

SEMPER

F L O R E A T

THE DAY ST. LUCIA STOOD STILL

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THE TECHNICAL BITS 2: THE REVENGE

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By foot: go to the Union Complex, past the Main Refec, down the stairs and make a right turn (as we usually do); you'll find us squeezed between Finances and Clubs'n'Socs. If you can't find us, don't give up and better luck next time.

All hate mail should be sent to Bill! "I reckon" Hunter c/- Labor Party of Australia "because the worst thing that can happen to you on Sunday morning is to wake up next to Bill Hunter"

The copyright of all the material in "Semper" stays with us for 28 days, then the good contributors get it back because they deserve it.

By the way; St Lucia was an early Christian saint, the patron of plastic surgeons - the story has it she resented the attention of an unwanted suitor so much that she plucked out her own eyes to make herself unattractive. Nowadays all you have to do is to wear some rags and pierce your nostril. Then there's St. Kate, who's got a crush on Old Marcus. Come back Stinky Knickers, all is forgiven. Love, Smarty Pants.

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Editorial

Welcome to Semper II - the beast has returned. We hope you all liked our first edition or at least found it a bit less intolerable than last year's. However, you shouldn't market yourself to others by saying "We're not as bad as them", so in this and all future editions we will strive for greater heights of journalistic excellence or, at least, to be little less bad every time.

As all of you no doubt noticed, our first edition was not without technical flaws. This is primarily because we are instituting a new system. Previously, the articles in Semper had to be written up, printed, then pasted onto big sheets which were then sent to the printers to come out the other end a newspaper. This year, we are putting everything onto disk and sending that to the printers. Thus, all the unfocused pictures, Greek letters where apostrophes should have been and the like were simply teething problems which have hopefully been corrected for this issue.

We would like to extend a special apology to the ALP and its supporters at the unfortunate state in which its add appeared on page five. This again was a technical fault and not, as we have been accused of, deliberate sabotage. However, given the size of the Coalition victory on March 2, I doubt it would have made a real difference one way or the other.

We here at Semper would just like to congratulate John Howard and the Coalition and we wish him all the best, as I'm sure everyone does regardless of your political stripe. What this election means is a new dawn for Australia. While a lot of the vote may have been a protest against Paul Keating, the size of the victory - and the fact that Liberals won in many traditionally Labor and National seats - indicates that it was also for the Liberals. Gary Gray, the ALP campaign director, was saying to Ray Martin on election night that since it was only a protest vote, the Liberals had no mandate to do anything that they had said they would do if they won government. He is an ALP member, so I suppose it is to be expected that he would put the best face on the gaping abyss that had suddenly opened up before his party.

Paul Keating, in his uncharacteristically gracious concession speech - if the Prime Minister had conducted himself like that all the time, we may have been writing the political obituary of John Howard now, instead of his - made the interesting point that the Liberals won on traditionally Labor issues i.e. Medicare, industrial relations, the environment. This is undeniably true. But what is also true is that for the past 13 years, Labour has been winning on policies long advocated by the conservatives i.e. deregula-

tion, privatisation, labour market reform. This is a world-wide phenomenon. In the USA, Democrat President Bill Clinton proclaimed the end of Big Government. In Britain, Labour opposition leader Tony Blair has removed from the Labour charter an amendment calling for all major industries to be nationalised, clearing away a major obstacle to an election victory.

The size of the win in the House of Representatives - where the Liberals can govern in their own right - is tempered by their indifferent showing in the Senate, where those 'independent' Democrats still have the deciding votes (out of the last 52 major pieces of legislation where the ALP and Coalition differed, the Democrats voted ALP almost two thirds of the time. Because the Democrats increased the number of people voting for them by 3% to a whopping 7% of the voting population, they think they have been given a mandate to block the highly publicised Coalition initiatives that 54% of the population (60.6% in Queensland) obviously had no major qualms with.

And then there is the Bill and Jenny show over at the ACTU. Wage claims will now be higher because the people elected to office that enemy of the proletariat Little Johnnie. Bill Kelty threatened industrial war if the voters dare elect the Coalition. If there is industrial mayhem, it shall be 54% of the population versus an undemocratic organisation that represents less than a third of the Australian work-force. It is undemocratic, because I am a member of two unions and was asked on neither occasion if I wanted to join. I was also not asked if I wanted part of the fee the union takes - again without my consent - from my paycheck given to the ALP political machine, a party that I do not support. And if the union goes on strike, I doubt I would be asked if I wanted to stop working temporarily and lose my pay for a cause the union officials believe in. If this nation is brought to a standstill, it shall be because the ACTU is contemptuous of the democratic process and the Australian voters' judgement, not because of John Howard doing what he said he would do.

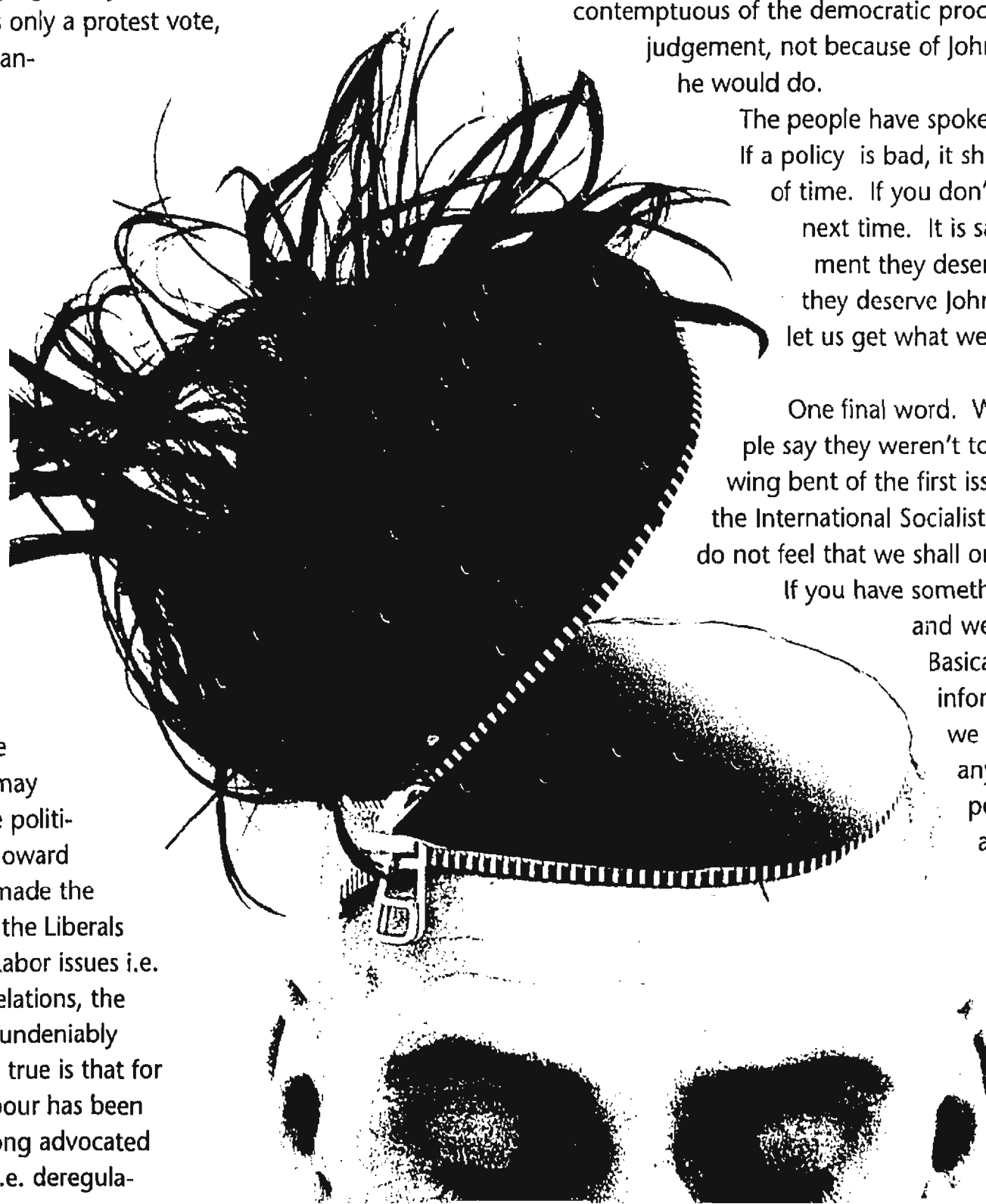
The people have spoken. Actually, they have roared. If a policy is bad, it shall be corrected in the fullness of time. If you don't like it, don't vote for them next time. It is said a people get the government they deserve. The people have decided they deserve John Howard and the Coalition, so let us get what we deserve.

One final word. We have had a number of people say they weren't too impressed with the right-wing bent of the first issue and, yes, we didn't want the International Socialists to love our Semper. However, do not feel that we shall only print right-of-center articles.

If you have something you want to say, bring it in and we'll see if we want to print it.

Basically, our policy is, if it's good, informative, preferably humorous, we will print it. We won't print anything from the extremes of politics. We're not going to run anything from the Ku Klux Klan, just as we won't print anything from the Communists. As far as we're concerned, they are all a part of the lunatic fringe and we don't feel they must be represented by us.

Citizen Kerr



Dear Editors (for want of a better word),

I have just finished reading the first edition of Semper for 1996 and have come to the conclusion that at least two (and probably more) of your editors/contributors/moronic pub crawl mates need to insert their heads into their anal passages and check out just how full of shit they are. I'm not going to throw some kind of politically-correct tantrum either, I'll leave that to people infinitely more politically motivated than me. You see, I believe that one should only write about stuff one actually knows something about. So I guess you guys are pretty much confined to articles on beer, full of adolescent, smart-arsed, toilet humour that even a retarded school kid wouldn't laugh at, hey boys?

So, step right up Mr Marcus Salisbury. His article on drugs was just about the biggest crock I've ever read in my life. If one is to believe Marcus Smarty Pants, everyone who uses drugs is either some kind of psychotic, brain-dead hippy or a bored, rich, techno kid. Wrong Marcus. Some people experiment with drugs and go on to live full and useful lives. I myself smoked (please note - past tense) pot for eight years and experimented (past tense too) with every other drug mentioned in the article, and, funnily enough, emerged with grey matter, sanity and mum and dad's electrical appliances all intact. So where did you get the information for your article, Marcus? From old episodes of "Donahue" and "Home and Away"? Or was it the "Evils of Sex, Drugs and Rock and Roll" book your Mum and Dad bought when you were 14 and they found a copy of "Gray's Anatomy" tucked under your pillow with all the pages stuck together? You tell us.

Which leads me, quite conveniently, to Mr Salisbury's equally well-informed (I'm being sarcastic now Marcus) review of Urge Overkill's last CD "Exit the Dragon". It doesn't really bother me that good old Marcus doesn't like the CD, its more his total ignorance of anything about the band that disturbs me. There is no mention of how different this CD is to their previous releases, 1992's awesome "Stull EP" or even the widely known "Saturation" (1993). There is no background on the band in the review either (eg Urge Overkill are a three piece from Chicago, formed approximately ten years ago. "Exit the Dragon" is their fifth full length release. Instead of some facts and intelligent opinions, we got some kind of ten-year-old temper tantrum which didn't allow those unfamiliar with the Urge to form their own opinions. What I want to know is, does Marcus have sex? Because his understanding of drugs and rock and roll is non-existent. As for Marcus' oh-so-well informed (well dang! sarcasm again) comments on Urge Overkill's live performances, obviously you weren't at their last two Brisbane shows, which were great. Come now Marcus, don't be shy. You were at home thumbing through "Gray's Anatomy" again weren't you?

Next, come on down Adam Gallagher. Adam's so-called "Introduction to the Brisbane Music Scene" would be more appropriately titled "Introduction to Sleazy Brisbane Night Spots". Barely any of the city venues mentioned (with the exception of Crash N Burn) showcase original local talent. However, if Adam had taken his own advice and glanced into "Time Off" or "Rave" he would see at least three venues in the city that regularly book local acts. Babble On in Elizabeth Street has live, local, original bands (not covers crap) at least twice a week, as well as live acoustic music (if you're into that) on Friday afternoons. The Orient Hotel offers local, original bands on Friday and Saturday nights. Local, original bands also play regularly at the Embassy and Story Bridge Hotels too. Face it Adam, you don't know shit about the local music scene. Any dodgy club with 20c drinks and a sad excuse for a band playing Barnesy and Pooh Jam covers would be a favoured hang-out for you. By all means, keep going to the Victory, we certainly don't need any self-important, ill-informed morons polluting the local scene. Funnily enough, the last time I went past there, about twenty bellowing jobs were brawling and Charlotte Street was crawling with cops. A great night out, hey?

My verdict of Semper Issue 1 1996? Absolute hatred and ridicule not to mention an inexcusable lack of any kind of style. Hatred for your smart-arsed, self-important, snotty-nosed, self-righteous, ill-informed opinions (and the stuff I've mentioned just scratches the surface) and ridicule for the notion that Mental As Anything, 20c drinks and a pub where a good brawl is guaranteed is your idea of a good time.

Suck on that douche bags.
Kate W

EDITORIAL RESPONSE

Dear Kate W

I'll let your petty, precious letter speak for itself, except to say that I've a friend who works at Lawnton Special School and apparently the retarded school kids like my jokes just fine. Obviously I hit a raw nerve with the "Drugs" article, although I'll admit that yes, some people "experiment" (God, how pretentious) with drugs and do go on and live useful lives: as Rolling Stones and laboratory specimens, perhaps.

I'd also like to speak up for Adam Gallagher, whose coverage of the Brisbane Band Scene is really quite excellent, as long as your musical taste isn't confined to The Sperm Monkeys playing in Davo's garage.

As for the rest of your pathetic little spew, I'll leave it alone. I could descend well into the gutter if I responded to your nasty little tantrum, but you'd still be looking up at me from the sewer.

Lastly, what's all this crap about not being able to review something unless you know all about it? Why not come down and review "A Brief History of Time" for us, or maybe "Finnegans Wake"?

Basically, in pub-crawling, smart-arsed, toilet humour speak, bloody well grow up and sod off. If you think for a minute that Semper must be written to cater for a puerile, vindictive minx like yourself, forget it.

Be nice Kate.
Marcus Salisbury

D I T O R

Dear Editors

I am writing with regard to the new union project known as "AARK". My concern is that this new project may be a waste of money and a medium for nothing more than a bunch of loons pushing their wheel barrow of free love and drugs. Is this another triple Zed? Also, after closer inspection of the article on page 43, I found that the co-ordinator of "AARK" was one Amy Lee. In the 1995 elections the students said no to her and her team, but yet in 1996, you guessed it, she's back wasting our money and time with "AARK". A friend of mine attended the preview of "AARK" only to find a varietable feast of foolish shenanigans of a bunch self-important children who were too stoned to know that what they were really doing whilst wasting students money. So I guess my biggest gripe is that after losing in 1995, the students still have to put up with Amy Lee and "Funky Squid". Why can't she just take a hint and bugger off, after all, from what I've heard, she lost by the biggest margin in union history. I just hope the union makes it clear to these lunatics that they can't just put out any shit because its not their money!

On a more happier note, I would like to congratulate you on a very interesting and informative Semper. The tabloid cover was hilarious, not to mention the centrefold (however colour would be nice, and as far as I'm concerned, the lefties deserved everything they got dumped on them in the editorial). I'm looking forward to the next edition.

Craig James A

Dear Editors

Wow! This must be my year for doing brave, new and exciting things. This is my first effort at contributing to Semper (and my fourth year at Uni - slack eh?! - but I have been wanting to have a go for a while. Congratulations on your first edition (it is much improved from last year!) Keep in touch.

Jane Manderson

Dear Semper

Firstly, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart, for the many changes you've made to Semper in 1996. I was so happy to be able to pick up the first issue and actually read it, without having to skip over any of the crap that it was filled with last year.

It's also great to see that the prerequisites for contributing to Semper do no longer require being a member of the gay/lesbian community, hating men/politics/collegians/life etc. Therefore, taking into consideration that I am an average heterosexual female, currently studying two government subjects, while living at a residential college, who also has a love of life, I hope you find my contribution to your publication good enough to be included. Keep up the fantastic work. Megan Hard.

Dear Editors

Being a first-year arts/law student this year, I've had no prior contact with Semper Floreat. I have, however, been filled in on its past left-wing stance, and am deeply proud of Jody Thompson for ousting the left-wing student union leadership.

Anyway, today was my first real introduction to uni life (day 1 of Orientation week). As the day went by, I grew increasingly annoyed at the excessive socialist-resistance-ALP canvassing. Well, annoyed is an understatement; incensed was more like it. Everywhere I turned someone was trying to shove socialist-labour shit down my throat. Being devoutly liberal and having to watch my hard-working parents get taxed off this earthy to feed lazy ignoramus, I nearly smashed in the face of some hippy with "Tax the Rich" pamphlets. (Sorry, I get carried away on this topic.)

My whole point is that I was absolutely thrilled to read Matthew Cavanagh's article "Thirteen Years" in the first edition of Semper Floreat. I want to thank you for printing it and can only hope that there are some intelligent students out there not so inundated with leftist crap that they can't recognise logic and reason when they read it.

I am, of course, a young liberal and Liberal Club member and hope to submit a political article to you during the semester. Until then, keep up this standard of writing and you'll have a potential staff member!

Yohanna Weber

Dear Yohanna,

Can we marry you, please? Come down to "Semper" anytime.

Eds.

Dear Editor

I recently picked up a copy of the first edition of Semper for the year and I must say I was not impressed. In response to your claim in the editorial that we "may be surprised to find coherent articles" I would ask, "where are they?" Perhaps you should try to build a bit of credibility for yourselves before you launch sweeping attacks on others. The layout and inclusion of shoddy articles and puerile humour, makes me wonder whether one "Courier Mail" is enough for Queensland. The article about drugs is of particular concern. It fails to treat the drug issue with the seriousness it demands; what is "Herion". I certainly hope that in the months to come the editors of Semper are able to see past their blind hatred of the left and tackle the challenge of making Semper a paper worth reading.

Tom Widdup (Once an avid Semper reader.)

P.S. It would show a bit of editorial gall to actually publish this letter.

As an aside, can I suggest that a wide variety of articles drawn from the wider student populous covering issues that are of interest to all people be they of left or right, bent or with no political interests at all. From my experience, posters calling for student input (prices for contributions on it also helps) are effective ways to get input.

Dear Tom

- 1) Challenging us to publish your letter was a bit childish, really.
- 2) If you want to see "a wide variety" of articles... put up or shut up - write something for us and bring it down.
- 3) We put up about 40 posters informing about contributors' meetings. Pity they all disappeared the next morning.
- 4) Still at least you signed with your full name.

So you want to see the

The travel bug is not a bug at all. It is a full blown intestine-munching disease. The travel parasite, with all the insidiousness of an Italian nightclub owner, will hop from one host to another during late night coffee and snapshot sessions. (No, I am not being racist, I have a specific Florentine gentleman in mind.)

For those of you who are infected, there is only one cure. Pack your bags and go. If the custom's hassles, grotty youth hostels, heavy backpacks and the tourist traps fail to cure you, nothing will. To get you started I have detailed a couple (well actually three, but who's counting) of pre-take off considerations. My experience at this point is Europe and Scandinavia, so if you need a less Eurocentric view, I suggest that you consult the good people at STA. Actually, do this no matter what. They have lots of lovely brochures which should further fuel your fever. (Nice alliteration - hey?)

Listen to all the travel advice that you can glean (although not necessarily mine), but still bear in mind John Steinbeck's words "A journey is a person in itself. No two are alike. All plans, safeguard policies and coercion are fruitless. We find after years of struggle that we do not take a trip, a trip takes us."



1. Get a Good Travel Guide

"Let's Go Europe" is my Bible. If I had been mugged on a foreign train (it happens), I would have given over my passport, but never my LGE. The Let's Go Guides cover a good majority of the Earth's habitable regions. For the less habitable areas, The Lonely Planet Guides provide excellent information on third world travel.

Your travel guide should tell you the cheapest places to eat, stay and party. As cheap often means nasty, they should also give objective descriptions as well as price lists. Beware of the glossy tourist brochures that fail to mention that the "charming chateau" is miles from any form of public transport and is over-run by cockroaches.

A good guidebook will also provide maps, run-downs on places to see, where to change money, and whether to tip. It is also vital to be informed of local conventions. (Girls, if it is that time of the month, plan ahead. The guidebook did not mention that the shops closed at midday on Mondays in some Finnish towns.)

2. Packing

If you are back-packing, try this test. Put your pack (fully packed) on your back. Walk at least 10 km. Now re-pack.

When choosing what type of suitcase or pack to take with you, there are some basic rules. For a start, if you can't lift it, leave it. Not all taxi drivers are willing to help you load your luggage. Hernias do not make good travelling companions. As the Spanish proverb says "on a long journey, even a straw weighs heavy."

Personally, I recommend a camper's backpack no matter where you

are going. Even if you are settling down with Aunty Aud in the Yorkshire dales, you may want to escape at some stage. Back-packs are easy to carry, they hold just as much as your suitcase, and they work wonders for your image. No free-spirited global wanderer is without one.

If you must take a suitcase, at least do yourself a favour and get one with natty little wheels. When you are running for the train, you'll thank yourself. But not as much as if you had brought a back-pack.

As far as clothing go, serviceable and non-crushable are the essential elements. (Although crushed clothing isn't such an unusual look in Youth Hostels.) Whites, or anything that shows dirt, should be left at home in the laundry basket.

The easiest way to prepare for climate changes is to "layer" clothing. A jacket will turn a summer outfit into a winter outfit with a minimum of fuss.

In Europe, a good jacket is a necessity for eight months of the year. Preferably a jacket with heaps of pockets for wads of tissues and train tickets.

Packing light is essential, but some things are not to be skimmed on. Like underwear. Smelling of sweat is forgivable. Smelling of stale urine is not. Remember this - please!

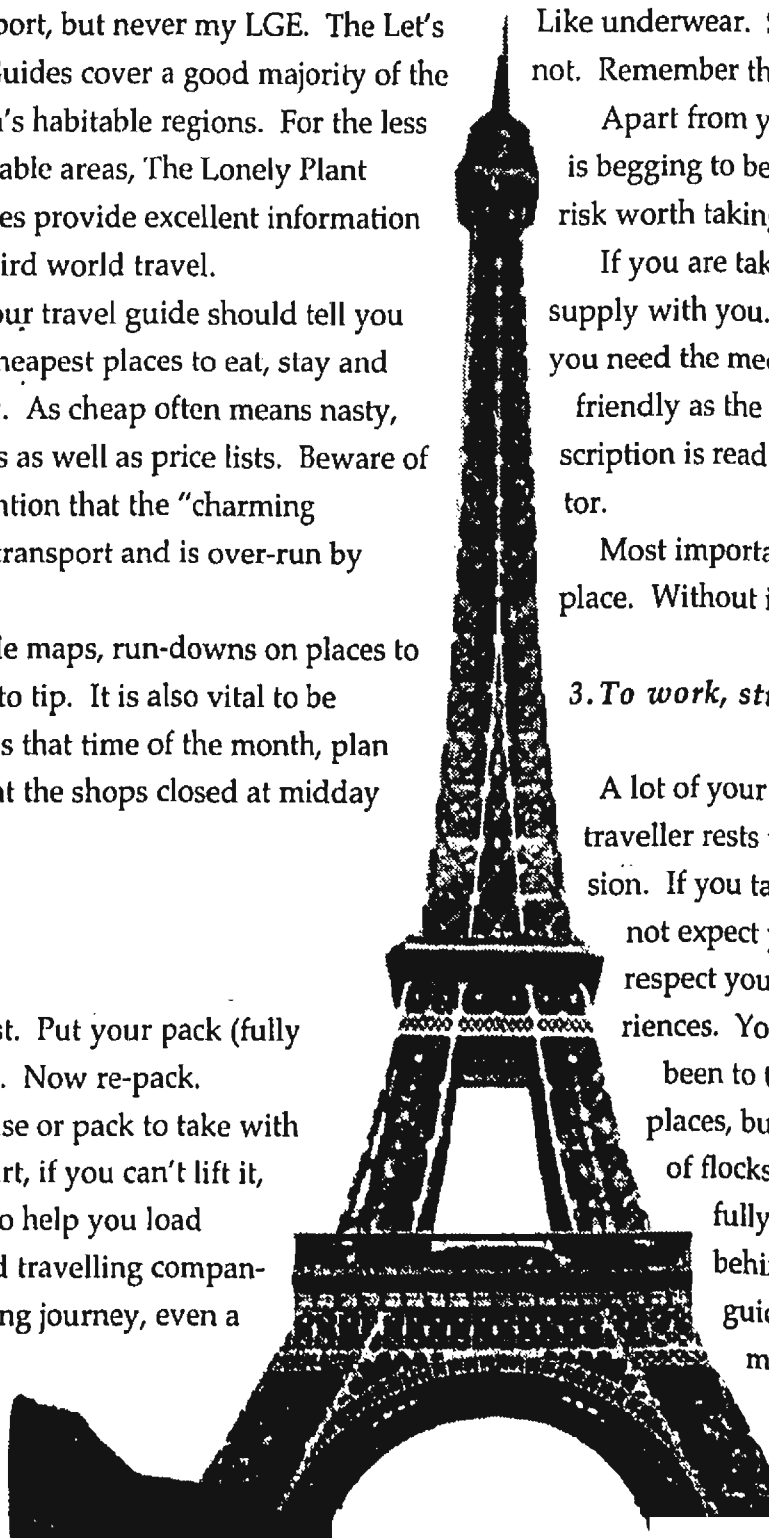
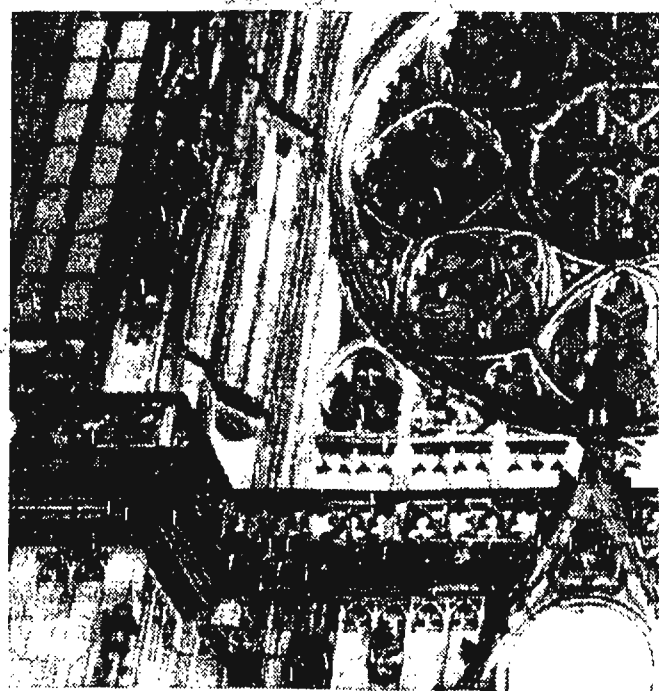
Apart from your camera, anything that costs more than thirty dollars is begging to be stolen. Your camera may also be pinched, but this is a risk worth taking, as long as it is covered in your travel insurance.

If you are taking any sort of medication, it is always best to take a supply with you. Get a prescription from your doctor stating clearly why you need the medication, as the average customs officer is about as friendly as the bouncers at Night-Worx. Try to make sure that the prescription is readable, although this may be asking too much of your doctor.

Most importantly, don't forget to pack your passport in an accessible place. Without it, you ain't going nowhere!!

3. To work, study, back-pack or take a guided tour?

A lot of your credibility as a traveller rests upon this decision. If you take a tour, do not expect your peers to respect your travel experiences. You may have been to the same places, but the images of flocks of sheep dutifully trotting behind the tour-guide shepherd makes those

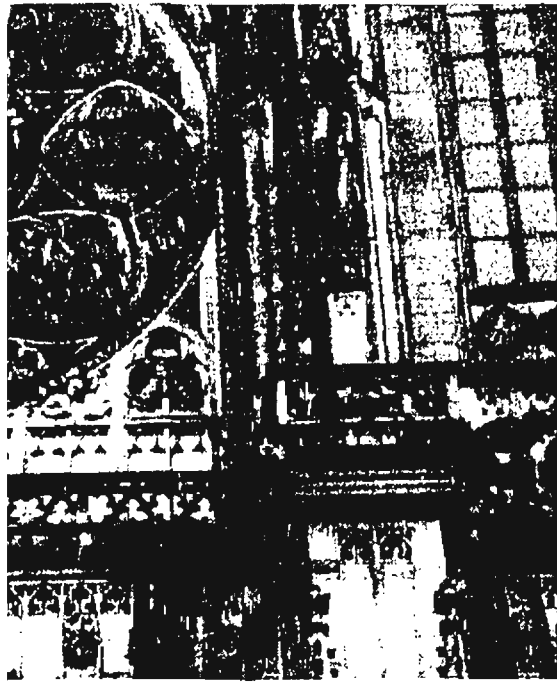


WORLD

By Lynda Wall

who go it alone laugh with derision. Having said that, a guided tour can be a good thing. If you are a first time traveller, a tour takes away most of the organisational worries. You won't have to master the foreign words of 'a ticket to Timbucktoo please', or 'how do I get to the nearest pub?' You may also make lifelong friends amongst your travelling companions. (But they may also be snivelling, ignorant bores from tourist hell.)

The main problem with guided tours is that they often insulate you from the country's culture. When you travel in a pack, the locals will find



you less approachable. (Except for the street-vendors and pick-pockets who will view you as lambs coming to the slaughter.) It is also true that when you travel with a group, you may adopt

other's attitudes and experiences as your own. If you are surrounded by people saying that 'the French are arrogant', you may overlook the waiter in the Parisian cafe who went out of his way to explain the wine list to you in very broken English. But it cannot be denied tours can be heaps of fun, provided that you travel

with a reputable tour group. And there is definitely safety in numbers.

Back-packing is a cheap and increasingly popular way to travel. There are heaps of discount bus and train tickets to cut costs. You are responsible for finding your own accommodation, food source and means of travel. First time back-packers encounter a rather steep learning curve.

Back-packer hostels run by the Youth Hostel Association and the YMCA provide cheap, friendly places



stay. Actual standards vary. Be prepared to cope with sharing a converted ballet school or factory with 100 other people. The odd rodent is also not unknown. However, youth hostels have toilets and showers and some even have washing machines and cooking facilities - heaven!! The best part about hostels, is that everyone has a story to tell or advice to give. In the lounge, the dorms, even the communal showers, people will tell you where to find the cheapest meal and the best exchange rates. There does come a point where you will want to tell everyone that you don't give a damn where they have been and what they have seen. But that would mean that you couldn't bore them with your own stories, so bite your tongue and listen!

Back-packing is about going it tough and really lapping up the culture. It is primarily, but not exclusively, the domain of youthful

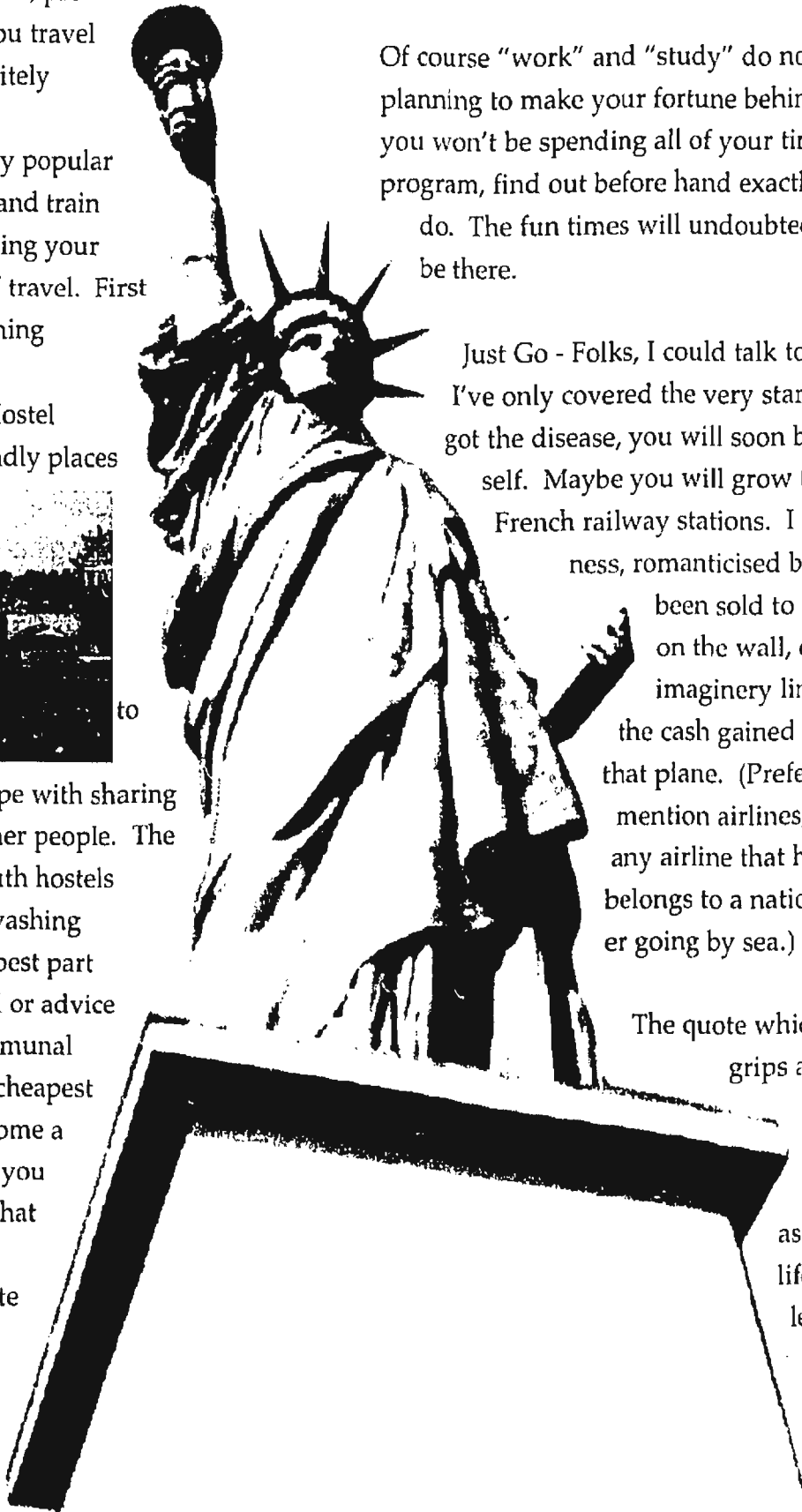
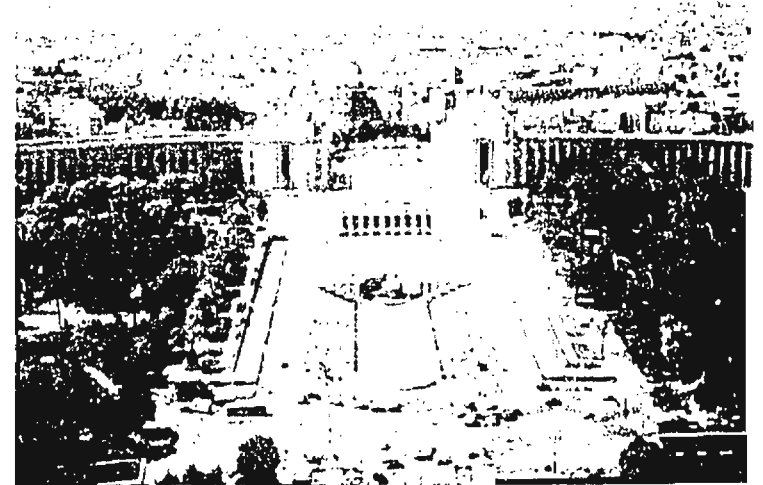
If you do decide to back-pack, always make sure someone at home knows your general location. The name of the continent is not enough!

An alternative option is to either work in a country or go on an exchange program. You really will get to "live how the locals live", if you choose this mode of travel. The other plus is that you will tend to develop a "base camp" which you can return to after periods of intense cross-continental trekking. Working and studying introduces you to the locals. You may even find a new home.

Of course "work" and "study" do not generally equal "holiday". If you are planning to make your fortune behind the bar in a British pub, remember that you won't be spending all of your times drinking the beer. On an exchange program, find out before hand exactly how much study you are expected to do. The fun times will undoubtedly outweigh the daily grind, but it will be there.

Just Go - Folks, I could talk to you for ever about travelling. As it is, I've only covered the very start of the travel experience. But if you've got the disease, you will soon be able to complete this article for yourself. Maybe you will grow to love Italian night club owners and French railway stations. I look back on them with a certain fondness, romanticised by the fact that I am still alive and haven't been sold to slave-market. Stop staring at that map on the wall, on which you have traced hundreds of imaginary lines. Defer your studies, gather together the cash gained from years at McDonalds, and get on that plane. (Preferably not Aeroflot. I know that I didn't mention airlines, but Aeroflot is not a good idea. Nor is any airline that has a tendency to be hijacked. Or that belongs to a nation that no longer exists. Actually, consider going by sea.)

The quote which I think best sums up the disease that grips all traveller's imaginations, and holds their minds and their bank balances in thrall, comes from American anthropologist Loren Eiseley: "We will travel as far as we can, but we cannot in one lifetime see all that we would see or learn all that we hunger to know."



PLACEBO EFFECTS OF UNIVERSITY

BY JASMIN WATERS

Who says that coming to university won't make you smarter?

Did it ever occur to anyone that simply being present at university would make you smarter, and thus help you in the long run?

As a general rule, most students detest university. It is simply a natural progression of hating school, detesting the high school teachers, or not being able to handle the 'boring' school-work, and therefore casting it all off as simply 'hating school'. Of course, there are many straight and steady

individuals who love uni, and love the work, but underneath, most students are upset at the fact that they could be out working full time in the world.

In order to enter university, one would need to be fairly smart already, and therefore this could bias the conclusion. The students of most top universities are well above the average IQ of 100. It was once mentioned by one of my previous lecturers that one would need at least a 125 score to enter any decent university, and the higher cut-off courses contained the top-end of brilliant students. The purpose of this article is not to bring up the question of how intelligence should be measured, nor of whether or not intelligence leads to a better life in the future. Certainly, the most intelligent man in the Australian Mensa group had an IQ above 200, yet was a garbage remover in Cairns.

However, this theory runs along these lines: being present at university will make a person smarter via the placebo effect. The student will know that it takes intelligence to enter university, and, being surrounded by other intelligent beings reinforces the thought

that, yes, the student IS intelligent, perhaps even more intelligent than the student previously thought. The expectations which society holds of students is that they will learn, experience, and thereby grow wiser as the learning process chugs along, and this expectation also reinforces the concept that the student is intelligent.

A placebo effect occurs when the subjects' expectations can lead them to experience some change even though no real treatment was given (Weiten, 1992). Some placebo studies have reliably displayed that placebo effects can, in fact, remain active for six months or even more. In the same way, being present on campus without actually learning anything (sounds like an awful lot of people I know of), will give the subject the expectation that he or she will become smarter, and therefore changes accordingly.

The effects of a placebo are not only psychological. Many studies have shown that true physiological effects are brought about through placebo effects. Studies have also demonstrated that the application of a placebo can lead to almost as strong effects as had the subject received a real treatment/drug/real effect. Through the placebo effect, changes in physiological conditions such as blood gas concentrations, blood sugar, cell and membrane changes have and can occur. It is truly amazing that the mind can have such a profound effect on the body as a whole, even down to measurable physiological cell changes. If this is indeed the case, is it not possible that similar physiological changes can occur to the human brain? Therefore, it could well be possible that the placebo effect of university existence could be strong enough to cause changes within our central nervous system, our memory, even our intelligence.

Naturally, there are flaws, but if this were true, it would mean that we are not simply wasting our time coming to university even if not a great deal is learnt. We would still be getting smarter. (Okay, so we would be kidding our brains into thinking we're getting smarter, and therefore we would be laying down the physiological changes to make us smarter. I'm sure you get the idea that it is leading to real smarter smartness.)

The best example of this would be the students who study by correspondence. These students have lessons and assignments, and they can't even escape the inevitable: exams! However, they're lack of presence on a campus or in a classroom atmosphere would decrease the high expectation and diminish the placebo effect. I am in no way understating the position of correspondence students, after all, I myself have attempted these courses, but the



overall effect of the push or drive for exceeding present personal levels is not as great when one doesn't vibrate in a similarly conducive atmosphere.

The after effects of this phenomenon is greatly debatable. How long would the increase last, and could it be applied practically? Either way, the student's perception of higher intelligence would naturally lead to higher levels of self-esteem, thereby leading to greater promise of future benefits, as the more confident, higher self-esteem student would exude the atmosphere of greater intelligence to prospective employees. Within the first six months of graduation, the effect may wear off, this could be due to the decreasing levels of high hopes which the student once had, only to find that the real world was a different arena. It could also be due to the gradual lowering of self-esteem which comes about from the realisation that the cloud of intelligent superiority afforded by the piece of paper which makes up the student's degree and the knowledge carefully stored away in the deep recesses of the student's mind is not always the highly desired property which one comes to believe it will be. Nevertheless, a high proportion of students gain employment in the first six months after graduation, and this is the period in which the placebo effect is still working, the self-esteem of the student is still of levels above depression, and the memories of the comfortable (in comparison) playground known as university is still fresh in the mind (providing of course, that these memories were not buried under by the effects of alcohol etc. from the pre-graduation, post-graduation, victory celebrations, and post-post-graduation dinner celebrations).

The confounding variables are, understandably, numerous, yet it is almost impossible to sift through all of them in order to expose the real core of whether or not the placebo effect plays a significant role during our university years. It would be virtually impossible for any students, even those of Arts who are generally able to design the most elusive experiments and are still able to come up with the most amazing results possible, to design an experiment to specifically isolate the effects of placebo amongst university students. Of course, you could try, but good luck to you if you could pass this topic by your supervisor's nose.

The population for prospective subjects is readily available: there exist more than 20 000 students on this campus alone. Any specifications regarding the type of student would be quite simple: simply find students who are present at university at approximately the same number of hours as the normal uni student, yet don't quite manage to turn up to lectures or tutorials, or alternatively, the students who do attend class, yet fall asleep or fail to listen to any of the material covered. This should prove no great difficulty: simply go visit the Rec Club for the first lot, the latter can easily be pin-pointed by visiting the lectures. Should these students actually register an increase (or decrease) their levels of intelligence, then it could not possibly be due to actual learning processes (cramming during swot-vac not being counted that is).

The fact that many students are already "intelligent" by comparison to the average population presents no problem, it is an increase we are looking for.

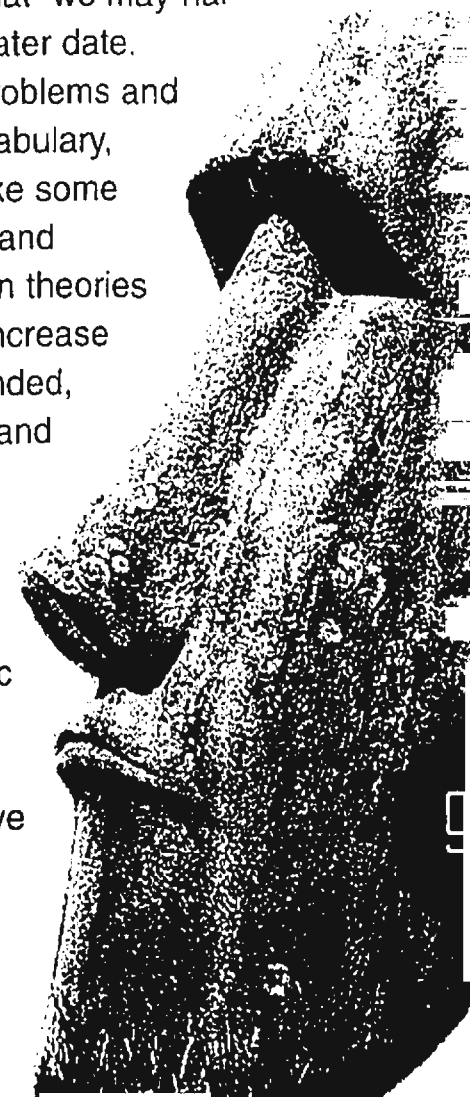
The confounding variables are, by far, numerous. The original above average intelligence level poses no real problem, as we are more interested in the CHANGE, being an increase (or decrease: other options must always be kept open). And there is always the ever present occurrence that the subject may actually LEARN something during the time frame, so swot-vac should be avoided due to the cramming.

There is also the distinct possibility that the placebo effect only

contributes a small, but perhaps nonetheless significant, percentage of the overall increase. The student may well be enriched during her or his university life through the various extra-curricular activities which are often integrated within university life. Various agendas, such as the exhilaration of sports, the comradeship of clubs, the togetherness of colleges, or the amicable elation of other recreational activities will all work to expand the student's horizons, thereby increasing their realm of life experiences. The overall effect is one of confidence, of a more happier being, as the subjects can themselves witness that they are doing something worthwhile, fun or joyous, thus raising the levels of self-esteem. This is still part of university life, it is an adjunct to the usual academia, and it may also contribute a portion to the placebo of being present and part of university life.

The outcomes of all this are a more wholesome personality of the human being, one who has other skills, in particular, people skills, apart from merely their academic record. Is there a down side to this placebo? Perhaps. The student may believe that he or she is capable of duties which are do not have the full understanding of, an aspect which will resolve itself shortly anyway. The other flaw may be in the snobbery attached to higher intelligence, as in "I'm a uni student, the other job applicants are not", probably rating the highest. This method of thinking could lead to thoughts of higher self-value, but it could also set them up for the ride of competition which will flow throughout their lives, only to find that they are turning into a snob.. No problem, just send them to the CESS with their hot little degree and find out exactly how many jobs are available to graduates, as many graduates often have to settle for common skilled jobs before they find a break into their own field of work.

May I remind you that not ALL the increase in intelligence encountered at university is due to the placebo. Real life lessons are learnt through our experiences as people, with our friends and peers, we learn regarding friendship, jealousy, hate, and countless other surprising emotions which we learn to deal with. The real learning for our future careers, is, however, from our lectures, our tutorials, our many thousands of hours hunched over textbooks, frantically trying to absorb the information into our minds. I acknowledge that it is not possible to be an accountant just by following one around, nor by being in the presence of accountants for the period of three years, and ditto goes for the various other professions. These skills are the main reasons why we came to university: to gather up these skills so that we may harvest the rewards from our careers at a later date. Working through the many questions, problems and theories will help us to increase our vocabulary, understand new methods of thought, take some time to reflect upon the many strengths and flaws, and maybe even consider our own theories and thesis' one day. These all help to increase our awareness, make us more open minded, and demonstrates our ability to change and adapt our thinking methods through time. Remember, even back before Nicholas Copernicus, when people thought the earth was flat, they believed theirs was the latest in scientific knowledge. Rules, theories, and parameters change and shift their borders over time, and the students of today have to become the people who are capable even, academically, and as a person, to discover, think, and explore beyond the boundaries.





THEE review

Twenty-three years after its inaugural/first ever performance, The Rocky Horror Picture Show is back. Richard O'Brien's classic cult rock musical is here to have you screaming with laughter and shock all over again.

In The New Rocky Horror show, most of the main roles are taken by familiar faces. Marcus Graham seizes on his role as Frank 'N Furter with considerable gusto, taking the innocent and naive Brad and Janet (Glenn Butcher and Kym Wilson) down with him into his world of decadence and depravity.

Frank's various sidekicks include the magnificent Magenta (Lucy Briant) and her brother Riff-Raff (the unrecognisable Peter Rowsthorn) who behaves, as one other audience member put it, "like a randy dog" for the whole show, while he brings the house down. Jo Beth Taylor plays Columbia, a role thankfully miles away from Funniest Home Video, while Wilbur Wilde and Red Symons take the roles of Eddie/Dr Scott and The Narrator respectively.

While the show is very good overall, perhaps the best moments are those that differ from the film. Any familiarity with the motion picture version will inevitably lead to comparisons, and who can really compete with Tim Curry? Or the original cast of anything as popular as Rocky Horror, for that matter? Some cast members seem aware of this, Peter Rowsthorn for example, and have made their character

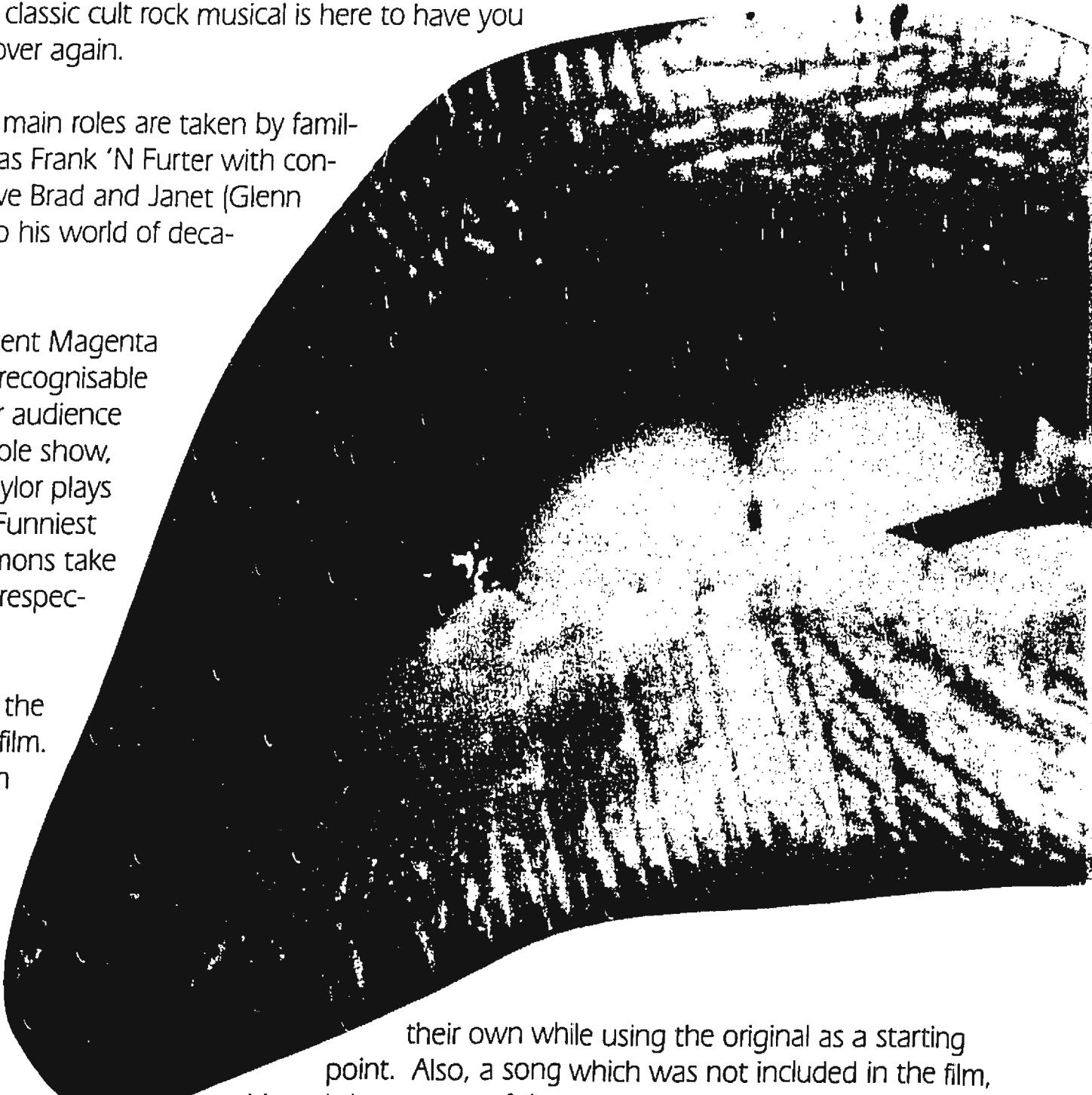
their own while using the original as a starting point. Also, a song which was not included in the film, although it was part of the original show, sung by Brad is added in again, along with some biting repartee aimed at hecklers from Red Symons. These are the moments that stand out in the production, when the familiar is freshened up for a new audience and these make the show worth seeing for itself, not just a rehash of an old favourite.

10

"Let's do the Time Warp again!"

The New Rocky Horror Show is playing at the Lyric Theatre until 16th March and there are still some tickets available.

M F Luder



The magic of theatre, unlike movies where the star might be dead and gone, is that it can't go on without Living People. That is the title that the University of Queensland's incomparable Amardean Players have chosen for their inaugural production of 1996 : **LIVING PEOPLE - A Night of One Act Plays**. The evening brings together three one act plays to the Cement Box Theatre thanks to a group of talented up and coming dramatic artists.

This years first production follows on from the Amardean Players hugely successful 1995 when they brought **Reservoir Dogs, Me and My friend** and the critically acclaimed **Night of One Act Plays**. The show combines the talents of three separate directors and their casts who portray the lives of individuals from all walks of society and the depth of human experience and tragedy. Each of the plays are remarkably different from the other with suspense, dark humour, comedy and melodrama as a way of achieving a perspective on life.

Jodie Mills and Rebecca Lang have teamed their creative ideas in their direction of the late Alan Curtis play, **Immaculate Conception**. The play looks at the notions of love, marriage and pregnancy in the Australian home as both husband and wife look to raise their perfect child, despite the others beliefs. Ryan Donovan as Clarence dreams of his son being able to follow in the footsteps of great Australian test captains Allan Border or Mark Taylor. Elizabeth (played by Lang in her role as both director and actor) wishes her child to be the next classical musical genius. The unborn, and perhaps even unconceived, foetus acts as the plays protagonist and central focus of the play.

The comic melodrama for the evening is provided by Ian Austin's **Monday to Friday**. The play revolves around the meeting of five women, all of whom are mistresses to the same man and the story leads you through a captivating and interwoven tale of sex, relationships and revenge. The direction of Helen Zelinske leads the audience through the delicate maze until the final twist, that will both amaze and leave the audience wondering. The all female ensemble cast work well together providing the audience with an intriguing and comic performance.

The struggle of a young boys alienation from society provides the story for the Ron Hamilton play **The Spiders** which is directed by new comer Liam Muller. Michael Thyer as the Boy struggles to find his place in a society that he has a deep seated paranoia toward his fear of societal spiders. Muller (as director/actor) brings out the best in Thyer while adding dark humour to the dark pilgrimage that the boy sets out upon. The cold and hopeless tragedy of the Boy is compounded by the arrival of the sexy and manipulative Lady Upstairs, brilliantly portrayed by Caitlin Marshall.

LIVING PEOPLE - A Night of One Act Plays will leave audiences in tears from both laughing and crying as the brilliance of theatre comes to life before their eyes.

LIVING PEOPLE - A Night of One Act Plays runs from Thursday the 14th of March to the 23rd with shows from Tuesday to Saturday at 8pm. Tickets are available at the door for \$10 adults, \$8 students and \$6 for both Amardean and UQ English members. See you there!

Following **LIVING PEOPLE** comes Reel to Real Production's

version of David Stevens' stageplay **The Sum of Us**. It stars former Amardean member Jon Halpin, recreating Russell Crowe's role as the central character of Jeff. Director Catherine Chilcott admits that despite the homosexual nature of the play "It is at the same very Australian, very 'bloke-y' ". The play examines the relationship that develops between Jeff and his new love interest Greg (Chris Hammond) and the parental intolerance that he feels and his struggle to 'come out'. This relationship that Greg has with his parents is the opposite to the one that is between Jeff and Dad played by former repertory player Ted Smith. "Dad's laconic observations on life are sure to keep audience's constantly entertained," admitted Chilcott.

The Sum of Us opens on March 28 and runs nightly from Tuesday to Saturday at 8pm until April 20. Tickets are \$10 for concession and \$15 for adults.

If there is anyone who wants to put on their own production, then the opportunity has arisen through a cancellation at the Cement Box. The Cement Box is free during a two week slot between the 2nds and the 15th of June. If there is anyone interested in putting something on at that time, then please ring Kaz on 3377 2240.

If you are interested in theatre in any way, be it sound, lights, acting, directing or stage management, you should join up with one of the University's Drama societies. There are two available, UDS or Pandemonium and the Amardean Players. So come on down to the Cement Box Theatre and get involved in the excitement of live theatre.

by Drew Murnam-Lille



Mangoes and Jacaranda

Hot Brisbane nights
lazy and drooping

mangoes in bed

jacarandas blooming
beyond the verandah
cicadas in the dark

your dress on
the back of a chair

the taste of mango
on your tongue

the smell of sex
in the damp and
naked air.

by Paul Dawson

All I see

If I were to comb the seven seas,
the treasure would still elude.

If I were to scale the highest peak,
the mist would still confuse.

If I were to question the wisest of women,
her answers would not be solutions.

And so when I search the depths of my heart,
all I see is a red-rose illusion.

The time is not yet,
the phase is not past,
the clock's not completely wound.

The stage is not set,
my heart, unprepared,
so the moment cannot be found.

Jane Manderson

Fate of Byzantium

The young pretender rots;
Strangled beneath the city;
Precipitate of ambition.

The generals are distracted,
Dim within chivalry
They plot their welcome deaths.

Forgeries are made,
And gilded ceilings
Pawned across Europe.

A painted harlot sings,
Upon the quilted throne
For the ancient, blinded merchant.

Marcus Salisbury.

Poetry

Obituary

Once, Princess Earth was beautiful,
Resplendent in green chiffon
Besequined by dew drops,
Embroidered by azure lakes,
Emerald green forests at her throat,
Pearly slippers of ice,
Tresses tinted by the sunset.
Her evening scarf was Rose, Amber, Mauve.

But Earth was named too old-fashioned
Changes needed to be made. So they
Ripped away her raiment.
Now, fashion colours are drab grey
Concrete slabs and rusty iron.
A naked Earth bares all.
No more chiffon, no more emerald.
'Chemically You' this label reads.

Acid Rain bleached azure waters
To grey-brown.
Factory chimneys cough
and belch their filth
Into the sapphire canopy above,
Masking the red and gold of sunsets
Spoiling my picture of Princess Earth
and wrecking my once beautiful world.

Maleha Newaz

The Thunderstorm

Last night I looked out the window
as the rain was pouring down.
I wondered if you noticed the tears
all our tears, like the thunderstorm.

But then I remembered the father
whose daughter had gashed her head:
he cried even after the doctor was done
and his little baby slept.

So I guess that means, like that father,
you not only see but feel
the lightning pain and the silent screams
and the steady stream of tears.

And I guess that means that you know us
and how often we cry out to you
and I guess, you know, that must mean as well
that your arms long to circle us too.

J. Manderson

Now and Then

It's odd what inspires reminiscence:
An old receipt, the smell of petrol
In freezing air, the unwelcome presence
Of a person whose distant, futile
Friendship invokes a definite hesitance.

If I had the nerve to shout "piss off"
I'd do it, but all I ever manage
Is a piddling, phlegm-bereft cough
Dismissing the love with-held, the damage
Received. It's never quite enough

To break the resolve of memory,
That batty old dear who carries
Our baggage ever zealously,
Who soothes, embarrasses and harries
And defines our sense so tenuously.

Marcus Salisbury

*It's not much fun to be a man in love
With a woman who is eight months pregnant
She's fragile and her tears they need no shove
Her emotions never are consistent
One moment she'll be joyful and so gay
And speak undying love for you her man
But you by now know that this mood won't stay
She'll viciously attack you when she can
She'll blame you for the trouble you have made
And threaten to castrate you with a knife
With barbs and barbs you feel like you've been flayed
And everything you do turns into strife
But men in love know they must pay this price
So men like me just smile and act real nice.*

*by Clay Djubal
(written 13th May 1992)
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Party

Headlights

*Murmurs at night,
She leaves me crucified
On the bonnet of the car.*

*Murmurs at night,
I want her deified, I want her defined.
But all my memories are misleading.*

*Daytime is the wrong time is the right time
For the night time
And we're out of time for anymore time left to play.*

*Whispers at dawn,
She leaves me reeking
Of her love in my shaken bed.*

*Whispers at dawn,
I haunt the streets
For a glimpse of the darkness that's not there.*

by Geoff Parkes

Mixed Messages

*When upside down
the sky becomes the sea.
The clouds the waves-
gentle.*

Non swimmers competent.

by Tracy L Morrison

Why Fish?

*We chose fish -
quiet
trapped
cheap to feed.
Little deaths
easier to bear -
scoop and flush.
We buried the first two ...
throughout history mass murder
doesn't appear to have fared well.
Low maintenance maybe we thought -
if only they'd breathe.*

II

*My friends
these fish
swim constantly
close against
the cold glass.
Sidle up to it
press themselves as if to merge
with its contours -
the neat boundary
of their lives.
Lives encased
in cold fluid
within which exists
a middle ground -
safe
with plants good to eat.
But no
like us
they too-
always lured
away
away
into the abyss.*

*On the inside
they shiver-
on the outside looking in
I shiver.*

by Tracy L. Morrison

Apology

We'd like to apologise to Clay Djubal and to any other poetry contributors whose authorial intent was misrepresented in last issue's poetry section, hence we have reprinted it in its original form.

Don't leave your AUSTUDY application to the last minute



Apply by 31 March to get your full AUSTUDY entitlement.

If you are studying for the full year or for first semester, you must lodge your AUSTUDY application by 31 March to make sure you get any back payments to which you may be entitled. Even if your application is incomplete, give it to a Student Assistance Centre or CES

office by 31 March and provide what's missing later. You'll find the phone number and address of your local Student Assistance Centre or CES office listed under "E" for "Employment, Education and Training, Dept of" in the White Pages of the telephone book.

MAR 1 2008

SEMPER Cover Competition



We're looking for any original ideas (but preferably artwork) for a SEMPER cover. The winner will have their work printed on the front page of SEMPER and get paid for it and also receive a free book plus CD prize. All entries must be in by April 22nd, and the winner will appear in Issue 4. There is a general send-up of University life - get drawing.

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U.Q. Student Union Environment Collective

Once upon a time, there was a group of students who cared about their environment, the one that inspired them with its beauty and provided for their many needs to live. They came from all walks of life, public school, private school, wealthy and not so wealthy, all nationalities, and studied anything ranging from business management to science to law to computer and information technology. This group of friendly, open minded students got together and formed the Environment Collective which still survives to this day (albeit in a very small but groovy painted office).

For any student who enjoys the natural beauty surrounding them (have you seen the amazing rainforest bit near the Rec Club when the Jacarandas are flowering?), and who is concerned with preserving this beauty (just as we preserve beautiful faces and bodies in magazines), the Environment Collective is a perfect way to get involved if you want to do something worth while, and to meet other people with a common interest that isn't clouded by personal political or other agendas.

So far our projects for this year are:

- pushing for recycled paper and double sided photocopiers on campus
- mangrove walks, beach clean ups etc.
- benefit concert (stay tuned)
- car pooling and better bike pathways

Cape York Slide Show

John from The Wilderness Society came along last Friday of O Week and presented a slide show of the Cape York Peninsula and its inhabitants (human, fauna and flora). The photos were magical, and John's commentary was inspiring and helped us to understand the issue...

- The complex and diverse eco-systems of the peninsula, which make it such a beautiful and sacred place, did not come to be just by a course of nature.

- Aboriginal people have a 40000 year history of caring for the land and their use of the peninsula has brought about the amazing eco-system that exists today, one of the most important biogeographical regions in Australia and the world.

- For this spectacular area to be conserved,

THE LAND NEEDS ITS PEOPLE AND THE PEOPLE NEED THEIR LAND

The Students and Sustainability National Environment Conference will be held this year at the Southern Cross University from the 1-5 of July. There promises to be many interesting speakers and workshops from the people who have been living the alternative lifestyle for years (and anyone else)...now they have a chance to pass on their knowledge and experience to us. The conference will be a highly educational experience for students from all over the country, focusing on building strategies for a sustainable society. The conference program has been divided into four main areas for strategy development: Science, Technology & Philosophy, Activism for Sustainability, Sustainability and the Arts, and Sustainability & the Community. The conference is open to all students - further information is available at our Wednesday market stall, or simply come along to a meeting.

Look out for our new design Environment Collective T-shirts, better than ever before! These will be available at our Wednesday market stall, along with campaign updates and information about current issues. Feel free to stop by and say hello.

GET ACTIVE

An easy way to help in the campaign to get the library photocopiers using 100% recycled paper is to go to the attendants every time you use the machines and ask if any of the

photocopiers run on recycled paper. The response will probably be something like, "Well, there is a percentage of recycled fibre in all the paper we use..." - but this isn't good enough - KEEP ASKING. Let them know there really is a demand for it. The ever improving quality of 100% recycled copy paper is such that any claims about its inferior quality are now unfounded. And of course we all know that using hemp for paper is the best of all possible alternatives (come and ask if you want to know why).

Benefit Concert

We've pictured this big set up with a stage, comfy green grass, trees for shade, stalls, yummy food, colourful people, happiness and mung beans (hmmmm...). So we have the vision and the inspiration, but what we need is bands, circus acts, speakers, anyone with organisational skills and enthusiasm, ideas for a cause to promote (we have plenty already but are open to all suggestions). Basically, if you want to help put together a groovy rock concert, come and see us or call Jodi and Anna on 38445405. And yes, it really is going to happen.

Mangrove Walk

Saturday 23 rd March

Location: yet to be decided

See us at Environmental Collective Monday 1 pm.

**BE NOT SO DETACHED FROM YOUR ENVIRONMENT.
BEHOLD THE NATURAL BEAUTY AROUND YOU AND
SMILE - THIS IS A CAUSE WORTH FIGHTING FOR.**

JODI REES, JANE ROGERS AND ANNA STRATON



Pack up your troubles in an old kit bag and go

Cherry

I am the living proof that close physical contact with cherries can drive you crazy. You too could experience a similar fate - Go Cherry Picking! After final exams last November, I packed up all my woes and a few meagre belongings, jumped in a rusty Renault 12 and hurtled south to where the cherries were ripe.

My destination - Wangaratta, northern Victoria - home of the Jazz Festival and Wandin Valley Cherry Farm. It has also been awarded the tidy town award several times, however, so has every country town between Brisbane and Wangaratta. So after the Simon and Garfunkel tape had run for the 20th time, we pattered into 'Wang'.

It is here that I put in a plug for Albert at North Cedars Caravan Park. This was to be home for the next five weeks. Now, as far as fruit picking culture goes, my cabin, at \$110 per week (my intimate other, crazy enough to accompanying me on this hair-brained excursion, paid half) was five star accommodation. This little shack was comfortable for two, but at a squeeze, slept five. It had a kitchenette, a TV and heaven sent, a shower. This shower may in fact boost this little abode to six stars because it was also useful for night-time emergencies! A trip to the traditional toilet facilities involved trekking through wet grass, invisible trees and spider

by
Erin
O'Dwyer



webs.

Four star accommodation consists of a \$90 per week caravan. No shower and toilet trek applies around the clock.

For nothing, pickers can secure themselves a piece of grass on the farm. Amenities are satisfactory and include a washing machine - vital for getting out cherry stains. Owners of camper-vans, combies and tenting equipment choose this option. Bigger farms also rent out cheap shed accommodation. Living 'on the block' minimises transport costs - farms are usually a distance out of town so living in town can add an extra hour onto your day.

My day started at 5.30 am. Picking started at 6.30 am, when pickers jumped on the fore person's tractor to be shuttled to the day's trees.

Pickers receive a plastic container which attaches to their waist with a belt. You also get a ladder and several crates. 3x5 kg buckets fill a crate. A crate, on average earns you \$8 and takes one hour to fill. Pickers are supervised intermittently by fore persons who also pick up full crates and record your daily total. My picking day finished at about 4pm. Breaks during the day are up to the individual. This routine differs slightly depending on where and what you pick. Often picking is

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SPECIAL THANKS TO: EMMA'S BOOKSHOP, BIZARRE PICTURE FRAMING,
BROWSING ON BROWNING



Picking

from dawn to dusk and up north pickers stop work in the heat of the day. At some farms, sorting work is available in sheds which is less strenuous and out of the heat. In comparison to ground work which is back-breaking, large fruits which are heavy or plants with thorns for example oranges, cherry picking is quite 'picker friendly'.

Don't go fruit picking for the money. Most farmers pay you for what you pick. This is a trap for young players. Until you learn how to pick, you get peanuts for hard work. On day one, I earned \$30. However by day five I had increased this to \$50. By week three I was getting \$100 on a good day. If you're good, you can earn up to \$1,000 a week.

Payment by the hour is increasingly common. The award wage is about \$10/hour. As a beginner, this covers your inexperience, although it doesn't leave room for improvement. Also, pickers have more supervision in this situation. Contrary to popular belief, payment is not cash in hand. Pickers must fill out an employment declaration and provide a Tax File Number. Yes, you are taxed and yes, this employment could affect your Austudy payments.

Fruit picking is not a way to get rich quick. I made it a working holiday, seeing the area on our days off, living comfortably and eating well. I spent about \$40/week on food because it is important to eat good food and plenty of it, especially if you're not used to constant physical labour. I ate a large breakfast and dinner and then snacked on fruit, muesli bars and ryevitas during the day. Even so, I lost 5kg. It is also important to drink lots of water. In short, fruit picking is an excellent opportunity to get some sunshine and fresh air, good exercise and get away from the metropolis, its lifestyle and its people.

What a wealth of people you discover when you go fruit picking! I asked one lady: "Have you always lived in the country?" "No", she said, "I grew up in the country, but now I live in Wang. My husband and I can't wait to move back to the country. I hate city living." Wang, by the way, has a population of 17,000! We met a group of Aborigines who had just done some Buffalo hunting in the NT, followed by mangos in Bowen, down to Wang for cherries and then across to Shepparton for peaches and pears. They were 'professional pickers' and would follow the fruit as it ripened around Australia and who could pull in double what we pulled. After 'Shep', as they call it, they do apples and grapes in SA. During winter, they take 3 months off or do ground work or non-seasonal work. Most pickers were either professionals or locals who had come for 'the pick'. There were a few uni students, although mostly locals.

I also met some very sad people, for whom fruit picking was an escape. One man had won \$160,000 in the lottery, bought his wife and two kids a house and took off. One lady had one child in Townsville, one in Renmark SA, and one child whom she could not find. She also told rampant lies (to impress others and boost her own ego) and related her conversations with the boss to me in a way which made it appear she was chummy with him and important to him. It was a real life 1984 type situation. In reality, farm bosses don't give a damn whether pickers are happy, so long as they get their fruit in. There are always plenty of people who will do it.

The country mentality was both refreshing and frustrating. My companion and I had looked forward to long discussion about the meaning of life in all its facets. However, this was sometimes impossible because less educated people felt threatened and so alienated us. The forelady especially took a dislike to me and put me through a rigorous initiation process. She was picky about the level of my full crates

and put me on bad trees. However, she had accepted my by the fifth week - I think she was impressed I had stuck it out.

There was an old couple who took me under their wing. They let me in on some secrets. I also made friends with a workman whose Bourbon Cherries are famous among cherry pickers! He soaks 3kg of cherries in 2 bottles of Bourbon for 1 year, only ever opening it at New Year. However, he invited me and my mate over and opened the bottle especially for us! It was a night to remember. Wang is a very warm town where I was made very welcome. I have made lasting friendships there.

As for picking itself, it is quite an art, as I've already said. The trees range from 7 foot to 15 foot. Our ladders were only 9ft. That meant you had to bend down the tallest branches and hold them under your arm in order to pick them. This also means you can pick two handed - the fastest way. You have to use your index finger and thumb to twist the stem of the cherry off the branch. Rule one of cherry picking - you must leave the stem on! On day one of picking, I fell off my ladder, so Daniel picked the tops from then on and I stayed rooted firmly on the ground. Having a picking partner was good. We kept each other going and it seemed as though the tree was stripped faster than when I struggled through a tree alone.

Fruit picking is one of those life experiences which helped me to grow in many ways. It was real work with real reward. I learnt unforgettable lessons about myself and other people. I had five weeks of calloused hands, aching muscles and sunburnt shoulders. For five weeks, whenever I closed my eyes, I saw cherries. At the end of five weeks, I did not want to see a cherry again. But those five weeks were among the happiest and most rewarding of my life.

It may have become obvious to you, dear reader, that I was in fact crazy before I ever went near Wandin Valley Cherry Farm. Well, this may be. But to all those people who said it was a crazy idea and that I wouldn't last - go pick a cherry!!

GUIDE TO CHERRY PICKING.

Where: Wangaratta, Vic Young, NSW

When: Oct, Nov, Dec

Pay: paid for what you pick approx. \$18/15kg crate

Accommodation: Caravan parks rented farm accommodation own, eg tenting on farm

Hours: 6.30 am - 4pm

For further information contact:

Erin O'Dwyer through Semper or CES or Youth Hostel Association

'T WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT AT THE RNA...

Now here's an interesting idea; invite thousands of adolescents just getting their first taste of freedom to a dance, invite them to dress semi-nude and do it at a location where there aren't too many responsible adults. Instant good time, just add alcohol. And plenty of people did.

Actually, I had been at the RNA since about 4pm, helping set up. Unfortunately, this did not confer on me any of the prerequisites I had hoped for i.e. free drinks at the party. My enthusiasm was nonetheless undiminished.

The first Toga partyers turned up around 6:30pm. There was then a steady stream of people clad in Mum's finest sheets up until about eleven. By seven there were already about 100 people there and, feeling decidedly rather foolish looking just dressed in normal clothes, I shed my shirt and donned my Toga, a simple white sheet from the Cupboard collection with a tie about the right waist area and a trail falling easily about the legs, covering the off-the-shelf jeans, but leaving the leather shoes exposed (after all, one does not want one's parents to know that their finest sheets are being employed as dance attire).

Actually, I must commend several people on their toga's. Some people actually looked as if they had put some time and effort into it, and sewn up something that looked historically accurate. Some people wore they're old Smurfs and Star Wars sheets. Inevitably there were some Goths present, clothed in pitch black robes. One guy wore his dressing gown, expecting to stay the night, eh? Another dressed himself as Jesus Christ, complete with crown of thorns and fake blood. Hmm. Wrong part of the empire actually, but variety is always welcome.

Speaking of headgear, there was again a fair amount of imagination. Stove-pipe hats made of XXXX cartons. Laurel

wreaths made from ferns and stuck on with gaffer tape. Even bicycle helmets; Stack.Hat-retro time is it?

The services were quite good. There was the liquor tent down one end - which was the second most popular area of the whole night, after the dance tent - and the food down the other. Actually, it may have been better to have put them side by side, so people wouldn't have to walk across the field to get a beer to wash down their sausage rolls. Unfortunately, the food stall opened up an hour and a



half late, delaying at least my drinking till after I had put some food away to ensure I don't provide Mum with too obvious evidence of what I had been doing in her sheets. However, the party wasn't interrupted because of this, so who cares?

And of course, it just wouldn't be Toga without rain would it? The cold and flu industry must do a roaring trade at this time of year, what with several thousand half-naked people being caught out in a downpour, which happened intermittently over the whole night.

The band was good, doing covers of techno and grunge and whatnot. Everyone was dancing and generally having a good time. I must say though, a girl is something you look pretty damn stupid dancing without. It is also somewhat depressing when everyone around you has at least one dancing partner. I went onto the dance floor in the vain

hope that some nice girl would see my... well, not ugly self (that's what I like to think anyway) and dance with me and offer me much needed dancing tips. So I prefer to live in naive hope than look the depressing truth in the face.

On a less maudlin level, allow me to say to all the people who climbed the tent poles, "You tools". Not only were the tent poles bent and weakened, but we were warned that the band would stop playing if it kept happening and some unlucky few who made it to the top were dragged away in headlocks by security. I bet you felt cool then, eh?

I must take my hat off, though, to the incredibly brave/ludicrously stupid/dexterously drunk person who managed to climb the center pole to the very top and then swing around it with wild abandon as if there was a safety net below rather than hundred's of people. This person then hooked his feet

up on the ceiling then swung, upside down with the same lack of concern for his own, let alone anyone else's, safety. Better you than me, pal.

Unlike the warning given in the last edition, I did not have any gastronomic juices hurled all over my pearly white sheet, by myself or anyone else, nor for that matter did I do so unto my fellow party-goers, although I did see some people slumped on the field, motionless, as early as ten o'clock.

All up, perhaps 6000 people attended Toga, an excellent turnout considering it was off campus. And many of these 6000 inebriated adolescents were herded out at midnight into an army of waiting Taxis ready to devour our parents' money for rides out to the edges of the urban sprawl. Oh well. Good times always come at a price, and this one was well worth it. JBK

The East Coast Blues Festival

Easter Weekend 5,6,7 April Belongil Fields, Byron Bay, NSW

Question:

Which form of music allows you to reach into your mind, withdraw all those niggling problems society has dealt and cast them away into some faraway limbo?

Answer:

Rhythm and Blues. The music of the street, of the heart, of the mind, body and soul.

Organisers of "The 7th Annual International East Coast Blues Festival 1996" invite you and your friends to attend three days of extraordinary cool music. The atmosphere is such that

you will be immersed in a warm sea of smouldering soul as the performers grab you by the crotch and lift you above the shitty little hassles that all too often saturate our minds.

Over 50 bands will feature

including major Australian performers: Nathan Cavaleri, The Bad Loves, Billy Thorpe and the Aztecs and internationals such as The Fabulous Thunderbirds, Oil Scott-Heron and Amnesia Express, Ben Harper and many more.

The Belongil Fields, located at Byron Bay, NSW, provides the perfect venue for the show. Byron is renown for its beautiful beaches and rain forests and its friendly, easy-going lifestyle.

So do your soul a favour and meander on down to Byron on the Easter weekend.



GOIN OFF LIKE A FROG IN A SOCK

Alimony's "Anomaly" CD Launch - 24/2/94 (Fridays, Riverside)

At the Alimony CD launch, two things were immediately notable. Number one, the large and loyal following that Alimony has garnered. Fridays was crammed with people in Alimony t-shirts (some of which they had made themselves). They knew all the words to the songs, queued up patiently for autographs and collected guitar picks with fervour. One guy had even had "100" shaved into the back of his number-two cut, in honour of the band's song "Haircut 100".

The second most notable thing about Alimony is just how damn good they are. Alimony are well-known as a covers band, and have copped a lot of flak from the more serious-minded in the music industry over it. However, they are a much better originals band than a covers band, with marvellous songs and an engaging stage presence. It makes you wonder how the universe works, when Alimony aren't famous and Jo Beth Taylor is. (One may as well ask why Andrew Olle is dead while Allan Jones still breathes and walks. Perhaps there really is no God.)



The evening kicked off with local band Pharaoh's Playground as support. This band was musically very competent with some killer riffs up their sleeves, but their attitude sucked. If they didn't want to play at Fridays, they could have quite happily preserved their artistic integrity and stayed home, rather than reminding us constantly that this wasn't their usual scene. They even had a sly dig at Alimony (who presumably were paying them for the evening) by saying: "We don't play any Green Day - you'll have to wait for the next band to do that." Well, guys, this was a CD launch, and Alimony weren't playing any Green Day either. Let's not be elitist pricks, eh?

I asked guitarist Mirko Ruckels (yes, that's his real name - parents can be cruel) how hard it was making a transition from covers to originals in the face of such opposition

from other musicians. "Covers is a job," he said. "We're an originals band at heart, but we'd rather not be on the dole. We'd rather keep our fingers in the music industry pie." And presumably the covers gigs were where the band collected the 500 addresses for their direct mail list and made the money to finance their second CD and all the accompanying merchandise. (I counted seven different t-shirts for sale, and the merchandise counter was buzzing with business almost all night.)

Almost as soon as Pharaoh's Playground had cleared off, the Alimony fans started packing themselves up against the front of the stage to wait, just as if Alimony were real rock stars. The band opened with the cowboy-punk strains of "Park Ranger", and it just got better from there. The band's songs are for the most part expertly put together, organic wholes rather than the amateurish verse-chorus-verse baby tunes that so many bands carelessly churn out. And Alimony are definitely evolving. The four best songs of the night: "Stupid", "Glory", "UFO" and the infectious "Happy Tuesday", aren't even on the Anomaly CD but have been written since. This band is capable of everything from pop to punk to funk, but manages to keep it all within a recognisable style and context.

However, the highlight of the evening was the special guest appearance of the guitarist's twelve year old brother, who got up to help the band slam out an encore version of "Smell Like Teen Spirit". Here was a little guy with a bad Cobain addiction, from the hair-cut to the stage moves. Obviously, musical talent runs in his family. He got the biggest reception of the evening, and may have even upstaged the band.

Little brothers or not, Alimony should be right up there on your "must-see" list. They play regularly in the inner city, so there's no real excuse. GO NOW. As one die-hard fan said: "Alimony go off like a frog in a sock" K.W.



BOOK REVIEWS

THE GREAT TRADITION

Harold Bloom and the decline of English by Marcus Salisbury

I've come, in recent years, to regard my mis-spent High School years, seemingly so awful at the time, with a certain amount of wincing nostalgia. I've made my inner peace with the time-serving majority of teachers, the vapid, snobbish "cool" students, even the petty, piss-ant bureaucracy. The only thing about the place that irks me to this day is the fact that sport (notably that idiot pastime, volleyball) was emphasized above all else. To a (then) young lad like me, his nose forever stuck in a book and with the build of a bin-liner full of yoghurt, sport was one of the more grisly circles of Dante's Inferno. Nobody was allowed not to join in, in the name of "having a go" and "school spirit" and suchlike hogwash. It was, for me, something of a relief when High School ended (as these things do), and I got to study English at Uni. In my first year I devoured the Norton Anthology, reading Chaucer, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Donne, Swift, Pater, T.S. Eliot, Woolf...

It never occurred to me that I was one of the few people in those tutorials to both read literature and enjoy doing so. Literature was a great, broad, deep gathering of the best writings of nearly 3,000 years. And still is. It isn't, as is so often said, a "world." It's a universe, of nearly infinite "worlds" created by people of individual and lasting genius. There's nothing quite like losing yourself in a book (or painting, or opera, etc), and it seems to me that those who most execrate reading are the ones who've had the least to do with it; from the philistine dingbats who sneer at "Arts students" and the uselessness and "angst" of poetry to the backsliders on the inside who seek to replace Thucydides with Tank Girl, Eliot with Eitler. People who claim "Star Wars" is as well-wrought, disciplined and worthy of academic study as, say, Dickens have simply "read" too much of the former and too little of the latter.

This process is well under way. The focus is shifting from disciplined, thorough study of the Western Canon of literature to mere social and academic barrow-pushing. English Literature is being whittled away in favour of "Cultural Studies," a supposed new discipline which is neither new nor has much to do with discipline.

Briefly, Cultural Studies came to prominence, like so many other bad ideas, in the 1960s as the ultimate, sanitized-for-the-West by-product of Socialist Realism. Socialist Realism being, broadly, the Soviet idea that all Great Art is produced by and of "the masses," and that elites should either be howled into silence (eg. Pasternak, Akhmatova) or banished to the Gulag (Solzhenitsyn) or killed outright (Meyerhold, Babel, Pilnyak, Mandelstam). Cultural Studies found its first great exponent in the Welsh Marxist academic Raymond Williams. Williams had previously been heavily influenced by the thought and theory of the destructively zealous critic F.R. Leavis. Leavis's basic position was that Literature could Make You A Better Person (and, by extension, Make The World A Better Place). Unrelatedly, Leavis arrived at this conclusion

in his breakthrough work "Culture and Environment" in 1932 (co-written with Denys Thompson), just as an animal-loving, Wagner-loving bookworm named Adolf Hitler was consolidating his power in Germany.

This combination of a zealous Realist agenda and the belief that "culture" (academe in particular) was the best means to implement this agenda brought forth the modern crisis in English, although

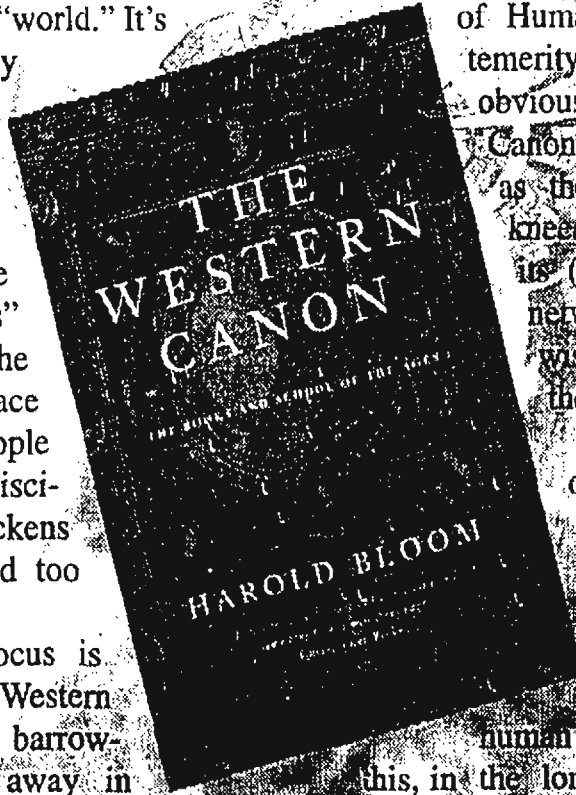
Marx has been removed from the equation by all except the extreme fringe (Marxism, after the recent events in Eastern Europe, having about as much integrity as the Flat Earth Society, albeit with a bit more blood on its hands). Books don't really matter any more in this particular subversion of the dominant paradigm; "High" culture apparently having no real bearing on society in general. This is an especially condescending belief that totally overlooks that mainstay of "High" culture, the "common reader" who reads literature purely (to paraphrase Dr. Johnson) because it helps him/her enjoy and endure. This is about all literature's good for: as the great W.H. Auden put it, poetry "makes nothing happen: it survives/ In the valley of its saying where executives/ Would never want to tamper." That's literature's great secret, really: it's a discipline, it's enjoyable (God help us), and one of the few truly individual pursuits. It'll never help you ascend Picard-like heights of moral proficiency, but it is good for the mind (as long as you've a mind to make good, anyway).

Having said that, it's pleasant indeed to find someone else (a highly respected someone) saying the same thing. Yale Professor of Humanities, Harold Bloom, has summoned the courage (or temerity, depending on the size of your library) to state the obvious about English in his brilliant book "The Western Canon." Which is to reiterate that even such a precious thing as the Western Literary Canon is in the process of being kidnapped by "those who would wish to preserve it for its (nonexistent) moral values and the academic/journalistic network (he has) dubbed the School of Resentment, who wish to overthrow the canon in order to advance their...programs for social change."

In other words, literature's being cut down either by overweening moralists or by the neglect of those who'd sooner have 36 channels of cartoons to study, in place of 3000 years of The Great Tradition of literature. Stop laughing, this is serious. The humanities, which dragged us out of two Dark Ages and have contributed immeasurably to the sum and the relief of human experience, are increasingly written in water. Bloom sees this, in the long run, as reflecting the historian Giambattista Vico's views on the cyclic progression of history; with Theocratic, Aristocratic and Democratic ages leading to a Chaotic age, which then develops into a new Theocratic age (and the cycle repeats itself anew). We are, apparently, smack in the middle of the "Chaotic" bit. Then again, maybe it's a bit early to start fingering postgrad theses on "Astrobroy" as the dernier cri of Modern Civilization.

Bloom singles out 26 authors for special attention in various essays. These essays (on Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dante, Dr. Johnson, Goethe, Dickinson, Whitman, Austen, Ibsen, George Eliot, Proust, Woolf, Kafka and Beckett, amongst others) form the bulk of "The Western Canon," with Shakespeare and also Dante as the central point. This is, of course, a gross over-simplification of a 380-page series of complex arguments and contentions, however Bloom's main points are easily explicable from his comprehensive introduction and conclusion. Reading, he argues, is a fundamentally individual aesthetic pursuit, the School of Resentment drawing much of its gravity from the "guilt in this achieved individuality." Originality, he says, "is the great scandal that resentment can never accommodate," Shakespeare being "the most original writer we will ever know."

This, however, doesn't mean that tub-thumping about the moral value of literature is the solution. As the poet and critic Philip Larkin put it (roughly): if music is to be one long screech, if art is to be a



link canvas and if theatre is to be two hours of sex performed in coram publico, let's just get it over and done with in the hope that rationality will re-assert itself eventually. According to Bloom, English Departments will ultimately shrink to the size of modern Classics Departments, with separate, sprawling Departments of Cultural Studies. "This development need not be deplored," he says, "only handfuls of students need enter (and) you cannot teach someone to love great poetry if they come to you without such love...if you can't recognize it when you read it, then no one can help you to know or love it better."

Worst of all, though, is the pack mentality inculcated in modern English studies. Reading literature, as Bloom reiterates throughout "The Western Canon", is a highly individual pursuit, impossible to supplant "by cheerleading for various social and political crusades." This is not to dismiss Cultural Studies out of hand: there are many good ideas and a certain amount of innovation involved in it. It just ain't English. Schools of thought are fine, but politically-driven lynch mobs have no place in literary studies.

There are, broadly, three types of Roald Dahl story. They're either nasty, bizarre and nasty, or rude, bizarre and nasty. Anyone who's ever read his kids' books ("Charlie and the Chocolate Factory," "The BFG",

Roald Dahl, "Collected Stories".

"George's Marvellous Medicine," etc) will be familiar with the "nasty" aspect: not that there's anything wrong with it, kids being vicious little buggers, at the best of times. His children's books are wonderful, and well-suited to the merciless humour of the average nipper. They're also brilliant for being read aloud to

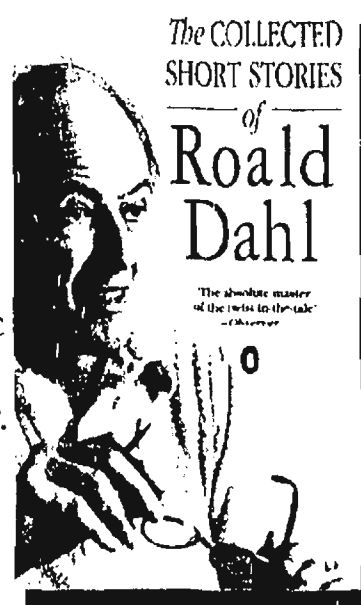
kiddies, if anyone does that any more.

Dahl also wrote stuff for big people: "My Uncle Oswald" (a rude, bizarre, nasty novel and quite good fun), the screen-play for the Bond film "You Only Live Twice" (bizarre, nasty and rude in a comic-strip way) and many short stories, quite a few of which were filmed by another rude, nasty fellow, Alfred Hitchcock, for his TV show.

Some of his stories are classics: "Lamb to the Slaughter," (in which a housewife smashes her husband's head in with a huge ham and serves it to the detectives investigating the murder), "William and Mary" (the one where a brain gets kept alive in a sink) and "Man from the South," filmed by Hitchcock and starring Steve McQueen

and Peter Lorre.

Dahl's stories are thoroughly enjoyable, but it's the kind of enjoyment one derives from seeing somebody else's fly open, or their grocery bags bursting on the way through the car park. He writes well and his plots are ingenious, but short of the elderly Mark Twain he's the most misanthropic bugger who ever put pen to paper. Well worth reading, mind you.



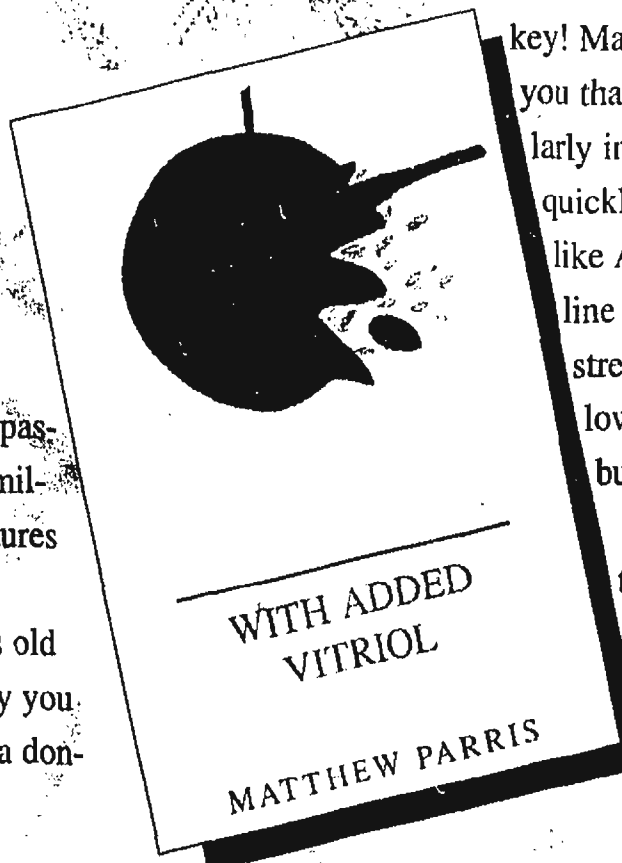
Marcus Salisbury.

SCORN With Added Vitriol by Matthew Parris

The rest of the title really says it all: "A bucketful of discourtesy, disparagement, invective, ridicule, impudence, contumely, derision, hate, affront, disdain, bile, taunts, curses and jibes."

"Scorn" is a wonderful collection of nasty things some famous people said about the humankind, its favourite pastimes and other famous people. Matthew Parris spans millennia, crosses oceans and rummages through many cultures to collect the gems of rudeness and derision.

The book starts with a delectable compilation of curses old and exotic (like the ancient Egyptian legal curse: "May you get fucked by a donkey! May your wife get fucked by a don-



key! May your child fuck your wife!") just to remind you that there's nothing new under the sun, particularly in the area of multicultural insults. "Scorn" quickly progresses to include all the usual suspects like Antione de Rivalol's comment about a two-line poem: "Very nice, though there are dull stretches" or Gioacchino Rossini's swing at a fellow composer: "Wagner has beautiful moments but awful quarter hours."

Whether you're looking for an inspiration or just cheap laughs at someone else's expense, this is a great book to have. It will provide hours of amusement.

Arthur Chrenkoff

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THE REVOLT OF THE ELITES AND THE BETRAYAL OF DEMOCRACY

Christopher Lasch

The populist stalwart Pat Buchanan wins the New Hampshire Republican primary. The anti-Maastricht voters almost carry the day in several European referenda. Down Under, parties and groups like Australians Against Further Immigration or the Confederate Action Party slowly but surely gain following on their xenophobic, protectionist and nativist platforms. While generally trying to pick up any political and cultural trend is a perilous task, it is safe to say that populism is on the rise in the world today. Christopher Lasch, if he were still alive today, wouldn't probably sit down for a chat with Buchanan, and he wouldn't have time for redneck agitators (who, in turn, would consider him too much of an egg-head), but this former leftist certainly gives a respectable intellectual voice to the largely grass-roots populist movement.

While "The Revolt of the Elites" in turns attacks secularism, racial separatism, academic pseudo-radicalism and various other cultural ills as Lasch perceives them, his main target are the elites. He considers them to be increasingly cosmopolitan and rootless, isolated from the rest of community and at odds

In the Cut

Author: **Susanna Moore**
Publisher: **Picador**

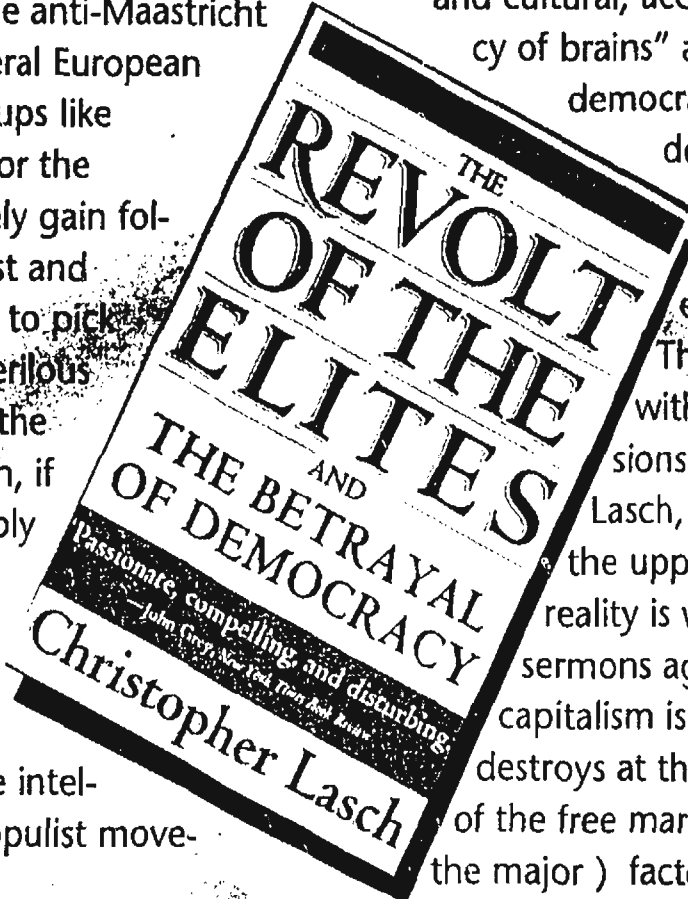
Listening to my next door neighbour masturbate was more exciting and less predictable than this book. A boring piece of tripe plagued with prejudices disguised as an attempt at authentic street talk, this supposedly thrilling novel only provides thrill when you put it down and realise just how shit it really is. Bret Easton Ellis is on the cover, saying that it is "shocking" and I would agree. Shocking that anything this bad could get published. Don't even bother looking for it in the bookstores ... it's a waste of your time and your money. Get The Picture? This book sucks.

by Geoff Parkes

Jobs Abroad 3rd edition by K. Casey
Kimberley Publications Cost \$19.95

A publication such as this has been long overdue in the travelling market. This book provides an invaluable source of information regarding working overseas, with a fresh Australian slant. The book covers such aspects as legalities, visa requirements and procedures. Legalities and contacts for the overseas job hunt. With a listing of 24 different countries, each with it's own in-depth chapter, you'll be sure to find a unique insight into a wide range of jobs from translating to bar-tending in countries as varied as Bolivia and Norway.

The main aspect which makes this book stand out from the rest is its inexplicably personal testimonials/stories, scattered throughout the various chapters, sprinkled amongst the job descriptions. These are personal stories of people who have been there, done that, and are the true gems hidden in this piece of literature. These words of advice often outline the problems and wisdom and are therefore better than a 1000 books.

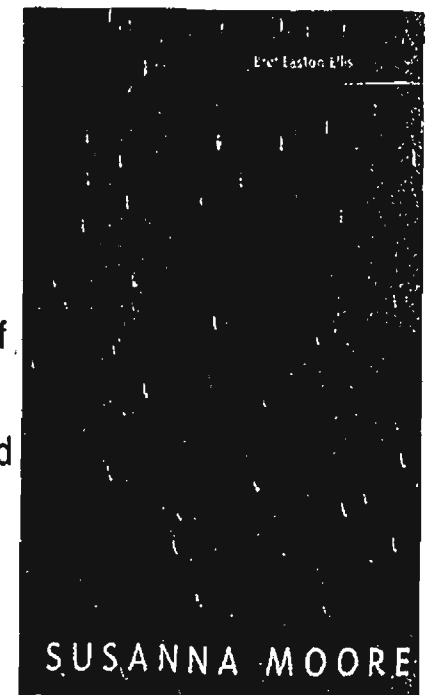


with majority's values. They are the high fliers of today, culture-shapers and trend setters, people of multinationals and international finance, bemused by the idea of national loyalty and distrustful of the masses whom they consider backward, reactionary and middlebrow. This growing gap - both economic and cultural, according to Lasch - between the "new aristocracy of brains" and the rest of the population bodes ill for democracy, says Lasch (he especially laments the demise of a civil political discourse), as the two hostile groups face each other without a common ground on which to settle their differences.

There is much in this book that one can disagree with (as I found out myself on numerous occasions). For example, as Robert Bork already noted, Lasch, when considering the elites, seems to confuse the upper-middle and the upper classes with what in reality is widely known as the New Class. While Lasch's sermons against the laissez-faire make the valid point that capitalism is an ambiguous social force that builds and destroys at the same time, it's certainly not true that the rise of the free market theory and practice was the only (or even the major) factor contributing to the decline of the old social order.

Despite its faults, "The Revolt of the Elites" is a valuable and stimulating contribution to a discussion about so many of today's relevant social and political issues. Well worth the look.

Arthur Chrenkoff



This book does, however, have its shortcomings. Don't expect to get your dream job through the contacts listed here; overall, the employer's names which are listed are probably swamped with Aussies trying to hunt jobs through this book and therefore you will be up against lots of competition. This book also has a limited occupational view; it mostly concentrates on "back-packer-type" jobs and such as fruit-picking etc. The section on English teaching would have to be the most helpful. And, of course, there are a few unusual jobs listed, such as "hostessing" in the nightclubs and bars of Tokyo.

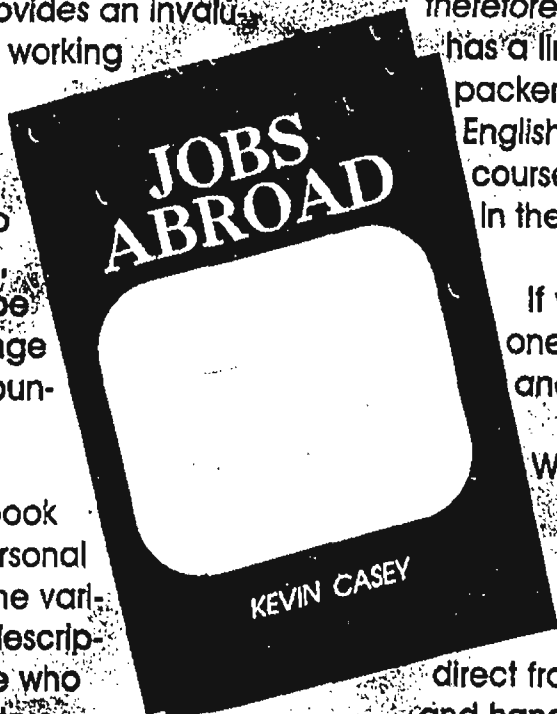
If you need a book to help with practical advice, this is the one, as the information contained here is often hard to find and the personal antidotes are unique.

Written by:

Maleha Newaz

Ordering Information:

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CAPE YORK PENINSULA

W H Y T H E L A N D N E E D S I T S P E O P L E

Sitting in a dark Clubs and Socs room, feeling the carpeted concrete below you and ignoring the occasional siren outside, its amazing to think you are experiencing the beauty of your own state. On the wall in front of you there are images of incredible scenery; unimaginable beauty. Craggy escarpments, pure dust white sand dunes, engulfing wet rainforests, brilliant pink water lilies in crystal pools. And animals. Crocodiles curled on sand, angelic white hawks, the green flash of the golden-shouldered parrot. And then there are people. Aborigines plucking magpie geese near golden embers, spear fishing amongst the pink lilies, collecting pandanus leaves for weaving. As the slide show presented by The Wilderness Society comes to an end, you realise how unique this presence of people really is. Usually we want wilderness to be free of humans, pristine, untouched.

In Australia the indigenous people are as much a part of the landscape as the land and the water. For the Wik, Umpila, Uutaalngganu, Wuthathi, Lama Lama and Kuku-Yalanji people Cape York has been home since possibly 60,000 BC. Generations have met each July for a dance festival in Laura, have gathered traditional foods and have managed the land by burning. Although Aborigines have been kept off the land for almost 80 years, even today indigenous peoples have maintained their traditional culture. Indigenous languages are spoken on a daily basis, dance traditions are still alive and traditional food sources



provide sustenance for many.

The Cape York Peninsula is one of the most important ecologically diverse areas in the world. This biodiversity is not simply due to a course of nature. The amazing variety of flora and fauna that



exists can be attributed to the Aborigines use of the land. Rather than destroying it like most other cultures, they have nurtured it to its present state. For this reason it is imperative that the Aborigines are involved in the maintenance of this land in the future.

THE LAND NEEDS ITS PEOPLE, THE PEOPLE NEED THEIR LAND.

The peninsula has not yet been affected by industrialisation, pollution or development. Mining at Weipa and the Cape Bedford-Cape Flattery dune fields take up a small three percent of the cape and there isn't much potential for expansion. Vast stretches of land are inaccessible, there being only one four-wheel drive track which is impassable in the wet season. There are eleven grazing properties occupying 75000 square kilometres but producing only 0.002 percent of Australian livestock sales. It seems more than obvious that the wealth of this area lies more in its cultural and ecological diversity than in its economic potential.

To protect this unique area a green/black coalition called the Cape York Indigenous Environment Foundation was formed. The foundation is the first formal structure for co-operation between traditional owners, the Cape York Land Council, Australian Conservation Foundation and The Wilderness Society.

The foundation recognises the internationally significant cultural and natural importance of Australia's greatest remaining indigenous wilderness area. Aiming to purchase properties of cultural and ecological significance, it plans to

leave management to traditional Aboriginal custodians.

Last June, the then premier, Wayne Goss, proposed a plan for an East Coast Conservation Zone in the Cape York Peninsula. The Cattleman's Union and the Peninsula graziers were highly opposed to the conservation plan fearing for their loss of livelihood, land and 'heritage'. All of the properties are leases on crown land consisting of pastoral and special leases, freehold titles and occupational licences. The loss of 'heritage' for the hundred graziers seems laughable next to the loss of true heritage for the 13,000 Aboriginal people living on less than 20 percent of the land.

The importance of Cape York as a wilderness area and indigenous homeland is too great to be decided by the fluctuating political climates we've been experiencing in Queensland. With increased awareness and public pressure, the Cape could become the first Australian World Heritage listing based on natural and cultural criteria.

As students, you can help by picking up stickers and pre-written postcards from the Environment Collective (we meet on Mondays at 1 pm down near Activities and Clubs & Socs). There is also info available on the World Wide Web from the Cape York Foundation on,

<http://www.peg.apc.org/~tws-cairns/capeyork>

You can write letters to the Prime Minister or the Premier of Qld saying that you support the Commonwealth in buying back pastoral properties as they come up for sale, for return to traditional owners to manage in a culturally and ecologically appropriate manner.

The Honourable R. Borbidge
Parliament House
Brisbane. 4000
The Honourable PM J. Howard
Parliament House
Canberra. 2600

Anyone who went to the Jeff Buckley concert at Festival Hall would have been aware of the three Aboriginal elders who introduced themselves and their cause. The support shown by a crowd usually so dismissive of anybody but the main attraction was heartening. Your support is also critical. Federal and State governments need to know that there is support for an indigenous wilderness zone in Cape York.
Bronwyn Powell and Anna Straton
UQ Student Union Environment Collective





**IF THIS
BUS
EXCEEDS
10 km/hr
IT WILL
EXPLODE**

SPEEDY

THE STORY OF ONE MAN AND HIS PUBLIC TRANSPORT SYSTEM

BRISBANE CITY COUNCIL PRESENTS A LEYLAND BROTHERS PRODUCTION "SPEEDY" STARRING JIM SOORLEY SALLYANN ATKINSON AS SANDRA BOLLOCKS JULIAN CLEARY AS DAVID HINCHCLIFFE CECILIA MCNALLY AS YODA AYRTON SENNA AS THE CORPSE CO-STARRING SEVERAL GIGGLING FIRST-YEARS WHO CAN'T SIT DOWN WITH THE GUEST APPEARANCE BY GERRY ADAMS PLAYED BY DENNIS HOPPER, AND INTRODUCING GROUCHY FAT OLD BASTARD WITH A THING AGAINST THE STUDENTS AS THE BUS DRIVER, SEMTEX PROVIDED BY HAMAS SPECIAL EFFECTS BY THE IRA COSTUMES BY BEST NILESSE REALLY HUGE SCREENPLAY BY DARRYL EASTLAKE MUSIC BY THE SILLY TOSSER WITH THE WALKMAN ON IN THE SEAT BEHIND YOU DIRECTED BY NIKI LAUDA PROUDLY SPONSORED BY RATEPAYERS OF BRISBANE

ACTION ON EDUCATION



The Task Force on Assessment Policies and Procedures

anonymous marking becomes very strong (but not without strong contrary arguments which I shall raise later).

What is clear, is the existence in the student body that there are subjective influences upon a marker's awarded results and that these influences should be limited where ever possible. It is ludicrous to suggest that a marker's biases can be eliminated and the truth is that little can be done to stop markers who do hold a personal dislike for a particular student (even anonymous marking can have its effect destroyed if a marker pursues the list of students names and student numbers). But still there is the strong argument for this measure eliminating the subliminal biases.

I put it to both students and markers alike, that in the far greater majority of cases a marker will not be aware of their marking with differing degrees of impartiality and that this could be eliminated by making the availability of names of students just that bit more removed from the actual marking. The result would be that in the far greater number of cases a marker will not bother to cross reference names and student numbers until having to complete records by which time they have set a mark and will only after it if they have the type of aforementioned grudge against a student which is hard to eliminate by any means.

The arguments against anonymous marking mainly involve administrative concerns. It has been argued that there is the leeway for mistakes in recording results, there is currently the need for the marker to connect the student number with a student's name at some stage of the process, that money will be required for additional filing and recording methods and that handing work back to students will be difficult. There are also the more academic arguments that anonymity is unavailable in certain instances such as thesis work, spoken presentations and in small classes where the lecturer/student relation may make anonymity impossible.

However, all of these arguments can be overcome.

Largely, the practice of anonymous marking is widespread and quite common in Australian universities so obviously there is no excuse for this university to say the administrative burdens are too much if other institutions (some of which are less well resourced) can manage to overcome these problems. The use of student numbers is already occurring. The leeway for mistakes is not particularly high as not only do students write the number themselves but they are often already asked to double check the number at the end of an exam, with exam room supervisors also checking the number and students being responsible for their own data entry. Furthermore, the ordering of marking the numerical student number does not allow for quick easily checked marking.

I do disagree that there is ever the need for the marker to have to connect the student's name with the student number in order to record the marks. Even for the printing of results in the newspaper for the final connection of a student's name with the results can be done on a merely administrative level, by entering the students results under the student number which automatically connects it with the student's name. I might add here, that there has been a fairly strong call from students asking that results published in the newspaper also be published under student numbers and not under student names.

As for the arguments as to where this method of anonymous assessment is not available, my reply is that because the implementation of one method of reducing bias in some areas is inappropriate this does not make the introduction of such measures in other more appropriate areas nugatory. There are other methods of achieving a reduction in bias, such as multiple marking and moderation, however, these methods may well cost considerably more and they may consequently be hard to accommodate.

Finally, students may be pleased to know what the interim report of the task force included a recommendation that "all major pieces of assessment (it must be assumed to be written assessment at undergraduate level) be marked anonymously". This is a significant recommendation but still only a step along the road to implementation. There is a very real and genuine support for the concept of eliminating bias in marking among academic staff, who see quite correctly such a goal as being an improvement to their own professional standing and the university's standards. However, the normal procedures of committees, resource allocation and administrative concerns are all issues that must be considered and overcome.

Finally, the task force is also considering all other aspects of the university's assessment system, including the maintenance of the so-called "bell-curve" method of marking, the continuation of special consideration, the amounts of recommended assessment allowed, the maximum loadings of end of semester examinations, etc. If there are any comments you would like to make or issues you would wish me to raise to the task force, please contact me either in my office on the Student Union Administration Building or by phone on 9377 2246.

ANONYMOUS MARKING/ASSESSMENT

Last year, as part of my platform for election to the position of Education Vice-President, I had the policy of pushing the University for the introduction of anonymous marking where it was possible. In using the term anonymous marking, I refer to the submission of written pieces of assessment to the marker, with the only identifying element being a student number, but no student name. Now as a member of the Academic Board's Task Force on Assessment Policies and Procedures, I have been given the unique opportunity to lobby for and attempt to push through this reform to our assessment methods.

The basis behind calling for anonymous assessment lies in the attempted elimination of marker bias. Studies have been conducted which do indicate that a marker (regardless of how accurate or conscientious they are) will be at the very least subliminally affected in their marking by what they know of the person they happen to be marking. Furthermore, there is the more obvious bias created by personal animosities in a marker towards a particular student (a very rare occurrence yet still one which can be devastating to a student's results with little hope for recriminations) which can only be allowed to be conducted with integrity if the marker is aware of just who they are marking. Finally there is the question of professionalism. This university is making the very admirable attempt to improve the quality and worth of its assessment practices. It was with this goal in mind that the task force has made an emphatic unanimous conclusion that it is the student achievements as evidenced by their work and not the student that is the object of assessment.

With all these considerations in mind, the argument for

Education Or Indoctrination?

The Story of the Complete Educational Failure of the QUT Student Guild

The recent federal election has brought out the very depths of political mongering desperation even among our own student organisations. In the final week of the campaign, the QUT Student Guild was shocked by the realisation that the party they wished to win the election was achieving a fast diminishing (from the position of already unlikely) chance of winning the poll on March 2. The result was decided in a late night resolution which involved the passing of motions which would have resulted in there to be virtual direct funding of

the ALP in the election. Up to a budgeted \$50,000 of students' monies were allocated to this pet project of the executive. A significant portion of this money (a minimum of some \$37,000) was spent in final week publicity, among which was a mail out to 15,000 QUT students which included nothing but materials telling students that they should vote Labor and put the Coalition last.

Some students may wonder as to why a member of the University of Queensland Student Union would be so concerned about the goings on at QUT (after all, they are our competitors), but it is my firm belief that the flagrant abuse of student monies and pre-eminence of political bias in a student union anywhere in Australia is a blight upon all such organisations which have the duty to help inform students so as to better their education, but NOT TO INDOCTRINATE STUDENTS using the students' own money to do so.

It is the duty of a university to provide for, not a student's access to learning the skills required for their chosen profession, but to also ensure that students are faced with as broad a spectrum of stimulus and as challenging a system of stimulus as is humanly possible. University is (as the name would suggest) meant to be "Universal".

While it may be expected that there will be a certain amount of politics where ever there are elections involved, as our student union is headed by elected students, there is and must always be some dividing line of propriety. This line may be difficult to define exactly, but I here proffer forward to all students that the rough bounds of this line would be somewhere before a student union pays significant amounts of student money into political party's campaign efforts in order to actually tell students which way to vote. Clearly the QUT Student Guild has breached this line, by a long shot. The QUT Student Guild has failed in its duty to inform students with free and balanced perspectives on all issues.

In the last edition of Semper Floreat, I wrote an article outlining the truths about the HECS system by which we all pay for our university courses. This article was in reaction to the many falsehoods being spread about the HECS system, those who implemented it and those who were proposing to increase it. I felt there was a need to correct the imbalance created by

the resource power of the ALP and the union movement by publicising the other side of the story. However, even here I realised that there was a dividing line between propriety and blatant abuse of position. Never in the article did I tell students who to vote for. Never in the article did I regurgitate some political party's line of policy or campaign material. Instead I reported the shamefully true facts about the surreptitious moves occurring in the HECS system. My sole admonishment in the article was for students to stop the continuation of such a practice in government of going to the election saying nothing and then after the election (usually in the holiday or examination period) putting in place new measures to increase HECS revenues. Despite these secretive actions being for the last thirteen years the sole domain of the ALP, I resisted the temptation to tell students who to vote for.

I have always believed that the greatest strength in politics lies not in "the numbers" but in reinforcing well augmented and TRUTHFUL argument, as it is argument which will last longer than the politician, if the argument is true and the basis sound.

Here I point out that the mail outs and money spent in support of the ALP Student Guild was not so used for any altruistic purposes. The fact is that not only was the campaign of the current QUT Student Guild assisted in a large degree by the ALP organisation, but the majority if not all members of the Student Guild executive are members of the ALP. Now some students may argue the line that a majority of the UQ Student Union are members of the Liberal Party what is the difference? The difference lies in the fact that not only does the current Student Union executive have members who support the Liberal Party, it also has members who support the Greens, the ALP and the Democrats. Furthermore, the UQ Student Union knows where the demarcation line is between what is acceptable student policy for which they received a mandate at the last student union elections, and what is unacceptable blatant party politics.

A clear example of the differences between the two student organisations, lies in the student diaries of this year. Within the President's report, published in the QUT student diary (the first substantive page in the publication) the president openly stated that it was the Guild's official position to campaign to "PUT THE

LIBERALS LAST". The QUT Student Guild president then continued on to say how it was his personal ambition to see "an egg cracked on the ugly head of John Howard". In contrast to this, the UQ Student Union Diary and Handbook contained no references to party politics, the federal election, who students should vote for or what the personal political beliefs of union executive members happen to be. The kind of left-wing extremism, violent and humiliating imagery that was espoused in the QUT president's report lies in stark contrast to the intonations on enjoying university life and the university experience which were the tenants of our own president's (Jody Thompson) report.

So finally, to what on earth we, as a university student population, can do to attempt to limit the spread of the acceptance that student unions and guilds are allowed to be so politically biased? The connection between the University of Queensland and QUT is already significant and increasing daily. In addition to this more formal connection, many students at the University of Queensland will have friends and acquaintances they know who attend QUT. We should be using these connections to spread the message out to QUT students that the mail out they received was not only expensive but also paid for by their own money, as one of a number of party political measures.

It is a very sad day when our very own student organisations can consider the personal opinions of their own leaders to be more important than the penultimate value of the university experience - seeking TRUTH and finding (hopefully) at least some reality instead of hype. I am very conscious of this union's value on education, but just as equally I am horrified by the situation at QUT where student apathy has been such that their very own guild can be allowed the self-indulgence of even owning the audacity to attempt to indoctrinate the QUT student population, using the student's own money.

Matthew Cavanagh
University of Queensland Student Union
Education Vice-President

R

A

P

Looking for something new for your children to do with their school holiday break? If your children like to play sport and games (most kids do!), why not take a look at RAP. RAP (the Recreation Activity Program) runs during most school holiday weeks during the year. Children 5 to 12 years old can join us for a full day, and so they're not left out, younger brothers and sisters (4 and 5 years) can come along for a half-day morning session! We call this Junior RAP.

Rap and Junior RAP are markedly different from most other school vacation programs. They are intentionally designed to harness the soaring energy levels of children on holidays, channelling it into developing their physical, emotional, social and cognitive selves in an environment that is safe, secure, challenging and most of all fun!

The RAP and Junior RAP programs are underpinned by physical education principles, particularly focussing on movement education, sport based and adventure based learning techniques. Both RAP and Junior RAP represent balanced programs successfully combining high levels of physical activity with low energy activities and adequate periods of rest.

RAP and Junior RAP are guided by the following values and goals

To value and respect each child as an individual

- To provide each child with daily opportunities for successful learning experiences, that encourage the development of a healthy self-concept and positive self-esteem
- To extend and develop each child's skills, knowledge and interests according to their individual needs
- To provide children with a fun environment that is safe, stimulating and conducive to learning
- To provide experienced, enthusiastic and caring staff adept at basic movement education principles, to cater for the needs of individual children and their families

At RAP you're guaranteed of finding busy days overflowing with physical activity - some sports you may have tried before, others maybe not. We've got coaches to help everyone - it doesn't matter how good you might be! And on some days you might see our guest celebrity coaches in action and have a chance to ask the experts for some tips!

Both programs operate from the Connell Building - Human Movement Studies. The next RAP is Bunny RAP and runs from Tuesday, 9 - Friday, 12 April 1996. Come for a day or better yet for the whole week! RAP and Junior RAP numbers are strictly limited so bookings are essential. For further information regarding fees, schedules etc contact Sally or Sam on 3365 6851.



OLM

COSI

There can be no question that Australian cinema is not mainstream. From Picnic At Hanging Rock to Priscilla, the Aussie movie industry has taken an abrupt detour when it comes to appealing to the lowest common denominator (with the obvious exceptions of Paul Hogan and Yahoo Serious). *Cosi* is no different. Let's face it, practically any film that is set in a lunatic asylum is bound to be quirky.

Cosi is about one man's struggle to finish something and another man's dream to be in the opera, to put it in high-minded terms. Basically, Lewis (Ben Mendelsohn) answers a job ad for a director to put on a variety show at a mental hospital. Roy (Barry Otto), an obstinate artiste who doesn't shirk his responsibility to tell everyone what they're doing wrong, hijacks this plan and badgers everyone into doing Mozart's comedy *Cosi Fan Tutte*. Along the way, the cast of six are assembled after an hilarious audition (look out for cameo scenes in this bit by some famous people, including Elvis). These include reforming junkie Julie (Toni Colette of Muriel's Wedding fame), Doug (David Wenham) a misogynistic pyromaniac with a soft spot for feline Ilambe, Cherry (Jackie Weaver) a jealous woman who quite likes the budding director, Henry (Paul Chubb) a repressed, sluttering and perpetually petrified former lawyer and Ruth (Pamela Rabe) another repressed person who nevertheless is most helpful when contemplating suicide. All these are ably supported in the musical department by Zac (Colin Hay). Others in the cast are Aden Young as Lewis' 'best friend' Nick, Rachael Griffiths as Lucy, Lewis' initially supportive girlfriend and Colin Friels as Errol, the head nurse at the hospital. Swine are also prominent in the film.

Overall, it was an immensely enjoyable film. Every member of the cast gives an excellent performance and they really bring the script to life. Eight sedatives out of ten. JBK

LA HAINE

Try to compose a list of things you hate. It's not too difficult to have quite a lengthy shitlist after only a brief tour of your memory banks - right? Now try to imagine what goes through the head of a kid from a suburban ghetto when one of his friends is actually shot through the head by a policeman. Forget gentle French class comedy, director

Mathieu Kassovitz is here to confront us with a side of French life rarely seen in "La Haine", winner of the Best Director prize at Cannes last year.

"La Haine" was spurred by the actual death of a French youth from a suburban ghetto while in police custody. Kassovitz said: "What I wanted to do was tell the story of a guy who gets up in the morning and by the evening has got himself killed."

The French phrase for "Fuck the police!" echoes throughout "La Haine" (Hate in French) an adrenalin pumping provocative film by 25 year old writer/director Kassovitz. Likened to Spike Lee's "Do the Right Thing", "La Haine" takes us on a 24 hour tour from a streets of the French projects post-riot to Paris through the eyes of three friends and homies, Vinz, a Jew, Said, and Arab, and a French African, Hubert. These friends are pissed off at the brutal beating their friend Abdel has "inadvertently" sustained at the hands of the police.

Kassovitz generates hair trigger suspense via a literally and metaphorically loaded gun, lost by the police and found by Vinz who swears to use it on a cop if their friend Abdel dies. Kassovitz explores the dangerous cocktail of suddenly enhanced potency and machismo when guns are in the hands of the disempowered.

Sound tense? It is, but Kassovitz handles his medium so well, it does not fall short at simple good-bad binarism, or didacticism, there are many light moments to lessen the tension with sterling performances handed in by all the players. Being shot in black and white only adds to the dramatic impact. To enhance the feeling of reality, Kassovitz shot "La Haine" in a French suburban housing ghetto and asked some of the people there to play in the picture. Watch out for the tribute to Scorsese's "Taxi Driver" when Vinz and Said pose tough with the gun in the mirror. There is also an excellent sequence from a rappin' DJ's window shot from a helicopter following the music's movement across the lot.

"La Haine" is a polished study of the cycle of HATE which the war between disenfranchised unemployed bored youth and ignorant power tripping police provide fertile ground for. A well earned Best Director Cannes '95 for Kassovitz. See "La Haine" - and prepare to see more from this talented director.

CASSIE SMITH

BLUE JUICE

To surf or not to surf.

Blue Juice may not be the 'smash hit movie' it's billed as, but it's the kind of film that makes the couple next to you have a big pash when it's finished.

Blue Juice is a light surf comedy set in Cornwall. Yes you heard right, a Cornish surfing community. "More Little Thursday" than "Big Wednesday" as one reviewer eloquently put it, "Blue Juice" is not so much about surfing, as about nearing the milestone age of thirty, and having to face those horrible nasties - responsibilities and commitments. A "Late Twenties Blues" if you like.

We enter the story straight into J.C.'s (Sean Pertwee - son of our favourite Dr of the Who kind, John Pertwee) surf nightmare sequence. After J.C. awakens in a cold sweat, we are introduced to his 'beautiful but headstrong' girlfriend, Chloe (Catherine Zeta Jones from British TV series "The Darling Buds of May" also famed as a British tabloid Goddess).

J.C. is a boy evading commitment and responsibility choosing the boys and waves over "getting serious". Faced with bonking his girlfriend for the first time in six weeks or surfing six-foot waves with his mates, guess which our erstwhile hero chooses?

Enter three of J.C.'s near thirty townie friends and so begins the comic exploration of the themes of facing responsibility. Josh Tambini (Steven Mackintosh) is a successful techno D.J. who has inadvertently lost his soul and has to find it. Terry (Peter Gudd) is a publican who has to be kidnapped away from his looming marriage to undergo an amusing transformation.

The fabulous Ewan McGregor from my fave film of 1994, "Shallow Grave", puts in a good performance as the shallow, selfish, scamming drug dealer, newspaper-person wannabe, and basic all around loser, Dean Raymond.

Men's assumption that women only want to settle down is questioned, by two of the few female characters. However, this is a story about boy's inability to face responsibility - though the condition is not endemic to white male surfers.

Riding the waves provides a useful, if perhaps, hackneyed, metaphor for life. Tackling the filth barrels, even though they might scare the shit out of you, and in 'the boneyard' on the Cornish coast, even prove fatal. One life - No fear' as our ensemble cast of boys mouth with bravado at each other, to show they're still just a

bunch of happy-go-lucky carefree lads. But surfing also means riding out even the disappointing pancake flat days too. Sounds pretty trite doesn't it?

While the message, of facing personal responsibility is not cutting edge, and the surf and drug references are not too fresh, "Blue Juice" is amusing entertainment for a few hours. There's a cool scene and some nice shots of the Cornish coast.

CASSIE SMITH

MIGHTY APHRODITE

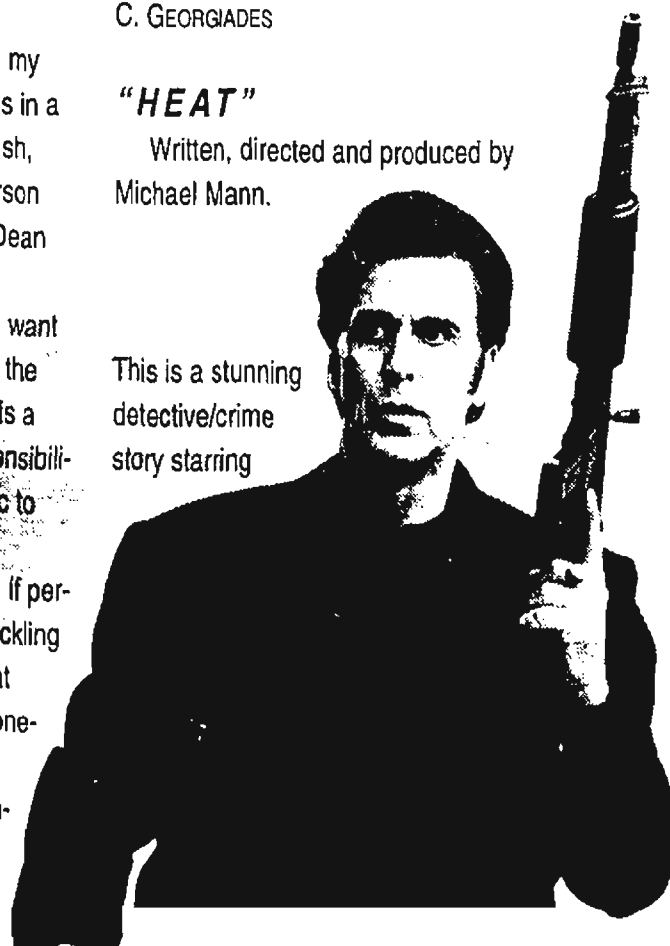
A classic romantic comedy from Woody Allen. "Mighty Aphrodite" is a delightful insight into the problems a married couple encounter and subsequently about a general view on male-female relationships. Allen blended a traditional Greek chorus in the film to provide insightful commentary on the actions and decisions of the main characters throughout the picture. Woody plays Lenny, a sports journalist, who is married to Amanda (Helena Bonham-Carter) an aspiring art gallery owner. They adopt a baby and as Amanda becomes absorbed in her goals, Lenny decides to discover his baby's real mum. He eventually finds her, Linda Ash, (Mira Sorvino), prostitute or budding actress, and sets out to transform her into the ideal mum for his son. This is a very funny film and Sorvino is exceptionally funny and carries the ditzy blonde role well enough to earn a Golden Globe Award. Bonham-Carter was a bit boring and over-shadowed by Sorvino. The chorus is simply hilarious. See it on the big screen for maximum fun results!

C. GEORGIADIS

"HEAT"

Written, directed and produced by Michael Mann.

This is a stunning detective/crime story starring





r e v i e w s

Al Pacino and Robert De Niro. De Niro plays Neil McCauley, a professional criminal whose sole protection is the ability to walk away from anything in life in 30 seconds flat. He and his crew, including a stunning Val Kilmer, commit a series of well planned robberies around LA. Pacino plays a highly motivated lieutenant who is very absorbed in his career as his private life leaves a lot to be desired. Hanna takes over the McCauley case and the cat and mouse game begins. Riveting scenes occur throughout the entire film particularly when you get to see De Niro and Pacino on celluloid together for about 6 min. Full of action and suspense it will keep you on the edge of your seat. Just running under 3 hours, this is the mother of all films and you've got to see it on the big screen.

C GEORGIADIS

LEAVING LAS VEGAS

Mike Figgis' "Leaving Las Vegas" has the emotional and almost visceral impact of a punch in the stomach - or half a bottle of sculled vodka as is the case in this film.

Director Figgis is renowned for his explorations of the darker, more extreme underside of human nature in features such as "Liebestraum", and "The Browning Version". However, his last major film "Mr Jones" was butchered mercilessly by the studio, which cut out all the depressive parts in a film intended to portray a manic-depressive.

A direction changing performance for both Nicholas Cage and Elisabeth Shue, whose last film that springs to mind was the bland nice girl in the regrettable "Cocktail". In "Leaving Las Vegas" they play people in dangerous professions - Ben (Cage), a terminal alcoholic and Sera (Shue), a sex worker who together find an unlikely yet tragic kind of love. Cage gives his most corporeal performance yet as he contorts and convulses through the paroxysms brought on from abandoned death wish drinking as his character Ben with an 'n' is intent on.

I've not much to compare "Leaving Las Vegas" to, other than the film adaptation of Bukowski's "Bartley" which pales in comparison but it has been ranking with the best films about alcoholism and drinking since "The Lost Weekend".

My only concern is the continued very negative stereotyping of sex workers. "LLV"

is almost the time honoured tart-with-a-heart story but definitely no "Pretty Women". Sera's confessions of her past and analysing her relationship to Ben to an off-screen presence, perhaps her shrink, is a little patronising and extraneous to understanding the undercurrents. "LLV" thankfully does not attribute trite motivations to Ben for drinking. Only once he slurs to a sex worker who steals his wedding ring, "I can't remember whether I started drinking because my wife left me or my wife left me 'cos I started drinking."

Figgis doesn't leave us wallowing in depression, cringing at the familiar embarrassing and sometimes violent side effects to excess drinking the whole time though. The scenes are shot with a red haze and angles that match Ben's drunkenness. A moody bluesy score adds to the film's melancholia. The dialogue lightens the load with a few much needed witticisms en route to the inevitable tragic end.

"Leaving Las Vegas" will leave you staggering - almost smelling and very nearly tasting the despair of self destruction. Post viewing it's definitely a sobering coffee and 2 cigarette situation.

CASSIE SMITH

TO DIE FOR

She is the epitome of American womanhood, a combination of all that's best in the old and the new versions. Wholesome, married, "clean", yet irresistibly sexy, Suzanne Maretto (that is her married name; her professional name is Stone) is also a determined, tough, uncompromising (about her ambitions at least) career woman with a dream of being a big network TV journalist. She is the new, improved, American Dream. She will let nothing, absolutely nothing, stand between her and her destiny.

That is the premise of Nicole Kidman's biggest movie so far "To Die For", directed by Gus Van Sant ("My Own Private Idaho" and

"Even Cowgirls Get The Blues"). It is a black comedy of the first rank, commenting on America's obsession with celebrity; after all, as Suzanne says, you aren't really anybody in America if you aren't on TV. Writer Buck Henry says it is the product of combining Andy Warhol's famous "In the future everybody will be famous for fifteen minutes" prediction and a quote from one of the Nixon obituaries "Americans don't believe anything unless it's on TV".

The movie is set in Little Hope, New Hampshire, a small town representative of middle America (it was shot in Toronto). Larry Maretto (Matt Dillon) is the town hunk and playboy, when his eyes met across a crowded room a young beautiful red-head, named Suzanne Stone. They fell head over heels in love and got married. Like a good nineties husband, he fully supports her ambitions.

Eventually, after some... well, possibly helpful advice from a TV executive, she lands a job at the local cable TV service headed by Ed Grant (Wayne Knight, currently the biggest man in Hollywood) and bombards him with suggestions. One of them she

allowed to pursue, a documentary about the youth of today and their views on issues (my how original). She goes down to the local school, gives a little speech and makes quite an impression on three kids in particular; Mr. Bad Influence, Russell (Casey Affleck), Super Frump, Lydia and, especially, Mega Dope, Jimmy (Joaquin Phoenix, brother of River, Summer, Liberty, Rain, Tinea and Pond-Scum Phoenix; so what on earth is a joaquin?).

They spend a lot of time together, Suzanne inspiring Lydia to dream of a great career in Hollywood with her and inspiring the boys to dream of other things. Then her husband gets all old fashioned on her, his Italian roots (not to mention parents) urging him to have a family. Suzanne thinks this is a bad idea; after all, what if, when she is a big NBC reporter, she has to go down to, say, South America and cover a revolution? How

can she be expected to do that if she is pregnant or has children to look after? So, the husband is in her way, is he? The plot thickens.

A very well acted movie by all involved. Nicole Kidman does an admirable job in carrying the whole movie. While I didn't find it as good as the hype said it would be, what today are we able to truly say that of anyway?

JBK

STONEWALL

Now screening at the Dendy Cinema

Before Mardi Gras, before AIDS, even before disco... there was Stonewall. Regarded by many as the birth of the Gay Liberation movement, the now-famous riot at a Mafia-owned bar in New York has finally been dramatised and brought to the big screen. Nigel Finch's final film (he died during post-production of AIDS related causes) is a moving accomplishment, full of sassy dialogue, campy "shoo-wap" music and excellent performances by a cast of virtual unknowns.

Centering on Matty Dean (played by Fred Weller), a young new-comer to New York, the plot covers a variety of issues relevant to gay life in the late 1960s. From police brutality and mafia exploitation to early efforts at activism and gay resorts, we observe the struggles and triumphs of a group trying to survive in a society full of prejudice and ignorance. Moving between emotional portrayals and absolute hilarity, such as when LaMiranda (played superbly by Guillermo Diaz), Matty's transvestite partner, attends an Army draft hearing dressed to the hilt in stiletos and a huge afro, "Stonewall" balances these two extremes with immense sensitivity and precision.

For anyone interested in the progression of gay and lesbian rights and their history, this movie is an excellent introduction. (Check out Martin Duberman's book of the same name for a comprehensive coverage of the events and personalities involved in the riot itself.) And for anyone interested in a great laugh that will leave you well and truly satisfied, then Stonewall is the movie for you. As they say in the movie, "Between maleness and femaleness, there's fabulousness".



POWDER

An extraordinary encounter with a human being.

Releases nationally on Feb 8, 1996

An extraordinary character in an extraordinary film. Powder is about a young albino boy, Jeremy Reed, nicknamed Powder due to his "powder white" complexion, who has been sheltered in his grand parents cellar since his tragic birth. Jeremy is thrown into society after his grandpa dies, only to find that the world is much more complex and completely riddled with prejudice and hate than what he had read of in his sheltered world. The character of Powder is so strong and yet so simple that the viewer will question many of society's attitudes more than once during this film. Powder confronts hatred and prejudice in his own remarkable way, leaving his mark on everyone. He is befriended by Jessie (Mary Steenburger), the principal of the boy's home and Donald Ripley (played by Jeff Goldblum, who was a hit in 'Jurassic Park'), his science teacher, both of whom realise that he is, in fact, the most beautiful, talented, perceptive and intelligent human being they have ever encountered. Powder's intellect has advanced far ahead of his time, but this only adds to the fear which others have of him.

When told his IQ is completely off the scale and that you are the smartest person on the planet, do you understand the feeling? Powder, uncomfortably aware of the best one liners in the film: "If I'm a genius, then why would you ask me if I understand?" The character of Powder is so believable, mainly due to the realistic and moving portrayal by actor Sean Patrick Flanery and due to the amazing whiteness of his entirely hairless skin. The make-up technique needed for the final effect was extraordinary, a special formulation was airbrushed onto him, then painted with veins and the like, taking up to 3 1/2 hours to apply and 1 hour to remove.

The subtle special effects used are also noteworthy. Take note of the bullies in the cafeteria scene, where Powder uses his powers to attract all the cutlery in the entire room into a lower and also of the rainbow in the final scene.

Powder will make you laugh, it will make you cry, but most of all it will pull at your heart strings for this unique boy and question the behaviour of today's society. A "must see" film of the year, it's sure to become a work of art in its own right.

By Maleha Nawaz

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SOCIETY OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING STUDENTS (SEES)

The objectives to our society are:

1. To render an atmosphere of fraternity within the department of electrical engineering - between staff and students and different year levels.
2. To establish links between the student body and professional engineering associations, such as IEEE, IEAUST.
3. To act as a student advisory and representative body within the department, in relation to academic matters.
4. To liaise with any other relevant professional bodies, such as Carlton United Breweries, etc.
5. To regularly convene numerous inexpensive and appealing social functions eg. smokos, movie/doom nights and various other interesting social functions.

For more information contact: Craig Hill on 3876 7150 or e-mail: SEES@student.uq.edu.au.

ALP CLUB

The Labor Students Club enjoys a vibrant existence, involving students in; discussions on policy affecting both students and the community in general, forums with guest speakers, activities within the Student Union, as well as many social events. You also have the opportunity to meet face to face with some of Australia's high profile members. The Labor Club is not a formal unit of the Labor Party which gives its members more scope to express their ideas as we are not bound by the decisions of the Party.

On an individual level students have little hope of influencing decisions which affect them. However, as part of an active political club students can discuss issues, co-ordinate campaigns and effectively lobby to advance students' rights. As Labor students, we believe that by organising and educating we really can make a difference.

Contact Number 3871 1343 or 015 575154.

G'day folks and a warm welcome to all of you who have joined a club or society since last semester.

Wednesday 21st February provided a day to showcase the 130 Clubs and Societies on campus - MARKET DAY. This year was a great success as most clubs increased their size markedly.

In early February, ACTION was taken in increasing the O'WEEK GRANTS by 25% and obviously this increase has provided clubs with a greater base to expand their members.

The big leaders in terms of membership on O'DAY were Borneo Students Association, Chocolate Appreciation Society, Liberal Club, SECS, Law Society, EUS and the provisionally affiliated BAS (Beer Appreciation Society).

Of course most of the smaller clubs expanded their membership significantly awarding to their size, and growth in such clubs is great to see.

Yet the year has only just begun!

The inaugural "Cruise into Clubs" day will be held on Wednesday 17th April in the Great Court from 11.00am - 2.00pm.

Come along and join the clubs you missed out on during MARKET DAY. Our diversity will be evident as you taste exquisite foods from across the world and discover religions you have never known of. So, on the 17th April, expand your horizons, and "Cruise into Clubs".

For information on any clubs, contact Andrew or Tina on 3377 2211.

ST VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY

The Saint Vincent de Paul Society welcomes all University of Queensland students who are interested in helping the less fortunate or underprivileged. Many of you probably have participated in St Vincent de Paul events in the past through school activities or were members of similar volunteer operations. This club gives you an opportunity to continue such activities in a non-obligatory, easy-going fashion.

Activities which have taken place in the past include: tutoring underprivileged high school students; serving meals at hostels; visiting the sick; assisting the running of functions and socials and escorting mentally and physically handicapped on outings. The society welcomes all new ideas and is prepared to try almost anything.

So if you are genuinely enthusiastic about wanting to help the unfortunate and/or have some great new ideas about ways in which to do so AND want the opportunity to meet many new people, come along to a meeting. Remember - as a member, you are only obliged to participate as much as you choose. We're not about committing your every weekend!

For more information concerning meeting dates and venues, contact Stephanie Marshall, c/- Duchesne College: ph. 3371 1148.

X-FILES CLUB

Trust no one! The X-Files Club is here to save you!

"From who?"

Them!

"Whose them!"

Who wants to know?

The X-Files Club is dedicated to paranoid theme parties and Scully and Moulder worship. If this sounds like you then come on down and join the conspiracy and remember... The truth is out there!

Contact Marcus on 3377 1734

Clubs and Societies

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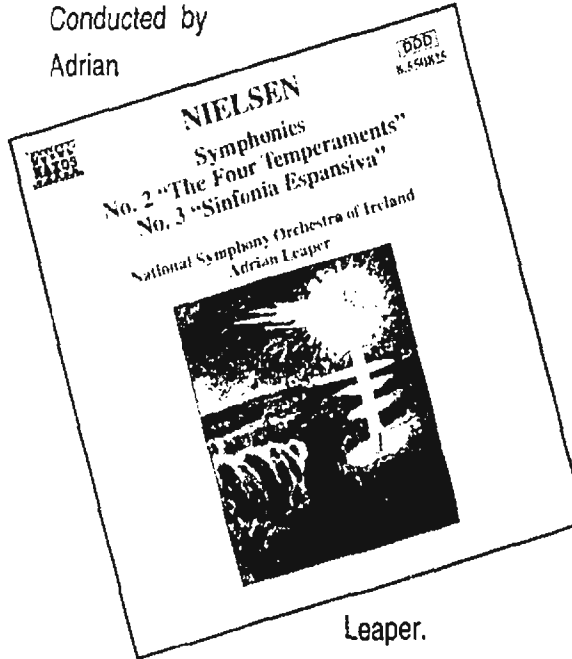
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REVIEW

**SYMPHONIES
NUMBERS 2
& 3.**

by Carl Nielsen.
Performed by the National Symphony
Orchestra of Ireland,
Conducted by
Adrian



Leaper.

Like his great contemporary Gustav Mahler, the Danish composer Carl Nielsen's (1865-1931) music has become increasingly prominent and popular in the latter half of this century, largely through the ever-passionate advocacy of the late Leonard Bernstein.

Like Bernstein, the English conductor, Adrian Leaper (previously, highly praised for his Sibelius cycle on the same Naxos label) has recorded the complete symphonies of Nielsen and his not a bad effort at all. This set of the three in the Naxos catalogue features Nielsen's Second Symphony "The Four Humours" and his third subtitled "Sinfonia Espansiva". The second is pleasing enough, being relatively straightforward programme music on the "four humours" of human nature; choleric, phlegmatic, melancholy and sanguine. It's the more immediately accessible of the two, and a fine introduction to Nielsen's idiosyncratic musical language, with the third movement ("andante malincolico") in particular plumbing some powerful depths.

The rendition of the Sinfonia Espansiva is quite brilliant, with the sublime depth and breadth characteristic of Leaper's Sibelius recordings, and some especially fine work in the second movement's vocalises for soprano and baritone. The Third Symphony's basically a pastoral symphony, and one of the best of that genre (along with Vaughan Williams and, of course, Beethoven). Not as overtly thematic as the Second, Nielsen's Third Symphony is a wonderful piece of work, and at \$10 for the two of them (that's \$30 for the Complete Symphonies of Nielsen) is undoubtedly one of the classical buys of the year.

Marcus
Salisbury.

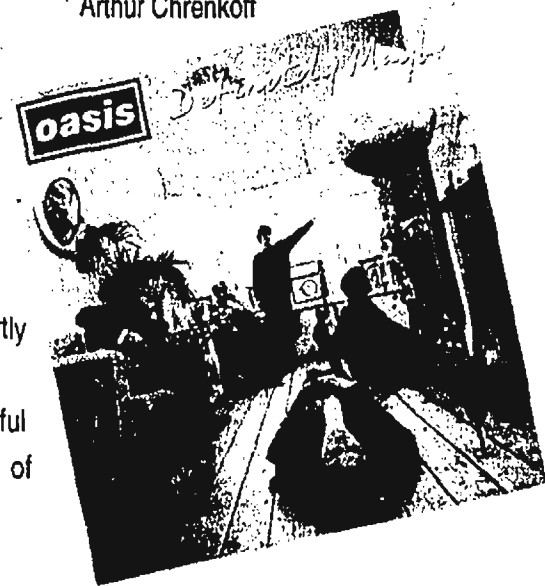
OASIS "DEFINITELY MAYBE"

OASIS "Don't Look Back in Anger" (CD single)

The good people at Sony have re-released Oasis' debut album to capitalise on the huge commercial success of the follow-up "(What's the Story) Morning Glory?". Not a bad move perhaps, as many recent Oasis converts probably have little idea that there was a world pre-"Wonderwall". Much rougher and hard-edged than "Morning Glory", Gallaghers & Co's first effort is also less memorable, although it gives you a good taste of Oasis before FM stations had any reason to discover them. Bowing more towards pure rock'n'roll in the Brit tradition, and less towards good production values, "Definitely Maybe" will nevertheless be a good addition to your CD collection if you are already hooked on their Manchester sound. If not, just stick to "Morning Glory" for an introduction to those particularly arrogant bastards in a business that seems to attract its fair share of arrogant bastards (and bastardesses). The exception is that

Gallaghers, at least, have something to be arrogant about. Still, "Definitely Maybe" is nowhere near as good as "Morning Glory", and in my opinion the catch singles you can buy from the album are the third single "The Masterplan" and the one recent single "I Am the Devil" which is a recent single war between Oasis and Blur will know the ridiculous comparisons made to rivalry between the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. The irony, of course, is that it's Oasis which on occasions makes remarkably Beatlesque songs (and certainly better than the recent releases from the Fab Three and One Corpse). "Don't Look Back in Anger" falls squarely into that category and while it sounds very much like some other stuff Oasis has recorded in the past it's a good, rich song and a worthy follow-up to "Wonderwall".

Arthur Chrenkoff

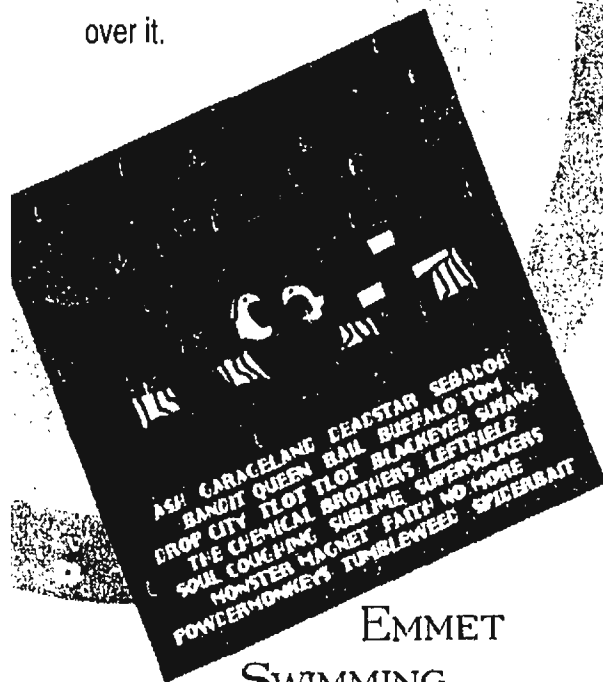


COLLISION
4.

by Andrew Staples

Why it's Collision

4. Collision for what? I have no idea but if you're lookin' for a hard rockin' grunge album that you can put on at party and have your guests recognise most of the songs on it, then this is the one. There's big guitars from go to woe with highlights including Ash doing 'Kung Fu' for openers, Sebadoh, Bandit Queen, Buffalo Tom, Monster Magnet, Faith no More and the compilation is finished poignantly with Tumbleweed and Spiderbait. Personally I couldn't go past the Australian bands for anything vaguely uplifting lyrically, but by and large, guitarists don't give a damn about lyrics anyway. The only really pathetic low point was a sample at the start of Garageland's 'come back' which describes the song to follow as 'swingin', which upon hearing the song, I thought was a complete insult to the jazz movement. It really cut me up at the time but I got over it.



EMMET SWIMMING

by Andrew Staples

Emmet Swimming's 'Wake' shows absolutely no sonic innovation whatsoever which you sometimes hope for with these obscure grunge releases, but there's some good sensible song writing and it's another stamp on why Bob Mould is an absolute godfather of the grunge movement. The opening track 'Jump in the Water' made me think of 'That's a Good Idea' off Copper Blue. 'You're so Pretty' is, well, pretty with some tasty riffolo-

C.D.
REVIEW

gy. 'I Hear Voices' peddles paranoia like a man with hot watches in a trench coat or it could have been about Jesus, I couldn't work it out. I have a feeling that this album

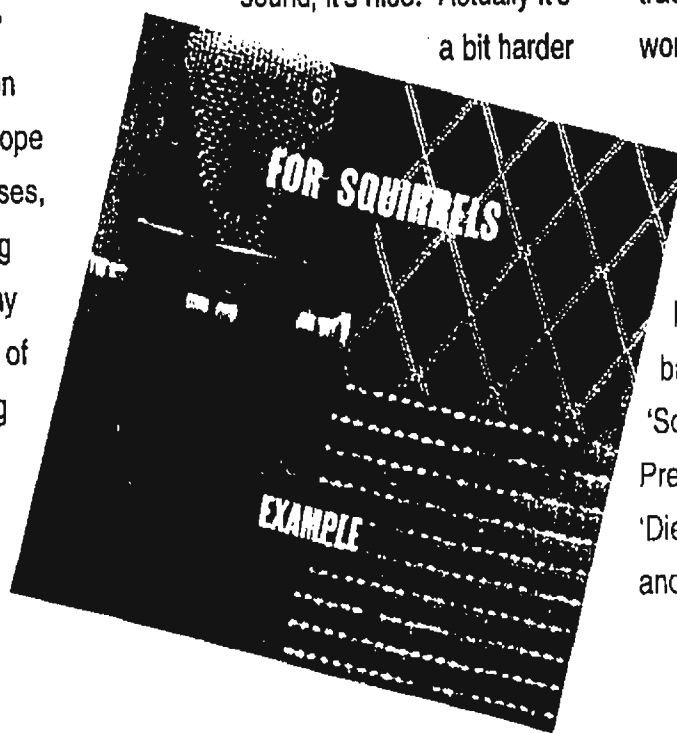


Water. Listen to the River, these guys like their aquatic references, maybe if you join their fan club they'll send you a kiddie pool.

FOR SQUIRRELS

By Andrew Staples

For Squirrels, 'Example'. Hey it's hot. Some really sweet harmonies on this one, it's like a dream alright, it's like bloody REM, but that early REM sound, it's nice. Actually it's a bit harder



than that. This is one of those albums that would take the nation by storm if it found its way onto triple J. The first three songs are excellent and the album plateaus into early REMness which is most easy to listen to. Besides that there are some really impassioned vocal performances by John Francis Vigraturon the IVth (his real name?). All these band members have chosen to proclaim their middle names on the credits. Produced, engineered and mixed by Nicky... who we all know from... I don't know... really minimalistic effort for the cover photography, but it's alright.

TEENAGE FANCLUB - GRAND PRIX

Teenage Fanclub have produced a great CD that is different from other 'alternative' groups, yet it still has that 'alternative' quality which is so popular within the 'alternative' society.

This CD is unique and unusual. Grand Prix has a great mix of catchy and groovy tracks that have a relaxing feel to them. From start to finish Grand Prix is superb and cool - the bonus tracks also mean you'll get your money's worth.

DIED PRETTY - SOLD

Died Pretty have done it again. It's great to see another Australian band coming up with great tracks. 'Sold' is another wonderful CD by Died Pretty. While it is different from other 'Died Pretty' CD's, this one is by far new and original but also retaining the indi-

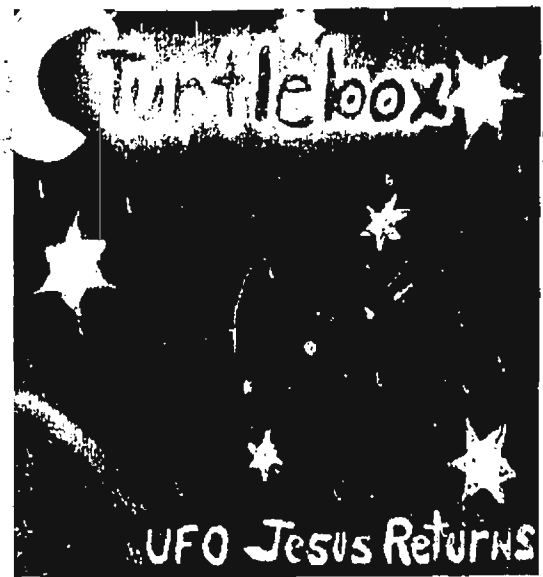
viduality of the Died Pretty sound. 'Sold' is a great CD for chilling out for weekend leisure. Go buy it.

NOTHING SACRED

by Jonatha Brooke and The Story

Whenever I get some new music to listen to, I always give it three plays in order to get a well-rounded view on the music, the lyrics and the artists themselves. And all three times when I listened to this CD single, I came up with the same view as my flatmates. FUCKING BORING. Somewhere in the realms of urban-folk-female-rock, this is just another song about needing a man and not having one. Girl, go out and buy yourself a dildo... you'll have a lot more fun, and maybe, just maybe, you'll write a better song. Next. By Geoff Parkes

UFO JESUS RETURNS



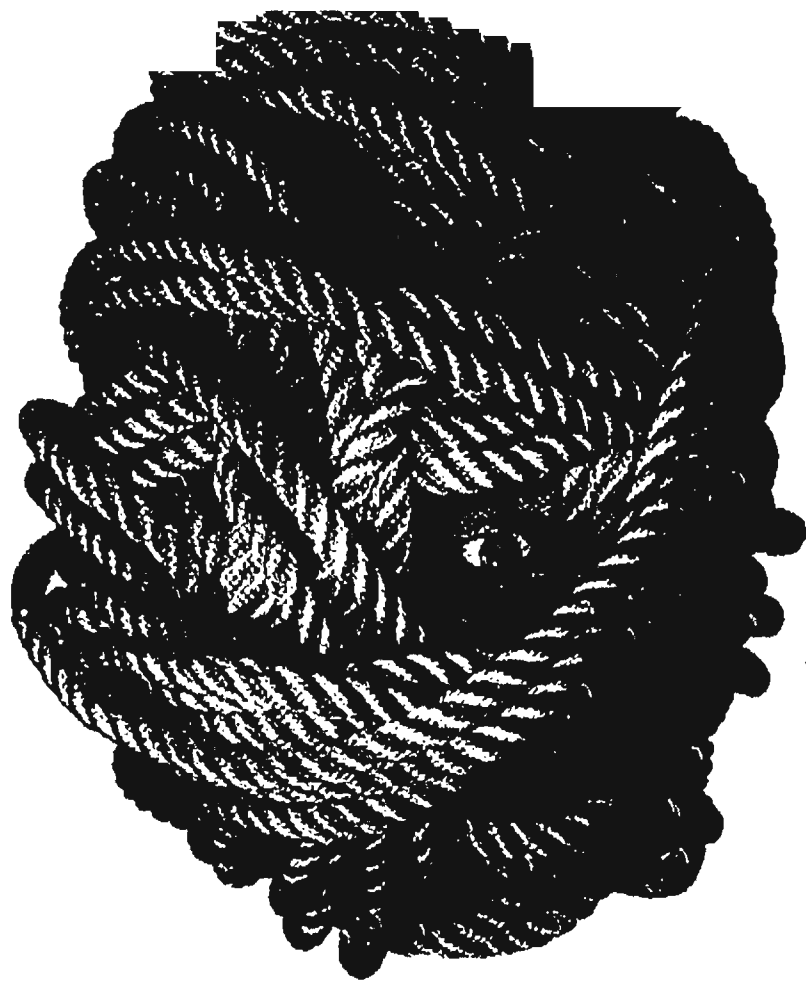
By Turtle box

Distributed by Shock

These guys are supposed to be pretty good live, but on CD they just sound like a Smashing Pumpkins tribute band. This five-track EP showcases this band's ability, but does nothing to show any signs of originality. Maybe someone else might like this stuff, but I really wish bands would stop showing their influences and start shocking us with what they're going to do with music in the future. C'mon Turtlebox, you've got the talent but we know you can do better.

By Geoff Parkes

COLLEGES



Up the Rest of Ya's

Welcome to the second colleges page for 1996. I've just got a few words to say regarding the response to the first colleges page. The first piece of feedback I received from it was positive and predominantly from college students who liked the idea of being given some publicity for their functions which raise much needed funds for student clubs. Although I got a little bit of an ear chewing by an Emmanuel student regarding the poor rating I gave it, but all I can say is that I call things how I see it. Unfortunately there were a few non-college people who thought that the colleges page was merely an outlet for myself and my "moronic pub crawl mates". Well really, I don't care about this group for the simple fact that the colleges page is for college students not for some pretentious self-righteous left wing crusader.

Now onto O' Week. As many of you know, College O' Week is a blast and from what I've been told, this year was no exception with O' Week activities ranging from foot rallies, to exchange dinners, to rock climbing, in short something for everybody.

With this being the colleges page, I would really appreciate some input from ICC and if at all possible, some information relating to sporting performance at sports days. We at Semper really want to hear from you. The more contributions we get

COLLEGE FUNCTIONS

So far we've only had a few ICC and college functions, but I felt these deserved a review and general report.

ICC Pool Party

I was really looking forward to this one and was very fired up and ready to burn the midnight oil, however after paying my entry fee, I was disappointed that it was so dark at the multi-storey carpark (yes, a pool party in a carpark), that I couldn't see a thing and hence walked around with my fly down the whole night (oh, the embarrassment). When I approached the bar I found that I had to purchase tickets to get a drink. This may help the bar staff, but it really annoyed me and my "pub crawl mates" (tribute to Kate W. see Letters to editor). The band, Custard, was quite impressive, however I thought Snout might be desired, but were still promising. When comparing the two years, I found little difference, both were very average, one was noisy, one you couldn't see bloody thing.

ICC First Night Back *1/2

Well as far as beginning of semester first night back celebrations go, this was very typical (apart from prices). It was very overcrowded, and I mean overcrowded. I don't know how many close calls I had when trying to get to the toilet to get some relief. All I can say is the stress and discomfort was really showing. Unfortunately, the price of jugs was not as agreeable as last years, but I'm sure ICC has a legitimate reason for this, as they really do have the students best interests at heart. However, ICC packed so many people in that the Rec Club looked like a herd of cattle had just been brought in for the slaughter.

Cromwell Bunker ***1/2

On the Friday night of Recovery Week, myself and a few mates toddled off the Cromwell Bunker. I was pleasantly surprised to find drink prices were still at a rock bottom Cromwell rate, while still maintaining a high level of potency in spirits. My only disappointment was that it became so crowded it was difficult to get even remotely close to the bar after 10pm. Obviously this shows the popularity of the function, but detracts from an individuals enjoyment. On the other hand, what an atmosphere!

by Marcus Brown & Kent Worsley

IN THE VAT

FERNS, SNOOPS, RANDS

Welcome to the new improved In The Vat, starring Snoops, Ferns and introducing Rands to provide a stable influence in the trio. In this edition your intrepid reviewers brave police and protesters to enter into the heart of the City to find the ideal watering hole. Snoops, Ferns and Rands, on advice from Mr. Castlemaine, decided to grace with their presence, the Criterion Tavern, Britannia Inn and City Rowers Nite Club.

CITY ROWERS NIGHT CLUB

The City Rowers Night club is located on the Brisbane river next to Fridays nightclub. On a Thursday night this club can have reasonably priced drinks but if you don't have decent pants, a proper collared shirt and dress shoes don't expect to be let in wearing your usual student garb, lets not forget the arrogant bouncers at the door either. However on nights apart from Thursdays its \$2.20 a pot and play nothing but hard core techno. Apart from these disadvantages our reviewers decided to down a few beers anyway.

THE CRITERION TAVERN

After a few quiet "pre's" our heroes stumble off the 512 and approach the Cri and are confronted by the bearded lady (oops, sorry - The bouncer). On Thursday evenings it is possible to obtain precious amber fluid at the bargain price of \$1 per pot - which is cheaper than buying jugs - and \$2 for basic spirits. Cri-bucks cards - valued at \$70 - will only set you back ten dollars. And now onto the review...

RANDY: Bloody hell, its as crowded as main refec at lunchtime in here.
FERNs: Yeah, but everyone seems to be having a good time.
RANDY: True, the atmosphere in here is nearly tangible.
SNOOPS: Oh sorry, that was me.

RANDY: No, I mean even though its not a five star deco job, the place is going off like refec food.
FERNs: Who gives a shit, the beer is cheap.
(Ferny toddles off to get some beer)

RANDY: There's something I've always wanted to ask you, Snoops, why are you always playing with you're crutch?
SNOOPS: BUUAAARP! Because I can!
(Ferny returns with beer)

RANDY: Jeez, Ferns, how do you manage to carry eight pots?
FERNs : They don't call me clever dick for nothing.

SNOOPS: And who said we weren't multi talented?
FERNs: (Ferns turns to a machine) hey, I always wanted to try one of these breathalyzers!

(Ferns finds a suitable orifice and blows. Suddenly bells sound and coins drop)
Hey, this one is paying out.

RANDY: No, Ferns you've got your tongue stuck down a poker machine.

SNOOPS: Now we've got some extra cash lets move onto the Britannia Inn.

The Britannia Inn

The Britannia Inn is situated in the Wintergarden Complex on the first floor, it has a great range of English beers at a fairly reasonable price, all things considered. Unfortunately it turns into a hole after 7pm when it is overrun by middle age business men talking about their hard day at the office.

(Waddling through the Queen St. mall to the Britannia, Ferns bumps into an old friend)

FERNs: Hello, officer. Have you still got my picture on the wall?
Seagent O'Reilly: Yeah, right next to the picture of your arse, because one day I'm gonna nail em both.

(Our heroes break into a run then sort of a stagger and then a roll down Queen St. mall to stop at the steps of the Wintergarden complex)

RANDY: Such a range of beers, lets have a few.
FERNs: Yeah how about a jug of Newcastle brown?

RANDY: This ones on me, oh shit 11 bucks for you Snoops.
SNOOPS: (Whilst bashing his head with a heavy jug to keep time) MORE BEER, MORE BEER, MORE BEER, MORE BEER.....

(As seven approaches the three reviewers decide to visit yet another watering hole)

RANDY: Hey, this is a classy establishment - that means there's a few restrictions.

FERNs: You mean you can't piss on the tables?

RANDY: Correct.

SNOOPS: Bastards!
(Keen for a beer the three pushed there way to the bar)

Bar tender: So fellas what do you want?

FERNs: What do you think we f@#ing want? A jug of beer son!

SNOOPS: Yeah that's right mate were not yuppies, like the rest of these bastards!

(After receiving several dirty looks Randy, Snoops and Ferns decide to find a quiet drinking spot overlooking the Brisbane river)

FERNs: These pretzels taste a bit funny.

RANDY: That's because you're eating somebody's mobile phone you dickhead. Look at the river, how dark and beautiful it is.

SNOOPS: What a dark river it must be the fabled river of Guinness.

FERNs: What are you on, mate?

SNOOPS: Salvation, salvation, I have found you.

(With that Snoops jumps the balcony and runs to the river with Ferns and Randy in pursuit.)

RANDY: (yelling) Don't jump in the river Snoops, we won't be able to tell the difference between you and the other turds!

And so ends another installment of "In the Vat". This is Snoops, Ferns and Randy, in the vat.

Criterion Tavern:



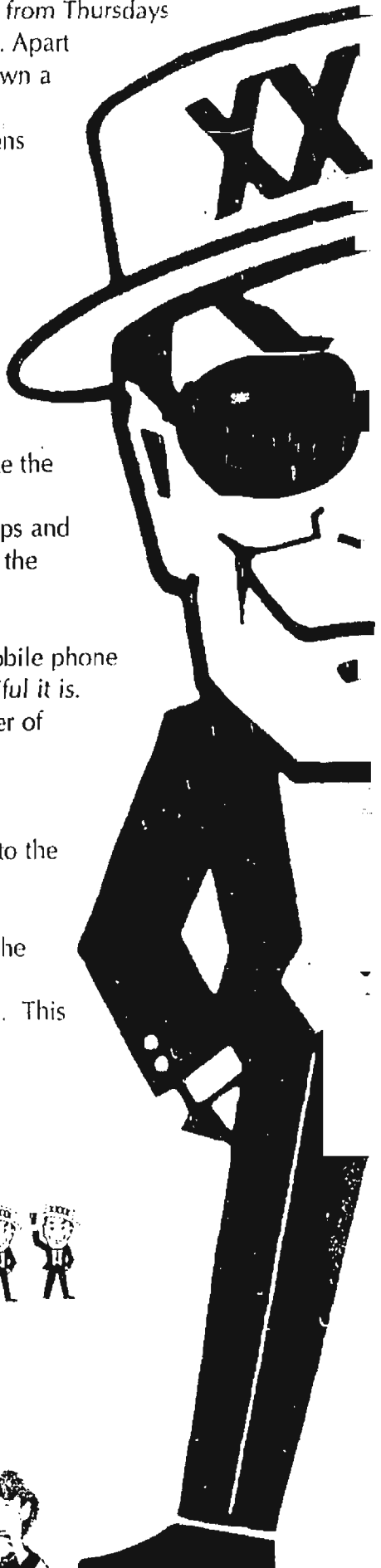
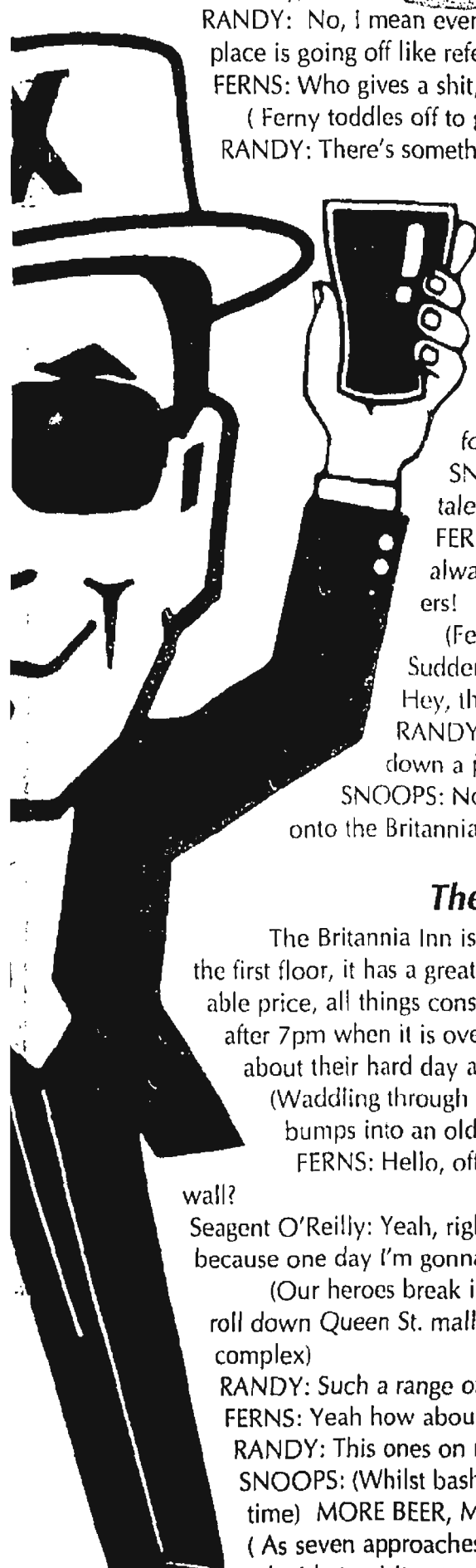
Britannia: (before 7pm)



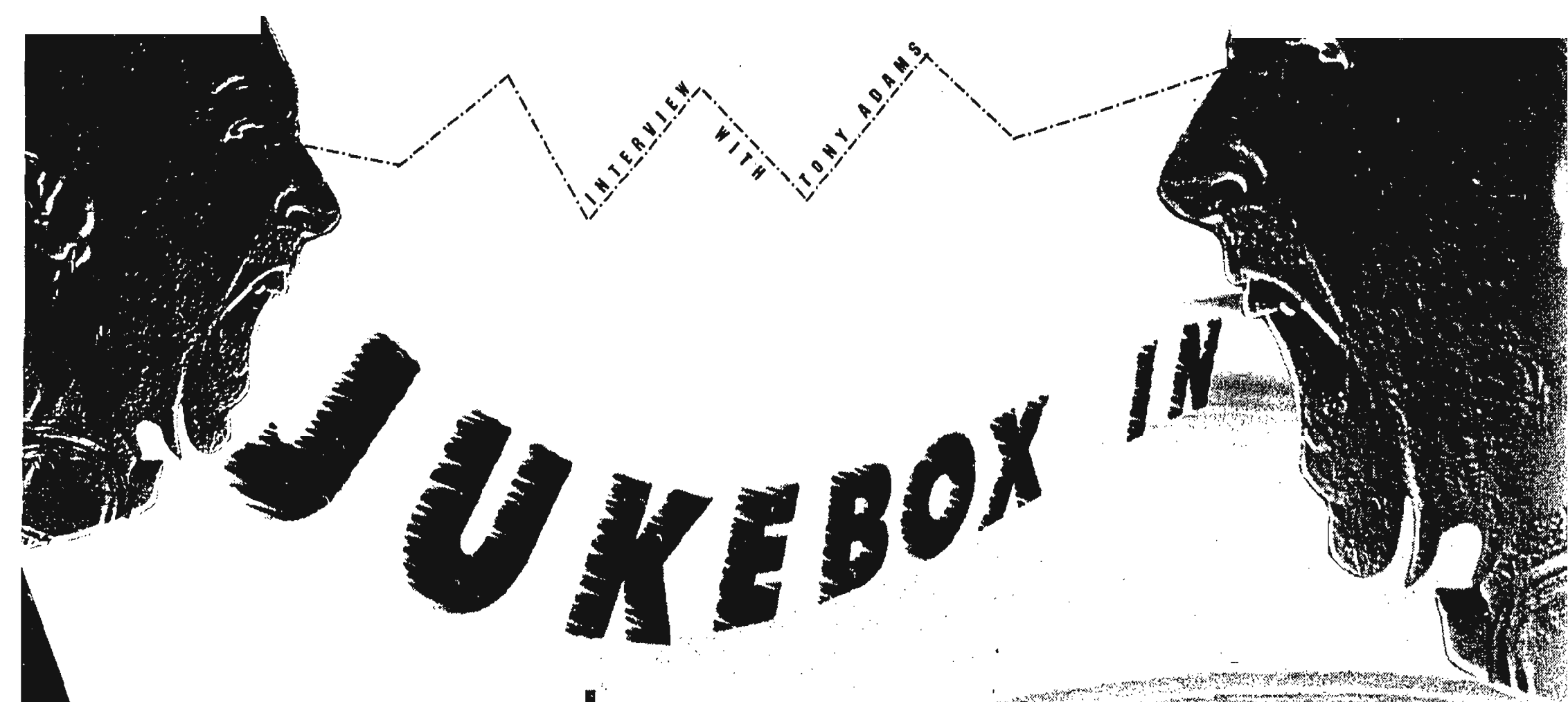
(after 7pm)



City Rowers:



INTERVIEW WITH TONY ADAMS



LUCKY BOX IN

CYBERIA

How refreshing it is to come across an Australian band who have not slipped into the deep rut that has engulfed so many of the bands in the Australian music industry. Cyberia has stripped their music right back to reveal a powerful aggressive sound that is a world away from the soft, spirally times that crowd this country's commercial music industry.

Cyberia recently released their debut album "Machine Age" which has been a huge success receiving much radio play and they are soon to complete an east coast tour.

It was a slow and frustrating beginning however. As they struggled to get regular gigs in Sydney, they were forced to look abroad for recognition. Eventually a tape passed through the hands of Gary Morris, Manager of "Shock Poets". Impressed by the bands power and attack, Morris called them up and told them he could get them a deal. Since then, the bands future has just been getting brighter. Look out for "Cyberia" they are bound to lead Australian music into the 21st century.

Cyberia are: Tony Adams - Lead guitar and vocals, Niel Chadwick - drums, Paul Howarth - bass

Interview with Tony Adams from Cyberia

AG: Your aggressive hard rock style is unlike the softer commercially minded bands emerging from Australia at the moment. Do you see yourselves as breaking new ground?

TA: In a sense, yeah. I feel that we might be especially in an Australian sense. But the overall picture of music, especially that we're being exposed to in Australia with a lot of

English and American stuff. I reckon it's more diverse than ever now. You know when we've got on one side bands like Oasis and Blur coming from Britain and then you've still got some fairly heavy bands like Alice in Chains and Ministry and all that sort filtering through. So you've got a huge cross-section. But as an Australian band, I feel we're making a bit of headway.

AG: Who is the principle song writer among you?

TA: Initially, I was, but we've made an effort, particularly lately, for the whole band to get in and write, for two reasons: one is that it keeps a real incentive there, and it makes everybody feel that they're a part of the group, and secondly, you can get really stumped creatively from time to time and if you can bounce some ideas off other people, its surprising how quickly someone, even if they haven't written before, can get on a vibe and be really useful. It's sort of adding ideas, even if they can't come up with the first idea for a song, they can get on a vibe and help it along. Yeah, so we're all sort of writing now, but initially I was the principle writer.

AG: There is a very clear lyrical definition in your songs. Was this something you wanted to achieve?

TA: Yeah, it's a funny thing, cause with the guitar and drums, I've always worked with a drummer and listened to where he was going,

so I've always liked to interact no matter what band it is I was playing in. I've been kind of a rhythmic guitarist without having the conscious effort of it. It's been something I've just naturally felt good about doing. I think the whole band is pretty strong in that sense.

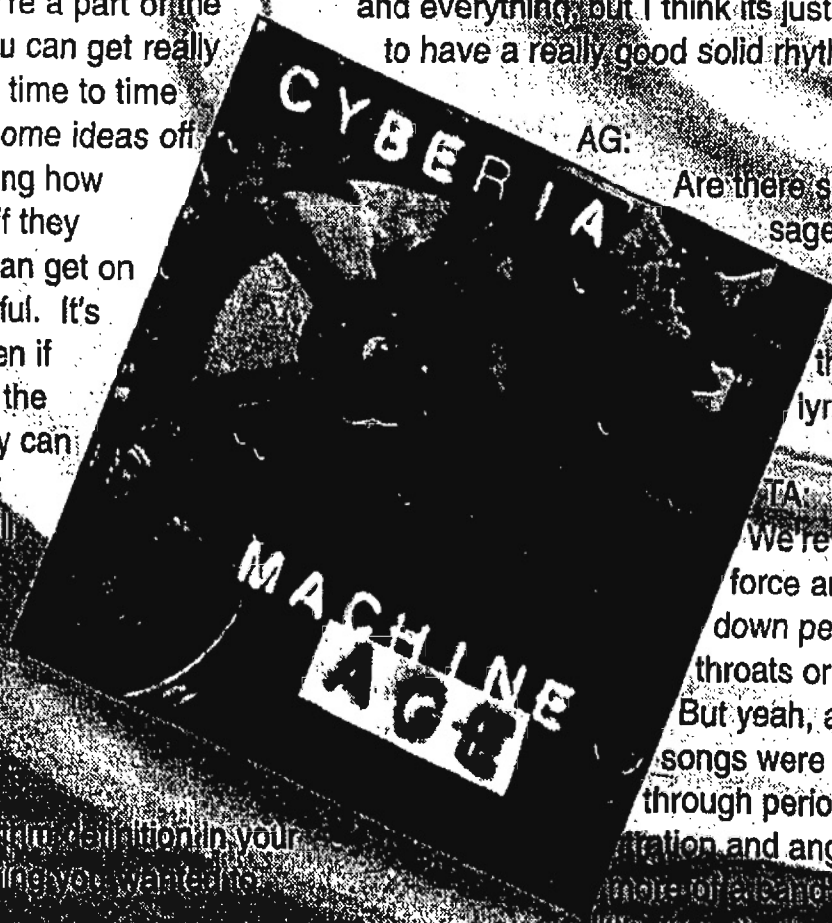
AG: It certainly gives you a powerful sound.

TA: Yeah. It really does add to that. I like personally, and I'm pretty sure the other guys do too, a lot of dynamics you know. I don't really get off too much on bands that just sort of "jingle jangle" along and don't have a strong rhythm section. I mean, there's some good bands out there with some good sort of melodies and everything, but I think its just as important to have a really good solid rhythm.

AG: Are there specific messages you are trying to convey through your lyrics?

TA: We're not trying to force any issues down peoples throats or anything. But yeah, a lot of the songs were written through periods of frustration and anger. It's

more of a... that writes a little from the heart and more rather than sort of jumping on some political agenda or anything like that, you know. For instance if we're sitting on a couch watching TV and you're watching some... that's what the shit is... but generally



China. That gets me quite ruled and it'll get me sitting down and sorta the next song that's coming along and it's getting fairly aggressive then that becomes a sort of an integral part of the song. Although we don't have an underlying theme with the album ("Machine Age") so we don't sorta go "this is a song about this" or "that pacifically" it's just we run the gamut.

I feel like writing a love song, we'll write a love song and we'll make no apologies for it, just being the quirky love song. Although we haven't written one as such, but yeah, we're not like Midnight Oil who sorta go wow, the aborigines are getting a really hard run for their money, like that, we'll really drive that message.

AG:

I understand you had trouble getting gigs in Sydney after you recorded "Machine Age". Was it hard to get started down there as a new band?

TA:

I feel really sorry for a lot of bands that are trying to break into the scene down there. I mean, you bash your head against the brick wall so much. I'd been in a few bands before, where gigging wasn't such a hassle. You just tended to rock to the gigs where your agent had booked you. This time around, I'm starting this band from scratch. We ended up approaching a lot of venues ourselves just personally and the odd one that don't see a lot of punters in the door, they obviously don't see a lot of bands you know, you just take the door whatever. But that only really amounted to an average of about one gig a month. There's a gig down at Sydney that always seemed a pretty hip and happening place. It always seemed full and they had a lot of bands going through and that was just so frigging incredible to try and get a gig there we'd rocked up with a tape and our bass player sat there for half a day and the guy comes down and says like, "what do you want?" and he says "oh, we just want you to listen to this tape", and he says "well you know we're booked pretty solid, I don't even know if we've got the time to listen to it", and just dismissed him. So he walked out. Then you get on the answering service and it says "I'm not home, if your band is looking for a gig, you can leave a message but I really think you needn't bother cause we're booked solid for the next two months, I doubt if I'll get back to you anyway".

TA:

So that sort of, you know, got you scratching your head saying, "where the fuck are we gonna go?!"

AG:

So what are the prospects in Australia for new bands compared to other countries?

TA:

Well, we were in Los Angeles in mid '94 trying to get a gig over there. Then we went over to London and we sort of had a little look. The scene was vastly different. For starters, it could've been the novelty of us being Australian, but as soon as we started looking around to get some gigs, we were offered them left, right and centre. We had people calling back and like saying, "can you play here Tuesday night", or "can you play at this club" or whatever so that was looking really good. We couldn't afford to do it because we only had a guitar there and no amplifier so it was going to cost us five hundred bucks just to get a kit and a few amps for one night and we certainly weren't paying anywhere near that amount of money. But if you had your own equipment, you could just rock in and do a gig in the States, well that was Hollywood anyway. In London there was gigs around but it was very much a club thing and I think that over there, probably a little harder than

Australia, you needed to have chart success and do a tour and sort of like drop off for a while and maybe get the off festival or whatever. But it's sort of the gateway to the rest of Europe. You could just go across the channel and do Germany and everywhere else which I believe is really healthy. Australia five or six years ago, was a lot healthier gig wise, but I think it may be on the turn right now. But it's definitely really hard. If you're a new band and wanting to get somewhere, I think you've just got to pull out even a little bit more than you think you have to, because otherwise you'll just end up not getting any gigs and definitely not getting any money out of it, and even harder still to get people from record companies to come along.

AG:

Well, you've finally made it with "Machine Age" and with the current tour under your belt, what does the future hold for Cyberia?

TA:

Well, we don't get our hopes too high. I mean, it's a good feeling and initially it was a really great feeling to have a record deal and to have management that had a bit of weight behind it. But we just want to make sure that

we can cover as much of Australia as possible and get as much airplay as possible and get people to see the gigs and then from here we definitely want to get overseas and spread it out quite a bit, because we've got a lot of friends in this industry that have had really good success and good chart success, but they'll never get a pension if you know that I mean, but there is still a lot of good musicians out there who still have to rely on the dole between bands or whatever. Our plan for the future are to spread out and do as much as we can to be successful all around the world if possible, but we'd still like to live in Australia of course.

AG:

Plans for another album?

TA:

We're writing right now. I mean, it's a little bit difficult at the moment because we haven't got a regular rehearsal set up. We've sort of have got together and just sat around in the room and then just threw around a few ideas just with a cassette deck. You get some really good songs that way as well, but we'd like to



get into a rehearsal situation where we can have the whole band set up at like performing level 'cause you get some great songs out of just jamming at a good level. But yeah, we're writing and hopefully we'll have enough material by the middle of this year to have another album ready. Hopefully by the end of year we may start recording, it just depends on how well this one goes and if it can get us the finances to actually get in and start.

AG:

Thanks Toni

TA:

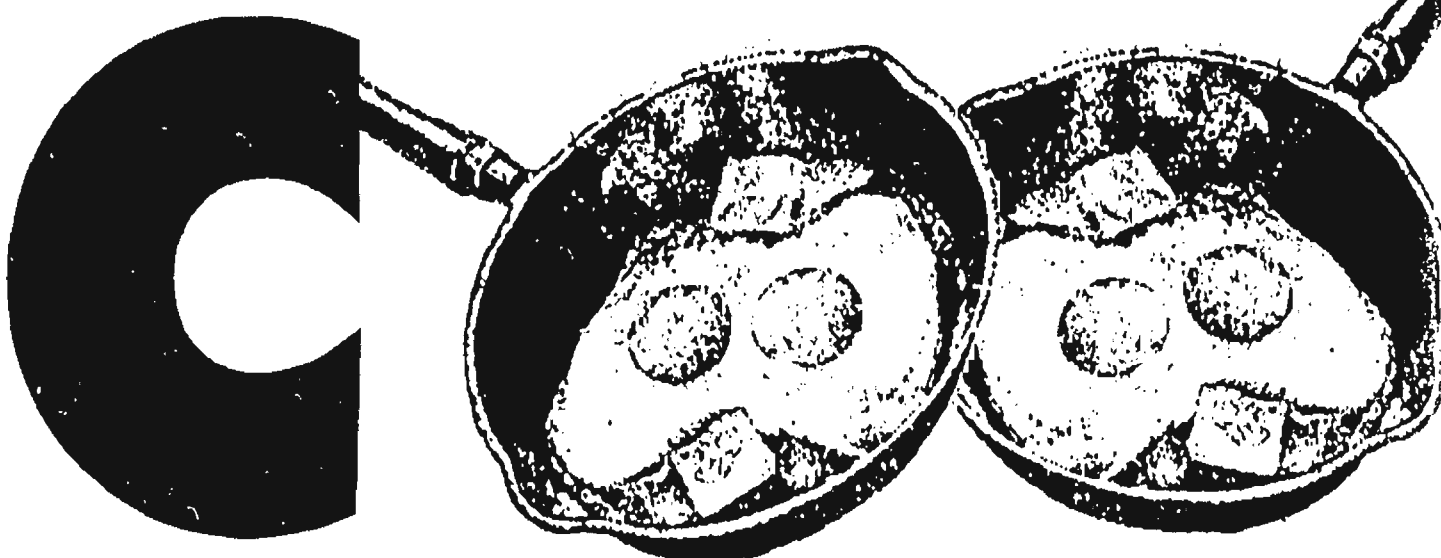
Thanks!

Adam Gallagher





"Hello again, and welcome to another installment of Clay's Kitchen. In this issue I will attend to two matters - first, a few hints on the art of freezing, and second, some recipes that utilize the Provençal sauce that I included in the last issue. And of course, in keeping with the theme of long term cold storage, all these recipes can be frozen".



BRASS MONKEYS AND OTHER TALES FROM THE DEEP FREEZE

The method of preserving food through the lowering of temperature to inhibit microorganism growth has been used, perhaps, for as long as humankind has been around, particularly in the earth's cold regions. It wasn't until 1842, however, that a patent for freezing food was first issued, (in Britain), whereby produce could be preserved by immersion in an ice and salt brine. But it was not until the advent of mechanical refrigeration that the process became commercially acceptable.

With the introduction of home freezing units around the middle of this century, all sorts of minor revolutions have occurred within the commercial ranks. This has created an ever-growing market for food and labour saving products. However, while home freezing brings many improvements to our domestic bliss, like anything else it can also be abused and misused. One thing is clear though. The quality of food does not have to deteriorate once consigned to the freezer.

Successful freezing is a simple process which requires only minor, but nonetheless important, effort. The benefits can be enormous, especially for those with limited time to prepare meals, or those intent on reducing the overall cost of their food budget. Vegetarians, too, will find cooking much easier, particularly as forward planning is such a necessary requirement for a successful diet. Dishes can be cooked in multiple quantities, partly eaten fresh with the surplus frozen for later - a saving in both labour and costs. When fruit and vegetables are in season, or selling cheaply, or when groceries items have been slashed in price due to their being out of date, the freezer is the ideal way to utilise the savings.

For these reasons alone it is an extremely sensible idea to look for a freezer, with many good quality second hand units selling for between \$150 and \$300. If you don't have the ready's, think laterally. Birthdays and Xmas are good times to get friends and relatives to chip in with part of the cost. But even if you don't see yourself in the position to purchase one, you can always make greater use out of your fridge/freezer unit.

Here are some common sense hints that can make your life in the kitchen just that little bit cooler:

1. The freezing process is most successful when done quickly. This way the cells in foods which contain a high water content - such as meat, fish, and fruit and vegetables - form smaller water crystals. Slow freezing damages the cell walls, resulting in leakage, and results in a loss of flavour, nutrition, and texture. For this reason do not try to freeze warm or hot foods, or attempt to use freezer storage compartments.

2. Packaging your frozen food properly is also essential. This requires complete wrapping, using plastic wrap or freezer bags preferably, although aluminium foil can also be used. Plastic and aluminium containers are okay, too, but tend to use up more space, (a problem in small fridge/freezer units). Completely wrapping your food prevents oxidation, dehydration, (or freezer burn - whereby the intensely dry cold circulating within the freezer draws moisture out of the food), discoloured, and stringy, tasteless food. Contamination, which can occur when different types of food are stored together is also minimised.

3. Labelling is another aspect to the art of freezing, and one which allows you to keep track of the contents. By labelling and dating each item you not only know how long things have been stored, but you know what each item is. Believe me, everything begins to look like everything else after six months in a freezer. Use tape or self-adhesive labels and a freezer pen for best results.

4. Storage is often the least respected procedure in freezing, especially when people use chest freezers - everything just gets chucked in. However, you can increase your capacity by freezing as many things as possible in a uniform shape, allowing you to stack items on top of each other without them collapsing all over the place. This is especially important in fridge/freezers and upright freezers. I invariably use 2 litre icecream tubs to freeze casseroles etc, transferring the block into plastic wrap afterwards. I can then return them to the tub for a non-messy defrost.

5. Don't ever refreeze anything that has defrosted. You increase the chance of enzyme spoilage, as well as increase the size of the water crystals. The food looks and tastes like shit, and you can get sick.

6. Foods which do not freeze well include: eggs, (cooked or raw); any emulsified sauces; raw salads and vegetables, sour cream; yoghurt, (except commercial frozen yoghurt); made-up dips, curd-style cottage cheese and cultured buttermilk; and soft merangues and jellies. Cream can be frozen but is best used for cooking purposes only.

7. Try freezing: grated cheese, (the best way to keep it); fruit pulp in ice cubes, (makes an ideal way to cool your juices, cordials and cocktails); margarine and butter (ie garlic); most biscuits and cakes; breads, (not on the bottom of the freezer though); all kinds of nuts; soups; fruit juices; milk; tomato paste, (rolled in foil it cuts like butter even when still frozen); and miso.

8. If looking for a freezer to buy, try reputable second hand dealers rather than through private sales. They will give you a warranty, and you can be reasonably sure that it has been checked and/or serviced prior to the sale. An upright freezer is slightly noisive to run than a chest one, but provides easier access and takes up less space.

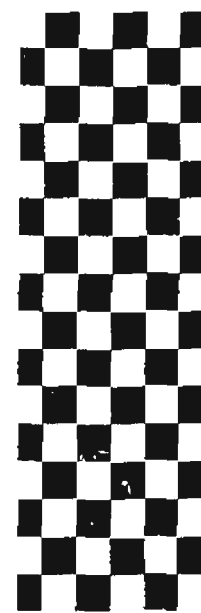
9. Defrosting should be done when the ice is at least 0.5 cm thick. Uprights generally need to be defrosted 2-3 times a year, and chest freezers 1-2 times. If possible, time the event when stocks are low, and at the coolest part of the day. Use bowls of hot water and/or a spray bottle to help speed up the process. Put as much of the food in your fridge and any excess should be either put in to an esky, or wrapped in newspaper or an old blanket. Defrosting allows the freezer to work at maximum efficiency, and helps reduce power bills.

10. When freezing things like chicken pieces, meats, sausages etc; it is best to freeze them separately on a tray and then put them together in a freezer bag later. This allows you to get at individual pieces as needed rather than having to defrost the whole lot.

Spoilage is seldom a problem with freezing unless you have a lengthy cooking power, or someone has forgotten to close the freezer door, (it happens, believe me). However, freezing does not totally stop spoilage, microbes such as bacteria and fungi cease to operate below -10 degrees centigrade, but some other microbes still do. Far lower temperatures are needed to stop enzyme spoilage, which is the proteins responsible for chemical change within living organisms, and such is their ability to survive that even down as far as -30 degrees they can still cause discoloration, deterioration in flavour and texture, and a reduction in vitamin content over a lengthy period. The lower the temperature, though, the less they flourish.

For this reason their rate of activity is the determining factor in the storage life of different foods. This is why seafoods have a far shorter life than other foods (approx 3 months). Raw foods, too, are most susceptible to enzyme spoilage, while those in cooked foods are killed by the heat.

King



A general rule of thumb is to try no to keep most items for longer than 12 months, 6-8 months for raw meats, and 3 months for raw fish.

PROVENÇAL SAUCE..... AND WHERE TO STICK IT

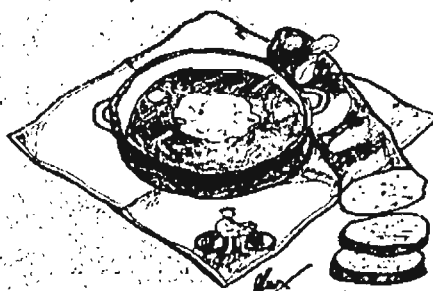
In the last issue I included a recipe for approximately 1 litre of Provençal (tomato) sauce. So here then, are a few ideas for using the sauce.

SPARROWS' HEADS

(Meat Balls and Potatoes in Lemon sauce)

A simple recipe from the Middle-East, Ras El-Asfur, as it is known, does not require a long preparation, and the combination of tiny meat balls (vegetarian rissoles can be substituted), served in a sauce with a slight taste of lemon is as delicious as it is unusual. It is customary to serve this dish with plain rice.

500g minced meat
1/4 tspn mixed spice (nutmeg, cloves, and cardomom)
1-2 tblspns plain flour
a bit more flour for dusting
1/2 cup bread crumbs
1 egg
2 onions, diced
500g small, similar sized and peeled potatoes
1/4 cup lemon juice
salt and pepper to taste
1 litre provençal sauce
oil for frying



METHOD:

Mix the minced meat with spices, salt and pepper, bread crumbs, flour, onion, and egg. If mixture feels a little to moist add more flour. Turn into small balls, (about the size of a walnut), and coat in extra flour.

Heat some oil in a heavy saucepan, (enough to cover the bottom and a splash more) and fry the meat balls until they are well browned. Remove from pan, drain on absorbent paper.

Heat Provençal sauce in a saucepan. Put potatoes in boiling water for 4 to five minutes, (until semi-cooked).

Place meat balls and potatoes in a casserole dish. Add lemon juice to Provençal sauce and pour over the meatballs and potatoes. Place uncovered in moderate oven (180-200) for about half an hour, or until potatoes are tender and sauce has thickened slightly. Serve with rice and salad. COST: [approx \$6.00 for 6-8 serves]

TEDDY BEARS' BALLS (VEGETARIAN ALTERNATIVE)

Prepare half a packet of Sanitarium Vita-Burger as directed on packet. When fully drained and rinsed, prepare 'balls' as for meat recipe, adding a grated carrot, a stick of diced celery, and two tablespoons of plain flour. A dash or two of barbeque sauce/HP etc is not a bad idea either. Turn into balls and leave for about half an hour in fridge to set a little. Cook as for meat recipe etc.

TUNA, CHEESE AND PASTA

250g pasta (spirals, macaroni, elbows etc)
1 tin tuna (generic brand of course)
1/2 cup black olives (optional.... but delicious)

1 litre Provençal sauce

1/2 cup grated cheese

1 tblspn Parmiasan cheese (if you have none, add more grated cheese)

METHOD:

Cook Pasta according to instructions, wash in cold water and drain. Leave aside. Heat provençal sauce in a large saucepan. Add olives and cheese, plus a splash of red wine if you have any left.....

Continue simmering for about 15 minutes, add pasta and turn off heat. Leave for about five minutes and then serve with hot bread and salad.

COST: [approx \$5 for four to six serves]

GARDENER'S PIE

1/2 litre Provençal Sauce

1/2 pkt Sanitarium Vita-Burger (Prepared according to packet, rinsed and fully drained)

Dash of red wine (optional)

1 cup frozen peas

1 cup diced and blanched carrots

1 to 2 cups of any other vegie scraps or leftovers, (like its meat counterpart, 'Shepherd's Pie' this dish makes the best use of such items)

2 tblspns corn flour, mixed to a paste with some water

TOPPING;

3 TO 4 med potatoes

1 dstpn butter

pepper and salt to taste

dash of milk or cream (optional)

1 large egg, beaten

sprinkle of breadcrumbs

1/2 cup grated cheese (optional)

pinch of paprika (optional)

METHOD;

Heat provençal sauce to simmer and add Vita-burger. Stir in wine. Simmer for 10-15 minutes, stirring occasionally, then add the vegetables. Cook for a further 10 mins, adding a little water if the mixture begins to stick. Add the cornflour paste and mix well. Turn off heat and leave to cool while preparing the topping.

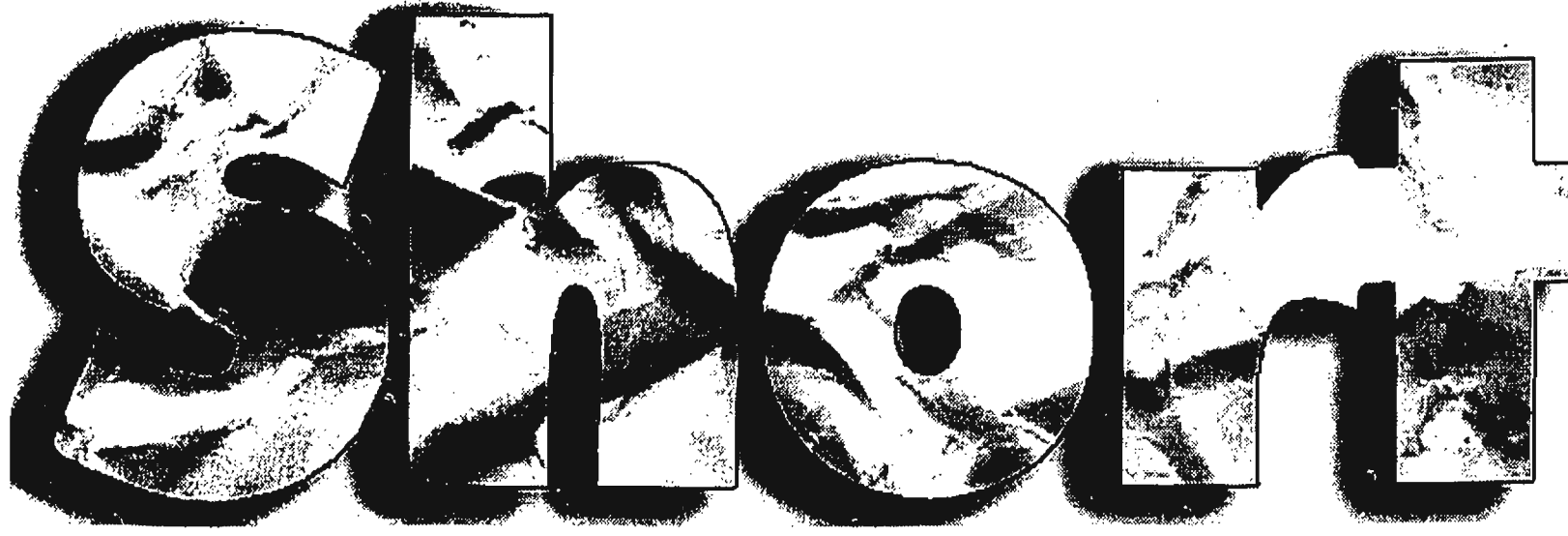
Boil, drain and mash potatoes with the butter and cream/milk to a smooth consistency.

Turn base mixture into a casserole dish and top with potato. Sprinke with cheese, and breadcrumbs. Top with paprika. Bake in moderate oven (180-200 degrees) for about 30 mins or until topping is golden brown.

Serve with salad and crusty bread, washed down with a good red wine or two. [COST; approx \$5.00 for 5-6 large serves]

VEGETARIAN INFO ON THE INTERNET

E-MAIL : veggie@honors.indiana.edu



Portrait of a Patient

The slanting rays of afternoon sunlight shone into the corridor of St Catherine's Home on the last day that I saw 73 year old Mrs Rose Van Huet, as she tottered towards the garden supported by a nurse.

The zephyrs danced through the open window, carrying the faint haunting perfume of lilac blossoms, tousling the fine wisps of snow-white hair which fell about her face. Her hair was drained of all colour, save a few streaks of bleached grey and was piled carefully into a billowing bun. She had a determined look on her face, which was delicately carved into a few microscopic wrinkles, worn into her olive skin by worry, anxiety and time, but they were hardly noticeable and gave the impression she was decades younger. Her tea-tinted eyes reflected the courageous woman she was, one who had an entire lifetime of experiences, both happy and poignant, sad and bewildered, satisfying and rewarding. By watching her gaze, one had the false impression that her dreams lay shattered about her as though she had had an eternal struggle with fate, and gave up, whereas in actual fact, she was completely satisfied by her life accomplishments. For she was a woman who had seen horrific inhumane deeds in Nazi camps and had emerged unscathed. Rose's heavy German accent disguised her wheezy voice as she mumbled stories from her poignant Jewish childhood, feverently wishing she could once again be in the company of those dear to her. She was clad in a prickly woollen dressing gown hastily wrapped over a faded floral print dress. An aroma of apple-blossom perfume intermingled with sweat emitted faintly from her. One withered hand gripped a pine walking stick, her white knuckles emphasising the passion with which she spoke, while the other hand lay in the supple palm of Sister Hazel.

Hitherto, I had never seen Hazel Shirley, but could dis-

tinguish her by her radiant, sincere smile which lay upon her full, coral parted lips, allowing a glimpse of even white teeth. Never had I seen dimples such as hers, which seemed to draw the boundaries of her smile. Hazel was a sprightly girl in her twenties, and found delight in helping others. Her chestnut brown hair was close cropped, and fluffed at the front. She was a tall, well proportioned girl, and standing by Mrs Huet, whose elderly stature slightly stooped, gave a clear juxtaposition between youth and old age. Her pale, ivory forehead was minutely dotted with faint freckles. The blue rimmed glasses perilously straddled on her hawk-like nose and framed her darting eyes. They were a mixture of green sprinkled with blue and reminded the observer of the different hues of the ocean when the tide comes in and out because her eyes also cast an identical play of light when different moods presented themselves. However, I also distinguished marks of sadness - the single groove engraved into her forehead, and the burn mark, partially hidden by her high collar. Obviously, she had also suffered, and now wanted to bestow upon others the care and affection she always knew. She wore a navy blue St Catherine's badge at her throat. Her azure nurses gown clung to her stately frame, pressed with care. Even her stockings and stark white shoes were immaculate. This cheery soul could charm even Mrs Huet's oppressive sadness away, as they chatted and slowly progressed towards the garden, where they caught whiffs of the freshly mown grass.

That evening, I saw Mrs Huet for the last time, sitting under the jacaranda tree, which tried to grasp onto its few remaining blossoms in vain. Most of its blossoms carpeted the dust beneath. Most of Mrs Huet's stories of her past were also scattered, except that one young nurse, who cherishes those memories of her first patient.

Written - by Maleha Newaz



Stories

The Prince

My last ten dollars ... which number, I agonised. The croupier spun the wheel. We took the corner hard. Ten dollars is enough for some booze on the flight ... not enough to bribe a cop. I know all the police numbers, but it's hard to see a car number behind you in the dark. I knew all their cars and their numbers and the devil knows I've bribed them all. It's the oldest established system. I know it's the oldest system because I am the oldest and it doesn't work on me. I'm an honest man. Medachetti's my real name. Mr Medachetti.

Well ... I'm the oldest now. Started young like this guy who's driving me; a croupier in the casino, The Palace. In those days croupiers got trusted with nothing because they were nothing. Same today. Wouldn't see me trusting croupiers with anything 'cept driving me places occasionally.

But those old Greek bosses didn't see me coming. I was honest ... I just didn't show them a few things ... like my name when they asked. "Hey boy, what's your name?" I slipped them a Greek name, "Mavro." Well I had to; believe me; they were old and they didn't trust Italians since Mussolini. "Mavro, can you be trusted to run this 'parcel' to some 'friends' in the wider community?" "Sure!" I said "I'm an honest boy." And I had them.

They trusted me with anything. They could. The bribe system didn't work on me because I was honest and they could see it. Worked my way up to working the state room where the Greeks played. Still had to work in the kitchen though.

Some nights the king would visit the Palace. The reverent old big boss, Mr Vasili Papadopolis; Stoic;

philosophical enough to establish the bribe system. "Give 'em what they want" he'd say. Bitter. Would get up in the middle of a meal, walk into the kitchen and yell at the cook for doing the steak too raw or too charred. Consumed by the work around him like a Roman emperor. When he was at 'the head of the table', he got attacked by barbarians on all sides. The other dons were out to bring him down.

I'd feel for him; believe me I'm an honest man; but he did stupid things. Like Christmas bonuses in the kickbacks. And stupid things annoy me. So it was relieving, breaking that ketchup bottle over his head and sticking it into his back on pasta night. "What's on your apron?" they asked me as I left the kitchen. "Tomato juice. The cook's getting violent and throwing things around." Sure they believed me when I said the cook had killed Papadopolis. Papadopolis was dead, the cook was a pig and I was an honest boy.

I can't say the same for this police car that's following me. It's probably greedy for more bribe money. And that kind of dishonesty makes me sick. It's following me, the stupid ... That annoys me. I'm still straining to make out the number through the dark and the glare of the headlights.

You know, Mr Lennon was right about this city's law enforcement. Money, that's what they want; and they'll do anything to get at it. Too bad he had to stick his neck out for the Commies back in the seventies. I didn't want to have him killed; you can believe that, I'm an honest man. But he got a lot of my people in the White House worried. And when people get worried they do stupid things; and stupid things annoy me. It was worth the fifty bucks anyway, I didn't want the Beatles back together; I was sick of that voice.

This boy has a steady hand on that wheel but he turns it like he's still at the roulette table and

we're lost in the backstreets before the airport. I'm glad I only gave him a short easy job that you can trust anyone with. I bought him and his sister lunch once. He's fresh out of school. Has a good Italian name, Machia ... something Mac valley. Machiavelli that's it! His sister, a public servant or something, called him a Prince. Cute girl. She'd look hot in a uniform.

I sure spun all those other Dons, when Papadopolis went down. Old men didn't feel threatened by me even though I'm one level down from them. Because I have no family to back me up? Because I'm 'Mavro' and they thought that (thank you, plastic surgeon and hair dye) I was only twenty four? I'd tell you how I set one up against the other ... nitro and glycerin; bikers and bourbon (what a sad affair that was); gas stations and cigarette lighters, pasta and heart disease ... I'd ask you to trust me completely when I say it was high class, it really was Art. All from the start when they asked "Can we trust you?" and I said "Of course. I am an honest me." Got rid of them all.

Speaking of gone, so are the airport lights. But that pig who was following us isn't. Croupier's a good driver. We're just going to have to pull over.

"Is there a problem officer?" said the croupier to the female officer. "Please step out of the car, sir," she replied. The croupier obeyed. Mr Madachetti shifted uncomfortably in the back seat. "Hey I know you!" he said pointing at the police woman, "You're his sister." "I'm sorry," she said puzzled, "I don't know what you're talking about, sir," and kissed the croupier. "I was going to tell you about that," said the croupier, as he took his girlfriend's gun and pointing it at Mr Madachetti he said, "Believe me, I am an honest man."

by Louka Lazaredes

COLIN HAY

interview

Colin Hay rose to international stardom in the early 1980's as the lead singer and song writer of the very popular Australian band 'Men at Work'.

Recently he has broadened his career horizons by sliding into the world of film. While continuing to perform as a solo artist he has appeared in a number of films including 'Wills and Burke', 'Raw Silk' and 'Georgia' as well as the top rating police drama 'Blue Heelers'. His most recent film 'Cosi' has him playing a wayward musician 'Zac' whom resides as a patient in a psychiatric institution.

'Cosi' follows the struggle of Lewi's (Ben Mendelsohn), a first time director assigned to direct a pilot drama as part of a treatment program for the patients.

Lewis is bemused by an enthusiastic intimate 'Roy' (Barry Otto) who is insistent on the patients staging the Mozart opera 'Cosi fan Tutte'. Initially against the idea, Lewis soon sympathises with the inmates plight and determines to bring Roy's dream within their capabilities.

Through the course of numerous rehearsals, Lewis gets to know the inmates: Roy, an obsessive, impulsive dreamer; Ruth (Pamela Rabe) a meticulously truly, uptight, depressed, housewife; Doug (David Wenham) a nymphomaniac, pyromaniac; a dominating passionate cherry (Jacki Weaver); a traumatised Henry (Paul Chubb); an alluring ex-street girl Ju We (Toni Collette) and Zac.

As the true meanings behind 'Cosi fan Tutte' unfolds, certain parallels are drawn between the opera and Lewi's own personal life.

So how does Cosi compare with other films you've worked on?

CH: Well, I don't really compare that well because I haven't worked on that many films. It was a whole lot of fun 'cause I was working with some really great actors like Toni Collette and Ben Mendelsohn, yeah, I had a ball.

How would you describe your character Zac?

CH:

Disturbed!! (laughter). No, he was an absolute crazy, just so doped up but he really loved his music.

Did you have much trouble slipping into the character then?

CH:

(laughter) No, no. I didn't really when I think about it. But we had a lot of rehearsals before we started filming which basically involved a lot of mucking around getting a feel for our characters.

Does Cosi attempt to push any particular social issues?

CH:

No, I don't really think it tries to bring home any particular social issues. It is more about the struggle of each individual character as they try to come to terms with their lives. Like Roy for instance, he was an absolute crazy. He wanted to put on this opera 'Cosi Fan Tutte' which was just a ridiculous idea but it eventually grew on all of them.

Stepping back from Cosi, how have you found the transition from a musician to an actor?

CH:

Well, I don't really see it as a transition. I think the two can co-exist. I don't really see myself as an actor as I haven't had that much experience. I still think of myself as a musician.

Where do you see your career as a musician headed?

CH:

Well, I'm really enjoying my music at the moment. I've been solo performing and playing with various bands here and overseas, yeah, I'm just having a really good time of it. Plans for the future, I don't know. I'm pretty happy just to keep going like I am now.

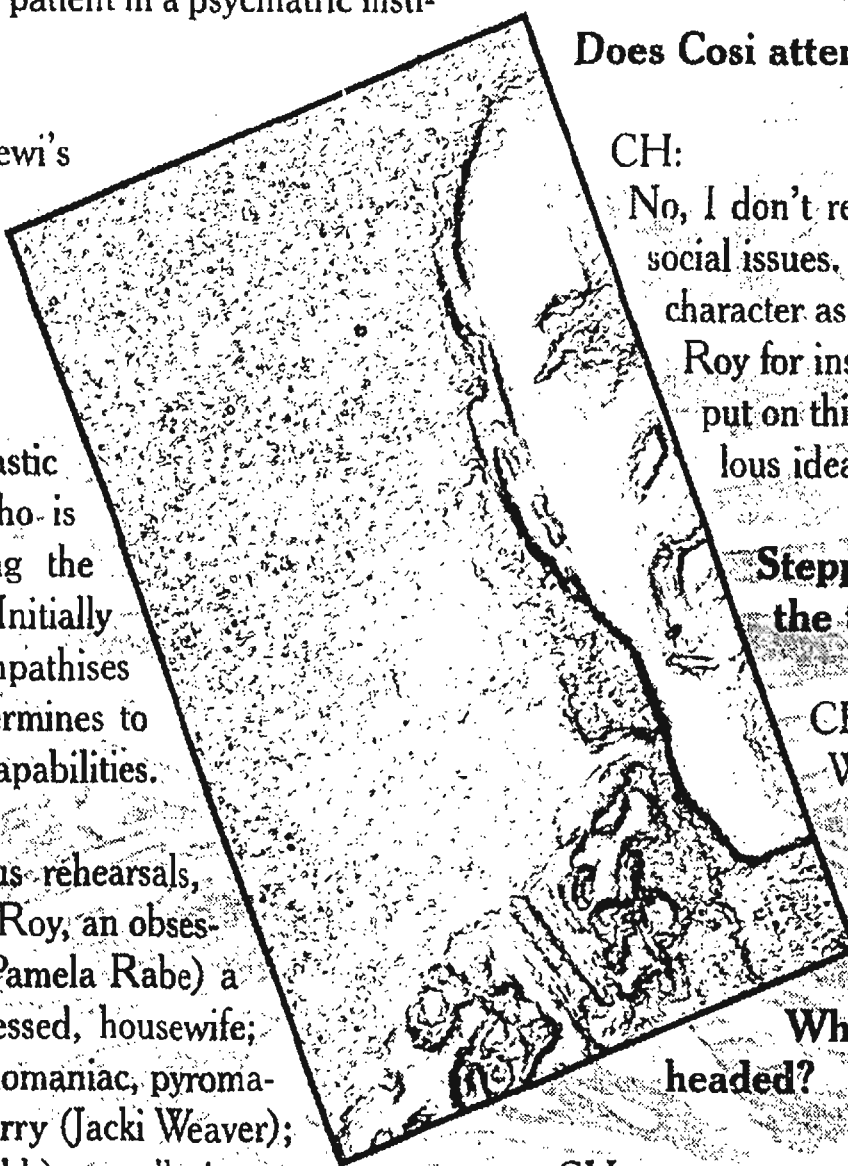
Plans for more films?

CH:

Why, have you got anything in mind? (laughter) No, no, I'd really love to do more films. They're just great y'know, working with a great cast, its really fantastic. Yeah, I'd like to get into some more films, it's just really good fun y'know, working with a fantastic bunch of people.

'Cosi' is now showing at all good cinemas. Watch out for it as it promises to be hugely successful in Australia and internationally.

- Adam Gallagher



U.Q.U. STUDENT

Thursdays
Noon 1pm
2pm 3pm

\$2

MATINEES!

Wednesdays
2.30 3pm
4pm 5pm

A-Z TOP 10

COMPILED FROM AUSTRALIAN AND O/SEAS REVIEWS FOR

U.Q.U. SEMPER

	<p>THIS MOVIE IS SO COOL! ONE OF THE COMEDIES OF THE YEAR - FUN FROM START TO FINISH. BARRY SONNENFELD joins a growing list of new directorial talent in the U.S. and his film based on Elmore Leonard's novel, boasts an intricate plot and is the best film about Hollywood since "The Player". TRAVOLTA strides through the film with effortless confidence and charm. His confidence is so strong that other characters talk about it, they even copy it. It's visually and rhythmically related to "Pulp Fiction", but is less brash than Tarantino and more in tune with Barry Levinson, with a hint of Robert Altman's cynical humour. Standout support is given by Hackman, DeVito, Farina and Bette Midler. 1.45 (MA)</p>	<p>GOLDEN GLOBE AWARD BEST ACTOR JOHN TRAVOLTA GET SHORTY DANNY DEVITO GENE HACKMAN RENE RUSO</p>	U.S.A.
	<p>"A MASTERPIECE AWESOME AND TRULY EPIC " Time MICHAEL MANN directs Pacino as a police detective, who becomes obsessed with the capture of master criminal, De Niro, in contemporary Los Angeles. Everything from plot to cast spells sexy in "Heat". It is a substantial stylish thriller in the tradition of Hollywood's best crime dramas. Mann turns his film from a two star vehicle into a rich panel of intriguing personalities who thrive under extraordinary pressure. It also boasts an unforgettable sequence - a bank robbery gone terribly wrong - that puts to shame every film-making-by-numbers action picture in recent memory. NOTE 2.52 (MA)</p>	<p>PACINO DE NIRO HEAT KILMER A FILM BY MICHAEL MANN</p>	U.S.A.
	<p>"A MAGICAL COMEDY FULL OF COMIC TENSION" Time WOODY ALLEN's new film is dominated by MIRA SORVINO, already winner of a Golden Globe and maybe an Oscar as well. She is a sweet tempered hooker who gets a break from an unexpected source. Woody is married to Helena Bonham Carter, and when they adopt a child the couple's neuroses come full term as they search out the child's dionysian birth mother (Sorvino). The film is set up as a classical tragedy complete with a masked Greek tragic chorus and Gods who regularly interfere in the drama with enlightened comment. Allen's form has never been better than in this sweet, clever, low key exercise in high level comedy. 1.35 (M)</p>	<p>WOODY ALLEN MIGHTY APHRODITE F Murray Abraham Claire Bloom Helena Bonham Carter Mira Sorvino</p>	U.S.A.
	<p>"A SPLENDID, LITERATE, SOPHISTICATED ROMANCE L.A. Times ROGER MITCHELL brings the 19th century world of JANE AUSTEN to the screen in an elegant and finely wrought film. Miss Austen wrote wisely of what she knew well, and her novels of morals and manners still flourish as their homespun truths are as old as time. Overlooked and underestimated and ultimately triumphant, she is both the quintessential woman of her time and any woman who has ever gained and lost in love. This film is a marvel of spectacle and performance and it is so successfully cinematic that the camera becomes the visual equivalent of Austen's rich commenting voice. 1.42 (G)</p>	<p>"Practically Perfection. A rich entertaining Feast." S.Sun JANE AUSTEN'S Persuasion</p>	ENGLAND
	<p>"THE CLASSIC ROMANTIC COMEDY OF THE 50s IS DELIGHTFULLY REMADE" SYDNEY POLLACK has made a delightful remake of Billy Wilder's classic comedy with equal doses of respect and audacity. Pollack has transformed the 50s "fairy-tale" for the cynical nineties, and the key to its success is the ability to look beyond the characters as they were portrayed originally by Hepburn, Bogart and Holden. It is the story of two wealthy brothers, a playboy and a dry businessman, who fall for their chauffeur's daughter, who turns into a sophisticated lady and comes between them. The trio of stars easily takes today's audiences into the core of the original story. 2.10 (G)</p>	<p>A Sydney POLLACK film HARRISON FORD JULIA ORMOND Sabrina GREG KINNEAR</p>	U.S.A.
	<p>WINNER OF GOLDEN GLOBES AND NOMINATED FOR ACADEMY AWARDS: BEST FILM, BEST ACTRESS ANG LEE's (Joy Luck Club) film of the loves and life lessons of two 18th century sisters, who come luminously alive in this richly textured adaptation of another JANE AUSTEN classic. Both must learn to balance sense and sensibility as they traverse a path strewn with economic upsets, personal betrayals and chance encounters of the heart. Lee handles the shifting loyalties, delicate ironies and satirical barbs with the sure touch of a master and Thompson's script is a model of astute and spirited adaptation. The screen teams with superlative actors, brilliant costumes and beautiful landscapes. 2.15 (G)</p>	<p>Emma Thompson Hugh Grant SENSE AND SENSIBILITY A film by Ang Lee</p>	ENGLAND
	<p>FIERCE AND PASSIONATE, HYPNOTIC AND POWERFUL. MOUFIDA TIATLI's remarkable debut film describes the days of slavery and conditions of the servant class, during the reign of the Tunisia's puppet-kings the Beys, before the French colonial yoke was thrown off in 1956. Her film beautifully captures the texture of life in the palace, its gardens and fading opulence. The performances fit perfectly and she manages to charge every scene with a passionate, palpable and highly emphatic presence. It is full of loving attention to the details of women's lives and to the political realities which they survive with courage, comradeship and resources. 2.07 (M)</p>	<p>WINNER! CANNES Festival Audience Prize (Camora D'Or) Silences of the PALACE</p>	TUNISIA
	<p>BEST ACTRESS - NICOLE KIDMAN - GOLDEN GLOBE AWARDS GUS VAN SANT (My Own Private Idaho) returns to top form with this whipcrack satire. The film's sharp bite and deft touch make it a joy to watch. Full of irreverent humour and subversive cultural commentary, it is witty, energetic and splendidly acted, with Nicole Kidman in the role of her career as a suburban princess, who marries a heart throb. She wants to be Barbara Walters and she won't let a family stop her. Only Van Sant could have drawn characters with such understanding and sympathy which give the film a dimension beyond social satire. 1.46 (MA)</p>	<p>NICOLE KIDMAN MATT DILLON directed by GUS VAN SANT TO DIE FOR</p>	U.S.A.

WIN A YEAR'S PASS to the SCHONELL

BEST FILM

APOLLO 13 BRAVEHEART MEL GIBSON CHRIS NOONAN

BABE THE POSTMAN TIM ROBBINS MIKE FIGGIS

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY MICHAEL RADFORD

PICK THE WINNERS!



NAME

PHONE

BEST ACTOR

NICHOLAS CAGE MASSIMO TROISI ELIZABETH SHUE SHARON STONE

SEAN PENN ANTHONY HOPKINS SUSAN SARANDON MERYL STREEP

RICHARD DREYFUSS EMMA THOMPSON

TEAR OFF AND RETURN

PART TIME STUDENT

FULL TIME PARENT



You see them everywhere - slightly older than most, slightly more bleary eyed than most, texts stained, desperate for coffee, humming the theme song from "Bananas in Pyjamas"

They are the students who live two lives. They are the ones who must be home in time to meet the school bus. They are the ones who just can't do that subject with the 6-9pm lectures. Some of them try to do the full time parent - full time student thing (I tried) but it is really %*\$^@^=#@&+ difficult! (I didn't make it). One of the teachers at my son's kindy told me (on that fateful day when I burst into tears in front of 30 screaming two year olds) that she has never known of a parent who starts out full time and stays full time. She says we all cave under the pressure. So of course it takes twice as long. All those full time friends we make are long gone before we finally graduate.

Imagine for a moment that you lived two lives. You are a bright, gregarious person with loads of ambition and a determination to do something fulfilling with your life (of course you are, or you wouldn't be here). Now imagine that you are also a parent. Not that parenting is not fulfilling but watching "Sesame Street" and "Playschool" twice a day five days a week does have its drawbacks!

Imagine having to fit your entire uni schedule between the

hours of 9am and 5pm (if you are lucky - it is far less for those parents with limited child care). Imagine having to fit your entire home-study schedule between the hours of 8pm and midnight. Of course, that is after you have shopped, bathed children, washed clothes and dishes,

done housework, cooked dinner and spent "quality time" with your children. Imagine doing all this in the outer suburbs because it is too damned expensive to house a family anywhere within cooee of uni.

Imagine being able to go out occasionally, visit friends, watch TV and listen to music just because you want to. Oh, sorry, you don't have to imagine that. We do.

Parents who study choose to do so, because we want more out of life, something extra. We want to be good role-models for our children, have the luxury of being able to provide for them and put something back into society. Be good to us: we are your parents, your friends parents, the parents of the kids across the road, the parents of the kid you babysit (at exorbitant rates!). We are students, but unlike most of you, we live two lives.

Rachael Hooper



The R.E. ... first and always

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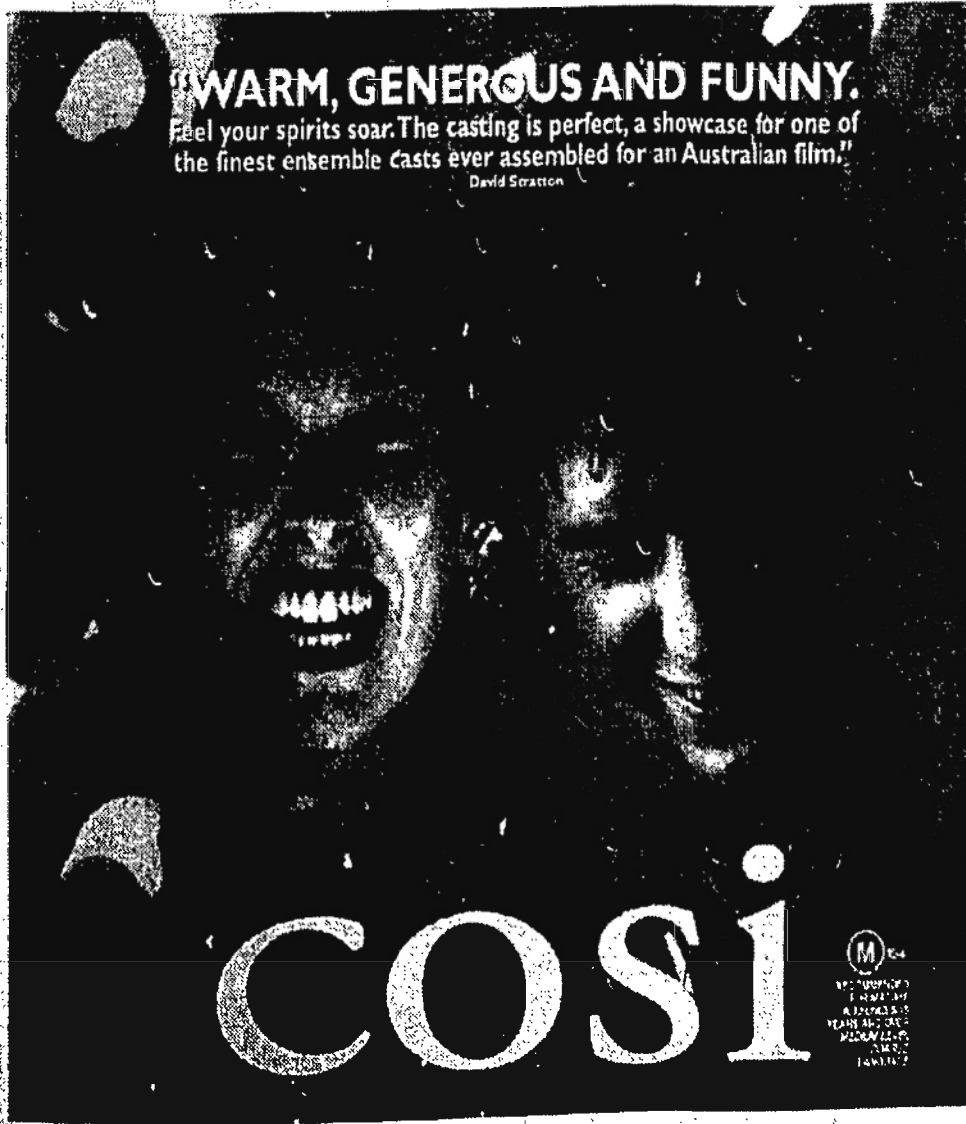
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ASSEMBLED
FOR AN
AUSTRALIAN
MOVIE**

**Wed 20th March
Schonell Premier
Screening Free Tickets
from Activities,
Union Complex**

20th March
Band - Chalk
Venue - Pizza Cafe
Time - Lunch time
FREE

20th March
Premier screening of Cosi at the Schonell
Theatre. Activities has 400 free tickets
to give away.
FREE

29th March
Sidewinder on stage 9pm
Support Melniks and Chopper Division
Doors open 6pm
The Holt Room
\$5/\$6

17th April
Band - Alchemy's Virtue
Venue - Pizza Cafe
Time - Lunch time
FREE

19th April
Jazzniks
Pizza Cafe in the evening
FREE

24th April
Concert at Pizza Cafe - lunch time
FREE

45

President's Report

Hi and welcome once again to another edition of Semper!

The year has got off to a great start with your "Action" union working actively to represent you and to spend your money so that your money works for YOU!

From various reports that we have received, O' Week was the best and biggest ever, which is exactly what we promised you during elections. The fun has since continued with free BBQ's and bands at the Rec Club and these are set to continue so that you have an escape from tedious lectures and study during the day.

In other areas, your "Action" union has confronted Administration Heads on a series of matters which would have been detrimental to students if they had been ignored, as has happened in the past. I, myself am conducting consultation with the Vice-Chancellor and the Secretary-Registrar on a regular basis in order to discuss student issues and to come up with solutions in order to make uni life easy and enjoyable for you. Negotiations and tactics have begun in regards to the objectives of achieving half price bus fares, more parking, more bikeways, and confronting other serious traffic problems.

A feasibility study is currently being undertaken in regards to the establishment of a student bar as an alternative to the Rec Club when it inevitably closes. Funding to Clubs and Societies has increased from last year and we are working in co-ordination with Inter-College Council and individual colleges.

Finally, your Action Union Executive is actively and committedly representing you and using your funds specifically for your benefit. So get out there and be involved and participate max so that you experience the true joys of uni and your union.

Jodie Thompson - President

Welfare

It's two weeks after O' Week and all is well in the Welfare Area! No-one can deny the success of O' Week, especially considering it was a bit of a rush job due to stubborn lefties.

More specifically, an ad placed in South West News asking for information on the availability of emergency accommodation for university students has resulted in a accommodation data base explosion. Hopefully, not too many of you will be sleeping under the stars. In addition, anyone who has been down to the board opposite the union shop, would become aware of an overwhelming looming presence that is the Employment Service Notice board. (Read. There are lots of job positions for students.) Thanks Zoe! And Remember you can come up to register with Zoe at any time if you are looking for a job.

Later on in the month, transport (March 25 - March 29) will hopefully end the leftie union tradition of too much too little action on transport. We have already been in contact with Brisbane bus lines regarding an alternative half price bus service. Hopefully, we can bully that stumbling, stuttering Soorly into making life for public transport dependent students a tad less dismal. While Soorly is running around saying how fantastic his bloody tree line boulevards are, students are suffering. Perhaps we should go get a job.

And remember, if you support establishing a CES on campus, or you can see the value of having a parenting room on campus, or half price bus fares, come up to the union admin to sign one of our numerous and controversial petitions. But be careful ...

Thanks all folks!

Kathleen Vromans

Welfare VP

General Vice-President's Report

My mission, which I stupidly chose to accept, was to whip up a Union Diary in six weeks (as opposed to last year's two and a half months) with a budget of \$35,000 (as opposed to last year's \$58,000). That gave me a bit of a giggle as I knew that was bloody impossible. As it turns out, I was thoroughly wrong and things turned out quite well.

The first three weeks were an absolute blur, but somehow I remember the following:

1. My colleague Mr Cavanagh suggested we combine the Alternative Handbook with the Diary. I agreed because it meant more students had access to it and it was an easier reference (it probably also had a little to do with the extra \$8,000 the Education Area gave us towards the budget).
2. Too many Mars Bars, Cokes and cigarettes in the Venue thanks to O-Week Director Russell Thomas.

Anyway, I hope you are enjoying your Student Log and appreciate both the three weeks I seem to have misplaced and, compared to last years figures for the Diary and the Handbook, the \$24,000 we saved of your cash. If you still haven't got a diary, get one from admin upstairs in the Union Building.

46 Moving right along, I went full-time to help out with the shitkicking work for O-Week and still managed to have a blast. Hey, if it wasn't for me putting the bins around the RNA grounds for Toga WHERE WOULD YOUR RUBBISH HAVE GONE? Well, I don't have much else to say except sorry for the delay at the Union BBQ on Market Day, but the cows refused to die.

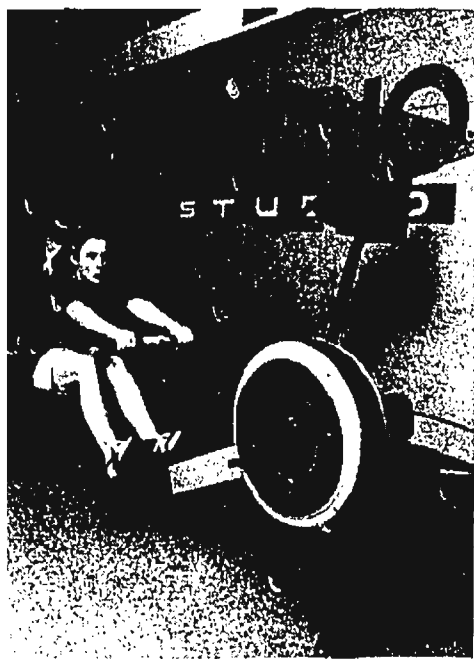
Ciao for now, Heidi Pietzner



The Sports Page

Interfaculty Sport Competition - 1996

Interfaculty Sport has a long tradition at the University Of Queensland. Since 1911, faculties have competed in an atmosphere of friendly rivalry in a bid to secure the Interfaculty Cup. This year the Interfaculty Cup will be contested by more than 15 faculties across eight sporting disciplines. Semester 1 sports include: mixed volleyball, mixed softball, Australian Rules football and mixed soccer.



Semester 2 sports include:

mixed basketball, women's netball, men's rugby seven's and mixed touch.

Traditional sporting carnivals encompassing athletics (Wednesday, April 24), cross country (Thursday, August 1) and swimming (Wednesday, October 16) will remain an integral part of interfaculty sport. Added to this year's interfaculty calendar will be the Subway Electronic Triathlon to be held on Tuesday, March 26 on the grassed area between the Biological Sciences Refectory and the Michie Building. The event is designed to test competitors' speed and

endurance on three electronic apparatus - step machine, rowing ergometer and cycle. Teams of three individuals (at least one female per team) will go head to head as they strive to lead their faculty to victory.

If you wanting to enter a team in to the Subway Electronic Triathlon or wanting to find out more information on the interfaculty competition, contact Andrew Plastow on 3371 7777.

One World Of Sport

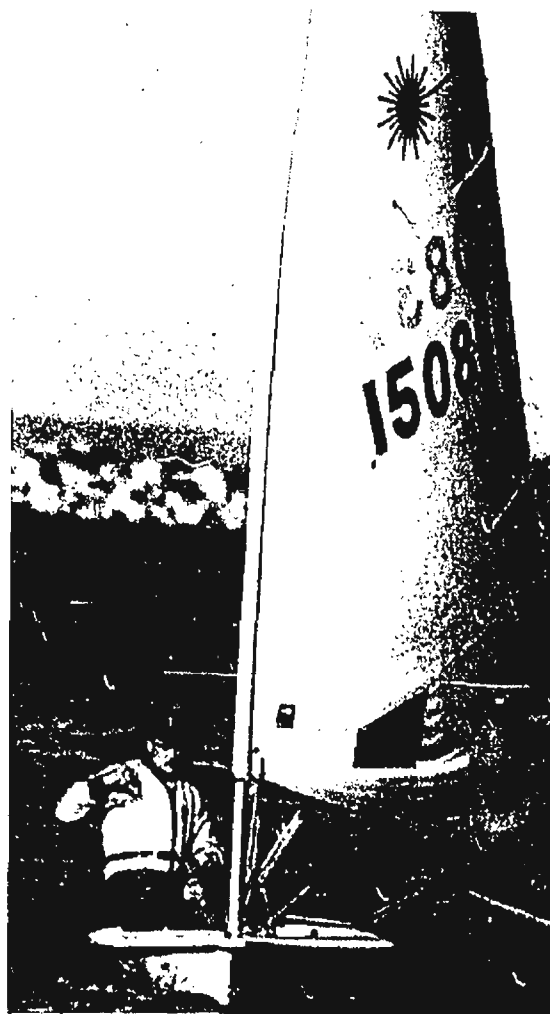
The University of Queensland is arguably Australia's premier tertiary sporting institution. Champion athletes including swimmer Kieren Perkins, rugby fly-half Michael Lynagh and middle distance runner Simon Doyle are past students of this grand institution. UQ's range of facilities, services and programs ensure students, staff and community members receive a varied sporting and recreational experience. UQ Sport is the controlling body of sport and recreation at UQ. In this role, it is responsible for the management of the largest multi-sport complex in Queensland and 41 affiliated clubs.

Specifically, UQ Sport provides and maintains:

• more than classes and activities including aerobics, ski trips, skydiving, horseriding, bushwalking, waterskiing, sailing, mountain bike riding, martial arts, racquet sports, scuba diving, rowing, swimming, dance, boxing, golf, rockclimbing, massage and weight training. Enrol in any of these activities at the UQ Sport Recreation Enrolment Office, located lower level, Mayne Hall.

- 8 playing fields
- 22 tennis courts
- 6 squash courts
- a three-level gymnasium
- an Olympic swimming pool
- a sports medicine centre
- an indoor sports pavilion including 2 basketball courts, 2 volley ball courts and a martial arts gymnasium.
- a unisports store
- a students recreation club
- a beach volleyball court.

- Kent Reisenleiter



**For more
information
contact
UQ Sport
Administration
on
3371 7777.**

BRING YOUR IDEAS TO MARKET



Remember; if you can write we want you.

We welcome whole range of student contributions from feature articles, reviews, poetry, short stories to graphics, art and comics. In addition to having your work being read and seen by over 9000 of your fellow students you will be paid quite handsomely (well, at least by student magazine's standards).

Our next contributors' meeting will be held on:

Wednesday, April 3, at 1 PM in Semper office

All the following contributors' meetings will also be held on Wednesdays at 1 PM:

May 29

July 3

July 31

August 28

If you don't have time or inclination to come to one of our meetings, feel free to come down at any time and talk to one of our friendly staff. Everyone's welcome.