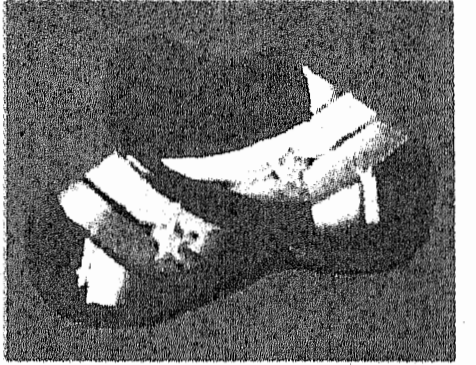
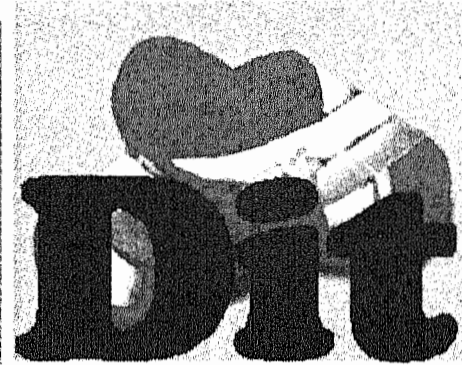
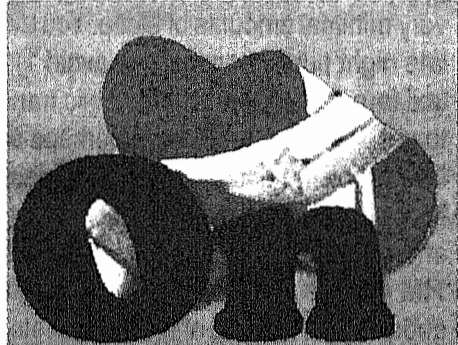
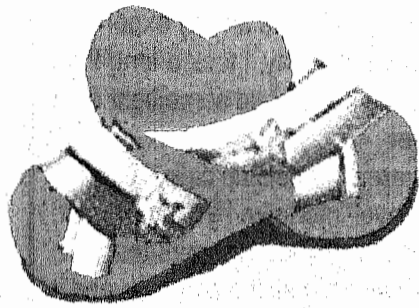
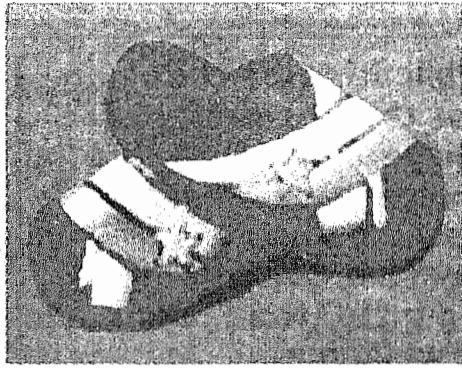
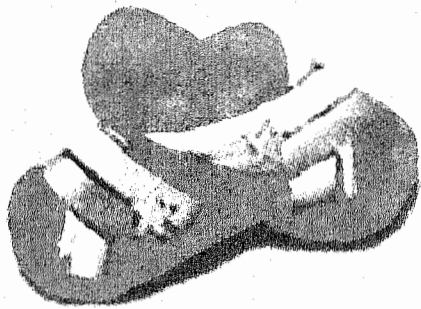
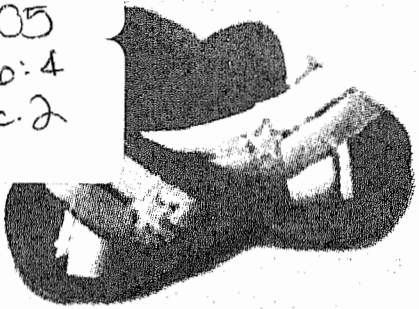


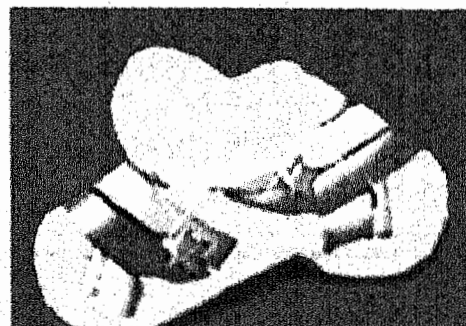
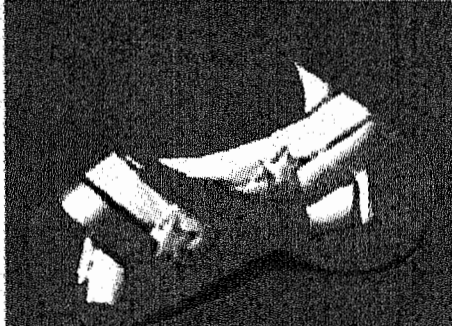
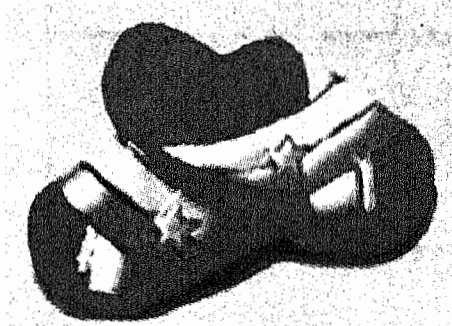
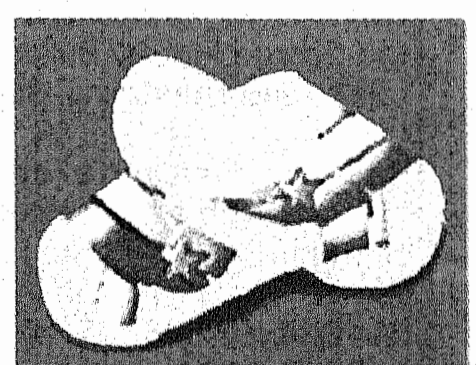
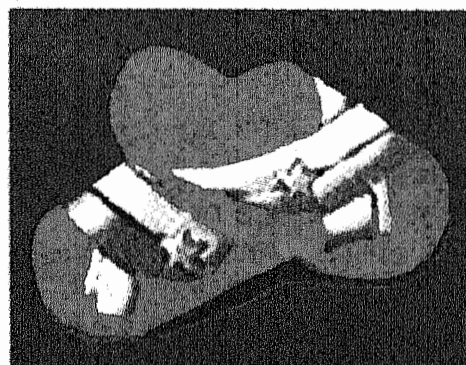
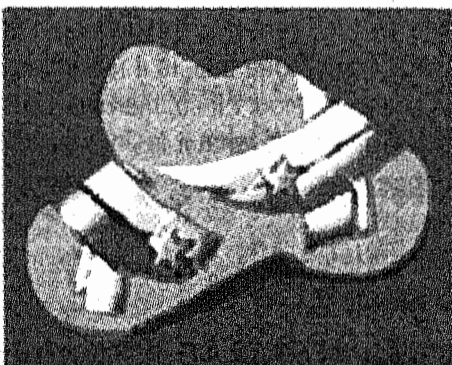
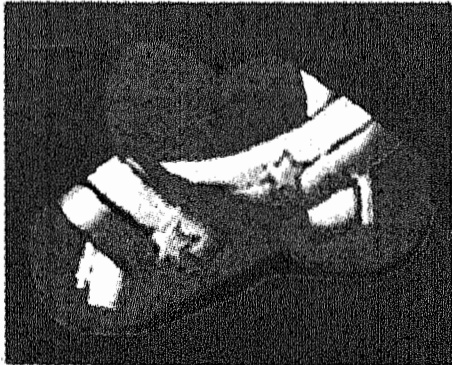
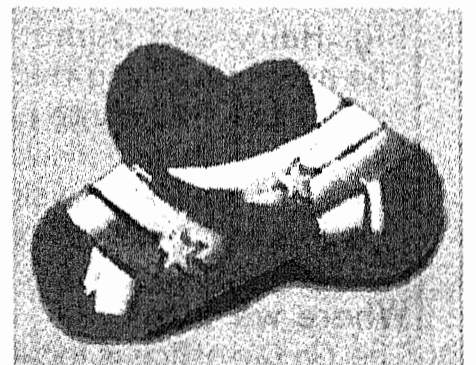
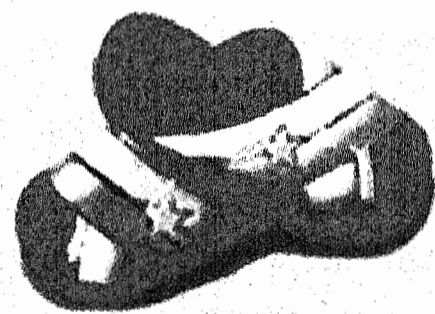
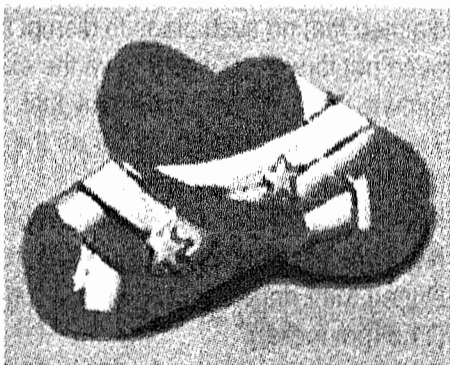
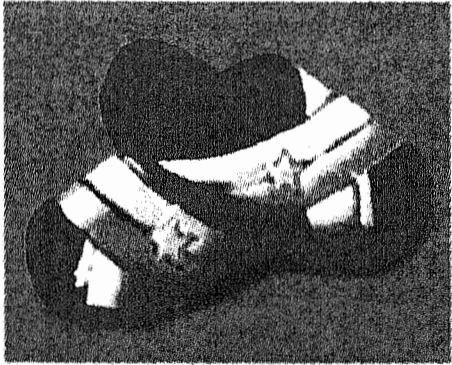
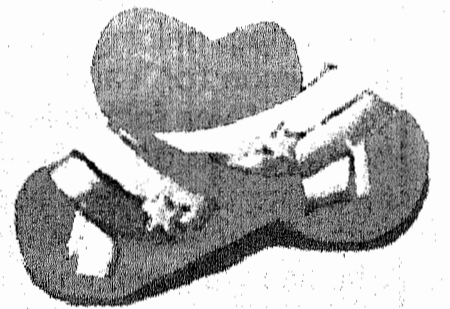
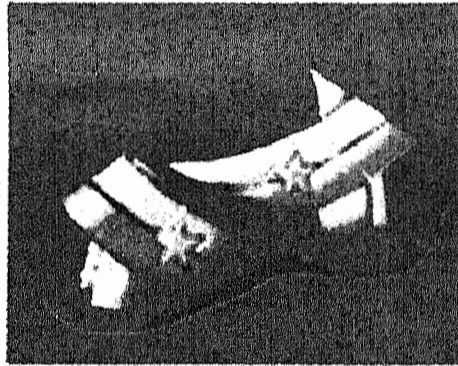
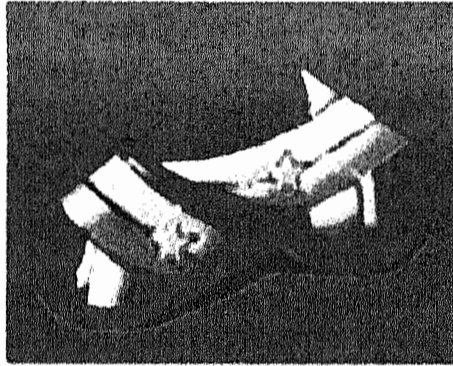
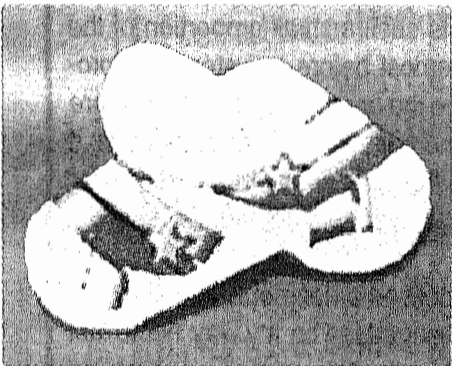
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Let There Be Shoes

The University of Adelaide Student Newspaper
March 16th 1998 Vol. 66 No. 4



On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The Editors have complete editorial control although the opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own. Anything you can do to make our existence more bearable, including gifts, food, drink and flowers, would be most welcome.

Editors:

Susie Bate
Paul Bradley
Chris Slape

Advertising Manager:

Leanne Storr

Freight:

Jocelyn Milbank

Typesetting:

Fiona Dalton

Printing:

Cadillac Printing

Smarter than the average bear:

FlyGuy for getting rid of the wasp, Esther "proof-reader" Speight for patiently waiting for the Editors to provide her with more material, Chris Bolland for the coffee, helping get lunch...oh and proof reading too, Simon for 'early' proof reading on Friday, Jon "muffy" Dyer for again gracing us with his presence, Hrathgar the Unavoided, Rachel Templer for inventing Gratuitous Nostalgia, Alice Ray for sticking with us once again, Anonymous Girl for not telling us who she was, and anyone else who gave us the time of day.

Big, Hairy and Dumb:

The noisy saw thing that was too busy being noisy outside our window to notice us working hard in here, the new glue available at the Stationary Shop - it doesn't stick that well at all folks - and all the people who are far too sensitive for their own good.

Where we are:

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

How to contribute/contact us:

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

About the cover:

Paul says: just a bunch of shoes - Susie's shoes actually. What's to say about that?

EDITORIAL.

This week marks the first week after the Fringe and Festival frenzy. Now we can all concentrate on study, work and sleep. Yeah right! The problem with going out every night during festivals such as these is that you kinda get used to the pace after a while. You get used to eating on the run. You get used to juggling a number of projects all at once. You start surviving on very minimal amounts of sleep. You even start memorising the timetable of late night public transport to avoid 1) parking problems and 2) expensive taxi fares. And speaking of public transport (yeah, okay, I took a long time to get to my intended point) perhaps someone could shed some light on a little problem I encountered in the past week.

My current residence is in a north-western area of Adelaide called Grange and so everyday (including weekends) I travel into town by way of train. The Grange Line is the shortest train line in Adelaide (23 minutes on a good day) and is the only train that stops all stations all the time...oh and it runs through a golf course (the only train in Australia [so I'm told]). The problem with this latter unique feature is that when certain golf tournaments are held in Adelaide (and thus usually on the Royal Adelaide Golf Course) the train has to travel very slowly (I'm talking 5kph) when it goes through.

I've never been overly concerned with this disruption - it's actually sometimes quite fun to watch professional golf players for free (and you get the best view from the train window as well!). However, as was apparently reported this week, this current system (of balancing both essential public transport and an important golf event) was to be changed. Instead, the golf event was to take precedence and the Grange Train replaced by a possible shuttle system for six weeks. My immediate thought was - oh c'mon. How can a sporting event which interests such a small proportion of the common population be put first and foremost before a system that provides cheap transportation to by-and-large the general public? Now before you get all full of Grand Prix disruption memoirs try and remember this: it wasn't for such a long period of time, The Adelaide Grand Prix attracted far more people than a Golf Tournament could ever hope to and...and...and it was just different okay!

Fortunately for me (and this editorial) I noticed a number of big signs attached to the various stops along the Grange Line on my way home last night. Apparently the source of my angst had got it wrong. Transadelaide claimed that no such plans to disrupt the Grange Line had been made, or even put forward (I would have the exact words as actual proof but some dimwit torched the document last night). For the first time in ages Transadelaide have come out as the good guys (please, please, please don't let them approve it now!).

I like travelling on trains. I adore public transport. All of us here at *On Dit* rely (almost solely) on public transport to get us here and home each day. During the Fringe/Festival I was a regular traveller on the last train home (11.54pm rocks!).

Anyway, the point is (and there is one) that it is hugely unfair (not to mention irresponsible and incredibly unprofessional) to sign and seal the 'guilty' verdict before the trial. Is it really so necessary to 'inform the public' of a supposed rumour? If so, then maybe it's also appropriate to tell the public that a rumour is what it is. Information, a bit of detail and some real evidence behind it. That's what I like to read in my papers. Then again, I'm just an editor.

Susie Bate.

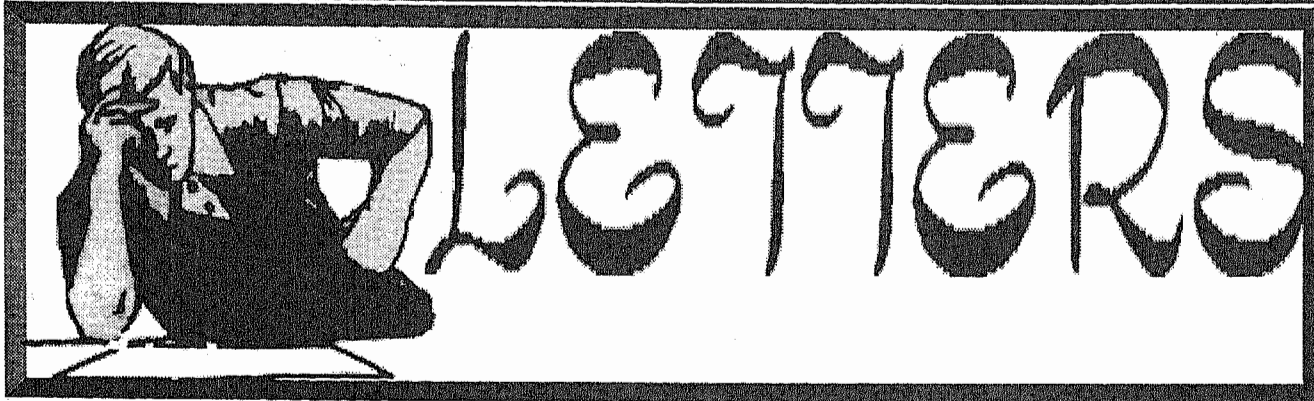
Giveaways:

Yes there are some. The Film giveaways are in the Film section and the Video ones are in the, errr, Video section.



DICTIONARY CONTENTS

- Classified**/klas'yphide/*n.* matter not for general consumption; information which requires a security clearance. **qv.40.**
- Clubs**/klubb'ies/*n.* big sticks used for whacking wild animals; the lowest suit in a game of bridge. **qv.39.**
- Cover**/kov'er/*n.* anything you can hide behind; *v.* the act of shooting at the enemy while comrades run to safety. **qv.1.**
- Cuba**/q'bu/*n.* the winner of the Best Supporting Actor Oscar for his performance in *Jerry Maguire*. **qv.12.**
- Current Affairs Digest**/ku'rant aphares' dyjest'/*n.* to eat Ray Martin; a humanity-loving cannibal's dream. **qv.10.**
- Dictionary**/dik'shonare/*n.* big fat book full of words. **qv.3.**
- Dodgy**/dod'ji/*adj.* anything that does not measure up; poxy. **qv.11.**
- Editorial**/eddytor'eal/*n.* space for important people to say their bit. **qv.2.**
- Film**/philm/*n.* celluloid; slime; *Jerry Maguire*. **qv.22.**
- Letters**/lett'ers/*n. pl.* space for unimportant people to say their bit. **qv.4.**
- Literature**/litt'chrityur/*n.* books; words. **qv.28.**
- Music**/mew'sick/*n.* songs; notes. **qv.32.**
- Philosophy**/fillo'sophie/*n.* people rabbiting on; space for important and unimportant people to say their bit. **qv.36.**
- Pin-Up**/pin'upp/*n.* var. of **STICK-UP**. **qv.31.**
- Planet**/plann'itt/*v.* something editors rarely do; *n.* ball of rock or gas spinning around a star. **qv.5.**
- Poetry**/po'ettree/*n.* an often-misunderstood artform misappropriated by wankers. **qv.19.**
- Science**/sy'ens/*n.* the best course anyone could do at University. **qv.17.**
- South Park**/sowf park/*n.* where all the cool kids hang out; much better than North Park. **qv.12.**
- Sport**/sport/*n. colloq.* a good Aussie bloke; mate; cobber. **qv.38.**
- Student's Association**/stew'dents asso'siashon/*n.* bunch of students; the corner of the cloisters. **qv.8.**
- Theatre**/fear'ter/*n.* building where actors live; cheap apartments. **qv.18.**
- Union**/yoon'yun/*n.* that which man may not tear apart. **qv.9.**
- Videotape**/vidiotayp'/*n.* anything that is not sex or lies. **qv.26.**
- Visual Arts**/viz'yual arts/*n.* art you can see; television. **qv.27.**
- Vox Populi**/vox pop'ule/*n.* the voice of the people. **qv.20.**
- Waite**/wayt/*n.* standing in a bus queue; that thing you can feel crushing your spirit. **qv.11.**
- Wayward**/way'weird/*adj.* all things screwy, loopy and zany; anything with a goose; everything else. **qv.14.**



LETTERS
LETTERS
THE MORE THE BETTER
WE LIKE TRIDE
WE LIKE SHITE
ANYTHING AT ALL IS REALLY
ALRIGHT.

Okay, so we can't write poetry. There's a lot of things we can't do, actually (don't look so surprised), and one of them is fill a letters page all by ourselves (although we would be willing to try, but you probably wouldn't want to read that). Another thing we can't do is accurately gauge the sentiment of the student population at large. So you can see how we're really hanging out for letters from you folks. We especially appreciate letters of praise, or letters that offer us free cokes (we reckon there's about half a dozen deserving folks down here, thanks Oska), but if you want to offer criticism (keep it nice, though, you bastards), or even write a letter that doesn't concern us at all, then that's fine too. Remember, we need a name (a real one), a phone number and a student number. We won't publish any of it if you don't want us to, but we do need it. Get the pens out, baby!

A Blatant Suck-up Letter (We Kinda Liked It)

To the Editors of *On Dit*,

Not to make this seem like a suck-up letter, but I honestly think you guys do a pretty cool job, *On Dit* is a great in-between-study entertainer.

After slogging it out pretty hard in year 12 last year, I took a little break off of life, amidst the Christmas and New Year Festivities. After that, I got my year 12 results back, then an offer from this wonderful educational institution, and everything has gelled into place, and I am enjoying the time I am spending here, and look for-

ward to enjoying the next three years as I work desperately hard for some abbreviated letters to come after my name which I hope will earn me respect and some good money. However, one thing I don't enjoy one bit is the extortion-like fees our wonderful and democratically elected government is charging for mere humans to study. This year I have to pay in excess of \$4000 UPFRONT! This is blatantly ridiculous! And what about all the other x-thousand people who the government is bleeding dry for the chance to be properly educated?

This will, in effect, shatter the hopes and dreams of those who aspire to great heights (or did anyway), and our capitalist society will be degraded even more. I know the same thing (or theme) has been ranted on about for ages, but as a sign of our right to democracy, at the next election lets vote for a party who won't charge two proverbial limbs for those smart enough, and

who work hard enough, to realise their academic potential.

Just to finish off, the University is a truly wonderful place, with a mature atmosphere, great people, and people who really care!

Well done, everyone (except for Ms Vanstone), and may the good times flow. God bless!

Damien H.

A Blatant Cheesy and Stupid Letter (We Kinda Liked It, Too)

Dear Editors

I've been reading *On Dit* for years so the fact that I'm now at Uni has the edge taken off it by being in the same place as you guys. And if you haven't worked it out yet, I'm writing this letter just to sound cheesy and stupid.

My favourite part of *On Dit* is all your criticism and insults towards us, the shabby general public. You must work hard for little more than a kick in the pants, so you need to take it out on someone (or ones). So, I don't know, maybe I'll bring you all some cokes one afternoon. How many people there deserve it?

Do you think it was worth \$50 of a late enrolment so that I'm not allocated to any 8 o'clock lectures? So far I think so.

Refectory chips are so good.

Oska Archer

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Catering makes you ~~drool~~ dribble

Howdy,

I'd like to have a dribble about the current state of the University catering services. Well, to be precise, the price rises.

Now, I've only been at this university for two and a bit years, and in that period, I've seen about the same number of price rises (two and a bit, for those of you who came in late). Last year it was something to do with abolishing the student discounts - which they reckoned would make for cheaper everything. But no, prices went up in general. At least they pretended to make some sort of excuse for themselves. Last year, I paid \$3 for a bowl of fries at the Equinox (Yes, people *do* eat there - gullible though they may be). That came with salt, and a choice of two sauces. This year, they have the nerve to charge \$3.50 for the same thing, except with only one sauce. To get an extra sauce would set me back a colossal 50c!!

Oh, and the fun doesn't stop there. They had the nerve to increase the price of the pool table - yes, the POOL TABLE - by an extra 20c. By my reckoning, if

the price increases continue in this fashion every year until we're well into the new millenium, the university catering union will have enough money to put Bill Gates to shame. That's my two cents worth. (The two cents that I have left after catering took the rest.)

The Mouth

Ink Makes Your Hands Bleed, Stupid

Dear Editors,

Just a quick letter to say how impressed I have been with *On Dit* so far this year. Not only does it look good but it has just the right balance of information and good-humoured campus japes. You people are certainly on the right track. I would like to see more ink per issue used, but that is a minor quibble. *On Dit* this year is great.

On Dit. It's me.

Christian Haebich
Arts

Ink Puts Hair On Your Chest, Stupid

Dear *On Dit*,

First, may I congratulate on a fine publication this last week. It had just the right balance of news and humour. However, if I may be so bold, I have a few gripes about the general layout of the paper. Firstly, in my opinion,

there just isn't enough sport in *On Dit*. You should take a page out of *The Advertiser's* good book and devote at least 1/4 of your newspaper to sports on-campus. Also, those Wayward kids are just a little "wacky" and perhaps, "zany" for my liking. Please give them a stern talking to. Lastly, but perhaps most importantly, why do you insist in using so much ink on you front cover. I picked up the latest edition, and upon looking at my hands I noticed that half the ink from the cover had been transferred to my palms. This just is not good enough. When will you people understand that *On Dit* is a newspaper, not some glossy magazine. Why don't you take a page out of *Entropy's* book?

Yours "unkindly",
George Harris
2nd Yr Commerce/Law

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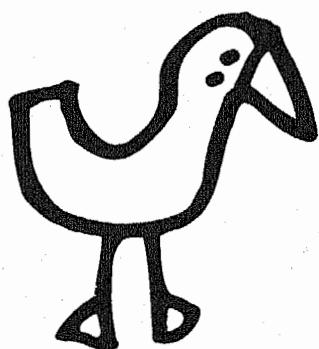
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On Dit is an inconvenient interruption to our important social calender, but you don't see us leaving

Attention Psychology II students:

It can seem that lectures are inconvenient interruptions to one's important social calender. Nonetheless, the practice of packing up or leaving as a lecture draws to a close is embarassingly rude. Maybe this kind of arrogant display might be explicable for a boring lecture, but walking out on a *Faulty Towers* video?? You guys are fucked.

**James Caudle
Psych II**



But Will The Beer Be Green? And If So, Why?

Dear *On Dit* readers everywhere,

Welcome back to Uni for another year. For those who are bored already with lectures and tutes, and who are getting the feeling that holidays didn't even happen, we have good news. On Tuesday, March 17 on the Barr Smith Lawns, the Adelaide Uni Irish Club will be holding its annual St Patrick's Day beers-bands-BBQ-general-silliness-Celt-fest. There will be dancers, pipers, face painting, Irish stew, BBQ chicken, soft drinks and water, and most importantly \$1 beers, \$2,80 Guinness, \$1.50 Champers, and \$3 Two Dogs. The event will be running from 11 to 5 and all students are most welcome - especially those of Irish descent or those with a drop of scotch (as long as it's Jameson's - they're one of our sponsors). [Don't you just mean 'whisky'? Scotch is from Scotland - Eds.] Some of you may have read the ACVP's column last week where she says that this week is a SAUA activities week, so I'd just like to mention that this is NOT a Students' Association event so drinks will not be cheaper with a SAUA cup. We believe in

cheap drinks for all students celebrating St Pats, not just cup owners. The event is brought to you by the Adelaide University Irish Club and the AU Clubs Association.
Tioc Faidh Aria

Regards,
Jane Mc Dermott
Irish Club President

This Is Where We Had Some Space To Fill, And This Is The Letter We Wrote (See, It's Not Hard To Do)

Dear *On Dit*,

I was in the lift the other day, having a private conversation with my good buddy and we were talking about my plethora of allergies (which include cats, dogs, most drugs and anything non-dairy to do with cows), and a bloke in the lift that I don't even know said, "But are you allergic to milk?" and I said no and he said, "Well, lots of people are allergic to dairy products," and then some woman got on the lift and said, "Ooh, my daughter's allergic to dairy products. Who's allergic to dairy products in here?" and the bloke said, "Well, she's (meaning me) not, but lots of people are." I mean, people are just bizarre!


**Susie Bate
Queen of Cool Stories**

Useless Trivia Is What We Do Best

Little-known facts about Adelaide Uni, number one:

Just above the stationery shop, a tricky little downpipe waters the stumpy rectangular bushes.

Zane



THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE
Enterprise Education Group
Thebarton Campus

THE ENTERPRISE EDUCATION GROUP IS COMMENCING ITS 1998 PROGRAMME WITH:

Lunch time seminar:
Self-employment: An Option
Wednesday 25 March, 1-2pm.

Venue: The University of Adelaide North Terrace Campus, Kerr Grant Lecture Theatre. Fee: none. (Contact the Careers Office on 8303 5123 for a map if needed.)
No need to book; just turn up!

A two-day workshop*:
Self-employment: An Option will be held on Tuesday 21 and Wednesday 22 April; fee and bookings required. Phone Clare Coster, Administrative Officer, Enterprise Education Group, on 8303 3098 for details. Venue: Thebarton Campus.

The first in the New Venture Creation Workshop series. Subsequent workshop to be held July and September on How To Set Up and Manage Your Own Business; Growth Strategies for the Small Business.

Seminar and workshop presenter:
Joanne Pimlott, Co-ordinator,
Enterprise Education Programmes.



president >> sophie allouache

MUSIC STUDENTS

There will be two meetings on Monday the 16th to discuss what is going on in the Music Department and all students are welcome and encouraged to attend. The first one will be at 1pm outside the Backstage Café and the second one will be at 3pm in the Scott Theatre. The Deputy Vice Chancellor will be at the meeting at 1pm to explain to all students what is happening in the Music Department and it will also provide students with the opportunity to voice their concerns directly to the DVC. If you can't make the meeting or would like more information please don't hesitate

to come in and see me or give me a call on 8303 5406.

CHANCELLOR

The University has a new Chancellor. His name is Mr Bruce Webb and he was appointed last Monday. Mr Webb has been a member of University Council for the last three years.

NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION

A National Day of Action (NDA) has been called for April the 1st - April Fool's Day. NDA's are called by the National Union of Students and all states have their own action. This time we will be doing a joint action with Flinders University and USA. Stay tuned for what's happening.

SAUA SURVEY

The SAUA is doing a survey this semester on the services provided in the SAUA and how they can be improved. There are also questions on the Enrolment processes and the University's and the SAUA's Web site. Please take the time to fill in one of the surveys. It's important to get as many contributions as possible from students so that we know what you want. So make sure you have your say and if that's not enough incentive there are two prizes of \$10 worth of photocopying in the SAUA to be won!



education-vice president >> sky mykita

COMMON YOUTH ALLOWANCE

It was passed in the Senate last week. This legislation means basically no changes for students but major regressive changes for unemployed young people - so if you think it might take you a while to get a job when you finish your degree watch out.

EDUCATION STANDING COMMITTEE MEETINGS

The ESC meets regularly to discuss

education issues, plan events and actions and provides a contact point for students interested in education issues. At the moment we are planning for the National Day of Action on April 1 but we will also be doing campaigns on Academic Rights and the Library. All meetings are open and everyone is welcome - it doesn't matter if you're a first year or a postgrad, if you know everything or nothing about higher education issues, the more the

merrier! Meetings are held in the SAUA (corner of the Cloisters behind Unibooks) and the date of the next meeting is:

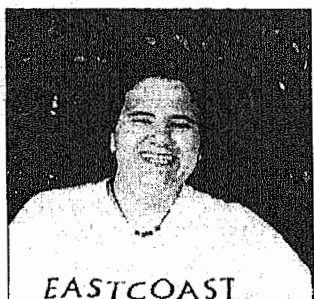
- Monday 23 March @ 2:00pm - meet in the SAUA, all welcome.

NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION

Stay tuned - we're planning the statewide action now so if you want any input come and see us in the SAUA.

Cheers,

Sky.



activities vice-president >> alida parente

What's happening in the wide world of activities?

ACTIVITIES WEEK, ACTIVITIES WEEK, ACTIVITIES WEEK

is happening this week. Thursday after the festivities on the lawns come on up to the bar for QT night, Quentin Tarantino night... Feast your eyes on some of Quentin's classic movies, such as True Romance, Reservoir Dogs and of course Pulp Fiction. All these movies, absolutely free.

The days during Activities Week will be filled with plenty of cheap food and drink. Just \$2.00 gets you a sausage and

a beer (with your SAUA cup). Wednesday after the BBQ, it's AUSKI night in the bar so get ready for a night of more drinking.

If you keep your eyes and ears open you may even see some Fringe acts such as HELL performing just for you, on the lawns and in the cloisters. Look out for these guys and girls, they will be performing in a theatre near you. Be amused by their performance and their songs about panties and semen, well, you get the picture.

SAUA CUPS

This is going to be the first time since

orientation that you will be able to use your SAUA cup, but certainly not the last. Drinks at the BBQ's will only be served in SAUA cups. "What if I don't have one?" I hear you say. Never fear - you can buy them at the BBQ for \$2.50; your first drink is free when you purchase a SAUA cup.

If you have any questions or want to help out in some way, please don't hesitate to call me in the SAUA (Students' Association) on 8303 5406, or we can discuss things over a beer at the BBQ.

Cheers,

Alida.



womens' officer >> kate sowerby

I apologise for not submitting a column last week, but will provide you with all the information you need to know...this week!

REPRODUCTIVE FREEDOMS

As you are undoubtedly aware, Western Australians are facing tumultuous times over abortion legislation. Due to the illegality of abortion procedure, and the conviction of doctors who perform such acts, women will ultimately be forced into the dark ages of "backyard abortion". It is imperative that we let the Government know that this is wrong. The

right of the individual to make his/her own choices must be protected. Come into the SAUA and show your support by signing our petition.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT SURVEY

Keep an eye out for Women's Standing Committee members in the weeks to come. We will be conducting a survey in order to assess your views of the Department. This will enable us to give you what you want. Please take the time to complete a survey.

1990S FEMINISM

In an era of changing feminisms, it is

imperative that the community engage in active debate. For this reason, I would like to invite submissions for a feature on..."What feminism means to me..." Submissions may be lodged at the SAUA office.

WOMEN'S COLLECTIVE

Don't forget to keep an eye out for Women's Collective events in the Clubs' Column of On Dit. Meetings are held every Tuesday at 1pm in the Women's Room.

Cheers,

Kate.



environment officer >> danielle kowalski

Well another week has finished - only 4 more to go.

BIKE WEEK IS NEXT WEEK (WEEK 4)

There will be a free lunch on Wednesday for all those who use alternate transport to and from uni

There will also be free advice and tune

ups for cyclists.

BIKE WEEK IS NEXT WEEK BIKE WEEK IS NEXT WEEK

BIKE WEEK IS NEXT WEEK BIKE WEEK IS NEXT WEEK

SAUA CUPS

This week is activity week so don't forget to bring your SAUA CUP.

BLOCKADE JABILUKA

A blockade is starting in Jabiluka on the 23rd of this month. This is in the hope to stop the Jabiluka uranium mine and support the local Mirrar people.

If you want to get active come and see me in my office in the Students' Association.



MISSION STATEMENT

The Adelaide University Union is the major cultural and social centre for those University activities not specifically included in the academic syllabus. It endeavours to provide a common meeting ground for staff, graduates and students.

Have Your Say...

The Board of the Union has engaged an independent consultant to advise it on the future options, including outsourcing, for the food and beverage operations of North Terrace, Waite and Roseworthy campuses.

As President of the Union, I feel it is essential that the views of students be sought about the future directions of the Union's catering operations. The terms of reference for the consultant are as follows:

Examine the structure of the existing operations and report on the efficiency of operations including benchmarking and any inherent levels of inefficiency and, if there are inherent levels of inefficiency, how they may be addressed.

Advise on the feasibility of outsourcing including all short term potential costs and benefits and the potential long term costs and benefits, and conditions that might reasonably be imposed.

Advise on a range of future options for the conduct of food and beverage operations, including organisational and operational models, with a cost benefit analysis of each option including industrial, legal and contractual issues.

Interested students are invited to make submissions to the consultant about the existing operations and their views on outsourcing, addressing matters raised in the terms of reference above, or any other relevant issues.

email:

bdosa@senet.com.au

Please write "re: Adelaide Uni Union" in the subject box.

in writing:

Paul McCarthy

Senior Associate

Taxation and Business Services

BDO Nelson Parkhill

248 Flinders Street

Adelaide 5000

Presidential Card

When you picked up your student card, you should have been given a Presidential Card and brochure of the discounts available through your card. If you have received your student card, but not a Presidential Card, please contact me. Also remember that once you run out of coupons in your brochure, come and see me. The coupons are unlimited, and I'll be able to give you more as required.

As this is the first year we have ever tried to do anything like this, we would really appreciate the feedback. I can be contacted on 8303 5401 or email me at rcox@auu.adelaide.edu.au. Alternatively, you can give us your feedback on the card and any other services through our web page at www.adelaide.edu.au/AUU.

Financial Situation of the Union

If you would like to find out how your money is spent, or how it has been used in the past few years, please do not hesitate in coming up to the Lady Symon Building and grabbing a copy of one of the annual reports. Alternatively, if you don't feel inclined to go through the financials yourself, please feel free to come and speak with me about them.

Rosslyn Cox

President

Adelaide University Union

CATERING

Food Glorious Food.. and the More

Food is such an important part of University life and as such your Union provides you with many varieties of food, all on one campus.

Be brave and venture beyond the Wills and Mayo refectories on the ground floor of the Union Building. Upstairs is a myriad of choice with the International Food Court, Equinox licensed cafe, the UniBar, and the Gallery Coffee Shop. And just over yonder, in the Schulz Building is the Backstage Cafe, the perfect place to sit and chat or just pass time in between lectures. Plus our new initiative for 1998 is 'Briels', the coffee shop catering for the South Eastern corner of campus in the Ligertwood Building. Be sure to check out all these places.

Jobs for Students

The Union Catering outlets at this University provide many part-time and casual jobs for Adelaide University students. All positions in all areas have now been filled with new staff, so please be nice and patient! There are however jobs available for students in the new area of functions. If you are interested in being trained to wait at functions please see Jan Hunter, Catering Manager in her office on the Ground Floor (that's level 2) of the Union Building. Head into the Mayo refec and then out the back door into the service corridor, turn right and then stop at the first door on your right.

Romax promotions

For those of you who don't yet know, the Wills, Mayo and Backstage Cafe serve their food on black plastic plates and serve coffee in white cups with black holders. These are called Romax. And Romax products are environmentally friendly and recyclable. We can use each Romax product up to sixty times and then it will begin to break down (it is biodegradable). Romax products are also very expensive, so please once you've finished your meal place the Romax products

in the specially marked containers, so that they can be re-used. **DON'T PUT ROMAX PRODUCTS IN THE BINS!!** Look out for the Romax promotion in term one with banners

in the Wills, Mayo and Backstage area indicating where the containers of Romax are placed.

International Food Court

This year the international food court is entirely halal. All products are certified as halal foods by our suppliers. The foods therefore don't taste any different, but are simply prepared in a different way. Also in the food court look out for sushi. Due to much demand from students, Union catering now brings you this delicious Japanese meal in the International Food Court on level 4 of the Union Building.

Catering Advisory Committee

The Catering Advisory Committee advises the Union Board about catering issues. It comprises of a Chair (me) from Union Board and three other members of Board. It also includes three student representatives from the general student population. There is currently one vacancy for a general student representative and any Adelaide University student who is interested may apply for the position. Applications must be in writing and addressed to the Union President, Lady Symon Building, University of Adelaide, SA 5005, or lodged with the Union's receptionist on the first floor of the Lady Symon Building. Applications close on the 18th of March at 4pm. Applicants will be required to address the Catering meeting of the 1st of April and will be notified as to the time they will be required to address the committee. For any further information please contact Rosslyn Cox, Union President on 8303 5401.

Note that all Catering Advisory Committee meetings are open to all interested students, and dates, times and venues are on display in the window of Union Admin (upstairs, Lady Symon Building).

Enjoy the catering services brought to you by your Union.

Cheers,

Elysla Turcovic

Chair, Catering Advisory Committee Member, Union Board

Board Meeting Dates and Times

As with all meetings of the Union, you are welcome to attend the meetings of the Union Board.

date	time	place
30 March 1998	6pm	Roseworthy
4 May 1998	6pm	WP Rogers
1 June 1998	6pm	WP Rogers
3 August 1998	6pm	Waite
15 Sept. 1998 (Tues)	6pm	WP Rogers
10 Oct 1998	6pm	Thebarton
30 Nov 1998	6pm	WP Rogers



CURRENT AFFAIRS

Maybe it's just me, but this week has been decidedly slow news-wise. Much that is newsworthy is a continuation of previous weeks, nay months - what with the spectre of yet more bloodletting in Yugoslavia, and yet more hand wringing by the EU and United States as to what to do about it. One of the most long-winded certainties was also confirmed (finally) - Mr Suharto is the President of Indonesia, and BJ Habibie is his deputy. And the IMF can go please itself about its reform package, so far as Mr Suharto is concerned. And elsewhere, some familiar themes once again raised their heads...

Watch 'em squirm

Yet another Government Minister finds himself accused of breaching the ministerial code of conduct. Resources and Energy Minister, Senator Warwick Parer, has a company that has among its assets some shares in a coal mining company. The dividends from these shares (currently valued at \$2million) go into a family trust, the principal beneficiaries of which are Senator Parer's 7 children. Since Senator Parer's portfolio includes the coal mining industry, the Federal Opposition argues that there is a potential conflict of interest following the revelation that the Senator had failed to disclose these shareholdings in his portfolio area. While this would appear to be a breach of the ministerial code of conduct, which states that a Minister must divest themselves of any interests they have which overlaps with that Minister's portfolio area, the PM is standing by his man - at least until the Canberra Press Gallery drags him kicking and screaming into line with his code of conduct and forces the Senator to resign. Much like last time I expect. So far, the PM has argued that since the Senator has not personally benefited from his policy decisions there is no conflict of interest. However, the perception of a conflict of interest is just as crucial as its reality. Whether or not Senator Parer actually makes his policy decisions with his family's shareholdings in mind (and whether they stand to benefit or not) is irrelevant - the perception that his decisions may nevertheless be so influenced remains. Then again, the PM might decide

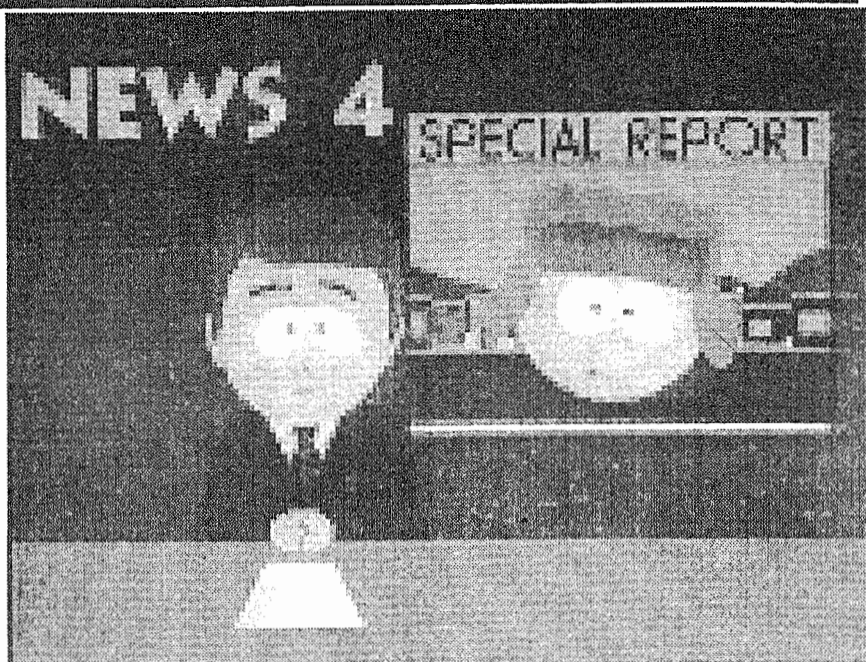
that pulling a Minister into line over a perceived conflict of interest is a non-core promise when it comes to his previous undertaking to improve parliamentary standards and revive the electorate's trust in politicians! Nor does pointing to Kim Beazley's failure to discipline Senator Nick Bolkus over the chase for Skase add much credibility to the PM's case. I'm not aware of Labor having made any undertakings about improving standards in politics so there are no new expectations to live up to. All around it seems to be same old, same old - but then should we be surprised? Anyway, that's my gripe for the week.

Oh, to be a dictator

Nerves were frayed in Santiago as former-dictator and freshly retired General, Augusto Pinochet took up his Senator-for-life seat in the Chilean Parliament. The occasion was marked by large demonstrations in the streets and continued protestations by members of the Socialist Party, Party for Democracy - many of whom were persecuted under the Pinochet regime - that Pinochet's seat should not be available despite his serving more than 6 years as President given that he took power by force. And, just like his previous position as Commander of the armed forces, Mr Pinochet's Senate seat affords him immunity from prosecution, so any attempt to charge him over crimes committed under his rule are likely to be fruitless.

Don't look now - here come the African lions

While the Asian tigers have lost their bite lately, a new economic powerhouse is on the horizon. Well, maybe. In Ethiopia last week, President Clinton's right hand man, Vernon Jordan - he who helped Monica Lewinsky find a job - predicted that sub-Saharan Africa could be one of the fastest growing economic regions in the world in the near future - subject to foreign financial support. (And I bet the nearly 50% unemployed in Zimbabwe are thrilled about that). Speaking at the Africa Investment Promotion Forum, Mr Jordan said that the internal reform programs encompassing trade liberalisation and privatisation needed international financial support in order to increase the speed of economic



growth. He noted that US support would be particularly important given that the \$US was responsible for post WWII reconstruction in Europe and also helped fuel the Asian economic miracle (or is that 'mirage'?). Also, US support for Africa would strengthen the global trend towards democracy and open markets, which means that we can sleep easier at night, no doubt! Ugandan President, Yoweri Museveni echoed Mr Jordan's comments about the importance of foreign investment in Africa. He related how previously the view had been that aid was the key - but that aid had been "the life support of a dead system" and made "one dependent on others, and dependency is slavery". However, Mr Museveni was critical of the IMF and World Bank, saying that despite its grand and impressive visions, its officials were arrogant, superficial and counterproductive: "They come and tell you do this and that, because the Board said so. They show no interest to listen, they see only the surface of our problems, and talk about ownership of the projects they finance on their own terms".

Kamikaze

Investigators probing last year's SilkAir crash in Sumatra which killed 104 people have not ruled out the possibility that the cause of the crash was a suicidal pilot. Captain Tsu Way Ming had been retrenched as a pilot instructor and also had a history of disagreements with his co-pilot. And to think that while certain State governments are looking at the possibility of watering down waiting periods and psychological exams for firearms owners, we may now have to examine pilots!!! Let's face it kids, we need saving from ourselves.

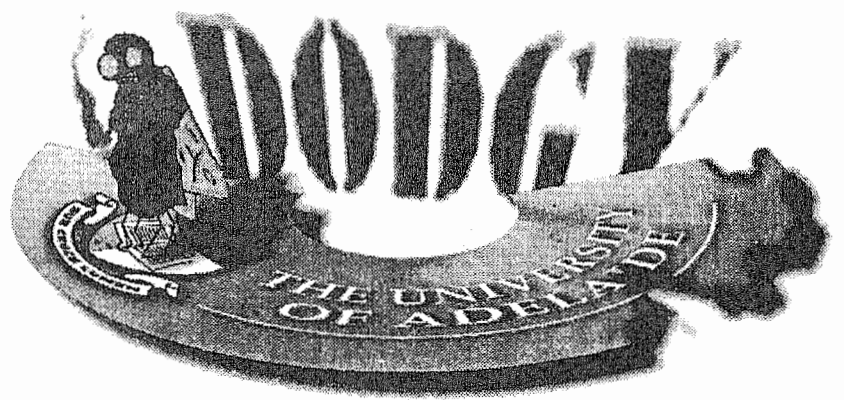
Free Willy

Three youths were arrested in cen-

tral Sweden for breaking into mink farms and freeing 900 inhabitants. Such attacks are common in Sweden. However, it does not necessarily mean a better life for the animals - many can't survive in the Swedish countryside. And, in the same breath I'm going to tell you that *Playboy* founder Hugh Hefner has labelled those pursuing President Clinton over his sex scandal and alleged cover-up "the enemies of sex". But he would say that, wouldn't he? Moreover, a New Zealand Methodist Minister, Dr David Bromell, has got his Church into a stew over a column he wrote in the University of Canterbury's orientation guide. He wrote that men and women should "bonk to the glory of God". In his column, the openly homosexual Minister vented his spleen over the Church's fixation with celibacy: "At it's best, the Christian tradition has talked about celibacy as a gift of God that enables an individual to make an autonomous decision to be set free from oneself and all others. That's entirely different from a pack of puritanical homophobes who are obsessed with sex and scared of it, all at the same time, demanding total abstinence from sexual activity unless it's safely sanctioned under the covers of a heterosexual marriage". Dr Bromell continued by noting that Judaism generally discouraged celibacy "because we are made in the image of God... so (sex is) fulfilling the divine in human existence". So there.

Georgie Hambrook

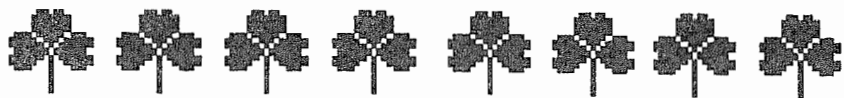
Sources: *The Australian*, *The Age*, CHIP News, Associated Press, Panafrikan News Agency, Tabloid News Services.



The FlyGuy is reknowned for the taking of constitutionals (which is a word that he fails to understand (one of few, mind) but which he can spell and so uses freely) and so it came to pass (oh yea; verily) that he was out strolling the city streets one fucking hot day last week. Now, while he is never more relaxed or at ease than while on a constitutional (oh, got to love that constitutional), it is still true that the FlyGuy is a very highly strung character and that the guard does not come down for one iota of one second. So, what with the compound eyes constantly darting around, and what with the rest of the population being a bunch of ignorant dumbasses (dumbarses? I don't know), it is perhaps not surprising that the FlyGuy was the only one to notice the huge hank of brown-blond hair lying out in the street. Immediately the mind sets to wondering; how the hell does this hank of hair get to be here? What journeys has the hair undergone to reach this, its final resting place (or perhaps not, but bugger, it was dramatic, no?)? Where, to put it bluntly, did it come from? Five possibilities (a near-exhaustive set) sprang instantly to mind (like a steel trap, baby). The first and most obvious was also the most rapidly discarded; that the hair was no hair at all but, rather, a toupee. Obvious because this is the form of hair that one most regularly sees detached from the human body (well, that's if we're talking about human hair; but I'm pre-empting myself), although, as I cast my mind (steel trap and all) back through my existence, I don't know that I recall ever having seen one. Detached, that is. People say you can spot 'em when they're on the head but, well, I gotta plead innocent to that one as well; I don't walk around spotting blokes in hairpieces, and we've already established the worth of the FlyGuy's observational skills. Either way, the point is, this thing on the ground looked not remotely like anything anyone would use to cover an embarrassing baldness; much too thin and patchy.

No good. Plus, they don't just fall off, you know? Secondly; a wig? Don't be bloody stupid; nowhere near big enough. Thirdly, the possibility exists that a couple of blokes (I'm assuming blokes now; so hit me) might have insulted one another's mothers, wives, girls, boys, masculinity or footy teams and been reduced to pulling each other's hair. Kind of childish and immature but then (so is high school (and licking your palms)) I am told that it does happen. Sad but true. I do struggle to believe that, however aggravated these blokes might have been, one actually yanked this hank out of the other. And surely, if you had, you'd take it home and stick it up on your wall, wouldn't you? Fourth; I had been assuming up to this point that the hair was human. A reasonable enough assumption, you might think, but are you, dear reader, fully acquainted with the range and quality of dog shampoos that are available on the consumer market? No, nor am I, and as such the possibility should not be dismissed that two very well groomed dogs (or, perhaps more likely, one well-groomed dog from the upper class districts and one mongrel from the streets who lives from day to day subsisting solely on scraps left by others (but, of course, fucking huge)) insulted one another's bitch or, I don't know, scent. It is more believable that dogs, moreso than humans, could yank out this much fur. What with the claws, and the animal ferocity, and all that gear. But stop and think; a dog fight in the heart of the city? Perhaps in the outback, Sonny; not in these parts. Finally, what, I think you'll agree, is the most likely solution. Glancing around a bit more expansively, the FlyGuy notices he is standing in front of a hairdresser's premises and that, on such a fucking hot day, the staff have decided a fan, blowing largely towards the street, would be a good way to keep cool. Problem solved. Nothing gets past the FlyGuy.

FlyGuy



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in the

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March 17, 1998

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HAPPY HOURS



2 - 3 pm

5 - 6 pm



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\$1.50 Tap Beers

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T-Shirts
and
Prizes

Guinness
Hats to give
away



WISA

New service on Waite Campus.

An AUU Education and Welfare Officer (EWO) will be available from 11am - 2:30pm on Tuesdays, in Room 202 in the Charles Hawker Building.

Help for problems with -
AUSTUDY/ABSTUDY

- Loans (short-term and long-term)
- Personal problems
- Course/academic complaints
- Fee queries
- or just about anything.

The service is confidential.

You can drop in OR make an appointment by ringing AUU Reception on 8303 5401 (ext. 35401 internally)

OR by contacting Leonie at the WISA Office on 83037428.

AGGIE PUB CRAWL

Friday the 3rd of April

Best T-shirt design wins a bottle of Bunderberg RUM!! Entries faxed to Caroline Brokus at the WISA Office on 8303 7120 by the 1st April.

FACULTY PROFILES

Profiles of faculties on the Waite Campus will be featured on this

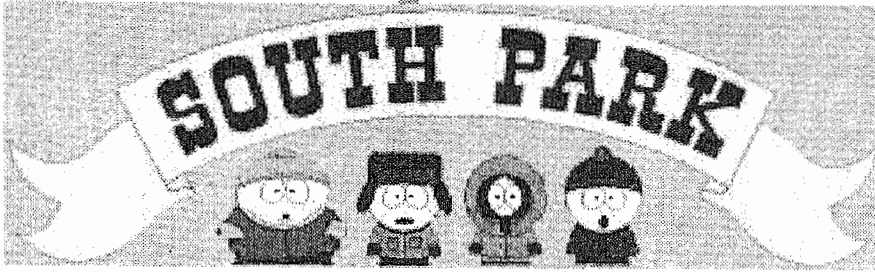
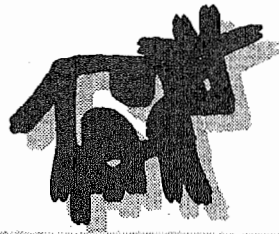
page in future editions.

Profiles will include departments such as HVO, Animal / Plant / Soil Sciences etc.

O' Week at WISA

For the first time this year, WISA decided that to set up an information table on the Barr Smith Lawns during O' Week. There was little movement around the lawns, this was caused by the huge numbers of people queuing for their "smart" cards and the 35° + temperatures didn't help to inspire energetic activities. WISA's big event was on Thursday when all the first year students were on campus, we held a free BBQ with a few drinks provided. About 140 people turned up and enjoyed the festivities. Once again the "Keg Gods" did not look kindly on us and hence we had to call for ice cream scoops early on in proceedings. Friday of O' Week was considered by us as our rest day, and I know that it was taken to its full advantage! I would really like to thank Caroline for all her help during this most hectic of weeks and to all who helped out at the BBQ, it was much appreciated.

Brett

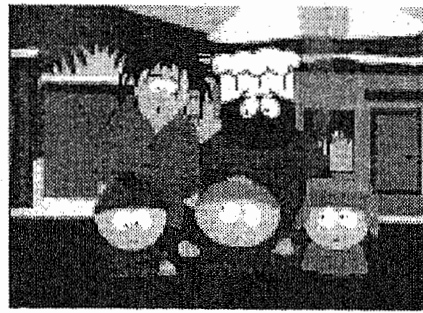
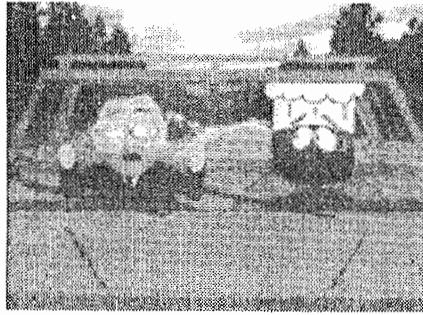


"GOING DOWN TO SOUTH PARK, GONNA HAVE MYSELF A TIME..."

HERE AT ON DIT, WE GO NUTS ABOUT SOUTH PARK. WELL, SURE, WE GO NUTS ABOUT LOTS OF THINGS, BUT SOUTH PARK IS CERTAINLY ONE OF THEM. ONE OF THE BEST.

FOR THE UNINITIATED, SOUTH PARK IS A TV SHOW. IT'S GOOD. IT'S ON SBS AT 8:00PM SATURDAY NIGHTS, JUST ABOUT THE RIGHT TIME FOR AN EDITOR TO GO HOME AFTER A HARD DAY LAYING SHIT OUT.

IN THE SPIRIT OF CUTTING EDGE JOURNALISM TO WHICH YOU HAVE BECOME ACCUSTOMED FROM US, WE STOLE SOME PICTURES FROM THE MOST RECENT EPISODE. FEATURING A CRUEL PISSTAKE ON MANY HOLLYWOOD LUMINARIES (WELL ... STREISAND, MALIN AND POITIER ... THEY COULD BE LUMINARIES), A MAGNIFICENT CAMEO FROM MR ROBERT SMITH AND KENNY'S MOST IMAGINATIVE DEATH YET, IT'S SURE TO BECOME JUST AS MUCH A CLASSIC AS EVERY OTHER EPISODE. OOOH, BABY.



(the cow means nothing)

Cuba:

Whenever Cuba is reported on in English-speaking media (most often American sources), a pretty bleak picture tends to be painted of a repressed people stuck firmly under the thumbs of Fidel Castro and his brother, Raoul. When the Pope visited earlier this year, a huge American media contingent was present, no doubt hoping to record signs that the Castro regime was on the verge of collapse. Recently, Ms Patricia Pego, the Asia-Pacific representative of the Cuban Institute for Friendship of the Peoples (ICAP) made a whistlestop tour to Adelaide. The Institute's aim is to "dispel the myths" about Cuba. So, yours truly trundled along to Ms Pego's public meeting to try and get the other side of the story. I am conscious of the ongoing propaganda war between those who are anti-Castro and set out to demonise everything about Cuba, and those who are pro-Castro and think that everything is roses. Consequently, I advise that a grain of salt would not be detrimental.

The United States' embargo against Cuba is the longest embargo in modern history. It directly effects trade, aid, and domestic economic activity, which places pressure on the country's standard of living, ranging from health and sanitation to the maintenance of basic infrastructure and the supply of essential goods. All are more costly, more difficult,

and more time-consuming to procure and maintain.

The US embargo against Cuba began in 1961 after the 1959 Cuban revolution. At that time, it had a limited impact because of Soviet assistance and equalitarian distribution policies within Cuba. During the following 3 decades, up to 90% of Cuba's international trade was with the former Soviet bloc. The extent of this trade enabled the Cuban standard of living to improve dramatically. The disappearance of begging, prostitution, homelessness, and children without shoes in the 1960s has often been described as "achievements of the revolution". Such proclamations are still to be found today. However, the reappearance of the above-mentioned phenomena have recently been observed in major cities. Much of this is due to the pressures placed on the Cuban economy by the embargo, combined with the collapse of the Soviet bloc which resulted in a 60% decline in Cuba's GDP - one of the steepest ever recorded. However, this decline has since stabilised and the economy has grown solidly, though not spectacularly, since 1995.

In 1992, the US embargo was made more stringent with the passage of the Cuban Democracy Act. All US subsidiary trade, including trade in food and medicines, was prohibited. Many medicines and medical products

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What Dan Rather Not Tell You

are produced only by US firms and so can no longer be acquired. Consequently, medical imports have sharply declined, and such scarcity has placed even greater pressure on an already stretched health system which remains determinedly universal in its operation. Pressure is also being applied on other countries to stop trading with or providing goods - even humanitarian goods - to Cuba. Non-US firms in countries such as Switzerland, France, Mexico, and the Dominican Republic have reportedly been threatened by US embassy personnel with commercial reprisals unless they cancelled planned sales to Cuba of goods ranging from soap to milk. These sales have been characterised by the US Commerce Department as acts of "terrorism" by Cuba. Ships from other countries are not allowed to dock at US ports for 6 months after visiting Cuba, even if their cargoes are humanitarian goods. Terrorism by whom?

It has been repeatedly pointed out that these regulations violate international human rights accords, including the American Declaration of the Rights and Duties of Man, the Charter of the Organization of American States, and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, to which the United States is a signatory. UN embargoes against Southern Rhodesia, South Africa, Iraq, Libya, Haiti, and the former Yugoslavia, and US embargoes against China, North Korea, Vietnam, Cambodia, Uganda, Iran, and Nicaragua, have each contained provisions for access to basic humanitarian goods. Even the original US embargo against Cuba contained provisions for access to medicines and medical supplies. Yet "humanitarian" revisions to the US embargo regulations in 1995 and legislation to further tighten the embargo in 1996 (the Helms-Burton Act) have not changed the 1992 statutes. The Act has been repeatedly condemned by the United Nations General Assembly. In the most recent vote, only the United States, Israel and Uzbekistan

maintained their defiance against global opinion.

Cuba's approach to the economic crisis following the collapse of the Soviet bloc - euphemistically described by Ms Pego as "the Special Period" - has been based on the dual policies of equity and priority for vulnerable groups. The government was already skilled at rationing food and other scarce goods prior to the collapse of European communism. It has since used mass media and workplaces to promote the use of bicycles in place of cars, animals in place of tractors and trucks (for which fuel and parts are lacking), and the consumption of vegetable-based foods in place of scarce animal protein. Clinics, hospitals, and day care centres have helped popularise the use of herbal medicines to replace scarce pharmaceuticals. Distribution of food, clothing, and other scarce goods to target groups, including women, the elderly, and children is achieved via social service institutions, workplaces, preschools, and maternity homes.

Elsewhere, Cuba's attempts to promote economic development within a socialist context has focussed on the diversification of relations within Latin America and the Caribbean, and encouraging foreign investment through the promotion of new markets and technologies. In both areas, Cuba has made big gains. Despite the spectre of the Helms-Burton Act and its punitive measures, Cuba's trade with Latin America and the Caribbean has increased. Similarly, foreign investors from Europe and Canada have been enthusiastic, particularly in the tourism market.

Within Cuba, economic growth is being helped along by State incentive and grant schemes which encourage citizens - particularly those who are unemployed or underemployed - to invest in small businesses, ranging from cafes and English tuition to taxis and shoe shining. The income generated by this is then taxed in order to fund other initiatives, includ-

ing the improvement of vital infrastructure like health and irrigation. In rural areas, the incentive schemes focus on the creation of agricultural production co-operatives, while in the cities the focus is more on small family businesses - in Cuba only the State can employ as private employment is regarded as exploitation. Consequently, small businesses must be kept entirely within the family.

Politically, much of the attention given Cuba has focussed on alleged human rights abuses and a perceived lack of political freedom - certainly the aforementioned Cuban Democracy Act suggests that the embargo would be lifted once Cuba became a Democracy. However, while Cuba may not have a system of direct election like we do in Australia, it nevertheless has an effective system of indirect election for local, state, and national assemblies (Uganda has a similar system). Voting is voluntary and conducted with secret ballots. Cuba, like every other country, asserted Ms Pego, can't govern without the co-operation of its people.

The most recent elections recorded a 94% "united vote for socialism in Cuba" out of the 97% voter turnout. According to Ms Pego, the absence of a strong alternative to the Communists is simply because it is not wanted - that opposition is disorganised and in any event too small to

record any significant impact. Moreover, the public adulation given the Pope on his recent visit to Cuba was an example of good hospitality as distinct from a political statement against the government which was hoped for by Fidel Castro's opponents in the United States. Rather, Cubans remain committed to socialism, despite the lure of capitalism which is present every day via satellite TV beamed in from the US. Of course, there are those who are tempted (and they migrate) but the majority, Ms Pego asserted, remain committed to the Revolution. One member of the audience demonstrated this by recounting a story from the Pope's recent visit - a man was asked by a visiting journalist what would happen to Cuba when Castro is no longer there. He responded: "Nothing. Nothing will change... because I am Fidel Castro, and at my home there are 7 other Fidel Castros, and throughout this island there are 11 million Fidel Castros!". Well, maybe.

Georgie Hambrook

Additional source: Richard Garfield, DrPH, RN and Sarah Santana, "The Impact of the Economic Crisis and the US Embargo on Health in Cuba" January 1997, *American Journal of Public Health* (c/o the InfoMed Website). Thanks to Naomi Ebert-Smith of the Australia-Cuba Friendly Society.

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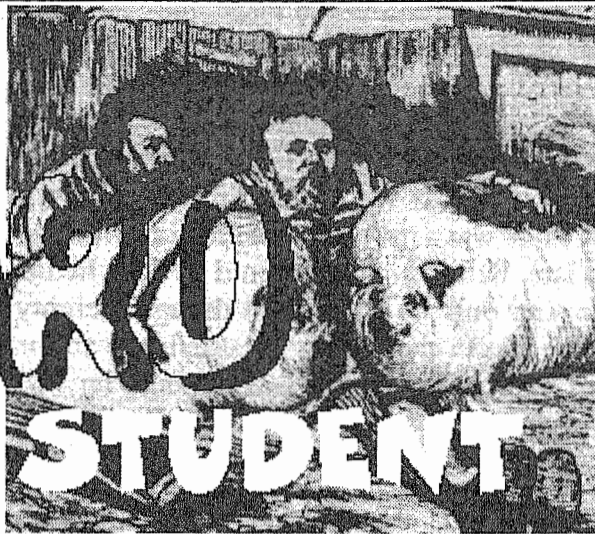
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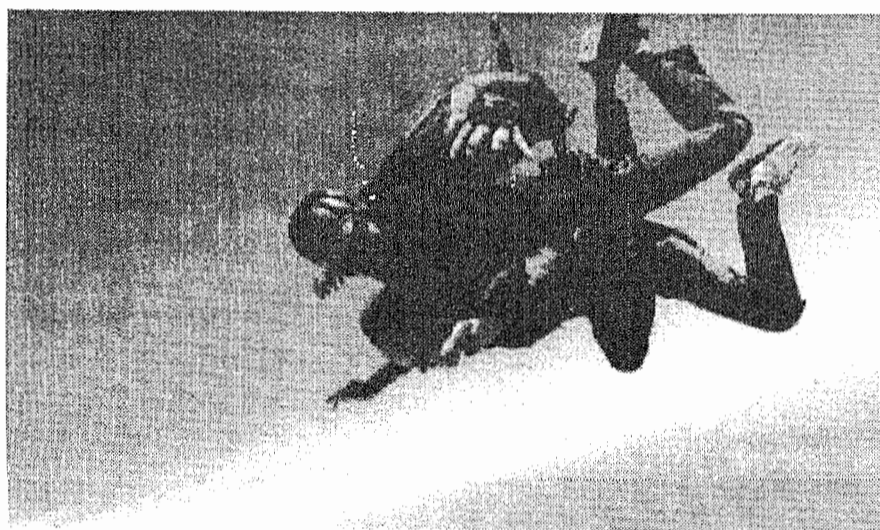


Wayward Guide to Better Living

10 Good Reasons

1. It was fate.
2. It was there.
3. You said I could.
4. There's nothing better to do.
5. I thought you wanted to.
6. I thought you'd like it.
7. My dog ate it.
8. I changed my mind.
9. I read it in Cosmopolitan.
10. He made me do it.

I Fell 12000 Feet **AND SURVIVED!!!**



Okay, well I did fall a considerable number of feet, but I must admit that I was attached to another person who was attached to a parachute. Which was quite fortunate really. Handy things them parachutes. The reason why I jumped from a plane in the first place was because my sister gave me the experience as a gift for my birthday (ahh, sisterly love). I did my jump at a place somewhere in the country. Unfortunately the day I chose was a sweltering 35 degrees. There were flies everywhere and by the time I put my polyester jump suit on (it was an Andy Pandy type number), I was ready to pass out. And I hadn't even left the ground! I felt even worse when I was handed numerous bits of paper accompanied by the words: "Skydiving is dangerous and sometimes things go wrong". Nevertheless I did sign the papers and thus promised not to sue the company if I went splat.

After a brief training period when I was shown how to exit the plane properly, it was time to fly. Luckily the guy I was going to be attached to had skydived at least six

thousand times before, so I figured that if anything terrible happened this time, then I would have to be bloody unlucky. After a few happy snaps outside the plane, I was ready to board. The plane we took was a left-over from the Vietnam war and thus was rather old and dodgy-looking. In fact the plane door wouldn't shut properly. So I became not so concerned about jumping from 12,000 feet but

more about surviving the journey up there.

There were eight of us jumping, and I was the only one who had never done it before. Everyone else, it seemed, was professional, and all were dressed in rather snazzy-looking costumes. As the plane was so small, we were squished together like the metaphorical sardines. When we reached about 5,000 feet everyone became very quiet and contemplative and for a while I felt like I was some government agent from a Bruce Willis action movie being secretly transported over enemy lines. *Quel excitement!*

When we got high enough (about 12,000 feet) people started jumping out. I think it was at this point that I realised just what I was doing and became overwhelmed by waves of panic and thoughts of death. I became even more unnerved when one of the skydivers, in an effort to impress, climbed onto the wing of the plane and started banging on the

outside of the window and making faces at me. As I was trying to convince myself that I was not having a horrible nightmare and that I would be okay, it was suddenly my turn.

I spent the first five seconds screaming. It's spooky because you can't actually hear yourself. I really can't describe freefalling adequately except to say that it is similar to the feeling you get when you go on a "top thrills" ride at the show. It's horrible but brilliant, hilarious fun at the same time.

Throughout the whole free-falling experience I had someone taking photographs and filming me. This person kept on motioning me to look at and smile and wave at the camera. This is a bit difficult when you are utterly terrified and hurtling through the air. Unfortunately no sooner had I got over the initial terror and actually started enjoying the experience, than my tandem partner opened the chute. I have to say though that I was extremely relieved (that's an understatement) that the parachute worked. The rest of the jump was quite pleasant. It was very quiet and peaceful and I could see for miles and miles.

I think that what makes skydiving worth it is the feeling you get afterwards — total euphoria and a sense of self-satisfaction that comes from doing stupid, dangerous things and surviving. It is also good because your family members and friends who watched the whole thing become all caring and grateful that you're alive, which is kinda nice.



Annabel Davies



Gastric Gnome Productions Presents:

To Market, to market (Part to#, too#, two#, 2, II)

Remember, we were at the market, car parked and trolley in hand. The first point that needs to be made about the market is that not everything is cheap. "What," I hear you shriek, "isn't the market a microcosm of the whole capitalist system, you know, that free market thing? Isn't this the system that delivers the cheapest, best value, quality produce to every consumer every time through the magic of competition?" Wake up sunshine! It's time to learn that the notion of the free market, like the notion of economic rationalism, was thought up by some clown who probably never shopped in a true market in his life (for yes, it was indubitably a man). In fact, it was probably invented by a little man whose little wife did all the shopping for him, cooked his meals, cleaned his stubble off the bathroom sink and ironed his y-fronts every night. Aaaahhh, the good old days, where have they gone? Sorry, I got lost for a moment there in the utopic past, pre-feminism, days long since departed. . . sigh. Where was I? The market, that's right. Okay, I promised you an exposé of the rip-off merchants at the market but my lawyer recommended against it—so here are three cool places to go instead.

Actually, dear reader, my one loyal reader (crawl, crawl), I know you'll forgive me for the fluff piece that follows. What? "Advertising copy saccharine sweetness?" That hurts dear reader, that hurts. What could I possibly have to gain? "A job in advertising?" How can you suspect me of being so mercenary dear reader, really (A copy of my CV can be found on the web. . .)!

Okay, okay, here's some general advice before I name some cool shops. Two maxims often apply in the market. The first maxim is position, position, position. Naturally, the central aisle is more expensive to rent, and hence, often, to buy from. However, in terms of fruit and veg, this usually means choice and quality. Cheaper fruit and veg are available in the backwaters of the market, but check the quality carefully as you often only get what you pay for (maxim two). Hence a \$4 a kilo apple will often taste better than a 60 cents a kilo apple. . . but not always. So, you need to look around—have a poke, have a sniff, have a feel, and if

buying up real big, have a taste.

So much for fruit and veg, here's my favourite three shops.

1. *Athens*: the gourmet deli, purveyor of the finest of fine foods etc, etc. See Nick and tell him I sent you and he'll probably say who? But he does sort of know me, really he does. Anyway, what delicacies Nick can't supply are probably not worth eating. We're talking about a shop that imports fresh French truffles at Christmas time (\$30 a pop, but). Otherwise, he's got fine cheeses including genuine Italian sheep's milk Pecorino and that Italian Rolls-Royce of blue cheeses, the triple cream Gorgonzola—mmm—off the calorie scale, but to die for (eat it while you are young, 'cause you won't dare when you're old and fat, and if you're reading this column, chances are you are interested in food and will get fat, ha ha!).

2. *Casa Coffee*: The couple who run this place will tailor a coffee blend to your specific needs and tastes. Just tell them what you want in a coffee in terms of taste, strength, smoothness, price, etc, and they'll try their best to get it just right. Any fine tuning can be done on subsequent visits by remembering what you had last time and discussing any changes you'd like. And if you go there enough, after a while they'll probably even remember your blend!

3. *Marinos Meats*: Feed the man meat. Really, you vegos out there make me sick. Haven't you ever heard a lettuce scream? Okay, okay, I'll admit it, meat can be cruel, but what do you want? Mankind is intrinsically cruel, some of us are just less hypocritical about it. Ha! That should wind up those stinking vegos a bit. Seriously but, good quality meat is produced in far humaner conditions than the cheaper, hormone-filled, feed-lot high intensity farming gear. And at Marinos the meat is of the best quality, and looks, smells and tastes superior as a result. For the best sausages outside of Europe, try their Italian pork sausages, mmm, pork sausages taste good. Oh, and if you've got a few quid, try their fillet steak, drool, drool—they even sell decent frying pans so you can fry it quickly in scorching hot butter (with a bit of chopped up garlic added when you flip it) without it sticking to the bottom of the pan. Anyway, it's time for my dinner, so piss off and let me eat in peace!

Marc Vickers

YOUR GUIDE TO PRETENTIOUS WANKERY

Now that the University year is officially underway with timetables set up and work distributed, the overwhelming rush of impending doom has set in. Whether you've just started University, or you're approaching the end of your degree you will most probably be planning ways and means of averting all the hard work that lies ahead.

Don't worry! Just remember, it is the inalienable right of every man, woman and wayward student to work as little as humanly possible.

Parents and lecturers alike constantly assert that success can only be achieved through spending endless mind-numbing hours within the depths of the Barr Smith Library. Alas, in truth this may be a falsehood fabricated by senior citizens at so called 'Bingo' nights. Whilst the acquisition of the recommended text might adequately take you through a year of your chosen course, the real way to success is through intellectual pretension - the art of tricking people into believing you know more than you do. Not only will this give you more time to spend on the finer pleasures of life (drinking beer and getting pishhed), but it will help you hobnob with others who have been practicing this art for years.

As a great man once said, "There's more to life than books you know, but not much more." (Steven Patrick Mozza). Although this valid piece of advice may ring true ooooooh, here's a short cut:

Books to tell people you've read:

Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance
Robert Pirsig
The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test
Thomas Wolfe
Beyond Good and Evil
Frederich Nietzsche



Apology, Crito, Phaedo Plato
Books you shouldn't tell people you've read:

Anything! by Stephen King
Whilst hunkering down to a copy of *Finnegan's Wake* or some select excerpts of Aristotle you may gain some respect in intellectual circles. Lets face it, who really has time for such frivolities, especially nearing the end of term in between trying to dodge a mass of red-faced lecturers demanding overdue work which can't be completed as all library borrowing privileges have been lost until the dawn of a new millennium (ie

next year). However, young arts students, do not despair. Your local video shop, if it is at all decent, should stock a range of your desired texts, skilfully presented as a two hour epic on film. These will not only cut down your reading time by half, but will give you an excuse to spend a couple more hours glued to the television. But be warned. Do not make the fatal mistake of forgetting which came first - the film or the text; or even worse still, getting lost in the naughty section and instead of hiring *Bugsy*, ending up with *Jugsy* (although you might find it more interesting).

However, it is not merely enough to possess this new found pretension. Moreover it must be displayed in public. It is important that you expose your intellectual prowess to as many people as possible. Whilst walking around campus with a small and slightly tattered notebook in your front pocket may suffice, talking philosophy in a crowded cafe or at the Exeter's beer garden will almost certainly earn you more respect. You'll soon find the local patrons sitting around you in a circle in awe, constantly buying you rounds of drinks. Essentially, all you need to do is mention a few key words in an inappropriate context to somebody else who is trying to appear equally as impressive. Here are some ideas...

1. The Post modern Condition
2. Existentialism
3. Phenomenological
4. Praxis
5. The "Other"

In addition it is a good idea to frequently require others to define their terms to give you time to think. If this fails, casually throw out fabricated quotations from books or The Smiths that they will be too ashamed to admit they haven't read or heard. From henceforth you will achieve intellectual fame and stardom across campus by way of a scheme so cunning that even your lecturers will be handing you HDs having not read a single article of your work.

Just remember...its not what you know but how well you can pretend.

Aldona Pretty & Brett Cockshell.



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A night to remember."

- *The Tizer*

"BIGGER THAN DIRK DIGGLER.
BETTER-LOOKING THAN RAY MARTIN.
SEXIER THAN DYLAN LEWIS."

- *The Good Times*

"They suck."
- *The Bad Times*

"From the moment the black leather clad stormtroopers (sic) paraglide in swan formation onto the gold spraypainted Barr Smith lawns, the gobsmacked audience knows they're in for a rare treat. . .
We never suspected they had this much undisclosed talent!"

Don't miss it!"
- *The Sundae Mail*

"PACKS A PUNCH."
- *National Nine Newz*

"WOOHOO!"
- *On Dit*

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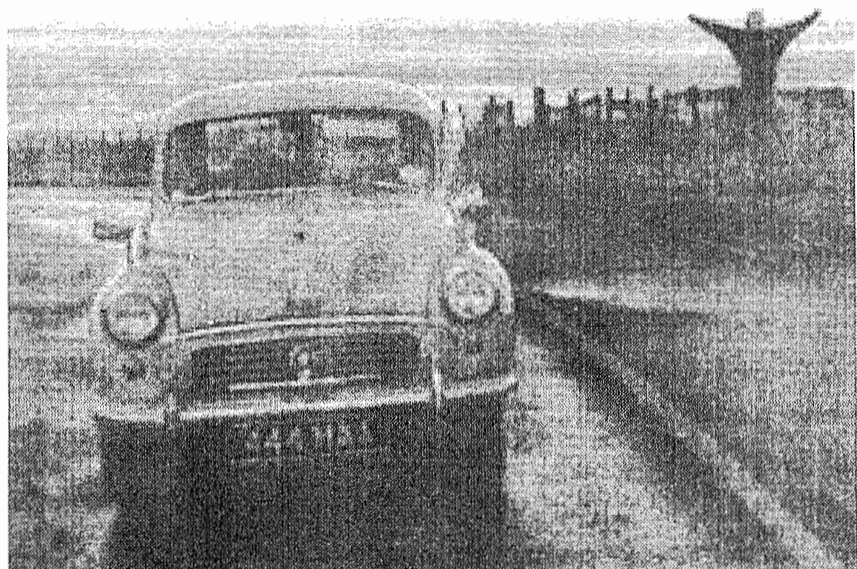
The Electric Chair

FOUR WHEELS AND AN ENGINE

Four wheels and an engine. You and I both know that a car is much more than that. It's an extension of your personality, your personal space, your... enough said. People will defend the merits of their car over all others. This extends to the internet, where you can tell people all about your chosen mode of transportation. I decided that I'd start by hunting for something close to home - ie my car.

www.oneworld.org/patp/pap_morris.html

Arousing similar passions (albeit at the other end of the speed scale) amongst some of my car mad friends is the Mazda rotary. In the seventies, Mazda produced a stack of little cars powered by the Wankel Rotary Engine (but don't laugh at the name ... you may get hit). The rotary engine is different to normal engines. It goes round and round



My car is a Morris Minor 1000, manufactured in 1963 or thereabouts. The Morris is an outrageously cool car - it possesses exceptional looks that are only matched by a remarkable lack of power. Driving one is an experience. Apart from being laughed at by hooners and waved to by grannies, the Morris is one of those few cars where the engine is so gutless that you want to get out and push it up hills, and the brakes are so bad that you want to put your feet down Fred Flintstone style to stop in a hurry. Getting there isn't necessarily half the fun (there is no air conditioning, in my car the seats are propped up by phone books, the muffler has a huge hole in it and lets fumes into the cabin) but it's always an experience.

I knew that I'd find some Morris fanatics on the internet. Start at the Morris Minor page

(www.geocities.com/MotorCity/2639). There are a few links here and some pictures. If you're interested in the painstaking story of a Morris Restoration, read the (rather dull and technical) story of Sam the Morris Minor Traveller at www.dimebank.com/sam.html. Deb's Morris Minor page (www.frontiers.co.uk/moggies/home.htm) has some information and links, including one to the Official British Minor owners club (www.morrisminoroc.co.uk), where you can learn anything you want about the car. Finally, you wouldn't believe it, but they still make spare parts for your old Morris (in Sri Lanka at least). If you don't believe me, read the article at

instead of up and down. Or so I'm told. Naturally the rotary inspires internet devotees. In fact it's so popular that you can make a career out of knowing everything that there is to know about them. If you don't believe me look at www.3rotor.com/dmrh where the rh stands for Rotary Historian! Obsession reaches a whole new level at LowJob's Rotary Heaven (bbs.tekotago.ac.nz/users/jasonw/index.html) where you can look at rotary pictures, watch rotary films, and even download sound files to listen to that distinctive rotary brap! There are plenty of rotary pages - just follow the webring that both pages I mentioned are members of.

Finally, there are some strange people out there with a stack of cash and too much spare time who put the two together. High performance Morrisies. Just imagine the look on the face of the moron in his V8 Torana as you drive up next to him at the lights, and then fly passed him when red changes to green. Look at the Morris Mania site (crash.ihug.co.nz/richob) and you'll not only find the best looking and most informative page about the Morris, but pictures of some rather unauthentic versions - including a Morris with a Rover V8 under the bonnet, and another with a Mazda RX7 engine. These cars have more trouble being registered than getting up hills. Me - I'll take the slow (and cheap) road in my beat up little car and get there ... eventually.

Tim Kentish

...And The Winner Is... The 1997 Nobel Prizes

Alfred Bernhard Nobel was the father of dynamite and was cursed by some for being so. When an ill-timed obituary appeared in a local newspaper, it spoke of Nobel's life only furthering human misery with his developments in explosives. To his credit Nobel changed the content of any further arbitrary with the establishment of the Nobel Prizes during his lifetime. Since 1901 six prizes of merit have been awarded each year in the fields of physics, chemistry, literature, physiology or medicine and one offered for the promotion of world peace. In addition, a Swiss bank established a prize for economic science in 1969 that brought the total number of prizes to seven.

Last year's recipients of the science prizes are:

PHYSICS: *Laser Cooled Atoms*
Recipients;

Steven Chu, Claude Cohen-Tannoudji, William D. Phillips

The fore-mentioned physicists found a way to trap neutral atoms and cool them to a fraction away from the coldest temperature possible: absolute zero. All atoms jiggle about as a result of their own energy. By systematically firing laser beams onto atoms they can have their movements smoothed, similar to how a soccer player stops a ball by giving it a little kick with his or her foot. The less an atom is jiggling, the cooler it is. To be near absolute zero it must have almost no jiggles at all. Placing two magnetic fields around the cooled atoms keeps them in place. The result is an important development in the use of controlling matter with light. This has applications in biology, using lasers as "optical tweezers" which can manipulate material as small as DNA strands.

CHEMISTRY: *The Mechanism of Life*

Recipients;
Paul D. Boyer, John E. Walker, Jens C. Skou

The Nobel prizewinners for chemistry have managed to uncover the important details of how cells use energy sources to function. A cell in the body breaks down the compound adenosine triphosphate (ATP) and that cell subsequently uses the energy released. The average adult consumes about half of his or her own body weight in ATP daily. The important details that have been uncovered relate to how a cell regenerates ATP by using an ATP molecule as a catalyst in converting the molecule adenosine diphosphate (ADP) into another ATP. Part of the prize was awarded for the discovery of the

protein responsible for the breakdown of ATP to liberate the energy stored.

PHYSIOLOGY OR MEDICINE: *The Prion Proponent*
Recipient;

Stanley B. Prusiner

The awarding of this particular Nobel prize has been controversial since there is still debate as to whether the "discovery" is valid. Prusiner has pioneered the model of a type of infectious agent, called a prion, as the cause of a class of fatal diseases. These maladies include "mad cow" disease and are characterized by the brain developing a spongy appearance. Moved by the death of a patient of one such disease, Prusiner became interested in the early 1970s in the then radical view that the agents of these diseases lack both DNA and RNA, the nucleic acids that constitute the genes of all other pathogens. After failing to detect evidence of a virus he named the enigmatic agent a prion (proteinaceous infectious particle) and isolated a prion protein that he proposed can trigger the diseases alone.

ECONOMICS: *The Theory of Derivatives*

Recipients;

Robert C. Merton, Myron S. Scholes

The theory that describes a differential equation for the value of stock options and other securities, (that has become known as derivatives) was at first rejected by academic economists. Ironically, only a few months after the theory's publication in the early 70s, brokers started using the equation prolifically to better analyze their buy-and-sell orders. Options and other derivatives are contracts that act as a type of insurance policy against the market value of an investor's assets. Options are used to hedge against fluctuations in currency. Companies can then plan long term developments without the concern of currency changes effecting their eventual viability of sales. A premium is the cost of an option and it is this price of a premium that has been difficult to evaluate for most of the century. The use of Scholes and Merton's equation takes into account current interest rates, stock prices etc. which is then used to price a premium. Since most of the information is available on the stock market's trading screens, a broker is able to punch the details into a calculator to give a quick analysis of a premium price. This has been the genesis of financial analyst being rocket scientist as well.

Simon Pampena

"walk like an architect" (part II)

The Architects Walk

The Red Shed Theatre Company

Arts Theatre

February 26 - March 13

Written By: Daniel Keene

Director: Timothy Maddock

The Holocaust, Nazism, the Third Reich. These are subjects that we know a lot about but strangely of which we understand very little. Man's capacity for evil, man's capacity for good. These vitally moral issues were brought sharply into focus through the terrible events of the Second World War at the Nuremberg trials. There may be no justice on this earth for the victims of this period: witness the recent lenient dealings with superior SS commander Erich Priebke, who was extradited from his comfortable surroundings in South America last year. The families of victims of the Ardeatine Caves massacre of 335 Italian civilians in March 1944 were hysterical at last year's court ruling that Erich Priebke and Karl Kass were not guilty. That decision has recently been overturned, although 85 year old Priebke will only be put under house arrest due to frail health. Evidently, the nature of the issues surrounding the war crimes of the Nazis and retribution are still matters to be dealt with very sensitively. *The Architect's Walk* is a complex and difficult play by any estimation. It sketchily examines the confined life of Albert Speer, Hitler's architect, within the walls of Spandau prison. The play is carefully researched and the script included snippets of Speer's own diary and Gitta Sereny's

authoritative account of his life. However, it does not attempt to portray Speer in biographical detail. Instead it focuses on him through a kind of theatrical interrogation and neither judges nor sympathises with him. But the play's diverse themes seemed more to run up against each other than coagulate into a comprehensible whole for this lay viewer.

The lighting and design of the stage brilliantly portrayed the dreariness of Spandau, set against the futility of Speer's obsessions and repressed but overwhelming guilt. The performances were of the highest standard and each part was played out with conviction and gusto. I was mesmerised by Mark Gaweda's eerie chorus role that quietly echoed with the tormented voices of the dead.

However, this finely executed play suffered from a script that was often very offensive and moreover on other occasions, difficult to understand. Adding to this was a jarring incandescent operatic score that was only translatable if you happened to think of buying a \$ 5 program prior to the opening. *The Architect's Walk* hung itself mid-way for me. With bizarre relish, Hess and Speer combined to beat out a macabre and fiesty tune relating how the Jews 'pissed', 'shit' and 'bled buckets full' when the black boots of death came for them. I can only say I was horrified and cannot understand the applause this play has received from other newspapers in this city - perhaps they know something I don't.

Medusa.

Mojo

Brink Productions

Red Shed Theatre

27 February - 14 March

Director: Benedict Andrews

The media release for *Mojo* contains all the obligatory fatuous references to amphetamines and existentialism. 'This is Beckett on speed, savagely funny, in fast forward, with no time to wait for Godot', proclaims *The Observer*, of the original London production of the play, and *The Sunday Times* describes it as 'The verbal menace of Harold Pinter and the physical violence of Quentin Tarantino collide.' Such descriptions would be very easy to dismiss, were it not evident, from Brink Productions' superb Australian premiere of Jez Butterworth's hilarious and terrifying black comedy, that they

apply exactly.

For a first play, *Mojo* is indeed a fine achievement, and one which has earned Jez Butterworth many accolades, including the Olivier Award for Best New Comedy, and the Evening Standard and George Devine Awards for Most Promising Playwright. Set in Soho in the late 1950s, *Mojo* examines the predicament of five pill-popping gangsters, trapped in the nightclub from which they operate, when their boss is discovered in two halves, one in one rubbish bin, and one in another. The play tracks their desperate antics, inspired by mutual contempt, their quest for self-respect, and the struggle for power and for survival. As a critic once said of *Waiting for Godot*, 'Nothing happens, no-one comes, no-one goes', except in *Mojo*, all that nothing

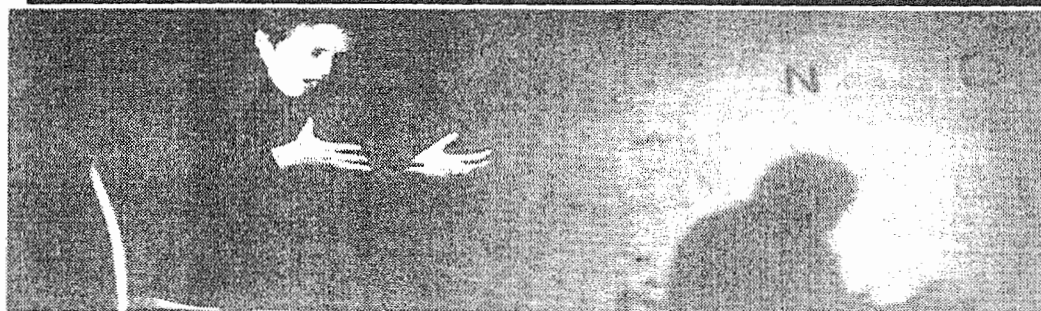
happens at a very fast pace. Dialogue is sharp, taunt and tremendously witty, and the cruelty and violence of the characters is pointedly contrasted against the child like pleasures they are capable of finding in the midst of the nightmare they are in. Ultimately, through a process of betrayals, misunderstandings and pointless interactions, the play presents us with a bleak commentary on meaninglessness of human existence, but with the same humour and deep love of humanity that is evident in the work of both Beckett and Pinter.

The production is directed by Benedict Andrews, the very young and exceedingly talented new artistic director of Magpie Theatre, and the piece, with its perfect comic timing, and intelligent use of visual humour, is testimony to his con-

siderable ability. All actors have been well cast, and the result is a tight, ensemble performance, with hilarious, but nonetheless measured performances. The only fault to be picked is that a few accents tended slip from Cockney into something altogether more Australian during some of the more intense moments.

Like *The Dumb Waiter*, with which it plays simultaneously *Mojo* is a fresh, exhilarating, and entirely professional production. The two plays make a perfect duo, one with an all female cast and the other all male, both dealing with similar characters in similar situations, with similarly bleak existential overtones. Together they form two definite highlights of the Fringe.

Janak Mayer



BY TS ELIOT

THE WASTELAND

The Wasteland

Royalty Theatre, Angus Street
Performed by Fiona Shaw
Directed by Deborah Warner

At only just over half an hour in running time, Fiona Shaw's reading of *The Wasteland* was certainly one of the shortest performances of the Festival, but for T.S. Eliot fans, it was also one of the most extraordinary. Irish born Fiona Shaw, doubtless one of the most celebrated actors of the stage today, breathed and extraordinary amount of life, energy, and exquisite characterisation in her bravura reading of one of the greatest, and also one of the least openly accessible pieces of poetry of the twentieth century.

The 'ruins' of the Royalty Theatre on Angus St, currently in the process of renovation, provided a perfect venue for the production. Complete with scaffolding, bare walls and chipping paint, and festooned with piles of torn, rolled-up carpet, it was indeed a 'wasteland' of sorts, and the shell of a once magnificent theatre provided an appropriate echo to the themes of the poem, which conjures up images of past grandeur only to debase them, or contrast them against the squalor and sterility of modern life. As a venue for performance it provided the sort of 'Empty Space' that Peter Brooke would have been proud of.

The set consisted solely of naked light bulbs suspended from above, switching on and off with a seemingly random violence, but all the while casting elongated shadows on the back wall used to great effect during the performance. Fiona Shaw has the androgyny of features required by the part, however this was not accentuated by costuming her in a long black dress in perhaps the

way it could have been. However, set and costuming details aside, what gave this piece its extraordinary impact was the strength of Shaw's performance. Quietly, understatedly seated at the front of the stage, Shaw's reading was surprising amongst theatrical interpretations of Eliot, for not being loud and highly physical, but rather relying on her presence and dynamic vocal abilities to draw the audience in to the space immediately around her, as though the whole theatre had suddenly shrunk to a few small square metres. Gradually moving along, shifting from voice

to voice, echo to echo, character to character, the reading grew with intensity and power, without ever once feeling strained. Characterisations were superb, with each of the multitude of different voices in the text receiving different treatment, frequently evoking an entire personality in only a few lines. Similarly Shaw's treatment of the poem's imagery was masterful, conjuring up rich mental pictures entirely contrasting with the barren, empty setting.

The Wasteland, with its many hundreds of obscure references and quotations is not a poem

that may be easily come to terms with. For those with no familiarity with the work, Shaw's performance would, I suspect, have been powerful in its own right, but shed little illumination on Eliot's work. Such is far too great a demand for any single reading, no matter how skilled the performer. But for anyone with an understanding as basic as my own of the text and its themes, to hear Fiona Shaw bring it to life was a truly extraordinary experience.

Janak Mayer

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Crying for a Vision

The hammering sun
in the canyon of the sky
desolate desert desiccated
red dusk of dust
the wasteland abandons
death ravaged flesh
death embraces life
a skull screams
black bones groan
arrows of birds flee
from the quiver
of the blistering kiss
of singeing winds
no refuge
in the jaws of the valley
filled with weeds of snakes
scorpions scorch the earth
cockroaches scar and mar
black buzzards buzz
around eyes of time
crying for clouds to blouse
in sparklers of rain
but by shooting in the dark
only bullets flower,
I still pray for liquid days.

Julie Thompson

WOW

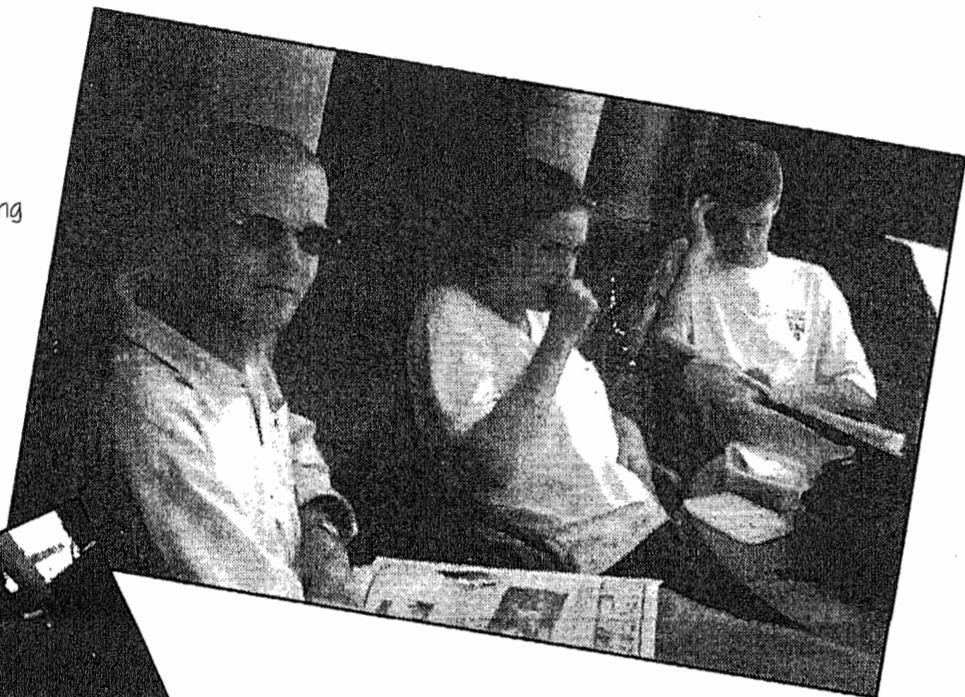
POOP

Questions

1. Do you think Adelaide will ever get the Grand Prix back, and how could John Olsen do it?
2. What ingenious tactic or diabolical plan would you use?
3. If you were Oasis travelling on a plane, what would you do that is scarier than kicking the person's seat in front of you?

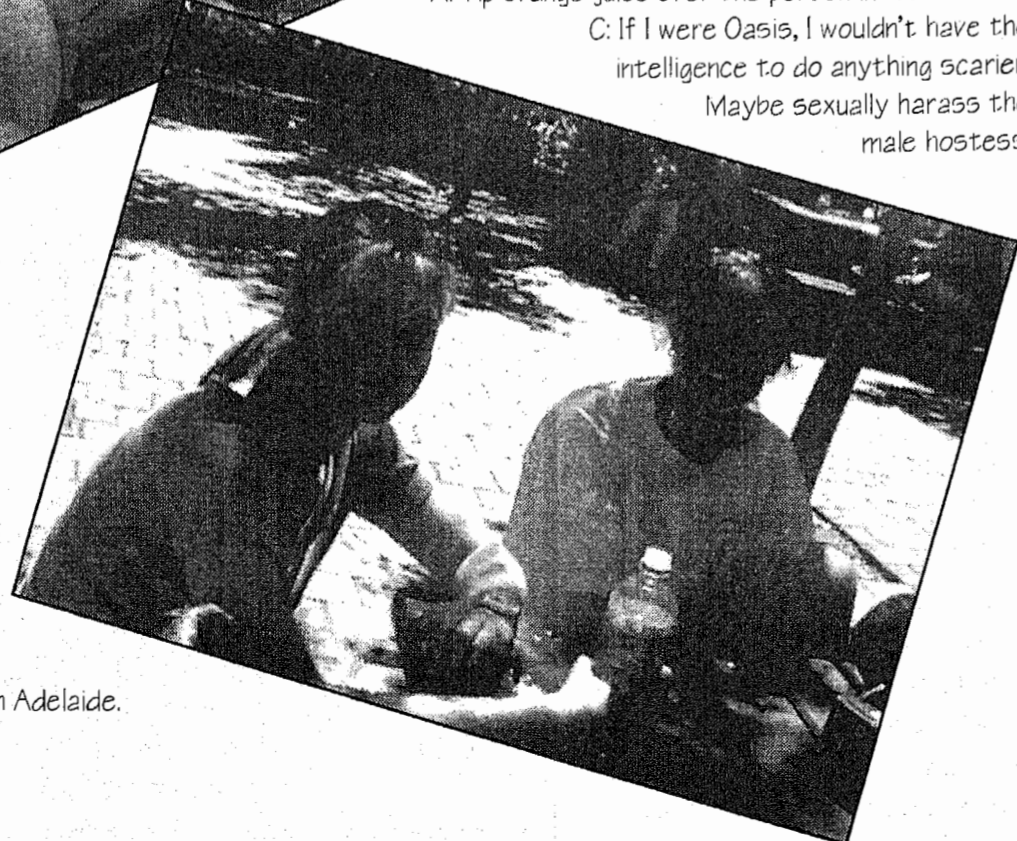
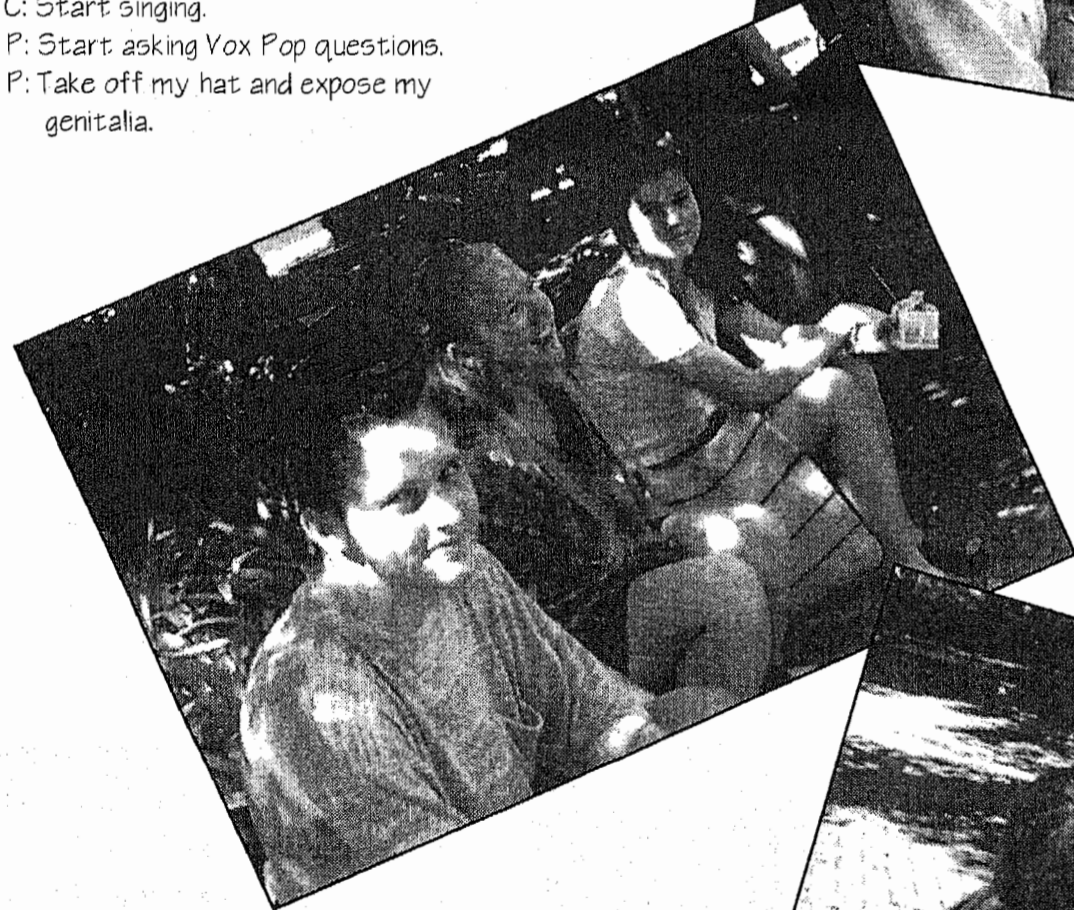
Charlie, Paula & Paul

- 1) C: I hope not. He could resign.
P: I don't think they'll get it back. I don't think there's anything he can do.
P: I don't think Adelaide really wants it back. He could sleep with Jeff Kennett's wife.
- 2) C: Have a national day of action.
P: Get Vince Sorrenti to host it - it will fail dismally and then we'll easily get it back.
P: Declined to comment.
- 3) C: Start singing.
P: Start asking Vox Pop questions.
P: Take off my hat and expose my genitalia.



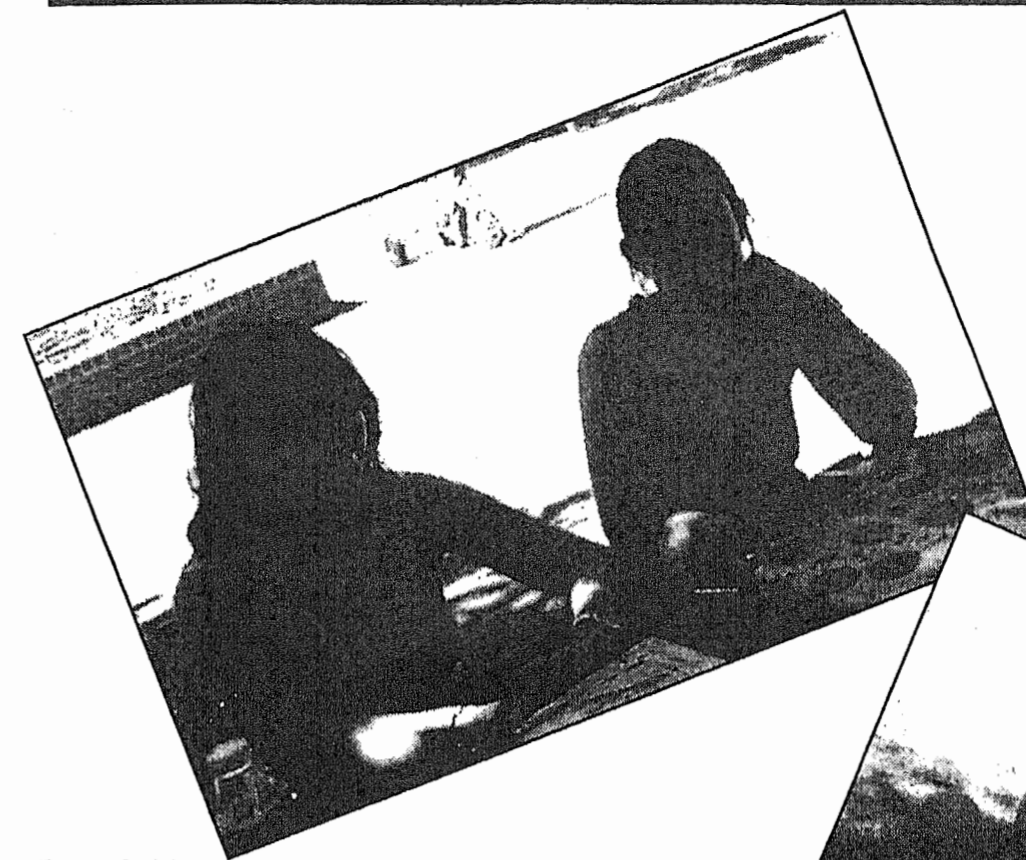
Tim, Anna & Cheryl

- 1) T: Yes, but I don't think he can.
A: Nup. He could lie.
C: Yes, but he's going to get kicked out before that.
- 2) T: Offer free beer for everyone that comes.
A: Use some kind of a space transporter to take it away.
C: Wait until they don't want it anymore.
- 3) T: Steal candy from a baby.
A: Tip orange juice over the person in front of me.
C: If I were Oasis, I wouldn't have the intelligence to do anything scarier.
Maybe sexually harass the male hostess.



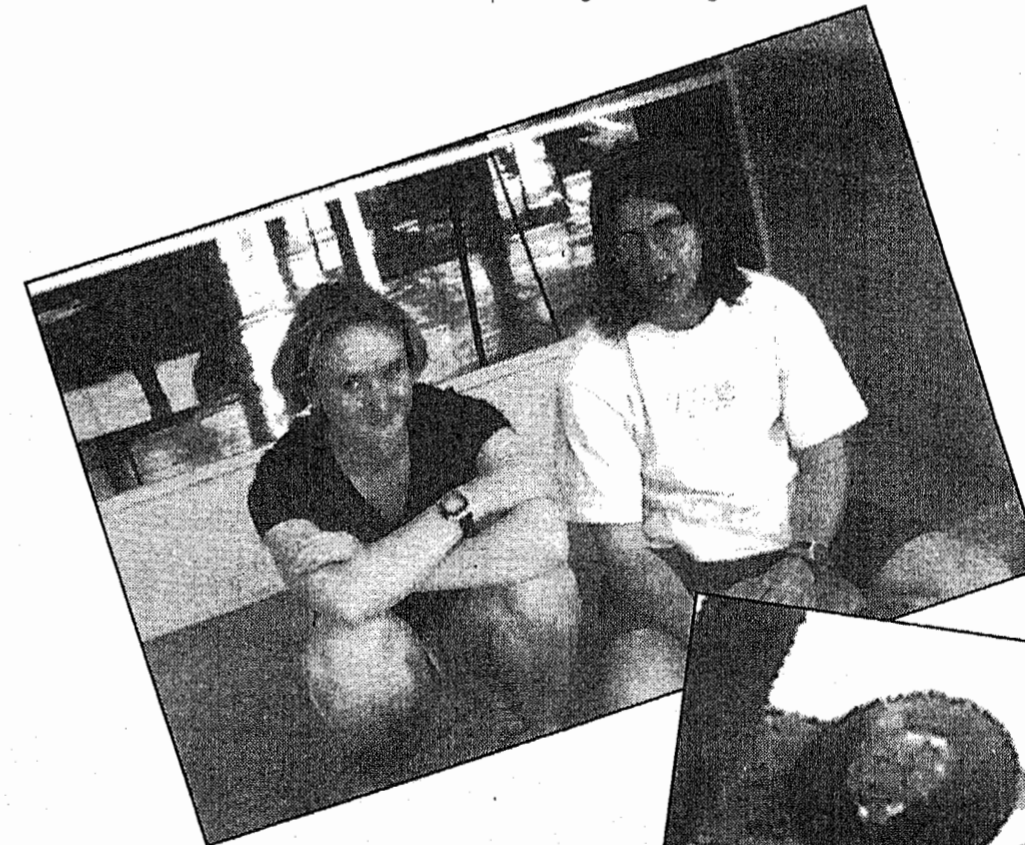
Tanya & Nicky

- 1) T: Yes. Construct some crappy argument.
N: No, I hope we don't. Probably pay out lots of money.
- 2) T: I agree with Nicky.
N: Bribe the drivers to say the track was much better in Adelaide.
- 3) T: Put a bomb in a plane.
N: Sabotage the on screen movie.



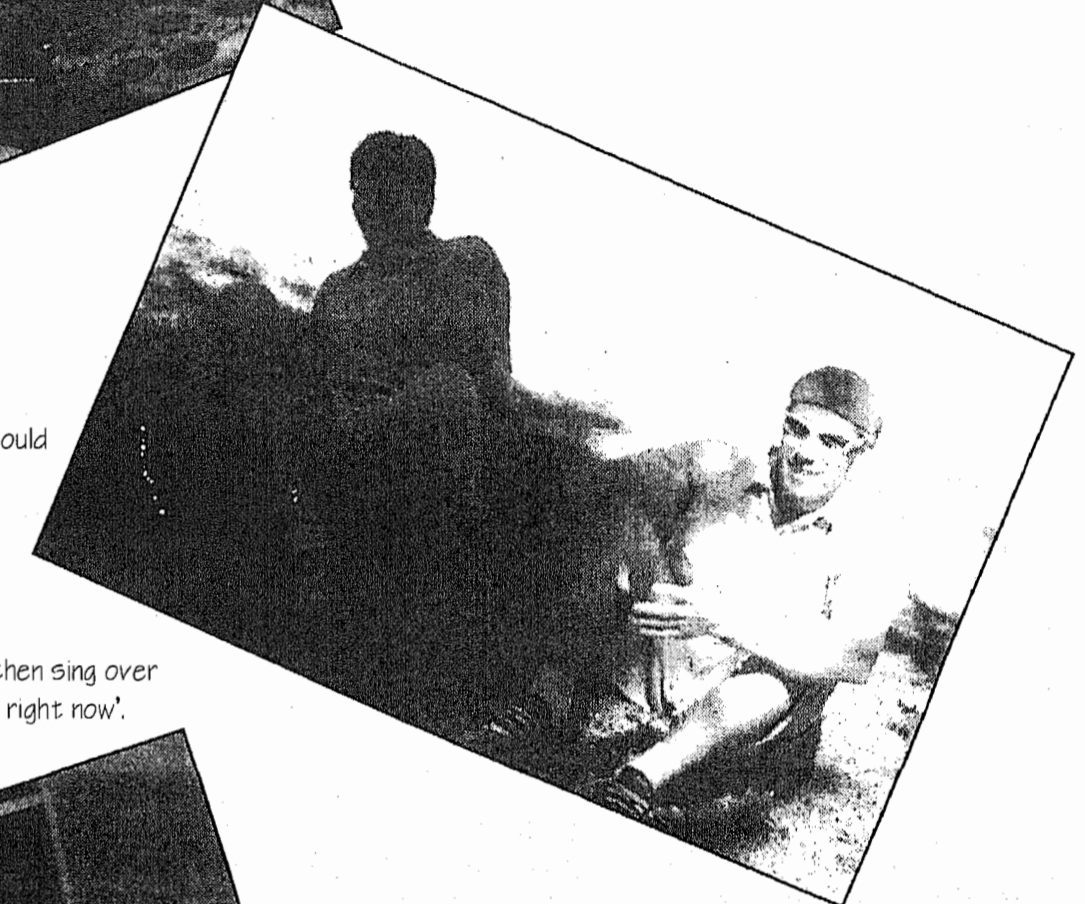
Brett & Julian

- 1) B: Yeah, I do. Kill Jeff Kennett.
J: No because South Australia is broke. John Olsen could resign.
- 2) B: The dingo took my baby.
J: Dig up the Adelaide CBD and the Melbourne CBD and swap them over at 3 in the morning.
- 3) B: I'd start singing.
J: I'd slaughter the cabin crew, take over the plane, then sing over the intercom 'I've taken over this plane, right here right now'.



Melissa & Yvonne

- 1) M: I don't think so. Bribe John Howard.
Y: No. Get someone to take his place.
- 2) M: How do you steal a Grand Prix?
Y: I'd become Premier, even though I don't want to become Premier.
- 3) M: Streak down the aisle.
Y: Hijack the plane with my instruments.



Claire & Karl

- 1) C: Yep. Kill Jeff Kennett.
K: Yep. Kiss arse of Bernie Ecclestone.
- 2) C: No idea.
K: Steal it.
- 3) C: Hijack it.
K: Stuff loads of toilet paper down the loos.



Swan

- 1) Don't care. I'm a swan.
- 2) I wouldn't bother. I'm a swan.
- 3) I'd kick the seat in front of the seat in front of me.

Charred Ruins

OR

Burn, Baby, Burn

Firestorm
Now Showing
Hoyts and Selected Cinemas

If you thought Hollywood was scraping the bottom of the "disaster film" barrel, you were wrong. The cinematic scene has seen a few good examples of this genre (*Titanic*, *Twister*) and a whole heap of fizzers (*Dante's Peak*, etc). This movie unfortunately falls solidly in the latter category.

The story revolves around Jesse (Howie Long), a smokejumper whose role is to parachute into forest fires inaccessible by ground firefighters. When a forest fire blazes out of control, Jesse jumps in to save what appear to be fellow firefighters caught in the blaze but are actually escaped convicts using the fire as an elaborate prison break. Not surprisingly a female ornithologist, Jennifer (Suzi Amis from *Titanic*) stumbles

in on the scene, leaving Jesse to solve three problems; outsmart the escaped criminals, save the helpless civilian and survive the oncoming collision of two forest fires: the firestorm.

The director appears to have tried to combine several elements of recent blockbusters in a vague attempt to capture the audience's attention. *Firestorm* seems like a haphazard mix of *Cliffhanger*, *Backdraft* and *Dante's Peak*. Howie Long, an ex-American footballer making his big-screen starring debut, acts like you would expect - wooden. The movie is laced with cliched one liners and ridiculous stunts - in one scene, the villain's head is used to plug a boat leak. The only respectable part of *firestorm* is the cinematography - the movie is filled with incredible footage of spectacular explosions and raging fires that distract you from the rest of this less-than-mediocre movie.

Firestorm is so bad it's funny. You'd think director Dean Semler, involved in box-office flops such as *Last Action Hero* and *Waterworld* would have given this one a miss. Unless you like B-Grade action movies, steer clear of this one.

Choyboy



"Are you looking at me?"

HAPPY ST. PATRICK'S DAY FROM ON DIT



Matchmaker, matchmaker, make me a match,
And then maketh me lie down in green pastures!

The Matchmaker
Now Showing
Palace Cinemas

In recent times we have been bombarded by all things Irish, from Riverdance to U2 and The Corrs. There have also been many fine Irish films released as well, however, *The Matchmaker* is not one of them. Why not? Well its not Irish, is it!?! No, it is set in Ireland in the beautiful Aran Isles and in Inis Nee, in County Galway, but the film has American producers (one of which co-produced *Fargo*) and a Russian-born Australian director (Mark Joffe, director of *Cosi*). It is however a good film.

Janeane Garofalo stars as Marcy, a political aide to a Senator (Jay O. Sanders) who believes he has Irish roots. In a bid to win an election, the Senator and his Chief of Staff (Denis Leary) send Marcy off to Ballinagra to uncover the Senator's ancestry and with any luck, uncover a connection to the

Kennedy clan (no pun intended). Rather than being excited about the prospect of going to Ireland, Marcy is reluctant. On her trip she meets every Irish stereotype there is as well as cliches. For instance; on the bus from the airport they sing 'O'Danny Boy' and in every pub, the patrons sing. And I'm not talking about drunken renditions of Chumba Wumba's 'Tub Thumping' (I realise they are not Irish, so don't write in and tell me).

Part of the film's humour is its use of these Irish stereotypes. It takes the industry of "Irishness" to an extreme. I saw this film with a friend who is Irish, born and bred, and she was not the least bit offended by it. So if you see this film and for some reason are offended by its portrayal of the Irish, you are an over-sensitive twerp. This is a delightful and quite hilarious film and I recommend seeing it.

Chris Bolland

GIVEAWAYS

This week, *On Dit* has 10, count 'em, 10 double passes to the Opening Night of *The Myth of the Fingerprints*, reviewed elsewhere in these pages (page 24, to be precise). It's on Thursday, March 19, and the film starts at 9:15pm. Now, that's this Thursday, people, so be quick.

To win, you've got to be one of the first ten people to come down to the office and say, "I want a double pass to *The Myth Of The Fingerprints*," and tell us the name of Noah Wyle's character in *ER*. Just so long as you're close. Or perhaps you could tell us what he does for a living. Just tell us something.

Rabbit Season. Good Will Season.

Good Will Hunting
Now Showing
Wallis Cinemas

This was alternately enjoyable and annoying, perhaps representing the two script writers; Matt Damon (*The Rainmaker*) and Ben Affleck (*Chasing Amy*) who also play major roles in the film. It follows the story of Will Hunting, an orphan from South Boston, the rough end of town, who happens to have an unprecedented gift for mathematics, among other things. When a snotty MIT professor discovers that the solver of a virtually impossible equation was none other than the cleaner, he bails Will out of jail in order to get him recognised, on the condition that Will sees a therapist every week. Will is the archetypal stuffed up (but surprisingly good looking and not angry) kid, who eventually meets his match in a psychology lecturer/counsellor from an ordinary suburban college (Robin Williams). They manage to form a bond that sees them both confronting the problems that plague them.

Of course, this is a simplified plot - there is extra dimension added by Will's friends (including Affleck and Affleck's brother) and also his

love interest, Skylar (Minnie Driver of *Circle of Friends*). The minor roles were all played very well, and the characters were both believable and sympathetic. Robin is also back to the benevolent mentor role that he played so well in *Dead Poets' Society*, albeit with the most poisonous looking beard I have seen for some time. My major qualm was that the 'Southies' all seemed rather contrived - they did appear to be middle class boys pretending to be underprivileged.

When you consider that the screenplay was written by two young amateurs, it was outstanding, though it tended to oscillate between brilliance and predictability - probably the influence of two writers. Helped by the presence of Kevin Smith (*Clerks*) as a co-executive producer, it had an excellent dialogue, some brilliant throwaway lines and also had one of the best rants against American involvement in foreign affairs that has ever been in an American film. In keeping with a youthful production team, it had an enjoyable soundtrack including tracks by Luscious Jackson and the like. Van Sant's direction was also good - in keeping with the modest look of the film. In using

lots of hand panned shots and some simple yet effective special effects he also gave a real feel for Boston and the surrounding countryside.

I did have difficulty with some of the plot. I was unconvinced that anyone could solve such complex mathematics - not in the given time - but in so few lines of working. I was also somewhat dubious about the sheer amount of knowledge Will had acquired - he is depicted in and out of bars or doing manual labour so how

could he have physically had the time to gain such an in depth knowledge in so many areas? However, if you allow your cynicism to be overridden, these small discrepancies don't present too many problems. It was an enjoyable film - Robin Williams played his first decent role for some time, it had people from *Clerks* and was more thoughtful, if not a lot more realistic, than most of Hollywood's efforts.

Bronwyn Davis



Four men in search of good will

Aubrac, not Albrecht! You fool!

Lucie Aubrac
Now showing
Palace Cinema

The French Resistance was an important part of the Second World War that generally doesn't receive a lot of attention in films made about the period. So it goes with *Lucie Aubrac*. Although the action features the plight of Resistance leader and immortalised national hero Jean Moullin, as well as Resistance fighters, its focus is the indomitable courage and dogged persistence of Lucie Aubrac played by the mistress of film noir, Carole Bouquet. What makes this such a remarkable film and not just a mere sentimental love story, is that it is a true and documented story that the protagonists - Lucie and Raymond - are still alive to

tell. The film is based on Lucie's best-selling book, *They Will Leave Drunk*, the coded message that signalled the Aubracs final departure for the safer grounds of Britain. Lucie and Raymond marry shortly after falling fiercely in love. Their passion for each other and the cause they equally share is laid out in fine detail but can't prepare the viewer for the almost unbelievable display of courage that is to follow. Raymond is arrested along with Moullin and other Resistance members after they are tipped off by a traitor. They are horribly tortured and interrogated by the notorious Lyon SS commander Klaus Barbie. When Lucie learns that her husband is alive in Montluc prison, she sets out on a reckless plan to outwit the

Nazis and rescue her husband using stoical coolness and womanly guile. If it weren't true, I'd say it was an over-romanticised and sometimes predictable plot. Instead, it is a testament to the courageous capacity of humanity against our equal capacity for implementing and tolerating evil on both a small and broad scale. Carole Bouquet's performance exemplifies the boldness which Lucie would have had to employ to undergo such feats under the Nazis' very noses. The serious intensity portrayed by the whole cast convey the life-threatening tension that Resistance fighters and their families lived with daily. The film resonates with relevant issues for contemporary society; all over the world there have been recent and fervent revivals



"Why am I with such an ugly man?"

of Right wing groups. It is sobering to remember that both Hitler and Mussolini were initially regarded as a bit of a joke. At the same time, *Lucie Aubrac* is a beautiful film that pulsates with the richness of emotion and subtlety that distinguishes French film. It is an extraordinary story that is well worth your time.

Medusa.

Gratuitous Paul Simon Reference

The Myth of Fingerprints:
March 19
Palace Cinemas

The interior drama has always held a fascination for American filmmakers. Sometimes it works (Lawrence Kasden's *The Big Chill*), most times it doesn't (Woody Allen's *Interiors*; Jodie Foster's *Home for the Holidays*). The analogy of family home as a stifling emotional prison - originally a plot device of Eighteenth-Century Gothic novelists such as Ann Radcliffe - seems the perfect stage for the exploration of the kind of tensions that strain below the polished veneer of the happy family group. But to shoot in an 'authentic' location (i.e. an actual house) is both difficult to set up and light and a mongrel to direct. *The Myth of Fingerprints* doesn't break any new ground in filmmaking, but it doesn't seem to set out to either. It is, on the other hand a solid, competent feature debut by Bart Freundlich. Two days before Thanksgiving Warren (Noah Wyle) returns home after an absence of three years. The later part of these three years he has spent in therapy, in an effort to deal with

his rather sudden break up with Daphne (Arija Bareikis). His rather sudden and unexpected arrival at the family home (located outside of a small town in New England) a day before his brother and sister are due to arrive sets his father, Hal (Roy Scheider) on edge. The tension mounts when both of Warren's siblings arrive the next day. Hal retreats more and more into himself, while Warren finds out that Daphne is in town and wants to talk. Mean-

while Mia (Julianne Moore) and Jake (Michael Vartan) have brought their significant others in tow (Brian Kerwin and Hope Davis respectively), along with their own individual burdens. The scene is set and the pressure builds until the inevitable (though understated) confrontation between Warren and his father. Blythe Danner and Julianne Moore give the kind of accomplished performances as mother and daughter respectively that

one has come to expect from the two actors, while James LeGross is perfect as Cezanne, Mia's erstwhile love of whom she has no recollection. Scheider puts in perhaps his best performance since *All That Jazz*, an understated delivery as a father struggling to hold on to the few shreds of respect his family offer. But the real surprise of the film is Noah Wyle, who manages a difficult character with a measure of kudos.

One of the strongest points in Freundlich's favour is that he doesn't offer any pat endings, he doesn't shy away from a difficult situation, but still manages a kind of qualified happiness for everyone involved.

This film is a chimera. With all the punch of a top (Hollywood) cast with perfect chemistry, the story doesn't try to actively manipulate your feelings. Rather, it invites you to be carried along by what it offers, an rare insight into just what makes a family dysfunctional, how people manage to ostracise those close to them. Oh, and it's kind of funny in places too.

J.D.



I've Fallen And I Can't Get Up!

Fallen
March 19
Selected Cinemas

Judging from the first half an hour and its painfully cliched advertising, most people would immediately dismiss *Fallen* as just another cop film. The audience follows the perspective of John Hobbes, a hard working and respected homicide detective played by Denzyl Washington. Hobbes and his sidekick partner Jonsey (John Goodman) are confronted with a series of killings performed in ways identical to an executed serial killer they

once captured. Donald Sutherland completes this stereotypical threesome by fulfilling the role of Lieutenant Stanton who pulls his subordinates into line, unsure if the murder was performed by a copycat or was merely an inside job. The film, however, soon departs from the police genre to become a thriller as circumstantial evidence incriminates Hobbes as the killer which draws him further into this mysterious murder case. He turns to the theology professor Greta Milano (Embeth Davidtz) for help due to her father's con-

nection to the murders and her understanding of the supernatural. This proves vital to the investigation as it enables him to challenge his preconceived views of good and evil; with evil being indiscriminate in the form it takes and endlessly powerful. Although this could have been a potentially dodgy film as it deals with the possibility of an after-life, I found it surprisingly believable because of the acting and cinematography. While it lacks any real outstanding performances due to its action based script, it's still well cast. Washington always seems a very grounded actor to me, adding a sense of credibility as he is not the glorified, heroic policeman,

but is lowered to the level of everyday people through his vulnerability. This realism can be accounted for by the director's past involvement with police and courtroom dramas such as *NYPD Blue* and *LA Law*. Sharp editing also plays a large role in maintaining suspense and gradually revealing its many twist that literally baffled me until the end. Regardless of whether you love or hate this kind of film, you at least have to respect *Fallen* as it is cleverly made and challenges theological problems about the presence of good and evil. Putting it simply, it opens your eyes just that little bit wider.

Bree Bickmore



ATTENTION ALL BUDDING FILMMAKERS.

ARENA TELEVISION IS HOSTING A B-GRADE SHORT FILM COMPETITION FOR ALL BUDDING SPIELBERGS. OR PERHAPS I SHOULD SAY WES CRAVENS SINCE THEY ARE ASKING FOR SCHLOCK, HORROR, SCI-FI, WESTERN OR MUSICAL FILMS ALL UNDER 5 MINUTES. ENTRIES CLOSE ON APRIL 15, SO FOR MORE INFORMATION AND AN ENTRY FORM COME DOWN TO THE ON DIT OFFICE IN THE GEORGE MURRAY BUILDING AND TALK TO ONE OF OUR CHEERIE STAFF MEMBERS.

GRATUITOUS NOSTALGIA RETURNS

For those of you who do not know what Gratuitous Nostalgia is about, let me give you a run down. If you feel the need to sing the praise of a not so recently released film, you can. GratNost is for you to indulge. No matter how quirky or childish you may think your film is, I want to hear about it. After all, it's nostalgia! *On Dit* officially gives you permission to go all doe-eyed and reminiscent. You may wish to write about a really cool film from your childhood (or depending on your age, your teenage or young adulthood) as I have done, it doesn't matter as long as it is nostalgic to you. You will be surprised at how many people will turn around and say to you that they love that film too. If you want to contribute then bring your 300-500 word write-up down to the office and leave it in my pigeonhole. This section will be run as often as I have material for it.

Chris Bolland (Film Ed.)

The Dark Crystal

Dir: Jim Henson and Frank Oz

In 1982, as a child of the age of 6 years, my mother took me to see *The Secret of Nimh* while my 12 year old brother and 13 year old sister went to see *The Dark Crystal*. While I liked the film I saw (which is worthy material for a GratNost spot) I was curious about the scary movie they had seen. It wasn't until I was 9 or 10 years old that I finally saw *The Dark Crystal* when it first came on TV. I was mesmerized by this fantasy world and its wonders and horrors.

I don't think there are too many films in which puppets play all of the characters and all indication of human existence is

eradicated. The few that do exist are rare and not up to the standard of *The Dark Crystal*. The concept of the story was, of course, by Jim Henson but the script was written by David Odell. I had always loved the Muppets but *The Dark Crystal* took puppetry to a new level. It became serious and not all the creatures were cute and cuddly. To refresh your memory, the story is about Jen and Kira, two Gelflings who each believe they are the last of their kind and the journey they must take to fulfill a prophecy. They must heal the great crystal which cracked long ago. When the crystal cracked, its keepers the urSkeks, were divided into two races; the good, mystic urRu's and the evil Skeksis' who began to rule the land. They feared the

prophecy of the Gelfling healing the crystal and so they killed the entire race, or so they thought. At the time of the great conjunction, when the planet's three moons become one, the crystal must be healed or the Skeksis' will rule forever. As Jen journeys towards his destiny he meets different characters. The first is the (literally) eye-popping Aghra who explains the prophecy to him. While he is with her, he also meets the Garthim, the Skeksis' henchmen. After he escapes he meets Kira and her fuzzy companion, Fizzgig. Kira is less naive than Jen. She can defend herself and communicate with other creatures. Kira and Jen then journey together to fulfill the prophecy and to save the Pod People, Kira's protector's who were affacked

and kidnapped by the Garthim. This is a fantastic film that has had a lasting affect on a lot of people. To this day, I know people who still imitate the whine of Chamberlain the Skeksis when they want something. Mmmm!

Chris Bolland



Balloon Animal Men

Blow-Up (1966)

d. Michelangelo Antonioni

Blow-Up may not be one of cinema's most famous movies but it does hold an important place in cinema history. Director Michelangelo Antonioni is best known for his earlier works such as *L'Avventura*, which were a part of the neorealist movement of post-war Italy. His films were seen as belonging to the same art cinema as those of Fellini. *Blow-Up* was his first English film and heralded the intro-

duction of the European style of film-making to the English-speaking world. Adapted from a short story by Julio Cortazar it won the 1967 Palm D'Or at Cannes and was to be a reference point for Francis Ford Coppola almost a decade later when making his acclaimed film *The Conversation*.

The story follows a fashion photographer Thomas (David Hemmings) in the London of the 'Swinging Sixties'. When enlarging a photograph of a couple in a park he becomes convinced that he has photographed a murder but is unsure of what to do and

even begins to question what he has seen. While struggling to distinguish reality from fiction, he moves through a London which is itself coming to terms with a new reality as it embraces the sexual revolution and drug culture. The feeling is of a culture in which the sensations of the moment are all that people live for-and that maybe that isn't so bad. From pot-party to rock concert to mini-orgy, the protagonist remains uninvolved in the exterior world. Antonioni brings all his considerable skills to the film. The European emphasis on the look of the film is evident, but not

at the expense of narrative and characterization. He manages to combine suspense with a vagueness and confusion while maintaining interest in the plot to the end.

The Adelaide University Film Society is screening *Blow-up* this Thursday 19th of March at 1:10pm and 7pm in the Union Cinema, Level 5 Union building (same level as the bar). Also screening is short animated film *The Beast of Monsieur Racine*. \$2 for members and \$4 others. You can join up at the door.

Helen Chandler

James Dean Giveaways

Roadshow Entertainment is giving us 5 copies of *James Dean: A Portrait* (see the review below). To lay your hands on a copy drop your name and phone number off into the video sub-editor's pigeon hole in the *On Dit* office before 1:30 Friday where a draw will be performed. If you miss out you can rush down to your local video retailer and pick up a copy of your very own for the price of two large pizzas, that's \$24.95 for those of you who don't eat pizza.

REBEL WITHOUT A SEATBELT

James Dean: A Portrait

(1995) Dir: Gary Legon
James Dean
Roadshow Entertainment
This documentary covers the whole of James Dean's brief life, from his birth in Marion, Indiana in 1931 to his death in a motor accident in 1955 aged just 24. With so much already written about James Dean it might seem that there is no need for another documentary on the star but this one features some unseen footage that gives new insights into his personality. Still photographs, interviews, screen tests, on-set footage and clips from his three films (*East of Eden*, *Rebel Without a Cause*, *Giant*) all bring to life the legend. Rip Torn, the narrator, has a typical documentary voice, which I found uninspiring but adequate.

There are a couple of real highlights hidden in this film. One is a short animated film of a bull-fight made by Dean and found in his personal effects after his death. It's fascinating to see how his interest was captured by the world of bull-fighting to the extent that he spent many hours on this little piece for his own entertainment. The other highlights are the many scenes of Dean interacting with his co-stars on set between takes, which show



more about him than any interview ever could. Dennis Hopper, who starred with him in *Rebel Without a Cause* summed him up in this way: "He was a combination of Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift. On the one hand he's saying 'Screw you' and on the other he's saying 'Help me'." If you're a James Dean fan then you'll find much of interest in this new documentary.

Helen Chandler

GET IT

Mr. Vampire

1983, dir: Lau Chang Wei
Lam Ching Ying, Moon Lee, Ricky Hui
Siren Entertainment
Cantonese with English subtitles
First of all I have to say that *Mr Vampire* is the funniest Hong Kong fantasy horror comedy I have ever seen ... and I've seen a few!
The story revolves around two apprentice taoist priests who are trying to protect the object of their desires, a beautiful young woman, from the body of her grandfather. He has turned into a vampire after being buried incorrectly (there's a lesson here for all of us who scoff at Feng Shui).
Hong Kong humour is very slapstick, very physical, a little gross, but lots of fun. *Mr Vampire* opens in the mortuary of the taoist compound where the corpses are animated for easy movement (their legs are bound so that they don't run away so they end up hopping everywhere). One of the corpses gets loose and causes chaos. The story doesn't let up, with lots of fights, mistaken identity, a sexy ghost (for good measure) and lots of fun with sticky rice.
Want a good night in, watch *Mr Vampire*.

Esther Speight



Forget It.

For Roseanna

Dir: Paul Weiland, 1996
Jean Reno, Mercedes Ruehl
Roadshow Entertainment
For Roseanna is basically a rather cynical attempt by the Aaron Spelling factory to recreate one of those quirky Italian films like *Cinema Paradiso* and *Mediterraneo*. It is the story of Marcello Beatto (Jean Reno) and his desperate attempts to keep everyone in his small Italian village alive so that his wife (Mercedes Ruehl) may have her dying wish of being buried in one of the village's three remaining graveyard plots.
As well as the underdeveloped script this film suffers from a distinct lack of warmth, and the strange fact that none of the lead actors are Italian. The language in *For Roseanna* is badly accented English with the occasional well executed colloquialism. The acting itself is (thankfully) at a sober level with none of those exaggerated mannerisms that have become such an integral part of the Italian stereotype. At the end of it all I couldn't help but feel that rather than having shared in someone's creative vision I was being sold a tried and tested product.

Carmel Pascale



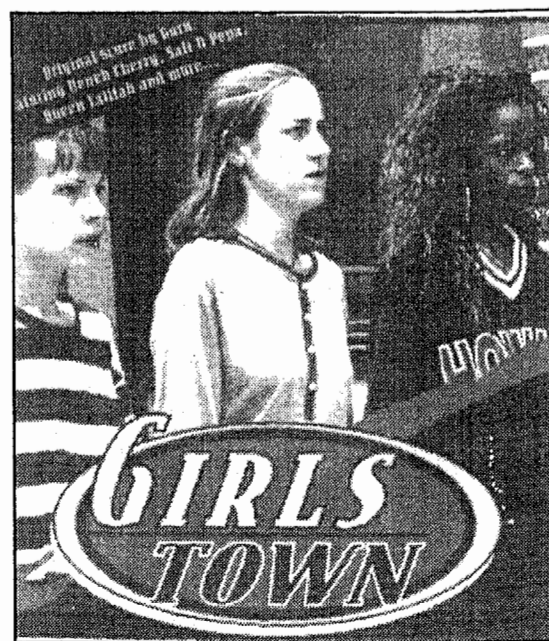
Chick Flick

Girl's Town

1996, Dir: Jim McKay
Anna Grace, Bruklin Harris, Lili Taylor
The scene is set with a pair of shoes, which walk neither quickly nor slowly through one of New Jersey's less-desirable neighbourhoods. The shoes belong to Nikki, (Ammjammie Ellis) an intelligent young writer who will be going to Princeton the following year. Nikki is heading towards the street corner where she will meet her friends before going to school. The sound track is one of hip-hop, car alarms, rap and screaming babies, and while Nikki is obviously affected by the noises around her, and the voices inside her head, she knows that it's all about attitude, so she keeps on walking. When she meets her friends, Emma, who is angry yet conscientious, Patti, and even angrier young mother and Angela, who is street-wise and very in control, the conversation is about style, clothes and make-up. It is not until tragedy strikes that the girls begin to discuss some of the secrets they have been keeping. Without ruining the story, tragedy befalls Nikki (why is it always the brightest stars

that burn out first?) and the girls must suddenly come to terms with the fact that they don't know each other as well as they thought they did. So they get angry, they get drunk, and they get revenge. They go off the rails a bit, but I guess that is a phase of any coming-of-age story. Essentially, this is a film about life, because living involves dealing with tragedy and with pain. It involves accepting whatever hand you get dealt, and making the next step down the long road. We all know that life is gritty, and unfair, so if you want to be confronted, try making a home video, or rent *Boyz n the Hood* again, because this movie lacks the complete, in-your-face emotion that makes a story such as this real.

J. Hester.



DECAPITATION AS ART

MATERIAL EVIDENCE: 100 HEADLESS WOMAN
INSTALLATION by ARTIST JULIA MORISON, AND
COUTURIER MARTIN GRANT.
ARTSPACE, FESTIVAL THEATRE.

MATERIAL EVIDENCE: 100 HEADLESS WOMAN FUSES THE WORK OF JULIA MORISON AND COUTURIER MARTIN GRANT. ART AND FASHION ARE BROUGHT TOGETHER, FORCING THE INDIVIDUAL TO QUESTION THEIR DEFINITION OF EACH PRACTICE. THE INSTALLATION COMPRISES TEN FORMS WHICH DEPICT AND ROBE THE BODY OF THE "100 HEADLESS WOMAN." THE POWERFUL PRESENCE AND SIMULTANEOUS ABSENCE OF THE "100 HEADLESS WOMAN" IS IMMEDIATELY RECOGNISABLE. HER FORM IS INFINITE. SHE IS STRONG, YET HER PRESENCE CASTS ONLY A SHADOW. SHE IS ELEGANT, WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY BEING COVERED WITH FAECES. HER EXISTENCE IS PURE, EVEN THOUGH SHE IS STAINED WITH BLOOD. THE CONTRADICTIONS WHICH EXIST WITHIN THE WORK ALLOW YOU TO QUESTION IDENTITY AND OUR HABIT OF ALLOWING OUR PHYSICAL NATURE DEFINE IT. THE STRUCTURAL LAYOUT OF **MATERIAL EVIDENCE** SEES MORISON CONTINUE HER USE OF ANCIENT LANGUAGE AND WRITINGS, IN PARTICULAR SEFIROTH. EACH PIECE WHICH FORMS **MATERIAL EVIDENCE: 100 HEADLESS WOMAN** IS LAID OUT IN REGULATION WITH THE SEFIROTHIC PROGRAMME. FOR ALL THOSE OUT THERE WHO HAVE NO IDEA WHAT SEFIROTH MEANS,

LET ME REGURGITATE WHAT I MANAGED TO UNEARTH: SEFIROTH IS A DIAGRAMMATIC STRUCTURE WHICH OUTLINES THE 'ASCENDING RELATIONS BETWEEN MAN, THE EARTH AND THE COSMOS'. THE MOTIVE BEHIND THIS STRUCTURAL PLAN IS TO INDUCE ASSOCIATIONS, RELATING TO PLACE AND FUNCTION¹. I MUST ADMIT, I FELT NO RELATIONSHIP EXISTED WITHIN THE SKELETAL LAYOUT OF THE INSTALLATION. PERHAPS IT WAS MY TOTAL IGNORANCE OF ALL THINGS SEFIROTHIC WHICH LET ME DOWN. IN FACT, I SPENT MOST OF MY TIME AT THE ARTSPACE ATTEMPTING TO WORK OUT A SENSE OF ORDER BETWEEN EACH PIECE. IN THE END I DECIDED A SENSE OF ORDER IS NOT NECESSARY TO APPRECIATE MORISON AND GRANT'S WORK. THE LACK OF SUCCESSION BETWEEN EACH PIECE CAN BE REGARDED AS A POSITIVE FEATURE BECAUSE IT ALLOWS YOU TO CONSIDER THE ENDLESS POSSIBLE IDENTITIES WHICH EXIST FOR **100 HEADLESS WOMAN**

NATASHA UGRINIC

¹SEE JULIA MORISON 'MY REPUGNANCE FOR ANTI-THESIS IS CERTAIN', IN JULIA MORISON: *VADEMECUM AND COEM*, AUCKLAND AND WELLINGTON: ARTIST GALLERY AND LOUISE BEALE GALLERY, (1986), NP.

ARTISTS' REGIONAL EXCHANGE

Artist's Regional Exchange (ARX) is offering five Australian artist's the chance to participate in a dynamic cross-cultural exchange programme between Asia and Australia. The programme begins in Singapore in September/October 1998, where each artist will be given the opportunity to exhibit work at the Nanyang Academy of Fine Art and the Singapore Art Museum. The residency will then shift to Hong Kong in conjunction with the Hong Kong Arts Centre and will conclude in mid 1999 in Perth.

The programme offer artists the chance to concentrate solely on their artistic development for eighteen months by arranging work space, accommodation, assistance, and the opportunity to produce collaborative projects with a host of artists.

ARX seeks to encourage artists working within the indigenous, non-indigenous, experimental, and contemporary art realms.

Interested Australian artists are encouraged to apply. All applications are to be addressed to Ms Margaret Moore, Chairperson, by March, 27th, 1998.

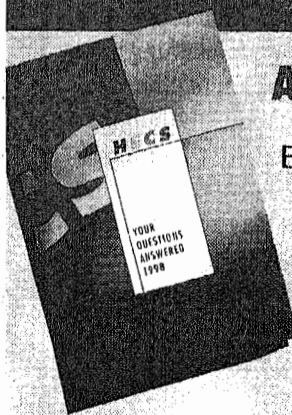
Contact the ARX office for further information:

Tel: 08 9328 3779 Fax: 08 9328 3008.

Email: arx @ iinet.net.au

Internet: <http://www.imago.com.au/arx>
58 James Street NORTHBRIDGE, WA 6003

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Fun Food For Fun People

The Mafia Just Moved In Next Door And They're Dropping By For Dinner Cookbook - Easy Italian Recipes. and

The I Asked Trang Do And His Family To Dinner And I've Never Cooked An Asian Meal In My Life Cookbook - Easy Vietnamese Recipes

Ziggy Zen

Pan Macmillan

\$6.95 each

Description: 63 pages of easy to intermediate level recipes that are introduced with the unlikely (and the publicist says humorous) adventures of our hero Ziggy Zen all in an easy to read and convenient pocket-sized book (2 cookbooks out of a series of 6 reviewed).

Ross Renwick (aka Ziggy Zen) has created a series of cookbooks (a total of six) to cater for the novice chef. The two books I looked at were very user friendly in that they contained easy to follow recipes with a minimum of strange and difficult to get ingredients. To make things even easier, at the back of each book was a list of any of the more exotically named ingredients with clear explanations of what they were and where to get them (eg. Dua is the Vietnamese word for coconut cream, Pancetta is an Italian meat similar to bacon etc.). All of this userfriendliness(?) is presented in a pocket sized booklet making it even more friendly and more fun (we all know how fun it is to have things in our pockets).

These cookbooks are not like your average book of plain old boring cooking instructions though in that the recipes are introduced with five pages or so of the "hilarious and quirky" (the publicists words not mine) stories of Ziggy Zen's "unlikely adventures". Little pictures with weird captions underneath them are littered throughout the books, in another attempt to add some humour and entertainment to something that most people think is pretty boring: cooking. In the end though the books are recipe books and the recipes should be the thing that makes or breaks them, so, being an experienced Italian (food) eater and a pretty experienced Italian (food) cook. I looked through the Italian recipe book first. I found that even I, with a lifetime of Italian food flowing through my veins, had not heard of almost half of the recipes in the little, pocket sized book. There was a wide range of Italian recipes, from the simple but delicious rockmelon with prosciutto (sounds gross, tastes nice) to the more advanced and still delicious ricotta pie with chocolate and amaretto (sounds nice, tastes nice). The Vietnamese cookbook was another thing altogether. The book was full of recipes that I had never heard of, it also contained some general in-

formation about Vietnamese cooking, all presented in a humorous format. I didn't know my Sate Ga Bo (chicken and beef satays [beautiful]) from my Che Chuoi (bananas in coconut milk[yummm]) and the book taught me a lot.

At under seven bucks a pop and with over fifty recipes in each book, Ziggy Zen's easy recipe books are good value for money. The humour used is an obvious attempt at making the series more appealing to the younger customer, and it is a recipe book first and foremost, but the makers should be commended for trying to give the books an original quality (the titles are pretty imaginative). I would recommend the books to those who want an inexpensive and original cookbook and I would definitely recommend the books to those who are living on baked beans and 2-minute noodles, those who are afraid of using an oven and to those who normally go out to eat and want to try and cook for themselves (remember, if you cook home and find a pubic hair in your minestrone at least you can be pretty sure of where [or at least who] it came from).

Matthew Pastro

Small Things Big Seller

The God of Small Things

Arundhati Roy

Flamingo

Sex. Betrayal. Jealousy. Secrets. Lies. Violence. Mystery. Just about every ingredient that makes a good page-turner is found within Arundhati Roy's novel, *The God of Small Things*. This 1997 Booker Prize winning novel and world-wide best-seller has also just captured the record for most sales at Adelaide's Writers Week. The novel took four and a half years to create and its effective use of repetition and extraordinary attention to detail is remarkable considering Roy never rewrites a single word!

The God of Small Things, impossible to summarise within a few hundred words, is essentially the story of three generations of an Indian family, whose lives are trapped within a vortex of dissatisfaction, fear and longing. Set against the tumultuous background of India in 1969, a country lacking in identity, the characters also struggle to find themselves within a family atmosphere of pettiness and secrecy. The novel begins with the death of a small child; the exposure of a scandalous affair and the introduction of the two egg-twins, Rahel and Estha, who are responsible for much of the insight in the novel. The story forms a full circle, leaping backwards and forwards across the twins' lives, arriving at the same circumstances in which it began. As one-by-one the skeletons tumble out of this family's closet, the reader is drawn further into the intrigue. I dare you to attempt to put this book down once the scandal begins to unfold! Roy's training in architecture must account for her abil-

ity to create a series of events that act as foundations for the main action of the play. These foundations include Ammu's aunt's unrequited love, the turbulent political atmosphere surrounding the family business and the disintegration of several marriages into violence and bitterness.

From "love-in-tokyos" to "go-go bags" (you'll know what I mean when you read it), Arundhati Roy's style could earn her the title: The Goddess of Small Things as she brilliantly demonstrates the way the smallest things in life: a mis-intended jibe, a thoughtless remark, a misunderstood look can lead to catastrophic action and reaction. These small things plague the relationships of the family, destroying ties between parent and child, sister and brother, wife and husband.

What is interesting about this book is the effortless manner in which Roy confronts controversial topics like paedophilia, domestic assault, religion and the tension of inter-racial relationships, introducing them into the story without warning but maintaining their effects upon the characters. She is refreshingly honest about the complicated state of her country and if you love fairytale endings and the good guys winning, you may find the story bleak at times. However, Roy's loving portrayal of the characters makes the novel poignant rather than pitiful. *The God of Small Things* will become a twentieth century classic! If you love suspense and secrecy, enjoy being shocked and love novels which allow you to reflect upon them and yourself then grab this book. Read it even if only to find out what the hell a "love-in-tokyo" is!

Alex Stillwell

Prizes, Fame, Fame and Prizes.

'Literature' carries connotations of the grandeur and ancient tradition that has thrived within the echoing stone walls of privileged establishments. Regardless of what the Posties say, we are all to some extent aware of the lasting hangover effects of an era that has now largely lost its potency. However these days creators of literature, as Writers' Week demonstrated, come from all walks of life and people pick up the pen for all sorts of reasons. Often it is because they can no longer ignore a persistent urgency within themselves to WRITE. All this is leading to one thing: if this is you, here's an opportunity - a reason - to do so. Two competitions are currently underway and both include large sums of money for prize winning writing. Bank SA is celebrating its 150th year with a writers' competition. There are 2 categories: Youth section for those under 19 (lucky buggers) and an open section for the rest of us. You are invited to submit either a short story or a poem about anything relevant to the theme of 150 years of SA history by 5pm, Friday May the 1st. Visit Bank SA for more details enclosed in the application form. Also, 1998 is the international year of the ocean and the Marine and Coastal Community Network have also launched a writers' competition. The theme of either a short story or poem should highlight the inherent values of our ocean as well as Australia's island status. Entries should be received by 25th April. For more details, call 'Them' on 1800 815 332 (free call!) Don't miss these opportunities. The way to get started is simply to start NOW!

Medusa.

Okay, Luvvies, Take It From The Top

Australian Theatre: Backstage with Graeme Blundell
Oxford University Press
\$29.95

This book's presentation shouts from long distances that it is a coffee-table history. The glossy dust-jacket surrounding its hard-bound cover has more gold on it than is decent, and the author's photograph, splashed from margin to margin over the cover, shows him immaculately coiffed and all in black, with an arty pose and a carefully arranged glint in his eye, looking all too much like a male Australian version of Elizabeth Taylor. "One of our best known actors" is how the blurb and promotional material describe Graeme Blundell, but there is an extent to which you know that if they feel the need to announce it, it can't possibly be true.

Blundell must be described as editor of this book, and not author, for what he presents us with is not an original

work, but rather a collection of some 300 theatrical anecdotes, as recounted by others, arranged in chronological order, and which, combined, go some way towards telling the story (and this is very much a story rather than a history) of Australian Theatre from the original and now famous convict production of *The Recruiting Officer* to its contemporary standing. All Blundell's sources are published works, and range from newspaper and magazine articles to biographies, memoirs, and works of theatrical history. It is easy to dismiss Blundell's achievement here, for although his



only task has been to stitch together the work of others, this is nonetheless something he has undertaken admirably. The breadth of the sources

Blundell uses to draw on is impressive, and he has achieved no mean feat in managing to weave together an eclectic group of tails to form a consistent, coherent narrative. His selection shows style and flair, combined a great appreciation for wit and humour, and a profound love of the form with which he is dealing - the theatrical anecdote.

Although it is well indexed, and might serve as a pointer to other resources for one intending to research the topic, this is most defi-

nately not a scholarly guide to the history of theatre in this country. Neither though, is it a book to read in a single blow. Charming as these anecdotes may be, one tires after a while of even the most skilled of raconteurs, particularly when their tales concern themselves with only one subject. Rather this is exactly what it proclaims itself to be - an elegant and well crafted coffee-table history - witty, entertaining and a pleasure to pick up and slowly work through, reading no more than twenty pages at a time. In Blundell's introduction, he muses on theatrical storytelling as 'our way of keeping alive the glories and the miseries of our profession'. He aims to convince us 'that those who've devoted themselves to the theatre are sprinkled with the fairy dust of fantasy, and, through their tales and reminiscences, the passion and the wonder of it all lives on'. This, Blundell achieves admirably.

Janak Mayer

I'm not Mum. I'm Me.

Homestrung
Helen McKerral
Hyland House Publishing
\$14.95

At first glance *Homestrung* is just yet another youth fiction novel about young people finding their direction and asserting their place in the world. And that's all part of its appeal. Sixteen year old Lexie's world has been turned upside down by the sudden death of her mother. Having never known her father and Gaz (her mother's partner) being deemed 'unsuitable' as a guardian by the department Lexie has no other choice but to go and live with her Grandmother and Great-Grandma (Oma) on their farmlet in Grunethal (hint: if you despise East Coast people bagging Adelaide and other such small town notions - don't read this book!).

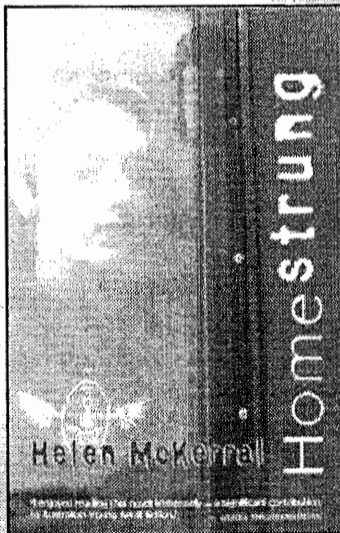
In Grunethal Lexie is given the chance to really settle down - at school and at home but this is harder to do than anyone anti-

pated. Although she makes good friends with Sandy and Tech at school, and starts to enjoy her conversations with her Oma, Lexie still has trouble coming to terms with the changes in her life.

Her Grandma has this obsession with doing things differently to her mother's upbringing, her teachers at school seem not to see beyond her spikey hair and nose-stud, and the kids at school just think she's weird. The nightmares and strange asthma attacks aren't helping either. McKerral's style is easy to follow - the variation of diary entry type text, letters from Sandy, Doctors' reports and transcripts of conversations between Lexie and her Great Grandmother provide a broader outlook of Lexie's situation than simple story-telling alone would achieve.

Homestrung would be a fair addition to anyone's youth fiction collection.

Susie Bate



Veiled Reference

Islam: A Very Short Introduction
Malise Ruthven
Oxford University Press

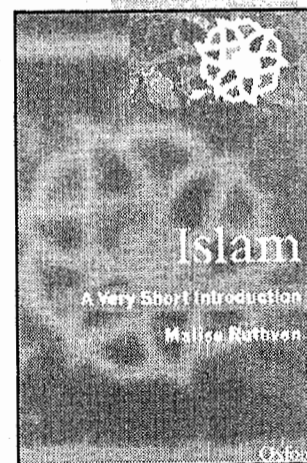
The *Very Short Introduction* series seems to be Oxford's version of the enormously successful *For Beginners* series, but there the similarities end. For one thing, the *Very Short Introductions* are more text-oriented than the *For Beginners*, not blending words with pictures in ingenious ways, but containing a lot more information. Some might say they are more dry and not as much fun, but nonetheless the ones I have seen are very good indeed.

Malise Ruthven's *Islam: A Very Short Introduction* is no exception. He explains with clarity and precision the basics of Islam; what it is, how it began, what it means to be a Muslim, what are the divisions within the religion (mainly Shi'i, Sunni and Wahabi), why there is such an emphasis on difference from non-Muslims, contrasts (and similarities) with other religions, why it is not really correct to talk of Islamic 'fundamentalists' (the latest wave of fanatical Islam being more modern and Western in its nature than

a return to Islamic 'fundamentals'), and why the greatest 'Jihad' is now directed against the enemies of Islam rather than the struggle against evil. Common misconceptions about Islam are swept aside. Ruthven explains how the notion of Muslims as almost suicidal fanatics is misleading, based as it is on the televised images of terrorists - an incredibly small percentage of the Islamic population. The notion of 'Jihad' is explained as going far beyond the usual extremely loose translation of 'holy war' ('struggle' apparently being far more accurate). An entire chapter is devoted to the status of women. Ruthven gives clear explanations of the historical context of their roles in Islamic society (early Islam actually being much more egalitarian than early Christianity in this regard), and gives an even-handed summary of the debate over assuming the veil.

All in all, this is an excellent reference. It's not too heavy, it's relevant, it's interesting stuff. Cool.

Paul Bradley.



The Lights are Out but Somebody's Home

Theatre of Darkness
Thomas Shapcott.

Thomas Shapcott holds the foundation Chair of Creative Writing at this university. A well known novelist, poet, reviewer and critic, his latest novel is *Theatre of Darkness*. I am one of his new students. With this in mind, it is easy to say that the following review may be a literary attempt to earn valuable brownie points and ensure a year of high distinctions and even higher praise. I'll let you make your own decision about this, but let me tell you this: I'm not much of a liar, even in print.

Theatre of Darkness is described as "a novel of music, obsession, fame and love". It tells the story of American opera diva, Lillian Nordica, who in 1913 becomes shipwrecked near

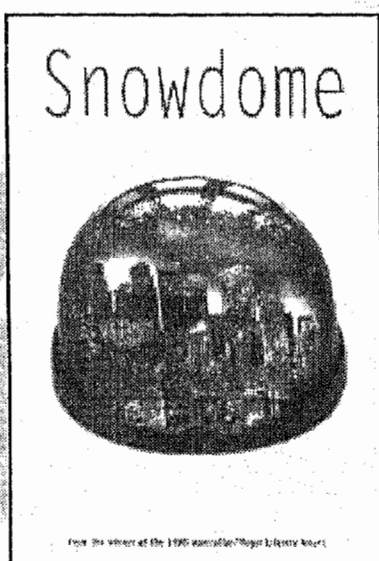
Thursday Island, while travelling to Batavia after a tour of Australasia. In this, his seventh novel, Shapcott skilfully creates a moving and lyrically tranquil account of the final days of the singer's life.

Theatre of Darkness was launched recently at Adelaide writers' week by another Australian author, Sue Woolfe. She describes the novel as "haunting and beautiful", and this is not without reason, Shapcott skilfully weaves rich language and distinctly Australian scenery with memorable ease and elegance. It reads beautifully on the page, and it has a distinct haunting quality in many parts. The novel makes us question the power of the public's obsession with fame and the price of life in the public eye and like any worthy novel, it makes us want to know the answers.

Shaken, but not Stirring

Snowdome
Bernard Cohen
Allen & Unwin
\$14.95

Snowdome is an interesting book, if not engrossing. It is Bernard Cohen's third novel, coming hot on the heels of the 1996 Australian/Vogel Literary Award winner *The Blindman's Hat* (published last year) and 1992's *Tourism*. It is concerned with two plots, one set in the future, one in the present. Both are about Sydney. Neither is what I'd call fascinating. Okay, let's start with the present. William and his friends live in Sydney. It is a city full of noise, as Cohen presents it, but this seems to have nothing to do with William and his friends. They spend their time taking drugs, drinking, thinking about the future, regretting having thought about the future, taking more drugs and generally wasting their lives. They sit around making wry little observations about life that neither amuse nor interest. Nobody comes, nobody goes, nothing happens, nobody cares. It's not moving and it's not funny. Now, the future. Sydney has been



From the winner of the 1996 Australian/Vogel Literary Award

emptied out by economic forces and turned into a giant museum, with a great big glass dome surrounding it. The museum guide narrates history to tourists but gets sick of toeing the official line and substitutes it with his own version of things instead. The trouble here is Cohen's style. This could have been an hilarious bit of absurdism, but Cohen's deadpan style is just a little too dead, making it hard to notice the humour of the situation. And the museum guide is just as difficult to be interested in as William. Which perhaps says something about the bleakness of Cohen's 'vision of humanity' (whatever that means). *Snowdome* is not, however, without its redeeming features. Every now and then you do come across a turn of phrase or a particular image that stirs the imagination and proves that Cohen *can* write. It's just that they're not strung together in sufficient quantity or quality to make this an engrossing book. If the lives of the pathetic are what you go for, then you'll probably enjoy it, but I didn't.

Paul Bradley

Shapcott's gift for language is evident in every passage, from poetic descriptions of the surroundings, to dialogue from characters, all with distinct voices. He knows how to create and, more importantly hold tension, a rare skill, lost by many who have previously attempted it.

So, if my new teacher, my literary guide over the next year, is a man open to "quid pro quo", then I'll be doing very well this year thank you very much. But if he has half as much talent for teaching as he does writing, I shouldn't have to worry, because I'm being taught by a writer with a superb gift for storytelling and lyricism, that, like the novel's heroine, will not be forgotten.

Belinda.

Abortion Without Apology

The Abortion Myth
Leslie Cannold
Allen and Unwin

The Abortion Myth is about ethical approaches to abortion. It includes excerpts from interviews conducted by the author with both pro-choice and anti-choice women. It concludes that pro-choice and anti-choice women share some ethical approaches to abortion and that the areas of contention are more about motherhood than the rights of the foetus. It also suggests a new direction for the pro-choice movement. Leslie Cannold's interviews with women were centred around mostly hypothetical situations. She asked women how ethical they considered abortion to be in particular circumstances. The situations were fairly dichotomised, some being ones where most people would agree with abortion (like the Irish girl who was raped) and some being unrealistic situations where women have abortions for "selfish" reasons (like the female athlete who gets pregnant to improve her track performance and then has an abortion). The only situation I was interested in having an ethical opinion about was the termination of female foetuses in countries where girls are not considered to be valuable human beings but Leslie Cannold didn't explore this in her interviews.

The book has an excellent critique of anti-choice rhetoric but her characterisation of feminism is, at some

Unibooks Writer's Week 1998 Top Ten Best Sellers

1. *The God of Small Things*
by Arundhati Roy
2. *Captain Corelli's Mandolin*
by Louis de Bernieres
3. *Closed for Winter*
by Georgia Blain
4. *Fugitive Pieces*
by Anne Michaels
5. *Labels*
by Louis de Bernieres
6. *Roads to Santiago*
by Cess Nooteboom
7. *Thrones Dominations*
by Dorothy Sayers & Jill Paton-Walsh
8. *Navel Gazing*
by Peter Goldsworthy
9. *Blue Mondays*
by Amon Grunberg
10. *Europe: A History*
by Norman Davies

points, appalling. She talks about the 'breed' of 1970s feminists (my italics). Using the word "breed" to group 1970s feminists makes them seem to have grown up in a test-tube together. It dehumanises them. She also refers to both the anti-choice and the pro-choice movements as 'huge, transnational entities'. The pro-choice movement is not something that can be likened to a corporation like Macdonald's.

I found some of Cannold's conclusions very frustrating. One was that pro-choice women 'hope and expect that each woman's abortion decision will be made thoughtfully, sorrowfully and with respect for the sacredness of pregnancy and with love for their could-be child (my italics)'. This assumes maternal desire for each woman who conceives and almost expects women to apologise for having an abortion.

jo ellis

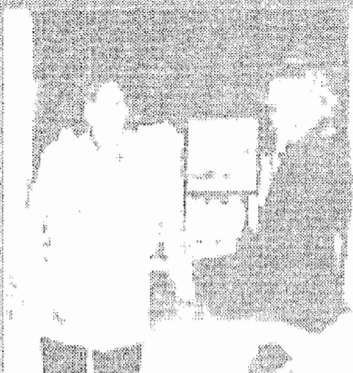


"My Headlights Weren't Working."

indigo girls

Indigo Girls
Heaven II
Monday, 2nd March.

The Adelaide chapter of Indigo Girl fandom is growing and it is no surprise. The excellent choice of venue was a relief to those who saw them in 1996 at the Norwood Town Hall where fans who just couldn't sit still were restrained to their seats by over zealous ushers. I'm sure they left Adelaide thinking this was some kind of police state. But then they did go to Melbourne after all. Up to 1000 people packed Heaven and the queue tested the patience of everyone : stand for 10 minutes, walk 5 paces - it was pretty frustrating. The support act, Breathe, are worth seeing in themselves. They have just launched their first CD that is titled under their band name. Their rollicking acoustics, warm chocolately harmonies and unabashed enthusiasm delighted the crowd and created perfect tension for the long awaited appearance of the mistresses of folk rock. Amy and Emily swaggered casually on stage to an estatic 'welcome home' kind of applause from the crowd. The



stage was luminescently lit with candles in glowing glass containers to set a mood of intimacy so necessary to appreciate this band's music. There was an incredible sense of unity amongst the crowd who'd waited 2 long years to see them again. Unfortunately they didn't bring the whole band and occasionally this detracted from the vital sounds of their latest and greatest work *Shaming of the Sun*, which was featured highly during the evenings repertoire. They also did quite a few of the bootleggers classics such as 'Closer to Fine', 'Joking' and 'Galileo'. Amy strummed out a beautiful song on her banjo written only 2 days earlier that features Australia! Unlike the '96 concert, they displayed their incredibly adaptable talents, changing instruments virtually at every song break. These included the 12 string, mandolin, bazooki, electric guitar, piano and banjo, not to mention their harmonic vocals which are more than realistically likened to Simon and Garfunkel and other great harmony duos of the 60s and 70s. Though my head was ringing like a tuning fork well into the next day, the Indigo Girls are well worth the discomfort. But I'm not sure if I want to rave on too much about them. Whether I do or not though is immaterial; the line up will most certainly be even longer next time!

Medusa

endorphin interview

Eric Chapus, aka Endorphin, was playing around Adelaide recently and promoting his debut album, *Embrace*, due to hit the stores in May. His visit follows the success of the extremely polished singles "Relapse" and "Solar Flare," which have both seen a fair bit of Triple-J airplay and a successful remix or two. I caught up with Eric for *On Dit* and had a chat about his life, his music and his hopes for the future.

On Dit: I've read your childhood and youth described as an interesting picture of multi-culturalism and travel. In brief, what's the story there?

Eric: I was born and bred in France. My parents split up when I was ten years old, and my dad became a hippy overnight and bought himself a Combi van and travelled to India. I lived with my mother until I was thirteen and then visited my father and lived in Goa with him-which was pretty far our, pretty interesting. When I went back to live with my mum, she too had

changed her life radically and had bought a yacht and started travelling the world. So, I travelled with her and spent a year in Morocco. Then I went back to France, worked hard at any kind of work I could get, and bought myself a small yacht.

On Dit: And then you started travelling again and ended up here?

Eric: No, not really. I fell in love. I had a sailboarding business in St Tropez on the beach in summer and I spent winters in Goa in India for a few years-then I fell in love with an Australian girl and moved to Australia.

On Dit: So, now you're based in Kuranda in Queensland?

Eric: Yes, I was, but I'm now actually on my way to Sydney.

On Dit: What was it like working in Kuranda?

Eric: It was good for a while but its getting harder

On Dit: To the music on the album *Embrace*. How would you describe it?

Eric: The only way I can describe it is to say it is emotional. I don't want to put it into any genre. You've got a bit of drum and bass, you've got some trip-hop tracks, some heavier beats, some ambient vibes. People have been finding it really hard to categorise, which is good. What I try to do with the album is take the listener on a journey, more an emotional journey than a physical journey around the world. When I write music it has to be felt in my heart, it has to move me.

On Dit: The word I felt described the album well was "soundscape".

Eric: Yes, the music is definitely a soundscape.

On Dit: Two questions on Musical influences: who do you like listening to, and who do you feel you've been influenced by?

Eric: Who do I like listening to at the moment? At the moment, I don't know whether its due to the hype associated with the Homebake tour or the move to Sydney, but I'm really into heavy beats, like I saw the Prodigy twice. My main influences vary extremely. From Miles Davis to Brian Eno, to Massive Attack, Sex Pistols . . . to Eric Satie.

On Dit: Jean-Michel Jarre?

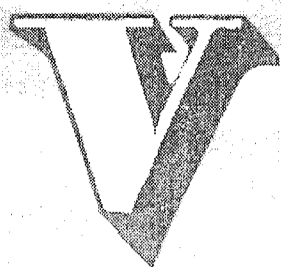
Eric: No, not really. I was more into Philip Glass than Jean-Michel Jarre.

On Dit: Do you play the piano yourself on the album?

Eric: Yes, all the piano is played by me as well as most of what's in there-all the synthesiser sounds, the strings, the bass. The vocals are samples from television or cds, and session singers.

On Dit: "Relapse" sounds almost like it samples Nusrat Fateh Ali Kahn.

Eric: Yes . . . well its not him-but I know what you mean.



The Vees
self-titled
(Murderecords)

And then there were three. Legendary Halifax, Nova Scotia group Jale has had their share of troubles. Originally comprised of four friends (Eve Harling, Alyson MacLeod, Laura Stein and Sloan stalwart Jennifer Pierce) the band broke ranks with other all-girl groups, hiring Michael Belitsky when MacLeod left to drum for Hardship Post, whom she knew through her brother Scott, who does the photo-work for all their albums. Confused yet?

Well now Eve has also left, and while Jale is no more, out of the ashes has risen the Vees (Stein, Pierce and Belitsky, returning from Sub-Pop to their freshman home, Murderecords). The change seems to have produced a sense of imperative absent in earlier recordings if this five song slice of pop perfection is anything to judge. Jennifer and Laura's harmonies are as tight and fluid as ever ('Chicago Lights', 'Seven Thirty') while Michael shows what he can do on 'A'. The Jale sound is there but in a seamless configuration that the Vees old manifestation could never quite grasp. Truly portentous of greater things.

J.D.

pink noise test



Pink Noise Test
Plasticized
(Liberation/Mushroom)

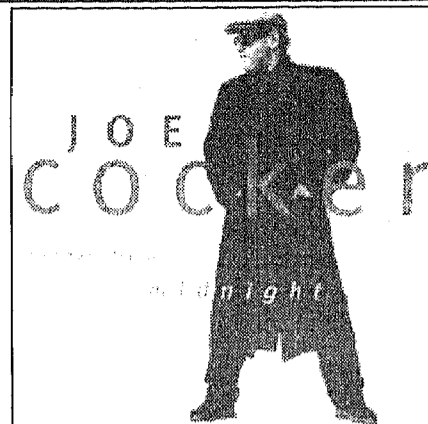


and
Vitro
Distort
(Sony)

Two CDs with one thing in common – distortion, and plenty of it. In fact the nineties could almost be dubbed the decade of cleanly produced distortion, from the grunge of Nirvana to the beats of the Chemical Brothers. And Pink Noise Test and Vitro use bucket loads of it but to very different effects. Pink Noise Test bring the late 90s highly produced distortion to bear on what are essentially 60s and 70s sounding early psychedelic Brit Pop. So, basically melodies that sound eerily like early Pink Floyd (this might have something to do with the band's choice of name) and the Beatles at their trippiest, get the noise treatment. Does it work? Well, yes, sometimes. At best it sounds like early Floyd meets Helmet or Sonic Youth, at others more like The Breeders or Ned's Atomic Dustbin. In a sentence: Well worth a listen, if you like the sound, you'll love the whole album.

Vitro's album too, as the title suggests, brings you bucket loads of distortion. Skip the first two tracks and from then on the album is like Portishead on steroids. Trippy, haunting, but yes, a bit more pissed off, a bit harder, like. This one should be picked up by Triple J – we'll see. Oh, and the album has one of those hidden tracks after eighth or so minutes of silence a hard beat kicks in in some cockney hard case talks about "a right fucked-up geezer, a tripped out nutcase" who takes lots of drugs and is very sick. I think there's a lesson in there for us all, don't you?

Marc Vickers



Joe Cocker
Across From Midnight
(Liberation/Mushroom/
Sony)

From the man whose career has spanned four decades, with sell-out concerts all over the globe and whose equipment was torched in Spain for not singing 'With A Little Help From My Friends' comes the great new album *Across From Midnight*. If you thought Joe Cocker was just a screaming lunatic you are in for a great surprise.

Teamed up with a great new band from his tour, *Across From Midnight* captures the Cocker of old with some great new grooves and covering some timeless classics. You really start to get into it from track 2 with an upbeat version of Bob Marley's 'Could You Be Loved'. This album is full of surprises, guaranteed to get you moving your feet and shaking your hips to the groove.

Across From Midnight shows the ability of Cocker to transcend time and his music to remain vital after all these years. Another highlight of this album is the single released from it 'What Do I Tell My Heart?'

Joe Cocker's *Across From Midnight* is an absolute must for any complete music collection. It is easy to dismiss Cocker as a has been and move on without appreciating Cocker's soulful evolution. *Across From Midnight* is a most pleasurable listening experience and one that needs to be listened to to be appreciated. Try playing this album to your potential partner on your first date and see how far you get.

Rock 'n' Roll Rodney

leased soon (April)-so if you like piano driven melodies and mellow but interesting beats, listen out for both the single and the album.

Marc Vickers

I've always really been influenced by ethnic music, particularly Arabic and Indian music.

On Dit: You are quoted as saying that "we must search for a style we can call our own." What do you mean by this?

Eric: We talk a lot about multi-culturalism in Australia. There is definitely an emergence of an identity in Australian films for example, . . . and music wise I think there is as well. I mean we are very influenced by the two big countries: England on

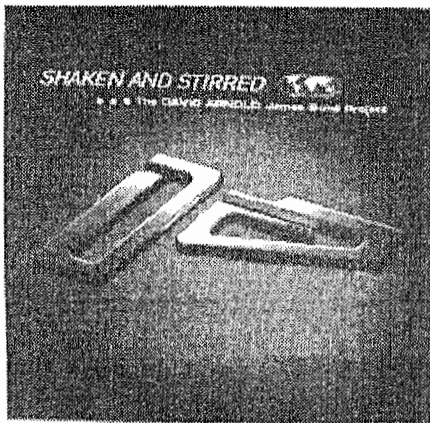
one side, the mother country, and America-but I feel we are moving towards the millennium forging an identity that is going to embrace all the countries that Australia is made out of.

On Dit: What about the future?

Eric: Well, I'm really looking forward to doing movie scores, that's one of the projects I'd like to do if I get the opportunity. I'd love to be asked to emotionally interpret a film. Also, you are pretty limited when you do make an album to a three to

six minute format-unless you want to indulge yourself, and you can only do that if your very rich. There is pressure within yourself and some from the record company. The bottom line is that you have to make something that is acceptable to the public. You cannot be big-headed and think they'll swallow whatever you give them-it doesn't work that way.

Embrace, Endorphin's debut album, is due in the stores May 4, 1998. And the album's third single, "Satie," should also be re-



David Arnold & Various Artists:
Shaken and Stirred: The DAVID ARNOLD James Bond Project
(Warner Music)

David Arnold composed the soundtrack music for *Independence Day*. Anything even remotely associated with something that cost that much money should immediately be called into question. Having said that, the *James Bond Project* is much like anything musical with the word 'project' after it; precious, very pretentious, and very, very pretty. One look at the double photograph of the maestro printed in the sleeve will tell you he's the kind of guy that will bore you to tears at a dinner party with his anecdote about meet-

ing Tom and Nicole and complaints of how dry the chicken was. Don't let that deter you. The music isn't bad at all. This, however, probably has more to do with his collaborators, running the gamut from Britpop (three fifths of Pulp, David McAlmont), through techno (Leftfield, Propellerheads), to rock's old guard (Iggy Pop, Chrisie Hynde). The arrangements have a very Seventies flavour by-and-large, with sharp brass attacks and soaring string ensembles (all programmed, of course) reminiscent of the original movie soundtracks. The album as a whole falls awkwardly between nostalgia and retro without really being identifiable with either camp.

Shaken and Stirred isn't for everyone. Lounge-aficionados will love the kitchiness of the album, particularly the high-camp delivery of 'Diamonds are Forever' and 'Live and Let Die' by McAlmont and Hynde respectively. I think it's worth owning just for Jarvis's wry performance of 'All Time High', irony flowing like treacle.

J.D.



Word Gets Around (including 6 track acoustic EP)
stereophonics
(V2/Sony)

What you might call generic indie-rock UK style, which is to say that it sounds somewhere between Oasis, Manic Street Preachers (circa *Everything Must Go*), and sometimes those radical edge-dwellers, the Gin Blossoms (I know they're not British, but they sure are generic). I'm sure they wouldn't like that comparison, but there it is.

This album starts with a bit of feistiness in the catchy, driving 'A Thousand Trees' and the stupid (and probably the single) 'Looks Like Chaplin'. The best song on the cd is the sub-Manics 'Local Boy in the Photograph' which sounds like an out-take from *Everything Must*

Go. From this point the whole exercise descends into a rather banal morass of various generic indie influences and sounds from the old-Blur-ish chug of 'Last of the Big Time Drinkers', the mock-Oasis drawl of 'Too Many Sandwiches', the country-rock 'Goldfish Bowl' and the bland, earnest acoustic strumming of 'Billy Davey's Daughter'.

There are a couple of different songs on the acoustic EP all of which are a bit too earnest as well (why do these northern English types try to be so "soulful"? Stop it!). The tracks from the album sound neutered in this format.

The vocalist has a good "classic" rock voice, all strained mock-emotion, and the tunes are a nice collection of unspectacular (and largely uninteresting by the end) chords which change in all the right places. Ho Hum. It has its moments but, ultimately, is all a bit samey, trying a bit hard (for example, the mock-profound lyrics which just sound dumb) and is a testament to their record collections, or their record company's marketing people.

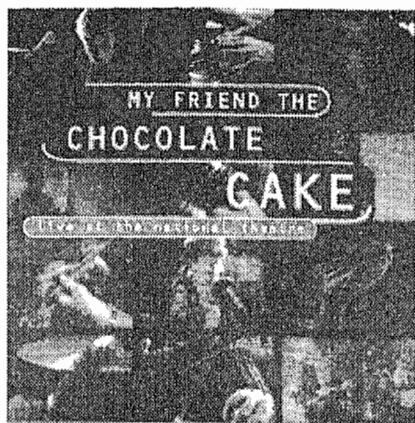
Paul Lobban.

give me noise.
 give me student radio.



Student Radio. Starts March 2nd. 9:30 PM - 1:30 AM.
 7 nights a Week. **5UV 531 AM.**

give me noise.



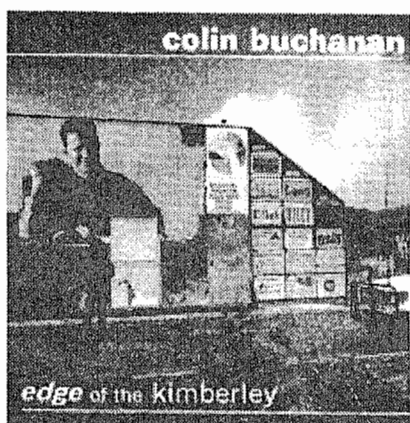
Live at the National Theatre
My Friend the Chocolate Cake
(Mushroom)

Do My Friend the Chocolate Cake sound any different live? No. Well, not much. But at least after listening to this album, you will know that they can play everything that they've done in the studio live. And very, very well.

Performed in front of a very polite audience in the National Theatre in Melbourne, in 1996, this is a superbly recorded and honest CD. The band play a very diverse set, with many of their trademark instrumental tracks that showcase their unusual lineup, which includes a cello, violin, tin whistle and mandolin, along with your regular folk band. Frontman and keyboardist David Bridie's hauntingly sweet vocals provide a highlight on the tracks 'Sirens', and 'Good Luck'. The traditional 'Czardas' provides violinist Hope Csutoros with a vehicle for demonstrating her virtuosity (at first I thought this choice was a bit dodgy with the wealth of originals that the band have written, but after a good listen the skill and energy in this performance is just too hard to ignore). Listen for some incredible heart-string stuff from the violin in the sad and sorry 'Can't Find Love'.

If you're a real MFTCC fan, you will love this album. If you're new to the band's stuff, this is the perfect introduction. The cover features photos from the video recorded on the night, so hopefully that is floating around out there too.

Andrew Morrison



Colin Buchanan
Edge of the Kimberly
(Warner)

For those of you who are not aware of who Colin Buchanan is you may have seen him as a regular figure on *Play School*. This is his first album since being signed to Warner Music. Previously released through the ABC, *Edge of the Kimberly* is another instalment of his 'back to his roots' look on life.

This album has a country feel about it, which is no surprise given the talent of the co-writers and feature artists that appear on this album. The likes of Lee and Tania Kernaghan, Greg Champion and Greg Porter help Buchanan give this album it's commentary style by talking about the characters and places that make up Colin Buchanan's Australia. Though this album many not be everyone's cup of tea, it is still a great album to sit down and relax to, or study to. The only real gripe that I have is that it does not show Colin's great talent for playing many different instruments (especially the didgeridoo that has appeared on previous albums).

Edge of the Kimberly is certainly an album to have a second listen to. The tracks are infectious and would certainly be a great present to give to mum or dad for a birthday. It is to be hoped that we will hear more from Colin under his new label, and discover all that he has to offer.

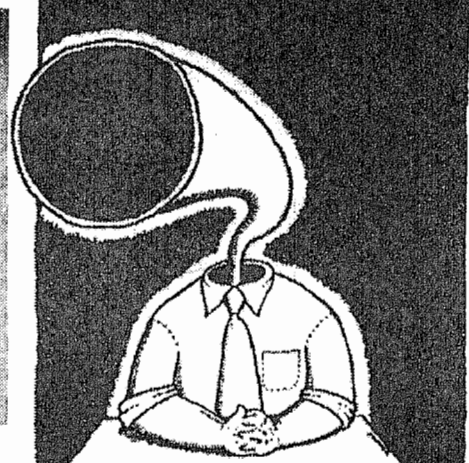
Rock 'n' Roll Rodney



KAVISHA MAZZELLA
Fisherman's Daughter
(ABC Music/EMI)

The style that Mazzella has created is a cross between folk, country and traditional urban and rural Italian music. A successful combination if you enjoy listening to strumming guitars and flying vocals. Mazzella lyrics are very emotional and this is heightened by her strong and textured voice. I get the feeling that she would be fantastic to see on stage, as her music is very sensual and stirring as well as being fun ('Lovewrecked' being one fun, boppy track). The bio said the Australian artist has a heritage that is Italian and Celtic This is clearly evident in such tunes as 'All I Want Is You' with accordion and slide guitar dancing with one other. Mazzella takes her first name from the Indian goddess of poetry and it is appropriate as she wails her songs with influences of Indian classical music. Some songs were a bit too country for my taste, like 'Swan River' but this was then followed by strong and naked compositions like 'Viv's Song' and 'Fishermen Pull In The Sand Nets'. This artist has a great voice. The album is very sensuous and emotional and reveals a very talented woman whose music can move a sensitive listener through her use a story and song.

SIMON PAMPENA



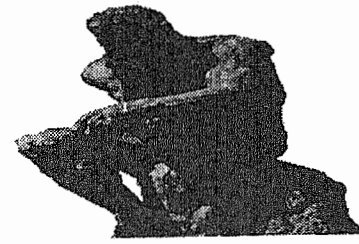
student radio column

More feedback please! Unlike the fine student paper that you happen to be holding (which needs to use more ink! We don't get black hands anymore after reading it!) it can be quite difficult to get feedback as to how Student Radio is being received by you, the kids. And we want to know! After all, we want you to listen, and if we are not giving you what you want, then you probably won't. In this respect, if you have anything to say about Student Radio, drop a line into the SAUA office or give us a call on our "Freaked Out Feedback Line"™, 8303 5000. Or if you feel particularly strongly about Student Radio, write a letter to *On Dit* so the world can see.

On a similar point, as Student Radio is on the AM band, we feel it is our sworn duty to present Talkback radio, so call up the "Bob Francis Memorial Talkback Line"™, 8303 5000, whenever we are on air. We love matching wits with our informed and empowered listeners. On any issue whatsoever (especially the lack of ink in student papers).

This week, **Local Noise** is proud to present **Monté**, one of Adelaide's great bands. Tune in 9:30pm Tuesday night for this musical extravaganza (and don't forget to give us a call!). And make sure you tune in every night from 9:30, to hear the most cutting-edge-est radio in town.

STUDENT RADIO.
GIVE ME TALKBACK.



Philosophy

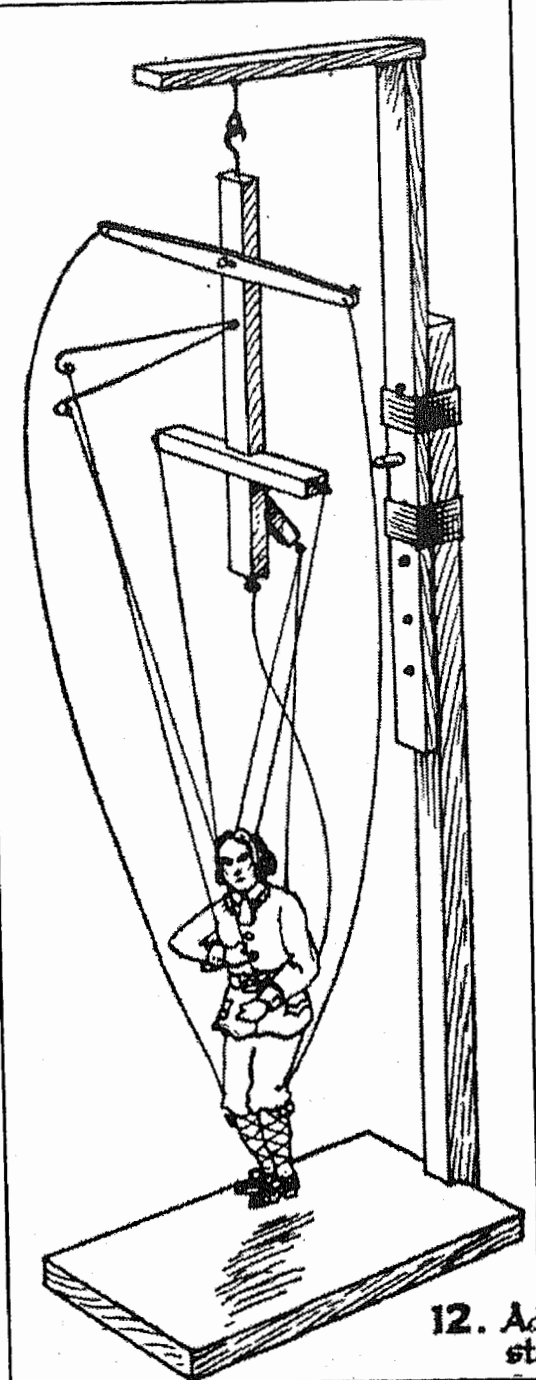
Do we have free will?

The theory of determinism often drives a person to depression or even despair. They no longer feel masters of their own fate and feel that no matter what they do they can not escape destiny. Things will happen to you whether you like it or not. This can not be denied. The great strength of the determinist argument is that we can see numerous examples of our environment affecting our actions and even our thoughts. If you really consider your thoughts you will notice that you do not have control over much of their subject matter. Many thoughts are triggered off by cues in the environment and then by a process of free-association your mind goes onto other thoughts. Of course, everyone has short-term and long-term goals. These can override any influences of the environment and allow you to guide your own actions in an ordered fashion, without being distracted by every random environmental effect that happens to occur. The determinist can continue their line of attack, however, by saying that even your goals have been formed by your environment and therefore you still do not have free will (that is if you agree with the incompatibilist definition of free will - a choice must be voluntary and originate from you to be free). The determinist's position depends upon a willingness to assume hidden causes for anything that happens. Something has caused you to act in that particular fashion, you just do not know what the cause was. In discussing determinism a great deal is made of the effect of the environment upon us. It makes us sound like mere machines simply reacting to changing environmental conditions. Let us define environmental conditions as anything outside of ourselves. This includes climatic conditions and interactions with other people (social situations). In regard to climatic conditions, one thing that must be mentioned is our great adaptability. We are

the most adaptable creatures we know of. Far from being passively controlled and directed by the environment, we actually do a great deal of our own controlling. We have controlled the flow of the greatest rivers, created our own rivers, turned forest into farmland and farmland into forest, and we have even, by pumping inconceivable amounts of toxic fumes into the atmosphere, accelerated the greenhouse effect, thus increasing the amount of time we can spend at the beach. Also, though many places are usually uninhabitable to us, by using tools we can survive in them. We can travel to the bottom of the sea, live in the harshest arctic conditions, travel into the vacuum of space, and even walk on the moon. Does this sound like a creature passively controlled by its environment? In regard to social situations it can be seen that every individual has great effects upon every other individual. Think of when you see a movie with a few of your friends. By asking them to see the movie you have changed their futures forever. They may have stayed home and done something else or perhaps even been killed in an accident. Any number of things could have hap-

pened. The same is true of every time you speak to someone. The listener's mind eagerly devours all information you give them, remembering what is relevant to themselves, and contrasting what you say with what they already know. One smile, one word of encouragement, one compliment, one demonstration of affection. Any of these small actions which we can perform at any time throughout our day can have dramatic effects on other people's lives. There are many desperate and down-hearted people out there, some may be on the verge of despair when just one happy greeting is given and all of a sudden life doesn't seem that bad. Life seems worth living. These little actions, although they may not mean much to yourself at the time can have profound meaning for the other person. One of the primary principles of determinism is that there are numerous hidden causes effecting us. With this in mind we should also remember that we are also the cause of numerous hidden effects. Many people feel impotent in their lives,

as if nothing they do matters. This is the case because the effects of what we do are usually hidden. Who knows what great effects you've inadvertently had on other people's lives. The more effort you put into making others feel good, the more likely you will make a worthy contribution to the world. Perhaps you will even be lucky enough to see the difference you've made. This is the message of the movie *It's a Wonderful Life* which I highly recommend. **INDIVIDUALS CAN AND DO MAKE A DIFFERENCE.** No matter what anyone says, no abstract argument can undermine what has been your past experience. Your past experience is that, in fact, you do have free will. You do have control over your actions. Thus whether determinism is true or false or something else is the case, nothing can change the fact that you feel as though you are free. Also, since cause and effect are not totally understood, and much of the arguments about free will are based upon ill-defined concepts (especially definitions of what free will is) then we must reserve judgement upon the issue. Determinism is nothing but an abstract argument. If we are to order knowledge in a rank of strength we must give superiority to our senses before abstract reasoning. This is especially the case when the reasoning used is based upon ill-defined concepts, as is so with the determinism argument. Therefore, I repeat that we must reserve judgement upon the determinism debate. So, casting the abstract arguments aside, we are left with nothing but the feeling that we had all along. The feeling that we had long before ever coming across the determinism argument. This is the feeling that we are free. I will leave you with a quote from William James. He was in a severe depression over the problem of determinism and wrote the following, before going on and kicking arse as a psychologist. He still main-



tained years later that the decision greatly affected his life. "I will assume for the present - until next year - that free will is no illusion. My first act of free will shall be to believe in free will... I will go a step further with my will, not only act with it, but believe as well; believe in my individuality and creative power." - William James.

Brentyn Ramm

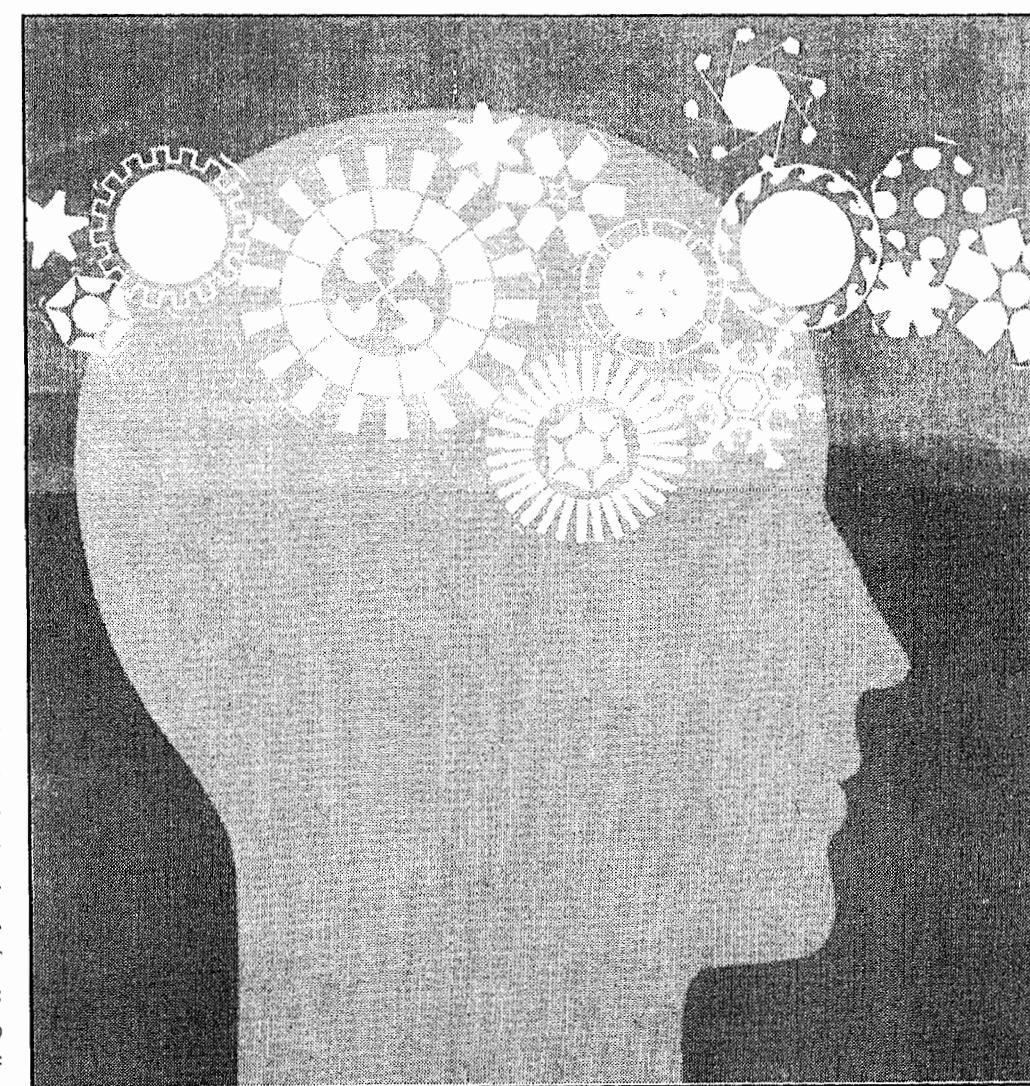
Philosophy Letters

Brentyn Ramm,

Cool idea for a column. Anything that promotes individual thought is a good thing. Hope you keep it up. Re the question in this week's column: Free will. It's a fundamental human possession. Everyone has it, even if they don't all exercise it. We all make hundreds of decisions every day, some of which we could say have only one logical solution to us. This is where the "domino effect" and determinism step in. Determinism, what a scary thought. Life is set out. You can't do anything about it. The future can't be changed. Damn that's chilling. I don't think I'd like to live in a world like that. Besides, have you ever heard of the "Butterfly effect?" A butterfly flaps its wings in Tokyo and the weather in New York changes. There are far too many variables to ever be able to predict human thought or action. Given someone's upbringing and the environment you can predict their behaviour. Bullshit. People dictate their own behaviour. You can never be sure how someone is going to react to any event or set of circumstances. For example, (cliched as it may be) how many times have you heard the tragic tales of woe and suffering (boo hoo) of kids in the hood who, despite their disadvantages pull themselves out of the mire of their surroundings and go on to bigger and better things. Meanwhile kids in the same situation go on to a life of crime because it was their only option in a cruel and uncaring society (blah, blah, blah). Now I do feel bad for the disadvantaged, don't get me wrong here, but people really should take responsi-

bility for their own lives. Alternatively take me as an example. I got off my arse and wrote this, didn't I, and I come from the engineering faculty (not that all Engies are anti-arts, but that's the stereotype (and we're stuck with it (I guess (oops I've emulated the Fly Guy (whose column (incidentally) kicks arse))). No matter what the conditions, people have their own mind. Sure it has it's influences, but there are no boundaries to the imagination. Nothing on Earth, and no man-made world can cage or predict the human spirit. Thanks for reading my rabble, even if you don't agree with any of it.

Steve Durdin
3rd Year Electrical Electronic Engineering



REPLY: I guess we can sum that up as - IF YOU PUT YOUR MIND TO IT YOU CAN DO ANYTHING. This is a statement in which I have an intense belief. No matter what your environmental influences are or have been, you still have the power of choice. Just choose to do it despite any fears and despite others opinions, and you will feel the power of free will surging within you. Brentyn Ramm.

Dear Brentyn Ramm, I am a Christian. I believe that God, not being constrained by time, can see every possible event. He knows the past, present, and entire future of every single person. It is therefore tempting to think that all Christians are determinists. But I also believe that each one of us has completely free will. You see, God, in his infinite wisdom, chose to give us free will rather than completely dictating our behaviour. If we were all robots controlled by him, then there would be no reason for anybody not to be a Christian. In every decision we do have total free will, only God being outside of time, knows what decision we will make, and also the complete eternal consequences of that

decision. I don't think this is a determinist viewpoint. It's like someone looking back at us from the future, and knowing what we will do next - much like a well-known book or movie. But since we are totally free, maybe it is more akin to knowing out daily diary. Love, Zane. P.S. I must wholeheartedly agree with your opinions of Logic I.

REPLY: Thank you so much for your contributions. The greatest fear I had when I chose to create this column was that, given the rather indifferent attitude people seem to take these days, no one would take an interest. Remember to take your contributions to the On Dit office or you can even email them. Also, don't be afraid to discuss a subject that has already been, or talk about something completely different. Brentyn Ramm.

Dear On Dit, about the question you had last week (I know it is probably a bit late to answer it) about freedom of choice. No we don't have any choice. Besides from the argument given by the questioner (which was really the best), it is obvious from the macroscale. The past cannot be changed, and past and future are only seperated on the time line by the present. The present is not a fundamentally different point in time according to some scientific theory which I cannot remember, but I could find out if you really needed to know. Therefore, the future cannot be changed, and this therefore denies free will.

A question for you, if you can help. 50's, 60's, 70's, 80's, 90's, ... Then what? What is the name of the new decade? If no one knows I suggest the o-e's(00's) or the toddles (as in toddler, teenager, 20's, 30's, etc.) **Question 3: We all know when we see something beautiful, but what makes it beautiful? What is beauty?**

Bye Bye

Pink Panthers.

Down for the count and finally out!

Roseworthy sport has finally succumbed to the decline in student numbers which has made Roseworthy a "ghost town". With a tradition rivalling that of the Blacks Roseworthy football club will not be playing this season in its traditional pink and black and will be adopting the black guernsey and white v of Adelaide Uni. This sad fate will see the end of a 100 years of tradition which had made Roseworthy one of Australia's most active sporting campuses per student population.

Roseworthy will leave the Adelaide Plains League where it is a founding member and join the SAAFL in division 9 north. Roseworthy will be training at its traditional home on the Roseworthy Oval on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 6. The club can be contacted by calling Matthew Haase on (08) 8303 7754. Home games will be played at the USA's Levels campus.

The Blacks

On a brighter note the Blacks have already begun pre season training and can be seen out every Tuesday and Thursday evening training on Park 10 at 6pm.

For enquiries contact Fred (Chocka) Bloch on 8303 5529.

Rowing

The Boat Club has finally had their submission accepted to hold the rowing IV. University has previously held this event in 1986 and 1992, and on both

occasions the regattas were huge successes both on and off the water. The IV will be held from the 28th September through to the 3rd of October and at this stage will involve a pre IV sprint regatta and pre and post regatta social functions as well as the general merchandising associated with one of Australia's premier regattas. For details or to join in contact Steve Perry on 8242 2521.

Fundraising

With all this talk about IV's a lot of money has to be raised to send our teams to Melbourne for the Games and to the various Championships around Australia. This year for the first time the Sports Association is helping in the fundraising department and is holding a sporting raffle. Pene has spent many hours obtaining prizes from the likes of the Adelaide Crows, Redbacks Cricket, Port Power and Thunderbirds Netball to mention a few and has created a fantastic raffle. For more details read the last page of On Dit or contact the Sports Association on 8303 5403

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AUSKI PUB NIGHT

Join 500 Auskiers
at the Uni Bar
this Wednesday
for \$1.00 beers
(7.30pm to 8.00pm),
\$1.50 beers
(8.00pm to 9.00pm).
The FREE SKI TRIP
will be drawn
during the
evening so make
sure you are an
AUSKI member.



AUSKI

Ski Trip

14th to 21st July,
\$730 all inclusive:
transport, lifts,
lessons, accomodation,
meals, everything
paid for!
ph 8303 5403

Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry
Last places currently filling

(a waiting list will be created
for trippers who have missed out)

Clubby Clubby Clubs Clubs



This is the first Club's Column for the year. This column is to let you know what is happening around Uni with clubs, to promote clubs in general, and to remind people of the weekly meetings that are happening. Of course many clubs will have their own advertising as well, but this column will be a regular weekly reminder for all.

What is the Clubs Association?

The Clubs' Association is the federation of non-sporting Clubs from the Adelaide, Waite and Thebarton campuses of the University of Adelaide (Roseworthy Campus has its own Clubs).

The major function of the CA is to distribute grants to member Clubs. Most of the money from these grants comes from the Student Union Fee.

Other things we do: lobby the Student Union Board to improve the facilities of the Student Union for Clubs, keep Club records, organise large scale events and provide advice and resources for Clubs.

This year, the Club's Association will be promoting clubs a lot more. By the end of the year you will know of every one of the many clubs on campus. Clubs broadly speaking are divided into several main groups: Activity, Issue, Religious, Cultural, Faculty, Theatre, and that great catch all, Other.

During the year I will be writing about various clubs on campus so that you will have a better idea about what is out there. I will also be writing about how to start up your own club. Sometimes there just isn't something already there for you.

Many rooms often mentioned in this column are on the fifth floor of the union building. The same level as the bar. They are at the back of the building. If you are unsure, just ask someone or come down to the clubs office.

What's coming up?

Amnesty International

Amnesty's AGM will be 1:15 - 2:15pm April 1st in the Margaret Murray Room.

Their regular meetings will also be in the Margaret Murray Room at 1:15 - 2:15 on Wednesday 6th May, Wednesday 3rd June and Wednesday 1st July. For further information please contact Sally Hetzel - 8232 2928

Pride

Pride meetings have changed from Thursday to Mondays at 1pm in the Rainbow room. The Rainbow room has also moved. No longer in the Lady Symon Building, it is now on the sixth floor of the Union Building in the old 10 Forward Room.

Irish Club

St Patrick's Day - 17th March. Beers - Bands - BBQs, \$1 Beers, Half price Guinness, \$3 two dogs, \$2 lunch from 11am to 5pm on the Barr Smith Lawns

Women's Collective

Come along to our meeting Tuesday 17th March in the Women's Room (Downstairs in the Lady Symon Building) for a 'Women Who Rocked Our World' show-&-tell session. Bring along something to talk about! ALL women welcome. Tune into Student Radio every Tuesday at 11:30pm for a 'Women Who Rocked Our World' special

Adelaide University Film Society

This week's movie:

Blowup

Plus animated short *The Beast of Monsieur Rache* Thursday 19th March, 1:10pm and 7pm, Union Cinema, Level 5, Union building, \$2/\$4

Directed by Antonioni, this film, about a 60's fashion photographer in swinging London who unwittingly photographs a crime, won the 1967 Cannes Palm D'Or.

Coming Up:

Week 4: American Graffiti

Plus animated short *Paddington Goes to the Movies* Thursday 26th March, 1:10pm and 7pm, Union Cinema, \$2/\$4

George Lucas's first big feature film (the money from this film helped him to finance *Star Wars*). Stars a very young Harrison Ford.

Week 5: The Blues Brothers

Plus animated shorts *Where the Wild Things Are* and *In the Night Kitchen*

Thursday 2nd April, 1:10pm and 7pm, Union Cinema, \$3/\$5

With the sequel *Blues Brothers 2000* coming out on April 9th, here's a great opportunity to see the original again on the big screen.

Week 6: The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari

Plus animated shorts *Paradise Lost*, *The Hooper-Bloob Highway* by Dr. Suess and *Felix in Hollywood*

Thursday 9th April, 1:10pm and 7pm, Union Cinema, \$1/\$3

German expressionist movie of 1920. Everyone is welcome, member or not. If you'd like to become a member you can always join at the door for just \$5.

Film Society AGM

Wed March 18, 1:10pm Margaret Murray Rm

Anyone who is interested in film is welcome to come along (you'll be able to join up on the day). A new committee and new office bearers will be elected, these are the people who decide which films to show, so if you want to get involved, be there.

AESEC

is holding a Taco - Tequila party! Tentatively it is to be held in the Uni Boatshed at 7:30pm and will cost \$5 to members and \$7 to non members - (I haven't put the date because this will force you to call Paul at the AESEC office - 8303 5909 - to confirm the location.)

Choral Society

(Last Chance to Join in for this Semester's Shows!!!!)

The Choral Society is starting to practice for two big shows coming up. But please hurry. The next couple of weeks will be your last chance to join in for these two shows. The first is Prokofiev's *Alexander Nevsky*

to be performed on May 16th. The second is Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, to be performed on June 13th. With both of them, especially the Beethoven, they need more people. This year the conductor for these is the renowned Nicholas Braithwaite! If you would like to join in but feel that you don't have the musical skills - don't worry. The Choral Society caters for ALL abilities. There are NO AUDITIONS! Practice is every Wednesday at 7pm in the Hartley Concert Room. For more information please call Mirella Mann on 8344 8044

Photography Club

The photography club has yet to organise regular meetings for this year, but give Kendell Nicholson a call on 8271 6443 to find out details about when they will be meeting

Baha'i Society

The Baha'i Society, like the Photography Club are in the process of organising meetings for the year. Do keep an eye on this column for further information about what they will be doing during the year, especially for their international speaker coming up. For further information please call Roshanak - 8271 2438

Esperanto Club

The Esperanto Club's AGM is Thursday 19th March at 1pm in the North Dining Room. All new members are welcome. Every Thursday at 1pm in the North Dining Room there is a regular Esperanto coffee gossip session. There is no need to be able to speak Esperanto. So come along and find out what Esperanto is all about.

Chess Club

The Chess Club's regular meetings this year will be every Tuesday & Friday, 1pm in the Don Stranks Room. Beginners to advanced players are welcome. Coming up on Sunday 22nd March at 1:30pm is the 1998 Team's Allegro competition at the Chess Centre. If you want to play you must come to a Chess Club meeting to register. For further information please call Ben O'Clainin - 8294 5720

New Clubs

Backgammon Club

This new club will hold its Inaugural General Meeting on 24th March at 12pm in the Margaret Murray Room. Beginners and experienced players are welcome. If you have a board, bring it along! For further information please contact David Warner on 8364 3714

African Studies Collective

Contact Simon Stratman (Social Enquiries) 33392

Jazz Club

The Jazz Club is for all people who enjoy all forms of jazz, either to play or to listen to. See the Uni Bar for details about a gig on Thursday 19th March. If you are interested, please leave details at the Club's Office for Michael Christiansen

Starting soon are also the following: Home Brew Club, Linguistics Club, and NORML (Hemp). Details about these clubs will follow

Next Week

Would you like to impress your friends with your own exciting web page? (A note of caution here. Please read page 10 of last week's On Dit, The Electric Chair by Tim Kentish). Well you can by contacting SMUG. But more about them next week when they will be my feature club.

EK! Esperanto Club

Upcoming Events

Kafoklacoj will be on again this year, every Thursday lunch in the north dining room (starting in the first week of term 1). Come along and meet new people. This is an excellent time for beginners to learn the basics of the language.

EK is also planning a pub crawl with a difference on Friday the 27th of March. Come along and have a merry time with a few drinks.

This year EK is planning to have one banquet each term. The first of these will be held on Friday the 3rd of March, (place as yet to be arranged). All new members are more than welcome to attend.

The EK AGM will be held on Thursday the 19th of March at 1:10pm in the north dining room.

For more information please call Jess on 8374 1202

Attention all Homebrewers

The Adelaide University Brewers Club will be holding their Inaugural General Meeting on Friday 20th March in the WP Rogers Room, Level 5, Union House at 4pm. Everyone is welcome to attend, from beginners who have never brewed to Master Brewers. All current members should attend to collect discount cards. Spread the word.

Sub LUMen AGM

Thursday 19th March 12pm >> @ The Games Room Union Building, Level 5. Music, Movies, Meetings and Mayhem! sublumen@holon.net for more information

Adelaide University has no Motorcycle Club! You can help change this. On the 25th of March, the Adelaide Uni Motorcycle Club will hold its inaugural meeting. If you ride or want to ride come to the Don Stranks Room, Level 5, Union Building at 1pm and start the club.

AUSFA AGM 5pm Wed March 25 Union Cinema, Level 5 Union House

Members are encouraged to join the Science Fiction Association committee and help make this the best and most fun-filled club on campus (again). All members welcome. New members can join at the door.

Come and try Gymnastics and Acrobatics with the Adelaide Uni and Uni of SA Gymnastics Club. We cater to gymnasts and acrobats of all standards, including complete beginners, and qualified coaches are available. The first lesson is free! Training: Monday and Friday nights, 7:00pm to 9:30pm, UniGym, 127 Mackinnon Parade, North Adelaide. Contact: Franky Charman-Green, 8296 9894

Table Tennis Want to play on campus & during lunch-time? Well express your interest by helping me to form the club. Come to "Games Room" Union Building Level 5 on Thursday 19th of March at 12:00

larn
Contact Chow29@hotmail.com or Phone 8289 6382

Mature Students' Association Notice of Elections 1998

Polling for Club Elections will be as follows Wed 18th March 12 noon - 2pm Thurs 19th March 12 noon - 2pm Friday 20th March 12 noon - 2pm Polling is to be held in the MSA Clubrooms D.Hall Returning Officer



*Susan? Don't
Fall
For
It!*

Desperately seeking a Portishead ticket.
If you have one and don't want it please
email me on
astrozik@arts.adelaide.edu.au

*No
More
Tool,
Alice?*

Wanted - Bass guitarist for an original
band
Influences: Faith No More, Tool, Alice
in Chains, Radiohead, etc
Ring: Mark 8353 4289 (after 8pm)
or email:
mark.jordan@student.adelaide.edu.au

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of funds?

Our company has created several part
time positions designed for students to
work around their school schedules.

- competitive pay
 - training provided
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 - advancement opportunities
 - work with other students
- Apply now 8296 9411

*Dicky
Ticker*

If someone left a personal belonging in
the toilet (with disabled access) on level
5 behind the games room on 11/3/98
could they call into Sports or Clubs
association office on level 2 Lady Symon
Building anytime, ask to see Vicki or
Pene and describe the 'watch'. If the
description matches the found ticker it
will be returned immediately.

*That's A
Nice...
Jacket*

Brand New
Labcoats & Medical Coats
\$25
PH 8352 3762
after 6pm

*So
That's
Where
All The
Pens Go!*

Lost on Wednesday 4/3/98 near
Computer Science Faculty, and Student
Information Office, one Silver and Gold
Schaeffer pen with...
"Dear John
Happy 21st
Love Bonnie"
Engraved in Gold.
If found contact:
fenian@smug.adelaide.edu.au, or
8258 6280 after hours and speak to John.

ANNUAL STUDENT ENVIRONMENT FORUM

UNI OF TAS, HOBART

*pedder ~ franklin ~
lemonthyme ~
farmhouse creek
wesley vale ~
douglas-apsley ~
tarkine*



*students
&
ustainability*

6 - 10 JULY 1998

" VISIONS FOR THE FUTURE ... "

for more info: <http://www.utas.edu.au/docs/ss98> or contact your campus Environment Officer