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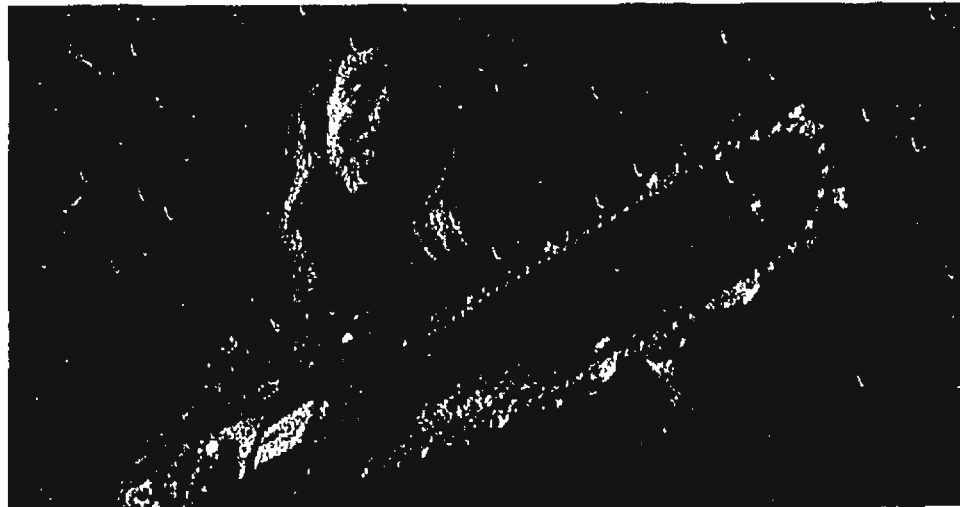
SEMPER

Deens bulldoze last human



The last human being in New Farm was bulldozed yesterday evening by notorious wrecking

crew and department school, the Deen Brothers. The human, who is yet to be



Demidenko makes public apperance

Noted novelist and comedienne Helen Demidenko-Garbage was seen brandishing a chainsaw in the streets of Brisbane yesterday.

"Where's that bastard Bentley, I want to chop his head off and shove his Walkley up his arse," she said.

Ms Demidenko-Garbage refused to speak to us but she let us take

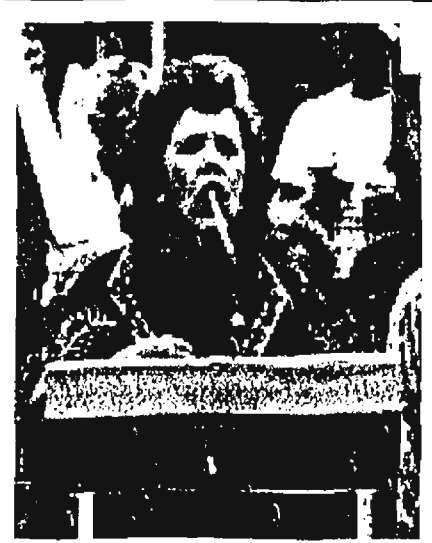
her picture, "as long as it's really big and on the front page."

Ms Demidenko-Garbage is understood to be working on a new novel, about the Spanish conquest of the Aztecs.

She is changing her name to Helen Montezuma in preparation.

identified, was obstructing the construction of the new memorial garden for Ed Casey's leg on the old Wool Store site.

Also planned for the new site are a casino, a bingo hall and a three-hectare RSL club containing 10 million pokies, all to be housed in the Solar System's tallest building. Says developer Bruce "Grisly" Adams, "it's gonna be one big building, and you might even be able to see it from behind the Newstead gas tanks."



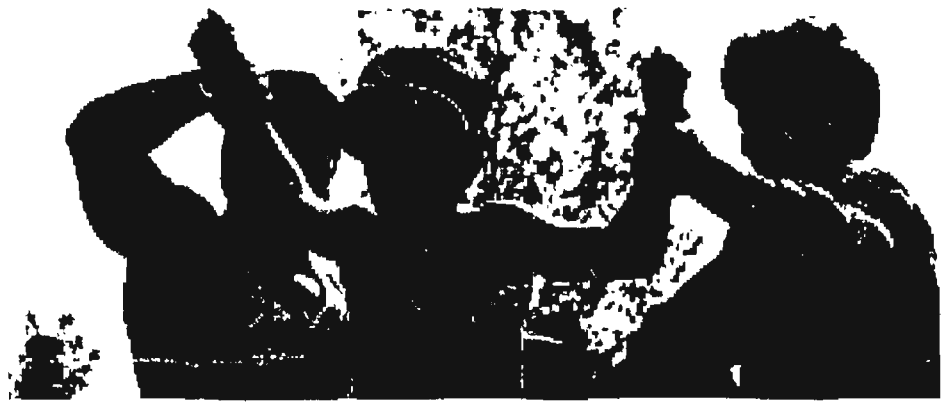
ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH WOMAN SPEAKS OUT

"Oooooooooowaaaaaa hhhhh-hhooooooooowahhhhh," said lovely Mrs Mabel Plinge, 24, of Alma Park Zoo yesterday.

Mrs. Plinge was protesting the fact that she has had an electric toothbrush stuck in her mouth for 20 years.

"It's a disgrace," said Mrs Plinge's husband, unemployed bachelor Mr Norm Gronkle, 104 (right), as he was led away by police for violating Section (a) paragraph (b) subsection 367 of the criminal code.

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa oooooooooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhh," said Mrs. Plinge, "ooooooooowahhhhhhhhh."



Bouncers assist at swimming lesson

Local nightclub bouncers Roach, 22, and Bogga, 365, helped a learn-to-swim class at the Burpengary public latrine yesterday.

"Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhh," cried

youngster Eric Funguson, 4, as he was enthusiastically thrown into the latrine by Roach and Bogga.

Eric is expected to be out of hospital by Christmas.

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C O N T E N T S

PAGES

2-3

Editorial

4-5

Initiation Rights

6-7

Drugs: Lucy In the Sky of Probation

8-9

Sex STD's and You

10-11

Animal Cruelty

12-13

Best Defence

14-15

Bizarre Child Suicide

16-17

Poetry

18-19

Short Story: The Crystal

20-21

Film Reviews

22-23

Waiting to Exhale

24-25

Book Reviews

26

Globo Cop

27

Theatre Reviews

28

Bands: Brisbane's Music Scene

30-31

Cooking with Clay

32

Restaurant Review: Barnana Leaf

33

Reader's Poll

34-35

CD Reviews

36

Colleges: I'll love the one that

37

S... ..

38

H... ..

39

Education with Cavendish

40

Words in Action

41

Clubs & Socs

42

Executive Reports

43

Shining out with UQ on a

44

BBS!

45

BBS!

THE TECHNICAL STUFF THAT NO-ONE EVER READS

(so why do we even bother?)

Issue: number 1, February 1996

Pages: 44

Editors: (in order of appearance) Marcus Brown, Arthur Chrenkoff, Justin Kerr, Marcus Salisbury

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Layout: Gary Burton

Advertising: Kerrod Trott (041 117 4713)

Printed: Australian Provincial Newspapers

Mindreaders: Uri Geller

Contributors: Jasmine Waters, Marcus Salisbury, Maleha Newaz, Justin Kerr, Noctavier, Marcus Brown, Clay Djubal, Arther Chrenkoff, Andrew Duguid, Chrissa Georgiades, Helen Zelinski, George, Annatalja Dankovich, Mike O'Toole, K.W., Kerry Alyssa Woodcock, Nick, Victoria, Adam Gallagher, Walt, D.B., Ami Lee, Collette du Montier, Sebastian, S.

"Semper Floreat" is brought to you by the University of Queensland Student Union (or so they say; the truth is we are merely a front for an insidious group of Elvis impersonators who want to take over the world. They have been known through history as the Knights Templars, the Illuminati, Home Brewers Association of Queensland, the CIA and the Really-Bad-People-Who- -Want-To-Take-Over-The-World Society). Our publisher is Her Majesty Jody Thompson. She is responsible for everything. Honest.

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By foot: we are told we are situated within the Union Complex. As you pass by the Main Refec go down the stairs and turn right (always); go past the Commonwealth Bank and the Bike Shop. You'll find us squeezed between the Finances and Clubs'n'Socs.

By teleportation: Beam me up, Scottie!

The copyright of all the materials that appear on those wonderful pages is with us for the period of 28 days. After that it vests in the noble contributors. After following year and a half the copyright reverts to the Crown and can be leased or claimed under the Native Title Act (Cth) 1994, s.53(2).

We here at "Semper" are happy to inform you that you have just wasted 2 minutes

THEY'RE JUST NOSERINGS TO THE LEFT OF SOMEHOW AWFUL...

3

Welcome to Semper for 1996! Those of you whose experience of Semper is limited to the earnest irrationality of previous years (with the exception of the nice 1994 version) may be surprised to find coherent articles that have nothing to do with marijuana, modernism or "magic." The layout's going to be fairly conventional (ie, every page the right way up) and we're going to do our very best to bring Semper to you on budget and on schedule (heresy!)

Furthermore, we positively encourage contributions from all students. We pay handsomely for contributions, whether they be articles, reviews of all kinds, poems and short stories.

Getting this edition together was a bit easier than I dreaded, but it would have been even better if we'd had lots of stuff from lots of people. Next time, maybe?

Things would have been better if it hadn't have been for the completely reprehensible behaviour of the outgoing 1995 "Vital" Union exec. Put briefly, they cried foul over the 1995 election result (their main beef being, apparently, that the election was a dud because they lost it) and refused to vacate the Union building until December 20 (the actual change-over date being December 7). Acting "Vital" President and 1995 election loser Michael Caldwell agreed to let us Semper Editors take over our office, and changed his mind a week later. As a result of this ridiculous dithering, the Semper office lay idle for weeks, almost as big a waste as the "Semper in Sound" CDs (most of which are still in a cupboard in the Finances office) on which the "Vital" Union managed to piss away \$8000. And don't ask us for them, either: we're having nothing to do with them, and it's not like they sound like anything more than a truck full of porcelain toilet bowls being overturned by a horde of feral cats wielding electric hedge trimmers.

According to 1995 Leftie Union President, Maya Stuart-Fox, the Left are always a "vocal and effective opposition." (Hence the lowlife who wrote "right wing fuck heads" on a sign on our office door recently: nice one, anus face). As long as one defines "vocal and effective" as playing chicken with the changeover date (and, by extension the democratic right of every student on this goddam campus) and, lest we forget, kneeling groins and emptying drinks over people at the changeover dinner. Oh, and bugging off to Melbourne for Christmas and letting the decisive Mr. Caldwell preside over the "changeover chicken" game as a consolation prize. Does behaving like a moral and intellectual choko bring us "one step closer to Revolution?" Probably, but don't worry folks, Maya and her friends will be as destructive, disruptive and generally indignant on your behalf as possible. Lefties care, you see. That's what they did with your money for three years, bumping into TV cameras in King George Square, protesting that all students want out of life are free home-delivered dope and the right to paint their behinds flouro orange in the Avalon theatre. They were caring. Actually, they



did sweet FA from 1993 onward (memo to Maya: putting new seats in the coffee shop is hardly the Dayton accord, and the pigeons never left the main refec. Doing nothing's just so bloody expensive, isn't it?)

Due to "Vital's" infantile behaviour, the preparations for O-Week and all that it involves (the diary, Toga PArty, Venus Rising cabaret) have been set back four weeks. That's something to bear in mind if the remnants of the "Vital" left start whining about how tacky O-Week was: the fact is, anything crappy about O-Week is entirely due to the time-wasting of last year's Exec. As you can see, it'd be sort of hypocritical for them to shit-stir about how their own doings stink to high Heaven.

"Ordinary students" should be informed of the "Vital" Union's behaviour. If the Maya and Michael Show had had their way, so I'm told, the Left'd still be holed up in the Union building, pending a Supreme Court injunction to flush them out. The bottom line is that students have, for three years, been unknowingly ripped off, taken for granted and shockingly misrepresented by an ill-kempt cabal of snivelling pseudo-socialist brats. The changeover fiasco was their last fling, for the time being. Just make sure you make an informed choice in this year's September elections, if you've not been irrevocably turned off student politics by the renatmouth crap of the last three years. I'm sure there are enough sensible, thoughtful people on the Left to make co-operation possible, if they'd only can the Mickey Maoist Club nutcakes. The loons have had their chance, and they blew it.

That's the background to this first, O-Week edition of Semper for 1996. Politics aside, we'd like to thank the guys of C Floor at Union College in '95, especially Kent and Randy, for their support": we'll always wear it. The C-me were invaluable on the campaign trail; and and we'd never have won as well as we did without them or their homebrew. Thanks also to Grant Muller and especially to Dave Bolton, without whom "Pulp Fiction" would be a film I've still not seen.

Finally, Semper's only as good as its contributors. We'd like to get as many people as possible writing for us. We need general articles, short stories and poetry, reviews of pubs, clubs, CDs, restaraunts and videos. We'll also be looking to appoint a few semi-official sub-editors. At some time this year we'll most likely be obliged to put together a Womens' Semper, and we'd like to hear from all University Women, not just the few responsible for the "All Men Are Bastards" crap in last year's version.

We urge you to bring us articles and reviews, or just to come down to the office and see if anything needs doing. Best wishes for the Uni year, and we hope at least some some of you will put in the time and the (fairly minimal) effort to write for us.

INITIATION

OK, you 1st year students out there! So you think you're the greatest brain that ever walked the earth because you've finally made it to the big U? Well, think again, because you're about to go through a few years of exams, confusion, exams, boredom, exams, living in the "real" world, exams, coming up against prejudice, exams, trying to scrounge on Austudy/part-time job/allowance, exams, lectures,... oh, did I mention EXAMS???

Of course I'm not here to tel you how to overcome it all. No, that would be too easy, so you will have to find out the hard way. Sure, you may be one of the 70,000 odd students who wanted to go to the uni, but don't think brains are all you need to survive. But to help bridge that dark, terrifying gap that occupies the first few weeks (months for some people? years?) of uni, here's info you might find handy.

LECTURER SPECIES (try to recognise these)

Lecturerum Haughty: forget these ones, they've got so many letters after their name that they think they are way above the students.

Advice: Feel good in the knowledge that one day you might be earning more than them.

Rating: 5/10

Lecturerum Approachablum: this is a one in a million. Beware of the pseudo-approachable, i.e. tells the class that he/she is available for consultation at any time, but really hates if you make an appearance longer than 30 seconds or even worse, ask questions.

Advice: Approach with caution.

Rating: 8/10 if it's a genuine article.

Lecturerum "talks like a speeding bullet": most commonly found species. Usually found in faculties where there's too much work to cover and too many students for the lecturer to worry about whether or not you manage to transcribe notes.

Advice: copy your best mate's notes.

Rating: 2/10 and bloody frustrating.

Lecturerum Sloweri Talkum: having one of these species dictate slow lecture notes means you are able to write down each and every word, i.e. you can actually grapple the meaning of your notes during the half hour proceeding the final exam. Very rare species, usually because they are predated upon by administration scavengers, who believe these species never covers enough work for what they're being paid.

Advice: take full advantage.

Rating: 10/10 but don't laugh at them or they may speed up.

Lecturerum Speedum OHPum: these are the ones who will try to run through 200 OHP's in each lecture. And they don't like anyone stopping or slowing down just students can copy OHP's (the very idea of copying the notes down is inconceivable to them),

Advice: Shut your eyes and listen.

Rating: 3/10 (the fast OHP's are never important anyway)

Lecturerum Biggeroffum: these are notorious in the Medicine/Health Science faculty. They are usually lecturers from outside uni who either don't show up or are late due to traffic/parking/patients/emergencies like "I had to give Prince Charles a heart transplant before this lecture because Diana broke his last one"... NOT! Inside uni lecturers will never do this vanishing act, no matter how hard you wish the lecture to be cancelled.

Advice: wait for 15 minutes, then leave.

Rating: 9/10 if they compromise with you; 4/10 if they reschedule the lecture into your lunch hour.

Lecturerum Intelligentus: this category consists of those lecturers who are extremely intelligent and therefore talk in such technical language that all you can do is sit back and say "huh...?".

Advice: if everyone else in the room also thinks so, don't worry as much. It means they won't be able to answer the exam questions any better than you will, so you're safe.

Rating: 5/10

Lecturerum Mediocrum: Also known as "boring lecturers". These are the ones who get through the work, do everything okay, but are so commonplace that you never remember them a year later. This type are the people who talk in someone else's sleep.

Advice: only write their names and room number (read " hiding holes") if you think they'll be useful to you in the future.

Rating: 6/10 if you can remember what subject they're teaching.

Lecturerum Funny-Vocum: these are the ones with unusual voices. Usually they will have high, thin voices and nick-names like Kermit, the Penguin or the Chalk. otherwise it will be a low rumble which will make your body vibrate when they talk, unless they yell (more like boom) and wake you up during class.

Advice: Whether it's a high or low voice don't bother taping the lecture because it really will sound like Kermit the Frog when you play it back.

Rating: 5/10 to 9/10... they're OK, except for the tape part.

Of course, your fellow students are not just faceless group of people whose characters bland into each other. They too are distinguishable by their species. You may even find yourself falling into one of these categories:

STUDENT SPECIES

Studentus Bludgeus: also known as "drifters", they are usually distinguishable by the expression of relaxation, a "who cares" attitude during lectures and tutorials. This is the lecturers' image of the majority of students... usually because the majority of students are like this during semester.

Advice: don't let them photocopy your lecture notes or borrow your answers unless

Jane WILLIAMSON



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JOHN HOWARD

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RITTES

it was for a good reason, because they will continue doing so once they've latched onto you.

Rating: 5/10. It's OK to be one if you know how to study before exams. After all, whole uni full of students have passed and got their degree in this category.

Studentus Swotty-Stiffus: You know the type: always sitting in the front seats during lectures and have their social life in the library.

The best way to get a chuckle out of these pallid little people is to stick your finger down their throat. This species were teachers' pets in their past and will continue to be until the Judgment day. The extreme cases sometimes perform grotesque acts of submissiveness toward anything in authority: awful compliments, answering the phone in their office, marriage, etc.

Advice: If you find yourself becoming one of those, take some time out and totally de-stress.

Rating: What can I say? Good marks, but nil social life.

Studentus Mediocritus: These are the students who are never noticed for doing anything good or otherwise. They prefer not to be chosen by the lecturer to answer questions, they'll hand their assignments in meekly, will never leave their mark in the lecturer's mind as being a pest, nor being brilliant.

Advice: It's OK. You're not the only one out there who is mediocre. You are a majority.

Rating: Well, you will get your degree in your hot little hands, won't you? So it's not a problem to worry about.

Studentus Inebriatus: I'm sure you'll meet a few: they're always going to the Rec Club or the R.E. just "for a few" after lectures. You'll know this type well, very well, before you graduate.

Advice: avoid them before the exams.

Rating: 10/10 if they will also pay for your drinks.

I've only listed the main categories of students. Of course there are many others such as studentus feralus, studentus collegius, studentus internationalus. Many are a combination of few above categories. Some students can even change their species numerous times during the year.

The real initiation rites start early and may continue until graduation (well, graduation is only to prep you up for all the other postgrad work that you'll be lured into doing if you still want a decent job). So here's quick run-down:

O-week: each year it's meant to be "bigger and better", but it's really a rehearsal to get you all into the shock of having 18,000 fellow students on campus. Of course, on the first day you'd be forgiven for thinking all students are hippy dingbats who wear dangling arings and tie-dye heads, and get their palms read and buy weird jewellery from the O-week markets, but don't worry if you miss it: there is always a repeat performance every Wednesday. You may feel like you're just a face in the crowd, but that's because that is exactly what you are to the big-wigs who get to sit up on the stage under a huge umbrella while we all burn in the sun or get drenched in the rain. You'll also be barded by the million and one sporting groups or clubs to join them, so be selective.

Advice: go the first year, it will do you good and help you settle in, but skip it the next few years unless you only want the freebies.

Rating: 8/10 if you can survive for these 3 days.

Toga Party: What is it, you ask? It's actually a piss up in disguise...., I mean Roman disguise. Everyone dresses up in mum's white bedsheets wrapped as a toga, which usually ends up getting beer all over it (from drinker trying to swallow and speak at the same time, or by bumping into hundreds of people doing likewise). If not beer, then the recipient's toga may be decorated by vomit art-work.

Advice: Try this for a change: don't wear your toga and see how many "where's-ya-toga-mate(burp)"s you receive.

Rating: 5/10 if you survive; 10/10 if you can manage to not get vomit on you toga.

Balls: these are usually held throughout the year. Go to a couple to check them out, although they do tend to be expensive. Some are hardly better than the Toga Party (see above), but the buffoons are getting beer and vomit on tuxedos and lies this

time, but other balls are fab. Ask around to find out which are the best for you, that suit your task. The Medieval Ball seem to be a high favourite (maybe because you get to dress up? but didn't everyone do that at the Toga party?)

Advice: Don't go alone. You'll look like you belong if a few friends go too.

Rating: 1/10 to 10/10 depending on which one.

Graduation: How would I know??? If you really want to know, ask someone who has. But if you're still concentrating for this long take this piece of advice: you're only in the bloody first year! You haven't even survived a whole year yet! Why the hell are you even considering graduating?!?

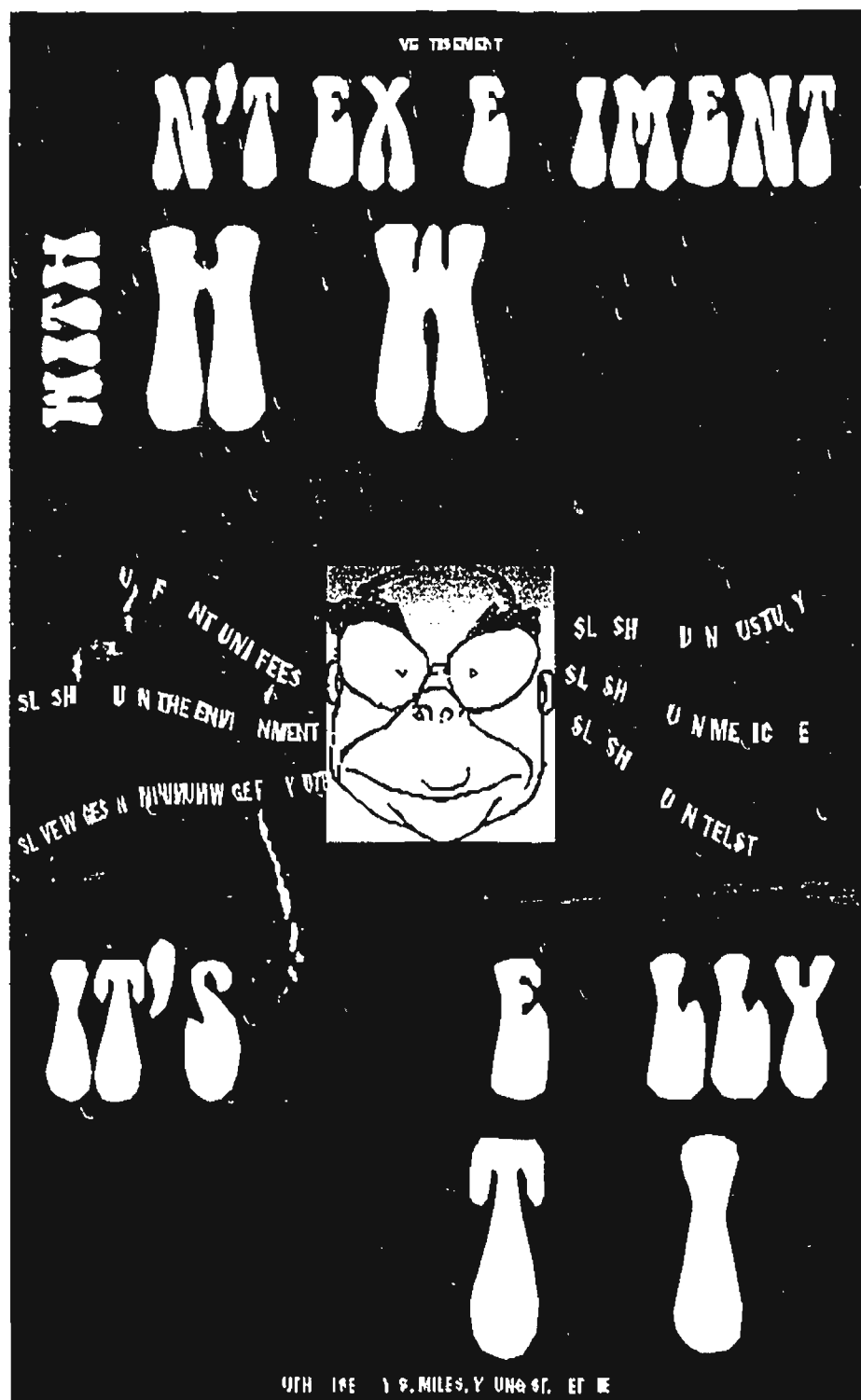
Advice: concentrate on the Now. You can worry about this one when you get to it.

Exams: OK, this is the big one. I know you've been skimming the pages just to find this one. Well, all I can say is this: the first one is always the worst (and after that it gets really bad). You may have a total panic attack and wonder why you told grandma you got an OP of 1 instead of a double digit, or why you told Aunt Janie you're studying physiotherapy ('cos it's the hardest to get into), instead of telling her the truth, but you'll get over the initial shock of trying to remember your faculty name when filling out the attendance form. From then, it's smooth sailing.

Advice: Once the exams are over, it's over. Accept that there's nothing you can do to change the answers you wrote, just pray and get on with the next exam... after all. there's plenty more down the track.

Good luck!

Jasmine Waters



DRUG

LUCY IN THE SKY ON PROBATION

(a drunk's-eye view of certain substances)

by Marcus Salisbury

"...though you can never be happy, at least you will not feel your wretchedness"

-Euripides, "The Bacchae."

Drugs, drugs, drugs. Christ, I'm sick of the things, sick of the soul-destroying, mind-befouling shite so many naive twits stick inside themselves. Unlike the vile Allan Ginsberg, I've seen the stupidest minds of my generation watching the goblins on the ceiling. And bugger them for a loss.

My concern is with you, mein leibchen: all you poor first-year spuds who've been overwhelmingly released from St. Offshore-Investment's School for Nice Young People. Your State School peers are already past redemption, lost in an Etruscan wilderness of pain and all the children are.

Bloody Hell, I'm writing like a four-year-old. And I haven't even been smoking dope. Drugs Are Bad For You, we all know that. Most of us, anyway, except for people such as the vast ranks of superannuated Leftie ex-Semper editors, who've spent years forcing their druggo Utopias down the throats of the (oooh) at least four people who picked up the Leftie Sempers. Like those editors, drugs and the whole moronic druggie sub-culture are irrelevant, irresponsible, pretentious and infinitely worthy of sophisticated, subtle and light-handed satire. Or a bloody good mooning, anyway.

The author George Orwell, when serving in the British Imperial Police Force in Burma, made the acquaintance of a former Imperial Policeman who'd gone native as a Buddhist monk (in the days before Buddhism was reincarnated by Richard Gere as the Malibu Hamster Lover Club). The ex-cop ended up dropping out of the monastery and becoming a pathetic opium addict. In his opium trances, the said Orwell, regularly divined the Meaning of Life. He eventually summoned up the courage to write the "Meaning" in the midst of an opiate stupor. It turned out to be "the banana is bigger than the peel" and that's all you need to know about drugs, really.

Frankly, there are some drugs (like soda bulbs, boiled nutmeg and cream nozzles, you know, the ones thick Year 11 kids get from Coles) that are too stupid for words, although I was very tempted to devote this article to how, if we grew soda bulbs instead of trees, we could stop woodchipping almost immediately.

But no, I'll impart the awful truth about the more popular drugs, on which so much Austudy is blown.

1. Marijuana

Let's refer to this one as the most appropriate of its many half-assed euphemisms: dope. As we've all been told far too many times by various intellectual smurfs, dope can be smoked, made into laced Vo-Vo biscuits, Weet-Bix and milk bottle lollies, fed to the cat, inserted in your ear, used as furniture, trained to fetch the paper, etc, etc.

Actually, from what I can gather it just stuffs your sense of time, makes you hungry, gives you either the giggles or the screaming heebie-jeebies and dries out your throat (making conversation with the stoned difficult, thank God). It can make you feel as if you have a wonderful character and powerful imagination (which is perhaps why most of its users, so I've found, have no real character or imagination of their own). It also can contradictorily zap you into being a self-important blow-hard and a giggling fool at the same time, and if you're really lucky you'll end up listening to "Ween". The misconceptions some poor fools have about it are just as variegated: that it's OK for you because it's all natural and stuff (just like oleander, poison ivy and death-cap toadstools), that it's not habit-forming (so why the everlasting technicolour Hell are so many people addicted to the stuff?), that it doesn't lead to use of "harder" drugs (so why are all the twits I knew at school five years ago who were regular dope users on amphetamines and acid now?) and that (this is my favourite) because Queen Victoria and her subjects used the stuff, so can we.

This is one of the more bizarrely smart-arse rationales behind the whole bog-brained "legalize dope" campaign. Well, mon petit veges, the Victorians also put strychnine in their beer (as a preservative), refined sugar using bulls' blood (they were animal libbers as well as pro-dope campaigners, you see) and thought masturbation sent boys bald, mad and blind (like Foucault) because their semen ran out. Actually, I wouldn't be surprised if Victorian dope use was responsible for that kind of crackpot logic (Semper thesis topic #1 for 1996: The influence of dope on daft '60s ideas like concept albums and Cultural Studies).

Another little pearl of dope-fiend wisdom (culled from one of the 10-page pro-druggo epics in the '95 Semper) is that drug abuse is "just a symptom of diseased and sick (my, what a big tautology—MS) societies that lack social cohesion and aestheticism." Well, good me. Dope's a deep, dark and mysterious symbol of the same version of the dominant socio-political patriarchal paradigm and moralist annihilation of idle people engaged in moronic activity. Spank me with a hand and call me a churlish turnip, hippies, I take it all back.

Sure, dope should be decriminalized: for the first offence, no more. This'll give the benefit of the doubt to little kids who get busted for being "naughty" or "cool" or whatever, and whose lives'd be somewhat stuffed by a conviction. After that, though, the buggers deserve slightly less of an even break.

Maybe I'd be slightly less of a fogey about dope (though probably not) if its alicionados refrained from insisting that their drug of choice doesn't just make you feel all funny, it can Save The Planet too. Really, dope's about as environmentally friendly as anything you could conceivably set fire to: tyres, mattresses, Auntie Mabel's knickers. If we grew "hemp" for paper it would (bearing in mind the disparity in size between your average dope weed and your average pine tree) take a "hemp" plantation the size of Tasmania to make a two-ply bog roll. About all the stuff's good for, really, and unless dope grows in reams of lined foolscap it's going to have to be processed (you know, with chemicals and stuff, man). It's just a drug, kids, and a fairly insignificant one at that, and nobody's going to save the Universe by standing around on street corners smoking it in front of cop cars.

And, hippies, don't go off at your kids in 20 years when they start doing the same thing.

2. Ecstasy.

I'm reliably informed Ecstasy makes techno music intelligible, even tolerable. This alone is reason enough for gathering up all the "E" in the world and launching it into the blackest of black holes. Sting thinks "E" should be legalized. Please send him lots of letters saying "fuck off back to the rainforest and get one of those CD things stuck in your mouth you docile prat." Ecstasy also makes you feel as if you love everyone, which is also condemnation enough, aside from the fact that it removes all the water from your body and all your money from the bank, and might just even kill you (on second thoughts, let Sting have his "E"). It's generally ingested orally (you know, you put it in your mouth) and plays some serious, perhaps permanent, funny buggers with your mind. Or maybe not, "E" being a Russian-Roulette type drug, and most of its adherents being none too gifted in the brain department anyway.

Ecstasy has, in recent times, become notorious for carrying several airhead rich kids off into GPS Purgatory.

The kids have become all but canonized ("promising student"..."kind to animals and children"..."could have played hockey for Brisbane North," you know the type of stuff). This is well and good, but the real questions here have been lost: (1) what the Hell were 15-year-old kids doing at "Ekky Raves"



Alice: What were you, before smoking pot turned you into a caterpillar?

in the first place? (Don't believe anyone who says I was haunting tobacconists and grog shops at that age) (2) where the Hell did they get the large amounts of money to get the stuff? (This is a rhetorical question: you don't get many "E" deaths in Redfern or Deception Bay or any other places where parents are generally poor) and (3) if these kids were paragons of virtue, who held 'em down, put the funnels in their mouths and put the "E" pills in?

The whole Rave scene is abysmally irresponsible and stupid, to be sure, but only as much as those who constitute it. You should have learned in childhood, folks, not to put bad things in your mouth (well, dirt and snails are OK, up to the age of four. Lends a whole new meaning to the phrase "eat shit and die," really).

Of course Those Who Know Better would disagree, "the freedom to put bad things in your mouth being up there on their list of priorities alongside "The freedom to flash your private parts in Art museums" and "The right to write Manifestoes on things of Stone and Wood and how Nazis grow like trees as a basic human right. Mind you, if I were one of those noisome, grouching Resistance losers I'd be campaigning my noserings off against Ecstasy.

Well, if thick, gullible 15-year-olds keep kicking the bucket at this rate, Resistance'll have no supporters left.

3. LSD.

Watch the end of "2001: A Space Odyssey." It's better than spending \$40-\$50 or so on becoming Syd-Barrett-for-a-day and waiting four hours to see the pretty lights on that policeman who's come to arrest you for streaking through Post Office Square. Oh, it also stuffs the brain up: it dissolves in fat cells and gets used up with the fat years later, leading to flashbacks, psychosis, and other wonderful consequences.

4. Amphetamines.

Made in a laboratory like Ecstasy and processed cheese, and just as awful. Fries the frontal lobes of the brain, literally, with fairly foul effects: psychosis, memory loss, the usual druggo side-effects but raised to the nth power.

As I've mentioned, the kids at my school four or five years ago who sang the praises of dope are on this stuff now. Not that they sing its praises, all they can manage is "aaaaaarghoeylurglelurglehuhhuhuh," having lost the ability to verbally communicate. Like all illegal drugs, this stuff is dehumanizing, lllh, only more so.

5. Heroin.

Nasty, nasty opiate drug. Virulently addictive stuff that turns you into an amoral, stinking scuzz ball and, unless you're rich enough to finance your addiction (like certain recently deceased Queens' Counsel with sturdy ankles and self-sacrificing wives) into a burglar or hooker or both. Recently promoted as a painkiller by a particularly silly drug campaigner who happened to float through this office: and stay out, pal.

Most often injected intravenously; users run the risk of contracting HIV, Hepatitis A-Z, etc. For painkillers, stick to Panadol.

6. Nicotine

They're banning smoking everywhere: aeroplanes, petrol stations, the Myer Centre. It'd be OK if you weren't able to smell the people now the smoke's gone.

Cigars are fine, cigarettes are damn expensive and packed with interesting chemicals, although you're flat out finding a decent Cuban cigar these days (they

should make 'em from bits of Uncle Fidel: intestines si, principles no).

For info on smoking and its fringe benefits (getting an extra hole in your neck, etc) just look at the packs, you know, the ones with "dying of lung cancer will seriously damage your health" on them. It's a dangerous habit, dammit, whatever the comfort that can be derived from "God's honest cigarette and nature's soothing cigar" as Stephen Fry put it. Or "cough cough cough arrrk" as the Marlboro Man did.

7. Alcohol

Alcohol's the most widely used drug on campus (yes kids, alcohol's a drug), loudmouthed dope protesters notwithstanding). Unlike dope, alcohol has proven practical uses (as opposed to the idle speculation of the three-bong-hit Thomas Edisons) such as cleaning the car, aftershave (most beverages over 2.5% alcohol are good for this, with the exception of Yalumba Clock Tower Port which stings far too bloody much), toothpaste, shampoo (Newcastle Brown Ale lathers beautifully) and industrial solvent (sometimes known as Nikov Cask Vodka and Orange, a longtime cause of severe internal scarring in unsuspecting schoolies).

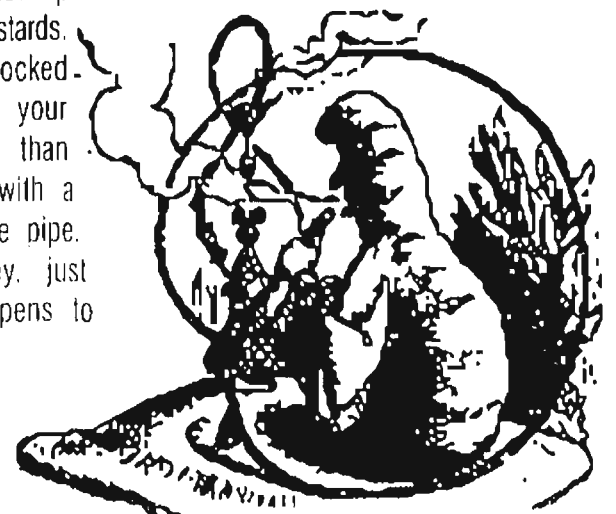
Alcohol also causes the Toga Party, which I'll refrain from rubbishing this year (just for the benefit of a precious little fartarse who threw a tantrum last time I did). Toga Parties aside, alcohol is nice enough if you've a reasonable amount of self-control (or at least know your limit). If you've no control or refuse to accept you can't handle the stuff, you've no business drinking in the first place although doing too much booze is perhaps (?????) marginally better than what happens if you do too much dope or LSD. Well, it's ralphing over someone's bathroom as opposed to the long-term psychological scarring caused by seeing Dracula perched up a tree, lusting after your immortal soul (although I'm sure the bathroom's owner would have ideas on this, too).

Alcoholic beverages can be categorized into three main groups: stuff you'd drink in the afternoon, stuff you'd drink at night and stuff you'd chuck down your throat by mistake at two in the morning. Beer, wines and spirits, and

The bottom line with booze is to know your capacity. If, after two stubbies you feel a sudden urge to tell the whole wide world about your non-existent sex life, piss on your host's rock garden and call for Hughie over their back neighbour's fence, do one and a half stubbies in the future. If you habitually knock off ten cartons of VB and a crate of rum per evening, hang out at the Casino with Julian O'Neil and the reporters from "Brisbane Extra". Alcohol's a far less solipsistic drug than dope or Ekky/E/Eccles/whatever, but it can be nasty. There's a world of difference between having a few with your mates and eating a pool cue at Dooley's.

As for the problem of the perennially drug-addled, we could employ a solution recently suggested by Billy Connolly. Take out a full-page ad in the "Courier Mail" saying "FREE DRUGS: TOMORROW, MIDDAY AT CITY HALL." And then, when all the druggos show up at City Hall next day, shoot the bastards.

But don't be too shocked when having that beer with your mates seems more attractive than hanging around storm drains with a plastic bottle and a bit of hose pipe. You're not becoming a fogey, just becoming less stupid. It happens to most of us, eventually.





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SEX

Sex is a great thing, but as with everything there is good and bad, to avoid any embarrassing detail I'll leave out the good and cut to the bad, and believe me folks the bad are really, shall we say, bad. What I'm talking about are STD's and over the next couple of pages I'll give a run down of most of them.

1. AIDS.

This one is caused by the HIV virus which attacks the immune system, it is transmitted by unprotected intercourse and blood to blood contact. The symptoms are a flu like illness in the early stages and once this passes usually the patient develops full blown AIDS, ie deterioration of the immune system, 50% of patients develop this in ten years, unfortunately there is no cure only AZT, a drug which slows the progress of the disease.

2. Bacterial Vaginosis.

Bacterial Vaginosis is treated simply by antibiotics and is caused by over growth of bacteria in the vagina. The symptoms are an abnormal discharge from the vagina, (particularly noticeable after sex) which is thin, clingy and grey in colour.

3. Chlamidia.

If left untreated this one can lead to infertility. It is caused by a bacteria called

chlamydia trichomatis. It is transmitted by sexual contact and from mother to baby, in females the symptoms are chronic abdominal pain, a vaginal discharge, bleeding between periods and pain while urinating, this is common to males and females, and finally an abnormal discharge from the anus. Symptoms usually show 1-4 weeks after infection, however only 20% of females show symptoms, and 90% of males develop symptoms.

4. Crabs (Pubic Lice).

These are simply pubic lice caused from close skin contact, as a point these is the most common STD, the symptoms are quite obviously, ie itchiness. It is treated by anti-lice shampoos available at your local pharmacy, it is also wise to wash your bedding to kill the lice.

5. Genital Warts.

You can catch these by close skin contact with other warts. These usually develop 1-6 months after infection, these warts prefer moist areas and usually go unnoticed by females as they mostly develop inside the vagina, highlighting the need for regular check ups as left unnoticed they may cause cervical cancer in women. Treatment is by a chemical lotion applied to the effected area by the doctor.

6. Gonnorrhoea.

This can be transmitted through any form of sexual contact as well as from mother to baby. The symptoms are the same as chlamydia and may appear 2-7 days after contact, beware as this can also lead to infertility and conjunctivitis in the newborn baby. Gonnorrhoea is treated by a course of antibiotics and a follow up check.

7. Hepatitis B.

Hep B is quite easily caught highlighting the need for immunisation, by three injections obtained from your GP on request. Symptoms vary from mild infection to a fever, jaundice (yellow coloured skin), decreased appetite, tiredness and joint pains. Symptoms show 1-6 months after contact.

8. Herpes.


Herpes is basically cold sores around the mouth and genitals, transmission can be decreased by the use of a condom, however if the sores are not on the penis or inside the vagina the condom is useless. The cold sores generally appear 2-20 days after contact, the sores may also be accompanied by flu like symptoms. Treatment is by drugs assisting the healing of the sores however this is not a cure and the sores may return if you are mistreating your body, ie poor diet, excessive alcohol consumption or simply falling ill again. Unfortunately there are some complications if left untreated, as during childbirth herpes may be passed on to the child.

9. Non-Gonococcal Urethritis (NGU).

NGU is the inflammation of the urethra, hence making urinating painful or even itchy. This is the most common form of STD in males, caused by chlamydia or other bacteria. In females it can also occur due to a flare up of bacteria in the vagina due to pregnancy or taking the pill, as well as sexual contact. The symptoms are a sticky discharge and an itchy/burning sensation while urinating or you may not even have any symptoms. Treatment is by antibiotics, but the best way to stop getting NGU is to use a condom!

10. Pelvic Inflammatory Disease (PID).

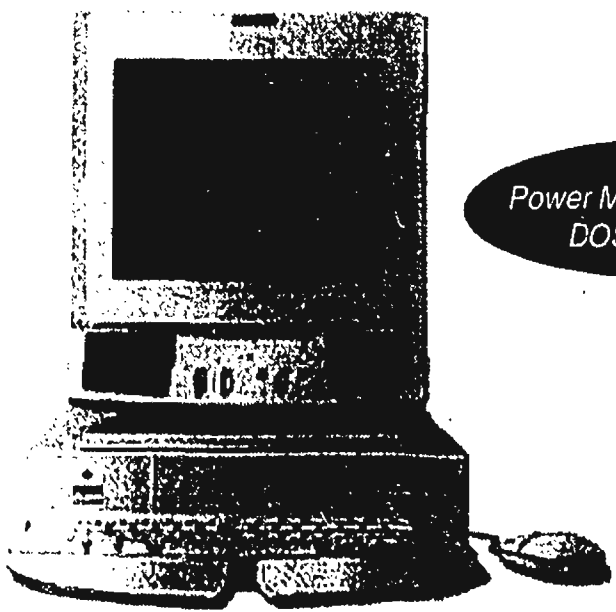
PID is really a complication of other STD's, where infection spreads throughout the pelvis, this is particularly bad news for women as it may cause ectopic pregnancies or infertility. The symptoms PID are general discomfort in the pelvic region, bleeding between periods, pain when going to the toilet, unusual discharge from the vagina, however you may not even have any symptoms. Treatment is by antibiotics, you may also need to be put in hospital if the pain becomes too much.



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STD's And

YOU

11. Syphilis.

Syphilis comes in three stages: In the first stage, sores will appear at point of infection. 21 days from contact these will disappear in two weeks, they may be inside the vagina so they may well go unnoticed.

In the next stage a rash may develop 6-8 weeks after infection on the hands, feet and face, you may also develop a fever as well as general flu symptoms. If left untreated you may develop tertiary syphilis, this is where the infection spreads to other organs in the body and is usually fatal. Treatment is by penicillin, however with regular check ups the disease will be detected early and treatment will be swift and effective.

12. Trichomoniasis.

Transmission of this disease is by sexual contact and can easily be avoided by the use of a condom! The symptoms in females is a frothy, yellowy-green discharge from the vagina, which usually also has an offensive smell, itchiness is usually and accompanying symptom. In males there is usually pain while urinating, however there are usually no symptoms in males. Treatment is by antibiotics prescribed by a GP.

13. Scabies (not always a STD.)

Scabies is due to the presence of a mite which burrows under the skin to lay eggs. Transmission is by close skin contact, with symptoms of itchiness, which worsen when sleeping or playing sport, as well as a rash on occasions. Treatment is by a cream available at your chemist, however if it persists after 2-3 weeks of use see you doctor and it is also important to wash bedding often to stop the mite spreading.

14. Thrush (not always a STD)

This is caused by an overgrowth of a fungus commonly found in the vagina, brought about by a change in the vaginal environment, due to pregnancy, taking the pill, at points in the menstrual cycle, it can also be transmitted during sex. The symptoms in females are an unusual thick, whitish discharge from the vagina, in males it is a thick, white substance under the foreskin. Thrush can be treated by creams from you chemist on prescription, wearing cotton underwear and not so many tight fitting jeans. In mild cases thrush can be treated by natural yoghurt, applied to the infection as well as including yoghurt in your diet.

SOME POINTS TO REMEMBER.

To The Gents.

Basically fellas you've got it pretty easy, all you have to do is always wear a condom, however there are some of you who feel you don't have to wear one, well I only have one thing to say to you guys, you're dickheads. However if your in a faithful relationship and you've both been checked out, unprotected sex is fine (this is quite a controversial point, so if you want to play it safe wear a condom).

To the Ladies.

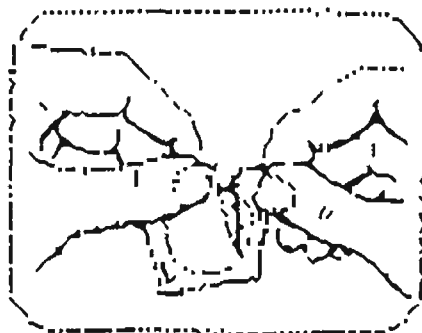
Firstly it is important that you're partner wears a condom, or some form of protection, as well as also having regular pap smear tests and regular STD checks, due to the presence of many bacteria in the vagina which can take over if there is a change in the environment of the vagina. Always ask you're GP about the complications of taking the pill.

To Everyone.

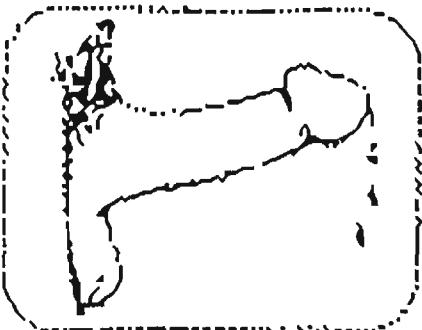
Avoid having sex with people who have warts, cold sores, scabies and pubic lice, which can't be covered by a condom. Remember that STD's can be transmitted by any form of sexually contact, ie anal, oral and vaginal. I can't stress more, the importance of always using protection and the need for regular check ups. I hope that this article doesn't put anyone of sex as its main purpose was to inform you of the dangers of unprotected and casual sex.

For more information, see Kathleen Vromans (Welfare VP) and Cynthia Kennedy (Womens Area VP).

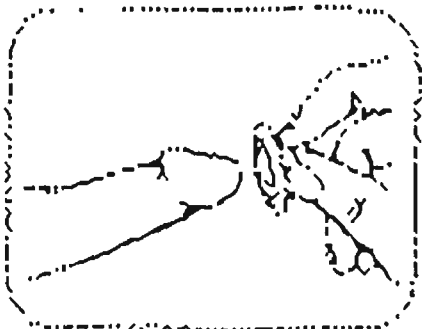
by Marcus Brown.



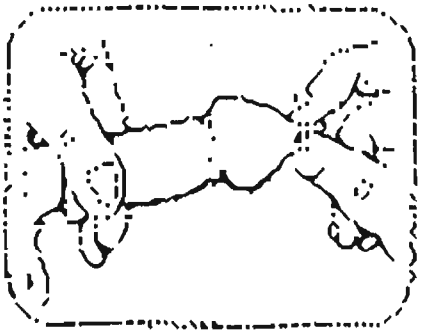
Have enough light to see what you are doing. Open the packet carefully. Don't unroll the condom before putting it on.



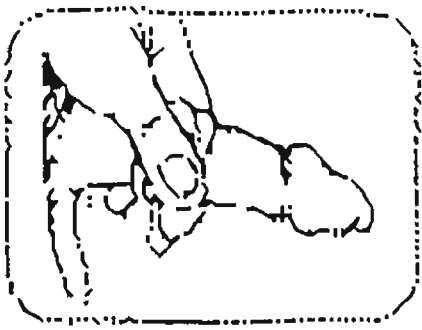
Pre-ejaculation or pre-cum (semen) can leak out soon after the penis becomes erect. To prevent pregnancy or infection, the condom must be rolled on before any sexual contact.



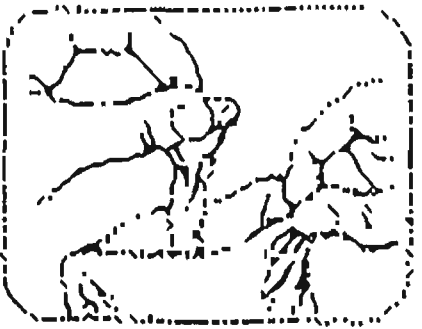
Make sure the condom is the right way up. Squeeze the teat on the tip of the condom and hold it against the tip of the penis.



Unroll the condom all the way down to the base of the penis.



After ejaculation the penis should be withdrawn before the erection is completely lost. Hold on to the condom when withdrawing.



Do not allow the condom or penis to touch your partner's genital area. Dispose of condom carefully.

ANIMALMA



How many people have cut up an animal, which you supposed was dead, for a science practical, either at High School or at Uni and, just at the stage where you begin to think you're going to get through the prac, you notice the rat's tail's moving, or its arm's jerking, or the toad's eye's blinking? Trust me, it's a very scary feeling, because one wonders if excruciating pain is forcing the poor animal to gather enough consciousness to signal the human to stop torturing it.

Now imagine torturing an animal that was well and truly conscious. This is exactly what many beauty and cosmetic companies are doing by testing their products on animals. Too many companies are brutally forcing their products, often in highly concentrated forms, upon innocent, defenceless animals such as mice and rabbits, simply to supply the company with data which, in the long term, is meaningless.

WHAT HAPPENS DURING TESTING?

The animals are put through a variety of tests. For example, in order to test if items such as shampoos, deodorants and hairsprays have an effect on eyes, concentrated forms of these substances are inserted onto the eyes of rabbits so "researchers" can observe the amount of damage. Not surprisingly, effects such as severe swelling of the eyes, burning of the cornea (the eye's outer protective layer), discharge and blisters are the result, and inevitably cause the animals tremendous pain and damage. In order to keep the animals immobile during testing, their heads are placed in "stocks," and to prevent blinking their eyelids are pried open using metal clips or strips while the substance is gradually eating into their eyes, producing blinded animals with eyes leaking bloody discharges.

Animals also have cosmetics such as lipsticks pumped into their stomachs to test the substances' toxicity levels. Companies do this for cosmetic preparations which may find their way into the throats of humans during use. They continue this force-feeding until they can determine how much of a substance is too much. Animals also have to bear suffocation by aerosol sprays while in air-tight clampers. Again, this is only done to observe how many cans (up to 15 have been used) of a certain toiletry (eg. hairspray) is too toxic for the animal to inhale. Nevertheless, the animals that don't suffocate are left wheezing, with damaged lungs, discharges, reduced activity, and often, death.

Did you ever notice that some deodorants can produce a little itching? Now, imagine how immoral it would be if there were tested on the skin of a rabbit, with its fur shaved off to expose the skin so that

LCRUELTY

the chemicals can eat away into the flesh, yet this is exactly how skin tests for various cosmetics and skin care products are performed leading to burnt, blemished and peeling skin. All of these testing procedures are cruel, immoral and unethical. I wonder how the company managers would feel if they themselves were the subjects of such tests? Even if animals can't talk, can't argue against what humans are doing to them, or can't escape their enclosed environments to get away from these atrocities, they have a right not to be tortured for a reason which holds no standing at all. Those are not scientific experiments for the good of mankind etc.

WHY ARE ANIMALS TESTED UPON?

There are no legal requirements in Australia, America or in the United Kingdom that products must previously be tested on animals. So why do companies continue to test their products on animals? Firstly, they use the results from their test for legal reasons; to protect the companies against claims that their products have harmful effects. In fact, when taken to court, these results are inadequate and hold no value because results of test done on animals cannot be extrapolated or used to predict results on humans, due to the profound differences between animals such as rabbits and humans. If one wished to understand the effect on humans, human subjects or cultures would be required. Although, companies know this, they continue to desecrate the rights of animals because they can't admit they're wrong.

ARE THERE ALTERNATIVES?

YES!!! Cell cultures have been available to scientists for a century, and even organ cultures can be maintained in labs by ensuring an adequate supply of enzymes and energy sources. In Japan, skin cultures have been developed to be used in laboratories for the purpose of testing beauty and skin care products. This eliminates the need for animals altogether. Many companies maintain the argument that whole organisms are required for completely accurate results, but if this is done, it should be done on human subjects for the results to be valid. In fact some beauty companies now use human volunteers for this reason.

It would be extremely beneficial if useless testing on animals were banned altogether. However, if the companies who are currently testing on animals would stop doing so, this would mean that many of their people will lose jobs, and won't be paid. It would also give a portrayal as if the company gave in to the fight against animal testing.

Some companies proclaim that a certain product has not been tested on animals, but there are many behind-the-stage tricks that are used. For example, one product may be free from animal testing, but the other products in their range continue to be tested upon animals. They may appoint a subsidiary

or parent company to test products on animals, perhaps even overseas, and then market their product as cruelty free. An organisation called Choose Cruelty Free Ltd assesses the company's testing policies thoroughly before giving it the all clear.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

1. There are many products manufactured by alternative companies which have not been tested on animals and are just as good. For a full list of such products can be obtained from:

Choose Cruelty Free Ltd 37 O'Connell St North Melbourne, Vic 3051

2. You can boycott products by companies which continue to test on animals. These include Gillette, which has a wide product list including shaving products, razors and blades, hair products, deodorants, office supplies (eg. Parker Pen), dental products (Oral B) and electrical appliances (Braun).

By not buying any of Gillette's products, even the products such as Parker Pen which although they aren't tested on animals, buying them would continue to fund Gillette's behaviour.

Some companies eg. Chanel and Clinique, refuse to be investigated. As there is distinct marketing advantage to having cruelty free products, one wonders what they have to lose.

3. Write to companies which continue to test on animals, explaining why you are boycotting all their products.
4. Write to politicians (especially on the state level) to push for reform about this issue.
5. Speak out - inform others. The more people know the truth, the more pressure from the public can and will affect these companies, and force them to realize that the public won't stand by and let innocent animals be tortured for a useless purpose.
6. Join an animal rights groups. Some you may wish to consider are:
*Animal Liberation (Qld) 131 Melbourne St South Brisbane, Q 4101
Telephone: (07) 844 5533 or 844 5782*

*Animal Liberation (Vic) PO Box 12838 A'Beckett St Melbourne Vic 3000
Telephone: (03) 329 2511*

BEST DIE

OR HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING

Thanks to the majesty of the democratic process and a good friend called Vince, I am now an editor of this paragon of journalistic virtue we know and love as Semper. As an editor, I get certain duties and rights, such as hacking to bits other people's work (this is very time consuming, so if anyone has some time on their hands, I need a good proof read) and having my own column. This is not an advice column believe me; last time I gave advice to someone, he got slapped by three girls in one night. Really, this is just an arena for me to let off some steam about pertinent issues of the day. So, in my inaugural commentary, I am going to discuss something that has been getting on everybody's nerves for some time now; Froggies popping nukes in the big blue.

It is perhaps unfortunate that Francois Mitterand died during this last, most controversial, round of nuclear testing, for he will now be enshrined in the minds of the protesting hippies and high-school truants as the man (a Socialist too) who stopped the testing to the applause of the world. It is unfortunate because they will gloss over the fact that he set off a total of 86 blasts during his presidency, more than anyone else, whereas Jacques shall only be exploding one eleventh of that total.

Believe me, defending the French does not rest easily with me. Like Al Bundy and numerous other people around the world, I disliked the French before this incident arose. I disliked the French for their arrogance, for their delusions about their proper place in the world, for their food subsidies, for stuffing up their colonies so bad that not even we WASP countries could fix them (i.e. Vietnam), for splitting up NATO after all that America had done for them, for Quebec and especially for spawning Charles De Gaulle, in my opinion one of the great S.O.B.s in a century of great S.O.B.s and the root cause of many of the things listed above. About the only good thing to come out of France this century is Brigitte Bardot. However, I find it hard to dislike them for renewing nuclear testing; perhaps there just isn't room in that part of my brain that controls my detestation for that as well.

However, France is also a good member of the family of nations and an important positive influence on today's world. Voltaire, Joan of Arc, the Revolution, the Code Napoleon and all manner of artists and thinkers, came from France. They fought bravely in the wars. They still fight bravely today; they are the largest contributor to UN actions in the world and have suffered more deaths in Bosnia than anyone else put together without so much as a murmur. They are a major force for stability in Africa; just last year, they saved the insignificant isle of Comoros, down near Madagascar, from a coup led by a mercenary (who was French). Who else would even care? They saved countless thousands from slaughter in Rwanda last year by establishing a safe area for them, which is more than what anyone else did.

France is conducting these tests in order to finesse its computer simulation technology, so that when it's most twice as far away as from Brisbane to Perth. They don't like to be reminded that the real world is still there and that it is still not a safe place - in fact, as everyone points out, it is less safer now since the dumber superpower obligingly surrendered to common sense, despite the wave of peace that is sweeping the world. As anyone with even a rudimentary knowledge of twentieth century history could point out, there was lots of peace in 1919, too. The only difference between then and now is that the world collectively knows better (actually, they should have known better then too - and some did - but the inmates were running the asylum at the time) and the people in power know how to maintain the peace, despite all the peaceniks' best efforts

to stop them. One would have thought that the Gulf War, Bosnia, Africa in general and any other of the myriad holes on this planet would have proved to even the most purblind observer that the bad old days never really went away.

The French are aware of this quirk of history perhaps more than anyone. Between 1870 and 1945, France was invaded three times by the Germans. The first time, they had to accept defeat and a unified German nation was a reality. The second time, the French would have lost but for the help of their great friends across the Channel, those bastard English. The third time, they lost, but only temporarily. They were saved, partly by the English again, but even more gallingly by the infantile and uncultured Americans. Then, France was threatened again, by the Russians for a change. However, they were still reliant on the Yankees to defend them, a perilous position to be in. So, in one of those rare occasions when it was decided to forestall history's repetition by learning its lessons, France acquired its force de frappe, ensuring that it need not rely on a foreign country for its defence.

This is, incidentally, why it refuses to buy the simulation technology off the Americans. For something as important as the defence of the country, would you be satisfied to rely on data given you by another country, which might be erroneous and which you won't find out about until it is too late? France has learnt not to rely solely on goodwill and brotherhood when dealing with defence - they did at Munich and they never have since. As the cliché goes, when you want something done right, you've got to do it yourself.

Their history also answers the question 'Who or what are they deterring?'. Threats can arise from unexpected quarters and they are determined never to be caught with their pants down again - the bomb is the best guarantor of that.

Personally, I do not feel all that strongly about the tests either way. Usually when ever they explode one I just groan 'Here they go again', referring not to the country on the left of Germany, but to the chanting, unwashed mobs to the left of Fidel Castro. And not just them either; even our venerable Members of Parliament are being somewhat tiresome on this issue. I was ashamed and dismayed when Prime Minister Keating went to the last Commonwealth Heads Of Government Meeting intent on wrist-slapping John Major for supporting his European and nuclear club partner on the issue, while virtually ignoring the far more immediate matter of Nigerian human rights. If he so wants 'independence' and a republic, why does he insist that the Mother Country support the dominions about an event on the other side of the world?

At least Keating was refreshingly restrained when pressed to send our Navy on a hostile mission into another nation's waters. After all, we are not at war with France, are we? Why weren't all the hippies in the streets in 1991 bad-mouthing Iraq, when human lives and the environment really were in danger from really bad people who view human rights as another symbol of the West's imperialism?

There is definitely no health risks. Numerous studies, including one by anti-nuclear activist Jacques Cousteau, one by the International Atomic Energy Agency and one by Australian scientists just last year, have confirmed that there has not and will not be any significant environmental damage and no radiation.

Some people say that, if France must test, it should at least do it on its own turf. So, France should explode nuclear bombs on the European continent, with a population density of 65 people per square kilometre, rather than in the middle of the South Pacific, which would barely have more people than Antarctica. There are no atolls in the Bay of Biscay or the Mediterranean to contain the explosion's effects and no-where on the mainland as sparsely inhabited as Nevada, the US's test site. Cynics may suggest that the best place to test may be over some African slice of hell - Burundi, for instance - but as a P.J. O'Rourke fan, cynicism is anathema to me.

Others accuse Chirac of trying to prove to his countrymen and the world that, yes, he is in charge and France is a world player. While thumbing your nose at the world has long been a Gallic trait - and a Gaullist pre-requisite - a crafty politician like Chirac would never commit such a blunder for reasons of pure gloire. Besides, any astute observer would know that France has no trouble at all



If you told him in 1935 that five years later he would witness France's greatest defeat, would he have believed you? It is this situation that France is trying to deter more than anything.



FENCE

AND LOVE NUCLEAR TESTING.

proving its power and does not shrink from it, unlike other, far more powerful and likable nations bordering on the Atlantic. In fact, it is reassuring to see that there is at least one Western country that likes to live up to its word, popular or no. When America - or more accurately, Bill Clinton - say they are going to do something, do you believe it? When France - or more accurately, Jacques Chirac - told the Serbs that the two missing pilots had to be returned or else, how long did it take for the Serbs to find the people it had denied knowing the whereabouts of? Less than a week.

On a higher intellectual level, it is pointed out that it is threatening the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty, which would outlaw such activities as these. This is really the only objection I can think of to the tests. When a country in the first rank of nations such as France thinks it can flout international opinion so brazenly, what is to stop international rogues from imitating them? As seen by the American test soon after France's, the stigma has been weakened. But, it seems to have had the opposite effect. Just before the first test, Chirac gave his support to the zero options treaty, which would ban even low-yield tests that many in the military establishment were hoping to keep. Thus emboldened, President Clinton ignored the Pentagon and also gave his support to it. (It seems Clinton is letting France take all the initiatives on the international scene; it was Chirac who began the heavy-handed approach in Bosnia, which the US later adopted, leading eventually to Dayton and peace.)

However, what I am really worried about is not the immaturity of the protests, but another initiative by the Australian government. Right now, they, in conjunction with New Zealand and some other countries, are attempting to have nuclear weapons declared illegal by the International Court of Justice at the Hague. This is very worrying.

Perhaps I should not be all that worried. After all, even if the Hague decides that the bomb is illegal, it is going to face an uphill battle to get anyone who presently has them to relinquish them. What powers of enforcement does the Hague have over the United States that would make them, let alone the Russians, English, Indians, Chinese and, of course, the French, relinquish the linchpin of its whole defence system? The only effect it - and those powers' refusal to comply - would have is to destroy the Hague as an effective mechanism of international arbitration. Presumably, too, the judges there are wise and worldly in the way that our leaders are not - or at least, not controlled by groups with lots of money for political campaigns.

This is yet another aspect of the level to which this debate has sunk in the halls of power in this country. Surely people at that level of government would have a more mature grasp of the strategic realities of today's world than a mob of green-haired, stoned and unkempt curs who are either dropping out of school for a day or attending university (how they got in I'll never know).

Yes, in a romantic fashion it would be nice to have no nuclear weapons anywhere. On one level, the world would be a safer place, what with no fear of a nuclear holocaust. Yet, it is just that fear that has given the world the most relatively peaceful period it has seen for a long time. Since 1945, there has not been one shooting war between the major powers. Why? Because they are too afraid of it escalating. That is why most of the battles of the Cold War were done between one of the superpowers and a proxy of the other: United States and North Korea; United States and North Vietnam; Soviet Union and Afghanistan. The only eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation between the USA and USSR was the Cuban Missile Crisis, where the prospect of war proved to be more terrible than the prospect of backing down and losing face.

Nuclear weapons are the only things that saved the world from a third war. Had it not been for them, the US and its bloc and the USSR and its bloc would have once more laid waste to Europe before 1960. That war would have been impossible to win; America and Russia are so big, so powerful and so distant that neither would have been able to win decisively. Instead it would have dragged on interminably, like the wars in Orwell's 1984.

Peace-pests in the Age of Aquarius said that if the world's leaders had to get in the trenches too, there would be no war and all would be right with the world. In a way, nuclear

weapons have done that. Like the bomber in World War Two, like TV in Vietnam, nuclear weapons have brought destruction without parallel onto the doorstep of every household in the world - especially onto the doorstep of that country that used to think it was impervious to attack, the United States. Now, the front line is everywhere and no-where. In a world without ICBMs, the front line would be some distant shore, the war would be happening to someone else whose language you could not speak and for whose life you cared little. In a world with ICBMs, we're in it together - rich and poor, statesman and Private, tycoon and worker. As Richard Nixon said, in a subject where he could unassailably hold his head above everyone else, a world safe from the threat of nuclear war is a world safe for conventional war.

Also, in a world where nuclear weapons are could be obtained by the likes of Saddam and Kim, declaring them illegal would only turn the most effective policemen into cutlaws, while leaving the original cutlaws unphased. Perhaps an analogy would best describe this.

John Keegan in his masterly *A History Of Warfare* relates the history of gunpowder in Japan. A group of nobles introduced it and used it to great effect in quelling the domestic disturbances that troubled the country in the sixteenth century. Soon, all was pacific. But in order to preserve the power and status of the samurai class, they systematically outlawed and abolished guns, with which even a lowly servant could fell the greatest warrior, creating social instability. Japan endured in this way undisturbed until Commodore Perry of the US Navy entered Tokyo Bay with his black ships, readied for battle, to demand American trading rights. Bereft of suitable defenses, the Japanese had little choice but to let the determined cannon-toting Americans have their way.

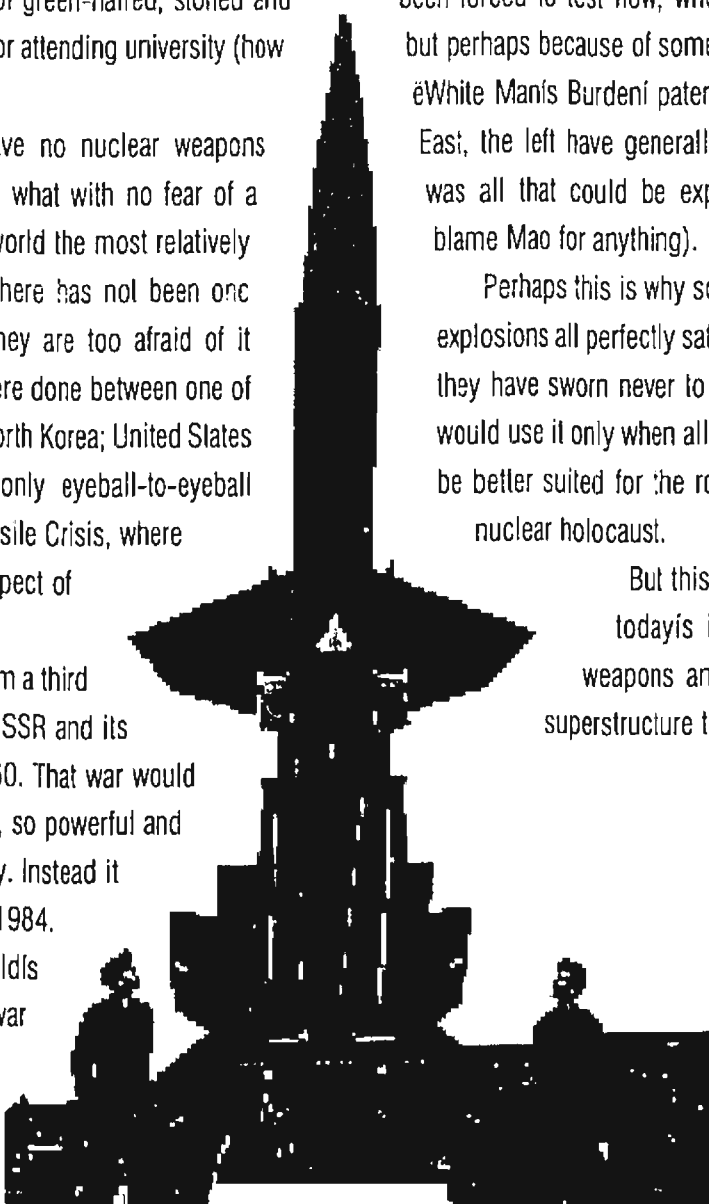
What could be done if some rogue state, armed with the bomb, sailed into our nuclear-weapon-free Utopia and demanded some loot, or else? Are the peace-pests going to be in the streets chanting *No Nukes Now*? Or will they be in their backyard digging a bomb shelter like everyone else? Not until the criminals are disarmed should we even contemplate disarming the police, and even then it should not be done.

I would be prepared to confiscate all the weapons of all the nuclear states except the United States. I would feel resent crop of bombs is too old to be of any use, it won't have to conduct tests to see if they're new ones work as expected. They're doing them now because the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty, which is vigorously supported by France, is due to be signed this year and they must do the tests now before it is banned. The Americans, Russians and British have all already done these tests, back when nobody really noticed. The French, for some reason, delayed or forgot and so now they have been forced to test now, when nobody else is doing it (Sorry, there is the Chinese, but perhaps because of some latent subconscious racism, vestiges perhaps of the old *White Man's Burden* paternalism about the teeming ill-educated hordes of the Far East, the left have generally ignored the Chinese, as if such recalcitrant behaviour was all that could be expected of them - either that or they just don't like to blame Mao for anything).

Perhaps this is why so many are up in arms about some harmless underground explosions all perfectly safe with their being the only nuclear state in the world, since they have sworn never to use it on a non-nuclear armed state and even then they would use it only when all other options are unacceptable. Or perhaps the UN would be better suited for the role. At least this way we wouldn't have to worry about a nuclear holocaust.

But this too is fantasy land. Ultimately, the hard, sad truth is that today's international system was built on and around nuclear weapons and to remove these foundations would cause the whole superstructure to disintegrate.

by JBK



BIZARRE CH AFTER PAEDOP

A few different uses and meanings of

Just like the title of this article, the media's use of shock value through disturbing material is incredibly successful, whether it be publications, television, radio or music recordings. Who would read the paper or watch the news if it didn't cover suicides, paedophilia, homicide and all the other perverse things that are of enormous interest? On location of serious accidents or crimes scenes you'll almost always see curious onlookers and television news camera crews craning to get better footage than their competitors. Would a person in a CD store pay more attention to a CD that had a "parental advisory explicit lyrics" sticker on a gory and gruesome sleeve, than a CD that didn't? Of course they do, that is why the stickers are so popular; it isn't a warning, but an invitation.

What is it about disturbing material that makes it so interesting? To begin with, I believe people (unless they are in the police force, ambulance officers or medical personnel) in their ordinary every-day monotonous lives don't tend to come into contact with grisly mutilated homicide victims, unusual suicides, hard-core pornography (snuff films, child pornography, etc.). It's something that is a change from their mundane lives. It's also "the need to be informed", which is a mask for the need to be voyeuristic, hence the need to buy the paper or watch the news to find out all about it. The news report for the evening doesn't have anything deviant, disturbing or perverse, so you go to say "there was nothing on the news". In general, people have an intense interest in seeing everything and knowing every detail about the offending material in order to avoid being called people who have never been shocked or offended.

On the other extreme is people who see these things everyday, police officers, ambulance drivers and medical personnel. By seeing disturbing material everyday, their shock threshold has reached the stage where practically nothing shocks them anymore. A good example of this desensitization, is in the police force. A police officer often is the first person, or among the first on the scene. They see the severe head injuries people receive in car accidents, they see homicide victims slashed and stabbed beyond recognition, they see the grisly remains of firearm suicides. There is a lot that a police officer sees in a day that ordinary people may only experience once in a

lifetime. The constant exposure to this disturbing material has reduced sensitivity to such an extent that it becomes subject to humour which isn't light-hearted material. In an issue of Australian Police Journal, devoted to differentiating bizarre suicides from what initially appears to be murder, there was a photograph of a young man who'd committed suicide. He had placed his neck on a railway line and was cleanly decapitated. Underneath the photograph were some "suggested captions":

When all else fails go by public transport

Old Indian saying: if you place your ear on the railway line,

you can hear the train coming

I say, what's that on the line - "ahead"?

That's a silly place to do push-ups

Heads you lose, but tails you win

Not a permanent sleeper

He's got no legs

A sign saying

Don't walk in the wrong direction

When you consistently fall "go by the rails, but watch your fingers!

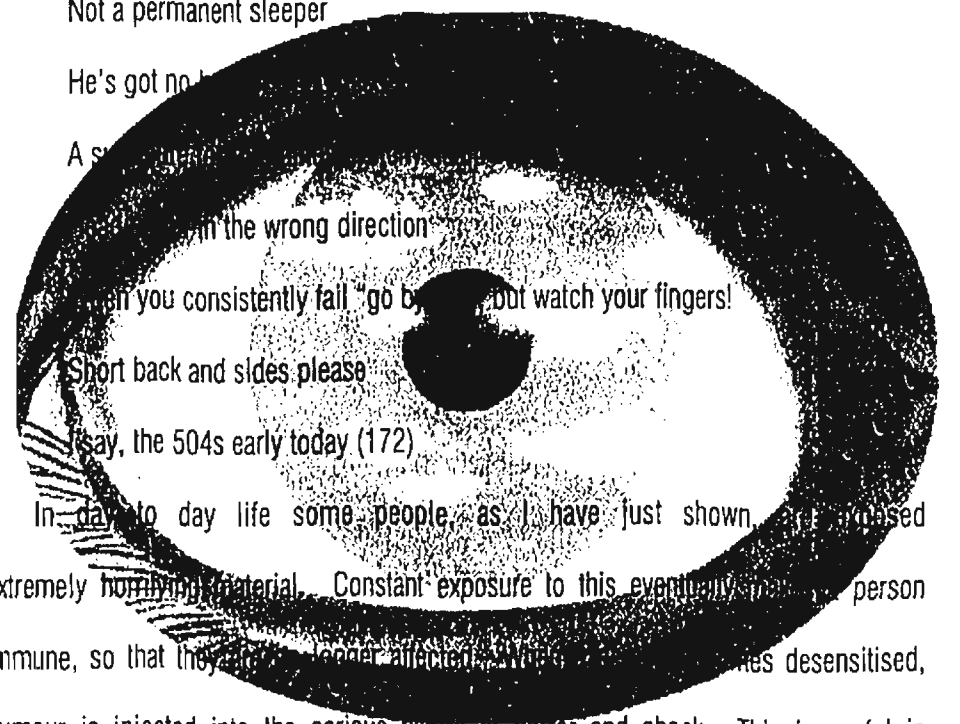
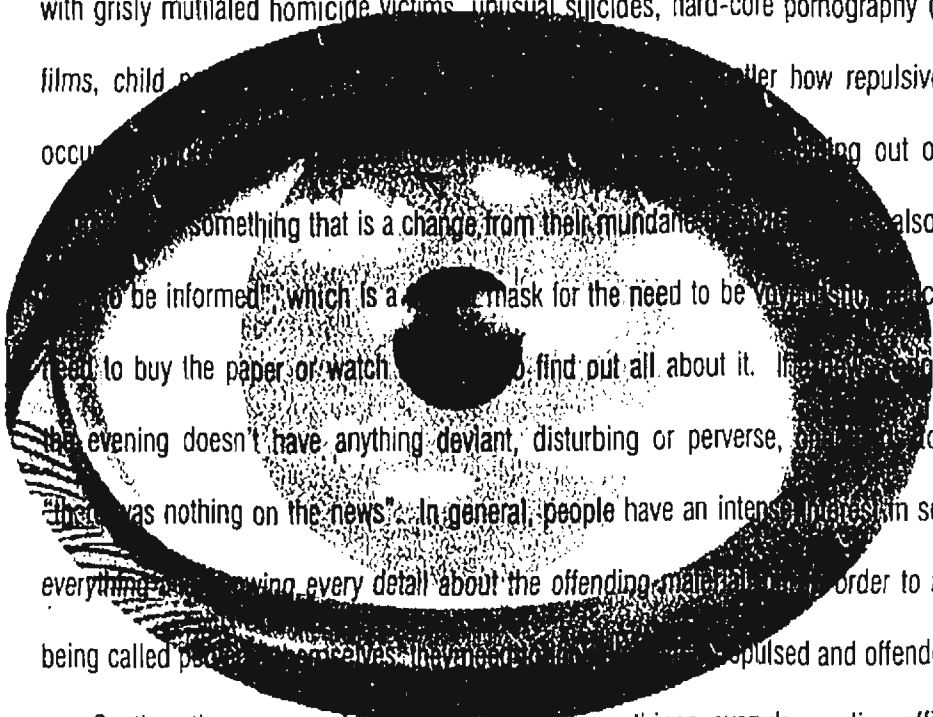
Short back and sides please

I say, the 504s early today (172)

In day to day life some people, as I have just shown, are exposed extremely disturbing material. Constant exposure to this eventually makes a person immune, so that they are no longer affected. With this person becomes desensitized, humour is injected into the serious nature of horror and shock. This is useful in marketing and promotion when something has lost its shock-value, so we can see that this has been replicated from real life into some hard-core genres of non-mainstream music.

The outcome of putting humour into sensitive and disturbing material is that it makes the already intense subject matter more intense. Two examples of this is the self-titled album by Mr Bungle and "The Man on the Wooden Cross" by Silke Bischoff. It must be noted that this marketing strategy has given the bands the success they have today.

Mr Bungle uses explicit lyrics with light-hearted music. It makes the



ILD SUICIDE, HILE INCIDENT:

disturbing material in today's society.

album intense because the serious subject matter cannot be taken in earnest. A representative example is a song "Girls of Porn". The lyrics cover masturbation, S&M, incest, bestiality, necrophillia and every kind of fetish imaginable. This content is sung over the top of some incredibly funky groove music, a 1970s style, with a 1990s face-lift. In this case, the disturbing subject matter is used simply to make the song an interesting one. It also makes the album more successful because people want to know exactly what the explicit material says and they want to see the degenerate drawings on the sleeve.

Silke Bischoff is perhaps a little more sensitive, because it draws from reality. Silke Bischoff was a girl in Germany who was taken hostage by criminals. The criminals did interviews with journalists while holding a gun at Silke's head. In the end the police tried to rescue her by crashing into the criminal's vehicle, but Silke was shot. A German band named themselves Silke Bischoff because of all the media sensationalism she had received. Even though the band and album don't intend to be humorous. Their re-enactments of the death sequence of Silke Bischoff appear as a parody because of the exaggeration. The use of the sensitive material in this case was for promotion. The name itself, Silke Bischoff was so well known through media sensationalism that it made it easy for the band name to be promoted and it also created a controversy - the ethics of using a dead girl's name for promotional purposes. The controversy, however, worked in the band's favour since it created more promotion for them.

This article has only been an overview, of some of the different uses and meanings of disturbing material, from media sensationalism, shock value to promotional material. Although it is publicly viewed with disgust and repulsion, disturbing and sensitive material in private is hungrily consumed

by the millions of voyeurs who watch the news, read the papers, crowd at accident scenes and purchase albums with graphic sleeves and explicit lyrics. All these different uses and meanings of disturbing and sensitive material melt down into one global use - a sales technique, whether it is media sensationalism to sell papers and boost ratings, or the "parental advisor explicit lyrics" optional extra in an album, they are all used to make us buy, to make us pay for our voyeuristic tendencies.

Mr Noctavier

Works Cited Australian Police Journal 47.3 (1993).

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FOR NEMESIS

My heart was born in the desert,
My eyes were filled with sand,
I walked on the wate alone
Until you touched my shoulder
And whispered my name
So softly.

I.

You made me into oasis.
There were no words,
No need.
We created light, Salvation,
a dream that never ends,
Child's smile, wind's breath,
Few heavens for ourselves.

II.

I should have died then,
For isn't it better to die
in perfect happiness
Than to live
And see oneself descend into hell?

III.

"How can a man be happy
And not attract the wrath of gods?"
I asked. She smiled
The smile of a sad thief
"Your name is hubris"
And her eyes were darkness.
They chained me to the ground
And put the world on my shoulders.
With impassioned compassion
They declared the balance
of the universe Restored.
Were these tears of joy
Or surrender or both?
Whichever. I realised
My part, the sacrifice made of me
Was the oil for the cog-wheels
of cosmos.
The laws I knew not I accepted
As Fate ran her fingers
through my hair
And angels gave me water
That doesn't quench the thirst.

IV.

I don't curse them
For they did no wrong.
No right, either, only duty.
Just stand.
In memory Submerged.

Sebastian S.

SONNET No.2

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 are never consistent
One moment she'll be joyful and gay
And speak undying emotions
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 all the trouble
you have made
And threaten to castrate you with a knife
With barbs and barks
you'll feel like you've been flayed
And everything you do turns into str

But men in love know they must
pay this price

So men like me just smile and act
real nice.

Clay Djubal.

I AM A WOMAN

I am a woman
I am unique
I may be an enigma,
A mystique,
I am complex,
On the inside,
my hormones
May be a mess.
I may be weak,
No, you are wrong,
For mentally I am strong,
And with passion can speak
For I am unique.

I am free
Free to be me
In whatever way I want to be;
I have my own mind
So you need not think for me,
For I can learn
To be nice, to be neutral, or to
Be unkind.
I CAN earn.
You need not think you ought
To yearn for me,
And I can yearn
For all the desires of a human
Being, And I am free to yearn
For whatever I yearn to be,
For I am free.

I am a woman,
Perfected by Mother Nature,
Over millenia.
So whether young or old,
Mature or bold,
Simple or cunning,
Smart or stunning,
Ugly or otherwise,
Beautiful or criticising;
I may be mysterious
But I am human,
For I am a woman.

Jasmine Waters.



**TWENTIETH
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN**

You were new to him then,
An hysteric presence inside
A convincing act, a snide
Mock-tough mother hen
With a skin-thin shell.

A veneer in the night,
In the wind-chilled dark
Giggling through an empty park,
Supine on the awful height
Of your supposed personal Hell.

A voice in a multitude,
Elder sister of the arrogant,
Jaggedly untouchable paragon
Who always seemed to elude
Him, safe i self-deluded bliss.
October was a startling piece.
The news of consummations undeserved
And blithe recriminations unreserved
Struck his complacent face
Like a foetid corpse's fist.

Finally an accusatory rant
Discarding your charade,
Your saccharine facade,
And hiding in hackneyed cant,
A shadowed face, an evident frown.
You have become a muttered rumour,
An anserine half-glimpsed smile.

Seen from a yard or mile
Away, like it was when he humoured
Your twentieth nervous breakdown.

Marcus Salisbury

I HATE MEN

I hate men she said
Ripping asunder
Erotic dreams
At four in the morning
I still do.

She pronounced later that day
As I swept the kitchen floor
Beneath her pretty white shoes,
Those same shoes I could squash
With my big black army boots.
I hate men she said.

Then with nothing else to add
She strode off to the spare room
Where, I gather, she prepared
Her next offense.
And when she finally emerged
She came armed with
Two pages of words and
Proceeded to try and make me
understand.

But the cauliflower beignet
Held my interest with a technicality
That only deep frying fish and batter can create
All I heard were words
I hate men,
She said turning slowly toward me.
And through sanguine vision
I watched my newly sharpened
8" cook's knife Poised between
The silence of mutual imposition.
Shall I cut the shallots darling,
she said.

Clay Jubal

HEART OF A MANNEQUIN

The day she cried, ai I make-up
dried Rock-hard in fluted jars.
Catwalks sagged
under the weight of air.
Carefree smiles became
drugged-up smirks.
At society dinners wigs were blown
Onto canapes and sausage rolls,
False teeth were sneezed away,
Glass eyes plopped out of
nacreous sockets.

Under shopping-mall rotundas
Lingerie rotted along invisible lines,
Dwindling to reveal birthmarks,
Navels, camouflaged implant scars.

So many artistic films met mophosed into smutty flicks,
The fantasies she inspired impaled,
Pinioned on their own staples.

The planet scowled under the weight
Of the awful, hirsute truth.
Expectation evaporated,
Personal space became a prerequisite.

Marcus Salisbury

BODY FOR SALE

"Body 4 Sale" the sign stated,
"How much?" he queried,
Eyeing over the bod longingly.
And when she replied
"Two thousand a part"
He shook his head and laughed.

"Why not?" she hastened,
"This body has everything.
Just take a look, it's in prime Condition.
A new coat, and it'll be
beyond recognition.

Along with that, there are extras
Thrown in.
It has reliability,
Uniqueness,
A character all its own,
Even personality and emotion.
Love it, it will love you back,
You can care for it,
It will care for you.

Pamper it, it will pamper you.
All this, captured and enclosed
In this curvaceous, sensuous piece of art.

Can't get another like it,
It's priceless, it'd be worth a million
But just for you," she whispered haughtily,
Looking him over appreciatively,
"I know the proposal may be indecent
But I'll let you have this
Body for only \$2000!"
"I dunno," he grunted,
"Two thousand seems a lot

For a car body without an engine."

Collette du Montier.



THE CRYSTAL

Walk towards the place. I am a piece of darker blackness in the misty wash of shrouded fluorescent lamps. Each one stood vertical, sentinel and witness to the growing dusk. Buildings were shedding detail to form megaliths of dark matter. The sky opened from flat blue into a cosmic azure.

The place of meeting. I stop, the last lightpost my lieutenant and second. Before me lay a road-by-day, which was now a knee-deep sea, parley field and killing zone. Beyond was a nature strip, drowned in shadow, and surrounding were the buildings. It will end here.

I wait. My standard might be grey. I am life.

Static.

I wait.

Static.

The place waits.

Static.

I turn, fluid. Nothing behind, and no way back. I re-turn. No-one. Something is on the third floor, movement on the open staircase. Can make no detail . . . I almost step forward. . . Nothing. . . ? I must keep balance, flow

My gaze relaxes, peripheral awareness returns. I am looking at a distant doorway, where he is standing, looking me straight in the eye. It is him.

He steps out, bearing the flask.

THE SCIENTIST

Say you have a liquid. Under the correct conditions of ambient temperature pressure, and applied electric and magnetic fields, it becomes a metastable liquid crystal, with many potential phases or crystallographic structures. The transition between each phase is hair-trigger, precipitated by the smallest disturbance in the adjacent material, for instance that adjacent material undergoing a phase change. Therefore the material has a memory and a feedback loop on the basis of that memory. It is also sensitive to external stimulus.

It then bears considerable resemblance to the property of higher life forms known as identity. You may recognise it as a Turing State Machine.

Say you then momentarily force the whole system to conform to the systems of patterns which comprise the identity of one of these lifeforms. You have a perfect running model of the identity of the subject. In fact, you have the actual identity, no model at all

I awoke, diffuse. Last night I was at the final stage.

I had initiated the machines, and . . . what? A memory of lights, flashings, noise, confusion, doors. . . opening. . . a sense of loss. . .

Sick. Things not quite following. Was the experiment. . . succesful?

Going nowhere fast. Headspins were getting worse. The stomach pains were beginning to fade, and there was a numbness in my fingers and toes. Bad signs. Pain is healthy.

I got up with an increasing sense of detachedness - my body was working fine but my link with it was becoming increasingly tenuous. Time to hurry.

Things were becoming visions, viscous. Temporal continuity was failing - linear time discrete. This must be related to the I.C. Turning. Find the Liquid Crystal, perhaps it might give some indication. View was becoming misty - frosted glass. I was facing the stand where the flask sat. It was gone.

The mist turned white to black, and I had a vision of distorted tall figures full circle around the glass jar containing myself. Then void.

It was now several days after the creation and loss of the IC. As the result of a series of improbable events, I was in possession of an amulet or sigil of some significance. Exactly what was signified was undefined and looked liable to remain that way. I was about to enter a church, once again as the result of a series of suspicious but inscrutable events.

The church was techno-Gothic.

I entered, and was unsurprised at the lack of rejoicing. Here and there, sparse and lonely amongst the dark ranks of pews, lonely souls confessed sins probably not dissimilar to my own. My thoughts go to them. And return.

A Man is approaching. Clothed austerely. His gaze fixes me, not far from the door, and prevents any further thought. He has the ambience of authority.

You sought conflict - now you have it. The first awaits outside : you have attracted the attention of the minion of He of the Numberless Die. I notice for the first time an age-yellowed light, raining on a dull-gold angel at the far end of the church. Surrounded by dark details of backdrop, the angel is emptyhanded, palms upward.

In this instant, the man is gone.

Time to go outside. Tension builds inside me, and sharpens consciousness. I pass the antechamber, the threshold looms. I approach the oblong of light. Searching through.

I cross the threshold. Before me rolls back the scene below : a plaza, fountain as centre-piece. Light crowd, two people on steps to right, one to left, group approaching, juggler with audience, (search for the unnatural), someone runs in from street but heading off, (something building I turn three quarters right : man wearing suit, face is . . . this is the one.

I tense, this is a conflict of one blow only . . . He cuts me short, just before my strike, pointing. An old woman, feeding pigeons, starts to choke. The sun sickens and spills blood as black clouds over-run the sky, all in an instant. Darkness drenches like rain and a wolf howls and in an instant things are back to fragile normality. He grins, a grin of less than nothing, deadman's grin.

Do you know who I am ?

Nyalathotep. I reply, to satisfy myself. Nothing I say or do is going to alter proceedings significantly. The Crawling Chaos is bound by unpatterns mostly independent of this narrow universe.

We will go now.

He walks and I follow. The consequence of otherwise did not bear contemplation. It would all end the same.

On the street outside, a car arrives for us. It is black, and has no driver.

notime

We arrive. A warehouse, industrial estate - no idea where. I am walking, preceding N. - he looks human again and his dead grin leers at my back - we enter an antechamber, bare and desolate. My attention is arrested by a miniature mouse-maze, with a dead mouse. Some desperate, hopeless brotherhood : the maze has only one corridor, which spirals inwards, and just before the cheese, jumps over itself back to the very beginning.

Next to the mouse-maze are two doors, one is open - I turn back to N. and watch him explode in slow motion - I turn and run : the open door - a corridor streaks past in darkness, a second long - door blown shut behind meeeeeee

I skid to a hanging screaming neurotic balancing halt in the most unstable room I have ever seen. Teetering. A nineteenth century nightmare of crystal and polished brass : gears and strange mechanisms, astrolabes, horrible premonitions of robots, a vast excess of polished steel blades and pendulae, masses and balances and celebrated experiments in overcomplication - and every one balanced on the knife-edge of a rapid transition to a very much lower energy state at my expense. And I was balanced on one foot on a slightly raised landing staggered by the serene malevolence of it. Not a thing was stirring . . .

Except a tiny pendulum, high in the rafters, swinging, swinging, beautiful in the thin shaft of light from the skylight it was so beautiful might be the last thing I see . . . and the end of the world begins, not with a whimper but a crash of knocking shit over oh SHIT

What ensued is : choppy massive surf from nine directions of confusion except hard and heavy and sharp : somethings translating and rotating swinging and whirling, others just plain collapsing. Bits of the roof grace me with their presence as I duck a lysergic image of bloodlust rockdrills; recoil and a megalith disappears through the floor in front of me without slowing . . . go go go! tornado, tornado don't stop out-chaos chaos jump sloop stop run time is running out, I am losing pieces of myself, bits of myself aargh I step again and my foot leaves a splash of blood immediate defence to a weapon is become the weapon the tornado manifests in its maelstrom but exists at its Centre.

And like the weirdest attractor, there is the nucleus of space where all is calm, where we all live.

So I kneel in this Church of Chaos, the sermon of the idiot god raging and storming.

Chips of crystal, bits of gear through the air sing high energy elegy.

Great monstrous machines worship, falling to their knees and smashing into a million selfless pieces/transcendent by self-destruction.

And the roof is a rain from the heavens-breaking.

And in the end there shall be

Silence.

Silence.

Ping. A final spring jumps off into the uncertain future. . . ting. And lands. Who knows where. I breathe. Perhaps I weep. I cannot think. Why I am here.

Wearry, I pick my way through the mess. Gain the doorway. Wander out into to the antechamber. Stare, dull-eyed, at the mouse. And out into the street. It is wide, pieces of paper blow along it, remarking the emptiness. It seems like every factory is deserted in this whole dead world of warehouses. A car rusts several doors up - it must have died here years ago - missed the last train out.

The shadows are lengthening. I wonder how long they really can get.

My consciousness dawns, like the grey light, like tea that has been brewed too long and is now cold. A strange awareness of my tenuous life settles. In this bleak place, even the sluggish flow of my cold blood is . . . alive.

Yesterday's misadventure resulted in minor bruising, cuts, little else. I wonder how much of it really happened. I uncurl from my foetal position and wonder where I will find breakfast. This surprises me, that I should wake up wanting breakfast.

I have no idea what to do. I have no desire to think about it. The wind blows no answers and the sun is silent. It looks like a clear, fine day.

Late morning finds me stumped on the edge of a fountain of no particular importance in the city.

Reviewing the events of the last forty-eight hours, it seems that my influence on the flow of events has been minimal.

Exactly, says the Man, who is sitting unnoticed beside me. It had seemed such a nice day.

What now ? I ask.

You will ask me a question, and then you shall begin the Second Phase.

So there really is no free will ? Oh God. I have outdone myself this time.

Many are conditioned to accept determinism. And in acceptance, the lie becomes truth.

He stands, and in an instant, is gone.

It is a day of flux. The sky is leaden-steel, wind-blown, racked with clouds on the move. Objects are dark but well defined. Resolute. The wind streams to somewhere.

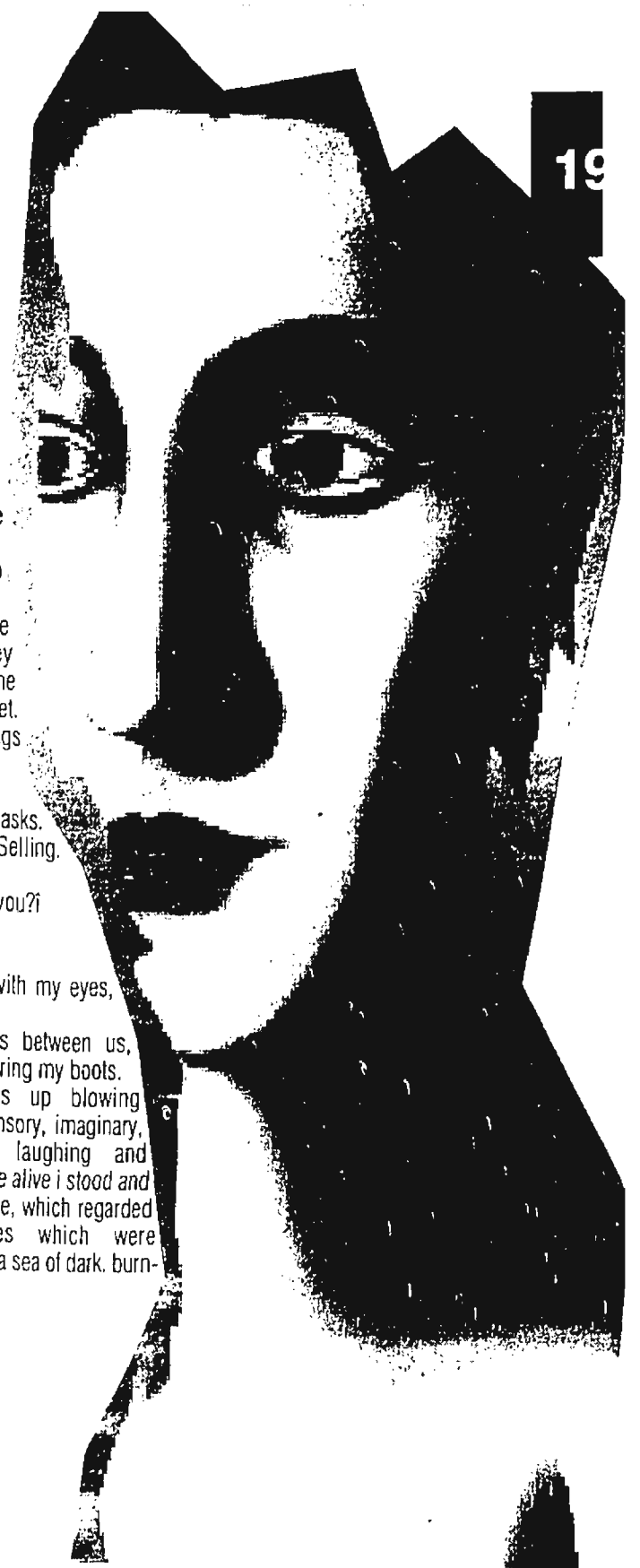
I am in the lab. Before me is a modification of the original Identity device. Call it an intuition augmeter. On a table, off in a corner, a scalpel, a compass, a brass armature, a glass tube and stopcock are in polar array, the result of a period of listless introspection. They form a circle centred on nothing.

I take a small blood sample from the mouse, and place droplets at the relevant sites on the discharge beacon.

The mains power: on and inrush. I feel the echo of this inside myself.

Drive motors : on





Field generators : on
 Discharge beacon capacitor: on
 Pattern taker : on
 I throw the final switch and the blood vaporises during a nanosecond of 4000 amps and 10 Tesla discharge. Over the Bunsen burners the hallucinogens are beginning to volatilise. Nothing, nothing, an overabundance of detail, the minute focus, the drop dissolving, waiting for the third eye, the third mind, the pinprick the madness the vision i was the gas cloud but now i am alive (the images are not sight, but are instead pictures of ideas) if the forbidden fruit was free will, how could they disobey before they ate it?
 (by dint of discipline and study, they reveal the patterns of Actuality) morality is our cross the dichotomy of consequence is inevitable (they whirl and spin, arc and jump) there are no answers only the wave function (they change forever, because that which is seen is altered) each man faces death by himself (gas clouds half live, in half lives within the class 3 complex system) arrows (watch them) arrows pointing (watch them) the merry-go-round, the park of rusted ruin showing ragged bloody moon sweetly veil nacre sea within we lay and thus were free arrows pointing arrows pointing at nothing at nothing, defined by the existence of the self, existing only in the communal Mind, as much as such is allowed to exist itself, inevitably drawn and created by the ascendancy of the Will, the choice not to choose, made into fields or wave functions, Gods, usurpers : the creation of the Crystal is the creation of the Circle, they are mine, yet they control me they are mine, yet they control me They are mine yet they control me They are mine yet they control me They are mine yet they fuck off! control this! middle finger of scorn Fuckers! Control this! picks up wrench and shakes violently Fucking Control this!! smashes machine into mangled wreck, leaving a screwdriver protruding from the astrolabe like the Fist of Defiance Fades to black, w/ suggestion of dull red flames, blurred and obscured

A vision : a circle of dark figures, tall, unmoving, draped in robes dull and haggard. At the centre, on a shapeless pedestal, a complex glass flask, with many pipes or additions which seem to blur and fade as they radiate from the surface. It glows with faintly toned white light, which illuminates the figures. In the centre can just be discerned, the figure of a man, dancing. The rhythm and movements are raw and tribal. The man appears largely naked, and his hair streams out behind him. There are no words in his movements, nor is there thought, only time and life. His dance is unpredictable.

Only one further incident need be recounted, and it happens now.
 He steps out, bearing the flask. I step out also.
 I am hopelessly outclassed yet we meet as equals. We stand at parley distance on the road, and I can feel the earth going downwards underneath my feet. The megaliths regard us. The sigil hangs about my neck.
 He regards me.
 iWould you give . . . that? he asks.
 Offering. Seducing. Bargaining. Buying. Selling. Giving. Taking. Lying.
 iYou don't even know what it is, do you? Dying.
 No. And No.
 He stands, powerless. I hold him with my eyes, then release him.
 He tosses the flask, and it lands between us, shattering, some of the bearer fluid spattering my boots. I remain unmoving a wind springs up blowing right-to-left between us, silently, sub-sensory, imaginary, forgotten screaming and howling, laughing and gibbering, unheard but known myself alone alive i stood and could only stare at the being in front of me, which regarded me with null-expression and eyes which were literally mirrors where i stood drowning in a sea of dark, burning in a sea of dark. living in a sea of dark
 turning
 leaving
 a tiny figure
 in the megalandscape
 under the moon.

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AIR NEW ZEALAND



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THE SCARLET LETTER

"The Scarlet Letter" is a powerful film which superbly demonstrates the fear of forbidden, love, hypocrisy and the cultural difficulties encountered by the first settlers in the New World.

Demi Moore plays the heroine Hester Prynne, a young sensual, spirited woman (with an independent streak and a sharp tongue). Hester arrives in New England to

set up a house for the arrival of her husband Roger Chillingworth, chillingly played by Robert Duvall. However, Hester and Reverend Dimmesdale, convincingly played by Gary Oldman, develop an intense attraction to one another. As Hester's husband is presumed dead, their affection unfolds into a forbidden affair. Hester becomes an outcast as she refuses to reveal the identity of her lover and is punished by the Puritans by forcefully having to wear the scarlet letter "A" on her dress branding her shame forever.

Directed by Roland Joffe and written by Douglas Day Stewart the characters of Nathaniel Hawthorne's are brilliantly brought to life by the stunning array of the supporting cast and the impeccable performance of Moore, Oldman and Duvall, Joffe successfully projects a visual display of sensuality contrasting it with the chilling features of revenge while touching in several themes relating to women in the 17th century. A must-see movie of '96.

Chrissa Georgiades

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THE CITY OF LOST CHILDREN

From the creators of "Delicatessen", comes "The City of Lost Children", an extraordinary film by Juenet & Caro. This is the sort of dream material that wakes most of us up at night and inspires us to brilliance while confusing us with strange visual images that are almost unexplainable.

It's a mythical tale of innocence in a beastly water world of orphan children, whose dreams are invaded and stolen by Krank, a character who is prematurely aged by his inability to dream. Krank was created by a mad scientist who made six clones of himself each with a sleeping disease and also developed a brain which lives and "breathes" without a body.

Enter Miette, a tough and intelligent nine year old girl who leads a team of orphans and eventually, One, a mighty and sensitive man who used to harpoon whales, until he witnessed the whales singing one night. One and Miette team up to find Denree, a two year old adopted "baby brother" who has been kidnapped by the evil Krank.

You are fed this strange storyline via some brilliant special effects and amazing images of a world only seen in your most vivid dreams.

Jean-Paul Gaultier kindly does the costumes and adds a dimension that the 3D computer-generated effects wouldn't try to do.

So, if your sub-conscious is having trouble getting through to you while you snooze, check out this film and enter the director's twisted and amazing dreams for inspiration.

***** Totally enthralling

Helen Zelinski

REVIEWS



"LITTLE ODESSA"

Tim Roth is very possibly one of his generation's most important actors and gives another impressive performance as the emotionally distraught son of Russian Jewish emigres. "Little Odessa" is a modern American tragedy which touches upon the ageless themes of good and evil, and love and betrayal more familiar in Shakespeare than popular culture.

Written and directed by 24-year old James Gray who, like the characters in the film, is an American of Russian Jewish heritage, "Little Odessa" relocates the Mafia genre films of Little Italy to the cloistered community of Little Odessa at Brighton Beach, NY.

Joshua Shapira (Tim Roth) is a professional killer who returns to the old neighbourhood from which he has remained exiled and where his estranged family lives. Joshua's return to Brighton is confused by emotional reconciliation with his angry father (Maximilian Schell), his dying mother (Vanessa Redgrave), and his younger brother (Edward Furlong) while he is in the process of carrying out an inter-racial mob hit. (Alla Shustervich (Moira Kelly) is the obligatory object of desire to flesh out the loving nature of Joshua's character.)

GET SHORTY

The auditorium is jam-packed with people trying to find seats. I know where I want to sit; five rows from the front and smack bam in the middle. My theory on enjoying a film requires that you, if possible, merge into one with the screen. There should be nothing distracting you from the screen, not even the person's elbow you're sitting next to. You should be armed with popcorn and a regular size coke (any larger than that and you'll have to go to the rest room and that ain't gonna happen). In any case, I didn't get my first choice of seating, however, for a veteran film goer like myself I was not deterred. The fourth row, middle section sufficed.

Having read half the novel, I knew I was in for a great treat. The novel by the way is by Elmore Leonard, one of Quentin Tarantino's favourite authors. QT has also bought the rights to Leonard's novels so you can imagine, he's gonna go off in turning them into films.

"Get Shorty" is excellent in everything. Not only is it a great story, it is a well made film. John Travolta, Rene Russo, Danny Devito and Gene Hackman all grace the screen at once. There's also a surprise guest actor that made the film even better. It's truly fantastic. Travolta plays the very cool and suave Chili Palmer (slightly reminiscent of Vincent Vega in "Pulp Fiction"), an aspiring movie producer whose real job is to collect debts for loan sharks. Chili, an avid film fan, wants a career change; he has a great story, but needs a producer to back him. He finds one in Hackman's character. I think that is all I will say regarding the film's plot (and it ain't much anyway).

What I will elaborate on is that we are getting some great films. Producers, directors, all their creative people are starting to work hard in making good films. I am personally

The story is suspended between the two cultures of "the dark, mysterious Russian built on secret loyalties and the community of family, and the new tough American street reality driven by the ethos of money and individualism". In the tragic end Josh is left to ponder the violence he brought home destroying the only people he loves.

My usual rating principle is based on the idea that if I would pay to see the film in the theatre more than once then it is a good film; "Little Odessa" is worth the dosh, and I'm not just backing the film because of the outstanding collection of handsome men with good hair, chiseled features and hand-held weapons but because of the important themes that the story takes up. Gray wanted to tell "a classic tragedy in a modern setting, a story that deals with contemporary subjects but which has a timeless relevance. And it was very important that the story was unsentimental, emotionally pure." The elements of Gray's classical story, the modern genre in an unexhausted setting, and the strong performances compose an important and resonant film.

Annatalja Dankovich

excited by films that layer the narrative within narrative. Whether it is postmodern or not is beside the point. We owe a great debt to QT. Films like "Clerks", "Smoke", "The Usual Suspects", just to name a few, are treating film with the proper respect it deserves. It is expanding the form, extending it. The characters, namely Chili and Karen, are aware of their function in the film, which for me, is the active demonstration of putting a story together. Chili is the only one who 'tells you how it is'. I loved it and to anyone who doesn't I say 'fuck you fuckball'.

George

The Semper/Watergate productions are proud to bring you a **THE NIXON COMPETITION** to end to end all presidencies!

We've got 40 double passes to Oliver Stone's new historical extravaganza "Nixon" starring Hannibal Lecter, to give away.

All you have to do is come down to our "Semper" on Tuesday, February 27 at 1 PM and answer this simple question:

What year did president Nixon resign?

The first forty people who, after refreshing their memory using "Readers Digest History of the World", come through our door with the correct answer will receive the double pass to see Oliver do American history.

Just remember: Nixon was framed. (and if you know who the Deep Throat was (people who answer "Linda Lovelace" will get executed), please let us know, because we want to get the Pulitzer Prize for Investigative Journalism.)

Not staring Hugh Grant Harvey Keitel



From a decade you'd never remember
comes a presidency you'd sooner forget

Waiting to Exhale



TWENTIETH CENTURY CROCK PRESENTS A COFFEE SHOP/SAVINGS & LOANS PRODUCTION BILL CLINTON HILARY RODHAM-HAIRDO AL GORE AND SOCKS THE CAT IN "WAITING TO EXHALE" GO-STARRING SLOBODAN MILOSOVIC, JENIFER FLOWERS AND JIMMY CARTER AS "YODA" WITH A SPECIAL APPEARANCE BY VINCE FOSTER AS "THE CORPSE" ORIGINAL SCORE BY BILL CLINTON SCREENPLAY BY GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS FROM AN ORIGINAL STORY BY DR SEUSS COSTUMES DESIGNED BY WARREN CHRISTOPHER DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY G. GORDON LIDDY CHOREOGRAPHED BY OPRAH WINFREY EXECUTIVE PRODUCER NOAM CHOMSKY PRODUCED BY SOCKS THE CAT DIRECTED BY ROSE KENNEDY PAID FOR BY A \$1 INVESTMENT IN THE CATTLE FUTURES MARKET HAIR STYLING BY LUCIANO OF FORT KNOX

BO

THE HAUNTED LAND

by Tina Rosenberg

Facing Europe's Ghosts After Communism Allow Tina Rosenberg to lead you on a strange journey to places you never thought could have existed. From the first page to the last you will be captivated as you walk with her through decades of communism and visit the moral wastelands totalitarianism has left in.

Eastern and Central Europe as perhaps its most insidious and pervasive legacy. "The Haunted Land" tells the often incredible but always captivating story of Czechoslovakia's (as it still was when the book was being written), Poland's and Germany's painful and imperfect attempts to deal with their past and allow the justice to be done. Whether through legislation banning the former communist officials from holding position of power, parliamentary commissions or opening the secret police files, the new democracies of the former Eastern Bloc are attempting to



is a story of misperceptions, ideological fervor, betrayal, corruption and opposition, parody, evil and of banality, a story worthy of the best of literature. It is a story of the relationship between the West and the East, and of the role of the individual in a totalitarian system. It is a story of the lives of ordinary men and women caught in the maelstrom of a system that forces them to make choices and accept consequences. Tina Rosenberg is a journalist, her book is a masterpiece of storytelling. It is a book that is both sharp, witty, and terrifyingly accurate. It is a book that will make you see the world in a new way. It is a book that is a masterpiece of journalism. It is a book that is a masterpiece of storytelling. It is a book that is a masterpiece of journalism. It is a book that is a masterpiece of storytelling.

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"WAY OF THE WORLD,"

by Auberon Waugh.

Auberon Waugh (son of the novelist Evelyn) has been described as the "sanest man in England." Now that Sir Kingsley Amis and Anthony Burgess are no more, he's practically the only Grand Old Bastard left writing in England, the only grumpy old buffer fulminating against the creeping paralysis of interventionist government and froth-mouthed political correctness.

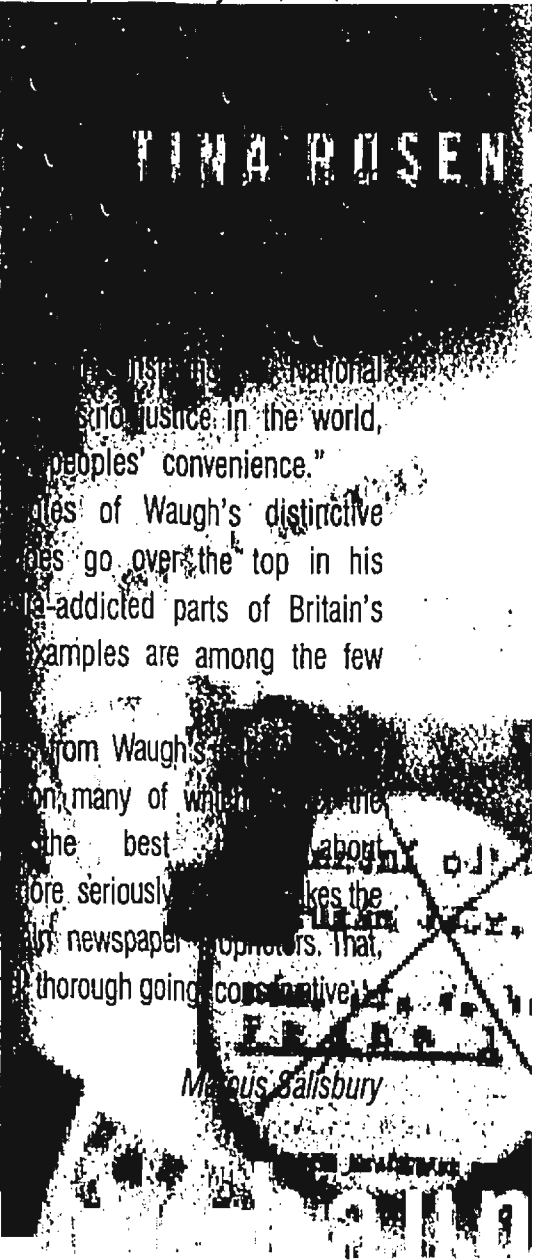
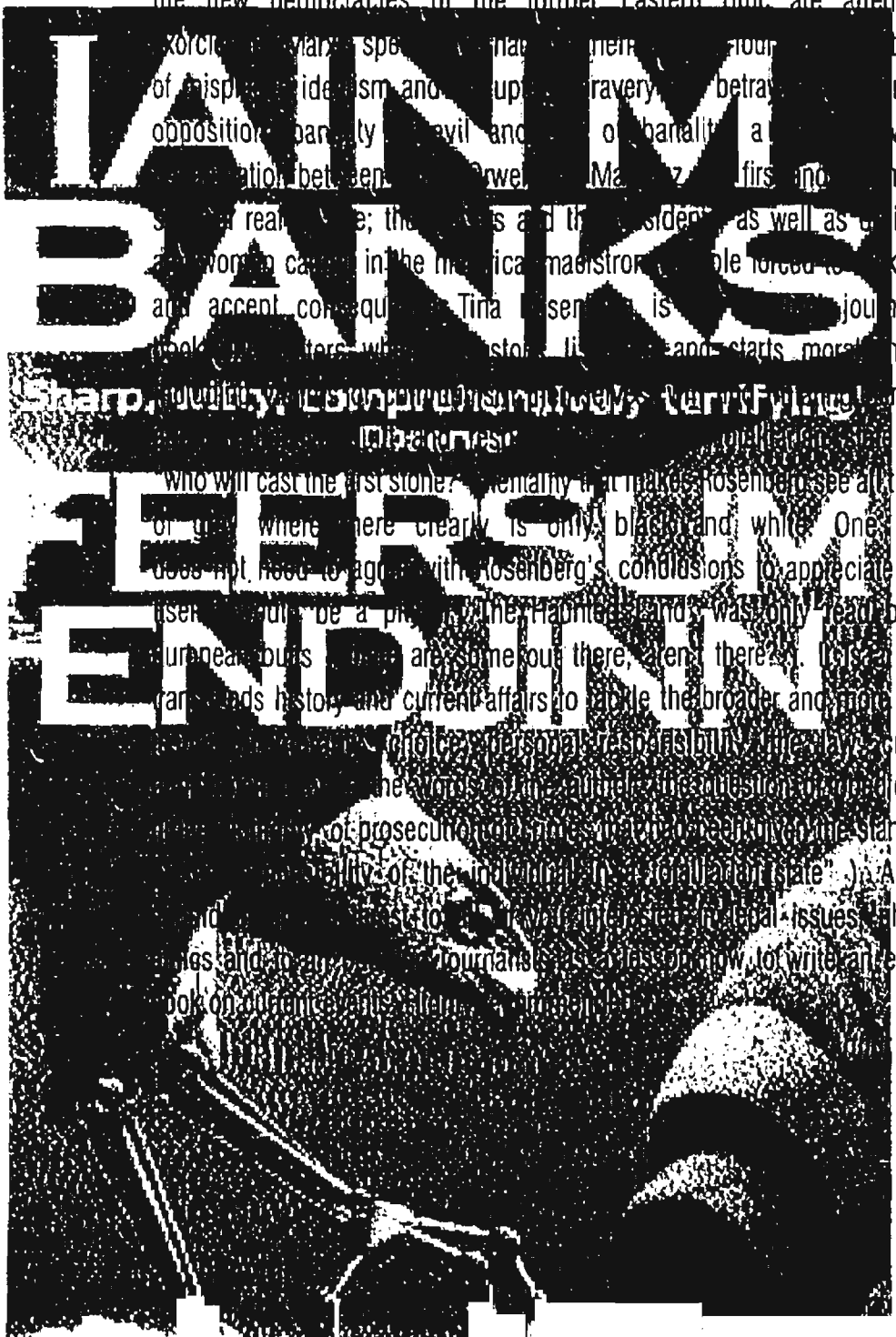
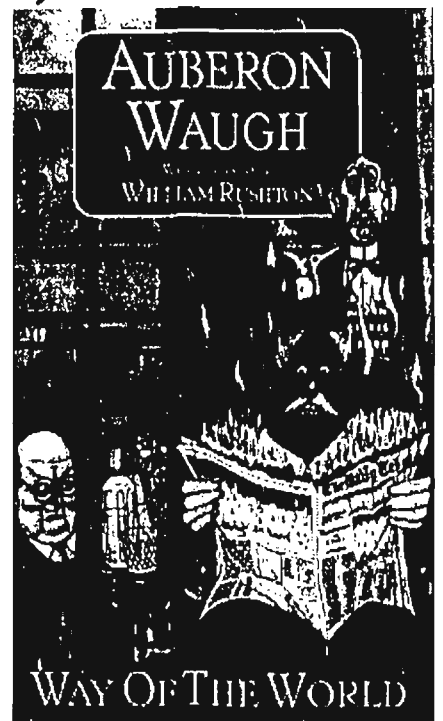
And fulminate he does; against the Clintons, the "Murdoch-Thatcher proletarian Revolution" (Waugh being a Tory of the grand old British tradition), against "ASH" (the "Anti-Smoking Hysterics") and against asinine bureaucracies and mewling pressure groups everywhere.

"Way of the World" is a collection of his thrice-weekly column of the same name in Britain's "Daily Telegraph" newspaper, dating from 1990 and the Gulf Crisis to 1994 and the "ha burger gases" emanating from Chelsea Clinton. Reading it, I was reminded of a recent book review in "The Weekend Australian" (of a Kingsley Amis novel, no less) in which the reviewer questions the author's tendency to "say the unsayable," i.e. the non-PC truths of life. I'm sure Waugh would not mind.

particular reviewer into paroxysms of indignation, especially such observations as "those who would have Shakespeare and substitute the work of Alice Walker should be hung upside down in the Tower of London." In response to "No Spanking Week" (Physical Punishment of Children") Waugh suggests "Smack a Child Week," to "teach the young the value of justice in the world, and that they must adjust themselves to other peoples' convenience."

There are, of course, many other examples of Waugh's distinctive brand of inflammatory humour (though he does go over the top in his misguided defence of the more bloated, media-addicted parts of Britain's Royal Family). I'm fairly sure that the above examples are among the few I'd be allowed to print here, though.

"Way of the World" is augmented by cartoons from Waugh's "The Eye" alumnus and fine comedian William Rushton, many of which are the author none too flatteringly. That's about the best I can say about Waugh, perhaps: his refusal to take himself any more seriously than the denizens of Greenham Common, vegans or certain newspaper editors. That, folks, is what makes him a genuine satirist and a thorough-going conservative. Don't all laugh at once.



Chrenkoff

Magnus Salisbury

BOOKS

"MISREADINGS"

by Umberto Eco

This is a collection of short stories, some of them entertaining like "Regretfully We Are Returning Your... Reader's Reports" and "Make Your Own Movie". There's more but you have to be in an Umberto Eco sort of mood to fully appreciate the man's intellect. published by Picador and retailing at \$14.95 this is an interesting book to own.

George

"MIDNIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF GOOD AND EVIL..."

by John Berendt

A 30 chapter novel set in the re-a-life town of Savannah, Georgia (culturally located near the setting of "Gone With The Wind"), "Midnight In The Garden Of Good And Evil" is essentially a non-fiction adventure into the mystery of a murder and the extravagantly wealthy accused man. Narrated by a journalist who enters the lavish community of Savannah initially as a visitor and extends his stay, the story includes interesting and original vignettes of the local Savannahians, characters including the black transvestitenamed Chablis, the lady of six thousand songs and the conman who holds parties in other people's houses. The characters all converge when Jim Williams, an incredibly wealthy antiques dealer, shoots his young 'assistant' (described as a "walking streak of sex") and is charged with murder.

unforgettable characters are real, the author uses some story-telling liberties. It is a tale of lust, sodomy, society better than any fiction.

sealed off from the noise and distractions of the world too, and in such a way that ikt people flourished like by an indulgent gardener. The ordinary became thrived. Every nuance and quirk of personality achieved greater brilliush enclosure than would have been possible anywhere

Kerry Woodcock

"VOICES OF EVIL"

by G.M. Hague

If, like me, you think Stephen King has lost his edge, that James Herbert keeps writing the same book and that Dean Koontz has yet to write a good one, you might want to give G.M. Hague a test drive.

Don't be put off by its singularly unimaginative title; "Voices Of Evil" provides a cracking good read. All the elements of classic horror fiction are there: bewildered protagonist, unspeakably evil foe, scenes of gleefully unbridled gore, ghosts, tortured souls, ghastly dreams and visions, near-death experiences and an ancient curse. What makes "Voices Of Evil" doubly interesting is that it is set in contemporary Queensland, and deals partly with the 5th Queensland Battalion's role in the Gallipoli campaign. And this isn't some patronising American author trying to cash in on Australiana - G.M. Hague is a native Queenslander. When his protagonist goes driving up the Bruce Highway, you don't have to imagine Cornish villages and sleepy mid-western American towns - you know exactly what the passing scenery looks like.

The story deals with journalist Brendan Craft, who becomes both obsessed and possessed by an Ancient Egyptian charm he finds in an old army tin he finds at his mother's house. He starts to have horrendous nightmares that spill into his waking life... Pretty soon people are dying all over the place, and we even get a historically sound flashback story to 1915. Brendan enlists the help of a ghost expert (an effortlessly appealing character) and his slightly-too-perfect girlfriend (what is it with male authors and their inability to create convincing female characters?) and together they set out to find where the demon comes from and send it back there.

There is action on every page, convincing dialogue, and plenty of grisly descriptions. The author has an appealing, uncomplicated style which makes the pages turn easily. G.M. Hague is not some Australian-version-of-a-famous-overseas-author; either: this book could easily fend for itself on the other side of the globe. "Voices Of Evil" is highly recommended for horror buffs.

K.W.



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C O P G L O B O

A T Y O U R S E R V I C E

"Speak softly and carry a big stick." This sage advice was the axiom by which Teddy Roosevelt set his foreign policy. With it, he kept Europe out of Latin America, ended the Russo-Japanese War (and got a Nobel Peace Prize for his efforts) and consolidated the United States as a world politico-military power. He felt that where one country's rights were being impinged upon by another, the US might be forced "to the exercise of an international police power".

Clearly, such an institution is required now. However, there are many in the world - mostly Americans - who feel that the US cannot and should not be that police power. They feel that is what got them into Vietnam and that they have too many problems at home to morally justify such an expense or gesture. But Americans should be the first to acknowledge that where there are no police, there is crime.

So, just because the only nation that has the global reach or fiscal power to act as the police officer isn't interested doesn't mean there can't be some sort of international stick-wielder. What is needed is a world army, dedicated to the proposition that international law is there to be obeyed by all, under sufferance if necessary, and should not be flouted by fourth-rate powers or enforced only when the great powers have an interest in seeing it obeyed.

This global military should be able to meet the world's foremost defence force on its own terms and win, meaning America's uniformed might. Of course, it should not be modelled directly on the US military, as America has shown repeatedly that it is most effective when organising large, expensive operations that command the public's attention - World War 2, various sporting events, the OJ Simpson trial - whereas smaller, less demanding and immediate concerns - crime, Somalia, Vietnam - tend to go awry.

It should therefore have a multiple role capability, able to fight a guerilla war, as well as more conventional, set-piece conflicts. It should also have a decent navy to protect any seaward force projections and enforce blockades. A marines detachment would also be necessary, as well as a large airforce. It would also require a specialised peacekeeping force, because soldiers are warriors first and not trained to keep parties apart without shooting at them. Obviously, the UN would need a general staff to manage it and set out a strategy, thus obviating many of the problems shown in Bosnia.

Where would the soldiers for this come from? Mostly from the Third World, because they would have the least to lose and the most to gain; imagine the expertise (not to mention the money) they would bring to their homes after serving overseas in a disciplined, hi-tech and enriching way of life (assuming they aren't killed in action, but since this will be an all-volunteer force, they must accept that risk). And there will be no shortage of volunteers; the idealism of youth is well-known and this should bring hope to these people for a better way of life; it would be like the effect of the Peace Corps in America. (It would also mean that they would not have to be paid as much as a Western citizen.)

This military organisation should not enter into any

alliances with other forces, such as NATO or individual countries, so it can operate independently of 'other nations' special interests; it is, after all, a police force to protect everyone and not to be diverted to or from any particular problem spots.

Similarly, the nations from which the soldiers come can have no say in what they do or where they go and have no power of recall over them once they join.

Also, it cannot and should not go into every trouble spot there is, like Chechnya for example. That conflict is so intractable as to defy imagination, and even if peace was won and elections held, it is doubtful that the losers would calmly concede defeat. It is because of their intractability, and because it is polite, that the founders of the UN specifically warned against intervening in the internal affairs of nations.

However, there are some flagrant abuses that cannot be ignored, Rwanda for one, and so what would be required is an acceptance of heavy casualties if peace is to be established and then prepare for a long occupation in which the UN would govern, setting the nation on the course for a just peace.

This is what happened in Japan after the war, where the US imposed its Western ideals of democracy (and capitalism, which many nations happily accept while rejecting the former) on an Eastern nation through seven years of occupation, totally uprooting several traditions. Many nations would complain about this nowadays as imperialism, but it worked in Japan (soem might say too well, but its cheaper than another war). And occupation and "imperilaism" is absolutely necessary for a 'asting peace; after World War 1, Germany was not occupied and so another war had to be fought before the Germans realised they must change their ways. And Germany is now a respected member of the international community.

All this would require a new role for the Secretary-General. It would become akin to the Pope's position - no formal constituency, yet speaking for the entire world's interests. Moreover, he or she would have to be a leader, prepared to use the power now bestowed upon their shoulders. The SG would become a figure to rival the US Presidency in prestige and power, which is suitable for the head of a world organisation whose present position is lower than the English Prime-Minister's.

And who would pay? Well, a half to one percent tax could be set up in all member countries to help pay the expenses, depending on the level of development of a nation. As always though, America is the key. It would have to continue financing the UN and give its support, something that the current powers-that-be, are loath to do. But there would be a quid pro quo; the UN army would do most of its shopping in America. This would revive their defence industry, allowing the US itself to cut spending on that and give more attention to other, more pressing, matters, as both the White House and Congress would like to do. This would also require, not unreasonably, that Americans run the show, as in World War 2.

This organisation will not be perfect, but it is at least another small step to that Wilsonian-Bush idea of a world "where the strong are just, the weak secure and the peace preserved".

by JBK



Plowshares and Swords are needed



Secretary General

PANDEMONIUM'S NEW PRODUCTION OF... "GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS"

The University of Queensland's premier dramatic force will unleash its first 1996 production on the 7th of February. David Mamet's "Glengarry Glen Ross," familiar to the public after the success of the film starring Al Pacino and Kevin Spacey, will be brought to the stage at the Cement Box with all the power and wit theatregoers have come to expect from the Pandemonium stable.

Following the success of "Forced Exit," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead," the company brings together seven talented young actors to display the brash energy and brilliant greed of real-estate sales staff locked in a brutal competition that threatens not only their careers and reputations, but their freedom. The tense and red-raw dialogue of David Mamet ("The Untouchables") is lent an extra twist in this production by the injection of female characters into what was previously an all-male cast, stripping the occasional boys-club cosiness of the original to reveal the savagery that has become mere background noise in the workplace.

Glengarry Glen Ross will be directed by newcomer Marcel Dorney, and will run at the Cement Box theatre (under the Schonell Cinema, University of Queensland, St Lucia) from Wednesday to Saturday, 7th to



24th of February, at 8:00 PM. [Special performances include an O-Week matinee Wednesday 21st February, at 2:00 PM; and two early shows at 6:30 PM on Thursday 22nd and Friday 23rd of February.]

CEMENT BOX BOOKING INFORMATION: Tickets for "Glengarry Glen Ross" are \$8 for students, concessions and the unemployed, and \$12 for adults. Bookings may be made at the Cement Box: Phone: 3377 2240.

MY FAIR LADY

The Queensland Performing Arts Trust will soon be putting on the Lerner and Loewe masterpiece "My Fair Lady" and it cannot be recommended enough. This is just the latest in a line of excellent shows put on by QPAT, the same people who brought "West Side Story" to Brisbane last year. If the performances in that are anything to go by, "My Fair Lady" cannot fail.

I first heard of "My Fair Lady" last year when it was put on TV. Though I feel a little weird saying this (sentimentality and uninhibited emotion are not highly prized assets in my clan), I left it with a warm, fuzzy feeling all over me, which I had not felt after watching any other movie before, even "Forrest Gump". Why? I don't know.

Yes, Audrey Hepburn was extremely beautiful and graceful in the film, dressed as she was in exclusive designer outfits. Yes, Rex Harrison was extremely amusing as the self-blind, conceited and romantically frustrated bachelor (I am sure there are many guys out there who would agree with his classic complaint "Why can't women be more like me?").

But a movie is more than the sum of its characters. The storyline of the emotionally retarded man and romantic woman is a popular one ("Pretty Woman", "When Harry Met Sally", "Sleepless in Seattle", "Beauty And The Beast"), especially with emotionally retarded men like myself, for it gives us hope (presumably the same applies with romantic women).

The story is not a new one. It is based on an ancient Greek myth. In it, Pygmalion - king of Cyprus and part-time sculptor - is disgusted by the quality of women who inhabit his kingdom, makes a statue of his ideal female and promptly falls in love with it. The goddess Aphrodite was sympathetic to his prayers and gave the statue life (inspiration for the movie "Mannequin?"), whereupon the king and the former decoration get married, have a son and live happily ever after.

This has been a popular subject for writers, from Ovid to George Bernard Shaw. In fact, it is the latter's version, "Pygmalion" (opening in 1914), that is the most famous and on which the musical "My Fair Lady" is based. There were a few changes to the basic plot down the centuries however. In Shaw's version, the statue is replaced by an already breathing proletarian woman (Eliza Doolittle) who wishes for a better life and the king is

instead an obstinately single phoneticist (Professor Henry Higgins) who sees the absurdity of class distinctions when they are based on speech.

After the musical opened in 1956 with Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews as the leads (going for 2717 performances), a movie was put into production.

(Incidentally, although the show went to 22 countries including the USSR, Lerner refused to allow a French production.) Cary Grant turned down the role of the Professor and the part of Eliza was given, as I already said, to Audrey Hepburn. She was nominated for Best Actress for this role, but lost it to Julie Andrews for "Mary Poppins". Touche. It did however, win Best Actor (Harrison), Best Picture, Best Director and Best Cinematography.

I mentioned "West Side Story" before and, fortunately for MFL, Maree Johnson, who played Maria in the former, will be performing the role of Eliza Doolittle in the latter. She is fast establishing herself as the premiere female lead in musicals after roles in also "Phantom Of The Opera" and "Les Miserables".

Professor Higgins is being played by Anthony Warlow, famous for his world-class performance as the title character in "Phantom Of The Opera". He has already played Higgins once before, as well as starring in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience", "The Secret Garden", "Les Miserables", "The Majic Flute" and "The Tales Of Hoffman", opposite Dame Joan Sutherland.

"My Fair Lady" will be opening on March 27 and tickets are already on sale. Basically, this is must-see theatre. You've read the play, seen the movie, bought the tea-towel; now watch the musical.

by JBK



BANDS

INTRODUCTION TO THE BRISBANE MUSIC SCENE

By Adam Gallagher

Hello and welcome to the band review section of Semper. Through the year I'll be reviewing gigs, various local bands, and recording interviews with prominent members of the Brisbane music scene to keep you - the students of University of Queensland - up to date with the who, what and where of Brisbane music.

For first-timers to the local scene the following guide to the main clubs and pubs will save you a lot of time spent indecisively wandering the streets of Brisbane in a quest to find music to your taste.

The numerous venues dotted around the city cover a diverse range of music styles, from jazz to techno, blues to thrash so you are bound to find tunes to your liking. In order to know what's coming up and where, grab a copy each week of "Time Off" available from the Student Union.

IN THE CITY

A trip to the city catching the Number 512 bus into the city will land nearly on the door stop of "**Nightworks**". Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights you can catch some pretty good live music after 11 o'clock prior, to this it is pretty much a techno scene. The light and sound set up of "Nightworks" is one of the best in the city. The popularity of "Nightworks" has dropped considerably since the evil new drinking legislation took effect putting an abrupt end to 20 cent drinks on Thursday nights.

Leaving "Nightworks" and continuing through the Mall you will soon arrive at "**Her Majesty's**", located just down from the Wintergarden. On Friday and Saturday nights if you happen to be in town, I highly recommend descending down into the pulsating sweat hole to listening the some hard rock. Top local bands like Alimony, Blah Blah Blah and Huckle Grove regularly grace this venue making the little place shake with the sound of distorted guitars, husky voices and crowds of people having a good time.

Two blocks down from "Her Majesty's" you'll find "**Hogies**". If you like techno, you'll love "Hogies". I once asked the groovy D.J. if he could play some tunes that were not accompanied by a throbbing artificial bass beat, "sorry dude, we only play dance music" was his reply. Not one of my favourite spots but it is very popular, especially on Thursday nights.

Next block up you'll come across "**Rosies Tavern**". The down stairs area is divided into two sections. The first section houses two bars, a dance floor and plays mainstream music. The other section has one bar and a small piece covers band. "Rosies" is a good place to finish the night as the taxi stand is right outside the door.

A short walk down to the river brings you to "**Fridays**" and "**City Rowers**". Both provide a spectacular view of the moonlit Brisbane river. On a clear night it is nice to sit out on the balcony with a drink and a few

friends and admire the view. "Fridays" usually has two different live acts on outside, a rock group and a jazz/blues band. Inside there is a bopping little D.J. playing his funky little tunes. "Fridays" caters for most tastes and is in a prime position.

"**Crash 'n' Burn**" is a serious centre for hard rock and thrash. Depending on which bands are playing the atmosphere can get quite rowdy to say the least. "Go hard or go home" is their slogan and that pretty will sum it up.

To the other extreme the "**Jazz 'n' Blues**" bar on the ground floor of the Travel Lodge is the place to be if you enjoy hearing top rate jazz bands screwing up you favourite '80's songs. Now, I'm not implying that this gentile place is for older people but if you happen to be there on a Friday or Saturday night you'll probably be able to strike up conversation with your favourite lecturer. On a less cynical note try the place on a weeknight to catch some decent blues.

"**The Gig**" is a good place to check out on weeknights as its open till late.

The "**Victory Hotel**" is the best pub in town. It has a great outdoor area with live music from Wednesday to Sunday.

IN THE VALLEY

For more alternative tastes, Fortitude Valley is the place to be. There is diverse range of music in the Valley from 80's pop to death metal, and percussion acts.

"**The Roxy**" has by far the best stage set up in town. This venue attracts the bigger bands on national tours. It regularly puts on concerts with several big local bands on in the one night. "The Roxy" is a great place to kick back and listen to some great original music.

"**The Zoo**" offers a variety of stage acts including percussion, vocalists, plays etc. Check it out on Thursday nights for a cheap meal and free pool. Other places in the Valley worth checking out are "**The Tunnel**", "**The Bent**" and "**Gillhooley's Irish Bar**".

If neither the city or Fortitude Valley can accommodate your music tastes don't despair, there are numerous venues throughout the suburbs. "**The Pineapple Hotel**", "**Paddington Tavern**" and "**Rogues**" at Underwood offer a variety of entertainment. These places support local original bands as opposed to the covers bands which mostly play the city venues.

This is only a rough guide briefly mentioning a few of the more popular venues. The best way to get in touch with the music scene is to get out there and get into it!!

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Interested? If you are between 17 and 30 years of age, and have passed year 12, come and see Queensland University Regiment's Recruiting Team any Tuesday from 7.00 pm to 9.30 pm.

Where: Queensland University Regiment
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Fax: (07) 3371 7672



Teresa Cobb

D.Pty

University of Queensland Graduate
Former resident of Duchesne College

National Party Senate Candidate

Opposed to:

- Increased fees for second degrees
- Increases in HECS

Supports:

- More accessible rental assistance for students receiving AUSTUDY.

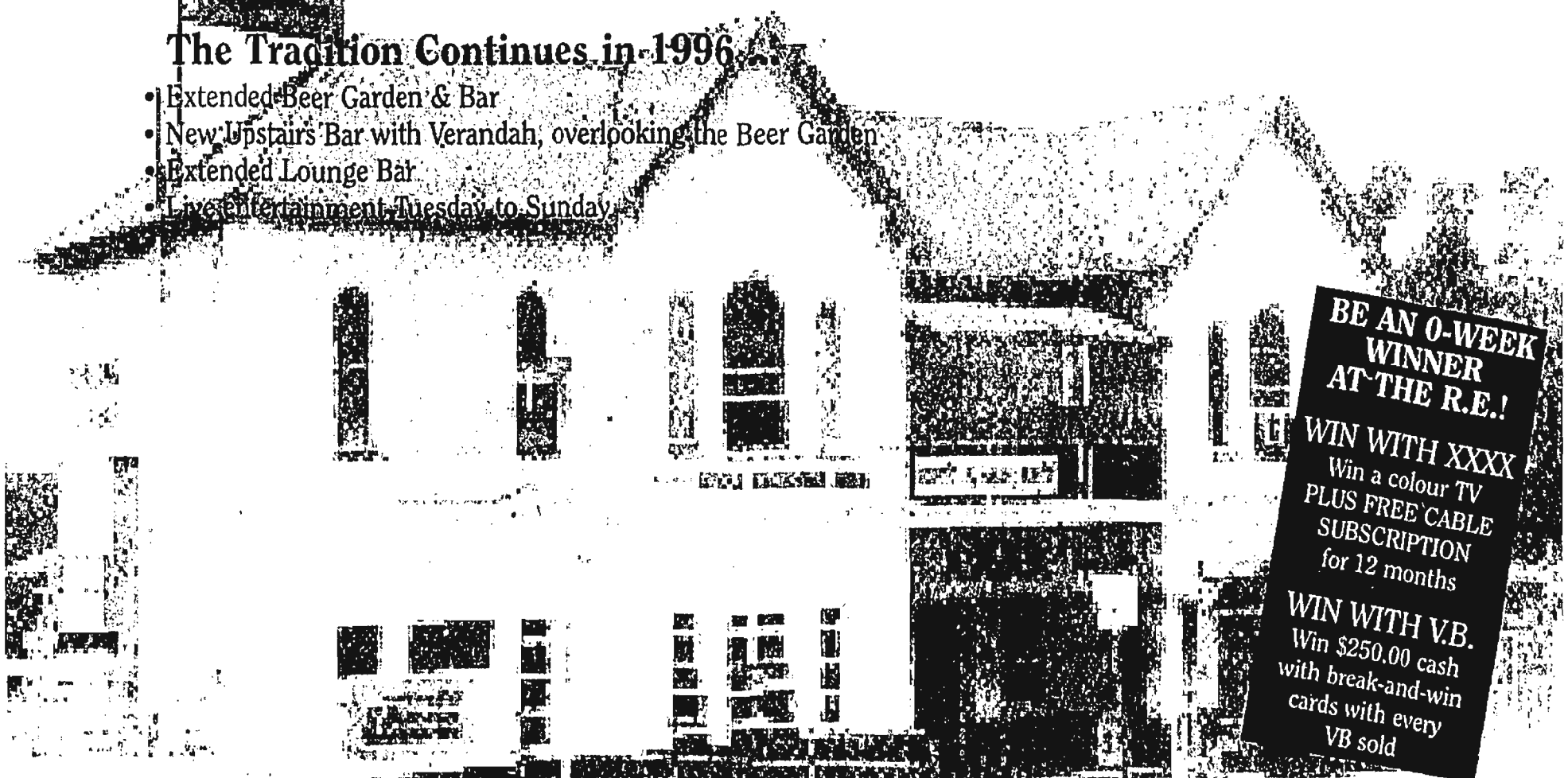
Authorised by: Ken Crooke, 6 ST Pauls Terrace, Spring Hill, Q, 4004, February 1996

The R.E. ... first and always

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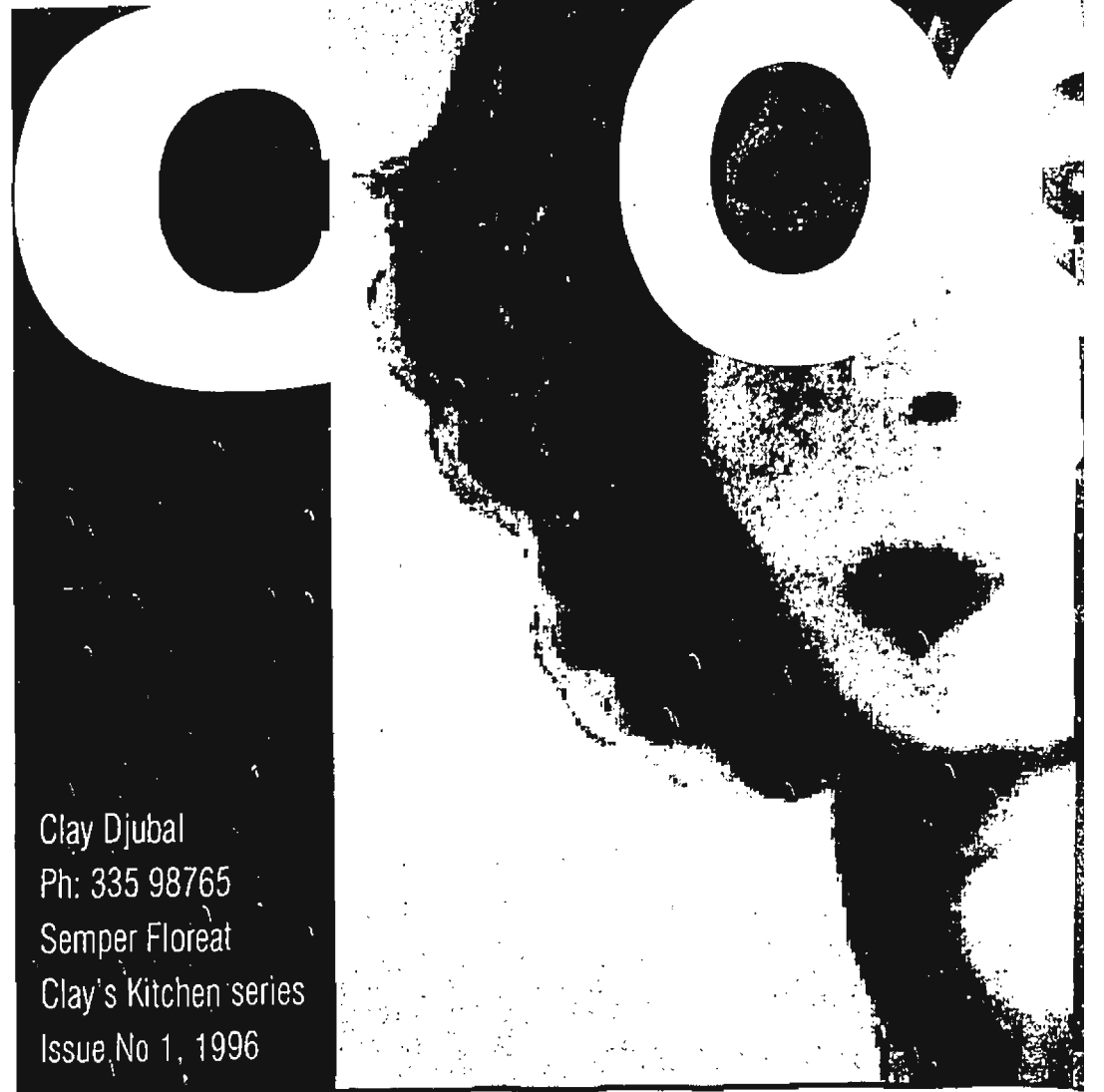
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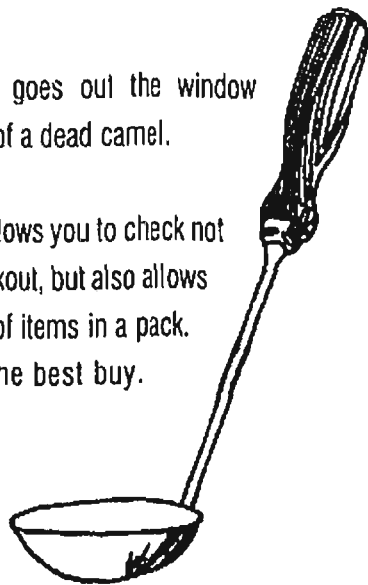
Clay Djubal
Ph: 335 98765
Semper Floreat
Clay's Kitchen series
Issue No 1, 1996

SHOPPING HINTS



The following hints are designed to show you how a skinflint shopper, such as myself, operates. To give you an idea of how cheap it can be to eat, and eat well, let me tell you that for the past two years my fortnightly shopping expenditure has never risen over \$50. Of course as a vegetarian I am saved the expense of meat, and as I own a freezer, (a MUST for anyone wishing to slash their food budget and preparation/cooking time) I can cook multiple quantities of dishes to eat now and freeze for later, as well as take advantage of seasonal or damaged goods specials. These hints are, then, basic common sense, but they do require some degree of organisation. Taken to the limit they can save you bundles. Used to a lesser extent, however, they will still allow you to put your money to more important causes, such as alcohol, parties, drugs, partner bonding, and even the occasional bit of uni stuff.

- 1 Budget. The most important step. Work out what you can afford and stick to it.
- 2 Planning. Make a list of what you need before you shop. This can help reduce the level of impulse buying, (although never pass up the opportunity to grab some heavily reduced items). It can also minimise the need to visit the local convenience store for those things you forgot on shopping day.
- 3 Shop on a full stomach. The best of intentions goes out the window when you're so hungry you could eat the crutch out of a dead camel.
- 4 Use a calculator. The skinflint's most useful tool, it allows you to check not only your total expenditure before you get to the checkout, but also allows you to compare prices against weights and number of items in a pack. Remember, advertised specials are not always the best buy.
- 5 Shop generic. Not all generic brand items are worthwhile, but many are. So why pay for fancy packaging. (During the forthcoming issues I'll show you numerous ways to improve on some generic brand items with very little effort or cost.)



- 6 Check size/weight differences. Bigger is generally cheaper, BUT not always so. This means you'll have to do some simple calculations, (until you get used to the products), but the savings add up to quite a bit over a year.
- 7 Utilise specials and marked down items. Most stores have an area or two devoted to damaged or out-of-date goods. Check these out first to see if there's anything you need. Most OOD goods can easily handle a few extra days, (even weeks or months if they're not dependant on refrigeration).
- 8 Take your time. Hurrying means you'll miss things, and in most cases spend more. Also, try not to shop in a group. It's distracting. Get just one or two in your house to do the shopping each time.
- 9 Supermarket fruit and vegetables are almost always more expensive than specialty F&V shops. So try to avoid them if possible. F&V shops in shopping centres are also more expensive, due to the rents placed on their owners. Also avoid.
- 10 Have fun. Grocery shopping doesn't have to be a chore. Make a game of it and see who can do it for the least. Offer prizes, (ie no washing up for a week for the person who does the best for least). Remember, what you don't save goes to the supermarket. And I'm sure it'd be much better served if it stayed in your pocket a little longer.



Friends, Romans, fellow students, meat-eaters and vegos welcome once again to the wonderful world of gastronomy, as *Semper Floreat* returns for another season of edification, mastication, and fast 'n' easy preparation. Yes, as I write this from my perch, high above the sinklands of refrigerator heaven, and just a boiled egg's throw from the cafe at the edge of the campus, I can envisage the delectability that these pages will bring over the coming months. Particularly as the editors and myself are attempting to increase the usefulness of *Semper Floreat* by turning it into the first 'read it and eat it' magazine of its kind in the world. None of this recycling-bin shit! We intend turning the magazine into, simply, shit. As we work on through the early morning hours perfecting new recipes, we have begun to break new ground in student survival strategies - imagine sauted CD reviews wrapped in a letters-to-the-editor pastry, or perhaps a sambal of poetry served on a bed of fluffy union president's reports mmmm.

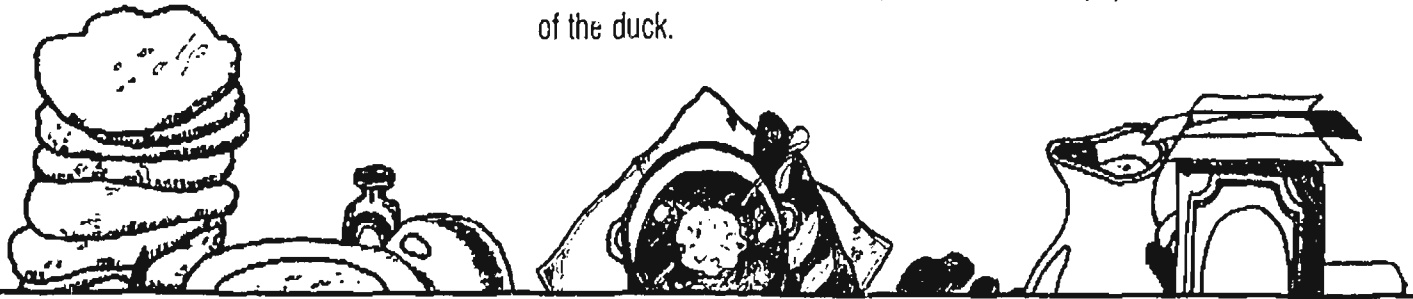
However, our work is not perfected yet, so until then we will endeavour to bring you some of the more usual, and sadly, more expensive, ideas that might be used to sustain you through the coming months of student poverty.

RETURN OF THE RADICAL RECIPES - NO 1

Due to popular demand I have included the famous Roast Duck Stromboli recipe from 1994. Please remember, however, we at *Semper* take no responsibility for the dish, or its outcome!

ROAST DUCK STROMBOLI

1 duck
3 eggs
4 slices of pineapple, chopped
1/2 kg (approx) dry, uncooked popcorn



Method:

Mix pineapple, eggs and popcorn. Place duck in oven and cook moderately slow (180-200) for one hour. Remove duck from oven and stuff with mixed ingredients. Replace in oven.

Cooking should be completed when the popcorn blows the arse out of the duck.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

QUICK AND EASY PROVENCAL SAUCE

I use this sauce as the basis of most Italian, Middle-Eastern, and Mexican dishes, as well as for soups, adding to generic brand baked beans, spaghetti, or 'or whenever a tomato flavour is needed. It keeps reasonably well in the fridge (ie about a week or so), and freezes extra well. Keep this recipe aside as I'll refer to it throughout the year. The main advantage of this recipe is that you can extend the amount (and thus reduce the cost) of generic brand pasta sauces. And remember, add anything else you desire to the sauce to give it your own touch - for example, some chopped mushrooms, or black olives, capsicum, chilli, more wine etc.

1 bottle pasta sauce (500-700 ml)
2 large onions, diced
1 large carrot, grated
2 sticks of celery, diced
2 tblspns minced garlic, 2 tblspns tomato paste
2 tspns sweet basil
2 tspns oregano
1 1/2 cups of water
1/4 cup of fresh parsley (optional)
some oil to fry
a cook's dash of red wine

Saute the onion, celery and carrot in the oil for a few minutes. Add the garlic and herbs, continue cooking a little longer. Add half the wine, then pour the rest into a glass and drink. Cook for a few minutes more letting the wine reduce.

Add the pasta sauce and any tomato scraps you might have laying around. Top up your wine glass. Add the water and simmer for 1/2 hour or so.

Add the tomato paste. If still a little watery, add some more paste. Turn the heat off and add the parsley. Cool, or use as directed. Have another drink. [Cost: about \$4.00, depending on the wine and how much you use.]

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RESTURANT

R E V I E W

We here at "Semper" believe it is your magazine. Well, actually it's ours but we're being nice and considerate. Anyway, we would like to know what you like and dislike about "Semper" and particularly what you would like to see more on our pages.

Bear in mind that there are some limits to what we can publish, eg. rude references about xxxxxxxx are a no-no. So are pictures of xxxxxx with xxxxx on xxxxxxxxxxxxxx that we ourselves would otherwise like to print.

TICK A BOX MORE OF JUST RIGHT EASE OFF

General articles

Topics? _____

Interviews

With whom? _____

Short stories

Poetry

CD reviews

Film reviews

Book reviews

Theatre

Live bands

Competitions/giveaways

Cartoons/comisc

Sport

Other _____

Optional: _____

Name _____

Address _____

Phone no: _____

If you fill the above form and deliver/ send/fax it to us or alternatively put it into the Union Suggestion Box (on the first floor of the Union Building, next to the public phones.) one lucky reader we are going to draw from all the respondents will receive one CD of their choice up to the value of \$30. The draw will take place on Wednesday 6 March and you will be notified.

THE BANANA LEAF

Walt: DB, Banana Leaf eh? Reminds me of Malaya.

DB: What? You mean the feeling like the communists might kill you at any moment? The smell of fear. The ferocious fighting?

Walt: But you were only in Kuala Lumpur during the insurgency...there was no fighting.

DB: There was in the super markets! The communists were stealing coconut milk. The horror, the horror....

Walt: No you fool! I mean the smell of coconut milk and curry in the evening. The air thick with ghee and fried beef...I can never forget that smell.

DB: Can we afford it? Such good food would cost a fortune!

Walt: But it's Malaysian prices! A three course meal for under \$15.00. The question is, can we afford not to?

DB: Okay lets try it.

Walt and DB stagger upstairs to the dining room. They notice with satisfaction that it is far cleaner than McDonalds, the food is cheaper, and the waitresses more attractive.

DB: The beef, the chicken - I have never had such food!
Walt's social conscience was acting up, so he ordered vegetarian.

Walt: The eggplant curry is excellent! The vegetable samosas exquisite. But is it Malaysian?

DB: Actually, its the best of different dishes from Malaysia, Singapore, Thailand, India, Pakistan and Indonesia. They even have their own range of condiments for sale, called "McCurry."

At this point a small malay gentleman dressed up like Ronald McDonald walked through the restaurant.

Walt: McCurry? You've hit the spot. We really are part of Asia! We've found Asia's answer to McDonalds. Clean, fast, cheap and authentic.

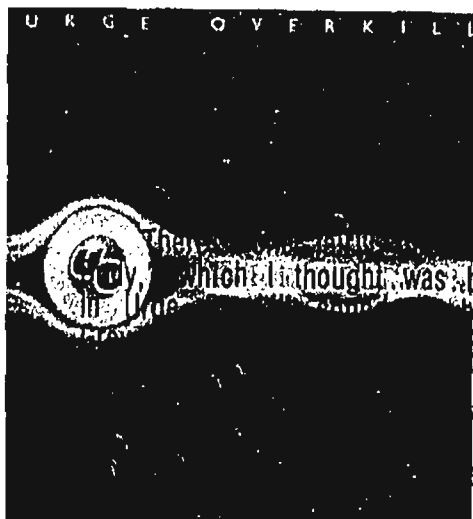
Walt and DB continued to gorge themselves until they slid under the table.

The Banana Leaf offers a huge range of specials: the buffet lunch on Thursday and Friday are an all-you-can-eat special for only \$8.50. Similarly Thursday night all-you-can-eat special is \$14.95.

The Banana Leaf also offers lunch time value packs which range from \$2.50 to \$4.50 for a good, solid meal.

The most important, however, is their student discount, which is 10% off the total price when dining in and 20% off when taking away.

The Banana Leaf and its delicious dishes can be found at Shop 7, no.8-16 Baroona Rd. Milton.



"SOMEbody ELSE'S BODY"

song on this album. "Somebody Else's Body" is a song by Mental as Anything. Well, the singer is like Martin Plaza while looking like he could've been worse. I suppose he could have sounded like Greystoke and been sued by the family. The rest of this album is much of a late-night FM jam with the thrashing and lyrics self-playing and self-worshipping by turns, when coherent at all. There is also a bonus live CD recorded "Live in Australia," which is a fairly good reason for banning Urge Overkill from entering this country again. I still think "Somebody Else's Body's" OK, though. Now pass the Bruckner, someone.

Marcus Salsbury

"CURIOSITY"

Aaron Hall featuring Redman (CD Single)

"Curiosity" features on the "Dangerous Minds" soundtrack; there are two versions of this song - the radio and the LP. The radio version is a combination of rap, hip-hop and R&B, whereas the LP version is a smooth R&B, hip-hop style. In the classic US street gang homies-style the song is well delivered by Aaron Hall featuring Redman you can dance along to this if you're familiar with the relevant hands and foot movements usually accompanying tunes such as this one, otherwise sit back and relax and tap your foot along to the beat. A Top 20 winner, but not as memorable as Coolio's "Paradise".

Chrissa Georgiades

CYBERIA

Machine Age

Don't be confused by the image; they might like to be considered an extension of the industrio-hippy meltdown spearheaded by White Zombie, but strip back the occasional extraneous synth effects, the machine drumming and the image, and Cyberia are just like any other guitar lead three piece. Well, not completely just like however, as anyone who heard the virulent, riff-laden I Know on the J's (as it got pretty high rotation that's not much of a stretch) will attest. There's enough quality and capability here to distinguish them from a number of also rans.

Machine Age doesn't slow from the pace set by I Know, the emphasis on speed and aggression leaving them sounding more like Manic Street Preachers (musically, but also vocally) than say, three piece Buffalo Tom. The second single You Can Have What You Want is in a similar vein to the first with the immediate catchiness of the first vehicle. Perhaps their greatest strength however, and one not normally associated with the loudest bands, is their lyric writing. Underlying the rapid fire guitar, and all too often hurried, are some highly intelligent lyrics. While not as political as fellow industrialers, the band successfully opt for a more mundane, but no less emotive approach to their songs that pay dividends for those who take the time to listen.

Not a great deal of variation, but as debut's not extremely promising, and considering the way they managed to turn a few heads at the last festival with their enthusiasm, it can only be a matter of time before the quality of their recorded work matches their live ability.

Michael O'Toole

HOLE

Live Through This with bonus live EP

Given the fact this album has been around long enough for everyone to have formed an opinion about it and the perversely oddball Ms Love, it makes a certain amount of sense to look more at the possible reasons for this re-release, the attached live EP. Recorded live somewhere in Australia (this is left unclear as there's no liner notes, but considering Hole's rather troubled live history, it could only be a couple of gigs), it shows that while the polished recording Live Through This might be indicative of the quality of the music as a whole, it misses a certain amount of their immediate live corrosion.

Beginning redundantly with the choice cut album version of Soften Softest, then followed by the previously unreleased Hit All Me (I Feel Like A Kiss). Though a worthy tune, it lacks the veracity and unmitigated violence of later live tracks Teenage Whore and Miss World. Rounding out the set is an abbreviated version of Duran Duran's Hungry Like The Wolf with the harmonies chucked in favour of sheer impact, which works well.

On the down side linny acoustics at whatever beer hall Hole were in at the time have left Courtney's vocals echoing less than spectacularly, marring what is perhaps the only chance most of us will have to get a feel for Hole live.

Whether this EP will entice you to buy the disk or not I don't know. It's probably more for the fans than anyone else, but then any true fan would already have the album, so probably not.

Michael O'Toole

"WASHING MACHINE"

Sonic Youth

"There are moments, rare on any record, where the wild screeching of the guitars collide into what might be described as a 'radiance'. It's like being caught in the rapids, bumping off rocks, then going over the waterfall - and really liking it" Tom Verlaine

Not everyone can listen to the overly emotional squeals of Sonic youth's New York noise style - and I don't mean emotional in the Mariah or Whitney sense of the term. Sonic Youth can create music in which "Feeling and perception are translated into spatial terms, reclaiming euphoria and surfacing reality". The music reflects a huge range of emotions of today's urban youth, angry, confused, melodic, beautiful, anarchic, sad. This is music of the late twentieth century, where the voice is used as another instrument, no more important than the rest. There is no lead guitar, there is no hierarchy of sound.

The Sonic Youth experience is one that I would prefer be left alone by the radio airwaves, even though Triple J has got its wrinkly hands on "The Diamond Sea", thankfully CD version of this radio-friendly tune is dragged across almost 20 minutes of melodic guitar chaos. Personally I find it disconcerting when a band which I once considered to be the near epitome of anti-commercialistic alternativism is being advertised in a full-window display facing Elizabeth Street, at Brash's no less. Although the sound and passion of Sonic Youth has maintained the rage against the verse-chorus-verse mentality of corporate rock, I feel that the original subversiveness which attracted me to their music is on the decline. I never looked at that red and white ARIA chart that finds its way into record stores across the country every week but if Sonic Youth does appear in the top 40 I will cringe at the thought of suburban pre-teens dooning SY tee's on listening for the band to emerge on the soundtrack to "Party of Five". No thanks.

"Washing Machine" is another unearthly release which I gleefully add to my CD collection. It provides a diversity of tunes ranging from the lullaby melody of "Little Troubled Girl" to the pure anarchy of "Junkie's Promise", a much needed change from the synthetic idealism of the top 40 shit. (you don't have to do drugs to appreciate Sonic Youth, but I suppose it helps. Although I would suggest tripping to something a little less psychotic than "Washing Machine", say, k.d. lang's "Ingenu" or "All You Can Eat". I guarantee that SY would freak you out with its confrontationalism).

You may need emotional knee-pads to get through "Washing Machine", especially if you're listening to it alone. But when you get past the confronting nature of the feed-back and the pained voices you will discover a kindred spirit in the music of SY. I guarantee that it will grow on you, like a strangely meditative friend who teaches you about life beyond commercialism.

Kerry Alyssa Woodcock

"MUSICAL TOUR OF SCOTLAND,"

Billy Connolly

"Billy Connolly's World Tour of Scotland" was a brilliant TV series, no doubt about it. It was helped along very well by its charming background music composed by Connolly and by Scottish folk musician Ralph McTell. This CD is a compilation of the music from the show, mainly mild, jangling stuff. Despite its pretensions towards being a musical exploration of (Connolly's) native land, it's more Caledonian-themed ambient music with a few catchy songs, and a rousing rendition by Connolly of Van Morrison's "Irish Heartbeat" thrown in for good measure.

If you liked what you heard of the music of the World Tour of Scotland, show you'll like this pleasant and accessible CD. Connolly fans with not much money are, though, better off buying his new "Live in Australia" album, it's still comedy that he does best of all.



"LOVE U 4 LIFE"

Jodeci (CD Single)

Following along the likes of songs like "Freak'n' Me" and anything from All-4-One comes this hip-hop track. A catchy tune but there's nothing here we haven't heard before. Jam-packed with synthesized sounds and repetition this tune is full on syrupy with mellow sounds of declarations of love and the usual stuff we're accustomed to by street smart-good hearted- bad boys. If you're into Boys II Men try hards and the hip-hop music scene, this is your thing.

Chrissa Georgiades

COLLEGES

I LOVE THE NIGHTLIFE

Hello and welcome to the first of many colleges pages in this, the 1996 Semper. We the Pulp Fiction Semper team promised these pages, so here they are. Given that this is the "O" week edition of Semper, I thought that a run down of college functions was in order to educate all the freshers, you poor guys, I can only offer my heart felt sympathy to you, I to was once a fresher, oh how I pity thee. Well here for your enjoyment are the reviews.

1. Union College Masquerade. ****1/2

This function was started last year and yes, I was there, oh yes I was there. The Masquerade was probably one of my best nights out last year, with its happy hour of ridiculously cheap drinks, loud music and eventually memory loss. As with many college functions admission is reduced if you attend in theme, here you wear a mask, so do as many did, go plastered.

2. Cromwell Bunkers. ****

These are always great fun, there are usually four every year. Here one can consume copious amounts of alcohol and leave with a reasonable amount of change in your pocket to go home with. It is also great to watch the fence at the end of the night for drunken Unionites running it down, hence the scar down my face (a word of advice don't run down the embankment on the other side of the fence as few have survived the fall unscaved). In general the Bunkers are a good night out. Cromwell knows how to party, hey Kathy.

3. Yobbo Night. ****

This function was held last year, so I'm not sure if it will be back. For me Yobbo Night, organised by the lovely Duschene freshers, was a great night out. Not only was there plenty of cheap beer down at the Rec Club, but good music and an excellent atmosphere to just sink a few coldies with friends, however if your looking for a high intensity night out this is not for you, it was very mellow and relaxed.

4. Dusch Mugs/Jugs. ***1/2

There are two of these a year going from 2-6pm at the Rec Club on a friday, again this is a very relaxed occasion where you listen to some tunes, talk to friends over some XXXX or yes for those who like it, VB. Generally anything that Duschene College puts on is half decent.

5. Women's Informal. **1/2

The Informals are generally a little overcrowded and are prone to run out of beer, however are generally reasonable night's out with friends, some more than others,

hey Meghan S. Unfortunately the music at Informals aren't the best unless of course you like constant banging sounds and generally repetitive lyrics and on both occasions that I was there the DJ was a bit of a dick. This is not to say don't go, but if you've already made plans for the night don't go out of your way to change them.

6. International House Soiree. ****1/2

The IH Soiree, unfortunately, is usually the Saturday after a Cromwell Bunker and, well its basically its an international beer day. Here one arrives at midday with a thirst stronger Arnie on steroids, you buy a beer and it doesn't even touch the sides so chose the cheapest beer you can get, ie XXXX. The Soiree is a great day to experiment with new beers while at the same time trying to stand up, but with the support of a few sober security guards one can consume while remaining vertical. Basically its a great day to discuss (slur) and critique (abuse) the beers on hand, or that which you have spilled.

7. St. Leo's Caberet. ****

"What was that, I was at the Caberet,"

"I had a great time for under twenty bucks, thank you for telling me."

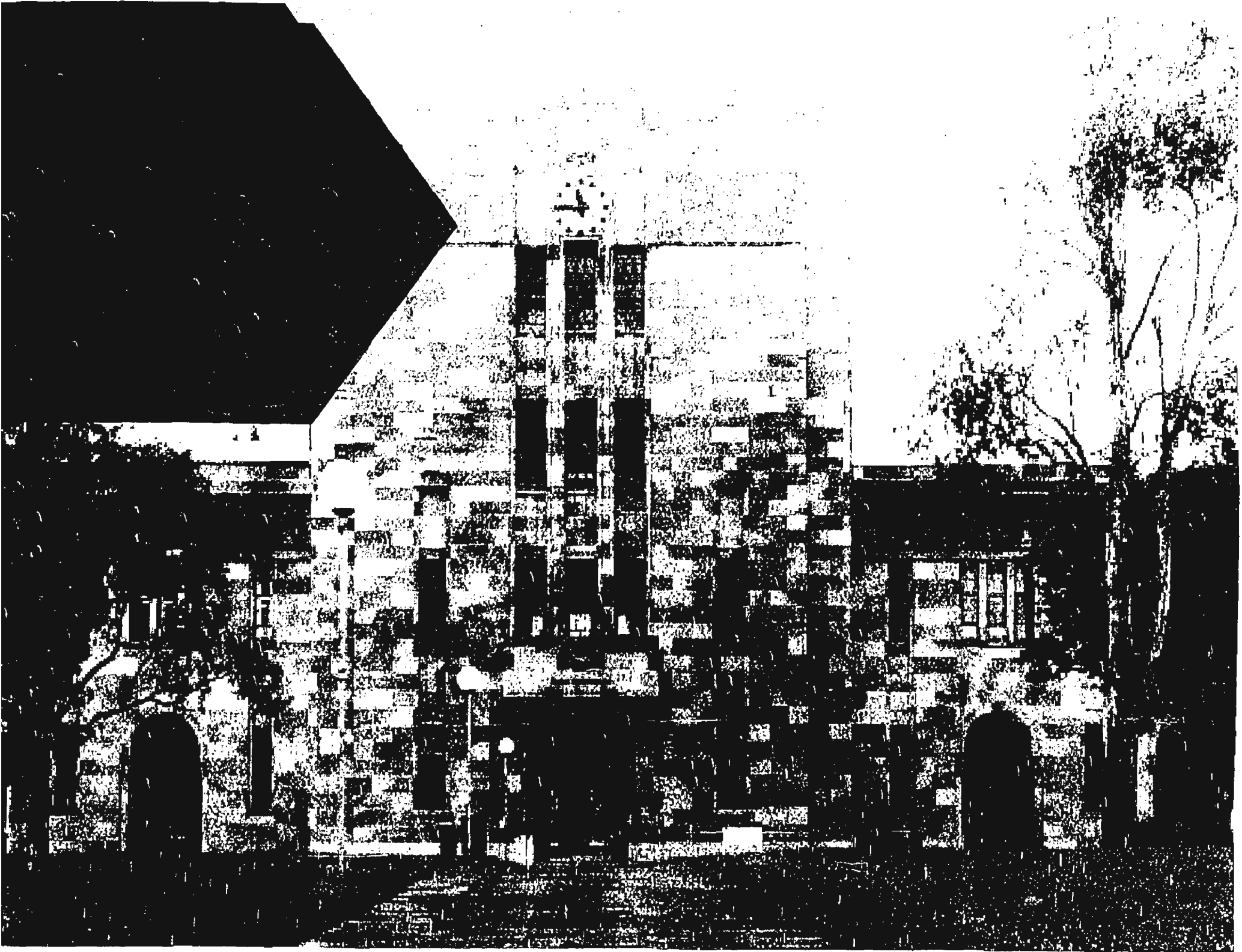
As you can see I had a great time, but sorry folks I can't tell you a thing about it, apart from my headache the next day, remember god has no mercy the morning after.

8. The Grace College Sports Rorts. ****

Probably not the same name next year, but probably a great night anyway, as Dave Bolton once said, "Grace really knows how to have fun." So folks, if you hear bells, its not Santa coming early, its just Dave. Here the beer flows freely at the Rec Club, for only slight encouragement from your wallet.

9. The Emmanuel Exclusion. **

Unfortunately Emanuelle has failed to learn the art of letting people in because the line in is at least a mile long. So, you wait half an hour to get in to only find warm beer, watered down spirits, a crowded dance floor and not enough toilets. The themes of these things a generally pretty try hard, but do provide novelty value for the chemically inconvenienced (drunk) to laugh at others hysterically. Unfortunately, this one is a bit of a fizzer, but if you ask an Emanuelle resident the response will be "You know, it was absolutely fabulous darling," you'll find they say the same about their ball where a quarter of them were refused entry after they bought tickets. I'm sorry Emanuelle, you've got some work to do.



10. ICC (Inter College Council) Functions. **1/2- ***1/2.

I can't speak for this year due to a new ICC executive, but ICC last year put on some good functions. Ms. Jane Fitzgerald and her 1995 executive put on some of my personal favorites and I think she deserves congratulations and so does the rest of Union college for giving us such fond lack of memories and just goes to show that Union is up there with the best, Cromwell will have a hard time doing as good as Jane and Union. Back to the functions, ICC is responsible for the first night back celebrations held the Sunday night before the start of term, with cheap beer and great atmosphere, however sometimes these get a little overcrowded, hence preventing the easy flowing of amber from the tap into your jug. ICC also puts on the ICC Pool Party on the Tuesday night of "O" week and by this goes to print it will have been all over and done, but it is probably best that freshers don't attend, as it gets a bit feral, rough and overcrowded. Unfortunately, most big, open functions in "O" week have the effect of attracting a large non-student crowd, composed of slimy thirty year olds on the look out for a naive, young and usually very drunk fresher (male and female).

Conclusion

College functions are usually a lot of fun, so my only advice to you is to go. Functions which I haven't mentioned are college balls, some of these are closed but if you get invited to go to one, go! I also have some warnings regarding alcohol consumption, you must realise that you and only you are responsible for your actions when you're drunk, so don't blame your friends, but if you are with someone who is drunk keep an eye out for them. Finally a brief thank you to the C-men of Union college who attended all these functions with me, thanks and yes I know I'm a heavy bugger.

by Marcus Brown

**WHEN IT'S TIME TO SWAP
YOUR TUTORS FOR SHOOTERS...**

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A-Z TOP 10 COMPILED FROM AUSTRALIAN AND O/SEAS REVIEWS FOR U.Q.U. SEMPER



"A TERRIFIC CROWD PLEASING COMEDY... A TREAT..." *New York Times*.

ED BURNS has written, directed and starred in his first feature film which has one rave reviews at all film festivals. A romantic laden talk feast about 3 Catholic brothers who find themselves co-inhabiting again in the family home - and each has a date with romantic destiny. The film is full of good-old fashioned virtues, fine dialogue, recognizable life situations and 3 dimensional characters. It is straightforward and disarming in its utter disregard for trendiness and fashion. Woody Allen's influence on Burns is evident. 1.46 (M)

WINNER: BEST FILM
Sundance Film Festival

the
**BROTHERS
McMULLEN**



"ONE OF THE YEARS 10 BEST" *Time, Rolling Stone*

CARL FRANKLIN wrote and directed this film that pays homage to the Bogart thrillers of the 40's. DENZEL WASHINGTON stars as a street wise detective who is offered a job locating a mysterious woman in 1940 Los Angeles. He finds himself being drawn into a web of murder, blackmail, Police Brutality and city politics. Producer Jonathan Demme (Philadelphia / Silence of the Lambs) delivers this crackling socially relevant thriller. "The most effective film noir since CHINATOWN." -Time 1.42 (M)

DENZEL WASHINGTON
**DEVIL IN A
BLUE DRESS**
A CARL FRANKLIN FILM



"AN EXPERTLY MADE HIGH OCTANE ADVENTURE" - *Courier Mail*.

MARTIN CAMPBELL takes the directorial reins for the 17th Bond adventure and he keeps things moving with coherence, energy and flair, particularly helped by the infusion of PIERCE BROSNAN. This time 007 is pitted against the KGB, the mob and a double agent in the form of his partner, Alec Trevelyan (006), who is keen to settle an old score. He utilizes a new satellite weapons system, Goldeneye, to expose the vulnerability of our modern financial markets to electronic sabotage. 2.10 (PG)

PIERCE BROSNAN
IS JAMES BOND 007

GOLDENEYE

No Limits No Fear No Substitutes!



"VERY POWERFUL IN ITS RAW DIALOGUE, TOTAL REALISM, SHOCKING SEX SCENES. IT PULLS THE GROUND OUT FROM UNDERNEATH YOU." *Village Voice*

LARRY CLARK's debut film has received world-wide attention, and is a deeply unsettling portrait of amoral teenagers. It is filmed in a seemingly casual "Cinema Verite" style with an off centre manner, reminiscent of Andy Warhol. It is a confronting experience for many viewers, but one that, for all its extremity, should be seen, in the hope that society may learn the brutal lessons the film so vividly portrays. 1.30 (R 18+)

"A wake-up call to the World."
-Janet Maslin, NY Times

KIDS

THE DEBUT FILM FROM LARRY CLARK



A LIGHTHEARTED STORY OF A LOVER'S QUADRANGLE in the tradition of Room with a view and Widow's Peak.

JOHN IRVIN has made a handsome period film full of pleasant surprises. Two lone British travellers meet in Italy at Lake Como. The central relationship develops like a game of chess, with both making mistakes and neither prepared to give much ground. The film was adapted from the novel by H.E. Bates and is compelling and stunningly beautiful. The budding romance is dealt a sudden blow by the appearance of a younger rival. As a study in character it excels and it's always a pleasure to VANESSA REDGRAVE wrap her speeches with wisdom and tenderness. 1.30 (PG)

Vanessa Redgrave

MONTH
BY THE
LAKE

Edward Fox



"A, WITTY THRILLER RIPE WITH TENSION" *Variety*.
In the tradition of Hitchcock and De Palma.

ANTHONY WALLER's film comes direct from International Critics week, at the CANNES film festival. An exhilarating horror / suspense film that gleefully ricochets from laughter to terror and is shot on set in Moscow. It is an hilarious black comedy with great gags on film making and chills and laughs come in rapid succession. It is the story of a mute make-up artist who witnesses (she thinks) a 'snuff' film being made and discovers, along with her sister and director boyfriend that terror transcends all national boundaries. 1.30 (R/18+)

OFFICIAL SELECTION
INTERNATIONAL CRITICS
CANNES FILM FESTIVAL

MUTE WITNESS
A FILM BY ANTHONY WALLER



"DEEPLY PASSIONATE AND MOVING." *Peter Castaldi JJJ.*

EMIR KUSTURICA's wild meditation on the tumultuous history of the former Yugoslavia is a marvellous, astonishing, rich and erratic film. The sprawling outlandish plot is a parable of social corruption and a soaring archetypal fable of good and evil, lust and violence, from World War 2 to the terrible Bosnian crisis of Today. During the Tito years, comrades are locked "Underground" and are convinced that World War 2 rages on, still building weapons that are being used to kill their own in the civil war that has touched us all. (M)

NOTE: 3 HOURS. NO intermission is allowed.

Winner: **UNDER
GROUND**
BEST FILM
Cannes 95



"A SEDUCTIVELY TWISTED THRILLER.. An Hypnotic blend of suspense and eroticism." *Rolling Stone*

STEVEN SODERBERGH has made a superbly executed film noir thriller. He adds to the dark sinister mood just the right touch of treachery, moral decay and sexual hunger. Based on the 1949 classic CRISS CROSS (Burt Lancaster) the film weaves an elaborate web of double crosses, that may leave many viewers in the dark. It is the story of a drifter who returns home into a dangerous haze of intrigue and desire, but only learns one hard lesson: "You can always go home, but it won't be the same." The best thriller since the COEN BROTHERS. "BLOOD SIMPLE." 1.39 (M)

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF
SEX, LIES & VIDEOTAPE,

PETER GALLAGHER in
A STEVEN SODERBERGH FILM
**THE
UNDERNEATH**



**VOTED ONE OF THE TOP 10 FILMS
Sydney & Melbourne 95 Film Festivals!**

LOUIS MALLE's low key and deceptively simple film is a remarkable achievement that hovers somewhere between theatre and film. The film works essentially in the same drama-within-a-film construct but because the actors play their parts in today's clothes, and David MAMET'S translation of Chekhov's late 19th Century text is so contemporary in feeling, the boundaries between real life and the stage are brilliantly blurred. This is ensemble acting of the highest order. 2hrs. (G)

WALLACE SHAWN • ANDRE GREGORY

A FILM BY
LOUIS MALLE
**VANYA
on 42nd St.**

"THE UNIVERSALITY OF ITS THEMES COMES TO LIFE WITH AN APPEALING CAST AND SKILLED AND IMAGINATIVE DIRECTION." *Variety*

FOREST WHITAKER directs Terry McMillan's best selling and acclaimed novel that explores the romantic perplexities of four Afro-American women who lean on one another through months of living and loving dangerously. It is lushly lensed by Toyomichi Kurita and notable effect is achieved by well selected and inventive score by Babyface with performances by Whitney Houston. 2.00 (M)

ANGELA BASSET • WHITNEY HOUSTON

*Waiting to
Exhale*
A FILM BY FOREST WHITAKER

THE UNIVERSITY OF QLD UNION advises readers that their SCHONELL PROGRAMME information can be obtained on the INTERNET at <http://www.uq.edu.au/studnetunion/schonell/home.html>

U.S.A. ENGLAND RUSSIA EUROPE U.S.A. U.S.A. U.S.A.

IN THE VAT

37

Hello, and welcome to the first entry of "Snoops and Ferns" your two intrepid reviewers of venues where you can make a complete git out of yourself by over indulging in the amber fluid or your preferred drink. In this our first revue, Ferns and I shall make our way on and around the campus to find the ideal student watering hole. So join us on a journey of unbelievable vulgarity and stupidity as we, Snoops and Ferns, go where we've already been too many times to remember, however there could be other reasons for our forgetfulness.

The Rec Club our very own on campus oasis from lectures, tutorials and refectories, situated over near SPRA, next to the Volley Ball Court.

Snoops: Well Ferns, are you ready for a big year of reviewing and spewing?
Ferns: Certainly am Snoops, it'll be kickarse, and with this being the 0 week edition its off to the Students Recreation Club, place of worship for many students and lecturers alike.

Snoops: Thank you Ferns for that testimonial, perhaps we should have waited for you to have sobered up from our last visit. Well now that we're here what will it be.

(Snoops turns to Ferns only to find him sculling his second jug) You do realise you are meant to be drinking that out of a glass, you know you're disgusting those people over there.

Ferns: (Turning to the table, promptly regurgitates a litre or two of amber onto the table) If they were disgusted before they'll be repulsed now, hahaha.

Snoops: Once again Ferns you've pushed the boundaries of vulgarity too far. Now back to our review, the Rec Club, it is very much like a Beer Garden.

Ferns: That's because it f@#*ing is! And the beer is at a bloody good price at only.....

Snoops: Ferns, please, remember that....

Ferns: What, what did you stop me for, I was on a spin..

Snoops: That's a roll Ferns.

Ferns: No it was definantly a spin, yeh and ya can buy jugs for...

Snoops: No, Ferns we can't publish the price of alcohol its against Uni regulations, yes boys and girls we can't tell you how much you can buy a jug for.

Ferns: That's f@#*ed, and Uni administration can stick it up their arse, I love this place its a great place to sit back and have a keg in the cool breeze, you know I don't think the Uni Admin are like me, they don't like having a drink. (Ferns stands and goes to the bar, however by this time a white truck charged across the cricket pitch and dragged Ferns away from the bar and takes him back to the psychiatric ward of the RBH)

Snoops: Now after the excitement back to the review.....

(Snoops slumps over the table head first into the jug, unable speak)

Woman: Why hello, I don't believe I know you.

Snoops: Bigger off I drinking!

And so ends our review on the Rec Club, its a bloody great place to mellow out for half a day, with excellent prices and friendly staff.

NB: The dialogue you see may not be 100% true, as I also recall being abducted by aliens that night as well as having to put up with the added discomfort of a rectal probe.

Three Days Later:

After rescuing Ferns from shock treatment at the RBH and him running down Queen Street Mall naked like someone else we know we finally made our way to the Kitten Club at "The Ville" on Hawken Drive. The Kitten Club is really quite yuppie with its yuppie decor and yuppie drinks, however it still does sell beer at a reasonable price, although they don't sell jugs, as Ferns found out. The Kitten Club is the sort of place that you go to for a few drinks and then leave, in other words YUPPIE.

Snoops: The Kitten Club here we are. (The door opens) Oh my god respectable people, ahhh, what no projectile vomiting, no slime balls, shit we're going to look out of place.

Ferns: (walks up to the bar) Three jugs of XXXX, please.



Bartender: I'm sorry sir, we don't sell jugs.

Snoops: Oh shit. (Expecting Ferns' usual tact to shine through along with his winning charm.)

Ferns: What the f@#k, no f@#*ing jugs, What sort of a f@#*ing place is this. I come here wanting to quench my undying thirst for the amber fluid that gives me liver damage and you have no jugs.

Snoops: Hold on, I'm sure this can be solved amicably.

Ferns: No jugs, no way am I staying, I'm outa here.

(Our intrepid warriors walked down the road into the bottle shop, purchased a cartoon and proceeded to drink it in the bus shelter while harassing everyone who walked past.) Once we finished our cartoon of beer we were blessed with the happiness the Kitten Club could not supply. The time had come to jump on the 512 into the RE, that holy of holiest places as far as any Uni student is concerned. After convincing a resident of Union College B-floor that we actually were Elvis And Bob Marley we finally arrived at the RE.

Ferns: Well Snoops I think we've come home.

Snoops: Ah, yes a beautifully relaxed beergarden what more could a man want?

Ferns: A beer, and it's your shout.

(Grudgingly, Snoops goes to the bar and returns with the essentials)

Snoops: Here you go Ferns. I think this place has got what it takes, slightly rowdy atmosphere, reasonable prices, however I do feel that this place smells funny.

Ferns: And so it bloody well should (has a scull, then gargles) I just farted. Hey look over there.

Snoops: Who, what, were, when.

Ferns: Over there, hey look they're coming over.

Snoops: I can't help, but feel slightly uncomfortable.

Ferns: Why have ya shat yourself or something?

Snoops: No, Ferns I have not desacrated my underwear, but I do feel this review going into the gutter, so lets round up with our scores. The Rec Club?

Ferns: Four out of five.

Snoops: The Kitten Club.

Ferns: One, and three out of five for the bottle shop.

Snoops: And the RE, I give four and a half out of five.

This is Snoops and Ferns in the vat.

THIRTEEN YEARS

UNLUCKY FOR SOME KEATING SAYS: STUFF STUPID STUDENTS

Paul Keating has yet again managed to lie to university students; effectively kicking the principle of free education out of the door while still deceiving students that their education is for free.

The university system of any country is of the utmost importance for research, development and education. Universities produce the doctors who save our lives, the lawyers who run our justice system, the engineers who design and construct our cities, the bankers and managers who run our economy, the scientists who advance our civilisation and many more. The way a government treats our universities is a good indication of whether the government merely cares for itself and its own survival or whether it cares for the country it is there to serve.

In 1983, the ALP Government promised that it would continue to provide free university education which had at the time been provided for ten years, since 1973. However, in true ALP style, it was not long before they broke this election promise and cheated on the students who voted for them because of their promise of continued free education. Early in 1986 (just over two years later) the ALP government introduced a \$250 student "administration charge", a charge introduced for the first time. The ALP went from the no fees for degrees party to the no fees for degrees, except administration charges party!

Then again, in 1988, the ALP government introduced the Higher Education Contribution Scheme (HECS). It may be hard to believe for today's students, but up until 1988, there was no HECS and students could attend university without paying. This scheme meant that students now had to pay for their education. The only consolation for students was that they did not have to pay the money until later. The no fees for degrees, except student administration charge party, became the no upfront fees for degrees party (i.e. any other type of fees can be charged).

But this was not enough for the ALP government. The government had continued to spend money on its pet projects (education not being one of them), in an effort to buy votes from an increasingly sceptical electorate. The result for students was that the government could no longer afford to keep up its education commitments. The answer for the then Prime Minister Hawke, was to simply up the revenues from students to cover the hole in spending and save the mistreated and underfunded university sector; a tax on students (after all the government figured students were too few in number to affect the election result).

And yet again the ALP and Keating lied only last year. In their 1993 campaign the ALP and Keating promised not to introduce further upfront fees for undergraduates. However, in December 1995, in the Higher Education Funding Amendment Bill (No. 2) 1995, the

ALP introduced compulsory 100% upfront fees for all non-citizens (including many of those who were already permanent residents in Australia) and for New Zealanders living in Australia. Indeed if it was not for the Coalition and Green Senators blocking further ALP changes in the Senate, then more students would be paying higher fees right now!

Piece by piece, students group by student group, the ALP and Keating have been working towards forcing more and more students to pay FULL 100% UPFRONT FEES just to hide the fact that the ALP government has irresponsibly overspent and run the country's government further and further into debt. Students already pay taxes on their wages and upon the goods and services that they use (i.e. sales tax, fuel excise tax, import duties etc.). Why should students also pay for their education and the maintenance of Australia's tertiary education system just to fund Keating's election promises which are not aimed at helping anyone but himself to, buy enough votes to be re-elected.

Over the last thirteen years, Paul Keating has been in the positions which made all of the above decisions, being supported by the ALP. Keating cannot duck the responsibility for the vast increases in fees and the reductions in university funding. We keep putting more in and yet our lectures and tutorials have become more crowded, some to such an extent that experts claim they are hampering students' learning abilities.

How many times will we let the ALP and Keating batter us for their own electoral gain? How can we vote for the same government yet again?

After thirteen years in government, Paul Keating and his mates in the ALP have somehow managed to repeatedly lie to university students, telling them that he is their mate on the one hand while on the other he and his government put up our fees to record highs and force upon students a hidden regime of upfront fees and charges. When students voiced their opinions last year, all Keating could do was to yell back at them 'go get a job!'

The 1996 election (like the 1993 election) will be very close. After being so poorly used by the Keating government in the past it is about time that students voted against such outrageous abuses of our country's education system. The ALP's betrayal of students cannot be allowed to continue.

After thirteen years of Keating blaming everyone else for his own mistakes and short-fallings; after thirteen years of Keating lies and after thirteen years of Keating arrogance, it is about time that we returned to Keating some of the service he has given us. At the March 2 federal election, students should put Paul Keating out of a job and tell him to go get a job.

By Matthew Cavanagh.

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TYRE SERVICE

WORDS OF ADVICE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

They're going to give you all kinds of silly advice this year. The careers counselling people, the pedagogues in the academic wilderness, the student union. Even Semper. Disregard it all. Sure they mean well, but often their conception of what it is that student life is about is hopelessly inadequate. They talk about AUSTUDY, they discuss subjects, they think GPA is important. Their attitudes towards sex are probably perversely, outrageously biased in the negative (and theoretical anyway). So it's good to take the time to talk about what's important. Student lifestyles. Student types. The extraneous bits.

1. CLASSIFICATIONS

To the uninitiated, there would seem to be only the three types of student.

- (i) the hard-working, live-at-home type
- (ii) the rather bored, uncertain type
- (iii) the perennial student.

Of course, there is type (iv). Those who have found out that being a student is their vocation. This is not the same as type being (iii), since the perennial student tends to live at home in order to subsidize their tendency to graduate post-millennium. These are the people who think the Young Ones is either a documentary, a How-To program or (cutting a little too close to the bone) social satire.

First step is to recognise yourself as any one of these categories, and please, be honest. If you're an anal retentive with a predilection for handing in assignments two weeks early, you are probably not (ii), (iii) or (iv). If, however, you've ever woken up in a human-shaped space cleared from among tallies and dirty clothes, walked to the fridge to pick out pizza that's seen better geological eras, and stared around in satisfaction at the human detritus littering your lounge room after a large-ish night out, then you've probably found your vocation. Burn out among the type (iv) hedonists is enormous, however, so be sure you fit the habit before you try it on.

Type (ii) is a little more difficult to locate. They don't know what they're doing at university. They know what their admissions form says, but if you ask them they'll answer vaguely something about finding themselves. You've got to worry about anyone who could find themselves at UQ. Asking pertinent questions like, well what kind of person are you that you could possibly be found on the top floor of Michie. You'd have to be really lost.

The perennial student type is a dying breed, ask anyone who has seen any of the haggard looking student pollies these days, who tend to be pretty much permanent fixtures. Changes to admissions and AUSTUDY have basically nailed shut the coffin of the eternal student. Unless, of course, you have accessed the inane meanderings of the joys and wonderments of the Department of Social Security, otherwise known as the dole office. However, for most of you unfortunate souls, you won't be able to access this wonderful institution (an institution in every sense of the word), as only part time students (ie you are enrolled in <33 credit points) are eligible to gain the dole.

OK, so you've decided what you are. There is only left to work out what to do with the rest of your life. really.

2. An existential crisis is only as valid as the existence you have now. Get some perspective. You're just a student.

Ostensibly, why you're at uni is to find that wonderful course of life to embark on, the raison d'être beyond who's-the-spunk-nugget-at-the-end-of-the-bar type reason for living that's got you through this far. Happy, happy day, a job is almost in sight and you can safely sit back and forget the family import denture business. However, take a semester or two to smell the academic roses. There's many a worthy and interesting course to broaden your horizons with: check out the human sexuality subject in ID, consider some art or philosophy. Originally, the conception of a university education was to create a well-rounded individual, as opposed to the highly specific, job-defined preparation for a role in industry that occurs today.

3. Extracurricular Activities, or Television May Be Your Friend (but leading a vicarious existence through Homer Simpson is perhaps a sign you should get out more).

Of all the extracurricular activities at UQ, sex, after politics, is the most popular. Sex is plentiful and easy to find at UQ. Everyone loves each other. Alternate Thursdays the Student Union opens up its subterranean levels, the red satin and ostrich feather conjugal suites that have seen many a student dream... OK, a lie. If you're a first-year, forget it. Sex is a second year subject. Be content with your memories of that magic four minutes post high school graduation last year, with the extra-satisfying ten seconds of post-coital snuggling. But, be very careful in what ever you do. And keep yourself in check during the pool and toga party, which for whatever reason seems to be an excuse for everyone to let down their hair and act like several million years evolutionary differentiation between ourselves and single celled amoebae hadn't occurred.

The sporting clubs at UQ are so many and varied it's difficult to imagine someone not finding something to their liking. Suffice to say, during O-week check out the SPRA stalls and eventually be assured something will catch your eye. If that is, you like sports at all. However, for those who like their clubs perhaps more cerebral and certainly less physical, the other types of clubs are equally varied, from the role players to the meditators.

Wednesday Market Day is a wonderful institution for those who lack the where withal to shop anywhere respectable. Cheap clothes (hippy, second hand a speciality) and even cheap food from the Hare's (though it's cheaper again at their Sunday night banquets in the city, and more interesting for the dancing and praying they do). Wednesday is also a good day to catch a live band playing near the main refec.

Perhaps the piece de resistance of any budding culturophile however, is the new pricing system at the Shonell. Tuesdays and Wednesdays from the beginning of semester the Shonell is apparently going ballistic with its pricing system, making affordable even to the thinnest wallet or the tightest arse some of the most interesting films around. For god's sake, go to the Shonell, it can only do you good.

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

Sick and tired of boring lectures and an unfulfilled social agenda? Want to meet more people that think and feel the same way as you?

Clubs and Societies are the most accessible, diverse, well-utilized and thoroughly enjoyable service provided by your Union.

Clubs and Societies currently supports over 130 clubs with a combined student membership of over 16,000. Clubs represent a variety of interests which may have a cultural, religious, academic or political base.

SO THERE!!! JOIN A CLUB NOW!!! COME AND SEE US BECAUSE WE WANT TO SEE YOU!!

To find us, simply stroll past the Main Refectory, slide down the stairs past the Commonwealth Bank, walk past the bike shop and Semper and CRUISE into Clubs and Societies.

So there, throw your boredom aside!! Invest your time in a great club and reap the massive benefits!!! Have a great year!!

Andrew Park

Clubs and Societies Vice-President 1996.

Two strangers were sitting beside each other on a plane. The first asked,

"Are you on business or pleasure?"

"Business," came the reply. "So am I," said the first, I'm manager of a national company breaking into the international market. I'm travelling home to accept a promotion to become a member of the board of directors, and take five percent of the company's profits. All my trips are paid for by the company and when I retire I'll remain a major shareholder. So what about you?"

Quietly, the second man said, "I work for a multi-national organisation with representatives in every country in the world".

"Who runs this company?," asked the shocked neighbour.

"A Father and Son team run the whole thing".

Picking up the magazine the neighbour muttered "I've never heard of such an organisation". After a brief silence he asked "What benefits do you get?"

Casually the young man said, "The Father and the Son see all their employees as top priority, making sure all their needs are met. In fact recently, the Son even put his life on the line for His employees".

Stunned, the manager blurted out, "But what about when you retire?"

"Actually, the Father and Son are making me a mansion to live in for my retirement".

The manager smiled with understanding. "The Father and Son wouldn't happen to be God and Jesus would they?"

"Yes, would you like to change firms?"

Student Life is part of this fantastic company. To find out more, contact Samantha on 3379 9799.

RUSSIAN STUDENTS SOCIETY

RUSSOC wants YOU!

YOU will sample Russian delicacies, learn the miraculous effects of vodka, be amazed by the skill of Russian dancers, be thrilled by the music of a people as foreign as their land is mysterious.

YOU will gain insight into this people- a people often forgotten by the West- through their films, songs, and through real live Russian members of RUSSOC.

YOU will be part of RUSSOC, a social organisation for students with an interest in the Russian-speaking world. YOU will be part of the adventure, trying out ice-skating, dancing or journeying with us on our annual Russian camp.

YOU have been chosen! It is your destiny to be a RUSSOC member!

RUSSOC wants YOU!

RUSSIAN NIGHT OUT: 19 April- we're looking for performers of all kinds for a night of Russian culture. So if you can sing, play, dance, act or do anything with a Russian theme, RUSSOC wants you!

Join us through Clubs and Socs on 3377 2211.

WOMEN AND THE LAW was established in 1993 after judicial decisions around the country highlighted the inequities that exist in the Law, particularly gender inequity. We are here to provide a forum for discussion of developments and problems in the Law regarding gender equity. We also believe that the Law school is the place to start change and we lobby the school to change its curriculum and core subjects to include Womens' experiences of the Law and highlight some of the problems that women face in dealing with the legal system. The next problem is that, although women make up 52% of Law students they are not out there in the professional sphere in the same numbers. We want to encourage women at this level to enter the profession, to prepare them for the difficulties they will face in the profession, and to let them know about existing womens' networks.

On the lighter side! We have a Womens' Welcome on February 29th that all are welcome to. We have womens' Breakfast, Dinner, Film Nights, Seminars, Discussion Groups, organise work experience, Student Paper competition...we have a lot of fun!

Come and join us or contact Georgine Duncan on 3870 1994.

PRESIDENT REPORT

Hi to all and welcome to the very first edition of the 1996 'Semper Floreat', this year compiled and edited by those exciting, 'semper-happy' gorgeous 'Pulp Fiction' guys! So all you punters out there you're in for some amazing readable Sempers aswell as an active, fun year, all proudly brought to you by your Student Union.

The Student Union is the social, cultural, political, service centre of the University. It exists to promote (no, not just promote, fight for) students' rights and interests and to provide services for you. The Union ultimately helps you to deal with University, Government on a local, state and national level and anyone else in the community who attempts to make life difficult for you. All in all the Union is about meeting the common needs of students - for the best education possible and quality of life whilst at University. However most of all it is YOUR union run by students for students.

This year will be an active and hopefully successful year for the Student Union and an extremely enjoyable happening year for all you students out there. We have many plans which we intend to put into ACTION and with alot of commitment, hard work and co-operation from the relevant parties we will hopefully be successful.

One of the major issues that the Union will be tackling this year falls within the transport arena. You may have guessed it already! YES! The Half-price bus fares saga continues and so too does the parking problem. You may have noticed on your return that parking around the St Lucia area has been restricted. Much thanks goes to good old Lord Mayor Jim for that one! While you were taking a relaxing holiday break, your Union Executive has been busy attracting media attention and undertaking negotiations with the Brisbane City Council. We even managed to score an interview with Lord Mayor Jim. Now ain't that great! Not much more can be said except that the fight will be continuing long after this report has been written. But believe me, the proverbial is going to hit the fan before long.

Also while you've been on holidays the Union Executive, what a marvellous, caring bunch they are, has been organising the biggest and best O-Week and has created a fantastic diary, both of which you are probably fortunately experiencing at the moment. I think great applause is in order for all the people involved, especially the O-Week Director, Russell Thomas and his assistant, Michael Kleinshmidt, the Activities Vice-President, Rob McCathie, the Acting Activities Organiser, Andrew Silcox and the General Vice-President, Heidi Pietzner, all for such a legendary effort. I'll finish with the thanks now in case I've forgotten someone.

Much to our shock and dismay as you would already know University Administration heavies banned 'Toga Party' from campus. Your Union worked actively and strenuously to try and prevent the ban but to no avail. Bless those Administration fusty boring old souls. However the legend of "Toga" lives on at RNA showgrounds and looks like University will actually have something to worry about when "Toga" goes off!!! There is however more media coverage and ACTION planned just to give those corporate heads some agonising headaches.

Plans for a new Student Recreation Club are under way and UQ Sports has agreed to keep the current Rec Club open until such time as the new Union run Recreation Club is up and running. Many other objectives/goals are on the way to being achievable and we will keep you well informed as time passes.

Remember your union is here for you. It is here to help you to have the best time of your life at University and to help make your ride as smooth as possible with maximum thrill. Never give up your right to ask questions, seek advice and to challenge. Be involved and participate to the max and stay in control over your life and your education.

*Best wishes and have a happening year
Love Jody Thompson
President UQ Union.*

WELFARE VICE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

It has been published in several Student Union publications the phrase "Don't let study get in the way of your education". While this leftie catch cry is over simplified and somewhat silly, reality shows that some things do get in the way of the beneficial and

generally mind opening experience that tertiary education is. In response, the Welfare Area is one of the most tangible and comprehensive services offered by the UQ Union. If you are having Austudy or Social Security problems, need a loan for essential living expenses, tenancy advice or are seeking accommodation in the form of a home not a hassle, or a nifty or downright vocational job, come see Mina Young (Welfare Officer), Zoie Sherrin (Employment Officer) or Kathleen Vromans (Welfare VP) in the Union Building.

The Welfare Area also has an extensive range of information about the numerous services that could be of benefit to students, regarding women's health, sexual health, mental health, differently abled students, youth services and lists of cheap places to eat and shop.

But if all of this seems unnecessary banality, and you want to play a part in tackling the "Big Issues" I'd like to take this opportunity to invite you to participate in the union that, after you pay your students services charge, is essentially yours. Hopefully, 1996 among other ground breaking moves, will become the year in which student accommodation and its financial and

emotional drains will become less apparent. Such a plan includes lobbying the university administration emergency housing, working towards some form of on campus accommodation as an alternative to the residential colleges, and actively seeking reforms to Austudy, or pursuing a viable, more economically sound and far reaching system, one that allows more funds to more students. This accommodation master plan sees its genesis early in first semester, in the form of our Tent City, in the Great Court. Even if your rent is cool, your flat mate or the conditions you have to live in at college probably are less than desirable. (If you can't pay your rent, pitch a tent!). To have many people participating would be ideal.

Transport is also a huge issue, but more about that closer to transport week 25 29th of March. Hopefully half price bus fares will become a reality, parking will become easier and Ferry services more extensive.

I have also initiated moves towards the possibility of having a C.E.S established on Campus. While I have been confronted by very stubborn public servants the success this a service embraced at Melbourne University hopefully will provide suitable evidence that a C.E.S is much needed and will be much used.

If you wish to become involved in any of these campaigns, don't hesitate to contact me on (07) 33772200 ext 344. I look forward to your involvement.

*Best of Luck
Kathleen Vromans
Welfare VP*

COMING OUT AND GOING PLACES

WHAT IS COMING OUT?

The answer to this question depends totally on who you ask. It usually means the process of accepting and feeling comfortable with your own sexuality and telling those people who are important to you. For some it means adopting an identity or labels such as "lesbian", "gay", "bisexual", "transgenderist" or "queer" but you don't have to. For everyone it means discovering as their real selves. The coming out experience is unique for each individual but one thing is common to each story - no-one regrets it.

Queer Tribes is running a series of four workshops dealing with all sorts of coming-out issues at the Rona Room, past the bicycle shop, just before Activities. They will occur every Thursday at 1:00 PM commencing on March 14 and concluding on April 4. You can ring ahead anytime on 33772200 - extension 308. The workshops are friendly and non-intimidating and are a great way to meet new people who have gone through or are going through similar experiences as yourself. Here are some brief stories to absorb and perhaps inspire.

I'm here, I'm queer and I might go shopping if I ever leave uni and get a job. I knew from early adolescence I was attracted to men, but it took years (and a bucketload of ridiculous excuse) before I accepted I was gay. Well, I actually prefer "queer" these days - "gay" is so Matt-from-Melrose or Levi-501's-and-white-muscle-T, which just isn't m at all, really, I love "camp" - once you admit it exists inside you and don't

feel ashamed about it, it is funny, sexy and wondrous. Closets just aren't a good look for summer '96, or any season. When I think of them I think of silly crushes on straight boys, bad dress sense and worse of all, ABSTINENCE! It really is Okay to be yourself - there are people just like you everywhere. Good luck.

Nick

COMING OUT & BEAMING UP TO RONA

It seemed that I was the only bent people on the planet. My media manufactured image of gay people placed them on an exotic yet distant star. A year ago I first went to Rona room, it had taken me years to muster the courage to confront those nasty stereotypes and discover what being quee was really about.

Though this probably does read a bit like Club Med brochure, for me the Rona room was a good place to meet boys & girls, who allowed me to work through "these" feelings. No expectations are made & assumptions about what it is to be gay or straight, masculine or feminine are ignored, flaunted, challenged or reformed. While QTs offers opportunities for participation in more political areas of liberation, the best service it offers, and probably the most important aspect for the novice, is in creating friendly/queer social space where relationships can be made and information on the community - its culture, venues, health and history found.

A year ago I came to (not at) the Rona room, wondering if I could fit the label

I chose for myself. Today, proud and confident of my sexuality, I consider it far to unique to be categorised under any one heading available on the planet.

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HEY KIDS

43

WE'RE GONNA MAKE A TV SHOW

HELP US SUBVERT THE MASSES BRIZ 31 COMMUNITY TELEVISION

"Access, choice, voice; made by the people for the people"

Briz31. Okay, it hasn't got a particularly good rep, but it's got potential. Australia is often described as the "third world" of community television, and most people probably don't really know what it's all about. Community television functions to create opportunities; for freedom of opinion and expression, for equitable representation of issues and culture, for innovation and for social change. But, basically, it means making stuff for ourselves and putting it on tv. It also offers people the chance to become involved and skilled in different aspects of television production. So, it's a challenge, but AARK aims to transform Briz31 into the coolest thing since Triple Zed. AARK will be more interesting than the "Live Harness Racing", it will far surpass that gardening show about "Orchids", and it's just going to be so much better than "Home Butchery"...

SO WHAT IS AARK?

It's a Brisbane film and tv collective organised between a network of communications, media, drama, film and tv students. (But it's also pretty much open to any one who is interested).

The Universities involved include the University of Queensland, Queensland University of Technology, and Griffith University. At the moment it is based at the University of Queensland, and operates under the umbrella of the English Students Society. Student reps will be selected from each uni campus early in first semester and regular meetings will be held at all campuses throughout the year. AARK is also committed to supporting other local community television production groups, and independent filmmakers in whatever capacity it is able to.

AARK is currently producing a tv show to broadcast on Briz31 and seeks submissions of insightful student and independent productions, ie short films, animation and documentaries. The idea is that we supply the means and you supply the goods.

Through this program we aim to create a forum for exposing new artistic works by young and local performance, media and visual artists; and to provide relevant information on community interests and issues. In the presentation of these issues AARK aims to provide a voice, a medium of expression, a channel of communication; and thus seeks to establish a local and regional identity for the community by utilizing local artists, businesses, issues, citizens and landmarks.

WHEN WILL IT HAPPEN ?

It's set to go to air ASAP this semester, so keep your eyes and ears open. It plans to be shown 9-9.30pm Mondays with a rerun on Wednesday evenings. It is hoped that this will become a sustainable thing that different people can become involved in running each year. We are currently investigating the possibility of obtaining student pro-

grams from RMITV in Melbourne, and international student work from the net to broadcast on top of our own Brisbane programming

GET INVOLVED

This thing cannot survive without your support. Ideally, film and TV students could incorporate upcoming assessment into the program. However, we have received a grant from the UQ Community Services funding pool, and plan to distribute a portion of this amongst members. Membership is only \$3. This will permit you to apply for extra funding to cover the production expenses of a project you'd like to go to air. Call us to join and obtain more info.

CONTACT; Co-ordinator: Amy Lee at AARK, Clubs and Socs, UQ studentunion, Uni of Qld, St. Lucia, Q, 4067. Ph. 3377 2211 fax 3377 2227 e-mails 319505 @student.uq.edu.au

aark + TV PARTY

hOLt room wEd 21.2.96

oPposite pizza cAffe 3pM - LAte

pArt of ORientation week '96
uNivERsity of quEENslANd ST. LUCIA



Police find woman under tree

Petrie police yesterday found an unidentified woman sitting under a tree by Anzac Avenue.

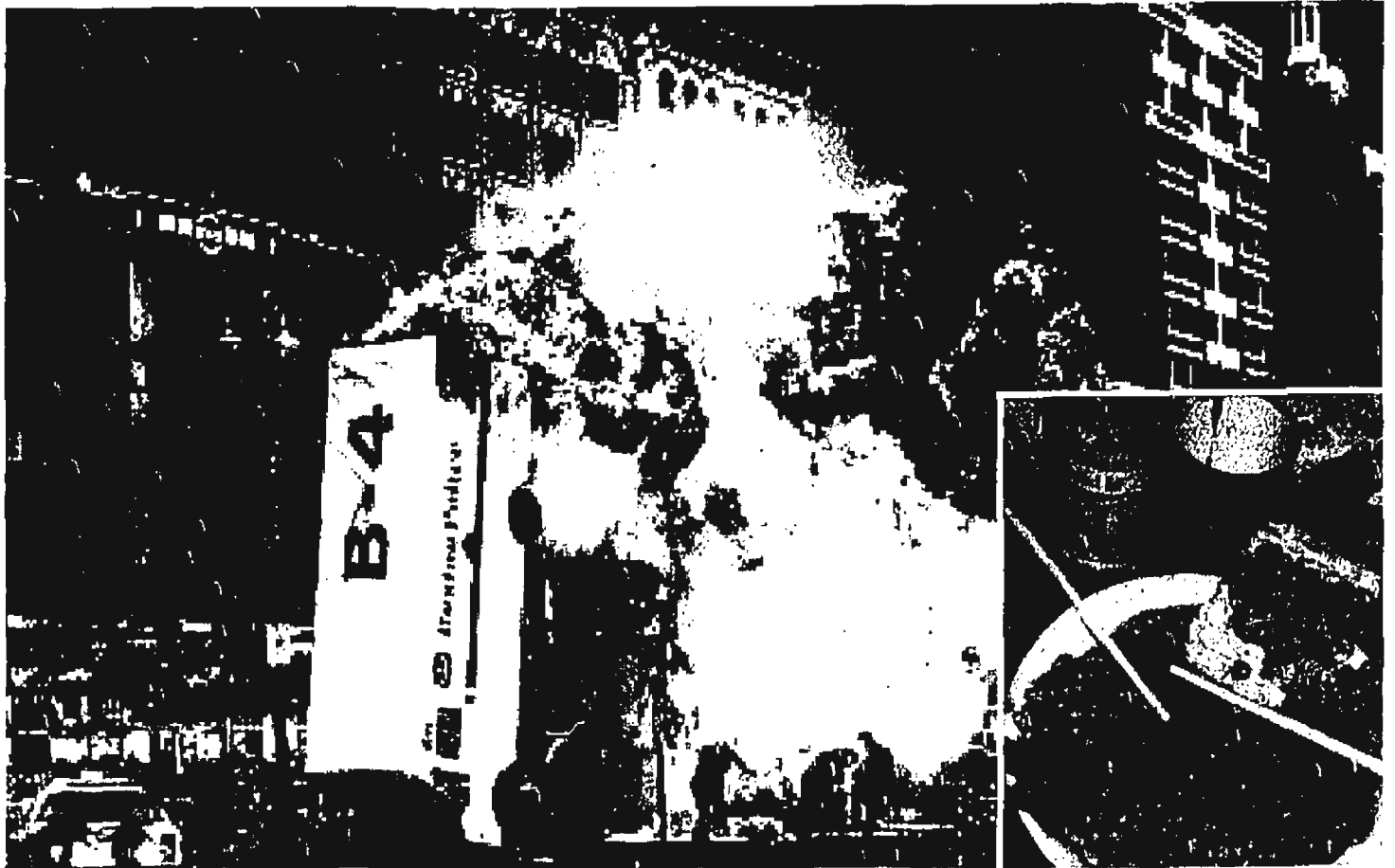
"What year is it?," asked the woman.

"I've been waiting for a 512 bus since 1957," she said.

"It was going to drop me off at Ironside State School," said the woman, "I was about to start Grade One".

Police are attempting to contact the woman's family, who are believed to be waiting for an 84 bus in the Bunya Mountains.

Beans and Noodles on rampage



Notorious mobsters the Beans brothers are conducting a new terror campaign with enigmatic poisoner "Two Minute" Noodles.

The criminals (pictured) are presiding over an epidem-ic of flatulence across the USA.

First casualty of the campaign was White House cat, Socks, who

exploded in a Boston police van (right) while being transported to give evidence at President Clinton's indecent exposure trial.

The next casualty was TV star Pee-Wee Herman, who simply vanished up his own arsehole.

More recently, rock star Axl Rose farted himself to death in

a Los Angeles Recording studio.

The noise of his demise will form a large part of the new Guns' rrrrrrrrr' Roses album.

It will also be used as incidental music in the new Oliver Stone film, "Carter."

Man in brown suit arrested



"I didn't know it was illegal to wear a purple tie with a brown suit," said Mr Harold Thudd, 32, of Deception Bay yesterday.

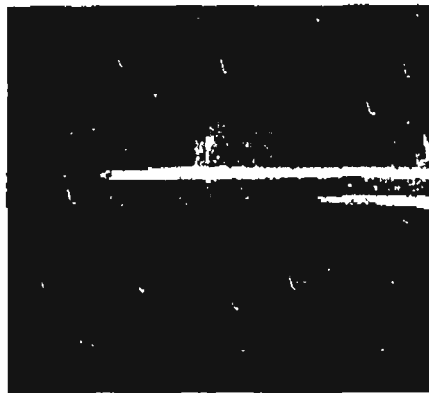
Mr Thudd was arrested for violating the newly instituted Section (a) paragraph (b) subsection 367 of the Queensland Criminal Code.

This new law is designed to prevent the wearing of daggy '70s clothing and horrible brown suits.

"Queensland is becoming a sartorial police state", said Mr. Thudd's solicitor, much-decorated midget Mr. Beowulf Crouch (bottom left).

Space Aliens land in bushes

With a blinding flash of light and a cry of "remember where we parked," space aliens landed in a



bush on Fred Schonell Drive yesterday, said noted oyster sexer Bing Mussolini, aged nine.

The space aliens, thought to be Stonehenge builders from Atlantis, approached Mr. Mussolini after landing.

"Let us fix that flash problem on your camera," they said.

"That's why it looks like I've got a bugged flash,"

said Mr. Mussolini, defending the quality of his photograph.

Vicious teens attack pensioner



A pensioner was probably attacked recently by a gang of smelly, inarticulate, culturally illiterate teenagers similar to the ones pictured here, writes a lazy journalist.

The attack will probably be featured on page one of the

next Sunday Mail.

It will be accompanied by three columns of statistics showing how society is going to the shithouse.

The teenagers will also be featured in Ken Lord's High School Formal pages.