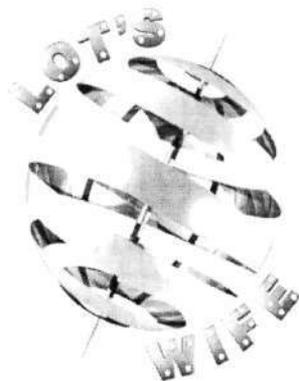


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ON



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EDITION #3 1997

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LAY OUTERS

It's been another epic journey into the mysterious world of student media, but here it is! Thanks to the following, who came and played:
Adrian, Jayne, Anthony, Booger, Michael S. Katrina, Gary, Sammy, Kobi and Raine, Katie, Briette, Ren, Wazza, Jo, Clare, James, Stacey, Brendan, Will, Michael, Joey, Kylie, Brett, Duncan, Dave McDave, Ash, Pip, Yas, Jay, Ben, Mothy, Mim, Tiago and anyone else who helped us create.

contents

FEATURES



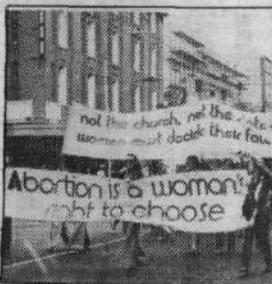
Lycra, leather, spandex and then some - the '97 Mardi Gras expose

Peeking through the crowd and perched precariously on a milk-crate worth its weight in gold, Rorie Jackson caught the highs and lows of the Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi-Gras, politics and all.
Page 30

Life after Gough - towards a new nation with Jim Cairns

Petro-dollars, the nationalisation of resources, higher education reforms, and the sacking of Gough Whitlam - Jim Cairns was there for it all. Adam McBeth gets the scoop.

Page 32



Abortion - the battle continues

With a spate of violent attacks on abortion clinics throughout America, the debate has become even more heated, and the issue steadily more complicated. Benjamin Jones explores the shockwaves which are reverberating across America.

Page 27

PLUS

- 4. Letters and Editorial
- 7. News
- 16. Question time
- 11. Opinion
- 17. MSA Matters
- 26. Club - o - Rama
- 28. Kiddy Lit
- 35. Byte Me: Computer News
- 34. Prorastinators Page
- 55. Sport



- The Viennese Minx
- The Blue Train Cafe
- Pearl's Wisdom
- On the road to Sydney



arts + entertainment

- Gettin' to know the Fauves
- Machinehead
- Womadelaide
- Reviews



Letters to the Editors

Editorial

Edition Three. We made it, and we owe that to everyone who attended the SGM and voted to sign the funding agreement. Thank you for proving that we can appreciate realism and ideology for what they are, and also for showing that we care about the issues which affect us as Monash students. We still condemn VSU and we are still angry that students don't seem to be a part of Kennett's agenda (whatever that may be). We want to fight and to create change for the better, but only when we have the resources and organisation to run a mind-blowing campaign. Reality does bite, but we couldn't ignore it when the risk was so great.

We are aware that our centrespread in Edition Two caused some antagonism, and was perceived by some to be a breach of editorial conduct. We apologise if it caused any confusion. Put together by us, the centre spread was a necessary step to take when the very existence of *Lot's Wife* was under an extremely real threat. We were elected to create a paper for 1997, which also means fighting for its survival if necessary. We're also re-veiling in producing and sharing good, exciting student media, and we realise that you can't take these things for granted.

We were also happy to stave off the motion calling for our resignation at the SGM. It hurts when the motion called for our replacements to be Huey, Dewey and Louey Duck, but we looked on the bright side - *Lot's* would have had the rights to some fantastic *Warner Bros* cartoons, and we could have replaced them in celluloid land, which, like student politics and activism, also has catfights and mudslinging and the occasional ACME bomb...

So read on, enjoy the Easter break, and remember that you're half way to exams. Multiple choice are easy - all you have to do is circle, and the essay can generally be bluffed through if you're feeling feisty. So as they say in the classics, "use the force".

Ant, Em and Harriet

Rave On

This Crazy Feeling

Dear *Lot's*,

I am writing this letter in order to gauge reaction and possible support for a techno union night and/or rave society. After events such as EarthCore last summer, which I can only describe as simply mind shattering (no, it was my friend who munched on too many tickets, honestly) I returned to uni only to realize that my appetite for jungle, trance, etc, apparently isn't shared. At least that is the initial impression, but after enquiries with Jo at the very appreciated MSA Activities, it seems that others have been making similar investigations.

So now I appeal to the Monash public. I would like to see such an event held, in fact, I can almost picture it now. I can see the windows of the Union building pulsing to the fundamental bars of some really good jungle. And I'd like to be able to see the excessively dilated pupils (caused by the dark naturally!) of fellow rave connoisseurs. I call upon those of you who hear what I'm saying and would support this type of event to make yourselves known. With support anything is possible.

We would also like to investigate the potential support for a club, so please let us know your thoughts or suggestions about these ideas through contacting myself (Toby) on 0412 665617 or Lethargy at LMCB1@STUDENT.MONASH.EDU.AU. If you support our ideas and we have the same interests as you, get in touch with us.

Toby Kilroy

Money Talks

Hail Mr Bus Driver

Ripped off 1:

Yesterday I was rudely refused entry onto the bus to uni as the only financial token I could offer the driver was a fifty dollar note, and of course, he couldn't change it. So as I was humiliatingly sent to procure change, he pissed off on me. Subsequently I missed the first half of the only class I had for the day.

Ripped off 2:

Also yesterday, a girl was at Chadstone catching a bus. On her she had last year's concession card and decided to chance using it, as she hadn't updated. The driver refused her card and so her fare doubled. This meant in order to pay she had to break a twenty. This driver also refused (doesn't this sound familiar!) and sent her to get change. The inevitable happened.

By Aaron Drew

Travel At A Price

Dear *Lot's*,

With the recent fee increases, Austudy/Abstudy cuts, and up-front payments for Uni students, life is becoming increasingly more difficult. Add to this an exorbitant \$108 for the right to purchase concession fare, and we really see hair being torn out.

The only justification provided by the state government for the \$102 price hike from the Secondary students' price, is that Tertiary students are supposedly in a better position to support themselves.

Problem is, uni students often *do* support themselves, struggling to pay bills, rent, educational fees, and often even feed themselves. Where is the justice, when the unemployed receive more in benefits, yet concession status is free for them? It seems Tertiary students do not have the privileges of either secondary students or of those in the work force, but the responsibilities of both.

This unrealistic situation, and ridiculous cost for a service which is free in all other states, drives people away from public transport, not only inconveniencing students, but also contributing to traffic problems, pollution, and numerous other inexcusable evils.

It is difficult to understand the motive behind the extremely high cost of concession cards. Perhaps it is a Kennett plot, forcing us to use the roads on which he lavished so much loving care, as well as time and money.

Tiago Freire

HECS

Dear *Lot's*,

In response to Richard Lindmark's article, "How much would you expect to pay?", I would query your vexation regarding the rise in amenities fees from a speculated \$18 to \$26. Whilst increasing fees are of a major concern to all students, issues such as increased HECS (and here we are talking hundreds and thousands of dollars per student), the raising of the independent age for Austudy from 22 to 25, and the implementation of the Actual Means Test (that unrealistic brainchild of Amanda Vanstone's), are much more pressing and of greater significance. The effects of these new changes will remain long after our \$26 has been spent and forgotten.

If the financial well-being of your fellow students truly concerns you, then act on our behalf in what really concerns us, and save the petty name-calling for the professionals in Canberra.

R. Graham

Gripes

Woopsie

Dear *Lot's*,

1. What happened to number five of the seven deadly sins?
2. The photograph used in the "yes" half of the funding agreement was from last year's SGM, true. But perhaps you forgot that students voted overwhelmingly against signing a funding agreement last year, although the meeting was later proved to be iniquate.

Anna Barrett
Arts II/IV

Call Waiting

Dear *Lot's*,

On behalf of every guy who has tried to phone a girl who he likes and has been interrupted by call waiting, I'd like to say "curse it". I happened to call a lovely young lady a few days ago only to be disturbed not once, not twice, but three times. The last interruption ended the conversation which was going so well despite the annoying beep of call waiting. So curse it. I was there first. Where does call waiting get off, when affairs of the heart come along? I didn't even get to ask her out for lunch. Just curse it.

Loverboy



Nestle the Sequel

Dear *Lot's Wife*,

I am writing in response to Michael Power's letter about Monash Marketing Society's use of Nestlé products during O-Week. Although it is disturbing that a Caulfield club can come on to campus and do these things, the University's plan to incorporate the Union is of far greater concern than the Nestlé boycott. By the time you read this, the University Council will have decided to incorporate the union and replace the current Union Board of 18 (including twelve Clayton students) with a Board of Directors of between six and ten which will have only two Clayton students on it.

Student representation will be so tokenistic that the directors can choose to ignore student opinion and overturn policies such as the Nestlé boycott in order to increase profits. What the University is ignoring is the fact that all Catering and Retails profits will continue to go to either the MSA to provide services to students or stay in the Union to keep the amenities fee down.

Consequently, there is no reason why students should not be able to decide that they would rather pay a higher amenities fee (or receive less services from MSA) than have certain products sold in the Union. The arrangements for the new incorporated Union must allow students to make these decisions. The MSA is doing its best to ensure that this happens, but the more support there is from students the easier it will be achieved. If you are concerned about this please write to the MSA and we will pass these concerns on to the University.

Kevin Ryan
Union Board Chairperson
and MSB member

What Price the Building?

Dear *Lot's*,

It's been a while since I trod the hallowed turf of this famed institution of learning – a little too long it seems. I've returned to find the most reckless use of concrete since the creation of the Me.izies building. At first glance, my social conscience screamed out, "What a bloody rip-off. Gee, the number of student places has been reduced, up-front fee quotas have increased, HECS is up, and we're building enough useless shit to fund twenty or more well-deserved full scholarships to this place."

I guess there is an upside however. At least the ducks have a new Olympic-sized lake to waddle in, and we've scored a couple of great free-standing concrete walls (either a long overdue shrine to dog urinals or some abstract God symbol paying homage to *2001: A Space Odyssey*).

Anyway, I'm disgusted to say the least. We used to be called the clever country, and that label was founded on our intellectual pursuits and performance. Unfortunately, I'm beginning to get this sinking feeling that this institution is more concerned with the way it looks in high gloss on colour catalogues in Malaysia, as opposed to funding a truly beneficial infrastructure for the student populace.

Sure, let's promote this place, I don't begrudge that. But while marketing ourselves via pretty "walk-free" grass patches and useless water fountains may be the solution to some, there can be no stronger selling point than what a university produces, which *should* be intelligent, capable, free-thinking individuals and ground-breaking research. I don't know about you, but conflicting tile design and inefficient angular spaces aren't going to help achieve that.

David Buchler
Arts/Commerce V

who's a nasty pastie?

Sigh! Just a general curmudgeonly letter to examine a few turds from the endless avalanche of bullshit published in *Lot's Wife*.

The editors decry the current death of student activism. Can it be that students have finally grown up? These days, people have better things to do with their lives than display bogus concern for the welfare of others (more a disguised hatred of their own class). The romance of collectivist endeavour has worn rather thin. It is telling that most of the noisier, bleeding-hearted students are the recipients of a private school education. Pampered, spoon-fed and full of their own manifest destiny, they are destined to spend the rest of their morally-superior lives lecturing the masses and 'reforming' them according to an inner, fantasy-based ideological landscape.

Bravo, Women's Affairs Collective. Pissed off at a review in the Counter Faculty Handbook, they launched an illiterate, ill-constructed attack which sounds suspiciously like a Stalinist tract. "To denigrate something [sic] whether it is a thing or a someone... will not be tolerated." Won't it just? Damn fools, we who thought modern society was about tolerance. Hopefully they won't carry these authoritarian inclinations into a life of public policy-making.

They continue: "The anonymous writer of this review should wake up to himself or herself and realise their standard of approval [sic] are fucked." Or else? Or what? The Women's Collective will confiscate his/her computer, or subject him/her to a consciousness-raising session? Maybe the viewpoint in question was abhorrent – but why doesn't the Women's Collective debate the issue substantively, instead of raving? Unfortunately, reading the student paper is like witnessing the acculturation of a small child, full of pouting, sly temper tantrums, crying fits and bouts of breathtaking illogicality.

Luke Harris

Whinging Again

Dear *Lot's*,

I am writing to express my utter disgust at the inability of such government services as the Department of Social Security (DSS) to serve you at the times that are most convenient for you. Unfortunately, unless you happen to have a spare moment during the five minutes of the week that they are open, then chances are you will not be able to catch them at all. Take, for example, my own case. Heading down to the DSS on a Wednesday afternoon, I arrived at the office only to be told that there is no one there to person the fucking office on a Wednesday after 1:30pm. This frustration was also shared by the ten other people standing outside the office with me, one of whom, a member of the CFMEU, was so outraged he suggested we storm Parliament.

Unfortunately, the inability to be served by a government official is not a rare occurrence. Just ask anyone who's been put on hold for two hours, forced to fill out forms with no one there to assist, arrived at an office that's closed, or taken a ticket in the line only to have their number come up three-and-a-half hours later.

And there's your answer. Rather than sending kids off to the bloody army, or coming up with Work for the Dole schemes, the government should employ more people in its services so that at least one person is there to serve you when you go to, or call up, the DSS. There's a vote-winner, Johnny!

The next time I need to utilise a government service, I don't want to be put on hold, or in a queue, or told to come back tomorrow. I want a friendly face to smile at me and immediately serve me with a; "Hi, I'm Shane Paxton. How can I help you?"

Dan Celm

Nestle No No

Dear *Lot's Wife*,

I am writing in response to Michael Power's letter in Edition 2 about Monash Marketing Society's use of Nestlé products during O-Week. The reason they can ignore the Union's Nestlé boycott is because they are a Caulfield club, and hence not bound by policy made by Clayton students. The Clubs & Societies Executive has been concerned about the presence of non-Clayton based clubs during O-Week because they benefit from work funded by Clayton students, without making any financial contribution and are also not bound by the rules that apply to Clayton clubs.

We have however been frustrated in our efforts to keep them off campus and have had to allow them on campus subject to certain conditions. The condition was the they prominently display a sign stating that they are not a Clayton based club. This condition was blatantly breached by MMS during O-Week and will be taken into account (along with Michael Power's complaint) when deciding whether to let them back on to the campus in future. Any student who would not have joined MMS had they known that they were not a Clayton club should feel free to request a refund of their membership.

Jacqui Cameron
C&S Executive Member &
MSA Orientation Coordinator

vis a vis the bbq. . .

Dear *Lot's*,

RE: the inconsiderate sods at the LSS

You people have no thought for anyone else on campus, do you?

I am referring to a certain barbecue on March 6, when the LSS had a band, ironically named "The Well Hung Jury", who were high on volume, but low on talent, performing between the Gallery and the Menzies Building. Now, I am a reasonable person, and I respect their rights to have a function of any type, anywhere. But when this function runs until after 2.30, one has to start wondering whether or not they care in the slightest about impinging on the rights of others.

Sitting in Room 555 in the Ming Wing, going through the crucial first tutorial for a subject, I and fifteen others like me were bombarded for over half of our all-important first class with what can only be described as a truly ugly and VERY LOUD noise. It was probably all well and good for those in the Law Building behind the nice insulated doors, but the fact that they aimed their speakers right at the Menzies Building meant that every class in that half of the building was severely interrupted. That's a really fucked effort on their behalf, and I hope they all get your arses kicked very hard over the whole issue. I hope they realise the folly of their selfish ways, because if I ever see anyone lying on their back shouting a shithouse rendition of "Funky Cold Medina" again, I will individually kill every one of their family pets.

Those involved are all tools of the highest order.

Love and cuddles,
Luke, Arts III

Depressing Diary

Dear *Lot's*,

In taking up your challenge to "never be afraid to do more than just read" I would like to take this opportunity to express my deepest concern on the topic which has been undoubtedly plaguing some Monash minds this year. Not only is it horribly analogous to what Sharon Valles said last week about Coca Cola's "overwhelming presence and influence" over our society but I daresay it presents a horrible and somewhat erroneous picture of uni life as we know it. I don't know about you but I didn't pay my \$349 student admin fee to

see it wasted by someone who showed about as much concern for Monash students as he/she has taste. Maybe my sense of 'taste' is a bit warped but I'm sure that when First Year Melbourne Uni students look at their beautifully designed diaries this year they definitely won't be complaining about the lack of taste there.

Some may argue that unlike Coca Cola a Coldie does symbolise Uni culture and is therefore sufficiently relevant to be printed on the back of our diary. If that is true then why stop there? Why not print something else even more relevant to uni life than a mere Coldie ad? I find it hard to believe that in an age of VSU and unwarranted HECS increases people cannot find within themselves the passion for fighting for the real and relevant issues of uni today. With all the anti-government furore which has been going for so many years I cannot see why we can't even stand up for something as small as the back cover of our diary. We may boast that Kennett is never going to encroach on our uni but unless we do something about preserving our self-respect he will never take us seriously. I'm afraid to say that regardless of how appealing a freshly brewed Coldie may seem to some, it will require a bit more than a 2D plug stencilled with "Carlton" to make not only our politicians, but more importantly, ourselves, achieve self-awareness as a University.

Ron Ferdinands
Science/Law

Read on y'all

Dear Eds,

Last *Lot's*, Sharon Valles bemoaned the whole 'America does not equal Australia' shebang with regard to Coca-Cola jumping on the Australia Day bandwagon. And not without reason. Australia does seem to be sucking up to American culture. I mean, let's face it, the idea of wearing Beazley-sized jeans and referring to all and sundry as "mah man" didn't come from downtown Bendigo, now, did it?

Anyway, it would appear that Antony Loewenstein has fallen under that wanky-Yankee spell, making mention of Mike Moore's "sunburnt ass." Perhaps Mike's donkey should wear sunscreen in the future.

It's an arse, son! Be proud!

Yours in healthy recalcitrance,

Terri Psiakis
Arts 3

Liberals can be losers too

Dear *Lot's*,

I am writing this letter to voice my disgust! In the first edition of the Liberal Club's Newsletter there is a supposedly "funny" set of 'ten union commandments'. Amongst the many derogatory statements about student unions, *Lot's Wife* and the Union Nestle Boycott, there are two which I find particularly offensive. One of these condemns gays and lesbians, and the other insinuates that there is something wrong with being a woman. As a member of Not Quite Straight, and a supporter of the women's movement, I am appalled that the Liberal Club would even consider publishing such sexist and homophobic material.

The Gay and Lesbian movement has taken a long time to get where it is today, and has encountered a great deal of discrimination and homophobia, and it is people such as the publishers of the Liberal Club's Newsletter that are responsible for causing misery and emotional suffering for so many non-heterosexual people.

Society has moved a long way towards accepting individuals for what they are, and today many more non-heterosexuals feel comfortable to exercise their personal freedom. Yet there are those who feel compelled to make life a living hell for anyone who isn't a "typical hetero beer drinking bloke", or a "common housewife".

I am ashamed to think that such reside on this campus!
I am ashamed that the Liberal Club is promoting such values at Monash!
I am ashamed that these students supposedly hold the same values as our current State and Federal Governments!

Everyone has the right to be proud of their sexual identity, and it is publications such as the Liberals Club's Newsletter that infringe upon that right.

Michel Cabrie

No Reds Under Our Bed

Dear *Lot's*,

In a recent conversation I innocently professed my desire to expand my extra-curricular interests by contributing to *Lot's Wife*. No sooner had the words left my

mouth than came the response "it's run by communists". I thought for a moment I'd been transported back to the 1950s. I tried to come to terms with the statement. My belief, which I stated, is that *Lot's Wife* doesn't really have a lot to do with Communism. True, something vaguely communist/socialist related does appear in the "First Years Guide to Student Politics" (Edition 1). Here, "Trots (aka left-wingers)" are described as unsavoury creatures, lurking in the deep, dark recesses of Wholefoods, "drinking coffee because it gives them something to think about while they talk". Which, as far as I can see, is anything but pro-Communist propaganda. The article also displays an equally mocking profile of Liberal Students, which is testimony to the fact the piece is motivated by an all-encompassing (and admirable) cynicism towards political ideologies.

I began to think where else in this edition these communist undertones may appear. There are many politically-oriented pieces – a rather objective (some would say boring) report of the result of a by-election; a Vox Pop of balanced community opinions of the Work-for-the-dole scheme; comments from various political perspectives on the university funding agreement; an article blaming increasing amenities fees on ALP students; several articles discussing policy changes to HECS, Austudy and higher education in general and how such things may threaten the quality of education; an article on the Wik issue; and last, but not least, short introductions to all the various political and other uni clubs. From these articles I saw little scope for even the most powerful imagination to draw latent Communist ideals. In addition there was ample evidence – articles written by people of all political persuasions had appeared – no sort of communist censorship occurs. But many wouldn't go so far as to open the pages of *Lot's Wife* for fear of the outbreak of the Communist revolution to learn this.

Criticism of the current state and federal Liberal governments in relation to changes to Austudy, HECS and other education-related issues may be where the Communist-fearing draw their opinions. This is the scary thing. These issues threaten the livelihood of many students and the general quality of education in Australia today. To dismiss them as motivated by some obscure communist ideal makes little sense. Raising concerns and informing people about them is of paramount importance.

In the conversation I mentioned earlier I was asked rather patronisingly if I "flew the red flag". I replied that I didn't fly any flag at all. I am, as I see *Lot's Wife*, just interested in what is best for students at Monash.

Andrew Carter

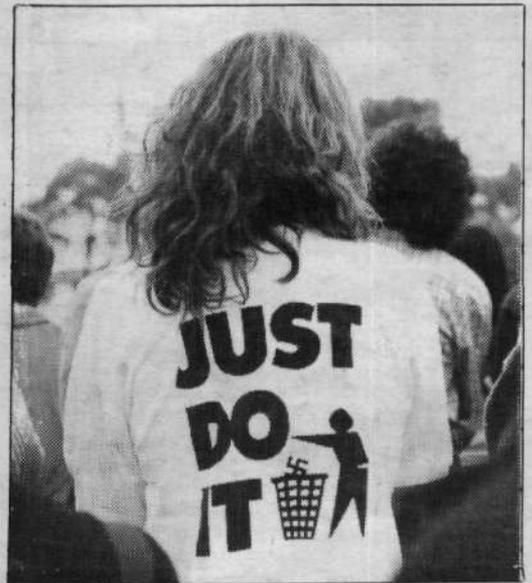
nazi clowns in media **Circus**

On Saturday the 15th of March, a group of dedicated *Lot's Wifery* drove out to Fawkner to cover the anti-Nazi rally. Fawkner is a sleepy area north of Brunswick; a few shops, a railway station, a park, a KFC and a Nazi shop selling racist propaganda. The rally was organised by a group called 'Campaign against the Nazis', which is an amalgamation of several socialist groups. The depressing aspect of the rally was that although many left groups in Melbourne were represented, it seemed that we

were the only unaffiliated people there. Every five minutes someone would come up to us to sell paraphernalia. Sometimes we would be warned by some aspiring hack not to listen to the other guys, because they had it all wrong. Where were the Aborigines, migrants, students and local residents? The rally was incredibly disorganised. It seemed that everyone had an ulterior motive. The rally's first destination was Gowrie Station where graffiti reading "hail the white race" and "fuck off

gooks" was painted over in a gesture of protest.

Lead by the anarchists, who were bellowing such slogans as "Fuck off Nazis, oi, oi, oi!", the protesters converged on the shop, which is nestled in a sleepy suburban street. As they approached the shop, the rally was greeted by the disturbing sight of National Action members dressed as clowns on the roof of the shop, whilst marching-band music blared from speakers. At this point the protest slowed to a halt, as rally organizers seemed uncertain of what to do. A hail of eggs and milk cartons were thrown at those on the roof. A barrage of stones, lollies and vomit was the response. A small scuffle broke out between a protester and a National Action member leading to all hell breaking loose. Mounted Police charged into the area, armed police set about on the crowd, and protesters responded by upending their placards and



hitting police with them. Several arrests were made and rallyers converged on the shop, only to be forced back by police. Locals, who had been hoping for a peaceful protest to oust a shop whose creation they had no say in, looked on in dismay, as the protest became a circus for the

media. Eventually things quietened down and the intended peaceful protest continued.

Chris King and Piers Kelly



Austudy **Update**

Actual Means Test applicants:

Students' applications will not have their expenditure calculations changed by the Department. Those who have had their estimates changed will be assessed again based on their own calculations. They will be notified soon as to whether or not they are deemed eligible for Austudy.

Other students waiting for an Actual Means Test review must let the AMT office know that they wish a review to proceed. The students must lodge form 43 (Actual Means Test Additional Information Form) to have their case reassessed. If they don't, the review may not proceed, supposedly because Austudy are assuming

that their reassessment of applications in relation to imputation will solve many cases currently at review. Apparently reviews that have been requested to proceed are currently taking six to eight weeks.

Students wishing to amend information on their original application should redo form 43 and provide a statutory declaration. This will occur in most cases.

Do not expect the same Austudy amount as in the previous year, even if you get through the AMT. If you are waiting for a reassessment you should try not to get yourself into debt. You may be unsuccessful, or if successful,

you may not be backpaid as much as you thought that you would be.

Students applying for Austudy should not include Austudy payments in estimating the assessable family expenditure. This will mean students having to specify what expenditure will have to be foregone by the family if Austudy is not received. That is, assume how you will survive without Austudy.

Age of Independence

Students who turn 25 during their course can apply for Austudy as independent students. They are not considered dependent for the duration of their course as was initially proposed.

Please note that:

The advice and interpretation provided in this article regarding Austudy regulations is accurate to the best of our knowledge. For official Austudy policy, it is your responsibility to contact Austudy directly.

Students should be aware that they are not expected to survive on Austudy alone. Austudy is here to supplement part-time work.

Rent assistance through Austudy is only available to those receiving Student Homeless Rate, or are orphans or refugees.

Students can appeal if they have been deemed by the

Department to be ineligible for Austudy.

Further enquiries

Please feel free to drop in or call the MSA Student Welfare Service (Marisa, Sally or Elizabeth) on 9905 4165, the Student Financial Aid Officer (Yana) on 9905 3064, or if you need assistance with the legal aspects of Austudy, the MSA Student Rights' Officer (Gerry) on 9905 3118. Application booklets and the Information Book regarding Austudy are available at these services. Please read these booklets carefully.

Austudy Offices:

Box Hill: 9288 7800

Bendigo: 1800 819 555

Caulfield: 9254 1300

Dandenong: 9215 1515

Exhibition (City): 9666 7777

Footscray: 9288 9300

car parking **Chaos**



With the University year barely under way, parking and more specifically parking permits, are already becoming cause for concern. *Lot's Wife* have noticed, particularly during the first week of semester, an alarming lack of car parks (if any at all) for those with blue permits. This lack of parks has resulted in disgruntled permit - holders parking in all manner of creative ways and places. With approximately 1.75 permits sold for every one carpark last year, Parking and Security was unable to give exact figures for this year. However, with blue permit holders left once again pondering the lack of carparks (and where the hell their fifty dollars went) the figures for this year could only assumed to be higher.

Mick **Eva**

you and your **Blue**

There have been an unfortunate number of blue Monash Parking permits which have gone missing, or been stolen, from cars parked in the South East Flats car park. While we were unable to obtain an exact figure, Bronwyn Drake, staff member at *Security Parking*, was able to confirm that "many" had gone missing. However, she did

stress that the rumours, which claimed that up to 150 permits had been stolen, were grossly exaggerated. Still, parking permit thefts are not an uncommon practice on campus; fifty-six were stolen from cars last year. Ms Drake stated that "Our staff do brochure distributions, particularly for those whose cars are parked in vulnerable

places. Also there are patrols which take place throughout the year, but we have them more... especially at the start of the year, with all the new students, to inform them of the dangers."

Students are advised to ensure their cars are locked when they leave them parked on campus, and to make sure there are no

valuables left in the car within easy view of a passer-by. For more information on this or any of the other services to do with security and parking, contact *Security and Parking* on x53134. After hours emergency numbers: 52064 or 52054.

Dan **Celm**

language **Workshops**

The Language and Learning Services Unit is running a range of general courses and workshops in first semester which any Monash student may attend free of charge (see below). Discipline specific courses will also be available throughout 1st semester in the faculties (for further information ring LLS at Clayton 9905 9181).

clayton **Campus**

- Listening & Notetaking from Lectures (Humanities)*, March 12 & 19, 1-2 pm Menzies Building, Room S609.
- Listening & Notetaking from Lectures (Science/Technology)*, March 12 & 19, 1-2 pm, Menzies Building, Room S609.
- Efficient Reading & Notetaking*, March 10 & 17, 1-2 pm Menzies Building, Room S503.

- Writing Assignments*, March 12, 19 & 26, 3-4 pm, Menzies Building, Room S603.
- Strategies for Study and Learning*, March 13 & 20, 1-2 pm, Menzies Building, Room S503.
- Academic Writing and Grammar*, March 11, 18 & 25, 12-1 pm, Menzies Building, Room S603.
- Oral Presentations*, March 11 & 18, 1-2 pm, Menzies building, Room S426.
- Pronunciation*, March 11, 18 & 25, 1-2 pm, Menzies Building, Room S406.
- Conversation and Discussion*, Mondays commencing March 10, 1-pm, Menzies Building, Room S426.
- Conversation and Discussion*, Wednesdays commencing March 12, 1-pm, Menzies Building, Room S429.
- Exam Preparation*, April 17 & 24, 1-2 pm, Menzies Building, Room S503.

facelift

The Ground floor of the Menzies building has recently undergone a 'facelift' in Monash University's attempt to square the ledger in its 'Facelift challenge' with Michael Jackson and Liz Taylor. Until this year, the dynamic combination of Taylor and Jackson held what they thought was an unassailable lead, before Monash stepped up its efforts with beautiful touch-ups to the Menzies Building, the Library and the Union Building.

Along with the addition of a foyer in the South wing of the Menzies (the wing designed and built to ensure that the uninsurable Menzies didn't fall over), astute students may have also noted the recently-painted, aqua-blue escalator walls. When asked to comment on the new colours, one PhD student replied that he thought it aptly matched the rest of the Menzies Building: "Fucking ugly!".

In response to the new work at Monash University, Ms Taylor promptly booked an appointment with her plastic surgeon, feigning a brain tumor as the excuse for going into hospital. The bitter and twisted Taylor was heard to bitch about Monash, "I can't remember the last time Madonna went to its birthday party". When asked for his opinion, Michael Jackson merely sat in the corner, stroking his monkey.

Dan **Celm**



life ain't no **Mardi Gras**

In a survey conducted by Melbourne's Gay Men and Lesbians

Against Discrimination (GLAD), 45% of the 1000 lesbians and gay men interviewed reported that not a day goes by without some form of harassment or discrimination in employment, including loss of jobs. The report, entitled 'Not a Day Goes By' also states that 41% of lesbians and 25% of gay men reported inadequate services or refusals of service, 22% of lesbians and 33% of gay men had experienced inappropriate responses from police including harassment and actual violence in some cases. 70% of lesbians and 69% of gay men reported being verbally abused, threatened or bashed in a public place.

In 1995 former Democrat Senator Sid Spindler introduced a Private Member's Bill to prohibit such attacks on gay, lesbian and transgender people.

"A decent society should not tolerate the persecution and discrimination reported in 'Not a Day Goes By'," the then Senator said at the time.

After the election—which caused all proposed legislation to lapse—in March 1996 Sid Spindler reintroduced the bill and then moved a successful motion to refer the bill for inquiry by the Senate References Committee on Legal and Constitutional Affairs.

Since then several hundred written submissions were received and public hearing have been held in each capital city.

In the Inquiry process serves to clarify the issues by allowing opponents and supporters to state their positions and to debate the bill in an orderly public forum.

When this process is complete later this year the Committee will report to the Senate and then the bill itself will be brought on for debate and voting.

Former Senator Sid Spindler will talk on the contents of the bill, the arguments which have been placed before committee and the chance of having it passed on Wednesday 26th March at 1.00pm in H7.

Julie **Clutterbuck**

it's a **Bun Fight**

On Thursday, 20th March, a student general meeting was held to decide, amongst other things, whether or not the Monash Student Association should sign the funding agreement. Very briefly, the funding agreement is a contract entered into between the University and the Monash Student Association, which allows for a portion of the

amenities fees to be allocated to the association, on the proviso that the money not be spent in certain ways.

The meeting was chaired by Wai Bien, secretary of the MSA, after Tanja Kovac, MSA President, chose to move 'motion one', the motion to sign the funding agreement. After various students, such as

In a recent issue of "Meat & Poultry" magazine, editors quoted from Feathers, the publication of the California poultry Industry Federation, telling the following story.

It seems the US Federal Aviation Administration has a unique device for testing the strength of windshields on aeroplanes. The device is a gun that launches a dead chicken at a planes windshield at approximately the speed the plane flies.

kooky **Korner**

The theory is that if the windshield doesn't crack from the carcass impact, it'll survive a real collision with a bird during flight. It seems the British were very interested with this and wanted to test a windshield on a speedy locomotive they're developing.

They borrowed the FAA's chicken launcher, loaded the chicken and fired. The ballistic chicken shattered the windshield, went through the engineer's chair, broke an instrument panel and

embedded itself in the back wall of the engine cab. The British were stunned and asked the FAA to recheck the test to see if every thing was done correctly. The FAA reviewed the test thoroughly and had one recommendation:

"Use a thawed chicken."



how to turn a **d** into an **HD**

Around about now, most people will be handing in their first assignment for the year. When you receive your assignment back from your tutor, you may notice that despite only giving you an 82, you have received a High Distinction grade for your work. Do not be fooled into thinking that your tutor or lecturer likes you. They don't.

Instead, they are merely complying with the new marking system introduced to Monash University this year.

From now on, all grades above a Pass will be five marks lower, which means that an HD is no longer 85-100, rather, 80-100. Similarly, a Distinction has changed from being 75-84, to becoming 70-79, and so forth,

through to a Pass which is now 50-60. This brings Monash into line with other institutions such as Melbourne University, who use a similar marking system to the new one adopted at Monash.

Unfortunately, a Fail is still a Fail.

Dan **Celm**

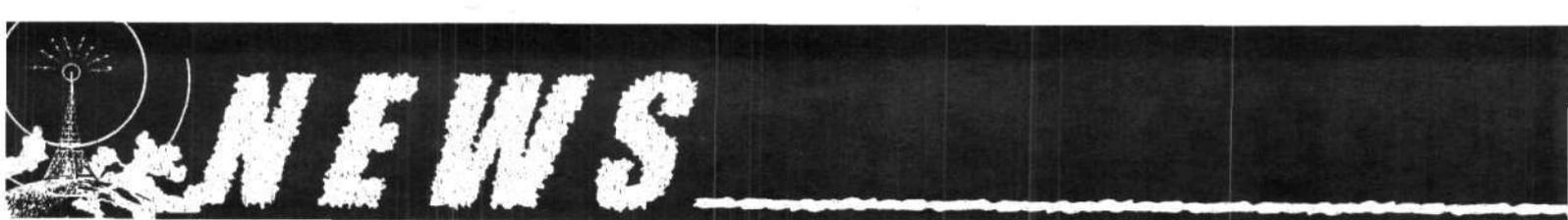
Harriet Shing, Laura Smythand Justin Baré and spoke for and against the motion, a vote was eventually taken and the motion was passed.

A motion was then moved by Sky Christensen condemning the editors of *Lot's Wife* and calling for their resignation, due to them using the paper

to run a pro-signing campaign. The motion was responded to by Emily Howie, one of the editors of the paper, and when put to a vote, the motion failed. Finally, after most of the students had left, a motion condemning the introduction of up-front fees was put to the meeting. No one spoke against the motion, and the vote was passed with only one student,

Michael Gilmour, voting in favour of the introduction of up-front fees.

Dan **Celm**



news in brief

Collectivity Forever...

The State Branch of NUS is establishing a series of cross-campus action collectives with a view to promoting cultural diversity, disability awareness and sexuality action. If you would like to know more, by all means contact them on (03)9326-7000, fax (03)9328-2206 or email on nusvic@dd.com.au.



Rumble at the prom

Though the State Government has very publicly scrapped the proposal for a 3/4 star hotel in Wilsons Prom, plans for a new privately-owned lodge in the Prom's Tidal River area are still being

looked at. Also proposed are restaurants, new walking tracks, a half-way hut and use of the lighthouse as a serviced accommodation base. The fight for the Prom is still on. To join it, contact the Australian

Conservation Foundation on 9416-1166.

Victory for SUT

Following a student protest outside the its chamber on February 27, the Council of the Sydney University of

Technology has deferred its decision regarding the introduction of up front fees for Australian undergraduate students. Described by NUS National President John Carey as "a good victory for all students", the issue has been referred to a working party to be established at the next Council meeting on April 24. Mr Carey went on to say that "which ever university decides to introduce up front fees first will come under enormous scrutiny from the student movement...(and will be) repeatedly reminded of the consequences of their actions". The universities should heed this warning.

Xenophobia? I hate the word

The MSA will be holding an Anti-Racism week between April 28 and May 2. People are needed on the ground, and, in the lead-up to the big week, there will be an anti-racism campaign meeting at 1:00 every Tuesday in the MSA lounge. Amongst other things - a series of demands to reinforce Monash's commitment to racial tolerance will be formulated. Interested students should contact Michael on 9905-3138.

Eamon Evans

RMIT gets Disoriented life in the Fast Lane?

It seems that independent student media is yet again threatened with censorship as the State Government plans to withhold state and federal funding from RMIT due to articles which appeared in the university's orientation handbook. The handbook contained an informative section about drugs, and the comment that students should "grow it [marijuana] in your backyard, it's a way to supplement your Austudy." Within its context, the particular comment appears as more of a tongue-in-cheek criticism of the inadequacies of Austudy rather than a serious suggestion of drug trafficking. But the Kennett government does not see it that way, and likewise took heart to some criticism of the public transport system. The guide included an article which highlighted the

ludicrous price of \$108 for a public transport concession, as well as two actual-size copies of Met tickets. In a responding media release, the editor of the handbook, Andrew Fernandez, claimed to find it "outrageous that the media and Liberal politicians are whipping up a frenzy over four pages of a one hundred and thirty page publication." The intervention of the State government in this issue seems quite frightening. Does it really have nothing better to do than pick on universities and invade student's rights to publish their own, creative and independent publications free from the claws of zealous politicians? To appease Jeff on this topic, next year's orientation handbook will have its sections on transport and drugs replaced with excerpts from Mein Kampf.

Nik Dragojlovic

For all you people living in the Suburbs of OI' Melbourne Town, this is how the other half survive.

Did you ever wonder what on earth goes on in those dated buildings at the bottom corner of campus? People actually live there. However, if anyone tries to convince you that the Halls of Residence are, without a doubt, 'a home away from home', they're lying. I prefer to think of the Halls as a kind of half way point - something between the Sheraton, and a recently vacated cardboard box.

In Halls, we do everything for ourselves. Oh, that is unless you live in sector \$ (Mannix), where rumour has it that they shine your shoes for you every morning...

It is easy to tell if someone is from Halls. Uni is not a fashion parade for us. We wear whatever is clean, or cleaner than all other items in the 'unwashed' basket. We have no money. I know HECS is horrible, and nasty, and costs too much, but HECS is defensible. Halls fees aren't. Neither are the food costs. So think of us, People of Melbourne Town, as we queue up tonight at slops...err, sorry, The 'Dining' Hall.

IMPORTANT HALLS FINDINGS; IT IS POSSIBLE TO SURVIVE ON TIM TAMS

Basically, we are poor country and international folk. Here, we believe, to get an education. But let's worry about that when the

assignments are due. Party anyone?

OPEN COLUMN

Yes, all you on campus people... here we are, finally recognised in print. You can be too!!! Do you have some exiting exploits to pass on? It may be how many days you've gone without food (for whatever reason), or a tale of inter-hall rivalry. Fine! Excellent! And yes, Mannix, you can say something as well. Anything not (too) illegal will do! Simply drop any stuff for 'On Campus' into the office at Lot's Wife, ASAP.

Until next time, can anyone lend me some money? I kind of need food...

Sammy C



ISO 1010: *Union Jeans and Marx* a theoretical discussion

On the morning of Thursday 6 March, Danny Hampel arrived at Clayton, to open his newly established Union Jeans store. He was looking forward to the day. Although trading had not yet reached high levels, he knew that this would pick up when the university year commenced in earnest, and so for the time being, he was in good spirits. Besides, he liked dealing with university students.

However, when he reached the front of the store, his mind quickly changed. In an act of vandalism, someone, for whatever reason, had graffitied on the shop windows. On the left-hand window was written, 'No consumerism in student unions', while the right hand-side read, 'No jeans at Monash'. Upset and puzzled, Danny contemplated these statements before wiping them off his windows and getting on with his normal daily affairs.

However, to turn such a blind eye as this to unwanted disruptive behaviour may not be the best policy to adopt amongst the student community. If there is dissent amongst some students (whatever the pathetic minority they make up) as to the legitimacy of the *Union Jeans* store on campus, then it should be fleshed out and dealt with once and for all, so that continuing attacks do not ensue.

The wonderful thing about this, is that when we do revert to the more mature tactic of rational debate, as opposed to mindless graffiti, our little graffiti-friend with their grudge simply doesn't have a leg to stand on.

Dealing with consumerism first, it is clear to see that the jeans store does not pose some capitalist threat to our previously sacred and socialist student union. Consumerism has been a reality within the union building for years now. Every time someone buys a CD from the music store, or purchases a Coke from the vending machines, or a beer from the bar, they are participating in consumer activity. How purchasing a pair of jeans differs from any of these other activities is anyone's guess. So why level one's angst at the Union Jeans store? If our little friend has a problem with consumerism within the union building, they should take it up with their student representatives and propose that we change to a system of food rations and clothing coupons so as to save us all from the scourge of wanton consumption. I'm sure everyone would vote for that at an SGM! Until then, provided any of these stores pay their rent to the union (rent which subsidises other union activity), then they have every right to sell goods on campus.

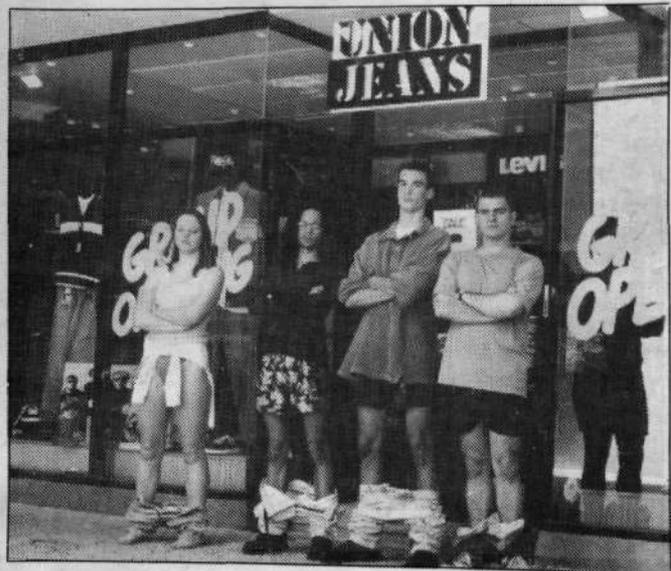
It may be that our anonymous anarchist has a problem specifically with the consumer goods on offer, those being jeans. However, there is little to complain about here. Levis jeans were one of the products actually recommended on a list that went up on the *Greenpeace* homepage because the company does not employ labour in sweat shops, and was the first company to use environmentally sound materials, such as hemp, in its process of production. Jeans have for a long time been probably the most popular item of clothing worn by students on campus. Jeans originated from a background of being the clothing of the workers. What's

the problem with jeans? Clearly, there isn't one. The thought of all students joining in the protest movement by taking off their jeans and walking around campus in their underwear is a ludicrous (and in some circumstances, scary) proposition.

Further, I would actually argue that there is something positive to be derived from having the jeans store here in the union. Given that jeans are one of the most popular items of clothing on campus, one can assume that students need to get them from somewhere. With a store on campus to provide this facility, it makes it more convenient and cheaper for students to purchase their clothing. With the enormous cost of higher education, and continuous cutbacks to Austudy and other student services, any means which making living cheaper for a university student is a bonus. Union Jeans eliminates the cost of transport which would otherwise be necessary if a student was forced to go to Chadstone, or some other such place to do their shopping. Further, with discounts for students, it is evident that Union Jeans is trying to provide students with reasonably-priced goods.

So even when considered from a socialist perspective (presumably the angle from which this person was coming when they wrote the graffiti), there is no argument to suggest that Union Jeans do not have a right to be on campus. They are a legitimate entity, selling legitimate merchandise, albeit in an illegitimately designed building. The only thing that the moron who wrote the graffiti on the windows has succeeded in doing is inadvertently creating free publicity for the store. Well done!

danCelm



"Down yours!" – Defiant students join the 'No Jeans at Monash' campaign.

A Jeff of

Rights?

"The State Government yesterday urged the High Court to overturn two landmark decisions backing freedom of political speech", wrote Gervase Greene (*The Age*, 4/3/97), and I couldn't help but read on, fascinated, yet scared.

The Victorian Government has a pretty good track record of restricting our rights, and the case in point is only one of many examples: an anti-duck-shooting protester, a Mr Levy, is claiming that regulations restricting his protests infringe on his right to political free speech. Others could be cited, such as the way our beloved Premier legislated his way over any protest against the Grand Prix that so recently caused such a small amount of noise-pollution and traffic-jams in our beautiful city. Now, the State Government wants the High Court to overturn the cases that formed the precedent to our implied right to political free speech.

This, in my opinion is just another attempt by our megalomaniacal, totalitarian State Government to rob us of our inalienable rights while meddling with the independence of the judiciary.

Free speech, though, is not the issue I wish to discuss here, it was only what prompted me to write. Nor, indeed, is the validity of the judgements regarding *Theophanous* and *Stephens* (the cases mentioned in *The Age*), or the meddling State Government's attempt to get these decisions overturned. What I do wish to discuss is that even though Australia has a constitution (contrary to popular belief), it does not contain any guarantee of our basic rights. We have no "Bill of Rights" as such, and therefore we have nothing to stop our political system taking them away. All we have are "implied rights"—rights that were not excluded in any legislation so far... rights that could be excluded in legislation in the future.

Before I discuss the guarantee of rights, it is imperative to define what a right is. Many and varied definitions are available. The writers of the American Declaration of Independence said they were God-given. Justice Murphy (in *Miller v TCN Channel Nine Pty Ltd*) referred to some implied rights as "... fundamental to a democratic society... necessary for the proper operation of the system of representative government...". I would limit them to the inalienable social and political freedoms that are essential for the maintenance of our democratic society: the right to exist, the freedoms of 'conscience and religion; thought, belief, opinion and expression, including freedom of the press; freedom of peaceful assembly; and freedom of association' (quoted from the Canadian Charter). After all, even our national anthem recognises the beneficial nature of freedom within the first two lines.

Given that we want our democracy to work for the benefit of all (most of us are not complete anarchists), it is reasonable to desire a guarantee of the fundamental

freedoms which will make that democracy work. The question is, how would such a guarantee be given? Not many of us would be so naïve as to assume a politician's promise was good enough, and even then, politicians may only be in power for a maximum of four years. Problematic though it might be, I believe the solution lies in a Bill of Rights, and its insertion into the Constitution. Most other countries have recognised this, and indeed, we are the only Western country that does not have a Bill of Rights. We used to share that position with the UK, but now the British people's rights are guaranteed by the EU.

What, then, do I mean by a Bill of Rights? I mean exactly what the words say— a law which protects the civil and human rights indispensable to us all. And why put it in the Constitution? Because the constitution is the highest law in this country. It sits, in status, above the Federal Parliament, and, unlike the state constitutions, can only be changed by a popular referendum. Why would we need this? Well, why would we need any laws that cannot be changed except by the will of the people? Australia needs some laws to guarantee the long-term survival and systematicity of its

"Given that we want our democracy to work for the benefit of all (most of us are not complete anarchists), it is reasonable to desire a guarantee of the fundamental freedoms which will make that democracy work."

democracy which Governments cannot be relied upon to sustain. Their long-term is substantially shorter than ours as a people.

Many argue that because parliaments are democratically elected, they may be relied upon to represent the interests of the majority, and that ultimately, in most cases, it is the interests of the majority which must prevail to allow our society to survive. There are two problems with this. First, Australian parliaments, though they are democratically elected, cannot be relied upon to systematically protect everybody's rights (look at the refugee camps in Pt Headland). Second, no matter how important the rights of the majority are, some rights are so fundamental that they

should be safeguarded from the majority if ever threatened by it (for example, life and liberty). Indeed, a majority can still ignore a large proportion of the population—51% is, after all, enough of a majority to place a political party in power for four years, and 49% is still a large proportion of the population, even if technically classed a 'minority'.

Admittedly we do not want to end up like America, where sneezing at someone is virtually an excuse for a law suit. Yet there is another extreme. We do not want to end up like Nazi Germany, where the rights of certain groups were ignored, and those wronged had no recourse to, or protection from, the law. I am not implying that the latter scenario is likely, just possible.

Implementing a completely new Bill of Rights into Australian law would not be easy. One suggestion is to adopt at least part of the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights. That text is too long to include here, as is the list of rights it protects, but if any of you are interested, the entire text may be accessed on the internet (<http://www.leftjustified.com/leftjust/fount/wtp/un-decla.htm>). At a minimum, the declaration protects (in articles 1-3) the equality of rights and dignities of human beings, their entitlement to rights and freedoms, and, in particular, the rights to life, liberty and security of person. Our new Bill of Rights, however, would not have to be an all-inclusive document. What we really lack is a guarantee of the bare minimum of our right—one that does not derogate from our existing rights, such as are protected by anti-racism laws and so on.

The only fundamental right that the United Nations declaration neglects to guarantee is the freedom of speech. This is one of the most important freedoms in a democracy. It is how we let others know what we think, and "others" includes the politicians as well as our friends and foes. It is political freedom of speech that the State Government is trying to gag in trying to get the High Court decisions overturned, yet it is political freedom of speech that holds our governments accountable, and relays the views of the minorities as well as the majority. What we need is a guarantee of this and other fundamental freedoms to ensure the continuation of democracy in our country.

michael Power

Immigration – vital for *Australia's future*

The so-called immigration debate that has been raging for the last year has shown little sign of subsiding. At this point it is worth looking at where it is headed. There are many lobby groups and barrow pushers that are putting a view that immigration should be stopped immediately, or at the least scaled down over the next decade. They claim that this has nothing to do with their latent (and sometimes blatant) hatred of those who dare to be born with black hair and an extremely healthy appetite for rice. This claim is usually followed up with a call for the voices of "real Australians" to be heard. I seek to counter this with the argument that Australia has an immigration intake that is far too low. Immigration is also something that will be highly important in future years, and plays a part in reducing our foreign debt. It also creates jobs.

At present, Australia has headed down the path of overseas trade. Early forays into overseas markets have now expanded into major relationships with neighbouring countries. This has opened up all manner of export opportunities for Australian manufacturers and service providers. However, this has also come at a time when the tide of politics in the western world is such as to force countries to wipe out protection for their local industries, such as tariffs, quotas, and subsidies. This has meant that our exporters are increasingly being forced to compete with overseas competitors for the same markets – that is, the "level playing field".

Although it is clear that the playing field is rarely level, it is certainly obvious that things are heading in that direction. It is also obvious to all that most Australian exporters are unable to match the efficiency and margins of overseas competitors without the aid of the aforementioned trade protection. Overseas trade is a game that Australia is simply not equipped for – we are out of our depth.

The reasons for this are varied, but have a lot to do with differences in labour costs. Award wages in Australia are far greater than anything that is paid for comparable work in many of the South East Asian countries with which we are trading and competing with. Our investment in research and

development also leaves us lagging behind in the big wide world of overseas trade.

Obviously, Australians do not want to take a 90% pay cut in order to match our competitors in overseas markets. Nor do major corporations or our government seem willing to sink billions of dollars into research and development. So how are we to maintain our standard of living?

The answer to this problem lies with immigration. Briefly, immigration increases the size of our domestic markets so that we do not rely so much on bringing export dollars into this country. Immigrants to this country buy houses, eat our food, buy our clothes, study at our schools, use our recreational venues, buy tickets to various forms of entertainment and take holidays in our resorts. They spend money here, thus increasing demand for goods and services, and creating jobs.

Contrary to what you might read in tabloid newspapers or see on 6.30 current affairs shows, not all immigrants form ghettos, get on the dole, and take part in drug gangs. Most of them bring skills to this country that they gained overseas. Others invest funds here so as to create industries and more jobs. They pay taxes here, increasing government revenue.

The local demand created by this flow of citizens into Australia helps to allow us to maintain a civilised standard of living. It means that employers do not have to cut wages and sack people in order to match the standards set by overseas competitors. Immigration creates economic demand and activity, reducing the need for manufacturers to go out and fight for the overseas trade dollar.

This argument is illustrated by the plight of two Australian states, South Australia and Tasmania. In each of them, population growth is minimal, if not completely absent. Both of these states have woefully low economic activity and high percentages of unemployment. Quite simply, the economies of these states have not picked up since the 1989-90 recession. A comparison with Queensland shows the benefits of population growth. That state is firing on all cylinders, and has increased its population at an extraordinary rate for the past 5 years. Australia has plenty of room for millions of immigrants. Those who seek to point out that only a minority of the continent is arable land must



also answer this: why are we wasting our open space south east of Melbourne by building ¼ acre blocks? It is a lie to say that this country is "full", and it is usually a view promoted only by right wing lobby groups with other similarly enlightened views on abortion, race, sexuality and whether the earth is flat or not.

Kevin McAlpine



Monash Primary School
Samada Street
Notting Hill 3168

Our school offers:

- a safe and attractive learning environment
- classes and grouping arranged to meet the needs of all children
- highly capable and caring staff
- computers in all learning units
- LOTE – Mandarin Chinese
- instrumental music tuition available
- enrolments for international students

Parent involvement is an integral part of school life

A before and after school program operates from 7.00 to 8.45 am and 3.30 - 6.00pm. Consider the advantages of your children attending a school close to where you study or work.

For more information or to arrange a tour of the school, please contact Mr Geoff Noblett, our Principal, on 9560 5841.

Monash Primary School is an associate of Notting Hill Childrens Services.
- your one stop shop for childcare

Getting Started With a Life After

Your Degree

Eventually, you are going to finish your studies and leave Monash, a tacky, plastic-encased degree clutched in your hands. You are now looking for a permanent job. You have heard that working hours are longer, jobs are less secure, and even highly qualified people are finding it tough. Is life after your degree going to be what you expected? Just what is involved in finding a job?

Step 1: What sort of job do you want?

Do you hate maths but are doing engineering because it will get you a better job? Are you doing a biomedical sciences degree because you missed out on medicine and hope to transfer into it? Are you doing commerce because you admire Christopher Skase? If you really hate what you are doing, then that is going to show up in an interview. A couple of facts to keep in mind. Out of a thousand odd people who apply to transfer to medicine at Monash, only about 6 to 8 will get in. There are as many law students in Australia as lawyers. For those wanting a research career, the state of private R&D is ridiculously pathetic, to put it mildly. Ultimately, you have to be realistic about what you want. Be ambitious, but keep in mind that not everybody in Australia can become the Prime Minister (of course, would you want to?). If it comes to changing your course, take heart. Why do you think there are so many people around in the 5th year of a 3 year degree?

Step 2: Finding a job

The newspaper is the most obvious place, with the Saturday Age being the most useful for new graduates. Competition for these positions is intense, with typically 50 to 100 applicants. The Internet is another good place to look, especially if you intend going interstate. Fairfax has a site encompassing jobs in Victoria and NSW. Use any and every contact you have. Contacting companies directly, either via mail or phone, is also a good idea. For certain areas like the media and arts, getting to where you want may not be that obvious. You might have to do a lot of research to find out how to get into that particular area.

If you are a final year student, you should start the process of finding a job in March or April. Many of the jobs advertised through Student Employment pop up around the middle of the year.

Step 3: Applying for a job

This is what you have been honing your bullshit skills for, besides exams. Basically, you have to convince the employer that you are good enough for them to interview you. If you do not have a statement of the job criteria, then ring up and ask them to send you one. In your cover letter, address these criteria and sell yourself.

You should not make things up, but be creative about yourself. If you know a keyboard from a monitor and that Microsoft is not an engineering term, then you have computing skills. Even if you were a MWOP in some obscure club, you have leadership skills. If you and six of your friends worked together to complete an assignment, then that is team-work. Finally, do not be afraid to mention everything you have ever done in your resume – you will be surprised which little details may point an employer towards you.

Step 4: The interview

Do you get jitters when you are asked questions in a tutorial? Does the thought of having to do a talk give you a nervous breakdown? Then it is time you practiced your conversational skills. To succeed at an interview, you have to be able to think on your feet and have a good memory. Employers often ask you to relate what you have done. How did you deal with a particular situation? How did you resolve a problem?

Is it possible to prepare for an interview? The more interviews you have, the better you will become, but obviously, it is better if you can get a job with the first interview. Any sort of question can pop up in an interview. I once had a question: "Talk for five minutes on the problem of drugs in sport". Believe it or not, this was for a vacation job as an analytical chemist!

You can try anticipating questions and practising with a friend, but undoubtedly, a question will eventually come up which will flummox you. If the interview comes to a grinding halt because of that, it might be time to join the debating society.

Finally...

No matter how qualified you are, there is still that other factor to consider: luck. When there are up to about 20 applicants for a job, it is possible to distinguish the best one, but beyond that, luck plays a major factor. Anyone who says that they can pick the best candidate from 100 hopefuls is either a politician or seriously delusional.

This is good if you are a lucky person, not so good if you are unlucky. It is quite possible that you might not get 100 jobs in a row purely because of bad luck.

What can you do about that? If you are religious, try praying fervently. Maybe you are having a streak of bad luck. Why don't you go down to the casino and use it all up? Actually, maybe that is not such a great idea. Your money will only end up swelling Jeff's head to even more monstrous proportions.

gary Koh

VOX POP

Did you agree with the recent transport strike?

Kate, Arts

It represented the basic rights and freedoms that these workers are entitled to. It is also interesting how the mainstream press publicised the damage that it caused in relation to the revenue of the G.P. I see that as being a completely separate issue and I think that it's interesting that the media manipulated the issue in that way.



Yasmin Green, Arts



I believe that it was a good weekend for the transport workers to go on strike. They did it on a weekend when they could make the most impact on both the Premier and the community.

Wong Wal Bien, General Secretary of M.S.A



I thought it was a case of blackmail on the union's part as they knew Victoria would have benefited a lot from the Grand Prix, so it nearly ruined the union's reputation in the eyes of the world, and it was for short-term benefits at the expense of long term gains for the Victorian economy.

Asha Holmes, Arts



The public transport strike was entirely justified as it is the workers democratic right to strike. I believe that occurring on the Grand Prix weekend was a bonus, as it made Jeff Kennett look foolish and less than the hero he regards himself as.

Con Frantzeskos, Com 4th

If people in the public transport union don't want to work, then they should be dismissed. The fact is that they used an international sporting event, based in Melbourne as a platform for their demands. It should always have remained domestic.



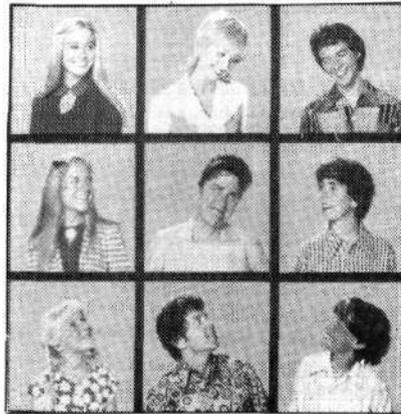
Three cheers for *Political correctness*

After Pauline Hanson's maiden speech in parliament, which would have gone down as one of the greatest stand-up comedy routines of all time if it hadn't been for the media-fuelled racist hysteria that it inspired, Prime Minister John Howard triumphantly announced the death of the era of political correctness. The media and an overwhelming majority of the public rejoiced at this news, even if they didn't agree with the Dark Queen of fish and chips, and happily danced on the grave of political correctness. Why is the notion of political correctness so unpopular? Why are people so eager to see it go?

To answer these questions, we need to take a look at the substance of political correctness. Young children have a tendency to say whatever pops into their heads. A somewhat rotund stranger who passes by will often be pointed at by a child who may loudly exclaim, "Look how fat that man is, mummy!" The usual response of the mother is to blush, and to teach the child that it is wrong to use language that offends other people, particularly when it is used to describe an attribute that that person cannot change. The responsible parent labels this concept *politeness* or *manners*; in the adult world, it has become known as *political correctness*.

If someone takes offence at a certain term, surely it is in the interests of human harmony to use an alternative

term and avoid unnecessary conflict. The probable origin of objection to political correctness is the objection of right wing Americans in the 60s to calling what were hitherto *niggers* by their preferred term, *African Americans*. Few people today



would share that objection, but at the same time, other forms of political correctness are vehemently opposed.

An Australian of Asian heritage should be entitled to be called an Australian, or a *New Australian*, or any other term he or she feels comfortable with, rather than putting up

with names like *nip* or *gook*. People should be able to choose their own labels, rather than have them imposed by a less understanding element of society. If a woman running a meeting objects to being referred to as *chairman*, she has every right to be called a *chairwoman* or *chairperson*. A physically handicapped person has the right to be called *physically challenged* if he or she objects to being labelled *spastic* or *disabled*. A homosexual person is entitled to be called *gay* rather than *poofster* or *leso*, just as a right winger who objects to being called a *fascist bastard* has the right to be referred to as a *Liberal* or an *economic rationalist*. Just because some terms are more traditional, easier, or even more appropriate in the eyes of some, is no excuse for kamikaze speech that offends others.

This is not thought control or the emergence of Big Brother, as some opponents of political correctness would have you believe. This is simply an extension of basic human decency and consideration. A few people may have to update their vocabularies, but is linguistic rigidity so important that it should be upheld above the dignity and self-esteem of other human beings? It seems some people's parents didn't do a very good job in teaching them manners.

adam **McBeth**

Once upon a *Time*

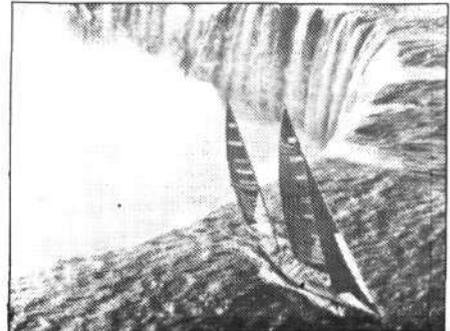
'It was really here?' The wide-eyed eyed students, fresh from school asked. 'They really used to have a newspaper?'

'Yes.' The voluntary O-week leader sighed. 'They used to have a system called deferred HECS back then, and a semester of a course only cost a thousand dollars up-front. That was back then of course.' The new students were amazed. Although they had all come from relatively rich families, (to be able to get into any course at all) they appreciated how enormously cheap a thousand dollars was. But there were a lot of rumours around these days. Some involved experiments with gerbils in the psychology department (which the Dean adamantly denied), but most were almost impossible to believe.

'You used to be able to use the library for free,' one student whispered to another during a lecture, and was tossed out on account of his spreading defamatory information.

It was rumoured by another student that there had been a womyn's room, a vegetarian restaurant, and lots of free beer.

The O-week leader, unpaid and having had to supply his own beer on his camp, sighed again. The memory of the paper being around was dim even in his own memory. Although, in his day, there had been talk of a paper once which was politically outspoken.



He sighed and shut the door to the dim and dusty office, now occupied by administrators and led the fresh-faced jaffas off to the medical lab to soothe them with images of severed heads.

kobi **Leins**



Question Time

ARE UP-FRONT FEES AN APPROPRIATE METHOD OF ADDRESSING UNIVERSITY CUT BACKS?

Liberal Club

First of all let's set the record straight. The only upfront fee that students have to pay is the Amenities Fee.

The 1997 Amenities fee at Monash Clayton is one of the highest, if not the highest upfront compulsory fee at any Australian University. The Monash University Liberal Club has always and will continue to oppose this ridiculously high fee that most students are struggling to pay.

The 1997 MSA President, Tanja Kovac, and her fellow Labor MSA Office Bearers supported the increase of \$26 in the Amenities fee of 1997, and even appeared to support an \$80 fine imposed to students who did not pay their \$349 by the due date. No explanation has been given to students why this increase occurred, but one must suspect that more student money will be wasted on meaningless personal political campaigns that most students could not give a shit about.

Furthermore, this upfront fee is only supposed to cover student services and not any political campaigns. However, the MSA continues to produce biased material, threatening students that you will have to pay \$10,000 upfront next year in order to gain a place at University or that your course will no longer be available. However, none of this is true, and you can still defer your HECS until you leave university and have employment. Plus everyone still has the opportunity to gain tertiary education.

In the end, the leadership of the MSA is run by a corrupt and incompetent bunch of Labor Students that do not know where their beliefs lie. They say they oppose upfront fees, yet support the Amenities Fee. They are not fit to run our student organisation, and whatever they say, any University cutbacks are not being funded by upfront fees.

Richard Lindmark

Labor Students

In the 1970's Gough Whitlam introduced the concept of "free education". In the '80s, Paul Keating introduced the concept of the "clever country". In the '90's John Howard introduced the concept of "user pays education".

Universities are now able to enrol students that don't meet the academic standards, so long as they can pay. Full fee paying students will have places set aside for them in courses, regardless of TERs. Our universities will be allowing rich, dumb kids to gain a tertiary education at the expense of those with greater ability but less cash.

Sydney Uni and Melbourne Uni have already approved the introduction of fee paying places. The issue will surely go to Monash's University Council this year and its approval seems highly probable, despite widespread opposition, especially through NUS and campus student organisations.

Labor Students believe that education should be free and accessible to everyone. It is not a domain for the rich only. Past Labor Governments have recognised the importance of higher education and its contribution to progress in this country. Labor Students believe education should be available for all regardless of their background, social standing or financial status. Recognition should be given to the fact that the education system itself is enriched by having participation from diverse backgrounds.

Sharon Valles



Next Edition:

Work for the Dole. Features articles are encouraged on this topic (if the Question Time word limit is found to be restrictive).

Mass Action

Mass Action believes in free, equitable and accessible education for all, and hence fundamentally opposes the introduction of upfront fees, whether they take the form of ancillary fees (for things like course materials, library use, labs), or fees for degrees. Such fees are particularly disadvantageous to women, mature age students, the working class, Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people, and people from non-English speaking backgrounds.

However, make no mistake about it, when faced with university cutbacks, Vice Chancellors are quite happy to pass the burden on to students. For the Administration, up front fees are a godsend, and they are quite happy to embrace a user pays, economic rationalist model for the higher education sector.

Mass Action believes in direct action, and in informing and empowering students to fight back against education cuts and fees. We need a University that is prepared to defend staff and students rather than eagerly comply with the Government's agenda. It is imperative that we resist the implementation of fees because, when faced with University cutbacks, the priorities of the Administration should lie with staff and students, and in having an education system where one's entry is not based on ability to pay.

Nicole Rodger

Socialist Alternative

Up-front fees are wrong. The burden of up-front fees will fall squarely on the shoulders of working class students, and it will also mean that only the rich will be ensured a university education. This is why Vice-Chancellors are not justified in bringing in up-front fees, and why students and workers need to fight back.

Federal cutbacks, first introduced by the former Labor Government, have already created much hardship for students. Up-front fees would not alleviate this situation, but would compound the problem. Less people will consider a university degree an option, simply because they will not be able to afford it. Fees are part of the push for more skilled workers for the economy, at least possible cost for employers. Therefore, it is the employers who should foot the educational bill.

A sustained fight back is needed to make the message clear that education is a universal right for everyone, not just the rich. Last year, Monash was shut down because of a successful on day strike involving students and workers. Already this year, students at UTS and at Melbourne Uni have fought back. More fight back is needed if proposals for up-front fees are to be defeated.

Tom Typaldos

Monash Democrats, Fabian Society and the Libertarian Society were approached for their opinions, but unfortunately did not submit responses.





what will

Rod West Reject?

The Higher Education Review Committee, chaired by Roderick West visited Monash University on Thursday March 13th at 9am. The venue for the consultation was in the City offices of Monash at 30 Collins Street.

These offices are located in the Central Business District of Melbourne. They have large panoramic views of multinational highrises and expensive, but dodgy, paintings mounted on the walls. In this sanitised, corporate environment, discussions about the future for higher education seemed futile. How can a committee make a report to the Federal Government that will set the direction for higher education for the next twenty years, without ever setting eyes upon the campus of one of Australia's largest tertiary institutions.

Despite our cynicism about the whole process, the Monash University Federation of Student Organisations (MUFSSO) requested and was given the opportunity to meet with the West Committee, along with other Monash representatives, including the Vice Chancellor. As MUFSSO convenor I was given the responsibility of representing 42 000 students across six campuses on the following five themes of the review – the role of higher education in society, demand for education, relationship between government and institution, funding of higher education and research.

Why the Higher Education Review Committee is fishy for students

The Higher Education Review Committee was established by the Federal Liberal Government to develop and investigate future directions for higher education. It is currently receiving input from universities across Australia. It is looking at the social benefits of tertiary study and the long term funding of the sector in general.

The membership of the committee failed to include a student or a staff representative – the only two constituents who are aware of the day-to-day rigours of the tertiary environment.

The committee composition seems designed to merely legitimise further cuts to public funding of higher education as it has a bias towards private interests.

Rod West has claimed the bulk of the media attention as chair of the committee. His belief that universities should be places of intellectual (and social) elitism has conveniently steered public debate around philosophical issues such as the purpose of higher education, rather than discussing the government's long term plan for funding of the sector. Rod West is a mere decoy in the whole process of the review, and while it served MUFSSO's aim to focus its campaign material around the man, it was obvious at the discussion table that he wielded very little power, and commanded even less respect.

Nevertheless, after visiting thirty eight campuses, reading hundreds of submissions and two months of consultations, students at Monash University are wondering what Rod West will reject from all these submissions?

Upfront Fees, voucher schemes and attacks to Austudy payments – what really stinks for students

The main issue MUFSSO raised at the Higher Education Review Committee was in relation to the proposals for funding higher education in the future. MUFSSO emphasised the importance of publicly funded, mass education to the Australian community. We raised concerns about the impact of the shift in higher education towards responding only to the needs of industry rather than to the advancement of knowledge for institutional autonomy and quality of education. Funding of higher education should therefore not be subjected to market forces, because education should serve the purposes of the community as a whole.

Most other developed nations value education more than the current Liberal Government. Australia is ranked twelfth out of nineteen OECD nations in terms of funding per tertiary student, and this ranking is falling fast.

We expressed loudly that the introduction of upfront fees was a most undesirable way to resolve the funding crisis in the tertiary sector. We highlighted the Monash experience of the introduction of postgraduate course fees, which failed to address the impact of access and equity issues. We highlighted the lack of a real 'market' for Upfront Fees at Monash. We emphasised that artificially creating a market for fees by underenrolling HECS liable

places or shrinking the tertiary sector is not acceptable.

MUFSSO also told the committee of the importance of active student input into university management, policy and planning. The long term sustainability of the tertiary sector is dependent on the quality and responsiveness of academic programs and services to the needs of students. Universities will need to foster better relationships with their student organisations in order to measure feedback from the most important constituent within the university – the student.

Fish, the media and the great Monash tradition of protest

MUFSSO resolved to publicise its meeting with the West committee. A small group of students, including people from Monash and NUS, handed out leaflets and lay large smelly fish on the pavement. Triple M gave us some media coverage. Some students came up to the eleventh floor to meet Mr West. Representatives from Monash squirmed when the students were invited to sit at the table. It was an opportunity to show the committee the passion of students on the issue of education.

Later, when it was just me and a lot of men in suits left at the table, Mr West commented that it was the first time in all his campus visits that the students had been gutsy enough to challenge his position on things. I grinned and said, "We thought we'd bring the student bits of the campus to you if you couldn't come to it." Mr West asked me to send a copy of the "What will Rod West reject?" leaflet along with the MUFSSO submission to the review.

Because I was upstairs lobbying and listening and trying to strike some balance in a committee which was male-dominated and sometimes not very student friendly, I didn't have the chance to shout all the lovely fishy slogans I had dreamt up the night before, like 'Higher Ed review still floundering' or 'Federal governments funding strategy – no sole'.

As I sat in the meeting I kept thinking of the slogan which encapsulates where MUFSSO feels higher education should go in the nineties.

"There's nothing wrong with having plenty of fish in the sea. Because lot's of fish equals a school."



the **Kovac Report**



organisations are still powerful, persuasive things.

Incorporation of the union

In principle, there are good reasons why the MSA should accept the concept of the incorporated union. It would guarantee 50% of the net profit of the union's commercial activity, and we would be able to legally challenge any dodgy accounting. We would have the departments of Programs and Activities securely in our organisation, plus the added responsibility for Host Scheme and Camps.

The model of separating the commercial activity from representation responds well to the VSU legislation. But arguing that students should not be equal shareholders in the company is unacceptable and as far as I can see, mere opportunism. I have asked the University to put a price on the entity they wish to create and to justify why they have allocated students such small shares in it. So far, they have been unable to provide a good reason for accepting less than 50% "ownership" of this new entity which they wish to create. If the University believes that students will approve a company being formed with assets that come directly from student pockets from which Monash will partly profit, they have another thing coming. Monash students have contributed millions of dollars over the years to the building,

the extension and to the facilities. It should be, in a way as yet undefined, ours.

Austudy and Student Loans

As a consequence of the media release done by the Monash Federation of Student Organisations about Austudy, senior management of the uni have begun a process of lobbying for changes to the independent Austudy rate and Actual Means test. The MSA has also been collecting signatures on a petition which we intend to present to the university and to the NUS on the National day of Action this Wednesday. At a meeting with the Vice-Chancellor's Group, I asked for a student representative to be included on the working party reviewing student loans. I was refused (which really, really shits me). One can only assume that if a student rep is not allowed on this working party, then there are evil thoughts lurking about student loan provision at Monash. Stay tuned.

Anti-racism campaign

MSA has had very successful Anti-racism campaign strategy meetings, with lots of clubs coming along to volunteer some time. We are still developing a campaign slogan and a series of demands for the University.

One of our demands so far is to request that the Uni actively end "Toilet Door Racism" on campus. We have all seen this kind of stuff - shitty liquid paper

cowards spewing forth racist drivel while they take a pee. MSA and MUISS will ask the university to fund the production of stickers for use in toilets to end this kind of racism. If anyone has other ideas, there are campaign strategy meetings every week on Tuesday lunchtimes in the MSA lounge.

Upfront Fees

Monash Uni has been receiving some bad press about its intentions to introduce upfront fees for undergraduate degrees. The Higher Ed supplement in The Australian said a document contained a proposal to under-enrol students, take the government imposed fine of \$9000 for doing this, and charge upfront fees.

Monash has not reached a position yet on the introduction of Upfront Fees. It is going through a corporate planning process which will be completed in July. In August the uni will meet with DEETYA to plan the student load for 1998.

The MSA believes that under-enrolling student load is an objectionable way to introduce fees at Monash. We need to build this campaign now, if we are going to defeat the introduction of fees on this campus. If you are interested in helping out, contact me on 9905 3138.

Yours in Union,
Tanja

MPA Executive Committee 1997 Elections

GET INVOLVED MEET OTHER POSTGRADUATES NOMINATE YOURSELF NOW!

Nominations for the MPA Executive Committee open Monday 24th March, 1997 and close 5pm Friday 18th, 1997.

Nominations forms available from the MPA Office, 1st floor, Union Building,
or call 9905 3196.

Postgraduates enrolled through the Clayton campus in the following courses
are eligible to nominate:

*Graduate Certificate, Graduate Diploma (including Dip Ed), Postgraduate Bachelor,
Masters, Masters Prelim, PhD and EdD.*

Postal elections will be held from 21st April until 19th May, 1997.

Jon Oliver — Returning Officer

Monash Postgraduate Association is a division of the Monash Student Association (MSA).

the changing face *Of* MUTV



By now you will have all seen the new television system in the Union Building – MUTV. This initial incarnation has been very successful. Although MUTV is but a pup, and is growing and developing rapidly. Now we want you to get involved and be a part of the early days of MUTV. We want your input, your ideas, your talents and your enthusiasm. Come and be our Chum. We want you to come to a meeting in the Conference Room on Tuesday March 25th at 1.15pm. Here we will discuss the future of MUTV and how you can play a part in it. Bring your own collar.

Chris **Tomkins**



STAR WARS.

Hoyts Chadstone

One down, two to go! More freedom-fighters than you can poke a light sabre at. Monash students, 50¢ extra for others.

10 April **The Empire Strikes Back**

24 April **Return of the Jedi**

TICKETS AVAILABLE NOW !

Epicentre

EASTER PARTY.

Thursday 27/3, outside if sunny, upstairs in the foyer if rainy or cold

Eggs, beer and more beer. Come along and get a few pink elephants playing with all those rabbits. Thursday lunchtime will see a great sendoff to the term, and ease the fear associated with realising that you are half way to exams.

ACTIVITIES COLLECTIVE MEETING.

Wednesday 9/4, in Studio 2 at Short Courses

This is for all of the activities collective as well as any new people who are interested in helping out the collective. Come one, come all.

COMEDY WEEK.

14 April — 17 April

ha ha ha ha guffaw . Plop! Look out for the cellar night and the rest of this crazy week. Entries are now open for the State Comedy Competition for the Monash Heats in Stand-up and Sketch. See us in Activities before this week if you are interested in entering the Comedy Competition.

not quite straight **NQS**

Hi, Boys and Girls, I hope everyone is settling in well into the university schedule — freshies, not too much partying now!

A lots has happened in the last couple of weeks in NQS, too much to tell in such a short space but here goes!

O-Week went well, the female convenor and myself made full use of beer on hand, and thoroughly enjoyed it (you're terrific Brett and Jo!) For those of you who missed us at O-Week, please come and join us!

At a recent meeting of the Women's Affairs Collective, a decision was made to investigate the possibility of a lesbian group operating under the umbrella of NQS. The NQS Executive does not 100% support this idea, deeming it to be separatist and a

divisive tactic, nevertheless, should this group be formed, NQS will have to support it. Many women seem to think that this is a necessity. For those of you who wish to have a say in the future of such a group, there is a meeting (women only) at 1pm in the Women's Room, Thursday, 27 March.

NQS is holding its annual PRIDE week from the 5 – 9 May. If you would like to get involved, then please come down to an NQS meeting, and tell us what you would like to see. Pride week is about visibility, fun and education. Revel in your sexuality, and have a damn good time with us during this week.

Nominations are now open for the position of Female Sexuality Officer, and three non-portfolio positions. Please submit your nomination (which must include your name, student number and phone number) to Michel Cabrie (MSA Education Officer) who is our returning officer for 1997. This is your golden chance to have a say in how NQS is operated, and what we could do for the future. You must be a member of NQS to take on one of these positions, ie: one who identifies as being not quite straight.

Also on the cards is the Queer Film Festival, which kicks off on the 14th of March, through to the 31st of March.

If you would like to know more, or join us in a joint booking, please contact a member of your executive.

Okay, our meeting times and places:
1pm, Tuesdays, Room B25

5pm, Thursdays, Student Bar
Ph: 990-54195

Welcome back to study kids!
Rorie Jackson, Male Co-convenor



words from the **WAC'ers**



In filing this report I'm sure that it is expected I'll talk about the myriad of activities that the Women's Affairs Collective are organising on campus. We oriented women during O-week, we have run a reproductive rights campaign and celebrated International Women's Day with MSA Activities, and are now preparing for a women and work campaign. We have had six WAC meetings thus far and would welcome any interested women to come along and get involved. They are held every Monday lunchtime at 1pm in the Women's Room, which is located upstairs in the Union Building. We will also be holding a launch of the new Women's Room at the revised time of 2pm, Monday, March 17, in the Women's Room.

As part of my report it is also my responsibility to report on issues which are of central concern to women students on this campus. One issue which has dominated the

conversations of women in the Women's Room, and which has featured as the main topic of discourse in WAC meetings, is the representation of women in Monash publications. It is something which all students are affected by, and something which I believe we should all be conscious of.

Both the University and the MSA hold that acts which constitute discrimination or harassment are unacceptable and must be accounted for. Many students are probably not aware that through its Equal Opportunity Unit, Monash University is committed to promoting equal opportunity in education and employment. Through state and federal legislation, it is committed to; the Racial discrimination Act 1975 (Commonwealth), the Equal Opportunity Act 1995 (Victoria), the Sex Discrimination Act 1984 (Commonwealth), the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission Act 1986 (Commonwealth) and the Disability Discrimination Act 1992 (Commonwealth). The implication of enforcing these statutes is that any cases of harassment or discrimination can be brought to the attention of the Equal Opportunity Unit. Similarly, the MSA provides the services of a Student Rights Officer, Gerry Nagtzaam, a Welfare Officer, Louise Paton, and a

Women's Officer to deal with these problems.

In this way both the university and the MSA seek to ensure that all publications produced by students adhere to the stipulated statutes and do not make representations which are discriminatory. This is not to say that discriminatory representations are not made. They are. They appear in Monash publications and people quite often feel the need to defend them, as unfortunate as this is. However, whether you hide your prejudiced self behind the banner of fighting political correctness, or whether you're frank about your attitudes, your racist, sexist, homophobic, discriminatory attitudes are wrong. If you don't believe us, we have laws which support this. We also have processes for dealing with discrimination, so that if unacceptable material is published it can be dealt with.

However, the onus is not on us to act as watchdogs. This responsibility rests with the editors of publications to ensure that the material they produce promotes equal opportunity and affirmative action. If you care to look at the front of this copy of *Lot's Wife* you will read a statement which claims that racist, sexist or militarist material will not be published. It is the role of the editors to implement this policy,

but I'm sure that they are already aware of this. They are accountable when racist, sexist or militarist material is published in this paper. Similarly, the editors of *Varicocele*, the official publication of MUMUS, are obliged to follow the same policy. The editors of the Counter Faculty Handbook are also responsible for the articles they print. We can step in when offensive material is published, but if the editors are doing their job then we won't have to.

One way to combat the issue of problematic representations in publications is to submit articles to these publications which challenge perceived stereotypes. If you're not happy about the status quo, do something about it. You're right; homophobic, racist, sexist, militarist attitudes are fucked. So say something about it. You can come and talk about it at a WAC meeting, or you can see the relevant departments about addressing these issues, but what you must do is voice your concerns. It may be the job of office bearers to write reports to *Lot's Wife*, but it is up to students to support what we say and also to see that equal opportunity and affirmative action prevail.

Belinda **Terpenou**

msa **By-Election**

15 april - 17 april

Nomination Open Now.

Nominations Closes at 4.00 p.m.

Monday 7 April 1997

Balloting Dates & Time

from 15 April to 17 April 10.00 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Union Building

Positions Vacant:

Bio Medical Library	1 casual vacancy
Bookshop Board	1 casual vacancy
Buildings User Group	1 casual vacancy
General Library	1 casual vacancy
Information Desk User Group	1 casual vacancy
John Medley Library User Group	1 casual vacancy

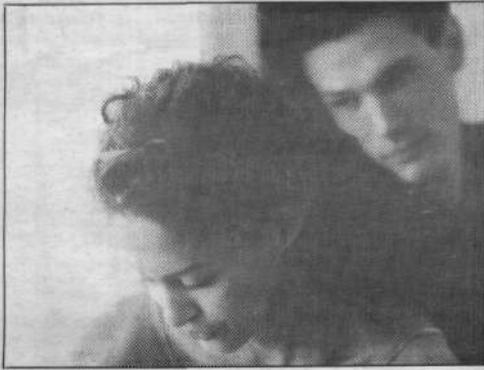
Monash Student Board	1 casual vacancy
Publicity Committee	3 casual vacancies
Student Employment User Group	1 casual vacancy
Student Welfare	1 casual vacancy
Welfare Committee	2 casual vacancies
Women Affairs Collective	2 casual vacancies

NOMINATION FORMS CAN NOW BE OBTAINED FROM THE MSA OFFICE



a

PAIN



You learnt in psych last year that if you wanted someone to be attracted to you all you had to do was be mean to them and then nice to them and be a little clumsy (whilst still being attractive). At least you could pull off one of the three. Although you weren't literally clumsy you knew next to nothing about relationship coordination. He did the others but in the reverse order, of course.

You met him through mutual friends; not a bad way to meet. It took a while for the attraction, the chemistry if you will to grow, but it did. When things seemed to start happening you were excited but still weary as you had other factors to take into account. A main one being a close friend who, although being fine with you liking other people, wasn't fine with you liking other people. (Especially considering this guy was a friend of his.) Sure, it was fine for friends to tell you to forget your close friend but it wasn't that easy. Yes, you wanted to be happy but you wanted everyone else to be happy too. That is one thing you learnt last year – not everyone is happy all of the time.

In seeming interested, you let your guard down. You made a fatal mistake, one you still make. You let him see how much you liked him. To put it in simple terms, you gave him all the power. You still don't fully understand or follow those 'relationship rules'. You thought that honesty and trust were enough. Those are things you need from both sides for anything to work. You didn't have that.

As you started being together more regularly, people warned you about him, telling you how wrong he was for you. He himself even warned you that he was really bad at relationships. He said he would end up hurting you. Perhaps you should have listened but you had to find out for yourself. Because, even as he was putting up the danger signs, he was laying out the welcome mat, telling you he could really get used to having you around. You always hear the bad stuff but listen to the good. You're a sucker.

Things went great for a little while. Then he seemed to be forced into seeing you. He didn't really want to be there. Maybe you weren't 'satisfying' him. Who knows? He never had time for you in his daily schedule. But you, being the wet mop that you can be, kept thinking all was well. Or maybe you kept hoping all was well because when he said you had to talk, you weren't that surprised. It's amazing what you can convince yourself of.

You thought you had found something different and a little special. He turned to you, and as he spoke each word came out slowly and deliberately. You can't remember the exact words now which is amazing because at the time you thought you would never hear anything more painful. He told you that he thought it was time for a break. Only for a couple of weeks just so that he could see if he really liked you. His logic was that if he didn't see you and he missed you enough, he would get back together with you. Otherwise it would be good-bye. You smiled as he said it all. He asked why, and all you could say was that it was either that or cry. And, considering he had the decency to have this chat in a public place (a nightclub), it was probably best for all that you smiled.

You argued, but you didn't really have the strength anymore. He had drained you of all emotion. And anyway, he thought you argued too much. Maybe he wasn't used to girls who actually thought for themselves. In a vain attempt at reassurance, he told you that during this time he wouldn't be with anyone else. It hurt; it all hurt, but what hurt most was your pride. Half of your friends and his friends knew what was going on and once the talk was over, you then had to walk back into the room with your head up. You had never tried something so difficult in all your life. You had read about people feeling eyes watching you but this was the real thing. And you hated them. You hated them for what they must have been thinking as they watched you. They were pitying you when all you wanted was support.

You held your tears in for the few hours that you hung around (proving you were 'fine') and then when you reached the car, it began. You have only cried that much a few times in your life and it feels like it will never end. And, for a week it didn't. Your mum thought you were breaking up, and you would sit in dark rooms by yourself crying. Ah, but the best was yet to come. Next week you were out again, and in a conversation

of complete misunderstanding, you found out that he had kissed his ex-girlfriend that same night last week. You flipped. Your brain couldn't keep up, there were too many thoughts and you felt helpless.

You have always been a person who believed in telling others how you feel, so why should this have been any different? Your friends said to leave it and not to stoop to his level, but you had to tell him what you were feeling. He couldn't do this to you and not have to go through any of it with you. Once you had regained the little composure you had to start with, you went and asked him if he had anything to tell you. Of course – he didn't. The conversation you then had with him remains something between the two of you but you could see you were hurting him. You didn't want to, but people don't always get what they want. He deserved a little pain.

He now admits that he treated you like crap and that he doesn't deserve you but it's a case of too little too late. He looks at you as the only girl he has been with who managed to hurt him. That's funny because you feel he is the only guy who has deeply and truly hurt you. You cared too much. You pushed a little – you were too much and yet, you obviously weren't enough.

You believed that you had gotten to know him differently to everyone else but maybe you shouldn't give yourself that much credit. Maybe you were just a girl who, whilst being hurt by him, managed to bruise him a little. You still feel for him in a way that can never be properly explained. Maybe it is true that you like the things that are bad for you. He still thinks he has that power over you but he doesn't. He never will because you have recognised it for what it was. Looking back you can either get upset because he broke your heart or you can look at it as a learning experience about life. It all depends on the mood you are in.

Claire **Hammond**





lyric BEAUTY

a very very very important message
for all monash students

I have this little theory about a song, whereby if it makes me "melt", then, I think it's a damn good song. Not just any song can make me melt. There has to be a pretty special combination of musicianship, great singing, melody, harmony among other things and last but not least, lyric beauty. Lyrics can make or break a song. For example, Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Music of the Night" became a huge hit due to its lyrics and sensual context in *Phantom of the Opera*, but was originally entitled "Married Man" with poxy lyrics that made the music sound like crap. So, if lyrics are so important, what I keep wondering is, why aren't lyricists given the attention and credit they deserve?

You see, I have this other little theory that lyrics constitute modern poetry. Poets might have had a better chance of survival in Donne's day, but today, there isn't much of a market for poetry per se, and a solely poetic career would provide little financial stability. However, with an enormous international music industry, those gifted with the art of poetic expression can explore their talents through song. I'm not just talking about opera or musical theatre here, I'm talking especially about heavy metal, jazz, rock, ballads, alternative, pop, indie, retro, blues or any other possible musical genre. Lyrics, like classical poetry, are a succinct expression of emotions and themes such as: love; disillusionment, beauty; pain; disappointment, the list could go on forever.

My last little theory is that Monash is full of lyricists and modern poets alike. I think that lyrics should be more broadly recognized as an important art form. At *Lot's Wife*, we're planning to have an edition where the creative writing section of the paper will be dedicated to publishing the lyrics of Monash students. The deadline will be April 9 and if we have enough submissions, they'll be printed in the 5th edition on April 22.

Please help me prove my theory. I hate being wrong.

Michelle **Davies.**

Do you know the lyricist or title of the following excerpts?

in a muddle of nervous words
could never amount to betrayal
the sentence is all my own
the price is to watch it fail
as I turn to go
you looked at me for half a second
an open invitation for me to go
into temptation
knowing full well the earth will rebel
into temptation
safe in the wide open arms of hell

disarm you with a smile and cut you like you want me to
cut that little child inside of me and such a part of you
I used to be a little boy so old in my shoes,
and what I choose is my choice, what's a boy supposed to do
the killer in me is the killer in you – my love –
I send the smile over to you

you seem very well, things look peaceful
I'm not quite as well, I thought you should know
did you forget about me Mr. Duplicity
I hate to bug you in the middle of dinner
it was a slap in the face how quickly I was replaced
are you thinking of me when you fuck her

I needed you more when we wanted us less
I could not kiss, just regress
it might just be clear simple and plain
that's just fine that's just one of my names
don't let the days go by
could've been easier on you
glycerine

he said you're really an ugly girl but I like the way you play
and I died, but I thanked him can you believe that
sick holding on to his picture dressing up everyday
I wanna smash the faces of those beautiful boys those Christian boys
so you can make me cum that doesn't make you Jesus

turn around and be polite
I'm so sick of listening to your crap about the breasts you like
look at me, I'm restrained
I'm not screaming like some jealous adolescent here in vain
it's been a long time since anyone meant what they said
one step forward two steps backward
I won't wrestle you won't talk back
three deep breaths I'm still alive and brilliant

- ANSWERS
1. "Into Temptation" Neil Finn, Crowded House
 2. "Disarm" Billy Corgan, Smashing Pumpkins
 3. "You Oughta Know" Alanis Morissette
 4. "Glycerine" Gavin Rossdale, Bush
 5. "Precious Things" Tori Amos
 6. "Alive and Brilliant" Deborah Conway

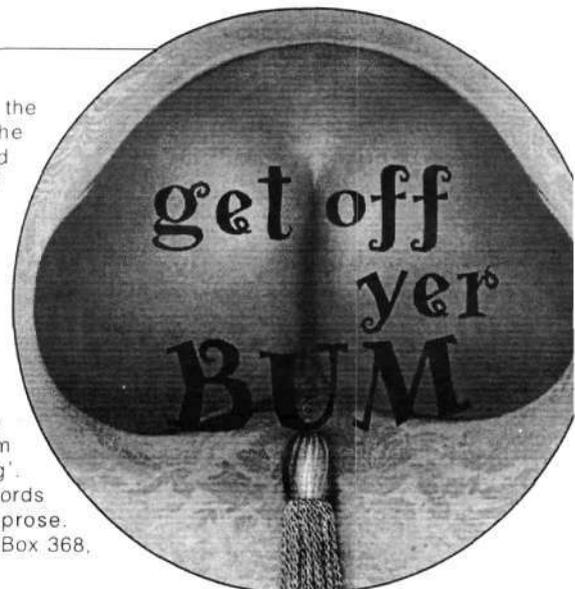
Chapel Off Chapel's first National Poetry Festival is a major national event which will bring to Chapel Off Chapel sixty of Australia's best and best-known poets including Dorothy Hewett, Bruce Dawe, Fay Zwicky, Philip Salom, J.S Harry and Dorothy Porter. Over the weekend of 11-13 April, the Festival will present poets and poetry in a lively and often surprising program of readings, performances, discussions, workshops and happenings. Bookings 9522 3382.

Chapel Off Chapel is also proud to play host to "Reading Matters" 15-16 March, a two-day event focusing on authors who write about the future and the future of youth, books and reading. All enquiries to Agnes Nieuwenhuizen on 98201236.

Tuesday 25th March at 12 little Chapel St, Prahran there will be a "Kings and Things" presentation of children's writing including that of Edward Lear, Ogden Nash and Oscar Wilde. Students \$5.

A prize of \$3000 will be awarded to the author of an essay on a topic of the author's choice, regarding copyright and the protection of the interests of authors. Entries would be about 10,000 words in length. For further information write to G.C. O'Donnell Biennial Prize Trust, c/- Prof. D.C Pearce, Law Faculty, Australian National University, Canberra ACT 0200

Issue 15 of Famous Reporter is seeking a response to the line 'so now I have to pack my forests and baggages', from Pamela Brown's poem 'Leaving'. Contributions (between 95 and 105 words in length) are welcome in verse or prose. Famous Reporter, Walleah Press, PO Box 368, North Hobart TAS 7002.





After thirty-two years of silence, JD Salinger has just released a new book. Well, it's not exactly a new book. *Hapworth 16, 1924* is a long short story which was first published in *The New Yorker* in 1965. It is being released by a tiny publishing company from Virginia in a plain blue hard cover with no dust jacket. There will be no copies sent to reviewers, no media releases, no launches, no interviews with the press and the author will not be signing copies. *Hapworth* will slip into bookshops without a sound. The publisher has not even revealed how many copies will be printed. There is something of the eccentric recluse about Salinger who last came out of hiding to fight a legal battle against the publication of an unauthorised biography in 1986. During the case against Random House he claimed that he was still writing stories, but only for himself. "I've borne all the exploitation and loss of privacy I can possibly bear in a single lifetime" he commented. It is interesting that such a universally admired writer has sequestered himself into near secrecy, while punters can earn a cool \$3.4 million for the itinerant head of Salman Rushdie.

Part of the agenda for the forthcoming reforms to Copyright is the inclusion of artists' moral rights. What this means is that the creator of a work will have the right to be identified as the author and is entitled to take action against derogatory treatment that 'prejudicially affects their honour'. This legislation has already been passed in New Zealand, North America, France, Germany and Britain and will be welcomed by Australian artists. The legislation, however, seems to me to be a little too inclusive. I wonder to what extent an off-beat interpretation of a work might prejudicially affect the honour of an artist. Writers especially must recognise that they cannot control the effects or interpretation of their work once it has left their hands.

Rumour has it that a psychoanalytical/deconstructivist analysis of *Noddy* is in the pipeline. The author is especially fascinated by the enigmatic relationship between Noddy and Big Ears. Last year, a British academic made waves when she suggested that Beatrix Potter's character Squirrel Nutkin probably suffered from Tourettes syndrome because of his abundance of energy and his habit of making absurd puns and witticisms. She alleged that Beatrix Potter probably based the character on a friend of hers that was affected by the condition.

NEXT EDITION: allegations of plagiarism against Graham Swift and Australia's latest literary hoax.

Piers **Kelly**

Note: "p is for" is a story which will be continued in each edition of Lot's throughout the year. For the first part, turn to the first edition.

"P" is for...

he asked...

"Where may I find water?" But staring back at P with quizzical expressions, the creatures offered no answer, no piece for his puzzle, no clue to aide his search. P waited for some minutes and repeated the question. This time a response came from one of the larger creatures, "I enquire the purpose of your presence." This response was only made comprehensible by the primal translation device P carried. This device allowed P to communicate with creatures of all types, to which he would other wise not be able to communicate. Communications being established P proceeded to reply, "I have come to this place for a change of environment and now need to find some water." Still with a quizzical expression, the large creature commented, "I would like to inform you water is to be found underground."

"How may I reach this water?"

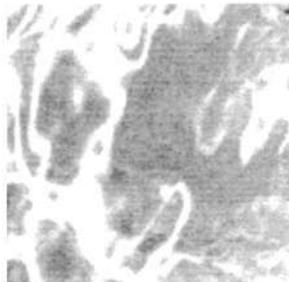
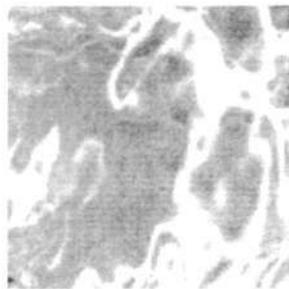
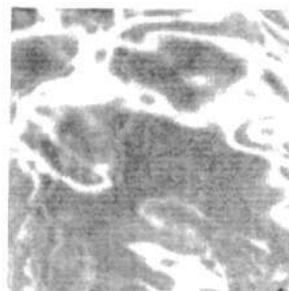
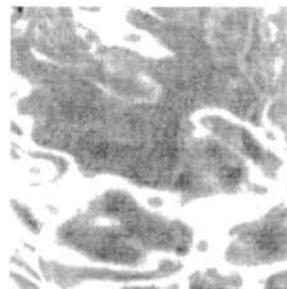
"It is only to be reached by the true of hearted."

"How do I know if I am true of hearted?"

"The true of hearted will seek that which cannot be found using the most unconventional of methods. Go and seek out the master of knowledge. He is the source of all true knowledge in this region. He can dispense any knowledge that you may need. But beware there is a price to pay for any wisdom the master is likely to give."

P struggled to evaluate the wisdom of these comments. Were these words of wisdom from a mysterious creature, or were they riddles effected by the desolate environment? Was this another piece to his puzzle or was it a diversion to lead him off course? He needed to find water. He could not process thoughts until he received water. So, taking the creature's comments at face value, P set out in search of the master of knowledge. But where to start? Moving away from the nest he looked at the buildings. Most looked alike, but one stood out from the others. P moved towards this building. As it came closer, there seemed to be movement upon its walls. There seemed to be hands on the outside walls which reached for an object but found nothing and continued to eternally reach out. P arrived at the base of the building and saw that there was a large set of double doors. P arrived at the doors and saw that there was writing on the door. It read...

Don **Wan**





Lord of Light

Above a leaden sky
 there lies a demon
 Aswirl in colour and sound
 In his eyes
 Death's finality
 Supremity of life
 At his touch
 Hell's fury engulfs
 Benevolent heaven
 encompasses
 A word
 Screams of utter insane
 Laughter, purest ecstasy
 But when his mind unlocks
 Only then can any be known
 of Terror
 Peace
 the lease on life
 Inheritance to death

 Meet me Rakasha

 Sidartha stood alone
 And won the fire he had
 bound
 Phalanx of night
 Legion - torch of day
 Called forth as his will
 Through space in all
 dimensions
 and none

 Take care
 Dwellers of the Celestial City

I'm so Sick

I'm so sick
 So sick of the scene, man
 Three songs playing at once
 They're all still singing
 Even though they're dead

 The beer pattern carpet's
 asleep on the floor
 Along with that friend of a
 friend
 Whose name you don't know
 He's an asshole, but hey
 he's in a band
 He can't be that bad
 Even if he is, you still wanna
 hang around him
 It's great to be seen to be
 seen

 Oh man, there's just so
 much cool stuff out there
 It's hard to keep up
 With the essential
 alternative uniform

 Trouble is, I don't know how
 to say no anymore
 So I'm in a sad state of
 mess
 Can you imagine what the
 world would be like
 If the only word was yes?
 Yes.

Misanthrope

Eulogy given
 First four words
 He
 Spent
 His
 Life...
 Hating?
 Wondering, no?
 Trying to hate
 Told everyone
 You're all strangers
 To him
 He pleaded
 Failure of understanding
 Snarled
 Unto himself
 Ferocity kept
 Sanity maintained
 not by giving
 Silent
 Anxious
 Paraded nothing
 Always convinced
 Put us all to shame
 Vindicated.

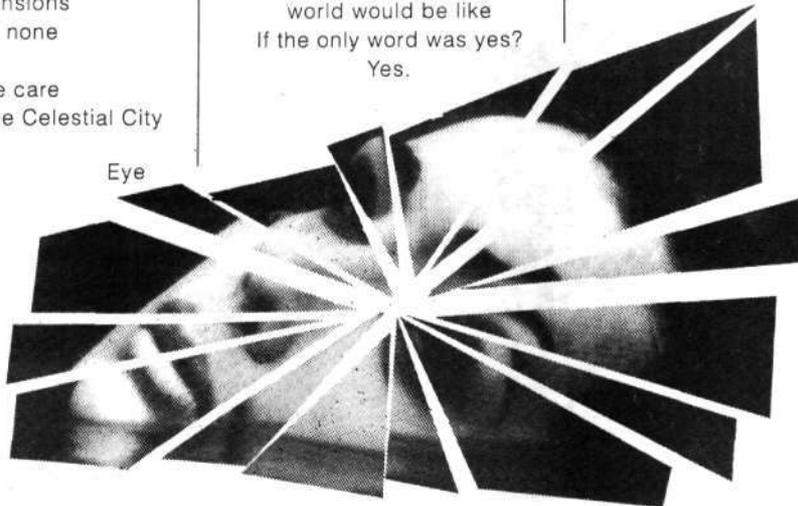
GUTTERING FLAME

Take the dark man home
 Mistend and away
 Spirit shields the dead
 As the mole digs
 News of a shattered wall
 Understood, kept at bay
 Deep in the void
 Chasing the power

 Questions
 And overwhelming doubts
 Pressure and fuel
 Sledgehammer poised

 Catalyst meets a stubborn stone
 Insignificant worm,
 But obsidian in her veins
 and light in her eyes
 so the changer is trapped
 crust and core
 when Diana wanes,
 Laments
 and dirges
 And what can a monkey do?
 Though poet
 torch bearer
 Victim of futile surges

Eye



And we hear him scream out his soul
 Rail at the powers which curse
 And the mountains still crumble around
 sound distorts, vision shifts
 lifts a strange epistle
 thistle, bramble, rose
 morose, and cast forever in this mould
 Old dreams torment
 portent to an incessant end
 He nor the powers will bend
 Amen...

And what do we do with the drunken sailor?
eye

Beginning to End

It is following, missing,
 assisting, distressing.
 Arresting, divesting, assessing,
 misdirecting.
 A critic, mimetic, statistic,
 diuretic,
 Stoic, chaotic, neurotic, exotic.

Lying, spying, trying, crying,
 for the flying, eyeing, assigning,
 aligning.
 Mighty, mighty, held to,
 wholeness spelled out, talked to.
 Laughing, seeing,
 misbelieving the right of leaving
 Parted from,
 true,
 licensed from nowhere to.
 A traitorous being,
 no more, no more agreeing.
 Fleeing.

Greatly, mistakenly,
 purported to, misanthropy you.
 Late, trait, spate, hate,
 of astounded, confounded,
 grounded, surrounded.
 Lauded in its travesty of meaning,
 terribly the carriage of being.
 Announced.
 Pronounced.
 Pounced on to.

So crazy, hazy, lazy,
 lately, stately, innately,
 beginning, grinning, spinning,
 ending, ending, ending.



your guide to clubs on campus

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foetal fundamentalism

What causes further concern is that this particular bombing attack on the clinic was not a total surprise, or even unexpected. It was January 19, just three days shy of the 24th anniversary of the US Supreme Court's 1973 decision, in the famed *Roe vs. Wade* case, to effectively legalise abortions during the early stages of pregnancy. As a result, outraged right-wing elements of the pro-life movement have historically chosen to conduct their violent campaign during this symbolically significant period, just as they did by bombing the Atlanta clinic.

Moreover, the problem is not confined to a small area. The US Government last year estimated that abortion clinic violence, including bombings, arson, death threats and clinic blockades, had occurred on multiple occasions in no fewer than 28 states, with this agitation increasing in frequency each year. Those convicted of anti-abortion crime are typically people without a previous history of crime or violence.

We are therefore left to ponder the core question; what motivates seemingly ordinary, apolitical Americans to act with such hatred and aggression? To come to the correct conclusion, the current American social environment must be examined.

According to most American right-wing groups such as the Christian Coalition and parts of the Republican Party, the prevailing social 'problems' of legalised abortion, homosexuality and single mothers can be simplified into being the direct result of a subversive, liberal 'bleeding-heart' national media and a current administration intent on a social progression that contradicts traditional family values.

Policies such as affirmative action for minorities and welfare for the disadvantaged are vigorously ridiculed; scorned as the products of a government which should stick to enforcing the rules of property and law, and leave social 'problems' to society.

In an attempt to enforce changes to current policies, groups like the Christian Coalition have undertaken what they term a 'grassroots' campaign, urging middle Americans to actively express their dissatisfaction with the State and Federal representatives. They hope that this action will ensure 'God's will', by overturning the 'dangerous' policies of legalised abortion, homosexual rights and sex education for high-school students. Ralph Reed, the executive director of the Christian Coalition, opposes taxpayer-funded sex-education programs, on the basis that these programs are loaded with 'pro-homosexual themes'. The hypocrisy of not supporting a program which may prevent unwanted pregnancies, and therefore the need for abortions in the first place, is apparently not evident.

Although the Christian Coalition uses legal methods, and its hierarchy has openly condemned abortion clinic violence, it is inevitable that their oversimplifications for the remedy of complex social 'problems' has struck a strong chord with those vehemently opposed to the current social policies in America. It can also be assumed that a small proportion of such people may interpret the objectives of the religious right as ideals which must be achieved, regardless of the means used. To put it another way, if the bombing of abortion clinics frightens doctors into not performing abortion procedures, and clinics are closed through a lack of demand, then the violent means would be justified.

Pro-life advocates say that this assumption is not credible, due to a lack of concrete evidence that this in fact is the motivation for abortion clinic attacks. But what other explanation can be drawn from the actions of American religious minister Paul Hill, who shot dead two men outside a Florida abortion clinic, or John Salvi, who killed two and injured others on a rampage through a clinic in Massachusetts? They both saw themselves as martyrs, carrying out the will of

God, and inspired by the doctrine of extremist anti-abortion groups.

Mainstream anti-abortion groups, including the Christian Coalition and Mothers for Life, have been criticised for their indirect responsibility for the abortion clinic attacks. As a result, these groups have shied away from their former 'rights of the unborn' stance. Instead, they have shifted their criticism to an abortion procedure itself – the partial-birth method, which involves partial delivery of the foetus before the abortion takes place. According to the Christian Coalition, 5,000 of these 'grisly procedures' are performed each year in America. Their opposition to this method has been so fervent that President Clinton was forced to veto a Congressional ban on it in April 1996.

The claim that the partial-birth method is 'pure infanticide', performed on the healthy unborn in the final 3 months of pregnancy, is a deliberate attempt by anti-abortion groups to distort and inflame the whole abortion issue. In the majority of American States (forty-one), abortion is only legal at this stage of pregnancy if the unborn child has died, or its birth will pose a serious risk to the life of its mother. These conditions were set down in the *Roe vs. Wade* ruling, and in 24 years there is no evidence that any abortions contrary to this ruling have occurred.

It appears certain that the anti-abortion lobby will not relent from their campaign until all types of abortion are made illegal in every American state. Their opposition to the partial-birth method is a stepping-stone to achieving this objective. The significance of attempts to overturn legalised abortion should not be underestimated; victories on this issue will give the resurgent American right momentum in their war against all people who may be opposed to the return to religious fundamentalism.

Benjamin Jones

WT *When a suburban Atlanta abortion clinic was*

bombed in January this year, it initially appeared that it was just another incident in a long line of attacks by the extremist fringe of the anti-abortion, 'pro-life' movement. What gave this attack special significance was a second bomb, which detonated thirty minutes after the first; this bomb was intended for the reporters and camera crews covering the explosion, and the emergency services ferrying away those already injured and maimed.

Innocence Lost?

or the battle against "moral" censorship of kid's books

Dick, Fanny and Moonface were tired after a long day of playing Hide and Seek, so they decided to doss down at Big Ears' place. Little did they know that Noddy was staying at Big Ears' house. Being the all-round nice guy that he is, Noddy donated his bed to Big Ears' other guests and crawled into bed with his host. Little did this gay little band of friends know that their next door neighbour, Homer Phobe, and his Antle Violens had called the Tasmanian Police. When Mr. Plod knocked at the door, Noddy was surprised. Surely the Golliwogs couldn't be up to their old tricks of nick-knocking in the middle of the night because Golliwogs didn't exist anymore. They weren't killed off because that would be an act of genocide; they were merely erased from the pages of our favourite childhood story, given cosmetic surgery to make their skin white, given behavioural retraining, and placed in a witness relocation program, never to be seen or heard of again. Thank you Mr. Censor, for making children's stories so uncomplicated.





Children's literature has always been regarded as a vital literary genre to parents, children, teachers and academics alike. It is true that literature can be influential while children and young adolescents are in their formative years: I devoured books while I was a young 'un. For these reasons, children's literature has been the subject of much debate for decades - particularly where representations of gender roles, sexuality and race are concerned. But how does one ascertain the effect that literature may have on children? Is it reasonable to ban or alter a text due to adult interpretations of a text? Do children understand and adopt ideologies about sex, race or gender inherent in literature? Are authors "writing down" to children and refusing to challenge their intelligence? And am I a maladjusted fruitcake because I read *Anne of Green Gables*, *Noddy* and *Forever* before I hit puberty?

When someone once described *Jane Eyre* to me as "children's literature", I was horrified due to my Year 9 struggles with Brontë. However, I later realized that it was wrong to patronize children by writing only simplistic stories in goo-goo-ga-ga language. Children's literature should be defined as whatever a child is interested in and able to read. Difficult language and concepts are essential to expanding a child's intelligence and vocabulary. I remember my primary school librarian stopping me from reading *The Secret Garden* until Grade 6 and I was really pissed off, then and now. If a child is capable of reading difficult books, s/he should be encouraged to do so. This is why texts like *The Simpsons* (with its many levels of interpretation) are fantastic because they can be enjoyed, even if every facet of the text is not appreciated. Sure, kids probably won't understand references to Sylvia Plath, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, or the relationship between Smithers and Burns, but this doesn't mean they shouldn't have access to such concepts. And, if they do learn something new, then that's great.

CS Lewis' *The Chronicles of Narnia* is a superb example of children's literature because, not only is it a gorgeous volume of simple adventure stories that children can understand, it also includes "adult" concepts. Throughout his stories, Lewis subtly intertwines challenging philosophies and commentaries on life, betrayal, growing up, love and relationships. He also indulges in a detailed metaphor of Christianity where for example he depicts Aslan the Lion as God who creates the world in the first book (*The Magician's Nephew*) and Jesus who is resurrected in the second book (*The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*). As a kid I adored these books without understanding their sub-texts, but that's irrelevant. The opportunity was there to read, learn and understand so much. And that's what matters. The opportunity. So I was distraught when a friend told me that a fellow student had applied a Freudian analysis to *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, arguing that Lucy's passage through the wardrobe of fur coats down a tight corridor into this whole new world was a metaphor for... oh, if you don't know, your mind has never been in the gutter like mine. It was then that I thought: "let's face it, if we can interpret sex into *Wardrobe*, we can interpret sex into anything". The problem is that such interpretations, albeit not so far-fetched as this, have led to the censorship of other children's novels. But should these books suffer censorship due to adult interpretations?

Take Enid Blyton, for example. Remember good old Noddy? Yeah, well did you know that he and Big Ears were having a rampant homosexual relationship and that this (including allegations of racism too, but that's another huge topic) was the cause of much criticism? Oh my God, ban all Noddy books. I would just like to say a few things. Even if on the remote chance that they did have it all going on: **good for them**. If I had to wear those ridiculous clothes I'd want something juicy to cheer me up. Kids probably wouldn't understand any allusions to homosexuality in *Noddy* and **SO WHAT** if they did. It would probably be a more positive introduction than muttered whispers on the playground, or, worse still, total ignorance.

And let's not forget that the three protagonists of *The Magic Faraway Tree* were named Fanny, Dick and Moonface. So the question must be asked, was Blyton naive and innocent, was she perverted, or was she attempting to give adults a private chuckle as an incentive to read the bloody stories to their kids? We just can't be sure these days, can we?

When a book is banned, it is usually only done by particular schools or libraries, not nationwide. If a book is censored by a publisher, certain words or plots might be omitted or changed. For example, in 1988, US publishers issued an edition of *The Story of Dr. Dolittle* having removed nearly all references to race from the book and severed a plotline. Is it therefore right to alter classic children's tales? Would the powers that be omit Ophelia's madness scene from *Hamlet* because some may interpret it as portraying women as weak, or change Portia's disguise as a male lawyer because it depicts a woman succeeding only if she emulates a man? (Actually, *The Merchant of Venice* was banned from classrooms in Michigan and New York in 1980 due to its anti-Semitic portrayal of Shylock, as was *Twelfth Night* banned in one Merrimack school for its "romantic entanglements"). Generally however, classic "adult" literature is often criticized, but not tampered with, or banned altogether, like children's literature.

In two California school districts in 1989, the Grimms' *Little Red Riding Hood* was banned because the heroine took wine to her grandmother and there were concerns about the mention of alcohol in the story. In Florida, two parents attempted but

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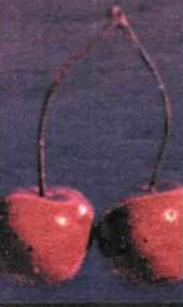
failed to have the very popular RL Stine series, *Goosebumps*, removed from schools. Herbert N. Foerstel's book, *Banned in the USA*, listed fifty of "The Most Frequently Banned Books in the 1990s" and (surprise surprise), most of them were children's books. These included: *The Catcher in the Rye*; *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*; *The Chocolate War*; *The Witches*; *How to Eat Fried Worms*; *Blubber*; *Little Red Riding Hood*; *Lord of the Flies*; *James and the Giant Peach* and *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*.

Now, I read most of those books when I was a kid, and, sure I have my issues, but I think I turned out all right (don't quote me on that). Banning a Roald Dahl book is just sacrilege. Everyone loved them. Similarly, even though I never liked *The Catcher in the Rye* or any Judy Blume book (except *Forever* of course), I think that they are all very important books for children/adolescents to read. *Forever* has been banned in many American and Australian schools and libraries, due to its use of four-letter words, "disobedience to parents" (chill out!) and talk about birth control, masturbation and descriptive sex scenes. Blume's book *Deenie* also deals with some of these issues. It's exactly because of these issues that children need to read Blume's books as a guide to normality through puberty, and, for sheer educational value as not all parents or schools offer proper sex education. Banning a book just draws more attention to it. My friends and I shared secret copies of *Forever* before primary school ended, simply because it was taboo. There is the argument that some books dealing with adolescent sexuality need some regulation depending on the age and maturity of the person reading them, but it is always difficult to know where that fine line is.

I am annoyed. I could say much more, but I think I've said enough. I want children to be able to enjoy the harmless literature I innocently enjoyed - unfettered and unspoiled.

Michelle Davies

Mardi



So what is all the hype about Mardi-Gras? Well considering that it started off as a small, protest march by dedicated activists in 1978, it has since become an amazing phenomenon. . . now labelled as the largest event in Australia, (as well as bringing in a fair quid for the government, the hospitality industry, etc.) and one of the largest Gay and Lesbian events in the world. Yep, Mardi-Gras has come a long way since its humble beginnings, that's for sure, but has it lost its political meaning in the process of becoming more of a 'main stream' event?

This was my first Mardi-Gras (up until now, I was a 'Mardi-Gras Virgin') and boy was it mind-blowing! I went with a fairly critical approach, having heard mixed interpretations of the whole event from various people. With just enough money for petrol and half a slab of beer, my flatmate and I set off on the Friday night before Mardi-Gras—one slept and one drove. Many cups of coffee and ten hours later we hit Sydney to be faced with mass traffic, and an electric feeling engulfing the city. We had finally arrived at the Gay and Lesbian Mecca.

A long sleep, a bite to eat, a few quick cones and we were ready to party. Words do not adequately describe the atmosphere as we approached Taylor's Square at the top of Oxford Street. There was that electric, static feeling, and a general 'hum' in the air. Milk crates were a sought after commodity for those who couldn't see over the muscle-marys' and stylish drag-queens. We finally managed to find a spot where we could just see the parade

(mind you, we were still pushed and shoved, and one of us had to stay in the spot at all times, merely just to hold that space). When the parade finally started with the 'Dykes on Bikes' careering along, the roar from the crowd was deafening. The parade had began.

During the course of the parade, I screamed myself silly, laughed till I cried, and cheered like there was no tomorrow. The crowning float would have had to have been the Pauline Hanson float, rolling along with an agro look on her face, trying to catch her fish'n'chips

(alias muscly boys with chips and fishes on their heads). This float alone proved to me that Mardi-Gras still holds some of the political spirit that started the whole thing off.

For me, as a queer, out and proud student, the Amanda Vanstone float was amazing, as she gobbled up students, and her much

absence of an entry by the Liberals (also note the very conspicuous absence of a message of support by little Johnny in the Mardi-Gras festival guide).

What really annoyed me about the whole Mardi-Gras ordeal, was the exorbitant prices slapped onto everything possible. To have a really good time, one needs a



have been told that this years' Mardi-Gras was more political than past years, which maybe a sign that the gay/lesbian/bisexual/transgender community is starting to become more politically aware, rebelling against the conservative forces which rule us at this point in history

discussed dress-sense was highlighted. By this time in the parade, we had managed to move to a better spot on a milk-crate, stealthily removed by my flatmate—believe me, to have two grown boys on one milk crate was no easy task, but thanks to a big, sturdy boy whom I leaned on whilst we were on the crate, I managed sufficiently (thanks mate, you're a pall!).

Another great float to see was one emphasising the cuts to Legal-Aid, along with a float from the Democrats, and Labor was in there too. . .note the conspicuous

great deal of money. The dance party after the parade was simply out of the question for us, the tickets were over the top, and one has to go on a waiting list anyway, simply to get invited to purchase tickets for the party. There were many profiteers at the parade, trying to rip every last dollar out of people. In one case I became very angry as we were charged a heap for a very mediocre hot-dog, that was cold. I found the prices of everything at Mardi-Gras way over the top, and simply not in the spirit of Mardi-Gras. It is a well known fact that everything costs

sydney gay and lesbian Mardi-Gras

more around Mardi-Gras time.

There were many 'straights' in the crowd watching the parade, but the spirit of support and fun was there. Although there has been strong criticism of the presence of straight people at Mardi-Gras, I personally don't have a problem with this. There were no bad feelings or homophobia in this particular sector of the crowd (bar the few measly signs that the hard-line Christians decided to display). Significantly though, everyone's friend, the Rev. Fred Nile was keeping a low profile about his thoughts on this year's Mardi-Gras-slipping Freddy baby!

As most of you would realise, Channel 10 broadcast the coverage of Mardi-Gras for the first time. It has traditionally been the ABC's role. Strange as it may seem, but Channel 10 has finally realised that their ratings would shoot up with this broadcast. Just like many other companies (Telstra, Optus, Tooheys), they are just now realising that there is money to be made out of this community (like duh, those in the G/L/B/T who have well-paid, high positions have stacks of disposable income with no families to support. . . huge market to tap

into). These companies are only just realising the potential.

Despite my gripe about the price of goods at Mardi-Gras, it was well worth the effort. I have been told that this year's Mardi-Gras was more political than past years, which maybe a sign that the gay/lesbian/bisexual/transgender community is starting to become more politically aware, rebelling against the conservative forces which rule us at this point in history. These political aspects of Mardi-Gras also proves that there is a huge untapped power base within the community. The actual notion of queer politics (a relatively new field of study and politics) became more well known at this Mardi-Gras, pointing the way for future activism by the queer community. Its taken some time, after being somewhat coddled by the Labor Government, but this community has shown that political defiance can be fun, colourful and flamboyant.

Rorie Jackson



an interview with



jim cairns



On any Friday during semester, you can walk by the union building and see an unimposing card table with its green tablecloth and small selection of books for sale, behind which sits the equally unimposing Dr Jim Cairns. Most people simply accept this familiar scene, but I sat down to talk to the man who once epitomised the movement against the Vietnam War and dominated political thought at Monash.

My first question was the same as most people would have asked: Why is the former deputy prime minister of Australia sitting behind a card table at Monash selling books? "I am the former deputy prime minister, but you can't be that all your life. I'm selling books here because I think it's the most important thing I can do. I think my books contribute most of anything that has been written in Australia on the subjects I think are most important to Australia, and I'll go anywhere that I can sell them, and I'll go on doing that until I'm physically incapable of doing it."

Clear beliefs and aims are what Dr Cairns claims distinguish him from others during his political life. I asked him what these were. "The first is to use reason and logic to arrive at what is true, as distinct from creeds and beliefs," he began. Dr Cairns is critical of abstract belief systems and religions, holding them responsible for all forms of oppression. "The second belief is in equality. I don't believe in kings and queens, or presidents for that matter. The next point is for peace and against war and nuclear fission. The next one is for co-operation and not competition and conflict. The next one, and this is important, is democratic control of the means of production, especially by the media, by elected governments and

workers in the industry." He favours public ownership of all forms of media with content controlled by the workers within that industry. "They should take a positive role in the working of their own industry, but they do not now. The Australian Journalists' Association is just a rubber stamp, if it's anything at all. It has been put aside by journalists who have a remarkable sense of knowing what the boss wants and producing it." In concluding his list of aims and beliefs, Dr Cairns cites Australian independence in conjunction with acceptance of differences in nationality, colour and social differences.

The most notable application of these beliefs during the political career of Jim Cairns came with his mobilisation of opposition to the Vietnam War. His Labor colleague, Tom Uren, described Cairns' contribution to the movement in radiant terms: "More than any politician throughout the 1960s and early 1970s, it was Jim Cairns who questioned Menzies' decisions to assist the United States in intervening in Vietnam, and to introduce conscription. Cairns raised the consciousness of a generation and transformed the anti-war movement into a significant force on the Australian political scene." Cairns was the first in Australia or America to write and speak on an accurate historical account of Vietnamese history and the significance of the Vietnamese revolutionary movement.



He is proud of the fact that the media picked up on this historical argument against the war, but is more dismissive about his role in ultimately ending Australian involvement in Vietnam. "The war in Vietnam was ended because television and the media showed how atrocious it was. Whatever I and others were able to do by correctly explaining what was happening in Vietnam has to be put into that context."

I asked Dr Cairns about the involvement of the Monash student union and *Lot's Wife* in publicising anti-war sentiments, and about the drop in politicisation and growth of student apathy since that time. "Monash was extremely active in the anti-Vietnam and anti-conscription campaign. When we had grass and trees between here [the union building] and the humanities building, that whole rectangle from time to time was absolutely filled with students, 3000 or 4000 students at a time." He was able to confirm the rumour that the union lawns were landscaped to prevent that sort of mass organisation. "From vice-chancellor Matheson onwards, much money was put into Monash to prevent and discourage student political activity and student concern with politics. I think it's time that students developed a conscience and an awareness to use their educational opportunities for social welfare and social good, and not just for their personal advancement and promotion as they predominantly do now. It can be done, but it needs leadership, and frankly, I don't know any member of the staff, and very few elsewhere, who are capable of giving the lead in the development of a social conscience within the university. I would challenge the Monash staff to begin to produce a social conscience among their students. Don't let it go beyond 1997 to begin that."

In addition to his involvement in the peace movement, Jim Cairns was the deputy prime minister for a time in the Whitlam government, and was treasurer for about six months in 1974. I asked him what he thought were the major achievements of the Whitlam period. "It meant free tertiary education, a fair go for aboriginal people, including land rights, it meant a rise in the status of women, both socially as people and in places of employment. It had succeeded, but I think by 1974, it had nowhere to go. It had not formed any additional policy, and the Labor party has not done so since then. 1974-75 was a very negative time for the Whitlam government. It began to disintegrate into itself. Whitlam sacked three or four ministers and a speaker in the space of six months. The Whitlam government was breaking up before it was defeated. The absence of policy and principle in the Labor party began in the last twelve months of the Whitlam government, and it's continued ever since."

He insisted that renewed activism in the ALP by disillusioned supporters was the only way to turn the party around from its recent emphasis on economic rationalism and make possible a government governing for the benefit of the people – something not seen in Australia in twenty years. He answers criticism that he was a weak treasurer, because of his perceived inability to refuse to give government grants, along similar lines: "Well what's the good of being a Labor party minister if you're not going to use government for the benefit of the people to meet their needs? That's what we're there for."

"What about Mal Colston's defection?", I asked then.

"He's an absolutely corrupt man," came the rapid-fire response. "It's amazing that people can bring themselves to do what he did. There's never been such a misuse of parliamentary perks and benefits as there has been over the last ten years."



Does the recent emergence of right-wing views set back Australia's progress in the direction of social enlightenment and harmony? Dr Cairns insists it's nothing new. "It's been going on for years. The media always chooses to give it great publicity. These right-wing extremists, like any other extremists, are a very small proportion of the total number of people, and unless they have a very substantial backing by a church, they're not likely to last very long. I think there is an extraordinarily high degree of tolerance, almost affection, in the community these days to people who are racially different." So there is hope. "Until about 25 or 30 years ago, everyone assumed that from the time you were born you were like that for the rest of your life," he said. "You didn't train, you didn't grow, you didn't have within you a potential for increased capacity for co-operating with other people and avoiding conflict and any form of violence. All that is now very widely recognised and very widely practised."

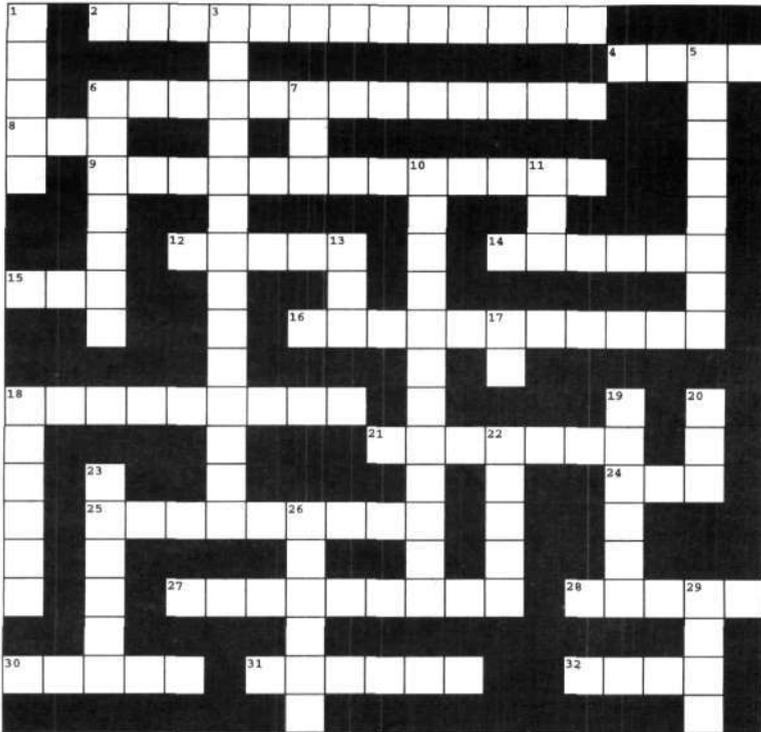
Jim Cairns has worked all his life for peace and justice. He sees university students and education in general as having an important role in that process. His vision for the future is an optimistic one, but it requires positive change on the part of students and educational institutions. We as students need to consider this seriously. Jim Cairns should be the catalyst for every Monash student to ask ourselves why we are doing a degree. Only by reaching the right answer to this question can we achieve personal growth and push the community forward.

Adam **McBeth**



procrastinators

P A G E



Turnaround

The idea is to turn the first word into the last word within the allotted space by changing only one letter at a time. Try turning SILKS into MODELS.

S I L K S
 M L L K S
 M I L E S
 M O L E S
 M O D E S
 M O D E L

WORD FOR THE DAY

A **homunculus** is:

- a diminutive man
- a variety of fungus that is found in the nasal tissue of pachyderms
- a rock-pool dwelling mollusc

A homunculus is a small man (a diminutive of the Latin *hominus* – man.) There are, however, several variations on this theme. It could also be a dwarf endowed with magical insight and powers, a manikin or a tiny man capable of being reproduced artificially. The Oxford English Dictionary also lists it as a synonym for the foetus. The most interesting definition is from Chambers, which notes that according to the 'spermatist' school of 'preformationists', the homunculus is a minuscule man that exists in each sperm cell. This leaves a lot of creative possibility, as in Angela Carter's *The Cabinet of Edgar Allan Poe*:

At this hour, this very hour, far away in Paris, France, in the appalling dungeons of the Bastille, old Sade is jerking off... out of each ejaculation spring up a swarm of fully-armed, mad-eyed homunculi. Everything is about to succumb to delirium.



ACROSS

- Period of recovery from illness
- Ceremonial act
- A card game for one
- Travel agency on campus
- Rain
- Japanese poem
- Condiment
- Married Tina Turner
- Vegetable stew
- The study of causes
- Shakespearian Moor
- Author: Umberto ____
- Zodiac sign
- Ability to understand
- The Lone Star state
- Perennial tour cancellers
- Spotted cat
- Kerry Packer's sport

DOWN

- Crontrorsarial David Cronenberg film
- David Robinson
- To pass across
- Juliet's surname
- Forty winks
- Passing friend
- Solitary
- Actor: ____ Thurman
- Plowing animal
- Street
- German poet
- Simpson case judge
- Last ball you sink
- Flew too close to the Sun
- To close firmly
- Unknown author

Answers to Six Degrees of Separation

Based on the theory that everyone is linked to everyone else by six people, this game requires you to link the two given stars to each other by other actors with whom they have acted (including in which film).

Kudos to Joel Ruffles (come into the office and pick up a Uni Bar voucher) who completed: **Jack Nicholson (Batman) > Kim Basinger (The Getaway) > Michael Madsen (Reservoir Dogs) > Tim Roth (Pulp Fiction) > John Travolta (Grease) > Olivia Newton-John** our second series could have gone something like this **Molly Ringwald (Pretty in Pink) > James Spader (Sex, Lies & Videotape) > Rob Lowe (About Last Night) > Demi Moore (Now and Then) > Rita Wilson (Jingle All The Way) > Arnold Schwarzeneger**. This week try: **Eric Stolz > Sandra Bullock and Robin Williams > Daniel Day-Lewis**.

Byte Me

The virtual world of technology, computers & the internet

whose music is it anyway?



Just what are the ramifications of publishing music on the net and who stands to gain?

Copyright. Has it ever faced bigger opposition than the Internet? I think not. Especially when you consider that notorious plagiarists like Helen Demidenko treat the net like their adventure playground. But it is not the copyright infringements on the net that we should be worried about, it's the growing number of organisations targeting the net as their means of throwing around some authority. Little do they know that there is no central authority on the net, and nor should there be. That is the beauty of it.

Early this year Monash experienced such aforementioned harassment, yet the victor Monash was not. Apparently, a team of solicitors acting on behalf of the Australasian Mechanical Copyright Owners Society (AMCOS) and its subsidiary – the Australian Music Publishers Association Limited (AMPAL) – demanded that certain web pages be removed from the official Monash web site. Pages which contained "lyrics to many of the most popular songs in Australia since 1989", were deemed in violation of copyright legislation by both organisations. In fear of serious court action Monash surrendered and quickly removed the offending pages off from the web site. Hence the addition of disclaimers to the bottom of any web page even remotely related to Monash.

Here's where things get tricky. Just because AMCOS/AMPAL claim that the pages infringed upon copyright, it does not mean that they actually did. If you know anything about legislation, you know that it is subject to interpretation, and had Monash made the effort, they might have succeeded in court.

Copyright is a complicated issue, and since I'm not a law student I won't even begin to bore you with all its complexities. But the major idea behind copyright in relation to posting lyrics up onto the net involves the encroachment of the copyright holder's exclusive right to reproduce their own 'work' (a literary, dramatic, musical or artistic work). When the member of staff (surprise, surprise, for once we students aren't the culprits) uploaded the lyrics to the server they were actively reproducing the 'works' of all the artists featured on the page(s). And subsequently, any users downloading the lyrics would equally be found to be liable if permission to download was not granted from the copyright owner directly.

Where I believe (allow me to assume for one moment) AMCOS/AMPAL think that Monash can be held responsible for such an infringement is in the direct quote from the AMCOS web site, which says that "Anyone who authorises that activity may also be liable." 'Authorises' includes the sanctioning, countenancing or approval "of an infringing activity", which includes publishing on the net. It is based on the US court case in which CompuServe were held accountable since they "permitted, facilitated or in some manner participated," in the reproduction. It is pretty difficult not to 'facilitate' the uploading/downloading of web pages if you are operating one of the largest web servers in the USA.

Except, Monash is not just an organisation that functions as a business alone – sometimes, although you can hardly tell, it is an educational institution. In copyright legislation special clauses are outlined which permit educational institutions to get around this situation without contravening copyright. Sadly, like photocopying for the purposes of research >>



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whose music is it anyway? *Cont...*

and study, you can only sample ten percent of the work, without violating laws in relation to a 'reasonable portion' of the work.

So naturally the university solicitors would have advised against the university continuing to provide access to the pages in fear of unmitigated litigation. But arguments can be founded on the reasoning that the lyrics should be published "for the purpose of criticism or review", a defence to which I would completely endorse. If the lyrics featured were some of the "most popular songs" what's the bet that they included your Farnesy, Barnesy and Diesel's? In which case, a bit of criticism never hurt anybody.

Even more disconcerting is that the publishers (read, record companies) that AMCOS aims to represent are all your typical 'in it for the money, whilst only supporting new artists if it will benefit us immediately' record companies like EMI, BMG, Warner/Chappell, Mushroom, Sony, Polygram, Festival and MCA. The only company listed that actually surprised me was *iff Music* (and I'm

The University of Western Sydney faced a similar predicament when their site was found to contain MIDI (Musical Instrumental Digital Interface) files that can recreate instrumental songs. However, you can obtain such files anywhere else on the net, so why is AMCOS just targeting huge organisations? Is this purely a financial rort?

If copyright was their principal concern, why not send out a letter (or email) to the actual copyright violators – the web authors – and not the universities? Why target the massive corporations who evidentially have the more lucrative funds. I might just be cynical, but my suspicions have been aroused. Who are these people that claim to be monitoring the web but do not respond to my humble email (the greatest offence of all)? What if Monash took them on? What would have happened if the university had the courage to proceed through to court?

I don't know, and none of us will probably ever know. So, the university solicitors may have advised the university to spare some effort and merely remove the pages, but this says a lot about this institution. If they aren't willing to fight



Essentially, both the fan and the artist are being denied rights to access/exposure purely on the basis of money

dubbing that as folly on their part). The inclusion of Ross Wilson Music Pty Ltd (of Mondo Rock fame) was also alarming. Should this man ever release another album – don't you even dare put his lyrics up onto a Monash web site.

So you've got to be wondering – where are all the interesting record labels and why aren't they members of AMCOS? Maybe they realise that the net isn't some giant conundrum of copyright conspiracies, rather it's a viable means of reaching new audiences and that the posting of lyrics is advantageous to sales, and not the downfall of the recording empire. Possibly, their artists don't support such prehistoric views and they would actually permit their works to be on a web site.

Chris Dubrow, lyricist and web designer of Warner-signed band *iNsuRge*, specifically would not advocate the removal of his own lyrics from a similar site. Rationally suggesting that web designers could "just send a link to my pages to avoid conflict." Willing as an artist to defend the right to upload/download lyrics, he's unsure about other lyricists. "You would probably find that a lot of ignorant artists who don't understand the wider implications of copyright and intellectual property rights would back AMPAL/AMCOS out of fear, ignorance and selfishness."

AMCOS supposedly have begun a campaign to monitor university sites carefully (who knows why they find the official sites that interesting – maybe they're enrolling next year?).

on your behalf, then who will? Stuart Littlemore? He can't help us all, and neither should he have to. If Monash was some tiny organisation, I would absolutely understand, but let's face it, it's not. I personally cannot envisage a multinational corporation attempting to protect the rights of the average netizen (buzzword, meaning 'net citizen'), for in the land of the Internet things are not all clear-cut.

Hypertext linkages change the entire concept of citation, so plagiarism shouldn't be such a big issue, particularly when you can link your pages externally to the site you may have borrowed something from. There's no point in copyright legislation fruitlessly attempting to dictate conducts of behaviour while the Internet is still evolving. If everybody just temporarily calmed down, resolutions would naturally eventuate. Besides, who's to say that a Tina Arena fan in Mongolia should be deprived of Tina's lyrics or MIDI files simply because it is illegal in Australia to do so? So what if the server resides in Melbourne? Chewing gum is illegal in Singapore but we still blow bubbles.

Essentially, both the fan and the artist are being denied rights to access/exposure purely on the basis of money. So what's new? Monash are scared to lose it, and AMCOS are pretending to act in other's best interests because of it. I don't know about you, but I expected a lot more from my educational institution – especially if you consider the fact that they retain the copyright to all our assignments and essays – it is the least they could have done.

Sylvia Vucetic.

net news

crash & burn

Should you have had the unfortunate experience of trying to complete any work on the computers during the week of 10th March, take heart – those inconvenient delays are not a regular occurrence. It doesn't usually take ten minutes to login, nor does it take three hours for an email to arrive (this is a fact, I have witnesses). The Computer Centre were just upgrading the system, and I vaguely remember the same delays occurred last year, and unfortunately they pick stupid times to do so. Hello, did we not have an ample three month break?

Sylvia Vucetic.

web reviews



<http://www-formal.stanford.edu/jmc/progress/>
This site argues that human progress is desirable and sustainable. What's makes the site interesting is that it's created by a self-described "extreme optimist" – "she'll be right mate" is the cry, but it's backed up by evidence and argument. Professor McCarthy answers questions such as "Can the world grow enough food for 15 billion people?" (Yes), "Aren't our forest being exhausted?" (No) and "Isn't the world running out of usable fresh water supplies?" (No). This site has no pictures, and the tone is scientific and cold, but the questions and answers are truly provocative.



<http://www.theonion.com/>

<http://www.theonion.com/>
The Onion is a satirical weekly newspaper, covering such stories as "Local Man Would Like Fries With That", "Amish Give Up: 'This is bullshit,' elders say", "Scientists Discover Third Cindy Crawford Facial Expression" and "Perky 'Canada' Has Own Government, Laws". The writers are good, spinning their one joke into several funny paragraphs, which are illustrated by surprisingly professional photographs, such as the storm-troopers standing guard over a classroom of pre-schoolers. ("Death Star to Open Day Care Center")

<http://www.enrapture.com/pterror/>

What Howard Stone has done should be illegal. He describes himself as the "pavement terror", which does seem appropriate given the photographs on his site. A few years ago, he tells us, he drove a delivery van that produced "very loud, frightening backfires" – that is, Stone discovered, backfires ideal for startling pedestrians. And so he decided to capture pedestrians' embarrassing moments of panic on film, using a camera mounted on the back on his van. Some of the more "successful" photos are available on his site, such as the shots of wide-eyed children, skin-heads with their hands clasped firmly over their ears, parents with their children, and even dogs.

<http://www.newscientist.com/ps/strange/archive.html>

Have you ever wanted to know why all dustbins smell the same, how scratching stops itching, or why men have nipples? These are the sorts of "everyday" science questions considered by Strange Ways, a weekly column published in New Scientist magazine that's also available on its website. Both the questions and answers are composed by readers, and given the readership of New Scientist, this makes for both fascinating questions and learned, accessible answers. The only disadvantage is that you have to register first, which can be done for free at http://www.newscientist.com/psregister/psreg_dh.cgi.



<http://www.artoftravel.com/>

After several extended backpacking trips through Europe and other areas of the world, John Gregory decided to record what he had learned in a book: *How to See the World on \$25 a Day or Less*. He had intended to publish it, but after discovering how little money he stood to earn, he very generously decided to make it available on the web so that more people might learn from his experiences. *How to See the World on \$25 a Day or Less* is a great book, full of advice on everything a traveller needs to know, and peppered with gently amusing anecdotes.



<http://ghg.ecn.purdue.edu/>

George Goble won the 1996 Ig Nobel prize for chemistry. He won because he knows how to prepare a barbecue in three seconds by combining 3 gallons (10 litres) of liquid oxygen, and 40lbs (18kg) of charcoal. (And his method doesn't just save time – it also burns all the grease off the grill.) All this is documented in gorgeous detail on his web-page, where you'll find pictures, movies, and the sound-track to the event, as well as a stunning picture of George himself. The page carries the warning "Don't try this at home". I won't.



<http://www.nine.org/notw/>

You know those wacky news stories that seem a little too good to be true – perhaps the story about the woman who hacked at her son's wrists with a meat cleaver after he broke the remote-control. Or the man who tried to sell crack cocaine to a uniformed officer in the parking lot of a police station. Or workers who affixed non-skid safety strips to each of the twenty-three steps leading up to the Delaware Correctional Facility's gallows? These are the sorts of stories Chuck Shepherd collects for his syndicated weekly column "News of the Weird". It's carried by thousands of newspapers around the world, but it's free on the web, albeit delayed by two weeks.

<http://pobox.com/~drew/scripts.htm>

Drew's Scripts-O-Rama links to 500 scripts all over the web. If you need to find a quote from a cult movie, you can probably find it here: there's the Blues Brothers, Blade Runner, Pulp Fiction, This Is Spinal Tap, and even older movies like Dr. Strangelove. Most of the scripts seem to have been typed in by fans, but some must have come from more official sources – you can get the first, second, third and fourth draft of "Star Wars", for example, and others contain the writer's intricate descriptions of characters as well as stage directions. There are some unused scripts, such as William Gibson's script for an Alien 3. (It rocks.)

tool sites

The final bang was heard all over the Show grounds, reverberating in the suburban streets of Flemington: the Big Day Out would never return.

"There's still You Am I and Soundgarden tomorrow night". A subtle encouraging thought as thousands of perspiring bodies were herded onto the train carriages.

The following night, Chris Cornell gave me his last Jesus Christ Pose as the drumming beats of Matt Cameron were left to vanquish the fact that this would be the last concert I would be witnessing for a while.

But alas, the sun shone through the overcast sky when news reached my slowly reforming eardrums (due to the lack of exposure to blaring music) that the enigmatic Tool would be touring to promote their latest release *Aenima*. Finally, after days of wondering aimlessly about the house, wondering what to do with the rest of my life, there was something of substance to look forward to.

This self discovery led me back to the internet. How the hell did I dive into the shallow depths of this alien world? So advanced in its technology it took me approximately fifteen minutes to log myself in. This was either due to the upgrading of the system or the entire first year student population crowding the computers in order to find friends and lovers for the rest of their university life. Whatever the reason, I can honestly say that the wait was a bastard and something that I could have done without!

My aim was simply to find the tour dates for the concert and information about the support acts that would be accompanying the entourage. To my complete dismay, and annoyance, I came across a number of Tool websites. Ninety percent of them dealing with Hardware - leaving one site that entailed the subject I was after.

The first Tool page I came across was called "Finger deep within the borderline" (<http://www.dot-net/raidr>). How incredibly ingenious to name the page after a line from one of the bands hits! Sarcasm aside, this was quite a good site. From first impressions, the page was very enticing - white bold font on a black stagnant background, and fantastic graphics illustrating covers of previously released CD's. The page was attractive but at a closer glance, the insufficient material it contained made reading a "New Idea" seem like a whole load of fun! Australian tour dates were inaccurate, with the Melbourne Show at Festival Hall scheduled for the 18th of April. Shit! I wonder who I'll be going to see at Festival Hall on the 12th of April? Could there be another Tool? Are they cloning rock bands now as well as sheep? The suggested support acts were The Melvins, but even this was yet to be confirmed.

Feeling a little more agitated and tired, I decided to dive into another Tool Page, this time "Smeel's toolbox" (<http://www.tool.shed.down.net>). Tool shed being the operative word in this address. Yep, one of those dingy toolsheds that was purchased from Kmart and placed in the corner of the backyard. No one wants to go near it, let alone enter the premises. Opening the door is not an option unless you want to be drowned in the avalanche of Tools (no pun intended).

Just as I was getting to the tour dates, a mysterious line appeared near the bottom of the screen and of course the mouse decided that it had enough of a run and wanted to shut down completely.

That was the final straw. Tool are one of the best band around at the moment who are entering our shores in a matter of days, yet no substantial information is displayed on one of the most influential mediums of our generation. Would someone please equate the greatness of this band and pay homage to their musical attributes by supplying its supporters with accurate and up to date information?

Now, all there is left to do is to determine who I'll be going to see once the Tool concert is over!

Athena Romanas



Ben Harper on the web

Ben Harper has got to have one of the best voices around, and while counting down the days until I see him at the Prince of Wales, I thought I'd check out the websites on him. Overall I was actually surprised. There were more than I expected, but I got excited too quickly - before I had actually opened any of them.

I'll list them from best to worst: I have to put Harper's lyrics first for two reasons, the other sites don't compare, and the other sites just don't compare. This site (<http://pubweb.acns.nwu.edu/~apoorman/bh/bhlyrics.html>), contains all the lyrics from Harper's two past albums. The only complaint was the annoying shit-brown background - not only could you almost smell it, but it made things harder to read.

Secondly comes an interview with Harper by Sonny Mayugba, 'Ben Harper's Philosophy' (<http://pubweb.acns.nwu.edu/~apoorman/bh/bhint.html>). It was an interesting interview because you got to find out what Harper thinks about God, religion, mull, the environment and his passion for music. But, again there was an incredibly annoying reddish brown background, resonating tones of smelly shit.

One of the most addictive elements of the ever growing World Wide Web are the many chat sites. These chat forums, otherwise known as international communities, are places within the Internet where one may talk (through use of the keyboard) with other people anywhere in the world.

However, the amount of people per forum (otherwise known as chat rooms) and the type of discussion available is determined on the place chosen. The easiest way to find a good range is by accessing the list of 100 hot chat sites (<http://www.100hot.com/chat/>) which allows one to see the 100 most accessed chat sites. This enables one to view a large variety of types of discussion forums ranging from *Alternative music chat* to *Mouth Off Group Therapy chat* and even to such general places as a *Virtual Irish Pub*.

Whilst the numbers of "netheads" are rapidly growing, many people claim to be dubious as to the merits of the Internet, especially these international communities. They are cynical perhaps due to the negative connotations attached to "computer geeks". However, the power of these chat groups is hard to deny. For example, one of my favourite chat groups, (<http://www.columbus.net/~chat/>), has its own Lost and Found page, in which lists of chat regulars who have not been seen for a while are placed, so that hopefully they may be traced again.

One may wonder if chat places are a symptom of growing globalisation or if they are merely an extremely entertaining cultural toy. However, that is irrelevant to the majority of "Chatters," as they are merely a tool through which it is possible for them to talk to some of their closest friends, even if they have never met them in the "real world."

Although not everyone you meet on the net is necessarily a friend. Shown by the frequent bitter arguments occurring, this is merely symptomatic of reality in which dislike and prejudice are also occasionally present.

Undeniably, as the Internet grows, global conversations shall become increasingly more prominent. Whether this shall be just one more device in our technological world enabling people to escape reality, or a healthy, practical part of everyday life is impossible to tell.

Lethargy

Next comes the site, 'Performances by Ben Harper', I put this third even though I couldn't get into it, because it can't be worse than the following sites.

Okay, now comes a ripper, 'Ben Harper. Fight for your Mind', by Barbara Beebe (<http://www/ma1.com/~mmonitor/reviews/harper.html>). Could somebody please explain the existence of this? It was short, shitty without graphics, and it didn't even have the crappy, brown background. It seemed to me to simply be this Beebe woman's opinion on something relating to Harper - which I doubt anyone would give a fuck about.

And finally we have the tour information page. I'm not even going to bother giving the address of this one, seeing as the latest update was made in November of 96, and because they're all so fucking long.

Anyway, the point is that Ben Harper is unreal. He's got the talent to make you want to die, and he deserves a website with a bit of substance. I hope you were lucky enough to catch him at the Prince of Wales on the 26th or 27th of March.

Sandra Percic

cd-rom reviews

the tea party

I must admit I was surprised to discover that the hit *Romeo & Juliet* soundtrack was enhanced with CDrom capabilities – it wasn't exactly plastered across the cover. To check it out, pop your CD into a computer and mess around a while to install it, unless you have Windows 95, which does practically everything for you. Don't worry, more exact instructions depending on your setup are printed in the cover. After the initial company logos, a deep voiceover reads the opening stanza of the play. Then you get to play around with all the possible ways of accessing the lush music and stills. Without giving too much away, I can say you should be able to find forty-two stills from the film, and a photo for each of the thirteen tracks on the CD. It takes a while to explore all the possibilities, so make sure you click and drag on everything! Speaking of drag, there are some nifty shots of Mercutio linked to "Whatever (I Had A Dream)" and "Pretty Piece Of Flesh". What more can I say? Even the closing credits are attractive, packed with a montage of graphics moving in a banner across the screen. It's like having a little version of the film, so check it out!

Luhrmann's interpretation of the film has sparked a trend on the 'net, with a plethora of sites have springing up devoted to the film. Many just rehash the info found at the official homepage, however the following sites are worthy of attention. The official site at <http://www.romeoandjuliet.com/> contains heaps of graphics, and great electronic postcards.

There's an interview with Baz Luhrmann <http://www.mogul.co.nz/stories/romeo/romeo.html>. William Shakespeare's *Romeo & Juliet* Movie Notes include links to the cast members (<http://www.hollywood.com/movies/romeo/text/tsromeo.html>), however more extensive lists of actor's repertoires are available at <http://movieweb.com/movie/romeojuliet/index.html>. Movieweb contains a pop style question/answer format interview with Luhrmann at his most casual which provides some insight into the planning behind this interpretation of *Romeo and Juliet*. It quotes the cast, director, co-producers, editor, production designer and cinematographer extensively.

"The idea behind the created world was that it's a made-up world comprised of twentieth century icons and these images are there to clarify what's being said, because once you understand it, the power and the beauty of the language work its magic on you. The idea was to find icons that everybody comprehends, that are overtly clear. The hope was that by associating the characters and places with those images, the language would be freed from its cage of obscurity" – Baz Luhrmann.

Vanessa Toholka



ROMEO + JULIET

The Canadian three piece band, The Tea Party, have entered into the world of multimedia with their latest release of *Alhambra*, an enhanced CD. ("Enhanced CD" refers to the CD containing more than just music tracks; such as text and movies in a digital form.) This professionally produced presentation takes advantage of the benefits of multimedia.

The enhanced part of the CD contains the never before released music video of "Shadows On The Mountainside", the "Sister Awake" video and live performances of "Inanna" and "Silence". It also includes heaps of information, pictures, sounds and videos of the many exotic instruments that the band uses, from both their previous albums and their world tours.

The Menu system that they use is set around the images of the "Sister Awake" video. It is very exotic, much like the music that is played. It is used throughout the entire multimedia presentation. The menu is divided into four parts; discology, scrapbook, instruments and biography. This structure seems to work well and guides you into common areas of interest. Discology includes lyrics, sound grabs, music videos and videos of comments on the music from the past albums. The scrapbook also includes music grabs, slide shows of their world tours, and video sequences, all set around the idea of peeping through a hole in a tent to see what is behind. The instrument section gives a detailed look at the exotic instruments that the band uses to make their music. They provide photos, textual information, played examples, and videoed demonstrations. The biography section deals with information about how the band came about, and what they have achieved.

The enhanced CD part of *Alhambra* is not accessible to all computers. Therefore use a decent computer to play this on, or you may find that not everything on this disc will work, especially the music videos. Right from the main menu of the program there are various video sequences.

If you like The Tea Party and you want more than just their music at your fingertips, then you should enjoy exploring *Alhambra*; finding plenty of information about the band, their albums and much more. It is also entertaining as far as its presentation and content are concerned. It is worth a look.

Simon Fisher



this edition:



FOOD

Want bigger, firmer, riper melons? Listen to Pearl. She knows how to get 'em if you want 'em.



BOOZE

Our booze section is decidedly sober so if you've found a new and exciting drink or perhaps a knee collapsing cocktail recipe then write it down and drop it in to Lot's for the edge. We'll love you but Sub Zero won't because they won't get anymore shameless plugs.



TRAVEL

Sydney... home of the Mardi Gras, the Harbour Bridge and pretty average holidays + the return of the Viennese Vixen



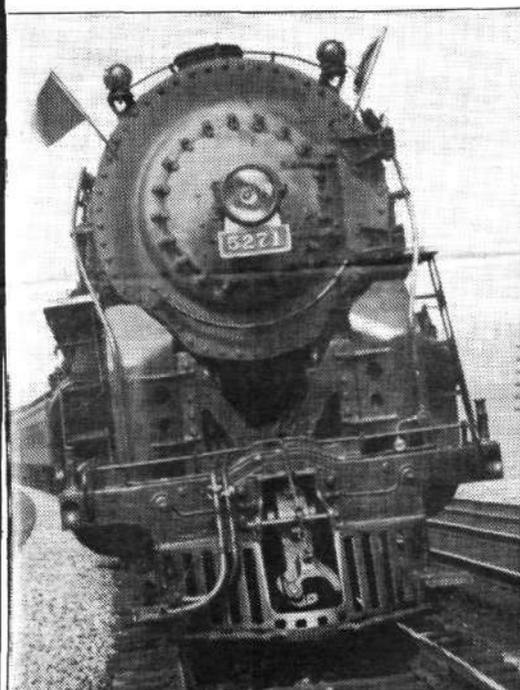
CLUBS

For fuck's sake will somebody please go to a club and tell us what it was like, or we are going to have to get rid of this little box which makes the page look so balanced.



PUBS

Laughs and Lagers. What more could you want? How 'bout a groovy atmosphere and some mind-blowing murals. The Star and Garter has it all.



Nursing a hangover one Sunday morn, I wandered over to the Blue Train Cafe at Southbank. The sun was attempting to shine and people were milling about participating in street theatre and browsing at market stalls.

As we couldn't get seated straight away our funky waitress showed us to the Blue Train Lounge. Off in a corner, the Lounge is a 60's eclectic mix of op-shop comfy sofas and chairs with a range of newspapers and magazines to read or posters to gaze upon. Sitting next to the cigarette machine I sank into my orange chair and savoured my latte. I am not sure if it was me or the atmosphere but the latte was one of the best I've ever had (price \$2.20). My friends, meanwhile, used this time wisely and leisurely perused the menu. Chatter buzzed round the room, people drank at the bar and I contemplated talking either of Satre or the latest music - its that kind of place.

Once seated at a table, I had a panoramic view from the balcony of the mighty Yarra and Melbourne's skyline and so I watched the world go by. The Blue Train has tables inside and out, with bar-style seating for the individual. In a cliché the service was fast and efficient and the staff were friendly (pierced and dyed). The menu was varied in flavour, size and price. I had the brown lentil dahl, so yes there is a range of vegetarian. My meal was great value at \$3.95 with subtle spices & a pile of fresh warm bread. Yum! The menu also encompasses everything from eggs Florentine to Hokkien noodles to a range of pizzas. The prices of meals ranges from approximately \$4.00 to \$9.00. Each day there is also a mouth watering array of cakes & desserts. Drinks-wise the fresh orange juice was beautiful but needed a spoon. As well there is a range of reasonably priced wines and gourmet beers, such as Stella Artois. Oh, please note breakfast is served until 4pm.

With the added attraction of a television the toilets were spacious and clean. I definitely recommend the Blue Train.

Katie Johnston

The Star & Garter

My first visit to the Star & Garter Hotel was to be purely business, trying to broker a deal for the Comedy Clubbers. However, it ended up being one of the most enjoyable nights out I have had recently.

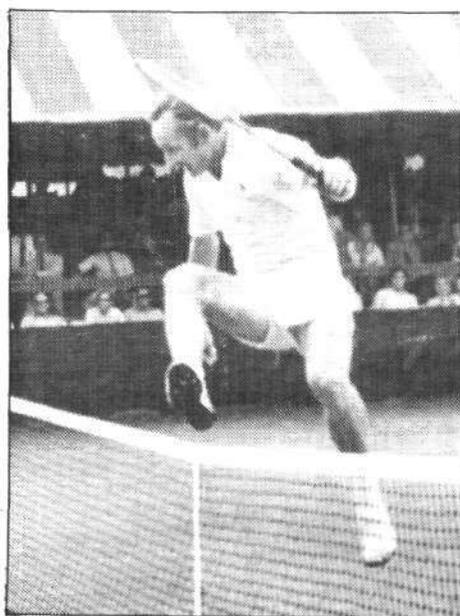
On walking in I wondered if it was the right night, but by following the dull chatter to the back room, I found the action. Thursday night is Comedy night, situated in a charming room decorated to the theme of "The Wizard of Oz," with very realistic, accentuated heads protruding from the ceiling.

Anyway it was full to the brim and unfortunately (not) we had to lean against the bar all night. Six comedians took the stage, strutting their stuff, oh and they were very funny, even Matt Elsbury.

Apparently, as I have not seen it yet, the Star & Garter has recently been renovated and have a resident RnB band during the week-end.

Ok, lets get back to business, they are offering students, \$1.50 pots, \$2.50 stubbies, \$free water (they charge), and 25% off their food. All you need to do is present your student card which also gets you a discount on the door incidentally. Putting this in perspective, I paid \$2.30 all night (doh) for pots. Four pints & a pot.

Michael Lowe



Rod Laver can't wait to get his beer at the Star & Garter



Pearl's Wisdom

Ever been to your local supermarket/greengrocer, picked up a whopping huge watermelon, paid ten bucks for it and then got home, sliced it gleefully in twain only to find out that it's as floury and rancid as gourds found in the Pyramid of Cheops? To avoid disappointment listen to Pearl.

When I was a wee lass my mother's favourite adage was never judge a book by its cover, and this is a basic principle you should keep in mind when buying your fruit and veg. If the fruit looks glossy and shiny, it doesn't mean it's fresh, it probably means that it's 5% wax, and 10% pesticides. To get the best and freshest, buy organic. It's slightly dearer than your whiz-bang supermarket produce but it's generally allot tastier.

However as most of us are poor students, here are a few tips on how to pick the best for your money.

Watermelon – knock lightly on the watermelon as if you were knocking on a door. If it sounds really hollow, it's a dud. If the watermelon "doings" (for want of a better word), it means the flesh inside should be as sweet and succulent as ambrosia.

Rockmelon – Rub the end that previously connected the melon to the vine (ie. the indented bit). Smell it. If it's sweet and the melon is firm you've got yourself a good one.

Potatoes – we all know the cheapest

way of buying potatoes is by the bag. However you always get one dud, that makes the others around it mouldy. Avoid this by sniffing the bag through the airholes. If it smells fresh and earthy and there is no sweat on the bag, nab it before I do.

Carrots – Carrots are best when first picked. The more translucent and firm the carrot, the sweeter it will taste. Beware the bendy carrot, it's texture belies it's flexibility. Guess who's got a woody!

Pears – are in season right now and the best way to tell if they are ready to eat is to pull on their stalk. If it doesn't budge, the pear is not ready to be eaten. If it comes out it means it's ready, but you have to eat it straight away or it will go brown and gooey. So if you haven't purchased it yet but your pear back.

Generally choose firm vegetables, though if they are ripe and close to their use by, most vegetables are freezable (it's a good idea to cut them up before you freeze them to make life a bit easier). Buying bulk is good but be wary... there's a rotten apple in every bunch. When you buy produce, pick a good mix between ripe and close to ripe fruit and veg. This way you maximise the life of your produce and don't have to make too much compost for your garden that your landlord conveniently concreted. And remember to use your nose, your ears and your hands, not just your eyes. People might look at you funny but hey, they'll be the ones with 'fresh produce' that looks like something from *The Craft* (full of bugs for those wise enough not to have watched that shocking film).

Cheerio til next time,

Love Pearl.

Pearler of a Recipe..



Thai Veggie Curry

This is my favourite way of using up all those vegies in the bottom of the fridge.

Potatoes (big cubes, skin on),
green beans,
capsicum,
pumpkin(baked with skin on),
squash,
zucchini,
asparagus

and any other vegies you may desire.

250g/ 1 cup Coconut Cream

1 tbsp John West Red or Green Curry paste.

(I swear by it, as making your own ghee is fun but it's fiddly)
Jasmine Rice.

This dish tastes best if you parbake (that means half bake) the vegies in the oven with a slab of butter for a little while, however it's just as good, and a lot quicker, to steam them in a cup and a half of water.

Put the lid on your wok but put it on an angle. When steam starts coming out, the vegies are ready to strain. Keep the juice for up to a week, it makes good soup water.

Add the curry paste and the coconut cream to the vegies in the wok, simmer for 15 minutes or until vegies are soft.

If you're a carnivore you can add meat (chicken, beef or lamb are the best).

Serve on a bed of jasmine rice (of which you've washed 1 cup, then cooked in a microwave for fifteen minutes on high in 1.5 cups of water). YUMMY!

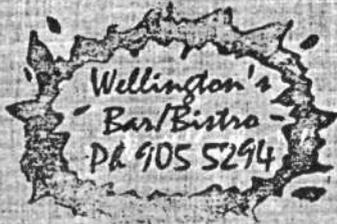


next issue...
green cleaning and
a lovely pork stirfry.

Vienna, sometime in February

Part III – Breaking the Waves

great people
great fun
great taste



The radio and television alternatives in Austria are basically on par with the politics; namely, they're both completely fucked. Thirty percent of the population voted for a man who owns a private solarium, and wants permanent residence status to be determined by 'what the neighbours think'. If you think Heider is bad, take a look at the state of popular culture in Vienna. The number one single at the moment is "Mysterious Girl" (in case JJJ and RRR listeners out there are confused, we're talking Peter André), followed closely by some poxy release from Back Street Boys, Boy Zone, Take That, Spice Girls... take your pick. Shuddering yet? The worst is still to come. There is only one 'modern music' radio station. Fox FM meets TT, 24 hours per day, to be shared by high calibre artists such as Phil Collins, Cliff Richard and Tina Arena. What disturbs me is that the Austrian TV and radio stations (two TV and three or four radio) are all controlled by the Government, but they still manage to churn out the most paltry commercial crap I have ever seen. When we, in Australia, think 'public', we think tasteful, commercial free, intelligent, alternative... ABC. In Austria, we have to put up with 15 minute commercial breaks; hours of watching the national sportsman of the year, Andreas Goldberger, jump off mountains wearing nothing but a fluoro-orange leotard and a pair of skis (at least watching him

ski is better than listening to him speak – Beavis and Butthead spring to mind) when the *X-Files* is due to be screened; crap, biased news and worst of all, *Full House*, but dubbed into German, just to

make it about 10,000 times worse, if that were physically possible. Dubbing is a tragic thing; I pray to God that it never attacks Australia's fair shores. Captain Picard is simply not as exciting without that special English accent (little secret – he's actually from Yorkshire) and "Liebling Schaeztchen" just doesn't have the same ring to it as "Sweetie Darling".



It is understandable, some would say commendable, that the Austrian Government does not want to introduce competition to the electronic media, in order to protect the public interest. It becomes difficult to justify

however, when the service the state has to offer is far from extraordinary. It is a frightening thing when you consider that everything you see and hear is mediocre main stream-o-rama. Austrian kids have never seen alternative. If you want to work in the electronic media industry, you work in the public service, or move to Germany. Be thankful for our options.

Anna Bollman

triple j



are coming to monash

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Travelogue



It seems like a pretty wild thing to do, just to jump on a plane or train, or to take the car and just drive. When the pressure gets too much we all think about running away and the destination doesn't matter, as long as the voyage is completely spontaneous. There is probably nothing more exciting than heading off on a trip that is unplanned. You don't know where you are going or where you'll stay, how much money you'll need or what the hell you are going to do once you get there. But, as usual, it's not what it's cracked up to be, or at least in my case it wasn't.

I decided to take the weekend off and go to Sydney, just jump on a train and go there. I had friends who were staying there at the time, but I didn't tell them I was coming, so I didn't know whether they would be happy to see me or not or whether they were busy. Basically I had no idea how long it would take me to get there, how much it would cost, where I would be staying and what I was going to do. It was the kind of ambivalent situation we all love. I had no strings, but I also had no safety net. I left without telling anyone where I was, so had something happened to me no-one would have known. Or if something happened while I was away I would have been uncontactable. It was a great feeling, but it also made me nervous (although, I was only going to Sydney, it's not like I was heading into foreign soil or anything).

I arrived at Spencer Street station just in time to catch the eight o'clock train and find out that it takes eleven hours to get to Sydney by train. Eleven hours? I could always sleep and . . . sleep. Lucky for me someone had left a copy of TV Week jammed into the pocket of the seat. That passed at least five minutes of the journey. My walkman's batteries died halfway through the journey and trust me, all the romance goes out of a spontaneous journey when you're stuck staring out the window of a train for five hours.

If you thought plane food sucked, try the crap they serve on a train. Something was definitely alive in my lasagne. Besides, it's not like on the plane where they bring the food to you. You have to get up, stumble down to the buffet car (nearly hospitalising both yourself and five other passengers on the way) and fork out half the GNP of a small African nation just to get a drink. But the train's not all

that bad, at least there's more leg room than on a plane, and you get to admire the syringe bins in the toilet (my favourite one was the one with "Fuck you I stick my syringes where I wanna" written on it).

Sydney itself was a pleasant surprise, the night was balmy, not too hot. It's actually a whole lot like Melbourne except that they don't have trams and the buses suck so it's damn hard to catch public transport anywhere. But the people were very friendly, they spoke English, they accepted Australian currency, it was cool. My friend wasn't home when I arrived, so I spent about two hours waiting. But eventually she arrived and we went to check out Sydney. We did the Hard Rock, which like any other Hard Rock on the planet was over-priced and the food sucked. We went into Kings Cross—now that was an experience. And we went to about half a dozen pubs and clubs. I got home just in time to catch my train. It was exhausting, expensive, but ultimately a fun night. The return was better. I slept for eleven hours and when I got home, no-one even noticed that I'd been missing. I highly recommend trips with a touch of spontaneity, but make sure that you put in enough planning to bring spare batteries and a decent book.

by Chris King



The Notting Hill Hotel
cnr Forster and Ferntree Gully rds



reviews



interviews



music



film

arts + entertainment

Jayne Borensztajn takes a bubbly dip into the *Future Spa* with the Fauves' Andrew Cox

wild beasts

You've probably heard of The Fauves. In the last year they have had considerable radio success with their brilliant ditties, 'Dogs Are The Best People' and 'Self Abuser'. These two songs saw The Fauves as one of only four Australian bands to be placed in the top thirty of the Triple J Hottest 100 of 1996. Singer and guitarist Andrew "Coxy" Cox found his band's current success surprising and he is "really happy".



Who wouldn't be? The Fauves have been around for over eight years now, and have just released the third single, 'Don't Get Death Threats Anymore', from their most recent album, *Future Spa*. The single is sure to continue their spell of radio airplay and comes complete with three fantastic, quirky b-sides.

The Fauves consist of Cox, drummer Adam "Doug" Newey, bassist Andrew "Jack" Dyer (after Australian football hero Jack Dyer), and a second singer and guitarist, Phil "The Doctor" Leonard. When asked about song writing responsibilities, Coxy replied, "Either me or The Doctor write (the majority) of the songs in so far as the melody and the chords, and then all the rest of the band work on it... and shape it from there. So it's sort of a group effort in that sense." When listening to The Fauves' records you'll probably notice that the Coxy to The Doctor song ratio is "pretty much 50:50" whereas live it's "probably 75:25". Coxy explains, "He (The Doctor) is very critical of his own material. He tends to write a song and then love it for a month and then despise it. That's the constant battle we wage against The Doctor."

An unusual but essential aspect of The Fauves is that they put together their own official rock magazine, *Shred*. The original format of *Shred* was to be a CD of the band talking and doing reviews but it was "pretty unrealistic us [the band members] getting it together to get that organised". So it takes its present form as an irregularly released black and white magazine containing witty and amusing articles, poems and cartoons. Coxy sees *Shred* as "sort of an opportunity to maybe tell a bit of the truth and some of the stuff that gets glossed over." Furthermore, "Having been rock fans and being in a band (we are) privy to the sort of stuff that goes on (and) maybe the average person who buys records isn't privy to it. With regular segments such as 'Fifty Bucks, Two Loaders', and 'Bands who left us in their dust', *Shred* provides hours of enjoyment and is an incredibly interesting and informative read. If you want to get your hands on copies of *Shred*, send \$5 to PO BOX 199, Morningson, 3931.

So what next for The Fauves? More singles from *Future Spa*? "There was talk of it for a while, but I'd probably prefer not to. I reckon three (singles) is probably milking it as far as you really want to go without starting to make it a bit tired. By the time this single has done the rounds, the album has been out six or seven months already. I reckon that's long enough unless you want to get all Michael Jacksonesque stretching an album over two years. I'd like to move on and do another one." The Fauves have plans to be back in the recording studio, "Hopefully in May or maybe June."

And what about the overseas market? "A lot of that is out of our control. A lot of it is up to the record company (Polydor) to get their act together. We'd love to release stuff overseas. Hopefully something will happen in the not too distant future." Such hopes could be attainable, so long as The Fauves stay out of trouble with the police.

If you haven't already heard *Future Spa*, you won't know that at the very end, there is a police recording concerning certain green leaf material found in The Fauves' tour van. The band didn't worry too much about the legality of putting the recording on the album. "The chances of those guys (the police) hearing it are pretty slim (so) we're probably pretty safe. I guess if the record sells enough copies for even guys like that to have one in their home, we might be able to afford the legal bill anyway!"

Jayne Borensztajn

California's Machine Head talked to Lot's Wife's Mick Eva about . . .

The Machinations of Success

Machine Head for the uninitiated, hail from Oakland California which by all reports aint no Mr Rogers neighbourhood. Machine Heads first album *Burn My Eyes* released in 1994 seemed to epitomise and encapsulate the extreme metal genre, taking the intensity of their peers like Sepultura, Pantera and Fear Factory to new depths. With over four hundred thousand copies of *Burn My Eye* sold world wide the long awaited second album for the band is on the verge of being unleashed upon the listening public and not before time. *The More things Change* is the eagerly awaited second album for Machine Head and promises to be even more unrelenting both lyrically and musically than *Burn My Eyes*. Lots caught up with Machine Head's master of ceremonies Robb Flynn mid-promotional tour to chat about the new album and all things Machine Head.

The More Things Change is an album that has been over a year in the making due to innumerable set backs. "We started recording and we just had a bunch of problems.....at first just equipment problems, then we had like a lot of fucked up things happen. A whole vocal was erased and we had guitar tracks erased. I mean no one really did it, it just got done," jokes Robb. "In that time our studio got broken into.....then Dave (McClain) our drummer and Adam (Duce) our bass player were driving down the freeway, Dave's tire blew out, he crashed into the wall and fractured his knee cap". "All these problems were happening so it just stretched things out".

The title of the new album, however, reflects the bands dedication maintaining the rage so to speak and not letting these setbacks hamper their musical ambitions. "*The More Things Change*, this is a saying in the states, the more things change the more they stay the same. That was kind of like a reference to the fact that we've had a lot of problems and a lot of people were thinking that we were tripping just because of the delays and stuff. In a way its saying we haven't really changed as people and as a band. *Burn My Eyes* was a very heavy record and this album is even heavier, we've incorporated different elements and we've made things a little more sloppier, trying to be more unique and incorporate more weirder things, but ultimately its going to stay the same".

Lyrical content is one area that definitely seems to have remained the same from *Burn My Eyes* to *The More Things Change*, with Robb's desolate and often nihilistic rantings

relating messages extolling anti-authoritarian values, to personal reflections, to what seem almost like pleas for people to stop ignoring the injustices that surround them. The catch phrase for Machine Head and their publicists

guys drink a lot....its great your fucking freaks". As far as crowds go Machine Head do not tend to draw your average metal crowd. "We draw a really diverse crowd I think just because our music is a little bit different, we're not

just like a metal band per say, we've got a little bit of hardcore and some people say industrial". "I think its more like an emotion that people grab on to and different people can grab on to it".

"Touring for fifteen months straight does not seem like an enviable task in anyone's book especially when your job is to scream, groan and writhe your way through the set every night. "At first it was fucking hideous. At first my voice was fucking terrible but you know its like if you take a twenty pound fucking weight and curl it every day, the first day your going to be dying.....but eventually it will be really easy to curl that twenty pound weight. It just got to a point where I had to do stretches and shit for my voice".

With such an emphasis upon power and brutality, maintaining the rage is a big part of what Machine Head do but doesn't seem to be a concept that Robb has any problem with. "For me its like if I wrote a song about something that pissed me off or something that effected me in my childhood. Just because I wrote one song about it doesn't mean that I'll ever forget it or it ever made it go away". "If it was that easy everyone would write songs and then just move on to the next thing".

Despite Machine Head's success with their debut album, naturally enough record sales and the commercial viability of the new album are not really things that bother Robb. "I don't really care what it does sales-wise or media-wise, I just want to see more people slamming, more people jumping, more people stage-diving and more people singing along with the shit". "I'm doing it because I love music not so we can get a buzz clip, we could get a buzz clip, I care less".

As far as another Australian tour goes it could be a long time coming with Machine Head booked up to tour right the way through '97 but don't despair Robb assures us that he is dying to get back to Australia hopefully in early '98. To tide you over until then you can grab Machine Heads latest excursion into the nether regions of the human psyche *The More Things Change*.



"We started recording and we just had a bunch of problems . . . at first just equipment problems, then we had like a lot of fucked up things happen. A whole vocal was erased and we had guitar tracks erased. I mean no one really did it, it just got done ."

is a phrase lifted from the song Davidian off *Burn My Eyes* which is "Let Freedom ring with a shot gun blast". "That song was actually inspired by a friend of mine Eddie Johnson. He got shot point blank like four times and he's now paralysed for the rest of his life. He used to go out and shoot a shot gun off his porch all pissed off about the things that happened to him". "That song Davidian obviously most people associate with the Branch Davidian cult but Davidian was actually something positive before they got a hold of the name much like a swastika was a positive sign before Hitler got a hold of it." "Davidian used to mean someone who takes the poverty around them and turns it in to something positive, that's the actual meaning of Davidian".

Having toured Australia last in '95 amid fifteen months of extensive touring in the wake of *Burn My Eyes*, Robb is very complimentary about Australia and Australians. "You

Another World



Womad – utter that word in hushed tones, my friends, for it is a transcendental experience, profoundly underlining our shared humanity. For sharing was the essence of WOMAD – sharing sumptuous food, dancing together, and being mutually uplifted by the invisible bond of sublime music.

My absolute Numero Uno, "I am in luuurry" performer had to be Misia. She sings the songs of Fado (fate), the "Portuguese Blues" which evolved in the seedier areas of Lisbon over the last 200 – 300 years. Fado means fate, but it's willingness to plunge into life and love without fear or regret." Misia is a superb singer and engrossing performer, who touches the audience with her Piaf-like passion, her honesty and utmost integrity. Get this for artistic magnetism: the audience had had a 12-hour music infusion by the time Misia began at midnight in a freezing Adelaide breeze. Yet she attracted a loyal audience of 2,000 who sat transfixed until 1am, unable to understand the (apparently) heartbreaking Portuguese poetry, but screaming their standing ovations after every song! I immediately forgot the cold and was swept away in a rapturous hour of deep emotion – I was completely transported to a pokey, smoky bar in Lisbon, amongst the drunks hearing their sorrows in song and quickly drowning them down. What

more could you want from a performance than to reach the realm of the untouchable and the dimension of timelessness?

The Terem Quartet from Russia blew my socks off. If, like me, the only place you have heard balalaikas before was on the Beatles song "Back in the USSR", then get your head into some of this stuff. Three Balalaika players and an accordion player might sound like a sour, boring, sentimental kind of trip, but nothing could be further from the truth. A rip-roaring ride of hilarious adaptations of passionate Russian folk tunes, popular melodies and some pieces well known to everybody is the menu, but the spice is their humour and timing. They love to take the piss, and do so with astounding speed and technical brilliance. With such an approach, the Aussie WOMAD crowd had no option but to go completely crazy with paroxysmal laughter and standing adulation. They were even funnier than comic US songsmith Loudon Wainwright III.

Salif Keita proved himself to be a supreme musician, deserving of the respect he commands. The albino nobleman of Mali strutted around the stage, marshalling his superb band and keeping careful watch over each and every one of them (uncovering a rather distasteful kind of superiority, if you ask me). But before long, it became crystal clear that the infectious, chugging bass and rhythms, the closely knit harmonies and funky-jazzy ambience of this band was a direct expression of this man's soul. The seed of this music arose from him, and was conceived, nurtured and ultimately controlled by him on stage. I believe this was pure Salif Keita, for he knew every nuance, every beat. And what glorious songs, Keita's magnificent voice soaring in rapture or pain, then dropping right down prophet-like: contem-

plative, almost meditative. It's a pity his French keyboardist (with his inappropriate, try-hard-fusion solos and tasteless, garish sound effects) did little to complement his style.

Bu-Bacu Diop provided funky, hip-gyrating African entertainment complete with dancers and acrobats doing somersaults across the stage. Originally from Senegal, but now resident in Sydney, his music and singing is very similar in style to Yussou N'Dour, which is not at all a bad thing! Check out his disks on Larrikin and when he comes to Melbourne, go and see him!

Peter Garrett admitted that he did not know what a loud, ugly rock band were doing next to sublime artists making beautiful music. But as soon as that gleaming, bald pate attempted to surreptitiously stride out onto the stage, Midnight Oil, gave one of their traditional high-voltage, wall of guitar, engrossing, mesmerising, in-your-face exhibitions. And God, was it fun! Live, the Oils have to give a rock blast to punters bigger than BHP gives to PNG (See, some of Garrett's greenie stuff rubbed off on me!) And this is largely due to Garrett's magnetic presence. It's nice to end this review acknowledging that the diametrically opposed methods of Garrett and Misia to engross an audience are both as effective as a fishing line hooking your brain to the stage. There's something about a tall, bald man spreading his legs on stage and letting

fly, as I first noticed when bassman Tony Levin enacted the same, totally upstaging Peter Gabriel in 1994. We were even treated to the "you heard it first" version of a new song, "White Skin, Black Heart", about racism in this country. Great song, great concert!

Other highlights for me were Roman Hryniv (Ukraine – relaxing bandura soundscapes), Radio Tarifa (Spain/Africa), Telek (PNG), Mara! (Australia – tight Mediterranean folk, great sing-

ing), Kanyinda Mukala (Zaire – master drummer), and Neil Murray (Australia – Brilliant songwriter).

Daniel Stefanski

I immediately forgot the cold and was swept away in a rapturous hour of deep emotion – I was completely transported to a pokey, smoky bar in Lisbon, amongst the drunks hearing their sorrows in song and quickly drowning them down.



OK. It's time to get the record straight - *Jerry Maguire* is not some heartwarming, intelligent, funny drama/comedy about life, love and the great art of sport. It is, quite simply, bland, boring and ridiculously predictable. Then, I ask myself, how has the film garnered such high praise and so many Oscar nominations? I know this edition features a positive review of the film, but I felt compelled to voice my own opinion as to the travesty that is, *Jerry Maguire*. So why do I feel so angry, cheated and manipulated? Firstly, Tom Cruise. Why, oh why, does this guy keep on getting gigs when he's making the same film over and over again? His facial expressions, his eyes, his hair, his voice. Boring, boring, boring. And this is the same guy who is nominated for Best Actor at this year's Academy Awards? You cannot be serious. How the hell did Mr. Cruise ever get nominated? Oh I forgot, the Academy are all old, conservative men who like actors who take safe, cushy roles which require little acting skill. Step forward Tom Cruise. But apart from Tommy, *Jerry Maguire* reeks of inherent blandness and, more importantly, seems happy to promote all the good old Hollywood stereotypes. Number one is the beauty of marriage. Gee, if I don't get married I'm going to be a lesser human being. Secondly, Hollywood thinks that if they feature a single mother and a main black character, they're being progressive. Well, I've got some news. No guys, you're still crap. The scene in which Tom Cruise comes back to his wife and utters the immortal "we live in a cynical world" line, I thought I'd stepped into an infomercial. And this film is up for best screenplay at the Oscars? Did I miss the humour, the warmth, the 'cute' kid, the beautiful happy ending? I'm a bitter man because I spent \$8 on a bad, bad film which left me empty and bored. Is this film really funny? Oh well, I'm sure Tom Cruise is one happy man, making \$20 million per film. What a shame he's made the same film about ten times over. Love ya, Tom.

I'm glad I've got that off my chest. On a positive note, I recently saw *James and the Giant Peach*, a new production from the director of the brilliant *Nightmare Before Christmas*. Just like that film, Roald Dahl's film is translated into a marvellous stop-motion animation world, featuring sweet songs and an interesting style of storytelling. Although I preferred *Nightmare* (probably because it's a lot darker and more appealing to an older audience), *James* is still an enjoyable ride. I have a problem supporting Disney films because I think they promote terribly conservative and antiquated views, but this film is worth viewing. Nothing amazing, but kinda fun. Maybe take your young niece.

Finally, why is *Shine* still showing everywhere around Melbourne? Definitely a case of criminal over-hype, sensationalism and critics blinkered vision. It really isn't that good. . .

Antony Loewenstein

((((()))
tele tates

The Spelling Product.

Aaron Spelling is a name synonymous with crap, namely high class crap. From "The Love Boat" to "Melrose Place", Spelling has astounded the television world with prime piece of garbage after prime piece of garbage and lowlife, cardboard character after lowlife, cardboard character. He has spawned a galaxy of stars, and names like Locklear, Perry and Collins to name but a few. Spelling has warped a whole generation of television viewers with his mind-numbing (yet strangely addictive) versions of reality. He has even been known to employ an out of work Australian actor now and then (Which Daddo?). But what Aaron Spelling is known for is his panache for bed-hopping, backstabbing, bitch-fighting babes (wearing postage stamp size minis). Although Big A first got his start in the field of Southern Melodrama (and recently got "Savannah") with such gems of the genre as "Dallas" and hits with the oh-so-PC-but now kitsch and therefore hip - "Charlie's Angels" and that floating tub of crazy, wacky, zany fun "The Love Boat". But the real reason why Aaron, Tori, Randy and Candy can live in the biggest home in the Hills is because Aaron is the founding father of the prime time soap, think *Bev*. and you'll know what I'm getting at. Let's face it, it redefined a genre and spawned a plethora of clones, from hits like *Melrose* to misses like "Class of '96" (remember that one? It had Wanda from "Doogie Howser" as a rich bitch).

But before we move on to the delicacies of his handiwork, such as plot, or lack thereof, one must first deconstruct the average new Spelling production. First of all there is a situation, usually a rich suburb like B.H. or "Malibu Shores". Then there is the apartment block/models' commune/hospital/college etc. Then there is the cute guy and the cute girl (both white). Then there are the cute guy and cute girl's friends, usually two or three, one of which is occasionally allowed to be black, unless it's *Melrose* where they don't stand for that kind of thing. Next is the character development. The what? Basically it turns out that either girl or guy is from the wrong side of the tracks and a rebel, e.g. they wear *ripped* jeans. Add to this mix that one of the friends is usually gay (my, how controversial), insane or even worse *black*. These ingredients gradually evolve into what we have today, a big fucking mess.

And yes, we owe the soapie culture of today to Aaron and his creation, *Beverly Hills 90210*. Remember the Dylan haircut (c'mon guys, we all wanted those 'burns')? Or that we were all introduced to the momentous acting talent of Tori Spelling (how do you spell nepotism?). Sigh! And people wonder why our generation is so warped. Yet when torn between watching another teen pregnancy on "Home and Away", I'm afraid that Aaron's got me hooked. Somebody say something about my attention span? Gimme my "University Hospital".

Chris King



What is with the action movie plots of today? I mean, the term 'action movie plot' is basically a contradiction in itself. Plot? What plot? The answer is the same plot over and over and over again. The audience is numbed almost to the point of death. As long as things keep blowing up and crashing down, they are content to sit there and sap it all up. Characters who died twenty minutes into the film can return at the end to wreak a savage revenge and no one gives a shit.

Hello! Logic?! The audiences of today have developed a pathetic apathy to anything they watch. Sure, you go in knowing it will be a special-effects extravaganza rather than a great piece of literature, but give the audience a little bit of credit. Is a nonsensical plot all they can produce in Hollywood?

And, yes there are some action movies every once in a while that get it right. But they are far and few (and I do mention far) between. Most follow the 'quest narrative', and that is fine because they all need a basis. Yet, there are some 'unofficial rules' of action movies that are always conformed to:

- 1) either the buddy of the hero dies or did 'it' (eg. *Eraser*).
- 2) if you are a good guy, bullets don't kill you; neither do bombs, knives, bazookas or nuclear weapons. You may occasionally be maimed, but never enough to restrict movement or ruin your naturally good looks (eg. *Keanu Reeves - Chain Reaction*).
- 3) if you are a bad guy you are an exceptionally bad shot and never hit your target (especially if it is the hero) (eg. the commandos in *The Rock*).
- 4) if you are the spouse/partner/love interest of the good guy you are in grave danger (eg. *Die Hard 1 and 2*).
- 5) all catastrophes are narrowly averted. (eg. bombs are disarmed 0.002 seconds before detonating) (eg. *Blown Away*).
- 6) the bad guy kills people without a second thought until the climax of the film when s/he has the chance to kill the good guy. Then, s/he takes all the time in the world, revealing their whole plan (eg. any *James Bond*).
- 7) the bad guy never ever dies the first time (eg. *Terminator 2*).
- 8) of course: bad guys are either ugly or sexy but never in between, they look bad and they lose. Good guys are hot, get all the chicks and win.

Why can't someone, anyone, take a chance and kill off *a*, if not *the*, main character half way through the film. Or, have the villain succeed. Just something different. Oh, hang on, I just woke up. After all, it is Hollywood.

Claire Hammond.

Daniel Day Lewis get more than a cursory once over by Claire Hammond

Method or Madness?

The name Daniel Day-Lewis evokes images of native Americans running through the forest, men wrongly imprisoned, and wheelchair bound authors suffering from cerebral palsy, to name just a few. And hey, why not, when he has literally been all of these? He hasn't just acted the parts, he has lived them.

Day-Lewis is certainly one of the most talented and outstanding actors of our time. He has skills which far surpass the majority of his peers, and he captivates audiences around the world. But, there is still a problem. Talented or not, his method leaves a lot to be desired.

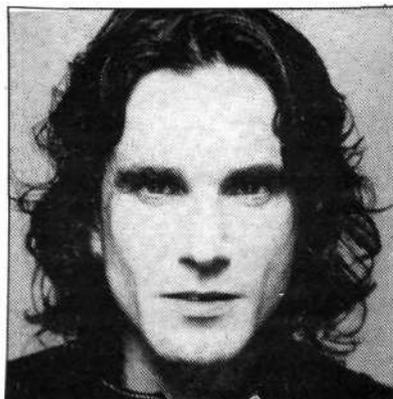
Method acting is as effective a way as any, but it can go too far. Day-Lewis is a prime example. Many actors are able to switch on and off as required. They are able to control their gift. These actors can be their character, but they don't need to live out the life of their character to extreme degrees. An actor shouldn't actually be their character because then they are no longer acting.

For Day-Lewis, method and madness are one and the same. The lengths he goes to in order to 'become' a character are legendary. In *My Left Foot* he remained in his wheelchair throughout production, refusing to leave it, and insisting on being hand fed by cast and crew (lucky them!). He jumped at the chance of playing a native American in *Last of the Mohicans* and ran off to live with them for a number of months. Amongst other things he learned to hunt and skin animals.

These actions could be dismissed as merely flights of fancy, but his spate of 'real life' experiences continued. In preparation for *In the Name of the Father* he had himself locked in a prison cell for two weeks. During this time he did not lie on his bed, contemplating his character's inner thoughts

and motivations as one might expect. Instead he had guards verbally abuse him whilst throwing water at him and feeding him only stale bread.

Although he hasn't appeared in a film for a while, Day-



Lewis is back with the release of his latest - *The Crucible*. Stories of his antics have surfaced along with him. His character, John Proctor, was a 17th century American carpenter. It therefore followed that Day-Lewis should be involved in the construction of the set. Once built, he took it upon himself to live in one of the cabins rather than opting for one of the pointlessly comfortable trailers. Of

course, he also rode a horse to work and did not speak to any cast members that his character did not like. Extreme? You be the judge. After all his lessons in carpentry he didn't do anything in the entire movie which vaguely resembled woodwork apart from shaving a

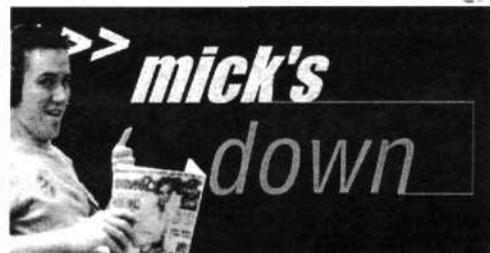
piece of wood twice. Something any person with half decent hand/eye co-ordination could do.

And his extreme behaviour isn't just confined to the movies. During his stage performance as *Hamlet* he fled the stage believing that the ghost of the king was, in fact, his own father's ghost. Mad, insane or just gifted?

Surely truly gifted actors should be able to look within themselves and find a character instead of having to live part of the character's life before filming even begins. Working with, or around, such an extreme

method actor cannot be an easy or relaxing experience for anyone involved. Day-Lewis brings true drama to the screen, but his sanity is most definitely questionable.

Claire Hammond



Music News

Some very exciting things will be happening in the next few months. Perhaps the most exciting news to date is the announcement of the Offshore Bells Beach concert to go ahead over the Easter weekend in conjunction with the Quit Women's Classic and the Rip Curl Pro. The line up includes the likes of Tool, silverchair and Blink 182. The concert is planned to run over three days with a cost of fifty-five dollars per head, which is very reasonable considering it also allows you entry to the comp. I must admit that I was more than a little livid to find out that Sydney was getting the Equinox festival (featuring some of the aforementioned bands and more), but now I feel a tad happier about the whole deal.

On the local scene, Australia's favourite bastard sons, Regurgitator, will play their last two shows in Melbourne for quite some time on the 17th and 18th of April. Snout are also about to play their last shows in Melbourne for a while on March the 21st and 22nd and then at the mammoth Offshore festival. Front End Loader also have a new album coming out and will be doing shows in support of the aforementioned album. Unfortunately by the time you read this they will have been and gone, so I guess all I have to say is check out the album.

The Prodigy's new album *The Fat of the Land* is due for release in Britain some time during their summer which will hopefully see it released here around the same time. The Ben Folds Five have a new album due for release in Australia very soon, the first single of which is expected to be a track entitled "Battle of Who Could Care Less". Big congrats must go to Beck who took out this year's Grammy for best male vocals in a field general inhabited by homogenised pulp. Helmet have a new album *Aftertaste* out soon as do Morphine with their new album *Like Swimming*. Henry Rollins has gone into the studio to work on his new album *Come in and Burn*.

In the "why bother" basket this week is news that not one but two films are being made about Neil Young, one live and one along the lines of a documentary. While in the "why bother" basket I might just quickly jump over to the "who cares" basket and tell you that those doyens of commercial alternative music, Collective Soul, are touring in April.

Mick Eva



theatresports

For all of those that have been asking – hassling – no, demanding its return, Theatresports is back.

And for the rest of first semester (every Tuesday at 1pm) it's free. Keep your eyes out for location details (hint: near bar) and if you've never seen Theatresports before, come along anyway and have a laugh, as everything will be explained.

If you want to have a go, feel free to enter a team by chatting to the dynamic duo at Student Theatre. Or if you want to have a go but feel nervous and insecure, Kris Stewart (Student Theatre's new artistic director) will be running free impro classes every Thursday at 1.00pm in the new studio space at the end of the corridor next to the Coop Bookshop.



freebies

Just when you thought life was all misery and no fun, *Lot's Wife* brings you a plethora of exciting giveaways. First, we have five double passes to three shows at the Comedy Festival, namely *Candide* (a visually stunning production featuring mask theatre, sex, death and violence), *Shallow End* (a witty parody of popular culture), and *This is Australia* (a pisstake of contemporary Australian life). Just come into the office and begin screaming, "I am worthy! I am worthy!"

Furthermore, we have two double passes to another Comedy Festival production, entitled *Back to the Seventease*, an energy packed cabaret floorshow parodying the sensational seventies. Come into the office and tell us your favourite item of clothing from the seventies and why.

Finally, we have two double passes to a 'sexy, funky and sweet' new French film, called *When the Cat's Away*. It sounds kinda cute, so the first two people to come into the office and tell us why they are too cute for words, will immediately receive the passes. Who says *Lot's* people aren't generous?

Quick, what's the best word in the English language? A word that's full of promise, a word that screams infinite potential and infinite thrills.

"CHRISTMAS"? What are you twelve?

"ABLETT"? Nah, too old.

"BLOW JOB"? Two words, genius – but nice try.

Try "AUDITION".

Well, why not? Once you are actually in a show, you know what you're getting, you've opened the box. No surprises left. But at the Audition, well, that's like Christmas morning (for the over twelves) – who knows what could happen? Who knows who they're about to meet and what might spring out of that box?

There are a lot of hopeful Santa Claus (Santa Clauses? Santa Clai?) over at the Student Theatre Office, willing to give the gift of audition. Every week, new notices go up announcing another round of auditions that all students at Monash University are allowed to attend, whether they've acted before or not. And the friendly staff at Student Theatre (stop me when this starts sounding like a paid political announcement) are always willing to do anything near-legal that you might require.

But even those of us who don't have exhibitionist streaks (and shame on us) can help out on the dozens of shows taking place on campus. Join a club! Make a costume! Hang a light! Write something! Or maybe just drink a beer! And no previous experience required! (Except on that beer drinking part.)

So, if you're looking for a perfect escape from the hum-drum of lectures but don't have enough pocket money for drugs, try auditioning. New shows, such as *Brave New Works* (the inter-varsity new play workshop) are being produced every day.

And remember, before Tom Cruise started performing he couldn't pull a chick if his life depended on it. And look at him now! Now, that's acting.

Kris Stewart



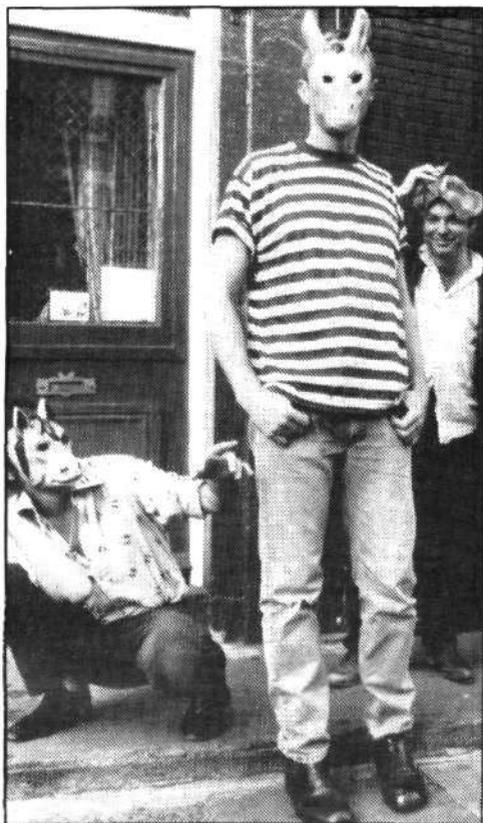
Photos, sketches, paintings, or collages would be totally fab.

Let's showcase some of that Monash talent.

Contact Kobi or one of the Lot's Wife Ed's on ph. 9905-3183 or drop in to the Lot's Offices upstairs in the union Building

reviews

books · cinema · exhibitions · music · theatre



Dirty Three live

The Dirty Three
live in a venue near you



Once again Warren Ellis began the show by "We're called Dirty Three. We're from Melbourne, Australia." Along with Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds and others, this is a band who come back to Melbourne every summer to see their mums and play the odd show in their home town. For those unaccustomed to the band, they are Jim White on drums, Mick Turner with electric guitar and the often drunk Warren Ellis as violinist and front man. The set is purely instrumental without a vocal in sight. The music tells stories of lost love, depression and sadness.

Despite the 'Horsey Stories' sign gaffa taped to a lighting truss the gig mainly featured tracks from the most recent album *Horse Stories*. As usual, Warren had a story explaining the meaning of each song: "This song is about when you are going out with someone for three years and get bored. So you stay with them for the next five years... It's called; I knew it would come to this."

Sweat-soaked and overflowing with truth, the band played most of the new tracks with plenty of older tracks thrown in and guests included Mick Harvey (The Bad Seeds) on piano.

After two and a half hours of energy and emotion from Warren (including dancing on the mixing table, and with the crowd to dance on the stage) and the most amazing freeform drumming from Jim, the band ended with an encore of "You are a bum dream".

However after all the tail hair has broken from the bow, the Stoliczka is gone and the Horsey Stories sign has fallen down, The Dirty Three will remain one of the most moving and powerful bands ever to see. They will never be commercialised, never employ a singer and Warren will still play with his back to the audience. The show will be different every time; different versions, different stories, different feelings. Having seen the band four times now, including one with Nick Cave guesting, the Lava Lounge show has been the best.

Andrew Close

Lost Highway

Directed by David Lynch
globe/uip



For those of us who live and breathe cinema, the name David Lynch is almost enough to cause psychotic fits. Having made *Blue Velvet*, *Twin Peaks*, and now, *Lost Highway*, describing this film is almost as hard as predicting the popularity of *Dr Pepper*. In simple terms, the film is the story of a killer who suffers from acute schizophrenia. The point of view of this film is that of different personalities of the killer himself. This unusual perspective is revealed gradually, as the story progresses. On the most obvious levels it deals with the murderer's splintering personality and covers a range of emotions and motivations: rage, sadness and humiliation, all of which combine to show the power of the mind to trick itself. The mind goes into hiding when the horror of one's actions become unbearable. If you're thinking this description sounds a little ambiguous or odd, you'd be right. Starring Bill Pullman and Patricia Arquette, the film often creates an unbelievable atmosphere of tension, mystery and intrigue. Part noir horror film and part road movie, Lynch deliberately disorients his audience by featuring a world which is at times recognisable, and other times, dream-like. Violent characters, sexual intrigue, betrayal, love and identity are all part of Lynch's world. One critic once commented, "what no plot synopsis can convey is the singularity of Lynch's style."

I walked out of *Lost Highway* confused, yet exhilarated. Lynch is one of the few film makers who creates unforgettable images and situations. How could one ever forget the Dennis Hopper character in *Blue Velvet*? Or the one armed man in *Twin Peaks*? I loved *Lost Highway* because it challenges traditional forms of narrative cinema, and screws with all forms of audience expectations, closure, plot development and technique. I will never claim to fully understand what Lynch is trying to do, and perhaps his message is not meant to be completely comprehended, but I totally admire his ambition. What other film maker is able (either financially or creatively) to create a world of danger and sudden violence so convincingly. Directors such as Tarantino, Jarmusch and the Coen Brothers have all clearly been influenced by Lynch's visual style, and attempt to portray an America with a dark underbelly rarely dissected in so-called mainstream cinema. *Lost Highway* is a stunning film by a film maker at the height of his powers, and quite simply leaves the majority of contemporary cinema for dead.

Antony Loewenstein





Breaking the Waves

Directed by Lars von Trier

palace

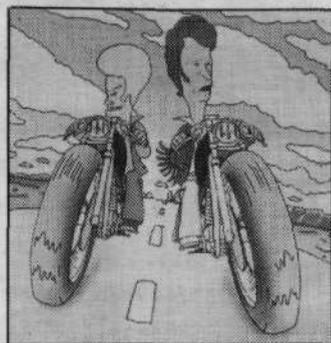


Whipped by the fiercely unremitting winds of the northern Scottish coast, Lars von Trier's recent film *Breaking the Waves* is enclosed within the social and humanistic elements of love and faith, and follows the experiences of Bess (Emily Watson) who struggles with the orthodoxy of her village's Calvinist beliefs. Infatuated with her new husband Jan, a Swedish oil rig worker, Bess becomes wholeheartedly attached to him – not merely emotionally but almost physically.

To the closed and sedate community, the arrival of this outsider is not greatly welcomed, but for Bess he becomes a life force – so much so that a serious accident involving Jan leaves Bess submissive to his wants and desires. The simplicity of her emotional and psychological state paired with her underlying faith in God, has Bess believing that she too becomes a sustaining force for Jan. It is this innocence which eventually leads to her destruction. It serves to explore the ideas of spirituality, innocence of heart and a belief in the ultimate 'goodness' of a person.

The movement of the hand-held camera highlights its presence, but the resulting cinema verite edge allows the audience access to the characters at an almost uncomfortable closeness. It would be understandable if anyone was hesitant at seeing another von Trier movie after trying to sit through all five hours of the uncut version of *The Kingdom* (I did and barely survived), but *Breaking the waves* is far superior. It still clocks in at a healthy two and a half hours but this goes unnoticed as the wide-eyed Emily Watson ties you in with a brilliant performance.

Romy Suljca



Beavis and Butthead

Directed by Mike Judge

UIP



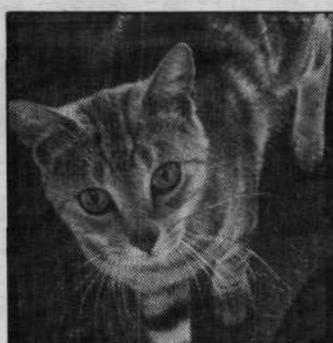
Although Beavis and Butthead are not particularly well-known in Australia, their trademark stupidity and low-brow humour has managed to filter through Australian Customs and Immigration and onto a silver screen near you. That's right, these angst-filled fifteen year olds have made the grade and gotten the promotion. Their first motion picture is a road movie, which is ironic considering the duo are famously apathetic couch potatoes. Regardless of this fact, the film is really quite amusing and the animation has a fun style to it – it's not perfect, but if you want to see film you don't go and see a cartoon.

The film's plot is unsurprisingly very simple, however, the plot is merely a vehicle for Beavis and Butthead to tell their toilet jokes and enact their teenage obsession about their as-yet unfulfilled desire to score with 'chicks'. The motivation for Beavis and Butthead to get off the couch and into the real world begins when their telly is stolen. The two look everywhere for it, including a motel where they meet a sleazy redneck called 'Muddy' who offers them \$10,000 to fly to Las Vegas to "do" his ex-wife "Dallas". Well, there is a misunderstanding over the meaning of the word "do", subsequently we find Beavis and Butthead looking for love in all the wrong places.

The soundtrack for Beavis and Butthead is an absolute killer, with the likes of The Red Hot Chili Peppers, White Zombie, Rancid and LL Cool J all making contributions. The guest voices that appear on the film include Demi Moore and Bruce Willis.

Overall, this film grossed mega-bucks in America, and its appeal will suck Australians into the cinemas just readily. It may be a novelty but Channel Ten has taken a punt and programmed the boys into the late-night weekday slot. Maybe they are the next big thing for Australian viewers, but chances are that we are far too loyal to The Simpsons.

Rob Charles



When the Cat's Away

Directed by Cedric Klapisch

ronin



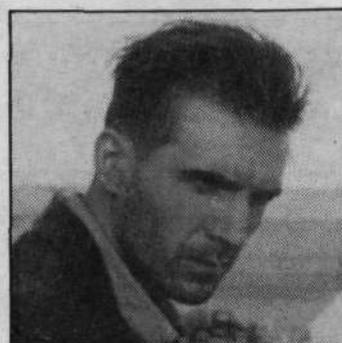
A missing cat provides the key to the locked-up secrets of a Paris neighbourhood in Cedric Klapisch's charming *When the Cat's Away*. A young make-up artist Chloe loses her beloved cat Gris-Gris whilst on holiday and on her return she assembles a posse of previously unknown locals to help search for the cat.

Filed entirely in Paris, this film seems at face value to be rather conventional. However, the film conquers a soft plot by thoroughly exploring the essence of European community life that is on the verge of disappearing. Marked by a light, sweet sense of humour, *When the Cat's Away* explores its surroundings with genuine affection. The Paris depicted here is however, not the commercial variety synonymous with postcard images and romance novels, but a conglomeration of traditional and new settings, eloquently framing a tale of community interaction and life experience.

Klapisch uses a variety of non-actors and professionals in this suburban adventure that gives the film an edge of realism which is often alien to many Hollywood productions. The plight of Chloe also has an independent strength to it. Her companion in life is Gris-Gris, she is a protagonist and a young female whose first priorities do not involve finding herself a man. Indeed, the regular breaking down of stereotypes is probably the film's main strength.

The emotional pull created by Klapisch is fulfilled by its mixture of character, age, race, gender and sexuality all being portrayed by realistic characters whose lives ramble along in oblivious unison. *When the Cat's Away* is a delight to watch and is refreshingly nonchalant, humorous and honest in its delicate insight into loneliness.

Rob Charles



The English Patient

Directed by Anthony Minghella

Miramax International



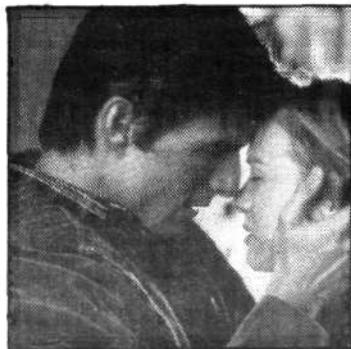
The English Patient is a beautiful and seductive film which draws on all that is great about the midday saga and infuses it with an absorbing new passion and complexity.

The film takes the form of a fragmented flashback, usually a crap unimaginative device intended to create complex subtext. However, as Count Almásy (Ralph Fiennes) recalls the events of his life over the period from the late 1930's to the end of the Second World War, it has real resonance for the dilemmas of morality, deception and identity, and memory that the film seeks to explore. His face burnt beyond recognition, Almásy must clarify his identity to the audience and to his nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche). In doing this, he recalls his years in Africa as a part of the "International Sand Club", a group of British cartographers who became entwined in the beginnings of the War and his passionate relationship with a wife of one of the members, Katharine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas).

Something of a surly bugger, Almásy is the intense man out on the range, until he falls totally in love with Clifton. Their relationship rapidly becomes as extreme and unpredictable as the North African desert which first flings them together. Throughout the film, the desert landscape becomes a beautiful metaphor for the sensuality of the body and the entwining of the personal and political.

The English Patient takes you back to when films were rapturous and emotional and not set 90 minute formula. Not only does it make you want to buy a damned aeroplane, become frightfully well read, but it also has some amazing performances. Most notably Ralph Fiennes, plays intense restraint to perfection (playing a pommy better than Hugh Grant could ever dream). *The English Patient* is a film that fills the screen like no other. Like Almásy, you will wish the moment will never end.

Penny Martin



Jerry Maguire

directed by Cameron Crowe

Tri Star



I didn't want to like this film, I really didn't. I mean, Tom Cruise as a wisecracking sports agent and a cute, little, smart-arse kid? Not exactly stirring stuff. But it's good. *Jerry Maguire* is really good.

The story goes thusly. Cruise, playing Maguire, is affianced to a beautiful woman, at the peak of his career and he is loved by everybody. Disappointed with the way his company is headed (its focus on money, not people) he types a twenty-five page "mission statement" outlining what he believes to be the basic truths of the profession and what the company should get back to, it's fine stuff and Jerry receives the adoration and respect of his peers as a result. Unfortunately, Jerry gets fired for his pains.

Backstabbed by his own protegee, Jerry loses all of his clientele and sets out to start his own agency, with only the help of accounts personnel Dorothy (Renee Zellweger in a perfect performance) and one client, second string footballer Rod Tidwell (Cuba Gooding Jr in the performance audiences have been waiting for since *Boyz'n The Hood*). Things go from bad to worse when Jerry is dumped by his fiancée (Kelly Preston) and he spirals into disillusionment.

As said, I liked this film, the script, written by Crowe (of *Singles* fame) is both subtle and obvious and his direction allows the characters to develop at their own pace and react together well. Gooding is phenomenal as Rod Tidwell and every scene he's in is a delight, from the catchphrase "show me the money" scene to the finale when he finally makes the big time. The winsome Zellweger's Dorothy is an equally admirable creation, both strong and vulnerable, Dorothy is perfect foil for Cruise's Maguire, she loves him but is not prepared to sacrifice her principles for him. Finally, Cruise himself. I'm not a big fan of Tommy boy's style, but here it works perfectly. All in all, a film worth seeing.

Chris King



Blur

Blur

EMI



1. a change or transformation, as that of a caterpillar into a butterfly, a year 12 student into a university undergraduate, etc.
2. insert *Blur* by Blur.

Blur, the British band previously at the vanguard of Brit Pop and arch rivals of Oasis, have delivered a momentous deviation from the norm with their latest self-titled album. Following the internationally successful *The Great Escape* released in 1996 which received widespread airplay, *Blur* presents itself to the listener with the subtlety of a bombshell encased in technical wizardry. To paraphrase the situation, this is Blur's *Sergeant Pepper's*.

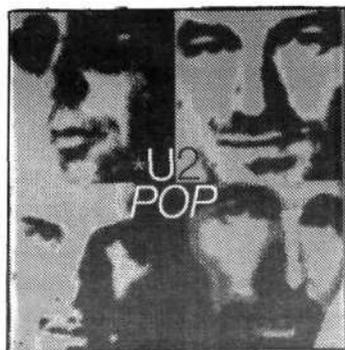
In recent years Blur personified the sounds and cultural representations of Brit Pop epitomised in their benchmark album *Parklife*. Such tracks were characterised by sharp and often sardonically critical lyrics on suburban English society. Later examining the theme of the individual in *The Great Escape*, Blur catalogued its own sounds, ironically becoming the 'Stereotype' they sang about.

From the opening of the lethargic and catchy 'Beetlebum' with its thrashing guitar streaks to its haunting mantra, Blur appears to showcase their different faces like a schizophrenic patient. Track number 2 simply titled 'Song 2' has an extremely strong guitar presence and considerable grunge/heavy metal influences which could well be one of Nirvana's illegitimate songs.

'MOK' is the only track on *Blur* with distant echoes of Blur's earlier sound, with perhaps the most telling track being 'You're so great' with lead singer/songwriter Damon Albarn's Lemmonesque performance searching for reassurance.

Blur is certainly a creative and fresh album. It has the artistic depth to keep diehard listeners interested as well as opening up new potential audiences.

Nick Schaerl



POP

U2

island records



A three-year wait has come to an end for many U2 fans with the recent Australian release of the band's new album, *Pop*. Some were concerned about the band's direction after the Zoo TV tour in 1993 and, more importantly the release of *Zooropa*. *Zooropa* was originally intended as a mid-tour EP consisting of about four songs. Instead, U2 decided to make it into an album by throwing together a few more songs. And, sadly, some sounded literally thrown together. *Pop* is therefore U2's first intended album since *Achtung Baby*. A lot was expected, as the band just seemed to be getting bigger and bigger.

Bono and the boys have also taken on yet another image revamp, and this time they are all sporting short, spiky haircuts. Their album, too, tries to take them in a new direction. The songs still retain the type of lyrics U2 are famous for dealing with, namely those about love and religion. The first single from the album, 'Discotheque' appears, however, to be little more than a crowd pleaser. The stand out songs of *Pop* are 'Gone', 'Wake up Dead Man', 'Staring at the Sun' and 'If God Will Send His Angels' (for Bono's voice). There is even a song derived from the Chemical Brothers - 'Mofo'.

Although nowhere near as 'experimental' as *Zooropa*, *Pop* seems to have a track to suit almost anyone. Some songs become a little repetitive but overall this album is a success when so many were willing them to fail. U2 appears to be the band to hate at the moment, but this album does hold together well. As their new image becomes more prominent, *Pop* can only be described in the words of Bono himself - "It has hips"

Claire Hammond



The Boatman's Call

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Liberation



Nick Cave wrote this intense album about his relationship with Poly Harvey. But that doesn't mean shit to you does it. Why would it? What does it matter if the sad bastard falls in love? You don't feel the need to make an album about your favourite angst filled lover. But then again, you're not Nick Cave and you don't write like he does. Forget what you've heard about 'The Boatman's Call'. Forget the whole PJ Harvey thing and listen to this magnificent collection of songs without the baggage of innuendo and rumour. 'Into my arms' and 'Brompton oratory' are two fine examples of songs so universal that they surely must mean something to every listener. 'The Boatman's Call' is an achievement in that it is so personal that as a listener you don't feel at all voyeuristic, but empathic and privileged to be allowed to hear these songs. It's so specific as to encompass your feelings in its descriptions. These may well be the songs you dreamt of writing when you broke up with your girlfriend and you just knew that everything wasn't going to be O.K.

'The Boatman's Call' stands apart from previous Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds material. Whereas in the past introspective moments have been countered with violent burst of anger and lust, here it is allowed to pass untempered. It is also virtually a solo record. The Bad Seeds appear sparingly, playing around Nick's voice and adding much more in the way of mood than music.

This is apparently the album Nick Cave always wanted to make. It seems that only now has he trusted himself to make a gentle delicate record, without any misogyny or murder. This album is destined to stand the test of time as a substantial benchmark of an incredible career.

Greg Donaghue



Marie Wilson Live

Central Club Hotel

March 7



It was the epitome of the Australian pub rock scene. A dingy black pub, a pokey stage, a handful of cellophane tinted spotlights. Clad in tight black PVC pants, a red and black mock Adidas T-shirt and brown hair flying, Marie Wilson took to the stage and pumped. Dancing, joking, singing, moshing, laughing, chatting to the crowd and generally just enjoying herself, Wilson exuded confidence and demonstrated a personality that is friendly, genuine and natural.

Wilson's music was great, not unlike Melissa Etheridge in style and ability, to give a yardstick. Combine a classic combination of drums, bass, electric and acoustic guitars (and occasionally this really cool sounding twangy 70s guitar) with a husky, sexy, going through the roof kind of voice, and you have a good sound. Wilson's range and pitch were also pretty damn good. Admittedly, I had my qualms at first, but I quickly warmed to Wilson's music and vibrant natural personality. Her repertoire included poignant ballads, folk-rock, heavy stuff, and an additional cute cover of "We are Family" which initially seemed dodgy but was really fun.

Wilson's lyrics are about the big issues: self, love and pain, but were handled in a beautifully simplistic way, with pure honesty and integrity. Furthermore, all of the songs, whether melancholy or going off, were imbued with an infectious optimistic attitude. Wilson has a loyal crowd of mainly, but not exclusively, lesbian fans, and all diehard fans and newcomers enjoyed the show.

Wilson plays next at the Central Club Hotel, Friday 4th April, \$10CC, and again at the Clifton Hill Hotel, Tuesday 15th April for a live recording. Enjoy.

Michelle Davies



A Little Night Music

Pamela Rabe & Ruth Cracknell

MTC



Thank God subtlety is not Stephen Sondheim's or Ingmar Bergman's thing. *Night Music*, based on Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer night*, displays thick undercurrent themes of sexual tension, humiliation, and everyone generally jumping in the sack together (injecting an otherwise boring, musical-drama with some much-needed humour).

However exciting sex can be, it certainly does not make up for the lack of substance in the slow paced songs, mainly three-four time waltzes and long suffering granny Ruth Cracknell trying to get around in a wheelchair. Cracknell's experience and poise endears her to the role of Madame Armfeldt, whom we are meant to believe was once a young, seductive, little supervixen - hard to believe if you've ever watched an episode of *Mother and Son*. Cracknell's character superbly sets the plot for the three mismatched couples to embark on a liberating weekend at the Armfeldt's Swedish estate, where the couples all discover their 'loves'.

But don't go sympathising for the cuckolded husband who's lost his wife to his holier than thou son, because he's already screwing his ex-lover, the wonderfully stereotypical actress - Desiree Armfeldt. Meanwhile her other bedroom companion, full of jealous rage, that his mistress is having an affair, is plotting with his sexually frustrated wife to ruin this man. Sounds complex? Just add in a couple more long-winded opera-style songs, that crank up the yawn factor (with the exception of Helen Morse's deep throated rendition of 'Send in the clowns'), and you have a fairly mediocre albeit elegant and precise operetta rather than a musical comedy.

But if you can handle that type of music and style - go and see it. If you can't, Pamela Rabe's performance is worth seeing. Playing the ultimate pissed off, but still blindly in love wife of the "egotistical, vain, adulterer, bastard" of a husband, Rabe excels in stealing the show with her deadpan wit and delivery. Go see her, ignore everything else.

Georgie Ryan



Titus Andronicus

Directed by Rachel Forgasz

Monash Shakespeare Society



Although the script is more like your typical Jacobean revenge tragedy than your average Shakespearian play, the Monash Shakespeare Society's version of *Titus Andronicus* is a bleak, industrial wasteland of a play, where Titus and his fellow Romans are decked out in nineteenth century uniforms and the conquered Goths are exactly that, goths. Rachel Forgasz' Rome is an empire on the verge of collapse, divided after the death of the emperor between the rival factions of his two sons, Saturnius and Bassianus.

Despite the inadequacies of the script, this production is stunning to look at, and although the actors occasionally lost the fluidity of their lines amidst the perils of Elizabethan dialogue, almost all the parts were handled well. Chris McPhee's Andronicus was a man tormented by his fall from grace and the destruction of his family, Megan Shroor's Aaron was a wonderful creation of pure evil and cunning, Colleen Cooper and Shar Muys handled their embattled characters well, Marc Jongebloed's Bassianus was both statelike and tragic (and was able to utilise and get his tongue around the language the best) and Robin Hart and Andrew Botham obviously revelled in their vile creations of Demetrius and Chiron. But the two stand-out performances in the production that I saw were easily the Emperor and his Queen. Andrew Gillard's Saturnius was a brilliant characterisation and Nik Willmott's Tamora was sexy, cunning, evil and maliciously funny as well.

Yet it is neither the performances or the script that is the real attraction of this play, because the production as a whole is sensational. From castration with clippers to rape with a metal spike to mutilation with an electric fan, *Titus Andronicus* is one big blood fest set to industrial music amidst wrought-iron and chains. All in all, I'd wager that this is one of the best productions Student Theatre will see all year.

Chris King



Stormy Weather

Carl Hiasen

Some book Publisher

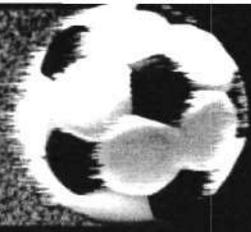


This book will suit anyone who revels in an epidemic of violence and sex. Carl Hiasen, author of *Strip Tease*, sensationalises the after-effects of a hurricane's stampede across Southern Florida. In his renowned satirical and lucid writing style, Hiasen successfully portrays the allure of tragedy for the more unsavory types of human beings. There are characters ranging from the bizarre - Skink the one-eyed, ex-Governor of Miami who punishes inhumanity with canine shock collars, the deranged fugitive monkeys and Augustine, whose favourite pass-time is to juggle human skulls.

The plot revolves around the desperate lengths that people will go to, in order to take advantage of a hurricane's aftermath for a quick buck or to gain a promotion. The main story line centers on Bonnie Lamb's initial search for her missing husband who is in the clutches of Skink. The conmen scams of Edie, Snapper and Avila are always comically but violently, unsuccessful. There is the familiar trashy parody of the lower class, American white male's fascination with prostitution.

There are snappy one liners and brazen humor derived over the ironic usage of names of famous American 'icons'. Relentless philandering and exploitation are the main messages of this novel, where the crusading hopes of Skink, Bonnie and Augustine are lost amongst the turbulence and tribulations of their trip. However, senseless violence and endless scenes of sex can only interest a reader for so long. It did possess a fast, tightly-woven plot and was often quite original, but this was intertwined with an infuriating array of unappealing male and female characters. Overall, *Stormy Weather's* few gags and, at times, ingenuity could not disguise a tacky novel full of cheap thrills.

Janis Loh



Matt with the Bat

Australia has once again found a wonderful top-order batsman - Matthew Elliott. The left-handed Victorian seems destined to fill the position of first-drop, and at the same time, fill the empty space left in the hearts of so many cricket-lovers when Dean Jones was unjustly dumped from the Australian XI. Elliott, the talented Victorian, has returned to the Australian team in top form and scored a smashing 85 in the first innings of the first test against Sth Africa at 'The Wanderers' in Johannesburg. He seems certain to crack it for a century at some stage in the very near future.

The cricketing career of Elliott has certainly been an eventful one. After consistently being amongst the top run-scorers in the Sheffield Shield competition for the last couple of years, it seemed that the selectors could no longer justify his omission from the national team, particularly with Slater and Taylor both in such poor form. However, in a typical oversight by the biased selection committee, Elliott was constantly overlooked as the selectors continued to give Matt 'I'm a pretty boy' Hayden chance after chance to prove himself, without giving the same opportunity to Elliott. It soon got to the stage where it looked as though Elliott would suffer 'Dean Jones syndrome'; the rare condition of being one of the best batsmen in the country (if not the world), yet still being excluded from international cricket. Indeed, some

commentators started the joke: "What does Elliott need to do to get selected for Australia? Move to either Queensland or NSW".

However, such a sacrifice was not necessary. Finally, two years too late, the national selectors decided to promote Elliott to Australian opener, alongside Taylor, during the recent CUB summer series against the West Indies. Despite failing in his first innings, after scoring only 8, he did show promise in the second innings, scoring quickly and with ease, until being unluckily dismissed by an arsey catch. In his next test, Elliott seemed certain to score his first century, until Mark Waugh, in a fit of jealousy, decided that no one else was allowed to be a batting hero in the Australian team and shirt-fronted Elliott mid-wicket, ensuring that he injured Elliott's leg, and thus left Elliott unavailable for the remainder of the season.

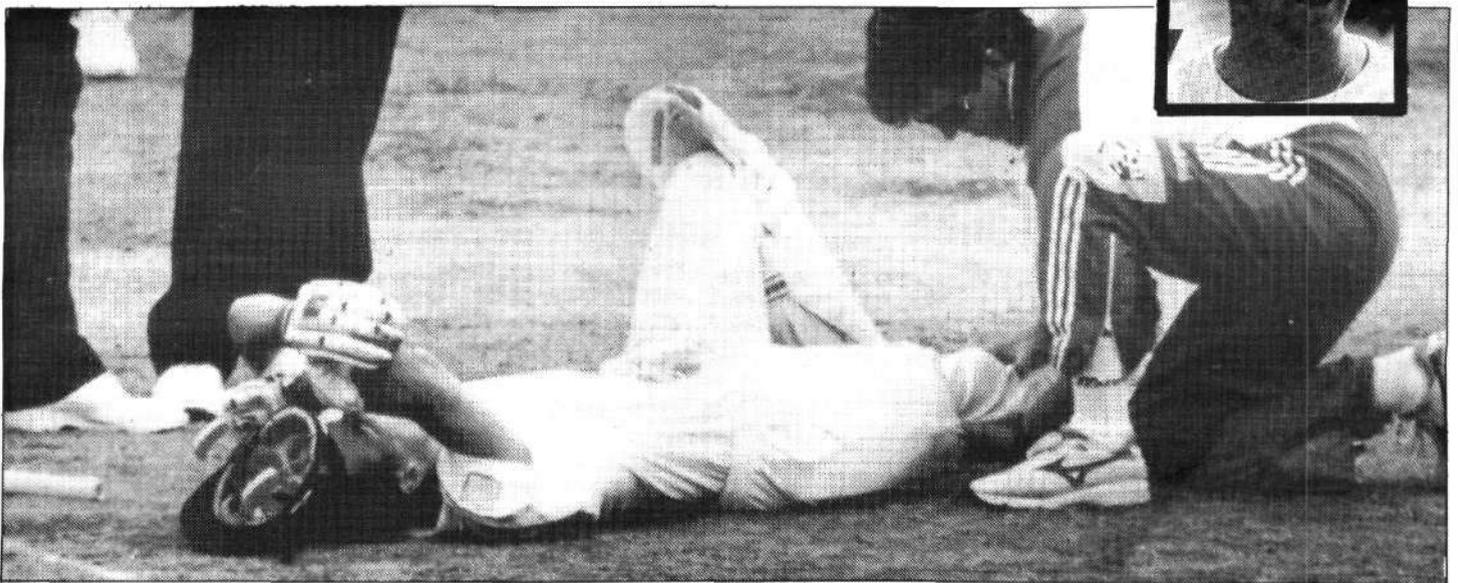
Having Elliott on the sidelines cost Australia dearly, as in the very next test (at Elliott's home-ground, the MCG) Australia suffered a shock loss, obviously feeling his absence. However, now he seems to be back, hungrier than ever to continue where he left off.

With Hayden performing well, and Taylor being one of the three members of the touring selection committee (along with vice-captain, Healy, and team manager,

Marsh), Elliott was forced to take up the position of first-drop, instead of opener, if he wanted a spot in the Australian team. This move is advantageous, as his style of batting probably suits this position better. In fact, it is nice to see him take the place once occupied by that other great Victorian, Dean Jones. Ironically, it was on Australia's previous tour of Sth Africa that Jones retired [read: forced to retire because Bob Simpson is a prick].

Now, if Reiffel and Fleming can get back from injury and back into top form, the Australian team will once again have a legitimate balance of national representation, instead of being full of all those do-gooder NSW and Queensland hacks. The only thing that was unfortunate about Elliott's innings was that it was over-shadowed by the partnership between those attention-seeking prima donnas, Waugh and Blewett. Admittedly, their performance should mentally destroy the Sth Africans for the rest of the tour, and that's the most important thing from an Australian perspective. After all, when it comes to cricket, the interests of the nation always comes before the unnecessary rivalry amongst players from different states.

Dan **Celm**



The WINNERS & WANKERS

With the racing of the Melbourne Grand Prix over and done with, it's now time to pull out the ear plugs, throw away that empty petrol tin you were sniffing into over the long weekend, and take a relaxed view at the race that stopped a city – at least, if you're a public transport user. That's right, it's time to take a look at the main players in the Formula One game and decide, "Who were the winners?", and, "Who were the wankers?". Not surprisingly, in a sport which is dominated by big engines and even bigger egos, there were more wankers than winners.

WINNERS

David Coulthard. The actual winner of the race, this quiet achiever put in a wonderful driving performance to take the honours at the finishing line. Defying the odds, Coulthard managed to put the McLaren team on the winners podium in a race which was supposed to be dominated by the Frank Williams' cars. Besides, it's nice to see a Scot win; they get such a hard time from the English.

Michael Shumacher. Once again, Michael Shumacher proved that he is one of the best drivers ever to grace the Formula One circuit. Putting behind him the embarrassing media attention he received after being quoted out of context, he truly showed it up Ron Walker's arse by coming second for the Ferrari racing team in a car which is well-known for being inferior to that of Williams, McLaren and Benneton-Ford.

Murray Walker. Just for being a great commentator – what a voice!

Albert Park residents. They rented out their houses for the week at a squillion dollars a night and spent the long weekend down at Sorrento, or Lorne, or whichever of their holiday houses took their fancy.

WANKERS

Ron Walker. The modern-day Barnum who had the gall to kick up a fuss just because Michael Shumacher didn't declare the Melbourne Grand Prix "The Greatest Show on Earth". Yeah, well how many World Championships have you won, Ron? Still, he does do a great alternative version of an Alanis Morissette song. "I've got one hand in your wallet, and the other one is up Jeffrey's arse."

Jean Alesi. In a supreme show of arrogance, he refused to come into pit lane when called in by his team. Ignorantly, Alesi continued to whizz down the home straight for three laps, turning a blind eye to the furious mechanics who were by the side of the track waving their fists at him – that was until he ran out of petrol and could no longer continue in the race.

Damon Hill. Daddy's boy couldn't quite crack it for the same sort of success this year as he enjoyed last year. The reigning world champion moved from the all conquering Williams team, to the newly founded Arrows team, and after just managing to qualify for the race, he promptly bowed out with car troubles.

Channel Nine Computer Technician. The one who failed to put the times up on the screen for the pit stops, until half-way through the race. Rumours are circulating that this is the same computer technician who was in charge of the TAB computer system on Melbourne Cup Day.

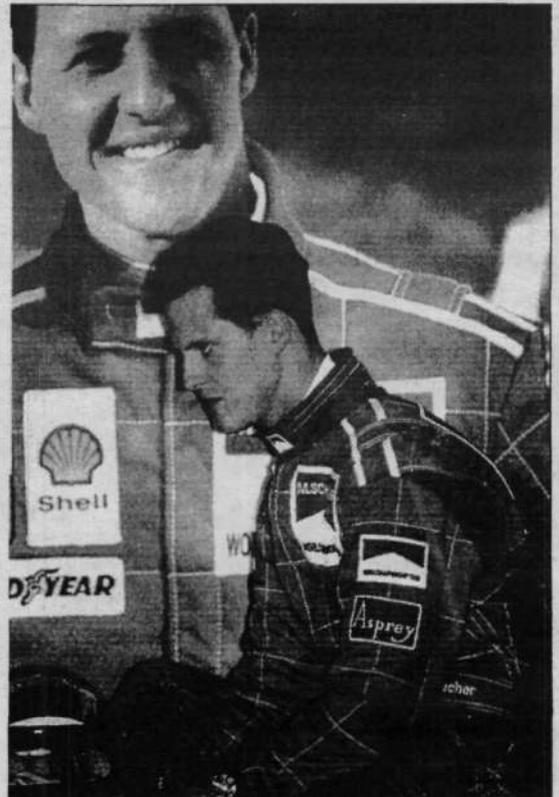
Organiser of the Winners Presentation Ceremony. They put up a Union Jack and playing *God Save the Queen* when David Coulthard, a Scotsman, won the race. I feel for the Scottish, they get such a hard time from the English.

Clayton Residents. They claimed that they could hear the Formula One cars from the Law Library. The cars are loud, but not that loud – nice try, guys!

Jeff Kennett. He deserves a category all to himself. He came out of the weekend as both a winner and a wanker. A winner in the sense that he succeeded in turning public opinion against the Public Transport Union and gaining popular support for the privatisation of the transport industry, after deliberately delaying talks with the unions and provoking the strike. But a wanker after he was forced to apologise to the Save Albert Park protesters when it was found that the oil dumped on the track during the week was not an act of sabotage as first thought. Forensic police finally identified the oil as being that which is used by Jeff in order to keep his hair in place. He's also a wanker for implementing VSU legislation and other anti-education reforms.

Author's End Note: I'd like the reader to note that I managed to refrain from using the classic Grand Prix /Grand Pricks joke, unlike any other person who has written a satirical or scathing piece about the Grand Prix.

Dan **Celm**



Damon's Lament

When Damon mocks the clock that tells the time,
And sees the brave day snuffed by technical fault;
When Jean beholds the petrol gauge past prime,
And feels compelled that he should never halt;
When lofty ambition seizes Eddie
Whose red Ferrari must charge without care,
And one's valour is ruin to many
(To Jacques, our babe-faced boy with balding hair);
When Uncle Jeff is shouting betrayal,
And powerful Ron doth defend his lake –
In light of all these facts on the table
Then of this race do I a question make:

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
What on earth are we to think of this Grand Prix?

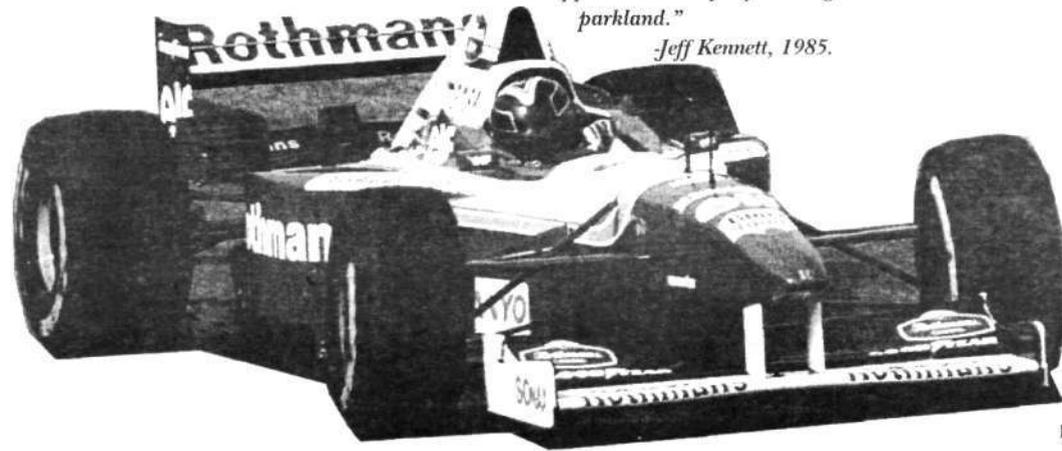
Bard



DEATH of a GRAND PRIX

"It is unfair to steal the public's parkland simply because an individual has proposed a scheme. I bitterly oppose the concept of stealing parkland."

Jeff Kennett, 1985.



By the time this newspaper is distributed, the 1997 Grand Prix will be well and truly over. The smoke will have cleared, the petrol-heads will have recovered from their hang-overs, and the ducks will be making tentative arrangements to return home. Locals will still be waiting to receive access to courts for damage caused during the construction of the track two years ago, and the Auditor General will be wondering how to tell the Premier of huge losses without losing his job. The Save Albert Park vigil will be in its 819th day.

Since November 1994, the Albert Park Grand Prix has been one huge balls-up. Misjudging the community reaction, the government decided to opt for the *blitzkrieg* approach: no consultation, no information to the public, no questions. In order to make the proceedings run as smoothly as possible, a *Grand Prix Act* was passed through parliament, which made it illegal to set foot in Albert Park. Although this caused an instant reduction in the number of joggers, kids on play equipment and care-free morning strollers, there was an immediate increase in the number of criminals using the park. In fact, there have been 670 arrests in Albert Park since the inception of the *Grand Prix Act*. In almost every case, the courts were unable to find any of these criminals guilty and in a disturbing number of cases, the police were aware that they were exceeding their powers.

The Grand Prix has a very dark and murky legal history. Kennett developed an advantageous tactic when it came to getting what he wanted. Rather than breaking laws, he changed them to suit his agenda. Shortly after an Albert Park resident won a Supreme Court challenge over an order to exempt the Grand Prix from the *Environment Effect Act* of 1978, the *Grand Prix Act* was passed, effectively exempting the race from *Environment Effects Act*. In May 1995, Magistrate Couzens found that the *Grand Prix Act* was invalidly gazetted and the charges for trespass against the ninety-seven people who had been arrested thus far were dismissed. Two weeks later the *Grand Prix Act* was amended to retrospectively make the park actions unlawful. The Government kind-heartedly granted amnesty to the ninety-seven defendants. In October of 1995, the then president of SAP, Jenni Chandler, lodged a writ claiming damages for slander and libel against the Premier for his remarks linking SAP with tacks placed on the road during the 'People's day in the Park'. Despite the fact that tacks have been placed on the track at almost every bike riding event around the lake in the past, and even though police released a portfolio of the suspect (not a member of SAP), Chief Detective Kennett failed to retract his remarks. In December 1995, the arrest powers of

the Australian Grand Prix Corporation were found to be unlawful. Six months later it was revealed under the Freedom of Information Act that police had harboured doubts from the beginning about the lawfulness of the arrests that they were making, but by this time they had already arrested 620 people.

This is an immensely condensed history of the Albert Park Grand Prix. When I asked the Save Albert Park office to fax me a chronology of significant events since 1994, I received nine A4 pages of information. The President of SAP, Carolyn Hutchens, patiently answered my questions from her car phone but directed me towards the SAP archives where an office attendant told me that there was enough information to write a book. In fact there has been a book already. *Four Seasons of Protest* by Nina Landis is a photographic history of SAP's first year.

There are not many things about the Melbourne Grand Prix which make sense. One can only vaguely speculate why the Grand Prix was sought in the first place. Melbourne already has the tennis, the cricket, the AFL Grand Final and the Melbourne Cup. We are obviously a nerdy city and need more sport, preferably something noisy and aggressive. For a Government obsessed with economic rationalism, it is strangely incongruous that it has pursued the idea of a Grand Prix at Albert Park with such vigour. Only two out of the nine races held in Adelaide ever made any profit, and despite the promise last year that the Melbourne Grand Prix would be bigger and better than ever, it lost a record \$7.5 million (the article by Sharon Valles in the previous edition of *Lot's Wife* said that last year's Grand Prix earned \$96.5 million, but this figure was only what it was expected to earn). The president of SAP, Carolyn Hutchens, suggests that there is even an 'avoidance factor'. She compares hotel booking figures from March 1995 with those of 1996, showing that the bookings were down by 25,000 during the Grand Prix. This year, corporate tickets were reduced by 30% because they were not selling and local Bed and Breakfasts have made next to no bookings.



But according to Ron Walker, the most disastrous aspect of this year's Grand Prix is the lack of 'real men in real machines'. We have been forced to cope with 'pretty boys' like Schumacher driving namby-pamby Tonka toys. Perhaps next year we might even have a spot of 'drag' racing. Who knows?

Piers Kelly



BRAVE NEW WORLD

It's a new AFL - No Footscray.

After a long hot summer, a new football season is about to jump upon us. To be honest, the night series really is just a load of crap, especially when you have players getting injured in these matches don't play for some months or even the rest of the year, when the football really matters. So to Wayne Jackson (W.J. to his mates) get a life and get rid of this stupid competition.

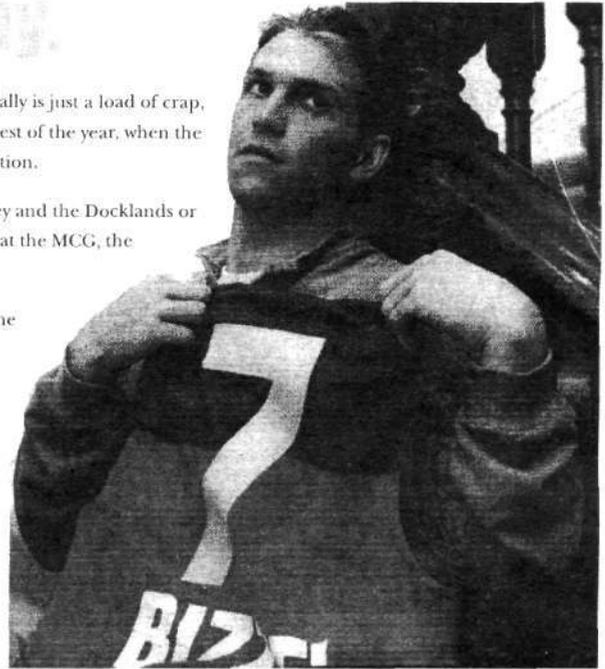
Secondly, the Docklands. By the time you read this paper, the AFL will have made a decision about Waverley and the Docklands or Jeff's Ground. Having gone out to Waverley for many years with my dad, when there was no southern stand at the MCG, the ground known as Arctic Park does have its problems - I would be the first to agree with that.

Many of the problems that Waverley has, such as transport either by car, bus or train, the general view of the ground can be laid at the feet of both Liberal and Labor governments of the past. I clearly remember the Cain Labor government putting up a fight over the Grand Final at the MCG. The then VFL wanted to develop the then VFL Park into a super stadium, with a rail link to it. The ground was to have indoor sports facilities such as basketball, and reception room type facilities. These plans had been on the drawing board since the mid 1960's when Waverley Park was simply grass land. The VFL knew that the South East area of Melbourne was going to go through the roof population wise, and that it was just common sense to have a second great stadium in that area to cater for the population. The governments then lead by Sir Henry Bolte were never too impressed with such an idea.

Many people can feel anger that Waverley is not a better ground. The AFL can feel pissed off that they have not been able to make Waverley a great ground.

Waverley is still a good ground, and personally it does leave Princess Park for dead. The AFL can decide to back the Docklands ground if they would like, but to be truthful, unless the ground can cater for at least 65,000 people, instead of the proposed 50,000, then the ground is simply not worth it.

Waverley Park has proven over time that if good games are scheduled there, people will go. You only have to look at the past two night grand finals to realise this. Again, you only have to look at the year of 1981, when 75,000 turned up for a Essendon-Collingwood match, and a fortnight later, over 91,000 rocked up for Hawthorn-Collingwood. This



meant that there were over 16,000 people beyond the capacity. If the AFL had double headers, with a Hawthorn game on a Saturday, and another match, say Collingwood and Melbourne at the ground, I know that it would get at least 60,000, which is more than Docklands could hold.

I just hope that the AFL make a wise decision in keeping Waverley, give the ground a new scoreboard, and possibly extend the seating closer to the game, which they can do now with the redrawing of the boundary lines.



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Footy Tipping
Round 1 1997
due 5.00pm
Thurs 27 March



name _____
id _____

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Nth Melbourne | <input type="checkbox"/> Melbourne | <input type="checkbox"/> draw |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Collingwood | <input type="checkbox"/> Port Adelaide | <input type="checkbox"/> draw |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Western | <input type="checkbox"/> Fremantle | <input type="checkbox"/> draw |
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Footy Tipping
Round 2 1997
due 5.00pm
Friday 4 April



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ALTERNATIVES TO A GRAND PRIX AT ALBERT PARK!



THE GRAND FINAL AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.



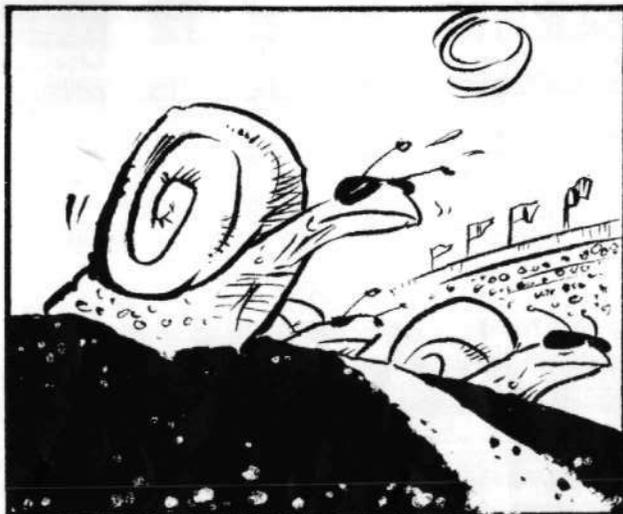
BIG GAME HUNTING AT THE MELBOURNE ZOO.



NATIVE FOREST RE-GENERATION AT THE CASINO.



AN ECO-TOURIST INDUSTRY AT MURUROA ATOLL.

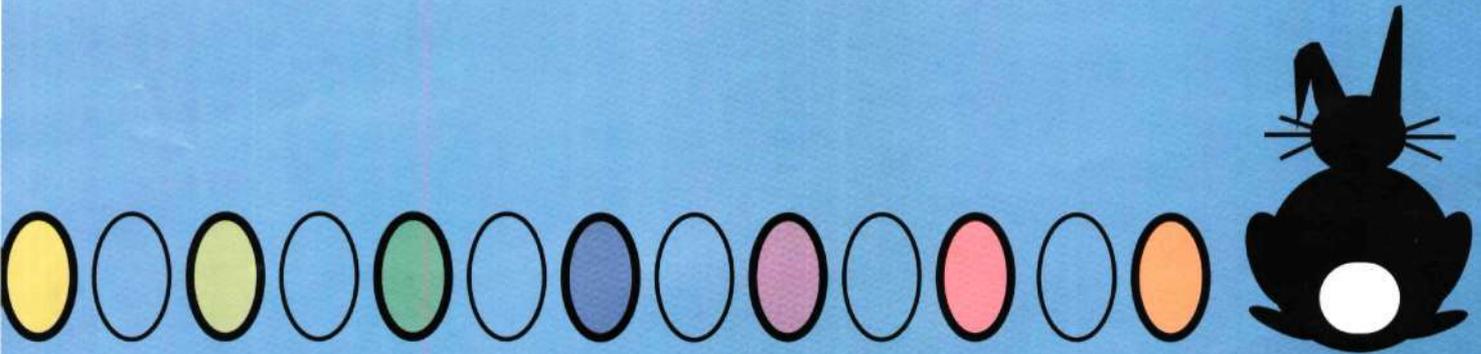


SNAIL RACING ON THE TULLAMARINE FREEWAY.



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Easter



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Mickey B
and Billy the Kid
Gods Bar Retro disco with DJ's
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