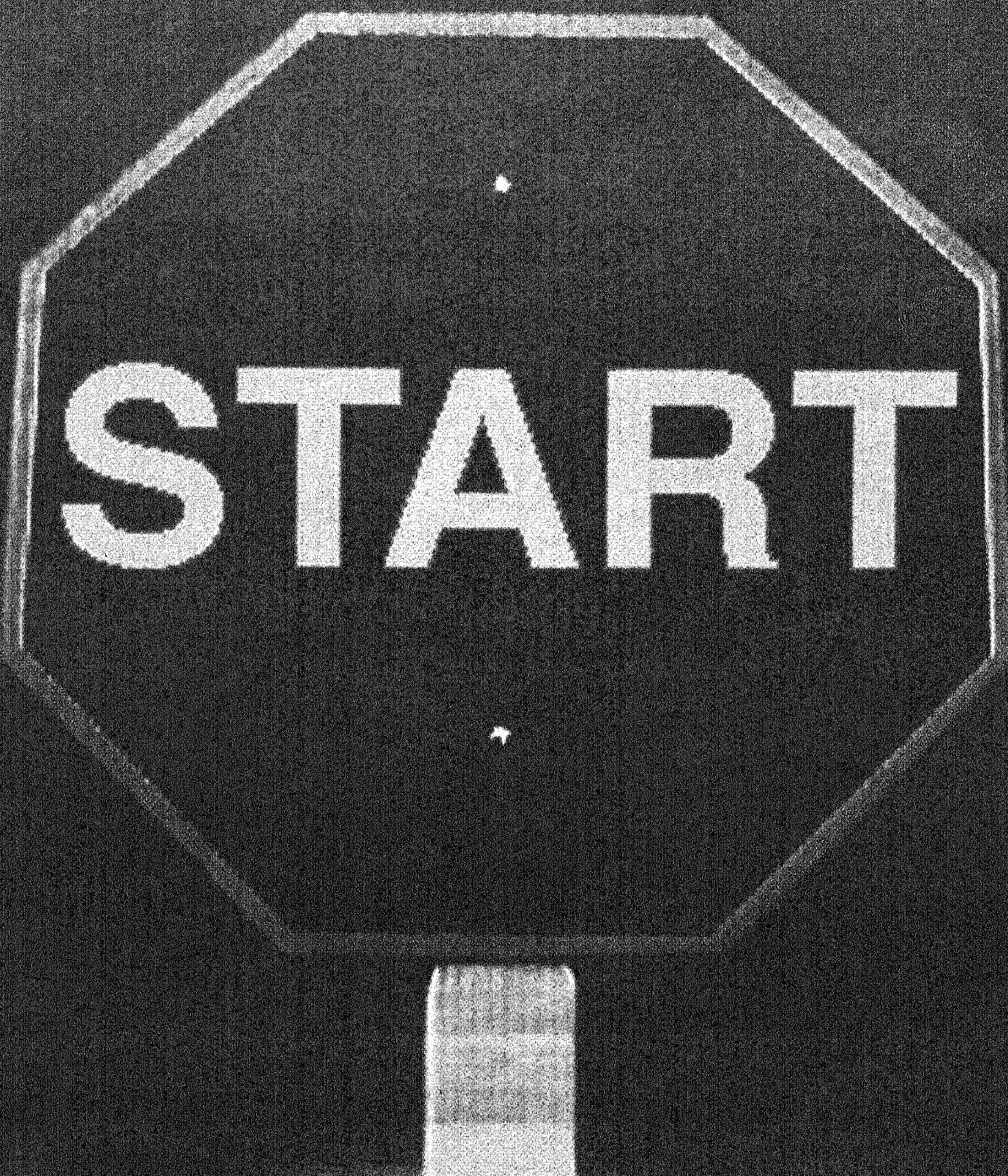
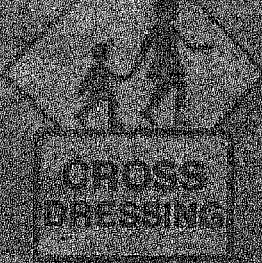


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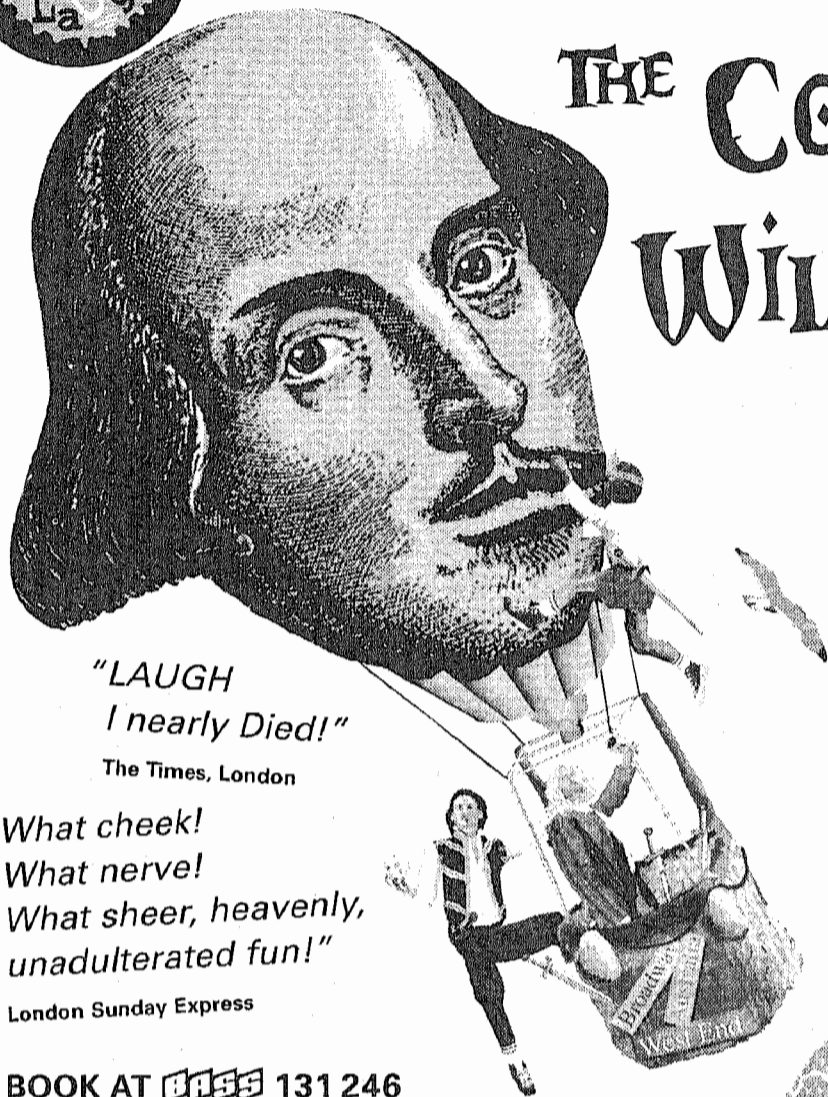
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On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The Editors have complete editorial control although the opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own. Anything you can do to make our existence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

Editors:

Anthony Paxton
Penny Fredericks

Advertising Manager:

Bonnie-Clare Yates

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Where we are:

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

How to contribute/contact us:

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

About the cover:

It's the big paper thing on the front.

Next edition:

Out XXX Deadline XXX

Editorial

Those editorials that talk about the production process aren't very interesting, but this is being written about fifteen minutes before the courier is picking it up and these computer screens are the only things we've looked at for the last twenty two hours so we don't have any amusing anecdotes about the funny thing that happened on the way to the editorial. So this is it. The editorial about the production process.

We laughed, we cried, we threw tantrums and shouted at each other. We ran out of beer at 5:45am. We missed a great party. Anthony sliced the top off his finger. We took a photo of Darien's bottom.

That's about it.

So here it is.

On Dit 99.

Woo hoo.

Penny and Anthony.

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THE

GERMINATOR



He has come to make your garden flower.

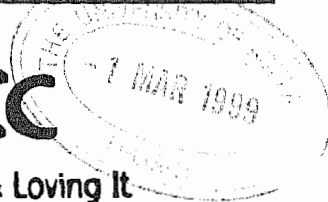
He has come to bring chaos to order.



Fertilise or die

At a nursery near you.

Letters, threats, invitations etc



WoGo Zone

Dear Readers,
 Dave Dobbyn — the drinking man's Rutger Hauer — has been breakin' it down at WOMAdelaide and, by God, I'm going back to Sydney. It's been a jolly romp in the suburban jungle, but no muddy river or piping shriek can keep from the city I've learned to live in. Like most expat Adelaide kids (and believe me ... there are many of us in the big smog), I've never been at home in a town where muggings are more common than axe-murders; where road rage means never having to say you're sorry. Salman Rushdie once said (apparently) that Adelaide was the last truly Gothic city in Australia — you can be pretty sure nothing is going to happen to you ... but if it does, you'll probably be sent home to your loved ones in small packages. Adelaide, I'll miss you.

I'll always be thine and remember, if the bed bites, don't let it bug you.

Horizontal Dave Bloustien

That's Good Advice

Dear Editors,
 Long-time reader, first-time call-boy. I'd just like to say that I've been reading this magazine from all of ten minutes now and have only this to say: more human interest. Who do you think your readership is? Jean fucking Baudrillard? We want stories about the Royals and we want them now. Prince Edward is a goddamn spunk and he somehow seems to have slipped through your stubby collective fingers. Get yer mitts on a copy of the Sun and learn some decent copy. I've had a gutful ... all six metres.

Disgruntled Dave Bloustien

Cheap and Cheesy

Dear Sir and/or Madam,
 I like your magazine very much. I done writed you a poem:

I do not like you, Advertiser
 Youse don't make me smarts or wiser.

I do not like you Sunday Mail
 Youse should go direckly to jail.
 I do not like you Austra-li-an
 Youse are grumpy and quite mean.

I do not need youse all one bit
 I gets my newses from On Dit.

Love, me.

Big Type & Loving It

Dear Editors,

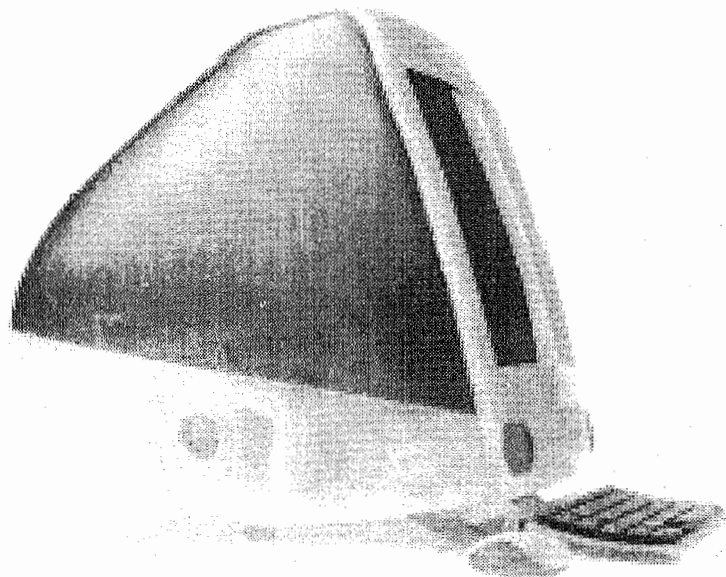
I am just writing this so I can be the first one to write to you in '99. Could you please put this letter in *On Dit* in really BIG TYPE, so it looks like there are a lot more letters. Also, could you please promise us that you will never, from now on, print the words "tonight we're gonna party like it's 1999" because, frankly, I am already sick to death of them. Leave it to PM Dawn, Ta,

Zane

Write us about anything!

We'd love to hear from you regarding any topic that you desire to get off your chest, want the world to know about, or when you just want to libel anybody. Letters deadline is Thursday at 5pm.

Don't be shy now.

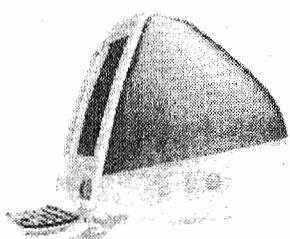


Whoa!

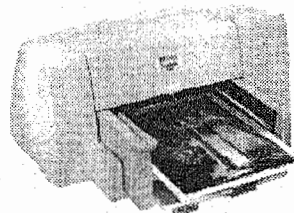
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The Gentle Art of Shotgunning

The shotgun is the ultimate beer intake method. It's an intravenous beer injection that runs in a direct line from your stomach to your head. Not only that, but it's a quick way to get rid of crap beer without tasting it. What else do you do when some idiot brings a carton of West End Draught Cans, or even worse, Southwark Bitter (*this is not necessarily the view of the editor!*) tinnies to the party, and it's all that's left floating in the esky at the end of the night? No doubt some of you have heard of the shotgun. Your wise old heads can nod sagely in agreement as you read these words. Take this article as a call to arms and spread the word – it's good to shotgun!

If you don't know what the shotgun is, let me explain it to you. As you will see from the following steps, the shotgun makes all other drinking games look soft by comparison (except perhaps the classic "Century Club", which is 100 shots of beer in 100 minutes. I think the shotgun is better though – if nothing else it's much faster).

Step 1: Holding the can on its side, cut a large hole on the rounded surface, just above the base. This is the drinking hole. Some people may advocate using a small hole and after shaking the can, squirting beer down your throat (*see last section for this method*). However, I recommend the gaping hole for a solid flood of beer that you have to suck down.

Step 2: Make sure you have at least 3 people shot-gunning and at least another three wussie types watching. Never shotgun alone.

Step 3: Standing in a row or circle (this probably depends on whether anyone has a camera – the row may make for a better photo opportunity, but the circle is better for competitive shot-gunning) on the count of three, take a deep breath, raise the hole to your lips, pop the top on the can and suck. Keep sucking down that beer until the can is finished.

Step 4: Triumphantly throw the can on the ground. The can **MUST** hit the ground with an empty sounding CRANG, and not a full sounding THUD. Yell abuse at

anyone who's can lands with a full sounding THUD.

Step 5: If you were the first to finish make manly victory noises and act as raucously as possible.

Step 6: Belch extremely loudly for at least 30 seconds or so.

Step 7: Concentrate long and hard on not spewing your guts up in the dreaded rebound.

THE DREADED REBOUND

The rebound is the nightmare of every shot-gunner. It's the secret fear that is running through the back of the shot-gunner's mind as they chug down the lager.

How do you know if a rebound is coming? Hmmmm well, you might feel alright immediately after the shotgun. You may belch mightily (probably with a bit of liquid escaping – the shotgun fluid belch – don't worry, this isn't a rebound) and think it's all OK. But you're not out of the woods yet. Wait for it – is the dreaded saliva beast visiting you? Are you making enough spit to end a small

drought? If you're drooling, you're in big trouble. I suggest you find a nice patch of flowers to fertilise and patch of lawn to sleep on. Can you trust your friends?

This is where the wussie friends get to have their fun. Out of a group of shotgunners, at least one will probably spew (this is just statistics – there has to be at least one person who had had a few too many before they took the shotgun challenge). This will give the wussies the ideal chance to point, laugh and generally mock the exceedingly pissed. A camera becomes a deadly weapon here, so try to avoid falling asleep on the toilet. Don't let them stop you though. Remember – they secretly wish that they were as drunk as you are, some men just want sex more than beer.

If you keep the shotgun down then good for you. You must be well on the way to getting pissed. Keep drinking. Try another shotgun.

The gentle art of the shotgun is

the ultimate beer experience. Practise your art while you can – the end of summer is almost upon us. I want to see crowds of comatose beer fiends scattered on Adelaide's front lawns every Sunday morning.

Tim Kentish

THE PRESSURE-BASED SHOTGUN

For the adherent to the old school of shotgunning then there is nothing quite like the "shake and break" method of putting down below average beer in under three seconds. There are three essential requirements of the process:

1. Ice-cold, cheap generic beer.
 2. A key.
 3. A thumb, mouth and a bucket
- Take the beer and pierce the can on the side near the base. Hack around with the key so that the hole is a smidgin bigger than the key. Place your thumb over the hole in the can and then shake it like buggery (This is technically known as the "shake" process). Next comes the "break" stage. There are actually two breaks that occur. The first comes when your thumb breaks the seal over the hole and gassy, frothy beer jets into your mouth. Now you suck like your life depends on it. During this process you must have your other hand on top of the can with your fore-finger poised to crack it open. When the beer has lost all its self-propelled action then crack the top and suck the last half of the can down. Throw can away and hope for the appropriate empty can sound when it hits the ground.

For an extravagant shotgun, get a can of Guinness with a widget in the base. Two things must be watched out for. Make sure your hole is high enough that you don't hit the widget. Secondly, sculling Guinness is almost akin to imbibing large quantities of liquid concrete that sets in your stomach and bowel and leaves you in pieces that have a striking resemblance to concrete slabs.

Michael Hicks



The Best Beer in the World

THE PLACE : Jaismmer, India

THE BEER : Kingfisher Lager

Jaismmer sits in the middle of the desert in Rajasthan, India, near the border with Pakistan. My hotel was inside the fort: a mighty sandstone structure rising out of the desert. To reach it meant climbing up a steep ramp of cobblestones smoothed by centuries of foot traffic. You can hear the echoing footsteps of long dead armies. As sunset approached, I wandered down to the town to buy an ice-cold Kingfisher Lager and a bag of peanuts.

Sitting on the roof of my hotel, the sun slowly set over the fort and the desert beyond. My view was uninterrupted for kilometres. The ancient sandstone fort glowed under the warmth of the setting sun's light. Birds wheeled in the up-drafts created by the mighty walls. In the distance, holy cows brayed, feral pigs rutted through garbage, and mangy dogs howled. On the roof

though, the sometimes squalid reality of India could be forgotten in contemplation of the setting sun.

The beer was cold and mild – refreshing as any lager should be, and was perfectly complemented by the warm peanuts, roasted in their shells. I savoured every icy cold drop.

Before the sun had disappeared, a small band of musicians appeared on the roof. The singer's voice rose above the sound of tabla and harmonium, soaring in exultation to the setting sun. The effect was complete – the location, the music, the golden light... I soaked it in as I finished the beer.

When the bottle of Kingfisher was empty, I tipped the band and left the roof. It was time for dinner.

Tim Kentish

Ectoplasmic Elanor

For the week 22nd Feb - 1 March

aries

Never argue with an angry horse. This is usually sound advice, but particularly relevant for you this month. Think about it.

taurus

You stubborn, stubborn joker. It will soon become apparent that no one likes you because you always insist upon getting your own way. Dickhead.

gemini

The influence of Pluto in your sign this month will lead you to believe you are friends with Mickey Mouse. It's probably not the case, but then again, maybe it is. I just don't know. I wish my star sign was named after a car.

cancer

You will drink yourself into a stupor and tell complete strangers about that embarrassing pre-pubescent incident involving your cousin. Although they will seem sympathetic, they will tell everybody they know, and people will still be laughing at you for years to come.

minogue

Stay at home this week. Under no circumstances open the door to anyone, or accept a lift with Spanish lady named Juanita. Do not use electrical appliances, particularly whilst in the bath, or go to the Speedway. Try to avoid playing Russian Roulette no matter how much vodka you drink, because you've never been that good at counting to six.

scorpio

I hear you're a bit of a goer. How's about it?

virgo

You have no chance of having sex with anyone this week. Your mother will find a stash of pornographic magazines in your bedroom, and your so-called best friend will make a pass at the person you're secretly in love with.

libra

I know you've been told before, but you must be told again. You are a sanitary napkin.

sagittarius

No one knows how to spell this one. This is indicative of a wider lack of interest from everyone into matters pertaining to you and your life in general. Attend the "Hello... and then what?" course at the WEA and perhaps things will change for the better. I'm not promising anything, but.

capricorn

They call gin 'mother's ruin' for a reason. It's ruining your mother. Get her off the piss pronto or you'll be visiting her in a mental institution within the month.

aquarius

It's about time you bought a decent deodorant. Anti-perspirant just doesn't cut the mustard. While you're at it, buy some of those deodorising things you put in your shoes too, and one of those little pine trees for your car. For heaven's sake get a haircut.

pisces

Perhaps this week you should get your septum pierced. This should lead to you becoming more popular than you've ever dreamed, but perhaps the hole will get infected and people will never look you in the face because of the swollen, pusy scab.

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He is a bit wayward...

Last year a mate decided to get married and while the best-man-to-be was a top bloke, he didn't have the goods to organise the groom's last piss up as a bachelor. So Mr. T. (the groom) roped in Sam and myself to organise everything. He wanted the works: food, beer, sleaze, beer. Between us we had no experience at Bucks Nights and while we both owned a few recent men's publications, it wasn't like we were regulars at the Horse.

Market research was required. A month in advance, we set out down Hindley St armed with a note-pad and pen. Our first stop was a quaint little bookstore with opaque windows. The proprietor, a forty-something enchantress with too much flesh on display, puffed on a cigar while we made a quick sweep of the aisles and the 'super sex specials' shelf. We left that shop different men. We were no longer floundering novices in the world of adult entertainment. We needed several essential things:

1. A dodgy meeting place with cheap piss to start the night.
2. A dodgier place with a stage show that would take up most of the night.
3. A raffle. Sell tickets throughout the night for a dodgy prize.
4. Bad shit to do to the Buck.

In the next 'R' rated newsagent we explained that we were looking for a raffle prize and asked for the prices of several items. With the pained look of a misunderstood genius, the owner encouraged us to go for more creative prizes. She

indicated a rather (b)anal 'one hand wonder pack' that sat on a shelf devoted to self satisfaction. Blimey.

We headed for Club 108. Like all night clubs during the day it was dark, smelled of stale beer and had a general ambience not entirely different from *On Dit's* (Walking into a strip club is a lot like making love to a beautiful woman...). The manager was in her office and responded to our request for cheap drinks for sixty piss heads by saying that the club was putting on keg beer next week, so we could get VB on tap at \$2/schooner or \$4/stubbie. We didn't like her definition of 'cheap' drinks.

Jule's Bar came and went as we were confronted with a closed door and no back entrance. The next stop was the biggest marital support store that I've seen this side of Fyshwick. You might know the place, just near the Night Train place where they encourage primary school kids to come for birthday parties. Anyway, this place was HUGE! You could get sexual board games, motorised inflatable friends and 400 magazine titles in seventeen languages. The customers were guys in suits who didn't talk back when we said hello. Perhaps they thought we'd go away if they didn't respond. They were right. We parted with \$96 for a 3 foot high blow up doll with no teeth and a beer holder in the head. The owner suggested that we try Cobbs Restaurant.

An inflatable companion under one arm, we trudged up to Cobbs and entered what appeared to be

a perfectly normal bar/restaurant. There was a bar in the front, a restaurant in the back and a pool table with two topless waitresses playing pool - nothing strange. We were referred to the boss who sat us down for a chat. Having explained that we wanted a function for sixty guys he gave us the sales spiel. He explained that Cobbs was Adelaide's "premier adult entertainment provider" with "quality food, great girls and a proven reputation." Digging at the competition he mused, "We're a step up from Checkmates here. This is a quality establishment that doesn't dodge you around." His usual deal was \$55/person for a three-course meal, unlimited beer and a three hour stage show. For \$30 we could get the buck on



Tie me naked to a pole?

stage for some photo poses with dancers. We didn't think that everyone wanted to pay \$55 plus drinking before and after Cobbs. We negotiated a quote of \$40 for a two course meal, all you could drink beer and a two hour stage show. He was even going to let the buck on stage for free - we were sold.

By day's end we'd managed to find a bar to meet at (World's End); bought hand cuffs (don't pay over \$10/pair) and other assorted toys to give away to the blokes on the night; and seen more dodgy mags than Larry Flynt.

Next week...the night.

Michael Hicks

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The Australian Writers Marketplace 1999

The Complete Guide to Being Published in Australia
Compiled and Edited by Rhonda Whitton

Have you ever considered trying to get something published and wondered how to go about it? *The Australian Writer's Marketplace 1999* is a guide to almost every magazine, journal and newspaper publication in Australia. It gives valuable information about what the publishers are looking for and who to contact. As well as these valuable contacts the guide contains essays on writing novels, authors rights, copyright laws and travel writing. The guide is aimed at those who are trying to get into freelance journalism. The list of contacts, and what to aim for is an essential for any writer.

The guide provides information on literary competitions and events. These events are a great way for authors to be published and to win prizes. Apart from listing the many contacts for freelance journalism, the guide gives a list of agents for writers, and information for playwrights and places to get professional opinions on manuscripts. *The Australian Writer's Marketplace 1999* is presented in a way that is easy to understand. For those who are considering, or already are publishing their work, this guide is an excellent tool to have.

Kate Hanson

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Contaminations Lab

Presented By Parallelo Doppio: 11th February 1999

Parallelo Doppio is a performance based group that presents a range of events. The most recent of these was held on 11 February at Cargo Club. Parallelo Doppio presented a preview of Linda Marie Walker's new performance text. Along with the text was Brewed, an acid funk band, vocalist Libby O'Donovan, visual displays and DJ's Klängen and Forest. These performers blended together to make an evening of visual, musical and written performances. During Linda Marie Walker's performance there was a lot of background noise; this made it very hard for the audience to hear what she was saying. At the same time as her spoken word, there was another piece that had been pre-recorded. With the background noise and the pre-recorded piece, the

audience was unable to fully appreciate her work, and as a result they grew restless. After Linda Marie Walker's performance there was a band called Brewed. Along with vocalist Libby O'Donovan, they performed an unusual set of music. They sounded extremely similar to Bjork, and were not the acid funk band that the crowd was expecting. Although their performance was sound, their pieces were very similar. In the back corner was a television playing black and white war footage. This display was looped, echoing the repetition of the music. Contaminations Lab was a short evening that lasted about an hour and a half. While the evening was a great start to the year for Parallelo Doppio, it was disappointing that the audience couldn't hear the performance.

RIP Don Dunstan 1926 - 1999

On Saturday, 6 February, we lost one of the greatest Premiers South Australia has seen. Don Dunstan was the driving force behind transforming this city from a conservative provincial town to a more open, multicultural and democratic one.

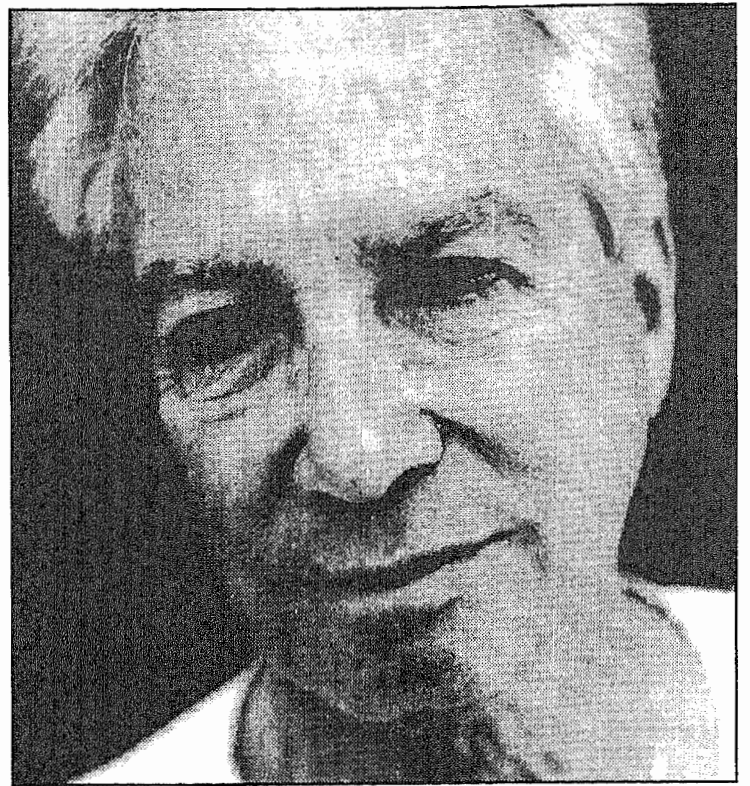
Born in Suva, Fiji, to a wealthy family, he was to grow up witnessing the inequalities of that society, specifically the racism and the material inequality it engendered. Intensely interested in political issues, he read as widely as possible and absorbed a variety of political ideas. Returning to South Australia, he was educated at Saint Peters College and then studied Law - clearly he was from the Establishment. However, after a short time in the Liberal and Communist parties, he believed that the best way to serve liberalism was through social democracy - the idea that the state should intervene in the economy and public affairs. To this end he joined the ALP.

Dunstan dragged this state forward and forced it to change. From Playford's staff of "two typists", Dunstan created a large and modern bureaucracy, collecting data on the social conditions of South Australians. He improved social welfare services and the quality of housing trust accommodation. Consumer protection laws were introduced, homo-

sexuality was decriminalised, jails were reformed, and dress codes were relaxed, enabling Dunstan to wear tight pink shorts to Parliament. He encouraged the development of Adelaide an arts capital, and took a leading role in the 1950s and 60s towards abolishing the White Australia Policy from the ALP platform. Education was modernised, women were allowed to sit on juries, and anti-sex discrimination laws were passed. Very importantly, he was the first in Australia to give Aboriginal people, the Pitjanjatjara, land rights.

But Dunstan didn't stop there. Six o'clock closing was abolished, outdoor cafes were allowed, and the State supported restaurateurs in setting up their own businesses. The arts were sponsored by the state as well; the Festival Centre was built, Rundle Mall was created with buskers to add entertainment, and the SA Film Corporation was set up, sparking the renaissance of Australian film in the 1970s. SA received a reputation world wide as a liberalised state, and people flocked here to take part in a new style of society. A sense of optimism pervaded the city.

But Dunstan had his enemies. The conservative Establishment regarded him as a class traitor, and defended their "cold citadels of privilege and prejudice" accord-



ingly, by spreading insulting rumours about him. These rumours have no real basis in fact and will not be repeated here. These people, and conservative "wowers" in the general population, could not bear to see Adelaide change, and loathed both his style and his reforms, particularly his plans to introduce worker participation in management - "Industrial Democracy". In the end it was a combination of personal tragedy, ill health, factional disputes over uranium mining and these vicious rumours that led Don Dunstan to resign - well before his time had come.

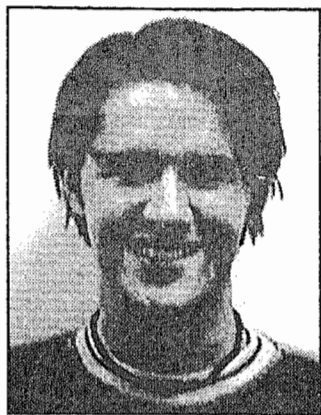
However, Don remained active for another 20 years. He railed against practices and policies that were undoing his life's work; especially the ALP factional system, and the Howard Government's stance on Aboriginal land rights, industrial relations laws, and education policy. Underneath all these regressive policies stood the concept of "economic rationalism" - that markets will provide just outcomes. These policies were an affront to social democracy and all Don had worked so hard for. In his speeches, Don proved that although he was no longer Premier, he hadn't lost a true leader's capacity to tap into the optimism of the audience and magnify it. At a worker's rally in August 1996, when students and workers were still tentatively united in their op-

position to the Howard Government, Don spoke. He argued against the proposed Industrial Relations Act, and said our protest movement could be as big as that against the Vietnam War. The audience roared with approval, yet unfortunately, it was not to be. At the public celebration of Don's achievements, his son Andrew implored his audience to continue Don's work. Many of his achievements have become part of the fabric of society and remain unchallenged, namely the arts and "cafe society". However Andrew referred to the reforms under threat; Aboriginal land rights, jail reform and workers' conditions. How should these issues be defended, given a radically different economic, social and intellectual climate? Is social democracy finished as an ideal given its failures in the past? Is a new generation of Labor thinkers, namely Mark Latham and Lindsay Tanner, pointing to a viable "third way", or are they merely capitulating to the whims of big business? It is hoped that the Don Dunstan Foundation will be used to analyse these issues, to reassess his causes and revive them. What is desperately needed is a collaboration between intellectuals and politicians. In short, we need another Don. But the real Don Dunstan has left us forever.

Kathleen Lawler



The News in Briefs



**Ace Reporter
Toby Bensimon**

ABDULLA OCALAN

Two days of unrest, sparked by the capture of Kurdish guerilla leader Abdullah Ocalan, have led to a fatal confrontation in Berlin.

Three Kurdish protesters were shot dead and 17 wounded in a clash with guards. This latest incident follows yesterday's world wide storming of Greek consulates. In Vienna, London and Bonn hostages were taken and in Kenya the protestors set fire to the embassy. In Sydney 60 or so Kurdish protestors held police at bay, dousing themselves and part of the Greek consulate with petrol. No injuries were reported and the matter was eventually resolved peacefully.

In Turkey Ocalan faces the death penalty for alleged acts of terrorism involving the death of 30 000 people. The Kurdish independence leader has led a 15 year armed struggle for Kurdish autonomy. He has been on the run since October, after being forced out of Syria under Turkish pressure. He arrived in Rome in November and was obliged to leave in January. His futile attempts to gain political asylum in Europe led him to the Greek consulate of Nairobi where it is understood he was handed over to Kenyan police.

STEVE BIKO KILLERS REFUSED AMNESTY

Four former South African policemen have been denied amnesty for the murder of prominent anti-apartheid activist Steve Biko. South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission is obliged to

pardon politically motivated crimes under apartheid but found no such political motives concerning Biko's brutal murder.

The commission came to the conclusion that the four policemen had not told the whole truth about the murder nor did they provide sufficient reason for why they should be granted amnesty. In 1977 Biko was interrogated by

powder was sherbet, and gave it a good lick before she ran back home pulled a face and asked her parents for a glass of water.

Her horrified parents, realised that something was wrong and immediately rushed her to Newcastle Royal Infirmary, where tests revealed traces of pure, uncut cocaine in her blood.



police for his involvement in the push for black equality. Subsequent to this interrogation Biko suffered brain damage. He died six days after being beaten and driven naked for hundreds of kilometres across the country in the back of a police van.

GREAT HIDING SPOT

A three year toddler has been released from a Newcastle hospital after ingesting the pure cocaine that drug dealers had hidden in a discarded fridge.

The girl thought that the white

BAD VIBES

A group of women have taken the state of Alabama to court over a law that they claim is an infringement on their right to privacy. The law bans the sale of vibrators and most other sex toys including the butterfly, ramsteiner and gyroscopes.

The women claim that their privacy rights have been violated. Obviously they do not consider a segment on *Jerry Springer* nor a Reuters press release to be a violation of their privacy at all. As the law stands now, anyone caught selling vibrators risks a fine of over \$18 000 US or a year's hard labour. The owner of an Alabama "sex shop" that sells lingerie and chocolates said that "the law not only takes away your entertainment, but your right to entertain yourself."

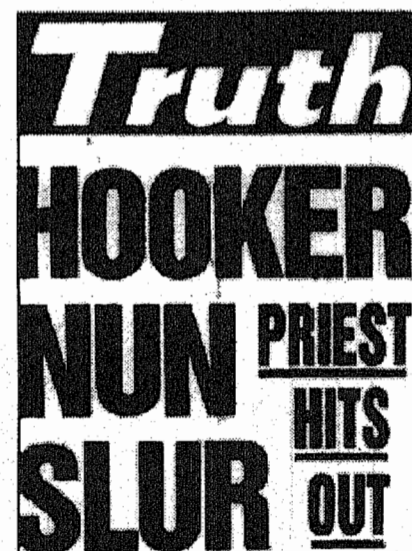
BANGERS 'N' MASH

This years host for Britain's top pop music awards, Johnny Vaughn, was enjoying a plate of "bangers 'n' mash" in a pub just outside London when someone snatched the laptop computer containing the list of the winners and the ceremony schedule from his car.

A witness chased the thief for two kilometres before he was able pluck the laptop from the hands of the culprit and return it back to Johnny. He received a couple of tickets to the show in return for his heroic effort.

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE

Mission Impossible 2 will be the biggest film ever made in Australia. The movie will create 630 jobs, employ 30 local actors and eight thousand extras. It is predicted that the film will generate about 83 million dollars for New South Wales with three and a half million of that being spent on hotel rooms alone. If the filming runs smoothly it is expected that *Mission Impossible 2* will attract other big budget films to Australia.



Classifieds and other catastrophes...

STUDENT RECORDS OFFICE

The Phone Number for the Student Records Office printed in the O-Guide is incorrect!! Stop calling it!! The correct numbers are

8303 5208

8303 5907

House One

Accommodation for rent
2 bedrooms and a walk through room (can be a 3rd bedroom).
A golf swing from North Adelaide Aquatic Centre. Air Conditioned and heated, low maintenance garden, carport & shed. Close to public transports (buses & trains). \$145pw. Contact Martin 0417 861103

Nudie

The Adelaide University Skindiving Club Inc will hold its Annual General Meeting on Monday March 8th, 1999 in the Union Cinema (level 5 - next to the Uni Bar)
6pm for a 6:30pm start
Nominations for the following positions will be called for on the night:
President
Vice President
Treasurer
Secretary
Newsletter Editor
4 General positions:
Boating Officer
Equipment Officer
2 General positions

Motorbike

Tired of all those parking fines?
Expensive running costs, repairs and petrol?
Answer: Buy a cheap to run, easy-to-park motor bike.
Honda 250 cc, 25,000 on the dial, literally runs on the smell of an oily rag.
Only \$600. Phone 8227 0557 for a test ride.

House Two

Woman wanted for share in Hindmarsh. Large house and garden : \$55 rent per week and \$10 bills per week
Phone 8340 2181

Babysitting

References + Experience
Reliable
Own Transport
Call Bec 8262 5134
answer machine, please leave clear reply, name, and phone number, thanks.


Buy Stuff

Wanted to sell:
Weights Bench, \$300
• Solid, heavy duty construction.
• Comes with 1 bar, 50kg of plates, preacher bench,
• Two free weight dumbbells with 20kg of weights.
Mountain Bike, \$300
• Raleigh RS2000 (blue frame).
• Six months old, excellent condition.
• Comes with helmet and Kryptonite bike lock.
• Paid \$460, sell \$300
Sony Stereo, \$250
• 25 Watt detachable speakers.
• 5 Band graphic equaliser.
• CD player
• Twin cassette
• RF output.
Phone Ashley on 8343 8859 (work) or 8340 3738 (after hours).

White Coats

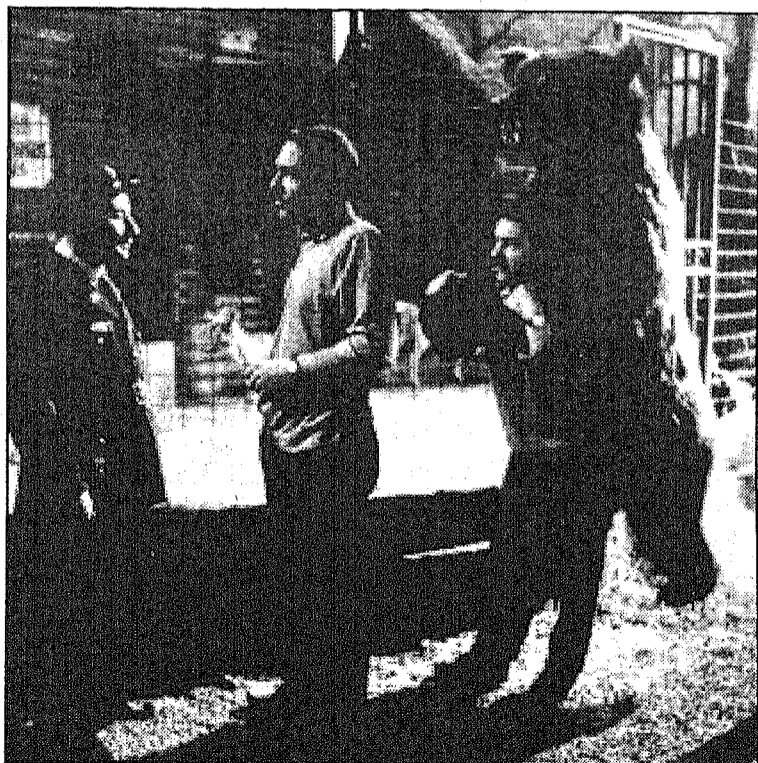
Brand New Labcoats & Medical Coats \$25
127 Wright Street, Adelaide. Or phone 8352 3762

Worried about someone close to you?
We'll listen.



Lifeline
13 11 14
cost of a local call anywhere in Australia

Lifeline's Youth Suicide Prevention Project is funded by the Commonwealth Dept of Health & Aged Care.



excuse me officer, my friend has cooties

Des O'Neill's

GAMSAT*
Prep

established 1996

Multiple-choice & Trial Test
March 12 (evening), 13, 14

Contact
Gamsat Preparation Courses
24 Killawarra Road, Ashgrove 4060
PO Box 166, Kingsgrove 2208; PO Box 4408, Parkville 3052
Email gamsatprep@comptext.com.au
Mobile 0419-667-151

*Gamsat '99 is the Graduate Australian Medical School Admissions Test for entry as graduates to Medical Schools at Flinders, Melbourne, Sydney and Queensland Universities in 2000 and 2001

Doctor, Doctor, Give Me the News

One of the more interesting issues that arose over the summer was the focus on the selection process for the University's Medical School. *The Advertiser* picked up the story of Chilton Chong, a science student here at Adelaide Uni, who was denied a place in the 1997 intake. In an article in the *Advertiser* on Jan 15th, Chong gave his version of events. The next day Mary O'Kane wrote an article referring to the incentives provided the University to keep our top students in the state. In addition she defended the admittance procedure to the Med School. Rightly so.

The entry procedure has been in place since late 1996, and most seem to believe that the scheme has been a success. The old entry requirements were only academic, and it got to the stage where students were only



the easiest way to get into med school

admitted if they had achieved year 12 results in the highest percentile. So the new scheme was introduced not only to give more students access to the School, but also to improve the quality of students. It ends the narrow-minded belief that students' academic excellence will mean that they will make a good doctor. The scheme now will ascertain a candidate's aptitude outside the areas of pure academia, allowing a student who not only has academic achievement, but logical reasoning and problem solving skills, as well as other relevant qualities, to gain access to the School.

The scheme is similar to those at Newcastle, Western Australia and Melbourne Universities, all of which use the logical reasoning and problem solving test developed by the Australian Council of Education and Research. Here this test is the first component of the

entry scheme. For this years' intake 1186 students sat the test, and the people with the top 270 scores are then offered an interview. 90 interviewees are then offered a place in the Medical School.

I can see why Chong is disappointed at not being admitted. It would be disappointing enough to take the initial test and not be offered an interview, let alone to have been interviewed and not been offered a place in the school. Yet his questioning of the procedures of admittance to the Med School is little more than sour grapes. Chong's qualifications for the position, as he saw them, include being a St Peter's College

Old Scholar, beingdux of the school there, attaining five 20's in year 12, being involved in athletics, music, debating, and community service. He

also believes that he has the qualities required in a doctor, those being perseverance intuition, maturity, leadership qualities, realisations and communication skills. Even if Chong does have these qualities, then according to the panel, he still falls short of not only entry requirements, but in his capacity to be a good doctor. One can only guess at what the criteria are, but they are chosen by a panel of experienced doctors and academics. It would be remarkably conceited of Chong to question the decision of these people when he, comparatively, has little knowledge of Medicine or its practice. The School needs to be applauded for the entry scheme, for ensuring that it produces good doctors, and not be harangued by disgruntled students.

Stephen Mullighan

But Can it Do My Homework?

This year sees the new Smart Card, or University Card as it is officially known. Last year Adelaide Uni became the first uni to introduce smart cards to students, and they were recognised as being far better than the old laminated cardboard cards. In 1996 the University, realising that the cardboard cards were fast becoming obsolete, advertised for tenders to replace the card and its system. Telstra offered the Smart Card system, and the result is what we will be given this year.

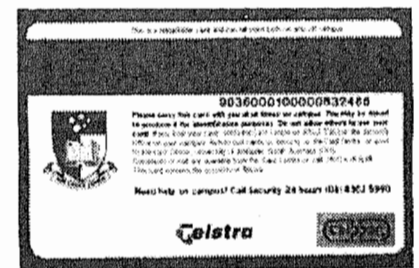
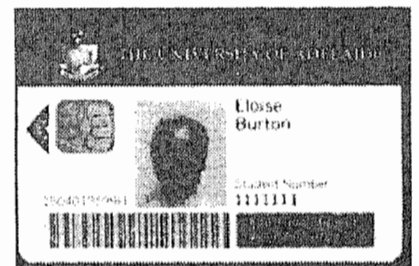
This year, though, the University Card will have far more features and uses, both inside and outside uni, than ever before. As always the card will be a photo ID, a transport concession card, and a library borrowing card. This year, though, it will also be an access card for all students from all faculties to their buildings; it will be an electronic purse; and it will be a phone card.

All students, new or continuing, will get a new card. They have been available to new students since February 10, and continuing students can get theirs from the Monday of O'Week, February 22.

The biggest development is the electronic purse. From the end of February most pay-phones, Coke machines, and Smith's chips vending machines can be used throughout Adelaide without money and with your University Card. The card can also be used at various catering outlets in the Union building, and also at the stationary shop opposite the Wills refectory. This will also apply to an as yet unspecified car-parking chain around Adelaide, as well as certain businesses in the East End. The card will only be able to be

used for relatively small purchases, yet specific details are not yet available.

The electronic purse can be refilled at seven locations at the North Tee campus, one at Waite, and one at Roseworthy. If you lose a card then you lose any stored value that was on the card, so not using it as a coaster in the Bar. The replacement cost is \$20. At the moment there is no PIN required for the card, but this could change in the future for transactions such as borrowing library books.



It's not too late.

You can still go on a Library tour!

Run down to the SAUA to grab your free ticket for a 20-minute tour of the Barr Smith Library; you'll never regret it. We'll show you how to use the catalogue, who to ask for help with your essays, where to search the Net, how to photocopy, where to access your email and more! 20 minutes now will save you hours later!

So do yourself a favour...go down to the Students' Associa

REALISE YOUR FULL POTENTIAL!

WHAT'S STOPPING YOU?

Problems?

fears?

failures?

LIFE ASSIST

past lives?

losses?

upsets?

contact:
Barbara Turner
PO Box 367
Ashton 5137

8390 1587

e-mail: barbara@camtech.net.au

Specialised counselling
that goes right to the
SOURCE!



SAUA President

Hi everyone. Welcome to Adelaide University, I hope that you enjoy your time at university and find 1999 a year full of success. We in the SAUA have already started the year off with a bang. We've been receiving up for Orientation, providing representation on a variety of university committees and actively participating in reviews and forums. However, let's remember that university isn't just about tutorials and lectures, there is a whole array of activities for you as well.

ORIENTATION WEEK

O'Week is one of the biggest events on the university calendar that is provided for you by the SAUA. This year will be no different (however, I could be biased because I am also O'Week director) The week itself is full of fun and excitement, so get involved. There is a wide variety of events occurring, so come down to the lawns and enjoy the free food and drink, free bands. Get involved in the beach party the night time events such as O'Hop, the movie marathon, the pubcrawl, and the comedy night. Go on an O'TOUR, and learn all about this campus. The week is ended with O'BALL. This year O'BALL promises to be huge with bands like the Cruel Sea, Rebeccas Empire,

Endorphin, Testeagles and many more. Tickets can be purchased either from the SAUA directly or from the SAUA table on the lawns. So come on down to the lawns and get involved in all the activities that the SAUA provides for you.

UNIVERSITY CHARGES

The university is currently reviewing the fees that are charged. The SAUA have been involved in these discussions and has impressed upon the university how important it is that students do not incur any additional costs while at university.

SMARTCARD

As most of you are aware, the Smartcard will be fully operational this year. The Telstra Smartcard will be able to be reloaded in a number of the reloading machines around campus and used for services such as the library, vending machines and building access. To pick up your Smartcard please go to the card centre located on the Hughes Plaza.

If you have any problems at all throughout the year, please make sure you come into the office and see us or call us on 8303 5406. In the meantime enjoy O'Week and have fun.

Alida Parente



Education Vice President

Hey Spunks,

For those of you who are new, welcome to this fabulous place that is The University of Adelaide, and to this your first edition of our dearly loved student paper *On Dit*. If you're not new, then just welcome back again, I guess! New or old, I hope you're all ready to 'party like it's 1999' (aren't we all getting sick of that cliché by now!) 'coz Orientation 1999 is going to go off!

Anyway, I'm Janak Mayer, and I'm your Education Vice-President for 1999. Introductions aside, what this means is that I'm here to stand up for your rights as a student, and try to make sure that the quality of your educational experience at Adelaide Uni is as good as it ought to be, that you are treated fairly and equitably, and that your access to tertiary education is as free of restrictions as it can be. Basically it's my job to represent you and your educational needs to the University, the Government, and the community. This can range from helping you obtain a remark or a supplementary exam, to lobbying the Federal Education Minister Dr David Kemp on issues of concern to students. I run education campaigns on different issues throughout the year, sit on a heap of university committees where I voice student concerns and put forward a student's point of view, and deal with individual grievances for people who feel they have been dealt with unfairly, or are just having problems with some aspect of their education, and need to be helped or pointed in the right direction. If you want to get involved in campaigning for student rights, or if you have a problem that is effecting your education, or if you're just bored and looking for a chat, then come in and see me in the SAUA!!!



Women's Officer

Hi everyone! Welcome to your first year or another year of university. I'm Eileen and I'm the Student's Association Women's Officer for this year. First up, I hope you all had a great holiday and are ready to start uni with 5 days of partying at Orientation 1999. As Women's Officer it is my role to represent all women at Adelaide University whether it be on committees, to the government, to the university or to your lecturer. Another role is to promote an awareness of the issues affecting women both on and off-campus by running campaigns and providing accessible information to women on campus. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, is my role to act as a first point of contact if you have any problems. I can listen to any complaints that may

arise throughout the year, and if I can't help you I will be able to refer you to someone who can.

Also, in the north western corner of the cloisters, in the Lady Symon Building, you can find the Women's Room. Sorry boys, this is for girls only! It's a place where you can chill out and meet other women from campus. If you have any questions, queries or suggestions always feel free to come in and see me in the SAUA.

Look out for the Women's Department Table and events during O'Week:

Monday: 2pm 'chicks' boat races

Wednesday: 3 - 5pm Free introductory Self Defence lesson. South Dining Room

Thursday: 3pm All girls Popeye Cruise

Happy Orientation!

Eileen



Activities / Campaigns Vice President

Hi!

Welcome to all new students and it's great to see those who are returning to uni again. I hope you have all had a great summer and want to continue your summer of fun at uni. The Activities Department is planning to have a huge year of events and mayhem.

Orientation

Get out there and join as many clubs as you can. There is heaps on this week, so make sure you grab a survival guide to ensure you don't miss any of the action. Remember to go on your O'tours so you know your way around uni. Once you are orientated - head off to the O-

ball on Saturday night for a great line-up headed by the Cruel Sea. Don't forget to buy your raffle tickets for the Activities raffle. You may be the proud new owner of a keg of beer! Tickets only cost a dollar so make sure you get your tickets from the activities department table on the lawns during O-week.

Survey. Need money or beer? Then let your creative talents flow as you fill out the Activities Department SURVEY. Fill it out and return to the SAUA or Activities table for your chance to win 100 bucks or a Keg of BEER.

Cheers, Matt Sykes

Sexuality Officers

Hey and welcome to Adelaide Uni for 1999! Our names are Daniel Marshall and Amanda Camporeale and we are your Sexuality Officers for this year. We want your time here to be full of healthy sex and healthy sexual attitudes.

We think that STDs should be avoided and that queerness should be encouraged. That's right, we are the people to come and see if you're thinking about coming out, if you think you might have 'contracted' something last Saturday night, or if people are harassing you or giving you a hard time because they think you're a bit too queer.

We know that you might be a bit shy, but please understand that we've been through the same sort of things that you have and know how important some confidential and friendly assistance can be. You can find us in the SAUA (near the Cloisters).

Plus, we are always on the lookout for any of you guys who want to be a part of the raunchy mayhem of sex department campaigns this year: so come up (or out?) and see us. We're looking forward to seeing your sexy faces.

All our love,
Daniel and Amanda



SAUA ACTIVITIES SURVEY

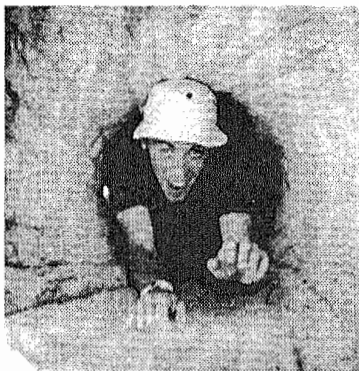
Fill this out and you could win a keg of beer or \$100!

Name: _____

Ph.: _____

- 1-If you went to one activity event for the year what would it be?
- 2-Describe the best activity / event you have ever attended.
- 3-What is your ideal day at uni?
- 4-If you go out on a Saturday night, where would you go?
- 5-Describe what you think upon sight of a beer, band and BBQ event on the lawns at uni?
- 6-What is the craziest event you could think of to run at uni?
- 7-Draw and describe the best logo which you feel describes activities at uni.
- 8-What's your favourite local band you would love to see play at uni?
- 9-What food and drink would you have at your ideal activities department event?
- 10-What other events would you like to see from the SAUA Activities Department?

Please fill out this survey and return it to the SAUA or Activities table during O'Week.
Entries must be in by FRIDAY, 12th of March, 1999



Environment Officer

There's lots of stuff you can do in the Environment Department! This week we're selling SAUA cups, which you can re-use and get very very cheap drinks all year with, veggie lunches every day, we're tossing Rufus the inflatable platypus into the Torrens on Wednesday morning for you all to rescue, and we're selling CDs of incredible value (Check out the CD review and buy yourself a copy!), as well as 'unlogged books' (the BEST value lecture notebooks!), Friends of The Earth calendars (know when enviro stuff is happening!), bike shed memberships (keep your bike safe all year!), and more. As well as that, you can sign up to join the Environment Collective, the

Jabiluka Action Group, and put your name down as an activist for me to call! One of the most exciting things we want to do this year is start a food co-op/permanent op-shop/craft shop for students. This has been many years in the making and, with your help, we want to get it going this year! So put your name down for that as well. I look forward to meeting you this year and planning exciting stuff for this year!

Zane (8303 5182)

Clubs Info

The best way to meet people who are interested in the same things that you are is to join a club. We have more than seventy clubs on campus ranging from interests, to issues, international affairs and politics.

The club scene on campus is very active and full of life all year round, and there is bound to be a club for you.

Clubs form a large component of campus life and provide a wide range of activities for their members. There is usually something happening every week and even more during some weeks throughout the year. In O'week you see most of the clubs before you in all of their colour and diversity. Clubs are also a great place to learn organisational skills, by getting involved on that club's executive committee.

Every week just look here for the up and coming club news on campus. Contributions are to be in to me by the close of business, 5pm, on the Tuesday before the week that the On Dit that you want your event to be published in, any later and I can't provide any guarantees. We also have a club event diary that we can also write events in, so tell us when your events are coming up. If there are any queries come and see us in the Clubs and Sports office down near the cloisters, or call us on 8303 5403.

Clubs Association Chairman of Publications Standing Committee
Mathew Parker

ADELAIDE UNI FILM SOCIETY

Join the Film Society during O-Week at the tables on the Barr Smith Lawns or at a screening of Psycho for \$5, and receive a groovy green membership card and a two for one pass to The Cube (sci-fi) screening soon at Nova Cinemas. Not only will you get to see exciting classic films on campus but get free Film Society preview screenings at the Nova and Palace Cinemas (our first film at the Palace will be The Dream Life of Angels in late March). Regular social events like the highly successful weekends away and movie nights will be coming up soon (watch this space for details soon).

SOCIETY PROGRAMME FOR TERM ONE

All films are screened in the Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building.

O-Week Feb 23, 24, 25th. 1pm

PSYCHO (1960)

Alfred Hitchcock's immortal horror classic. Come see the original.

Free to Members, \$5 non-members (membership included)

Thursday March 4, 7pm

The Manchurian Candidate plus short: Keep Your Mouth Shut

The 'spine tingling political paranoia thriller' directed by John Frankenheimer. Still banned in some countries!

Free to Members, \$5 non-members (membership included)

Thursday March 11, 7pm

Raging Bull plus short: Pussy Pumps Up

Directed by Martin Scorsese, starring Robert De Niro, gritty portrayal of prizefighter played by De Niro, one of Scorsese and De Niro's best.

Free to Members, \$5 non-members (membership included)

Thursday March 18:

My Life as a Dog plus short: A Phantasy

1985 Swedish. Follows the life of a twelve year old boy shipped off to live with relatives in rural Sweden during the 1950s, critically acclaimed and warm hearted look at childhood.

Free to Members, \$5 non-members (membership included)

Thursday March 25, 7pm

We are not Alone

(Japanese film in conjunction with the Japan-Australia Friendship Association).

A group of Japanese businessmen get stranded in a fictitious Asian country and have to face their prejudices against other Asians. Needless to say this is a comedy!

Free to Members of both clubs, \$5 non-members (AUFS membership included)

Thursday April 1, 7pm

Alexander Nevsky plus short: Daffy and the Dinosaur

1938 Russian. Directed by Sergei Eisenstein. The epic tale of the Russian and Cherkassov army repelling German forces during the 13th century - paralleling the situation of the time it was filmed.

Free to Members, \$5 non-members (membership included)

Thursday, April 8, 7pm

A Day at the Races plus short: Perspectrum

The Marx Brothers run riot at a sanatorium, and manage to run riot at the race track. The funniest Marx Brothers' film ever!

Free to Members, \$5 non-members (membership included)



Union Fees: where does all your money go?

The Statutory Fee for 1999 has been set by the Union Board at \$270. This is an increase of \$5 from the previous year. The following is the actual allocation of your Union Fee throughout the organisation. You will notice that it adds up to more than \$270, as the Union does have a few sources of income to subsidise services.

AFFILIATE FUNDING		OPERATING EXPENDITURE	
Clubs and Societies Association	\$4.25 1.6%	Administration	\$22.66 8.4%
Postgraduate Students' Association	\$9.25 3.4%	Accounts	\$37.22 13.8%
Rugby Students' Association	\$5.80 2.1%	Union Board	\$4.76 1.7%
Sports Association	\$40.16 15%	Buildings	\$26.77 9.9%
Students' Association	\$5.51 2.1%	Conferences On Campus	\$7.10 2.7%
Students' Association	\$41.27 15%	Human Resources	\$7.87 2.9%
Queens Students' Association	\$4.59 1.7%	Maintenance	\$9.40 3.5%
Special Events	\$0.18 0%	Marketing	\$3.06 1.1%
Senior Institute Club Care Centre	\$2.18 0%	OTHER EXPENDITURE	
Waste Institute Students' Association	\$5.82 2.2%	Contingencies	\$4.55 1.7%
		Insurance	\$4.85 1.8%
		Reserves	\$100.00 37%
		Postage	\$9.87 3%
STUDENT SERVICE CENTRE FUNDING			
Activities	\$5.40 2%		
Computer Resource Centre	\$2.62 1%		
Education Welfare Officers	\$13.20 5%		
Equal Access Scheme	\$1.55 0.6%		
Union Office	\$6.26 2.3%		

Check out the Adelaide University Union website at:
<http://www.adelaide.edu.au/AUU>

Union President

For those of you who are new, or for those of you who are not yet tired of the saga, the 1998 Adelaide University Union Student Elections were declared void. The Election Arbiter declared that the voting process did not strictly adhere to the constitutional requirements of a secret ballot and therefore the results were void. As such there are no elected representatives to take over where the 1998 Union Board left off.

After being advised that such an outcome was likely, the 1998 Union Board, before the expiration of its term of office, appointed three administrators to oversee the operation of the Adelaide University Union, until the results of the 1999 annual student elections are known, and a Union Board is duly elected.

The administrators appointed by the 1998 Union Board (at their meeting of the 1st October, 1998) were Ian Cannon, Rosslyn Cox, and Paul Sykes. On the 12th January, 1999 these same administrators appointed a further two students to the administrative team. They are Sam Dighton, and myself, Elysia Turcinovic. On the 2nd February, 1999, the administrative team accepted the resignation of Rosslyn Cox and appointed Ben Allgrove to fill the vacancy. On the 12th January, 1999, I was also appointed as the 1999 Union President, effective as of 18th January, 1999. I am appointed to this position having been a member of the 1998 Union Board and chair of the 1998 Catering Advisory Committee. In the 1998 student elections I was also provisionally elected to the 1999 Union Board. These experiences (as well as my experience as a 1997 O'Week Director) will assist me in the position of President. In recognition of the continuing interest of staff and students, and the need for student input into decision making within the Union, the administrators will hold open meetings once a month, to which all students are encouraged to attend. Though none of this is an ideal situation, the administrators are advised that there is really no other solution. On the upside however, the Adelaide University Union will still be able to operate on a day to day basis in providing services to its members, and I look forward to playing a key role in the provision of these services. If you have any queries or suggestions come and see me on the 1st Floor of the Lady Symon building, in the north-western corner of the cloisters, or call on 8303 5401.

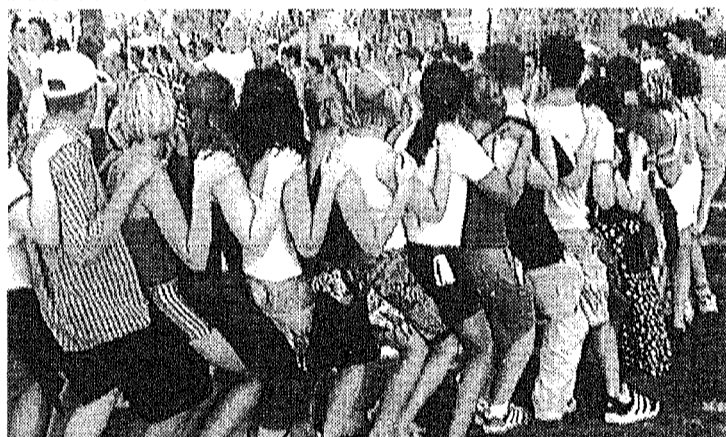
Good luck in 1999.

Elysia Turcinovic

1999 O'Camp Report

Well, it was the last one of the century and it turned out to arguably be the biggest (we're slightly biased but we think it was true). So why was it the biggest? We think the major thanks goes out to all of our great freshers. Without them the camp would have literally not run. We, the directors (aka Jedi Masters) thank them all for coming and hope they had as enjoyable a time as us and the leaders (aka Jedi Knights) had. Another major thanks has to go for all of our gorgeous leaders. They were always there to help us and make us laugh (thanks Séamus). We're sure that all the freshers loved them as well (some too much).

The camp started on Sunday the 14th of February. Despite a 2 hour delay everything finally started to run smoothly as we got to the camp site. The first event of the night was the barn dancing and the limbo competition.



Congratulation goes out to Danielle Jarvis for coming first for the freshers. Leaders Gareth and Bianca took out equal first place in the inaugural Kat Bradshaw limbo competition. The great white ghost (or descendant of) made a triumphant return at the altar that night and was rumoured to have hurt himself in the process and the leaders proved that you don't need to be able to sing to become a leader (joking Jedis, you all sound great (Pauli!)).

The first night at the pub ran successfully with everyone getting dressed up in their retro stuff for The Planet Retro Night. Congrats to Josh and Izzy for winning the dance comp and Jedi Knights, Deb and Simon for winning the leaders competition on the Wednesday night. Events run during the days included the beach Olympics, beach touch footy and a demo from the Gliding Club. Thanks to all the Office Bearers for coming up to camp and showing their faces and also the people that organised the crash "Doctor talks" on camp.

This next line is dedicated to thanking Student Radio.

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

Enough said (except for 531 AM - first on the AM dial).

AUSKI guys did a great job at the pub on the Tuesday night with boat races running smoothly. Adelaide Uni better prepare itself during O'Week for the newest band of scullers that are bound to show their faces.



Uni Catering and Cooks gained a lot friends during the camp with their late night suppers and their excellent food during camp. Three cheers for catering. Give me a "C" - "Fuck Off" (O'Camp joke). Thank you Dave and Nathan (and not a VB in sight). Also, thank you to Chris and Jonathan for all of their help before and during O'Camp.

Sorry that there seems to be lots of "thank yous" but there are still lots of people to go (We feel like we're at the Oscars (or maybe the Logies)). Thank you to all of our sponsors: The Planet, SAUA (without which we would not exist - grrrrr to VSU), Paddy Pallins - Leaders in adventure & equipment, Mount Lofty natural spring water, Hamilton Sunscreens, Adelaide Rock Climbing Centre, Kellogg's cereals (Crunchy nut cornflakes rock), Fever - the new taste sensation, Nippy's - the best OJ in town, Adelaide University Union, O'Tours, Unibooks - still the cheapest and the best, Student Radio (again and again) and RACI - Department of Chemistry.

Anyway, sorry if we've forgotten anyone but we're still tired and unfortunately not hung over (soon to be rectified). Make sure that all of you come to the O'Hop tonight (Monday) where we should have more information on the Camp Reunion.

Thank you ball boys. Thank you ball girls. It's been great.

O'Camp Directors

Gareth Manuel, Kerryn Hennessy, Mandi Camporeale

So Much Television.

Interesting time of year for the old teev, late February. Endless repeats of "classic" American sitcoms in primetime timeslots come to an end, Seven start running those outrageously irritating "Thank God footy's back" advertisements, and the big commercial boys start courting your precious viewing habits. I always get a little sad when the summer silly season (just to go all *TV Week* on you for a second) comes grinding to an end. You see, the commercial networks start *trying* all of a sudden, and I find that kinda depressing.

I remember John Birmingham, writing in the 1996 *Rolling Stone* Yearbook, saying that while Nine and Seven seem perennially to be duking it out for the ratings honours, Ten are the real winners. Via some good programming and a healthy share of good (if not blind) luck, he argued, they managed a while ago to snare the lion's share of the youth (or should that be yoof?) audience, and that's where the big advertising dollar is. As he put it, "sitting at the wheel right now is a bunch of long-haired nogoodniks who took a broken down TV station, stripped that sucker down to the chassis, dropped in a new engine, fat tyres and an attitude. They're watching a couple of wood-panelled station wagons loaded down with family baggage lumbering along up ahead and they're grinning like a gang of punks with evil on their minds" (p139). That is so rock.

And there's a good point being made there. It's universally recognised that when *Seinfeld* (you remember that one, don't you?) was limping along in the States during the early Nineties, it was its appeal to the lucrative 18-39 demographic that kept it going with a healthy level of advertising income. It's all about the niche, you see. While they hardly have a bucketload of disposable income, get the kids screaming for those pile o' shit \$300 plimsolls and mumsy and dadsy have got to crack sooner or later. Besides, hook 'em now and chances are you may well define the viewing habits of a lifetime. Or at least the viewing habits of the next few weeks, attention spans being what they are these days.

Not a lot has changed since Birmingham vented his spleen on the acknowledged heavyweights of commercial television. For mine, they still seem to be defined by the major Australian sports they have the "exclusive" rights to. Maybe it says something about my inherent maleness, but when I think Nine I think cricket and when I think Seven I think footer. And the Olympics. For the love of all that is holy in Christendom, don't forget the Olympics. Seven certainly won't let you.

Perhaps the dominant domain of Seven and Nine is the lifestyle show. Just take a wacky male to construct enormous do-it-yourself projects in seconds (that guy used to be in *Skyhooks*, you know), throw in some ridiculous home improvements that (apparently) only take around \$4.73 to complete and some crafts and cooking for the little lady, and you're sorted. Lifestyle dross the entire country seems to be addicted to. I guess it fosters that good ol' feeling of family.

Not to say that either Nine or Seven are strictly resting on their laurels in the face of Ten's current hipness. The influx of yoof oriented shows on both networks has been kind of fun to watch. Nine seem to have hatched on to a plan completely centered around *Friends* and the people responsible for its cloying hugginess. Which is all well and dandy (*Friends* being fun in its own way), but the shows thrown up in its wake have been dodgy star vehicles for, ahem, television veterans at best. *Veronica's Closet*? Ms Alley was hardly the highlight in *Cheers* (Neither was Frasier, for that matter. Come to think of it, what was the highlight in *Cheers*?), which makes for one seriously unfunny program. *Jessie*? At least it's funnier than *Don't tell Mom the Babysitter's Dead*. And as for *Spin City* (whilst having nothing whatsoever to do with *Friends*), the

best thing I can say about it is that Cameron from *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* is in it.

Meanwhile Seven, having been stung by winning the rights to the first series of *Friends* and promptly losing the rest of the cash cow to Nine, are a touch more careful. They gave *Felicity* a go during Summer (hmmmm ...), and have hired the ever funky John Safran (how controversial!), but conservative shite has been winning the battle for them for so long that old habits die hard. At least footy's back (thank God etc). Other than that, they seem to be relying on the old chestnut of the barely watchable *Blue Heelers*.

Which raises an interesting point: both of the commercial kingpins seem to be maintaining a relatively healthy attitude towards Aussie drama. That is, they actually produce it. Some of it isn't too damn bad, either. *Murder Call*, *Water Rats* (or *Water Rates*, as I've been calling it for a while), *Stingers*, *Good Guys Bad Guys* ... these things are all well worth a looksee, if they ever win the battle against escalating production costs and make it back onto our screens. Which is kinda ironic, when you consider that the ABC have been churning out (and subsequently axing)

stuff of equal, if not higher, quality for years. Ah Auntie. Never quite know what she's going to do, do you? Ever reliable for staid (if often rather good) BBC costume drama, the ABC have still been home to *Rage* for over ten years. And I defy anyone to claim that they haven't stayed up to the early hours, out o' their box in one way and/or another, watching a combined Prince and Madonna special and giggling like a mad thing. You see, the kids love the ABC, they just don't realise it. They do that funny JJJ radio thingy, you see, and everyone seems to be gagging for that. Is Recovery coming back? We can hope.

As for SBS, well they're in an interesting situation. No-one watches SBS (well, obviously some people do, but you're either in that club or you're not, aren't you?). SBS *know* no-one watches SBS. Except for that funny little ani-

imated show where people fart a lot. *South Park*: kinda funny, but suffering from the *Ren and Stimpy* problem of getting real old, real fast. And I knew things were getting *real* weird when I saw Cartman used to plug the Premier League Soccer. Ugly scene.

Which leaves me with Ten. Their programming now revolves around a string of rather fashionable American dramas and comedies: *The Simpsons*, *NYPD Blue*, *Law and Order*, *Mad About You*, *Party of Five* and, I have no doubt, endless repeats of *Seinfeld*. Call it cultural cringe if you will, but there's something, well, *cooler* about these shows than much of what you may see elsewhere. Perhaps the best thing about Ten's programming practice is the amazing turnover of American shows to draw upon. The teens of *Beverly Hills 90210* all hit their mid-thirties? Try the jolly Sallingers on *Party of Five*. They've all grown up and disappeared off to movieland? *Dawson's Creek*, come on down. It's troubled teens au-go-go on Ten. And the yoof keep tuning in.

Even Ten's scant Australian content has that air of funkiness. *The Panel*? They said "fuck" on air last year. The kids seem to like that *Good News Week* show as well. Answer? Buy it, cos that McDermott lad certainly is a spunk. You get the picture.

So I watch the teev with some interest this year – bucketloads of boredom and irritation, but some interest as well. Will Toadfish finally leave *Neighbours*? Will Mike Munroe be caught going through Ray Martin's rubbish? Will Tim Ferguson ever get a regular show? Will *Celebrity Death Match* be as bad as it looks? And do I care?

We'll see.

Dale F Adams



Job a Bob for Mardi Gras

Q: Can I use your dictaphone?

A: No, use your fingers like everyone else. You have to hand it to Mark Trevorrow (aka Bob Downe). Even at the end of several days of the remorseless promotional grind, he can still tell a shit joke with the best of them. Not that he's too fussed about all the interviews, mind you, when the reason behind it is the Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras. Mark, working with Beyond Productions, has hosted the broadcast of the annual Mardi Gras Parade for the last couple of years, and has watched it turn into an enormous ratings success, as well as Australia's largest open air event.

This is the third Mardi Gras you've done as host. Why do you keep coming back? Are they just paying you well?

No, they're paying me lousy. What are you talking about? This is Australian television. Ask Willsy. Check with Willsy if you don't believe me.

I think that what's nice about doing it three times is that you can apply all the things you've learnt. It's actually nice to get the opportunity to do it again, because you get better at it each time. And I suppose that it's a very hard job to fill, in the sense that people need to know what they're talking about when they're watching a very fast parade. I've sort of been part of the Sydney gay community for nearly twenty years, I'm a journalist by trade and a well known comic presenter. I suppose that there aren't that many people who fill all of those bills.

I'd also think that there'd be a number of people in the Australian entertainment industry who would possibly shy away from this one.

Oh yes, yes, because you can hear that closet door just creaking, no, *bursting*.

And God forbid that might happen.

God forbid. People just aren't ready for it.

I assume that your Mardi Gras involvement isn't confined to the few you've done as host.

God no, I go back years. The first Mardi Gras I performed at, I performed at a Mardi Gras party in '86 as part of my group The Globos (a cabaret act Mark co-founded in 1980).

So, in all of that time, what really stands out in your memory as your favourite Mardi Gras moment?

The mid to late 80's Parades, because of Peter Tully and Doris Fish. These people were geniuses. They were the first people who came up with the "big gesture" floats, you know, the giant floats. Things like Fred Nile's head on a platter, Imelda chasing the shoes... these were really remarkable. They basically achieved the national and international fame that the Parade has enjoyed ever

since. And then last year was wonderful, because we had the "greatest hits" section, and we got to see those great ones again. I thought last year's was spectacular.

This year you've got Amanda Keller as your co-host.

Yeah, a couple of blondes with attitude.

Are you at all worried about Denton? Do you think that he's slid her in, maybe eyeing the job, he's looking for a bloodless coup to get you out of the way?

Look, I'll take him on anytime, anywhere, Andrew Denton. You name the place. We could make it in the quad-

rangle at Adelaide. Or near the cloisters. Actually, that'd be good, because it would be neutral territory.

No, let's get the Festival Theatre, like they did for Don Dunstan's funeral. Actually, I hope that they do something as a tribute to Don for the Parade. There's time. Fingers crossed.

So what's different this year with the broadcast? Can we expect anything new and exciting?

The network really wants Beyond to make it feel like we're right on the street, so we've got what I call absolute Harbour frontage, the sort of spot on the banners where you have to stake it out from two or three o'clock in the afternoon. We're going to have one of those radio OB vans with a big window behind us. So you'll see the Parade come up and turn behind us. It'll be pretty gorgeous, actually.

It'll also be a lot easier for us this year: Being in an OB van, the sound will be little more controlled, whereas in the past the broadcast has been done where people are having a party, which is a hellish thing to have to try and do.

The Mardi Gras, and the Parade in particular, has become stupidly popular, with crowds up to 750,000 last year, and the ratings have just been incredible - I mean, you beat the football last year.

Which is amazing, isn't it? But that's the new Australia. Football, meat pies, kangaroos and Mardi Gras.

So why do you think it's cutting through all of the usual homophobic bullshit you see in Australia?

I think one of the big reasons is... well, you have to acknowledge Stefan Elliot's achievement with Priscilla. I think that Priscilla for the first time showed Australians that camp and drag and the gay sensibility are part of



"I said give me "D"! I said Give me "O"! Give me ..." You get the picture.

the Australian experience and tradition. In terms of defiance, bravery, courage and just shoving it up authority, doing your own thing. I think that Australians understand and respect the gay community for probably the first time, because they suddenly realise how much courage and defiance it takes to be out there in the street, doing it.

It's like a neat subversion of the lil' Aussie battler, isn't it?

Yeah, I think that Australians really admire that, I think Australians really admire people with balls, as you could say.

And also, I think that there's a fascination with the other, you know. I think there's the two warring instincts in the average person, the fascination with the other and a feeling of "yuk", of contempt. The more they find out about the gay world, the less there is to feel contempt for because it's not mysterious.

So you think there's a bit of an educational role for it?

Definitely. That's why I think the broadcast is so fantastic, being on Channel Ten in a prime time slot. I'd much rather it was on Channel Ten, reaching the kids in the suburbs and having Bono and Kylie tell them it's all right to be gay, than preaching to the converted on the ABC.

I notice that your record in '97, "Jazzy", was nominated for an ARIA. Who knocked you off?

Oh, bloody Martin and Molloy. You can't fight networking.

If you had to choose between a Logie and an ARIA, which would you take? And why?

Oh, a Logie any old time. I'm desperate to win the Logie for best new talent.

You could almost be the... I was going to say oldest there, but that's probably rude. God, I don't mind. I just turned forty and I

don't care who knows it.

Ten have got you reporting for E! News this year. What are you going to do for them?

Well, my first one is on Englebert Humperdinck. The man, the legend.

Do you prostrate yourself in front of him? Very much so. I make a complete fool of myself.

Well, it is E! News. Although that was probably a little bit rude of me.

Oh, not at all. Donna Gubbay. Sounds like a type of tropical fish, doesn't it?

It does a bit. Do want me to print that?

Yes. Please do.

Fantastic. You've had a lot of success in the UK. Thought of relocating?

Well, I sort of have done. I guess I've been based in the UK for about ten years, but I spend so much time back here that it sort of really doesn't count. Although I really do want to start spending more time in Australia. I'm going to buy a place this year as part of my whole settling down and getting sensible thing, and I'm thinking of buying in Melbourne.

So what tips have you got for the average punter so that they can make their Mardi Gras experience that little bit special?

Something stretchy, something absorbent and, above all, wear flats. Flats, flats, flats. Oh, and take your sunglasses. There is *nothing* worse than stumbling out of anywhere once the sun has come up and you're not well to begin with... sunglasses. That's my advice.

The Annual Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras Parade broadcasts on Channel Ten at 8:30, Sunday 27 February.

Dale F Adams

From Here

PREAMBLE INTELLECTUAL MASTURBATION (skip if emotionally ill-disposed to such discourse (although you'll probably have to read it anyway to find out if you are ill-disposed to it))

Entitling this page are the words "Free Thought". What, you may ask, if you are not familiar with this column, is this column about? The label adhered to my *On Dit* office message receptacle box is culture/philosophy; culture being short for cultural studies and philosophy not being short for anything, but of questionable definition in any case. This column exists because I am addicted to manipulating words in amusing ways so as to stimulate strange, and/or interesting, and/or disturbing cognitive structures within what we like to call the mind. Given that cognitive structures and minds in general are questionable entities this may be seen as a somewhat presumptuous enterprise. Since people often throw words about the place without concerning themselves with the existence or non-existence of minds or cognitive structures (or indeed the world or themselves), and since others occasionally include me in the category of "people", then I shall also assume that I am indeed communicating in a relatively meaningful fashion with

beings approximating myself. These assumptions are relatively unjustified, but to keep things simple and to maintain my sanity I shall assume them (except for when I choose to question these assumptions whilst conveniently ignoring the inconsistency in undermining the very reason for the existence of this column). The purpose of this column is:

1. To provide a place where you can have your cultural studies/philosophical ideas published and distributed for free among the population of *On Dit* readers.
2. Where you can write in to ask questions of others on a cultural studies/philosophical issue.
3. Where you can criticise and/or respond to any questions and ideas presented in this column.
4. Where you can relieve stress by having a general intellectual ramble.

Each week I shall present a topic in the form of a question to be discussed in the next edition. Feel free to contribute on any topic whether discussed currently or in the past, to raise a question of your own interest, or present your own theory/idea on some matter.

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO UNIVERSITY

What is university? A place to learn? To intelligence? To be creative? To discover how to think for

yourself? In an ideal world yes. This is not an ideal world. Rather than assessing your knowledge university assesses how well you can conform to the system.

A place to learn: Yes, where you learn the currently accepted definition of truth.

A place to develop your intelligence: Yes, where the label "intelligent" is applied to those who best conform to a number of static and unimaginative testing methods.

A place to be creative: Yes, where creativity means reproducing the established answers, by the conventionally accepted methods, and here's the fun part: in your own words.

A place to think for yourself: Yes, where originality is consistently lower marks. Where thinking for yourself is fine as long as the content of your thoughts adheres to convention, and the answers produced by your thoughts are deemed "correct".

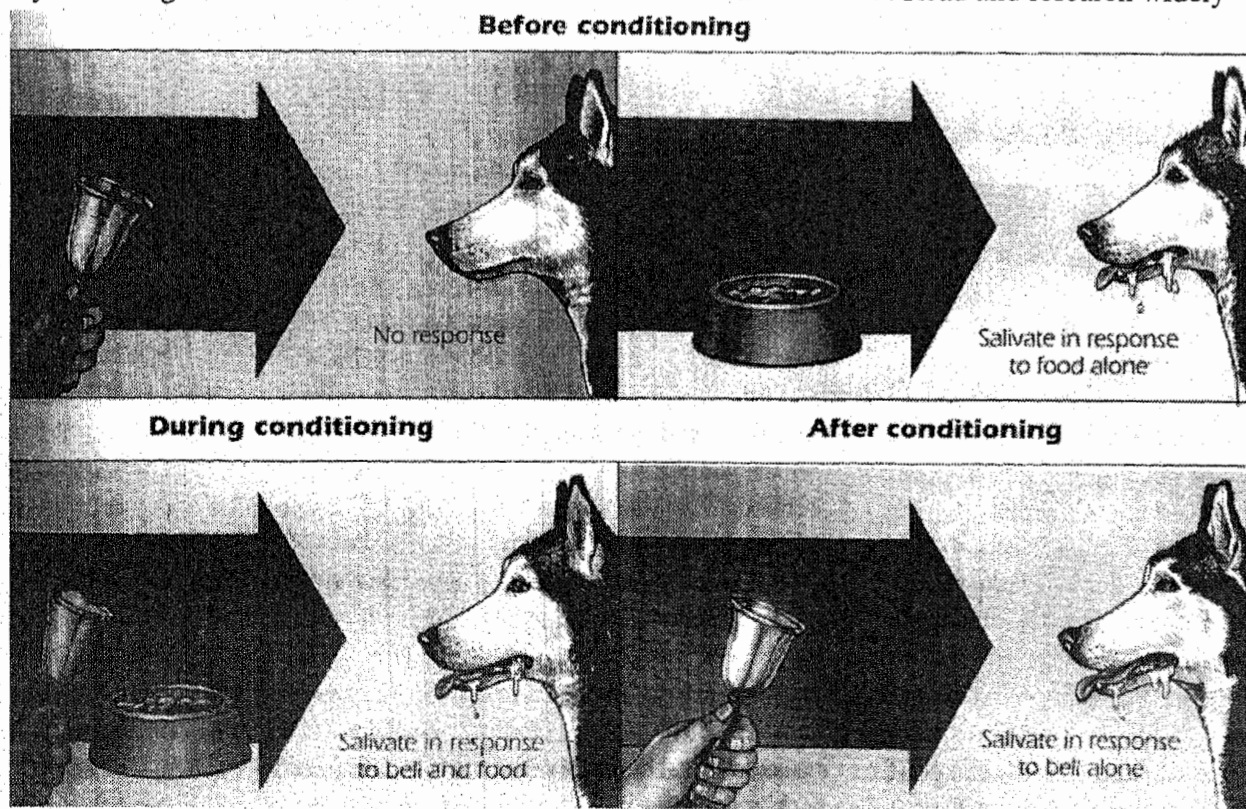
The mark given to your essays, practicals etc is not based upon any logical process, but upon your lecturer's emotional reaction. It is your occupation not to learn the subject well, not to challenge old ideas (unless your lecturer deems them old), but to replicate as close as possible the idea structure of your lecturer's brain. Thus:

1. Read and research widely

2. Read any books or articles your lecturer has written. Pick out terms, theories, or concepts they seem to put emphasis upon. This will give you an idea as to what is contained in their belief structure. Listen carefully in lectures and take special note of theories that seem to excite your lecturer. These ideas are weighted. They are ideas you can use through the tool of your essay to incite pleasurable chemicals within your lecturer's brain, and thus stimulate their hand to write a high mark. As a general rule of thumb young lecturers have more dynamic idea structures and tend to be more post-modernist, while older lecturers are more traditional with a more stratified idea structure. (Some traits can be generalised to whole departments - eg the Philosophy Department doesn't like post-modernism). The best method of finding out what ideas your lecturer likes is to go to the place they are kept and talk to them. The one's that look like mad scientists are the most interesting to talk to (though keep a respectful distance as some exhibit spitting and arm flailing rituals whilst conversing).

Warning: Some lecturers are very open-minded or just plain post-modern. In this case, their idea structure will be a lot more complex and dynamic. The pleasurable stimulus you will need to utilise will thus be criticism and the destruction and undermining of theories. If they are post-modern, terms such as 'discourse' and 'socially invented reality' will be found rewarding. If you suspect that their idea structure is very complex, then they take their subject very seriously and you must put across the impression that you understand the complexity of the subject, and that you have left no stone unturned.

Other biases include:
3. Presentation bias. Employers are biased towards hiring those who are well-dressed and/or good looking. Likewise a well presented essay disposes your lecturer to giving a higher mark before they have even seen its contents.



Lecturers are a student's best friend

To Academy

4. The halo effect. This is the tendency for similar marks to be given across essays. This is fortunate if you score highly on your first essay, as your lecturer will be disposed to giving you a high mark on your second even if it's not that good.
5. The bribe and/or sexual favours effect...

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK:

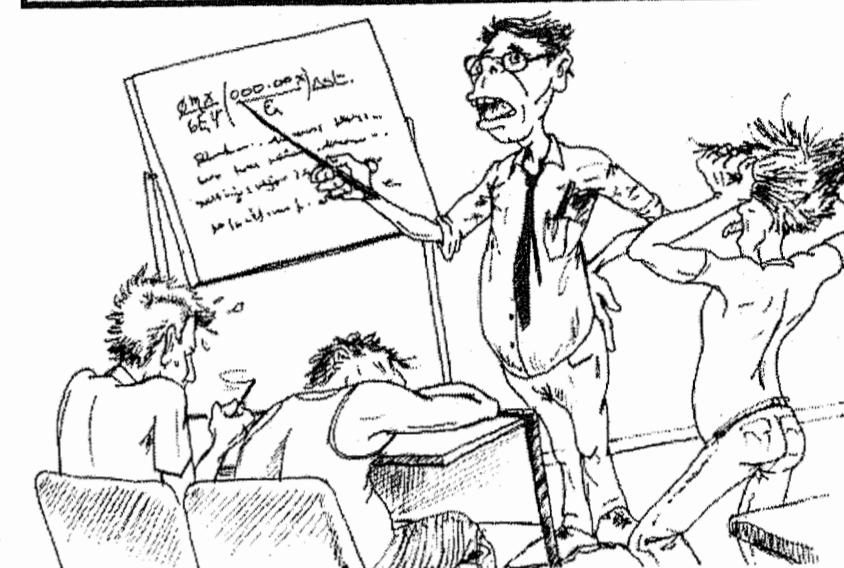
When hungry, our stomach is capable of putting on quite an act with groaning and growling etc. This can often be embarrassingly loud. The question occurs as to whether as we evolve in the next thousand years the stomach will also evolve in this ability. It is theorised that our language developed from grunts and growls to what it is today. So why couldn't our stomach also develop its own language? Just imagine: you're in an exam and

your stomach who you've forced way too much coffee starts shouting in its muffled voice - "I'm hungry!!! I need some water, and some health food. And fruit!!!" You try to reason with it, but its recalcitrant, and has a one-track mind; after all it is a stomach. And what happens when it makes friends with other stomachs whose owners you don't like? Or it hates the stomach of your friend. "I hate your guts" it yells at your friend voicing a stomach's worst abuse. After a few hundred years stomachs everywhere would start leading the gastric rights movement, and demand the vote, and the right to choose what they digest...

Brentyn Ramm

QUESTION 1: Are our lives determined according to fate?

WANTED: REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS TO FREE THOUGHT.
Meet Friday of O'week at 1:00 in *On Dit* Office. (Especially need cultural studies stuff, ie critiques of media, society, capitalism, democracy etc, and feminist, gay, or minority perspectives on our culture/society).



The dangers of an unconditioned teacher

THE EAST END'S BEST ALTERNATIVE VENUE

Mondays	After Hours Hospitality Nite DJ Disco Dave
Tuesdays	Acoustic Nite a variety of acoustic acts in the front bar
Wednesdays	Skank 1st Wed of the month / Ska bands DVB Dance Club DJ Kraig Black
Thursdays	Zero Dance Club guest DJ's
Fridays	Ultragroove DJ Kraig Black & guests
Saturdays	Live Band Nite an eclectic mix of bands & guest DJ's
Sundays	All Ages Arvo's live bands from 2pm Acoustic Eve's local & interstate acts

Wednesday open late / happy hour 10 - 11
Thursday open 'til 4am / happy hour 8:30 - 9:30
Friday open 'til 4am / happy hour 8:30 - 9:30
Saturday open 'til 4am / happy hour 8:30 - 9:30
Sunday open 'til midnight / happy hour 8:30 - 9:30

Crown & Anchor Hotel
196 Grenfell St. Adelaide
Ph: 8223 3212

Questions:

- 1) What do you like most about O'Week?
- 2) If O'Week were to have another name, what do you think it should be?
- 3) What do you do when you 'give it up for the kids, large-style'?

VOX

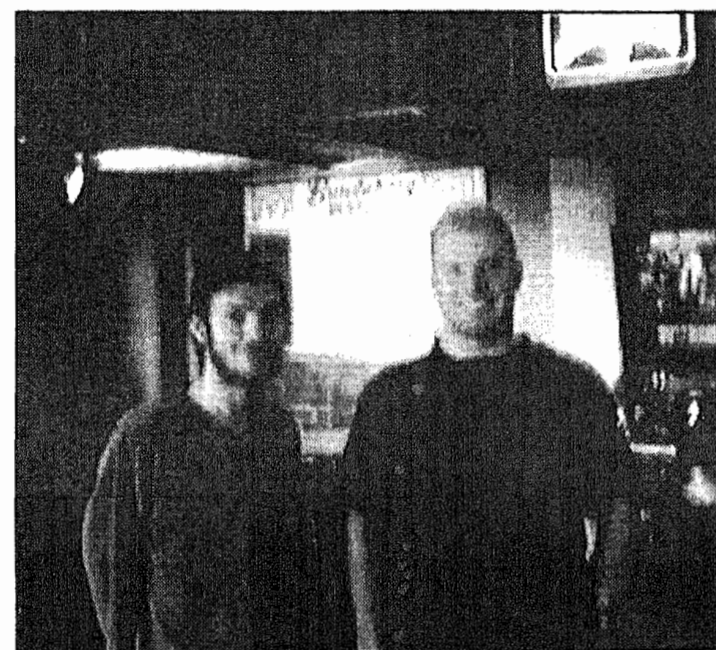


Tom and Katrine

- 1) T: Not being there.
- K: I've never been to one, other than just going to preliminary lectures.
- 2) T: Marketing Assorted Crap to Vulnerable First-years Week.
- K: No Suggestions, sorry.

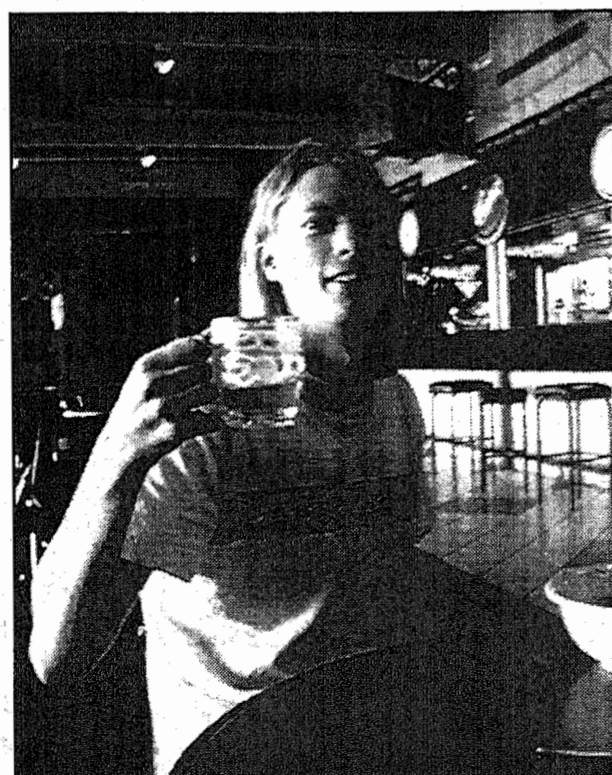
Jason and Steven

- 1) S: Sleeping in (it's the last opportunity!) and drinking beer.
- J: The Popeye Cruise.
- 2) S: Fresher's Week.
- J: From what my supervisor said it should be called Bludging Postgrads Week, because we all tick off and don't do any work. O'Week isn't just for first-years.
- 3) S: Make a shitload of noise in an obscure voice (so you get noticed).
- J: I don't think that I'm American enough to clap for myself.



Jason

- 1) Not being here.
- 2) No idea.
- 3) Cheer wildly.



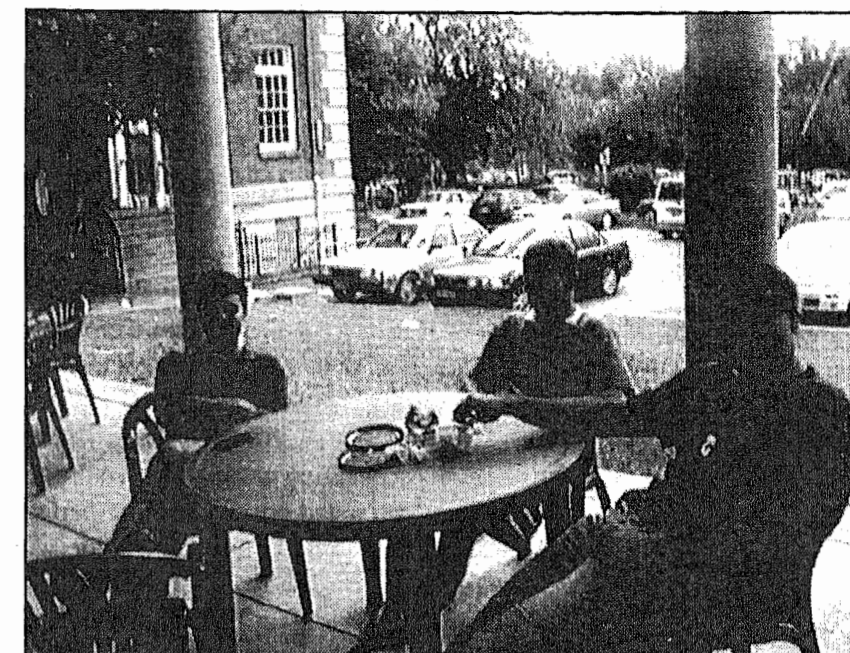
Wamsey

- 1) All the beer. Lots of beer.
- 2) Party Week. Or Bludge Week.
- 3) Take my shirt off and beat my chest.

POP

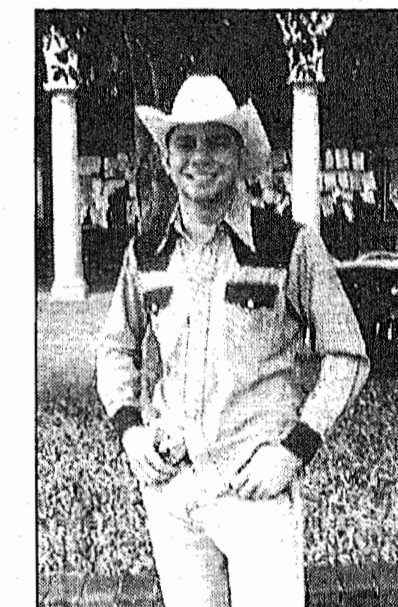
Brett, Damien and Ed

- 1) B: I would have to say first-year young ladies.
- D: This is my first O'Week, so I don't know. All the interesting activities, I guess.
- E: The Unibar goes off.
- 2) B: Smashed and Trashed.
- D: Snogging and Drinking Week.
- E: Getting Smashed Week.
- 3) D: Give them the middle finger.
- B: Give them the whole arm.
- E: Give them both arms.
- D: Give them the dog.



George

- 1) The Directors.
- 2) Oh No Week.
- 3) Can I take my knickers off and fling them to the crowd?



Tony and Sara

- 1) T: The ambience.
- S: Free beer.
- 2) T: Party at Uni.
- S: I don't know.
- 3) T: I don't give it up. I want it to last even longer, so I don't give it up.
- S: I don't give it up. I don't know what that means.



Peter

- 1) People
- 2) I really can't think. B'Week perhaps - Beer, BBQs and Bands.
- 3) Laugh and say 'I don't think so'.



Vox Pop Wants You!

Is there a question you always wanted to put to the masses? Well, your time has come. All you have to do is write it down and bring it to the *On Dit* office (behind Unibooks) and either give it to the friendly editors, put it in the friendly Vox Pop pigeonhole or, if you're shy, slip it into the 'Letters to the Editor' tray by the door and then run away quickly, as if pursued by large hairy animals. We want to know the questions you want to ask.

Putting The Ink In Kink



Hideous Kinky
Now Showing
Nova Cinema

Audiences may choose to see or choose to avoid *Hideous Kinky* for the wrong reasons, but the misleading title is actually taken from a

silly word association game, not compromising sexual positions or twisted past times. In this film, Kate Winslet plays Julia, a young English woman with two daughters (Bella Riza and Carrie Mullan) who escapes a cheating husband and her life of rain and poverty in London to find adventure in stunning Marrakech in the early 70's. *Hideous Kinky* is based on Esther Freud's novel that was inspired by her own childhood memories of Morocco in the late sixties. The plot of the film focuses on Julia's ro-

mance with a talented street performer, Bilal, played by *La Haine's* Said Taghmaoui and on the problems faced by people, especially females, in a foreign country. But the main attraction of this film is the vibrancy of the scenery and the performances of Winslet and the two young girls. Winslet shows grounded maturity as she perspires her way through her new hippy adventure and the two young actresses are perfect vehicles to provide the movie with much of the point of view. With director Gillies Mackinnon and cinematographer John de Borman's use of colourful shots of the scenery, some parts of *Hideous Kinky* are rather like watching a

travel show about the lifestyle in the Mediterranean, but the most frustrating part is the fact that the audience is allowed to feel almost no empathy for Julia because of her selfish habit of dragging her children around Morocco in the company of somewhat shady characters. It's a shame because we could have been torn between what is the right thing to do by her family, and what is the romantic and adventurous. Instead, we are suspicious and irritated. *Hideous Kinky* is well worth checking out, but don't expect a masterpiece of travel or escape.

Belinda S

Have You Heard The One About The...

Urban Legend
Now Showing
Greater Union Marion
and Hoyts Selected Cinemas.

Everyone's heard them. You know, a friend of your brother's friend's sister received crank calls while baby-sitting and traced them to the upstairs bedroom. Or your Mother's cousin on your Grandfather's side (twice removed) who woke up in a bath full of ice with pain and scarring in his abdomen, only to find out that his kidneys had been removed. They're urban myths - contemporary tales of macabre mythology that emerge from the underground. No one has proof that they happened, they have no traceable source, yet they can not necessarily be proven false. In *Urban Legend*, a group of students from Pendleton University, New England find out that urban legends can be fatal.

First time Australian director Jamie Blanks starts off well. The opening sequence showing a female student driving along an empty highway at night, singing out of tune while her fate awaits her, is face-covering and hand-grabbing scary. The rest is crap scary; meaning that while it's slightly chilling, you might laugh or at least giggle as it continuously pokes fun at itself and other films from the same genre. Alicia Witt, who plays the sarcastic daughter in *Cybill*, plays assertive student Natalie, who is the first to suspect a bizarre link between the murders of her classmates who seem to be croaking one after the other. No one believes her, of course. Paul (Jared Leto) is more interested in a story based on facts that will hopefully win him the student Pulitzer Prize. Brenda (Rebecca Gayheart), is more interested in Paul, and Sasha (Tara Reid), is mostly concerned about

the content of her sex advice radio show. With such a great premise, it's a wonder that Blanks could not make more of this film. Some of it is clever, some of it is a direct rip-off from other films and some of it, like the final ten minutes, is over the top ridiculous. Robert Englund, who plays Freddy Krueger in *Nightmare On Elm Street*, plays Professor Wexler, one of the main suspects,

but the novelty value wears off pretty soon. It's one of those films that you tend to forget about a day later, unless you're some kind of sicko, like the guy that lives down the street, whose sister tried to dry her dog in the microwave.. oh, you say you've already heard that one.

Belinda S



Film Reviewers Wanted (needed really)!!!

If you fancy yourself as someone with a strong opinion, a healthy interest in movies, or just a really big desire to see free films, we want you!!!

Come into the *On Dit* office on this Friday (That's the 26th) at 1.00pm, and see me (That's me, Belinda S - Film Editor). The deal's pretty sweet - you get to see movies for free, and all you have to do is write a 300 to 500 word review. Easy. Hope to see you soon.

Keep It Simple Stupid!

**A Simple Plan
Now Showing
Wallis Theatres**

This film marks a significant progression in the film-making of Sam Raimi. His earlier work (*Darkman*, *The Quick and the Dead* and the *Evil Dead* Trilogy) is dogged by its inevitable reliance on photography and visual effects. Instead, this film is brilliantly and subtly shot in a small mid-north town in Minnesota. The expansive use of snow emphasises the action of the protagonists. Considering Raimi's work with the Coen brothers on *The Hudsucker Proxy* one can't help but see the echoes and reflections of *Fargo* in this film. Perhaps Raimi has learnt the importance of style as motif or perhaps this is an homage to his

colleagues? Whatever the reason, this film captures a literary obsession with snow as a symbol or style of stagnation or stasis. Against the achingly beautiful photography of Alar Kivilo, Raimi has allowed his actors to explore their creations. This film isn't about catching the villain's look of terror as he plummets from a 50 story building. Instead Raimi has found a vehicle for the subtle and comprehensive skills of Billy Bob Thornton (who recently won an LA critics award for his role) and Bill Paxton. This is Paxton and Thornton's first film together since the critically acclaimed *One False Move* (written by Thornton). This project is a similar examination of desperation - the difference being that in this case the perpetrators are

not criminals. Scott B. Smith's moving story is effective because his characters are real people in a potentially real situation. I couldn't help feeling that Smith's narrative is a 90's revamp of *Macbeth* and Bridget Fonda puts in a fine performance as the manipulative Sarah

(read Lady Macbeth). If you've ever wondered how far your self-interest would take you then see this film. I think Raimi will surprise you.

Little Vince



Box O' Iron



**Chinese Box
Now Showing
Palace Eastend Cinema**

After his success with *Smoke*, *Blue In The Face* and *The Joy Luck Club*, Wayne Wang has returned to the director's chair with *Chinese Box*, a story of love, passion and lost hope in the lives of three vastly different characters as Hong Kong in 1997 races to an uncertain future. As the last New Year sets on a British ruled Hong Kong, we are introduced to John (Jeremy Irons - *Lolita*, *Damage*, *Reversal of Fortune*), Vivian (Gong Li - *Farewell My Concubine*) and Jean (Maggie Cheung) whose stories become entwined against the growing chaos and insecurity that surrounds them. John is a British journalist who has been living in the city for the past 20 years and who is in love with Vivian, the owner of a Karaoke bar,

who is living with a commitment-shy but powerful businessman, Chang (Michael Hui). When John learns that he is terminally ill, he knows that he must confront his feelings for Vivian which he has been unable to express before. Then there is Jean, a streetwise woman with a troubled past, who helps John in his desire to record the last months of a city that is set to change forever. The success of *Chinese Box* lies in the fact that the changing face of the city is shown through the different reactions of the main characters, rather than dealing directly with the political controversies and disputes that surround the handover. The film could have resembled a political documentary if we did not see the dynamics of culture clashes and the intimate effects on the lives of very different people. *Chinese Box* is a great achieve-

ment in modern storytelling and, while not fantastic entertainment, should be seen for the gritty performances and the nature and im-

portant part of the plot.

Belinda S

Rushmore climbs to the peak of cinematic brilliance in these vexing days of American movie-making when even the best films leave the viewer one or two bothersome nits to pick, director Wes Anderson's *Rushmore* feels like a miracle - a movie whose imaginative audacity is matched by the perfect execution. This coming-of-age fantasia is not only the best American comedy since *Annie Hall*, but it can be placed right next to the classic comedies of Allen, Brooks, Lubitsch, Sturges, Tashlin, and - dare I say it? (*Dare, dare!*) - Keaton with no special pleading or excuses required.

PREMIERE - FEBRUARY 1999

**IN CINEMAS
FEBRUARY 25**

WWW.RUSHMORE-THEMOVIE.COM

Slime, Schlock, School, But No Sigourney

The Faculty
Now Showing
Wallis Theatres,
Marion Megaplex
and Selected Cinemas

Coming from the pen of scriptwriter Kevin Williamson, it's no wonder that *The Faculty* is a clever mix of wit, suspense and outright stupidity. I didn't quite know what to expect from this movie (a sort of *Scream* with aliens), directed by Robert Rodriguez, the guy who did *From Dusk Till Dawn*. However, what it did turn out to be was a good laugh, with some nifty special effects and a few scenes to scare you out of your seat.

In essence, the story is your basic 'group of school kids discover there is something weird going on and they're the only ones who understand what it is, so they have to save the school'. But Williamson often adds little asides that you have to be quick to pick up on, like Delilah asking Casey "when did you become Sigourney Weaver?". It's these clever quirks that Williamson brings to the

script that keep me interested, because Ripley is identifiable as a pop culture icon, it's an obvious nod to *Alien* itself and because it's totally unexpected in this sort of celluloid environment.

The cast is made up of a group of mostly unknowns playing the students, with some well known faces as the teachers, including Robert Patrick (best known for playing Arnie's nemesis in *T2: Judgement Day*), Bebe Neuwirth (Lilith from *Cheers* and *Frasier*) and Salma Hayek (*Desperado* and those Revlon ads with a big lipped Melanie Griffith!). It really is the younger cast members who make this film worth seeing, though. They bring a freshness and vitality to the story, and it's obvious that most, if not all will go on to bigger and better things. The most well known face is that of Elijah Wood, who was seen in last years *Deep Impact* and, *The Ice Storm*, he plays the school's misfit, who ultimately saves the day (don't they always?).

Anyone who is a follower of the Science Fiction genre will probably get

a kick out of this film, because, as he did with the horror genre in *Scream*, Williamson has drawn on his vast knowledge of cult films and included spins on some of his favourite movies. The most obvious is *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, and apparently there are also bits of *The Thing*; *Forbidden Planet* and *The Puppet Masters*, though I didn't pick up on those as I am not what you would describe as a follower of science fiction. The good thing about the script is that you don't have to be a follower to enjoy it - there's more than enough to keep you interested, which probably stems from Rodriguez, who instills a sense of fun into the characters and keeps the action rocking along at just the right pace. The beauty of the Rodriguez / Williamson partnership is that just as you start to get a little tired of the action, there's a line of script that will snap you out of it with it's wit, and vice versa

- as the script starts to sound just that little bit *too* cliched, something totally unexpected happens to frighten the living shit out of you. This film is definitely worth seeing - it's good for some mindless entertainment as it really doesn't test the brain cells too much (see how long it takes you to pick who is the mother of all the aliens), but it certainly has its moments, and a good looking cast. 6 out of 10 for beautiful people content, 7 out of 10 for schlock entertainment value.

Kate Walkley



Psicko

Psycho (1960).
Dir. Alfred Hitchcock
1pm Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday O-Week
Union Cinema, Level 5 Union
Building
Members Free, Non-Members
\$5 (includes full membership)

In 1960 Hitchcock released the scariest horror movie ever to be unleashed on the film viewing public up until that time, based on the book by Robert Bloch. Filmed in black and white because the studio thought it was to frightening to film in colour, people refused to shower all across America after watching it. So what is all the fuss about? A cleverly

constructed horror thriller that maintains its integrity almost forty years later.

The story begins with secretary Marion Crane (Janet Leigh) stealing a large amount of money that her boss has entrusted her to put in the bank over the weekend. She sees it as the way out of her current situation, and sets off by car to surprise her blue collar boyfriend. She stops overnight in a little hotel off the main highway, the Bates Motel, run by a young man called Norman, who is dominated by his invalid mother. After having dinner with Norman, Marion goes back to her room and steps into a shower. Need we tell you more?



COMPETITIONS and GIVEAWAYS (LOTS OF THEM)

PSYCHO PASSES

The Film Society has five complimentary passes to the original *Psycho* to be used in O-Week, so be one of the first five insane ones to come into the On Dit office and tell us who directed *Psycho III*, and we'll happily provide you with a pass to the freak show.

WIN PASSES TO THE FACULTY

The very kind people from Academy Cinema City have given *On Dit* passes to *The Faculty*, so if you suspect that your new Lecturer may be a little weird, or you just want to check out the film, put your name, phone number and anything else screenwriter Kevin Williamson has written on a piece of paper and put it in the film editor's pigeon hole before 1pm on February 24th. If you can tell us how old he is, we'll throw in a cool poster too.

ATTENTION B-GRADE MOVIE MAKERS

For the third year, *The Graveyard*

Shift on arena Television is hosting a unique film-making competition which asks entrants to make a B-grade short film in celebration of the genre (and don't we just love 'em). Films can be any Graveyard style - schlock, horror, sci-fi, musical - but they must be under 5 minutes. Entries close on April 19 and entry forms can be collected from my pigeon hole in *On Dit*. First prize is a trip to New York to meet with staff of Troma Entertainment, plus the joy of seeing your film on TV, so get shooting.

RETRO FEST

Cinema Nova is currently showing a limited season retro fest that includes the director's cut of Nicolas Roeg's debut feature *Walkabout* and the classic Hitchcock thriller *North By Northwest*. Thanks to the Nova, we have one double pass for each film to give away, so be the first to come by and pick one up. Just tell us what year the film you want tickets for was originally released. Some clues so you can try an educated guess: *Walkabout* was released in the 1970's, *North By Northwest* was released back in the 50's.

Get Tested For VBTs Today

Very Bad Things
Now Showing
Cinema Nova, The Piccadilly,
Hoyts Tea Tree Plaza
Hoyts Salisbury and Greater
Union Marion.

This film exhibits the 'average' man's capacity for violence, as a drunken buck's night in Las Vegas spirals into ever-escalating carnage. Unfortunately it is supposed to be a comedy. I didn't find it funny. I might be more uptight than the average Joe but I don't find a prostitute getting impaled on a bathroom fitting amusing. I don't find someone being hacked to bits with an electric knife much of a chuckle, and playing kooky music whilst dismembering a corpse just don't make it kooky. Maybe I'm hard to please. The humour / horror thing just doesn't gel. The script writer (apparently an actor from *Chicago*

Hope!) should've learnt a few lessons from *Shallow Grave*: it deals with basically the same material with something we film-goers call subtlety. The lack of laughs doesn't make this movie totally crap though. It is, believe it or not, a very effective if gory portrayal of the effects of guilt upon the psyche. It's also an extremely moral movie. Very bad things happen to the people who do the very bad things.

It could be a decent psycho flick if Christian Slater could stop trying to be Jack Nicholson for a change. His character, the one who convinces his buddies not to call the cops, could have been utterly chilling if he hadn't felt the need to do the shouty blustery thing in every scene. But that's Christian Slater for you. The ever charming Cameron Diaz plays an annoying whiny girlfriend not in the least bit fazed by the

bloodbath as long as she gets to the church on time, and Jon Favreau, better known as that nice bloke from *Swingers*, does a fine job of the straight man part, keeping it together as the meat in a Cameron Diaz / Christian Slater sandwich.

Very Bad Things just wasn't my cup of tea but I know other peo-

ple who thought it was a cack, so by all means go and see it. Just realise what you are getting yourself into. It is not, as the promotional material suggests, anything like *There's Something About Mary*, but misjudged, overly crass and very very violent.

Nel



On a Hot Embalmy Night

The Mysteries of Egypt
Now Showing
IMAX, Adelaide East End

The only thing which fires my imagination more than ancient Egypt is space. The stars twinkling in the sky are very far away; ancient Egypt, however, is showing at the IMAX.

Omar Sharif leads us through a triptych of visual splendor and revealed mysteries. The framing plot is Omar discussing with his grand-daughter (Kate Maberly) the Pharaoh's curse, probably the first thing that springs to mind when images of Sun Kings and pyramids flash across the screen. This leads naturally into stunning vistas and floating panoramas, river rapids and ravines, images from all corners of Egypt.

From there, background context builds the story, from the importance of the Nile to the feats of engineering and mathematics involved in constructing monuments such as the Sphinx. The anchor-point is the death of King Tutankhamen; the ceremonies and processes of burial illustrate the cultural and spiritual complexities

of ancient Egyptian society.

Howard Carter, the Englishman who dug up the tomb of Tutankhamen in the Valley of the Kings, appears in a good re-creation of his sixth (and successful) expedition. King Tut's tomb was not ransacked and pillaged by thieves, like most other tombs (including the pyramids!). The most powerful images are the grainy black and whites taken as Carter and Lord Carnarvon (the money) enter the tomb, where nobody had trod in over 3000 years. The lives of those first witnesses are explored, illustrating how the myths of the curse are perpetuated. The film manages to retain the mystique of the Pharaoh's curse whilst clinically debunking the same subject.

The complexity and sophistication of Egyptian culture is illustrated by images of obelisks pillars and statues which line the banks of the Nile. Intercut are the hieroglyphs which adorn the temples and columns and statues, the pictograms which relate the everyday life.

The Great Pyramids of Giza, the only remaining Ancient Wonder,

were carefully framed to exclude the urban sprawl which surrounds the tourist area. Indeed the effects of pollution and tourism scar the giants and remind us that 5000 years of history is no protection against modern dollars.

National Geographic, renowned as creators of the best documentaries (outside the ABC), blend informative details with narrative passion to create a visual and intellectual feast for the novice Egyptologist and the devotee alike. Stunning computer

animations breathe life to ruined structures, transporting the audience across millennia to show the splendour of the intact pyramid of Cheops, or temples and lifestyles. The film encapsulates the transition from subsistence living to one which enables art and theology and science and engineering. Egypt retains hold upon our imaginations, and the splendid visions herein only add to that grip.

Scott Hopkins

COUNSELLING CENTRE

SEMESTER ONE

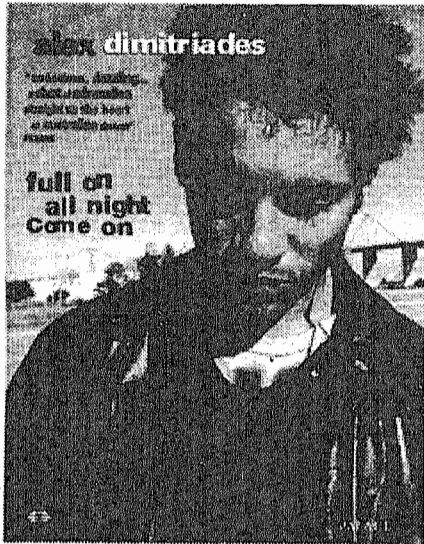
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Head On

Director: Anna Kokkinos
Roadshow Entertainment



Ari, a hunky 19 year old Greek Australian, spends a day in libidinous freefall, stoked up on every drug available, and bouncing off his family, friends and the police. I spent the film alternately thinking "what a waste," "what an idiot" and "what a lucky idiot," as he miraculously escapes serious harm. Ari possesses a ferocious libido and has a penchant for anonymous gay sex. He still connects, more or less, with his family - although his father regards him as a dropout, his mother is more forgiving. His friends appear to see him as one of the lads,

gambling and dancing the hours away.

The film is a kaleidoscope of images, often distorted as the drugs take hold, moving at a cracking pace. Ari's self-destruction has never been made to look so simple. The reasons for it, however, are harder to fathom. Sure, the kid's parents are migrants. Life hasn't been easy, but they've survived and brought up two more or less normal kids. Sure, Ari's still in the Greek ghetto, but the walls between it and the outside are low. Sure, drugs are everywhere, but he's really just a rec-

reational user. So why the angst? At times, it's difficult to understand his motivations.

Alex Dimitriades is stunning as Ari and there is a particularly nice performance from Paul Capsis as his mate Johnnie, the transvestite. There is plenty of youthful energy in the making of the film as well as in the acting, and even a jaded old critic like this one eagerly awaits the team's next effort. But what on earth was driving Ari? Eros or Thanatos? Even now I'm perplexed. You'll have to see it to form your own opinion.

Road to Nhill

Director: Sue Brooks
Roadshow Entertainment

This genial, whimsical comedy explores how, in a small country town, insignificant events can take on great importance. A car carrying four local lady bowlers overturns on the Nhill Road, and the accident sets in motion a chain of events that briefly shake Pyramid Hill out of its sense of complacency. Due to a misunderstanding, the emergency services head in different directions - the fire truck heads along the road to Nhill while the ambulance speeds along the Nhill Road - and the whole thing becomes a comedy of errors. Worried husbands travel in different directions frantically trying to

discover the fate of their wives, while the womanising local policeman (Matt Dyktynski, from *Love And Other Catastrophes*) is otherwise engaged and virtually misses the whole thing. Writer Allison Tilson and director Sue Brooks both grew up in country towns, and share an innate understanding of the slow pace of this rustic environment. The pair previously collaborated on several award winning short films and TV documentaries, and have developed a wonderful rapport that shapes this engaging and warm comedy. Thankfully, this quaint little film lacks the condescending attitude that shaped Shirley Barrett's *Love Serenade*; rather, it is suffused with a real sense of affection for these peo-

ple and their idiosyncrasies. The wonderful ensemble cast features many of the former Crawford stable of TV veterans, such as Alwyn Kurts, Monica Maughan, Lois Ramsey, and Terry Norris, in key roles, and they deliver solid performances. In particular, Tony Barry brings a quiet urgency to his performance as one of the worried husbands, while Dyktynski contributes some obvious physical comedy as the hapless young police officer. In a unique and inspired piece of casting, Phillip Adams provides the voice of God, (a pompous old windbag), who quickly sets the scene for this comedy about the unpredictable nature of fate and destiny. However, the film seems top heavy

with too many unnecessary characters. *Road To Nhill* would be ideal as a briskly paced 60 minute feature, but stretched to 95 minutes major structural flaws become apparent. Brooks attempts to give the material a documentary-like feel by having several key people directly address the camera and provide their perspective on events, but this device ultimately jars with the good-natured humour that pervades the film. More importantly, neither Tilson nor Brooks seem to know how to end the film properly, and it carries on well beyond the perfect conclusion. Nonetheless, *Road To Nhill* is one of the more pleasant of the recent local productions and is worth checking out.

Love! Valour! Compassion!

Director: Joe Mantello
Roadshow Entertainment



Based on a prize winning play about the mixed emotions of being gay in the '90s, *Love! Valour! Compassion!* does some serious soul searching and presents a refreshingly different view of the gay community compared to those of Hollywood. Jason Alexander is one of the few recognisable faces among a group of close friends and lovers spending a weekend together in the country, sharing their anxiety attacks. Everyone's got their own problems.

Underneath Jason's glib and campy exterior, for instance, lurks a deeply troubled guy.

This is a deeply touching human comedy about reaching out and connecting with fellow human beings. We begin to understand why the sharply written dialogue has such a cutting edge. Every character is in turmoil with a conflict to resolve. They're all on a roller coaster ride filled with every imaginable high and low. This is what gives the picture its dramatic

power.

If ever a movie lifted your spirits and left you with a certain sadness, it's *Love! Valour! Compassion!* Alexander's performance alone is reason enough to see the film. Him romping along merrily wearing nothing but an apron is the only time during his flamboyant performance that we ever take our eyes off his expressions. Take this film to heart and I guarantee it will touch you deeply.

Dark City

John Murdoch (Rufus Sewell) wakes up naked in a bathtub, unable to remember where he is, how he got there, or what his name is, to be startled by a phone call from Dr. Schreber (Kiefer Sutherland), warning him of impending pursuit, into a city of perpetual night in which pale, bald strangers prowl the streets, prostitutes are murdered by a serial killer, and identities change at the tick of a clock. Pursued by hard-nosed cop Frank Bumstead (William Hurt) for the hooker killings, Murdoch and his wife Emma (Jennifer Connelly) flee frantically as long lost relatives, bald strangers, and the ubiquitous Dr. Schreber crowd in on them subverting their assumptions about their lives, relationships,

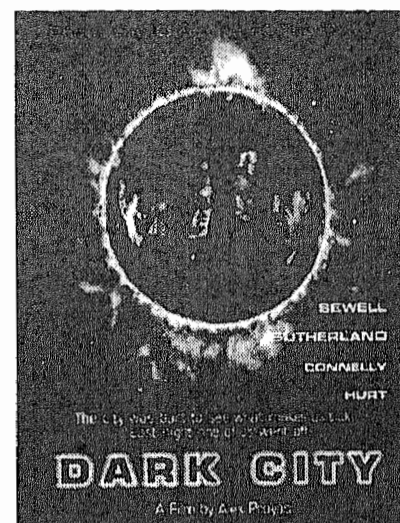
identities and memories, and casting them, in hope of making sense of it all, onto a desperate, paranoid quest to find the mysterious Shell Beach.

Few Films are as aptly named as *Dark City*. Proyas serves up a film of the night, a film best seen in a cinema or at night with the lights turned out. It is a frantic, tense, visually distinctive, fast-paced film that quite simply does not let up for an instant. From the introduction of Murdoch the tension kicks in, and as the film progresses, his increasing paranoia is transferred to the viewer with remarkable efficacy. The only thing that detracts from this is Dr. Schreber's prologue, which gives away almost everything right from the beginning. Far bet-

ter, I think, to have found out only as Murdoch did. Otherwise, it's a remarkably effective film.

The performances contribute to this markedly. Sewell (Cold Comfort Farm) and Connelly are effectively paranoid, Sutherland is nicely ambiguous, although his staccato speech gets a bit annoying, and Hurt is suitably hard-nosed. Add to this a pleasingly insane Colin Friels as ex-cop Walenski, a nude scene from Melissa George as a prostitute (remember Home and Away? My, how she's grown), a delightfully sinister performance from Rocky Horror supreme Richard O'Brien as the nefarious baldie Mr Hand, and a script that throws in a few philosophical questions ('Are we no more than the sums of our

Director: Alex Proyas
Roadshow Entertainment



memories?' That sort of thing and there it is - a good, dark, exciting sci-fi thriller just waiting to happen. Good stuff.

Washington Square

Jennifer Jason Leigh once again proves her versatility in this wonderful adaptation of the Henry James romance novel. She is bright, believable, and entrancing. No less a treasure is Maggie Smith who plays a meddling aunt whose efforts at intrigue provide for a good degree of light contrast against Albert Finney's selfish and suspicious father figure. It is a

glorious bit of relief from the mindless formula films which have dominated the theatres for a good part of the year, though it does not quite reach the magnificent levels of Emma Thompson's *Sense and Sensibility*.

This film has it all. It has the great depth of character created by the Henry James novel. It has comedy. It has romance. And it even has a little bit of the magic neces-

sary to make it a lasting film. But it falls short of being a really good movie as the audience is kept at an arms length from being totally involved in the story. It's fun to watch, but Holland never allows one to forget that what they are doing is watching a movie. But as I said, anything else would be magic, and real magic is hard to come by.

Director: Agnieszka Holland
Roadshow Entertainment



GIVEAWAYS

The Road to Nhill and *Love! Valor! Compassion!* Are both available to buy at your local video retailer for \$24.95. The wonderful people at Roadshow Entertainment are giving On Dit five copies of the excellent *Road to Nhill* to give away. To win, drop in your name and a contact phone number to the On Dit office by 1pm this Friday afternoon. (Waite and Roseworthy students can telephone the office on 8223 2685)

You There!

What are you doing?

Why don't you review a

video for me instead?

That'd be real nice for

both of us.

Come down to the On Dit

office and ask for me,

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An Interview with Yakspit

On another barmy summer's eve, *On Dit* left the safe confines of the downstairs toilet, ventured out into the wide world with the intention of interviewing all the members of *Yakspit*: just one of the local bands playing at the upcoming Orientation Ball.

This was achieved with a minimum of fuss yet a maximum of good times, simultaneously being amply lubricated by good conversation and the occasional Pale.

We enjoyed the experience so much that we thought we should share it with you.

Yakspit are a four piece hailing from Adelaide's northeastern suburbs. Comprising Ley (drums and cleanup), Bett (bass and heartbreak), Luff (lead guitar, vocals and shortsburning) and Heath (rhythm guitar vocals and hearthrob),

They have just recorded their first full-length record which should be out mid-March. Their first show was in the late Producer's Hotel in December 1996 with this being another step in a long shared history between the members.

As Heath describes, "Ley and Luff are brothers, Bett lived across the road and I met Ley at Gilles Plains High in Year 8. There's a lot of shared history as well as the ability to forgive in long relationships. This really started as a friend thing, having fun playing daggy covers."

Asking Ley for further details led to an exceedingly familiar experience,

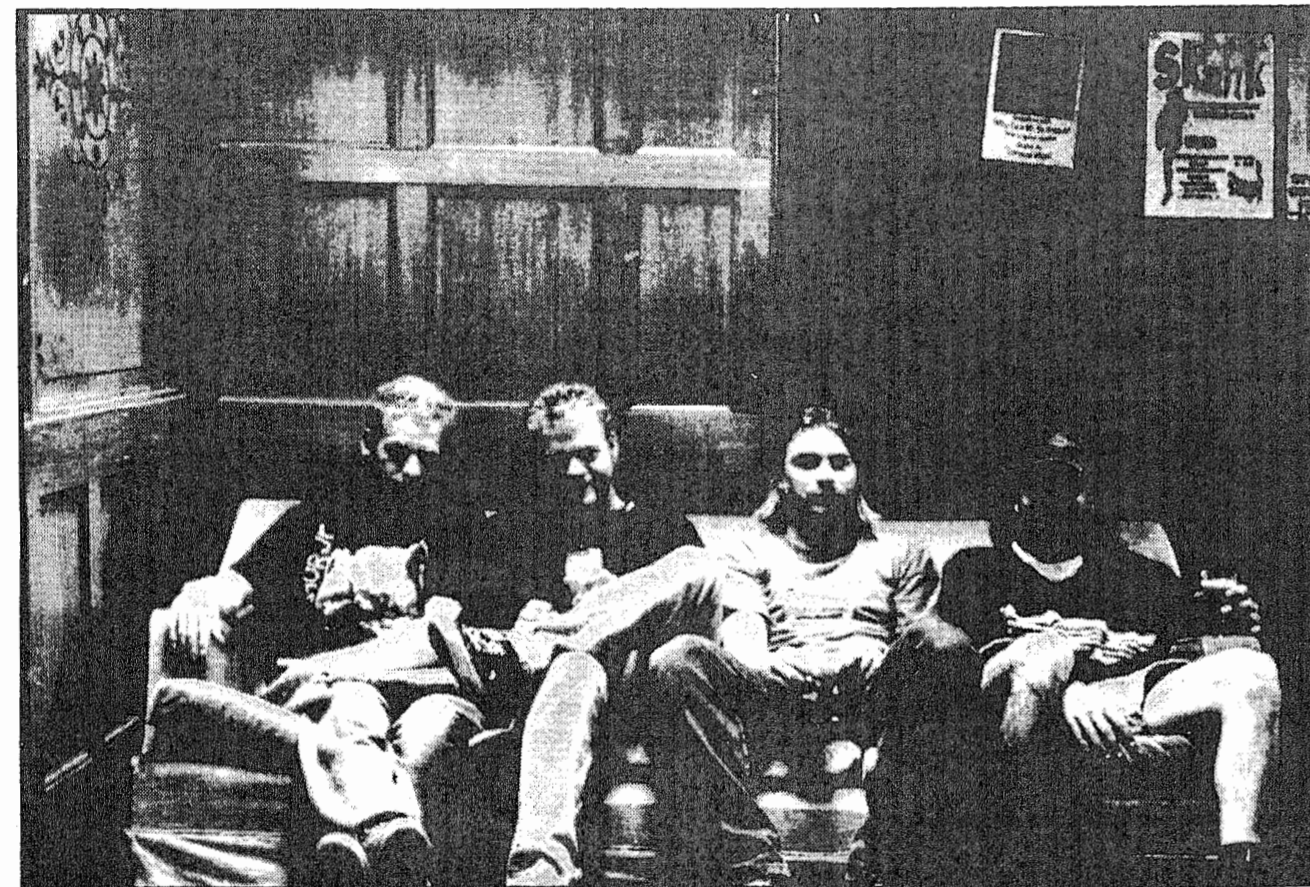
"We started off dressing up as *Kiss*, playing mean air guitars and music became such a part of life and an expression of who and what we are that we thought we might like to live the fantasy.

After all who doesn't really want to do what they want, what they don't really consider work?"

Yakspit grew out of the cover bands *Poet's Day* and *The Bell Ends* which was followed by years of talk and the transformation into the lineup that started and the same one that we see today.

Music is music, work is work. In an ideal world expressing part of yourself via music would not just

be seen as an escape but would also be seen as a valid way of making a living. Making music was agreed to be an extension of life as well as a release. This juxtaposition of theatrics with a love of music pervades the boys. "Mum & Dad died, then my girlfriend left me for my cousin after going with my brother. Music enabled to get past the point where I was ready to end it all, to end my life. Writing songs was an avenue of relief for me. It kept me alive, it kept me sane. I always wanted to be Ace Frehley but always ended up being Gene Simmons with a wooden guitar jumping off a ladder"



Waiting for the next failed relationship.

"You hear songs and bands on the radio, see them live, pick up tips and just want to give it a go. As well, the ability to express and perform your music to a crowd is such a buzz through creating an atmosphere and playing live. This can only be described as a rush."

"Progressing from cover bands and creating something from scratch felt, and, feels wicked. Music puts me in a good mood, it makes me feel positive. A good song will give me a tingle, give me goosebumps and memories for days."

"Music. Its fun."

This sense of intensity, adrenalin

rush and fear can be related to near death experiences.

Yakspit as a collective have had a few with Bett and Heath leading the way.

"When I was surfing at Waipunga with Ley, a huge rip took me under and a huge set came in and dragged me down and I struggled to get up and couldn't seem to. I thought I was gone and thought, "fuck it I'm dead." I've never surfed since and when I got home Mum just went bunta at me and said why didn't you get out of there? I just had to look at her a trifle strangely."

"Driving along the West Coast with a group of friends, I was

Alone", "Sweet Child O'Mine" and "April Sun in Cuba" influence *Yakspit* and their music as much as any traditional Independent music has or will.

Influences upon them include *Sugar, The Police, Buffalo Tom, Jawbreaker, Fini Scad, Flat Stanley, Rash, The Mad Turks from Istanbul, The Violets, Glide, Fugazi, Bluebottle Kiss* and *Spy V Spy* among others.

This broad cross section of bands comes out in their sound which relies strongly on melody, pop and a hook.

Their influences are further reinforced by their favourite albums like *Buffalo Tom* - let me

driving too quick (approximately 100k) on the straight, then fishtailed, braked, lost control and finished upside down. There I was sitting upside down listening to the radio and thinking the car was going to explode due to my overexposure to Hollywood movies. Three grand later and I was out of debt."

Their mutual love of weather and amateur theatrics binds the boys. Karaoke holds the interest as it provides an outlet for their frustrated thespian yearnings as well as providing a damn good laugh for all. Songs such as "US Forces", "You'll Never Walk

come over, *John Reed Club* - Death Metal, *Fugazi* - In on the Killtaker, *Bluebottle Kiss* - Fear of Girls, *Smashing Pumpkins* - Siamese Dream, heaps of *Crow*, any *Glide*, *Dinosaur Jr* - Where you been?, *Paul Kelly* - Under the Sun.

"The important thing for any album is that it must stand the test of time. It also helps if the album reminds you of a certain place or time but it must give you a sense of wellbeing."

Motivation does not seem to be a problem with the members either singly or as a whole.

"We've reached a level where

An Interview with Yakspit

we've got our first release coming out in mid-March, the level where we are beginning to get decent supports, where promoters know us and this motivates and excites us to do more. This increased exposure makes us want to continue and to get better while the increasing level of professionalism that we're attaining makes us want to continue to get better and better. This then in turn feeds upon itself and, hopefully, a loop is attained. The underlying motivation goes back to what music actually means to us all and, being something that we love means that motivation is not too hard to come by."

Nannas Country Collection comes out in mid-March. Recorded at Big Sound in the leafy confines of Lobethal, it marks the first release from the lads. It was recorded between late September and November with the regulation breaks for footer.

"The producer pissed off to watch the Crows while we sat there and waited and waited. We don't mind footer but there is a bit of

ambivalence. Its good when the Crows make the finals to piss on a bit with people who care. It would be good to not hear about the incessant injury reports that push more deserving news off the front page like McGuinness getting sacked."

There seems to be no fear in what the future may hold for *Yakspit* unlike times earlier in life for all. "I'm shit scared of snakes. As well I don't really fancy touching fish because of their general ickiness, turtles, lizards but snakes really give me the creeps."

Dogs give certain members the fear.

"Luff used to have a paper round and little yappy dogs would chase Luff and I up the street and we would run to mummy screaming no mummy no, save us."

Heath is another that dislikes the reptile world.

"I dislike snakes because I've seen a few raise and flare at me from a small distance like a couple of yards. While I was fishing in a trout pool a red bellied black snake swam brushed past me and I promptly lost it."

This cancels out the tour to Bredl's Reptile and Dog Park. *Yakspit* are confident about their future as individuals and as a band. The general consensus of what the future should hold was rosy.

"Playing gigs everywhere, doing a heap of recording and increasing our exposure to people who are potential friends."

"Touring to farflung parts like the Kimberleys and getting paid to do what we like while having our music appreciated and liked would also be fine."

"Playing the ideal gigs with *Violentine, Buffalo Tom, Fugazi, Jawbreaker, Bluebottle Kiss, Dinosaur Jr, Crow, The Police, Glide* would be sweet. It all gets back to influences."

"Getting a film made about us." Getting the right actor is never easy. Unlucky directors end up with Val Kilmer playing Jimbo. *Yakspit* want the following to play them.

Luff would get John Candy because he's cool, always happy and confident and a little bit dead.

Bett would like Marky Mark

Wahlberg because he saw Boogie Nights lately and enjoyed it. As a second choice, the bush tucker man, Malcolm Douglas because you travel, eat stuff and go 4WDing.

Heath would screen quite a few and get Gene Wilder because of his wacky, zany nature and the fact that he goes through hell and back in any of his movies and never loses his attitude which is a positive smiley attitude mixed with luck. With any luck, Fred Savage would play him as a youngster.

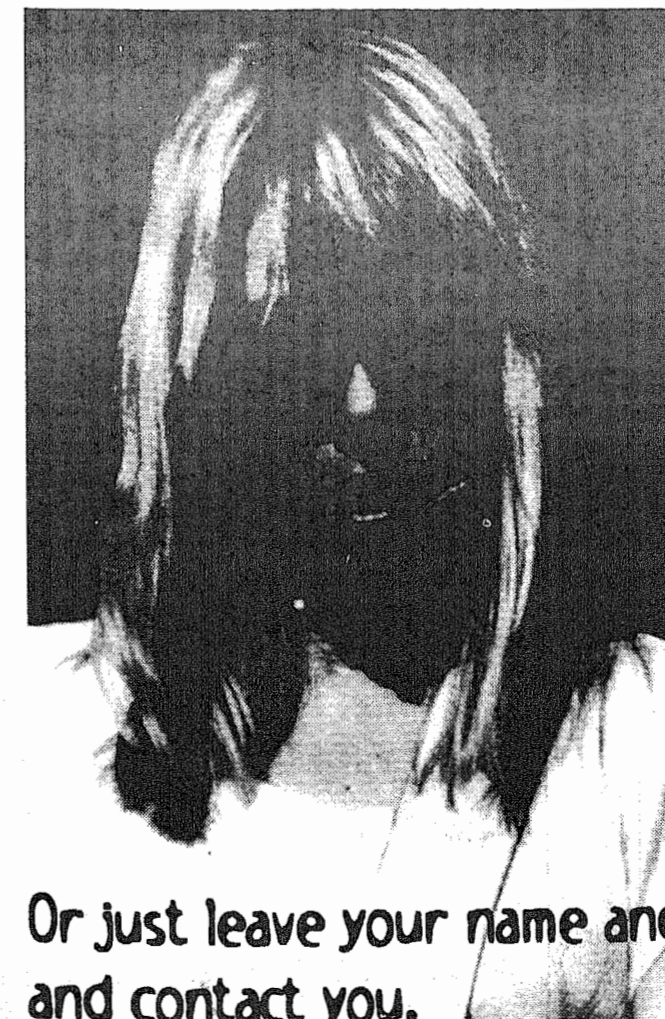
Ley would get the guy from *Wild Things* as he seems to have more luck with the women than Ley ever has seemed to. Alby Mangels for the same sort of reason.

You might see a film about *Yakspit* one day. It probably won't have Val Kilmer in it. To see them before this head along to the UniBar stage at the Orientation Ball this Saturday.

Get along and enjoy some memorable and totally enjoyable Adelaide pop.

Darien O'Reilly

Don't look depressed Kimmy, we'll review your next album.



Like free stuff, like music or muzak? Combine both.

Then come to On Dit Tuesday 4pm O'Week and we'll sort something out.

Or just leave your name and number and we'll get orf our fat arses and contact you.

Real Throbbing Mono

Hello.
Student Radio here.
Are you new to university?
Are you a continuing student?

We don't care. We love each and every one of you equally, and invite you to enjoy the wonderful sounds of Student Radio in 1999. For those of you returning to university in 1999, you will be pleased to know that Student Radio is returning with you. Returning with some of your old favourite shows, and also some brand spanking new ones too. We prefer the term "fresh to the mix", although that one is not ours.

Are you new to university? Student Radio is radio produced for students, by students. That's you. Student Radio aims to bring you radio programming that is a little different from the other stations, and more than a little relevant to students everywhere. That's you again. We have topical shows, we have review shows, we have dance and electronica shows,

and we have all sorts of miscellaneous odds and ends. For you. One has to admit, it sounds rather good.

Interested?

March 1. That is 531 on the AM dial. Adelaide Uni does Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays, with the other four nights being produced by Flinders and Uni of SA.

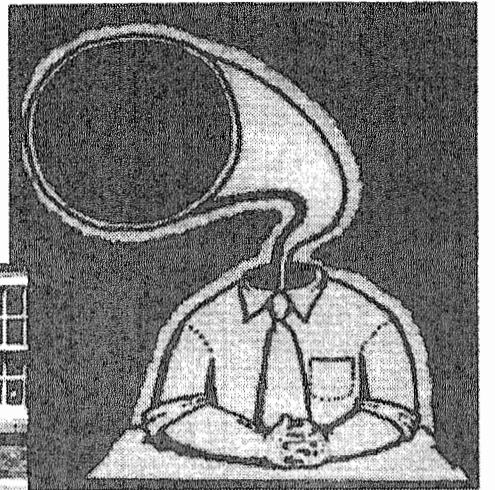


That's right the Student Radio program begins in the second week of term

We are always looking for listeners. This year, we will be broadcasting every night of the week from 9pm onwards, on University Radio 5UV, starting

That's love, baby.

You can also check us out every day of O Week. Where the ones on the lawns making the noise and



carrying on in an entertaining manner. Feel free to listen, enjoy, and even talk to us if you like. We can help you with your studies. Or answer any question about Student Radio. We like you.

We hope to 'see' you 9pm sharp, Monday, next week. You know you want to.

Student Radio.
Give Me Noise.

Peter Adams and Christian Haebich: *Your friendly Student Radio Directors.*

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Daily News

Each morning while you sleep our editor searches Australia and the world for education and general items of news which will be of interest.

Sections include: **Word of the day** (improve your language) **What's in a number** (you may be surprised) **headline news** (from around Australia and around the world), **IT News** (the latest in technology and The Net), **Sydney 2000** (news on the Summer Olympics), **Classroom Topic** (background on a topic of the day). And on the weekends we will have a **Feature** and **Book Review**. Visit the site today and take the easy directions to Today's News ,ready for you to read at 8am AEDT Mon-Friday and 10am on the weekends.

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All the Reviews Fit to Print



Ash
"Wild Surf"
 Mushroom / Infectious Records

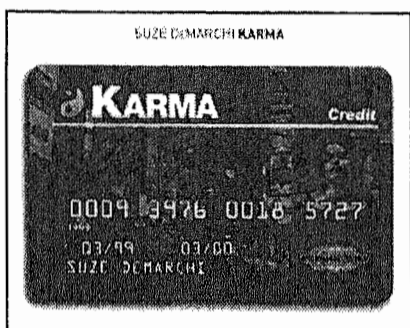


Why is it that all retro throwbacks to 50's style surf instrumentals have to have the word "surf" in the title? Seems a tad obvious to me. And that's what *Ash* have dished up here with this, the latest single to be lifted from their horrifically titled *Nu-Clear Sounds* album (neither big nor clever, that one). All things vaguely surf and cheesy hang over this track, particularly in the lilting verses, although a slightly unpredictable chord progression takes one rather by surprise. There are some nicely layered vocals running through the chorus as well, but the whole shebang just leaves me rather underwhelmed. It's a bit too slow, really, with

that rather heavy-handed surf feel. The thing I always liked about *Ash* was that they wrote some shit hot pop songs. "Kung Fu" was one. "Girl From Mars" was another. This isn't. Why, oh why do purveyors of pleasant guitar pop have to get challenging sooner or later? And if I get one letter about artistic growth I'll fucken snot someone, so help me.

Dale F Adams

Suze DeMarchi
"Karma"
 Mushroom



Ye gods. I swore that I wouldn't start this review by mentioning her past, but I just can't help it. She splits the rather successful *Baby Animals*, marries some poodle

haired rock guy from an anonymous American band, and now what? For fuck's sake, *Suze DeMarchi* has found the great dance crossover potential. Hateful 80's style keyboards, that familiar Madchester shuffle about the drumming ... Suze, your thing was good old Aussie pub rock. Barnsey, Mossy, Donny, Stevie and Smallsy have been doing it for years. Why can't you? I'm trying to think of some saying about leopards and spots here. Someone help me out.

Dale F Adams

Red Hot Green Black - double CD + CD-ROM
 various

Oracle Distribution/NUS

available from the SAUA for just \$20



This CD was put together last year by the Queensland NUS Environment Officer, Scott Alderson, who is now the national Environment Officer for NUS. He has negotiated with local bands and produced an incredible CD. It features Ed Keupper, Custard, Screamfeeder, Resin Dogs, Endorphin, Regurgitator, Pangea, Powderfinger and Not From There, as well as many artists who may not be as well-known, and has an incredible 35 tracks. The CD-ROM included is an internet-format database of environmental resources, put together by Friends of The Earth and the Australian Conservation Foundation. It has information on just about every environmental issue you can think of, from Critical Mass to what's wrong with Shell. Bob Brown of the Australian Greens said of this CD, "A compilation like this is a great starting point for anyone who questions the status quo, who isn't satisfied with the way things are and who would like to be really engaged in what counts; eral equality of treatment for all people regardless of colour and circumstance, a genuine looking after our country, freedom to create, hope for a future not planned by the bureaucrats and corporatists but through the efforts and for the benefit of average people." Strong words, hmm. To sum up, the tracks are all cool, ranging from the "oh THAT'S who that band on the radio was" type of thing to the "are you SURE this is them" kind of thing. I guess that's because the tracks were all donated for the CD. All the proceeds go towards environmental projects thru groups like the Conservation Foundation and Friends of The Earth. Everyone wins.

zane



The Stranglers
"Coup de Grace"
 Fetsival / Eagle Records

Why? Why? Why? Vocalist Hugh Cornwell could smell the coffee back in 1990, and promptly left. And that was probably too late, if you don't mind my saying so. This record is simply not necessary on any level. Any level whatsoever. 25 years, more records that I can possibly think of off hand (some of them quite good), and they do this.

Coup de Grace is a very bad record. I'm sorry, but that's as simple as it gets. Most of the lyrics (written, it would seem, by bassist Jean-Jacques Burnel) centre around a trip to the Falkland Islands the boys made last year. They were terribly moved, you see. For this reason (I can only assume), vocalist Paul Roberts spends much of the record emoting like an emoting thing, earnest and ultimately irritating. At least he tries hard.

For a band that always traded on their edgy and menacing music, this is a horrifically tedious record, with boring dirge following boring dirge. It pains me to say it, but I don't think that I have ever seen a band slide into irrelevancy in such an enormous fashion. Not so much a case of one record too many; more like ten years too many. Why?

Dale F Adams

Fiona Beverage
"Fiona Beverage"
 Patsy Records



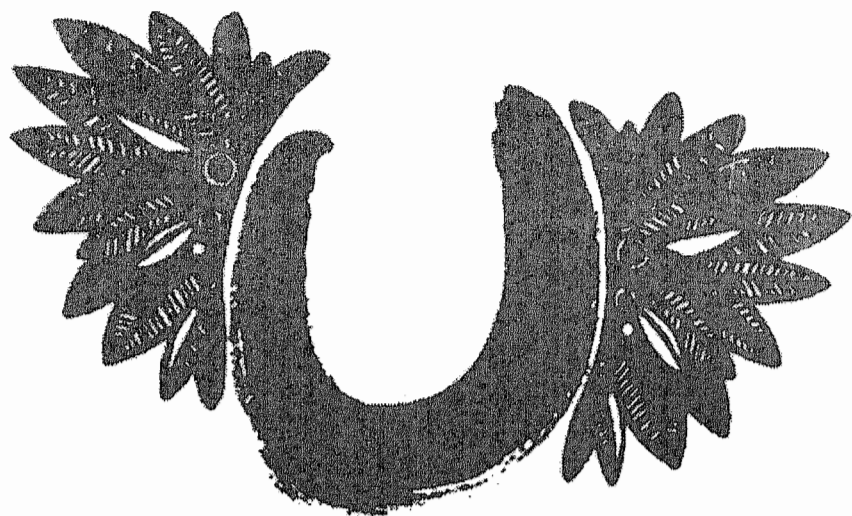
Fiona Beverage are local, female led 4 piece. This eponymous nine song release is their debut album recorded at the seeming home of local music, Big Sound.

It is guitar driven atmospheric pop albeit not really to my taste. The vocals teeter on the edge of fragility as does the instrumentation. The vocals are truly passionate further adding to the overall sense of fragility. This fragility and preciousness add a level of discordance to the recording making listening a tad disturbing without reaching spooky levels.

Fiona Beverage would appear to be fans of sixties atmospheric rock a la Jefferson Airplane while adding latter influences such as the Sugarcubes to the mix.

The stand out track for my mind is Bonafide Genius Thought (Pancakes). All in all a reasonably impressive debut but one that leaves plenty of scope for improvement.

Fiona Beverage will be launching their CD at FAD Café 26 February with help from JBD, Delafield, & Jaguar is Jaguar



Everybody Wants to Rule the World

The Commercial Operations Committee is responsible for overseeing the commercial operation (including the catering operations) of the Adelaide University Union.

The Board consists of the President of the Union, The Chief Executive officer of the AUU, 3 external directors, a staff member, and three general student members.

There are currently vacancies for the 3 general student member positions and any Adelaide University student who is interested may apply for the position.

The Student Care Board is responsible for identifying the individual needs among University of Adelaide Students for the relief of poverty, sickness, suffering, distress, misfortune or helplessness, and secondly to address such needs as are identified in order to better enable such disadvantaged students to continue their relevant course of study.

The Board consists of the President of the Union, The Chief Executive officer of the AUU, 1 general student member and 2 persons nominated by the Vice-Chancellor.

A vacancy currently exists for the general student member position and any Adelaide University student who is interested may apply for the position.

The Unibooks Board is responsible for overseeing the operation of Unibooks.

The Board consists of one nominee of each of the University of Adelaide, the Flinders University of South Australia, the University of South Australia, the National Tertiary Education Union (University of Adelaide Branch), the Students Association of the University of Adelaide, the Students Association of the Flinders University of South Australia, the Students Association of the University of South Australia, the Post Graduate Students Association of the University of Adelaide, the employees of the company and five nominees of the Adelaide University Union.

A vacancy currently exists for one nominee of the Adelaide University Union and any Adelaide University student who is interested may apply for the position.

The Union Activities Committee is responsible for coordination of the extracurricular activities of the Adelaide University Union which are of an entertaining, social and/or artistic nature. The Committee consists of the President of the Union, a chairperson nominated by the administrators of the Union, nominees from each of the affiliates, and 8 general student members. There are currently vacancies for all 8 general student positions and any Adelaide University student who is interested may apply for the position.

Applications must be in writing.

Include your student number and contact details, and address it to:

**Elysia Turcinovic
Union President
Lady Symon Building
University of Adelaide
SA 5005**

or lodged with the Union's receptionist on the first floor of the Lady Symon Building.

Applications close At 5pm on Thursday 5th March, 1999.

**For any further information please phone Elysia Turcinovic, Union President,
on 8303 5401.**

Arts On, Dude

If being back on campus for a day has already over-spent your attention span, then freshen up by popping over to the Flinders Art Museum CITY Gallery to see John Rhodes's photographic exhibition "Whichaway?" It documents the return of the Pintupi people to their traditional lands at Kiwirrkura in 1974. You're back in school for another year, imagine how they feel? But be quick, the exhibition leaves on Feb. 28 (Mon to Thur, 10 - 4; Fri 10 - 8; weekends 1 - 4).

Get on down to CACSA and see John Barbour's "Accrued Losses." It's there until March 14. It's on the floor, in the lights, and there's a 'quirky architectonic model'. Gosh! The man has been working on it for five years and he's brought it all the way from London just for you so don't let him down. (Contemporary Art Centre of South Australia - 14 Porter St Parkside - Tues to Fri, 11 till 5; Sat & Sun, 1 till 5).

Big Laughs are what is promised at the Adelaide Festival Centre's BIG LAUGH which kicks off with a free bash in their amphitheatre on Sunday March 28 at 6.30. Who is going to be there? Greg Fleet, the Fat Elvises, Sue-Ann Post, Kevin Kopstein and Tripod. And while you're there get a program for the following fortnight of gigs. Go fetch folks, go.

The Tea Tree Players are presenting Michael Pertwee's "Find the Lady" on March 24, 26 & 27 (with a matinee on the 27th as well). It is billed as a 'comedy / thriller' which is a shame, as with that title it could have had some wicked political implications. But I'm sure its open to diverse interpretations. Phone Don or Iris for bookings on 8264 2297.

If you're doing anthropology or Women's studies or ... whatever, then you know you've got to get on down to Tandanya. There is

an all women exhibition - "Minyma Tjuta Kuwari Kutu" - showing there until March 14. While you're there see Gayle Madigan's "Burial Grounds" as well. And don't forget to tell Deane Fergie that I sent you! Halifax Theatre Co. are performing Taylor's "Murder by Misadventure" at the Promethean Theatre in Grote St on Thursday, Friday and Saturday night this week. Blackmail, looming failure, conspiracy, complications - it sounds like real life! Book at Bass or call Rosemary on 8337 4754.

Arts Biz

SEAS Art Studios, in the 'west end arts precinct', are looking to provide subsidised studio space and subsidised exhibitions as part of its Emerging Artists Project (with thanks to funding from the Australia Council). Say thankyou. First round applications are due in early March - go get your forms from SEAS Art Studios, 66 Hindley St, or phone Nova Reinfeld-Kirkman on 8410 4202. You didn't really believe yourself when you told Mum and Dad that you were going to stick with this Law degree 'thingy', did you ... and no, being in the Law Review will most definitely not successfully scratch that itch.

And if you don't like the West End of town, then get onto SAYAB (South Australian Youth Arts Board) for theatre rental subsidy that you can take elsewhere. But you've got to do it before March 5. Phone the Carclew Youth Arts Centre for an application on 8267 5111. And you've smoked so much that you can't get around to it, at least write this down as an idea for a future fantasy time when you actually find some motivation for a life outside of your lounge-room.

Vita and Virginia Adapted from the correspondence between Virginia Woolfe and Vita Sackville-West by Eileen Atkins. Directed by Richard Cottrell Sydney Theatre Company Optima Playhouse

It is hard to go to the theatre and watch a hero in case they disappoint. So it was for me with the State Theatre's latest offering Vita and Virginia - you know that play with RUTH CRACKNELL and some other person ... called ... thingummy. I shouldn't have worried, Ruth Cracknell and thingummy (alias Jennifer Hagan) are simply divine.

Still it is not a play for everyone, nor is it an easy acting style. The roles of Virginia Woolfe and Vita Sackville-West would not sit comfortably with naturalistic television acting. These personages are bigger than life, they lived in a way that was bigger than life - thus the acting style used is somewhat bigger than life.

The language is wonderful (being the actual letters of the actual Vita and Virginia). It washes over you - leaving a pleasant glow. Herein lies a problem; this lulling wash of language is fascinating but ul-

timately not absorbing theatre.

The play loses some of its references by the casting of Cracknell against Hagan. The ten-year age difference between Vita and Virginia is lost and the lines about how 'dreadfully old Virginia is' become poignant instead of ironic.

The set - a sort of trompe l'oeil of a terribly upper class library - painted all blue sky and clouds. A bare 'Waiting for Godot' tree centre stage. A chaise lounge and a travelling box on one side and a wooden desk with a chair next to it on the other. The tree's missing leaves picked up on the fabric on the box, lounge and chair. The effect of the stage design was stunning. I am sure the designer, Peter Cooke, meant people to leave the theatre going 'why?' I have thought about it and I still don't know why - it looked groovy - but what it had to do with the play I have yet to figure out. The bookcase moved across the stage to show a garden - I am assuming representative of the gardens that Sissinghurst (Sackville-West's stately home) is famous for - I wish it hadn't. I also wish the full moon that appeared on two occasions didn't and that the atmospheric 'now Vita is in Russia so we will play Russian music, now she is in Germany so German music' didn't.

Other than these few irritants where director Richard Cottrell tried to be terribly clever it was a delightful night's theatre.

Justene Knight

**Yo! Know Watcha Like?
Tell the world then.
Review art, theatre or dance
for On Dit.
Go on.
Contact Farley Wright 8357
8293 or
farley@box.net.au**

What's A Juxta Position

Johnnie Dady "Propositional Work", and Peter Lind "Film City"

Greenaway Art Gallery, 39 Rundle Street, Kent Town Feb 3 - 28

Danishman Peter Lind's work is a group of black and white photographic images. Strips of 'negatives' hang beside each other completing fractured images of the modern city. These are 'common' images made unfamiliar, and the viewer must work to develop a relationship with them. But if you stop and consider the fragments of city moving in the breeze, the images slowly begin to haunt your eyes. Why do we live in cities? What do cities 'mean' or what do they symbolise about modern life? Lind's cities exclude or dwarf the

human individual. Why is it that humanity has created for itself such an inhumane synthetic environment which seemingly serves abstract economic needs rather than the human?

And amidst these images hang a pair of rabbits. Why? Innocent and white, are they symbols of fecundity or are they sacrifices for the vivisection's knife? What narrative is Lind creating in his juxtaposition of the city images, the rabbits, and the image of a set of playing cards arranged like an Aristotelian cloister? Is the Western house of cards about to fall? You can access this last image on the net at <http://hjem.get2.dk/deskshow/>

"Propositional Work" by Adelaide's expatriate Englishman Johnnie Dady poses and plays with its own set of questions. The

installation work, a set of out-sized 'deck chairs,' carries architectural drawings removed from the glass tower and placed back on the sand from whence that glass sprang. But the canvases are pulled tight into flat surfaces unavailable for the relaxation associated with the poolside. Walking amongst these triangles and surfaces they impact upon you in dis-comforting but curious ways.

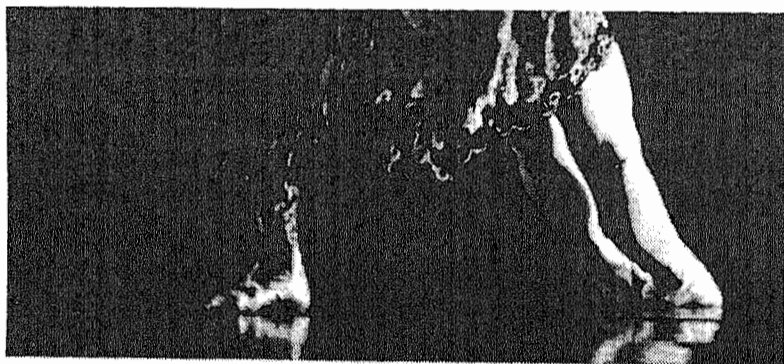
'Drawing No. 16' is an impressive horn that blasts silence through you, rigid in its dimensional constraint upon the enormous canvas. As simple as the image appears, something in the textures of the strokes foregrounds the tension of pent up sounds, dripping with in-tension.

My favourite works of the exhibition were Dady's drawings 13, 14 and 15 - enormous textual ex-

pressions of the urge towards language. Charcoal and acrylic on large canvases, Dady has filled the surfaces with symbols that the eye immediately recognises as writing, but as soon as you attempt to 'read' it you find the 'words' uninterpretable. Dady is playing with writing as the representation of language and meaning and the effect is intriguing. The images cause the viewer to reflect upon the very quest for understanding and interpretation itself. These drawings are clever examinations of the assumptions through which we understand the world and art and through which we attempt to represent and express those 'understandings.'

Farley Wright

Squash The Bugger



Nick Kallincos - "Oil Paintings and Ink Thingies"
Urban Cow Studios

The paintings and drawings of Adelaide artist Nick Kallincos (Picnick) were recently shown at Urban Cow Studios. This is the work of a bio-chemist satirising our urbane society. The man's pen scratches a black Gothic nightmare across vulnerable white paper in an exposure of the angst lurking beside the television remote control. Each image tells a tale, visual equals to Edgar Allan Poe's short horror stories.

Black splatters of ink fall in brutal asides or as central statements across many of the drawings, mixing the 'blood' of the artist with that of the depicted characters. But it also leaks out of the frames and forms clots that discomfort

the viewers attempts to remain complacent or separate from the images and the issues that they evoke. But Kallincos isn't preaching. These images are shared intimate musings, as humorous as they are threatening. They are available and immediately recognisable to the viewer, which shows how close to the communal vein Kallincos has been able to cut.

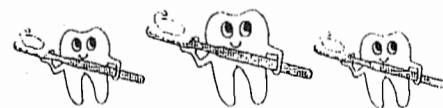
Kallincos explores a diverse range of topics including such things as God, fashion, gender relations, scientific inquiry, drug culture, the nuclear family, education, and our sense of self, of 'being' and of 'the good.' 'Godhand' has an almost Leunig-like quality in the uncertainty of the human faced with the imagined hand of final judgement, but includes a hint of 'Alice in Wonderland' and the tree of

"Winnie the Pooh' suggesting options other than eternal damnation. The scientific quest for knowledge is examined in 'understanding gravity.' 'Frank thinks he's a vampire' critiques the mutilating prejudices towards sterile, mindless conformity that pervades much of education, in-

telligently done in that the work itself is just such a flight of imaginative freedom as the image is defending. And if you were still wondering, he also explains chaos theory. This is an artist's use of Okham's razor in a cutting parodic investigation of the contemporary human condition. Kallincos is

Adelaide's visual Kafka! Sadly the exhibition will be finished by the time this edition hits, but do go see his work if you get another chance.

Farley Wright



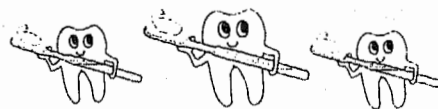
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Light Up The Sky Like A Flame

Acrobat
The Playhouse
Until Saturday

Acrobat is part circus, part theatre, part adrenalin, part gymnastics, part anarchy, part comedy and part rock film clip. *Acrobat* is in your face. (But is it art? ...) This company of seven acrobats and one on-stage musician opens the "Made to Move" program for 1999 in fine and energetic style. *Acrobat* views itself as a co-operative, sans director. Accordingly, it features mainly solo and duo acts, with little group work. The on stage organisation is loose and unstylized; the seams show, but the focus sits squarely with the sheer energy and skill of the performers.

These were also features of *Circus Oz*, with which many of the performers have worked. *Circus Oz* however was more theatrical — and nicer. *Acrobat* is not for the kiddies.

After the opening acts of awe inspiring acrobatics and flying fairies *Acrobat*'s darker side begins to emerge. To the sound-scape of circus animal noises, a rather kinkily dressed animal keeper in leather and studs shouts obscenities at his 'monkey' (Tim Freeman plus tail) who is hiding in the audience. One cannot help but feel the acidic satire on animal circuses. The keeper's monkey performs breathtaking highwire tricks as bid before have its tail ripped off and being sodomized, centre stage, by its grinning keeper.

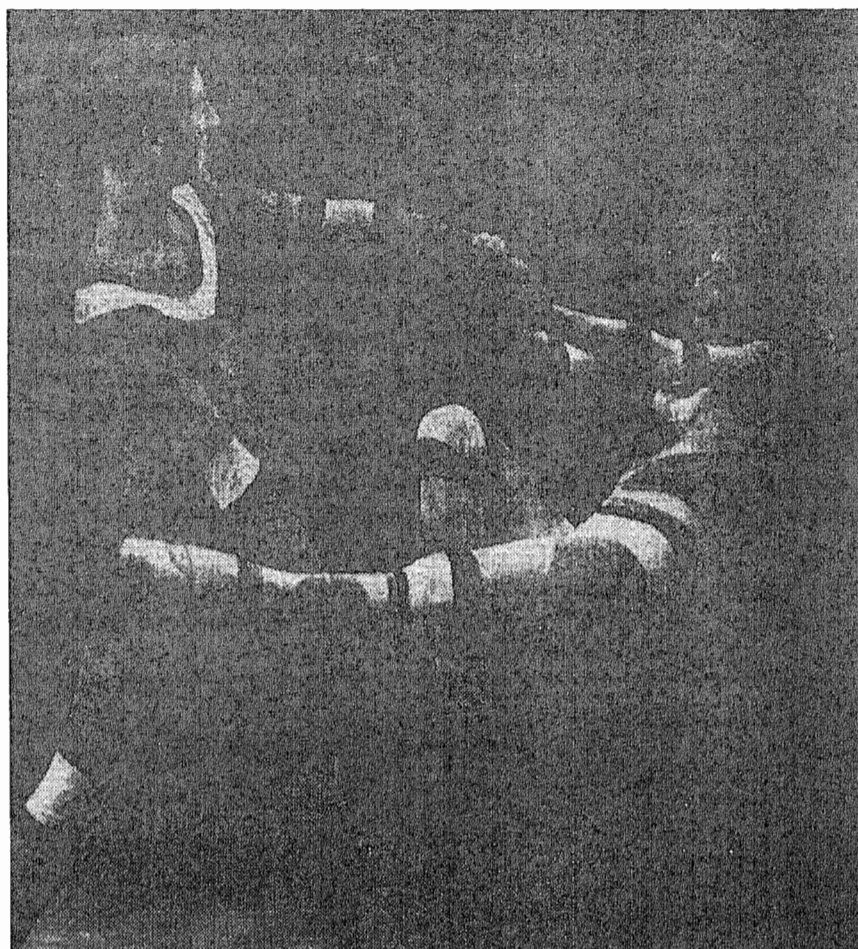
Not all is so dark. Simon Yates's morning act - sleeping, breakfasting, showering and dressing on a slack rope is painfully funny. Small quirks help to blur the categorization of *Acrobat*'s performance, such as the teddy bear, unhitched from the fairy's trapeze rope, and the kitchen table - rather than gym bench, used in the closing act as the show builds to its

climax.

Ultimately any equivocation is pointless: *Acrobat* is nothing if

not entertaining. Go and see it!

Tom Farnan



Whoa!

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Farnarkling Your Way To The Top

A Dagg At My Table: Selected Writings
John Clarke
Text Publishing

John Clarke has answered to numerous names during his career: there was 'John Clarke' in the excellent ABC mockumentary *The Games*, there was for a number of years, 'That Bald Bloke Who Does Those Interview Thingies On A Current Affair On Friday Nights', and, perhaps most notably, there was 'Fred Dagg'. Fred became known to Australian audiences largely through various broadcasts made on ABC Radio, in which he would soliloquise with great wit, style and vigour about various burning issues of the day, problems with the media, inadequacies of bureaucracy, and whatever you're having yourself. Many such mono-

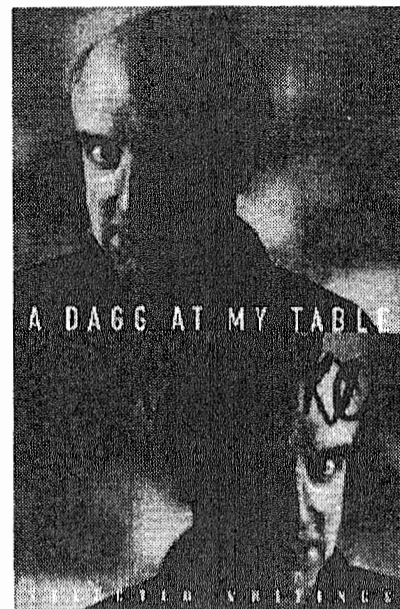
logues are presented in *A Dagg At My Table*. Numerous of such have appeared in print form before – I think here of 1989's *A Complete Dagg* – but also included are many heretofore only existent in auditory form. Included also are excerpts from *A Royal Commission Into The Australian Economy*, *The Even More Complete Book of Australian Verse* (including two of my favourites, 'The Authentic Australian Bush Ballad' by Arthur 'Guitar Boogie' Patterson, and 'The Love Song of J. Arthur Perpend' by T. S. (Tabby Serious) Eliot), and various of the 'Great Interviews' series.

But there are also some bits that I've never seen before. There is a Stop Press, which is a sort of Rugby All-Black v Wallabies thing, with all players being figures of some cultural consequence from New Zealand and

Australia respectively, and a section of 'Itty Bitty Litty Critties', a collection of one-paragraph summaries of such great literary works as *Hamlet*, *Pride And Prejudice*, *David Copperfield*, *Heart of Darkness*, *Ulysses*, *1984*, *Voss*, and my favourite, *Moby Dick*:

Man meets whale. Man loses whale. Man tries to kill whale. Man loses leg. Whale finds man. Man loses marbles. Whale kills man. (Metaphors all over the place. Man v Nature, Life v Death, Dark v Light, Christian v Pagan, Arsenal v Manchester United.)

How could anyone possibly resist a new book by Australia's best satirist, even if it is composed predominantly of excerpts from other books? It is eminently worth reading. You give

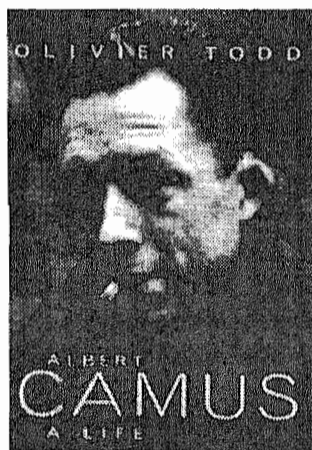


it a lash. I'll get out of your way now, I'll see you later.

Paul Bradley

L'Estranger

Albert Camus: a Life
Oliver Todd
Trans. Benjamin Ivry
Vintage
\$19.95



The importance of Albert Camus' contribution to the realms of literature and philosophy have always been overshadowed by the largely self-constructed edifice of Jean-Paul Sartre, with whom he is reflexively associated (as are Merleau-Ponty and, to a lesser extent, Simone de Beauvoir and Arthur Koestler). This is unfortunate, if only for the reason that Camus' contribution of the philosophical doctrine of existentialism through his fiction would arguably equal Sartre's with his magnum opus *Being and Nothingness*. In novels like *L'estranger* [*The Outsider*] and *La Peste* [*The Plague*], and his analyses of the human condition *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* [*The Myth of Sisyphus*] and *L'Homme révolté* [*The Rebel*, first published in 1950, and the inspiration for Colin Wilson's study of genius and isolation, *The Outsider*]. Meanwhile Camus himself remains something of a mystery. Most would know of his Algerian heritage from the bio-notes on the inside cover of the Penguin editions of his novels, and that he died in a car crash with his publisher, Michel Gallimard. I would hazard that very few casual readers of Camus's works would know that in France he was known just equally for his playwriting and stage adaptations of others' novels as

he was for his own books, so much so that on the day of his death a friend in the Ministry of Arts had written to, telling the writer in excited tones that him was to have his own playhouse.

With *Albert Camus: a Life*, veteran journalist and biographer Oliver Todd has cleared away much of the mystery surrounding Camus's life, without removing the mystique. He accomplishes this feat by maintaining a discrete distance between himself and his topic, a trick of which many contemporary biographers would do well to take note. While every effort to create a truthful document of the author's life, leaving out nothing that might cast Camus in a less than favourable light, the reader can still detect a hint of hero-worship in Todd's narrative, captured faithfully in Benjamin Ivry's superb translation. This is an extraordinary work of biographical writing born out of a heart-felt respect for the subject.

J.D.

Junk Shun

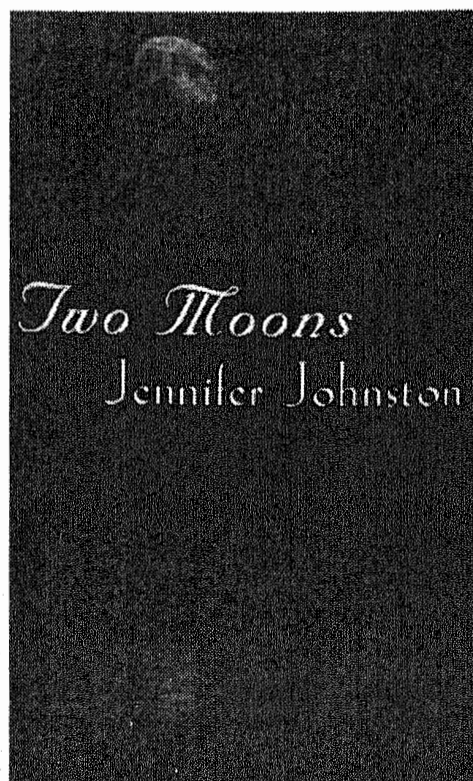
Two Moons
Jennifer Johnston
Review
\$34.95

Mimi is an old lady, verging on batty. Grace is her middle-aged daughter, an actor who lives for her work and is presently caught up in preparations for *Hamlet*. Then there's Polly, Grace's somewhat conservative daughter, and Paul, the nice-youngman Polly brings home. Add Bonifacio, a spunky freelance angel with Latin charm and bad grammar, who liberates Mimi from her sensible shoes and helps her live a little before she dies, and the ghost of her surly husband Benjamin, who spent his life punishing himself with faith and hard liquor, and you have the cast of *Two Moons*. The author, Jennifer Johnston, is an older Irish woman (her heritage and the book's setting are betrayed only by occasional references to shopping in Dublin and gratuitous use of the word "eejit") and *Two Moons* seems very much to be a relaxed fantasy intended to cater for ladies of a certain age: *Bridges of Madison County*-ish wishful thinking, but not as raunchy. This one was written for those described in the book as "Good, ordinary women in cardigans ... doing their shopping" (p160). It's rather obvious and rather ordinary, not particularly badly written, but mediocre. *Two Moons* is okay for its genre, but

if you like this sort of thing, you'd probably be better off buying a Maeve Binchy or Colleen McCullough novel.

A simple plot, simply written; a predictable denouement; odd moments of insight and the occasional snippet of good dialogue: as a lightweight read, *Two Moons* is not a bad way to pass the time. Romance, humour, charm; an old mystery; a ghost from the past; love, pain and secrets; great and noble sacrifices: *Two Moons* has it all - in washed-out, watercolour form. Your gran may well love it. I'm giving it to mine.

Eva O'Driscoll

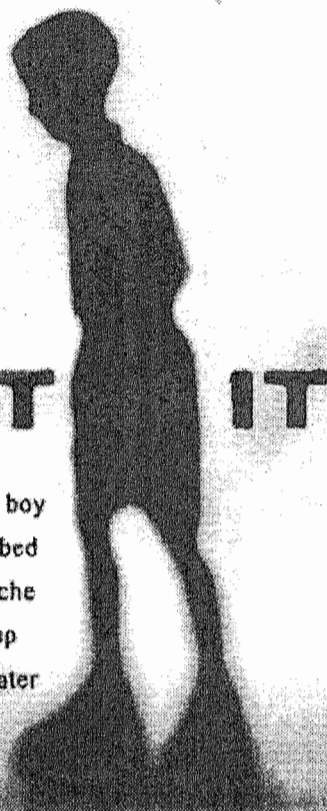


Yeah, Baby, Yeah!

Simon Hattenstone

OUT OF IT

the story of a boy who went to bed with a headache and woke up three years later



Firstly, it is a true story, written by a journalist from the UK about three years of his childhood in which he was very sick. Secondly, it is a straight, factual narrative, recounting events from the eyes of a child, with a child's understanding. Thirdly, the plot details three years of mind-numbing boredom, and can be described as: boy gets sick; boy stays in bed; doctors are baffled; boy goes to hospital; boy has tests; doctors are baffled; boy gets

sob story. It is not a rant about medical incompetence. It is not a paean of thanks to saintly parents and assorted kindly folk or a "little battler wins through" piece of tripe - although it could well have been any of these. Rather, it is an interesting, factual account of a horrific experience, a glimpse into a child's world of pain - a world populated by black beetles, pincered spiders and construction workers in steel toe-capped boots, a world of hallucinations and obsessions.

This probably sounds bloody depressing, but it's not. Perhaps because of the happy ending; perhaps because Simon is a swearing rather than simpering invalid; perhaps because of the humour, which an Australian journo would probably be tempted to call "typically Australian" if Hattenstone could, in any way, be considered one, the dark content of *Out of It* does not make it a dark read. It's actually quite good fun. Hattenstone's style is endearing, his writing, at points, highly effective. It's not brilliant, but it's not bad either.

Eva O'Driscoll

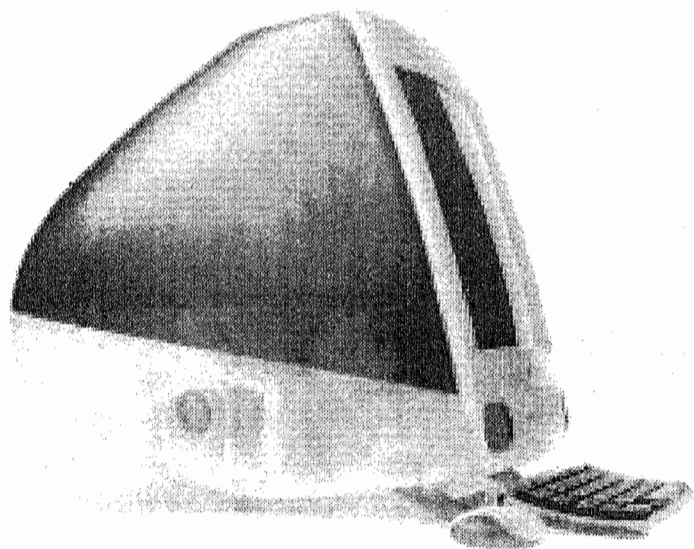
sicker; boy stays in bed; boy forms heart-warming friendships; boy stays sick; boy gradually recovers. Despite this, *Out of It* is a good read. Fresh and vivid, charming and disturbing by turns, Hattenstone's first book is worth the effort. It is not a

Out of It
Simon Hattenstone
Sceptre
\$19.95

As a good read, *Out of It* would seem to have the odds stacked against it.

Reviewers Wanted!

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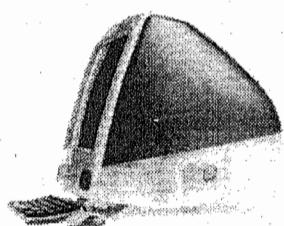


Whoa!

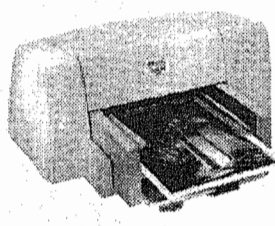
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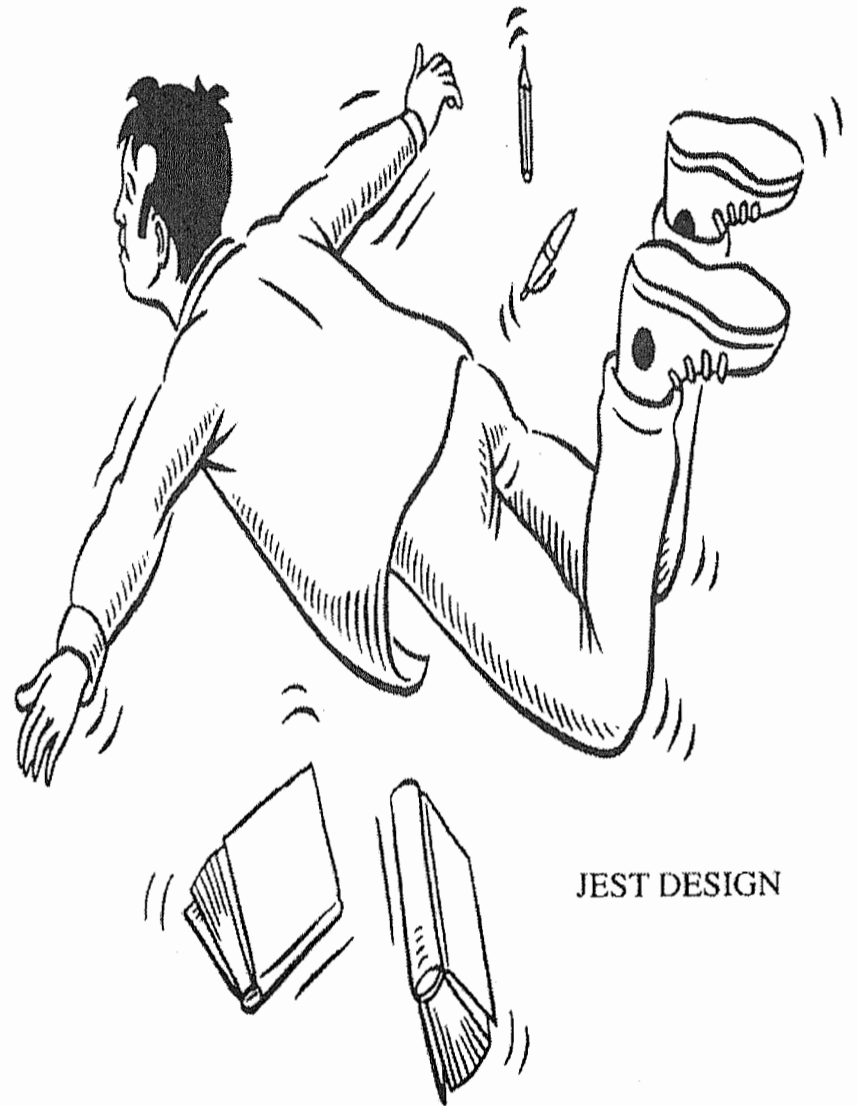
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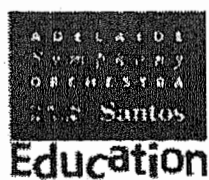
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Footy. I'll be fucked if it isn't about cold pies in the pissing rain in the middle of July. Certainly has nothing to do with hot pies in the middle of February. I mean, Friday night football, that's not so hard to get used to. But footer in Summer? No. I don't care if the Aussies are on their way to the West Indies to play cricket, but February is designed for the noble game. Ah well. Disregarding the unseasonal feel of the whole shebang, your smiling On Dit correspondent travelled down to Football Park on Friday for the smallest big one in a long time. Adelaide versus Port. Good versus evil.



Port fans celebrate



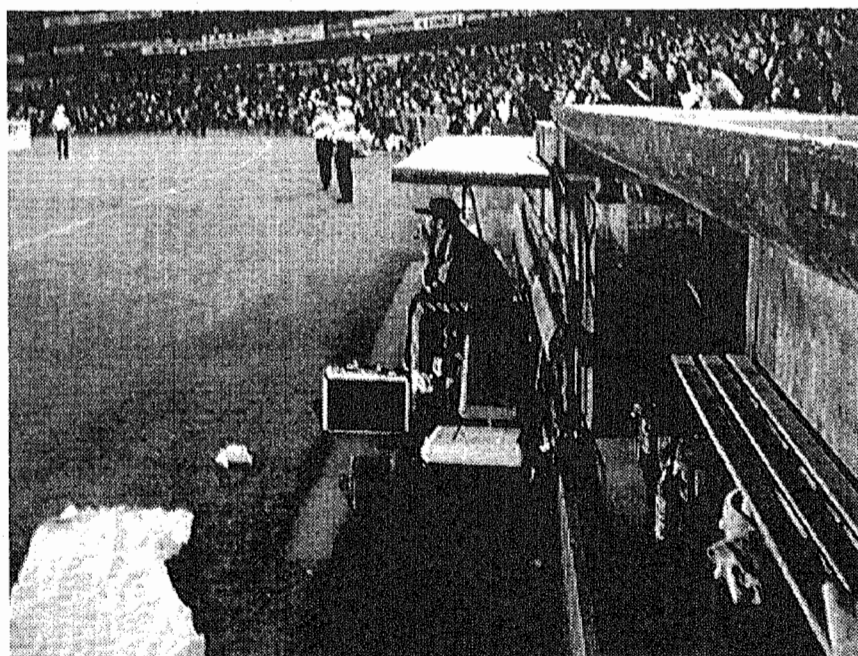
Beirke laying down on the job

Chardonnay versus cold beer. All of the above, depending upon what extent you listen to the marketing folk. But the sting of the battle of the hometown rivals is inevitably diminished when it occurs in the middle of the Pennant Bowls season. And let's ask Shaun Rehn if a large rubber mat needs to be put in the middle of the ground for the bounce of ball. Summer, yes? Ground is hard? Ball is easy to bounce? Maybe. We at On Dit have no opinion on such legal matters. If Mr Rehn chooses to sue the competition that dictates

how much money he can make, not to mention where and when he makes it, that's his business.

Says something about sport, doesn't it? We only ever get really excited when a big name gets hurt. I love being Australian.

Port won, by the way.



AFL suggest lone gunman theory

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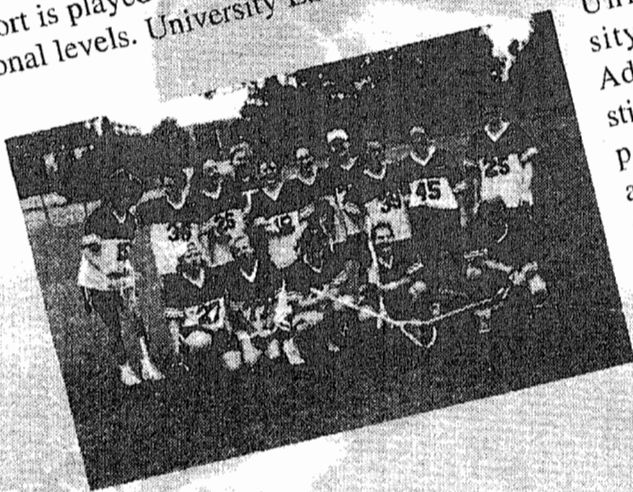
Lacrosse is a fast game which often produces high scores and involves a high degree of team work. The sport produces many life skills and has been involved with the development of many of today's community leaders. The Adelaide University Lacrosse Club has a history of excellence and boasts teams in both the men's and women's competitions. Training takes place near the park ten grandstand on the University playing fields in North Adelaide. Lacrosse at the University is one of the oldest clubs and is a founding member of the Sports Association.

The game of Lacrosse began in antiquity with the Iroquois people of North America. This historical connection is kept alive today with Iroquois teams competing against other nations at the world championships and the inclusion of Iroquois symbols and religious meanings. The sport is played in Australia at local, national and international levels. University Lacrosse began late last century and the University of Adelaide still competes against its traditional rival the

University of Melbourne with an Interschool contest. The modern era has also seen the inclusion of a truly national University competition at the Australian Universities Games.

Lacrosse develops good hand eye coordination and gives a high degree of aerobic fitness to participants. Drills and exercises during training develop catching and throwing skills. Passing exercises and tactical movements are taught and players learn much about teamwork.

University Lacrosse begins in the weeks after orientation and the club be contacted through Pam Nayda on 8356 9035.

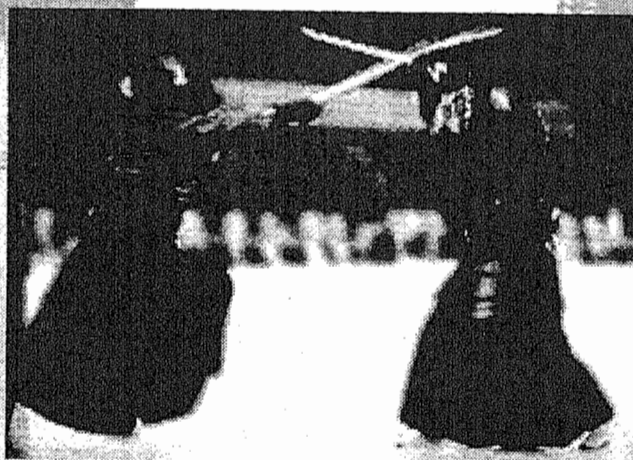


'The Way of the Sword'

Kendo is Japanese fencing, a traditional martial art that's evolved from the *Samurai* swordsmanship schools of more than 400 years ago. Modern Kendo, whilst retaining the *zen* philosophy and etiquette of the original, is the epitome of a fast and exciting martial art/sport where the emphasis has turned from killing your opponent to learning from them, as they implicitly teach you to overcome your own fears and weaknesses. Thus its benefits continue to abound in a world where pressure is ever-present, even if no longer a matter of life or death.

Kendo challenges you to achieve a oneness of *Ki-Ken-Tai* or Mind/Spirit-Sword-Body. Hence it aims to produce a fast, fit body with skilful, stylish technique and a spirited, assertive presence. It is practiced with a two-handed flexing bamboo sword and armour constructed from thick layered cotton, leather, plastic/bamboo and metal. Although Kendo is full contact in so much as when you hit, you don't really hold back ('pull') your hits, contact is only allowed on designated areas of the armour, so it is very safe. Within this restricted set of rules, much more emphasis can be placed on the mind or spirit aspect of Kendo. When facing off an opponent, any fears, doubts, hesitation or confusion can lead to defeat and thus must be overcome in your own mind before you can

successfully attack your opponent. At the highest levels of Kendo, most of the effort is spent in trying to defeat your opponent's spirit to enable a cut to be made.



In tournaments the three referees are looking for a decisive and dominant strike combining the above elements, not just a fluked contact on the opponent. Contests are awarded for the first to two such points, or the leader after five minutes. (If the scores are equal, the competition goes into sudden death.) There is also achievement through the dual path of gradings; progressing through the *Kyu* beginners' grades (represented by the coloured belts in other martial arts) to *shodan* (first of the *Dan* grades, or black belts), and on as far

as the challenge to be your best takes you.

Kendo is a very popular traditional sport in Japan and Korea, where children may begin learning at age six! Unlike many other martial arts, there's the potential to remain active beyond even sixty - using the control and anticipation accrued through experience to overcome any disadvantage in speed.

Also because kendo requires strategic timing and fighting spirit not brute strength, women and men compete on equal terms. Not

surprisingly, its now spread all over the world, and there are hundreds of *kendō-ka* in Australia.

It is over ten years since the Adelaide Uni. Kendo Club was established by two students returning from a years exchange in Japan, with support by the Adelaide City Council through the loan of armour donated by our Japanese Sister-City, Himeji. Since subsequent affiliation with the Sports Association (1990), an enthusiastic group of beginners and exchange students have kept the Club going, and also spawned another at Flinders. Though small and without a true teacher, there have been many superb accomplishments both individually and as a Club, especially in Kendo Intervarsities (now part of the Australian UniGames). Of course, we have a good co-operative rivalry with the Flinders Uni. Club, who are current holders of the AUG Championships. Membership of the Australian Kendo Renmei (and so the International Kendo Federation) provides us students not only with the opportunity to grade but maybe even to represent South

Australia. (In fact two of our outstanding long-time members earned places in the Australian Team at the last World Kendo Championships.) Moreover through the Australian Kendo Renmei/All Japan Kendo Federation, we have loan of a number of sets of armour, so you too can experience the challenges of this sport/martial art for absolutely minimal outlay.

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"It's your destiny.."

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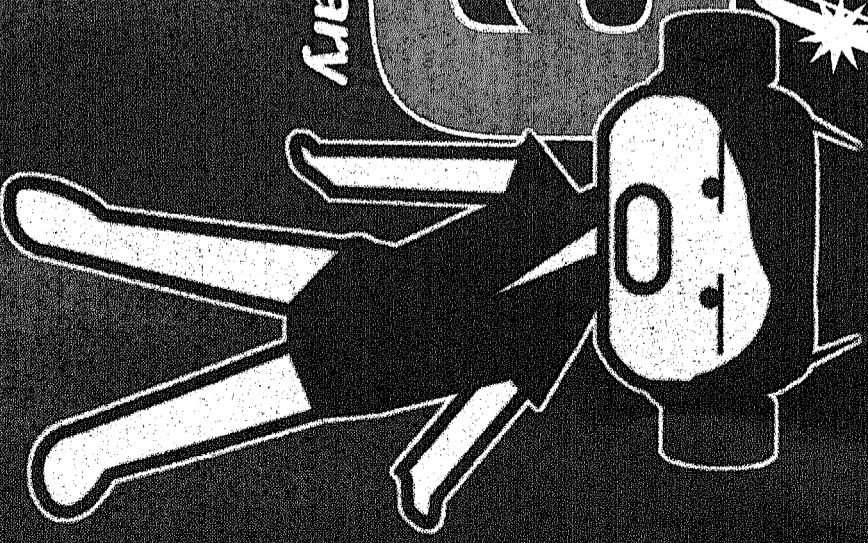
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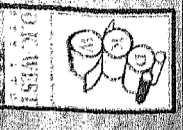
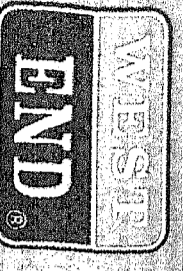
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