some other in-bed activity helps you to fall asleep, then do so but do it no longer than about 20 minutes.
- Take a warm bath before bed.
- Drink a glass of warm milk before bed. Milk contains an amino acid that is converted to a sleep-enhancing compound in the brain.
- Try relaxation exercises when you go to bed. Think about a relaxing scene. Practise deep muscle relaxation exercises.

Relax your muscles, beginning with your feet and working your way up to your head. Use a relaxation tape or come in for some relaxation training at your Student Counselling Service. Practice the self-relaxation technique of focusing intently on a soothing word or 'mantra', or on breathing in and out slowly.

- Meditation may be helpful for some.
- Sexual intercourse has a relaxing effect for many people.
- Establish a regular, relaxing bedtime routine that will allow you to unwind and "send a signal" to your brain that it's time to go to sleep. In general, try to build into your schedule time for seven to eight hours of

sleep, and follow this routine as regularly as possible. Even on weekends.

- Eliminate the bedroom clock. You can set your alarm but place it in a position that is not visible from bed.
- Eat a light bedtime snack. Hunger can disrupt sleep

Avoid the following:

- Never try to sleep. The more you try to sleep, the more aroused you will get. Do something to distract yourself. Adapt the ancient task of counting sheep with a more modern day boring task.
- Don't count the hours you sleep; whenever you wake up reasonably refreshed you have had enough sleep. You may be sleeping more than you think. Sleep laboratory studies have shown that we tend to underestimate the amount of time we sleep between awakenings.
- Don't exercise just before going to bed. Exercise at least three hours before bedtime. Exercise within three hours of going to bed may actually keep you awake because your body has not had a chance to "unwind".
- Don't take naps during the day.
- Don't engage in mentally stimulating activity just before going to bed. For example, watching an exciting or disturbing program on TV.
- Avoid caffeine, nicotine and alcohol in the late afternoon and evening. Caffeine and nicotine can delay your sleep, and alcohol may interrupt your sleep later in the night.
- Don't lie awake for more than half an hour. (see below - reconditioning)
- Don't be too hot or too cold.

Stress Management

If you are not sleeping because you are worrying about something that is happening in your life, the best thing to do is to do something about the problem. Perhaps you can't remove the problem but you can do some constructive things like: During the day, talk to someone about the problem. Seek support from friends or a professional counsellor. Most of the thinking and worrying that we do in bed needs to be done - it just does not need to be done in bed. If you are lying in bed and not being able to

get off to sleep because you are worrying, here are three suggestions.

- Sit up and write about the problem. Keep a journal of your thoughts and feelings which you write in your journal when you feel the urge.
- Try an imagery of storing your worries away for a night. This works very effectively when use in conjunction with some physical relaxation exercise.
- Devote some time during the day (5-60 minutes) for thinking and worrying. This should end at least a couple of hours before going to bed. Then, when the thoughts come when you are in bed, say gently "Stop, I thought about this today. I will think about it again tomorrow. Now is the time to sleep".

To nap or not to nap?

The mid-afternoon slump most of us experience, even when we've slept well, suggests that the human body may be meant to nap. There's increasing evidence that a 15-20 minute nap can improve alertness, sharpen memory and generally reduce the symptoms of fatigue. If you're coping with the impact of lost sleep from last night or you know you're going to lose sleep tonight, a nap can help you through. A few cautions. First, a nap is not a substitute for a full night's sleep; it is only a short-term solution. Second,



If Blackbeard had got more sleep he would have been a much nicer person.

if getting to sleep or staying asleep at night is a problem, naps are probably not for you.

Explore napping, it may or may not be useful in improving your night time sleep.

IF YOU STILL CANNOT SLEEP:

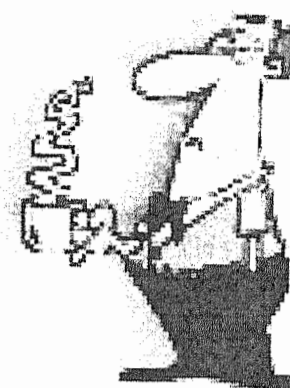
If you have tried the above suggestions and your sleep problems continue to persist and interfere with the way you feel or function during the day, a visit to a counsellor or doctor help may be required.

To get the most use of this visit, you'll find that it is often helpful to keep a diary of your sleep habits for about ten days to identify just how much sleep you're getting over a period of time and what you may be doing to interfere with it. In your diary record sleep and wake times, what you orally consume, how often and when you exercise.

A note on drug treatment

When sleep problems are a result of general stress, dealing with your lifestyle and associated problems is better than using sleeping pills. Drugs may however be prescribed when the cause of insomnia includes a particularly stressful situation (a bereavement for example) or a pain from some physical condition, or if a person's efficiency and sense of well-being is seriously impaired by sleeplessness.

Sleeping tablets are mainly used to treat short-term insomnia that may occur as a result of things going on in your life. Take sleeping tablets only as prescribed. Usually, sleeping



A nice mug of warm milk. That'll soon have him nodding off.

tablets can be taken for no more than two weeks, because they may actually make insomnia worse after this time.

If you think you need to talk with a counsellor about concerns causing you sleeping difficulties call:

The Counselling Service
The University of Adelaide
83035663

If you think you need an appointment for a medical evaluation related to your sleep difficulties, call:

The Health Service
The University of Adelaide
83035050

The Repatriation General Hospital at Daw Park, in Adelaide runs a Sleep Disorders Unit. It adopts a multi-disciplinary approach to diagnosis and management of sleep problems.

This information provides a general overview on insomnia and may not apply to everyone. Talk to your university student counsellor or doctor to find out if this information applies to you and to get more information on this subject





Angst and Experimentation

THEATRE FOR THE FILM GENERATION

Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love

State Theatre Company

Director: Rosalba Clemente

Playhouse

11 - 26 September

Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love is an extraordinary play, done absolute justice in Rosalba Clemente's recent production for State Theatre.

The work of young, gay, Canadian playwright Brad Fraser, it is a youthful, hip, vibrant, and highly contemporary story of the intermeshing lives of a group of thirty-somethings. Filled with all the symptoms of the urban wasteland, set in a landscape of recreational drugs, binge drinking, casual sex, self-constructed identity, angst and experimentation, it is a powerful depiction of urban experience, juxtaposing the banality of shopping mall culture with the brutality of serial killing, documenting the pursuits of the city-dweller, the cold harsh anonymity of the city, the extremes of human experience, the almost impossible battle of human good against human evil, and the universal desire to be loved, truly, not through addiction, obsession or deception, but on a real, profoundly human level. *Unidentified Human Remains* is theatre for a young contemporary generation, raised on art-house cinema, yet it manages to far

outrage the confines of this narrow typology, and comment truly and profoundly on human life and human experience.

Clemente's production is superb in almost every aspect. Highly theatrical, it fully exploits the extremes of comedy and pathos in

Fraser's script.

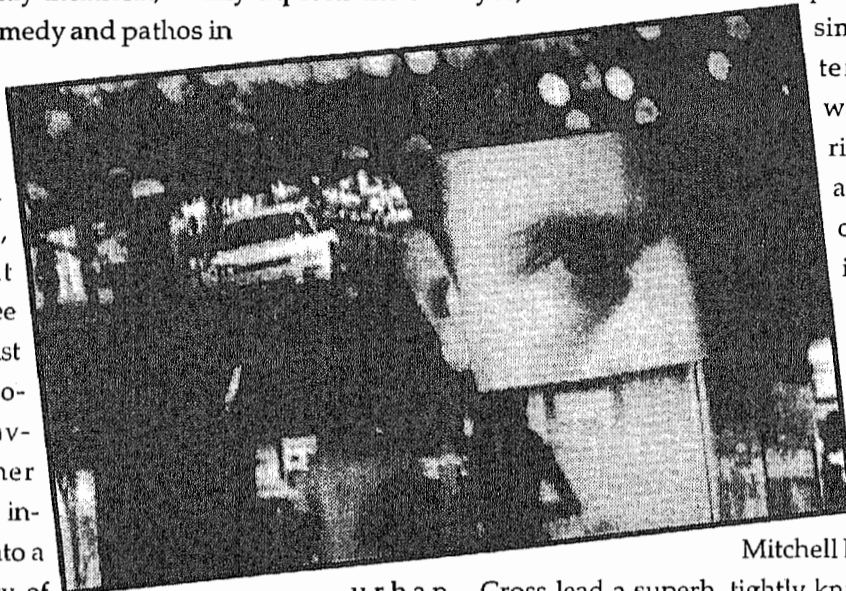
Brisk, crisp scenes full of quick, sharp wit and repartee are set against slow choruses, weaving together the lives of individuals into a rich tapestry of

experiences. Stories of innocent love and experimentation are contrasted with urban myth horror stories of serial killings, which are in turn set against the reported actions of a real serial killer. Timing throughout the production is superb, and the audience is taken on a roller-coaster ride through both the agonies and ecstasies of urban existence. Clemente's production is hauntingly atmospheric, and poignant above all is the sense of isolation one receives from this play set in the

heart of a bustling city.

Contributing strongly to the atmosphere of the production, Robert Kemp has produced a fantastically architectural set, cold, stark, harsh, urban, yet, like the

play, changed by a simple lighting alteration into a warm, human interior. The interior and exterior lives of the characters in the play are echoed in the fantastic ambiguity between interiority and exteriority in the set.



Mitchell Butel and Colleen

Cross lead a superb, tightly knit ensemble of local theatrical talent, whose performances are both emotional and confronting. Canadian accents, however, occasionally slip, and require the exercising of some prudent suspension of disbelief. Nonetheless, with *Unidentified Human Remains*, State Theatre have tackled a piece of theatre for the film generation, and acquitted themselves superbly.

Janak Mayer

The Misanthrope

Brink Productions

Director: Timothy Maddock

The Balcony Theatre, Gouger St.

16-27 September

It seemed to have all the right ingredients. A young, vibrant, energetic theatre company, newly basing themselves in Adelaide, whose previous offerings *Mojo* and *The Dumb Waiter* had been sell-out hits of the Fringe earlier in the year. Timothy Maddock, former artistic director of the now defunct Red Shed Theatre, whose production of *The Architect's Walk* was a major feature of this year's Festival. A radical new interpretation of Moliere's classic satire *The Misanthrope*, entirely re-written, still in rhyming verse, set in the Australian film industry. Certainly a very daring and ambitious opening for the new recipient of a major government grant, but one which sounded highly promising and exciting. Sadly expectations were never quite met.

A phenomenally audacious project, Brink Productions' recent performance of *The Misanthrope*, whilst commendable for its daring and ingenuity, fell slightly short of the mark. Rather than a piece of classic satire, refreshingly updated and made suddenly relevant through transposition to

On the Brink

by Janak Mayer

a film industry setting, it edged far to frequently on cheap farce, and, let down by an uninspired script, drifted far too frequently into corniness and cliché, and lines seemingly written for no reason other than to fit the pattern of rhyming verse. This was not sharp, subtle satire, with a deeper message about human relations, but rather an awkward blend of farce and self-evident didacticism, with little of great depth to say for itself. Contrasted against the sharp wit and profundity of State Theatre's *Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love* (see review), playing at the same time and aimed at the same age group, it was not a success.

Despite enthusiastic performances from a capable cast, *The Misanthrope* was let down by an ill-devised script and a faulty initial conception. Productions which seek to modernise classic plays are generally successful when they take the skill and beauty of the original lines, and inject into them double meanings, new interpretations, and a more vital style of delivery. In completely re-writing *The Misanthrope* to set it in modern times, Brink have lost the beauty of the original script,

and with it the source of the play's greatness. Rather than an elegantly crafted script given new life, meaning and modernity, Brink have presented here a new and highly forgettable script, made old by the use of rhyming verse and a stilted, occasionally almost Elizabethan style of delivery. The use of rhyming verse is justified in the program saying that when it was translated to simple prose, the script lost its vital musicality. For the concept to have worked, however, would have required a phenomenally skilled and talented playwright, not something devised by the ensemble in workshop, and written up by a member of the cast.

As the recent recipients of a competitive government grant, doubtless many eyes were on Brink to see how they would fare with their season opening. As such it is a pity that they have stumbled so here. Brink have shown in the past that they are capable of great things, and their 1998-99 season line up looks very promising. Above all, their philosophy of 'theatre for the price of a movie' is one that should attract many university students, and their youthful focus is one Adelaide much needs. I wish, then, that Brink may have greater success in the future.

Janak Mayer



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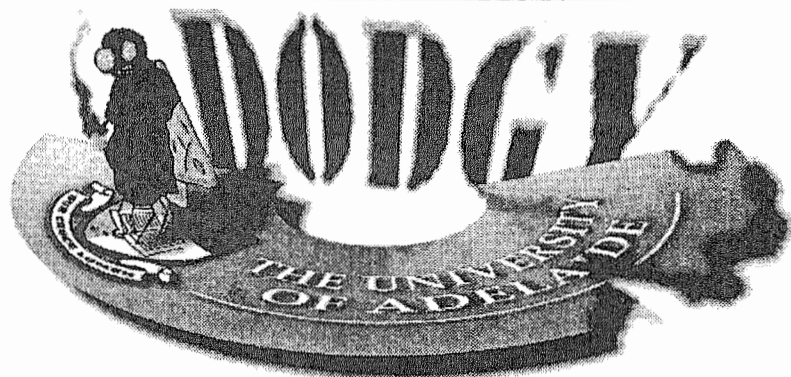


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There is much hooing and haaing around these days concerning one's ability to fulfil one's potential. This is not a subject I normally care to discuss (insofar as there are any subjects that the FlyGuy doesn't care to discuss; you may have noticed a certain predisposition towards incessant yapping on my part), but I was reminded recently of the old adage wherein a young protagonist with the potential to become the world's greatest ever ice-skater is born, raised, lives and dies in a huge fucking great desert. No frozen ponds, no ice rinks, no fulfilling of potential (and, it is implied (unjustifiably, in my humble opinion), a pretty unsatisfactory life). Moreover, the would-be skater (and, indeed, the world at large) has no idea of the potential being wasted and the magnificent triple-back-flip-spinny-thingies (my knowledge, you see, extends even to the realm of figure skating) that are being missed. The whole thing kind of reminds me of the anti-abortion argument about what if Mrs Einstein had had an abortion (and the answer to that is still that Hiroshima probably wouldn't have happened); we might have missed out on a lot, but then we would never know what we were missing out on, and so it wouldn't really affect us at all. In much the same way, all those fetuses that have been aborted (and all those kids through history who have died young (and even old people who died of unnatural causes (not to mention all those potential people who were never even conceived))) could have made huge contributions to other fields of human endeavour. But they didn't, and we don't miss them. This, I think, is why it's called "potential". You don't know you've got it until it manifests itself. Like genital clams. Anyway. We were talking about ice skaters being born in deserts. While I sympathise absolutely with any aspiring ice skaters who happen to be born in a desert (although, might I suggest, it is not a hopeless situation and there are (reasonably obvious) courses of action one can take to extricate oneself from the situation), and I'm rather fond of the images that the concept evokes, I must be

realistic and point out that the whole notion of a great ice skater being born and raised and whatnot in a desert is next to impossible. This is because one is not born a great ice skater, but becomes one through years and years of hard slog and grit and practice and falling down and freezing one's arse off. And if you're living in a desert (I should like to distinguish between actual deserts and the deserts of this metaphor: real deserts are not completely without facilities and, as such (for all I know), deserts may (or may very soon, what with the rapid development of technology in the modern age, and the ever-increasing need for space for people to live and so the process of colonisation of habits previously held to be too hostile for humans and the pressures that can be applied to town planners to provide adequate skating rinks for the populace) have good skating facilities (probably indoors), but this should not overshadow the useful device of the imaginary desert of the metaphor, wherein a desert is simply a place devoid of ice rinks, nothing more, nothing less), you're probably not going to have sufficient opportunity to practice, and so will never become a great ice skater. Sorry, bub.

But this is not all bad news. The up side to this is that anyone, irrespective of where one is born and with what and whatnot, can do anything. Now, it is not, nor is it ever, my intention to be all inspirational and stuff (such acts are uniformly, in my opinion, a whole bag of codswallop), but if you look at the jobs that most people are doing and how well they do them and what they did to get them there, it is really true that anyone can do anything. Most people are incompetent. This is why there is so much frustration that results from people trying to deal with other people in a professional capacity. People don't know how to do their jobs. It therefore follows that you don't need to know how to do a job to get a job, and it follows from this that anyone could get that job. Since this applies to all jobs, anyone can get any job. QED.

FlyGuy

The Cravin'

I eyed the worm,
 And it eyed me,
 And grew an understanding
 If I ate it
 Then same to me,
 Size difference not withstanding,
 For though an inch,
 And unbeseeming,
 Squirming in my hand,
 More bodies had
 This wretch devoured
 Than any beast by land
 Returned I then
 This fearsome sod
 The plot where it I'd spied,
 Lest it should burrow
 Through my guts
 In steady homicide.

-Icecream Man

Ode to a Hattigan

I
 My toe aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though a cupboard I had kicked,
 Or dropped some great rock upon my foot
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through some strange misfortune,
 But being too attached to mine toenails,-
 That those, light-bodied coatings 'pon my toes,
 In some malodorous plot
 Of foul design, and conspirators numberless,
 Might from my feet be clipped.

II
 Thou wast not born for death, immortal Nail!
 No tidy generations tread thee down;
 The nail I see this passing night was seen
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same nail that trod a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in thongs amid the alien corns;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, paddling in the foam
 Of perilous seas, in vasty fields of clippers.

III
 Clippers! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! the spinning clipping soars
 Past the grey armchair, over the worn carpet,
 Off the chipped urn; and now 'tis buried deep
 Down the back of the couch:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that toenail:- Do I wake or sleep?

- Hattigan the Unavoided

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Friends?

How can I stop?
 Stop feeling what I feel?
 Why do I feel like this?
 What the hell am I feeling?

Is it physical, jealousy, resurfacing feelings?
 Why am I so sure?
 Too far friends. Everyone tells me & yet I want more.
 How can I be so sure?

Friends can never be more?
 Since when? who decided? can I change it?

Still more questions
 Do you want more? how can I find out?
 When, if, you say 'no', will it be over, no more friends?
 Is it worth the risk? no.
 I'd rather be friends than nothing

I will wait. Hang around.
 Hear about other girls you are interested in.
 Watch more girls treat you like shit
 Knowing we would make each other happy.

But the fact remains: We are friends.

But the fact remains: I love you.

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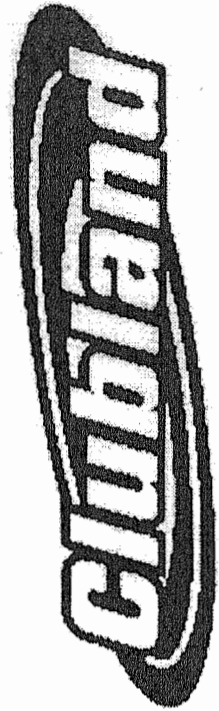
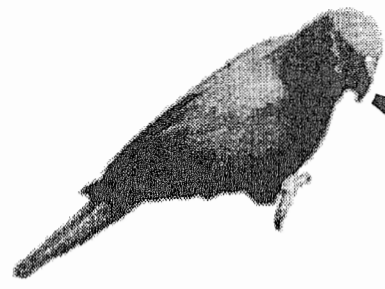
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Vox Pop



Questions:

- 1.) Do you think sporting people are deserving of their hero status?
- 2.) Who is your favourite sporting personality?
- 3.) Which Adelaide sports star would make a good pirate?



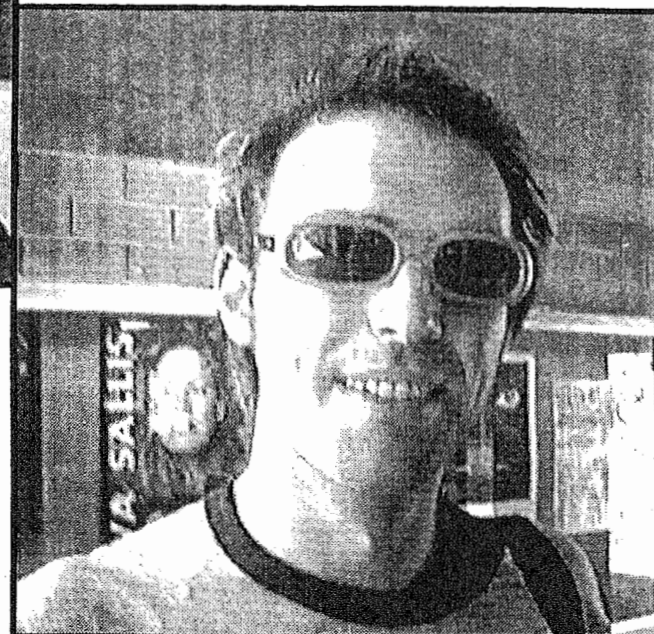
Brandon

- 1.) They train hard, so yeah.
- 2.) Mark Bickley.
- 3.) Nigel Smart.



Christian

- 1.) Yeah, in a way. I'm not a Crows fan but football is important to the state. It is so important to the majority of people, both here and Victoria, so it's good I suppose.
- 2.) Me. I'm an Adelaide Uni boat star.
- 3.) Barnacle Bill.

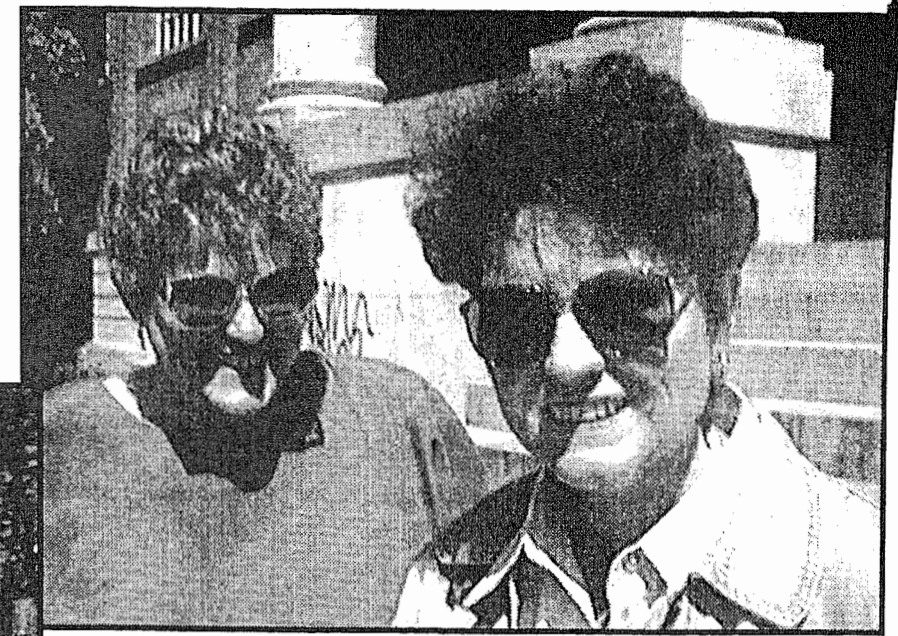


Malcolm

- 1.) No. A lot of people do more important things are.
- 2.) I don't follow sport so I don't have one.
- 3.) John Olsen.

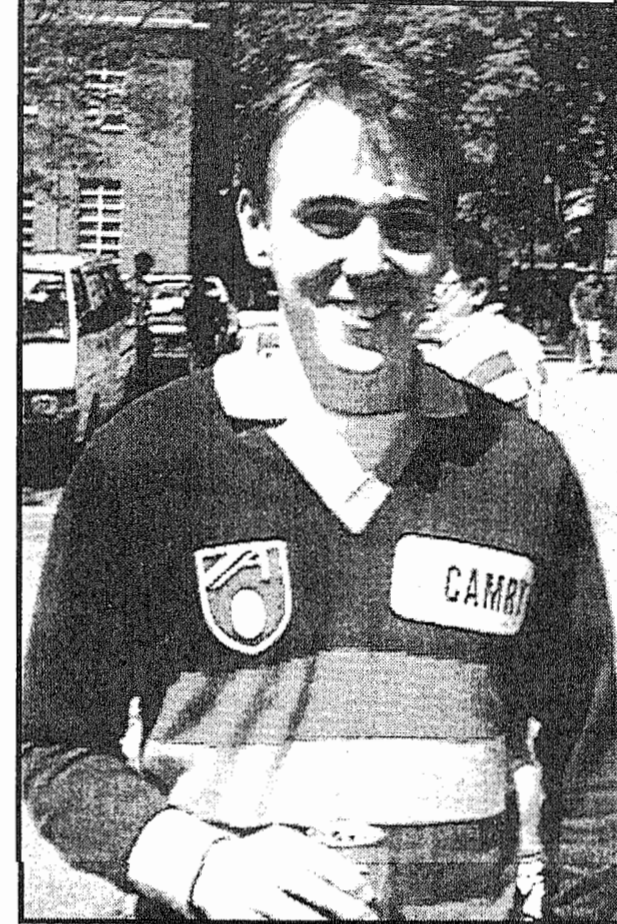
Judy & Margaret

- 1.) J: Well, we're going to the parade so what do you think?
M: No. I just enjoy a parade.
- 2.) J: Darren Jarman.
M: Tania Van Heer.
- 3.) J: Graham Cornes.
M: John Platten.



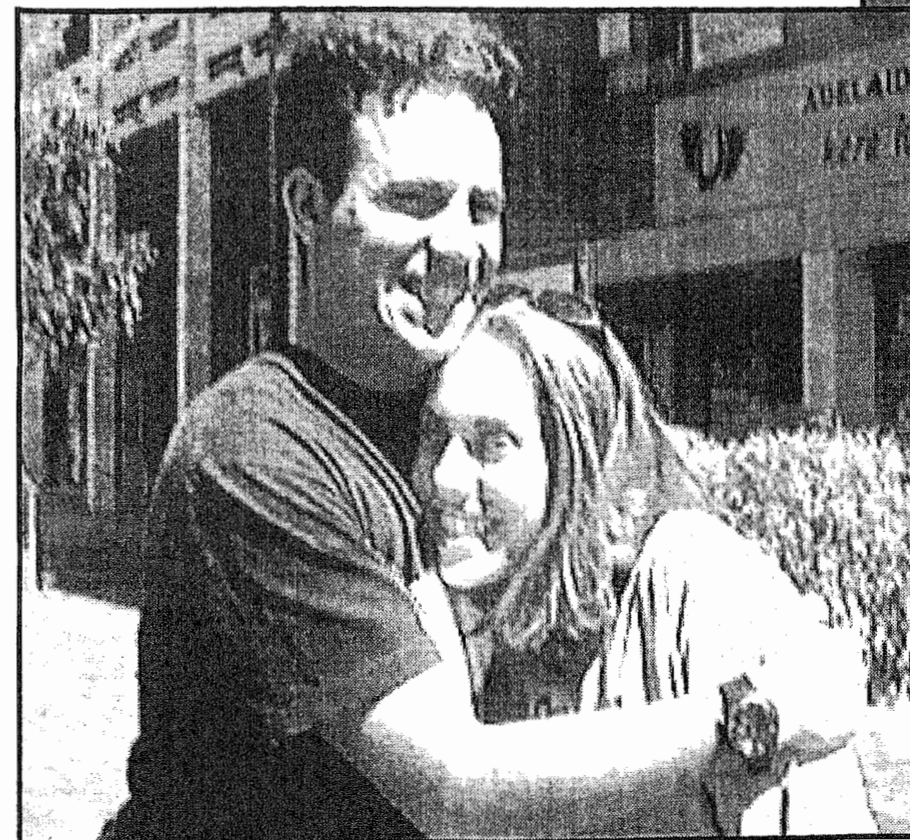
Kent

- 1.) The Crows are, yes. Because they're superstars. But we should celebrate other people too.
- 2.) Peter Caven.
- 3.) Kane Johnson.



Alex & Celia

- 1.) A: I didn't know they were heroes.
C: Probably not as much as other people who do other things.
- 2.) A: Girl hockey players.
C: I don't follow sport. My boyfriend who plays basketball.
- 3.) A: Tony Modra because of his violent tendencies.
C: I agree. I know that's a cop out...



Mark & Kylie

- 1.) M: Hell yeah. Because we just got back to back.
K: They bring in the money, so I guess they do.
- 2.) M: Oh, it's hard to pick from eighteen. Andrew McLeod.
K: Tania Van Heer.
- 3.) M: Tony Modra. Everyone hates him, but in a good way.
K: Katherine Harby.



PRIMARY SCHOOL IN THE EIGHTIES

A RETROSPECTIVE: Lest we forget....

<THE ART ROOM> art smocks & acrylic paint. <ASSEMBLY> talks from the principal. "items" by various teachers, classes, visitors, or some kid who plays piano/bugle/flute/didjeridu. <BARBECUES> you know the drill. <BEST FRIENDS> and worst enemies. <BIRTHDAYS> someone's Mum brings cake and red cordial. <BOOK REVIEWS> and the bitter shock of homework. <BOOK WEEK> dressing up like book characters. and *Hating Alison Ashley*. <BOY GERMS> and girl germs. <BTN> aka *Behind The News*. <CAKE STALLS> cupcakes and choc-chip bikkies. <CANTEEN> 1 and 2 cent pieces. chocolate swirls and white swirls. red and black licorice. paddlepops. icypoles. twisties. pies, pasties and sausage rolls. lunch orders. lunch money. losing it, stealing it, forgetting it. <CHASY> and the many variations of. <CHEATING> and getting caught. <CHOOSING SIDES> and getting to pick your team for cricket / baseball / lacrosse. are teachers sadists? (the fear of) getting picked last. <CHRISTMAS CARDS> the ultimate measure of popularity. <CHRISTMAS CONCERT> Australian Christmas Carols. Rolf Harris's "Six White Boomers". "Little Donkey". and (the best one) "Pablo the Reindeer from Mexico" (olé!). <CITY TO BAY> after-school practices. taking on the suburbs in t-shirt and sports knickers. <COME OUT> getting jealous because your tiny little best friend gets to be Maid Marion while you get to be a chicken (in a cardboard costume & ribbed white stockings). <CREATIVE WRITING> it all started here. <CREPE PAPER> and Brennex squares. is there anyone who didn't make cherry blossoms by scrunching up crepe paper in primary school? <CUT-OFF JEANS> the ultimate fashion statement. <THE DELI> and mixed lollies on the way home from school. <DESKS> in groups. in rows. changing desks. choosing who you sit next to. getting "separated" from your friends (for talking too much). and getting put next to some kid who steals your rubber. <DETENTION> and writing lines. <EASTER PARADE> more singing. <ELASTICS> England. Ireland. Scotland. Wales. Inside outside puppydogs' tails.... <EXCURSIONS> for example, the "mystery" train-ride to Belair National Park. <FESTIVAL OF MUSIC CHOIR> there's always someone who pukes on the person in front of them on the big night.... <FRIENDSHIP BRACELETS> and friendship beads. <FUNDRAISING> and selling endless boxes of dodgy chocolates. <GETTING THE GIGGLES> and being sent out of the room. <GETTING TOLD ON, GETTING TOLD OFF> it ain't pleasant. <GIRL GERMS> and boy germs. <"GOING OUT"> and dumping / getting dumped. <GRANDPARENTS DAY> and writing poems. "I love grandma because she makes yummy chocolate cakes...." <GROWING UP> and selling your soul to the devil. <GUESSING THE ANSWER> and getting it wrong. <HANDBALL> aka "tap". beating the boys (if you're a girl). beating the girls (if you're a boy). <HAND-CLAPPING> my boyfriend gave me an apple. my boyfriend gave me a pear. my boyfriend gave me fifty cents and took my underwear. <HEALTH HUSTLE> star jumps. and Tina Turner. <HOPSCOTCH> and grazed knees. <JUMP ROPE FOR HEART> sponsorship = agony. <KISS CHASY> the original and the best. don't forget the "secret" trick: "I've got a secret to tell you...." <KYLIE MINOGUE> today they've got the Spice Girls. we had Kylie. <LOOSE TEETH> and the tooth fairy. <LOST PROPERTY> and getting someone else's jumper. <LUNCHTIME> peanut butter and/or Vegemite sandwiches. <LUNCHTIMME DISCO> fifty cents. Beatles and Bananarama. <MARBLES> winning them. losing them. <MENTAL> arithmetic. the panic. <MONITORS> library monitors. sports shed monitors. bell monitors. bin monitors. school crossing monitors: orange flags and Safety Sallys. <MONKEY BARS> especially the vertical kind, 7 foot high at least, that someone's always getting stuck in or breaking their arm falling off. <NEWSLETTERS> good for paper planes. <NICKNAMES> good and bad. <THE ONE EYED ONE HORNED FLYING PURPLE PEOPLE EATER> what a star. <QUIET CORNER> where you go to read a book (if you've finished your work). <PERMS> and getting your ears pierced. or wanting to. <PHOTOGRAPHS> and forgetting to wear your uniform. <PROJECTS> going to the library to research subjects like "religion" and "Madagascar". <RECEPTION> post-Kindy. colouring the alphabet. threading polystyrene beads. wetting your pants (at least once). <RECESS> and lunchtime. and hometime. <RED ROVER> "anyone wearing yellow...." hot spring/summer days. and getting beestings from running barefoot on the oval. <SAYING SORRY> and being made to say it. <SCHOOL CAMP> remember Narnu?? <SCHOOL UNIFORMS> and boys perving at your undies. <SHOW AND TELL> it was fun. <SICK ROOM> iodine after a big tumble (or fight). and the thrill of getting something like chicken pox, measles or mumps (that was me). <SINGING> lots & lots of it. <SKIPPING> and double-dutch. <SLEEPOVERS> running round school in your pyjamas. and getting to choose between Cornflakes and Coco-Pops for brekkie. <SQUARE DANCING> and getting to choose your partner. and getting chosen. <SPELLING TESTS> and having to do corrections. <SPORTS DAY> 'specially the obstacle race. <SRC> student representative council. <TAG> aka "chasy". <TISSUES> and having a runny nose. <TEASING> and bullying. it's evil. we've all been there. <TOILETS> and boys peering into the girls' toilets. and girls peering into the boys' toilets.

<<<ALICE>>>

The Pride of ... Who, Exactly?

I went to the Crows parade last Tuesday. Surrounded by my stereotypical patriotic South Australians, I was struck, nay, dazzled, by one thing. And this thing was, in fact, several things: Crows supporters are, in fact, a broadly diverse bunch. Bear in mind when I make this statement that my exposure to Crows fans is typically quite minimal, since I am the sort of guy who will happily sit at home and watch a game on television but will never fork out the funds for the pleasure of sitting in the midst of a screaming, stripy, sweaty mass. I am yet to determine if this is because I am cheap or because I prefer it that way. Or because I'm lazy. But the upshot is that I have very rarely (twice now, in fact: this year's parade and last year's parade) been exposed to Crows fans on a large scale, and so my perceptions have been coloured predominantly by media portrayal of the said fans. This, as no-one will be surprised to learn, is not entirely accurate and rather one-dimensional. And so, ever keen to set the record straight, *On Dit* presents the following *Guide To Crows Fans*. Stick it on your fridge.

Old Fans vs. Young Fans

Now, when I say "old", I'm talking about chronological, wrinkled aging. This is not a measure of how long one has been a Crows fan (that's coming up). The interest in older fans is that they, presumably, have been following football for many years (although this is not always true, and as such I should probably concern myself with "Long-term football fans Crows fans" rather than "Old fans", but short and catchy is good). Having followed football for so long, they have seen the way in which the sport has changed from a Saturday afternoon game of intersuburban rivalry and fierce club loyalty, to what

is often affectionately referred to as "the modern game", in which a football career is a career, players are traded without a second thought for club loyalty and salaries for the top players are through the roof. I find it interesting that, given this relatively recent metamorphosis in the game of football and the fact that the Crows are of one of the more recent and dramatic manifestations of this metamorphosis, that so many of the older generation can bring themselves to be such die-hard Crows supporters. I don't think it's bad. I just think it's surprising. I also wonder how many of the young fans, especially the really young (ten or so years old) fans, realise where the game has come from, how different it is, and how responsible for it they are.

Trendy Fans vs. Die-hard Fans

This isn't something that applies especially to

football, so I don't know why I included it. It's a phenomenon more exclusively reserved for the various fields of popular arts, wherein fans who have followed an artist's career from the beginning (before they "made it") feel bitter and resentful (and also superior) to the fans who just came along lately and jumped on the bandwagon. Sports fans (unsurprisingly) are nowhere near as snobbish or elitist as this and will generally welcome on board anyone willing to belt out the club song at the top of their lungs after one too many. Still, there is some tension between those who go to every game and have been to every game for years, and those who just come along to the grand final for a sticky-beak. This tension may be at least partly due to insufficient ticket allocations. I make no judgements.

Club Fans vs. State-pride Fans

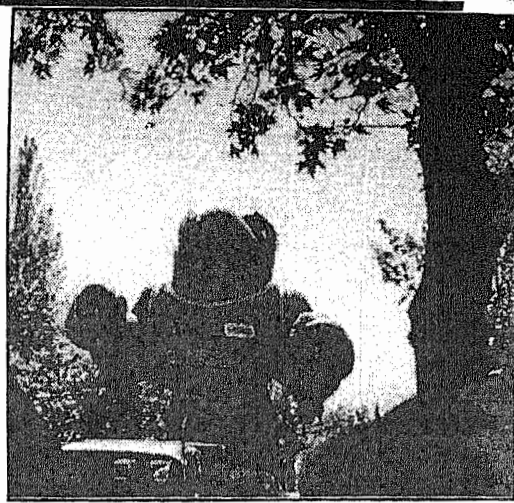
A pretty obvious division, really, and one that was especially apparent at a parade that wouldn't have taken place if it hadn't been for the Crows and yet at which we were supposed to be honouring our successful teams who represent us in other sports. Of which, by the way, there are more than a few - men's and women's basketball and netball were represented at the parade, but there's also people like the Commonwealth games team (whose Thursday parade I didn't go to, so that might tell you which sort of fan I am), Pat Rafter, Mick Doohan, our national (not our state, though) cricket team, and probably numerous others that don't spring immediately to mind - which suggests that as a state



and as a country, if there's one thing we do do right, it's sport. Anyway, there are people who follow the Crows because they love the Crows, and there are people who follow the Crows because every now and then they have the opportunity to kick the Victorians off the park. Which, incidentally, is one reason State-of-Origin football is in the hole it's in - every week is State-of-Origin week. It should be possible to determine which of these categories people fit into by assaying their support for the Power, but this doesn't always work because a lot of people who are rational in every other way hate the Power for no good or justifiable reason. Not me. I'm a Power fan. I just go to Crows parades when they win.

Self-congratulatory Fans vs. Cynical Fans

What? Now, you're thinking, I have taken my in-depth analysis a step too far. You could well be right, but I would urge you to still read on. There are fans who, with every success or failure of their team, will take the result to heart and stagger or bounce around for the duration of the following week on a vicarious high or low.



These fans are idiots who take their sport much too seriously and need to learn to experience their own emotions. Then there are the fans who won't let a loss get them down because they know that, really, it had nothing to do with them. But at the same time, these fans never truly experience the euphoria of a big win, because they are constantly reminding themselves that, really, it had nothing to do with them. You will usually find them getting drunk in a vain attempt to achieve the same heights of euphoria. This is ill-advised.



So. Educational, or a waste of space? Enlightened, or spurious? I would suggest that it does not matter, for it is only a game, and you shouldn't spend so much time thinking about it. Go and kick a ball around, for God's sake.

Chris Slape

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*Gamsat '99 is the Graduate Australian Medical School Admissions Test for entry as graduates to Medical Schools at Flinders, Melbourne, Sydney and Queensland Universities in 2000 and 2001



WHICH LIFE?

This Life
(episodes 1-4)
BBC Television

Having already seen the entire series, read the book and scoured the website, I guess you could say that I was well prepared to review the video release of the first four episodes. I was. However, that didn't undermine the enjoyment I got from piecing the plot back together from the start.

Miles (Jack Davenport), Milly (Amita Dhiri), Egg (Andrew Lincoln), Warren (Jason Hughs) and Anna (Daniela Nardini) are all twenty-something lawyers living together in a sharehouse located in the inner city of London. It's a soap opera with artistically rough camera work, plus a strong taste of reality. Each day provides a new challenge, a new case, a new love interest.

Within the first four episodes Miles is preoccupied with Delilah (The house guest who's overstayed her welcome with everyone except Miles); Anna is preoccupied with Miles, and her work opportunities; Milly is concerned with her fast track to success and support of Egg as he struggles to 'settle down'; Egg wants more in life than just a boring office job; Warren's having trouble striking the balance between home, work and play - especially with his younger cousin, Kira (Luisa Bradshaw-White) around all the time.

It's a tasty mixture of life's ups and downs. Now also being repeated on ABC TV on Monday nights.

Susie Bate



GIVEAWAYS

In celebration of the re-release of episodes of the brilliant English series *This Life* on video Roadshow Home Video are giving us five copies of *This Life* (series 1, episodes 1-4) to give away. All you have to do is write your name, a contact phone number and *This Life* Video Giveaway on a piece of paper and drop it off in the On Dit office before 1pm Friday 9th of October, or call On Dit with the same information.

If you miss out, *This Life* is on video and yours to own for \$29.95 at all good video retailers. I personally recommend ADELAIDE MOVIE MART where students can get 10% discount off any purchase with your Adelaide Uni student card. Adelaide Movie Mart is at Shop 1, 53 Grange Road, Welland.

CHATTING WITH A FEW BUCKS

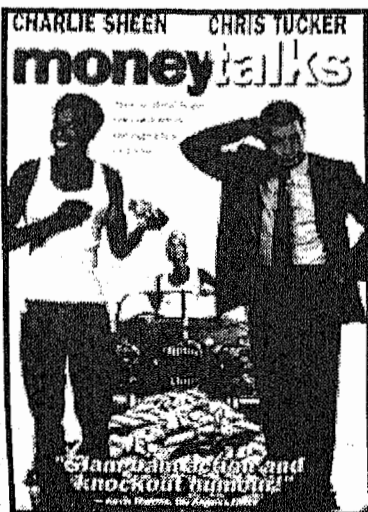
Money Talks
(1997). Director: Brett Ratner
Charlie Sheen, Chris Tucker, Heather Locklear, Paul Sorvino
Roadshow Entertainment

I reviewed this video with some reluctance. The blurb on the cover said it was a \$40 million dollar US box office smash ("big fucking deal" says I). It also claimed it was full of "slam bam action & knockout humour" - dubious claims both - and being cynical I expected something ordinary. It also had Charlie Sheen's name on it. His last few movies have been real turkeys and I assumed this was another on his downward slide to appropriate oblivion. No cinema re-

lease also sent warnings. But Spanky Speight thinks he's cute and out of deep respect and admiration for The Spanker I persevered.

So what's all about? Charlie's a pretty boy talking head TV reporter in LA engaged to rich girl Heather Locklear. He sets up smart-arse two-bit hustler Franklin Hatchett (Chris Tucker) who gets arrested and handcuffed to a nasty French diamond smuggler. In the ensuing operation to set Frenchy free he also becomes involved in the aforementioned slam bam action. Chris Tucker is a wiseguy very much in the mold of a young Eddie Murphy (you have been warned!) a real clever dick. He must be reasonably big in the US as he is also the executive producer of this film. Escaping from the Frogs he needs help from Mr Sheen. The rest of the movie is all about escaping the clutches of the cops, both honest and bent, the nasty French men and some of the people Franklin owes money to. It all leads to a climax of much pyrotechnia in the LA Colosseum. Despite my doubts expressed earlier I liked the movie. Paul Sorvino plays Ms Locklear's rich Italian papa and plays it well, one of the highlights as far as I'm concerned.

Dave Matthews



I SAID A FEW BUCKS

The Price of Kissing
(1996). Director Vincent DiPersio
Pauley P. Leon, Nicole Eggert
Roadshow Entertainment

This is a good video for the upcoming stressful study period. It is a fairly light movie that is entertaining and voyeuristic.

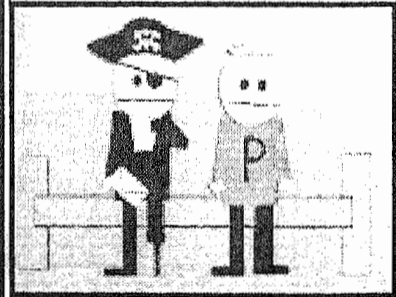
The Price of Kissing is a romantic drama in which two people who are good friends and occasional lovers move closer and closer together as the film progresses.

There is the usual sexual tension and disappointment that goes with romantic films, and the occasional laugh, and well intentioned friends who add to the main story. There is a fortune teller and a saxophone player who seem to be the ones directing the lives of these people. All in all, an entertaining film.

Polly.



Shiver
me
timbers,
Philip!



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having a
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Edition!

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by Wednesday October
14th or we won't be able to
tell everyone about our
tour of Europe's Great
Amuses!

VERY FEW BUCKS

For Richer or Poorer
(1997), Director: Bryan Spicer
Kirstey Alley, Tim Allen
CIC

For Richer or Poorer looks like one of those American comedies that are just one-joke films. Fortunately this is in a better class and you will be pleasantly surprised if you give it a go. Tim Allen plays a theme park entrepreneur whose wife Caroline (Kirstey Alley) is a social butterfly. The film opens with their accountant preparing to skip the country after swindling millions off them. The tax department is closing in and the couple has to make a quick break for it. By accident they end up posing as an Amish couple in a small Amish settlement. This is the point where you expect the one joke to be stretched out for the rest of the film,

and being better than that, this is the section where *For Richer or Poorer* comes into its own. The Amish people are portrayed as real people rather than an insulting caricature, and are part of the salvation of the previously greedy and capitalistic couple. Of course, the movie isn't as deep as that makes it sound, but it is good. The couple gets a crash course in living without conveniences and having to work out their differences without lawyers. It ends up interestingly and predictably, but who wants twists and turns in this kind of movie?

A fun laugh, pure escapism.

DD



NO BUCKS AT ALL

Twilight
Director: Robert Benton
Paul Newman, Susan Sarandon,
Gene Hackman
Paramount Pictures

In this glossy, up-market tale of murder and mystery Paul Newman plays

Harry Ross, a downtrodden detective who professes to have given away his dangerous occupation, but, as is always the way, becomes caught up in an intriguing story of hidden secrets from the past, of unexplained assassinations and of course, the essential ingredient: betrayed love. On being sent on what appears to be a harmless errand by his friend Jack Ames (Gene Hackman), Harry finds

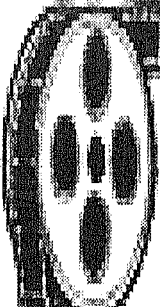
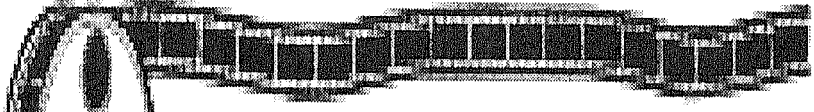
Newman does an exceptional job at the head of the cast, as does Susan Sarandon in her role as Catherine Ames, the seductive Hollywood actress and wife of Jack (Gene Hackman). In fact performances are, almost without exception, very solid and it is not difficult to feel empathy for the characters.

Twilight has all the elements of the standard murder mystery and does nothing exceptionally innovative for the genre. However, it is successful in what it attempts to do. It is refreshing in that we are never really presented with a black and white, good guy, bad guy scenario, even when the murderer is revealed in the final scenes.

At times it is slow moving and begins to drag, but this is almost forgivable as there is enough suspense and intrigue to keep you watching, and it is unpredictable enough to keep you guessing right to the end.

Nadia Butler.

himself at the height of a series of murders which turn out to be connected to a long buried history of scheming and deceit which it will become his job to decipher.



KAMERADSHAFT (COMRADESHIP)

1931, GERMANY
DIRECTOR: G.W. PABST

SCREENING THURSDAY OCTOBER 8TH AT 7PM, UNION CINEMA, LEVEL 5, UNION BUILDING. ALSO SCREENING IS CHICKEN LITTLE ALL WELCOME. JOIN THE FILM SOCIETY AT THE DOOR FOR JUST \$3.

KAMERADSHAFT IS ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT FILMS FROM A TUMULTUOUS ERA IN CINEMA, THE TRANSITION FROM SILENT TO SOUND. IT IS BASED ON A TRUE STORY OF A FRENCH MINE DISASTER THAT OCCURRED NEAR THE FRENCH AND GERMAN BORDER NEARLY A DECADE BEFORE WORLD WAR I, WHEN GERMAN MINERS CAME TO THE RESCUE OF THEIR FRENCH COMRADES. THE DIREC-

TOR, G. W. PABST INCREASED THE IRONY BY SHIFTING THE SETTING TO SHORTLY AFTER THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES. PABST WORKED THROUGHOUT GERMANY'S WEIMAR ERA, BEGINNING WITH SILENT FILMS AND THEN PROGRESSING SUCCESSFULLY TO SOUND WHEN IT APPEARED. THIS FILM BROKE NEW GROUND, USING A VISUAL STYLE THAT WAS SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SOUNDTRACK. SIMILAR TO THE RECENTLY RE-RELEASED *DAS BOOT*, WHICH WAS SET IN THE CLAUSTROPHOBIA OF A SUBMARINE, *KAMERADSHAFT* IS SET PRIMARILY IN THE NARROW CONFINES OF A MINE. WHEN ABOVE GROUND, THE FILM IS ALMOST DOCUMENTARY IN STYLE, WITH THE CAMERA RETAINING A DISTANCE AND DETACHMENT, WHILE IN THE MINE BELOW GROUND, THE FEELING OF ENCLOSURE IS HEIGHTENED. *KAMERADSHAFT* WAS ACTUALLY BANNED BY THE NAZI PARTY FOR ITS PORTRAYAL OF COMRADESHIP BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND GERMANS. DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCE TO SEE IT.

HELEN CHANDLER

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JUST JUSTIN

Can't Hardly Wait
Now Showing
Hoyts, Greater Union

I must admit that I wasn't especially impressed by this movie, but the fact that pretty much the whole audience at the packed preview at Regent were laughing through the entire film compels me to say nice things. Oh yeah, that and Jennifer Love-Hewitt (I am a heterosexual male, after all).

A graduation party is taking place at some poor young girl's house (listed as 'Girl Whose Party It Is' in the credits) while her parents are away, and everyone is there. The Prom King and Queen, Amanda (Love-

Hewitt - *Party of Five*, *I Know What You Did Last Summer*) and Mike (Peter Facinelli), have broken up and the catch-cry has spread, "Amanda is single!" The party is huge and the energy of the event loses nothing in translation; if you don't notice the non-stop party music through the film, stick around for the credits and start counting... Preston (Ethan Embry



- *Empire Records*) has heard the news and is preparing himself for the moment of his life: confessing his love to Amanda. He comes to the party with a letter prepared and a friend desperately trying to stop him from embarrassing himself. Early in the night though, the friend, Denise (Lauren Ambrose), finds herself in her own dilemma: trapped in a bathroom with gangster wannabe, Kenny (Seth Green - *Austin Powers*). Behind all of this, preparations are being made by a trio of nerds for revenge on jock Mike, who has constantly

harrassed them their entire high school lives. But while his two partners are engaging in mock light-sabre battles outside, William (Charles Korsmo) inadvertently makes himself the party king after tasting his first alcoholic beverage. If you're keen on this kind of stereotypical American high school romp, get into it, because this is probably the best I have seen; the energy and pace are fantastic and the characters bold and humorous. If you're after some brilliant cinema, forget it; aside from a slight detour from the original girl-of-your-dreams storyline, this film is just too bloody predictable. But for a good night out with some friends, *Can't Hardly Wait* is just the thing.

andrew four

FREE TRUMAN

The Truman Show
Now Showing
Selected Cinemas

I heard a story from a friend about a friend of his living in Canada who wanted to see *The Truman Show* with an American audience, to see their reaction. So he drove down to Detroit, got his ticket in a packed house and sat down to enjoy the movie.

A little into the film everyone would laugh whenever Jim Carrey came on, they'd laugh at whatever he did or said, until they realised it wasn't that funny. By about half-way through people were walking out of the cinema.

The Truman Show is about a guy, Truman Burbank, who was adopted as a baby by a television studio, raised by actors playing his parents, and now lives in a world of his own,

housed in a giant sound studio. His every movement is broadcast on a 24 hour television show, and he has become a cult hero for box-watchers everywhere. But you know all this. You've seen *Entertainment Tonight* or *The Midday Show* or something talking about it, I'm sure. So maybe I should tell you the stuff you may not have heard yet. *The Truman Show* is not a comedy. I can't make this statement



clear enough. There's funny bits in the movie, but it doesn't fit the genre at all. Lot's of people who love Jim Carrey are going to go along expecting to see the next instalment of *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*. Other people will

refuse to see it because they can't stand Carrey. This is a pity. The people who will stay away

'on principle' are probably the ones who would get the most out of the film.

Peter Weir has put together an extraordinary film in *The Truman Show*. It has been said that an American could not have made *Truman*, that it cuts a little too close to the bone. I'm not so sure. I think maybe some-

one like Steven Soderberg might have pulled it off, but at the same time it wouldn't have been nearly so accessible. Weir is essentially a popular director, but that doesn't detract from his artistry. I have one word for you: *pathos*. Look it up. This film has it in spades.

I don't want to get too gushy over how great an actor Carrey is; he's no Robert Burke or Martin Donovan. But he is perfect for the role, and he actually surprised me with his understanding of the character; his performance is - on Carrey standards - understated. And Hollywood's most underrated actor, Ed Harris, is the embodiment of cynicism as the show's creator, Cristof, a man who likes his privacy.

On the whole, I think this is a film everybody should see. Not something I'd normally say about a 'message film', but, hell, it's damn good.

J.D.

FLOATIES

Hope Floats
Now Showing
Selected Cinemas.

Hope floats. Well it certainly does for Birdee Pruitt (Bullock) after all of hers is gone. Washed away by her touchstone, her high school sweetheart, husband, and father of her child Bernice (Mae Whitman), when he admitted to having an affair on a Ricki-Lakish show. Birdee (which is quite a name), after finding that her "best friend" was shagging her man behind her back, decides to make the pilgrimage back home to Smithville, Texas with her daughter Bernice. Here she finds old flame Justin Matisse (Connick Jr), who is a character symbolically placed to represent her past. He represents all that she has lost since trailing after her husband to Chicago. Finally here is a story about a woman trying to find her own without a man.

No, the feminist revolution has not found its

way to Smithville for there is always a sense that Birdee (tweet tweet) was not whole without a man by her side. Perhaps I am looking too unfavourably at the storyline. Coupled with a glorious soundtrack I was amazed to find that there are at least two songs by that Canadian legend Bryan Adams (no duets with Barbara I'm afraid). With Smithville being in the deep south, the cinematography gave a strong sense of being in Texas. Everywhere that Justin went he had his pristine white cowboy hat and dirty chambray shirt on, quite



like the Marlboro man really (except he didn't smoke). One event that Justin and Birdee arrived at together was the inevitable barn dance: there were line dancing, square dancing, and dammit there

were a lot of hats too. This is a phenomenon that we here in South Australia do not understand I do not think, a man is obviously respected for the curvature of the hat... like the mullet cut really - the lucky man is respected for the length of growth trailing behind his neck.

How does this surprising, not to mention

unique American drama end? Well dear reader, let me pose the question: is there ever an American movie in which the chick does not become complete without a man? Does she ever struggle? Birdee Pruitt certainly does not. While she has to come to terms with her emotional past where she lost her hope, her love, and all that was important to herself really (but she has her daughter). Through Justin her hope floats again: he is the Yin to her Yang; he is the Bryan to her Barbara: he is the Fred to her Wilma. Although a trifle predictable at times (what, you didn't see that storyline coming?) there are some truly touching moments. Yes it does go beyond line dancing and hat fetishes. Let's hope that Bullock's Academy Award Nomination for this role helps her to realise that she should really stay away from such predictable, emotional things. While she may win the Oscar, I will never forget the commitment to her role as Birdee - who floated her hope when the right man came along.

Jocelyn Milbank

Nothing to laugh at.

Funny Games
Now Showing
Cinema Nova

The first person who attempted to review this film for On Dit walked out half way through it, as did a few other people. *Funny Games* is not an easy film to watch. You know this from the beginning of the film when soothing Classical music is abruptly interrupted by Punk Thrash and blood red credits. The storyline is reasonably basic. Two teenagers (Arno Frisch and Frank Giering) invade the summer home of a rich family (Susanne Lothar, Ulrich Muhe and Stefan Clapczynski) and hold them hostage while they play some "games" to see who they will kill first. In fact the storyline is so basic, it is highly predictable in parts of the film. What makes *Funny Games* so hard to watch is the way director Michael Haneke has put the film together. Rather than showing

the result of violence, he hints at it or draws the camera back to show what has happened but without detail. There are also scenes in the film which seem to be in "real time" rather than "screen time" which make them agonisingly long. The thing that most affects the viewer however, is when Arno Frisch turns to the camera and winks and talks to us. He draws us into his world and makes us a part of the violence. He lets us know that we are voyeurs and are as sick as he is for watching him. By the end of the film you don't know who you hate



more, the assailants for what they are doing, the director for manipulating you into feeling different emotions or yourself for being sucked in by the film, a piece of fiction. Haneke is making a statement about violence in film but the viewer won't realise until the end of the film or even after it is finished. In a cinema we have no control over what happens in the film, we stay or we leave. On video we can stop the tape and come back to it later, we can fast forward through the tense or boring parts, turn the sound off so we can't hear the screaming or if we are so inclined, and I believe some people are, pause the tape at particularly

gruesome moments. We play with the violence on the screen. What happens if the power to control is taken from us and given to some one in the film? This is what happens in *Funny Games*. In the cinema, our senses are heightened, everything is much more real. Unless we are consciously thinking "this is fiction", it is so easy to become mixed up in the drama. Only when the film is finished do we remember it is a piece of fiction but what happens to the more simple minded of us who have problems determining that? In my opinion, good cinema affects us in some way, whether it be good or bad, and that is what *Funny Games* did. Was the film entertaining? No. Was it enjoyable? No. Was it a good film (piece of cinema)? Yes. I would recommend *Funny Games* to anyone who studies film or is interested in the ways it works. For anyone else, I would say be wary, be very wary.

Chris Bolland

Rock'n'roll Dude!

Dead Set
Now Showing
Cinema Nova

The Australian alternative music scene is incredibly diverse and trying to cover it all in a 70 minute documentary is a pretty tall order. With the aid of some carefully chosen themes and a broad selection from 'the vanguard of Australian music' including *You Am I*, *Spiderbait*, *Crow* and *Augie March*, Rob Payne has put together a very funny and incisive film. Backed by footage from festivals, pubs and clubs all over the country, *Deadset* features interviews with members of over a dozen bands wherever they might likely be found on a day off: the pub, the street, their cars, the mens toilets. Some of the one-liners are classic, and most are spawned of an afternoon on the 'Aussie band diet', VB. A lot of the film focuses on the us-versus-America problem, which gets a little tedious by the end, especially since everyone in the film agrees that we are not comparable artistically. What comes across through



many of the interviews is the odd opinion of many Australian artists, that in some way success in the US is non-Australian, that it somehow goes against the whole tradition of our nation's music scene. Then comes the refreshingly open ambition of Grinspoon's Phil Jamieson: "I'd love a Lear jet, a pushbike would be nice, but fuck, a Lear jet!" Chris of *The Presidents of the United States* gets a look in with a hilarious song about the many stereotypical Aussie traits, and the tales of party after drunken party while getting used to free drinks riders are endless: "It's a steep learning curve, let me tell you!" The concert footage is energetic and spectacular, especially when amidst the madness that is the festival mosh-pit. Perhaps the only main let-down of the film is the sound quality of some of the live music: some tunes are a little muddy despite the accompanying visual footage being stunning, which I admit was probably beyond Payne's control coming from the mixing desk, but it's still a little distracting. All in

all though, the film impressed me and hopefully I'll be able to get it on video at some stage; in time it will stand as a brilliant snapshot of 90s Australian music culture. But I still don't like *You Am I*.

andrew four

Sally

The Tango Lesson
Now Showing
Cinema Nova

Well, I must say, I really enjoyed this film. There is as much Tango dancing as anyone could ever wish for. This film explores human nature. Two people come together, both are used to being leaders but for each to fulfill their dreams, they each have to learn to follow. Pablo, a Tango dancer, wants to be in the movies. Sally, a director, wants to be a Tango dancer. This is essentially a love story. It explores the love between two people, and the love each has for their work. Sally discovers that the fun she first has while dancing becomes less glamorous and more hard work the closer she gets to her dream of performing the Tango on stage. Pablo discovers that he is less and less comfort-

able being seen by Sally through a camera lens the closer he gets to his dream of being on film. In the end, they learn from each other. This film is set in three countries and spoken in three different languages, which works well. It is an emotionally charged film that is really enjoyable. It's also the kind of film that you could see twice and still enjoy it.

Polly

Film Sub-editors bit.
 I feel the need to add something to this review because I also saw this film and really liked it. Sally, is Sally Potter, the director of *Orlando*. I enjoyed this film not just for the Tango and music but for the fact that it commented on film making and the industry. The film featured real people, who were talking about real events. Sally created a play between fiction and reality that was mind bending. They talk about making a film about Tango (in the future) while they are actually making it. How much of what happened was real and how much was made up? Was any of it real? This is a fantastic film, a little self-indulgent at times, and Sally Potter is a very talented director. I loved *Orlando* and I love this. Go and see it.

Chris Bolland

Egoyan's new creation

The Sweet Hereafter
Now Showing
Palace Cinemas

In the small community town of Sam Dent, British Columbia, a school bus crashes into a frozen lake, killing fourteen children and injuring many others. Soon after, Mitchell Stephens, a city Lawyer (Ian Holm - *Chariots of Fire*, *Big Night*, *The Fifth Element*) arrives with promises to financially compensate the distraught citizens for their losses.

Adapted by director Atom Egoyan from Russell Banks' 1991 novel, *The Sweet Hereafter* merges literary detail with a large cinematic scope. It is a superb film which is a contrast to the numerous big budget disaster flicks to come out of America in the past few years. Rather than focusing on the crash itself, it is the bitter aftermath that we are exposed to, allowing us to feel isolated,

chilled and saddened with each of the characters. Egoyan's use of flash-backs and dramatic cut-aways create

suspense and remind us of the inevitable dread.

As a lawyer wrestling with his own troubles - his daughter is an HIV infected

drug addict, only calling reverse from big American cities for money - Holm is exceptional. His performance is quietly subdued as he lets his character's rage manifest inside while representing a town buried in its own anguish. He is wonderful to



watch and is well supported by all the grieving townsfolk including Gabrielle Rose as the school bus driver and Sarah Policy as Nicole, the wheelchair-bound teenage survivor of the crash. It is Nicole, a prime witness with a shocking per-

sonal history, who provides much of the action in the second half of the film. She is the catalyst for the film's prime metaphor, the use of Robert Browning's *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, read by Nicole to two children on the last night of their lives.

Nicole is the lame boy of the poem, but it becomes clearer as the film gets deeper and deeper that she was emotionally crippled long before the accident.

The Sweet Hereafter is Egoyan's first literary adaptation after other highly praised films, each exploring personal themes and unique issues. *Exotica*, *Speaking Parts*, and *The Adjuster* have all won accolades in Canada and abroad and his latest effort has won three Cannes Film Festival awards and Academy Award Nominations for Best Director and Best Adapted Screenplay. Egoyan has an eerie style well suited to this film which deals more with absence and things that are not said or done than plot details and turning points. The characters are all round and complex, each with their own issues and objectives to meet and they make *The Sweet Hereafter* a compulsive experience, for it is not a movie that can be merely watched.

Belinda Schaefer.

LITTLE BASTARDS

Small Soldiers
Now showing
Greater Union

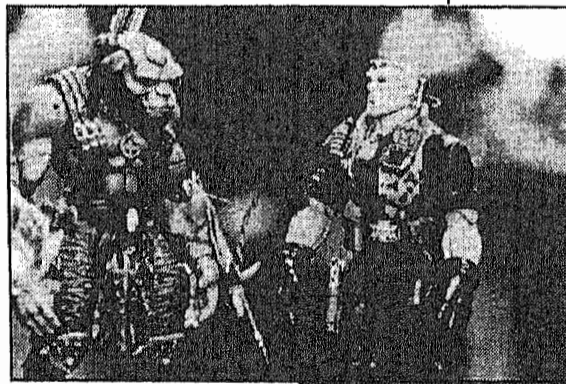
A toy-designer, Irwin, (who is incapable of selling anything) is accompanied by a more assertive guy, Larry, to an appointment with the head of a large, spare-no-expense product company. The manager dreams of making intelligent toys that talk, fight and interact like people, and Larry lands the contract to design them. He also makes sure that the soldiers will be sufficiently intelligent by choosing to use a chip created by a defence organisation. This turns out to be a mistake.

These expensive toys are designed to fight each other; the very distinctive Commando Elite team vs the Gorgonites, only wanting to hide until they find their lost island. Alan (Gregory Smith), a mischievous high-school kid, manages to get his hands on these new toys, which results in the toys wrecking his father's toy store. He takes Archer (voice Frank Langella), leader of the Gorgonites home with him and learns of their struggle against Commando Elite. Even though the toys can cause very real damage, he feels obliged to help them, with some help from Christy (Kirsten Dunst). From then on, they must protect the Gorgonites, as well as themselves. Eventually the battle gets out of hand and completely destroys a couple of houses in the otherwise peaceful Winslow Corners street.

The movie blends live action with CGI (computer generated imagery). I had reservations about the quality of anima-

tion, but this turned out to be unfounded. The fact that the soldiers are not flesh-and-blood raises interesting issues, such as that of how to destroy them: losing an arm or leg seems no problem for Chip Hazard (voice Tommy Lee Jones).

As in most movies, there are wildly unrealistic ideas presented as believable.



Suspend your judgement especially with respect to that defence chip. This will happen anyway as the suspense grows - to a surprisingly high level; events are not always predictable.

Don't discount *Small Soldiers* as a children's movie. It is a bit like *Gremlins* in feel, but it has a lot that will entertain the older audience too. It is funny not because the characters are constantly cracking jokes, but in more diverse ways. Plenty of references to other films, for example. And the barbie doll transformations are unforgettable!

Judit O'Vari

Abra Cadabra

The Magic Sword: Quest for Camelot
Now Showing
Academy Cinema City

Warner Brother's first animated feature is a bright and bubbly children's film. It lacks the flair and slapstick spontaneity of your typical Warner cartoon (not one hare in sight), but it stands on its own against the usual Disney stuff.

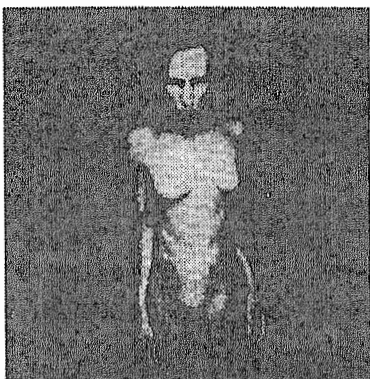
Set in Arthurian times it tells the story of Kayley, the daughter of a knight of the round table. When Kayley is young her fa-

ther (Gabriel Byrne) is killed protecting King Arthur (Pierce Brosnan) and Excalibur. This not only introduces the bad guy (Ruber - the great, excellent and spectacular Gary Oldman), but also gives Kayley a life long goal - to become a great knight like her father. Skip to Kayley being old enough to have a romantic interest and the story continues. Ruber's griffin (Bronson Pinchot) manages to snatch Excalibur but loses it in a deadly forest. Ruber's forces march upon the family castle of Kayley and her mother (Jane Seymour, singing voice of Celine Dion), taking them hostage and planning to use them to get into Camelot. Kayley bravely escapes and begins the quest to find Excalibur. The forest she must enter is no ordinary forest. It is full of strange and deadly plants, which just happen to provide a good deal of comic relief. Kayley is saved from the pursuing bad guys by Garrett (Cary Elwes), a young blind man, living in the forest. They join forces, albeit reluctantly, to find Excalibur and begin to move through the forest. Along the way they meet the very funny two headed dragon (Eric Idle and Don Rickles), who come along for the quest. Needless to say, Excalibur is found, Camelot is saved after a fierce and entertaining battle, and Kayley and Garrett become heroes. *The Magic Sword* is an overall entertaining experience, with more celebrity voices than you can poke the proverbial stick at ... oh, and just when you thought no more celebrities could be found: Merlin is played by Sir John Gielgud!

Esther Speight



ther (Gabriel Byrne) is killed protecting King Arthur (Pierce Brosnan) and Excalibur. This not only introduces the bad guy (Ruber - the great, excellent and spectacular Gary Oldman), but also gives Kayley a life long goal - to become a great knight like her father. Skip to Kayley being



Marilyn Manson
Mechanical Animals
 (BMG)

Maz is back and, of course, so is the controversy. You can decide for yourself, with the attached photo, whether or not the album cover is offensive - personally, I fail to see it. People just seem to be running out of things to be outraged about when it comes to Marilyn Manson: 'Shock is all in your head' ('Rock Is Dead').

I must say that this new album is a lot softer and less aggressive than previous albums, and the album contains some very mellow and almost - dare I say it - folky moments. 'The Speed of Pain' sounds like a lost track from Pink Floyd's brilliant *Animals* album, and 'I Don't Like the Drugs (But the Drugs Like Me)' could just as easily feature David Bowie on vocals. The classic Manson sound is still there though, and the loops and samples just keep coming. 'Great Big White World' opens the album with Marilyn Manson's trademark morbidity: "In space the stars are no nearer/They just glitter like a morgue"; and is followed by the current radio favourite, 'The Dope Show', which paints a pretty seedy and grim picture of fame and drugs. This is a much broader collection of style and pace than previous releases, and an excellent example of the band's songwriting skills.

The cover has some hidden messages in it - yes, there is a practical purpose for the blue plastic cover - including an alternate Marilyn Manson website that takes its name from the album's closing track, 'Coma White'; I won't give you the address, you'll just have to buy the album, which you I encourage you to do if you are a fan: you won't be disappointed. The site's not up yet, though, so all you get for the moment is the message: 'Patients, Patience'. There is an official site at www.marilynmanson.net from which I draw my parting quote, from the man himself: "Listen carefully to the digital information we have compiled on this compact disc. It is a pill that can make you anybody else. I only hope that it is not me." Indeed. Go get some.

andrew four

Folks Doin' Stuff

Musica Viva are doin' it for the kids! Order your season tickets now for Musica Viva's 1999 program and not only will you be able to witness such aural delights as Respighi's *Ancient Airs and Dances*, Bach Snr's *Triple Concerto*, Bartok's *String Quartet No. 3*, to name a few, but you'll be able to enjoy them all for the low, low price of \$80.00. Yes, you heard right, eighty bucks for a whole year of live music. Of course you have to be a full time student next year [and be prepared to prove it]. Everything you need to know is in the Musica Viva 1999 program, available from CD shops and probably the Con foyer.

Vans, General Pants, and Pepsi are doin' it for the kids, too! We here at the On Dit Institute took time out from testing moisturisers on consenting animals to receive a fax announcing the Warped Tour '98. Bands locked in for the tour include [at this stage] Bad Religion, Pennywise, Deftones, The Specials, Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Hepcat, MxPx, Area 7, The Porkers and Grinspoon, and there will be the usual circus of bike-, skate-, and surf-stuff. The date is next January 17th [it's a Sunday], the place is Flinders Uni. Tickets will be available from Venue*fix and other outlets. More details as they come to hand.

NOTICE TO THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

The University Council is the governing body of this institution...you could be involved!!!

On Thursday 5 November 1998 there will be an election of two undergraduate members and one postgraduate member of the University Council: each for a one year term from 6 March 1999 to 5 March 2000.

Nominations for the positions are invited. A nomination must be made on the prescribed form, and must reach the Returning Officer at the University before 12 noon Friday 9 October 1998. Nomination forms and further information may be obtained from Room 656, Level 6, Wills Building, at the North Terrace campus of the University of Adelaide, or by phoning 8303 5871.

SUSAN GRAEBNER
 Returning Officer



LINCOLN COLLEGE
 (THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE)

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women and men for the positions in the College in 1999 of:

Residential Tutor(s)

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

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

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

Remuneration is by way of substantial rebates on residential fees. Applications should be lodged by 16 October 1998. The College reserves the right not to appoint or to appoint by invitation.

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

The Principal
 Lincoln College
 45 Brougham Place
 North Adelaide 5006

or email: p_gunn@lincoln.college.adelaide.edu.au



Eric Reed
Pure Imagination
(Impulse! Records)

What can I say. Pure Imagination is pure department store material. A jazzy yet light mix of piano, acoustic bass and drums, it would provide 'formal' dinner time music, lounge music or even go well in a classy elevator. Despite this, Eric Reed and co. seem to be good musicians and although some of the songs sound like boring pieces of tripe to me some parts have a real feel to them (a funky drum solo in '42nd Street'), and at least there is no wanky vocals so it makes okay background music. If however, you dig this smooth jazz showtune scene, you might find this CD to be aurally fulfilling.

Eric Reed is the artist and he plays the piano in a cool and laid back style. Hailing from Philadelphia this is his fifth album, although the first on which he has not written all of the songs. By redoing many well known Broadway tunes he attempts to show that while a song may be familiar, there is still room for musical expansion on it that can give it a new feeling.

The music is all pretty mellow but some tracks have a bit of movement. It's largely a jazz CD and included are fairly well known numbers like 'You'll Never Walk Alone' (and what a grandiose song that is), and 'I Got Rhythm'. Other familiar titles are, '42nd Street' and 'Send in the Clowns', so if that's what you're into, then you will probably get into this.

Josh Rouse
Dressed Up Like Nebraska
(Slow River/Rykodisc)

Obscure Springsteen reference? Perhaps. The Boss's influence stands out in Josh Rouse's *Dressed Up Like Nebraska*; Rouse's lyrics possess that same world-weary cadence and working-class appeal. But to say that he was merely another Springsteen wannabe would be missing the point of this new and [to a degree] fresh talent.

Rouse's songs tell only half of their respective stories through their lyrics. The other half comes through the music - through their floating melodies and Rouse's restrained, premeditated delivery. Country with a dollop of rock and a dash of shuffle, the songs that make up *Dressed Up Like Nebraska* seem to be the work of a much older man, a Hank Williams or a Johnny Cash or a Tom Petty, not the kid pictured in the inside cover. There's a maturity to the album over all, especially on songs like "Late Night conversation" and "A Simple Thing". Think Paul Kelly if he grew up in Indiana, going to barn dances and listening to Merle Haggard and Roy Buchanan records. I think I get a little jaded to the whole music scene sometimes. But then an album like *Dressed Up...* comes along and fills me with a child-like faith in the possibilities. Josh Rouse is the real thing, a singer/songwriter who doesn't let his talent get in the way of the music.

J.D.

Whatareya?
TISM
(Shock)

The first single from the new album is everything that we have come to expect from Tism. With their unique ability to offend the sensibilities, and at the same time make you roll with laughter, *Whatareya?* doesn't stray from this successful formula. The single also includes some interesting extras, with a spoken piece called "I'd Be Happier If I Was More Depressed". An almost necessity for any great music collection.

Rock'n'Roll Rodney.

Feel it
the **Tamperer**, - featuring Maya.

The Tamperer are doing very well in the UK, and Feel it is in the top ten of the UK charts. But they are yet to break into the market here. This kind of music is probably too authentic to survive on commercial radio, and too commercial to make it on something like Fresh or Coast. But it's a pretty funky techno anthem that would be good in noisy pubs or riotous sixteenth birthday parties. The remixes aren't any better than the original Feel it.

Zoë Cole

2K (The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu)
****k the Millennium*
(Liberation/Mute/Mushroom)

For those of you not old enough to remember the strangeness that was the KLF and Tammy Wynette, listening to this Scottish, tribal anthem to revolution or madness, is going to be a ***king disturbing experience. A blend of techno, a (meaningless?) chant that gives the song its name and a hymn sung by The National Retired Life Boat Men's Choral Society, The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu have outdone themselves in the strangeness department this time. The use of that naughty word, however (no, not the word "however" you fool, the word "fuck"), guarantees them less mainstream appeal than their huge hit, "Justified and Ancient." The CD single presents four versions of the song, including one very different ("Version K"), and one very pointless "Version A" censored radio edit which is possibly the crappiest radio edit I've ever heard, with a crude beep for every third word of the song - "Beep the Millennium" sounds pretty beeping stupid, eh?!

Marc Vickers

Killah Priest
Heavy Mental
(Geffen Records)

Killah Priest is a member of the Sunz of Man, a satellite group orbiting around the ever-growing juggernaut that is the Wu-tang Clan. An accomplished rapper, KP has recorded with the Wu-tang clan, individual Wu-tang members, the Gravediggaz, the John Spencer Blues Explosion as well as Sunz material.

Heavy & mental is just what this album is. Heavy- clocking in at 20 tracks over more than 70 minutes. Mental- end to end lyric-focused, Message with a capital 'M' hip hop. Seeing himself as both student and teacher, KP's vocal is rich in the language and wisdom of Islamic, Hebrew and Christian traditions. The atmosphere of the album has a similar taste to Wu-tang material in that it exists in it's own slightly surreal world. However the world of KP has more to do with Black Activism and the old Testament than the Ninja imagery that the clan are so fond of. Case in point: "My mission," says the Brooklyn-born Priest, 'is like that of Moses. I've gotta gather up the sheep and take 'em back to the holy land. I'm taking 'em back to peace.'

Ahem. Yes. Well. Indeed. His preaching on the plight of the Afro-American can be a little wearing at times, but then I'm not exactly KP's target audience.

But hell!, what is the album like? Well actually, quite good. The designated hitter 'One Step' is a great opener with a pleasing & subtle female vocal accompaniment to KP's call for social change. Other stand out tracks include the apocalyptic 'It's Over' -a track with a very cool pulsing backbeat, the cocksure 'Fake Mcs', the stream-of-time/consciousness title track and the closing epic, 'The Professional'. Album tracks are interspersed & bookended with atmospheric monologues that seem to be lifted from several movies. They give the album a very cinematic quality, convincing you that *Heavy Mental* is Killah Priest's life work.

So- yeah, it's pretty good(and that's a big rap from someone who doesn't like hip hop). :p

Steve Finney.



Sureshot Sampler Volume 1

Sureshot Records

\$12 + postage from 15 Clement St, Plympton, SA 5038
or from Big Star

In Adelaide, the alternative scene has been crying out for a CD such as this. A year in the making, the Sureshot Sampler showcases the talents of ten of Adelaide's finest underground musicians. And the style of music varies widely across the CD - from the country's hardest hardcore act, Embodiment, schoolboy punk of Jemima, heavy rock of Hone and industrial techno of Atlantis, right through to the soothing acoustic guitar and flute of SÜB. You've never heard of these bands? That's because they're underground. But not by choice - each of these bands is fighting the den of hypocrisy that is the Australian music scene and even the live music scene in Adelaide. It is CDs such as this that help such unknown bands break into live venues and perhaps even radio? (that might be hoping for a bit much!) The theme running through the CD is not hard to pick - Marion noisemasters Thinktank sing "All of this pain and sorrow/I just won't take this anymore/I'm bulletproof each new dawn/and I am never going back". Chicago-based industrial outfit Atlantis (formerly of Golden Grove) covers an encouraging Echoing Green track, and the notorious Blackwood punk 4-piece Seraph's Coal sing about injustice. The bands on the CD have in common the fact that they are all disillusioned with this world and want to change it for the better. If you like hardcore, funk-rock, punk, industrial or metal, you should buy this CD. 10 bands for \$12!

Zane.

Various Artists:

Welcome to WOOP WOOP - OST
(Cherry/UMA)

The movie I can't tell you anything about, except that some local money went into it. But I guess if you want to appeal to the big movie-going audience in the States you can't have a soundtrack full of 'unknown' Australian acts. It's a bit of a shame, a little mercenary, but that's the sorry state of affairs. Well, there's Merrill Bainbridge, Australia's purloined answer to Julianna Hatfield, and the producers' one concession to the film's country of origin. She's singing 'I Got You Babe' with Shaggy, so it's hardly patriotic. There are some winners here though. Cake do an exquisite version of the Davis/Farres standard 'Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps', proving once again that cool is a state of mind while kitsch is simply a lack of originality. Poe and Reel Big Fish do credit to Rogers and Hammerstein's 'I Can't Say So' and 'There is Nothin' Like a Dame' respectively, while Boy George gets up to his old tricks [musically] with 'Welcome to Your Life'. I could take or leave Chumbawamba, but on the whole this collection makes for a nicely rounded set.

J.D.

Keiko Matsui: *Full Moon and the Shrine* (Rhythm Safari/UMA)

If you're into the whole New Age deal musically but pan-pipes and rainforest birdcalls are wearing a little thin maybe you should try Keiko Matsui. A pianist and composer, Keiko has formed over the course of nine albums a singular style of writing and playing, blending classical and jazz elements into something new and original. She has developed a kind of niche market, in the same way Enya has, but I wouldn't look for too many similarities between the two. Where Enya is ethereal and translucent, Keiko has retained a firm grasp on the traditional elements of melody and rhythm. She also has her own web site and an International Fan Club based in California. 'So why have I never heard of her before?' I hear you ask. Well, sometimes the good things won't just fall into your lap; you have to go look for them. The most deserving gear doesn't always find its way onto the radio, in fact the opposite is usually more true. With glassy piano and a subtle backing Keiko Matsui will probably not be for everyone, but she certainly makes a nice change from the bland, ineffectual offerings usually served up in the name of New Age.

J.D.

Just Add Water *Just Add Water (EP)* Stubble Records/Shock

The last time I received anything released on Stubble Records, it was some serious punk music. I was expecting much of the same from *Just Add Water*. How pleasantly surprised I was when I slipped this into the player - yet more fresh indie pop/rock from the city and state which Adelaide seems to have a permanent chip on it's collective shoulder about (aka Melbourne, capital of Victoria). This bunch of youngsters (and apparently they're VERY young) are yet another example of the amazing quality to come out of Melbourne. And what a pleasant surprise it is too - superbly executed pop much in the style of Violetine. It's not surprising, then, that Violetine's Glenn Richards' is chief knob twiddler, and is ably assisted by Justin Press and Greg "I will work with anyone" Wales.

All five songs on this debut are super catchy, though I have to admit that 'Letters in the Mail' is probably the catchiest, and most similar to Violetine. 'Tomorrow People' and the great 'I'll get back at you' has the same kind of intensity that any self-respecting 'first generation' (ie. before all the line up changes) Something For Kate song would. Give us more, lads!!

AnDrEw 1

Steve Connolly *Steve Connolly and the Usual Suspects* Festival

Steve Connolly died in 1995 and was mourned as one of Australia's best guitarist's, songwriters and producers. This is the completed last album that was interrupted by his death. He had been in countless numbers of bands over his twenty year career, including stints with Paul Kelly and the Messengers. This CD is Aussie Rock at its finest. You can hear influence Connolly would have had on Paul Kelly (or vice versa). Most songs also have an Irish-Folk feel and an interesting use of a Hammond Organ. My personal favourites on this CD include 'Bracelets On Your Arms' and 'Leaving Her For The Last Time' as the solid rock ballads. Some quicker songs include 'Better Day'. Before this I had never been exposed much to Steve Connolly and initially I thought this would be some 80's rock rubbish, but *The Usual Suspects* is a good collection of relaxing rock ballads. I would love to listen to this music in a beer garden while the sun is setting. This CD is worth a listen.

Lindsay



Original Cast Recording:
Saturday Night
(Bridewell/ First Night/
UMA)

Saturday Night is something different. It is an original cast recording of a

Stephen Sondheim musical which he wrote with the Epstein twins in 1953-54. With me so far? Well, the production premiered successfully and the end product was recorded for posterity with the original performing cast. But the musical didn't premiere until early this year. Why the delay? I'm glad you asked. In the early 1940s the Epsteins, Julius and Phillip, won an Academy Award for their screenplay for *Casablanca*. Don't get me started on that one. Well, the boys had won this Oscar, but what they did for day jobs was write stage-plays.

Anyway, in the early fifties they had written a play, *Front Porch in Flatbush*, that had achieved some notable success, and an acquaintance thought it would make great musical material. Hence the collaboration between Sondheim (libretist for Bernstein on *West Side Story*). *Front Porch in Flatbush* became *Saturday Night*, but the show was never seen until three-and-a-half decades later, when the Bridewell Theatre produced the first complete production and production recording of this truly great musical.

Saturday Night is significant for a whole bunch of reasons. If it wasn't such a good show in its own right it would still be interesting as Sondheim's first solo project. But even at this early stage he showed he had the chops. The songs by themselves tell the story almost as eloquently as if the whole play was represented. The cast are superb, the orchestra on the money. The only thing wrong with this set is that it wasn't around sooner.

J.D.



Ladybug
Ladybug
(Shock)

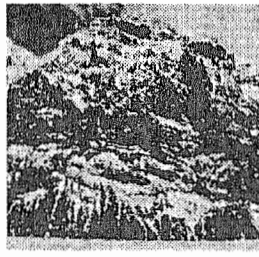
I was given this album and told 'You like Shonen Knife? You'll probably like this.'

Comparisons between Shonen Knife and Ladybug will be inevitable; we just don't see that much Japanese pop music out here. So maybe I can get in a little damage control before things get too out of hand.

Shonen Knife are like the Japanese equivalent of the Ramones. They are a great party band, they play simple guitar driven pop melodies, and they're very, very good at what they do. If the Knife are the Ramones, then Ladybug are midway between Sonic Youth and the Pixies. The fun is still there, but it's not as straight-forward as the Knife. The arrangements are wilder, more all-over-the-place. But out of the chaos comes the same pure pop sensibility. These girls would be great live. Stand out tracks include "cigarettes", "go" and the subtly juxtaposed "are we still friends" and "fuck off, creep".

Like I said, Ladybug are a lot of fun, but don't be fooled by the throw-away feel of the songs, this band is serious.

Sam Andreas-Fault



Moloko:
I Am Not a Doctor
(Echo/Liberation/
Mushroom)

Why? Why do I keep getting this dance stuff thrown in my direction?

Can't the music sub-eds take no for an answer? Well, it's here so I guess I might as well review it. I mean, it's not like I've got a life or anything, right?

Moloko. Hey, dumb name. The guy on the back looks like the lost Gallagher brother, his girlfriend looks high maintenance. The pic on the front is nice though. Makes me want to put on a jumper or something.

I should say that this stuff isn't really my scene. I mean, as far as this kind of stuff goes, it's pretty good. My spleen didn't rupture while I listened to it or anything. It was a nice, quiet, relaxing, melodic cadence; good study music, I guess.

I played it to my significant other though, and she kind of liked it. She said it would be good music to fuck to; the beat's not too fast, the sound's not too obtrusive. After some experimentation I'd have to concur with my learned friend's judgement. I guess there's a place for this ambient gear after all.

Sam Andreas-Fault

this week on local noise

PHAT ALBERT

playing a set of funk, hip-hop, and live drum 'n' bass

'live to air' on tuesday the 6th of october
9:30 PM on LOCAL NOISE



student radio. give me noise.
7 nights a week on 5UV 531 AM



**Sparklehorse
Good Morning Spider
(White/MDS)**

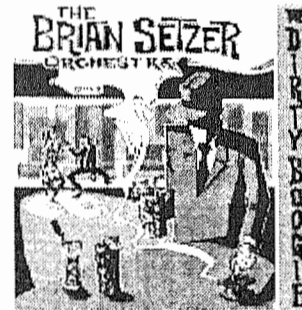
For those who languish in indie scene ignorance, Sparklehorse is the "Next Big Thing" you know nothing about but suddenly their posters are all over town

and their single is being rammed down your proverbial throat on every commercial station that could be coerced into adding it to their playlist. Well, actually I don't know how much Sparklehorse you'll hear on the commercial stations. It's not really their scene. They didn't pick up on their seminal first album *Be* that as it may, it's good gear.

A friend and I were talking about *Good Morning Spider*. He said that he was impressed with the variety of sounds and devices on the album. I have to admit, the set works well as an album, but I protested that everything done here had been done five or six years earlier on *Love Tara* by Eric's Trip. My friend proceeded to give me that look that you sometimes get from, say, a Joy Division fan if you mention that Kraftwerk was doing the same thing eight or ten years earlier; that look that so eloquently says 'Huh?'

Having said that, *Good Morning Spider* is great. Copying tricks doesn't amount to duplication however, at least not in this case. These guys know what it takes to turn a tasty tune. It's kind of country, it's kind of rocky. It's a lot of fun. It sounds a little like Grandaddy, and of course there's the aforementioned similarity with Eric's Trip, but Sparklehorse have managed to maintain an identity of their own, nodding respectfully to their two-dozen-or-so obvious influences along the way. Give it a listen and you'll see what I mean. But start at track two, "Painbirds", then go on to either "Sick of Goodbyes" or "Ghost of His Smile", your choice. Then you'll be ready to listen to the album through, along with the tracks you've already heard; they definitely bear listening to twice.

J.D.



**The Brian Setzer Orchestra
The Dirty Boogie
(Interscope/UMA)**

What seems to me now like a lifetime ago I used to get down to the chug-a-lug beat and scorching guitars of the Stray Cats, a rockabilly act

that did their thing in spite of the current wisdom that the kids didn't like rockabilly, and they went off. And in their own way they kind of cut a path into the pop psyche for bands like the Violent Femmes to follow.

The brains and songwriting talent behind the 'Cats was Brian Setzer, a man with one foot in the fifties and the other on the accelerator pedal. His guitar-playing finesse was matched only by his truly awe-inspiring quiff. Well, the more things change the more they stay the same. Setzer is out front again, only this time he's brought a few friends. The Brian Setzer Orchestra is a fully-fledged Big Band, with brass and reeds and stuff, and Setzer's making it all happen on *The Dirty Boogie*.

The set is jumping; some old stuff from the 'Cats days like "Rock This Town", some new stuff like "This Cat's on a Hot Tin Roof", and lots of covers of some of the best gear to come out of the fifties, like "Sleepwalk", "This Old House" and "Since I Don't Have You". It doesn't get sweeter than this. Setzer has a slick delivery on both the lyrics and the chops, and the band delivers just the right amount of what's needed. The cost of the album is worth it just for Setzer's duet with Gwen Stefani on the Jerry Lieber/Mike Stoller classic, "You're the Boss". Get *The Dirty Boogie* and get jumping.

Sam Andreas-Fault

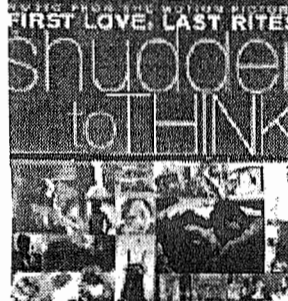


**Willard Grant Conspiracy:
Flying Low
(Slowriver Records/
Rykodisc)**

Willard Grant is not a happy man, at least not if his songs are anything to go by. He sounds, by turns suicidal and homicidal.

This is assuming there is a Willard Grant. The flysheet gives nothing away - 'If someone tells you they played on this, they probably did.' Gee, thanks guys. You really want to make my job easy, don't you. Well, what if I said the lead singer sounds somewhere between Nick Cave and Robert Goulet. He's got the charm of one and the emotion of the other, but I can't tell which. The songs are sad tales of broken hearts and wishful thinking. Standard fare, do I here you say. That may be true, but I think there's enough room for a couple more sad songs if they're as good as this. If Morrissey had grown up in Minnesota, dividing his time between Hank Williams and Aaron Copland, he would have sounded something like this (but he probably wouldn't be a vegetarian). With lines like "So pour the gasoline over everything, and we'll get this party started," well, you get the idea. On the whole, this is pretty good. Stand out tracks include "Evening Mass," "St. John Street," and the spooky "Bring the Monster Inside." Definitely one for the saltbush fans; these folks sound like the Dirty Three, only with more of everything; more vocals, more instruments, and stuff.

Rusty Springfield.



**Shudder to Think
First Love, Last Rites
(OST)
(Epic/Sony)**

The genre of the soundtrack is such that when mentioned, conjures visions of either sweeping string washes a la *E.T.* or *Titanic*, or a record company's 'best of' for that month, like *Reality Bites* or *Clueless*. But, kiddies, we live in a truly post-[insert preferred category here] world. In a time when directors like Mike Figgis and Hal Hartley are allowed to write their own incidental music, you shouldn't be too surprised by anything.

Shudder to Think, those much maligned songsters that nobody liked supporting Pearl Jam, have released *the* soundtrack of the year. It's a winner, it's cool, it's slick, and I can guarantee it's got something to please everyone.

This is not forty-eight minutes of incidental music and it's not the stuff that Winona dreams are built upon either. What it *is* is a cool collection of serious songs written with the upmost care and attention to detail. They span styles and times, from delta blues to seventies glam, with a bunch of guest singers filling in on vocal duties. The album opens with Jeff Buckley crooning on the soulful "I Want Someone Badly", reprised by Shudder to Think singer Craig Wedren at the end of the set. Liz Phair turns up the heat with "Erecting a Movie Star", while Lena Karlsson smooths things over with the slick seventiesesque "The Wedding is Over".

The glam is provided by Billy Corgan's can't-stop-sounding-like-Pumpkins delivery on "When I was Born, I was Bored", but the high points for me were John Doe's oh-so-sweet interpretation of "Speed of Love", and The The's Matt Johnson in wish-fulfillment mode on the 'authentic' sounding blues number, "Jelly on the Table".

Get into your local record store and listen to *First love, Last Rites* on headphones and judge for yourself. I'm sure the album will sell hundreds just for the Buckley track [damn vultures] but the whole thing deserves your careful consideration.

J.D.



Last term, boys and girls. And guess what that means? That's right. Exams.

It also means we will be doing our major recruiting for Student Radio 1999! Glory be!

Very soon, in either three or four weeks time, we will be putting out new application forms. And just in case you forget, what with exams and all of that, the applications will be extensively advertised with some very eye-catching posters. It will then simply be a case for you to wander into the Student's Association office, cause some trouble for the other office bearers BUT NOT THE STAFF, grab an application form, fill it out, and return it to selfsame office. We will then look at your form, laugh at it, and sometime in December we will hold interviews with everybody that has applied, and then in January training will begin. Clearly, with this amount of time put in we are not paid enough. We do it because we love you.

Please feel free to apply. Student Radio has had a very successful year this year and we would like to thank everybody who has supported us in any way. So why not apply, and become part of the winning team?

LOCAL NOISE airs this Tuesday night at 9:30 PM, with the funk-ass grooves of Phat Albert. Tune in and find out what is another word for pirate treasure. **LOCAL NOISE. 9:30 pm Tuesday. Student Radio 531 AM.**

Love,
Peter Adams and Christian Haebich
1998 - 1999 Student Radio Directors.

Themes from Jaws

Shark Song
 Carolin Window
 Vintage
 \$17.95

Shark Song is the book I've been waiting all year to find: a powerfully explosive tale of passion, obsession, and the ocean. But this is not just a love story. It is a tale of identity, of sexuality, of exploration. It takes the reader on a tour of oceanic legends, the myths of the sea woven skilfully with reality in a web hard to discern. Ajax is a surfer, basically happy in his world on the beaches of Sydney. But it is not a challenging place to be, and the only real spiritual connection he has is with his best friend, Shane. Then Kel appears. Likened to the selkie of Scottish folklore, she is a surfer too. She is also Polynesian, and feels the deep connection to the ocean that her race has always had.

Shadows in the form of sharks lazily circle the idyll of existence on Sydney's beaches. Desire is a powerful force and distorts reality. Evil watches from the eyes of the sharks, and all is not what it appears in Ajax's world. Kel has uncountable secrets, and one day she vanishes in order to seek not her future, but her past.

This book is rich in imagery and magic, love and dark desire. Polynesian tropical metaphors create a feeling of warmth and opulence, and unexpected danger. Window has a powerful style, exploding with emotion. She tells her story entirely through the eyes of Ajax, a fact

which colours events highly, but increases the emotional suspense of every event. She explores his identity and self-perception, and in so doing, makes the reader explore their own.

The use of symbolism also sets this book apart. Window draws on the image of a shark time and time again to express hidden, powerful desire, and dangerous obsession. It is a highly effective tool because of the fear that Australians associate with sharks, whereas in the Pa-

cific the shark is the god of love, 'dangerously called in from the deeps'. Skin is also utilised, as a

symbol for self, for identity, for life. The selkie's skin was stolen in order to keep her: to own a skin gives power over the soul of the other. Much of the story of *Shark Song* is about power and the struggle to hold it. It is interesting that, in the end, those who are powerful are those who sought only to be, not to desire nor be desired.

This book is brilliant: a shining star of literature. It is powerful, and spell-binding. This is a book that should be revered as a perfect example of the wealth of Australian literary talent, and places Carolin Window definitively in the arena of accomplished authors. I can't recommend this book highly enough. It is magical, exploding with power and passion and an exquisite style all of its own.

Erin O'Donnell



Cow Fandango Bird Dance

The Bull Dancers of Knossos
 Pam and John Raggatt
 HarperCollins
 \$14.95

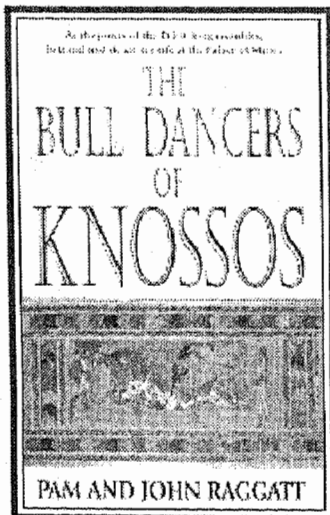
I must admit that I am not a big fiction reader, so when I do intend to read I choose my books carefully. Thanks to the literary skills of husband-and-wife duo Pam and John Raggatt, this time my choice has been quite rewarding. Initially choosing the book in the hope that it might bring to life my Classics studies, the world of Minoan Crete as presented in this book turned out to be far more vivid and exciting than I had expected.

The story centres on Andreas Micalidos, owner of a large fleet of merchant ships and Minister in King Minos' Council, and his family and friends: his family doctor Ahmed; Belia, a beautiful Bull Dancer; Priest-King Minos; Princess Ariadne and her lover, Theseus of Athens. Andreas rapidly grows uneasy as he discovers that many of the Minoan military vessels are in a state of disrepair, and news filters through that

a large invasion fleet is being assembled for an impending attack. At first Andreas expresses these fears out of a concern for security, but he soon finds alarming evidence of internal corruption, leading to a dramatic and exciting climax to the novel.

The authors have spent a lot of time researching the time of King Minos and Minoan Crete, even offering a bibliography for those who seek further reading on the topic. The research has paid off, and I constantly found myself eager to hear even the most minute details of social interaction, fashion and custom, which are all described with incredible depth and yet seamlessly interwoven into the central story. By the end of the novel, there is a tremendous satisfaction in knowing that you have not only finished a good story, but you have also learnt a great deal about an early civilisation. This is a top read, and well worth the paltry Recommended Retail Price; go get yourself some.

andrew four



The Cat Who Sang for the Birds
 Lilian Jackson Braun
 Headline
 \$15.95

The Cat Who Sang for the Birds is the twentieth in a series of novels involving Jim Qwilleran, a gentleman of leisure who solves mysteries, and his two Siamese cats, Koko and Yum Yum. The storyline, which includes a murder, a scandal, some Luddites, and general small-town gossip, is interesting; it engages and entertains.

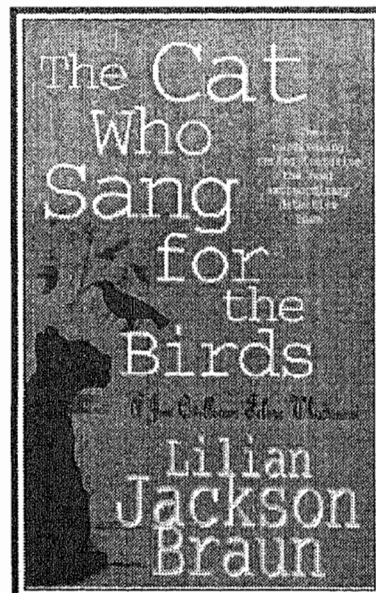
The whole thing is set in the town that Jim Qwilleran has settled in, and in which all the other stories are also based. This small American town is called Pickax, and is in Moose County. Now, I know the dangers that exist for an author who chooses to set a story in a real town, but I do like my scenes to be set in something that does not instantly slot into fantasy land - which unfortu-

nately Pickax does. There is even a river called Ittibittiwassie. I haven't checked my atlas (because my ex took it) but I suspect that it does not exist.

There are points throughout the book that rankle. Qwilleran just so happens to be the richest person in Moose County, sponsoring many things in the county through a trust fund - how convenient. This story is just too pat for my liking. That is not to say, however, that I did not like it. Once I got over the fact that *The Cat Who Sang for the Birds* is not meant to be a real story at all, I enjoyed reading it. This Feline Whodunit is in the line of the television series *Murder She Wrote*: it's not meant to be real, it's just a vehicle for the mystery. Koko and

Yum Yum are great, providing non-stop cat activity, and, while I stick by my statement that the story is too pat for me, I think that if you like shows such as *Murder She Wrote*, you'll like this book. I give it 7/10

Michael Blackwell

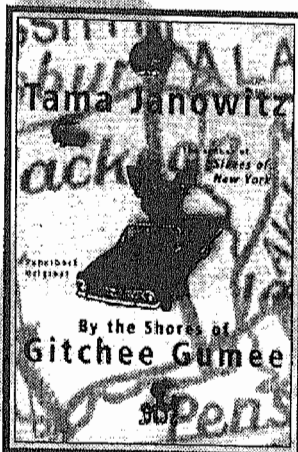


Gitchee Gumee

By the Shores of Gitchee Gumee
Tama Janowitz
Picador
\$17.95

In the mid-eighties, when Brett Easton Ellis was tapping into LA's patented brand of narcissistic nihilism and Jay McInerney was waxing autobiographical, taking on the likes of Tom Wolfe in a race to write the Great New York Novel, Tama Janowitz's first book, a low-key, unassuming and terribly funny collection of vignettes entitled *Slaves of New York*, appeared in the bookshops. In the reviews that followed its publication, probably the most common superlative used to describe the book was 'quirky'. The fact was that in a time when a novel was judged by the measure of self-obsession or cynicism demonstrated by the protagonist, nobody was ready for a writer with a sense

of humour. 'Intellectual' comedy had been exiled to the realms of film and *Doonesbury* comic-strips. The picture of urban life in America didn't fit the prefabricated assumptions of the critics. In spite of its reception *Slaves* sold well, as did her preceding novels, *American Dad* (actually written before *Slaves* as a Masters project), *A Cannibal in Manhattan*, and *The Male Cross-Dressers Support Group*. Her latest offering, *By the Shores of Gitchee Gumee*, is possibly Janowitz's best work to date. The title is a reference to *The Song of Hiawatha* by Longfellow, a poem much more thoroughly ingrained in the collective consciousness of



American society than Australian, but you don't need an intimate knowledge of the work to enjoy this novel. Maud Slivenowicz lives in a mobile home with her mother, four siblings and numerous xoloitquintl (hairless dogs Maud's mother breeds in a half-hearted effort to make money), on the edge of swamp that used to be the famous Lake Gitchee Gumee of the poem. Evangeline Slivenowicz is a Jewish princess and 'free-spirit' (read 'drama queen') who never really grew up and provides the toughest competition for her marriage-minded daughters, Maud and Marietta, in their pursuit of available men. The siblings all wish to move away, but only if they can go together; loyalty to each other (and

carefully crafted co-dependent guilt woven by their mother) binds the family together. Between British lords and vacuum cleaner salesmen, a hostage situation and Marietta's chatting-up of the FBI agents involved, a story unfolds that is part pastoral romance, part road-movie. The beauty of Janowitz's prose is in the details. Her characterisations are full to the point of voluptuousness, while her eye for the insignificant fleshes out each setting and exchange with a sensitivity people have learnt not to expect in a contemporary novel. Janowitz's style is chatty and detailed and effusive, but not self-consciously so. The end result is a story that makes you sympathise with all the characters, not just the protagonists. There are no villains in Tama Janowitz's world, merely victims.

J.D.

Thinkin' Gear

Super Mind Pack
(containing the book *Thinking For Action*, and games)
Edward de Bono
Dorling Kindersley
\$49.95

More a pack than a book, *Thinking For Action* attempts to change some habits of thinking and train the mind to think in a logical yet creative way. The book is divided into eleven chapters, each with a series of games at the end to demonstrate the thinking that has been outlined. The thinking is quite clearly aimed at the corporate world, with chapters including 'Resource Allocation and Trade-Off' and 'Value Creation', but many of the points made are very applicable to other areas of life. It is also quite easy to read, with only modest amounts of text and a design and layout that is attractive and well thought out (funnily enough), if at times a little patronising. And that is the down-side: at times this 'book' is like a portable business seminar by an over-enthusiastic 'thinking and motivation' weirdo. The games range from the fun and



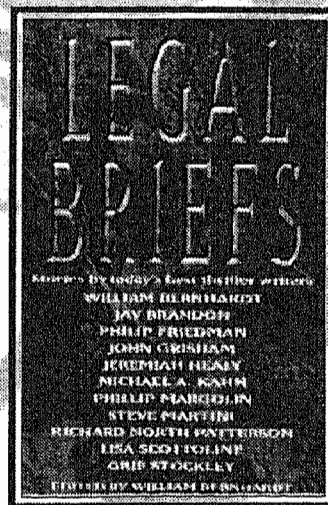
educationally effective to the poorly thought out and boring, and at times with instructions that are a little less-than-clear, which is strange considering that there is a chapter concerned with communication and mis-communication that is trying to teach the need for clarity. The varying number of players needed for each game is also inconvenient and annoying. The pack should not be instantly dismissed, however. Most of the lessons and points made are quite good, and while some might appear obvious, the clarity and simplicity with which they are made is highly commendable. The emphasis on creative thinking and challenging paradigms in this torpid day and age is quite fantastic, especially when wrenched free from the corporate discourse it is written in. *Thinking For Action* is a 'book' that certainly may be of some use to many people, but definitely not to all. Personally, I found little new and useful in the pack, but thanks anyway, Eddy. By the way, Professor de Bono, what is another name for pirate treasure?

Christian Haebich

Legal Gear

Legal Briefs: Stories by today's best thriller writers.
ed. William Bernhardt.
Headline
\$29.95

I hate lawyers. With a passion. Judging by the number of lawyer jokes around, so do a lot of other people. Yet crime and mystery books are some of the most popular books today. This was eloquently pointed out in the introduction to *Legal Briefs*, a collection of short stories featuring work from some of the most popular crime authors around: John Grisham, Phillip Margolin, Lisa Scottoline, and eight others. The stories are all very well-written, and different in flavour without contrasting too sharply with one another. I have often found that collections of short stories from different authors don't quite hold together. Not so in this case: William Bernhardt has done a good job. Perhaps one reason the stories hold together so well is that the authors are also all lawyers. Not only is the reader getting a story



written by a good writer but all the writers have experience 'on the coal face.' Some of the stories are bitterly funny, some provide a more serious look at lawyer morality (insert oxymoron joke here). If you like thrillers or stories with a twist, then I think you will like this collection. I like anthologies for another reason: they are like samplers. There is nothing worse than buying a novel that is raved about only to find that you don't like the author's style of writing: anthologies are a good way to find out if you like a writer's style. Nine of the stories in *Legal Briefs* were published this year, so they are not just old stories which have been dug out because the author needs a buck. At the back of the book is a short biography of each of the authors, which mentions some of their other books: helpful if you like a particular author's work and want to read more. *Legal Briefs* is great reading, especially for on the bus or at lunch-times. I give it 8.5/10

Michael Blackwell

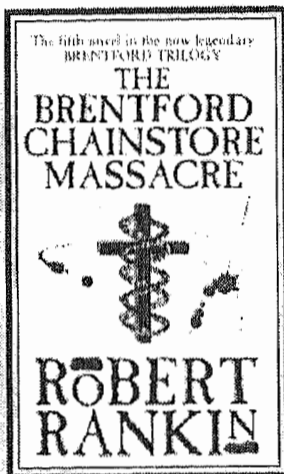
John and Jim

The Brentford Chainstore Massacre
Robert Rankin
Corgi
\$15.95

'So what happens next?' said Clive.
'We wait 'til they come out. Follow them and nab the scrolls.'
'Fair enough,' said Clive.
'Now I'll tell you what I want,' said Derek.
'What you really, really want?'
'What I really, really want is a Ziggur cigar.'

(p. 212).

Robert Rankin has always been at his best when his novels have centred around Jim Pooley and John O'Malley. *The Antipope*, *The Brentford Triangle*, *East of Ealing* and *The Sprouts of Wrath*, forming what is loosely known as The Brentford Quartet, do just this, following their escapades as they save the world from, amongst others, a Renaissance Pope, a horde of foul-mouthed aliens, and various incarnations of the Anti-Christ. *The Brentford Chainstore Massacre* is the fifth in the series. And it is funny. This one sees the valiant Jim and John come up against a somewhat mad doctor who attempts to create six clones of Jesus Christ (six, so that each major religion can have one)



from the Shroud of Turin, against the backdrop of Brentford celebrating the Millennium two years before everyone else - to avoid the rush. Along the way they've got to help Professor Slocombe recover the Brentford Scrolls and perform a magical ritual that will create a whole happy new future for mankind, and put paid to the intentions of an evil-doer named Fred and his henchmen, Derek and Clive (there's one for the Peter Cook fans), who want to put a stop to it. It's fun.

As with all of Rankin's novels, much of the fun lies in the writing itself. Master of the running gag (you'll find lines here that appeared in his first novel over ten years ago), he simply refuses to take himself seriously, throwing in self-referential gags galore, making references to friends, and generally making every crap joke under the sun, all to the point where you can't help laughing. Which is good.

And also, as with all of Rankin's novels, it's remarkably inventive (as I so demonstrate by remarking upon it now). It beats me how he manages to come up with ideas as strange and entertaining as he does, but he does. Which is also good.

So you should enjoy it. I did.

Paul Bradley.

Astrakhan who?

Last Boat To Astrakhan
Robert Haupt
Random House
\$24.95

Russia and the former Soviet Union are a puzzle to the West. Why communism? Why brutality? Why post-1990 chaos? Answers to these questions have revolved more around our own preconceptions than the realities of the vast country.

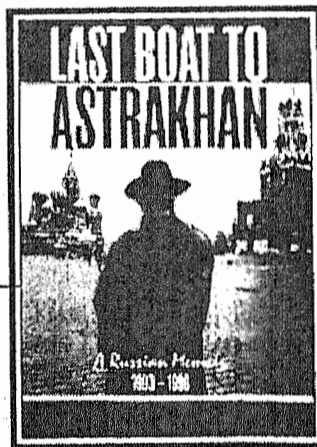
Robert Haupt, a former foreign correspondent for *The Sydney Morning Herald*, completed *Last Boat to Astrakhan* just before his death in 1996. The book is, for the most part, an account of his trip along the famous Volga River from Moscow to the Caspian sea at Astrakhan. The Volga River occupies a unique place in Russian history. It is the largest river in Europe and has been for centuries a trade route for silk, gold and tea. The river has appealed to many famous figures and its surroundings have been shaped by the passings of many civilisations.

Haupt writes of his travels along the river, describing its historical roots, physicality and romanticism in great detail. His book, though, is much more than a traveller's guide. The memoir encompasses uncanny insights into the Russian mind. Haupt writes of history in action, of great change at the human level and of the mix of the romanticism, idiocy and brutality that has characterised the country's past. Haupt's personal report on contemporary Russia gives one a sense of the frustrations of day-to-day life. Poor quality roads, a stultifying

bureaucracy and high levels of crime all require a unique Russian-type patience. Progress, Haupt implies, is still far away. Mixed in with these frustrations are the delights of Russia. Haupt suggests Russia as a land of paradox - the Caspian sea as a sea below sea level (-27.5m) and the freedom of space intermingled with a conformist society. He pays tribute to the hard-working women whose burden it is to largely carry the daily load. Haupt also poetically describes the beauty of the Russian landscape.

Last Boat to Astrakhan is a must for anyone interested in a realistic and entertaining look into Russia's past and present. Haupt possesses a skilful turn of phrase and is not afraid to dispel a number of idealistic Western myths concerning the country. The book has only one main fault: Haupt has the habit of switching from one subject to another with frightening speed. This may leave readers somewhat perplexed, unable to find their bearings and struggling to locate the narrative thread underlying the story. Better editing could have prevented possible confusion. On the whole, however, Haupt's death must be considered a tragedy. Australia lost a talented journalist of undoubted intelligence.

James Gruber



Pretentious Young Girl

Through A Glass Darkly
Jostein Gaarder
Phoenix House/Orion
\$24.95

The name Jostein Gaarder will be known to most people, Gaarder being the author of the *Sophie's World* series of books, which are about a pretentious young girl coming to grips with philosophy. In *Through A Glass Darkly* (written before *Sophie's World*) he stretches the concept to include angels, cancer, grief and heaven. It seems that if anyone is to know all there is to know about the universe, it will be a pretentious young girl.

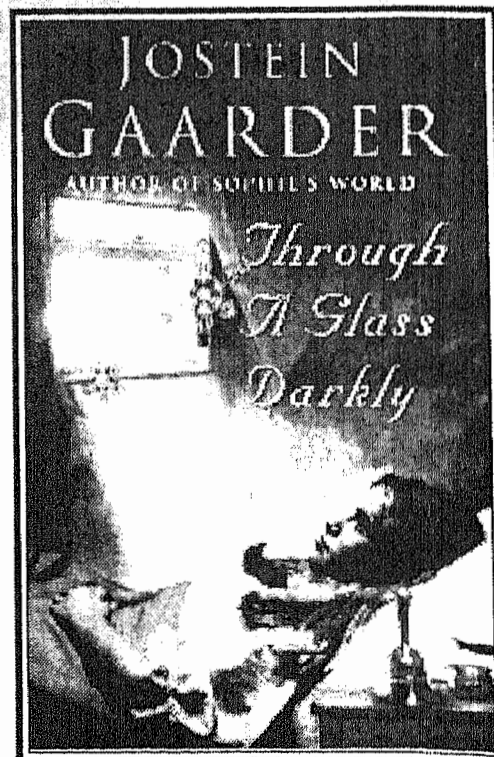
Cecilia has cancer and is bedridden for Christmas. Her family do their

best to console her and include her in the celebrations, but she is lonely and is visited by the rather arrogant angel Ariel. He wants to know what it's like to be a person; she wants to know what heaven is like. Throughout the book, Cecilia inadequately describes what it is like to feel things, and Ariel gives miniscule glimpses into heaven. In fact, the majority of the book is fruitless conversations between Cecilia, who is hardly old enough to know what it's like to be a person, and the enigmatic Ariel, who may or may not be a figment of Cecilia's imagination. Towards the end of the book he obviously is, as she goes out skiing and skating while her family sleeps, yet in reality she does not have the strength to pick up

a pen.

Ariel's theories about God and humanity leave a lot to be desired, and unlike the philosophy in *Sophie's World*, aren't consistent with any philosophical or theological stance. Like Tony Baker, who reviewed the *Through a Glass Darkly* in *The Advertiser*, I found the whole goody-goody cast of characters sickening, yet I cannot share his enchantment at the concepts discussed. Although I know it wasn't, this book certainly appears to be a cash-in on the success of *Sophie's World*.

zane





SKIN SPOTTED?

The Spotted Skin

Rowena Ivers
Allen and Unwin
\$16.95

What did the leper say to the prostitute?

I'll leave you a tip.

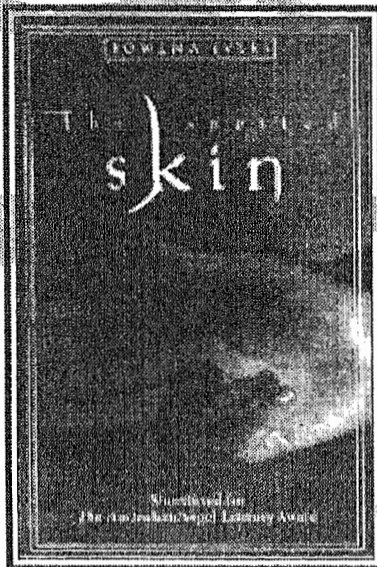
The 'spotted skin' is the skin of the leper: for centuries it has meant accursedness, contamination, contagion. Whereas other diseases gnaw at the body from within, often invisibly, leprosy claims its victims a piece at a time: one by one the peripheries fail, while the mind is left intact.

It is a numbness in her little finger when she sits down to play the piano that heralds the beginning of Cressida's nightmare. Diagnosed as a leper, she is sent to live in a leper colony on a barren island in Darwin

Harbour, an island which keeps no records and which no one ever leaves. Victims of an unsightly, smelly disease, on the island the lepers are out of sight and out of mind.

The Spotted Skin follows the ups and downs of the mottled, motley crew over period of several years, describing friendships, fights, births, deaths, marriages, escapes, arrivals, and escalating racial tension. Most of the lepers on the island are of Aboriginal descent and throughout the book a connection is

drawn between the treatment of lepers and the treatment of Aboriginal people: in the 1930s and 40s (in which the book is set) both are denied basic rights and freedoms and treated as subhuman.



Shortlisted for *The Australian/Vogel Literary Award*, *The Spotted Skin* is Rowena Ivers's first novel. Interesting and rich in historical detail it would provide quite an education for someone who doesn't know

much about the darker aspects of Australia's past, particularly attitudes and official policies towards Aborigi-

nal and Asian people. Although notable for its cultural awareness and sensitivity and its desire to expose the skeletons and scandals in the dark closet of Australia's colonial past, it is a little dry. Perhaps because there are so many characters and so much detail, perhaps because the central narrative is interrupted by the intrusion of other 'linking' stories, perhaps because the protagonist seems somehow detached, *The Spotted Skin* fails to engage as it might, which is disappointing, because it shows promise. There are scenes of filmic vividness, descriptions which are poignant and evocative, and moments of magic and tremulous beauty which make *The Spotted Skin* a rewarding read, if a little hard-going at times.

Eva O'Driscoll

LITBIT

Abstainer, *n.* A weak person who yields to the temptation of denying himself a pleasure. A total abstainer is one who abstains from everything but abstinence, and especially from inactivity in the affairs of others.

Affectionate, *adj.* Addicted to being a nuisance. The most affectionate creature in the world is a wet dog.

Bachelor, *n.* A man whom women are still sampling.

Circumlocution, *n.* A literary trick whereby the writer who has nothing to say breaks it gently to the reader.

Electioneer, *v. i.* To stand on a platform and scream that Smith is a child of light and Jones a worm of the dust.

Piracy, *n.* Commerce without its folly-swaddles, just as God made it.

(Source: *The Enlarged Devil's Dictionary*, Ambrose Bierce, Penguin 1989)

COMPETITION

Penguin are offering \$1000 worth of the books of your choice as the prize in a photography competition.

All you have to do is purchase one of the titles from the Essential Penguin collection (which includes such classics as *On the Road*, *1984*, *The Plague*, and *A Clockwork Orange*) and take a photograph (such as the one here) which includes your book and, in some way, represents either the book or the author.

You can check out the Essential Penguin display and pick up an entry form at Unibooks (and remember the Unibooks 10% cash discount).

Entries, which must be sent directly to Penguin Books, will be judged not on photographic ability but on originality, relevance, and artistic merit.

Entries close on Monday, November 30th, 5pm.





WHAT IS OUR PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE?

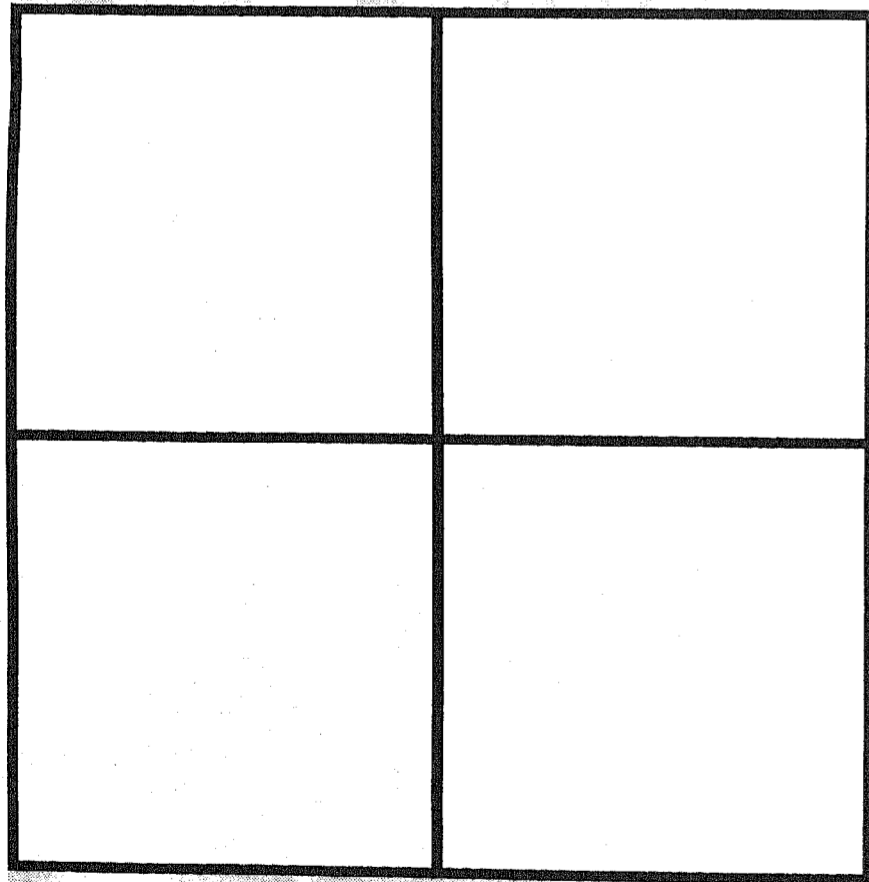
"There is a theory which states that if ever anyone discovers exactly what the universe is for and why it is here, it will instantly disappear and be replaced by something even more bizarre and inexplicable."

"There is another theory which states that this has already happened." - Douglas Adams.

INTERACTIVE PHILOSOPHY

Instead of going on a long ramble about our place in the universe I invite you to find out for yourself. Below is a simulated universe. The only law is as so:

CONNECT EVERY POINT WHERE 2 OR MORE LINES MEET VIA A STRAIGHT LINE TO EVERY OTHER POINT WHERE 2 OR MORE LINES MEET.



Now imagine that these lines you have been connecting are causal connections composed of bridges of energy. As the universe progresses you will notice that clusters of intersections begin to develop. What if after a certain point a few of the clusters were so complex that they became conscious of the processes going on around them?

What would you tell one of these clusters if it asked "what is the purpose of the universe?"

What would you tell it if it asked "what is the meaning of my existence?"

What would you tell it if it asked why do clusters exist?

What if we are these clusters?

WHY DOES LIFE EXIST?

One answer is that it is a law of the universe that where conditions are appropriate life will develop.

BUT WHY SHOULD THERE BE LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE?

Where finite objects exist there is only a finite number of influences they can have upon each other. These impediments tend to cancel each other out until an equilibrium is reached and stable laws emerge.

BUT WHY SHOULD THE UNIVERSE EXIST AT ALL?

By this question we should make sure we are not mistaking the in-

comprehensibility of the universe's existence, for the presence of an unanswered question. The simplest answer is: Why not? If we have no reason to give for why the universe shouldn't exist (other than the incomprehensibility of its existence) then perhaps the question is void. We accept the existence of the laws of physics as just being the case, so why not accept the existence of the universe as just being the case?

CAN WE EVER KNOW THE TRUTH?

In short, no. There are three main reasons.

1. We have evolved to survive thus we have also evolved to only perceive what is useful to our survival. Thus if the truth is unuseful we will never find it.

2. When people seek truth they generally choose to express it in words. But the very purpose of words is to act as a filter for simplifying our experience. As long as we attempt to symbolise an infinite universe in the finite units of words they will always be inadequate.

3. The task of science is to construct theories about things beyond our senses. This is done by observing what is available to our senses and then positing a theory or metaphor for what is unobservable to explain the observable. For example, theories about atoms and sub-atomic entities are just metaphors that happen to fit the available data. There is always the possibility that the theory is wrong. Also since the metaphors we use to explain things are ultimately derived from experiences, if our experiences (and conceptual systems) are not conducive to constructing the appropriate meta-

phors to map onto the truth, then the truth can never be known.

evil, if both then you are the shade of grey. Defeat all three and the ideology is yours. Welcome to the Mumfred syndrome.

LETTERS

Shianola Poopal.

For those of you who dwell on the dark side all you see is darkness and evil, for those of you who dwell in the light, goodness and happiness is maintained. But what of those who are unsure as to which side they wish to dwell? A constant battle between good

Dear Free Thought again,

I wish to salute you, Brentyn, for your skills in critical analysis which you showed in dissecting my letter in *On Dit* of August 31st. However, I wish to issue a rejoinder for a few of the points you

teach or preach as men.

I don't think the prayer I offered was irrefutable. I think if you genuinely want an answer from God, you will get one. It is not a matter of 'believing enough' for an answer. If you are genuine it will happen. No grey areas. I have seen this myself — a friend of mine was struggling with life and prayed "God, show me if you exist and I'll follow you", a very similar prayer to the one I offered. She needed an answer and she was

Simply put, it goes like this: God hates all evil, God sees all evil. God is powerful enough to destroy all evil. So he sees it, he hates it, he can destroy it, so why doesn't he?

The short answer is, I don't know. The long answer is, evil doesn't really exist, just as courage or cold or fun doesn't really exist. These words do not describe things, they describe properties of things. Evil means 'the opposite of God.' God is love, so generally, anything not done in love is evil. Personally, I believe God allows bad stuff to happen because he has a Plan. The book of Revelation in the Bible gives us glimpses into the future, and shows God defeating the Evil One. Before that happens, we are given lives, free to indulge in evil actions or godly actions. God can click his fingers and make the pain go away. He has his own reasons for not doing so, which I believe we will discover after we die, and who are we to question God anyway? If God really is all-powerful, which this line of argument assumes, he's obviously far superior to us.

Anyway, I want to agree with some of the points you made at the end of your reply. I don't consider myself religious. I am not into religious rituals or ceremonies. I simply love God, and he loves me. If you want to know God, your friendship must be based on love, not fear. By all means love good, but it's great to personally know the author of good and the father of all life.



and evil is maintained and one gets thrust back and forth along the continuum. The shades of grey come forth with a vengeance, lost souls, tormented minds, morphing into altered realities and never-before-seen images. They can not cause harm physically; mental harm is all they seek; weaving into your mind and dreams to distort your perceptions on reality even further. For those of you who do not join the good or the evil or the shades of grey, one must ask the question 'what lies outside the barriers of light and dark? The light can only get so bright and the dark only so dark. The answer is you. You are your own individual and are not drawn into anything but your own self. Are you prepared to do battle with good, evil and grey? If so you are more evil than good, if not you are more good than

made. Firstly, why do I refer to God as a he? Good question. I think God is male because, firstly, the Bible refers to him as male, and Jesus referred to him as male. If anyone knew God, it would be Jesus. Secondly, you ask why God would need a gender at all. Another good question. But since God is a personal god and relates personally, it makes more sense to refer to him as either a he or she. Which one you use is probably arbitrary, but I think the facts lean toward him being male. I don't think anything God has said or done condones patriarchy. I think the majority of preachers are male simply because patriarchy has been prominent in our history. Personally (and here I may be stepping on toes), I believe women have just as much right to

willing to follow God if he answered. And he did!

The problem of evil that you brought up is a well-known one.

QUESTION 13:

Is there a meaning to life, or is Nihilism true in its claims that life has no meaning? If this is so, why do we bother living?

Cool

Old Pope Great beer fridge, Free, New owner to remove from Brompton area. Call Katie 8346 8760

Hug a Fresher

Wanted
B.A. Students who...
...remember those confusing first days at Uni
...can give a hand to BA freshers during "Freshers Day" in O'Week '99 or provide on-going support to new students through Semester One.

Interested?
More information is available from: The Education and Welfare Officer's waiting area, Ground Floor, Lady Symon Building, or The Faculty of Arts Office, Level 2, Napier Building.

This Classified has been **CENSORED** due to it's raunchy and explicit nature. It's language is provocative and well just plain rude. Also, it demeans pirates. Anyone who has a problem with this is invited to fuck the hell off. Arr! Pieces of eight!

Car

Gemini '79 - white; manual; rego; new tyres. Excellent to drive; very reliable; cheap to run. \$1200 MUST BE SOLD NOW!! 8294 1285 (Naomi)

Newcastle?

CAPA & PGSA present tips' network 98 Southern Regional Conference on Saturday October 10. Conference cost \$10. Conference to be held in Mayo refec and Cloisters. For further information or to RSVP phone 8303 4114 or email jthorpe@auu.adelaide.edu.au

50 Years Already?

Human Rights Night
Thursday 10th December
50th Anniversary of the Declaration of Human Rights
Assembling in Hindmarsh Square 6.00pm
Walking down Pulteney/Rundle Streets 6.15pm

Join us afterwards in Rymill Park for stories and music 6.30 - 7.30pm
Bring your own family, friends and picnic tea and show your support for human rights.

Brought to you by a Coalition of Amnesty International, Caritas Aust., Community Aid Abroad, Global Education Centre, SA Council of Churches, Womens' International League for Peace and Freedom, United Nations Association of Australia.

"Monkeys!"

1998 Photography Expo
Includes 5 fashion parades during the afternoon. These include Brian Rochford (swimwear), Jeans West (casual wear), Vivienne's Collection (casual wear), Bridal wear and lingerie. Where? at the RSL Hall, Arthur Street, Unley
When? 11th of October 12.00 till 6.00pm
Cost? \$5.00 Adults, \$3.00 concession, children under 5 are free.

Grover

Attention all creative women! On Oct 19 a women's art exhibition will be launched at the Gallery Coffee Shop. So, any women out there with drawings, posters, collages, sculptures, paintings, prints, graffiti, etc, please contribute. One of the main themes of the exhibition is redefining "art" and what it means to be an "artist". Call or email Kathleen for further details: 8431 6320 grover@smug.adelaide.edu.au

CCI

SUPPORT FOR STUDENTS WITH SPECIFIC LEARNING DIFFICULTIES.
When: Monday 12 October 1998
Where: Counselling Centre, Ground floor, Horace Lamb Bldg
Presenter: Sue Barnard
BOOK NOW on 8303 5663 or CALL IN

CC2

MANAGING EXAM STRESS
When: Monday 19 October 1998. 1.10 - 2.00 pm
Where: Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building
Presenter: Sue Barnard
BOOK NOW on 8303 5663 or CALL IN.

Quotable

...everyone dies, but not everyone really lives...
William Wallace

Tuesday 13th October, 1998
1-2pm - Barr Smith Lawns

Presented by the Adelaide University Classic Quote Society

Faith?

To the person who returned my bag to me after I left it in the Union Building toilets last Monday - thank you!! You have restored my faith in human nature.

Hippo

Attention all students!
Part time work. Spring
Full time work. Summer.
Our international corporation is looking to increase its Adelaide operations by opening two new offices this November. Ideal applicants would be outgoing, work well with others, and seek job experience. Our full training program is highly accredited by universities. Includes certificate of completion. Scholarship program available. Train over holidays. Flexible schedules. Advancement opportunities. New offices must be filled ASAP. Phone for interview 8296 9411

Yoghurt

AU Snow Ski Club (AUSKI) AGM
Wednesday 14th October, 1998
1pm - 3pm
Canon Poole Room
(level 5 - behind the Bar)

Nominations for tms for the following positions may be picked up from (and handed int) the Sports Association office.
Nominations close Tuesday 13th October at 12 noon. Positions available are:
President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Social Coordinator
Promotions Coordinator

All Welcome!

Shuttlecock

Badminton
Keep fit and meet new friends
Anyone is welcome to join in on practice nights, held on a weekly basis on Monday and Friday nights from 7.30 to 9.30 at the University Gym: 127 Mc Kinnon Parade
The cost per visit is \$4 that will include all the necessary equipment, feather shuttles and racquets, and we cater for all standards. (Casuals and Competitions)
Further details, please contact Peter Morganthaler, Ph: 8278 6703

Film Soc

Adelaide University Film Society
Term 4 Programme

Week 9:
Kameradschaft
Plus *Chicken Little*
Thursday 8th October, 7pm
Union Cinema
Members FREE. Others \$3 (includes membership)
Directed by G. W. Pabst, *Kameradschaft* is based on a true story of a French mine disaster that occurred near the German border a decade before WWI. The film was banned by the Nazi party because of its portrayal of comradeship between French and German miners. The short *Chicken Little* is a Disney film which uses the children's fable to show how propaganda can be used to control others.

Week 10:
Exotica
Plus *Putting on the Ritz*
Thursday 15th October, 7pm
Union Cinema
Members FREE. Others \$3 (includes membership)
Directed by Atom Egoyan, who has recently released *The Sweet Hereafter*, the film is set in the Exotica strip club, run by a pregnant owner, where a tax auditor is obsessively drawn to a dancer with a schoolgirl persona. Also showing is an adult cartoon cabaret, in which characters are created from flowing lines. Not recommended for children.

Week 11:
Bonnie and Clyde
Plus *Big Yellow Taxi*
Thursday October 22nd, 7pm
Union Cinema
Members FREE. Others \$3 (includes membership)
The ultra-violent story of gangsters Bonnie and Clyde, starring Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. Also screening is short film *Big Yellow Taxi* featuring animation accompanied by the song by Joni Mitchell.

Week 12:
Bicycle Thieves
Plus *La Jetee*
Thursday 29th October, 7pm
Union Cinema
Members FREE. Others \$3 (includes membership)
The best example of Italian neo-realist cinema, which emerged after WWII. Directed by Vittorio de Sica, *Bicycle Thieves* follows a man and his young son as he tries to recover his stolen bicycle, without which he cannot work. *La Jetee* is the film on which *12 Monkeys* was based. Survivors from a nuclear war attempt to escape from the present by finding a loophole in time. Uses amazing techniques, entirely based on still photographs.

Week 13:
Annie Hall
Plus *Sundae in New York*
Thursday 5th November
Union Cinema
Members FREE. Others \$3 (includes membership)
The classic from Woody Allen in which he meets the similarly neurotic Annie Hall (Diane Keaton) and they both spend a lot of time in therapy. Also screening is a claymation short which won the Oscar for best animated short in 1983.

Contact the Film Society via email auffs@smug.adelaide.edu.au or check out the website for up to date information http://www.smug.adelaide.edu.au/~auffs