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EDITORIAL

At the Students' Association Council meeting on March 15, Councillors Brad Kitschke and Debbie Bletsas presented a copy of proposed changes to the Adelaide University Union Constitution. The Council universally condemned the proposed changes, and immediately passed a motion to that effect.

The proposal has been raised by the Union's Finance and Development Standing Committee. In essence, they remove any real obligation upon the Union to continue funding to their Affiliated Bodies, of which the Students' Association is one, by removing mention of the Affiliates from section 21.2 of the Adelaide University Union (AUU) Constitution. Section 21 deals with the Financial Affairs of the Adelaide University Union.

If the proposed changes were to be ratified by Board and subsequently be passed at Referendum, the Affiliates would no longer be explicitly named in the Constitution and wording would be changed so that the Union *may*, rather than *shall*, fund them. There are two mooted modes of change: one that is minimal and tightens the wording and a larger one (as discussed here) that removes all mention of Affiliates. This has ramifications not just for the SAUA and Clubs, but for the Roseworthy Student Union and Waite Institute students as well. The reasoning behind the proposed changes is clear. The Union CEO, Ian Cannon, has informed *On Dit* that these changes would act as a safeguard for the Union in the event of the introduction of VSU. In addition, they free the Union from certain financial liabilities: if, for example, this newspaper were to be sued and a multi-million dollar judgement be awarded against it, the Union would no longer be liable in any fashion. He also intimated that funding would not change to the Union's Affiliates, just the method would.

This reasoning is sound. What concerns us, however, is the divisive nature of the proposed changes. Surely the Union cannot expect to do anything but alienate its Affiliates via this course of action. Whilst it is clearly not the intention, these proposals could be construed as the Union attempting to divest itself of its Affiliates, and for that reason will be fought against vigorously by those Affiliates.

Students voice Con concern

By Eva O'Driscoll

140 students gathered last week to attend a General Student Meeting, convened to discuss a review into the study of music at Adelaide University. The review recommends that the state's two schools of music, the Flinders Street School of Music (a Government-funded TAFE institution) and the Elder Conservatorium (the Adelaide University's School of Music) be amalgamated into a new entity.

At the Meeting, several speakers raised concerns regarding the review, which was jointly commissioned by the Vice Chancellor of Adelaide University, Mary O'Kane, and the Chief Executive of the Department of Employment Training and Education, Geoff Spring. Students who attended the meeting, which was organised by the Adelaide University Students' Association, were also given the opportunity to question the speakers and raise new issues of concern, as well as discuss courses of action which could be taken in response to the review. Concerns were raised at the Meeting regarding the mechanisms of the review process which was gone through in this instance, and which, according to speaker Stephen Mullighan, SAUA President, were 'not quite the norm'.

Students who attended the Meeting were informed that, after discussions between the Vice Chancellor and the DETE Chief Executive in 1998, in April of 1999 a Steering Committee was assembled of representatives from the University and the State Government. No student representation was involved. In June 1999 a Review Panel was established by the Steering Committee, and its terms of reference were authorised. The job of the Panel, which, according to Mr Mullighan, was comprised of four 'music experts' from interstate, was to look into the amalgamation of the TAFE and University schools of music. On the 24th of September, letters were sent to staff at the Elder Conservatorium of Music and the Flinders Street School of Music, notifying them of the proposed review and inviting submissions, and on the 25th of September an advertisement was placed in the *Advertiser* calling for public comment. Twenty-one responses were received from staff and students, of which fourteen were positive and seven negative. Forty-one responses were received from the public, of which three were positive and thirty-eight were negative. In October 1999, Mr Mullighan stated, the Review Panel visited the two music schools over three days and formulated their recommendations. A final report was prepared and presented back to the Steering Committee, which met over December and February to discuss feedback and recommendations to the Vice Chancellor and the CEO of the Education

Department. On the basis of the recommendations from the Steering Committee, the Vice Chancellor and the CEO of the Department of Education have formulated their own recommendations. These recommendations will be put to, and voted upon by, the Adelaide University Council, at their meeting this Monday (20th March).

Details of the recommendations to be put to Council have not been made available to students.

As noted by Mr Mullighan, this lack of information as to the final recommendations 'leaves many actions that [students may] wish to take in regards to this issue a bit difficult, because we don't have something solid to support or something solid to campaign against'.

Several concerns were raised at the Meeting in regards to some of the initial recommendations made in the Review Panel's report. One such concern was that students would suffer from the proposed location of the new music school off-campus. Seb Henbest, SAUA Education Vice President, argued that 'the problem with moving off campus is that it does segregate music students even more from the rest of the University community ... music students would miss out on a lot of services, a lot of opportunities, and a lot of University life'. Mr Henbest also pointed out that students who were studying a double degree incorporating music may be disadvantaged by having to move between two different locations.

Concerns were also raised regarding the quality of education that students of the combined school would receive. 'What we fear,' stated Mr Henbest, 'is that TAFE courses might become predominant [in the new school] and thus bachelors of music and further degrees will become less and less important and be given less and less resources and time ... We think it's very important that the Uni maintain its degree and higher degree program for the integrity of the music program, and music learning in South Australia'. Recommendation five of the report, which calls for 'a greater use of sessional and part-time staff' as opposed to full-time, tenured positions has, according to Mr Mullighan, been met with dismay by the National Tertiary Education Union, and has prompted concern from Mr Henbest and others that, should this be implemented, students would not have enough contact with their teachers. It was also suggested at the Meeting that this would potentially make it harder to entice good music teachers to the school and might impinge on the quality of teaching they were able and motivated to provide.

Mr Henbest also stated his concern that the new school would not have a faculty structure, and that this

would mean that the University would have less control over the way that music was taught, and that students would not be adequately represented.

Several students raised concerns over the financing of the new school, and Kerryn Hennessey, a third-year music student, pointed out that the minimum figure of \$10 million which the report suggests be allocated for the establishment of the school seems optimistic given that the construction of the Sydney Conservatorium cost \$100 million, and the refurbishment of the Australian Institute of Music cost \$30 million.

Ms Hennessey also expressed concern that 'the government has only committed to [funding the new music school] for five years' and that, given the prevailing trend towards cutting education and Arts funding, at the end of this period the government may no longer wish to fund the school.

A log of claims based on student concerns regarding the proposed Music Review was presented to students at the Meeting and a motion supporting these claims as an accurate representation of student concerns was carried unanimously. This log of claims is to be presented to University Councillors at the Council meeting this Monday (20th March). Concerned students are invited to gather on the Barr Smith Lawns at 1.00, before proceeding to the Council Meeting at two, where it is proposed that one or more ensembles will perform as a demonstration of both student concern and the value of a high standard of musical education.

During the Student Meeting it was pointed out by a student in the audience that October, in which the Review Panel apparently conducted its investigations, is part of the exam period, and not many students would have been available for comment. Another student stated that, if rumours that the amalgamation would begin next year were true, the process seemed very hasty. There seemed to be a general feeling amongst students that they had been kept in the dark in regards to the Review, and that the information that was made available to them was too vague. 'I think it has been too secretive - we haven't really found out much about it' stated Danielle Abraham, a third-year Music Education student who



140 students; two pianos

attended the meeting. 'I've only just heard about it recently,' stated Kate Adams, a third-year Performance student. '[The Review] just seems very wishy washy and doesn't have anything very clear that is productive for us to work with, for or against'. Students seemed to agree that the amalgamation could be beneficial, but that, on the information they were given they had no way of knowing whether or not that would be the case. 'The fact that students can't gain access to certain information is disappointing,' stated Ms Abraham, 'but I think that in the long term it could be a good initiative if it is funded properly, if there is going to be that support behind it, if everything is clear that it will still be a higher education institution'. 'At the moment I can't see a lot of reasons it would benefit us - but that's because there's no real detail - we just don't know' stated Linda Rocci, a third year music Education student.

The Music students which *On Dit* spoke too were happy with the General Student meeting as a whole, describing it as both constructive and informative. 'A lot of valid points were made,' stated Ms Rocchi. The only disappointment cited was that 'it seems a little late - if it had happened earlier, we could have done more, but I think that's how it's going to be with this whole situation' (Ms Abraham). Mr Mullighan was also very happy with the Meeting, stating, 'I think it was very encouraging to see so many students so passionate about an issue which directly concerns them.' Alida Parente, one of the two undergraduate student representatives on University Council, who attended the Meeting as an observer, was also very happy with the opportunity it afforded her to listen to student concerns. 'It was really good to see so many students, and so many vocal students,' she stated. 'I will read the recommendations and obviously take into account what the students have said in regards to the recommendations, but I'm glad that so many students have come out to voice their opinions.'

Here comes a National Day of Action

By Seb Henbest

What's the fuss about corporatisation, deregulation and privatisation?

Three big words huh? Too bloody difficult to say in my opinion, but they are there for a very important reason which affects every single student here on all campuses at Adelaide University. These three words affect us so much, because they affect our primary reason for being at uni, which is our course of study. How would you feel, if you were informed by your course advisor that; 'sorry, but we can no longer offer that subject, it's no longer economically viable for us to do so' or, 'we have a new subject/course all funded by corporation X which will be taught by corporation X along corporation X's own economic agenda - and it's compulsory'. Seems stupid? Nah-hah. Isn't this almost the situation the university faces when it comes to funding?

What is a university and what is its purpose? In my humble opinion a university is a place of learning, a place of scholarly excellence, a place that accommodates the pursuit of knowledge and the questioning of life's important questions. What happens when subjects such as Vietnamese (most recently), are cut from the curriculum because they are no longer economically viable? Or as it seems, the performing arts being less and less a university priority? This information is lost from remaining generations of university graduates. No longer will an Arts student be able to study Vietnamese as part of their degree, we have lost a little bit of knowledge which

helps make up the collective edifice of the university. I also ask the question, how pure is the information we're receiving? Is it non-biased, allowing us to form our own opinions and ideas, a process which can be defined as 'real' learning? Or is it tainted by hidden agendas? Just how firmly attached are the strings of corporate monies? What will a university's fate be in the future if its income is dependent on corporate investment and undertaking corporate research? Is my idealistic view of learning and truth a myth lost beneath the blanket of big business and their conditional pockets?

Many of you will be aware that we didn't always have to pay HECS (initiative of the Labor government) and universities did not always have such low operating grants (initiative of the Liberal government). These are relatively recent phenomena which put both student and university alike in the penny pinching position they are today. Government policy has done sweet FA for education in the last 10 years or so. Are we worth that little? Is the education of our population and the research which enhances our human experiences, insignificant to the elected leaders of this country that courses and subjects must be cut or manipulated, and universities must rely on corporate sponsorship and researching to make ends meet? Are we consumers or students? Are we the market for corporate big business or the light and hope for the future? You make up your own mind.

'What can we do?' I hear you all

shouting. The answer is simple but it is only a beginning.

The NDA on Wednesday 22nd March at 1pm at Parliament House is in direct opposition to the deregulation,

privatisation and corporatisation of universities, and the destructive results this has on students, the academic staff, the university community and the future of this country.

meet on the
barr
smith
lawns
at
12.30pm
on wednesday
22nd march
march to
parliament house
& then on to the
stock exchange
in currie st

come & make your statement against the corporatisation, deregulation & privatisation of universities which has caused the impending closure of the vietnamese school & forced a potentially damaging review on the music school

n d a

national day of action

Politics or pints?

By Georgie Hambrook

Your Student Union: should the focus be politics or pints?

Having encountered writer's block, this scribe decided in desperation to have a squiz at what other student associations get up to.

My superficial sojourn took me to ANU and Oxford.

The question of politics versus pints vexes many a student representative body, if not so many students. Take, for example, the Oxford University Student Union (OUSU).

Evidently, the student union Vice-President is testing the theories in *How to Make Friends and Influence People*. As explained by the Oxford University's student rag, *The Oxford Student* (no prizes for originality, guys), Jason Dorsett launched a mother of a broadside against his Union President, Anneliese Dodds, by condemning her organisation of recent campaigns against the hikes in tuition fees.

These protests culminated in a 3 day occupation of the University's ad-

ministrative offices.

At the most recent OUSU Council meeting, the 'combative' Dorsett declared that 'OUSU exists to represent and promote the interests of Oxford students.' However, he believes that OUSU's ability to achieve its objectives have been 'hampered by the refusal of most people involved in student politics to pragmatically engage with the sincere and principled individuals who run this University.'

Reflecting on the occupation of the administrative offices he said that 'only those students who sit on University Committees will appreciate how much this has cost students this year' in terms of the relationship between the Union and the University's management.

Moreover, he continued, there is a widely held perception that OUSU concerns itself with issues that are not strictly relevant. Examples that have recently been cited include OUSU Council's condemnation of

the Austrian Freedom Party. It is not unusual for Council to pass motions regarding the political situation in other countries.

Students' opinions about OUSU are diverse. One anonymous student declared 'OUSU takes itself far too seriously.' Another added 'some activists jump on the bandwagon just to get their names in the papers.' But others believe that OUSU should be more heavily involved in campaigning, one student observing that 'Oxford is at the centre of the fees debate and direct action is of principal importance for our Student Union if it wants to be noticed nationally.'

Meanwhile, the good folk at the ANU Students' Association are pursuing a decidedly idealistic streak. They want to mix politics and pints. Sort of. Certainly, they are adamant that they can influence university management.

The ANUSA's current project is a Students' Charter. Don't laugh. It's

a noble idea.

The Charter will be a 'comprehensive list of claims that the Students' Association is pledging to work towards' for the remainder of the year. It will list the things that students want the University to change, as well as initiatives that students want the Students' Association to undertake.

The Association's President is currently inviting submissions on course structures, reprioritisation of University funding, more services in the Students' Association and better welfare and support services on campus (legal aid for instance), and, like as not, Frozen Coke in the Mayo Refectory.

The Charter will be followed by a petition in support of its contents. And the Association fully anticipates an end of year party 'to celebrate our success in achieving the goals of students within the University and the Students' Association.' Well, good luck to you.

Equal opportunity vs quality of opportunity

By Georgie Hambrook

What's equality of opportunity without quality of opportunity?

First, equality of opportunity. I was interested to read a column by recently retired UA equal opportunity director, Dr Kay Rollison, last week. She is of the view that universities' commitment to equality of opportunity is nothing more than lip service - something to be complied with 'because they thought they had to' (courtesy of anti-discrimination and equal opportunity legislation).

Although Dr Rollison didn't name names it would not be stretching credulity to suppose that she was talking from experience. She expresses the view that university management has always been less than committed to principles of equity and social justice believing the pursuit to be 'a waste of time and money'. Moreover, she asserts that the equity practitioners have to take some blame for this state of affairs by resorting to talking the management's talk and increasingly, walking the management's walk, rather than promoting equal opportunity as being 'good in its own right'. She concludes: 'We knew they [management] didn't really

share our agenda and had to be cajoled into tolerating us. But what we didn't reckon on was that management would move in directions so destructive to equal opportunity'.

And, onto issues concerning both equality of opportunity and quality of opportunity. Last week, a parliamentary inquiry into Rural Australians found that the lack of government assistance for rural students forced to live away from home for their schooling was a 'national disgrace', and called on the federal government to give more funds for rural and remote students to help them stay on at school and university.

The Report stated that 'It is not just isolated students living in remote areas who are disadvantaged, but also students living in regional areas who are forced to travel and live away from home in order to further their education... This has been an ongoing problem for many generations.' According to 1998 DETYA figures, rural Australians participate in higher education at only two thirds the participation rate of urban Australians.

Of great concern was the decline in

participation rates at regional universities, which are now well behind that of city slickers. Distance, cost and lack of infrastructure and services were the main reasons cited. The Report opined that the unique nature of regional universities and their efforts to concentrate on local students and regional industries was not properly recognised in funding policies.

The committee called for a review of the formula for regional universities' funding which would recognise their importance to local areas. It also urged the government to change the Youth Allowance criteria to double the discount for farm and business assets under the family assets test for rural students. However, the day after this Report was received by the Parliament the Government and the Labor Party conspired to vote down Democrat proposals to increase Austudy and Youth Allowance access for regional and rural Australians. Also voted down was an amendment seeking to lower the age of independence for Austudy and Youth Allowance from the current 25 years to 21 years.

The Government's reasoning for

rejecting concessions to rural students is unknown, and comes despite heavy recent pressure from the National Farmers' Federation imploring the Government to fulfill its 1996 election promise (evidently 'non-core') to increase the discount for farm assets from 50% to 75%. As to age of independence, a government spokesperson pointed to its forthcoming GST relief for families supporting students, which lobs in at a grand \$50 per fortnight. Which of course pales into insignificance against the independent study allowance of \$270.30 per fortnight (which is hardly conducive to independence in any event).

The Labor Party's reasoning for rejecting the amendments - despite being part of the Rural Assistance Report's majority - is also unknown. But it makes all their recent platitudes about the importance of education (courtesy of Michael Lee) sound very empty indeed.

Source: Kay Rollison, 'The cost of equity on campus: After fifteen years, have universities lost sight of what equal opportunities are all about?' *The Age, Education Supplement*, 15 March 2000.



SAUA Roundup

Another fortnight of giggles in SAUA land, as everyone settles nicely into the year.

SAUA Council has established a Policy Review Committee. Its *raison d'être* seems a little vague at this stage, but I suspect it may have something to do with, well, reviewing SAUA policy. Part, one thinks, of the continuing attempts to develop a cogent strategic plan for the Association, which is all rather noble. Still, will this *uber*-committee prevent some areas of review from ever actually reaching Council? You tell me. Besides, if there's one thing a student politician enjoys, it's a

good caucus.

Interesting, too, to see that one Councillor chose to express dissent at the establishment and make-up of the PRC. Why, we wonder?

Stephen Mullighan, erstwhile SAUA Prez, has now got himself a position on UniBooks Board, courtesy of the fact that the only person to apply in opposition to him withdrew their nomination. Hopefully he will keep Council informed of any proposed changes, such as the opening of a music section on the premises to replace the doomed Uni Records.

A brief perusal of the Club's Page in this week's edition will take you

straight to mention of a new club: The Education Collective. Apparently this is the brainchild of some of the good folk from Resistance, who have been talking to the EVP about it for some time. Unable to devote the time to it to do the idea justice, Seb Henbest has let Resistance 'set it up for him', to use his own words. I'm sure they'll do a bang-up job, but is this really that wise? Surely this leaves the Collective open to being hijacked by our socialist friends. Perhaps that is why it is being set up through the Clubs' Association, not the SAUA: much easier to wash one's hands of

it that way.

The fall-out of the drag debacle continues, with NUSSA refusing to make an apology for their actions. Nevertheless, they did pass a motion committing to repairing the damage done and establishing closer ties in the future. Your Councillors replied in kind.

All very warm and fuzzy, but what is it honestly worth? Will factional bickering allow any good to be done? We'll see.

Time, then, to draw breath and wait for the real fun: the aftermath of Orientation. The budgets are in; let the laughs begin.

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Light on the hill?

By Mercedes Dumptruck

Who says the Coalition isn't into political correctness?

I mean, sure, there's been a certain amount of tolerance extended in the matter of 14-year-old black kids getting slung into the slammer for daring Tipp-Ex thefts, but there is another legitimate minority group whose arse is being comprehensively smooched by the Government.

These are the people referred to in hushed terms by National Party MPs as "rool and regional Austrayans" and whose image is invoked, these days, on every issue from shopping hours to pornography.

Last week there was a tussle within the Coalition on one of the most disturbing elements of the Australian legal system, viewed as a whole - the Northern Territory's mandatory sentencing laws which remove judicial discretion on sentencing, juveniles included, with the result that custodial sentences will be doled out for the most ludicrous of offences.

The argument over whether the Federal Government should intervene to override these laws was a bit of a test for the Prime Minister, who not so long ago had no hesitation in romping in to squash the NT's voluntary euthanasia legislation.

You'd think this sort of highly emotive issue, which pitched damper elements of the Liberal Party like eastern suburbs Adelaide MP Chris Pyne directly against the Prime Minister's massed forces, would generate some public tensions.

But mandatory sentencing was quite a contained debate.

No, the fur didn't start flying among Coalition MPs until one of them actually dared to question the plight of "rool and regional Austrayans".

Ross Cameron, the member for Parramatta and an otherwise low-profile, all-purpose prat type who specialises in dumb points-of-order during Question Time, said farmers shouldn't expect the rest of Australia to underwrite their forays into an occupation totally dependent on good weather and favourable world commodity prices.

"The idea that you can load up a package of sweeteners for the bush and then sort of dispense them out across a vast continent that is 70 per cent desert and hope you're going to make some fundamental change I think has got whiskers on it," he said.

Well, of course it was like he'd announced a month's worth of pogroms in Jerusalem.

One WA Liberal described Mr Cameron's intervention as 'the worst of middle-class suburbia Australia, combined with a spoiled brat who doesn't know what he's talking about'.

Another described him as a 'typical city slicker', and the patch-up job went to poor old deputy Prime Minister John Anderson, whose preposterously clean-cut good looks always seem to give him the air of a man trying to scuff up his moleskins for appearances' sake.

The sight of a bunch of grown adults milling around and desperately pretending to be interested in sheep-dip and shootin' is always a pathetic one.

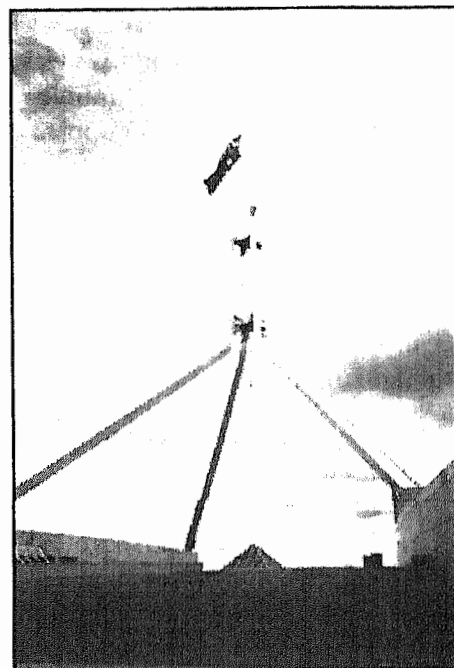
And the Howard Government's obsession with rool and regional Austraya is truly weird.

One one hand, they want to sell off the rest of Telstra, which might be a good idea in and of itself but does sort of mean that the irritating and expensive jobs like providing a single phone line to some isolated ostrich farmer living 500km from East Buttfuck become the responsibility of private enterprise, which is notorious for not being keen on tracking around where it's hot and nasty and getting bitten by snakes.

On the other hand, they want to use the proceeds from said Telstra sale for rebuilding rural areas and compensating them for not having phones by paying for them to retrain as Copperart technicians and macrame consultants.

Either way, every one of these issues has to be approached with the appropriate disclaimer 'respecting and honouring' the contributions of rool and regional Austrayans.

It's just a pity that squabbling over who respects and honours them most is what took up the Coalition's time last week.



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In the clash of ideologies where do you stand?

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48	No funding for private education	48	Sterilise all sex-crazed single mothers	48
46	No uranium mining	46	George W Bush Jr - soft on crime	46
44	Disarmament now	44	Give Australia first strike nuclear capability against New Zealand	44
42	Expand social security	42	Kakadu would make a nice rocket range or at least driving range...	42
40	Increase financial aid to the Third World	40	Third World? They're all dirty foreigners aren't they?	40
38	Free Tertiary education	38	Up front \$30000 fees now	38
36	Ban sexual harassment	36	Convert Uluru into a waterslide for businessmen...	36
34	Raise upper tax bracket to 80%	34	...and change its name to Fischer rock	34
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30	Adopt a non-aligned foreign policy	30	Uncle Sam is your friend	30
28	Maintain sanctions against India	28	Support Shell into Nigeria campaign now	28
26	Raise company tax to 50%	26	Company tax-a flat 5%	26
24	Declare Australia a republic	24	Australia was better off as a colony	24
22	Decriminalise all non-prescribed drugs	22	Decriminalise all drugs-the market will sort it out	22
20	Free health care	20	Encourage people into private health by halting health funding	20
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Uncle Joe:
Revisionist scum

- 18 Defend multiculturalism
- 16 Increase funding to the arts
- 14 Abortion on demand
- 12 Don't vote Liberal
- 10 Crean is the only realistic option
- 8 Raise minimum wage
- 6 Support child care
- 4 Encourage collective bargaining
- 2 Support deferred payment user-pays education

The
Loony
Left

VOTE
DUNKEY

The
Crazy
Right



Uncle Adolf:
Revisionist scum

Adventures in Scientology

By Linley Henzell

The Adelaide branch of the Church of Scientology is an odd little office tucked away in Waymouth St, near the Central Market. For years I've been walking past it, each time noticing its offer of "free personality and IQ testing" and intending to one day see what it's all about. For years I've been putting it off, until one hot summer afternoon when holiday boredom conspired with the need for something to write about and sent me up those stairs and into a very strange world indeed.

First, what is Scientology? It isn't a faculty here at the U of A, and neither is it a slightly fringe denomination of Christianity ("Christian Science" is another thing entirely). It is one of the world's newest religions, revealed during the 1950s and 60s by hack science-fiction writer L. Ron Hubbard and now professed by millions of people around the world - including celebrities such as Tom Cruise, Nicole Kidman and John Travolta - while raking in a lot of money (tax-free in some jurisdictions).

According to Church documents, aeons ago the galactic space warlord Xenu used 'DC8' space planes to deposit millions of his defeated opponents (soul-like entities known as 'thetans') on a then uninhabited Earth. These thetans existed alongside 'Man' as he evolved, picking up various psychological problems along the way. Modern humans (sorry, 'men') are composed of both our biological entities and our thetans, which are still suffering from millions of years worth of neuroses. Scientology aims to fix its members' thetans so that they can live normal, happy lives.

New converts to the faith are not hit with this forbidden knowledge right away. They need to make their ways through increasingly expensive stages of development aimed at removing their thetan's 'engrams', or repressed memories of past unpleasant experiences, before they're ready to know The Truth. And only the Church of Scientology's qualified 'auditors' can guide them through this process.

Not everyone likes these people. Professional psychological organisations regularly condemn the 'auditing' procedure by which Church members' engrams are treated, and groups of ex-members and detractors take great pleasure in observing the absurdities and inconsisten-

cies of Church doctrines and the uncompromising nature of its recruiting techniques. The Report of the Board of Enquiry into Scientology, written by Kevin Anderson QC and published in 1965 by the Victorian government, is quite candid.

'Scientology is evil; its techniques evil; its practice a serious threat to the community, medically, morally and socially; and its adherents sadly deluded and often mentally ill.'

He said it, not me. While these days it's difficult to find a public servant

could not agree to 'strict discipline'. After completing the OCA, I was given the 'Novis' intelligence test. This involved sitting down for 30 minutes and answering questions like:

A child does not always have:
(a) eyes (b) nose (c) toys (d) lung (e) mouth

Yes, that really does say 'lung'. Maybe Thalidomide hadn't happened when Mr Hubbard wrote this particular question, because my answer of (c) did not prevent me from achieving an overall score considered in the 'genius' range. Wow.

After feeding my test results into some kind of computer, the testing guy took me into a little room to discuss my personality and IQ. Although I was quite clever, apparently, I suffered from some rather severe personality problems. Something was keeping me from reaching my full potential as a human being. My auditor asked if it was drugs or substance abuse (probably prompted by the 'Occupation: Student' line I filled out on the answer form), but no, that couldn't be it - I consider my grasp on reality to be tenuous enough without putting weird things into my brain. Had I had any recent emotional traumas? Difficult relationship break-ups? Were my 'slow eating' and vulnerability to 'noises off' playing havoc with my ability to interact normally with others?

Not really.

I began to notice a certain pattern in the auditor's analysis. All of my deficient character traits were caused by something, whatever, holding me back - if only I could confront and get rid of these things, I could be made well. Subtext: you need treatment. From people like us.

A visit to www.xenu.net confirmed my suspicions - it is apparently almost impossible to complete the OCA in such a way that you don't appear to be a total failure as a person. And, surprise, surprise, a number of professional psychologists who have looked at the test regard it to be of no practical diagnostic use.

So I can rest assured that I'm probably not as comprehensively neurotic as L. Ron says I am. Of course, I wouldn't like to see what this treatment would do to someone with a genuine personality problem - being told that you've been scientifically confirmed as a complete loser is not a particularly pleasant experience.

It was here that I was expecting to be bombarded with promotional literature and warnings that, without treatment, my difficulties would plague me forever. But none of that happened; in fact, after mildly suggesting that I check out a copy of Hubbard's book Dianetics (the bible for novice Scientologists) in the North Terrace lending library, my auditor led me out of the auditing room and said goodbye. Certainly none of the expected hard-sell brainwashing-like stuff happened, which left me a little dissatisfied. But now I know.



Scientologists are pretty keen on lines

willing to speak so frankly, there are a lot of other people around who don't think much of Scientology and its legions of followers. If you're interested in finding out more, have a look at the "Operation Clambake" web site (there is a particularly amusing story behind this name) at www.xenu.net.

It was in the light of this knowledge that I wandered into the Church in search of spiritual truth. The inside of the office was weird: posters proclaiming the basic tenets of Scientology and the institutional structure of its church hung around a large room containing a TV set (playing a tape of a Scientological sermon from the US) and a huge brass bust of the religion's founder. After greeting the receptionist I was led to a desk, where I sat down and began the Oxford Capacity Analysis personality test. Contrary to what the name suggests, this test has nothing to do with Oxford university - it was designed and published by Scientologists, and contains some quite odd questions. Here are some examples, all verbatim:

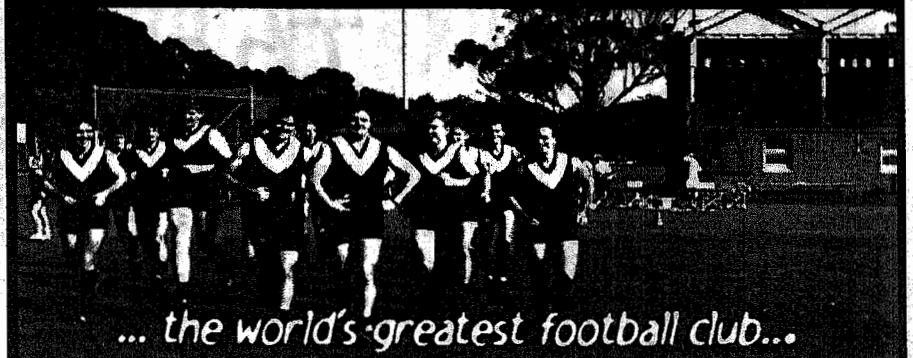
Do children irritate you?
Are you a slow eater?
Are you usually undisturbed by 'noises off' when you are trying to rest?
Could you agree to 'strict discipline'?

I did my best to answer the questions more or less truthfully (no, I

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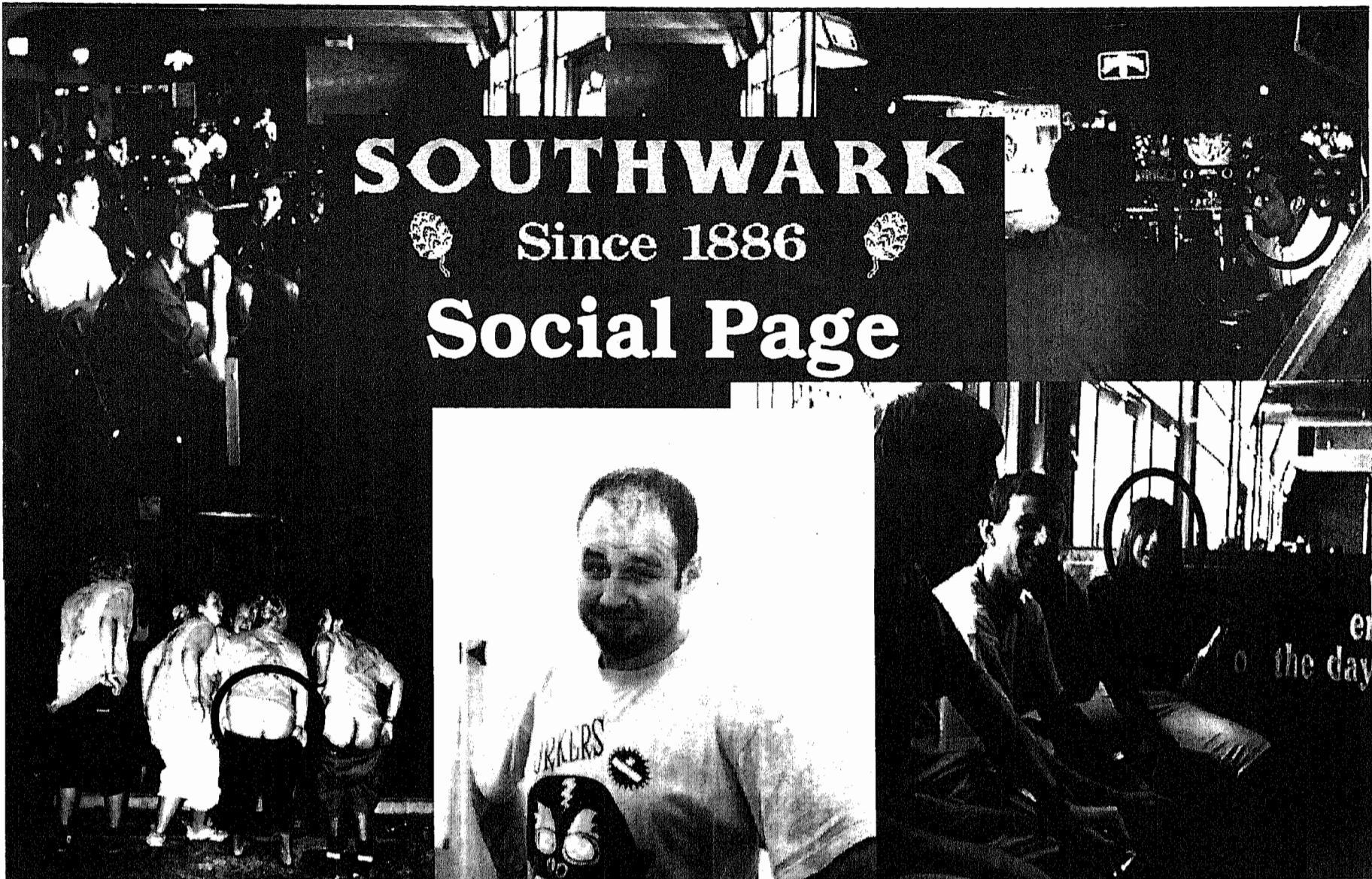


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Social Page



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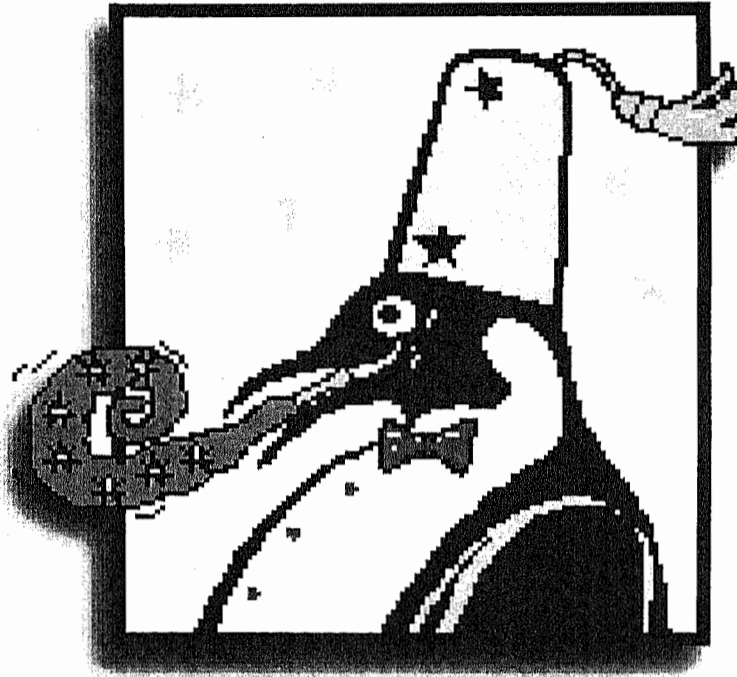


Tell us about it. You'll feel better.

By Kate

Hey there. Ever accidentally turned on a porn video (it really was an accident, we didn't know it was in there), whilst your house mate's very uptight conservative parents looked on in abject horror? Ever had a house mate that was a little bit *too* Catholic spend the night curled up in the foetal position chanting Hail Mary's in your other house mate's room because he could hear two *women* (of which I was *not* one, dammit) having sex across the hall, and then cry on your shoulder about it, only to discover that you too are one of 'them lesbians'? Or maybe you were at the Crown and Anchor one night, and doing something that you bloody well shouldn't have been doing, and didn't get kicked out because the bouncer didn't believe you would do such a thing, what with you being dressed so nice an' all. Or have you ever had a house mate discover his allergy to certain types of lubricant at a particularly inappropriate time, in a particularly violent and painful, yet rather humorous fashion? I know, surely you've gotten

plastered at oh, I dunno, a Christmas lunch or something, and then loudly regaled to everyone within earshot (including parents, grandparents, and your uncle, otherwise known as Fr Ted) an embarrassing



sexual story with all the poise of a pissed penguin. Fantastic. Write it down. This my dear readers, is a call to arms. Preferably arms that are in the immediate vicinity of either a pen or a keyboard. You'll notice this week in the letters page

that one of our fine readers, who prefers not to give his real name, and shall therefore be referred to by myself as 'complete and utter spineless bastard', is complaining about the content of our fine rag. Well people, we need your input, particularly in this section, to make *On Dit* all it can be. The Campus Lifestyle section was developed with the intent to provide useful tidbits for students, particularly those on a limited budget like myself, along the lines of cheap booze, cheap eats, freebies, and the like. It was also intended to be funny if at all possible. So we want stories and anecdotes, be they real or imagined, we're not picky, as long as it's funny. Everyone has humorous stories that they tend to retell over and over again after having a few, I know I certainly do.

You know, things like the really good ideas you have whilst under the influence, and how they turned out, and anybody who has ever lived in a share-housing type situation must have a thousand stories about lunatic house mates and their antics. That's what we're after. Otherwise you're going to continue to get the kind of crap I spew out, along the lines of 'One bourbon, one scotch, one beer' (which obviously wasn't particularly funny was it 'complete and utter spineless bastard who wouldn't know humour if it pissed on him from a great height and then fell on him'), and I know you don't want that now, do you. I'm a sub-editor, not a writer, so get your arses into gear and get something down to us at the *On Dit* office. We also want reviews of pubs, restaurants, and general cheap shit available to poor students. So if you go to a good cheap pub, or restaurant, tell us about it, help your fellow students out, you rotten buggers. I am currently in the process of setting up a list of the best happy hours in town, and it would be a much quicker process with a little help from you guys and gals, because, if nothing else, even I have to drink a non-alcoholic beverage once in a while.

Beer Lines: Headstart

By Tony Jones, Southwark Chief brewer

What is it about beer that we all enjoy? No doubt that friendly buzz from the, albeit comparatively moderate, alcohol content has much to do with its popularity. However, for the knowledgeable beer drinker, there is so much more to the enjoyment of downing a cold one. In this convenience age we often drink straight from the bottle, or worse yet the can. But, have you ever wondered why that cold schooner (or was it a pint), that you savoured in the Uni Bar with a couple of mates, seemed so much better? Well the truth is that beer drinking is an act that should involve more than one of your senses. Why should those taste buds have all the fun? Much of the satisfaction in drinking a beer comes from visual experience. Truly great beers have long been judged by the quality of their foam. Brewers refer to this as the head of the beer. Have you noticed the delicate lacework pattern that is left down the side of the glass, marking the consumption of each mouthful? This is known as the 'lacing' and to brewers is the hallmark of a top class beer. When we drink from a bottle or can we don't see this, and lose a part of the beer experience. Brewing a beer that has a good head is the result of

careful attention to the type and quality of hops and malt used and careful control in the handling of beer in the brewery. You can put in all the right ingredients to create a good head and then stuff it up by rough handling. Man, how many of us know that! Every time a beer is moved in the brewery there is the chance of creating excessive foam that won't go back into solution, so gentle treatment is essential. But not all of the care must be taken in the brewery. How you treat the glassware is equally important. Always hand wash beer glasses with warm water and then rinse thoroughly with clean water before allowing draining, and then air-drying. Never, never, never use rinse aids. These are great to get a sparkle on wine glasses, but the residue they leave on the glass will cut your head off in seconds. The pouring technique is also critical, whether out of the tap or out of the bottle. Both rely on creating a head with a vigorous initial pour, then bringing the head to the top with a gentle finish. Let the beer hit the base of the glass for the first third of the fill then run down the side of the glass in a more gentle fashion to the brim. The glass should be clean and free of

scratches. Don't expect to see a continuous stream of bubbles during consumption. While this looks great on one of those illuminated bubbling glasses you see in pubs, it isn't the way a good beer should look. If a beer needs to continually bubble to keep its head, it hasn't been properly handled. Finally, don't serve your beer too cold. The ideal temperature is between one and four degrees. If it's too cold it will pour like tea and tend to deaden your taste buds and you miss out

on both the flavour and visual appeal of downing a great beer. And you wouldn't want that now, would you?



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Sister Heidi turns carny

By Sister Heidi of the Van



Roo? A national symbol & tasty too!

Entree - Pork Satays

Serves 4 (obviously the other white meat can be substituted)

Under no circumstances buy ready made satay sauce, it is so easy to make and so yummy that you'll make heaps and have it in the fridge all the time.

450g lean pork (you can use chicken or beef but if you are doing this with the roo pork would be better) Go to the Asian supermarkets with butcher attached - best pork and best price.

Marinade

8-10 tablespoons coconut milk
up to 1 tablespoon of red curry paste

1 tablespoon fish sauce

1-2 tablespoons palm sugar (from the same Asian supermarket. If you can't find it ask, if you can't find it use brown sugar)

Sauce

4 heaped tablespoons crunchy peanut butter

150ml coconut cream

2 garlic cloves, chopped

1 tablespoon palm sugar

2 tablespoons fish sauce
fresh chilli, chopped (1-2 is good - more if you like it hotter)

1 kaffir lime leaf, chopped finely

Soak some wooden skewers in water for 2 hours (it prevents them from burning). Slice your pork into long strips, no thicker than 2.5cm. Combine the marinade ingredients and marinate the meat for at least 4 hours.

Weave each strip of meat onto a skewer. It's small, use 2 strips. To make your satay sauce, put everything into the saucepan and bring to boil gently. Pour into bowl, and serve hot.

Grill or BBQ your sticks until cooked.

Put all the satays in the middle, satay sauce on the side. I serve this with chunks of cucumber and

Impress all your snobby friends with this dinner party for 4 - it's meaty, but cheap - and remember, the more you do beforehand, the better. All you need is an excuse and some time to once again toddle to the market.

Remember, candles around the room and flowers from the garden - or your neighbour's. Have lots of glasses on hand. A jug of iced water and serviettes, borrow good ones from your mum, or again I have found great kitsch sets at the op-shop (saves paper too).

I have included dessert - go to the trouble, it really makes the difference.

wedges of lemon. If your friends are like mine, make extra.

Main - Roo steaks, capsicum relish & mash

Serves 4. I have served this for a group of wine dicks at an important wine dinner. I made a fortune! Hee Hee. It's cheap to make and goes well with red. Now with the roo steaks go to the roo shop in the Central Market. Its down the small arcade next to Lucia's. It is here where the roo is both fresh and cheap. The roo people are not particularly happy with their lot. As I say, smile and the whole world will smile with you; even these hard to please guys. When you buy your steaks ask them to butterfly them and flatten them to about 1.5cm. If they won't, don't worry, get them home, put them between some Glad Wrap and flatten them with a rolling pin.

Ingredients

4 red capsicum

1 tablespoon oil

1 red onion, finely sliced

2 cloves garlic, finely chopped

1/2 tsp chopped ginger

1 small chilli, finely chopped (take out seeds)

3 tablespoons raisins or sultanas

2 tablespoons brown sugar

4 tablespoons red wine vinegar or normal

a splash or to (to taste) of red wine

4 x 200g approx kangaroo steaks (from the loin, sinew removed)

500g sweet potatoes

50g unsalted butter

200g snowpeas

salt and pepper

Relish

With tongs, hold the capsicums one at a time over a naked flame until black and blistered all over. If you have electric, put the capsicums in the oven on a baking tray until black or blistered. The secret then is to put them in a plastic bag for 10 minutes. This makes it easy to peel the skin off. Wash away the charred skins under running water. Cut the flesh into strips.

Heat the oil in a saucepan and sweat

the onion, garlic, ginger and chilli until soft. add the capsicums, raisins, sugar and vinegar, and simmer. Stir occasionally. You want a jam-like consistency. Remove from heat and store in refrigerator.

Mash

Preheat oven to 180 degrees.

Roast the sweet potatoes for 1 hour.

Cut the cooked potatoes in half, cut off or peel and mash the flesh with

butter, salt and pepper. Keep warm

on the top of the stove. Preheat your

grill or BBQ. Season the steaks, then

grill them for about 1-2 minutes on

each side. Trust me here, roo is

much better rare: 1 minute on each

side only for this Sister. Then put

them somewhere warm and blanch

the snowpeas in boiling salted

water. Have your plates warm and

ready, place mash on the bottom

then put snowpeas on top of that

then put the steak on top Put your

relish half on steak with some

coming down the side, just like in a

restaurant. Have some crusty bread

on a chopping board on the table

with unsalted butter to mop up the

residue if desired.

Dessert - Horny Chocolate

This is easy, just follow the instructions carefully. It comes from a couple of trendy English chefs, I've simplified it as much as possible, you just need the right equipment so borrow, beg or steal it.

Horny Chocolate

This makes heaps but you will want it all. Advice time here - make one before the big night so you know what you're doing. It is served cold so you can make it the same afternoon and store.

675 g bitter chocolate cut into pieces or broken

350 g unsalted butter cold and cut into cubes

9 eggs

That's all the ingredients.

Preheat oven to 220 degrees,

butter a 30 x 5cm cake tin and line

it with greaseproof paper. Grab a

pan and half fill with water. You

need a metal bowl that will sit on

top of the saucepan without touch-

ing the water. Boil the water, put

the chocolate and butter in bowl

and put over the saucepan, stir

until combined and smooth (not

oily), remove the bowl carefully

with teatowel and cool a little.

Using the same method, put eggs in

metal bowl, put on top simmering

water. Hold the bowl with a

teatowel and beat the eggs until they

start to thicken. Remove from heat

and beat until soft peaks form.

Gently put half the egg mixture into

the melted chocolate mixture,

combine gently then add the rest of

the egg mixture and combine

gently.

Pour this into your cake tin and

cover the tin with a piece of foil that

you have rubbed with some butter.

Get a baking dish with sides and

put in the caketin. Now carefully

fill the baking tray with very hot

water up to the rim of the caketin,

Very carefully place in oven, cook

for 5 minutes, then remove the foil

and bake for a further 10 minutes

until it looks just set.

Take out of oven, lift your cake tin

out of the water, the chocolate will

continue to set while it is cooling.

When cool turn onto plate. Serve

chunks with cream or icecream, or

with strawberries (my personal favourite).

Tip: Oven temperatures vary so experiment.

Firebomb the bastards

Help write the lifestyle section of On Dit.
Come in with reviews of pubs, clubs etc, funny stories,
anecdotes, disaster stories or leave a note for our
campus lifestyle sub-editor Kate Stryker.
You know you wanna.

The disgruntled public,

Catering questions continue

Dear Editors,

Janak Mayer, our Union President, would have us believe that under the new Rules adopted for our Union there is no hint of 'privatisation' moves for catering, and not a whiff of two-year terms for Union Board members. As I understand things, the newly constituted peak catering committee has three non-student 'experts' on it. Why do we employ management if not to provide the advice that these experts have? And on the committee, all members (including the 'experts') will have two year residencies.

So what if the student members cease their studies, or fail to be re-elected to Union Board? Will their term on the committee be cut short? The two-year-terms-for-board-members line, pushed by Janak's 'political' grouping several times in the past, has always been rejected at referendum by the Student Body. It was always justified by its proponents to be necessary to have two year terms to provide the expertise through experience which the catering division requires for its profitable existence. Is Union board keeping its cake and eating it too? Anyway, was glad to see that the new rules provide for the President to 'interpret' the words, punctuation, etc of the constitution as a matter of course. Obviously, all those changes he got us to vote for the last couple of years didn't clean up the constitution like Janak told us they would.

Yours Truly,

Redd

Wills v Mayo Refecs

Dear Eds,

With the dubious state of Union Catering at present - in particular the Mayo - I have come to the conclusion that the only place to eat is the Wills. Not only does it have the chips/wedges action that can be found in the Mayo, as well as the chocolate bars, drinks, etc ..., it also has the added attraction of yiros and spectacular burgers with the lot (just ask for extra bacon). Shorter lines and comfy couches only add to the whole Wills experience. All these factors, however, are eclipsed by the incredibly spunky girls that work there. The Wills girls are funky! I am quite happy to pay the exorbitant prices and wait 20 mins for my falafel if it means I can be served by those babes with a friendly smile, some witty banter and a fantastic sense of humour. Eating at the Wills is a pleasure! The

serves of chips and wedges are more generous than those served by the dried up old women in the Mayo. Take my advice people and relocate your mid/morning arvo (sic) snack venue to the fabulous Wills. You won't regret it!

From an AVID Wills fan

Lee Harmer

PS My female friends assure me that a certain Michael who works in the Gallery is also a bit of alright.

Ned from Union Board speaks out

Fellow students,

Many of you are no doubt wondering what has been happening on Union Board since the chaos of student elections last year, well here is my update.

One of my central election promises last year was for students to have greater access and input into the running of their Union. One form of input nominated was for discussion forums to be held once a term. Since my term on board begun (sic) it has become apparent that it is important that the Union have a more proactive approach towards student input. For this reason it is important that a greater range of options be considered. The possibility of the Union running a survey of its members in the near future has been raised with the Union President, Janak Mayer, who has indicated support. I will present a detailed proposal to Union board at its next meeting and although I have been slow to act on my original promise I remain committed to achieving it.

I know a number of students find the decision to change to Pepsi questionable. I have discussed the decision with Chris Crichton, the Commercial Manager, and I believe he was acting in the best interest of students. Coke wished to force another price increase on the Union and was abusing the Monopoly (sic) it held on campus. The decision to change over to Pepsi is an important step in ensuring none of the Union's food and beverage suppliers attempts to rip off students in the future. I hope students will appreciate the intentions of this change. Coke is still available upon request in a number of the Union's outlets but is more expensive than Pepsi.

The Union's Commercial Operation figures came in at a \$46,726 loss for last year (this is a preliminary figure which may increase/decrease once auditing is completed). I know many students will be shocked to hear these results which came after a very bad result for December.

These results, although still unacceptable, are a significant improvement over previous year's (sic) losses which were in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. One approach to reducing losses during off-time in the future that I support is expanding revenue from conferences/functions. I believe that the Union's Commercial Operations should be running at least at revenue neutral and I won't rest until this is achieved. In the future, once the results stabilise, I hope that the Union can provide a 10% discount for members at its catering outlets. I have, no doubt, raised a number of issues which will stir up debate and I look forward to reading your responses. I should point out that this letter purely relates to my point of view on the issues and is not necessarily the official view of the Union.

Ned Moorfield
Union Board of Directors
Chairman of Union Activities

NUSSA v SAUA: A students perspective

Dear Editor,

While I do find the antics of our student politicians highly amusing I am saddened that there are such divisions between the students which have been elected to represent us all. Of course it is important that an individual or a representative group stands true to its policies and be able to voice their concerns when issues arise. It appears however that personal slanging matches are occurring within the letters pages of *On Dit*. Perhaps *On Dit* could include a supplement pull-out section where the student

politicians could each week rebuff the statement of others made the previous week.

Having attended an NUS conference last year I saw first-hand the politics involved with student representation. Rather than working positively through differences so that effective representation can occur, personal ego trips override. I am also a little concerned that my student representative (NUSSA president) would relate the degree of a protest to a mans penis 'I believe them to be a legitimate form of protest, and a pretty soft-cock one at that'. Good Grief!! Perhaps our NUSSA Womens Officer could educate him on these matters.

Are these the people we entrust our student fees to?

Stephanie Lambert
Oenology, Waite

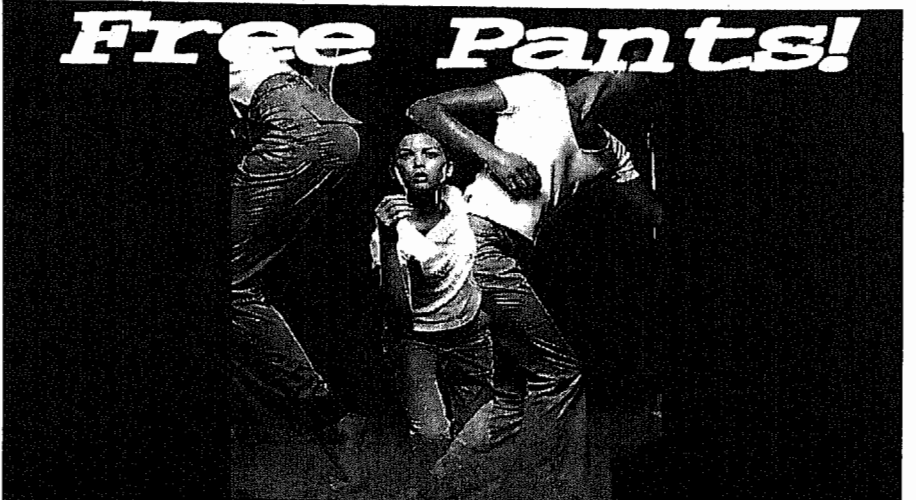
The Return of Brown Bottle

Dear Eds,

I would like to share my anger at all those people who have been complaining about the GST price rises. While many of them may have reason to complain, they are only thinking of them selves. What we need to do is complain about something that affects all of us - alcohol. As an alcoholic, the GST is not only going to hit me in a price rise in July, but it's happening now too! The excise has gone up, and I'm paying five cents more a beer. After twenty beers, that's a whole dollar more - almost enough to buy half a beer! It's ridiculous, the government has no consideration for us alcho's!

(alcoholic) anonymous

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 embarassing dating/pants story. It was a cack and monster easy.

If you love pants giz it a go. Apparently they have five pairs left.

Alana 19, in the middle doing the chicken dance

The curious public

UMAT is alright, Seb

Dear editors

An interesting study once asked medical students two questions: Firstly (sic), to predict who in their class would get the best results in their final exams and secondly, which of their colleagues they would refer their mother to. This survey was conducted under the old system of purely academic entry into medicine and not surprisingly very few of the people that appeared on the first list were also on the referral list. It is clear that medical students value (sic) other than high academic achievement when it comes to choosing the best doctors.

In his article 'The great Med School lottery' the Education Vice-President (sic), Seb Henbest, swallows the propaganda of Graziotti and Prendville whole. The article that Seb quotes attempts to find flaws in the UMAT (Undergraduate Medical Admissions Test). It's a shame that he could not have found statistics or information that relevant to this particular university and this particular selection process. However, it seems that Seb's real problem is with the fact that people with extraordinarily high TERs do not gain automatic entry into Medicine when they apply. Seb wonders 'How can the university claim to be a centre for academic excellence when we exclude students on criteria that have sweet f.a. to do with their academic achievement?' Firstly, universities are not just centres for academic excellence. Rather they are institutions that prepare people for occupations which require specifically structured forms of education. Secondly, the criteria for being a good medical practitioner involve well developed inter-personal skills not just academic ability. Not many people would be satisfied to have a doctor who can name every muscle in the body but is unable to show any empathy or compassion.

The current entry system involves an academic segment, an interview and the UMAT. The academic quota requires students to obtain a TER of at least 90 to be able to do Med, not 96 as stated in the article. However, intelligence is not just measured in how well one did in Year 12. Intelligence involves many other faculties not just being able to memorise information and then regurgitate in an exam. This is the role of the UMAT. The UMAT examines student's (sic) common sense and problem solving ability when applied to a general sphere rather than asking them to balance equations or write Shakespeare essays. Rather than the intense competence in a rather limited knowledge base (eg Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics), the UMAT elicits responses to a wide range of possibilities. It draws on the candidate's ability to synthesize many

areas of knowledge and experience. It is impossible to study for the UMAT as it is closer to a standard IQ test rather than an academic exam. Like an IQ test, when the subject is re-examined a similar result is obtained; it has good retest validity. Lastly, the interview attempts to select students who have the inter-personal sensitivity, communication skills and enthusiasm to make good doctors.

Seb states that 'Medicine ... relies upon people with many different qualities to fulfil its varied specialties.' This is completely true and under the current system it is reinforced. Under the old system, entry was restricted to those who could achieve extremely high schools; these were largely made up of private school kids. For proof just have a look at those who obtained a reserve place in law. The interview and UMAT try to ensure that the people who are to serve Australia's population are more representative of Australia's population. The current selection criteria encourage rural students who might not normally have been eligible under the old system. These students are far more likely to fill the desperately needed gap in country medical services than eastern suburbs private school students. Finally, although populism is not a particularly cogent argument, if this method of selection were as appalling as Seb has said then why would so many universities around Australia and other faculties within this university be adopting similar processes of selection for their students. The UMAT and interview may not be perfect solutions but they are a vast improvement on the old, flawed system.

Michael Hartstone
2nd Year Med

Oh, my Clementine

Dear Eds, Editors, or any other name that will put me on side,

I was both shocked and betrayed to read in last week's *On Dit* a featured article on television, in which a one Ms Clementine Ford (sic) was credited with the winning of a recent competition. The said Ms Ford was apparently the bright spark who knew the hidden identity of Dr Karl Kennedy on *Neighbours*.

I would like to point out that it was in fact myself who know of this little known and rather sad triviality, after watching old episodes of *Neighbours* faithfully every day at 3:30pm as well as being the one who knew of the *On Dit* competition. Clementine, in her joint roles as housemate and evil manipulating idea-stealer, entered these details under her own tarnished name.

In the interests of social justice, I believe that if anyone is to be rewarded for hours of self-destructing

old *Neighbours* episodes complete with scintillating mullets and bad perms, it should be me.

I trust the error will be rectified and the said perpetrator punished.
Yours,

Michael S. Fyfe
Student at large

Sam is not amused

Dear Team,

Now that we've had some time to chew and digest the weekly offerings from the heart of the *On Dit* kitchens, I think it only appropriate that we don the recently vacated voluminous apron of the Other Fat Lady (RIP), and offer some comment on the culinary quality of *On Dit* 2000. For starters, our student mag has suddenly gone serious. Not such a bad thing, as it's good to see issues like the Con getting decent airplay. Similarly, it's nice to know that Mullighan has acquired a fine capacity to bullshit from the Adelaide Arts Faculty, while the SAUA round-up manages to stir the Students' Association crock pot with a firm whisking action. It's even been said that the new editorials contain more accurate information in a few paragraphs than the old *On Dits* did in an entire print run, so good work there.

On the other hand, it is impossible to ignore the primary and ever growing rumblings from the very bottom of the student population, that belch out a point which is gaining momentum with each new edition: *On Dit* is boring. Boring, boring, boring-so boring that I don't even bother taking a copy into my boringest lecture anymore, simply because both newspaper and lecturer have exactly the same drowsy effect. Take the 'funnies' - then read them, and realise that Carla Caruso is not. The words that spring to mind are entertainment value of a frozen leg of ham: there is nothing even mildly amusing about reading article after

article of (sic) some chick moaning on and on about what she hates, who she hates, and why she hates them. Likewise, there was general consensus amongst every *On Dit* reader I know that 'The Second Worst Place I've Ever Lived' was perhaps the second worse facetious piece they'd ever yawned over, second only to 'All the Carlas of the Rainbow'.

Come on guys - (that Canberra article really should have stopped after a page) - where is the random humour for which *On Dit* is famous? Sure it's good to have a few serious articles, but PLEASE intersperse them with a few decent light-hearted bits which bandy about words like moccasin, glorious sherry trifles and voluptuous hijinks. In this student life, we have no time for piss weak humour which quite frankly, just doesn't make us laugh. And seriously - Gödel's theorem (sic)?

Sam O'Harrell

First of all, thanks for the letter appreciating the supposed increasing seriousness of this year's On Dit. However, you state that we seem to be boring. Fair enough, different strokes for different folks and, as me ma used to say, 'Sweet child o' mine, folks'll be having different senses of humour. One person's potato is another's potatoe'. I personally don't find the idea of sherry trifles remotely amusing, but what the hey. We find what we print in, to quote you here, the 'funnies' to be amusing and not in a 'I'm a clever Arts student' way. We notice that Carla comes in for a shellacking from you so-called Sam: we don't agree, and she is at least writing. We can only bake this cake with the ingredients that we are given, and we would like to receive a delivery of freshly baked delicacies from yourself. Have a go, you might find it harder than it looks, but well worth the effort. Come in, the PROSH edition is due in two weeks. Lastly, why not use your real name? Eds

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 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.

Letter Policy



I've got a letter! Let me through

SAUA Council...

Stephen Mullighan, SAUA President



General Student Meeting

Last week the Students' Association held a General Student Meeting to discuss the University's Review into the future of the music school. Considering the last GSM was held in 1996, it was good to have around 150 in attendance. Consisting primarily of music students, the meeting passed a resolution unanimously to issue a log of claims to University Council. This log outlined several demands that if adhered to by the Council would protect the essence of the Music School, and ensure that students would receive the highest quality education at the Nth Tee campus.

Also it was decided by the students at the GSM to rally on the Monday of the Council meeting (today, so it will be over by the time you read this). It is planned that the students, music in particular, will all meet on the Barr-Smith Lawns before the meeting to discuss the Log of Claims, then parade up to the Council meeting to symbolically lodge it to the Council members. At the meeting the music students are planning to perform for the Councillors to display how valuable music education is on this campus.

For further details of the GSM, see page 3 of this issue. The details of the rally will appear in next week's *On Dit*.

Vietnamese Teaching

This issue is by now fairly well known around campus. It seems the University doesn't consider the continuance of Vietnamese teaching economically viable. In retaliation the University and broader Vietnamese community have gathered an extensive petition, and are planning to march in conjunction with the NUS National Day of Action this Wednesday. For more details of this, see Seb's column beneath.

If you would like any more information about these issues, or you have any other query, drop in and see us in the George Murray Building, or call 83035406. You can email me on stephen.mullighan@adelaide.edu.au.

Seb Henbest, Education Vice President



NDA

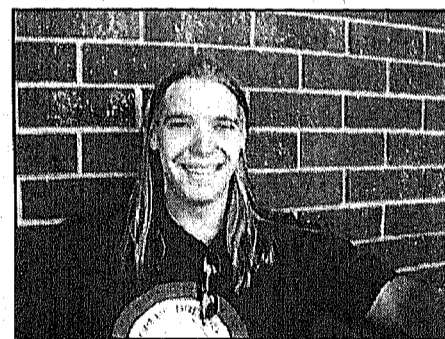
The first education NDA for 2000 is coming up on Wednesday the 22nd of March. We will rally together and march through the streets from Parliament House to the stock exchange in Currie St. This is symbolic as the funding of universities has moved from the government (albeit federal) to the corporate sector. All three universities in South Australia, (ie. Flinders, USA and us) will take part. In fact, students all over Australia will take some sort of action on this day, in protest of the privatization, corporatisation and deregulation of universities. Please come out and show your support for this protest. We'll meet on Barr Smith Lawns before hand and be at Parliament House at 1pm.

Education Collective

I am setting up an education collective for all of you out there who would like to get involved in education issues. This is a useful tool allowing 1st yr students and anyone who either did not formally run, or perhaps just wasn't elected at last year's elections to play an active role in the fight for quality and accessibility in higher education. The Inaugural General Meeting will be held on Thursday March the 30th at 4pm in the WP Rogers Room in the Union Building. Any questions contact me at education@saua.asn.au or phone 83033898 for my office line.

SRSC
SRSC stands for Student Representative Standing Committee. You can see why its been abbreviated! This is a committee comprised of all the faculty and departmental student representatives across the university. It is potentially a very powerful tool for addressing campus based issues such as resources and faculty processes. I have sent out letters to all the Executive Deans (ie. big bosses of the 7 faculties) requesting that they provide me with details of their faculty reps. Hopefully on their response we can get this thing happening. If you are at all interested at being a department or faculty rep. then please speak to your lecturer or come and see me in the SAUA.

Adam Langman, Activities/ Campaigns Vice President



Hello everyone! I am extremely busy planing Prosh, which, is comming up very fast. Other things are on the go too and here is a run down.

This Week

This week sees the Red Cross come on campus to take your blood. This may not sound like the most 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 things in your 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!!!

This week will see the return of Cinema on the Lawns. The movie that people have suggested is *The Breakfast Club* but that is not finalised. This will be on Friday night at 8:30. There will be posters out next week to advertise the confirmed plans so be on the lookout.

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, 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 me. My e-mail address is adam.langman@student.adelaide.edu.au

We're always looking for good ideas to make your time here better.

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

Cheers



CHEAPEST PHOTOCOPYING ON CAMPUS
SAUA OFFICE
GEORGE MURRAY BLDG (OFF THE CLOISTERS)



World's largest island

Heidi Ryan, Women's Officer



Hello again.

Well, firstly I would like to thank all those of you who turned up at the International Women's Day march last week- I appreciate that it started very early on Saturday so your attendance was particularly admirable.

Women's Room Hopefully by now you have all heard of the Women's Room. I would like to stress that this is a place for WOMEN ONLY... you may have also noticed that there is a need for a big clean-up.

If you use the Women's Room or would use the Women's Room if it was a little cleaner give me a call with any suggestions/ materials/ offer of hands and we will get a working bee happening.

Women's Shelter I have been in contact with a number of women who are interested in offering their services at a women's shelter. I would like to get a bit of a roster of Adelaide University women helpers if people are interested.

Women Collective Several people have asked me exactly what a Women's Collective is all about so I thought I'd

quote those women interested in re-establishing it:

In past years the women's collective has had weekly meetings in the women's room, where we discuss issues, make plans and be social over a cuppa. They have enjoyed film nights, wine and cheese nights, speakers etc. They could be involved in organising self defence classes, or a radio show, maybe learning vehicle maintenance. We could organise actions for more and better childcare, safety issues, women's health information, more positive body images and so on. Being a collective by nature, everybody's ideas and opinions would be relevant and welcome!

Finally, I have been discussing the issue of childcare with some women and would welcome any further comments/concerns.. you can contact me at heidi.ryan@student.adelaide.edu.au, call me on 8303 5406 or visit me in the George Murray building.

PS Remember to check out the Unwanted Sexual Experiences Survey at unisa.edu.au/uses/

PPS My special thanks must be extended to Brad for his contribution to the SAUA tampon stockpile.

Zane Young, Environment Officer



Recycling on North Terrace campus

The plastic bottle/aluminium can recycling bins are back! They are the red bins with the bottle-sized hole in the top. Also, there are office paper recycling bins; they are blue with yellow lids. Please use them, and **don't** put rubbish in them! Every time someone puts rubbish in the recycling bins, it spoils the whole binload and **none** of it can be recycled!

Recycling info cards

We are getting more of the very popular recycling info cards. These cards have magnets on the back and are very handy for sticking on your fridge. They are available from the SAUA, WISA, and RACSUC. Please come and take one, and one for all your friends! If you can't find them, just let me know and we'll get one to you.

Bike parking on North Terrace campus

Obviously, the amount of bike parking on North Tce campus has been drastically reduced by the signs prohibiting bikes being chained to railings. There is currently a University working group surveying new spots for bike parks and I will keep you up-to-date with their progress.

Unlogged book

For only \$1, you can purchase an 'unlogged book' from the SAUA, or your campus association, which is made from re-used one-sided office paper. They always sell faster than I can make them, so if your association has run out, just e-mail me with your contact details and I'll let you know when yours is ready.

Reclaim The Streets

Adelaide's biggest street party is this Saturday! Meet at 1pm at Victoria Square, and walk to the secret location for a huge day of street performers, live music, and stalls, and it's all free!

Anti-Uranium National Day of Action

It's this Tuesday the 28th of March!! Most the action will be held at Port Augusta; in Adelaide attention will be focussed on Parliament House for the banner drop which coincides with the first sitting day of Parliament this year. Keep an eye out for the posters, or come to Reclaim The Streets for details.

Website of the week: <http://come.to/reclaimthestreets>

zane, environment@saua.asn.au, ph. 8303 5182

Amanda Camporeale & Tom Radzevicius, Sexuality Officers



Hey everybody,

Have you found our office yet? We are waiting to see your sexy faces! We hope you are all settling into Week 4 at Uni and no one is making your life too hard! The Sexuality Department has been a buzz with activity - with lots of exciting and controversial issues.

The drag debate moves on with a forum to be held in the Little Theatre on the 29th of March at 1pm to discuss the issue. Anyone interested can contact us or Pride through Ashley Richard. The event will provide an opportunity to discuss both the negative and positive sides of drag, so if anyone is still outraged, curious, disgusted or all of the above then come along, it should be quite an interesting event.

In other news Sex Week 2000 is coming along nicely. For those of you that don't know Sex Week is the annual celebration of all types of sexualities on campus and a chance for local queer performers to showcase and enter-

tain the university crowd. We hope to provide events that are palatable to all tastes and are also informative and exciting. Sex week this year is going to be in the second week of second term, May 8th to 12th. The plan of the week is as follows:

Monday: Pride Day/Art Show

Tuesday: Services Day

Wednesday: Youth Suicide Forum/ Sexuality Debate

Thursday: Waite Campus Road Trip/ Band Night in Unibar

Friday: Roseworthy Campus Road Trip

If anyone has any ideas or suggestions then feel free to pop in and see us in the SAUA.

In other developments we have been asked to give a speech at Nuriootpa High School to promote awareness of sexuality issues such as coming out, sexual health, youth suicide and support services that are available.

We also have been involved in the inaugural Youth Services conference last week that had many issues that were pertinent to the university community. These include the issue of youth suicide, upon which we attended a seminar on dealing with young people who are suicidal.

Once again if you have any queries or problems don't hesitate to drop in, for free, friendly and confidential advice.

Have a sexy week

Tom and Amanda

Your friendly Sex-o's

Calling a club a 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 you. Call 8340 8989 for more information.

Education Collective

Who led the movement in the USA against the Vietnam War? Students did. Who led a mass social uprising against a repressive government in France 1968 that almost led to revolution? Students did. Who led the revolt in Indonesia which culminated in the removal of the dictator Suharto in 1998? Students did.

And who will lead a campaign against continued government cuts to higher education, privatisation and the introduction of upfront fees? Aww, let's let someone else do it ...

No way! We have to organise NOW and fight for our right to education. It's the right of *all* students, not just those who can afford to pay for it. You've all heard facts and figures about the threat to education, here's how you can actively do something to smash that threat - join the Education Collective. It's a democratic and open collective which allows *all* students to participate in building the campaign.

The first meeting of the Education Collective will be held on Thursday March 30th at 4pm, in the WP Rogers Room, Level 5, Union Building.

AU Football Club

Training is on Tuesdays & Thursdays: A & B Squad, main University Oval (across from Uni footbridge), all others, Park 10, (behind Adelaide Zoo). Season starts Saturday April 1, matches commence 12.15 pm & 2.15 pm.

New players are welcome. There are 8 teams, which cater for all levels of skill, and a fantastic social life. Headquarters are at the General Havelock Hotel, Hutt Street.

For more information, contact 'Chocka' Bloch, 8303 5529, room

209, level 2, Security House, 233 North Tce (right next to Scott's Church).

Bicycles bicycles

Registration of Interest in a forum to discuss:

- bicycle parking on campus
- security
- levies & insurance
- equity of access

the outcome of which will be implemented in University Management of Bicycles on Campus.

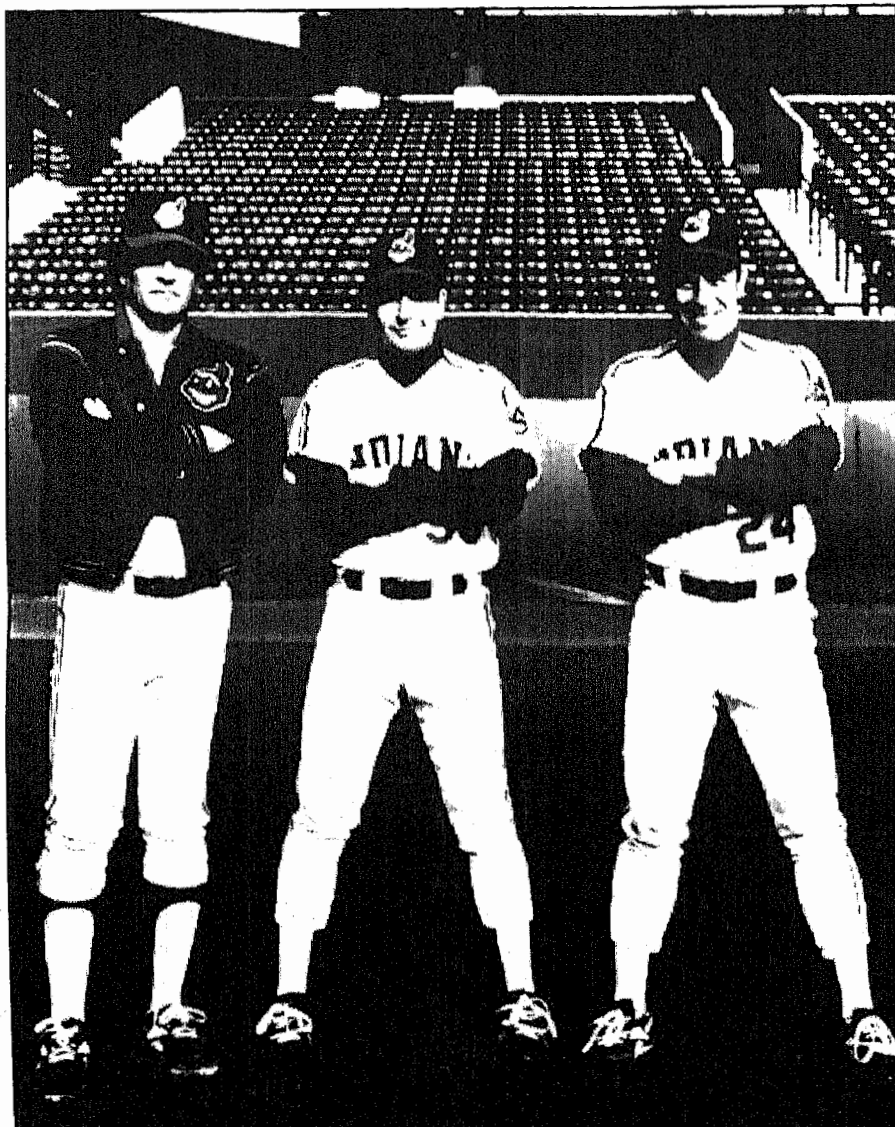
Liberal Club

Liberal Club AGM 12.30pm Tuesday 28th March, Margaret Murray room. For any further information, call Philip Moller on 0412 222030 or Nic Cheok on 8269 6301.

MSA Elections

Nominations are now being called for for the Mature Students Association Committee.

Positions to be filled are: President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer,



Sod this for a game of soldiers. Let's go play footer for the Blacks.

Reply to: Bicycle Parking, Property Services, phone 83035701 or email rod.page@adelaide.edu.au.

Japanese Animation Society

Adelaide Uni Japanese Animation Society (AJAS) IGM, Thursday March 30th 1pm, North Dining Room (level 5 Union House).

For more information call Adrian on 8276 7685 (after hours) or email adrian.chan@student.adelaide.edu.au or nicole.wylie@student.adelaide.edu.au

Labor Club

Labor Club AGM, Wednesday 29th March 1.00 for 1.15pm, Don Stranks Room (level 5 Union House). Contact Joel Northcott for any further details on 0412 210.873, 8254 7607 or joel.northcott@student.adelaide.edu.au

Assistant Treasurer, Clubs Association Delegate, Student Services Information Officer and General Committee Members.

Nominations close Monday 20th March, 5pm.

To nominate yourself or another for any of the above positions please fill out the nomination form available in MSA club rooms and put it in the correspondence box.

We meet every (excluding holidays) Friday 4 'til 6pm in the Margaret Murray room or the Union Cinema - whichever is available.

Please check with us by contacting Tze King Tang (phone: 8278 5217 or 0414645 977 or email: ua984305@student.adelaide.edu.au) or Eric Leung (phone: 8395 2682 or email: ua983849@student.adelaide.edu.au).

Film society

All term 1 films screened on Thurs-

days in the Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building.

All Free for AUFS Members, \$5 non-members (includes membership).

Shorts shown term one: The Original Flash Gordon series in black and white with more dodgy sets than you can poke a stick at (oh, and it's really fun to watch too).

Week 4, Thursday 23 March

The Birds (1963)

Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.

Starring: Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy, Tippi Hedren

Hitchcock's classic about a woman (Hedren) and mass bird attacks that follow her around isolated coastal California community.

Not for the squeamish; a delight for those who are game. Hold on to something and watch.

Week 5, Thursday 30 March

Blue Angel AKA Der Blaue Engel (1930)

Directed by Josef von Sternberg

Starring: Emil Jannings, Marlene Dietrich.

Ever-fascinating film classic with Jannings as stuffy professor who falls blindly in love with cabaret entertainer Lola-Lola (Dietrich).

Dietrich introduces "Falling in Love Again"; this role made her an international star.

Week 6, Thursday 6 April

Bride of Frankenstein (1935)

Directed by James Whale

Starring Boris Karloff as The Monster

Eye-filling sequel to Frankenstein is even better, with rich vein of dry wit running through the chills.

Inimitable Thesiger plays weird doctor who compels Frankenstein into making a mate for his creation; Lanchester plays both the "bride"

and, in amusing prologue, Mary Shelley. Pastoral interlude with blind hermit and final, riotous creation scene are highlights of this truly classic movie by director James Whale, subject of last years film Gods and Monsters.

Week 7, Thursday 13 April

Cat People (1942)

Directed by Jacques Tourneur

Starring: Irena Dubrovna, Oliver Reed

Irena Dubrovna, a beautiful and mysterious Serbian-born fashion artist living in New York City, falls in love with and marries average-Joe.

Their marriage suffers though, as Irena believes that she suffers from an ancient curse. Storyline and plot elements may seem silly, but moments of shock and terror are undiminished in the first of producer Val Lewton's famous horror films.

Romance, intrigue, pathos ...

The End of the Affair Now Showing Selected Cinemas

"Sam, I thought I told you never to play..."

Humphrey Bogart as Rick Blaine in *Casablanca*.

That's basically the only line from *Casablanca* that I can remember at the moment. It makes for a dumb quote, as it is a total misrepresentation with vaguely admonishing implications in a review about a different movie, which this is, but you can make of it what you will. Carefully ignoring such gobbledygook, *The End of the Affair*, billed as a new *Casablanca* (hence the necessity for such a leading quote) is a surprisingly well made and entrancing production. Based on Graham Green's presumably autobiographical novel, practically every level of the cinematic version indicates the influence of a film with the name of a certain Moroccan city.

A word on actors: it stars a comparable triad of stars. Ralph Fiennes as Maurice Bendrix - seen as, among many other things, an intensely nasty German in *Schindler's List* - is the dashing, yet dark and brooding, outsider. Stephen Rea, as Henry Miles, is the cheated and yet influential and dignified 'proper' husband; and Julianne Moore, as Sarah Miles, is the sexual and torn wife (think the 'experienced' woman from *Boogie Nights*).

All performances are exceptional, and the chemistry in each relationship is just about perfect, but special mentions must be made of Rea. For a boring, impotent (kinda) civil servant, the utter British 1940's dignity generated is incredible. Director and screenplay writer Neil Jordan sums it perfectly in: 'I've always found him terribly moving in a way that is hard for me to describe'. Remember *The Crying Game*? Rea was the focal IRA bloke. Quiet, moving dignity - at some moments he is shattering with a single expression and the film is worth it for this performance alone. A word on direction, production and photography: slick, atmospheric, and well contrasted. All of them (except for production: I'm not sure what that is, exactly). Rain, darkness, talkie bits and explosions all fitted very well.

A word on costumes: once again I, despite my better judgement, go with the production notes. Well chosen and made to merit special mention, the men fit postwar Britain in a muted but noticeably slick fashion. In fact, 'slick' fits practically every aspect of this film,

as does 'seamless'. That could be good or bad, but it means this is so not an independent arthouse release. Moore's costumes are chosen so as to provide a fleeting type of flash of colour in the sad and depressed surroundings, appropriate in terms of the film, and effected partially by her continually taking them off.

Finally, a word on the screenplay: It feels well adapted, although I have no way of knowing, not having read the book, and the flow and human conflicts of the story have an uncontrived feel that makes you feel like you're learning something ... unfortunately, it loses this feel in some strange sections of the film - supernatural and coincidence-type bits that don't feel right in the extremely human context. (Is that physically possible with a birthmark? Oooooohhhh, but she a majik woman, sahib. Or something like that).

Other things: the end is incredible and very well constructed. Indeed, is satisfying in an odd sort of way - better than *Casablanca's* anyway, but it has none of the humour. It takes itself very seriously and its probably going to win all sorts of awards for things, it being moody and dramatic and whatnot, but it makes you feel like a transparent phoney. Your buttons are well pushed, but you know they're being pushed.

A final comparison twixt *The End of the Affair* and *Casablanca*: they have many fleeting similarities, but the overall feel is different. *Casablanca* is based on sentimentality and self sacrifice (which has a theatrical and slightly predictable feel), whereas *The End of the Affair* is run on Bendrix's (autobiographically Green's) all-consuming jealousy (which is all too familiar), and some inconsistently (in a 'feel' context) supernatural plot points. There's far more analysis that could be gone into, probably (definitely) without reference to *Casablanca*, but that shall be done by more awake and wiser minds than mine. I'm going to bed.

Ben Tucker, 1:00 am.

The Beach Now Showing Hoyts City and Selected Cinemas

American backpacker Richard (Leo DiCaprio) arrives in Thailand in search of adventure and new things. Before too long he has drunk snake blood and run into crazy person Daffy (Robert Carlyle), who gives him a map to 'The Beach'. This place, hidden away in a small island mostly owned by gun-wield-



One assumes that, at the stage pictured, the affair was yet to end.

ing marijuana farmers, is home to a small community of photogenic if slightly feral young folk led by apparently benevolent despot Sal (Tilda Swinton).

The question: is *The Beach* really a paradise on Earth, or does something darker lurk beneath the mysteriously unblemished surface? Well, Richard and his two new-found French backpacker friends Françoise (Virginie Ledoyen) and Etienne (Guillaume Canet) are about to find out, along the way giving us an exploration of how the human animal reacts once the confines of modern civilised life have been escaped.

The main problem with this film is that Richard is just not a nice person. He's an obnoxious, self-absorbed, pretentious little twit for whom it is very difficult to feel any sympathy whatsoever - and this cripples the film's attempt to involve the viewer in Richard's surprisingly rapid fall. Etienne is a lot more interesting and less annoying but, like Françoise (whose behaviour is often inexplicable), his character is never adequately explored.

It doesn't help that the director (Danny Boyle, of *Trainspotting* fame) occasionally lapses into convulsions of bizarre surrealism, including numerous references to *Apocalypse Now* and a very odd sequence in which Richard appears as the hero of a video game. There isn't anything new or interesting here, and the weirdness is just too superficial and too remote from the

film's generally realistic approach to make any sense.

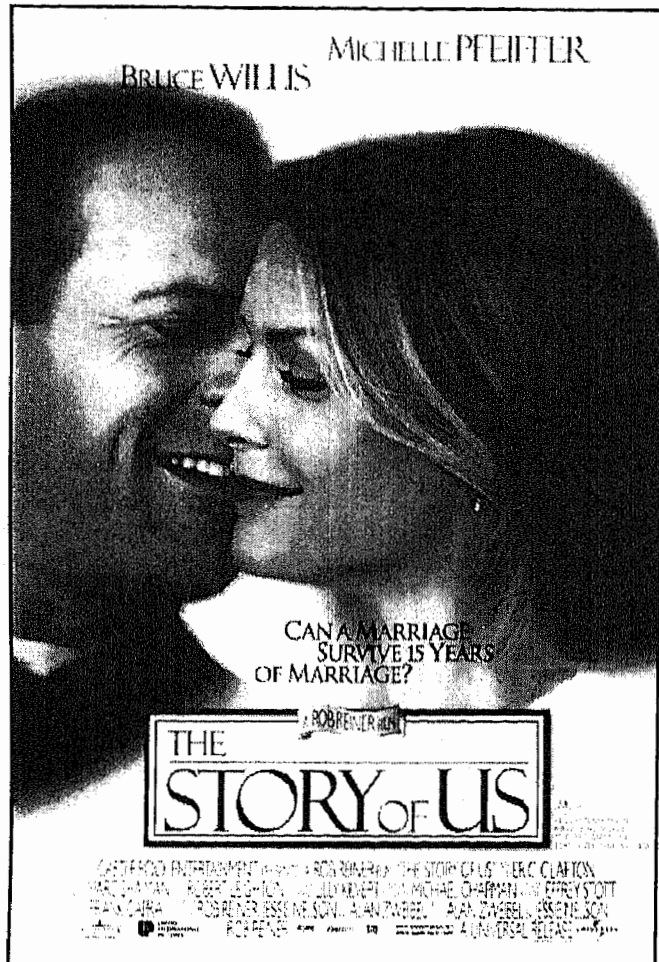
All of this is very unfortunate, because *The Beach* is not a bad film. The acting is uniformly good; the cinematography is very nice, even if one or two distance shots of the island look a little too much like CGI; the setting is gorgeous. The aftermath of a shark attack is truly sickening, and everything moves quickly enough to keep you on the edge of your seat for much of the movie's two-plus hours. And you get to see a lot of Leo or, for those who prefer, quite a bit of new-on-the-international-stage French actor Ledoyen. But things just don't come together well enough to create the deep and searching examination of flawed humanity and its relationship with paradise that this film sets out to provide.

Linley Hensell

The Story of Us Now showing Selected Cinemas

I entered this film with some trepidation — a film about the breakdown of a marriage starring Bruce Willis and Michelle Pfeiffer? I was sure that there was going to be some method acting (read: bad faked crying) involved. That teamed with possibly the cheesiest, lamest title for a film that I have ever encountered, left me somewhat apprehensive as to what the next 100

Action, mystery, drama ...



through and I certainly don't want to trivialise the pain that must be involved in a marriage breakdown. This film may strike a chord with married or divorced audiences; their 'realistic' fights and problems may be akin to what many couples experience. However I just couldn't relate and I think that this really impaired my appreciation of the film. Not that there was a whole lot to appreciate. The script was awful, full of repetitious confrontations and cliched lines - and really, really horrible metaphors.

or so minutes would bring. Rob Reiner, the director, has in the past given us a pretty mixed bag; I was a huge fan of *When Harry Met Sally...*, *The Princess Bride* and *Stand by Me*, but he was also responsible for *Ghosts of Mississippi* and the atrocious *North*. His latest offering *The Story of Us* tells the story of the 15 year marriage of Katie (Pfeiffer) and Ben (Willis). They have decided, after years of fights and petty bickering—shown in flashbacks throughout the film—that it has come the time for the trial separation while the kids are away at that fine American institution of Summer Camp. The film follows the few months that they spend apart and highlights the problems that they have had throughout their relationship that have brought them to this point.

The main problem with this film is that we never really get a sense of what it was like when the marriage was working. It has the obligatory wedding day bliss scenes but it never really shows us why this marriage is worth saving. The marriage seemed to be full of screaming matches and misunderstandings. I think that this could have been a better film if it had been braver. Instead of giving the characters interesting problems with real roots they have opted for cliched problems of the sort Oprah deals with on her show. I couldn't help thinking that all they needed to do to fix their marriage was to read a self help book and learn to communicate! Of course this is coming from someone who can't even maintain a normal relationship for more than 2 months and so perhaps Ben and Katie's problems are reflective of what married couples go

Reiner's overuse of flashbacks, montages and little chats to the camera by the characters, which worked in *When Harry Met Sally...*, only makes *The Story of Us* seem fragmented and contrived. Even the cinematography which was done by the very talented Michael Chapman (*Taxi Rider* and *Raging Bull*) was uninspiring. This film is actually kind of depressing. Watching a red faced Willis being screamed at by a hysterical Pfeiffer and then watching them attempt to play happy families so the kids won't catch on is all a bit of a downer. There really is nothing like middle aged suburban marital suffering to brighten up your day.

The tagline for this movie was 'Can a relationship survive 15 years of marriage?' I say congratulations to anyone who can survive 15 minutes of watching this marriage.

Melissa Vine

**Romance
Now Showing
Palace Eastend Cinemas**

A brief history of *Romance*: initially the film was denied classification (ie banned) in Australia. Later the decision was overturned - an adult's right to choose for him or herself what material to view, and the artistic merit and intent of the film, recognized. Following this somebody (who *had not seen* the film, as it had not yet been released) complained to the South Australian Attorney Generals Department (which had also not seen the film - it not having been released, and the film stock not yet being available

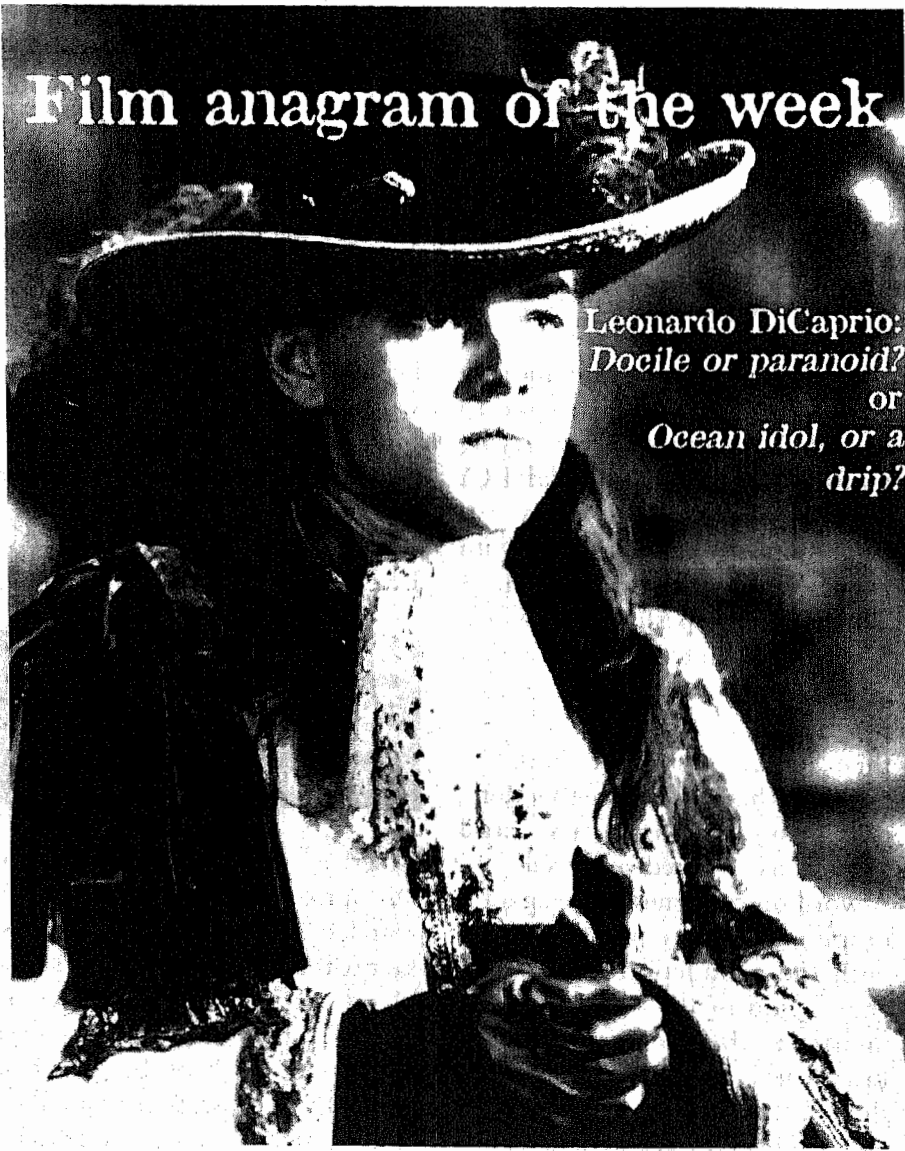
in Australia). For a while it appeared that *Romance* was to be banned just in South Australia. Obviously common-sense prevailed, as I just saw it this morning. *Romance* is going to shock and offend people. This is a fact as inevitable as comparisons to Stanley Kubrick's *Eyes Wide Shut*. Marie (Caroline Ducey) takes a 'sexual journey' very similar, and much more successful, than Tom Cruise's character - and far more explicitly. Be warned people: director Catherine Breillat holds back nothing, and is not afraid to show it all up close. There are no creative shooting angles or ducking behind a screen or a gauzy curtain at crucial moments; there are no 'stunt cocks', *Orgazmo* style: we watch Robert's (François Berleand) fingers disappear right into Marie and come out again, wet, and it *aint* special effects that make them glisten.

Despite the explicit nature of *Romance* there was only one scene, right near the end, which made me cringe: you will know which one it is when you see it. Perhaps it is because I could identify with Marie's cool detachment from her lovers, and her using sex as a means to find *something more*, that I was unmoved - having had many an indifferent sexual experience myself. Maybe it was because sex presents no mystery to me, and was depicted in *Romance* minus the enigma which usually turns me on during films (like the pantomime-like orgy in *Eyes Wide Shut*), that I was able

to feel nothing. But total detachment during sex is virtually impossible; even Marie does it as a form of revenge toward her boyfriend Paul (Sagamore Stevenin), because he loves her but will not sleep with her. Even Marie is able to be touched - she succumbs to her desire enough to kiss Paolo (Rocco Siffredi - this capitulation to intimacy convincing her that she cannot see him again. Later, after being raped in a stairwell, she screams "I'm not ashamed, asshole", but at the same time she is crying. It is never really 'just fucking'.

So perhaps it was the circumstances. I saw *Eyes Wide Shut* in a packed cinema one Saturday night, and the electricity in the room was almost concrete, tangible; one had the sense that every audience member was linked in a gigantic circuit, all conducting similar feelings, the atmosphere charged with desires prickling along every spine, down to the tips of every finger. I saw *Romance* in a small gathering of dispassionate media types, every bit as clinical in their viewing of the film as the group of medical interns in *Romance* were in their vaginal examination of Marie.

Or perhaps detachment is possible due to our protagonist's constant narrative of reasoning, explaining, theorizing, and justifying. In a very European manner, Marie is constantly waxing philosophical about the nature of love and sex, even sometimes whilst it is happening. Maybe it is the presentation. It has



And such things.



Romance: real, live porking.

provokes controversy due to its graphic portrayal of violence - the scene in *Pulp Fiction* where blood splatters all over the back of the car springs to mind. But it is still passed without a problem. And this reviewer firmly believes that,

often been thrown about that men are more visual and women more cerebral when it comes to sex, and whilst I do not have the space to fully debate the issue here, I know that I myself am more turned on by what is implied and unseen - and *nothing* in *Romance* is 'implied', and nothing is hidden. It is all very matter-of-fact.

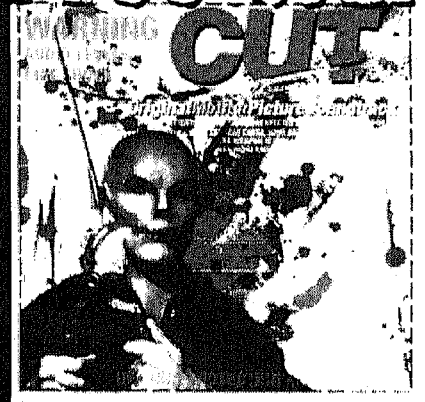
Romance certainly raises some interesting questions about the nature of pornography: how does one define it? By the fucking? By seeing a bit of cock and pussy graphically? The controversy in *Romance* arises from the fact that the actors are *not* pretending. So does this make the film pornographic? Or does 'pornography' lie in the intent of the director?

Sometimes a film is released which

whilst sex occasionally *does* hurt people, it is in no way as damaging as violence - viewed violence and, more importantly, *experienced* violence. Breillat's only 'crime' is portraying sex as it is: a weird thrusty activity which necessarily involves the close contact of genitals, and generally *does not* have well-timed music to drown out the moaning, nor does sex cut to something which is prettier to watch. If nothing else, see *Romance* as a statement against a censorship system which allows 90 minutes of constant death and violence (interspersed, naturally, with wisecracks about it) to be rated at M15, but tries to ban a plain and legitimate account of sexual exploration.

Jayne Lewis

Free stuff.



Bet you always wanted to see the pictures and listen to the noise from the new Australian slash-and-gore pic *Cut*. **WELL ON DIT HAS MADE YOUR DREAM COME TRUE.*** We have 3 copies of the soundtrack as well as double passes to give away.

But we're going to have to make you work for this one kids. Bring down to the *On Dit* office your name, student and phone numbers, and a brief description of the most ingenious way to kill a teen who has just lost their virginity in a slasher flickum. We'll have a look-see, and our resident Barrel Girl will pretty much arbitrarily decide on the winners.

One lucky punter will also receive a free (that's right, **FREE**) *Cut* poster. Unfortunately we forgot to ask our intrepid reporter, Ben, to get the cast members to sign it, but it's still good!!!

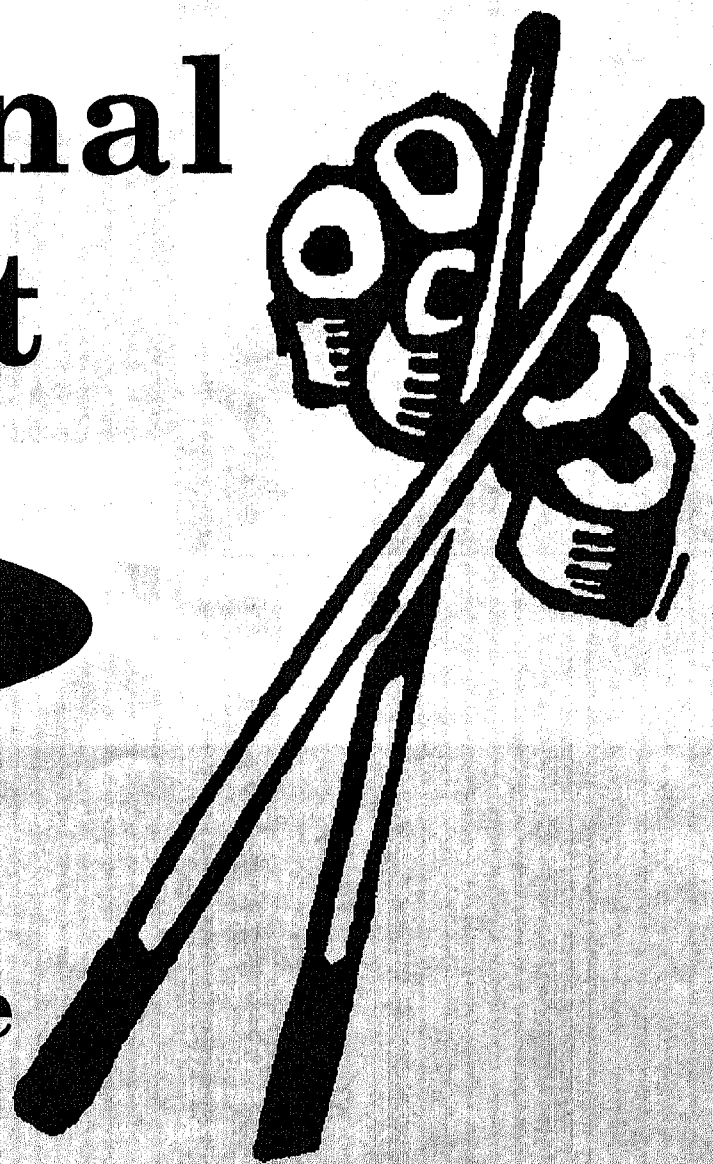
IT'S THAT SIMPLE!!

*Warning: may not correspond to actual dream.

International Food Court

open 10am - 3pm

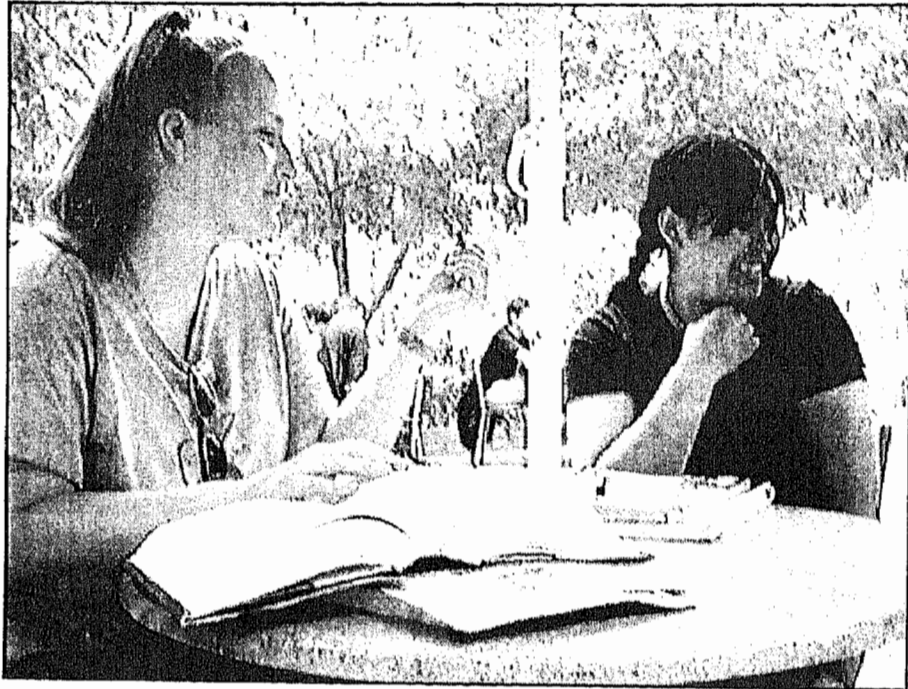
**Upper Refectory
Level 4 Union House**



QUESTIONS:

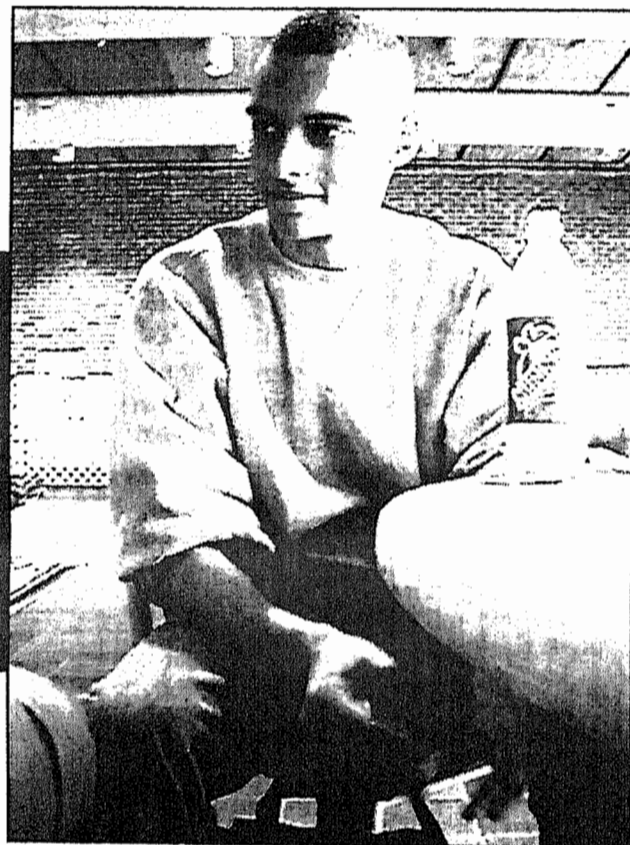
1. How much TV is to much TV?
2. What was your favourite TV show when you were a kid?
3. What person on TV would you most like to see reach a torturous end?

VOX



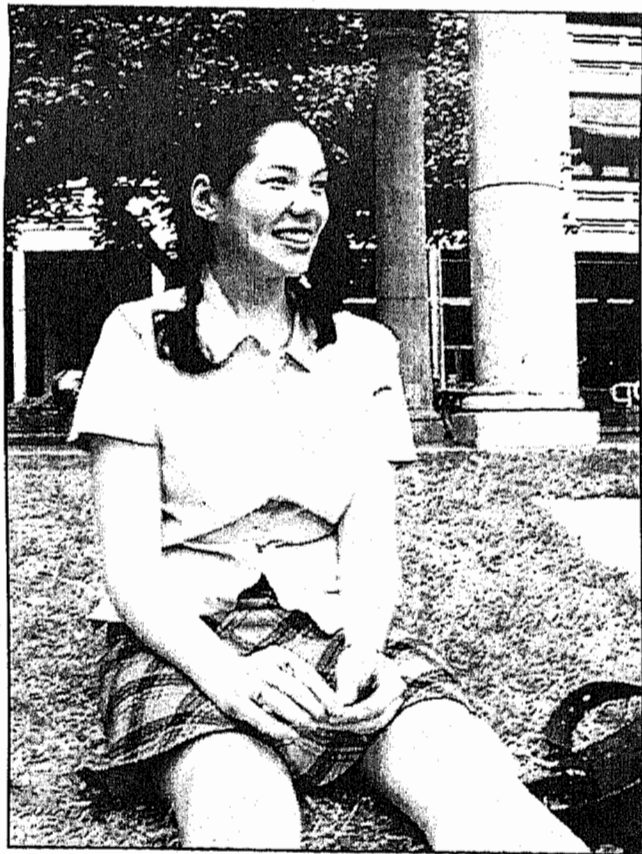
Chantal and Thanh
'Yuck!!!'

1. Chantal: When it's affecting your life. When your friends are shunted for the TV.
- Than: Nothing is to much TV. Assuming you're getting some sleep.
2. Chantal: *Astroboy* was a hero. And the show was short - it didn't require any attention.
- Thanh: *The Jetsons* - it was fun to think we'd be like that one day.
3. Thanh: That Fran Fine lady with the big hair.
- Chantal: The cast of *Futurama*. You can't kill them so just take them of the air.



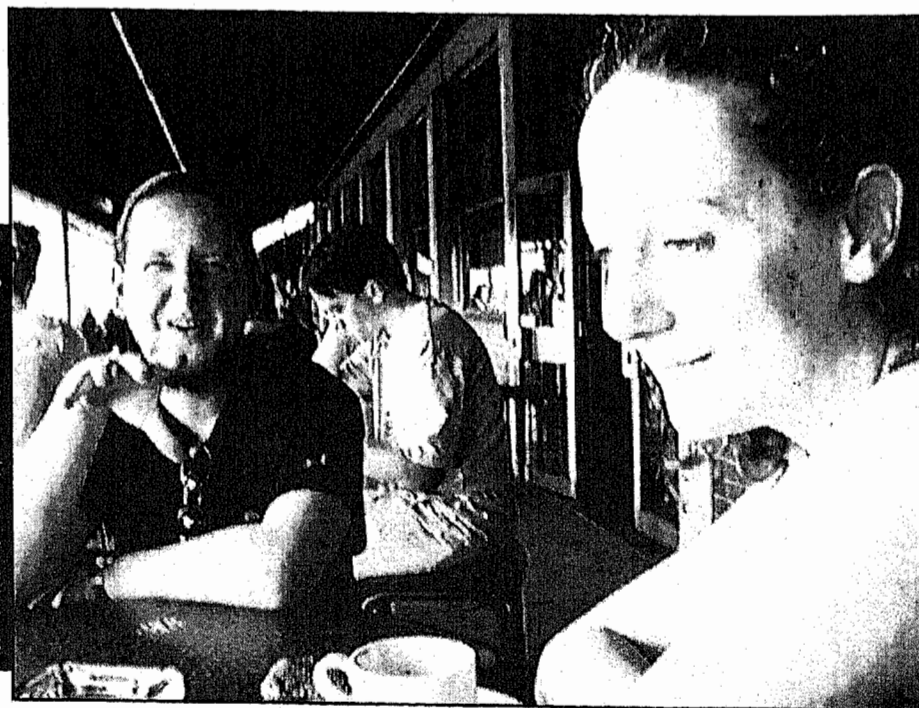
Joseph
Tactfully avoiding looking at the Mirinda

1. 16 hours a week. 4 hours a day. Whenever it gets boring.
2. *Smurfs*. I just liked the way it was so removed from reality. It was a great escape.
3. There are so many. Probably Richard Fish from *Ally McBeal*. I like him but still, he's a pig.



Izzy
Cute as a button in the Cloisters

1. 5-minute commercial breaks. I don't watch TV at all.
2. *Super Ted*. Because they had space adventures and the good guys always won. And I loved the spotty space ship the banana guy had.
3. The people from the ad where they're pulling stuff out of the guy's nose. They pull out his credit card, then the guy goes: 'Nice car you've got down there.' The cheese factor is just enormous.

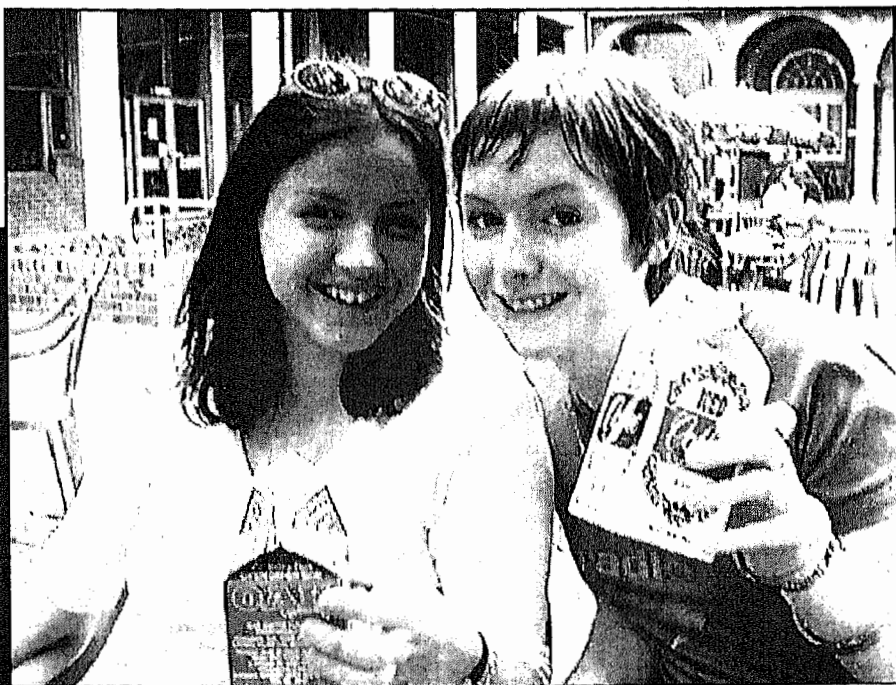


Chris and Mary

'I think I can see Ulysses in my tea leaves ...'

1. Chris: However much stops you from doing something better.
Mary: I don't really watch TV.
2. Mary: *Wrestle Mania*, I used to love it! And what was the car one?
Nightrider. And *Robotech* - I loved *Robotech*!
Chris: *Starblazers* and *Ulysses*. I loved that big *Ulysess* special. It didn't even know what it was but it was cool.
3. Chris: Leonardo di Caprio.
Mary: Leonardo di *Craprio*.
Chris: Any commercial TV producer.
Mary: Any Spelling actors.

POP



Meg and Briony Iced coffee poster girls

1. Briony: When you start watching *Days of Our Lives*, you've watched to much.

Meg: I totally agree. Any soaps are to much.

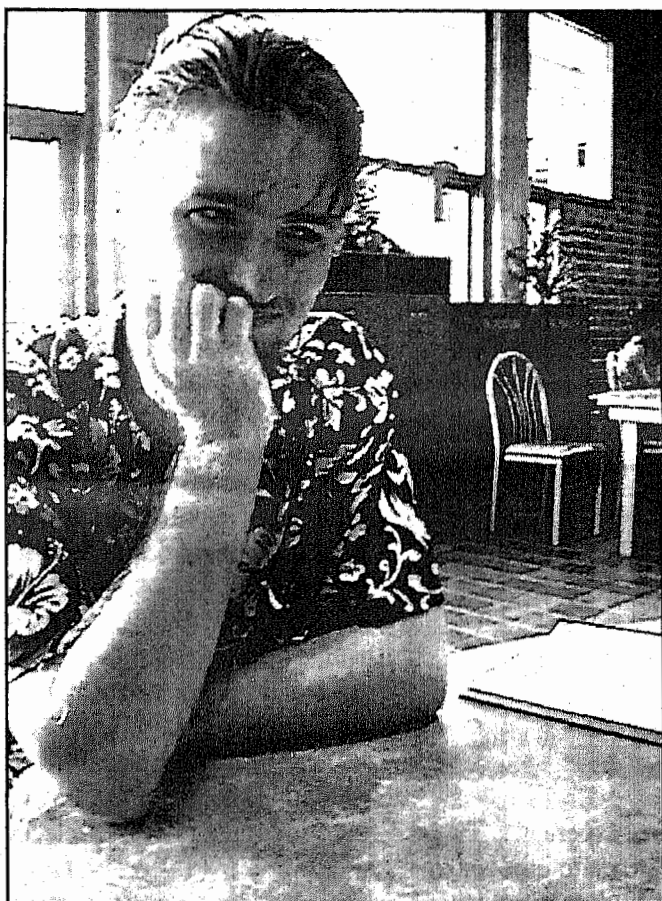
2. Meg: *Astroboy*. I admire any guy who can fly with a machine gun out of his ass.

Briony: *Punky Brewster*. Because she wore rainbow coloured clothes. When I was four years old I wrote a fan letter to her and I also had the *Punky Brewster* Doll.

3. Meg: Any of the 'actors' from *Days of Our Lives*.

Briony: The people who produce Sunday TV - there's too much sport. I want *Dawson's* on a Sunday.

Meg: There is no female viewing on a Sunday!



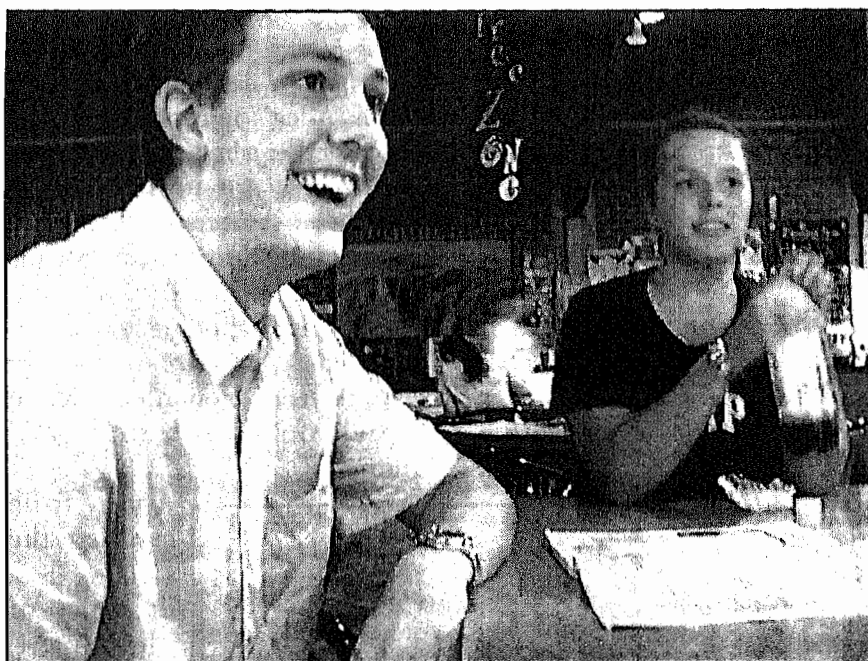
Aiden

Thinking Hong Kong Phoocy chop

1. It depends on the situation. If you have an assignment due in there's no such thing as to much TV. If you're unemployed then nothing over 2 hours a day.

2. Most definitely *Hong Kong Phoocy*. Cause he's the number one super guy ... and he's got the *Hong Kong Phoocy* chop ... and they had a dog as a janitor in the police station. It was cool.

3. Kerri-Anne Kenneley's already reached a torturous end, so she's out. Anne Wills, with something involving kerosene and scabies, I think.



Kate, Michael and Simon Thoughtfully pondering the chat-show circuit

1. Michael: No such thing.

Simon: When you start saying 'get with the program.'

Kate: When you start watching day-time chat shows in general.

2. Simon: *Inspector Gadget*.

Michael: What was that thing with the bouncing ball?

Kate: *Romper Room*.

Simon: 'Are you ready, Mr Music?'

Kate: I used to watch *Fat Cat*.

3. Michael: Anyone in *Home and Away*.

Kate: The whole cast of *Breakers*. But it's not on anymore.

Simon: Darryl Sommers. He thought he was funny, then his show got axed.



Nick and Kate Notbin' like a bit of Dawson's

1. Kate: There's no such thing as too much TV.

Nick: I could watch TV all day, as long as it was sport. Watching any soap is to much TV.

2. Nick: *Astroboy*. How could you not enjoy *Astroboy*?

Kate: I've always liked *Neighbours* and *Home and Away*, I still watch them. And *Hey Dad* and *The Comedy Company* were great.

3. Nick: The guy who plays Dawson Leary.

Kate: He can't die! No, that guy off *Dawson's* who's really mean. I think his name is Rob - he's the slimy sleaze-bag that keeps cracking onto Joey and Andy.

Nick: Andy could go as well, she used to be better.

Can this sticky stuff

Windhorse
1998. D: Paul Wagner
Names of cast
suppressed
Siren Entertainment

Windhorse is a powerful film in which director Paul Wagner invites you on an incredible journey into the very heart of Tibet. A land of soaring mountains and soaring hopes like you have never seen it before. Where a compassionate woman can provoke a venomous hate, where a pool hall slacker can be transformed by the face of a western stranger, and where a beautiful singer must make a terrifying choice between her dreams and the truth. *Windhorse* is an inspirational drama and gripping thriller filmed clandestinely in Tibet, without the cooperation of the occupying Chinese. It sees three young Tibetans search for freedom and fulfilment while confronting the power of a Chinese regime. *Windhorse* is a piece which explores the violent abuse of Tibetan's human rights at the hands of the colonial communist government.

This movie looks at the lives of a typical Tibetan family trapped in a world they no longer know. Banned from praying, looking at or even thinking about the Dalai Lama has fatal repercussions which plunge a young Buddhist nun and her friend into a disaster which has consequences for all. Fantastically convincing performances are given by Pema the Tibetan monk and Dolkar the beautiful singer. However, the American actress playing Amy lacks credibility in some parts, though she is a nice parallel to the sarcastic grandmother who brings a light-hearted element to the film. *Windhorse* was an official entry at the 1998 Toronto International Film Festival, as well as receiving critical acclaim at the Melbourne International Film Festival. Its merits also include Best Feature and Best Director, as well as Best Film Audience Award, from the Washington International Film Festival. Today, *Windhorse* has real significance in a world coming to grips with continual human rights violations at the hands of ruthless regimes. This film was not only confronting, but also very informative in presenting a believable



picture of the struggles of the Tibetan people. When you come away from this movie, you get a feeling that we in the Western world are being deceived by the Chinese government about what is really going on, and blinded to the blatant breaches of human rights that occur every day. *Windhorse* is compulsory viewing, and I challenge any supporter of the

Chinese rule in Tibet to watch this movie and not be moved dramatically by the stories that are told. This is probably THE most effective protest film I have seen in recent times, and my acclaim goes out to Wagner and his cast, who risked deportation and execution to get this footage out of Tibet.

Mitch Coidan

Celebrity
1998. D: Woody Allen
Kenneth Branagh. Judy Davis
Road show

ructing Harry.

Celebrity is a dazzling example of Woody Allen's uncanny ability to bring together a huge cast of diverse performers, not unlike Robert Altman.

He constantly throws them into the film's episodic structure, and not one of them disappoints, as the two main characters cross paths with everyone from Leonardo DiCaprio to Melanie Griffith to Donald Trump.

The latest film from writer/director Woody Allen provides another peek into the world of show business. Shot in black and white, with a soundtrack bearing his trademark

variety of nostalgic tunes, *Celebrity* offers the notion that 'you can learn a lot about a society by who it chooses to celebrate'.

With a remarkably accurate accent, British born Kenneth Branagh plays

the latest in Woody Allen's line of alter-egos, following John Cusack in *Bullets Over Broadway* and Edward Norton in *Everyone Says I Love You*.

Utilizing Allen's familiar gestures, stutters and neuroses, Branagh plays a dopey travel writer trying to break free of his wife, played by Judy Davis, whose character is yet another hysterical time-bomb like the scorned ex-wife she played in Allen's previous film *Deconst-*



Apart from evoking the style of many of Allen's previous films, *Celebrity* also calls to mind the bizarre cinema of the Italian filmmaker Federico Fellini, whom

Allen paid tribute to most effectively in his 1980 film about a tortured filmmaker, *Stardust Memories*. *Celebrity* ends on a surprisingly downbeat note, and some may argue that Kenneth Branagh's role just doesn't suit him, but the devoted Woody Allen disciple will be swept along by the vibrancy of one of America's greatest living film directors.

Daniel Gear

Pi
1999. D: Darren Aronofsky
Sean Gulleto. Marek Margolis. Ben Skenkman
Siren Entertainment

Pi is an amazing experience. This is film as a work of art; unique cinematography, astounding soundtrack, and a complex, gripping storyline make it a terrific film. *Pi* is the story of the obsessive mathematical prodigy Max Cohen (Sean Gulleto), who spends his days searching for patterns in the stockmarket - incorporating chaos theory, conspiracy

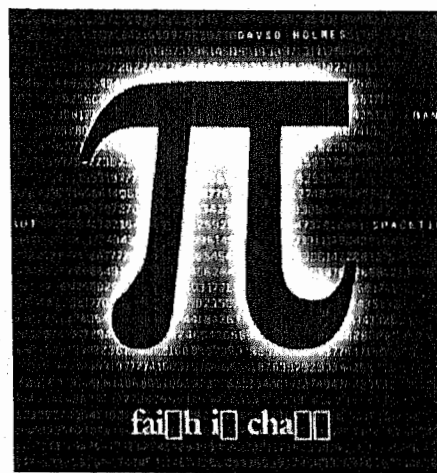
ideas, astounding mathematical concepts, as well as drawing on the mythology of the Kaballah and Jewish involvement in the American economy. Tortured by intense migraines, Max finds a 216 digit number when his computer, Euclid, crashes. Not recognising the significance of the number, he throws it in a trash can. Other parties, however, have been observing Max's research and are more confident of his findings. He soon finds himself pursued by two groups, a market 'predictions'

company who appear to be manipulating the stockmarket, and a group of Jewish theologians who believe that the number is the key to their research into the Kaballah and Torah. Mild-mannered people, one would think, but this turns into a battle to seize what is in Max's head, something he no longer understands. Shot in black and white, and cut to a precise, high powered electronica soundtrack, *Pi* is a stunning film. Incorporating so many plots and sub-

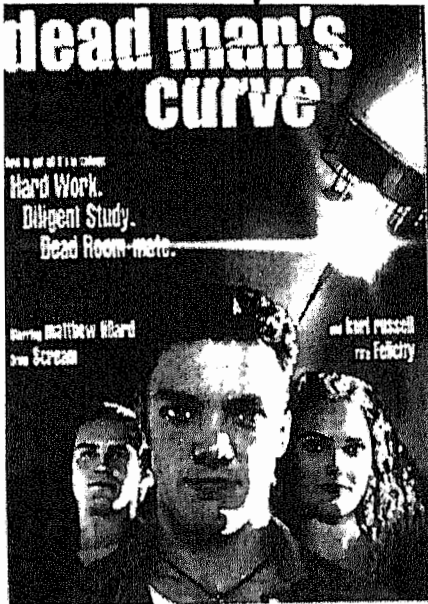
plots, it could have been confusing, but the suspense and the pace keep one absorbed. This film compares and conflicts commercial interests, spiritual interests and concepts of chaos theory which exist underneath all human systems. Sean Gulleto cre-

ates a character intensely involved in his paranoia. The film was directed by Darren Aronofsky and received awards at the Sundance Film Festival. It is the end-of-the-century *Eraserhead* combined with the paranoia and conspiracy theories of *The X-Files*. I hear you think, oh no - not another government conspiracy plot, but this one is worth seeing as an example of how good independent filmmaking can be.

Alexis Tindall



Really be love?



Dead Man's Curve
1999. D: Dan Rosen
Matthew Lillard, Keri Russell
Buena Vista Home Entertainment

What better way to get into Harvard than to bump off your obnoxious roommate and make it look like a suicide? Of course, if it were that easy, sharing a house while studying would be banned. Having watched *Dead Man on Campus* one too many times, Tim and Chris scheme to rid themselves of their particularly nasty roommate Rand. With the aid of a bottle full of rat poison and a rather tall cliff, the two friends are on their way to a perfect 4.0 grade average and a bright future. Of course, as with all plans, things start to turn rotten. These people have obviously

Summer of Sam
1999. D: Spike Lee
Adrien Brody, John Leguizamo, Mira Sorvino
Touchstone

It's the summer of 1977 in New York City and serial killer dubbed 'Son of Sam' is terrorising the folks with a steady streak of brutal slayings. Adding to this is the sizzling, unrelenting heat and a blackout that plunged New York into darkness and fear. With the media playing a role in fuelling the paranoia of the citizens, the whole city becomes suspicious of their friends, and one group in particular, believes that one man, their punky mate just back from London, is the one and only 'Son of Sam'. Produced, directed and co written by Spike Lee (*Clockers*, *Jungle Fever*, *Malcolm X*), *Summer of Sam* is his only film to date featuring a white ensemble cast. And a good one too. Mira Sorvino (*At First Sight*, *Mighty Aphrodite*) and John Leguizamo (*Super Mario Brothers*,

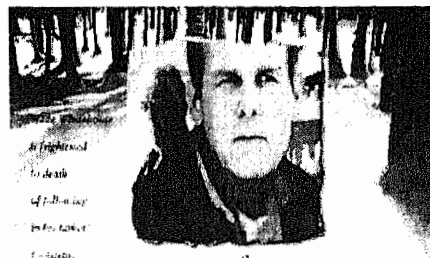
not watched enough episodes of *The X-Files* to know that ultimately, you can trust no one. Although at first this seems to be just another college flick, *Dead Man's Curve* manages to remain fresh and utterly surprising. I certainly defy anyone to pick the ending - I was certainly not expecting it. Even Keri Russell, star of the TV show *Felicity* managed to be less annoying than usual. The award for best acting, however, goes to Matthew Lillard (*Scream*) as Tim. Playing another quirky and slightly twisted character, he manages to steal every scene from his partner in crime Chris (Michael Vartan). I would certainly be wary of sharing a room with either of these characters - particularly if they happened to offer me a drink. There are of course some rather amusing cliches. As always, they are told that the warning signs of a suicide are listening to The Smiths and The Cure, or underlining passages in *The Catcher in the Rye*. If that is the way to detect a possible suicide, then half of the student body are candidates. The cops investigating the crime are typically rude, cigar-smoking morons and the students are never actually seen attending any classes (study? what's that?). The humour is quite black and some scenes are quite hard to watch. It is, however, a very enjoyable movie and well worth tracking down at your local video store.

Linda Rust

Romeo and Juliet) as a couple at odds with their relationship are outstanding, as is Adrien Brody with his mohawk, Union Jack t-shirt and electric guitar.

The main interest in *Summer of Sam* lies in the fact that it is not a film about the true to life, freaked out serial killer David Berkowitz. Yes, all the historic facts are true and are handled well, but it's the fictional characters that provide the narrative and the drive of the story. It's how they react to the fact that this man is killing and how different people react in different situations that is interesting. *Summer of Sam* shows us a snapshot of a pivotal point in recent New York history, but it's really about friendship and its boundaries. Brody's character is different, so he must be a killer, he thinks differently and dresses differently, but the fact is, the characters in *Summer of Sam* use the real Son of Sam as an excuse to accuse anyone they feel threatened by, or anyone that they just don't like very much.

Belinda Schenk



affliction

Affliction
1998. D: Paul Schrader
Nick Nolte, James Coburn, Willem Dafoe
Roadshow Entertainment

Let me say from the start that this video is a quality film. If you are looking for a cheerful and entertaining flick for a dull Saturday night, steer clear of this video. *Affliction* is the tale of Wade Whitehouse (Nick Nolte) and his gradual slide into violence and alcoholism. With his struggle to be a father to his young daughter and his battle for custody with his ex-wife, he is trapped in a downward spiral. Running parallel to this is the small town mystery Wade pursues regarding the suspected murder of Evan Twombly while deer hunting. This event precipitates Wade's eventual confrontation with his abusive

father.

It is certainly James Coburn who commends this film as the patriarch of the Whitehouse clan. His Oscar-winning performance is particularly menacing during the flashback scenes, which depict his violence towards both his wife and his young sons. A hand-held camera adds a jagged and frightening edge to an already disturbing and realistic scenario. Even when Glen Whitehouse is shown as an elderly man, it is still obvious that within him lurks violence and hatred. Although I laughed when he called everyone at the funeral 'Jesus freaks and candy-asses', it was still obvious that he was a monster.

Another amazing feature of this film is the location. The vast snowy plains of New Hampshire are beautifully filmed and serve as an appropriate backdrop for this tale about a family going nowhere. It appears to be the edge of the world, and as Rolfe Whitehouse (Willem Dafoe) says, 'Wade lived on the edge of his emotions'.

A final word of warning - one scene that I most advise against watching if you are squeamish is the tooth-pulling episode. When you see Nick Nolte get out a large pair of pliers, please look away. My stomach did not recover for the next couple of hours.

Linda Rust

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57 Channels (and there's nothing on)

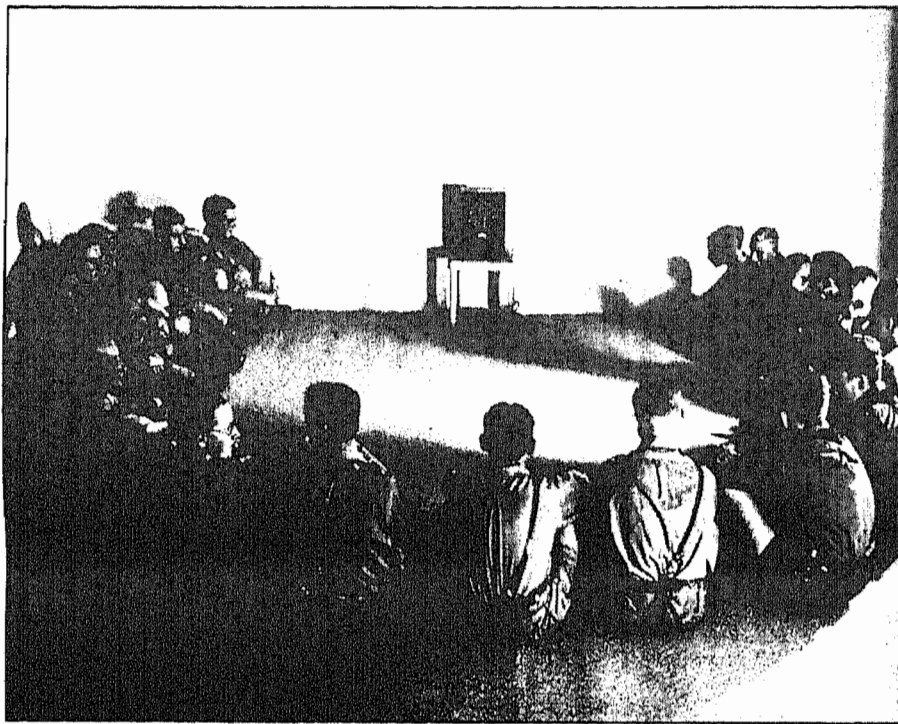
Everyone wins a Prize

I think I'd better stop offering prizes in this column. For two reasons: firstly, I don't have any, and secondly, I must be asking easier questions than I thought. Batfink's sidekick was, indeed, Karate. Prizes are still at the manufacturer, but something will materialise soon.

Unloved channels

I don't think the concept of community television has really taken off in Australia. Certainly not in Adelaide, anyway. Community radio, in comparison, has a relatively strong following, both in terms of participants and listeners. Well, I listen to 5UV sometimes. I guess one of the fundamental problems is that ACE TV, for example (and the only example I'm aware of in Adelaide), is hard to receive. You can only get rid of so much snow by squinting. Even then, I suspect you lose a bit of detail. I'm keen to know, though, what that program with the people riding crappy bikes around a dirt track is all about. Back when I bothered to even tune my TV to ACE, that show seemed to be on all the time. It looked sort of like a really budget-priced velodrome. And all the riders were wearing really budget-priced gear and riding bikes that no self-respecting five year old would ride even if he built it himself. But, hey, they looked like they were having a lot of fun. The interesting bit, though, was that some people had spent presumably no small amount of time recording, editing and broadcasting these events. And they did a fairly good job, in a community television kind of way. Sure, you could only just hear the commentary above the Dire Straits background tracks, and some of the cuts were a little harsh, but it was obviously done with enthusiasm. Pay TV has a similar concept that we could explore (briefly – don't worry). Think of a channel like Hallmark which no one watches and you only subscribe to because it's included with all the other compulsory channels.

For the non-Fox, Hallmark is a vehicle primarily for made-for-television movies. The kind of stuff that ex-cast members of *Growing Pains* and *Family Ties* have been making for the past ten years or so. Not riveting. But, I guess, not trivial either. Someone's producing that stuff week after week, and my guess would be not too many people are watching it. I wonder if they get sad about that. How do the Hallmark people judge a successful week? Perhaps we should all leave our decoder boxes tuned to Hallmark when we go out. Maybe it will make their day.



The Hitler Youth liked nothing better than staying in and watching the box.

Truth in naming

SBS are showing a program entitled *A Shit of a Job* on Tuesday March 28 at 8.00pm. It sure sounds like an interesting concept – filmmaker Daryl Sparkes focuses on two guys whose jobs revolve around human faeces: a highly paid doctor, presumably a gastroenterologist, and a worker on a sewerage farm. You would assume that these guys know basically quite a bit about crap. I wonder whether there is something to learn from SBS? Should we be

seeking to rename some other programs so that they more accurately reflect their subject matter? For example, *Australia's Funniest Home Videos* could be more realistically titled *Some Pretty Ordinary Footage of Some Guy I Know Who Hurt Himself*. The entire weekend afternoon block on all of the free-to-air networks could just be called *Hit or Kick Ball with Stick or Foot*. It wouldn't necessarily have to be quite so verbose, either. The new names could be short and catchy: the news on any channel could be renamed *Crud*.

Where's Chuck?

I recall that Channel 10 showed some very early episodes of *Happy Days* over the summer. I quite liked them – they had a substantially different feel to their subsequent episodes. For one thing, the Fonz wasn't nearly as comical and almost self-parodying as he later came to be. Arthur was a far more mysterious character earlier on – didn't make too many appearances per episode, didn't say much when he did appear, and certainly wasn't calling Tom Bosley 'Mr C.' He just

seemed to slide on in at the appropriate time, and usually offer the boys some dubious advice or some borderline illegal object. And he wore grey overalls a lot more than he wore a leather jacket. I don't know when the transition was made – presumably when the producers identified him as extremely popular. These old episodes reminded me, though, of the existence of the third Cunningham sibling: Chuck. Richie and Jonie's older brother. Now where the hell did Chuck Cunningham go? One minute he's outside the house shooting hoops with Richie and offering him his fake ID, the next minute he's gone to some college or some war, and he never came back. I guess he was a relatively pointless character, but he sure didn't last for long. Even *Neighbours* waits until you've got a viable solo singing career lined up before they boot you off the set. Perhaps that's it: Chuck left *Happy Days* to cut some vinyl and tour small town bars with a three piece band. For a show that later let Robin Williams appear as Mork, you'd have thought they could have cut Chuck some more slack.

e-Crock

I missed the premiere episode of the ABC's new series on 'e-commerce.' If there's a topic that television does badly, it would have to be 'the internet'. I can't judge the ABC, because I haven't seen it yet, but I hope the network that brought us *Towards 2000* (not that abomination *Beyond 2000*) can take an intelligent look at the subject. Computer networking in general, and its specific application in 'e-commerce' (and I'm still not sure I like that word) are relatively complex topics which don't translate particularly well to half-hour, magazine-style programs such as Channel Ten's appalling *Internet Bright Ideas*. Let alone the ABC's 15 minute segments entitled *E-BIZ*. Scheduled at 6.45 am, I guess they're not targeting the prime-time audience. That can only be a good thing.

Paul Hoadley

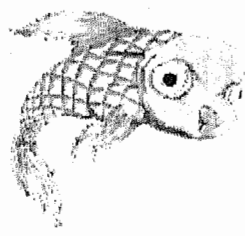
794 articles on
foot odour.

Whatever you need to know, chances are The State Library has it in a book, on a CD-ROM or through access to electronic databases of over 4 million full text articles. For a free workstation booking phone 8207 7248 or email your research enquiry to research@slsa.sa.gov.au. Open 7 days.



Government
of South Australia

Out on the fringe

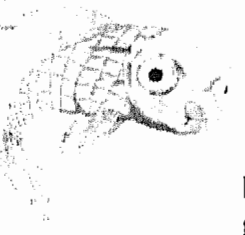


Ed Kuepper
Governor Hindmarsh
Saturday March 12

I know heaps about music but I know what I like. Ed live is good. This is true, even people who don't like Ed will tell you this. Ed has

stage presence, a certain Elvisness, it can't be learned or acquired, God just gives it to some people. Ed is the fair-haired Elvis from Queensland. He has a gorgeous naughty boy quality, you just know he'd be rude to your parents and no matter how impressive things became around him, Ed would remain unimpressed, bored, slightly irritated. Perhaps this is the essence of rock genius, an ability to distil and perform, in life and in art, adolescent male recalcitrance. Ed seduces me because I know he'd hate me, no matter how kind I was to him he'd think I was a dickhead, and I'd be grateful. In the world of the schoolyard Ed is the wedger as surely as I am the wedgee. A famous rock journalist once told me an amazing anecdote concerning Ed Kuepper but I can't for the life of me remember what it was. This of course is quintessentially Kuepper, an impression that lasts but retains no specificity or detail. Do yourself a favour buy all his cd's, especially his latest, and go to all of his gigs.

Rob Windsor



Human in the Audiosphere
Rhino Room
March 1-10

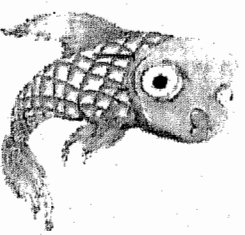
Ben Walsh of Pablo Percusso, and The Bird Fame has reached a level of ability which is simply astounding, influenced

by traditional music forms as well as dance based grooves he creates captivating rhythms which challenges listeners to interpret his work and go beyond passive appreciation. Using a quadraphonic system, the audience is surrounded by his percussive narratives, themes which develop in complexity and power. Perhaps what impresses me most about the show is that within 1hr a whole conceptual vocabulary is realised. Building to a climactic final message/lesson/epiphany in which a sense of spiritualism is imparted and developed through neo-traditional polyrhythms and ending in a crescendo of emotive intensity emphasised by taut monorhythmic battery.

Its through subtle inference, that Ben Walsh alerts the listener to the social, political, and bio-rhythms which encase everyone in the modern world. The political statements he makes about the corporate ethic, highlight a concept central to *Human*, that is the aesthetic difference between repetition and reality. Playing with concepts such as cycles of destruction, and synchronicity as unifying social philosophy, *Human* whimsically makes bold claims about life and challenges habitual solutions to problems of social addiction.

Visually, *Human* is also superb, lights, computer generated textures and images [by John Cherry] paint Walsh in iconoclastic colours as he plays on various percussive instruments. Indeed as Walsh plays he radiates the kind of intense energy of someone in control of their element, within the Audiosphere he reproduces the world for our amusement and demonstrates its ills for our benefit, class dismissed!!

Kailas Ananda Sunya Elmer-Berge



Mr Ionesco and the Bald Rhinoceros
Iris Cinema

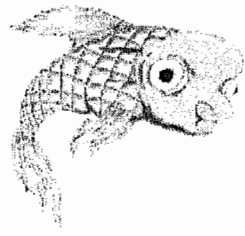
Georgina Naidu and Patrick Moffat make a good fist of things in Matthew Lucas's play based on the life and

work of Eugene Ionesco - a leading figure in Absurdist theatre. The work whips you through Ionesco's childhood and psychological motivations, constantly over-

lapping the biographical with elements from a selection of Ionesco's great works (The Bald Soprano, The Chairs, Rhinoceros). Lucas has fused the material and the means, using Ionesco's theatrical methods and style in an effort to convey not just the facts, but also the form, function and feel of Ionesco.

Naidu and Moffat make a committed effort to pull off what I thought would be a difficult play to deliver to an audience without much (or any) previous exposure to Ionesco, but the dialogue's constant movement and the actor's audience engagement were successful in the end.

Farley Wright



Noodle Frontity
Hung Le
Nova Cinema

Man, you'd just really like this guy to be one of your mates. Hung Le is so likeable, you don't even hold it

against him when he laughs at his own jokes. His 2000 Fringe show revolves largely around his roots-discovering trip back to Vietnam and you

could almost be in his living room, the tone is so casual. We get a home video of Hung in the Tunnels of Cu Chi, a slide show of him getting maggots on a boat trip to Ha Long Bay, and he even plays us a party piece on his violin. His enthusiasm and warm humour are infectious.

Though a fair sprinkling of his jokes went straight to the graveyard, there were quite a few belly laughs in this performance too. Hung Le's style is upfront and personal, and his material fits perfectly with his onstage persona, which is like the gawky little funny kid from your school. He's the kind of guy who can get sand kicked in his face by a seagull, but Hung Le gets an A+ for banter, cross-cultural gags and sheer engaging gangliness.

Ya gotta love him.

Sarah Shepherd



The Tokyo Shock Boys
Thebarton Theatre

And I thought a bikini wax was the definition of pain! The boys from downtown Japan prove once again that discom-

fort is no barrier in pleasuring an audience in their latest showstopper. When the blokes are not blowing themselves up, shoving live scorpions down their throats, or setting one's mohawk on fire, they are snapping a prickly cactus in half with their butt cheeks. (All in a day's work, eh?).

Not to be missed is the Milk Boy, who pours milk up his nose, and squirts it out from his eyes (and onto the poor patrons sitting in the front row). But the squirm factor really heightens when the boys set out to prove how 'head' strong they are. This involves the stretching of genitals and indecent exposure, in the form of pierced and shaven private parts. Be prepared to spend much of the night, covering your eyes, on the edge of your seat, fearful of what is next to happen.

The boys will get you pumped, frenetic, and waving your hands in the air, in time to the throbbing techno beat that accompanies the act.

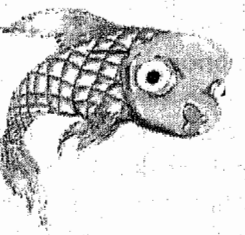
And even though they light their farts and flash their butt cheeks to the world, you won't be able to wipe the smile off your face, and refrain from thinking just how cute they are.

The packed theatre, and the unwipeable grin on my Spanish friend Susan's face (a now devout fan) proves the boys don't just shock - they *rock* - in any language!!!!

A fantastic end to the Fringe. My advice? Next time they're in town: GO SEE 'EM!!!!!!

(I must also give a special mention to the Triple J comedian who warned up the crowd funny stuff!)

Carla Caruso



Harmon Leon
Yank Me
Boltz Cafe

Harmon Leon is American with a seeming fascination with AC/DC. He mixes stories with the standard observational comedy but is a rare bird, whereby his stories are

actually better than the short sharp stuff.

He regaled the audience with tales of being drunk and trying to buy guns, comparative shopping for religions

being based on food, the vitality of religious texts and tracts as well as the number of them and other basises. His attendance at a Christian punk concert was told in detail made funny by one's closeness to the live music scene; in my case having heard similar stories, this section was a cack.

Unlike other American comedians, Harmon didn't mind having an understated approach to his work and using local custom to further enrich his material. This was a sign of professionalism I thought. Unfortunately there were also parts of the show that just fell flat for me. All in all, entertaining and amusing without being pisspants hilarious.

Darien O'Reilly

It's good family entertainment

Mizumachi
Ishinha
Torrens Parade Ground

Mizumachi was baffling, but I loved it.

I saw it on dress rehearsal night before the programs were printed, so this perhaps explains why the audience was so ill-informed. Unsubstantiated rumours flew up and down the rows, to the tune of 'it's in gibberish - the Japanese can't understand it either', 'It's based on Japanese advertising / soap opera / cereal packets', 'those men are devils, and they're causing the Industrial / Cultural Revolution', etc. Whatever. The bottom line was, *Mizumachi* was an absolutely stunning spectacle. The meticulously constructed set, its grey skyline dominated by a factory ostentatiously belching out smoke, the extraordinary soundscape, which propelled the dancers in increasingly frenetic ritual formations - it was a feast for the senses. There was a certain Dickensian feel about it, helped along by the musical format. It was kind of like a Japa-

nese 'Oliver!', complete with all-singing, all-dancing street scenes and engaging little urchin boys.

So what does happen? A bunch of industrial refugees seem to be searching for something, and some of the time they carry a model boat around with them. Meanwhile, a gaggle of noisy, brightly clothed water-sprite girls giggle, posture and wallow around in the water. In the crowd scenes, a tribe of street urchins choofs around the stage doing everything with massive energy and commitment, including running on the spot going nowhere.

Who needed more plot than this to enjoy the show? Not me. After opening night, of course, we found out lots more about the show, such as that it deals with the history of Osaka and addresses an interesting range of questions, including the environmental impact of the Japanese Industrial Revolution and why Japanese people always hurry so much. However, even without a coherent understanding of its narrative and themes, *Mizumachi* was a winner.

Sarah Shepherd

Inferno
Elision
Wharf Shed 10

Elision's music theatre interpretation of Dante's *Divine Comedy* was utter hell, as attested to by over a quarter of the audience who departed throughout the performance. What could they have been thinking? Apparently they missed the point that Hell isn't 'nice' (thank dog), that's what Hell is: not 'nice'. The experience was wondrous: set in the industrial ghetto inside an enormous dark warehouse perched above the Acheron (Port River), we sat in a large circle around a central podium, guitarist, sound en-

gineer and percussionist; whilst we were ourselves encircled by seven outer podiums occupied by strings, percussion, woodwind, brass and a guy whose job it appears was to break things, musically and not - an enviable job and I'm certain good for stress release.

Lighting allowed the darkness to hug close as Lucifer conducted us down into an aural waste-land whose landscape was walled about by towering cliff-faces of skull-splitting feedback, and populated by hissing demons and an anarchy of sound.

My concerns as to how Elision could sustain 80 minutes of narrative engagement were crushed beneath the weight of the aural

music produces a fluidity exploited effectively by the dancers.

The concepts are intriguing. *Robbery* explores the emotional underbelly of a tabloid report a few years ago, about a waitress who posed as a hostage for her knife-wielding boyfriend in an - almost - lucrative scam on the restaurant where she worked.

Dry, prosaic newspaper quotes are displayed above the stage, showing the vacuum of human understanding which *Robbery* seeks to fill. High culture helps. A twisted version of the cygnet dance from Swan Lake enacts the nasty beauty of collusive codependence. Lady Macbeth also makes a brief appearance, in a frenzied post-incarceration handwashing sequence. This sad, black energy finally resolves in



absurdities by which we were cast into the descending levels of Dante's vision. I was able to envision before us our present crop of politicians and the world's market fundamentalists being tortured by evil noises, paralleling Dante's intended satirisation of his contemporary politicians, merchants and nobility.

The audience were as interesting as the performance - as denizens of Hell some fled, some blocked ears for the entire performance, one curled up foetally, others stood and walked about, some were stone-faced and others smiled in wonder as the walls, veils, whispers and cannon-blasts of a cacophonous instrumen-

a return to the foetal position.

Number two, *Heavy*, takes a journey into the Land of Nod, poking curiously into the corners of a slumbering brain. Actually, I'm not sure if this is an aptly named piece. It starts in slow motion, a body crashing gently into sleep at centre stage. Don't be fooled. Suddenly the lights come on hard and harsh, accompanied by synthetic, frenetic music FX as four dancers slice the stage, beeting around like ants on hallucinogens. Some time later, Sleep plays with the stupefied Sleeper in a fluid, moving sequence danced by Trevor Patrick and Brett Daffy.

Heavy is strung along the lines of tension between three poles: the busy electro-chemistry of the brain, the supine, restless physicality of the

tal nightmare sang us all the way to Hell and back again to the only possible end to Hell: it freezes over! The flautist and oboist took up instruments of ice and continued to play with frozen fingers these dripping wands of eerie illumination as Hell gradually fell into the night of silence broken only by the breaking of rocks in the cold emptiness of nothing until the end of black never.

This was an awesome experience, not for the faint-hearted or the musically conservative, but a profound work worthy of its inspiration.

Bravo.

Farley Wright

sleeper, and the surreal, deluded land of the dream. What is meaning? What is consciousness? What do you do when you are inexplicably dead and surrounded by melodramatically gesturing medicos? Find out here.

The Lucy Guerin Company gives a sexy performance. However, the languorous sensuality of both pieces is undermined by an odd sense of emotional neutrality, particularly in *Robbery*, and the diverse choreographic elements of *Heavy* have a hard time gelling. Despite these things which seem to be missing, though, Guerin's style is appealing and her choreography strong and innovative. It's all very hip.

Sarah Shepherd

Robbery *Waitress on Bail + Heavy*
Lucy Guerin Dance Company
Space Theatre

Ever get that locked - in feeling, as though your limbs, eyelids and mind are all weighed down with sandbags? Guerin's signature choreographic style, reflected in firmly planted feet, rocking hips and movement extending to the ends of the fingertips, has an earthy quality which is sensuous but also very heavy. By and large it works, though, and her Festival show has some real strengths.

A standout, DJ Jad McAdam provides a funky, fullsome musical base for the two works that unfold. The close fusion of choreography and

Unless it goes past eleven

Shockheaded Peter
Cultural Industry/West Yorkshire
Palyhouse/Lyric Theatre
Hammersmith
Her Majesty's Theatre

Opening night, the narrator (played by Julian Bleach) exits the house on stage and proclaims: 'I am the greatest actor ever,' folk giggle, chortle for awhile. He stares at the audience, a kid laughs in the silence, he turns around and enters the house to reappear on the other side of the stage exhorting us to all start again. Here was an anomaly, a rare bird indeed, a Festival show with humour and the ability to laugh at themselves. *Shockheaded Peter* is loosely based on the absurdist book *Struwwelpeter* written and illustrated by Heinrich Hoffmann in 1844 in Germany that well known home of humour. Basically a collection of cautionary

lets op bach (Something on Bach)
les Ballets C de la B / Ensemble Ex-
plorations
Les Ballets Contemporaines de la
Belgique.
Festival Theatre

This show was a feast for the eyes and ears!
This eclectic dance performance was choreographed (or directed as he prefers to think of it) by Alain Platel. The exquisite music of J. S. Bach was directed by Roel Dieltiens. The combination defies

Odyssey
Anthos Theatre
The Opera Studio

The concept of 'Odyssey' is attractive: Homer's classic as a vehicle for exploring the Australian-Greek experience of immigration. In fact this production proved far better than its promise.
Having co-created the play with John Bolton, Andreas Litras takes to the stage with a mop in his hand and his heart in a bucket and proceeds to disclose to us the inner

Over the Moon
Footnote Dance
Nexus

Farmyard shenanigans, martial arts, thong slap-dancing - Kiwi company Footnote Dance offers a wide range of styles and influences in this selection of 6 short pieces. And it's all good fun.

'First Light' got the show off to a groovin' rhythmic start. Creative influences appeared to range from the graceful twirling of the Sufi monks through Tai Chi to shades of African dance and 'I'm a Little

tales best illustrated by Hoffmann's own verse...

*When children have been good
That is, to be understood,
good at mealtimes, good at play,
Good at night, and good all day,
They shall have the pretty things
Merry Christmas always brings
Naughty, romping girls and boys
Tear their clothes and make a noise,
Soil their aprons and their frocks,
And deserve no Christmas box,
Such as these shall never look
At this pretty picture-book.*

Hoffman and the cast mow down the weak and the innocent in such a delightful manner that we could only laugh. Boys had their thumbs cut off by the nasty tailor, girls burnt themselves to death while their pets looked on, Johnny fell into the river, Augustus refused his once beloved soup to wither away among other victims. All perished to the accompaniment of The Tigerlillies and

description.

The scene is an urban apartment block rooftop. An eight piece orchestra plays on stage in the background. Three singers, a soprano, a baritone and an alto, appear to be voyeurs at a balcony overlooking the stage, intermittently interacting with the dancers. The nine dancers, of different ethnicities and ages, are apparently the occupants of the apartment block.

The action takes place in several spaces at once. The viewer's attention is drawn: to a three year old

workings of the Greek immigrant - not in a piously self-aggrandising, 'politically correct' manner, but with a great artistry combining humour and pathos, refreshingly valid multi-media and poetic form, song and dance and vocal dexterity in a kaleidoscopic mix.

Litras characterises and caricatures, with love, his own people in a way which fosters an empathic understanding for the plight of the Other, along the way displaying much of the richness of Australian-Greek culture: the Gringlish dialect, immigrant political and economic history,

Teapot', an often amusing and interesting pastiche which set the tone for what was to follow. Number two, '2 axe handles across', was a bloody hilarious Jack-and-Jill, back-to-nature gumboots piece complete with cow sound effects and, apparently, a menage a trois between the farmer and the milking maids.

I think.

'Am I alone?' showed a change of style to 60s jazz chic, while piece number four, 'Not We But One', an exploration of a chance encounter, continued the urban theme and was effectively choreographed to

Martyn Jacques' castrato tone. The songs were an undeniable highlight, vividly painting pictures of the unaware and carless courting their doom. The staging was simply magnificent, a three story house with numerous exit and entry points, windows, cellars and an Escherian perspective from the front. Lighting was subdued which suited the surreal nature of the show, the costumes and the music. Dialogue was snappy and often appeared ad-lib in times of trouble, which is

always a sign of competency and girl riding a tricycle in the foreground; to an auto-erotic scene amidst the antennae above; to a spectacular circus-like performance; to a dancing hobo, head cut and clothes torn, dancing with such passion and such expressive hand movements that you feel sure he is speaking to you.

This is a community, with its petty disputes, relationships, political demonstrations, explosions of community spirit - and sadness. The dance conveys all these and more.

The choreography is both chaotic

and their rich physical vocabulary and their intimate and passionate familial relationships.

Homer's Odyssey acts as a golden thread upon which Litras strings the pearls of his family's experience. This device is fully justified when the Cyclops prays to Poseidon that should Odyssey ever make it home all that he should find is pain - and Litras shares with us the misery experienced by those who eventually make it 'home' to face the shame of having lost their culture and their language - to face the possibility of never reaching an Ithaca

suggest a lighthearted fling. There's not much chemistry between Jane Duncan and Moss Asher-Patterson but the mood is happy. Just good friends, perhaps.

The androgynous choreography and costuming of 'Pheronome' opened up interesting possibilities which were competently exploited, and 'Over the Moon' returns solidly to the pastiche approach, giving a guernsey (and I'm quite sure I saw these) to Star Trek, skydiving, Twister and the Pringles ad. All with the aid of some Wellies and a pair of thongs each.

Though hampered by some

imagination. *Shockheaded Peter* was a lurid textual experience with the costumes bordering on the downright creepy while makeup was uniformly surreal. The narrator (Julian Bleach) was entrancing, he patrolled the stage and simply dominated it although he was upstaged by Martyn Jacques' voice.

He worked the audience and basically had us eating out of his pants.

Shockheaded Peter was an entertaining evening's theatre minus the pretentious guff. A transmogrification of a children's book into theatre that all ages could and did enjoy. I liked it.

Darien O'Reilly

and yet intricately and precisely interwoven.

A wide range of emotions are explored. Scenes of lust, love, lechery, anger, humour, jealousy, madness, misery and joy, fill the stage and challenge the audience. This powerful combination of dance and music confronts the audience with religious, spiritual and everyday life experiences.

The standing ovation was well-deserved.

Joseph Wearing
Karin Harris

and if so only to find that Penelope is dead, her weaving all undone.

The set was brilliant: a suitcase metamorphoses into the Trojan horse, then a coffin, then into a headstone, which becomes one of the smoking rocks of Hades in a gruesome scene from Homer.

What more can I say? Litras exposed his passion and pain to us, bringing me to tears of compassion for only the second time in my theatre-going history.

A tour de force.

Farley Wright

heavyfootedness and uneven choreography, the show worked because it was lighthearted, effectively costumed and enthusiastically performed by an engaging troupe of dancers.

Though they are a professional company there was a high-schoolish feel to the performance, springing from both the act's weaknesses in conception and execution and its strengths in freshness and positive energy.

Pats on the back all round, guys! It was fun.

Sarah Shepherd



Then it's just self-indulgent

Recent Photographs, Drawings and Assemblage
Peter McKay
Now Showing

On Dit in-house photographer Peter McKay has put together an exhibition of work in several media, spanning around three years. The works suggest a maturity beyond the artists few years. The exhibition is comprised mostly of recent photographs, though the series of charcoals included are representative of both McKay's earlier work and his aesthetic concerns. The city dominates McKay's work, it is the real focus of the exhibition. In the charcoals it takes on the aspect of a omniscient presence; the

individual is absent, the bold, straight lines marking out the parameters of buildings, a skeletal representation of the city - the city stripped to its contingent vectors.

It is in the photographs that the city obstensively comes to the fore. A voyeur's view through a window, curtain half drawn, of a solitary diner hints at the condition of isolation associated with city life, as does the portrait of 'Dave' sitting on the back seat of a bus, staring at the viewer yet completely devoid of recognition, lost to his surroundings. In the tray of a ute parked in an underground parking facility two youths sit together, but a distance separates them, an invis-

ible wall of propriety, restricting each to his own thoughts, his own experience of existence.

There is nothing sentimental about McKay's art, but that isn't to say it is unemotional. His photographs have a cold, indifferent quality; the people that populate his artistic vision are secondary to their environment, yet they possess an identifiable humanity, flawed and venerable, that transcends their stark black and white plane of existence. Recent Photographs, Drawing and Assemblage is being exhibited in the Gallery Coffee Shop, 6th floor, Union Building, University of Adelaide until April 3.

Jonathon Dyer



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.

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. This exhibition encompasses works on paper and canvas,

ceramics, glass, carvings and textiles. The Jam Factory is open Monday-Friday 9am-5.30pm, Sat/Sun 10am-5pm.

Struth! is still showing for those few stragglers who haven't got along to see it yet. You know who you are. *Struth!* is an exhibition of great art by local talent. *Struth!* is 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*. This is an installation

showcasing the latest design and construction innovations. *Light/House* is open throughout the Festival, 12-10pm.

Sadly, nobody responded to the Kevin Henderson 'Between the Eyes Evil Shaved' competition. We were upset, Kevin was upset. The Visual Arts editor has taken it particularly hard, and has taken to drinking cappuccinos on his own.

So if you're down that way and you happen to see a sad, despondent fellow badly dressed and drinking alone go up to him and tell him it's not that bad (but make sure he's a Visual arts editor first).

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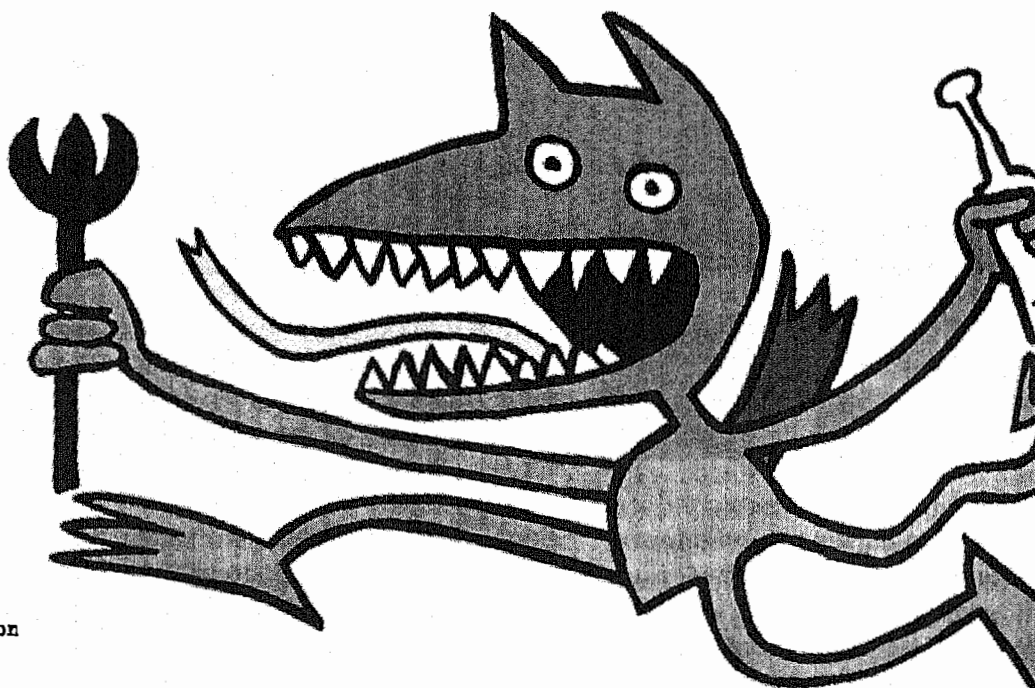
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Talking to Amit Chaudhuri

At 37, Amit Chaudhuri is relatively young for an author, especially considering he has just released his fourth novel. On Dit spoke to him during Writers' Week about his most recent novel, *A New World*.

OD: At Writers' Week, you said you felt culturally distanced growing up in Bombay, as a Bengali. Do you find yourself rediscovering and revisiting that culture, as it exists today?

AC: Firstly, I suppose I would have been quite distanced from life in Bombay anyway, and it wasn't so much to do with the fact that I was a Bengali growing up in Bombay, but it was the kind of life that I was exposed to. My father worked in the corporate world, and it was kind of distancing living on the 12th or 25th floor of buildings. I always looked forward to going to Calcutta because it was a completely different sort of life, a very vivid kind of life closer to street level. And being closer to street level is something I discovered that I liked very much. I realised this was what we felt in Calcutta: the sense of community, it didn't matter what community it was, just being close to street level. So those are the things I didn't have access to when I was growing up. People think about the distance that comes about when you move away from your country but India is such a large country. I'm sure all countries are heterogeneous and there are differences and divisions within the country. Two cities played a part in my life, what I view as the two major cities in India, and I experienced two very different sides of myself in relation to those cities.

OD: The interactions between your child characters and the older characters are so vivid, especially in *A New World*, with cultural differences separating Bonny, his father and grandparents. Do you see the children in your novels as representing the new India?

AC: I hadn't thought of it in that way. This novel is different from my first three. It's different in a number of ways. Firstly there are no autobiographical elements in this one.

Memory really played a big part in the three prior novels. And this one, [*A New World*] it's different in a number of ways, dealing with a slightly more Westernised, more English-speaking family than the ones I've dealt with before. And I was quite interested in the way they interacted with each. Some of them speak in English with each other. Also in the previous novels I had written about characters and places with place creating a physical immediacy and characters having some sort of quirkiness or idiosyncrasies which I was attracted to. Here I wasn't. These characters to me were in a sense quite unattractive and that for me was a challenge. Can I sort of delve into what are the deepest of experiences of human life by looking at a set of quite unattractive and sometimes banal characters? Is it possible to do that? Also the American experience, which is also something I myself have never experienced, but many of my relatives have and an increasing number of Indians are. It's really America now. England is no longer the haven, the longed for place. Except maybe for a few people who want to go to Oxford or Cambridge to get degrees. But America, because it's a place of opportunity, of money and they do exceptionally well, and also because it is viewed as a more egalitarian society, and they don't have that kind of colonial relationship with America.

OD: You also write a lot about marriages, such as the short story you read at Writers' Week. Is there any particular reason why you concentrate on that relationship at different stages. For example, in *A New World*, the main character Jayojit has just come through a messy divorce and you also look at his parents marriage as the older married couple, with the wife becoming a 'mother' to her husband and the changing aspects of their relationship.

AC: Generally, I have written about marriages but sort of always inadvertently. I must have been fascinated by something about marriages and

weddings to have written about them. Because you know weddings are such huge things in Indian culture. People who are getting married are getting married revering the ritual, but also quite distanced from it, seeing it from afar. It's more like a social thing than a religious thing. It's a phenomenon that you see happening these days in India, the marriage break-up. But there are other things which have been present in my writing, and one of those things is the idea of the holiday, of somebody going somewhere for a brief period of time, and somehow therefore being transformed or looking at the place in a slightly different way, without anything really happening

OD: How did you find the format of Writers' Week? How different is this kind of format to simply touring around the country to promote your book?

AC: You know the format is not that different from other places but, I think you sort of read and then get into a discussion with other writers or with the moderator. You are not asked to speak about yourself in this kind of monologue. But what I noticed here was that the audiences are really huge. They're bigger than any other audience I've seen anywhere else and I've been to a few other big festivals in Canada and England, but that wasn't what was most impressive. What was most impressive was that this audience could actually focus on what the single person was saying and not get distracted. That the whole audience could stretch back so far and still be listening. That was impressive.

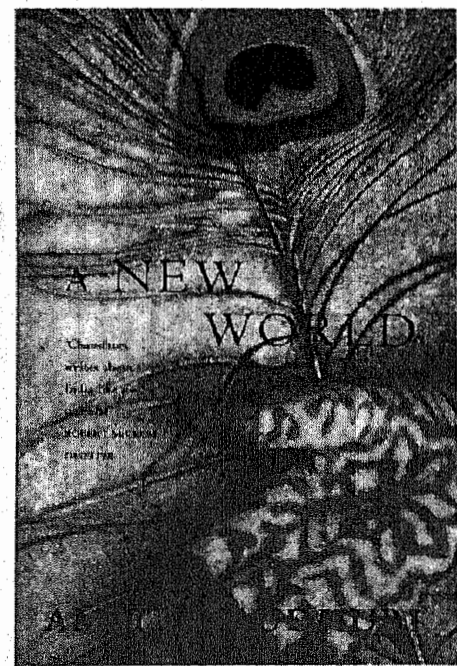
OD: Just to finish off, people frequently ask you about your recent move back to Calcutta after living away for so long [16 years in England]. Are you finding new inspiration living back in India?

AC: Well I used to spend five months of every year in India so the culture



shock never happened. It happened when I first went to England. Then I was shocked but otherwise it didn't happen to that extent. I've been wanting to move back for a long time, in fact ever since I went to England. But also when I first went to England as a child, in 1973 as an 11 year old and I came into contact with racism because that was a bad time, the 70's in England: The National Front and England itself was economically quite badly off. So my first contact with England was not a happy one. That experience probably always made me think of it as someone else's country. Having lived there for a long time I found many good things about it and wanted to go back to India for personal reasons. But now that I'm in Calcutta the one outcome which I hadn't thought about is that I'm away from the London literary establishment. Not just writers, but editors, journalist, agents etc. and it is quite good to be away from that. They are all nice people, and they want you to do well. But it's good to be away from it, you need to be close to other things.

Karen Lobban



A New World
Amit Chaudhuri
Picador
\$16.95

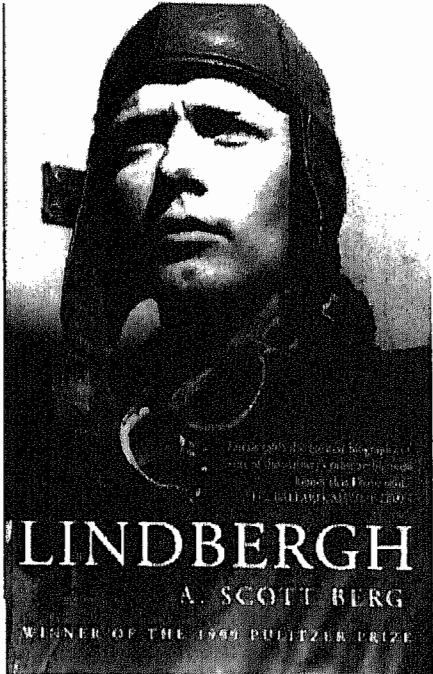
A New World, the fourth novel by Indian-born, English-educated Amit Chaudhuri, who last week attended Writer's Week 2000, is a delicately written and beautifully detailed account of a son revisiting his aged parents in the stifling heat of the early Indian summer. Jayojit Chatterjee and his 10 year old son Bonny are visiting his parents, his mother a housewife and his father, a retired Navy Admiral, in their small apartment in the centre of

Calcutta. This is a novel made up of small vignettes and moments in time, where the narrative is simply the ordinary things that make every day different, or the same, as every other. Chaudhuri has a gentle, lyrical style of writing that allows the reader to observe this rather average family, without intruding on their reverie. His description of the relationships between the husband and his wife, father and son, grandmother and grandson are lovingly detailed, evoking a foreign culture but a familiar sense of family. Low on action but high on description is probably the best way to describe this novel, which doesn't mean that it is uninteresting: the visceral qual-

ity of the writing is engaging, transporting the reader to the polluted, traffic filled streets of Calcutta in one beautifully crafted sentence. Unlike his countryman Vikram Seth, who is alluded to in the novel, Chaudhuri does not try and write the quintessential Indian novel, a difficult thing for a country of 800 million people, nor does he involve his characters in the volatile and ever changing political aspects of the country. Rather he is a writer more concerned with the smaller aspects that make life what it is today in an India, focusing on the lives of ordinary characters who lead ordinary lives.

Karen Lobban

Books to love or loathe



Lindbergh
A. Scott Berg
Pan MacMillan
\$ 19.95

Fittingly enough, A. Scott Berg's biography of Aviator Charles Lindbergh opens amongst the

crowds gathered to greet *Spirit of St. Louis'* landing in Paris on the evening of 2 May 1927, the defining moment in Lindbergh's life and in public understanding of him. From there, Berg guides us via a quick family history, closely through Lindbergh's extraordinary childhood to that moment, his first son's kidnapping and the 'trial of the century' (in the appropriately titled 'Circus Maximus' chapter) and beyond. Lindbergh's story is worthy of attention because of the coincident intersection of great adventure, fascinating and enigmatic character, remarkable human feat and the simultaneous advent of mass, real-time media communication. Charles Lindbergh was the world's first great celebrity. Though there have been countless millions of words written about Lindbergh, Berg's are among the most authoritative. The unprecedented and unfettered access he had to Lindbergh's personal archives, the cooperation from close friends and family, and his experi-

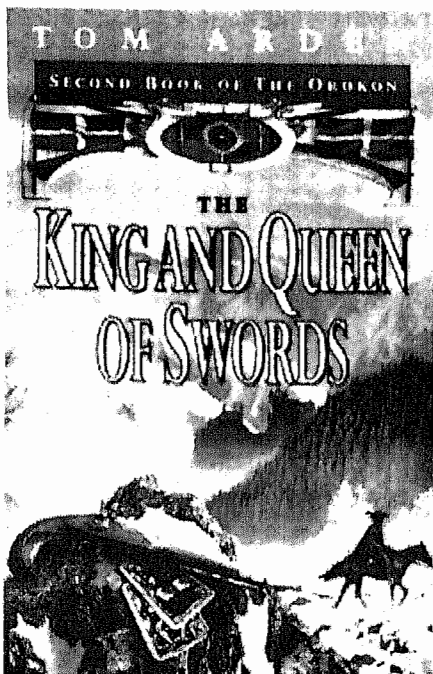
ence as a biographer have ensured that. As a result, Berg has written a biography that is detailed (sometimes tediously so) and scholarly enough to be a valuable research tool (though thankfully, Berg has spared us the intrusions of in-text on-page footnotes, instead acknowledging his sources chapter by chapter at the end), but also written in a style that makes its initially daunting 600 pages of fairly small print eminently readable. For those who cannot subsist on words alone, there are also some remarkable photographs.

Berg attended the Adelaide writers' week and spoke several times, charming his audience with his humour, anecdotes, and obvious passion for what he does. He's one of a select few who have made a living out of his love of reading and books, and his obsession with twentieth century American cultural icons. As a biographer, he has already written respected works on editor Max Perkins and movie giant Sam Goldwyn, and his latest

work on Lindbergh has earned him (like Lindbergh himself) a Pulitzer prize. Though passionate, even obsessed by his subject, Berg is no blind apologist for Lindbergh, particularly in his explanation of allegations of anti-semitism against Lindbergh and his exposure of a not-quite-fairytale marriage.

It is unlikely that a work of such authority will be written about Charles Lindbergh for at least the next 50 years. The extensive Lindbergh archives held at Yale University were to be locked away until 50 years after wife Anne Lindbergh's death; Berg used all his charm and persistence to gain her approval for his once off access. Berg has not wasted his extraordinary opportunity, achieving a fine balance between thorough, scholarly biography, and accessible, interesting storytelling; between appropriate respect and reverence for an icon, and honesty about his subject's human failings.

Robert Geddes



The King and Queen of Swords
Tom Arden
Millennium Publishers
\$14.95

I have to admit it, I am a fan of fantasy. However, this book baffled me from the outset. Tom Arden gives the reader three pages of characters before he actually begins the novel. The other major obstacle to understanding this book from the beginning was that it is the second in a series, and although Arden does give a summary of the first book, you should probably still read it first.

Arden's world is one that I found it hard to come to terms with, though this is true of a reader's first venture into the world of almost any author. The story follows the hero, Jem, in his search for the crystals of the Gods. He has found one of them already and doing so

allowed him to walk after being born a cripple. As well as a hero we have a heroine. This would be Cata, formerly a wild child but now, robbed of her memory by the evil Umbecca, a lady. We follow her return to her former self and recovery of her powers. These will allow her to continue to help Jem in his quest.

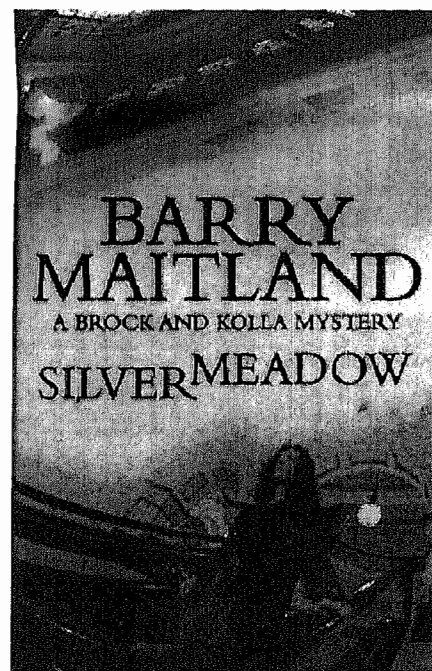
By finding the crystals, Jem hopes to save the land from the grasps of the Ejand Bluejacket and take his place as the rightful king.

When I read the speech of the characters I was taken back to about year nine when I was trying to decipher *Romeo and Juliet* for the first time. Arden uses flowery speech reminiscent of English from medieval times. It makes it a little difficult to understand but certainly adds to the effect. In contrast to the character's florid speech, the narrative is very colloquial. Arden gives the reader the sense that he is actually talking to them. This is something that I have found to be very rare in my experience. It makes it much easier to understand the speech of the characters and softens the book, making it more friendly to the reader.

All in all, I would say that this book is well worth the read (although it might be an idea to read the first book first). Just for the record, the series is called *The Orokon*, and the first book in it is *The Harlequin's Dance* and the third is *Sultan of the Moon and Stars*.

Enjoy your reading.

Mark Henderson



Silvermeadow
Barry Maitland
Allen & Unwin
\$24.95

My life has just been irreparably altered: never again will Burnside Village glimmer with the same fluorescent allure, beckoning me, along with its bevy of Burnside blondes (complete with base-model Beemer and Espritkids), to come into its climate controlled comfort. One weekend reading Barry Maitland's sizeable mystery changed it all, as the freshly compressed remains of a 14 year old girl are found in the garbage compacter of Silvermeadows, the glossy new mega-mall on the outskirts of London. Management denies everything, but rumour has it that this is not the first time that 'strange things' have taken place ... Thus a saga akin to watching 13

hours of *The Bill* begins. As the title coyly hints that *Silvermeadow* is a 'Brock and Kolla mystery', the astute reader realises that it will inevitably be these two coppers who will put two and two together and find the pumpkin patch, so we keep a close eye on their progress. Which is not very difficult in the first two thirds of the book, as not a great deal of progress is made. Fortunately things pep up towards the end, managing to somehow incriminate every 'resident' of Silvermeadow in a corker of a serial killing involving even the mall's own erupting volcano and a dungeonus labryinth of underground passages.

Quite frankly, while Maitland's mystery is gloriously good stuff when you find out whodunnit, there's just too much scene setting. And my copy of the book had major chunks of pages missing which came to my attention by pure chance only *after* I'd finished, indicating how superfluous some bits were. Still, a great modern crime read (all 346 pages of it) with all sorts of drugs, smut and paedophilia. Choose it for its gory twists or alternatively, just re-enact your favourite scenes from *The Bill* in the drains of your local Westfield Shoppingtown.

Sarah Moller

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Shriekback

Let's put the year 1981 into some kind of perspective shall we? It was in that year that Midnight Oil released their *Place Without A Postcard* LP. In 1981, U2 released their *October* album. Countdown was huge, silly hairstyles were all the rage and Billy Corgan and Tim Rodgers were probably still using the potty.

It was also in 1981, that a band emerged from the UK called Shriekback. For nearly 20 years they have been carving thier own little niche in the muisc biz. The sound on their most recent record *Naked Apes & Pond Life*, is a somewhat mixed bag of sounds and approaches to songwriting. A comparison I thought of Shriekback was- Ween on some sort of weird and unspecified drug.

I recently had the chance to have a chat with Martyn Barker, (Drummer for Shriekback) and was pleased to learn that time had not eroded and corrupted Shriekback into a cynical and turgid unit. 'I think time gives you a great deal of experience,' says Barker, 'Shriekback have always changed with thier line up over the period from 1981 to the present but have always written in the same way. From a drum groove then a tune to create the atmosphere then the words, mainly from Barry (vox/accordion) and with different musicains you get new

sounds.'

I mention to Martyn that since 1981, there has been a plethora of bands that have been and went. Surely this has had an impact and influence on the style and expression in Shriekback's music?

Barker continues, 'Yes! All of us have listened to other bands from the various periods and got inspired. I think it's important to change but retain your sound and in Shriekback's case, we have always tried to be different. In a way, we have been lucky not to have had hit singles and been a 'pop' band because you get put in a box. Shriekback dislike performing old songs and I would not like that kind of curse.'

Shriekback's latest album *Naked Apes & Pond Life* is at times a challenging listen - the sounds of new technologies fused with more antiquated, traditional instruments keeps the listener on their toes. Barker explains, '*Pond Life* was a series of jams in a very small room. It was recorded with a stripped down policy; very few, but interesting instruments with great musicians that can play off each other and create the 'Shriek' sound. The instrumentals were treated with electronic effects while we were just jamming and no overdubs.'

Listed on the liner notes of the record

are some very strange names for instruments I've never heard of before. I ask just exactly what is a Saz, Sintir and a Cumbus? Barker gives the following explanations, 'A cumbus is a 12 string fretless bango made from a cooking pot played by all Balkan gypsies,' says Barker, 'And a Saz is a Turkish guitar or long necked Lute. A Sintir is a Morrocan bass made from camel skin for Morrocan trance music.'

Having stated this use of traditional instruments, Barker is quick to point out that the role of technology in Shriekback's music is also heavily relied upon. 'Technology provides tools for the job,' he confirms, 'It is up to the musician to give the performance, he or she will always come up with something new. There can be no boundaries. Technology will always move on.'

Then Barker quips, 'I do think pop music is saturated because of money and bands trying to be radio friendly but there are so many great bands unfortunately overshadowed by terrible boy and girl bands from the big labels'.

Years of turning in the industry seem to have produced an air of knowledge about this regal gentleman from



Five go touring

Shriekback. Martyn Barker seems to be accutely aware of the shortcomings of the industry and its obsession with image over artistic creativity. Thankfully though, he does not seem overly phased by it. It is nice to speak with someone who is comfortable in just getting down to it and getting on with thier music.

Are there any last words of advice to the kids out there thinking of starting up a band? 'Be yourself. Have fun and express. Look at all the avenues of publicity. And be sure to get a good manager - but don't shag him or her.' Timely advice indeed.

Don Corleone

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Oblivious friends



Oblivia Newton John

After strutting their stuff around Sydney for the last twelve months, band on the rise, Oblivia, are beginning to catch a glimpse in the national eye. Their debut single, 'My Friend' (*'my friend ... has been born again ...'*) has hit high rotation on Triple J (most of you *have* heard it, trust me). The band, comprised of Tony Juke, Pete Banner, Johnny Sans, Owen Thompson, and the Irishman I spoke to, Josh Orange, are described in their bio as 'the sum of five determined individuals who have the potential to become a classic group for the 21st Century'.

The band's origins center around Juke and Banner, high school friends who 'shared a love for predominantly classic British groups' (bio again). After a nightmare several months, including the tragic death of their drummer, the two recruited Sans at one of the empty venues they played. An audition brought Thompson to their fore. Finally Juke met Orange, 'a charismatic character from Dublin, Ireland' (bio).

'We hooked up together, because ... I was in a band at the time, in Sydney, and the guys were in another band ... basically we were rehearsing in the same rehearsal studios and we kind of hooked up to each other, and that was around 1998. That's kind of when Oblivia came together.'

The band's progress since that time has been strong. They signed with 'Easybeat' Harry Vanda and the Albert's Company, recorded a debut album for release in July

with English producer Steve James, and found themselves swinging under the branches of giant RCA/BMG with a long-term deal, after being the centre of attention from several major labels. Perhaps the band's greatest achievement has been their live work, particularly supporting Catatonia in Sydney on their Australian tour. ('Got to meet Cerys as well,' Orange cheekily remarked at this point.)

'Playing live's much better, you definitely get to have some fun when you play live, and you get to see some different places and people. It's much more fun being in a studio ... it's quite different ... it's not a healthy way to live, you eat a lot of junk and smoke a lot more.'

Style-wise, the music itself, reflects the British influence, as well as, Orange claims, influences from Irish, Australia, Croatia and Greek music. 'We're drawing on music from lots of different areas, as well as ... there's like a love of rock artists, American and

English artists as well, so there's quite a mixture.' 'My Friend' has had the touch of the 'highly respected' Tim Palmer, known from his work with Pearl Jam and The Cure. 'I think he managed to control it, because we did try to do some mixes with Australian guys, and it didn't just work out - we tried twice - and on the third time the director just stepped in and said no. They just suggested some names, and Tim Palmer was the one we liked the most with the work he'd done with Pearl Jam and stuff.'

With Orange and Juke collaborating on the songwriting itself, the lyrics are cleverly deep. 'My Friend' gives us a rehash of the old classic theme of 'being yourself'. According to Orange, the song is both about an actual person and an idea.

'The song was written by Juke. There

was a friend of his that would definitely, you know, be in there, but also I think the idea was from different movies, and different books that have gone into the lyrics, so it's about a person but it's a bit metaphorical as well.'

On the topic of coming down our way soon, the band is waiting to see where the single's success will take them. 'It depends on the single - if people pick up on it, and they want to hear it, we'll come down.'

As the band slowly find themselves gaining in popularity through successive and exhaustive gigs in Sydney, where do they hope to find themselves in the future? 'Still in the band hopefully,' says Orange, 'Still making music, because that's what we do.'

alternika

Oblivia My Friend BMG

You may or may not have heard this catchy tune on Triple J. 'My Friend' features a sound that shows a kind of spasmodic cross between Taxiride and Jebediah - harmonic but punky. While following a classic melodic combination of lines, the lyrics are oddly metaphoric and clever, weaving around a 'individualism vs conformity' theme; (my favourite - 'You're as individual as common will allow you, brother'). Variations in tempo, interesting vocal arranging and a tube-horn effect are put to good use, as well as a subtle electronic touch. While I wouldn't classify it as a revolutionarily great piece of music, it makes for a decent radio-fun first single. The version I received also had the more harder '1-45' and the sop-rock ballad 'Mono Ways'.

'1-45' definitely displays the bands' British influence with a Cure like sound. There's a definite 'mosh riff' here. 'Mono Ways' is a slow contrast to its predecessors, calling for gentle lyrics combined with acoustic sounding music. The lyrics are sweet, but mournful, and, as I've discovered, the most likely to stick in your head out of the three. The vocalising is slightly off key, but the jar goes away after several listens. There is a large aftertaste of U2 in this song.

All up, the three songs achieve the level of quality expected by Aussie music, and work well together in contrast as an interesting taste of the upcoming album.

Goin' orf at yo' local

**Black Mist, Baxter
& Outshine
Heritage Hotel
Pornland
UniBar**

It sounded great: six bands for five bucks at the Heritage Hotel. We were both enthused for a long night listening to loads of bands and partaking in a few alcoholic beverages. The music started with BlackMist, a fairly young three piece. Their songs were very well written, and the lads certainly have heaps of potential, but they lacked in stage presence. They didn't appear to feel very enthusiastic, confident or together, highlighted by the fact that they needed a music stand in front of them (the guitarist/backup singer didn't know the words to a couple of the songs). They reminded us of a school band, but given a few years, they might lose the nerves, get in a bit more practice, and

who knows?

The next band we encountered was Baxter, a five piece band that were really good. Led by a female singer with infinitely more enthusiasm than the previous band's singer, it was clear to see that there was a chemistry between the members. Baxter spun out a number of rocking ditties that got the crowd grooving along. The drummer lent his vocal abilities for a few of the songs, which, when

combined with the lead singer's voice, created a definite individual sound for the band. They are a band which both of us will be seeing again. After a forty five minute set, Baxter had to leave to the dismay of the crowd. Although they got called



Baxter, not Ted Baxter

back to play more, they had to make way for the next band, Outshine. From the moment they started playing, Outshine's polished sound shone through. Their songs were tight and rocking, and the lead singers vocals were as sexy as his long locks! (and

judging by the blonde groupies vying for his attention after the show, we weren't the only ones who thought so!) Outshine played in Triple M's Battle of Rock last year, and

have obviously jammed together for many hours over the years. They finished off their set with 'Bored', a song that has received airplay in the past and definitely the set stand-out.

While we had planned to appreciate a few more of Adelaide's finest at the

Heritage, the Adelaide Unibar beckoned us with promises of Pornland. A quick trip down the road, and we were chilling out to the wild sexy sleazy funky grooves of one of the best bands in Adelaide. As always, Pornland delivered a great set; we were both dancing along with the music after a couple of songs. The music was just so smooth, even the most reserved members of the audience were tapping their feet and nodding their heads in time. With the whole crowd getting down and funky, we all knew it was near the end when 'Doodle Doo' blared from the PA. One more song, followed by a great encore, and Sex Slave Dave and his mates called it quits for another week.

Four bands in one night, not a bad effort at all. Great music, great company; you tell us a better way to spend a Friday night!

AJ and LA

Goin' orf at yo' local

Elephant Gun Austral

After a week of hot weather, my friends and I decided that the best form of entertainment we could get would be to see a band or two, so we wandered down Rundle Street to one of our favourite watering holes; the Austral. A few beers, a good yarn; this was going to be a good night.

Out the back in the beer garden, people were starting to get hyped up. The space was filling and a band began sound-check. Half a schooner later, sound roared from the speakers. 'We drove all the way from Melbourne to play for you tonight, so you better like it!' offered the bass player and the garden was enveloped in music.

The music itself had a sound which was similar to Live, Powderfinger, Soundgarden, and even a hint of Pearl Jam. They had a straight, classic rock sound, with no samplers or other gimmicks. It was easy to listen to and easy to like; and like it the crowd did. Now quite a reasonable size, the crowd had started to get into the groove, and a few people began to dance (or head-bang, whichever you prefer) to the music. After a couple of songs, everyone was really into the band; Elephant Gun had won the crowd over.

After a few heavier songs, it was time for a ballad. The crowd calmed down, and listened as the singer crooned. Although the crowd was appreciative of that, they obviously preferred the harder stuff, and Elephant Gun wasted no time in aiming to please. It was straight back into the screaming guitars and thumping bass.

The band spoke with the crowd throughout the set, and got a great response. Unfortunately, after a full hour-and-a-bit set, it was time for the band to wrap it up. A nice long song with plenty of soloing and a great drum track finished the set to cheers and whistles from the crowd. It was definitely been a good gig from a great Australian band!

L.A.

Killing Heidi Heaven

There is a huge blessing in the statement 'I'm On The Door'.

This I realised as the incomprehensible Dragongirl, and I rounded the final corner of The Newmarket Hotel to see the endless lines that ran alongside the pearly doors of Heaven. With glee, we went straight to the top - but although the doors supposedly opened at eight, we remained waiting outside to muse how-exactly-they-splatter-painted-the-doors.

Finally we were admitted into the gloss and glitter that is Heaven. First in, we didn't do much except admire the goddamned big mirror balls and get our perch on the balcony. Background music was being pumped out at full volume at the slowly entering crowd - the music was pretty good taste for a nightclub, with a lot of Aussie and others alternative rock and punk being played.

However, I echo Luke's previous thought that the warm up music in Heaven is just too loud (*On Dit*, issue 68.3)

Of course, it never occurred to me (duh) that just because the doors

open at eight doesn't mean that they'll begin anytime soon. For an 1 1/2 hours, Dragongirl and I schemed how we could nick the Stolichnaya Lemon Ruski flag, marvelled at the girl with the fluoro red hair that glowed in the purple light, and above all grew *really* impatient.

Finally to the happy cheers of the crowd, the then nameless-as-far-as-I-knew support band popped on stage and launched into an excellent instrumental piece. The crowd were appreciative, if a little unresponsive. However, Dragongirl and I were impressed - the Aussie four piece were well together, and pretty good. After a little trouble with the mike lead, strong dual-vocals reminiscent of Blink 182 emerged. The guitar and rhythm was catchy and original, and beautifully loud. A highlight of the performance was the appearance of Shaun on bongos. We didn't catch their name until very end - Revolver. I am immediately smitten by any band that is good live, and this was one of those times. After they finished, the DJ announced not much longer before Killing Heidi appeared. Yeah right. We sat there mentally counting down the time we had left before we had to catch the

train. Soon we had only an hour left, and I thought about storming down there and demanding they move their arses (and be kicked out in the process - defeats the purpose, I know), when the music faded out, and the crowd roared in approval. The beautifully curled Warren, magically appeared on stage. Ella's sparkly entrance was welcomed with a cascade of cheers and catcalls. After the few obligatory words, the band launched into 'Leave Me Alone'.

All I'm going to say is wow. Interestingly loud and heavy-ish when live, these guys simply rock. Despite the prior intelligence that I had that Ella had a sore throat (having attended a signing gig the day before) this little girl pumped out with a surprisingly boistrous quality, forgiving that she had a little trouble reaching the higher notes. Both Jesse and Warren gyrated appropriately, their playing turning their usually sweet music into a more moshable sound (and mosh they did) Ella kept up the crowd participation, and bounced all over the stage with a mirror-ball induced energy. They provided the essential glitter, energy and enthusiasm for a great live show.

A criticism - lighting. While it was appropriate, Ella's head was constantly cut off by the spotlight. Also, the focus was too central on Ella. I know of the importance of the vocalist, but I was disappointed that Jesse, with his famous brilliant red hair (with sunnies to match) was kept in the shadows too much.

They played a wide variety of songs - alot from *Reflector*, as well as 'Kettle' and several old singles. They ranged from acoustic numbers to slightly hard rock. Of high mention was 'Live Without It', which is to be their next single.

Annoyingly the performance went for 45 mins of the four hours we were there - Revolver only for 35 mins. The rest of the time was spent waiting - could this be avoided somehow, I wonder?

Finally, one of the highlights was when Killing Heidi laid honours to those that have gone beyond before, by giving a beautiful rendition of 'Tomorrow'. Sitting there watching an adoring crowd, it may be a fair observation, that here in this little quartet, we may have the beginnings of the next silverchair.

alternika

Student Radio 531am Student Radio 531am Student Radio

Hello again everyone. Geez, it's hard to believe that we're sailing towards the end of March, and getting closer and closer to the mid semester break. It seems like only yesterday that we started the year off with all the beer, free food and noise that was O'Week 2000.

If you need a little bit of a lift, then put yourself in the very capable hands of student radio. We have an aural solution, to almost any problem that you might have.

The line-up of shows this week is looking very impressive indeed. If you feel that you've been missing out on what's going on in the world, then tune in to Wait 'til dark, on Monday night at 9pm. Alix and Johnno, will fill you in on what's happening locally, nationally and internationally.

Then, once again at 11 pm tune into Local Beatz, hosted by Graham. This is required listening this week, as we present local techno DJ Peter Finger, mixing things up on the decks, with not only two turntables, but three!

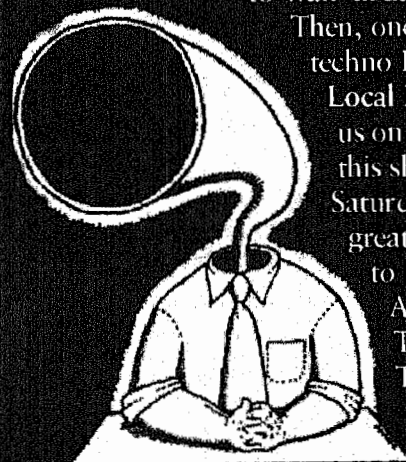
Local Noise this week features Adelaide band Suzie's Backyard playing live and loud from 9pm on Tuesday. If you stick with us on Tuesday night, and like all things Australian, then stay tuned 'till 12pm, when Symbiosis starts. The lovely presenters of this show will keep you informed about all that's happening arts wise, as well as displaying their passion for Aussie music.

Saturday night features four more great shows, to keep you going. If you've got nothing planned, then have a party. There's a great mix of music to keep even those with the most eclectic taste in music content. However, if you like metal, then listen in to Heresy at 10pm. Mike and Michelle host a show which has grown to become one of the best metal shows in the state.

And it's here, on Student Radio.

That's about it for another week, but stay tuned in the coming weeks for one of your best connections to campus life.

Till next week



Joni Queen & Elly Wright Student Radio Directors

Its got nothing to do at all with sex



Groove Armada Northern Star Tummy Touch/MDS

By now you've probably heard Groove Armada's latest effort 'I See You Baby', blasting out of someone's Commodore as they shmooze and cruise up and down the Rundle/Hindley route. Impressed? In all probability, no. However if that song or any other off the latest album *Vertigo* takes your fancy then maybe you should take a wondrous trip back to where it all began ... *Northern Star*. Yes, that's right, Groove Armada's debut album which was originally released way back in March 1998, has been re-released due to HUGE public demand.

Much much much funkier and flavoursome than *Vertigo*, *Northern Star* is smooth and sultry. Recorded over summer of 1997, *Northern Star* shows just how well these fellas can mix 90s soul with funky dance beats. Although at times there is what can only be termed as 'funk overload'; although it is in my opinion far too long....*Northern Star* is a credible debut album. 'Fireside Favourite', 'What Have We Become?' and 'Dirty Listening' are particularly good. On the other hand 'Dr. Eiff' and 'Jeanneret's Groove' are monotonous, with a bit too much 90s soul and not enough wicked beats. One for the fans ... or the curious.

Jen



Anthrax Return of the Killer A's Beyond/Eagle/Warner

Anthrax have been around for years now never quite making it 'big' all the time watching fellow bands such as Metallica, Megadeth and so on, who were struggling in the same boat as themselves, eventually achieve a

higher level of success. This 'best of', clocking in at around 75 minutes, gives a good representation of their career but, as with any 'cult' band, fans will be forever arguing about track selection. Anthrax tried valiantly by conducting internet polls, ballot papers and live responses. Still, I was a little disappointed that 'Caught In The Mosh' missed out. Kicking things off with their biggest hit, 'Bring The Noise', with Public Enemy, the CD progresses in no particular order including fan favourites 'Indians', 'Antisocial', the comedy/rap/rock of 'I'm The Man' and 'I Am The Law'. Unfortunately, for some reason two of the tracks have been remixed (on a 'best of'!?) including my favourite 'Hy Pro Glo'. The version on this CD is inferior to the original and leaves me wondering why on earth they remixed any of the songs and why this track!?! For those who have never heard Anthrax they are best described as a speed metal (especially in their early days) group that never took themselves too seriously - as evidenced by 'I'm The Man'. Mind you, they were technically just as strong as Metallica and alike. The problem is that after years of evolving, people leaving and replacements they never seemed to 'flow' like the aforementioned bands. Regardless of this, anyone with even a slight interest in Anthrax and can't afford all of their albums this CD would be a good place to start.

Jorn



Beth Hart Screamin' for my supper Atlantic

This is Beth Hart's second offering in 4 years. It is a new direction for the LA based singer, who found her voice and confidence through a relocation to a 'town with no name' in the Deep South: Alabama. The influences from this part of her country are evident throughout this new album, with a depth of voice quite odd for a So-Cal singer. Not to be negative, her sound is somewhat reminiscent of the much TV glamorised Vonda Shepherd.

This album is full of soul and a touch of jazz, but nestles soundly on a foundation of rock'n'roll country music, which has risen in popularity in re-

cent times. The songs are diverse, with moody piano pieces to raucous pub rock, and importantly very few dull moments. The lyrical content is good, with tales of the singer's recent life changing journeys and her attitudes to some all too familiar life situations. The songs contain a notable degree of sexual ambiguity, which adds to the interest of the verse. The best moments on the disc are the 'LA Song', and 'Is That Too Much To Ask' both of which present a confident singer who is telling a worthy story, not a mere chart clone telling people what they want to hear. Beth seems to be influenced by artists such as Janis Joplin, but also seems to hold somewhat of a black influence, which comes through the music giving it some additional raunch. The cover art for the album presents a very attractive young woman, but unfortunately the quirky presentation makes reading of the lyrics etc rather a chore. In the end this is a great new album, and finds and achieves its success without cliches or pretence.

Case C. Sinclair



'We were LA Hip Hop M.....F.....'s who wanted to Rock, not rock guys who wanted to Rap...' And so begins the life of another LA based Hip-Hop-Thrash band Crazy Town.

It is rare in the recording industry for a large record company to issue a disc that contains a self-accolading manifesto such as does this disc. It appears on track 32, masterfully hidden to all but the most wary of listeners; it is basically 45 seconds of the word *fuck* dispersed by a few platitudes touting how great this already apparently "BIG" band will be. Utterly pointless.

The album is reminiscent of Limp Bizkit *et al.*, and to some degree Rage Against the Machine, in that there is a great deal of energy and angst apparent, yet no real message is communicated. We find out that the members like to "bone bitches", and shoot people, but whether it is carefully crafted poetry designed to warn-off potential gangsters and bad boys,

one will never know.

This is not a bad album. It is however simply another instalment of throwaway culture-mesh music that will hopefully become unfashionable soon. White rappers screaming in their nastiest voice about the drugs they did, the bitches they scored is simply boring. At a push the track "Black Cloud" is the albums best. There is also a cover of the Alcoholiks' 'Only When I'm Drunk'.

Case C. Sinclair



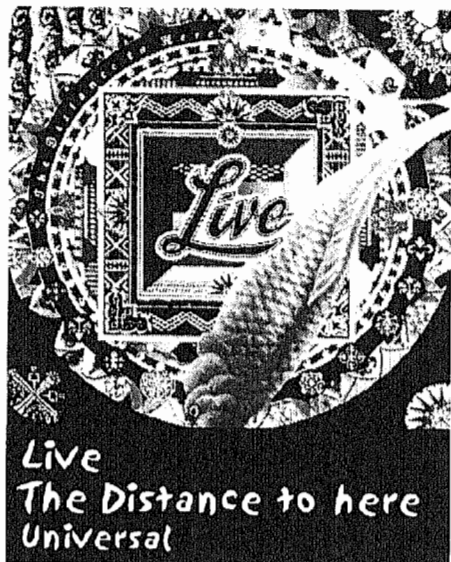
Guided By Voices Do The Collapse TVT Records

Having never heard of Guided By Voices until about two weeks ago, I was surprised to find that I had actually heard the first track on their latest LP numerous times. 'Teenage FBI' got a lot of airplay on Triple J a couple of years ago. This track is boppy, poppy and appealing, although also slightly irritating in that once it gets into your head - 'someone tell me why/I do the things/that I don't wanna do' - it is virtually impossible to get rid of. In fact *Do The Collapse* contains numerous catchy songs like this. Despite the band being from Ohio, USA, GBV seem to have been influenced by English pop (maybe even the Beatles). Though if I were going to compare them to any band, I would say they sound most like REM.

Most of the songs on this tightly crafted album drift back and forth between a heavy, slightly offbeat sound, to a gentle, predictable pop sound. 'Hold on Hope' is a simple, gentle, flowing song that reminds me of Crowded House. 'Surgical Focus' is a wonderful, cheerful, catchy tune with an edge - I'm sure Triple J will get a hold of it soon. 'Liquid Indian' is definitely my favourite - it begins with a dark and sober verse, but moves to an uplifting crescendo with its chorus. On the whole, this is a very good album. I only wish I had seen GBV when they played at Adelaide Unibar a couple of weeks ago. I have heard that the lead singer Bob Pollard's stage antics can be quite interesting at times. I bet they were fabulous live.

AJ

Its just a deep attachment I have with my friends

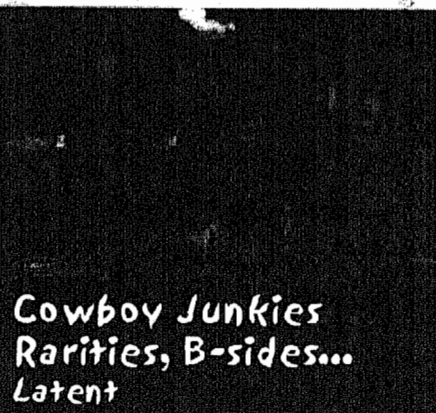


With Live's approaching concert dates they have re-released the new album *The Distance To Here* with a bonus disc. The album is a brilliant combination of all the things which have made Live a hugely popular band. Great guitar work, brilliantly poetic lyrics and amazing vocals and of course the ambience of the music that lifts the Live above mere mortals. With standout tracks such as 'The Dolphin's Cry', 'Were The Fishes Go', 'Face And Ghost (The Children's Song)' and 'Voodoo Lady', there is in fact not a single song that is not brilliant.

On top of all that, you also get the bonus disc! This disc is basically the 'Run To The Water' single. It includes the radio version of that, as well as two versions of 'The Dolphin's Cry' (an acoustic version, and an extended rock version; neither a shitty techno-wank-fest, thank goodness!). But the best part about the bonus disc is the two live Live tracks; 'Turn My Head', and the sensational 'I Alone'. Both of these are amazing, especially 'I Alone'. Live has the ability to transform their music into great live showpieces. The live version of 'I Alone' makes getting this CD worthwhile, even if you already own a copy! Basically, the album is great on it's own, and having the bonus just makes it better. Brilliant!

L.A.

Rarities, B-Sides and Slow, Sad Waltzes
Cowboy Junkies



The Cowboy Junkies have been making music for more than a decade now. From their early self-released albums - *Whites Off Earth Now* and *The Trinity Session* - through to their most recent release, *Miles from Our Home*,

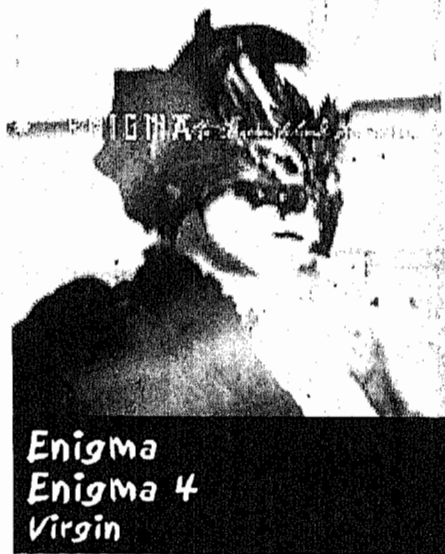
the band has created enduring songs that reflect both the vast expanses of their native Canada and the intensely personal experiences of love and loss and grief.

With the major label rerelease of *The Trinity Session* and a quick follow-up set, the band's eponymous *The Caution Horses*, the Junkies quickly established for themselves a corps of fans that now, seven albums later transcend borders and musical styles.

Rarities, B-Sides and Slow, Sad Waltzes is a milestone in the band's career. Firstly, it brings together songs from throughout the band's history, odd pieces that for one reason or another didn't make it onto a fully fledged album. Why this is the case I cannot imagine; as a set *Rarities* is an outstanding album. It has a cohesion and sense of purpose that has sometimes been less developed in previous albums. Each song is a gem: I can't understand how any of them didn't make it onto an album before this.

Rarities also marks a return by the band to their own, original label, Latent Recordings. The Junkies intend to make Latent their home from now on, as well as releasing albums by other artists who they like. Must be nice to carry that kind of weight.

Jonathon Dyer



According to the Enigma's founder Michael Cretu, this was an album that was not planned for as only 3 albums were planned. It was the success of these albums that stimulated further works.

This new offering from the band best known for its earlier works such as "*The return of Innocense*". The music has some simple ingredients, Ambient electronica, and world music samples. This album sees a push further toward the use of stirring classical music samples, which recur throughout the album. One unfortunate part of the album that unlike the new and fresh sounds that have previously graced their songs, the classical samples are very well known, it would have been nice to see some avant garde samples or the like to further push the new age ideals behind the music.

The tracks are laced with haunting, loud vocals, which have become a

trademark of this group, with some of the most beautiful and soulful voices to be heard.

This album is easy to listen to, and is right at home being played in the dark to create a true musical ambience and atmosphere. Picking a stand-out track is difficult, as many of the tracks feature similar themes and sounds. Without a good understanding of the new age music scene and its inherent religious companionship it is possible that some of the profound but fleeting phrases used in the music and in the cover art are lost. This however is not a problem with this album as the music is as beautiful as can be with or without the links to the bigger issues of life.

Case C. Sinclair



French electronic outfit Air broke onto the Australian music scene in the wake of fellow countrymen Daft Punk with the album *Moon Safari* and the hit single 'Sexy Boy', disproving beyond a shadow of a doubt the old chessnut that the only thing that smelt worse than French cheese was French pop music.

The wait may not be over for a follow up album to *Moon Safari* just yet, but Nicolas and Jean-Benoit have not been idle, recording a soundtrack for Sofia Coppola's feature debut *The Virgin Suicides*. Sofia, daughter of aging *enfant terrible* Francis Ford Coppola, obviously had a particular sound in mind for her movie, judging by Air's take on incidental or 'ambient' music.

This is not strictly an Air album. The trademark analogue synthesiser sounds and delicate arpeggio flourishes are there but it doesn't sound singularly like Air. It is definitely a soundtrack to a film - someone else's vision has guided the development of the music. Each track is merely a variation on a theme, set out in the first track, 'Playground Love', sung, funnily enough, by Gordon Tracks.

As soundtracks go this is pretty much par for the course. Collectors will gobble it up but fans should probably hang out for the new album, due out mid-year.

Jon Dyer

The Singles Bar

Tonic
Mean to Me
Universal

Australian Promotional Tour' this CD screams and proceeds to list the places that Tonic are playing but alas no Adelaide. This is music that is made for the airwaves. 'Mean to Me' is a song with an emotive chorus and a catchy guitar hook but this is generic mainstream pap all the same. Its not that there is anything all that bad about this standard three piece (ie guitar, bass and drums) it's just there is nothing to it. I didn't realise when the CD ended and the silence began. This would fit beautifully into commercial radios endless blandness but I'm not sure if this band has those most important qualities for commercial success: looks and pushing from the record company. schnapps

Third Eye Blind
Never let you go
Elektra/EM

Third Eye Blind are mainly known for their boppy falsetto efforts in 'Semi Charmed Life' which achieved success in 1997. 'Never Let You Go' appears to be the follow up.

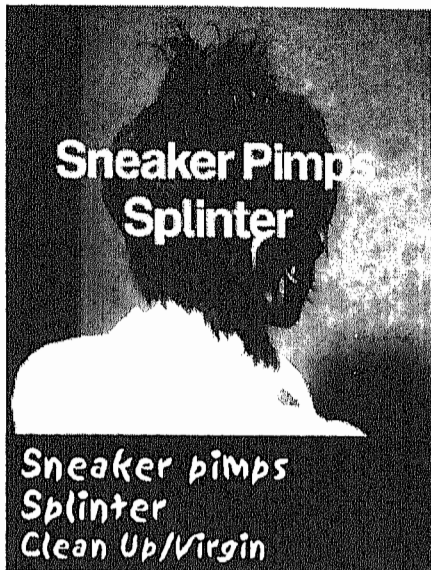
The song is very radio friendly. It does have some good points - the chorus has potential - but the guitar is simplistic, vocals ordinary and the lyrics a little bit cliched. Actually, they remind me of Taxiride a little too much. Of better quality is the slightly punkier 'Anything', which has a slightly thrasier feel, and sounds maybe moshable. The guitar actually sounds like it's real and not synthesized. Fade in's and outs are used to good dramatic effect. The other B-side, 'New Girl' is again a punk-rock song reminiscent of early Green Day. Apparently the commercial side of the band isn't the only side. Buy it for the B-sides. alternika

No Doubt
Ex-girlfriend
Interscope/Universal

After months of waiting, No Doubt have finally returned to the music scene. 'Ex-Girlfriend' is a typical sounding No Doubt song not dissimilar to 'New' from the *Go* soundtrack, full of loud guitars, driving bass and fast drums. As always, it has the amazing vocals of Gwen Stefani, who has a great unique singing style. The song is a sad tale about a girl being dumped. It also contains two good b-sides, and the video clip for 'Ex-Girlfriend'. If you were a previous fan of No Doubt, then no doubt you'll love this.

L.A.

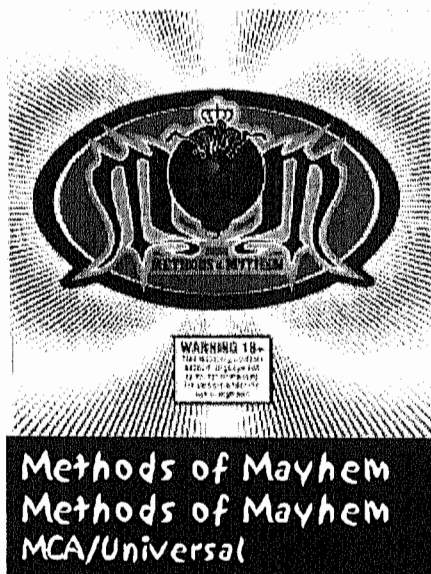
I'd like to make the wrongs all right



With their latest album the Sneaker Pimps are reborn in a haze of cool, melodic electronica. Many will recognise the current Triple J favourite 'Low Five', which is amongst the finest tracks on the album. However, the sublime lyrics of 'Half Life', 'Ten to Twenty' and 'Splinter' are far better examples of the 'new' Pimps. Minus female lead vocalist Kellie, The Sneaker Pimps have refined a far more mature sound and have progressed well beyond the widely popular debut *Becoming X*.

Melancholic from beginning to end, *Splinter* is far removed from its predecessor which spawned such popular tunes as '6 Underground' and 'Postmodern Sleaze'. Dark, broody and articulate, *Splinter* is a fine album. (Could easily be played repeatedly on cold windy days when your dog's run away). Not advisable for those who want a bit of mindless, blissful pop to brighten their day.

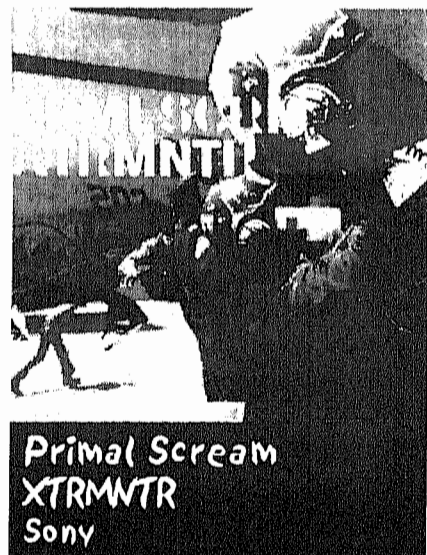
Jen



This CD greets the listener with the following message printed on the disc: 'WARNING: This CD is nothing but worthless plastic unless played loud as fuck - so take this shit straight to your head - because after all, it's quiet when you're dead'. From this point you are either going to love this album or hate it. Much has been made of Tommy Lee's new group especially the very sexual first single 'Get Naked'. Complete with samples from the infamous Pam & Tommy sex tapes and guest rappers from here to insert obscure place here>. Basically, if

you liked the tongue-in-cheek nature of 'Get Naked' then this self-titled debut is for you. Most songs are following the current trend in the US of Limp Bizkit rap/rock. Mainly rap with the very occasional sung vocal and repetitive distorted guitars. Most songs have a good beat which make it hard not to move in time to but they can become very annoying very quickly. 'New Skin', 'Hypocritical' and 'Who The Hell Cares' are probably the standout tracks along with 'Get Naked', if only for novelty value, whilst, in an attempt to show slight diversity, 'Spun' flirts with drum 'n' bass techno. Guest appearances from Snoop Dogg, Fred Durst, George Clinton and Kid Rock ensure that the Methods of Mayhem will have an audience before the album is even heard. Best sample award goes to the song 'Get Naked' involving a female complaining that 'you only love me when you want poonanie'. It still makes me laugh ... oh well.

Jorn



Having already heard the single 'Swastika Eyes' on triple-j I decided that the new Primal Scream album would be worth a listen but unfortunately that's all it's really worth. Although this album is a decent effort it has nothing new or brilliant and all the songs are only mediocre with 'Swastika Eyes' probably the best on the album. The album is a mix of dj-style grooves with lyrics and sound bytes chucked in along with some decent guitar work. It's music that's not really any particular style and yet isn't different enough to be classed as something new. Possibly the best thing about this album is the fact that it doesn't stick to the same style and has a wide range of styles in the different tracks. Some songs like 'Accelerator' start off good but are wrecked by continual use of annoying and irritating sounds, in this case a highly distorted guitar solo. But there are a few songs that are worth listening to, including 'pills', a rap-style song with what sounds like synthesised/distorted violin, and 'keep your dreams', which is a soft melody driven song in the style of the verve. The disappointing thing for me in this album however is the fact that they

found the need to put a re-mix of 'swastika eyes' on it, it's bad enough that we have to put up with endless remixes on singles these days without having it happen on albums too.

The album, when it comes down to it, has some decent songs and is worth a listen just to hear the different styles that have been mixed together on the different tracks.

Gareth Sharp



If you're reading this you're probably too young to remember the early eighties with any kind of clarity: please forgive my patronising tone. In 1982 a then unknown electronic band called Heaven 17 (the band's name was drawn from the title of a book Malcolm McDowell is seen reading in *A Clockwork Orange*) released their first album, *Penthouse and Pavement*. Heavily influenced by groundbreaking electronica groups Kraftwerk and Tangerine Dream, *Penthouse* was to become a benchmark for the bands that followed like New Order and Depeche Mode. More albums followed throughout the eighties, including the classic *How Men Are* and the diversionary *Music of Quality and Distinction, Vol. 1*, released under the name of the British Electric Foundation and featuring guest vocals by Tina Turner, Sandie Shaw and Gary Glitter.

So much for the history lesson. *Retox/Detox* is a double album comprised of remixes of Heaven 17's songs, both the celebrated singles and the lesser-known b-sides and 'album fillers'. The remixes are created by contemporaries of the band members (Rob Playford, Georgio Moroder, to name a few) and devoted fans (Tinman, Ashley Beedle, Ben Mitchell).

For the cost of the set you get no less than three versions of both 'Geisha Boys and Temple Girls' and 'With This Ring (Let Me Go)', and two brilliant reinterpretations of the classic 'Penthouse and Pavement'. All in all *Retox/Detox* is perhaps one for the fans and music historians, but there is a kind of timeless beauty in the refracted standards of this particularly significant band.

Jonathon Dyer

Library note: Best reproduction possible. For better detail see original copy held in Special Collections.

The Singles Bar

**Pee Wee Ferris
Genesis**
Dancepool/Sony

Superficially competent but bland trance track from Sydney trance/progressive house DJ Peewee Ferris, who recently gained national mainstream exposure via his place in the Boiler Room at the Big Day Out immediately prior to headliners The Chemical Brothers. Not a bad track, just a mediocre paint-by-numbers effort from a DJ known more for his live sets than for his original material. CD contains four different mixes (radio edit, club rmx, people rmx, original edit).

Chris

**NoKTuRNL
Neva Mend**
Mushroom

'Neva Mend' is the debut single from the rock/rap/funk band NoKTuRNL. Winners of the illustrious title 'Band of the Year' at the 1998 Australian Indigenous Music Awards, NoKTuRNL are indeed a fantastic band. Their debut single is brilliant, with the three songs featured displaying the band's mixed style. 'Neva Mend' is a huge track which contrasts well with the very smooth, very funky 'No Respect'.

The vocals on the latter track sounding a lot like Mike Patton. With a little help from their mates Kram and Whitt from Spiderbait, NoKTuRNL have produced an energetic and enjoyable single which I highly recommend to everyone out there.

Jen

**Lo-tel
Genre casting**
Murmur/Sony

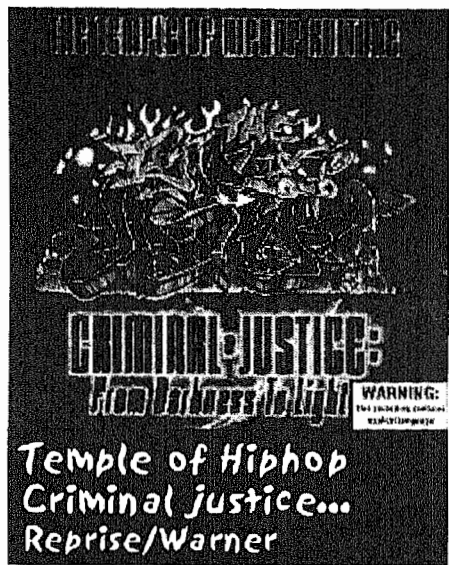
Lo-tel are a new and young Sydney trio. Their debut release, 'Genre Casting', is a nice song which blends the styles of grunge, punk-pop, and a bit of electronica. They make use of a synthesiser throughout the song, which when coupled with the simple guitar riffing, makes for a great sound. The first impression I got after listening to it was that it sounds very much like the Foo Fighters. The singer has a voice very similar to Dave Grohl, and the music itself could pass for Foo Fighters material.

Unfortunately, there aren't any b-sides on my copy, so I can't comment much on the bands overall sound.

However, 'Genre Casting' is a good song, and I recommend it to fans of Foo Fighters style music.

Stem, the Great!

But me and my cat are alone tonight



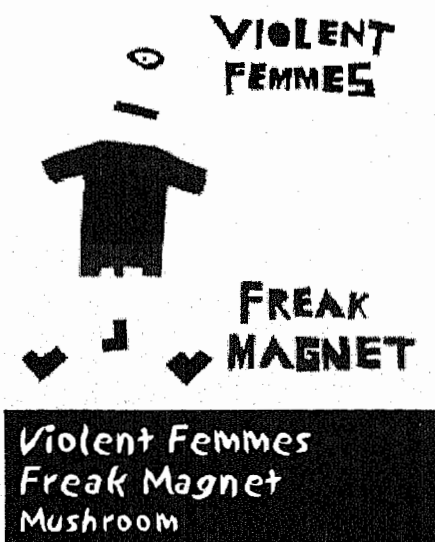
This album is the work of the well-known hip-hop artist KRS-One, and is his first offering since his stint at Reprise Records.

The Temple Of Hip-Hop is comprised of works mostly by up-and-comers, like The Chemist on 'Platform Rapform', the compilation also features some notable names, including Ras Kass, Xzibit, Mad Lion, and KRS-One working on turntables on 'Up From Da Underground'; Big Daddy Kane freestyling; Hobo Junction; and a couple of tracks from one-time Kool Keith sidekick Scaramanga.

This album has received many poor reviews, due to its apparently bland content. Much of this has been blamed on KRS-One's inconsistency, and arrogance, shown through his pontification and condescension of hip-hop culture by deconstructionist rhetoric in his final segue.

The album does however have a great deal of different sounds, which are all well produced, leading to an album that while may not be ground breaking, is still very listenable, and not particularly predictable.

Case C. Sinclair



Being a huge fan of the Violent Femmes more popular tracks like 'Blister In The Sun' and unashamedly empathising with 'Add it up' I couldn't wait to get my hot little hands on a copy of their new album *Freak Magnet*.

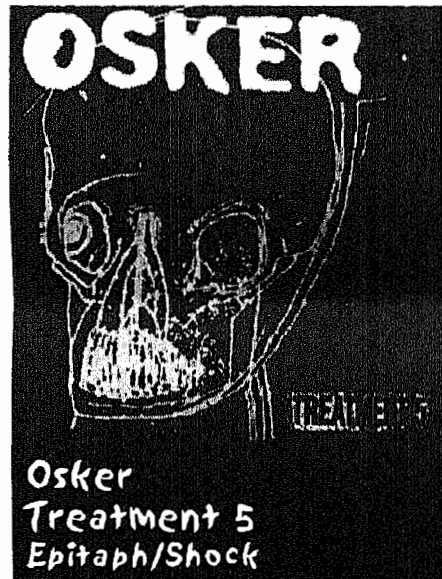
The songs are all in the familiar style of the Femmes and are all decent tracks to listen to but unfortunately none have the catchiness of their

older songs.

The first track due to be released is 'Sleepwalkin' which doesn't really inspire confidence in the album since its not all that good, luckily however there are better songs. 'Hollywood is high' and 'In the dark' are slower songs similar to some of the bands older stuff. 'Rejoice and be happy' is a fast paced song with the quirky lyrics that makes the femmes so popular. The Femmes are just starting a world tour and are due to hit our shores late this year or early next.

This album is definitely worth getting but doesn't have any of the great singles that got most people interested in the first place. Save your money and go and grab their best of album that includes all their classics.

Gareth Sharp



Osker have been included on the successful and long running *Punk-O-Rama* series of Epitaph releases. This points to the direction, style and attitude of Osker but one that too easily pigeonholes them for my liking.

At first listen, *Treatment 5* is a litany of short songs sung in the best traditions of powerpop/punk. After repeated listens the incongruity between the uptempo hum of guitars and the often morose, introspective and self-soubting lyrics becomes obvious. This is a good thing because it allows Osker to turn anger into art (of course this opens the argument of whether music is art). *Treatment 5* is not just a frenetic burst of energy, anger and youthful exuberance but has more than a passing nod to melody and introspection with the Jawbreakeresque '13' as a prime example.

Treatment 5 has some hooter songs such as the stompingly good 'Ballad of a traitor', 'I cannot', 'Shitface' and 'Stop the Bus' while others don't seem to have the same quality. Osker remind me of J Church with a touch of Superchunk, Crimpshrine and NOFX thrown in. Overall it has more hits than misses; if you like Grinspoon, Lagwagon et al, get out and buy it.

A Cometbus



Mark Arm, Matt Lukin, Dan Peters & Steve Turner; Seattle legends and Mudhoney. Grunge kingpins with an arresting sense of drama and theatrics, an uncanny ability to be overlooked in the early '90s flannie explosion and an ability to create some of the most memorable buzzsaw guitar-drenched moments of rock ever. Godfathers to the scene that gave us poor copies such as Pearl Jam, Alice in Chains and Mother Lovebone, Mudhoney have been shamefully neglected.

Yeah, I'm a fan but unabashedly so. Hearing *Superfuzz Bignuff* for the first time gave me tingles, it was a welcome addition to my Ramones and Cramps background and rounded it off nicely. They played the very first Big Day Out and made my day, a cheeky scruffy blonde gent flailing away merrily on his guitar with grinning support from the hedonistic Matt Lukin who later smuggled four dirty and sweaty fans into the after party. This was live music at its finest and filthiest.

Mudhoney are a rarity in modern day rock; a band that has no compunction in playing favourites live regardless of their age and regardless of whether a new album has been released. It sums up their attitude: music is fun and should always be remembered as such.

Frankly this 2 CD collection of should be hits, rarities, covers and moments of sheer brilliance rocks throughout its entire 144 minutes. CD one has the hits while CD2 has the rarities, the compilation and soundtrack songs and covers. It covers their entire recording career and shows the consistency of their songwriting and sheer ability to fuzz out. All albums are represented on *March to fuzz* which is different from many greatest hits compilations but shows the control that Mudhoney have always had over their artistic direction.

March to fuzz contains all the classics, from 'Touch me I'm sick' (recorded in 1988) to 'A thousand forms of mind' (recorded in 1998) with absolutely everything in between. Its worth getting just for the cover of Elvis Costello's 'Pump it up'.

Anybody with an interest in guitar based music from Bush onwards should own a copy of *March to fuzz*. Get off your arse and buy it immediately.

Tonto

Library note: Best reproduction possible. For better detail see original copy held in Special Collections.

The Singles Bar

Pierre Henry & Michel Colombier
Psyche Rock
Mercury/Universal

Beat masters Fatboy Slim and Ken Abyss go to town. More listening quality exploration into the possibilities of this expanding musical genre, Psyche Rock suggests that these guys may have been holidaying in South America over our summer. Big beat at its best, infused with syncopated wooden percussion, this track oozes its Brazilian flavour into the soul of the listener. A textbook radio edit, a full version with a happy go lucky intro, an experimental mix substituting metal for wood, and a fat, empty dub make this releases a well rounded journey on the path to big beat enlightenment.

ATM

Something for Kate

The Astronaut
Murmur/Sony

I've never had much time for SFK but 'The Astronaut' is a pretty good song. Finally Paul Dempsey's voice sounds right. It is a slow, dreamy track that tends to draw the listener in. 'Born Yesterday' and 'Like Bankrobbers' - the latter from JJJ's Live at the Wireless - continues the acoustic feel to the single. I have to admit, though, that the only reason I wanted to review this was because of the interesting cover of Duran Duran's 'Ordinary World' included as a B-Side. Now they were a band...

Jorm

Satoshi Tomiie

Up in flames
Sony

The new commercial release for underground legend Satoshi Tomiie is a fine example of this musician's ability to produce electronic sounds to challenge the mind and excite the soul. Not your standard four on the floor and girly vocal kind of producer, Tomiie continues to explore the boundaries of electro and demonstrates his ability to blend synthetic and natural sound. The track is built around a hypnotic snare and rolling bass loop, layered with minimal clicks and buzzes, and finished with a humming female vocal loop. Most of the mixes are quite empty, with little complex layering. The listener friendly Moralles Master Mix is fuller, fatter and a touch more funky, whilst the Bedrock touch is predictably much darker, with a full musical midline. On the whole, a textbook example of what Tomiie is all about. Not everybody's cup o' tea, but worth a listen by all means.

ATM

Welcome to our classifieds

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 \$3.50 ono. Call Rob 8340 9405

Wanna car?

1983 Honda Civic, 3 door hatch. Burgundy. Reliable & cheap to run. \$1700 ono. Call Matt or Fiona on 8333 0993.

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

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

Skindiving Seminars

Adelaide University Skindiving Club Inc. is proud to present a series of seminars ...

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 Cacklebidy 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

Pottery Class

The Wednesday Pottery Class that was supposed to start on 15 March will now stand on 22 March at 6.00pm. There is still room in this course, which will run for 8 weeks, and costs \$55 for students and \$60 for others. If you are interested, please call into the studio or ring 8303 5857. The course covers handbuilding, throwing etc and you can continue to use the facilities afterwards.

101 Tips on Improving Sleep

When: Wednesday 22 March. 1.10 - 2.00pm

Where: Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building

Presenter: Sue Barnard

BOOK NOW on 8303 5663 or CALL IN

Weekend Acting Workshop

'A Taste of Acting' is a two-and-a-half day intensive workshop for those who have dreamt about being on stage, but didn't know where to start. The work-

shop, which has been specially designed for beginners, will be held at the State Theatre Company's rehearsal room, Adelaide Festival Centre, from the evening of Friday 31 March and continuing Saturday 1 and Sunday 2 April. The workshop will be lead by Penelope Chater, currently a guest lecturer at the TAFE Centre for the Performing Arts, and costs \$325, SPU \$295.

For further information, contact Penelope Chater on 8165 0968.

NOWSA 2000

NOWSA is the annual conference of the Network of Women Students in Australia. The aim of the conference is to provide an information sharing network to assist women involved in feminist organising.

The conference is run by women for women, and speakers will be drawn from university de[partments, student associations and women's groups.

If you are interested in speaking at this year's conference, please prepare a submission of 300-500 words on the topic you wish to speak on. The deadline for submissions is April 7th, 5pm.

Send submissions to the Women's Department, Flinders University, GPO Box 2100, Adelaide, SA 5001, or fax (08) 8201 3622.

For more information, contact Alexis Tindell, ph: (08) 8359 2455, email nusfem@chickmail.com or Naomi Vaughan, ph: (08) 8201 2666, email Naomi.Vaughan@flinders.edu.au



... 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, whilst being dull and colourless individuals with remarkably poor senses of humour, have complete editorial control, although the opinions expressed herein may not be their own.

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PhD Student, Honorary Quark Technician and Raconteur

Fiona Dalton

Printing

Cadillac Printing

Thanks

Jayne for dropping everything and coming on in, Kate for swearing pretty much constantly, Carla, the guy from the Mayo who's name we think is Steve, Farley for going nuts over the Fringe, football in general (God bless it), Cath, Jason 'let's have a lager, I'm off to Tennant Creek', Paul C for the party, the Rob Roy for getting us all nice and pissed Thursday night, Dave P and SPJ5 for the good ideas, Mercedes, chicken (for being tasty), Abdoujaparov for rocking Dale's world, and a hearty fuck you to the wedding photographer who kicked us off the Barr Smith Lawns.

Drop us a line.

You can get in touch with *On Dit* in a number of ways.

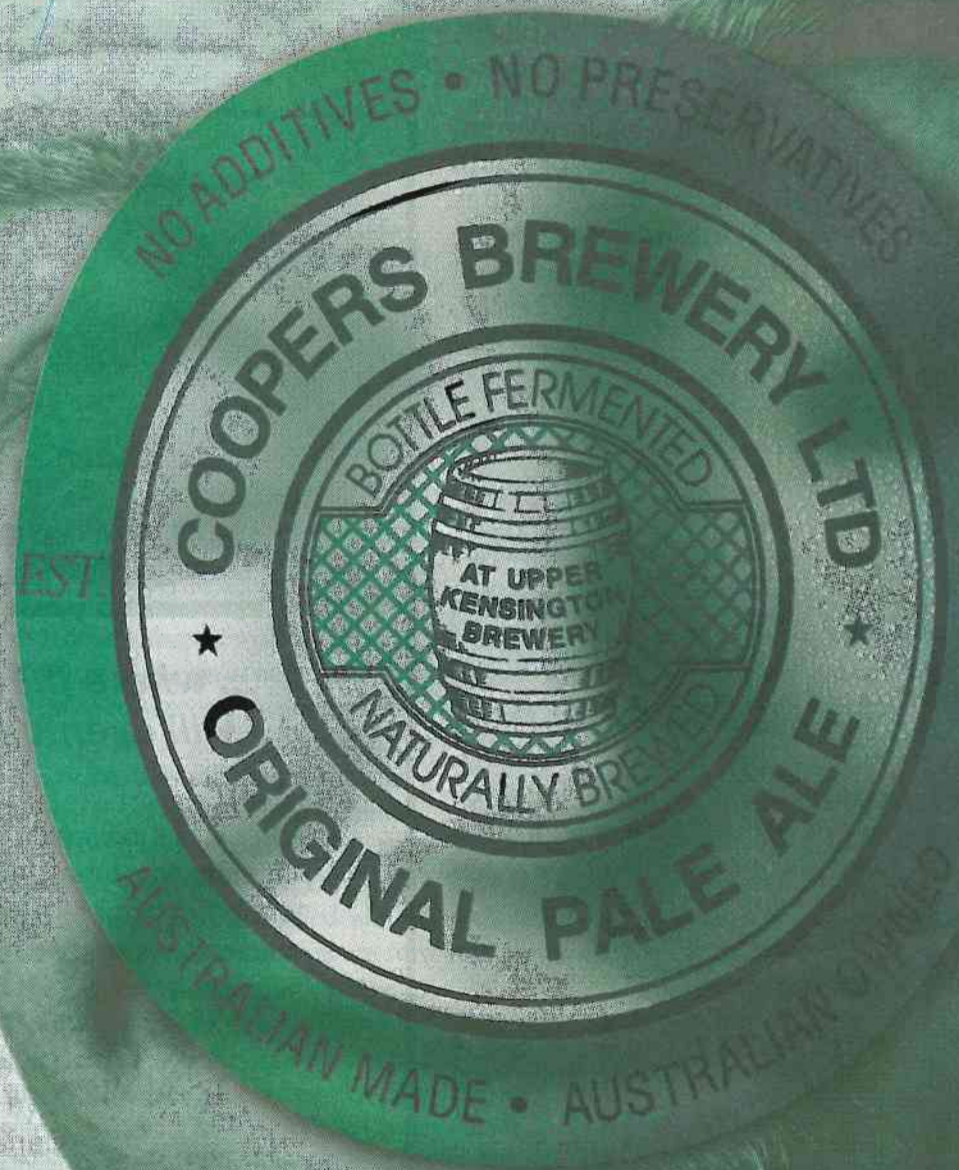
If you're attached to snail mail, write to us C/O - The University of Adelaide, SA 5005.

For the technoboffins out there, you our e-mail address is ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au. Mind you, we don't even know how to programme a VCR, so try not to frighten us with technology.

We also have two telephones. Their numbers are 08 8303 5404 and 08 8303 6490.

Last, but by no means least, our fax number 08 8223 2412.

The choice is yours.



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