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The Editors' rant

Yet another pointless salvo has been fired in the seemingly interminable NUSSA versus SAUA battle. Is this part of a factional brawl being played at the local level, or a pointer to the faults seemingly inherent within the tiered hierarchies of NUS and its associated bodies?

Back to basics though.

The Adelaide University Union (AUU) is affiliated to the National Union of Students (NUS) of which NUSSA is the SA branch. The AUU pays money to join the national body and supposed lobby group, then they give money to the state branches to run campaigns at the local level. NDAs such as the one of Wednesday past are the brainchild of the national office, run in conjunction with the state branches and the various Students' Associations of the universities. This process is not foolproof, as it relies upon three tiers of politicians and 'activists' working together when they are often from different political factions. A hard task indeed.

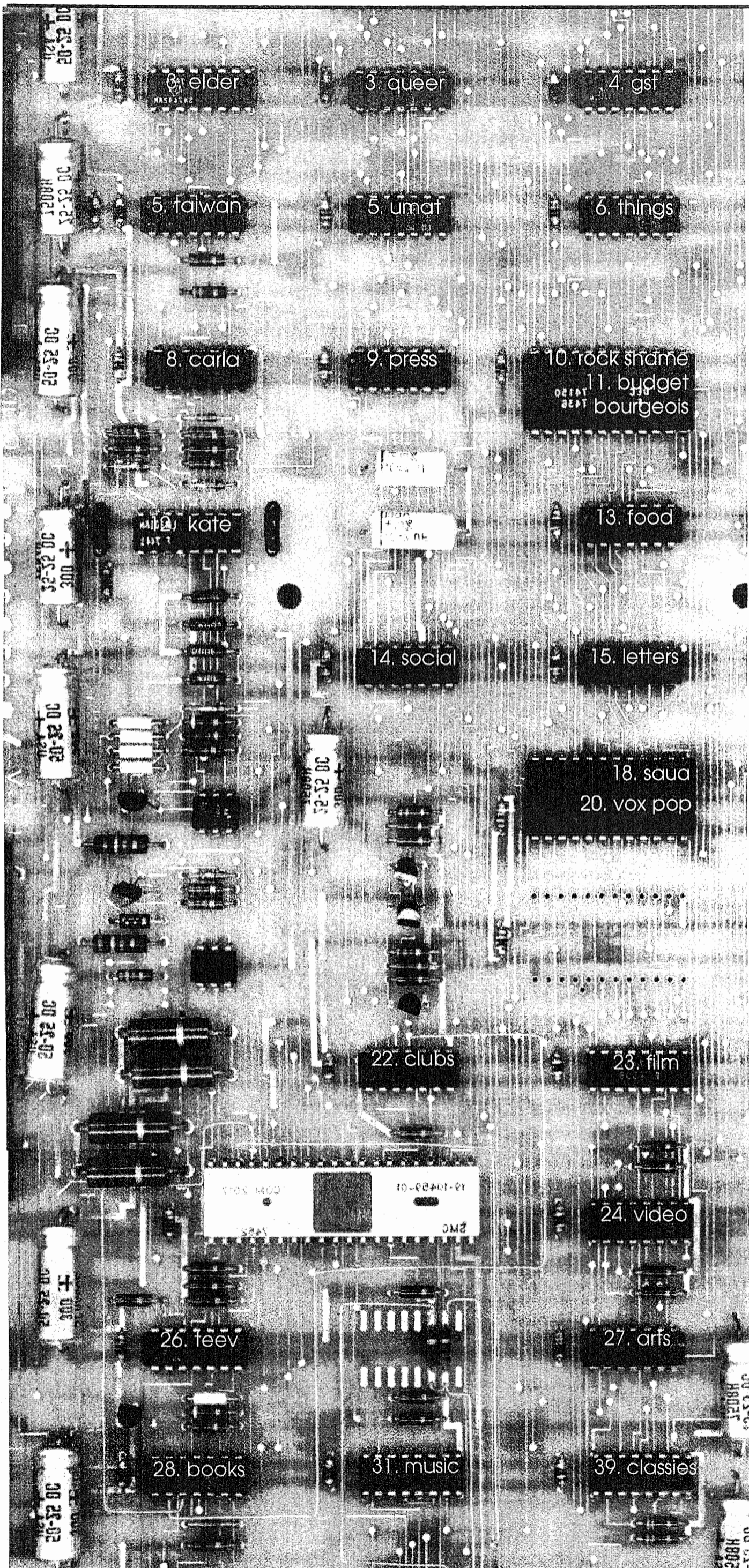
Problem one: the NDA was shabbily attended at best with estimates of attendees ranging from 100 to just under 300. Even taking the top figure, out of a student population of approximately 14,000 students at Adelaide alone, this figure represents a tragic failure. Perhaps rallies aren't the best option. Perhaps more troops on the ground doing some publicising for longer than a day would be handy as well.

In Sydney, official NUS figures not only contradict each other but vary massively. The national office proudly proclaims a figure of 200, while the NSW branch saw 'over 800 protestors' at the same rally. Yes, activists are sleeping in the Registry until they are seen by the Vice Chancellor but how could an organisation be so fractured that they could not even co-ordinate figures? Some might say that this is just symptomatic of the very nature of NUS.

Problem two: The National office of NUS is not even in Canberra, the place where federal government occurs. Simply put, it's like watching a delayed telecast of a game you already know the score of. This puts NUS in the position of being constantly reactive, thus not seen as an integral part of the tertiary education decision-making process.

NUS will never be a proactive organisation until petty political differences are put aside and office bearers remember what they are there for:

The commonwealth of the Australian tertiary students.



Music School to merge

by Stephen Mullighan

Last Monday about 150 music students gathered on the Barr-Smith Lawns to rally about the Music School issue. Having adopted a Log of Claims, the students moved up to the Council meeting to see what direction the University will take in teaching music.

The Log of Claims represented important issues concerning students with the review. These claims were:

- That music teaching remain on campus,
- That the music school remain tied to a University faculty,
- That the current level of HECS funded places is enshrined,
- That current degree and higher degree awards continue to be offered,
- That music students continue to be able to undertake double degrees,
- That the quality of these degrees is in no way compromised,
- That facilities in the music school ensure a high quality of education,
- That the staff structure ensures a high quality of education,
- That students are represented within the departmental and faculty structure,
- That University Council commit to providing a high quality of music education at the University of Ad-

elaide by adhering to these claims.

The students arrived at the Council meeting, and in the gallery it was strictly standing-room only as the students dwarfed the number who usually attend these meetings.

Fortunately the music issue was moved to the start of Council Business. Two Councillors presented recommendations on the issue, Justice John Perry, and Vice-Chancellor Mary O'Kane. Justice Perry revoked his, so only Prof. O'Kane's were discussed.

Prof. O'Kane's recommendation was to adopt a set of principles "as a basis for planning, leading to the development of a Memorandum of Understanding between the University of Adelaide and the State Government." These principles are:

- That the Elder Conservatorium and the Flinders Street School of Music will merge as part of the University of Adelaide,
- That the merged School will be located on the Nth Tce campus or immediately adjacent to it,
- That the name of the merged school will include the name "Elder",
- That a Memorandum of Understanding be concluded, setting out the terms of agreement and specifying the

financial contributions to be made by both parties for a period of five years. The arrangement is to be reviewed at the end of this period,

- That the State Government will be asked to make a capital contribution to allow suitable facilities to be established,
- That the new school will

be an organisational unit of the University of Ad-

elaide, and a senior manager will be responsible for it. It will also have an external Advisory Board to be chaired by a high-profile individual, agreed to by both parties. The Elder professor should be appointed at a date that will allow the incumbent to participate in the amalgamation process,

- That the merged School will offer a single suite of degree and sub-degree programmes, and will include a range of musical sub-disciplines and styles.

These principles were passed without dissent at the Council meeting. In reference to the Log of Claims, these were briefly discussed by the Vice-Chancellor, and it was noted for



All I want is a room somewhere ...

the minutes that the Council supports the essence of the sentiments of those claims. With that, the Council had dispensed with the issue.

From now on we will have to keep a close eye on the progress of the new merged school, and as a unified student body, we must hold the University to that Log of Claims to ensure that the new school is a positive step forward for students, the University, and music teaching, and not a negative regression into rationalism.

I thank those who helped in the Music School campaign for your time and effort. I hope that it has not been in vain, and I think if we continue to agitate for positive change, then it will not have been.

SAUA excluded in NUSSA Queer Network

by Dale F Adams

The South Australian National Union of Students' Sexuality Officers, Ashley Richard and Kate Stryker, have convened a Cross Campus Queer Network (CCQN), which met for the first time on 14 March. A network such as this has not previously existed in South Australia.

'The idea's not a new one,' said Mr Richard. 'Other states actually have cross-campus networks as well as queer networks. This is the first year that NUSSA has had sexuality officers, so we decided to have a cross-campus network to provide ideas and to help on campaigns and that sort of thing.'

The network also serves to 'make us [NUSSA] more accountable to the students,' said Ms Stryker.

The CCQN is a queer autonomous body, meaning that those individuals that identify as heterosexual will not be allowed to attend meetings. 'It was discussed at the last meeting as to whether it [the CCQN] should be queer autonomous,' said Mr Richard. 'It was discussed at length at the meeting - it was the first thing on the agenda - and we voted, and it is going to remain queer autonomous.'

As a queer autonomous network, only those who identify as queer are entitled to take part in CCQN

activities. The network only requires that individuals identify verbally.

'I think it's a conscience thing, basically,' said Mr Richard. 'Nationally there's a Sexuality Committee, and they're actually required to sign Statutory Declarations about their sexuality. We obviously can't implement that here, so we think it's just a question of conscience.'

Tom Radzevicius, Students' Association of the University of Adelaide Male Sexuality Officer, has expressed concerns that males on the University's campuses will go unrepresented in the CCQN. Mr Radzevicius, who has informed *On Dit* that he identifies as heterosexual, was not formally invited to the first CCQN meeting.

'I only heard about it on the Tuesday night,' said Mr Radzevicius. 'That was when Amanda rang me at six o'clock and told me that there was a meeting. I then found out that if I had turned up, everyone at the meeting would have walked out.'

Mr Radzevicius also expressed some surprise to *On Dit* that the network was a queer network, not a sexuality network.

'At the start of the year, when I first met with Ashley and Kate, it was discussed and was always going to be a sexuality network,' he said.

'Queer autonomous space is fair enough in context, if it's designed to support queer students, but I was under the impression that the whole point of it [the CCQN] was to support Sexuality Officers, and nowhere in the Students' Association Constitution does it say that the Sexuality Officers have to be queer.' Mr Richard, however, maintains that it was never NUSSA's intention to set up a sexuality network.

'No, it was never going to be a sexuality network,' he said. 'It was always going to be a queer network. We actually decided it was going to be a queer network at the beginning of the year before anything happened, basically.'

Mr Richard is unconcerned that the male arm of the SAUA Sexuality Department will not be represented in the CCQN.

'They [the SAUA Sexuality Department] are the primary point of contact [for queer students],' he said. '[But] only queer people understand the oppression that they go through, so I think they should be the only ones making the decisions about what they feel are the pertinent issues they want to address. It's not meant to be an exclusionary thing, we're not trying to exclude anyone, like Sexuality Officers that identify as heterosexual.'

Mr Radzevicius believes that some of the motivation at excluding him from the CCQN stems from the furore over the Orientation drag show, as well as the fact that he is a member of the Student Unity faction, whilst NUSSA is dominated by NOLS (National Organisation of Labor Students).

'I think that some of the problems that were stirred up by the drag debate have, I feel, turned slightly personal now,' he said, 'I think some of it has to be that: 'We know he ran with Unity and we know he's straight, so we don't want him here.' But I don't think that is the sole reason. For the most part they do have good intentions behind it [the CCQN].'

Whilst he believes that bickering between the SAUA and NUSSA is counterproductive, Mr Radzevicius claims that his Department is attempting to put those differences aside.

'We're still doing the best we can,' he said. 'We're helping Pride with organising Pride Day, we're helping to pay for some of the events on Pride Day, which we don't have to do. We've put the differences aside. We could have told NUS that we don't want to deal with them at all, but we haven't done that. It's not in the best interests of the students.'

UMAT: \$100 Robbery?

By Seb Henbest

The UMAT is the first part of the process for entrance into medicine at Adelaide and is compulsory for every student seeking selection. The UMAT test is compiled and run by a private company in NSW called UMAT Pty Ltd. The UMAT is not free and costs each student who sits it, \$100 (free for health care card holders). Around 800 students applied for entry into medicine at Adelaide University for 2000.

Now if we add to that the number of all the students applying for medicine at all the universities around Australia who use the UMAT test, the number of students quickly rockets into the thousands. Now multiply this number by \$100 ... this adds up nationally to many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Where does this money go? It certainly seems to be an example of 'user pays', but pays whom, what for, any why? The UMAT, being the first part of a three tiered process, must be sat by every applicant. Those who are not rejected by the UMAT are put through an interview process and then finally those who are not rejected at the end of

stage 2 have their TER's assessed. Only those students with a TER over 90 are then offered a place in the course. Can anyone else see the



problem here?? Students who have no possible chance of getting into the course (due to a TER below 90) are being forced to cough up \$100 to sit the UMAT test!! This money is totally non-refundable.

I even know of cases where students who wished to transfer into Medicine at an undergraduate level from other courses, have been told that they must sit the UMAT. They paid up their \$100 to UMAT Pty Ltd, and were subsequently told that they would not be offered a place, as the school did not take undergraduate transfers!!

What a SCAM!!!

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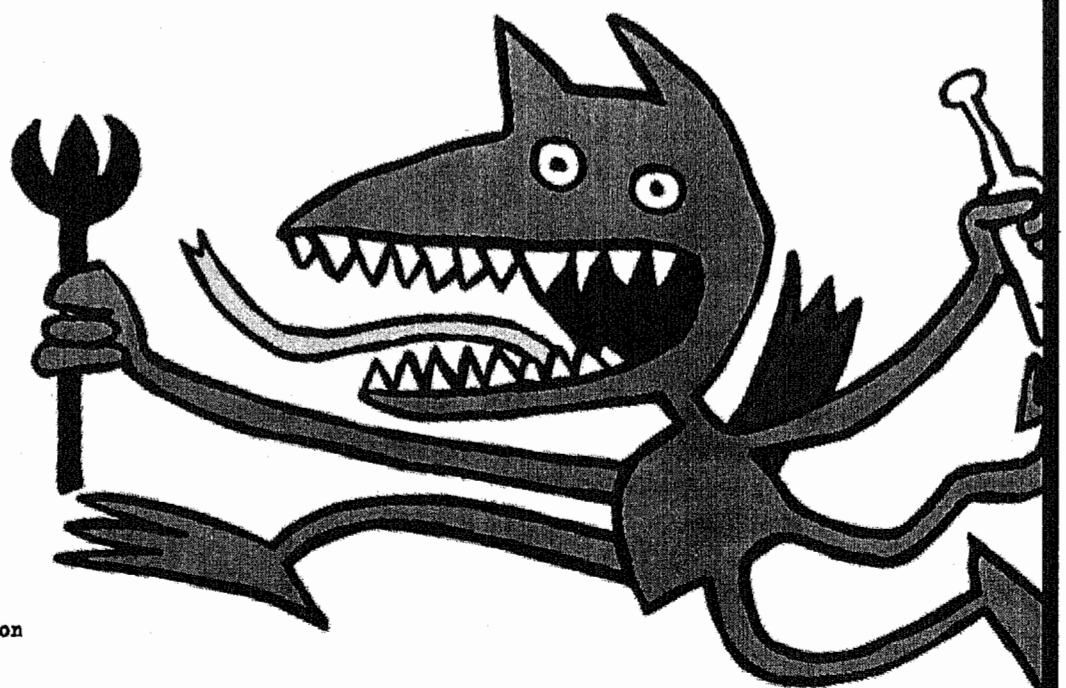
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HELPERS ARE REQUIRED FOR PROSH. TO GET INVOLVED, REGISTER YOUR INTEREST AT THE SAUA



Taiwan: the Doppelganger Effect

By Damian Wyld

Most of you by now would have heard the news from Taiwan. For the first time, the Nationalists have been given the boot and the new President, Chen Shui-bian proclaims himself to be a Democratic Progressive. All sounds very nice, doesn't it? But what does it mean?

It seems to me that the election in Taiwan wasn't really over personalities or policies (hell, Nationalist voters have even started publicly pillorying [literally] the people they voted for - bet our pollies are glad they live in a cushy place like Australia!).

The vote was really for their future. The voters of Taiwan were presented with a choice: stay as we are and pretend that we are Chinese, just like those people with the little red books over the water there (Nationalist view), or move on and take up our rightful place in the world (Democratic Progressive) and proclaim independence. At the elections last week, the Taiwanese chose the latter.

We may wonder why they didn't do the same in 1949 after that big tiff with our Comrade friend Chairman Mao over on the mainland. Fact is, they basically did. Up until the 1970s, the Republic of China (Taiwan) was considered the home of the real Chinese government! Mao's China was excluded from a seat at the UN. The new People's Republic of China wasn't internationally recognised (read: the

United States and their veto-wielding allies on the United Nations Security Council) up until then, a consequence of a Cold War power play.

Why the about face, you ask? Another friend of democracy, the master of hubris, US President Richard 'Tricky Dicky' Nixon, decided to get sociable with the mainland Chinese, and party-time seemed to be over for Taiwan.

Taiwan got kicked out of the UN and their seat was handed over to the People's Republic. The US was rewarded for its diplomatic coup with a game of ping-pong and got to take home a couple of really cute pandas. The US was quite

chuffed with this, I can assure you! To this day, Taiwan is still not represented in the General Assembly of the United Nations (which calls into serious question the United Nations' credibility, methinks). Most of the trouble that this has created, though, is brought on by the Chinese

government. They maintain that Taiwan is a 'renegade province' (something completely unfounded) and have constantly threatened Taiwan with invasion should Taipei make noises about independence. In the lead up to the recent poll, China provocatively played war games in the straits. Moreover, China goes ballistic anytime anybody else make overtures about doing business with Taiwan and not China. For example, last year the

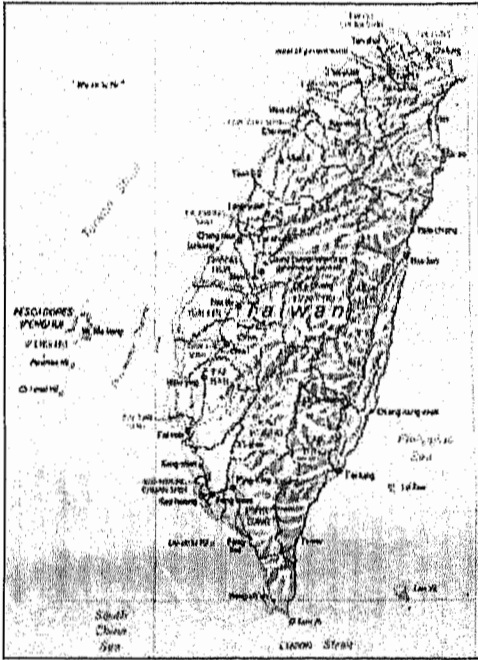
new government in Papua New Guinea attempted to formally recognise Taiwan. What happened next? China went apeshit and leaned on Australia to resurrect some its colonial paternalism. Subsequently, Australia - playing the considerate neighbour - whispered in PNG's ear to make a choice between Taiwan's consulate or Australia's hundreds of millions of dollars in foreign aid. Since money talks, Taiwan was 'unrecognised'.

What we need to consider is this: While we make the conciliatory

noises (and sometimes actions) about the right to self-determination of Kosovo, East Timor, etc, what about the Taiwanese? They've made what they've got from scratch (ably aided and abetted by the Americans from time to time) and are now staring down the barrel of a Chinese gun. Let's not forget the Taiwanese in their efforts to get a seat at the dinner table, rather than make do with the scraps off the floor.

If Mr Chen sorts things out, he's got my vote!

Good luck to him.



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1001 Things to do at University

By the Editorial Team

Lets face it, University is the time to do stuff that you haven't already done or hone the stuff that you've done and turn into an act of creative beauty. For the majority of people, University is reached just after teen doldrums have been overcome and the hormones are still rampaging Hunlike through the body. Freedom and the loosening of the parental reins often accompanies this period while for others it is the first occasion to fly the nest and taste the fruits of existence. The accompanying poverty is, almost, always worth the pain because of the fun, enjoyment and novelty of said experiences. Drinking stuff that barely qualifies as anything but liquid is its own reward, finding meals out of pasta, sand and some soggy celery qualifies one as nouveau while extending the budget to meet the gruelling social obligations that University life seems to constantly throw up becomes de rigeur. We've decided to jot down a little non-gender specific list that you, the student of life can keep somewhere, consult occasionally and work through to make your stay (whether this be six months or 16 years) at University a rewarding and all encompassing one.

1. Make new friends. We not saying that the ones you have need overhauling or anything, or indeed that anything is wrong with them apart from the fact that they probably pashed your ex-partner minutes after you left them but a new injection of friends brings new opinions, new ways of doing stuff, new places to go, and most importantly new talent for you to have a go at. Okay you might be unsuccessful but that's not your fault obviously people just haven't learned to love the real you.

2. Join University clubs. See point 1 but add into the equation cheap alcohol. Let's face it, most University students don't

mind a drink or an evening of free drinks and sporting and non-sporting clubs alike often allow their charges to wallow in it. It also allows the sporting student the opportunity to tell members of district sides what they really think about them in a less threatening, more socially acceptable environment.

3. Read the Bible. The King James version is the best to read and it still has the good bits in it. It is written beautifully yet simply and provides a handy source of knowledge for those days when all you really want to do is argue with the Mormons, Seventh Day Adventists, loony Anabaptists etc. Basing your argument on the same secondary or is it tertiary source that they are using annoys the crap out of them.

4. Stay out all night without any chemical help, alcohol or associated substances. You find that the world looks a little out of kilter, people's reactions to a logically illogical tired person range from the condescending to the wonderfully cute.

5. Stay up for more than one night using either the above natural method or its exact opposite; the unnatural. Those that have played this game know the joys that it can bring. Really feeling the River Murray at sunrise for example or the pure hedonistic joy of a major fry up to satisfy that craving. The creeping sensation of that first G&T in the morning, the fuzziness of the

chemically addled, the sheer sensual sensation of slipping between the sheets... I could go on; fuck it I will. The joy of cracking freshly caught crabs, the stillness of a cold Out-back morning, the satisfaction as you see the face of the one you love or loved (no matter how briefly you've known them), the taste of a sublime grape are all heightened by lack of sleep and a massive dose of whatever is your poison.

6. Broaden your tastes; just because you've always drunk Southern Comfort and Coke doesn't mean that you always have to. Investigate the inane, throw stuff together that just normally wouldn't fit.

7. Eat the brown stuff from the Mayo. You thought that your cooking could be shit sometimes. In a world of seeming absolutes and relativities it is important that you know the opposite of good.

8. Spend an eternity or a minute investigating the cultural side of Adelaide. Peruse the galleries, swan around the Museums and prance around all places in between. Little galleries are constantly having ex-



Its mighty good to dress up, take the piss and take the piss

hibitions while wee museums abound like the little folk.

9. Play the tourist if you are from Adelaide itself. Pretend to only understand Dutch or Boer, Estonian whatever and watch people's reactions to you. Go to the ridiculous tourist sites (such as the Big Bunyip

at Murray Bridge) you've always wanted to but couldn't really find an excuse to. People expect students to do the supposedly 'zany' and 'wacky' so don't let their low expectations down. These behavioural guidelines are flexible so test them out, do stupid tourist stuff like not know when shops close and buying the teatowels. You know you wanna.

10. Organise a large group of like minded folks to go to a family restaurant and run amok. Dress thematically (we like the seventies or just honest white trash), order everything that vaguely reminds you of bangers and mash, keep the house wine flowing and see what eventuates. Always treat the staff well and they won't kick you out. Then go dancing and watch the interest of others increase. Never splash too much Brut 33 on the crutch of your trousers in order to get the chicks because this can hurt more than a bit.

11. Get caught masturbating by your folks. If it hasn't happened by now you're running out of time and we all want something to tell the grandkids.

12. Have at least one day a year where you play the completely self-ish turd. Add a complete lack of conscience and this day can be really good fun. Spend the rent on shoes or a bottle of that feisty Shiraz, have that paid sex you've



The sadly missed Lockerbie: licker of carpet and devourer of bilbies

crazed party person so ram the goals home. Have champagne breakfasts when the neighbours are leaving for work, rort the system for all that you deserve and don't go near a shower until you can't stand it. For some people this one day, for others anything up to ten days is easily achievable.

14. Burn that angsty "why don't nice boys/girls/boygirls etc like me?" poetry. If you keep it you are just laying yourself wide open for endless and well deserved taunting.

15. Have a bucket. No more should need to be said.

16. If poor, try to get a job as a costumed icon (eg Telstra Bookmuncher) because not only is it good money, you have the opportunity to mingle with kids and, as we know, they say the darndest things. These jobs are usually short term so there is absolutely no danger in the novelty wearing off.

17. Keep a pet. Cats are a student's best friend, especially when they are kittens. They will keep you amused for hours, keep you happy when exams are looming and generally pick you up unless of course you don't like them and are a dog person. In this case get a stuffed one because no sane landlord will ever let a place to a student with a dog as well. They know that cats can at least kill native animals to stave off starvation but dogs will only bark and whine for the days that their owner is shackled with another nubile young thing. The other reason that pets are brilliant is that you can name them according to your heightened sense of humour tinged with a newfound insight into society, thus the idea of ranging the neighbourhood calling out for your kitty Bombscare suddenly takes on an extremely appealing look.

Expansion of mind and of contacts are the keys to enjoying University - we'll keep the tips coming in the next few weeks.

Car seats from hell

By Carla Caruso

Do you know why this world is a seething, hissing ball of warfare, chaos, angst and manic depression? DO YOU? Do you know what it is that causes Iraq to up the petrol prices, the US to move in with more battleships, and yet another crazed madman to stalk the simmering bitumen streets? DO YOU? Do you know what drives these people? I bloody do. It all stems back to the car seat. Sure. Scoff if you like. But it's true.

the lassy (who likes you to refer to her as 'Mum') has adjusted it to, and there you are, with your nose squashed to the windscreen, and your cute neighbour in the car next to you, issuing horrified glances. At this point: life sux. So, you start swearing again, pulling at levers whilst trying to drive and switch the CDs in the player simultaneously, and find yourself caught amid traffic, between a bus and a Mack truck. With the bloody new road rules these days, you don't know

fore easiest to access and use. (With a V8 engine and pumping subwoofers, it is also a damned hot accessory and known babe-puller. Ask Mum). It is worse yet when my Dad plays with my seat, before chuffing off on a business trip (down at the pub). His legs are longer than mine are, so you can imagine how laid-back I look once I get in the driver's seat after him. My head's in the back window, one sweaty hand barely gripping the wheel, legs elasticized to

the cast of *Cirque du Soleil* to shame, with one's amazing contortions. 'Yeah, *The Beach* was a fucking good movie, wasn't it?... Erm, I'm sorry. But how do I adjust this seat? It's bloody uncomfortable!' So whilst driving along, your date has to (talking over Ugly Phil) lean over and instruct you on the complexities of adjusting one's individual car seat into position, while you feel like a Number One bimbo, give up, ruin the date (by suddenly wheezing at being bent over for half hour blocks) and never, ever get a chance to see him again. Prick. (Hope his next date suffers from your attempt to adjust the seat! Insert evil cackle here).

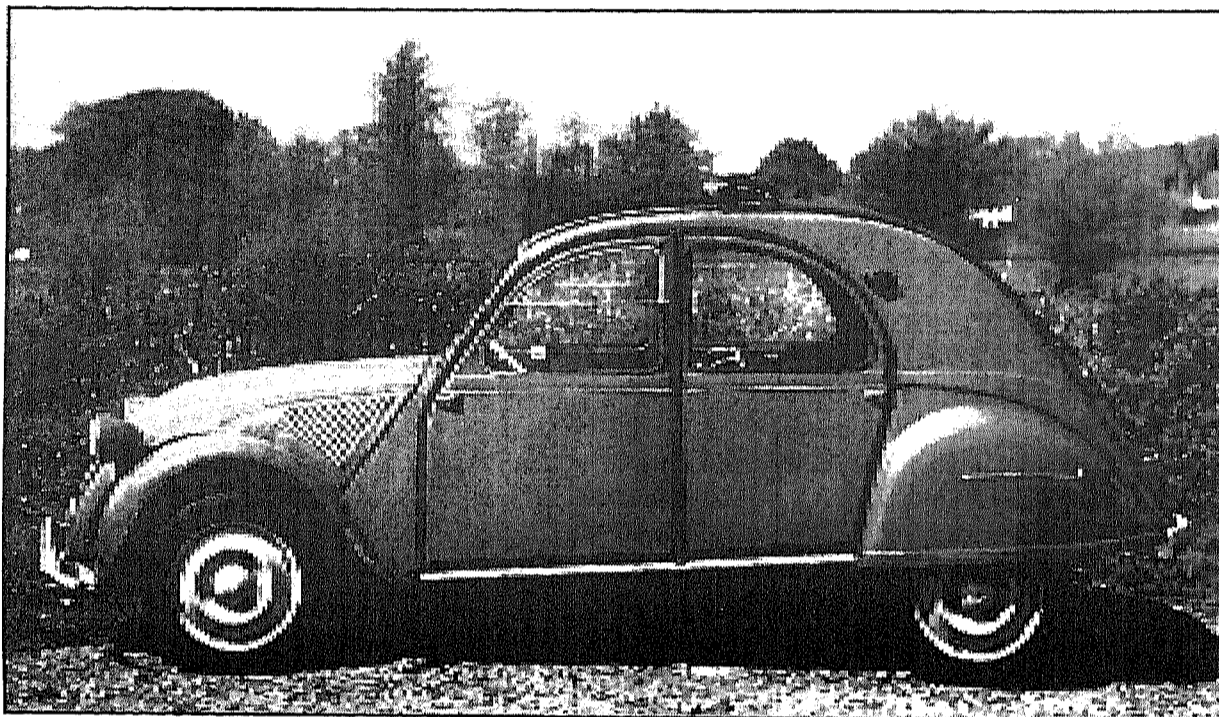
Have you ever?

Have you ever innocently got into your car, looking forward to a pleasant drive to a friend's house, your ABBA Gold CD as accompaniment (did I say ABBA?) only to find some unlikely so-and-so HAS ADJUSTED YOUR SEAT!

My mum's a bloody dwarf

Panic sets in. Your knees are squashed up against the dashboard, your thighs trapped by the steering wheel, your back set ramrod, your nose pressing the windscreen ... You're thinking: *Bloody hell. Why did my Mum have to be such a dwarf?* (And further: *Did she ever consider a spot on Jerry?*)

So cursing loudly to yourself, the minutes ticking by (you're running late again), you fiddle with the levers and buttons until you get your car seat back into position. Perfect. You begin your descent down the driveway, even whistling to yourself as you pull into the street, and drive uneventfully for a few blocks. Until ... you take the next sharp turn! And then, your seat plunges forward, back into the position



Heaven's in the back of my small blue car.

whether to give way to the indicating bus or press precariously on the accelerator with your teetering high heel.

By the time you get to your destination, you're complaining of putting your back out. And your friends look at you, smirking, eyebrows raised, asking what you got up to on the weekend. *Don't ask*, you say, rubbing your spine, thinking *If only*.

Family. You wouldn't choose 'em

My car is an easy target for car seat adjustment as it is often found dawdling in the driveway in the way of other family member's vehicles, and is there-

breaking point to reach the damned pedals. All I need is a RUN DMC CD, my window wound down, some cool shades, and I can do a detour down Glenelg on the way home.

No Peaches and Cream here

I hate going on dates (is that an acceptable word in the noughties?) and getting into the vehicle of Spunky-Guy-of-the-Moment on being picked up, to find oneself contorted into an awkward position by the last person who sat in the passenger seat. (Die.) Even so, one is still meant to show signs of an ability to handle small talk, while putting

You want to know the real reason Chantelle Barry quit the *Popstars*? Somebody adjusted the seat in her limo. I swear!

If you've never seen the 80s flick *Christine* (check you are still breathing and have a pulse - you sure you're alive??) then you will not understand the evil that cars can emit on those who choose to hang around them.

I can only warn you, put the fear of God in you, and ponder how it is that I have written near one thousand words on the humble, bloody car seat. (And without once mentioning cow-print ... until NOW that is. Damn it).

Happy driving. And good luck.



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I like traffic lights

By Darien O'Reilly

For years now minority groups have rightfully struggled for recognition in a society that does not value them, indeed pay them any attention whatsoever.

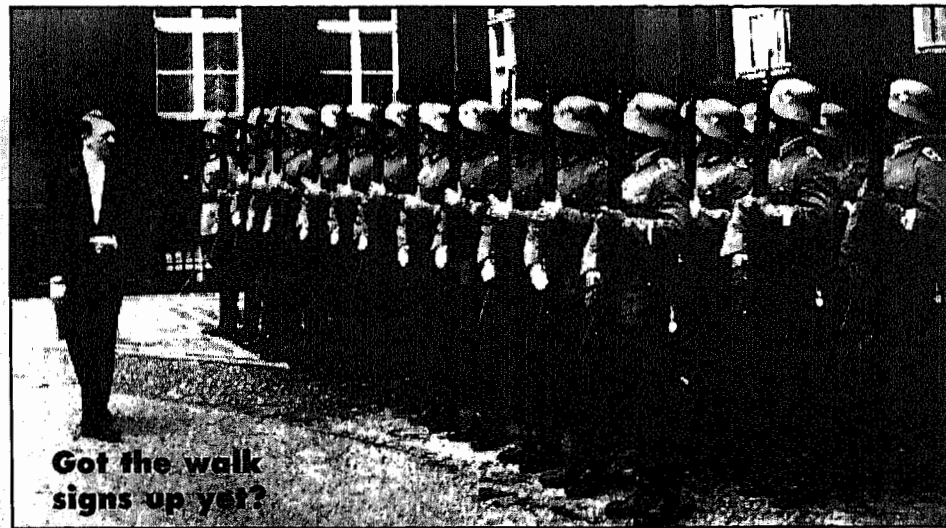
Society has been, and is, dominated by white middle-class males between the ages of 18 - 45. Heck, even the age is not so important, just as long as you're a white male with no visible signs of deformity or disorder, you are set to be taken seriously. Society runs according to this group's agenda, one that has been taken at face value and accepted as the norm. The parameters of behaviour are wide enough to incorporate individualism and egocentrism within and contain it beneath a veneer of acceptance. Indeed, there is a tacit approval of property-based anti-authoritarianism: one can attack the facade of society without ever looking at the shabby structure it rests upon, upon the rotten core it contains and the methods used to perpetuate these myths. Evolution, revolution, change, however you want to label it, can only come about from inspection of symbols, their initial and secondary meanings and associated uses by the hegemonic power structures.

Minority groups have always placed themselves in the vanguard of such forces, for in the changing and widening of societal viewpoints lies their keys to acceptance (not tolerance, as this can contain levels of judgement and negative connotations). Minority groups remain untainted by conservatism, even though reactionary conservative groups (eg the Moral Majority, Lyons Forum) have endeavoured to reclaim the moral high ground and thus reclaim their position of prominence and dominance in order to propagate their viewpoint. From this position of dominance lies legislative power: rules are made by those in power, and we as unwilling, (indeed often unwitting stooges) can only try to resist and organise to effect change. But for Western Society to be inverted and subverted into a caring and just society, not just blatant examples of patriarchal practice and racism should be targeted, but the widespread, overlooked, understated and widely accepted symbols must also be challenged and changed. Such is the case with perhaps the most insidious symbol of white male corporate oppression: the walk, don't walk flashing signs. The ones with flashing green and red able-bodied men on

them. There they stand, at almost every street corner, religiously, didactically perpetuating the myth that males are to be listened to, that males are to be followed and that imagination and individualism should be subjugated for your own safety, and hence that of society.

These signs are one of the most clever devices that patriarchy has ever thought of and do nothing but reinforce the dominant paradigm. The traffic lights trivialise and limit our individuality, freedom of expression and freedom of thought in many ways; none of which are good or morally right.

By categorising behaviour into two categories and limiting individual expression to these two categories, the walk signs coerce us into limiting stereotypes of who we are and who we can be. Individuality is too diverse to fit into two neat categories therefore these signs should be as diverse as the humanity and personalities that they purport to represent. If you elect not to follow the demands that the signs place upon you and actively express yourself, you are fined and thus subjected to punishment: thus non-conformity is actively discouraged. Bending of your will to that of



the wider society becomes rewarded: thus homogenisation of ideas is both actively pursued and reinforced. This process further strengthens the inherent conservatism intrinsic to the walk signs while actively perpetuating the classist society they were set up by. The walk signs follow narrow behavioral conventions that exist solely to control behaviour. Walk between the lines or get run over; walk when told or get run over is the message espoused. Be orthodox or die. Conform or else.

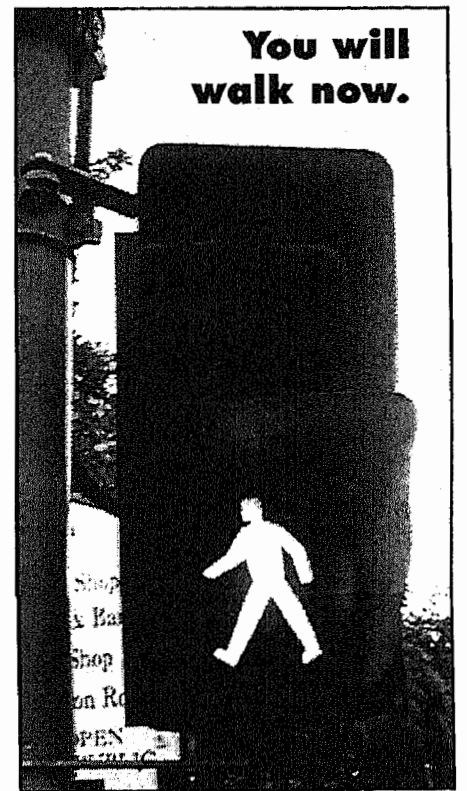
This further strengthens the hold of patriarchy within society as patriarchy is sadly the norm within today's society. By using a heteronormative male (no genitalia therefore no threatening symbols of sexuality), walk signs stereotype the decision making process and transfer this process into the realm of the male dominated which obviously reinforces patriarchy; decision making is a male bastion. This transfer of the decision making

process into the masculine realm marginalises any other group within society and refuses to recognise any contributions to this process that these outside groups could make as well as actively ignoring expertise that the marginalised groups and individuals could bring. This not only segregates society to those who can decide and those who can't but it actively polarises society. Groups are formed, the can walks or the haves (the right to walk thus participate) and the cannot walks or the have nots (those that cannot walk nor participate). Both, however, are defined by the man at the top.

This stereotyping also makes decision-making the province of the able-bodied, which can be extrapolated further to mean that able-bodiedness equates to decision making ability: decision-making ability can therefore be equated to intelligence. This definition of intelligence excludes all groups apart from able-bodied men and thusly can only be an insult to all free thinking folk. (Some of whom don't mind fart jokes incidentally) Walk signs are authoritarian: by actively impinging on the basic freedoms of right, of movement and thought that 'democracy' supposedly

seeks to uphold. Granted, yes none of these things are guaranteed within the Australian Constitution but they are implicitly implied by the system of government that is in place now. The worst factor in this disgusting state of affairs is the marginalisation of a majority group within society (wimmin) as well as the marginalisation of all minority groups. Not once do you see a representation of a physically challenged person guiding our paths. Not once do you see a chronologically gifted figure encouraging you to follow its directions. Not once do you see a little nipper setting you on your way. Never do you see an indigeneous person shepherding the masses across the street. The figure is a white male and can never be construed as anything but.

Wimmin are just not represented within this scheme of things at all; perhaps the manufacturers of this dastardly scheme would prefer them



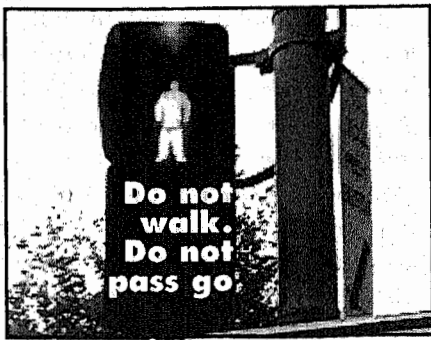
to be still in the kitchen pumping out the progeny and the lamingtons. Fuck'em I say.

Historically the free thinkers of society have contributed the most when outside pressure has been negligible and societal coercion has not been omnipresent. The sharp decline in the popularity of left thought and the numbers and virulence of anarchist thought and practice (such as Up against the Wall motherfuckers and anarcho-syndicalists) can be directly related to the sharp increase in the number of traffic and pedestrian lights. The rise in fascism and its associated stress on societal obligation eerily coincides with the introduction of the walk sign. For first-hand information of this ask one of your chronologically gifted relatives about the comparative numbers of lights before and after the Great War. Increasing urbanisation has led to an explosion in walk signs as it

becomes more and more imperative that there be glue to hold the diverse elements of Western Society together. Homogenisation of society can only benefit the producers of heteronormative white male thought that benefits those at the top and those everywhere else can fit in, accept the paradigm or flounder in a fecund sea of half truths and old ideas.

Put all of the above factors together and you have a recipe for disaster, a recipe that helps hold the festering teetering tiered cake that is society together. A recipe that will keep white male corporate sluts at the top controlling which section of society gets the slice of cake and the amount of this slice.

This is why it is so important to express your individuality and contempt for the rigid society that we live in by ignoring these symbols, expressing your freedom and individuality and jaywalk 'til your feet bleed.



Teen rock shame

By Dale F Adams

I know it sounds more than a little bit pathetic, but entering a joke band in the annual campus band competition has got to be some sort of teenage rite of passage, up there with the first shotgun VB, first cone on the UniBar, and the first time vomit shoots out of your nose. The fifteen minutes of fame, the slightly deranged (and clearly incorrect) thoughts that you could have been a contender, that you could have *made it* ... no life is complete without the experience.

I'm not entirely sure how the idea of entering the band comp ever came up. I was seventeen, it was first year, and I'm more than a little bit sure that I was drunk at the time. These were the days of endless skipped English 1 lectures, hour upon hour in the Bar, drinking carafes of Whyalla Sunrise and house red (out of purely pecuniary considerations, of course). Inevitably, I suppose, someone saw an entry form in *On Dit*, and the writing would pretty much have been on the wall from there.

For reasons lost in the mists of time and dodgy red, it was decided that this grand musical misadventure would be called Fish Lemon Eleven - it had to be some sort of running joke, I'm sure. Having dropped off the necessary forms - which, if memory serves, numbered our personnel at about seventeen, most of whom actually weren't in the finished product - the notion of a practice (or 'jam', as I believe they are referred to in the trade) slowly began to surface. After weeks of greeting the idea with a 'Ah, fuck it, it'll take care of itself', we finally bit the bullet.

It was at the first practice that Fish Lemon Eleven really began to take shape. That anyone was even remotely capable of playing a musical instrument was, of course, a secondary concern when we dreamed the whole thing up, and this was about to become ear-bleedingly obvious.

I had a guitar which, frankly, I was barely able to play. We had two people interested in playing bass - not that either of them actually *owned* a bass - so we agreed that they could (these were the days of Ned's Atomic Dustbin, after all). Our self-proclaimed drummer turned up with a pair of drum sticks and said that, even though he didn't have a kit, he'd come up with something. For the duration of that practice - and every one subsequent, for that matter - he drummed on the floor. A couple of my friends owned instruments and, what's more, could legitimately *play* them, so that was keyboard and violin taken care of. Oh, and my friend Sean turned up with a saucepan

which he hit with a plastic Pink Panther doll. Completely out of time with the music.

It was at this stage that the set list was decided, pretty much by what I knew how to play. 'Just Like Heaven', 'Blister in the Sun', 'The Size of a Cow', the start (and I mean the first couple of bars and nothing else) of 'Smells Like Teen Spirit' ... the pickings were pretty slim. Nevertheless, we cobbled a

going to win.

Nevertheless, we proceeded apace towards our date with rock 'n' roll.

We must have practised at least twice, and managed to talk our friend Nick into singing 'Blister in the Sun' for us. In Greek, an idea we had, of course, stolen from someone else. In our minds we were getting better and better, funnier and funnier. We weren't.

In the days leading up to our heat,



Thurston smashes a guitar, just to prevent the author from playing it.

few tunes together, including versions of the Yo-yo Biscuit and Cottees Cordial ads. We were bad. Really bad.

Not that we could see that. We *knew* we were a joke band, of course, but we figured that our cutting senses of humour, coupled with a fair wack of lager, would carry us through. Hell, we even began to think that we could win. Our optimism was dampened somewhat by the discovery that we had been drawn in the same heat as Flat Stanley. They were a three piece at the time, and really hadn't been around for that long, but we could at least recognise that they were a hell of a lot better than us. I mean, they had a demo out and everything. Of course they were

news came through that fuelled our egos and our optimism even further: Flat Stanley had pulled out. Their drummer had glandular fever, or had had a stroke, or was dead, or something ... fuck, it didn't matter. We were gonna win now. We had rock on our side.

So the big day dawned. I managed to scam an amplifier from a friend's brother, which was handy, both bass players had managed to borrow basses, and Sean had washed his saucepan and given his Pink Panther a good scrubbing. Jeremy the drummer, however, topped all of our efforts. He had put a kit together from an empty biscuit tin (the lid was his hat, the tin proper the snare), a plastic toy box (the kick drum) and a rubbish

bin lid (the crash). It looked bad, and sounded worse. Jesus, we thought it was funny.

And so, after weeks of anticipation, we hit the stage looking like what could only be described as a bunch of right twats. Crap ponchos, unconvincing mohawks (courtesy of Richard the bugle player, who didn't play a note all night) and dodgy stockings, we were eleven of the biggest fashion disasters you could imagine. For some reason, I was wearing a frilly shirt, polka-dot shorts, a tartan waistcoat, a whole lot of poorly applied make-up and had tried to tease my hair up into a Robert Smith-style rat's nest.

I prefer not to think about these days, to be honest.

We lurched through the set reasonably well, all things considered - let's face it, there wasn't a whole lot of sobriety on stage. Everyone was keeping time to me, as we couldn't really hear the drums, and I kept on freaking about how loud my voice was in the foldback, but other wise it was kinda OK. Until, that is, my borrowed amp shat itself towards the end of the set. It just died, refused to make another sound. Drunken fools all of us, we thought this was piss funny. We fell about on stage for a while, sang an a cappella version of a Smiths song (hey, I was seventeen) and poured ourselves off stage.

Predictably, we figured we were the best band on the night, so we were pretty put out when we discovered we'd come last. Any rational individual could have told us that was where we belonged, but you know how it is ...

And that's where the whole tale of embarrassment would have ended, in a sensible world. But this isn't a sensible world, and something really fucken weird happened after that show: we got offered more gigs. Which we played, of course, irritating punters throughout the city.

The Fish Lemon Eleven story finally comes to close after a gig at Carclew, supporting Cerveza Y Putas. Not that we played particularly badly (if anything, we played the best we ever had), instead we were hit by a crushing realisation: we just weren't funny. The crowd enjoyed the whole about as much as they ever had, laughed at the right parts, dished out their generous applause and all that, so that wasn't a problem. No, the problem was a simple one. Carclew is a dry venue, and we were all dead fucken sober.

And believe you me, there's no way anyone should ever make that much of a fool of themselves when sober.

Bourgeois on a Budget

by Tristan Seebom and Melissa Vine

The student life need not be that bad. If you shun the dodgy student lifestyle and all its trappings, eg Salvo's clothes, broken toilets and hessian couches with dubious stains and instead prefer to live in the manner to which you are accustomed (botting off your parents), then this is the guide for you. Follow our advice on developing an outwardly luxurious lifestyle and your eastern suburbs friends will be inviting you around for fondue and cocktails before you can say 'matching gold tote and shoes'. Call it what you will, we know it fondly as Bourgeois on a Budget.

Jobs

It is advisable to earn as much as possible without compromising too much leisure time. It is also important to choose your job carefully. McDonalds doesn't cut the mustard kids. One needs a 'lifestyle job'. One that your friends will not mock you about even if living in their tree-lined safe havens of middle-class joy means that they don't have to work at all. Cushy dusting jobs in trendy homewares shops work well, as do bookshops and arthouse cinemas. If you don't have a close relative to set you up with one of these fantastic jobs then stick with your bain-marie job and claim that it is a stepping stone to the Hilton.

Food

Eat well when you go out with friends - splash round the money like you are some kind of high flyer. Order side dishes and always leave a little on your plate to prove your cup runneth over. Eat baked bean toasties and fish fingers at home.

Alcohol

Drink Passion Pop, Goon, Fruity Lexia and Gramp's cloudy home-made Midori and claim you are being ironic. Don't think you are above getting out the joolies and flirting with the bottleshop attendant - discounts galore will follow.

Home

Can't afford to live in North Adelaide? Can't even afford Clarence Park? Our tip is to try and live in an obscure no-one-has-ever-heard-of suburb and claim that it is just beyond Burnside. Your house has to look the part as well so spruce it up a

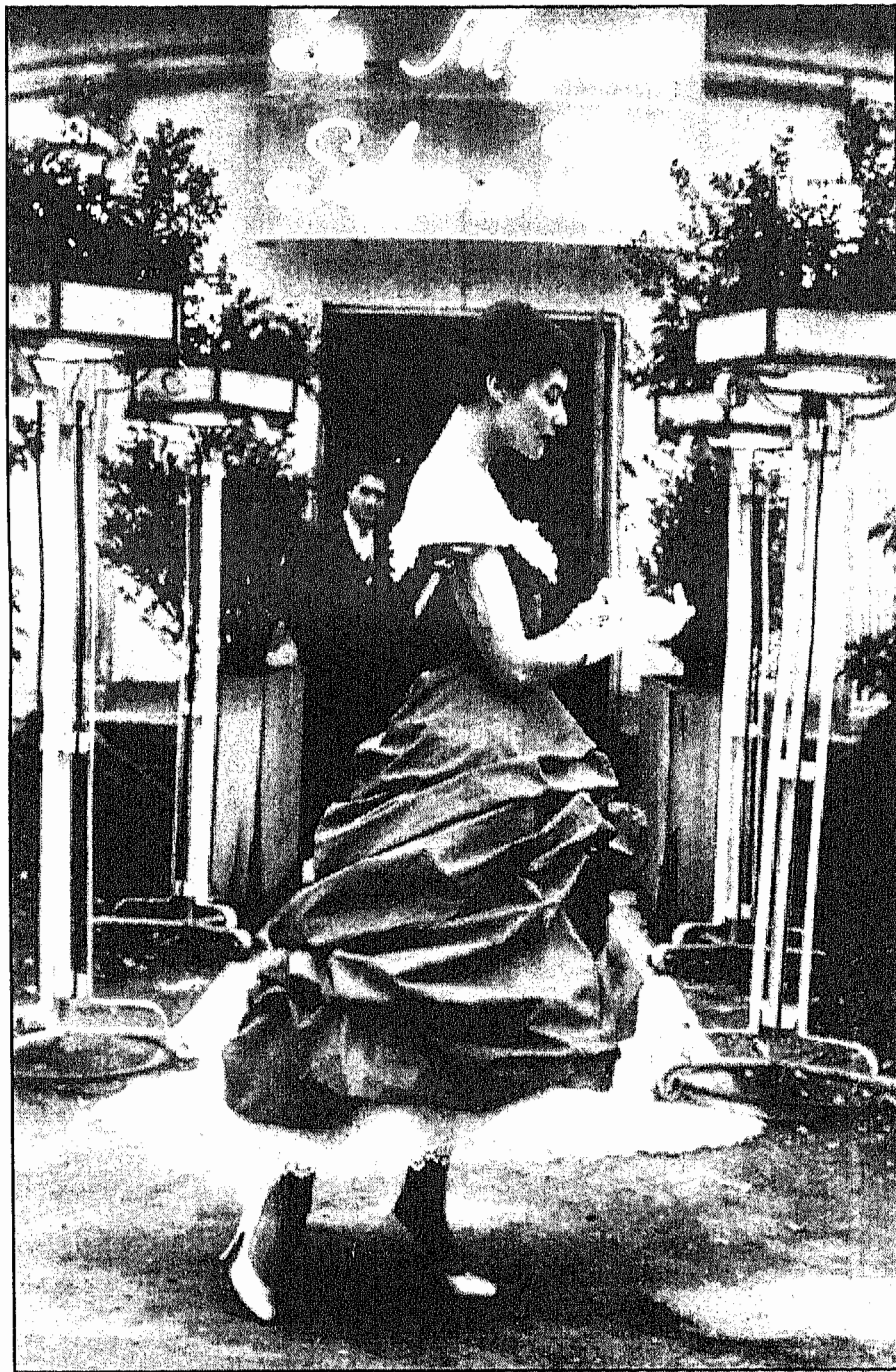
bit. Minimalism is in, pack away the TV Hits posters kids, it's time to be pretentious. Unless mummy has forked out for some decent couches, cover all your furniture in cheap calico. If your lounge room furniture consists of nothing but a saggy cow print bean bag then place it artistically and suspend an object of interest above it to create a feature. If all else fails call in the *Changing Rooms* team and claim you are being ironic.

Milk crates are fine in the dodgy student hovel, but the classier establishment calls for bricks and

on items of interest until they reach the clearance bin. Buy a few statement pieces (leather pants work well, as does a token designer tee) claim you love them so much that you can't bear to take them off. Buy cheap basics from anywhere, cut off the labels, claim they were designer but the label itched the back of your neck and anyway you don't need the self assurance that a shallow brand name can provide.

Transport

The modern middle class brat



Actually, I made this one out of my old curtains.

planks - for the rustic appeal add a bucket of gravel and a half dead Aspidistra and *voila!* the cache of feng shui can be yours too. Try and add an element of bohemian funkiness whether it be a genuine Javanese hand puppet or Nan's macramé, it will make you look eclectic and interesting.

Clothes

With a paltry income, one's clothes budget is limited. Work everything back with your existing wardrobe and sweat off

says a firm NO to public transport. Can't afford a car? Think smaller. Save up for a scooter - it's cheap to run, free to park and you can loudly make disparaging remarks about public transport whenever you want. If you have to take the bus or train then jump off it yelling 'Viva le Proletariat' and claim you were being ironic. Otherwise don't tell people how you move around, appear and disappear like the Cheshire Cat - your silver spoon friends may think you are just mysterious, which can't be a bad thing.

Entertainment

Two words - free tickets - preferably to arty films, plays and art exhibition openings. Go anywhere if it means you will get free hors d'ouvres and a program to leave lying obviously on a coffee table. Talk about everything you have done, places you have been and semi-famous people you have met/seen from a distance/through a security barrier loudly and obnoxiously - people will never suspect that your daily upkeep is the same as the average boat person's. Free tickets can be found everywhere - keep your eyes peeled and talk to everyone you never know who knows somebody, who has their name on the door or who is the publicist for a show about to open and has 20 free tickets to spare. You don't have to tell people that you got the tickets for free - if the truth is revealed say they were given to you by (insert name of feature artist here).

Lifestyle

- Don't go to clubs which demand a door charge. If these clubs are your thing then pay once and wear a nice blouse, kiss the bouncer and get on the door list.
- Steal toilet paper from the loo at your local cinema, keep a roll of absorbent for when you entertain.
- Do a lot of shopping with friends - never buy anything but put expensive items on hold and never go back. Your friends will still be suitably impressed. If they later inquire about your purchases tell them you lent them to your brother who then moved to Yemen without leaving a forwarding address.
- Ever considered a sugar daddy?
- Arrive at the Burnside Village Café at 11 in the morning - drink one cup of coffee and sit there all day. This works equally as well in trendy Rundle Street Cafes. It is all about being seen, kids.
- Flirt outrageously with anyone to get a free drink but don't think that just because you got a free Rhubarb Rhubarb you have to follow through - unless, of course, you don't have enough money for the taxi ride home.

Well that's it kids, you too can live like your affluent counterparts on a measly income. Just milk everything for all that it's worth and you will be living in style no matter how poverty-stricken you may be.

The power of subliminal suggestion

by Kate

Hi. I'm Kate. I'd like to tell you (*buy me a car*) about some weird psychological phenomenon that has been in the media forefront (*and a stereo*) in the past few years. I'm talking about subliminal suggestion. Subliminal suggestion is a technique (*sex*) in which the subconscious mind is made aware of a concept by having it exposed (*sleep with me*) to it too fast or in a way that the conscious mind cannot assimilate. Thus, the person so suggested (*you want me*) finds him or herself doing something that he or she wouldn't ordinarily do. For almost a hundred years now (*my place, 8 tonight*), scientists particularly in Russia, the UK and the US have explored the intriguing possibilities of these subtle suggestions. And, as is just becoming public (*bring clean sheets*), so have the would-be mind manipulators in the world's covert agencies. Done properly, in controlled laboratory conditions (*I'm your love slave*), subliminal suggestion has been proven to work. Subliminal information can channel to you through the sense of sight, hearing, smell - even touch in experiments involving subliminal electric shock. This technique was often seen being used (*I'll get the champagne*) in movie theatres, where one frame of a film would have a message like 'Buy the popcorn.' (*and the condoms*). This one frame goes by so fast that the conscious mind can't possibly assimilate it (*I have incredible stamina*), but many believe that

the subconscious mind picks it up and causes the conscious mind (*I really want you*) to act on it. Since the 30s, the Soviet worked to develop conditioned reflexes subliminally. They did. Subliminal suggestion can influence your heart-beat, brain waves, your basic drives (*all night is not out of the question*) like hunger and work best when tied to emotional drives. For an excellent overview of more than half a century of scientific subliminal research see Dr Norman Dixon's book *Preconscious Processing* (Wiley, 1981). The late Dr Lloyd Silverman (*you know you want me*) of New York University, long the leading US subliminal investigator, came up with a special suggestion that he found, among many other things, boosted learning. Following Silverman's lead, Dr Kenneth Parker asked his business law students at Queens College, NY if they'd like to (*animals strike curious poses*) earn an extra credit by taking part in a subliminal experiment. They would. Three times a week during the semester (*they feel the heat, the heat between me and you*), Parker's students looked through a tachistoscope - a light device. All they saw was a bright flash of light. It was too quick to catch the suggestive message

embedded in it. Their professor adamantly refused to reveal the message even after finals. He waited a month to check long term retention. Parker found his law students got the secret message in more ways than one. They remembered (*we can bring the stuffed animals and the jelly ...*) more of



Trust me. This won't hurt a bit.

what they learned than a control group. They also scored ten grade points higher for the course. A nice surpass (*...and the peanut butter and the nylon rope...*), but nothing compared with the shock students go when Parker revealed the message their deep minds had

embraced: 'Mummy and I are one'. Embarrassing, preposterous - maybe, but ever since Silverman conjured her thirty years ago (*...and watch I Love Lucy re-runs ...*), Mummy has been trotting through scientific literature helping out in all kinds of ways. To (*...and do things that they'll have to invent new names for when we're done*) discover what else Mummy can do, and for an in-depth discussion of worldwide subliminal discoveries, see *Supermemory: the Revolution* by Ostrander and Schroeder. For a shorter account and some make-them-yourself instruction check *Superlearning 2000*. For Parker's protocol see 'Effects of subliminal symbiotic stimulation on academic performance,' *Journal of Counselling Psychology*, Vol. 29 (1). Well-crafted, targeted subliminal suggestion does work in the lab. What about mass-produced suggestions on commercial tapes? Some people find

them highly effective, even transformative. Others do not. So, does it really work? Who knows ... (*and then we can sleep for 3 hours and do it all again*). The jury is still out on that one. It might be worth finding out for yourself.

Beer Lines: Pure and Simple

by Tony Jones, Southwark Chief Brewer



Beer: as pure as a mountain stream.

There are many beer myths. One of the most misleading is that modern beers are a chemical

concoction, full of all sorts of preservatives and additives.

Who knows where this myth originated?

Perhaps it was propagated by over enthusiastic wine makers, eager to push the apparent virtues of their drop. Or maybe it was the sight years ago of those stainless steel tanks, so visible in breweries, and now I might add in wineries as well. Did this, at the time however, make breweries look more like a petrochemical plant?

In truth, Australian beers, of all styles and types, continue to be made from the traditional few key natural ingredients, malted barley (and/or wheat), hops, yeast, a variable amount of sugar (usually added as a syrup). Of course, good quality water is essential also (that's why down at the

Southwark Brewery we pull our water from artesian wells rather than brew with Adelaide mainswater).

The Australian Food Code ensures that no artificial flavorings or colourings are used in the brewing of beer, and strictly controls the use of other additives. The local regs are not quite as tough as the legendary Bavarian beer purity laws (the *Reinheitshgebot*) which were enacted in 1500, and outlawed the use of sugar and even grains other than barley or wheat. However Aussie brewers have by tradition chosen to brew with high proportions of barley malt, usually over 70% for mainstream beers, and a significantly higher malt content for their premium brews.

The so-called chemical preservatives, which are often referred to by micro and boutique brewers are the antioxidants, sodium metabisulphite (allowed, and used in wine in much higher doses) and

ascorbic acid (good old vitamin C). While these are fairly innocuous chemicals (home-brewers regularly use metabisulphite as a sterilant), they are not used at all in most Australian beers. These compounds are more common in imported and export brews, when there is a need to extend the flavour shelf life of the beer out past 12 months.

Unlike wine, cider and in particular the now quite popular 'Alco-pops,' which utilize a plethora of artificial colorings, flavourings and preservatives, Aussie beer remains a pure and naturally produced fermented product.

Better still, for the diet and health conscious drinkers, there are now a wide range of beer styles and types available to fit your nutritional needs. Even vegetarians are catered for - did you know that pale ales are 100% vegan? Remember, 'you are what you eat', but more importantly, 'you'll end up feeling like what you drink'.

Sister Heidi's horny culinary tips

by Sister Heidi of the Van



Sister Heidi knows what's good for ya.

The thing about cooking is that it's not really about recipes. It's about people and their different tastes. The best thing to do is experiment and experiment with confidence. Use recipes as guides - if you don't have one component, try something else. The best chefs, cooks, whatever, are the best because they try different things. There are always mistakes, but keep trying. Increase your repertoire. When you fuck up, you can't beat chopped fresh herbs, and a squeeze of lemon juice - always works ... except when you're pissed. So this week I am offering quick cheap ideas. Go with the flow man, and remember, food is horny - Bless!

- My favourite dinner is hunk of provolone cheese, chilli salami, fresh bread, and, of course, wine. Go to the market. Serve it on a chopping board on the coffee table no less!

- Horny burgers - 500gm mince, make it lean, any kind, 2 eggs, big spoon of mustard, garlic, onion, chilli sauce, a bunch of chopped coriander, and salt and pepper. Form burgers on grill or BBQ. Serve with salad stuff and bread. It's ace!

- Horny Chicken - This is so easy and good. Marinate chicken thigh or breast fillets in Tom Yum paste (heaps), grill or BBQ, and serve with steamed spinach and rice if you like too.

- If you feel you need a dose of

vegies, but don't know how to get them down - cut up your favourite vegies and steam or microwave, then serve them with heaps of hot satay sauce. Bloody make your own too, the recipe is in last weeks' edition. Hmmm, makes vegies taste good.

- Make your own pizza - very healthy. Buy a pizza base or pita bread. Slice zucchini and spanish onion and grill. Spread base with pesto and hummus, top with grilled vegetables, top with crumbled Feta or whatever cheese is in the fridge. Pop into the oven for about 10 minutes.

- Try a healthy steak sandwich - toast some good bread, grill or BBQ a lean piece of meat. Cook up heaps of onion with a pinch of sugar until caramelised (brown and gooey). Spread toast with pesto, whack on the onions, meat, slice of cheese, salt and pepper, and green stuff. Done!

- You can't beat a fresh fillet of fish, panfried with some olive oil until golden served with crunchy bread, green salad and lemon wedges.

- I always make heaps of this, you can live on it for a week. Big pot, cut up chunks of pumpkin, a few potatoes, some onion and garlic. Heat up some olive oil, throw it all in with some curry powder, then top up with stock. Boil and puree! Salt and pepper - Pumpkin Soup. There are so many variations to this, so try some of your own. For example,

add bacon or chopped parsley. Try some cumin or paprika.

- Go directly to Chinatown. Find a shop with a duck hanging in the window. Buy a whole duck - it costs between \$14 and \$16. Take it home and take off all the meat and serve it with hot fresh egg noodles, hoisin sauce and some bok choy.

- Have you ever made an omelette? Really daggy, but cheap and easy. They taste great with heaps of mushrooms, bacon, and cheese. Cut up the mushrooms and bacon and panfry before with a little oil. Then simply put into your omelette with cheese on top. Hint: if you are making a few, just keep in the oven on low. Try spinach and chilli. Another good one is chopped up sausages and tomatoes. Go the BBQ sauce. By the way, try Chinese sausage lup cheong. Boil them and then panfry or slice.

- Song and dance! Do one of Mum's favourites with a twist. Lamb chops with rosemary potatoes. Cut fat off lamb chops. Chop up some potatoes, toss them in a bowl with a little olive oil, salt and pepper and some fresh rosemary. Put into baking tray in

the oven. Cook until brown and crisp. Grill or BBQ your lamb chops. Serve with wedges of lemon and copious amounts of red. Don't buy rosemary, there are heaps growing around Hutt St.

- Pasta presto - go directly to the 'Big Table' at the Central Market and buy a jar of their pesto. They make it fresh! While you're at the market, buy some fresh pasta. Cook your pasta, then add your pesto and top with freshly grated parmesan. Bella!

- Pasta presto 2 - fusilli pasta (the spirally one), chopped black olives, halved cherry tomatoes, and a handful of parsley, basil and oregano. Cook pasta, toss through remaining ingredients and finish off with a good slurp of olive oil and pepper. Hardly any dishes. Got to be good.

- Last but not least, you can't beat an egg, cheese and bacon jaffle. Especially on a Sunday afternoon. It really does get you ready for the next round. See, easy. Have a go!

Next week: How to get sex on a Sunday. Horny brunch ideas for that someone special.



DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
TRAINING AND EMPLOYMENT
Office of Employment and Youth

Youth Week
2000

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A Commonwealth, State and Territory Initiative

National Youth Week 2000
South Australia
April 2-11

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www.youthweek.com

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Come down to the *On Dit* office at high noon on Friday and claim your prize, kindly donated by Southwark



The unwashed masses have their say

In Search of a Jam-like Consistency

Dear Sister Heidi,

I am writing in admiration of your culinary prowess. In last weeks' *On Dit* you had a recipe for Roo steak, capsicum relish & mash which can only be described as mouth watering. All the elements were very tasty on their own but combined were superb. The mix of colours made the meal that much better too, bright orange mash then vibrant green snowpeas all topped with a glowing red relish, a feast for the eyes as well as the stomach.

However, there were two things that I would like to say, well one is a question and the other a suggestion but here I go:

I suggest you add in the recipe to 'top and tail' the snow peas. I just did what the recipe told me and didn't 'top and tail' them and so had to pull stringy things out of my mouth while enjoying an otherwise excellent meal.

I couldn't get my relish to attain a jam like consistency! It drove me mad. I consider myself a reasonable cook and like to make my meals as perfect as they can be and the bastard just wouldn't go jam-like. Please help me with this dilemma. As a final note I would like to add that it only cost me \$13.20 to make two large servings! If I was cooking for more it wouldn't have cost much more either, probably just the cost of another bit of roo. So in conclusion I implore everyone to try Sister Heidi's recipes as they are fab and Sister if you're out there please tell me how to make my relish properly.

With sincere appreciation

Adam Langman

Seb goes UMAT crazy

Michael Hartstone's letter (*On Dit* 20/3/00, page 13) entitled 'UMAT is alright Seb,' demands my response because the voices of concern, whom I represent, believe to the contrary that the UMAT is far from alright. The content of the UMAT is unknown, the standards required are unknown. The test is not supported by any acceptable research. It has not been validated by an independent body, (self validation is not good enough). Further, I did not 'swallow the propaganda of Graziotti & Prendville whole' as you claim. Truth is not propaganda, and I question exactly where the real 'propaganda' regarding the UMAT is coming from! In addition to the test itself, it is the manner in which it is used to exclude 2/3rds of the applicants, with *no feed-back* and *no right of appeal*, adding to

this the non-transparency of the entire selection process, and the fact that TER is not even considered until after selections have been made, which is a great concern to many people. I do agree that it is a shame that I could not find statistics relevant to Adelaide Uni, but the reason for that is quite simple - there are none available! This is what is meant by *non-transparency, and is the basis of all controversy, and the basis of the Graziotti/Prendville letter.*

You go on to say, 'It seems that Seb's real problem is that people with extraordinarily high TERs do not gain automatic entry ... etc' - what crap! where did you get that notion from? Nowhere in the article is there any issue relating to high TERs, I suggest that is an issue that yourself have and should perhaps see someone about. No Michael, my stated problem is that the UMAT is non-transparent, it is invalidated, there is no quality control, no feedback to applicants, no right of appeal which makes it both unequitable and undemocratic! Excluding students without giving them a right of appeal is real discrimination. What is this fantastic process Michael, which dismisses literature, literary understanding and the sciences (which form the basis of our humanity) as trivial and unimportant in the selection of medical students. I do take offence at your disparaging generalisations which relegate hard work, enthusiasm, intelligence, self-discipline and proven ability to the scrap heap. It is well known throughout clinical psychology that 'the only measure of future success is past success', if the scenario you paint is true then the quotation should be 'the only measure of future success is the UMAT' - *n'est-ce pas?*

I do not disagree with the concept of having the selection of medical students based on more than academic merit alone. But the other components of such a system must be transparent, validated, have methods of appeal and feed-back. The reason that everyone is implementing this test, Michael, is because, as I believe, it has been 'sold' as a 20-yr-old, well researched success story, which is rubbish. The only flawed system I see is a system which claims to be fair and equitable, free from discrimination and bias, yet is totally non-transparent. That is my definition of flawed.

Seb Henbest
SAUA Education Vice President

Even more UMAT

On Dit, March 13, featured 'The Great Medical School Lottery,' and

attempted slamming of the University of Adelaide Medical School's selection criteria, submitted by our very poorly informed Education Vice President - Seb Henbest.

The bulk of the article was written by a Western Australian doctor, criticising the UWA medical selection criteria, submitted by Seb in an ignorant and malicious attempt to defame the Adelaide Medical School. It was in fact Seb that did the students of Adelaide the 'unspeakable disservice,' whilst at the same time insulting Adelaide Medical Students and doing his own credibility a great deal of harm, by not only submitting an article containing someone else's views of the UWA selection criteria but in also attempting to use this article to defame our medical school's different selection procedure. Seb might have known of the differences if he had bothered to ask or even cared to inquire before misrepresenting the very Adelaide students that gave him his lovely office, by submitting such a flawed shamble of an article.

For the past four years hopeful students applying for entry to medicine at the University of Adelaide have been presented with the following information:

Selection will be based on three components:

a) Performance in the Undergraduate Medicine and Health Sciences Admission Test (UMAT).

b) Performance in a structured Oral Assessment for the top performers in the UMAT.

c) Qualifying for the SACE or equivalent, and achieving a Year 12 Performance which the University evaluates as being a top 10 percentile performance.

From the outset applicants are advised that their invitation to attend an Oral Assessment will be based on their performance in the UMAT.

A number of research projects has supported the use of the UMAT and testing of medical students before the introduction of such criteria has shown why it is necessary.

When students in the University of Adelaide Medical School, accepted in 1994 and 1995 before the introduction of the new system, were surveyed the results were alarming. Reasons for studying medicine included parental pressure, high marks and no idea of career.

Furthermore, since its inception by the University of Newcastle and leading medical schools in North America, validation studies, which Seb claimed do not exist, have seen such testing become a part of the selection criteria for 65 medical schools around the world.

So what is this powerful tool that

the Medical School has identified, asks Seb's articles. The UMAT is in fact quite the opposite to the claims of the article, a validated test developed by the Australian Council for Education Research (ACER) and the University of Newcastle. It is used to select people with the attributes deemed important for study of health professional courses and for the demands of the career that follows. Eyebrows were raised to say the least, when reading one of Seb's few sentences:

'... exclude(ing) students on criteria which have sweet f.a to do with their academic achievement'. What the new selection process for Medicine aims to do is select students not on the basis of their academic achievements but more entirely, their suitability for the medical course. It became apparent through medical research carried out by the University of Adelaide that matriculation scores, or academic achievement at high school level, did not predict placings in the medical course. Students who had traditionally achieved academically did not always achieve in their medical studies. The learning environment of the medical school requires different personal characteristics and learning styles than traditional high school examination results alone can indicate.

Under the new selection process, students are forced to analyse their reasons for wanting to study medicine. In doing so, the students selected for entry are more likely to be focused on wanting to be better doctors. In this way, the process of aspiring to study medicine becomes based in the reality of who wants to practice medicine and shifts away from the once falsely perceived prestige and academic notoriety that such studies hailed.

The new selection procedure has also seen more students from rural areas and public schools gain entry to the course and shine, to one day, as studies suggest return to regional areas to practice - an 'immense service' to the communities that really need doctors, you could say. (The 2000 intake included students from 67 schools and 21 students from the country).

This article is not attempting to say that the current system is foolproof and perfect in selecting students for the study of medicine. It is however evident that this system is very successful. It is an unfortunate fact that some people who want to be doctors will miss out, regardless of the selection system, but consider that the new system sees only people with the ability and desire to make great doctors gaining entry.

Emily White and Bree Wyeth

The unwashed masses have their say

Jesus, someone's saying something nice about us

Eds,

I want to say that after reading the explanation of HECS in your first issue this year I have the clearest idea yet of just how fucked-over I, and most others here, are getting. So thank you for that. Weird how the official information goes so out of its way to dissuade one from reading it, but your article was relatively simple and understandable. Its crazy shit, huh?

Oska Archer
3rd Yr Science

Veganism is a feminist issue

Dear Editors,

Hi there.

I'm just writing a little letter to correct what I've perceived to be a common misconception around this Uni: a lot of people think that the chips and wedges served by Union Catering are vegetarian. Well, they're not - it's very difficult to find a decent-tasting reconstituted potato product which doesn't contain at least some animal. Yes, although the Union does all of its deep-frying in juicy and delicious blended edible vegetable oil, the chips used in most catering outlets are shipped from the potato factory pre-cooked in cow fat.

The Beef Tallow Boy

PS It's great to see Redd Dredd back in the letters page. Good old fashioned Marxism is underated these days. Now all we need is Alan Anderson to supply his regular counterpoint.

Yet more UMAT

Dear Editor,

I once again refer back to the article about the med school entry system published by the EVP, Seb Henbest. I will try not to reiterate Michael Hartstone's letter from last week about what the UMAT actually is, but merely wish to add to his well-informed view. I would like to make a simple statement: the variety of people entering a course is greatly restricted by simply taking in those who performed best at high school level. Other qualities such as reasoning and logical skills, and interpersonal skills are completely ignored. I use the example of myself, having received a TER score of about 97 in 1997 (coincidence? I think not). I am a 3rd year Computer Science student, and I do not believe that I would make a

good med student, yet I made the necessary TER score. While I did not apply, there would have been nothing stopping me getting in had the UMAT/interview not been in place. If I had wanted to study med just because I had the marks to get in, chances are that I would have got in and then dropped out before the completion of my degree (does this ring any bells for those in the law school?). I am not alone in this scenario, and I am certain this used to happen every year prior to UMAT. On the other side of this, there would have been a great many people who received a TER well above 90, and would be very well suited to medicine and all of its 'varied specialties', but who may not have a TER greater than some of their 'I am gonna do this just because I have the marks, not because I want to' contemporaries and missed out on a place as a result.

Seb's only qualm (since he did not write the actual article, merely tacked his two cents worth on the end) seemed to come from the fact that the university claims to be a centre for academic excellence, while excluding some students on grounds other than academic. As I stated before, 90 is still a more than reasonable TER, and just because there are extra qualities now looked for in the entry to med, it does not detract from the academic qualities still required. The med school just wishes to make sure that the students who get in aren't just getting because it's something good to do when you get high marks. Yet no matter what you say about non-academic grounds, there is still a base TER of 90, that is hardly the 'sweet f.a.' claimed by Seb. If 90 is as low as you can go before you start to drop out of the category of 'academic', then what about the significant portion of engineering, CS & maths, science, and arts degrees (to name but a few), which all have a TER entry of less than 90? Do they suddenly now become non-academic? What is academic anyway? Part of my Computer Science degree is a compulsory subject called Communication Skills III, making sure that us CS students aren't complete geeks, just 90% that way. This is a non-academic subject - no matter how good at CS or maths you are, you still need to be able to communicate effectively. Does this detract from the academia inherent in CS and maths? Does the fact that I need skills other than pure, unadulterated mathematical ability to obtain my degree mean that my degree has sweet f.a. to do with my academic achievement? I think not.

Academic Avenger,
3rd Year CS

Adam finds little mirth 'round here

Dear Eds,

I must say, that despite the best efforts of some, Sam O'Harrell is right - *On Dit* in 2000 is helluva boring, and more serious than even a concerned *Current Affair* reporter. Now I'm the first to admit that there's no use complaining unless you're willing to do something yourself. But PLEASE!!! I'm begging anyone with the least idea of frivolity or fun-making to send something to *On Dit* with their tongue lodged in their cheek, so we don't have to rely on dodgy lecturer's jokes to get us through the day. Thanks. (PS. Good on ya, Linley. Keep up the good work & piss funny stuff)

Adam Osborn

Look, we're not gonna say anything different to last week. We reckon that if y'all can't see anything funny in On Dit, then you're not actually reading the articles. But hey, that's just us. We're dull and boring, everyone tells us so. As you say, write it yourself.

Oh, and Linley's feature was serious. Not funny.

And, to use your own words, if complaining's no use, stop complaining.

What's a Chairman?

Dear Editors,

While I have no intention of debating the merit or accuracy of the content of Ned Moorfield's letter last week, I would like to voice my concern over his reference to himself as 'Chairman' of Union Activities. As Mr Moorfield would be aware, his official title is 'Chair' of Union Activities, not even 'Chairperson', leave alone the extremely offensive and patriarchal 'Chairman'. In an age where society is encouraging reform so as to subvert gender-based hierarchies, Mr Moorfield has chosen to re-entrench the patriarchy apparent within the Union.

When one reviews the current make up of the Union Board, it becomes evident that the patriarchy is alive and well. Of the eighteen student members elected to board, only five are female. Within the hierarchy of the administration, not a single sub-committee is headed up by a female. Indeed, the Union Activities Committee chaired by Ned contains only two females on a committee of seventeen. Perhaps this lack of female presence is what leads him to feel so free to offend so haphazardly. This unrepresentative

structure continues throughout the Union. Union Executive contains five members, only one of whom is female, while Finance and Development Standing Committee continues this trend, with two female members on a committee of nineteen.

Ned-before you take the moral highground as apparently being the only approachable and vigilant member of Union Board, perhaps you ought to consider not isolating half your constituents (or 'target market' to functions)!

Tanisha Hewanpola
Executive Member, Union Board of Directors

At least Jayne likes us

Greetings Teamsters.

I do not like it, 'Sam' I am (to borrow from Ben).

Sorry 'Sam', but cooking metaphors do not smarten the blow of being told that your considerable hours of unpaid labor suck more than cheap cheese fondue with a side order of turnip soup. Not that it is much of a blow coming from someone whose total commitment to date amounts to a single, unproductive whinge.

Heist up the Funny-Meter, you say? Yeah, well if you're so faarkin' funny yourself, write something a little more substantial than a letter. The supposedly 'unfunny' (but very beautiful) Carla has requested submissions, as has the lovely Kate. Have you heeded the call to arms? Nuh-uh.

The fact aside that some people giggle at Benny Hill whilst I myself prefer the humour of *Media Watch* and *Frontline* (ie, that senses of humour are relative and entirely subjective and pertaining to rich and varied environmental and social conditions), what is your problem anyway? Are you a spotty teen who needs to be 'entertained' during lectures? We-ell! Sorry if University bores you. Did you stop to think that perhaps, seeing as you obviously find your coursework lacking in stimulation, you should change disciplines/courses/degrees, or quit uni and sit at home watching *Jerry Springer* re-runs on cable - perhaps that will keep you 'entertained'.

FOR CRYING OUT LOUD MAN: YOU ARE A TERTIARY-EDUCATED ADULT - *apparently*. As such you should (in theory) be able to do the odd bit of 'thinking'. If you continue to waste your HECS fees by reading *On Dit* - as fine a publication as it is - during lectures rather than, say, *learning something*, I suppose you do not really count as educated at all. And you are living proof that adulthood is

The unwashed masses have their say

emotional rather than dictated by age alone. But we do not need fancy-arsed degrees to tell us that now, do we punters?

Do not blame the paper if you need 'entertaining' - lecturers juggling and telling dirty stories and such, and a student paper committed to bottom jokes over keeping students informed. Not *On Dit's* fault if you have a short attention-span. In fact, have you even made it this far though the letter?

Yours completely insincerely,

Jayne 'not cack-funny' Lewis.

These people clearly all know each other

Lee Harmer, your letter in last week's *On Dit* made our day!! Working in the Wills, like all other eating places on campus, is an often thankless job. Those of us that work there have to put up with a lot. We work with bain-maries, deep fryers and hot gravy. We clean up the mess people leave at their tables, we wipe up their spilt garlic sauce. We wear daggy uniforms! Working at the Wills is not always pleasant. But by a long shot, our favourite part of working there is the interaction we have with customers. We try to make sure that for every customer, coming to the Wills is an enjoyable experience. We try

to be friendly and approachable and take the time to make every customer feel special. So when we receive recognition and praise of the sort we got from Lee last week we feel fantastic. However Lee, we think you are a tad harsh on the Mayo. I think you will find that the Mayo has an endless supply of spunks working there. You can't go past old Alex for pure verve value and Steve is also fantastic value. The girls all hold their own - if only Linley was still working there we would have an entire pantheon of Greek gods and goddesses. I think you will also find, Lee, that the women who work there have fantastic senses of humour - just give them a go! In fact everyone that works in Union catering is pretty impressive, including the chefs - especially Tim the Mayo chef (he is looking for a lady and is ripe for the picking - get in quick girls!) But we do agree that us Wills girls are the spunkiest of the lot. Now, while we are here - a few quick points. Firstly, the girls who work behind the counter are not personally responsible for the removal of Coke from campus. Please don't make accusing comments and give us dirty looks. Secondly, the Wills has two registers. When it is buy we open up the second one - down near the drinks. There is never a line you

will get served much quicker and you can go on your merry way. You can order anything you want at either register. You can order anything at either register - so look out and see if the other one is open. Anyway, we urge anyone to come on down to the Wills to be served by the certified Wills spunks (avoid the man with the beard though - he is a scarey bastard). We will always be there to welcome you with our friendly smiles, witty banter and sparkling personalities. Kiss kiss,

Melissa Vine
Clementine ford
Penny Chalke
Jane Rosser
The Wills Chicks

Sick (sic)

Dear Eds (sic)

I am truly (sic) dissapointed [sic - eds] to see the greatly over-used (sic) editorial comment in *On Dit* (sic). It's just (sic) not good enough, besides (sic) it's fucking annoying. We know you didn't (sic) write the letters, you don't have to therefore (sic) destroy their (sic) flow. Just because you want to get (sic) an ego trip (sic) and are trying to sound more intelligent than you

actually (sic) are, whilst (sic) undermining our education, to think that the (sic) Howard Government (sic) hadn't done enough.

Robert Möyer
2nd year Arts

PS Good to see Linley back with some actually funny material, 'All the Carla's of the Rainbow' indeed.

Jesus. Every year someone thinks it's a funny idea to submit a letter with 'sic' after every other word. Readers: for the record, all the superfluous sics in Robert's letter are his own. We tend to insert sics only where neccessary. Other than covering our arses legally by letting people know that mistakes in letters are not our fuck up, they also allow our proofers to differentiate between mistakes made by us when typing up or scanning letters, which we must correct, and mistakes (or unconventional usage) that are contributors' own, which we must not correct.

We're glad you enjoyed Linley's article - so did we, however, if you think that On Dit this year is not funny enough, quit whinging, get off your arse, and write something for us. Mind you, interesting that you found a serious feature on Scientology funny, but what ya gonna do ... did you read any further than the byline?

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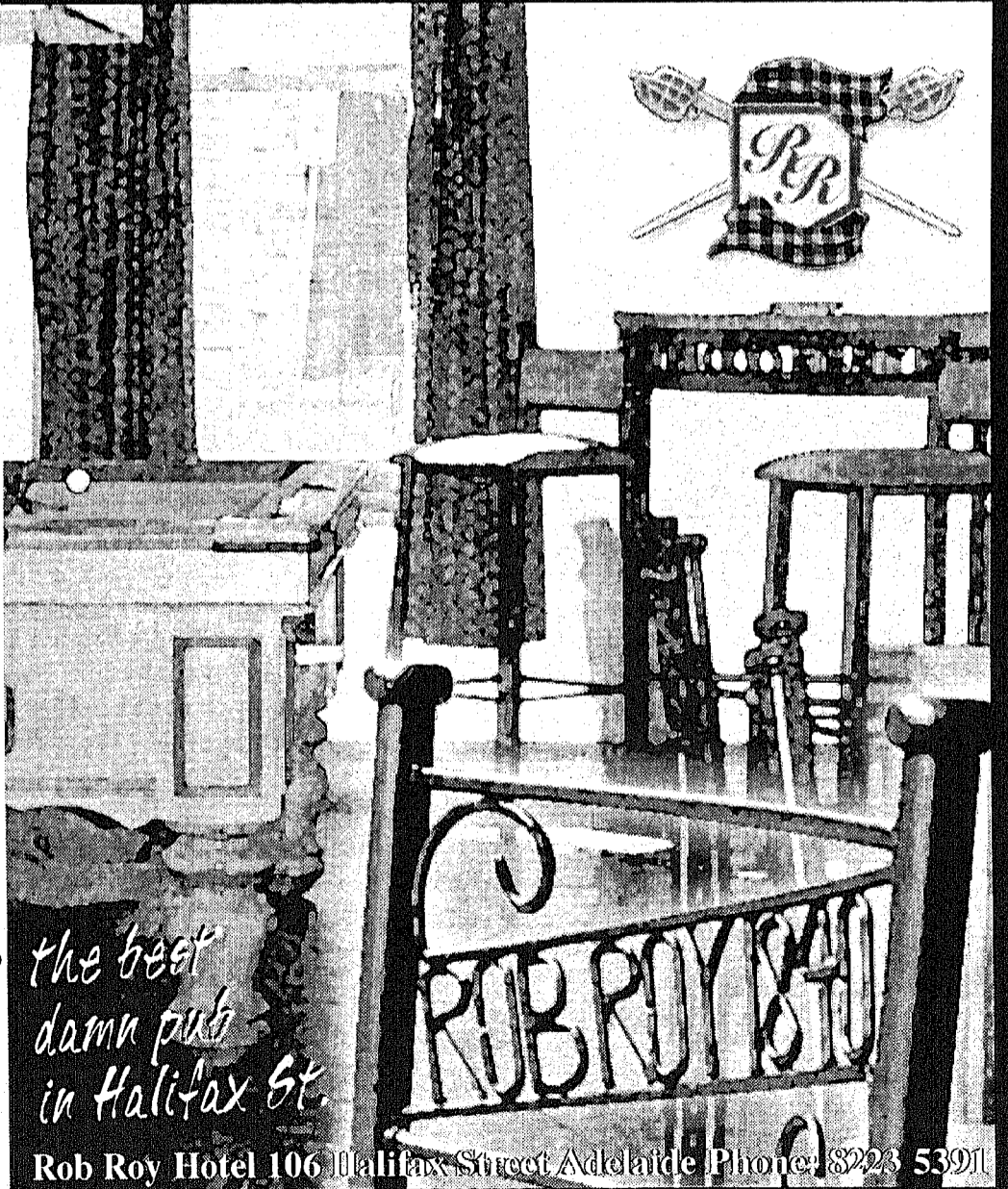
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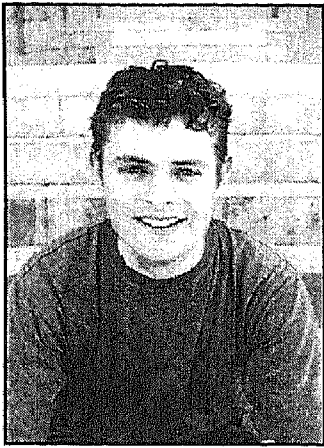
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SAUA Council...

Stephen Mullighan, SAUA President



Music Review

Last Monday saw 150-odd music students, along with other concerned students, gather on the Barr-Smith Lawns, ready to march up to the University Council meeting. At 2 o'clock these students filled the Council chamber, and heard a set of recommendations from the Vice-Chancellor that were adopted by the Council. Basically, these recommendations will lead to amalgamation of the University's Music School with the Flinders Street School of Music: the new school will be on or adjacent to Nth Tce, and it will be a part of a University Faculty. There are more details on page 3 of this issue.

National Day of Action

Last Wednesday was a National Day of Action, and over 200 students from all three SA Universities marched through Adelaide. For more details, see Seb's column.

Prosh 2000

As Adam is stressing, Prosh 2000 is only 2 weeks away. If you have some pranks or ideas that you want see happen during the week, then come in and see us.

Policy Review

As mentioned in previous weeks, the SAUA Council is conducting a review of all SAUA policy. In the coming weeks, all students will have the opportunity to have input into the process by submitting policy or ideas to be formulated into policy to the Review Committee. More specific details next week. 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 NDA on Wednesday 22nd of March against the corporatisation, privatisation and deregulation of higher education was a big success. Although we had a poor turn-out from Adelaide (primarily because the SAUA was consumed with the music school for the weeks leading up to it), numbers from USA and Flinders ensured that it wasn't a flop. We marched unescorted by police along Nth Tce to Parliament House steps. There we had 2 speakers, Charlie Heuston from NUS National Office, and a speaker from the NTEU (National Tertiary Education Union) who was excellent. We then marched to the stock exchange and ended up occupying, as security, after a sudden panic, locked us inside. All in all, our message got across, we were featured on evening news reports and were numerous enough to be noticed. Thank you everyone who made the effort to come, thank you rent-a-crowd (you know who you are) and NUS-SA for their coordination.

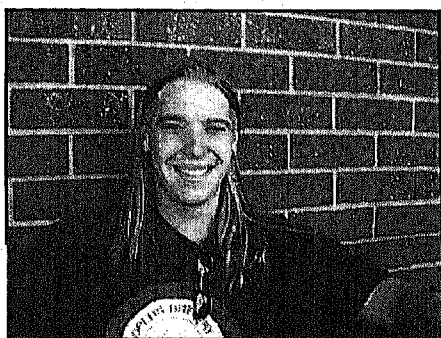
Music Rally

Monday saw music students and staff alike converge on the University Council Room to table their log of claims. University Council is the highest decision making body in the university. Management it turned out had done a minor backflip, as to their previous sentiments, and the proposals they put to the council were inclusive of many student and staff concerns. It seems to be a success story for the students, so congratulations to everyone who came to the GSM, came to the rally on Monday and who cared about the fate of music teaching in higher education.

Collective

Firstly, to quash an *On Dit* begun rumour. The Education Collective is certainly not being run by Resistance. Resistance runs Resistance and that is all. What was said at council was that Resistance, as activists, are very keen to see an Education Collective get up and running here at Adelaide Uni. I too would like this and therefore we are working together to get this happening. The Collective will be run through the Clubs Association, firstly because constitutionally it can not exist in the SAUA, except as a sub committee of SAUA Council, where members would be elected by SAUA council etc - that's not the idea behind a collective. Secondly, because in the Clubs Association, the collective will officially exist and will be an entity which will continue across the terms of elected representatives. The Education Committee will all be members of the collective as well as myself and the SAUA office bearers. The Education Collective is an exciting step for anyone who cares about higher education and the trials it faces. The Collective is open to any student at Adelaide Uni who wants to stand up for education. The IGM is on Thursday March 30th at 4pm. Thanks to the guys and gals of Resistance for doing so much advertising for it.

Adam Langman, Activities/ Campaigns Vice President



Hello, hope you are all well and excited about the next few weeks ahead, especially Prosh.

What's New

The activities department and the Unibar have joined forces to provide you with a fantastic deal. Every Friday there will be a 3 hour happy hour starting a 4pm and a FREE BBQ on the Unibar balcony from about 5ish. Our new DJ will be playing and don't forget to enter the weekly raffle, it's only 50¢ and you could win a carton of Coopers Pale Ale or 12 KGB's or a meat tray with a bottle of wine. How good is that!!!

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.

I have had lots of people put their name down to be helpers, which is great, but no one has handed in a prank or parade registration form!!!! Come on guys it's fun, it's crazy ... did I mention that it is fun? Some of you claim to be the best pranksters around or have the funkiest car, it now time to prove it!!! So come and fill out a registration form, I know you want to.

Also in Prosh there will be a cinema on the lawns. I was thinking of showing both the *Austin Powers* films. Please write/email me and tell me what you think.

Lecture Disruptions in Prosh

If you want one of your lectures disrupted by the Prosh bandits please write/email me with the details of the lecture. A donation from you and your class mates will help to grease the wheels of action. Conversely if you do not want your lecture to be Proshed send me details as well, a donation is compulsory for this!!!

Blood Donations

Hopefully many of you are angry that there was no opportunity to give blood last week. In the last few weeks when I have contacted the Red Cross I was lead to believe that we could get the mobile donation people to come down any time. When I rang to 'confirm' our booking, I was then told that I needed to book the blood van one year in advance. So an unfortunate case of misinformation has occurred but the Red Cross will be at Uni on Wednesday the 5th of April to take registrations of interest. Sorry about this delay but it is the best compromise I could find.

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.

Music for your mouth

Heidi Ryan, Women's Officer



Unwanted Sexual Experiences Survey: By now you have probably all noticed the yellow and purple posters around the campus advertising the USES. It is REALLY important that we receive as many results as possible from this survey ... the results will be used to make this campus a safer place for everyone, so log onto unisa.edu.au/uses/ in the next couple of days, (it will only take you a few minutes).

Childcare: I mentioned childcare last week and it seems that it is a concern for many people around the university ... purely by coincidence, Student Care is currently conducting a survey about the use of childcare on campus. If you have any comments/concerns make sure you fill it out! You can find Student Care in the Lady Symons Building (next to the Cloisters)

NOWSA: The call for papers continues: if you are interested in presenting at the conference please let us know, soon! The next NOWSA collective meeting will be at 5pm March 30 in the Adelaide Uni Women's Room: feel

free to come along.

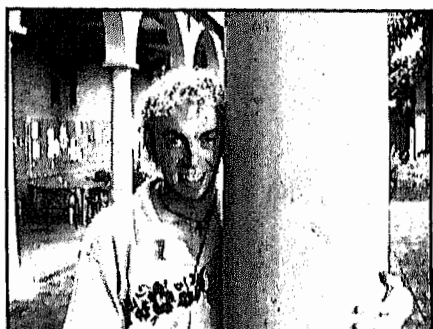
Grievances: I am currently trying to write out a code of ethics for the SAUA Office Bearers to use when hearing grievances. If you have ever brought a grievance to the Student's Association and have any positive/negative feedback (yes, that's right folks I am asking for grievances about grievances) make sure you let me know in the next couple of days.

The Drag Debate: You've read the letters ... now learn about the arguments. Pride will be holding a forum on drag queens this Wednesday at 1pm in the little Theatre, they have organised several interesting speakers so come along!

Women Everywhere: Over the next couple of weeks I will be contacting women representatives, hopefully this means all the women's officers in clubs as well as all female departmental representatives. I want to find out what you want from me. If you haven't had any correspondence from me over the next few weeks give me a call on 8303 5406 and we'll have a chat. It should also go without saying that anyone else who has any concerns should feel free to let me know.

As always you can contact me at heidi.ryan@student.adelaide.edu.au or visit me in the George Murray Building. Have a good week!

Zane Young, Environment Officer



National Day of Action against the Nuclear industry

On Sunday in Port Augusta, Whyalla and other northern SA towns, there were protests against the nuclear waste dump in SA. This was part of the Friends of The Earth 'Nuclear Freeways' project, as well as a campaign of the National Union Of Students.

On Tuesday, watch Parliament House for something really exciting (a secret at this stage) as part of that campaign also.

Reclaim The Streets

Thanks to everyone who came to Reclaim The Streets on Saturday. This article was written before the event, but I'm sure it was a success. I hope everyone who was there had a great time. Thanks to everyone for their help as well.

Reclaim The Streets is a worldwide movement, and we hope to hold many more events in Adelaide.

Critical Mass

Scared to ride your bike in the city? Overwhelmed by huge trucks bearing down on your two-wheeler? Assert your right to be on the road at Critical Mass, the monthly bike ride through the city, part of another worldwide movement for safer streets. We meet this Friday and the last Friday of every month, 5:30pm at Tandanya Central - aka Victoria Square.

Bike parking group

A working group is getting together to discuss bike parking on North Terrace campus. You'll notice already that there are some new spaces by the Horace Lamb building: the working group is trying to find some more space around campus. Contact me if you'd like to make a submission.

Website of the week: <http://www.criticalmass.org.au/adelaide>

Please contact me if there are things you would like to happen to your uni environment. I am here to listen to you!

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

Amanda Camporeale & Tom Radzevicius, Sexuality Officers



Hey everyone! Have you been in to buy one of our funky t-shirts? A great price, only \$15! And you get free entry to the Mars Bar. They are the sexy sky blue ones that all the cool people are wearing around campus. In other developments, we have secured Dave Williams, winner of the Triple J 'Make me Laugh' award, for our great debate in Sex Week. That is happening in the second week of term 2: May 8th - 12th. Also, if you have been following the drag debate, (which has been going for much longer than the performance), there is a forum on the 29th March (this Wednesday) to discuss the pros and cons of drag as a sexuality and a lifestyle. So if you want to voice your opinion on this matter - come along. It is at 1 pm in the Little Theatre.

We have met with the Dean of Engineering to discuss the inclusivity training that did not occur for the engineers. We raised our concerns about the future of the program as we feel it should be an integral part of their curriculum. We are still keen and will soon be entering into discussions with other departments as to the possibility of running

similar programs.

This week on our radio show 'In and Out' (which airs on Tuesday night at 10pm) on Student Radio we will be looking at issues of youth suicide and we will be talking with a counsellor about these issues.

We will be heading up north to Nuriootpa High School to talk sex to high school students. We feel this is a great achievement as it allows us to bring these issues to places where these issues would not normally be discussed, ie country high schools.

The last week has seen an explosion of people coming to see us. We apologise for our e-mail not working but you can contact us on amanda.camporeale@student.adelaide.edu.au and tomas.radzevicius@student.adelaide.edu.au, so please feel free: we are here to listen and help you.



Ride to Uni?

Come and see the SAUA's Environment Department about getting a spot in the secure bike shed.

It's that simple.



QUESTIONS

1. How do you stay awake during dull lectures?
2. What avoidance tactics are you using to put off upcoming assignments?
3. What course would you introduce to Adelaide Uni?



Anthony and Alison

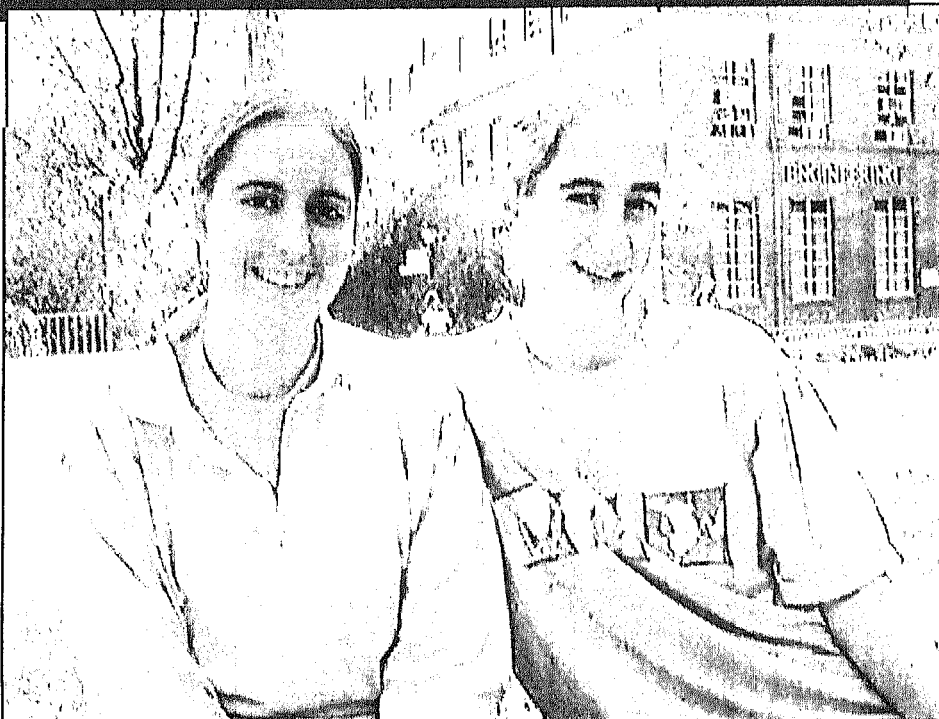
Taking a bit of a break from an Architecture tute

1. Anthony: I create works of art on the desk.
Alison: I pass notes to (my friend) Andrea.
2. Alison: Procrastination. I go to the bar a lot. And I go shopping.
Anthony: I pretend to be sick. I'd like to go shopping too but funds are not permitting.
3. Alison: Bachelor of Beer Making
Anthony: Yeah, a Home Brewing course.

Alice and Rachel

Is that a Jelly Belly I see before me?

1. Rachel: I don't think I do. Or I draw blue lemons on my page. It was inspired by the Blue Lemon Baguette Bar, I always go there after lectures with a friend.
Alice: I don't. Economics is a great time to sleep.
2. Rachel: Lying on my bed, eating Jelly Belly Beans, trying to decide which one I'm going to eat next.
Alice: I just re-write all my lecture notes but don't actually do the work.
3. Alice: Bachelor of Mayo Food and Hygiene.
Rachel: Bachelor of Jelly Belly flavours. I have a real thing for Jelly Bellies.



Victoria

Halfway through her sixth cup

1. Make sure I have two cups of coffee before I even get to Uni. I usually choose subjects I find interesting, so that helps.
2. I fill my mind with useless trivial thoughts as a distraction. I also spend a disproportionate amount of time emailing and keeping up with emails.
3. Teaching women about menopause and hormonal changes throughout life. They don't teach it anywhere! A Bachelor of Menopause Preparation and Other Significant Hormonal Issues.

Nat

Loving the poster pasting thing

1. My friend and I try to seduce the lecturer by giving them the eye and undoing our top buttons. It doesn't matter if they're male or female.
2. Putting up these posters.
3. Bachelor of Making a Fool of Yourself! I'm a pro at it. I could teach it.



POP

Jen, Div and Gololl

Observing the Wills chicks in action

1. Div: I don't. I sleep.

Gololl: He just falls asleep. My sister kicks me so I jump and stay awake for five minutes. Then she kicks me again.

Jen: I keep Div awake so I have to be awake.

2. Gololl: I just go out. Or eat. Or say I'm tired and go to sleep.

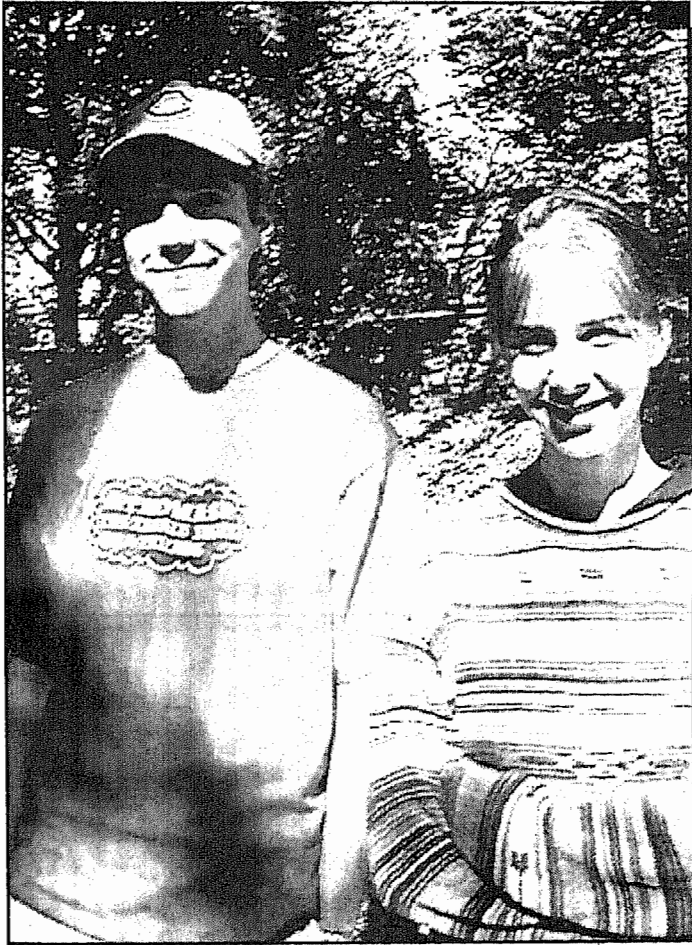
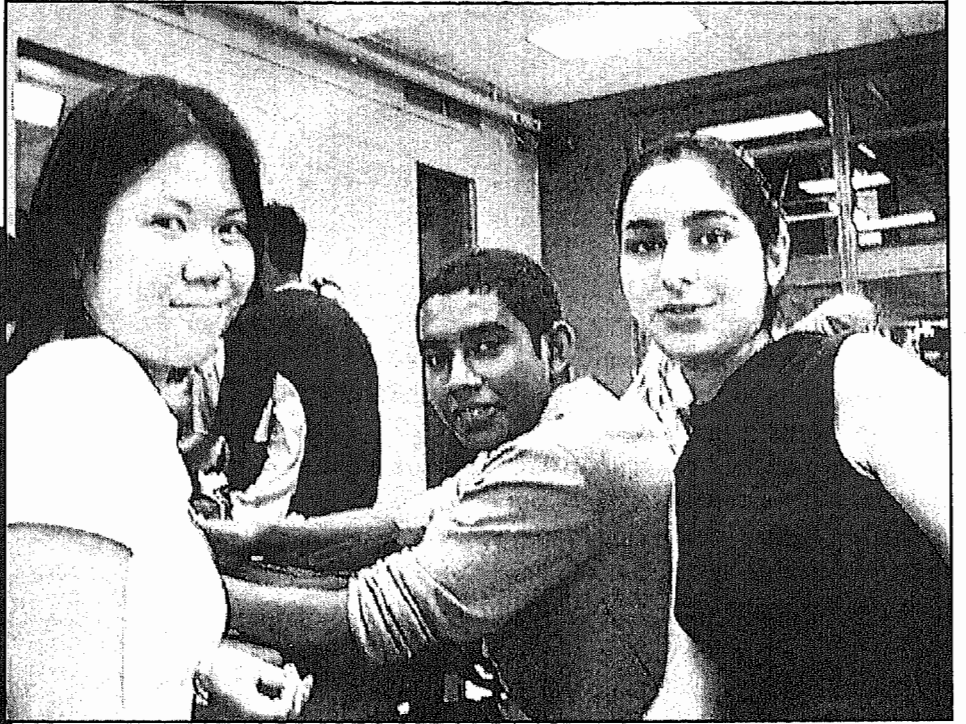
Jen: Find an excuse not to be in my room. And I play pool.

Div: Sleep. Snoring.

3. Div: Bachelor of sleeping through lecture.

Jen: Bachelor of animal sexology.

Gololl: I can't think of a degree, but I'd introduce a shopaholics anonymous group.



Lindsay and James

Sitting on the Napier lawns is another way to pass the time ...

1. James: Eat.

Lindsay: I pass notes.

2. James: Doing other assignments

Lindsay: I watch TV. Go shopping. Eat. All of that.

3. James: Bachelor of Toilet Door Graffiti. Cause people really need to improve on that.

Lindsay: Bachelor of How to Use the CAT Suite computers.



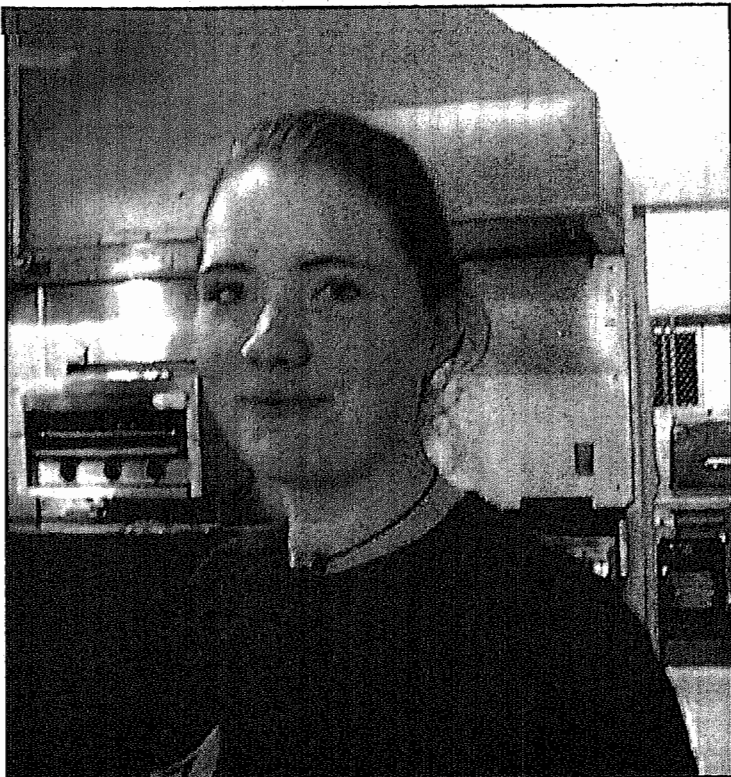
Karl

Enjoying the yummy, yummy law school food

1. Sometimes I don't. Or I talk to friends. I mostly just start reading the notes and ignore the lecturer.

2. Playstation Grand Turismo II. It's a very involved car game which I've been playing for the last month. And since I'm usually sitting in front of the TV I can just turn it on and start playing.

3. A degree in social drug taking.



Clementine

Union Catering employee of the day

1. Arts? Arts?! There are no dull lectures in Arts!!

2. I've long given up on attempting 'avoidance tactics' as you call them. Unfortunately, I have accepted the fact that, for me, assignments will remain unfinished until at least a week after they are due. Watching the self-cooking pots on Telemall Shopping becomes infinitely more interesting.

3. Terroism 101, the Death to Christina Aguilera Society and How to Fully Appreciate *The Bold and the Beautiful* - as an honours course.

The ever-amazing Clubs' Page

Baha'i Society

Adelaide University Baha'i Society welcomes you to attend a public presentation on the Baha'i faith by special guest from Brisbane Olya Roohizadegan. The Baha'is are a worldwide family of people who share the goal of peace and unity between the nations, races and religions. Olya will talk about the principles and work of this world community as well as the Faith's history and its future.

Monday 3rd of April, 1p.m., W.P. Rogers Rm, 5th floor, Union Building. For further details contact David Freesmith on 8445 1231, <dfreesmith@hotmail.com>

'So powerful is the light of unity that it can illuminate the whole earth' - from the Bahá'í writings

Democrats Club

Democrat Club AGM, this Thursday, 30th March, 1pm, Cannon Poole Room (level 5, Union House, Nth Terrace Campus). Special guest Mike Elliot. New members can sign up on the day. For more information contact Ned Moorfield, 040 885 1797, or edward.moorfield@student.adelaide.edu.au

Education Collective

The Education Collective Inaugural General Meeting is on Thursday March 30th, WP Rogers Room, Union Building @ 4pm. Education is a right not a privilege: join the collective and help organise a campaign in aid of free, accessible education and solidarity with students everywhere.

Footer 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 (next to Scott's Church).

Japanese Animation Society

Adelaide Uni Japanese Animation Society (AJAS) IGM, Thursday March 30th 1pm, North Dining Room (level 4 Union House, next to Equinox). 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.

Japanese TV

Japanese TV meet every Friday (except during holidays) in the Margaret Murray Room or the Union Cinema on Level 5 of Union House. Come and join us.

Kendo Club

All Members of the Adelaide University Kendo Club are requested to be present in person and spirit to celebrate our 10th anniversary of affiliation at our Annual General Meeting, at 7:30pm in the UniBar/Irene Watson Room (level 5, Union House) on Thursday 30th March (following training).

On the agenda are the President's Annual Report; the Treasurer's Financial Statement; Consideration of the New Constitution; the Election of Office Bearers and any other business. If you've any questions or queries, please contact Chris Wallace at: cwallace@science.adelaide.edu.au.

Labor Club

Labor Club AGM, 1pm Wednesday 29th March. For any other details call Joel Northcott on 0412210873 or 82547607, or email joel.northcott@student.adelaide.edu.au. Friday 31st March is the Labor Club Kris Hanna's night, at Trades Hall: come along, bring nibbles. It's at the ALP Headquarters on South Tce - contact Joel Northcott for further information. The Labor Club's Pubnight is at the Worldsend Hotel Thursday on the 30th of March at 7pm. Once again, contact Joel Northcott for any other info.

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.

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.

MSA AGM

Mature Students AGM, Tuesday March 28th, 1pm, Irene Watson Room (level 5 Union House). For further enquiries call Ben Stone on 8361 7342. Elections 2000

MSA Elections

As per the relevant sections of the MSA constitution (section 9. Elections and ss6-1), nominations

were called for the following positions: President; Vice President; Secretary; Treasurer; three (3) General Committee Members; Student Services Information Officer; a First Year Student Committee Member; Assistant Treasurer.

At the close of nominations on Monday 20 March 2000, the following nominations were received: President: Kernich, Mark; Vice President: Driver, Greg; Treasurer: Groom, David; General Committee Members: Hastie, Andrew. As a result of there being no other nominations, I declare the above candidates elected unopposed.

The following positions still remain vacant: Secretary; Student Services Information Officer; First Year Student Committee Member; Assistant Treasurer; Two (2) General Committee Members.

Dave Matthews
Returning Officer, Assistant to.

Pride

Pride Drag Forum, Wednesday 29th March at 1.00pm in the Little Theatre (Cloisters), Adelaide University. This forum will address the question 'Is drag problematic in its representation of gender?' and will provide an opportunity to discuss some of the queer and feminist issues surrounding drag.

Contact Aislin (ph: 8272 9002) or Ashley (ph: 0403 197 992) for further information.

Film Society

Week 5, Thursday 30 March
Blue Angel AKA *Der Blaue Engel* (1930)

Directed by Josef von Sternberg
Starring: Emil Jannings, Marlene Dietrich.

An 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' in the role that made her an international star.

Week 6, Thursday 6 April
Bride of Frankenstein (1935)

Directed by James Whale
Starring Boris Karloff

The eye-filling sequel to *Frankenstein* is even better, with rich vein of dry wit running through the chills. The inimitable Thesiger plays a weird doctor who compels Frankenstein into making a mate for his creation; Lanchester plays both the 'bride' and, in amusing prologue, Mary Shelley. The pastoral interlude with a blind hermit and the final, riotous creation scene are highlights of this truly classic movie by director James Whale, subject of last years' film *Gods and Monsters*.

AU TOUCH CLUB

PLAY FUN, SOCIAL SPORT

☆ Mens, womens & mixed teams

☆ All levels catered for- beginners welcome

☆ Friendly club atmosphere, with regular social events



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SHANE REID 0411245608

Contact: autouchclub@hotmail.com
Pen 8362 1638 or DJ 83408551

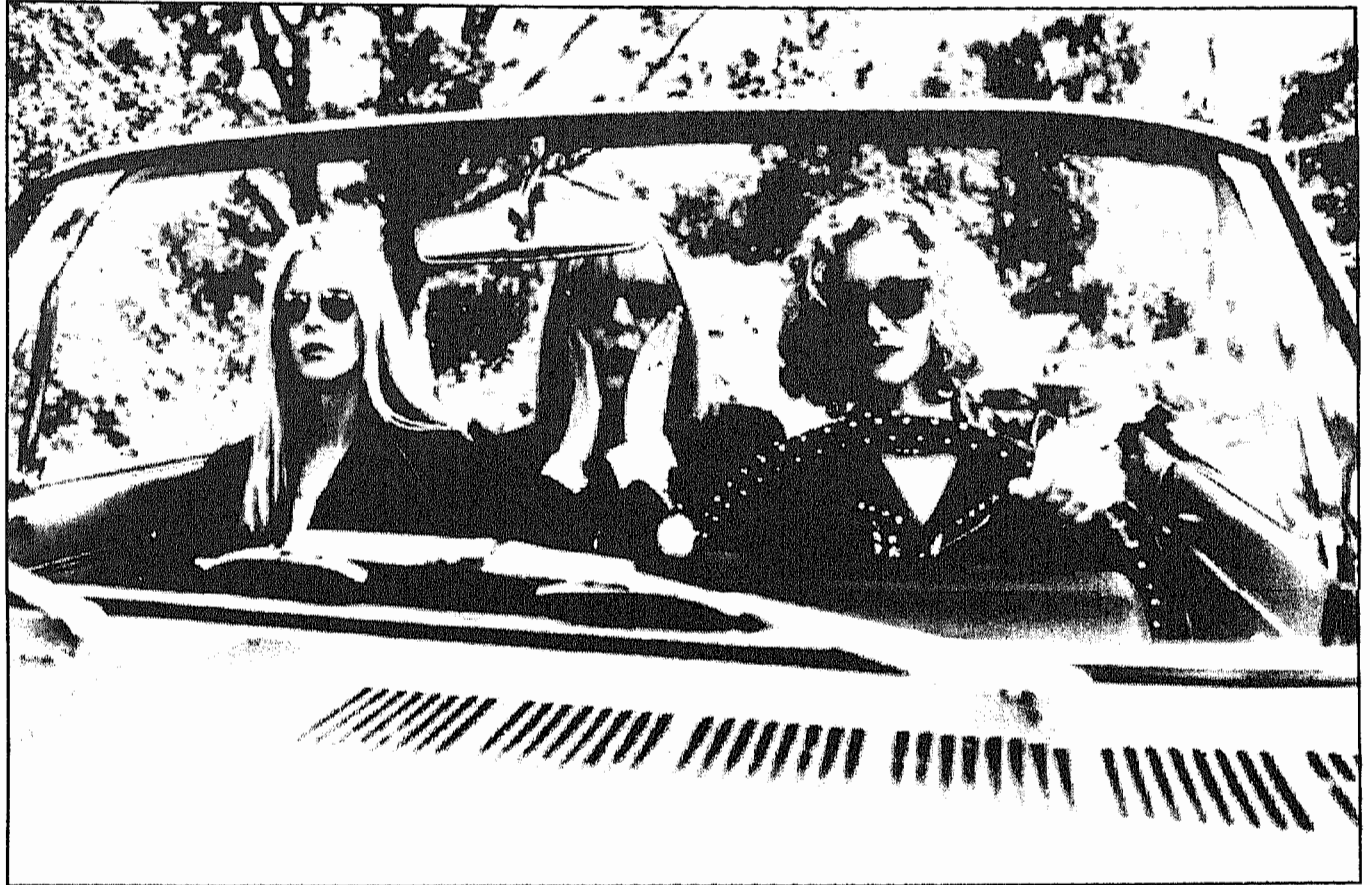
I know what you did last Wednesday

Scream 3
Now Showing
Selected cinemas

The trilogy, we are told by Randy Meeks speaking via a home-movie made before he died in *Scream 2* ('If you are watching this, then I did not survive...'), is a rare breed in the horror genre. Horror movies and their sequels have rules, but the trilogy breaks them all: no-one, not even the lead, is safe. The killer is unkillable. Everything you thought you knew is wrong. The past will come back to bite you on the arse.

According to director Wes Craven, *Scream 3* was already in the back of his mind when he began making *Scream*, which he says '... takes the audience deep into the reality behind the reality.' The concept of the film within the film has been done, but not quite as slickly as the *Scream* trilogy - especially when movie characters are faced with caricatures of themselves, and discover that in 'Stab 3' (the mythical remake of the 'real' events in *Scream* and *Scream 2*) they die!

Scream 3 could almost be called a masterpiece of the comedy-horror genre. It is self-aware and self-parodying without falling into the trap of sheer camp ridiculousness (see *Brain Dead* for that kind of crap). The film



does not take itself overly seriously, yet does not skimp on production values - it is genuinely frightening, genuinely clever, and genuinely funny.

I was keen to see the film because it could have gone either way. I was quite pleased with the result, which I think had something to do with not letting Kevin 'Dawson's' Williamson write yet another preposterous script. *Scream 3* is witty without being as verbose as the first two - the humour is a little more under-

stated, and thus has more effect. And it had a cameo by Jay and Silent Bob (Jason Mewes and Kevin Smith) of *Clerks*, *Mall Rats*, *Chasing Amy*, and *Dogma* fame. To be honest, at that moment I was satisfied.

Jayne Lewis

Hanging Up
Released 16 March
Hoyts (City) and
selected cinemas

Hang up or hang yourself - this movie may make you want to do both. Based on a best-selling novel (like so many films these days), *Hanging Up* is the slightly tedious tale of love, family, and of course, the telephone.

With perhaps her worst haircut ever, Meg Ryan plays Eve, a young woman who takes care of her ailing father (Walter Matthau). He lives in a locked psychiatric ward. Her sisters are Georgia (Diane Keaton), a successful magazine publisher, and Maddy (Lisa Kudrow), a soap actress.

The film examines their relationships with one another, whilst moving towards a reconciliation of their differences and problems. The title *Hanging Up* refers to two central ideas in the movie: hanging up the phone (which happens a lot), and the need to 'hang up' from other people - to disconnect.

Meg Ryan plays a typical Meg Ryan role: blonde, dreamy and flustered. Similarly, Lisa Kudrow seems unable to shake off the 'Phoebe' persona, portraying yet another quirky, off-beat charac-

Is that the phone ringing? ter. Diana Keaton plays the ambitious career woman quite well, but it is Walter Matthau who steals the show. His sarcastic one-liners and womanising tendencies (at 79 years old!) provide most of the funny moments in the movie.

The plot is also quite good, albeit a little drawn out. As the audience, we can tell where the movie is trying to take us; it just takes too long to get there.

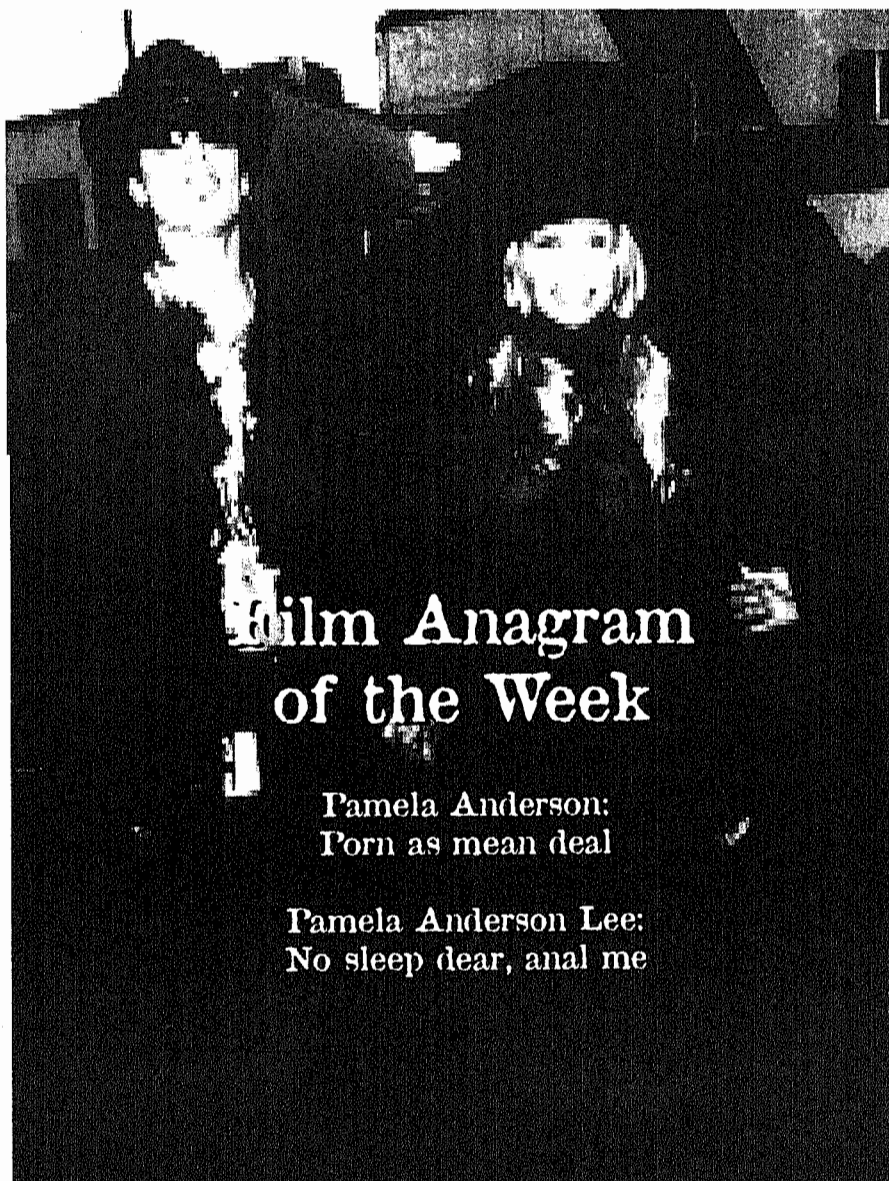
As for telephones, well, this film is enough to put you off forever. Some sort of phone (and believe me, they come in all varieties: cordless, mobile, hands-free) appears in practically every scene. 'The telephone in this movie,' said the Executive Producer, Bill Robinson, 'is actually an instrument of torture'. I couldn't agree more.

Emily Heidrich

Film tip of the week:

See more films, because they're good.

- Adam, 4th year Engineering



Film Anagram of the Week

Pamela Anderson:
Porn as mean deal

Pamela Anderson Lee:
No sleep dear, anal me

Griffin Dunne: Interview with a Werewolf

Stop press: *The Blair Witch Project* is just about to hit the video shelves and is reviewed in this issue. Depending on who you talk to, *Blair Witch* is the latest in a series of classic terror-inducing horror films that includes such unforgettable frightfests as *Last House on the Left*, *The Exorcist*, *Halloween*, etc. *An American Werewolf in London* is also on that list, and has a lot in common with *Blair Witch*: the secluded woods milieu, the element of the supernatural. Daniel Gear recently spoke to actor Griffin Dunne about his involvement in *American Werewolf*.

How did it feel to be the first walking meatloaf in American cinema?

Well, I didn't know I'd wandered into cinema history, you know – it was the kinda thing you just look back on after it's happened. So in regards to the effects work, you didn't realise what you were getting into when you signed on? I knew it would be... kinda strenuous, but no, I didn't realise I'd be sitting in a chair for five hours and starting at four in the morning. It was very uncomfortable stuff to wear. But Rick Baker [makeup/fx guy] was very empathetic, and a good guy to hang out with, and he made it as easy as possible for me.

So how difficult was it to work with? I heard at the time you spoke about being treated like a leper while you were wandering around on the set.

Well, I felt more like a leper than I was treated one. Actually, they thought it was hilarious, and wanted to take me around to the pubs, like I was some sort of party charm. But it was so gruesome-looking - I never really got used to the way it looked, the way it made me feel. It was sort of like wearing a uniform of what you'd look like if you were violently killed, day in and day out. So it had kind of a depressing effect on me. But it was also intricate and beautifully detailed ... for a dead guy.

How did you first come across the script?

I didn't come across it – I was waiting on tables. I had absolutely *nothing* going on in my career, and I got one of those rare appointments to go in on a movie. Usually, for actors at that level, you wait in a room for about forty-five minutes, and then you go in and read, and they cut you off with a 'thank-you', and out you go. On this one, there was no script, just a conversation with John Landis, who seemed like a really nice guy, and it took all of fifteen minutes. And then about two weeks later he calls me at home, and asks me if I want to star in the movie, like I was James Dean or something. He didn't know anything about my work. He knew *nothing*

about me. He just gave me the part.

So what's it like working with John Landis?

He's very passionate, and for an actor, it's great – it makes you feel good, that you're in good hands. And he kinda sets up this attitude



An American Werewolf in London: *my, that looks pleasant.*

on the set about acting, where if something goes great, he's like [launches into zany Landis impersonation], 'Fantastic! I love it, I love it, I love it – let's do it again.' Or, if it isn't, he goes, 'That sucked. Let's do it again.' And there was never any hurt feelings or anything; it was all the excitement of doing it and trying to get it right. John set a very good tone for the movie. Everybody had a lot of laughs.

What did you think when you finally saw the finished product? I just loved it. I thought it was truly the first horror movie that had humour in it, intentionally – it wasn't being camp. It was the change of tone – very original and new. Now it's sort of popular, but quite honestly at the time, people didn't like that at all. The attitude was: if they go to a movie, and they're told it's funny, they want it to be funny all the way throughout – none of this horror stuff stuck in there. Or if it's a horror movie, they want it to be a real nice, cheesy, kinda tacky *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* – everybody dies, and then we all go home. But they don't like people who are dead and then coming back and being funny – they didn't like that at all.

Would you say that's a good reason for the film's enduring success and its cult status?

Yeah, I would say so. Quality wills out, and people know a good thing when they see it. But it really had much more of a success, as I remember it, from

long. I went back to the boards – I never had to be a waiter again, but it wasn't like I got offered all these incredible movies.

Have you seen *An American Werewolf in Paris*? I thought it sucked.

Yeah, I hear it's not so great – I haven't seen it. It came and went here pretty quickly.

The other sequel, John Landis' proposed sequel – do you know anything of it, and would you like to be involved, if it actually happened?

I haven't heard anything about it, but I wish him luck. You know, I'm pretty dead – I don't know how you bring back a guy who's already come back, but whatever John wants to do, I'll do it.

Do you have any other interesting anecdotes about events during the shoot?

You know, it was quite a while ago. I just remember it being such a thrill for a guy who counted his tips as a waiter, working on this picture that was really fun. You could tell it was different and exciting, and it was a great time for me.

Can you give a brief description of your character – Jack Goodman?

I play a guy who's dead. I was walking the earth one minute and was torn apart by a dog, and I come back and I'm this kinda charming, chatty dead guy, who doesn't look so great.

Spy Freebies!

We happened to find an old, battered copy of *An American Werewolf in London* in a dark corner of the office (on the night of a full moon, no less). If you think you can stomach it, come in to the On Dit office after 12:30 pm Tuesday, see Daniel (video editor) and tell him the name of one of the other werewolf movies that were released around the same time as *An American Werewolf in London*.

All the reviews that fit.



THE BLAIR WITCH PROJECT

The Blair Witch Project
1999. D: Daniel Myrick,
Eduardo Sanchez
Becker Home Video
Heather Donahue,
Michael Williams,
Joshua Leonard

If you ask me, the hype behind *The Blair Witch Project* kind of killed the movie. The publicity surrounding this ultra-low budget horror



Pecker
1998. D: John Waters
Roadshow
Edward Furlong,
Christina Ricci

John Waters (*Pink Flamingos*, *Serial Mom*) has brought to the

Desert Blue
1998. D: Morgan J.
Freeman
Columbia Tristar
Christina Ricci, Casey
Affleck

Would you believe me if I told you someone has made a movie that doesn't revolve around the love lives of unrealistically beautiful, middle-class high school goers? Well, writer/director Morgan J. Freeman (*Hurricane Streets*) has done just that. Set in the outback California town of Baxter (population 87), *Desert Blue* examines the lives of Blue (Brendan Sexton) and friends. Notably, these include explosives expert Ely (Christina Ricci), and Pete (Casey Affleck). The group finds themselves trapped in Baxter when a truck carrying the secret ingredient to the local soda factory crashes, spilling its contents. The coinciding death of the driver leads the FBI quarantine to the area, fearing the chemical is toxic.

Enter Skye (Kate Hudson, currently most famous for being Goldie

movie claimed it was the scariest film ever made, which meant most people were in for a major disappointment some six to eight months after the hype wore off and the film actually opened in cinemas throughout Australia. That's not to say the film isn't scary ... it just isn't the ultra-fright fest most gorehounds were expecting. Instead, it's more of a subtle horror film that plays upon the mind instead of dishing out wall-to-wall blood and guts.

And if you somehow managed to miss the film during its cinema run, it's now out on video... which is probably the best place for it to be. For one thing, the jerky, mostly hand-held camera work is nowhere near as disorienting on a TV screen. And given the fact this is supposed to be a documentary, video seems

screen a reasonably funny tale about a teenage photographer from a country town - Pecker (Eddie Furlong). The movie centers around Pecker and the experiences he has on his rise to fame as a photographer, after an art agent 'discovers his talents' (talented? - here I blow a raspberry with my mouth while pointing my thumb down to signify I disagree).

This was the first major role I've seen given to Eddie Furlong since he played a young sidekick to big Arnie (I won't write his last name as I don't know how to spell it) in *Terminator 2* - his acting was average. Although some of the characters are played poorly, the characters that John Waters has

Hawn's daughter).

A young movie star from LA, she is stuck in town after coming to visit Baxter's only tourist attraction - a giant ice cream cone - with her father. She befriends Blue and co as they wait for the cause of the truck driver's death to be determined.

Great acting is what pulls this film off. Hudson could easily go over the top with her spoiled actress character, but instead portrays Skye as down-to-earth and friendly. Sexton plays the part of the sweet, shy Blue incredibly well.

Although the plot is a little 'out there', it is supported by an excellent cast acting out tight, sharp scenes. Freeman creates a bunch of teenagers who (surprise!) act like teenagers. They swear a lot, and drink beer for the sake of drinking beer. They curb their boredom by playing baseball with oranges, while Ely blows things up in her free moments.

Although lost in the recent deluge of summer films, *Desert Blue* is worth a look for those tired of typical Hollywood teeny-bopper movies.

Emily Heidrich

to be a better way to view this no-budget classic.

The film's tagline pretty much says it all: in 1994, three student filmmakers ventured into the woods near Burkittsville, Maryland to film a documentary on the Blair Witch. A year later, their footage was found. Heather, Mike and Josh (played appropriately enough by actors Heather Donohue, Michael Williams and Joshua Leonard) venture into the woods to shoot a student film, but get lost ... and slowly come to believe that the infamous (and very evil-sounding) Blair Witch is stalking them. If you're expecting a *Scream*, *Halloween* or even a *Friday the 13th* look elsewhere. There's only one scene of explicit gore in this film, and even then it's pretty hard to distinguish. Instead, you get just

created made up for it. Every character in the movie that comes from Pecker's town is obsessive-compulsive about a particular subject ranging from pubic hair (his Dad) to laundromats (his girlfriend, played by Christina Ricci).

There were some very funny and at times twisted scenes in the movie. In my favourite scene, Pecker and a friend of his go 'shopping for others' (this involves going to the supermarket and placing weird items in other people's trolleys while they're not looking), which was quite inspirational to my flatmate and I, and has put the fun back in the Thursday night supermarket run! The scene where the concept of 'teabagging' is introduced at a

Susans Plans
1998. D: John Landis
Columbia Tristar
Nastassja Kinski, Billy
Zane, Lara Flynn
Boyle

John Landis may have been the guy who brought us such fondly remembered films as *The Blues Brothers* and *An American Werewolf in London*, but you could be forgiven for forgetting this while watching *Susan's Plan*, a tacky, paper-thin, unexpectedly gruesome schmuck-arama.

Landis sets up the plot with all the subtlety of a drunken child, but to be fair, I don't think he was aiming too high with this one. The actors, while not making any great efforts, are fun enough to watch. Susan (Kinski) and her lover (Zane) plan to kill her ex-husband and collect the insurance. Enter the 'hitmen' - Michael Biehn (wondering where the hell James Cameron is when you need him) and gastro-impaired Rob Schneider (who bears more than a passing resemblance to the late John Belushi, star of

under an hour and a half of the three kids screaming at each other, wondering how they got lost and trying to work out exactly what is causing the spooky noises that haunt them at night. The line between reality and fantasy is blurred effectively, thanks to some brilliant performances from the three leads, who are so convincing they can almost make you forget you're watching a work of fiction. And while some parts of the film feel a little staged, and some of the arguments between the trio of filmmakers do drag, the film's payoff makes up for any shortcomings. So if you haven't already seen it, forget the hype, maybe even lower your expectations just a little, and get ready for a couple of good frights.

Peter Wels

gay club is also hilarious, although my flatmate and I were less inspired by this one (maybe more beer would have helped).

The movie has many funny moments, but is let down slightly by the 'dramatic' scenes, because they aren't really dramatic or serious enough to be entertaining - they entice the viewer to experience boredom.

For maximum pleasure I would advise *Pecker* to be whacked on during a quiet night with a few friends - preferably with one of them drunk, so you can convince them to try their 'teabagging' technique for laughs.

Yama Hondon-Wellby

Landis' *Blues Brothers*). When they fuck the job up, in walks tattooed, leather-jacketed Dan Aykroyd to do the cleaning, looking like his career just fell out from under him (which it more or less has). *Susan's Plan* is a whimsical, light-hearted romp that intermittently shifts gears into something darker, almost ruthless - only for these moments to be revealed as dream sequences. It would have been far more successful if this format were inverted, if the dream sequences were extended to make up the bulk of the movie. As it is, it's a screwball comedy that isn't screwy enough, a bumbling gangsters flick without much of a gang. This one's got direct-to-video written all over it, but I can't think of at least two good reasons to see it. One: Aykroyd's minimalist performance is strangely endearing (you've got to hand it to him - he's still trying to make a comeback reincarnated as a sleazy character actor in films like *Feeling Minnesota*, *Grosse Pointe Blank* and now this). Two: If you haven't yet seen Lara Flynn Boyle in the buff, here's your chance.

Daniel Gear

57 Channels (and there's nothing on

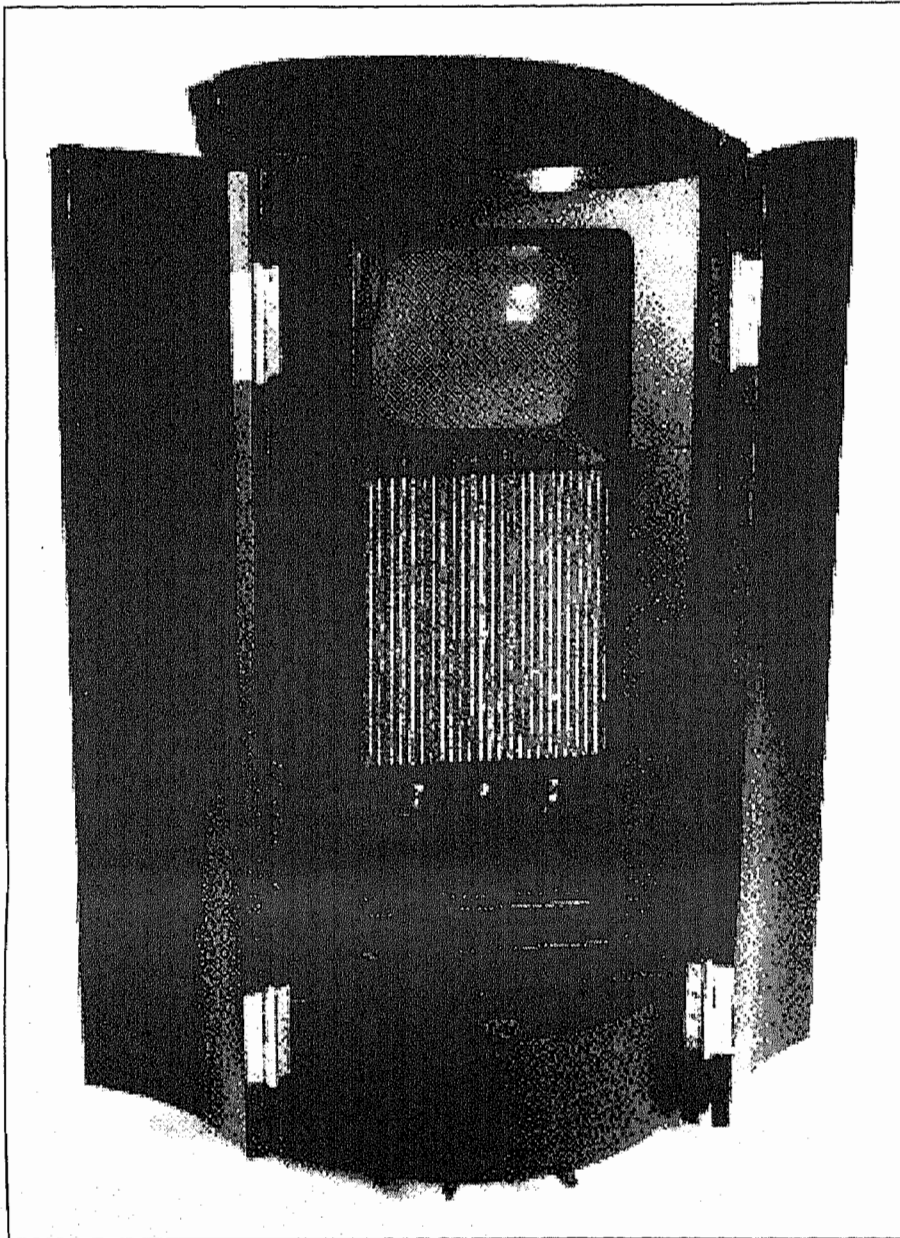
Second place is first loser

I really didn't want to buy into the whole *Popstars* thing. I must admit, I did watch a whole episode. There was just something about watching self-important nobodies break bad news to naturally melodramatic young women which I found compelling. But only for half an hour. Working against the hilarity of failure was the yawning sameness of way too many people belting out way too many crap songs against no backing music and prancing around like primary school children at a lunchtime disco. (Can anyone tell me which one of the final five is an ex-University of Adelaide student - no prizes this week (Hey - no prizes last week, for that matter.)) What caught my attention last week, though, was the *Good News Week* ads for the 'Pop Tarts,' billing them as 'the girls from *Popstars*.' Initially I thought that was a fairly rude way to refer to them, until someone pointed out that they weren't the winners, but the some of the *failures* from the show. True? That's brilliant. I couldn't help thinking of that *Simpsons* episode where Lisa dreams about the second best band in the United States (Oates, Garfunkel, *et. al.*) What a great concept. It probably wouldn't take too much youthful apathy and pop-culture backlash from the record purchasing demographic to make the runners-up successful. Given that the winners are apparently imploding before they've released a zack (is anyone else sceptical about that - surely such a publicity *dream* is just too big a coincidence to have happened spontaneously) it wouldn't take much for the 'Pop Tarts' to steal the show. Then again, who cares? I read in *The Advertiser* today that the 'Pop Tarts' (apart

from really badly pissing off a Melbourne band of the same name) aren't up to anything much, don't have an agent, and just aren't that interested. Fantastic! Losers with apathy.

One week

I don't know why I was watching *Seven Days* last night.



I think I was just waiting for *The Bill* to start, and every other channel had sport on it. Admittedly I was doing a couple of other things at the same time, so I didn't follow the plot too closely (probably not a bad thing), but does that Jonathan LaPaglia guy (ex-University of

Adelaide student, no less) have a cushy role, or what? Every time I looked up, he was strapped to some couch with electrodes on his head having some computer-generated dream about rolling around in the hay with some attractive cyber-woman. I saw him do it about three times. In between frolicking, I think all he did was

Crap film, but an astronomical number of subsequent shows have ripped off the concept.

Classified See

ABC's Newsmail service ran a story today about the state of children's television in this country. The Australian Children's Television Foundation has conducted a 20 year study into children's television in this country (that's a whole lotta teev). Dr. Patricia Edgar, director, said that the quality of Australian children's television has declined. Now wasn't I talking about this just two weeks ago? It looks like someone other than me has noticed that the quality of Cartoon Shows (not just cartoons themselves, which are also going to the dogs) has really taken a dive. Just to continue flogging this issue for a while, has anyone seen Channel 7's *Big Breakfast*? Appalling. Presented by barely literate juveniles, the humour of their cardboard interactions with each other is barely surpassed by their inability to even speak outside the safety of the autoprompter. I don't want to sound too sentimental, nor repeat what I said last time, but the appeal of Channel 9's afternoon cartoon show has yet to be surpassed. The educational value of the *Curiosity Show* has not been seen since. Scaled down versions of adult game shows might teach a bit of spelling, but the old joke that Rob and Dean could teach you how to build a thermonuclear weapon out of ordinary household objects ('I assembled this bit before the show ...') wasn't far from the truth. Congratulations, Dr. Edgar. You're right, but you probably spent way too much money proving it. Now where are Rob and Dean, and when can they start filming?

Paul Hoadley



sick
of your
OLD
typewriter?

The Library now has a Laptop lending service.

For more information, enquire at the Information Desk, Barr Smith Library.

Art? What is this thing?

Giulio Cesare
Societas Raffaello Sanzio
Optima Playhouse
9 · 12 March



Look, I'm going to be perfectly blunt with you here. *Giulio Cesare* is, without question, the worst piece of theatre I have seen in my twenty-five years on this planet. A large call I know, but I am willing to stand by it.

After it finished, as I was wander-

Le Siecle de Fous
Salia Ni Seydou
Space Theatre
March 7

March has been a tough month. Fringe or Festival almost every day for most of it, and that's not counting liquid refreshment. I cried, felt naked horror crawl across me, and pissed myself laughing. I saw everything from dance, to comedy, to live squid-tossing in the parklands. And the sad thing is, about halfway through I felt the rot set in. You know how it is. You get jaded. All of a sudden you're not happy with a mere generous attempt at entertainment. If a show doesn't bowl

Desdemona
Theatre Works (Singapore)
Opima Playhouse
16 · 18 March

The performance text of Desdemona can be said to be conceptually a shamanic journey intersected with contemporary bvisual art and the intercultural process ... Desdemona is a dreamscape of discovering the She within the He, of discoveing the other within the self, of discovering another culture within one's culture.

Always, always read the spiel before electing to go and see some art. I cannot emphasise this enough. Why? Because I went to see a production called *Desdemona*, thinking that it would have something to do with Shakespeare.

I was wrong.

Although my date assured me hat

ing from the Optima Playhouse, I bumped into a friend, who asked what I had just seen. His immediate reaction to my response? 'Oh, did you last 'til the end? No one else does.'

I think that damn near says enough. *Giulio Cesare* is the work of Italy's Societas Raffaello Sanzio, who are, I am told, renowned for their ground-breaking work, that frequently involves using non-professionals as actors. Directed by Romeo Castellucci, *Giulio Cesare* draws upon texts from Shakespeare, Cicero, Caesar and various other Latin historians. It throws these texts together to create a pastiche of rhetoric. Indeed, as Castellucci says: 'the main power outlined by this staging is the power of rhetoric. This is the art of persuasion and, as such, is not to be found on one side only, but on all sides ...'

Sounds interesting in principle - let's face it, something had to interest me

you over, it just doesn't cut the mustard, honey. This is how I felt at around the end of the second week. In view of such a philosophy of petulant preciousness, the ten o'clock show on Monday night could have been a mite over-taxing. I'd worked all day, I was tired, and some prick rang me up to see *La Siecle de Fous* with them at the Space. Salia Ni Seydou, from the Mathilde Monnier company, doing their own show of contemporary African-derived dance. Sounds good, but it just better be good - alright?

Whaddaya reckon? Of course it was. Salia Ni Seydou know how to move so that it drips like honey down your back. The minimalist staging focused attention directly

he was able to draw some connection between Shakespeare's *Othello*, the play about the guy who, consumed with jealousy, strangles his lovely, innocent wife, and this cross-cultural offering from the Singaporean Company Theatreworks, I was not. Had I done my homework, I would have discovered that *Desdemona* is billed as 'a journey through difference in Asia, traditional performing arts, gender, ritual, and contemporary art; a process of reinvention.' Doesn't sound much like your traditional Shakespearean adaption at all, really, does it? Well, it isn't. In this mosaic performance, the playwright, Rio Kishida, seeks to deconstruct and reconstruct Shakespeare's play, focusing on the themes of love and death and with a recurring motiff of missing or dead mothers. It has, however, so little to do with Shakespeare's *Othello*, that I wouldn't even care

enough in the first place to want to see *Giulio Cesare* in the first place. But any power of rhetoric in this interminable piece is lost in the sheer inanity of the staging.

The curtain is slowly burst apart by a battering ram to reveal Caesar seated in the middle of the stage. As he begins his opening monologue, he takes an endoscope and first jams it down his throat, and then down his nose. As he delivers his lines, we see his vocal cords vibrate on a screen hung above a stage. Confronting? No. Pointless? Yes.

Things don't improve in a hurry. As Cassius and Brutus engage in conversation, shoes are thrown into a pile from stage right. Later, a shower of shoes drops from the 'sky', for no reason whatsoever: Cicero is an enormously obese man with f-holes painted on his back, for no reason whatsoever. Any form of tension in one scene is completely undermined by a horse being led on

on the choreography. A pastiche of simple themes, character studies and physical one-liners, it was often amusing and occasionally obscure, but more than anything it was exultantly physical, a celebration of the body and its possibilities. The performers' beautiful, fluid, acrobatic strength and their sense of humour were almost viscerally inspiring. By which I mean to say, it was so beautiful and looked so natural I fell under the temporary illusion that I could have done it too. The arts' establishment was out in force (hello daahling), and the vitality of *Le Siecle de Fous* met with immediate admiration. As the applause died down I heard the Uni's Executive Officer of Per-

to describe it as evocative of Shakespeare's original text, let alone derivative or referential.

Startling and innovative but scattershot (or fragmented, if you prefer), *Desdemona* is a cross-cultural pastiche of languages, media and modes of performance. Its mixture of the traditional and the modern is fascinating but bemusing: for mine, it didn't seem to gell - but then, perhaps it was never meant to. The performances were excellent, and the bloke singing in Sanskrit was a real highlight. It even cracked a few jokes - at least, I hope they were jokes.

Desdemona was never going to be my cup of tea: I was, after all, going for Shakespeare. I found

stage and painted with phrases in Latin, for no reason whatsoever. At one stage, Brutus periodically inhales from a cannister of helium, warping his voice as he delivers his lines, for no reason whatsoever. He then begins to deliver his lines in a voice that caricatures Donald Duck, for no reason whatsoever. A mechanical chair dances around the stage, for no reason whatsoever. Oh, and for no reason whatsoever, Mark Anthony is portrayed by an elderly man with a tracheotomy that reduces his lines to anguished breathing.

I make no bones about it: I despised *Giulio Cesare* with a passion that I almost find hard to comprehend. I refuse to believe that I didn't get 'it', because I don't think there was any 'it' to get.

This was pointless 'Art' shite at its worst, and I pity those that shelled out up to \$45 to see it.

Birdboot

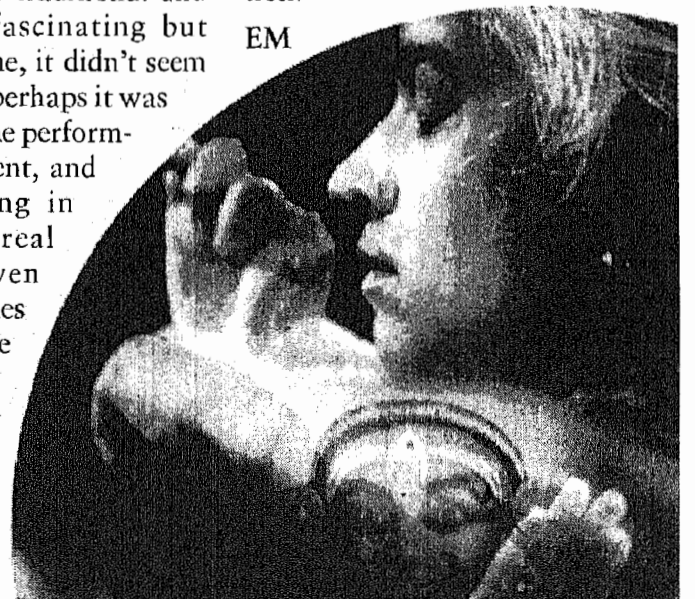
forming Arts say, if all dancers could move like that we'd all be a lot better off. I'm not sure exactly what he meant there. Still, I think if all dancers moved like that there would be a bigger dance-going audience. You didn't have to be an initiate to enjoy this stuff, you just had to have eyes in your head.

So, yes. It was good - very good, and it revived me, physically and intellectually, for another two weeks. Great dance has that effect. Could it be kinesthetic communication - one body to another? Whatever causes it, I do find that dance leaves squid-tossing for dead as a form of entertainment. Go watch some.

Sarah Shepherd

Desdemona both compelling and tiresome, challenging and irritating - but, crusty and conservative traditionalist though I may be, even I could not help but be impressed by the excellent performances given by the cast and musicians in this strange but commendable production.

EM



An Interview With Dave Warner



After waiting in the foyer of the hotel for fifteen minutes I was beginning to think I'd been stood up. I had arrived early after killing an hour before my meeting with veteran Australian author Dave Warner. I was also a little nervous. Warner has always been a kind of reference point through my life. When I was growing up in the northern suburban sprawl of Perth I would see 'Tonight - Dave Warner from the the Suburbs' emblazoned on the gig-ad sign in front of the Balga Inn. As a teenager I stayed up late one week-night to watch a documentary on the band touring the Eastern States. Every now and then I'd see something about Warner or the band in the paper. Warner and Perth are two things that are inextricably linked in my psyche. I left Perth in the mid-eighties, but it seemed like every time I went back for a visit Warner would pop up in a conversation or on late night TV. Then trolling through a bookshop on Barrack St I came across a copy of Warner's award-winning *City of Light*. This guy doesn't know how to stop, I thought.

The same thing happened earlier this year. I was flying back to visit my father who had recently been ill. Making my way through the departures lounge I stopped at the paper-shop to grab a magazine or something when I saw Warner's latest offering, *Exxxpresso*, on a Picador spinner. Of course I bought it. Read it. Enjoyed it.

Which brings us back to the hotel lobby where I was still waiting ten minutes after the appointed time. After some nervous glances around the room a vaguely familiar face appeared,

heading toward me. 'You're Jonathon?' 'Dave, Hi. I was expecting a minder from the publishers.' '[Laughs] Nah. I'm too far down the food chain to warrant that.'

Dave Warner is a very normal looking guy. No tweed jacket. No horn-rimmed spectacles. Just a guy; friendly, self-effacing, hungry. Our first stop in the quest for a quiet spot to record the interview is the bar. It's closed, but there's some left overs from a corporate buffet at one end. Dave dashes off, comes back with a plate full of little cakes. 'If we eat them they can't ask

for them back.'

OD: Before [*City of Light*] came out the last time I heard anything about you ...

DW: That would be around nineteen-eighty. I'd been doing other things, but more behind the scenes. I wrote a couple of plays, then in the mid-eighties in Perth I did *Planet Pres* at the Playhouse Theatre. And then I went to live in Sydney from 1988, and did a few things there, toured a little. Yeah, I guess it's only since the novels in the nineties that I've had any real public profile again.

OD: Is that a good thing?

DW: Oh, yeah, it is good. It's good because I've got the public profile because I'm doing something I like. I've done other things in the meantime, I've gone from being a featured extra on a feature film to hosting *Balls Up* on ABC TV - I hosted the Melbourne end and Lex Marinos hosted the Sydney end. I think it was 1994, and it was the first of those footy shows where you have entertainment people talking about football. Sunday morning at about 7:30am so no one actually saw it, but it rated pretty well in Sydney.

OD: How did you get into writing in the first place?

DW: Well, it was something that I always wanted to do, and when I finished playing full-time with the band, which was about 1981 - I stopped playing full time because my asthma got so bad in Sydney I couldn't walk up the hill. I was coughing blood; the smokey venues, it was just no good. So I cut back on that and I wrote a novel that's still unpublished; you know, the one that sort of sits there in the draw. Then I started writing plays and *Murder Weekends*. I wrote a

murder weekend in '83 which down at [Dave's wife] Kate's house in Yallingup, and that gave me a really good idea that I could actually write a structured, whodunit kind of thing.

So I guess at that time I had the idea I could write, but I was a bit wary of trying a novel again, so in the meantime I wrote a couple of screenplays. Johnny Leopard [the guitarist from 'From the Suburbs'] and I wrote numerous TV sitcom treatments, that nobody ever put up. It's just, in the industry it's who you know and having some kind of track record.

But one day in 1991 I thought, *oh, bugger it. I'm going to write a crime novel, and I'm going to set it in Perth*. I had the feeling I wanted to tell the story of Perth in the decade that was important to me, when the suburbs first cracked it - '78 to about 1990, in that eleven or twelve-year period when Perth changed radically. And I thought *what great fodder for crime*, like WA Inc, all the rumours about Shirley Finn being murdered, police involvement and all this stuff was just fantastic fodder to use somehow, not to literally tell that story but to use those sorts of characters, characters inspired by those events, put them into a novel and have a great big James Ellroy or Jonathan Kellerman style novel. And that's what I did, I just sat down one day and wrote it. It took some time because in between times I was still touring with the band, did a show up in the Kimberleys with Ernie Dingo. Every few months I'd get the novel out and pick up where I'd left off and I'd have to start again because my writing style wouldn't be consistent. But eventually I got it finished, and I sent it off to Fremantle Arts Press and waited six months thinking *this is it*. I didn't have enough money to do more than one copy. I had one copy, that was it - I was flat broke.

And the week they'd had it six months - I hadn't heard from them and I thought *I'm gonna have to ring them up and tell them to send it back*. I got a letter from them saying they thought it was publishable; I wrote a second draft and it went from there. The process dragged out a lot because they also didn't have a lot of money. But it finally came out at the end of 1995, in November. It got some critical acclaim, certainly in Perth it did, and jointly won the WA Premier's Award which also helped a bit.

I just kept writing all that time;

even though I didn't have any income I knew that's what I wanted to be. So [for] six or seven years I was writing, learning how to write everything from screenplays to novels just by constantly doing it. And now I'm seeing some of the fruits of that.

OD: You're credited with the script for *CUT*.
DW: Yeah, I wrote the first couple of drafts, and then they wanted to bring in another writer, and I actually recommended a guy called Mark Lamprell who's a very good writer, who was writing *Babe, Pig in the City*. Mark adapted my drafts into what I thought was a very good draft. The producers decided that a name like Mark's would have much more cache than mine so they wanted him to write the next draft, but after he'd done some more work they weren't happy with that. Once the game got out of the three of us - Mark, myself and Kim [the director], lots of people then wanted - as is the want in films - to have creative input. So in the end a lot of the work I'd done with the ideas and the characters were retained, it wasn't actually my writing. And as it's turned out I'm the only one who's ended up with a credit on it, so it's a weird situation where I am the writer but I'm not responsible for all of it. I get credit where it's not due in some ways and I get criticism where it's not due as well, but that's the film business, so you wear it.

OD: *Exxxpresso* also started off as a screenplay ...

DW: Yes. I had this idea about 1995, or it might have been '96, to do a screenplay with more double- and triple-crossings in it than anything else. I was confident in my ability to write a plot that could do that - I'm a strong plot writer. So I wrote it, but it was a little too complicated and the characters got a bit lost. So I wrote another draft and got that into ScreenWest and got a good reaction from them. But there were some things I wanted to address in the screenplay; I needed to have a better idea about the characters' backstory, and the best way to do it would be to actually write the novel and then go back and work on the screenplay, which is exactly what I've done. The novel gave me all the story. I solved most of the plot and character kinks in it, and then I went back to the screenplay.

OD: One thing that struck me about the book was how you manage to write the voices, to get into the heads of the characters

An Interview With Dave Warner

in each piece of story.

DW: It was a bit of an experiment - some of the things I did. Like Hurricane Tony. He's Thai so his English is not the same as our English, but at the same time I didn't want to make him sound cartoony. So in the end, after experimenting with it, I kept the English exactly ... well it's normal English but it's again the way that he thinks about things that you do it and for the other characters the same deal.

I like that style [a montage of multiple points of view]. I like different styles but it suited this book I think because you do want to approach it from who's point of view you're seeing it from and you want to get their emotions. Another reason it works is it give you a chance to

give your characters more depth, to shade in all the area between black and white. If it was purely from Rick's perspective - well a lot of it is from Rick's perspective but not everything - then some of the characters would be a lot blacker than what they are. You have Marrietta who, while she is a self-serving double-crosser, she has qualities that are admirable, and Tony has qualities that are admirable. He's a hot-head, but he's passionate and he loves *her*. So everyone except Guthrie has some redeeming qualities.

I'm very hopeful we can get it up as a film. I think it would do well as a film and there's a market for it.

OD: You mentioned James Ellroy and Jonathan Kellerman. Who

else do you like in the crime genre?

DW: I tend to like those North American writers; I like Ellroy, Kellerman, Elmore Leonard - Some people say this [holds up a copy of *Exxxpresso*] is very Elmore Leonard. It's interesting, people say it's very Carl Haiszen, but I only ever read one of his books ... I think Haiszen is kind of Elmore Leonard anyway - he takes a lot of that kind of stuff, so I guess it's a little like that. I read *Sick Puppy* and I thought that was quite good. I like Thomas Harris, *The Silence of the Lambs* I thought was fantastic and I loved *Red Dragon*, *Hannibal* not so much. I like Agatha Christie, ditto Patricia Cornwell, although I think that forensic pathologist stuff has

been overdone a bit. Usually you find the first couple of books are great but after that it leaves me a bit cold.

Local writers - I love Shane Maloney's stuff. Very funny. He's a good satirist so he uses crime as a backdrop for satire really. John Carroll's very good. I think the standard of Australian crime writing is getting pretty good now. Maybe not quite at the peak of some of the really good American crime writers, but I think our average is well and truly better than the American average and definitely better than the UK crime writers because I don't think they're anything special. So that's the Warner Theory of Crime Writing.

Jonathon Dyer

Writers' Week Wrap-up

The Good Bits ...

Thomas Lynch gave a fabulous speech in his panel session, dictating that poets 'ought to write as though they were breaking bread with the dead'. I was so impressed with Lynch's performance that I made immediate plans to get my hands on a copy of his book (as many poverty-stricken students will appreciate, this actually meant borrowing it from some financially-strapped institution such as the Barr Smith).

Skipping yet another lecture, this time in favour of seeing the National Fiction award winner Roger McDonald today at his Meet The Author session. He astounded the audience with his creative advice as he spoke about 'Writers and their licence to meddle with reality' (wouldn't that be a nice excuse for a failed exam!), and that a writer must stay with an idea even if it is bad - after a few of my gems of pure genius, I reckon I should've won a few National Fiction awards by now!

The most entertaining session, I'd have to say, was the most gorgeous Ms Emma Tom, who enthralled us all in a soapbox session in the afternoon. Emma decided to list four things that annoy her. Number one was that the Festival organisers reckoned that Writers' Weeks were in danger of becoming like rock festivals. I had to agree with Emma when she stated that this was 'not bloody likely'. Annoyance factor number two was the schmoozing going on, writers kissing ass with publishers etc etc. Next on the list was the stigma of depression. I had to laugh in recognition when she brought up that favourite saying of friends and

relatives on the subject, that 'it's all in your head', and the answer? Well, duh! Last but not least on the whinge list was old guys who think they can get women half their age. Yep. I'd have to say, being loyal to my gender (and also the victim of a few old pervs from time to time) that I agree with that one.

On the final day I had the absolute pleasure of listening to Fay Weldon speak about her life and give her advice, and why did I like it so much? Well, the best answer to that would have to be because I am female. Fay seemed to be able to sum up in one speech all the reasons why being a female is good, and I must say that was an admirable feat.

Book launches ...

Book launch of the week went to Chandani Lokuge presenting her work *If the Moon Smiled*. A brilliant launch, friendly, and definitely enticing me to grab a copy.

Award for the most uninspiring book launch of the week goes to David Malouf presenting his work *Dream Stuff*. Having read his work I realise he is a great writer, however, the launch only went for 15 minutes - not long enough for me to get any real idea on this latest book, let alone want to purchase a copy.

Most exciting moment ...

When Tom Keneally was speaking about fraternity across race and culture, the most exciting moment of the day happened about halfway through, when some idiot decided to traipse through with a video camera and try to disrupt Tom's speech. I watched said idiot as he fled from the security guards and went and hid behind a statue.

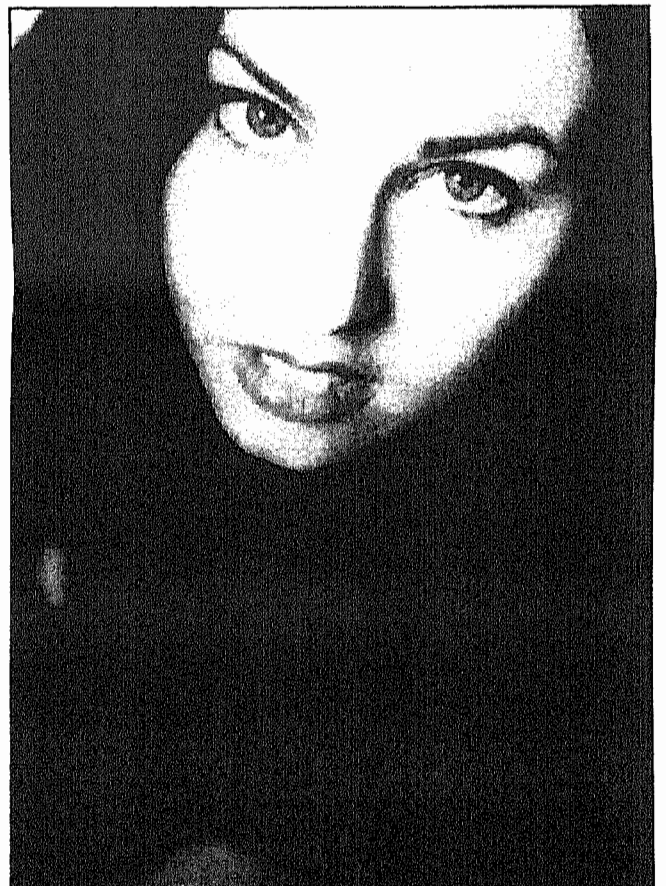
Thankfully, though, he decided not to come back for a second go.

And, of course, who could forget the final panel session, where a few members of the audience decided to ask Bernard Schlink to compare the Jewish Holocaust to the genocide of Australian Aboriginals. Mr. Schlink quite justifiably replied that he was uncertain of the situation in Australia, however, the other panel members got into quite a heated debate on the subject, which was nothing if not controversial, and overall, an exciting end to a surprisingly exciting week!

Awards:

The festival awards for Literature also deserve a mention. Now, award shows never have me hanging on by the seat of my pants, and this award show was really no different, however, the works awarded (and their creators) are obviously worthy of note.

- National Fiction Award: Roger McDonald, *Mr Darwin's Shooter*
- Premier's Award: Roger McDonald, *Mr Darwin's Shooter*
- The John Bray Poetry Award: Dimitris Tsaloumas, *The Harbour*.
- The National Non-Fiction award: Tim Flannery, *Throwim Way Leg: An Adventure*.

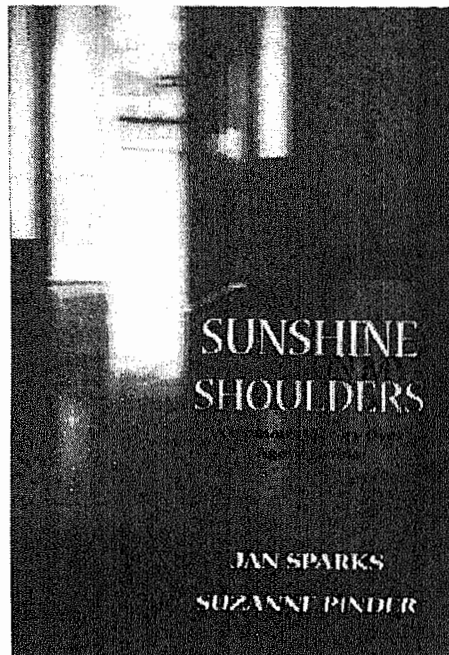


Emma Tom: we hear that four things annoy her

- National Children's Literature award: Phillip Gwynne, *Deadly Unna?*
 - Faulding award for Multimedia: Melinda Rackham, *Carrier*
 - Carclew Fellowship: Ian Bone
 - Barbara Hanrahan fellowship: Jan Owen
 - Jill Blewett Playwright's Award: Andrew Bovell, Patricia Cornelius, Melissa Reeves and Christos Tsiolkas (Melbourne Worker's Theatre), *Who's Afraid of the Working Class?*
- Last of all was the Wirra Wirra/Wakefield press Award for Unpublished Non-fiction, which did not have a winner at all this year! An intriguing mystery!

Cindy Paterson

Delectable Book Reviews ...



Sunshine on my Shoulders
Jan Sparks and Suzanne Pinder
Macmillan
\$25.00

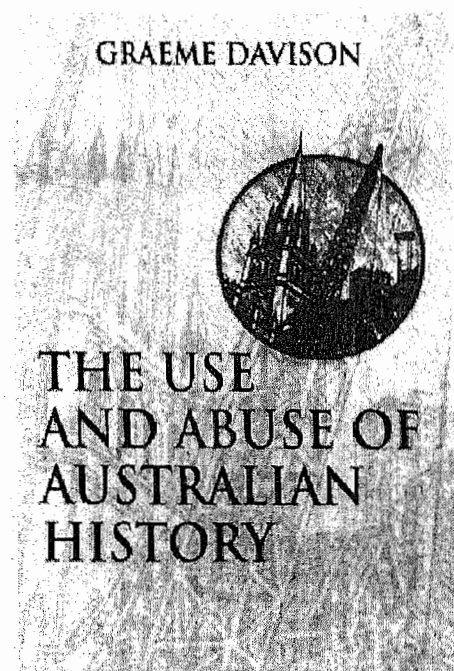
The experience of a panic attack is so frightening - and for many people, embarrassing - that the fear of having further attacks may drive

them to avoid situations they believe could bring on an attack. This results in phobic avoidance of these things, for example, social situations, certain kinds of food, or public places. In some cases the fear becomes so great that the person no longer feels comfortable stepping out of the boundaries of home - and the mere thought of doing so can trigger a panic attack. This is known as agoraphobia.

At a quiz night late last year one of the questions asked us to list ten common phobias and their source. Some of them have become so commonly known that we refer to them in everyday chatter (ie. claustrophobia), others have become better known through media. Most phobias, however, fall into the 'unknown' category and remain one of the most misunderstood conditions in current society. *Sunshine on my Shoulders* is one step closer to broadening a community understanding of such conditions. This book is the retelling of Sparks' remarkable journey. Like a travel

account that retains the blocked toilets and food misfortunes, *Sunshine on my Shoulders* contains the grit, pain and unending struggle associated with overcoming agoraphobia. Beginning with the very first 'meltdown' attack and then tracing examples of anxiety and panic exhibited earlier in life much of the book seems 'crash and plateau' from the start and then gradually builds up to something more positive in the final chapters. Beautifully written, as though it were a personal one-on-one between friends, *Sunshine on my Shoulders* expresses the swing of emotions from the frustrations and hopelessness felt by Sparks to the joy and success achieved in overcoming the impossible. This book is not just a simple account but will haunt you with the complex suffering of people who just can't leave their homes for uni or work ... or anything.

Susie Bate



The Use And Abuse Of Australian History
Graeme Davison
Allen & Unwin
\$29.95

The final years of the twentieth century in Australia will probably be remembered as a period of intense debate over a range of issues relating to our collective identity. Mabo, the republic, multiculturalism and the rise of figures such as Pauline Hanson have all provoked similar public discussions which have sought to bring aspects of the past into the present

as a means to define the nation's possible future. It is with these debates and the ensuing wrestle over 'Australian' history that emerged as a result of them as a backdrop that Graeme Davison positions his book *The Use And Abuse Of Australian History*.

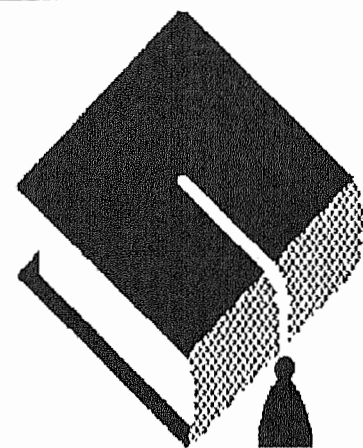
Davison is concerned with what he perceives to be 'a crisis in Australian history' which encapsulates not only the issues confronting our sense of collective consciousness but also the place that will be offered to history and historians in the future. The first half of the text explores the many ways in which the past features in the present. Loosely using Nietzsche's trilogy of 'antiquarian', 'monumental' and 'critical' history, Davison offers examples of the use of history in both official and informal contexts. He alludes to the political use of history by leaders such as Keating and Howard as well as carefully tracing the utilisation of history through examples which include national celebrations and the Olympics, the construction of monuments, hero-worship and the designation of sites or spaces as 'historic' or as 'Australian heritage'. The local or personal use of history within genealogy and biography, as well as communal forms of history, are also given attention.

Davison reserves an examination of

the abuse of Australian history to the concluding chapters of the book. In this he ignores the more obvious issues where the abuse of history has been employed (*terra nullius*, and the stolen generation) to focus on Pauline Hanson's claim of the right to bear arms. The lack of attention to the 'bigger' issues renders the title of the book somewhat misleading. Instead, Davison's aim is revealed to be less about offering a critique of the 'use or abuse' of Australian history than it is an examination of the impact of the past on Australia's contemporary social landscape. The final pages appear to lament the lost place of history and, by necessity, the historian, and contain a plea for the recognition of the continued importance of both of these to the Australian community.

I was disappointed that this book didn't offer a greater examination of the abuse of history especially in regards to the issues of indigenous rights given above. However, the ease of this book to read and its useful contribution to debates over national identity should see it benefit not only students of history, but those in the fields of politics, cultural studies and Australian literature as well.

Anika Johnstone



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Stand still and Gough

Before embarking on a national tour to deliver to Adelaide yet another eclectic show *The Whitlams* took time out to speak to *On Dits'* Peter McKay.

OD: You just came back from an overseas tour; where was that to?

Tim: We did most of Canada, from Vancouver Island over to Toronto and then we did Boston, New York, and LA

OD: Was that your first overseas tour?

Tim: No second, but our first gigs in the United States.

OD: How did they receive you?

Tim: Like Gods striding across the musical landscape. Like Colossus.

OD: Um, er, how did they really receive you?

Tim: The Canadian tour was tremendously well organised. We opened for a band called Blue Rodeo who have sold three million records in Canada so we were doing 2000 - 4000 seat theatres, so it was a good test to see if that many people would understand our music having not heard it before. I was invariably signing a hundred CDs at half time. We felt it was a success, and the videos are getting played on Canadian television so it's a good start.

OD: How has your life and music changed since you've been signed?

Tim: It just means there is more people at the table offering suggestions. We are still allowed to do what we want because we shouldn't have come as much of a surprise. The Whitlams have always had quite commercial music. We just happen to have been an independent commercial band. The record company just gives us suggestions and budgets to fulfil our ideas really.

OD: Have the budgets made it easier?

Tim: Certainly. In the past we were just cutting corners all the time, so this album has more of a complete polished feel to my ears.

OD: Are there any international bands that have moulded your music, or the work of the Whitlams as a whole?

Tim: You try not to model your self on others, because you won't have any originality.

OD: I guess what I meant was, are there particular people who you have inspired you or the group to make music?

Tim: Sure, I mean I've always loved the radio earlier on I always enjoyed Newman. From Australia I'm a big ten touches my heart. You could characterise those influences as singer-I like to dress it up with a modern rhythm section in Australia at the fully. I've got Terepai from DIG and

OD: *Eternal Nightcap* seems to be an and its heavy issues like death, love use the album as a way to work time?

Tim: Like anyone getting over loss or about it. It came naturally for me to slightest. I think it's possibly why the became a part of people's lives be- going to at the time. Someone ex- that it struck a chord with twenty- stage where they are suddenly realis- particularly easy project.

OD: This latest album doesn't seem

have more of a pop sound with surreal and playful lyrics. Did you consciously try to get away from the previous album?

Tim: Well it is easy to generalise like that, we have always had our flippant side. You just have to look at 'Love is Everywhere' and 'You Sound like Louis Burdett' from the previous album or the Hamburger song before then. *Love this City* certainly has its flippant side but it still has two songs about death: 'Higher Ground' is about a mother mourning the loss of her child and 'Blow up the Pokies' is about a guy that fucks up his life from gambling.

OD: So maybe its not the lyrics. Maybe the level of polishing of the sound has..

Tim: Yeah, that possibly makes it less intimate. I think the melancholy component is a lot less,

OD: It sounds less gritty.

Tim: Well I didn't have two years full of sadness. I wasn't going to manufacture sadness. That would be very suspect. *Love this City* became a product of two years when basically I was only stopping for thought occasionally. You do what comes out.

OD: You seem to have a lot of collaborations. Do you find you develop a lot of songs with other people?

Tim: If I start a song I tend to finish it myself. But often someone will have a half idea and I'll finish it off for them. 'Sniffy Drinks at the Sando' for instance was a friend's poem that I put music to. 'Blow up the Pokies' was a fiends' music that I put words to. I'm always looking for inspiration, I don't care if it's the music or the words. Often it's the spark that is the thing missing, once you're pointed in the right direction, it's like painting for a commission.

OD: Is there anyone you want to work with in the future?

Tim: I haven't got my wish list yet. First I want to get a core of ten or fifteen songs I've written myself and see whether I need to collaborate. With the last album I needed to. I needed some strong songs and I hadn't come up with enough myself so I looked for inspiration from my friends.

OD: Do you find your wish list can be better fulfilled now you're signed and now that you've got a bigger public identity?

Tim: No, I still only want to work with my friends that I could have worked with four years ago.

OD: So what's in the future for yourself and the rest of the Whitlams?

Tim: Well, we're going to tour very hard for the next four months because we need to get the album back up the charts. We're going to tour Canada again in summer; do some festivals. Then we'll start dribbling into the recording at the end of the year after the Olympics.

OD: So when would that be released

Tim: In about 18 months I'd say. Because we work so hard live we can't do more than that.



Is it a bird or a plane? No its another eclectic show

music, and when I was listening to John Lennon, Bert Bacharach, Randy fan of Paul Kelly's song writing; of-

songwriters in a seventies tradition. sensibility. I think I've got the best moment so it skips along wonder- Warwick who was in the Lab.

attempt to come to terms with life friendship and the future. Did you through problems you had at the

trauma: it's recommended you talk do so, it did not feel forced in the album gathered a life of its own. It cause of that. I didn't realise it was plained to me in New York actually somethings because they are at a ing that life was not going to be a

to be on the same level. It seems to

The Whitlams play the Adelaide University Cloisters with the Ice Cream Hands and Revolver this Satdee. Get along and have a good time.

Thanks to Jess at Black Yak Records we have a double-pass to the Whitlams show on April 1st at the Adelaide Uni Cloisters, supported by Ice Cream Hands and Revolver. Come down to the *On Dit* office on Wednesday at 2:00pm and tell us the name of the group closely associated with the Whitlams (Hint: we have printed an interview with them this year).

We also have another two doubles kindly donated to us by the AUU. Come down to the office on Wednesday at 1.30pm and bring something to bribe us with. Best bribe wins.

The man with Ice Cream Hands

Fresh from the BDO tour, and currently touring with the Whitlams on another national tour, Chuck from Icecream Hands tells us what's been happening in his life....

OD: How do you, personally, feel about your new album *Sweeter than the Radio*?

CJ: Great. It took time for me to feel like that though. I have to admit that when it was done I was kind of depressed because I really tried hard to write a really dumb, rock 'n' roll, corny, kind of song that would just get straight onto commercial radio. When we'd finished the record I realised that it is full of some really good songs, but it didn't have that really dumb rock 'n' roll song on it that would escalate us to the upper echelons of chart action. Although, with time, and with the fact that it gets played on the radio and with the fact that a lot of people tell me it's pretty good; it kind of turned me around to thinking it's not that bad.

OD: You've been compared to Crowded House....

CJ: Oh yeah, it's not my decision to do that...

OD: ...so how do your songs come about?

CJ: Well, it's me writing the songs. I mean I don't kind of go through my A-Z of classic pop and figure I'll grab a little bit from B and a bit from T, or something. Every time I try and write a song like someone else it doesn't work, it sounds terrible. Therefore, (both lyrically and musically) whenever I set out to write something about, you know, Bosnia or something it will just sound dreadful - so I just tend to see what happens. I work at it pretty much every night. When I'm at home I'll potter about the shed out the back for half an hour. It's a constant thing, and things fall out in dribs and drabs, and sometimes you have to work at them; sometimes they just fall off the guitar. I just try and write songs that I like, and if I took something to the other members of the band (to give credit where credit is due) they make the song a million times better than it initially sounds with me kind of droning on. If something's a little bit too close to, whoever, then they're quick to kind of point out changes that could be made.

OD: Are some of the songs autobiographical?

CJ: Oh, perhaps, yeah the odd thing here and there ... I can't really sustain an autobiographical piece or idea for the duration of the song because, it's not as if I've lived a massively exciting life or anything. I don't want to bore myself or the listener.

OD: What was the last album you bought?

CJ: *Dusty in Memphis* - a Dusty Springfield record, before that I bought Marvin Gaye's record *What's Going On*. He's a genius, I've had that (record) on cassette and stuff, ...and I bought a Sly and The Family Stone greatest hits which is, yeah, something to get down in your trousers with. I work in a record store so I get to hear a lot of stuff, I like the

Magnolia soundtrack. The Eels I really like, and I'm hoping to get their latest album.

OD: Working in a record store is everyone's dream. How do you find it?

CJ: It has it's moments. I mean at the end of the day you're working in retail. It's good, it's a busy shop. There's no kind of time to really sit back and take in that latest funky move or anything like that. I really enjoy it and it's good for my music because I'm just hearing completely new stuff everyday. Yeah it's really good, I can't complain. Oh, well I can complain, the money's shithouse! So I advise all your readers, unlike myself, to do more than sit up in the bar and drink cider. Because that's all I ever did there and I didn't last long.

OD: What were you studying?

CJ: Arts, I think. English Lit. and Anthropology ... I wasn't very successful at it. I really like that Uni Bar ... it'll bring back a lot of crusty memories.

OD: Would you say that Marvin Gaye was an inspiration?



Where's Prospect again?

CJ: I think I kind of like Curtis Mayfield a little bit more. I don't know about an inspiration ... I'm not too sure about that word ... From when I started writing songs, there were a lot of people around that time, you know, Bob Dylan or Randy Newman or song writing teams such as Holland/Dozier/Holland and Norman Whigfield and Barretts Strong and Goffman King and those kind of song writing teams were inspiring ... and Ray Davies, obviously. So from the time when the band started and I suppose that was when I started realising the situation I was in with that band and wondering how to make the songs sound better, so I was therefore breaking down a lot of other bands' recordings. I learnt a lot from XTC's arrangements and from the way that they construct their songs. I think that they are a big inspiration. I've liked every record of theirs, I can't fault them at all. Except for the fact that the last one took seven years to come out. I mean Marvin Gaye is just one of

those people who's just too good for me to even worry about. Along with Ray Charles and Aretha Franklin, mainly a lot of black artists... they just seem unattainable...

OD: There's a bit of soul happening there.

CJ: Yeah! I know it doesn't really come through; I know we just seem like a white boy rock band but there's a bit of 'swinging our kneecaps' yet.

OD: You recently did the Big Day Out Tours. Can you tell us who threw the biggest hissy fit?

CJ: Shit, I don't know. We threw a wobbly in Perth. It was the worst one! Melbourne and Adelaide were great and Queensland was really good, but in Perth the two smaller stages were side by side and we were playing in the hot hot, hot sun, and the foldback was atrocious. We could hear the Boiler Room whilst we were playing. That was OK, but next door to us Joe Strummer was coming on next and I was really looking forward to seeing Joe Strummer, because I'd seen

CJ: Maybe ... No, that's kind of close to home in a way. The first kind of line to that song came about a long time ago ... in Adelaide. Well, yeah I grew up in Adelaide, but it kind of becomes a soppy love song. I just thought I needed to mention those body parts just so Mariah Carey wouldn't cover the song. Actually, I wouldn't mind, imagine the royalty check - it'd be great.

OD: But, seriously, Mariah Carey??

CJ: Who cares, bring 'em on. Celine Dion, bring her on, let her have a go at it ... that's alright. I know you couldn't listen to it, and I know I couldn't listen to it; but there's millions out there who could. That's what I want.

OD: Speaking of Mariah Carey and millions like her, how did you find America?

CJ: Turn left at Greenland. Sorry. It was a lot of fun. We just did three states, we were in Los Angeles for about a week and Texas for a conference that we were playing at, and in New York for about a week. I think I was in Chicago for about 30 seconds. That was great. LA, ... it doesn't bother me if I don't go back there, but New York - I'd love to live there. It was pretty cool, I felt very safe and just after LA when it was very hard to talk to people, New York was just ... you could just crap on all day long. It was a very welcoming town, I thought. It often reminded me of Adelaide a lot.

OD: Not at all removed from Adelaide?

CJ: Well you see, LA reminded me of Adelaide in that, what are those suburbs out past North Adelaide, you know, Prospect? Those long kind of suburbs where you don't see anyone? That's what LA was like. Austin was kind of like, there was a pub on every corner and a PA that could have a band, and you know, Austin was a great place. It was about a year ago that we were there for the South by South West Conference - it's on about now again. Last St. Pat's day we were in New York. We'll get back there. We'll get to Europe. These things are happening as we're speaking.

OD: So, what about the future?

CJ: Well I mean, after this Whitlams thing is done, then there might be another single, we're not sure. We'll go back to Tasmania, and then we'll go back to Sydney again - we're doing well there. Hopefully we'll get over to Adelaide and Perth and play some of our own shows. Then we just have to see what happens overseas, it's just such a big financial drain. We have to make sure that there's a record company there that can help us get there really.

OD: What do you do in your spare time? Do you have any hidden talents?

CJ: I make a really mean cup of tea. No, I can't do shit else. I can't chop wood. I can't climb a pole. I can kind of fall out of trees and write songs. I can crap on a bit as you can tell. ...

Jen

Monsieur Bungle / presume?

By the time this goes to print Mr. Bungle have already left our shores. During their short time here, the old saying 'quality not quantity' comes to mind. I was lucky enough to have a chat to bass player extraordinaire Trevor Dunn. Let's just say that interviewing a member of a group you worship is not as easy as it may seem.....

Eclectic. That is the best way to describe Mr. Bungle. Never playing one style long enough to be categorised easily. It has even been described as music for people with short attention spans. However you choose to describe them one thing is always constant: they are all brilliant musicians. Trevor Roy Dunn is no exception. I started by asking him how he was finding Australia. 'Ah....(long pause)...ah, it's great.' The politically correct answer. 'Yeah (laughs) I find it really easy to tour here. It's similar to where we're from. Especially California. I don't usually have trouble finding good food...which is always a concern. When you tour the States and get out there in the middle of nowhere it's a load of crap. But it's easy for us to tour here. This is actually my third time here.' This is, in fact, his second tour with Mr. Bungle having been here more recently with the Secret Chiefs 3. Mr. Bungle are not that well known given that their music is so diverse and uncommercial. Funnily enough, Australia seems to have their biggest fan base per capita. 'We do pretty well in the States when we do our own tours but I know that *Disco Volante* did really well in the alternative charts here a few years ago which is surprising that being such a weird record. It seems that the fans here are a little more fanatic too. People really like tokens of the concert - drumsticks, (guitar) pics, what-have-you - we get a little more of that here than we do in the States.' Prior to this tour the band found itself squeezed onto a 'new wave' metal bill on the American Sno-Core tour. Large, mainly close-minded, crowds added an interesting aspect to the tour. 'Well, we knew that when we went into that tour that it was gonna be difficult. We were playing in front of an audience that wasn't our audience and a lot of very aggressive young males full of testosterone. For us it was logical to fuck with them in that way. We thought, What's the thing that would offend them most?'. The answer was simple. Dress up in Village People attire and pretend to be overtly homosexual. 'A lot of shows it kinda backfired on us. The first couple of shows people thought it was funny but there were a couple of shows that were pretty intense. They didn't like it too much. They were throwing coins and bottles at us. We had fun doing it actually. It was that kind of intensity; the audience vs. the band - it always makes for a good show!' Another interesting point at Mr. Bungle shows is the presence of obscure covers and alternate versions of songs. 'Basically we were getting sick of playing them ... playing the old stuff. Songs like 'Carry Stress In The Jaw' or 'My Ass Is On Fire'; we figured that there was enough in it that we wanted to salvage so we kind of rewrote/rearranged it. That way we enjoy it more. I dunno, maybe some people just want to come out and see us play all the songs off of the first record right in a row but for us that is kind of boring.' Many of their songs are complex enough without further modifying. I had to ask Trevor what it was like arranging the songs from *California* to work in a live context. 'We'd write them and teach them to each other - we'd learn the basic parts and then go into the studio and go and record them. Then (in production) we start piling all of the instruments on top and it gets totally out of hand. Then when the record was finished it was like, Good god! How are we going to do this live!?! So, on *California* we ended up sampling a lot of the instruments, or a lot of the parts, directly off of the record. When we were trying to figuring out what we were going to do we thought we could rearrange the songs so that they didn't need those instruments and it just seemed like the easiest way. We've been touring since July and it's taken us a while but now we finally feel really comfortable doing it.' So now that they have gone, what are they going to get up to? Trevor explains, 'We're taking a break after this Australian tour for a while. We might do some festivals in Europe in August or something. We've got all that time inbetween so everyone is gonna go crazy and do as much as they can while they have the chance (doing their own projects). So for each of us that's basically non-stop music! Gotta stay busy...that's for sure!' One last question to Trevor as to the rumour about Mr. Bungle headlining next years Big Day Out ... 'Yeah ... I heard that rumour too but that's all I can say ... as long as the Red Hot Chili Peppers aren't on it (laughs)! But that's another story ...



Looking neat, sounding swell

Mr Bungle Cloisters March 15

Firstly, it must be noted that I am indeed a Mr. Bungle fan. As such I am restraining myself whilst writing this review in order to not to go overboard and bore everyone with mindless details. It has been a long time since Mr. Bungle graced the shores of Australia and the crowd was obviously full of anticipation for another mind-blowing experience. After quite a long wait we were introduced to support act Neil Hamburger. Knowing what to expect from his stand-up comedy routine I found it interesting watching the crowd reaction to his act. For those that don't know his act involves role-playing an awfully bad comedian (ie. Neil Hamburger) in which bad jokes, most in poor taste, are delivered to a crowd that generally laughs at him and not with him. His routine was only short but the long wait had caused the crowd to become restless leading to large amounts of heckling and abuse. He left the stage announcing, "Ladies and Gentlemen ... Mr. Bungle's equipment!". Of course, this brought huge ovations but they were quickly dampened when another hour passed with no entertainment. By the time Mr. Bungle finally hit the stage with a cover of 'What The World Needs Now' people were near hysterics (at least at the front) and they fed off of that energy with an amazing rendition of 'None Of Them Knew They Were Robots'. The various members were decked out in mostly Hawaiian attire but word must have gotten around backstage that there were photographers allowed at this show, for the first three songs, leading vocalist Mike Patton to wear a hat with a veil over his face. Not surprisingly, immediately after the third song it was whipped off. The set list was mostly drawn from their most recent album, *California*, of which most tracks were performed. A few songs from *Disco Volante* and their self-titled album made an appearance though slightly (read 'heavily') altered including 'Carry Stress In The Jaw' and 'My Ass Is On Fire'. The best crowd reaction was, predictably, for 'Travolta' (aka 'Quote Unquote') though every song, even the more obscure covers, were lapped up by this Bungle loving crowd (again, at least at the front!). They effortlessly changed styles; from Hawaiian to death metal, lounge to pop, from Middle eastern to jazz. It was all there...sometimes multiple times during one song. The only criticism I can raise is that the vocals were too low in the mix. Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end, and in this case it was after an hour and a quarter, but, of course, I am biased - not even two hours would have sufficed. Apparently, the whole band showed up at the 'after party' allowing fans to have a friendly chat (read 'get pissed'). This was also the case before the show whilst the band was setting up after having just come off of a flight from Perth that morning. Autographs and photo opportunities are a real possibility at any Cloisters show. So for future shows, if you are a huge fan, make sure you get there early! Mr. Bungle is certainly an experience to behold. Not only do they pull off their studio compositions live but they also show that they can surpass that brilliance through experimentation and improvisation.



Where's the crowd then?

Goin' orf at yo local

The Dirty Three Governor Hindmarsh

Corrupt Fruit, the support act for The Dirty Three had just wandered off the stage (having thankfully ended their set of nostalgic nonsense tunes) and the audience begins to murmur in anticipation of the trio. At last, Warren Ellis swaggers out towards the crowded front row, surveys the excited throng and lights a cigarette.

The ambience within the large room is electric, and this tall Jim Morrison/Tex Perkins/Nick Cave enigma seems to enjoy being the centre of so much avid attention. This indefinable character, with his long hair and patent leather boots, brandishes his electric violin; possessed by his music he gyrates and gesticulates in a cloud of smoke, as Jim White (percussion) and Mick Turner (bass guitar) inspire the audience with their complementary beats. The music these three men produce is amazing. As Ellis writhes on the floor a la Morrison, then springs up to stomp his feet matador style and punctuate the rhythm with yells, the audience watches and listens to the wonders of The Dirty Three.

Exclaiming 'No, we don't do Patti Smith!', 'Love makes you tired' and 'You're the best audience we've ever had.....in Adelaide', Ellis takes several gulps from a suspect coke bottle and plunges into the chaotic beauty that makes their music so individual. Turner looks bored as he plucks at his strings, and seems only to be truly satisfied when Ellis builds the music to a crescendo and the three go wild in an ecstasy of white-knuckled enthusiasm. Exceptional White is, as usual, stunning and has his own personal fan club of 20 somethings somewhere to my left who continually scream out 'We love you Jim!' and 'Rock us out man!' Then finally, after the epic encore of some 40 mins, it was over.

It was definitely an amazing experience. However, there was a mixed audience reaction. Some people felt that Warren was too tired, too guarded. Others felt, as I do, that it was one of the best live performances I have ever seen. Crowd favourites 'Indian Love Song', 'Everything's Fucked' and 'Sue's Last Ride' received an overwhelming audience response, as did the music from the new album and Warren's famously long winded introductions to each song.

Jen

Abdoujaparov King Krill Austral Hotel

The last I time saw Fruitbat (Abdoujaparov and ex Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine) was at the Big Day Out, 1993. It was about 41 degrees in the shade, and I had what could perhaps be described as a 'fucken good time'. Having missed Abdoujaparov the previous night, the anticipation levels for this gig were running pretty high.

I arrived in the Austral beer garden in the middle of King Krill's set, and within seconds they appeared to be on the verge of blowing up the PA. Nice work, boys - this was clearly going to be one of those shows. I hadn't seen

these guys for a few years, and apart from recruiting a new bass player who looks like he wouldn't be out of place in Korn, nothing much has changed. Ear-splittingly loud on a stage oddly decorated with inflated surgical gloves, there are some gorgeous pop sensibilities buried under the general noise and chaos of a King Krill set. Excellent work.

There's some frantic messing around with the PA before Abdoujaparov start that leads me to believe for a few seconds that King Krill have actually destroyed it completely. After a short delay or two, however, the Australian version of Abdoujaparov regale us with a few foot-tapping numbers.

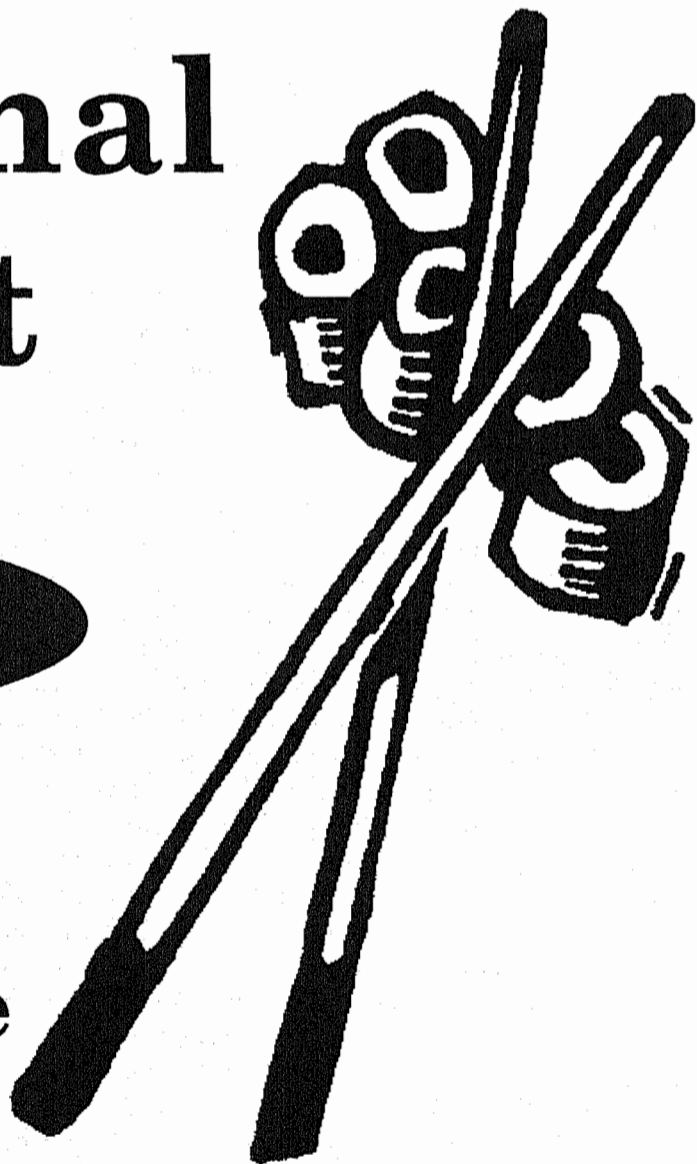
Fruity's new outfit play what is best described straight-up, old school punk, which is just fine by me - although the sight of a couple of audience members skanking is a little perplexing. Put together, as they were, specifically for this tour (the other members of Abdoujaparov being back in the UK), everyone seems pleasantly surprised that they don't fuck up. 'Theme to Abdoujaparov', 'Murder on Dahlberg Road' and 'Punk Confetti' go down a treat, and by the time we hit 'Baby Food' everyone's just having a good time. My disappointment is palpable as they leave the stage with the words 'we don't know any more songs', but the gig has been a belter. See them next time around - odds on it'll be next March.

Miles Hunt

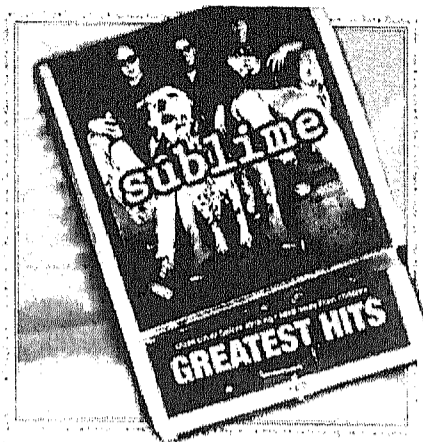
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Greatest Hits
Virgin/EMI**

Sublime are one of those great big, dumb stories that only ever happen in rock and roll. A struggling US punk rock outfit, they plied their wares up and down the west coast for years. They took a lot of drugs, had a lot of fun, and picked up a more than respectable cult following along the way.

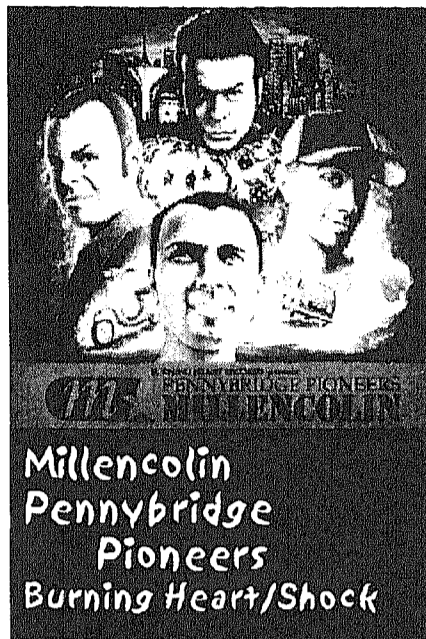
Sounds like it was all going swimmingly, but it wasn't. See, lead singer Brad Nowell had himself something of what I like to call a monster fucken' smack problem. Predictably enough, he managed to

OD, finally smacking himself away for good. Another sordid suburban tale, true, but Brad Nowell didn't just leave behind a wife, a one-year-old son and a dalmation. He also left behind a record that was about to sell several million copies.

Not content with subsequently pumping out a live album and an acoustic album, the record company has seen fit to now bless us with a 'greatest hits'. Difficult to see how Sublime had a whole lot of 'hits' after that one record, given that the singer was dead and all, but who am I to quibble ...

This compilation is drawn from all of the Sublime's indie releases, as well as offering the two big singles, 'What I Got' and 'Wrong Way'. It's all agreeable enough fare, with a healthy dose of dub reggae influence thrown in with the general ska/punk leanings. Still, there's something about Sublime's songs that just doesn't hang together. Hard to put my finger on what, but something fails to gel here, and it ends up ultimately unsatisfying. Nevertheless, this makes a good listen, and I'll probably put Nowell's kid through college to boot.

Miles Hunt



**Millencolin
Pennybridge
Pioneers
Burning Heart/Shock**

Swedish popsters Millencolin are back with another full length album. Millencolin are one of the most popular bands within the powerpop genre that is currently dominating the punk scene within Australia and overseas.

Basically, if you like this style of music you would have heard of Millencolin; if you don't then this album probably won't change your mind but it is much more than another two dimensional powerpop release.

Released in time for their Australian tour in February, *Pennybridge Pioneers* is Millencolin doing what they do best; short sharp songs played at a frenetic pace with an unholy sense of melody.

Pennybridge Pioneers is engineered by Brett Gurewitz of Bad Religion fame so you can guarantee that the songs will be intelligent and well crafted.

The songs themselves are guitar driven but with an attention to detail in the mix that is refreshing to see within this genre. There is not just four chords, chorus-verse-chorus-verse, indeed, in songs like the inspired pop genius that is 'Fox' there is actually a middle eight, therefore a sign of the increasing confidence they have in themselves and their songs. Best songs are 'Right About Now' 'Devil me' and the tubthumpingly fantastic 'Penguins & Polarbears'; there are no garbage tracks on it though. I'll admit that prior to this release Millencolin were a band that I thought were just neither really here nor there but I like *Pennybridge Pioneers* and will quite happily include it on driving trips. That is praise indeed.

E Hefe

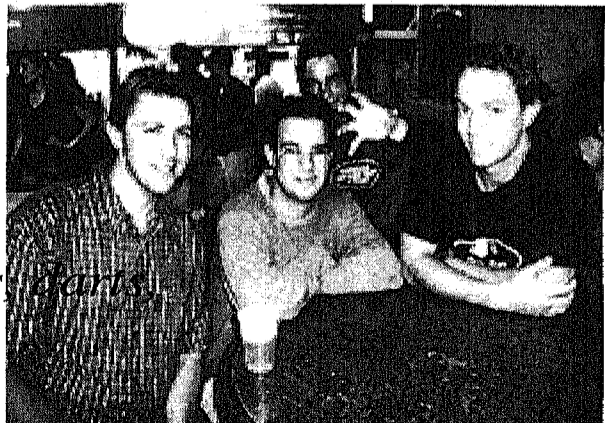
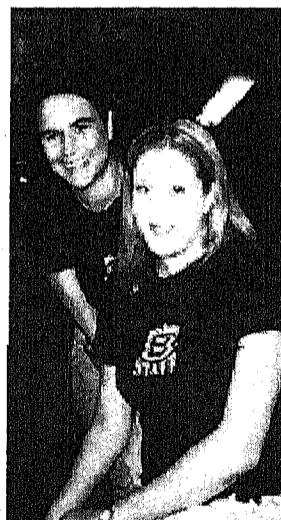
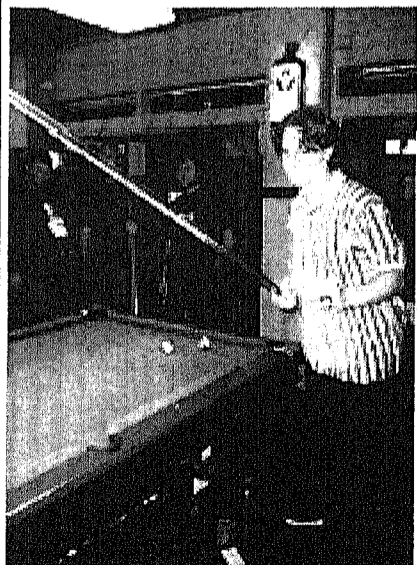
UniBar

UniBar Happy Hours \$1.50 Beers \$3 Base Spirits \$1.50 Champers/Wine

Fri 4.00 - 7.00pm Free BBQ DJ Carton/Tray Raffle

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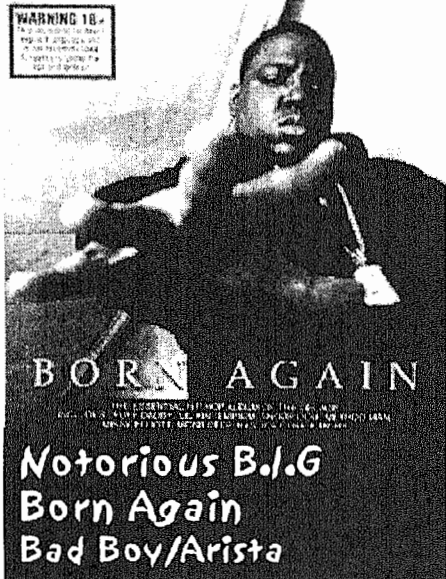
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Bands, pool comps, best view in town, meals all day long.

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They produce us



OK, I'll admit I'm not the world's greatest hip-hop fan. Certainly my youngest brother, a person who would come a lot closer to that title than I, would vouch for that after enduring years of payouts from myself. 'Yo yo, wha's the hap's brutha!' I don't know why I still get a kick out of that. No, rap is not my favourite form of music, but in all honesty there have been one or two rap/hip-hop artists that I have admired over the years - MC Hammer not being one of those - so I thought I would boldly give 'Born Again' a listening. I mean, how bad can it be, really...

Well, I won't say that this is not a good cd, but I will say that listening to it reminded me of why I chose not to indulge in this form of music. Unless you're a great 'Biggie' fan, then this cd's probably better left alone. It is a compilation of songs, taken from the whole range of his career, but it is far from being a 'Best of Biggie' album. Instead it is simply a rehash of old songs that Chris Wallace choose not to include in his other albums, brushed up with the vocals of various well-known names from the hip-hop industry. Even though it has been well received by the American public (it debuted at no. 70 on Billboard's R&B Top 100, then promptly moved to no. 1 the next week) it has rated poorly in reviews and will certainly not be the album that Wallace will be most remembered for. Although the album does have some high points - I quite enjoyed the track 'Dead Wrong' - these are far overshadowed by some really second-rate stuff.

Even with all its misgivings, I am certain that this cd will chart and sell well on the sheer weight of Biggie fans looking to complete their collection, just like the equally poorly-rated, posthumously released album by his deceased once-rival, Tupac Shakur's 'Are you still down? Remember me?' My honest opinion is that this is just another example of commercialism thrust at the public in the name of the almighty dollar, but at the

expense of the credibility of an artist no longer able to exercise control over the release of his music. It sounds bad I know, but I can't help but wonder how well it would have done if it were released when Chris Wallace was still alive, if indeed it would have been released at all.

Jason Grieger

The Eels
Daisies of the
Galaxy
Dreamworks/
Universal

This is the third release from the Eels following *Beautiful Freak* and *Electroshock Blues*. The main vocalist, E (Mark Oliver Everett), has led his faithful fans through an ongoing saga, his life, in the previous albums with brutally honest, soulful and often remarkable lyrics that have become the trademark of his music. To have any previous albums and not listen to his stories of love, depression, death and suicidal tendencies would be sacrilege. Musically, the tunes are defined by easy yet husky vocals, with a variety of samples thrown in. Perhaps the best way to describe it is to comment that the music is often mistaken for Beck.

This latest release is a cross section between his first two albums, which includes some adventurous sampling that covered *Electroshock Blues*, and some softer, yet heartfelt ballads that defined *Beautiful Freak*. The lyrics are once again bordering on brilliance, one reason why I believe they are one step ahead of Beck. There is a particular way to go about listening to Eels albums. On first running, certain tracks will stand out (usually pretty catchy), then on second and third running the rest come into their own as you identify with the lyrics. By the end, each track is an individual where at first they were jumbled. If you get to this point you'll be an Eels fan for life.

We start out with some marching band music, which makes you wonder whether some guy gave you the wrong cd, in 'Grace Kelly Blues', but soon enough this is replaced by the traditional social commentary of E to a strummin' beat. Songs that instantly stand apart include 'The Sound of Fear' which gives a little attitude to the album. 'Tiger in My Tank' includes a traditional Eels trait of dull and depressive lyrics (eg. 'And I'm not feelin' so good myself, I think I'm on the brink of disaster'), adjoined with upbeat music. 'Jeannies Diary' slows the tempo, to allow E to express his feelings of hope and wanting. The song to make you sit up and listen is 'Flyswatter', the haunting music and background vocals, and continual changes in

tempo are reminiscent of 'Going to the Funeral' from the last album. The song Triple-J listeners will recognise is 'Mr E's Beautiful Blues' which for some reason has been relegated to a bonus track, with no printed lyrics. Disappointing because it's sarcastic tones may be overlooked, ie 'The girl with the curls and the sweet, pink ribbon in her hair. She's crawling out a window cause her daddy just don't care' followed by the chorus 'Goddamn right, it's a beautiful day, uh-huh'.

This latest release is a more than adequate follow up to previous, if you're a fan get it, if not then give it a try.

Ashes to Ashes



The popularity of the act of flogging a dead horse lays, like masturbation, in its ability to release the beater's pent-up tension. Paul McDermott and the folks at *Good News Week* have created some truly memorable television moments. But they were always meant to be moments; transitory, remembered fondly, not rehashed like so many Red Faces acts.

That having been said, there have been worse albums drawn from TV shows than *Live Songs: Good News Week Tapes, Volume 2* - the Friends soundtracks spring to mind.

The artists represented are all Australian, so is most of the music. GNW mainstays the Gadflys show up on most of the songs, usually in a supporting role, though their own material is some of the best in the set.

Top acts Deadstar, Karma County and Ben Lee all make an appearance with designated singles, while McDermott and Mark Trevorrow camp it up on a couple of tracks. Anyone who watched the show would know what the music is like, nobody else would seriously be interested.

The bottom line; I don't go for live sets at the best of times. As series tie-ins go it's not bad, but I'd rather watch some TV.

Jonathon Dyer

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

The
Singles Bar
Didley Squat
Sonic Animation
Festival

Didley Squat is the strong follow up single to the popular tongue twister TheophelisThistler. Despite not having Adrian Cartwright up the front exhibiting his finely honed rhyming and rapping skills, the aid of Dominic Dmonte as vocalist will have you donning your best bad ass snarl 'you ain't gettin didley squat!' With four different versions of the song, ranging from house to acid mix, 'Didley Squat' is another infectious and groovy hit from the lads that will leave a silly smirk on your face - which is a really good thing.

Trudi Tinio

New York City Boys
Pet Shop Boys
EM

More of the same from the Boys, 'NYC Boy' pleases the ear in usual PSB style, but fails to excite the listener or to explore sound in any novel way. A standard dance backing mixed with sweet ambient choral samples overlaid with the familiar male duet, the track provides comfort to the PSB fan, but lacks the inspiration found in earlier releases. This eagerly awaited release is not the act of revelation that many may have been awaiting - sturdy construction & production, but where is the love?

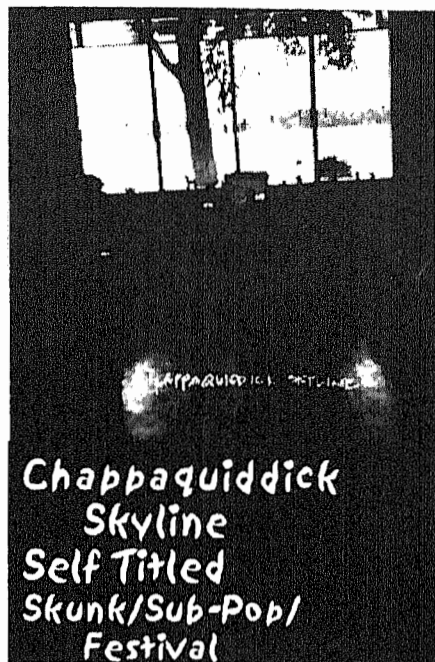
ATM

Madonna
American Pie
Maverick/Warner

Who told Madonna that she could have a piece of Don's American Pie? The singer has cut herself a thick slice of the classic anthem; unfortunately drowning the epic in a wash of lifeless pop. Madonna's version, which was recorded for the soundtrack to the upcoming motion picture, *The Next Big Thing*, is a dull rendition of a timeless tune. (Watch out for co-star Rupert Everett's backup vocals.) However, the artist is not entirely to blame for this display of irreverence. In my opinion Don McLean's original version should never have been touched, not even by the usually quite exceptional hands of William Orbit who co-produced the single with Madonna.

Jen

They consume us



Joseph Pernice has been busy since the break-up of the Scud Mountain Boys a few years back. An international tour: he played Adelaide's most perfect - and perfectly unknown venue - solo last year, and two projects producing two quite extraordinary albums, all in the space of around eighteen months, and according to a recent interview with *The Onion*, another album in the can. When does the man sleep? 1998's *Overcome By Happiness* was Joe's first album after going 'solo'. Released under the moniker of Pernice Brothers (an oblique nod to Will Oldham?), ... *Happiness* was a string-and-horn soaked masterpiece, a collection of songs most of us wish we'd written. It even made *Esquire* magazine's list of the best eleven albums of the nineteen-nineties.

In comparison to the Pernice Brothers' AM-radio aesthetic, Joe Pernice's other outlet Chappaquiddick Skyline's self-titled release is positively barren. Clever, stripped-back arrangements bely the complex beauty of Pernice's elegant melodies and witty, heart-breaking lyrics.

For those who are already familiar with the Pernice Brothers, I can tell you the guy hasn't lightened up yet. The very first song, 'Everyone Else is Evolving', boasts the chorus 'God, I hate my life / God, I hate my life'. The whole tone of *Chappaquiddick Skyline* is at best sombre, at worst downright distressing. Songs like 'Solitary Swedish Houses', 'Theme to an Endless Bummer', 'Leave Me Alone'... well, you get the idea. In spite of this spiralling descent into Pernice's personal hell, the album sounds pretty sweet.

Not only is Pernice an exceptional songwriter, he knows how to put a band together. For Chappaquiddick he's co-opted Halifax band the Veas - Laura Stein and Jennifer Pierce of Jale fame, and drummer Mike Belitsky - as well as Thom Monahan and Peyton Pinkerton

from Pernice Brothers. All these factors come together to create an album that without a doubt will go down as one of the best of 2000.

Jonathon Dyer



Various Artists
Pro-Zak Trax
Universal

Pro-Zak Trax is a 2 CD compilation of French artists. Billed as 'dancey' by the music boys, it is unfair to judge on a purely dancey-scale because the first disk (not so dance-filled) has some rather cool stuff on it. In fact, the first disk is the reason why I am still listening to the album rather than begging the good folks at Big Star for money. The second disk is more 'alive' than the first, but is full of uninspired, standard techno fare. Being French, it has the air of being 'underground' and all - alas, no. Far from *dancing* like a *dancey thing*, I rather *nodded my head a little* like a *vaguely-interested thing*. In fact, on the Mikee-Scale of music (discussed over a coke whilst sitting at the fountain last week), the second disk of *Pro-Zak Trax* scores 'Fuck it, I'm going to get a beer' (lowest score, followed by 'Hoorah! Let's dance', and then 'Eh, I guess I'll keep dancing').

So, is it off to Big Star faster than you can say 'How much will you give me for this?' No, for several reasons, all of them on the first disk which is so-very growing on me. Reason the First: track 2, *Château Rouge* by Seven Dub. This track is a truly cool and jazzy delight to every one of the senses; it reminds me a little of early Jamiroquai, that is, *before* he tasted the evils of commercial success and seemed to abandon his environmental and social principles. But what the fuck, *Let's Dance!*, right?

Reason the Second: track 5, also Seven Dub (hey, if you guys ever get an album in ...) a lovely reggae-inspired piece to calm the most savage of beasts.

Reason the Third: *Vous sentir Fwesh* by D.D.D and *Why Hawaii* by Alëem. OH MY GOD!! Funkily kitsch lounge and even funkier, kitscher Hawaiian/surf respectively,

guaranteed to warm the coldest of hearts.

Reason the Fourth: *Charlestonlip* by Grant: Phabao-feat. Henchy. Strange name; faarkin' good song. Dark and probably disturbed if I could make out the lyrics, it seems very out of place on this CD. This is probably what Rammstein would sound like with a back-beat.

Jayne Lewis



Luxury Problem is album number 5 for the Lunachicks but the first for a couple of years. They have toured extensively with bands like Rancid, The Offspring, The Muffs, Luscious Jackson, Pearl Jam and Marilyn Manson, Blondie and Joan Jett so one knows that they are not just a flash in the pan. Not much has changed in the world of the Lunachicks; they're angry at the world, at hypocrisy while retaining a sense of humorous self-deprecation and a general ability to laugh at the quirks of the world.

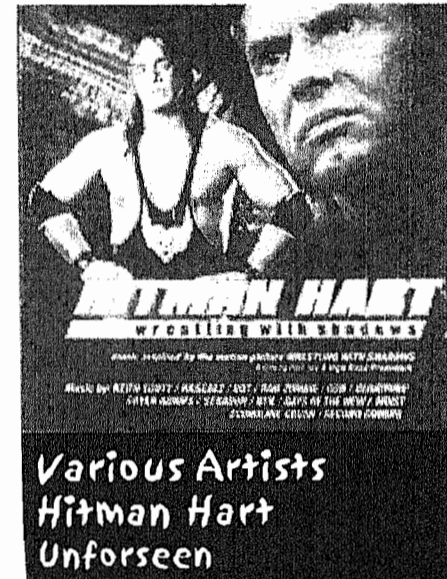
All that has changed is their musical competence and increasingly confident songwriting ability. *Luxury Problem* is a good album without being great - the problem for me was that there seemed to be a couple of tracks (such as 'Nowhere Fast' and the title track to the upcoming Troma film *Terror Firmer*) that are just there sitting around instead of grunting away merrily like the rest of the album.

Luxury Problem runs the gamut of the slightly heavier side of things with frenetic songs such as 'Knuckle Sandwich' sitting easily alongside the girl group reminiscent 'Cumming into my Own' alongside the emo rock of 'Subway'. *Luxury Problem* has a variety of styles within it while remaining firmly entrenched in the guitar drenched category.

'Less teeth, more tits' starts off the album with its immediately catchy riffs and it drew me in straight away. Other standout tracks include 'Bad Ass Bitch', and the tribute to an obvious place of enjoyment for the band 'Down at the Pub', 'The

Return of Brickface and Stucco' and the wonderfully poppy ode to masturbation 'Cumming into my own'. The Lunachicks have a firm handle on melody and a more than capable grasp on the advantages of chugging guitars. The music is full without being brutal and is carried along by the powerful voice of Theo. The Lunachicks know what they are doing and are refining their sound with each recording while losing none of their spontaneity and enjoyment. Perhaps next album they will cut out the tracks that reduce *Luxury Problem* from the great to the good.

Kim Shattuck



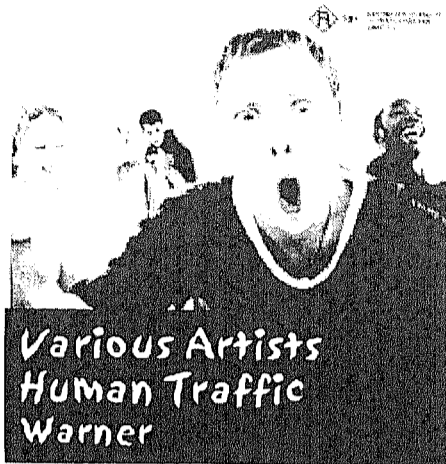
Wrestling. Just a bunch of guys dressed like bad DJs from the 80's hitting each other. Sounds like fun to me. This soundtrack is a must for all of the fans of Entertainment Sports in the tertiary wilderness. Predominantly rock based this CD is chock full of gobshite like Bryan Adams, Sebadoh and Gloritone. This is obviously what skip buttons were invented for because, to tell you the truth, there are a couple of good songs on this bizarre piece of marketing. Everyone's familiar with the Days of the New's 'Touch, Peel & Stand' and it's almost worth grabbing a CD for. It's helped by other examples of outstanding music like the funky 'Peppyrock' by BTK and the Rascalz anthem 'Sharpshooter (Best of Da Best)'. The incidental score is very Xena and I'm sure will keep Today Tonight happy for at least a couple of news items. Despite all of that this album could only be of interest to a wrestling fan or maybe, just maybe, to someone who really thought that the documentary that they saw on SBS about Hitman Hart was the best thing that they'd ever seen (unlikely). So from me to those who will never own this album I have to concede: good choice. The funniest thing about this album is its self-reflexive examination of heroes and anti-heroes. In Bret Hart's own words 'people seem to be sick of good guys.' I couldn't have said it better myself Bret.

Anthony Paxton

Can you fucking believe this?

Human Traffic®

the weekend has landed



Various Artists
Human Traffic
Warner

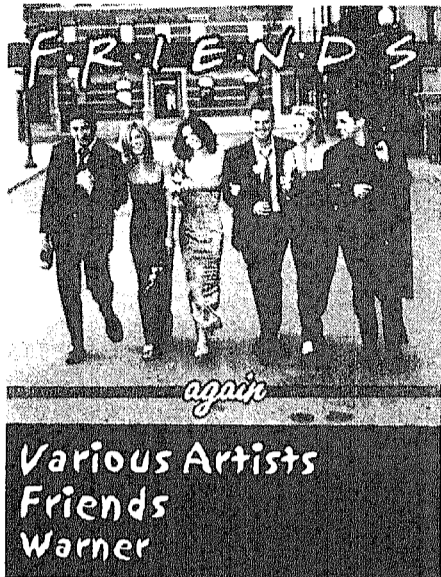
When I found out that I got to review and keep this cd, my insides jumped for joy. With the music hand-picked and selected by the godfather of dance music himself, Pete Tong, this double cd soundtrack boasts thirty tracks from some of the best dance music acts of today. From the Bigwigs (CJ Bolland, Fatboy Slim, Underworld, Death in Vegas, Armand Van Helden and Primal Scream) to the more obscure acts (Dillinja, Deadly Avenger, Quake).

There is something to satisfy almost everyone, from the dubby 'Never Believe' by Dillinja, to the drum and bass oomph of 'It Ain't Gonna Be Me' by CJ Bolland. There are the pumping disco tracks (Armand Van Helden's 'Flowerz' and 'Belfast' by Orbital), the trance of Matthew Herbert and Robert Mello's 'Human Traffic' theme and even a hint of Latino and swing in Carl Cox's offering - 'The Latin Theme'. The appearance of Public Enemy's 1987 hip hop classic 'You're Gonna Get Yours' got me down on my knees gratefully whilst thanking the gods of variation.

The most memorable dialogue and speeches from the film is scattered throughout the cd, with Jip's (Justin Kerrigan) 'The Weekend has Landed..' mantra sure to gain the same cult recognition as the 'Choose Life..' diatribe of *Trainspotting's* anti-hero Mark Renton. Most of the main characters and their defining moments are included; from Koop's 'Tarzan and Jane of Jungle' sales pitch to Moff's 'Star Wars theory'.

The only disappointment for me was the absence of any choice dialogue from either of the two female leads Nina or Lulu, in fact there is no dialogue from either character included in the soundtrack, prompting me to ask 'Why the fuck not?'. This is a must-have soundtrack to any fan of the movie or for dance music enthusiasts.

Trudi Tinio

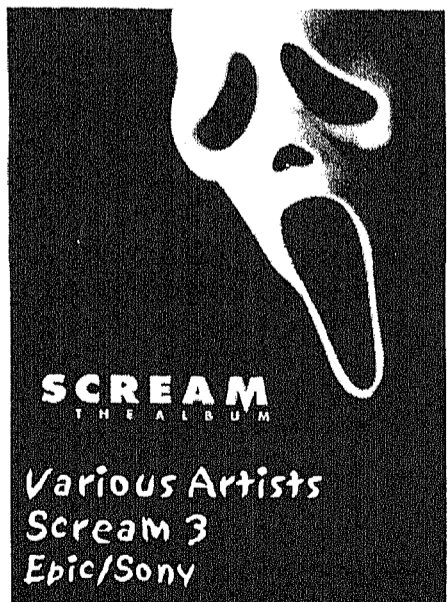


Various Artists
Friends
Warner

A soundtrack is generally a purely commercial venture, a money-spinner for the movie producers and their investors. A soundtrack album to a television series is a purely cynical enterprise; a second soundtrack album doubly so. *Friends Again* will be lucky to find an audience among die-hard *Friends* fans, let alone anybody else. *Friends Again* is a string of average songs tied together with dialogue sound-bites from the show. With talent like the Waltons, Duncan Sheik and 8stops7(?), the set reaches new depths of mediocrity.

Robbie Williams does his best Phil Collins on 'I Wouldn't Normally Do This Kind of Thing', while the producers try to gain second-hand karma by including tracks by 'Alternative' acts like Smash Mouth and Lisa Loeb. Even the genuine article, veteran punk singer Penelope Houston, is waxed ineloquent by pairing her on 'Angel and the Jerk' with veteran punk-lite singer Billy Joe Armstrong. Short answer: the album is crap. Long answer, it's a pile of steaming crap. You have been warned.

Jonathon Dyer



Various Artists
Scream 3
Epic/Sony

Considering the fact that this is a soundtrack CD it is pretty damn good. In fact, it could pass for a good stand-alone album. For this, the third installment of *Scream*, the powers-that-be decided to make a 'heavier' musical accompaniment to the movie. The result is, by most people's standards, a fairly heavy compilation. Produced by Creed - a

fairly popular band in the USA - all tracks tend towards the 'new-alternative-metal' hybrid. There are the obligatory 'big' names including Incubus, Orgy, Fuel (how did that get on there?!?), Coal Chamber, System Of A Down, Slipknot and Godsmack. Of special note is Slipknot's track 'Wait And Bleed'. It has been remixed ... but don't despair. In an effort to make it more commercially viable the death-type vocals have been faded out of the mix leaving just the 'singing' vocal track. It certainly makes for an interesting listen. Aside from this little gem the best tracks include Staind with 'Crawl', Creed's very Stone Temple Pilots *Core* era sounding 'What If', Finger Eleven's NIN (read Trent Reznor) vocals on 'Suffocate', System Of A Down's gothic offering 'Spiders' and Coal Chamber's 'Tyler's Song'. Many of the bands featured are in the up-and-coming category with debut albums set for release in the near future. So, whether it's new bands or unreleased songs from a favourite that you are after this CD is well worth a listen.

Jorm



If you've seen *American Beauty*, and loved it (who wouldn't), this album will give you little shivers every time you hear it.

The first and last songs are the film's scores, and while they may not mean much to people who haven't seen this wonderful film, those who have will remember the plastic bag floating around in the wind, and the other sad, funny and poignant moments of the film.

My absolute favourite track on this album (which has become one of my favourite songs ever) is the haunting 'We Haven't Turned Around Yet' by Gomez. There are some older tracks, like the fabulous 'The Seeker' by The Who, and Bill Withers' very groovy song 'Use Me', which sounds a bit Stevie Wonder-ish.

Add in some seventies classic rock - Free's 'All Right Now' - as well as some strange new electronica/industrial pop music - 'Cancer For The Cure' by the Eels - and you've got a great range of music on this soundtrack. The different types of music may not suit everyone, but there is sure to be something you'll love on this album. By the way, if you haven't seen *American Beauty* yet, go and see it!! Then listen to the soundtrack and you'll love it all the more.

AJ

The Singles Bar

Muse
Muscle Museum
Taste Media/Mushroom

With vocals similar to Radiohead's Thom Yorke and an overall sound like The Bends you could have been mistaken into thinking that Muse are just a Radiohead clone. Certainly, they are from the UK and they do have similar styles but it is unfair to simply write them off like that when they have far more depth to them than initially appears. This 4 track offering demonstrates that they do have their own 'thing' leaning towards the heavier end of the spectrum. If you like the idea of Nirvana having a baby with Radiohead you will probably like the Muse.

Wilberforce G Strapnort

Andreas Johnson
Glorious
Warner

'Glorious', by Swedish singer Andreas Johnson, is a smooth radio song, but holds little interest beyond this domain. A mix of glistening pop/rock, 'Glorious' has been over played and overrated. It's a little too well polished, too slick for me. Track two, 'Submerged', is far more interesting, highlighting Johnson's smokey vocals. It combines Johnson's take on rock within a smooth melodic framework of electric groove.

Jen

Jennifer Lopez
Feelin' So Good
Columbia

If you haven't seen her films then you've definitely seen her film clips. Jennifer Lopez is bubblegum pop at its gummiest. The first time I heard "Feelin' So Good" I was offended by its inane ineffectualism. Now that I've heard it a few times it's still inane but it kind of makes you want to dance.

The remix isn't so much mix than it is re-. But the highlight of this disc is Hex's Momentous Radio Mix of the millennial 'Waiting For Tonight'. What we need is more apocalyptic love songs. Really Jennifer Lopez just sounds like Mariah Carey crossed with Janet Jackson and a thesaurus.

Anthony Paxton

Classifieds. You know you love them.

Speaking Up

An information session for students with a disability

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

When? 8.45am - 3.00pm, Monday 10 April 2000 at the University of South Australia, City East Campus (corner of North Terrace and Frome Road), Playford Building level seven, room 27/28 (P7-27/28).

Bookings essential, lunch and morning tea will be provided. Please let Liz know if you require assistance to participate or if you have alternative dietary requirements. To register contact Liz Follett on (08) 8302 1700 or liz.follett@unisa.edu.au

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

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 departments,

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 nufem@chickmail.com or Naomi. Vaughan, ph: (08) 8201 2666, email Naomi.Vaughan@flinders.edu.au.

Vroom

Car For Sale - reduced price. 1983 Honda Civic, 3 door hatch. Dark red. Reliable & cheap to run. \$1500 ono. Call Matt or Fiona on 8333 0993.

Coffee, Cake and Conversation

When is it? Every Wednesday. 1.10 - 2.00pm.

Where is it? In the Couusselling Centre, Ground floor, Horace Lamb Building.

Feel free to drop in, for coffee, cake and conversation.

Crazy Hair Party

1st April, 8pm. \$5 entry, cheap beer, champers and firetrucks, and a dj playing funky tunes. Upstairs at the AUBC Boatclub, War Memorial Drive.

Drag Forum

The last few weeks has seen much debate in *On Dit* over the Mars Bar drag queens' performance in O'Week.

Adelaide University Pride is providing a forum on Wednesday 29th March, 1.00 pm in the little Theatre (cloisters) to discuss this issue. We are hoping that the debate will be fruitful, and that the queer and feminist issues surrounding drag will be addressed. Hope to see lots of people there.

Learn Deep Relaxation

When is it? Every Monday until 29 May, 1.10 - 2.00pm

Where is it? In the Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building.

Presented by Mark O'Donoghue. Book now on 8303 5663 or call in. Great for relieving study stress.



... where they burn On Dit, they will one day burn people ...

Editors

- Dale F Adams
- Eva O'Driscoll
- Darien O'Reilly

Photographer
Peter McKay

Still burdened with Honda
Fiona Dalton

Printing
Cadillac Printing

On Dit is produced with Apple Computers in a journalist-autonomous space.

On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. Whilst Dale doesn't know how to set up a BBQ, the editors have complete and unfettered editorial control, although the opinions expressed herein may not be their own.

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