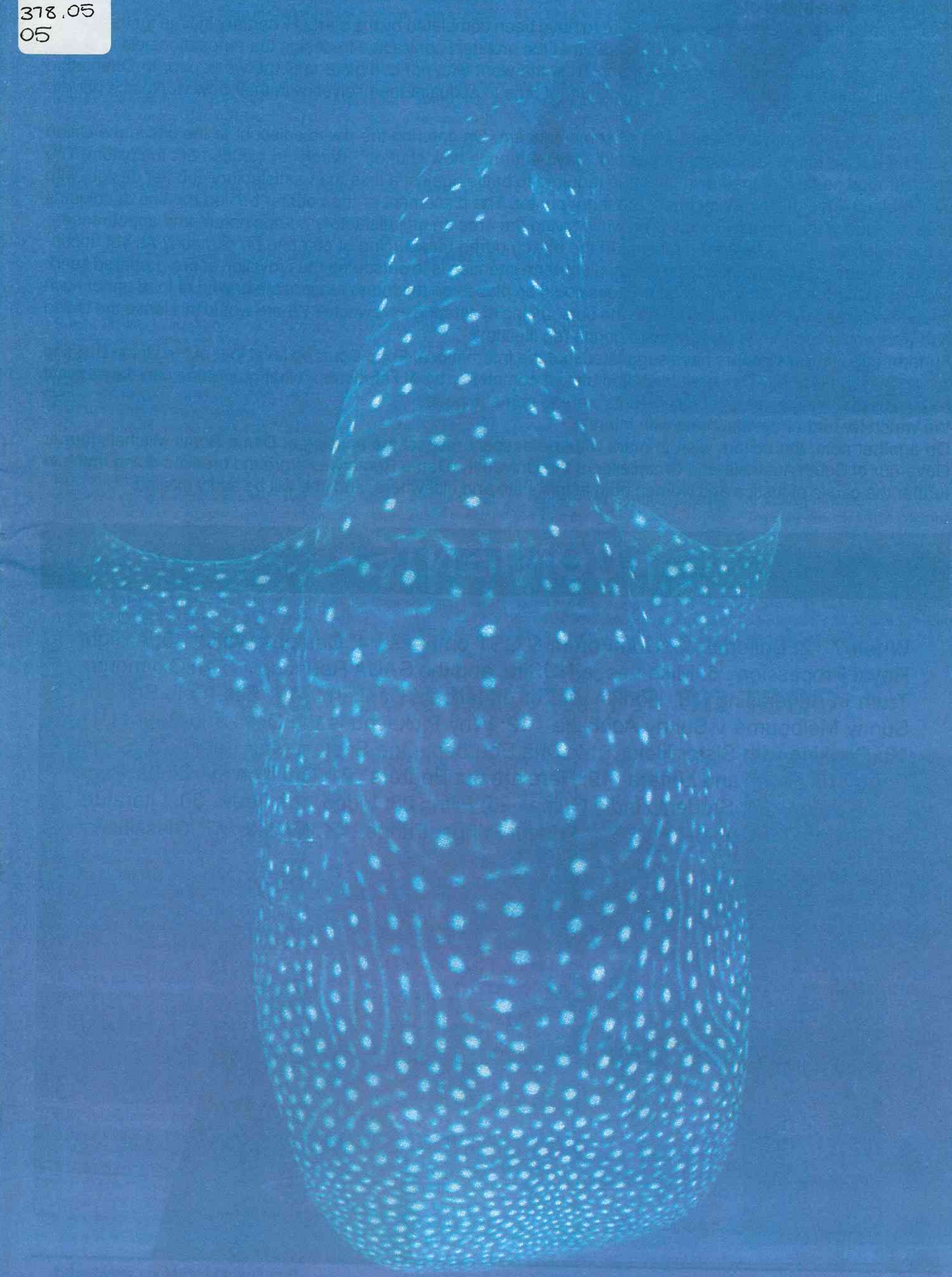


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• EDITORIAL •

The beginning of a new academic year has introduced many students to the 'new, improved' Mayo Refectory. Once a self-service eatery, recent renovations have seen it revert to a 'queue for service' format. Ostensibly this was done to tackle an increase in shoplifting from the Refectory while simultaneously meeting new governmental hygiene regulations and, whilst we do not challenge this rationale, it is the manner in which these renovations have been undertaken that is of concern.

On Dit understand that the renovations were to have been completed by the start of February in time for the start of the University year. We understand, however, that the architect contracted to design the renovations did not have the final plans completed until mid January. Thus the work was not complete until the week prior to Orientation Week, allowing the staff of the Mayo a minimum of time to acquaint themselves with their new workplace prior to the first flood of customers.

The nature of the renovations are also of some concern. On entering the doors adjacent to the lifts in the Union Building the customer is greeted by the 'old' Mayo entrance now shut off - hardly an inducement to custom. The staff, through no fault of their own, are also required to battle against a less-than-satisfactory counter design, with the resultant lines driving away many a hungry punter. The placement of the counter behind the line of columns greatly reduces the capacity of this area while giving the area an unsatisfactory ad-hoc nature and appearance.

Is the redesign of the Mayo the first step in the oft-rumoured outsourcing of catering on campus? As yet unconfirmed rumours have suggested that the medium-term intention is to outsource the provision of pre-prepared sandwiches, with more to follow. What guarantees could be placed on the future reasonable pricing of food under such a regime? Would this be an initial step to the outsourcing of catering as a whole? Where would this leave the Union and who would control the placement of goods (eg Nestlé)?

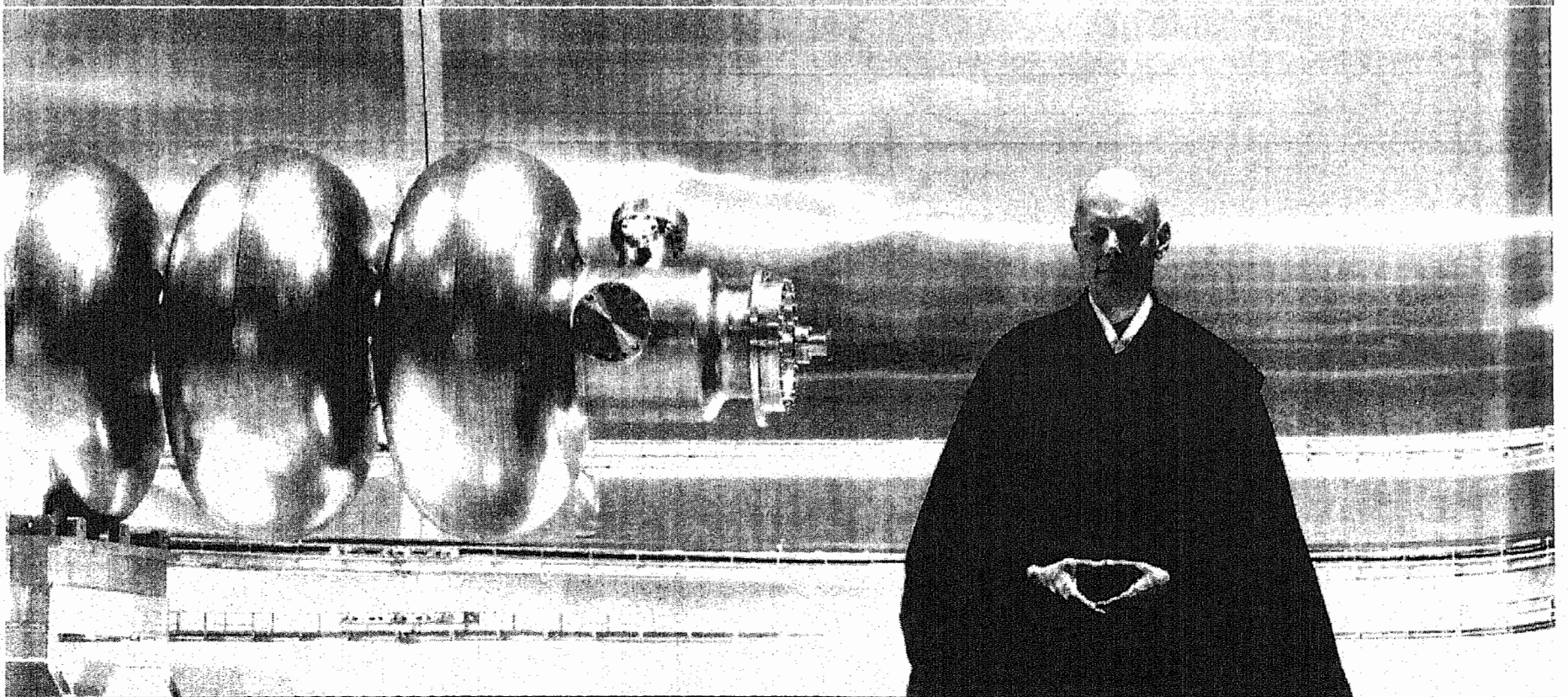
Furthermore, similar rumours have suggested that the International Food Court on level four of the Union Building will soon also be gone. This area is staffed almost completely by AU students - what guarantee can they expect regarding their employment if these events were to come to pass?

We watch for further development with interest.

On another note, the editors wish to mark with the deepest respect the passing of Dame Roma Mitchell, former Governor of South Australia and Chancellor of the University. Dame Roma was a ground breaker, doing much to further the cause of justice and women both in this state and elsewhere, and she will be sadly missed.

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Uni Council to convene Con forum

By Dale F Adams

At a recent meeting of the Student Affairs Committee, the chairperson, Elysia Turcinovic, announced that she intends to convene a forum in which students will be able to clarify information relating to the recent Review into the Elder Conservatorium and School of Music. Ms Turcinovic, a former Adelaide University Union President, intends to collaborate with Kerryn Hennessy, whose concerns regarding the review were highlighted in last week's *On Dit*, in the organisation of this forum.

The stated intention of the forum is to combat the 'misinformation' that has apparently been spread throughout the media both prior to and following the Review's release. When contacted by *On Dit*, Ms Turcinovic was reluctant to speak about her opinions on the Review. 'I don't think it's appropriate for me to speak about it,' she said. 'I'm a University Council member. We'll have to vote on the issue, so I don't think I should speak about it publicly.'

Ms Turcinovic also declined to give any indication of how she might vote when any of the recommendations contained in the Review come to be voted upon by Council.

'There are no recommendations before Council upon which to vote at this stage, so I don't have any direction or course to vote with no recommendations in front of us,' she said. 'The Review report is not

the final report; the management of the University need to consider it, and they will have to make recommendations to Council upon which I will have to vote.'

The Student Affairs Committee exists as an offshoot of the University Council, the peak on-campus decision-making body. Ms Turcinovic, who also currently works for the University as manager of the Student Card Centre, is one of two undergraduate representatives sitting on the Council. These representatives are elected by the general student body in a vote completely separate from the annual September SAUA/Union elections.

The other undergraduate representative on University Council, former SAUA President Alida Parente, said that she saw the Review as part of a 'worrying trend' at the University to simply concentrate on 'the core faculties of Law, Medicine, and so on', and not concern itself with anything outside these spheres. Ms Parente, however, also pointed out that she was yet to read the Review in its entirety, and that prior to any vote would need to liaise with more students from the Music Department.

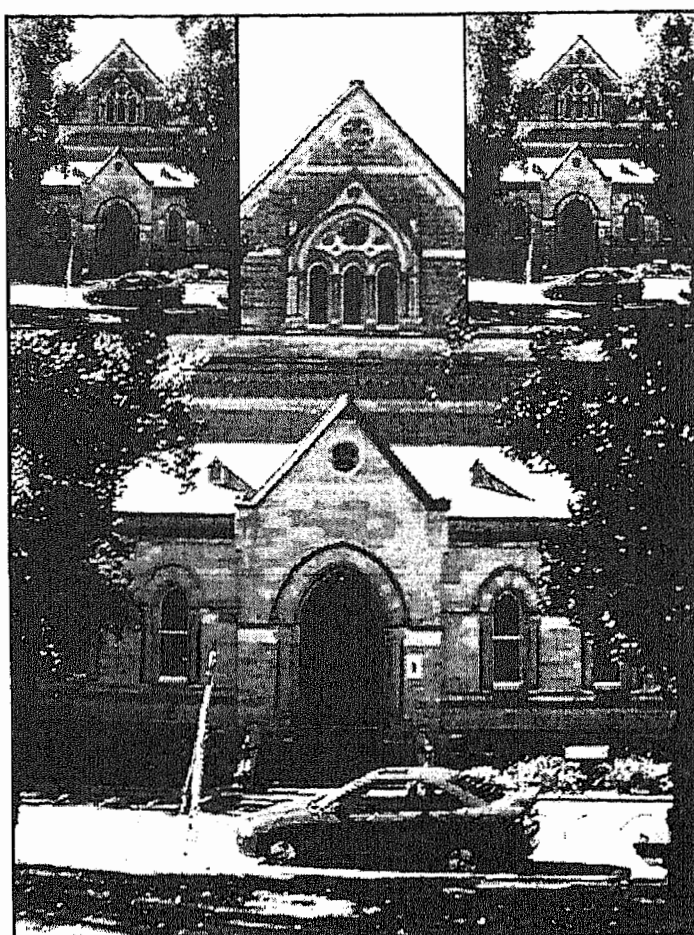
'I'll need to canvas the opinions of more students before I can vote,' she said. 'If the majority of them want me to vote for these changes, that's what I'll do.'

When speaking to *On Dit* this

week, SAUA President Stephen Mullighan expressed concern that both the SAUA and Union are to be precluded to some extent from the proposed forum. 'By not being completely involved, I believe major student bodies will be disenfranchised in this process,' he said.

Mr Mullighan says he is also concerned that Ms Turcinovic has some conflict of interest in this matter, occupying, as she does, both a student representative role on University Council and a management position with the Card Centre.

'Elysia seems to find it necessary to temper her role as a student rep with what is best for University Management,' he said. 'With an issue like this, you either have the students best interests in mind or the University's - not both. Perhaps



Elder Hall, Friday, (inset left) last week and (inset

Elysia needs to decide what her role on Council is this year - student rep or Management rep.'

Together with the SAUA Education Vice President, Seb Henbest, Mr Mullighan is planning to organise a meeting for all interested students to attend in order to discuss the Review. It has been tentatively scheduled for 14 March at a venue yet to be confirmed.

GST - the tax you pay twice on fees

By Dale F Adams

A breakdown of communication between the Adelaide University Union and University Management has left students in a position in which they are being billed twice for a GST component on their Student Services Fee.

As detailed in last week's *On Dit*, an increase of \$14 in the fee was apparently due to a GST charge for the second semester of this year, whilst any increases due to CPI were to be absorbed by the Union. However, the invoices forwarded to students include a separate GST charge of between \$12 and \$14 dollars on top of this.

Union President, Janak Mayer, has advised *On Dit* that a letter was sent to the University by Union CEO, Ian Cannon, advising that the AUU intended to levy the GST charge. A copy of the letter, dated 24 August 1999 and addressed to the University Director of Finance and Infrastructure, has been obtained by *On Dit* and seems clear in its intent.

'You will be aware that the Statu-

tory Fee will be subject to a pro-rata GST in 2000 ... Fees for first semester only will not attract GST and fees for second semester will attract full GST,' it says. 'The increase of \$14 in the full fee is designed to cover the GST imposition only.'

This letter, however, seems to have been disregarded by the University. 'It's our GST liability, so we should levy the GST component,' Mr Mayer said. 'Without doing so, I understand that we will be unable to claim GST credits.'

A facsimile advice from Ian Creagh, University Executive Director of Student and Staff Services, was received by *On Dit* late on Friday. 'The University and Adelaide University Union are experiencing some difficulties in correctly applying GST to the student services fee,' it said.

The fax goes on to state that 'approximately 600 students have already paid their fees', and these students will be contacted in the near future to clarify the situation'.

When and how any monies might be returned to students is not mentioned.

'In the meantime, all students who have received an invoice containing the student services fee, which includes a GST component on their invoice, should not pay their fees until further notice,' it says. 'The University and the Union hope to have this matter sorted out quickly so there is no further inconvenience to students.'

It is also understood that this advice is to be e-mailed to students. Whilst happy that some action is being taken in relation to the matter, Mr Mayer is disappointed that culpability has not been raised. 'The AUU is aware that the Student Services Fee must represent value for money and be the minimum possible financial burden for students,' he said. 'For that reason, the current situation is highly unsatisfactory - whatever the outcome, we will ensure students pay only the valid increase due to GST over last year's \$270 fee.'

If you have received an invoice including a GST component, do not pay your Student Services Fee until further notice.

A problem has been encountered correctly applying the GST to the fee.

If you have already paid your fee, don't panic. The University and Union will be in touch soon.

Stay tuned.

Campus Watch to be launched

By Greg Ginn and Jack Endino

This Tuesday, 7th March, the Campus Watch program will be launched in the Games Room, level 5 Union House.

The purpose of this development and its objectives, is to heighten awareness amongst the University Community on safety and security issues. Under the auspice of Neighbourhood Watch, Campus Watch will involve student and staff volunteers circulating the grounds of the North Tce campus and acting as eyes and ears to deter suspicious and potential criminal activity.

Phil Harrison of the Students' Association, the person given initial responsibility for the program said, 'The program is couched in a community development sense and is not a student army or campus vigilante group.'

Parts of the North Terrace precinct, including the University Campuses attract some undesirable characters. The program aims to draw on the resources of the staff and student body by volunteering for an hour or two a week and making other people aware that as a University Community we can do something to make us less vulnerable to personal and property crimes.

Stephen Mullighan, Students' Association President, said 'I am very keen to see the project get up and running, however, I would like to see more students involved, particu-

larly women.' He added that the SAUA had 'negotiated some incentives and I think when these incentives, like acknowledgment on your academic transcript for involvement in this program, gets on the student grapevine, we will be inundated with volunteers.' Mr Mullighan believed it was important for community-minded actions and extra-curricular activities such as Campus Watch be recognised by the University and future employers.

All intending participants will be required to submit to a police check and the program aims to get the necessary clearances and students' timetables to roster the initial patrols before the week 6 break.

For further information on the program, check out the Campus Watch website linked to the Adelaide University Union web page. www.adelaide.edu.au/AUU and type campus watch into the search engine on the home page. Or contact Phil Harrison on 83035760 or email phil.harrison@adelaide.edu.au

THE ORGANISERS OF CAMPUS WATCH LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR PARTICIPATION IN THIS PROGRAM. THESE INCLUDE; STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION, UNIVERSITY UNION, ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY, NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH AND THE SA POLICE FORCE.

Campus Watch Incident Report for January & February 2000

Barr Smith Lawns/Cloisters/Union Area/Library

Purse - Cash & Cards. Estimated value \$80
Bike - estimated value, \$400
Property Damage/Vandalism x2 value unknown

Engineering/Maths Buildings

Stolen Vehicle - value unknown
Bike - estimated value \$200
Escort of person under influence of illegal substance(s)
Graffiti - value unknown

Medical School Nth & Sth

Bike - estimated value \$300
Wallet & contents - value \$150
Wallet & contents - value \$100

Kintore Road Area - Oliphant, Johnson, CSIRO, Badger, Schulz, Bragg

Books - value \$125
Bike - \$300
Vagrant escorted off Campus
Goods in shopping bag - value \$50

North Tce. Area - Ligertwood, Napier, Mitchell, Hughes, Wills

Car - underground car park value unknown
Trolley - value \$80
Stolen handbag - valuables and cash \$115
Car damaged - value unknown
Apprehension of vagrant
Property from office

One assault occurred near campus at the Fisher Boat Shed.

campus watch

Want to get ahead of the pack?
Do something community minded?
Help make the Campus a safer place?
Get free training to make you more safety conscious?
Receive recognition from the university for your efforts?
Increase your employability?

THEN BECOME A CAMPUS WATCH PARTICIPANT!

Launch & information session.
Games Room (level 5 Union House) Tuesday March 7th. 1pm.

For more details and to register your interest contact:
Phil Harrison, Project/Research Officer, Students' Association of the University of Adelaide.
Phone: 83035406 or Email: phil.harrison@adelaide.edu.au

Right royal procession

By Georgie Hambrook

Once upon a time, the Founding Fathers of the United States of America declared their intention not to succumb to party politics. You see, the Founding Fathers of 1787 weren't too keen on this democracy business. George Washington, the first American President (appointed by acclamation at the Constitutional Convention), referred to democracy as being 'among civilised nations most disreputable and leading to factions' which would 'provoke mischief'. But the indignation did not hold and political parties inevitably germinated in the new Republic.

These days, party politics in America is out of control, not so much the numbers of them as to the lengths the two monoliths will go to attract attention. Hence this elaborate system of primaries which we have to endure. All this culminates with the respective Republican and Democratic Conventions - three days of parties, really bad speeches, helium balloons, and finally a ballot which is really a coronation because the votes have been determined already.

This Wednesday the world will know the identity of the two kings who will contest America's presidential election in November.

The face-offs between the self-appointed Establishment and anti-Establishment Republicans, George W Bush and John McCain, and Democrats, 'Veep' Al Gore and Bill Bradley, will be over ... actually, Bradley's race ended months ago, but the Republican nomination was up in the air until days ago.

Wednesday (well, it's actually 'Super Tuesday' in the USA) sees the party machines going full throttle in 13 states, the most significant being California and Bush's home turf, the Lone Star of Texas.

The odds are stacked heavily against McCain. Currently, the candidates are closely matched for delegates secured. However, the

party rules in operation in most of the 'Super Tuesday' states prohibit open polling such that McCain cannot exploit his apparently strong bipartisan support, which propelled him to early

probably a factor. It was only 12 years ago that another George Bush was elected President. Nobody remembers much about Bush Snr, save for 'Read my lips, no new taxes' and 'New World

ties, aside from the tawdry ordinariness of media onslaughts and push polling.

McCain has been described as a poster boy for the Christian coalition. Well, the coalition must have mislaid the collection plate because McCain went feral on two of the Coalition's ayatollahs, Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson (who usually runs for the Republican nomination but was nobbled early this time).

Apparently McCain is also poster boy for the National Rifle Association, which is curious given the good Senator's public advocacy of campaign finance reform which, if pursued seriously, would erase the equation of Lobbyists + Money = Legislation. The gun lobby is good at this sort of thing.

So too is 'Big Tobacco' which has rallied the Republican Establishment well in opposition to McCain. And it probably has its hands pulling at Bush Jr's back since his \$100 million sludge fund has to come from somewhere, right?

In any event, not many people know what to make of Bush. His self-projected persona is that of a 'compassionate conservative' (surely an oxymoron in contemporary American politics) which echoes Pop's creed of a "kinder, gentler nation" (sounds like fabric softener).

Naturally, this creed is light on details, and is hasn't stopped Bush from sweet-talking and seducing the radical right (of the Falwell, Robertson and Bob Jones ilk). In fact, Bush's push-polling in South Carolina portrayed him to be more socially conservative than his public persona which has waffled on issues like abortion, but has once again proven trigger happy when it comes to some good ol' fashioned capital punishment.

Just think, only eight months to go of shadow boxing flim flam men who excel at trying to be all things to all people and, ultimately, nothing.



'Me, I like that Gore feller. What's that? He's a Democrat? That's all right son. I can't remember my own name these days.'

victories. Instead, polling booths are open only to registered Republicans for whom Governor Bush is the pin-up boy ... only God knows why. Name recognition is

Order'. People are more likely to remember his Veep, Dan Quayle, he of 'potatoe' fame.

The contest between Bush Jnr and McCain has turned up some oddi-

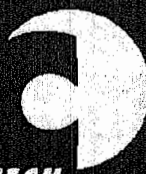
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The other Lee

By Dale F Adams

Last Thursday, a small but appreciative crowd headed to the UniBar for the inaugural *Politics in the Pub*. The evening featured a short, rather informal speech by Shadow Minister for Education, Michael Lee MP, and question time.

SAUA President Stephen Mullighan later explained that *Politics in the Pub* had been organised when he heard that Mr Lee was intending to travel the universities to discuss with students areas of interest surrounding the education portfolio.

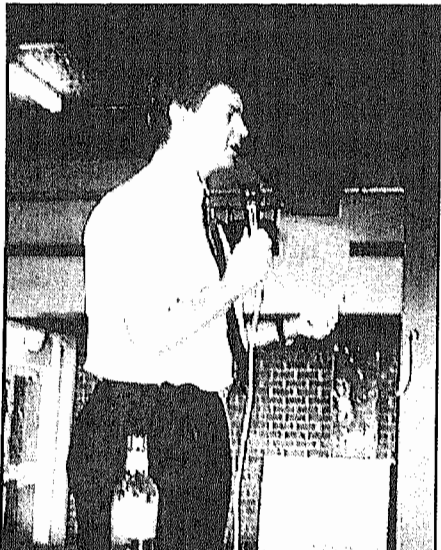
'When I discovered that he would be at Flinders in the morning, I thought that it would be an ideal opportunity to host Mr Lee in an informal setting,' said Mr Mullighan. 'I then liaised with the Flinders Students' Union, and we set it up from there.'

Mr Lee's speech primarily attacked Education Minister David Kemp's leaked agenda, which contained proposals to deregulate university fees and apply 'real' interest rates to HECS. He

pointed out that in New Zealand, where real interest rates have been applied to student debts, these accumulated debts now outstrip the national debt.

Mr Lee took questions for some time, with the majority of them centring around his plans for the education portfolio in the event of a change of government.

Mr Mullighan, whilst disappointed with the size of the crowd, was pleased



I'll just see caucus about that.

with the way that the evening had panned out.

'I would have liked to have seen a few more people - we had poster'd pretty heavily - but it went pretty well. The question time was quite entertaining.' It seems likely that, given the reasonably positive reception afforded it, *Politics in the Pub* will return in the near future.

'I'd certainly look

at organising a few more of these nights,' said Mr Mullighan.

'I hope to get representatives of the Democrats and Liberals along in the future.'

NUSite

By Phil Harrison

The National Union of Students (NUS) has gone grassroots with the virtual student community on the net, with the establishment of a new web site for Australian students. Launched on Monday 28 February 2000, the web site features include:

- free e-mail
- chat rooms
- competitions
- campaigns
- study advice
- student news
- entertainment
- bargains
- publishing opportunities
- essentials of diet, lifestyle, health & housing.

It also features specialist research and web search capabilities. Located at URL www.unistudent.com, the site reflects a grassroots commitment by the National Union in creating a unique place in cyberspace for the 600,000 students who, through their campus affiliation, are part of the NUS community.

The creation and existence of such a contemporary tool will no doubt

be at the forefront of NUS's arsenal for campaigns and the capacity for direct and indirect action against governments and unscrupulous companies, and for education and awareness of social and economic issues.

Upon inspection of the website, it does have some topical and relevant information contained within it. There are some elements that need some work; however, it has only been up for a week and student feedback and general comment on the site is sought. With improvements and proper utilisation, this site has the potential to worry some decision makers, particularly Education Ministers and Vice-Chancellors. Its sting will only be as strong as its number of participants. If apathy truly is in decline, then this project will result in some effective and efficient battles being waged in cyberspace. Go ahead and check it out, particularly if you are one of those students who believes that NUS does nothing for the average student. Well, here's a start folks. Remember, use it or lose it!



SAUA Roundup

The Students Association has drawn breath after the flurry of activity that was Orientation. Many thousands of *Orientation Guides* were handed out, over a hundred campers got naked and romped at Latvian Camp Dzintari, too many folk to count enjoyed themselves a little too much during Orientation Week and over 3700 kidders went nuts to Grinspoon *et al* at the O'Ball. Overall, people got home later than their parents would have liked and, in some cases, with new special friends in tow. Information was disseminated, lectures were bashed and SAUA cups were sold.

This brings us to the fortnightly round of verbosity and jousting that is the SAUA Council.

Susie Young, O'Camp Director & SAUA Councillor, lodged her objection to the mooted Stoplight Party. All fair and good. However, part of her objection was based on the perception that people going to this party would not be able to make their own decisions, as they weren't adults. As if O'Campers suddenly became adults and not hormonally ridden teenagers after a quick session of sexual harassment policy.

Zane Young, Environment Officer, to quote his report (see pg 20), 'The Environment Dept is having a well-earned rest this week, after the flurry of activity at the start of the year.' Not bad for a committee that only had its first meeting after the 14th of February since being elected around the 5th of September. I'd be buggered too. Zane is also getting more recycling information magnets (\$600) made up from the profit of selling SAUA cups. There are already information postcards about recycling so this seems to be doubling up at best. There also seems to be no thought as to where the next lot of cups will be paid for from. Hope that that O'Ball makes some money.

The SAUA seem to be forging ahead with a long-term policy redrafting (of which the highlights will be shown) as well as continuing to pressure the Engineering Dept for inclusivity training. Seb Henbest, and others, are actively pursuing Medicine on their somewhat shambolic marking policies. PROSH has been set down for the last week of term and should be a hooter.

Campus Watch starts this week and is a significant step forwards for the University in general. The Employment Service is still kicking goals with over 2000 hits per day on its website.

All in all, the SAUA moves two steps forward, one step back.

Check out the...

Inner City University
Campuses Project

Unwanted
Sexual
Experiences
Summer

Until 31 March 2000

An oxymoron: Truth in advertising

By spj5

I had hoped to move on from shabby mates, sex change operations and unsavory liaisons this week, but you have to go where the story takes you, and the story this week is truth in advertising. When I lived in North Carolina, I met this guy, I'll call him Lil' Johnny, from a small town in Arkansas. He was a real sad sack. He had followed his best school friend to the University of North Carolina, not because he fancied him, or because he was going to that great old university. No, he followed his mate so he could hang out on his sofa, pour a few beers at a local bar, and work on his depression. Like all youth in the late-90s, he spent too much time on the web. And like lonely sorts he liked to frequent chat rooms. You've probably guessed where this is going. Any fool who thinks he or she is going to meet the person represented in chat room exchanges in the flesh deserves what happens, I guess. But massive disappointment can be funny - consider the plight of my old school friend who expected a car for his sixteenth birthday and got a Pope-on-a-rope soap instead. Anyway, Lil' Johnny got real excited in his southern drawl kind of way. He been tapping away on his keyboard for a good couple of weeks and liked what he read. He got himself a cheap haircut, strapped on the Dockers and his finest Nascar T-shirt, hopped in his old Buick, and trundled out to the small town where his cyber-belle awaited him. Imagine his surprise when he opens the door to her trailer! He looks

down and sees a young woman in her twenties in a wheelchair: a young woman with no arms and no legs. So Lil' Johnny's first task on his first date with Miss Torso is to pick her up and place her in the front seat of his horrible old car. Now I tried my damned hardest not to laugh. The disabled deserve love too. Nothing funny about tragedy. But no limbs is something I, as a potential suitor, would like to know about beforehand. For instance, do you offer to cut up her chicken tenders or do you wait for her to ask? When she goes to the bathroom do you have to go too? These are things you have to prepare for in the changing room, not out on the pitch. Poor Lil' Johnny was a victim of false advertising. Wiping your date's bum first time out is more than any of us bargain for. A little acne, a few inches here or there - these are the acceptable vagaries of blind date game day. But no arms, no legs, don't call me Bob - that's like rolling up to a game of Sunday arvo park cricket with your mates, and finding out Glen McGrath wants to have a crack at you with the new compo. Lil' Johnny must have loved it or her sparkly personality, because he went out on a second and then a third date, which is more than ex-Air Force hospital unit vet, Darva Conger did. Darva found herself batting at both ends against McGrath and Lee, thanks to false advertising. You've probably heard about Darva by now.

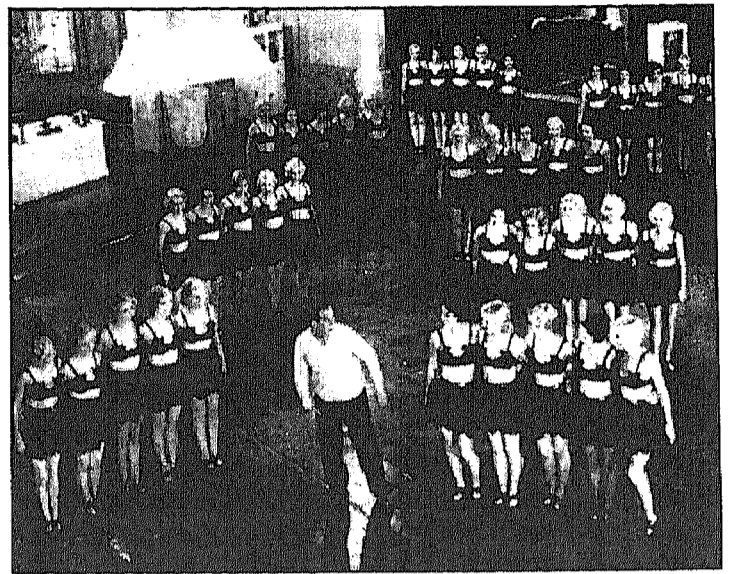
She was the lucky little winner of Fox's crowning achievement in reality television screened in the

memorable moments as cameramen being attacked by rattlesnakes, a brown bear scalping a hunter, and a family being terrorized by a very pissed off male stag, who scored a number of direct hits with its fine 16 point antler set.

But back to *Millionaire*. Whoever thought this up is a stinking genius. The plan was simple: get a millionaire bachelor, rustle up 50 women, parade them, beauty pageant style for a couple of hours before a live studio and TV audience, get the lucky bloke to pick one, and marry them off - all in two prime time hours.

New bride and groom hate each other's guts? No problem: get them to sign a pre-nuptial agreement that protects each others assets (but not, alas, their dignity) and have annulment papers at the ready. Hopefully that won't happen before they being sent off on a loveboat cruise for two weeks.

The show managed to outrage everyone: feminists, right-wing Christians, liberals, you name it, we were disgusted. But turn it off? No way. I watched every single minute. Fox had a swimsuit parade, a personal interview, and then in a finale to remember, had the five finalists line up in their wedding dresses while Mr. Moneybags made his choice. Fine, fine television. The problem was that the Fox producers of the program neglected to conduct background checks on any of the gold digging women or the main bloke. It turned out that Mr Millionaire Rick 'not the 70's porn star' Rockwell (who is no diamond to look at) is a small time property investor whose major claims to fame were his attempt to get into the Guinness Book of Records by telling jokes for more than 30 hours, running second in an episode of *Star Search* and starring in three sequels of *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes*. He was one half of a San Diego public TV access comedy act known as Biff and Skippy, and took his acting skills to work where he ran small time scams on Vancouver realtors by posing as a major property developer and being wined and dined as such. He was, apparently, living on a mate's sofa at that time. It gets worse. He had a habit of treating women badly, not that



Let the contest begin ...

we should be surprised by that. Any goon who uses his wallet to attract a bride is going to be no Ghandi. He'd apparently already promised himself to a lucky Vancouver lady, and had earned himself a restraining order against another.


But the real irony here of course is that while millionaire Rick had some cash, his moniker was a stinginess of which Scrooge would have been proud. He once offered a date met over the internet (!) a glass of water in his thinly furnished flat. That was the whole date. Lil' Johnny should have been so lucky. Rick also liked to split one main course for dinner. One ex-date recalled: 'He was the cheapest man I have ever gone out with. When he asked me out, I had to pick him up at his apartment because he didn't have a car.' At present Rick lives in a glorified shack in Southern California.

No doubt the pre-nup aspect of *Millionaire* appealed to him, but herein lies the puzzle of it all. If I was desperate to marry a rich man, as no doubt some of our readers are (why else go to Law School?), why try to snag a man you've never seen, who has assets you've never touched, while signing a pre-nup that guarantees you no access whatsoever to his bank account? You may as well appear on *Who wants to marry a homeless paedophile*. Your chances of hitting on something good would be about the same. Darva Conger found that out. After a two week cruise where they barely exchanged platitudes about the weather (and after Darva promised Rick, 'I will never sleep with you, no matter what') the annulment was a foregone conclusion. Tragically, Fox, now painfully aware that through false advertising, reality doth make fools of us all, has announced not only that there will be no re-broadcast of this historical event, but that it will back away from similar programming in the future.

Back to the chat room, gold diggers and sad sacks...

US a couple of weeks ago: *Who Wants to Marry a Millionaire*.

Rupert Murdoch-owned Fox has had some ball tearer 'reality' shows. My favorite was *When Domestic Animals Attack*, which was mostly grainy but genuine footage of pit bulls chewing small children. This was a natural progression from *When Animals Attack I, II and III*, which featured such



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ON THE GROUND FLOOR

Honkyville or just a nation's capital?

By Darien O'Reilly

Canberra. Designed by a Canadian and his wife, populated by public servants, their families, students, politicians, their hanger ons and staff, the press, military types, students and artistes, Canberra is less of a city and more of a collection of villages.

Tuggeranong, Canberra's equivalent of the western suburbs.

Fishwyck, the nation's porn capital and home of light industry, tyre retailers and associated home furnishing outlets.

Civic, not the city centre but its equivalent home to restaurants, retailers and one of the entertainment hubs of Canberra.

Woden, home of the Health Department, numerous clubs and a massive shopping centre.

Belconnen, more malls and associated good times like karaoke.

Canberra reminds me of SimCity, at least the way I design my cities. Strings of residential areas with outlying commercial bands surrounded by virtual fauna parks connected by major arterial roads; all according to some supposedly masonic circular pattern.

Canberra, home to some of the nation's major attractions such as the War Museum, the National Gallery and Parliament House, among others, has always had a weird place in my heart. This is partly due to friends being resident and partly due to childhood causes. Travelling with my parents around New South Wales at Christmas time we broke down near Canberra and spent Christmas lunch on the side of road. This was strangely memorable. A girl farted on my head on the tenth floor of a motel when I was a nipper attending the National Little Athletics Championships. Before you all think I was some sort of jock gone to pot my sister was competing and I was merely lending not inconsiderable vocal support. When visiting friends I've always had a

damn entertaining time, whether it be investigating the seemingly endless supply of national clubs that Canberra plays host to or going to one of Canberra's half dozen or so pubs. Canberra has allowed me to have fun and get some culture at the same time.

What's this got to do with anything I hear you say. Well, I just thought that I would share some Canberra good times and help to adjust its image from grey, boring and weird to one that we can all understand; not necessarily love, but understand.

My adventures begin

On Dit is onerous at times and this was one of those times. 7am Friday the 18th February and we had just put the paper to bed (a shitty cardboard box). I was leaving on a jetplane at 8am, a maximum of ten hours sleep in 4 nights had prepared me well. QANTAS were calling me when I finally arrived and onto the skybus I

went. I spent more time snapping my head back and leaning against the window than I did remembering where I had cunningly placed my return ticket. Off I clambered at Canberra Airport, straight into the waiting arms of the Baggage master upon being in-

formed that my luggage (1 small backpack) had decided that it wanted to see Melbourne. My lift was late and drunk; everything was not just surreally tainted but Ken

overDone. The first thing we saw was a bottle of fruity pyne. This was an omen - we bought it and whisked ourselves straight to Parliament House.

Parliament House

There we chicaned around the Senate carpark, strolled through the House and met the pissheads from the Press Gallery. Those not dispersing the goodtimes to the toilet from the farewell party the night before where wandering aimlessly and hoping like heck that the wire services would come through with the goods so that story investigating could take a backseat to trying to feel like a human. Parliament House is a rare bird indeed. A piece of architecture that pleases both the

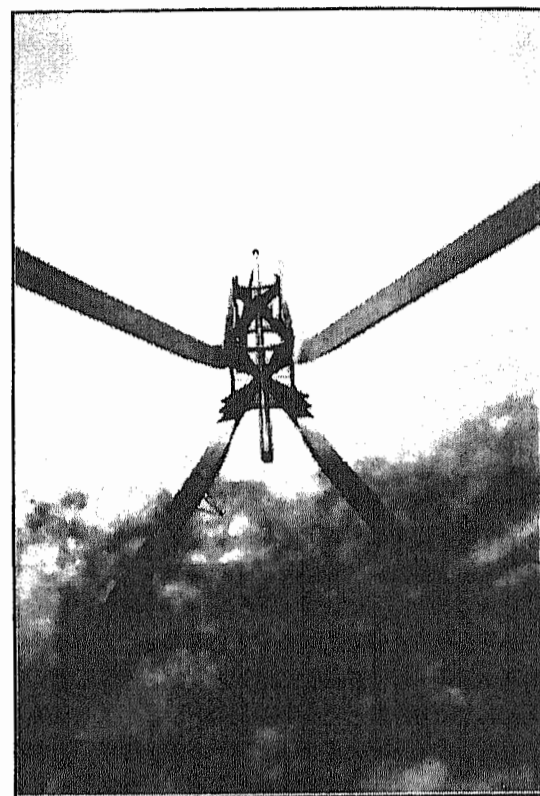
professionals (therefore

finicky nitpicking jealous bastards)

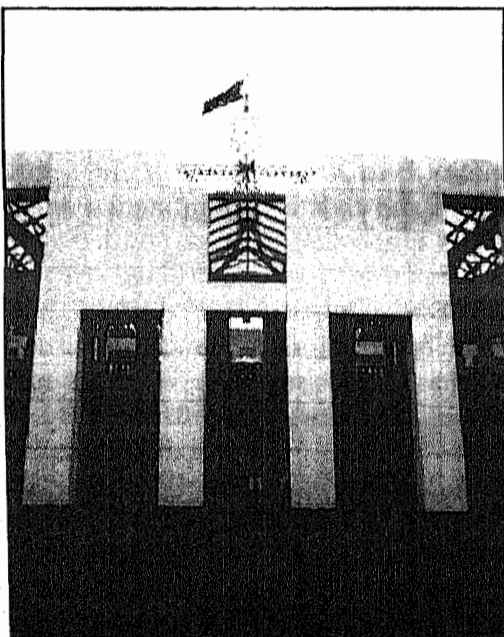
and the 'I don't know much 'bout Architecture but I know what I like' school of tourist such as myself. It's set into a hill so that you can walk, run or cycle over it. A bitumen moat surrounds the seat of royalty (or at least Johnny 'Mr Sheen' Howard and his ilk) so that the plebs can truly take in its awe inspiring grandeur. Radi-

ating from this moat are numerous entrances the best of which is definitely the road to Old Parliament House and its sumptuous view along the drive to the War Museum. Melbourne Rd, Adelaide Drive, Sydney Cul-de-sac, Constitution St, Legislative Assembly Laneway: they're all there like some sort of inclusivity training gone terribly terribly wrong.

Inside the seat is a rabbit's warren of building, outdoor gardens, nooks and crannies seemingly purpose built for the internecine machinations of government; a veritable treasure trove of locales for the shifty to conduct business and pleasure. Parliament House has a wonderful art collection curated by somebody who I forgot all of which is in constant migration so nobody gets too attached to any particular piece. Lines of besuited men mingle with the walls while sculpture and archival pieces of history



The monster flagpole



Parly House after the MUA visits



From the air this suburb of Canberra looks like a bunch of carkeys

abound. One can feel the air of history and purpose that this engenders. Indeed, I felt proud to be an Aussie knowing that the curator had created this air using only a little Aussie ingenuity, a fistload of pictures of crusty old geezers (and the occasional sheila), some abstract sculpture and about a squillion tax dollars. Parly House is divided into two: House of Representatives and the Senate connected by labyrinthine corridors, cafes and canteens. Provided the annual Begong Moth infestation or magpie rampage aren't happening the outdoor gardens and seating areas are a joy to sit within. In true style, the Senate wing also houses the press because they obviously went to the same schools, share the same interests and aren't considered absolutely necessary to the running of the country. The Senate Chamber is some sort of pastel from hell colour, a crazed salmon that is soporific and maybe deliberately so. It never seemed to hurt Big Mal Colston. The Press rooms are a OH&S disaster that would send any self respecting sweatshop owner planning for extensions. The House of Reps Chamber is green, a nicely muted serious green. Both have Press Galleries, Public Galleries and even an enclosed area for noisy schoolkiddies. Whether the glass is around the wrong area is a moot question. The top of Parliament House affords a wonderful view of Canberra and, if you visit you should take the time to walk over it. The flagpole that sits over the building is immense and one can always amuse themselves with the thought that it would cause a mighty hole if/when it gives way as well as creating a mighty headache for those that will have to change the flag.

Honkyville or just a nation's capital?

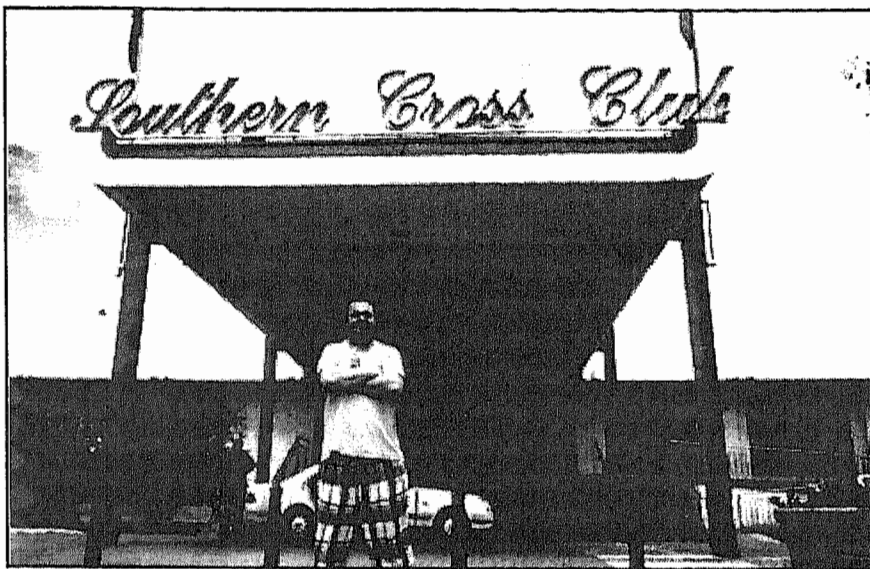
Seriously though, Parliament House is a wonderful place to see and it is sobering to see the size of documents that have shaken the foundation of governance.

Of to my temporary abode I went. Driving in Canberra is like navigating your subconscious. Lots of twists, many many circular routes and the occasional heading in the wrong direction. I headed in completely the wrong direction, drove across Lake Burley Griffin into Civic, back past Parly House, around the moat, past Foreign Affairs, back around Parly House, down Melbourne Rd and straight into the waiting arms of the marine outside the American Embassy. Looking seedy and unshaven and consulting my Canberra UBD, I might have looked like a confused carbomber. I realised my mistake and sped off into the distance. The suburbs behind Parly House are riddled with embassies ranging from the ostentatious to the downright suburban. Countries such as India and China have stuck to the national stereotype while Yugoslavia have basically rented a weatherboard. A game to play is drive around and pick the embassy. Now Canberra has some sort of crazy planning regulation where even the neighbourhood deli must be in a shopping centre. This leads to the weird situation where each suburb has a dedicated little block of shops. I explored and found gin, tonic, oranges to remove the quinine oiliness, a pie, some crusty bread and sarsaparilla. I drove, found home and proceeded to relax overlooking the porn 'burb. Mein hosts returned from work and we prepared for an evening of Canberra good times.

Heads down

When in Canberra do as the locals do. Go to a club for a cheap meal and cheaper alcohol. We decided (upon the recommendation of Jeremy) to visit the dizzying lights of Woden. Straight to the Southern Cross Club we drove, in we marched only to be face an inquisition. From where did we hail - Adelaide, would we care to join - just looking thanks, order by nine or go hungry - we'll order. The key to any successful club adventure is be from out of town because everybody knows that tourists are a tad slow. We signed, we strolled in and took

a table. We waited, paid \$5.80 for a Pimms and dry and two midis, waited, ordered more and waited. To the counter we strolled for answers and were told in no uncertain manner that table service was not an option for us as we had not requested it. Obviously some sort of quaint local custom we reasoned, and orders were placed. Clubs are mostly glorified food barns so stick to the usual; this we did whilst bemoaning the lack of surf 'n'turf/beef'n'reef on the menu. Snizzels, calamari and some sort of fillet mi-



The author stands proudly outside the Cross

trays, slots for credit cards and buttons for bar service we proceeded to play like there was no tomorrow. These machines are for the confirmed pokie gambler, for those unafraid to mortgage the house and embezzle the company super fund. We sat down and prepared our-

Driving in Canberra is like navigating your subconscious.

gnon came out while we gathered nuts and berries from the salad bar. Smacking of lips ensued, drink orders were placed and pokies were sighted.

Pokies, lights, action

Canberra clubs are a shelter for poker machines and at the Southern Cross they were royally treated. Line after line of gleaming, glistening pokies, while numerous personal assistants circled the machines ensuring that they always looked their best for their new special friend. The pokies tweeted

selfes. In went our resources (alright then we held back drinking money) and down went our gazes. Around and around went the machines, steadily down went our stock of credits until a line of queens saved us. The machines sang their siren song and visions of jackpots and free cars assailed us. We were up and away, because like fine lager a machine can become too known. We were after a variety of experience and the poor machine could not give any more to these three members of the jaded Generation X. We strolled down the pokie lined corridors and struck gold. In the same building, the Canberra Youth Gospel Association was holding an Eisteddfod. In we barrelled to meet the distressing news that all acts had been finished. Fuck it was the cry until the glad tidings that another would take place the following week was found. At this stage of lucidity my participation in the

Orientation Ball here at leafy Adelaide Uni was looking shaky. Looking back I would have enjoyed the arguments that undoubtedly would have developed over the sudden replacement of Grinspoon with

an unknown yet talented bunch of excitable pre-teens from Canberra. Back to the machines we ambled; a one dollar was accidentally played and more money was accidentally won. More and more poker machines were played, more ridiculously cheap drinks were consumed and the Southern Cross was treating us well. But we yearned for more; we yearned for the

Woden Tradesmen's Union Club so off we scarpered.

The Woden Tradies

Driving to the Tradies we passed another two clubs but all their glitz and glamour could not tempt us. We were focussed, we were determined and we were bloody minded in our pursuit of the Tradies. Getting a movie star park out the front certainly gave a good impression as did the startling resemblance between the genial doorperson and Paul Nenne (the world's most genial barkeep from that lovable scamp of a pub the Rob Roy). Doing our best to remain in the role of out of townies we inquired about the availability of fun, of gambling and of liquid refreshment. Tick to all of the above and we sauntered in feeling a little over fifty bucks. The barstaff were incredibly helpful in pandering to our somewhat erratic whims. They had to delve deep into the dim dark recesses of the fridge in order to find the West Coast Cooler but find it they did. They didn't even chuckle too much at pouring a grown man a half Southern Comfort and Coke or make jokes to each other when we left the immediate bar area. Offering a glass, ice, straw, little cocktail broly and small plastic animal to drape off the rim of the glass might have been overkill but who were we to argue if they were having fun. We watched some television from some luxuriously appointed tables that had gadgets that could change the channel inbuilt into them while drinking in the atmosphere. We were waiting for that most hallowed of games, Bingo, to begin and there was nothing to dull our excitement which exponentially grew the closer it got to eyes down time. People were flocking in, lucky cushions and gonks were safely clasped, refreshments were ordered and the portal opened. It was Bingo time.



Insert Tradesmen's Entrance joke here

and whirred speaking their irresistible language. We dove straight into their warm embrace. Spying a family of machines that could be sat in front of, that had shelving for four drinks, that had inbuilt ash-

Next week Bingo & Cockington Green

Sell, sell sell

By Carla Caruso

You know, our government sells off everything these days. And, what it doesn't sell, it leases out. The buses, electricity, our telephones, and now, the Lotteries Commission are up for grabs!

Don't get me wrong. I love Johnny. But if the government need the revenue so badly, why not ask the average Joe (or Carla) where they should next get their much-needed dollars from, and take some insider advice?

I've come up with a few hotspots that I'm certain could prove to be quite profitable to sell, and ways in which investors could utilise them. Have a read.

Hindley Street thoroughfare

We don't really need it anymore. It's just a row of run-down hotels and X-rated off, and make it into a strip for drag racing, to rival the Grand Prix? It wouldn't other Saturday night.

The Victoria Square Public Toilets

No one really uses them anyway, except drug-users, drunks and lawyers from the With a lick of paint and a spit of polish, investors could turn the facilities into a view of the park and passing buses (an added attraction). So long as they can put graffiti messages, such as 'Finger Yourself Daily' on their front door (once belong-could be quite an abode. And, George Michael would always be happy to come

Christies Beach Police Station

Like, the government really needs to waste money on coppers in Adelaide's cleanest, suburb? Invest the money elsewhere. I'm sure the upstanding residents can regu-putes (should they arise).

The Royal Adelaide Hospital

Sell it off, and have D.I.Y. heart surgery in one classes in another.

Seaview High School

Most public school kids don't get past Year 9 anyone). So, why not sell the schools off, and legalise students out grape picking, and working in gov-ASAP.

Rymill Park

What is it, after all, but a bit of grass and too much end to Rundle Street? Turn it into a giant swim-afar.

Government House

Do the MPs really need another house, when they invest in Government House, I reckon. I've heard business a certain Ms. Summers has in mind.

The State Library

Most nerds can be found at Internet cafes nowa-into a cocktail lounge, so you can have a bit of a Adelaide Museum

There are enough fossils at Mitcham Nursing with a screen the size of Tyrannosaurus Rex.

Australia Post

Sell it off, and maybe the investors could have the next lot of posties on hovercraft, so rather than waiting 24 hours (and then some), your love letter arrives in 5 minutes.

Glenelg Beach

Marina Piers already shadows the sandy shores. Why not just hand the beach over to the developers, throw in the jetty too, and let them bake in their G-strings and sip champagne, in private? We don't want to see their love handles anyway.

The Festival Theatre

Who goes to the theatre these days? Why pay to see some snivelly, Shakespeare-quoting wannabe actors, when you can house the Big Day Out under cover (especially on days that peak at 42 degrees)?

Adelaide Hills

Why not chop them off, and make it a flat trip to Melbourne, plus give the residents a view of what's on the other side?

The Adelaide Zoo

It could become a place where pedophiles, burglars and other undesirables are banished, and the lion's cage could be reserved for people who like to play Shania Twain loudly.

Adelaide University students

An obvious liability. Exterminate immediately.



Another State asset to go under the Liberal's privatisation hammer

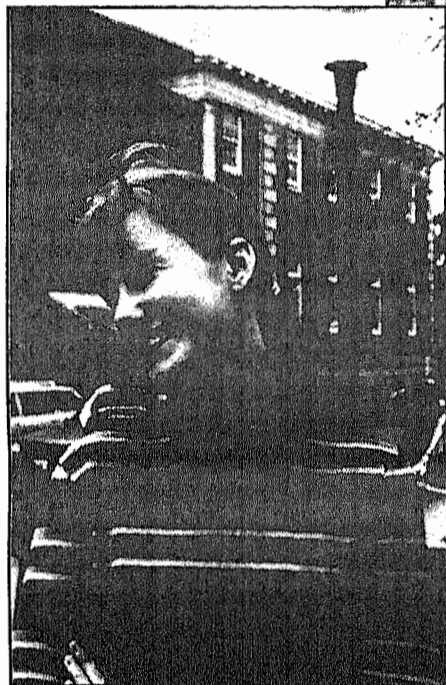
shops. Why not sell it be any noisier than any

courts across the road. little cottage, with a up with scrawled ing to a cubicle), it over for dinner.

most wholesome late any domestic dis-

room, and Tae Bo

way (I know, I was child labour? Have the ernment departments



"This should bring a pretty penny"

have their own to go home to? Not really. A madam should the MPs have already tested the mahogany desks for the

days, anyway. Such an intimate venue, I suggest turning it tippie - and a good read too.

Home. Bulldoze it, and make way for an open-air cinema,

maintenance, a sad ming pool, and watch how many sun-worshippers flock from

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Sunny Melbourne v sunny Adelaide

By Carla Caruso

Who else crossed the borders these hols? Went where the grass grows greener in the Eastern States of Australia? Did you too join the queue in whinging about how shitty Adelaide is, and fantasise about life in Melbourne and Sydney, if only for a long weekend?

I went to Melbourne for a weekend, this year. I left an ex-boyfriend in Sydney last year, and I don't really want to talk about it

right now. So Melbourne it was. Except Sydney keeps getting in my face anyway - it beat us in a lifestyle poll in the *Advertiser*, it topped the world in its New Year celebrations, and it's got the bloody Olympics this year. SYDNEY. SYDNEY. SYDNEY. Makes you sick. That's why I thought I'd pen my thoughts on 21 things that I hate about Melbourne (being freshest in my mind). 21 things Adelaide shits

over the East with. Now that I'm back home of course, bored, listless and dreamy (gotta snap out of it somehow!).

It took a lot of blood, sweat and tears, but I made it. Here's my list...

1. Their cars have numberplates with blue or green lettering, which can be a fashion nightmare if your car's red or purple, unlike our fashion savvy black-and-white plates.
2. If you're a professional student,

and moonlight as a laser technician, take heart. At Melbourne's Coles Express, the checkout chicks and dudes have to wear berets, and the store's open 24 hours. Bummer.

3. Their 7-Elevens are so behind. Bi-Lo opens everyday from 6 to 12, in this country town!

4. You can't buy milk at their milk bars. I don't get it. Is 'delicatessen' too hard to spell?

5. Their streets go for blocks and

Sunny Melbourne v sunny Adelaide *cont*

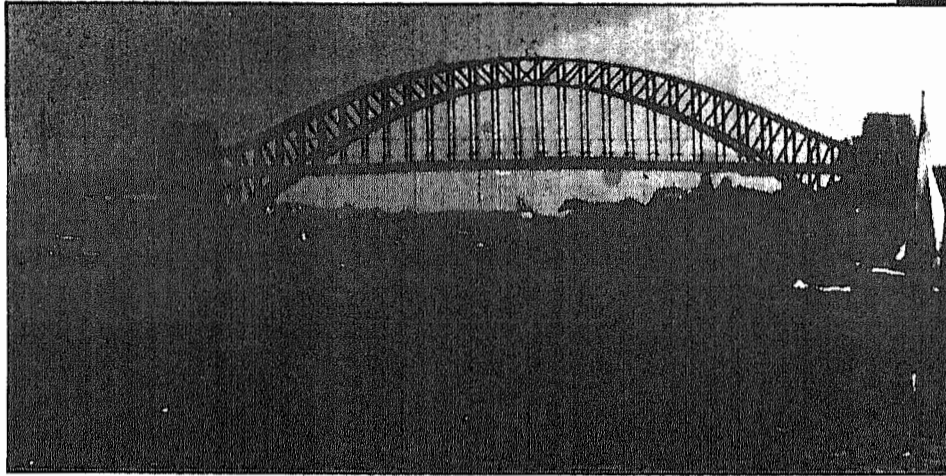
By Carla Caruso

blocks (Chapel St, Brunswick St) sending most posties on stress-leave. 6. There's too much to do at night, so indecision keeps most youngsters at home. No one knows what to do on Friday or Saturday night when asked. At least, Adelaideans know by heart the 2 or 3 choices on offer. And when you say you want to go

Adelaide's, and so the proportion of P-platers is higher. Much higher. 9. The taxis are custard-yellow, and will leave something akin to custard in your trousers at the speed in which they travel. 10. Everyone 'toots' each other (as opposed to 'beeps') as a friendly gesture when cutting through traf-



Melbourne has no balls



A symbol from the older sibling

to a dance club, they say: 'Progressive, high energy, jungle or house?' (Like we have a choice over here!) 7. The tyre tracks around Albert Park need cleaning up. Might be 'cause of some big event called the *Grand Pricks* - heard of it? 8. The population is younger than

fic, sounding a bit like an off-key musical. And, they have the cheek to call their peak-hour traffic jams 'laid-back'. 11. Everyone's got a sob story about Jeff Kennett. 12. To turn right into the traffic, you stick to the far-left lane. D'oh!

13. There's more pigeons, and less seagulls. And, pigeon-shit is far worse. 14. There's too much construction work, and ogling council-workers on smoko. 15. They call their 'Crash Repairs', 'Smash Repairs'. Too 'in your face', if you ask me. 16. You have to catch trams in the middle of the road, sidestepping on-coming traffic. 17. The Yarra's dirtier and uglier

than the Torrens.

18. There are too many cafes, with phoney Italian names and not enough bums on seats - and yet not enough free seats at Macca's!

19. Though they bag it to the hilt, Melbourne tries too hard to be like Sydney, but remains it's poor cousin.

20. The buildings are taller, making a 'Baywatch glow' even less likely.

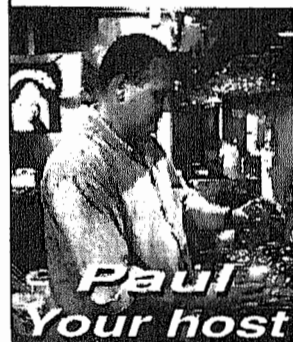
21. There are more heroes than Café B's on a Saturday night, and every second guy is answerable to 'Mario'.

21 and a half. They live and breathe football. Say no more.

Tell Carla

Like to think of yourself as the next Jimoen? Got a funny anecdote? If your Mum, Gran or neighbour's dog thinks you're a bit of a laugh, then contact funny features sub-editor, Carla, at the ON DIT office, lower George-Murray Building, or call up a leave a message. I WANT YOUR JOKES!!!!

UniBar



Paul
Your host

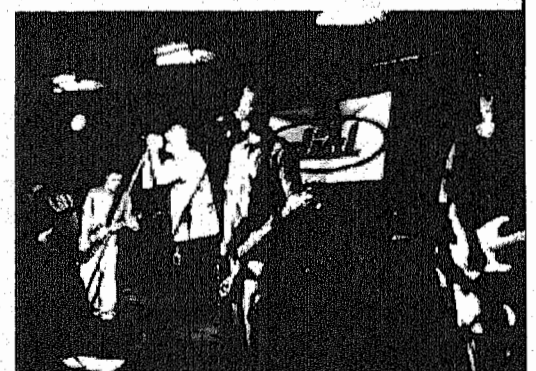
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Why Pickachu is the devil

By Cybele Hedde

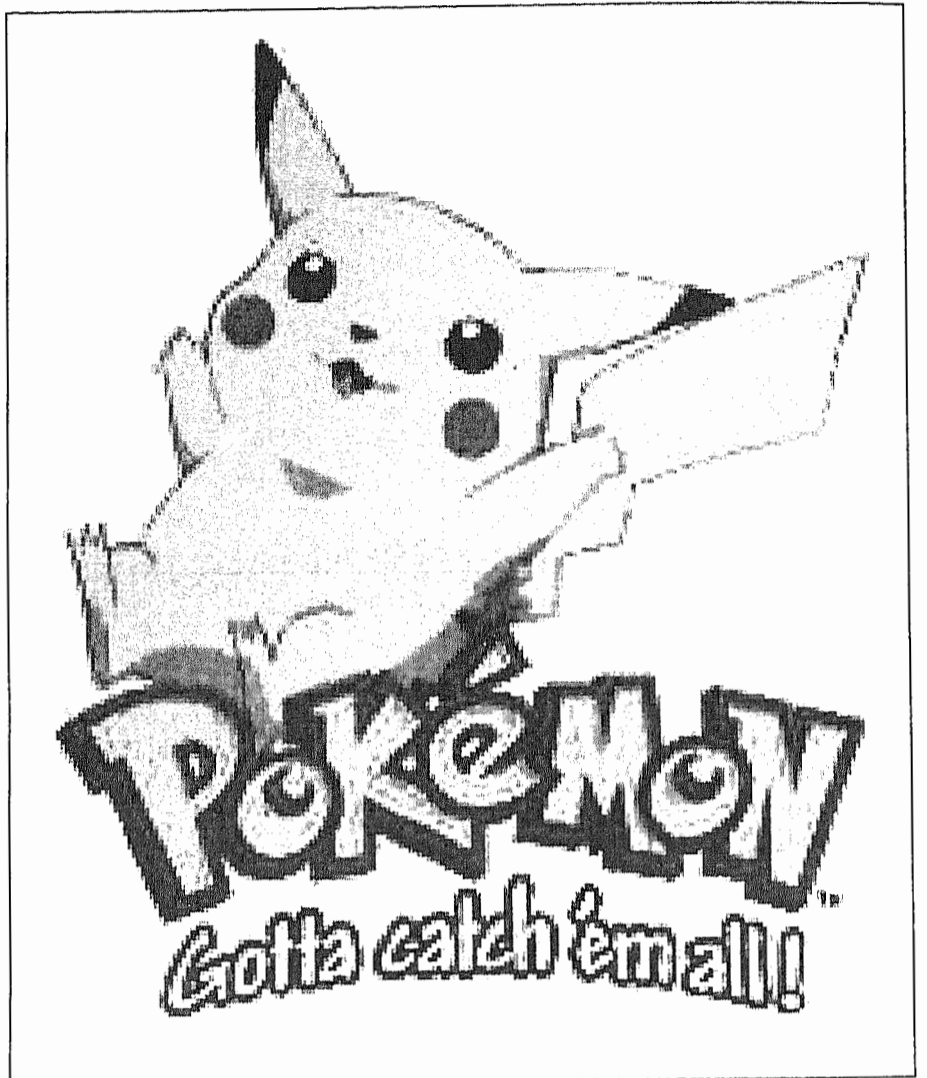
About two years ago I put myself through an Honours degree. Every morning I would wake up, feed the goldfish, grab a bowl of generic cereal, seat myself on the brown couch and turn on to *cheez TV*. I used to watch *cheez TV* for the ads. But between the lurid advertisements for WWF dolls and the latest ice cream with bubble-gum on it, I discovered something unbelievably weird. Pokemon. Although some of the actual Pokemon are pretty badly designed (Porygon is a duck made out of cubes and looks, quite frankly, like a shit-house rush job), this cartoon fulfilled most of my prerequisites for animation (it was Japanese and it had animals in it).

At first I was mesmerized. I went Pokemon mad, I searched for sites on the internet, I bought the game, I thought this whole thing was pure marketing genius. But this fantasy wasn't to last. The cartoons remained on *cheez TV*, but I noticed some disturbing trends. Whereas in the past all of the kiddies used to send in pictures of Spiderman, the X-Men, assorted lizards, dragons and a scattering of Sailor Moons, now the entire art gallery is dominated by pictures of Pokemon. It is at the point where the hosts of the show (you know, the lanky guy who looks like Ben Lee and the

little weasely one who looks like a jockey) are visibly pissed off. But their constant sarcastic comments of 'oh ... and here is *another* picture of a Pokemon by John/Jane Citizen' continue unnoticed by the 6-12 year-old demographic.

The first hints I would get of Pokemon's terrible influence were in the news reports from Japan and America, which told of several hundred people having seizures after watching a particular episode. The numbers might have been lower, but some bright spark in America repeated the segment that had triggered the seizures on the nightly news.

Then one morning I was listening to the 'Pokemon jukebox' (a saccharine song played at the end of each episode) when the chant started: 'gotta catch 'em all, gotta catch 'em all, gotta catch 'em all, gotta catch 'em all', and it hit me ... Pokemon is all about encouraging rampant consumerism in the under-12's. If that isn't a sign of Beelzebub, then I don't know what is. Which brings me to Pikachu. Pikachu is the flagship of Nintendo's Pokemania. It is a sickeningly cute character with long, rabbit-like ears, a lightning-bolt tail, big brown eyes and a voice that sounds like a baby uttering its first words. But really, we all know



Satan.

that Pikachu is just a yellow, squashed version of the classic red devil as depicted in more western-style cartoons. Picture it ... the pointy ears, the forked tail, the cheeks that glow

red, unlimited power when it is pissed off. So lock up your kiddies, the antichrist is here and he has taken over early-morning television. Be afraid. Be very afraid.

Beer Lines: Taming the Party Keg

By Tony Jones, Southwark Chief Brewer



'Too much head, Dud?' 'Much too much head, Pete.'

You've got a big party coming up but the budget, as usual, is a bit tight. What better way to save money than invest in a party keg? Its got to be cheaper than buying bottle beer and so much easier to clean up afterwards. You can get a keg from a hotel with the cooler

and other equipment on loan for between \$155 to \$165; it pays to shop around. If you know someone at a pub, 'mates rates' can be well worth the suck up. A keg will give you about 170 schooners or the equivalent of 6 slabs (approx retail cost \$174).

Cost-wise the keg advantage is marginal, and the choice is probably more about creating an atmosphere than about hard dollars.

If you are to go with a keg, then beware of the pitfalls that can turn your party into a frothy nightmare. The box that cools the beer is called a miracle box. Inside is a simple cooling plate that needs to be in constant contact with ice to chill the beer on its way to the tap. Use only block ice not the crushed variety - *this is critical*. A bit of prep work, placing milk cartons filled with water in the freezer for a few days before hand, will save you some running around. With the cartons removed these ice slabs (which fit nicely on the cooling plate) will do the job, plus save a few \$'s. You can make the job of the miracle box a lot easier by insisting that the hotel keep your keg in their cool room for at least 24 hours prior to pick up.

In warm weather leave it as close as possible to party time before picking up the keg. A warm keg is the surest way to ruin your party. Also beware of the 'beer experts'

who will descend upon the keg at the first signs of a heady pour. These guys will twist gas knobs, uncouple lines, shake the keg and help pour half of your keg down the drain. Leave the gas gauge on the recommended pressure, unless you see gas bubbles forming in the line (gas breakout). If you do, increase the pressure by turning up slightly, in several steps, until the bubbles disappear from the lines. May the yeast be with you!

**Beer Tip
of the week:**

'Drink It'

**Kevin, 3rd yr
Engineering**

Cooking with Sister Heidi

By Sister Heidi of the Van

Eggplant with Capers

Serve this hot, or cold on a hot night, with wedges of lemon and your favourite bread. Cold is good with a BBQ.

1 large eggplant, cut into small cubes
 3 tablespoons olive oil
 2 cloves garlic, chopped
 1 onion, quartered then finely sliced
 3-4 stalks celery, chopped
 1 tablespoon tomato sauce
 3-4 tablespoons capers
 12 black pitted olives
 6 green olives
 2-3 tablespoons wine vinegar (normal or balsamic will do)
 1 tablespoon sugar
 salt and pepper to taste
 lemon wedges
 water as required

A large, non-stick skillet or frypan (with a lid) is best. Saute eggplant in 2 tablespoons of the olive oil. When it begins to get soft, remove from the pan and put aside on a plate. Add the third tablespoon of olive oil and saute the garlic and onion until the onion is golden, then add the celery, the tomato sauce, and a few tablespoons of water. Cover and then let steam for 10-15 minutes. Stir occasionally. If it gets too dry, add a little more water.

Then add the eggplant to the pan, and the capers; chop and add the olives also. In a little saucepan beat the vinegar and add the sugar until dissolved then put this into your pan with eggplant.

Add salt and pepper and simmer gently for about another 10 minutes, stirring all the time so it doesn't catch.

Serves 6 as a side-dish or 2-3 with bread as your dinner.

Heidi Pots

You can eat this by the trayful for a night in front of the teevee.

6 large potatoes
 1 large carton cottage cheese (in fridge at supermarket)
 1 cup sour cream
 3-4 cloves garlic, chopped
 2 teaspoons sea salt
 2-3 spring onions, finely chopped
 1/2 cup of chopped herbs (basil, parsley, whatever)
 1 cup grated tasty cheese (For the record, I always add more. I love cheese)
 paprika

Boil the potatoes until they are just barely tender (use a skewer). Cut them up into rather small cubes and combine them with the cottage



Sister Heidi: she knows where the party is.

cheese, sour cream, garlic, salt, spring onions and herbs. Put the mixture into lightly oiled baking tray or casserole dish and sprinkle the grated cheese over the top. Add some paprika and bake until brown - about 1/2 an hour on 180 degrees.

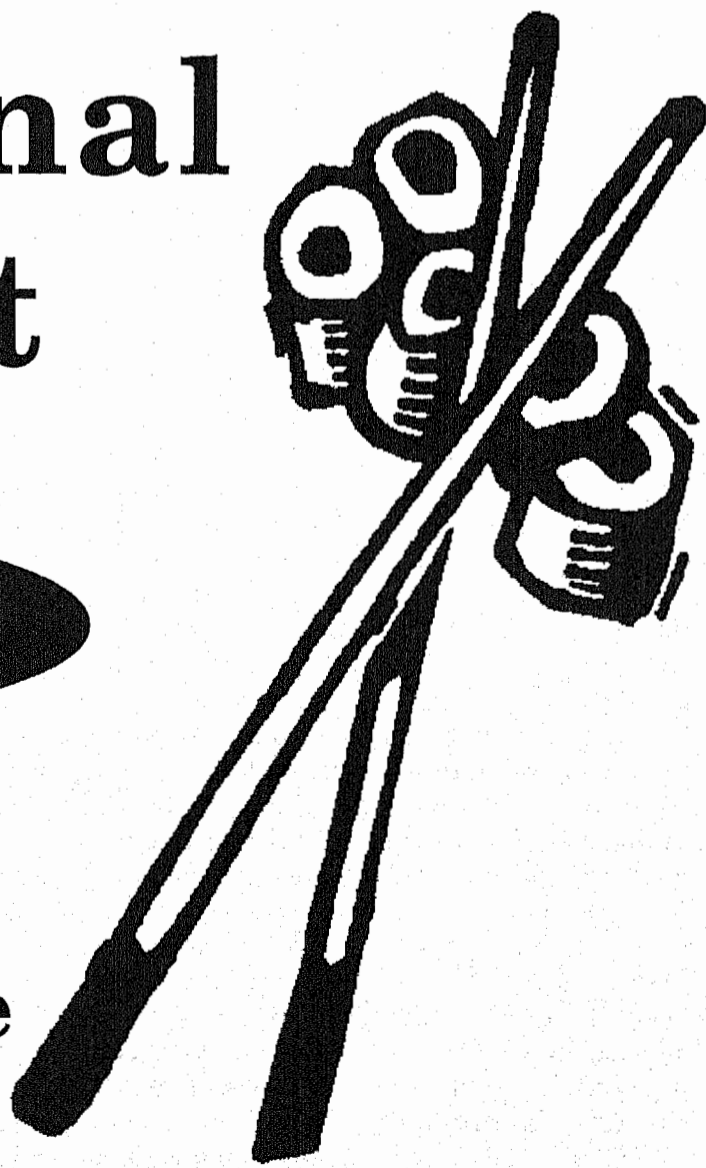
Serves 6 as a side dish or a couple of hungry people in front of the teevee for a quiet night.

For something different, I have added salami, bacon and sometimes chilli.

International Food Court

open 10am - 3pm

Upper Refectory
 Level 4 Union House



One bourbon, one scotch, and one beer

By Kate

Hey there people. Ever thought 'Oh, it's not that far, we could walk it', then realised four hours later that the distance between Noarlunga and the city was further than you thought? Ever cut off your legs, told everyone you were 'armless then realised you got the joke wrong? Ever said 'Yeah, sure, I'll be a sub-editor of *On Dit*, sounds like a bit of fun'? Chances are, you were drunk.

Students right, love the pub. I love the pub. In fact, of the two universities I've been enrolled in, I knew where the bar was long before I know where any of my lecture theatres or tute rooms were. Now in the past, most stories about ridiculous stunts whilst drunk were written by guys, who told stories of getting schlackered and doing stupid testosterone driven bloky stuff. But hey, women get drunk too you know. In actual fact, it was a woman who drove me to drink, and you know, I never even thanked her. Where are my manners. Thankyou sweetheart-you know who you are. Anyway, I thought I might share some of my drunken anecdotes with you, so you can now see how the other half lives. So, sit down, relax, grab a beer, and have a bit of a giggle at my self-inflicted misfortunes.

After a few with some workmates one evening in one of the dingiest pubs in Sydney, the discussion turned to the fact that I was the only woman there, and, as such, the weakest member of the group (according to the bunch of blokes, of course, several of whom, I'd just drunk under the table). Not to be outdone, I took up a dare. Now kiddies, as I'm sure you are already aware, inebriation generally destroys any propensity you ever had for rational thought, and it really is not a good idea to take up dares, particularly those thrown at you by a bunch of drunk blokes, whilst you are knackered. Do as I say, not as I do.

So, I wandered up to quite possibly the largest, scariest, most leather clad bikie type dude in the pub, looked him square in the eye (thankfully he was sitting down, cause going up to this guy while he was standing would be stupid, wouldn't it kiddies), and said: 'You Sir, are a fucknuckle'. This guy just grinned at me, and said nothing.

However, what I had up to that point, thought was a wall behind him moved. It was his bigger, even scarier girlfriend, who informed me that I must be either really brave, or really stupid. Now this would've been a good time to

walk away, a sober person would've, a person with an iota of commonsense would've, shit, Playdo would've, but no, not me. I simply looked at her and told her that it was bloody obvious that I was stupid, and if she couldn't see that, then she was even dumber than I was. Now, her obviously massive abuse of steroids had seemingly shrunk her sense of humour as well as her ovaries, and she did not take this gem in the fun in which it was intended. In one clean sweep, she picked me up by my shirt collar and carried me out into the back alley, where I was unceremoniously deposited in the dumpster. I had the last laugh though, the dumpster was only half full, or to put a more positive spin on it, half empty (it was kinda hard to judge from where I was sitting).

This meant, on the one hand, that I didn't have far to fall, but, on the other hand, it was the tonne of refuse from the Thai restaurant across the road that had broken my fall. So after clambering out, to the utter disbelief of everyone in the pub, I walked back into the pub, followed by a trail of fish heads, and ordered a pint. The mammoth that had thrown me out wandered over, said she reckoned that I was as brave as I was stupid, and paid for my drink. Ah, the lengths we'll go for a free drink. Hardly worth it though, I couldn't leave the house for a week because of the smell, and my mates didn't think I was any stronger, they didn't think much of me at all actually, they thought I was a danger to myself and others, and refused to go out drinking with me again. Now no anecdotal article about drunkenness would be complete without a tragically unsuccessful pick-up story, so here 'tis.

Now I don't know if any of you have ever noticed this, but when you're drunk you are so much more attractive and charming than whilst sober. In fact, those around you become considerably more attractive. Surely you all know someone, who, when you are forced to interact with them, they fill you with an overwhelming desire to be lonely. Well, get a few drinks inta ya and you'll discover that whilst they still have all the virtues you hate, they actually also possess some of the vices you admire. A new best mate, just add alcohol.

Now, one particular evening, after having ingested more alcohol in one hour than the human body can metabolise in a year, I decided that tonight was the night, what with being so attractive and all,

that I was going to make a move on the person who had been the object of my affection for quite a while. With friend spurring me on, I swaggered (I emphasise the use of the word 'swagger' here, and the fact that I did not use a word that, but for one letter, would make me sound considerably more pathetic than I thought myself at the time) towards the bar, where this poor unsuspecting soul, was having a quiet drink.

Now, the problem here was the layout of the bar. Some bastard architect had designed this pub to make it as difficult as possible for the inebriated to get to where they need to

be, and put bloody great pylons about a foot and a half in diameter, about three feet away from the bar. Unfortunately, the object of my affection was positioned behind one of these monuments, and, due to the fact that the pub was quite overcrowded, in my attempt to get around this bloody thing, I got my wallet (which was loaded with about \$11 worth of coins, and in my back pocket) hooked on some guys chair. So I found myself sandwiched between one of these pylons, and this chair, with the object of my affection still completely unaware of my presence. The thoughtful gentleman said 'Sorry love, I'll get out of the way for ya', and shifted his chair in such a way that I was shot out of there like a bar of soap. I landed heavily on my arse, at the feet of the object of my affection, who looked down lovingly and asked if I was all right. With all the charm I could muster, I informed anyone within earshot that 'I hurt my botty'. In an interesting twist, however, I was then



Give us a Babycham.

literally picked up by the object of my affection (and about three other people).

But it doesn't end there, oh no, that would be too easy. The next day, I had to go to the doctor for a flu shot, which, of course, is injected into the buttocks. As I stood there with my butt exposed there was a rather long pause, and in a rather uncomfortable though trying not to laugh kind of way, the doctor inquired as to why it appeared that I had a 50c piece imprinted on my arse. I told him that he really didn't want to know. He then started giggling his head off whilst injecting this bloody vaccination into my other butt cheek, which of course, bruised, and meant that I couldn't sit down properly for four days afterwards. Let me tell you folks, there's not many situations more uncomfortable than having some guy giggling maniacally when giving you an injection, while you are bent over a table with your pants around your ankles.

I love me pants.

SOUTHWARK

Since 1886

Social Page

No distress for this damsel

Bring on the dragon ...

And the O'Ball crowd goes wild ...

Big man hits small pool

Gettin' jiggy with it at the O'Ball

SAUA Prez goes the skull on the Lawns

Anyone for tennis?

Having a few beers and enjoying a few bands at the Unibar

Meamobile, back at the office ...

Is your face circled in this week's Social Page? If so, come down to the *On Dit* office at 12.00 on Friday and declare yourself, and you will be the lucky winner of a prize kindly provided by Southwark.



PROSH? What that mean then?

By Adam Langman

For those of you who haven't lived through a Prosh before you are probably wondering what it is.

In the beginning

The first ever recorded Prosh dates back to 1905. A hot-bed of activity was occurring not only in Russia but in Adelaide University too. A book documenting the university that year reports that 'Japes and attacks on the chancellor reached a peak in that year. Sir Samuel Way was minuted as having asked the University Council for protection from the students': thus the first Prosh begun. That year, 'students armed with inflated and painted oxbladders (the old version of the whoopee cushion I guess) tied to bamboo poles. The students ... in drays and wagons suitably dressed in posters ... made their way to town hall tooting the crowd with their medieval buffoons' bladders'. From that you can see how Prosh got its name - it is short for procession!

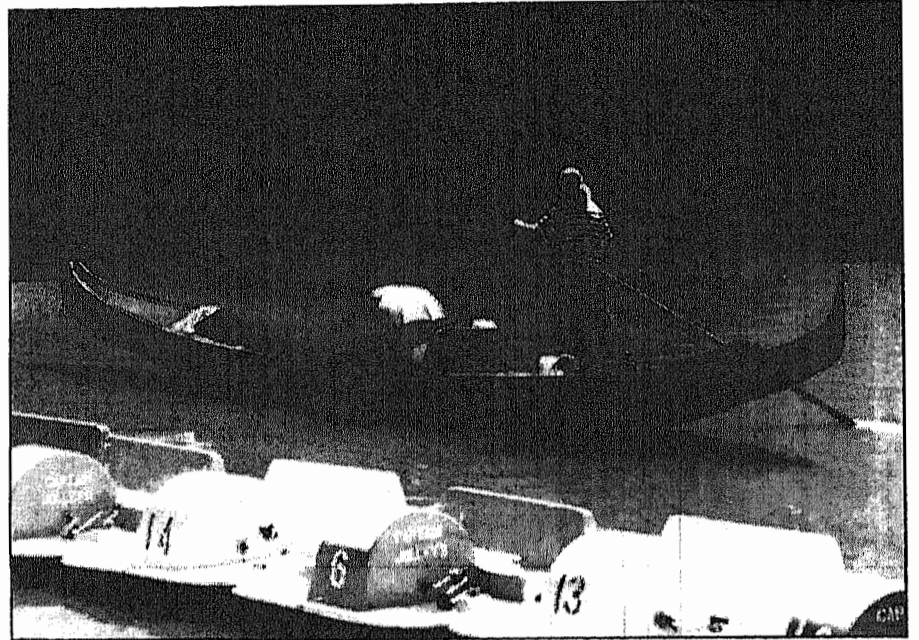
The fifties and sixties

These are the years when Prosh really became a big event with hundreds of students with 30 to 35

floats (one of which was a five foot penis) accosting the city, to the appreciation of thousands of onlookers (some appreciated it more than others). Smoke bombs were let off and police tires flattened. In 1958 'about 27 youths and some girls' were arrested. Some of the pranks that these students pulled have become legendary. Things such as getting a Morris Minor on top of St Peters church, having contests to see who could steal the most stuff (this included fire engines and police cars - a family friend of mine once stole a baggage car with 17 trolleys attached from the airport); a car was suspended under the footbridge and a group of students even blew-up the footbridge with a bomb!!! Not many years went by without one form of attempted litigation and sometimes many arrests. Mounted police and fire engines were used to disperse crowds sometimes - as long as the fire engines had been returned, of course.

The real purpose and today

The reason we still hold Prosh is for the best of reasons: to raise money



PROSH is good

for charity. In the 90s we raised around \$100,000 for various causes. Today we try and make our pranks profitable, humorous and semi-legal. Society today is less willing to tolerate illegal hijinx, even for a good cause. This is very sad from my point of view, but remember that some of the best pranks of all time weren't against the law or destructive - such as last year when

a witty group of students bolted a toilet to the steps of parliament house and used it as a donation bin. In conclusion, don't let a proud and fun tradition die. Come into the Students Association office (near Cloisters) and register any pranks you want to do, register a car or a float in the parade through the city and put your name on the helpers list and become a Prosh devil like me!

The masses speak out

The drag debate part 1

Dear Eds,

I would like to put my two cents in with regard to the recent drag queen debate. First of all, I would like to go on the record as saying that, although I personally have a problem with drag performance, I feel that the way certain members of NUSSA went about voicing their concerns about drag was reprehensible, and, at the very least, very unprofessional. In the first instance, despite what you might have already heard, I at no time approached either Tom or Amanda or any other member of the SAUA Sexuality Department with my concerns, as I was aware of the fact that the performers had been booked, and that the Mars Bar, for better or worse, were one of the major sponsors of the Sexuality Dept this year. I am aware that my fellow NUSSA sexuality officer, Ashley Richard, did voice some concerns, however it was my understanding that his concerns were mentioned only in passing, and at no time were there any arrangements with Tom and Amanda to actually discuss this issue. Strongly linked to this point is the fact that as the NUSSA Female Sexuality Officer, I was not informed of this action until the night before it was to take place,

and even when I was told that something was happening, I was not told the specifics of what was to take place, and certainly not told what was to appear on the pamphlets. As such, I made the decision to steer clear of the entire event.

Now I'm painfully aware that as a NUSSA office bearer, this kind of rant could, in itself be seen as divisive, however, I do know the difference between right and wrong, and in this case, I believe that the actions of these few NUSSA office bearers was wrong. Although this is quite an idealistic view, I would like to think that after elections and all the shit that ensues has taken place, that student representatives can all work together, regardless of what faction they are from and personal gripes, to better the welfare of students as a whole.

In closing, I would like to say that for two student representative groups who exist to safeguard the welfare of all students to be at odds this early in the year, due solely to attacks from one to the other is absurd, divisive and, let's face it, counter-productive. The SAUA pay affiliation fees to NUSSA, and as such, should quite reasonably be able to expect to be consulted before an action such as this takes place.

Yours
Kate Stryker
NUSSA Female Sexuality Officer

The drag debate part 2

Dear Eds,

We would like to comment on the recent drag queen debate that has erupted from our choice to have drag queens perform in O'Week. Firstly, we would like to point out that we stand by the fact that drag queens are a valid sexuality and lifestyle, and although some people may be offended by them or feel they are degrading, it is still our job as sexuality officers to represent this group. Some people may be offended by homosexuals or may feel they are degrading, so sorry to all those people who thought our job entailed representing them and helping them feel safe on campus. If the problem is not with drag but with the performance of it, then it's ok to be gay, just please do not perform openly gay in public.

We understand there are positives and negatives associated with drag, just as there are with any form of sexuality. What we are most concerned about is not Alexis Tindall's ignorance to accept drag queens as a sexuality, but more the way in which her backlash was done. The pamphlet she was handing out was poorly researched and showed a lack of knowledge or insight into the lifestyle and behaviour of the drag queens outside their performance careers.

We strenuously deny that the performance was designed to ridicule, trivialise or marginalise queer sexuality, as the pamphlet explicitly stated. As cross dressing and drag queens are a valid form of queer expression, we find it quite perplexing that this minority group should come under attack from a state office bearer and that this publication was authorised at all by NUSSA.

Our concern is with the lack of consultation from NUSSA prior to the production of the leaflets. Then the cover-up of pretending to have approached us, and some excuse about corporate sponsorship. Your own sexuality officers deny ever approaching us about the production of a pamphlet, Matt Anderson. Don't you think if you had approached us we would have organised a pamphlet to accompany yours with reasons why we were choosing to have a drag show and the history of drag. Alexis Tindall states that the reason for the production of the pamphlet was 'to educate people, drag is the sort of thing that people sit around and laugh at, and never really think about what it entails.' Don't you think, Alexis, that it would have been better to present both sides and not just one and let people make up their own minds?

cont next page

The masses have their say

The drag debate part 2 continues

This type of behaviour by NUSSA is divisive and not in the best interest of students, especially, at a time when student unions are under threat and their relevance is being questioned on a day to day basis. Alexis works for the national union and we would hope in future to establish closer and less counter productive links to our national union.

Yours in solidarity

Amanda Camporeale & Tom Radzevicus

SAUA Sexuality Officers

The drag debate part 3

Yes, this is about the Drag debate - and what a drag it is. Unfortunately, we have to go over the same issues that were covered after last year's Drag performance.

Let me be frank, I support NUSSA in their decision to protest against the Drag show sponsored by the SAUA Sexuality Department. I find the decision made by the Sexuality department to be irresponsible and in poor taste, regardless of whether it cost them money or not.

Firstly, as a department set up to challenge heterosexism and to support diverse sexualities the Sexuality Department only assisted to further isolate both lesbians and gay men from the department. Drag Performance is a representation of gay men that already exists (and is largely accepted as universal) within the straight society. It does not need to be reinforced by the Sexuality Department. It would be like the Wimmin's Department putting on a display of vacuuming techniques for wimmin. Following this, for those men dealing with issues of sexuality, particularly gay sexualities, for the drag show to be supported by the sexuality department is potentially setting a script for these men, which they may not (as many gay men do not) feel comfortable conforming to this script or representation of gay-ness. Furthermore, lesbians are, once again, left out. Lesbian visibility is lacking, not only within mainstream society, but also within university culture. For the Sexuality Department to organise such an event, one that is run by men for predominantly men's entertainment, shows their lack of understanding of such issues. This issue has greater importance since the current wimmin's officer campaigned to remove lesbians from the Wimmin's Department during the last student elections. I am not going to cover the issues of sexism, as I believe they have already been covered some what. However, I do

believe it to be of utmost importance. Nevertheless, the issue of sponsorship arises. The (not so) beloved Mars Bar sponsored the event to my, (and what should be every students' and disabled persons') disgust. The Mars Bar was to provide Queer Collaborations (QC), a national queer students' conference held in July 1999, with the end of conference dance party. QC had given specific outlines as to what we required, including better wheel chair access. Of about 5 conditions, only two were met, to open the doors early, and to give delegate priority entry, ie: those that made them money (there were 270 conference delegates). The Mars Bar failed to inform us of any failure to meet the remaining agreed conditions, and it was only discovered on the night - too late to make any changes. Furthermore, in response to my protest against their failure to meet the conditions, they insulted every student and every disabled person by telling us to simple 'Get over it' and that we are 'Only students'. Where does this come into issue? Well as it happened, Ms Camporeale was a member of the organising collective and this matter was reported back to the collective, hence she should have known about it. How can a student representative engage, as sponsors, a business that fucks over the people she is supposed to be representing? Furthermore, in regards to the response 'Why couldn't we put forward a case ...' made by Ms Camporeale (not to pick on her, but she made it - see last *On Dit*) she is, as a SAUA office bearer, privileged as to have a column in each edition of *On Dit*, and I suggest that is your place to have your say as a student representative. And I have noticed, by the way, that there was no sexuality department column in the last edition of *On Dit* - do you have nothing to say? On another topic, one would think that the SAUA would learn from past O'Weeks. Once again, no vegan food (or they were not able to tell me if it was) was provided on the days I was present. Veganism is both a feminist and environmental issue, which one would think the environment officer, at least, would have spoken up about, not to mention the abundance of plastic show bags given out by the SAUA.

Michael McCulloch
Honours Politics/Gender Studies

Sorry Michael, old chap, but your implication that the SAUA Sexuality Department has nothing to say regarding this issue due to the fact that no column was run in last week's On Dit is incorrect. A column was submitted, but we failed to print it, because we are slack. Eds

Froke Outrage continues

Well it's true. As pointed out by youse guyz in a letter, the Frozen Coke machine has left campus. That Frozen Coke machine was quite possibly the best thng about university and I for one am outraged by it's removal. It's tantamount to taking the phones off the lawns or ripping the orange bits off the lawns. As for a swift replacement, Slush Puppies are good, but lacked the revolutionary addition of fizz to the frozen beverage pioneered by Frozen Coke. Why not just paint it white and blue and red and call it frozen Pepsi. Only the Pepsi Challenge people will know the difference.

Outraged

and continues

Groovy *On Dit* Folks,

I seem to remember that a promise from one ticket in last year's student elections was to reinstate Union and SAUA General Meetings. It's early days, but I haven't heard that this is actually going to occur. Which is a great pity, because sometimes there are issues of such importance that they *must* be discussed at a General Meeting. Soft drink, for example. Who was it that made the decision to turn us into the University of Pepsi? Why were we not offered the 'Taste Test' before Pepsi became the only option anyway? Imagine my horror to discover that I can no longer purchase my beloved Fruita or Stonie anywhere in the Union Building, simply because they were associated with that 'other' cola manufacturer. Has our Union descended even further into becoming a 'closed shop'? If so, they should at least have the decency to ask *us* which company we want to hold the monopoly on our consumer dollar.

Thirstily,
Sharon Grainger

Support the Elder

Mes Chers Editors

President Mullighan's article 'The Great Con' on the University's plans to place the Elder Conservatorium in some off-campus amusement park was pointed but tactful, as one would hope from someone saddled with mediating between the student body and an often criticism-touchy University corporate management. But what a sad farce the extreme scenario here seems to be. We have heard so much PR talk

about 'world class universities'. One of the hallmarks of most famous universities is a strong identity with the liberal and performing arts and the humanities. But this university seems prepared to divest itself of every possible vestige of this hallmark. One is inevitably reminded of the definition of an Australian University doing the rounds a couple of years ago: 'A seat of higher learning trying desperately to disguise itself as a technical school.'

The much-trumpeted funding for a Professorial Chair in the Death-Throes of Fossil Fuel Exploration should be tempered by the apparent parlous state of the Arts and Performing Arts.

If the Con is so shaky, why has the University let it get that way? Are there other solutions than showing poor relatives the door?

Anonymous Bosch

Jayne says hello

Dear Eds,

You don't know me, but I am your Film Sub-Ed. Well, ok, not true: you *do* know me.

Recently my Boy Of The Moment sent me a review of *Boys Don't Cry* which I (regretfully) cannot publish in my section because last week I already published my own, second-rate, review of this brilliant film. Most other chicks would dump his arse for exposing me as the fraud I am and outshining my supernova, but instead I chuck his review in the letters section because it is so fucking good (and he is so dead sexy) that he puts me to shame and I want everyone to read it.

In fact, you should fire me and hire him instead (disclaimer - hyperbole: not to be taken to heart. I like my job. I like free film tickets ahoy! Oops. Did I just expose the perks and kickbacks of my position to the entire student body who are, no doubt, hungry for justice??!???) Well, here 'tis - *Boys Don't Cry*: PS: please no-one else send me unsolicited reviews because, unless you bring tears to my eyes and are someone I am shagging, I won't do this.

Even in darkness, there is hope - Sitting on the floor of a cubicle in the Palace toilets. Knees held to my chest. Head hanging down. Convulsively sobbing as image after image bludgeoned my battered heart.

Boys Don't Cry.

Brandon's struggle for acceptance, for his sexuality, for love; his unbridled passion; his courage: all these things and more beat repeatedly into me and all I could do was sit and cry, hoping no-one heard me. *Boys Don't Cry.*

The masses have their say

Only now as I sit typing, with The Cure playing softly over and over do I finally realize the irony: how fitting, and tragic. I try to laugh about it, hiding the tears in my eyes because ...

Boys Don't Cry.

This film is intense. It is the true story of Teena Brandon / Brandon Teena - a girl with a Sexual Identity Crisis who finds herself in Falls City running from a Grand Theft Auto charge and trying to fit in with the local macho redneck fuckheads as one of the boys.

S/he and Lana (Chloe Sevigny) fall in love and Brandon's life gets even more complicated as inevitably her secret gets out. Innovative direction and cinematography combine with the sheer brilliance of Hillary Swank (as Brandon), and the gripping real life tale, to create a visual, emotional and melancholic ride on a pick-up truck destined to run headlong over a cliff somewhere in redneck America and crash in a crumpled mess along with your heart, your mind, your soul and any preconceptions you brought with you.

Not for the faint hearted, *Boys Don't Cry* will pummel you with stark, torturing scenes. It will challenge you to think differently about yourself and about life and about relationships and, well, about pretty much everything. It will have you gasping in horror and then glowing with delight. And if your throat doesn't tighten, just a little, and you don't feel tears welling up behind your eyes, then you have my pity.

It is happy even when it's sad. It is bright even when it's dark. And when you think you can't stand anymore pain it grabs you by the neck and shows you exactly how much people can hurt. A love story. A tragedy. A must for anyone who has ever wanted something they could never have.

Michael Groves

Jayne-the-film-chick

Melvin strikes back

Dear Consumers,

It isn't it naught but flesh, substantial null+ity, hypostatic incredulity, disaffected wounds of glory, a xylophonic beacon, mesphothetiois' winged-words piercing 1 dimensional heroes, as the third-person frequency curves testing non-people, positively reinforcing punitive contingencies in the market matrix, the web of \$-note transplexed spines piercing the masses \$inews, quantifying symbolic insanity, the holy syllogism, castrating colours from dreamers minds, and bricking together a painless, and numerically

valid, bell-curve non-flesh, such that the fire-drake said, let us send our souls into a trial of flames, licked by fatalistic probabilities, external statistics, the razor-spiked puppet cables of an internally dead h\$u\$m\$a\$n\$i\$t\$y, a penny for your thoughts, buys 'I want that penny'; the spirit's replacement: a colliderscope of sliding transparent tracings of capitalist number-thoughts, v\$a\$i\$u\$e-virtues, and have-goals - let me HAVE it, I WANT it, what's it w\$o\$r\$t\$H?

Method in Madness

Orientation thankyou from those in the know

Dear Eds,

Just a quick note to say a big THANKYOU to all the people that made Orientation Week 2000 the best ever. The biggest thankyou of all goes to our helpers, Anais, Peny, Meg, Josh, Natalie, Gareth, Tamryn, Shareen, Mikey, Marguerite, Mellisa, John, Rachael, Lisa, Scott, Kris, Lee, Catherine, Andrew, Sarah, Emma, Kerryn, Alida, Mel, Matt, Luke, Brett, Kate, Andrea, Alison, Luk, and anyone else we have forgotten in the daze that is the first week of Uni. They served breakfast in the rain, shoveled sand in hot weather, sustained fat burns from the BBQ's as a result of the Directors, and generally busted their guts to make sure O'Week went off. To all the staff in the SAUA, the office bearers, Student Radio Elly Joni and their kids, all the staff of the AUU, catering staff, maintenance, and stewards we couldn't have done it without your help and support. The last thankyou is extended to all those people who came out and enjoyed O'Week, and made it the biggest party ever.

Brad Kitschke
Michael Brauer
Deahna Haltis

Led Zeppelin?

Dear Eds,

Classic album? Led Fucken Zep? You're joking, aren't you?

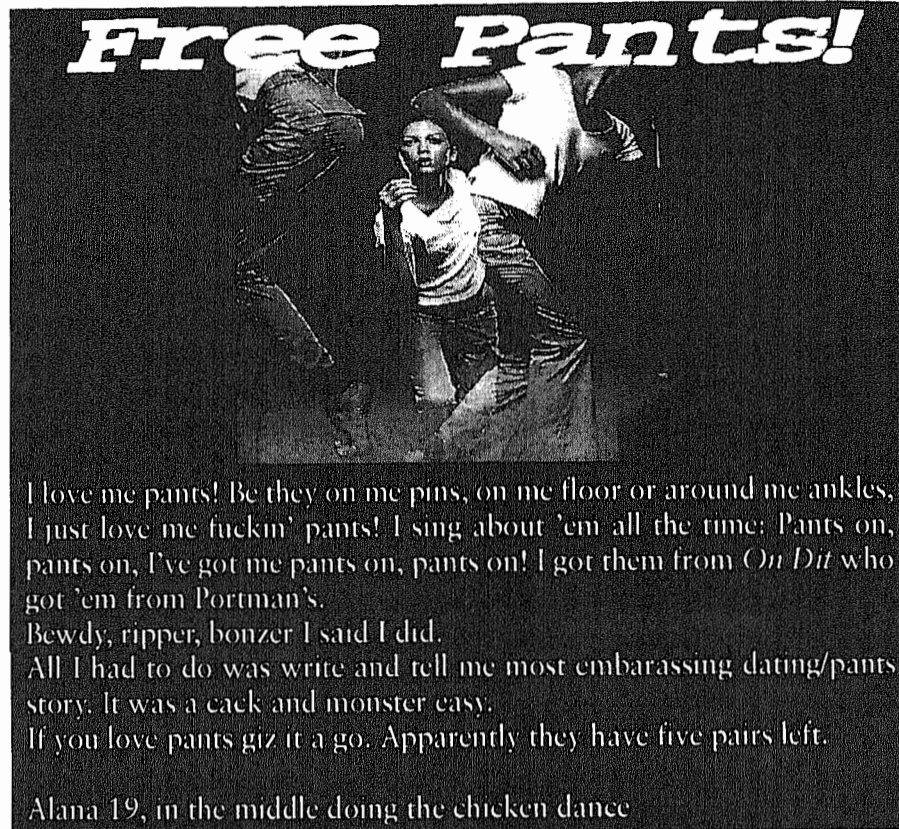
Cheers,
Miles Hunt

I hate Led Zeppelin

Dear Eds,

Led Zeppelin as the classic album of the week leaves me feeling a little cool. I mean really what the fucking fuck people?

Ta
Darien O'Reilly



I love me pants! Be they on me pins, on me floor or around me ankles, I just love me fuckin' pants! I sing about 'em all the time: Pants on, pants on, I've got me pants on, pants on! I got them from *On Dit* who got 'em from Portman's.

Bewdy, ripper, bonzer I said I did.

All I had to do was write and tell me most embarrassing dating/pants story. It was a cack and monster easy.

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

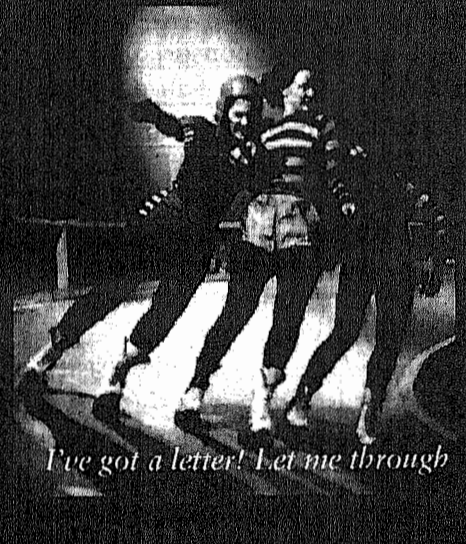
Alana 19, in the middle doing the chicken dance

We welcome letters from any student on any student. Please

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

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

Letter Policy



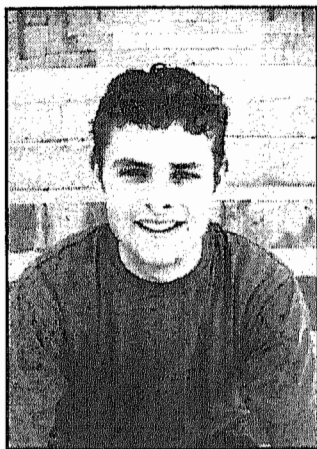
Do you answer the description of a muckraker, shit-stirrer, rabble-rouser or a person with less than 10 contact hours a week? If so, you are wanted at *On Dit* to write News, and perhaps make it too. If you, or someone you know, answers this description dob 'em in to the editors at *On Dit*.

On Dit Cub Reporters

This is not a lottery. Sorry, no bounties available; no freebies or freeloaders. Bribes and other gratuities always welcome.

You can get it on Council...

Stephen Mullighan, SAUA President



Music School

The recommendations from The Review into Tertiary Music Education in South Australia are to be considered at an open session of University Council at 2pm, March 20. Until then we are coordinating a campaign against the essence of these recommendations, these being aimed at removing music teaching from the University. Next week there will be a forum for students to get more information about this issue, on Tuesday March 14. Time and venue are coming. If you want to get involved in helping fight these recommendations, come in to the SAUA and see me or call me.

Campus Watch

The Campus Watch program, aimed at involving students to make this campus safer and more secure, will be officially launched this week on Tuesday 7 March, 1pm in the Union Games Room, Level 5 Union House. The program is endorsed by SA Police, University Security, and the Union. If you'd like more information about the program, or how to get involved, come along for the launch.

Library Skills Workbook

The SAUA is in contact with Ray Choate, Librarian at the Barr-Smith Library, in an effort to investigate restructuring the Library Skills Workbooks that first-year students complete. This move is aimed at ensuring these workbooks not only give students library skills, but essential IT skills as well. We'll keep you posted with developments.

If you would like to get in contact with me, once again you can drop in to the office, George Murray Building, call me on 8303 5406, or e-mail me at stephen.mullighan@adelaide.edu.au

Seb Henbest, Education Vice President

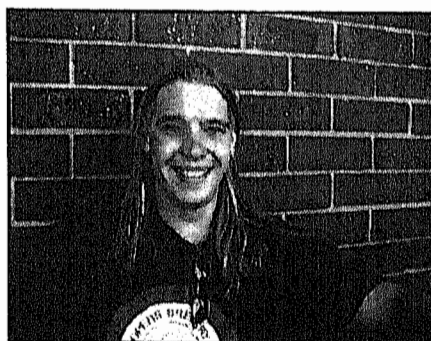


We live in a supply and demand world. People will supply for consumers anything they demand. If you or I started a craze for parasols, I would bet my entire piggy bank that pretty soon they would be available at all the trendiest shops in town. Are universities caught up in the same transient ring of supply and demand, paying homage to an economics that holds sway over human passion and common sense? Who pays for our education anyway when our HECS debts barley scratch the surface of the cost of our tuition? Everybody knows how our present government has progressively cut operating grants to the university since it came to power in 1996, and that the university is so strapped for cash that it plans to introduce full fee paying summer semesters, and is cutting the number of postgraduate scholarships to make ends meet (and that's to name just two ways). Surly we as students are not far off seeing massive grants made to the university by multi-national companies, in return for curricula and course direction which favours specific industry and its way of thinking. How long before the

university, in its quest for operating monies, must only teach certain theories, give certain opinions and mark along certain lines, all determined by big business and their dollar? How long before the pillars of Western society, such as the Classics or Music, will be abolished due to low student numbers? How can a student justify studying the Classics anyway, when there is the financial pressure of an increased HECS debt hanging over their heads? The university is by definition a place of learning, of questioning and of intelligent thought. We are witnessing a university system in dire straits. The government cuts to the higher education sector have driven in the economic sword that is bleeding universities dry. The quest for the dollar is destined to emerge victorious unless we, the students of the university, make our collective voice heard. We don't want to learn in a biased learning environment, be dictated to by industry, or have our subjects and courses cut due to low student demand. If the university is true to itself and its reason for existence, then it too must fight for its own funding, fight for its relevance in the 21st century.

Don't let the privatisation and corporatisation of Adelaide University occur. It's time we all stood our ground and fought for our education and for the idea of a university, before it is lost forever under the combined weight of industry demand and visionless government policy.

Adam Langman, Activities/ Campaigns Vice President



Hello, I hope that you have recovered from O'Week now and have settled in a little to lectures, tutes, pracs and whatever other evil things that the Uni has thrown your way. To those of you who found all of the rooms that you were supposed to be in, congratulations. For those of you who somehow found a toilet without having to run back to the cloisters with your legs crossed (funny visual) I salute you.

First Term

First term for me will be exceptionally busy. My plan for first term is this:

- Week 2 BBQ
- Week 3 Cinema on the lawns, Bar theme night
- Week 4 Blood drive
- Week 5 'Surprise' party

Week 6 Prosh

The *Guinness Book of Records* has not contacted me yet so I'm not sure about our world record yet. There will undoubtedly be other things popping up, such as lunch time activities, which I will endeavour to do as well.

Prosh

Prosh is a week at university where students pull pranks and wreak havoc on the world at large in an effort to raise money for charity. The history is long and infamous with many good tales to tell, as you can read about in my Prosh article. This year Prosh will be in the last week of Term 1. The Monday and Tuesday will be warm-up days with the rest of the week going full tilt. Some of the activities planed for Prosh are gokarts to race, cream pies to throw, celebrities to kidnap, a snowfight, and more crazy antics than you could poke your funny bone at, I'll print a timetable soon.

Help Required

This term will be very hectic for me so I'll probably form a Prosh committee to help me organise Prosh: you are all invited. Don't forget, if you have any ideas for events tell me, come and see me, write to me or e-mail me. My e-mail address is adam.langman@student.adelaide.edu.au

Were always looking for good ideas to make your time here better.

Cheers.

Ride to Uni?

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

It's that simple.



You can get it on ASC...

Heidi Ryan, Women's Officer



I hope you have all enjoyed your first week back in the academic world (I know I certainly have!) Once again there is plenty happening in the Women's Department (some of which I mentioned last week):

International Women's Day

International Women's Day is this Wednesday (8th March). The day is one which acknowledges the human rights violations against women throughout the world. I will be distributing some information about the treatment of women in different parts of the world so keep an eye out for that. On March 11 there is a march to mark the day which will end in a picnic in Rundle Park. The SAUA Women's Department group will be meeting at 10am in Victoria Square (just look for the pink!) I'd love to see a lot of people out there so please try to find the time to come.

Unwanted Sexual Experiences Survey

Ever had an unwanted sexual experience? People under the age of 25 are the most likely to experience sexual harassment, sexual assault, sexual coercion and rape.

In order to combat this Yarrow Place, the Uni of SA and Adelaide Uni are conducting a survey to find out information about what circumstances such violations occur. The survey is confidential and will help make the university a safer place for everyone, so log on to www.unisa.edu.au/uses/ and fill it out!

NOWSA

As I mentioned last week, NOWSA is a national conference for women students which will be held in Adelaide this year. Preparations are beginning now...if you want to be involved in the planning of this please come along to the next NOWSA Collective meeting which is this Thursday at 6pm in the Women's Room. Finally, I have been approached by some women who would like to re-establish the Women's Collective. I think this is a fabulous idea ... if you would like to be involved or would like to find out about what the Women's Collective involves come and have a chat and I will put you in touch with them. As always, you can find me in the SAUA section of the George-Murray building, e-mail me at heidi.ryan@student.adelaide.edu.au or call me on 8303 5406.

Thanks, Heidi

Zane Young, Environment Officer



The Environment Department is having a well-earned rest this week, after the flurry of activity at the start of the year. But that doesn't mean that nothing's happening - quite the contrary, in fact!

e-mail contact list

Thanks to everyone who signed up to be on the environment e-mail list. This is a list where anyone who has any information on environmental issues can post it to everyone else. It's also a point of contact for people who just want to know about things, without having to go to lots of meetings. The list is open to all, not just students, and people from other unis and environment groups are also encouraged to use it. If you would like to join, just send me some e-mail.

medical school

Thanks to the people from the medical school who brought my attention to the severe lack of bike parking on both Frome Road and North Terrace campus. I'm working on this together with the med school and the university.

recycling bins - where are they all?

This is another mystery I'm trying to get to the bottom of. Thanks to all the concerned students who have highlighted the problem.

reclaim the streets

On March 25th, a huge crowd of 'average citizens' will walk through the city to a secret location, where a massive, unannounced, 'underground' (not literally, of course) street party will take place. There will be juggling, fire-breathing and fire-twirling, buskers, dancers, stalls, some of the finest DJs in Adelaide as well as some from Paris, Sydney and London, and the freeing spirit of being able to dance in the street in the middle of the day. Contact me if you're interested.

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

Amanda Camporeale & Tom Radzevicus, Sexuality Officers



Hey Everybody,

We trust that you are all settling into Uni and all you are either becoming re-aquainted with old friends or making some new ones. Our first week has been particularly busy with the launch of our radio show 'In and Out' on 5UV Student Radio. Our first show was on last Tuesday night at 10. We broadcast every second Tuesday from now on. The show is essentially a forum on current, relevant sexuality issues; with interviews and discussion on sometimes controversial topics. Our first show was dedicated to discussing queer high school students and the problems they face coming to terms with their sexuality. Our next show ties in with another campaign we are running from the 6th to the 10th of March, concerning Hepatitis C. We shall be having a doctor on the show to try and dispel some of the myths surrounding this deadly disease. We will also be out on the lawns during the week with a stall with information about Hep C. If anyone has anything that they would like to hear discussed on the show you can

reach us through the SAUA.

We would also like to comment that the actions taken by Alexis Tindall, NUS Women's Officer in not consulting us on the production of a pamphlet discussing how degrading drag shows are, was not appreciated and we hope in the future to establish closer and less counter-productive links to our national union. The pamphlet was poorly researched and showed a lack of knowledge or insight into the lifestyle and behaviour of the drag queens outside their performance careers.

This kind of behaviour is divisive and not in the best interest of students, especially, at a time when student unions are under threat and their relevance is being questioned on a day to day basis. The last paragraph of the pamphlet especially concerns us as it implies that we are doing our job poorly. Furthermore, we strenuously deny that the performance was designed to ridicule, trivialise or marginalise queer sexuality, as the pamphlet explicitly stated. As cross dressing and drag queens are a valid form of queer expression, we find it quite perplexing that this minority group should come under attack from a state office bearer and that this publication was authorised at all by NUS.

Yours in solidarity

On Dit would like to apologise to Tom & Amanda for the misplacement of the disc containing their column for the second edition of *On Dit* and any embarrassment that this may have caused.

You can get it on the Clubs page...

AU Skindiving Club Inc AGM

Thursday 16th March, 2000
6:30pm onwards (meet in the UNIBAR at 6pm for pre-AGM drinks)

WP Rogers Room (level 5 - behind the Uni Bar)

Nominations will be called for the following positions: President, Vice President, Treasurer Secretary, Newsletter Editor, Boating Officer, Equipment Officer and Two General Committee Positions.

Items to be discussed will be membership fees and constitutional changes (changing financial year from September to September to January 1st to December 31st).

For more information please contact Ellie Simpson on 8271 7339 (h).

Go Club

The Adelaide University Go (Weiqi, Baduk) Club IGM, Wednesday 15th March 1.10pm Margaret Murray Building, level 5 (enter via the Games room, follow the signs). All Welcome.

All positions open for nomination. Contact Damien Warman on 8267 5374 or email dmw@pobox.com for more details.

AUSKI

AUSKI 2000 Pub Night: Win a free ski trip! Yes, it's time to get those muscles moving in preparation for this year's skiing. Let's begin that hand to mouth training at the first AUSKI Pub Night for 2000.

Where: UNIBAR (5th Level Union Building)

When: Thursday 16th March starting 6pm

Why: Do you really need a reason? Well if you do, the Free Ski Trip is being drawn, so if you're not there you'll miss out!

Drink Specials: \$1.50 beer, plus Cheap, Cheap, cheap, cheap drinks all night!

For more information contact the Sports Association.

E.E.E.A.U. IGM

The Inaugural General Meeting of the Electrical and Electronic Engineering Society of Adelaide University will be held in the Chapman Lecture theatre (N158 Engineering North Building) 1.10pm Tuesday 7 March 2000.

We need you to start a new student society specifically for electrical and electronic engineers (EEE). Come and learn.

For further info, contact Andrew Allison (aallison@eleceng.adelaide.edu.au, N235) or Sam Mickan (spm@ieee.org, EM416) or www.eleceng.adelaide.edu.au/ieee or just talk to us!

Renaissance Universal IGM

March Wednesday 15th 1-2pm, WP Rogers Room

Contact Didi 0412 684437 or 8354 4635 or Tim 8351 8689

Email: sunshine@axs.com.au

Stein Club

Beer Lovers club, IGM to be held in the Unibar 5pm Tuesday 14th March 2000. All O'Week members come along - see you there.

For more info call Matthew Loveder on 8443 9134 or email mattloveder.com.

Asian Studies Association

IGM for Asian Studies Association, WP Rogers room, level 5 Union Building (enter via the Games Room), 1pm 13th March. Contact Adam McKay for further details, ph: 8263 3794 or email: scuppy@bboy.com.

Debating Society

AGM for Debating Society, Monday 6th March 1.10pm, Margaret Murray Room, level 5 Union House, (enter via the Games Room).

Any other enquiries, call Katherine on 8264 7378 or 0414 828 411, or email: kmaistro@camtech.net.au.

Edmund Rice Camps

AGM Edmund Rice Camps 10th March 2000 1-2 pm, Margaret Murray Room, level 5 Union House (enter via the Games room).

For further information contact Ben Heathcote on 8332 0241.

Campus Christians

Are you intrigued by the supernatural? Come to the Canon Poole Room (5th Level, Union Building) Wednesday, 1.05pm.

This Wednesday (8 March) at 1pm CCM (Campus Christian Movement) will be having a discussion on various issues and questions surrounding the supernatural, such as 'Can I experience the supernatural?' and 'Is there a supernatural dimension to life?'

AU Swimming Club

There's a Swimming club meeting in the Don Stranks room, level 5, Union Building, enter via the Games Room (rear of the bar) at 5pm on Wed 8th March. For any other information call Rowena Newcombe on 8334 5634 or email rowena_newcombe@hotmail.com. See you there!!!

Water Ski Club

Come skiing this weekend with the Adelaide Uni Water Ski Club. From Friday 10 March until Sunday 12 March, at Morgan. Bring camping gear, food, drink, and your mates. Members \$5 per ski (membership \$10, includes a free ski), non-members \$6 per ski. Phone Steve McIntyre for details on 8297 5157 or Richard Van Ruth on 0419 810 699. See the Sports Association for maps and a schedule of events. We are here to teach, so here's your chance to learn or just cut loose!

Au Golf Club

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

Frisbee Club

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

Film Society

Term One Programme:

Term 1 films screened on Thursdays 7pm in the Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building. All Free for AUFS Members, \$5 for non-members (includes membership). Shorts shown term one: The Original *Flash Gordon* series in black and white with more dodgy sets than you can poke a stick at (oh, and it's really fun to watch too).

Week 2, Thursday 9 March

Deliverance (1972)

Directed by John Boorman

Canoeing down a river, four city men run into some unfriendly locals. One of the most disturbing films of all time.

Starring: Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds
Rated R

Week 3, Thursday 16 March

Ugetsu Monogatari AKA *Tales of Ugetsu* (1953)

Eerie ghost story set in 16th-century Japan tells of two peasants who leave their families; one seeks wealth in the city and the other wishes to become a samurai warrior. This superbly photographed film was a Venice Film

Film Society (cont)

Festival prize winner.(1956 Oscar nomination for best Costume Design).

Week 4, Thursday 23 March

The Birds (1963)

Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.

Starring: Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy, Tippi Hedren

Hitchcock's classic about a woman (Hedren) and mass bird attacks that follow her around isolated coastal California community. Not for the squeamish; a delight for those who are game. Hold on to something and watch.

Week 5, Thursday 30 March

Blue Angel AKA *Der Blaue Engel* (1930)

Directed by Josef von Sternberg

Starring: Emil Jannings, Marlene Dietrich.

Ever-fascinating film classic with Jannings as stuffy professor who falls blindly in love with cabaret entertainer Lola-Lola (Dietrich). Dietrich introduces 'Falling in Love Again'; this role made her an international star.

Week 6, Thursday 6 April

Bride of Frankenstein (1935)

Directed by James Whale

Starring Boris Karloff as The Monster.

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

Week 7, Thursday 13 April

Cat People (1942)

Directed by Jacques Tourneur

Starring : Simone Simon, Kent Smith

Irena Dubrovna, a beautiful and mysterious Serbian-born fashion artist living in New York City, falls in love with and marries average-Joe American Oliver Reed. Their marriage suffers though, as Irena believes that she suffers from an ancient curse. Storyline and plot elements may seem silly, but moments of shock and terror are undiminished in the first of producer Val Lewton's famous horror films.

So, your club bit not here?
That's because you missed the
deadline. 5.00. Wednesday.

QUESTIONS

1. What's in your pockets/ bag?
2. What's the most embarrassing possession you own?
3. What can't money buy?

VOX



Rebecca, Kirsty and Jason

Showing off Macca's caps et al

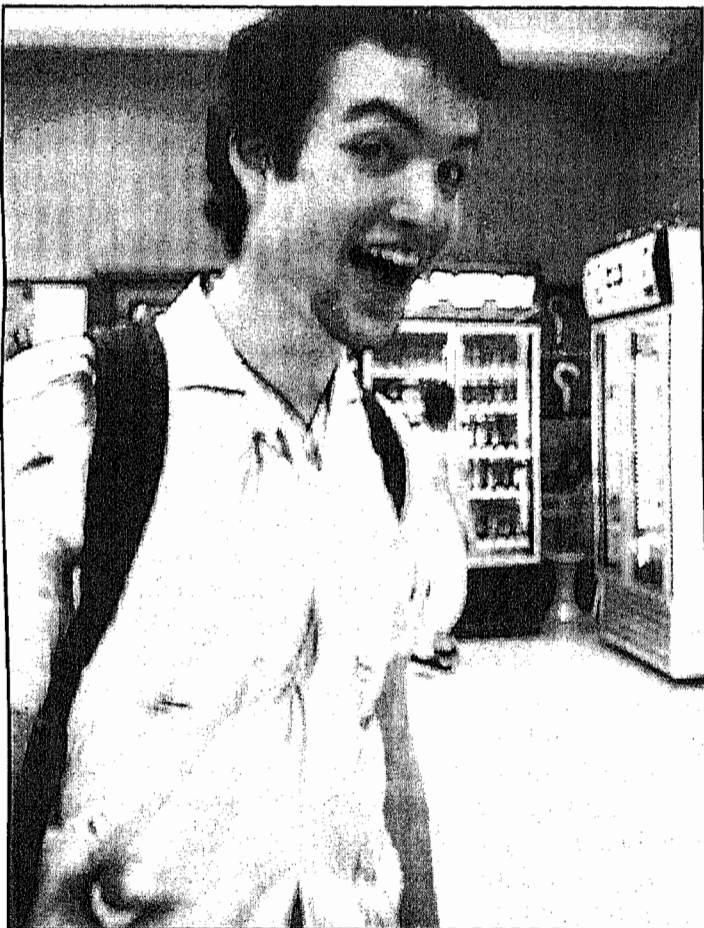
1. Rebecca: My lab coat, perfect for this weather.
Kirsty: Nothing interesting. My lip balm.
Jason: I've got a dodgy old tooth brush.
2. Rebecca: I'm sure it's some piece of music I've bought.
Kirsty: I have a bridesmaid's dress that's pink and frilly and disgusting.
Jason: I'd say my McDonalds cap. I got it with a happy meal.
3. Jason: The classic answer is love. Except for that TV show *Who Wants to Marry a Millionaire?*
Rebecca: You can't buy good grades. I know because I've tried.
Kirsty: Everything I can think of you probably could buy if you had enough money.



Ryoko

Carefully concealing her bike lock key

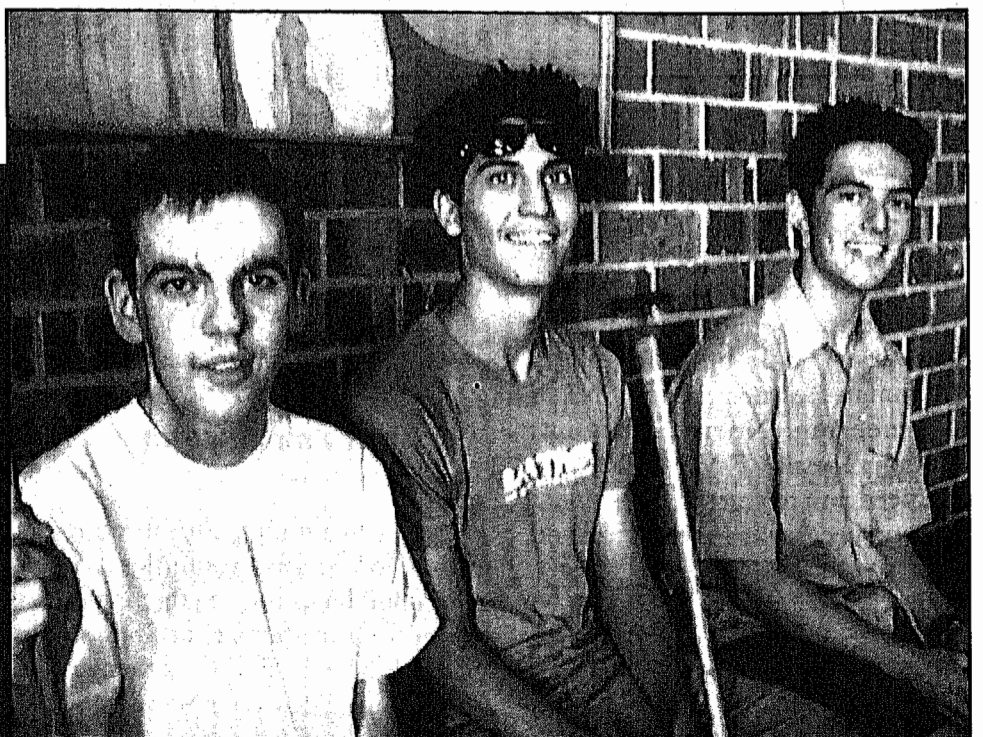
1. My bike key. If you want to steal my bike you now know how.
2. When I was sixteen I was living in New Zealand for high school, and my host mother gave me a pair of see through lace shorts.
3. Love. Money.



Michael

Showing off a devilish grin

1. Fruity Bix bars and some free Hamilton sunscreen, and a Patsy Biscoe 'best of' album - the golden years.
2. Clementine Ford. No, the Che Guevara necklace someone gave me. I just found out you can buy them at Youthworks.
3. A free giveaway.



Matthew, Chris and Andrew

Cool, calm and collected in the Equinox

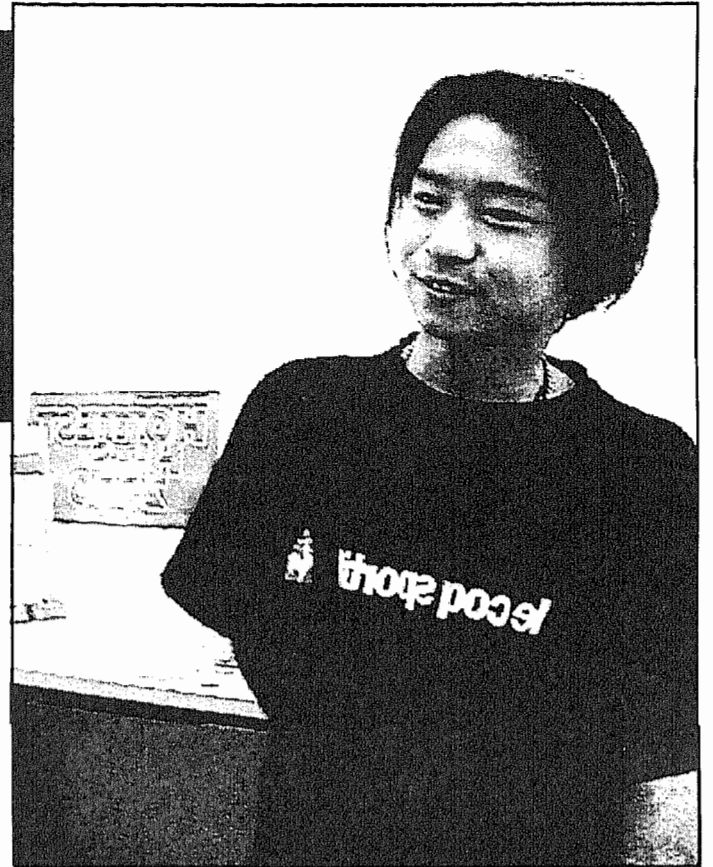
1. Chris: Teeth. Real teeth. They're for dentistry.
Matthew: Fascinating, enlightening and incredibly well written engineering text books.
Andrew: Lint.
2. Andrew: Kylie the blow up doll. I left her at home, she was a birthday present.
Matthew: I discovered an old teddy bear in my room the other day.
Chris: A ladies' lawn bowls hat. There was an op shop ball in my college the other night and I bought the hat especially for it.
3. Andrew: Money can buy basically everything. Maybe not love, but even that could be bought.
Matthew: A holiday in space. But you could put a down payment on it.
Chris: Me. And dmosaurs. We are not for sale.

POP

Jun

Having a peek in Uni Records

1. I have a wallet, an organiser, two Medibank Private cards and a picture of my dog.
2. My guitar, because I can't play for shit. And my old soccer boots, which are so dirty and stink, but I can't throw them away.
3. Friends, knowledge and fame, but I suppose you can if you go on *Who wants to Marry a Millionaire?*



Justin and Tamara

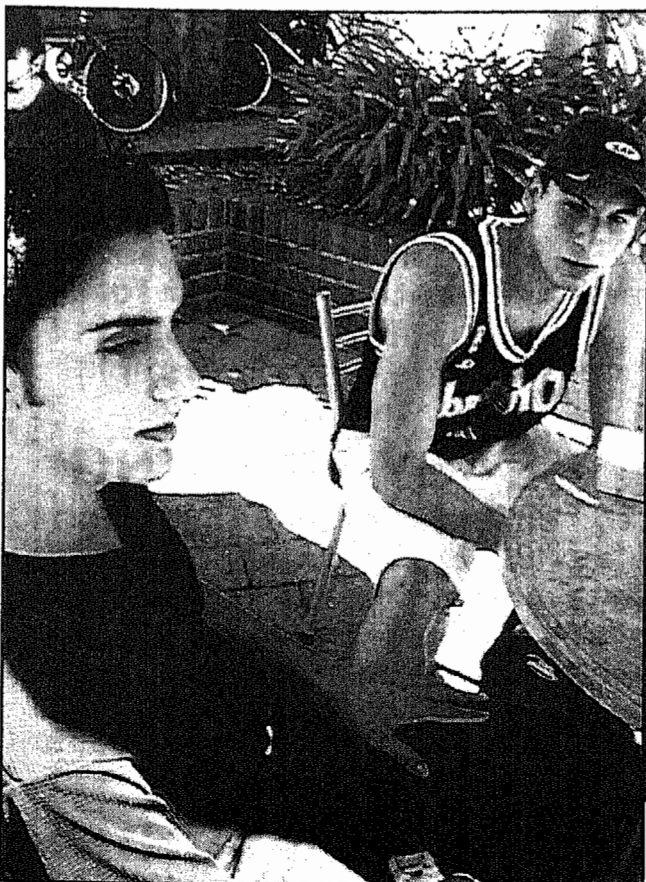
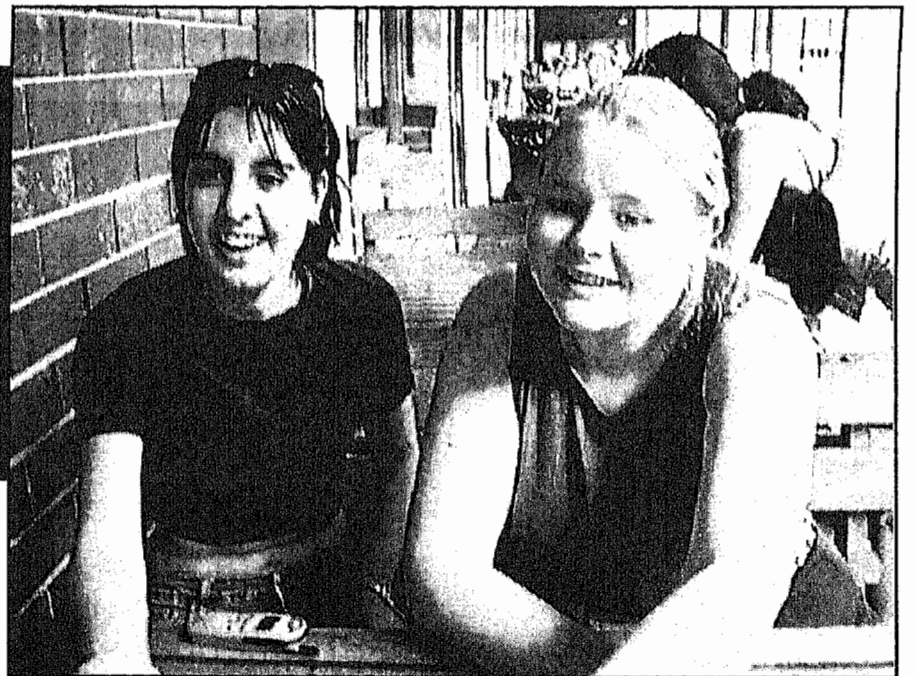
After taking their 30th Pepsi challenge

1. Tamara: I don't have any pockets. Tissues because I have a cold. Plenty of lifesavers from the Pepsi challenge. I've done it quite a few times. Whenever I was thirsty I just went and did it.
- Justin: I've got my skateboard strapped to the back of my bag.
2. Tamara: Everything that's bad I always chuck out, or pawn it off.
- Justin: My whole wardrobe is an embarrassment.
3. Tamara: Plenty of things if you don't have any money. A boyfriend - unless you buy an escort, I guess.
- Justin: Free beer. And you can't buy honesty.

Cathy and Kate

Arguing about shagging outside the Mayo

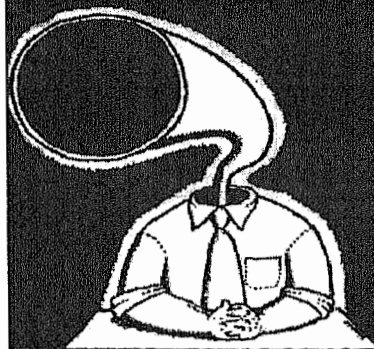
1. Cathy: My phone was in my pocket. I took it out to show it off.
- Kate: I'm wearing a dress, so I have no pockets.
2. Kate: An incredibly stylish white vinyl mini.
- Cathy: My friend gave me a book: *A Straight Woman's Guide To Sex By A Gay Man*. It's actually a really good book.
3. Cathy: The initial impression is fucking good sex.
- Kate: Though you can buy that.
- Cathy: Not as a rule.
- Kate: I'm going to be really corny and say love.



Dustin and Antonio

Reliving teen embarrassment horror outside the Wills

1. Antonio: My wallet and other inappropriate objects.
- Dustin: My water bottle and about a million text books.
2. Antonio: I had a condom in my wallet that fell out just as I was opening it to give this ticket to a girl.
- Dustin: Last year at school, someone left a video in my bag. I took it home and played it and it turned out to be porn. Then my mum walked in and caught me watching it, so I took it back to school and put it in someone else's bag the next day.
3. Dustin: It can buy everything!
- Antonio: I'd have to say friendship.
- Dustin: Except that if you have money people want to be your friend.



student radio

PROGRAM GUIDE

2000

	week 1	monday	tuesday	saturday
9pm		OPEN MIC for eclectic music, lively banter and issues from uni and beyond, listen to Joni, Elly and Kate.	LOCAL NOISE featuring local, national & international bands with your host denni. past acts include dial, swervedriver & muzzypep.	THE F SPOT join Bree, Heather and Chris for films. funny films, scary films, serious films - plus plenty of free giveaways.....to films.
10		PHAT RADIO playing a wide range of funk, hip hop, house, and more funk, James and Jono are the ones to listen to.	IN & OUT deals with current issues relating to everyone's sexuality, whatever that may be. join Tom, Mandy and guests for sex.	MAELSTROM Simon says he likes metal. and he wants you to like it too. rock on!
11		LOCAL BEATZ where do you want to go on a monday night? wherever that may be in the land of beats, you will be taken there. captain of the ship is Graham, with first mate Mel and cabin boy Ben, and between these three all ports are covered. bon voyage!	THREE CHORDS Tim and Liam -serving up more punk than your grandma.* *may not actually be true	HIJACK ever seen the movie? well this has nothing to do with it! Steve and Chris play indie rock, trance and road music.
12			NOISEGATE open the noisegate to discover a unique world of live and experimental music with your tour guide Luke.	FOREPLAY listen to Briony, Izzy, and Alana talking about stuff that nice ladies just shouldn't be talking about.
	week 2	monday	tuesday	saturday
9pm		WAIT TIL DARK Alix and Johno - talkin' about international, national and local current affairs. they're gonna keep you up to date.	LOCAL NOISE winner of the 1999 community broadcasting association of australia award for the best music program.	CINEMANIA Nick, Charles and Seb deliver your weekly dosage of film news and reviews, as well as playing some damn funky tunes.
10		KUL CHACHACHA Steve and Phil serving up the latest and best from Europe and Latin America.	MORE YOU BECOMES YOU Mark plays the music you don't always hear, but you know that you want to.	HERESY Michelle and Michael play the best local and international heavy music. from industrial to extreme black, and death metal.
11		LOCAL BEATZ this is a brand new show for the year 2000. the premise behind it is pretty simple - DJs playing live to air every week. not only will the show feature the more well known acts, but local	JUNKOLOGY if you think Dr. Carl is good, you haven't heard his offspring, Chris and Nat. think wierd science on the AM dial.	PRAISE ME tune in to Michael and Clementine for your fortnightly fill of philosophical musings, and contemplative music.
12		beatz will provide a forum for the most exciting bedroom DJs too. better than mix-up - guaranteed	SYMBIOSIS if you want to listen to the best aussie music, as well as keeping up to date with the state of the arts, tune into Sally and Louise	EASY HEARING sit back, relax and let Seb lull you into a meditative state, late on a saturday night.

BROADCASTING ON 5UV 531 AM

FIRST ON THE AM DIAL

Cut, slash, burn, cut, slash, burn

Cut
Now showing
Selected cinemas

Friends, Friends, we can all be friends if we just the little hurts between us mend

Doug Anthony All-Stars: 'Friends'.

In considering the ethereal motions of my mind, they carry me back, back through the mists of logical article progression to a happier time. One of joyous music, rather than time limits and dodgy interview recordings. Hard to think now that only three days ago I was floating in a new psychic realm, driven by the beautiful insanity of the Stereolab concert at the Uni-Bar. Very little compares to their brand of melody, and their ideas are as new as the fresh formed life form in the back of the fridge, or something else really new. A stark contrast to the average slasher film (hurrah! the way is found, the end in sight!) [*congratulations Ben, you would have lost the Stereolab reference, were it not for some tricky linking!—Film Chick*] which is built upon the sturdy foundations of a million prequels and a bevy of films in the same genre.

Cut is an Aussie-based (filmed in the Adelaide hills; has Kylie Minogue and the narrator from the castle in it; most of the cast hail from Australian dramas, etc) horror which will probably find itself popular despite, and perhaps due to, this historically solid format - the teen slasher flick. Plenty of happy, sexual, early twenties pretty people get killed in a wood. Which is good. Even though I recognise the wood (and the airport). But I fear I digress into actually talking about the movie. I'll not make that mistake again, as this is an INTERVIEW EXTRAVAGANZA, in which a nervous *On Dit* interviewer was sent in to an ungodly place of shining steel and marble to talk shop with two of the *Cut* personnel.

Stephen Curry (*The Castle*, *Wog Boy*, among other things) and Sarah Kants (*Big Sky*, *Murder Call* and *The Herbal Bed*, a couple of which she acted in with her father, and from all impressions seemed to enjoy doing so—I love a happy family). Stephen plays a theoretically irritating character (but I couldn't stop thinking 'the castle... that guy's a legend!'), and Sarah plays the most charming strong-willed semi-lesbian I have seen for some time. She was utterly fantastic, and is a lovely human being to chat to. Laughs a lot.

The movie itself is quite interesting. On average it comes out ahead, but

it is let down by a single element - gratuitous nastiness. I have a fairly weak stomach, but I have sat through the entirety of *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* without gagging or going insane with the intensity and I'm also fond of the over-the-top Troma style horror. I can deal with depictions of violence, but everything has its place. The psychological implications of an act are as important to a film as the act itself. *Cut* treads a very fine line between hardcore and humorous death, brutalisation and assorted violence. To me it slipped a little, but the response to my slightly insane ramblings on such issues was essentially that the border cases were at least meant to be funny, and, indeed, reflected something of the character that was taking the unhappy end of the stick.

Cut takes the slightly post-modern, self-referential approach that I shall call the "Scream!-I-Know-What-You-Did-Last-Mrs-Tingle-I-II-III...bleh" approach. The connection between this Kimble Rendall production and the Wes Craven axis is unavoidable. The dialogue has the same self-mocking tone, and the same postmodern-type life-imitates-art-imitating-life ideas appear to attract the thinking bloodthirster, and are used, again, to good effect in generating ever more ludicrous and original twists. Humanity is, in fact, wonderful for the generation of such mindbending plot points. Ludocritry is quite important in a movie trying to make violent, deliberate and mean-spirited death humorous, and so the human animal and his many creations are fair game for the world of fiction to purify the fictional into a fact, in terms of cinema. Which is quite paradoxical. In fact, I can't read that last paragraph for fear of my head exploding.

'Move on', they says, 'move on - don't look back'...but he looked back...and there was the crazed writer, banging sanity off the roof of a car like so many mango pips. I like mango.

Anyhow, after my strong fears and concerns regarding nastiness had been placated we spoke of other things. Things of Aussieness, of *Priscilla* and *Muriel*, of *Stark* and *The Castle*, of their complete lack of consistent identity with that of the Aussie horror in question. How can the big Australian stamp be applied to anything without a few 'sheilas', some coarse language ('mate, bloody mate... yeahhhhh') and a few square miles of desert? What elements arise from the creative flame to scream 'Ich bin ein Australian!'



My personal feeling was that *Cut* has a simplistic, blocky sort of feel compared to the Wes Craven axis, rather like *Duplo* compared to *Technic* (with the tubes and levers and whatnot). I like *Duplo* more than *Technic* though, so this is a good thing. I tried to connect this simplicity with an Australian filmmaking approach.

Sarah cited a 'punchy' editing style and an all-Australian sound track as important elements. She went on to say that Australian filmmaking has admirably used a self-deprecating type of humour to launch itself on a world stage, but *Cut* avoids this blatant laughing at the fact that we are Australians, whilst using an Australian brand of pisstake humour. This connected to the response I got earlier from Stephen who also mentioned the 'pisstaking' factor, a coarse humour, especially with his character, Rick, who was supposed to be a snide, irritating backstabber (but I only thought 'hurrah for Castle boy!'). Furthermore, I am told that in Adelaide in particular (the film is made in association with the South Australian Film Corporation) low production costs and proximal facilities make it an ideal place to work. Hurrah!

Returning to *Cut* in particular, I asked them what the *Cut* crew and other actors were like to work with. A lack of organisation and imagination often leads to these sort of questions, and the response was a fairly honest 'great, wonderful, charming' type deal with the interesting follow up on the brutal foolishness of the press. Apparently, an Adelaidian source of print media covered the night out of some of the *Cut* cast ('... me and

Sarah and Jess [Jessica Napier] and Molly and Kimble ...') going to the last Ben Lee concert here, the one where he was drunk and staggering. Molly Ringwald was the Molly of these happy concertgoers, and was described in aforementioned print media as having kicked up a fuss about free piss, private space and the like. The article apparently ended with a snide comment about the Superjesus being there, and them not demanding special treatment. According to Stephen, the *Cut* people just had a nice evening out, and later learned that it was a minder of Molly's that was complaining. One must expect such from the media, I suppose. Savages. Anyhow, it appears that after some initial nervousness over working with big-name people, everyone got along famously, and enjoyed their stay in our fine city, although Stephen complained after the interview that he couldn't find any churches. I found, to my horror, that I was unable to accurately describe a path to any in the immediate vicinity, but I know they're out there.

Overall, *Cut* is an Australian slasher/teen flick with some charming characters, some surprising twists and a few traits that really add to the overall feel (eg. the very non-tokenistic lesbian overtone). It is very much like *Scream* in a number of ways, but it holds its own in the same arena. It has a number of patchy bits that may destroy your enjoyment, and it is designed to oscillate in tempo and feel, which half works. Positive response, but can't escape the extensive foundations.

Ben Tucker

Are you talking to me?

Magnolia
Now showing
Selected cinemas

Magnolia opens with a long and fast-paced series of snapshots depicting the many characters in the film. Unlike other high-energy films such as *Human Traffic* or *Run Lola Run*, however, the effect *Magnolia* has is more like a show ride which makes you feel sick. The images are blasted at you along with a rather terrible version of *One is the Loneliest Number* (oh god, is that the actual title?), and overwhelm rather than invigorate the viewers.

The ensemble cast (far too many to mention!) is brilliant. We jump from each story, gradually noticing the connections. The strange thing is that we begin by laughing at these characters because they are so pathetic, but then suddenly you realize that they are sad and tragic, and that you are feeling an extraordinary amount of empathy for them. I still do not know how Paul Thomas Anderson, the director, managed to achieve this—usually films which jump from invoking one emotion to another generally have the feel of not being able to ‘make up its mind’ what it wants to be. Somehow Anderson avoids this. Somehow, just suddenly, you realize that you are not laughing at them any more.

Magnolia seeks to examine the chances and the coincidences in our daily lives, and this is shown wonderfully through many separate, yet connected, stories—each one more tragic than the last. In a sense it is a different spin on *Six Degrees of Separation*.

When I think about how the film begins so humorously with Tom

Cruise shouting at a men’s ‘picking up’ seminar, “Respect the cock and tame the cunt”, and then think about the happy/tragic end, I am disquieted. Is it due to the gradual character development and the steady release of the connected plot that I feel a lump in my throat, or is it simply that the characters are so *fucking sad and lonely and terrible?* I am not sure.

But much bugged me about *Magnolia*: the scene where frogs fall out of the sky is unnecessary. It goes for about three hours, and effectively *ends* several times. There is a woman who made me cry because it was like looking at myself two-and-a-half years ago. But the director was not to know that.

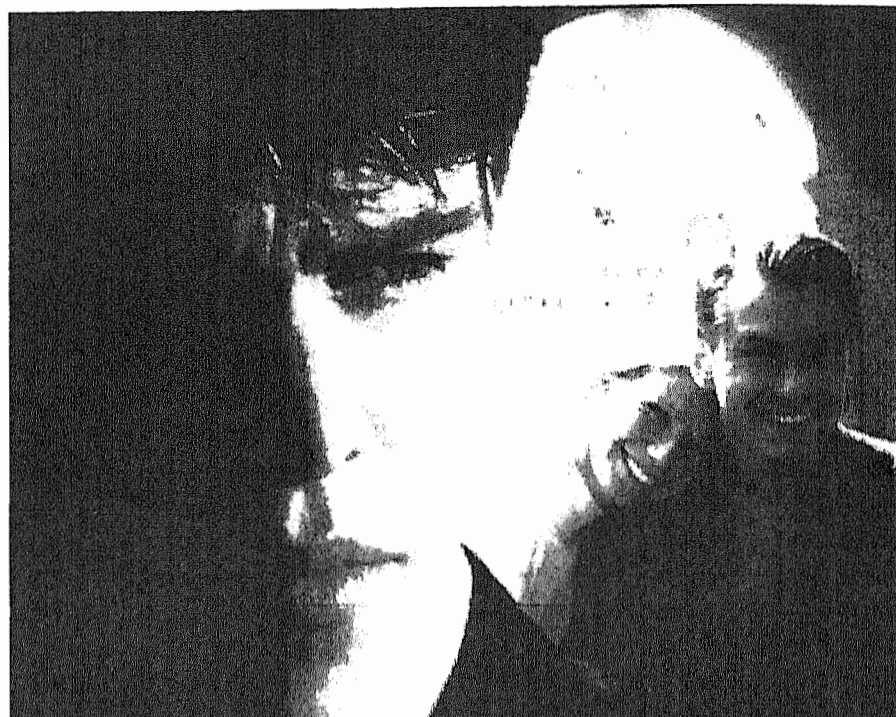
I feel that *Magnolia* could have been done *better*, but cannot quite put my finger on *how*. This also bugs me. Perhaps it is just that the showride, whilst not doing anything particularly wrong, still left the taste of bile and hotdog in my mouth.

Jayne Lewis

The Talented Mr Ripley
Now showing
Academy Cinema City

This is Anthony Minghella’s latest offering since his Academy Award winning *The English Patient* and once again he’s teamed up with John Seale to create a stunning colourful backdrop to another fantastic literary adaptation. There must be something about the cinematic genre that appeals to Minghella or perhaps after his production of the Michael Ondaatje classic, or perhaps if your on a good thing stick to it. Maybe it’s just that if you adapt a brilliantly written book then you

may get a brilliantly written screenplay. The narrative of Mr. Tom Ripley’s adventures is intoxicating and dense with subject matter. *The Talented Mr. Ripley* begins when our hero (Matt Damon) is mistaken for a contemporary of the infamous Dickie Greenleaf (Jude Law). Dickie’s father sends Tom to 1950s Italy to rescue Dickie from a life of nightclubs and jazz. On arriving Tom is captivated by the life that Dickie leads and soon finds himself trying to covet other peoples’ very existence. The atmosphere of this most period of pe-



Pensive. Very pensive.

riod dramas is relentless and makes up for the apparent lack of movement in narrative. Cate Blanchett has a cameo and even Gwyneth Paltrow can’t ruin this magnificent tale of intrigue, suspense and the importance of the ego. *The Talented Mr. Ripley* is truly beautiful and should stand the test as one of the most finely crafted films of 2000.

Anthony Paxton

All About my Mother
Now showing
Palace Cinema

All About My Mother follows a familiar storyline - personal tragedy igniting a journey of discovery into the past. However, it is what director and writer Pedro Almodovar does with this story, and the characters he introduces to the audience as part of its fabric, that make *All About My Mother* an exceptional film.

The film is launched amid scenes of domesticity shared by Manuela (Cecilia Roth), a transplant coordinator, and her seventeen year old son. The closeness of their relationship is emphasised as well as the gap present in Esteban’s own life as a result of his absent and anonymous father. Esteban never learns the truth about his father, he is hit by a car on his seventeenth birthday. This event devastates Manuela and initiates a rereading of the journey she made seventeen years ago while pregnant with Esteban, back to Barcelona in search of the first Esteban - the father of her dead son - who now goes by the name of Lola. Manuela’s search for Lola, however, becomes much more about the relationships she forms with ‘helpful’ strangers than a revelation of Lola’s identity. Such strangers and figures from Manuela’s past include theatrical legend Huma Roja (Marisa

Paredes) and her junkie lover Nina, dying nun Sister Rosa (Penelope Cruz) and transvestite Agrado (Antonia San Juan).

Through these characters the film juxtaposes the mundane against the extraordinary; a transplant nurse suddenly finds herself posing as a prostitute in a strange city; a nun falls pregnant to a HIV positive transvestite. The film never lets these characters, with all their interesting traits, become brash or gimmicky in the vein of other movies. They are allowed to simply be rather than exist for the purposes of shock value. Each character is superbly acted, Roth’s performance is utterly engaging and is never let down by the talents of her supporting cast.

The film explores the concepts of authenticity, lies and performance: ‘to all actresses who have played actresses’ reads Almodovar’s dedication at the end of the film. The film continually references other classic texts like *A Street Car Named Desire* and *All About Eve* in a homage to the ‘world of cinema’ and in particular the space occupied by women. *All About My Mother* weaves these ideas into a parallel examination of the themes of motherhood and loss. Where the fathers in this film appear as absent or senile the interactions between the female characters carry the story. Sister Rosa becomes both frail child to Manuela and mother herself. Manuela assumes the role of adoptive parent to Rosa’s child alongside other relationships within the film that depend on the maternal care between older and younger characters.

All About My Mother provides a wonderful cinematic experience. It is visually spectacular - burnt by colour and embellished with the scrappy, eclectic street-scapes of Barcelona and Madrid - and offers the right mix of joy, warmth, hu-



Magnolia: strike a pose.

I don't see anyone else here.

mour and sadness to earn the recommendation of 'must see'.

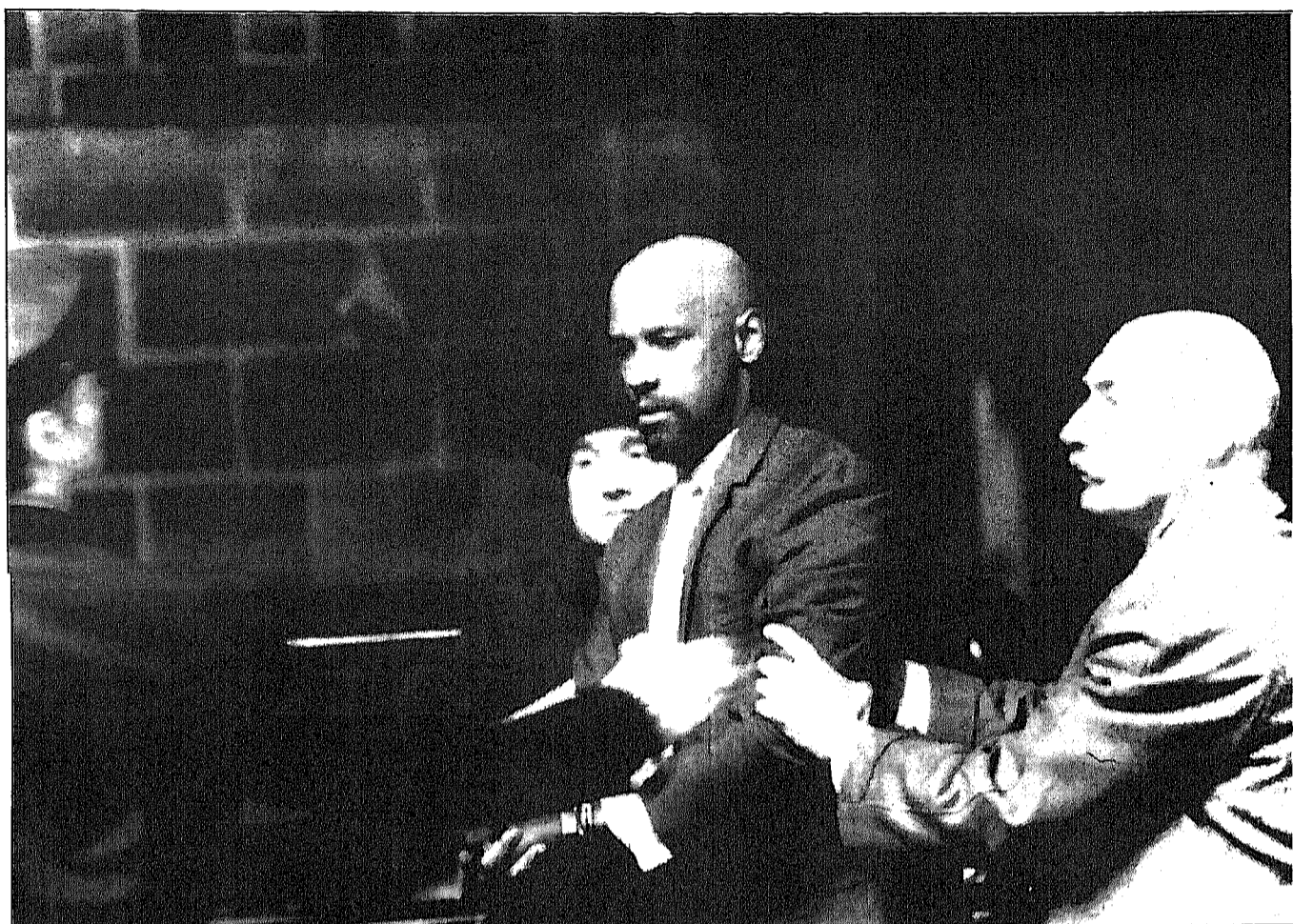
anikaj

The Hurricane
Now showing
Selected Cinemas

In 1966 Rubin 'Hurricane' Carter was convicted of the murder of three people in his home state of New Jersey. Evidence was either suppressed or falsified by the investigating police, Carter was sent to jail, a second jury trial still found him guilty and he was denied an appeal by the state supreme court. Twenty-two years later the Supreme Court of the United States of America heard Carter's case and overturned the state court's decision.

Veteran director Norman Jewison's latest excursion into filmmaking is *The Hurricane*, a biographical film - or 'biopic' in Hollywood parlance - based on Rubin Carter's book, *The Sixteenth Round*.

Several things about Carter's story set it apart from other narratives of injustice born of racial intolerance. Firstly, Carter was no Rodney King, not just some anonymous black man who the police could bully without fear of retribution. Carter was a welter-weight prize-fighter with a serious chance at the world title. He was an extremely high-profile figure, which would suggest



Doesn't look much like a hurricane to me.

the campaign to discredit him went higher than a few local corrupt police.

The Hurricane tells Rubin Carter's story with honesty and sensitivity without slipping into pat sentiment or apologetics. Jewison allows the story to tell itself without too much unnecessary pomp or emotion-eliciting technique. The fight scenes,

shot in grainy black-and-white, could be a *homage* to Scorsese's *Raging Bull*, but somehow I doubt it.

Denzel Washington's portrayal of Carter is exceptional - he has already taken the Golden Globe for this performance and will be a serious contender for the Oscar. Washington is backed up by and excep-

tional supporting cast, including the highly underrated Deborah Mara Unger and Clancy Brown.

This will not be a film for everyone, but if you're getting sick of Stephen King prison dramas then check out this real life story of a truly extraordinary individual.

Jonathon Dyer

Another classic ...

From the AU Film Society

Deliverance (1972)

Directed by John Boorman

Starring Burt Reynolds, John Voight, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox and some hillbillies.

Four men go out for a canoeing weekend to enjoy the unspoilt beauty of a river that is soon to be dammed. What could possibly go wrong? Well, everything really, hillbillies especially. John Boorman's film of John Dickie's novel might be 28 years old but it's still an unsettling look at men out of their environment and how they react to their increasingly brutal situation. You're probably whistling the famous Duelling Banjos tune right now, and maybe you're shivering as the line 'Can you squeal like a pig?' runs through your head. You certainly should be. Standout performances all round especially, some might say surprisingly, from Burt Reynolds as the outdoorsy action man of the quartet who is initially the only one capable of dealing with their nightmare. John Voight descends magnificently from straight laced city guy to capable killer when faced with one of the creepiest (and ugliest) villains in cinema history. Ronny Cox's debut is far from his later roles as most evil man ever, but he pick-syns his guitar well, and Ned Beatty (debut for him as well) is the least likely rape victim you'll ever see but you'll suffer right along with him.

Still a great film that packs a punch.

Screening this Thursday in the Union Cinema, level five of the Union Building, 6 pm.

Free to Film Society members.

\$5 for non-members which includes membership.

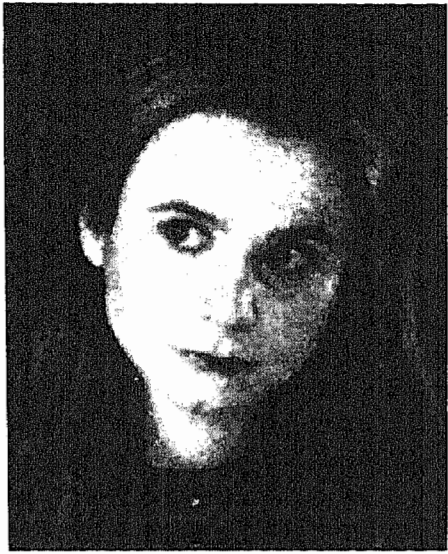
Film Anagram of the Week



**Humphrey Bogart
in 'Casablanca'**

*Canny hero, trim gal,
Casbah pub!*

Warning: this film did not win an Oscar



Hilary and Jackie
1998. Dir Anand Tucker
Emily Watson. Rachel
Griffiths
Roadshow

Hilary and Jackie is based on the true story of the musically gifted du Pré sisters, Hilary the flautist who chose a 'simple' married life in the English countryside, and Jacqueline, the high-strung cellist, who was taken on a world wind tour of fame and adoration, ending up emotionally tortured and suffering full blown multiple sclerosis. Inspired by Hilary's memoir, *A Genius in the Family*, the film is tragic while inspiring and shows the dark side of a nurtured talent.

Oscar loves movies about music (*Shine*, *The Piano*). Oscar loves movies about the sick or disabled even more (*Born on the Fourth of July*, *Rain Man*, *Forrest Gump*, *The English Patient*), so why, oh why did Emily Watson miss out at last year's ceremony? Her portrayal of Jacqueline, a part drama queen

primadonna, part genius unable to come to terms with fame is a powerhouse, far more challenging than Gwyneth's role in *Shakespeare in Love*. Watson, with her childish tantrums and bitter tongue that contrasts with the hard luck of the chilling illness, proved that her debut performance and first nomination for Lars von Trier's *Breaking the Waves*, was not sheer fluke. How many actresses do you know who, in one scene can sit on a creek bed, stark naked, screaming 'I just want a fucking fuck for fuck's sake', then in later scenes, lie on a bed, thrashing around, unable to talk, let a lone play her instrument?

This chick is here to stay and brings a new-found sexuality to the cello. Not in the least as dramatic, but equally as good is Rachel Griffiths (*Muriel's Wedding*) as the restrained

and sensible Hilary. As the overshadowed sister, Griffiths' performance is charming (her final speech will be particularly remembered). Sorry to harp on about the Academy Awards, but Judi Dench's win after eight minutes of screen time in that same Shakespeare film seems a little unjust after seeing Griffiths' support of Watson's screaming, tantrum turning, raspberry spitting and very sick cello player. You might have guessed by now that I kind of dig this flick, but it's not only for the performances. *Hilary and Jackie* is a stunning film to look at. With it's vibrant colours and flawless composition, every shot is a poster in itself. Anand Tucker's direction is unflawed and while the music is lovely, see it for the performances. They'll blow you away.

Belinda Schenk

Christ off her lamb bear

You know what really sucked about *Seven*? The bastard offspring it spawned, much like the way *Pulp Fiction* gave rise to the tagline 'post-Tarantino' in reviews of countless films since. Thirteen years after Russell Mulcahy and Christopher Lambert teamed up for the cult hit *Highlander* (and its first sequel), they join forces again for *Resurrection*, a serial thriller which 'borrows' many distinctive ingredients from *Se7en* - colourless photography, ceaseless downpour, a rooftop chase, a series of grisly murders, and an intelligent psycho whose identity is revealed earlier than expected.

Detective Prudhomme (the perennially stone-faced Lambert) is on the trail of a killer who is attempt-

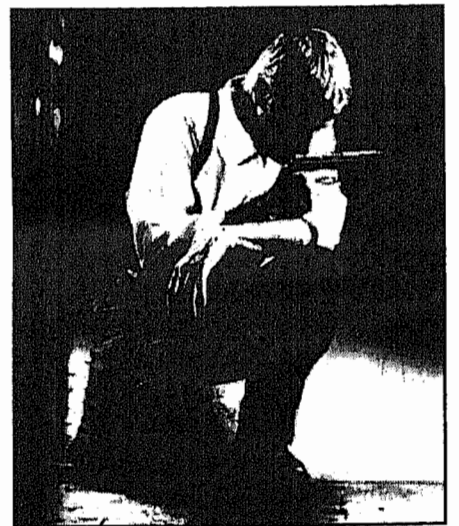
ing to rebuild the body of Christ, limb by limb, using the bits and pieces he severs from his victims. And that's about all there is to know about the plot; the screenplay could have been written by a seven-year-old (nyuck, nyuck), the way it piles on the cliches and bad lines ('somebody stole your partner's leg') and abstracts the killer's motivation to the point where you'll be looking under the cushion to find it.

Christopher Lambert is so dull you'd think his character probably had more dimensions on paper; Robert Joy, as the killer, is much more successful at holding your attention, and Canadian bio/ techno-horror maestro David Cronenberg shows up briefly as a priest (I'm not making this up).

But the real star of the film is, of course, ex-pat Oz director Russell Mulcahy. Betraying his background in music videos, *Resurrection* is relentlessly, pointlessly stylized (except to extend the attention span of viewers who don't have any) and employs a bag of Russ' disorienting visual tricks, old and new.

To its credit, the film has a genuinely gruesome set-piece with a neat blasphemous twist, and if you feel the need for purification after watching the film, David Fincher or Ridley Scott can supply an appropriate chaser. But the way I see it, if you knew Christopher Lambert was in it, you've only got yourself to blame.

Daniel Gear



Resurrection
1999. D: Russell Mulcahy
Eagle Entertainment
Christopher Lambert,
Leland Orser

Talking about poetry ...

Taxman
1998. Director: Avi
Nesher
Columbia Tristar
Joe Pantoliano. Wade
Dominguez

Character actor Joe Pantoliano (*Bound*) steps up to the plate as the star of this curious little oddity. He plays Al Benjamin, a tax investigator who stumbles onto something big, perhaps big enough to change his shitty life. A bunch of Russian gangster wannabes have cooked up a tax scam involving the gas stations of

Brighton Beach, New York City. Benjamin teams up with detective-in-training Joseph Romero, played by the late Wade Dominguez (*City of Industry*) with an annoying st-st-stutter that disappears halfway through the film. Why a stutter would just get up and leave in the middle of film is a touch beyond me, but what ya gonna do?

What subsequently unfolds is a somewhat bland yet enjoyable time-filler that, with its incessant talkiness and moderate action sequences, seems ideally suited to the small screen. Supporting

turns from the likes of Elizabeth Berkeley (from the wonderfully shithouse camp classic, *Showgirls*) and Casey Siemaszko (*Limbo*), hamming it up in a thankless role, only serve as distractions from Pantoliano's characteristically edgy performance. At times, his loner/detective figure and intermittent voiceover lend the film a tasty noirish quality, but don't be fooled - *Taxman* is an efficient straight-to-video B-grader with more plot than bite.

Daniel Gear

Calling
all couch
potatoes

The time has come
for you to join the
On Dit video team.

Just come on down
and chat to
Daniel, video
person.

57 Channels (and there's nothing on)

Shock me

There seem to be a new batch of shock tactic television commercials doing the rounds. I just saw *Pay Now or Pay Through the Nose Later*. Probably not a classic of the genre – apart from anything else, it's actually fairly funny, and it would be difficult to believe that the producers didn't intend for it to be so. It gets the point across. It doesn't suffer from bad acting in the way that some of the older road accident commercials did (not to say that assuming the role of a widowed spouse would be easy), because it seems the acting is intentionally overdone.

The archetype of shock tactic commercials must be the anti-smoking effort. There have been many, but recently I recall *This is the [Aorta / Brain] of a Smoker* and *Bronchoscopy on a Smoker's Lungs*. The former had real organs with real pathology and it looked pretty ugly to me. The latter shows the path of cigarette smoke as it winds its way into the depths of a smoker's lungs. Are these commercials effective? It must be difficult to say. And it would also largely depend on the stated aims of whoever put them to air.

I suspect that smokers at the end of the century (because 2000 really is the last year of the 20th century – don't hit me!) know the consequences. The dramatic displays of ugly reality are old news. I would argue that there are at least two better approaches. Firstly, pathological specimens of diseased organs are probably difficult to connect with the plight of an individual. A better commercial, but one which will never be made, might be to show Mr Smith in his hospital bed (his fifth admission this winter) with his one leg (the other amputated because of smoking-related vascular disease) sucking air in so hard he looks like he might implode, the bits of his face still visible around the edge of the tightly applied oxygen mask turning blue. Maybe a subtitle could show the likelihood of Mr. Smith being alive in the morning. Secondly, and this is the reason that the first suggestion probably won't work, is that not just smokers, but everyone, discounts future risks. The commonest reaction to shock tactic commercials amongst my smoking friends is admission of the consequences, but apathy because of the time interval involved. No cigarette is going to kill you tomorrow. This is a prob-

lem which will be difficult for the anti-smoking lobby to overcome. Another regular target for this type of advertising, and one which we haven't seen, I think, since the *How Will You Feel in the Morning?* series is anti-teenage drinking. The current advertisement, the closing message of which I've temporarily forgotten, depicts a split-reality style look at a teenage party. A young girl appears twice at the same party, having made the choice both to accept and refuse a drink offered

the sublime. *Springer* airs several (it seems like about eighty) times a day on Fox 8, and currently once a day on Ten. I have no idea which series is more current (does it really matter?), though one would suspect Ten's. Just before I left my house this morning, Fox 8 was showing an episode entitled 'You're too fat to be in porn!' Predictably, there were some fairly large women comprising what I guess one would call the 'panel' for the day. I'm not sure who was claiming they were 'too fat' for

for a great promo. And I really do want to see the episode where it looks like some guy is about to propose to his *sister*.

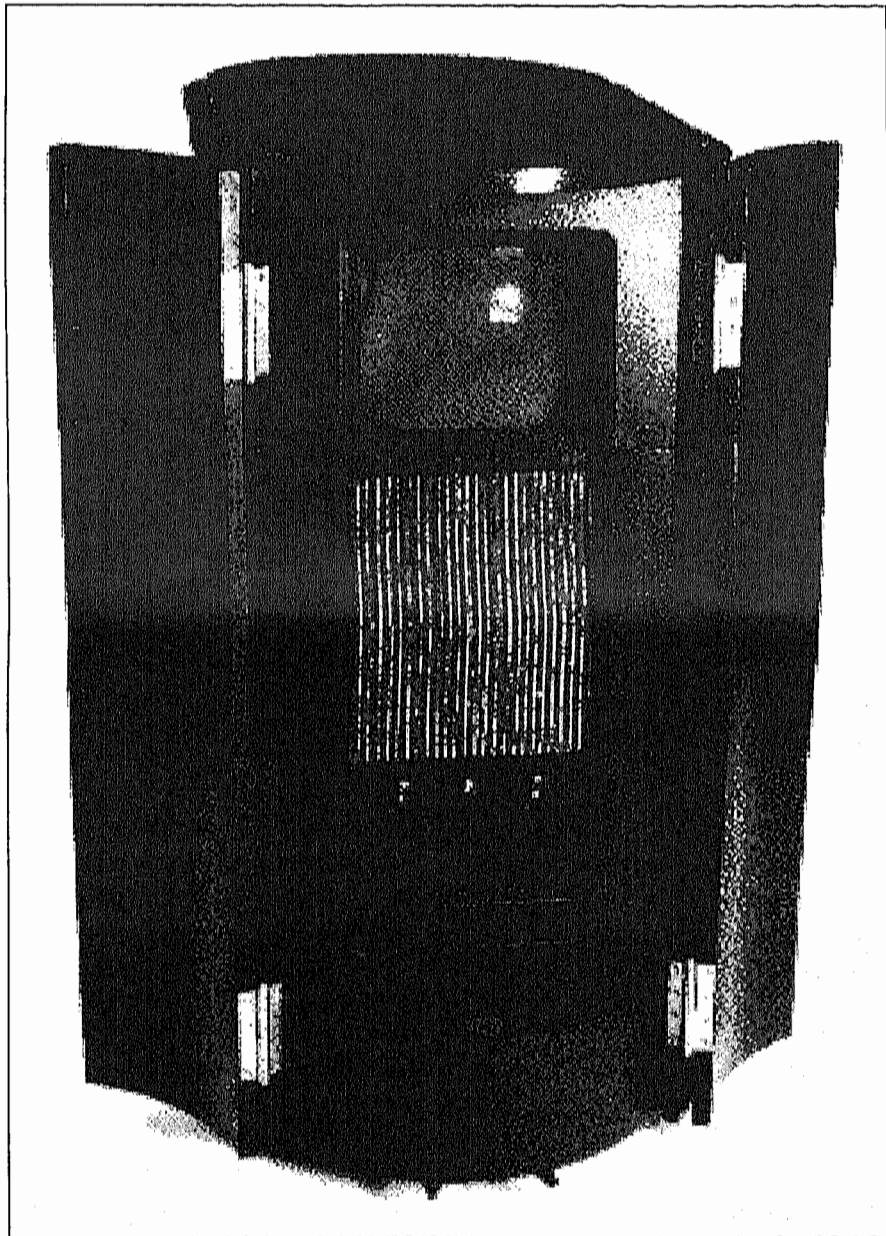
Springer is a bit like watching *Donahue* made for pre-schoolers but performed by grown-ups. The issues are almost invariably trivial. The guests are usually inarticulate, remarkably violent, and not very interesting. Is *Springer* on the cutting edge of insightful current affairs, or even human interest journalism? Probably not. Does it matter? Not really.

Bank me

I don't watch *A Current Affair* very much. I should probably watch it more, because it's often quite funny. In a lame kind of way. But what's the deal with the current spate of anti-bank segments? I'm no bank lover – I think, just as Mike Munro proclaims to, that banks in their current incarnation are a veritable scourge. But how many more 'banks suck' segments are they going to run? And how much worse is the journalism going to get? I must admit, the segment aired most recently (and I really can't explain why I was watching this!) was actually quite good. Some 'reporter' opened a series of bank accounts, apparently about two years ago, and the follow-up segment used a hidden camera (surprise, surprise) to tape this person returning to the branches to find that their balance had been eroded by account keeping fees. Hardly prize-winning footage, but, particularly in the banks which claimed the customer *owed them money* after two years of not touching their original fifty bucks, some of the encounters were hilarious. There were tellers admitting (little did they know) on national television that the guy had been screwed and that there was no way they'd bank there! Great! But that segment aside, worthwhile only because of hilarity, how many more do we need? Standing outside some branch every time interest rates go up to get a sound bite of some 'battler' telling us how it's just not 'fair dinkum' doesn't really cut the mustard. I say: get Ray back at the desk, and get Mike back on the streets where he belongs – humiliating the inarticulate, kicking in the doors of the weak and sifting through the garbage of middle Australia.

Oh, and watch *Media Watch*.

Paul Hoadley



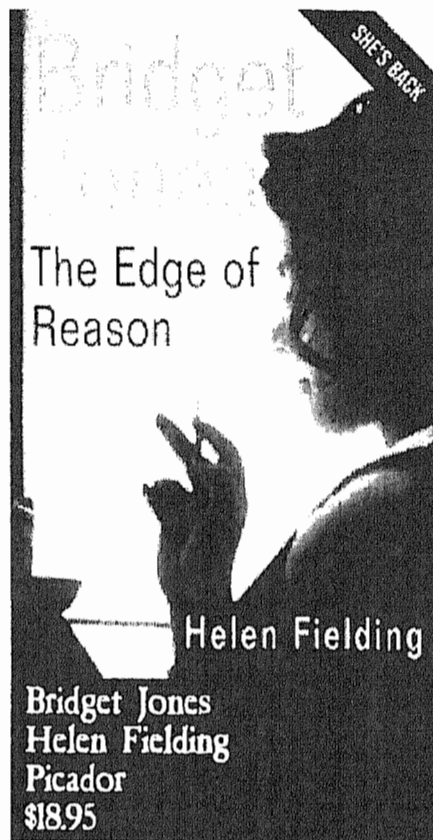
by a young boy. We see the drunk girl later looking a bit dishevelled in the bedroom with the boy in bed. Presumably they've done something naughty, and again presumably either or both of them are regretting it. It's not too specific on what they, or even we as viewers, are supposed to think at this point. The non-drinking girl copies down some guy's phone number and goes home. Altogether a pretty benign commercial. Teenagers have choices. Not a startling revelation.

Spring me

At a time when anyone who wants one in the United States can have a talk show, Jerry Springer must be riding the crest of the wave of

porn (and how fat is that, anyway?), but everyone sure was doing a lot of yelling. I just couldn't get into this particular episode, which isn't uncommon, but with *Springer* it doesn't really matter. They're hardly issues changing the world (unless you watch a lot of porn and have a strong preference for thin actors). The best bit about *Springer* on Fox 8 is the promotional advertisements played during other shows. In a vein which is refreshingly common on several Foxtel channels, the voiceover guy on Fox 8 basically implies that *Springer* is a pretty ordinary television program. Spliced with footage of Springer himself appearing to be on the verge of just walking off the set, it makes

There Was a Right Corking Read

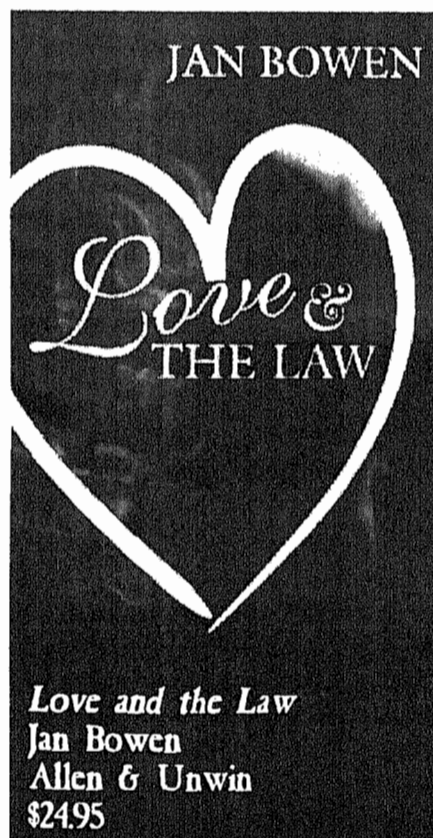


I was first introduced to Bridget Jones in Helen Fielding's *Bridget Jones's Diary* which was given to me by a friend and was supposedly meant to make me feel better about my singledom. I, like many others, liked it and *BJD* became a best seller. *Bridget Jones: The Edge of Reason* is the inevitable sequel. It picks up where *BJD* left off: Bridget has snagged the 'man of her dreams' and is getting used to the dubious joys of being in a relationship. Problem A: One can't spend as much time in the bathroom as one would like when one has a partner who now shares one's bathroom. Problem B: One never knows if the person one is boofing secretly votes conservative. *The Edge of Reason* takes us through another year in Bridget's life. There is the unavoidable happy ending but along the way there are all sorts of adventures involving skinny boy-

friend-poachers, death threats, Tupperware, jaunts in the country, restrictive foundation garments, Thai jails, Colin Firth, an interfering mother, a chap named Jerome and way too many self-help books. If *BJD* was a 'modern day *Pride and Prejudice*' then the *Edge of Reason* mirrors some of the themes and devices found in another Austen novel, *Persuasion*. And there are no pasty Gwentyth Paltrows prancing around in this 'adaptation'. Bridget can't help but be likeable. She is vapid, neurotic and shallow but at the same time she is funny and endearing. When *BJD* came out and was such a success, Bridget was accused of 'killing feminism' and while it is true that Bridget spends much of her time worrying about finding and maintaining a relationship it does not mean that it completely consumes her life nor is a

partner the only thing she values. If you read *Edge of Reason* with a healthy dose of irony (which is how I hope the author intended it to be read) then Bridget is not a role model, she is a comedic figure and we don't take her more seriously than we would Patsy or Eddie. Sure we may identify with parts of her character and nod and blush when we realise we have acted as foolishly over men as Bridget has but that doesn't mean that she epitomises the average 30-something single female. If the reason you don't like *Bridget Jones's Diary* or its sequel is because it offends your feminist sensibilities then you need to re-examine your sense of humour. Don't take *The Edge of Reason* too seriously and it is all a bit of fun - maybe not as fresh as *Bridget Jones's Diary* but still a corking read.

Melissa Vine



The fact is that all but the most casual of romantic relationships are defined by a legal framework ... Whether we realise it or not, the law touches on just about every aspect of love. ... It is vital to be aware of how the law affects our relationships so that we can control our life and protect ourselves from later problems, no matter how unlikely they may seem in the early flush of a new romance. vii-x

We need a licence to get married, divorces go through the courts, we register our children, and the defacto relationships we enter into bring with them a set of legal rights and obligations. The law has a say when it comes to sex, finance, cohabitation, contraception and much more ... so it's probably a good idea to have some idea what the laws are, and where you stand in relation to them.

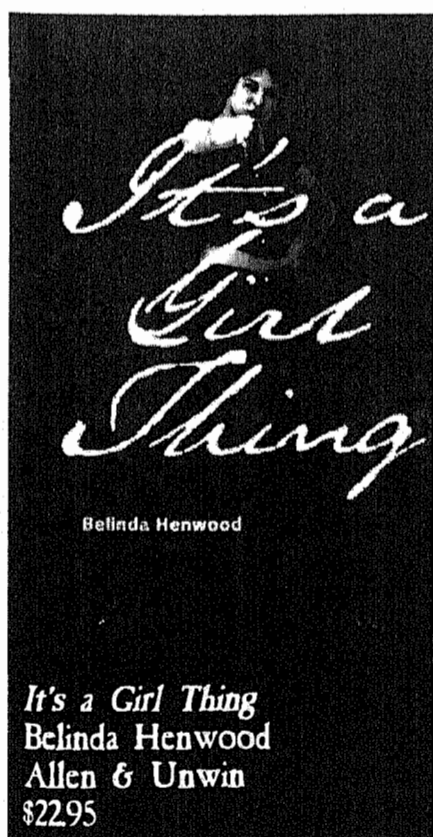
Jan Bowen, author of *The Macquarie Easy Guide to Australian Law*, *The Reader's Digest Legal Question and Answer Book* and *Your Business and the Law* knows what she's talking about. She also writes clearly and concisely about Australian law, its history and evolution, and its implications. *Love and the Law* is both informative and accessible: a no-nonsense guide for the layperson, free of obfuscation and legal jargonese. It's certainly easy reading (although by no means is it dumbed down) and it's even entertaining - and how often can a book about the law claim that?

What *Love and the Law* gives is a general overview of the law as it relates to us in our loving relationships: marriage, divorce, defacto relationships, same sex relationships, co-habitation, joint bank

accounts, aged parents, children, sex, violence and finance - it's all there, complete with case studies. The book is broken up into several chapters which are then clearly sub-sectioned - and indexed - so if you're looking for something specific, you won't have to go wading through the entire book. It also rounds up with a guide to the Australian legal system and some pointers on how to go about getting legal advice.

If you want to know where you stand, or where you might stand somewhere down the track, or if you just have an interest in the law, or would like to be better informed about contemporary Australian law and its practice, read this book - or at least have it on your shelf for reference. It's good stuff.

EF



Although *It's a Girl Thing* is a manual written for teenage girls, us oldies can get something out of it as well. As Henwood says in her introduction, the book is 'about developing a healthy relationship with yourself, with your body, and with the people around you. And for some of us, like me, it seems to be taking a really long time to get there'.

Fact one: A sensual massage with aromatherapy can be better than sex!

From water retention to white heads, sulking to sexual identity, masturbation to manners and ingrown hairs to insomnia, Henwood has advice for everything and she gives it in a non patronising and humorous way. It's not just sex and the body, it has advice about parents, friends, drugs and health to name a few. As Uni

students, we probably know most of it already, but it does not hurt to brush up now and then. (Brush up on your own bod, as well as someone else's, right?)

Fact two: Heteros is the ancient Greek word for 'other' and homos means 'same'. The word lesbian comes from the Greek island Lesbos where, in 600 BC, the poet Sappho wrote about the love between women.

Of course texts like *Everygirl* (Derek Llewellyn-Jones and Suzanne Abraham) and Kaz Cooke's *Real Gorgeous* have said similar things before, so there is nothing really new here, but Henwood does not pretend that she had a new and fabulous answer to understanding puberty. She even points to these, and many other books as further reading.

Fact three: About seventy per cent

of Australians lose their virginity before their seventeenth birthday. It's a Girl Thing is funny, educational and well worth a read. If you know a young teenage girl, give it to her and save her a lot of confusion.

And the best reasons for being a girl? We can cry at chick flicks, we rarely splash wee on our trousers and our nipples work.

Belinda Schenk

**FREE BOOKS!
OUT THEY GO!**

All you have to do to get one is to write us a review of it. Easy, no? Just come down to the *On Jit* office and leave a message for Erin O'Donnell.

Mix it up - Jad McAdams and the history of boredom

During the days of King Arthur, the DJ obviously would have been the alchemist of Camelot. The mixer would have been operated day and night - transforming lead into gold and old beats into new ones. Existing patterns would have been coloured and changed around in order to provide that which is old with new meanings in the never ending struggle to avoid the repetitive boredom of routine.

On the dance floors of today the rhythm is maintained by strongly structured monotonous beats, within which the DJ is free to create, transform and recycle. Most of the time the process of mixing is kept on a musical level, but there are some people who bring it up a couple of notches in the scheme of things. Jad McAdams is one of them and his mix consists of dance-productions, composition, playing live and researching the history of boredom for his PhD. Right now he's in town to do a couple of performances with choreographer Lucy Guerin's company in their mutual production *Heavy*.

When *On Dit* meet up with him for a coffee in Rundle Street, Jad mentions the irony in his current collaboration with dance companies, since this very image was of great significance when he decided to stop working in clubs a couple of years ago.

At this point in time Jad, who was living in Holland, had already been

mixing music in clubs for almost a decade. The year was 1996, the love parade was on in Berlin - and mediocre, bland and monotonous techno was suffocating most of the European clubs with its musical waves.

Jad was, not surprisingly, already sick and tired of the whole scene when he turned on the television that day.

On his screen a DJ is walking into a ballet class. He switches on the equipment and starts mixing his Eurotechno. The students immediately start to dance and their teacher is not late to follow - overwhelmed by the musical joy coming from the turntables. Click...

Jad turned off the television and decided that this was the last straw - he had had enough of the whole scene and needed to get out and start doing interesting things instead.

As future and irony would have it, one of these things happened to be the production *Heavy*, in which Jad with his live Dj-ing skills is accompanying the dreamlike dancing, choreographed by Adelaide born Lucy Guerin.

When I ask him how the performance came about, Jad tells me that he still isn't really sure.

When he and Lucy started working on the project they did not know what the end result was going to look like. They had a couple of ideas, which were continuously dis-

cussed, changed around and slowly transformed into what could possibly be a functioning form. One day they realised that the ideas had evolved into being a finished production. Jad is still not sure how it happened.

He explains that it has been very interesting to mix the two mediums - DJ-ing and choreography - together.

In a club environment he would not be able to play the more advanced things he is doing in *Heavy*, but with these highly professional dancers there are very few limitations to what he can do.

For the dancers the combination is interesting in another way. Normally they perform to a static pre-recorded background, but with a live DJ the music will be slightly different every night. Even though the basic rhythms are consistent, the different variations will surprise them and hopefully create a more organic performance. Jad feels that this new element in choreography gives the show a different and more energetic character.

The core of the performance evolves around sleep and dreams. Lucy Guerin has done a lot of research about the subject before she started writing the choreography, and therefore the scientific issues have been made a big part of the performance. *Heavy* involves movements as well as metaphors of sleep, and Jad explains that he will prob-

ably give the audience associations of a mad scientist (that is moving around and turning different gadgets) rather than those of a traditional DJ mixing music.

In a way I think this image of an academic DJ gives a not-too-inaccurately portrait of a man who in more ways than one is mixing together a number of different routines from a number of different worlds. The doctoral thesis he is writing on the history of boredom is only one of many.

Regardless of his research topic, at the moment Jad seems everything but bored. He is involved in three performances in the festival (*Heavy*, *Birdbrain* and *Robbery Waitress on Bail*). His band Lino did their latest performance on one of the openings of the Sydney Festival, 2000 - and in between all these forms of composing and mixing music, academic words of boredom has to be written.

Keep mixing it up, academic, popular and fine art. All different but still the same - all about taking things apart and putting them together in a new creative order.

Boredom, by the way, did not exist in any language until about 130 years ago - prior to this point in time people probably had better things to do.

Danny Wattin

Insert plug here: What's on in the visual yarts

Hey, all you creative types. The SA Government and ArtsSA are going to be throwing money at promising young artistic-types. The Mentorships and Premier's Awards are coming up, and if you want to get in on the action you're gonna have to get an application form from ArtsSA [tel.8207-7100; fax. 8207-7159; webpage. <www.arts.sa.gov.au>].

Check out *Struth!* This exhibition of some outrageously talented local artists getting together to do what they do best. *Struth!* is on until March 19, Tues-Thurs 12-6pm, Fri-Sun 1-9pm [closed Mondays] at shop #82, Hindley St. Enjoy.

They may be in direct competition

with the University of Adelaide for possession of your hearts and minds, but Flinders University's Art Museum deserves a plug for their latest exhibition. *From Appreciation to Appropriation: Indigenous Influences and Images in Australian Visual Art*, curated by Christine Nicholls, is being accompanied by a series of public lectures and panel discussions, running from Monday 6 to Sunday 12 March. For enquires about details and times call 8201-2695 or email <museum@flinders.edu.au>.

If performance art is your bag be sure to catch Kevin Henderson's *Between the Eyes Evil Shaved*. Daily performances 10am-5pm 'til March 11. On Tuesday 7th, 6pm,

Kevin is doing a collaborative effort with Adelaide artist Julie Henderson called *Five Rooms and One Empty Space*. Now I get to announce our first competition for 2000. All you have to do is come up with a humorous anagram of either "Between the Eyes Evil Shaved" or "Five Rooms and One Empty Space" or both. Drop your entry own to the *On Dit* office by Thursday 9th of March. The winner gets taken by me to the Gallery Coffee Shop for the beverage of their choice and their winning entry published in the next issue of *On Dit*.

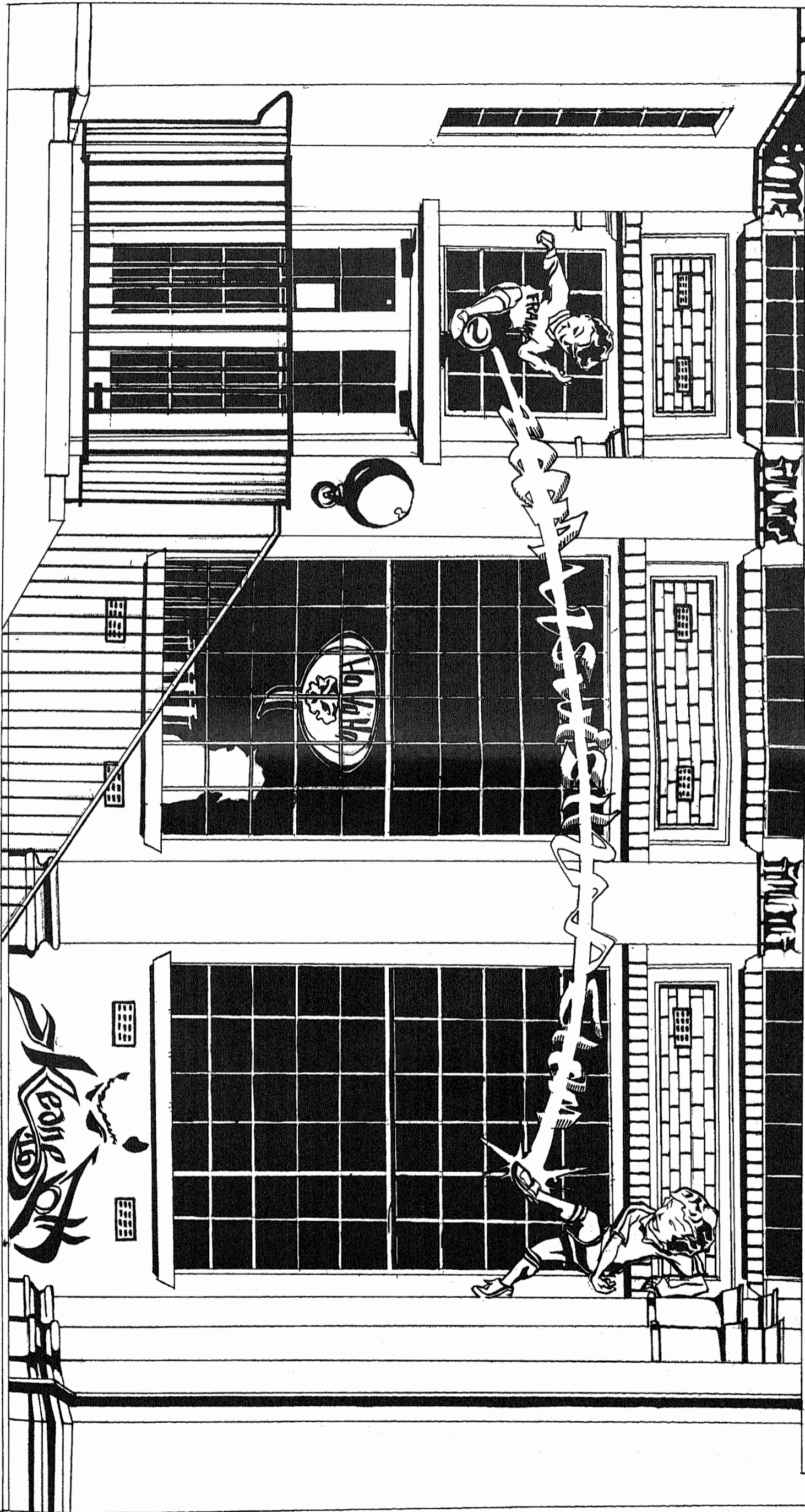
Lastly, our very own in-house Peter McKay is staging an exhibition of his work very soon. Details

are still a little sketchy, but watch this space for more as it comes to hand.

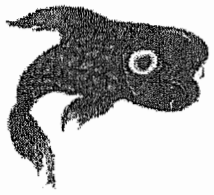
If there's something you want to plug in the world of visual arts, performance art or web-based gear, we can be bribed to stick it in 'Insert Plug Here'. This will guarantee an audience numbering in the dozens, and you get to see your name in print (without the hassle of getting married or anything). Drop the details down to the *On Dit* office by Wednesday for the following Monday's issue, on a neatly written or typed sheet of paper addressed to the Visual Arts editor, or email us at <ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au>. Remember, the revolution isn't going to happen all by itself.

Write about Art

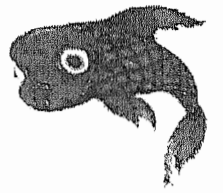
Come on down to On Dit and have a chat to lil' Jonny Dyer.
You'll be sipping Chardy in no time.



The Almanac of comedy



The Fringe is here and Rundle St has never been so funny. Anthony Paxton recently caught up with the clown pince of comedy, Justin Hamilton. Formerly one half of the Bunta Boys, his new show *Screw you Misery - I'm the Karaoke Guy*, is all about separation, cancer and funny bits in between.



OD: Many have described you Justin as the alternative comedian's alternative to the alternative. Does that make you pretty mainstream?

JH: I think it definitely makes me incredibly mainstream. It makes me the Keith Martin of comedy here in Adelaide which is something that I've always strived to be. I think cause Keith - sexy man - knows what's going on. If you're reading this Keith, you're a good bloke. Yes I think that that is quite conceivable actually. If you start saying things that people don't necessarily want to say themselves then that can make you quite popular so that can put you into the mainstream. At the same time they're saying 'Oh, I don't know if he should have said that.'

OD: Is there material that you wouldn't touch?

JH: I don't think there'd be any material I wouldn't touch, no. No, I don't think there's anything I'd avoid. But political correctness for me isn't avoiding topics, it's not doing a stereotypical asian voice on stage - that's politically incorrect for me. But that seems to be accepted as mainstream, whereas if you talk about topics like cancer or abortion that's considered to be politically incorrect. What you might be saying might actually be very positive but people are more put off by the topic rather than by what you actually say. So no, there's no topic that I would avoid but there are certain ways that I would definitely avoid portraying it.

OD: You compare yourself to Keith Martin often. Is the similarity between meteorologists and comedians that they're wrong 60% of the time?

JH: Yeah, I think you're right. 100% right. Comedy is a strange beast. It can be interpreted in so many different ways by so many different people. Sometimes I know that I'm making a joke and I'm making a point and you can see some people laughing and really getting into it - and they're not really sure why they're laughing. It's just because you're caving your niece's head in or something like that but that not really sure why you're caving your niece's head in. They're just sitting there going along for the ride. It's interesting. It's happened with the poster as well, people sort of laughing at it for the wrong reasons. But you can't pander to everybody.

OD: Do you worry about that? Do

you want people to laugh in a certain way? Or, do you just want them to laugh?

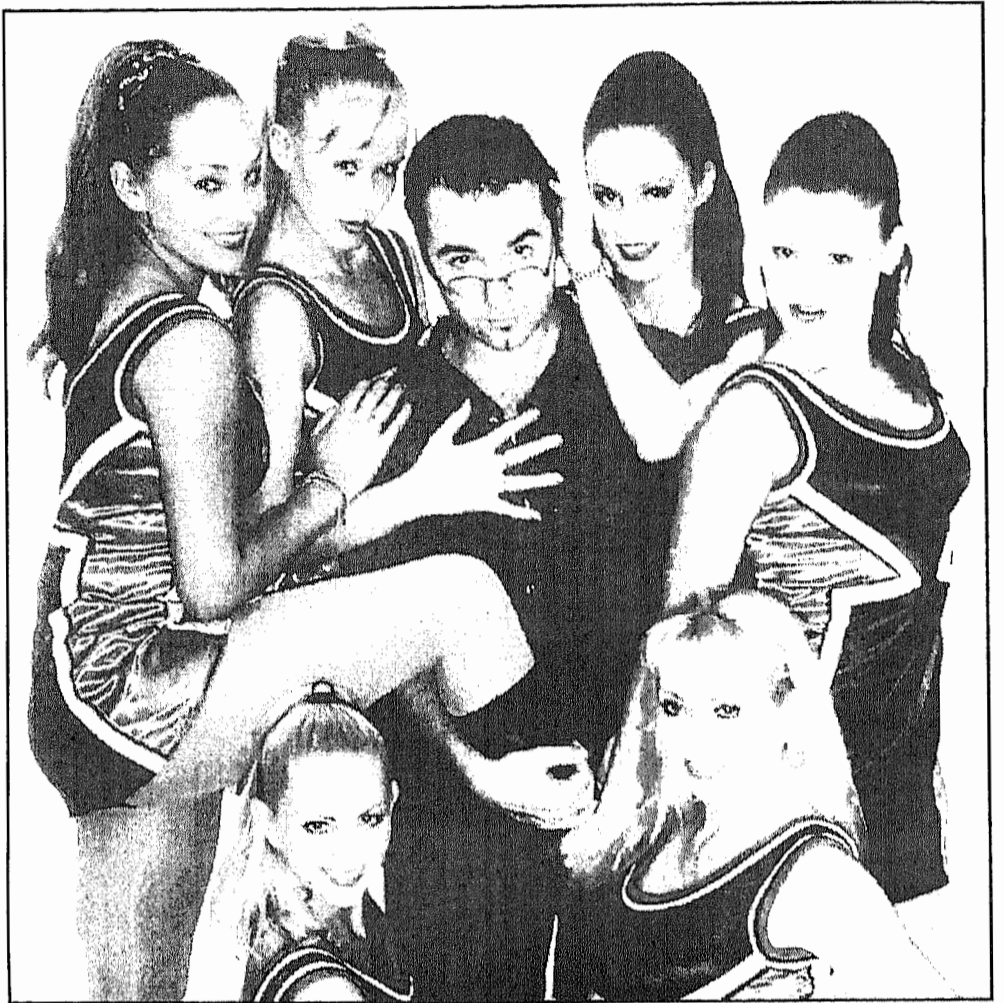
JH: I would like them to interpret it for the correct reasons. I think that the first thing you've got to do is remember that you're out there to entertain. That's your first job. I'm not interested in doing material about chocolate bars. About breaking off bits and you find out you could have eaten the whole thing. Not having a go at anyone who does that, it just doesn't interest me. I'd rather do stuff that has a little bit more motivation or is coming from a certain angle and dealing with certain issues and topics. If people are laughing for the wrong reasons it's a little bit off putting but as long as they're enjoying it then technically I'm doing my job.

OD: This is your fourth Fringe now and you've also performed at the Edinburgh Fringe. What is the unique feature of the Adelaide Fringe that makes it so popular?

JH: I'm not really sure about Adelaide any more with the Fringe. It's so fragmented. I think before it used to be because we're a small town. No matter what we believe we're considered a city but we've got a small town sensibility. Before when shows would be on you'd have it all really concentrated. All sorts of things all on in one area and you'd be mixing with the performance artists and you'd be mixing with jugglers and things that you wouldn't normally come into contact with (and may not want to come into contact with) ...

OD: Like mime?

JH: Like mime. Gee wizz. Avoid mime wherever you can. I accidentally started doing mime on stage the other day and docked myself pay. But that used to be the great thing about the Adelaide Fringe. You'd have so many people going through and checking it out. And now it's just a little bit too spread out. Hopefully this Fringe will be successful, but it's a bit corporate I think. The Fringe used to be the cheap acts where you could see some really good stuff. I remember growing up seeing Bob Downe and the Doug Anthony Allstars, you'd see fantastic shows that were relatively cheap. Now you want to see the good acts and you're



Wake me up before I go-go

forking out a bit of cash. And it's hard because people start bumping up the prices. I still think the Adelaide Fringe has still got a lot of credibility but I think it's got to be careful or it will slip away.

OD: Why did you become a comedian? Was it something you were forced into? Is it part of an extortion threat?

JH: It's definitely extortion.

OD: Someone's threatening you?

JH: Yeah to pay off my bills and I went into comedy and that was a big mistake. Earning hundreds of dollars a year. I always wanted to be a writer and a buddy and I (Damien Kilsby who used to be Dougie in the Bunta Boys) we used to be fans of comedy, always been a big fan, so we just thought we'd give it a burl. So for me it was learning the craft of writing. Forcing yourself to write each week and six years later I'm still doing it. You get the bug I think. The more you do the more you learn and the more you want to explore different areas. It's a great format that can be easily abused. It's easy to just stand up and talk for an hour but you can still do things within the medium that are quite exciting.

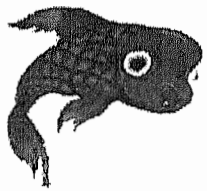
OD: Speaking of abusing things - what is the new show about?

JH: Ah! *Screw you Misery - I'm the Karaoke Guy*. It deals with the loss

of a friend through cancer, it deals with the loss of love and it deals with the feelings of despair and depression that you go through with all that. So it's got all the ingredients for a good fun comedy show. It's actually quite a positive show. I think it's a very optimistic show but once again it's dealing with dark themes. But don't get me wrong I'm not up there on stage wailing, rocking back and forth and talking in tongues. They're the topics but it definitely tells a story and I think it's a pretty positive story. What's weird about it is that I started writing it three years ago while I was still in the Bunta Boys and the Bunta Boys were great but it was limiting to a certain extent. I started writing this show which was originally called *Sugar and Spite* and it started off dealing with the death of a young boy to leukemia and the break-up of a relationship and then I had a good friend Alex Collins die of cancer and I did come out of a relationship, so I wouldn't call it autobiographical but I'd call it true, if that makes sense. My next show's going to be about how I make a million dollars and marry Jennifer Love Hewitt. So, here's hoping, - fingers crossed.

Justin is performing at Boltz Cafe from the 6th March.

Laughing, chortling

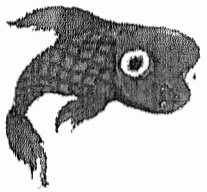


Rod Quantock
Utopia
Cinema Nova

If you're thinking about seeing Utopia, make sure you come early. Those that are ready and

waiting are warmly welcomed and thanked individually by Rod Quantock, as well as being treated to spontaneous jokes which are continued through and really make the rest of the show. If your late you not only miss this, but are taught a lesson (in the nicest possible way) for your tardiness by means of subtle public humiliation. The prepared show meanders through Rods' musings on life, death, human cultural achievement such as the musical toilet roll holder and of course the nature and possibility of Utopia. As always Quantock's show is a touch political, though less so than previous efforts. Unless your right wing, you'll love this hour of rummaging through the mind of one of Australia's greatest comedians.

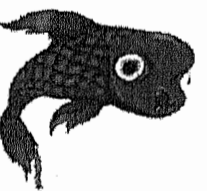
Peter McKay



Judith Lucy, Denise Scott & Linda Gibson
Comedy is not pretty
Mason's, Synagogue Place

A crazy, glam, all-girls - nay, all *women* - production, that barely drew breath from the moment the stars were carried onstage in the arms of scantily clad men, until the teary-eyed song at the end. The gals were dressed to the nines in evening frocks, in which they did everything, including dancing, singing, brawling and bawling. There was stand-up comedy, my favourite part of the show, as well as a fair bit of parody. I get the feeling (having been thumped over the head with it several times) that maybe female comics aren't quite as well-paid as their male counterparts, nor do they find work as easily. There was some clever parody of the expectations of women (found in most lines of work; if we only dig beneath that seemingly smooth surface, the patriarchy lurks below) in comedy: either they must dance and sing and be glamorous, or they'll end up in a cat-fight and become over-emotional. Nice *idea*, but unfortunately the show lost its sharp intelligence during these sketches, and degenerated a little into slapstick style comedy. All in all, I had fun and laughed a lot, but if you're keen to see these comedians, I reckon they're better when they're on their own.

Erin O'Donnell



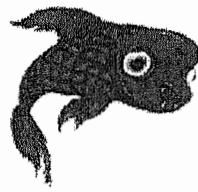
The Fridge Door Institute
Dweezle Underwood & the perfect date
The Cosmopolitan Centre

Poor Dweezle. He had the tidiest locker in school. Voted Most Likely to Work in an Office. And now he does. Middle-manager-yes-man for a local insurance firm, our hero Dweezle is about to face his demons in the guise of office spunk Tammy Stickle. Sure, he wants her. Every man in the office wants her. But for Dweezle it's ... different. Lets face it, he's scared shitless. Maybe he could do with a bit of practice ...

Welcome to the deep dark recesses of the dweeb psyche. What makes Dweezle such a nerd? Was it a predetermined thing? Fate? Or did his life simply take too many left turns along the path? Where did it all start? Maybe it was pissing himself in front of his childhood sweetheart; or maybe he never stood a chance with a father who studies turds under a microscope for a living. Isn't that right SHITBOY?

Dweezle Underwood and the Perfect Date is a thought provoking minimalist two-man play competently performed by the Fridge Door Institute (Canada). They portray an anxious and potentially volatile Dweezle, but fail to capture the full essence of 'Geek' - possibly for no other reason than the performers are clearly not geeks. The bow tie and stooped posture didn't quite cut it. Sorry dudes, you're still too cool. Nevertheless, Dweezle strikes at the heart of Western culture's complex social charade. Here we observe the systematic soul destruction of those who don't quite fit. So many rules and not one of them written up. So where do you fit in? How do you know? We're ALL scared shitless. Embrace the Geek within. 6.5/10

Mark Bone

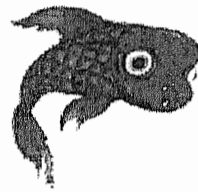


Ahn Do & Sarah Kendall
Live
PJ O'Brien's

You may know comedian Ahn Do from the telly. He's the dude with

the oversized Chupa Chup, and the fluffy wheel covers for his \$15 Datsun (and whatever else he pulls from his trunk). He's a scream, very natural, and known to ad-lib and interact with the audience (so watch out!) If you're from Elizabeth, you may be offended by his dramatizations of the suburb! Sarah Kendall's theories on animals and evolution are humorous, and her over-blown accents and movements will have you in stitches. Sipping an icy drink, on the balcony of PJ O'Brien's, watching the two, makes for a pleasant evening all round.

Carla Caruso

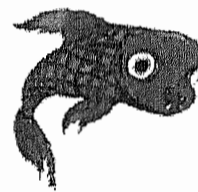


Carl Barron
Live
Boltz Cafe

Carl is a comedian well known for using his childhood as inspiration for his act. Most can relate to his early memories, such as sitting at the table at

dinnertime with one's father, not wanting to eat pumpkin. Carl's ability to make inhuman noises, and to make people laugh at his fart jokes, while waving his hands around like a hairless loony, ensure you will be standing in the aisle, the venue once again packed to the rafters - but still be having a good time! Miss it, and be extremely pissed of.

Carla Caruso



Damian Callinan
Speech night
Cinema Nova

You've been a very naughty boy and simply cannot be punished enough. So says the drunken, masochistic and

somewhat senile priest at St Basil's Catholic boy's school.

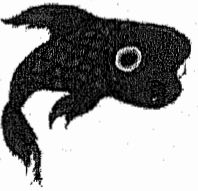
Sadly, St Basil's is about to be closed down due to financial difficulties (read corruption) and this is the school's very last speech night.

All the illuminaries are present. The headmaster and deputy, the St Basil's drama group, representatives of the women's auxiliary, students past and present ... and you. Yes, you boy, sitting up the back with your finger half way up your nose - stop it at once!

Damian Callinan gives an entertaining performance as a myriad of eccentric St Basil's characters, but is let down by patchy and inconsistent material. One can only laugh for so long at quirky facial expressions and mannerisms before requiring a little more substance. Nevertheless, there are real flashes of brilliance along the way. The insightful speech given by a mediocre AFL footy player and ex-St Basil's boy deserves special mention. Worth going along just to hear this guy discuss his footy club's Vienna Mozart European culture holiday or his guru coach's gruelling aromatherapy sessions. A very funny performance that saves the show - almost.

6.5/10

Mark Bone



The Vagina Monologues
Theatre 62

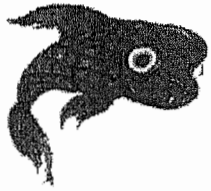
Let me begin by saying that never in my theatre going history have I shouted out the C word at the top of my lungs. Ah, the joy of the fringe. Let me also say

that shouting CUNT is quite refreshing and liberating, but don't try it at all of the fringe productions.

As the title suggests, the show is series of monologues about the female genitalia, strung together with little snippets of facts, funny word play and general knowledge. (We learn that the clitoris is the only part of the body whose sole purpose is sexual gratification - aha, educational). Performed by Collette Mann, the monologues range from the hilarious, to the thought provoking, to the brutally disturbing. Mann's considerable acting talent allows the audience to believe that in one moment she is a young rape victim in Bosnia, and in the next a middle-aged woman with a hand-held mirror in a vagina workshop. The Vagina Monologues is a good night out. Take your mum.

Belinda Schenk

and the odd guffaw



**One World Theatre
Mirette & Bellini
The Foreign Legion
Cartoons**

*Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France?
Or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did afright the air at Agincourt?*

William Shakespeare - *Henry V*

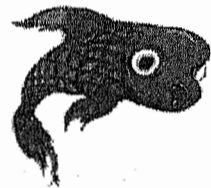
When you review a lot of shows it can be very easy to become jaded, to lose faith in theatre. Things start to become repetitive, stories predictable, devices ... well, devicive. Then, if you're very lucky, something may come along to restore some of that simple joy you lost back there somewhere. For me that show was *Mirette and Bellini*.

Seattle's One World Theatre has brought to the Adelaide Festival Fringe a production that transcends the boundaries of expectation; the show holds all the promise of the circus. Bellini is a high-wire performer who has lost his nerve. Mirette is his prodding conscience, encouragement made manifest, and just possibly his real-life guardian angel. Two broken souls, each touched by their own deeply personal tragedy, endure the tug-of-war of real (if a little co-dependent) friendship, each trying to help the other through their problems, oblivious to the potential destructiveness of their own.

Mirette and Bellini is a parable, a fable about the importance of friendship, an adventure into the imaginary. There's a truly magical quality to the show that stays with you long after the air-conditioning comes back on. I'd like to thank the good people from One World Theatre for reminding me just what can be achieved with a nearly bare stage and a lot of talent.



Jonathon Dyer



**Ridiculismus
The Exhibitionists
Nexus Cabaret**

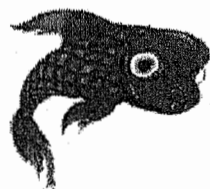
The Exhibitionists is extraordinarily funny. A must see. Be prepared to enter a world where boredom can do very strange things to your mind. Four art gallery attendants have turned their dull jobs into a disturbing, unpredictable and hilariously

funny art form. Alas, they have only themselves, three very bland art exhibits and the hapless gallery-going public to perform to.

After being body searched on the way in (my friend was taken behind a curtain for a full cavity search!), everyone is seated and the show begins. Or does it? Nothing happens. The minutes fly by. Still nothing. The audience giggles uncomfortably. Still nothing. Oh, I get it. This is their job. Nothing EVER happens ... unless you make it happen! And they do. Tissue paper nostril stuffing competitions; underpants wars (violent and violating); feigning death; mentally retarded soap operas - it's all there. A beautifully orchestrated flee from the mundane. We can but only watch in astonishment as their actions become more and more bizarre - their minds slowly retreating from the oppressively conservative world of the sensible gallery attendant, into the liberated world of the totally unhinged. So many unforgettable scenes (too many to recount), although watching them piss all over Collette Mann (who just happened to be sitting in the front row) was, for me, a definite highlight. I was unsurprised to discover that this talented bunch are currently negotiating a contract for their own British TV series based on the characters appearing in this production. Catch them live before they become the next League of Gentlemen. Absurd, dangerous and extremely funny.

9/10

Mark Bone



**Tripod
Tripod
Cinema Nova**

I admit that I went to see Tripod pretty much solely on the strength of Peter Helliars' *Bevan The Musical*, heard from time to time on Triple J (*Stop Press: Now available in Real Audio format from Tripod's website: 3pod.com*). The byline to that song includes 'with Gatesy from Tripod,' so I thought I'd better see who these guys

are. Nova's Cinema 3 was transformed into a (slightly claustrophobic) theatre for the occasion, and the opening night sold out. I liked the venue, and even though I lucked out with the very back row, and forgot my glasses, I didn't miss a thing.

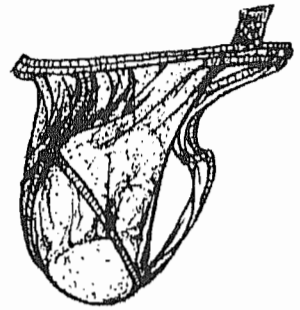
Tripod are Scod, Gatesy and Yon. They are from Melbourne, and their act involves songs backed by a single acoustic guitar, interspersed with banter. The songs ranged from pretty funny to rolling-on-floor-laughing funny. The humour won't appeal to everyone, but then everyone won't buy tickets. The entire house on opening night, though, got the jokes. I guess we were just the kind of people who find songs about stalking hilarious, and still laugh at things like the word 'mental'. The intersong banter, while clearly rehearsed, was nicely spontaneous in parts, mostly thanks to Gatesy - bashing Yon's foot with a hammer while nailing his shoes to the floor, for example: a bit slapstick, but it was hard not to laugh.

An hour of Tripod wasn't long enough! They did a one song encore, but I could have easily watched them for another half hour or more. Should you go and see Tripod? Yes: original, Australian, funny. A good combination.

As a brief footnote, I went down to the Lion Arts Centre after the show. Two observations arose. To the manager of the Lion Theatre Bar: on the opening night of the Fringe, the number of patrons will more than likely require more than three bar staff to service in a timely manner. To the tool wearing the orange overalls who, at 10.45pm, decided to stand at the North Terrace gate and tell people they couldn't enter and would have to walk around to Morphett Street, despite the fact that there was ample room for about another thousand people in the immediate vicinity: you're a tool.

Paul Hoadley

**Piss pants
funny**

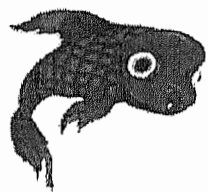


**Eric & Derek
Hot Nuts & Popcorn
Mercury Cinema**

Late night chat shows seem to be the bane of modern society. All you need to demonstrate any obvious lack of talent is to employ a house band, a host and an audience (preferably on their way to something else). *Eric and Derek's Hot Nuts and Popcorn Show* is different in several major respects. Instead of a band there's a keyboardist with more cheese than Kraft, the audience are actually there for a reason, and the two hosts aren't even funny - they're piss-pants-funny. The guests are actually interesting as well. Whether they're interviewing the Director of the Fringe, fellow performers, faux-lounge singers or comedians who don't show up, Eric and Derek share a renaissance quality with their audience - showing themselves comfortable in any situation. From the moment we were introduced to the format for the night we were already laughing and by the time Eric and Derek came out on stage I thought I was going to die of laughter. A variation on the subtle good cop - bad cop routine, these two clowns employ the sophisticated combination of toilet humour - toilet humour. This show received rave reviews at the Calgary and Edinburgh Fringes and I'm sure it will do just as well here. If you think you recognise Eric and Derek it's probably because you've seen them at the last few Fringes as the Three Canadians (only this time there's only two of them). Their justification for coming back to Adelaide so often is to see their kids, but with the reaction they received from the audience it's little wonder that these two comic ingenues keep coming back for more. The show goes for an hour in the Mercury Cinema on Morphett St from 11:00 every night of the Fringe (excluding Mondays - check the program for more details).

Anthony Paxton

A night with Rikki



Subtitled Rockin' with Rachel Berger and Reelin' with the Scared Weird Little Guys

On a balmy night in Adelaide, I made my way down Rundle St, heart of the Fringe goings-on. Being a trifle early to see the Scared Weird Little Guys perform their 'Rock' show in the much publicised Spiegel tent, I decided to drop into a favourite watering-hole for a cool pale ale.

Thus suitably relaxed I continued my ramble down Rundle St and arrived at the Spiegel tent and the box office where I was to pick up my ticket. Unfortunately, due to some confusion, the box office person couldn't locate my ticket but asked me to return in ten minutes when the media tickets had arrived. This I did; turned out he had the ticket all the time.

Unfortunately by this time all the seats inside the Spiegel tent were filled, except for a couple which faced away from the stage, and which no-one wanted. These seats were in booths inside the tent, but the whole centre of the tent, where obviously the performers were intended to perform in the round to the audience, was filled with chairs on which most of the audience was seated.

The overflow stood in front of the bar at the rear of the tent – no seats for these punters. It was humid inside the tent, but not unbearably so.

On came the Scared Weird Little Guys, aka Rusty and John. They seemed to just drift onto the stage, not going for a big entrance. They cracked a few jokes about how no expense had been incurred in the presentation of the show – but that was obvious from the strange backdrop of meaningless fairy lights. They were dressed in black and wore fairly silly hats and played guitar – later John played something that looked like a mandolin. They sang a song about Adelaide, which included references to Col Light, Rundle Mall, the Silver Balls and 'Germans' – obviously what they thought to be salient features of Adelaide. They got a few generous laughs from the audience, but the people standing near me seemed more bemused than amused. Then they brought out a pathetic brown cardboard prop called a 'rock meter' which was basically a sheet of brown cardboard with an arrow and some hand-squiggled drawings. They asked some silly questions, like 'Who was a famous movie star?' answer: Rock Hudson. 'What was a famous cartoon?' Correct answer: Rocky and Bullwinkle. Get it? All the answers had the word 'rock' in them. Someone yelled out 'The Flintstones!' which I thought was a pretty good answer, but unfortunately none of this was really funny. Next up was a tribute to some of the worlds greatest rock songs, beginning with Queen's 'We Will Rock You', but with different, funny lyrics. Except their lyrics weren't really funny, all I could think of was how they were murdering such a great rock song.



A younger Scared Weird Little Guys. They probably look different now

The show was halfway through by this stage and I'm afraid my legs were beginning to feel tired from standing in the one place. I didn't really want to push my way to the Spiegel bar for another drink, so I decided to head for the exit. Perhaps the last half of the show got a lot funnier, but I doubt it. The unfortunate thing is that by the time you read this, you might have already bought tickets and seen the show. If you did, I hope you enjoyed it more than I did. I kept thinking 'this would be good for kids, really *young* kids.' And that guy in the box office at the Spiegel tent really did bug me.

As I sat down expectantly on the comfortable seat of the Nova cinema and looked at the stage. I half expected to see Rachel Berger leap about from behind the curtain and launch straightaway into her fasttalking one-woman show, 'Moist'.

Instead, my first glimpse of Rachel was of her filing demurely past into the cinema with the last of the stragglers. Then she ever so gently ushered them to their seats, them with a look on their faces saying, 'But aren't you ...?' I did a double take myself.

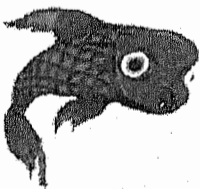
Then, Rachel leapt onto the stage and apologised for the shortage of seats and commenced to tip a large bag of recyclable refuse on the stage, just to make her feel more at home, more like some of the venues she was used to performing in, she quipped.

The hour long show (which floated by amazingly fast due to Berger's relaxed but sharp and pithy monologue) was non-stop jokes mainly focussing on the inanities of sex and politics and the 'self-improvement' movement.

There is something surreal about her humour, whilst being vulnerable and expressing the anxieties we have about ourselves and our bodies, which consumer culture encourages us to experience. There was a strong feminist streak to her humour, which many of the women in the audience could identify with - and some of the men. Her jokes about vaginas and dicks were refreshing and genuinely hysterical. Rachel Berger is a consummate professional who makes what must be a difficult performance seem easy. The audience left feeling elated, slightly shocked, as if she had made love to us. Rachel Berger, we love you – come back to Adelaide soon.

Rikki Wilde

Life can be a cabaret



**Jackie does it!
Black pearls & strange fruit
Rosemont Hotel**

An intense and intelligent show, *Black Pearls and Strange Fruit* delivers the goods. Jackie Gordon's elegantly slick, song-studded narrative about a fantastic line-up of professional black women singers and their music is that winning combination, both entertaining and thought-provoking.

Racism, sexism, poverty and hate crimes... those women really had it all. From rabble-rousin', fearless Bessie Smith to racially enraged Nina Simone, seven performers and their lives are powerfully evoked using social history, life anecdotes, music and slides. The many layers mesh effectively to draw the audience into the headspace of segregated America. (You know the place - this was where black people could bleed to death on the steps of a designated 'white' hospital and Billie Holiday was expected to pick up her tips off the table with her bare thighs.)

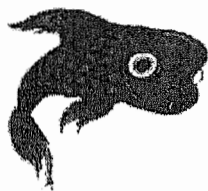
Gordon's chosen theme is not one of anger, though. She does tell some pretty outrageous stories (viz: Diana Washington having to sleep in a caravan in the alleyway behind a luxury hotel after performing for 3000 people who'd paid to come see her in the banquet room). Yet ultimately her focus is on the personal and professional triumphs of Ella Fitzgerald, Earth Kitt and CO, and the amazing musical traditions we can thank them for.

Why put an engrossing show like this in a dodgy pub halfway down Hindley Street? Call it the divine chaos of the Fringe, or perhaps just a very strange decision, but even the distractions of the Rosemont Hotel and Pokies couldn't kill the moment. The skinny beer-promotion girlies and their logo T-shirts disappeared once the performance began. The lighting, eventually, was dimmed to a suitably cocktail-lounge level. The backing music, provided by locals Bruce Hancock, Ted Nettlebeck, Peter Cassidy and Brian Gerner, was unobtrusively flawless. Gordon's smooth alto voice was variously soft, sexy, raucous, kittenish and, in a few exhilarating moments, all of the above.

Maybe it's a chick thing, I don't know, but the narrative thread of strength and survival was really uplifting. Also, the songs were tubthumpingly good. Go see this show. The subversive powers of song are laid bare, alongside its ability to define who we are, heal our souls and make us laugh.

Sarah Shepherd

The world is a stage



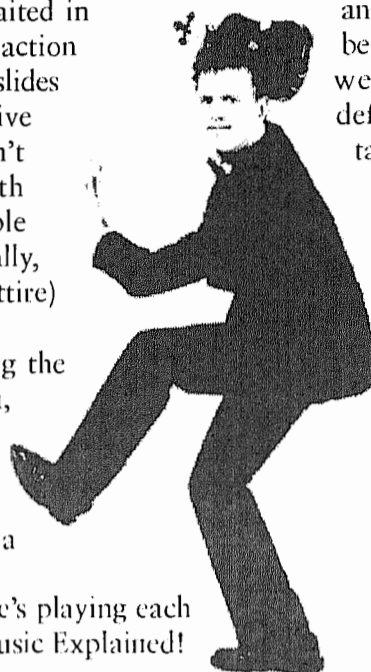
Rainier Hersch All classical music explained CAOS Café

Each of the slides had a classical music term, and gave an alternative indication of how the show was going to be, then we were in for a great act. It didn't crowd to settle down, and then we were greeted by the star of the show, Rainer. With background, Rainer proceeded to get aquatinted with the crowd. Most of the people alities; there was a posh woman from Yorkshire, a Londoner (who Rainer found an ally, and my friend and I, who were both dressed in shorts and T-shirts (typical student attire) dealing dudes.

Throughout the show, Rainer took us through all the phases of music, explaining the ever, for those who think that this might be not so entertaining, let me assure you, music teachers! Rainer introduced us to Beethoven's geese, Mozart's first crayola piano with out practicing, and he even showed us what the point of a conductor is. Basically, if you have any background in music, you'll love this show to bits. Of know about music but have heard those old songs, get along to see Rainer shed a even explains what the words to the opera samples in TV ads are!

It was an incredibly funny show, and I highly recommend you see Rainer soon. He's playing each in Hindly street, so get your act together and see the wonder that is All Classical Music Explained!

After reading about this show in the Fringe guide, I had been looking forward to seeing it for quite some time. Upon arrival, my friend and I took seats right up the front, and waited in anticipation. Before long, the action settled, a series of slides



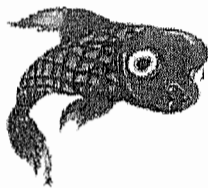
anticipation. began; as people were still getting were being shown on a screen. definition. If this display was any take long for the reasonable size classical music playing in the near the front took on person-hailing from London himself), became known as the drug

relevance of each period. How-Rainer kills those high school written work, how to play the

course, even those who don't whole new light on things. He

night of the Fringe at the Caos Cafe

Luke Balzan



John Astin One upon a midnight The Arts Theatre

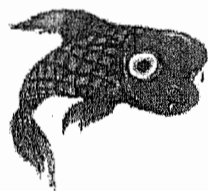
or even revisit Poe's poems and prose. The ease with which Astin incorporated many of Poe's works such as The Raven (a stand-out which received spontaneous applause), Annabel Lee, The Masque of the Red Death, Eldorado, The Tell-Tale Heart, William Wilson and many others was consummately done.

For those of you who (unlike me) didn't grow up watching crap TV in the seventies, John Astin starred as Gomez Addams in The Addams Family and as The Riddler in the original Batman series. Dressed in a black wig and coat, Astin looks remarkably like the Goth idol Edgar Allan Poe. Astin provides Poe with the (very gothic) opportunity to rise from his grave and tell his version of his tragic life story. Astin presents Poe as a 'misunderstood and troubled genius.' He attempts to add humanity and humour to the life story of a man hailed as a genius but also maligned as a drunk, gambler, drug addict and alleged (just is case his ancestors are the litigious type) paedophile (he married his 14 year old cousin). And just to really get you interested, this is the guy who famously said 'there is nothing so romantic as a dead woman' and who apparently has some unresolved issues about vagina dentata and necrophilia. Think of a cross between Stephen King, Tim Burton, Robert Downey Jr (on a phantom rat throwing day) and Marilyn Manson and you are starting to get the picture.

I'm a huge Poe fan and so it wasn't going to take much to impress me anyway but Once Upon a Midnight is required Fringe viewing. A stark stage with simple props was the ideal backdrop for this show. The lighting was unobtrusive but superb. Go and see this show.

Enrolled in English 1? Can you afford \$23 to attend a Fringe show? Then John Astin's Once Upon a Midnight is the show for you. In just 1 hour and 45 mins you will learn all about Edgar Allan Poe's tragic life and hear excerpts of many of his works. What more could a beleaguered first year ask for? You won't even have to tell your tutor you haven't done your homework. However I suspect that if you do attend the show that you will be tempted to read

Rebecca Jokinke



The Blue Grassy Knoll Buster Keaton's Sherlock Jr. Palace Cinema

wonderfully quirky and thoroughly entertaining original live score to accompany Buster Keaton's silent film masterpiece - Sherlock Holmes Junior. Banjos, fiddles, percussion and accordion all bounce along in split-second timing with this frenetically paced classic. Probably the biggest compliment you can pay these guys is the fact that it's so easy to forget that they are there. Both music and sound effects - car horns, dog barks, police whistles - are executed with such precision timing, it enables you to become entirely immersed in the magic of the film.

Keaton plays a simple cinema projectionist who fantasises about being a super sleuth detective. He soon gets a chance to try out his powers of deduction when he is wrongly accused of theft. For those who feel somewhat ambivalent about the whole silent film genre thing, DO NOT be put off. This is a remarkably sophisticated piece of film making. Keaton pulls off some astonishingly complex and hair-raising stunts in this film, demonstrating his virtuosity as both stuntman and comic genius.

The film is in many ways well before its time (1924). It includes some very bizarre effects (watch out for Keaton leaping head first through the stomach of a man in drag - I kid you not) and a surreal dream sequence in which Keaton walks into the film he's projecting. A wonderful blurring of the boundaries between cinema and reality - ripped off in later years by Woody Allen (see Purple Rose of Cairo) and that dumb Twistie add.

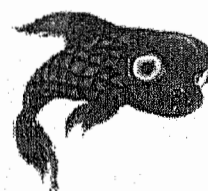
As an added bonus, they also screen Cops - a 10 minute Keaton classic which highlights his physical comic genius to great effect. Keaton's character manages to disrupt a national police parade and consequently has the entire U.S. police force in pursuit. Look out for the horse souped up to the eyeballs on amphetamines. A total cack. Once again, an original accompanying score from the incomparable Blue Grassy Knoll.

Pure entertainment. 8/10.

If Fringe Paranoia is beginning to set in (the sinking feeling that once again you've somehow managed to miss all "the good shows"), then fear not o' Fringe dwellers. The Blue Grassy Knoll is a safe bet if you're looking for a top performance and a great night out.

This five-piece 'gypsy, bluegrass, zydeco, cabaret' band has produced a

Mark Bone



Linsey Pollak The art of food CAOS Café

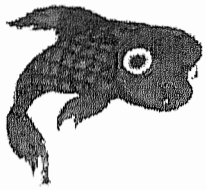
with himself. His beats are fundamentally organic and wholly scrumptious. Order wedges so you can accompany him harmonica-stylee during the soulful lighter-waving finale. This man has created a new wave in music, the antithesis of industrial - all hail VEGETABAL! I can't wait to see the new breed dressed like Ivan.

It's satay! Eh? If food is art then Ivan paints like Jackson Pollock with the accuracy of Edward Hopper. For all the manic drive he exerts in creating his veggie-vocal soundscapes Ivan hardly missed a beat the evening I saw him. His palette features the carrot and potato, his canvas: your ears. Sounds surreal? You betcha, there's a teaspoon of Dali in there too.

I recommend a meal at Caos Café and setting down to watch Ivan chop, loop, drill and harmonise

Peter Gravestock

I am a poor player upon it

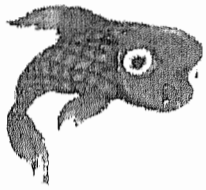


Pan Pan Theatre
Standoffish
The Limm Theatre

Since 1993, Ireland's Pan Pan theatre has produced 12 original productions, toured extensively in Europe and has won quite a number of awards. Its latest experiment is *Standoffish*, a play about 'sulking and beautiful awkward men who keep diaries'.

I'm not a huge fan of plays that involve audience participation. Especially when the audience member is myself (that'll teach me from choosing the front spot), so it will be easy for me to get my revenge here. But my considerable (ahem) maturity and understanding will stop me now. I will say, however, that *Standoffish* is damn weird and I don't think I got it at all. It seems to be part performance art, part experimental theatre, part lyrical poetry mixed with a bit of staged urination and hugging. I think it may have had a point, but then again, perhaps not. Performed by Kevin Hely and Charles Kelly, *Standoffish* might interest those who don't mind being confused, but I ended up a little dissatisfied.

Belinda Schenk



Shakti & Uniflex Physical Theatre
Swan Lake
The Limm Theatre

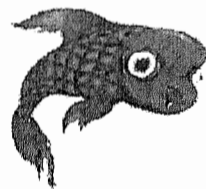
The Official Fringe Guide describes this performance as 'Unlike any other Swan Lake. Shocking!'. Both are true.

I am accustomed to a bit of nudity in dance performance. Many pieces premiering in Adelaide over the last ten years have captured the energy of dance with a 'less is more' attitude. It is the lap dancer costuming and choreography of this piece that had me on the edge of my seat - about to walk out that is. My companion aptly described the show as a cross between Annie Sprinkle and *Flashdance*.

If these comments inspire rather than dissuade you from seeing it, you may inadvertently find yourself enjoying influences ranging from belly dancing, flamenco and traditional Indian. You may even be able to drag your eyes away from her more prominent features to wonder at the facial contortions of the lead dancer in sequences reminiscent of traditional Japanese Noh.

The choreography is executed with a passionate energy. The movement is sometimes striking and sculptural, such as the precision hand-movements, and sometimes frenetic. It evolves from starchy and reserved through sensual and erotic to a wild and unrestrained crescendo. The performance could not be more of a contrast to the constrained traditional ballet of Swan Lake. I found myself wondering, during the 45-minute long show, what statement this unabashedly raunchy performance seeks to make apart from to draw that contrast. The lead dancer explains after the fiery finale: 'The swan is not tame, it is a wild bird. It mates ferociously'.

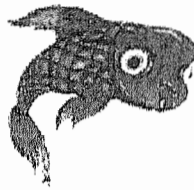
Karin Harris



Gaping Maw Productions
Ed the Anti-Christ
Worldsend Theatre

Ed tells the story of a group of 'friends' enjoying the murder and mayhem of New Years Eve at the end of the year 2000. Millennium nuts have been going wild enjoying their last gasp of destruction and making up for last years fizzer. Ed (played by Tim Edwards) and his sister-in-law Charlie (played superbly by Olivia Hogan) are drinking with Ray (Brett Whittingham). These three acquaintances are drinking in the pub of one Nick (David Gardette) and believe me this guy knows how to spit. From the very start the audience is placed in compromising and challenging positions. Someone recently told me that the only thing theatre isn't allowed to do is pacify and this play certainly doesn't do that. You soon learn that Charlie is under-age and sleeping with Nick to procure alcohol, that is until Nick does something truly disgusting and tells Charlie that he loves her. Soon Nick is cast aside carelessly and we are introduced to the wondering hippy called Pommegranite (Rebecca Bradley). When she can finally only sing in German Pommegranite is forced out of our ensemble until only Ed, Charlie and Ray are left to their destructive conclusion.

Anthony Paxton



Dawson Nichols
Virtual Solitaire - The Foreign Legion Cartoons

Think of William Gibson's *Neuromancer* crossed with a Sony Play Station and parts of Kathryn Bigelow's *Strange Days* and you are getting into the weird head-space which is *Virtual Solitaire*.

For almost two hours you are not aware of what is VR (virtual reality) or RL (real life) and marvel as Dawson Nichols (yes an unfortunate name but then I believe he has had a stream named after him, and with a name like mine who am I to talk?) morphs from one character to another and back again. The plot is quite 'simple' really - Nathan is a cyber-junkie and 'carbon' guinea pig for game designers Clarence and Stanley. The Man in the Iron Mask is a murder mystery set in an insane asylum (naturally) and Nathan is hired to 'emotionally calibrate', that is to experience the game for the icons/characters and provide Clarence and Stanley with material which will make their game more lifelike. Unfortunately for all involved, Nathan has been on one too many cyber-trips and 'chaoses out' and 'freeforms' dizzily into one game character after another. Nichols is a highly skilful writer and performer and has another hit on his hard-drive with *Virtual Solitaire*. If you caught Escher's *Hands* or *I Might Be Edgar Allan Poe* at the last Fringe you will already be aware that Nichols is freakishly talented. For all you gamers and computer nuts out there - this is the show for you. If you don't know a modem from a mousepad - chill-out - go with the flow - and just enjoy the 'entertainment' Clarence and Stanley provide.

Rebecca Johinke

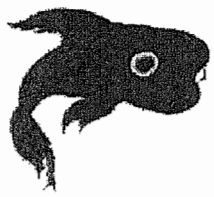


PROSH

is coming

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

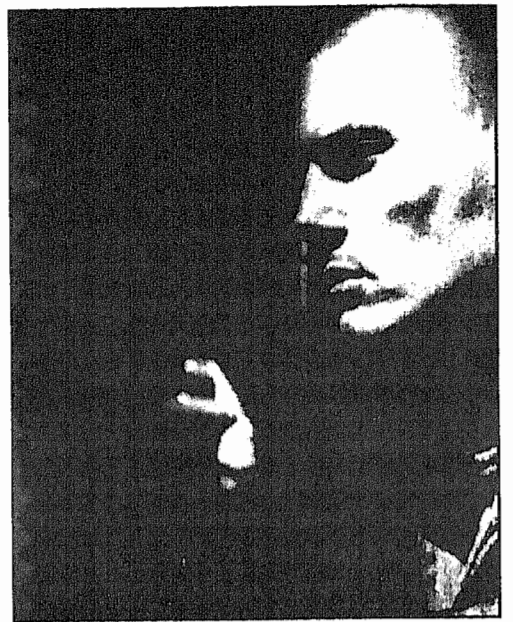
I'm struttin', I'm frettin'...



Bedrock Night just before the forest The Lion Arts Centre

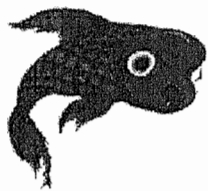
Kolt's script, in a translation by Timothy Johns, rockets you through your prejudices and discomforts your efforts to distance yourself from its meaning. Shane Hagan spends the 45 minutes working himself into a lather of sweat as he reels off the lines with an intensity and a sense of purpose equal to the manic logic of the character's twisted reason ... and every time you feel that you can place the homeless character in a box you find his eyes to be burning into you, seeking your attention in a way which challenges your intent to separate yourself from the human drama before you, at the same time as it impresses upon you Shane's ability to reach his audience on such a personal level whilst maintaining the focus of his character. The production is minimalist 'fringe' but attention to detail brings moments of sheer brilliance to the performance. At some points the simple lighting combines with Shane's artistic mastery to create a metamorphic miracle where he transcends the human to become robot/animal/demon ... exposing in these moments the uncomfortable sides of life that we would project onto the 'fringe' dwellers of our society. This is an important piece of theatre, brilliantly written by Kolt, which confronts us with the weaknesses by which we become complicit in the erosion of our own common humanity. I came out of this production feeling amazed, challenged, reassured and enlivened. This is pure Fringe - a must see event.

For sheer dramatic quality this one-hander stands out and deserves attention - for the intensity of its delivery, the focus of its production, and the quality of its writing. Bernard-Maire



Intensity is the keyword here

Farley Wright



Ryushin Ensemble Glengarry Glen Ross The Black Rose

David Mamet's 1984 play is pure dynamite. It's the type of play that provides a unique

challenge for its performers in the sense that throughout his career as a playwright (and subsequently a screenwriter), Mamet has single-handedly created his own dialect; a rhythm of inflections pauses, repetitions - 'Mametspeak' - that performers *must* master for the play to succeed. Kudos to the cast of Paul Peers' production of *Glengarry Glen Ross* for the admirable effort they made in drawing the audience into Mamet's testosterone-fuelled frenzy, especially in such a restrictive environment.

Mamet drew on past experience for this play, which is set in and around a real estate office. The four salesmen are faced with a harsh predicament: management has bestowed upon them something of a contest, where first prize is a Cadillac, second prize is a set of steak knives, and the runners-up can clean their desks out in the morning. This is the lever Mamet uses to set his (male) characters against each other; the environment they attempt to tame threatens to swallow them whole. We watch as alliances are forged before our very eyes, only to realise that each man sees past his brother to the prize (or the punishment) and as they step on each other's heads, their only hope is the hustle, Mamet's characteristic plot device.

The Black Rose is perhaps not an obvious choice to stage a theatrical production, but somehow the tension of the play seemed to escalate in reaction to the intimacy forced upon the cast and the audience; the characters were trying to break free of their shitty circumstances, and all the while we had them cornered, completely closed off in case one of them might try to escape.

Daniel Gear

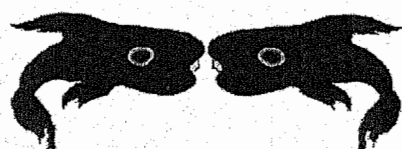


Hope & PKF Productions The Quiet Room Shop 9 Cosmopolitan Centre

by Pam Levin who, in her uninterrupted hour onstage moves comfortably among a number of characters while, most importantly, retaining Sissy's sense of self worth, pride and humour in a debilitating institution. The dialogue is immensely satisfying and Levin's voice was consistently poised, lyrical and clear.

God gets a phone call from Sissy but here he doesn't seem the sort to post bail. Humour as black as this and as funny as this should come in plastic wrap but I'm glad it doesn't. There is a joy retained by Sissy that shelves her oppression and allows her to dance both mentally and physically. Safe behind the invisible two way mirror and so fully absorbed by Pam Levin's presence the atmosphere was comfortable enough to laugh from the belly while not cringing (as an Adelaide audience is wont) when confronted by the extraordinarily personal tragic situation of *The Quiet Room*. But in the end it comes down to this - any play that affords leading space to a duck (conceptual or other) must be good. Thank you Pam and Hope Productions.

Peter Gravestock and Joanna Kyriakakis



One World Theatre Quixote - The Foreign Legion Cartoons

Adventure Awaits Quixote. Michael Neff has set Cervantes' classic tale of chivalry in a lunatic asylum. In Cervantes'

original story, Quixote, having had his sense of reality distorted by reading tales of virtue and chivalry, proudly embarks in his rusty armour upon a series of quests that seem real to him, however absurd they may appear to the observer. Of course, as in real life, this is all just a matter of perception. In the One World Theater Company's lunatic production the audience must ask itself 'who is mad here, and who is sane?' Surely the doctors who run the place must know what is going on. One patient (Jodi-Paul Wooster) will not speak, while the other (Mark Fullerton) is immersed in reading Don Quixote. Perhaps he is taking it a little too seriously. The good doctors (Jena Cane, Kristina Sutherland & Tom Jones) certainly think so, and put Quixote, and his sense of reality to the test. Arming himself with a wooden sword and with a little Spanish guitar in the background he frees his neighbor and convinces him to enter the world of Quixote and be his servant, Sanchez. The doctors (sorcerers to Quixote) provide the patients with various prompts and as a result events from the book come to life both in the patients' minds and on stage. Quixote and Sanchez battle with this sorcery as the doctors battle the demons in their own heads. As you would expect there are windmills, and there is love. Finally there is a conclusion with a twist in its tail. The Company shines with talent, using simple props and clever choreography to take the viewer into the various worlds of the characters. 'Why would anyone choose to be a knight?' asks Sanchez. 'Glory and adventure' replies Quixote. The same answer awaits those who ask why they should choose to see Quixote.

Sean Abel

Locked in the padded cell, again, (for reasons as ludicrous as mandatory sentencing cases) Sissy conjures a raucous community of personalities to overcome the almighty silence. In her confinement Sissy puts psychological treatment on the couch and asks it all the questions it cannot answer, finally reducing it to a blubbing heap. Such a ponderous task is artfully accomplished

Heidi goes mad in Dorset

It had been an amazing week for Victorian band Killing Heidi. They had come in at number one on the ARIA charts with 'Mascara'. They had just played at the Sydney Big Day Out to very receptive audiences. They had come in on Triple J's Hottest 100 of 1999 at numbers 14 and 2 for the songs 'Mascara' and 'Weir' respectively. They were in pre-production for their fabulous new album *Reflector*, and are now about to embark on a national tour, including two Adelaide dates. Overwhelmed by this recent bout of success, the band's drummer Adam Pedretti called *On Dit* to share his thoughts on this success.

'Yeah, we're all pretty excited with all this. Overly excited all week, it's been good things. Luckily, we've been too busy to even acknowledge it, otherwise we'd probably explode. Everything has happened so well this week, it has been the greatest time of our career.'

So much success all at once. But these down to earth guys need not worry about fame going to their heads. They'd all gotten along well from the start and had a chemistry between each other.

'We'd all joke around with each other when we weren't working, and when we started playing and jamming together, it was almost too easy because we knew each other a lot better than you usually would with someone in a band. It was a very friendly atmosphere.'

'I always knew we would get somewhere with the music, so having been friends was good.'

Killing Heidi's first big release, 'Weir' had been written by the bands singer and guitarist, siblings Jesse and Ella Hooper long before it became a well known song. It took some time to get going, but once Triple J began playing it on high rotation, things started to get moving for the band.

'Once it got going it was like a roller-coaster that you couldn't stop, and so it was like, "Oh my God, this has been in the charts for x amount of weeks, and this is really great, it's amazing!"'

Being such a young band, Killing Heidi have to face growing up in the public's eye. Touring, doing interviews, and other media related things have had an effect on each of the members.

'For some of us, the whole experience is like, "This is cool, no problem", and for some of us there are certain things where it's like we are really growing up very quickly. Especially with this weeks exposure, and all that. I mean, last night leaving a pub after the Big Day Out after party, there was this photographer out the front and he was taking shots of

our bass player, Warren, which wasn't a good thing to do, cos obviously at an after party everyone's going to get pretty fucked up. So the last thing we need is photos of us stumbling out of a bar in four in the morning! Basically, we gotta keep an eye out for those things now.'

So what does Adam actually think of his music?

'Oh man! That's pretty difficult. There are so many different contrasts in the music that I wouldn't know where to begin. There's folky acoustic songs, there's rocking guitar heavy songs, pop songs, it's just four people playing music.'

What influences him and the rest of the band to have this eclectic style of music?

'I'd have to go with Fear Factory and Tool, and the Beatles. The band as a collective group would start from 70's black American music to Ani DiFranco, Smashing Pumpkins, Tool, Tori Amos, and lots of stuff!'

So how does Killing Heidi fit into the whole music scene?

'With a lot of other bands, they kind of fit in and are more vying for space, whereas our advantage is Ella. The female vocal isn't present in many Australian bands, and so people tend to hear that differently. It's almost created our own little niche.'

So what's up next for the guys in Killing Heidi?

They're going to be kicking off the national tour to promote the album *Reflector* at the beginning of March. They will be playing Adelaide at the Flinders Uni O'Ball on the 11th of March, and then at Heaven on the 12th. Make sure you get along to one of their shows, and look out for the new album *Reflector* hitting stores now.

L.A. Cool Papa

Killing Heidi Reflector Roadshow/Warner

Perhaps one of the biggest Australian bands to emerge in 1999, Killing Heidi have followed up their previous successes with their new, debut album *Reflector*. After being unearthed by Triple J, they had huge hits with 'Weir' and 'Mascara', and now, eight months after recording it, the much awaited album has surfaced.

The album starts off with the hits 'Mascara' and 'Weir' (which came in at numbers 14 and 2 respectively on the Hottest 100 of 1999), and follows with ten more songs which have that trademark eclectic sound that Killing Heidi are famous for. Most of the songs have that Foo Fighters style grungy sound, mixed in with quiet sections (like on 'Weir'). A few of them, such as 'Class Celebrities' and 'You Don't Know', are pretty angst-ridden rock numbers, while a couple, 'Astral Boy' and 'John's Song', are very soft, almost all acoustic tracks.

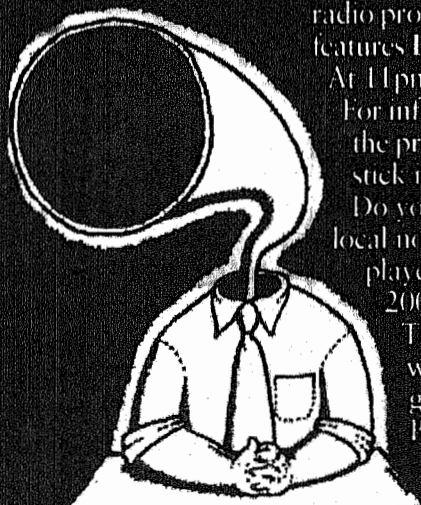
Of all the songs on the album, I feel that Killing Heidi's strength lies in their soft edge songs, and 'Astral Boy' and 'Weir' are my favourites. On a musical level, each of the musicians are very competent with their instruments. Jesse has some great, yet simple, guitar parts, Warren has some wild bass lines, and Adam rocks hard on the drums. Ella's voice needs no introduction; she is definitely the strong point in the group, and her voice is equally at home singing hard and soft stuff.

Overall, *Reflector* is a great album from a great young band, and hopefully we'll see more like it in the future.

L.A. Cool Papa



Student Radio 531am Student Radio 531am Student Radio



Student Radio got off to a great start last week with the first week of programming for the year 2000. This week student radio promises to get even louder. Start the week off on a high with Local Beatz on Monday from 11pm-1am. Tuesday night features Local Noise at 9pm. This week we have Elephant Gun (Melbourne) playing an acoustic set for your aural pleasure. At 11pm on Tuesday, there is the premiere of Junkology, a show that will rock the very foundations of the scientific world. For information on all the other wonderful shows that you can listen to on student radio this year, make sure you check out the program guide in this week's edition of *On Dit*. Once you've studied all the specific details of the guide, cut it out and stick it on the back of the dunny door so you can memorise all the great shows for the year.

Do you all remember O'Ball? Or has the night faded into a blur of noise and booze? Well, if this is you, Student Radio's local noise team have come to the rescue. Starting from next Tuesday night, we hope to bring you most of the bands that played the mainstage (recorded live), as well as gossip, interviews and a whole lot more from the night that was O'Ball 2000. So put that date on your calendar, and don't forget to listen.

The Student Radio designer collection of t-shirts has just hit the market, so if you wanna pretend to be a radio star, as well as supporting student radio, head to the SAUA and pick one up in black, blue or purple, for only \$15. They're guaranteed to make you more attractive to the opposite sex.

Be good, and listen to Student Radio. Get your mum and dad to listen too. You know you want to.

Jon Queen & Filly Wright
2000 Student Radio Directors

The English Pound System

Fresh off of the Big Day Out tour with a newly released single, 'Get Amongst It' the Pound System, or the English half thereof, seem quite content with life and its offerings. Recently I had a chat with The Reverend and asked him the following hard-hitting questions.

OD: How was the Big Day Out?
Rev: Fantastic! Absolutely fuckin' mad. Just brilliant. The whole fuckin' thing. We were on quite early in the afternoon but everywhere we went the Boiler Room was just throngin' with people.

OD: So, you got a positive crowd response?

Rev: Oh yeah. Top marks to everyone that came down so early. In Perth we went on even earlier. Five minutes before we went on it was empty. Then it just fuckin' filled up and they were in there all day afterwards. To be that far amongst it that early in the day is just a superhuman effort. I was clockin' the crowd all day and it was all the same faces up until the Chemical Brothers just going off constantly in 45 degree heat or whatever - it's just mad. Brilliant.

OD: Back to the current single - I've noticed a pretty strong visual element with the single's video and artwork. The 'Get Amongst It' video has a sexual / sleaze feel to it. Tell us what the song is about.

Rev: The song is sort of about ... well ... a lot of things ... it's like when you're at a party / rave and you're dancing your nuts off and you feel indestructible. You feel on top of the world, strutting around thinking the you're the best thing - it's about trying to keep that feeling all of your life. It's also weird because it's got a twist to it in the video in that I'm not actually 'getting amongst it'. Woody (the other half of the Pound System) is getting amongst it and I'm seeing it through his eyes (via a virtual reality headset). There's an awful lot of computer stuff - don't get me wrong, I love computers - but there is actually a real world outside as well. You've gotta see it with your own eyes instead of on the net or whatever. I mean ... I dig all that shit but ...

OD: You've got to experience it?

Rev: Exactly. Yeah and be part of a group of people having a fuckin' brilliant time.

OD: The artwork - with the planes - did you choose that for a reason other than the fact that it looks bloody good?

Rev: (laughs) Yeah, basically, there were a few images of planes and in general I sort of liked that one because it was a bit 'swanky' a bit like 'hey, we're getting amongst it - we've got our own fuckin' airline'. It's also a bit of a piss take with all these videos, like the Backstreet Boys, which have a plane with their

names on the side. So we thought we'd go one step further and have a stewardess with a badge on (with the Pound System logo). I mean, there is a tounge-in-cheek element to what we're doing. Also, the first EP was quite stark in its nature even though it had similar designs. The



How's me Bruce Willis then?

first video was a bit weird and made you feel a little uneasy - it made me feel very uneasy anyway - so with the next bunch of stuff - I don't know whether consciously or not - we wanted to lighten the mood a bit. And you know (whispered) 'there are many sides to the Pound System'.

OD: You have remixed quite a few artists (Kylie Minogue, 28 Days, Spiderbait, etc.). If you could remix any artist - who would it be? And why?

Rev: Australian - I don't know about remixing but I'd like to work with Powderfinger. Internationally ... oh god ... there are just so many ... I wouldn't mind getting hold of some Tricky stuff (The Rev crash-landed here for the BDO tour in '97 as part of Tricky's band). I've got to ring him up and have a go. All the obvious ones like the Chemical Brothers, blah, blah, blah.

OD: What about bands from yesteryear?

Rev: God, I'm sure if I sat down and thought about it for five minutes. Err ... um ... err ... I love the Beatles. I can't go past them - I fuckin' love 'em. If I could get hold of some of the 4-track tapes that George Martin did I'd be ecstatic. He was such an innovator with the techniques he discovered and made happen...

OD: He was basically the infamous 'fifth member'.

Rev: Yeah. That's right. Apart from the fact that they right brilliant

songs, concerning the studio side of things, he was basically developing what we are doing now - pushing the boundaries. Technology now is just a lot easier and you can do this shit. If he hadn't had the original ideas to reverse shit ... fuckin' reverse echo ...

a lot of punk rock - Sex Pistols, The Clash, etc. I also got to work with a bunch of dub bands from Jamaica. I think at the end of the day having an interest in both fields - sonics and music - helps because they're both tied in.

OD: It's interesting that you say punk. Quite a few electronic-based group cite punk.

Rev: I think it's the attitude. They are both, for want of a better word, 'underground' and have their own sub-culture. They are not that far apart.

OD: So, where to in the future for the Pound System?

Rev: Another single. A collaboration with Sarah McLeod from the Superjesus. Then later in the year another single and towards August an album.

OD: Incorporating all the singles?

Rev: I don't want the album to be just all the singles. If we do put any singles on it they will be reworked to the degree that they will be nothing like the original.

OD: One last question. When you play live there always tends to be the same female dancing around on stage with you. What's the deal?

Rev: (laughs) Ah, she's our manager. The funky dread girl. She's 'getting amongst it!'.

OD: 'Tomorrow Never Knows'?

Rev: Yeah, exactly. It just stands out like dog's knackers. It's recorded in 1968 and sounds so up-to-date. It's unbelievable.

OD: Whom would you cite as your influences?

Rev: The Beatles for one. I also liked Jorm

My top 5 albums

This week's 'my top five albums of all time' is by cheap, nasty and vindictive *On Dit* Editor Darten O'Reilly - in no particular order.

Bleach - Nirvana - for side one alone. A blast of pure sonic power.

Psychocandy - Jesus & Mary Chain - a blessed tumultuous mess.

My Brain Hurts - Screeching Weasel - epiphanic powerpop.

Cafe Istanbul - Mad Turks From Istanbul - One of my intros to live music. Always have a place in my heart.

Cosmic Psychos - Cosmic Psychos - Simply the best release from the best Australian live outfit ever.

SPY Freebies

A big shoutout to Tom from EMI for 5 copies of Groove Terminator's album 'Road Kill' for the kiddies. Come down to the On Dit office at 2:00pm on Wednesday with the answer to this question:- In relation to cars, what does GT stand for?

BULK eAsy Hey?

Goin' orf at yo' local

Supergrass Feb 20 at Heaven

After weeks of anticipation, the day was finally here. It was Feb 20, and the sensational English band Supergrass were finally in our town. Arriving at the door at about ten to eight, the line up was already huge. I didn't mind though; I had my name on the door. Before long, the doors opened and I went inside with my two beautiful companions. Upon entering, music was already roaring through Heaven's huge PA. Although the music was fairly good stuff (mostly other British bands), the Heaven people must have thought it was a normal club night; the music was unbearably loud. It's great to have loud music, but when you're waiting for a band to come on, you still want to be able to hear yourself speak. When the main band comes on, that's when the volume should be maximum. As one of my friends remarked, having the music so loud before the show climatizes your ears to the sound, so that when the bands come on, they don't seem so loud.

Oh well, maybe they can get it right for the next big gig.

Before long, Eskimo Joe, the support band, came out on stage and we all forgot about the other problems. Eskimo Joe, hailing from Perth, are a very good band, and certainly are a great support band. They recognised that the audience had come to see Supergrass only, and were humble enough to admit that.

Having seen this band three times now, it's clear to see that they have great crowd interaction. Through out the set, they cracked jokes, spoke about their songs, paid themselves out, and kept saying how much they liked Supergrass and were thrilled to support them. Even if you aren't too keen on Eskimo Joe's music, you can't help liking them after seeing them live. Halfway through the set, in the middle of their hit song 'Sweater', Eskimo Joe experienced some technical difficulties. One of the amps had apparently ceased to work, and they were left without guitars. Not battering an eyelid, the guitarist called for help, while the bass and drums played on. They chatted with the crowd through this period, and the two remaining members even attempted a rendition of Supergrass' hit 'Sun Hits The Sky'. Luckily, all was soon fixed, and Eskimo Joe continued their set without a hitch.

Next came more excessively loud music. Fortunately for us all, we didn't have to put up with it for too long. The lights dimmed, the music quietened down, and the crowd began to chant. It wasn't long before Supergrass hit the stage, confronted by huge cheers. They wasted no time in getting straight into their recent hit, 'Moving'. The crowd went wild as they flew into the heavier part, and the pace only grew from then on. With a great mix of verses and wild guitar solos (one of the few non-heavy metal bands who still include guitar solos), the crowd could be nothing but ecstatic!

Immediate crowd pleasers were Supergrass' latest hit 'Mary', last year's massive 'Pumping On Your Stereo' (which incidentally came in at number 73 on Triple J's Hottest 100), both from their latest self-titled album. The crowd went wild when 'Sun Hits The Sky' came on, and again when the somewhat weird sounding 'Richard III' was belted out (both off their *In It For The Money* CD). The highlight of the night for me came when they played the classic 'Strange Ones', from their first album *I Should Coco*. When the classic 6/8 riff in the middle of this song began, it literally took my breath away. It is an experience that can only be had during a live solo; it was absolutely sensational!

Unfortunately, after playing for about an hour and forty five minutes, including a great encore, it was time for Supergrass to say farewell to the cheering crowd. Sadly, we watched them leave, but not without fully entertaining us all. It was definitely a great night! I can assure you, if Supergrass ever come back, you'll find me at the gig.

Luke Balzan

The Loving Tongue Braille Exeter

It was a moderately cool night, and my mates and I decided that there was no better way to end a week of virtually non-stop partying, other than going to see our favourite local

band play. As it turned out, our judgement was extremely fulfilling; we all had quite a bit to drink.

I arrived at the Exeter at around 9pm, and sat out in the beer garden for a few drinks. After much setting up, music roared out of the PA at about 10:15. Immediately, the place began to rock. All the chatty people left the beer garden for the quieter inside, but those of us who were up for an ear bashing session certainly got what we wanted.

The Loving Tongue were playing, and without fail, they managed to get the whole beer garden rocking along! They started out with a bang, and continued their way through the fairly heavy set. The Loving Tongue are a three piece who all know their stuff. The drummer is the best I've ever heard live (the best ever is Zeppelin's John Bonham, but he's dead). Rise mojo, rise!!! The bassist thumped away, shaking the whole garden, and the guitarist/vocalist, despite telling us at the start that he had a sore throat, still went off!

Unfortunately, about an hour later, the set ended, and the Loving Tongue had to go. I've seen them play loads of times before, and the Exeter gig has been one of their best. They had great crowd interaction (they told us that they were going to be at BDO - at the bar!), and they won over quite a few new fans (a guy sitting next to me who, judging by his accent, was Irish loved them and was surprised that we had such talent in Adelaide). They definitely are my favourite local act.

Following the Loving Tongue were Braille. Their music isn't quite as hard edge as the Loving Tongue, but still rocks. They make use of an acoustic guitar, and that gives them a very interesting sound. I would describe their music as being acoustic rock with a grunge influence. Overall, a very good band.

Unfortunately, about half way through their set, my friends and I were ready to fall asleep (as a result of continuous partying!), and we left. Despite that, I'd still say that Braille are a great band to watch, and I'll surely be seeing them again some time soon.

Apart from the fact that the night came to an abrupt end for me, I had a great time, and recommend both of these bands to anyone who hasn't seen them before; those who have seen them need no recommendation! Seeing live bands is a great way to spend your time, and I encourage you all to get out there and support local artists!

Stern, the Great!

Sunk Loto Society Anxiety Sony Music, Epic



This EP is amazing.

Fans of hard-hitting rock are going to lap this up. Sunk Loto are in the same vein as Rage Against The Machine with a little bit of Helmet and even a hint of silverchair (which is definitely NOT a bad thing) thrown in for good measure.

The disc starts off with their 'lead track', 'Vinegar Stroke', which is a powerful high-energy song that gives a fairly accurate portrayal of what this group is all about.

Fans of Korn would no doubt already know 'Lift' seeing that it was included on the pre-order bonus disc. It too is a riff-driven track that would surely excite a crowd at a live show. What makes this song stand out is the chorus. The vocals are so powerfully sung it leaves this listener wondering why the vocalist, Jason, doesn't do it more often. 'Submission' is almost a pop song with its catchy chorus and more accessible melody which proves that these guys aren't stuck in the 'we only write heavy songs' frame of mind. The remaining two tracks, 'Porcelain Buddah' and 'Blunt', continue to keep the energy levels high. The former consists of verses which are almost rap and another brilliantly sung chorus and the latter showcasing guitar generated 'scratches', yet another amazing chorus (yes, I know I keep saying this...but it's true) and a hip-hop-esque bridge.

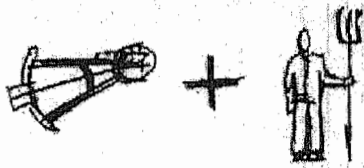
With this being their first release the future looks promising. Sunk Loto are definitely a band to watch out for. I can't wait for a full-length offering. (And look, I got through the review without talking about their age!)

Jorm

Thanks to Monique at Sony for
10 copies of Sunk Loto's 'Society Anxiety' EP to
giveaway. Come down to the On Dit office at
2:00pm on Wednesday and tell us where these
youngsters are from.

Revolution begins at home

SOMETHING FOR KATE



Q AND A WITH DEAN MARTIN

Something for Kate Q & A (album/video) Sony

Something For Kate have released a new album, single and video that not only spans the entire range of their career but also their styles; from soft ballads to high energy rock.

The single 'Whatever You Want' is the fourth release off of Something for Kate's phenomenal album *Beautiful Sharks* and displays the softer end of the musical spectrum. The lead track is a gentle song that is similar to many of their other releases, it's nothing outstanding but still worth a listen. The three b-sides are possibly the greater attraction to this single than the actual lead track, it features 'Beautiful Sharks revisited' which, although I have not heard *Beautiful Sharks* before, is a brilliant track.

'Back To You' is another soft & slow song that has some beautiful piano that just seems to flow right through you. The other track on the single is 'Belief=Function=Belief' which is a bit faster but sadly becomes rather repetitive towards the end.

The video *Big Screen Television* is a collection of Something For Kate's video clips, including 'Whatever You Want'. The clips vary in style, my personal favourite being the clip for 'Working Against Me' which has a twisted sense of humour that appeals to me. Another good clip is the one to 'Hallways' which sees the members of the band building an amazing playing card building, it also has a weird ending which I have yet to figure out. 'Prick' shows a darker side of Something For Kate that has not been seen as much by most people but is still amongst their best stuff. Also the last two clips are live performances by Paul Dempsey the lead singer/guitarist of Something For Kate, one is a Live at the Wireless performance of 'Captain' (watch out for the bored looking Caroline Tran in the panning shots) and the other is a great song called 'Truly', which is my second favourite track on this video.

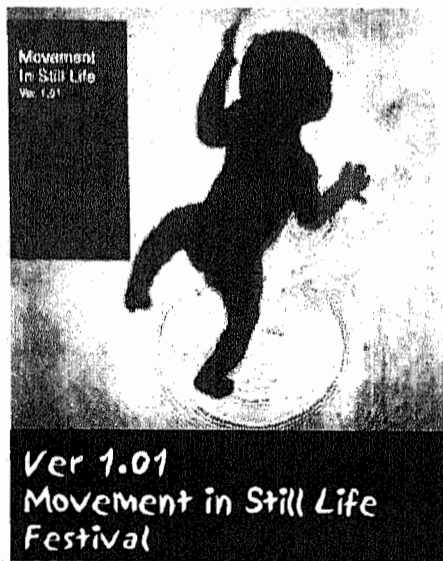
The new album, *Q And A With Dean Martin*, is at the other end of Something For Kate's spectrum with a harder rock sound including

much heavier drums and darker lyrics. It is completely different from what I expected from hearing most of their releases but in my opinion is some of their best material. Something For Kate are well known for their high energy live performances and, if these songs are indicative of their sound on stage, it's obvious why.

The album starts on a high note with 'Subject To Change' with brilliant lyrics and some great riffs and then stays at the high level right to the the last song 'One Quarter Of One Hour' (which is possibly my favourite song on this album but they're all so good it's a hard choice). 'One Quarter Of One Hour' is the slowest song on the album and is almost haunting at points.

These three releases from Something For Kate are all great in one way or another, my personal choice would be the album which is absolutely outstanding. The video is worth a look if just for Clint Hyndman's work on the 'Working Against Me' clip. The single although good does not meet the standard set by the other two, if you like their softer stuff you're probably better off buying the album from which the single has been taken, *Beautiful Sharks*.

Gareth Sharp



Beginning with the title track 'Movement In Still Life' Brian Transeau mixes together styles such as hip hop, house along with a range of wild beats setting the feel for the rest of the album.

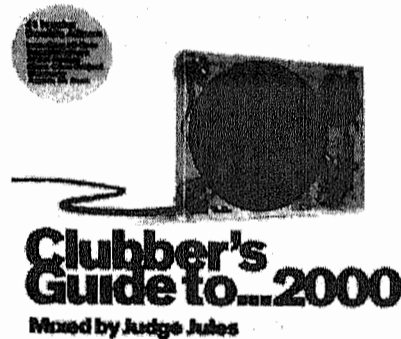
The album contains many collaborations with artists such as Doughty of Soul Coughing, Hybrid, DJ Rap and Top UK DJ producers Adam Freeland and Sash.

The 2nd track 'Ride' is an instrumental paving the way for 'Madskillz - Mic Chekka' containing fast beats, elements of alternative rock and hip-hop phasing into 'Never Gonna Come Back Down' a combination done with Doughty this track is exclusive to the Australian version of the Album. Containing once

again fantastic beats with an alt. rock, hip-hop feel forming what would have to be my favourite track of the album. This tracks forms a neat transition with the UK top 40 hit 'Mercury and Solace (Reach Out)' Featuring smooth vocals over a weave of trance ambient and classical, in a peaceful fashion compared to the previous tracks. 'Dreaming' follows along in the style of 'Mercury and Solace' with once again whimsical vocals over a flush track containing great beats. This gentler mood remains for the rest of the album finishing with 'Satellite' which interlaces folk, alt rock and once again trance.

Transeau's third album is a mix of a range of diverse music such as hip hop, folk indie, alt rock, trance, ambient, big beat and classical. Each track although different melds well to the next making a smooth transition. Having never heard much of Transeau's music before I was impressed with how the different styles fitted neatly forming what is altogether an outstanding album of great dance music.

A



Ministry of Sound Clubbers Guide to EM

Featuring masses of well-known artists Judge Jules has churned out yet another Ministry of Sound album with the Clubbers Guide to ... 2000.

The first disk - *In the House* - as the name implies is basically a mix of the latest house tracks. Opening with Junior Jack's 'My Feeling' the CD gets off to a good start. On first listening the quick beats are quite impressing. However I did find some of the tracks to be extremely tedious and repetitive, just when you wanted things to keep on moving. Track no.7 'King of my Castle' is definitely one of the highlights. Good beat, great vocals, what more can you say. Next track by Southsugar is also pretty good once you get past the poppy sounding beginning, it has some quite interesting sounds.

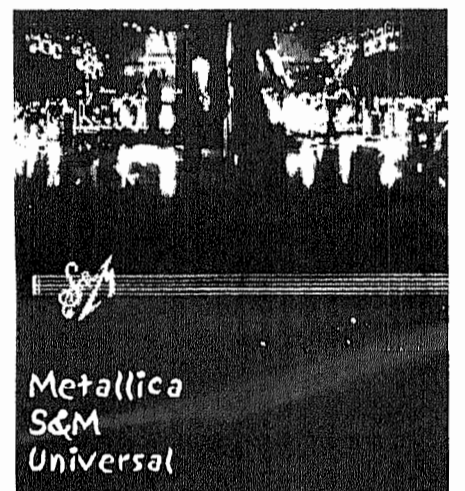
Mario Piu's 'Communication' is also not too bad, but yet again a little bit repetitive. And no it's not your mobile phone you can hear.

Disk one finishes up with Michael Moogs 'That Sound,' a well known in the nightclubs even if you didn't know what it was called.

The second disk - *On The Dancefloor* - allows us to indulge ourselves in the type of music we all love to dance to no matter who we are. Fast beats, great tunes it's all there. Unlike the first disk the music keeps on moving making it a lot easier to listen too. The tracks are melodic containing more elements of trance.

As always Judge Jules has managed to put together an album which can be considered a whole instead of consecutive tracks. Proving the dance scene has continued to thrive and I quote '*as dance music moves over to the mainstream or the mainstream over to dance*', Judge Jules has developed another sensational collaboration.

A

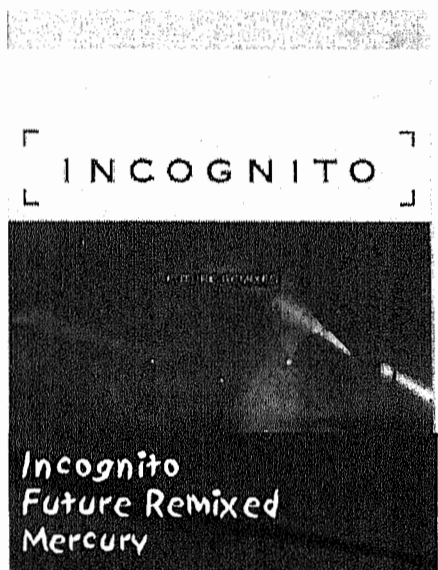


Where do I start with this? As a Metallica fan - or should I qualify that as being a fan of the older Metallica material - I was extremely interested when hearing about the collaboration between Metallica and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Anybody who knows anything about Metallica's old music will know that there are classical elements to their compositions. Cliff Burton has a lot to be thanked for in this regard. Thankfully, quite a bit of older material is performed. With two discs worth of music the song selection was fairly good considering that every Metallica fan has their own 'favourites'. Starting off with a brilliant rendition of 'The Ecstasy Of Gold' - which was used as opening music for quite a lot of Metallica shows - the tone is set for the rest of the album. James, Lars, Kirk and Jason perform the songs as per usual with the orchestra adding layers to the sound. These are NOT symphonic versions. As a result, besides the newly written 'Human' and 'No Leaf Clover', it sounds as if the orchestra was an afterthought (which it was). I have also heard other Metallica fans make the comment that it sounds as though Metallica is competing

but for most of us it ends there too

with the orchestra. I have to agree. Sometimes the orchestra drowns out the guitars - which are critical to any Metallica song - and on other occasions the orchestral accompaniment is unnecessary. It is still an experience to hear nonetheless. Highlights, for me, include 'The Call Of Ktulu', 'Master of Puppets', 'The Thing That Should Not Be', 'One', 'Battery' (hmmm....did I say that I preferred the older material?) and the opener 'The Ecstasy of Gold' (even though Metallica don't actually play on it). For fans, this is a must buy. I am including people like me (fans of the older material) in this category. I wouldn't be surprised if this album wins over even more fans.

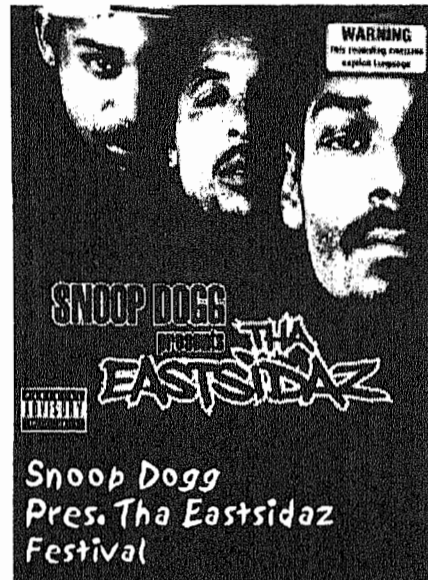
Jorm



The latest instalment from the musical collaboration that has been packing dance floors since before most of us could walk, *Future Remixed* features a series of remixes of tracks from their recent album 'No Time Like The Future'. For the initiated Incognito fan, this album is a must. For the groove and acid jazz DJ, get it now. The album contains mixes which until now were only available on vinyl single, and which, quite frankly, rock. The MAW remix of 'Nights Over Egypt' is a musical triumph - chilled, confident and oh-so-funky, the duet by Jocelyn Brown and Maysa Leak has warmed up many a hostile party crowd. Ski's remix of 'I Can See The Future' is pure Incognito acid jazz. The Jazzanova Regroove Mix of 'Get Into My Groove' is far warmer than the original, and United Future Organisation's reworking of 'Port Louis' is user friendly. If you like Incognito, but found them a little too chill, you'll love this album. If you have the taste for acid jazz, lend it you ear. This album sees Incognito setting off into the Future on a rock solid foundation. Renowned producers such as Kenny Dope, MJ Cole, Tom Middleton and Ski take the stirring vocals of Jocelyn Brown and Maysa

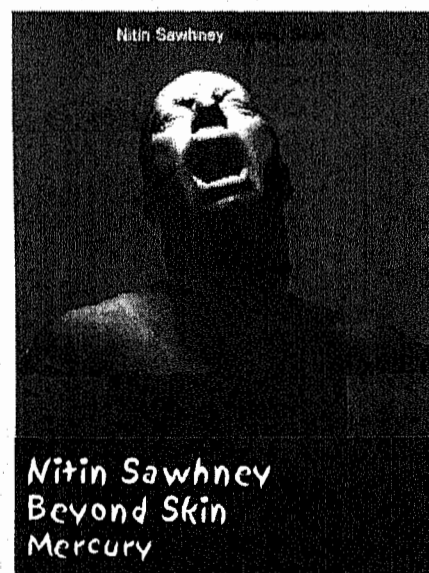
Leak and blend them with the aural mastery of Jean-Paul 'Bluey' Maunick's team of musical perfectionists, with the expected effect. This extensively collaborative release demonstrates Incognito's collective power to challenge, entertain and inspire the listener.

ATM



A collection of chilled, attitude filled hip hop rap tracks, *Tha Eastsidaz* features the recent work of lyrical bad boys Snoop Dogg, Dr. Dre., Buggy Seigal, Butch Cassidy, Nate Dogg, Xzibit, Warren G and many others. Exposing their views on the standard issues of 'Cops', 'Hoes', 'Bitches', 'Bad Ass Mo's', Guns, Drugs and Money, the Boys from the Eastside provide an hour or so of crossed arm, cap backward rappin' action. The tracks fail to interest, let alone excite the more discerning listener - a series of straight up raps dumped on empty hip hop backing. As a sub-thumpin' soundtrack to a night of inner city cruising - just the ticket, but the Dogg and Co fail to bring us anything fresh with this one.

ATM



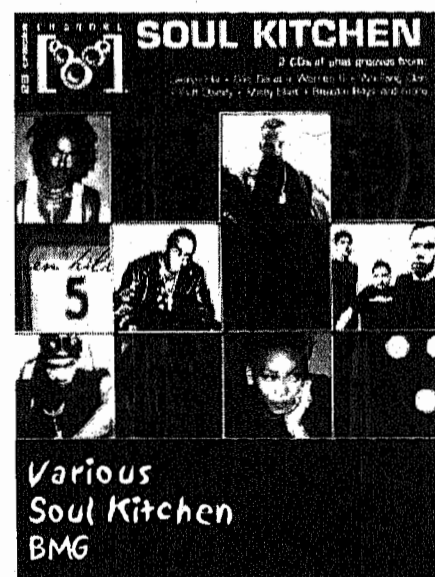
Every now and then, you stumble across something new, something exciting, and more rarely still, something perfect. This album is all of these. Sawhney is a British Indian - or Indian Brit, depending on the perspec-

tive - and he has long enjoyed creating unusual combinations, drawing on Indian rhythms and Western harmonies. He is an incredibly talented individual, and the songs feature not only his instrumental talent on guitar and piano, but also his remarkable mixing and programming ability. The songs are eclectic and beautiful, richly complex and full of emotion. They include funky, laid-back soul groove tracks, a slow deliberate rap number and powerful instrumental pieces. Each song is unique: you can hear and feel the underlying personality, but each song stands alone as a perfect creation. Some may not approve of the almost Middle-Eastern feel to the chants in some of the more vocal tracks, as it disrupts the smooth flow of the softer, sweeter songs, but this album hangs together cleverly and thoughtfully. The disruptions serve to provoke thought, to remind the listener that mellow though it may be, there is a message.

This message is based around the nuclear weapons, and the album moves backward in time, beginning with the Indian Prime Minister announcing the success of nuclear testing in 1998, through the testing at Muroroa atoll, to 1945, when Oppenheimer created the first atomic bomb, and spoke the words: "Now I am become Death - the destroyer of worlds". This album questions the future, the past, the nature of history itself. I think the best way to sum up the meaning of this album is to use the words of its creator:

"I believe in Hindu philosophy. I am not religious. I am a pacifist. I am a British Asian. My identity and my history are defined only by myself - beyond politics, beyond nationality, beyond religion and Beyond Skin."

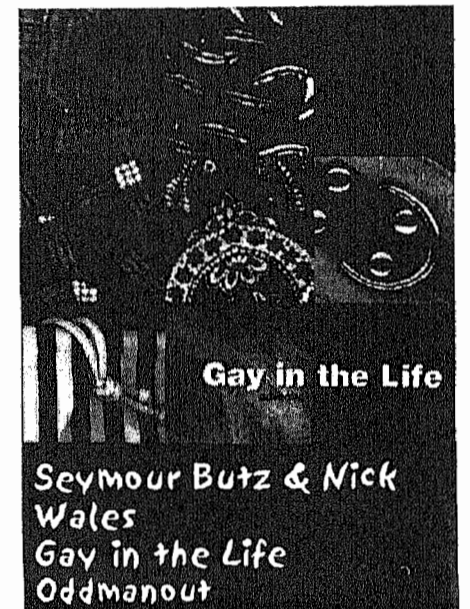
Erin O'Donnell



This collection of R&B, hip hop and Groove is probably the best compilation of its type that you will see for many a moon. I will be brief in stating that every track on disc one is a winner. Simple as that. Lauryn Hill, Eric Benet, Faith

Evans, Puff Daddy, Brandy, Next, Total, 112, Nase, Deborah Cox, N'Dea Davenport, Another Level, Arethra Franklin, Keith Sweat, Usher, Monica, Barry White and Lisa Stansfield. You can't loose. R&B 101. School's in. Disc 2 is a more eclectic blend of rap and soul, with a far more lyrical focus. Words by the Beastie Boys, Warren G, A Tribe Called Quest, Busta Rhymes, Jay Z and Puff Daddy make for uplifting listening. If you like R&B and hip hop, get out and buy this before it sells out.

ATM



As a fan of some of the producers on this compilation (particularly Josh Abrahams and Andy Rantzen), I eagerly awaited an earful of their contributions to this underground compilation. *Gay in the Life* - adventures in queer underground is an eclectic mix of works sampling a diverse range of sounds from throughout the queer underground. Ranging from groove to ambient trance, the tracks on this album take the listener on a tour through the world of electronic sound. Standout tracks include; 'Can't Control My Head' by Novadose (Abrahams & McDermott) - it's syncopated, jazzy, musical drum and bass with multi-layered electronic loops excite and involve the listener; 'Variations on a Groove' by Alterboy - a 'Massive Attack' approach to ambient electro which neatly blends the synthetic and the natural; 'She Lied' by Stella One Eleven - a dark, bassy groove with sneaky snare, click and pop samples and a catchy female vocal; and 'Despair' by Bluehouse - a guitar based tune with sticky, ambient female vocals. A collection of works which pays homage to the diversity and quality of production taking place right under our noses, if you like to explore the world of sound, then this album warrants a considered listen.

ATM

we're doing something...

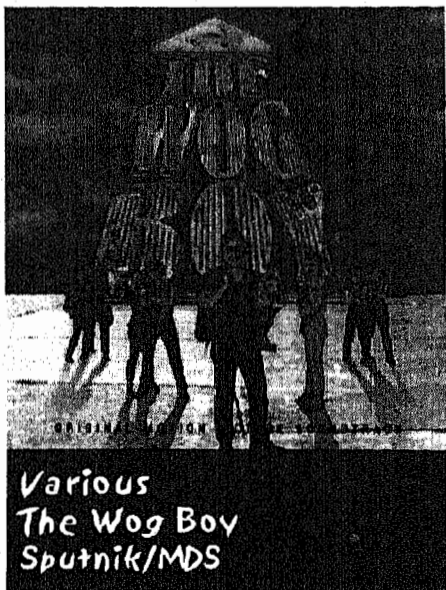
Oasis
Standing on the
shoulders of giants
Helter Skelter/Sony

After the band's disappointing and uninspiring last release *Be Here Now* - *Standing on the Shoulder of Giants* is somewhat more impressive in terms of its musical arrangement, experimentation and variety. With line up changes, fatherhood and a new found empathy between the Gallagher brothers, there is a change in pace inherent in certain tracks (Gas Panic!, Sunday Morning Call and Who feels love?) with a ballsier percussion sound, samples, the aid of a sitar and a female vocalist. Liam even has a stab at song writing and dedicates 'Little James' to his newborn son.

With this album Noel tries to reinvent the band and perhaps recreate or create an album superior and with more depth than their first two albums (*Definitely Maybe* and *What's the Story Morning Glory*) however to me it falls flat and it's quite clear that the spark of their salad days has been and gone. There is still a strong Beatles influence (does the sun need the moon?) on tracks like 'Put yer Money Where yer Mouth is' and 'Roll it Over' and 'Go let it out', in both the lyrical imagery and the music.

A stand out track is 'Fuckin' in the Bushes' containing a sample from the Murray Lerner film 'Message to Love-Isle of Wight' which features a blistering acid jazz wah wah guitar sound and a ballsy percussion. Hardcore Oasis fans will probably buy this cd, knowing that it's at least better than their last album.

Trudi Tinio



Various
The Wog Boy
Sputnik/MDS

By now, just about everyone has seen the previews for *The Wog Boy*, the new hilarious new Aussie movie. I've seen the preview a couple of times, and by the time this goes to print will have seen the movie too. So far, this movie looks so incredibly funny, and being part wog myself, I can relate to most of it.

The soundtrack is a good representation of contemporary Australian pop-dance. Not teenybopper crap, but fairly reasonable material. There are tracks by Deni Hines, Vanessa Amorosi, Jimmy Christo (lead singer from Taxiride), The Mavis's, and the only techno group I like, Sonic Animation. The Deni Hines track, a cover of Grace Jones' 'Pull Up To The Bumper', has already been released and is doing quite well. The film's producer and main man, Nick Giannopolus, says that the track was chosen because 'it's about cars - very important in wog culture!' Well, Nick, I agree all the way with that! Go the Valiants!!!!

The highlights of the album would be Vanessa Amorosi's track, 'Shine', a nice, softish ballad, the funky 'Am I Sexy', by the Lords of Acid, Blockbuster's cover of 'You Should Be Dancing', the classic Bee Gee's song from the cult classic, *Saturday Night Fever*, and the beautiful, acoustic driven 'Love Theme From *The Wog Boy*', composed by Cezary Skubiszewski (who also wrote the score for the film *Two Hands*).

The Wog Boy's soundtrack is quite good, and all fans of dance-pop will love it. After hearing the album, I'm inspired to go and hop in my 318 VF, and cruise down to see probably the best Aussie film of the year! Long live the WOGS!!!

Luke 'Go The Valiants' Balzan

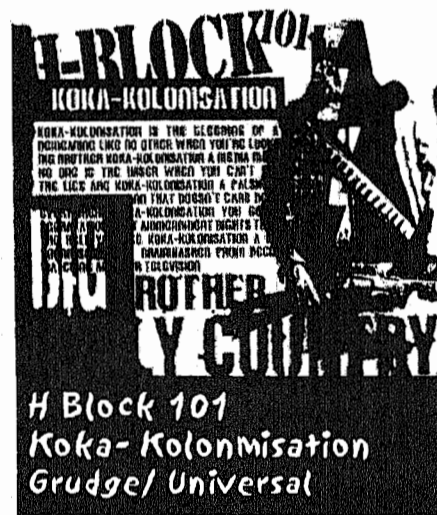


Kottonmouth Kings
Royal Highness
Capital

Kottonmouth Kings are a four member rap group that seem to come straight out of America's trailer parks. One of the members goes by the name of DJ Bobby B. Bobby Brown? Perhaps he had enough of his 'wife' singing shit ballads to terrible movies starring Kevin Costner and decided to start making music again. Perhaps not, but this CD was actually released in 1998 and it has taken this long to make it to the *On Dit* office; or maybe it's just that no one else wanted to review it and it is a left over from last year. This is 'yo' whiteboy rap in the vein of Vanilla Ice meets Cypress Hill. When I was in Canada I met a local who explained to me that if you lived

on the 'prairies' then all you could do was sit around smoke dope and drink. Kottonmouth Kings seem to come from a similar area with song titles such as 'Bong Tokin Alcoholics', 'So High' and 'Planet Budtron'. It's just a pity that herb and booze are less likely to kill you than heroin or some other much more potent drugs because one can only hope that these boys are not allowed to release music again; or even worse ... reproduce. Check out these pearls of wisdom from the album cover - 'taxes are stealin' and 'voting doesn't work'. Perhaps this is why the Logies are such prestigious awards? It becomes increasingly apparent listening to the album that all that needs to be done to stop these people writing music is to legalise herb and then they would have nothing to complain about and hence they would have no reason to inflict this tripe on us. With rap albums it is often of great interest to see who the group have got to 'guest star' for them in order to recruit fans of other groups to their music. Kottonmouth Kings seem to think that they are above this as they only have two guests on the whole album on two tracks. Maybe if they got their idols in Cypress Hill to guest star then they would have had better success with what is now a very tired and overdone genre in dope rap.

schnapps



H Block 101
Koka-Kolonisation
Grudgel Universal

Koka Kolonisation is the new EP from the scamps from H Block. It is a diverse package with nods to influences in the form of covers of 'Born to Lose' (Johnny Thunders) and 'I See Red' (those co-opted Aussies Split Enz). 'Koka Kolonisation' has a passing acquaintanceship with old school English punk. H Block traverse into rockabilly territory with the instrumental 'When Only Money Counts (NBK mix)' and then slip into fun mode with the aforementioned covers. This is a good taster of what H Block are about: a dash of politics, attitude, rocking good times and an absence of shimmering soundscapes. Get this and their first *No Room for Apathy*.

Richard Hell

The Singles Bar

Machine Gun Fellatio
Impossible Love
Sputnik/MDS

It is almost an impossible task trying to explain the music on this five track EP. The best way to describe it is a mixture of twisted alternative electronic pop. In fact, we have all heard Machine Gun Fellatio at some stage without even knowing. Surprisingly, many of the tracks on their last album ended up on TV commercials. The infamous Solo 'Sperm Bank' commercial is probably the best example. JJJ has also picked up on 'Mutha Fukka on a Motorcycle' recently. According to Chit-Chat Von Loopinstab their style can be classified as 'post jungle swing - especially Mutha Fukka'. The disc starts with '100 Fresh Disciples' - probably the best song on offer - with a hypnotic beat and swirling keyboards. 'Mutha Fukka on a Motorcycle' needs no introduction. You either love it or hate it. The lyrics sound somewhat out of place at times creating an eclectic vibe to this electric composition. From the strange to the straight, next is 'Leopards'. It is far more 'accessible' than 'Mutha Fukka' - without the obvious hooks - and is an up-beat dance number with a cool bass line. The penultimate track, 'All By Myself', is reminiscent of some of Spiderbait's recent offerings. It is fairly catchy with its powerful beat and up-tempo feel. Finally, 'Snake Oil' finishes the EP with its spoken word atmospheric/ambience. This song is really quite interesting. It draws the listener in whilst creating a relaxing feeling.

So, there you have it. Don't judge MGF just on 'Mutha Fukka on a Motorcycle'. There are, in my opinion, better songs on this EP with much more substance.

Jorm

Tori Amos
1000 Oceans
Atlantic/Warner

I am a new fan of Tori, and am now glad that I took my friends' advice! Once you get away from the dodgy dance remixes of 'Professional Widow' that made her famous in pop circles a few years back, she is an excellent singer/songwriter. '1000 Oceans' is the latest single from *To Venus and Back*, and it certainly pleases. The song itself is piano/vocal driven and is about the pain of separation. The CD also includes two live non LP tracks and a couple of Tori's video clips via the net.

Overall, I rate the single quite highly, and recommend it to anyone who likes a bit of folk-pop.

L.A. Cool Papa

Watch out. It's the Classifieds

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Roseworthy Campus Student Union are having a free BBQ on March 10, 12-2pm (the second week of lectures). Everyone is welcome! RSVP Gail at Roseworthy Student Union Office, 8303 7810 for catering numbers. Meet at the canteen and Student Union Building.

SARDI Science Bursary

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

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

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

Applicants will be assessed by a selection panel and the successful applicant announced on Friday 31 March 2000.

Application forms are available from Oksana Dniprowyi at SARDI on (08) 8303 9433 or e-mail:

dnprowyi.oksana@saugov.sa.gov.au
All applications are confidential and can be addressed to Mr Rob Lewis,

Executive Director, SARDI
Plant Research Centre, GPO Box 397, Adelaide, SA 5001.

Application close Friday 24 March 2000.

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Please let Liz know if you require assistance to participate or if

you have alternative dietary requirements.

To register contact Liz Follett on (08) 8302 1700 or email liz.follett@unisa.edu.au

Jellybean Contest

To all those eager jelly bean counters, can you remember your estimate? The actual number of jelly beans in the jar was 293 and yes we do have a winner. Ben Hope was closest with his calculation of 291. Ben has won the \$20.00 Book Voucher from Uni Books and the jar of Jelly Beans.

Coffec. Cake. Conversation.

When: Every Wednesday from 1 March, 1.10-2.00pm

Where: Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building

Presenter: Susan Howard

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

On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete and unfettered editorial control (although none over kids who choose to barf down their drain); however, the opinions expressed herein are not necessarily their own.

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Kate 'It's all good' Stryker; Cath; Heidi and Mr Heidi; Mercedes; spj5; Phil 'Bloody Jeff' Harrison; Mulligrub the burger train; Chicken-legs Phil; 'lil Dave; Farley for the righteous anger; the Australian cricket team for losing a game; jeremy 'mine's a pint' j; Go Fish; Southwark Bitter; Quik 'the trik' etc; vodka; and butter chicken.

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