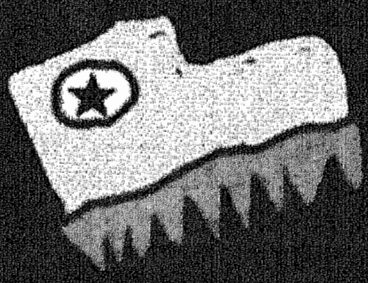
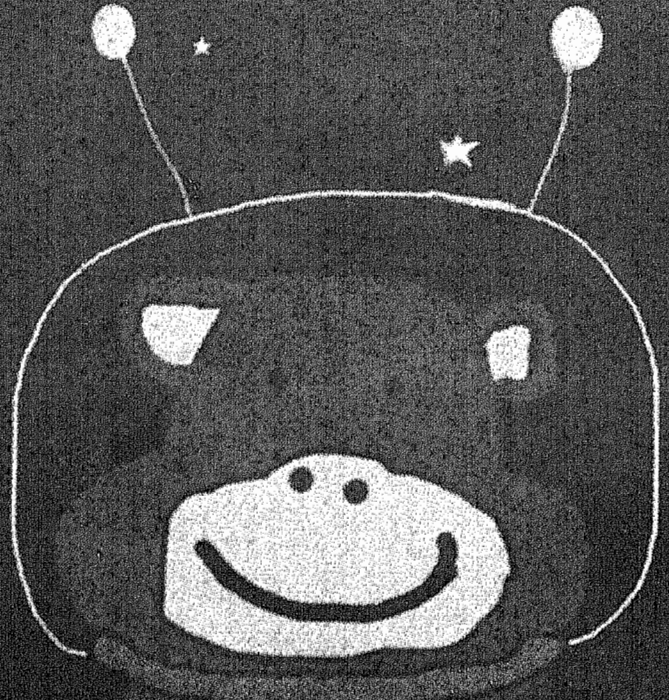
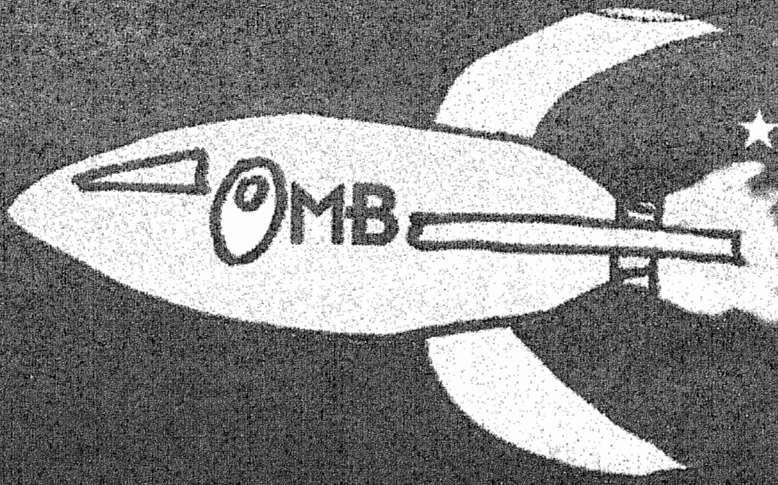
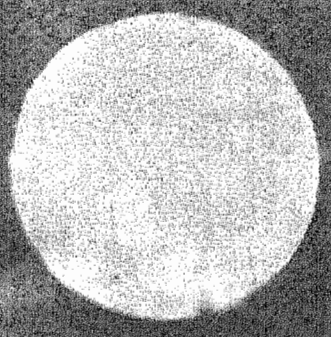
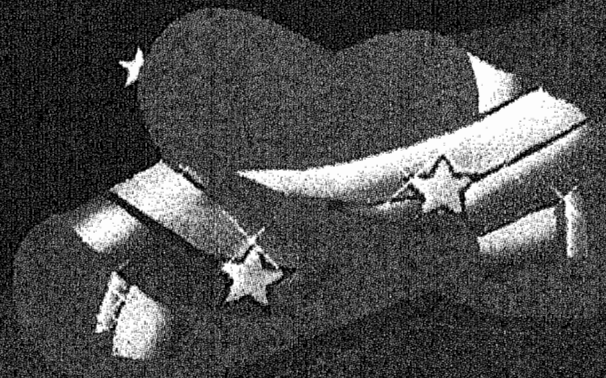


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On Dit

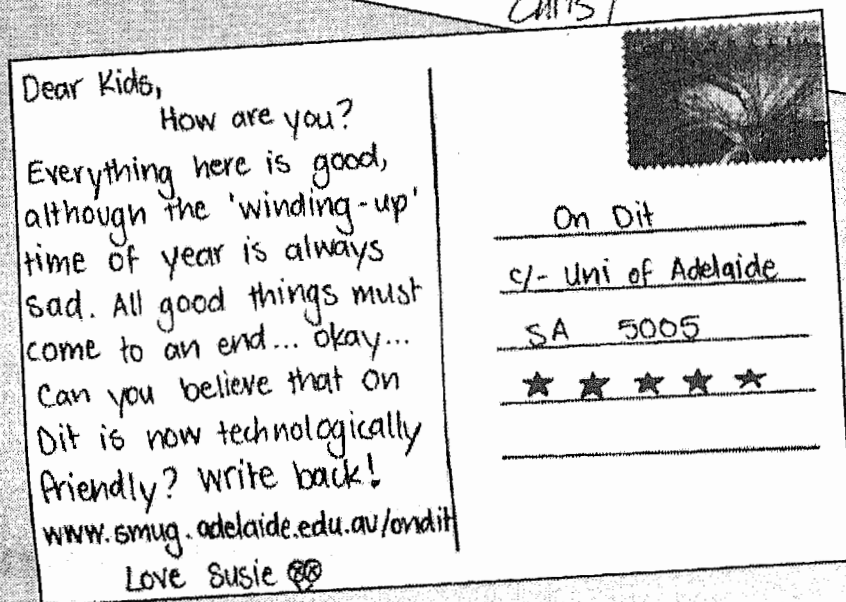
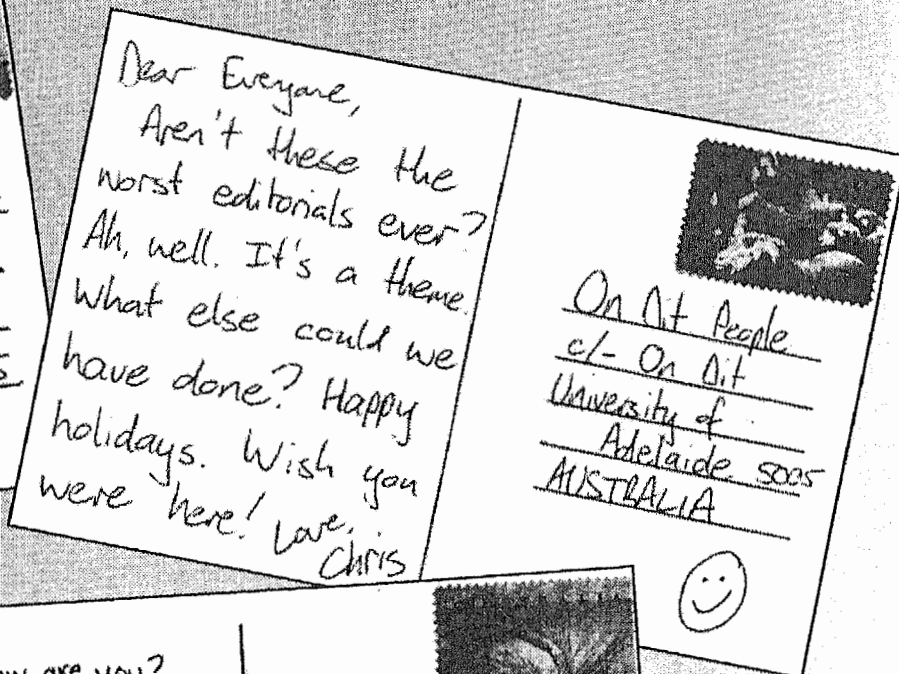
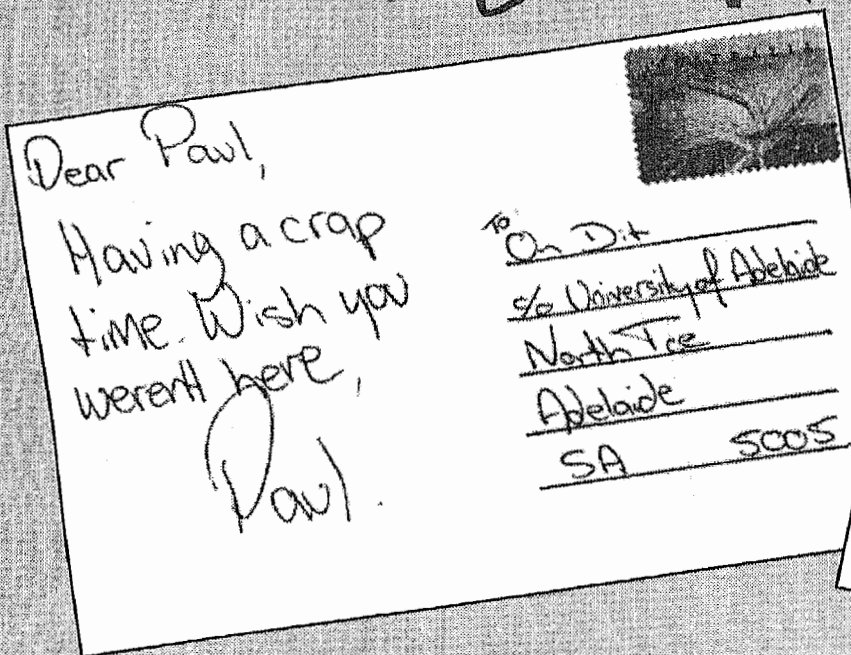


shoes in space ...

The University of Adelaide Student Newspaper

October 19th. Vol 66 No 22

EDITORIAL



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
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Web Administrator:
Anthony Daniele

Happy Camper:
Peter, who does nice work; Esther for eventually showing up Saturday afternoon (and normally such a morning person!); Daren for coming in twice, offering us a keg (politely declined) and bringing foreigners into our office; Chris B for getting stuff done early; Eva for creating The Laws of Eva and for dedicating one of them to bringing us chocolate; Crazy Dean, whoever you are, just for being so crazy; Alison from the MRC for helping us out twice two weeks ago and then not getting mad when we forgot her; Luka Bloom for a spiffy performance and a nice chat Tuesday night; all our nifty new contributors; and you. We love you.

Grumpy Campers:
The weather for giving us all hayfever all weekend; all our proof-readers who didn't turn up; and you. We hate you. (But we love you, really.)

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

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

About the cover:
Reknowned artist Peter Adams one day found himself bored and in the *On Dit* office. Without even

really trying, he knocked out this superb rendition of "Space Monkey". Presented on the front cover by popular demand. Whoever invented petitions should be shot.

Next edition:
Out: October 26.
Deadline: October 21.



On Dit

Adventure Holidays

Where your biggest adventure is getting out alive

Travel Itinerary

Day 1. Start your holiday with a **monkey spacewalk**. It's kind of crazy and kind of out there, but the kids seem to like it.

Day 2. The most boring part of any trip is listening to **people babble on**. Get used to it, though, there's plenty to come.

Day 3. Time to pick up an **itinerary**. And regret missing the first two days.

Day 4. Time to listen to more **people drone on**. This could last several days. Bring a pillow.

Day 10. Don't get out of touch while you're on vacation. Keep up to date with our **news** service.

Day 11. Take a side trip to the **USA**. You might get locked up for something you didn't do.

Day 12. As if you'd go anywhere without taking your **SAUA Office Bearers** along.

Day 13. You might not want to go to **these places**, but, by God, we're going to make you.

Day 14. Even when you get away from it all, your problems seem to find you ... so it is with the Union and SAUA **Referendum**.

Day 15. The **dodgiest** day you can imagine, spent in the **dodgiest** place on Earth. And there's all these insects everywhere ...

Day 16. **England's** not all soccer hooligans and royal families, you know.

Day 17. It's just a short hop, skip and jump over to **India**, which is where curry comes from. And they have other stuff, too.

Day 18. A chance to reflect upon what you'd be doing if you weren't travelling with us. You'd be sitting at **home**, on your arse, doing nothing. Sounds good about now, don't it?

Day 20. Close to home destinations include **Melbourne** and **Sydney**. Just like Adelaide, but bigger.

Day 21. Slightly further away and considerably smaller is the rather spiffy **Newcastle**. So much smaller that we devoted three days to it. There may be a method to our madness, but you'll never see it.

Day 24. See what the **locals** have to say. We **talk** to them. You should try it.

Day 26. Go to **Cooper Pedy, Montreal** and **Sri Lanka**. All in one day? Yes, all in one day.

Day 27. **USA** again. It might be more pleasant the second time around.

Day 28. The perfect souvenir from any vacation is a new **body piercing**. So many possibilities. But what to pierce? Where to go? And how to look after it? Let our friendly staff assist your decision-making.

Day 30. There's no better way to travel than on the **internet**. Cheaper, lazier, more electronic ... the advantages are endless. Do it.

Day 31. The **soundtrack** to your holiday often determines the quality of memories you take home with you. Don't make the wrong choice.

Day 36. In flight entertainment? It's about time, really, isn't it? A selection of the newest, finest **films** for your perusal.

Day 38. In-flight entertainment you can take home? **Videos**, right here, pal.

Day 40. If the moving pictures aren't your cup of tea, we also have a fine selection of **literature** to keep you busy. Which is kind of our central aim right now.

Day 44. Travelling is the best way to open your mind. Just like those ads on TV. Or the **Free Thought** section of On Dit.

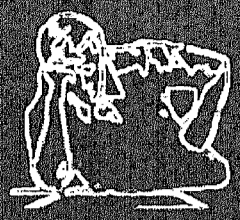
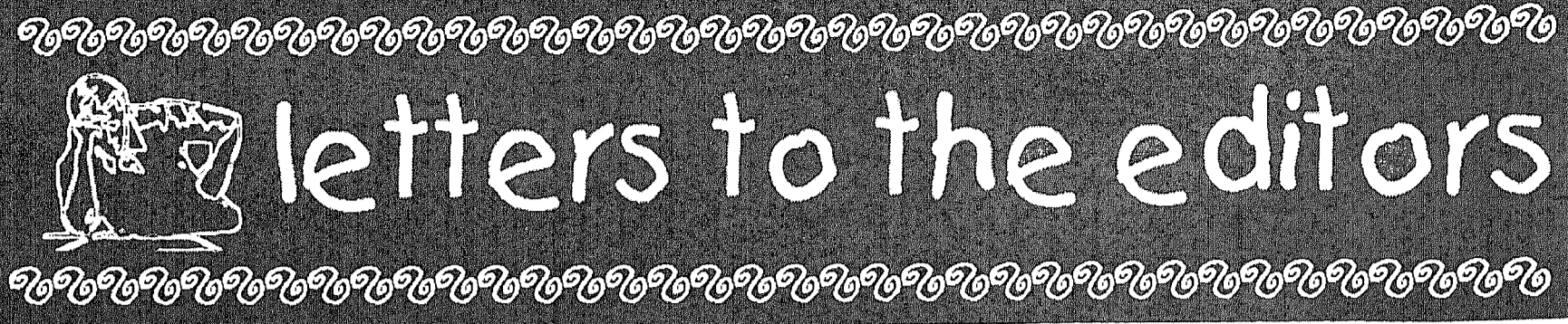
Day 46. Local culture often revolves around **sport**. This is entirely as it should be. We provide you with an in-depth appraisal of all things **sporty**.

Day 47. Some people reckon **theatre** is culturally important, too. So we threw some of that in, too. And a **dragon**.

Day 48. Aren't you home yet? Then you might want to join the **club**. Or buy something to take home with you.

Day 49. Now you've really overstayed you're welcome. **Sod off**. We did what you paid us for. If you're not happy yet, it's you're own damn fault.

Nothing we do is our fault. Anything that goes wrong cannot be blamed on us. Any dissatisfaction on anyone's part is their own fault. They will blame themselves. Anything that we undertake to do is not legally binding and will not actually be delivered on. Our aircraft do meet all safety requirements, so shut up. If our prices seem overly inflated, that's just because we do good work and you get what you pay for.



letters to the editors

Ooh. Controversy does bring the letter-writers out of the woodwork. Keep it coming (the letters, not so much the controversy). It might be prudent to reiterate: we're happy to print your letters so long as they are not racist, sexist, homophobic, defamatory or otherwise offensive. Get 'em to us by Wednesday afternoon. Go to it.

pissed off

Dear Editors,

So Michael Guarna is pissed off. Well, he can join the club. I would like to thank him however for the interest he expressed in the Sexuality Officer position in his letter in *On Dit* 12/10/98. This is a new position and as the inaugural male Sex.O. (to void or not to void?) I find it encouraging to see some sense of public ownership over this office of student representation.

It was disappointing then for me to find diatribe in place of discussion. His sensationalistic and homophobic remarks will naturally guarantee that he is championed by some. After all, populist rhetoric has its own sort of appeal. Unfortunately this appeal lies in the fact that it is anti-intellectual and simplistic. Throw-away references to the gay mafia and "limp-wristed faggots" are just cheap-shots which don't constitute an argument or even a comment in any learned sense of these terms. I mean am I limp-wristed? Is there a gay mafia at Uni? Fuck off. This schoolboy slander says nothing about queer experience on this campus. What it does do is expose the intellectual bankruptcy of Guarna's comments. But debate is fundamental to the intellectual

integrity of campus discussion and that is why I am taking the time to respond to what was an annoyed letter. Annoyed is fine but immature name-calling achieves nothing. To appeal to culturally oppressive stereotypes by employing homogenising insults not only bears the hallmarks of populist rhetoric but it is also adolescent and tiresome. I mean are we at University or in the Fifth grade? Fucking grow up.

However I am sure that Guarna must feel that he used those terms legitimately. Personally I would have thought that 7 years at university would have given him the ability to make his vitriol a little more creative. However it would be a poor reflection on the rest of us if his choice of terms went unopposed. Allowing the derisive use of these terms without challenge would I feel reflect on the collective calibre of the student-body. In short the use of these childish terms is an affront to intellect and to informed political sensibilities.

It was with a bemused eye that I passed over Guarna's long rant. I say bemused because how seriously can you take someone who accuses others of being "morons... [with] conspiracy theories" and then proceeds to rave on ad nauseum about a gay mafia at Adelaide Uni? I mean, get a fucking life. The characterisation of Pride as being dominated by power-obsessed gay boys is insulting to the women who make up the majority of the group and exposes some twisted, arrogant, personal slant that seems to inspire his comments more keenly than actual fact. I wonder if someone with his obvious intelligence would serve a full-page letter better by discussing issues rather than venting adolescent vitriol. We're a bit old for that now aren't we? And as for the accusation that Camporeale's inappropriateness was blamed on

her ambiguous sexual orientation, I would like to point out that it has always been my position that a candidate's qualification lies in their skills and awareness, not in their choice of sexual partner.

It is unfortunate that Guarna only came to my attention through this rather angry letter. Because I am sure that if he had actually taken the time to talk with me, we might have been able to clarify some of his glaring misunderstandings. But when I wonder what inspired his homophobic language and why he is so scathing, I am inclined to think that he was just in the mood for an old-fashioned bitch. Who cares if the facts are right? I encourage his interest in this position, but hope that, in the future, we can elevate the discussion of sexuality issues above the schoolboy vitriol which he has employed, to something which is meaningful, intelligent and informed.

Yours in limp-wristedness,
Daniel Marshall
 Ex-sexuality-officer-elect.

conspiracy Theories

I find it necessary to respond to Michael Guarna's letter in the last edition of *On Dit* (October 12, 1998). I did run for student elections (yes, on the 'United Students' ticket) and unfortunately lost, however this letter does not come with any kind of "sour grapes mentality" or any form of conspiracy theory michael mentions. I certainly have much better things to do with my time. I respond to Michael's statements regarding the female sexuality officer and her election.

Firstly, I seem to find little evidence of the gay mafia being

alive and kicking at Adelaide Uni, and I am sure that the "limp wristed faggots" (direct quote) do not begrudge Amanda Camporeale the position she rightfully won. The electorate spoke. However, what I am sure that many people find quite interesting is that Amanda Camporeale (and indeed the entire 'Students First' ticket) ran a campaign that was conspicuously absent of any kind of positive (or otherwise) policies regarding queer/gay/lesbian students on campus. It is for these reasons that many students find the election of Amanda Camporeale somewhat of a disappointment. Most students would agree that it is of little relevance whom Amanda's bedpal(s) are, but it is of importance, whether she be heterosexual or queer, that she actively support and encourage the role of such students in everyday campus life.

I would also raise the point that perhaps Michael should not be so flippant about the Catering losses, as they amount to considerable sums of students' money (ie: student union fees). Many students are similarly at a loss to explain why, in such exceptional circumstances, rent free, high prices, a large concentration of hungry students, etc, the Union Catering outlets continue to run at a loss (this year seeing a slight turnaround). While I do not seek to attack Rosslyn Cox, I would point out to all that information regarding Union Catering losses is available in the minutes of Union board meetings. and perhaps Michael should consult the minutes before flippantly disregarding the legitimate concerns of many members of the fee-paying student body.

Scott Carn
 3rd year design studies



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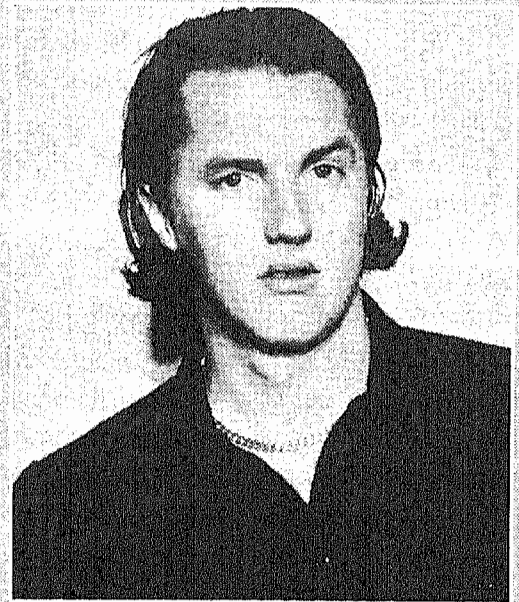
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awry

I think things have gone a little bit awry at uni - the elections have been voided and all sorts of allegations and hostile outbursts are floating around the place. Normally I wouldn't buy into debate that simply involves people slagging each other off in the letters section of *On Dit*.

Michael Guarna's letter last edition (12/10/98), however, has really, really, really pissed me off. Really, it has. Michael clearly has some problems; he has problems with due political process, limp wrists, the Mafia, faggots, queer activism, and the recognition of the achievements of women. There are three allegations made by Michael that led me to this conclusion:

1. "... the gay Mafia is alive and kicking at Adelaide Uni."

Probably the most bizarre post-election allegation I've heard. I just can't FUCKING believe he said that!!!! I very much doubt that there is any correlation between sexuality, ethnicity, AND organised crime. Furthermore, the term 'gay Mafia' suggests that not only are gay people in a position of power (something that most reasonable people would dispute - especially if you're the one being kicked out of a pub for kissing someone of the same sex or beaten to death and chained to a pole in America) but that gay people abuse their position of power in a sinister fashion. I see no evidence of this on campus or anywhere else.

2. "How dare you limp-wristed faggots dictate that [Amanda Camporeole] is not worthy [of being Sexuality Officer] because you think she is heterosexual

There are a couple of issues I have with this little gem. The word faggot refers to a bundle of sticks used for firewood - the bundle of sticks that was once used to burn gay men (and women) at the stake. Yes, gay people do often refer to them-

selves and each other as dykes or fags or poofs because it is a positive reclaiming of words of abuse. If gay people are to say "Yeah so, I'm a poof/dyke/fag, what are ya gonna do about it?" then the word loses its negative impact. This is, of course, largely a question of context.

Michael's comments here represent classic backlash politics and the tired old game of 'blame the victim'. Michael is concerned that the limp-wristed faggots didn't want Amanda to be Sexuality Officer because they think she is straight. The implications that can be drawn from this are: "her sexuality doesn't effect her capacity to do the job so if you say she can't do it cos' she's straight then that's reverse discrimination; those fuckin' queers want special treatment again; the limp wristed faggots don't like heterosexuals". This is yet another example of the successes of progressive movements being wound back. It's an example of progressive movements being labelled "political correctness gone mad". Political correctness is not about crypto-fascism - it's about respect, human dignity, fairness, and equality. Just remember what the High Court has to say about equality Michael (Hint: it doesn't mean treating everybody the same).

It's not Machiavellian political manoeuvring for Pride to keenly support election candidates that identify as queer. I mean, for fuck's sake, that's its purpose - to give queer people a voice!!!! This is not a complicated issue. It's not strange and outlandish for a group comprised of queers - who aim to support queers, put queer issues on the agenda, and address the under-representation of queers in the political sphere - to endorse candidates for political office who are themselves queer AND MEMBERS OF PRIDE. This is especially so when the constitutional role of the office in question is "to promote discussion and awareness of sexuality issues".

3. "I don't care who Amanda's bedpal might be, but the point is, it is a Sexuality Officer, it's not the exclusive domain of the few gay

boys who run Pride into the ground to control the positions."

Well I don't care who Amanda's bedpal might be either but how dare you allege that Pride is run into the ground to control positions. The truth of the matter is that there are people out there who think that they are a piece of shit just because they are attracted to or happen to love members of the same sex. It's estimated that about two thirds of youth suicides are related to sexuality and that 80-90% of suicides in the country are sexuality related. Many people on campus have found Pride to be a valuable support in coming to terms with their sexuality; having fun, being politically active, meeting people, and most importantly, having other queer people to talk to on campus. So please don't portray it as monstrous and evil and self-serving. It's just not true and it only serves to promote intolerance. I haven't seen you at one Pride meeting or event this year Michael so shut the fuck up when you can't possibly know what you are talking about.

You may not like some people in Pride on a personal level and that's your prerogative. You might think Pride is too political or too social or too cliquey or too organised or too disorganised, whatever, but if you're going to allege gross misconduct and manipulation that has absolutely no basis in fact then you clearly haven't read Theophanus closely enough. There are many people in Pride who work incredibly hard and put in a genuine effort to make it a success - they do it at great emotional and financial cost to themselves. They get their essays in late because they're organising a dance party; they miss out on seeing a cool band because they're at the Gay and Lesbian Counselling Service Quiz Night; they go to meetings week after week after week to make Pride a success; they get to bed late cos' they have to write letters saying that all of these things are actually good.

Many of the people in Pride, including myself, who do these things are women. In fact

women make an invaluable contribution to the running of Pride and I'm sure that the men involved would also find Michael's suggestion that it is run by "a few gay boys" incredibly odd. I find it extraordinary that in a passionate rant about the female Sexuality Officer position and its relationship with Pride, Michael did not mention women once. How strange. How patronising.

What I find most extraordinary about Michael's comments, however, is the fact that they were printed at all. This is no attack on the *On Dit* editors - they are cool. Apparently the decision to print Michael's letter was made by the SAUA President (as ultimate editor) and the election Returning Officers because it was considered election material. The legal adviser that Pride consulted said too that the letter should never have been printed. He also said that the "few gayboys who ran Pride" had decent grounds for a defamation action. But I think, Michael, they'd rather an apology. So would I.

Marian "I'm a law student too" Prickett.

As nice as it is of Marian to tell the world how cool we are, she is not entirely correct. While it is true that the letter was perused by several members of the SAUA, this was primarily motivated by a concern over publishing material connected with the voided elections (which was, after all, the main focus of Michael Guarna's letter). They and we were so pre-occupied by these concerns that the comments that have upset Marion and Daniel and Scott went unnoticed by all of us.

You can see the SAUA's official reaction to the publication of Michael Guarna's letter on the next page. Ours is that we screwed up, and we are really, very truly, sorry. We deeply regret any offense that was caused by the publication of this letter. Our policy regarding homophobic and other offensive material remains as firm as it always has been.

- Eds.

Apology

In reference to the 'Letter to the Editor' published in *On Dit* Vol. 66 No. 21, written by Mr. M. Guarna, the SAUA proffers the following statement;

Mr Guarna's letter was obviously considered to be within the guidelines of the *On Dit* editors self proclaimed criterion for the printing of letters (refer to the editorial of the aforementioned edition of *On Dit* for unprintable classifications).

The said letter, constitutes an opportunity to allow a student to express an opinion and give a personal insight into aspects of the recent student elections. The views expressed in the 'letters' page of *On Dit* do not reflect the opinion of the SAUA. If the letter caused distress or was deemed offensive, the SAUA apologises unreservedly.

please explain?

Pauline Hanson MP 1996-1998.

Pauline Hanson, the former Federal Member of parliament for Oxley, according to Aboriginal Elders, was a mumoo - that is a reborn devil! They see her as an evil person, spreading the word of racism and changing the face of Australia.

Pauline, from Queensland, had a career in small business before her election as an independent member of the House of Representatives in March 1996.

As a single mother with several children, she later claimed to be the 'Mother of the Nation' during the 1998 election campaign. When accused by one son of great neglect, she was seen to be contradicting herself - again! As a politician, Pauline became known for her simple solutions to the many complex issues of the day. She wanted to cut Aboriginal funding so that all Australians would be treated equally! She also wanted to end immigration, print more money, have a 2% flat tax rate and end gun control. Too many Australians believed in her ideas. Eleven members of her political party - The Pauline Hanson One Nation Party - were elected to the Queensland Parliament and more than one million voted for her in the recent Federal election. Although such a large number of people supported her party, we are fortunate that the mumoo has been exorcised in October 1998. Pauline Hanson will not be in Federal parliament during the next three years.

Hopefully One Nation's fate will help all Australians reject racism.

Wilto Yerlo Humanities / Social Sciences Foundation Course Students

VOLGARity

Dear *On Dit*,

I'd like to start this letter with an apology. I'm sorry everyone for not expressing my thoughts with the utmost of clarity and sorry for assuming that everyone knows how copyright works. So. Copyright protects the rights of an artist (eg poet, composer) by forbidding all publication of their work other than that which they agree to. In Australia and the USA, it lasts for fifty years after the death of the artist (or the last artist to die, in case of a collaboration), so Nirvana songs (for example) are not in the public domain yet. Any court case to decide OLGA's legality would be among the world's shortest cases and OLGA wouldn't have a snowflake's chance in hell. So should OLGA waste money on a court case destined to fail? Well, personally I wouldn't if I was in their position. Next. I used myself as an example because I thought people would more easily relate to me, a fellow struggling uni student, than they would to a millionaire rock star like Phil Collins or whoever. The point, though, remains the same. OLGA denied people a chance to make money out of their profession. In doing this, it also violated the law. Is Tim Kentish suggesting that people should not stopped from breaking the law, merely because he gains from that? If someone stole a Mars bar from a shop and gave it to him, would he suggest that the person should be able to do it again so that he can get more free Mars bars?

Big companies often place undue influence on legal processes, and this is a bad thing, I couldn't agree more. However, OLGA and the like are effectively taking away income from these big companies, and this is in-

come to which the big companies have an exclusive right. I'm sure that even dan adey would agree with the above. I agree that music can an expensive hobby, but the same can be said for skiing, surfing, and owning a computer. Perhaps computer owners who used OLGA could sell their computers and use the money to buy sheet music. Perhaps someone could set up a similar site, with sponsorship, and the money from the sponsors could be distributed accordingly to its correct owners. Just an idea.

Yours Sincerely,

Aleksander Pusz

(P.S. I would never dare to rank one art form above another, but to make money out of music "sadly deluded"? Gosh, what was that plastic folding stuff that was handed to me?)

m-i-c,
k-e-y...

Dear Editors,

Regarding our Mickey Mouse democracy - the mouseketeers have been busy, getting signatures for their petition, seeking a referendum to pass an idea into history.

The idea: if you spoil the cheese you shouldn't only choke, you should pay the price. Accountability.

My simplistic sewer rat thoughts are these:

1) A secret ballot is a secret ballot. Pass their referendum and you declare this tautology false. Silly but true.

2) A crook 'election' should be held again. How else can you determine that the bad fish didn't

slip through the net?

3) Would you let the deviate look after playschool till the teacher arrives? Void is void and there's no "otherwise" about it. We're all mere students till elected to our pedastools.

4) Lets get Suharto over here and have a real repotistic regime. Then again, why not vote down the voters and appoint ourselves?

5) Al-as-if was a famous assassin. The "As-if" elected SAUA council will be similar. Just substitute 'Democracy' for "the sultan" and you'll get the picture. "Sultans of Squirm."

6) If we can't be bothered to take note of the above then perhaps we'll get the representation we deserve?

7) How many died for democratic freedoms in the third world today?

You know, mushrooms have it so much easier.

Yours sincerely,

A. Ropable Rodent

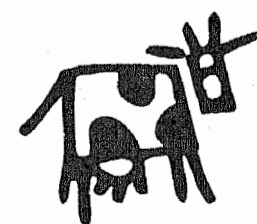
PS. Vote "No" on the Mouseketeer Referendum.

W-O-R-M

Dear Editors,

Contrary to rat fink:
I do not squirm,
I am a worm!

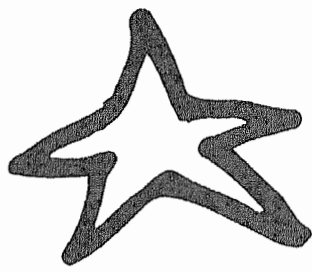
The Sultan



37% of cows enjoy a good squirm now and again. 0% of cows enjoy worms, ever.

oh, a free ad? certainly, madam.

we're sic (sic) of you! (we're not really, we love you)



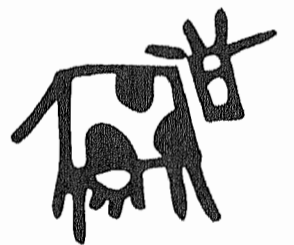
yes it is a travel edition. crazy people are always on the ball.

sense of fellowship amongst the editors of student papers everywhere. Newcastle was really good too, and everyone was really friendly. I didn't get to meet Daniel Johns, but oh well. Travel is even more fun when you do it with really nice people who rock, so I'd like to publicly say a special thank you to Susie & Chris for making my trip even more fantastic, and just for being great people.

You guys rock. Crazy Dean Empire Times

Dear 'Crazy',

You certainly are crazy. We have never met you in our lives. We are sure, however, that if we had met you and had in fact gone to Newcastle with you, you would have proved a very nice (if crazy) person and enhanced the experience enormously yourself. Since we haven't met you, though, we are going to have to seek a restraining order and request that you cease your harassing letter-writing activities. - Susie & Chris



100% of cows say "Moo". If only we could get them all to say it at the same time. That would be really cool.

Shortly students will choose subjects for 1999.

Do consider Labour Studies. The lecturers are dedicated, approachable and supportive.

A relevant subject to understanding Australians and our multicultural stance is to enrol in Work, Race & Culture in first semester. To appreciate the recent effects and influences following Peter Reith and Chris Corrigan's debate and the elections of recent days is to take on Labour, Culture & the Media in second semester.

Paul Keating's statement about "THE BANANA REPUBLIC" - it's good to learn from the lecturer who wrote the book!

Second semester we can study Political Economy of Globalisation. This is where we are headed in Australia. We need to be informed of the reality of it.

Diana E. Clark Student Rep. Labour Studies



re: IN DIT (sic)

This paper is printed and paid for out of student fees.

The Department of Social Inquiry incorporating Labour Studies and Women's Studies is now located in Pulteney Street.

We have many students who are in the workforce and come in for lectures in the evening. Possibly they do not cross North Terrace to the main campus.

Could you please recognise this fact and ensure the fabulous paper which you take so much time and effort to produce be presented ACROSS THE ROAD so that we can read your editing.

In all sincerity

Diana E. Clark Student Rep. Labour Studies

You make a fair point. We do try to get On Dit out to as many of the student population as possible. This doesn't always work. But across North Terrace doesn't sound too hard. We'll put our heads together and try to resolve it.- Eds.

Dear On Dit,

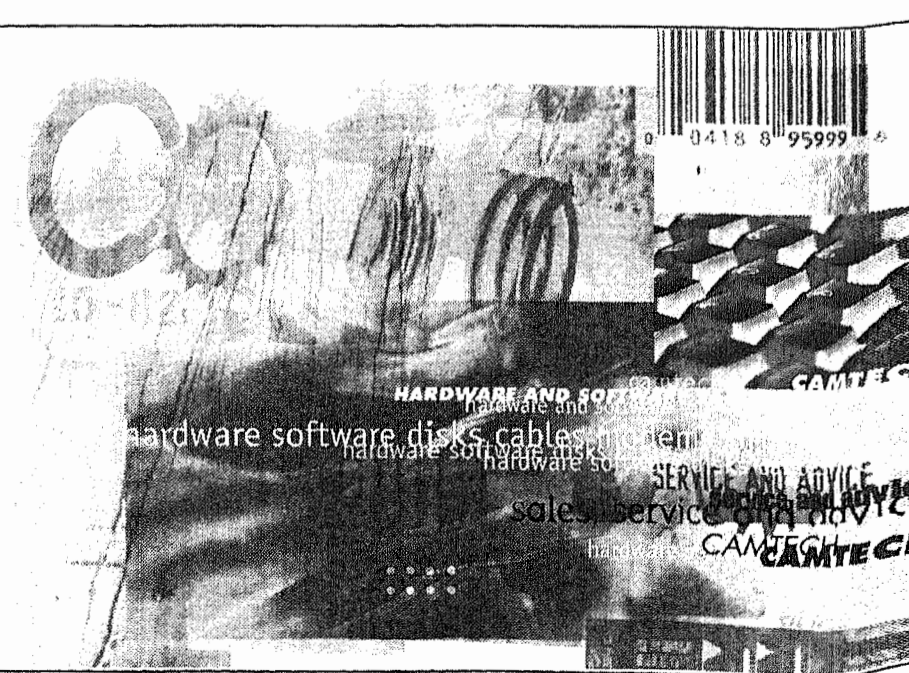
A Travel edition? Cool! Let me tell you about a trip I took recently to Newcastle with some really cool people called Susie and Chris. It was for the National Student Media Conference and I had to room with Chris and Susie in the "West End Guest House - The Wattle Room". Many pertinent issues were discussed at the conference, and we formed a national student media alliance thingy. Every night we went to the pub and got drunk and 'networked' and truly created a

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Phil's an expert homosexual spotter

Dear Editor,
(or should I say "What up G.?)

On Monday night, I fulfilled my childhood dream and saw Public Enemy play a very disappointing show at Adelaide's Thebarton Theatre. It wasn't so much them, it was the 600 or so Australian small-city hip-gangster-wannabes there. God. The one night when they could strap on their biggest whitest ugliest pair of Nikes, loosen their belts and drop their superbig pants/neverending shorts/ Adidas pants a few inches, wear their tailored caps of baseball teams they've never seen play/ Kangol berets/ binis (sic), pull the hoods of their big Starter/ Hillfiger jackets over their long and sticky/ dreadlocked/ shaved heads of hair, wear grun expressions, roll their shoulders as they walked, bop their heads (Australians do not do this unless it's to be show that they can truly dig Black American music), "put their hands in the air and wave them all around like they just didn't care", do homeboy handshakes, call each other motherfuckers and G.'s (ie gangsters) (which sounds stupid and meaningless in our accent and context), and shake their white "booties" at a concert where the performers were talking about black oppression. There were perhaps 50 girls at the show and no homosexuals.

And although Flavor Flav preached about bringing all the world's people together under the eyes of God, a group of speeders ran rampant through the crowd, and there was a feeling of blind macho pride rather

than that of acceptance and love. The performers knew we were beyond understanding; that we were somehow beyond the want or acceptance of it. Why did they even bother?

Anyway, I didn't start walking like a homeboy, and I didn't hand-shake my mum when I got home, but I was a bit depressed that 600 white Australian wannabe-American men stood up for what they thought was gangster violence, strutted and looked for a fight to keep their small-city adrenalin running, whilst being told to rebel against the system that is oppressing them and encouraging them to behave in this very fashion. "What's ironic mean?" Fuck Australians are mindless.

Phil Tait
3rd Year Arts

Yo Phil (or should I just 'shout this out to the masses'?),

I too went to the Public Enemy gig last Monday (with a female friend too, I might add - does that mean there were only 48 other females there?), so I find it interesting that we were both there and yet had such differing opinions on the experience. I quite enjoyed Public Enemy's performance; yes I did put my hands in the air at times and I bopped my head in time to the music too (incidentally I wore fitted jeans and a bright yellow t-shirt and my hair was tied back with a ribbon); much the same behaviour as was exhibited by the other 600 odd members of the audience. Particular highlights of the show included the Pauline Hanson Westcoast-Northside-Southside" banter, and the many, many well known PE tunes that were played to a largely appreciative crowd.

I must admit my presence at this gig was focussed on the stage. I didn't spend any time counting how many other females/non-'whites'/minority groups there were there, and I

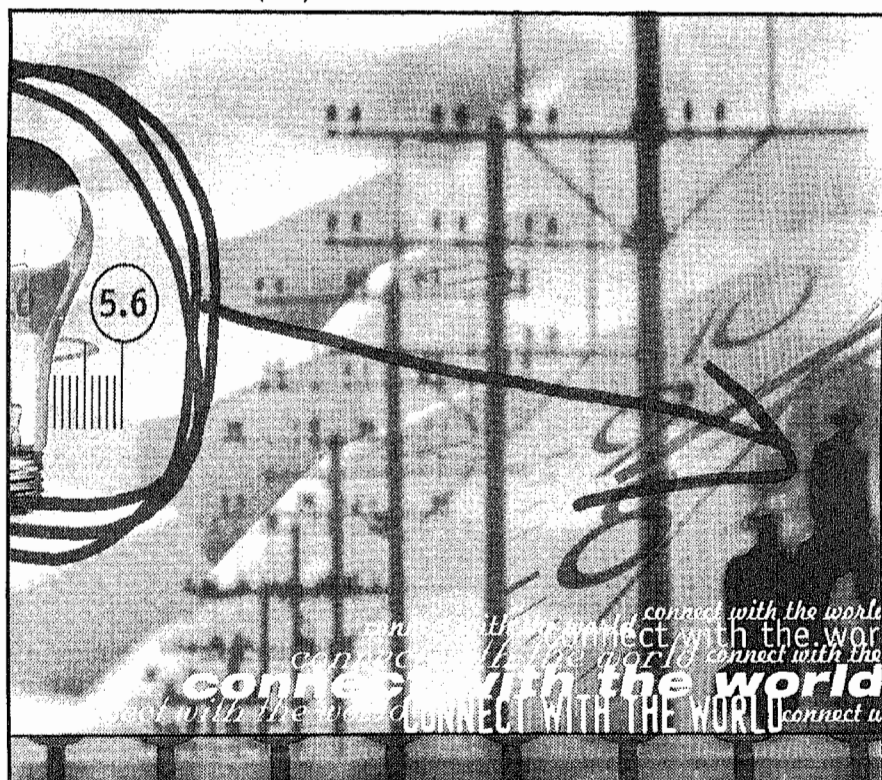
certainly did not spend any time trying to play 'spot the homosexual fan' game - exactly what does a homosexual homeboy look like? It is ironic Phil (yes, this is what irony means), that you spent most of your letter 'dissing' stereotypes and then go on to spout a real pearler.

And while on the topic of stereotypes, have you noticed before that subcultures in general do happen to wear similar clothing, talk a similar talk and walk a similar walk? This is just how it happens - not acknowledging this is like going along to a Slayer concert and wondering why more people aren't dressed in Country Road jumpers and RM Williams. More to the point, it's not something unique to hip-hop as a genre. I'm sorry Phil, that you did not seem to enjoy a concert that you were obviously looking forward to, however, I do think that perhaps you may have let a sweeping generalisation wash over the finer points of the show. - Susie (Ed).

Zane keeps promising to write something funny one day

little-known facts about the uni of adeliade (kinda) number twelve: looking from North Terrace, the lettering on the RAH helipad spells out "YES ALP" if you read it down. (didn't work though!)

Zane ... 1999 void environment officer.



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Dispatches



Waiting and Watching

With NATO strikes against Serbia having been averted for now, the world now watches and waits to see whether Serbia will comply with the terms and conditions dictated by long-time Balkans trouble-shooter, Richard Holbrooke. Yugoslav President, Slobodan Milosevic, has agreed to oversee the withdrawal of military and para-military forces from the renegade province of Kosovo, and to allow humanitarian aid to be distributed to the estimated 300000 refugees. Milosevic also agreed to accommodate 2500 unarmed "verifiers" under the auspices of the Organisation for Security and Cooperation in Europe to report on the withdrawal. However, many Albanian Kosovars remain greatly distrustful of the political manoeuvring which has afforded President Milosevic such breathing space. The coordinator of the US-based Balkan Action Council, remarked: "This is a very bad agreement. It gives Mr Milosevic a get-out-of-jail-free card". The refugees themselves point to the charred remains of their homes, and complain that "until the NATO planes fly here, Milosevic will say whatever people want to hear. One hundred times he has lied." Unfortunately, the Kosovars have history to back them up. The agreement struck between NATO and Yugoslavia bears an eerie resemblance to events in Bosnia-Herzegovina five years ago. Too many observers, the damage has already been done, that military intervention has been threatened far too late - that Milosevic has gained so much that he can afford to lose a little of the fat. And it is equally likely that, having decided to belatedly step in, the West will find that its continued presence is needed to maintain any semblance of peace within Kosovo. The experience of the Bosnia partitioned between Croats, Serbs and Muslims is an ugly precedent.

If the Straight Jacket Fits

A Spanish judge investigating human rights abuses in Chile and Argentina has asked Britain to detain the former Chilean dictator, General Augusto

Pinochet, who is in London for medical treatment. The judge, Baltasar Garzon, wants to question Pinochet about allegations of genocide and international terrorism in Chile and Argentina (and also Uruguay) during the 1970s and 1980s as part of "Operation Condor" in which South America's military dictatorships launched a coordinated crackdown on left-wing political activists. Hundreds of Spanish citizens living in the region disappeared. Another Spanish judge, Manuel Garcia Castellon, also wants to question Pinochet. Since 1996, Castellon has been investigating the murders, tortures and disappearances of thousands of civilians during Chile's 17-year military dictatorship.

Love Me, Love Me Not

Recently, both India and Pakistan expressed a willingness to become signatories to the Comprehensive Nuclear Test Ban Treaty. However, the likelihood of this actually happening in the foreseeable future is fading somewhat. Both countries are presided over by brittle governments with many an internal battle. Thus, serious domestic disputes make a commitment to the Treaty a serious hurdle. Add to this the continual sabre rattling over the disputed territory of Kashmir - a predominantly Muslim region within the predominantly Hindu India aching for integration into predominantly Muslim Pakistan - and things could get a little heated, even fiery. Last week, the temperature rose once more with India and Pakistan trading gunfire across the Kashmir border. Pakistan is concerned about India's plans to conduct two weeks of intense military training along the border.

Money Money Money

While the politicians haggle and pontificate about the future of the GST, Australia's richest man, Kerry Packer, scored a big victory last week in his long-running dispute with the tax office. In the seven year old dispute, the ATO was originally seeking payment of more than \$1 billion by the Packer group of companies and \$40 million from Mr Packer personally for evaded taxes. As the legal imbroglio



dragged on the tax bill for Mr Packer was reduced from \$39,999,969.45 to just \$30.55. But Mr Packer refused to concede that he was liable for even that. Last week the courts agreed with him, declaring that Mr Packer owed nothing and that his company owed only \$25,000. Mr Packer has an estimated worth of \$5 billion, but he can get away with paying little tax by virtue of the veritable Fort Knox inherited from his father, Frank. An elaborate structure of overseas based (eg, in the Bahamas) holding companies and expert tax advisers who formerly worked for the ATO ensure that Mr Packer pays no more than absolutely necessary. As he famously said before a Senate committee in 1991: "Anyone in this country who does not minimise his tax needs his head read".

Rats in the Ranks

Hands up all those who used the old "dog ate my homework" excuse? How many used it successfully? I never did. The kids of Uganda have a new excuse in light of recent events. Students who fail to get into university for next year can blame the rats which decided that that the computer cables at the National Examination Board were quite tasty. The computer system crashed, taking school records and results along with it. Similar rodent problems have plagued the law courts, resulting in the loss of computerised evidence, and the phone system, which was severed

earlier this year in western Uganda and parts of neighbouring Rwanda. Time to call in the Pied Piper.

Hey, look! A Big Red Button!

For all of you who think that Stanley Kubrick's film *Dr Strangelove* was a visionary film, we now have further proof. Following the collapse of Soviet Communism it was revealed that the government indeed took the concept of a Domsday Machine very seriously. Now, Russian news agencies have reported that over the previous two years the Russian military has been forced to dismiss more than twenty soldiers with access to nuclear weaponry on account of their psychological problems, including psychopathy and schizophrenia.

Georgie Hambrook

Sources: *International Herald Tribune, Washington Post, Boston Globe, The Age, Associated Press, Reuters, Nando Times' "Something Else"*.

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*Gamsat '99 is the
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Viewing America from afar can often lead to disgust on the one hand - just ask any developing country - and non-stop laughter on the other - H.L. Mencken, an American himself, appreciated this most.

With the push of a few buttons on the internet, one can enter the sordid tale of the President of the United States' affair with an intern - the Starr Report. The report tells in quite graphic detail of Bill Clinton's bathroom escapades and his use of cigars in ways for which they were ill-designed. So impressed was the chief of *Hustler* magazine by Kenneth Starr's use of pornographic material that he offered him a job - rumour has it that Starr is keen to take it. More seriously, the extraordinary aspect of the whole episode is the level of support given to the President by the American people. For a nation built supposedly on moral foundations as a new Jerusalem and a beacon of hope for humankind, the gulf between principles and practicalities has been great. While professing high ideals and lecturing other nations on their lack of them, the majority of Americans have favoured the state of their healthy economy - for now, anyway - over the morally decrepit activities of their President.

The gap between idealism and pragmatism has always been a thorn in America's side. After all, here is a nation built upon the near extermination of one race - the Indians - and the enslavement of another - the Negroes. These barbaric acts are often justified by Americans as being necessitated by progress and the superiority of their values (white values?) over those of "uncivilised" peoples.

The fight for a better world, or at least one more like the United States, has not stopped at its own borders. Its imperialistic forays clothed under the banner of freedom and equality began in the Philippines in 1898 (some would suggest much earlier) and have continued to this day - evidence Clinton's recent visit to Africa.

For the United States, the Cold War was a victory of good over evil and freedom over dictatorship - after all, communists were everywhere and needed to be defeated at all costs. The assassination of dictators, the near obliteration of the economy in Cuba and the propping up of corrupt regimes everywhere, including Vietnam, were just part of the price for liberty to be upheld and for tyranny to be put away for good - special thanks here must go to Presidents Truman, Johnson, Nixon and Reagan. Put simply, America is often slow to admit that *it* falls short of the standards and ideals it professes and preaches to others. This is why Amnesty International's recent release of a report on the United States - entitled *Rights For All* - highlighting its violations concerning individual and human rights is a breathe of fresh air. Gone is any notion of the American Dream and the ideological babble and platitudes that accompany it. Here is the United States in the flesh. And it isn't a pretty sight. The report portrays an America riddled with social problems. Poverty flourishes, - 9% of the nation's children live in extreme poverty - alcohol and drug abuse is rife, the proliferation of guns is widespread, - more than 200 million handguns, rifles, shotguns and high-powered weapons are in circulation - and discrimination against blacks, Latinos, women, homosexuals, lesbians and bisexuals makes a mockery of any civil and human rights that exist. The report persuasively argues

Life, LIBERTY, and the Pursuit of Oppression

that oppression *within* the United States has never been greater. Police brutality is all too pervasive, with innumerable cases of injury and death being caused by overzealous force and intentional brutality. Overcrowded and understaffed prisons - there are 1.7 million people in jails and prisons - are a major problem. Over 50 per cent of prisoners are black and over 60% are from racial or ethnic minorities. Physical and sexual violence in America's prisons is at an all-time high. The holding of many children in the general populations of *adult* prisons is all too common. The detention of asylum-seekers often results in criminal-like treatment.

In the land where life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness supposedly prospers, America is also only one of seven countries in the world where the death penalty still exists - it is in the charming company of Iran and Nigeria among others.

Over 300 people have been executed since 1990, 30 of whom were mentally retarded. More than 3000 people are currently on death row in the United States.

While Amnesty International does not mention it, the recent execution of a Texas woman symbolises America's disregard for individual and civil rights. The case gained world wide attention because Governor Bush, George Bush's son, nearly waived the penalty. There was never any discussion of the cruelty of the punishment, its blood-thirsty quest for revenge, of the fact that the poor and blacks are its prime recipients, that serious crime is not deterred, that the State and its people become collective murderers or that the costs are often greater than a life-long prison sentence. No: America only felt a twinge of guilt at the thought of executing a person who reflected itself - she was a white woman and recent Christian convert.

The truth is that America has ceased being a society in the true sense of the word, one where principles are matched by actions and people are treated as more than just economic units or statistics. Perhaps, more than anything else, Bill Clinton's latest problems do not represent how much he has strayed from his wife as much as how far America has ignored its own problems and the principles it holds so dear.

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sophie allouache - president - sallouache@auu.adelaide.edu.au**REFERENDUM**

There will be a referendum held next week to amend the constitution to deal with the situation that has arisen out of the Annual Elections this year. Please refer to the article in this edition of On Dit for a more detailed account of the motions that will be put to referendum and the arguments for and against.

REVIEW OF NON-COLLEGIATE HOUSING AND FINANCIAL**SERVICES**

The University is currently conducting a Review of Non-Collegiate Housing and student financial services. As part of the Review they want to get as much information as possible from students who have been interested in obtaining a loan from the University. If you would be interested in giving some feedback as to your experiences in this area please come in and see me in the

SAUA Office, give me a call on 8303 5406, or you can email me at: sallouache@auu.adelaide.edu.au.

COUNTER CALENDAR

The Counter Calendar will be being released next week. This publication is there to help you in your decisions for enrolment for next year. The Counter Calendar contains student responses from a wide range of subjects. It will be launched the lawns next week so come out and grab a copy.

sky mykyta - education vice president - skym@smug.adelaide.edu.au**COUNTER CALENDAR '99 IS COMING!!**

The spunky CC Editors have been busily working away on the '99 Counter Calendar (alternative course guide for students) since May and the final product is nearly here!! The big launch will be on Wednesday October 28 from 12 - 2 pm on the Barr Smith Lawns with BEER, BBQ and a band (being confirmed) and of course, copies of

the Counter Calendar for everyone! Big kisses and hugs and thankyou's to Bonnie "sponsorship queen" Yates, Pete Charles, Anita Surewicz and especially to our resident layout whiz and deadset legend, Fiona.

STUDENT REPS STANDING COMMITTEE MEETING

This Tuesday, October 20 @ 1:00pm in the North Dining Room, Union Building Level 4.

EXAMS, ESSAYS, ASSIGNMENTS

Don't forget, if you have any problems sort them out early!! See the Union's Education/Welfare Officers (Ph 83035401) or drop into the SAUA. And good luck! Enjoy "Why Weight?" Week on the Lawns this week - congrats to Eileen for doin' it alone (we've got no Standing Committees at the moment!) Seeya, Sky :)

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

Thank you to everyone who came out last week for the lost property sale. I am happy to say that the Lost Property Sale was successful, not only with the bargains everyone found, but also with the amount that was raised for charity. Over \$500 was raised, which is a fantastic amount. Even if you

didn't find something that suited you, I hope you enjoyed the BBQ and drinks provided. A special thanks needs to go to all the helpers who, came out and helped by lifting boxes, pouring drinks, selling goodies and everything and anything else that they did.

NEXT ACTIVITY

Despite there being only 4 weeks

until swot vac, like you didn't know that already, there will be another final activity available for you to enjoy and let off some stress and enjoy before the drudgery of exams start.

Happy studying and get out there and try to enjoy some of the sunshine.

Cheers, Alida

eileen fisher - womens' officer - sauawo@smug.adelaide.edu.au**WHY WEIGHT WEEK**

This week the SAUA Women's Department will be holding Why Weight Week which is the annual Body Image and Eating Disorders Awareness Week. The focus of the week will be to highlight the problems and effects of body image as portrayed in society and in the mainstream media, upon women. Events for the week include:
Mon 19th: 1pm "Managing Exam Stress" seminar, brought to you by the Counselling Centre.
Wed 21st: 1pm BBQ lunch on the

Barr Smith Lawns and music for your entertainment brought to you by Student Radio. "Body Image and the Media" seminar at 2:30pm in the Margaret Murray Room, level 5, Union Building.

Thurs 22nd: 1pm Band and chicken shaslick lunch in the Cloisters followed by a Chocolate Cake Eating Competition at 1:30pm.

Plus all week there will be information available about body image and eating disorders.

If you would like more information

about any of these events please contact me on 8303 5406 or come in and see me in the SAUA.

STRESSED?

The University of Adelaide Counselling Centre will be presenting a seminar on managing exam stress on Monday the 19th of October from 1:10 - 2:00pm. The seminar will be presented by Sue Barnard at the Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building. Bookings can be made on 8303 5663 or by calling in to the Counselling Centre.

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

Well, we are getting closer and closer to the end of the year and I know everyone is busy thinking about studying and how close the exams are. There are just a few things you should keep in mind at this very stressful time:-

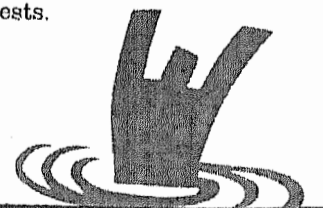
- When you are writing your exam revision notes - use both sides of the paper or use paper that has already been used on one side.
- I know the last thing on your mind is cooking - but don't resort to Macdonald's if you can help it, you'll be better off in the long run.
- When studying everyone needs

chocolate - but keep in mind that cadbury's is better than nestle's and if not milka's a great one too.

- This is also a time when everyone is in the Library photocopying those past exam papers - because you can't do double sided photocopying remember you can use the other side later and then recycle the paper, there are plenty of places at Uni where you can do that.

- All else fails - don't be afraid to ask, I'm always here to help.
- I was given this tip from a high school teacher - if you want to learn your exam revision notes

really well stick them up on the toilet door - but make sure you are not using Kleenex toilet tissues - the company cuts down our native forests.

**NEED HELP?****VISIT OUR WEBSITE:**

<http://www.adelaide.edu.au/AUU/services/saua/index.htm>

Have Gun, Will Travel

PLACES YOU WON'T FIND GEORGIE HAMBROOK ON HOLIDAY

The summer holidays are rapidly approaching. They lie over the horizon, just beyond the minefield of last minute essays, swotvac and exams. Some people will content themselves with a shack on the beach, or a winery tour of the Barossa, or go interstate to surf in WA or sunbake in Queensland. Others will look further afield and travel overseas to take advantage of the cheap prices in Indonesia or Thailand, or pursue that long cherished dream of a cruise on the Mediterranean, a safari in Africa, or getting down and dirty in LA, New York or Memphis. Then there are those of us who won't leave the city limits, but will while away our summer daze thinking of where we might go next year. However, there are some people in the world who love nothing more than the scent of trouble and thrill seeking of the most primeaval kind. If this sounds like you, then you might find the ensuing article to your liking. Here is a (non-exhaustive) list of the world's most dangerous places, some well known, some less so.

Afghanistan

Apparently, everywhere in Afghanistan is dangerous. The *de facto* Taliban government doesn't view tourism with great fondness and is apt to confiscate your camera with all the charm of shit on your shoes: "I will fuck you and then I will kill you". And if the Taliban don't deposit shit on your shoes, or revel in the public severing of various limbs should you be found guilty of theft, adultery, sacrilege or murder, then your shoes are liable to be removed along with the rest of your leg as you step on one of the millions of land-mines thoughtfully deposited by the Russians during their ten year holiday in Afghanistan. Entering or leaving Afghanistan via one of the borders with Pakistan, Iran, Uzbekistan, or Tajikistan can also be a death-defying challenge, or at the very least leave

you short-changed. And, as a word of pre-travel advice, leave your drug paraphernalia at home. Despite the Taliban's anti-drug stance (along with anti-everything-else), Afghanistan remains one of the world's pre-eminent drug trafficking nations. It trails only South East Asia's Golden Triangle in heroin and opium production, and stands alone as the premier hashish exporter. It is not uncommon for armed convoys to accompany the transport of the drugs across the border. Political disputes cross the borders, too - Russia is wont to bomb suspected bases of Tajik rebels within Afghanistan, while recently Iran has threatened war due to the (often violent) distrust between Iran's Shiite Muslims and the Taliban, which is run by Sunni Muslims.

Algeria

Algeria seems to have been perpetually at war - either against the old colonial power of France or against itself. Currently, the Algerian government is battling the insurgents of the GIA (Armed Islamic Group) which was mighty pissed off by the voiding of the 1992 election results which the GIA won. Since then, more than 13,000 people, citizens alike, have been killed. Both the government and the GIA are believed to be equally guilty on this score. The Zababar Forest, Blida mountain ranges and the Jijel region are frequently napalmed by government forces, while the terrorists of the North and the bandits in the South are likely to strike whenever they feel like it. Trust no-one.

Colombia

This South American nation has a number of feathers in its cap - crime capital of the world, incorporating excellence in murder and kidnapping, and kings of cocaine springs immediately to mind. It also has a history of guerilla warfare and revolution. Every hour someone is killed in Bo-

gota, Colombia's capital city. According to the Colombian Health Department, violence is the leading cause of death for people older than 10 years. Travellers with criminal records are advised to stay away - 75% of the 26,642 murder victims in 1996 were classified as "common criminals". But, before you get too gung-ho - more than half of the people killed in Colombia since 1990 have been classified as "innocent bystanders".

Cueta & Melilla

Never heard of it? Neither had I. Apparently, these are two miniscule Spanish enclaves off the north coast of Africa waging an anti-colonial war which no-one seems to want to take seriously. The dispute dates back to the 16th century when Morocco was granted independence from Spain but Spain chose to retain these two islands. Morocco has contested Spain's acquisition of the islands (diplomatically of course) but was finally bought off in 1974 when Spain handed over Western Sahara (but that's another story). Since then it has taken another 20 years for the freedom fighters to get organised. The 'August 21' group (don't ask, don't know) is the result, but it seems ill-equipped to actually kill anyone. Two non-fatal car bombs is the best they have been able to offer in the past, and generally they restrict themselves to sending threatening faxes to anyone who'll listen (or not). Thus the thrill-seeking tourist is advised to taunt the locals for all it's worth in the expectation that a pop-gun will have to go off somewhere. Failing that, you could always resort to a game of "spot the terrorist" in the same way that people travel to Scotland to spot the Loch Ness Monster or to the Himalayas to spot a Yeti.

Equatorial Guinea

This is my kind of place. Coups are played out about as regularly as football matches in

this tiny African outpost. The nation's most notorious despot, Macias Nguema, is noteworthy for killing 50,000 of his enemies and compelling 100,000 others to flee (out of a population of just over 300,000) during his reign of terror between 1969-1979 (at which point he was king-hit by his nephew). Nguema the Younger has been in power since, but a rather hopeful bunch of 30 toppled him for a day in 1986. Thus, I figure that if I can get a busload of friends together, or failing that, hijack a busload of Club Medders from nearby Togo (and put them to good use for once) then maybe I could emerge with my very own nation to plunder over the weekend. I've always fancied myself as a despot. How about you?

United States

In this land of the free, and home of the brave, the most dangerous places are often mistaken as the most benign. Think of your hamburger joints, schools, churches and doctors' clinics, something about judging books by their covers. Think about the average American watching several million murders on TV during their lifetimes, murders played out backstage on the *Jerry Springer Show*, the Branch Dividians and other assorted Freemen militia groups, the Unabomber and Timothy McVeigh. Then think about a crime committed every two seconds; a burglary every 12 seconds; a violent crime every 17 seconds; a rape every 5 minutes; a murder every 29 minutes; news, sport and weather every half-hour on cable TV, or more frequently if you wish. Enough said.

Georgie Hambrook

Invaluable and very enjoyable source: *Fielding's World's Most Dangerous Places*, 1998.

NOTICE OF A STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE AND ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION REFERENDUM OCTOBER 27-29, 1998

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS FOR RETURNING OFFICER:

Applications are now open for the position of Returning Officer for the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide Constitutional Referendum.

The successful applicant will be responsible for the conduct of all aspects of the referendum.

Applications open Monday October 19th and close Tuesday October 20th at 4pm sharp.

Applications should be submitted in duplicate to the SAUA Office.

Further information can be obtained from the SAUA, George Murray Building,
Telephone 8303 5406, or by speaking to Sophie Allouache, Students' Association President at the SAUA Office.

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION CONSTITUTIONAL REFERENDA:

MOTIONS:

To amend the Adelaide University Union Constitution as follows:

1. To include in clause 3 of the Constitution the following definition: "secret ballot" in this Constitution and any rule or regulation made hereunder means a ballot conducted by a Returning Officer in which there is no reasonable opportunity for any person, other than the Returning Officer or an assistant Returning Officer in the course of their duties in protecting the integrity of the election, to link a voter with a validly cast vote. A ballot is deemed to be a secret ballot if the Returning Officer takes all reasonable steps to ensure that no person other than him or herself and any assistant Returning Officer has access to validly cast votes and the electors roll prior to the close of the poll such as would enable that person to link a voter with a validly cast vote.

2. To insert immediately after clause 28 of the Constitution the following clause:

28A. Where any election for ordinary members of the Board conducted pursuant to clause 7(1)(a) hereof is declared void, either pursuant to this Constitution or the Rules for the Conduct of Elections for Ordinary Members of the Board made thereunder (the rules) the following provisions shall apply:

1. A new election shall be held on academic days determined by the Secretary provided that there shall be not less than 15 clear academic days from the day on which the Secretary gives notice advertising the elections and calling for nominations and the close of polling. The secretary shall act as Returning Officer for the elections held pursuant to this clause and the election shall be conducted, except insofar as the setting of dates for nominations, close of nominations and commencement and close of polling (which dates shall be set by the secretary) in accordance with the rules. If a new election cannot be held in the same academic year as the elections which have been declared void were held then no new election shall be held prior to the holding of the next annual elections due pursuant to clause 7(1)(a) hereof.

2. Pending any new election and the subsequent appointment of ordinary members to the Board thereafter the entire management and superintendence of the affairs of the Union shall be conducted by those members who, but for the fact that the election was declared void, would have been elected to the Board and shall for that purpose exercise all rights and powers as if they constituted the duly elected membership of ordinary members of the Board.

3. Notwithstanding the provisions of sub-clause 2 hereof where the Election Tribunal declares an election void pursuant to the direction of the Election Arbiter, and the Election Arbiter has determined that the complaint or complaints which have been

found proved and which give rise to the direction to the Election Tribunal to declare the election void, are such that the result of the election has been materially affected thereby, and the Election Arbiter shall not so determine unless satisfied on the balance of probabilities of that fact, the onus of proof of which shall lie with the complainant or complainants, then pending a new election and the subsequent appointment of ordinary members to the Board thereafter the entire management and superintendence of the affairs of the Union shall be conducted by the Chief Executive Officer, the President of the Union holding office immediately prior to the election which has been declared void and three other ordinary student members, which members shall be appointed by the members of the Board of the Union holding office immediately prior to the election which has been declared void. The Chief Executive Officer, the President and the three members so appointed shall exercise all rights and powers as if they constituted the duly elected membership of ordinary members of the Board, save that a quorum of members so acting shall be two.

4. Any member vested with the management and superintendence of the affairs of the Union pursuant to sub-clause 2 or 3 hereof shall retire and relinquish that office forthwith upon the election of ordinary members of the Board following a new election held pursuant to sub-clause 1 hereof.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION CONSTITUTIONAL REFERENDA:

MOTIONS:

To amend the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide Constitution as follows:

1. To insert in clause 2 the following definition of "Secret Ballot"

"Secret Ballot" in this Constitution and any rule or regulation made hereunder means a ballot conducted by a Returning Officer in which there is no reasonable opportunity for any person, other than the Returning Officer or an assistant Returning Officer in the course of their duties in protecting the integrity of the election, to link a voter with a validly cast vote. A ballot is deemed to be a secret ballot if the Returning Officer takes all reasonable steps to ensure that no person other than him or herself and any assistant Returning Officer has access to validly cast votes and the electors roll prior to the close of the poll such as would enable that person to link a voter with a validly cast vote.

2. To delete clause 70.5 of the Constitution:

70.5 In any case if the SAET declares the election void a new election shall be held, conducted by the Chief Executive Officer of the Union as Returning Officer, over dates determined by him/her during academic lecture time. If the new election cannot be held before september fourteenth the President shall perform those functions that would normally be performed by the holders of the vacant positions as are necessary for the proper functioning of the Association until the declaration of the poll of the new Elections. Persons elected at the new Elections shall hold office as if they were elected at the Annual Elections that were declared void. and to substitute therefore the following clause:

70.5 Where any election of the Association's Officers, Council and Standing Committees conducted pursuant to clause 65 is declared void, either pursuant to this Constitution or the Students' Association Election Regulations (the regulations) made thereunder the following provisions shall apply:-

(1) A new election shall be held on academic days determined by the Chief Executive Officer of the Union provided that there shall be not less than 15 clear academic days from the day on which the Chief Executive Officer of the Union gives notice advertising the elections and calling for nominations and the close polling. The Chief Executive Officer of the Union shall act as the Returning Officer for the elections held pursuant to this clause and the election shall be conducted except insofar as the setting of dates for nominations, close of nominations and commencement and close of polling (which dates shall be set by the Chief Executive Officer of the Union) in accordance with the regulations. If a new election cannot be held in the same academic year as the elections which have been declared void were held then no new election shall be held prior to the holding of the next annual elections due pursuant to clause 65 hereof.

(2) Pending any new election and the subsequent appointment of the Association's Officers, Council and Standing Committees the entire functions that would normally be performed by the holders of the vacant positions as are necessary for the proper functioning of the Association shall be undertaken by those members who, but for the fact that the election was declared void, would have been elected to the Association's Officers, Council and Standing Committees and shall for that purpose exercise all rights and powers as if they constituted the duly elected Association's Officers, Council and Standing Committees.

(3) Notwithstanding the provisions of sub-clause 70.5 (2) hereof where the SAET

declares an election void pursuant to the direction of the Election Arbiter, and the Election Arbiter has determined that the complaint or complaints which have been found proved and which give rise to the direction to the SAET to declare the election void, are such that the result of the election has been materially affected thereby, and the Election Arbiter shall not so determine unless satisfied on the balance of probabilities of that fact, the onus of proof of which shall lie with the complainant or complainants, then pending a new election and the subsequent appointment of the Association's Officers, Council and Standing Committees thereafter the entire functions that would normally be performed by the holders of the vacant positions as are necessary for the proper functioning of the Association shall be conducted by the President of the Association holding office immediately prior to the election which has been declared void and seven other members, which members shall be appointed by the members of the Council holding office immediately prior to the election which has been declared void. The President and the seven members so appointed shall exercise all rights and powers as if they constituted the duly elected Association's Officers, Council and Standing Committees save that a quorum of members so acting shall be four.

(4) Any member vested with the performance of those functions which would normally be performed by the holders of the vacant positions as are necessary for the proper functioning of the Association pursuant to this sub-clause 2 and 3 hereof shall retire and relinquish that office forthwith upon the election of members to those vacant positions following a new election held pursuant to sub-clause 1

POLLING PLACES AND TIMES:

TUESDAY: 11.45am - 2.15pm, Queen Elizabeth Hospital; 9am - 7pm, Airport Lounge; 11.45am - 2.15pm, Waite Campus; 9am - 4.30pm Hughes Plaza.

WEDNESDAY: 11.45am - 2.15pm, Medical School; 9am - 4.30pm, Airport Lounge; 11.45am - 2.15pm, Roseworthy Campus; 9am - 4.30pm, Hughes Plaza.

THURSDAY: 11.45am - 2.15pm, Royal Adelaide Hospital; 9am - 4.30pm, Airport Lounge; 9am - 4.30pm, Hughes Plaza.



QUEER COLLABORATIONS

ATTENTION - ALL QUEER IDENTIFYING STUDENTS QUEER COLLABORATIONS (QC) IS BEING HELD IN SA THIS YEAR. QC IS A NATIONAL TERTIARY STUDENTS CONFERENCE FOR GAYS, LESBIANS, BI-SEXUALS AND TRANSGENDERED PEOPLE. IT IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO EXCHANGE IDEAS, DISCUSS ISSUES, AND MEET PEOPLE FROM AROUND AUSTRALIA. ITS LOTS OF FUN, TOO - WE'RE EXPECTING 200-400 REGISTRATIONS.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO GET INVOLVED IN ORGANISING THE CONFERENCE OR JUST FIND OUT MORE INFORMATION, PLEASE CONTACT SHAUN PETERSON ON 8302 4615 OR E-MAIL: bluly_10@hotmail.com OR YOU COULD DROP A NOTE INTO THE RAINBOW ROOM (LEVEL 6 OF THE UNION BUILDING NEAR THE GALLERY LIFT). WE'D LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU.

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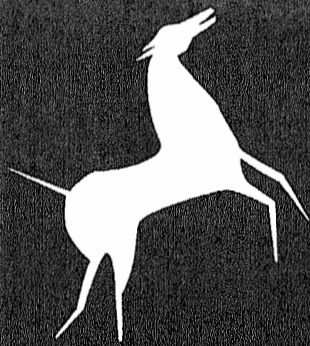
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*Gamsat '99 is the
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for entry as graduates to Medical Schools at
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Universities in 2000 and 2001



GIDDY UP, KIDS

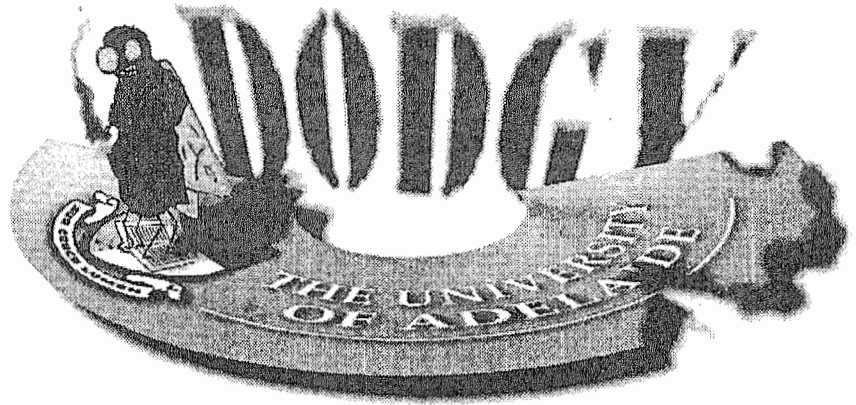
There's only two more
1998 On Dits to come

You've almost missed
your chance to get
your gear in

But there's still time

Contribute, pard
Contribute now

Or we'll send the sheriff
looking for you



Travel? I don't want to fucking write about travel. What, after all, is travel to a guy who keeps wings under his trenchcoat? Insignificant, is the answer. A load of bollocks. There's nothing you can do anywhere else that you can't do right here (Climb Mount Everest, you say? Well screw you too, you bloody pedant.). No. Fuck that. I feel more like having a bit of a rant (ooh, cower in horror and surprise, you mindless buffoons, you). It might be all sorts of difficult for me to have a rant (ooh, actual surprise for that one) right now because I don't actually have anything to rant about. A subject, a topic, a cause. So I might just do what I always do in these situations and bitch about what's pissing me off. Two reasons I always do this: 1) catharsis; 2) no shortage of material.

So, for the slow of discernment, I'm pissed off. Even this, however, is not going to be easy (not impossible, however, you may rest assured) to rant about, because it is not immediately clear to me (one of few things which is not, incidentally) why I should be pissed off. Conversely, I could list you several reasons why I should not be pissed off. I have good friends (both insectoid and other). I do not go hungry. I have good shoes. My life, by all measurable standards, should be rather stress-free and, well, pleasant. So why would I be so goddamn pissed off?

Well, I think I may have the answer (and if I don't, at the very least it will occupy a certain amount of space, and this is a good thing). It may be that I am more depressed than I am pissed off (two emotions that are not easily confused, ordinarily, but if you look at it as a causative chain of action: being depressed really, really annoys me). Sure, this is a complete change of direction, but what do you want? Consistency? Fuck off. But, hang on, why would I be depressed? Well,

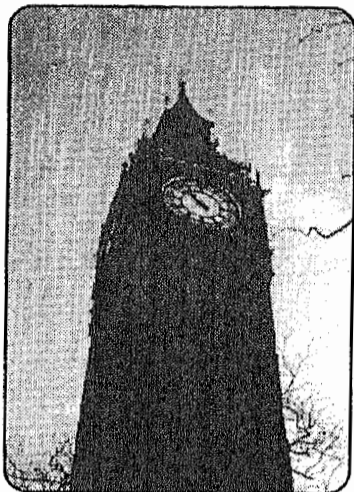
it could be that, despite the seeming rosiness of things, they are not so certain. Things are, as ever (but especially so now), prone to change. Things are transient in nature. Nothing ever stays the same. And now, coming in to the end of a year, things are more likely to change than ever. In fact, certain things are definitely going to change. My degree, for one, is coming to an end. Not to turn this into a whole angsty I-don't-know-where-my-life-is-going sort of thing, which is a terrible Generation X cliché (Generation X being another, less accurate, cliché), but it does suck. And I'm nothing like alone: there are thousands of people who feel exactly the same way right now (that bit was actually very anti-angst: most angst is nobody-knows-what-it's-like-to-be-me). And that, too, pisses me off.

Where to find solace in these dark and desperate times (another cliché (it is a doubly good way to fill up space to spout endless clichés and then (and this is the clever part) say, "Ooh! That was a cliché!" (and a triply good one to then explain this theory)))? If your only problem is that things are uncertain, then you could probably find comfort in the fact that nothing is truly certain, things have been uncertain (no doubt) in your life before and they've always worked out somehow, and that this is the way it has always been. You're not supposed to always know where you're going. I know it feels like you should, because I sure feel like I should, but I don't, and you're not. We need to accept this and move on. If you've got bigger problems like unemployment or plague or GSTs or something like that ... well, then, I can't help you. Try getting yourself a weekly column in a well-respected publication and using it to vent all your frustrations. Usually works pretty well. For me. Everyone's different.

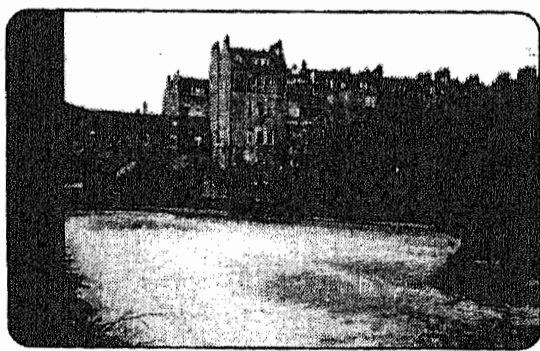
FlyGuy

Doing the Brit thing.

Two years ago, when I finished my undergraduate degree, I went to England for 6 weeks to see the sights and spend Christmas and my 21st birthday with my relatives. I left on the last day of November while many of you were still having exams and flew to London via Japan. I was travelling with a friend, Dave, and we were both happy to finally be on our way after months of planning.



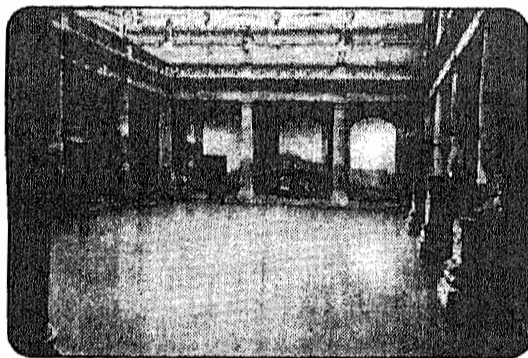
First stop was Kansai Airport, Osaka. We had an overnight stop-over and were given free accommodation by Japan Airlines at the Kansai Airport Hotel which turned out to be attached to the airport. (I would like to say at this point that JAL weren't a bad airline to fly with, but, "non-smoking economy" (that's us) get the smoke from "smoking business class" and they also have this strange obsession with giving vegetarians oriental mushrooms in every meal.) We were unsure of what to expect from the hotel. When you think "free" and "airport hotel" you also tend to think "crusty". Wrong, we were put up in 4 star accommodation. After checking in and discovering that we didn't even have to share a room, we headed for the lift. Several porters offered to take our carry-on bags (which probably weighed less than 4 kilos) but realising that we only had enough Yen for the departure tax tomorrow and maybe a drink, we decided to carry them ourselves. We found our rooms and once inside made the compulsory phone call to each other's rooms to express our elation. The rooms had climate control airconditioning, (which Dave later discovered did not work in his room, hence he spent the night in a balmy 28 degree room. Mine on the other hand was set at a lovely 22 degrees.), multi-channel TV, every bathroom item you could possibly want as well as gowns, slippers, not one but two rolls of toilet paper and the most



divine shower you can possibly imagine. Granted, it was over a bath which was never a good sign but this shower was unbelievable. It demanded that you stay under the water for an environmentally unfriendly long time. In retrospect I think the shower was so appealing because I had just spent 10 hours on a plane from Sydney. But while in England I longed for that shower and bathroom because the British have absolutely no idea how to build bathrooms. Being part English I can say that. They put carpet in them, have no water pressure and the idea of a shower separate to a bath is nonexistent. I suppose it has something to do with the climate. In all fairness, the shower at my uncle's house wasn't too bad, but I was always frightened of getting the carpet wet. Back to Japan for a moment. In the morning we were treated to an all you can eat "Canadian style" smorgasbord. Then it was off to the airport to figure out how to pay departure tax at a weird vending machine. We arrived in London at 3:30pm and it was already dark. We caught the tube from Heathrow to a station near our hotel and quickly discovered how much fun peak hour is in London.

Having problems finding street signs and therefore our Hotel, we threw caution to the wind and turned down a side street. Freakishly, it was the right street. The Atlas-Apollo Hotel was cheap but nice. It was clean and each morning we were given toast, orange juice and coffee for breakfast. We discovered a few months ago that the outside of the hotel Toni Colette stayed in, in Diana and me. We spent a week in London

doing touristy things and living off sandwiches and bottled water bought from Sainsbury's (it's a supermarket chain). We did have one good meal at a place called Garfunkel's and it cost a fortune for average food. The greatest tragedy in London for me, was that a decent cup of coffee costs nearly \$3, by now it is probably closer to \$4. While in London we did a few trips out of the city to places like Stonehenge, Salisbury Cathedral and Bath. I did another by myself to Stratford Upon Avon, Warwick Castle and of course, Oxford. While on these trips, I learnt that the nations of the world are obsessed with Australian weather and if kangaroos wander into our backyards. Although I liked Oxford, with a bookstore on every corner, Bath was my favourite place. It was like walking through a Jane Austen novel. When driving to Bath you have to take some very small, windy roads and then suddenly you emerge into a valley where seven hills meet and Bath sits in the centre. All the houses are made from a special, grey coloured limestone and it is quite stunning to look at. The Roman bath houses were interesting but wandering through the cobblestone streets makes you really feel like you are in 19th century England. After London, Dave and I went our separate ways for five weeks. I went to stay with my grandmother and then uncle and aunt in Preston, the home of Wallace and Grommit, just north of Manchester. I got to do family things as well as tour around a bit. I got to see the Yorkshire Dales, or perhaps I should say we drove through them. The day we went turned out to be foggy by



the time we got there and we couldn't see much more than 100 metres from the car. I also went to the Lake District which is beautiful even in winter. We did a hike around Lake Grasmere and the majority of the lake was frozen. This made skimming rocks along the surface much easier! While with the relatives my cousins took me out to a few pubs. English pubs have two things going for them. Number one, no matter where you go, a pub will always have at least 5 vegetarian meals on the menu (not to mention some wicked desserts) and number two, their pints are twice the size of ours. I have no problems drinking pints here but in England they are huge and take forever to get through. They are proper pints, I think we just use the name here because it sounds good. If any of you are heading to England, I recommend trying anything that is made by Boddington's, especially their lager. When the time came to go home, I of course wanted to stay longer. The appeal of changing from 4 degree weather to 34 degree weather was not terribly strong. Naturally the day I got home it was 38 degrees and we were having some kind of record heat wave. The flight home wasn't very good. After being forced to watch Independence Day going to England, it was shown again, and as much as I tried to ignore it, I couldn't. With 100 people around me all listening to the same thing on their headphones, it is impossible not to hear it. We then had a 6 hour delay in Tokyo and more crappy movies on the flight to Sydney. After all that, the flight to Adelaide felt like a commute. And that kids, is me "doing the Brit thing". I recommend it to all.

Chris Bolland

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MEMORIES OF AN INDIAN SUMMER

As the plane descends on its final approach into Delhi, you know even by looking down at the city below you, that you've arrived somewhere completely different. The lights, the air, even in the middle of the night through two sheets of perspex, India looks like a very different place. This is absolutely confirmed when you get off the plane.

I don't know if words can describe what those first few steps outside the airport are like. It is a different world. And be warned, once you leave the arrivals lounge, they will not let you back in. Stepping outside the airport doors is a commitment to India.



The inside of the airport is dingy and ugly, but nothing compared to the outside. In the golden early morning light shadowy vague figures wander around or huddle in corners under dusty tan blankets, taxi drivers clamour for fares, the wealthy order people around in loud voices, and everyone looking to make a quick rupee notices the wide eyed westerner who steps off the plane.

A word of advice here. If you do arrive in Delhi in the middle of the night, I do not recommend leaving the airport until the sun is up. Indian cities are strange, sometimes frightening places in the middle of the night, and if you don't know your way around, you will be ripped off. Ripping off tourists is a bit of an Indian pastime, and by the end of the trip you're used to it, but you do not want to be comprehensively ripped off in a strange city in the middle of the night - at least on your first day in the country. Wait till morning when at least there are plenty of people around. Even then you'll be ripped off, as I can testify. I had been told that the bus was the best way to get into the city, so I caught the bus, and then got thrown off. Having got off the bus, I made the mistake of getting in the first autorickshaw that pulled up next to me. They did not take me to the hotel I wanted to get to. By the time I'd paid them and then paid another guy to guide me to the hotel I wanted to get to it had cost me about 150 rupees (\$6) - about the price of a taxi. Basically, almost everywhere you go someone is try-

ing to extort money from you - but you'll get used to it, and the figures are normally so low in Australian dollars that it's not worth worrying about. Think of it as income redistribution.

PEOPLE AND ANIMALS

The first thing you notice about India is the number of people. Every conceivable space is lived in - pavements, streets, any open space is someone's bed. This is why a late night walk may not be a good idea.

There are very poor people in India. There are not enough words in the English language to describe how poor and desperate some people are in India. These people live under the bridges and by the roads, they are black as the night - from dirt and from the sun - not from genetics. The beggars and lepers have more than these people. They have so little that they can only lie on the pavement, covered head to toe in threadbare blankets as the world goes on around them. They are waiting to die.

It is hard not to let the poverty get you down while you are in India. Everyone deals with it differently. After a while you may stop noticing it. But you will notice it when you get home, and while walking down Rundle Mall, you start to wonder why no-one's sleeping under the verandahs.

The other thing the guidebooks don't mention is the animals. Once you're out of the really big cities, India is a big farmyard. Cows, pigs and mangy dogs wander around everywhere, so there is cow-shit

everywhere, which is why hygiene is not what it could be. On top of this, everything runs on either two-stroke or diesel petrol, for that very farmyard odour. It's a bit like Old MacDonald's farm on some really serious hallucinogenic drugs.

PLACES

India is a huge country. You could travel around for years and still have things you wanted to see. It is big, beautiful, spectacular and absolutely different. Most importantly, it is more than just site-seeing: it is an experience.

Here's a short rundown of my "highlights":

The Taj Mahal:

If you're in the north it is pretty much compulsory to see the Taj, and it is just as spectacular as it looks in all the photos. Having said that, Agra is a horrid little town designed to do nothing more than get money from tourists, and not a place where you want to stay too long. And for all its magnificence, the Taj is an utterly obscene building to have



built in India - the Taj is pretty much the ultimate symbol of the oppression of the Hindu population by the Mughals. It's a monument to the wealth of the few and the abject poverty of the many. This doesn't make it any less beautiful though, it's just that like everything in India there's more to the Taj than a pretty picture. India is the land of symbols.

Bundi:

Bundi is not on the tourist circuit. It is a slow, bumpy bus ride from anywhere, there's only one place to stay in the whole town, food is expensive and the place is full of

bugs. But it's amazing. Bundi has the most stunning fairytale palace, hanging over the city and looking up at it from the roof is worth the visit alone. If you ever get there, the other thing to do is hire a bike and ride out of the back of the walled city. Past a quiet lake (where all the bugs breed) there is a small overgrown garden where the Maharajas are buried. You'll have to jump the fence, but it's worth the effort. For the first time in your trip, you'll be alone in the ruins and free to wander amongst the slowly disintegrating marble cenotaphs, finally fulfilling those Indiana Jones fantasies that we've all had at some time.

Varnasi:

Varnasi is a holy city. This is not a place to visit until you are used to the pace of Indian life (which despite all the surface activity, is magnificently languid - Indians delight in telling stressed out foreigners shanti shanti - slowly slowly). If you are prepared to take it slowly, and spend all day wandering along the banks of the wide, brown, misty mother of all rivers, the Ganges, doing nothing more than watching the amazing diversity of humanity, this is the place to do it. Soak it in. This is the most relaxing place on earth.

THE LAST WORD

I want to be in India this summer, but I won't be. It's now nine months since I was in India, and I had thought the memories had faded. They haven't - I think the memories of travel are as permanent as the

few extra lines that solo travel in a third world country adds to your face.

So the last word? Go. Go now while you have the money and the time. Go on your own so you can do exactly what you want to when you want to. Don't go to America or Europe or Bali and just have a holiday. Go to India and have an experience.

Tim Kentish

(Not affiliated in any way with Indian Tourist authorities.)

STAYING AT HOME

User's Guide

Many people insist on going away over the summer months, to find diversion and entertainment in far-flung places, doing things beyond the usual, and so on and so forth. But why would you possibly want to go away when there is so much fun to be had at home? The everyday offers opportunities for diversion and adventure far more numerous, subtle and intricate than could possibly be hoped for on a trip away. It is with this in mind that we present for your entertainment and welfare this definitive guide to Staying At Home.

watching every ball of a cricket test match, but also seeing slow motion replays of each ball and hearing detailed commentary into the aerodynamics of reverse swing and the intricate subtleties of leg-spin? What could be more fulfilling than a weekend spent before endless repeats

The Couch

Essential for successful Staying At Home is a thorough knowledge of the workings of The Couch. The Couch must be long enough to accommodate one person lengthways, and must contain at least one broken spring. The best Couches

around exam time - and lie on it, always in the same position, for at least three hours every day, building up to twelve as exam time nears its end.

The Bed

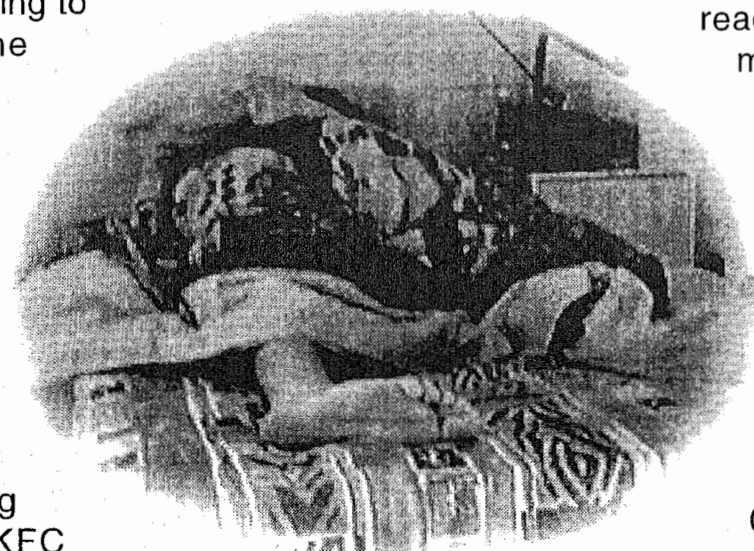
More seasoned Stay-At-Homers will experiment beyond The Couch, and attempt to spend all day in The Bed. This can be particularly rewarding if done correctly. The major points of Staying In Bed apply as per The Telly - that is, everything should be located close-at-hand, and if The Telly can be viewed from The Bed, then all is indeed heavenly. Eating in The Bed is frowned upon by many, but wrongly so. Any crumbs can simply be regarded as conveniences, handy for The Midnight Snack without having to get up. The advantage The Bed has over The Couch is that it should already be successfully moulded to the individual, after many nights of sleep within its comforting folds. The Bed can get a little uncomfortable on extremely hot days, but when used in conjunction with The Air Conditioning, discomfort can be

are shaped perfectly to fit a particular individual as a result of many long, hot summer days of being lay on, usually in front of The Telly (see above), and come to bear the distinctive odour

of British comedies and Sunday afternoon B-grade movie matinees? What you will need:

- a Telly, preferably one that allows use of The Remote Control so that you can avoid having to leave The Couch.
- close-at-hand supply of Potato Chips and Beer.

Foremost among the many and varied entertainments to be found over the summer months is The Telly, that miraculous, wondrous box that, especially when combined with The Couch (see below), brings so much joy, contentment and magic into the lives of all who view it. What better way to spend five days than by not only



said individual. To successfully shape your Couch you should begin early - say

of averted. Whatever you do, don't make The Bed.

The Video

Best when used in conjunction with The Telly and The Couch when there's no cricket on, The Video is a means by which long summer afternoons can be whiled away before countless episodes of *Doctor Who* and *Blake's 7*. Note that videotapes should not be borrowed from video stores, as the temptation to watch something of quality may distract you from the real task of enjoying the pleasures of Staying At Home. They should instead be either borrowed from a friend or from the local library, where crap is plentiful. Again, the use of The Remote Control is encouraged, particularly The Rewind Button, for repeated viewing of those amazing special effects.

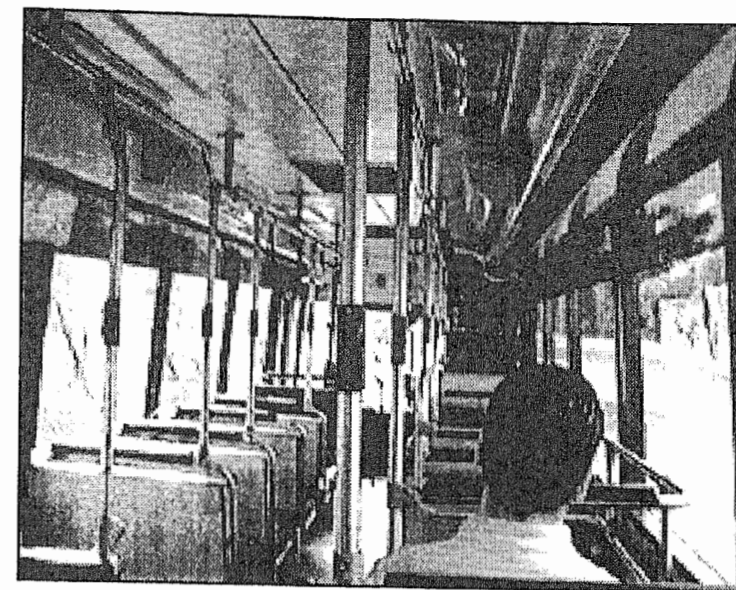
The Fridge

Many will sing the praises of a Fridge full of Good Healthy Food, but all The Stay-At-Homer really needs for sustenance foodwise is a good supply of Potato Chips and The Telephone (see 'The Telly'). Thus The Fridge is put to best use when filled with Beer. Or rather, being slowly emptied of it. Whatever you do, don't drink the water.

Public Transport

If The House must

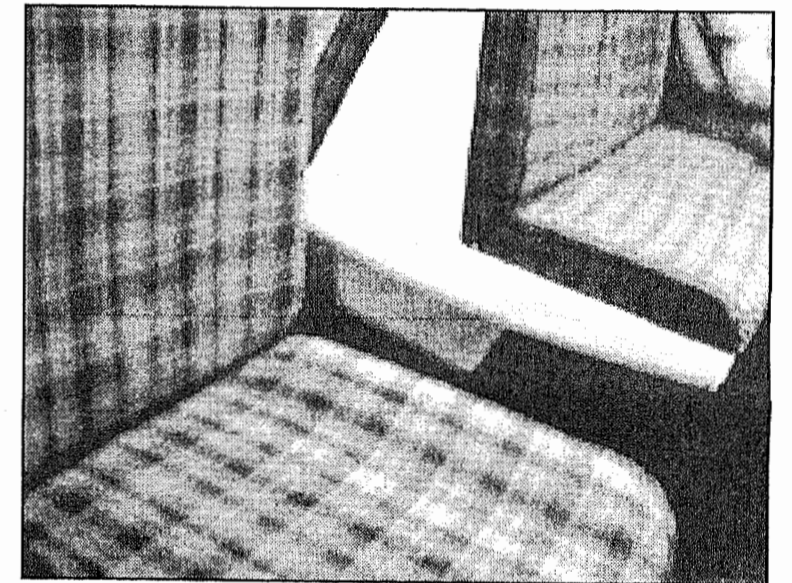
be left at all, then Public Transport is the choice of the



All good Stay-At-Homers sit at the rear of the bus. Note The Windows That Do Not Open.

Anything They Say, particularly if they are imparting a religious message. It is important to note that the Public Transport Journey should not be undertaken with the aim of getting anywhere, but simply for the experience. For best results sit right at the back of the bus with the 14-year-old Dope Smoking Pratts.

Clothing, and Appearance In General



The Seat Next To You. Guard it with your life.

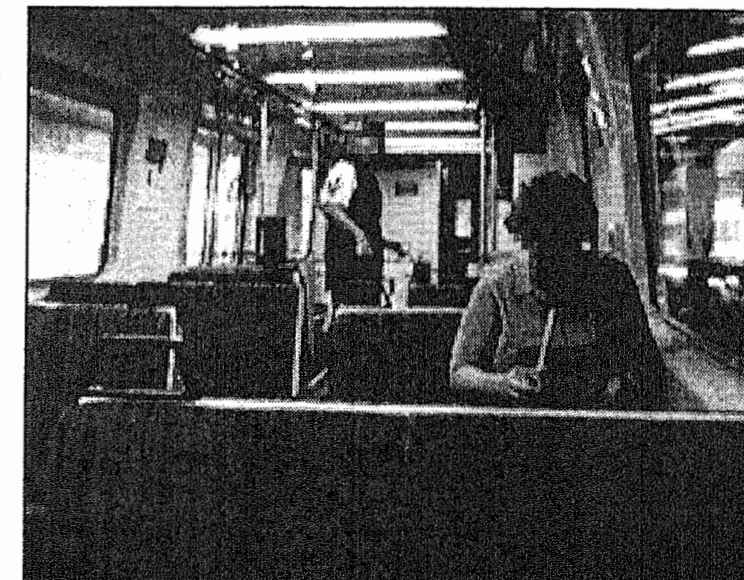
true Staying At Home aficionado. Not for him the sterile plushness of the comfortable, air-conditioned car! The adventure lies not in actually getting somewhere, but in the experience of being surrounded by seething masses of perspiring bodies; in gasping for air on The Bus With Windows That Do Not Open; in viciously guarding The Seat Next To You from being sat in by Anybody Else; and in torturing the Talkative Person Opposite You by not replying to

The best Stay-At-Homer will be prepared for any eventuality with minimal articles of clothing. Doubling up on the usefulness of fashion items allows this. Trackies also make perfect pyjamas, as does the Check Flannel Shirt, and Thongs or Uggies can be worn not only

around The House but also when Going Out To Check The Mail. If it's hot, then you may be perfectly justified in getting about in your Undies. Remember, it's all about economy of effort. This particularly applies to your Appearance In General. Shaving, be it of face or legs or whatever, is barely essential, and only really serves to take up time better spent occupying The Couch or The Bed. If Shaving must be performed, then experiment with different patterns - perhaps shaving one side one day, the other side the next, and comparing growth rates. Showers, like Shaving, tend to use too much Standing-Up Time to be indulged in every day, and should be reduced to weekly or fortnightly events. Baths, on the other hand, can be most productive if The Telly is within eye-sight, as they have the advantage of allowing the Stay-At-Homer to lie down. In no way should washing be indulged in.

Well, there you have it. Everything you'll need to successfully Stay At Home this summer. When all those friends get back from overseas and insist on showing you all of their tedious photographs, you'll now be able to smile smugly to yourself in the knowledge of just what they missed...

Paul Bradley.



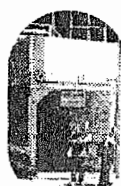
My thoughts on Sydney

by Crazy Dean

Recently, I had cause to travel to Sydney. I'd been there once before, on a six-hour stopover to Wellington - marooned, tired, bleary-eyed and generally hoping no one cottoned on the fact I was heavily drugged. This time it was a stopover on the way home from visiting one of Australia's fine regional centres, and the better part of a day was spent annoying locals and trying to keep my eyes focussed on the task at hand: experiencing what Sydney has to offer (?)

This sojourn was made all the more enjoyable by my travelling companions, Cindy and Slappy. My ongoing planeophobia wasn't helped by the emergency landing we made at Sydney airport, nor the two and a half bottles of Scotch the three of us consumed (and spilt). A number of the stewards pointed this out. We felt we'd achieved something. Probably mild alcohol poisoning.

None of us have ever been to Syd-



ney before. Sydney has never been to us before. Rather than bore you with a diatribe of 'we did this, we did that, we did coke', I'm going to bore you with lots of vignettes about Sydney.

The Museum of Contemporary Art

is a really big squarish building on the harbour. There's a big sign on the front with the initials MCA. Inside, there's lots of arty stuff. We couldn't afford to actually enter, but Cindy bought a t-shirt saying "Museum of Contemporary Art". I asked the saleswoman with her art nouveau haircut if she had any of those t-shirts that said, "I Am A Stupid Fucking Tourist". She didn't.

The Sydney Harbour Bridge

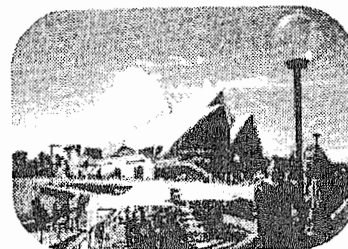
is much bigger than I imagined. I couldn't see the alien spaceship that crashed in the Harbour in *In-*



dependence Day but I guess with the Olympics coming up, they took it away to make the harbour prettier. Um... it's a bridge. Cars go over it. We didn't.

The Sydney Opera House

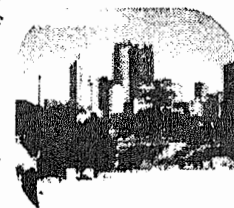
Crowded House's last show. Marcy Playground did a show on the steps recently (i think). My mate Steve the Dero drank a bottle of Scotch and took a boatload of ether at an Adelaide pub six months ago and woke up on the steps - minus a kidney. The alabaster shells which deign to create one of Australia's most recognisable icons jut forceably out of the central structure, like a wildflower blooming in the early morning dew for the first time. It's really cool.



The Centrepoint Tower

a fear of heights is not the appropriate baggage to accompany you to the top. Neither, if you carry such a fear along with your travel diary and walkman, is your lunch. I'd like to take this opportunity again to apologise to the unfortunate gentleman in the Cobalt BMW. With the appropriate cleansers I do believe the stains will come out of the upholstery. The 360-degree view of Sydney is breathtaking, and nauseating.

In closing, Sydney was rather pleasant and I give thanks to the people of Sydney for taking me to their heart, and to the jurors for finding me not guilty on a technicality.



C.D.

the 'big trek' to melbourne...

Melbourne. It's the place you love to hate (or love to hate - depending on the mood), and yet it's also the place most visited by SA student holiday venturers. Available by way of car, bus, train or plane, Melbourne is the closest interstate capital city to Adelaide, and despite the jovial Victorian versus South Australian rivalry, the closest in demeanour.

Travelling to Melbourne is quite a simple process. First you work out how much money you have, and then you work within the bounds of time. Fly travel is quite expensive (around \$260 return if you book 14 days in advance) but it can get you there faster than a train trip from Adelaide to Gawler (aka under an hour). The next 'community' transport options are The Overland (train) or Bus. Either of these options are quite cheap if you have a student discount card (or an Australian Railways card), although recent price hikes on the train make the bus the cheapest, and both take around 13 hours to do the Melbourne-Adelaide thing. I think it all comes down to how much leg space you require (the train gives

you more), how much walking you expect to do (bus stops versus whiling your way up and down the train aisle), and whether or not you want to spend all day or all night travelling (the train travels overnight only, the bus gives you the option). Finally there is the jam-the-bodies-jam-the-bags-and-lets-see-if-the-Viccoppers-really-do-check-speeding-cars option. And then you can choose whether to go the 'business' way or the 'Great Ocean Road'. It all depends whether you want to enjoy the sights along the way, or if you just want to get to Melbourne ASAP. After having done this latter kind of travel many times in the past couple of years I can verify that the cops do in fact check speeding cars, especially around the Nhull area (and they do have random breath testing stations along the side of the highway!). I also recommend having at least two drivers in the car, so you can drive in two hour shifts. If everything goes to plan you should arrive in Melbourne in 8 hours.

A few travel tips:

- Don't read any of the latest

magazines before you go, save them all for the boring travel part.

- Plan which stops you'll have before you go, otherwise you'll be tempted to stop and 'stretch your legs' at anywhich town (no doubt the very next one will contain a McDonalds' and a lovely olde lolle shoppe).
- Make sure you have stocked up on 'snack' foods before you go. Even apples are expensive by the roadside.
- Don't talk to any of the people you are travelling with for at least a week before you go - that way you'll have many things to tell each other on the way there (on the way back you can still talk about how much of a good time you had, how nice the people are, and how tired you are).
- Sleep only when you are really tired or feeling sick. Otherwise it is a waste of shuteye time.
- Eat only when you are really hungry.
- If you are flying make sure that you ask for some of those Eucalyptus Sachets - they clear the air passages and prevent your ears from compacting (Sudafed before you go also eliminates blockage).

- Don't eat all of the plane food just because you paid for it - messy egg quiches and watery sausages do not leave the best after taste.
- Watch anything remotely interesting on the TV - everyone else will be. Then when the news starts, listen to the fantastic air-stations.
- Wear comfortable clothing - nobody cares how daggy you look - and make sure you have the weather differences sorted out before you go.
- Always have wear the bulkiest shoes - they take up the most amount of room in your luggage.
- When you get within the Melbourne vicinity the frequency for Triple J is 107.5 (but listen to 3RRR - a community radio station showing its full potential instead.)
- Don't aim to get to Melbourne at peak time - it will take you almost as long to get around Melbourne as it did to get there from Adelaide.
- Enjoy the trip there - just wait till you have to come home again!

Susie Bate

Chris and Susie recently accompanied Crazy Dean from *Empire Times* (Flinders Uni Newspaper) to Newcastle for a National Student Media Conference. You'd already know that if you'd been reading. Two weeks ago we ran an article detailing what we learnt from the conference. Here we present the lighter side of what took place. Chris sort of kept a journal, but we had to cut it to pieces so as to leave out all the rude bits. Here's what was left.

Wednesday 4:15 pm

We just got on the train bound for Newcastle. We missed the one at 3:56 by a matter of metres, creating quite a spectacle as we ran the length of the station, suitcases flying, tickets in hand. In a happy coincidence, however, the next train is an express and gets to Newcastle before the last one. We don't make out to be as clever as we really are. It's still a goddamn two and a half hour trip, though, so we're making ourselves comfortable. Now that we're on, we've managed to not get seats together, which is probably a good thing. Susie and Dean are both deeply engrossed in perusing Sydney media, as research for the conference. I don't care much for research, though, so I'm more likely to stick my nose in a book. Once my Panadol kicks in.

Thursday 12:10 am

Dean: "We're in fucking Newcastle! This is fucking great!" Mind you, he's more than drunk. We've been down getting plastered at a hole named The Brewery. They sold very nice ginger beer, which we drank only because their on-tap Coopers was having technical difficulties, and it's on the waterfront, which was very nice. While Dean got rip-roaringly drunk, Susie and I reflected quietly on a successful day's travelling. After a surprisingly gruelling train trip, we alighted in Newcastle two stops beyond where we should have (damn train was an express, you'll remember). Never daunted, we obtained directions from an eager if dense railway official, and jumped on a bus to take us back down the road. I think we may have got off a stop too early this time, because we had to walk a hell of a long way afterwards.

On our eventual arrival at the West End Guest House (775 Hunter St - highly recommended to all Newcastle travellers), we were admitted by host #1, Sean, who seemed pleasantly surprised to see us. We were similarly pleasantly surprised to see our room (lovingly named (and decorated as) "The Wattle Tree Room": other rooms include "The Red Earth Room" and fancy little names like that).

Friday 1:16 am

Pretty close to collapsing now. Just got back from the marvellous Lucky Country Hotel, where copious drinking was undertaken. It was good drinking, though - just about the whole conference was there and the occasion nicely solidified the amazingly quick but quite tangible sense of camaraderie already enveloping

all conference-goers.

Following a quick clean-up after our first day's conferencing, we made our way to the Lucky Country (this time without getting lost at all), at which juncture we consumed chips and gravy as our evening meal. We left as a group for the launch of *Poesis*, a poetry anthology, to be held in a nifty art gallery and promising snacks and wine. We walked, we pretended we knew about art, we listened to poetry and we had a good time. But then it was over, and we left to return to the Lucky Country, where the evening progressed predictably, but swimmingly. Our responsibilities as official conference delegates eventually

established themselves around midnight, so, two drinks later, we trekked back here to the hostel. I go sleep now.

Friday 9:27 am

After Nicole (spunky conference convenor) made a point of ordering us all to be on time this morning, there's about ten people here and about sixty still in bed. 9:00 start, my arse.

Friday 5:24 pm

Just sitting around while everyone gets motivated to go and find food. It has occurred to many of us that we are not eating much. This is a bad thing. This prompted us, following the conference morning and a really good little play, to go and eat lunch. Crazy, I know. We had trouble finding a place that would seat sixteen, but eventually found one and were promptly overcharged for plates of mush. One wonders whether prices have been jacked up for the festivals. A smaller group of us set off to see the beach, which was really dumb because we had an hour to spare, the beach is half an hour away, and it was raining. But go we did. On the way we climbed the phallic tower, which offered a good view of Newcastle featuring my first view of the "nice" section. Quite apparent from that high up.

At the beach there was just time for Crazy Dean and myself to write *On Dit* (and *ET*) in the sand. Using our feet, that is. Having left our mark, we made it back late to begin a three-hour Writer's festival marathon, which was good, and now we are here.

Friday 11:45 pm

I've just got back from missing a rendezvous with Dean and whoever else to see *The Truman Show*. I got lost (in a two-street town, and not for the first time) and had to ask a security guard where the hell I was. He didn't take kindly to the obscenity and smacked me in the chops.

Earlier, we did eventually get to a rather nice Italian place where I realised I wasn't hungry after all and ate two spoonfuls of soup. The dinner-table conversation was worth it, though. Susie and I made an early exit to try to find the opening session of the Film Festival but, you know it, we got lost (well, actually, we knew where we were, we just couldn't find the thing). So we ambled about the place, looking for an ATM (there's a travel tip: always know where your ATMs are) and talking about what we'd learned thus far. Eventually we stumbled into an overcrowded Commonwealth Hotel, where a Writer's Festival debate was on. We sat on the floor for a bit, but I soon became claustrophobic and decided, too late, to go and meet up with *The Truman Show* kids. Got lost; missed 'em; back now. Now you know.

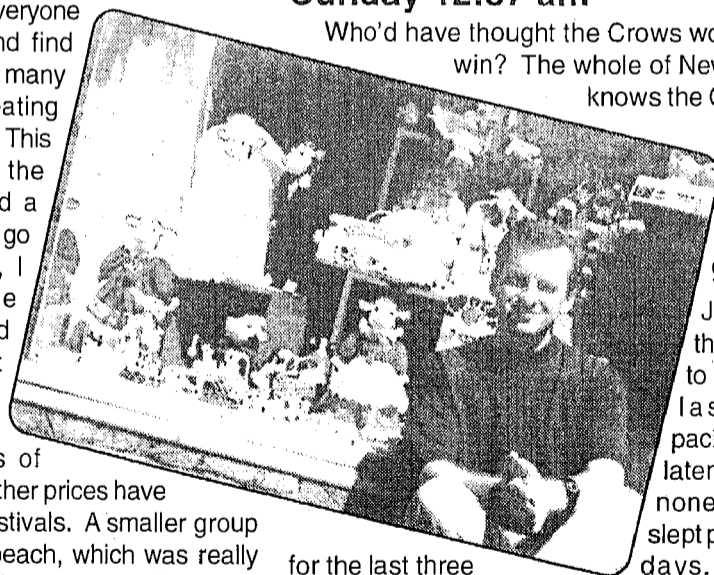
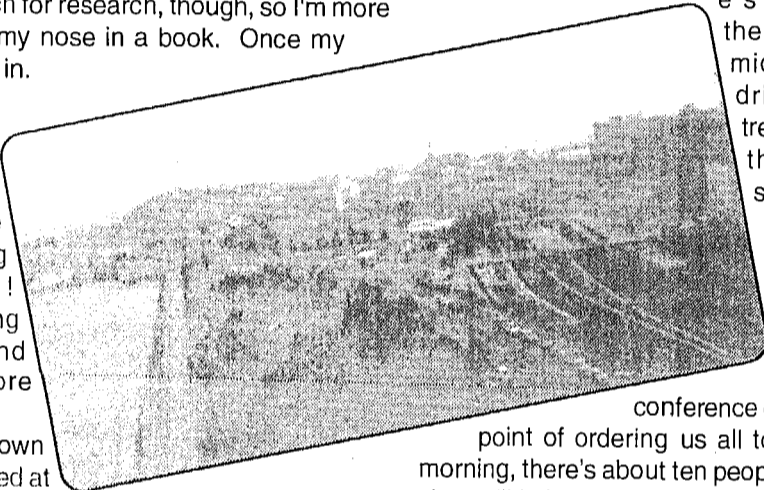
Sunday 12:37 am

Who'd have thought the Crows would actually win? The whole of Newcastle now knows the Crows song. Thanks to us.

Monday 9:42 am

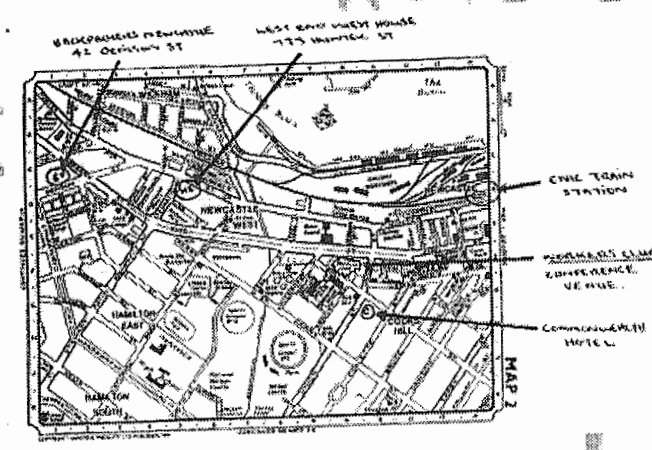
Just got on the train back to Sydney. No last-minute packing-mishap lateness for us: none of us has slept past 7:00 am days. I think I might be able to tomorrow. We were even early enough to take my picture in front of the Hunter Street Cow Shop (hurrah!). Leaving wasn't as hard as you might think - we had a great time, to be sure, but everyone else has already left. And, without wanting to knock Newcastle, ultimately it's the people and not the place that makes travelling worthwhile. We're not done yet, of course - nearly a full day in Sydney awaits us. The fun never stops.

Chris Slape



a REFLECTION ON a

Newcastle is a curious town. Australian cities/towns all have an air of familiarity, and yet you know there's something different about them too. There's something nice about going to a place that you know very little about. It's something to do with the fact that you suddenly have to find the bare necessities for yourself. I can't even begin to describe how many times I walked the streets of Newcastle looking for food...McDonald's never really seeming like an option (more of a cop-out). From the moment we arrived at Newcastle station we were relying on the good will of the locals.



the decision to later. Showers first (travelling all day has an apt way of making you feel like absolute crap), then a nice change of clothes, then a trip down the stairs to see where all the other conference people had gone for the night. They'd already left ("only a short time ago, though") so we set off on the trek to find them.

After walking down King St nothing less than four times, we ventured up another street (thanks to a guy who mistakenly thought Dean was 'Harris') we bumped into another group of lost-looking people who told us that "everyone's now going to this cool place on the harbourside called The Brewery". It's quite a walk (I suppose after spending most of the day sitting, it's a nice change...). It turns out that all these people are here for the Young Writers Festival, and Marcus is actually the organiser (and not a lost person at all!). We get to the top of the Mall. We bumped into more people who look like they're trying to work out where they are.

"Hello, are you going to The Brewery too?"
 "We just came from The Brewery and no one's there"
 "We're here for the Student Media Conference"
 "Really? So are we!"
 Introductions go around. The moment before he says his name I realised that this guy is someone that I'd been emailing all year. He told me later that I seemed really wary of him to start with. I guess it's hard to describe the feeling when you meet a person for the first time,

and yet you aren't. We kept walking to the new location. Seeing as we then had a 'local' amongst us, the town's main features got a showing. There's the most amazing phallic tower just next to the harbourside. Imagine a tall tower thing with a dome hood on the top. Yeah, looks pretty good. Apparently it's Newcastle's drawcard... hmmm masculinity is rife.

The Brewery is exactly like a 21st party that never went home. There's a marquee type tent rigged up on the harbour decking and there are plastic round tables and plastic chairs aplenty. We got the feeling that we're the only people who didn't know everyone else (although we did manage to meet Nicole - our lovely conference convenor). We quietly sat in our corner and sampled the homebrewed ginger beer. Yum.

It got late; we were tired so we caught a taxi home instead of walking. I won: I got the double bed on the first night. By the time the next morning came around we were so excited about the prospect of meeting new people we got up at 7.30am (this is after about two hours of me going "what time is it?" from my double bed). Breakfast came from a loaf of bread and a carton of orange juice that we bought at Bilo (a 24 hour supermarket we'd noticed on our King St travels the night before). With maps well marked we made our way to the Newcastle Workers Club. Registration: we are handed our packs containing information

about 1) the Student Media Conference, 2) the Fringe Festival, 3) the Young Writers Festival, 4) the Newcastle Trades Union, and 5) a condom. Exactly what they thought we'd get up to on this conference is anyone's guess (okay, it wouldn't take much of a stretch of the imagination, but anyway). It seems that Newcastle people are very proud of their town. And well they should be. They are very excited to be having so many progressive things happening all at once (festivals galore), but it's also about what we can do for them - putting something back into a town that provides such fantastic hospitality.

After doing good work all morning (refer to article "We Went, We Rocked, We did SA Proud" in *On Dit* Vol 66 No 20 for details) we were treated to a smorgasboard lunch at The Bearded Bushman (at least we didn't have to find a food place this time!). We all sat on long tables and talked about our respective home towns. Story swapping always makes for good conversation.

At the end of the day (after more good work in the afternoon) we all decided that we should go to a pub called The Lucky Country, on Hunter St. We knew where this was, so we felt confident enough to break away from the group and go back to the Guest House to grab a jacket. The Lucky Country is a great pub. There are tables both inside and out - and they even let you sit down on the pavement with your drink if you can't find a chair.

We all stayed here a short time before going to the *Poesis* launch. I didn't know where this was but fortunately a group of people at the head of the pack lead the way. *Poesis* is a newly published book of poetry by local (Newcastle) writers. The launch featured a number of live performances of the poems in *Poesis*. I'm sure these were all very good but my memory was clouded by the beer at the Lucky Country and the free wine at the

NOVACAESTRIAN EXPERIENCE

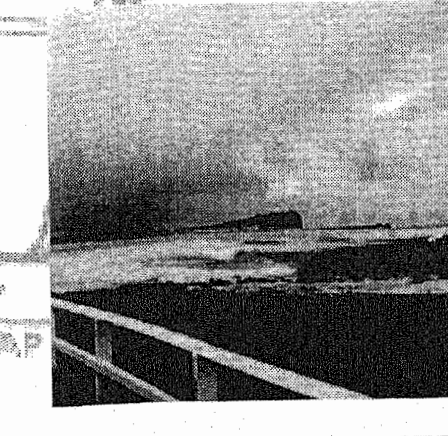


launch; this coupled with the fact that we still hadn't fed ourselves for over six hours. After the launch we found food. There's a whole line of restaurants in the street we'd ambled up the night before (Darby Street). Incidentally, this is the street that provided us with our most substantial meals.

And then back to the Lucky Country for a final bash at the Coopers they had in storage. Our goal while we were in Newcastle? To drink the town dry of Coopers! I think we just about did it too.

By the time the third day came around we were feeling pretty confident about knowing our way around the Hunter St/King St areas. This was pretty cool because after the morning session (even more good work!) we were free to amble about the town, investigating beaches around the place, and going to various Fringe and Writers Festival sessions (the maps in all of these programmes were invaluable).

We took the car and had a look at the wonderful sites of Newcastle. It was interesting to see that houses were graded by how well they could see the beach from their front step. Houses on one side of a street would have flash balconies and shiny cars in the drives, and on the other side there would be a block of housing trust flats.



Newcastle also has a number of swimming baths on the beach front. We didn't get to touch any of the sand at this stage - lots of wind and loose sand is never a good combination. Many pictures were taken - especially of a 'no alcohol after 8pm' sign we found lying on the ground. Apparently this is not a popular regulation. More Writers Festival sessions in the afternoon led a small but fiercely hungry group of student newspaper editors to a lovely Italian restaurant. From there we went for a long walk about the streets of Newcastle at night. I found my way to a smallish pub called The Commonwealth. We took note of the large screen on the wall (the AFL Grand Final was on the Saturday) and went on to a huge Dance Party (the name of the actual location eludes me at this time).

For some this party was an all night affair, for others (like me) it was a good chance to move and groove the night away and then stumble to bed sometime early in the morning. Imagine our surprise when we looked out the window the next morning only to find the West End Guest House manager and another conference delegate staggering across the road at 8.30am.

Early Saturday morning we all gathered in the Civic Park vicinity. It was decided that the fountain provided the best backdrop for a group picture. Not even five minutes after we'd all moved away from the fountain, someone decided to turn the water on and all this delightful water came spouting out in wonderful patterns. Oh well. Next time maybe.

Saturday's plans mainly revolved around the need to find an AFL friendly pub to watch the Grand Final. In Newcastle no one really cares about this - we had entered Rugby terrain. Even when we came to watching the actual game, there were only a handful of people in the pub watching it with us (ie about thirty people all-up).

Elated as we were (about the results) there was still room to fit in a couple more Newcastle-type activities before the night was out...a trek to the beach at night was in order.

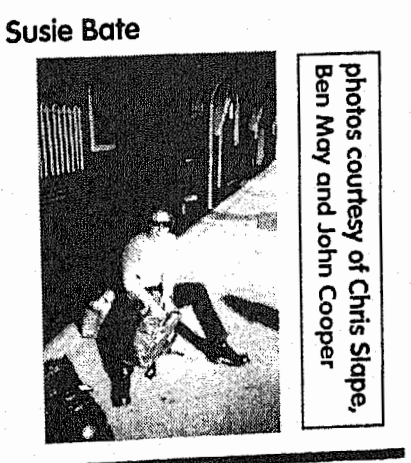
The main Newcastle beach is extremely well lit - not a corner of shadowy darkness. The beach carpark was another matter. I think that beach carparks are universally dodgy. I was walking past a car with loud Guns'n'Roses pumping out the wound down windows when someone asked me if I wanted to "buy a pound".

"Yeah, like 16 ounces would do it."
 "No thanks"
 Then trying to be cool...
 "I'm from SA - it's much cheaper there"



relevant when you can place a situation within them. On our final (real) day there we sauntered the streets once again. We came up with some astounding revelations: 1) There seemed to be no sign of the (then) upcoming Federal Election - no posters on stobie poles, only a 'One Nation' office across the road from our Hunter St residence. At this stage we were not aware that the Newcastle electorate had been put on hold due to a death of a candidate. 2) There were no tourist type shops anywhere - souvenirs for the family looked a little doubtful. 3) There are no food places on Hunter St that are open on Sunday (true) and yet they have a 24 hour supermarket. And 4) motorists are very nice to pedestrians - even if it means waiting patiently for people to decide whether or not they might cross the road. After sadly farewelling the soulmates we'd made over the course of the conference, we decided that food and a movie would be the ultimate way to end a perfect holiday. Hm Hm. Working Holiday.

Our final experience of Newcastle was the loud Monday morning traffic bellowing past our window very early on. With so much noise it was impossible to sleep in - and so we made a timely departure. With heavy bags in tow we trudged down to Newcastle station. Sad that it was all over and knowing that next time we go to the town it will hold so many nostalgic memories. "Do you remember that time when we went to Newcastle?...1998 was the year, I think..."



Susie Bate
 Photos courtesy of Chris Slape, Ben Moy and John Cooper



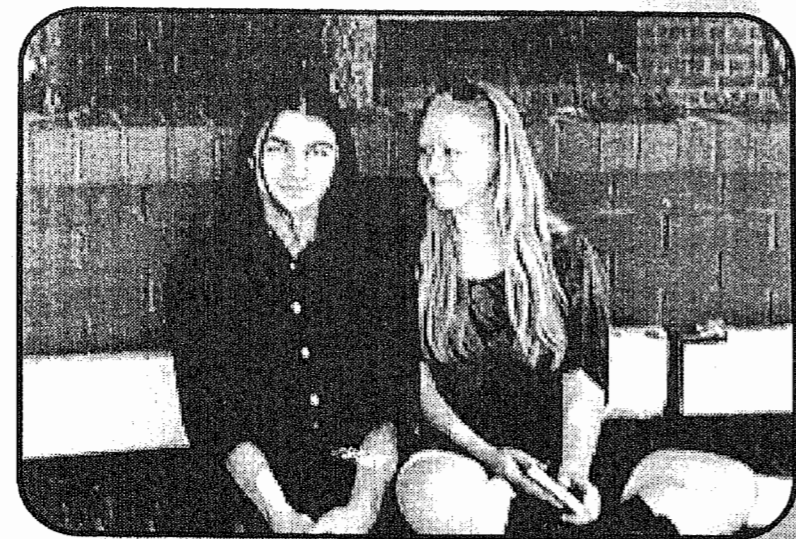
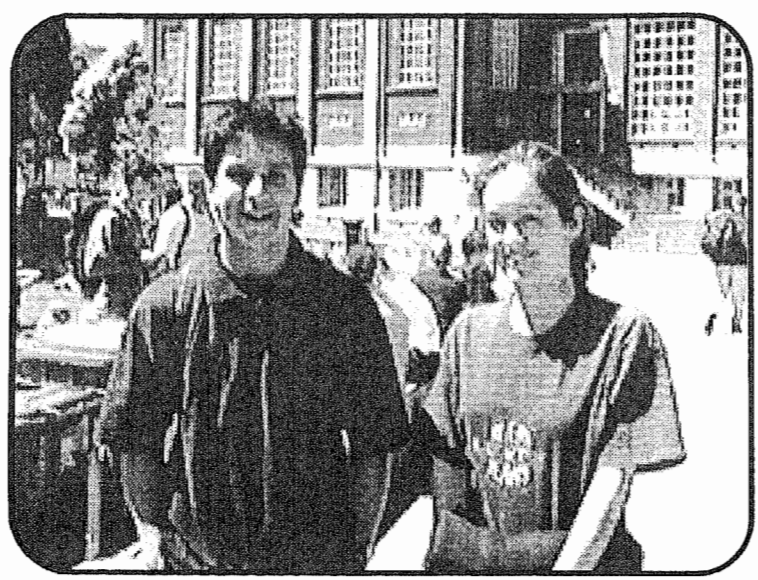
Vox Pop

Questions:

- 1) What's the worst form of transport you've ever been on?
- 2) Who would be your ultimate travelling companion?
- 3) What is the best way to annoy someone when travelling?

Sam & Sally

- 1) Sam: Something like a train to Melbourne. I have a lot of problems with it because I'm so tall.
S: The bus to the snow.
- 2) Sam: American Express.
S: My camera.
- 3) Sam: "Are we there yet?"
S: Keep them awake when they're trying to sleep.



- #### Daniel & Emma
- 1) D: I'd say the Show ride the Zipper. That's the day I found God.
E: Bus probably.
 - 2) D: If I was polite I'd say Emma. Toss up between Sigmund Freud and Jimi Hendrix.
E: Daniel.
 - 3) D: Sing pathetic travel songs. 100,000 green bottles and all that stuff.
E: Play the drums on everything.

Troy

- 1) Bus.
- 2) Probably my best mate I guess.
- 3) Just talk.



Troy doesn't really look like this. He just didn't really want his picture taken, so we played with it. If you see someone who does look like this, contact us immediately.

Camille & Amanda

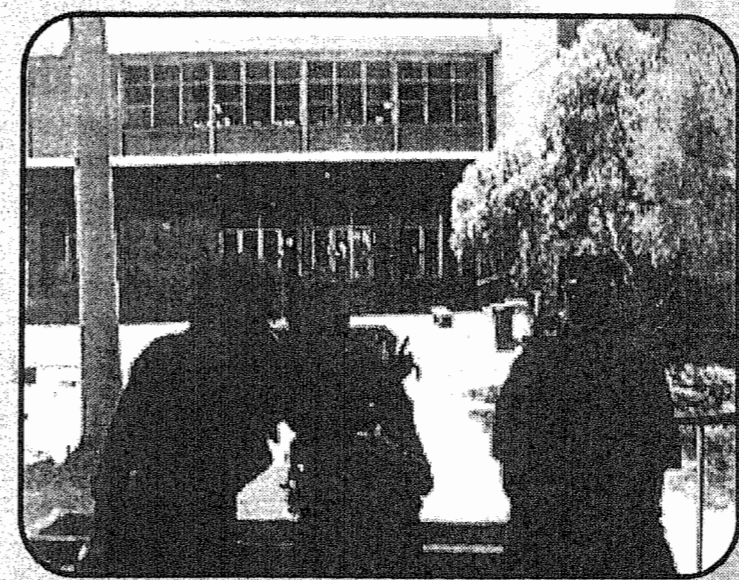
- 1) C: Mt Barker passenger service.
A: Yeah. Transadelaide.
- 2) C: Go by yourself. Do what you want, not what someone else wants.
A: A good conversationalist.
- 3) C: Put your aeroplane seat back when it's dinner time.
A: Snore when people are trying to sleep.



- #### Sarah, Alicia & Rachel
- 1) S: A train.
A: Buses in Indonesia. They overfill them, so you have to hang off the outside.
R: A train.
 - 2) S: My brother.
A: Someone you share interests with.
R: A good friend.
 - 3) S: Bring lots of stuff that you'll never use.
A: Keep them awake.
R: Keep talking.

Tamara & Larissa

- 1) T: Coach from Adelaide to Melbourne.
L: Plane.
- 2) T: Mr T with his big army vehicle.
L: My best friend Leanne. We could listen to 80's music and be really silly.
- 3) T: Sing songs you don't know the words to.
L: Put on your Walkman and sing along to it. Has to be totally different to the radio music the other person is listening to.



- #### Kamil, Elvin & Fuzzy
- 1) K: 36 hour plane trip.
E: Honestly I haven't had a bad ride.
F: Bus to Perth.
 - 2) K: This guy (points to Elvin).
E: God.
F: Bottle of whiskey.
 - 3) K: Garlic.
E: Just be insensitive. They sleep, you talk and so on.
F: Onions the night before.

COOBER PEDY:

MY PEACIE IN THE SUN.

When it comes to holiday destinations, I have found myself spending the greater part of my summer holidays in Coober Pedy every year of my life. Now, I have to admit that before the age of 17 it was not completely by choice because I used to live there and my cheap-skate parents didn't take us on holidays, but for the last couple of years it has been completely (well, mostly) by choice. Coober Pedy is like no place on earth, and I mean this in a very good way. So...

Where: Coober Pedy is about 10 hours away by car, 12 by bus. What: Coober Pedy is an opal-mining town. When you get close to the town you begin to notice what look like huge anthills next to big deep holes. There are holes everywhere around the town beside the roads. They are the leftover shafts down to mining tunnels many meters below the ground. There are lots of 'show-mines' around the place for tourists to go and visit. If I'm sitting around on a sunny day my brother Edward usually drags me off to his opal mine to do a bit of digging - the deal is that I get a percentage of any opals I find, however, having never found any myself the actual percentage has never been an issue. I also take time to go out and just fossic for opals ie looking for them in the hills of sand left behind on top of the ground - I have found some nice opals that way. There are lots of interesting places in Coober Pedy for tourists to visit: shops, museums, art galleries, underground homes and underground churches. There are also locations that have been used in numerous movies and doccos. One of these places is Crocodile Harry's, which is the home of Crocodile Harry, a Latvian Baron, who moved to Australia after World War II, hunted crocodiles in the NT (right next door), and ended up in Coober Pedy opal mining. It is an underground dugout that has been decorated with artwork and has an opal mine attached to

it. It was used as a location in Mad Max III (the crappy one with Tina Turner) and Ground Zero (starring Colin Friels and Donald Plesance). But my most favorite place, perhaps in the world, is called The Breakaways. It is an area of country outside of Coober where the level ground breaks away and drops down several meters to a vast desert plain. You drive along and suddenly come to the edge of a cliff. Looking over the cliff you can see hills that are on the same level as you are off in the distance - a product of massive erosion or something. Kind of like Australia's own Grand Canyon. The hills and desert are full of different minerals and this causes layers of different colored sand. It is a vast and spectacular view. There are two hills that I usually walk out to called 'the castles' by the locals. They are side by side, joined by a saddle of ground. One of the hills is yellow, the other is pure white. This area has been used in almost all of the films that have used Coober as a location, and several television advertisements - the only one I can think of right now is the one with the woman running through Australia with her mobile phone. This part of Australia is known as the Painted Desert. It is quiet, peaceful and awesome in its loneliness and immensity Where to stay: Well, when my mum has run out of beds and floor space for visitors to sleep, we usually send them off to one of the underground places. My personal favorite (and I have stayed there, but that's a long story) is Radeka's Down Under, which has backpacker accommodation from \$10 a night, and really nice motel rooms for regular motel prices. It also has a really cool underground bar!

So, if you plan on coming to Coober these holidays, look me up. Cheers

Esther Speight

TOURING THE UNITED STATES (or how to piss off your friends)

by Grant Johnstone

Of all the famous sites of America and the memories you bring back with you, there is one overriding joy that transcends time. It's not the fact that the snow in Colorado is whiter, deeper and more powdery than even the best season in Thredbo; it's not that the margaritas are cheaper than water in Mexico; it's not that you might see the like of Bruce, Demi, Arnie and Sly in Los Vegas; and it's not even seeing stains on the carpet in the Oval Office in The Whitehouse. It's the simple fact that you tell all your friends about it. Verbatim. And I'm not referring to the first fortnight on return from the Land of the Free. I'm talking about for at least the next couple of years. Minimum. Especially if you like the cinema as much as me. Movie after movie you get to sit there and whisper in your friends' ears "I've been there!" Think about it. 90% of American films are set in five cities - Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York, Washington DC and Chicago. Go to a couple of those and you cover most of Hollywood's releases.

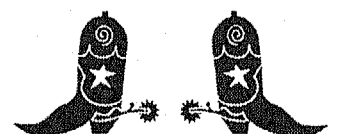
For example, in *Con Air*, the plane crashes into Circus Circus hotel in Los Vegas - I stayed there. I can proudly say that I saw New York prior to its destruction in *Armageddon*. And *Deep Impact*. And *Godzilla*. During *Good Will Hunting* you can point out the various sites of Boston. And on it goes. And on you go. On and on and on. Everytime you see a Tinseltown film, your friends' ears can cop a battering. And won't they just love it. But you're not limited to just the films set in the cities you visited that you can whisper those magic three words. Imagine your friends' surprise (read 'irritation') when during *Titanic* you can claim to have swam in the very same bay (Rosarito in Mexico) as Leonardo and Kate. Or how you went past the sound studio on the back-lot trolley tour of Universal Studios where *Lethal Weapon 4* was filmed. And then you can start on television. During *Friends* you can usually comment on the time you kicked a football around Central Park, the

mugging you witnessed on the subway, or the tie you bought from Bloomingdales.... And I haven't even considered all of the *Seinfeld* sites I visited.

Lets face it; the opportunities to piss-off your friends are endless, and all you need to do is visit the old US of A. I highly recommend it.

PS: A few travel tips:

- 1) Travel in winter because no one else does. Thus there are no queues or accommodation hassles. And it's the true test of a country - 'cos everyone looks good in summer.
- 2) talk to everyone - you'll be surprised just how friendly they are, especially when they discover you're an Oorstralian. But expect them to initially mistake you for a Pom. Or a Kiwi. Or a South African. Or from Boston!
- 3) Don't go to Los Angeles. It's a hole!



Going Somewhere Been Somewhere

Sri Lanka used to be called Ceylon
This is a great place to visit if your budget is small as you get (at present) 39 Rupees to one Australian dollar.
If you're into Archaeological sites the Cultural Triangle, which encompasses Anuradhapura, Polonnaruwa as well as Sigiriya, is essential. Simply obtain a permit from the Archaeological Department in Columbo and see and visit sites built in the life time of Jesus Christ!
Local buses are cheap and there are plenty of alternatives such a mini-vans to get around the island. The train can take you to the old Dutch fortress in Galle in the south-west or up to Nuwara Eliya in the heart of the tea country - a real British influence including the Windsor Hotel which is the best - modern, clean and hot and cold running water.
Scuba diving, coral reefs and lazing in the sun are there too.
Food is not expensive. Simply ensure the water is boiled or drink TEA!

Diana E. Clark

MONTREAL

She went to Montreal to find Enlightenment of the secular kind, to be saved from herself. She did not know that Montreal had thrust itself into the fiery pits of hell thirty years earlier.

Consequently she continued her search for Truth the whole winter long. Her best friend assured her it was in macrobiotic cooking. She thought she'd found it in Rice Krispies, bread and Montreal-style bagels. It turned out to be in a box of assorted donuts, a cup of P.J.Hogans coffee and a six-pack of Bohemian.

As was to be expected, this revelation did not present itself until it was summer and she was heading west on the Trans-Canadian Highway. Less predictably, a late model sports car blaring ice-T from Ontario to Alberta was the stage for her salvation.

Notice to Students at the University of Adelaide

Election of Student Members on the University Council

There are two undergraduate student positions and one postgraduate position on Council.

Voting papers for the Undergraduate student election will be sent automatically only to Undergraduate students who enrolled in the University for the first time in 1998 or who voted last year in the Undergraduate election to Council. Voting papers for the Postgraduate Student election will be sent automatically to all postgraduate students.

All student of the University are eligible to vote in this election. If you want to vote (and will not automatically receive a voting paper):

- Contact the Students' Association on your campus
- or come to room 656, Level 6, Wills Building, North Terrace Campus
- or phone 8303 5871
- or email smatthews@vco.adelaide.edu.au with your full name, home address and student number

Six nominations have been received for the Undergraduate positions from

- Sophie Alexandra Allouache
- David Nicholas Chehade
- Roslyn Anne Hamilton Cox
- Sharon Elizabeth Grainger
- Sky Miranda Mykya
- Orietta Maria Vincenza Surace

Four nominations have been received for the Postgraduate position from:

- Efrosini Gialidis
- Helen Kavanagh
- Julia Pitcher
- Rohini Sharma

This election closes on Thursday 3 November

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WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN A BODY PIERCING SALON

1. An autoclave, which is a medical sterilisation unit which kills bacteria and viruses (including Hep. B and Aids and other blood-borne diseases) using heat and pressure. Make sure it is not a "pressure cooker", which some people pass off as an autoclave. These units only work on temperature but there are micro-organisms which withstand high temperatures. Only intense pressure will kill them. Further, the autoclave must be registered with the government, who perform routine checks on the units to ensure that they are in good working order at all times. All equipment and jewellery must be autoclaved prior to any piercing.

2. Make sure there is a range of jewellery. Ask the attendant what they stock. Surgical stainless steel must be of the variety 316L (that is, 316L surgical stainless steel). A reputable salon will also stock 9 carat and 18 carat gold and either niobium or titanium rings. The reason it is important to

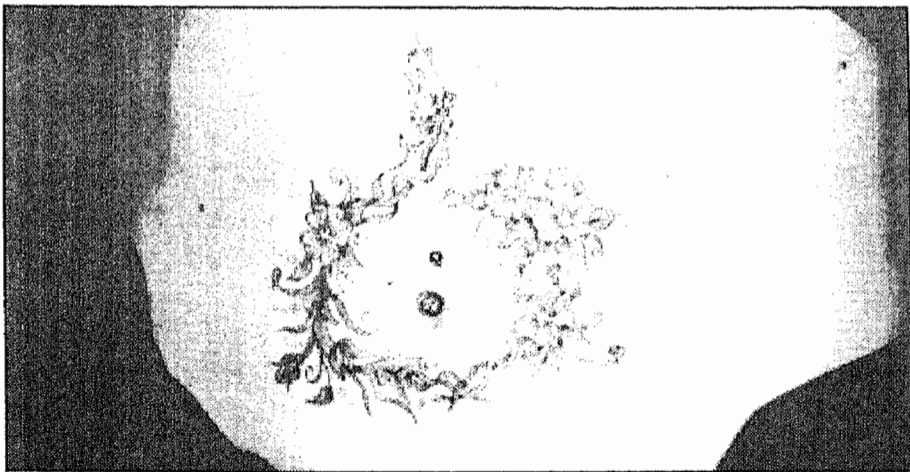
have a selection of metals is because some people are allergic to certain metals. Many people can only wear gold earrings, for example. Hence there needs to be a selection based on individual requirements.

3. Ask what type of needles they use. They must be catheter needles, which can only be purchased from medical wholesalers and which perform the pierce in a manner in which the hand does not touch the pierce. This is paramount in preventing infection. Ear piercing guns are definitely out. In the case of ear piercing guns the backing of the stud is what is piercing the skin and because the back of ear studs are smooth and convex they tear through the skin as opposed to a neat incision which is what you get with a catheter needle. The practice of using ear piercing guns on any other part of the body other than the ears is now against the law in Queensland. Legislation should soon see this practice banned here.

4. Ask how long the piercer has been practising for. In most cases it should be a minimum of one year. You don't want to end up paying a premium price for being somebody's model guinea pig! Most infections occur because of inexperienced piercers who have little knowledge of basic anatomy and poor skills in the area of dexterity. For example, one can only pierce the outer edge of the eyebrow due to nerves which are located in the thicker part of the brow. The piercer must wear gloves during the procedure.

5. Ask what home-care instructions are given. A reputable place will have an outline to give to clients, which will cover all areas of healing, incorporating diet as well as day-to-day practicalities. A comprehensive sheet teamed with back-up support as close as your phone will ensure a smooth healing process. Remember, the jewellery is foreign to the body and it may be rejected.

BODY PIERCING



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BODY PIERCING AFTER-CARE SCHEDULE

The usual healing time for a pierce is 6-8 weeks, although some may take longer. Generally it is assumed that after this the jewellery may be removed, replaced, or re-inserted on a day-to-day or week-to-week basis without any problems. However, it is preferable to leave the jewellery in the pierce for the first six months, giving time for the pierce to toughen up and really establish itself permanently in the body.

Clients should realise that the healthier the body, the faster the healing time. Smoking, alcohol, caffeine, bad diet and careless hygiene deplete the body of all the necessary nutrients it requires to heal itself. Ideally a client would be taking adequate amounts of Vitamin C, vital to immunity strength, and Vitamin E, an active anti-oxidant and important immunity stimulant, weeks before the piercing and in the healing process. Also taking a Zinc supplement after the piercing for 6 weeks can help accelerate healing.

Try to avoid touching your piercing unless you are cleaning it. Also avoid wearing tight clothing over the piercing.

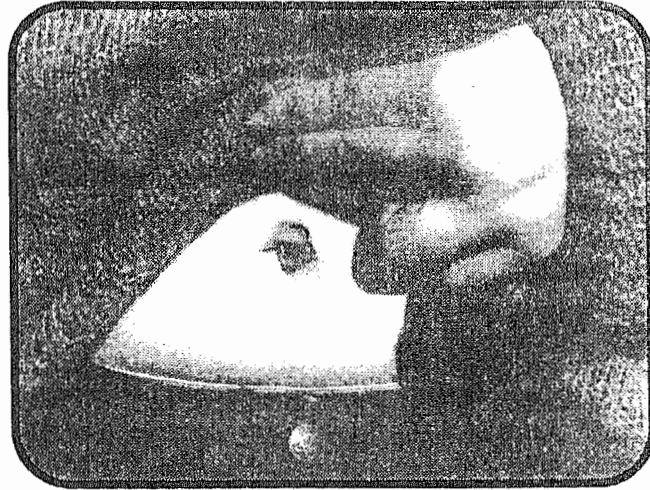
Clean your piercing once a day using an alcohol swab by rotating the ring gently back and forth. For the first three days avoid a full rotation of the ring. Further, add a few drops of hydrogen peroxide directly to the piercing after using the swab (frothing may occur).

Washing the area with warm water and salt is another way you can look after your piercing. Avoid high perfume soaps.

Tongue and lip piercing should be rinsed with Listerine or hydrogen peroxide solution (always after eating and at least three times a day). Also refrain from any heavy or rough play with the piercings as this can lead to infection and extended healing time.

Those of you with nose studs ensure that

they do not fall out at night whilst sleeping by securing your stud with a band aid. Also, take care when washing your face as the stud may fall out.



Even in the strictest of conditions infection may occur. Look for redness around the opening of the piercing and a secretion of clear fluid. If there are problems do not hesitate to contact the salon. If the situation has not improved and the area has pus,

you have an infection. If the piercing is in the nostril or septum consult your doctor immediately as left unattended this can prove fatal. If attended to properly as suggested above, though, these situations rarely occur.

ARIES (March 21st - April 20th)

BORN UNDER THE FIRST SIGN, ARIANS ARE THE BABIES OF THE ZODIAC, AND ARE OFTEN NOTED FOR THEIR CHILD-LIKE QUALITIES - NAMELY ENERGY, ENTHUSIASM AND A FASCINATION WITH THEIR

own fingers and toes. This month's new moon in Venus will bring a new maturity, and many Arians will find themselves discovering other people's fingers and toes. It will pay to bear in mind two things:

- 1) Biting is bad manners
- 2) Ask first.

PISCES (February 20th - March 20th)

Parked cars will pose a threat to you over the next fortnight. I recommend that you stay indoors - it's more fun anyway (see 'Home: A User's Guide' p.18).

TAURUS (April 21st - May 21st)

Your bad reputation when it comes to china (witness the phrase 'like a bull in a china shop') will soon be redeemed, as in the next week you will be given the opportunity to demonstrate to all and sundry your truly dainty ways with Wedgwood.

GEMINI (May 22nd - June 21st)

99% of cows think that Gemini is the sexiest sign in the zodiac. Also, 99% of cows are Geminis. That 99% of Taurians are two-faced bastards just goes to show. (Think about it.)

SCORPIO (October 24th - November 22nd)

You have something of a reputation as the root-rat of the zodiac, and lately your personal magnetism has been stronger than ever. But beware! Venus

ASTROLOGOS

(who governs Luvv) is in a huff with your ruler Pluto for pooping in her slipper. Thus any dalliance you embark upon henceforth will be bound to end in disaster - so no more smouldering all strangers across crowded bars for you, my friend. The wisest course is complete and utter celibacy. Probably your only hope is to lock yourself up in an attic with a chastity belt and copious amounts of garlic. Good luck.

CANCER (June 22nd - July 23rd)

All work and no play makes Johnny a very dull boy. Go play with Johnny.

LEO (July 24th - August 23rd)

What's sexier than John Lombard holding a can of whipped cream? You are. And don't you forget it. (You are now going to spend the next week trying to work out whether this is meant to be a compliment or not.)

VIRGO (August 24th - September 23rd)

Someone's disarrangement of the careful order of your sock drawer will see you in high dudgeon this week. Just remember, it could be much worse - your underwear drawer is still ship-shape. For now.

CAPRICORN (December 22nd - January 20th)

'Never laugh at live dragons.'

LIBRA (September 24th - October 23rd)

Librans are noted for charm, vanity, lovely manners, and indecisiveness. Thus the Libran pirate is the well-dressed one with

the dashing moustache who escorts his captives down the plank before seeing them off with a gallant bow and a flourish of his fine hat. Then he changes his mind and invites them back. The pirate ships with Libran captains can usually be found:

- a) moored to a dock growing barnacles while a destination is being decided upon, or
- b) in the middle of an ocean growing barnacles while the choice of destination is being reconsidered.

AQUARIUS (January 21st - February 19th)

An encounter with a saucy lettuce will give you pause for thought.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23rd - December 21st)

Having your foot in your mouth is not unacceptable behaviour. In some circles, it even passes for yoga. And, while biting toenails is not considered quite the thing in polite society (unless they are royal toenails, in which case it's quite raunchy) people usually prefer to pretend they haven't noticed. Biting your own toenails and spitting them out across the lounge room floor is, however, unacceptable, and although most people would not call it a hanging offence, a Virgo would, and you've been sprung. Make a will.

ASTER



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at

www.smug.adelaide.edu.au/ondit/write

siglo 10 "collection / recollection"

So, culture lovers, whatcha been reading lately? The latest generic imprint from Patricia Cornwell, or some turgid dross by Bryce Courtenay? Maybe you have been puzzling through Chaucer to find all the farting references? Or are you one of those who goes to bed at night with a tome on Property Law... Well, time to leave those aside. Time to read something new and funky. Time to read *Siglo!*



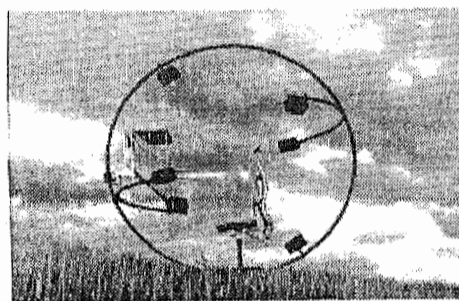
Siglo is a literary arts journal for established and emerging writers and artists, published twice a year and based in Hobart. Since 1993, with the support of University of Tasmania and its student union - and external funding from Arts Tasmania, the Australia Council and the Hobart City Council - *Siglo* has become a nationally respected journal. Each issue contains articles, fiction, poetry, art, music and reviews. The magazine has published many new names, as well as many well-known ones such as Carmel Bird, Bruce Dawe, Tim Thorne, Robert Dessaix, Ted Colless, Liam Davison, Paul Carter, Maree Azzopardi, Jessica Ball, Nicolette Stasko, Bill

Henson, and Hany Armanious. Each issue revolves around the exploration of a theme which has seen provocative contributions exploring postmodernism, multiculturalism, transgression, writing landscapes, sexualities, and with the latest issue, collections and recollections.

The journal has inspired praise from national critics including Helen Daniel (*The Age*) and Jenny Spinks (*Real Time*). Helen Daniel described it as "...a stylish publication, with an elegant design that appeals to the eye as well as the mind... stimulating in both content and design, at ease in the theatre of cultural combat." While it's not a bleeding heart Tasmaniana production, a proportion of the work is by local people, many of them students or ex-students of the university. The broad focus, however, is always national and topical. The centre-piece of the current issue is work by writer Lisa Morisset and photographer Martin Walch.



Their piece, called "...mine..." is a collaboration of fiction and photography focussing on reminiscences of a



mining town. The images are superb, an inspiration to anyone working in photography and digital imaging.

Artists include Sarah Ryan, Jane Burton, and Michael Schlitz. Hannah Fink writes an article dedicated to Julie Gough, an indigenous artist who plays with artefacts and identity in a very post-modern way. Palawa writer Greg Lehman contributes a moving response to the storage of indigenous artefacts still held at the Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery.

Because the theme of the issue is "Collection/Recollection", the design team have had a bit of fun by throwing in visual bites of the various things we collect: cigarette packets, football cards, stamps, even beer coasters.

For you more urbane types, there's a piece by Andrew Motion on the convict artist Thom

as Griffiths Wainwright. Also on convicts, there's a piece on tattoos and how

Arthur prisoners were identified by their skin markings. The article is accompanied by pictures of skin samples taken from bodies and held in Guy's Hospital, London. (That's one for you Patricia Cornwell fans.) Philip Mead looks at a new CD-ROM on the poet Kenneth Slessor produced by G3 Design, and Elizabeth MacMahon reviews the work of poet Anthony Lawrence.

On the music front, Martin Ball reflects on Peter Sculthorpe's latest String Quartet. Sculthorpe was born in Launceston, and this quartet explores his memories of the landscape in northern Tasmania. Ball reworks the narratives of land dispossession and genocide through the music and its ideas.

So instead of watching repeats of *This Life* or complaining about the deteriorating quality of this series of the *X-Files*, indulge yourself with a copy of *Siglo 10*. Stimulate other parts of your body, like your mind. If you can't find a distributor near you, you can order online at <http://www.utas.edu.au/docs/siglo/>. *Siglo's* email address is siglo@utas.edu.au. To subscribe to four issues, send your cheque for \$28 or credit card details to *siglo*, GPO Box 252-82, Hobart 7001.

Penny Barker

Sepultura interview.....

Hailing from Brazil, metal band Sepultura formed in 1984. The founding members of the group were brothers Max and Igor Cavalera (on vocals and drums respectively), Paul Pinto (the bass man) and guitarist Jairo T. Andreas Kisser later replaced Jairo T., and the band's following recording *Schizophrenia* clinched them a record deal with Roadrunner Records. This was back in 1989, and Sepultura's first global release, *Beneath The Remains*, was hailed a "masterpiece of the genre". Yet, three albums later, with a worldwide following and celebrated live performances the band almost parted ways, but instead, Max Cavalera (lead singer) left, and Sepultura moved on to record a new album - *Against* with Derrick Green on lead vocals.

With a new album and a worldwide tour on the agenda, Sepultura are still going strong after fourteen years of recognition as principal metal performers. I had the opportunity to talk to band-member, Igor Cavalera and asked him a few questions about the band's almost break-up, the new album their inspirations and ambitions.

Answering in a thick South American accent, Igor said that musically, as a band, their sound had evolved over the years due to both personal experience and the changing make up of the band. It had been, while always being heavy metal, full of intensity and energy and



upon this other influences (such as tribal drumming) have created Sepultura's sound. I then asked what influences Derrick Green (new lead singer) brought to the band and was told that he has a more hard-core, punk edge than Max did. This led to the question of just what had happened, why did Max Cavalera leave the band? Well apparently he is married to their manager, and they decided he should pursue a solo career. (Hmmm, that seems like a stereotypical lead-singer-like thing to do.)

For Sepultura, inspiration comes in the form of seeing people put their heart and soul into whatever they do - whether it be skateboarding, music or whatever. This is a good indication of the energy and intensity which they put

into their music and probably explains why they've been around for so long as a band. From the past to the future... Immediate plans for the band include a tour to promote their new CD, *Against*. On the topic of the CD, it was actually recorded in several different locations around the world; including Japan where they teamed up with a Japanese percussion outfit named Kodo to record a song - 'Kamaitachi'. This came about because they had known the members of Kodo for some time and were invited to Japan. They also collaborated with members of Metallica for another song on the CD and several of the tracks were recorded in different studios around Brazil.

This is the eighth release for Sepultura, and not the last either. The band is now going strong and have ambitions to continue creating and performing music. I asked if they felt *Against* was their best album, and Igor replied that it may feel like it now, because it is new but that each album reflects a different time and has its own strengths and weaknesses; each of them is unique and as good as the other.

Sepultura have gained large scale popularity among metal listeners. I feel that this may be because they seem to be talented musicians who put 100% into what they do.

kym



Against
Sepultura
(Roadrunner Records)

Heavy metal-heads ahoy !! This is the first release from Brazilian band, Sepultura in two years and in that time, lead singer Max Cavalera was replaced by Derrick Green. Green has a classic husky growl and the music on the CD is generally heavy and fast.

Against is a long CD (i.e. good value for \$\$\$), it has 15 tracks on it and plays for over an hour. The lyrics are generally indiscernable, the emphasis seems to be on the energy and feeling of the music. However, while the music is heavy, it is clear that Sepultura are talented, as they play in a precise and provoking manner. Their music is not as inaccessible as that of some metal bands and they have strong sense of tribal tradition which also sets them apart (eg. the artwork on the CD reflects traditional Japanese figures).

Throughout the recording there is a lot of emphasis on the percussion, particularly on track 11 'Kamaitachi' where they teamed up with a traditional Japanese percussion group named Kodo. While there are tribal influences and there is a lot of traditional percussion used, it is not as prevalent as on *Roots* (1996 - combining a range of influences including traditional Brazilian and African music). Basically this CD is metal music, it's powerful, solid and would probably be best played very loud.

kym

FOLKS DOIN' STUFF

The inaugural Chimera Festival, featuring a plethora of home grown talent, will make its debut on Saturday November 7 (through to Sunday November 8) at Clayton (near Murray Bridge). Confirmed acts include Kaleidoscope, Fruit, JBE, Spiral Dance, Snapperhead, The Barkers, Chris Finnen, Push Button Sun, Vistuis, Fish...and there are many more yet to be announced. There will be a bus running to Clayton from Adelaide, and there will be food and drink available on site. Tickets are \$20 (\$16 conc.) and can be bought from any CIB ticketing outlet.

This is from the Triple J page - I'm sure many of you would know the lineup by now anyway, but just in case...

[THE FALLS FESTIVAL '98]

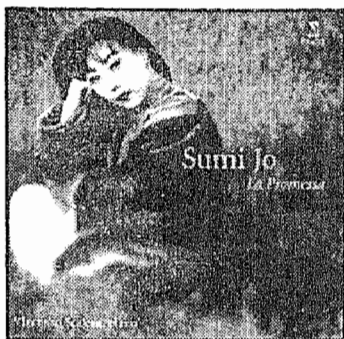
Another Triple J Gig

Special Guest Appearance from BLONDIE + Bentley Rhythm Ace + Rocket From the Crypt + Mudhoney + Fu Manchu + Unwritten Law + Cherry Poppin' Daddies + Midnight Oil + You Am I + Ammonia + The Superjesus + Frenzal Rhomb + Testeagles + Magic Dirt + Nancy Vandall + Pollyanna + Area 7 + 99 + Game Over + Bodyjar + Eskimo Joe + Liquid + Primary + Even + over 15 DJ's and more bands to be announced

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Sumi Jo
La Promessa
(Erato/Warner)

I know it may seem strange to some that I'm reviewing an operatic type thing. But it's not. No, really, I mean that. You see, Sumi Jo is possibly one of the greatest ever - a precocious talent that is better than anyone could possibly expect her to be. In her early to mid 20's, she is already being considered one of the best ever. Her voice is so pure and, for want of a better word, "precise" (she hits every note with crisp clarity) that she can send chills down the listener's spine with one octave climb. Having a mother like I do (obsessed with classical music) means that I am often fortunate enough to hear the great works - she seems to constantly have the radio on at the loudest possible volume (no wonder she's going deaf) when one of her favourite composers or her favourite works is on. She's loved Sumi Jo ever since she first appeared on the world stage - I'm pretty sure that before this recent rush of releases she owned everything that she

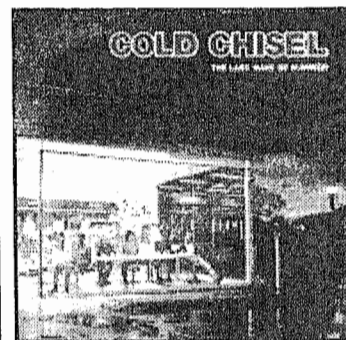
has recorded (at least everything after Erato paid her huge money to sign with them as a feature artist). This compilation features every composer you could wish for - Bellini, both Scarlatti's, Verdi, Handel, Rossini and Mozart. Yet all these composer are linked though the consistent piano accompaniment by Vincenzo Scalerà. In Melbourne for their Arts festival, Sumi Jo is amazing and hopefully one of these days she will make the trip come to Adelaide and wow audiences here, as she was wowed them internationally. Most truly great opera singers don't reach their peak until their mid 30's and often don't stop until their 50's, so where this Korean wunderkind goes from here is anyone's guess.

AnDrEw 1

Well, they're back (you didn't really think they were gone forever, did you?), and they've brought with them an album that should silence their many critics. Not that critics have ever bothered Cold Chisel, whose reformation is probably the most anticipated in Australian history; they have an enormous and supportive fan-base across the entire country. So, with an impending tour coming up, what are the new songs like? Very Chisel. Barnes believes that this is the best singing he has ever done, and quality wise he's probably right. The tone of the album reminds me a lot of *Flesh and Wood*, but a lot louder. 'Baby's On Fire' is a classic rock tune which, although rockin' and very catchy, perhaps Don Walker might have been better not to write: it must give Barnes' voice hell. A definite highlight of the CD

is the ballad 'Way Down' featuring some sweet Moss vocals, and the Barnes-penned 'Never Stop Loving You' is pretty sweet, too. If you like ultra-low bass, this album's got stacks, which kinda feels a bit weird at times, and seems like an unnecessary attempt at changing the Chisel sound. If the quality of this new CD is anything to go by, Chisel have still got it, and the tour should be pretty friggin' awesome. This release is not just for Chisel-ites, but should appeal to anyone into good Aussie rock, but especially those who enjoyed the recent solo work of both Jimmy Barnes and Ian Moss. I am impressed, you should be too.

andrew four



Cold Chisel
The Last Wave of Summer
(Mushroom)



Ricochet
self-titled
(Independent)

This is quite a good release. It's hard and intense, in much the same vein as Rage Against The Machine, but with a real Australian accent (something which is real hard to find, which is a shame)! In the press release Ricochet list Testeagles and The Mark of Cain as their two favourite gigs, which is a direct indication of their influences and style. The CD contains five tracks, recorded at Krell studios in September, beginning with the catchy riffs of 'New World Order', and the dark but tight bass and drums combination of 'Reflex Sword'. 'Empty' would have to be my favourite track on the CD with its yellable chorus and that neat bass tone, and having never been to a Ricochet gig, I just have to imagine the crowds running around and pushing each other over to this one. 'Bottom Line' has a really

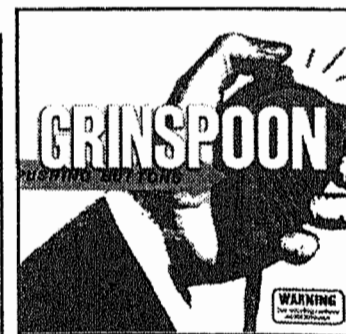
cool, slow bridge section, and a very clear and angry message: "the bottom line is greed". The bass chords in the final track 'Promised Land' are excellent, once again providing a solid link with the ever-so-tight drums, backing yet another powerful message. The main gripe I have with this CD is in the mastering: I can't hear the goddamn guitar - not as much as I'd like, anyway. In the press release the band claim that they "have developed an extreme energetic stage presence and have gathered many loyal fans", and I'm sure that fans will be contented with this first release. If you haven't heard the band, check this CD out, I'm sure it can be found at the usual outlets for local music, and if you get the chance to see them live get to it, as will I.

andrew four

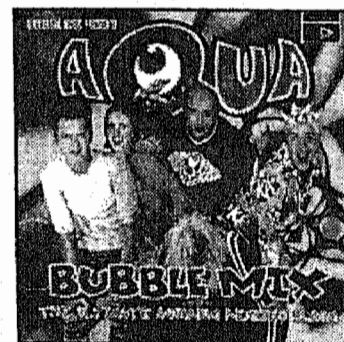
This CD is L-O-U-D. And I like loud. The thing about Grinspoon is that they are a million-miles-an-hour on stage and they somehow always manage to capture this in the recording studio. Listening to this CD you can almost see them onstage. The six-track EP was recorded in New York, presumably while on their recent tour of the 'States, and contains four completely new songs, one live track and the studio version of 'More Than You Are' which appeared in live format on the 'Just Ace' single/EP. The opener, 'Black Friday' is currently on high rotation on JJJ and deservedly so; it's probably one of the best tracks that they've produced. 'Snap Your Fingers, Snap Your Neck' is a dark, Marilyn Manson-type number that has a pumping dance beat and pow-

erful, distorted vocals. 'Busy' contrasts nicely, with a light pop-rock feel similar to the sounds of Jebediah, and a very singable chorus of "Busy having a good time", and the techno-warble of 'Explain' is slightly reminiscent of the 'Gurge. The live version of 'Black Friday' is again L-O-U-D and pure energy. Unfortunately, for those who got to the concert, there is no version of the political 'Johnny's a Fuckwit'. Pity, it's so catchy. But still, I love it, go buy it. Just a quick note on the screen-saver though: it loads automatically so if you don't really want to use it, don't put it in your CD player.

andrew four



Grinspoon
Pushing Buttons EP
(Grudge/Universal)

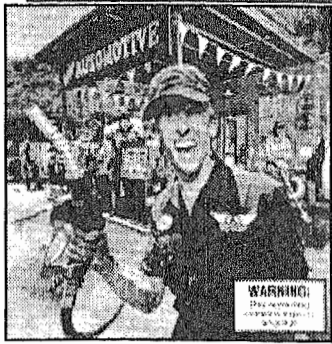


Aqua
Bubble Mix - The Ultimate Aquarium Remixes Album
(Universal)

Aqua, in this humble reviewers opinion, have suffered the same ill fate as the Spice Girls: even after releasing some incredibly catchy tunes that almost everyone knows at least a chorus or two of (go on, admit it), they somehow remain drastically uncool. This CD seems to make an attempt at rectifying the situation a little by presenting some of the more successful Aqua tunes in what may be regarded as more credible club formats, appealing to the over-18s crowd more so than the original album might. The sticker on the front of my copy of this CD says "Pay no more than \$21.95". This is good advice, since technically this release only has six songs on it. Sure, it has twelve tracks, but most are repeated at least once in different versions. 'Barbie Girl' manages to make it onto the CD on four tracks, and with the 'Twisted Mega

Mix' included, is played eight times. You'd have to be a fan... Overall, the remixes are each pretty good, but when you listen to the whole CD it can all be a bit too much. An exception is the dark Antiloop Club Mix of 'Doctor Jones', which features some very creative sample use, and the Madonna-ish version of the ballad 'Turn Back Time' is also pretty good. And if it all just isn't enough, there's the nine minute megamix, featuring, 'Barbie Girl', 'Doctor Jones', 'Doctor Jones', 'Barbie Girl', 'Doctor Jones', 'Barbie Girl', 'Barbie Girl', 'Lollipop (Candyman)', 'Roses Are Red', oh, and 'Barbie Girl'. Yep. Definitely a CD for the fans.

andrew four



Aerosmith
Little South of Sanity
(Geffen/Universal)

Armageddon seems to have revived the popularity of this band, and they have decided to strike while the iron is hot, releasing this double CD pack of live material gathered from their two most recent monster tours, 'Get a Grip' in 1993-4 and 'Nine Lives' in 1997-8. This is probably my major problem with the album, that it simply contains the best version of each track rather than the honesty of a single live show.

The collection basically reads as a "best-of..." opening with 'Eat the Rich', and continuing through such classics as 'Love In An Elevator', 'Livin' On the Edge' and 'Dude (Looks Like A Lady)'. 'Janie's Got A Gun' lends itself to stadium-rock performance more than I expected, and provides a definite highlight, as does the immor-

tal 'Walk This Way'. The sweet ballad 'Walk On Down' is performed with emotion and sensitivity, which is, oddly enough, the opposite treatment to what 'Sweet Emotion' gets.

The CD captures the energy and intensity of Aerosmith in concert, and the crowds sound just huge. It kinda makes you wish you were there. I've heard many live concert CDs, and this is certainly one of the better ones, and a must for the Aerosmith crowd. It's also a good way to have all the classics without buying half a dozen albums, so you can't lose really, if you want some Aerosmith.

andrew four

Lisa Germano is one of the most talented singer/songwriters I have ever heard. "So why have I never heard her?" I hear you ask. Well, chances are, you have. Germano is also one of the most sought-after session violinists in the American music industry. She is perhaps most conspicuous in her work with John Melencamp, especially his seminal (he says without a hint of irony) album *Scarecrow*.

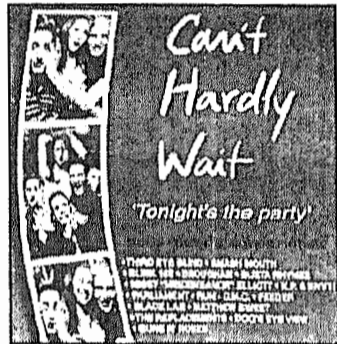
In her own right, Germano has released a handful of her own albums, but *Slide* is undoubtedly the best to date. Lifting and delicate, each song seems to float out of the stereo on butter-

fly's wings. Germano's voice is silky-smooth and warm; think Natalie merchant without the nasally quality. Each song is both a saga of broken hearts and a testament to Lisa's talent. There isn't a bad track here, but some of the better ones are 'Crash', 'Wood Floors', 'If I Think of Love', and my personal fave (which I just can't get out of my head), 'Tomorrowing'. *Slide* may be the album that brings Lisa Germano a little of the attention she deserves, but probably not.

J.D.



Lisa Germano
Slide
(4AD/Shock)



Music From the Motion Picture
Can't Hardly Wait
(Warner)

So here I am reading the credits at the end of the movie as fast as I damn well can, thinking, "Fuck, there were a lot of songs in this film!" When I get the soundtrack, not only am I disappointed with its single CD format (judging by the credits, it should have at least been three!) but also the fact that many of my favourite tracks from the film just aren't there. That, and the fact much lamented about the office: not enough pictures of Jennifer Love-Hewitt. So what's left?

Well, Third Eye Blind's 'Graduate' is, and that's good, because it's an awesome song. It's claimed as being a remix, but it's not a dance remix, in fact I really can't find much about it that's really any different. Moving on. Smash Mouth's 'Can't Get Enough of You Baby' is good if you can stand the guy's voice, and 'Dammit' by Blink 182 is probably the most anthemic punk song ever writ-

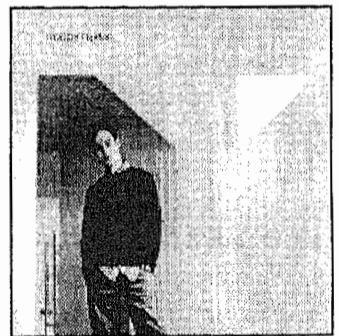
ten. Then things start getting a little hazy, with some oddly-named artists like Missy 'Misdemeanor' Elliott and K.P. and Ervi singing songs I've never heard of and, frankly, aren't in any way impressed by. Parliament get a look in with the less-than-catchy 'Flashlight', but RUN - D.M.C. make up for it with the classic, 'It's Tricky'. Feeder's 'High' is a mellow highlight, a very fine tune. The whole thing is wrapped up with the star of the show, Guns'n' Roses' 'Paradise City', which you kind of have to see the film to really enjoy fully. Not bad really, it just depends on your tastes. The album has a very wide range of artists and styles, probably designed to reflect the variety of characters and groups in the film. Go check it out and see what you think, I kinda like it. It's growing on me.

andrew four

If you're reading this review chances are you're too young to remember Aztec Camera, one of the seminal Australian bands to come out of the eighties, along with the Triffids, the Stems, the Celibate Rifles and the Church. Well, take my word for it, they were good. Why do I bring this sliver of Australian music history to the fore? Simple. Roddy Frame was the singer and principle songwriter of Aztec Camera. Now Roddy has brought out his own album, *The North Star*. I don't want to get too caught up in comparisons between the Camera's work and this new album; suffice it to say there's some of that heritage here, in a good way. But *The North*

Star is an album that stands on its own merits. Introspective, sometimes brooding, the album is a journey of self-reflection. The songs are a vehicle for Roddy's exquisite voice, the lyrics delivered with the ease of a man who doesn't have anything to prove. My favourite track would have to be 'Autumn Flower'. Other stand-out tracks include 'Back to the One', the title track, and 'Bigger, Brighter, Better'. While I'm not sure *The North Star* is going to convert legions of new followers, there's a lot of 'Camera fans out there who will be happy to hear some of the old magic again.

J.D.



Roddy Frame
The North Star
(Epic/Sony)



Various
Strictly Techno 5
(Sony)

At well over two hours long this double CD gives you a fair bit of techno and should please the enthusiast. As per usual with these compilations, a mix of styles and sounds is present and most songs aren't bad. Stand-out tracks are going to depend on personal taste so I'll just mention a few that tickle my fancy. 'Can U feel the Bass?' by Tank: call me a language purist but I sure will be glad when the use of U for you is no longer in fashion! This said, 'Can U Feel the Bass?' ain't a half-bad song, with, not surprisingly given its title, an excellent bassy sound (bassy not Basseyy). This song, and 'Welcome to the Club' by DJ Phantasma but remixed by Tank compete for the darkest bass sound. While all the rest of the songs on the two CDs are good listening, particularly 'Ninety Seven Stars' by Quazar and 'I like Waking up the House' by Nostrum,

two offerings really grated with me. The first, 'We have a Problem' by Space Shuttle, grates because it is so similar to Brainbug's 'Nightmare', and as a result it never sounds quite right. The other problem track is Endorphin's 'Solar Flare' (Sunspot Remix). While Endorphin's album, *Relapse*, kicks arse (as does the Our House mix of the song 'Relapse'), the remix of 'Solar Flare' on this compilation is, for my money, a bit lame, and a bit of a waste of an excellent song. Both discs end with a couple of happy hardcore numbers, the pick of which has to be Lukey Luke & the Mikey Bunch doing a take on the Spice Girls with 'Wannafuk'. Great "wude" lyrics involving what these boys really, really want—listen to it while you still remember who the Spice Girls are!

Marc Vickers

single files

Alex Lloyd - 'Black the Sun' (EMI)

The "Artist Formerly Known As Alex Wasiliev" (from the band Mother Hubbard) has released one of the standout singles of the year so far. Utterly amazing - with sonic influences ranging from Jeff Buckley to Massive Attack. Wow this is good.

AnDrEw I

The Angels - 'Invisible Man' (Shock)

I loved "Caught in the night", their first single off *Skin and Bone*, and this song is almost as good. The new songs are more melodic than their older tunes, and the guitar work is great. It also has a live version, a demo version of the song, plus a 25-minute track-by-track walkthrough of the album by the boys themselves. Good stuff.

Greg Heaton

Blair - 'Have Fun, Go Mad' (Universal)

White boy rap and funky backing, this summertime anthem is one of the singles lifted from the *Sliding Doors* soundtrack. It's pretty catchy, but tends to get quite annoying after a while (as do most rap songs). Average at the best.

Pandora - 'A Little Bit' (MCA/Universal)

Seven, that's right count them, seven remixes of "A Little Bit." The original song is a bit of pretty uninspired handbag (girly techno), but a couple of the later remixes such as "The Sir Family Remix" and the "Xtacy Remix" are surprisingly listenable.

Old Bugger

Steps - 'One For Sorrow' (Zomba/Mushroom)

The third single from the debut album of Steps (the talent who brought you that sublime song about "my boot scootin baby") is another musical *tour de force*. With the limited edition cd this reviewer was lucky enough to receive came a poster and dance instructions. Not only are these guys and girls musical legends, but they can dance too! Be quick if you want to snap up this cd, because it will undoubtedly become a collector's piece!

Sir Chasm

DR. DRE & LL COOL J - 'Zoom' (Interscope/Sony)

Not a bad hip hop thang for those who like the G thang! Four "yo"s and one "I'm tellin' ya."

Harry the Honky

Rachid - 'Pride' (Universal)

A slow mellow little ditty best described as competent (ie soulless) soul.

G Rumpee

Moler - 'Delicious' (Infectious/Mushroom)

More punk than you can shake a popsickle [sic] at. How can I express my feelings for Moler? I love Moler. They're cool. Kat's cute. And they're playing at the Austral some-time real soon. For more info see folks doin' stuff next week.

Sam Andreas-Fault

Luka Bloom

Tuesday October 13
Norwood Concert Hall

For me this was one of the most built up music events of the year. I was pumped. But you know how sometimes when you build up your expectations to the point where nothing can even come close? I was that excited. Fortunately Luka came through for me.

The night began with a fine showing from Monique Brumby (and her sidekick Mary-Anne). Acoustic numbers which rang nicely in the silent concert hall. But we were all really there to see Mr Bloom.

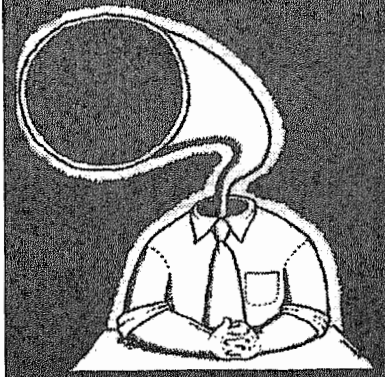
Resplendent in trendy black cords and a black shirt, Luka Bloom ran out on stage and picked up his guitar; the joy didn't stop until he put it down again. Featuring a great number of songs from his new album *Salty Heaven*, Luka used an intricate combination of pedals and sheer talent to produce a unique guitar flavour. A sound that can only be related to Luka's own individual style. The songs, all stories in

their own right, really came alive. The folk tradition of embellishing the stories before singing the song shed light on the realities of the situations. It definitely brought new meanings to my interpretation of 'Water Ballerina' and 'Ciara'. It struck me how trusting and honest musicians are with the listeners of their music.

As well Luka delighted the audience with some old favourites - from both *Turf* and *The Acoustic Motorbike*, and even the LL Cool J cover 'I Need Love'. And the old cliché of 'saving the best till last' (absolutely no reference to the rank Vanessa Williams song) certainly rang true. 'Gabriel' is a fantastic number, never recorded, but a live masterpiece. How Luka managed to make the guitar sound like a pipe organ I will never know. But that's all part of the magic.

Unlike the white lily that I received after the show, Luka's performance is one that will stay alive, locked in my memory for years to come.

Susie Bate



1999 is not very far off. We know this, because every day we make a special effort to look at the Advertiser's Countdown to 2000 timer thing.

This also means that Student Radio applications for 1999 are now available. Yes, that is right. You can now put in your bid to join our corporate juggernaut. All you have to do is pick up a form from the SAUA, fill it out using a writing implement of your choice, give it back to whomever is on the front desk at the SAUA, and then sit at home by your letterbox waiting for a letter from us. What could be simpler?

Please make sure that your contact details are very accurate, and if you will be anywhere strange during December you might want to mention that too. And make sure that you answer the Cold Chisel question too. Don't tell anyone, but that is the real question that decides who really can be a radio star.

There are many reasons you should consider joining Student Radio, not the least being it is more fun than *On Dit* [this is, of course, untirely untrue, but it may be the opinion of the two student radio directors (if so, that's the last time we let them design the front cover - Eds)].

This week on Local Noise is PROBE RED, a finalist in the National Band Competition, playing their fine brand of rock 'n' roll music. Tune in at 9:30 PM this TUESDAY night on Student Radio, 531 AM.

Peter Adams
Christian Haebich
1998/1999 SR Directors



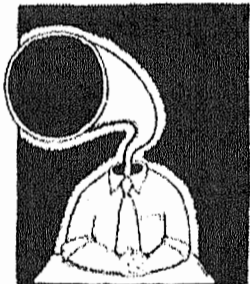
“Ayeee. blaahh. oi mossy, pass me the beam. faaarrk. The best news after Cold Chisel reforming is that ...

student radio are opening applications for 1999.

piss off, Don. get your own cigarettes. To get involved all you have to do is pick up an application from the SAUA, Union Building, 5UV, or any good bottle shop.

Fill it in and return it to the SAUA no later than 5:00 pm on NOVEMBER the 20th, or when ever you get up.

Okay, so how does Flame Trees start again? ...”



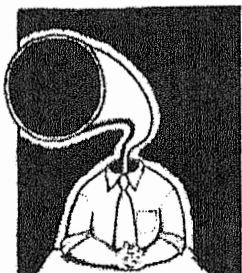
**student radio.
give me noise.**

7 nights a week 9:30 PM - 1:30 PM Radio 5UV 531 AM

this week on local noise

probe red

'live to air' on tuesday the 20th of october
9:30 PM on LOCAL NOISE



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

What's that about nuclear powered wheelchairs?

Dance Me To My Song
 Opens 22 October
 Palace Eastend Cinemas

First and foremost *Dance Me To My Song* is a love story. It is the story of a lonely woman who desires intimacy. The fact that this woman, Julia (Heather Rose), suffers from Cerebral Palsy just gives the film context. This is possibly



one of the best Australian films this year. Out of all of the Aussie films I have seen this year, I would rate this one above the rest. Apparently so would a lot of other people. *Dance Me To My Song* was in the official selection for competition at Cannes this year and was declared the second most popular film at the Melbourne International Film Festival. The story focuses on Julia

and her carer Madelaine (Joey Kennedy). It soon becomes clear that Madelaine is not going to be a likeable character and although you will occasionally feel pity for her, you will mainly be calling her a bitch under your breath. When Eddie (John Brumpton) enters the story the emphasis shifts to the relationships between him and the two women. The final character is Rix (Rena Owen), Julia's boozing, hooning, raucous friend who is a hell of a lot of fun. Some of the scenes between Rena and Heather are hilarious, specifically the wheelchair hooning scene. Heather was inspired to write the screenplay with Frederick Stahl, after her experience in *Bad Boy Bobby* in which she had a small

part. Although Rolf de Heer directed, consulted on the script and partly produced the film, it is proclaimed a film by Heather Rose. When I read the production notes for this film I was surprised by the high standard of the cast and crew. Many of them have won awards for films they have worked on and the three supporting actors are theatre writers and directors. With such a top quality team it is easy to see why this is such a good film. I highly recommend this film, not only because it is a brilliant piece of cinema but because it shows you what South Australia is capable of producing.

Chris Bolland

Who's Spanish?

The Spanish Prisoner
 Now Showing
 Wallis Academy

Joe Ross (Campbell Scott - *Ships of Fools*) has developed a 'process' which will give him, and the company he works for, control of the global market economy. Problem is, after speaking to a mysterious man named Jimmy Dell (Steve Martin - *The Man With Two Brains*, *Roxanne*, *Little Shop of Horrors etc*) on a business trip, he no longer trusts the men he works for and decides to begin the process of legally protecting himself and his formula. But as he does so, strange things start happening and his suspicions

grow to the point where he only has a handful of people that he can trust. And then, it seems, even they disappear, along with his formula. David Mamet is widely regarded as a master of this puzzle-film genre, and has five films and numerous plays to his credit. His experience in theatre is reflected in his concise cast, with only six main characters, which allows the viewer to concentrate more closely on the in-



tricate plot. Mamet's encounter with a real-life con-artist in Las Vegas has inspired a film that unlike its peers, defies predictability: "a cinematic Rubik's Cube". I have seen many similar films but never one so fresh in approach, and certainly never one that managed to survive to the end without resorting to tacky action scenes. *The Spanish Prisoner* is a game of wit, and the players were not chosen for their ability to beat each other up. For once, Steve Martin is given a serious role in a

movie, and the result is a very rich interpretation of a pivotal character. Mamet's wife Rebecca Pidgeon (*The Dawning*, *Homicide*) plays the role of the gorgeous Susan, whose seemingly innocent infatuation with Joe becomes a key part of the story late in the piece. The depth of the characters is due in part to a long-running association between Mamet and at least half of the cast, who have appeared in several of his plays and films. I think I'll probably see this film again. I know how it goes, but I'd like to go back and watch how the story is being crafted. Because it's just so damn good. It definitely will be amongst my films of the year. Go to it.

andrew four

Sexy people!

Out Of Sight
 Now Showing
 Greater Union Cinemas

In the beginning of *Out Of Sight*, George Clooney, as Jack Foley, a tough nut with over two hundred robberies to his name, struts into a bank, flirts as only George can flirt with the young female teller and walks out thousands of dollars richer having used those come hither eyes and creative lies instead of a gun. Only car troubles land him back in a medium security facility in Florida. Flash forward, flash back, flash to any time and what follows is two hours of crazy, off-beat characters, sharp, fast dialogue, some

blood and brains, a few plot twists and some raunchy sexiness in this crime caper. Based on an Elmore Leonard novel and directed by Steven Soderbergh (*Sex, Lies and Videotape*, *Kafka*), *Out Of Sight* will be endlessly compared to another Leonard adaptation, *Jackie Brown* (Adapted from his novel, *Rum Punch*) only because they were released in the same year, include some of the same cast and involve some slippery and risky crime business. But the comparisons should end there because *Out Of Sight* is much more fun and doesn't take itself so seriously. Leonard seems to be man of the moment with *Get*

Shorty (adapted by *Out Of Sight* screenwriter, Scott Frank) *Jackie Brown* and *Gold Coast* (avoid at all costs) all having been released in the past few years. Jennifer Lopez (*U-Turn*, *Blood and Wine*) plays by-the-book Federal Marshall Karen Sisco, who finds herself in the boot of an escape car with Jack (some girls have all the luck). It is here that she realises a mutual attraction and it is when she is given the task of recapturing him that the twists begin. George and Jennifer make a sexy team and the director's technique of jump cutting



from a scene with the two of them in a bar, talking about love and lust and relationships, to a scene in the bedroom doing all that stuff, is impressive. *Out Of Sight* deals with characters and their various motives more than it deals with plot. With a support cast including Albert Brooks, Ving Rhames, Dennis Farina, Don Cheadle and Catherine Keener, this film is worth seeing, especially if you are into this kind of genre.

Belinda Schaefer

Love, Art and Feminism

Artemisia
Opens October 22
Palace Eastend Cinemas

Artemisia Gentilesehi was the first woman painter in art history. Forbidden by law in the 17th Century to study at the Academy in Rome and to use male nudes for figure drawing, she had her father Orazio sign many of her paintings. Raised in a world of paints and canvases, 17 year old Artemisia is praised for "Painting like a man". It is the story of Artemisia's love affair with her tutor Tassi, which provides much of the narrative in *Artemisia*. He comes to initiate her in

the world of art as well as the foreign world of sex and passion. As she learns more about the aesthetics of the human body, it becomes more than a model for artistic expression - it becomes an object of desire and forbidden pleasure.

Valentina Cervi made her English language debut in Jane Campion's *Portrait of a Lady* and is superb as Artemisia. As the frustrated artist who pursues her passion in secret, she is

a brilliant blend of passion and naivety, whilst her lover Tassi (Miki Manojlovic) sup-



ports with a contrast of arrogance and experience. As Orazio, Michael Serrault (*Nelly and Mr Arnaud*,

Diaboliques) is suitably stern as the torn Father. Written and directed by Agnes Merlet who was inspired by the raw sensuality in the artwork of Gentilesehi, the visual aspects of Artemisia are not unlike the artwork of the film's heroine - colourful, strong, passionate - and the fact that the film is subtitled does not lessen the impact of the cinematography. For an Artist who is not widely known in common circles, Artemisia's story is one that will make an impact on all who choose to learn of it.

Belinda Schaefer

Giveaways

The giveaways just keep on comin' Kids!
The lovely people at Neil Ward Publicity have kindly provided us with 10 double passes to Elizabeth, valid at Hoyts and Greater Union, from October 22 to November 5. I have been waiting for this film all year and so far it has received rave reviews. If you want a pass then do the usual. Bring your name and phone number down to the office by Wednesday Oct. 21 at 1pm.
Chris Bolland, Film Sub-ed.

FILM SOCIETY

Bonnie & Clyde (1967)

d. Arthur Penn

7pm Thursday, October 22nd Union Cinema
 Level 5 Union Building

Cost: members FREE, non-members \$3 to join

In the midst of the peace and love hippie movement came this film exposing the violence that was still present in the American psyche. Deplored by some as glamorising violence, and claimed by others to be a stark anti-violence plea, Bonnie and Clyde divided America.

Set in the Depression era, bored cafe waitress Bonnie Parker (Faye Dunaway) meets drifter, sharecropper, ex-convict (for armed robbery) handsome Clyde Barrow (Warren Beatty)



as he is attempting to steal her mother's car. She catches him in the act, speaking the first line in the film: "Hey boy, what you doin' with my momma's car?" She joins him for thrills, excitement and a career in crime.

On the whirlwind road of romance and violence, they are joined by Clyde's "good ol' country boy" brother Buck (Gene Hackman),

Buck's wife Blanche (Estelle Parsons), and dim-witted driver/mechanic C. W. Moss (Michael J. Pollard) in a spree of violence, heightened by being chased by police from all over. Despite this they are romanticised as heroes, and asked to pose for photographs by admiring country folk. But the good times don't last, and in one of the most memorable scenes in film history Bonnie and Clyde die at the hands of the police, in a manner so violent that the murders they committed pale in comparison.

The film was applauded for its sheer quality despite the reaction of horror that it illicit. It was nominated for a swag of awards including nine Oscars (winning two), as well as winning the National Society of

Film Critics award for Best Screenplay. Individual performances were also highly regarded, particularly those Gene Hackman and Warren Beatty. It is the fact that it is so well made and acted that has meant that it has endured for more than thirty years, and is still worth a viewing in this post-Tarantino world.

On Dit is going out with a bang kids! We want to do a bumper last issue and that means we need articles from you. So start writing your GratNost articles, the deadline for the last issue is Oct. 28. For those of you who do not know what Gratuitous Nostalgia is about, let me give you a run down. It is for you to sing the praise of a not-so-recently released film. GratNost is for you to indulge. No matter how quirky or childish you may think your film is, we want to hear about it. After all, it's nostalgia! *On Dit* officially gives you permission to go all doe eyed and reminiscent. You may wish to write about a really cool film from your childhood (or depending on your age, your teenage or young adulthood), it doesn't matter as long as it is nostalgic to you. You will be surprised at how many people will turn around and say to you that they love that film too. If you want to contribute then bring your 300-500 word review to the office and leave it in my pigeonhole.

Chris Bolland (Film Sub-ed.)

HEY! LET'S QUOTE RECURCITATOR!

Jackie Brown (1997). Director: **Quentin Tarantino**
Samuel L Jackson, Robert De Niro, Pam Greir, Bridget Fonda, Robert Forster, Michael Keaton.

Being anointed to review the latest Tarantino film is by itself, an onerous task. It was made harder by The Spanker who informed me that "its not as good as Reservoir Dogs". I guess new movies by neo whiz-kids will always have that problem, as the song says: *I like your old stuff better than your new stuff*. Luckily I am not a Tarantino 'freak'. In fact I haven't even seen the *Reservoir Dogs* movie and am yet to see the cinema version of *Pulp Fiction*.

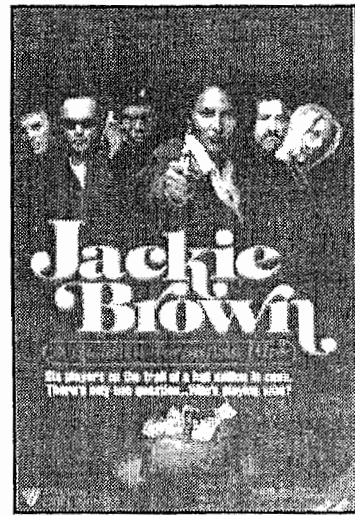
Having got that off my chest, what I have seen of Tarantino I like and I enjoyed *Jackie Brown*. The coolest man in the world is again Sam L Jackson aka Ordell Robbie. The first few minutes of his screen time his vocabulary is very very

black. But he soon mellows the rap and I could soon follow his jive. Ordell you see is a gun runner. We first meet Ordell watching a video catalogue entitled "Chicks who love guns" where we see bikini clad beauties blasting away with the latest weaponry. Made me feel like a real man just watching that bit. But we soon learn that Ordell is a ruthless bastard, willing to kill to stay out of jail, quite a shit really.

We then meet Jackie Brown (Pam Grier). Jackie is an airline hostie, running a wad of cash for Ordell. She gets busted by some very white bread cops with some funny white powder from Mexico. Ordell comes to the rescue and from then on she it would seem is

in debt to him.

The two other main characters are Melanie, a dope smoking surfer chick (Brigit Fonda) who is a pain in the arse, and Louis (De Niro), an old prison chum of Ordell's. De Niro's presence tells me that Tarantino had lots more money to spend for this film. In *Pulp Fiction* all he could afford was Harvey Keitel. The plot thickened with Ordell having the prob-



blem of \$500,000 of his money being stuck in Mexico. After bailing Jackie she owes him so she gets the job to bring it in. Jackie also does a deal with the cops. The rest of the movie is watching this scenario play out. It's not real mentally taxing but there are a few twists and a neat ending. Along the way we have sudden deaths by gunshots, the best sex

scene I've seen in quite a while but alas no car chase. The whole movie is very stylish, very southern California. Ordell wears stylish pastel shirts, drinks screwdrivers, wears his hair in a pony tail. He even wears a Kangol cap backwards with a slight twist. De Niro seems to be a passenger most of the time, but I myself enjoyed watching him play a middle aged no-hoper getting stoned in the middle of the day. Quite entertaining. I was able to connect. The end of the movie is a bit darker but appropriately so. And although Tarantino is 'new wave' he is still an American and Jackie Brown does have a happy ending. In that way he has a touch of the Spielberg in him, fortunately not so sugary though. Perhaps that's what Spanky Speight did not like about *Jackie Brown*. I liked it though. Well worth \$6. One thing good about the movie is the music, quality black R & B soul funky stuff. We also see Brigit Fonda's bum cheeks too and I liked em.

Dave Matthews

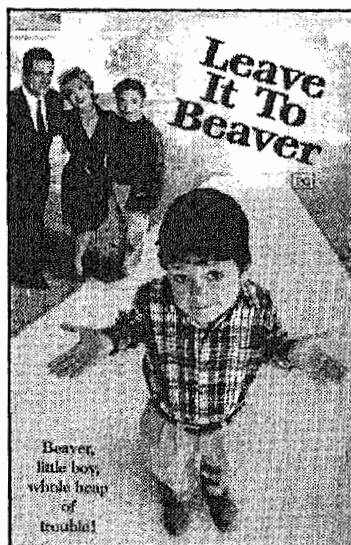
WHY 'BEAVER'?

Leave It To Beaver (1997). Director: **Andy Cadiff**
Christopher MacDonald, Joanne Turner, Cameron Finlay.

CIC
Theodore Cleaver AKA Beaver is your average seven year old.

Leave it to Beaver is your average seven year old's movie. *Leave it to Beaver* was originally and American sitcom (in the 60s I think). The makers of this film have curbed the urge to cash in on the nostalgia market and have updated the characters and plot lines.

Beaver is the kind of kid who means well but ends up causing disasters. An example of this is right at the beginning of the film where Beaver is helping his brother on his newspaper round. Beaver throws a paper into the path of a leaf vacuum, it gets



sucked up and jammed. The bag explodes all over the windscreen of a passing pie van, the van slams on the breaks and pies fly everywhere (and this is a reoccurring motif).

The story starts with Beaver joining the junior football team to suck up to his father to get him to buy Beaver a bike for his upcoming birthday. The ploy works, but not only is Beaver stuck playing football, but his bike is bike-jacked by a nasty 12-year-old. He quits the team, but goes to great lengths to conceal this from his parents.

Meanwhile his older brother is discovering girls. Adventure, mayhem and a lesson in friendship ensue. Quality children's entertainment.

Disco Bunny.

GIVEAWAYS

A double whammy of Giveaways Roadshow Entertainment have given us lots of lovely things to give away this week.

We have five copies of the *Good News Week: Unseen and Obscene* videos. To be in the draw all you have to do is answer the simple questions:
Who is the real star of Good News week?
What is his/her best feature?

Put the answers, your name and contact number on a piece of paper and hand it in to the On Dit office by 1pm Friday 23 October, or telephone On Dit on

83035404 with the same details.
If you miss out, *Good News Week* is available at any reputable video retailers (and perhaps a few of the disreputable ones as well) for the price of \$29.95.

We also have 10 Jackie Brown t-shirts to give away. They are limited editions (ie only the lucky winners and 499 other people will be wearing these t-shirts). They are all black, extra large, 5 are of Robert DeNiro, 5 are of Brigitte Fonda. To go into the draw, close your eyes, think hard and answer the question:

Why is Quentin Tarantino the world's coolest director?

TRYING

Amistad 1998. Director: **Steven Spielberg**
Morgan Freeman, Anthony Hopkins, Djimon Hounsou, Matthew McConaughey.

I get the feeling this was meant to be Spielberg's follow-up to *Schindler's List* that would win him more Oscars and cement his reputation as *The Big Issue* film-maker of our time. The film has all the ingredients of an epic: it's long (160mins). It also has big-name actors, it concerns important characters in an important period of American history, it deals with the issues of slavery and freedom and it is Based on a True Story. However, I was left with the impression that he tried too hard.

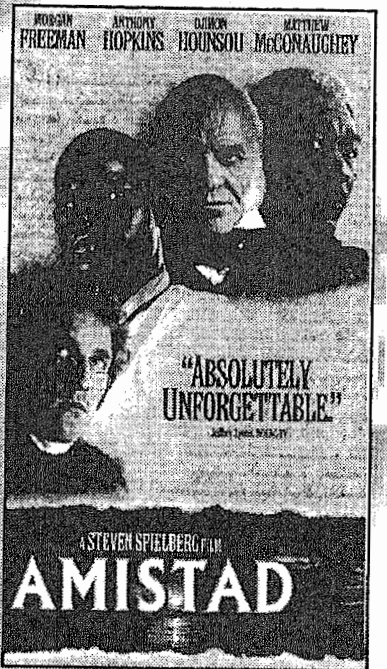
It begins in 1839 aboard the Spanish ship *La Amistad*, with the African slaves killing their captors and turning the ship back towards Africa, but they are captured by an American vessel. Once they are in America, the movie turns into a fairly standard courtroom drama, with the various parties trying to prove that the forty-four captives are Spanish property, American

murderers, Cuban salvage or free Africans.

On the case for the Africans is Roger Baldwin, an irritating young lawyer (Matthew McConaughey, who also played that irritating young evangelist in *Contact*). Unfortunately, President Martin Van Buren (Nigel Hawthorne) is campaigning for re-election and wants to avoid a Civil War over slavery (ah, the benefit of hindsight!) and, more importantly, anything that would adversely affect his chances (ah, ditto! (he lost)), so he appoints southern slave-owner judges. Fortunately, riding to the rescue is former President John Quincy Adams (admittedly well played by Anthony Hopkins) who never opens his mouth but to let

forth with profound sayings on truth, justice and the American Way. Perhaps the most interesting performance is by Djimon Hounsou as Cinque, the Mend-speaking spokesperson for the Africans who fights with dignity for the freedom of his people and struggles to understand the ways of the American legal system. All through the film are little comparisons of the cultures, highlighting the differences, but mostly the similarities of the two, but it gets a bit blatant. It's a good story, with some good acting, but the telling is over the top in some places, trying too hard to be great and not making it.

Adela Moore



AND HAVE A GOOD WEEKEND

People are talking ...and no wonder!

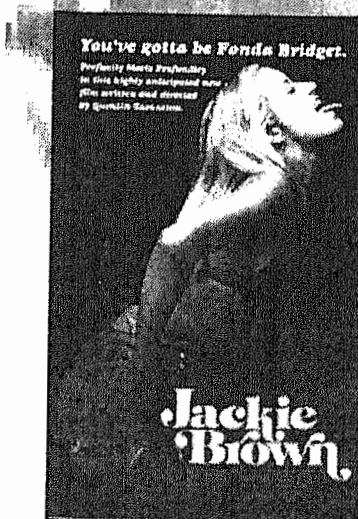
There are only two more editions of *On Dit* left for this year.

Don't let yourself miss out on the last chance to see your name in print in 1998.

Do it. Do it now (or, at least by Wednesday 5pm).

GALORE

Put the answer, the t-shirt you are interested in, and your name and contact number on a piece of paper and hand it in to the On Dit office by 1pm Friday 23 October, or telephone On Dit on 83035404 with the same details.



Good News Week
Roadshow Entertainment

Friday night is not a 'cool' night to stay home in front of the television. And yet, if you don't you're missing one of the best shows on TV. *Good News Week* is a show that follows the media events of the last week. Unlike Seven's *The Panel*, *Good News Week* endeavours to use (and sometimes abuse) recent news stories as substance veiled behind a games show front. Former

DAAS and all round champion Paul McDermott is the 'gamesmaster'. He is the one who dishes out the points and gives the audience a weekly summary - both at the beginning and at the end of the night. Each team of three, either captained by Julia McCrossin or Mikey Robbins has the opportunity to 'win points' by explaining news stories pre-empted by newspaper clippings, or short video clips. At the end of the night the team with the most points wins. Of course, the humour lies in the telling of the story and not the facts themselves. It all proves to be very funny...but at the end of the night, after you've finished laughing, there is scope for a bit of thinking as well.

For all those cool people with lives (or at least things to do on Friday nights) *Good News Week - Unseen and Obscene* is the perfect opportunity to sample some of the good (dare I say 'best?') stuff. I won't give away any of the stories...but I will publicly voice my approval for something that is so 'on the ball' and unstaged.

Susie Bate

Face Facts, Loser.

Get Over It! - A Love Junkie's Guide
Sue Ostler
Allen & Unwin
\$16.95

You may be wondering why a guy reviewed this book. You see, it's a manual for getting over a sour relationship - it's "The Break-Up Girls' Ultimate Survival Kit!" Well, I wanted to find out if women were all as emotional as I had stereotyped. I was wondering whether men really are the bastards we all know they are. Basically, I was curious. But this book kinda confirmed everything I thought.

Sue Ostler is a journalist, specialising in music and relationships. She writes for *Rolling Stone* and Dr. Feelgood's online magazine, and reckons she knows yooof culture. She was inspired to write this book after having a mega-breakup after four years of healthy relationship. Her ex is now a friend and encouraged her to write the book. As soon as she broke up with him, she started a new

job in a new city - the same city he'd just moved to. Anyone who has survived life's three biggest stresses - a breakup, a new job and moving house - must know what they're on

about. Not only had she cut herself off from friends by en-sconcing herself in the relationship, but all her old friends were now in a different city and she was utterly alone. Step by step, she led herself through a process which restored her self-esteem, courage and enthusiasm for life, and it's this process that takes up most

of the book. Not only does she give her story, but she interviews many people who have gone through similar experiences, and not-so-similar experiences. Each of these stories give insight into what can happen.



The main point of the book is spelt out in big letters on the cover: 'GET OVER IT! Get your life together.' Here's how you do it:

1. Tape a 'STOP! DON'T CALL!' Note (written in big black text) next to the phone.
2. Jot down any recent successes or victories you've had. Doesn't matter how small.
3. Make a list of all your friends, your skills, the good things about your job, about your studies, about your family, or your goldfish's undying love for you. Tape it to the bathroom mirror.
4. Record your thoughts on paper. When you feel a strong emotion, good or bad, write it down ... date it and keep it handy so you can keep

track of your mood swings.

5. Ring a really good friend, one you know makes you laugh.
6. Make a list of all the things on the horizon you've got to look forward to ... so you won't forget you've got good stuff going on.

The book is a great read, even if you just like revelling in other people's misfortunes, and is written in clear, no-nonsense language. Definitely worth a look if you're having any relationship worries at all.

zane

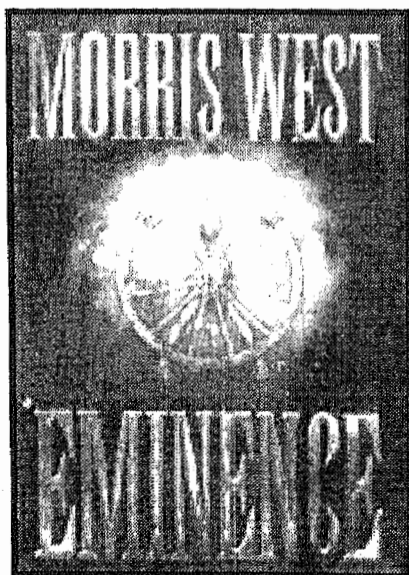
P.S. since I will never need this book due to my incredible self-control and personal strength (and my inability to even get into a relationship, let alone break one up!) I am going to give this book to one lucky reader. Deb in the SAUA has it. Go down and see her, or give her a call on 8303 5406, open up your heart and tell her why you need this book more than she does.

Go West! Behind The Shroud

Eminence
Morris West
HarperCollins
\$35.00

Classed as 'a major publishing event,' this book may well live up to that. Although *Eminence* may, at times, seem a little sombre, West approaches his topic well, and has written an enthralling book.

The topic is the Vatican and the power plays behind it, but *Eminence* is also about a man, his weaknesses and his strengths. West tells the story of the next Papal election and of certain characters who may well be a part of it. Foremost of these is the 'eminence' of the title: Luca, Cardinal Rossini, a man who suffered torture and personal degradation as a young priest in Argentina, lived in



exile in Rome and was promoted to high office by the reigning pontiff. He is, by his own admission, a flawed man, but he is still a man of power and a possible candidate for election to the papacy. This book is not entirely based on fiction. West lived for several years in Rome, and still has many friends and acquaintances in the corridors of power in the Vatican. And if his last book is anything to go by, then this may be another prophecy about to come true.

Luca is a well-developed character, and his weaknesses reek of a poignancy that I'm sure most of us suffer from. I really liked this book, and I think that anyone looking for interesting reading with a little intrigue will find *Eminence* fascinating.

Kathryn Clark

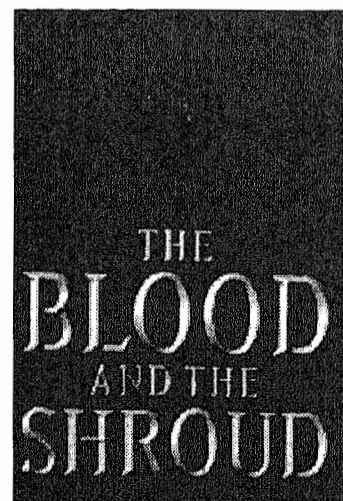
The Blood and the Shroud
Ian Wilson
Weidenfeld and Nicolson
\$39.95

The Shroud of Turin remains one of the enduring mysteries of our age, and this book explores the mystery beautifully. I was particularly impressed that this book explored not only the Shroud and the investigations surrounding it but also the Shroud's history - without passing judgement. Although *The Blood and the Shroud* can be heavy going at times, it makes for most enjoyable reading and will provide insight into religious customs, scientific principles and personalities, evidence

for and against the Shroud's authenticity, and the history of many cities. Even though Ian Wilson is not a heavily religious man, he is convinced of the Shroud's authenticity and does not fail to tell the reader so.

That, however, does not stop him from giving the facts (tainted very little) and allowing the reader to make up their own mind. In fact, at times you may find that Wilson puts so much emphasis on the argument that the Shroud is fake that you end up believing so. Then he tells you something new and once again you're not sure.

Although Wilson has put a lot of factual material into this book, it is not confusing - in fact, quite the opposite. *The Blood and the Shroud* is one of the best books I have read in a considerable amount of years, and is clear (although not always concise) and easy for the scientific layperson to



read. I thoroughly recommend this book for anyone with an interest in the Shroud of Turin, archaeology, or science.

Kathryn Clark

Intrepid Explorer, or something

These Is My Words

Nancy Turner
Hodder and Stoughton
\$24.95

In the recent Uni. break I went camping with some friends - sleeping in tents and doing the 'intrepid explorer' bit. You know, the no-TV, back-to-nature stuff (although one of the guys had his CD player going for most of the trip - well, you've got to have music haven't you!). We had an excellent time, our only worries being: a) have we got enough toilet paper and b) will the drinks run out?

In order to feel virtuous and to assuage the guilt of deserting my studies, I took along a book to review. Lying in my tent with a small fluoro lamp sending erratic beams of light across the page (it was a windy night), I began to read. I hadn't gotten very far before I began to feel somewhat embarrassed about our feeble attempt to live

the outdoor life, for the book that I'd chosen to review was about 'real' pioneers, and the hardship and heartache that they had to endure was unbelievable.

These Is My Words (that's not a typo!) by Nancy Turner is on one level simply a love story. A love story not merely between a woman (Sarah) and a man (Captain Jack Elliot) but between people and the land. Set in the late 1800s *These Is My Words* is told as a series of entries in the diary of eighteen-year-old Sarah Prine. Traveling from Arizona Territory to Texas,

Sarah records the daily events of life on the wagon trail. Everything is written down, from the mundane to the exciting, and all is dealt with in an in-

credibly matter-of-fact way. One of the book's strengths is Turner's use of language. In describing even the most heart-wrenching events she

keeps the language simple, almost stark, producing an understated prose which has great charm as well as devastating impact:

Passed five graves yesterday on the trail. Two more today and one was dug up by wolves. Mama cried when she saw that but we reminded her how careful we buried

Clover [her five-year-old brother] that no wolves could dig his grave.

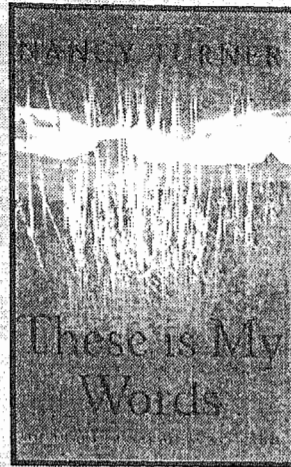
A particularly appealing aspect of the book is Turner's treatment of Ameri-

can Indian people. Unlike other works set in this period, *These Is My Words* doesn't portray the white settler as the hero and the Indian as the villain. Neither does Turner cast the Indian as victim and the settler as abuser. What we have in this novel are some excellent character portrayals. We are shown the good and the bad in both white and Indian. Through Sarah's eyes people are just people, some are good and some are bad, but most are a mixture of both.

I sit here in my dining room, surrounded by the aftermath of my camping trip, listening to the others argue about who's going to have the first shower, and I wonder - would we have shown the same courage, tenacity and good humour as Sarah Prine and thousands of others like her?

These Is My Words. A book that will haunt you.

Penny Spencer



A Load of Bull

Life on the Waterfront

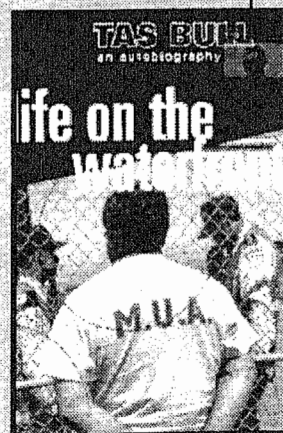
Tas Bull: an autobiography
Tas Bull
Harper Collins
\$24.95

If you are seeking a book which is technically perfect in its use of grammar and phrasing as well as remaining neutral in its observations, this book is not for you! Tas Bull's autobiography is full of anecdotes and personal accounts which outline his experiences and political leanings.

Tas was born in the middle of the Great Depression in Sydney in 1932. He went to sea at the tender age of fourteen and partook in numerous voyages which led him to a number of colourful destinations. The experience he gained from his many seafaring journeys gave him considerable insight and valuable knowledge into international (as well as Australian) waterfront working conditions and the important role that union movements can play in these negotiations. As an active member of the Communist Party of Australia (CPA) Bull had to combat the 1950s paranoia and political flack that was associated with fears of a "red" invasion, as well as handling the inner turmoil of the party.

Tas joined the Waterside Workers'

Federation (WWF) in the 1950s and became its General Secretary in 1984. He has been actively involved in Australia's union movement for over fifty years and has always showed concern for issues such as social justice, apartheid and environmental degradation. Bull's experience and his knowledge of waterfront issues has seen him involved in many negotiations between workers and employers as well as playing a prominent part in the major waterfront reforms of 1989-92. No matter what your opinion is of unions or their role, you cannot help but admire the feats of Tas Bull. He is a quiet achiever in Australia's political history, who has always stood up for what he believed no matter how radical, or how difficult the goal. If you are interested in Australia's waterfront or union movement history, this book is not to be missed.



Ziggy

Apple-Pie

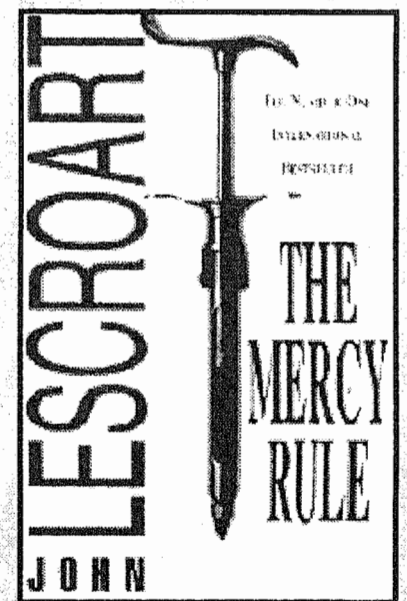
Flavoured Roast?

The Mercy Rule

John Lescroart
Headline
\$24.95

Although I would like to consider myself a fairly sophisticated reader with champagne taste for sublime literature, I have a minor confession to make: I am a closet courtroom drama fan. This is not to say that this particular genre is second-rate, merely that, more often than not, it isn't too complex. Call it fluffy cheesecake if you will. If Grisham is the cheesecake of courtroom drama, then Lescroart is mum's roast: solid, pertinent and much more filling. Although *The Mercy Rule* has a very distinctive US apple-pie flavour, do not be deceived. Lescroart gets stuck into controversial banter and raises some probing questions about the legitimacy of euthanasia.

Our main man, Graham Russo, is arrested following the discovery of his terminally ill father's body - cause of death: a lethal injection of morphine. Is Graham a devoted, loving son helping his father die or is he a ruthless killer who would stop at nothing for a cool \$50,000? Was Graham even a party to his father's

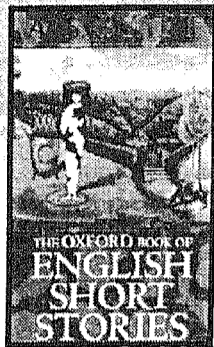


death or is it something much more sinister? As the mystery unfolds, we learn of the dodgy inner dealings by the powers that be and delve into the interpersonal relationships of the lawyers and police assigned to the case. Who is innocent and who is guilty? - of course it's all very mysterious. A smattering of sex is thrown in for extra reading pleasure. Comy as it may sound, it's actually quite a gripping story and I wouldn't expect anything less from Lescroart. It was good reading - 7.5/10.

Steph Carter

Cucumber Sandwiches, Anyone?

The Oxford Book of English Short Stories
ed. A.S. Byatt
Oxford University Press



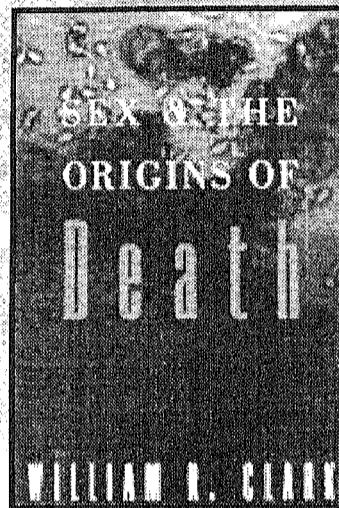
The Oxford Book of English Short Stories is the first anthology to make the English short story its theme, and takes its pick from two centuries of writing in this form. Arranged in chronological order (according to the author's date of birth), the collection of thirty-seven stories spans not only different eras, but different styles and subjects. The list of authors, which reads like a Who's Who of English literature, includes Charles Dickens, Thomas Hardy, D.H. Lawrence, Rudyard Kipling, H.G. Wells, G.K. Chesterton, PG. Wodehouse, Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley, Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene and J.G. Ballard - and while none (or very few) of the stories are duds, neither are they old favourites which have already been done to death. In compiling this anthology, Byatt did not look for stories of England or Empire, or base her choices on preconceptions as to what constitutes 'English' style or subject matter. She demanded only that the writer be English and that those stories she selected "be works of art, that both the writing and the story ... be startling and satisfying, and if possible make the hairs on the neck prickle

with excitement, aesthetic or narrative" (Introduction, p.xv). The result is a collection of great richness and variety - a collection which both confirms and challenges everything which has come to be thought of as typically 'English.' There are stories set very much in the prosaic, everyday world: stories of urban decay and rural poverty; stories which examine the minutiae of English class consciousness and the delicate interplay of social relations; stories of isolation, repression and frustration. There are tragedies and farces, macabre horror stories and rollicking good yarns, ghost stories, science fiction stories, fantasies and fables. Stark and lush, poetical, whimsical, disturbing and wickedly funny, this collection is rife with subtleties and ambiguities. The only characteristic all the stories share (other than their authors' English origins) is the skill with which they have been written. Even with the boring ones (and yes, there are a few) there is a sense that they have been well-crafted, and anyone who is interested in writing short stories themselves could learn a lot from a book such as this - it's a smorgasbord of impressive variety and quality. This is one for lovers of literature: it's demanding reading, but rewarding.
Eva O'Driscoll

What a way to go!

Sex and the Origins of Death
William R. Clark
Oxford University Press
\$29.95

Raunchy book! Raunchy book! That's what I thought when I picked this one up. Alas, I was wrong, and I suppose it serves me right that I got a science book to review instead (science never having been my cup of tea). I started reading *Sex and the Origins of Death* in a spirit of penance, but I finished in a spirit of wonder. You see, this is no ordinary science book. A fascinating study of life, sex and death at the level of the cell, it is elegantly written in clean, lucid prose. Clark doesn't assume knowledge of scientific terminology and processes, but he doesn't oversimplify either. The result is a book which is both intelligent and accessible, as well as being a pleasure to read. It is also remarkably entertaining - I found it quite difficult to put down - and has moments of pure poetry (particularly in the prologue and the epilogue) as Clark describes the evolution of life and death on earth and examines the big questions: why we age, why death exists, and



why sex and death go hand in hand. We are born to die, and Clark proposes that one way to understand the death of a human being is to examine one of those little deaths of which all big deaths are composed, for 'the death of every human being begins with the death of just a few cells' (xi). The study of death at the level of cells has offered many surprises, such as the possibility that cellular aging and death is not a necessary attribute of life on earth - that in fact cells did not die from aging until over a billion years after life first came into being, when they first started experimenting with sex as a form of reproduction. It seems that death from aging is a programmed death, a result of cellular suicide, and a fate that no cell knew before sex - which Clark describes, harking back to Genesis, as possibly being 'the ultimate loss of innocence,' for it brought us the haunting knowledge of our own mortality. Who can fail to be interested in questions so primary and primeval? Certainly not I, and I recommend *Sex and the Origins of Death* as a lucid and fascinating read.
Eva O'Driscoll

Eclectic?

Girls' Talk
ed. Maria Pallotta-Chiarolli
Finch Publishing
\$19.95

With a limited combination of Judy Bloom books, *Girlfriend* and *Dolly* magazines, chats with mum & friends, and the occasional "Growth and Development" class in early secondary school, I can remember feeling that there was a great need for something a bit more involved when it came to discussing "girl things." *Girls' Talk* is the kind of book I would have really liked to read when "I was a girl ... going through all that kind of thing." This book was inspired by a lack of real information available for young women to get their hands on. Maria Palotta-

Chiarolli, a current lecturer in Public Health, has gathered information, opinions, and stories from far and wide. More than just an information point, *Girls' Talk* opens out to include girls from all over Australia, of all ethnic and socio-economic backgrounds, ages, sexualities, sizes, shapes and forms. These girls share their own stories, give their own opinions and ask some



challenging questions of the reader. "Young women speak their hearts and minds" about relationship highs and lows, families, love, sex, sexuality, prejudice, discrimination, bodies and health, feminism etc. through a collection of diary entries, poems, role model write-ups, personal stories and information segments. It's a book stuffed full of in-

formation on almost any situation which might concern girls as they are growing up. The layout of the book makes it very easy to find things, although at some stages the font variety would lead you to think it was more an eclectic student newspaper than a book. But then, that's very trendy these days isn't it? Beyond the book itself there are some "girls' talking points" where budding young women can earnestly gather and talk about real things. Buy *Girls' Talk* for your daughter, your sister, your cousin, your friend. It's the type of book that needs to find its way into as many bookshelves as possible!

Susie Bate

Power Through Multiplicity

Across Country: Stories From Aboriginal Australia
ed. Kerry Davies
ABC Books
\$ 16.95

This is an important book. It is an anthology of stories whose only intended connection is their authors' common Aboriginality. *Across Country* aims simply to collate and broadcast many voices from the Aboriginal writing community. To say, however, that they combine in a glorious harmony would be trite and, moreover, wrong, for not only do the voices sing at different speeds, keys and volumes, they all sing different songs. This diversity is further emphasised by the editorial inclusion of a map at the start of each story showing which region of Australia the author's people are from and the name of the traditional group (or tribe) that they belong to.

But this lack of uniformity is precisely what gives this book its power. Through its multiplicity, *Across Country* insists that one be very careful about making sweeping generalisations about Aboriginals or, indeed, any race of people. It reasserts the individual in the Aboriginal. The anthology reminds people (like myself) with limited, if any, personal experience with Aboriginal people, to look beyond the statistics, stereotypes and Year 11 Australian Studies lessons. Only then might we discover the real individuals. We might be surprised to find that they possess as many differences, conflicts and extremes amongst themselves as there are between the black and white com-

munities viewed macroscopically. Like their authors, the stories in this book are more easily distinguished than analogised. Some come from the authors' childhoods, some from contemporary city life and others from the world of the dream, in both the cultural and nocturnal senses. Some contain bitter criticism of white ignorance, prejudice and cruelty. Others avoid any reference to race whatsoever, such that they could not be identified as Aboriginal were they not so classified. This book is a mine full of gems and a midden full of surprises. Many of the contributing authors have been deservedly published in their own right.

As a whole, *Across Country* is a celebration of the diversity within the Aboriginal community. The contrasts between the stories enable the book to make a significant political statement. It warns that Aboriginal people can be over-classified as a group, blurring the faces of the individuals of which it is comprised. All the ideological goodwill in Universities and Government Departments isn't enough to achieve true reconciliation. The ultimate answer isn't so much policies for "Aboriginal Issues" as an acknowledgment of all people as people at an interpersonal level. As vital as official recognition may be, it is in supermarkets and public toilets that real reconciliation occurs. *Across Country* reminds the non-Aboriginal community that a relationship of genuine respect between two people generates a force no bureaucratic institution can match.



Spud

LITBIT

RATHER THAN JUST BEING GOBBLEDE-GOOK INVENTED BY BORED MAGICIANS, 'ABRACADABRA' AND 'HOCUS POCUS PILATUS PAX' ACTUALLY HAVE MEANINGS.

'ABRACADABRA' MEANS 'HURL YOUR THUNDERBOLT EVEN UNTO DEATH' AND 'HOCUS POCUS PILATUS PAX' MEANS 'A LITTLE TRICKERY FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE AND HAPPINESS ON EARTH'.

LitBit

This week, enhance your vocabulary with seventeen different ways to say 'wank':

- Wax the dolphin
- Go cave-diving with uncle stinky
- Run a hand up the flag pole
- Milk the chicken
- Parade the mullet
- Visit Dad
- Spank the monkey
- Walk the dog
- Buff the bratwurst
- Burp the worm
- Choke the chook
- Flog the log
- Sprog off
- Bash the bishop
- Strangle the python
- Beat the meat
- Gallop the lizard

(Thanks to *The Wanker's Handbook*, Richard Puller, Gary Allen Pty. Ltd. 1996, and a suggestion from two fine fellows)

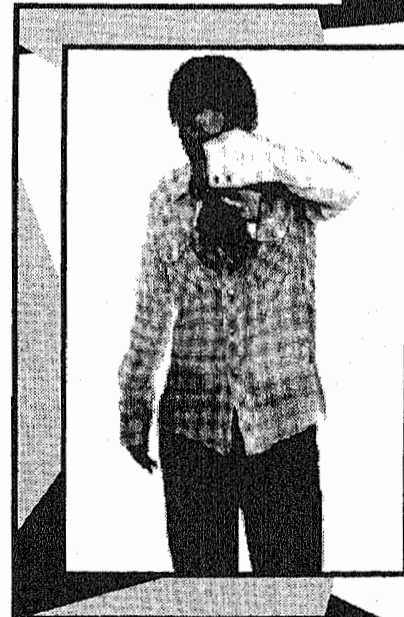
HAVE YOU BEEN PAYING ATTENTION?

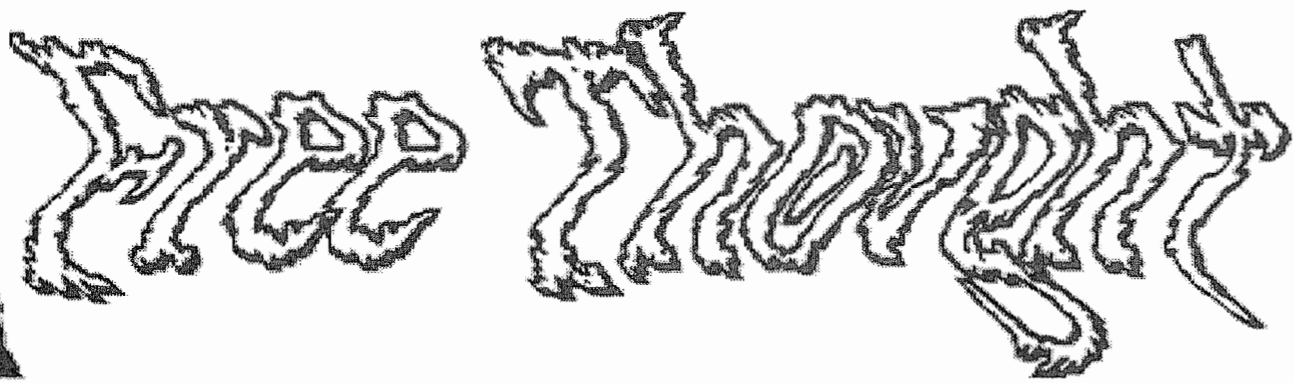
Then you already know what you have to do to

WIN \$1000 WORTH OF BOOKS!

- Take a Photo
- With a Book in it (that is, a Penguin Essential Book)
- Make it Groovy
- Make it Artistic
- Send it to Penguin
- Knock their Socks Off!

There are Entry forms and a Penguin Essential display at Unibooks. Entries close on Monday, November 30.





What is the meaning of life?

Nothing is more bizarre than carrying out all the complex rituals that make up our day to day lives, reflecting critically upon it, and then finally admitting that we don't know why the fuck we are doing it.

Any valid meaning of life must take very seriously the discoveries of science, especially the theory of evolution. Upon first hearing, the theory of evolution sounds very cold, even harsh. "No it can't be true!" some shout, "That negates everything humanity stands for! That theory destroys value, destroys meaning, destroys purpose!" Why do people feel this way?

Life developed by random processes. Thus it evolved for no reason. Since it evolved for no reason, there is no purpose to life and life has no meaning. If we exist because of blind, random forces that do not care one way or the other, then it follows that we live in a valueless universe, and that nothing truly matters.

The Nihilist's claims are as so:

1. We are just chemical reactions. Thus we have no value.
2. We are just products of the purposeless forces of evolution. Thus we have no purpose.

Retorts:

1. The first claim suffers from the fallacy of reduction. It says we are JUST chemical reactions, nothing more. I agree that we are chemical reactions, but not JUST chemical reactions. To use the word JUST is to put a bias on the truth. We have to be composed of something, so why not chemicals? We shouldn't be surprised that we are made of something. What bearing does this have, however, to our claim of being valuable? We don't find a house worthless, or useless just because it is composed of the

simpler elements of bricks. The house serves a purpose that surpasses its individual parts. Likewise, we are composed of many billions of cells, which in combination give rise to properties not held by the cells individually. It gives rise to our abilities to create music, art, architecture, to love, and to appreciate beauty.



It is due to these properties that we claim to have value, it is these properties that makes us fundamentally different from mere chemical reactions.

2. This is a far stronger claim. For, if we were not designed by an intelligent being for a purpose, then surely it follows that we have no purpose. All that follows, however, is that we have no ultimate, divine over-arching purpose. Life isn't part of some gigantic jigsaw puzzle, in which we are all pieces, which when complete will form a pretty picture. We don't serve a purpose like a tractor, whose sole *raison d'être* is to plough fields. I find this revelation quite relieving. No we don't serve a purpose, but it

does not follow that we have no purpose. To originate by purposeless processes has no bearing upon what you are now. It matters not what you are made of, nor how you were made. All that matters is what you are. We are life. Life by its very nature strives for a purpose. This purpose is intrinsic within every part of

the experiential world of lifeforms. The meaning of life is not derived from the universe, it is derived from within ourselves. We are meaning generators.

Everything I've said so far has been merely a critique of the view that life has no meaning. Okay then, you may say, if life DOES have a meaning, what is it? Nihilism is not defeated yet, for if you can not answer this question then it must be that there isn't one.

So.... WHAT IS THE MEANING OF LIFE?

By the meaning of life I am referring to the underlying reason that forms the basis for why we continue to live. Do our reasons stand up to critical reasoning? For example, regard the following why-strings:

"Why are you going to uni?"
 "To get an education, of course."
 "Why?"
 "So that I can get a good paying job."
 "Why?"
 "So that I can afford to raise a family and buy things to live a good quality life and make ourselves happy."
 "But why do you want to be happy?"
 "This is ridiculous! I just do, damn it!"

Eventually we must always stop at an ultimate reason. One that is not questioned further. Many people hold that the only way that life could have meaning is if there exists a God. God is the ultimate source of all reasons. They say that the final answer in the chain of whys is always - because God says so. God gives us our meaning. But the question must be asked - what then gives God its meaning? The answer: God gives it to itself. But then, if this is the case, why not just stop at us? Why can't we give ourselves meaning?

THE NIHILIST FALLACY

The Nihilist makes the mistake of basing their meaning of life on the senseless matter of the universe. Of course if you compare life to the universe it will always appear meaningless. Why? Because meanings and purposes do not exist within the dead, swirling matter of the universe. Meaning and purposes only exist within

If such an ultimate reason exists then surely we should all know it. So what is it? To understand the meaning of life you must first know about the Religion of Reason.

THE RELIGION OF REASON

There are various tools at human disposal through which we understand the world. These are: the senses, feelings, and language. Language is a recent invention. It is by language that philosophy was begun, and it is only by words that it can exist. The creation of language caused a revolution in thought. The creation of language was the creation of a new sense. Language was a new way of conceiving of the world, a new way of knowing. The beginning of philosophy was marked by the calls of philosophers to develop this new sense. Philosophers such as Socrates and Plato developed this systematic type of reasoning, and Descartes took it to the extreme. Philosophers became so addicted to language that they began to believe that it was the only source of knowledge, thus they began to question the senses and feelings. Thus we suddenly had problems such as how do we know the external world exists, or that other minds exist? Why should we trust our senses or feelings? They assumed that all knowledge comes in the form of words and that everything must be justified by words. Descartes fell into an extreme scepticism. He questioned everything. Everything except his usage of words. One thing that philosophers and scientists have never justified is their use of language. They accept the validity of language on blind faith - thus the Religion of Reason. Any time someone asks you your reason for doing something they are assuming the answer can and should be put into words. This assumption is that of the Religion of Reason. The beginning of philosophy was like humanity biting into the Fruit of Knowledge. It enabled unparalleled advances in knowledge, but also lead to a rejection of the other sources of knowledge.

It lead to a rejection of "God" (what I equate with the feelings). This was a rejection of our humanity. It's time to acknowledge that the use of language is no more justified than the use of

the senses or feelings, thus it cannot claim to be a superior source of knowledge.

The problem of the meaning of life was created by the Religion of Reason. The problem arose from the assumption that to be valid all reasons, all purposes, and all meanings must be expressed in words. This denied the importance of feelings. Feelings are what make us human. Feelings existed millions of years before the first word was even uttered. Feelings provide the original and ultimate reasons for why we do anything. The meaning of life can not be expressed in words. So here it is: THE MEANING OF LIFE IS WRITTEN IN THE LANGUAGE OF FEELINGS. It is feelings that give us our morality, value, purpose, and meaning. And, most of all, our



feelings which tell us that life is precious. Feelings provide us with our reason to live. If you are disappointed with this answer then you're probably still looking through the lenses of the Religion of Reason. Its time to usurp the Religion of Reason and smite it back into its proper place. Its time to reclaim our feelings. Its time to reclaim our humanity.

Brentyn Ramm

I'll leave you with a quote from David Hume regarding the ultimate futility of logical scepticism.

"Most fortunately it happens, that since reason is incapable of dispelling these clouds, nature herself suffices to that purpose and cures me of this philosophical melancholy and delirium, either

by relaxing this bent of mind, or by some avocation, and lively impression of my senses, which obliterate all these chimeras. I dine, I play a game of backgammon, I converse and am merry with my friends; and when after three or four hours amusement, I would return to these speculations, they appear so cold, and strained, and ridiculous, that I can not find in my heart to enter into them any further."

Free Thought Supplement

In which we explore the meaning of philosophy and existence from the eyes of a freak living with

weird and it is at our command. My postulation from this runs thusly: we are the demented imagination of some great big beastie. To him/her our entire existence is the brief musings of a moment. An' s/he, and the world in which s/he lives is, in turn, the demented imagination of a *still bigger beastie* and so on. The evidence for this lies in the very fact that the world is damn weird as it is even outside of demented imaginations that the human race gives rise to. No-one can disprove me, dammit.

I further postulate that *our* Beastie has an unhealthy preoccupation with Gila monsters. I don't like Gila monsters. It would be ok if it was just the one in my sock drawer, but they drink all the red cordial (and consume all the sweet chilli sauce). Its abhorrent.

The Gila monster is, of course, a metaphor (except for the consumption bit- that's a simile to housemates) (however, I don't like the idea of Gila monsters living in my sock drawer), a tool designed to demonstrate further that philosophical conception can ramble over all the tundra of the mind it can stick its horribly scaly claws through (heh) , but you get the picture and this is supposed to be short. If I was Ray Martin, I'd be god. This fits in somehow, but that was at the start of the column, and I can't remember how.

Yours, Fighting for The Truth, Ben Tucker

(9/10 cows filling out questionnaires on the green rolling pastures of their homeland should be shot and fed to Gila monsters - if we sate them they might not smell our sweet flesh) (I have the best red shoes in the world)

Dear Bennie,

Your piece is reminiscent of the philosophy of Pooh Bear in which serious issues are brought to light with amusing metaphors. Since the act of philosophising becomes absurd when we take futile questions seriously, and since these metaphors are conducive to feeling non-serious, it allows the act of philosophising to be conducted in a non-absurd (not to mention amusing) fashion.

Brentyn

HOT HOT HOT!

Summer sport at the University begins soon and the summer clubs are in full training. With Adelaide experiencing one of its hottest weekends for a long time everyone is starting to think of the summer recreational and competitive activities offered by the Sports Association. Club memberships range from a \$5 joining fee through to \$50 to a \$100 for the bigger competitive clubs.

Seen out training recently has been the Boat Club who after the strength of the recent Rowing Intervarsity have begun boating crews out of their West Lakes shed. Both the men's and women's squads are very active and seem set to make a big impression in the premiership season. Also making sure that the Blacks are a force this summer are that dynamic duo of Dan and Gav of the Touch Club. Daniel Sergeant (pronounced like "surge") and Gavin Watson are making sure that all students are catered for with their summer touch contest which begins in the following weeks. The Lawn Tennis Club have come out of their winter hibernation and are playing on the

superbly kept grass courts down near Park 10 on the University playing fields. The Cricket Club has been batting up for some time and are set to start on Adelaide's best kept wicket out side of the hallowed turf of Adelaide oval. With all this action it would be easy to forget the smaller clubs on the University scene.

Not as large as its bigger brethren the Rifle Club offers excellent competitive target shooting through its affiliation with the SA Rifle Association. Situated at the Dean Range the club offers excellent instruction in a nationally competitive sport. Not requiring the brawn of the field sports Rifle offers a chance for members to develop a strong degree of hand eye coordination and concentration not found in other activities. The University of Adelaide through Ron Lippert at the Parks and Grounds department have set up a web page with all the club details and links to the club's own web pages. This is well worth a browse through and can give you some of the latest club information.

<http://www.adelaide.edu.au/sport/>

S P O R T S

If you have any enquiries about any of the Sporting Clubs at the University of Adelaide, please contact the following people for information.

**ADELAIDE
UNIVERSITY
SPORTS
ASSOCIATION**

- SPORTING CLUBS
- SPORTS GROUNDS
- INTERVARSITY
- SCHOLARSHIPS

TELEPHONE
8303 5403
8303 3410

FACSIMILE
8232 1300

Athletics	Stephan Hubert	8331 8824 (H)	Mountain	Sven Wiener	8297 4152 (H)
Badminton	Peter Morgenthaler	8278 6703(H)	Netball	Eleanor Parker	8370 6447 (H)
Baseball	Nick Dandy	8370 3946 (H)	Rugby	Mike Greig	8396 1431 (H)
Basketball	Brent Henderson	8336 5063(H)	Sailing	Angela Pelts	8272 3058 (H)
Billiards	Sports Assoc	8303 3410 (H)	Skindiving	Dave Orlaway	8267 2041 (H)
Boat (rowing)	Stephen Perry	041 123 1947(H)	Snow Ski	Jason Watson	8396 4571 (H)
Broomball	Michael Grady	8362 3347 (H)	Soccer Mens	Tony Zollo	8333 0085 (H)
Cricket	Greg Howe	8332 8072 (H)	Soccer Womens	John Peppas	8352 2492 (H)
Cycling	Ian McLeod	8231 8199 (H)	Squash	Terry Dalkos	8431 5475(H)
Fencing	Tony Pollard	8337 8752 (H)	Swimming/Waterpolo	Guy Lipman	8364 6457 (H)
Football	Fred Bloch	8303 5529 (W)	Table Tennis	Iann Thal	8289 6382 (H)
Gilding	Moble	018 810 963 (M)	Tae Kwon Do	John O'Brien	8277 4670 (H)
Golf	Stuart Collard	8379 4510 (H)	Tai Chi	Gerrd Menzel	8337 6360 (H)
Gymnastics	Franky Charman-Green	8296 9894 (H)	Target Shooting (Rifle)	Larissa Cadd	8449 8845(H)
Hockey	Stephen Hope	8333 0739 (H)	Touch	Gavin Watson	8363 9114 (H)
Judo	Michael Headland	8352 2553 (H)	Triathlon	Anthony Elder	8278 4686 (H)
Karate	Tom Nehmy	8331 7765(H)	Volleyball	Alex Mulholzi	8297 8968(H)
Kendo	Damian Brett	8296 7823(H)	Water Ski	Russell March	8443 5459 (H)
Lacrosse	Pam Nayda	8356 9035 (H)	Windsurfing	Damian McCabe	8296 0413 (H)
Lawn Tennis	Brett Charman	8379 1567 (H)	Wing Chun Kung Fu	Nathan Ceglar	8298 4738 H)

Contact list as from 14th September 1998

Uni Gym 8267 2926

Freestyle Comp

Tuesday 27th October @ 5pm

- The hottest Ski and Board action is happening at Mt. Thebarton. Yes it is a crossover jump
- There will be 2 courses set: one for *novices* and one for *advanced* (so come and join).
- Good tunes will be playing and the bar and restaurant will be open for excellent viewing.
- There is a \$20 comp entry fee. Spectators get in for free so bring as many friends as you want, and see some amazing aerial manoeuvres.

For further information on how to enter, contact Mt. Thebarton on 8352 7977

Prizes

ADVENTURE BOUND

With seats filling fast now is the time to get on a trip of a life to Central Australia. Never before have University of Adelaide students been able to travel in air-conditioned comfort to Australia's red heart. At \$575 for 10 days students, staff and friends can visit the sights made famous in recent movies such as Mad Max and Priscilla. The trip is not just a coach tour of the main tourist sights but offers a chance to see Australia's cultural and natural heritage on a trip never to be repeated. Trippers are allowed to pay by instalments and are encouraged to contact the Sports Association soon to secure their part of Central Australia's natural and cultural beauty. For more information contact student trip leaders Daren or Ant on 8303 5403.

The Herbal Bed

well made play

The Herbal Bed
Sydney Theatre Company
Playhouse October 8 - 24

The most recent installation in the State Theatre season this year is Sydney Theatre Company's production of *The Herbal Bed*. Sydney Theatre Company are the first Australian company to tackle this new piece by Peter Whelan, originally commissioned by the Royal Shakespeare Company, and although the production is not without faults, it does complete justice to what is, by any measure, an utterly exceptional new play.

The Herbal Bed tells a story based upon factual evidence about the life of William Shakespeare's daughter, Susanna. Parish records of Stratford-upon-Avon from the time show that she married a successful physician, John Hall, by whom she had a daughter, and that five years later, she was publicly slandered by the son of a local Squire, John Lane. A charge of defamation, brought against John Lane by Susanna, was heard at the diocesan court at Worcester Cathedral, and the exact wording of the slander still exists in the court archive. John Lane claimed that Susanna 'had the runing of the reynes, and had been naught with Rafe Smith at John Palmer' - that she had gonorrhoea, and that she had committed adultery with Rafe Smith (known to have been a haberdasher) at the house of John Palmer (known to have been a cousin of Smith's).

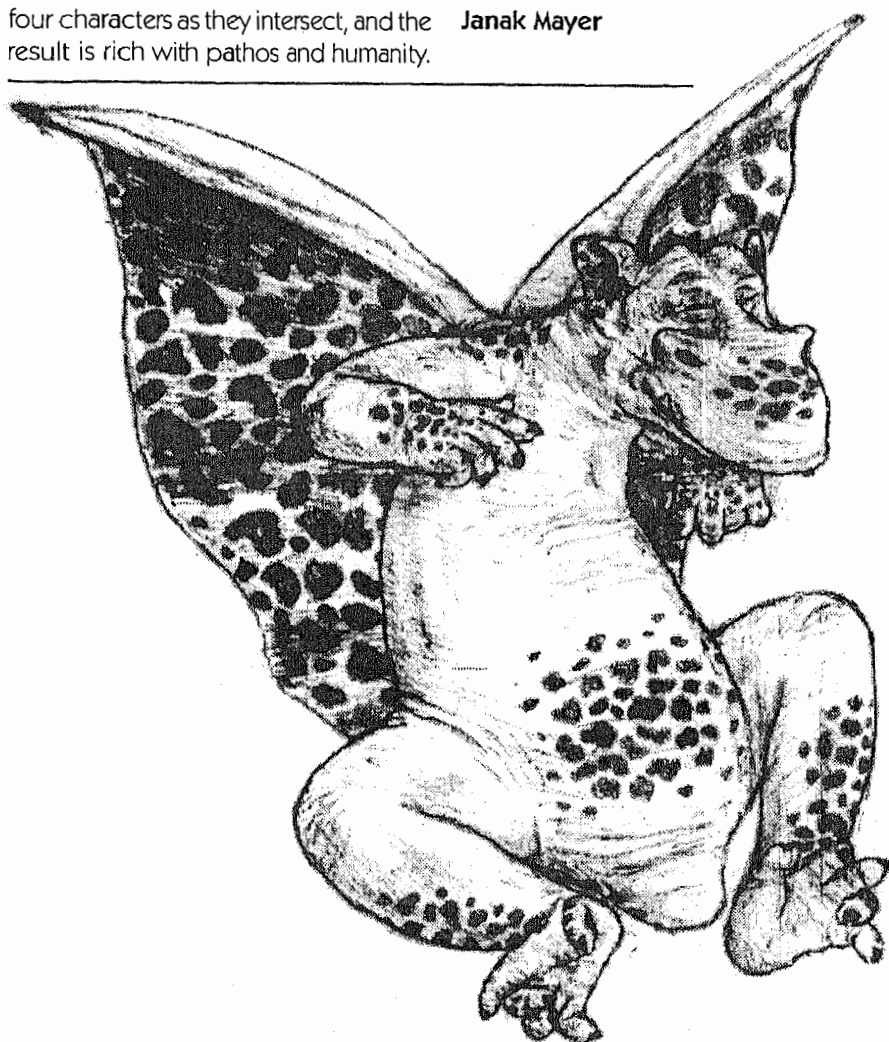
Upon the basis of these and other known records, Whelan weaves together an intricate tale of love, honour, betrayal, wisdom and bigotry. *The Herbal Bed* examines the lives of these four characters as they intersect, and the result is rich with pathos and humanity.

Above all, the lives of John and Susanna Hall and Rafe Smith seem like shining lights of tolerance, acceptance and forgiveness in the middle of a world darkened by bigotry, small-mindedness, and a dogmatic and all-powerful church. To have seen the original RSC production at Stratford, and to have stepped out of the theatre knowing you were in the heart of the same town where centuries before this drama had actually unfolded, must have been an extraordinary experience. Sydney Theatre Company's production, however, whilst not exceptional, does complete justice to Whelan's brilliant script.

The production, directed by Marion Potts, is utterly competent in every respect, but lacks any real spark of inspiration to add to the success of the script itself. The cast includes such well known Australian acting talent as Josephine Byrnes and Simon Burke, both of whom produce fine performances as Rafe Smith and Susanna Hall, as do Mar Kants as John Hall and Sarah Kants as the maid Hester. Slightly less convincing is Colin Moody's interpretation of Jack Lane, who seems altogether too sleazy in the part, lacking the roguish charm which doubtless would have brought a greater degree of sophistication to the role. More worrying, however, was the tendency of the entire cast, on opening night, to stumble over a few lines, and let accents drop occasionally.

The Herbal Bed is not a revolutionary piece of drama. It is, however, a superb affirmation that the 'well-made-play' is well and truly alive as an artform, and is well worth seeing, if you have the urge.

Janak Mayer



Fleshmeet

best in the world

Fleshmeet
Chunky Move
Optima Playhouse
September 30 - October 3

Adelaide may recently have opted to get rid of one of its greatest dance talents in firing Meryl Tankard as Artistic Director of the Australian Dance Theatre, but Melbourne, it seems, knows a good thing when it sees it, and makes an effort to keep it. And in *Chunky Move*, Melbourne has something very special indeed. Recently in Adelaide as part of a national tour, presenting *Fleshmeet*, a collection of two new works, *Chunky Move* lived up to and exceeded their high reputation, showing themselves to be a truly audacious and innovative company, producing fresh vibrant new pieces on a par with the best in the world.

Fleshmeet combines the work of *Chunky Move*'s own Gideon Obarzanek, presenting the pieces 'C.O.R.R.U.P.T.E.D. 1 & 2', with that of acclaimed English new-wave choreographer Paul Selwyn Norton. Norton's piece, 'The Rogue Tool', originally commissioned by Israel's Batsheva Dance Company, is an audacious and breathtaking

exploration of the human body, as well as being a sort of self-analytical exploration and deconstruction of the dance medium itself. Extreme in its athleticism and swift, jerky, unnatural movements isolating different body parts, 'The Rogue Tool' is highly anatomical in its inspiration, but defies any sort of literal interpretation. Stripped of meaning in a traditional sense, this is dance of and for an utterly postmodern age, reduced to its bare component parts, and brilliantly presented.

Gideon Obarzanek's pieces, 'C.O.R.R.U.P.T.E.D. 1 & 2', are likewise superb. Starting with a more linear narrative of a housewife seduced or seducing a television repair man, with hilarious physical humor in the choreography, in the second part it breaks down into a non-narrative experimental piece similar in some ways to 'The Rogue Tool' in its themes of corruption and abnormality.

Sadly no longer playing, *Fleshmeet* was an utterly extraordinary experience, and *Chunky Move* are worth making every effort to see in the future.

Janak Mayer

UNIBOOKS

Ph: (08) 8223 4366 Fax: (08) 8223 4876

Open Monday - Friday 9am - 5.30pm

Saturday 10am - 1pm

Cash Discounts All Year

WIN WITH ART

Thanks to Unibooks (on campus), we have a \$60 Book Voucher to give away for the adjudged best piece of creativity published in ON DIT each month

Prose, poetry, comics, drawings, just about anything will be considered. The submission box is down in the ON DIT office. Written work will be best received typed and under 1500 words. A name and phone number (not for publication) must be included.

Clubby Clubby Clubs Clubs

As long as you're good looking

Wednesday, October the 14th, 1998. A hot, dry day. Six brave fighters of the Adelaide Uni Chess Club dived into enemy territory to do battle with the very nasty and mean Flinders Chess Association.

Fortune did not look kindly on our noble cause. One of our best players was in hospital with serious injuries allegedly inflicted by Flinders goons. But we refused to be intimidated.

Valiantly boarding a TransAdelaide bus, we were eager and confident. Then, a hit team of Flinders students, cunningly disguised as mechanics stopped us midway to 'repair' the bus. We arrived at Flinders quite late.

Then, we met the enemy. The tournament began immediately, to the sounds of really poor heavy metal music and the jeers of the Flinders mob.

6 rounds, 6 matches per round, 10 minutes per match. We were ready to show the Flinders team who was boss.

Unfortunately it turns out that they are boss. The final score was 25 1/2 to 10 1/2, Flinders claiming victory.

Defeated and humble, we returned. It's not all bad, because the Adelaide team was better looking. And we're still waiting on the test results...

Email: chess@smug.adelaide.edu.au

Web:

http://www.smug.adelaide.edu.au

Meetings: Tuesdays and Fridays, 1pm, Don Stranks Room, Union Building

we need more lab coats

The 1998 Adelaide University Science Association

Conference for the direction of Science for Students to be held at

the University of Adelaide Council Room, Level 7, Wills Building on Saturday the 31st of October, 1998 from 1pm to 5pm

Meet your Heads of Departments, and the Dean of Science, as well as Triple J announcer and Quantum presenter Adam Spencer, in a conference where you can express your voice and opinion to the people that design Adelaide Science.

RSVP to Kathryn Clark, Student Representative to the Faculty of Science by the 26th of October, 1998 on kathryn.clark@student.adelaide.edu.au or call Vicki in the Clubs Association on 8303 5410 to reserve your seat.

AU Engineering Society
1. AGM Wednesday 21st October 1pm, Chapman Theatre
Come along & get involved for next year!
2. The Classy Glassy Cocktail Party Friday 6th November 8pm, Dreamer's Bar
Tickets \$23, limited number so be quick!
Get your ticket from the Engineering Design Studio (5324) 1pm Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday each week until sold out.

get into nightclubs?

What can you do with your degree? The Bacchae - Classics Students' Club presents:

Quiz Night

The biggest social event in Classics since Simeon Stylites bought his pole
When? 6.30 for 7.00, Friday 23rd October

Where? North/South Dining Room, Level 4, Union Building

How Many? Max 8 per table

How Much? \$5

Inquiries:

George: 83792445

georgina.bradbury@student.adelaide.edu.au

Dianne: 8287 0852

clitoris

Womens' Collective. There is a feminism forum on Wednesday 21st October at 6pm in the North Dining Room (4th Floor, Union Building). Bring your ideas, thoughts, experiences, definitions and anything else you think is relevant! email women's collective: clitoris@smug.adelaide.edu.au

two plus two is four

Maths Students Society Annual General Meeting
Wednesday 28th October 1998
1.10pm
Room GO2

Nominations for positions on the 1999 committee can be emailed to dmcinem@maths.adelaide.edu.au before the AGM or at the AGM. All members of the Maths Students Society are allowed to nominate.

gear

For Sale:

Developing Tank, 2 reels and Photography manual; "The 35mm Handbook". \$40 the lot. ONO.

Labcoat. Excellent condition. \$10.

Cheap textbooks:

Kreyszig, "Advanced Engineering Mathematics" 6th Ed. \$15

Fraleigh "A First course in Abstract Algebra" 3rd Ed. \$5

Binmore "Mathematical Analysis" 2nd Ed. \$5

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Presenter: Sue Barnard

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When: Tuesday 27 October 1998. 1.10 - 2.00 pm

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