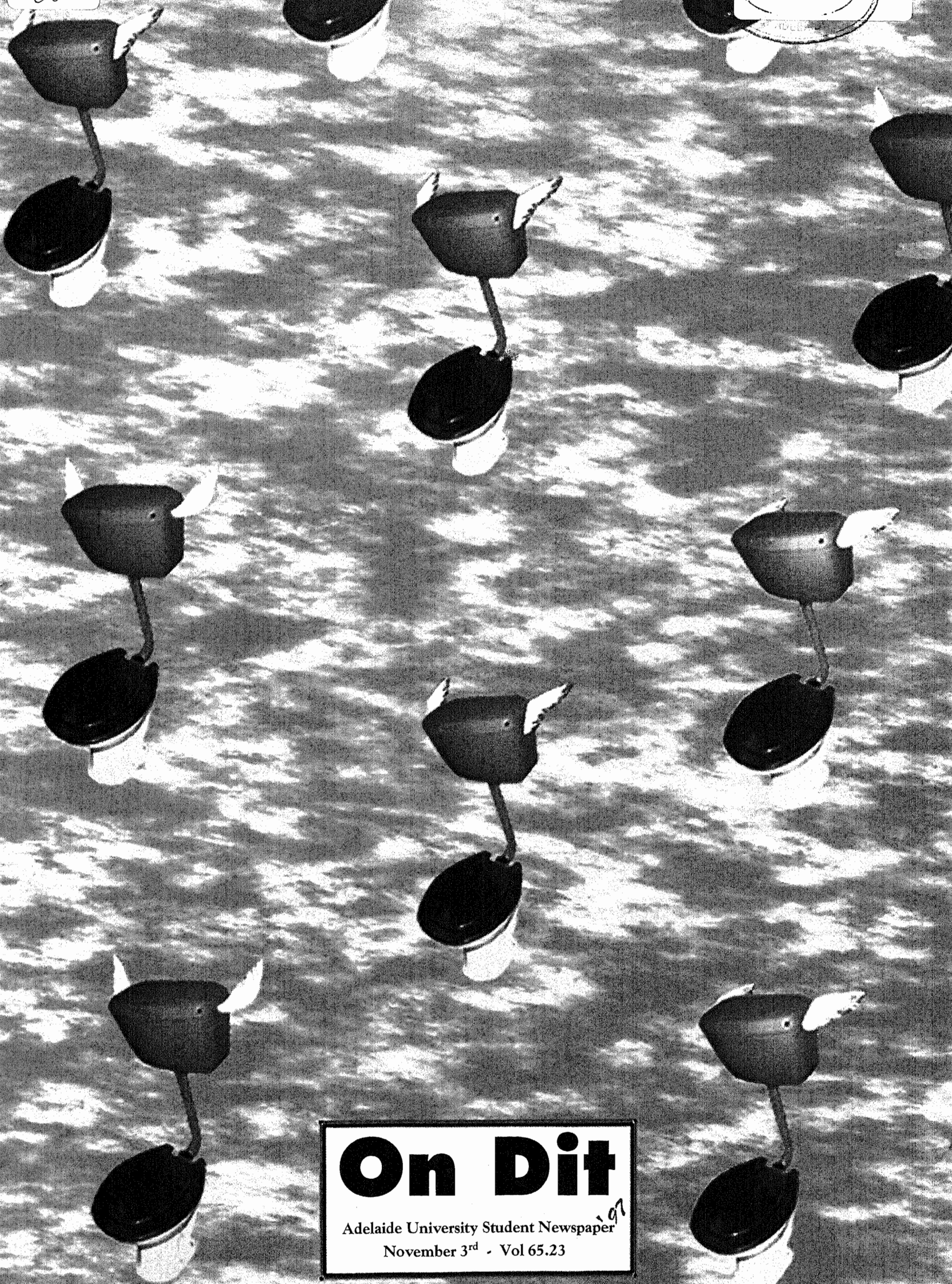


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**On Dit**  
Adelaide University Student Newspaper  
November 3<sup>rd</sup> - Vol 65.23

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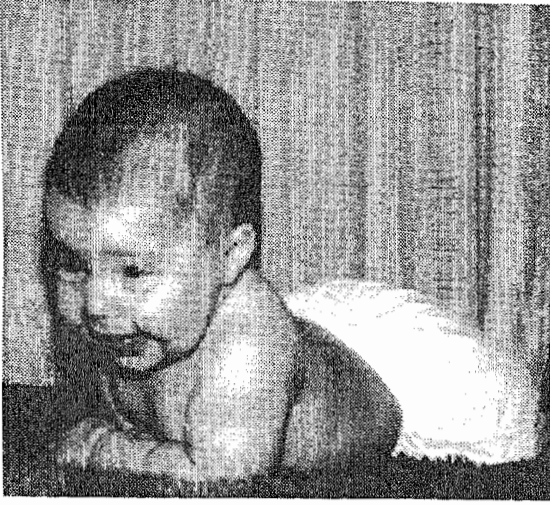
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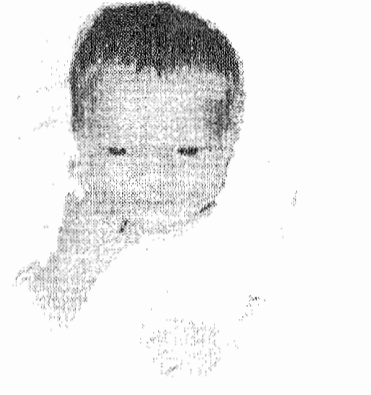
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# Where Are They Now?



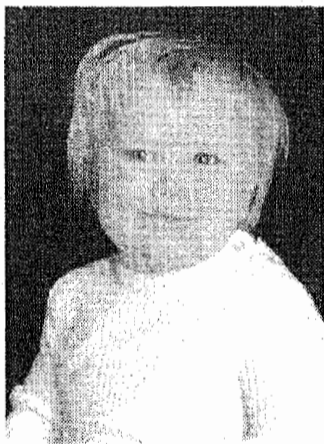
ON DIT Editors FIONA SPROLES, CHING YEE NG and JAMES MORRISON never really amounted to very much, though they still talk with pride of the time they "met" Craig McLachlan.



Music Sub-Eds SUSIE BATE, PAUL LOBBAN and ALICE RAY went on to form musical supergroup *The Rampant Sex Gods*, whose top-selling record "I'm Quite Nice Once You Get To Know Me, Though That May Take Some Time!" dominated the ARIA charts for over fifty years.

Film Sub-Ed RACHEL TEMPLER later wrote, directed and produced the famous underground movie 'Pointy Men of Dorset', which is still regarded as a cult classic

Creative Sub-Ed CHRIS SLAPE is best remembered for the infamous 'incident' which reduced 45% of the Adelaide CBD to rubble. Since then his work with lepers has garnered much praise.



News Sub-Eds ANNABEL DAVIES and JOCELYN MILBANK later won several Walkley Journalism Awards for their exposure of police corruption, political scandal, racial discrimination, and themselves. "We didn't expect an award for that last one," Davies later commented.

Video Sub-Ed CARMEL PASCALE went on to found the famed Naughty Bits video production house, whose highly-regarded releases include 'So Far, So Yellow' and 'More Up Than Sideways'.

Visual Arts Sub-Ed MARTIN POLKINGHORNE was later arrested for attempting to steal the Mona Lisa. "It's mine!" he yelled as police dragged him away.



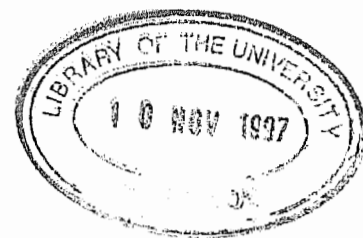
Wayward Sub-Eds NAT WHELAN and KERRYN DOYLE took their calling to extremes and completely vanished - no photos survived.

Theatre Sub-Ed COURTNEY SQUIRES and Sports Sub-Ed BRETT WILL became the first people in history to turn invisible, with the help of a box of teabags.

Vox Pop Sub-Eds BRETT COCKSHELL and VIV HOLLOWAY later became famous for their sexy, nude Broadway twoperson re-interpretation of *Cats*. "We just like to dance - the applause is a bonus," they told reporters.

Literature Sub-Ed PAUL BRADLEY is best remembered for having been born looking 25, and never ageing at all. "I put it down to a cigar a day," he claims.

Ad Manager LUC BONDAR was later arrested in Sydney for attempting to sell Japanese tourists the Harbour Bridge.



The other day I was walking down Rundle St with my fellow eds. Rain was falling on us by the truckload. As we walked across the traffic lights, a surge of wind barged into us, catapulting us across the road in a less than dignified manner. Once on the other side, we resembled three drenched shaking rats. So what did we do? We laughed uncontrollably, bending over to subdue the ensuing stomach aches that court hysteria, and it was only until I sat down to write my summary of this year that I realised that I had been blessed (or soaked) with an illustration of being one of the chief editors for On Dit 1997. I shall elaborate.

Late 1996, James, Ching Yee and I were standing on the curb, nervous, and not entirely sure that we would have the opportunity to walk across the 'On Dit' path, or road in the steps of the past eds. Being Sub Eds that year, we had an idea of what life would be like at the top of the dingiest office in the University. All we needed was the green light, and we were ready to step off the curb, and into our roles. So the light shone it's beautiful grassy colour, and off the pavement we stepped, quite pretentious in our assumed ability to get the paper out quite easily each week. This was not to be the case. But there were also some nice bits, like tapping into an endless source of talent from the Adelaide Uni students and beyond. Being an On Dit Ed involves a huge amount of trial & error, on the job training which you have to learn and execute quite fast but it is all remarkably rewarding.

Now this is the last edition, and I am standing on the other side of the road with Ching Yee and James, and we're laughing. We've made it, with only a couple of bruises, but with a wealth of education and experience in life, business, technology, advertising, printing, people and a few lessons in defamation law and restraint orders. I know that I will miss working at On Dit, it was one of the fastest yet most enjoyable years of the 23 I have lived through. Signing off... Fiona Sproles, the "S" in "SNM".

I'd like to thank my god...

Just joking. Let's start again. 1997 was mind-boggling. What an understatement. This whopper of an edition marks the end of many sleep deprived weekends (this weekend especially so). I've worked in this cosy (read: freezing in winter, boiling in summer and uncomfortable for anything in between) underground toilet-odour infested hole of an office for three years. I love it. Call me sentimental.

As editor this year it was most challenging and exciting. Steep learning curve and all that. Within the first month we encountered abusive people, confused students ("What do I do with my HECS fees?"), unprofessional business people, disgruntled printers and especially ones on the end of the scale: freaks. Too many of them. Definitely wasn't in my job description, that's for sure. Still, the perks of the job made up for it. The freedom, the cross-section of people that I met, the friends I made, the things I learnt. I wouldn't trade it for anything. Call me sentimental again.

Student media. Get into it. It's yours and it all comes down to you, kiddies. Call me preachy. Don't be like one of the many prats who had no idea, sat on their arses and made pathetic noises at us. Call me bitter.

Many thanks to all you great lads and lasses (you know who you are) who made the bad times palatable and best of luck to the incoming (haha) eds.

I'd love to say I have no regrets about this year but who am I kidding? In hindsight (isn't it a wonderful thing?) I'll probably look back and think the opposite. I loved the 97 On Dit experience. Hope you did too. Fare thee well. Jai jian.

Love, Ching Yee

#### James' Added Rantings About 1997

So, 1997. Hmm. Love it or leave it, I suppose. But enough about me, what about On Dit? Seventy glue-sticks, five laser printer toner cartridges, endless cans of shitey Coke and packs of horribly salty chips from those vending machines outside Uni Records (the same vending machines which must owe me about fifty dollars in stolen change by now). Not enough proof-readers, but plenty of good people who worked at the paper - love you all. Too many sociopaths who thought that our underground office entrance was like some darkened entrance to a subterranean womb, welcoming them in. Loads of good music, books and films (though I will slag off *Evita* and *Anaconda* until the day I die). Too many lunchtimes spent bitterly gnashing at dry rolls while cursing SAUA office-bearers for not bringing columns down on time. Any contact at all with anyone to do with the Law Society was too much for me. Too much refectory food. I marvel at the wonder of our wall of Goosebump action cards (isn't science something?), and I'm still impressed by 3D Taz-Os. Radiohead forever. Too many Frozen Cokes (but they're so appealing). Uni Records is the best shop in the world. On Dit Editor is actually a pretty cool job to have - the money might be shithouse, the hours might be long, but the creative freedom is brilliant, and never underestimate the greatness of being able to play your own CDs at work. Too much abuse from tossers who have no idea about what it takes to put a paper together. To the good people (you know who you are), good luck in all your future endeavours. To the tossers and fuckwits, please take a shit in your hands and then clap. Love, James.

No giveaways this week. Nah, we've got a shitload. See page 26 for details.

**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. Don't bother suing us, we're penniless and pathetic, and we're not interested.**

#### Editors:

Fiona Sproles  
Ching Yee Ng  
James Morrison

#### Advertising Manager:

Luc Bondar

#### Freight:

Kerryn Doyle & Natalie Whelan

#### Typesetting:

Fiona Dalton

#### Printing:

Cadillac Printing

#### Legends all of ya:

Annabel, Chris, Paul B., Susie, FlyGuy (sticky-fingers!), Kerina, Christina (champagne) Luc for the overpriced lollies and

service above and beyond the call of duty, Rachel, Brett Will, Lisa, Vivienne and everyone who's been nice to us.

#### Where we are:

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

#### How to contribute/contact us:

You can drop off your copy at the office or in the contribution box in the SAUA office. Email to: [ondit@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@student.adelaide.edu.au) 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 or fax us on (08) 8223 2412.

#### About the cover:

'Flying Toilets' in keeping with the tradition of toilets on the last edition of On Dit.

Concept: FlyGuy

Photographs: Luc Bondar

Digital tweaking: Ching Yee

Adieu!

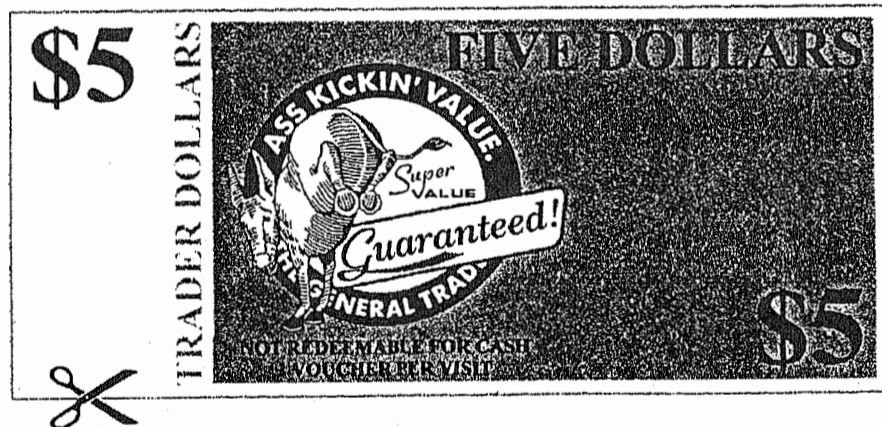
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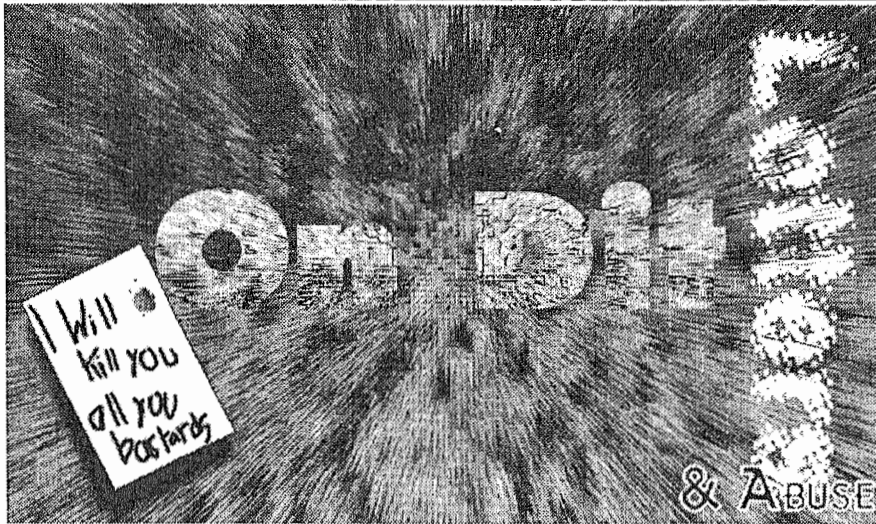
FUCK ME, THAT'S  
A LOT OF GEAR!



# ADELAIDE ARMCHAIR REVOLUTIONARY

Dear Editors

So, this is my last chance to see my name in print this year! Pity there doesn't seem to be much to write about at present. I had thought I'd do a retrospective type thing, but that would probably bore your reader to death. I then thought of a beery planet cardigan cryptogram, but couldn't remember it too well and so can't include that either. And then I thought of what is happening to non-collegiate student housing. You know... those run down shacks in leafy North Adelaide that some of the unfortunates among us reside in. Did you know that the University plans to buy these houses, knock them down and build some plush accommodation for Post-graduates attracted to the world class university that we are assured this cess pit will become. Pity the underprivileged undergraduates who will be farmed out to short term accommodation in the suburbs. A recent draft report alluded to the fact that that students like staying in houses close to the Uni and the City, and that this is a reason to send them further away. Cutting costs and all that, I guess. Having been on the edge of homelessness myself I can vouch for the fact that I wouldn't have knocked back accommodation in a different location to North Adelaide, but is this a reason to divest the North Adelaide properties? Kick them while they're down and screw them when their backs are turned. Perhaps if a SAUA rep had turned up to more than one of the relevant meetings they could have commented on all the rules and promises being broken in relation to these houses? Was it Rumpole or Giordano Bruno



who said that we all have our chance everyday to strike a blow for freedom? Hoping all your readers make the most of their opportunities.

Red Dread

# ADELAIDE UNIBAR DRUNKARD

Dear S'N'M,

What the fuck is the fucken story with the price of drinks, especially Jack Daniel's and Jim Beam. How the fuck is a 200 pound cunt like me supposed to get blotto in a place like this. Hell, I only get Austudy and 3/4 of that goes on 1 night out at the UniBar.

I propose that there be a frequent buyer system, points per drink. That way there'd be a couple (hundred) free drinks comin' my way (he he he).

Another idea would be cheap (ie dirt cheap) piss on every second Wednesday.

In defence of the UniBar: keep up the sports and Channel V. FUCK THAT DISCOVERY CHANNEL.

Anyway, I'm off for another fucken Beam'n'Coke.

Get a dog up ya!

BFG Syndicate

# NORTH AMERICAN PATRIOT

I am writing in regard to The Firefly's account of his trip through (only two cities in) America, and the closed mind he must possess to view things the way he does. As an exchange student myself I have realised the value of an open mind when encountering new cultures, but it appears from the nit-picking in his article that The Firefly does not feel the same way. Maybe the point of the article was to list all the annoyances America has to offer, but it seems to me a little ungrateful, considering how many Australians will never get the chance to fly anywhere.

As much as I love Australia, if I wanted to I could make a list of things that annoy me about this country and publish them in the University newspaper when I get home, but I wouldn't do that. What I will do is write an article about all of the wonderful experiences I've had here and encourage others to make the same journey I have. I hope that wherever The Firefly goes next he can enjoy better experiences and perhaps come home to describe more meaningful aspects of his trip than the horrible difficulties of boring one dollar notes

and converting gallons to litres.

Sincerely,

Ryan Otten

American Exchange Student

# NORTH AMERICAN VIRGIN

Losing Virginitly in Australia by a Canadian Chick

I arrived in Adelaide one year ago, and thought I'd leave a short note to go along with the damage I will leave behind. Australians on the whole are a bunch of cool, partying, alcohol-guzzlers as I first experienced during O-Week. Vic is a walking icon of this, hats off to Jellyfish Sandwich. Living in Mile End was one of the best places to be in Adelaide - I mean, where else can you live around the corner from Andrew's Kinky Sex Shop? I weep just thinking about leaving the Mile End Hotel, BP, and, of course, Tamsyn and Zac. I highly recommend relocation to Mile End. Hacky-sacking on top of the world with D, U, L, B was the best: *Ich libre disch* and thanks Peanut Butter. In short, I couldn't think of a better country to lose my virginity to - sex, tattoos, motorbikes and weed make living in Adelaide as close to heaven as anyone can get.

Every student should spend a year overseas. There are ups and downs but you learn to be tough and have the time of your life. Being a student isn't all books, study and hard work. It's time to get yourself a real life. So, thanks Adelaide, I love you all and will miss you heaps,

signed  
"Canadian Spice"  
(aka Kris)

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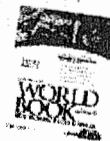


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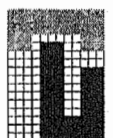
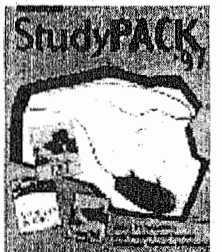
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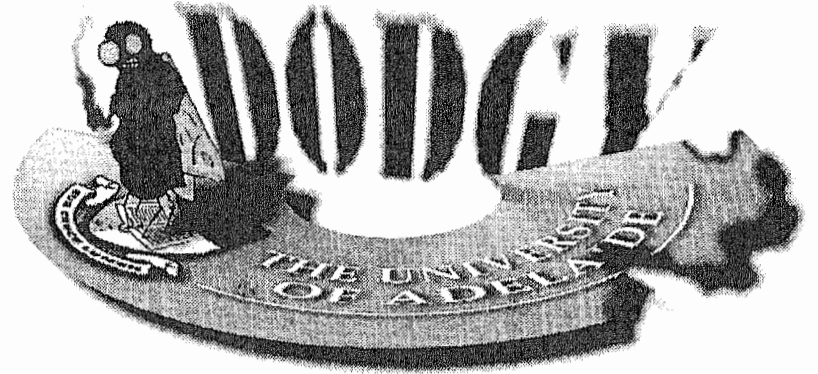
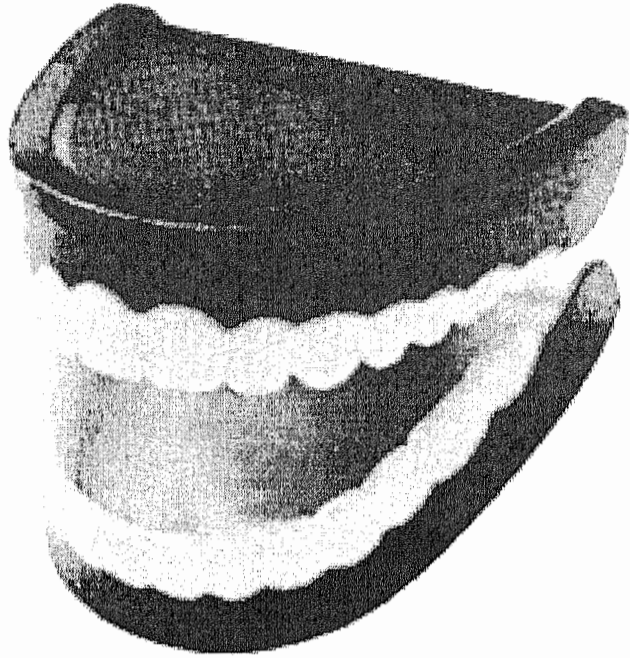
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Many of you may be aware that the FlyGuy is one of the more irritable individuals to crawl upon the face of the Earth. The more astute among you will also be aware that, after the impending couple of weeks of anguish (that's exams, for that subset of people who don't actually have exams (I never was able to figure those people out)), the long, hot, splendid days of summer are upon us. What does this mean? The more important outcome, with regard to the present discussion (or, more precisely, what the present discussion will become (ie the future discussion)), is that this, right here, is the last opportunity that I will have to spread my wisdom to the masses. What to say? What guidance to offer? I have agonised for many days (you lot have never seen me agonise; it's not pretty) over this very question. And the decision has come down. It has been decided that, in the interests of selfishness, and in line with the aforementioned irritability (indeed, in an effort to reduce said irritability), the wisest, most sensible course of action would be to present a list of things that you, the individual comprising the public (an ignorant, aggravating lot), can and should do to make the FlyGuy's life easier. Thus:

- The most important thing I can say to you is; fucking watch where you're walking! Too many people have no idea how to move around in a public space where they are not alone. If you're merging into a traffic corridor from a doorway or a sidestreet or whatever, take the time to look around before you blindly step out in front of people. Also, if you intend walking slowly (although there really should be a hint that reads: walk slowly not (or something more grammatically correct)), allow people walking quickly to go past before you merge. Do not be walking down the street and suddenly stop, glancing about you as if you have just realised you don't know where you are. If you need to stop, or turn around, check to see if there is someone behind you and get out of their way first. It's not hard.
- If you are walking in a group, or even in a pair, don't spread yourselves out and make people walk around you. I can understand there are situations where you don't want to get too close (either for the separate set of connotations that such closeness may carry with it, or be-

cause you have friends that smell), but some people are walking around two metres apart! Not on.

- Do not ignore the queuing system at any type of establishment. Bus queues (the big one), banks, refectories, anywhere there is a clear and obvious preordained system for queuing, use it. Don't be a nasty-pasty queue-jumping type.

- Do not stand too close while waiting to use a public phone (hell, or a private phone). It's rude to listen to what people say: it makes them feel bad for discussing such trivialities as who's going to bring dessert. On the other hand, do not occupy public phones for inordinate amounts of time when other people are waiting to use them. They are for getting quick messages to people, to coordinate later appointments or somesuch. If you are using them to discuss desserts, then you ought to be shot anyway.

- When someone is standing too close to you while you're on the phone, do not attempt to drive them away by raising your voice and saying into the receiver "Boy, I hate it when people stand too close to you while you're on the phone! I really, really do!" It is not as subtle as you might think (the women who tried it on the FlyGuy sure thought it was), and it doesn't work (as those women are now well and truly aware (and will never forget)).

- If you catch a bus (or train, or whatever ... be flexible in your thought habits) which is nearly empty and you want to a) talk to your friend, or b) listen to your radio/tape/CD (especially with extra bass), do not sit near someone who is either a) reading, or b) sleeping.

- Hold doors for people. It's nice. There it is, kids. The FlyGuy's guide on How To Behave In Public (HTBIP). Use it wisely and you will win many friends. Of course, there are many more aspects of human behaviour that could, perhaps should, be addressed; space and will-power fail me. These are just the ones that have been annoying the hell out of me lately. Really. I have almost no hell left. Of those that were omitted, though, I think one might be worth mentioning, if for no better reason than it might conceivably save your life someday (as those women now know); don't fuck around with the FlyGuy.

FlyGuy

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 or to celebrate Christmas

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to all students for their exams  
 and **MERRY CHRISTMAS**  
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## EARNEST'S UNI-STUDENTS SURVIVAL GUIDE - Earnest, being a cool,

calm and collected career student, has a rare cynical quality not often seen in a university student. His long experience as a student has prepared him for the rigours of university life. He has composed a series of Hints & Tips to help you with...

### DOBT.

Looking under couch cushions for extra cash is a skill every Uni-student has already mastered, but don't forget, spare change isn't the only thing that can be gained from under those cushions, the smart Uni-student knows that the average couch collects a large amount of spilled food during those T.V. dinners, so it also provides a good resource of food to the cash strapped student on the go.



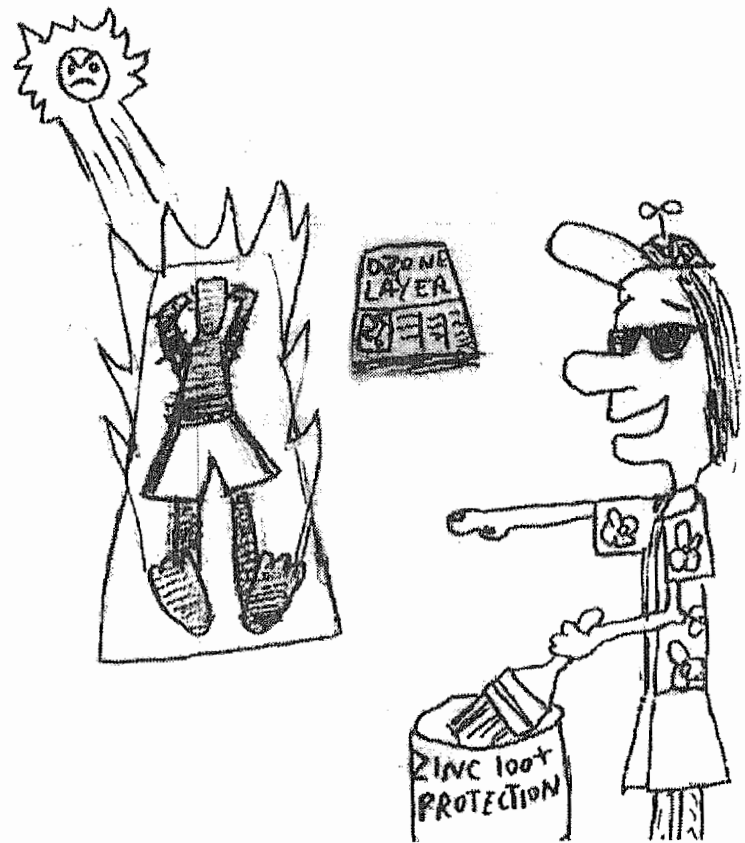
Although doing the old "technicalour yawn" at parties after a long night drinking might improve your "party animal" reputation, it also means you'll be losing a large amount of nutrients, forcing you to spend extra money on another meal. So bear this in mind the next time you feel the urge to purge, and just keep your mouth closed, think happy thoughts, and swallow.

To save money, the next time you're at a café or restaurant, eat a huge meal, and no matter where you are, refuse to pay the bill because you're "supporting my fellow brothers and sisters in the fight against café slaves". Even if the proprietor is legitimate, they will usually let you get away with it just to get "that lunatic" out of their place. They never have the energy to call the police, well, almost never.



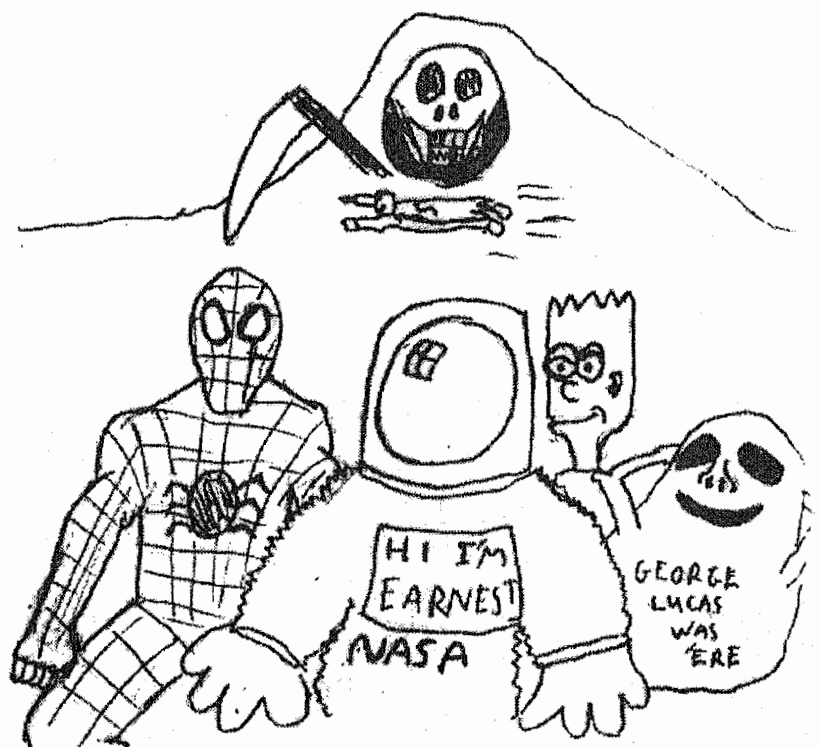
# EARNEST'S HINTS FOR... HEALTH

With the ozone layer getting thinner and thinner (like the hair on John Howard's head), and with the hole in it getting bigger and bigger (like the space between John Howard's ears?), you need moocho protectionos from harmful U.V. radiation. When I say moocho protectionos, I don't mean that pissy little dab of zinc that people put on their nose and cheeks, I mean you're going to have to apply zinc cream with a paint brush for it to do any good.



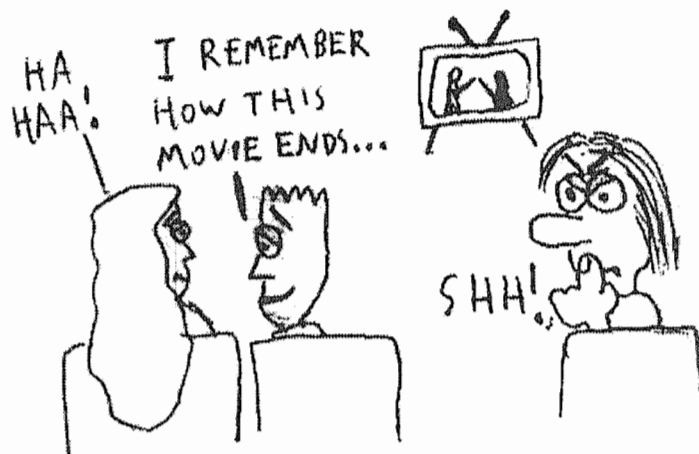
A good diet tip for all of you boys and girls trying to flatten the old spare tyre; do your grocery shopping with only your AUSTUDY money. You'll start shedding those kilos like a dog sheds hair.

With air pollution, water pollution, tree loss, uranium mining etc.etc.etc, I wouldn't plan on inhaling for the next millenium or so, unless of course, you want to become a mutant with superhuman powers. Alternatively you could wait until the government adopts a viable environmental policy, but I don't think anybody can hold their breath that long.



# EARNEST'S TIPS FOR... ENTERTAINMENT

Why spend so much money to watch a crappy movie at the cinema when you can recreate the experience at home. Just watch an old film on T.V. and get some friends to make lots of noise during the most critical parts so as to recreate that "theatre" atmosphere.



Even with the government budget cuts on public broadcasting, it's still a great source of educational entertainment, and when you're desperate enough, you can use the info from documentaries as research material to beef up the no. of references for your assignments.

Turn in your psychologically deranged, drug dependent neighbour or flatmate because of their "suspicious activities". You get: A) rid of that psychopath, B) reward money C) see pretty flashing lights and maybe even a shoot out! If you're really lucky, that funky smell that followed them everywhere might eventually go away.

I'M HUNGRY





NEWS IN BRIEF

Here's a brief glance at some newsworthy (and not so newsworthy) events.

**Stocks and Shares**

Chaos has reigned in the stock market this week and last. The Australian stock market plunged about 10 per cent in value last week, wiping billions of dollars off the value of stocks. The following day, however, prices rebounded sharply, leaving investors bewildered and apprehensive. Apparently Bill Gates has lost \$2.25 billion. Not that he'd really notice.

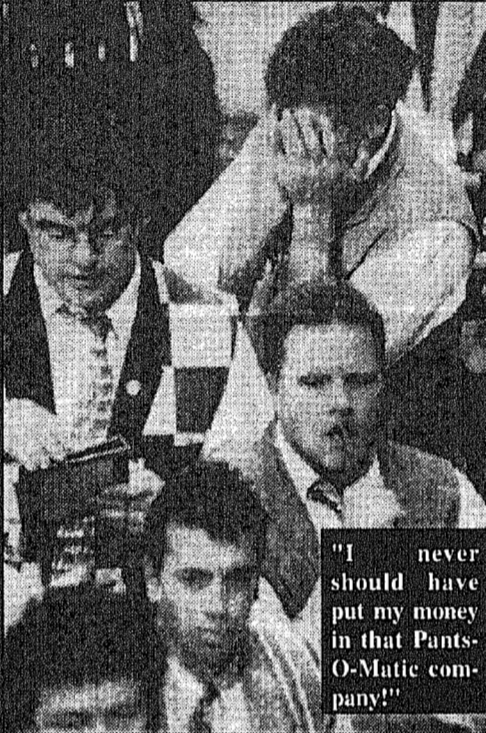
**Australian Aid for Indonesia**

PM John Howard has offered Australia's support to Indonesia's President Suharto to help stabilise the Indonesian economy. The exact amount and form of the money has not been revealed, but it will be several billion dollars. Howard has denied the financial aid is a waste of taxpayers money, claiming that the future of every Australian is linked

portfolio knowledge before considering taking on the top position.

**Superstar**

Astronomers have found what could be the brightest star in the Milky Way with the help of NASA's orbiting Hubble space telescope. This massive star is located 25,000



"I never should have put my money in that Pants-O-Matic company!"

light years away, and releases as much energy in six seconds as the sun does in one year. Because it is burning so brightly, the star is destined to have a short life: scientists predict only about one to three million years. Sounds like a pretty long time to me!

province. Pol Pot denied that the notorious torture and killing centre, known as Tuol Sleng, ever existed, insisting instead that it was a fake created by Vietnam after it invaded Cambodia in 1978. The Cambodian people have expressed dismay that Pol Pot has shown no remorse for his bloody four year rule. Pol Pot is currently under arrest by his former Khmer Rouge colleagues, who have thus far refused to hand him over to an international tribunal.

**Van Gogh's Sunflowers Declared a "Fake"**

One of Vincent Van Gogh's most famous paintings, *Sunflowers*, which was sold to a Japanese company for \$50 million in 1987, has unofficially been branded a fake. Geraldine Norman, a leading art expert, believes the painting to have been created by a Parisian art teacher and restorer at the beginning of the century.

**Species Facing Extinction**

Thousands of species of plants and animals face extinction as a result of the Indonesian forest fires. World Wide Fund for Nature officials say the situation is a catastrophe. Among those animals threatened due to the destruction of food stock and terrain are the orang-utan, rhinoceros, tiger and elephant.

**Russian Babies for Sale**

An investigation into the possible sale of Russian babies to wealthy Western couples has been launched following the discovery of a baby-selling racket in the Russian city of Nizhny Novgorod. Police believe that as many as 100 babies have disappeared from hos-

The Pacific coast of Mexico has been hit by a devastating hurricane called Pauline. 180 people have been reported dead, several hundred are missing and in Acapulco, Mexico's principal beach resort, 200,000 have been made homeless. Winds of up to 200 kmh and waves of up to 10 m have been recorded. Several thousand army troops have been flown into the most devastated areas to offer help.

**Italian Earthquake**

Central and northern Italy have been struck by a powerful earthquake, measuring 5.8 on the Richter Scale. The quake has killed 8 people and injured 55.

**Net Sex**

Guess what's most popular on the Internet? Urr... sex? An international survey has revealed the most common use of the Internet is as a source of steamy pictures. Search requests were monitored for a month and sex proved the most popular, logging up 1,553,420 entries. However the editor of computer magazine "Web" believes that sex will become less significant over the next few years. He has said, "Shopping will be far more popular than sex on the Internet by 2000". Yeah, right.

**Wanna Go to Space?**

If you've got a spare \$125,000 lying around you could take part in a trip into space! In Seattle, 20 people have signed up to travel on a rocket-powered cruiser 100 km into space, which is high enough to achieve weightlessness. But don't get too excited, the cruiser will only stay up there for about 2



"Have you heard the one about the three nuns, the cartoonist and the duck?"

P o l  
P o t :  
C l e a r



to Indonesia retaining a stable economy.

**Democrat Leadership**

The Australian Democrats will soon be headed by a new leader following Cheryl Kernot's defection to the Labour Party. Acting leader Meg Lees, industrial relations spokesman Andrew Murray, and education spokeswoman, Lyn Allison have all decided to run for leader. Senator Lees looks like the most likely winner of the election. Senator Natasha Stott Despoja (a former Uni of Adelaide Arts student) is running for the position of deputy-leader. Stott Despoja has said that she wants to broaden her areas of expertise and deepen her

**Conscience**

Pol Pot, the former leader of the Cambodian guerrilla group the Khmer Rouge, has said he is not sorry for starving and murdering two million Cambodians in the 1970s. In his first interview for 18 years, he stated: "My conscience is clear." He claimed that any killing was necessary to prevent Cambodia from becoming a Vietnamese



pitals in the city.

**Mummy and Daddy Banned from Irish Schools**

Apparently, the terms "mother", and "father" are to be banned from schools in Ireland as part of a drive to recognise the growing number of one-parent families. Instead of "parents" teachers have been urged to use instead the phrases: "the adults who live in your house" and "the people who look after you". Perhaps they're taking political correctness a little too far.

**Mexican Hurricane**

minutes, before rocketing back to Earth. Personally, I reckon a ride on the Gravitron would be just as good, and it's a hell of a lot cheaper.

**Women Only**

A record number of sexual assaults during rush-hour in Tokyo has necessitated women-only train carriages. Most female Japanese commuters say they have been groped at least once. One commuter, Yumiko Sakuma, claims she has been molested over 300 times. She has thus armed herself with a needle to stick in attackers and writes "Pervert" on their clothing. Good on ya!

**Annabel Davies**

## Bifurcating Verses

or

An Ode To The Sparkly Trousers of Fred (Me) Now Sadly Missed (The Trousers, Not Fred (Me)) After The Incident Whereupon They Met Their Final Horrible Fate And What A Horrible Final Fate It Was! O! You Bet Your Sweet Arse! Your Sweet, Naked Arse (Because There Are No Trousers)! The Trousers That Were Only Ever Sparkly On The Inside Have Sparkled Their Way Into My Heart And The Hearts Of Many Like A Sitcom Baby: You Can Take The Man Out Of The Trousers, But You Can't Take The Trousers Out Of The Man (The Question Being, How Did The Trousers Get Into The Man In The First Place). Or Can You? I Don't Know.

**O!**

**My sparkly trousers are as dust  
As were my father's  
All those years ago  
Those merry strides  
Those pants of joy  
Are dead.**

**My sparkly trousers lie  
Alongside those pants of joy.**

**Yet  
In the darkest hour of  
night**

**I hear  
the ghostly  
zip zip  
of corduroy  
and I shout "Huzzah!  
For the return of the  
trousers!"**

**But I am wrong  
But I am not wrong  
And neither are you**

**But anyway  
We must move on  
To shorts or culottes  
Which are like trousers  
And yet are not  
Being shorter  
More ventilated  
And, on the whole  
Basically, just less  
trousery**

**For what is the essence of  
a trouser?  
Except that it can be  
called a trouser?**

Fred, Minus The Amazing Sparkly  
Trousers (sniff)

## PLUGGED IN-OUT

*i lost my girl,  
i lost her sure ,  
i lost the girl,  
to Nintendo 64.*

*64 bits Adventure raw,  
i've lost my girl to Nintendo 64.*

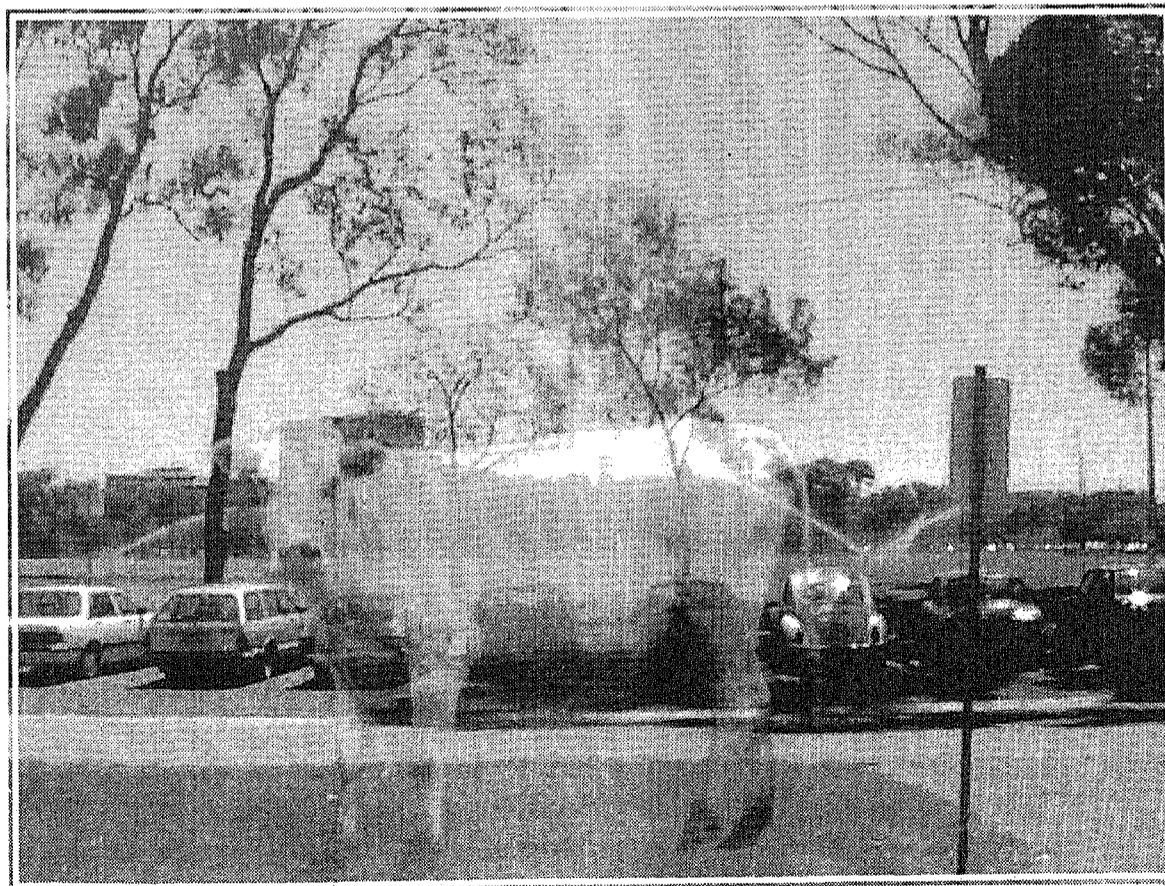
*i've lost my girl,  
"one crystal more",  
cord & fingers twirl,  
"i'll be there"- sure.*

*FORWARD-HIDE-ATTACK-KILL,  
sounds normally for my thrill.*

*i lost my girl,  
i've lost her sure ,  
i lost the girl,  
to Nintendo 64.*

*for a bonus she would cry,  
over her shoulder my sad sigh.*

*i've lost my girl,  
'cos she had to go,  
i lost my girl,  
to the animated glow.*

**Brutus**

## THE ANGUISH OF A GHOST COW

"Moo!"  
The ghost cow rattled along it's  
terrible route  
It cried out for solace  
"Moo!"  
But none came. It was alone in  
A world of  
Cows  
With skin and bones and meaty  
flesh  
That the ghost cow would  
Never again have.  
"Moo!"  
It turned it's head and looked  
directly into the camera  
at you.  
"Moofuck!"  
It had no point.

The Deliriously Happy Phantom Coupoke

# SURVEY RESULTS

Last week we supplied you with a staggeringly well put together survey covering millions of pertinent topics. Here, carefully summarised, are the results...

1. Should Australia become a republic?

Yes: 35%  
No: 25%  
Fuck Off: 40%

2. Has Rundle St been overdeveloped?

Yes: 33%  
No: 60%  
Fuck Off: 7%  
(even though this wasn't an option)

3. Why do people in Adelaide stare?

Everybody seems to think it is a combination of drugs, paranoia, boredom, bad water, bad contact lenses, an "alarmingly high proportion of attractive and scantily-clad women" and the fact that "we're mostly from the country - it's not staring, it's looking people in the eye!"

4. What did you like about On Dit 1997?

Most people liked "something", while others went for Dodgy, Choose Your Own Adventure, "the sexy chick who does Vox Pop" and "the fact that people get a chance to put in if they want", which is heartfelt if badly-put. Apparently, it's also "good to sit on when the lawns were wet."

5. What did you hate about On Dit 1997?

People lamented the lack of horo-

so forth.

9. Why did the chicken cross the road?

"To get to the footbridge."  
"Because the footpath was being repaired (again!)."

"She wanted to piss off the Liberal party, but it won't work! (har har!)"

"Cos the little red man stopped flashing!"

"I don't know, but what's red and invisible? NO TOMATOES! That's the best joke ever. It rocks."

10. Do you think Adelaide Uni lacks spirit?

Yes, no and who cares?

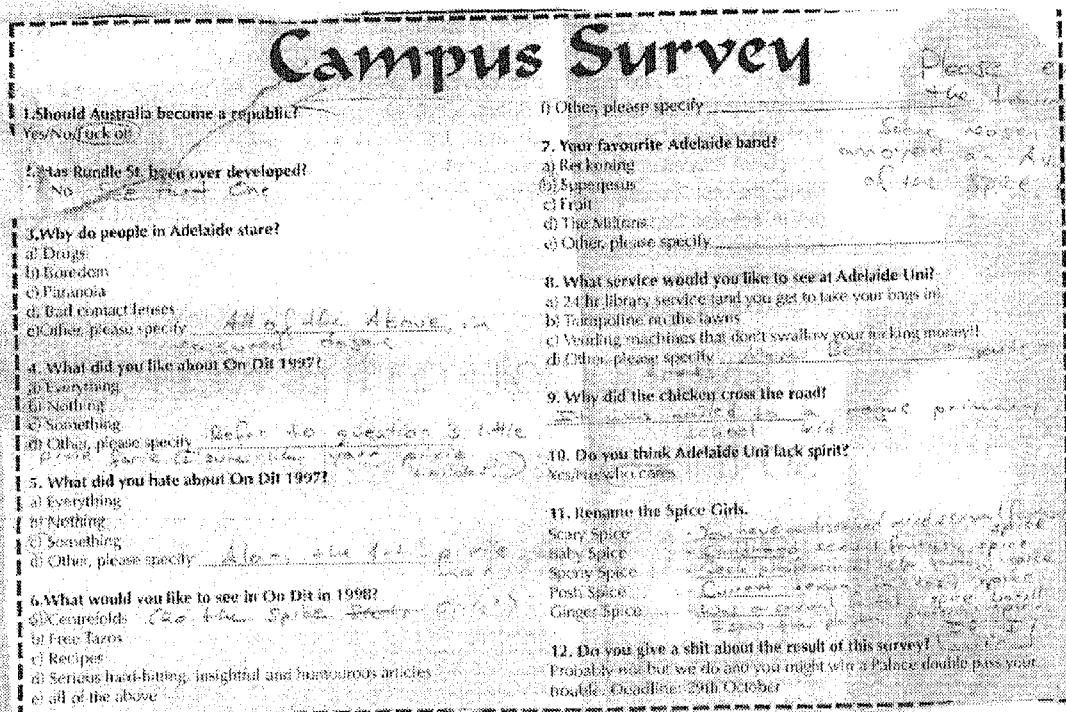
11. Rename the Spice Girls (in order, Scary, Baby, Sporty, Posh & Ginger):

"Cumin, Chinese 5 Spice, Tumeric, Cinnamon & Ginger!"  
"Spice Mars, Spice Venus, Spice Jupiter, Spice Mercury &

Spice Moon." "Bimbo 1, Bimbo 2, Bimbo 3, Bimbo 4 & Bimbo 5." "Sheila von Blitzenhoffen, Num Nums, Frank Johnson, Old Spice & Naughty But Nice Spice." "Tansy, James, Stuart, Slut Spice & Smurfette." "Bruce, Jo (so she can spell it), Jock, Lady Amelia Witherton-Smythe & Meggs." "Energetic Probably On Drugs Spice, Bimbo Spice, Adidas Promoter Spice, Superior Spice & Slutty Spice." "You Have A Diseased Mind Sexual Fantasy Spice, Childhood Sexual Fantasy Spice, Seek Professional Help Fantasy Spice, Current Sexual Fantasy Spice & Was A Sexual Fantasy Spice Until I Saw The Playboy Pictorial Spice."

12. Do you give a shit about this survey?

I guess that rather depends on whether you're still reading. Palace pass winners will be contacted. Good luck, kiddies.



scopes and crosswords for boring lectures (but see page 88).

6. What would you like to see in On Dit in 1998?

Pretty much everyone wanted centrefolds, free Taz-Os, recipes and serious hard-hitting, insightful and humorous articles. So, centrefolds, Taz-Os and recipes it is, then.

7. Your favourite Adelaide band?

Mostly The Superjesus, though Monte, Mr Fuzzy, Rash and others also got a "guernsey".

8. What service would you like to see at Adelaide Uni?

24 hour library service with bags, trampolines on the lawn, working vending machines, more bands, a dry cleaning service, more freebies and vouchers, dollar beers, career opportunities, "groovy campus radio with speakers all over uni", and

**MYTHICAL WORLD**

Smoking Dragons, Witches, Wizards, etc...  
Jewellery and Crystals, Incense,  
Novelty Giftware  
6 Weeks Lay-by

**10% off all smoking ceramics and giftware to all Uni students**

Shop 9  
John Martins Plaza  
City  
Ph: 8232 5091



Every time I log-on to the computer, and see a student id password, starting with 97, I feel old, and left behind. By now I am over-sensitive to the concept of being at university. Referring to anything external to the university lifestyle as the collective "real world" betrays how far removed this existence is perceived by myself. An ivory tower, where the notions of liberation and fraternity are a temporary illusion, with nothing lasting to keep everyone united. Jaded angst, an education that gives me the words to describe my disaffection. When it's *this* close to the due dates for final assignments and exams, it's kind of hard to write something that sums up the situation, that appreciates the language of parking fines, library suspension, magnetic detectors and indexation, without relying upon clichéd themes.

**A** Wednesday afternoon, and I've said I'd meet someone for lunch at 12ish. It is already 12:45 and I have no hope of getting any closer to the destination. It's one of those days, a paradox of winter, when the sun is shining, and you can only worship the blue sky framing the red brick buildings and paved courtyard that forms Hughes Plaza. "Everyone" I know is encountered here randomly, a collection of ants that I am reminded of when I read this bite from Paul White, computer animation designer, whose work graces Bjork's Debut album: "repetition of symbols become abstracted patterns which reflect the machine code of the electronic music". He's talking about the merge between technology and club music. I appropriate the words to describe my the current predominance of email and conversation.

Repetition of people become abstract patterns which reflect the code I live by. These sort of days, are always the sweetest kind, my favourite pattern of time. Slow silent chats.

**M**y friend writes in my diary the words, which, in a kind of F. Scott Fitzgerald-ish kind of way, grow in significance as time itself passes. "Memory is not the way things were, it is the way we were." As I read, I listen and misunderstand his destination. He leaves me believing that he is headed for the zoo where he must buy an otter for a

Memory is not the way things were, it is the way we were.

friend's birthday. This seems odd, and out of character for the pacifist I've always believed him to be. Of all my friends and acquaintances, the connection with him is the oddest. We met in a beer queue, and I recognised him from my primary school orchestra. Only months later, did I understand that he had befriended me happily on that basis, without ever recalling me from those days. The connection, and success, seemed odd then, and old-hat now, a strange repetition. Years later now, and he has become one of those people that I do not need to see for months, and will never run out of words to exchange. Words seem less important also.

**I**f I have absorbed my impressions of university from the radio, papers and parties, then there are several collective concepts.

We all came to this place expecting berets, bohemia and beatniks. Which of course we didn't find. Unaware that three years, and a penchant for extended coffee sessions would soon have us competing in cleverness, and comparing unsatisfied initial impressions. We have become the wannabe beret wearers, only apathy has replaced the radicalism we were expected to inherit. (As has sweeping statements as a front for personal opinions.)

**A**nother

cultural reference. Brideshead Revisited. Charles is befriended by the glorious and aesthetically rich Sebastian in their first year at Oxford, for him it as if someone has finally opened a "small door in the wall", and beckoned him to the other side. But there is one of those small subtle transitions also. The gaiety and partying of first year can never be sustained, and by the end of their degrees they have withdrawn from society, and moved on.

**I**s the complete ultimate insignificance of university on the wider human existence, just a conspiracy I believe in the present time whilst the Liberal Government reigns. Have they truly got me so worried about what possible direction I can take, that is still economically rational, that I can no longer write with any great cognitive process in action? For at least the present, I am in

awe of thoughts that don't really have phrases, and fascination at the millions of people I share the city with, and never see. Or notice.

**I**t's the nature of university that everyone does move on eventually. The gnawing familiarity of the thousand faces you share lectures with, stairwell climbs and cafeteria queues, means nothing when they disappear. Their name, identity and status still unknown, and a kind of improbable curiosity might creep in. Are they still happy? Are they working, have they become a cafe slave? Are they still artistic, creative and intellectually rich. Is their life of greater or lesser quality outside the boundaries of university. Are they travelling, did they reject the spirit of the city? Both pessimism and optimism can come out of this. If they have moved on, and found success, then I might fear my own transition. Yet also, I know that if they, the mysterious they, were able to move on, and have reason to, then so will I. A whole new territory of Sunday afternoons and Thursday evenings can be explored. Coherency and clarity are achievable elsewhere. Construction cranes dot the city once more. *Reality Bites* doesn't have to make me cry each time I watch it either. Perhaps this sharpened filter towards the notion of undergraduate friendships and lifestyle will fade away also. If I miss the ghosts who have left behind my landscape, I can also take heart that if they have disappeared; the landscape can also absorb me.

Stephanie Kaye



Greenpeace's invasion of the Prime Minister's place received a lot of media attention. It may seem like just another "stunt" by those crazy greenies - but I think an issue has been raised that deserves a certain amount of attention.

The environment is most certainly in jeopardy of being completely destroyed if we continue using it in the way that we have seen for the past I-don't-know-how-many-years. This news is certainly not "new" to any of you students out there, but still there is nothing significant being done to address this problem.

The weather might change rapidly, and a few hundred species of animals may die out - all the while the governments of the world seem more concerned with things like economic sustainability and declaring war on mid-eastern countries so too protect their oil interests. Where have our priorities gone? We may think on well I recycle, and I write on both sides of the paper - but when it comes down to the crunch we use as much energy as we want because it is convenient.

Apa-

thy.

Aldous Huxley's book *Brave New World* depicts a

certain type of futuristic society whereby the environment is not necessarily destroyed, rather the human spirit is. In it, people do not pick up books to read simply because they cannot be bothered - apathy - it suits them to live in their "controlled" society and not worry about the existential reasoning of man. (Well admittedly that becomes a little bit tedious as well...arg) While we can claim that Huxley was on quite a lot of acid at the time (rumour has it, he asked for LSD on his death-bed) and his observations have been termed as delusional and paranoid. However, to myself - the vo-

year of "culture" and "society" we do not seem all that far away from achieving this state of mind. One anthropologist has said that we can measure a society or culture by what it claims or deems as significant. Immediately we can notice the reflexive nature of this statement - as it applies much more to a Western constructed societies such as Australia than those exotic societies that we hear most Anthropologists writing about.

of our identity. Is that all we are then, just a product...Perhaps it has something to do with this need for economic sustainability. It seems to me to denote contemporary society as being trivial and, to an extent, self-absorbed. Okay, I have had my rant - but look at the direction the Coalition Government is taking - Health Care and Education have been cut to the point which is exceedingly scary. In the clever country so many primary and secondary state schools have had to close down due to lack of funding. Literacy scores were down - what did the appropriate minister want to do - threatened schools that if literacy levels did not increase funding to that area would be cut. A little bit extreme perhaps...Everyone deserves the right to education and decent health care no matter what.

What is the answer to our woes then? If the answer was that simple - we would have solved it eons ago: how can we change so that our priorities are for each other instead of for ourselves...okay while "love" may be all you need (done already by the Beatles) it would at least be refreshing to see some sort of discussion about certain issues as, say, the environment. There has been some talk of a treaty for greenhouse omissions - but the Australian head of government will not sign it, because our fair country does not consume as much as other Western centres...

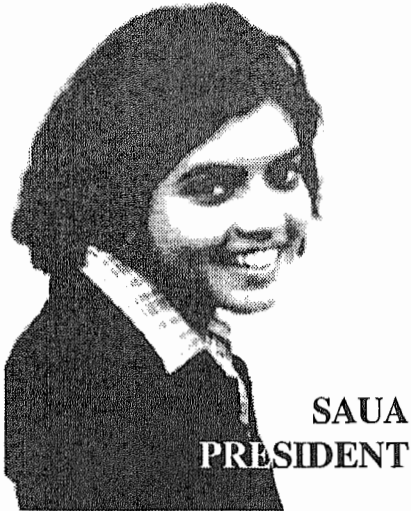
While we are looking for something to do about this dilemma - time passes by, new politicians are elected with swish new domestic policies and ideas for economic sustainability. Meanwhile there is some talk of global warm-

Let's ponder this value system for a few lines: anything that you will ever buy will have some sort of label on it - who made it, where you can reach them - a web site perhaps... This includes trivial items such as electrical tape or string! Apples now come with stickers to tell us who grew the product. Most post-modern theorists will claim that this is all part of being involved in a consumeristic environment - we become who we are by what we consume...the search for selfhood... The product then becomes a symbol

come is for that particular year. Howard's coalition has cut these areas to make the economic deficit less - when did the accountants take over! This is where our priorities are - if we did actually care so much about the future of higher education, why was there such a large turnout at this year's protests? Some of Howard's cabinet's proposals are absurd, but not much is done to combat it - because it is too convenient not to. Much similar is our earlier area of discussion - the environment.

ing, and another species of animal has become extinct. Is this convenience worth it? How have we evolved so far, but yet so little. Yes student angst is at it again. As an end point: let's look at the critical mass theory whereby changes in the symbolic (cultural) environment are like changes in the natural environment: they are both gradual and additive at first, and then, all at once, a critical mass is achieved - we have become completely consumed. Quite like the sponge that gradually soaks up more and more water until it is completely saturated - do we squeeze out the sponge? or leave it wet to ferment? (Too many metaphores for my liking.)

Jocelyn Milbank



**SAUA  
PRESIDENT**

**University Council Elections**  
 Congratulations to Rosslyn Cox, Union President 1997 & 1998, and Kym Taylor, SAUA President 1996, for their elections as our student representatives to University Council. It is imperative to have a strong student voice on University Council, so I am pleased that both elected representatives have such a strong background in higher education and student representation at the University of Adelaide.

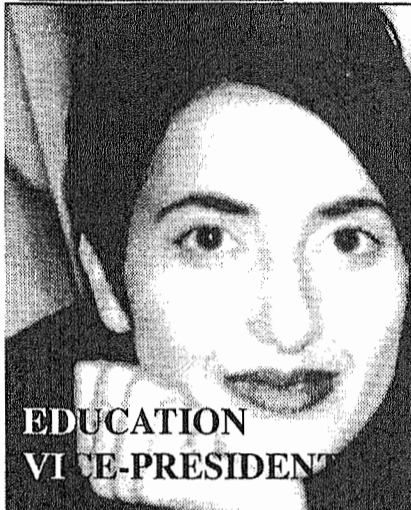
**Nominations for Academic Board Undergraduate Representatives**  
 Nominations are now open for the two undergraduate positions on Academic Board. Please write a 200 word application addressed to the

SAUA President and SAUA Council to be lodged at the SAUA by 5:00 pm Friday, the 7th of November. The successful applicants will be chosen at the meeting of SAUA Council on November 11, 6:00 pm, in the Margaret Murray Room.

**Constitutional Convention Postal Ballot**  
 The postal ballot to elect South Australian delegates to the Constitutional Convention to be held next February will be sent out this week. Please make sure you vote for someone who is going to best represent students, young people and a progressive vision for Australia...this is a postal voluntary ballot so every vote count. Have your say, because you can.

**Goodbye and Good luck...**  
 I have truly enjoyed my challenging and engrossing term as SAUA President and I wish next year's SAUA the very best of luck. I'd like to thank the SAUA staff: Deb, Fi and especially Jane, for their help and support and friendship. I'd also like to thank my family for their support and understanding. The Students' Association has one great strength: its members - thanks to all of you. I hope every one goes well in their exams and has a fantastic summer.

**Keep fighting the good fight!**  
 Amrita Dasvarma  
 SAUA President 1997



**EDUCATION  
VICE-PRESIDENT**

**THE WEST REVIEW OF HIGHER EDUCATION**  
 Earlier in the year we heard a lot about the West Review of Higher Education. The paper will be released next Wednesday.

Issues of particular interest in the paper: the possibility that the paper will advocate a form of "voucher" based funding. This is where students receive a certain amount of funding that they apply any-

where with. However, Australia does not traditionally have mobile education like a country like America does. Usually students stay in their home city to study. The problems with mobile education in Australia is that we don't have the infrastructure and support services that goes along with it.

The other problem with the "vouchers" is that students do not have more control over which institution they attend but

the power falls into the hands of individual institutions, the old high prestige ones.

There might also be the inclusion of a compulsory payment of a partial up front fee. All of these possibilities are not very good new for students. Keep you posted.  
 THANKS TO ALL WHO PARTICIPATED...and to everyone in the SAUA, Union and Uni - love your work!  
 Yours in Union, Olivia.



**ENVIRONMENT  
OFFICER**

Last column!!! How can I possibly write anything inspiring enough for such an occasion?... well clearly I can't, so I'll write this instead.  
 -The Students' Association will be open during the holidays, and either myself or my successor, Danielle Kowalski will be in a fair bit of the time. The rest of this year will be tied up trying to get that bike shed finished, and fiddling around with university type stuff like paper usage etc... January and February will be gobbled up in planning the green stuff for Orientation and consulting with all the other O'people to ensure that Orientation '98 is the most planet-friendly O yet. (Danielle will be out of town from Jan 8-Feb 18, so I will be doing most of this). And since we will be here, you might as well come visit!!  
 -If you would like to know about protest camps or campaigns that are happening around the country during the summer or; -if you would like to get involved

in other green stuff such as ATCV (Australian Trust for Conservation Volunteers) work or tree planting or; -MOST IMPORTANTLY if you would like to get in the SAUA Environment Department early and help out with planning and or pulling off of the green bit of Orientation... (oh please please), then  
**PLEASE COME IN ANY TIME OVER THE BREAK!!!**  
 If you're planning on taking your backpack for a holiday, please read the article in this On Dit on how to travel 'enviro-friendly' style.  
 Okay, well before I leave you alone ('at last!' you gasp), I have to thank those embattled enviro-troopers of '97 for all their work. Firstly, to the beautiful Environment Standing Committee '97, Kathleen, Matt, Liz and Zoe - you're the best, but I've told you all that before anyway. Thanks and congratulations to the Environmental Collective for the campaigns they managed this year, and for the Food Coop groundwork.

Deb, Jane and Fiona in the SAUA rocked (and were endlessly patient) fellow office bearers, stewards and everyone else who got involved. Thanks.  
 And thank you to all of you who were receptive to campaigns, helped get the paper recycling system off the ground and tried, throughout the year to do the right thing. I've said it a trillion times already, but protection of the earth is the most important thing we will have to deal with in our lives. We only get one chance, and when we lose species, we won't get them back. If you want your children to someday see a koala, know what a wild river sounds like, what a rainforest smells like, drink clean water, breathe clean air, swim in the ocean, stare in wonder at a place like Kakadu, then GET ACTIVE. This is all we've got. Okay, good luck and take care (not only of yourself)!! Seeya out there  
 Gin.  
 Ph 8303 5182 OR vsimpson@student.adelaide.edu.au



**WOMEN'S  
OFFICER**

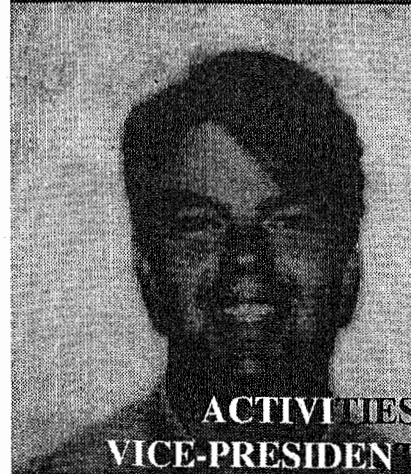
**Reclaim the Night**  
 Unfortunately due to the weather Reclaim the Night was postponed last Friday. The march will now be held on Friday the 14th of November. I know this is in the middle of exams so the timing is pretty bad however marching in Reclaim the Night would provide excellent study relief. I am assuming that all the other details will remain the same but if you would like to check up on that please give me a call on the SAUA on 8303 5406.

**Winds of Change Conference**  
 The Winds of Change Conference is still looking for students to give papers, workshops or participate in panel discussions. The student specific theme is titled "Feminism on Campus - Contemporary Issues and Debates". If you would like more information please contact either myself or Dinah Cohen on (02) 9514 2148.

**Women's Collective**  
 The Women's Collective will be holding its AGM on Thursday 13th of November. What we have decided to do is have a

meeting first in the Women's Room and then go and have dinner somewhere in town. The details haven't been finalised yet but a letter will be sent out to all member of the Collective. If you have any queries or questions please come in and see me.

Well, I guess that's it, the end of the year. I hope that you're study is going well and that it's not too stressful. Just think of the long months of holidays ahead! For all those of you coming back next year I'll see you then.



**ACTIVITIES  
VICE-PRESIDENT**

ANT HASN'T BROUGHT HIS COLUMN INTO ON DIT THIS WEEK, SO WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SAY TO ALL THE SAUA PEOPLE OF 1997, YOU DID A FINE JOB. GOOD LUCK TO SOPHIE, NEXT YEARS BIG CHIEF OF THE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION. GIN: YOU ARE SUCH A GOOD GIRL, NEVER A LATE COLUMN ALL YEAR. WE LUVS YOU. THANKS TO JANE, WHO LET US HAVE SWANKY BUSINESS CARDS AND FORKED OUT THE CASH EVERYTIME WE ASKED FOR IT, AND TO FI DALTON, WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU, WE ARE FOREVER IN YOUR DEBT. OH YEAH...LAST BUT BY NO MEANS LEAST, THANKS TO DEB THE WONDERFUL LASS WHOSE SMILE AND ENTHUSIASM NEVER FAILED TO BRIGHTEN OUR DAYS, EVEN ON THE SHITTIEST OF DAYS: IT WAS A GOOD YEAR GUYS, FINGERS CROSSED FOR THE NEXT FIFTY.....FIONA SPROLES, CHING YEE NG & JAMES MORRISON AKA 'S'N'M'

# Ever thought it'd be fun to be one of those O'Camp leaders?



## Well now you can be!

A register is open in the SAUA for all people who want to help out during Orientation. So grab your friends and sign up - you'll get a phone call after exams to arrange all the rest.

### Areas available:

- O'Camp Leaders
- O'Week Helpers
- O'Ball Helpers
- O'Tour Guides
- O'Guide Helpers

Enquiries to **Ben Allgrove,**  
**Orientation Co-Ordinator,**  
at the SAUA:  
Ground Level  
George Murray Building  
ph. 8303 5406.



# 1998 Scholarships for Youth Arts

On Wednesday 22 October, Carclew Youth Arts Centre hosted the Announcement of the 1998 South Australian Youth Arts Board (SAYAB) Scholarships. SAYAB scholarships are awarded annually to young emerging artists under 26 years to assist in their training and development within the performing arts, visual arts and literature.

The announcements were hosted by the Director of SAYAB and Carclew, Judy Potter, and Minister for the Arts, Diana Laidlaw, was the speaker. She stressed that there had been an exceptionally high quality of applications this year, and congratulated the successful recipients.

The **Dame Ruby Litchfield Scholarship** (\$11,250) for the performing arts was awarded to local film maker Imogen Thomas. Imogen is an honours film graduate of Flinders University. Her 1996 short film, *Departure*, won best narrative drama at this year's Adelaide Film and Video Festival and she has worked as a set and costume designer for theatre companies like Magpie Theatre.

### The Ruth Tuck Scholarship



(\$11,250) for the visual arts went to ceramicist Lesa Farrant who will study for three months at the Banff Centre for the Arts in Banff, Canada.

The **Colin Thiele Literature Scholarship** (\$6000) was awarded to James Morrison, writer and editor this grand ol' paper, *On Dit*. (Yay!!!! - Chris).



The boy is distressed! Give him the scholarship.

James will use the scholarship as a living allowance while he edits and prepares some work for publication. James: "It's really valuable being able to work on writing without having to concentrate on anything else. It's a really wonderful opportunity that I've been given and I'm really grateful. I'd certainly encourage anyone who thinks they've got half a chance to apply for the SAYAB grants because you never know your luck."

The **Independent Arts Foundation Literature Scholarship** (\$6000) was awarded to university student **Melanie Duckworth** from Mount Gambier.

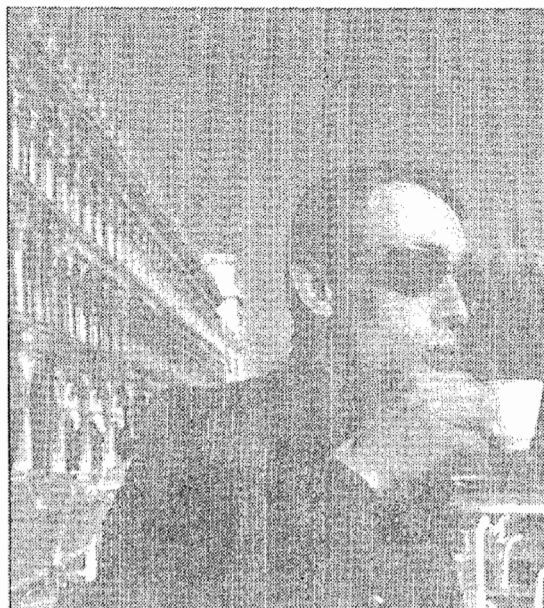
The next round of scholarships closes in July 1998 for activity in 1999. For more information about the scholarships please call Carclew Youth Arts Centre on 8267 5111 or email: [carclew@tne.net.au](mailto:carclew@tne.net.au)

**Christina Soong**

# SUMMER

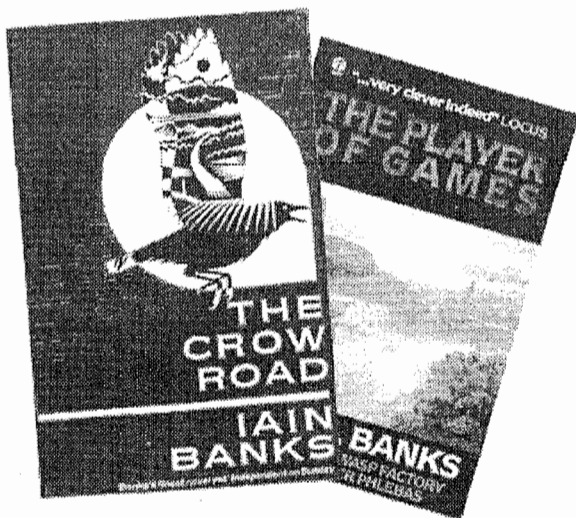
by JAMES MORRISON

Y-X-X-DN



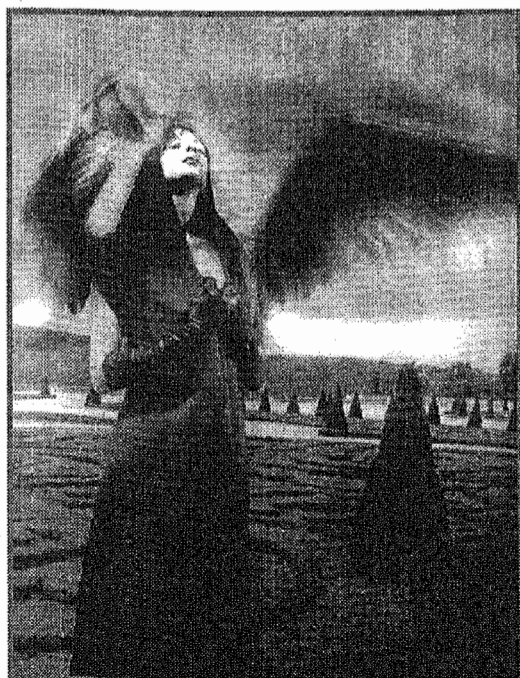
Who would have thought that the most brilliant modern musician in the world would have been a diminutive Irishman whose first 'hit' song (in the UK) would take its name from a 1920s barber's polite way of asking a gentleman whether he would like to buy a condom ('Something For The Weekend')? NEIL HANNON is THE DIVINE COMEDY - and a music god. His first album, *Liberation*, is a melodic collection of inspired pop (from 'I Was Born Yesterday' to 'The Pop Singer's Fear of the Pollen Count'). The second, *Promenade*, is a journey through the lives of a pair of reunited childhood lovers on the last day of the century, culminating in them doing the busi-

ness to the beautiful strains of 'Tonight We Fly'. Last year's *Casanova* is Hannon's masterpiece, containing nearly an hour of pure musical genius, including the Greatest Song Ever Written ('Through A Long And Sleepless Night'). Finally, this year's *A Short Album About Love* is exactly that - the funniest, most endearing and sometimes most disquieting love songs you'll ever hear. Hannon is blessed with a beautiful voice, a sharp wit (most of his songs are infused with brilliantly arranged one-liners) and musical skill the likes of which you have never seen before. Richly orchestrated genius for music fans with active minds and active loins.



The many books of forty-something Scottish novelist IAIN BANKS are pure literary gold. Anyone who hasn't read any of his work is ordered immediately to *The Crow Road*, possibly his best, a masterpiece of insight, characterisation, relationships and frequent rolling-in-the-aisles humour. One of the best things you'll ever read. His other books are, in order, *The Wasp Factory* (a nasty, brutally hilarious tale of a young murderer and his mad father awaiting the return of the return of another member of their family, who has just escaped from an asylum), *Walking On Glass* (a clever mingling of three seemingly separate tales), *The Bridge* (a surrealist masterpiece), *Espedair Street* (the funniest and most touching book ever written about rock - and the band it's about doesn't even exist), *Canal Dreams* (a Japanese cellist caught

up in near-future political intrigue in the Panama Canal), *Complicity* (a savage and, yes, funny story about a vile, vaguely moral journalist and a politically correct serial killer) and *Whit* (a cult's female figurehead ventures out into modern Britain in search of her long-lost half-sister). As Iain M. Banks he has also written a clutch of excellent science fiction novels - *Consider Phlebas*, *The Player of Games*, *Use of Weapons*, *The State of the Art*, *Against A Dark Background*, *Feersum Endjinn* and *Excession*. Prolific, frighteningly original, gripping and genuinely amusing. Banks' books are guaranteed to see you through many happy summer hours. Coming soon is his sixteenth novel, *Song of Stone*. It will be brilliant. Trust me.



Disquieting, surreal and fantastic imagery has long been a staple of painting, but until recently nobody had achieved such striking effects with photography. A big round of applause for L.K. POTTER, an American artist whose vast portfolio contains some of the most vividly peculiar and realistic images you'll ever question seeing. Seamless blends of limbs and bodies, animals and humans, real and imaginary... Potter is one of the most respected fantastic artists working today. Two collections of his work are available in Australia, the books *Horripilations* and *Neurotica*, published by Paper Tiger. Skim through them in a bookshop and see if you can put the book down again - or even regain the ability to blink...



# LIFE with the INSECTS

by James Morrison

The dragon twisted around my arm, a dragon of ink and flesh - my flesh. Its open jaws engulf my wrist, bright red eyes staring ahead over the hand which protrudes from its mouth. The dragon's tail twists its way across my shoulders and down around my body, its barbed tip pointing down along my spine.

The dragon was made by a machine. Down at the Melting Pot, a grease-shiny machine punched it in with a dirty needle, following the digitised sketch by the tattoo artist. They had to scan my body first, to make sure that the contouring all came out.

I paid for the dragon myself, money I could hardly afford to spend on anything except food.



But I did it to impress Cheri. She always liked tats, and she

always liked the holo dragons which dance over Chinatown. While I sweltered in a humid room in the Pot, with ink and blood on my arms, she was in a hotel room with some guy who picked her up on some street corner. He was the one that knocked her off, leaving her body in the bathroom.

I'd always said she ought to get out of that job before something nasty happened, and she always laughed and said that she'd be okay. Now we both know different, the dragon and I. Cheri doesn't know anything any more.

They slide along the corridors, half-glimpsed figures slipping through the shadows. Occasional faint yellow light from the outside world slips through the windows and catches a glimpse of pale skin or black fabric. They make very little noise.

The corridor smells of bleach and old carpet glue. Tiny specks of dust swirl and dance in the feeble light, whirling in unpredictable chaos patterns as the bodies creep through and disturb the air.

Somebody's getting burned tonight.

Music pounds out of a nightclub, matched by pulsating lights and the lithe forms of holographic ghost dancers

which spin in the doorway and tempt the punters in. A couple stagger drunkenly into the cool night air, laughing. The bouncer watches them go, his eyes lingering on the girl's leather-wrapped arse.

Next door a great slab of dark brown meat, dripping with grease, spins slowly in the window of the *Felafel & Damn Hot* shop. Wannabe white rastas sit outside on the pavement in even whiter plastic chairs, their drab and dirty dreadlocks hanging down over their faces. Inexpertly rolled joints flare and hiss as slowburning flame meets saliva-soaked paper. The air is thick with acrid grey smoke.

Over the road the real rastas sit under a tree in the little square of crushed grass and trampled flowers that gets called a park in this town. Loud speed reggae blasts from their cheap disc portables, and has to be screamed over so that they can hear one another. Nobody minds.

The illusory ghost dancers from the club throw their clothes off, exposing gleaming silver skin (perfect complexions) and clean-shaven bodies. A crowd starts to form, watching them. There are drunken, excited shouts as a couple of people recognise the female ghost dancer as being scanned from Nadia Jett, the supermodel.

A cop car crawls slowly down the street, braking regularly to avoid the celebrating Saturday nighters who seem determined

to fling themselves under the wheels. The sponsor's logo on the cop car's side shows a grinning, acne-free teenager stuffing herself with some sort of textured soyburger.

Another song powers up inside the club, and the dancers (both ghost and flesh) make their way inside.

\*

Miriam lies stretched out by the river's edge, grinning foolishly. One of her shoes came off a while back, after she got kicked out of the *Bat & Choke*. The other one is still on, but only just.

Her clothes are all over the place, and the damp grass and mud beneath her isn't helping. Miriam doesn't notice. Her hands flex convulsively and her skin almost seems to steam into the cold night air, sweat trickling down from her forehead.

It is a very good trip, pure and uncut.

\*

A surrealist streetgang rushes from block to block, shouting incoherent abuse at passers-by and following it with showers of unripe dwarf lemons, pamphlets about llamas and handfuls of perfectly formed sugar crystals. Because they are rebellious nonconformists, only half of them have been cosmetically altered to look like Salvador Dali. Some of the more daring attempt to engage a gang of Headcases in a bout of shadow rumbling. One Dali loses six teeth and half his moustache.

\*

They sit in a cheap coffee bar two streets over, surrounded

by people who like to call themselves artists. The coffee isn't real and the poetry is awful. Neither one cares. It has been a good night.

He downs the last of his

and the rastas and the zombies on their toxic highs. I see three people that look like Cheri, but only because all of them are sculpted to look like Saint Rosella of the Ninety-Six



caffeine-free synthetic and smiles at her, taking her hand across the tabletop. They sit like that for a while, smiling gently, then get up to leave. Outside it is colder than either of them expected, so she puts her jacket over his shoulders.

\*

The dragon and I walk down the street, past the ghosts and the poets and the surrealists

Resurrection. Cheri always gave half of what the tricks paid her to the church. She was a good little cultist.

I know somebody with a place over one of the clubs. Bad music seeps up through the floorboards and rain comes down through the roof, but it's cheap and it's a place to sleep.

\*

The night rolls on and the insects party.

Other-Things!

E

So, you want a job. Have cash, pay rent. Have cash, can eat - reasonably. Have cash will travel. Yep but how do you get one? I'm sure you don't need to be told that it's tough finding a job out there but it's not impossible. Finding a job is dependent on a whole gamut of factors, from the people you know down to the shoes you wear. From the area you're looking in down to your own personality. So we've done a small survey (we, who are masters of the quickie survey) and asked a couple of important questions from employed students. If not for the tips then read for the wide and varied anecdotes of employment land. Ooh, aah.

Other-Things!

M

P

## Casual Living

Casual jobs aren't as hard as gaining a permanent position and often its time flexibility is better suited to uni life. There is nothing to say that you can't stay as a casual for a long time and sometimes they can lead to a higher position. As the responses below show, who you know can be very important and if you're not fussy, even better:



M

**Job title:** Supermarket Night Filler

**What you really do:** Put dog food on shelves.

**Pros:** I don't have to think.

**Cons:** Late night and early mornings don't mix. Supermarket managers are fools.

**How you got this job:** God hates me. Well actually I used to only work on Saturday morning, but I needed more money so I asked for more hours.

**Employment tip:** Don't drop heavy cans on your toes.

**Job title:** University tutor

**What you really do:** Stand in front of a bunch of first years and make noise at them.

**Pros:** Inflated sense of importance; good money.

**Cons:** Chalk, the occasional awkward question.

**How did you get this job:** They made me do it.

**Employment tip:** You must dominate the students; intimidate them with your best evil eye.

Other-Things!

E

N

Other-Things!

T

**Job title:** Console operator

**What you really do:** Take money for petrol.

**Pros:** Good pay, staff discount!

**Cons:** Unpredictable, arsehole of a boss, very boring, risk of hold up.

**How did you get this job:** Friend recommended me.

**Employment tip:** Anyone could get this job. Laugh at customers jokes, even if they're not funny.

**Job title:** David Jones "Sales Assistant" in Deli Dept.

**What you really do:** Wash sausages when they get slimy, slice off the end of my thumb, cop abuse from care-of-the-community people

**Pros:** Occasional use of the phone when nobody is looking. All the meat you can eat (pity I'm vegetarian).

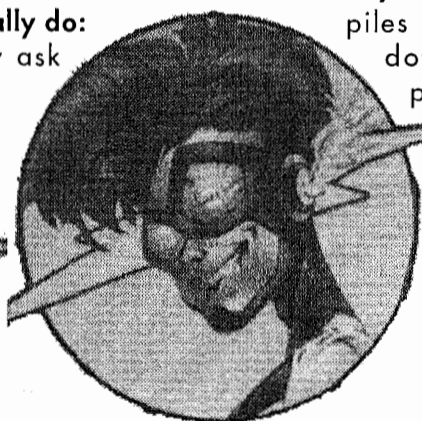
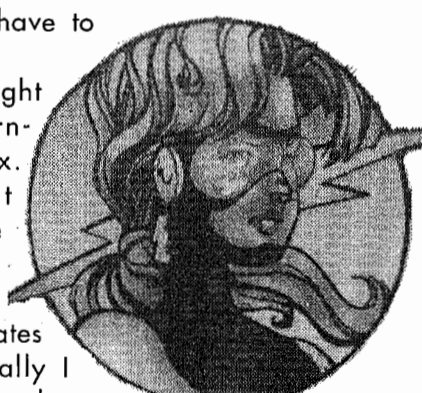
**Cons:** The endless slime (all the packaged meat comes soaked in a pink mucus that causes raging dermatitis)

**How did you get this job:** Started as a Xmas casual.

**Employment tip:** Fairly slack but dull as fuck. Look busy even when you aren't. Work on Sundays.

**Job title:** Parliamentary assistant

**What you really do:** Anything they ask me to.



**Wanted:** Superheros to study, get good grades, pay rent, work hard, play hard and have social conscience.

**Pros:** Get to work at a desk with lots of things on it.

**Cons:** Get to work at a desk with lots of things on it.

**How did you get this job:** Working for the Labor Party.

**Employment tip:** Be a political hack junky with no life outside of politics.

**Job title:** McDonalds Crew Trainer

**What you really do:** Teach young kids how to say: "Would you like fries with that?"

**Pros:** Being the oldest person there. Getting lots of pay (as a 20 y.o.). Telling people what to do.

**Cons:** Getting told off by managers (who are younger than

me) about really menial things. Feeling kinda greasy after every shift. Working really shit hours.

Dealing with drunken dickheads through Drive Thru'.

**How I got the job:** Just applied for it when a new store opened (about 5 (!) years ago).

**Employment tip:** Fast food jobs can be fun when you're younger but quite tedious, mindless and boring after a while... get out when you can.

**Job title:** Tutor (High School)  
**What you really do:** Their homework

**Pros:** You find yourself really understanding HOW maths works. Makes you realise how far you've come since Yr 8-9.

**Cons:** Gossiping with parents - yes, you're actually old enough to do this!

**How you got this job:** I started through an agency, then I went on word of mouth.

**Employment tip:** Always bring a dictionary - or something else to do because the student will more often than not FORGET all their books and look at you like - what to do...

**Job title:** Casual Sales Assistant (at a bookshop)

**What you really do:** Carry piles of books up and down stairs, take phone calls and serve customers.

**Pros:** Good hours, good pay, seeing lots of people you know.

**Cons:** Weird customers, dust inhalation, 12-9 pm shifts on a Friday.

**How did you get this job:** sent a letter to every bookshop in Adelaide, rang every bookshop in Adelaide, did a week's work experience at one of them, and asked for work over Christmas - hey, presto!

**Employment tip:** Resist employment. Go bohemian.

OK, so casual jobs aren't all that glamorous; there's no paid holiday or Christmas bonus but it's not exactly brain-draining now is it? A word of warning, make sure you know your rights as a casual employee as exploitation does happen. You can get more information from Equal Opportunity Office or SA's Ombudsman.

# Alternative Living

There are other quick ways of earning cash and it is usually uncomfortably biological...

Bone marrow donation: as painful as it sounds. Wouldn't advise it unless you have a high pain threshold or are extremely desperate for cash or you could do it with the thought that someone out there may be saved with your bone marrow. Aw..

all. Again we ask people around uni of permanent employment status and this is what they had to say:

**Job title:** Desktop Publicity Officer

**What you really do:** Lots of lay-out and design, a bit of typing, helping out with other general office stuff.

**Pros:** Get to be creative.

**Cons:** For every person that likes something you do, there's another that doesn't - and who doesn't mind telling you: very subjective: sometimes not good for your ego!

closed. I can also use the computers for essays. It pays well.  
**Cons:** Dead end job. Difficult to find interesting industries to work in. Boring side of any industry,

**How did you get this job:** Lots of experience. Nepotism.

**Employment tip:** None

## Interviews

You will also enter the scary and sometimes daunting valleys and troughs of interview land.

Depending on the discipline you're going for, the interview process can be different. This is what I've been told:

In **Commerce**, interviews (according to recent graduate) have been known to be long and in depth. They focus on your ability to work in a team and problem solving rather than the technical side of

things which they will know anyway by looking at your degree and academic transcript. They give you tests to do, personality tests, logical reasoning tests etc.. They are exactly as they sound. Certain companies have whole day interviews and involve group activity exercises to see how you interact in a group. Sometimes these companies will also put out brochures/pamphlets about their company and what sort of employee they are looking for. Read it. Big hints for the interview.

Recruiting starts early so keep a look out for them in the papers, the career's office and the internet. Rounds of interview: 2.

With **Science** it's a whole different kettle of fish. They like to ask you about the technical side of things - what was your previous research, articles written and published and previous work experience. They need to know that you know your way in the lab and also be experienced in your area of specialisation. News about positions opening up usually come through people at departmental university labs so keep a look out there. Rounds of inter-

views: 1

**Communications:** For cadetship at newspapers, generally speaking, very tough. Rounds of interviews: lots. Expect to be tested on your grammar, writing skills and creative skills. Very stringent indeed, so tight if you miss a fullstop you probably won't make it (allow room for exaggeration, oright!)- only the top 10% of the grammar sessions are actually chosen for the next round of interviews according to one of our sources who went for a cadetship at an Adelaide daily newspaper.

Nearly all participants for the surveys insist that preparation for interviews is important. Having an understanding of the company and the position you're applying for is a necessity. There are some questions which are almost always a sure thing such as the variations of the following "Why do you think you are right for the job?" "What do you plan to do for the future" "If you were in this (insert morally dodgy circumstance) situation what would you do?"

Another important factor is contacts, don't underestimate the power of people or what is known as *guanxi* in Chinese culture. That crusty uncle you haven't talked to for ages - call him and tell him you're looking for a job. He might not give you a job straight over the phone but someone he knows might. It's worth a shot. Someone I know milks every bit of information and more importantly a business card from customers while working at his casual position of selling sports equipment.

Of course the above is just a very broad low-down on what's out there (and to be taken with a grain of salt). Check all available media for the area you are going for. The internet employment pages also have hints about writing resume, interviews etc. There are lots of books on the market about interviews and getting employment, so if it's a job you are after then there's nothing to stop you. If kicking back and lazing around is what you had in mind then why did read this then?



WE WARNED YOU ABOUT JOINING THE RAT-PACK TO MAKE IT WORST YOU'VE JOINED THE BIGGEST RAT-PACK OF ALL, MICROSOFT.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. MUM, I MUST HAVE LOOKED INTO HIS EYES.

Drug trials: Check out the hospital notices and departmental noticeboards. It seems the money rate (we're talking four figures here sometimes) positively increases with the rate of unpleasant side effects. Conditions of the trials can also be stringent, no smoking, no illegal substances and you can be rejected if you're not deemed fit (that includes being a vegetarian!).

**How did you get this job:** Because I'd worked in the organisation before, as a student (ie. I knew them, they knew me).

**Employment tip:** Use all your contacts; do lots of reading on job interview skills; be confident in interviews-don't be afraid to "blow your trumpet", so to speak; and remember that they want you as much as you them - you're not necessarily in the vulnerable position.

**Job title:** Film-maker

**What you really do:** Scriptwriting: involves endless hours hammering at the computer and taking the product around to get funding. Directing.

**Pros:** Developing experience to go into feature film production.

**Cons:** Instability, potential for financial insecurity.

**How you got this job:** self-employed and government grants

**Employment tip:** One has to constantly be out selling their skills and why they are the best person for the job.

**Job title:** Office Assitant

**What you really do:** Answer phones, payroll,, accounts, general administration.

**Pros:** I can do it with my eyes

# The Big League

Sometimes it makes you wonder why you bother -nasty customers, arsehole bosses, budget crises. Why join the rat-race in the first place, right? There are many different reasons for different people but the main incentive is MONEY which is pointless to try and justify. Hmm.

When you do decide to jump in, it is the time you swap your Bonds momentarily for a suit and your degree (when you get it for those of you who are still studying) will actually come in handy; if you decide to follow in the area you specialised in at

Have cash - will travel



# It's the ice-block chal-

As we head into summer, with its forty degree days and blistering sun, all of us naturally look towards the ice-block, that marvellous, sugary paragon of teeth-aching glory. We love 'em, yes we do. So, in order to prepare the student population for their trek through the many varied flavours and colours of ice-block, we have selflessly set our sub-editors loose on a wide selection of the most intriguing frozen gourmet delicacies currently available at your local deli/refectory/cafe/fridge. Mmm, icy. Read these guidelines carefully - these tasters are experts in their field, and should not be ignored. Your life may depend on it.

## Budget

Name: Chocolate Paddle Pop  
Price: \$0.80  
Taste: "Classic ice-block with a very smooth taste."  
Melt factor: high - "Drips like all hell."  
Tongue colour: Blackish  
Rating: 7.5



Name: Caramel Paddle Pop  
Price: \$0.80  
Taste: "Quite nice."  
"Has black goobs all over it which is probably caramel but could well be insect faeces."  
Melt factor: high - "Very drippy."  
Rating: 8



Name: Banana Paddle Pop  
Price: \$0.80  
Taste: "All natural and quite beautiful, really."  
Rating: 9.9



Name: Raspberry Slickstick  
Price: \$0.50  
Taste: "Very yummy raspberry cordial flavoured ice-block. Thumbs up."  
"I can live on these."  
Saccharine aftertaste: "I like this mild raspberry flavour on my tongue. Mmm."  
Tongue colour: The much coveted and endearing hot pink.  
Rating: 9.5

Name: Icy Pole (Lemonade)  
Price: \$0.60  
Taste: "I don't think there's anything better than one of these on a hot summer's day."  
"Economical and refreshing."  
"It's a classic."  
"Taste like lemonade."  
Rating: 10

Name: Icy Pole (Raspberry)  
Price: \$0.60  
Taste: "Doesn't seem to be as strongly flavoured as it always used to years ago. It's been watered down with time, like much else."  
Tongue colour: Predictably red.  
Rating:

Name: Chocolate Billabong  
Price: \$0.80  
Taste: "A rip-off of the Chocolate Paddle Pop and it's quite acceptable on most levels but in the end the Paddle Pop is the better alternative, a superior ice-cream."  
"Nice."  
Packaging: "Naff kookaburra."  
Rating: 6.5 "Not as nice as the Paddle Pop."

Name: Choc Caramel Billabong  
Price: \$0.80  
Taste: "This is going in the bin."  
Melt factor: Very high.  
Saccharine aftertaste: "Disgusting."  
Rating: 5

Name: Billabong Triple Swirl  
Price: \$0.80  
Taste: "Supposedly three flavours in here but it really taste like one. Not very nice-tasting mass."

"It's made by Nestle so you shouldn't eat it. It's bad."  
Tongue colour: Psychedelic  
Rating: 3

Name: Frosty Fruit (unspecified flavour)  
Price: \$0.80  
Taste: "Quite nice and fruity. You suck it for a bit and it tastes like water."  
"It's the health block of the ice-block empire, I rate it."  
Packaging: "Sunny."  
Melt factor: Not bad.  
Saccharine aftertaste: Not bad either.  
Tongue colour: None.  
Rating: 9

## Mid-price

Name: Splice (Pine-Lime)  
Price: \$1.20  
Taste: "Tastes nothing like lime." "Ooh, ooh ooh, extreme burning above right eye. Proceed with caution on the Splice"  
"Splicy"  
"Don't look at the ingredients"  
Packaging: "The Splice packaging is remarkably easy to access."  
Melt factor: mid-high rate.  
Saccharine aftertaste: "That oversweet vanilla going into nausea."  
Rating: "Not too bad."



Name: Callipo (flavour unknown)  
Price: \$1.20  
Taste: "It's purple, I've no idea what it is but it's quite nice."  
Packaging: "It's a bastard to open and the squeezey thing doesn't work."  
"There is starting to be something disturbingly biological about the Callipo that I'm not impressed by."  
"The Callipo outlasts its welcome, there's too much of it. Goes on and on."  
"You get melted dregs at the bottom and you can drink them."  
Melt factor: "It melts too fast."  
Tongue colour: Pink purple/mauve  
Saccharine aftertaste: Strong  
Rating: 6.5

Name: Choc wedge  
Price: \$1.20  
Taste: "A cheaper version of the more satisfying Magnum or Heart bar. Rather dry kind of cooking chocolate chocolate and no cream in the ice-cream."  
Rating: 6

Name: Choc Malt Choc Wedge  
Price: \$1.20  
Taste: "Really creamy and rich, but not too rich, better than a chocolate mousse."  
Rating: 7

Name: Warp  
Price: \$1.00  
Taste: "Ice-cream kind of icy rather than creamy and the chocolate is barely noticable at all."  
"Makes you feel like you're eating a frozen tennis ball."  
"You get the bonus of the word WARP written on your stick so you get to read while you eat."  
Melt factor: High  
Rating: 4.2



# lenge of the century

Yes, price plays no part as the results show. Just because it's expensive doesn't mean it's good! The fine line of being sweet and nauseating is oft overstepped. That said, to achieve the perfect balance of what makes a great ice-block is monumental. We must also mention that certain ice-blocks below are under Nestle, so buyer beware.

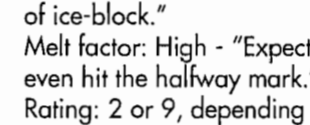
Winners: the Paddle Pop range, Icy Pole, Slicksticks, Weis, Frosty Fruits, Golden Gaytime, Solero, Classic Magnum

Losers: White Magnum. Pina Colado Mivvi, Warp, Golden Gaytime

Name: Raspberry Split  
Price: \$1.10  
Taste: "The best of both worlds of ice-block and ice-cream confectionery."  
Packaging: Colourful (including red!)  
Melt factor: Could be better.  
Saccharine aftertaste: Sort of.  
Tongue colour: Red  
Rating: 6



Name: Golden Gaytime  
Price: \$1.50  
Taste: "Looks like KFC ice-block, taste like KFC ice-block."  
"Ugh, very sweet."  
"Disgusting yellow 'confectionery' in the middle."  
"Rate it very highly, it's a special ice-block in the world of ice-block."  
Melt factor: High - "Expect rather sticky fingers and soggy ice-cream before you even hit the halfway mark."  
Rating: 2 or 9, depending who you listen to.



Name: Shark Attack  
Price: \$1.00  
Taste: "A seashell .... a bone! Green knobby things!"  
Packaging: "Has funky packaging with pre-bitten shark type spoon and shark head-shaped wrapper."  
Rating: 7 but has novelty value.



Name: Fruitips  
Price: \$1.30  
Taste: "Sickly sweet and the flavours don't really differ that much and it really is the shittest stick but it's fun for the kiddies."  
Packaging: "VERY COLOURFUL stick, red, green, blue and blackcurrant."  
Saccharine aftertaste: Very strong  
Tongue colour: Multicoloured.

Rating: 5

Name: Weis "Mango" Bar  
Price: \$1.70  
Taste: "Taste like real mango. It does say it's made up of 36% mango."  
Melt factor: Not a problem because the package actually holds the bar as you eat. Slosly leftovers in the bag."  
Rating: 8



## Gourmet

Name: Classic Magnum  
Price: \$2.20  
Taste: "Uniquely classic vanilla"  
Packaging: "The Classic Magnum open with remarkable ease."  
Rating: 9.5/10

Name: Almond Magnum  
Price: \$2.20  
Taste: "Not as smooth as it was meant to be, chocolate tastes a bit powdery."  
"Can't really taste that almond though ..."  
"Vanilla centre is very creamy, much better than the chocolate."  
Rating: 5



Name: White Magnum  
Price: \$2.20

Taste: "Incredibly sickly sweet, reminds me of bad tasting medicine I had as a child that was too high in sugar content to try to hide the disgusting flavour. I think it's shit and I wouldn't buy another one."  
Rating: 2 or "Buy a pound of sugar and eat it'd amount to the same thing."



Name: Heaven  
Price: \$2.20  
Taste: "It tastes like a Magnum, has the same shape, looks like the Magnum and the stick is the same shape. Very disappointing."  
"I've got to say there's a fair bit of chocolate in Heaven, there's chocolate padding, chocolate ice-cream, even the stick is partially covered in chocolate itself - all round this would be a chocolate heaven I suppose."  
Rating: 7

Name: Solero  
Price: \$2  
Taste: "It's melting very slowly and taste as you would expect."  
"Fruity."  
Packaging: "The Solero packaging is hard to open"  
Melt factor: Slow  
Saccharine aftertaste: Medium  
Rating: 9

Name: Strawberry Mivvi  
Price: \$2.20  
Taste: "Smells nice."  
It's very melty but very nice."  
Melt factor: High - A bit soggy.  
Saccharine aftertaste: Small  
Tongue colour: Surprisingly unstaining.  
Rating: 9

Name: Pina Colada Mivvi  
Price: \$2.20  
Taste: "Tasteless, it's ice-cream surrounded yellow crunchy stuff."  
"Right eye burning syndrome again!"  
Rating: 3

Name: Mivvi -blend of exotic fruits  
Price: \$2.20  
Taste: "Taste a bit like passionfruit."  
Rating: 8

Name: Vanilla Drumstick  
Price: \$1.80  
Taste: "The topping was nice but I wish the topping was a bit more consistent through the ice-cream."  
Packaging: "Half of the topping came away with the wrapper which was disappointing."  
Rating: 7

Name: Chocolate Cornetto  
Price: \$2.00  
Taste: "Has incredibly rich chocolate, it's almost black. Wonderful. Mmmmmmmmm."  
"I have to rate its superiority when compared to the Drumstick. The Drumstick actually have a very soggy wafer and not a lot of chocolate at the bottom. The Cornetto's wafer is very crisp and very crunchy and has a lot of chocolate at the bottom."  
Rating: 9.7

Name: Monaco Bar  
Price: expensive  
Taste: "It's vanilla ice-cream sandwiched between chocolatey kind of ....things."  
"It's OK, not that tasty."  
Rating: A bland 6.



# THIS CHRISTMAS AND SUMMER, PARTY AT



Worldsend is the place to hold your party.  
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Funky DJs  
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\$5 meals available all times except for  
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Organise your party at Worldsend in  
January or February and we'll put  
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Champagne house and groovy garage

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Relax with Big John  
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7th OCTOBER - 2nd NOVEMBER 1997  
EXTENDED UNTIL NOVEMBER 16

Academy Mayfair Theatre  
Goodwood Road  
Goodwood (opposite Capri Cinema)

\$ 5.00 public \$ 3.50 conc

- GIVEAWAYS: The final big giveaway for 1997. We have...
- 2 tickets to ALTERNATE 97, thanks to Sasha.
- 4 tickets each to DELIVERANCE, THE LEOPARD, THE WILD BUNCH and THE BIG WEDNESDAY, thanks to Clare at Palace Cinemas.
- 10 double passes to DUST OFF THE WINGS thanks to Deb Page at UVP
- 30 tickets to TOPLESS WOMEN TALK ABOUT THEIR LIVES, thanks to Clare at Palace (a special on Dit and AU Film Society screening)
- 20 preview tickets to A LIFE LESS ORDINARY, thanks to Angela Tolley.
- 10 double passes to KISS THE GIRLS thanks to Deb Page at UVP.
- 12 Tickets to SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER. A PSG production of Tennessee Williams' decadent masterpiece about the events which make Caroline lose her grip on reality suddenly last summer. Tuesday-Friday 8PM at the Litfle Theatre. Tickets thanks to Corey.
- 5 copies of THE CHAMBER, a novel by John Grisham, thanks to Celia Sitch.

To win any of the above, come down to our office at 1PM this Friday (7th November) and join the madding throng. Cheers.



As  
Seen  
On  
Roy  
&  
HG's  
"Club  
Buggery"

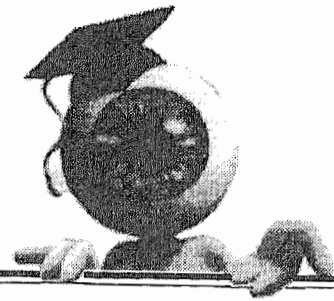
## The Nissan Cedrics

One Adelaide Show  
In Cabaret Mode

Flinders Uni Union  
Saturday 6th December  
7 pm

Tickets at VenueTix  
\$15 + bf FUU Students  
\$20 + bf Public  
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The Nissan Cedrics



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# O'GUIDE '98

**YOUR SUBMISSION, SHOULD YOU DECIDE TO  
ACCEPT IT, IS TO DELIVER ARTICLES OF NO  
MORE THAN 500 WORDS GIVING US THE  
DETAILS OF YOUR CLUB, ASSOCIATION, OR  
WHAT-HAVE-YOU, TO THE SAUA OFFICE.**



**YOU HAVE UNTIL DECEMBER 8TH, OR WE'LL SHOW YOU THE DOOR.  
AND THE WINDOW. AND A COUPLE OF INTERESTING CHAIRS, EVEN.**

**THIS 'ARMY' THEME WILL SELF-DESTRUCT IN NO TIME.**

# CARCLEW Happenings...

*OK - right now you hate uni. You can't wait until the summer holidays when exams/essays are naught but a distant memory and you actually have a social life. But 3 months is a long time to spend in the Exeter/Austral beer garden and besides, happy hour ain't from 9am-5pm.*

Carclew Youth Arts Centre are putting on 3 arts projects beginning January for young creative types under 26 years in all art forms. Check 'em out.

### Employment and Training Opportunity for Young Visual Artists in Summer '98.

City Sites is a project of Carclew Youth Arts Centre which involves around 30 young visual artists up to 26 years being employed for five weeks to work in a training situation with professional artists. Based on the highly acclaimed Chicago project "Gallery 37", City Sites gives emerging visual artists training within the areas of jewellery, ceramics, drawing, photography, design/concept and sculptural mosaic. City Sites runs from 12 January to 13 February 1998. As many young visual artists often work in isolation or within a tertiary environment, City Sites is an opportunity for them to work as part of a team and to adhere to a structured work environment while making commissioned art products.

One of the aims of City Sites is to expose the public to the work being created by South Australian artists. With this in mind, the studio space is created within an existing city venue which is highly accessible and visible, and the general public is encouraged to

drop in and observe the artists at work. There is also a public exhibition and sale of work at the end of the project.

In a similar way, City Sites provides a platform where the work of young emerging artists is publicly supported by business and the community. City Sites has a unique sponsorship opportunity where sponsors commission theme-based work. At the completion of the project the work remains in the community in a high profile public place as a reminder of the importance of young people and their work.

Applications for City Sites close 5pm Friday 5 December, 1997.

### Artery Party

Artery Party is Australia's largest and most vibrant youth arts party which explodes in a free one night event on Saturday February 7 1998 at Carclew Youth Arts Centre. Artery Party is a fantastic showcase opportunity for emerging artists and performers up to 26 years.

The Artery Party Team is looking for a diverse and eclectic variety of performers including bands, fashion parades, performance artists, theatre groups, visual arts, multimedia, writers, poets, films and more. We are also looking for market stalls and food outlets. Applications close 5pm Wednesday December 17, 1997.

Artery Party is run by a team of young people with the help of Carclew project officers, and is a great way to learn about event management, publicity and marketing, production, programming and sponsorship.

People interested in being part of the planning team should contact Carclew.

### Off the Couch

Off the Couch is South Australia's most extraordinary and innovative contemporary music event. Off the Couch is a chance for contemporary performers up to 26 years to develop and showcase their original art. Off the Couch begins in January 1998 with music industry training and continues through to May with 2 weeks of showcase performances in the city's East End and in the Southern suburbs.

The Off the Couch planning team are looking for bands, fashion designers, sound engineers, photographers, web designers and DJs. Applications close 5pm Wednesday December 10, 1997.

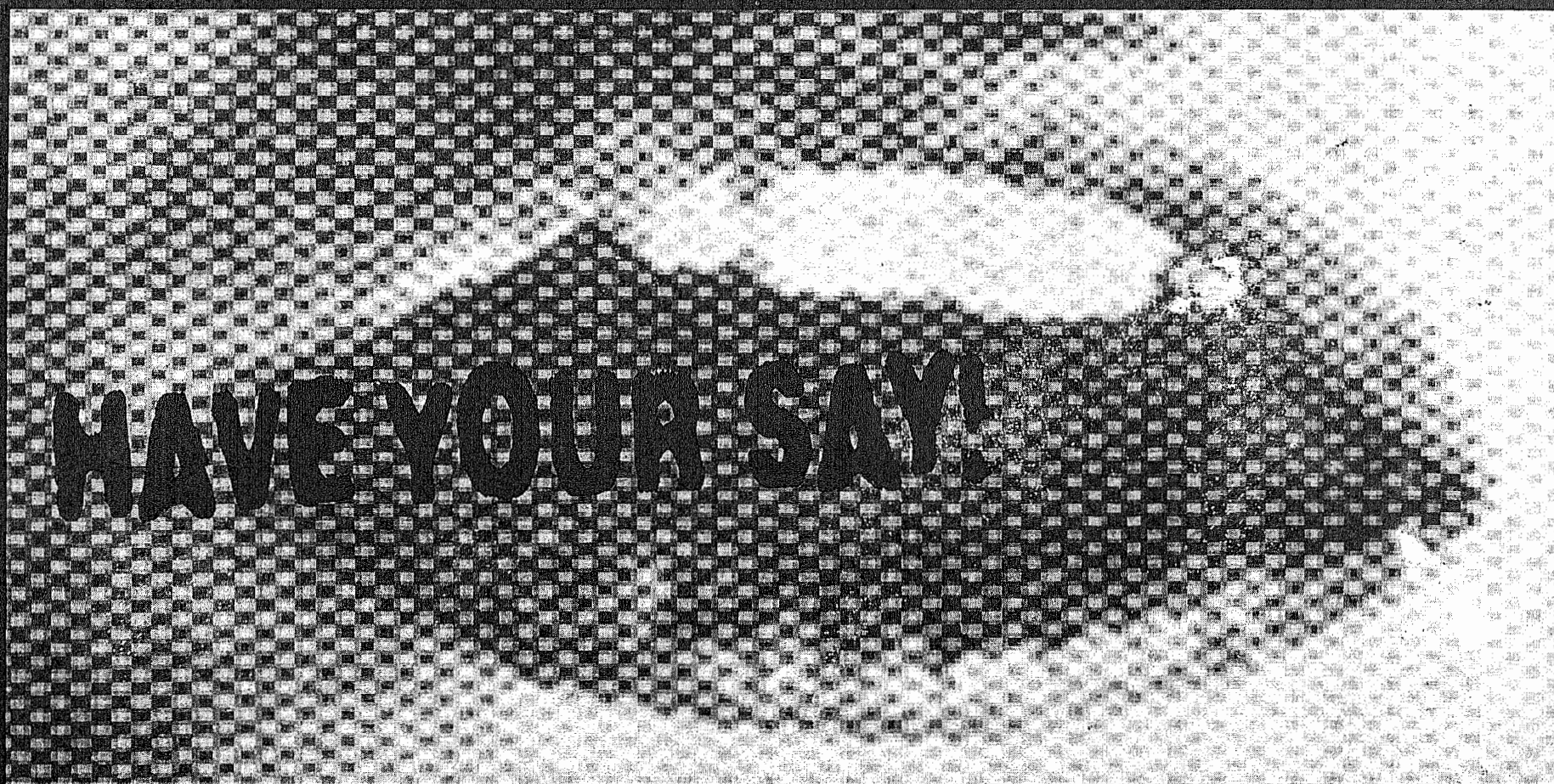
If you're interested in being part of the planning team and learning about event management, publicity and marketing, production, programming and sponsorship, please contact Carclew.

For more information and application forms about any of these projects please contact: Carclew Youth Arts Centre at 11 Jeffcott Street, North Adelaide SA 5006

phone: (08) 8267 5111 fax: 8239 0689 email: carclew@tne.net.au

Carclew Youth Arts Centre website <http://www.tne.net.au/carclew>

Christina Soong



**STOP BITCHING ABOUT LECTURERS, WHINING ABOUT THE WORKLOAD, AND FIGHTING WITH YOUR TUTOR.**

The Counter Calendar survey forms are out now.

Grab one & give us your view of your subjects & help out all those poor fools who are planning to do it next year.

### FORMS AVAILABLE FROM:

The SAUA Office • Mayo Refectory • Law School front office •

Barr Smith Library • Backstage Cafe • The Conservatory Office • Catacombs

Please return them to the boxes in the same locations

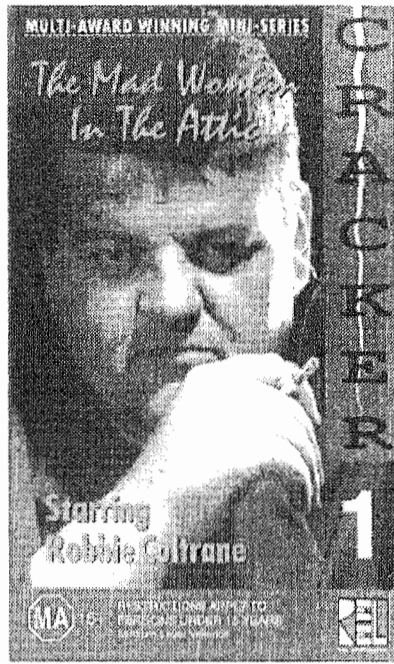
Enquiries to the Counter Calendar Editors, via the SAUA, ph 8303 5406



# SUMMER

MAX

by JAMES MORRISON

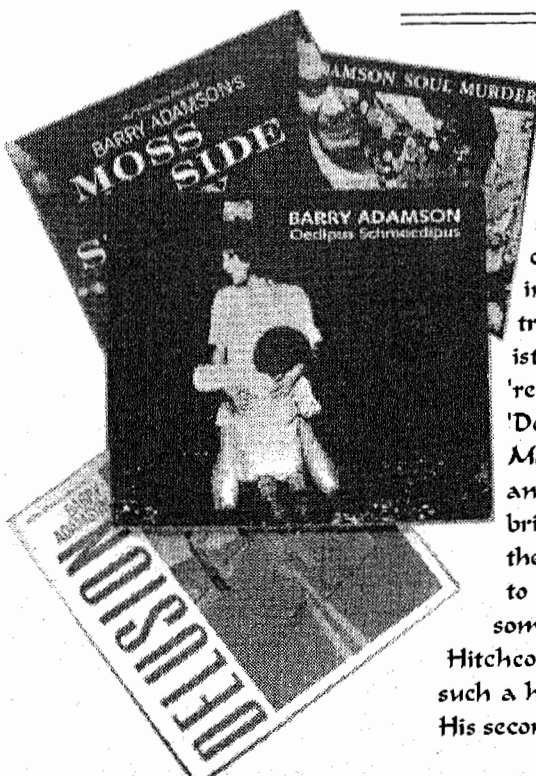
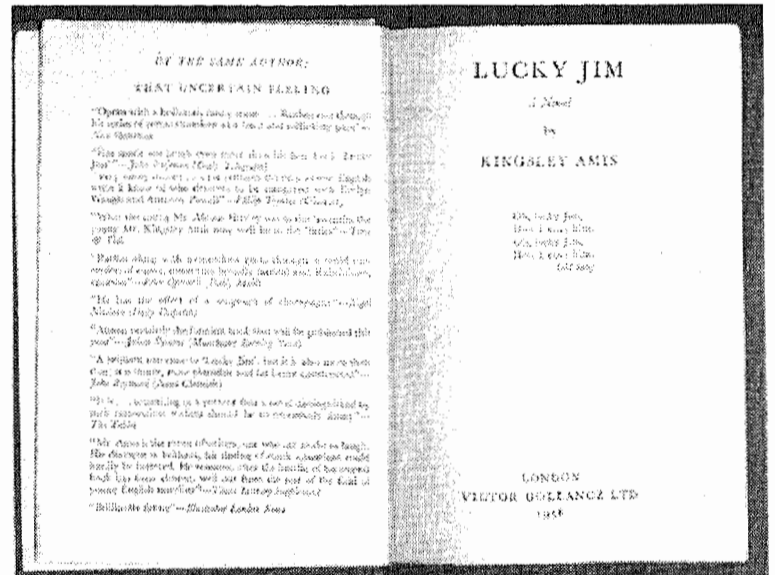


The best screenwriter in the world is **JIMMY MCGOVERN**, a Scouse genius whose semi-autobiographical *The Lakes* is currently screening on ABC TV (8.30 on Sunday nights - shame on you if you've been missing it). McGovern's other triumphs include the brilliant *Priest*, a TV movie which was so successful that it gained worldwide cinematic release; the series *Hearts & Minds*, starring Christopher Ecclestone; the movie *Don't Go Now*, starring Robert Carlyle; and, most famously, the fantastic *Cracker*, with gruff Scotsman Robbie Coltrane as the overweight, alcoholic, chain-smoking and obsessive gambler Edward 'Fitz' Fitzgerald, a brilliant forensic psychiatrist whose personal life is in a constant state of uproar. Also starring Christopher

Ecclestone, Robert Carlyle and a host of other talented British actors, *Cracker* explores the darker side of human nature with a perceptiveness and sense of humour that no other show could hope to match. The cinematic direction adds to the moody brilliance of this series (made up of 10 separate 2-3 hour tales), which combines sometimes incredibly traumatic and realistic violence with superb and often hilarious dialogue. McGovern's characters are perfectly drawn, and the tension is only heightened by the knowledge that he is not averse to inflicting upon them the most horrific fates (never get a job with the Manchester police). Television at its absolute, intelligent best. If you never see this, you are doing yourself a hideous disservice.



Kingsley Amis was one of the new British writers who emerged in the 1950s and were known as the "Angry Young Men" of UK fiction. Though he had a long and distinguished career as a writer before his death only a couple of years ago, Amis' best book is his first, *LUCKY JIM*. An absorbing, brilliantly funny book, this is the tale of James Dixon, a junior lecturer stuck in a provincial English college. He is constantly intimidated and enraged by his tedious supervisor, manipulated by his love interests and harried by his professional rivals. Anybody who has ever been to university will instantly identify with this tale, a story which is rich in comedy and human detail, and which is just as effective today as when it was written. An extraordinarily good book - its only flaw is that, hungry for more of the same, you will not find its equal in Kingsley Amis' later work. You will, however, find great brilliance in the books of his talented son, Martin Amis, who is alive and well and writing the sort of prose any writer would sacrifice their own mother to be able to emulate.



**BARRY ADAMSON**, once with Magazine and then Nick Cave's Bad Seeds, has made a small and unusual genre of music his own. Adamson specialises in intricate, involving and memorable soundtracks to films that don't exist (though he has done one 'real' film score, to the movie 'Delusion'). His first album, *Moss Side Story* ("In a black and white world, murder brings a touch of colour..."), is the instrumental soundtrack to a bloody thriller that falls somewhere between Bond and Hitchcock - though funkier than such a hybrid has any right to be. His second, *Soul Murder*, while less

cohesive, introduces vocals on some tracks (like the hilarious Jamaican Rasta-Bond hero of '007') and plays around with more experimental sounds - as well as clever musical pastiche trickery (such as 'The Adamson Family'). Barry Adamson's greatest success, however, is his latest album, 1996's *Oedipus Schmoedipus*. This disc brings together jazz, funk, pop, disco and spoken word into a single brilliant collection of tunes inspired by classic big-band crime scene music, Miles Davis and Russ "obsessed with breasts" Myer movies. With Pulp's Jarvis Cocker on the frantic ode to masturbation 'Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Pelvis' ("Save me from my own hand!"), Nick Cave on the

morbid 'The Sweetest Embrace', Billy McKenzie on 'Achieved In The Valley Of Dolls', and Adamson on pretty much every instrument known to man, this is a bizarre masterpiece.





# LIFE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TELLY SCREEN

BY JAMES MORRISON

Call me Aids - everybody does. I like to think of it as a very *nineties* type of name. It's better than plain Adrian, anyway. Somebody once told me that Adrian means 'child of darkness' or something. I was born on Hitler's birthday. My parents obviously had big things planned for me.

"How long have you been sitting there?"

Helen's my flatmate. She emerges from the bathroom with her hair still dripping wet, her body wrapped in a towel and dressing gown, this question on her lips.

"A while," I reply. The remote has gone sweaty and sticky in my right hand. The peeling layer of clear plastic which surrounds the buttons is slick with condensation. The flame light of the early morning sun creeps surreptitiously into the lounge room, sneaking through the battered, half-closed shutters and throwing distorted, red-ringed shadows along the empty, cream-coloured walls.

"Have you been sitting there all night? Jesus!"

She turns away, bare feet leaving a damp trail of footprints on the carpet. It's good carpet, or at least it was when we moved in. Better than the rest of the place, anyway. Like Marilyn Monroe, Helen was born with an extra toe on one foot, and like the late Miss Monroe she had it taken away minutes later. You wouldn't know it now, but Helen still imagines that people can tell. I only know because she is a very talkative drunk.

I turn back to the telly, flicking the volume up a couple of notches. It always takes two presses to make another of the green volume bars come to life. 'Twins of Evil' is drawing to a close. The supposedly sophisticated vampire lord has just been done over by the village lynch mob. His bad

seventies-cum-eighteen-hundreds hairdo just wasn't enough to save him. The film's one of those old Hammer exploitation horror flicks. The twins of evil in question were the first twins to ever pose together for Playboy. A quality film.

"Getting your money's worth?" yells Helen from her room.

"I've been sitting here ten hours," I shout back. "I'm going for the big twenty-four."

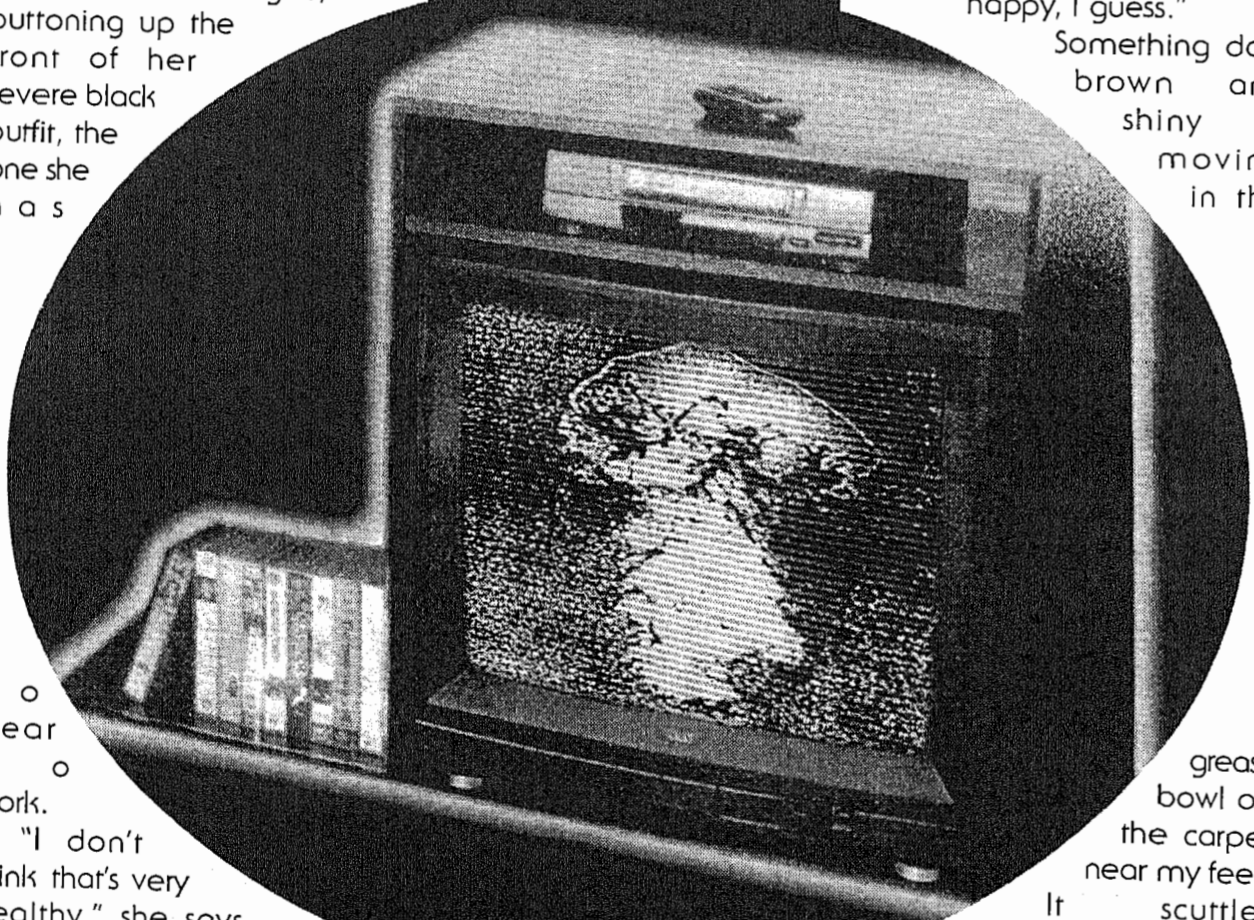
She re-emerges, buttoning up the front of her severe black outfit, the one she has

to wear to work.

"I don't think that's very healthy," she says, frowning as she fumbles a difficult button.

"I'm not shelling out all that dosh to be healthy," I stare, quietly. The film ends with a supposedly atmospheric camera zoom-out. "I'm paying for *this!*"

I swap stations. Some moron dressed as a purple dinosaur is singing a saccharine song about being best friends with some kid. If I was the kid I'd wait until I got my pay-cheque and then I'd spring some sexual abuse charges on the git in the suit.



"Well, maybe not that," I say, after a while. "But you know what I mean, right?"

I flick through half a dozen other channels to prove my point.

"I wouldn't have done it," Helen replies, going across into the kitchen. "It's a waste of money."

"Listen, babyface, I've been waiting my whole life for pay TV to come to these shores. I'm not missing out now."

"Whatever makes you happy, I guess."

Something dark brown and shiny is moving in the

greasy bowl on the carpet near my feet. It scuttles feverishly amongst the yellowed remnants of the microwave popcorn. Soggy cheese powder dusts its white-rimmed carapace. I flick back to the 'classic movie' channel.

"See? This is more like it," I yell. "Invasion of the Bee Girls!" "The what?"

"You'd love it, babyface. A real feminist's film. These girls take off all their clothes and bonk men to death with this buzzing noise in the background. The chief scientist walks around with her shirt hanging open and covers

these naked women with latex to turn them into bee girls. Classic stuff."

"You're sick."

I glance at the popcorn bowl and its new resident.

"Possibly," I reply, softly.

"And stop calling me babyface. It's really getting on my nerves."

"Sorry, babyface."

"You're so funny, Adrian."

'Bee Girls' is a bit of a slow-starter, so my gaze begins to wander around the room. The sunlight is growing stronger, bleeding luminously across the empty walls and shining on the cracked plastic spines of Helen's ex-rental video collection. A better embodiment of late-eighties slash early-nineties pop culture would be harder to find - masturbatory Madonna self-promotion nestles next to a Julia Roberts movie; a Danielle Steel miniseries on two tapes sits next to a cluster of early Spelling pilots. Bland, bland, bland - only the Danielle Steel is bad enough to interest me.

The walls are empty because the lease says they must stay that way. We, the denizens of flat seven have signed away our right to adorn the walls and stamp our personality on the flat. The closest we've come is an old mirror with a Cutty Sark whisky ad all around the edge, and that was left there by the person who had my room before me.

"You seen Susie recently?" Helen enquires, innocently.

"We'll not talk of her, okay babyface?" I say.

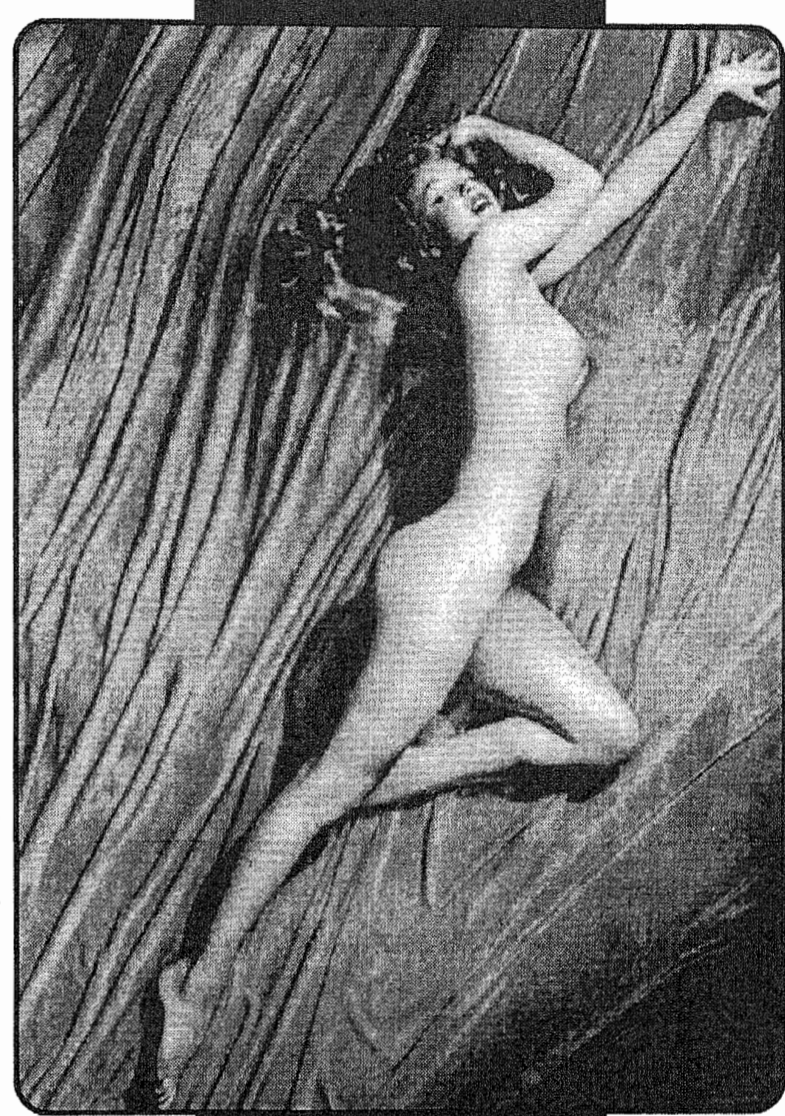
"She rang yesterday, you know? I wrote it in the book."

"Mmm."

"Did you see it?"

"See what?"

"You're going to have to talk



to her sometime, Adrian. She'll be round here one day soon, and I'm not going to stop her coming in. You'll still probably be sitting there watching your stupid bloody telly."

Helen has this thing about interfering with my life. I try to be tolerant about her.

Another bee girl gets her man to the sound of old recordings

of insects. What a way to go. I've seen this film five times - I used to have it on tape until my sister wiped over it, supposedly by accident. That was one of the reasons I had to leave home.

"I'm off to work now, Adrian. Early start. You're not going to sit there all day, right? Not really."

"Twenty-four hours, babyface. Thirteen and a half to go."

"You can't go on like this, Adrian."

"Watch me."

Babyface slams the door on her way out. The chain of the lock rattles violently against the old

varnish of the wood. My new friend in the popcorn bowl flutters madly against the side for a few seconds, then falls silent.

"Good boy," I say, turning the volume up another notch.

I watch 'Invasion of the Bee Girls' to its ludicrous conclusion. By the time it is over, the day in the outside world has well and truly begun. The inadequate shutters cannot stop the warm sunshine from bursting in and making the tiny dust mores dance their little jigs in midair. The building hisses and throbs as water courses through its ancient pipes, pouring out onto the dirty hands and ugly, sweaty bodies of those who live in the flats above, below and around me. It's a world of cracked bathroom tiles, damp towels

and plugs of hair in sink drains, old soap clogging the lost split ends into ugly grey clumps.

Not for the first time, I wish I could live my life on the other side of that polished, fifty-eight centimetre, cylinder-cut telly screen; hanging out with the buzzing nymphomaniacs and the centrefolds with dodgy vampire fangs.

I find a 'modern family channel'. It mostly consists of reruns of American family sitcoms, with the occasional Australian family sitcom thrown in. I have to put my patriotism aside, reluctantly, and admit that the latter is as equally appalling as the former. I watch for a couple of hours, and recognise the same universal plots that every family sitcom in the history of television has recycled and claimed as their own. The daughter of the family falls for an older man, is grounded by her family, runs away with the same older man, is treated badly, and then returns much the wiser to the bosom of her family. The son comes home drunk from a party, lies about it to the parents, is grounded, does it again, does something highly embarrassing and learns never to drink or disobey parental commands ever again. The mother gets a promotion, spends less time with the kids, havoc ensues, a compromise is reached and everyone becomes happy and stable again. A friend of one of the kids gets hooked on drugs, turns bad, is supported by the loyal family and learns the error of their ways - 'just say no!'. At least the Australian sitcoms don't have studio audiences going 'Aaaaw!' at every small child, group hug and reconciliation.

Personally, I'd nuke them all.

The phone rings. I look towards it, but I don't move. Nine hours to go. It's nearly midday. The phone keeps ringing - it goes all the way to the maximum thirty rings and then dies. A few seconds later it starts up again - another thirty.

I can picture her face so easily, the white plastic mouthpiece held so close to her tearful face, the way she always does; held

to her sometime, Adrian. She'll be round here one day soon, and I'm not going to stop her coming in. You'll still probably be sitting there watching your stupid bloody telly."

## Short Story

so close that you can hear every breath hissing down the line when she talks.

The purple dinosaur is back on his channel - or perhaps he's been going strong all day. I channel-surf past him and latch onto the tail end of some glossy yank soapie. Immaculately-coiffed actors and shiny-fingernailed actresses lurch around melodramatically before open fires and potted palms, or yell ludicrously pretentious things at one another in anonymous office boardrooms. It's all very intense and devoid of any sense of reality, and all seen through that foggy NTSC video the yanks saddled themselves with years ago and now can't escape.

There is a thumping on the roof above me.

"You down there, Aids?" yells a deep voice.

I turn the volume way down (not right off, though, otherwise it wouldn't count as true telly-watching) and stare up at the crumbling plasterwork.

"Howdy, Russ!" I shout.

"Another big day, eh?" yells the phantom voice. "Hey, did ya' see the Bee Girls were on?"

"Mate!" I yell back, with a grin. "It gets better every time."

There is a laugh.

"You just aren't living until you're hooked up, right?" yells the voice.

"You're a wise man, Russ! Hey, you gonna' be at the Hart tomorrow night?"

The Hart is the closest pub to the block of flats.

"That sleazy old meatmarket? You got it!"

"I'll see ya' then!"

Laughter comes from above, and is slowly masked by the rising volumes of TV sets at two different altitudes.

Russel is indeed a wise man. He knows his TV. He'd been ensconced upstairs for years before I moved in, and it was he and his two flatmates in the hook-up company who got me pay TV at slightly less than the going rate, if you know what I mean, nudge nudge wink wink. All three of them are wise men, in fact, and they came to me bearing gifts of

satellite, microwave and cable. I'm just a radio-wave Baby Jesus with nothing but a sofa and a TV to call my own.

I find one of the twenty-four hour news channels and watch that for a while. Several other people out there in the world seem to think that they are Jesus too - a short man with coke-bottle spectacles has just topped himself with a pistol in his Texas farmhouse, and his sixty-four followers have followed him with the aid of petrol and matches. The news has lots of footage of cops watching the burning buildings. The most replayed bit of video shows a burning figure falling from one of the smoke-spewing windows and stumbling across the farmyard before vanishing in the black-ringed flames of a massive explosion which blows out through the building's main door.

"Oh to be a cultist now that spring is here," I sing softly to myself, flicking on.

Lunchtime traffic hums and roars outside. About now a small pack of overweight joggers usually thunders past; office workers trying to escape late-forties heart attacks and cancer. There's a gym at the end of the road. I sometimes see people coming and going, when I can be bothered going outside. They're all mad. If it hurts, why do it?

Video clips hurtle fragmentedly across my telly's screen; stark black-and-white mixing with fuzzy colour and half of it altered digitally in a million tiny ways that mean what I see is nothing like what was filmed. I wonder how much of the news is secretly the same - who needs an eyewitness camera view when a bit of work with the studio computer and some file footage could give you something reality could never hope to beat. Sure, it might not actually be happening like that now, but its only a matter of time...

There is a sudden knocking at the flat's front door. *Bang bang bang bang!*

"Adrian!" comes a shrill voice, raised in what sounds like hysteria. It's Susie.

I turn the volume right down again and stay still. I face the screen but my ears are tuned to the door.

"Adrian! I know you're there! Why won't you answer me?"

Most of the video clips aren't much good., but that's only to be expected when you consider the quality of the music. There's so much good stuff out there, I often think, so why is so much time spent on the crap? Most of it's boring as hell. Bland, bland, bland...

"Adrian?!"

Shoes scuffling on the scratchy old welcome mat outside the door. A snuffling noise. Something like sobs, perhaps.

"Adrian!"

Russ thumps the roof above me. I do not respond, and he falls quiet.

"Oh God!" wails the voice at my door, and I hear footsteps retreating.

It's not the really bad things that I mind - they have a curious charm of their own - but it's the dull. The featureless grey things that seem to make up most of the laughable mediocrity I call my life.

And Susie... she buys the clothes that are fashionable enough for everyone to be wearing them. She goes to uni to do pointless uni things. When Bryan Adams comes on the radio then they're playing her song. She thinks it's *our* song.

Three and a half minutes later the phone is ringing again; ringing to thirty, stopping and then ringing again. It takes three and a half minutes to walk from this flat to the phonebox around the corner.

I turn the sound back up. There's a big Kevin Costner flop on in five minutes. I wouldn't want to miss that.





## SPARKLING SHIRAZ

much more fun than an overpriced French fizzy thing!

Another academic year is drawing to a close - given any thought to how you will celebrate the end of exams? For many, popping the cork on a bottle of Champagne (or Australian Sparkling Wine, to be politically correct) is the traditional celebration measure, but why not do something bold, adventurous, and fun. Personally, nothing hits the spot like a glass or several of fizzy red. This uniquely Australian style of wine has been underrated, but is now undergoing a resurgence in popularity.

As the sparkling red style has increased in popularity, so have the range of grape varieties used - a browse around a good bottle shop reveals sparkling grenache, cabernet sauvignon, cabernet franc, merlot, durif, and combinations thereof. We stuck with shiraz out of simplicity and cost. The aim of this tasting was to sample a dozen or so sparkling shiraz wines from a broad price range, and rate them out of 20. The unfortunates assigned this task were postgrad winemaking students, and wine marketing students. Nearly all of the wines were tasted blind. Although show results and wine scribes give an indication of quality, it is wines that stand out from the crowd that get the accolades and medals. Judges recognise certain styles and mark accordingly. Delicacy, structure, and subtle complexity can be easily overlooked. It is analogous to briefly meeting someone, then being asked for an opinion of that person - unfortunately the Pamela Andersons will generally get the nod over the Gillian Andersons in such a situation (or whatever the politically correct version of this scenario is).

I think that sitting down for an informal gathering will give a good indication of how those involved feel about the quality, style, and characters of these wines. But remember two points, firstly, these are only our opinions, and the style that you prefer could lean toward the lighter and sweeter red fizz. Secondly, fizzy red is 1-2% higher in alcohol than sparkling whites, keep in mind that lots of sparkling shiraz makes you fall down, especially imbibed at the end of a big night out. Blame the cold/warm night air, I do. E-mail if you have any queries, thanks to all who participate.

**1. 1995 Disgorgement Primo Estate Joseph 'The Red'**  
**17.7 points. Under \$50 is a bargain, if you can find it!**

Very sexy packaging. The 1995 release of Joe Grilli's red fizzer, made with aged (mid 80's?) red wines. Only released in 'odd' years, so the new one is due soon. Comments: colour showing brick red hue. Aroma has developed characters, earthy, leather and tobacco, reminiscent of good Italian Barolo. On the palate is very 'barnyard' also has tar, cigar box, dark chocolate, menthol and pleasant medicinal flavour. Complex. A dry style with excellent balance.

**2. 1993 Barossa Valley Estates E & E Sparkling Shiraz (Barossa)**

**17.6 points. Approx. \$ 26(Cellar Door)-\$33.**

A fizzer that you may have to look around for, the table wine, E & E Black Pepper Shiraz, is also exceptional. Comments: Deep plummy hue. Aroma of varietal Shiraz character, vanilla, coconut ice cream, and blackcurrant-berry menagerie. Flavours of ripe blackcurrant fruit character, big coconut oak, excellent tannin structure, crisp sugar level. Supple, cleansing acid finish of very good length. The 1994 vintage is due for release in November, and by all accounts should be a bigger and better wine than the 1993.

**Equal 3. 1993 Alkoomi Sparkling Shiraz (Frankland WA)**

**17.5 points. Approx. \$21.**

Smithy's Barossa Liquor (Salisbury) have an excellent selection of boutique sparkling reds. Jock, the proprietor, felt so confident of the Alkoomi's prowess that he donated a bottle to the cause. Good call. Comments: rich plummy hue. An aroma of restrained power, with blackberry, aniseed, and earthy characters. The flavours display real finesse, deep, dark berry fruits, liquorice, chocolate and fresh tobacco. A creamy, full mouthfeel, this is a classy wine with loads of character.

**Equal 3. Rockford Black Shiraz 1997 Disgorgement (Barossa)**

**17.5 points. \$40 Cellar Door, otherwise at the mercy**

**of retailers.**

Cult icon, elusive and difficult to find, this generally sells out within two months of release. Comments: more deep purple than black in colour. Lifted plum and blackberry aroma, perfumed (roses). Plum and dark berry flavours, dark chocolate, vanilla oak characters, medicinal, menthol flavours. Excellent middle palate structure, some sweetness but a very dry, long, and clean finish. Only recently released, the 'black' may be suffering bottle shock, will improve into a stunning wine given time.

**Equal 5. 1992 Seppelts Harpers Range Sparkling Burgundy Shiraz**

**17.4 points. Approx \$17-\$18.**

Contains Barossa and Victorian fruit. Comments: rich purple hue. Big aroma of chocolate, ripe plum, spice and white pepper. This wine has excellent intensity of flavour, jammy plum and blackberry, leather, cigar, rich chocolate, anise and cardamom spiciness. A dry style, it has very good length of flavour, finishing with an alcohol warmth.

**Equal 5. 1993 Cofield Sparkling Shiraz (Rutherglen)**

**17.4 points. Approx. \$25**

A good wine that may prove hard to find. Comments: dark fruit aromas with a chemical aldehydic lift (less contact?). Dark plum and chocolate flavours, yeasty, tar and leather, lees characters, fleshy, caramelised orange hints. Very low sugar, dry and tannic, but balanced finish. A very interesting and satisfying wine.

**7. 1991 Leasingham Classic Clare Sparkling Shiraz**

**17.3 points. Approx. \$28-\$32.**

Has lots of Gold Medals! Comments: Rich, deep red hue. Leafy, stalky, blackcurrant aromas. Ripe berry and fruit flavours, tobacco, great intensity of flavour and good complexity. Although a hint of initial sweetness, this is a very dry style. Big complex tannins and a long nutty and leather finish. Stylish, will cellar well. Can't wait for the 1992 release.

**8. Peter Rumball NV Sparkling Shiraz**

**16.9 points. Approx \$19-\$21.**

Glitzy package. Comments: berry chocolate and cassis aromas. Sweet liquorice, chocolate and varietal shiraz flavours, blueberry, cinnamon, coconut oak characters and firm tannins. Sugar makes its presence felt, well structured, and a dry finish of good length. A good wine, with more a touch more depth it would be excellent.

**9. Charles Melton Barossa Sparkling Red 1996 Disgorgement**

**16.6 points. Approx \$23-26.**

Comments: the aroma was very subdued, not showing great fruit expression. A creamy mouthfeel with berry, vanilla, and lees characters. Many developed flavours and a 'porty' character. Very low sugar, high acid, and big, dry tannic finish. Very well structured. Charlie Melton recommends cellaring for 10-20 years.

**10. Andrew Garret Sparkling Bur-**

**gundy NV (Barossa and McLaren Vale)**

**15.7 points \$12-\$14.**

Comments: green, subtle, unripe aromas, grassy. On the palate had a cabernet sauvignon-like profile, raspberries and red liquorice, ripe blood plum, and aniseed. High sugar carry-over spoils the dry finish. A simple but sound wine.

**11. Killawarra Sparkling Burgundy NV**

**15.0 points \$13-\$15.**

A blend of cabernet and shiraz, can be found just about anywhere. Comments: rich, dark colour. Jammy and plummy aromas. Fruit had a stewed character of raspberry and plums. Straightforward. Unbalanced finish with too much sugar. Not a lot of mousse, lost its fizz quickly.

**12. Porters Sparkling Shiraz McLaren Vale NV**

**14.8 points \$8.99.**

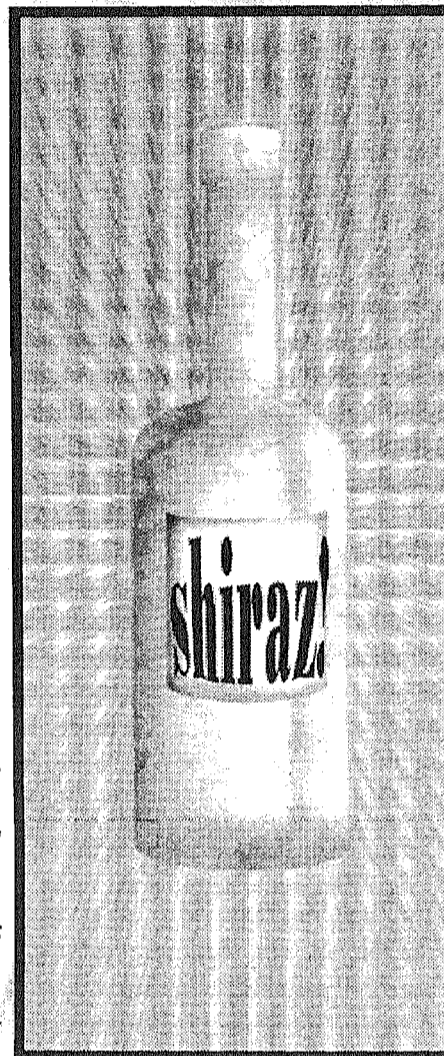
Kindly donated by Porters Salisbury. Comments: Bubbly. Rose and cherry aromas, sweet and subdued. Fruit is one dimensional, simple cherry, with lemonade and raspberry flavours. Has some yeasty (lees) characters. Finish is unbalanced, sugar is over the top and spoils an otherwise pleasant wine. Good value.

**13. Chateau Yaldara Great Barossa Sparkling Burgundy NV**

**14.4 points \$7-\$8.**

Marketing people should be shot - the packaging looks cheap in a ritzy kind of way.

Comments: light cherry red colour. Gives sweet raspberry aromas, more like Pinot Noir than Shiraz. Has cherry and confectionary flavours, some yeast characters, and a hint of vanilla. Too much sugar, but the finish is at least dry. Simple, but can't argue at the price.



Duane Coates

dcoates@waite.adelaide.edu.au

## HERITAGE AND HISTORY In Contemporary Australia

The concept of Conservation and Heritage are now embedded in our consciousness. This was not always so. Old buildings were torn down, green spaces were built on in the name of progress.

In second semester 1998 the Department of History is offering a new subject that looks at the successes and failures of the conservation movement. It raises questions about the visible past and why we save it. In particular, the subject examines the view that "in essence, Heritage is about the search for an attractive, usable and above all reinforcing past".

Seminars will be held on:  
Tuesday: 4-7pm; Friday: 10am-1.00pm.  
Students will attend one seminar per week

For further information contact:  
Dr Kerrie Round, phone 8303 3749  
e-mail: kround@arts.adelaide.edu.au

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# We only have one earth

## Kitchen

- Save energy in the fridge by: not keeping the door open too long... not putting hot things in... only putting in things that really need to be cold... making sure the door shuts properly.
- Save energy when you cook by: putting lids on saucepans (to keep the heat in)... not opening the oven door when you're baking unless you have to (the temperature can lose 20°C each time)... using your microwave - it's the most energy efficient food heater!
- Have a sponge for the dishes and one for the floor, instead of using paper towels... (much friendlier to the trees ☺).
- Do your dishes in a plastic tub - when you've finished, put a little splash of vinegar in the water (it neutralises the soap) and throw it into the garden.
- If you have to throw out some oil, don't put it down the sink! Bury it in the garden.
- Try not to use Gladwrap or Alfoil... plastic containers with lids are better.
- Make sure your jars, tins, plastic bottles and milk cartons are being recycled each month.
- Create a compost bin for food scraps.

## Bedroom

- Look into your wardrobe. If there are clothes that are too small or that you don't want anymore, don't throw them out... give them to someone younger than you or donate them to a charity shop.
- If your clothes get holes, sew them up instead of throwing them out.
- Don't use electric blankets... this is energy you don't really need to use - your own body heat will warm your bed soon! Alternatively, use a hot water bottle.
- When you do your homework... use 100% recycled paper whenever you can. Find 2 little boxes... in one you can keep paper that has only been used on one side, and reuse it. In the other, you can make a collection of used (on both sides) paper for recycling.

## Other stuff you can do...

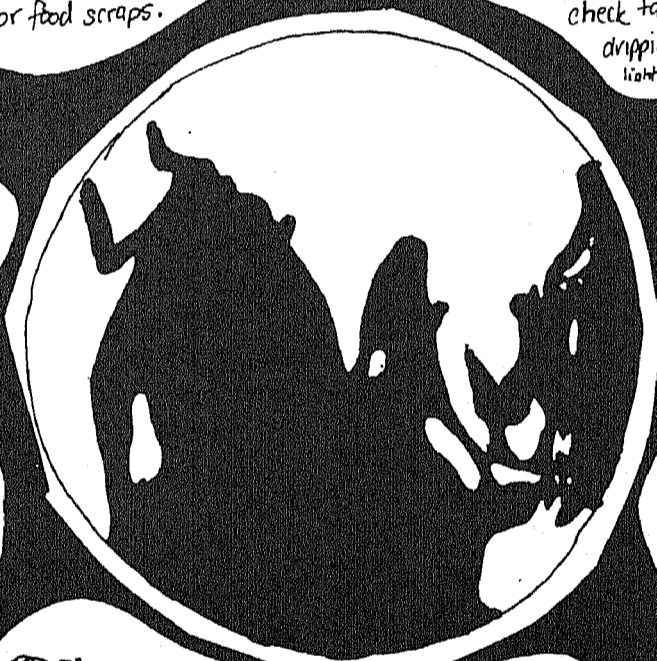
- If you get cold, make sure you have a woolly jumper on before you turn on a heater. If you do turn on a heater, shut the door of the room you are in, to keep the heat in. (The same rule applies for when you use air-conditioners).
- If you only need cold water, only use the 'cold' tap... otherwise your hot water system will start to activate even if you turn the tap off before it gets hot.
- Keep the screens on your doors and windows shut during summer to keep the bugs out. This means that you won't have to spray mosquitoes later on. If you see a spider and you think you can catch it safely (or get an adult to), put it in the garden.
- When you go shopping, take some calico bags or your backpack with you. Get into the habit of saying "no, I don't need a plastic bag, thanks".
- Eat less red meat (cows are very bad for the Australian environment).

## Bathroom

- Don't flush the toilet more often than you need to (it uses about 12 litres of water each time it flushes).
- 5 minutes in the shower is long enough to get squeaky clean - any longer than that wastes water ☹
- Make sure your family buys toilet paper that is recycled, unbleached, biodegradable. If it's not recycled or from plantation forest, it probably means it's made of native forest - not good!
- Don't put more chemicals down the drain than you have to... remember shampoos, conditioners, makeup, deodorants, hairspray etc all ends up polluting our rivers, so only use what you need.
- Instead of spraying air fresheners, try opening a window!
- Has your family tried making its own natural cleaning products? Mix two teaspoons of "Borax" with one teaspoon of "pure soap" in a litre of water, and you have your own safe, natural surface cleaner! (this is good for cleaning kitchens too).
- Make sure the tap is turned off while you are brushing your teeth
- It's so easy to forget to turn the light out! Before you leave, double-check taps are not dripping & the lights out!

## Outdoors

- Create a compost heap in your garden! Instead of putting chemical fertilisers on the plants, give them some real food! (the worms will love it too!). Information on how to start a compost heap is available at most garden shops.
- If you have a cat, put a bell on it to warn the birds, and keep it indoors between sunset and 8:30 am (night and dawn are cats' favourite hunting times).
- If you have a dog, make sure you pick up its mess when you walk it (so you will need to take an old plastic bag with you). Otherwise it will wash down the stormwater drain into a river - it's very bad for water.
- Of course, don't litter, and if you see someone else do it, politely remind them that their rubbish will end up in the sea.
- Put a "NO JUNK MAIL" sign on your letter so you won't get any more boring, glossy (and therefore difficult to recycle) brochures & advertising.
- Reduce air pollution by riding a bike or walking, or catching public transport instead of using cars (when you can).
- Save water by watering the garden early morning or in the evening (there's less evaporation when it's cooler).



... so we have to take good care of it ♡  
**GO GREEN ON THE INSIDE!**



# Dreams . . .

## DREAMING: one of life's most persisting mysteries

Ahhh. . . sleep. We spend nearly a third of our lives in a state of slumber, yet scientists still have little idea why. What they do know is that sleep is important. Long periods of sleeplessness can play havoc with the mind. This was demonstrated in an experiment in 1959 when Peter Tripp, a DJ from New York, was closely monitored by psychologists while he stayed awake for 201 hours. After four days Tripp had trouble recalling the alphabet. Hallucinations and paranoia quickly followed. At one point Tripp thought spiders were spinning webs on his shoes. Yet, incredibly, each night he summoned up enough energy and concentration to do his radio show. In general, the longer you stay awake, the fainter your alpha rhythms — brain waves that dominate during the day — become. Eventually the brain starts producing the rhythms of stage one sleep even though you're still awake. Really prolonged sleep deprivation results in abnormal, seizure-like brain rhythms.

Dreaming is an even bigger mystery than sleeping. Its purpose has bedeviled philosophers and scientists for thousands of years. Theories of why we dream range from the brain clearing its memory of junk, to the liberation of suppressed subconscious urges. Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, suggested that dreams resulted from images which people had seen or thought about earlier being retained in the mind. Carl Jung hypothesized that dreams gave people information from a store of ancestral experience — the collective unconscious. More recently speculations about why we dream come from scientific investigation into sleep. Dreaming takes place during REM sleep. Human adults spend about one and a half hours a night in REM sleep, and consequently about this much time dreaming. Research has shown that babies

have about eight hours of REM sleep a night, which suggests that dreaming may be important in the development of brain growth, and forming new connections between brain cells.

Dreaming may be a way for us to stay in touch with our health. Dreams have been known to reflect the presence of disease. A study has found that people with severe heart disease have significantly more dreams about separation and death than the average healthy person. Another study showed that elderly people who dreamt about losing things were more likely to show loss

of brain tissue on a brain scan, even though they had no overt signs of brain deterioration. There have even been cases of people learning or



discovering things through their dreams. For instance, the German chemist, Freidrich Kekulé, worked for years to discover the molecular structure of benzene. One night when he was dozing in front of a fire he saw the image of many snake-like structures. One of these snakes took its tail in its mouth, and, so the story goes, Kekulé subsequently realised that the structure of benzene was a ring of carbon atoms.

Dreaming is not always a constructive or a pleasant experience. For those people who suffer from night terrors, it can be frightening and dangerous. Night terrors affect fewer than one in 30 children and fewer than one in 100 adults and occur within the first two hours of going to sleep. Sufferers normally scream and appear to be terror-stricken, and do not respond to touch or speech. They also have little memory of the event. Night terrors have been known to pro-

pel people to commit crimes. In a famous case in 1985, a 33-year-old English salesman was acquitted of murdering his wife, whom he claimed to have strangled during his sleep. He pleaded that he had been having a dream that he was being attacked by two Japanese soldiers. The jury chose to believe psychiatrists who gave evidence on the man's behalf that he had been suffering from a vivid night terror at the time.

Whilst everybody dreams, some people experience lucid dreaming. The contrast between normal dreaming and lucid dreaming is dramatic. Dur-

ing the latter, images are sharp and well-defined, and colours are vivid. The dream world appears a lot like the ordinary world — in fact it is almost like being awake in a dream. Lucid dreams can be thrilling or terrifying. Experienced lucid dreamers can actually control events, so they are able to act out their fantasies if they wish (hey hey imagine that!). Other people are seized by paralysis and feel helpless.

Lucid dreams appear so real that it is possible for someone to remember one as a real experience, and report it as such. It could be that many religious experiences originated in this way: reports of visions, or of being visited in a dream may actually be the result of lucid dreaming. And so might claims of being abducted by aliens — the feelings of paralysis and of physical abuse described by abductees match the experiences of many lucid dreamers.

It looks like the act of dreaming will continue to puzzle and fascinate people for many years to come. Perhaps dreaming will always remain a mystery. One thing's for sure though — it's a damn fine way

to pass the time.

## Annabel Davies

In an attempt to study lucid dreaming more systematically, the Lucidity Institute in Stanford, California, has developed a range of techniques for inducing lucid dreaming in willing participants, including devices that can be purchased by the public.

One of these devices is a mask that fits over the eyes while you sleep. It contains a sensor to monitor rapid eye movement. When REM occurs, a signal is given in the form of a sequence of flashing lights, or electronic beeps. The purpose is to alert the wearer that they are dreaming, without actually waking them. Once you are aware that you are dreaming, you can learn to convert the dream state into lucidity, and to control events.



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# Moon Witch Insights

## TAROT CARDS

Lea Rebane is a witch. A very friendly and wise one though, who has just started a Tarot Card and Spell and Magic advice line. Mmm, sounds interesting. Being a bit of a curious puppy I (Fiona Sproles) wanted to know more about this Tarot magic stuff, so I sat her down with my trusty tape recorder and extracted this fascinating lot of information from her. Read on.

Lea: I've been reading cards for a very, very long time, since I was knee high to a grasshopper. My mother taught me how to read them.

I had been reading them for quite a while, and then I found that my readings were becoming quite accurate. Once I was reading cards for a friend, and it came out that her father was going to die. And then he did! I didn't read cards for a long time after that. It wasn't until 5 or 6 years ago that I progressed from that to Tarot. I have four or five varying decks now, used depending on their relevance to the situation. A lot of people see it as a fortune telling trick. They want to know if they are going to meet their perfect girlfriend or boyfriend. It can do that, but quite often it will tell you not what you want to necessarily know at the time. Part of the problem is that we focus so much on the end result and not on the path, and sometimes that is what the cards will show, so they are in fact very useful as a guide. They can suggest that a person looks at things a different way, or perhaps bring something else into it.

times when women were thought of as the spiritual leaders, the knowledge keepers. Alexander the Great burnt all that knowledge, he saw the womens power as very threatening. The patriarchy was coming in, and all the womens knowledge was eradicated. After that when women got together to try to figure out how they could ressurect and maintain this knowledge, that intuitive knowledge. So instead of writing it all down in books, they decided to record it in code, so only those that were naturally drawn to it could unveil the meanings through their feelings, their intuition. Others, such as the patriarchy would not be able to pick it up and say 'this means this, and this means that'. This code was the Tarot. So one card can have quite a few meanings depending on the situation, and the feelings at the time. For those who want to start reading Tarot, you should get a deck whose images evoke feelings, that turn something on inside of you, your inner being or soul, so that you can pick up more easily what the cards are saying.

On a Tarot line, I read the cards using my own intuition as to what they say. Each reading is very individual. A person could ask a specific question, and I could pick up a whole lot of cards that really have nothing to do with the question that they have asked, therefore I would suggest to that person that the answer is not there for them right now, that they have to learn patience or look within themselves for knowledge. Other times, it's as clear as a bell. Lets say someone asks me if they are going to form a relationship. The card of the lovers might turn up, but some nun could, suggesting a frame. Or a card suggesting a gathering might turn up,

or an important invitation, telling you that there is a path for you to follow.

*Fi: Do you ever get worried that the cards will tell something drastic, and that the recipient of the news will react drastically?*

No, I really don't think the cards tell anyone anything they're not ready for, that's why when some very specific questions are asked, the answers can be very vague. The death card does not necessarily mean that someone is going to die, it could just be a completion or an ending of a part of their lives. I don't really agree with people putting a lot of specific information into their reading, like 'in three months time your grandmother is going to die, or you're going to win five million dollars' because I don't see them as a straight down the line, A-B-C-D type reading. For me, it's more of a spiritual thing, a guide.

A lot of people see Tarot reading as paganistic. This is easily rebutted when you put Tarot into an historical context. It's the old war of the pagans and the christians, the patriarchy versus the feminine spirituality. Tarot reading does not consist of listening to airy fairy voices out there, it's listening to your own intuition. Our society is pushes people to go out and get a piece of paper to be someone. Not only that, but from the time of childhood we are always asking external questions such as "How do I do this?", "What happens with that?" It's almost self de-meaning that we cannot trust ourselves, we always have to ask somebody else. In ancient times, it seemed to be the opposite to this, especially in the womens culture. There was a lot of 'relying on the self' and 'self empowerment'. A lot of religions are against Tarot cards, and womens spiritu-

ality as they see it as an evil thing. You must remember that the Christian religions came in at a time where people where worshipping nature, listening to their own intuition, being spiritual in a more natural way. Like a heathen was someone who literally lived on a heath. A lot of the sacred days that were celebrated were connected with nature, like the summer solstice and the winter solstice, that had a legend and a story to go with them. So people created a religious celebration for events like harvest. Their religion was based on land and nature issues. When christianity came in, a lot of that was made out to be evil, because they wanted the power, so instead of letting people celebrate their religious events in a meadow or a forest, they built temples and churches in order to control something that was very natural. Things like Tarot and concepts such as these were then deemed evil.

I do Tarot for myself sometimes, but if there is an issue that I'm very emotionally attached to, I'll go to someone else because then I find that if I'm reading the cards then it's not my intuition, or whether the result is something I want it to be. I have the feeling that "Am I wanting to read something into this?" It's much easier reading for someone else because I don't have the emotional attachment, especially to people I don't know. If I read for someone I know really well, then I will know their concerns, and what they want to work out, then my own personal feelings for them can come into it. I try not to let that happen though.



# When Life is a Mystery to be Lived

*Fi: So how do you feel about Fortune Tellers and their crystal balls etc..*

I think there are a lot of good psychics around and intuitive tarot readers who are very skilled but as with everything else, there are those who aren't. There are people that will abuse any system just to get what they can. It's like Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People". You only have to tell people what they want to know. Celebrities make money out of that. We are always drawn to people who make us feel good.

*Fi: Can anyone read Tarot? Do you need that strong intuition for it?*

Everyone has intuition, it's just a matter of learning to tap into it. Some people are more right brain thinking, and some are more left brain thinking, hence some are more rational where everything has to be filed, and some more artistic, emotional. It's a balance of having the two because we are very much in a society where we try to control everything, our feelings and emotions "I will not show you how I am feeling because I am strong". That mindset stops that intuition. Sometimes you get that strong feeling and you think "I know it, I just know it", that's intuition, and you have to listen to those and figure out if they're wrong or right. The more you do this, the more you learn what your intuition is saying, where your feelings are leading you. It's very beneficial to sit and smell the roses, to take time out and listen to yourself. It's so easy

*Fi: Is there a maximum amount of cards that can be drawn?*

I've sat around pulling out cards with friends. We've asked specific questions, and the tarot has given us our answers, but then we got a bit greedy and started going crazy with their questions. It seems as if there is a point that the Tarot cards will not give you anymore answers. The whole point of Tarot is being within that persons energy, geography is irrelevant in reading it's merely material. I don't usually have a problem with customers wanting me to

to get stuck on an issue, and Tarot can tap you back into your intuition and guide you in making your decision. Yet again though, the answer may not stare you in the face. There have been times when I have picked up cards thinking "TELL ME, TELL ME", and it hasn't been placed in front of me. The cards sometimes give us the power to see things we can't see by ourselves. Not everyone asks questions, some have personal issues that they don't want to talk about, so they ask for a general reading, and are often surprised at the accuracy of my reading. The cards will bring it out to them, help them face their issues and guide them. People have asked how I knew their problems, how did I get into their heads. All I do is go with my intuition directed by the cards.

Working on the phone, as I'm talking to the person. I'll be shuffling the cards for that person, so their energy is being tapped into. It depends a lot on what they ask as well. Because the line is \$3 a minute, it tends to be a one off interaction, hence I want to give the person as complete a picture as possible. The length of the call is entirely up to them.

pick up too many cards because they have specific questions and we usually end up going into depth with the Tarot answers. A few issues can be looked into, or only just one. While I'm talking to them I will pick up more cards which might lead us into other issues. I don't necessarily become their counsellor though. I just go by what the cards have told me, and proceed to discuss that with them. The cards could suggest different avenues for them to look into. The cards could be telling them to take time out, and stop focussing on the problem. If I was to call it counselling I would be more inclined to call it a spiritual counselling.

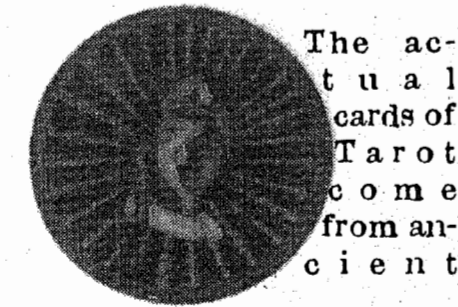
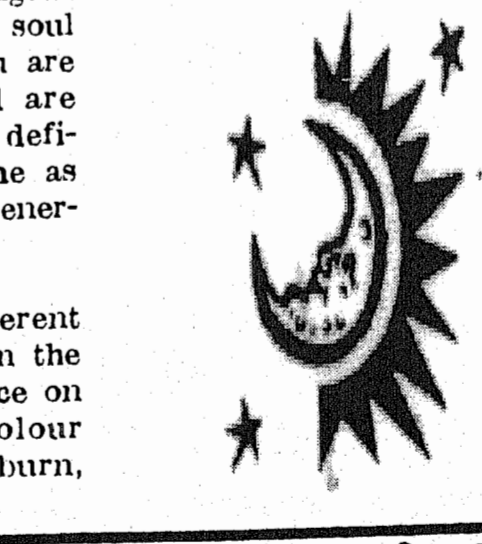
what spells are appropriate for different things like empowerment, or healing. You can try to bring prosperity or love into your life. You can use herbs, candles, different oils and what elements from nature you can use to create a magical energy and therefore bring to you what you want in life. Love spells and potions is the one thing most people ask about. I do believe that you can get a love potion, because I'm also into aromatherapy. Bees and Pollen attract each other, and in the same vein scents attract people to people. I'm not saying that people will hang down your door to get to you, but if the chemistry is there, the situation is right, and the laws of destiny are in your way, then it can speed things up a bit. I recommend responsible use of magic, don't caste nasty spells. I always use the rule "Do as thou will, but harm none".

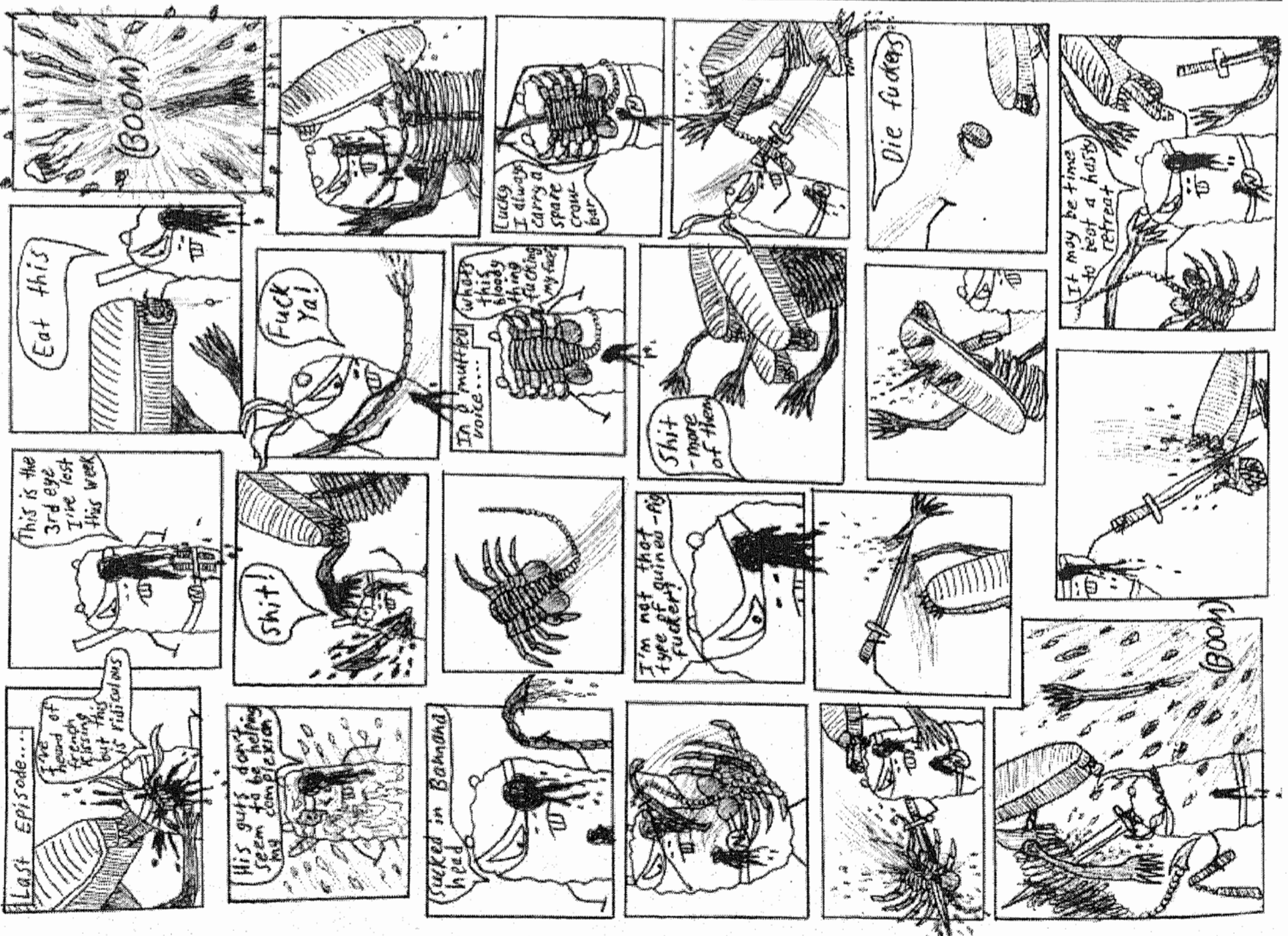
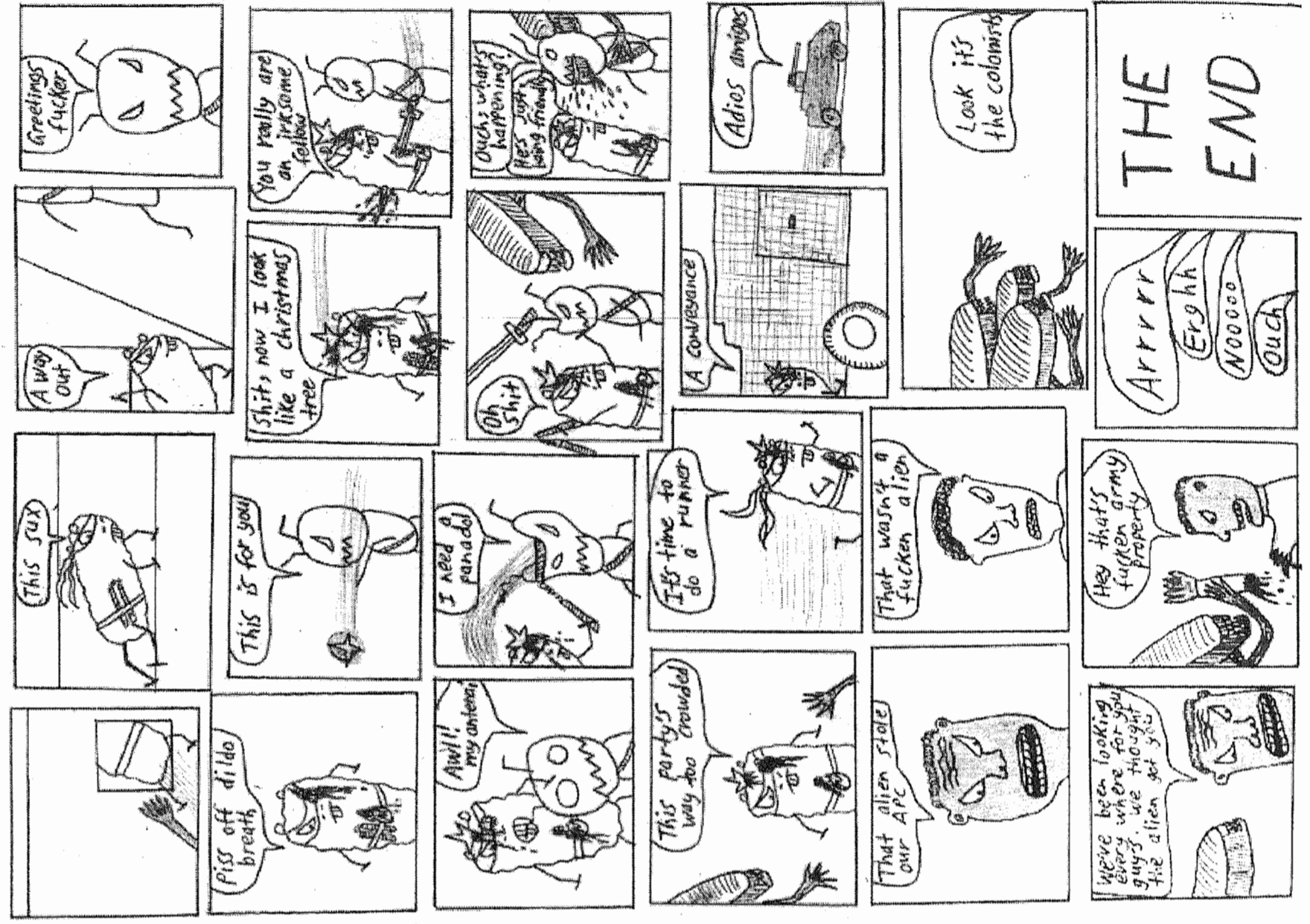
I also have a Spells and Magic Advice line, which is also from ancient times when people celebrated the sacredness of nature. Whether you're casting a spell, meditating, visualising, or praying, I think in essence it's all the same. You need to choose what is right for you. If you go to church every Sunday I would not suggest a spell for you to execute, but if you feel drawn to magic, I think it's a very worthwhile thing to look at because philosophies around magic are based on self esteem, because you are doing the spell and bringing in elements of nature to create something that you are a worthwhile person, and you are doing something for yourself. Again it's like turning on the soul through magic, if you are fascinated by it and are drawn into it, then it's definitely worth your time as you will find that it energises you.

There's a lot of different ways to do magic. On the spell line I give advice on ingredients, what colour candle you should burn,

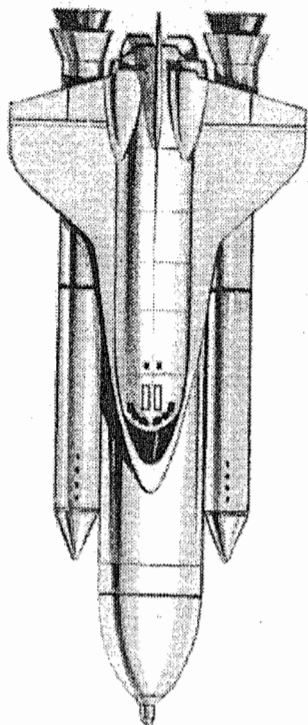


To contact Lea on her Tarot Reading Line "Moon Witch Insights" call 1902 283 663. Cost \$3 a minute, rates higher for mobile phones. Open 10am - Late. Or to contact her Spells & Magic Advice Line ring 1902 284 002. \$5 a minute, mobile phones extra.





*One Million Suns*



A dirty stone thrown  
from far away  
carrying death to all  
Life

all within its grasp  
suffer now  
the tearing the butchery  
a megaton knife carves  
last movements into stone

Spreading an angry message,  
death greets innocence  
equally embracing the guilty  
judgement  
no misses, the shadow play  
street theatre  
performed on heated thoroughfares  
the critics are stunned  
screams are lost in applause

count to nine  
never  
get to ten  
Life, love and thought  
evaporate  
flesh, glass and steel  
hell is unleashed

living dead  
stalking the empty streets  
the hawks are sated  
they grip their rocks

sayonaras never said  
lips almost touching  
new lives unfinished  
old men disappear

now you see  
the cherry blossom falls

now you don't  
ashes scatter like petals

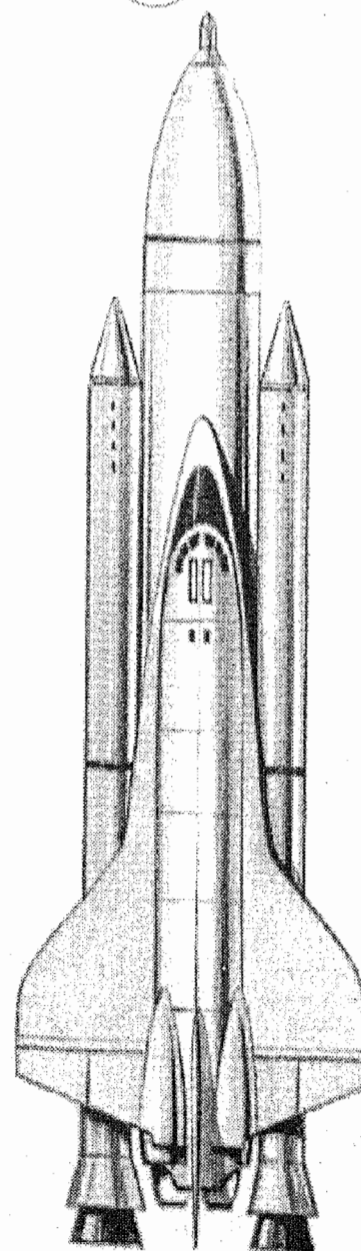
hope distils from evil  
pure in hindsight  
quick to ferment  
such peaceful inebriation  
soon replaced by hangover  
and headaches of ideology

this was the past  
this was the present  
this was the future

it was?  
was it?  
the end?

Your past is a skeleton  
walking behind you.  
Your future walks  
in front.  
They will both be with you -  
always.  
Sometimes they'll talk to you.  
They'll tell you to sit down,  
have a break, rest.  
They'll offer you a drink  
and promise you whatever you  
want.  
But don't listen to them.  
Keep on walking.  
Don't wear a watch,  
they'll always remind you  
of the time.  
But -  
it's always the same time.  
it's always now.

JOCELYN MILBANK



DJWATERMELON



**Fel-Fella Cafe**  
**Middle Eastern Cuisine**  
**Egyptian Restaurant**  
**Rundle Street**

As we staggered against the windy, wet and cold elements, carried by our airborne umbrellas (Mary Poppins style) the only thought that could console us was the delicious meal that awaited us at Fel-Fella Cafe. Rightfully claiming to have the best falafel in Adelaide, this restaurant specialises in Egyptian cuisine that is out of this world. Fawzy, the owner was extremely generous and friendly, offering us more food than any sane stomach could handle. The meal was, in one word, scrumptious. We started off with the mini dip platter, consisting (\$9.20) of



three dips, hommos, Baba Ghanoug and Zabadi and served with warm Lebanese flat bread. We think that Baba Ghanough was the absolute bees knees of the dip world and you would know if you had seen the scrape-the-bottom look of our platter. The dips alone would have been an excellent meal but then we were surprised by

the gargantuan serving of the fel-fella feast (\$48.00 for two and \$90 for four), a

house special which has something of everything in the menu. The feast included the acclaimed best falafel in Adelaide, made from the original Egyptian recipe, Kefta (ground lamb, spiced and char-grilled), Cabbage Roll Fingers (rice, fresh herbs and spices, wrapped in cabbage leaves), Hand Rolled Vine Leaves (rice, onion, fennel, parsley and spice), Char-grilled Squid, lightly fried and marinated calamari, shish kebabs (lamb), Shish Tawook (chicken), Koshari (lentil, rice and pasta dish) along with Egyptian salad. Whew! See what we mean? All of these dishes are available individually at a reasonable price range, around \$5.80-\$13.80 for a generous serving. James was especially taken by Koshari, a salad of lentils, noodles, pasta and chick peas. Yum. The calamari, lightly

marinated and fried, was not rubbery as is the standard problem with cooking this molluscs. In all every facet of the meal was superb and we recommend Fel-Fella Cafe for any sort of occasion that you might have in mind. We were too full by then to even contemplate dessert but if it's of the same standard as the food then it would be delicious.

**James, Ching Yee & Fi**



# Bacchus Wine Bar

*"With the strains of Luka Bloom, wine and food, the Bacchus Wine Bar provides a shelter from the storm." SB*

**Bacchus Wine Bar**  
 Henley Square (next to the infamous 'Henley on Sea')

Hmm ... it was a cold and windy day. And the only salvation was the interior of the given restaurant: The Bacchus Wine Bar.

There's something really special about sitting inside while the weather storms outside. And, Bacchus is significant here because you can actually 'see the sea' from your seat.

One thing that immediately sticks out about Bacchus is the service. Before you even have a chance to close the door there's a friendly waiter saying "Hi! How can I help you?". Then, even before you sit down there's a bottle of water on the table, bread and balsamic vinegar and menus waiting.

There's a delicious array of items on the menu; plus specials. Soup of the day was 'Parsnip and Onion' and the Fish of the Day was 'Red Snapper'. However, neither my eating partner nor myself decided to take up these offers. Instead I went for the Chicken with Chamoula (plus a tower of sweet potato) and my companion ordered the Marinated Kangaroo Fillet. We both shared a bowl of Caesar Salad and a bottle of Lindemanns 1995 Chardonnay (it should be mentioned here that the wine selection was exceptional).

The food arrived reasonably quickly, although this may have been because there were few others dining at the time. After witnessing the speed at which our seats had been found and food served, I was wor-

ried that maybe our eating time would be hastened as well. Not so. We were encouraged to eat at our leisure (which for a slow eater like myself is a long time).

I was impressed with the Chicken, especially since I'd managed to score some Chargrilled Chicken with my serve as well as the 'Chamoula Coated' serving. Similarly my companion loved the Kangaroo ("It didn't look like much when they served it up, but I'd have to say I'm more than satisfied.").

Overall, the food is well priced (most mains are between \$12 and \$16) and the serves are quite filling. Extra points are awarded for the appearance of the food - very nice!

**Susie Bate**

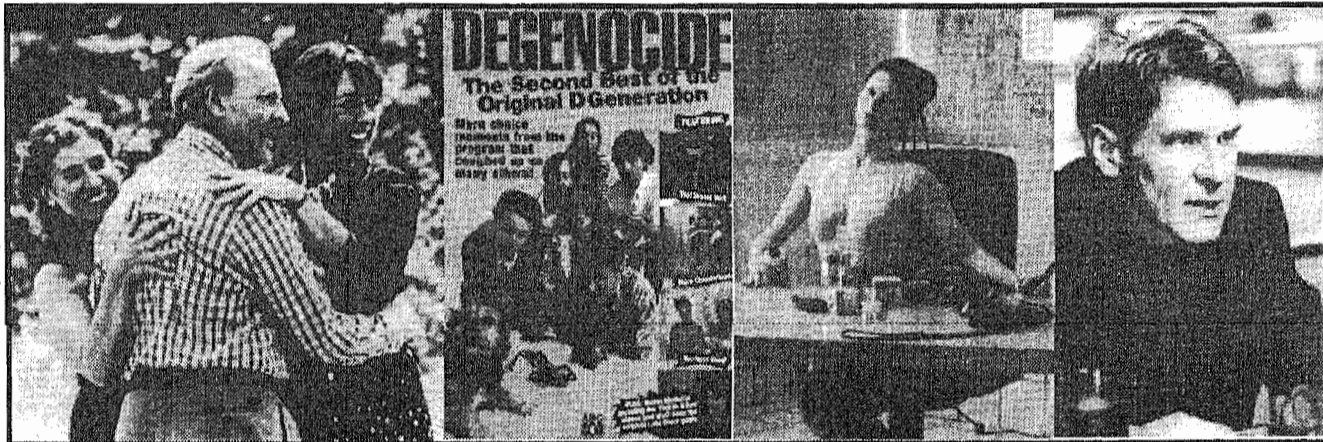
# VIDEO, EH? PFFTTT...



**Degenocide: The Second Best of the Original D Generation**  
ABC Video (Roadshow)

Derived from the '86 and '87 ABC D Generation series, as well as the 1988 Channel 7 specials, this is a collection of hilarious material that was, in many ways, the beginning of a reinvention of Australian TV comedy. Some of the shows which developed from these people (Rob Sitch, Santo Cilauro, Marg Downey, Michael Veitch, Magda Szubanski) were brilliant - *Frontline*, *The Castle* - some mediocre - *Fast Forward*, *Funky Squad* - and some highly dodgy - *Get A Life*. However, what about *this*? Well, it's pretty good, including such gems as 'Degenocide', a re-voicing of the old 'Homicide' series which led, later on, the 'The Olden Days' and 'Bargearse'.

Look, let's not beat about the bush. You know what you'll be getting with this - over two hours of material that you'll probably very much dig. Much more value for money than the first tape, and probably funnier. And no Steve Vizard. Go forth and watch.



**Mister E**

**Female Perversions**

21st Century Pictures  
1997, Dir: Susan Streitfeld  
Tilda Swinton, Amy Madigan, Karen Sillas, Paulina Porizkova,  
Clancy Brown, Frances Fisher.

Tilda Swinton (*Orlando*) stars in this complex and intriguing film about many aspects of feminism. She plays Eve Stevens, a bright lawyer on her way to becoming a judge. But as she does, we, the audience start to discover that she really isn't all that confident. Insecurities, anxieties, past family problems, sexual problems - the whole gamut of are given the big (and at times heavy handed treatment) in this film.

The director is big on symbolism, oh yeah, and sometimes they can get a bit too much but overall *Female Perversions* is something you would watch out of interest rather than enjoyment. It's a bit raunchy, it's a bit perverted and a bit twisted, so a small warning for those of you who could be offended.

This is a brave if at times convoluted attempt at trying to dissect every aspect of a woman. The performances are spot on, especially Swinton's and that really made up for the flat spots in the film.

**Ching Yee Ng**

**Le Bonheur est dans le Pre**  
1997, Michel Serrault, Carmen Maura, Sabine Clzema, Eddy Mitchell  
21st Century Pictures

Francis (Michel Serrault) is having a hell of a birthday. The workers at his plant are on strike. His company is under tax audit. He goes home to his uncaring and grouchy wife and daughter who are preparing a no-expenses-spared wedding and to top it all off, he has a cranial nerve blockage. Thankfully he still has his good friend Gerard (Eddy Mitchell) to cheer him up and give him the confidence boost he needs. When an opportunity arises for Francis to take on a new personality, a new family and a new life he does so but will his new-found happiness last? Will his past catch up with him?

This is a light and enjoyable French comedy with controlled performances

from everyone. Carmen Maura is especially good as Francis' 'wife'. Soccer fans will have the pleasure of seeing Eric Cantona strutting (and I use this word accordingly) his stuff in his first film role. There is also a mystery sub-plot for a tiny bit of suspense but really it isn't necessary. The gentle humour and beautiful scenery makes for a not especially brain-draining but satisfying comedy about happiness.

**Ching Yee Ng**

**The Devils Own**

1997, Dir: Alan J. Pakula  
Harrison Ford, Brad Pitt  
Columbia Tri-star  
MA (for some bizarre reason rated R in the US), 111 mins

The short version: It ain't bad, but it ain't great.

The slightly lengthier version; *The Devils Own* explores how decent men can be forced to do unreasonable things.

Sporting a patchy Irish accent, Pitt stars opposite Ford as an IRA terrorist on a jaunt to the US to pick up a couple of dozen stinger ainti aircraft missiles. Ford is the New York cop who unknowingly harbours Pitt. Discover-

ing that Pitt is a terrorist, conflict ensues, moving toward a predictable conclusion. Woo Hoo. Pretty average stuff. Entertaining, but nothing special.

Apparently, Ford's role was originally planned for a non-star actor, and it shows: The film just isn't big enough for the both of them. Ford's plotline seems to be superfluous at times, distracting from Pitt's edgy dealings with the US underworld and Irish expatriates.

Ford and Pitt's friendship is the centrepiece of the film, but at times the strength of emotion expressed by one for the other is completely out of proportion with what really is an underdeveloped relationship. It fails to ring true on several occasions.

My biggest problem was that when Ford started going through his vengeful Jack Ryan moves, I couldn't help

thinking that this had all been done better in *Patriot Games*.

**Stephen Finney**

**True Love and Chaos**

1997, Dir: Stavros Andonis  
Efthymiou  
Ben Mendelsohn, Miranda Otto, Hugo Weaving, Noah Taylor, Naveen Andrews, Kimberly Davies  
21st century Pictures  
M, 92 Minutes

It's a road movie! It's a drama! It's a comedy! You probably recognise half the cast from the last couple of decent Australian movies you saw!

Mimi (Miranda Otto), Hanif (Naveen Andrews) and Dean (Noah Taylor) make the nightmare drive from Melbourne to Perth. Mimi is going to visit her estranged Mother. Unbeknownst to her, Hanif and Dean have ripped off Dean's older brother Jerry ( Ben Mendelsohn) for a large amount of heroin. Understandably, Jerry is in pursuit. Along the way they acquire Morris (Hugo Weaving), an ageing Nick Cave-wannabe. Mimi is immediately drawn to him (much to the annoyance of her fiance Hanif), and tension develops as they careen across the Nullabor.

Eventually Jerry Catches up with the fugitives and all hell breaks loose.

The cinematography was good. The soundtrack was kinda funky (Nick cave, Blondie, Ash, Beasts of Burbourn, Tom Jones, Leonard Cohen & Powderfinger.

But most of all it felt kinda mythic; themes recur, conflicts are symbolic, nothing is really coincidence and it concludes in a most satisfactory fashion.

Watch it just to see Ben Mendelsohn, playing the world's most violent Buddhist, call Kimberly Davies a Stupid \*\$#!. And about time too.

**Stephen Finney**

**The Castle**  
Roadshow Entertainment

This film was, to say the least, bloody hilarious. The story, written and directed by the D Generation Crew ( Cilauro, Gleisner, Kennedy and Sitch) concentrates on the Kerrigan family who live next to an airport, well, they're more ON

the airport than beside it. Daryl Kerrigan loves the position, loves his family, and marvels in the atrociously ugly electrical pillons which obstruct the sky directly above his home. Sophie Lee, is Daryl's daughter who is his pride and joy, and the only member of the family to have a tertiary degree - a hairdressing certificate from Sunshine TAFE. She is also the only member to have travelled beyond Alice Springs, as she visited Thailand with her new kick boxing husband (Eric Bana). Wayne, the eldest son was the only sadness in the Kerrigans' life as he was imprisoned for armed robbery, that is until a land valuer knocked on Daryls door, leading to a politer form of eviction, a 'compulsory aquisition' by the airport. This breaks Daryl's heart, as he adores his home, or as he calls it, his castle, a prize that he refuses to hand over without a fight. The ensuing events are very well plotted, and realistic i.e there's no sympathy vote, or miracle occurrence. The Kerrigan family are 'kitsch ocker', and completely lovable. This is one of the funniest films I have seen in years, each scene brought a snort or a giggle from me. Bloody great, fabbo, hilarious, touching and.....FUNNY!

**Fiona Sproles.**

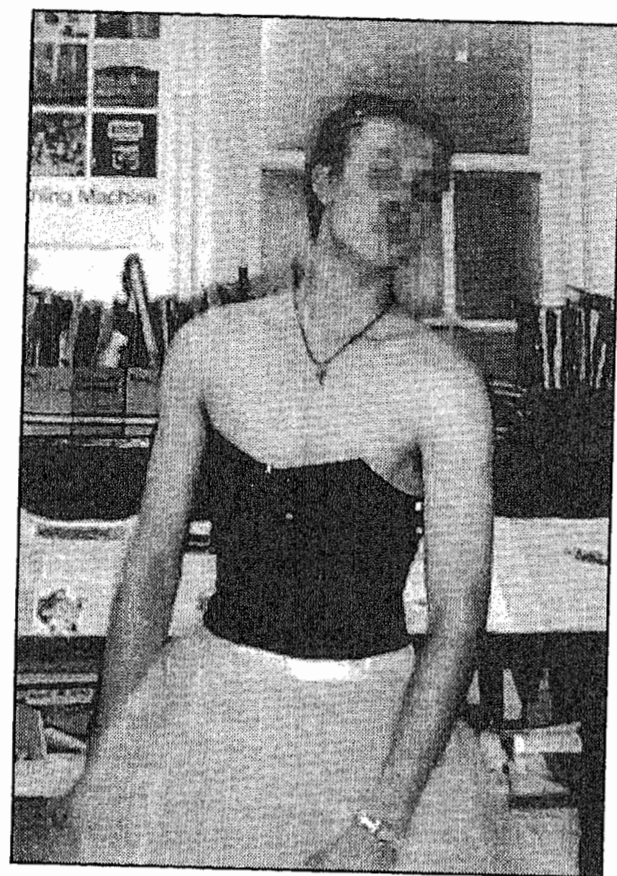


Saddened and disheartened the voxpopers were dragging their heels as they trudged around the campus in search of some exciting and interesting people to shed some light into the dark unchanging world of the Adelaide Uni Students.....till Hark! all at once we stumbled upon a coven of enlightened young people.....and waited with baited breath....

1. What do you want for christmas?
2. What's your favourite movie?
3. How will you spend New Years Eve?

THE PEOPLE'S PRINCESS

1. I want recognition! I want the world to know that princesses are not dead.....contrary to whatever the latest Cleo had to say (trashy, trashy magazine) yes we are alive....I'm living proof and I am the real peoples' princess!
2. Of course royalty would never demean themselves by watching popular trash. I prefer to base my life around quality, life enriching literature. My favourite is Princess and the Pea... I base my life around it.
3. I want to spend it sprawled over the cover of every respectable magazine (that, of course, doesn't include Cleo).



FAIRY PRINCESS

1. Some magic fairy dust that would turn fairies into normal people because there are some pretty psycho fairies around who don't deserve to be fairies.
2. The Dark Crystal - kieren was such a spunk
3. A fairy gathering in some magic place



INTERSTELLAR SPACEDUDE

1. Bleep..bleep..meerf
2. Quark..bleep
3. Meerf..bleep.. [what the fuck are you talking about?]

# VOX POP

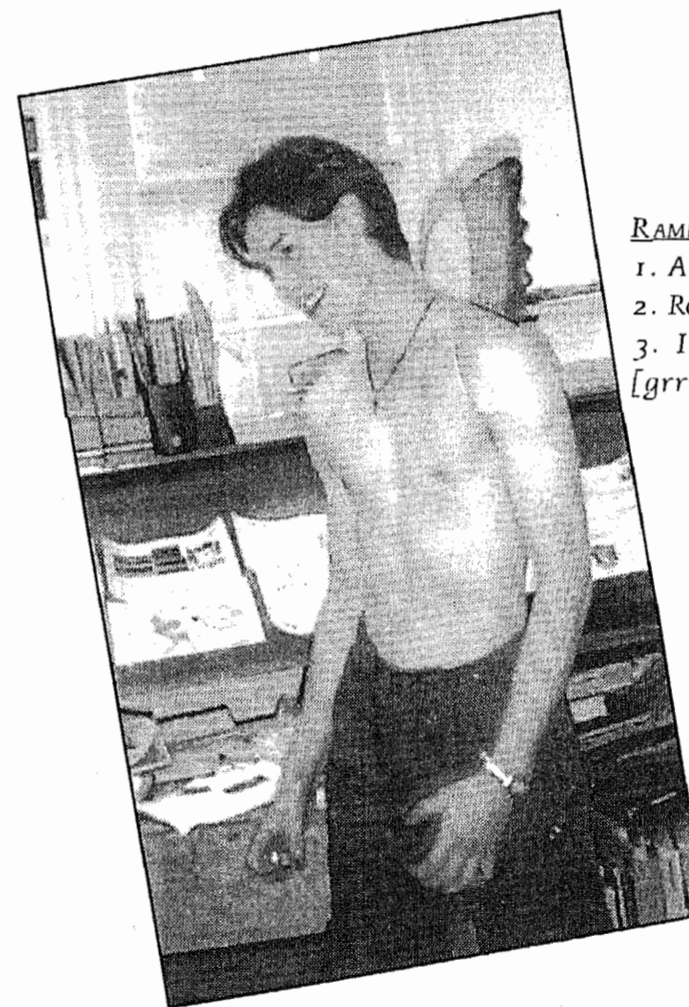
CARLOTTA THE BABE

1. A new pair of fishnets
2. Pricilla - that's where I get all my inspiration.
3. On top of a bus.



RAMBO FAERY

1. A BMX
2. Rocky -part one, two and four
3. I might crash that prissy party that other fairy's having [grrrrrr...devilish growl @ the fairy princess]



ENZO AND YOUNG NUBILE

1. Some spanking new leather straps and whips - all my others ones are worn out.
2. The Crow II- City of Angels, it was so much better than the first movie.
3. Sitting in a dark, damp corner, preferrably at a 'Feast of Blood' party studying Aleister Crowley, and bitching about those non-gothics [hisssss.. yeah, I wonder what fairy blood tastes like]



# theatre

**The Mikado**  
 The Gilbert & Sullivan Society of South Australia  
 Dir: Hazel Greene  
 Scott Theatre  
 Oct 21-25; 8pm  
 Mats 25,26; 2pm

The term "enjoyable operetta" is probably an oxymoron, but the Gilbert & Sullivan Society have achieved something pretty close, with their reworking of *The Mikado*. I was pleasantly surprised to find that Director Hazel Greene has updated the material, with many humorous allusions to topical events such as Cheryl Kernot's defection, the travel rorts scandal and the Crows victory. We even get to watch Japanese nobles perform the Macarena!

The well-conceived plot concerns Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner of Titipu (charismatically played by Ben Rasheed), who has been ordered by the emperor to behead someone within thirty days, or else Ko-Ko's post will be abolished and his town will be demoted to the rank of a petty village. An appropriate candidate for this execution is Nanki Poo (Adam Howard), guilty of flirting (a capital offence), and in love with exotic Japanese beauty Yum Yum (Marsha Buckley)

The main disappointment is Adam Howard who, despite having an admittedly magnificent voice, just doesn't have stage presence. He moves around awkwardly on stage as though he were operated by a remote control several cities away. Contrasting with Howard's insipid performance is Ben Rasheed who steals the show as the executioner, camping it up as a wussy, effeminate man who's afraid even to execute insects. He works well with

Ian Muster, who plays the senile Pooh-Bah (Lord High-Everything Else) with relish and fine comedic timing. Barbara Turner is a scene-stealer as Katisha, an overbearing elderly lady competing for Nanki-Poo's affection. She has one of the show's finest moments when she croons the poignant song "Hearts do not break, they sting and ache". And veteran actor Maurice Howie, looking every minute of his seventy three years, is a truly sinister presence as the Mikado of Japan. At least time has preserved his powerful operettic voice.

Unfortunately, the chorus are left with little to do except harmonise with the principles. They substitute stage movement with the flourishing of oriental fans, and this grows a but tiresome.

The entire cast tackle the difficult score admirably. However, voice projection is, at times, lacking, and the principles could benefit from the use of microphones. As the lyrics to any Gilbert & Sullivan musical are rather wordy, attention to elocution is important for the play to realise its full comic potential.

On a more positive note, costuming, production design and lighting complement each other superbly. The set is appropriately oriental and the wardrobe is a dazzling array of authentic old-style Japanese apparel. The orchestra is glorious, easily the best I've heard in any amateur musical. It's clear Hazel Greene is perfectly suited to directing comedy and though I'm quite critical in this review, I certainly had an enjoyable evening and eagerly await the company's next production, *The Gondoliers*.  
 Gregory Heinrich

## UNEXPECTED WAYWARD STUDENT INSERT!

Back by popular demand are some more crazy, wacky and down-right silly bumper stickers that have been seen around town...not necessarily this town mind you, but someone's town to be sure.

"Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine"

"I love cats...they taste just like chicken"

"Out of my mind. Back in five minutes"

"Give me ambiguity or give me something else"

"Cover me. I'm changing lanes"

"Laugh alone and the world thinks you're an idiot"

"It's as BAD as you think, and they ARE out to get you"

"Smile, it's the second best thing you can do with your lips"

"Friends don't let friends drive naked"

"I support publik edekasion"

"We are Microsoft. Resistance is futile. You will be assimilated"

"Always remember you're unique, just like everybody else"

And our personal favourite...

"Texas is the reason".

# theatre

## OUR TWO CENTS WORTH

### SWEENEY TODD

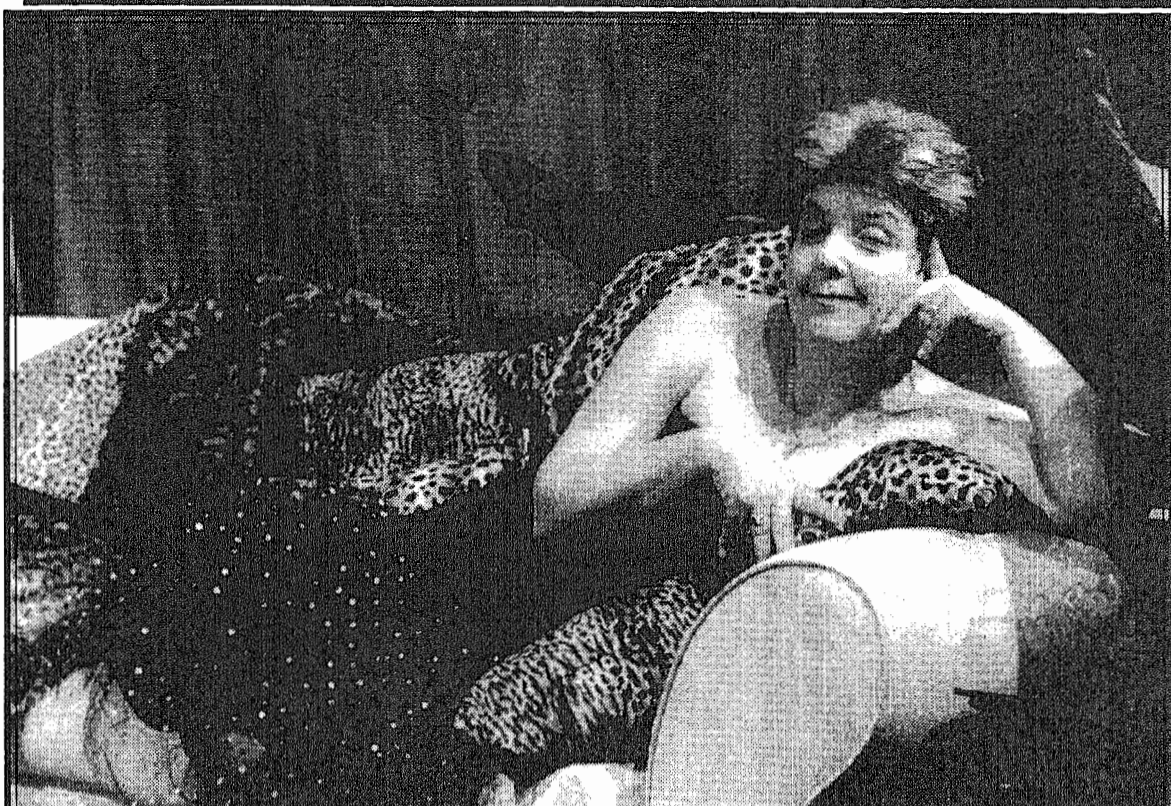
Off the Couch Theatre Company  
 Wednesday, 22nd October.

*Sweeney Todd* was a post modern play: it challenges cultural assumptions about what strong direction, "acting", lighting, sound, character, plot development/cohesiveness, suspense, drama, and humour are about by dispensing with them entirely.

IT WAS BAD - REALLY BAD!!!!

Jayne Lewis

Yes, this play was really bad. Why? Plot changes occurred without any preparation, which left me thinking: "What?", the acting was very overdone - every single line does **not** have to sound like it has torn from your soul! - the direction was non-existent, the attempt at being Gothic was laughable, and it bored me to tears about ten minutes before intermission. We would have left during intermission except we had to justify the petrol usage! The worst piece of theatre I have EVER seen.  
 Courtney Squires



**MARGIE FISCHER  
LIVE AT THE LION**

Relationships, sex, religion, spirituality, image, history, and family..sounds like the topics for one great conversation. And this is what Margie Fischer's *Live at the Lion* is about. This is presented in the style of a TV chat show performed live on stage. No two shows will be the same, with a variety of guests, ranging from the expert to the sexpert, including Gillian Minnervi (first female director of the Sydney mardi gras),

Sydney gay writers Gary Dunne and John Lonie, New York playwright Anne Harris, dominatrix Mistress Lilith, renowned Adelaide drag queens, the very special performing dogs, and surprise celebrity guests. This show is presented by Vitalstatistix for the inaugural Adelaide Lesbian and Gay Cultural Festival-FEAST '97. The season runs at the Lion Theatre from November 1-16. Tix are \$15, or \$10 for concession. Tix are available from BASS, or contact Vitalstatistix on 8447 6211.

*SOUNDSTREAM 2: contemporary music for piano and percussion*

Friday 5th September  
Nexus Cabaret @ The Lion Arts Centre

With rain falling gently it was relieving to see the softly lit entrance to the Nexus and be able to enjoy the warmth within. We were about to see something from *Soundstream*, a group which was established to present contemporary music in a non-traditional way. As we sat and waited for the performance to begin I was beginning to question whether this was going to be anything different, I certainly couldn't see anything different-just a piano and drums. Hmm...but suddenly the stage is illuminated and pianist Gabriella Smart, and percussionist Ryszard Pusz made their entrance. Gabriella began her first sonata, *Quiet This Metal* composed by John Polgase, gently. Like a gripping novel it gently introduced us to the main themes, and then it began to lift in its intensity. Not being classically trained I can only tell you how it felt, and it felt like a journey up a mountain with the harsh physical conditions on the one hand and the sheer majesty of the view on the other. However, I felt that the repetition of the main theme was just too obvious to hold any real power. The percussion and piano pieces (composed by David Harris) which followed were difficult to comprehend, they appeared to be working

on a minimalist concept, but the pieces lacked coherency, and failed to convey any real emotion or message. The first half was closed by a solo percussion piece called *Sticks and Stones* composed by Becky Llewellyn. This title was appropriate as the piece reflected percussion in terms of the materials from which they are produced and the rhythms themselves. The second half was opened by a marathon piece titled *Black, White, and Rose* (composed by Tristram Cary). This was a multimedia percussion piece which involved live marimba playing (it's too hard to explain what it is, so find a music student and ask them) and taped sounds. The piece used the taped sounds to good effect, creating an anti-percussive effect. But I have to agree with my guest, it was just too long, and sounded too similar. The final piece had a loose feel to it, and consequently was the most enjoyable. It was held together by a repeated measure, which gave Ryszard and Gabriella the ability to improvise together. As the final note was drowned in the polite applause of Adelaide's music intelligentsia, my guest and I turned to each other with a "HMMM". It is hard to review this performance, it was so technical that its subtlety was lost on me. Hence, I felt alienated and unsatisfied by the whole thing. Definitely the sort of thing for those who don't necessarily attend music performances for the music - NOT ONE FOR THE UNITIATED!

Courtney Squires

Notice from the SAUA  
Environment  
Department.

The second anniversary of Ken Saro-Wiwa's execution (along with eight other Nigerian environmental activists), is fast approaching.

**November 10th** is the date when the activists were hung upon refusing to stop campaigning against Shell Oil's environmental and human rights abuses in Ogoniland, Nigeria.

Anti-Shell protests will occur across the globe on November 10th, at Shell service stations, at town halls, at corporate headquarters.

To find out about Adelaide action, come to a meeting:

Wednesday night (the 5th),  
6:30 in the South Dining Room  
(Union Building).

Take a stand against corporate corruption-organise and take action!!!!

For further info (or if you can't get to the meeting, but would like to come to the action on Nov 10) call the SAUA Environment Department, 83035182.



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# The Sound of Music

Now you are all going to listen very carefully. You are getting very sleepy. All you can hear is the sound of my voice. At the count of three, you will enter into hypnosis. One... two three. Now that you are all under my power, I want you to repeat after me, *The Sound of Music* is a good film, Julie Andrews is a legend, and there is nothing wrong with humming 'Edelweiss' in front of your friends. Most film viewers would rate this Rogers and Hammerstein frolic in the Austrian Alps, a worth contender for greatest film ever made, along with *Man's Best Friend* (A rampaging laboratory dog) *Leprechaun* (A rampaging



Leprechaun) and *Dunston Checks In* (A rampaging giant or-

ange hairy ape). However, if this film's script had been placed into the wrong hands, who knows what would have happened. Here are some frightening possibilities.

**The Robert Rodriguez Version**  
(director of *El mariachi*, *Desperado* & *Dusk Till Dawn*)

Sister Maria, a.k.a Maria arrives at the Von Trapp residence, guitar case in hand, guns in guitar case. Little Kurt makes the untimely error of putting a frog in Maria's skirt, and becomes the first victim of "Sister Margheretta", Maria's tommy gun. All the other children turn into vampires and are systematically annihilated by rampaging Maria to the tune of "The hills are alive with the sound of nosferatus, but not for long", "When I'm human going on vampire" and other popular classics.

**James (Mr Epic) Cameron**  
(director of *The Terminator*, *Aliens*, *T2*, *True Lies* & *The Titanic*)

Maria realises that the future son borne by her, will go on to appear

in Broadway and carry on the Von Trapp singing tradition to new and glorious heights. She together with the Von Trapp children must channel their sonic energy to destroy the liquid metal man that has been sent by the record companies of the future, before it crashes in on her wedding night.

**David Lynch**

(director of *Twin Peaks*, *Wild at Heart* & *Lost Highway*)

Sister Maria has a dream in which six midgets in scout uniforms sing 'Edeiweiss' backwards to her. Deciphering the hidden message, she arrives at the Von Trapp House, and seduces the captain. When she awakes the captain has disappeared and she has assumed his personality. She takes the six singing midgets in a car, and hits the road, heading for the hills, guided by a vision of a flying nun.

**Wong Kar Wai**

(director of *Chungking Express*, *Fallen Angels* & *Happy Together*)

connection is obvious and makes it a very stylishly threatening piece of work.

What really makes *Vampire's Kiss* such an extraordinary film, though, is Nicholas Cage's performance - they seem to have let him have his head in creating this basically nasty, and yet somehow likable, character, who so convincingly loses it in such an unlikely way. His frenzied victimisation of his secretary Alma, contains some scenes so utterly out of control that you don't know whether to laugh or just sit back in amazed silence.

This is one of my favourite films of all time and the one I'm most evangelical about. It's so sadly overlooked, so, I'm begging you, PLEASE go rent this this summer, I guarantee at least ten hours of enjoyment. (Five viewings per rent is my average...) In the words of Peter Loewe "Am I getting THROOOOOO to you, Alma?"

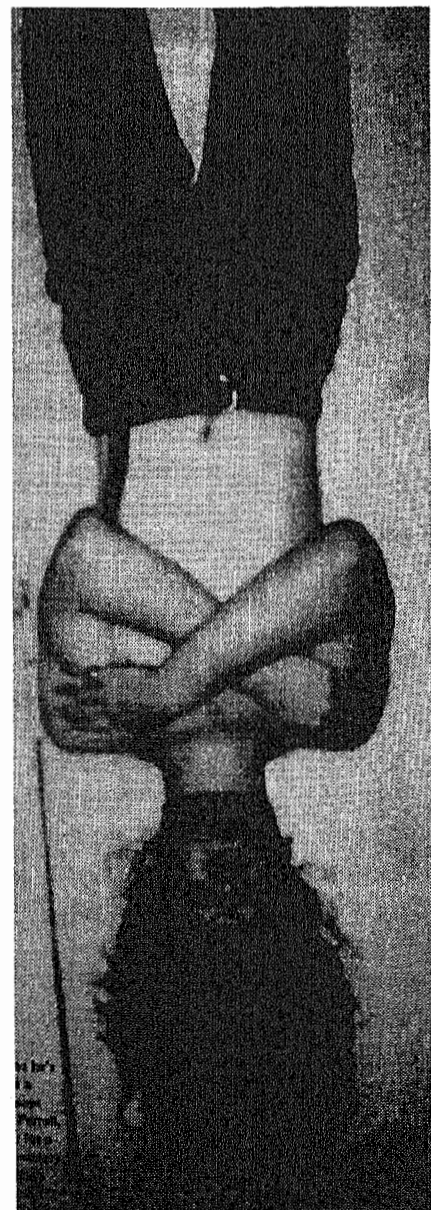
**Rachel Templer**



This obscure Hong Kong art house director was chosen on the basis of one of the editor's unhealthy obsession with him.

Colonel Von Trapp is a man alone, restless, unhappy. He talks to his clothes, to his furniture and anything else that will listen to his problems. The children go around dressed in blonde wigs and sunglasses holding up convenience stores in Salzburg. Sister Maria arrives. She and the Captain both like the same song. She tidies up his room and they celebrate by eating pineapple from expired tins.

So as you can see, any other way, would have been absolutely and utterly tragic. Then again maybe it should not have been made. Oh well. Who really cares that nobody out there can be able to appreciate the greatest film that ever was.



## Vampire's Kiss

This is one of those movies you reject out of hand at the video store on the grounds of sheer tackiness. Nicholas Cage leers vampirishly out of the cover which bears the words "Love at First Bite". This is one cover that needs immediate rehabilitation, if only to cheer up Nick Cage who was apparently devastated when this video of his "art film" was released. And it really does verge on the art film, toying as it does with the vampire film genre without falling into mere parody and losing its integrity as a beautiful, strange and funny film in its own right.

While Nicholas Cage finally got recognition for his talents after *Leaving Las Vegas*, I think he'd achieved greater heights years earlier in *Vampire's Kiss*. He plays a selfish, sadistic yuppie called Peter Loewe who, as the film begins, picks up a woman (Jennifer Beale of *Flashdance* fame) who turns into a bat when he gets her

home. After this bite he begins to fear that he is turning into a vampire, and his behaviour turns decidedly odd.

Eventually you come to realise that it's really just a case of a highly strung yuppie flipping his bean in the most spectacular fashion as you sit in on his psychiatric appointments. Yet Cage's performance is so utterly deranged that he takes you along for the ride. You almost share his fears that he really is a vampire - and maintains this atmosphere of doubt and confusion through Robert Bierman's beautifully restrained direction.

Set in New York, the city is transformed into a sinister Babylonian edifice which menaces and alienates Loewe. Cityscapes filmed at sunset with a slow, muted soundtrack give a totally strange atmosphere to this often-filmed city with its Deco spires, which owes quite a lot to Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*. With references to *Nosferatu*, the expressionist

# K I S S E D : It's a dead one.

**Kissed**  
Nova Cinema

First of all, I would like to make one thing clear, just in case anything I say could be the slightest bit ambiguous. I hated this film. *Kissed* must be one of the worst films I have ever seen. It is silly, boring and poorly made. What more can I really say?

Originating from one of the stories in Barbara Gowdy's collection *We So Seldom Look On Love*, which is quite a good book (so stupidly I actually had somewhat high expectations for this film, boy was I wrong!), *Kissed* is basically about necrophilia, you know, sex with dead people. On first hearing about this film, you might imagine it to be an interesting, in depth, subtle exploration of someone's decision to take up such sexual deviance, and it could have been so, but no, it's about a girl who fucks corpses and a guy who is quite taken with the idea.

*Kissed* is the story of Sandra Larson (Molly Parker), who, for most of her life is obsessed with death, gets a job in a funeral home and studies embalming, giving her the opportunity to act out her necrophiliac fantasies. She meets Peter Outerbridge, a medical student, in a cafe, tells him about her necrophilia within minutes of first speaking to him (I mean, don't we all tell complete strangers about our sex lives, especially if they are as 'interesting' as hers!?). He then becomes obsessed with her, and her

sexual proclivities. All ends in disaster, of course, but we have to go through an awful lot of rubbish to get there.

Particularly silly are the scenes of her dancing around the corpses in her underwear before she 'does the biz', making it all look like some silly ritual, and him getting on a load of makeup, and a black suit and lying *really* still, so he can emulate her other lovers. (In this last bit I wondered if I was the only person to think that completely illogical, as she usually had sex with the bodies before they were treated and made up and dressed). The film is full of jumps in logic, it could have delved a lot deeper into the issue, some explanation of why Sandra did this might have been nice, and it was generally a big flop.

I think, also, that the funeral industry should be particularly offended by this film, as all of the people who work in the funeral home are portrayed as necrophiliacs.

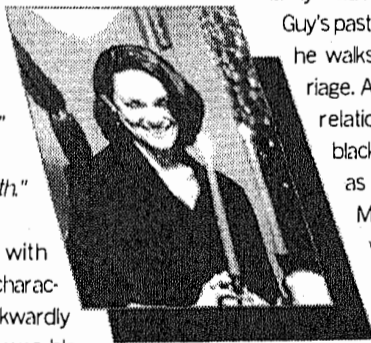
Don't even consider going to see this film. It is a poorly made, boring piece of rubbish, not even redeeming itself by being particularly shocking or confrontational. It is just dull! The most interesting characters and talented actors are the corpses. I think this one was dead from the very beginning, it deserves now to be buried.

Alexis Tindall

## Weddings, Parties, Anything

**Thank God He Met Lizzie**  
Palace Cinemas

"Why do people go to parties?"  
"To find a partner."  
"But why?"  
"To go to parties with."



The film opens with Richard Roxburgh's character Guy wandering awkwardly at a party where it was blatantly obvious he was trying to find the right girl, a life partner, a soul mate, his better half or whatever term that you fancy.

He does meet the 'right' girl, Lizzie (Cate Blanchett), under a very comical circumstance. As they prepare to get married, Guy reminisces about the one major relationship he had in his twenties with Jenny (Frances O'Connor), a relationship which had a profound impact on his life. Subsequently, as he thinks back he begins to see his wife-to-be's imperfections and comparisons with Jenny and Lizzie is inevitable. Lizzie is upper-class Catholic and pragmatic, Jenny is working class and effusive, casting a cloud over what seems like the perfect marriage.

Did I mention it was a comedy? Oh yes, and what ripe material it is for endless rounds of jokes about weddings, marriage, blind dates not unlike *Four Weddings*. Despite this small

anomaly, *Thank God He Met Lizzie* is valiantly bold in its attempt to investigate Guy's past and how it affects the way he walks into his impending marriage. An examination of love and relationships in the 90's, it's a black comedy that is unsettling as it is funny, (reminiscent of *Muriel's Wedding*) but is always involving and entertaining.

This is Cherie Nowlan's debut feature and it's a fantastic effort. The look and style is very appropriate and the characters are very likeable and easy to empathise with. Even though Jenny is essentially just a memory she isn't diminished to fleeting, hazy girl-in-white flashbacks as certain films are wont to do. The performances are also great, Roxburgh, Blanchett and O'Connor have a well balanced dynamic.

You'll laugh but you'll also wince.



Ching Yee Ng

## Somewhere into the sea.

**A Life Less Ordinary**  
Palace Cinemas

Director Danny Boyle, screenwriter John Hodge, producer Andrew Macdonald and lead actor Ewan McGregor were responsible for two of the 'nineties best films - the violently funny and enjoyable amoral *Shallow Grave* and the riotously perceptive smackfest *Trainspotting*. This, their third venture and first American production, is less of a success (which is not to say that it's not good fun, but it doesn't reach their former heights). Part of the problem is the obvious lunacy of the plot, which involves Cameron Diaz as an enterprising and wealthy kidnap victim to McGregor's feeble but well-intentioned kidnapper, Holly Hunter and Delroy Lindo as a pair of FBI-styled angels, and Ian Holm as Diaz's deranged multimillionaire father. Basically, what you've got here is a caper movie cum romantic comedy - never the most brilliant of films - done by an extremely talented group of individuals. The results are, perhaps inescapably, a bit of a confused mix of satire, slapstick and violence - sometimes very funny and sometimes perplexing.

take it away ching yee...

Yes all that and more. By itself *A Life Less Ordinary* could probably get away with being the slapstick-romantic-fun rock around America romp that it is but when compared to *Trainspotting* or *Shallow Graves* it's probably not as compelling. The angels subplot - Holly Hunter and Delroy Lindo wearing white, hanging with Gabriel in heaven and talking angel talk - is a bit crusty. Still the team is trying out a new genre, and their take is quite different (show-stopping sing and dance number thrown in mid-film and nifty camerawork). Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't. Essentially *A Life Less Ordinary* feels like Boyle et al. on auto pilot with a short burst of creativity at the end - a short animated credit roll that is literally out of this world. Ewan McGregor can do no wrong in my eyes and Cameron Diaz isn't too bad either. Lots of fun. See it for the end credits if nothing else.

James Morrison & Ching Yee Ng



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WHY DEBBIE DOES DALLAS?

The Film Society is showing *Debbie Does Dallas* this week in the Union Cinema on Thursday 6th November at 7pm and Friday 7th November at 11pm. Here's why:

The film society takes great pride in presenting classic films for the students of Adelaide University. Whilst *Debbie Does Dallas* is considered pornography, this is not the reason that the Film Society is screening it.

DDD is a classic film. A majority of people have heard or know about it, yet very few have actually seen it.

DDD has historical significance as a groundbreaking film and is considered the turning point in the development of erotica.

There is a story line and dialogue which play an integral part of the film.

Showing such a film will promote positive discussion about the issues it raises, i.e. the depiction of women and men and their roles in erotic film. The Film Society strongly believes in discussing the films we screen and everyone is quite welcome to join us afterwards in Equinox to share their views.

The sex it depicts is incredibly tame compared to modern erotica and even movies seen in the cinema and on TV. There is no suggestion of rape or violence towards females or males - they are all consenting adults in control of what and who they do.

The most offensive part of the film is the complete lack of protection.

We really do not wish to offend anyone. We understand that there are people who disagree with the idea of pornography. If you attend you are free to leave at any time, but please remember that you cannot criticise that which you have not seen and know nothing about.

Raunch Factor!

*Debbie Does Dallas* is one of the most famous movies the world has ever known. It follows the exploits of Debbie and her cheerleader friends as they try to raise money. You see Debbie has a chance to take her place in the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleader squad, but doesn't have the money to get there. All her friends help out by getting part-time jobs at local stores. Debbie gets a job at the local sports store where she gets offered, by the owner, money to touch her 'lovely' breasts. After fighting him off (that's right, they don't just jump into the sack at 3 seconds notice) she agrees and comes up with a great idea for earning the money to get to Dallas. No prizes for guessing what it is.

The moral of this story is that they make enough money so that they can all go to Dallas and support Debbie. This film was so popular that it has more sequels than *Rocky*. It's a classic, but be warned, if you're going to see it just for the sex you're likely to see more on TV (*Pacific Palisades* or anything by Aaron Spelling). If you also like your porn stars peroxidized and silicone enhanced, go get a *Jemma Jamieson* video, because the girls in this film are rather natural looking and the guys have hairy backs. Mmmmm!

Thanks to the film society it will be screening on Thursday 6th November at 7pm, and Friday 7th November at 1:10 pm in the Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building (same level as the bar). It's free, but remember to bring ID because if you're not 18+ we're not going to let you in.

Alex Jennings

DUST WING

Dust Off The Wings  
Greater Union & Piccadilly Cinemas

Written by and starring Lee Rogers and Ward Stevens (playing, against type, Lee Rogers and Ward Stevens), and directed by Rogers, *Dust Off The Wings* is a film that serves a dual purpose, and only truly succeeds in one of these. It gets ten out of ten as a document of Aussie surf culture circa 1997, full of self-absorbed, misogynistic wanky surf boys and their mindless surf girls. As a great film with a great story, though, it's on shakier ground. Also featuring Kate (as Jenna) and Phil Ceberano (as Phil), this is the tale of Lee's final day of bachelorhood. As he contemplates the married life, most of his friends are worrying about how to tell him that his bride-to-be had it off with Phil while eccied up a couple of months before. Part of the problem with this film is that Lee's future wife couldn't even be called a character. Jenna is the only fleshed-out female character here, and it seems that Kate Ceberano had to fight with her writer-director husband Rogers to get that much. For the most part, though, this is blokey bullshit on full throttle.



Unfortunately, a bunch of whingeing salty tossers does not make for great cinema. Rogers and his mates play themselves as they fuck about in the surf, on the beaches and in bars. Ward Stevens is particularly unlikeable as the biggest dickhead of the bunch (though as co-scriptwriter he probably thought that he was giving himself most of the funniest lines). All of Rogers' self-pity when he finds out about his girlfriend's infidelity is weakened by the fact that he does the dirty with someone else on his buck's night - a point well-made by Jenna, but this doesn't stop Rogers the director going for long, tedious shots of Rogers the actor/character being moody and self-obsessed. Oh, and one more thing. Young Jamie Packer (he of the horse face and multi-millions) has been pressuring *Dust Off The Wings'* publicity people to not promote the cameo in this film of his own future wife, Kate Fischer. It seems that Packer Junior doesn't want everyone to know that Fischer gives Lee Rogers a public toilet blow-job in this film. The fact that Packer doesn't want you to know this seems a pretty good reason for telling you.

James Morrison

TOPLESS WOMEN TALK ABOUT THEIR LIVES

Topless Women Talk About Their Lives  
Palace Cinemas

First off, this really isn't a movie about topless women talking about their lives. It's a movie set in New Zealand about a wide and varied group of friends, one of which (Ant) has written a prize winning script for a film about topless women talking about their lives. Ant is an eccentric, overly sensitive and paranoid young man, who comes into contact with a topless woman outside his film, like when he walks into his home to find his lesbian mother ironing her clothes... topless. His mum (Frances Edmond) is, as mothers tend to be, quite understanding of her sons' bizarre and tragic ways. My girlfriend suspects that his obsession with topless women may come from the fact that his mother has seen more topless women in a more intimate sense than he has. I'm not too sure about that though. Ant's mother's exposure to topless women was (apart from the obvious) is at a raging lesbian nightclub



where a muscly female stripper does her thang. At the same nightclub Prue (Willie O'Neill) the 'peacemaker' who causes more havoc to her friends' detriment (she can't keep any secrets), is cheating on her new husband Mike (Shimpal Lelisi) who she married on the island of Niue and left a few days later because he told Ant that his "Topless" film sucked, and that Prue had told everyone to lie to him through complimenting the film!

At that wedding was Liz (Danielle Cormack) who is pregnant, the father never being clarified in the film (one of two, or three guys to choose from). She is unable to abort the baby because she forgot her appointment, and now she is too far into the pregnancy. She eventually tells her boyfriend Geoff (Andrew Binnus) a selfish, using charmer who reveals that Liz is nothing more to him than 10 or 14 screws in the sack. An ex of hers, Neill (Joel Tobeck) finds out about her pregnancy and eventually they unite in a sexless, loveless partnership for the baby's sake.

Sounds interesting? Well, it was. It was also quite funny. And I think you should see it.

Fiona Sproles

WANTED: The Wild Bunch

The Wild Bunch  
Palace East End Cinemas

As part of the Palace's season of rereleased Warner Bros film comes the director's cut of Sam Peckinpah's controversial masterwork *The Wild Bunch*. In its day (1969) it aroused the ire of many critics for its full-on violence, and indeed there is no shortage of gore, but I think from this distance, and in the age of *Pulp Fiction* it's possible to see that the violence is integral to the story, and that the film has something vital to say.

Set in the last days of the old wild west, the eponymous bunch are indeed pretty wild, but bound by a kind of honour which is going out of style in the last days of the wild west, to be replaced by a greed more familiar to modern audiences. A gang of robbers/heisters led by the very wily Pike Bishop (William Holden) are on the run after a robbery in southern Texas. On their flight into revolutionary Mexico they are pursued by a very motley crew of bounty hunters in the tight-fisted employ of the railway company they robbed.



Once in Mexico they are embroiled in the chaos of the revolution, hooking up with an opportunistic robber-baron called General Mapache who is seizing as much power and wealth as he can from the countryside. Some of the film's most amazing scenes take place here in Mexico, and Peckinpah captures the desolation and dustiness of the landscape as well as the degeneracy of this little society of bandits.

The amazing opening sequence of scorpions being devoured by ants in a sadistic children's game foreshadows the gang's desperate situation in Mexico. A recurring theme in *The Wild Bunch* is the brutalising effect of violence on its witnesses, as children reenact the horrors they see around them. This sense of the corruptive force of violence, but more especially power, and the degeneracy of those on both sides of the law is the recurring theme of this film. Loyalty is important in the new west, and the Wild Bunch are on their way out since, as Dutch Engstrom, Pike's sidekick, puts it "it's not loyalty that counts, it's who you give it to."

Rachel Templer

**RACING-ISM**

TODAY I WOULD LIKE TO TALK ABOUT A SPORTING ISSUE, WHICH I BELIEVE, IS OF GREAT CONCERN TO MANY PATRIOTIC AUSTRALIANS. THE MELBOURNE CUP IS UPON US & AS USUAL THERE HAS BEEN AN INFLOX OF FOREIGN HORSES, WHO COME OVER HERE, TRYING TO TAKE OUR PRIZE MONEY. THERE ARE ANY NUMBER OF AUSTRALIAN HORSES CAPABLE OF WINNING THE CUP, BUT THE DEPARTMENTS OF IMMIGRATION & QUARANTINE KEEP BRINGING IN THESE FOREIGN HORSES TO COMPETE AGAINST OURS. WE ARE IN DANGER OF BEING SWAMPED BY HORSES! IF THIS IMMIGRATION RATE CONTINUES, BY THE YEAR 2004, 25% OF AUSTRALIA'S POPULATION WILL BE EQUINES.

THESE HORSES, MANY OF WHOM ARE BLACK, ARE SENT OVER HERE BY FOREIGN SYNDICATES, TO WIN OUR RACES.

I LOVE THE MELBOURNE CUP BUT I DO NOT THINK IT IS ANY BETTER THAN ANY OTHER RACE. THERE ARE GOOD & BAD IN ALL RACES BUT I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD LET HORSES IN FROM OTHER COUNTRIES TO COMPETE AGAINST US.

THERE IS ONE MORE TAG I

WOULD LIKE TO SAY: EVERY YEAR MILLIONS OF LITRES OF GOATS MILK ARE SENT OVERSEAS IN THE FORM OF AID FOR STARVING COUNTRIES, WHILE OUR KIDS MISS OUT.

WHEN WILL AUSTRALIA'S AID & HORSE RACING POLICY REFLECT THE VALUES OF ORDINARY AUSTRALIANS?

D WARNER, ( TOO MUCH MSG ON THE FISH & CHIPS - BW)

ROW, ROW ROW YOUR BOAT NOT SO GENTLY UP THE OLYMPIC ROWING COURSE.....

ADELAIDE UNI DOMINATED THE '97 AUSTRALIAN UNIVERSITIES ROWING CHAMPIONSHIPS. ON & OFF THE WATER, ADELAIDE'S FINE YOUNG ATHLETIC AMBASSADORS PROVED THEMSELVES AS STAR COMPETITORS WITH A JOIE DE VIVRE MOST ONLY READ ABOUT. AS YOU ARE NOW.

THE GAMES WERE HELD AT THE SYDNEY INTERNATIONAL REGATTA CENTRE IN PENRITH WHERE THE OLYMPIC ROWERS WILL COMPETE IN 2000. THE STANDARD OF RACING WAS EXTREMELY HIGH, WITH SOME OF THE OLYMPIANS ARRIVING THREE

YEARS EARLY TO ROW AGAINST THE UNIVERSITY CREWS.

THE WOMEN'S 8, THE MEN'S 4 & THE WOMEN'S SINGLE SCULLER ALL ROWED MAGNIFICENTLY TO GET BRONZE MEDALS. THE WOMEN'S 8 & THE MEN'S 4 SPRINTED FASTER THAN ALL THE OTHERS IN THE SPRINT REGATTA, IN A BATTLE AGAINST THE ELEMENTS AS MUCH AS THE OTHER CREWS. THE MEN'S PAIR MADE AN IRON-MAN EFFORT IN THEIR HEAT, & CAME AN IMPRESSIVE FOURTH IN THEIR RACE. THE MEN'S SINGLE SCULL OFTEN CAME LAST, BUT HE DID IT SO WELL!

CYCLONE IV HIT PENRITH WHICH LED TO SOME MEMORABLE RACING. THE RACE SCHEDULE BECAME REDUNDANT, WITH RACES BEING RESCHEDULED MORE OFTEN THAN WE REMINDED EVERYONE THE CROWS HAD JUST WON THE GRAND FINAL. I WONT FORGET THE ENTIRE ADELAIDE TEAM GRAMMED ON THE PONTOON AS THE DUSK SET IN, WAITING FOR THE WOMEN'S FOUR TO EMERGE FROM THE DARKNESS, CHANTING "WE'RE THE PRIDE OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA..." IT WAS THIS TEAM SPIRIT WHICH MADE THE TRIP A "TOP ONE"

AS THE AUSTRALIAN REPORTED, THE DREADED MENINGITIS WAS SPREAD AT IV BY TEAMS "KISSING IN CONGRATULATIONS". I AM PLEASED TO REPORT THAT ALL TEAM MEMBERS ARE HEALTHY DESPITE ANY CONGRATULATING THEY MAY HAVE DONE.

WELL DONE ADELAIDE ON A FANTASTIC EFFORT. & HERE'S TO HOSTING A GREAT REGATTA IN 1998!

ALICE RAMSAY  
TEAM MANAGER

Why do I consider myself a victim at exam time? Is it because they are out to get me, or am I in fact headed down the road paranoid delusional schizophrenia.... probably the former.

Last week's contest between "Australia" & the Comm. Bank Cricket Acad. apparently ended in a draw, but I was busy learning Austrian in the Chappel Bar for the most part, (thank for the ticket Blaikey.) In between full strength beers we saw the embarrassment of batting riches which currently graces Aussie cricket, with Slater, Blewett, Law & others turning it on, on the roped off & shortened Adelaide Oval. Blewett must of course be in the record books after scoring a massive 761 the previous w-end ( the Sunday Mail must be using On Dit's proof readers!)

I'd like to take the opportunity to thank all contributors to the Sports section. Ted - athletics, Iann et. al. - Badminton, Simon & Will - basketball, Lukas - Rowing, The Cricketers - Cricket (der), Matthew - fencing, Chocka - footy (Aussie Rules), Greg - Gliding, Adam - golf, Sarah - hockey, Michael - Judo, Pam - lacrosse, James - tennis, Paul et al. - mountain, Rachel - netball, Sean & Pene - skindiving, Tony - soccer, Steven - squash, Robert - table tennis, Shane - Tae Kwon Do, Libby - touch football, Bec & Julie - Douglas/Irving Trophy, Darren & Gloria - sports association, and of course a big 'ta' to Dave Warner for making us smile.

Special apologies to baseball & rowing because we lost their contributions at different times and special special apologies to those whose contributions never got found to get lost (????).

Finally, all jocks & closet jocks, your university sports club exists thru the summer, and if you're trying to think of something to do during the hols you could do worse than to join the sail boarders skindivers, water-skiers, cricketers, tennis players .....

Brett Will  
(You legend you- Eds)



# RE-ENACTMENT

by JAMES MORRISON

**W**rapped in a corpse's black rags; sitting in the police station's musty old toilets. A last unhappy drag on the cigarette; holding the choking, soothing smoke in as long as possible before exhaling through pursed lips. A grey, horizontal spout billows weakly against its own reflection in the mirror and then slowly disperses to the reveal the face.

Echo watched the face in silence. It was both like and unlike her own. It moved in response to her muscles and



Text & Graphics (c)  
James Morrison

properly. nerves, but it looked like the dead girl whose photo was stuck to the glass with a curling, black-edged piece of masking tape.

The girl wasn't officially dead, but she had been missing for almost two weeks without a word. Young girls, and boys, vanished like that with alarming frequency in this small city. Sometimes someone would later remember the colour or the make of a car - it had a red stripe, officer; there was a man in a blue suit driving, officer - but it was never enough. Twenty years later the missing would still be officially alive, their families unable to ever grieve

properly.

Echo stubbed out the cigarette on the steel rim of the sink. There was a faint hiss as ash met water. She swallowed the remnants of the bitter taste in her mouth. It was never a good time to quit. She closed her eyes and pushed the dead fag-end away, and then opened her eyes again to stare at that familiar-unfamiliar face in the mirror.

All it took was a wig, a bit of make-up and some of the girl's clothes. Echo's neatly folded uniform lay on the sinktop nearby - blue shirt and dark trousers, belt, identification and cap. In its place she wore velvet, lace and wool; warm and scented with another's fading perfume. The clothing was layered and raggedly beautiful, like the clothes of a wealthy and eccentric eighteenth-century noblewoman. The only part of it that wasn't black was a tattered old purple ribbon, a months-old commemoration of the women's suffrage celebrations.

Long, straight hair reached down past her lace-shrouded shoulders - the hair was as black as the clothes. It framed a face made pale with make-up. Black mascara and lipstick stood out strikingly.

She glanced at the crushed packet concealed within the folds of her uniform, then back at the reflected face.

"No wonder I smoke," she sighed, minutely adjusting the position of the wig.

The clothes were only a fraction too large, adding to her unease. It made the transformation so easy and so complete. For two weeks she had seen that face and those clothes on the TV news and on the front page of the paper and pinned up all over the station. Now she saw her own eyes looking out from it.

Echo glanced down at the crushed velvet of the dress and at the lace of the long undergarments which protruded from underneath it. Her black silk stockings inside absurdly high-heeled boots. *The girl's black silk stockings.*

Echo stood and stepped away from the mirror. There was a quiet knock at the door.

"Echo?" said a gentle voice. "Can I come in?"

"Yeah."

The door swung inwards a little, revealing Tamara's face peering in. Her eyes widened when she saw Echo, her

breath catching for a moment.

"My God," she said, slipping in and closing the door. "You look..."

"It's close, Tammy, isn't it?"

"Frighteningly."

Tamara peeled the photo from the mirror and held it up by Echo's face, putting her other hand on Echo's cheek to hold her head steady. Echo gave a weak, nervous smile, unconsciously mimicking the girl in the photo.

"Jesus," Tamara breathed. "I've never seen one of these so good. Normally the re-enactors look like nightclub bouncer's in drag after all the make-up and stuff... lucky Alison wore so much make-up anyway."

Alison McCormick, born nineteen seventy-seven, a child of the seventies, history undergraduate, Gothic, last seen on the twelfth of May, nineteen ninety-five, getting out of a taxi (corroborated by the driver, when he had been tracked down), walking through the parklands and later standing by a blue car (it was blue... or green, sorry, I never was much good with cars, officer).

Echo Turrigan, born nineteen sixty-nine, three years Police Constable, only five days from becoming a Detective Constable, dressed in a dead girl's dress, standing in the bogs and dying for a fag.

"The boss knew what he was doing, I guess," said Tamara. "You could probably fool her parents."

Echo gave a brief, hollow laugh.

"Are you all right?" Tamara asked. "You're going to be okay doing this?"

"I think so... it's just a bit unnerving. I didn't expect... not that it would be so close, I suppose."

"Not long to go," said Tamara in an effort to be comforting. She gingerly put the photo down on Echo's neatly discarded clothes and then put her hands on the other's shoulders. "Come on, the others are waiting."

"Yeah. The best is yet to come, huh?" said Echo with a faint and artificial laugh.

Tamara pulled the toilet door open and they stepped out into the bland, flat fluorescent haze of the hallway.

**T**he van shook and rattled on the scarred bitumen road. In the gloom, in the back, Echo stared fixedly at the dim view afforded by the

tinted glass window. The characteristically low buildings and dusty shopfronts of the city flashed by, closing up as the evening drew in.

"We'll stop up by the university and you get into the taxi there," explained the Inspector in a low voice. "It doesn't have far to go - it just takes you the few blocks to the edge of the parklands - but it's your arrival in the taxi that counts. That's what people might remember. We've got the real driver and everything. Then you walk north across towards the gardens, right? And then head eastwards back towards the road. The blue car - we got a Ford Falcon but it could have been anything - will be waiting there. You stand by it, talk for a while, then get in. Alison was a unique-looking girl - in that get-up you should jog some more memories."

Echo nodded, glancing sideways to where Tamara was sitting.

"But you know all that anyway," said the Inspector. "We've been through it enough. And Sergeant Freeman is organising a uniform presence all along the route to get people's attention and make sure it all goes smoothly. Just follow the trail of constables, basically, and you'll be right."

Smiling a little, Echo nodded again. "And I just walk by 'em all, not taking any notice?" she asked, although she already knew the answer. She just felt she needed to say something.

"Yeah. Just as though you were going for a walk through the park late one evening."

"You'll be fine," said Tamara.

"Tim's right," smiled Inspector Rose. "You'll be fine."

He glanced up at the window behind Echo's head, and then frowned.

"Of course, it would have been a fair bit darker than this," he mused, "but then it would be harder to get the crowds we want for this. The more people, the better we go... and that car's a worry. We don't want people 'remembering' stuff they never actually saw. If someone comes in now and says, 'Yeah, I saw this girl getting into a blue Falcon,' we don't know if it's because he did see a Falcon or if it's just that he saw the re-enactment Falcon and 'remembered' it into the real thing."



"Yeah, but if anyone saw any car at all they'll be able to tell us more than we know now," pointed out Tamara. "If they get the make wrong, fine, but maybe they can tell us which way it went, or the numberplate or something."

"Yeah, well,

here's hoping," said Rose.

The van began to slow, pulling over to the side of the road. Echo could see the ancient spires and modern eyesores of the university. Rose leant across and pushed the rear doors open.

"Okay, the taxi's just up there," he said, pointing. "TimTam, you take her."

"Sir," said Tamara, stepping down onto the footpath. Echo followed her, and they walked up towards the waiting car.

**T**he taxi driver kept glancing back at her as he drew closer to the parklands.

"Sorry," he said after a while, "but you don't half look like her."

"Let's hope it's enough," said Echo.

The taxi moved in towards the bus zone where Alison had alighted two weeks before. A few uniformed police were standing around there, and a sizeable crowd had gathered to mill and gawk. Echo could feel their curious eyes on her as the taxi came to a stop.

"Good luck," said the driver, self-consciously.

"Thanks. I may need it," said Echo. She reached for the door handle and pushed. The air was cold as she stepped down onto the footpath.



Rumbling, tumbling

Er ... wumbling?

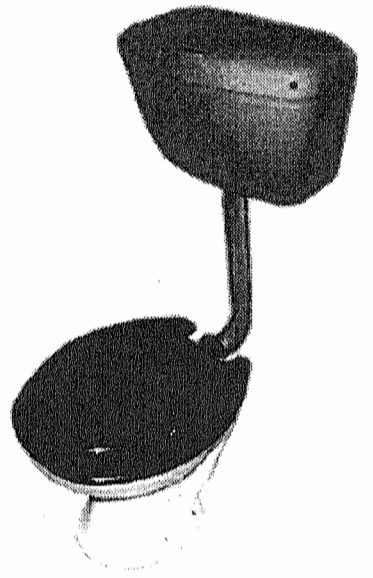
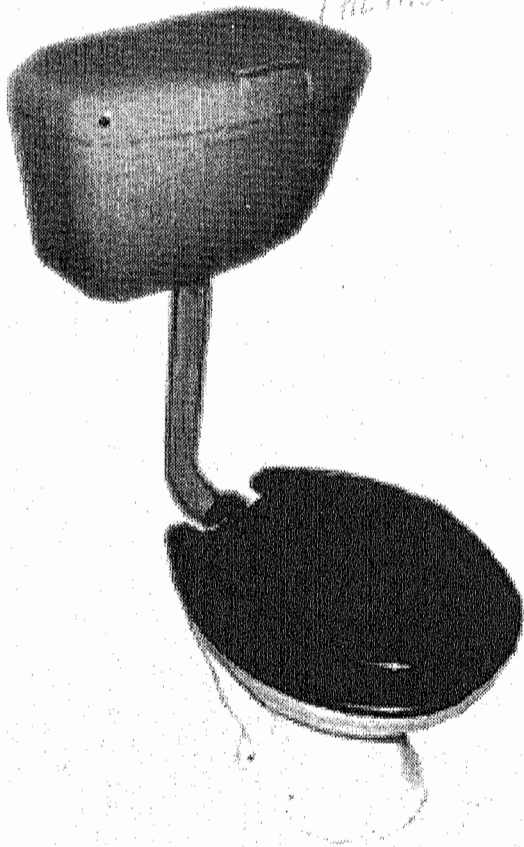
Falling head over heels

I wouldn't mind

If I could only find

- My dear amongst the veals
- My dear among the veals
- My screams amongst the peals
- My fish amongst the eels
- My blaes among the teals
- My heart amongst the peels
- My scars amongst the wheals
- My fork before my meals

THE INDECISIVE BLOKE



**Upstairs, Where the True Light Shines Like a Beacon of Gold**

I know a place  
Where the True Light  
Shines  
Like a beacon  
Of  
Gold.

It's Upstairs.

**Paul Bradley.**

## Visit To A Field Of Death

Silent graves are hidden  
 Amongst the grass,  
 The old stones  
 Who know where I'm going  
 Better than I.

My bloodless legs  
 Tire at last,  
 I sink down  
 Onto my empty knees  
 As if to cry.

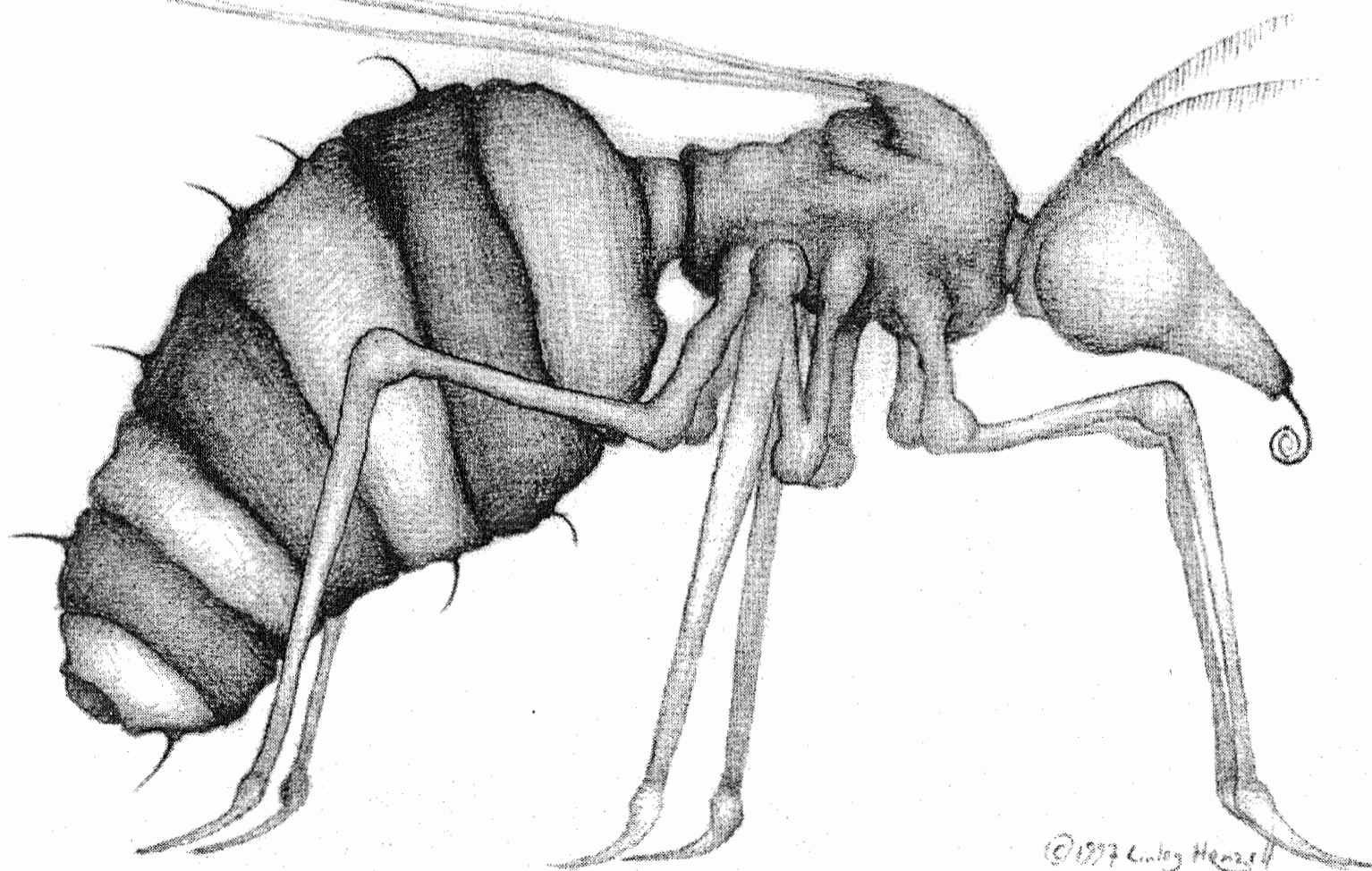
But there are no tears  
 Behind my eyes,  
 Only dust  
 In memory of the years  
 Forever lost.

This must be where  
 My heart lies.  
 And I'll  
 Buy back my soul,  
 Whatever the cost.

But... Suffering? Is that  
 What's required?  
 I was counting  
 On love, so cheap  
 Of the giving.

To pay of pain, my mind  
 is too tired.  
 Therefore I return,  
 Dejected, to the world  
 We call Living.

John Mansfield



### WHY BOTHER TO VOTE FOR DELEGATES TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION 1998.

During November 1997, all enrolled voters will have the opportunity to vote for delegates to a national Constitutional Convention to be held in Old Parliament House in Canberra in February 1998. The Convention will consider the move to an Australian Head of State.

While half of the delegates are to be elected, the remaining half have been appointed by the Prime Minister and consist of individuals from the community whom the Government believes can make a valuable contribution. Unfortunately, despite strong submissions from youth organisations, opposition political parties and individuals, only eight delegates appointed to the convention are under the age of 25.

A total of 76 delegates are to be elected, with the number of delegates to be elected by each State and Territory broadly based on representation in the Federal Parliament. There are eight delegates to be elected from South Australia.

#### WHY VOTING IS ESPECIALLY IMPORTANT FOR STUDENTS:

Students will be differentially disadvantaged by the voluntary postal voting system for two main reasons:

1. Students (younger students in particular) may not see the Convention, or broader debates about our political system, as an issue of importance or relevance to them.

2. Students often change addresses frequently, and in an election where ballot papers will be mailed to the voter's last enrolled address, they may have trouble accessing their papers.

Note that if you are enrolled to vote, but have recently moved, the Australian Electoral Commission can redirect your ballot papers to your new address. Call the AEC on 132326 to arrange redirection.

#### THE ELECTION AND CONVENTION PROC-

#### ESS:

Nominations for election as a delegate to the Convention closed on 8 October 1997. The Australian Republican Movement has nominated eight candidates. Ballot papers will be mailed to voters between November 3 and November 14.

These papers will need to be returned by December 9 and results are expected to be announced by January 6, 1998.

#### WHY VOTE FOR AN AUSTRALIAN REPUBLIC?

There are many reasons why supporters of the republican cause join the movement. This is reflected in the diversity among our supporters. However, the principal issue for many of us is that a move to an Australian republic is more democratic.

The British Monarch is not chosen by the people; they are born into the right family and brought up in the right church. Royalty is not a democratic tradition and monarchs cannot be changed by election if they lose the support of their subjects. Australia has no influence over the rules of selection of the monarch, or of their removal.

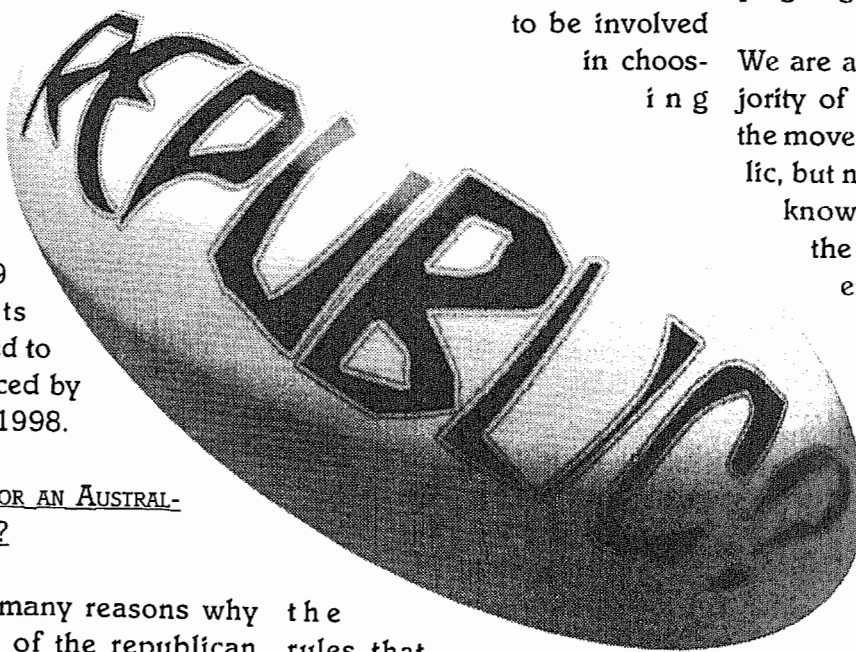
In a democratic republic the Head of State is chosen for their worth rather than by their birth. They are appointed by the people or their representatives, usually for a fixed term, and can be replaced if necessary.

Australia is a country which prides itself on supporting equality. Australians like to judge people on who they are, not what church they attend or who their parents are. However our Head of State - who represents us overseas - gets to be there not because of anything she has done,

but because she was born into the right family, attends the right church and has the apparent good fortune not to have any brothers.

Under a republican system any of us could become Head of State. Under the current system, none of us have a chance. As Australians, we need to be involved

in choosing



the rules that determine who becomes our Head of State.

The change to a republic represents the reality of Australia today, of elected government making decisions and using the collective resources we contribute. It is a change to a system which reflects the values of fairness and egalitarianism we pride ourselves on. It is a change to a truly Australian democracy.

We need to know, and be given an opportunity to influence, the nation we should become.

#### THE YOUTH NETWORK OF THE AUSTRALIAN REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT:

In South Australia the Australian Republican Movement (ARM) has demonstrated its support for young people by nominating its Youth Convenor of the ARM, as a candidate who they hope will be elected.

The youth network was established at the beginning of 1997 to ensure young people are given an opportunity to participate in the republic debate.

Members of the network educate

young people about the Australian Constitution and campaign for an Australian republic. Our ages range from 16 to 27. Many of us are involved with other community organisations including political parties, student, youth and feminist organisations. We work through many of these groups as part of our campaigning strategy.

We are aware that the vast majority of young people support the move to an Australian republic, but need the support of well known Australians to give the issue enough profile to ensure that young people (in particular) who often feel disconnected from the institutions of government, bother to vote.

It is very important that all Australians are encouraged to inform themselves and express an opinion. It is only within a community of informed citizens that we can address these issues. Read the literature, debate the issues and express an opinion during November!

Kirsten Andrews

\*\*\*\*

More information about the Australian Republican Movement is available by phoning 8233 5884 or e-mail [kirstena@republic.org.au](mailto:kirstena@republic.org.au)

More information about the Constitutional Convention Election 97 and the issue of an Australian Republic is available from the following web sites.

Australian Republican Movement  
<http://www.republic.org.au/>

Constitution Centenary Foundation  
<http://www.centenary.org.au/>

Women's Electoral Lobby  
<http://www.pcug.org.au/other/wel/Issues/constit/>

Australians for Constitutional Monarchy  
<http://www.norepublic.com.au/>

Kirsten Andrews is the Youth Convenor of the Australian Republican Movement in SA and is a pro-republic candidate for the Constitutional Convention.

Kirsten Andrews  
Public Affairs Unit  
University of South Australia  
Ph: 08 8 302 0961  
Fax: 08 8 302 0669  
<http://www.unisa.edu.au>

# The 1997 Ig Nobel Prize Ceremony

TAKEN FROM THE IG NOBEL HOMEPAGE AT [www.ignob.com](http://www.ignob.com)

The Seventh First Annual Ig Nobel Prize Ceremony was held at 7:30 Thursday evening, October 9, 1997, at Harvard University's Sanders Theater in Memorial Hall. A good-natured spoof of science and the Nobel Prizes, the ceremony honors people whose achievements "cannot or should not be reproduced."

The show was wrapped up by the Ig Informal Lectures, a free event on Friday, October 10, 1:15 pm in the Harvard Science Center, lecture hall C.

This year's Ig's was seen by more people than ever before via the live internet broadcast.

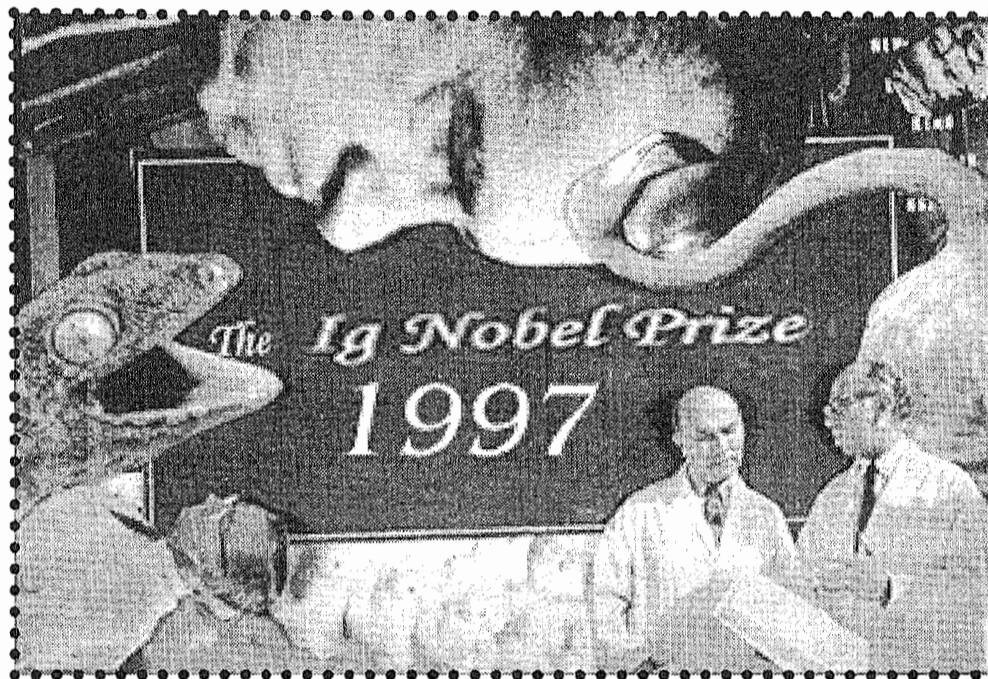
The event was presented by *The Annals of Improbable Research* (which has been described as "the MAD Magazine of science"). It was co-sponsored by the Harvard-Radcliffe Science Fiction Association and the Harvard Computer Society.

The Winners:

**BIOLOGY:** T. Yagyu and his colleagues from the University Hospital of Zurich, Switzerland, from Kansai Medical University in Osaka, Japan, and from Neuroscience Technology Research in Prague, Czech Republic, for measuring people's brainwave patterns while they chewed different flavors of gum. [Published as "Chewing gum flavor affects meas-

ures of global complexity of multichannel EEG," T. Yagyu, et al., "Neuropsychobiology," vol. 35, 1997, pp. 46-50.]

**ENTOMOLOGY:** Mark Hostetler of the University



of Florida, for his scholarly book, "That Gunk on Your Car," which identifies the insect splats that appear on automobile window. [The book is published by Ten Speed Press.] [Dr. Hostetler travelled to Harvard to accept his Prize.]

**ASTRONOMY:** Richard Hoagland of New Jersey, for identifying artificial features on the moon and on Mars, including a human face on Mars and ten-mile high buildings on the far side of the moon. [For details, see "The Monuments of Mars: A City on the Edge of Forever," by Richard C. Hoagland, North Atlantic Books, Berkeley, CA, 1996.]

**COMMUNICATIONS:** Sanford Wallace, president of Cyber Promotions of Philadelphia - neither

rain nor sleet nor dark of night have stayed this self-appointed courier from delivering electronic junk mail to all the world. Those wishing to send congratulatory notes can address them to: Cyber

Promotions, 1255 Passmore St Philadelphia, PA 19111 USA.

**PHYSICS:** John Bockris of Texas A&M University, for his wide-ranging achievements in cold fusion, in the transmutation of base elements into gold, and in the electrochemical incineration of domestic rubbish.

**LITERATURE:** Doron Witztum, Eliyahu Rips and Yoav Rosenberg of Israel, and Michael Drosnin of the United States, for their hairsplitting statistical discovery that the bible contains a secret, hidden code. [Witztum, Rips and Rosenberg's original research was published as "Equidistant Letter Sequences in the Book of Genesis," "Statistical Science," Vol. 9, No.3, 1994, pp. 429-38. Drosnin's popular

book, "The Bible Code," was published by Simon & Schuster.]

**MEDICINE:** Carl J. Charnetski and Francis X. Brennan, Jr. of Wilkes University, and James F. Harrison of Muzak Ltd. in Seattle, Washington, for their discovery that listening to elevator Muzak stimulates immunoglobulin A (IgA) production, and thus may help prevent the common cold.

**ECONOMICS:** Akihiro Yokoi of Wiz Company in Chiba, Japan and Aki Maita of Bandai Company in Tokyo, the father and mother of Tamagotchi, for diverting millions of person-hours of work into the husbandry of virtual pets.

**PEACE:** Harold Hillman of the University of Surrey, England for his lovingly rendered and ultimately peaceful report "The Possible Pain Experienced During Execution by Different Methods." [Published in "Perception 1993," vol 22, pp. 745-53.]

**METEOROLOGY:** Bernard Vonnegut of the State University of Albany, for his revealing report, "Chicken Plucking as Measure of Tornado Wind Speed." [Published in "Weatherwise," October 1975, p. 217.] [Bernard Vonnegut passed away in the spring of 1997. His son Peter came to the ceremony to accept the prize. A note of interest: Bernard was the older brother of novelist Kurt Vonnegut.]



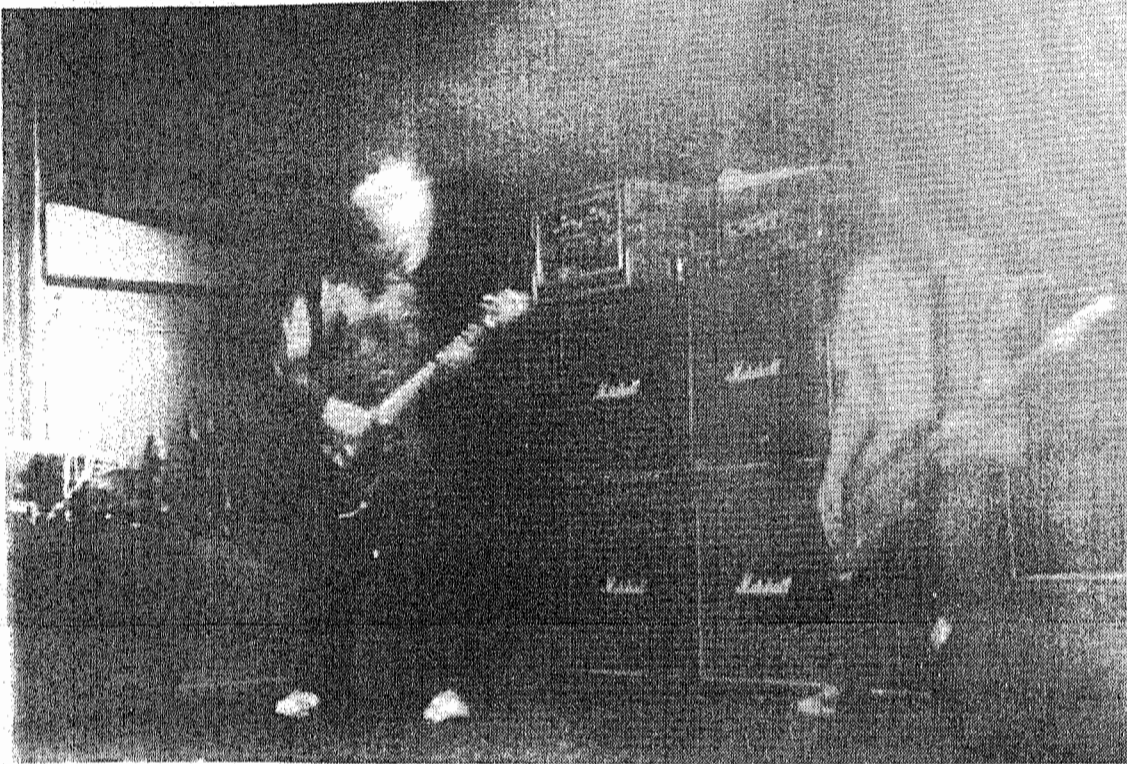
**Helmet**  
**Heaven - October 28th**  
 Walking into a packed venue, expectations for a mad night of solid, hard crunching riffs were high. I was fortunate enough to have seen

ing them out this time round was a must. The night started off well with Sin Dog Jelly Roll playing more of their experimental rock, keeping the crowd entertained for the early part of the evening, even without their normal guitarist. The Testeagles took the stage around 9:30ish and played a great set, hyping the crowd

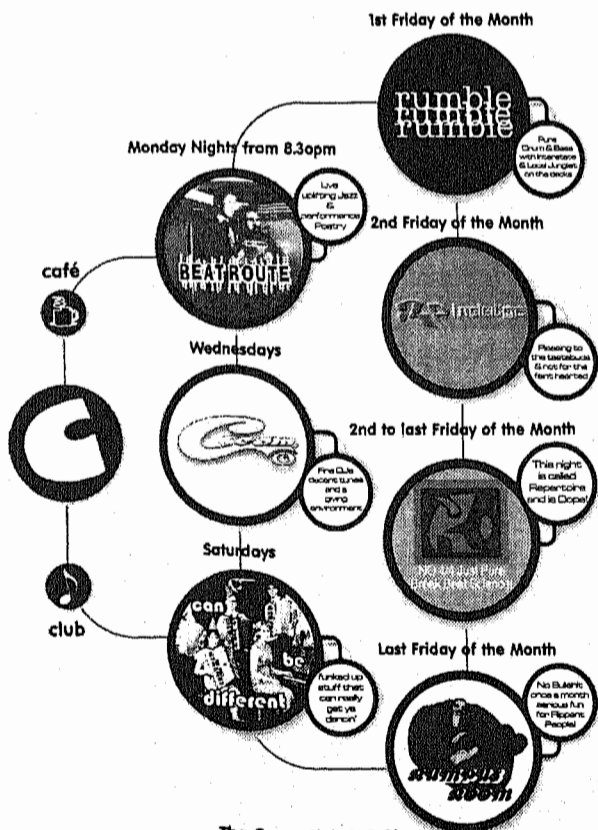
Testeagles left a fat impression on the minds of most. 10:45, and Helmet stroll casually out on stage to the tune of Julie Andrews giving a run down of her favourite things...

'Sound of Music' opening a Helmet gig? Freaky shit!! Helmet stormed open with 'Diet Aftertaste' from their current

album *Aftertaste*, and did not let up with their crunching sound for the following hour and a quarter. Big guns for the night were 'Wilma's Rainbow', 'Milquetoast', 'In the Meantime' and 'Just Another Victim', with all receiving full response from the mosh and the entire venue. Helmet played a solid mix of tracks off *Aftertaste* and some of their earlier albums, giving something for fans old and new. The tightness of the Helmet sound is like no other, and their ability to bring it to a live set is awesome. With requests for naked dancers on stage (which surprisingly received no takers), and homage to a bloody massive mirror ball, Page Hamilton and Chris Traynor kept the crowd as entertained between tracks as during. I was stoked to see Helmet play a set that was as tight and powerful as the last time they played Adelaide. Expectation of a cool gig



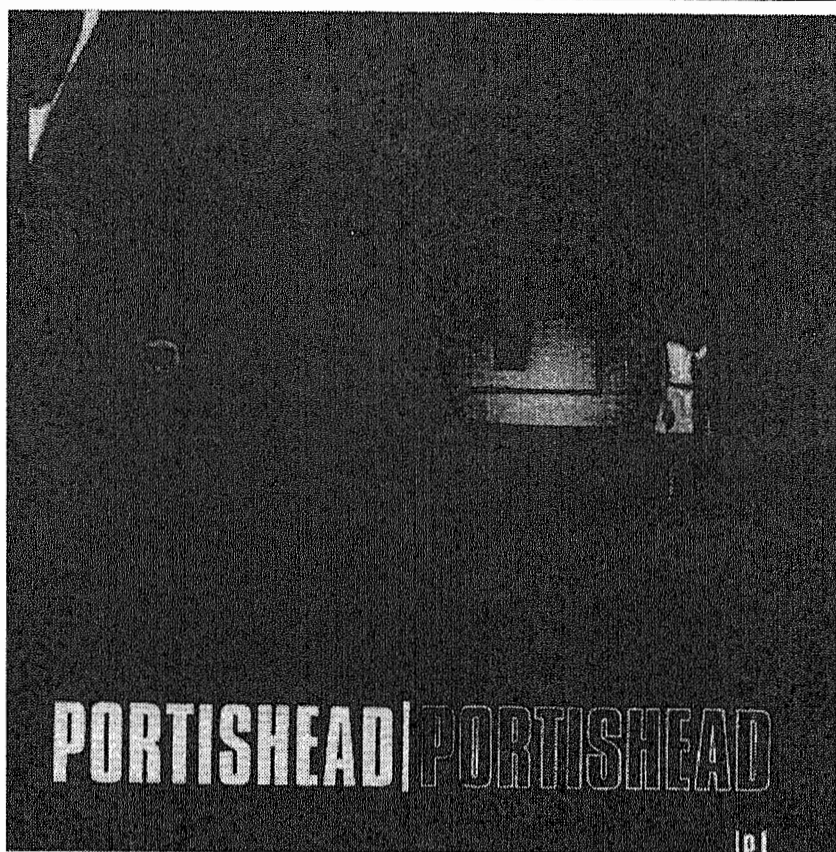
Helmet play once before and had been totally blown away, so check-toward the main act. I hadn't seen them play live before,



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a bit of slackness on my part, but I was impressed by their tight and menacing sound. Although everyone was there to see Helmet, the were high, and they did not disappoint. If you haven't seen them before and you get the chance, do yourself a favour. They're sick.  
**Luc Bondar**  
 Photos by Michael Clarkin



**Portishead**  
**Portishead**  
(Polygram)

Getting under the skins of these songs is tricky. If it took you a while to get a grip on *Dummy*, this is going to throw you for a loop. With their second album, Portishead have gone and burned their bridges: something very few bands are brave enough to do. *Portishead* speaks reams for the value of collaboration. The boys do the music, cutting their own vinyls to sample from; Beth Gibbons just draws out the pain with her knife-edged vocals. Postmodern is a word that jumps to mind. Check out tracks like "Mourning Air" (a smoky jazz pastiche) and "Only You": "It's only you who can tear me apart/ And it's only you who can turn my wooden heart..." The evil ambiguity, the feeling *behind* the words, is what gives the songs such intensity. "In the days, the golden days, when everybody knew what they wanted..." They manage to meld brilliant structures with a

total rawness that just doesn't wear off, even after many listens. It's like a horrific open wound, chugging blood. Andrew P. Street's "aliens" (see *dB* #155) signify their presence at the beginning of "Humming"; and those "film music clichés" (I quote *Onion*) rear their ugly heads in "Mourning Air", "Seven Months", and the consummate "Western Eyes". Beats and arrangements I've heard best described as "sleazy" (thanks Sam). First single "All Mine" is a gothic masterpiece with its twisted, lisping vocals; and opening-track "Cowboys" is just as brilliant. But my favourite song would have to be "Half Day Closing", with its white-noise vocals and hysterical, shrieking chorus. Really, anyone who bad-mouths this album is just a spoil-sport. *Portishead* is the real thing: a year's worth of blood, sweat and tears, all poured into a machine and cut out on disc (for your listening pleasure). A treasure chest, this album. Get into it.

Alice Ray

**Suedehead: The Best of Morrissey**  
**Morrissey**  
(EMI)

"Package, re-package" ... After nearly a decade with him it is EMI's turn to extract what they can from our Moz's tenure there. And why not? With a back catalogue like his they'd be mad not to have a go at it. This effort is a nice retrospective examination of Moz's oeuvre and gives us highlights from 1988's *Viva Hate* through to his last EMI release, the masterful *Vauxhall & I*, and some of the side-projects which never made it on to LP's. Of these the wonderful duet "Interlude" with Siouxsie Sioux is a little better, as is the wistful "Sunny", and his terrifically jaded take on The Jam's "That's Entertainment" has been hiding away on a b-side for too long. There are forays into the *Bona Drag* collection (see "Interesting Drug" and "Pecadilly Palare" - a particular favourite of mine); "Our Frank"

is rescued from the mediocrity of the *Kill Uncle* album; "Pregnant For The Last Time" is his rockabilly apex (and I know some who will lament the exclusion of that single's b-side, "Skin Storm"); "Hold On To Your Friends" is an interesting choice from *Vauxhall & I* (I'm inclined to favour "Now My Heart is Full" or "I Am Hated For Loving") but "The More You Ignore Me..." was an obvious selection. The special highlight for me is the soaring gangster lovesong "Last Of The Famous International Playboys"; is there a better tune in his arsenal? Fans will always argue about what should go on to these kinds of albums, which is good as it shows we still care! For the novice this is a good synopsis of his post-Smiths career (now over 10 years old!) and will probably hook a few more in. For me it is another confirmation that my teen angst was not wasted on these recordings; onya Moz!

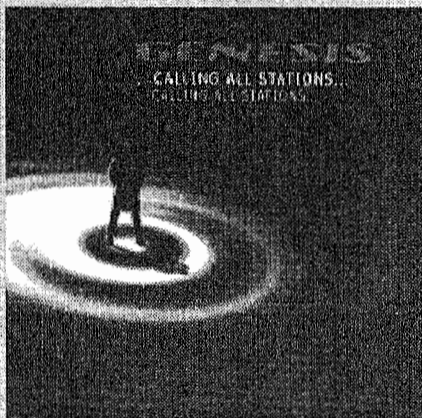
Paul Lobban



**Sampleslaya: enter the meat market**  
**Armand Van Helden**  
(Polygram)

The latest offering from 'the funk phenom' himself. A whole album's worth. Take some great hip hop samples, drop them on some okay but mostly cheesy as fuck beats, and hit that sampled loop as many times as you can. Sound like crap?

Too right.  
"If you're Puerto rican and you know it clap your hands"?!?!?  
Please.....  
NAMDA

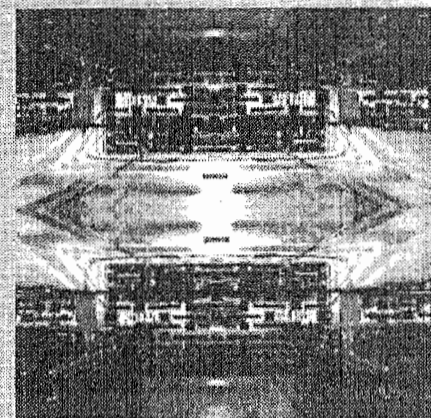


**Calling All Stations**  
**Genesis**  
(Virgin)

Genesis is Mike Rutherford and Tony Banks. Back before Peter Gabriel was a household name, he fronted the band in its first incarnation. Then it featured Banks on keyboards, Rutherford on bass, and a talented young nobody called Phil Collins on drums. When Gabriel left to pursue his own interests and achieve sainthood and such, Collins took on the role of front-man and played drums on the band's recordings, with the underrated Chester Thompson filling in for him on tour. Collins began his solo career with *Hello, I Must Be Going*, an extraordinary album for its time, and it looked like Genesis as an entity was finished. In 1985 Rutherford released the first album with his own project, Mike and the Mechanics, which was quite successful, very much a product of its time. Banks in this period maintained a low profile. In the early nineties Genesis were back, releasing two albums effused with Collins's newly-found social conscience, with singles like "Another Day in Paradise", and Rutherford filling both guitar and bass duties. It seems as though concern for others left with Phil, though. The new, Collins-less Genesis of *Calling All Stations* sounds like mid-career Mike and the Mechanics, down to the

replacement singer, newcomer Ray Wilson, who is a dead-ringer vocally for a young Paul Carrick. All this is not to say it's a bad album. Fans of Genesis circa "Dodo" will hate it, but they probably wouldn't have liked anything else from the last fifteen years, either. If you like Mike, however, you'll probably relish this disc, especially "Shipwrecked", "Not about Us", and the very Mikey "If That's What you Need".

Patrick Bateman



**Vegas**  
**The Crystal Method**  
(Outpost/Universal)

The Crystal Method, as their bio brief explains, play "a bristling brand of electronica that encompasses soulful grooves, rock flourishes, bouncy trip-hop and quaking drum and bass. But what are they liyyke? (Read in the voice of the Spanish "Princess" from *Black Adder*.) Well, they're damn funky, that's "what they're liyyke." Sounding a bit like the Chemical Brothers (with whom they played back in January 1995 when the latter will still known as the Dust Brothers), I reckon The Crystal Method are more consistently on the ball than the Chem Bros. Big Call, I know, but this album has virtually no flat spots at all. From the first song, "Trip Like I Do," presented on the album "pure" (a song which was sadly butchered for the *Spawn* soundtrack when Filter did their stuff to it) this album is one often dark, but always driving journey. Sort of a Portishead mood meets a Chemical Brothers mood. Put another way, it would make a great soundtrack for an apocalyptic sci-fi thriller. Stand-out tracks include the aforementioned first, the seventh - "Vapour Trail," a damn funky dark piece of electronica/techno - and the second, fourth and tenth tracks. If this isn't the next big thing in broadly popular techno/dance music, I'll eat my hat/cap, whatever... Listen to it, like it, "Trip like I do"!

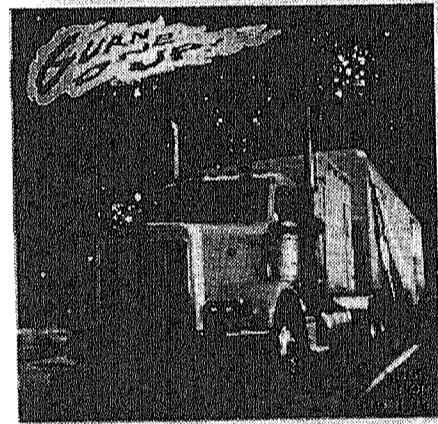
Slick



**Box**  
**Sam Brown**  
(Demon/Shock)

Here's another album that just defies description. But I'll try my best. Sam(antha) Brown has apparently been in the business for years, recording with The Division Bell, Phil Collins, and lots of other UK pop acts. Some of these tracks sound like The Doors, some sound like (the new) Frente, some sound like Dolly Parton. It's hard to put my finger on where they lie, and maybe that's what's wrong with this album - that Sam just can't decide what to sing. This album is about happiness, forgiveness, and courage. It's a heartfelt album, with mostly positive messages. I like "TOES (The Obligatory Earth Song)", which is a spooky atmospheric number about humankind's punishment for their harsh treatment of the ecology - "... the true power of the elements will be more than anyone bargained for". Kooky. There are also some energetic rocky tunes, reminiscent of Alanis or Plumb. Ms Brown is a good singer, but I wouldn't call her special. The band is great, though, and I would advise them to tone down the vocals and concentrate on their very large musical potential.

**Zane**



**Burn One Up**  
Various Artists  
(Roadrunner)

Okay, so the cover proclaims this album as "Music for Stoners", and "More Than 60 Minutes of Cosmic Sludge Rock". Sounds pretty bad, but actually, it's pretty good! Basically this album is a compilation of some (mostly) cool bands playing some generally cool guitar rock. Most tracks feature a heavy winding groove, very cruisy riffs with a hard Hendrix feel, and vocals sung with varying degrees of intensity and quality. All of the tracks on this album are previously unreleased, and there are no real duds. Fu-Manchu sound fat on "Asphalt Risin'", and Floodgate come strong with a strong resemblance to Soundgarden on "Feel You Burn". Other highlights are Queens of the Stone Age, Aerimony ("The Bud Song"), and Beaver, with their aptly titled "Green". This is a cool summer evening/barbie out back/brew in hand album if you like to rock out when the fancy takes you. Definitely worth checking out.

**NAMDA**



**Stone Crazy**  
The Beatnuts  
(Sony)

There was a time when I would have really liked this album. Unfortunately for this review now ain't that time. Once recognised as some of the most progressive producers in the hip hop business, with groups like The Jungle Brothers tightly linked to their reputation, The Beatnuts have released some very cool beats of their own over the years. *Stone Crazy*, their latest offering, doesn't really seem to break any new ground. I think that's my problem here, it's not bad, it's just nothing new. The title track is pretty cool, as is 'Do you believe'. 'Horny Horns' is indeed horny and I'm not just talkin about arousal (if ya know what I mean). Album highlights (I should probably call them mediumlights, cos they're not low, but they sure as hell ain't that high) are 'Uncivilised' which is very smooth and has a nice little JB sample thrown in for old times sake, and 'Off the Books' which features The Punisher and Cuban Link flowing in a funky style. Probably the most unfortunate sample choice on this album is the use of the Forget Me Nots melody on 'Give Me Tha Ass', as this will undoubtedly draw comparisons with a similar sounding recent Will Smith effort. If The Beatnuts are your thing then check this out. Otherwise don't bother, there's heaps of better hip hop out there.

**NAMDA**



**Approximately Infinite Universe**  
Yoko Ono  
(Ono/Ryko)

Yoko "The Bitch That Killed The Beatles" Ono has had all her records THAT SHE ONLY GOT TO RELEASE BECAUSE SHE WAS MARRIED TO JOHN LENNON re-released digitally remastered, with a snazzy little packaging thing happening to them. In fairness to her, this whopping double CD is actually pretty good - not very

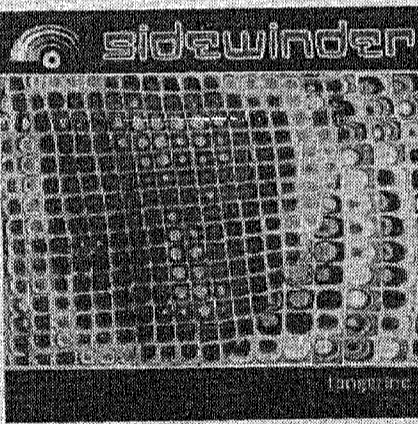
*avante garde* at all really. The most outstanding part of the record is the fantabulous guitar work by Wayne Gabriel and Joel Nohn (you work it out), who also provides his familiar slightly gravelly voice (hint, hint) to backing vocals.

The outstanding track of Disc One is "Death of Samantha", which is also the 6-minute plus epic on the first side. Yoko's voice is very interesting - she still sings with a Japanese accent, in a most interesting style - slightly plodding, but quite deep (for a woman) and lilting. The first three tracks of Disc 1 are pretty much standard ballads, including the dodgily titled "I Want My Love To Rest Tonight", but the third track includes a much faster 70's style beat, and is a funky little number. The title track is a fast-paced little number, with some great saxophone work. The last track on the first disc, "Waiting For The Sunrise" is awful - painfully out of tune, Yoko's voice gives me the shits completely.

The second disc is pretty much the same as the first one - the pick track being "I Felt Like Smashing My Face In A Clear Glass Window".

What I want to know is, where is the patented Yoko Ono screeching-fest? I'd always been told she was a big *avante garde* musician, who believed that if you couldn't scream it, it wasn't work singing. This is great musicians with a lousy singer. Pretty average really.

**ANDREW 1**



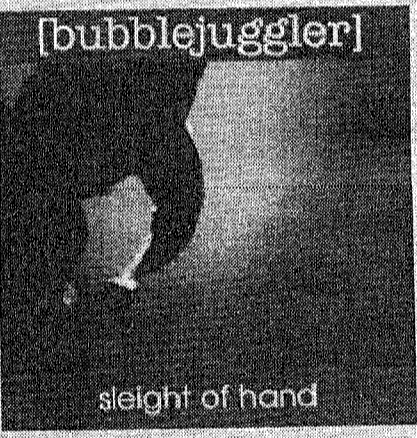
**Tangerine**  
**Sidewinder**  
(half a cow/PolyGram)

This is Sidewinder's follow-up to their moderately successful poppy debut longplayer *Atlantis*. This time the Sidies have gone down the electronica track that seems to be so popular of late, particularly evident in the merging of metal bands with electronica outfits (such as the recent "Spawn" soundtrack). The lead track to this album, called "The Other Side of Light", takes some time getting used to. The first time I heard it, I cringed - I found the mixture of Drop City and Pink Floyd slightly hard to take, especially compared to their earlier works like "Setting Sun" and their BIG single, "Titanic Days" - which is also included here, as well as on the *Blackrock* soundtrack. But when you listen to it for a second or third time, you see what an amazing song it really is. Filled with the most amazing drum loops in Australian pop music, it features some great keyboard work as well. The second track, "God", tends to sound too much like Drop City at the start, before

again, the electronica fix and drum loops come into play. Another great song by the Sidies - I personally think it would make a great single. The third track, is the killer new single, "Here She Comes Again", and if you haven't heard this, then you're listening to the wrong radio stations!! A great track. 'Nuff said. "Intensify" is one fast and groovy number. With what seems to be Morse code at the start and finish of it, the next track, "Way Back Home", harks back to their great track "Day After Day" - at least in terms of it's singalong/humalong melody. "Mummy/Daddy" has an almost trip hop feel to it, with pop-melodies and sung, rather than rapped lyrics. Then it is onto the masterpiece "Titanic Days". What can be said about this song except it is (in best Arnie accent) "fantastisch". You could buy *Tangerine* for only this song and not feel gypped. I've run out of space, and I haven't got to talk about the other great numbers on this album, such as "Sunshine in a Pocket" (which sounds awfully like The Beatles' "Till There Was You"), the trippop of "Mad Woman of the Universe", and the other awesome numbers on "Tangerine". This album could become the Australian equivalent of The Beatles' *Sergeant Pepper* - one of the most influential Australian albums of all time.

**Buy it now.**

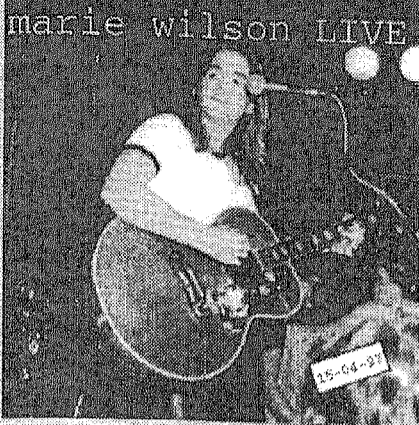
**AndrEw 1**



**Sleight of Hand**  
Bubblejuggler  
Leonard Records

After witnessing a sonically and visually stunning performance by Bubblejuggler at the Blackstump festival this year, it was an honour to be able to review their CD. However, I must say that since the CD's release in 1996, the band has improved its sound considerably, and I feel that it does not do them justice. The success of Bubblejuggler, at least in terms of popularity, hinges I think on their original sound. Not only are they comprised of the usual drums, bass and guitar, but the relatively recent inclusion of breakbeat DJ Arlin has set them apart from other bands in the Sydney music scene. However, the band doesn't rely on this to prove their talent; the guitar riffs are highly original, the percussion is full of quirks, and the vocals are zealous yet enigmatic: "I'm looking for the sun & it bleeds my name & i can feel it/ i'm looking for one who holds me close because i need it" So while the band is fundamentally a rock outfit, they have determinedly pushed the limitations of this definition, to what I would hesitantly categorise as "modern rock". It is rock music, but it has a deep meaning and it's refreshingly different.

**Zane**



LIVE (15/4/97)  
Marie Wilson

Recorded live in Melbourne on 15th April 1997, with her band and enthusiastic audience in tow, this is Marie Wilson's best release so far. An anthology of her most popular original tunes, and a sampler of her latest efforts, it is a great introduction for the new listener, and a comforting and refreshing release for those who know and love her tunes, and also want something new. It is also beneficial for those who have worn out their *Ordinary Girl* tape, as the best from the latter are now down on CD and sound better than ever.

My primary reason for claiming this to be Marie's best is the Live factor. Her previous releases, *Ordinary Girl* and *Temptation*, as good as they were, were also studio efforts, hence they lacked the positive energy that is evident in *M.W. Live*. She has thrown herself into this apparently freezing night in Melbourne, and you can feel her feeding off the encouragement from the eager and loyal audience (this was evidenced by their ability to sing her tunes note by note, word by word whenever the microphone was thrown their way).

Marie has displayed her increased maturity through this recording. She has taken her voice and pushed it in every direction, and the composition of her songs seems to be more intricate and varied. The projection of her lyrics is much stronger and delivered with a confidence that rises above the sometimes heavy background music produced by her band (not that this is a bad thing). While I'm on that topic, her band, consisting of Gary Solomon on bass guitar (formerly Gary Phillipson who released the melodic *Tide of Emotion*); Kain Holden on drums and Trzan Nicholas on lead guitar (who also provides consistent and strong backing vocals) really seemed to enjoy themselves and played Marie's tunes with great skill, and preparation.

The variety of styles on this release is impressively wide, which is really what I expected from this "extraordinary girl" (as some have been known to refer to her) who refuses to be stereotyped or pigeonholed into any genre. The introduction to this latest release is surprisingly 'rocky' considering her recent lean to live acoustic performances. This hyped rendition of "Ordinary Girl" then blends so beautifully into "Waiting" that I had trouble defining the conclusion and commencement of each song.

Most of the songs from her previous album are louder and brighter, with the exception of "Over the Moon" which she has kept relatively quiet and rightly so, as a more 'up beat' version would effectively destroy the child-like quality that has made it such a crowd favourite. "Runaway" hasn't changed much either, which didn't bother me as the chorus has always been a killer. One thing I noticed on both songs was a more detailed and intriguing bridge. "Out of my Mind", a recent release is absolutely fantastic, it's not so much a toe tapper, as it is a foot banger. While I liked 98% of the album, the only bits that

didn't sit with me so easily were the harder rendition of "Designer Drug" which previously had more of a staccato emphasis in the chorus (which I liked) and a heavy reliance on the strength of her voice. I felt that the guitars took the floor in this one, and the clarity of the vocals were lost as a result. With that comment also take in mind that I'm not a huge "rock" fan, I have always lent towards music that emphasises the skill in musicianship and singing. I am not saying that this is lost in "rock", it's just that I feel drowned by the loudness of it all. So, if a bit of "from the gut" playing is your style, then this will go down very well. "Without my Lover" also leans towards a heavier style of delivery, however this is not to the same extent as "Designer Drug", and I felt that the result was effective, and appropriate considering the subject of the song.

"Jimmy" is a new song in Marie's repertoire, and has an intensely personal undercurrent, particularly since it is dedicated to her Father. You can find what you want in the lyrics, but as is my experience with Marie's songs, your interpretation will be quite distant from the reality of her meaning as she tends to maintain a certain ambiguity in her songs, as one would do when you have a few hundred people trying to pry into your personal life. I loved the atmosphere evoked in this song. I know it sounds a bit goofy, but her pronunciation of the name "Jimmy" dragged me into a beer barrell laden land somewhere in the backstreches of a Tennessee country town in the early 1900s. Go figure.

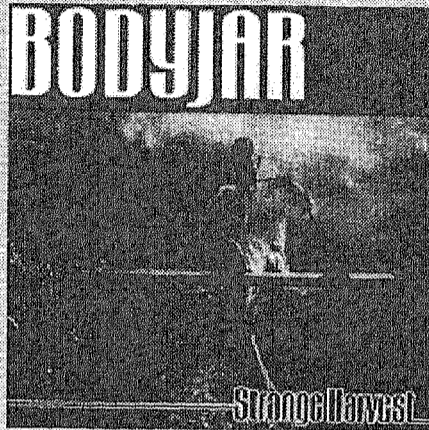
My favourite songs in this collection are "Take me as I am" and "Woman". These showcase how much her ability to write lyrics and compose has developed in leaps and bounds. "Take me as I am" is an incredibly beautiful, passionate song, sung by a true artist. The strengths in "Woman" are the lyrics which have a slight political undertone and Marie's amazing voice which gives the lyrics (which could fall into a whine) a very strong confident and unwavering serve.

The only song on the album that isn't original is a cover version of "I Will Survive". On my first listen I was disappointed that she had chosen such a 'done to death' song. However, on my second listen I found myself doing a bit of a boogie. Her take on this song has taken away the glitzy, drag queen glamour this song previously captured. It is played with a vigour and has brought out the talent of her band and her ability to rework a tune so that it is different enough to make the audience perk up their ears, but not so much that it stands out like a pork chop in a synagogue. It is such with conviction, not amusement, and it takes Marie's voice an octave higher than I thought she was capable of. The 13th and last track on the CD is "A Passing Glance", which I have developed a bit of a soft spot for. The only singing in this piece is in the chorus, as the verses are an ongoing spoken narrative. "A Passing Glance" in the day of two boys who have been riding around on their bikes during a typical hot Australian day. They dismount after the temptation of a soothing waterhole takes their fancy. The rest of their day is illustrated wonderfully, as Marie recaptures the frivolity of youth in the days before commercialism and the media dominated a child's free time. I would be very surprised if Marie was not a 'country gal' as her description of the boys antics and the surrounding Australian landscape are told with a clarity and a yearning. Her accent is typically Australian which only adds to the images portrayed, and I can imagine that if she went overseas (as she has just done), and presented this portrait of Australian childhood (as it once was and somewhere may still be) that she would pull the audience in to visiting Australia.

My conclusion: This CD, once purchased will be a prize within your collection. To pur-

chase a copy you will have to attend one of her upcoming gigs. Keep an eye on the gig guides... or book a ticket for her New Years Eve Gig at the Semaphore Hotel. If you can't go to a gig, then you can, or more appropriately, you *should* order a CD through MEJM Promotions (Australia). Ph: (03) 9315 9487. Fax: (03) 9398 3202. Email: mejm@ozemail.com.au.

Late Breaking News: It has just been confirmed that Marie will be the special guest for kd lang's Australian tour. Go Girl!  
Fiona Sproles



Strange Harvest  
Bodyjar  
(Shagpile)

After hearing the same tunes over and over again (or do they all sound the same?), the legendary Bodyjar have released an E.P. as an entree to their album in the too distant future. It includes three new tracks, a cover of a They Might Be Giants tune ('Racist friend'), two live tracks recorded somewhere in New York while on tour with The Vandals and a demo track with Ross (drummer) on vocals which reminds me of the hidden track on the last L.P. 'You've taken everything' is the stand-out of the E.P. and has a video going around somewhere. The album was recorded in the infamous 'Blasting room', where many great punk anthems have been produced, with the very-busy-as-late-Descendants lads, Bill and Steven. Leaves me and any other Bodyjar fan hungry for MORE!

Ian

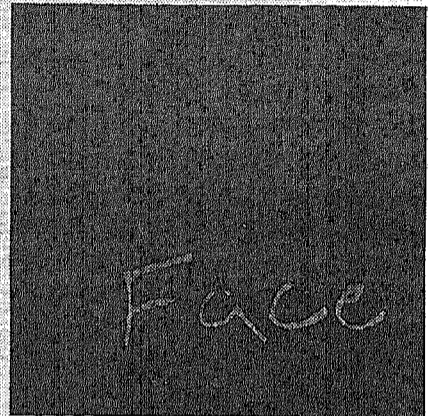


Evildoers Beware!  
Mustard Plug  
(Hopeless/Shock)

Made from no-name punk talent and misfit jazz musicians, Mustard Plug puts the SKA into SKANK. With wild trumpet/twin tenor sax/trombone combination thrown together with that unmistakable plunk-plunk guitar, these guys can play some serious shit! Smooth and funky with that buzz-saw undertones, *Evildoers Beware!* can sound all the same to the uninitiated and unprepared.

But the stand-out tracks make the C.D. and give it longevity. I must admit I don't understand these guys' songs. The 'Beer' (song) track doesn't mention beer at all and the bio says that 'Miss Michigan' is about masturbation (always a popular topic in this field) but I couldn't find a single reference. Maybe these guys are too deep for one so shallow? Bill Stevenson and Stephen Egerton (Descendents fame) produced this album and gave it a real polished edge. You get the feeling that your in some club seated at a table drinking some swanky cocktail with these guys tearing down the wall paper with Satan's horns, it exudes that much energy!

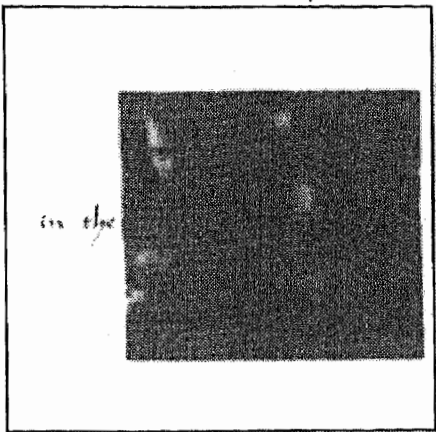
Ian



Face First  
Face First  
(Universal)

Face First is the self titled debut from this Malaysian jazz fusion quartet. The band started in 1994 as a resident group for one of Kuala Lumpur's well known jazz clubs. They have been the supporting musicians for a number of overseas jazz artists including Eric Marienthal who produced the album and played on four of the ten tracks. The literature accompanying the CD made the band out to be quite a phenomenon but as usual I was disappointed with what I heard. The "fresh approach to jazz" that this group is described as should really read "a watered down version of what has already been recorded". These may seem like harsh words, and the group may have a totally different approach when playing live, but there isn't much magic on this disk. The opening tune, "Barn Bop" (who thinks of these names?!), is a light jazzy funk song with a decent enough progression, but it really doesn't have anything about it that stands out and grabs your attention. Unfortunately this is a good description of half the songs. The remaining half could be described similarly with jazzy funk replaced by latin (afro-cuban or samba). There are a few nice bass runs interspersed throughout though they are a bit buried in the mix to have any great effect. Track 4 "River Bus" was of particular note for its direct rip off of a Michel Camilo riff (from his song "Why Not!"). Maybe this album takes repeated listening (upwards of 5 times). Maybe this band sounds much better live. Maybe I am just a bit too critical. Thats a lot of maybes! I can only compare this with what I have heard before and it doesn't rate well. There are no substitutes for great songs played with energy and feeling and this album if anything reinforces this 100%.  
Gill





**In the Memory of...  
Callous C.M.P.**  
(www.emp.com.au)

Finally, here is an album that I can play loud when I'm having a bad day! From Melbourne, Callous are best described as new-school hardcore. Their music is fast and furiously vehement, yet unlike many hardcore outfits, the music does not completely overpower the vocals. And that's a good thing, because the lyrical power of this album is incredible, as demonstrated by the title track: "This pain is real and it hurts but filled with this pain my heart must be. Because I choose to love you Because I choose to care this pain in my heart will always be there." Some say you can't give a message through hardcore music because the lyrics are so hard to make out - that's why the band prints the lyrics in the cover. When you have such a powerful message, it is appropriate to accompany it with powerful music and that's where Callous succeeds. The guitars are full-on, yet they're not just a backup for the amazing drums, played by vocalist Phil Rogers. Phil has such energy, as I saw when they played at Blackstump! This is not a dinner CD, nor is it for Walkmans. Listen to it LOUD and absorb the power...

Zane



**Godmoney  
Soundtrack Compilation**  
(BMG)

This album is sick, I love it. In line with the increasingly prevalent trend of very cool movie soundtracks which are basically musical style compilations that fit the feel of the film, the *Godmoney* soundtrack rocks hard. The album storms open with a great Penneywise track, 'Peaceful Day', and the pace is set for the rest of the album. With pace and intensity varying from the melodic punk sound of the Descendents, to some Hank delivering as only he can, this is one of the best hard/punk rock compilations I have come across for quite a long time. But

wait, there 's more. Not just Blink 182, Guttermouth, MXPX, and Voodoo Glow Skulls, there is something here for everyone (well almost). Dance Hall Crashers have a pretty old school ska track and there's some cruisy rock in the form of Farside's 'Hope You're Unhappy'. The album mega-highlight is Chance 23's absolute cruncher 'Hollow' which rocks ultra hard in a Tool style.

There isn't really anything disappointing on this pearler of an album.

Very cool.  
NAMDA



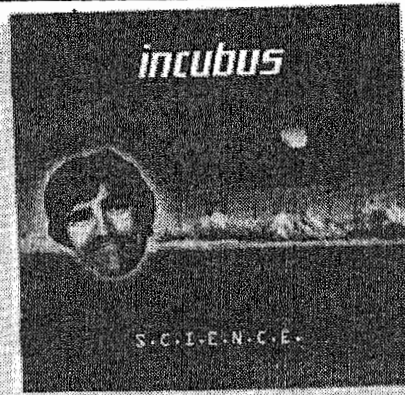
**Memory Lane Traffic Jam  
Icecream Hands**  
(Rubber Records/BMG)

About five or six years ago there was an exodus of local Adelaide bands heading for the brighter shores and paying pubs of Sydney and Melbourne. Along with radio-friendly acts like the Jaynes and Seven Stories, our town lost a string of lesser known bands with small, faithful followings. One of these groups was the Mad Turks of Istanbul, a staple of the Flagstaff and pre-gentrified Austral hotels.

Well, they're back, kind of. Icecream Hands is the reincarnated Mad Turks, now populated by a majority of Mexicans. The band is tighter, the songs are quirkier, the singing is always in tune. But I can't help but think it lacks something. In the old days anything the 'Turks lacked in the mix they made up for in their enthusiasm and sheer sense of fun. Every song on *Memory Lane Traffic Jam* is a like cultivated pearl; it is shiny and clever, but you can't get out of the back of your mind that it looks manufactured. There are some really wonderful tunes on the album - my favourites are "Paper Bird" and the oh-so-pretty "Winter's Tune" - but each one was written, recorded and produced with a market in mind. They've traded their credibility for teflon. The sound? Think Oasis with a couple more chords thrown in.

The punters will love the album - every track's a potential top 100 charting single just waiting to be released. I guess it's just a romantic notion of mine that a band could still hang on to its integrity in the face of success and dollars, but, at the risk of sounding like I'm trying to earn points in the 'I knew them when...' stakes, the 'Turks really did have something that is conspicuously absent on this album.

J.D.



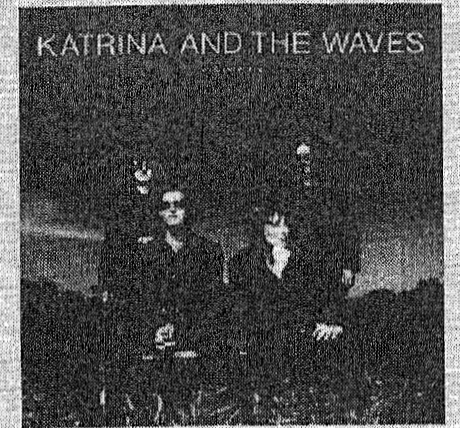
**S.c.i.e.n.c.e.  
Incubus**

With a band name like Incubus and an appearance on the *Spawn* soundtrack, I admit that I thought this album was to be some kind of industrial release akin to Marilyn Manson (or, dare I say it, the Electric Hellfire Club). Although it does have these moments, this band has so much more to offer. With an overall dark undertone (and a lyrical prowess matched only by Noel Gallagher) this band has the ability to swing from a heavy Ministry grind, to a funky Chili Peppers groove, Faith No More chorus, all in the one song - like in 'New Skin'. Then, just when you think you've heard it all, out comes the saxophone on 'Summer Romance' and a very different side of the band is exposed.

Most of the time this eclectic juxtaposition really works - but I don't think it would were it not for the contributions of DJ Life who makes sure every stylistic conversion is appropriately accompanied and backed by tight techno beats

and samples. He features a great little drum'n'bass tune on the album called 'Magic Medicine'; but his ultimate effort, and the highlight of the album, is the bonus track - a twelve minute musical epilogue which presents this band in a nutshell, and makes for the most experiential aural journey produced since the Beatles put together 'Revolution 9'. Buy this album for the bonus track and you're bound to find at least something that tickles your fancy on one of the others.

Brett Cockshell



**Walk on Water  
Katrina & The Waves**  
(Warner Music UK)

Katrina and the Waves won the Eurovision Song Contest for "Love Shine a Light". The album, *Walk on Water*, was produced and mixed by someone called Nocito. It was recorded to equate the trade imbalance between the UK and the rest of the European

PAUL LOBBAN'S  
TOP TEN CD'S FOR  
1997

1. OK COMPUTER - radiohead : exquisite, compelling post-industrial/modern ennui.
2. BRIGHTEN THE CORNERS - Pavement : "Open call for a prison architect"; an odd kind of perfection.
3. BLUR - Blur: Welcome to the mainstream, on pretty much their terms.
4. MAG EARWHIG! - Guided By Voices: "I'd be so sad if I lost it"; me too.
5. ART OF FIGHTING (Demo) - Art of Fighting: Even better live, which is saying something.
6. OUR DOLELOVE (EP)- Gaslight Radio: Skewed, strange, diffuse, beautiful.
6. TRANQUILLIZER (EP) - GENOVA : string-laden, melodramatic heaven.
7. PUP TENT - Luna: So understated they almost disappear, but weirdly cogent.
8. ROCK COLLECTION - Pond:

From rock/pop bliss to annoying to bloody peculiar; excellent.

9. MALADJUSTED - Morrissey: I'm probably the only one who thinks so. Sigh.
10. ELLIOTT SMITH - Elliott Smith: Whispers which blow you away.

SPECIAL MENTIONS:

- DIG YOUR OWN HOLE - Chemical Brothers: Fucked up and then dull and then fucked up again, it's like life!
- DEATH TO THE PIXIES - Pixies: Long live the Pixies, we'll fight over the choices later.
- WHATEVER AND EVER AMEN - Ben Folds Five: Classic tunesmith goes nuts.
- INTRAVAGANZA - Flat Stanley : local popmeisters deliver the goods in style.

- WHAT SUCKED BEYOND BELIEF: FREAK SHOW - Silverchair; EIGHT ARMS TO HOLD YOU - Veruca Salt; SECRET SAMADHI - Live; THE WHOLE OASIS BANDWAGON.

**JAMES MORRISON'S BEST  
CDs of 1997**

*In no particular order...*

- OK COMPUTER - Radiohead**
- HOMOGENIC - Bjork**
- PORTISHEAD - Portishead**
- URBAN HYMNS - The Verve**
- WAYS T'BURN - Underground**
- Lovers**
- BLUR - Blur**
- THE BOATMAN'S CALL - Nick Cave**
- A SHORT ALBUM ABOUT LOVE - The Divine Comedy**
- IN IT FOR THE MONEY - Supergrass**

Community which has remained unfilled since "99 Luft-Balloons". Any track on the album could plausibly be mistaken for an Olympic Theme Song. *Walk on Water* was released to prove to the French that Vanessa Paradis isn't the worst thing that could happen to the industry. This is the kind of music that motorcycle-mounted paparazzi listen to in their spare time. The short answer would be, I didn't like it.

J.D.



**The New You  
Corduroy  
(Big Cat/Sony)**

This is an extremely frustrating album. It illustrates that old truism: there's a really fine line between really, really good, and the not so good. The three instrumentals hint at what works on this album. These boys know how to write excellent pop/lounge music. Most of their songs are complex, interesting, and yes, damn funky. BUT, their lyrics are insipid where not just totally inappropriate. Take song seven, "The Hand That Rocks The Cradle," a mellow lounge inspired lightweight tune is ruined by clumsy and confused lyrics that try to deal with domestic violence and sexual inequality. Apart from the obvious mismatch between theme and music, the lyrics are, in parts, just plain stupid. For example, we get the crappy refrain, "I'll remind you, I shouldn't have to, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." My suspicion is that these boys are a bit close to the cradle to know better here, but still, please, write about something you know something about, Corduroy. . . A crying shame all this, 'cause the

music and "sound" are excellent. Slick



**Men In Black - The Album.  
Various Artists.  
(Columbia)**

I would have to admit from the outset that I haven't seen the film. So how can you evaluate the songs according to their cinematic context? Well ya can't. So what about the toe-tappin' ditties that have been spawned for this latest Will Smith / Bigger Than Life / Throw in an Academy Award Best Supporting Actor / Next Big Thing since *ID4 Extravaganza*? To be honest this album is pretty good. There are some excellent examples of smooth, sexier than thou tracks that would make (The Artist Formerly Known As) Prince blush with modesty. Will Smith (aka The Fresh Prince from DJ Jazzy Jeff fame) has contributed a couple of groovin', sassy numbers including the (hopefully) ironic movie centre piece "Men In Black". According to all reports this movie is to Hollywood Sci-Fi what *Funky Squad* was to painful '70s TV. Whether this album contributes to the hilarious demise of serious sci-fi is beyond the point. This album is way cool and as such will be heard at a few beach, beer and barbeque parties before the summer is through. Snoop Doggy Dog is back outta jail with "We Just Wanna Party With You". The excruciating Ginuwine (who gave us the forgettable "Pony") is feeling more himself with "I'm Feelin' You". Amongst the rehashed and the regrettable are some contributions from the greats of the New Jack Swing, Hip Hop era. A Tribe Called Quest and De La Soul have laid down some classic examples of their best work. Despite all of his cameos on other artists albums, it's great to hear that The Abstract hasn't forgotten about the TCQ project. Sure he may have contributed the best work on the Beastie Boys' *Ill Communication*, but he's back at home with the Fiffer with their soulful "Same Ol' Thing". Danny Elfman comes in at the end of the compilation with his score for the movie. Unfortunately it doesn't sound too different to either *The Simpsons* or the *Batman* themes. Bring back The Knights of Oingo Boingo and take an originality/creativity pill. Same ol' same ol', but a great compilation for a supposedly funny film.

Anthony Paxton



**Force One: A Compilation of Australian  
Drum and Bass  
Various Artists  
(Mushroom)**

Drum and Bass compilations have been thick on the ground in the second half of this year, and its good to see the amount of quality Aussie product in this genre. Speaking of genre, there is a wide range of drum and bass, with some of it being quite aggressive and jarring. This CD, however, stays at the other end of the spectrum. Almost all of it is as mellow as, dare I say it? Dare, dare . . . Portishead. Yikes, I've done it, inane, pointless comparison (thank god this is my last review for the year). Anyway, *Force One* is not a bad compilation at all, and includes a collection of hip tunes to chill out to, including a surprisingly mellow track by Nutcase & Papachubba. The standout track, however, is the second one by Blufilter, cool.

Slick



**The Velvet Rope  
Janet Jackson  
(Virgin)**

From the opening track - which brings together the diverse talents of Vanessa Mae, Malcolm McLaren, Trevor Horn and Mike Oldfield - it's wonderfully clear that this isn't going to be another Rhythm Nation 1814. And thank God for that. *The Velvet Rope* is a wonderfully diverse album, featuring trademark Jackson workouts against light and funky breaks - such as the single "Got 'til it's gone" featuring Joni Mitchell and Q-Tip from A Tribe Called Quest. Crackling, hissing samples and whispered vocals give the whole album a decidedly lo-fi feel, but some of the tracks are not just gritty - they're damn groovy. "Free Xone" veers between jazz, funk and techno - and is one of the most addictive tracks featured, alongside the restless R'n'B of "Rope Burn". The lowest point on the album is probably Janet's uncomfortable rendition of Rod Stewart's "Tonight's the Night" - but it's really the only turkey amid a selection of great material. This might put off some of Janet's regular audience, it's hardly her standard material, but could well attract a more mature audience - no bad thing for an artist who's been recording for so long. Are you a mature audience? Consider this recommended.

Isaac Bridle

**the fourth world  
Kara's Flowers  
(Reprise/Warner)**

Kara's Flowers are the next Beatles/Stone Roses/Pulp/place preferred Britpop band

name here], is how the press release and industry magazine hyperbole might read. This is always grounds for caution. Proceed with delicacy. But wait just one God-damn minute. These guys hail from Portland, Oregon, the other side of a nation on the other side of the ocean from the UK. What's going on here? Some kind of adverse reaction to Blur's claiming that whole Chapel Hill aesthetic for its own? It is kind of ironic that when Britain starts to churn out a string of trans-Atlantic sounds like Reef and Bush, that the first serious contenders in five or six years for the throne the Beatles left empty should come from the US, let alone live within spitting distance of Seattle. From the Byrds inflected melodies to singer Adam Levine's "Hey Jude"-esque vocal delivery on "To Her, With Love", Kara's Flowers offer everything Redd Kross have always promised to be but never quite accomplished. To cut a long story short, the fourth world is a truly great album. It has a Lennon/McCartney sensibility without sounding like a cover-album. The single, "Soap Disco", while a bit of fun, is not indicative of the album's quality. "My Ocean Blue" has the humour of "Rocky Raccoon". "Future Kid", which, in my humble opinion, should have been the single release, goes off. In fact, there isn't a flat track on the album. It's great. It's aurally textured. It practically has added fibre. Buy this album and live forever.

J.D.

**Triple J Unearthed Vol. 5  
(ABC/EMI Music)**

What I want to know is when does Triple J hit Adelaide? Imagine the bands that they'll Unearth - we've got punk, pop, punk-pop, gothic weirdos, weirdos, indie rock, indie shoe-gazers, rock n roll, death metallers (not a Triple J fave so don't expect any winners from this genre), and too many techno/dance acts to count. Mmm, besides, I want a chance to hit Michael Tunn (little shit). But on to Triple J's "Unearthed Vol. 5"... One of the good things about this Unearthed program is the diversity and range of musicians that are uncovered. Volume 5 in this series is absolutely no exception, what with their being the Perth wunderkids (all aged 13) Elixir, with their catchy pop ditty "Goo", to the hardcore Canberra lads Liquid, with their song "Polariser". One of the bad things about this Unearthed program is the crap that gets unearthed. Volume 5 in this series is absolutely no exception, what with their being boring grunge-wannabe's Jade and their song "Sleepin'" (not a criticism of the band, just the style of music that they play), and Yamba lads Synapse, with their rather aptly titled "Misery". This CD does have some great bands on it, the aforementioned Elixir and Liquid, but there is also Canberra's Soulcrusher with their track "Absolute Zero" (more semi-hardcore from Canberra - is there a pattern forming over there?), and the brilliant Perth popmeisters Team Jedi (there's a definite "pop" feel to Perth). For me, the pick track is a toss-up of Perth bands - either the boys Elixir and their little boy voices but big boy musicianship, or the overall roundness of Team Jedi. And the winner is... Team Jedi. If one band of these is to get signed to a label, I think it would be Team Jedi (although there are rumours going around about the two Canberra bands featured) - their brand of pop is infectious, melodic and incredibly catchy.

ANDREW I

## Music

**Willie Dixon: *The Chess Box* (2-CD set)**

**Koko Taylor: *What It Takes***

**Bo Diddley: *Rare and Well Done***

**Sonny Boy Williamson: *Bummer Road***

**Ahmad Jamal: *Live at the Pershing/ But Not For Me***

**The Ramsey Lewis Trio: *The Greatest Hits***

**Buddy Guy: *The Complete Chess Studio Recordings***

**Sugar Pie Desanto: *Down in the Basement***

**Howlin' Wolf: *Ain't Gonna Be Your Dog***

**Little Walter: *If Walls Could Talk***

**Muddy Waters: *The Complete Plantation Recordings***

**Jimmy Witherspoon: *Spoon So Easy***

(Chess/MCA)

The folks at MCA deserve a pat on the back - or at least heightened record sales - with the release of four more fine blues rarities from the archives of the celebrated Chess label. MCA have their fingers in a lot of pies, with the Chess Legendary Masters series, and the Commodore and Impulse! packages they're distributing through their subsidiary, GRP. Okay, so they're a business and they're doing it for the money. But someone must have come up with the idea in the first place, and that person must be some kind of music lover. It's to that behind-the-scenes character that I doff my hat. They're the one responsible for making all this great material available to people again, finally. Sonny Boy Williamson was the chameleon of the blues music industry. To this day people still argue over what his real name was (he offered several) and the kind of upbringing he had (ditto). All of this is ineffectual, however, when you listen to the man sing and play. This guy didn't just feel the blues, he lived them. There's such conviction implicit in every truth and lie in the lyrics that distinguishing one from the other is impossible. The songs, all recorded between 1957 and 1960 with talent, humour and - more often than not - a full skin, are open ended narratives with no definite start or finish and are, on the whole, a lot of fun. Particularly the third track, "Little Village", a dozen-take document of how records used to be made. Bo Diddley needs no introduction. This album, incorporating songs recorded from 1955 through into the late sixties, exposes the early Diddley that had such a seminal influence of the British at the end of the fifties. A departure from the more traditional forms of the blues, but all the more accessible for it. Includes an alternate take of "I'm a Man", reason alone for owning this album. The rough-hewn vocal sound of Janice

Joplin had its forebear in the extraordinary voice of Koko Taylor. Distinct from the gospel sound of Aretha and the mellow tones of Fitzgerald or Holiday, Taylor's Camel-smoking wail wrung every bit of feeling out of each song she sang. This one might not be for everyone, but I loved it. Taylor belts out her tunes with verve, living up to her now famous quote, 'My job was to sing, and that's what I did, no more and no less.' If there is a single name synonymous with the blues that name would have to be Willie Dixon 'Who?' I hear you ask. Dixon was a singer/songwriter who worked closely with Chess Records for the better part of the label's history. While he recorded some material himself, Dixon is best remembered for his contributions to the backing and production of other blues artists' music, and for discovering new talent, like Koko Taylor. If you've only heard half-a-dozen blues tracks in your life, chances are you've heard Dixon's playing. This double album is a mix of work by Dixon and others, including Muddy Waters, Little Walter and Otis Rush, and comprising thirty-six tracks in all, it's probably the best value of all the Chess reissues.

By now you're probably familiar with the Chess Legendary Masters Series rereleases that have appeared over the last year. This is the final instalment: so without further ado...

**Little Walter**, along with Smokey Robinson and Wilson Pickett, helped to define that most perennial of styles, soul, and *If Walls Could Talk* is a catalogue of great moments in the history of that sound. Milton puts his magic touch to some of soul's smoothest tunes on this album, including Jimmy Holiday's "Baby, I Love You", Willie Littlefield's "Kansas City", and Aretha's "Good to Me as I am to You".

Perhaps the best album in the series for sheer variety and its sense of fun, the **Buddy Guy** two-CD set covers the six years the guitarist's spent with the Chess label, and includes the song "100 \$ Bill", a song which sounds remarkably similar to another song that a certain band from Liverpool covered. The 2-CD sets are around \$32; good value, this one especially.

Another 2-CD set to come off the line is a compilation of some truly nasty sounds by **Howlin' Wolf**. This is the second set to feature in the sub-collection of Chess Collectibles, the first being the truly great Willie Dixon set reviewed above. Wolf was the kind of artist Chess built their reputation on, an uncompromising mainstay bluesman who played guitar and growled his song-lines and didn't care if you liked it or not. Wolf is probably more one for the avid collector. As is the *Complete Plantation Recordings* as performed by the great

one himself, **Muddy Waters**. In the accompanying booklet Waters relates how Alan Lomax, a Library of Congress curator travelled from Washington DC to the Mississippi Delta to record the region's traditional folk-blues for posterity on a 300lb 'portable' tape recorder. The CD features twenty songs and two interview tracks with Waters. This is definitely one for the jazz and blues purists, more a novelty than a listenable album.

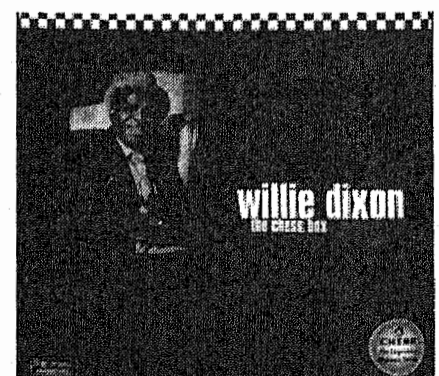
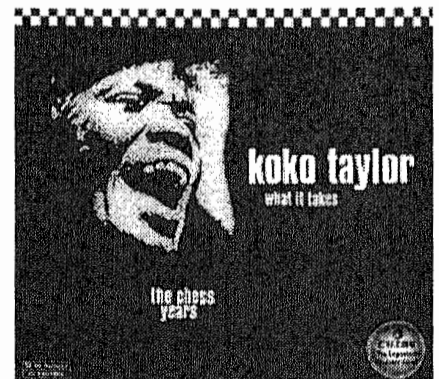
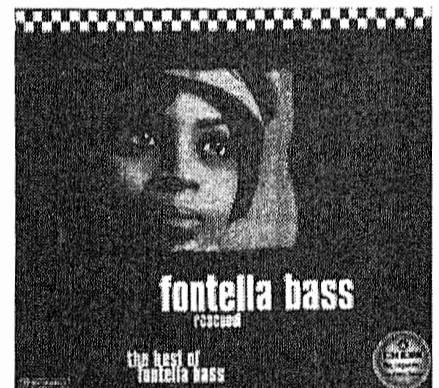
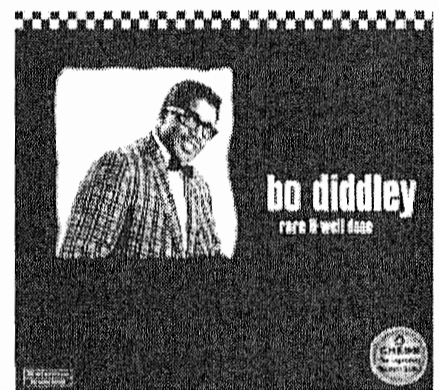
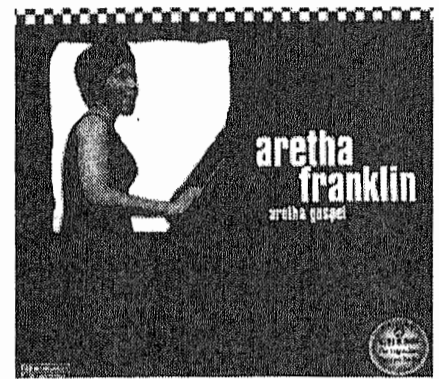
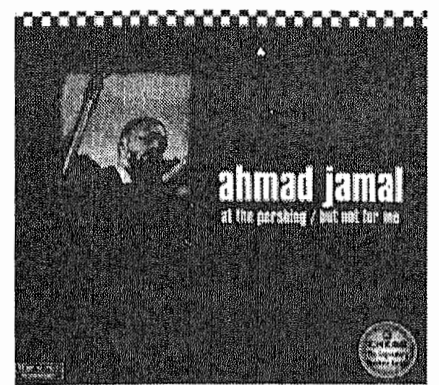
**Sugar Pie Desanto's *Down in the Basement*** album sounds like a post-graduate Tina Turner, a singer who's selling-point is that she actually *can* sing. She puts out one hell of a performance, featuring two duets with Etta James. The album is worth owning just for "Maybe You'll Be There", an exquisite ballad in the tradition of Sarah Vaughn.

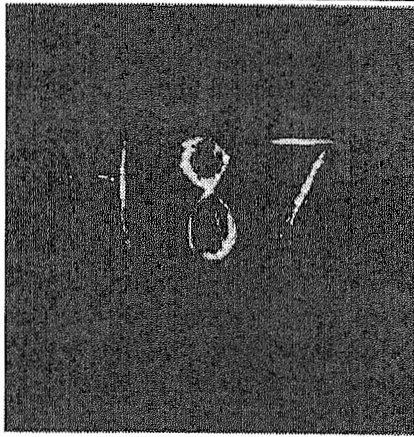
**Jimmy Witherspoon** represents the urbanised sound of the blues that evolved from the more traditional sounds of the Delta and Memphis and Louisiana when African-Americans began to move from the South to northern cities like Detroit and Chicago. The sounds are slicker, the beats slow-danceable, the accents much more townie. Witherspoon embodies the Chicago R&B dance-hall sound so popular in the late-fifties, the immediate precursor to rock 'n' roll. But you can still hear the south in every note [Witherspoon is from Arkansas], and every line still tells a story.

**Ahmad Jamal** is an extraordinary jazz pianist who understands that the music lies in the spaces between the notes as much as in the notes themselves. The *At the Pershing* set testifies to the enormous popularity of the artist: released in 1958, it spent nearly two years on Billboard's Top 100 albums listing, peaking at Number 3. As the title suggests, the album was recorded in the Pershing Lounge, with Jamal himself choosing eight tracks of the 43 recorded to go on the album. The result is thirty-two minutes of some very sweet, very sincere jazz piano with a simple rhythm accompaniment; just the thing for a long summer evening with friends.

Ditto the **Ramsey Lewis Trio**. This album cooks, simmers, and boils over in parts. This would have to be, for my money, the smoothest, *slickest*, album to come out of the whole Chess set. Some very cool standards ["The 'In' Crowd", "Ain't That Peculiar", "Function at the Junction", "High Heel Sneakers", among others] set to a piano/bass/drums line-up, Lewis manages to capture the verve of the whole 'lounge' aesthetic without any of the usually inherent cheesiness. You don't listen to Ramsey Lewis's music, you immerse yourself in it.

J.D.

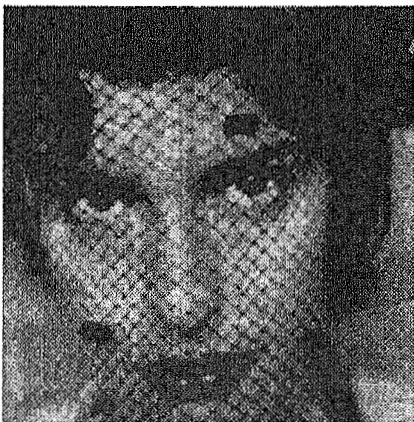




**187 Soundtrack**  
Various Artists  
(Warner)

I normally don't buy music of this sort but I'm thankful this CD fell into my lap for review (thank you James!). Starting with an effusively groovy track from Galliano, "Slack Hands", it proceeds to Massives Attack's dark "Spying Glass", whose album has received many rotations on my CD player. So far so good. Next up is Method Man's "Release Yo Self". I'm told it contains a sample of The Prodigy. Not bad but I'm not a big fan of rap. The there's Everything But The Girl with their oh-so catchy and danceable number "Flipside". Mmm divine. Sorry, moving on, there's the Eastern (Indian) influenced track "Pregad" by Madredeus, mysterious and spine-tingling. And the list goes on. Even the mellower ones and especially these ("Wilderness" by V-Love, "Stem" by Innovative) are deceptively chilling and seductive. The selection of music is well chosen and each greatly contrasts with each other. Hope the film which stars Samuel L. Jackson can live up to its soundtrack.

**Ching Yee**



**My Third Husband**  
Deborah Conway  
(Sony)

It's been a while since Deborah Conway, ex-frontperson for Do-Re-Mi, delivered her first solo offering, the classic *String of Pearls*. A year or to later saw the release of her second effort, the Richard Plesance produced *Bitch Epic*, in my opinion not as accomplished, a little more market-pandering, but essentially still a very good album. Now we have *My Third Husband*, an album I've been anticipating for some time.

While it may be too harsh to say 'I feel betrayed', I think that 'let down' would approximate what I felt on first hearing this album. The title is an oblique reference to a difficult Paul Cox film, which

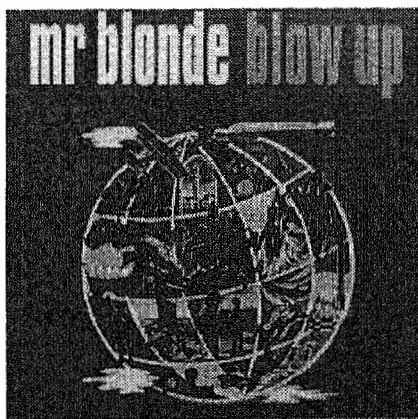
can be seen as an omen, I guess. I really wanted to like *My Third Husband*. But ultimately disappointment was what I felt. Technically the album is great, the production values are right on the mark, but it has the feel, smell and taste of 'product', something production-line and soulless. There isn't even a single song that I can point to with a clear conscience and say 'this is good'. Ce la vie. **J.D.**



**Time for Change**  
Soul II Soul  
(Island)

At last, Jazzie B and friends return with a slab of polished, modern soul for those nauseated by Damage and bored by Keith Sweat. Opening with the instrumental ambience of "Camdino Soul" and the seductive perfection of "Pleasure Dome" - one of the standout tracks on the album - Time for Change massages the listener with its smooth grooves and even smoother vocals. "Dare to Differ" is an interesting blend of Hip Hop and strings, while "Love isn't around" abandons any sort of beat in favour of brilliant orchestration and lush vocal harmonies. The title track - another high point of the album - is a difficult listen, with its awkward groove and close vocal harmonies, and provides a great contrast to the more uptempo "I feel Love" and "Limit is the Sky". Time for Change is an album of pure quality from start to finish - slick, varied, strongly recommended - and best danced to horizontally, if you catch my drift. Great stuff.

**Isaac Bridle**



**Blow up**  
Mr Blonde  
(TWA Records)

I have to let you in on a little secret. When I went to Sydney in January 1996 I saw this small time band at The Annandale for \$4 (incidentally a certain Mr Tim Rogers was also there - but that's

another story). Yup, it was Mr Blonde. Since then they've come a long way. They've been signed (obviously) to TWA and become a nationally recognised pop wonder. This album only further cements my belief that one day I'm going to look back at that '96 gig and smile smugly.

*Blow Up* is a **great** album (I'll admit I am a little biased...oh well). Containing old favourites such as 'Sunday' (which sounds better on the album) and 'Saturday Nite' (which sounds better on the EP) and more recent faves ('Heaven' and 'Supergirl'). Combine those with 'Okay Alright' and 'Saw You Standing There' and, I'm telling you, it's absolute magic. *Blow Up* is a pop-magic-mix with a twist of Australian rock. Lovely.

**Susie Bate**



**The Fat of the Land**  
Prodigy  
(XL/Sony)

Easily one of the most awaited albums of the year (well, it was at my work anyway), Prodigy's *The Fat of the Land* delivers exactly what was anticipated. With three songs from the album already radio-friendly hits ('Breathe', 'Funky Shit' and 'Firestarter') the rest of it becomes a "rock-versus-electronica" whirlwind. Not that that's a bad thing. One area that I think Prodigy have excelled in is the balance between rock and electronic and, judging by the crowds they've pulled at previous Big Day Outs, I'm not alone in this thought. Finally, while I personally still hold up *Experience* as being the pinnacle of their time, their recently announced break-up seems to indicate that this might be all that we have to permanently hold.

**Susie Bate**

**L**  
**The Caulfields**  
(A&M Records/PolyGram)

The first thing I noticed about this was that it was produced/recorded/mixed by David Bianco - who twiddled the knobs on the fantastic Teenage Fanclub album "Grand Prix" - it was a good sign. Remember that song with the line "I'm Bigger Than Jesus Now"? Well, this is the band. According to the press release that song ("Devil's Diary") was on their previous album "Whirligig" - which is a bit of a bummer, I rather liked "the Jesus song". This album really doesn't do it for me though. It calls itself "college rock", but... I don't think

so. It's far too commercial and instantly accessible for that. There is nothing actually wrong with the album, it just tends to sound all the same, which was a bit disappointing, as I was expecting something far more diverse and interesting from a 15 track release. But unfortunately, as I said, it all tends to sound pretty much the same. I didn't dislike any of the songs, it's just that I didn't actually like any of them either. Pretty boring and not worth buying.

**AnDrEw 1**

**Angel Blood**  
Leonardo's Bride  
(Mushroom)

I hate it when I hear a single I really like and then find out it's the only good song on the band's album. Fortunately, all the songs on *Angel Blood* were as good (if not better) than the lead single. It's not that surprising really when you consider that the core of the band, singer Abby and guitarist Dean, have been playing together since 1989. Here's a brief history lesson to get the uninitiated up to speed: Abby and Dean played their first show together in 1992. The duo then honed their sound by busking around Europe and the States before forming Leonardo's Bride and releasing their debut eponymous EP in 1993. Some was done around Sydney and, a few changes in the line-up later, the Bride released their second EP *Temperamental Friend* and toured Australia with the Bad Loves. In just this year Leonardo's Bride have released the soulful, heartfelt pseudo-acoustic number *Even When I'm Sleeping*, toured our country with the UK's Everything But The Girl and released their debut album. *Angel Blood* is rock solid, very listenable and oh-so hard to fault. Abby's voice is strong and warming, complimented by some laid back, percussive guitars, a rounded bass and a swinging Hammond organ. The occasional cello part also pops up to add depth and sincerity to the beautifully crafted songs. If you buy this, skip straight to *Hey Hey* and it's swirling, panned guitar intro and sublime swing ought to satiate you until you hear the next single *Buddha Boy*.

**garden variety manic depressant**  
**beanflipper**  
(Shagpile/Shock)

This is very loud. Very punky-metal too. Very stupid as well. The singer just does a lot of yelling. If they had a singer like Declan Barry (from the wicked non-intentional lifeform) they'd be quite a good band, as the music that goes on in the background is quite talented. Some of the music tends to remind of ace Melbourne band s:bahn, but unlike s:bahn, they don't go in for the whole indie thing - chord changes, etc - and they stick to the same sort of sound for the entirety of the album - punky-metal crossover. They do some interesting things within the songs - the guitarist, Peter K Rowley

actually sings back-up vocals, whilst the vocalist, Richard Kelly, continues to scream his voice (which is not particularly good) into oblivion. There are a few numbers that I don't mind, such as "It's Only Life", which doesn't sound quite the same as others, and "Slow Fuckin' Thing", which changes from a sorta fast-paced thing to a super-fast-paced thing in the verses, which is a pretty cool little effect. "Blinding Sun" has a really good think bass groove, and the vocalist adds effects to his voice, reminding me of a eunuch that is in a great deal of pain. But the best song on the album is the only one that goes for over four-and-a-half minutes, "Mine", which seems to be quite an epic in its own right. It's actually a pretty good track. My favourite bit on the album is at the end, when they do all this weird shit with effects pedals, samplers, etc. It sounds really funny. After all that shit, there's a nice instrumental followed by a sample. This is crap, don't buy it, unless you're into the "loud sweaty boys" kinda music. If you already have by mistake, sell it. That's what I'm going to do.

ANDREW I

**So Much for the Afterglow**  
Everclear  
(Capitol)

Art Alexakis and the boys are up to form once again with the release of their fourth album. So Much for the Afterglow sees a departure from Everclear's established guitar/bass/drums line-up. With the incorporation of as diverse instruments as banjo, steel guitar Vox organ and - yes, you heard right - Art's daughter's toy piano, the guys are starting to venture out into territory that many bands try to tackle on their second album. The wait was worth it.

There's nothing here out of place. The songwriting is still up to speed, and the musicality is what we've come to expect from the band. The difference is in the production; there's more and more complex harmonies on more of the songs, from the Beach Boys-esque intro to the title track, to the subtle filling out of "Father of Mine" and "Everything to Everyone". Even the instrumental tracks benefit from the band's foray into studio experimentation. Each song is more thoroughly realised than on their previous albums, and there's a sense of playfulness prevailing *So Much for the Afterglow* that has replaced the cautiousness of *World of Noise* and the urgency of *Sparkle and Fade*. It's the same kind of playfulness you can hear on classic albums like the Pixies' *Doolittle* and Teenage Fanclub's *Bandwagonesque*. If you don't like Everclear give *So Much for the Afterglow* a listen anyway, it might change your mind.

J.D.

The first 5 people to come down to our office and ask (nicely) for one will win the latest CD from the band HANDSOME (not, we repeat, not Hanson).

**Revolvar**

Seven Stars Hotel (Corner Frome St and Angas Street)

30th October 1997

*Seven Stars on a Thursday is full of many fantastic patrons who really enjoy the \$1.20 beer special (from 6-10pm). Hmmm...treat this as a setting for relatively new local band revolvar and it's hard to imagine anyone not getting into the live music provided. With that said and out of the way, it was lucky that revolvar were good, because I (Neko) wasn't pissed.*

*Revolvar are a four-sometimes-five piece who largely base their music on Brit-poppy music (reminiscent of The Beatles, Suede, Oasis - George (guitars) looks like one of the Gallaghers - you get the drift). There's also a dash of local influences (too many to count).*

*There were sound problems in the first set resulting in less than unison vocals, however this was rectified in the second set. This was something that Little Miss Green Bag noted quite proudly. Revolvar kicked off with "Fatz", a very phat song indeed. "Cry 4 U" was next up on the list (bit of a sad one), followed by "Waste" (well, most people were wasted at this stage...). "Dreamer" was sleepy and "Mr.E" (a new song) was high. At such time the set finished. Despite the sound problems, they made the best of a bad situation and rocked on in true Adelaide style.*

*The second set was far the better. With trumpet lines weaving in and out, congos beating excitedly and highly energetic percussion, it was hard to tell who was having more fun. Neko found it near impossible to stop her foot from tapping and Little Miss Green Bag couldn't stop smiling. The sympathetic visions of love obviously escaped Ralph's Gunslinger providing the door na odyssey of the night (well at least we managed to place all the song titles in a highly entertaining sentence). Neko and Little Miss Green Bag would have liked to have heard more new songs and see less of Ben winking (haha!) but we've been told by vocal/guitarist Bart that they have many new ones on the way. We look forward to this.*

Love,

Neko and Little Miss Green Bag



**King Without A Clue**  
Mark Seymour  
(Mushroom/Sony)

Mark Seymour, front-man for the now apparently defunct Hunters & Collectors (whose "Throw Your Arms Around Me" should become the new national anthem), has released this debut album with a bonus 6-track disc, "Live At The Continental", added on as a bonus. Buy it for the live disc alone - stunning stuff. But now onto the album...

Starting with the very radio-friendly (and I'm talking a range of 3d to SAFM here) "Last Ditch Cabaret", you can guess this album is filled with talented musicians making talented music. And you wouldn't be wrong. The band is Mark, Barry Palmer (currently one of the driving forces of deadstar), his brother Nick (a one-time Crowded House member, no less), and Peter Jones (the drummer for deadstar). What Australian talent is on display here!! "Ghost of Vainglory" is a stellar pop song, which reminds me of H&C at their very best. The only complaint I have against this album is the "sameness" of all the songs - they all tend to sound too familiar after a short while. This can also be read not as a criticism but as a compliment - Mark Seymour is an incredibly talented musician and pop songwriter - and all the songs here present this case. Also, the artwork for the cover slip is simply awful. Featuring pictures of Mark in poses (he is not exactly photogenic and is obviously uncomfortable in the camera's lights) and the lyrics in a shade of gray.

Mark Seymour was recently beaten to a bloody pulp outside a Sydney nightclub. What he was beaten up for is irrelevant. Obviously his "friends" hadn't heard his new solo album. (Or maybe they blame him for breaking up H&C.) Either way, thank goodness he's all right. He's made a strong debut album (yeah, what a novice - over 10 years in the business) here, one that should hold him in good stead for any future releases. Whilst not outstanding, it's got great tracks on it, and Mark deserves some serious acclaim and success from it.

ANDREW I

**Uisce**  
non-intentional lifeform  
(Roadrunner/Sony)

non-intentional lifeform fucking RAWWWWK!! Anyone who saw them live either at Indifest this year, or with Grinspoon at the mid-semester breakup, would agree. Now the question remains - can they translate this incredible live atmosphere onto recorded material? "Uisce" (pronounced ish-ka), their debut album, proves that they certainly can. Starting off with the sonic blast that is "Hooligan Was A Last Name" (and it was you know), this album sets out to get you off your feet and into the nearest moshpit. It's fucking heavy, fucking loud, and above all, fucking good.

Declan Barry (lead vocals) sings in his native Irish accent (hence the first track), and this simply enhances the uniqueness of N.I.L.'s sound. "Living Or Existing"

(the first - and probably last - single off the album) has an incredible moment where N.I.L. use scratchings to enhance the sound. "Spilling All Over the Floor" is on a completely different tack - it is here that you hear Declan's booming bass voice, before he starts to rap for the bridge. For me, the pick track is "Signal" - it's loud, aggressive music, but also mixing in elements of punk. And this, I think, is why N.I.L. are such an outstanding band. They combine elements of punk, rap, heavy metal, death metal, and even Gothic music (the title track "Uisce" - an outstanding track that came together in a jam).

N.I.L. also have a message to send to the masses. Tracks like "Che Guevara's Armchair" - which is about being apathetic whilst wanting to be a revolutionary - and "Sample Of Semen" - which details the Australian Judiciary system's method of dealing with rape - attest to this.

The lyrics are also exemplary - almost like a soliloquy off the cult TV show The Maxx - "It's cold. I don't know how much longer I can keep my eyes open. I can still feel you. I can still see you too lying there laughing in the heather, violent purple on a blanket of snow" ("Uisce"). Great stuff.

It's interesting to note that Triple J are giving these guys airplay - I thought they'd be far too intense and serious for Triple J. They certainly should appeal to all sorts - ranging from punkers, to Goths, to metal heads. A great debut album.

ANDREW I

**Not With That Clown: Great Songs of Sexual Jealousy**  
Various Artists  
(Mambo/Mushroom)

If you're reading this, you've probably been seriously hurt by someone at some time or another [and if you're saying to yourself 'He can't mean me, I've never been hurt in a relationship,' wake up to yourself, you're in denial]. Well, now the good folks at Mambo have put together an album of songs about people dumping on or being dumped on by their various partners. Now, let me say right now that I'm not convinced that if you've just been shat upon from a great height by the songbird of infidelity, that you should take recourse by listening to the same bird squawk. Sounds to me like a recipe for more and consistent heartache than anyone should have to bear. The last time someone tore out my still-beating heart and danced the unfaithful flamenco on it in stilettos right in front of me the last thing I wanted to do was listen to anything that would remind me of the heel marks in my left ventricle. But that's me, I guess.

Anyway, I can tell you that there are some particularly tasty tracks on *Not With That Clown*. The most fitting would be Richard Thompson's "Why Must I Plead?" Thompson, who's wife and performance partner left him between the final set and the encore during one concert, would have a few tips for the love-lorn. Billy Bragg's "Walk Away Renee"

is a gem. There's also a good representation of Australian acts, with Frente, the Blackeyed Susans, the Hunters, the Beasts, and Paul Kelly all getting a look in.

My advice, don't take it too seriously. Be it women, men, cars, fish, or albums, there's plenty more out there.

J.D.

**Clumsy**  
Our Lady Peace  
(epic/Sony)

A Canadian four-piece. Signed to the same label as Pearl Jam. Sound a little bit similar - the music is very angst-y, but (fortunately), there ain't no big baritone voice trying to do an Eddie Vedder. The lead singer (Raine Maida) sounds remarkably like Wojtek Godzisz, from English band Symposium (who are trying to break away from the Brit pop scene by sounding like Archers of Loaf). The first two tracks really didn't do it for me, but then the third track - "Carnival" - really is good. The start sounds a smidgen like "Susan's House" by the Eels, but it brings to mind that band Cool For August - it has a similar style.

That can be said for the whole album. Much like The Caulfield's "L" album, there is nothing actually wrong with the songs, there is just nothing actually that good about them, apart from the outstanding "Carnival". It's the sort of music that's good for those who don't like to be challenged - and challenged you certainly won't be by Our Lady Peace. It's pretty boring, straight ahead commercial rock music, much in the vein of Cool For August et al.

I wouldn't pay for it if I was a consumer, but then again, that's my taste in music for you. This doesn't really appeal to me at all.

ANDREW I

**Raggadeath**  
Raggadeath  
(TWA)

I have seen the future, and it's loud, menacing, and very, very beautiful. Raggadeath hail from Toronto, the brainchild of bassist/keyboardist Walter Sobczak and drummer Stephen Kendall. In the credits both Kendall and Sobczak are credited with 'construction'. And Constructed is exactly what this album is, the same way that the Eiffel Tower or the Manhattan bridge is constructed. There is an architecture to the album, a self-conscious procedure that makes for a sound as tight and premeditated as Kraftwerk's *Autobahn* and as fluid and graceful as Massive Attack's *Protection*, though it has more in common with the latter.

The music is reggae-infused beat-hop with metal pretensions. This may sound ugly, but it works. The first single, "Dance With the Devil", is just the tip of the iceberg. The band's rotation of seven singers make for a variation of colour in the delivery and tone of each song. Other stand-out tracks include "Unity Version",

"Radio 02:12:96", and "Old School"; in fact they're all good.

Raggadeath's debut album isn't just music; it's the next step. The obvious influences run from Sonic Youth, circa *Daydream Nation*, to Spearhead, but the album isn't derivative. Rather this music collective take on board only what it needs to further its own ends, nodding reverentially at its influences, while creating a sound all their own. In my humble opinion, *Raggadeath* would undoubtedly be one of the best albums to come out of 1997 thus far.

J.D.

**Happily Ever After**  
Rose Chronicles  
(Netzwerk Records)

Swoon. This album was the fastest-moving newcomer on the US college radio charts last year, and now I see why. This reviewer has learnt that The Rose Chronicles are from Vancouver, a beautiful city not unlike Adelaide. However thanks to RC I have fallen in love with the music scene there. The ethereally sweet soprano of Kristy Thirsk is a gift to music, and the epic guitar soundscapes of Richard Maranda have to be witnessed. You could compare RC to a girly Luxury, an ambient Mercy Bell or maybe even a femme Depeche Mode. Truly, it has to be heard to be believed. The CD-ROM included with the album is amazing. Featuring a band bio and reviews, track listings and sound samples of all their past albums, and two full-length video clips, it is already worth more than \$30. However, the name of this CD was to have ironic parallels. My enquiries to Netzwerk Records resulted in tragedy. The Rose Chronicles have broken up!

Last I heard, Kristy is working on some other Netzwerk projects, but the rest of the band have disappeared. Farewell Rose Chronicles. I will miss you.

Zane

**Sweet 75**  
Sweet 75  
(Geffen)

This is the band that Krist Novoselic (the big tall goofy-lookin' fella who played bass for some famous three-piece) now is in. There we go, that should be enough to sell the album. But seriously... this is so different to Nirvana and their brand of punk-pop and Foo Fighters and their brand of pop, it is startling. This album encompasses all sounds - from grungy material, to cabaret style music, to lounge style music, to all sorts of crap really (I can't be bothered reading the 3 PAGE press release). It's very diverse and very interesting.

One of the reasons for this is the remarkable voice of Yva Las Vegas, a lounge singer from Portugal. She has the single most amazing voice (on a woman - Hamish Cowan from Cordrazine gets the gong for men; in a tie with Jeff Buckley) I've ever heard - it can go from lilting,

to fascinating, to screechy to in a different language - all in the same song!! And herein we find one of the problems with the album - it appears to have no direction. The musicians (Novoselic, Las Vegas, and various session players including William Rieflin on drums/percussion) are all having a ball of a time, they gel really well together - but they just don't go anywhere. They try to sound too diverse.

Some of the best tracks are when Novoselic picks up the bass guitar (he usually plays guitar for Sweet 75) such as "Red Dress", which for me is the stand out track. The other really good track is La Vida, which uses no less than 9 musicians!!! Even REM's Peter Dinklage plays on one of the songs ("Cantos De Pilon"). The only complaint I have is that the musicians all seem to be having a great time, but they don't create anything absolutely outstanding. Lounge music for the 90's.

ANDREW I

**The Book Of Secrets**  
Loreena McKennitt

As Loreena has continued to create albums, her work has matured in terms of production and sound. *The book of secrets* is fantastic in terms of sound, with rich textures created through the blending of instruments as varied as piano, keyboard, harp, kanoun, accordion, cello, acoustic guitar, mandolin, hurdy gurdy, bodhran, serangi, violin, and even a tin whistle. The album begins with a haunting prologue, and it improves from there. My favourite two tracks are *Marco Polo* - which incorporates a traditional Sufi melody into the Celtic framework, and *The Highwayman* - which is Alfred Noyes' poem of the same name set to music. This album is beautiful to listen to at anytime, its evocative style makes it easy to visualise Celtic nomads, galloping horses, and moonlit lanes. These songs challenge those who enjoy three minute radio friendly music as most tracks average five minutes, but after you have lost yourself in this album a couple of times you will neither notice nor care. An album that captures the timelessness and mystery of the Celtic culture, *The Book of Secrets* is eternally beautiful. Courtney Squires





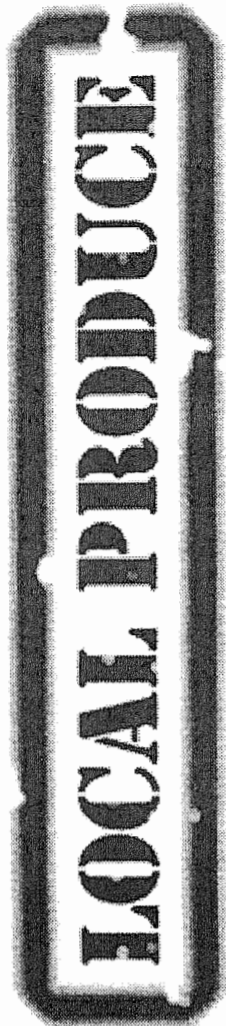
**Meet Me on the Ledge (EP) - Varnaline (Zero Hour Records/Shock):** What I'd really like to know is who came first? Americans Varnaline or Melbourne's Sandro? Whilst Sandro are immeasurably more talented, this EP is also very cool (and has a better sound). Both have the same mel low-with-occasional-rock-out indie sound happening. Pretty good stuff. (AnDrEw 1)

**She Cries Your Name - Beth Orton (Heavenly/Deconstruction/BMG):** Musically brilliant - includes violin & cello. Heartfelt lyrics. Catchy beats and lyrics. Depressing. Loved it. (Zane)

**Luv Song - Jane Jensen (some bastard multinational):** I don't like company's (notice that I don't mention which one) who only give out "promotional singles". So whilst this is a good song, I can't tell you how good, cos I haven't heard the b-sides. (AnDrEw 1)

**Sun - John Lydon Liberation/ (Mushroom):** Best known for his work with dancefloor sensations Leftfield, Lydon has outdone himself once more. A great little ditty about being lost in wilderness. (Zane)

**Rain - Erasure (Mute):** Typical Erasure stuff - flashback to the dancefloors of the 70's. Could catch on in the clubs. (Zane)



**Bobby Loves His Dog king (Independent CD)**

Instead of the usual angst or wank fest, these Adelaide boys have taken some truly abrasive (read. annoying) guitar tones mixed them up with some farting bass sounds and some God-awful drum programming (?) and then hollered some hilarious, self-deprecating lyrics over the top. The occasional crappy keyboard parts are cheesier than those bad 80's Euro-electric bands and the naive drum programming sounds like the drum accompaniment from an over driven church organ (or a \$29.99 K-Mart keyboard) but this CD is worth a few listens if only for the kitsch value. How

can you not laugh at lines like "Got my stinking glands and my smelly breath/Cannot seem to find any odours left" from *Fart?* Trust me, the booger and belch jokes don't stop there. Sure this CD may actually be painful to the ears at times, occasionally unlistenable and an extremely lo-fi venture into sonic distortion, but with lyrics like "I smell like a pig/I eat my own shit/I must be a pig/I'm round like a pig/I'm pink like a pig/I must be a pig" from *Pig* you've got to love it! I'm sure both Beavis and Butthead would be proud. **glancey**

**Somewhat After The Actual Event Timothy (Independent CD)**

Timothy's debut release is book ended with the sound of vinyl hiss, perhaps insinuating a lo-fi approach or a nod towards the past. If so, that's as close as Timothy get to these sentiments because the production work, (courtesy of Mick Wordley at Mixmasters), is exemplary and Timothy's tone sits comfortably amongst their modern contemporaries. The Timothy

sound is primarily guitar orientated and punk influenced, (with Green Day coming to mind), but it never quite steps into heavy terrain or reaches racy tempos. Instead, Timothy utilise melody, energy, fun and quirky hooks. Scott's voice is rather strong, displaying a wide range and a fluid style. Even through the distorted wail of *Thank God You're An Idiot*, Scott's voice is still infused with melody. Wordley has unfairly engulfed Scott's voice with reverb, but as the CD progresses the depth of the reverb tends to diminish. Maybe Scott was gradually wearing him down during the mixing! What I love about Timothy is their casual, refreshing and self-deprecating humour which is not quite captured on this disc. Their live show offers much more, but this is still an outstanding debut. **glancey**

**Demo 2 The Sunday Roast**

I'm not biased towards this band. I have seen them live and I have observed an amazing talent

in *The Sunday Roast*. And, as their propoganda suggests, they really are charming young lads. Matt Reiner is on my shortlist for the world's most amazing guitarists (also including Holden, but that's another story entirely.) At lot of people say that if you can play well without electricity, you're a good guitarist, so Matt insists on playing acoustic all the time! He doesn't feel pressured to fill his music with big riffs, overpowering drums, or murky distortion; he simply writes damn good, catchy music. Not that it's pop by any means; one of its great features is its musical integrity, originality and innovation. My hatred of guitars has evaporated in the light of this great work. 'Handkerchief' would be my musi-

cal favourite of the three tracks, with some great harmonica, but 'Channel Happy' is pretty cool lyrically: "I'm as happy as a fish in a frypan, I'm happy..." These guys are gonna be big. You can quote me. **Zane**

**Love Action PVC (Melodian)**

Light, Uptempo Guitar pop-meets-dance material that's really bloody good. Worth a spin just for the dodgy eastern vibe of 'Turkish Delight' - and even the 'Love Action' remixes are great. Support local talent and get this quick! **Isaac Bridle**



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- Friday 7th November**  
Music for Mother Ocean (Big Star)
- Thursday 13th November**  
Frezial Rhom (Shock)
- Thursday 20th November**  
Greenday (Warner)
- Friday 21st November**  
Regurgitator (Warner)

- Saturday 22nd November**  
Martini's Reunion (Gov. Hindmarsh Hotel)
- Saturday 29th November**  
Sleaze Ball (Entertainment Centre)
- New Years Eve**  
Crown & Anchor Hotel

**Albums of the Year - Scott Berry**

1. Radiohead - *OK Computer*
2. Portishead - *Portishead - so far ahead of everyone else that I'll leave no.3 blank*
3. blank
4. Jebediah - *Slightly Odway - sensational debut from a brilliant new Oz band*
5. Luxury - *The Latest and Greatest - similar to Radiohead, but not quite as innovative*

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# BACK TO BASICS

**James Cochran**  
 Until November 8<sup>th</sup>  
 at Carclew Youth Arts Centre,  
 11 Jeffcott St., North Adelaide

The paintings of James Cochran, currently exhibiting at Carclew Youth Arts Centre, tell stories. The thirteen portraits included in the exhibition sweep away pretensions and facades to capture the essence of the subjects' being, illustrating James's distinct ability to penetrate the human character.

tuated by bright and intense faces. Works such as *Theatre of Cruelty* and *The Invalid* pay some homage to the work of Caravaggio and Rembrandt. Other portraits such as *Young Mother and Child* and *Belle De Jour* exemplify the honest and gentle style of Jan Vermeer.

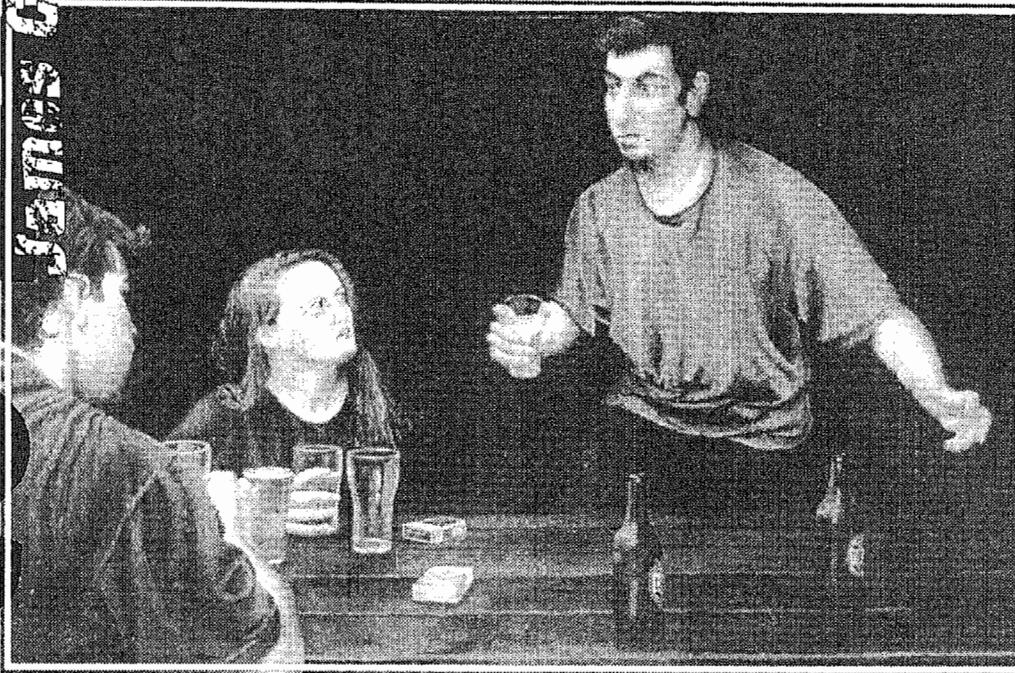
*Theatre of Cruelty* (pictured) depicts a moment of revelation and clarity, that can only be achieved whilst sipping upon a few quiet ales at the pub. The seer's companions however, seem incapable or indif-

given via slightly gestural brushstrokes. It illustrates the intoxicant with slightly distorted Francis Bacon-like features in a moment of slurred speech and consciousness.

Questions of post-modernity have been abandoned to concentrate upon technique and the depiction of real situations. This is refreshing and even innovative in a contemporary art scene intent on questioning the meaning of 'art'. Many artists possess the intellectual capacity to question art, however lack the artistic skill to enact their philosophy. Although this should not be an issue in a post-modern art climate, one feels the irrelevancy of visual art in everyday society may prompt the abandonment of the self indulgent artist marking a return to art that serves and fulfils a social purpose. Such questions however are complex and cannot be considered, let alone answered in a brief article which should be about the fabulous work of James Cochran. And in the end such conjecture is all dick anyway.

The 'back to basics' approach provides a real indication of the skill behind Cochran's work. The paintings are traditional without being stuffy, pretentious and most importantly irrelevant. This has much to do with the subject matter. James depicts the people and places he has seen, and in doing so encapsulates a certain spirit of Adelaide. The subjects are real people, with real lives. Through James's work we are given a brief and intuitive insight into their world.

**Martin Polkinghorne**



An element of uncanny familiarity pervades the characters and settings of James's works. They are people we know, surroundings we inhabit. An excellent example is *Young Drinker*, illustrating a scene from the Crown & Anchor, a scenario witnessed personally on several occasions. Another depiction of personal significance is *Illumination*, a scene from the Uni of SA Underdale library. Here the subject finds enlightenment and refuge in the presence of books.

James has applied the techniques of the old masters to the subject matter of everyday life in Adelaide. This is evident in his use of light, an essential element of most of the paintings. Elements of drama are given by black backgrounds punc-

ferent to sharing the enthusiasm of the discovery.

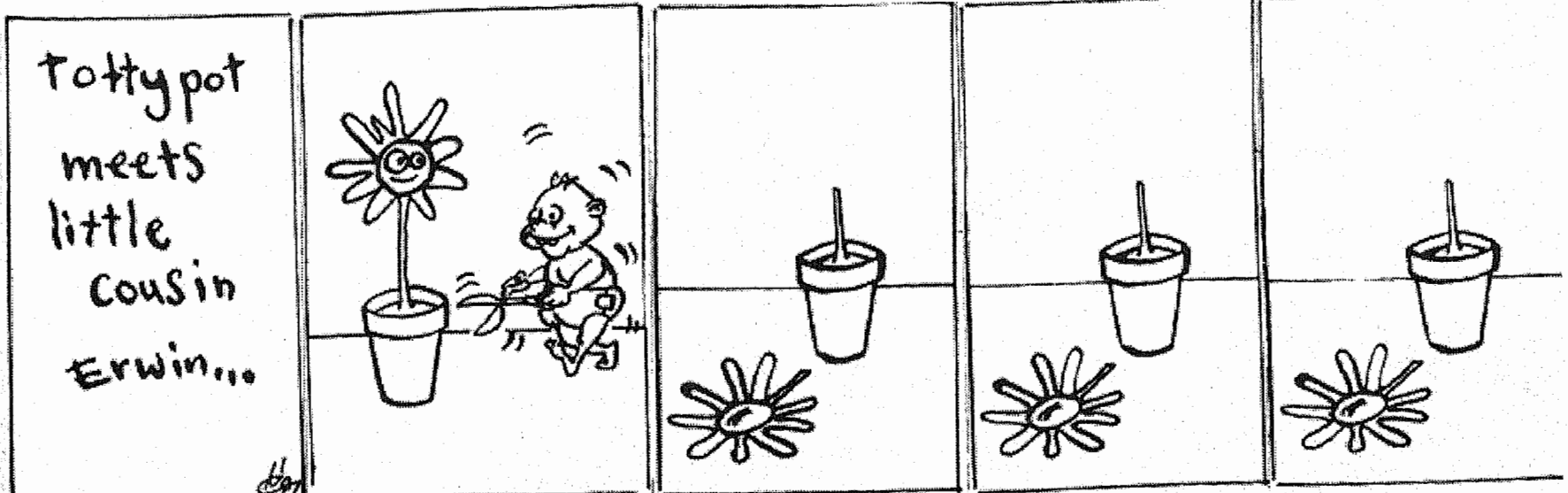
The best work of the exhibition is *The Invalid*, depicting the drunken stupor of a late night philistine. This is the most 'modern' of the works,

## conGRATULATIONS!

to James Morrison, On Dit Editor, on his receipt of the  
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from your friends at the Students' Association

We wish you all the best in your future endeavours. Cheers!





The DEPARTMENT of DAFT DEATHS presents...

# STUPIDITY UNLEASHED

by JAMES MORRISON

## STUPID PRODUCT WARNINGS

A character in Douglas Adams' *So Long, And Thanks For All The Fish* exiled himself from society, deciding that any world which included detailed instructions with a packet of tooth-picks was a world too foolish to live in. In this spirit we here present some of the more insane warnings found on common products or in their operation manuals. And remember, if in doubt, DO NOT EAT.

**STEREO:** "Do not eat or swallow machine or parts."

**CD-ROM PLAYER:** "Do Not Eat!"

**CAR WINDSCREEN SILVER SUNSHADE:** "Warning! Do not drive with sunshade in place!"

**FIRST BIRTHDAY GIFT BADGE:** "Sharp edge, not for children under 5."

**FIREWORKS:** "Caution: Flammable."

**PLASTIC CANDLE PACKAGING:** "Remove Before Lighting"

**JUNKMAIL ENVELOPE:** "If You Don't Receive This, Let Us Know."

**PHONE BILL:** "If phone is not in

**S**tupidity cannot be cured with money, or through education, or by legislation. Stupidity is not a sin, the victim can't help being stupid. But stupidity is the only universal capital crime; the sentence is death, there is no appeal, and execution is carried out automatically and without pity."

Robert Heinlein, *Time Enough For Love*

Stupidity can strike at any time, and can have horrific consequences - or it can be as tedious and domestic as some moments of genius. Whatever the result, stupidity can and will affect you and your loved ones. Perhaps you are stupid yourself. If so, you may identify with some of the following true stories...

**AMBROSE BURNSIDE:** This hairy-faced American civil war General (who, incidentally, gave his name to 'sideburns') was perhaps the most incompetent military tactician



of all time. At the Battle of Antietam he overcame the advantage of having 12000 troops by marching them in single file over an exposed bridge while enemy guns shot at them - a bridge crossing a river which was only three feet deep and could easily have been waded through. Two years later, in an attempt to dynamite a trench through which his men could run into the enemy camp, 'Burns', as he was affectionately known, instead manage to strand his troops at the bottom of a deep hole which they could not escape, while the enemy force surrounded them with weapons drawn. President Lincoln commented, "Only Burnside could have managed such a coup, wringing one last spectacular defeat from the jaws of victory."

**THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON:** In 1666 this incredible conflagration destroyed 300 acres of London, including 13000 houses and 87 parish churches - incredibly, it claimed only 8 lives (and inadvertently helped clean up the city after the Great Plague of 1665). The fire began at two o'clock in the morning in the

home of a baker who had forgotten to damp down his ovens for the night.

Once the fire had begun the mayor of London was alerted. Unimpressed, he stared at the flames and stated, "Pish! A woman might piss it out!" The baker responsible for all of the destruction, John Farynor, is the most famous purveyor of breads and the like in history. Good work.

**SOCCER:** In the first World Cup, 1930, the American trainer dashed out onto the pitch to tend

service, please call ..." **LIGHT SENSITIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPER:** "Open only in darkness - see further instructions inside."

**CHILD'S BATMAN CAPE:** "Caution: Cape does not enable user to fly."

**ELECTRIC FENCING WIRE:** "Do not use as kite string."

**KITTY LITTER:** "Warning: Not for food storage use."

**CHEESE-IN-A-CAN:** "For Best Results Remove Cap."

**AIRLINE SAFETY BOOKLET:** "If you are unable to read this, please ask a stewardess for help."

**TV MANUAL:** "Do not pour liquids into your television set."

**CIGARETTE LIGHTER:** "Do Not Ignite Near Face" **FIRE**

**EXTINGUISHER:** "Carry To Fire" **PUBLIC TOILET TOWEL LOOP**

"Warning: Do Not Put Head In Towel Loop."

**BUTANE LIGHTER:** "Warning - may cause fire!"

**CURLING WAND:** "Caution, do not place in microwave."

**WOOD STOVE:** "CAUTION: Hot When In Operation."

**FRUIT ROLL-UPS:** "Do Not Eat Plastic Wrapping."

The following are genuine excerpts from court proceeding transcripts, demonstrating that idiocy is not confined to everyday life.

Lawyer: Doctor, did you say he was shot in the woods?  
 Witness: No. I said he was shot in the lumbar region.

Lawyer: Now, Mrs Johnson, how was your first marriage terminated?  
 Witness: By death.

Lawyer: And by whose death was it terminated?

Lawyer: Mrs. Smith, do you believe that you are emotionally unstable?  
 Accused: I should be.

Lawyer: How many times have you committed suicide?  
 Accused: Four times.

Lawyer: Was that the same nose you broke as a child?

Lawyer: Did he pick the dog up by the ears?  
 Witness: No.

Lawyer: What was he doing with the dog's ears?  
 Witness: Picking them up in the air.

Lawyer: Where was the dog at this time?  
 Witness: Attached to the ears.

Lawyer: And lastly, Gary, all your responses must be oral. OK? What school do you go to?  
 Witness: Oral.

Lawyer: How old are you?  
 Witness: Oral.

Lawyer: What can you tell us about the truthfulness and veracity of this defendant?  
 Witness: Oh, she will tell the truth. She said she'd kill that sonofabitch - and she did!



to an injured player after Argentina scored a disputed goal. The crowd of eighty thousand roared with delight as he threw down his medical bag, broke the bottle of chloroform, totally anaesthetised himself and had to be carried from the pitch by his own team.

**BUFFALO SHIT:** The 1979 National American Buffalo Chip Throwing Contest began well when it was discovered that no buffaloes actually came within eight hundred kilometres of the Maryland venue. The organisers attempted to emergency air-freight in the vital dried buffalo turds, but the local airline refused to carry them for hygiene reasons. Turning instead to dried cowpats, the contest was marred when top contender Dr Philip Ball of Muncie lost control and knocked out a judge with a mis-aimed cowpat. His second attempt shattered in mid-air, showering the increasingly dispirited audience with fragments of bovine faeces.

**SOLDIER:** Dan Raschen of the English Army during WW2 managed a number of special achievements while serving in the forces. As his battalion was shipped to India he managed to lose all of his own clothes and the entirety of the ship's cutlery out one of the portholes in an attempt to wash them. Upon reaching India he was immediately and unexpectedly charged with murder, and only released when he was able to point out his alleged victim

in the crowd of amused on-lookers. In training he managed to get trapped under a heavy railway sleeper during an obstacle course run, and he later lost three amphibious tanks in one particularly busy week (two sank in a pond and the third he managed to drive through the wall of his own accommodation). Moving into the field of explosives, he excelled himself by mooring his boat to the section of coral reef he had been despatched to blow up. Upon retiring from the army after the war, he wrote his autobiography, published as *Wrong Again, Dan!*

**EDUCATION:** Animal Rights activist "Chris P. Carrot" dressed up as a seven foot carrot when he intended to go to the local school to talk to the children about preventing cruelty to animals. This backfired when the principal used him as an example of why the children should not talk to strangers.

**ACCIDENT:** A woman in Chicago was stopped by police for speeding as she drove frantically towards the hospital, clutching the back of her head. When police asked her to lower her hands, she refused, stating that her "brains would fall out." Whilst driving in the heat,

doctor removed a small cork from his ear canal. "I must have put it there when I was a child," mused the man.

**FUCKWITTED LAWS OF AMERICA:**

Milwaukee: Pet elephants must be leashed when walked in the public streets.

Okalahoma: It is illegal to fish for whales in the state's inland waters, and illegal to get a fish drunk.

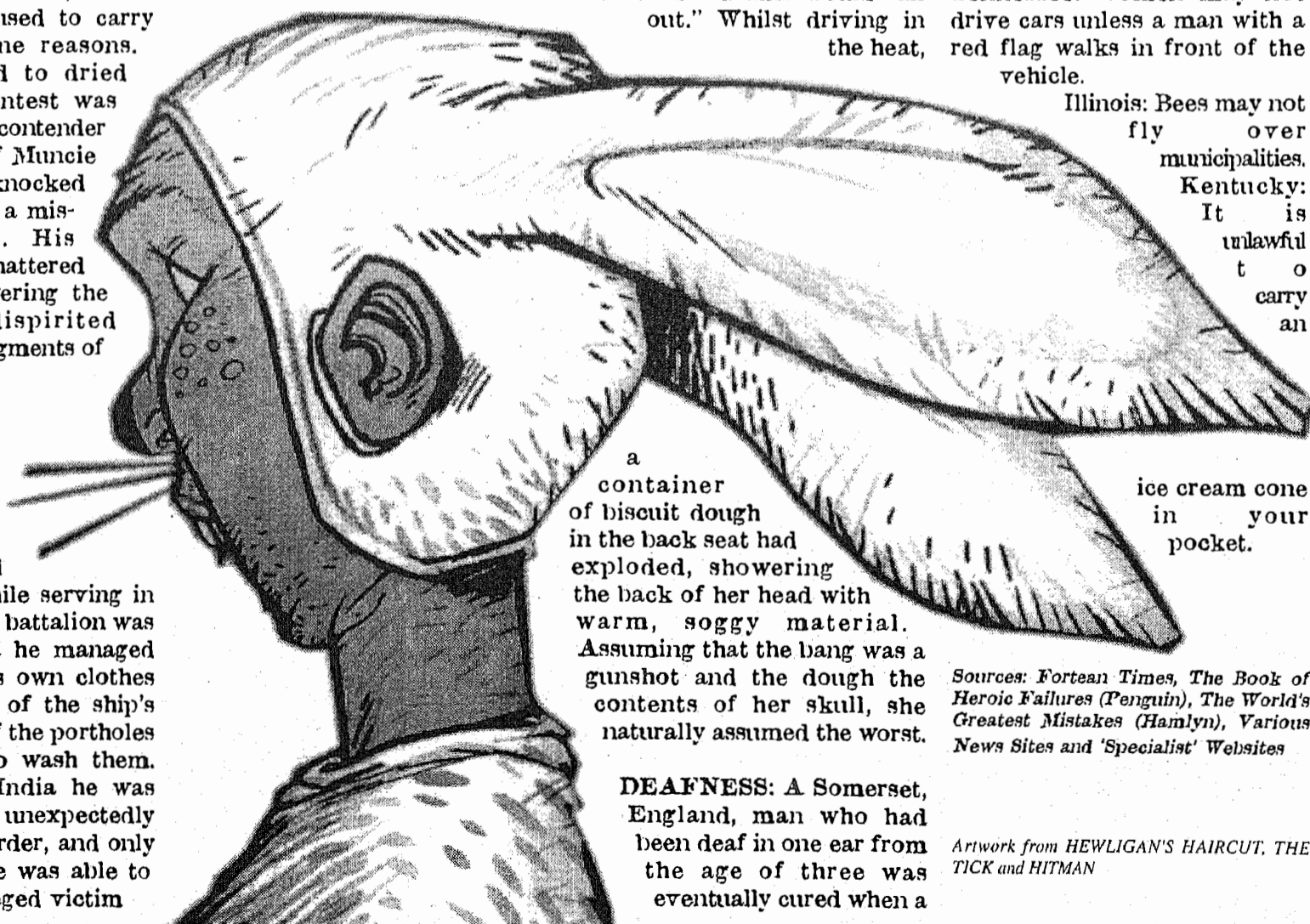
New Jersey: Soup may not be slurped in restaurants.

New York: Citizens may not eat peanuts and walk backwards during a concert.

Tennessee: Women may not drive cars unless a man with a red flag walks in front of the vehicle.

Illinois: Bees may not fly over municipalities.

Kentucky: It is unlawful to carry an



ice cream cone in your pocket.

Sources: Fortean Times, The Book of Heroic Failures (Penguin), The World's Greatest Mistakes (Hamlyn), Various News Sites and 'Specialist' Websites

**DEAFNESS:** A Somerset, England, man who had been deaf in one ear from the age of three was eventually cured when a

Artwork from HEWLIGAN'S HAIRCUT, THE TICK and HITMAN

**Idio+**




**WISH YOU MANY - For Tatum**

Seems so long  
 A twisted straightened path  
 I know one longer  
 And did not even move  
 And now it seems like a low mark  
 Something you do not expect  
 But can live with  
 Do not think there is anger or sorrow  
 Paranoia thrust upon another  
 There is empathic happiness and such  
 I thank you for your time

Even though we talk of not fading  
 We fade  
 I will remember and fade you won't  
 This dragging p.o.w is meant to be white  
 And joyous with flowers and hearts  
 You have opened me wider than before  
 [strengthened]  
 I wish to let you know  
 You are something special, something  
 Pretty and something secret  
 The space we have plexed  
 I treasure  
 No sadness no tears  
 It is not as if you are in a coffin  
 Well, that was morbid - apologies  
 In short, we are hoping it makes you feel fine  
 Hoping you be happy  
 I wish you many further in the after  
 I love you, I'll miss you my sweetheart

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**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.*

## All Style

by Hamish Macintyre

The outset:

The Australian experience? Let me tell you about the Australian experience. The Australian experience is sitting in a hairdresser's. The Australian experience is sitting at the hairdresser's in a supermarket next to the Key-cutters having your hair-cut by a barber and pointing to a picture of some Hollywood person and going, can you do hair like that? That's the Australian experience. And another thing, the Key-cutter's bickering with the A.V. Jennings Display Home Centre man. The stakes are high: a car-parking space hangs in the balance. These Two Blunt Headed Men Will Fight. And Only One Will Be Left Standing. I reckon they should chill, hey relax. But I'm biased on two counts: one I'm keeping cool inside getting a 3 on my head and two I work for one of them.

This and that:

Worked in door to door sales once. For a day. Had lunch for two hours, you get to choose your own hours you also get to buy your own petrol to the suburbs. Delivered books too. Text books from a warehouse to the schools. Had to sit in the truck. Wasn't allowed to listen to my station. Always middle aged farts with deep voices telling you how it is on the breadline, battlers. Yeah, yeah yeah. Then they play some more Beatles and go for a ride on their Harley Davidsons or something. Went from the container yard where they get the books, went from there to the warehouse, where we sorted the books and then stick them back in the trucks and go out to all the schools. Stand behind the counter fetching and carrying books when they hand over their invoices. In the gyms mostly. Assembly halls. Young student girls in their designer denim bib-overalls. One guy I knew, Conrad, used to deliberately get the orders wrong. Girls talked to him. They complained about missing books. He got their names and addresses on order

forms. It was all so simple. They smelled like chlorine and clean living in the summer-time. He smelt like he'd been fetching and carrying text-books in a gym for the last four hours. And while all this was going on Talk Back hosts were speeding around the hills humming a few riffs from 'Ticket to Ride'. Cliches? Plenty more where they came from.

Here and there:

Had a friend in Melbourne. He could "talk the legs off a chair" and "tear strips off yer". There's a couple of good expressions. He got me a job. He was going overseas. He told me he was going to sell surfboards at a profit in Bali. I could house-sit for him:  
*You want me to go to Melbourne and house-sit for you?*  
 Mm.  
*I'm into adventures. It's an intriguing proposition and one about which I'd like to know more... (I was being one of those wankers who wastes other people's inter-state phone-calls. All part of the show, I make it my business to entertain).*

Look- can you do it?

I had to pay his rent for the second month. That's cool. I was getting upwards of Three Hundred Dollars A Week Cash In Hand. I grew side-burns. I bought some new jeans and boots that I broke in fast. Factory had me there eight hours a day. I was lifting and carrying. I emptied the loft. I was appreciated. I got to listen to the radio station of my choice. I came home on the train. I talked to a girl who had an Astro Boy T-shirt. Her sister had a water bottle and bass-boost playing through her Walkman. I forget which one was reading *Ulysses*. Very symbolic, travellers talking to strangers on trains, reading about curious voyagers on ships. And on the train was a person whose hair colour was auburn...  
 All the passengers awoke to the bloom of rosyfingered dawn. We had crossed the border. How might someone like Leunig describe it? He might say: "Everything stunk."  
 Rail:  
 Needless to say, I made some good

friends on that concession price journey. Talked comprehensively about myself to strangers, as one does when one finds oneself faced with circumstances of such nature. *High Card- 8 of Diamonds*. We all exchanged phone numbers. The agreement with travelling strangers involves playing cards and exchanging phone numbers. *Pair of Kings*. The implicit agreement is that nobody ever actually calls *Whaddyaknow? Aces- three of 'em* anyone again afterwards. They need the chunkachunkachunk of the rail on the track. As if. Nice people? I think not, there's a psycho in every poker game.

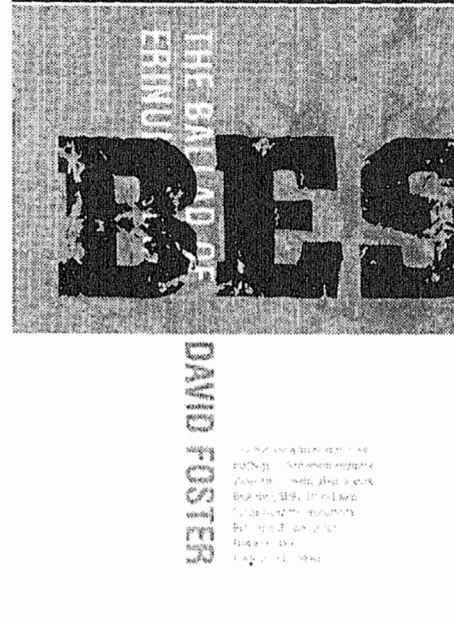
Where I left off:

Got a lift back home from a person I know. I won't say the name. There's bad blood between us. She later started work at the Key-cutters and made my life at the A.V. Jennings Display Home Centre a living Hell. Took the rap for 'The Great Car-Park Debacle of '96'. I've had my fifteen minutes- I wouldn't wish it on my worst enemy. Morning is the best time of the day. I keep missing it because I sleep through the alarm. It's a Busy Busy World. Richard Scarry had the right idea about that. Look at this:  
 3:30am- That's about the time money starts being made. By me. I pack shelves, sometimes I arrive late. I pack longer. I'm built for the shelves. I set things straight. I have an eye for order. You can do amazing things with a pallet-load of tinned pineapple, I always say: imagination is the key.  
 12 noon- I luncheon. I teleconference. I check that the irons are still in the fire. There are always contacts, people to whom I must make my services known. I'm laying down a driveway for the people across the road next week. There are secret things only I know how to do with a spade and a heap of wet cement. And grouting? Don't get me started.  
 5:00pm- I jot down new and innovative ways to direct potential capital toward my potential labour. I keep these notes secret. I'll speak no more of them. I've wasted enough time on this.  
 Now I leave. How can I get anywhere fast if I'm not moving?

# THE ABSOLUTE BEST OF 1997

So the On Dit year has come to a close, much to the sadness of S'N'M and their wonderful Sub Eds. In honour of all the books, films, and cds we reviewed over the last 23 editions, we asked the team what their favourites were, and then what their worst were, and this is the result. Do you care? We don't think so. Do we care that you don't care? Nuh. So disagree all you want, but you can't write to us and tell us so cos we don't exist NO MORE!! Har har.

## BEST OF BOOKS

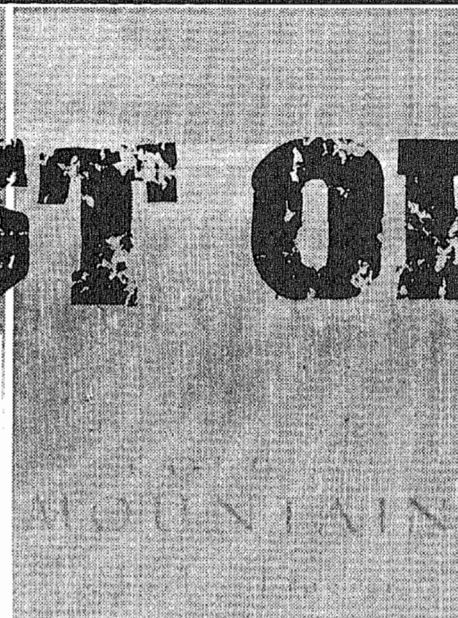


*Mason & Dixon*  
Thomas Pynchon

*The Touch*  
Julie Myerson

*Love in a Blue Time*  
Hanif Kureishi

*The Ballad of Erinungarah*  
David Foster

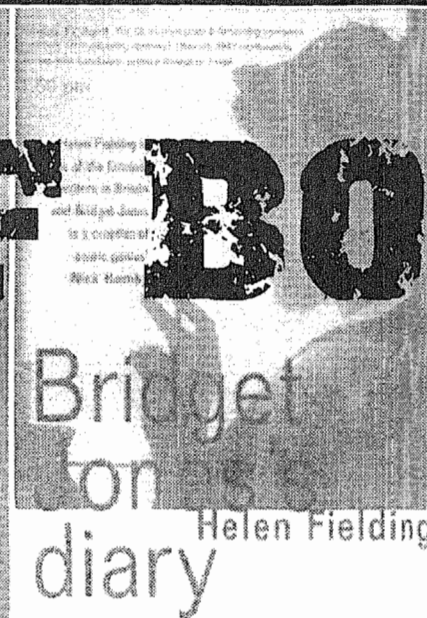


*A Song of Stone*  
Iain Banks

*The Prince*  
Tim Richards

*Distress*  
Greg Egan

*The Glade Within the Grove*  
David Foster

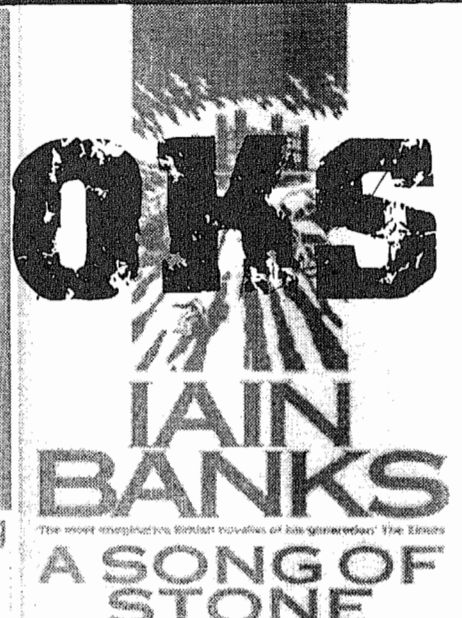


*Lives of the Monster Dogs*  
Kirsten Bakis

*Butterfly Effect*  
Pernille Rygg

*Sex, Lies & Litigation*  
Tyne O'Connell

*Nostradamus Ate My Hamster*  
Robert Rankin



*Illustrated Family Doctor*  
David Snell

*Bridget Jones's Diary*  
Helen Fielding

*Galatea 2.2*  
Richard Powers

*Cold Mountain*  
Charles Frazier

*Europa*  
Tim Parks

## BEST OF MUSIC



*OK Computer*  
Radiohead

*Drag*  
kd lang

*Homogenic*  
Bjork

*Ways T'Burn*  
Underground Lovers

*Brighten the Corners*  
Pavement

*Blow Up*  
Mr Blonde

*Thylacine*  
Monique Brumby

*Portishead*  
Portishead

*Urban Hymns*  
The Verve

*The Boatman's Call*  
Nick Cave

*Skin*  
Fruit

*Blur*  
Blur

*Pristine Smut*  
The Murmurs

*Casual Climber*  
The Miltons

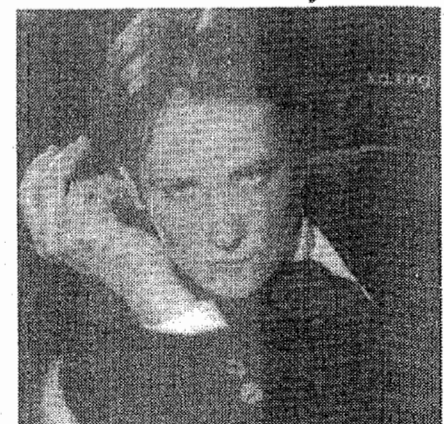
*Like Swimming*  
Morphine



Monique Brumby



thylacine





- |                        |                           |                                 |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------|
| <i>Floating Life</i>   | <i>Star Wars</i>          | <i>Everyone Says I Love You</i> | <i>GridLock'd</i>   |
| <i>Kiss or Kill</i>    | <i>Lost Highway</i>       | <i>Horseman on the Roof</i>     | <i>Career Girls</i> |
| <i>Contact</i>         | <i>When We Were Kings</i> | <i>Floating Life</i>            | <i>Full Monty</i>   |
| <i>Mars Attacks</i>    | <i>Lone Star</i>          | <i>The Castle</i>               | <i>Lost World</i>   |
| <i>English Patient</i> | <i>No Way Home</i>        | <i>Parklands</i>                | <i>Basquiat</i>     |
| <i>Microcosmos</i>     | <i>Nadja</i>              | <i>Quiet Room</i>               | <i>Ridicule</i>     |
| <i>Fallen Angels</i>   | <i>Idiot Box</i>          | <i>Some Mother's Son</i>        | <i>Chasing Amy</i>  |

**THE WORST OF FILM**

- |               |                |           |
|---------------|----------------|-----------|
| Bean          | Michael        | Anaconda  |
| Lost Highway  | Crash          | Metro     |
| Fifth Element | Batman & Robin | Speed 2   |
| Evita         | Kama Sutra     | The Relic |

**1997 GOODIES**

- Vanstone was sacked.
- Blur are here!
- kd is coming.
- Mars was trampled on by technological stuff.
- Liberal is no longer the big chief in SA!
- The re-release of Star Wars.
- The twenty three editions of On Dit by S'N'M.
- Postponement of tariff reductions in the Textile & Automotive industries.
- The Crows won the Grand Final.
- The rain came falling down, and the farmers were happy, but will it ever stop?
- Sydney 2000 is one year closer (we're grabbing at straws now).
- You've got this far into this super dooper, bigger than any other On Dit edition.

**1997 NASTIES**

- Kemp got her job!
- Princess Di did Die.(and so did Mother Theresa, but at her age, it was no shocker!)
- Jeff Buckley died, much to the disdain of those waiting for another album.
- The Howard Government and their amazing ability to represent Australia as being a complete backwater!
- Pauline Hanson.
- Fiona (ed) can't afford the ticket to go see kd!
- Massive cuts to Adelaide University Arts and Education in general.
- The Elle Dit disappearance debacle.
- The Thredbo disaster.
- The "Great new shape" of the Advertiser.
- The Wik decision & Kakadu mining etc...everything under "Howard"

# Elephants Never...erm...

**Tusk**  
Bill Reed  
Hyland House

Bill Reed's first novel in ten years, *Tusk*, is a powerful, chilling and sometimes moving tale of the displaced and disturbed. Rather like me at the moment, hurtling along somewhere between Adelaide and Melbourne on the Overlander night train!

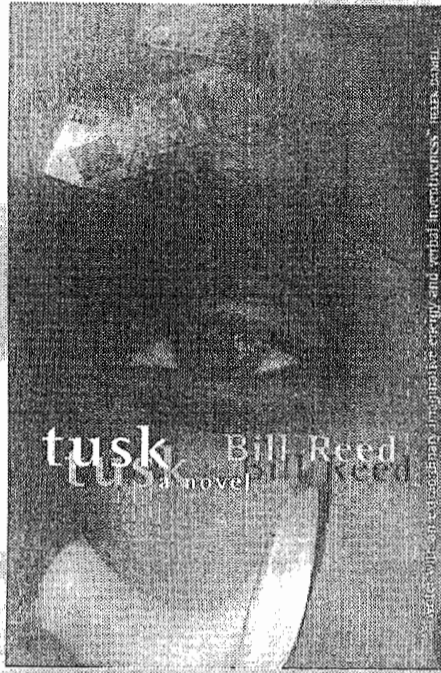
The action in the novel takes place in both Australia and Sri Lanka and it is apparently the first of four novels set in these two countries. *Tusk* is a brilliant example of the blurring of boundaries. Mine are pretty blurred too, as the steward has just turned off all the lights and it's only 11pm.

But back to *Tusk*. The main character is John Tasker and if ever a guy was suffering from a mega personality problem, this is him. Half black Sri Lankan Tamil, half white Australian, John is a lawyer working for the Attorney-General's office in Canberra. However, his main pre-occupation seems to be his unresolved relationship with both his Tamil father

(a rogue elephant, for whom he searches in order to kill) and his extremely elusive, apparently psychotic, twin brother Tusker.

Brought to Australia as a child by his white Australian mother, John longed for the "lush swarms of Ceylon greens", for the elephants and the "mud and thatch huts". Adelaidians will undoubtedly find the references to our fair city chilling in the extreme. Especially Reed's observations of life (if that's what you call it) in the migrant camp at Henley Beach:

*two thousand people somehow surviving in the Promised Land... Few of them ever*



got out...

Taken at its most superficial, *Tusk* is a detective novel, although even at this level we're not quite sure who is the hunter and who is the hunted.

Bill Reed's text makes a lot of points about relationships. About our understanding (or lack of understanding) of others and most importantly of ourselves. This, I think, is Reed's strength. Although it loses something through his use of, in my opinion, needless repetition which grates somewhat.

Speaking of grating, the woman sitting next to me keeps scowling at me because

I've switched my overhead reading light on! So much for getting lots of study done on this journey.

Taken overall, *Tusk* is a great book, which among other things exposes the pain and suffering that lie, at various depths, beneath the surface. Reed explores the mystery of the human psyche. However, I'm not sure that I would agree with the blurb on the book's cover, which acclaims Bill Reed as "one of our few writers of genius".

My favourite character in *Tusk* is probably the Sri Lankan Police Inspector, Charles Ekanyake, who's on the trail of Tamil terrorists. Does he find them? Is John's brother Tusker one of them? Does John resolve those seemingly unsolvable relationships? You'll have to read *Tusk* to find out.

Do you think that if I try hard enough I'll be able to block out the sound of the guy snoring across the aisle and the disapproving looks from the woman next to me? Oh, well, I'll turn off the light and try dreaming of elephants.

Penny Spencer.

## STEP LIGHTLY.

**Stepper**  
Brian Castro  
Random House

We all loved watching spy flicks when we were little - admit it - James Bond was where it was at - or Maxwell Smart - while a little bit of a klutz, he still managed to solve the case. *Stepper* is more than a simple spy novel. It is a profoundly moving and more than fleeting erotic dramatisation of the relationship of private to public commitment and of the failure of political ideology as an alternative to human love. Yes, like most others in its genre - *Stepper* is an extremely dramatic portrayal of one man's search for information (argh) while at the same time being a consummate ladies' man. Where is the originality? I could have picked up a movie such as *Spies Are Us* and been more impressed with its humour and parody of the seriousness of flicks such as James Bond. Yes I am trivialising it - however as a true lover of chaos (or KAOS) I like to see some complexity and originality in plot.

While the scenery is very exoticised - Tokyo 1933 - we are generally left with the feeling that this is not new ground that is covered - Victor Stepper - brilliant journalist, and spy (yes it's Clark Kent) and as the world descends into war, Stepper collects information and sends it on to Moscow. The communists! Ahhh the intrigue - the double agent! Yes, so dramatic.

The style of writing, however (let's get technical) is quite descriptive and realistic - intellectually fascinating for those of you who really enjoy this genre of writing: and there was potential for suspense and intrigue.

Perhaps my interaction with this genre of writing has been destroyed by the latter popular cultural representation of "the spy" - come on - who didn't watch Inspector Gadget???

For those lovers of the spy / espionage genre - with the odd bit of romance - this is the book for you!

Jocelyn Milbank



## I Can See You.

**In Full View, Essays by Lily Brett.**  
Macmillan Books  
\$29.95

It would be excessively hard for me to analyse (the perpetual student in me) or indeed to 'judge' what Lily Brett has written in her essays.

There are nine essays, each dealing with a certain aspect of her life from aging to sex. What captivated me was not the author's former work as a print journalist or a poet, rather it was her absolute honesty and courage to expose herself, her family, and her deepest feelings about life, love, and the American way.

So the last sentence is perhaps the largest cliché that I could have included,

but it is true! Brett is an Australian author who has moved to the largest Mecca of "culture" in Northern America New York. Okay, so while I was reading this I could not-ain from singing that infamous show-tune "New York, New York" from the beloved Frank Sinatra (it's truly a masterpiece) and whilst reading all about her experiences in Soho and vari-

ous museums and art galleries - I felt like I was perhaps stuck in a Woody Allen movie. That is perhaps a little cruel, I definitely have to go there!

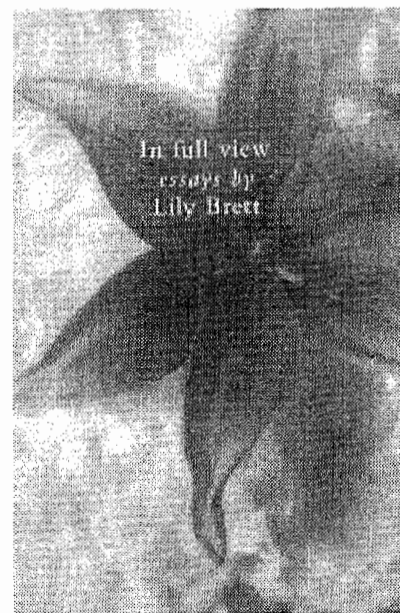
Not often does a writer come along that can write a novel and make you experience every emotion that they had. From

experiences with her parents, severe frustration (yes that does sound familiar), death, and laughter, to that of utter joy - the birth of her son: Brett has this talent to let the reader in. Now what I have just described may sound like a boring mish-mash of stories that belong somewhere like *The Brady Bunch* - not so! Rather Brett is unsparing with her candour with equal parts of self-mockery and self-scrutiny

- her account is as funny as it is blazingly intense

Read *In Full View* for its hilarity, shrewdness, and the opportunity to spend time with a uniquely clever, loving and sympathetic friend who is also an enormously gifted writer.

Jocelyn Milbank.



# Hey!

ARE YOU:

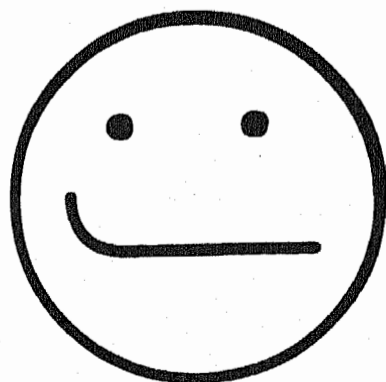
SAD? PATHETIC? LONELY? HAPPY? ZANY? CONSCIOUS? SOBER? INCOHERENT? LITERATE? MISSING ONE SHOE? HUNGRY? SEXY? MADCAP? DESPONDENT? IRRESPONSIBLE? INFECTIOUS? CHARISMATIC? AFRAID OF SPIDERS? CRUISIN' FOR A BRUISIN'? ARGUMENTATIVE? FUZZY? ABLE TO LEAP TALL BUILDINGS IN A SINGLE BOUND? SHORT? AMBIGUOUS? ONE CARD SHORT OF A DECK? WOBBLY? FRAGRANT? FISHY? INAPPROPRIATE? CHOCOLATEY? SOCIALLY INEPT? FRUITY? IMMATURE? COLD? SNOTTY? SPECIAL? CYNICAL? PURPLE? GASEOUS? UPLIFTING? TWIRLY? REALLY, REALLY BORED? TIRED OF READING THIS TRIPE?

Then you're just the  
person we're looking  
for as an

## On Dit '98

Sub-Editor

So git orf yer  
backside, git orn down  
to the SAUA, fill out  
an application and give  
it back to them by  
December 5.



This message brought to you by the smirking happy smiley face, and his friend Norman the Dancing Nerd.



# Dark Waters.

**Black Sea**

David Brooks  
Allen & Unwin  
\$16.95

The main problem with abstract art is that, no matter how much time has been put into it by the artist, and how much personal significance they may derive from it themselves, it rarely means a hell of a lot to anybody else. Thus abstract art is, on the whole, dismissed.

There is an equivalent in prose - works that, through metaphor and hazy allusion, might really be about anything. Unless the writer is there beside you, talking you through the tangled web of their words, you don't really know what the hell they're on about. Some people like that - poetry is full of it, after all - feeling that something is more powerful if numerous different interpretations can be drawn from it. To others, though, it's all just a bit too frustrating. Some readers might get the feeling that the writers of this sort of stuff might just be a little

too self-indulgent for their own good. How much fun is it, after all, to go on a joyless trawl through somebody else's misrepresented subconscious?

David Brooks' latest book (his third collection of short 'stories', though he has also written one novel) is *Black Sea*, and of the eighteen pieces collected here, only half a dozen or so actually have anything happen in them. When Brooks actually gets a bit of self-control and writes a proper story, he can do an excellent job. The opener, 'Listening to the Labyrinth', is an affecting and sad autobiographical piece that ends with a clever and unexpected pun. 'The

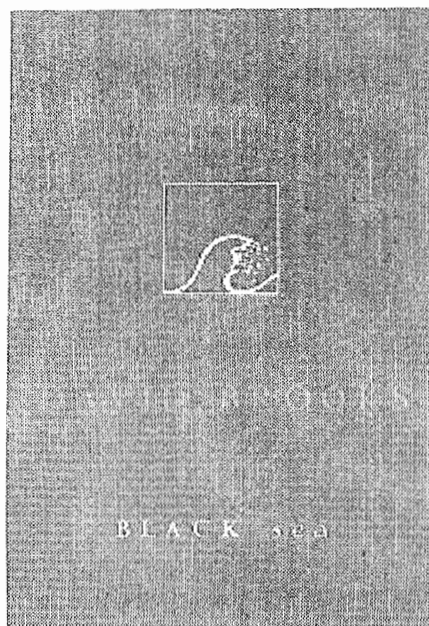
Geometrist' is vaguely Kafkaesque in its detailing of the life and lusts of a European mathematician. 'Black Sea' itself is a beautifully told tale of sex and eroticism, carefully cloaked in mystery. 'The Rat Catcher' is like modern Australian H.P. Lovecraft, but with a more realistic (and better written) edge.

As for the rest, though ... there are problems (though some readers would not see them as such). Brooks has an obsession with late nineteenth and early twentieth cen-

tury artists, and name drops them with annoying regularity ('Jacques Prévert and the Cat', 'Gauguin's Dream'). Furthermore, many of these pieces are not really stories at all - they are more philosophical meanderings that, while written by someone with an obvious feel for language, aren't particularly exciting, involving or, in the end, meaningful. The reader is carried along with the style (which is almost enough to make you realise the lack of substance) until the end. In their favour, most of these are quite short - the whole book only just breaks 160 pages - but saying "At least it's short!" isn't that much of a compliment.

So... *Black Sea* is alright but not great, though scattered with moments of greatness. Frustrating, given the obvious talent at work. Some people will love it, especially those who are big on ambiguous poetry. Others, though, will be left unsatisfied.

James Morrison



## But does it rhyme?

## Not About Breasts

**Poems: Seven Ages**

Barbara Giles  
Penguin, 1997  
\$19.95

*Poems: Seven Ages* is at once inspiring, amusing and confrontational. Barbara Giles, the poet, guides the reader through a myriad of phases which mark particular transitions in life.. childhood, love, womanhood, death.. in fact the text is divided into seven parts, each exploding open a conventionally closed space in social reality. The description of the ironies and contradictions of love and life, age and ageing, reconciliation and death is rich and ensures an absorbing read. The voice of wisdom is reflected by Giles's profound insight into the 'or-

dinary' dimensions of human existence. Through wit and frankness she challenges socially entrenched ideologies of woman, marriage and family, revealing to the reader the transparency of such constructions. *Poems: Seven Ages* is undoubtedly shaped by a feminist paradigm; dominant modes of oppression are rebuked and woman's quest for Self-fulfilment is beautifully illuminated. One of my favourite poems is 'Eve Rejects Apple'. There are two reasons, firstly the title appealed to me and secondly the subsequent expression of Giles's art. The poet speaks as a woman alone in the city of love who is pursued by an overzealous Frenchman who preys on her independence. ' "I want to sleep with you. I much prefer / - and older woman. The young are acid, raw / You are alone. No-one will know what you do. / Here is your chance to live!" My unkind laughter / releases me to enquire of a ripened lady, who kindly / points me the way to the Durer, and I go / happy in that I have repelled seduction / entirely in French.' There are many interpretations permeating not only this poem, but all of Giles's art. She dares the reader to peep inside their soul for answers traditionally enforced through social sanctions. *Poems: Seven Ages* represents a universal journey that one can identify. If you desire inspiration, amusement and challenge, read the pages of Barbara Giles's poetry.

Agneta Esposito.

**Meaty, Beaty, Big And Bouncy : Classic Rock & Pop Writing From Elvis To Oasis.**

Dylan Jones, Ed.  
Sceptre  
\$16.95

With a title like *Meaty, Beaty, Big and Bouncy*, this book promises much right from the outset. And, on the whole it delivers. A textbook of musicians' personalities from the past forty years, it comprises of stories and interviews with pop notables from the early 1950s; and is both entertaining and easy to read. The stories are not new or 'undiscovered' but more like a compilation of 'the best (or at least most notorious) of' from music journalism. And while this is enjoyable, as greatest hits albums are, it lacks some of the depth and background that would have been useful to give a better context for the stories for those who aren't familiar with the artists, though there is a relatively detailed source list at the back, giving the opportunity of further perusal

if the reader is interested. The articles are taken mainly from the British music press and Rolling Stone, and generally give a good sense of the personalities and some of the most memorable events surrounding these figures. The highlights include the scandalous: *The Strange & Mysterious Death of Mrs Jerry Lee Lewis* and *Return to Sender: The Elvis Suicide*, to the highly critical (often not without good reason): *Who The Hell Does Ringo Starr Think He Is?* and *Scum Also Rises: Sid Vicious*, to the downright amusing: *Charmed Robbery: Shaun Ryder and He Gets All These Sex Starved Young Girls With Big Breasts: Oasis*. It's almost all here; a selection of the most talent, both for music and substance abuse to be collected in one smallish volume. I was a little disappointed that there was nothing from Pulp, what

with Jarvis being one of the most amusing and eloquent spokespeople of the past few years, but that is merely a personal quibble, and with inclusions such as how Noel Gallagher lost his virginity; not to mention The Troggs tapes: Ronnie Bond: 'You've got to put a little bit of fuckin' fairy dust over the baaastard!' Dennis Berger: 'Well, we'll put some fairy dust over it - I'll piss over the tape.' It's certainly worth a read.

Bronwyn Davis.



# How Many Carl Sagans Does It Take To Change A Light Globe?

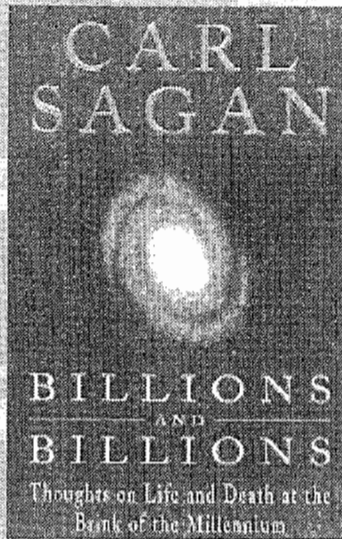
**Billions and Billions**

Carl Sagan  
Headline  
\$49.95

When Carl Sagan died at the end of last year, the world lost one of its greatest scientific communicators. Primarily an astronomer, Sagan's interests spanned the entire realm of science, and also extended deep into social issues. He wrote many popular science essays, novels (including the basis for the current film "Contact"), and even won a Pulitzer Prize. So he was a good guy. The best thing about him was his enthusiasm, always enjoying everything he did. What we have here is his final collection of essays, and they range magnificently in topic and tone. The first section features subjects of a largely abstract nature, including a preview of scientific breakthroughs yet to occur, and a disser-

tation on how Sagan came to be associated with the phrase "Billions and billions", despite the fact that he claims never to have uttered it. These essays are the weakest the collection has to offer (so why are they at the front?), but they are still entertaining and thought-provoking.

The next major section concerns itself with the environment. It begins with an exploration on the fragility of ecosystems manifested in a crystal bowl shrimp-world that Sagan received in the mail. The shrimp all died. This prelude a series of essays of environmental rampage and ruin and, redeemingly, hope. The focus



of the piece is on what can be done, what needs to be done, to get out of the environmental tangle we've put ourselves in. Among the solutions is the proposal of an alliance between the realms of science and religion, in order to effectively educate the public. Sagan himself was a key figure in this movement during his life. Also, quite a lot of attention is focussed on greenhouse gas emissions and the international agreements to reduce the production of these gases. The subject is thoughtfully

and logically discussed, including economic ramifications, and John Howard and certain other world leaders could learn a thing or two from such an attitude. Did you know one of the first things Reagan did as President was to rip a solar energy system out of the White House?

The final chapters deal with death. Sagan died after a battle with a rare bone marrow disorder, and these chapters were written during this struggle. It is a very honest, very intimate description of his thoughts throughout this period, and it's one of the saddest, most moving things I've read in a long time. The entire collection is full of intelligent insight and informed wisdom, and is sprinkled with a sharp wit from time to time. Carl Sagan will be sorely missed; his final collection is one you ought to read.

Chris Slape

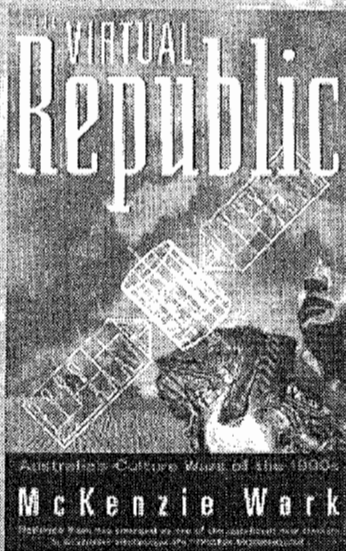
## Not Quite.

**The Virtual Republic**

McKenzie Wark  
Allen & Unwin  
\$19.95

McKenzie Wark's *The Virtual Republic* has very little to do with cyberspace. It is using virtual in its (long forgotten I sometimes think) true meaning. In using the phrase 'virtual republic' he is talking about the ideas we, as a nation, have about ourselves.

This book is not so much as a direct mapping of how to become a republic, or even so much as a why, but the exploration of who we are. In this exploration, he discusses what we are as a nation. What makes us tick. He does this by exploring various aspects of modern Australian life ranging far and wide in subject, but with an interconnectedness. This interconnectedness was of McKenzie's own blend. The issues



McKenzie is a staunch defender of postmodernism, well, actually of the whole concept of the Humanities. It is for this reason that I liked his book, though not all of the chapters. The Humanities have taken a blasting for the worse over the past decade or so. A BA is seen as worthless, not giving one a real job. What McKenzie shows us is that without the Humanities, we can have a nation of button designers and button pushers, who don't actually know why they are pushing the button.

By using such a huge range of apparently disparate subjects, McKenzie skillfully draws them together (in a very non obvious way I think) showing that there is definitely a new cultural perception in Australia. A perception of what it is to be Australian in the 90s and 00s. (Is there a better way of doing 00s??)

This is book well worth reading if you are studying any of the Humanities. It gives a great view into current Australian culture. Not comprehensive, but from one person's perspective, which makes it far more relevant in some ways than a book with a more defined theme. And if you are studying any of the button designing or 'real' degrees, then you should read this book.

Michael Blackwell

## Inner Turmoil

**At War Within**

William R. Clark  
Oxford University Press  
\$23.95

Sub-titled *The Double Edged Sword of Immunity*, this is a somewhat ambitious attempt to squeeze the entirety of a scientific field into a single, relatively slim book for the popular science market. There's an awful lot of stuff to fit in here, and I have complete admiration for anyone with the gumption to take the task on. I am completely in awe, then, of anyone who can pull it off as well as Clark does here.

He does it by not getting bogged down in the details of the workings of the immune system; he'll mention the glands involved and the molecules they produce, but he moves on quite quickly into an interesting relevant story, usually a disorder that can result from failure of that particular system. And if we come across something that we've read about before, he reminds us briefly where it comes from and what it does. I understood most of it, and I'm a bit of an immunology dunce. No, it's true.

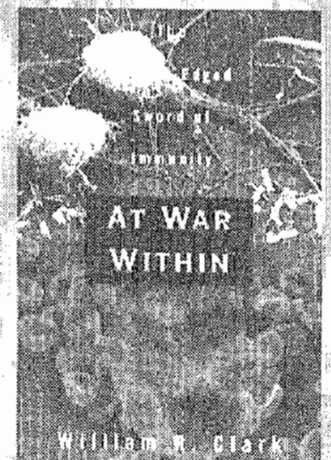
More importantly, the book succeeds because of the interesting nature of it's subject. The immune system is one of evolution's finest achievements, a delicate yet powerful and remorseless defence our bodies employ against the outside world. Clark never loses sight of this, refusing to get carried away with details, as can happen, and giving us a more even perspective that allows us to appreciate the marvel that the immune system is.

Of course, as the subtitle suggests, most of the book deals with what hap-

pens when the immune system fails, but particularly in the cases when it fails by overreacting to something; sometimes reacting to nothing at all. Among topics covered are primary immune deficiency diseases (including SCID, the disorder of the well-known "Bubble Boy", whose story is told with great compassion), allergy, hypersensitivity, autotoxic disorders (where the immune system attacks "self" tissue), AIDS, and the problems the immune system presents to patients undergoing organ transplantation. Also included are a concise but thorough and entertaining history of immunology, and an exploration of the very real interactions between the mind and the immune response.

This is a fantastic example of what popular science should be; entertaining, informative, up to date and very interesting. It would be good for those struggling with an immunology course, better for those enjoying an immunology course, and bloody good for anyone with no idea.

Chris Slape



# 3 YEARS, AND COUNTING.

*Omens of Millennium*  
Harold Bloom

The knowledge and diverse range of this man is so extensive that it is at times difficult to absorb all the points he is trying to make. Not content with writing over 20 other works mostly of his own views on the world and its academic persuasions, Bloom has now seen fit to tackle issues to do with religion, ranging from near-death experiences to angels, prophecy, dreams, race, and the actual Bible or Koran or whichever, depending on your choice.

Really he has taken on some monumental ideas and condensed them into 253 pages; he has researched these ideas, toyed with them, contemplated



them and using his own educated views mixed with a few others, he has managed to put these thoughts to paper with a slightly humorous twist. In fact you can construct a very good image of the man himself through his writing as his personality shines through in the wording and phrasing. It took me a while to plough through the myriad of arguments and ideas raised in this work but once you get used to the intensity of it you find some of your own views are outlined, however academic they may sound here. When it got down to the nitty gritty, arguments were laid out in point form and under headings giving you easier access to the humongous task Bloom has set himself. It's akin to the novel we all want to write ourselves but will probably never have the patience to.

Claire Murphy.

# Charlie Don't Surf!

*The Internet For Beginners*  
Laurel Brunner and Zoran Jevtic  
Icon

When you're onto a good thing... milk it for every cent that it's worth! That seems to be the premise for the "... For Beginners" series of books. Inside the cover of this particular one, *The Internet For Beginners*, there is a listing of 45 of them covering a diverse range of topics such as Freud, Quantum Physics, and Buddha. (Maybe it's just me, but "The Holocaust For Beginners" is a title asking for trouble.)

Like most of the other books in the series, *The Internet For Beginners* assumes that you have absolutely no knowledge of the topic matter. It starts off by introducing you to the world of computers and how they work, moving rather quickly onto the history of the Internet and some of the fundamental jargon that is usually associated with anything computer-related. Once it has dispensed with the basics, it takes you on a whirlwind tour of all of the most popular features of the Internet such as the World Wide Web, FTP and telnet.

The book also comes with a very well put together CD-ROM which elaborates on the topics covered in the book using interactive examples, multimedia and slightly cheesy graphics. It also provides many useful resources, they being Microsoft's Internet Explorer Web browser, a small collection of web page related clip-art (mostly pictures from the book), trial software, games, a design-your-own-web-page tutorial and some templates to help you create your own on-line home. All this is tied together using a slick, intuitive interface.

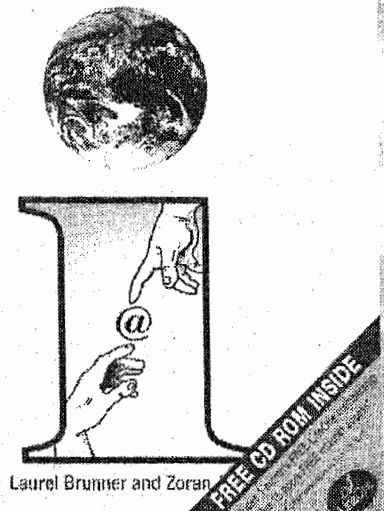
Unlike other books about the

Internet, this one doesn't deal much with the stuff that is actually on-line. The Internet being what it is, you would think that this makes the book longer lived than the others, but some of the information that is contained is already outdated or misleading (Shocking really, since it was published this year). A joke for those of you ordained in the Cult of the Computer Geek(tm): the book suggests that if you don't want a PC or Macintosh as a basic system for using the Internet, to "ask to test-drive an Atari or an Acorn, or a Silicon Graphics O2." Another annoying point is that the book was obviously written by and for people living in England.

You may think now that this book isn't worth even one iota of your time, but let me assure you that if you are looking for a good book to get you started with all that computer-related hokey-pokey, then this one pretty much covers it all.

Caesar Wong.

## The Internet FOR BEGINNERS



# Soft Home

*The Avenue of the Fair Go*  
Donald Horne

*The Avenue of the Fair Go* is heralded as 'a group tour of Australian political thought' and to be fair, it achieves its objective of being just that. The plot is fairly simple: twelve individuals (supposedly meant to represent all the colours of our multicultural rainbow) embark on a journey through *The Avenue of the Fair Go*. Along the way, they pass such monuments as 'The Socrates Brasserie', 'The Thorny Path of Tolerance' and 'The Memorial to the Ruins of Optimism'. It is a funny, enlightening, in-depth and often frank discussion of Australia in its current state as a breeding ground of neo-conservatism. Oh, hang on, no it's not.

What *The Avenue of the Fair Go* is is a one-trick pony. Its a good idea, to be sure, but it treads only lightly in the waters it should really be disturbing. Australia in its current political incarnation is draped in the rags of prejudice. People often skewer Pauline Hanson as a harbinger of ignorance and intolerance while not realising that we have, on the 'Left', a

# LOUDWRITE

1998

is conducting a writing competition for writers under 25 years of age.

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Send your entries to:  
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Isoudwrite, 33 Elgin St,  
Carlton, Vic, 3053  
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Spinifex Press /  
Isoudwrite, PO Box 212,  
North Melbourne, Vic,  
3051.

ragbag of minorities and well-fed, middle-class kids content to push their own barrow, proclaiming all the while a doctrine of broad-mindedness, but who are just as intolerant and ignorant of viewpoints that differ from their own. It is effectively bigotry dressed up as liberalism and it comes from the 'Left'.

But what does Donald Horne do? Nothing. In the end *The Avenue of the Fair Go* amounts to little more than an assortment of quotes, descriptions of events and salacious titbits from the lolly-bag of history. Rather than addressing the aforementioned problem that Australia is stuck in a political reverse and that, both on the 'Left' and 'Right', there is little inspiration, Horne has achieved little.

As one progresses through *The Avenue of the Fair Go* one realises that there is little enlightenment to be had. For instance, on page eighty-seven, one is endowed with the knowledge that the great Italian philosopher St Thomas Aquinas said that 'evil and error have no rights'. Well, that's great, but where does it get one? Nowhere, un-

less one endeavours to read, say, Aquinas' *Treatise on Human Acts* or *Treatise on Man*.

And that about sums up *The Avenue of the Fair Go*. Charles Dickens once spoke of 'a smattering of everything and a knowledge of nothing'. One wonders if he knew how pertinent his words would be upon the release of this book.

Christan Scutt

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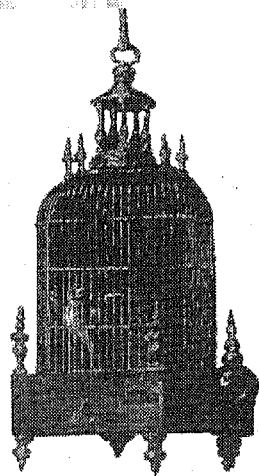
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## Clever.

**Ingenious Pain**  
Andrew Miller  
Sceptre

I love period pieces. I go to the movies for the pure escapism of watching images of people (or animals) dressed up in marvelous costumes - or even to hear strange interpretations of English - Shakespeare comes to mind here. *Ingenious Pain* struck me as one of those "weirder" pieces - the misfits of society banding together to make this wonderful story. Set in the mid 18th century, at the dawn of Enlightenment - James Dyer is a profound character who roves through obscure parts of England, Europe, and Russia. While some of the scenery, and indeed actions of characters are quite profound - Dyer goes in search of pain and other people's responses to it. At times the reader is left



INGENIOUS PAIN  
ANDREW MILLER

feeling quite the voyeur - witnessing acts that are unknown and quite bizarre. I believe *Ingenious Pain* is much more of one man's search for identity in the harsh reality and brutality of eighteenth-century life. We are then left to ponder the

questions of whether it is better to be good or to be a genius? (We all can relate to that...) Is it better to experience pain rather than nothing at all? But don't we all go through life in our trivial twentieth century existence - trying to avoid this emotion of pain....

Startling and inciteful, *Ingenious Pain* is a difficult blend of sadness and loss, joy and laughter. But do we take

Miller's interpretation on a philosophical or a physical level (yes, the undying question)? You decide!

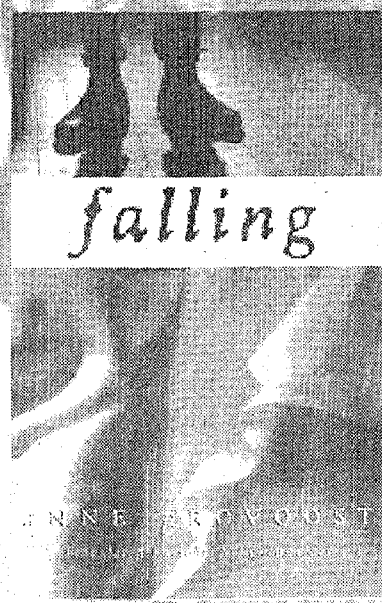
Jocelyn Milbank

## You Know That Dream?

**Falling**

Anne Provoost  
Allen and Unwin  
\$14.95

The blurb at the back of this book made it sound like a teenage romance. Oh dear. Fortunately the actual story isn't like that at all. Lucas Beigne is at the cross-roads of his life, his grandfather's death has triggered events and stories from the past which challenge his whole perspective on his future. Lucas feels conflicted about the nature of these stories: were his grandfather's actions during the war right or wrong?. His conflict is heightened by two people close to him: Benoit, charming and persuasive neo-Nazi; and Caitlin, Lucas' childhood friend who openly defies Benoit's views. Ultimately, a tragic circumstance forces him to confront this conflict and make a decision.



Provoost writes Lucas' confusion acutely and precisely. Every movement, every drop of sweat, every action is magnified a million times in Lucas' world - well, he is fifteen after all. The novel is easy to comprehend despite tackling many complicated issues. The writing

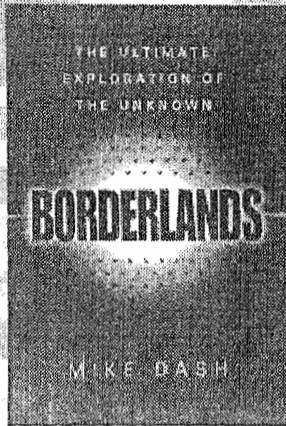
and description is deliberately spare but I can't help but feel something must have been lost in the translation (originally in Dutch) because at times the story feels slightly lost. *Falling* is definitely targeted at the teen market, it can't help but have the Lion Teen Tracks (remember those) feel but it deals with some interesting issues of responsibility, the past and present and the difference between intentions and belief. It's an enjoyable read, the mystery and the tension nicely built up but would presumably strike a deeper chord with a younger audience.

Ching Yee Ng

# Out There.

**Borderlands**  
Mike Dash  
Heinemann London

UFOs - GHOSTS - ESP - LAKE MONSTERS - CASES OF TELEPORTATION - VISIONS OF THE VIRGIN MARY - BIGFOOT - THE MEN IN BACK - ALIEN ABDUCTIONS - PHONE CALLS FROM THE DEAD - PREDICTIONS - REINCARNA- TION - GOATSUCKER - STIGMATA - ECTOPLASM - POLTERGEISTS - FALLS OF FROGS AND FISH - PHANTOM SOCIAL WORKERS - SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS - GIANT SNAKES - ANIMALS ENCASED IN



SOLID ROCK - GHOST SHIPS - STATUES THAT WEEP AND BLEED - PSYCHIC WARFARE - CROP CIRCLES - BEDROOM INVADERS - LEY LINES - PHANTOM ATTACKERS - AIRIES - CHILDREN RAISED BY ANIMALS - LIVING DINOSAURS - THE HOLLOW EARTH - INCORRUPT CORPSES - MASS HYSTERIA - LEVITATION - NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCES - THE GREAT SEA SERPENT - SATANIC RITUAL ABUSE - MERMAIDS - ENCOUNTERS WITH DEVILS - SLEEP PARALYSIS - SUBMARINE LIGHT WHEELS - GIANT

PENGUINS - THE MONGOLIAN DEATH WORM - LIZARDMEN - MAD GASSERS - BLACK DOGS  
What more can I say? This book really is "the ultimate exploration of the unknown."  
Polly Kennington

# Learn.

**How To Pass Exams**  
Fred Orr  
Allen and Unwin  
\$12.95

Well, I must say I was sceptical when I saw the title of this book and its groovy cover, in particular as the cover also has "The Bestselling Guide" written on it. Anyway as it turns out this book is really well written. The book is essentially in three parts: Preparation for exams; Performing in your exams; and an appendix where things such as job interviews and driving tests are discussed.

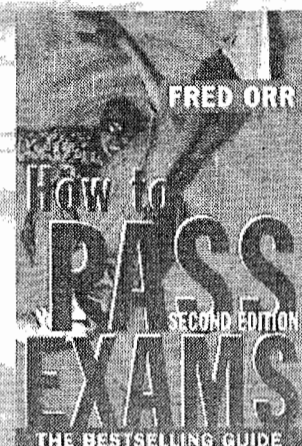
Fred Orr is Head of Counselling at the University of NSW and the way he writes shows deep insight into the mind of a student. This book is down to earth, to the point, and easy to read - just the thing for a student in panic-mode a few weeks before exams. This book would really be of more benefit, how-

ever, if read several months before exams, so that the relaxation and time management techniques could be learned early, before other things take priority.

The author takes us through becoming organised, motivating oneself, concentrating better, managing time, and improving memory in the first part of this book. In the second part of the book we are taken through controlling exam nerves, dealing with exam fear, revision organisation, performing well during the exam period. Dealing with different types of exams such as essays, short answer, multiple choice, and so on is also covered.

I would definitely recommend this book. It is set up so that relevant sections can be read without having to read the whole book from beginning to end.

Polly Kennington



# LET 'EM LIE.

**Sleeping Dogs**  
Sonya Hartnett  
Penguin Books  
\$12.95

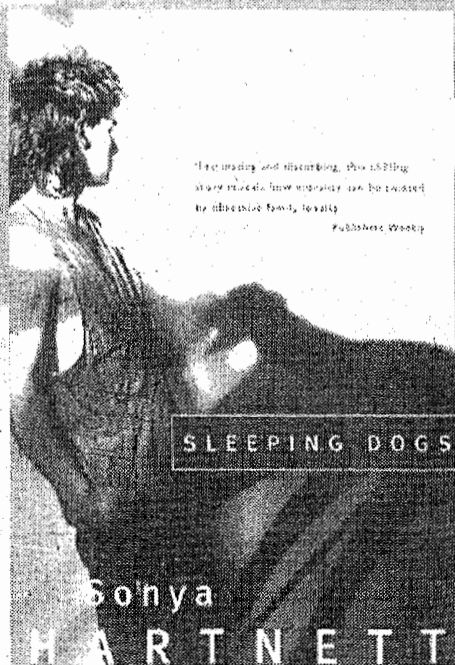
I was surprised to read that Hartnett is in her late thirties as she writes with the vitality of a late teen high on life and creates characters which seem to leap out of the imagination of a dreamy first year Arts student who believes they'll be the next David Malouf. Hartnett writes of the young characters in such a way that they are given an angelic or fairy-like quality - intensely zesty and passionate about the preservation of the world as they know it.

And these young characters have many good reasons for wanting to preserve their utopia. Firstly, they are isolated and know little about society other than what their father has told them or they have read in the books which their father allows them to hand around the family. In a sense they're all a bit like *Bad-Boy Bobby*. Secondly, peer pressure within their peculiar little family forces them to shun strangers and keep the family secrets. And there are certainly secrets which must be kept - especially from other members of the family who threaten the children's idea of a simple life.

And that's what the book is really about - who you can and can't

trust; who you are in danger of becoming; and why you should be proud of who you are. All this probably sounds a little scatty and vague but if I summarised this superbly written book or gave away snippets of the plot I'd be telling you too much. One thing I can say to you is that this book is brilliant in its intensity, its imagery, and its complexity. Five Stars.

Christopher Booth



# Cutie.

**Lovely**  
Frank Ronan  
A Sceptre Paperback (Hodder and Stoughton)  
\$15.95

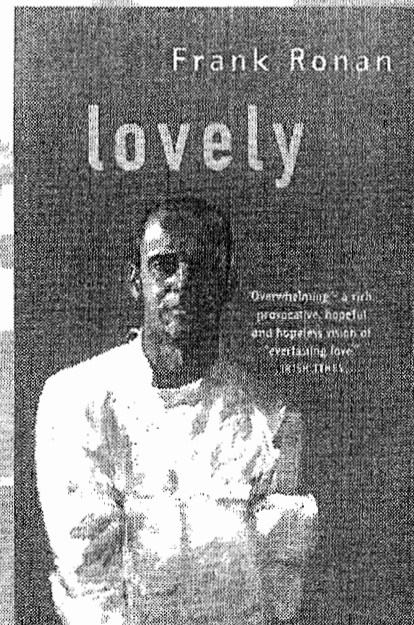
'Tis a beautiful pink cover which caught my eye and so I judged this book by its cover and the statements thereon and took it home. Only to discover that what the *Irish Times* thinks is "Overwhelming - a rich, provocative, hopeful and hopeless vision of 'everlasting love'" is actually a sick story about a gay honeymoon relationship that blows up in the good guy's face.

No I'm not homophobic, I just hate stories that celebrate the wonderful thing that a loving relationship is, only to crucify this happiness by making one half of the relationship a twisted individual who is evil and triumphs over the good character by deceitful means.

Personally, I think the traditional superhero comic theme of good guy versus bad guy and good guy kicks bad guys butt a trillion-zillion light years back into space is much more entertaining than yuppie celebrity gets used by lazy slime bag then well-meaning and trusting yuppie gets abused physically and tortured mentally by sleazy type before losing the plot.

There are already too many stories about lovers that shit all over their partners without having to be entertained by such pessimistic literature. (If you think my language is bad don't even think about picking up *Lovely*.) It's about time writers stopped seeing themselves as great social commentators and left these type of street stories in the gutter and got on with the job of creating an optimistic ideal for us to all strive toward when we pick up a book in order to relax - just like so many of us want to.

Christopher Booth.



# Twice an expatriate.

**Once An Australian**  
 Ian Britain  
 Oxford University Press

A chronicle of the lives of four of the most renowned Australians, *Once An Australian* is somewhat dry and clinical, but is greatly helped by the entertaining people it describes. Clive James, Germaine Greer, Barry Humphries and Robert Hughes are all leaders in their fields, as well as personalities in their own right, expatriates who are asked their opinion on all aspects of Australia when they return periodically, as though they have gained some sort of special insight into a nation that they are not presently part of.

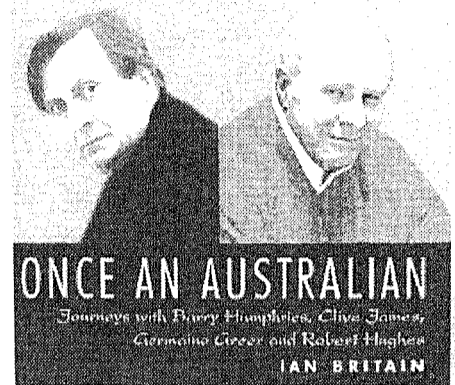
This is not really a book that is for leisure - it is a social study exploring the impact on Australia from overseas, and the impact that Australians have had on the world. This is studied in a general form in the chapter 'Word Children' and then with reference to each of the four

in a chapter each. Ian Britain explores their early lives (two in Sydney, two in Melbourne), their motivations to go overseas, as they strive to seek their goals outside of the limited society of 1950s Australia. This was particularly interesting, as they were not only remarkably similar to each other, but scarily reflect my own feelings about Adelaide now! While the biographies are extremely well researched, noted in remarkable detail, and written in quite a formal style, they still manage to capture the essence of these characters and as such are pretty interesting. In keeping with researching in this much detail there are a few items of trivia. For example, Clive James' name was originally Vivian; but he changed it while still a child. And Britain doesn't even let this little point go untouched, but asks where the motivation came from for it, suggesting various notables that James may have chosen to name himself after. My cynical mind wondered whether he didn't purely

chose it because it was there and he liked it, and not because he wished to emulate someone.

However, despite my reservations, as an Australian social study it is well written, and certainly focuses on four of Australia's most eloquent and far reaching exports of the post war period. While not really bedtime reading, it is still thoughtful and of a high quality.

Bronwyn Davis



## Munchies

**Great Australian Bites.**  
 Edited by Dave Warner  
 Fremantle Arts Centre Press

H.G. Nelson writes of this book "*Great Australian Bites* is the perfect companion for a groaning hotplate of freshly slaughtered Australian sweet meats on a summer's night when the friends lob in and want to be entertained on your patio. As the host, you will have bugger all to do except pour the petrol on the heat beads and open *Bites* at page one."

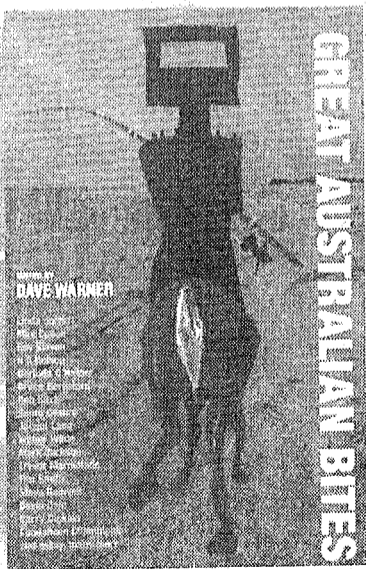
I have a problem with this statement. H.G. Nelson in all his wisdom of the stereotypical Australian implies that the book will be the entertainment for the BBQ. Realistically it's like the coleslaw bought from the local chicken shop. Sure it has those delightful, refreshing strands of carrot and that sweet dressing binding it all together. But we all know, coleslaw is just a bit of plain old cabbage, soggy cucumbers and anything else that needed to be used up from the

crisper in the base of a Coca-Cola fridge pushed to the corner of a greasy kitchen.

Roy and H.G. write superbly in this book and their stories work well together just as they do on *Club Buggery*. But alas, all of the other writers in this book are like the celebrities(?) they have as guests on their show. These celebrities come from every corner of the continent, are mostly politically correct (or at least attempt to be in order to win favour with their potential audience), are washed-up has-beens, or show some promise of being great for the country but in the end they just let us down.

Returning to my coleslaw analogy, this book isn't bad if you like picking at the crispy stuff and pushing everything else around with a plastic fork on a paper plate, but be careful — there's a danger you'll either accidentally over-turn the plate into your lap and leave an embarrassing stain or push the container to the back of the fridge only to discover it a month later when it has developed into a fungal masterpiece.

Christopher Booth



## Believe it, or not

**Open Skies, Closed Minds.**  
 Nick Pope  
 Simon and Schuster Australia  
 \$34.95

I love a good conspiracy theory. However, this is a book of fact — not fiction. Pope deals with a number of UFO case studies and presents the facts. Ultimately, he leaves the decision of whether these reports are fact or fiction with the audience.

He reiterates his open-minded view regarding these phenomena dozens of times and much of the book is repetition. The case studies are quite similar and he consistently refers back to cases he has already discussed in detail. The result being that he attempts to persuade the audience to be as open minded as he believes himself to be. One gets the feeling that he holds sceptics in contempt and that he loves those with a little imagination.

Pope works for the British Ministry of Defence and was appointed to 'the UFO desk' from 1991 to 1994. He claims to be 'the real Fox Mulder' and states that

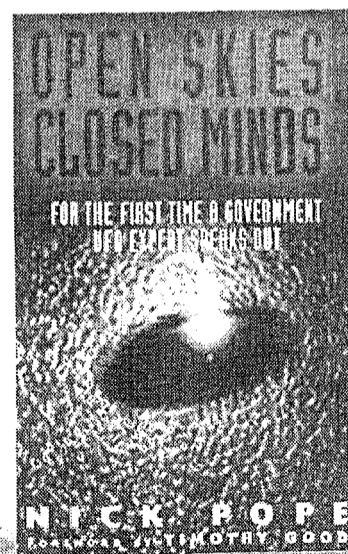
his job was to 'investigate and analyse claims of UFO sightings and to assess their threat to national security'.

Pope presents the facts on a number of cases where UFO sightings have been (supposedly) investigated by Air Forces. He says that fighter pilots have been scrambled in response to a number of reports, only to find that the UFOs have been more advanced than their jets —

faster and more manoeuvrable — representing a very real security risk.

*Open Skies* also presents interesting studies on abductee reports, animal mutilations, and crop circles. The descriptions of UFOs and extraterrestrials are remarkably consistent and this adds to the effect of dispelling scepticism. Overall, a subtle (yet convincing) pro-believer argument emerges which raises the conspiracy question. Pope could have been a little more 'out there' in his representation of the conspiracy theory but instead leaves this to the professional weirdos — the ufology groups.

Christopher Booth.



# MAP.

**Let's Go Pocket Guide To London**  
approx \$12

The Let's Go guidebooks are one of the most informative and up to date range available for budget travellers (a genre that seems to have extended to anyone who is not staying at the Savoy). They have expanded their selection to include these map guides - condensed guides that are the same size as your average map and hence take up far less room, and energy to move them around.

The actual coverage is quite reasonable for a day guide. It consists of a map of the central London area, a very simplified map of Greater London, and the ubiquitous tube map, as well as a listing of attractions and a brief guide to accommodation and places to go for entertainment, food and drink. The attractions are logically organised in areas and contain most of the mainstream 'must sees' in central London - Westminster, the Theatre district and some of the

City - with a brief historical background, opening hours and admission prices.

A guide of this size would certainly be useful for a 'London virgin' without much time, but would be a bit lacking for a longer trip. It does not contain any details of places of interest outside the central area, which includes some pretty interesting places, such as Wembley, Kew Gardens and Wimbledon. I was also a little disappointed that, despite being a 1997 publication it still listed tube stations that closed four years ago. It also had a few fairly spectacular typos (Mandion House??), but these are minor quibbles and easily coped with.

What it does capture is that London is an amazing place, and certainly made me long to return. And while I have been to London several times, I will certainly take it with me, as it is worth its space and weight through its compactness and ease of use.

**Bronwyn Davis**



# Bottle.

**The Big Ingredient In A Little Bottle Cookbook**

Harper Collins Publishers  
\$12.95

As a big fan of the 'bitters-lime-soda' drink, (can you tell I have many 'driving nights'?) I had high expectations for this book. A couple of things are for certain - 1) the big ingredient is the Angostura aromatic bitters, 2) the little bottle is the Angostura aromatic bitters bottle and 3) the actual cookbook is also little. In fact, the cookbook also reminds me of something that was specifically designed for little kids as well (colours, style of pictures, sheer lack of size - but maybe that's also for 'convenience'). The problem with its small size was that it was very hard to keep open whilst cooking. I found that this could be combatted if you weighed down the two diagonal corners with a couple of glasses, or other such heavy objects.

The 'Little' Cookbook is divided into five menu sections: Chef's selection,

Gourmet, Light and Healthy, Alfresco and Caribbean Cocktails. Featuring recipes from four NSW chefs, Russell Carter (Qld), Alan Lennon (SA) as well as some fabulous 'big on taste but low in calories' recipes provided by Weight Watchers, the 'Little' Cookbook covers all the main food groups, and banana ice cream.

The pictures beside each recipe deserve brownie points, as do the creative title pages for each section. However, one is left feeling more than a little disappointed when she discovers that Angostura aromatic bitters' main role in these recipes is as an additional spice (hmmm - Bitter Spice?). All in all, I was left with the thought that this 'Little' Cookbook was nothing more than an advertising incentive for

Angostura (the 'Cashback Voucher' found at the back of the book seemed to prove this) and left me with a, well, bitter taste in my mouth.

**Susie Bate.**

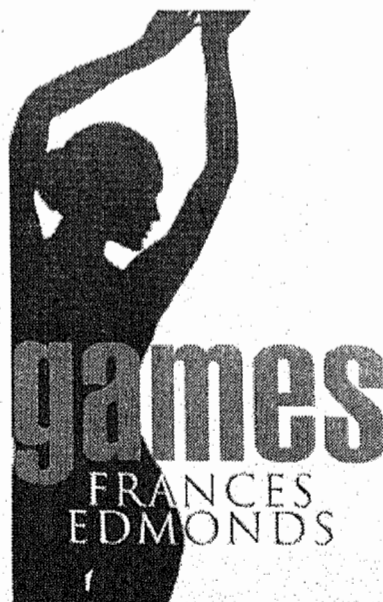


# Fun

**Games**  
Frances Edmonds  
Orion Press  
\$12.95

With the Sydney 2000 Olympics fast approaching Frances Edmonds' *Games* is an airport novel with a purpose. While Sydney does not feature as the 'site of action' all the way through the story, it does manage to capture the all exciting endpoint, and probably the best part of the book.

The games however, are not just the sporting kind. Games exist between Rob "fastest man on earth" Taylor and his father, his ex-lover, his current lover, his team, his club (the Prometheans) and the country he is representing (in this case Britain). Games also exist between the IOC and government bodies, the media and most importantly the game of survival in a place where the drugs are ripe and ready. These are the games of passion, power, ambition and greed; and



perhaps it is here that I would like to add the words 'truth', 'justice' and 'humility'.

Rob Taylor is a man with almost the whole world wrapped around his little finger. He holds the record for the men's 100m and the key to Britain's success at the Sydney 2000 Olympic Games. He is a sponsor's dream come true. The trouble starts when a mystery illness suddenly puts a spanner in the works. No prizes for guessing where the 'drugs' part comes into the picture.

On the sidelines there are Meera Nawaz, Taylor's love interest, Ali Robinson (the best Australian journalist this side of Scully) Middlesham - the head of the IOC and Larry Taylor, his father.

*Games* is a feel-good drama novel that, given the recent uprise of the 'drugs in sport' issue, opens up a few doors to question.

**Susie Bate**

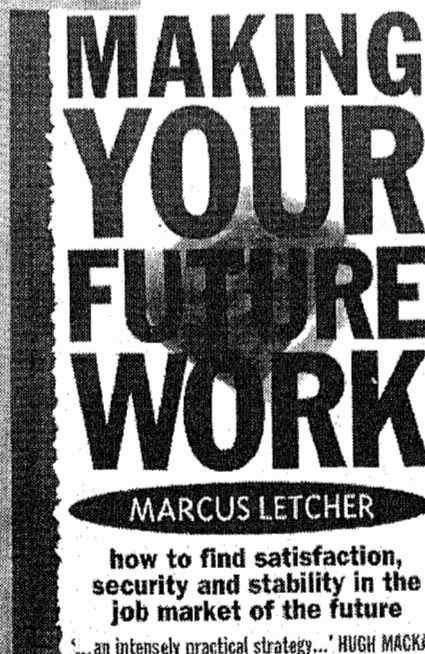
# Work

**Making Your Future Work**  
Marcus Letcher  
Pan Macmillan Australia

We all know that unemployment is high, a lot higher than official government statistics will admit, and it is a situation which is not likely to improve in this current right wing climate. This is a book aimed at recognising the new reality of an increasingly insecure jobs market. In this book Letcher, a career development consultant, outlines his conception of how we could work in this new climate. He proposes a "Modular Work" model, in which we recognise the unlikelihood that we will maintain one single job for all of our lives and hence we should organise our lives accordingly. By viewing multiple jobs as income "modules" we should be able to develop a

working plan that satisfies us personally, and financially. This book is clear and concise, and provides examples throughout to explain the concepts. As for the model itself, it has merit, it recognises the current situation but also allows for a shift in the jobs market - either in terms of more part-time/casual work, or a return to the traditional lifetime style of work. The model proposed is ideal for those of you who have no desire to work at one job for the rest of your life, and it allows scope for exploring new interests. I highly recommend this book as it explores new ideas that are not discussed in other business/self help books, and avoids bamboozling the reader with copious amounts of statistics or legalese.

For those looking for alternate ideas this is for you.



**MARCUS LETCHER**  
how to find satisfaction, security and stability in the job market of the future

...an intensely practical strategy... HUGH MACKAY

**Courtney Squires.**

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 WE ARE 2 EASYGOING STUDENTS SEEKING A THIRD PERSON TO FILL OUR GREAT, SPACIOUS HOUSE IN NORTH PLYMPTON. IF YOU ARE TRUSTWORTHY, FUN AND RENT RELIABLE - WE NEED YOU!! \$50 PER WEEK PLUS EXPENSES. CLOSE TO PUBLIC TRANSPORT & SHOPS. CONTACT: PHONE 8297 5159 (TO LEAVE MESSAGE ON ANSWERING MACHINE) OR 8351 1685

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WE'VE FINISHED ON DIT FOR THE YEAR, SO IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU WANT TO SEE YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PAY SOMEONE OR YOU'LL HAVE TO DO THE OLD POSTER THING. CLASSIFIEDS IS NO MORE UNTIL FEBRUARY 1998 CHAPPIS/CHAPPETTES OR TO BE PC, CHAPP PERSON. BYE S'N'M



BORING LECTURE DOODLE PAD

# RETURNING FOR SECOND SUMMER SEASON

## THE ERICSSON

# MOONLIGHT

IN THE

## ADALIDE BOTANIC GARDENS

### NOV 27 - FEB 15

**November**

Thurs 27 HIGH SOCIETY (PG)  
(opening night. tickets must be pre-booked, proceeds donated to charity)

Fri 28 ROMEO + JULIET (M)

Sat 29 A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (R)

Sun 30 BETTY BLUE (R)

**December**

Wed 3 MICROCOSMOS (G)

Thurs 4 CHASING AMY (MA)

Fri 5 PSYCHO (M)

Sat 6 FERRIS BUELLER'S DAY OFF (PG)

Sun 7 BETTY BLUE (R)

Wed 10 FACE OFF (MA)

Thurs 11 VERTIGO (PG)

Fri 12 SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER (R)

Sat 13 BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S (PG)

Sun 14 THE GODFATHER (R)

Wed 17 EASY RIDER (M)

Thurs 18 THE CASTLE (M)

Fri 19 ROMEO + JULIET (M)

Sat 20 THE BIG BLUE (PG)

Sun 21 THE GRADUATE (M)

Wed 24 SHINE (PG)

Thurs 25 CLOSED

Fri 26 BARBARELLA (M)

Sat 27 HIGH SOCIETY (G)

Sun 28 PULP FICTION (R)

Wed 31 CLOSED

**January**

Thurs 1 A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (R)

Fri 2 BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S (PG)

Sat 3 CHASING AMY (MA)

Sun 4 LIFE OF BRIAN (M)

Wed 7 MICROCOSMOS (G)

Thurs 8 LIKE WATER FOR CHOCOLATE (M)

Fri 9 THE BLUES BROTHERS (M)

Sat 10 THE GRADUATE (M)

Sun 11 BLADE RUNNER - DIR. CUT (M)

Wed 14 WALLACE & GROMIT (G)

Thurs 15 THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW (M)

Fri 16 THE ENGLISH PATIENT (M)

Sat 17 GREASE (PG)

Sun 18 SCREAM (MA)

Wed 21 BARAKA (PG)

Thurs 22 THE BIG SLEEP (PG)

Fri 23 LA CONFIDENTIAL (MA)

Sat 24 THE BIG BLUE (PG)

Sun 25 SENSE & SENSIBILITY (G)

Wed 28 THE FIFTH ELEMENT (PG)

Thurs 29 FERRIS BUELLER'S DAY OFF (PG)

Fri 30 BETTY BLUE (R)

Sat 31 SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER (R)

**February**

Sun 1 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (G)

Wed 4 BIG WEDNESDAY (M)

Thurs 5 CHASING AMY (MA)

Fri 6 PULP FICTION (R)

Sat 7 BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S (PG)

Sun 8 TRAINSPOTTING (R)

Wed 11 THE SHINING (M)

Thurs 12 BARAKA (PG)

Fri 13 TAXI DRIVER (R)

Sat 14 ROMEO + JULIET (M) Valentines day Special

Sun 15 THE MADNESS OF KING GEORGE (PG)

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JOHNNIE WALKER

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