

**on  
dit**

VERSION 68.4 13.03.2000

SR  
378.05  
05

THE UNIVERSITY OF AGRICULTURE  
AND VETERINARY SCIENCE  
22 JUN 2000



# The Editors' Rant

## Catering Update

Catering has taken a hammering over the unfinished Mayo Refectory changes. Accusations of poor vision and communication, not enough staff, and a lack of clear direction have been levelled at all aspects of this refurbishment. Unconfirmed rumour is running rife through the Union and its staff regarding the future of Catering. We have posed the questions and set up meetings with Chris Crichton (Manager, Union Commercial Operations), Ian Cannon (C.E.O AUU), Anthony Paxton (Chair of the Catering Advisory Committee) and others, in order for the air to be cleared. Look forward to the next week or so.

## Elder Con furore continues

The kerfuffle surrounding the GSM/Student Forum for the Elder Conservatorium is a classic example of internecine bickering at its very worst. We have been accused of buying into this debate but we believe that students must have input throughout all stages of the review procedure. All parties supposedly have the best interests of the student body at heart. We here on the editorial team take the line that student course matters are too important for petty party politics to step in the way. All student bodies should pull together to head off the seemingly increasing vocationalisation of this edifice of knowledge. The Students' Association, as the peak body representing the students, must be heavily involved in this decision-making; the undergraduate representatives should protect the interests of the student body they were elected to represent. As Alida Parente (University Council Undergraduate member) said in last weeks' edition, 'If the majority of them want me to vote for these changes, that's what I'll do.' Correspondingly, if opposition is prevalent, then the only avenue is opposition to the mooted changes regardless of their supposed cost effectiveness. Both University Council undergraduate members should have a full and frank public disclosure of position so that if their constituents don't agree with said position, they can attempt to change the representative's mind. This is what they were elected to do.

**Start in the red section**

SUN	39	The End
SAT	35-38	Music
FRI	33-34	Books
THU	32	Visual Arts
WED	30-31	Theatre
TUE	25-26	Fringe
MON	24	Television
SUN	22-23	Video
SAT	20-21	Vox Vox
FRI	19	Clubs
THU	17-18	SAUA
WED	15-16	Letters
MON	3-5	News
TUE	6-7	Canberra
WED	8	Mercedes
THU	9	spj5
FRI	10	under achievers
SAT	11	Sad Songs
SUN	12	Science
MON	13	Sister Helen
TUE	14	Social Page

# Dame Roma Mitchell: A tribute

By Georgie Hambrook

If anybody was deserving of the moniker 'trailblazer' it was Dame Roma Mitchell. And it was one title, among many, that she wore with typical good grace.

Dame Roma, 86, died after a short battle with bone cancer last week. Following a mercy dash to bestow a final award, the Governor-General Sir William Deane, a longtime friend, described Dame Roma as one of the greatest of all Australians, an inspiration not only to those who knew and loved her but also to those who knew of her achievements.

After graduating from the University of Adelaide top of her class, Dame Roma was appointed South Australia's first female QC, a breakthrough she looked back on with great affection because it was her first and 'something you attain off your own bat'.

Her outstanding career at Bar led Premier Don Dunstan - in a typical grand gesture - to appoint her to the bench of the SA Supreme Court, another pioneering achievement for a woman. After leaving the Supreme Court in 1981 she became the founding chairperson of the Human Rights Commission.

She then went on to eclipse all previous firsts by becoming the

state Governor in 1991, the first female governor to be appointed in this nation.

Dame Roma had a 60 year association with the University of Adelaide. She completed first class degrees in Arts and Law in 1934, and lectured in Family and Matrimonial Law from 1960-65. She became a member of the University Council in 1965 and was Senior Deputy Chancellor for 11 years, from 1972.

In 1983, Dame Roma was appointed Chancellor of Adelaide University, again the first woman to hold such a post. And, even when her official roles had ended, Dame Roma was a regular at University seminars and special events.

By then she had become at least partly used to the publicity that every new milestone seemed to attract, although at first it had shocked her.

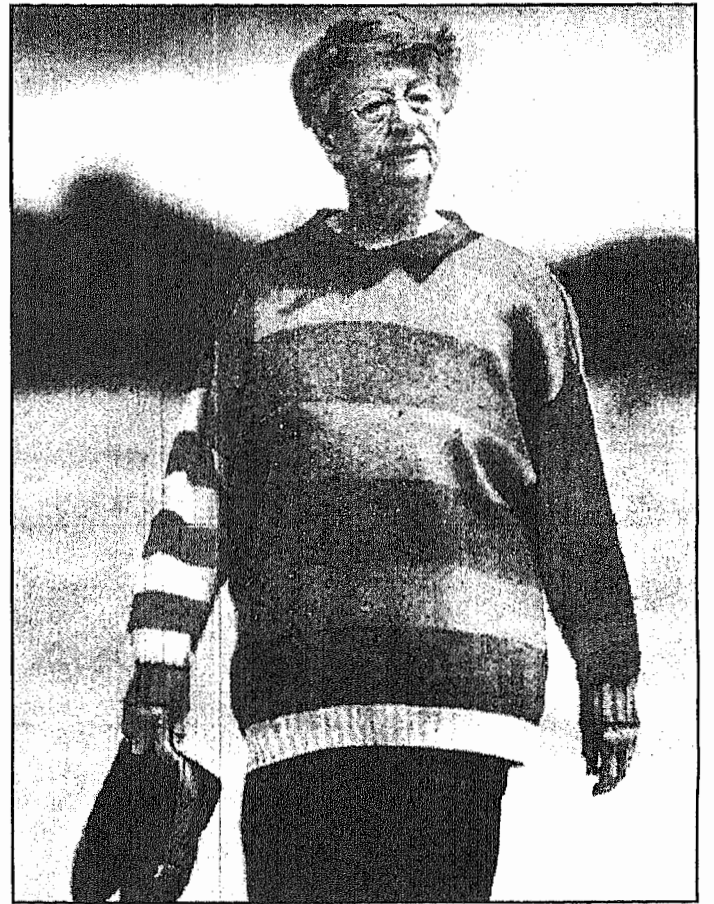
In later life she told an interviewer: 'I remember saying at the time that I hoped I lived long enough to see that such an appointment received no more publicity than the appointment of a man, and I think I've nearly done so.'

A self-described conservative feminist, Dame Roma relied on

sheer persistence to overcome discrimination.

Evidently the legal profession in the 1940s didn't countenance too many female practitioners, but Dame Roma didn't let the lack of forms of female amenities at the Sir Samuel Way Court House thwart her. As former High Court Chief Justice, Sir Anthony Mason commented after her death:

'I don't think it was easy for her. It would not have been easy for a woman of her generation, born in 1913, to achieve the success that she did.' University of Adelaide Vice Chancellor, Professor Mary O'Kane, recently summed Dame Roma up thus: 'She represented change. The memory of her spirit and energy will continue to inspire



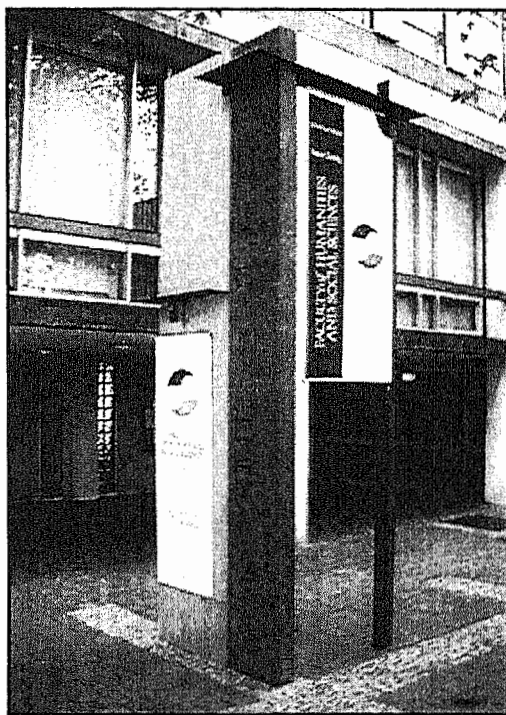
those working to achieve her vision of a better and fairer society. She cared passionately about education and was a true friend to Adelaide University. Her pioneering achievements, her personal integrity and her commitment to public service made her a role model for many Australians.'

## Vietnamese no more

By Stephen Mullighan

The Dean of the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences, Professor Malcolm Gilles, has issued notification that the Vietnamese course will no longer be offered at the University. There has been a strong feeling of discontent within the Faculty, especially within the Centre for Asian Studies. At last count they have collected over 700 signatures on a petition demanding the continuance of the course. The Vietnamese course has enjoyed a good reputation in the past, especially since it is the only one offered at a tertiary level in South Australia. In 1998 a Report titled A Review into the Vietnamese Program recommended the continuation of the course, even outlining a potential increase in funding.

For the Dean to make such a rash decision without a proper consultative process is both unjust and smacks of the University's current preoccupation with arbitrary rationalisation. At the very least the facilitators of the course should have been consulted, as well as the students. One can only hope that



The Napier Building, late Sunday.

this lack of communication on behalf of the University was not a deliberate attempt to close another course with as little fuss as possible. Bearing that in mind, it is interesting to note that along with the initial recommendations contained in the Music Review, here we have another attack on the Arts. Is a pattern beginning to emerge? It certainly appears so.

Check out the...

Inner City University  
Campuses Project

Unwanted  
Sexual  
Experiences  
Survey

[www.unisa.edu.au/uses/](http://www.unisa.edu.au/uses/)

Until 31 March 2000

# The great Med School lottery

By Seb Henbest

The Medical School here at Adelaide Uni uses the same dubious method of student selection, or rather student exclusion as in WA. On the basis of the information in the article which follows, first published in WA in the journal 'Medicus' in Dec. 1999, and sent to us for publication, the Medical school at Adelaide University is doing the students of Adelaide, the people of Australia, and the practice of medicine worldwide, an unspeakable disservice.

The information brochure given to potential medical students contains the following information:

'The selection process comprises three components: an academic threshold, a written selection (UMAT) and a structured interview. The academic threshold is a Tertiary Entrance Rank of approximately 96.'

What is not stated, is that regardless of the TER, if you fell into the lower 60% of the scores on the UMAT, the first step in the process, you are excluded from any further consideration regardless of any other qualities you may possess. What is this powerful weapon that Department of Medicine has identified, which with one foul blow can exclude students who, by all appearances would make very good doctors? 3 weeks before their TEE! The UMAT was originally constructed for the Newcastle University (a peripheral, supernumerary University of NSW) to identify students who would benefit from their 'innovative curriculum' acknowledged to be different from other Medical Schools, then and now. However, even in this University, the UMAT

was designed to be used in conjunction with an academic threshold - established first - and an interview. There are clearly many issues which the WA Department of Medicine needs to address:

1. The test has never been validated. Students or adults who display the qualities looked for have never been asked to sit the test to confirm its predictive powers. Success in the UMAT means one thing... the student is good at the UMAT.

2. The test has never been shown in Newcastle to be a better predictor of success in any facet of the medical education or outcome in interns or doctors at any stage of their career, despite 20 years of analysis.

3. A system, which was incorruptible, is now corruptible. Students with access to psychological tests can obtain many aspects of the test and practice them. Students with parents or friends integral in the formation of the test or its administration, can, in theory get information about it, which is unavailable to others.

4. The academic threshold is not set prior to culling the population on the basis of the UMAT. Thus interview spaces are being taken up by the students who will have no hope of achieving the required TER. 50% of those who achieved a high mark in the UMAT did not achieve a high enough TER to do medicine. 28% of those who passed the interview did not reach the academic threshold.

5. The test is completely opaque. The booklet provided to some students gives one example question. Students are told not to practice for the exam. It is no longer possible to aspire to do medicine. In-

terpersonal skills, commonsense, motivation, enthusiasm, intelligence are specifically not tested.

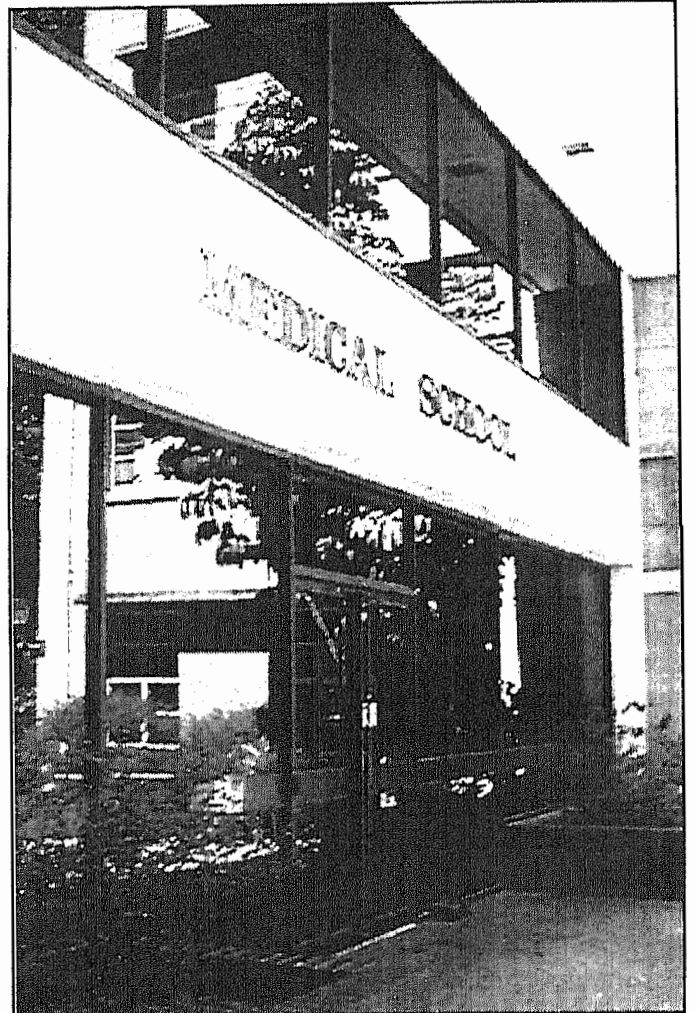
6. No psychologist would condone the use of the test, with access to no other information as a predictive measure ... let alone as the sole basis of a culling of such significant magnitude. Such use fails all principles of best practice.

7. Medicine has the capacity to absorb, and indeed relies upon, people with many different qualities to fulfil its varied specialities.

Logistical problems related to the date of the TER scores being released and first round offers have resulted in the reliance on one test to exclude students despite the fact that the founders of the test recommend its use only as a part of a composite score.

The department must address this problem with either a fall back system for students prematurely eliminated, or overcoming the logistics to provide a truly composite assessment.

If you are interested in joining an action group aimed at stopping the use of the UMAT to exclude students entry to Medicine please phone 93869232 (WA).



The site of this week's chook raffle.

Dr Paul Graziotti, Specialist in Pain Management  
Jane Prendville, Clinical Psychologist

It has been rumoured that the university plans to implement this supposed 'successful' and 'fair' selection process across all faculty enrolment. How can the university claim to be a centre for academic excellence when we exclude students on criteria which have sweet f.a. to do with their academic achievement? And how long will it be before a student's academic excellence is lost beneath glorified personality tests?

## Chancellor dies at 73

Bruce Webb, Chancellor of the University of Adelaide, died on Friday after a battle with cancer. He was 73.

A graduate of the University of Sydney, Mr Webb had been Chancellor since March 1998. Prior to that, he had served on Adelaide University Council for three years. Mr Webb had enjoyed a long and successful career in both the private and public sectors prior to this time with the University of Adelaide. After beginning his career with North Broken Hill Ltd in 1948, Mr Webb, a geologist, worked with several companies, including Normandy Ltd, as well as becoming head of the South Australian Department of Mines in 1972.

It was during this time that his

changes to licensing provisions allowed the exploration of the Stuart Shelf, which led to the mining of Olympic Dam.

Mr Webb, who had also gained a Master of Science degree from the University of Adelaide, was made a member of the Order of Australia in 1992. He was regarded highly by industry, and his variety of public, private and educational experience made him an excellent choice as Chancellor. Graduation ceremonies in April of last year furnished Mr Webb with a unique opportunity, when he was able to present his own daughter with a degree.

Coming hot on the heels, as it has, of Dame Roma Mitchell's passing, Mr Webb's death leaves the University in a sad state of loss.

**Free Pants!**

I love me pants! Be they on me pins, on me floor or around me ankles, I just love me fuckin' pants! I sing about 'em all the time: Pants on, pants on, I've got me pants on, pants on! I got them from *On Dit* who got 'em from Portman's.  
Bewdy, ripper, bonzer I said I did.  
All I had to do was write and tell me most embarrassing dating/pants story. It was a cack and monster easy.  
If you love pants gizz it a go. Apparently they have five pairs left.  
Alana 19, in the middle doing the chicken dance

# SAUA announce Conservatorium GSM

By Stephen Mullighan

This Tuesday there will be a General Student Meeting in the Hartley Concert Room at 2pm. This meeting will be to discuss the Music Review and update students on where the issue stands at present. The GSM will be facilitated by the Students' Association in recognition of the need for students to be adequately informed about this issue. It will also be a forum for which we can plan our next step in saving the Music School.

There has been some concern in the last week that there had been a level of divisiveness between student representatives on this issue. A Student Representative on University Council, Elysia Turcinovic, had expressed her desire to convene a forum for the University to inform students of the issue and its surrounding detail. Initially, the peak representative body for students on campus, the Students' Association, had not been contacted about the intended forum. This forum would be an opportunity for the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Education), Prof Penny Boumelha, to speak to students on the issue, and to clarify the University's position in relation to this review.

The Students' Association, the Adelaide University Union, and the conglomerate of music students active on this issue agreed that a forum convened by the Students' Association with only student representatives speaking would be more productive. Such a forum would allow students to independently organ-

ise to determine a course of action that they wish to pursue. It was felt that having Ms Boumelha speak would allow the University not only an opportunity to infringe upon such a forum, but allow her to further muddy the issue for a student body that is yet to take a collective stance upon it. Furthermore, it was felt that the organisation of a University-flavoured forum would disenfranchise the students and their organisations from organising independently.

Hence this GSM is not just a forum where students become involved in their self-determination on this issue, the forum itself represents a compromise by the Student Organisations on campus to the wishes of Ms Turcinovic and the University. The SAUA and the Union have taken on the responsibility of informing the students of current developments in regard to this issue - the role that student organisations perform on campus. For the University to impinge on that role is authoritarian and ultimately divisive.

It is the wish of the student organisations that Ms Turcinovic see the validity of this compromise and that she continue to actively support student causes. With a strong history of student representation, this is something Ms Turcinovic should not find out of her character.

If you have any questions or queries on this issue, contact the SAUA on 83035406, or drop into the George Murray Building.

THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION IS HOLDING A

## GENERAL STUDENT MEETING

TO DISCUSS THE PROPOSED MUSIC REVIEW

ON TUESDAY 14TH MARCH, 2000 AT 2PM IN HARTLEY CONCERT ROOM

ALL WELCOME 

## 300 women march for IWD

Saturday 11 March saw a group of 300 women from all sections of the community gather for the annual International Women's Day March, in order to celebrate a tradition that can be traced back to the first IWD in 1911. Originally the province of socialist activists, International Women's Day has now now come to embrace an inclusive stance. All three of South Australia's

universities were represented in the march.

Marchers congregated at Victoria Square before marching to Parliament House.

Both the day and the march itself offered an ideal opportunity for the various things women can become involved in this year to gain much-needed publicity. These include:

**Indigenous reconciliation**

Fight against anti-nuclear waste dumps in Northern South Australia - primarily facilitated by Northern SA indigenous groups  
Worldwide March of Women on October 17, to lobby the United Nations regarding women's rights NOWSA conference, at Flinders University in July

Various groups were represented

in the march, including unions (such as the ASU, PSA, LHMV, ANF and NTEV) and community groups (Women's resource Centre, Women's Legal Service, Woman's League for Peace and Freedom, Resistance). University women were represented by a group from NUS, as well as the Flinders and University of South Australia Women's Collectives.

Visit us today for your chance to win an Epson Colour Inkjet printer or RIO MP3 player

Winners drawn 31st March 1999

Watch this space for other cool competitions throughout the year!

### YOUR COMPUTING SPECIALISTS ON CAMPUS

- Computers (Macintosh and PC)
- Software at Education prices
- Games • Peripherals • Internet Access
- Repairs and Maintenance • Consumables & Good Advice

Hughes Plaza University of Adelaide Phone 8303 3320 Facsimile 8303 3555  
E-mail [computers@camtech.com.au](mailto:computers@camtech.com.au)

# Honkyville or the nation's capital (cont)

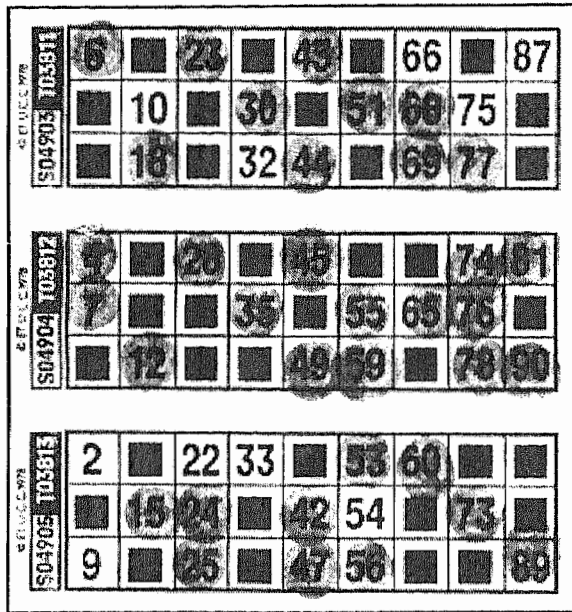
By Darien O'Reilly

Here we were at the Woden Tradesmen's Union Club just gagging for those numbers to fall. It slowly dawned upon us that this was to be our first time, that soon we would be fully rounded people with a full range of experience, that we would have fallen under the spell that is bingo. We walked up to the card sellers with a smile on our face, hope in our hearts and money in our hands. The woman behind the counter recognised our innocence for what it was, innocence, and gave us the best advice we received that hour: 'If your new just buy half a card, any more and you won't be able to follow them as we go reasonably quickly. We'll have a break in an hour or so and if you want a drink just sneak out.' 'Ah, okay then we'll have half a book then and some specials cards then.' The special cards were for the big prizes, once every 5 rounds, prizes would skyrocket. We were keen as fuck. Looking around the room and trying to find three extra seats left us with some looks to deflect. The call had started and we couldn't find a seat. Three newcomers, all slightly tipsy and all trying desperately to be quiet meant that we made more noise than a herd of wounded hippos tipping Aussie tourists out of kayaks. Finally we seated ourselves and the real fun began. Three five thirty five, four three forty three; it soon became apparent that the call of the wild had finished. We had missed the traditional bingo call and were left to wallow in a shallow version of its former erudite and cockney-rhyming-slang-filled beauty. No more student desk twenty three, no more swans, no legs and certainly no more two fat ladies. This was disappointing and we were almost vexed. Then the dreamy soundscape of numbers, the rise and fall of the speaker gently lulled us back into bingo reality. Up and down the cards our eyes scanned. To and fro went our dabbers. Excitement grew in us every time we heard the

number sixty nine while we giggled like girls at a sleepover. Southern Comforts and Coolers came and went as did our cards. Two numbers to go and then the dreaded cry of thank you would be heard and our hearts would well over with disappointment.

A little aside here. Bingo is a weird weird game. You listen to numbers and cross them off your card. Your card comes in lots of six and in each full page there are the full ten numbers meaning that the odds are good that you will win either a line or a card. A line is a line of five numbers across the card while a card is the full card. A line pays approximately a third to a half of the full prize (at the Tradies it was \$30 while the card paid \$60) while the full prize can be shared between winners. This benefits the slower and more inexperienced player. My winning card was a debacle; I was one number away (pesky number 65) when somebody blew off. My neighbour, who had been helping us and making bingo related chitchat, knew that I was one number off, looked at my card and pointed out that this number had been called a long time before. I tentatively put my hand up and cleared my throat instead of jumping on the table and screaming 'Bingo' in my best German death metal voice. The assistant came over, checked my numbers at a rate of knots and handed me thirty dollars. The old bingo hands looked at me a little askance; a newbie winning was like going in to the hills of West Virginia and reprising Deliverance. Lucky gonks were kicked, favourite dabbers were discarded and positions rearranged. This was a tad strange. Bingo folk, like carny folk, are a superstitious lot. They have their favourite chair (some of them have been

known to break down and cry if somebody else takes this sacred lucky position), their different coloured dabber for each different coloured card, a unique and highly individual way of setting up their



Number 65. That's \$30 bucks to you & me.

positions (some prefer the crescent method, some the card over method, while others prefer the wide method of card dispersal), and a plethora of lucky gonks, fluffy animals and secret

handshakes. Some will only play certain coloured cards and some will only play with certain callers. I'm sure others check out with psychics for the most opportune of days.

The Woden Tradies play three or four times a day with average expenditure being \$20 - \$30 per player. In our session there would have been 130 - 150 people playing a session that began at 11pm. The major special card prize was \$1000 with another 20 cards with prizes of \$90. A major amount of money goes through here with an exodus to the pokies when the break happens or the game is ended.

The card layout copyright is apparently owned worldwide by the Catholic Church, meaning that every time anybody plays bingo they receive a tithe from the printer/player. It almost is enough to make one get a little narky when they start complaining about the effect of gambling again.

Bingo was a blast. We each paid \$7 for over two hours of fun. I won \$30 bucks so drinks were paid for and we made friends in our neighbours. Jeremy more so than me; his neighbour tried to sell him carcleaning products but once more into the breach strode the 'I'm from Adelaide' excuse. Bingo was gone from my life but it is to return and I can only recommend it as a low

impact highly entertaining way of blowing a couple of hours with the chance of winning some dosh.

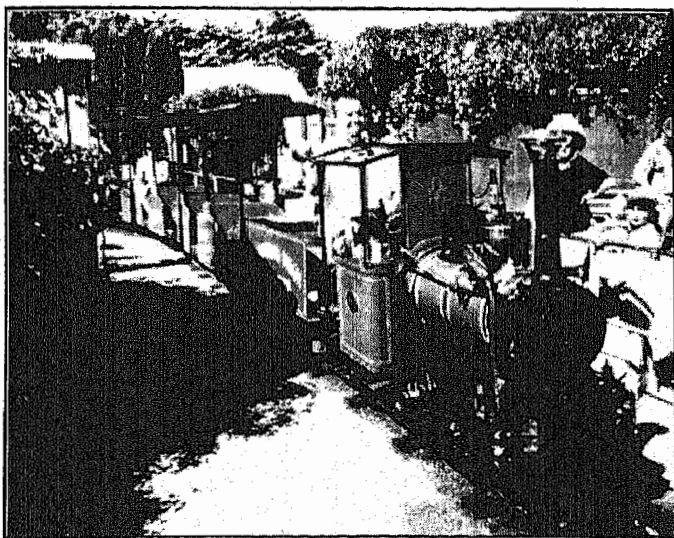
Post Bingo drinks enabled us to get into the other reason why Canberra exists, that of the dissemination of gossip. We heard the range of rumour from why Johnny 'Mr Sheen' Howard wouldn't move to Canberra, to that of inter political passion and back again. Power is supposedly the ultimate aphrodisiac and according to rumour (one of which would have a journo and a pollie horizontal folk dancing in the Senate Speakers Chair), one that is used frequently on the Hill. Ah the intoxication of innuendo and rumour.

The German Club saw us and once again the cheap drinks flowed beautifully and regularly. The German Club has a large turnover of attendees, some coming for the cheap drinks, others for the stodgiest food known to humankind. That night, the menu saw beef in beef sauce, potatoes with beef in a bacon sauce, potatoes in a cream sauce, sauerkraut, various pork products and assorted others, all packed to the brim with fatty goodness and offal offcuts. It was a cardiologists nightmare but



Tracy - my angel of flight.

apparently a taste sensation. Saturday saw an adventure second to none. We planned to see Australia's premier miniature village at Cockington Green but ran into an obstacle in the form of my return ticket. I had cunningly left it on the QANTAS plane that had whisked me to Canberra. This meant that I had to go to Woden Shopping Plaza, visit the STA there and get a return replacement ticket. A major problem ensued. STA couldn't issue me a replacement ticket because they had forwarded the money to QANTAS, while QANTAS couldn't issue me a ticket because the STA had initially issued the ticket. Both money and ticket had disappeared into the ether leaving me stranded in Canberra. Both refused to come to the party but Tracy (STA Woden) badgered QANTAS and STA management



Little train, big man.

# Honkyville or the nation's capital (cont)

By Darien O'Reilly

into replacing the ticket. This took approximately three hours, but the joy on our faces was worth the work that Tracy poured in. She even called my home number on the following Monday just to make sure that QANTAS had indeed let me return. Yet another reason for everybody to use STA for their travel requirements as they go beyond the call of duty, and switch to using e-tickets where you can easily replace the ticket. This debacle meant that Saturday was a write off- no sightseeing but one heck of a good party.

Sunday is prime sightseeing day wherever you are. Sunday makes a lazy day, no shops were open for to distract us, we were too apathetic to do anything physical but I wanted to see Canberra in its glory. I wanted to experience the traps, I wanted to gawk slack-jawed at attractions, at sights that would expand my Weltanschauung beyond its limited parameters, I wanted to live. There was only one choice - Cockington Green.

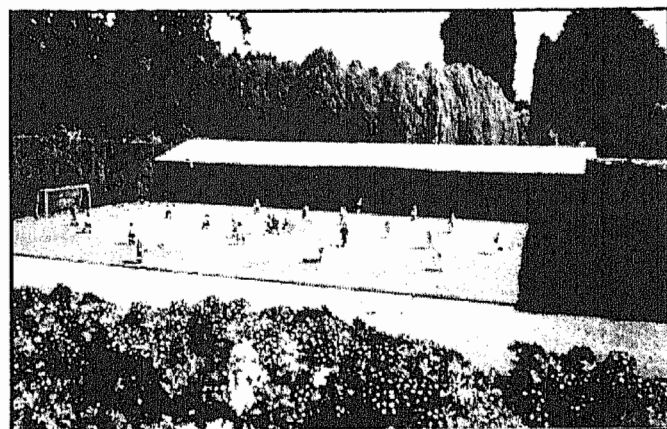
A conglomeration of joy, of lovingly detailed shops, villagers and vistas direct from the heart of gentrified Wodehousian England. Cockington Green is an expansive gesture, a tangible thankyou to Mother England, an obsessives' delight. Cockington Green was designed in the seventies and has been hanging on ever since. It is, frankly, bizarre and a trifle unnerving.

You walk in through the gift shop and its litany of Cockington Green paraphernalia; shotglasses, tea towels, wine, spoons, all the regular items, and then enter the world. You walk through the imagined and complete world starting with regular displays. The cottages, buildings, stone walls etc are immaculately executed with an attention to detail that is staggering and a little scary. Bonsai trees abound adding untold hours of extra work to what is basically a labour of love. People line the

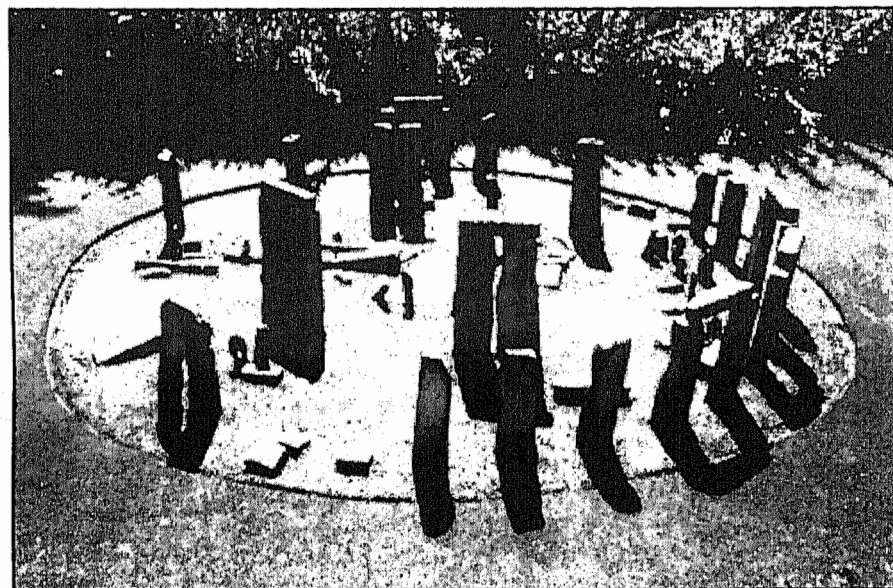
often cobbled streets gazing forever fixedly at passing horses, dogs nip longingly at heels, and farmers gaze contentedly forever over fields tilled by larger entities. One can imagine the sense of achievement, of creation that the designers felt. Indeed, if one is a tad mischievous one can play God and toy with the lives of Cockington Green's inhabitants. (I didn't, but I'm sure that some have.) The architects and makers of Cockington Green have gone to great lengths to portray the traditional English village and explain where the original buildings come from via the use of plaques.

Cockington Green is large, large enough to host a cricket side, tennis, hunts and a game of soccer simultaneously. Apparently it also boasts a climate benign enough that summer sports can be played during winter or vice versa. Truly

supporter battles but whatcha gonna do. There is more action on the cricket field which has a very front on left arm spinner bowling to a left arm batsman with one of the highest backswings this side of Graham Gooch and the most relaxed stance since I slept last night. All very sinister. There are dogs on the field further adding to the village green atmosphere that is all pervading. There is comedy in the refusal of the horse in the hunt scene to get up; it sits there with its fetlocks crossed and a don't fuck with me attitude written all over its long



*You're going home in the back of a divvy van*



*Stonehenge in the middle of Australia*

Cockington Green is a village of splendour and delight.

It has its dark side however. There is tragedy in the scene of the knocked over person in front of the police station. There is pathos in the recreation of Sherlock Holmes' final battle with the menacing Dr Moriarty. There is romance in the wedding and idyll in the cafe next to the river. There is action on the football field with a stalker being led away (Bobby hat in hand) from the exhibition match seemingly between Newcastle United and Norwich City. This is strange because Cockington Green is in Kent. This exhibition has a crowd chant going, unfortunately there are no pitched

face. Another rider has been thrown and is getting a leg up from a local peasant, there is not a fox in sight so we can only assume that the hunt is not a success. A barge is knocking open a lock making another local forever frozen falling onto the river.

Cockington Green has its just plain weird side. Near the end of the walk you come across a scene that is just plain disturbing and an insight into the psyche of its creator. A massive pile of cowdung has landed upon a poor, poor fellow who is being attended to by Police Rescue and some onlookers. Obviously there are two monks kneeling and praying for the poor unfortunate's release from the cowpoo catechist. What the fuck? I mean did the poor architect spend a little too much time indoors when they were young and not enough time socialising and having interaction with others. Cockington Green doesn't just keep its output to a celebration of England however. Its new international section has models of a Colombian village, Czech castles, Irish villages,

more castles from China and India and assorted other national architectural stereotypes. All of these have been kindly sponsored by the respective Governments (mostly around \$20 000 Aussie dollars). The Australian Government was approached to donate money towards the building a distinctive Australian exhibition (not a large ask I reckon for a place that was over 90% overseas tourists when I visited) and responded with a large Liberal 'Go and get fucked' to the proprietors.

The owners then went to the business community who were more than happy to oblige. The result: the Australian section is going to be a miniature Bob Jane T-Mart, a model representation of the Canberra Car Mart and some small scale food court complete with the ubiquitous McDonald's. Talk about an accurate and highly embarrassing representation; all we need is a small Norm sucking piss and beating the missus in front of the telly whilst watching the footy and you've got a fairly accurate representation.

Cockington Green has also the worlds crappiest miniature railway. On no account go on this even if you are playing the tourist to the hilt like I was; I got to sit and pretend I was the driver and this still wasn't worth the \$1.50 I paid. You can also buy the trees and thus denude another landscape. All in all Cockington Green is a great place to visit in the right mood - go jaded and with the *de rigueur* Generation X world-weariness and you are missing an appreciation of a labour of love.

Canberra has more than this - it has the 192m tall Telstra Tower that you feel like you are falling out of, it has the indoor dinosaur museum, Duntroon, Lake Burley Griffin, it has the organised bus trips that you can take of Fishwyck (our nation's porn capital). This stops at the various porn barns and costs a mere twenty bucks. Canberra has good times.

Unfortunately they are all another story.



*Just plain weird shit with the monks et al.*

# Light on the Hill?

By Mercedes Dumptruck

Gareth Evans once explained to the Senate why it is that people seem to take an instant dislike to Bronwyn Bishop.

'It saves time,' was his theory.

This is from a confirmed grump and tanty-chucker who once famously walked out of a classy restaurant simply on the grounds that his Caesar salad contained insufficient croutons, so the insult came from the heart.

Actually if last week's parliamentary goings-on demonstrated anything about the "Minister for Caged Hair," it was the truth of a long-held suspicion - that nobody likes her very much.

Mrs Bishop was in trouble over a decision by one Melbourne nursing home to bathe a group of scabies-infested residents in kerosene and water.

This is the sort of treatment you would never wish on your granny. But you'd think Bronny had personally pistol-whipped the oldies and set fire to their catheter tubes for the bollocking she got.

And not just from her formal opponents in the ALP, either.

When a Minister is under attack in Parliament, usually you find their colleagues sticking up for them.

Even the woosy Howard front-bench can usually muster a Downer-led 'rah, rah' in support of a minister who's done something daft like forget about their \$1.5 million share holdings or accidentally have sex with a goat.

But when Bronwyn Bishop, Minister for Aged Care, stalked to the dispatch box thirty times in three days last week on her impossibly high heels, it was to a thrilled silence from her peers.

They didn't want to miss a second of Bronny getting it in the neck.

When she was in Opposition, Mrs Bishop was one of the most loud-mouthed proponents of the theory that ministers are ultimately responsible for every muff-up in their departments, regardless of whether they knew about it or not. And in government, she's been one of those irritating martinets whom everybody secretly wants to see get busted for drugs.

For John Howard especially, who spent the week solemnly declaring his support for her, the Get Bronny week must have stirred a few luscious moments of schadenfreude. Back in Mrs Bishop's glory days, she was touted as a challenger to him, her glamour and gutsiness perceived as preferable to the stolid Howard

ordinariness.

Now that she's a junior minister putting out press releases on incontinence and getting caned over her failure to adequately monitor what passes for bubble bath in the contemporary Australian nursing home, he can permit himself a private snigger.

The press clearly don't like her either.

Every major daily newspaper has followed the affair like it's the fate of the fifth Popstar, running daily pictures of Mrs Bishop looking like a cross between Cruella de Vil and Nurse Ratched.

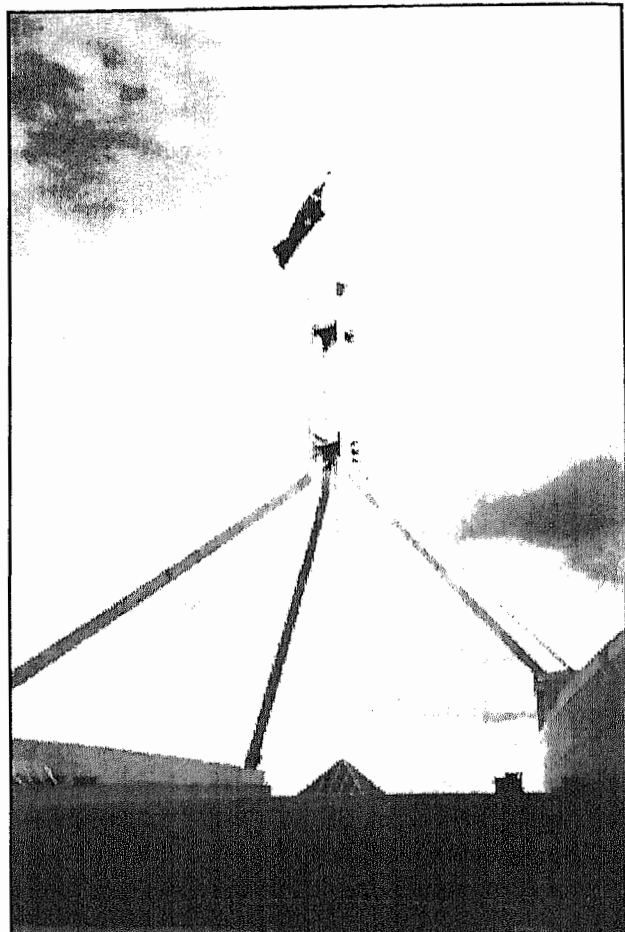
*The Australian* went one better - running a sneering story comparing the luxury nursing home Mrs Bishop's dad was fortunate enough to occupy with the Riverside home, where the oldies are forced to eat their own excrement etc etc.

In fact, *The Australian* was so eager to pursue that line it overlooked

the crucial fact that Bronny's dad kicked the bucket in December last year.

Whether the Minister for Aged Care is sacked over her questionable management skills is a matter that will be settled in coming months.

But at least it's been a lot of fun seeing her get kicked around.



## UniBar...



Drink 12 pints of Guinness from Wednesday to Friday this week, get a Guinness t-shirt and a share in *Guinness the Horse*. When it wins, you win courtesy of Guinness.

### UniBar Happy Hours

Thurs 4.30 - 5.30pm  
 Fri 4.00 - 7.00pm



...the only place to meet on campus...



# The land of the long white election trail

By spj5

Time to get somewhat serious, at least for this week. Let's talk American elections. We'll get back to the gutter, or at least to the more lurid bits of the gutter soon, I promise.

There were two big events this week in the US: Super Tuesday and Selection Sunday. Super Tuesday is Presidential primary D-day, and usually weeds out the equivalent of the Geelong Football Club (March champions) from the pack, leaving the usual suspects behind: dull, mildly assuring Democrats and duller, efficient-looking Republicans. Selection Sunday is the day when a group of back room college sport number crunchers decide who will play in the greatest sporting event this nation has to offer: the post-season single elimination men's college basketball championship. More on that next week.

American elections are expensive advertising campaigns for pyramid schemes. Everyone promises more (transfers, education, healthcare, social security, gaol time, integrity) for less (money, taxes, confusion, bullshit). The substance behind the advertising is about as genuine as those X-Ray specs you could mail order from Disney comics when I was a kid. The sad truth is not that

social security will be reformed so that it will work, or that high school education will be rendered more equitable, but that each will get a half-arsed surgery. Some people will benefit (as in pyramid schemes), most will get fleeced. In any event, everyone else will be blamed for leaving the kidneys out on the cutting room table.

It's a wonder that so much is spent on this crappy product. Between April 15, 1999 and January 31, 2000, the 13 Presidential hopefuls spent about A\$250 million on their campaigns. That's a staggering amount to shell out for free blow jobs and air travel for four years.

Why is campaign spending so ridiculously high? Considering the not-so-fabulous Super Tuesday primaries gives us some clues. John 'trying my damned hardest not to be a Republican' McCain finally received his come-uppance. Real, registered Republicans came out in droves in states like California and asserted their American-ness: we want the narrow-minded, we want the bland, we want our cash and the unborn. War hero be buggered, we want the President's son. We want George 'Whip my' Bush.

McCain finally succumbed (despite widespread opinion poll support)

because yellow bellied Independents and sneaky BMW driving Democrats (who profess to be liberals until they check tax schedules and decide they'd rather be Republicans) were not allowed to vote in the big, important Republican primaries Tuesday last. Some states, like New Hampshire (whose motto 'Live Free or Die', is about as scary as Bronwyn Bishop's nose) and South Carolina (who are so sensitive to the feelings of old slave owner families in their state they decided to put the Confederate bars back on their own flag,) let those rascally independents and Democrats vote in their primaries. This boosted McCain in the early primaries. But in the states where things are decided, like New York and California, you must be tagged and bagged as a party member in order to vote with your own: Janus stay home, please.

What Republicans ordered this week as their Presidential candidate was a man, George W Bush, who recently gave arally speech at a private religious institution that forbade its students from interracial dating and regarded Catholics as the anti-Christ and not to be tolerated. This touched off a new round of the perennial debate about the role of the crazy Christian right in the GOP. You would think that this would drive most Pope followers to the stiff arms of Al 'don't sleep, I'm talking' Gore. Not so! Why not?

These primaries highlight some of the bizarre aspects of US politics. As any specialist will tell you, political parties in this country exercise very little control over their elected representatives. Nothing odd there, you say - check out the ability of the grassroots of the ALP to muzzle its elected reps. But the real difference that separates the US from other 'advanced capitalist' countries is that within the legislatures, party loyalty seems to be for naught. Everyone is his, or increasingly, her own political party. The US party system, therefore, has more in common with the personality-driven systems of the nineteenth century in Britain and Australia than with contemporary states. Hence, you vote for the bloke or chick that appears to be most unlikely to get caught in the back of a cab with two hookers and an 8-ball. (Or maybe not. Steve Forbes spent over 30 million last year in his abortive campaign for President. He may have benefited from some pants off action and tabloid coverage. Someone get this man an intern, please. It may have proved that he wasn't a wind-up with a bad haircut and a squint straight out of a Sergio Leone film.)

But it is odd that the two main parties in many states should insist that

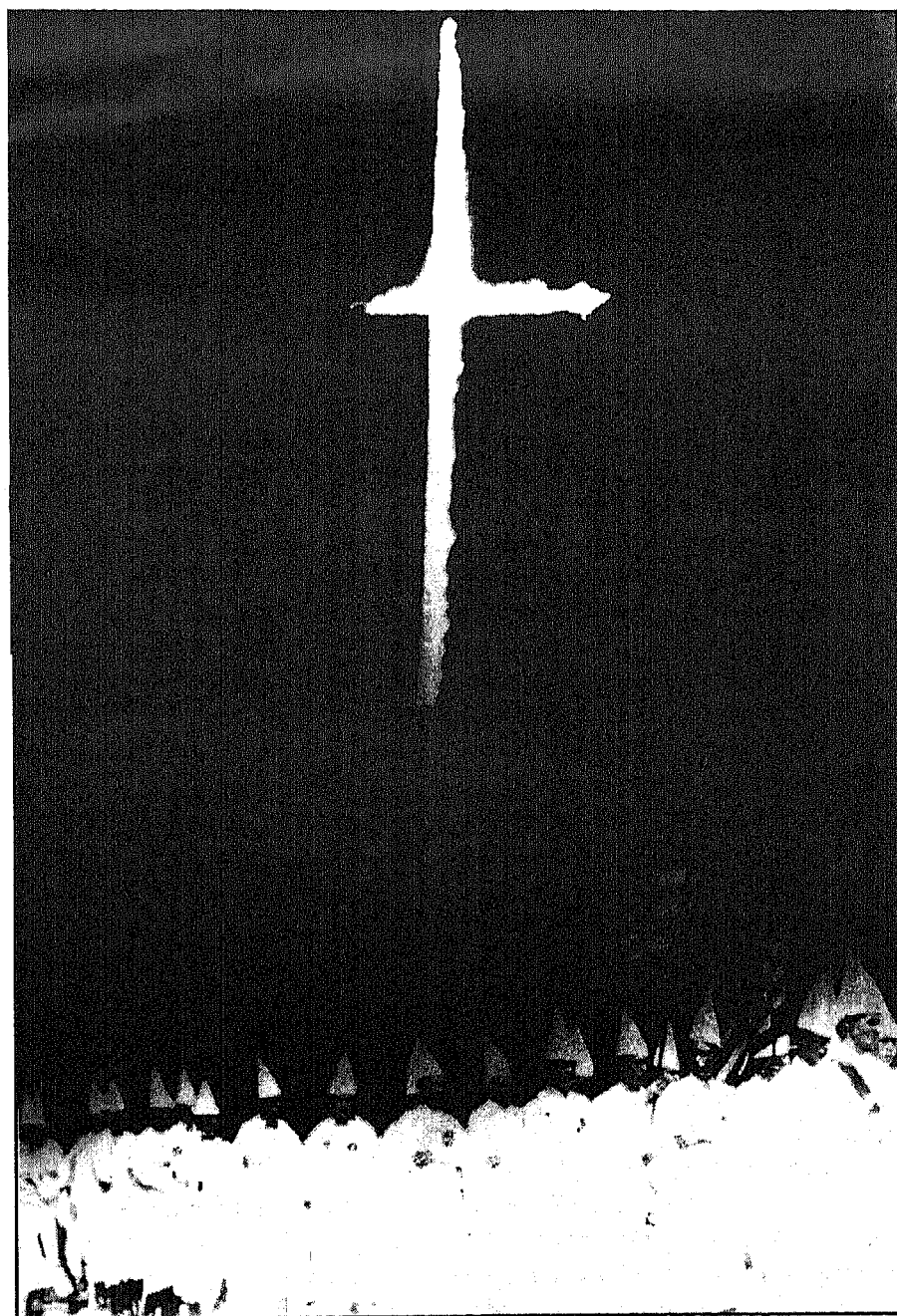
only registered members vote in the pre-selection process. Odd because nearly all of the successful candidates will at some point in the future give their own party policy the finger and go any damn well way they choose. Parties are therefore vital to getting people elected, but mean very little when it comes to what policies are actually made.

This probably accounts for the yawning sound that sweeps lounge rooms and bars when I try to discuss just what the hell they do in Washington. Boredom is the posture of the dumb, and dumb is how American politicians like their voters to be. Now not knowing which way your guy on the hill is going to vote may be OK for Australian Democrats, who sensibly aren't allowed by voters and their legislature mates anywhere near Cabinets as a result. But it's a real problem when you think you are voting for a US Democrat, say, who turns up consistently on the side of the welfare-is-for-the-disposable-taxes-are-for-you-not-me-and-fags-are-for-shooting faction. Not that you'd know if he did. Politicians love to hide their hypocrisy in massive omnibus bills that only the unemployed and PhD students have time to pore through: 'Hey look, Senator WhitelsRight voted to provide pig farmers in his hometown with free trucking etc. etc.' Low party loyalty means that voters really don't mind that some of Bush's supporters wear white sheets and pointy hats, and they certainly don't give a rip if he is seen in the company of some rabid Pope-haters. Policy-wise, it means very little: vote the bastard in.

Since party membership is a poor predictor of policy position, Mr and Mrs Public are on the receiving end of expensive-beyond-belief publicity campaigns every two years and unholy-third-world-nation-GDP-expensive campaigns every four years. The simple reason is that everyone knows that the elected will almost certainly fail to do what is said they will, because they belong to parties which for the most part are nothing more than holding companies for election finance. What accountability??

In short, the brand name means absolutely zip. Wannabe politicians can't rely on party-affiliation-as-label as a vote-catcher but, for the most part, still have to belong to one of the two main parties in order to get the necessary money to get elected. This all means that American election campaigns are attempts to sell an impossibly unreliable product with a distrusted brand name to a skeptical and disinterested public. No wonder candidates spend billions on getting elected.

Selling government bonds in Russia looks a cinch compared to this.



*"Ah'll think ah'll vote Demokrat this year Cletus"  
"But you hate Catholics, JimBob"*

# Gödel's theorem and the nature of time

By Verity Verdia

Well hello again, it's Verity Vidia your science writer. This week I am going to talk about Gödel's theorem. I have been inspired by a forum that I went to last week, which discussed, that's right Gödel's theorem and the nature of time. It was actually held at Flinders University (by the Flinders uni philosophy club) but there were speakers from Adelaide there too so don't feel left out.

There were three speakers:

Professor Chris Mortensen who spoke on the general significance of Gödel's theorem. He introduced Gödel's two incompleteness theorems (I will get to Gödel's theorem in a bit), and talked about some misunderstandings of the theorems, in particular the one made by Roger Penrose in *The Emperor's New Mind* when he used Gödel's theorem to show that it was impossible for us to create an artificial intelligence.

Dr. Peter Szekeres spoke on Gödel's theorem and physics. In particular he spoke about some of the history in the lead-up to Gödel's theorem, such as Hilbert's programme and the axiomatisation of physics (quite an interesting history that... you guessed it - we'll talk about that too in a bit).

Finally Dr. Reg Cahill talked about modelling time in physics. His research group at Flinders has found a new way of modelling reality, which starts off from the assumption that Gödel's theorem shows that it is a mistake to attempt to axiomise physics, and instead starts from a fundamentally random model which he claims is able to model space, time and matter more fully than present-day physics can (he claims that he has a way of getting a present-moment effect and a proper arrow to time for those of you who know what that means). I won't talk about this stuff today, I have quite enough on my plate as it is, but you can read about this stuff in the *New Scientist* that came out on the 26<sup>th</sup> of February as they were featured in that issue (you can find the article in the library or on the web at <http://www.newscientist.com/features/features.jsp?id=ns22273>). I think that I might go up to Flinders and talk to him sometime this year, so you will hear about it then.

Now, all that stuff that I promised... At the turn of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, there was a crisis in mathematics. Have any of you ever heard of the Epimenides paradox? Sometimes it's also called the Liar paradox. It is the one that is created by the sentence:

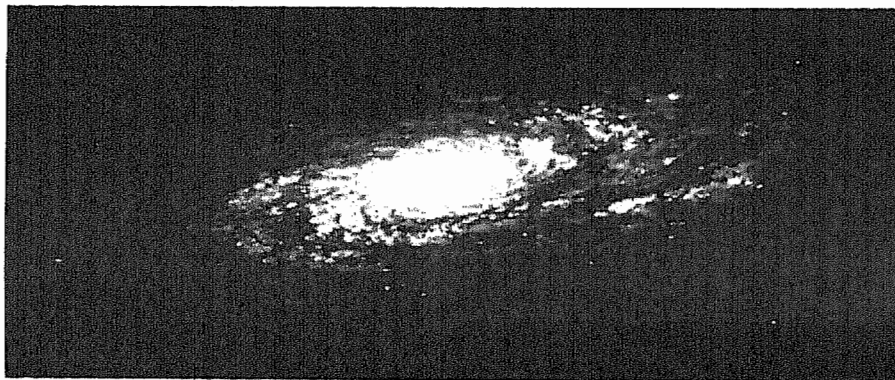
*This sentence is false.*

Seems pretty harmless does it? Think about it... If we decide that the sentence must be true, then whatever it says must be true, but the sentence itself says that it is false, so we had better declare the sentence to be false,

but then what the sentence says is true! Do you see? Whichever way we go, we have a contradiction. Our sentence can be neither true nor false. Well, you can use statements like these in logic, and you can construct similar ones in mathematics - a quick example from set theory might help. In set theory what you are interested in is really just collections of things, sounds ok does it? The problem is that we can define a set as the set of all sets which are not members of themselves. Do you see how this makes a paradox? Just ask yourself if the set is a member of itself or not, you should get the problem ... This paradox is called the Russell Paradox by the way for those of you who are interested.

Back to our mathematical crisis ...

It turned out that paradoxes like this were turning up all over the place.



Chaos or order: the chicken or the egg?

Some people thought that they were just curiosities, nothing much to worry about, others thought that they were pointing to a serious problem in the very foundations of mathematics.

Remember that I was talking about David Hilbert? Well, he was a very famous mathematician and he thought of a way of fixing this problem with paradoxes in mathematics: formalism.

What's that you say? Well, Hilbert's idea was that in order to get rid of all of these inconsistencies in mathematics, what we should do is to work out a mathematics that is absolutely precise. This just means that Hilbert wanted everything in maths to be either completely and obviously right, or else declared to be nonsense. This would mean that things like our set paradox would not have an effect on any of our mathematical reasoning, they would just be nonsense, not part of our mathematical apparatus, so we wouldn't have to worry about them. Sounds like a pretty good idea doesn't it? Well (and this is where we finally get to Gödel's theorem) this program of Hilbert's turned out to be unachievable.

In the words of Gregory Chaitin (*A century of controversy over the foundations of mathematics*, at <http://www.cs.auckland.ac.nz/CDMTCS/chaitin/lowell.html>): 'this proposal of

this is a tremendous glorious failure! What Gödel showed is that you cannot formalise mathematics. Well let's pack our bags and go home I hear you declare, no need to do maths anymore, the whole point of maths is formalism (isn't that what you are learning in your courses?) Well it's not quite that bad, we will get to that in a bit. I guess that we should talk about Gödel's theorem first if only because I named this article after it. Gödel was interested in arithmetic, that's very simple mathematics, you know the stuff where you have the numbers 0,1,2,3,4, ... and you just do simple things with them, like add them up. Now, what you can do is go outside mathematics (where you are just playing with your simple numbers and operations), to *metamathematics* where you use mathematics to talk about your

simple number game.

Ok, an example would probably help here.

Say we have some question, lets call it Q.

We can ask metamathematically whether it is true. Perhaps Q is false, but then we would like to think that there is another question which is opposite to Q which is true. This is a property of our system that we will call *completeness*. You can probably see why that's a nice property to have in a formal system - it just means that our system covers everything.

Another metamathematical question we could ask would be 'is our formal system *consistent*?' We do this by seeing if we can find a question Q such that both Q and  $\neg Q$  are true. If we can say things like 'All roses are red' and 'Not all roses are red' and they are both true then we are in trouble, we don't want that in our mathematical system.

Enough examples?

Ok, here is where it gets interesting. What Gödel did is take our Liar paradox and turn it into a new sentence: This statement is unprovable.

Then he did something really hard, he turned this statement into mathematics, into our simple arithmetic to be precise, which really just means that he showed that this statement can occur in arithmetic. Do you see the problem with our little

sentence? If the statement is provable in our arithmetic, then it is false, which means that arithmetic is giving us false results. That means that our system is inconsistent. Ok you say, the statement is unprovable, it must be true, but this means that in our system, there are statements that are true, but we can't get them, we can't prove these statements to be true. This means that our system is incomplete.

So which ever way you go our system is either incomplete, or it is inconsistent. Can you see how this messes up Hilbert's idea? What we have here is a statement, which can occur in plain arithmetic (so it is a part of maths) but which is not obviously correct (if it is true then your whole arithmetic is inconsistent, if it is false then your whole arithmetic is incomplete). Hence, if we have a system that is rich enough to give us interesting results then our system will be *undecidable*; we won't be able to decide if all of our statements are correct.

Why are we still bothering with maths? What about physics for that matter, that's really just a formal system too, isn't it? Well, formal systems work remarkably well even if we have results like this, most of our technology is derived from theories that make use of formalism so it hasn't been a total failure. I think that this success has led to a certain complacency, it is still possible to work in the subfields and not to worry about the big picture. Personally though, I think that Gödel's theorem will be a big problem in physics even if it hasn't had a big impact in maths, after all the whole TOE (Theory Of Everything) approach is founded upon the idea of a formalism. This is not a well established point though, and there is still debate about whether or not Gödel's theorem will affect physics at all.

The third speaker at the forum, Reg Cahill was trying to create a new physics that started from outside formalism. He thought that Gödel's theorem meant a lot, but there are way more physicists who think that it does not.

If you are interested, a good place to start reading is Greg Chaitin's homepage: <http://www.cs.umaine.edu/~chaitin/>, he has extended Gödel's theorem to show that randomness is actually inherent in arithmetic.

Then there is *Gödel, Escher, Bach: an eternal golden braid*, by Douglas Hofstadter, it is available at the library.

Then there is the web, there is a lot there so off you go!

I think that next time I will talk about genetic engineering and GM foods so see you then.

# All the Carlas of the rainbow

By Carla Caruso

I am sick and tired of hearing about the gifted generation of under-21s. Ian Thorpe, Silverchair, Heath Ledger, Aleesha Rome, Lleyton Hewitt... all household names, all as customary in the home as Sanyo and Mr. Sheen.

Frankly, it makes me sick. I don't want to hear about youngsters who do more in one week than I'll ever do in a lifetime. Why would I? So I can feel like more of a loser than my Science teacher originally thought? So my mum has further reason to kick me up the backside, and screech 'Why couldn't you be a popstar, so I wouldn't have to apply for the Italian pension?' (Don't get me started on Popstars... over-talented dimwits!)

What about the people who have gone through 10 jobs at 21, and still don't know what they want to do with their life? (Um, that would be me).

Or those who are in their 8th year of an Arts degree? Or those who have done 3 degrees, and are thinking of transferring to another Uni? Or those who study law, and think watching *Ally McBeal* suffices as homework?

Who cares what's happening in Mozambique? I just want to know what's showing at the Marion Megaplex.

Excuse me, for not knowing that instead of playing with Barbies and Lego at the tender age of five, I should have picked up a guitar, tennis racquet, hit the pool, gymnasium and Johnny Young Talent School - all at the same time. Kiddies, like these, are told that everyday is a step towards one's

career. There is no time for watching *Sesame Street*, farting competitions, or sibling rivalries. The day of the child prodigy starts at 5am, with practice, practice, practice, school, and then more, practice.

Do I sound bitter? Sure I do. I never made the cut in ballet (I couldn't tell my plies from my pirouettes), and playing recorder has never made anyone 'Michael Jackson' big. I was never entered in a baby competition, or in any baby food ads. Fame has escaped me. In supermodel years (uncannily like dog years), I am ancient, past it, and peddling backwards. So what?

Let's hear it for the underachievers. The real South Australians. The Australia we see in postcards - the beach bums at Bondi and Glenelg. This is the new generation. The people who won't be holding the Olympic torch, but a VB and a ciggie. The people, like you and me. Three cheers.

The moral to this story?

Don't feel bad for not reading all of Shakespeare's plays by age eight (or not understanding them at age 28). Don't feel bad for never enrolling to vote, or posting a donkey vote. So, you've never made a difference, and the only mark you've left is in last week's laundry? Who cares?

Just remember the golden rule: There is always someone out there worse off than you. And you didn't even try.

At least you can say you had a proper childhood, and can tell the Addams Family from the Munsters. Who's laughing now?

## Top Underachievers who haven't yet made it and don't expect to anytime soon

Phillip Pub, 25

This bloke knows his lagers. You'll often find him down at the Austral and the Exeter, sipping golden tonics, and reminiscing about the days he spent at the Uni Bar, as a medicine student. He's now working as a clown at children's parties.

Con Computerscience, 18

Con spends his days sending porn to his friends via email, portraying himself as a lesbian in gay chatrooms, and plugging in his Playstation from midnight through to dawn. His skin's a little pasty, but he is proud to say he has never been busted for doing anything unethical on his PC. Yet.

Lucy Luck, 20

Daddy's a QC, and Mummy's a dentist, so why work when they can? Lucy spends her time blowing their money on clothes, flashy cars, and various substances, and hangs out at raves. When she's 21, Daddy's giving her a chateau in Nice, and she promises to send a postcard once she arrives.

Corey Café, 23

Corey knows his espresso from his latte, and you'll never catch him sipping a cappuccino (so yesterday). The waiting staff in every café in Adelaide knows him by name, and the café is where he spends his time between lectures, watching and being watched.

Abby Allergy, 22

Abby doesn't much like getting her hands dirty, has 206 known allergies, and prefers to avoid direct sunlight - but she likes shopping, and you'll often find her at the mall, sniffing for bargains. Watch out for swinging shopping bags (they can be fatal)!

Simon Surfer, 26

Simon may not know much about what's happening in Timor or Santiago, but he knows the best surfing spots from Brighton to Manly. If he's not on his board, he's waxing it, and if he's not waxing it, he's, uh, on it. He may not be religious, but he knows there's nothing holier than paddling in the deep blue.

Donna Dancer, 27

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights are spent clubbing. Her wardrobe is full of tiny tops, leather, PVC, and clip-on hairpieces. Donna wakes past noon, and passes the daylight hours watching tapes of Video Hits, and practicing dancing like Janet. By day, she is just another bludger, but by night, she is a queen.

## As miserable as a sixteen year old spotty teen, writing angsty poetry whilst listening to *Faith* by The Cure

By Carla Caruso

I hate Valentines Day, and I hate Christmas and any other major holidays that remind me I am that dirty 'S' word (rhymes with 'tingle').

I'm sick of hearing ads about *The Best Ever Bonking Songs* (for those who can get any) and *Beer Songs* (for those who have friends and parties to go to).

What about *The Best Ever Most Miserable Depressing Songs*, for those who just want to sit at home atop a fluffy, purple bean-bag with a Cup-of-Soup in one hand, and a box of the Kleenex in the other and have a big sook for a couple of hours?

Sometimes you just need to let it all hang out, but the salty stuff just won't roll down your cheeks as intended to, and then Ma doesn't believe you're miserable, and won't let you put pumping sub-woofers in the

Camry she lets you drive around.

Sometimes you need some prompting, so I've put together the most tragic, tear-jerking compilation ever to exist, guaranteed to get you more worked up than watching *Beaches* on video six times, or your money back!

Disc 1

**Everybody Hurts** R.E.M.

Even Jodie Mearns, and she married into the Packer lot.

**Sorry seems to be the Hardest Word** Elton John

Anyone remember that cheesy Australia Post ad, with the ugly bloke posting a 'sorry' note to a teary girl, with this song playing softly in the background? Still makes me shiver. Pass me a bucket.

**I Will Always Love You** Whitney Houston

Even if you are a scrawny, graying

bodyguard like Kevin Costner, who couldn't hurt a fly, and look nothing like Bobby Brown.

**Everything I Do** Bryan Adams

Despite the fact that there's not one mention of him playing his six-string till his fingers bled - that would bring tears to anyone's eyes.

**You're Not Alone** Olive

And yet, this song makes you feel eerily alone.

**Better Off Alone** Alex Deejay

Yet Brad Pitt still looks delectable.

**My Heart Will Go On (Love Theme from 'Titanic')** Celine Dion

You'll cry enough tears to sink a ship.

**Blame it on the Rain** Milli Vanilli

My Nonna used to tell me 'It's not real, they're just acting', when watching *Murder She Wrote*. Likewise, for this lip-synching duo. Depressing.

**Hotel California** The Eagles

Something about the lyrics, 'Welcome to the Hotel California/You can never

leave', is not only sad, but downright creepy.

**End of the Road** Boyz 2 Men

Whether you're at the end of Uni, and making the transition to the real, working world, or scrawling your teacher's name on your Year 7 uniform, you know there's no going back.

**Smells Like Teen Spirit** Nirvana

Reminds you how tragic it is Kurt died. And Courtney survived.

**Donna** Richie Valens

Becoming a pop-star at sixteen years of age, with women and the world at your feet, and then buying a plane ticket to nowhere, has got to suck.

**Jesus To A Child** George Michael

This single was released on an overall depressing album, dedicated in memory of a lover who passed away.

His last single 'Outside' was dedicated to a LA police officer, and a cubicle he forgot to lock.



# Sister Heidi brings you a vego dinner

By Sister Heidi of the Van



Sister Heidi brings you vegetables

## Cannellini Bean Soup

250g cannellini beans (buy from the supermarket and soak overnight with 2 tablespoons bicarb soda. drain the beans well, place in saucepan, cover with fresh cold water and bring to the boil. Simmer for 10 minutes then drain again. Keep the liquid!)

4-5 garlic cloves (chopped)  
3 tablespoons olive oil  
1 bunch flat leaf parsley  
salt and pepper  
extra olive oil

In a large saucepan, cook the garlic in the oil until gold but not brown. Add the parsley and beans, stir. Put some of your bean mixture and some of the reserved cooking liquid in your food processor. It should be thick, so just add enough liquid for it to combine. Depending on the size of your processor you might need to do a few batches. return to your saucepan; if it is too

thick, add some more of the reserved liquid. Season with salt and pepper. When you serve it, add a big splash of olive oil.

Not hard too cook and really delicious, serve this soup with chunks of bread. Serves 6.

## Penne with Eggplant

2 eggplants  
salt and pepper  
olive oil  
3 garlic cloves (chopped)  
5 tablespoons chopped flat leaf parsley  
2 dried red chillies (chopped)  
300g tinned tomatoes  
250g penne  
150 mozzarella (grated)  
150g parmesan (grated)

Heat 4 tablespoons of olive oil in a pan and add garlic, parsley and chilli. Fry gently until garlic starts turning brown and simmer for 20 minutes. You want liquid consistency. While this is cooking, thinly slice your eggplant and fry in olive oil until golden brown and drain on absorbent paper. it's better to do a few at a time and get it right.

Cook the penne until *al dente*. Drain thoroughly. Put penne and eggplant into your tomato sauce and combine gently. Add cheese. If you don't like eggplant, try it with zucchini, or even a combination. You'd probably need about 6 or 7 zucchinis. Taste the sauce - you may like more chilli or lots of salt and pepper. Another tip: if the tinned tomatoes taste really acidic, add a pinch of sugar.

Serve your pasta with a good green salad. Buy the best looking lettuce you can find, wash it properly and drain. Break it into bite-sized pieces with your hands. A really good simple dressing is simply to combine some lemon juice, salt, pepper and mustard. Put this dressing on just before you serve and make sure all the lettuce is covered. Drizzle over just a little oil.

## Dessert Option 1.

Instead of spending heaps of money on lots of different cheeses, buy one hunk of really good cheese. Serve on a chopping board with a small basket of bread and some really crisp apples.

## Dessert Option 2.

You need an ovenproof dish (large) so that you can serve this in it as well. You know, one of those daggy things in your mum's cupboard. If you don't have one, go to any good op shop - you can usually get one for a couple of dollars in some very 70s colours.

butter  
icing sugar  
cream or yoghurt  
fruit

You don't need quantities for this recipe. All you do is butter the dish and fill it with fruit. I just buy what's cheap - apples, pears, bananas, peaches, apricots, strawberries, or a combination of what's on special. Just make sure the fruit is sort of

squashed a bit together. Then put it in the oven at about 180 degrees and bake until the fruit collapses. When you serve it, sprinkle it with heaps of icing sugar. Put in the middle of the table with a big spoon and a bowl of cream or natural yoghurt

## Dinner Parties

Dinner parties are great if you enjoy it as well. If you can organise yourself, it's easy. Do as much as you can beforehand. I myself prefer to do heaps and put everything in the middle of the table and get everyone to help themselves.

## Some Tips

- Put hot dishes on chopping boards or you will wreck tables
- Have a table or bench handy full of different glasses
- I always get a big container, fill it full of ice and have it close to the table so that the drinks are icy and people don't have to get up all the time.
- Flowers and candles make a difference; serviettes for slob

**Hint: Go to the Adelaide Market after midday on a Saturday, have a coffee or a beer and wait until the special tables come out. make sure you have \$1 coins or \$2 coins and a backpack. It's easy!**

# Beer Lines: Stout Companions

By Tony Jones, Southwark Chief Brewer

What a wonderful, warming beverage is Stout. As winter rolls in the true beer lovers will be heading for their nightly fix of this big black vitamin pill we call stout.

Yet to the uninitiated, the rich bitter-sweet and complex burnt coffee characters of this fine old style beer can be a bit too much to take on the first outing. Younger and more sensitive palates tend to have a preference for sweeter, easier drinking brews, and need to be gently coaxed toward appreciation of this full-flavoured, concentrated cousin to beer.

But all is not lost. There are a number of well known stout mixes which nicely fill the gap between the sweeter easy drinking style and the 'real thing'. Starting with the soft and sweet Portagaf and culminating with Two Blacks, these mixes are the stepping stones to stout awareness. Try these at home or in

the bar and you'll find them well worth the experiment.

## Portagaf

The best known of the stout derivatives, which is said to have derived its name from 'porta guv' shouted by the London market workers when they hit the bar for their post work constitutional porter (a dark beer, but much lower in alcohol and sweeter than stout). This stout and lemonade mix is characterised by its thick, blonde head, sweetish easy drinking palate, and an extremely inviting aroma. Start with a 50/50 Lemonade & Stout and move to 1/3 Lemonade 2/3 Stout as you acquire the taste. Alcohol content 3.5 - 5.0% by volume.

## Black & Tan

This 50/50 mix of stout and beer is an old time favourite. More bitter and higher in alcohol than portagaf it's the next stepping stone on the journey to stout awareness. A

draught lager makes the ideal stout companion. Its alcohol content is around 4% by volume.

## Two Blacks

A sandwich of 1/3 Black Ale and 2/3 Stout, it offers the best of both worlds and is the true mid-point on the stoutward journey. The softer and milder, toffee/caramel type flavours from Black complement the now emerging stout characters. Its alcohol content is around 6% by volume.

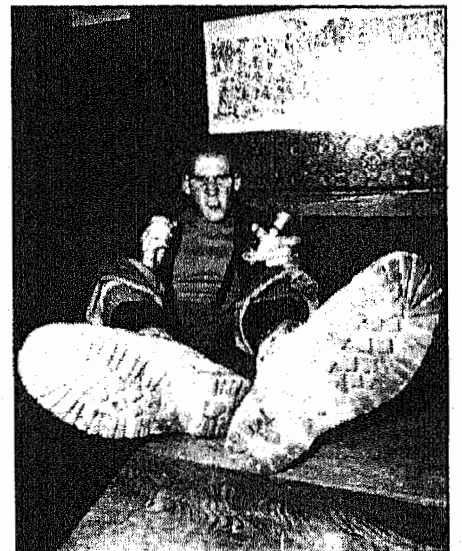
## Black Velvet

A great favourite with the ladies, the standard mix being 1/3 Stout and 2/3 champagne. This very bubbly companion with its higher alcohol smooths the harsh and bitter stout characters and makes an interesting palate freshener. Just watch the alcohol content, which is approx. 10% by volume.

## Blood & Tar

Ye gods this seems like sacrilege! Lambrusca to the slaughter in this

mix incorporating 1/3 Stout. The sweetness of this popular bubbly red is rounded by the deep roasted stout flavours. The approximate alcohol content around 8.5% by volume.

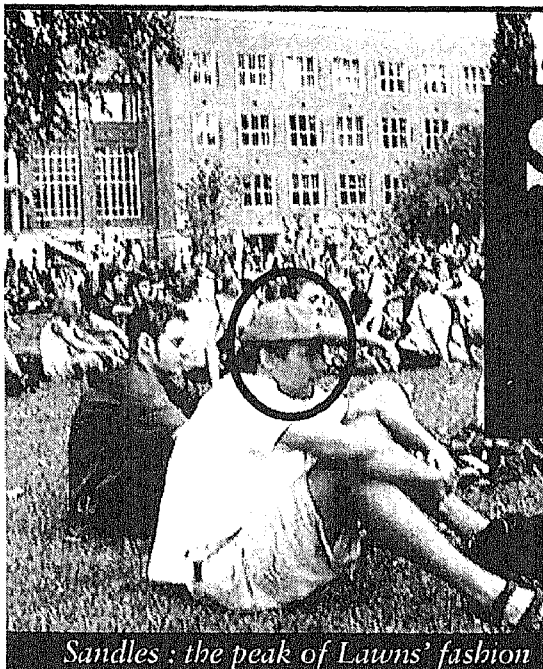


When someone drank the last of his stout, it was the straw for Erwin.

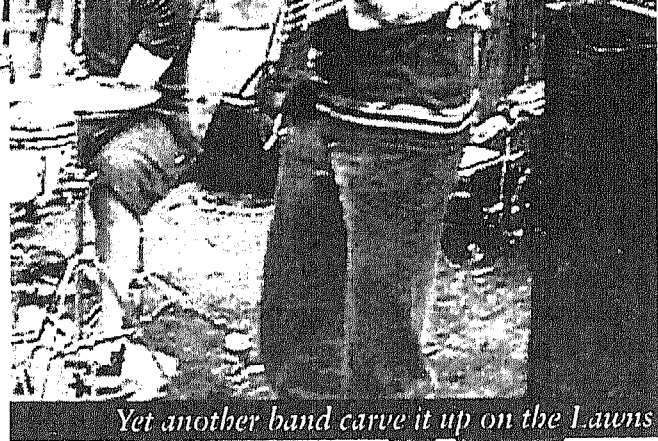
# SOUTHWARK

Since 1886

## Social Page



*Sandles : the peak of Lawns' fashion*



*Yet another band carve it up on the Lawns*



*Pianist goes the hand-cross*



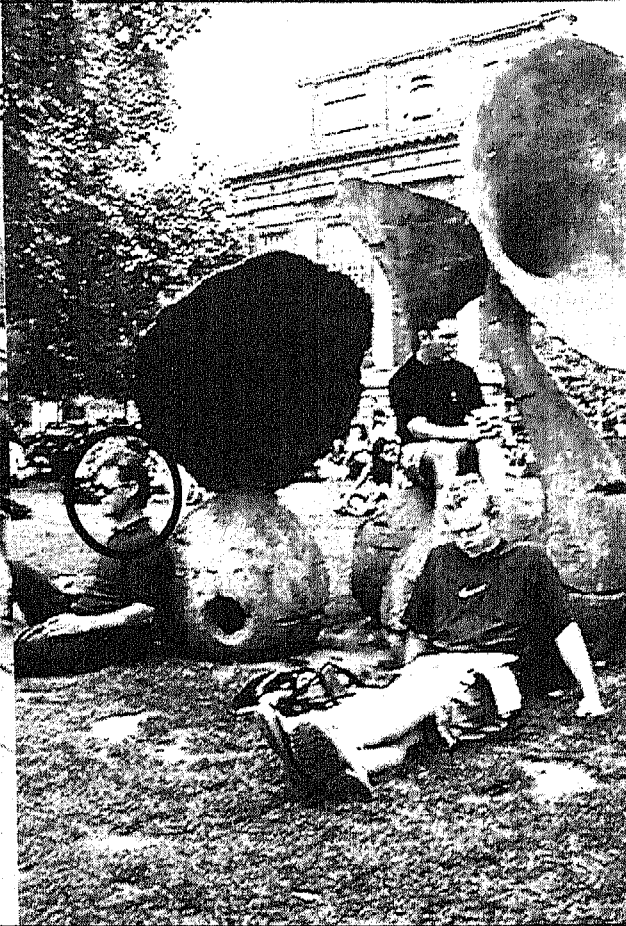
*Having a durry, watching a band*



*Bloke twiddles knobs*



*And, of course, the crowd go wild*



• **FREE BEER** •

Is your face circled? Come down to the *On Dit* office at 12.00 on Friday and claim your prize, kindly provided by Southwark.

• **FREE BEER** •



# I say, you say

## The drag debate (going longer than the performance)

The SAUA Sexuality officers, Tom and Amanda, have been put out by NUSSA's protest at their drag show during Orientation Week. I would like to suggest that it would have been more productive for them to take part in a debate about the pros and cons of drag than to waste three columns of *On Dit* getting annoyed at us.

There were some things mentioned in their letter last week which I would like to respond to. Tom and Mandy seem concerned that we did not give them an option to produce an alternative pamphlet explaining the pros of drag, and that we did not let them present both sides of the argument. Surely the mere existence of the drag show implies that the SAUA sexuality department believes that drag is acceptable, so perhaps NUSSA was presenting the underrepresented side of drag?

Tom and Amanda equate cross-dressing with drag, and suggested our pamphlet showed a lack of 'insight into the lifestyle and behaviour of the drag queens outside of their performance careers'. The pamphlets produced by NUSSA were critical of drag culture and its prevalence within the queer community, and argued that drag has very little to do with the lifestyle or behaviour of the three performers outside of their careers. Cross-dressing and drag shows are not the same thing.

Cross-dressing, transvestitism and transgenderism are all valid expressions of queer sexuality - drag shows are nothing more than a performance. This pamphlet had nothing to say about drag queens' lives offstage, it simply argued the damaging effect of the prevalence of and support for drag throughout the queer community.

I take objection to the sexuality officers' suggestion that our pamphlet was 'poorly researched' and showed 'a lack of knowledge'. Were Tom and Amanda to do any research into queer theory or cultural studies they would learn that the problems associated with drag are widely acknowledged and commonly discussed.

Tom and Amanda must realise that they are sexuality officers, and that they will encounter criticism and protest during their terms. If they have strength in their beliefs, they should appreciate protest - it means they are getting a message out to the students. I hope to work with the sexuality department this year, both when we agree and when we disagree - debate is what politics is all about.

Alexis Tindall  
NUSSA Women's Officer

## The drag debate (going longer than the performance)

Dear *On Dit*,

It looks like the whole drag queen fiasco just keeps on keeping on. At the last SAUA council meeting, motions were passed which demand that NUSSA apologise to the SAUA and to the agents of the drag queens who performed during O'Week. However, it is not my intention to apologise for these actions, on the ground that I believe them to be a legitimate form of protest, and a pretty soft-cock one at that. The SAUA should not be trying to gag such activity, and certainly shouldn't try to coerce penitence from those who exact it.

The main concern of SAUA Councillors was that they were not informed that leaflets would be distributed during the drag show. Immediately, it is obvious that the bone of contention in this dispute is form and not substance, as is often the case in student politics. Tom and Amanda (the Sexuality Officers) also seem to feel that they were attacked in the leaflets.

I do not believe that any of the above are valid concerns. Firstly, for the SAUA to suggest that all criticism of its actions must be sighted and authorised by its official first is ridiculous, and when you consider the fact that the primary function of the leaflets was not to attack the SAUA, but to provide a different point of view on drag, the whole debacle which has ensued looks just a little silly. As for personally attacking Tom and Amanda, this was not our intention, but if that is the inference that they draw from the pamphlet as readers, there is nothing that I can do about that.

So please, everyone, let's just put this behind us. NUSSA is a busy organisation, and we have a million storms in other teacups that we have to deal with, and a National Day of Action to co-ordinate. Maybe it's about time everyone realised that dissent, criticism and the unhindered dissemination of information are important and necessary parts of democracy, and got on with their jobs.

Love and kisses  
Matthew Anderson President, NUSSA

## Where's my gravy?

Dear *On Dit*,

I commend you all for your lovely thick paper. It has been most convenient in packing away all my delicacies in preparation for moving house. Oh, but I read it first and quite enjoyed it.

A few words regarding the Mayo: 1) I can no longer steal from them. This is a disturbing development indeed. Oh the amount of times I hid my gravy in the *middle* of the chips to avoid paying the extra 30c. No longer can I pay a mere dollar for a bagel with the lot by claiming it was a bagel 'o nothing and trusting that even Mayo employees would not go so far as to open up my baggie to check on my lunch. 2) This is a much more important point. Gone are the days when a hardcore chips 'n' gravy fan could evenly spread her salt and pepper throughout the box as she scooped in her chips. Now I have to bung it on top of the chips and gravy, WHICH TASTES DISGUSTING, and I also have lost access to the occasional lemon wedge to spice up my little grease-fest of a lunch. Oh the humanity.

Speaking of Humanity, this brings me to point 3) and the tangled mess of humanity I am faced with everytime I venture into that amazingly badly-planned structure they call an eatery. What if I want chips AND a sandwich for later? Lining up and paying separately makes perfect sense, yes. In fact, I have stopped frequenting said poorly-planned 'eatery' all together. So there.

Thankyou for listening,  
Snagglepussey

## Bad Mr Slape! No biscuit!

Dear Editors,

I would like to comment on the inclusion in your last edition of Chris Slape's review of the book *Unravelling Genes*. 'And to gain acceptance, there must be education,' he says.

Education? Or perhaps brainwashing? I find it astonishing that such a one-sided, reductionist view could so easily be put forward to the students of this fine educational institution. Make no mistake here - this Slape character intends to have us all working mindlessly in lab coats, with no notion of what we are doing, unquestioningly following his predicates. I mean, anyone who has heard this self-proclaimed 'Science Guy' speak will know just what I mean. It's all 'science' this, and 'genetics' that, and 'I am the King of the World' the other, not to mention the constant corrections of the pronunciation of his name ('No, no, I know its spelled 'Slape', but it's pronounced Slappy. Slappy').

This latter-day Frankenstein must be brought to heel at once, and taught the error of his ways. He must be shown that understanding and compassion are what's necessary for human advancement, not the mindless kowtowing to science that he seems to suggest.

Anyway, that's my two cents' worth.

Paul Bradley

## Batfink... & Karate!

Dear Paul,  
I read your recent article in *On Dit* on the crappy state that cartoons are in. Batfink's sidekick's name was Karate. For the record, Hong Kong Phooey was the best cartoon that was ever made.

Gavin Lynch

## Music students speak out

Dear Editors

Following discussions with Stephen Mullighan (SAUA), Matthew Anderson (NUSSA) and Janak Mayer (AUU), we have jointly organised a general student meeting to discuss the issues raised by the Review for Music Education and Training in South Australia. We would like to stress that this meeting is not to push any viewpoints on the Review but to allow students to raise questions and understand the process of the university administration in regard to this issue. We hope to see all concerned students join us in the Hartley Concert Room on Tuesday, 14th of March at 2pm. Your contribution is encouraged as questions and issues raised will be documented through the SAUA and forwarded on to members of the University Council.

This meeting is for us, the students, to understand where it's all at, not to discuss the pros and cons of the Review itself.

Bronwyn Hannaford, Fiona Castle and Kerryn Hennessy.

## SAUA Roundup Rage

Who writes SAUA Roundup?, I believe in accountability and SAUA Roundup is doing a good job, generally. As however *On Dit* is a part of the SAUA it also must be accountable. Who writes it, because although it highlights what goes on in the SAUA it has in part bordered (or crossed the border) of defamation, and this is not accountability, more like liability.

Concerned  
David Bourne

David, all editors contribute to SAUA roundup (it is written by Darien) which is a culmination of two weeks of listening to people, attending SAUA Council and the ilk - if you have a problem come down and see us and we'll endeavour to clear it up. However nowhere in your letter do you state what section of SAUA roundup is a problem so we're debating blind here. We welcome your opinion and look forward to your visit. As a student you can go to SAUA Council meetings as an observer and keep all the bastards honest that way.

# Weren't you listening?

## Elysia replies & replies & replies

Dear Editors,

I write in response to the recent *On Dit* article, 'Uni Council to convene Con forum'. The article is a gross misrepresentation of my actions and views on the recent Review of Music Education in South Australia. It is most unfortunate that Dale Adams and Stephen Mullighan have used the article to make an unwarranted personal attack on me, rather than address the important issues of student interest in the Review. The article serves only to compound confusion and misinformation which surrounds this issue.

Mr Adams correctly states that I am the former President of the Adelaide University Union (in 1999). He correctly states that I was directly elected by students of this University (in November of 1999) to the position of undergraduate representative on University Council, and that currently I am the Convenor of the sub-committee of Council known as the Student Affairs Committee (herein SAC).

As Mr Adams indicates, a discussion was held at the most recent SAC meeting (on Thursday 2 March) in regard to the Review. During this discussion, I suggested that a forum should be held to give students information about the review process. Contrary to implications in the article, it was expressly intended that student organisations would be integral to the organisation of the Forum. In proposing the Forum, I was motivated in students' interests, to provide an opportunity for students to become informed about the Review and to allow them to provide input on it. As the minutes of the SAC meeting show: *The Convenor spoke of a lack of information and misinformation among students and she felt that there was merit in conducting an open forum for students prior to the next Council meeting when the review would be considered. Members were in favour of the forum and the Convenor undertook to discuss the matter with Professor Boumelha [the Deputy Vice Chancellor (Education)] and the Vice Chancellor.*

Mr Adams' and Mr Mullighan's implication that I am acting as a cipher of University Administration in proposing the Forum is naive and absurd. I informed Senior Management about the Forum as a courtesy and to encourage much needed communication between them and interested students on this matter. I hoped that students would speak frankly of their hopes and concerns for music education in the University at the Forum. I am aware of such concerns as my own sister is a music student. The forum was never merely intended

as stated by Mr Adams 'to combat the "misinformation" that has apparently been spread throughout the media both prior to and following the Review's release.' It was intended to give information to students who have been on holiday and unaware of the procedure for review. Upon reflection of the purpose of the forum, it was my intention to attend only as an observer, particularly to consider the point of view of music students prior to University Council having a discussion about the issue.

After discussions with a number of music students, and to facilitate the holding of such a forum, I met with the Vice Chancellor and the President of the Adelaide University Union, Janak Mayer, on Monday 6 March. It was intended that Mr Mayer would, together with appropriate Affiliate Presidents, the Forum (sic). Shortly after this meeting I picked up a copy of *On Dit* and was very disappointed to see an article that was so clearly incorrect and that would further perpetuate confusion.

It is a matter of huge concern to me that Mr Adams was less than honest with me when he spoke with me in regard to this issue. At no time did he indicate that the conversation was 'for the record', nor did he ask about the discussion at the SAC meeting concerning the Forum. I was instead bluntly asked my view of the review recommendations, and how I would vote on the issues contained therein. I was thrown by his aggression and reluctant to provide a view in the absence of a full consultation with students through the proposed forum. This matter is also subject to advice from a University Steering Committee, whose recommendations will also need to be considered. It is upon these sources of information that I will engage in public debate.

Since the discussion at the SAC meeting, I have learned that Mr Mullighan has decided to arrange his own forum (an original idea Mr Mullighan!). At the SAC meeting, Mr Mullighan, who is a member of the SAC, requested that he be involved in any forum which was to be organised. At no time did he accord me that same courtesy, and keep me, or the SAC informed of his intention to hold a second forum with a different purpose and which will apparently not include representatives of University management to explain the background to and process of the review. I am given to understand that Mr Mullighan intends to educate himself about these matters, and explain these matters to those assembled for the forum. But who will be able to answer questions in relation to matters of process? I think it is a pity that a wide ranging Forum, informed by a broad array of views and advice, bringing students and those who are closest to the Review together, will now not be held.

Finally, with regards my position of employment with the University. Mr Adams correctly states that I am the Manager of the Card Centre. I work part-time while studying full-time and I see my role in the Card Centre as one of providing an important service to students.

As a Councillor and convenor of SAC, I am not an agent of University Management nor have I ever acted as such, as implied by Mr Mullighan. Indeed a number of active members of University Council are employed by the University in some capacity and I don't expect that any of these is an agent for University management.

Mr Mullighan contends that my employment in the Card Centre results in a conflict of interest with my role as an undergraduate representative on Council. Again this is a naive and absurd presumption. Unlike Mr Mullighan, I don't have a problem in distinguishing between these responsibilities.

Mr Mullighan further contends that 'with an issue like this, you either have the students best interests in mind or the University's - not both'. Obviously Mr Mullighan does not understand that as a Councillor I have a fiduciary obligation to the University. I always take student views into account, however, when contributing to debates on Council. Suffice to say, if I am at least aware of the student perspective I can make an informed decision.

Mr Mullighan, as President of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide, has not assisted in informing my decision with regard to this matter, though I would have expected him to do this as part of his duty as a president of a student organisation. His comments have been ill informed and entirely negative, and have sought to focus on me rather than the important issue of review. This is disappointing and petty conduct for a president of a student organisation. The students of the University of Adelaide deserve better treatment from Mr Mullighan.

Regards

Elysia Turcinovic  
Undergraduate Representative,  
University Council  
Convenor,  
Student Affairs Committee

*It must first be made clear that under normal circumstances no letter of this length would be published within the pages of On Dit. However, given that it contains several references to me and my actions, it has been decided that, in the interests of transparency, it would be best published.*

*When I spoke to Ms Turcinovic, it is true that I asked her if she had any comment to make. I would have thought it implicit to the question that any response she made was to be 'on the record'. However, if Ms Turcinovic was under any misapprehension that we were speaking off the record, then I apologise for any confusion on her behalf.*

*At no stage was it my intention to create the implication that Ms Turcinovic is a 'cipher of University Administration'. The story is simply a follow-up to the coverage afforded the Elder Conservatorium / School of Music Review in the first two editions of On Dit this year. To view it is as an 'unwarranted personal attack' from me seems somewhat strange - I would be most interested to see Ms Turcinovic point out exactly where in my article I personally make any comments regarding her that deviate from the simple truth. Ms Turcinovic seems to believe that I am involved in a strange global conspiracy to besmirch her name. This simply isn't the case, and to believe so seems to me to border on paranoia.*

*One last thing - why didn't Ms Turcinovic sign her letter 'Manager, Card Centre', or include her student number, for that matter?*

Dale F Adams

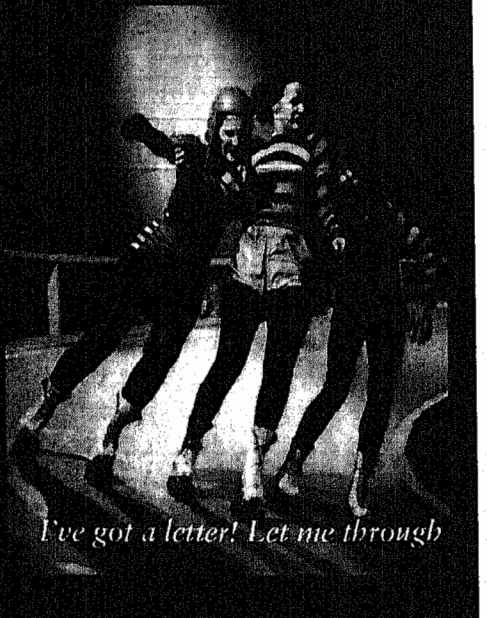
We welcome letters from any student on any subject. Please try to keep them shortish (approx 250 words). If people wish to remain anonymous, they can, provided their student number or full name is attached to the letter. These details, obviously, will not be published.

Letters can be e-mailed to [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au) or posted to us - On Dit c/- University of Adelaide SA 5005. They can even be dropped down to our office opposite the Barr Smith Lawns, near Unibooks and the boys' toilets in the George Murray Building.

Get cracking.

By Wed 5pm thanks.

## Letter Policy

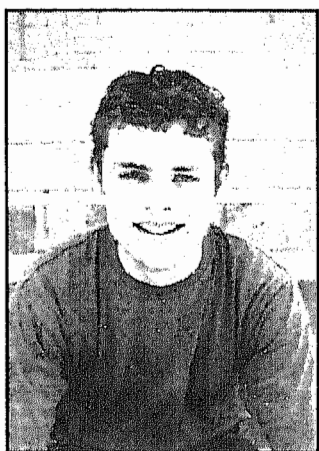


*I've got a letter! Let me through*



# Quorate stout and lemonade...

Stephen Mullighan, SAUA President



## General Student Meeting

This Tuesday at 2pm in the Hartley Concert Room the Students' Association is holding a General Student Meeting. Located in the Hartley Concert Room, over near the Shultz Building, the meeting will discuss the Review into Tertiary Music Education in South Australia, in particular the review process within the University and a course of action for students to take.

This meeting will be informal, although it will be facilitated by the SAUA. All are welcome to attend, especially those who would like to become involved in this issue. For further details of the meeting, come into the SAUA or call us.

## Closure of Vietnamese

The University has decided to cease teaching of Vietnamese. This is very concerning, considering that we were the only tertiary institution in South Australia to offer it. For more details on this issue, see the article on page 3.

## Council Meeting

The next meeting of the Students' Association Council is this Wednesday. For details, come into the SAUA office, or call.

For any information about these issues, or if you have any other queries or concerns, please do not hesitate to contact me. You can drop into the SAUA, located in the George Murray building, call us on 83035406, or email me: [stephen.mullighan@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:stephen.mullighan@adelaide.edu.au)

Seb Henbest, Education Vice President



## NDA

The first National Day of Action (NDA) for 2000 is scheduled for Wednesday March 22nd. A National Day of Action is a day when students all over Australia make a stand against the regressive issues that are a threat to higher education. These issues are normally government policy, but can be university policy or directions in which the university is heading. The NDA on March 22 is based on the corporatisation and deregulation of Universities. Whether we march the streets or take a more campus based action, I encourage everyone to take the time to find out what's going on. You never know what may directly affect you!

## Vietnamese

It seems that the study of Vietnamese is under threat of being taken from the university curriculum. The Vietnamese section of Humanities and Social Sciences is very small, and it is probably due to its size that the issue of closure has come about. Though small, it is the only place where Vietnamese is taught at a university level in South Australia, and therefore is invaluable to the people of this state, especially the Vietnamese community. Vietnamese is taught in some high schools and it would be a terrible loss if students were unable to continue their study of the language at a university level. But don't panic guys and gals, it aint gone yet and any unstoppable change shouldn't affect current students.

## Music school

To merge or not to merge - that is the question. Hope anyone interested comes to the GSM on Tuesday 2pm in the Hartley Concert Room.

Any queries or if you have any information regarding the above issues e-mail me at [education@sua.asn.au](mailto:education@sua.asn.au) or [sebastian.henbest@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:sebastian.henbest@student.adelaide.edu.au) - ciao for now.

Adam Langman, Activities/ Campaigns Vice President



Hello, hope that your first few weeks haven't been too hard and that you now know where you're going and have found those all too elusive toilets in your lecture buildings ( I'm still seeing people running for the Cloisters toilets).

## This Week

This week will hopefully see the return of "Cinema on the Lawns" as long as the sponsorship comes through. The movies that people have suggested are "Starwars" and "The Breakfast Club". This should be on Thursday night at 8:30. Friday night in the bar is going to be "Back to School Night". Come in your old school uniform and receive some specials while dancing the night away. If the uniform doesn't fit any more it just make the whole thing better, give it a go. There will be posters out next week to advertise the confirmed plans so be on the lookout.

## Next Week

This week sees the Red Cross come on campus to take your blood. This may not sound like fun but it is a great thing to do as it saves lives. Believe it or not it is actually healthy for you too as giving blood removes the nasty thing in you that your body and get rid of itself. So please have a heart and help those who need your blood more than you do. You get free food and drink if you donate too !!!

## Prosh

Prosh is approaching faster than a speeding train and since I don't have the ability to jump tall buildings in a single bound or stop a bullet with my teeth I need your help. Come into the SAUA and put your name down to be a helper or register your fantastic Prosh prank and enter a car in the Prosh parade. I want to break the record for most number of entrants in recent memory by getting 50 cars/floats to rampage through the city.

## So Remember

Come to 'Cinema on the Lawns' and 'Back to School', Give Blood, Sign -up to be a Prosh helper, Register a Prosh prank and a Prosh parade car (or anything else that moves). It's as simple as that ! Don't forget if you have any ideas for events tell me, come and see me, write to me or e-mail at [adam.langman@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:adam.langman@student.adelaide.edu.au)

PS. The Guinness book of records has not contacted me yet so I'm not sure about our world record.

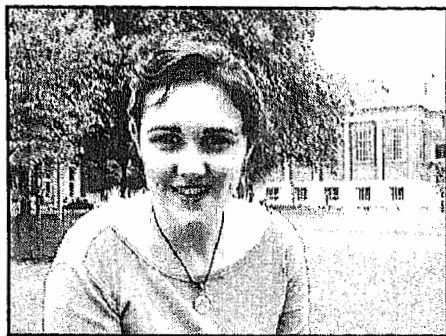
# PROSH

is coming

HELPERS ARE REQUIRED FOR PROSH. TO GET INVOLVED CALL THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION ON 8303 5406

# that's a foreshadowed motion you've made

Heidi Ryan, Women's Officer



Hello! I have a word limit for this column so I'll waste no time in getting to the point:

**NOWSA:** As any of you who have been reading my column with any degree of regularity will know, NOWSA is a national conference for women students which will be held in Adelaide this year (July 10 to 14). The NOWSA Collective have issued a call for papers, asking for submissions of between 300 to 500 words explaining the subject of the paper. Applications should be forwarded to: the Women's Department, Flinders University, GPO Box 2100, Adelaide, SA 5001 by Friday 7 April. The Collective is now meeting, if you are interested in taking part, please contact me to find out meeting details.

Speaking of collectives, several women are interested in re-establishing the Women's Collective. If you would like to join them or perhaps offer some advice contact me and I will get you in touch with other interested people.

**Lesbian Network:** The Lesbian Network Collective produces a national, quarterly magazine/newsletter. They are looking for lesbians who know or would like to learn how to use Pagemaker, who could help organise contributions, material, subscribers, accounts, mailouts and anything else it takes to get the production out to the people. If you're interested contact them at [lemonnet@yahoo.com](mailto:lemonnet@yahoo.com).

Finally, to all those of you who have ever found yourselves in a ... messy situation, the SAUA now has a stockpile of tampons. Come in and grab one (don't worry nobody will notice) and while you're there, stick your head around the corner and say hello.

This brings me to my usual ending: you can find me in the SAUA section of the George Murray Building, e-mail me at [heidi.ryan@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:heidi.ryan@student.adelaide.edu.au) or call me on 8303 5406.

Zane Young, Environment Officer

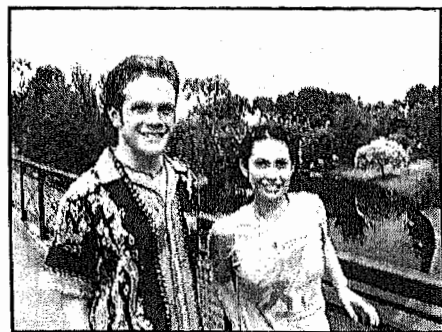


**People's conference regarding the proposed nuclear waste dump**

the conference was highly successful! the results can be seen at the website <http://www.adhills.com.au/peoplesconference>, where you can also see photos of the speakers and hear snippets of what they said. Sandra Kanck, Deputy Leader of the Democrats in SA, (Liberal) SA Senator Nick Minchin, John Hill MP, the Deputy Leader of the Opposition in SA, and the speakers from Pangea Australia and Pangea International all presented very informative and controversial talks. John Hill stated that the ALP in SA was 'totally opposed' to a nuclear waste dump in South Australia. The main concerns raised were that, even if we did stop producing nuclear waste in Australia, we don't yet have anywhere to put the existing waste. However, most of the audience raised the concern that the new nuclear reactor at Lucas Heights in Sydney could not be built until a site was found to dump its waste at. (Obviously this should have been a concern before they built the first one!) So, we have a stalemate

in the nuclear debate. The anti-nuke people don't want the new reactor in Sydney, because it's costly, unnecessary and already dangerous, and the pro-nuke people say well, we've already got this waste, so what do we do with it? The obvious solution would be to store the waste with the understanding that it would not be stored on Aboriginal land, and that, if the government managed to push ahead with the new nuclear reactor in Sydney (despite the objections of up to 85% of Australians) that the waste would not be stored in Australia. Why should we pay, both with money and with our children's futures, for a facility we don't need or want? For more info, or to help with the anti-nuke National Day of Action on March 26, see me. [zane.environment@saua.asn.au](mailto:zane.environment@saua.asn.au), ph. 8303 5182

Amanda Camporeale & Tom Radzevicus, Sexuality Officers



G'Day All.

This last week has seen some interesting developments for our department. Both of us this week will be talking at an international conference on the state of youth in today's society, in particular about the perception of youth sexuality and youth suicide. We are both very excited to be involved in the conference as it gives us a chance to meet experts from all over the world and discuss our ideas and plans with them.

**Hepatitis C**

As some of you may have been aware last week was Hepatitis C awareness week. One of our major campaigns this year is to raise the profile of this disease on campus, as it is often relegated to a less important status due primarily to the emphasis that is put on AIDS/HIV. In light of this we shall be interviewing the director of Clinic 275 on our radio show this week. With the goal of dispelling some of the myths surrounding Hep C and also to

provide some practical advice for people who have contracted the disease.

**Sex Week 2000**

Our plans for Sex Week, to be held during the first week of second term, are slowly coming together. We are organising a seminar on the effect of young people coming to terms with their sexualities and how it is linked to youth suicide as well as a debate on an issue of sexuality, yet to be decided. If anyone has any ideas for events/issues that they would like to see dealt with during sex week feel free to come and tell us.

**E-Mail.**

Just a quick apology to anyone trying to contact us through the e-mail service. At present it is not working properly and we are unsure as to when it will be back on line. In the interim if you would like to contact us electronically then please feel free to use our university addresses, which are: [tomas.radzevicius@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:tomas.radzevicius@student.adelaide.edu.au) and [amanda.camporeale@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:amanda.camporeale@student.adelaide.edu.au)

Have a sexy week.

## cheapest on campus!

**YOUR STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OFFERS THE CHEAPEST PHOTOCOPYING ON CAMPUS.**

From 8 cents a page, we will meet all your photocopying needs: from double-sided A3 coloured copies to A4 black and white, sorted and stapled. And all our paper is recycled, which is something to smile about.

We have four machines with a lot of love to give 9-4 daily. So come and see us, we're on the ground level in the George Murray Building in the Cloisters, or give us a call on 83035406.



# One club, two club ... etc

## Skindiving Club

AGM Thursday 16th March, 6:30pm onwards (meet in the Unibar at 6pm for pre-AGM drinks), WP Rogers Room (level 5 - behind the Uni Bar). Nominations will be called for the following positions: President, Vice President, Treasurer, Secretary, Newsletter Editor, Boating Officer, Equipment Officer and Two General Committee Positions.

Items to be discussed will be membership fees and constitutional changes (changing financial year from September to September to January 1st to December 31st). For more information please contact Ellie Simpson on 8271 7339.

## Renaissance Universal

IGM March Wednesday 15th, 1-2pm, WP Rogers Room. Contact Didi for further info on 0412 684437 or 8354 4635 or Tim on 8351 8689. Email: sunshine@axs.com.au.

## Stein Club

Beer Lovers Club, IGM to be held in the Unibar at 5pm on Tuesday 14th March 2000. All O'Week members come along - see you there. For more info call Matthew Loveder on 8443 9134 or email mattloveder.com.

## Frisbee Club

The Ultimate Frisbee club will be holding its IGM on the 16th (Thursday) of March at 4pm on the Barr Smith Lawns. Anyone interested in playing (especially at the nationals) should be there. For more info contact David Wilson 83901423, rm 315 Fisher or david.j.wilson@student.adelaide.edu.au

## Amnesty International

Amnesty International Adelaide Uni Group is having a lunchtime meeting on the Goodman Crescent lawns (in front of Elder Hall) 1-2pm Wednesday 15th March. Lunch is provided for all members and anyone interested in Amnesty International is welcome.

If you are interested but can't come, contact Shoona on 8358 3104.

## AUSKI

AUSKI (the Club formerly known as the Adelaide University Snow Ski Club) will be holding their Annual General Meeting on Thursday 16th March from 6pm in the UniBar, level 5 of Union House.

Nomination forms for the positions of President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer are available from the Sports Association Office. Nominations close at 5pm on Tuesday 14th March. You must be a financial member of the club to nominate for a position and to vote at the AGM.

Following this major event will be the first Auski Pub Night to be held (where else?) in the UniBar!

Members who attend (and that means all of you!) will be eligible to win a free Snow Ski Trip to lovely Mt Hotham with 175 of your friends. For the 175 that unfortunately do not win, a \$50.00 deposit will secure you a place in history ... Cheap beer (so cheap that

## Habitat for Humanity Club

Habitat for Humanity IGM, North Dining Room, 4th level, Union House, 12.30 pm Friday March 17th, Australian Campus Chapters, Adelaide Uni Chapter: founding members Charlie (8278 7979) and Matt (8278 5367). Local and overseas aid work building homes (www.habitat.org).

## Go Club

Go (Weiqi, Baduk) Club IGM, Wednesday 15th March, 1.10pm, Margaret Murray Room level 5 Union Building, enter via the Games room - follow the signs. All welcome, all positions open for

you. Call 8340 8989 for more information.

## STEIN Club

The beer lovers' club - IGM at the UniBar, 5pm, 14th March. All O'Week members come along, see you there.

## Triathlon Club

The AU Tri Club will be having its 2000 AGM on Wednesday 15th March at 1pm in the Irene Watson Room. Enquiries or apologies to Phil Killicoat 8334 4560 or philpow@hotmail.com.

## Water Ski Club

Last trip was a blast! We had great conditions, great skiing and a great time! But ... this weekend is the biggest ski weekend of the year! From Friday 17th March till Sunday 19th March at Morgan it's party, ski, party. Bring camping gear, food, drinks, and your mates. membership is just \$10 and includes a ski (ski from \$4 per ski). See Sports Association for maps to the Ski Club site - Club Morg. Phone Steve McIntyre on 297 5157 or Richard Van Ruth on 0419 810 699. Come along and learn to ski and have a huge time!



Any takers for the 'Blokes with Small Aircraft on their Noggins' Club?

you won't believe the price!), drink promotions and Giveaways - what more could you ask for?

For more information on this prestigious night contact the AUSKI hotline on 8303 3018.

## ASIET

Action in Solidarity with Indonesia and East Timor: IGM Thursday 16th March 1pm in the Margaret Murray Room, Level 5 Union Building (enter via the Games room). Email adelaide@asiet.org.au.

## Golf Club

Golf Club AGM - celebrating 75 years of golfing tradition, Thursday 16th March, 1pm, Canon Poole Room, Level 5 Union House (behind the UniBar). Contact: Andrew Naismith (President) on 8303 6167 (w) or 8269 6282 (h), email: adnaismi@cs.adelaide.edu.au or Ben Milton (Secretary) 8431 4954 (h), email: benjamin.milton@student.adelaide.edu.au.

nomination. Contact Damien Warman 8267 5374 or email: dmw@pobox.com.

## HELP Club

HELP club for Human Rights & Equality: IGM at 1pm Tuesday 21st March in the Don Stranks Room, Level 5 Union Building, enter via the Games Room. Contact Lara for further info, ph: 8331 3479 or lara.kelly@student.adelaide.edu.au.

## Homebrewers Club

IGM Friday 24th March 1pm, Margaret Murray Room. Contact Will O'Shea on 8334 5052 or unibrew@hotmail.com.

## Marijuana Anonymous

Dope interfering with your studies? Wanna give up? Marijuana Anonymous meets each Tuesday at 1pm in the Margaret Murray Room. drop in, we'd love to see

## Asian Studies Association

IGM Monday 13th march 1pm, WP Rogers Room, level 5 Union Building, enter via the Games Room. call Adam McKay for further details, 8263 3794 or email: scuppy@bboy.com.

## Irish Club

St Patrick's Day celebration, Friday 17th March, 11-3 Barr Smith Lawns: beer, bands, bbqs, Guinness, pipers, face painting, dancers - all at the super cheap prices you have come to expect from the Irish Club. This is one of the hugest events on campus all year so be sure not to miss out on a single minute!

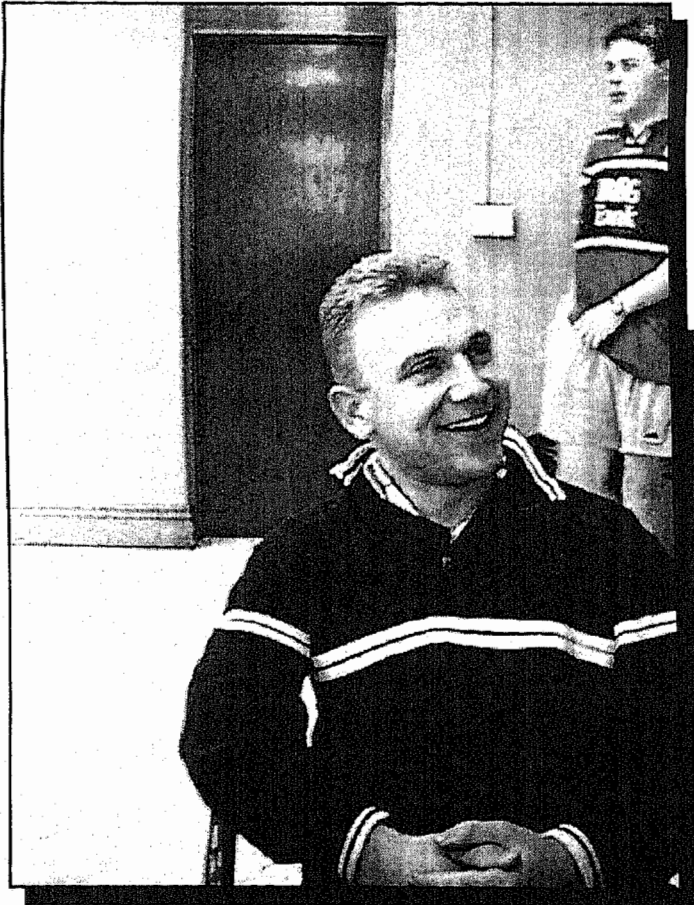
Get your Clubs Submissions in by 5.00 Wednesday or be prepared to miss out. Sometimes we're nice but mostly we're nasty. First in best dressed etc, latecomers summarily executed.

**QUESTIONS:**  
 1. What's the sexiest food?  
 2. Who would you like to be stuck in the *On Dit* office with and why?  
 3. What's the absolute most dodgy pick up line you've ever heard/used/had used on you?



**Davide and Laura**  
*Comparing Che Guevara and David Beckham on the Barr Smith Lawns*  
 1. Laura: Ice. It brings on some great reactions.  
 Davide: Sausages.  
 2. Laura: The Manchester United Soccer team would be interesting, Especially David Beckham. Because of their ball handling skills.  
 Davide: Che Guevara - he had a lot to teach us.  
 3. Laura: Someone said to me once: 'Is that a ladder in your stockings or a stairway to heaven?'  
 Davide: 'Have you got any Italian in you and if not would you like some?' It was only used as a joke.

**Greg and Joshua**  
*Slipping a in quick beer two minutes before their next lecture*  
 1. Joshua: Oysters. Cause they make you horny.  
 Greg: Watching my ex-girlfriend eat sausages was pretty sexy.  
 2. Joshua: Claudia Schiffer. Cause she's hot.  
 Greg: That bird Annelise Braakenshalk (???) Cause she's hot.  
 3. Joshua: 'Do you come here often?' It's probably not that bad but you know its a pick up line as soon as you hear it.  
 Greg: 'Here's 50 cents, ring your mum and tell her you won't be coming home tonight.' It was one drunken episode!



**Russell**  
*With his good friend algebra in the Wills*  
 1. Yiros. Becasue you always eat it when you're drunk. Everything's sexy when your drunk.  
 2. Her name's Danielle. Because she's perfect. And everybody loves perfection.  
 3. 'Did you know legs is the word of the day - wanna come back to my house and spread the word?' And it worked, I didn't use it but it worked. There's also 'I'm going home to have sex, are you coming?' That worked to. They were both used by good friends of mine.

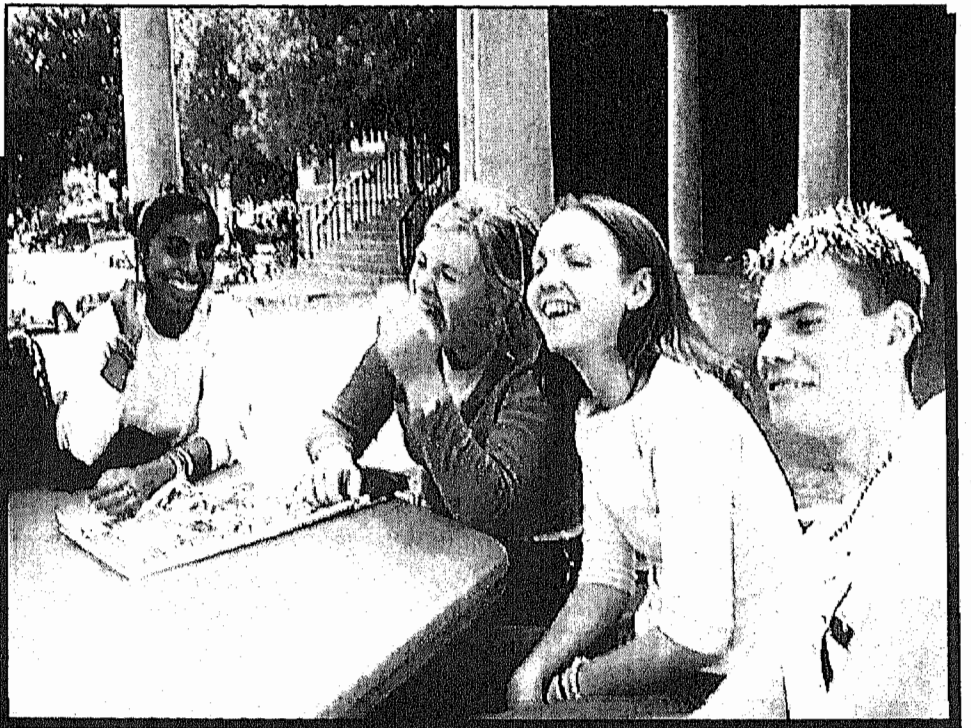
**Marta, Donna and Katrina**  
*Daintily perched on the Gallery balcony*  
 1. Marta: Ravioli.  
 Katrina: Cherries. No, Mangoes. I'm obsessed with Mangoes.  
 Donna: Chocolate Syrup.  
 2. Donna: Katrina. Because we're lesbians.  
 Katrina: Definitely not Donna.  
 Marta: Neither of those two.  
 3. Katrina: A guy came up to me and said: 'If you ever have a baby have it with me.'  
 Donna: You look good but you'll look better on me.  
 Marta: Are your legs sore, cause you've been running around my mmd all day.



# POP

Sunita, Anna, Jane and Bryan  
*Sunning in the Cloisters*

1. Jane: Strawberries. I was going to say grapes but their not sexy. Any berries.  
Anna: Whipped cream. And fruit, especially fruit.  
Sunita: Hot chocolate; anything runny or sticky. And watermelon.  
Bryan: Two-minute noodles, steak sandwiches, wedges and sour cream and hot apple pie.
2. Sunita: Confucious, with a bottle of vodka. We could get really drunk and learn philosophy.  
Jane: Ben Affleck.  
Anna: Fat Bastard from *Austin Powers!*  
Bryan: Any female movie star.  
Sunita: He means anything with breasts and legs ...
3. Bryan: My face is leaving in a minute and I'd like you to be on it.  
Sunita: Nice tits.  
Jane: I'm not Fred Flinstone but I'm sure I can make your bed rock.  
Anna: Is that a mirror in your pocket 'cause I can see me in your pants!



Lynwen

*Reminiscing about orgasm balls outside Ligertwood*

1. The food in Northern Thailand. Tapioca - we used to call them orgasm balls because they tasted so good.
2. Antonio Bandaras. A sexy latino.
3. My friend was 24 and a 60-year-old man came up to her and said: 'My secretary just found these theatre tickets - you'll have to come.'



Kerryn and Anne  
*Arguing the finer points of Buffy on the Barr Smith Lawns*

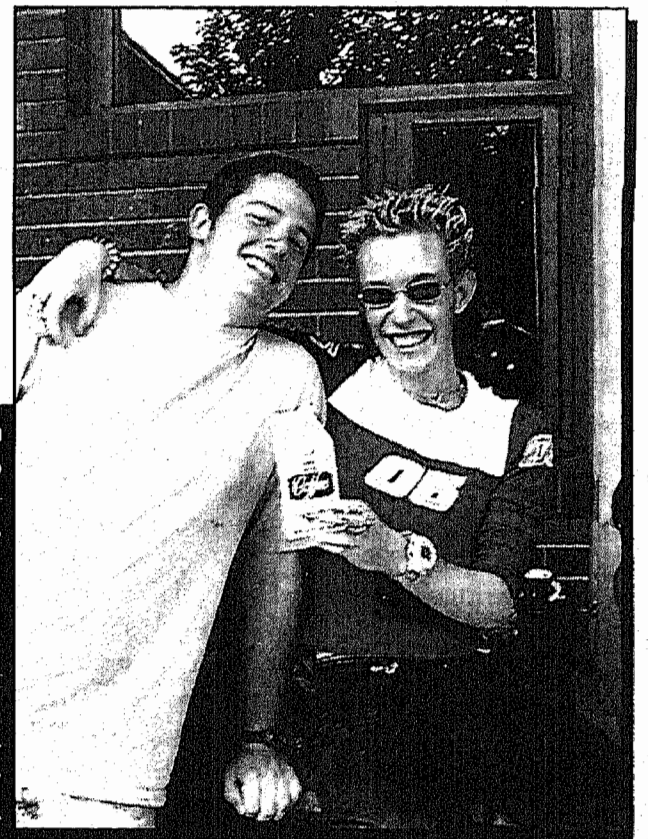
1. Anne: Banana.  
Kerryn: I'm thinking ice-cream.
2. Kerryn: David Boreanaz from *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* and *Angel*. If you've seen him you will know why.  
Anne: Rimmer (Chris Barrie) from *Red Dwarf*. Because he's my type.
3. Anne: Once, I was drunk, and accidentally ran into a church wall and smashed my teeth. I later went up to a guy and said 'Do you remember me? I was the girl that ran into the church and broke my teeth.'  
Kerryn: Are you in Uni?



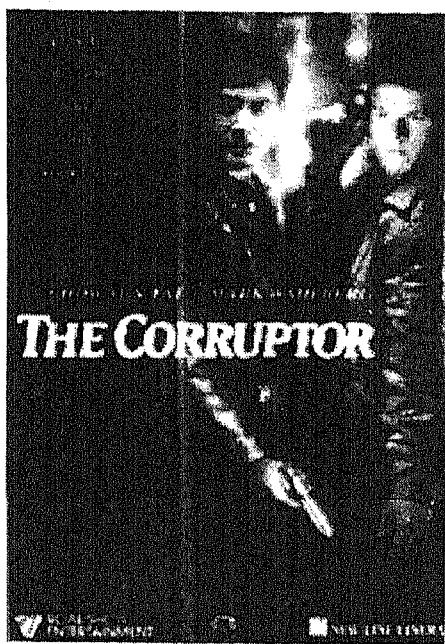
Luke and Sam

*Thinking phallic objects outside the Mayo*

1. Luke: Big fat German sausages. Is that bratwurst in your pocket, or are you just pleased to see me?  
Sam: You can't go past bananas. So phallic. Because of those bananas they always used in Sex Ed.
  2. Luke: Godzilla. It would be funny to see him fit.  
Sam: Zach de la Rocha from *Rage Against the Machine* because I want to know what goes on in his head cause he's so anti-social.
  3. Luke: Either 'If I cut off your arms and legs, you'd look a bit like Venus de Milo' or 'If I said you had a sexy body, would you get naked and sleep with me?'
- Sam: 'Wanna go back to my place, lock crutches and swap gravy.' Or, to be blunt: 'Nice shoes, wanna fuck?'
- Luke: Sam tried that on me but I said no.



# Sitting on the couch



**The Corruptor**  
1999. D: James Foley  
Chow Yun-Fat, Mark  
Wahlberg  
Roadshow

The price we pay for *Lethal Weapon* keeps getting higher, I thought, as I sat through yet

another buddy/cop movie full of gunfire, explosions and car chases. Director James Foley makes his first foray into action with *The Corruptor*, a comic book-style romp through the streets of Chinatown, showcasing two appealing performers to offset a generically mandatory disregard for human life that would be offensive if we hadn't seen it so many times before.

Chow Yun-Fat, veteran of a bunch of John Woo's Hong Kong blood opera gangster melodramas (*A Better Tomorrow*, *The Killer*, *Hard-Boiled*, etc), is teamed with baby-faced Mark Wahlberg (who has learnt how to express himself using other parts of his body since *Boogie Nights*) for an intensive investigation of Chinese youth gangs and their bosses. The standard-issue plot, which moves fast enough to escape the confusion it inspires, mixes cops and organized gangs with Internal Affairs and FBI agents, whose presence complicates things further when you realize that everyone in the movie is corrupt, and the only way to

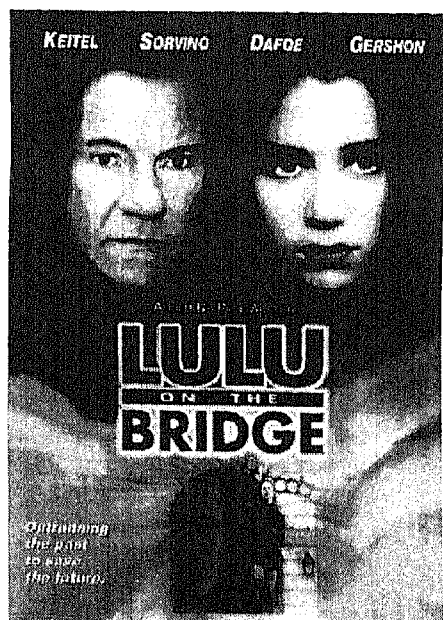
differentiate the good guys is by the fact that they may be corrupt, but they are also soft-hearted.

Who knows what in this material attracted a filmmaker of James Foley's stature. It draws together themes he explored in earlier films - the shadow cast by a criminal father in *At Close Range*, the concealment of identity central to *After Dark, My Sweet*, the notion of brotherhood in the extended dysfunctional family of *Glengarry Glen Ross* - to go any further would be splitting hairs, for *The Corruptor* is just fun slap-bang Hollywood entertainment, although another example of the Asian sensibility that is gradually infiltrating American action flicks, since the Hong Kong film industry churns this kind of stuff out in its sleep.

As a buddy/cop movie, *The Corruptor* retains the cliches but thankfully avoids embarrassing itself with the usual steady stream of one-liners. However, this leaves the occasional scene in limbo when it draws to a close and seems to wait for some sort of smooth transition

to the next, so instead of inserting a one-liner, it's left to Chow Yun-Fat to perform some silly body movement or facial expression that confuses the hell out of the poor actors sharing the scene with him. The initial tension inherent in the buddy/cop formula is heightened by the film's cultural twist, borrowed from cop films like *Black Rain*, but the screenplay tries to protect itself from charges of racism by putting its off-colour dialogue in mouths of the race in question. Chow Yun-Fat lifts the film above routine the way only he can, but he is far more compelling in his Hong Kong films than in *The Corruptor* or *The Replacement Killers*, his American debut. Likewise, while the pounding music and constantly moving camera will make you dizzy enough to forget the film's shortcomings, director James Foley has inspired more visceral responses with his confronting style in earlier films. Nonetheless, *The Corruptor* is effective as trashy escapism.

Daniel Gear



**Lulu on the Bridge**  
1998. D: Paul Auster  
Harvey Keitel, Mira  
Sorvino, Willem  
Dafoe, Gina Gershon  
Siren Entertainment

Hard to define, *Lulu on the Bridge* starts as a romantic drama, but turns into a hypnotic mystery. The transitions are an integral part of this film, though, so stick with it and you should be well rewarded.

*Lulu* is written and directed by Paul Auster (creator of *Smoke* and, indirectly, *Blue in the Face*). Auster has created a stylish, moody atmosphere for the film, with a beautiful jazz soundtrack helping it along. Harvey Keitel stars as Izzy Maurer, a jazz saxophonist who has been shot and can no longer play. After he recovers, he accepts a dinner

invitation from his ex-wife (Gina Gershon). Also at dinner is her husband (Mandy Patinkin), and Vanessa Redgrave as a director working on a new film adaption of the silent film *Pandora's Box*. Coming home from dinner, Izzy comes across a dead body with a briefcase next to it. Taking the case home, Izzy discovers a mysterious stone with magical powers. The stone leads him to aspiring actress Celia Burns (Mira Sorvino), and the pair fall in love.

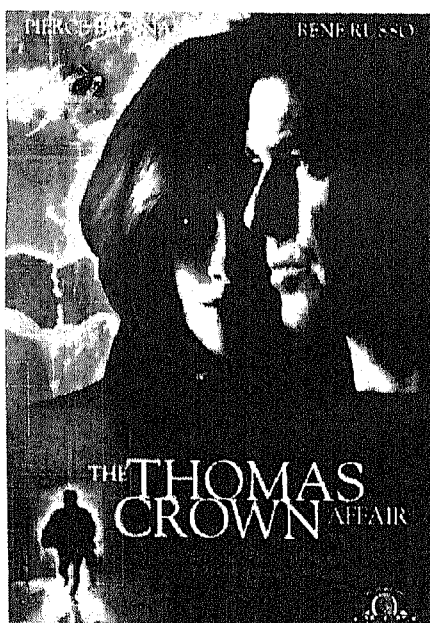
The film takes a downward turn when a scary anthropologist, Dr Van Horn (Willem Dafoe) comes looking for the stone. Having separated Izzy and Celia, some of the movie's best scenes come about from Izzy's interrogation by Van Horn.

The reason this film is only now getting a video release (it ran the festival circuit in Australia) probably comes from the unwillingness of Auster to stick with any kind of conventions. Primarily, *Lulu* is an art-house film, but struggles to find an audience because of its sentimental indulgences.

Harvey Keitel is believable as the troubled jazz player thrown into strange situations. Vanessa Redgrave really impresses in a what is quite a small role. But Mira Sorvino is the star of this film, producing a totally absorbing performance.

Although it may not conform to expectations, isn't that the point? *Lulu on the Bridge* is certainly worth watching.

Eddie Chan



**The Thomas Crown Affair**  
1999. D: John  
McTiernan  
MGM  
Pierce Brosnan, Rene  
Russo

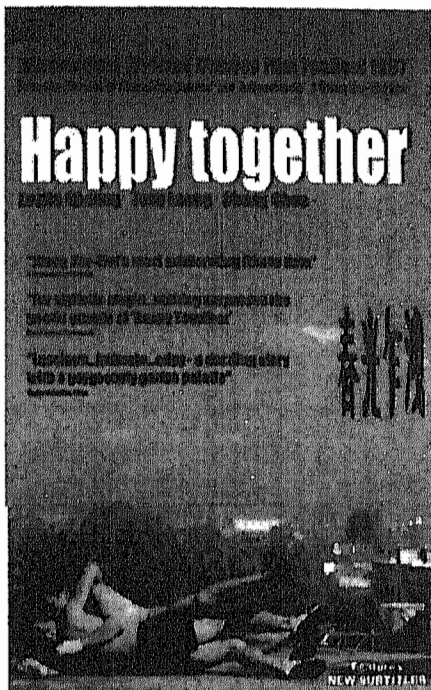
John McTiernan, director of such blockbuster action films as *Predator* and *Die Hard*, proves he is not a one trick pony with his stylish foray into the thriller genre, *The Thomas Crown Affair*. This film features none of McTiernan's usual trademarks - blazing gun battles and gravity-defying stunts - but is nevertheless thoroughly entertaining and engaging. Pierce Brosnan, reunited with McTiernan for the first time since the director's 1986 debut *Nomads*, portrays Thomas Crown, a self-made billionaire with an appreciation of

fine art. It is this penchant for art that leads Crown - a man well-accustomed to simply acquiring whatever his heart desires - to steal a priceless Monet oil painting from a heavily-guarded Manhattan art gallery in a daring and elaborate robbery ... in broad daylight!

Enter razor-sharp insurance investigator Catherine Banning (a sultry Rene Russo), who is charged with recovering the famous *objet d'art*. Pretty soon she is certain that the debonair Crown is the thief, but when she embarks on a torrid affair with the charismatic tycoon, she is torn between her attraction to him and her knowledge that she must bring him down. Her relationship with Crown is further jeopardized by Detective Mike McCann (Denis Leary), who suspects that she is allowing her judgement to be clouded. *The Thomas Crown Affair* is a sophisticated remake of Norman Jewison's 1968 thriller, which starred Steve McQueen and Faye Dunaway (who plays Crown's teasing therapist in the updated version). Tom Priestley's photography is particularly good, especially the way in which he captures Crown's lavish Martinique retreat. And Bill Conti's score tinkles along nicely. The film has a clever denouement which keeps one guessing and some impressive set design. Apparently, McTiernan's next project is another remake, the violent futuristic drama *Rollerball*. If it's anything like his updating of *The Thomas Crown Affair*, count me in!

James Trevelyan

# Eating pizza and watching vids



**Happy Together**  
1997. D: Wong Kar-Wai  
Siren Entertainment  
Tony Leung, Leslie Cheung, Chang Chen

*Happy Together* is Hong Kong master filmmaker Wong Kar-Wai's (ironically) frantically experimental take on what appears to be a simple love story. We are introduced to lovers Lai (a solemn Tony Leung) and the playful Ho (Leslie Cheung) as they leave their native Hong Kong for the urban grittiness of Buenos Aires, Argentina. They keep losing their way, however, and this acts as a metaphor for their ceaselessly winding relationship. It's not long before they separate; soon after, Ho shows up at Lai's grimy apartment, battered and bloody, and a tentative reconciliation is underscored by their subsequent bickering and buttfucking.

Together with his regular cinematographer, Australian Christopher Doyle, Kar-Wai juggles his viewers' senses by constantly switching between a range of formats and techniques, from video to 16mm film, green-tinted black and white to garish colour, slo-mo to blink-

of-an-eye freeze frames. But Wong Kar-Wai's films are always character-based - however visually intoxicating they may be. I rarely fall in love with a movie's characters the way I do with his understated creations, who invariably all drink from the same quiet stream of loneliness. Kar-Wai has this fascinating way of introducing new characters in his films around the time you've settled into the ones you already know; the effect is this weird but pleasant feeling of transcending one of the usual boundaries of cinema, as if you had averted your gaze from the screen but were still watching the movie. This film is an exotic piece on many other levels. Kar-Wai's vision of Argentina is an example of how a filmmaker can explore an outsider's perspective of a foreign country. The music adds to the film's melancholic mood; as if to keep the characters bound in their own obsessions, the soundtrack re-

peats snippets of various tunes by Frank Zappa, Astor Piazzolla and Danny Chung. And Kar-Wai's characteristic tenderness tirelessly embraces his characters, the way it did in some of his classic earlier films (*Days of Being Wild*, *Chungking Express*).

*Happy Together* won the Best Director prize at Cannes in 1997, and some people were pissed at the time. I ask them this: with the imagination and style on display here, how could it not?

Daniel Gear

## Free

*Happy Together* has just been released on sell-thru, priced at \$29.95. Siren Entertainment has kindly given us three copies to give away. Just come into the *On Dit* office on Wednesday at 1:00 pm and see Daniel, the Video sub-editor.



**Playing by Heart**  
1998. D: Willard Carroll  
Roadshow

reminds one of such recent milestones as *Short Cuts* and the eagerly anticipated *Magnolia*, and to a lesser extent the underrated *Grand Canyon*. However, writer/director Willard Carroll levels his aim on the subject of love, balancing character study with soap opera and offering portraits of a variety of broken hearts in the City of Angels.

*Playing by Heart* consists of many brief scenes, usually involving only two protagonists, that flow graciously into each other to form an unashamedly episodic narrative. Sean Connery (finally paired with an actress his own age) and Gena Rowlands play a couple whose marriage is tested by the memory of an affair. A stolid Ryan Phillippe learns to love again when he meets a vivacious Angelina Jolie. A bedridden AIDS victim (Jay Mohr) and his mother (Ellen Burstyn) get back

in touch with their feelings for each other. During an affair, Anthony Edwards starts to want more from Madeleine Stowe, while her estranged husband (Dennis Quaid) looks for truth in his life and their marriage. And finally, a sexy but frigid Gillian Anderson struggles to accept that maybe, just maybe, Jon Stewart is a nice guy after all.

I know what this sounds like. But it all works better than you might expect. While you're usually in no doubt that the characters you are watching and the dialogue you are hearing are in fact the products of a screenplay, the actors really push it across, and going along for the ride doesn't seem like such a hard choice to make. Particular standouts for me were the fate-fucked Mohr, the wandering Quaid, and the dynamic Angelina Jolie, who sparks any film she performs in.

This one does fit the comedy/drama/tearjerker mould; the musical cues pile up as the characters open up, and the ballads flow along with the saliva. But the first half of the film is infused with a compelling tension; the film is more successful while this remains tangible. Once the tension dissipates, the film peaks with about half an hour to go, concluding with a *deus ex machina* in the form of a wedding that brings the cast together, physically and spiritually. *Playing by Heart* will surely divide opinions rather sharply; perhaps as a measure of this, the film failed to secure a proper theatrical release in South Australia. But for my money, this film is a rare treat: a feel-good movie that the filmmakers should have felt good about making.

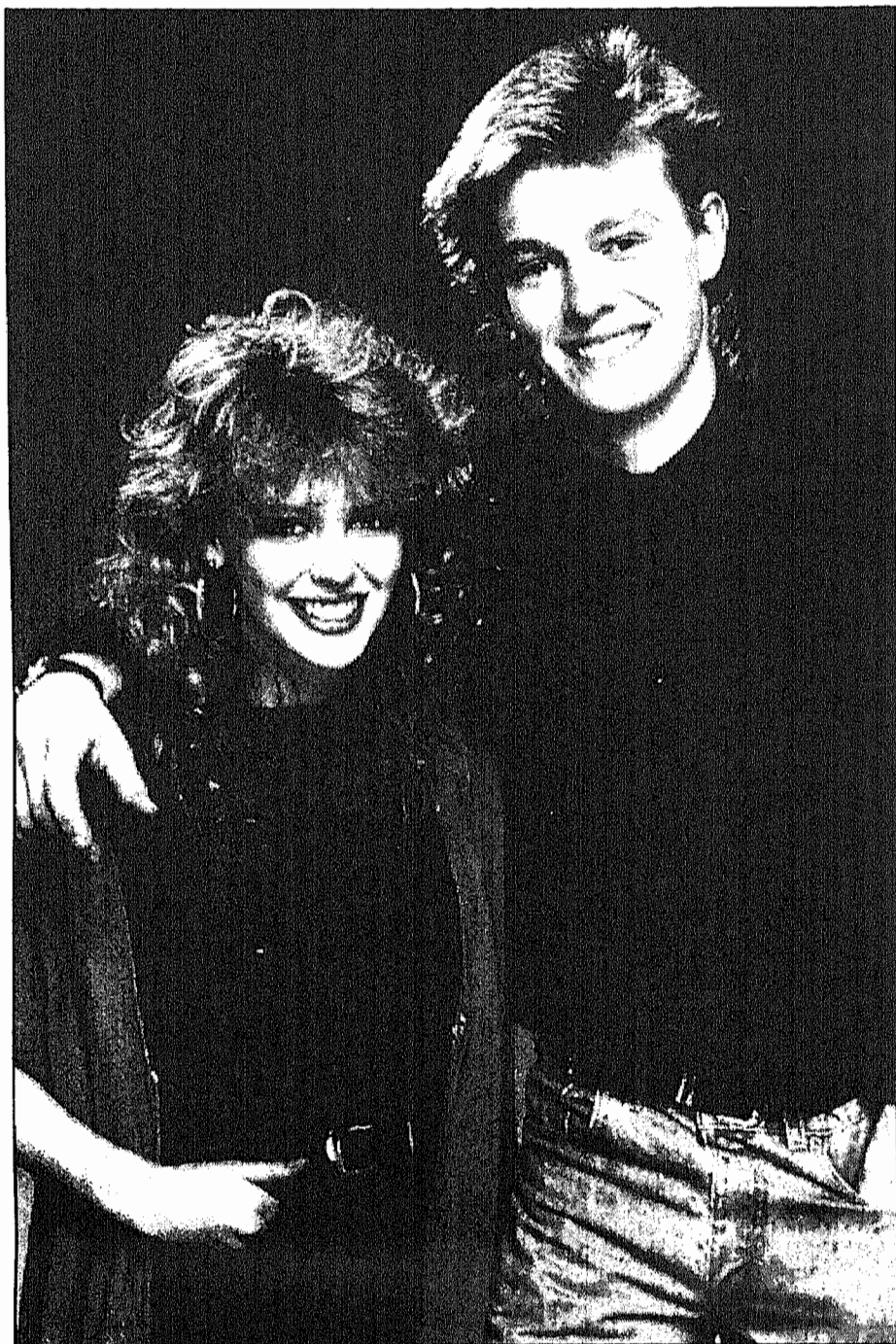
Daniel Gear



sick  
of your  
OLD  
typewriter?

The Library now has a Laptop lending service.  
For more information, enquire at the Information Desk, Barr Smith Library.

# 57 Channels (and there's nothing on)



Neither of these individuals have played the part of Dr Karl Kennedy. Or have they?

## Prizes galore

I learnt a valuable lesson this week: don't offer non-existent prizes for trivial questions, even if you think no one will be anywhere near sad enough to know the answer. There is always someone sad enough. This week, Clementine knew the answer to my incredibly tough *Neighbours* question: which current cast member has been on the show before as a different character? I even thought I was being clever by adding that if there was more than one that it had to be the one I was thinking of. Clementine, of course, submitted exactly the right answer: Alan Fletcher (Karl Kennedy) played Greg the mechanic (may or may not have had a last name) back in the 80s. The episode where his car fortuitously broke down right in front of Lassiter's on exactly the day when he needed a job and they needed a mechanic was aired in the afternoon about a month or two ago. I watched it only because I was mesmerised by the incredibly ordinary acting of whoever was playing Lucy Robinson at that time. As an aside, it took some effort on a Saturday morning (with no

*Neighbours* credits in sight for another two and a half days) to find the name of the actor who (most ably) played Dr. Karl and Greg the Mechanic (capitalised here in case that *was* his last name). Starting, as I always do (because they once sent me a free T-shirt) at Yahoo! Australia & New Zealand, I soon discovered, you guessed it, [www.neighbours.com](http://www.neighbours.com). What a *wealth* of essential information for the hard core fan. My favourite feature so far is the clickable map of Ramsay Street (I always wondered how long Ramsay Street was – answer: not very). Clicking on any of the houses displays a list of its current occupants (how does the webmaster keep up?) each of which links to photos and fascinating character backgrounds. Remarkable number of broken graphic links, but there was a great photo of Toadfish pre-haircut. There's even a comprehensive list of past stars – I couldn't quite decide who had the best mullet, but I think Shane Ramsay (Peter O'Brien) clinched it narrowly from Scott Robinson (Jason Donovan) and Daphne Clark (Elaine Smith). Interestingly, only the most recent version of each character got a billing: Melissa Bell as Lucy

Robinson – weren't there about 48 Lucys? And when the hell was Alex Dimitriades on *Neighbours*?

Back to the issue at hand: non-existent prizes. Well, Clementine, you've certainly shone as a hard core *Neighbours* fan. Give me another week and I'll round something up.

## Rock me

Once again I will refer to a side effect of being at work early on a weekend morning (coupled with having a job which enables me to watch television). On the plethora of Top 40-style music video programs, my favourite parts (given that I don't find most of the chart clips terribly appealing – am I alone here?) are the 'flashback' clips. Particularly the 70s and 80s Australian music. While I don't mind the odd bit of 80s American guitar-fondling, Marshall-quaddbox-stacking, shot-on-Beta-at-a-stadium-concert cock rock – purely because it's hilarious – I actually prefer to see stuff like Cold Chisel's 'Saturday Night', and I just saw Paul Kelly and The Coloured Girls do 'To Her Door.' Clips like that are a veritable time capsule of Australian culture. In an age where the guys from, say, Savage Garden wouldn't be seen dead in anything less than Calvin Klein T-shirts and leather pants, it was refreshing to see Kelly's band sporting a mixture of classic Bonds blue singlets and VFL guernseys. Even better: not a mullet in sight. And isn't 'Saturday Night' a poignant portrait of the cyclical futility of the young Australian male's life? Walkin', cruisin', a bit of biff – it had it all.

*Video Hits* attracts some great advertising, too. I like the hyperactive voiceover guy billing Aqua as the 'greatest rock band in the universe.' Is it possible to get any more hyperbolic than that? While I would argue that *Rage* is really the benchmark of standalone music video shows, I actually don't mind *Video Hits*. It's best feature would have to be that it has no presenters. No mindless, smarmy inter-clip banter. I'm a bit dubious, though, as to whether a 1900 phone-in line to vote on the top songs merits the description 'interactive'. I think we can do a bit better than that.

## Code me

After a season's break or more, I started watching *ER* again about two weeks ago. I remember when Carter (Noah Wyle) was a snivelling medical student like it was only yesterday – now he's as jaded, cynical and barking orders as loudly as his mentor Peter Benton (Eriq LaSalle). Mark Greene (Anthony Edwards) seems tired, but why wouldn't he be? These people still

seem to work continuously for days at a time, and how is it that they all seem to land the same shifts as each other week after week? Amazing luck. Technical mistakes, or at least liberties, still crop up week after week – I guess spotting them is what makes the show fun for medical students. I think the introduction of Alan Alda into the cast can only be good (though it would have been cool if he was actually playing Hawkeye – still a surgeon after all these years). I wonder what ever happened to *Cardiac Arrest*, a show that was to *ER* as *The Bill* is to *NYPD Blue*. With more focus on the characters and their crap jobs in a decaying healthcare system, and less focus on getting a 'Chem-7, stat' (whatever that is), *Cardiac Arrest* was quite compelling. I'm fairly sure we only got one season, and I don't know if any more were even made. While Carter's wielding a scalpel with finesse and holding life in his gloved hands, the junior staff on *Cardiac Arrest* were more likely to be crapping their trousers, alone on some dingy ward in the middle of the night trying to stop some geriatric patient from turning blue. Maybe it was too realistic to appeal to the masses. Or maybe the producers decided it was too scary because it was actually way too close to reality. Hilarious stuff.

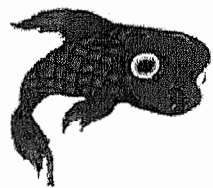
## Buzz me

It's a sad state when free-to-air stations start playing infomercials in the middle of the day. Don't get me wrong, I don't mind the odd half hour of total crud at three in the morning after a tiring night. Hell, I've even thought about buying some 'Blue Blockers' at times when I was particularly drunk. (Don't get me started on the Danny Bonaducci thing with that Memory Guy, though – I thought the *Danny Bonaducci Show* was a real show for months, and that maybe they could only afford the one guest...) But today, it's Saturday and it's the middle of the day. Surely someone, somewhere is playing some godforsaken sport that Channel 10 could put to air! Instead, they're trying to flog some crazy exercise machine – nothing new. What caught my attention, though, was that they somehow roped in Edwin 'Buzz' Aldrin to do an endorsement. He actually said, 'I walked on the moon twenty-seven years ago, and the Aerofit is the best walk I've had since returning to Earth.' I guess you'd really know your life had hit rock bottom if twenty-seven years ago you were walking on the moon, and today you're flogging cheap mail-order junk on international television. Where's your pride, Buzz?

Paul Hoadley



# Stop, I'm cacking myself



**Arj Barker**  
Mercury Cinema

When Arj Barker was on *Hey Hey it's Saturday*, Daryl Somers asked him what his background

was. You know. Ethnic-wise. It was almost on par with the time Daryl asked an Aboriginal boy performing on

Red Faces if he had enough money for the bus ride home. Nice. Arj Barker, however, knew exactly how to respond, and claimed with a perfectly straight face which I like to think threw Daryl just a little off equilibrium, that he was a gypsy.

Arj Barker's act is made up of these off the cuff quips which demonstrate his very real wit, and much more elaborate routines which are no less impressive. We've been racking our brains to try and come up with another comedian with whom his work is comparable, but nothing springs to mind. He's kind of a physically attractive George Costanza, but not really.

He performs for nearly an hour, and NOT ONE of his jokes is crap. The inevitable 'local' section of his act revolved around South Australia's liberal cannabis laws: a topic likely to be close to the hearts of giggling fools out to see a comedian at 11 o'clock on a Wednesday night.

We were sitting in the front row, which in a venue as intimate as the Mercury can be a little intimidating. Some comedians, like the painfully aggressive Lehmo, seem to take a sadistic delight in humiliating their audience. Not the old Arj Barker, though. Characteristically for his brand of humour, he used the audience participation time to bemoan the fact that he was crappy at audience participation.

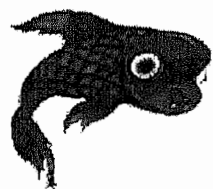
'So, what do you do, mate?'

'I'm a gardener.'

'A gardener. How 'bout that.'

See, that's not frightening for anyone, even the fat guy with the beard, front row centre.

Penny Fredericks



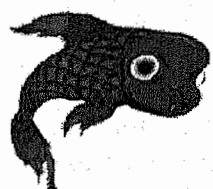
**Greg Fleet & Alan Brough**  
Interrogation  
Cinema Nova

The most important thing that you

should know about this show is that it is not stand-up.

Greg Fleet and Alan Brough (both of whom you should have seen on shows like *Good News Week* and the ABC's *Smallest Room in the House*) instead perform an amusing story in which Greg Fleet is [booming voice] 'The Last Comedian on Earth'. The show follows Fleet's realisation that he is the last comedian on Earth, his resultant ego trip and lastly his appearance before the Court of All-Powerfulness in order to prevent the prohibition of comedy. I was disappointed that 'Interrogation' wasn't stand-up, and it did take me a while to get into the show. Despite that, Greg Fleet and Alan Brough make a fabulous combination, making up much of the laughs as they go along. It was clear that they were enjoying the show as much as we (the humble audience) were.

Alison Lloyd-Wright



**Roger Meadmore**  
The best jokes & stories of the  
past 50 years  
Tivoli Hotel

explained that he'd brought the dog on stage because he intended to tell some dog jokes. Kai struggled to get off his lap and then proceeded to walk blindly off the edge of the stage (a long way for a creature with legs the size of mini Mars bars). After inspecting the dog for possible fractures and spinal injuries, it was put back on stage, whereby it proceeded to do it all over again. The audience was enthralled. Was this it? Perhaps the best joke of the last 50 years simply involves watching a small, pathologically stupid Pomeranian slowly commit suicide. Alas, no.

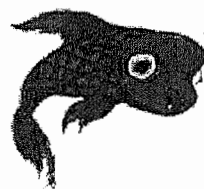
Kai was taken off stage before it was able to complete the task and we were left with Roger and his jokes - Swaggie jokes; Colonel jokes; Hot-air balloon jokes - I felt like I'd stumbled into an RSL hall on talent night. No wonder the dog tried to kill itself!

No, wait, that's not quite fair. Roger Meadmore is an immensely likeable chap with little or no pretensions. It's obvious he loves these old jokes and re-tells them competently, with a mixture of great pride and nostalgia.

Who cares if a third of them didn't seem to make any sense and the others were completely lame - that's just my opinion. There was a well dressed young man nearby who cacked himself the entire way through. At first I thought he was a reviewer for *The Advertiser*, then later decided he was slightly retarded. He was possibly both. Anyway, he loved it. There were a couple of young girls behind him who were also having a great time, although I think they were laughing more at him than at Roger. I know I was.

Roger Meadmore is no stand-up comedian, although I'm sure he'd be great company around the campfire after a hard day's hot-air ballooning. He might even cook you up a batch of his famous pancakes. Do not, however, allow him to look after your pets. 4/10.

Mark Bone



**Eddie Bannon, Deirdre O'Kane  
& Dara O'Brien**  
Cream of Irish  
Mercury Cinema

Ever since obtaining tickets to this event, I had been looking forward to it. I had heard quite a bit about the show, and a few of my friends who had already seen it had said I'd love it. So, on arriving at the Mercury Cinema, I was full of anticipation.

When I walked in, I was greeted by the song 'In Bloom' by Nirvana playing on the overhead, and that must have been an omen; good music, good show. It wasn't long before the three appearing comedians had me going. First up was a guy called Dara O'Brien, and he proceeded to get the crowd going. After explaining to us all how to use our accents to get places in the US, he called on some help from the audience. Lets just say that if you're a shy person, don't sit front row at this gig!

After laughing myself silly at Dara, the next person, Deirdre O'Kane came on and picked up where Dara left off. She, being one of the very few female comedians appearing at the Fringe, spoke a lot about female issues and growing up.

Before long, the final comedian, Eddie 'Father Ted' Bannon came on, and somehow managed to make everyone laugh even more than the other two! He was hilarious, with most of his material being based around sex and sexuality (as if you couldn't have guessed).

Unfortunately, after almost two hours of laughing my head off, the show had come to an end, and Nirvana started again.

It had been a great night, and I strongly recommend this show to anyone! It's at the Mercury Cinema, Morphett St until the 19th of March.

L.A.



**Justin Hamilton**  
Screw you misery. I'm the  
karaoke guy  
Boltz Cafe

Local comedy can sometimes get ignored by larger

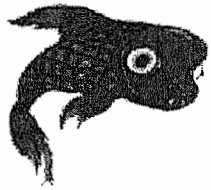
newspapers and I was surprised to read an excellent review for *Screw You Misery* in the fabled *Advertiser*. Having seen Justin perform on several occasions I was expecting nothing but first class comedy. Isn't it typical that just when you underestimate someone they make you look like a dickhead. This show isn't straight comedy, it's far more intellectual and engaging than that. What is in effect a hilarious show about cancer, break-ups and karaoke is also an emotional and touching portrayal of pain and angst-ridden issues of self-worth. The only problem with Justin is that sometimes he's too funny for his own good. The side-splitting laughs thrown at the audience with experienced precision sometimes seem to detract from the content evident in this surprising show. *Screw You Misery* is Hamilton's finest performance and a must see for comedy fans out there.

Anthony Paxton

You've got to admire the gumption of a middle-aged bloke who's willing to hoick up his moleskins, clamber up on stage and regale you with 'The best jokes and stories of the past 50 years'. Roger Meadmore - founder of the Pancake Kitchen, hot-air balloon pioneer and 'accomplished raconteur'.

The small audience fell into silent awe as he made his way on stage carrying a selection of hats and a gormless looking Pomeranian called Kai. He

# What is comedy?



## Mickey D... is the velocity boy Club Fringe

have ever spent \$12 better in my life!

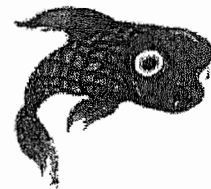
Mickey was running a show called *The Velocity Boy* where he mixed stand up comedy with role-playing. He played the part of a primary school teacher (and very well, I might add), a hyper-active student, and a retrospective old drunk guy. In between all of those, he did a whole load of standup (including an amazing adaptation of the 'house that Jack built' poem). He spoke a lot about common things in life, and can probably relate to most people in his audience. He had us all rolling in the aisles for the whole hour and a half of his show!

On top of that, his show also contains a good strong moral (to follow your dreams).

I strongly recommend that you get out to see Mickey D. He's around 20 years old, and despite his age, is the greatest comedian that I've ever seen.

His show, *The Velocity Boy* is showing at Club Fringe (in Ifould Street, off Frome Road) until the 18th, and trust me, it is well worth the money!

L.A.

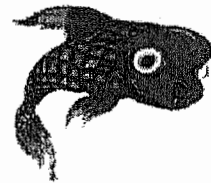


## Peter Helliar All this is true Cinema Nova

I've seen a lot of comedy in the last two weeks and Peter Helliar is one of the best. Everyone knows him from Triple J or Channel Nine's *Rove*, but Peter on his own is hilarious. From the first entrance he had the audience in stitches, from the second entrance he had the audience feeling weird and by the third entrance the

audience was trying to be really quiet. I've never seen anything like it. I think he made five entrances in total and each one was better than the last. *All This Is True* is an hour of insane animal impressions, side-splitting one-liners and poorly spelled mental notes. With packed audiences lined up down the stairs and on to the streets Peter Helliar is definitely doing something right. I think it might be that he makes everyone in his audience laugh, but that couldn't be it. Whatever the future for this talent of Australian comedy he will obviously enjoy a successful Fringe. Get along to the Nova if you want a good laugh because with Peter Helliar you've got a 99% chance of intoxicating hilarity. I don't know about you but I like those odds.

Anthony Paxton



## Wil Anderson Terra Wilus Cinema Nova

Wil Anderson is cute and funny and has quite the little social conscious. I like this in a man!!

He is also very scarily like my ex in mannerisms, and ripped off a Doug Anthony All Stars joke. The first is fine, the second made me lose quite a bit of respect for The Boy, cute as he is.

This aside, goddamn he is funny!

Not quite an 'alternative history of Australia', as billed, *Terra Wilus* is more a series of Oz Observations and standard stand-up fare thrown in amongst some common sense such as 'Captain Cook did not discover Australia' and 'why the hell is his cottage in Melbourne?' Also, 'christ we are racist fucks sometimes' and 'root means something completely different in Australia than in every single other country in the world'.

Anderson displays a typically self-deprecating form of humour which induces us to laugh at ourselves a little, yet appreciate Oz just a tiny bit more.

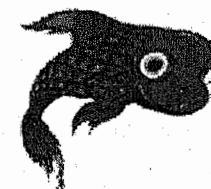
HOW OZZIE IS THAT?????

Like I said: standard fare, though very energetic, very well done, and impeccably timed. And Anderson is quite good at off-the-cuff improv, without completely embarrassing or insulting the recipients.

Man enough to admit to wanting to root Paul McDermott, and plug Fleety's show, is man enough for me. Man enough to show some understanding of the female reproductive cycle is completely shaggable.

Someone had to eventually do a joke about the fact that NO-ONE pushes the hash button rather than hang up the phone. I am glad that it was Wil. Though it was quite difficult to suppress the urge to put up my hand when he asked of the crowd "Does *anyone* use hash?" (tee hee).

Jayne Lewis



## Stewart Lee Cinema Nova

Comedians are the hardest of acts to review.

Humour is so subjective, it's impossible for me to say a particular comedian is funny and for you to take me at my word unless you knew what my sense of humour was like and you, in turn, had a

similar sense of humour, or perhaps the very same sense of humour, which would account for those times that I find absolutely nothing funny. Can I have it back please?

Anyway, Stewart Lee, in my humble opinion, is funny. He's a funny guy. Funny, funny, funny.

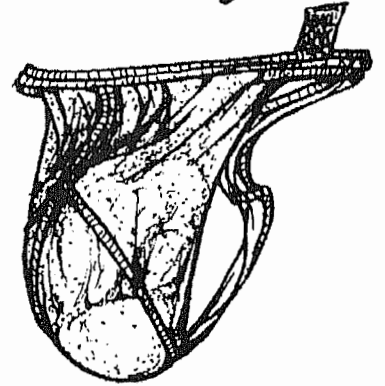
I can't tell you why he's funny - that would be telling. I don't want to give any of his jokes away (for starters they're not mine to give). One thing I can tell you is he doesn't like children, especially babies. (That's OK, I don't either. I think we really connected on that point).

Lee is brutally honest, especially concerning his legendary quick wit, and he doesn't tolerate latecomers lightly, so don't be late.

But he just might be the only comedian at the Fringe with at least eight questions to the answer 'Jesus', and conclusive proof that an infinite number of monkeys with an infinite number of typewriters could not, under any circumstances, reproduce the complete works of William Shakespeare. For all the answers, go see Stewart Lee, playing all this week at the Nova Cinema.

Jonathon Dyer

## Piss Pants Funny



## Ross Noble Cinema Nova

I had had a good day. Out to lunch at the Rising Sun Inn, Kensington for some superb food, a few drinks at the UniBar and an itch to cack me pants giggling like a schoolgirl soon followed. I had been told about Ross Noble and how clever he was and how quick he was by various people while his press had been fantastic so off I went.

They were all right.

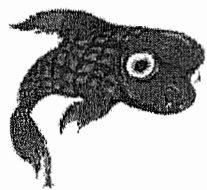
Tim and I were late, unsurprisingly Ross gave us a serve but a remarkably gentle one, one that became part of the show as we were likened to meerkats. Tunnels sprang up throughout the Nova and audience members used them at Ross' discretion.

Noble has a fantastic attitude; he uses interruptions to his advantage and doesn't get shirty with the interruptors. He seamlessly blends their, often, inane questions into his monologue while mentally keeping track of his various diverse threads. This is an awesome act of mental juggling and ad-hoc storytelling that seemed to leave many of the audience in awe. He was downright funny and clever without resorting to the common denominators of us all: swearing and sex.

The topics ranged from meerkats, to his adventures at the ShaoLin Fighting Monks, to hair-dressing to the Karate Kid to worms and the general insouciant attitude of Adelaide audiences and back again. He seemed to have a vast reservoir of stories, of anecdotes and film trivia up his sleeve that he could turn on and off when needed thus making his show less dependent on pre-written material and more on his inherent comic ability. Noble made me genuinely belly laugh - something I rarely do. His show was so good I wanna go again.

Darien O'Reilly

# Life is a tale, full of sound and fury...



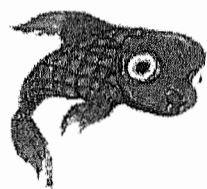
## Fragments Lysistras Decorparating Cinema Nova

Adelaide based theatre collective Fragments' experimentation with classical drama has extended itself in this collage to include snippets from Giraudoux and Ionesco. What results is a satire on the possibility of political utopia that pokes its fingers into many sacred cows and smears the outcome in your face. The argument explodes any naive hope that utopia can be achieved through simplistic solutions - and such a critique is

an important defence against the fascisms of the well-intended.

The production is avante-garde in a refreshing manner, definitely Fringe. Its refusal to submit to any 'norms' carries something of the work's intended anarchic message and social critique whilst engaging the audience upon a topic where others too often lose their audience through the delivery of banal diatribe. Basically the show is good fun and you do come away with vouchers for phone sex, government issue condoms, chocolate, and the like.

Farley Wright



## theater simple & Ghostlight Hard times Cartoons

Charles Dickens's darkest novel cataloguing the injustices meted out to the working class in the big industrial towns of nineteenth century England may seem like an odd subject for a stage treatment, but Simple Theatre's production of *Hard Times* captures the essence of this difficult story and makes it both engaging and compelling.

Using minimal props and no set to speak of the eight players, each filling several roles, piece together a story of love and betrayal, corruption and suppression of the human spirit.

Set in the imagined city of Coketown during the full surge of the Industrial Revolution, the story documents injustices inflicted upon the labouring classes by their social betters through a string of interconnected stories within the play. The story unfolds through dialogue, direct narrative and song, the characters in *Hard Times* become allegorical archetypes in a cautionary tale that has as much to say about contemporary society as it did when Dickens first published his novel.

*Hard Times* is an extraordinary work of theatre that everybody who's read the book should see and everyone who hasn't should see twice.

Jonathon Dyer



## Bakehouse Thatre Compnay Never swim alone Bakehouse Thatre

If anything ever deserved to be on a best-of-the-fest list, it's *Never Swim Alone*. A 50 minute play showing at the Bakehouse Theatre, *Never Swim Alone* is the absolute embodiment of what the Fringe is all about: powerful, energetic, young, cutting edge, dark and hilarious. Written by Daniel MacIvor - whose plays push theatrical boundaries - *Never Swim Alone* is witty and packs a serious punch.

Andrew Garden's stellar direction and a cast of three of Adelaide's best and brightest young actors bring the play to life with daring and vivacity. If you want to laugh 'till your sides hurt, gasp and cringe with shared pain and sympathy and wind up breathless at the finale, then don't let anything stop you from seeing this play. Top marks to a flawless and original performance of a fantastic play. 10/10

Young Lenin

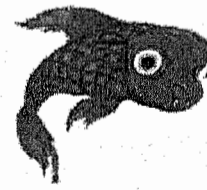


## Bakehouse Theatre Company House Humans Bakehouse Theatre

*House Humans* is the best thing I've seen at the Fringe so far. Daniel MacIvor's play is an extraordinary glimpse into the life of Victor, a self-confessed fucked-up group-therapy attending patient. MacIvor has apparently won stacks of awards for his work including the Chalmers Award for this innovative and darkly comic gem. Peter Green gives a compelling performance as Victor, inducing by turns

outrageous laughter and the occasional tear. He is utterly engaging and at all times completely lovable. The *House Humans* experience is basically one of sitting down with a bunch of people listening to Victor's charming, occasionally off the planet, always fucked-up (but never weird-see the show, you'll understand the difference) stories. The comfortable atmosphere of the Bakehouse is exactly the right setting for this play. Victor plonks himself down mid-audience part way through the show and announces the Bakehouse to be 'kinda grungy, but intimate' which is a pretty accurate description. The lounges are great, plus there are heaps of cool piccies on the wall which I'm hoping to score by sending a copy of this review to the theatre. Loved it. 9/10

Morgan Le Fay



## Nick Parnell Percussion Spectacular Bakehouse Theatre

Nick Parnell is not just a drummer and, no doubt, he would be offended if you labeled him as such. He is a percussionist - and a bloody good one at that. Having witnessed some of his talents prior to this performance I had a fair idea what to expect. For

years now every drummer/percussionist I have come across is judged, unfairly, next to Nick Parnell. Even back at school everyone knew he was something special. We used to see him after school in the band practice room intensely practising on, what we knew as, the xylophone. I still have a video recording of an informal concert for parents of the music students in which our band performed a horrible Jimi Hendrix medley after which Nick followed playing the drums. It just made us look even worse than we were. Luckily for everyone else, this evening was all his.

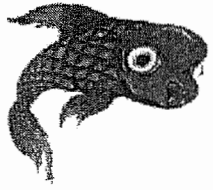
Performing a solid hour's worth of internationally flavoured arrangements Nick, accompanied by pianist Leigh Harrold and percussionist's Tim Irrgang and Matt Davis, dazzled and amazed the receptive audience even on an evening where the humidity was draining. In between songs Nick would offer small amounts of background information which, not only helped put each piece in perspective, but also proved that he was indeed human and not just some machine - such was the precision of his playing. Highlights included the 25-minute finale 'Rhapsody' by Ney Rosauero, 'Phantom of the Phield' by Marty Hurley and two further pieces by Ney Rosauero - 'Bern Vindo' and 'Brasiliana'. Without experiencing it yourself it is hard to believe that just one man and one percussive instrument could produce such full-sounding, melodic compositions. Watching him in action is breathtaking. It would be hard to fault the performance in anyway and for sheer entertainment value it certainly delivered. Big things are predicted from Nick Parnell and after witnessing him in this performance it is no wonder.

Jorm

## Fringe Pix!!

Ross Noble  
Standoffish  
Loveplay  
Loose Moose Improv  
Tripod  
Night just before the forest  
Glengarry Glen Ross  
Anything by the Foreign  
Legion  
Cream of the Irish  
Hung Le  
Justin Hamilton  
John Astin  
Rod Quantock  
Dark Love  
Ed the anti-Christ  
Lucy Guerin  
Snuff Puppets

# A bit of comedy, a bit of drama, a bit of dance...



**Elbow Theatre**  
**A streetcar named datsun 120y**  
**Worldsend Theatre**

mental stability.

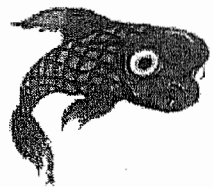
Rex has a rare self-combustion disorder inherited from his father. He's a stressed boy. He's not Rexy, or Rxyboy or Rexo, just fuckin' Rex, and his mum doesn't help him either, although she does disinfect the carport so that he can park in a germ-free environment. He's got a lot to say and most of it is rampant aggression tempered with enough self-reflection to stop him going completely insane (well, hopefully). Rex is confidently performed by Kenneth Spiteri, who only looks about 16 years old but has more front than the Opera House. Spiteri has a likeable stage presence, good comic timing and some strong material. Though his delivery is uneven, there are the makings of a standup comedian here. Imagine Ben Elton and Wogs out of Work have shackled up and had babies together - Kenneth Spiteri is the high-octane result.

The second act belongs to another character. She either didn't have a name or I didn't catch it, so I'll call her 'Blanche', from the character in the original *Streetcar named Desire*. And as a matter of fact, there is a certain tragic vulnerability in her. Not that you'd necessarily notice it to begin with, as she trudges in with the handbeater cord trailing behind her. She's got bigger problems than white goods though - Blanche's inner children are overloading her psychic airwaves with their squabbling, and one of them keeps asking for a drink of Stoli. She's charmingly philosophical, noting that Jesus Christ himself drank Fruity Lexia and not bloody Evian water.

Blanche's life is hard but there are some saving graces. Where would she be without ciggies, pulp TV, Woolworths and double strength Inspiration bodyspray? Who knows. Possibly only Mary Brown, her creator, whose performance is polished (insofar as you can be a 'polished' wearer of polka-dotted bike pants and one eggbeater whisk) and pretty damn fun to watch.

Maybe there's not much difference between your 'normal' kind of life struggles and the things which threaten to tip Rex and Blanche over the edge. As Rex so pithily observes, 'there's a fine line between fishing and ... fuck all.'

Mark Bone



**Casey Stewart-Lindley**  
**The entire contents of the**  
**refrigerator**  
**Club Fringe**

Performed at Christian Boys College with gourmet fast food and wine available in the courtyard, this is the sort of show that the Fringe is all about.

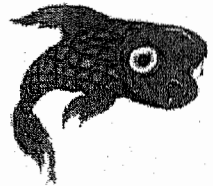
The room goes dark until Casey leaps onto the stage in a circle of light and takes off on a roller coaster ride of personalities. Each persona lasts but a few seconds before being replaced by a new and totally different character. Disconcerting at first, once you get into the mode of it you become totally immersed in Stewart-Lindley's personas.

While the show is not really stand up comedy, it defies description as any thing else. The wide variety of characters allow the New York solo artist to showcase her wide range of abilities. Adjectives such as talented and clever are appropriate here. Even though there is no real story this is pure and raw entertainment. Much like any fridge, this one is packed with a variety of items linked only by their inclusion in the fridge.

Perception of time is lost and all too quickly the room goes dark and Casey disappears into the same circle of light from which she emerged.

Club Fringe have a great deal where if you see 3 of their shows the fourth is free. So if you want to see some artists that you would never see in Australia outside of the Fringe this is a great way to do it.

Sean Abel



**theatre simple & Ghostlight**  
**Hunting for Moby Dick**  
**Cartoons**

Ok, Ok, I'll level with you - I haven't read *Moby Dick*. I have, however, seen *Titanic* (I'm still not quite sure why) and every episode of *Gilligan's Island* at least twice (a tragic tale of a misspent youth). I feel that with this type of aquatic background that I am more than qualified to review theatre simple's *Hunting for Moby Dick*. This ensemble pride themselves on bringing socially aware theatre alive on a shoestring budget (or as they claim 'a recycle[d] shoestring') and they have succeeded in bringing the Pequod alive with no more than a few lengths of rope, half a dozen poles, and a square of canvas. They combine lively sea shanties, dance, and poetic prose and bring the text to life in a shabby former ice-skating rink and night club in Hindley Street (the site of still further unfortunate episodes from my misspent youth). Even more admirably, they did this on a stifling Adelaide night clad in two layers of clothing and wool beanies - bloody hell they don't just deserve full houses, they deserve medals! I thoroughly enjoyed this show, so much so, that I may even (finally) attempt to read the book. In all honesty my 'artistic consultant' (ie a friend I dragged along) was not enamoured with the show, but hey I'm writing this review and I say you must go and see this production.

Although I only went to see *Hard Times* (another show put on by the same company) as a regular punter I can't resist adding a plug for it here. I enjoyed *Hard Times* even more than *Hunting for Moby Dick* and was moved to tears by their adaptation of one of Dickens' most famous books. Perhaps it is because I'm a sentimental fool when it comes to Dickens (he turns me into a blubbing wreck every time I pick up one of his books), but *Hard Times* is wonderful (and another 'artistic consultant' with me was equally impressed). *Hunting for Moby Dick* and *Hard Times* are both excellent shows and deserve far larger audiences than they have been receiving. Forget about the Tokyo Shock Boys - for the same price you can see two shows that reminded me what theatre (and life) are meant to be about. I INSIST that you see these shows.

Rebecca Johnke

## JAL Scholarship

Summer in Japan

**Experience Summer in Japan on an international and cultural exchange. JAL is offering two scholarships to undergraduates in their second, third or fourth year from all faculties.**

The 2000 Scholarship includes a five week stay in Japan, consisting of Japanese language classes, cultural exchange and study at regional universities and participation in a youth symposium - The Asia Forum.

You must be 20 - 25 years of age, an Australian resident living in Australia for at least 8 years and have not previously lived in Japan. Knowledge of the Japanese language is not necessary.

Japan Airlines will provide Return Airfare, Accommodation, Tuition fees, Sightseeing, Insurance, Text book allowance and Daily allowance.

Applicants are required to submit an essay on a given theme - Becoming a Global Citizen in the 21st Century: Experience, Learning and Dialogue. Entries close **25 April**. For application guidelines and more information please contact:

**JAL Scholarship - lesley edwards**

**Japan Airlines**

**Level 14, 201 Sussex Street, Sydney NSW 2000**

**Tel (02) 9272 1165**

**e-mail: corp\_pr@jal.com.au**



Japan Airlines

Your Internet connection for as little as  
**36 cents per hour\***



**your  
time**

**your  
money**

**An unreliable Internet connection is a  
real waste of your time and money!!**

OzEducate is the provider of remote dial up modem access services to all three South Australian Universities.

The service allows students and staff to access the University networks by dialling up any one of OzEducate's dial-in facilities and gain access to University data online while off campus.

**Call 1300 368 811** for more information, or email  
**[unihelp@ozeducate.com.au](mailto:unihelp@ozeducate.com.au)**

Use of this service is restricted to University students and staff. Connections will be limited to one per individual and the use of the service will be in accordance with OzEducate's Terms and Conditions.

\* Terms and conditions apply

**OZEDUCATE**

Powered by  
**UUNET**  
An MCI WorldCom Company

# Standing in the foyer

Howard Barker's "The Ecstatic Bible"  
The Wrestling School and Adelaide's Brink Productions  
@ The Scott Theatre

This Festival saw the world premiere of *The Ecstatic Bible*, a work I believe to be comparable with the visionary scale of Peter Brook and the interpretative wonders of Samuel Beckett. Indeed it pays them, amongst many others (such as Milton, Shakespeare, and Wagner), their deserved homage as it careens across the European millennia leading up to this moment in the existential narrative of Western culture. Howard Barker has created an artistic statement of our condition that bends not to commercial considerations in its quest for a form of artistic statement existing outside definitions of 'mere' entertainment - to something approaching the inspirational challenge. Empty seats attested that Adelaide missed the point: you get out what you put in. The seven and half hours effort are well rewarded. Many got into the spirit of things and brought snacks and packed dinners, settling in to really enjoy the event. Audience participation was indeed welcome, unlike in more constrained theatre. Laughter would break out at different points

for different people, depending on whether you got the visual joke or the verbal. Mary Moore's set design was a treat, especially in this respect, with avalanches of kitchen implements falling out of the heavens over a woman with an umbrella, a life-size lowing papermache cow or a gutter of blood sluicing down the stage onto your feet. Looking for meaning in this play is a fraught exercise. Discourse is not really the point. Images, words and situations wash over and around you leaving impressions from amongst which you garner your own sense of the play. Tim Maddock's endnotes (in an appallingly poorly produced programme - no thanks to the Festival) give some idea of the sweep of ideas Barker gives flesh to: 'a provocation to the Bible, an alternative history of civilisation, a play on the forms of wanting, of



However, after this opening song (if you listen to the words you will notice the lyrics sounding suspiciously like a sonnet) the production rather effortlessly moved into being a Shakespearean play. At times the mixing of the styles was done a little clumsily - for example, actors would pick up a guitar and start singing when it didn't really fit at that point in the play, or Elvis would emerge from behind some blocks (why he did this is completely beyond me) to adjudicate in a hearing. This made the whole production feel at times more like a rock concert with some Shakespeare incorporated into it rather than a musical version of a Shakespeare play. Despite these flaws, though, there was a lot of life in the performance and the actors seemed to be genuinely enjoying themselves. As a result, the songs were performed with energy and the play was funny throughout. Setting it in the Botanic Gardens created a warm outdoor atmosphere, however the sound had to be sacrificed because of this, and noises from the city had to be tolerated. None the less, it was a fun, energetic play, and if you like to watch as many different variations of Shakespeare as you possibly can, I would definitely recommend taking this one in.

Cherie Scragg

fear, of possession, of love. It is a new genealogy of morality, a description of the primal become civil, fear become faith, desire a criminal act and hatred a product of futile longings.' These themes are developed through the personal lives and interactions of the characters played out against a backdrop of central symbols of Western civilisation: the church, the French revolution, and war, each act of which forms the body and history of Europe, but also of personal lives - the moral wars and revolutions of individual desire and fear.

I have seen no other play with so many murders, suicides (both 'successful' and 'failed'), so much incest and adultery, so many pregnancies and again so much incest. Barker's image of a blind-folded woman giving birth to a blind-folded child explains the prevalence

of incest in the play. Well informed by contemporary theories of desire, Barker appears to see us struggling to comprehend ourselves, the prime command of the Delphic oracle, whilst made blind to reality through religious and state taboos. Hence we endlessly give birth to distorted images of ourselves, a message Barker conveys through the means of his 30 disjointed scenes threaded together by disfigured human desire.

Victoria Wicks and Gerrard McArthur were magnificent as Mrs Gollancz and the Priest, with many stand-out performances throughout the play by others, particularly James Clyde (Gex), Ian Pepperell (Richardson), Sarah Belcher (McChief), Victoria Hill (Celestine), and Lizzy Falkland (a marvellous Meg). Syd Brisbane was brilliant as a trench digger mining his way through many scenes on the endless search for purpose. The Flinders Drama Centre graduates and students provide the best chorus work I've seen.

Barker's millennial work is the first thing I have experienced with any valid claim to the title. It is not a limiting summation, but surely an eloquent gesture towards everything that we are, have become, and yet desire. This is pure theatrical Rheingold.

Farley Wright

Much Ado About Nothing  
Glen Elston Productions  
Botanic Park

Let me begin by saying that this play is proof of the versatility of Shakespeare. Two completely different worlds of performances are merged together in this production to create a rock musical version of *Much Ado About Nothing*. On a stage which is set up for what could easily be a rock concert, actors come on, speak in Shakespearian dialogue, sing rock songs and pretty much oscillate their performance between the world of rock music and Shakespeare like the two belonged together in the first place.

Initially, I had my apprehensions about a production which mixed what seemed to me to be incompatible styles. When the play/musical began, it seemed a little difficult to believe that what I was about to watch was a Shakespearean play. With the male actors sporting tight leather pants and bonds' T-shirts, the female actors wearing mini-skirts accompanied with knee-high boots, and all concerned dancing around singing some song or another, I think I can be excused for thinking that I'd walked into a Jimmy Barnes concert and not a Shakespearean play at all.

birdbrain  
Australian Dance Theatre  
Balcony Theatre, Gouger St

At almost every turn we are reminded that *birdbrain*, Garry Stewart's first offering as new ADT artistic director, is a 'work in progress'. It's on the poster. It's in the publicity material. Stewart himself makes a pre-show appearance to tell us in case we didn't know already.

From a choreographic point of view all of this seems a little unnecessary but it does somewhat justify a lower standard of performance than what have to come to expect from this company.

*birdbrain* loosely follows the story of the classic *Swan Lake* but gives it a new millennium twist. It integrates elements of breakdance, yoga, gymnastics, and capoeira with classical ballet and contemporary dance, then chucks in the almost obligatory video art and high tech music. There's also a contortionist thrown in for good measure.

At just on 50 minutes *birdbrain* is brief, even by today's standards where everything seems to be either an hour short or seven hours long. But then again, remember it is a work

in progress and Stewart and his dancers intend to double its length during the course of this year.

Unfortunately, ADT's normally high standard of dancing seems to have been compromised by Stewart's emphasis on technology. Only two of the ensemble showed the real consistency and skill necessary to meet the technically demanding choreography. With the exception of a clever take-off of the dance of the cygnets, the group work suffered from basics such as a lack of timing and awareness of fellow dancers.

The ten dancers are kitted out in grey sweat pants and an array of white chesty bonds enscribed with the names of characters, scenery, dramatic themes and even program notes. These work well, especially 'the story thus far' accompanied by a fast and furious summary of, well, the story thus far! Other favourites were 'peasant joy' royal disdain' and 'totally fucked up'.

The show looks and sounds great and when it eventually stops progressing will probably meet with deserved success.

One last minor gripe - how come in the same-sex kiss-off finale, the girls went for the proper pash, tongues and all and yet the guys faked it?

Margot

# Talking loudly about postmodernism

**Eat Your Young**  
Arena Theatre Company  
Odeon Theatre

Melbourne's Arena Theatre Company gave us four performances last week of "Eat Your Young", a play (mostly) which shows us the traumas of a couple of teenagers and their child sister in the clutches of the social welfare system - a complete misnomer, here - in some near future state. This is a play about childhood, about innocence, about absentee parents, uncaring official apparatus and the personal hells that can be created with such ingredients.

In a small cast (only four characters ever appear on stage, with a number of others present via video screen), Kate Denborough shone as Mary, a girl on the cusp of womanhood with all of the trouble, for herself and others, which that brings. Denborough was well within her range showing us Mary's brittle facade and naive, awakening sexuality. Adult Emma Hawkins was also utterly believable as six-year-old Ava, a child both oblivious to her circumstance and obviously being scarred by it. Christopher Brown's Buddy needed more, probably from the playwright, Julianne O'Brien,

who has given us here a mutely angry teenage boy, with little to bring him into relief for the audience. O'Brien's better feel for her female characters is obvious. Merfyn Owen, as Tapp, and Margaret Cameron, as the inhuman controller, complete the main characters. Owen was good, but the ineffectual nature of his character prevented us from seeing any real fire.

The above having been said, this is good stuff - an uncompromising production portraying real horrors. Anyone not engaged in the story of these kids simply wasn't paying attention, which would have been quite an achievement at this performance.

This is more than theatre. Dance elements are used throughout, although relatively sparingly - perhaps too sparingly given the obvious desire on the part of the company to create a real atmosphere, a palpable aura of grinding bureaucracy, machine indifference and the desolation of wasted, twisted adolescence.

It is also intended to be no insult to the cast to say that the staging is also one of the stars of the show. High technology, simply applied, is very well used, and is a very significant contributor of the feel of the piece. Daniel Crooks is

listed in the programme as being responsible for "Automated Images".

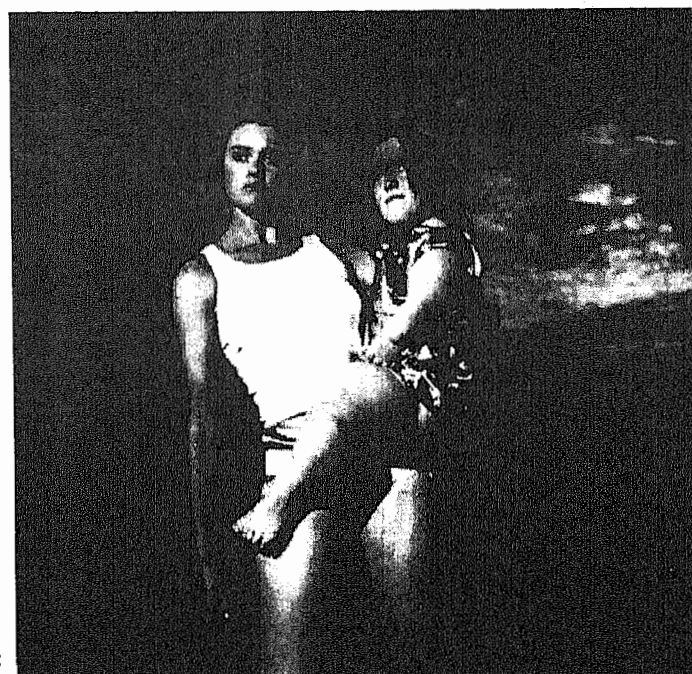
I guess he deserves the credit.

This very good work does have its flaws. It needed to make its mind up sooner whether it was a play or a video clip. The characters O'Brien has created stay

pretty much where she put them at the beginning. The relationships between the characters seem to lack any depth, or to develop. Perhaps this is deliberate - the world O'Brien is showing us is a depersonalised place, where people are used, abandoned, lost or simply put out with the garbage.

It is not a place where people make friends. But people will be people under the most incredible conditions, and the questions posed by this play need an interconnected human canvas to work with if answers are even going to be guessed at.

For there are big questions here -



what is an adult? What is responsibility? Horrid questions, too - are there some children who should never have been born? What despair must it be for a child to imagine that they are one such? And there are interesting relationships - most notably between Mary and Tapp, the social worker. A more thoughtful piece from this playwright would be something. Arena have been and gone, but they've been around for a while and they will be back. See a show of theirs some time - on this showing they're well worth the admission price.

M

**ur/faust**  
directed by Benedict Andrews  
@ Queens Theatre

*If ever I should lie down in a bed of ease  
Then let that day be my last  
If you can ever fool me with flattery  
So that I am self-satisfied,  
If with enjoyment you can trick me:  
Let that day be the last for me  
I offer the bet ...  
Faust 1, Goethe*

Goethe's *Faust* is an adaptation of Marlowe's *Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*; *UrFaust* is the first, draft version of the work that was to become a masterpiece, an intense, fragmentary story of power, desire and freedom. Now the Queens Theatre is seeing a retelling of this tale by a group of talented young Australian actors. Billed as a 'dirty, lo-fi deconstruction, in a place that is both heaven and hell, carnival and wasteland, *ur/faust* doesn't quite live up to expectations. The warehouse-like setting is stark and dramatic, the lighting effective, the acting very good. The concept, however, tends to fall over. The excellent performances given by some of the actors, particularly during monologues, is detracted from by bewilderingly irrelevant



goings-on at front and rear stage: some guy going off to a walkman, a woman walking around playing with sticky stuff on her face - you get the drift. *ur/faust* wears its deconstructionist heart on its sleeve, and doesn't quite pull the manoeuvre off. The quality of acting is brought down by bits of pointless wankery, and subtlety is sacrificed in favour of stridence. At the end of the day, after the third time you see a guy crash to the ground while delivering a speech it tends to wear a little thin.

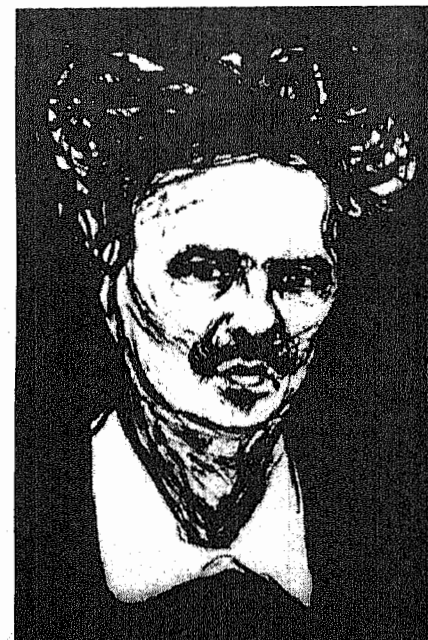
EF

**Strindberg's "Dance of Death"**  
Bell Shakespeare Co  
@ The Royalty Theatre

I am, unfortunately, hard pressed to understand why Bell produced this play. Strindberg and Bell have both made many very real contributions to theatre, nevertheless, Strindberg's work is known to be uneven in its quality and this play appears, in today's context, to inhabit the nether regions of his relevance.

The thrust of the action is a married couple's detestation for each other, with sparse assistance for narrative development from the presence of the wife's cousin. What occurs is an hour and a half's relentless repetition of this theme, with two weak, bitter and ugly people constantly sniping at each other, abruptly closed by an unconvincing resolution based on a somewhat puerile existential 'realisation'.

Strindberg has already covered this material - the bitterness of marriage - in other plays, in particular 'The Father', the power of which makes one shudder. The only justification I can think of for producing this play is its autobiographical element, in which case 'Dance of Death' becomes somewhat more of a historical document than theatre, more a



vehicle for learning about Strindberg's misogynist tendencies and social failings than for experiencing his artistic integrity. I found the packed house restless as they struggled to convince themselves that this was worth sitting through. The technical quality of the production (acting, lighting, choreography, sound, and set design) was professional, but unless one has a documentary interest in Strindberg I think there are much better Festival and Fringe events to patronise.

Farley Wright

# Sipping on a Chardonnay

**Memorial to a Lost Civilization**  
University of South Australia Gallery,  
City West Campus, until March 26

An enormous project, taking in a whole life, a world view, never completely realised. A dream, a life, a microcosm of existence under post-revolutionary Soviet rule. *Memorial to a Lost Civilization* is the life-work of Ilya and Emilia Kabokov, an extraordinary installation, only fragmentarily realised, and represented here in Adelaide only in fragmentary form.

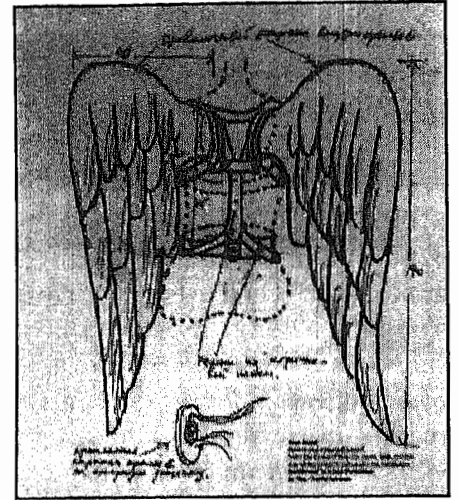
Envisaged as a below ground installation - a mausoleum, a bunker - overgrown by ground-cover, with paths and benches, the Monument takes the appearance of a park,

accessed by old-fashioned wooden bridges spanning a trench separating the 'park' from the surrounding landscape. Access to the Monument is gained through doorways situated in the trench. The interior of the space is divided into sections, each representing an aspect of everyday life in the community they were allocated to in the 1930s. Each section is in turn broken into rooms, each suggesting a time, an experience, an aspiration pertaining to the aspect in question. The project overall marks out and measures the distance between the new soviet ideal and its actuality, and the realities of self-expression under an authoritarian bureaucracy. What is offered in the exhibition is an intricate plan of the project, a series of independently created instal-

lations created by the Kabokovs over a period of several years. The installations, when brought together in terms of an overall context, become an unrealised dream of a monument both to the lives of the Kabokovs and the millions of Russian people who lived and died under the Communists' totalitarian governance.

The actual exhibition is comprised of a series of *bricolage* posters lining the walls of the space and on specially built tables, each describing one of the installations that make up the project. These surround two display cabinets; the first offers a landscape diorama of the completed Memorial, the second displays the internal structure.

The sheer magnitude of the project is breathtaking; if it was ever



realised in its entirety it would make a truly awesome edifice. The exhibition as it is presented here is still quite remarkable, and well worth a look. (For location and open-times see the entry in Insert Plug Here.)

## < Insert plug here >

*Memorial to a Lost Civilization* is an awe-inspiring experience. The Kabokov's proto-installation will be exhibited at the University of South Australia Art Museum, City West Campus, 54 North Tce, in the city, open every day, 11am-5pm until March 26.

While you're down that end of town take some time to check out *The Return of Beauty* at the Jam Factory. The Jam Factory is open Monday-Friday 9am-5.30pm, Sat/Sun 10am-5pm.

Indigenous Australian artists are

finally getting the level of recognition they deserve in a series of exhibitions around Adelaide throughout the Festival. To cut to the chase...

*Adelaide Biennial of Contemporary Australian Art: Beyond the Pale*, Art Gallery of South Australia. 7days, 10am-6pm.

*Karra / Karrawirraparri*, Artspace - Adelaide Festival Centre. Mon-Fri 10am-7pm; Sat/Sun 1-7pm.

*From Appropriation to Appreciation*, Flinders University Art Gallery, 14-16 Grote St. Mon-Thur 11am-4pm; Fri 11am-8pm; Sat/Sun 1-4pm.

*3SPACE - 21st Century Indigenous Explorers*, Tandanya National Aboriginal Cultural Institute. 7days, 10am-5pm.

*Struth!* is still showing for those few stragglers who haven't got along to see it yet. It's on until March 19, Tues-Thurs 12-6pm, Fri-Sun 1-9pm [closed Mondays] at shop #82, Hindley St.

Domestic Architecture your thing? Get along to the Festival Centre courtyard and check out *Light/House: An Exhibition of Contemporary Australian Lightweight Houses*.

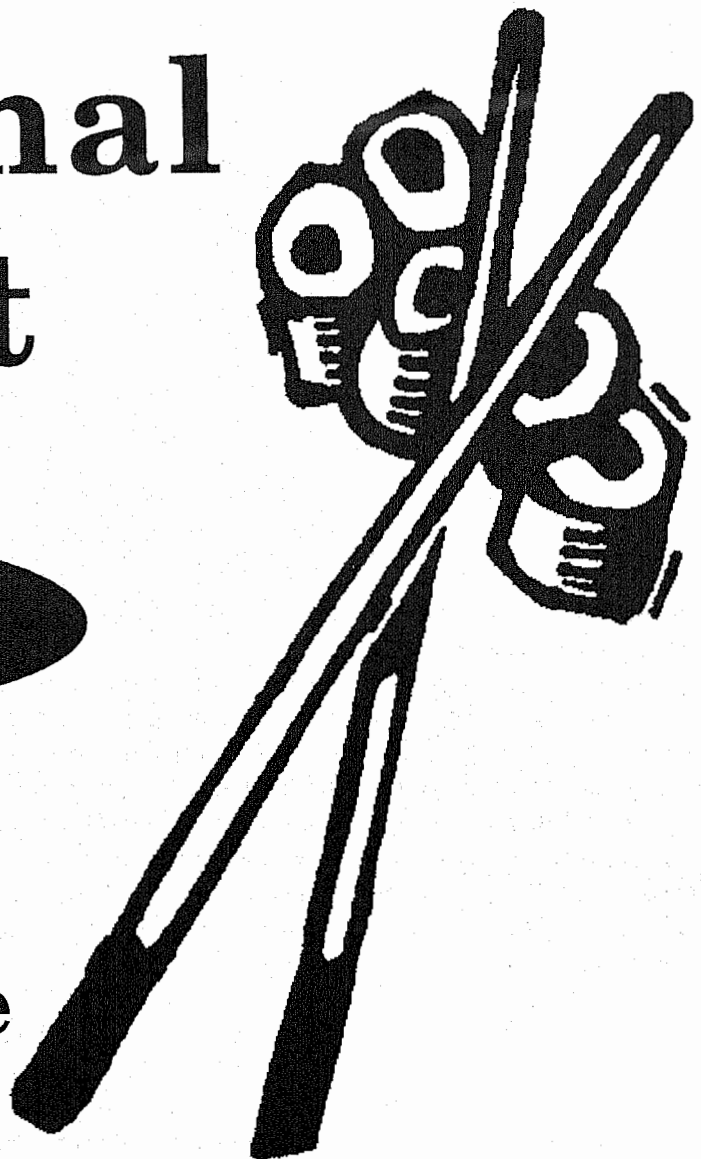
Light/House is open throughout the Festival, 12-10pm.

Kevin Henderson is still at it. And so are we. In honour of Henderson's performance project, *Between the Eyes Evil Shaved*, running at the Experimental Art Foundation 11am-5pm during the Festival, we will take out for a coffee at the S.A. Art Gallery Coffee Shop the writer of the best anagram of 'between the eyes evil shaved'. The funnier the better. Filth and smut will be considered. Drop your entries down to the *On Dit* office

# International Food Court

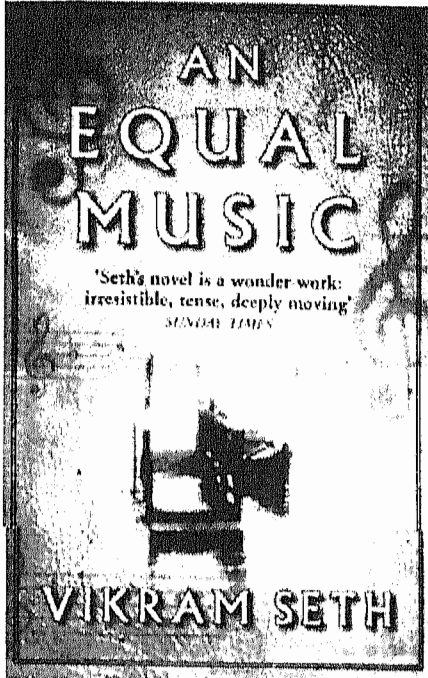
open 10am - 3pm

Upper Refectory  
Level 4 Union House





# Megafauna go bunta



**An Equal Music**  
Vikram Seth  
Allen & Unwin  
\$17.95

Vikram Seth was one of the big stars of Adelaide's Writers' Week, so when I opened his most recent book, I was a tad intimidated, especially given that his most famous novel, *A Suitable Boy*, is considered one of the longest novels ever written in English!

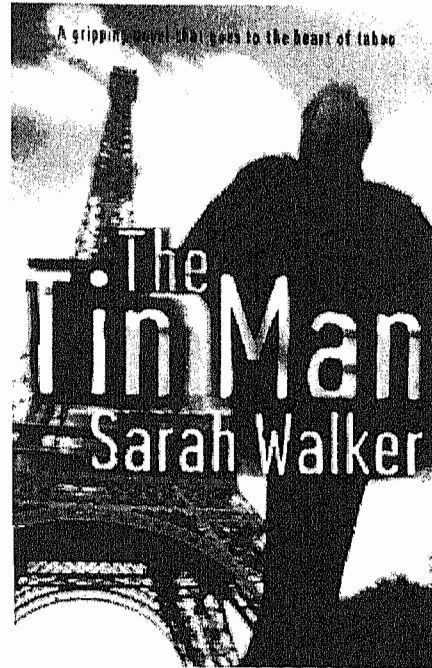
Significantly shorter than that, *An Equal Music* did not, however, lack in depth. The story of human relationships, of musicians and their passion for music, it is a rich emotional journey. We travel with Michael, second violinist in the

Maggiore quartet, as he remembers his lost love Julia, then finds and loses her once more. Michael's passion for this lost love is rivalled in its intensity only by that for his music, and Seth brings the two together in literary perfection as they meet and merge throughout the story. Seth's descriptions of a musician's passion for his/her art have uncanny accuracy.

As a whole, *An Equal Music* is slow-moving, which suits the story, as it reveals itself gently, like drawing back a veil, rather than being rapid and climactic. We weave in and out of Michael's past and present the way the melody switches between first and second players in an orchestra. The language is poetic, and interspersed by verse in places, heightening the aesthetic effect of the novel.

I also had the pleasure of listening to Vikram Seth read from this and other of his works at Writers' Week, and it was a wonderful experience. Anybody who has a passion for music and poetry must get themselves a copy of this book. Music lovers in particular will be pleased to know that the music featured in the book will be available in a special 2-CD set. However, be warned that if you're after a fast-paced, light-hearted jaunt, leave this well alone. *An Equal Music* is deep, absorbing and involving right to the end.

Cindy Paterson



**The Tin Man**  
Sarah Walker  
Allen and Unwin  
\$17.95

*Christian is a panther. Christian is an axe-wielding Tin Man. There's no doubt that he's dangerous, none at all. His game, whatever it is, is undemocratic: there are no rules and no referee. But Ricky is drawn to him with the secret strength of an undertow. He understands why Camille, so sealed to the world, breaks open for Christian. He is a menacing pet, an exotic domestic. Ricky loathes him. Ricky likes him a lot.* (92)

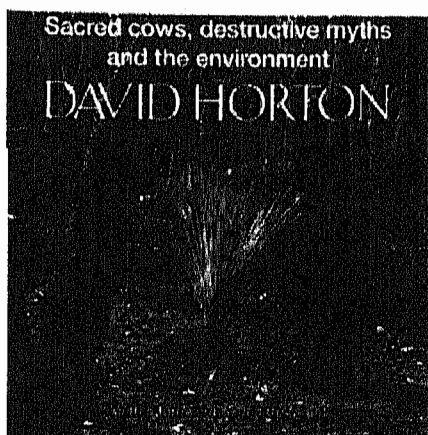
*The Tin Man* is a drama centring around three people: Camille,

a beautiful, inscrutable French woman, cold but passionate; Christian, her sardonic, malicious lover, the only man who can keep her interested; and Ricky, the naive seventeen-year-old son she has never met. When Ricky travels to France to stay with Camille, he is drawn into their dance for two, a delicate minuet of cruelty, desire and danger. *The Tin Man* is the story of his corruption as Camille and Christian's game becomes more dangerous, boundaries are pushed and stakes heightened. Remember the Tin Man? He had no heart. The question that underpins Sarah Walker's novel is, does Christian? Does Camille? And by the novel's end, will Ricky be as tainted, as damaged, as they?

Fraught with tension and drama and run through with sexual undercurrents, *The Tin Man* is strangely compelling and surprisingly good. Although stereotypical and unimaginative, with a *Woman's Day* approach to psychology, it is lucid and well-written, with some highly evocative and rather clever moments. Walker undeniably has talent, and despite being sensationalistic, shallow and ultimately predictable, for pulp fiction, *The Tin Man* is a pretty good read. Kind of like bad Ruth Rendell only with more sex and no murder. Save it for a slow night when you're looking for something to doze off to.

EM

## THE PURE STATE OF NATURE



**The Pure State of Nature**  
David Horton  
Allen & Unwin  
\$19.95

Australia's ongoing debate over Aboriginal land rights and the conservation of our unique environment are issues we are all familiar with. However, I suspect that few

of us stop to think that policy on these areas is based, to some degree, on science. Archaeologists, anthropologists, biologists and geologists have all had input to our decision-making, and most of us would be reasonably sceptical about how well these decisions have been made. Most of us would blame the politics. After all, you can never make everyone happy. Compromises have to be made, and most of the parties involved are probably going to end up feeling like they've got the worst bargain. Few, if any of us, would question the science behind these decisions, and how that science has been interpreted, and how the science has been affected by the social attitudes and prejudices of the time.

David Horton would like - in fact, demands - us to start questioning again. With no holds barred, he attacks the current theories, and no measure of popularity saves anyone from his biting wit. Tim Flannery, Sylvia Hallam, Norman Tindale and Rhys Jones all get a roasting. His writing is easy to follow, and the ideas are presented in a manner

that is easily understood by new-comers, yet still of enormous interest to those who know a little about the so-called 'facts'.

He begins by debunking a lot of the early theories about Aborigines and the environment, and the inconsistencies in the arguments used first to dissociate them from their land, and those that later conservationists used to justify whatever was fashionable at the time, up to and including the notion of control burning. He takes a look at archaeology, and gives clear answers as to what it can tell you, and what it can't. Horton also considers the notion that Aborigines are responsible for the extinction of the megafauna, an issue currently being hotly debated.

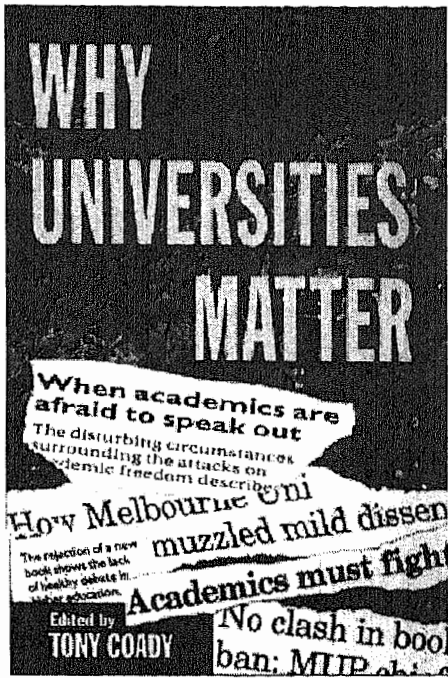
More important than his support for his own theories (after all, if you remind people to be sceptical, they *will* look harshly upon your own work) is his constant awareness of the social and political context of the debates. He gives you an understanding of why the answers to these questions

are so important to so many people, why powerful figures in our society want to own these issues. If the Aborigines caused the extinction of the megafauna (you know, those WHOPPER 'roos and wombats), then they changed the land, had an impact, and thus are justified in their claims to it (based on the axiom of 'if you don't use it, you lose it'; currently worth millions to exercise video producers), and *terra nullius* was false. On the other hand, if they did, then apparently that justifies our own rapid rate of extinctions. It becomes something that people just *do*.

This book is extremely worthwhile, because it opens your eyes to reasons behind these debates, often more important than the actual answer itself. It is also very well written. Horton is humorous, lyrical, biting and, even better, he comes across as trustworthy. I recommend it to all of you, as these issues continue to make the headlines in the form of Aboriginal rights and conservation.

Erin O'Donnell

# Physics titbits over here



Why Universities Matter  
Ed. Tony Coady  
Allen & Unwin  
\$24.95

All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth. (Aristotle)

But what is the value of that education and when is it realised? When the controversy surrounding the publishing of this book was first tossed around in the general media, it raised my eyebrows. This book was rejected by Melbourne

University Publishing. An additional chapter as an afterword is in the present edition and I recommend that you read this first and wonder as you read the book as to the real motives of MUP rejecting it for publication.

If you are aware of the history of tertiary education in Australia and are concerned about the way we are going, this book will not allay your fears. While this is a collection of essays and is not concerned with presenting any one line, each contributor shares the same concerns and the same hopes for the future. There are three groups of authors and essays: those examining general values in education; those looking at specific areas are currently seen to be suffering; and, finally, those exploring future directions and their workability.

It is not a book for either the apathetic or the faint-hearted. Values such as intellectual eros, freedom of thought and control over intellectual property are all discussed. The current and immediate past political climate is attacked for debasing several core values. This book raises issues such as: Who has the right to control course content? Is funding used too much as a (dis)incentive to particular areas of learning and research? Is this 'meddling' destructive of conditions necessary for high-quality idea generation? Has the academic

become the last thing to be considered when a decision is made? If you are reading this review, you are probably a university student. But what should a university be providing for you? Who decides? Should your experiences at university be selected to reflect the national interest? Is there a 'reasonable' border to the range of ideas you are allowed to experience? What happened to a community of scholars, working in a sacred, partly insulated place, seeking, through various disciplines, the truth? What place do political considerations have in determining the intellectual life in a university and why have the several government 'initiatives' had such a drastic effect of the culture of universities? No answers are necessarily provided to these questions, each author asks you to make up your own mind. Each author draws upon a wide range of material, presenting systems of education across a broad range of cultures, outlining their advantages and drawbacks. The book challenges us to define what we want from education at the tertiary level and then the system that will provide for those needs. How do eternal values fit into our life, Australia at the beginning of the 21<sup>st</sup> century?

Magdalene Addicoat

'beginner's guide to ...' books that try to teach people about certain topics. It provides a very concise overview of the issues without going into too much detail about them.

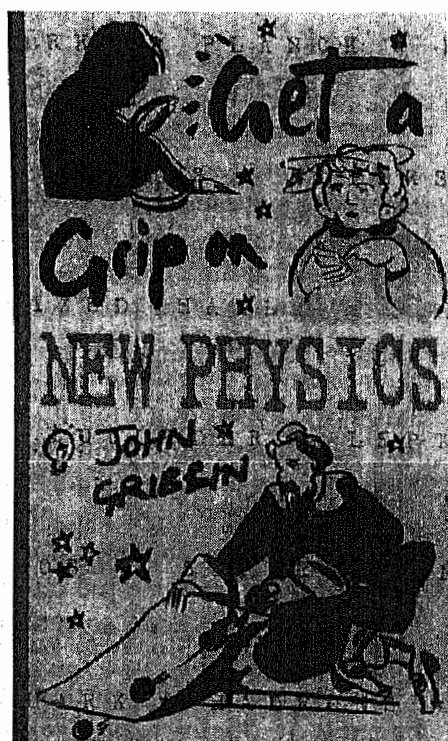
Gribbin begins by giving the basics of 'old physics' (that is, Newtonian physics). This kind of physics is fine if you want to deal with anything from billiard balls to planets but doesn't really help if you want to think about galaxies or quarks. He then takes the reader on a walk through the history of physics, right up to the present where physicists are dealing with really big things (relativity) and really small things (quantum mechanics).

Along with the simple explanations of the theories that he provides, Gribbin has a small margin on each page which he fills with definitions of 'keywords' and biographies of prominent physicists. This adds a different slant to the book as it shifts the focus away from the hardcore physics that it discusses and takes a look at the people who discovered it. This format allows the reader's focus to be diverted in a number of different directions. Moreover, it means that *Get a Grip on New Physics*

is likely to be the inspiration for further research by the reader into those sections or people that the reader finds interesting.

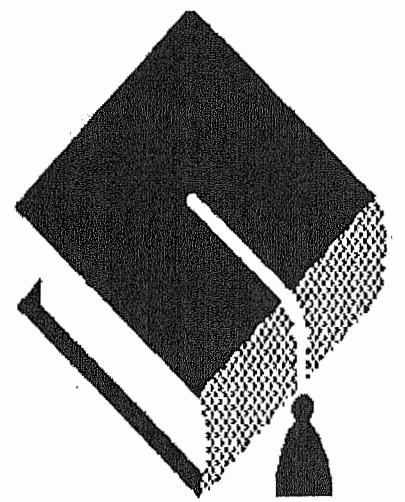
It must be remembered when reading this book that it is not intended to be a comprehensive reference text, but rather an interesting and entertaining way to pass the time. In that capacity it is great, full of juicy tidbits that you probably wouldn't have known about before. I also found as I was reading through this book that Gribbin was much more adept at explaining the principles behind what he is talking about than any of the people who have taught me physics in the past. (*Hello to any PAC physics teachers out there ... Ed.*) *Get a Grip on New Physics* would be a good book to have if you were having problems with the basics of a section of physics, since it covers these very well. However, it wouldn't be such a good idea to have this book and think that you don't need the textbook that the physics department thought that you did.

Mark Henderson



Get a Grip on New Physics  
John Gribbin  
Weidenfeld & Nelson  
\$19.95

Ever thought that an interesting physics book was one of those urban myths that doesn't really exist? So did I. *Get a Grip on New Physics* proves me wrong. It is written in a similar way to those



Unibooks  
your campus bookshop

**12%  
cash  
discount**

Unibooks is offering 12% cash discount until 1st April on your book purchases, 6% discount for credit card purchases.

After 1st April, cash discount reverts to 10% all year round.

(cash includes cheque and eftpos, sorry - no discount on 'nett' priced books & software)

**up to  
70% off  
software  
prices**

If you're a student or academic, you can purchase software at up to 70% off the full price. See instore for details - proof of educational status required.

**Unibooks**  
official bookseller  
Adelaide Writers' Week  
union building  
ph 8223 4366

This week, *On Dit's Book of The Week* is an old favourite: Rory McLean's *Stalin's Nose*, a darkly humorous account of travels through post cold war Eastern Europe.

# Abdoujaparov? Que?

Fruitbat (aka Les Carter) is back in Australia, which he first visited as part of the 1993 Big Day Out. Back then he was one half of Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine, who sold a shedload of records before breaking up in 1997.

Since then, Fruitbat has started up a new band, Abdoujaparov, named after a particularly unscrupulous cyclist, begun messing around with shareware and started his own record label (Spinach Records) which is, allegedly, run by his cat. Longtime Carter fan Miles Hunt had a chat to him.

So, you're here in March. You were here in March last year. Strange coincidence. Care to comment?

Well (laughs), it *might* have something to do with fact that there's a Grand Prix on ...

So you're a big fan?

Yeah ... and it's the only one I can ever get to, the Australian Grand Prix. The British one's so small, the actual circuit, Silverstone, is so small it's really hard to get in. There's seven hour queues to get in, so I've never actually made it in to the British one.

So what do you think of Eddie Irvine and his new green Jaguar?

It's very fine. I'm actually quite glad about that, I have high hopes.

So, you're back in Australia again. You haven't brought the rest of the band with you, and instead you've recruited a local band with Jason Bootle (Moonies, ex King Krill). How did all of that come about?

Well, I had the idea of coming to Australia - I'd been wanting to do it even back in the Carter days, after we came over for the Big Day Out [1993]. I'd been wanting to get back ever since, but I could never sort it out with Carter. And then I had this idea - the thing that had been stopping us from coming over was the fact that it was so expensive, but if there was just one of you or two of you, then maybe you could sort it out. Then, just by sheer coincidence, I met Jason in a local cafe. I was just having breakfast, a hangover breakfast actually, in a Brixton cafe, and he obviously recognised me from Carter and we started talking. So we just had a conversation, and after about half an hour he my was bass player.

So what's it like having to slot into a completely different band when you're over here?

It's great. I like it. I'm planning to do it elsewhere, not just in Australia, and I've got dates lined up for America in the summer, and I think I've got half my band over there organised. It's really good, when you play with different people the songs can take on different meanings.

I have to say I'm looking forward to the shows - the last time I saw you was at the Big Day Out, when it was ludicrously hot and I was a sweaty little 18 year old. I was always a little pissed of that you guys didn't come back.

Yeah, we got such good reviews and everyone seemed to think we were fantastic, but the offer never came back. We were expecting people to get us back the next year, but it just didn't happen.

So, Abdoujaparov. You say it's just for fun.

Oh yeah. The thing is, if it isn't fun, I'm just not going to do it. It got to the point with Carter where it stopped being fun. But with this one ... well, I'm just determined to do all the good things about being in a band, and none of the crap ones.

How'd the idea of the band come about?

Well, I was actually writing a musical - just the sort of thing you do when you split up your band - I was just bored. I was getting bogged down, a bit depressed - it was a pretty depressing musical, about death and destruction - and I just wrote a couple of throw-away punk

in time. I hope so, that's the plan.

You're not dealing with record labels any more.

I just don't see the point. I just didn't want to go through all of that, and the level that I work at, it would have had to be a really small, indie label. They can't really do much more than I can myself.

Do you think the big labels did you wrong in the past?

No, but ... you are *working* for them. You might try to pretend that you're not, but when you sign to a label, they're your boss and you're working for them. I just didn't like it, I didn't like the way they try to manipulate things. Even if they're saying they're giving you 'complete artistic control', they can manipulate things so you don't, really. But that's their position, you know, they want to sell records.

You've taken a different slant to getting your records out, selling shareware versions of songs to finance them and so on. How'd that idea come about?

I don't know, it was just a kind of natural progression.

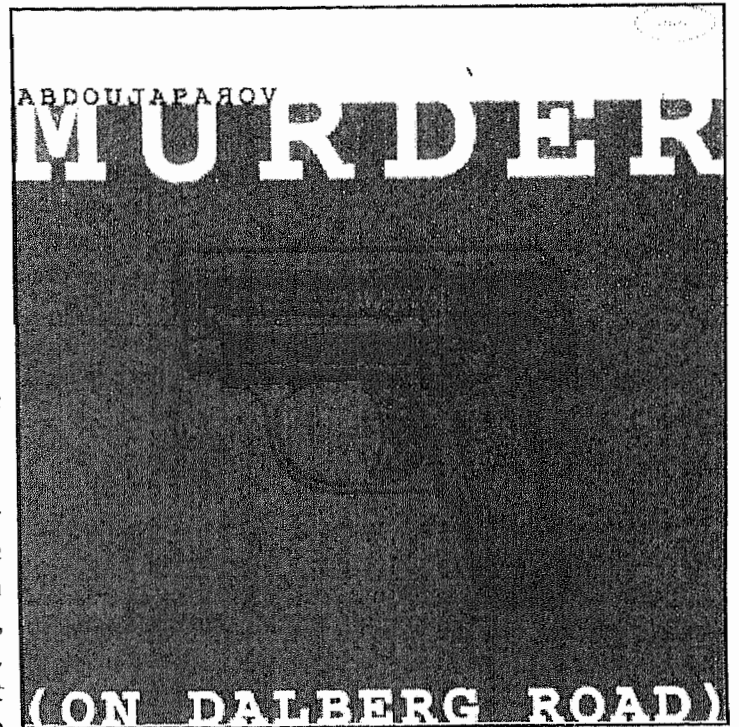
I really got into the internet and the idea of shareware, it's just a great idea - I first heard about

An enormous slab of guitar, grinding away over-insistent drumming while Fruitbat regales us with a tale of getting the shit beaten out of him. Great fun, and catchy in an oddly insistent way.

The b-sides offer some variety. 'Benjamin and Jumble' is a warped slow one with an odd country and western feel, 'Innocent like Vinocent' pure old school punk, and 'Fire Tender Red' a piano driven ballad.

Comparisons with Carter USM are pointless - this is a new band with a new feel. Good stuff, Fruity.

Miles Hunt



*We have no pictures of Les*

it in '85 or '86. So I thought about it, and thought I could apply it to music. I tried it to see if it would work, and so far it's worked really well. It's a slow cooking thing, though. You don't sell a thousand in a week, or anything like that. It's more like selling twenty a week, and it just builds up with time. I've gone into trying to expand the label as well, I released a compilation of various artists.

And you say your record label's run by your cat.

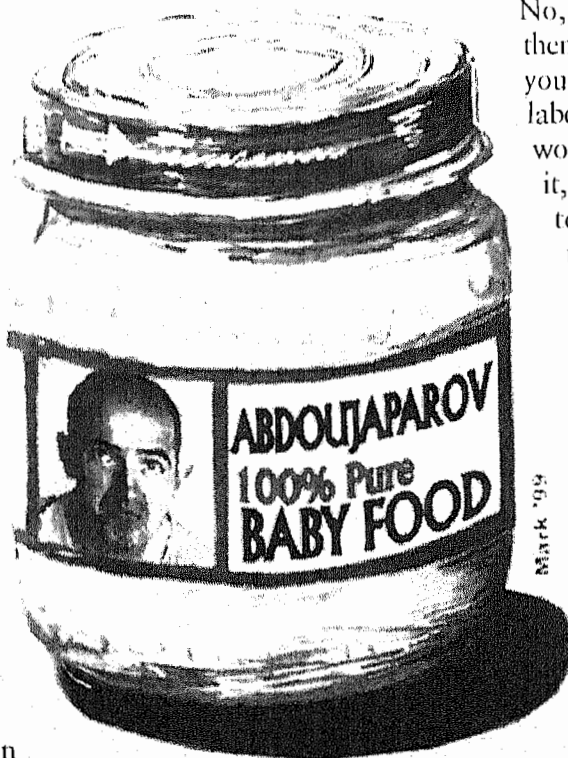
(laughs) Yeah.

What's it like working for your cat? Well, he's more of a sleeping partner. I've got three cats back at home, I love them. They're like my kids.

And one of them's a cigar-chopping record company exec.

Yeah, he's a record company fat cat.

Abdoujaparov play Flinders Uni March 15 (lunchtime), the Seven Stars March 17 and the Austral March 18.



songs to put myself in a better mood. And then I thought I wouldn't mind *playing* these songs, so I called the guy who used to be Carter's agent and said I'd like to do a gig. He said OK, and then I got off the phone and realised that I didn't have a band (laughs). So I had to ring around all my mates to try and find a band.

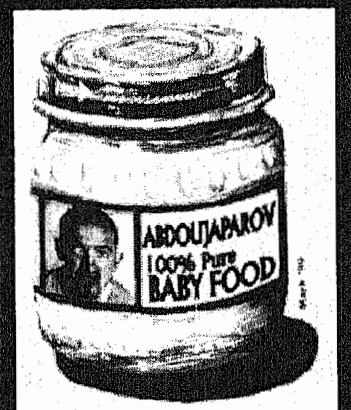
So was that easy or hard?

Oh, it was easy. Took me about half an hour, I think.

You've got a record coming out, a compilation of all the Abdoujaparov singles. Will that be out in time for the shows?

It's all been very last minute, running around to get things done

**Abdoujaparov**  
**Baby Food**  
**Spinach Records**



# Dance and laugh and play

## Australian String Quartet Elder Hall

memorial to the Hungarian composer Szervansky contained all the hallmark austere conciseness of the geographic origin of the work, in a challenging amalgamation with Kurtag's minimalist style. But can austere, minimalist music survive in a town like Adelaide? No. For it was Mozart they came for..

The String Quartet no 20 was described in the program notes as a "masterly work ... [belying] the difficulties Mozart found in general in writing for string quartet." The sound was unmistakably Mozart, even if presented here with a more syrupy texture all but disguising moments of lightness and geniality. Repeated momentary discord and some errors in the third movement, Adagio, were seemingly overlooked by audience members as the Quartet was doused in the kind of applause normally reserved for six month old prodigies. Such was the audience enthusiasm they were even obliged to make a curtain call!

The second half provided a more interesting focus in the juxtaposition of the Purcell Chacony and the Purcell-inspired string quartet written by Britten this century to commemorate the 250<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the death of his eminent forebear. Sadly though, the anticipated interest was not to be sustained. While the Purcell was capably handled, with perhaps the more dedicated preservation of the natural line of the work inspired by its unquestioned beauty, the Britten quartet degenerated into a schizophrenic mish-mash of sound with numerous inaccuracies detracting from what should have been an intensely emotive experience. To give credit where it is due, the ASQ did attack the Britten opus 36 with gusto and commitment, but technical imperfections inevitably overwhelmed any good intentions. Maybe next time.

Andrew Lawlor / Sophie Lam

## Goodtimes 2000 - Colley Reserve

'Twas a beautiful day with some great bands. Better yet, it was free. Some of Adelaide's best bands were on the bill and the weather held out for an afternoon of music, sun and fun. It wasn't until the end that I realised that two of the acts named on the bill - Yakspit and Honeyfix - had pulled out. In all we were treated to six bands slogging it out in the heat; each sounding professional and tight. First to hit the stage were Phat Albert. These guys delivered their funk/rap driven set with precision. An interesting group, they consist of two vocalists, a male and female, drums, bass (of course!), saxophone and keyboards. No guitar. They would have to be the first funk group I have seen without a guitarist. The funny thing is they don't really need one either, with the keyboards filling out the sound. The relatively new Special Patrol Group was next with a sound that can only be described as melodic acoustic pop with a dash of folk. By the end of their set I had been more than impressed by their sound. Interchanging between two vocalists,

one being the main vocalist and the other handling a few songs, they never become boring unlike many groups in the same genre. Just one tip for the vocalist; stop saying 'Ye-haw' at the end of every song! Revolver needed no introduction to the stage having played the Barr Smith Lawns so many times before. Again, they failed to disappoint. With the aid of two 'special guests' on a couple of tracks, Sean from Tendahook on bongos and Ben Pattison from Bensolo providing the required brass, the only way to describe their set is 'entertaining'. They blend a good mixture of styles together whilst claiming to be 'virgins' of technology when experiencing loop problems. A memorable "Whoops!" was proudly put forward when a guitar solo went awry. Dial was next. Having seen these guys a few times in the past month I pretty much knew what to expect; a tight, energetic rock/pop/punk blast. And that is exactly what we got. 'Secret Friend', dedicated to Tom Halliday as always, seemed extra good. Be warned though - their

songs are deceptively catchy and if you see them too many times there is a great possibility that you will get at least one of their songs stuck in your head. The penultimate band, Lessie Does, proved to be the most 'fun' band of the event. Beginning with the opening chords to 'Eye Of The Tiger' (complete with synchronised head and arm movements) and a short section of Australian Crawl's 'Boys Light Up' it was clear that they had a 'tongue-in-cheek' attitude which was refreshing. Halfway through their 30 minutes the guitarist broke a string making way for the remaining members to perform 'Molly's Lips'. Just as he re-tuned the spare guitar another string broke prompting a request to touring mates Dial for a replacement guitar! To finish off the local music feast Unstrung played an entertaining and energetic set to the small, but appreciative, crowd. Thanks must go to the sponsors - 3D Radio, Coke and the Holdfast Bay City Council. Another Jeremy Wheeler production well done. Jorm



## SPY Freebies

Cheree at Festival/Mushroom has kindly donated 3 complete sets of the Cutting Edge artists including singles from Sonic Animation, NoKtRNl, Sneak, 28 Days, Machine Gun Fellatio and Pound System. Be sure to catch most of these acts in the 'Style Wars 2000' on 7th June at the Adelaide Uni. Come down to the *On Dit* office at 2:10pm on Wednesday and tell us the name of one of the artists we have printed interviews of this year.

Thanks to Cheree at Festival/Mushroom we have three copies of Pound System's single 'Get Amongst It' to giveaway. Just come down at 2:00pm on Wednesday and tell us the stage name of one of the members of Pound System.

Salutations to Kate and Tam from Universal for letting us giveaway 3 H-Block 101 packs. Each contain a shirt, the latest single and stickers. Come down to the *On Dit* office at 2:10pm on Wednesday and tell us where the band name originates from.

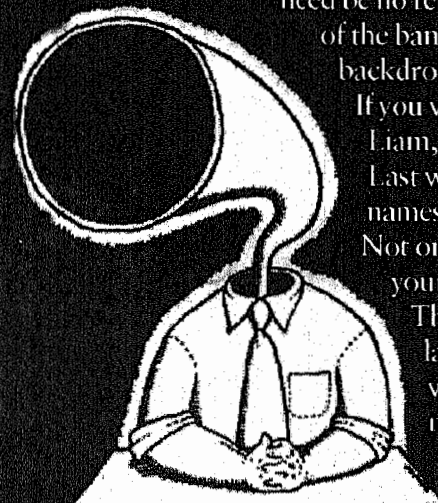
Thanks to Kate at Roadshow we have 10 copies of Killing Heidi's 'Mascara' single to giveaway on Wednesday at 2:00pm in the *On Dit* office. Just tell us the name of Killing Heidi's drummer.

**BULK eaSy Hey?**

## Student Radio 531am Student Radio 531am Student Radio

Good Day. And how was your second week at university? Good? We hope so. The second week of Student Radio for the year 2000 went very well. Thank you for your interest.

Local Beatz will feature Jason Martin, who has most recently been playing quite a lot at the Kumfy Klub. So don't forget to listen in from 11pm-1am on Monday. If you studied last week's column, then you would know that this week on Local Noise we are running the first O'Ball special. We know that there need be no reminder that this fine show is on from 9pm-10pm on Tuesday night. In addition, you might be wondering exactly which of the bands will be playing. Well, it gives us great pleasure to inform you that 99 reasons why & 28 days will provide the musical backdrop for your Tuesday night.



If you would like to make a night of it, then why not check out Three Chords, which starts at 11pm. Your hosts will be Tim and Liam, and they like punk. Not classical, not rock, but punk. And I mean more punk than your grandma.

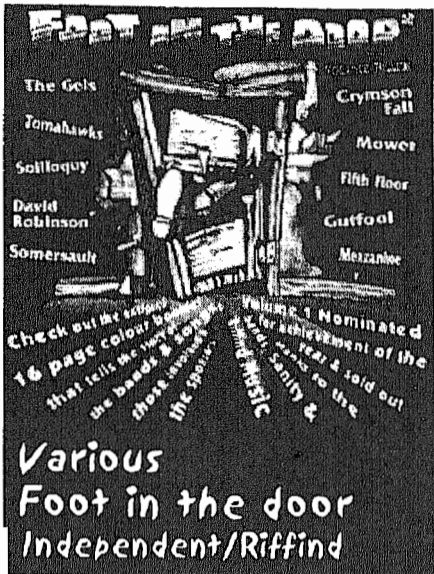
Last week, We went to see a film. It was very good. We also like to hear other people's opinions about films. Especially if their names are Bree, Heather and Chris. In case you hadn't guessed, these three characters present a film show called The F Spot. Not only do they review films; but they also play music, and give away tickets to see films - for FREE. So whilst you're getting yourself all swanked up for a big night out, listen in at 9, every second Saturday evening.

The other day, when we were minding our own business, trying to prepare for another scintillating lecture, a nice young lady pointed to us and said 'Hey! You're those chicks who played music during O'Week! How do I get involved?' We were quite taken aback. However we informed the young lady that she could call radio 5UV on 8303 5000, or leave a message for us at the SAUA office. So, if you are ever interested, or just want to have a chat, give us a call.

Joni Queen & Elly Wright  
Student Radio Directors

# Ignore the message we convey

## Local Releases

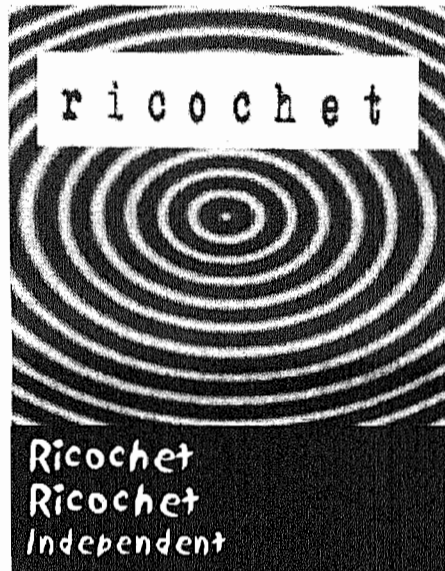


Ever been looking over the local gig guide, trying to decide what band to go and see, but not sure who plays what type of music? Well now there's a CD which will introduce you to ten different local bands, and help you make your decision. The *Foot In The Door* compilation showcases nineteen songs from the best Adelaide has to offer, and apart from giving exposure to all the bands, it's a damn fine CD.

There are many genres of music featured on the disc, ranging from heavy metal to mellow rock, from punk to acoustic pop; something for everybody! The CD opens with a track from one of my favourite local bands, Crymson Fall. They are an all female four-piece, playing a soft mellow style of music. They feature a huge three times on the album, one of those being the album's stand out track, 'Ophelia'. They are definitely a band worth checking out. Up next are the Gels, a fast paced punk band. They also feature three times on the disc, and although I'm not really into their type of music, they are a pretty good band. Mower is the next band up, and they certainly change the pace of the CD. They are a quite heavy band and are very tight. Cutting loose twice on the album, Mower are a band which I'd be very interested in seeing live. The Tomahawks follow Mower with their wild rockabilly sound. Unfortunately, they've split up since the recording of the CD, but still make a great addition to the album, featuring twice. Fifth Floor are up next with their eclectic hard rock sound. I liken them to bands like Grinspoon, having both heavy and lighter rock songs. They feature twice, and have a great sound. Soliloquy are next and change the pace again with their mellow, soulful rock sound. Gutfool, another of my favourite bands, are up next, and rock the CD with their funky, bluesy, rock grooves. Featuring twice, they are a very welcome part of the compilation. Somersault come next with their punk-pop/rock sound. Although they only have the one song on the CD, it's

enough to convince me to see them the next time they play. The next band are Mezzanine, an punk/rock band with a sound not unlike Jebediah. They are well on their way to fame, having a great sound, and already receiving a little airplay. The final artist on the album is David Robinson. He plays folkly acoustic pop music, and as well as being an award winning songwriter, features twice on the CD. Overall, the *Foot In The Door* compilation is a pretty wild and diverse album, and is invaluable in giving bands coverage, as well as helping everyone work out which bands play what style of music. The CD can be bought at all Sanity stores for around \$8, and I recommend it to all fans of the local music scene.

Stern, the Great!



Local band Ricochet have enjoyed a fair bit of success in recent times. Last year, they released a great EP which did well on local charts, as well as being featured on Carclew's *Off The Couch* CD. They recently opened for the TESTEAGLES at their *Live @ the Wireless* Adelaide Uni gig. Now, they are set to release a new EP, and I am lucky enough to have a demo copy. For those who have never heard Ricochet before (something which I recommend you do), they have a heavy, funky sound, almost a cross between Rage Against The Machine and Red Hot Chili Peppers (although the former is more obvious). They use a lot of heavy riffing, mixed with funky Chad Smith style drums and strong bass lines, with a bit of scratching thrown in. The singer has a voice which I believe is similar to Matt Matt from TESTEAGLES, and has that very distinctive Aussie sound. The demo has five songs, each differing from each other, and all sounding great. Ricochet seem to have a strong social/environmental theme to the music, with each of the songs containing a message. The best songs are 'Devil's Land', a very Rage Against The Machine style song, and the final track, 'Unwasted', a funkier tune.

Having seen Ricochet a couple of times before, I can say that their live show is well worth watching. They are full of energy, and certainly get the crowd going. Their CD will be available sometime soon, and will be available at their gigs. Support the live scene and get down to see Ricochet sometime!

L.A. Cool Papa



Leutnant Space Cat are a new Adelaide band, formed last year, and being the nice people we are at *On Dit* when they dropped in their CD we figured we'd chuck it on and give it a go. Piers, the band's guitarist, singer and general all round main dude, described the band's sound as 'jangly pop punk' and when the guys at *On Dit* had a listen names like Paul Kelly and REM were used to describe their sound. The band has a sound that is reminiscent of 60's pop music but it is much more up tempo and it reminds me of the Violent Femmes. The CD, 'The Trouble With White Trash...' has five tracks on it which range from the fast paced cat analogy song 'Symese' to 'Jealous' which is the band at their most REM-esque accompanied by a string section. My favourite track on the CD is 'Hey Miss Forest' which is a Paul Kelly style ballad/love song. These five tracks were layed down with a session drummer and have apparently come out much softer and poppy than the band usually sounds, but if nothing more they have encouraged me to head down to the bands next show. Overall Leutnant Space Cat, with less than a year under their belts, have put out a great first release and as they define their style more and develop it over time we can expect to here a lot more from them. 'The Trouble With White Trash...' has already disappeared off the shelves so quickly that at the moment a new print is being done and you will soon be able to pick it up at the bands gigs.

Gareth Sharp

## The Singles Bar

**Apollo Four Forty**  
**Heart go boom**  
Sony

An interesting beginning with a blend of hip-hop the track moves into the fast beats and touch of rock which is typical of Apollo Four Forty. Apollo Four Forty's newest release 'Heart go Boom' is not a bad track and if you are into their stuff definitely go buy it. However it just doesn't quite make my heart go boom.

A

**Bush**  
**The chemicals**  
**between us**  
Universal

With the heavy chords and distorted riffs we, by now, expect from the UK four piece, Bush, this single is their perfect introduction to the slightly different sound that they have produced on their new album. While still embodying their original style, 'Chemicals' also shows the musical growth of the band with inclusion of different instruments and sounds. The single includes two versions of 'The Chemicals Between Us' and another song, 'Homebody', that is more like their *Razorblade Suitcase* material. It also includes a multimedia section for anyone with a computer.

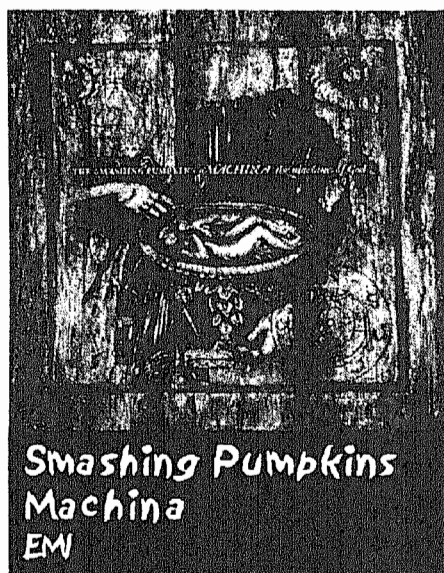
Gareth Sharp

**Creed**  
**What if**  
Epic/Sony

Creed have released two albums, and a few singles off each. They have been amazingly huge in the US, but unfortunately haven't been so in Australia. Hopefully their new single, 'What If' will help make their mark here. For those who don't know, Creed are a very hard hitting rock outfit who kick the pants off just about all Australian hard rock bands (sorry Aussies, but it's true). They're not psycho heavy metal like Slipknot or Slayer, but use plenty of heavy riffs, and the new song is no exception. The second track off their second album, *Human Clay*, 'What If' is also featured in the movie *Scream 3*, which has a very promising soundtrack (including Slipknot, Sevendust, and Incubus). 'What If' is a truly great song, and I as a fan of Creed ever since the beginning, hope that this is the song that breaks them in Australia.

Stern, The Great!

# It seems we're only here to entertain



*Machina*, clearly intended as a comeback album, owes much to *Mellon Collie*, but while there is the same spirit of diversity and experimentation, *Machina* achieves a much greater coherence. Jimmy Chamberlin (supposedly rehabilitated) makes a welcome return to drums and the fuzz-guitar sound the Pumpkins became famous for also returns, mainly for psychedelic effect rather than forceful hard-rock riffing. While there are disappointing tracks (the substandard 'The Sacred and Profane' and 'The Imploding Voice' and the just-plain-bad 'Heavy Metal Machine' and 'The Crying Tree Of Mercury') there are more than enough archetypal Pumpkins rockers as well as experimentation ('Blue Skies Bring Tears', played as a straightforward rock song on *The Arising!* tour, appears here as soft-industrial). Like *Adore*, the album is highly produced but, in contrast to *Adore*, the production adds to the songs rather than overshadowing them. Pink Floyd-esque swirls and echoes contribute to the rich sonic texture of the record. Lyrically *Machina* retains much of the angst of early Pumpkins as well as some of the love-conquers-all *Adore* ethic (notably the almost anti-Pumpkins 'With Every Light'). While searching for meaning within some of Corgan's lines is increasingly a fool's mission, they are poetic enough that you won't notice ('Last night I turned around and thought I saw myself turning/Inside the strangest dream of life unloved and cities burning'). At times *Machina* sounds jaded and uninspired - after all, the Pumpkins have been together for some twelve years now - and sometimes Billy's trademark nasal yowl, which sounds out of place on some of the mellower

tracks, bothered even a confirmed fan like me. But it's easy to forgive flaws like this and concentrate on the Pumpkins once again laying down the rock. Without an endless supply of radio-friendly singles like *Mellon Collie*, *Machina* is unlikely to win any new fans, but existing fans will be satisfied. A decent rock album - and that's all.

Chris



Supergrass are a band who need no introductions. Having been around for quite a while, they have enjoyed success after success, and have done a great job in conquering the world. Their third full album, *Supergrass* has already had its share of success, having had three hit singles already. However, in light of their recent Australian tour, they have decided to release a limited edition of their album with a bonus live CD. If you are a fan of Supergrass, you'll already have their self-titled album. Even if you're not a fan, you are sure to be familiar with their hits 'Moving', 'Pumping On Your Stereo', and the latest release 'Mary'. On top of having all those hits, the album also contains some gems in the form of 'What Wrong (In Your Head)', 'Shotover Hill', and 'Faraway', all beautiful mellow tunes which don't fail to satisfy. The final track, 'Mama & Papa' is also a stand-out, being all acoustic and soft. It's a great way to end the album. If all that is not enough to make you rush out and get this album, then maybe the limited edition part will. The bonus live CD contains five tracks recorded live at Peel Acres and Lamaco during 1999. The songs included are 'Pumping On Your Stereo' and 'Mary' from the current album, 'Richard III' and the classic 'Sun Hits The Sky' form

*In It For The Money*, and ends off with my favourite song, 'Strange Ones' from their debut. With all the songs being played live, there is a different feeling that you simply can't hear on the studio recordings (see live review of their Heaven gig). The roar of the crowd, mixed with that whole live recording sound and great solos make the live bonus disc an absolute treasure (I reckon I've listened to it more than the album!).

For anyone who's a new fan of Supergrass, the 2-CD package not only gives you a great album, but also a background on a great band. If you've held back buying the album before, wait no longer; the bonus disc makes it all worthwhile!

L.A. Cool Papa



After being signed to Virgin Records for two years Groove Terminator has released his first album, *Road Kill*.

The album was originally intended to bear the title 'Smash It Up', until The Offspring got in first.

After listening to this album I was left confused, not knowing what to make of this collage of musical styles. The album is very diverse with a multitude of influences apparent; it's not an album of dance music but it is held together from start to end by electronic sounds - particularly electronic beats. The first single, 'Here Comes Another One', was released several months ago and has received heaps of Triple J airplay since. Do not judge the album on this song alone as it only vaguely resembles any of the other tracks.

You could almost mistake *Road Kill* for a compilation album, as the tracks are all so varied. One of my favourites, 'You Can't See' features US rapper Koolha (aka Dr Octagon) performing a lyrical treat of sorts. The cover of Duran Duran's 'Notorious', and 'Not Everything' (featuring Bodyjar's Cameron Baines) are rougher sounding with punk or maybe even industrial influences and some quite heavy guitar riffs. The thing that remains throughout all the variation, as I mentioned earlier, are the beats which are mixed well.

I liked a fair few songs on this album although I had to constantly skip number 8 as it gives me a headache. *Road Kill* has something for everyone, and is an impressive first album.

Para

## The Singles Bar

**Beck  
Mixed Bizness  
Geffen**

Yet another funky single from the master of groove, Beck. This latest offering from his *Midnite Vultures* album is packed with his signature ingenious lyrics, and prime beats. 'Mixed Bizness' is a contagious tune which most Triple J listeners would be familiar with. I have to disagree with some fans who consider Beck's latest single inferior, in light of his previous releases. I highly recommend this single, and indeed the album...it'll put a smile on your face and a little more funk in your step.

Jen

**Jebediah  
Please leave  
Murmur/Sony**

Most Triple J listeners will know this follow up to 'Animal' and 'Feet Touch the Ground' from its wide airplay (it's that 'I accidentally screw up your life again' song).

The song is slow, and uses flat vocals to effect, with good musical backup. All over, the song has a deliberate moody feel, and despite using multiple tracking for the vocals, would sound good live as well.

'Please Leave' may not be one of the better singles from the *Of Someday Shambles* but it's pretty good in its own right, and is typical of the Jebediah standard.

alternika

**Regurgitator  
Freshmint  
Warner**

Unlike their earlier music, Regurgitator's 'Freshmint' single is basically a vivid fresh breath of electro-pop with vocals. Whereas their previous releases were heavily based on guitars, they have adapted to the growing world of electronic music which can be heard on this single, with the remixes mellowing out on the vocals and even adding a subtle drum and bass beat. However, there is no mistaking that this is Regurgitator, their unique catchy pop tunes sung by Quan, are still at the forefront of their music, particularly with their radio-friendly edit version of freshmint. If you like their progression then buy this single for the remixes if anything.

Jenny Fotopoulos

## My top 5 albums

This week's 'my top five albums of all time' is by Kate Stryker because she's in the office.

*Melissa Etheridge* - Melissa Etheridge

*Version 2.0* - Garbage

*King for a day, fool for a lifetime* - Faith no more

*are a drag* - Me first and the gimme gimmes

*Garbage* - Garbage

# Don't Look Now: Classifieds

## Sardi Science Bursary

The annual SARDI Science Bursary was established in 1994 to commemorate the South Australian Women's Suffrage Centenary (1894-1994). The 2000 SARDI Science Bursary provides \$1,000 to a woman graduate to undertake post-graduate study in science at a tertiary institution in South Australia.

Applications are invited from honours graduates currently undertaking or wishing to undertake post-graduate studies in agriculture, fisheries or forestry science.

Candidates will be considered on the merit of their research program and how it directly relates to the strategic research areas of SARDI. Candidates must be Australian citizens or have permanent resident status in Australia, and not be a recipient of other bursaries.

Applicants will be assessed by a selection panel and the successful applicant announced on Friday 31 March.

Application forms are available from Oksana Dniprowyi at SARDI on (08) 8303 9433 or e-mail: [dniprowyi.oksana@saugov.sa.gov.au](mailto:dniprowyi.oksana@saugov.sa.gov.au)

All applications are confidential and can be addressed to Mr Rob Lewis, Executive Director, SARDI Plant Research Centre, GPO Box 397, Adelaide, SA 5001. Application close Friday 24 March 2000.

## Brain Courses

### 1. Brain Gym® for Parents and Teachers

Learn how to assist your children in learning easier, faster and smarter in the new millennium!

4 Tuesday mornings: 14, 21 March, 4, 11 April, from 9.30-12.30 pm at the OLC. Cost: \$195 (Concession \$165). Teacher's Edition of the Brain Gym® Book included.

### 2. Food for Health

Learn how to determine what foods and supplements are beneficial to your health and how to select the best Brainfood for study and exam taking.

2 Sundays: 12 + 19 March from 9.30-5 pm at the OLC. Cost: \$200 (Concession \$170)

### 3. Enhanced Study Results

How to improve study and exam taking skills, note taking, speedreading, dealing with exam blanks using Accelerated learning techniques!

17 + 24 March from 6-9.30 pm at Adelaide Institute of TAFE, 120 Currie Street, Adelaide - for students and lecturers. Cost: \$120 (Concession \$90).

Free Introductory Lecture for all courses: Thursday 9 March, from 8-9 pm at Norwood PS Activity

Hall, Osmond Tce, Norwood. For enquiries, assessments, brochures and enrolments: The Optimum Learning Centre (OLC), 12 Bayview Crst, Beaumont 5066, Ph. 8379 4755, Fax. 8379 0824, email: [koelman@camtech.net.au](mailto:koelman@camtech.net.au)

## Speaking Up

An information session for students with a disability

- Learn how to be assertive
- Discuss disclosure
- Meet other students with disabilities
- Gain an understanding of the uni system

When?

8.45am - 3.00pm, Monday 10 April 2000 at the University of South Australia, City East Campus (corner of North Terrace and Frome Road), Playford Building level seven, room 27/28 (P7-27/28). Bookings essential, lunch and morning tea will be provided; please let Liz know if you require assistance to participate or if you have alternative dietary requirements. To register contact Liz Follett on (08) 8302 1700 or [liz.follett@unisa.edu.au](mailto:liz.follett@unisa.edu.au)

## Computer For Sale

Wonder machine: somewhat like a pianola, this little baby writes high distinction essays like they're going out of style. 486 running Word 6 and other progs, with printer \$350 ono. Call Rob 8340 9405

## Wanted

Maths tutor required. About 2 hours per week, \$20 per hour. Ring 8376 2147 and leave a message or email [stgraney@senet.com.au](mailto:stgraney@senet.com.au).

## Seminars

Brought to you by the Adelaide Uni Skindiving Club:

Thursday 23rd March

1 - 2pm

WP Rogers Room

level 5 - behind the UniBar

•Terry Arnott from Heritage SA will talk about shipwrecks along the South Australian Coastline. Monday 27th March

1 - 2pm

WP Rogers Room

level 5 - behind the UniBar

•Jeremy Gramp from Dragon Search will talk about the Leafy and Weedy Seadragons and how to become involved in the Dragon Search database.

Refreshments will be provided at all the seminars!

Further seminars in the coming months will include a cocktail evening with Rodney Fox (remember the guy who was attacked by a

shark and survived?) As well, award winning IMAX cinematographer Malcolm Ludgate will be giving a talk on his adventures.

And to top of the seminar series, you can come along and hear from the Cocklebiddy cave diving expedition on the Nullarbor Plain. These seminars are open to anyone and everyone - so come along and listen to some very interesting discussions about the goings on in South Australia both under and above the sea.

For more information contact Tim Murphy on 8303 7912 (w), 8524 7221 or email him at: [murphy.tim@saugov.com.au](mailto:murphy.tim@saugov.com.au).

## This Might be Satire

Hi there.

For some time, it has been my ambition to have a classified advertisement placed in the pages of *On Dit*.

With any luck, the editors have now made my dreams come true.

I'd just like to say hi to my Mum. Oh, and to Shazza and Jason: nice works, fellas!

Geez, now I've made it I don't quite know what to say.

Um, I just want everyone to love each other, you know.

Thanks for your time.

Bye.

*... where they burn On Dit, they will eventually burn people ...*

*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 herein may not be their own.

## Editors

Dale F Adams  
Eva O'Driscoll  
Darren O'Reilly

## Photographer

Peter McKay

## Employee of the Quarter

Fiona Dalton

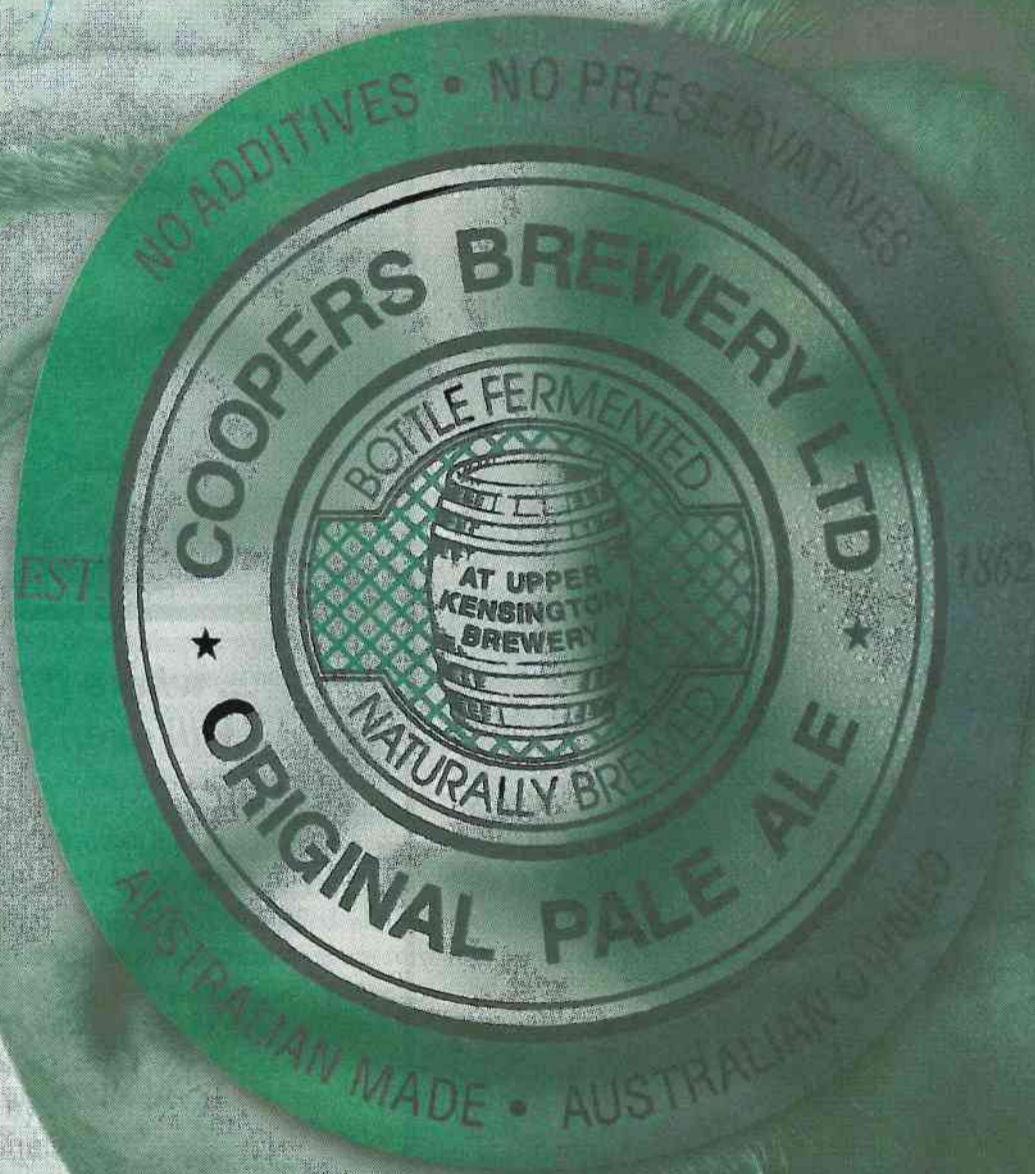
## Printing

Cadillac Printing

## Thanks

Kate Stryker for staying for the long haul, again, Penny for a good call, Jason Bootle, Cath, Jane and Jayne for coming down to proof, Cordial, the Marden Fish and Chip Shop, Mulligrub the indignant Burger Train, Michelle B @ Fringe, the weird bloke who didn't bother us, the Rising Sun for the wallaby shanks, spj5 and Mercedes for sterling work, Kylie for the fridge, the other Cath, giulio cesare for being easily the worst theatre we've ever seen, and the Pultney St Pizza Bar delivery guy for not getting lost.

*On Dit* is produced with Apple Computers



**Pale faced.**

Hand-made by the Cooper family.

[www.coopers.com.au](http://www.coopers.com.au)