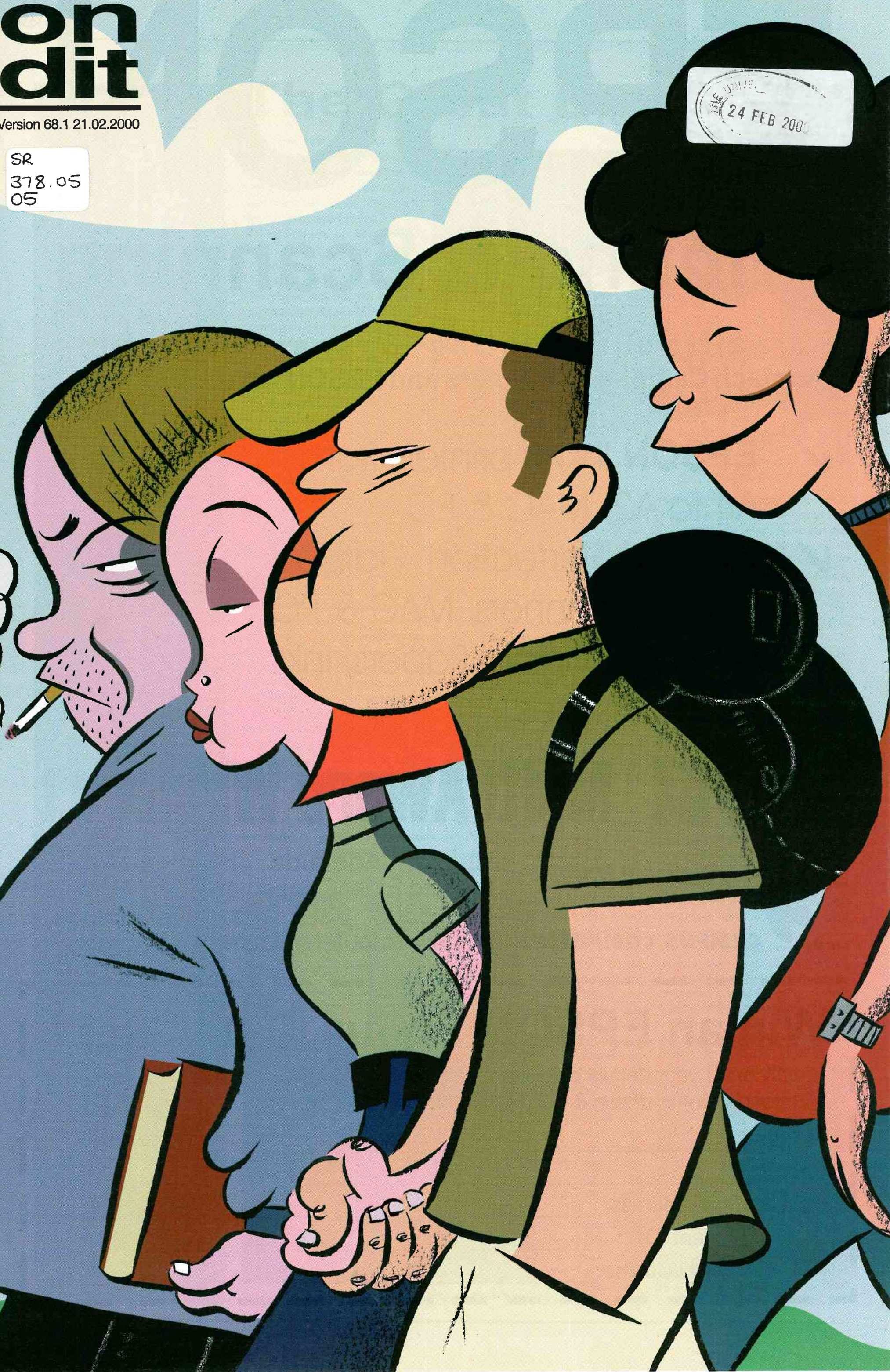


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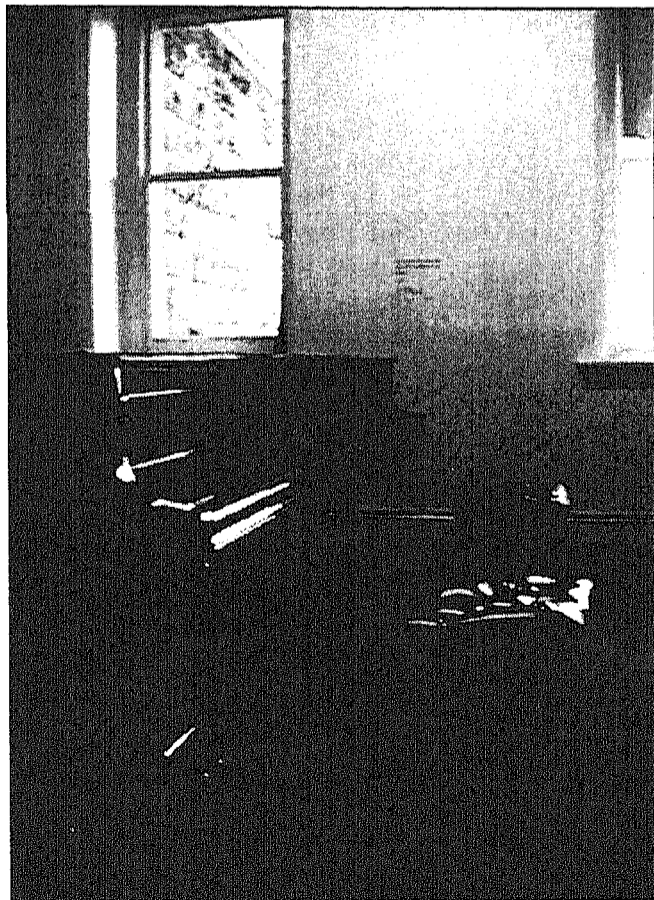
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The Great Elder Con

The week before last an article appeared in *The Advertiser* which raised the issue of the potential amalgamation of the University of Adelaide's School of Music with the Government-funded Flinders Street School of Music. The article was based on a paper circulated by Justice Perry, a University Council member.

This paper was written by Perry as a personal response to a report commissioned the University's Vice-Chancellor and the Chief Executive of the Department of Education, Training and Employment. The report, *The Review of Tertiary Music Education & Training in South Australia*, was to 'consider the most appropriate means for the future provision of tertiary music education and training.'¹ This was to be done recognising that Vice-Chancellor Mary O'Kane and DETE Chief executive Geoff Spring had agreed to consider the eventual combination of the two music institutions into one body. The report and its recommendations has caused a large degree of consternation throughout segments of the University and the broader community. Not only has there been a reaction of abject horror to the relocation of university music teaching from the North Terrace campus, but the proposed subsequent closure of the Elder Conservatorium to music teaching and tuition has caused many in the music and arts communities to vehemently oppose the report and its recommendations. Below is a summary of the recommendations of the report, as well as the major issues it raises that the Students' Association finds concerning for students and the future of music teaching at the University



A distinct possibility?



Closed for business?

of Adelaide.

The report lists 11 recommendations which facilitate the amalgamation of the two schools into what would be known as The Elder School of Music. The report suggests that the new school be co-located onto a new site independent of the two sites from which the institutions now operate. A suggested area was the 'emerging arts precinct of the City of Adelaide, stretching as it does along the North Terrace precinct and outwards to Light Square and the River Torrens.'² The report states that the new site would have to be a minimum of 6000 sq.m., with an extra 1000 -1500 sq.m. for other bodies that wished to be incorporated in the new site. The cost of building this new site is estimated at a minimum of \$10m.

To manage and govern the new school, the report recommends that a Board of Management be established with equal representation of nominees from 'the two partner institutions' (the Government and the University). The Board would be no larger than eight members: three each from the University and Government, the Director (ex-officio) and a Chair appointed jointly by the Vice-Chancellor and the Chief Executive of DETE. The Director would be the equivalent to the Dean of a School at the University and would have a term of five

years, though the report stresses the need for the new school not to be a part of any University faculty or any other existing structure, so as to ensure 'its own sense of identity.'³ The position of Elder Professor would also have a term of five years, although the report states, 'The position of Elder Professor may or may not be continuing.'⁴

To establish a funding base for the new school, the report recommends that the current funding arrangements be continued by both the University and Government for a minimum of five years after the School's inception, with that funding indexed to the CPI. This funding would be in addition to the \$10m sought for building the new school. To staff the new school, it is recommended that the separate award structures of the two schools be consolidated into one, and that there should be a shift in the 'balance from an over-reliance on full time, tenured positions towards a greater use of sessional and part-time staff.'⁵

The report also addresses the issues of what courses or degrees would be offered by the new school. In recognising that the two existing schools offer a variety of different courses with some overlap between the two, the report recommends that there should be a process of badging: 'As a general principle, the Committee believes that there should be a split series of responsibilities for the awarding of degrees. Sub-degree awards should be badged by the TAFE body, while degree awards should be badged by the University of Adelaide.'

Music Studies, the Performing Arts Technology Unit and research in music are recognised in the report as important aspects of a complete musical education. The report suggests that such affiliated bodies to the two current schools must co-locate to the new premises, and

The Great Elder Con

this includes the Music Library. Also, maintaining close links to the performance aspect of music education, professional musicians from the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra and the Australian string Quartet would be sought out to teach at the new school.

The final recommendation of the report outlines possible ways to raise revenue for the school, which includes diversifying into the fields of electronic music, hosting both summer and winter schools, recruiting overseas students, and expanding full-fee paying post-graduate courses.

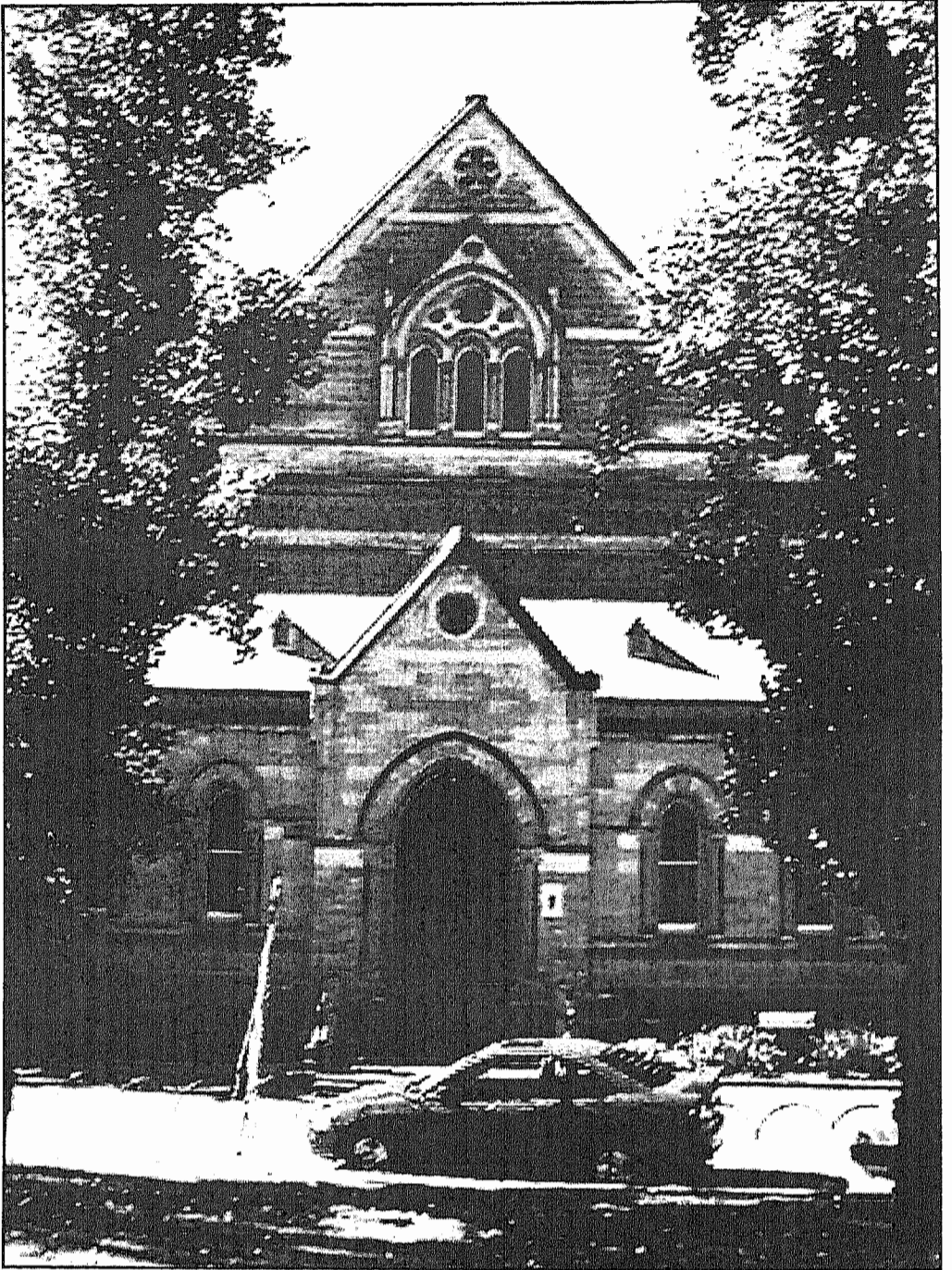
Obviously the report is suggesting a very major change in the way that tertiary music education is provided in South Australia. For most people concerned with the implications of the recommendations of the report, the major issue is with the relocation away from the University's Elder Conservatorium. Despite the intention of maintaining Elder Hall for performances, the potential closure of the Con is seen as symbolic of the University's direction in preferencing the sciences over the arts. Apart from the ethical implications of using the Elder Con aside from the purpose from which Sir Thomas Elder's bequest intended, the day that music teaching moves away from the University is the time when the major attraction of the University to a large demographic of the broader community wanes.

Justice Perry is correct when in his response he raises the concern that the University is turning its back on such a renowned institution. In a climate when universities are constantly battling for funding, disaffecting a traditionally affluent and philanthropic segment of the community signals poor foresight into future funding arrangements. There may well never be another Barr-Smith or Elder again.

Yet this is not a strong enough argument alone to retain music teaching on campus. Financially, the

need for \$10m to build a new the facility in the emerging arts precinct is flabbergasting. From where will this money come? The sale of the Flinders Street School of Music couldn't possibly equate to that amount, and if the University is expected to make up the rest, then where in its budget will it find it? If the Government is to make up the rest, then surely it would feel that it has initially contributed more to the amalgamation than the University, and should be treated as such, perhaps in a management sense? Also, the recommendation that both University and Government contribute the equivalent of their present funding levels for a minimum of five years is absurd. To contribute that amount of money to a body which the University doesn't exercise definite control over amounts to charity - an action which seems in stark contrast to the rationalist motive of the amalgamation.

In reference to control, the proposed Board of Management also fails to include any student representative, undergraduate or postgraduate. This is clearly unacceptable. Furthermore, the report also highlights the need for the development of fee-paying and commercially-based activities. The concern here is that regardless of equal University/Government representation, the Board will prioritise the TAFE-based courses which provide money more immediately to the school, at the cost of HECS-based undergraduate courses - the degree and higher degree courses which the University currently provides. The badging of



The Elder Hall earlier today



Unsure of her future, Santisuk Lau practices hard.

courses by the University is a notion which should be seen as abhorrent. With no direct control over the teaching or content of the courses offered,

for the University to agree to name such a course as a Bachelor of Music when it could possibly be taught by someone without the necessary experience or expertise devalues the degree and is a blemish on the name of the University. Will the school be distinctly divided into sub-degree (TAFE oriented) and degree/higher degree (University oriented) areas? This would be the only way the two bodies could badge their respective courses without possibly compromising the quality or indeed the integrity of them.

For staff of the new school it is suggested that there be a single award structure implemented in place of the two separate ones currently existing. This, obviously, is a sound idea. What is troubling, however, is the suggestion of replacing full-time staff with part-time or sessional staff. Apart from the lack of continuity this would result in within the school, the incentive to teach within the school would have to be purely monetary. Without a definite tenure to teach at the school, it is difficult to envisage staff being willing forgo other employment opportunities for sessional employment unless the money is, well, extraordinary. While recruit-

ing members of the ASO or ASQ to teach at the school from time to time will hopefully give students much needed professional expertise, likewise they will need to be enticed with money. This will be a very expensive school to staff.

These are just a few of the concerns that the Students' Association has with the report. At the time of writing, this issue is scheduled to be discussed at University Council at its meeting in late March. Until then we are waiting on a final report from the Steering Committee, set up to receive and comment on this report. When that is available we will know in more detail which direction the University is heading with this issue.

If you would like a copy of the report, it is available on the University website at: www.adelaide.edu.au/DVC/reviews/musicreview.html. For more information, come in and see me in the SAUA office, or call 83035406.

Stephen Mullighan

¹ 1.1 Terms of Reference

² 4 - Section One

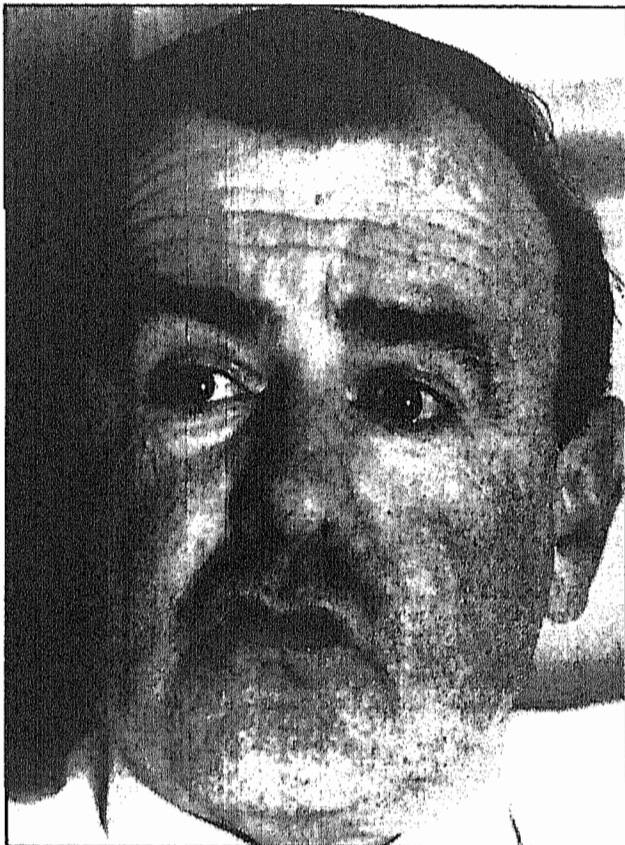
³ 4 - Section One

⁴ 4 - Section One

⁵ 4 - Section Two

Welcome to HECK

HECS: a justifiable charge or a tax on the future of the clever country? The legitimacy of HECS has been debated *ad nauseum* but no real satisfying answer has ever been given. The seemingly never ending increasing rate of HECS, the introduction of the varying bands, as well as the lowering of the threshold has seen HECS take on a whole new dimension; from being an annoyance to a hindrance and a bar to entry. The SAUA's Project and Research Officer Phil Harrison explains the genesis and growth of HECS and its often insidious effect upon student's later lives.



"Is debt a deterrence? I don't think so."

Prior to 1972 and the election of the Federal Whitlam Labor Government in that year, tuition fees were charged for all University courses and tertiary education. Apart from his commitment to bring the boys back from the Vietnam War, Gough Whitlam's commitment to free education was a significant factor in the election victory. During an ALP policy speech in 1972, Gough produced one of the all time classic quotes to do with education. "Education is the key to equality of opportunity. Sure, we can have education on the cheap, but our children will be paying for it for the rest of their lives... We believe that a student's merit rather than a parent's wealth should decide who should benefit ... Education should be the great instrument for the promotion of equality." So in a feat deemed unbelievable in today's political circus, Gough kept his promise and tuition fees were abolished. In fact, between 1972 and 1987, tertiary education was FREE. As the Federal Hawke Labor Government enjoyed some of the strongest political support in the history of Australia, moves were afoot to change the legacy of Whitlam. The first woman Education Minister, Susan Ryan, thought the introduction of fees was a traitorous act by a Labor government and subsequently moved on or was moved on from the portfolio responsibility. Enter John Dawkins. I know Mr. Dawkins has a son who studies here at Adelaide University, so I'll go easy.

\$250 up front in 1987 and \$263 in 1988 this fee was a hard ask for many students. The respective political and administrative touches were being put on the HECS beast during 1988. The man credited for HECS was its architect, Bruce Chapman, an academic from Australian National University, (ANU). He still works on producing papers from the ANU centre for policy studies. He has continued to publish even graver proposals and either fortunately or unfortunately for students, the Federal Liberal government is not entertaining his ideas, as they are keen to take us back to pre 1972. The example at the end of the article demonstrates that under a Labor Government, a student studying Engineering from 1991-94, would leave University with a HECS debt of \$9570. That same student under the Liberal Government, 1997-2000, will leave University with a HECS debt of \$20 320. Make up your own mind with these facts about the direction of a tertiary education.

1989 - HECS is introduced.

\$1800 per academic year full load/
\$300 per unit. CPI 7.8%

Threshold is \$22 000 and tax bill is 1% of income
When a student's income reaches \$25 000, taxed at 2%
At \$35 000 and over tax is 3%

There has only ever been two Education Ministers who have been so arrogant and zealous. And it is my opinion, driven by vengeance and irrationalism. John Dawkins, Federal Labor Education Minister, 1987-92 and the current minister, David Kemp, Federal Liberal Education Minister, 1996-2000. As a portfolio area, no wonder it has suffered under nearly ten years of superintendence by these two men. John Dawkins was Minister when the first fee for 15 years was introduced. The 'Higher Education Administrative Charge'. At

All accumulated debt is subject to Consumer Price Index (CPI). In 1989 CPI was 8%.

1990 - \$1882 per year. \$941 per semester. CPI 6.85%
Threshold is \$23 583 - \$26 798 changed from 1% tax to 2% tax, 100% increase
\$26 799 - \$37 519 tax rate changed from 2% to 3%, 50% increase.
Over \$37 519 changed from 3% to 4%, 25% increase.

People, predominantly women, on the lowest incomes were slugged with the greater proportional increases.

1991 - \$1993 per year. \$996.50 per semester. CPI 1.5%
Threshold is \$25 469 - \$28 941 = 2% tax
\$28 942 - \$40 519 = 3% tax
Over \$40 520 = 4% tax

1992 - \$2250 per year. \$1125 per semester. CPI 1%
Threshold is \$27 098 - \$30 793 = 2% tax
\$30 794 - \$43 112 = 3% tax
Over \$43 113 = 4% tax

1993 - \$2328 per year. \$1164 per semester. CPI 2%
Threshold is \$27 748 - \$31 532 = 2% tax
\$31 533 - \$44 146 = 3% tax
Over \$44 147 = 4% tax

1994 - \$2355 per year. \$1177.50 per semester. CPI 2.5%
Threshold is \$26 403 - \$30 004, 2% tax changed to 3% = 50% increase.
\$30 005 - \$42 005, 3% tax changed to 4% = 33% increase
Over \$42 006 4% tax changed to 5% = 25% increase

1995 - \$2409 per year. \$1204.50 per semester. CPI 5%
Threshold is \$26 853 - \$30 516 = 3% tax
\$30 517 - \$42 722 = 4% tax
Over \$42 723 = 5% tax

In this year, due to the CPI being 5%, some people will not make an impact on their debt. With high inflation and related CPI increases, this will occur during cyclical periods of economic instability caused by deregulation of the Australian economy and globalisation. It's a like home loan rates, Australia is no

longer solely responsible for its monetary policy. We are at the vagaries of the super economies like the U.S. A difficult thing to explain to a battling couple with a mortgage or a young person from a lower class background.

1996 - \$2442 per year. \$1221 per semester. CPI 1.5%
The threshold was lowered and the income ranges were broadened
Threshold is \$20 613 - \$28 521 = 2% tax
\$28 522 - \$30 077 = 3% tax
\$30 078 - \$32 411 = 3.5% tax
\$32 412 - \$37 597 = 4% tax
\$37 598 - \$45 376 = 4.5% tax
\$45 377 - \$47 761 = 5% tax
\$47 762 - \$51 339 = 5.5% tax
\$51 340 and above = 6% tax

In 1997, differential HECS system was introduced by the recently elected Federal Liberal Government. A mass of protests ensued, the largest in student history since the Vietnam War. Under the stewardship of Amanda Vanstone, the Education portfolio and the taxman put their hands deeper into the pockets of students.

The level of a student's HECS debt was linked to the course of study. Three bands were determined and course came under the respective band and linked to a commensurate HECS level.

For example, at Adelaide, band 1 courses such as Arts, Humanities and Education attracted a \$3300 HECS fee for the year. Band 2 courses such as Science, Computing and Business attracted a \$4700 HECS fee for the year. Band 3 courses such as Law, Medicine and Dentistry attracted a \$5500 HECS fee for the year.

1997 - Band 1 \$3300, Band 2 \$4700, Band 3 \$5500.

Threshold is \$20 594 - \$28 494 = 2% tax
\$28 495 - \$30 049 = 3% tax
\$30 050 - \$32 381 = 3.5% tax
\$32 382 - \$37 563 = 4% tax
\$37 564 - \$45 335 = 4.5% tax
\$45 366 - \$47 718 = 5% tax
\$47 719 - \$51 292 = 5.5% tax
\$51 293 and above = 6% tax

It is worth noting that in 1997 the CPI was negative (-0.25%), but no HECS debts were reduced due to the linkages of HECS and the CPI.

Welcome to HECS

Also in 1997 the University of Adelaide and the Students' Association were embroiled in a fight over the introduction of up-front fees. The battle culminated in a tied vote at the University Council, 9-9, and as a matter of protocol, when a vote is tied the Chair, or in this case the Chancellor, Bill Scammell, should have used his vote to maintain the status quo, no fees. Chancellor Scammell chose not to conform to the procedures of democracy and up-front fee paying places for undergraduate domestic students were introduced for the 1998 academic year.

1998 - CPI 1.6%
 HECS Band 1 \$3356 up front \$11 200-\$12 200
 HECS Band 2 \$4779 up front \$15 200-\$17 500
 HECS Band 3 \$5593 up front \$22 800-\$27 000

The threshold for and income ranges for paying back a percentage of your income in HECS repayments was changed once more. eg. A person earning \$28 500 in 1997 paid 3% of their gross earnings towards HECS. In 1998 that same person will now pay 4%.

1999 - CPI 1.8%
 HECS Band 1 \$3409 up front \$11 200-\$12 200
 HECS Band 2 \$4855 up front \$15 200-\$17 500
 HECS Band 3 \$5682 up front \$22 800-\$27 000

Threshold is
 \$21 334-\$22 498 =3%
 \$22 499-\$24 244 =3.5%
 \$24 245-\$28 123 =4%
 \$28 124-\$33 942 =4.5%
 \$33 943-\$35 726 =5%
 \$35 727-\$38 402 =5.5%
 \$38 403 and above 6%

As you can see from the information above, one thing seems to be certain, the cost of an education is not getting cheaper. The amount that you contribute to the cost of your course either through the up-front HECS or deferred option, constitutes a significant proportion of the total cost. If you think it isn't much and that you will pay it off, consider this. In 1991 starting engineering as a 1st year and not failing any subjects or experiencing any unforeseen study problems, you would have an accumulated debt of \$ 9570. Depending on starting salary and subsequent increases factored in, the debt will see about \$50-60 a fortnight taken from your pay as well as income tax. Taking approximately 7- 8 years to pay off.

In 1997 starting engineering as a 1st year and not failing any subjects or experiencing any unforeseen study problems, you would have an accumulated debt of \$ 20 320. Depending on starting salary and subsequent increases factored in, the debt will see about \$60-80 a fortnight taken from your pay, on top off income tax. The debt will take approxi-

mately 11- 15 years. If a young couple meet when at Uni, and decide to marry, they have a combined debt of \$40 000, so you'll need some good luck getting a home loan. Remember debt is debt and your HECS liability, and a partner, is treated as a liability by the financial institutions.

One must question the legitimacy of the government's contract with students who defer their HECS and are subject to the changes described

above. When you enter into a contract for most things, there are terms and conditions, and as an example, if you were granted a loan from a bank, you are compelled to understand the terms of credit and the associated interest rate and payment schedule. In the case of HECS, students aren't made aware of the terms and conditions of the deferred HECS system and they certainly aren't sat down and explained the nature of the agreement they are entering into. The uncertainty of the HECS system represented by fluctuating thresholds

and varied percentages of payments compound the problems of students being deterred in undertaking study. The thought of racking up a debt that is subject to changes of its terms

So what do we pay in 2000?

2000 CPI 3% (predicted)

HECS Band 1 \$3463 up front \$11 200-\$12 200
 HECS Band 2 \$4932 up front \$15 200-\$17 500
 HECS Band 3 \$5772 up front \$22 800-\$27 000

Threshold is
 \$21 984-\$23 183 =3%
 \$23 184-\$24 982 =3.5%
 \$24 983-\$28 980 =4%
 \$28 981-\$34 976 =4.5%
 \$34 977-\$36 814 =5%
 \$36 815-\$39 572 =5.5%
 \$39 573 and above 6%

and conditions on an annual basis. Identified groups in the community, particularly women, are disadvantaged by the instability of a fluid debt.

Is a \$ 20 000- \$40 000 debt a deterrent to higher education participation by many people? In particular women, and the poor? The Commonwealth Department of Education and Training, Mr Kemp's functionaries, don't think so.

Make up your mind, but I suppose you already have. A decision many people don't get to make!

Crap Santa

Late on Christmas Eve, federal education minister David Kemp released a government report revealing that the Coalition government has cut funding to higher education by \$600 million over the past four years.

Direct yearly government grants to universities have fallen from \$4.8 billion in 1996 to \$4.2 billion in 2000. Projections for the next three years reveal that government funding will not even keep pace with inflation.

The report illustrates the federal government's grand agenda for higher education: further cuts in government funding, more student fees and decreasing staff wages and working conditions.

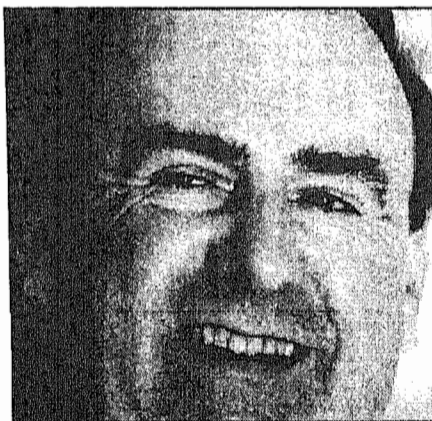
Kemp stated triumphantly that the total revenue for higher education would rise to \$9 billion in 2000, up from \$7.95 billion in 1995. This has come almost completely from increased Higher Education Contribution Scheme (HECS) payments and the full fees paid by some students. Student fees and charges have increased by close to \$1 billion since 1996.

There is general agreement that the

education system is facing a severe funding crisis. This is the result of government cutbacks, but is being used to justify the privatisation of higher education.

The so-called solution put forward by Kemp is to shift the bulk of education funding onto students, making the individual "users" pay for what is a social resource and of great benefit to business. This drive is being carried out under the rhetoric of increased "flexibility" and "student choice".

Increased student "choice" is also the rhetoric Kemp has used to disguise other attacks, like the "voluntary student unionism" legislation and the proposals contained in a leaked cabinet briefing paper in October. The public outcry against this document, which outlined plans to allow universities to charge



There were no presents in this man's sack

higher fees and proposed the replacement of HECS with a student loans scheme repayable at market interest rates, demonstrates that there is still a wide sentiment in support of public education.

In reality, there is a drive to increase competition and differentiation within the system - squeezing more out of those who can pay, and giving a less expensive, second-class education to the rest. The general message is "you pay for what you get". The University of Adelaide offers an unspecified number of places to students who can afford to pay anywhere between \$11,200 and \$25,500 a year for their degrees, having fallen short of their TER cut-off score. Every degree, with the exception of Medicine, is up for sale.

This is a clear example of students who are well off financially being given unfair opportunities to gain a better education. Kate Carr, Education officer at the University of Sydney, stressed, "It is important that we build on the sentiment to defend public funding to tertiary education. Students face an ideological battle to convince people that free education is possible, that society should prioritise people's needs rather than running everything in the interest of business profits."

Carr explained that students are suffering from the funding crisis through overcrowded classes, restrictions on computer access and a declining standard of libraries. More fees and less government financial assistance are also biting. She said, "This year it will be essential for students to unite in campaigns for improvements on their own campuses, but we also have to remember what is causing the whole crisis and demand that the Government restore funding to Higher Education."

Lisa Lines

Austria's burning with hatred now

World affairs in recent weeks has been absorbed in analysis of Austria's new found pariah status, courtesy of the participation in government of the far-right Freedom Party. The rest of Europe has been aghast at this turn of events, though realistically the issues underpinning the Freedom Party's success have been brewing a long time. The Freedom Party's aggressive anti-immigration platform, for example, exploded into national political consciousness in 1992-1996 when it and 425,000 signatories petitioned Parliament with a 12 point plan for dealing with the influx (real, though exaggerated greatly by the tabloid press) of immigrants from post-Communist Eastern Europe. Europe's horror has hardly been allayed by the cavalier approach of the Freedom Party's leader, Joerg Haider, who belittled all the 'excitement in the European chicken pen - even though the fox hasn't even got in'. Whether Haider thinks he's a fox is anyone's guess.

Nevertheless, among all the brouhaha this writer was rather

surprised to hear one commentator downplay all the doomsaying by asserting that Austria was a Catholic country, as though religious dogma would protect it from evil. In Austria at least, the Catholic Church is a far from virtuous institution. Nor is it apolitical, much less immune from Haider's clarion call (even though historically the Freedom Party itself has been strongly anti-Catholic).

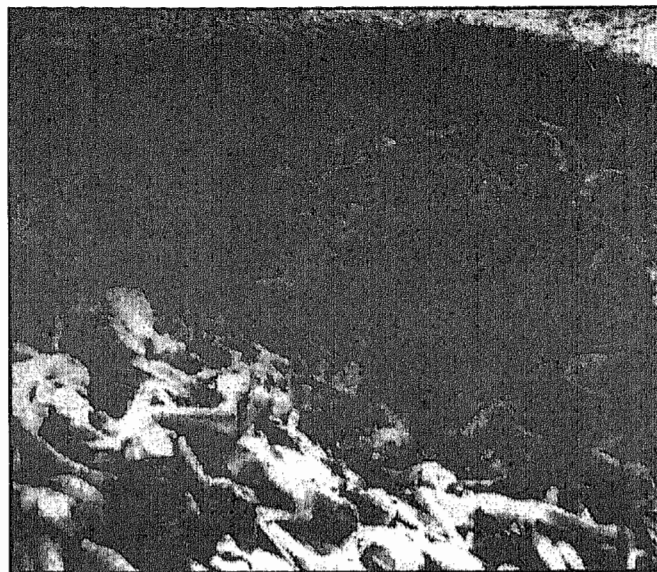
About 15 years ago, the Pope got himself into a bit of a pickle when he appointed Kurt Krenn as Bishop of St Polten (a town in lower Austria).

While Krenn was a leading conservative Catholic in line with the Pope's own thinking, he was also a known Nazi sympathiser. Combined with a pugnacious outlook - he is described as 'a boxing fan, known for his verbal fisticuffs on Austrian television' he has not been above meddling in politics and has openly flirted with the Freedom Party and other neo-Nazis.

In response to the publicity which has been generated by Bishop

Krenn's endorsement of Haider, other senior Church officials made public appeals during last year's election for Austria to remain tolerant of immigrants and to spurn those Freedom Party policies which 'showed a questionable attitude to human rights.'

Yet even the liberal factions within the Austrian Catholic Church have been somewhat equivocal to the gradual rise of the Freedom Party. It is well known that the Freedom Party adopts an aggressive anti-foreigner stance. Equally, the Church has borne the heaviest burden in caring for refugees and illegal immigrants. Yet for several years up until last year's election (for reasons of internal, not national, politics) the Church had preached next to nothing on the importance of tolerance and



Where xenophobia ends

charity - this despite the former coalition government taking the cue from the spectre of the Freedom Party and instituting increasingly illiberal immigration and social security laws. A lack of courage in conviction, perhaps.

Sources: *The Guardian*; *National Catholic Reporter*; *Anneliese Rohrer, Creating the Other: "The Other" in Present Day Austria and Its Political Implications (1999).*

SAUA Roundup

plays a part. This atmosphere has decreased markedly and people from opposing camps are beginning to work together to improve the public face of the SAUA; student interests are rising above party politics.

The Positives

- O'Week, O'Guide, O'Camps & O'Tours seem to be on track, full of fun and information for all as well as remaining cost neutral.
- Expansion of the Employment Service in conjunction with the Union. The office is now on level 4 of the Union Building.
- Assumption of inclusivity training in the Engineering faculty.
- Initiation of cross-campus networks in conjunction with the National Union of Students (SA Branch).

- Writing of a long term Strategic Plan so that the SAUA can become proactive instead of merely reacting to Governments.

The Negatives

- Lets start off with the sham that was the election of O'Directors in which people were ignoring the Constitution in order to facilitate the election of preferred teams, the SAUA Council was antagonistic at best. There's a Constitution - follow it people.


- Counter Calendar - A good idea. Distribution is the key to information though and over 85% of these booklets are still sitting on their fat arses doing fuck all.

- Deciding to give \$250 to NUS for their Orientation Handbook. Get some fucking advertisers people and use the affiliation fees a tad better. Yeh, you were left in the pool but step off.

Believe it and weep

The president of Zimbabwe, Robert Mugabe, is one of the world's more notorious and corrupt despots (you probably just don't know it). His (and his cronies) predilections for bullying, graft, and ostentatious living is a perennial grievance for Zimbabwe's plebs who are currently having to endure crippling (corruption inspired) petrol shortages and power cuts in a climate of 60% inflation, 50% unemployment and withdrawal of foreign funds, nevermind the constitutional debacles (I'll spare you that). You'd think that the Comrade President would satisfy himself (and his cronies) with the 200% payrise awarded late last year. But no. Somehow he has contrived to win the lottery run by the nation's biggest bank (like ANZ's 'hole in one competition' minus the golf). The barrel guy was only the first of millions to express disbelief upon revealing the winning ticket marked 'His Excellency RG Mugabe'. Apparently the lotto (with a prize of Z\$100000 - about \$3000 in a country with per capita income of about \$700/yr) was restricted to 'qualifying' account holders, leading one anonymous bank employee to remark that the Comrade President must have been the only qualifier. Either that or the Comrade President lost his own key to the bank vaults.

Wanted!



WANTS YOU

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.

One perfect day

By Lisa Lines

On average, women receive only two thirds of the wages of men. Accessible childcare is still not publicly provided. Free education and healthcare do not exist. Women still suffer violence in their homes and on the streets. Women of colour still experience racism. Women still do not have control of their reproduction: abortion is still illegal and expensive. Women still do the majority of the unpaid work in the home.

This is the harsh reality of capitalism today. Despite claims to the contrary, women are still systematically oppressed - and a women's liberation movement is still necessary. International Women's Day (IWD) is an integral part of the movement fighting the oppression of women.

IWD was born at a time of great social turbulence. It began in the United States as part of socialists' campaign for equality for women. On February 28, 1907, women socialists organised huge demonstrations and meetings all over the country to demand political rights for working women. This was the first 'Women's Day'.

In 1909, a massive strike of 30,000 garment workers, mainly migrant women, almost shut down the garment industry. This strike involved more unionised women than ever before and triggered mass support among other workers.

The unionists struck for three months. They demanded the right to organise and bargain collectively, and improved wages and working conditions. They eventually won

some improvements.

The figure most identified with the birth of IWD is Clara Zetkin. Through the 1890s, Zetkin developed a socialist women's program and practice within the German Social Democratic Party, which became the model for women in socialist parties around the world.

In 1910, the second International Conference of Socialist Working Women met in Copenhagen, with representatives from 17 countries. At this conference Zetkin raised the idea of organising an International Working Women's Day. It was decided that every year, in every country, they should march under the slogan: 'The vote for women will unite our strength in the struggle for socialism'.

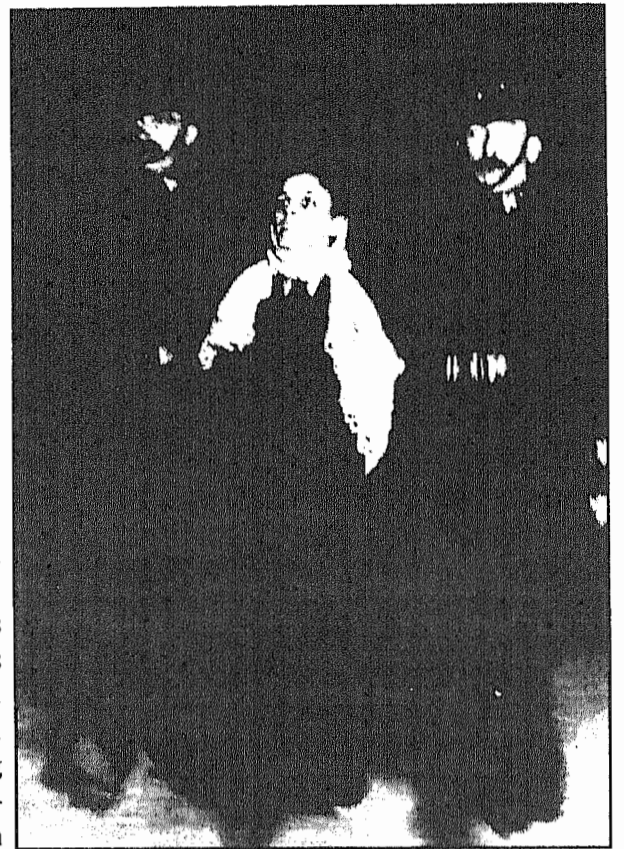
March 19, 1911 was the first International Women's Day. German women picked this day because of its historic importance for the German working class: on March 19 during the 1818 revolution, the Prussian king, hoping to placate the revolutionary movement, promised some concessions. Among these, and one he failed to keep, was to give women the vote.

In 1915, IWD was transferred to March 8. As the Russian socialist Alexandra Kollantai explained in 1920: 'Working Women's Day turns from a day of struggle for franchise into an international day of struggle for the full and absolute liberation of women, which means a struggle for the victory of the Soviets and for communism'.

The militancy of women on IWD in 1917 sparked the February revolution in Russia. Hunger, cold and the trials of war broke the patience of the women workers and peasants. In Leningrad on March 8, women defied the law and came boldly onto the streets demanding 'bread for our children' and 'the return of our husbands from the trenches'.

The first Australian IWD events took place in the Sydney Domain on March 25, 1928, organised by the Militant Women's Movement. The economic climate was similar to today's - rising unemployment, wage cuts and poorer working conditions. The women demanded equal pay for equal work, an eight-hour day, a basic wage for the unemployed and annual holidays with full pay.

It is no accident that the first IWD in Australia was organised by socialist women. Before the turn of the century and into the early 1920s,



Hegemony? What hegemony?

Reclaim the Moment

An environmental *Impact* statement.
Dreaming the Dreaming.

So you're feeling a bit overloaded with all the environmental impact statistics, and confused by the conflicting groups looking for your support. Not sure where to put your energy to have the best effect?

Most of all, do you want to have fun and be entertained while gathering info and contributing to the current ripple of beneficial change that is running through Adelaide's city and suburbs?

We've got just the day to get your Fringe attendance off to a good start. Last year a collective of cultural change workers held an event called 'What's Your Alternative?', it was a day of vision. The day consisted of stalls, info, and lots of networking and chatting about what actions people have already taken to have a positive effect on both our natural and social environments. There was lots of fun stuff for both adults and children to be entertained by and involved in.

This year we are building on the networks made last year and supporting a diverse cross-section of the community to show you how to evolve your thinking and actions to create a safe and healthy society, where all its citizens and plant and animal species prosper.

We have been inspired and motivated by many local groups to present thought provoking and informative stalls, talks and workshops which cover issues from sustainable energy, permaculture, communities, pollution free transport, clean water ways, recycling, health maintenance and other topics. Throughout the day there will be performances and activities. There is so much we want to share on this day.

You can begin the day at 12.15pm, with a leisurely cycle in amongst all manner of bikes, skateboards and roller blades, even a stilt walker or two from Victoria Square to Rymill Pk. Then wander amongst the stalls and check out new ideas and info. Participate in workshops or just enjoy the musicians, bands and performers. We are encouraging people to partake of a shared evening meal, with the intention of not using any disposables.

The evenings performance is a unique event. It is based on a Deep Ecology process called the Cosmic Walk. It is the basis of the majority of us educated westerners' 'Dreaming'. The scientific explanation of the life cycle of our galaxy and Earth and our evolution on it. Children and adults who participate in some of the day's workshops will also take part in the performance. As the entire audience will be moved through the cycles of life on this planet.

As we intend to honour the Indigenous heritage of this land. The Kurna people of the Adelaide Plains will welcome us with words, song and dance at around 1pm, then stick around to discover how our scientific dreaming story looks from another perspective.

There is an opportunity for community groups and individuals to participate in many ways. We strongly believe that the natural environment and our quality of life should take precedent in many of the decisions being made about resource use. So come and learn how you can continue to enjoy a lifestyle that provides you with your needs.

actions by socialist and other progressive women helped break down ignorance about the exploitation of women in society.

The second world war split both the feminist and socialist movements. It wasn't until the second wave of feminism in the late 1960s and early '70s that the women's liberation movement once again took March 8 as a day to rally for women's rights.

While women now have the right to vote in almost every country, and other advances have been won through feminist struggle, the oppression of women continues. The demands of today's women's liberation movement are not so different from those at the turn of the century. IWD, the only annual event which protests against the persistent gender inequality in our society, is as relevant today as when it began at the start of this century.

Participating in the organising of IWD is a crucial contribution to strengthening the women's liberation movement. It is only with a strong, inclusive women's liberation movement that we can overcome sexist oppression. That is why Resistance is, and all progressive activists be, involved in building the IWD marches and rallies around the country each year.

The International Women's Day march is being held on March 11, 11am, starting at Victoria Square. The IWD collective to plan the march meets Saturdays 12pm Women's Studies Resource Centre, 64 Paddington Tce, North Adelaide. There is a fundraising film night organised by the collective at Adelaide Uni on Feb 24th. It will be 6pm in the Margaret Murray Room. A film on the history of IWD and Radiance will be screened.

The land of the long white mall

By spj5

When Dazzling O'Reilly, your ugliest editor, asked me last year, over several lagers at the Robbers, to write about my adopted land, the USA, in a column, I knew only a steady supply of Miller Genuine Draft at my laptop could stop it from becoming an endless whine about the inanities and frustrations that is the American political system. Not that I won't have the odd shot at Al 'elect me before I go bald' Gore, or George 'less kinder and gentler', W Bush, or my favorite slow moving target, Hillary 'no more blow jobs for you' Clinton. No, this array of fat, fluffy political ducks is no challenge for my letters, at least at this early stage of the year. Lets talk this week about something altogether more American, and more relevant to the average schmoe: shopping malls.

I had a friend in a place called Chapel Hill, North Carolina. He was your typical university student: 41 years old, on his third degree, ex-drug addict, played the guitar, worked in a grocery store. We would drink coffee and discuss the state of the very fine music scene in Chapel Hill with some regularity. One morning he came over and we went off to one of America's gift to the culinary world - the diner - for breakfast.

Normally, I loathe mornings - they are the prelude to something bad called work - but the promise of greasy processed pork and fried eggs is always appealing and my friend, lets call him Matt, always had an amusing anecdote worth repeating. This particular morning was a standout however. As we tucked into our eggs he informed me that he was, in fact, a woman trapped in a man's body, and that he was starting hormone therapy as a prelude to a snip and tuck operation that would permanently transfer him from an outtie to an innie. Now Matt was always one for a story, tales of being the opening act on a couple of Johnny Cash tours of the Deep South were my favorites, so I pushed him a little deeper on the topic and quizzed him on why Martha not Arthur?

Two particular tales stuck in my mind, aside from his comments that in becoming a biological woman things tasted different, hence his sudden liking for grits, a thin and godawful cornmeal breakfast gruel favored by Southerners: a concoction further confirming my opinion that regional delicacies are actually a cruel interaction of ignorance, poverty and geography.

Anyway, both tales occurred in the landscape looming ever larger in the consciousness and heart of the American male: shopping malls.

Matt remembered being a wee lad, or should we say, a representation of a lad, when an uncle took him to a toy store in a mall near Atlanta. It

was his birthday in more ways than one, for the present he chose himself was one of those little girl makeup and grooming sets.

One wonders about Uncle Matt, and about things running in the family, but that's another story ...

Time jump to a few weeks before his decision to bat from the other side ... He is loafing with his girlfriend (I guess he's a lesbian trapped in a man's body) in her trailer on the edge of town (this is the South). It is the weekend - what to do? 'Let's go to the mall,' he says. His life is forever changed, he says.

So starts a personal journey where he discovers that he would rather not be sailing or playing football, or other like manly pursuits (as proclaimed on those endlessly annoying bumper stickers such as 'I'd rather be bangin' your wife') but he would rather be shopping in a mall: 'I love the mall, I mean I really like to shop.'

He concludes from this discovery and his shopping tendencies when an anklebiter that he must be a girl.

Of course. I call this the Matt principle.

Result: trousers off, skirts on, snip, snip. Well, if a love of a weekend trip to the mall calls our biological sex into question, then I must confess to having girlish moments too.

Bugger me if I shouldn't be wearing a dress, because in this country

moments of mall-induced satisfaction are unavoidable. Now I never reached for the little plastic grooming kits when I was a kid. Bats and balls were more my thing and I'm not being rude here. But as a kind of grown-up living on the edge of the mid-west in a mostly cold and isolated college town, shopping remains one of my life's little pleasures. Hell, as a mate of mine from Houston, Texas, told me, 'You gotta get out of bed sometime, and sports isn't on television 24 hours a day.' He was referring to maintaining a relationship, but he could have just as easily been referring to our need for leisure activities beyond the bedroom and the couch.

About one hour from here, surrounded by cornfields, is a fine example of one of America's unexplained treasures: the rural outlet mall. An outlet is a place where chain stores off-load their own old stock, last years stock, seconds and other crap trendy big city folk are too self-conscious to buy, at prices too low to say no.

Outlet malls feature in every state, have up to 100 of these kind of stores and are circled by vast parking lots. In New Hampshire, there is one that has become a tourist destination and supports several very large budget motels and dozens of America's curse to the culinary world, the franchise restaurant.

Much has been made in American

academé of the growing male pastime of shopping and the possible effect it has on the US economy and politics (I kid you not). I doubt whether the growing number of male hours at the local mall are causing, en masse, the kind of revelations Matt experienced, but if I'm a reasonable barometer, then we men of today aren't your father's men. I get somewhat excited when my girlfriend suggests that we hop in the four wheel drive and spend a few hours at the outlet mall. 'Great,' I proclaim, 'a girls' day out.' I go with no firm list of stuff I should buy, but with a resolve to purchase on whim based on the axiom that value is more important than utility.

This hereby confirms my status as a temporary woman, if the Matt principle means anything. Coming home with irregular T-shirts, off-dye jeans, plaid shirts of marginal taste but of excellent cloth and another pair of winter boots I probably don't need, I have traded my manliness for pleasure: a Visa trip to Gender-Bend, USA.

Matt eventually stopped his hormone treatment, and his rather fine breasts withered away. He told me that it was OK to feel like a woman, but he didn't actually have to be one. 'Right on,' I said. 'There's a CD sale at Schoolkids. Wanna Go?'

Light on the Hill?

By Mercedes Dumptruck

Another great round of gags in the Big House last week as a range of blokes aged 50 plus tried to talk about menstruation with a straight face.

Periods are shaping up as quite a curse for the Howard Government, with polls showing 70 per cent of the population (do your maths John, there's some non-bleeders in there) are opposed to their inclusion in the GST. Here's the facts so far:

- Tampons are not subject to wholesale sales tax at the moment, so the 10 per cent GST will go straight on top of the cover price.

- Lots of chicks use tampons.

- Most of thses chicks, and apparently some of their boyfriends are angry at the Government's insistence that tampons are not public health items and therefore not eligible for exemption from the GST. Health Minister Michael Woolridge's justification is that tampons don't prevent an illness, they merely provide a discreet solution to what could otherwise be a bit of a mess.

And the Prime Minister's justification (aside from seemingly having a natural aversion to what happens to the ladies Down There) is that

once you exempt tampons, every bastard with a wooden leg will want it tax-free and there'll be nothing left to put a GST on - except small inconsequential items that nobody cares about, like hundred and thousands and those little things at the ends of shoelaces.

And that wouldn't help anyone.

But a close examination of the GST legislation (for those equipped with the requisite bloody-mindedness to spend an hour or two with the thing, it weighs a ton) reveals a range of goodies given special treatment.

Penile clamps, for instance.

Now if a penile clamp can be exempted from the GST with a straight ace, how do tampons stay taxed?

Surely this isn't just an illustration of the strength of the pervert lobby in Australia. Incontinence pads are tax-free too, which will be great news for the ladies in that ad (you know the one where they're all sitting around laughing about the budgie drowning and you're sitting there wondering which of them is actually pissing herself) but a bit puzzling for anyone trying to work out the difference between incontinence pads and normal pads.

The issue has led to the Howard Government getting a record amount of period related email which can only be a good thing. Why don't you join in? Visit Michael Woolridge's website at www.woolridge.aust.com and pop a message in his in-box.

The decision is technically one for the Treasurer, not Woolridge, but he's so cute when he gets annoyed and anyway his website has got some gut-wrenchingly funny shots of him as a kid.

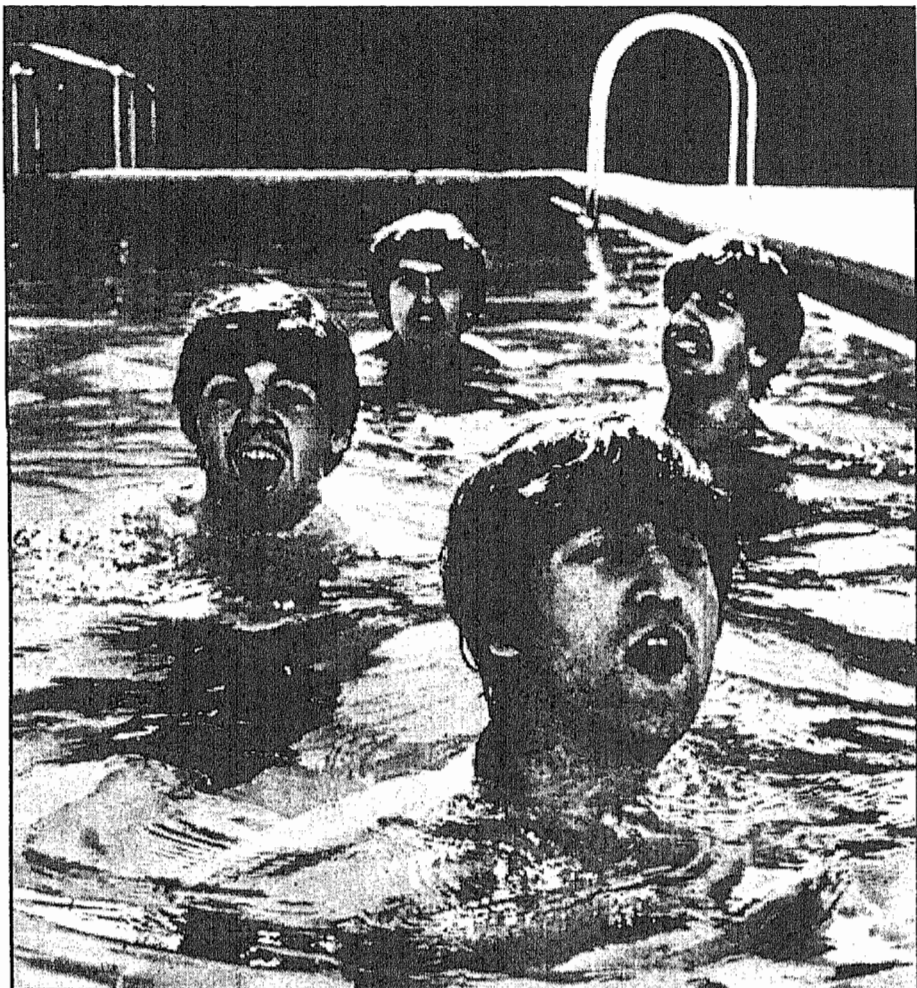
In the meantime, here's a list of the five funniest tampon tax-related headlines that you didn't see in the quality press ...

- 1 - Howard Bleeding on Tax Reform
- 2 - From Rags to Riches
- 3 - Government's Shock \$20 million Tax Snatch
- 4 - No Strings Attached - Women Pull Plug on Coalition
- 5 - Democrats Split Hats on Tampon Tax



Yeah, Summer's Been Great ...

By Carla Caruso



The lads weren't very impressed with John's original idea of 'Why Don't I Just Do It In The Pool?'

Summer's been great, hasn't it? Ever since exam-time we've been hanging for the sultry season. No more lecturers with bad comb-overs and twitches. No more popping NO DOZE and spending the nights writing 5000-word assignments due Wednesday, on Tuesday. This summer I haven't got up past noon. Yeah, summer's been great.

The Beach

The first thing that the word summer induces in most people is the desire to 'do' the beach. Nothing better than sand, surf and sea for three months, hey? Yeah, nothing better.

I would have even gone to the beach myself this summer if I was able to do my bikini any justice. But as the surf came up, so would have my too-small panties in my too-big bum-crack, so I thought I'd better give that one a miss. (I'm like Jennifer Lopez before she sliced it off.)

Ever noticed how salty the water is these days? Can't really swim in it without choking on Bi-Lo table salt. I never seem to rise from the water like they do in the movies either, with my hair slicked back and make-up intact. I'm more like a cover-stick than a cover girl. I come out, looking more like Dicky Knee (remember *Hey, Hey?*), with my hair in my face and scary-looking seaweed stuck to my arm.

It's weird too when you finally find a nice, warm bit of water to sit in, and boast to your friends, only to have them tell you they just peed there. And so did their dog.

There's not much to do at the beach anyway. 'Cept sit in the shallows, watching your polka-dot umbrella like a hawk 'cause you've stashed your car-keys, wallet and family jewels underneath. Adelaide's a bit like crime-ridden Rio de Janeiro these days. You can't trust those guys walking around with funny hats and metal detectors! Too bad our New Year festivities didn't match theirs.

And when are tan-lines going to be in vogue anyway? You can see the outline of clothes I've worn for a week on my zebra-striped body.

The Pool

I did manage to take my younger sister to the local pool though. That was an experience. I'm not one for deep water so I clung to the edge while fat Mexican kids dived and belly-flopped around me. There were kids in the water, with bandannas tied around their scones. I'm told they rule the pool, so I went off to buy lunch at the canteen when they arrived, leaving my little sister mid-doggy-paddle.

I had a go on the water-slide, but that was piss-weak, and so I heard, 'pissed in'. I went home with a bad case of sunburn denial, and woke up looking like a tomato. And of

course, they started running those ads about skin cancer being a 'time-bomb under your skin', just to make me feel even more guilty.

Air-Conditioning

Nonetheless I decided to stay out of the sun henceforth. I travelled from my air-conditioned home to my air-conditioned car to my air-conditioned work. (Unlike the lucky few who didn't have to work, and got to bludge more than they do when they're at Uni). I whinged about the weather with ladies I met at supermarkets, in curlers and Masseur sandals. And when they said on the radio it had peaked at 42 degrees, I moaned, swore under my breath, and turned the a/c up to maximum. Even the punks down Glenelg started cruising Jetty Road with their windows up. But at least it spared us their bad taste in music.

Summer's been great, but I hate how it makes you feel forced to re-acquaint yourself with Mother Nature. Who cares if you waste a day watching *Ricky*, *Oprah* and *Jerry* during winter, scoffing macaroni and cheese? But if the sun is shining and the sky is blue, you feel obligated to utilise the day.

I have a confession to make. Most of the summer I saw was the four lounge-room walls I hibernated in. The rest is a blur 'cause of the many hot, sleepless nights that made me a zombie. But at least I'm not like some people I know who tried to wish summer away by not wearing deodorant.

It didn't work.

Television

It's not all bad. Think of all there is to watch on TV during summer. Tennis, cricket, golf, cycling, soccer, boxing, swimming, surfing ... Too bad if you hate sport with a

passion (which I do) and desire to scratch the pancake-make-up off the male commentators with your bare hands.

Then there are all the cheesy American soaps they had to dump somewhere. Like the uranium. Beyond summer we'll hopefully never have to sit through shows like *Bondi* and *It's Like, You Know* (need I say more?) again. And, what about all the promised movies they put on the telly in the final days of summer, that you hired on video last week? Bastards. Yeah, summer's been great.

You could watch a tape of the ABC's *Click! The Millennium Event* over and over again, just to remind yourself what a fizzler 2000 was. (Or at least, in Adelaide.)

I'm sure if we put our heads together, students, next millennium we can at least rattle a few ATM machines or knock off a few old ladies for the Y3K Bug. Jeez.

Maybe the latest power cuts are the result of the Y2K Bug acting in delay. Or maybe ETSA's just crusty. Nevertheless, I had little choice but to get friendly again with *Wheel of Fortune* and the *Bold and the Beautiful* this summer. Luckily, *B&B* was covering the same love triangle from 9 months ago.

Summer's been great, hasn't it? Just think in roughly 281 days, we can do it all again. But, bring me my first assignment, dear lecturer: I'm ready! Next year, remember:

- To SLIP in your tongue
 - SLOP Mum's casserole down the sink, and
 - SLAP a friend who likes Britney Spears
 - That SPF 8+ sunscreen doesn't work. Especially if it's been sitting in Grandma's closet since the 60s, growing legs, and ...
 - Stay out of the son. (Especially if he's your manager's.)
- Cheers!

GIVE CARLA

Like to think of yourself as the next Jimeoin? 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, in the basement of the George Murray Building, or call 8303 5404 and leave a message. I WANT YOUR JOKES!!!!

YOUR JOKES

So you want holes where God didn't put none?

Well then, as it's best not to go doing these things yourself, here are some of the things you should be looking for in a body-piercing salon:

1. An autoclave, which is a medical sterilisation unit which kills bacteria and viruses (including Hep. B, HIV and other blood-borne diseases), using a combination of high temperature and pressure. Make sure it is not a 'pressure cooker,' which some people try to pass off as an autoclave. These units use high temperatures only, and there are many micro-organisms that can withstand high temperatures: high pressures are required to kill them. Further, the autoclave must be registered with the government, who perform routine checks on the units to ensure that they are in good working order at all times. All equipment and jewellery must be autoclaved prior to any piercing.

2. Make sure there is a range of jewellery. Ask the attendant what they stock. Surgical stainless steel must be of the variety 316L. A reputable salon will also stock 9 carat and 18 carat gold and either niobium or titanium rings. The reason it is important to have a

selection of metals is because some people are allergic to certain metals. Hence there needs to be a selection based on individual requirements.

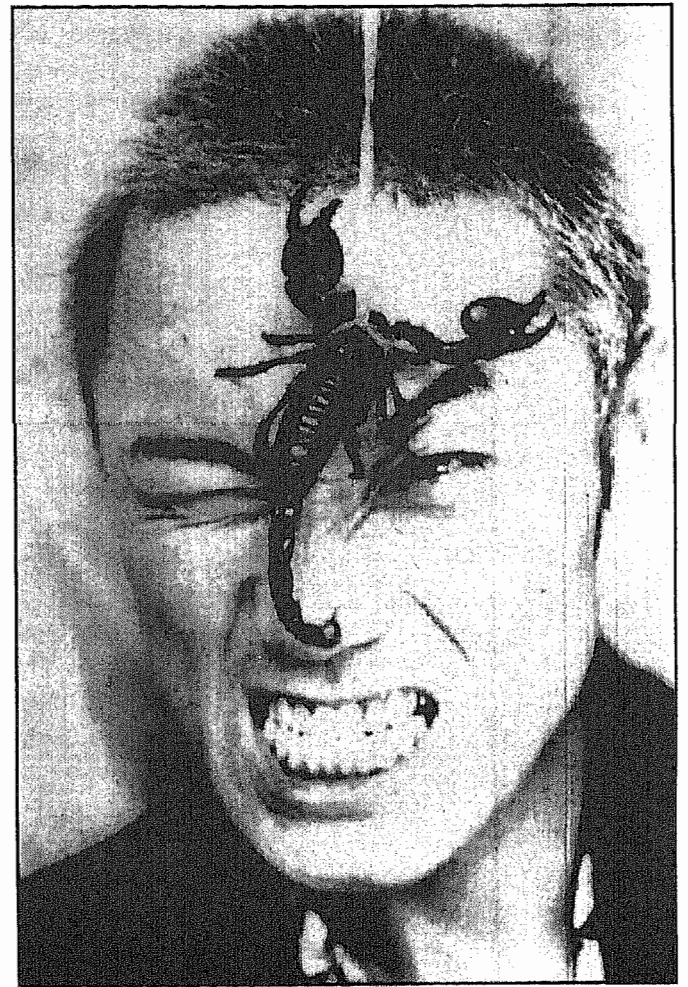
3. Ask what type of needles they use. They must be catheter needles, which can only be purchased from medical wholesalers, and which allow the piercing to be performed in such a manner as to not touch the pierce. This is paramount in preventing infection. Ear piercing guns are definitely out. In the case of ear piercing guns, the backing of the stud is what is piercing the skin, and because the back of ear studs are smooth and convex, they tear through the skin, as opposed to neatly incising it, which is what you get with a catheter needle. The practice of using ear piercing guns on any other part of the body other than the ears is now against the law in Queensland, and legislation should soon see the practice banned here also.

4. Ask how long the piercer has been practising for. In most cases, it should be a minimum of one year. You don't want to end up paying premium prices for being someone's guinea pig. Most infections occur because of inexperienced piercers who have

limited knowledge of anatomy and poor skills and dexterity. For example, when piercing the eyebrow, only the outer edge can be pierced to avoid nerves located within the thicker part of the brow. The piercer must wear gloves throughout the entire procedure. 5. Ask what home care instructions are given. A reputable place will have an outline to give clients, which will cover all areas of healing, incorporating diet as well as day-to-day practicalities. A

comprehensive sheet, teamed with back-up support as close as your phone will ensure a smooth healing

process. Remember, the jewellery is foreign to the body, and as such, may be rejected.



Surely there must be a less painful method of body-piercing, reflected Yuri.

ESSENTIAL BEAUTY

Shop 4a

Regent Arcade,
Adelaide

Ph: 8232 2225

Mention *On Dit* and
get your jewellery
(valued at \$10) for
FREE! but **HURRY**
offer ends March 3

Painless Method

- Huge Range
of Jewellery
- Health
Department
Certified
- Expert,
Friendly
Staff

BODY PIERCING

Share housing for beginners.

By Phil Harrison

For a lot of students and for a lot of reasons, sharing a house in the private rental market can be a good experience. However, for some share households, the experience can only be described as just that, an experience. Many friendships/relationships have been known to dissolve due to the unnecessary dramas that *are* avoidable when living in a share situation. Even worse, more than a few find themselves seriously out of pocket. Want to avoid these dramas? Read on and find out how.

The Code

- Get everything in writing and keep all receipts.
 - Get everything in everyone's name. Your name, your bill.
 - Consider who you move in with. It is true what they say "you never really know someone 'til you live with them."
 - Make sure you understand the terms of the lease.
 - If someone is giving you the pip, sort it out. Conflict in a share household makes it a war zone.
 - Don't sleep with anyone you share with. It will be your worst nightmare come true.
 - Have a household budget or kitty for shared expenses. After rent, make this a priority.
- FACT: SA is the only State in Australia without an independent tenants' advice service or tenants' union.

How to find a joint

- Scan the accommodation section of papers.
- Check out the accommodation boards on campus.
- Contact agents in the area you think you would like to live in.
- Spread the word amongst friends that your adventurous spirit to live in a share situation has awakened.
- Look around at a few places first. Don't go for the first place you see.

Doing the deal- stitching it up and cutting adrift

There are two types of tenancy leases: fixed term and periodic. Fixed term, as it suggests, is for an agreed time, usually 12

months. Periodic is ongoing and results chiefly from fixed term leases rolling over after they have expired. The main difference is that you are bound in a fixed term lease until it expires (you can leave, but you are still liable for rent until a new tenant is moved in). A periodic lease allows you to give 21 days notice that you're moving on.

Signing the lease

READ the lease. You cannot believe some of the restrictions or clauses that landlords and agents will try to slip by the unwary. Get a copy of the lease and keep it safe. The landlord (or an agent acting for the landlord) must give a copy of the lease within 21 days. Fill in two copies of the inspection sheet and keep a copy.

Paying the rent

NO MATTER WHAT, pay your rent on time. Don't and the consequences can be serious. Get a fortnight behind in rent and you could find an eviction order telling you to leave. You could also be placed on a database of black-listed tenants and experience difficulty securing another property to rent.

Teeing up the bond

On top of the 2 weeks rent in advance, the bond money is a pretty big expense. The landlord can only request an amount no greater than 4 weeks rent as a security bond. If the weekly rent is \$125, then maximum bond that can be requested is \$500. Make sure the bond is lodged with the Residential Tenancies Branch. You will get a notice confirming that your bond is lodged. It is worth trying to negotiate a staggered bond payment plan with the landlord. Suggest that you pay an extra \$50 a week for ten weeks to get the \$500 bond together. If you can't get that sort of cash together, go into the nearest Housing Trust office and seek 'bond assistance'.

Jacking up the rent

Basically, any increase in rent must be in writing giving 60 days notice of the increase and can only happen once every 6 months. DO NOT sign a lease that has rent increases incorporated in it. If you think the rent is unreasonable talk to the landlord. Otherwise, submit a form for a hearing at the Tribunal or contact the 'Rent Control Unit' of the SA Housing Trust.



Adolf and Herr von Ribbentrop rubbed their hands together in glee at the thought of another tenant.

Turfing you out

- Perceived or actual breaches of the lease - 7 days to remedy.
- Eviction - 2 weeks. Must be by an order of the Tribunal.
- Selling the property or major renovations etc. - 60 days.
- No reason - 90 days.

Landlord or overlord?

You are entitled by law to quiet enjoyment of the premises. The landlord must give between 7 & 14 days notice for right of entry in most cases.

For repairs or maintenance you should get 2 days notice, or with your immediate consent.

Getting it fixed

Let the landlord know of any necessary repairs immediately. If the landlord is not forthcoming with, say, a new hot water system after you've had one too many cold showers, you can engage a licensed person to carry out repairs and recover the costs from the landlord or agent.

It's a good idea to ring the Tenancies Branch and get them to log your call and note your frustration with the landlord.

The fine print

When it comes to who pays what, it's worth keeping this in mind.

- You - power, gas, phone, repairs that are your fault, any other outlay agreed to in the lease (eg clean carpets).
- Their Lordship - council rates,

repairs that aren't your fault, all other charges linked to property.

WATER CHARGES are open to agreement. In the absence of an agreement (usually written into the lease) the landlord will pay for the first 125 kilolitre allocation. Any amount above this will be paid for by you.

Getting the bond back

You have to fill in a form requesting your bond back. You can do it with the landlord or solo.

Always refer to a copy of the inspection sheet completed at the start of the tenancy. If you don't agree, don't sign. If agreement can't be reached note down 'fair wear and tear' as the basis for disagreement.

Help

If your housing issue looks like it's going to end up in the Residential Tenancies Tribunal don't panic. Contact any of the following agencies:

Residential Tenancies Branch, Level 1, Chesser House, 91-97 Grenfell St., Adelaide. (Ph) 204 9544. Country branches located in Berri, Mount Gambier, Port Augusta, Whyalla
Community Legal Centres ; Bowden-Brompton (Ph) 8346 9394; Kilburn Enfield Prospect (Ph) 8260 6474; Marion (Ph) 8376 1300; Noarlunga (Ph) 8384 5222; Norwood (Ph) 8362 1199; Para Districts (Ph) 8281 6605; Parks (Ph) 8243 5521

Phil Harrison is the Student Association's Project/Research Officer. He previously worked in the area of Housing Policy, and swears that he will never live in a share house again.

Welcome to heck ...

By Dave Sag

The second most horrible place I ever lived.

The New Flat; a first impression.

Moving from my luxurious Queenslander style two storey house in Paddington to a cheaper top floor apartment in Red Hill seemed like a good idea at the time. My former house-mates, also work-mates and by coincidence also called Dave, had decided that living together and working together was simply too much for the human condition to put up with. As for myself, I couldn't give a damn; as I was to discover, I could put up with almost anything, but so be it. Also the owner of the house we were renting had decided that years of having us as late paying tenants was enough and she was putting the house on the market.

I relocated easily enough, moving in with a friend and work-mate called Laurie who had recently split up with his wife and had been staying with us anyway. The apartment itself was quite small, but had two decent sized bedrooms, a small kitchen which included a fridge, and a lounge room. There was the added bonus of a tiny concrete and steel balcony which afforded a spectacular view of the car-park and some of Queensland's ever present jacaranda and mango trees. There was a small bathroom/laundry/toilet as well but the less said about that room the better.

Outside the front door there existed a labyrinth of stairs, passage ways, and, at the centre of it all, a huge great pit descending four floors to hell. Near this pit, somehow a part of the whole structure, were embedded solid steel doors, somewhat similar to furnace doors. When we opened one up a foul, some would say diabolical, stench assaulted us. We concluded that these furnace doors were provided so that weary souls on the top floors could simply dump their household garbage into them, rather than lug it all the way to the ground floor. It made perfect sense to me, and Laurie and I were relieved that things could go so well.

Then things went horribly wrong.

Things continued to go well for a while. Laurie's parents gave us an old washing machine. This however was not the modern miracle of cleaning that I had been used to in the past. This thing had two drums, neither of which I could figure out how to set to wash. My only attempt at washing clothes

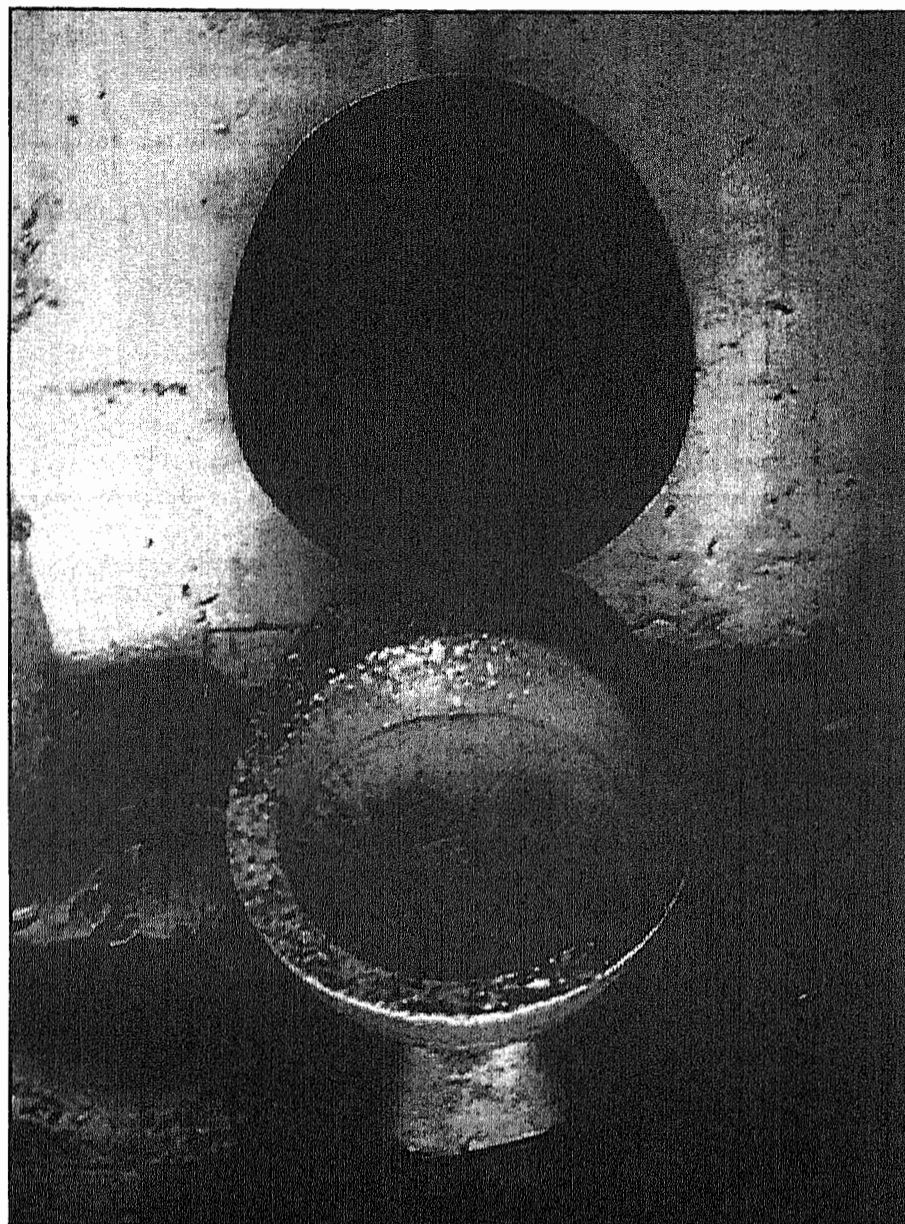
in the next few months ended up in total disaster.

But at least we both had jobs and the bills were being paid. That is until Laurie was fired. Now technically I was Laurie's boss, but we had brought in these two 'management consultants' who were determined to make our struggling little company a success, no matter if we died in the process. They had determined that Laurie - the only fully qualified artist in the place - was in fact redundant. As it turned out, Laurie was not eligible for unemployment benefits as his wife was still working so I agreed to cover his rent for a while.

Life went on in happy bliss for a few weeks until I started to go a bit stir crazy. This began to manifest itself in the usual ways. I would take the company car up to the North Coast with a friend of mine called Robyn, where she and I would swallow far too many pseudoephedrine pills (just like speed only nastier), drink too much, and stay up all night in a cute little A-frame house owned by a friend's aunt, until I had to return to Brisbane for my 7 am management meeting. This behaviour went on for a week or so, until one day, in a fit of speed-induced psychosis and pure hatred for everyone I worked with (especially the two smarmy management consultants without whose interference I could still have been happily drowsing on a beach) I gave everyone in the meeting a piece of my admittedly addled mind, and stormed out of the building with the keys to the company car.

I raced up to the apartment building and fuelled by anger, adrenalin and speed, tore up the stairs and into the flat. The phone was ringing and I made the lounge just as Laurie answered it. Frantically I waved my arms pointing at myself and generally trying to convey the impression that Laurie had not seen me yet. Laurie must have picked up on my wild eyed charades because he indicated to the caller that he had not seen me, had no idea where I was, and, yes, he would call if or when he did see me.

Laurie laughed when I told him what I had done as we drove madly over to visit Mick and Delena, mutual friends. I pulled up in his driveway with a screech, stepped out of the car and walked through the gate leading to the pool, where Mick, and friends were lounging on deck chairs, enjoying the warmth of the Brisbane sun. I walked straight past them



Last application of Toilet Duck: 1978.

and dove into the pool, swam a lap and clambered out. They looked at me with slightly stunned, slightly bemused expressions as I unfolded a deck chair and reclined, my suit a dripping mess.

That night I went out to dinner with Laurie, Mick and Delena. We ate, we drank, then we went for a long slow drive while I listened to an old Neil Diamond tape and thought heavy thoughts.

"I have decided to resign," I said to the half-sleeping occupants of the car. They expressed their disbelief with a muttered 'bullshit'. I stopped the car at the top of a mountain and took a piss. There is nothing quite like the feeling of pissing off the top of a mountain at sunrise. Laurie and Mick joined me. There is much to be said for the silent strength of male bonding in a trying time!

"I'm resigning," I told them again, dick in one hand, cigarette (I still smoked back then) in the other. They still didn't believe me for some strange reason. I dropped everyone home and went to work.

At 7 o'clock in the morning I left my letter of resignation bluetacked to my computer. This, in later years, turned out to be the smartest move I could have made.

I then went into town, bought a new suit and went to the movies. I felt better than I had in some time. I felt a new sense of freedom. I registered for the dole.

There's no such thing as a free lunch on credit.

My dole payments came to \$110.00 per week, as did the rent on our flat. We had a choice, pay no rent or buy no food. We decided to make sure that the rent was paid up and scrounge the rest. Our food began to run out and desperation set in. When the going gets tough, the not so tough get credit so I decided that the only way out of this, surely short-term, cash flow problem was to obtain some sort of credit by hook or by crook.

Now banks hate lending money to people who need it. They would much rather lend huge amounts of money to corrupt business enterprises and then get the Government to bail them out when it all goes bad.

Banks are also not too keen on giving credit cards to people unless the people can prove that they have decent incomes.

Needless to say, my dole payments were not quite what they were looking for. It occurred to me,

The second most horrible place I ever lived.



however, that department stores are not like banks. They delight in the giving of credit cards because they know that you can only spend your money in their store. A store card is like a consumer handcuff. Now, naturally I knew that no store would ever give a credit card to a recipient of unemployment benefits - oh alright, a dole bludger - like me so I showered, shaved, ironed my best shirt and put on my new suit. I chose a conservative, yet interesting tie and sauntered off into town. My only means of transport was walking and so by the time I arrived in town I was more than a bit hot and sweaty. I cooled myself down by sitting in the furniture department of a very big department store for a while and then I took the plunge.

I marched into the credit office and walked directly up to the reception. "How do I go about obtaining a store credit card?" I enquired.

The receptionist passed me an application for credit and informed me that I need only fill in the details and they would process it in due course.

"I don't have the time to wait for that," I replied with a sense of urgency in my voice. "I need a card as fast as possible - it's for a gift," I offered as some sort of reasoning.

"May I speak to the manager; I'm

sure he will understand." I suggested. She seemed uncertain, but her hands automatically moved for the PABX controls.

"I'm in," I thought triumphantly - just a little more pressure. I glanced at my watch. "I won't take long and I am in a hurry."

So I saw the manager. He was a friendly enough sort of chap and never bothered to ask me if I had a job so sure enough, the manager assured me that he saw no problems while he filled in the application form for me. My card would be on its way in a week. I signed on the line with his pen and thanked him. I then left the building feeling as high as a kite.

For the next week I waited in anticipation of the fun I could have with a credit card and sure enough on the seventh day, as I was resting, there arrived a special letter for me in my letter box. I tore it open and to my delight it was a credit card - my very own credit card. There was a letter welcoming me and thanking me for my wise decision to shop at their store, a colour brochure displaying some of the delicacies I could purchase and thereby go straight over my limit. They were begging me to spend - and I gave until I could give no more.

Laurie and I marched into town like men possessed. Driven by hunger and thirst, we strode into the store's food hall. We sat, we ordered, we ate, we charged it.

Debts and filth gather like flies.

The novelty of credit was in no danger of wearing off. As long as we could go into town every day and eat we were more than satisfied. So what if we were adding

\$200 per week to my card. By now we had the bug. We decided that just because we were poor as shite, it didn't mean we had to live as though we were poor.

I phoned a TV rental place and made an appointment for a sales rep to come over and sell us something, or to be more precise, rent us something. That something was a state of the art CD player/turntable/tuner/etc.

A flat without music is no flat at all we reasoned. This little gem was to cost us a mere \$35 per month. We used part of our rent money to pay for the first month in advance.

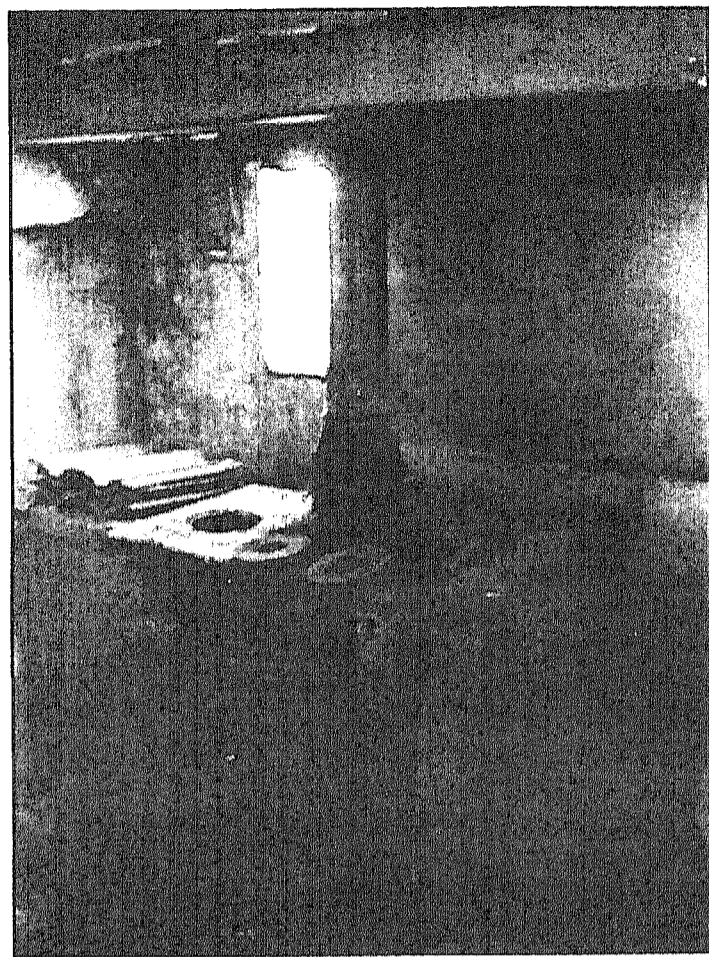
The flat was beginning to smell. In the corner of the kitchen we had a huge cardboard moving box which we used to throw rubbish in. Every so often we would take this box out to the steel pit doors and hurl the rubbish down the chute. We referred to this action as "placating the pit demon". After a while however, the building manager taped the pit doors shut with gaffer tape and attached a note saying "Do Not Use".

Being somewhat lazy creatures, we simply allowed the rubbish in our house - most of it generated by visitors who would come over with Coke and order pizza while we would spend long evenings doing nothing but sit and get stoned - to pile up in the big rubbish box.

The cockroach-population was increasing exponentially. If you've ever seen Queensland cockroaches you will have an idea of how truly nasty it can be to have hundreds of them share a flat with you. They grow to about 5 cm in length and they fly.

Jumping on them from a height won't kill 'em. They can pick locks without breaking stride, fight their way out of microwave ovens and hurl bricks at unsuspecting passers-by.

All cockroaches like a stable home environment, just as much as humans. The secret to annoying roaches is to find their home base and destroy it. In our flat it was not hard to figure out where they were living. Judging by the fact



Maybe that curry wasn't such a hot idea ...

that they were concentrated in the kitchen, (they would scurry about in the griller, even when you were grilling food - once I made some cheese on toast and when I brought it out from the grill there was a live cockroach embedded in the melted cheese), it seemed likely that the rubbish box was their little slice of the Australian dream.

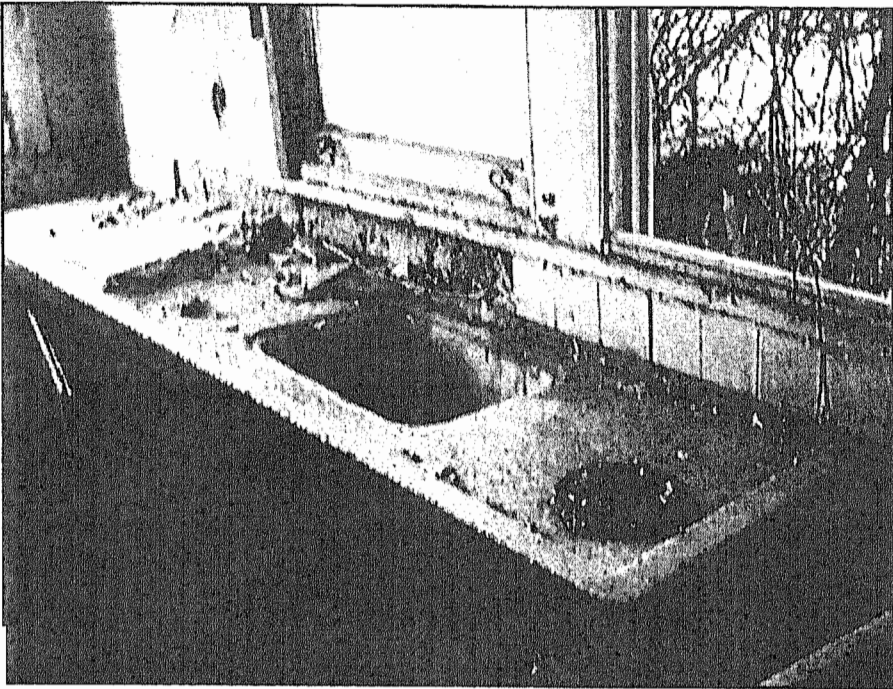
We moved the box. A thousand black shapes scurried in all directions. Up walls, across the floor, some flew straight for us causing us to duck and shield our eyes. Pretty soon there were more of the little bastards than we could count, all over the damn flat. Bravely we tried to carry the box out of the flat towards the recently sealed rubbish chute. As we were half way down the hall the base of the box gave way, divesting itself of the remains of about fifty home cooked meals and other assorted crap. It smelt bad. Another million or so cockroaches came tumbling out as well, and proceeded to whirl about like dervishes. The collection of old bits of meat, egg shells, soggy bits of vegetation, blood encrusted bandages, cigarette ash, cigarette butts by the ton, damp paper and the rest was quite stable when contained within the confines of a large cardboard box, but on the floor it looked and smelt revolting. There was quite a large maggot collection in there as well, but that was the least of the horrors; we were used to them.

Using a couple of plates we scooped most of the sloppy mess back into the box, which we held on its side. Carefully, and with a delicacy that would have impressed the judges of any ice dancing



And then the hand of Satan appeared, clutching the longed-for bounty.

The second most horrible place I ever lived.



Guess that'd be my turn to wash up, then.

competition, we moved the box outside. We untaped the iron door and started throwing all the stuff down the chute, cackling demonically while doing so. We then hit upon the idea of killing the many roaches which had tagged along for the ride by rolling a Coke bottle over them. This was surprisingly effective, if a trifle messy. When all the roaches were dead, a process that took several hours, we tore the box into manageable pieces and set fire to them as we threw them down the chute. After the last piece had fallen we regaffertaped the door and went back inside.

There was a slimy, sticky, brown trail leading from the kitchen to the front door. The smell from the remaining blobs of filth was overpowering. We lit up some incense and put a CD on the player.

When we do find money we spend it on crap!

By now we were living in what could only be described as third world conditions. Our friends began to stop visiting, and after a while even we preferred to sleep somewhere else. After a week or so of no food, Laurie and I decided to do 'The Deed'. We began tidying the flat. Out went more garbage, washed were the dishes, restacked became the bookshelves. The scraps of paper, food, rubbish that littered the lounge room floor went over the balcony. The vacuum cleaner arrived from Laurie's mom's house and we went crazy. It was a non-stop cleaning orgy. In the process of cleaning we found just over five dollars in loose change. This was to be our reward for being good boys. With five dollars we could buy real food.

So off we went. The flat was clean! We entered the conven-

ience store with pride in our hearts. Confidently we purchased the following yummy goods. One box Australian camembert cheese (always buy Australian), one two litre bottle of Coke (never buy Pepsi), a small box of water crackers and some liqueur chocolates. We had been back in the flat for less than five minutes before the whole lot was gone. The beginnings of a new sea of filth had formed in the lounge.

There go the lights.

I woke up one morning and realised in a daze that for about a week all I'd eaten was a bowl of rice with a few, about ten, frozen peas drowned in it, topped with slices of mango stolen from the neighbour's tree. I clambered out of bed and manoeuvred towards the lounge, making careful note to avoid the shiny black slick mark on the floor which, funnily enough, connected the front door to the kitchen. All cleaning efforts had failed to remove it so it stayed as a brutal reminder.

The lounge was not too pretty. Laurie was asleep, sprawled on the floor looking as though he had recently been shot. He was using his favourite grey jumper as a pillow, wearing his favourite white shirt with grey tie, his black shoes and his grey briefcase was not far from his hand, on the floor. He looked for all the world like a black and white photo of a Mafia hit; lying as he was between a brown beanbag (which if it could have talked, would have screamed) and a scattered CD collection. "Wow, Laurie's dead on the living room floor," I instantly deduced. (Working with computers for a few years does funny things to your sense of logic. You begin to forget that just because the fuel meter is broken, doesn't mean that the car has

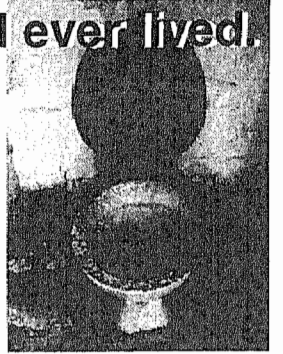
some kind of bug inherent within its design that means that it is now no longer consuming petrol. I made that mistake once, to my eternal regret)

After spending a delirious moment convinced that I was looking at an artist's impression of the murder of my flatmate, I came to my senses and Laurie came to. He looked a bit the worse for wear. This, I became convinced, was due to an extraordinary quantity of dope and lager that had made its weary way through his internals. I'm glad I didn't see him the night before, let me tell you.

Laurie looked dejected. The strain of having an income of \$0.00 was beginning to show on his whole body. We needed food and damn fast. Damn the bills, fuck the rent and swing the credit card around like an insanely curious person testing the size of a room with a cat.

We summoned the energy to walk into town, walked into town, then into the food hall and into pig out heaven. Twenty minutes later, our appetites sated, we sauntered out, doggie bags full to the brim with some not bad at all tucker. This particular food hall is situated, strangely enough, right near the CD and record section. I could barely resist the urge to splash out in a fit of credit abuse. In fact I didn't resist, let's be frank. I bought ten CDs and we went home, feeling pretty pleased with ourselves.

As I approached the building I

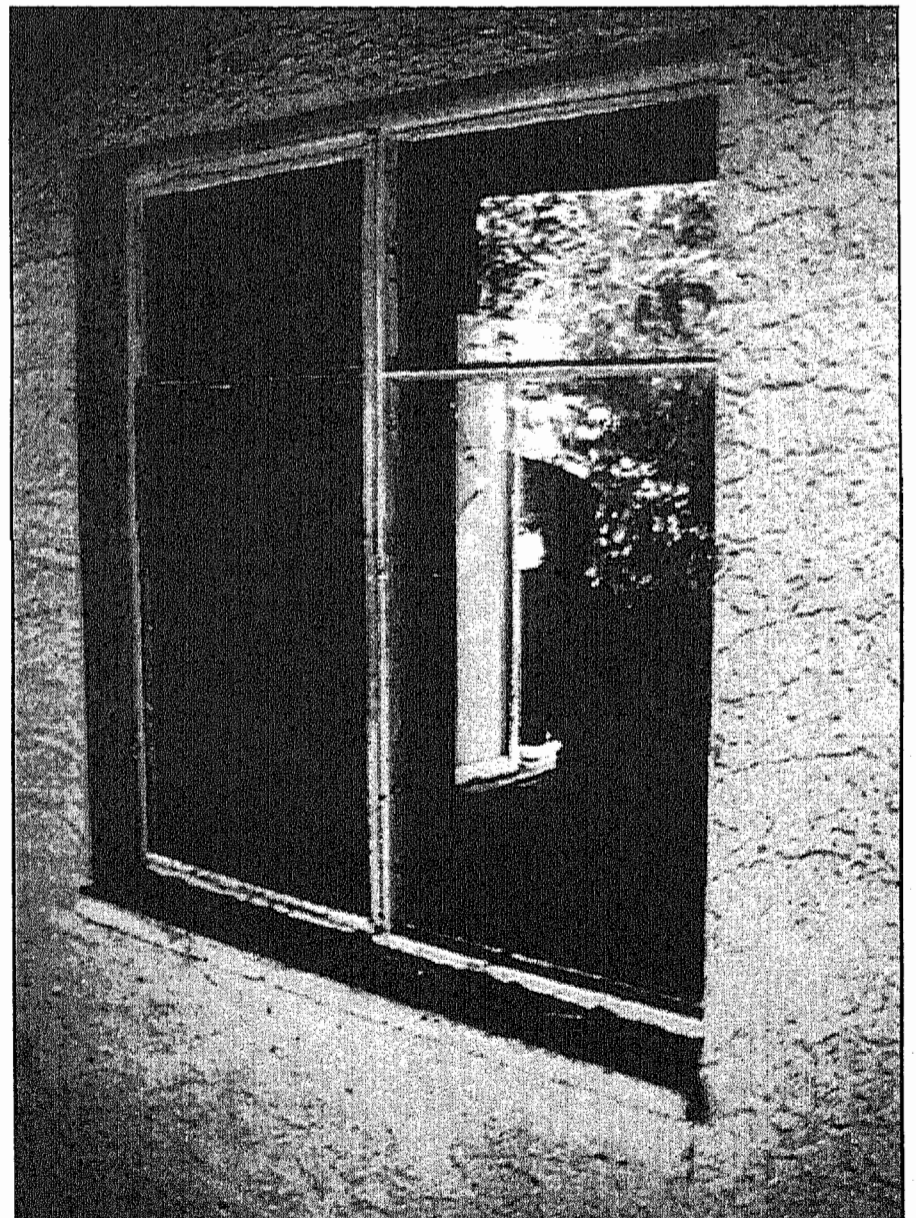


was overcome with excitement. I could not wait to get up the stairs and bung a CD in our brand new CD player. We bolted through the door. We ripped into the lounge, I flipped on the power, pressed the CD OPEN button, whipped a CD out of its case and whopped it in. I hit play and the CD ensemble slid gracefully into the player. The little blue/green LCD screen lit up with a few irrelevant numbers. The player made a skip skip skip and then the music poured out.

All the lights went out and the music died. There was an awful stillness from the fridge. Somewhere in the distance I could hear the sounds of a truck's brakes as it pulled up at traffic lights about three kilometres away. I felt sad and alone.

"Fuck," was Laurie's only response.

to be continued ...



It was like this when we moved in.

Cooking with Sister Heidi

On Dit knows how hard it is to cohabit peacefully with the pet of your choice on Austudy. Cooking dinner becomes an exhausting ritual of covetous glance followed by feelings of guilt, followed by covetous glance followed by exhortations to said pet that just wouldn't enjoy the noodles with waft of spice that you are having for yourself. From the goodness of our hearts and in the fullness of time Sister Heidi appeared in a halo of galangal, thai basil, fish sauce and old spice to deposit a nunnery favourite. Charity begins at home and cooking begins with a trip to the market.

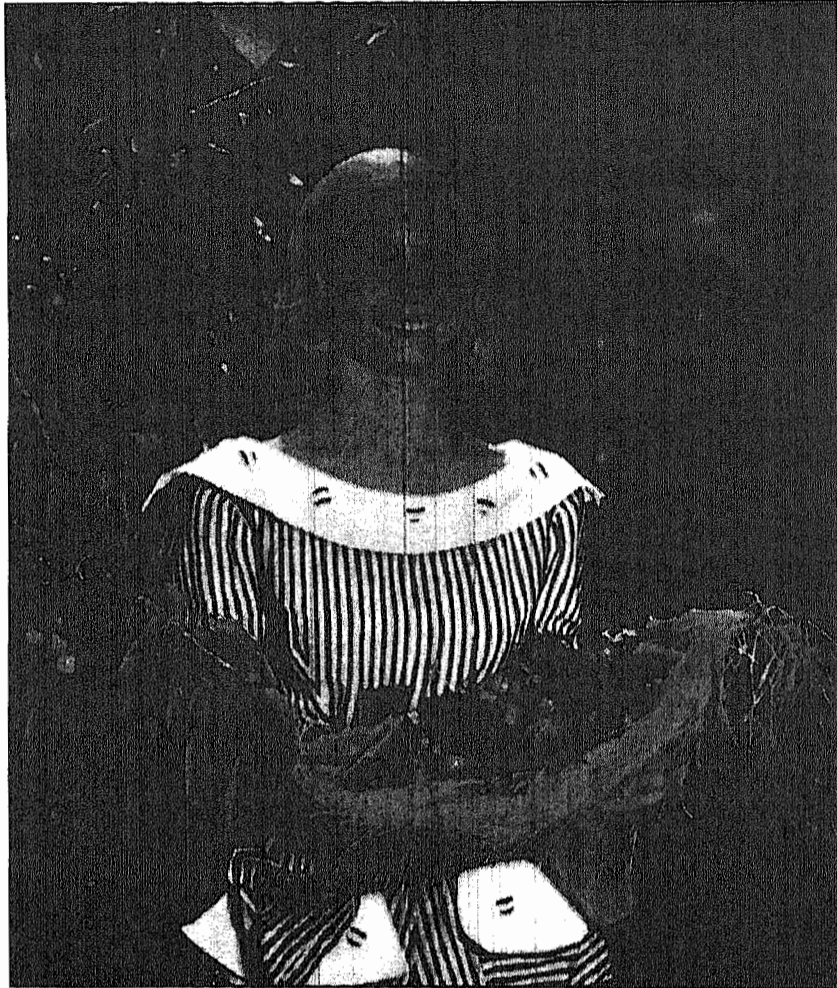
"Good morning everyone. This is telling you that the following is easy, cheap, tasty and surprisingly good for you. Think of the following as Vietnamese fast food, similar yet different."

Easy San Choy Bau

Fresh iceberg lettuce
 2 tablespoons oil
 750 g pork mince (lean is better)
 1 teaspoon FRESH ginger chopped (make the effort)
 1 teaspoon FRESH garlic chopped
 fresh red chilli to taste - chopped (quite a bit for me I fear)
 1 cup chopped fresh herbs (eg coriander, basil, parsley etc)
 60 ml chilli sauce
 2 tablespoons dry sherry (anything really will suffice)
 1 tablespoon soy sauce
 1 teaspoon sugar
 2 tablespoons cornflour
 125ml chicken or beef stock
 1 small cup water chestnuts drained and chopped (canned stuff will do)
 salt and pepper to taste

Separate lettuce leaves to form nice neat cups. Use a knife or scissors to make it look pretty. Heat a wok/frypan and add the oil. Make it hot. Stirfry the pork, chestnuts, ginger and garlic in the oil until the meat is no longer pink. Stir in the chilli sauce, sherry, soy, sugar, salt and pepper. Blend the cornflour and stock together and add to the wok/pan. Cook for 1-2 mins stirring. Add chilli and fresh herbs. Place the cupped lettuce leaves on a serving plate and fill each leaf with 3-4 tablespoons of the mixture. Grab a leaf, roll, eat and swallow. Serve with lashings of your favourite chilli/non-chilli sauce.

Most of the above should be in the cupboard; the rest just go to the best fresh food market in the country.



Sister Heidi shares the wealth

Deep in the heart of Adelaide

Nestled away on Halifax Street, just north of the intersection with Pulteney, is the Rob Roy Hotel.

For my money the best damn pub in the city, it is an establishment of many facets. First stop for any patron sampling the Rob Roy for the first time should be the front bar. Here the punter will find the best of front bar culture: friendly, smiling staff, the ever-present lure of the TAB, a dart board around the corner in the cunningly disguised bistro area, and charmingly friendly regulars.

With a weekly happy hour (Thursdays, 5.00-6.30), it is

the perfect spot to sink a quiet few (and then some). The chalk boards on the walls hold the promise of counter meals - but it is here that the Rob Roy is truly a cut above. Alongside old favorites such as schnitzels, super fish dishes and the ilk, lives the curries of day which can range from stinging Tindaloos through to the milder kormas. One finds a range of choices not often seen in a front bar (such as grilled polenta with roast capsicum sauce, skate with lemon butter and marinated octopus salads), and every one of them is winner. And if you're after something a bit simpler, their 'burger with the lot' just can't be beaten.

The saloon bar offers a different

ambience altogether. Slate floors, open fire in winter, pool table, just a few pokies and a selection of single malts unrivalled in Adelaide - for a quieter time all round, this is the place to head. And keep an eye out for Justin and his amazing cocktails: the Rob Roy is worth a visit for a daquiri alone.

Last and by no means least is the dining room. Enormous and luxurious, you can breathe in the elegance (if you so choose) in a manner not often seen in your common and/or garden variety pub. Sensational food, with just a hint of that high-brow feel.

The Rob Roy. Best damn pub in Halifax Street.

Best damn pub in Adelaide.

POSITION VACANT

Unibooks Board Members (2)

Unibooks is

- wholly owned by the Adelaide University Union;
- separately incorporated and run by its own board, which includes nominees of the Students' Association and Union.

One AUU and one SAUA position is vacant

Responsibilities include:

- attending bimonthly board meetings;
- making decisions on an informed basis, according to the best interests of the company;
- fulfilling the fiduciary responsibilities required by law of the director of a company.

This position is subject to the obligations and duties imposed by the Corporations Law.

Applications close March 3, 2000.

For more information, please contact:

Ms. Jodi Sampson

Human Resources Manager

Adelaide University Union

(Ph.) 8303 5401



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The Handmaiden's Tale

By Elvis Barnes

This is a tale of sexuality begotten or forgotten. In the school of 'Whatever Happened To ...' a quest for the long lost head job. 'Givin' head', 'the blowie', 'goin' down', 'sucking off' - the many euphemisms fail to convey the elusive nature of the head job, seemingly the most desirable of actions - as far as the male camp is concerned. So why the interest you may well ask? Why would any woman actively pursue answers in a question oft shunned by female lips? The answer? Well, as all great researchers say, you tell me.

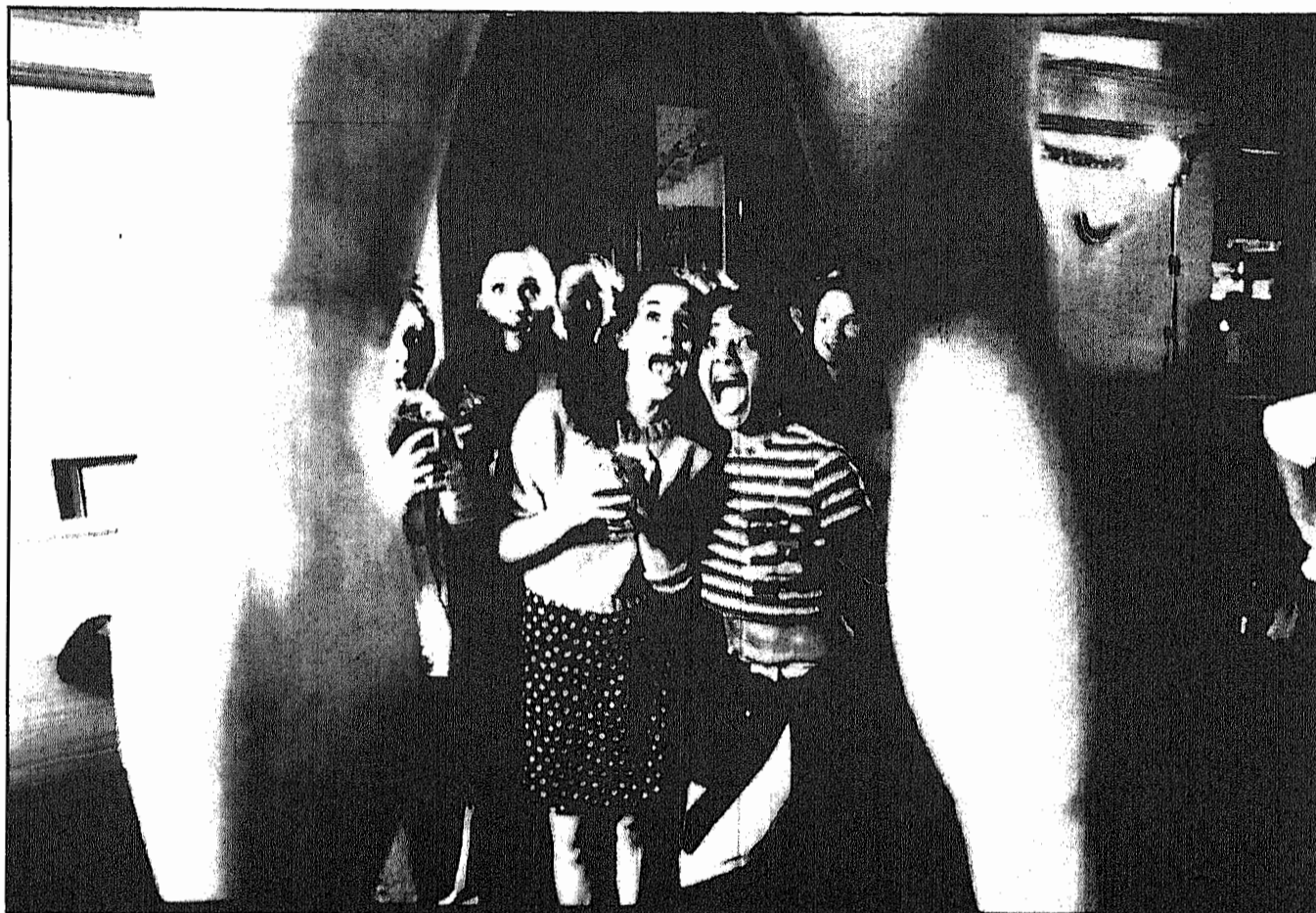
It started with a job, and not the kind I have in mind. As a naive phone sex worker, I often tentatively asked 'So, (insert common name) what's your fantasy tonight?' Only to have the intriguing and dumbfounding reply of, 'Um, I'd really like a head job luv.' A WHAT? A head job? You're paying \$5 a minute so I can verbalise oral pleasure, screamed my internal voice. No multiple lesbian orgy, no bestiality, no leather and latex, and therein lay the rub, gentle reader, setting me on a quest to understand the whys and wherefores of what seems to me to be the most basic in sexual repertoire. It may well be the naughties not the nineties, (and what better place to meet than over the phone) but when it comes to the crunch, or in this case the suck, where have all the chicks gone? Have I missed some minor sexual revolt, or revulsion, in the turn away from that most revered of foreplays?

Back when I was a lass, it was accepted, nay expected, that an expression of true love, or, for that matter, half a pint of passion pop, culminated in performing the delicate lust dance of the head job. Tackling the tackle not only proved your prowess as a woman, but cemented your position in the back of the panel van as one of status and merit. For god's sake, we were existing in a feminist meritocracy, and to show no fear of choking and gagging was only one step away from real equality, or at least being able to demand your turn later on. So convinced was I that everyone in the whole world participated in this much-vaunted of activities that I was shocked and amazed at my needy client base. Could it be possible that autonomous choice was making women turn away from this most tumescent of thrills? Not only possible ... but how? Had feminism advanced us to the point where our sexual tastes were actually being indulged by our penis-driven counterparts? Had the mirrored ceiling shattered, leaving us in control, and assuming any

bloody position we liked? Surely not. I needed to get a grip. It was time to exercise the latent academic trapped inside the body of an innocent phone sex girl and hit the mean streets with some questions to ask. What was possibly more shocking than the denial of oral pleasure was the responses to my tireless probing. Not only was the question of 'Do you or don't you' being taken

decision, replied that they were too polite to spit. On the down side, however, most found the act repellant, and only really gave head out of a misplaced sense of duty or expectation. Herin lies my distress. As a woman, I was led to believe from popular culture and late-night gossip that everyone did it. No questions, no rebuttals, it was just a part of life, like menstruation and

missing out on the rare opportunity to exercise those recalcitrant throat and chin muscles into a taught and terrific visage. That wasted money could be well spent buying us expensive lingerie, flowers and gifts. What is the moral to the story? Well, like all good tales, there should be a happy end in. In a perfect world, the suffering of our brothers may cease in a mass



"A bit of practice minimises the discomfort doesn't it Cheryl."

into account, but the more feisty debate of 'To spit or to swallow?' Suddenly I was in deep, throat wise, and the nitty gritty of 'Just how do our gals get around that exigency?' the most pressing of issues. I travelled from south to north, tirelessly interrogating all manner of subjects. Some did, some didn't. It was definitely an age thing. Chicks under 23 seemed on the whole to just say no, perhaps confusing drugs with dicks. Those that did parley with the pen were inclined to spit, but when pushed further, admitted that if love was involved, would probably swallow. One interviewee in Melbourne, we'll call her Ms X, said not only did she spit, but she had a special bowl on the floor in which to facillitate such practices. Another said that she was inclined to regurgitate said 'viscous salty discharge' onto the hapless male, then wipe her tongue on the sheets (hopefully not flanelette) before resuming conjugal activities.

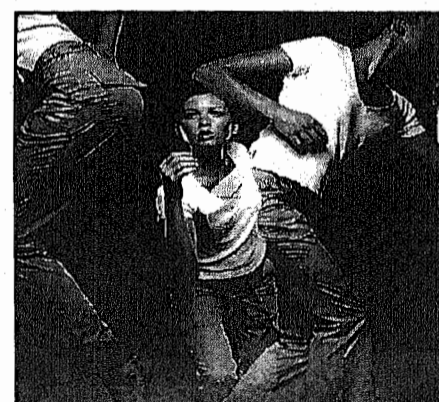
And so it went on, the results being overly positive for blokes, in that most of my subjects affirmed, some reluctantly, that they did, in fact, go there. Only two girls questioned actually swallowed, and when asked whether that was a moral

menopause, not always pleasant, but able to be countered on occasion with appropriate pleasurable drugs. No, I digress! Has the head job always been a myth, perpetrated by twisted older women, meant to scare us into a false sense of responsibility? Is it the same tool used over men throughout history in the hope of ensnaring them into sexually unfulfilling relationships which provide us with stereotypical creature comforts? If no one is going down, then why not - is it really so objectionable? When the requisite amount of men were surveyed, they universally applauded the head job as a truly meaningful and self-actualising occasion, and in turn, loved and relished the chance to return the favour. Go figure. Boys love to engage 'in a wet, and questionably delectable fur-burger, yet girls seem to balk at the thought of a reasonably non-challenging exercise involving minimal sensory disturbance and maybe a mild stretch.

Where do we go from here? Men are spending a gross amount of cash to have faceless, nameless tarts like myself indulge them, at great expense, to a few fleeting moments of aural pleasure. We as a gender are

recognition of their perpetual lack of succor. Sadly, however, it's a cruel, cruel world and in the immortal words of Meatloaf, two out of three ain't bad.

Reproduced with her kind permission, from <http://www.yap.com.au>



"I love me pants. Be they on me pms, on me floor or around me waist, I just love me fuckin' pants. I sing about them all the time: Pants on, pants on, I've got no pants on, pants on, I got them from On Dit who got utility pants to give away courtesy of Portman's. Bewdy, ripper, bonzer I said. All I had to do was write and tell me most embarrassing dating/pants story. It was monster easy. You should too. They've got another five to go."

Alana 19 - in the middle doing the chicken dance

What's the time?

Party time!

FRESHERS IN O'LAND

Monday Funday

10AM
OFFICIAL
WELCOME IN
BONYTHON HALL

10AM
BREAKFAST AT THE
BARR SMITH
LAWNS

11AM
BRUNCH AND CLUB
DEMO'S AT THE
BARR SMITH
LAWNS

12:30
LUNCH AT THE
BARR SMITH
LAWNS

1PM
BAND - LESSIE
DOES AT THE BARR
SMITH LAWNS

2PM
ACTIVITIES DEPT
SPEAKS ON THE
LAWNS

3PM
DEMONSTRATION
BOAT RACE.
LAWNS.

4PM
UNION ACTIVITIES
BBQ. LAWNS.

4PM
BAND - HONEYFIX.
GRASSY KNOLL

5:30PM
HAPPY HOUR IN
UNI BAR. BAR

6PM
O'CAMP
REUNION BAR

7:30
O'HOP. BAR

Tuesday Funday

10AM
FREE BREAKFAST.
GRASSY AREA

11AM
MARS BAR DRAG
SHOW. BAR

11AM
MOVIE - AMERICAN
PIE. CINEMA

11AM
BRUNCH

12 NOON
WOMEN'S DEPT
DEBATE
"THAT FEMINISM
HAS GONE TOO
FAR"

12:30
LUNCH. LAWNS

1PM
BAND - DIAL.
LAWNS

1PM
WOMENS DEPT.
DISHWASHING

2PM
POPEYE CRUISES. ON
THE RIVER

2:30
DEMONSTRATION
BOAT RACE. LAWNS

3:30
TATOO BEACH
PARTY. CARPARK
NEAR THE LAWNS

5:30
HAPPY HOUR IN
UNI BAR. BAR

6:30
COMEDY
NIGHT > BAR

9PM.
CINEMA ON THE
LAWNS

Wed Funday



10 AM
BREAKFAST. LAWNS

11AM
CHORAL SOCIETY.
LAWNS

11AM
BRUNCH. LAWNS

11:30
CLUBS DEMO'S.
LAWNS

12:30
LUNCH. LAWNS

1PM
BAND - ON-
SLAUGHT. LAWNS

2PM
MOVIE - AMERICAN
PIE. CINEMA

2:30
POPEYE CRUISES
(INCLUDING
WOMENS ONLY
CRUISE) THE WATER

3:30
DEMONSTRATION
BOAT RACE. LAWNS

5:30
HAPPY HOUR UNI
BAR. BAR

5:30
BAND - SPECIAL
PATROL GROUP UNI
BAR. BAR

7:30
FOAM PARTY.
CLOISTERS

Thursday Pubday

10AM
BREAKFAST. LAWNS

11AM
CLUB DEMO'S. ON
THE FUCKING
LAWNS AGAIN.

11AM
BRUNCH. LAWNS

11:30
MOVIE - AMERICAN
PIE. CINEMA.

12 NOON.
NUS SPEAKERS.
LAWNS.

12:30
LUNCH. LAWNS

1:30
BAND - VELVET
JANES. LAWNS

2PM
POPEYE CRUISES.
WATER

2:30
WOMENS DEPT.
PUNCH SKULL.
LAWNS

3:00
BOAT RACES.
LAWNS.

3:30
EXTREME EATING
COMPETITION.
LAWNS

4:30
PUB CRAWL BBQ.
LAWNS

5:30
HAPPY HOUR UNI
BAR. BAR

6:30
PUB CRAWL. PUBS



Friday Carny day

10AM
BREAKFAST.
LAWNS.

11AM
LUBE TWISTER.
LAWNS

11AM
BRUNCH. LAWNS

11AM
MOVIE - AMERICAN
PIE. CINEMA

11AM
BOUNCY BOXING
SUMO SUITS
DUNKING MA-
CHINE
CIRCUTRON

12:30
LUNCH. JOLLEY'S
FOR ME.
LAWNS FOR THE
REST OF YA.

1PM
BAND - NARCAIN.
LAWNS

2PM
MOVIE - AMERICAN
PIE. CINEMA

2:30
WOMEN'S ONLY
SUMO

3:30
BOAT RACES'
FINALS. LAWNS

4PM
CHUNDA MILE.

5:30
HAPPY HOUR IN
UNI BAR. BAR

6:30
O'WEEK WIND
DOWN IN UNI BAR

Satdee is O'Ball day

Go Nutso now kidders

What's the time?

Party time!

FRESHERS IN O'LAND

O'Hop

It's time to head to the Uni Bar to party hard. A 70s/80s dance party where you can get into the spirit of O'Week and shake your booty.

Beach Party

20 tonnes of sand, palm trees, beach balls, Student Radio, and free, YES FREE Vodka and Raspberry drinks. WHERE? Cloisters. WHY? BECAUSE IT IS COMPULSORY and there's a real chance that shenagians could happen.

Comedy Night

Laugh out loud as the O'Week presents GREG FLEET and others in a three-hour free comedy evening in the Uni Bar.

Cinema

Bring a blanket, head out to the lawns and enjoy outdoor cinema on the big screen with THE MATRIX and FERRIS BUELER'S DAY OFF.

Foam Party

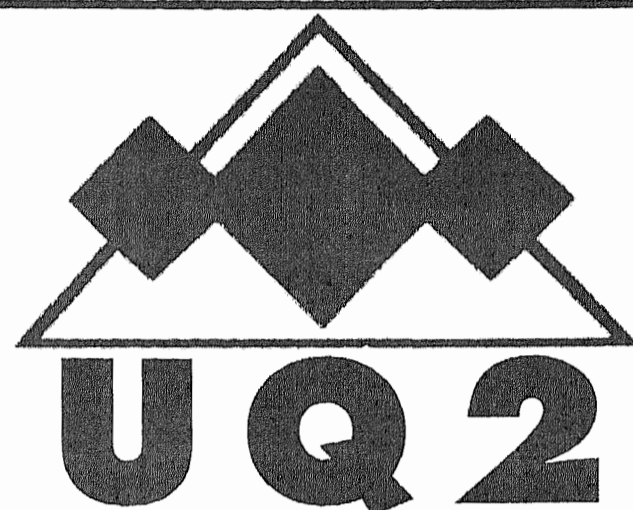
Come on down to one of the Premier events of Orientation. Enjoy a free Lemon Ruski at the door, dance music, a dance floor full of foam and heaps of prizes and give-aways. Where? Cloisters. Why? You get in free; free alcohol. ANOTHER COMPULSORY ORIENTATION EVENT with the potential for carry on.

Pub Crawl

Get on board as the pub crawl leaves the UniBar on an adventure around Adelaide. We end up at the Royal, and stay there all night. You don't have to though.

O'Ball

The finalé to Orientation Week. Rock your socks off to Grinspoon, 28 Days, Bodyjar, The Porkers and many more. 2 Dance areas, lovely Directors and a whole heap of fun. This event has been known to turn a little silly in the past. Tickets available from the SAUA Office. Enter 2000 in a blazer of glory.



POOL HALL

LICENSED FACILITIES 11am-3am
7 days a week
\$6.50 p/hour Table Hire 10am-7pm
Student discount after 7pm
\$1 off hourly rate
Pinball - Video Games

176 Pulteney Street

ADELAIDE Ph 8232 6000
ON THE GROUND FLOOR

Gay Men's Health

Providing a range of services for gay and other homosexually active men.

METROPOLITAN MEN'S PROJECT

- for gay men living in Adelaide
 - monthly meetings and programs include Dinner Circles and group workshops on topics such as relationships, unemployment and personal growth
- Telephone (08) 8362 1617

COUNTRY MEN'S PROJECT

- services to gay and other men who have sex with men in rural SA
- includes: weekend workshops held in Adelaide and country areas; support for local social groups; one on one counselling and support.

Country Men's Phonenumber: 1800 671 582 (freecall)

BETWEEN MEN PROJECT

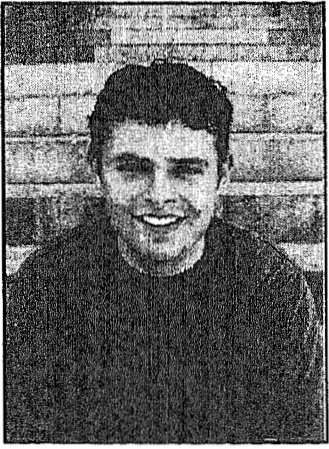
- services for bisexual and homosexual married men
- regular meetings and services for men who use beats, saunas and other sex on premise venues

Between Men Phonenumber: 8362 7931

Email: gmhealth@merlin.net.au
Website: www.merlin.net.au/~gmhealth/

Here are our Bearers, the whole darned lot

Stephen Mulligan, SAUA President



Welcome

Hi to all the first-year students, and welcome back to all you continuing students. I hope your holidays were relaxing and fun, and that you're looking forward to a good year at uni.

O'Week

I hope you're all reading this as you grab a five-minute break from the endless O'Week festivities on the Barr-Smith Lawns. Make sure you do as much as you can possibly fit in, and definitely get along to O'Ball, Grinspoon et al will make it the biggest night on campus for years.

Politics in the Pub

Next week the SAUA has organised for the Hon. Michael Lee MP, Federal Shadow Education Minister, to come and speak about higher education. In the UniBar, level 5 Union House it starts at 4pm Thursday 2 March. There's a happy hour from 3:30 - 5:30, so come along, have a few drinks and ask a few questions about the future of higher education.

Campus Watch

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

Music Review

Last year a report was commissioned into the future of music teaching at the University of Adelaide, and some of the recommendations of the report have caused some consternation throughout the University and broader community. For more detail on the report have a look at the article on page 3 of this issue.

Seb Henbest, Education Vice President



At this time of year we all get welcomed back to Uni by a lot of different people, some welcomes we welcome and some welcomes are not so welcome. So as you do not pass a 'welcome' analysis on my welcome I shan't welcome you at all, and if this makes you feel, well, unloved and abandoned, I do it with regret. Away with the chitter-chatter, on to more arousing matters.....

For those of you who have never read this publication before and for those who have, yet still have no idea who I am, my name is Seb Henbest, and I am the Education Vice-Prez for this first (though there are other schools of millennia thought) year of the new millennium. In fact I am the "Official Vice-President of the 'New Millennium'", all others are mere sponges!

I kid, though Captain Langman does know a neat trick with a sponge and a ... nah forget it.

I run the SAUA Education department. The role of the SAUA Ed. Dept. is to be the student's representative to the university and further, to the government, on issues affecting our education. No crisis is too big and no crisis is too small. If you have any problem at all this year which you don't know how to solve please, please come and see me and I'll do my darndest (is that a word?) to get ya out-a-ya pickle.

My department is the sexiest most hip department to be a part of, so come see us (those cool dudes in orange!) and enlist to fight for Higher Education.

Adam Langman, Activities/ Campaigns Vice President



ORIENTATION

This is Adam Langman your ACVP signing on for the first time this year. Since I began my term of servitude I have been busy organising events for you. After some initial hurdles I am proud to say that I have arranged sponsorship for Cinema on the Lawns. It will be on Tuesday the 22nd of Feb (O'Week) at 9:00PM (after a cool comedy night with Greg Fleet). Since it is sponsored it will cost you absolutely nothing to see "The Matrix" and "Ferris Bueller's Day Off". Also Pizza Hut are selling \$2.95 pizza that night (kickass), there will even be a bar set up to quench your movie going thirst. The Activities Standing Committee has also been working hard for you and have designed an Activities T-shirt and planed events for first term. So if you see someone in a funky activities T-shirt don't hesitate to ask them any question about activities or any SAUA service at large. For those that are really keen you can also buy your very own activities T-shirt.

FIRST TERM

First term will be full of fun events such as stoplight parties, chicken & champagne lunch, snowcones for the hot days and another Cinema on the Lawns for those balmy evenings and no term would be complete without at least 1 beer and BBQ. Stay tuned for dates.

SPECIAL EVENTS

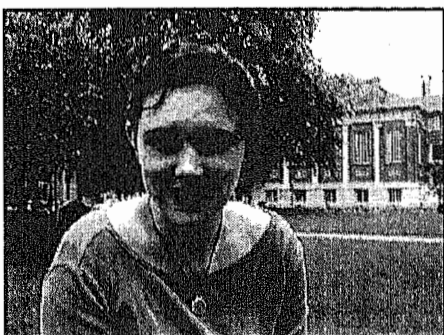
There are two events which I think should get special mention.

First, a blood drive. The Red Cross will come and take your blood and give it to other people who need it more than you. Now this might not sound as fun as a normal event but I think that it is a very worthwhile thing that we can all do. It helps to save lives and believe it or not its actually healthy for you! You also get free food and drinks after your brave act of generosity. So keep an eye out for more info on this.

Second, I am trying to organise our very own world record attempt! The proposed record will be for the longest continuous skull/drink. The format would be that lots of people stand in a line each with a drink in hand. The person at the start of the line drink his drink in one go. Just as the first person finishes the second person begins. This continues the whole way down the line. This has never been done before and I am negotiating with Guinness to try and get a new category made so that we can have our own WORLD RECORD.

Cheers

Heidi Ryan, Women's Officer



Hi everyone and welcome back to university life.

O'week promises to be an active one with various Women's activities on the lawns such as a debate: That feminism has gone too far, the traditional female-only Popeye Cruise, a punch-skull on the lawns and Adelaide Uni's own: "Fabulous Dishwashing-men" (they'll wash anything, from baked on grease to your dirty SAUA cups.)

The most significant day of O'week is Friday which will be your opportunity to tell the government exactly what we think about their tax on menstrual items. I have been very impressed by the support for this protest, during just three days of enrolments we collected over 1 200 signatures (freshers- give yourselves a pack on the back). If you haven't signed the petition yet come and see us at the Women's Department table and we'll soon fix that. For those of you have signed but still have more to say, we will also have a banner which we encourage you to write messages on. This banner will then form part of a protest march from the Barr-Smith Lawns to Parliament House

from midday on Friday. COME and bring everyone you know. This is a tax on being female and as such it defies everything that women have fought for throughout recent history.

Finally, throughout the year we will be running a competition for the most sexist comment of the week. Submissions can be made to me in person (I am located in the SAUA section of the George Murray building), via my student e-mail (which is) or by calling me on 8303 5406.

Have a good week- I'll see you all on Friday!

Here are our Bearers, the whole darned lot

Zane Young, Environment Officer



Hi, I'm the environment officer for the SAUA this year. It's my job to tell you all about how you can help the environment. I also liaise with the Union and the University to make them more accountable to the environment.

During O'Week, I'll have for you:

Σ SAUA cups - for \$2.50 you can buy yourself a plastic cup that will give you free or cheap beer all year, especially this week!

Σ Unlogged books - made from once-used office paper, these incredibly ecologically lecture books contain 100 pages and sell for just \$1.

Σ FREE recycling guides you can stick on your fridge.

Also, there are lots of events coming up that you should know about.

Firstly, there's a "people's conference" regarding the proposed nuclear waste dump, coming up at the start of March.

It will feature speakers from both sides of the debate, and is a great chance to present your views and hear other views on nuclear power. For more information, contact me or visit the website:

<http://www.adhills.com.au/peoplesconference>

Saturday the 25th and Sunday the 26th of March will be a weekend of fun, celebrations, and environmental activism. Watch this column for more details - it's gonna be huge!

Drop by the SAUA tables during O'Week and sign up to get involved in the Environment Collective, a group of passionate students who care about the environment. Last year was huge, and this year will be even better!

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

Amanda Camporeale & Tom Radzevicus, Sexuality Officers



Greetings and welcome to the first week of the 2000 Uni year!!! Our names are Amanda Camporeale and Tom Radzevicus and we are your Sexuality Officers for this year. It's our job to ensure that during your time here you are STD free, hassle free and, shall we say, sexually aware. We're here to provide a service for you which involves:

- Having up to date info about good sexual health, queer stuff and relationship stresses.
- Organising "provocative" campaigns which highlight and reflect the sexual diversity.
- Jumping up and down for you if people are making your uni life hard cause you're a woman, or because you fuck people of the same sex, or because they think that you are just a little "too" queer.
- Waging a tireless war against bigotry and ignorance, because prejudices like homophobia, biphobia and sexism have no place at this University.

O'WEEK 2000

This week we have a veritable feast of activities for you to watch, taste, and participate in. These include:

- The Mars Bar Drag Show, this Tuesday at 11 am on the Barr Smith Lawns for your visual pleasure.
- In conjunction with the Women's Department we are presenting the band "The Velvet Janes" on the Thursday, for your aural pleasure.
- A session of lube twister for all you kids to get down and get slimy in on the Friday at lunch times once again on the Barr Smith Lawns.


Finally we will be staffing the table under the marquee all week so if you have any queries or ideas or just want to have a chat come and see us under the red banner!!

We are available throughout the year in the SAUA on Thursdays and Fridays for consultation and you can reach us on 8303 5406, or by email on boysexo@suaa.asn.au, and girlsexo@suaa.asn.au. Look forward to seeing you all soon!!!

Yours in sex,

Tom and Amanda

Letters, e-mails etc to the editors



The University of Adelaide
Counselling Centre
Semester 1

WORKSHOPS

Learn Deep Relaxation
Developing a Lifestyle That Reduces Stress & Worry
101 Tips On Improving Sleep
Confident Tutorial & Seminar Presentations
Balancing Family & Relationship Commitments With Study Relationships
The Perfect Procrastinator
Effortless Exams
Surviving a PhD
Coffee, Cake & Conversation

LUNCH TIMES - FREE
BOOK ON 8303 5663 OR CALL IN

DAILY DROP IN SERVICE

1.00 - 2.30 pm
Brief consultations only
No appointment required

COUNSELLING BY TELEPHONE OR APPOINTMENT IS ALSO AVAILABLE

LOCATION: GROUND FLOOR
HORACE LAMB BUILDING

Consultation worries

I am concerned that major 'rule' changes are being made to our Union Constitution ie privatisation of catering facilities and two-year terms for some board members. The catering committee (newly appointed by these changes) ensures that catering could be run without student intervention - not good enough. Also not all board members present - ie on vacation - during last meeting. No students told of changes as it is vacation. Does our opinion of our own Union not matter here? I also hear that many in catering etc, are not happy. Why did all this happen during vacation? Why do staff members who used to pay \$1 to vote in August elections now have to pay \$10 - please explain.

Most concerned,
Nancy White

What's essential anymore?

Our Prime Minister is once again raising the issue of selling off the remaining 51% of Telstra which is still in government hands, in order for the government to get money to spend on essential infrastructure.

What is the essential infrastructure that the Prime Minister wants to spend money on, and will he be wanting to sell 'it' off when it is developed?

I thought that water, sewage, public transport systems, airports, seaports, electricity generating and distribution systems, as well as telephones, were all essential infrastructure.

If they 'are', why have they been sold, and if they 'are not', what is the true definition of essential infrastructure?

Sincerely,
Ron Gray

Letter Policy

We welcome letters from any student on any subject. Please try to keep them shortish (approx 250 words).

If people wish to remain anonymous, they can as long as their student number or full name and address is on the letter; these of course will not be published.

Letters can be e-mailed to ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au, or posted to On Dit C/- University of Adelaide 5005. They can even be delivered to our office (see production notes).

Get cracking now.

Christ. It's the Clubs Page already.

The Clubs' Association is the affiliate which administers our social, cultural, faculty, and religious clubs and societies. These clubs and societies range from Japanese TV, Cross-Cultural Dance, and Wine clubs to the Aeronautical and Astronautics, Chiropractic and Debating club.

Being part of these clubs and societies at any level has been a rewarding experience for many students, as all of the clubs and societies are run by ordinary (or extraordinary) students. Many of these people have learned team and management skills, as well as how to have a good time, plus have met new friends which can

be hard for new students in a crowded lecture theatre. So it is the clubs under the Clubs' Association, which make it such an active association.

The majority of the club events are held on the Adelaide University campus, this can make it simpler for new students to attend many of the club events.

The Clubs' Association runs Clubs' Week, which is an annual event, held on the Barr Smith lawns that is designed to allow clubs to promote themselves on campus, with demos, club events and other promotional activities.

There is also an annual award for the

best club or society on campus, plus we also give out special awards to those individuals that are judged by their peers to have put in huge amounts of work over the course of their involvement with their chosen club (or clubs).

The Clubs' Association has active clubs on the majority of University campuses. However there is always room for expansion in the Clubs' Association. If you have a great idea for a new club, come in and see us at the Club Association' office with your ideas, so we can show you how you can start a new club at Adelaide University. Whether you are looking for clubs to join for the first time, or

you just wish to renew your membership of your chosen club from last year, please take the time this O'Week to walk down to the Barr Smith lawns to see under the marquees the huge range of different types of clubs that Adelaide University can offer you this year.

The Clubs' Association office is located in the Lady Symon building, where we share our reception with the Sports Association. or if you prefer, you can contact us by telephone on 8303 3410.

Stephen Oniszk
President of the Adelaide University Clubs Association

Film Society

Join the Adelaide University Film Society by coming to the Film Society table on the Barr Smith Lawns during O'Week. \$5 membership for the year, all films free to members \$5 non-members (includes membership). Programme:

O'Week:

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, 6pm,
LG 29 Napier Building
A Clockwork Orange (1971)
Directed by Stanley Kubrick
Starring Malcolm McDowell
Kubrick's disturbing apocalyptic vision.
Rated R

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

Week 1, Thursday 2 March
I Was a Communist for the FBI (1951)
Directed by Gordon Douglas
Documentary-style counterspy caper, low key and effective. The FBI infiltrate the US Communist Party with an undercover agent, so undercover that his family and friends do not even know that he is FBI. Nominated for the 1952 Oscar for Best Documentary

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

Week 7, Thursday 13 April
Cat People (1942)
Directed by Jacques Tourneur
Starring : Irena Dubrovna, Oliver Reed
Irena Dubrovna, a beautiful and mysterious Serbian-born fashion artist living in New York City, falls in love with and marries average-Joe 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.

Roseworthy

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.

Go Club

The Adelaide Uni Go (Weigi, Baduk) Club IGM will be held at 1.10pm on Wednesday March 15 in the Margaret Murray Room. Contact Damien Warman (dmw@pobox.com; 8267 5374) for more details.

**Hello,
Clubs People.
Please endeavour to
get your club's
submission in by the weekly
deadline.
We will then print it.
Easy, no?**

**YOUTH ARTS
GRANTS &
SCHOLARSHIPS**

SAYAB

The South Australian Government, through the Minister for the Arts, invites applications to assist development of youth arts activities.

Arts Scholarships

Outstanding young South Australian artists, aged 26 years and under at the closing date, can apply for the following scholarships to be taken up in 2000 - 2001.

- * **Ruth Tuck Scholarship** (Visual Arts, \$11,250)
- * **Dame Ruby Litchfield Scholarship** (Performing Arts, \$11,250)
- * **Independent Arts Foundation Literature Scholarship** (\$6,000)
- * **Colin Thiele Literature Scholarship** (\$6,000)

Project & Development Grants

These are to assist projects in any art form and should encourage the participation of children and young people in arts activities:

- 1) **as creators / performers.**
(These applicants must be 26 years or under at the closing date)
- 2) **as audience.**

To assist with the application process, applicants should attend one of two **Information seminars** at 6pm on 7 March or 20 March at Carclew Youth Arts Centre (11 Jeffcott Street, North Adelaide).

APPLICATIONS CLOSE 5PM ON FRIDAY 31 MARCH 2000 FOR SCHOLARSHIPS AND PROJECT & DEVELOPMENT GRANTS
Late applications will not be accepted.
The South Australian Youth Arts Board (SAYAB) administers both of these programs.

For details and application forms please contact:
South Australian Youth Arts Board
11 Jeffcott Street, North Adelaide
Ph: (08) 8361 9777
email: sayab@sayab.org.au
http://www.sayab.org.au



Funded by the Government of South Australia through Arts SA

EQUINOX CAFE & BAR

Level 4, Union House, North Tce

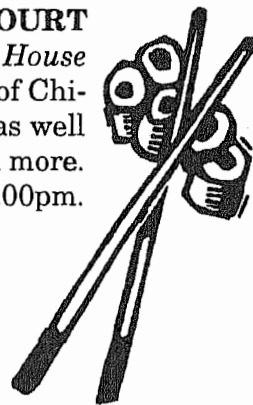
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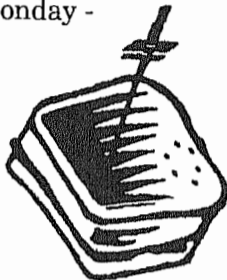


THE WILLS

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Chips, burgers, yiroses, steak sandwiches, veggie burgers, felafel rolls, pasta & more.

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A cool and pleasant retreat in the heart of the Performing arts School.

Have a light meal, rolls & sandwiches, munch on Scrumptious foccacias & croissants, great cappuccinos, cold drinks and giant milkshakes, as well as cakes, pies, pasties & confectionary.

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food ... glorious food!

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Meals, wines, coffee, salad bar, sandwiches, rolls, cakes, etc.

Open Monday - Thursday 8.00am - 8.00pm for food.

Bar is open Monday - Wednesday

12 noon - 5.00pm, Thursday & Friday

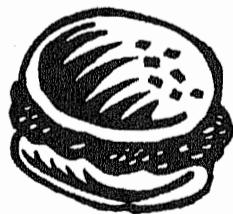
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Light meals, sandwiches, pies, chips, hamburgers, drinks & confectionary.

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Eat amongst the art, read the paper & listen to good music. Gourmet foccacia, lepinja rolls, salads, cakes, gelati, milkshakes, the frothiest cappuccinos, plus lots more. We will prepare gourmet sandwiches & whole cakes for your function. Open at 8.00am for the best breakfasts: cereals, fresh fruit, bagels, croissants, toasts or muffins. Vegetarians are catered for. Check out our homemade soup in winter.

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For daily specials and updates, check out the union website:

www.adelaide.edu.au/AUU/

• Opening times may vary during vacations •

QUESTIONS

1. What's a 'must do' for O'Week?
2. What's the most scandalous act you know of that has been committed at an O'Week event?
3. What's your advice to Freshers?
4. Have you ever been to a preliminary lecture?



Kwabena and Sandy

Outside the Mayo, thinking about beer

1. Kwabena: Definitely spend a lot of time in the Umbar. And pub crawls.

Sandy: Get free beer. Everything that's free.

2. Kwabena: I remember the big keg in the middle of the Cloisters. And nudity.

Sandy: Steven Inghs shaved his head into a mohawk last O'Week, and he still has it!

3. Sandy: Don't buy anything from the Mayo, the price goes up every day.

Kwabena: I don't get that drunk. Remember everything that you do.

Sandy: Enjoy your first year, it's the only one you will.

4. Sandy: Yeah, but they're a waste of time. They say it all again in the first lecture.

Kwabena: I had them on the schedule but I didn't go.

Nicholas
Not falling in love in the Mayo

1. A definite must is to get drunk, and do something you'll regret in the morning.

2. It involves quantities of alcohol, nakedness and running in public.

3. Go attend as many events as possible. Don't fall in love.

4. Yes. You want to suss out the pretty girls in your course.



Cameron & Julie

Suffering 42-degree heat on the Barr Smith lawns

1. Cameron: Definitely the bar, other than that get involved in the Platypus thing.

Julie: The pub crawl - It's the one thing I do every year.

2. Cameron: Box boy. This guy that streaks with a paper box on his head.

Julie: Didn't one year AUSCA have a guy standing on the roof of Union Hall in the nude? I tried to avert my eyes.

3. Cameron: Never plan on getting in before lunch.

Julie: Don't get so drunk you don't notice the bands at O'Ball.

4. Julie: Not before 11.00am. Too late in the afternoon is also bad, cause you'll be too bad.

Cameron: That leaves very little time. Over lunch.

Julie: That sounds right.



Lachy

Hangin' tough by the Barr Smith Lawns

1. Participate in boat races and the Popeye cruise.

2. Two people doing the nasty in the middle of the dance floor at O'Hop.

3. Make sure you can find a chick who can skull for the boat races.

4. I went to English which I didn't even do because I was drunk and easily lead astray.

POP

Hien and Trinh

Indulging in some wedges action in the Mayo

1. Trinh: Go up to the bar.
- Hien: Get lost and end up in the girls toilets.
2. Trinh: My friends are all good goody two shoes.
- Hien: My friends crashed a few O'Camp. They posed as Med. students and drank the free beer.
3. Hien: Don't look at everything in awe. Don't look obviously lost.
- Trinh: Keep the map, like you've never kept anything. You'll need it.
4. Trinh: Yes. I went to someone else's and found out it was the wrong one.
- Hien: What's a preliminary lecture?



Claire, Kamen and Simon

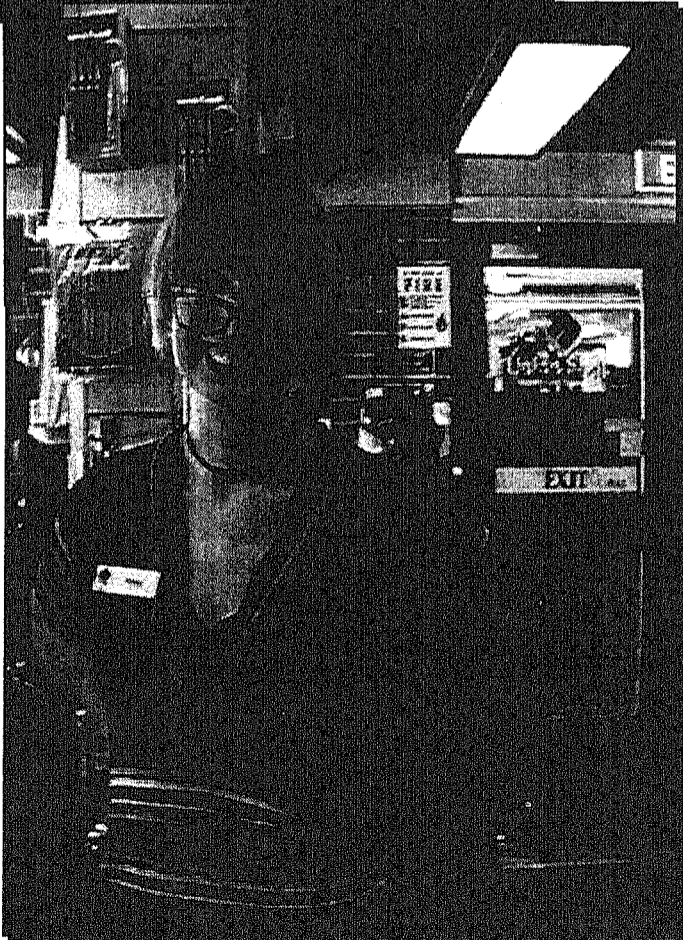
Recovering from enrolments on the Barr Smith Lawns

1. Simon: Meet some friends. Otherwise they'll be bored.
- Kamen: Get the shit scared out of them.
- Claire: You shouldn't say that!
- Kamen: Apparently camps are quite good. Well they may be good or they may be dodgy.
2. Kamen: Quite a few guys dropped their dacks and ran around naked but that's nothing out of the ordinary.
- Simon: The 9 o'clock slur - when you get to Uni and people are already drunk.
- Claire: All my friends were a little too well behaved.
3. Kamen: Don't buy hangover avoidance pills from your friends, the ones that look like speed - they don't work.
- Simon: O'Week sets a precedent for your reputation. Don't do anything you'll regret. Set yourself up - I'm only drinking five beers a day.
- Kamen: And if you want to win a boat race, don't have any girls in your team.
4. Kamen: You don't have to go
- Claire: Just get someone else to get all the handouts.

Penny

Hangin' with the books in Unibooks

1. Get drunk and pick up.
2. You always see a lot of people in the nude.
3. One day I had to go home at lunch because I was too drunk to stay at Uni. Pace yourself.
4. Yes - but I fell asleep.



What is it?

Well, among other things, Vox Pop is your opportunity to answer personal & highly embarrassing questions about your sex life, your dating history, your personal hygiene habits, & humiliating incidents from your past that you'd really rather forget. Depending on the whim of the Vox Pop Duo, it can also be your chance to contribute some incisive political commentary in reply to questions of local, national, nay, global importance. You'll also get your picture taken, and published in this august rag. Good, eh? We'll even give you the opportunity to have some input into the questions that get asked when Penny and Peter hit the mean streets of the campuses of AU. All you have to do is come down to the *On Dit* office and leave a message.

Big Top Moves To Big Screen:

An Interview with Peter Wagg

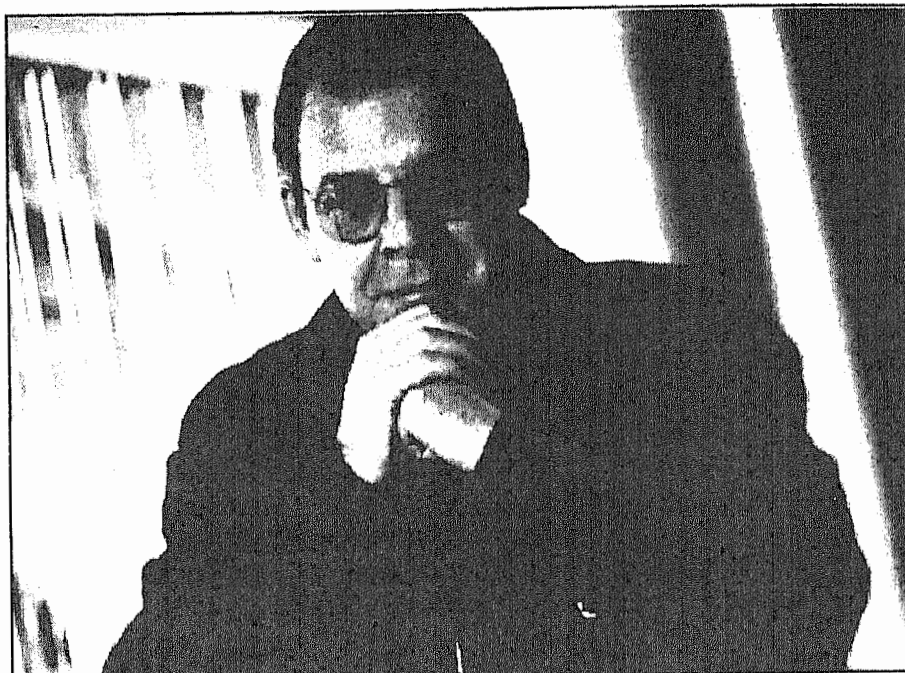
As the writer and producer of *Cirque du Soleil: Journey of Man*, Peter Wagg had a difficult time of things. The challenge was to take a world-famous circus experience and transform some of the magic onto the screen, utilising Imax 3D technology. Simple, no?

As head of the audiovisual and multimedia division of *Cirque du Soleil* (which came to Adelaide last year with one of their shows, *Saltimbanco*), Wagg wanted to move from a straightforward, documentary-style film and into a narrative which could be highlighted by *Soleil* performers. The result is *Cirque du Soleil: Journey of Man*—a film which traces the history of humanity—and of each individual—through the ‘journeys’ of conception, childhood, adolescence, adulthood, and old age. Each stage of personal growth is emphasized by *Cirque* performers from various shows currently touring around the world; the effect and the intention, as director Keith Melton says, is keeping “... a sense of magic within the real world.”

Journey of Man is a visually exciting and graceful film, though the narrative comes across as being quite pretentious. Punters pay the extra money for a 3D film to get ‘the 3D experience’, usually at the

expense of plot and story, but this generally matters very little. My complaint with *Journey of Man* is that it provides neither sufficient narrative *nor* satisfying visuals; whilst Wagg wanted to avoid a situation where the 3D effects overwhelmed the message of the film, I feel this technology was under-utilised.

Despite this *Journey of Man* is still very beautiful, but its heart—whilst being in the right place—is just not quite expressed satisfactorily. Wagg claims the film is to be taken as a good bit of fun, but the themes of ‘Mankind’s Universal Journey’ are too heavy and serious to be taken lightly. The result comes across as self-indulgent cross-promotion which leaves the viewer dissatisfied. My own personal feelings toward 3D film is that, if it does not either leave me feeling ill or grabbing stupidly at the air like a 5 year old kid, it just is not living up to its full potential. I think the best forum for this technology lies in animation, more of which I cannot wait to see. This said, *Journey of Man* is quite the odyssey. The Imax cameras used were described to me as being like a couple of washing machines, capable of filming for only three minutes at a time, and which took an hour to reload.



The *Cirque* performers are currently working five days per week, in different shows, in different continents. They filmed *Journey of Man* on their days off, in uncontrolled conditions which they were unused to. The Cube Man for instance, who symbolizes the increasing strength and daring of adolescence, filmed his Fiery Cube sequence in deliciously little clothing, in below -0°, covered in fire-resistant jelly, whilst the rest of the crew huddled around in ski gear. The synchronised swimmers were taken from their tank for the first time and

asked to perform in colder water than they were used to, in the Bahamas, at the mercy of underwater currents and all manner of sea beasties.

Journey of Man is intended to appeal to a wider family audience who perhaps were unable to afford tickets to *Cirque du Soleil* performances. It does not capture the spirit of the live performance, and it is not intended to. It does still fall short, however, even with the comparison of the film to a live show cast aside.

Jayne Lewis

Another Classic ... from the AU Film Society

A Clockwork Orange (1971)
Directed by Stanley Kubrick
Starring Malcolm MacDowell

As if 2001 wasn't enough to confirm Stanley Kubrick's place as one of the greatest directors ever, he followed it up in 1971 with his cold, brutal and brilliant adaptation of Anthony Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange*. What more can be said about this film?

It's curiously detached considering how often it bursts into violence. It's suffused with odd sexual imagery, all the more disturbing considering the violence which surrounds it. It's also one of the most biting and satirical takes on state sanctioned violence (there's that word again!) against the free willed individual ever committed to the screen. In this way it becomes more pertinent and timely each day, no matter how weird its décor looks or soundtrack sounds.

Set in an indeterminate future it's the simple tale of Alex

DeLarge, violent young punk who accidentally murders a woman, and during his time in prison undergoes the Ludovico Technique which conditions him against all acts of violence. Released back into the world the perpetrator becomes the victim, climaxing in its denouement of all forms of power and ideology. Or something.

This is a Kubrick film after all, don't expect it to be easy to interpret, just magnificent to watch, no matter how many times you may have seen it before.

Screening Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of O-Week in lecture theatre LG 29 Napier Building, 6pm.

Free to Film Society Members. \$5 non-members (includes membership).

Craig
AU Film Society

**Film; Fillum; Flim;
Movie; Moove; Mové;**

Whatever you call it, they're all moving pictures, and everybody loves moving pictures. You too can see some, and I ask not for blood or your firstborn babe in return—all I ask is a reasonably insightful, intelligent, and articulate review of 300 to 500 words.

To jump the freedom train of Moove Reviewing come to the inaugural (and possibly only) film meeting in the Ondit office (basement of the George Murray Building, opposite Barr Smith Lawns, down those funny little stair thingys) this Wednesday 23th, 2pm. Ask for Jayne. Bring forth a sample of your reviewing, if you have one.

**IT'S THAT
SIMPLE.**

I'm not even supposed to be here today ...



Ben: 'Hey Matt, let's piss off some Catholics.'
Matt: 'OK. Jeez, the Pope's a silly old bugger.'

Dogma
Now Showing
Hoyts Norwood, Tea Tree
Plaza, Salisbury,
Wallis Academy,
Greater Union Marion,
Arndale

Alanis Morissette is God? Now THAT'S ironic!

CAACK-FUNNY from opening disclaimer through to closing credits, *Dogma* has firmly placed Kevin Smith as this critic's All-Time-Favourite director. The film is a playful, comic-book style ride which, though somewhat typical of Smith's general sense of humour, shows a much further developed maturity and sophistication—in both filmic technique and character development—which Smith began with the final film of his New Jersey Trilogy, *Chasing Amy*.

Dogma, like Smith's previous films, defies expectation and categorization. Each of his films to date has a *completely* differing style and aesthetic: *Clerks* is a dialogue-driven, postmodern shrug at the world of meaningless employment, and a discourse on the value of beating the system in a thousand small ways each day; *Mall Rats* is a Slacker Generation Slapstick Flick with revolutionary pre-Dawson dialogue; *Chasing Amy* is a (paradoxically) mature, comic-book style exploration of relationships and the search for identity, featuring comic book artists embroiled in relationships and the search for identity. And each and every one is absolutely hilarious!

Starring Matt Damon and Ben Affleck as Loki and Bartleby, two

somewhat fallen angels anxious to find a loophole allowing them back into heaven, and Linda Fiorentino as Bethany the human handed the duty of stopping them, *Dogma* posits celestial creatures as suffering many of the same character flaws as us mere mortals. Bethany is reluctant to rise to the task (after all, she did not *ask* to be the great great great (et cetera) grandniece of Christ), especially when she meets the two 'prophets' (of sorts) who are to help and guide her: Jay and Silent Bob.

Once again Smith has exhibited great skill in casting. He has worked closely with both Ben Affleck and Matt Damon in the past—Affleck played 'the Buttman' in *Mallrats* and Holden in *Chasing Amy* (which Damon also had a cameo in), and Smith was the co-executive producer of *Good Will Hunting*, which Affleck and Damon co-wrote and starred in.

Jason Lee also stars as Azrael, a pissed-off former Muse who was booted down to Hell for sitting on the fence during the Factional Split (when Lucifer declared war on God); Lee played Banky in *Chasing Amy* and whatisname (???) opposite that cute bloke from *Party of Five* in *Mall Rats*. In *Dogma* all three stars have a chance to explore completely different characters: Lee is more complex as Azrael—comic, chummy, embittered, and menacing all at once, escaping the 'sidekick' roles he held in Smith's last two films; Damon has his first real chance to fool around a bit in a comic role; and Affleck is able to experience acting from one end of

the emotional spectrum to the other—he and Damon begin in what they describe as a 'Laurel and Hardy role': "...old buddies who have been kicking around on earth together for cons...spending eternity in Wisconsin together", and Affleck ends as an Angel out of control.

Fiorentino as Bethany is tough, mature, and trying deal with the shit she's been thrown in the only way she knows how: drink and deny! And she attacks the fiery Voice of the Almighty with a fire extinguisher when he appears in her bedroom in the middle of the night. Originally Smith intended Bethany to be an innocent, but Fiorentino wanted to play "...a very grown-up version of Dorothy", describing her as being in "...this kind of Oz where she's really the only human surrounded by muses and demons and Seraphim and they're all trying to get to New Jersey instead of Kansas".

Dogma contains a number of surprising casting choices. One is Alan Rickman as Metatron, the Voice of God. According to Smith, "The Voice of God has to be British; it's that simple." Rickman, a Royal Shakespeare Company actor, provided a fantastic juxtaposition for Smith, who enjoyed seeing the droll and classy Brit opposite Jason Mewes (Jay in all of Smith's films to date). Mewes is a long-time friend of Smith's, and a non-professional who had never acted before *Clerks*—he is described as "...a dude from New Jersey", and was apparently told by Smith to be prepared for *Dogma* because 'there are real actors in this one'!

Equally surprising is Salma Hayek as Serendipity. Her 'kiddie strip' scene is classic (as is the delighted expression on the face of Silent Bob—played by Smith), and she exhibits a flair for comedy in her subtle expressions, a flair which I hope to see her explore further in the future. Interestingly, Alanis Morissette plays God; even more interestingly, any human who hears the true voice of God (rather than Metatron) will explode because they lack the physical and mental faculty to comprehend it. Now THAT'S irony for you, Alanis! One theory proposed was that, like God, Ms Morissette is either loved or despised. Smith claims he chose Morissette due to a Buddhist serenity about her person. I like to think he was just being nice. I like the other theory much better. Or my own personal theory alluded to above: her voice also makes one explode into a bloody, pulpy mess. Although little in this world could ever beat the low-budget, apathetic nihilism of *Clerks*, *Dogma* may just about be vying for a spot as One

Of The Best Films Made, Ever. And I'm really looking forward to *Clerks II: Still Clerkin'*. Marry me, Kevin Smith.

Jayne Lewis

Get Real
Opens 24 February
Palace Eastend Cinemas

When I was in high school I had a huge crush on this bloke, and I would gaze across the school yard at him knowing full well that he had no idea that I even existed. Years later, at the Planet, he finally did realize that I existed, and I shagged him, and whilst the 15 year old self that still resides in me somewhere was satisfied, I never heard from him again—but that's blokes for you. Actually, when I was in high school I had crushes on all manner of blokes and, depending on what they look like now (I'm thinking of one particular blonde, curly-haired boy here), I'd probably still shag the absolute living daylights out of them if only just to pull the proverbial finger at my adolescent self who was sadly convinced that no-one would ever want to have sex with her.

My point here is not simply to embarrass myself. My point is that it is difficult to attain the object of your desire in school, but it is no doubt even more difficult if one is gay. Which brings me to *Get Real*—a chucklingly funny, sweet, and lovely film debut by Simon Shore. Based on a play by Patrick Wilde—*What's Wrong With Angry*—*Get Real* explores issues of adolescent sexuality in a gentle and humorous way. The protagonist, Steven Carter (played by Ben Silverstone), actually manages to attract the most popular boy in the school: the scrummy looking athletic hero, John Dixon (played by Brad Gorton). Steven is comfortable with his sexuality, although he is still in the closet around all but his next-door neighbour and chief confidante, Linda (Charlotte Brittain). John, on the other hand, has difficulty admitting even to himself his attraction to Steven.

Get Real is a great teen flick which will resonate with anyone who has traversed high school love politics. Although the subject matter is of a sensitive nature, it is handled with more than a gutful of bellylaughs. An early scene depicting Steven trying to pick up at a 'gay' toilet in a park, for instance, is set to 'Love Is All Around Me'—that sappy bloody song from *Four Weddings and a Funeral!* Later, when the bloke trying to anonymously pick Steven up is revealed to be school-

Andy, are you goofing on Elvis?

what if you can't avoid sexuality, guilt, peer pressure, lies, bigots, rumours, misunderstanding, parents, teachers, nerds, jocks, romance, loneliness, shame and insecurity?

get real.
school's out... so is steven carter



its effect on my bloodstream are vital in lending a certain light to my attitude toward life on the fine January day in which this review is set.

One plods to the Mercury cinema with the hope that the location might shield one from some of the worse examples of formulaic Hollywood cinema, for which one has a pathetic attention span. It half does. Overall, classic elements with a high, crazy humour. I had plonked myself in place with the very few

hero-and-all-round-sex-on-legs, John, he tries to shake it off as a stupid whim, saying that he didn't quite know what came over him—to which the more homosexually experienced Steven replies "In there it's usually a matter of not knowing WHO came over you!" This is a highly recommended film for anyone who wishes to explore issues of identity and sexuality, but is not quite up to the gut-wrenching, emotional impact of *Boys Don't Cry* (see review this edition).

Jayne Lewis

Man on the Moon (M)
Now Showing
Selected cinemas

*I'm in love with a girl in a coma,
Fill her head with lies.*

Circle Clan: "Girl in a coma".

Bitter memories of a morning in the mid-January heat. 9:00 is an unholy time of the day to be out reviewing things—the blood in the average analytical brain refuses to cooperate and sluggishly works its way down, back to the heart it calls home. Why do I persist in existing in this heartless heated wasteland amidst these noisy motorised bastards in the blatant absence of caffeine? I am far too much the professional for such warble, not only about my having required no small amount of not only coffee, but also concerning unbearably loud doses of Circle Clan and Millencolin to get my brain functioning at some pitiful level. No, the morning and

others that had attended the screening. 10 minutes in I was rejuvenated, refuelled, my faith in the cinematic fairy renewed. The film starts with a grand introduction indeed. The next 110 mins was a bit of a fuck around. As a human, I get the distinct impression that Andy Kaufman, upon who's life this movie is based, is the sort of person I might grow to loath.

Director Milos Forman sums the bloke up nicely, describing him as a comedian who "...never broke out of character". His intricate comedic plots were designed to keep people out of the workings and truth, under the theory that any form of reaction counts as successful entertainment. Inconsiderate of friends or loved ones, Kaufman's priority appears to have been for a) purity of his act and b) perpetuation of his style of comedy into all moments of his life. As a movie, however, the story works, despite the lack of comedic value to his style of entertainment. His successes are highlighted, and we get over the crap swiftly.

Unfortunately, it was [ed—he is really possessive about his reviews and did not want the punctuation or wording fucked with, even though it wasn't making sense, but I'm the film editor so I can do what I like to it!] a karma-and-review-souring journey home, including being beeped at, ignored by a so-called friend, reviled, patronised and mentally raped by the church of scientology, who I have always tried to be nice to in the past, means I remember the film with unfairly foul temper. As such, this review is somewhat coloured with tempests

and thunder unbecomingly. This should be considered in all fairness and indeed, in place of over-describing or analysing the movie itself, which would neuter much of the movie's points and surprises. My story and I'm sticking to it

Ben Tucker

The Green Mile
Now showing
Selected cinemas

There is that saying about the whole being greater than the sum of its parts. This is certainly true for Stephen King's *The Green Mile* which, released in serial form over a period of six months, assured that the total profit was greater than if the sum of its parts were to be sold together in the one big fat paperback. Then there is the movie tie-in. No doubt Mr King is a happy chum indeed, secure in the knowledge that he can still make the bestseller lists and movie adaptations. Like John Grisham's last couple of novels, *The Green Mile* was guaranteed as a film before it was even written. And judging by the close-ups, the measured pauses, the epic feel (three hours in an old cinema with seats that lack proper lumbar support!), and the dramatic soundtrack, I am fairly sure that there is an Oscar nomination on the way.

Cynicism aside, *The Green Mile* is a decent enough flickum. Set on Death Row in 1935, it is the story of a

prison guard, Paul Edgecomb, (played by Tom Hanks) and an inmate, John Coffey (played by Michael Clarke Duncan). The hall leading up to the electric chair is called 'the last mile', and the story/film takes its name because Edgecombe's Mile is, well, yes, you guessed it, GREEN.

Coffey is on *The Mile* for raping and killing two girls, and despite his appearance—black, huge, neck like a tree-trunk: think 'Brick Shithouse' and add a mezzanine and maybe a chimney or two—you know straight away that he is far too much of a simple and pure and gentle soul to have done such a thing. Besides, he has 'A Gift'.

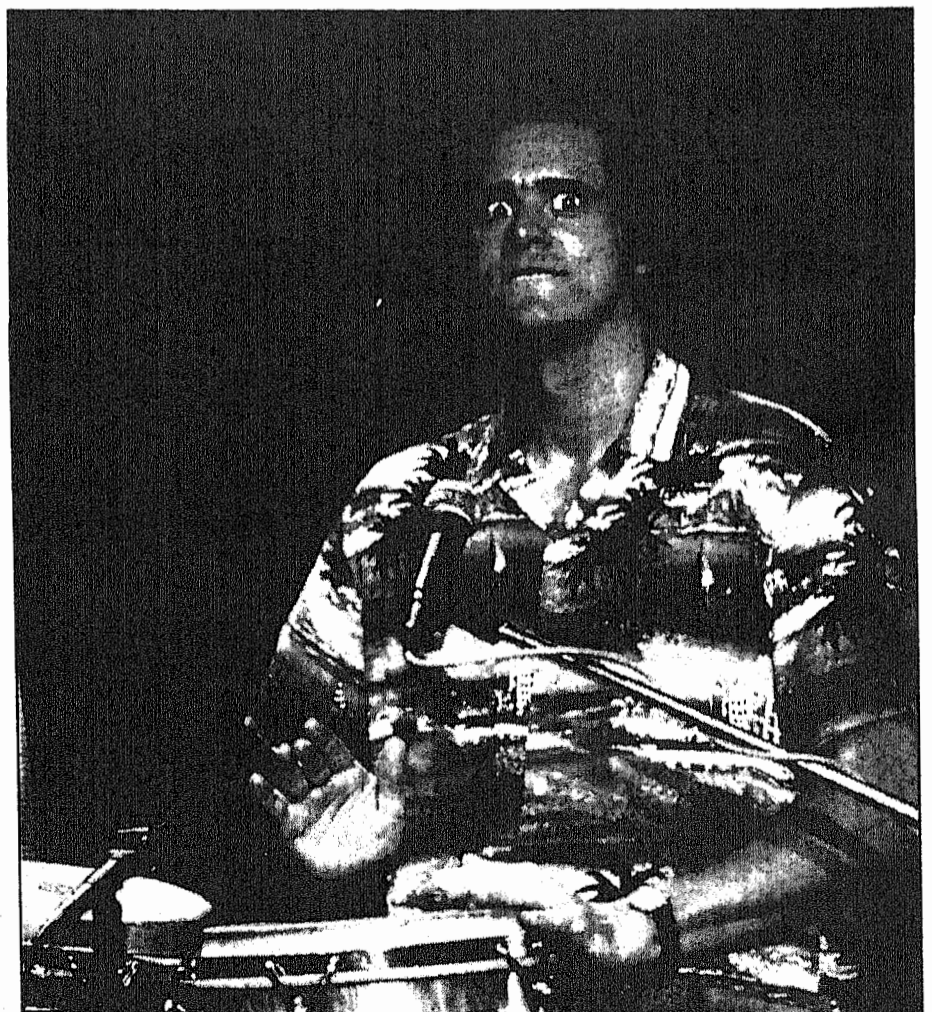
Directed decently enough by Frank Darabont, who adapted and directed *The Shawshank Redemption* (also based on work by Stephen King), this film has its moments. Highlights are David Morse as Brutus Howell, another guard who (and I am just not sure why) really does it for me. For a man at least 40, this is unusual indeed.

Also good is Doug Hutchison as the token sadistic bastard, Percy Wetmore. *The Green Mile* is moving and suspenseful in parts, but is overall rather predictable, despite the warning to the press not to give away the ending.

The chick is really a man. And she is Kaiser Soze. Who is also Luke's father.

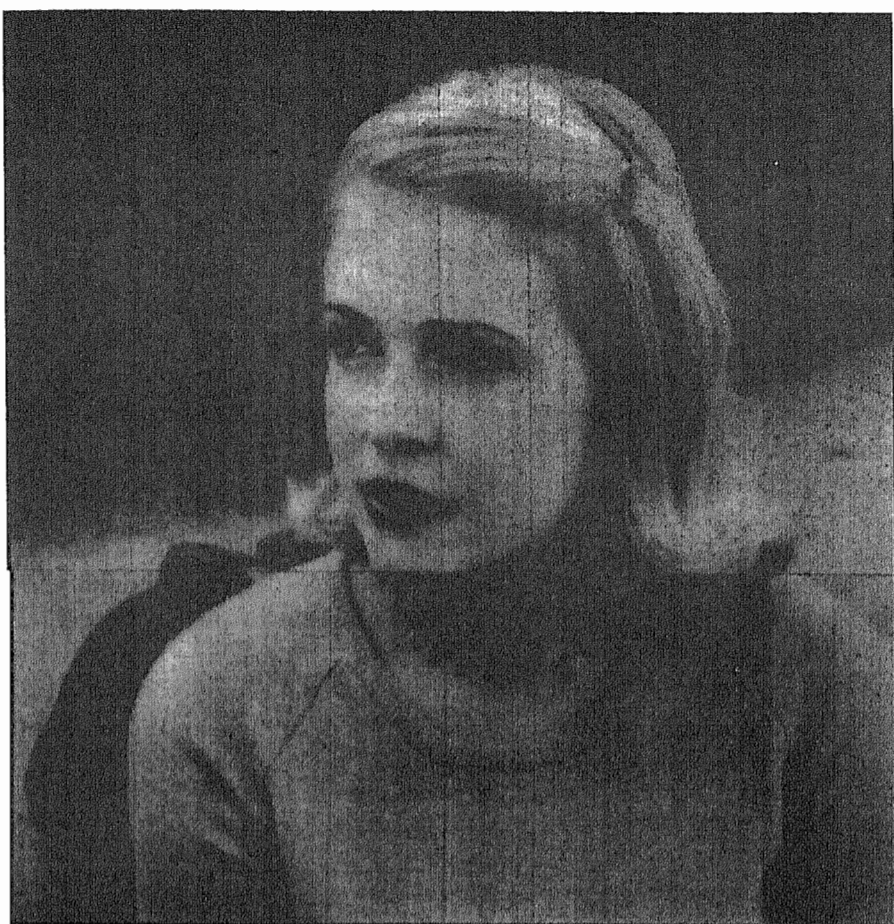
Just kidding!

Jayne Lewis



Jim Carrey breaks out of character in an attempt, it seems, to portray a comedian who 'never broke out of character'. Now that's messing with my mind.

Hey baby, are you losing touch?



Drive Me Crazy
Now showing
Selected cinemas

Call me old-fashioned, but I find it a little distressing when the press release for a movie feels it pertinent to mention 'The film takes its title from the third single of teen sensation Brittany Spears' four-time-platinum-selling ...*Baby One More Time*, which is featured prominently in the film.' I think this speaks for itself.

The story goes something like this: Nicole and Chase (*Chase?*) grew up as next-door neighbours. They go to the same high school. They used to get along, but now they don't - different ends of the social spectrum. When they both find themselves romantically alone, they join forces to get what they think they want - for Nicole, a dishy basketball hero, for Chase, his old girlfriend back. I don't think I'd be giving anything away if I said they end up falling for each other. In the mix there's tests of friendship, emotional self-examination and a message about how we should all just get along that's more watered-down than sugar-coated.

This is a film made for the young teenage demographic. It's kind of a postmodern take on *Pretty in Pink*, and director John Schultz (*Bandwagon*) seems to see himself as an ironic post-John Hughes. There's no real building of that kind of will-she-or-won't-she suspense you expect from this kind of story, but you won't miss it. All you need to enjoy the show is a healthy suspension of disbelief.

Drive Me Crazy is an unashamed

She drives me crazy. Woo hoo.

feel-good movie. It has no pretensions toward anything greater, and I'd be lying if I said I hated it. It was a bit of fun and an innocuous enough way of killing a few hours (and it's nice to see Deadstar made it into the soundtrack with "Run Baby Run").

Jonathon Dyer

Autumn Tale
Now showing
Trak Cinema

Director Eric Rohmer claims that his characters are created to be set free rather than used to communicate a message. This certainly is in accord with the feel of his latest feature, *Autumn Tale* (*Conte d'Automne*), which has the feel of an isolated stream: gentle, unhurried, set in motion by nature, but under no force or coercion in regards to its direction.

The final installment in his 'Tales of the Four Seasons' quartet of films (comprising of *Summer's Tale* (*Conte d'Été*), *Winter's Tale* (*Conte d'Hiver*), *Tale of Springtime* (*Conte de Printemps*), and now *Autumn Tale*), the film follows two women attempting, with the best possible intentions, to set up their friend, Magali.

Isabelle (who is married) is Magali's best friend, and worries that—living in the country—she will never find a good man. Solution: place a personal ad and screen the respondents before introducing them. Rosine (who is dating Magali's son, Leo, but doesn't like him very much) thinks that setting her much older, former lover up

with Magali will settle their relationship into an easy friendship, without all that casual sex stuff getting in the way.

Autumn Tale could have easily turned into a comedy of errors, but Rohmer is far too romantic to let such a thing happen. Most of his films to date deal with themes of love and romance, relationships between men and women, and the small decisions and actions which can dramatically alter a life. One standout feature is the ease with which the French throw about the term 'love' in this film: Do you love me? Could you love her? I saw the photograph and I thought I could fall in love with you! I will admit to an innate cynicism which prevents me from believing that people can fall in love that easily. Like the stream mentioned above, we know where it will end with *Autumn Tale*—but that does not prevent the journey from being a pleasant and scenic one. It is also a very simple journey: rather than the

artificiality of soundtracks and mood-setting musical interludes, Rohmer rather refreshingly allows the street sounds, and the background noise of the breeze in a field, to give the audience a *true feel* for the film's environment, rather than what some music director thinks we should be feeling.

Jayne Lewis

Human Traffic
Now Showing
Palace Eastend, Greater
Union Marion

The weekend has landed and all that exists for a posse of five trendy youths is clubs, pubs, parties and lots and lots of drugs. Led by Jip (John Simm), the friends Lulu (Lorraine Pilkington), Koop (Shaun Parkes), Moff (Danny Dyer) and Nina (Nicola Reynolds), leave their 'mac jobs' and head for a lost weekend in Cardiff where they wave



A scene from *Autumn Tale*, allegedly.

'Hello, my name is Andy and this is my soundtrack'



**FREE
SHITE**

MAN ON THE MOON

The first happy little punter to come on down to the On Dit office and sing the chorus of REM's *Man On The Moon* gets a free, that's right, **FREE**, copy of the *Man on the Moon* soundtrack.

Hooray.

William Wilberforce, where are you?



widely acclaimed, and presented Adelaide audiences with a chance to view contemporary Asian cinema which would otherwise not have been shown in Australia. This year they have done it again with Eastern Connection II, a festival running over four nights (February 17-20) and comprising of features, shorts, documentaries, and guests Jimmy Choi, Director of Film and Video

their arms in the air in a way that many of today's yoofs can greatly relate to.

Written and Directed by 26 year old Justin Kerrigan, *Human Traffic* succeeds as a good representation of a culture that seems to be popping up on screens everywhere. With last years *Go*, and also *The Acid House* following *Trainspotting*, drug/youth/club culture is becoming an increasingly popular theme. *Human Traffic* does not glorify drugs, nor does it show the very bad side. What it does show is that blowing steam and losing the plot on the dance floor is a rather nice way for the various characters to forget about their real, straight lives.

The performances from mostly unknowns are impressive, especially Simm as the sensitive Jip. He holds the narrative together and although says that he 'found it difficult being dancey and lightweight and smiling and jumping around', he does it very well.

The soundtrack, featuring Carl Cox (also in a cameo as a club owner), C J Bolland, Armand Van Helden, Fat Boy Slim, Underworld and Primal Scream will have you dancing around your bedroom all night. This is Post Generation X. The Reality Bites gang never had this much fun, so welcome to the weekend.

Belinda Schenk

Eastern Connection II
Mercury Cinema
Feb 17-20

In 1988 the Mercury Cinema held Eastern Connection, an independent Asian film festival which was

at the Hong Kong Arts Centre, and Kal Ng, Director of *Dreamtrips*, one of the films featured in the festival. Kicking off from Adelaide, *Eastern Connection II* will then tour Melbourne, Sydney, Alice Springs, and Perth.

Eastern Connection II is just one in a number of programmes presented by the Mercury over the years, showing a consistent dedication to local and international independent filmmaking. Groovy stuff to look out for in the near future include a Peter Greenaway retrospective, held in conjunction with the Palace Eastend Cinemas as part of the Adelaide Festival, and an animation fest which I hope to hell I get along to see.

Jayne Lewis

American Beauty
Now Showing
Selected Cinemas

The premise of *American Beauty* is that beauty is constructed. The outside face of the things we gather around us may be considered by society to be beautiful, but they hide an ugliness. Carolyn Burnham (Annette Bening) has a 'beautiful' home with a lovely garden and plenty of expensive possessions, but her life is inextricably ugly because it has not been lived; her 'things' and her rose garden hide an empty life devoid of all joy.

Carolyn's husband, Lester (Kevin Spacey) rediscovers some of the joy of living in the form of Angela (Mena Suvari), the friend of his adolescent daughter, Jane (Thora Birch). It is a twisted situation when

a middle aged man begins to fantasise about boning his daughter's friend, but Angela, though she plays up the Lolita situation she finds herself in, kickstarts a positive force in Lester's life: he once again sees the beauty and possibility in life that he had long forgotten.

Meanwhile the new neighbour Ricky (Wes Bentley) is showing Jane how true beauty arises in the simple, more hidden things—where you least expect to find it; he shows her that, though she considers herself plain and ugly next to the 'perfect all-American' Angela, beauty is present in the fleeting moments, in unexpected places. What appears on the outside to be 'ugly' can exhibit the purest beauty, because they are profound images which touch you. The secret to happiness, I think, is to learn to see the beauty in the most simple, underwhelming

objects, situations, and events: stop to look at a flower, admire a building for its structure, watch a piece of rubbish dance around in the wind.

Things look a little different outside the cinema after seeing *American Beauty*, and it's not just the daze of the sun the residual anger from the box office bitch not believing that you are the film sub-ed of a university newspaper, and have to see the film *today* if you are going to get a review in on time. What looks different is a sense of hope and joy; the sense of awakening. *American Beauty* will touch anyone who has ever stopped to pick a flower, or looked at something that caught their eye and thought 'wow'—and I'm NOT talking about cigarette girls in short shorts here people!

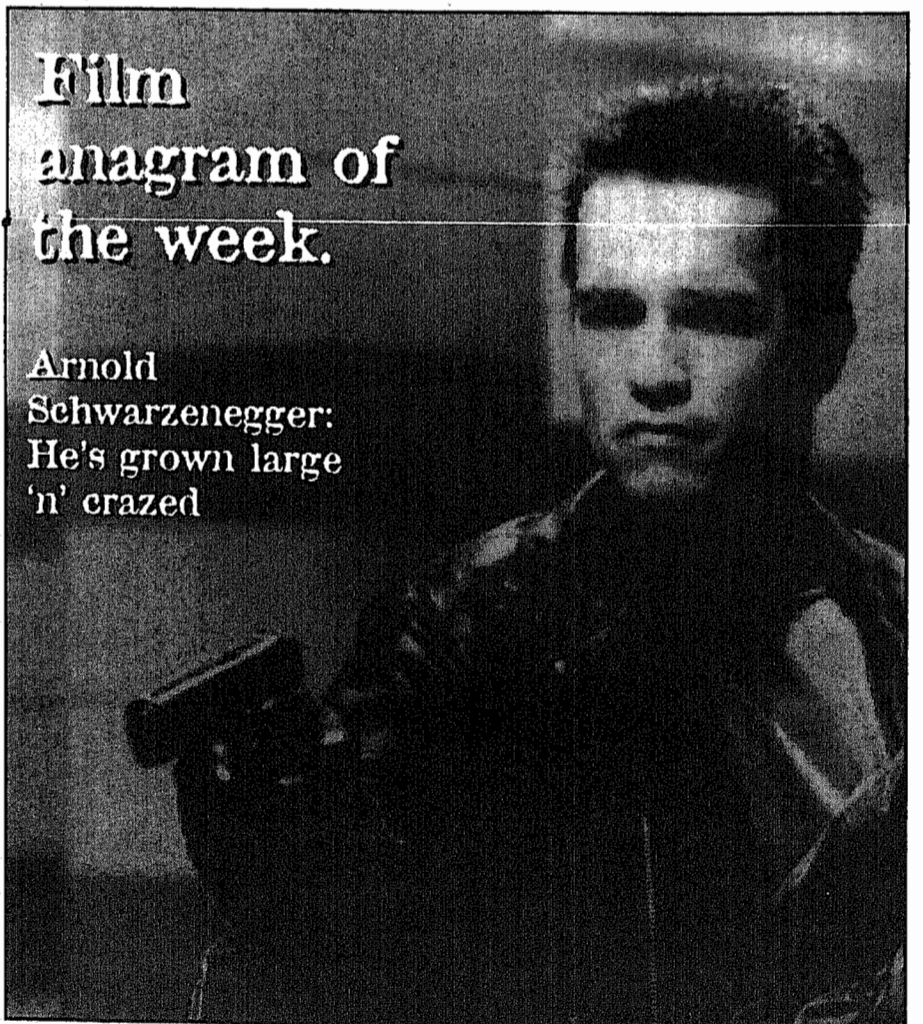
Jayne Lewis



I have no idea whatsoever what is going on in this picture; however, if I were to see American Beauty, I suspect my questions regarding it may well be answered.

Film
anagram of
the week.

Arnold Schwarzenegger:
He's grown large 'n' crazed



Andy Marshall

Out-Takes: A Spotlight on the local film industry

Andy Marshall is a director/producer/writer whose latest short, *The Vacant Room* has been praised by industry professionals and peers alike. Belinda Schenk caught up with him over chilli beans and mashed potato.

Can you explain what *The Vacant Room* is all about?

The journey of food and where we all end up eventually and how we can misunderstand other peoples innocent intentions.

How did you get funding for the film?

We did a fundraising night at the Mercury cinema and we played *Delicatessen*. Also my boat building experience came in handy when I used it in return for post production.

Was it difficult to get the film shown?

I hired the Mercury myself also to help cover post costs and screened *The Vacant Room* plus 50's giant robotic ant B grade film *Them!*

What has been the reaction?

My friends liked it, so that's cool. I got the Jury Award and Short Film Narrative Award at the SA Young Filmmakers Awards.

What was the shoot like and how long did it take?

The shoot was great. Great people were involved and they were passionate about the project. The shoot, however went into serious overtime. Our first night exploded from 10 hours to 18.

Where would you like to see your career going?

I don't know. I would like to be making features where the people giving me money have no control over what I do.

Who are the people who have influenced you?

Lars von Trier and Benny Adamsen. What do you think of the South Australian film industry at the moment?

I don't know but I think we all need lots more money and not for shit like *Welcome To Woop Woop*.

If you could use any actor in your



Frank Roberts - *The Vacant Room*.

next film, who would it be?

Gary Oldman, Frank Roberts, Udo Kier, Patricia Arquette, Christina Ricci, Jennifer Jason Leigh or Christopher Walken.

Any tips for up and coming film makers?

Become vegetarian.

What's next for your film career?

Vr2 - *The Big One* and a film about a wannabe vampire and an artist who's gone too far feature. Also *Balloon Man*, a 16 mm twisted fairy tale short film.

Belinda Schenk

The reviews that count... and then some.



Among Giants

1998, Dir: Sam Miller
Pete Postlethwaite, Rachel Griffiths
20th Century Fox Home Entertainment.

I knew that this film was a love story but I had no idea what the film was actually based on. The opening scene of rock climbing had my hopes up and the use of electrical wires during the credits had me interested. It turns out that this film is actually about painting electrical towers. I was just as shocked as you are. Who the fuck would have thought that one day

there would be a film based on electricity and paint? Simon Beaufoy is the daft git responsible for this heap of gobshite. If you're not familiar with his name (and let's face it, who is?) he's the spanner who gave us *The Full Monty*. Having come up with a huge success, *Among Giants* has definitely cornered the shit-film-lovers market. Whatever anyone tells you, climbing tall electrical towers could never be made interesting no matter how many line dancers you throw in. These guys do their best and the performances are first class as you would expect from the experienced cast. Some of the photography is magnificent but few positives can't compensate for an inherently bad film. This film doesn't rate high on the care factor scale no matter what post-Thatcherite dilemmas it wishes to attack. Pete Postlethwaite gets his mates a job painting for the Electrical Company and meets avid Australian rock climber Rachel Griffiths. Despite the geologically significant age difference the two of them are soon in love and carrying on like the last two Panda's in captivity. This film forgets one thing - Margaret Thatcher is not in government anymore. A good effort, but it doesn't get my volt.

Anthony Paxton



Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss

1998, Dir: Tommy O'Haver

Sean P Hayes, Brad Rowe

Siren Entertainment

Billy is a gay photographer living in a city of many fellow gay men wanting a meaningless fling en route to a film/singing/dancing career - Los Angeles. Looking for love and devotion in all the wrong places, Billy finally stumbles upon the object of his desire in a funky coffee house. Gabriel is a fine looking, yet somewhat sexually ambiguous blonde lad who is perfect for the role of Burt Lancaster in Billy's Hollywood screen kiss series of polaroid photographs - not to mention his heart. They become friends and pretty soon Billy is smitten, but still can not tell which way the delicious Gabe swings. Even Gabe doesn't seem to know the an-

swer to this. So begins the boy meets boy story of broken hearts, drag queens, polaroids and as we are told during the opening sequence, no sex or tits.

Without the candid use of flashbacks, dream sequences and painful monologues, this film would have been paper thin. But Billy's alter ego, writer/director Tommy O'Haver lets us in to a painful adolescent past and a current lonely heart. Sean P. Hayes from *Will And Grace* plays Billy with understanding and sensitivity. A lesser actor may have stumbled with the handling of the long and somewhat awkward monologues. Let's hope that he does not get type cast as the token gay boy in films to come. Brad Rowe as Gabe, has less to play with, but manages to let us in on his own story of confusion.

Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss is honest, funny, touching and as camp as any mainstream film will be. And watch out for the great Hollywood screen kiss at the end.

Belinda Schenk

A boon for Bon Jovi and a renaissance turn for Ed Burns

No Looking Back
1998, Dir. Edward Burns.
Lauren Holly, Jon Bon Jovi,
Edward Burns.
Twentieth Century Fox Home
Entertainment

This is a bit of a 'renaissance' work for Edward Burns. Under the Executive Production of Robert Redford, Burns gets the chance to act, write and direct in this surprising American drama. Set on the coast in the wild North-West of the continental United States this story of love and intrigue is as tempestuous as its setting's wind-swept shores.

The story is kind of basic: Charlie (Edward Burns) returns home years after running out on

his girlfriend Claudia (the beautiful Lauren Holly). Unfortunately for Charlie, Claudia has shackled up with his former best friend Mike (surprisingly played by Jon Bon Jovi). You can guess what ensues. Charlie realises he made a mistake and pretty soon three very different people are all sharing the same feelings of confusion.

To me this is the poetic and expressive film that so many US dramas try (and fail) to be. I'm not going to insult *No Looking Back* by comparing it to half-baked efforts like *Mystic Pizza*, but really it's got a lot of similarities in style and atmospherics. The only differences would be that this film has a much better script and this time the

ocean's Pacific and not just Atlantic.

TV buffs who may recognise Lauren Holly from *Picket Fences* should also notice a couple of cast members of *Spin City*. Jennifer Esposito plays Teresa, the manager of the local pub The Blackwater Inn, whilst she's joined by colleague Connie Britton who makes a memorable impression as Claudia's lonely and brutally honest sister.

No Looking Back beautifully and intelligently examines its protagonists' feelings and interactions with perhaps something special to say in conclusion about the nature of love and commitment. The only area where the film almost lets itself

down is the music. Frank Prinzi's photography of the Washington State coast is breath-taking and Joe Delia's music perfectly matches this romantic setting. The thing that shitted me off wasn't that, but that this film contains not one, but two Bruce Springsteen songs (and one of them is 'I'm on Fire'). Luckily Sheryl Crow's 'Home' steps in to the breach to barely save the soundtrack.

All in all an outstanding virtuoso performance from Ed Burns. So if you like your romance a little different and you love Bon Jovi then cancel that party you were having on Friday and rent this film instead.

Anthony Paxton

Heads. Heads. Heads. Heads.

A couch potato classic

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead
1990, Dir. Tom Stoppard
Tim Roth, Gary Oldman,
Richard Dreyfuss

Tom Stoppard first drew attention in the late 60s with his play *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, which follows the adventures of two incidental characters from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. From the 70s onwards he moved into screenwriting, and the 1990 film *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* also marked his directorial debut.

Like *Shakespeare in Love*, this is a period movie with weighty costume design and heavily mannered speech, performed by a fine international cast. What sets it apart from other films that share this description is its decidedly offbeat tone, sort of the flipside of a straight rendition of Shakespeare, which throws in a mixed bag of sight gags and demented verbal exchanges; Tim Roth and Gary Oldman, as the title characters, spout their lightning-fast word duels with perfection.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead extends its blackly

comic vein beyond the light tone initially apparent, as it is equally imbued with a morbid atmosphere of wonderment about fate and death. Snippets of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* are reinforced by the ominous mood established in the early scenes. And yet, to offset this, the film sheds emotional dimension in favour of something of an academic deconstruction of some of Shakespeare's dialogue, through its own theatrical displays of verbosity. What ties it all together is the performance of Richard Dreyfuss, as a travelling entertainer, who acts as a go-

between to link Rosencrantz and Guildenstern's natural concerns to the surreal environment in which they are stranded.

Tom Stoppard's list of screenwriting credits, which includes such diverse films as *Empire of the Sun*, *The Russia House*, and involvement in Terry Gilliam's *Brazil* makes it hard to find a handle on the guy. A good indication of just how bizarre he can be is the music that opens and doses this film; for a story four centuries old he uses a Pink Floyd blues.

Daniel Gear

Time for the stand-up
generation to sit down and be
counted

Couch Potatoes Wanted

Want to sit on your bum and watch videos for On Dit? If so, put your name, phone number and kind of movies that you like in Belinda's pigeon hole in the On Dit office and she'll give you a buzz when something comes up.

What a deal.



57 Channels (and there's nothing on)



Ern and Dulcie frequently choose not to even look at the television.

The Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy were right. Television is ubiquitous. It doesn't matter whether you're talking 3 inch black and white handheld mono earphone Sanyo or 69 cm flat screen Sony Wega with Dolby stereo. Most of us have got one, and we've all seen one. Free-to-air television stations alone pump out a bit more than 40 thousand hours of audio and video every year. Add the cable and it's closer to a quarter of a million hours. That's a fair bit of TV.

The sad truth, though, is that a lot of it is crap. A lot of it is low quality, a lot of it is repeated. The free-to-air commercial stations buy up burnt-out American sit-coms for close to nothing. The ABC recycles yet another series of mid-70s BBC dross. And anyone watching cable more than occasionally gets a strange sense of *deja vu* as they watch that really cool documentary about the lake drying up in Africa for what must be the third or fourth time.

So what's the answer? Sadly, one can't get quality through diversity. Cable is fun because it takes a good half hour just to wade through all the channels and see what's on. But beyond that, in this country at least, it can be as boring and repetitive as the free-to-air networks we all grew up on.

What's been on the Telly?

At the risk of writing a primary school essay entitled "What I watched on TV last Summer," here's a few highlights of the post-non-ratings-period crud relief.

The Police (with or without District Attorney) genre gets a thrashing year after year. Personal favourites are

NYPD Blue, followed closely by *Law and Order*. Which is why I was holding out some hope for *Special Victims Unit*. I've never been a huge fan of the spin-off (if the show can't stand on its own two feet...), but we'll see how it goes. Then there's the ABC's latest from the BBC: *The Cops*—looking a whole lot like *The Bill*. (And does anyone know what happened to *Turks*?)

Law and Order: Special Victims Unit - I've only seen two episodes as of writing this column. I don't know. It's giving me a bad feeling for a few reasons. Firstly, they run it straight after *Law and Order*. Not necessarily a bad move, but I'm getting a little bit of conceptual overload by about 10.15pm. Then, *SVU* has the second worst theme music of any program on television (*Law and Order*, of course, has the worst). I think the bottom line is that *Law and Order* was a good concept, and it probably didn't need to be extended. And certainly not so as to make a 2 hour crime extravaganza. To be more objective, though, I'll pretend I tuned in at 9.30pm. It's still not frying my burger. To start with, there's way to much of that inter-departmental aggro thing which (a) probably never happens, at least not as much as it is portrayed to happen on television, and (b) just isn't

that interesting after the fifth time in a single episode because it doesn't add anything to the plot, and just makes the regular characters look like territorial animals marking their turf.

The Cops - *NYPD Blue*-style camerawork with *The Bill*-style atmosphere and scenery. Only just started, but yet to be quite as entertaining as either of them. A bit grittier than its closest relative, *The Bill* (these bobbies don't flinch at slapping around teenagers), but with nothing like the pace of *NYPD Blue* (and no one's wearing short-sleeve shirts with ties, either). Maybe just a reflection of London having a fraction of the crime rate of New York City, and that no one is packing a gun.

Family Law - I accidentally did watch the first five minutes of the premiere of *Family Law*. When the apparent lead character stripped down to her undies in a vacant office and started kicking the furniture around, I decided it was a bit too intense and changed the channel. (Mind you, I flipped over to the ABC and was confronted by a woman dying of throat cancer smoking a cigarette through her tracheostomy. I wasn't sure which I found less appealing.)

Above the Law - Naturally, I wanted to check out Ten's brand new Australian drama *Above the Law* so that I could write comments just like they lifted for the thirty second promo: "a great show" and "a cut above". Could they possibly have used phrases any more banal? In the end, with Alyssa Jane Cook getting top billing, it just felt

a little too *E Street* (so shoot me for type-casting), and I couldn't be arsed watching it.

Give it a miss

I'd try to avoid anything with the words *World's Greatest* or *World's Funniest* in the title. Chances are, it's not. Any fool with a Handicam can tape footage of their dog urinating on the kitchen table. Or even the neighbour's pickup truck being whisked away by a hurricane, if you happen to live in the right geographical area. Being in the right place at the right time (or, even worse, contriving it all so it looks like you were) isn't funny, and it's not good television.

Last words

I shed a tear of nostalgia with the news that *Beverly Hills 90210* is in its last season. I shed a slightly more sincere tear of disappointment with the news that *Party of Five* was in its last season. (I always liked that show, and I don't care what rude words you used to substitute in its title, Dale Adams.) When this edition of *On Dit* hits the stands, there will be a show on tomorrow night (Tuesday, February 22) called *Cutting Edge - McLibel: Two worlds collide*. It's about the longest running trial in British history, and could be interesting. And, don't forget: Media Watch returned a couple of weeks ago. Watch it.

Paul Hoadley

New ABC TV Quiz Show *Flashback* seeks contestants and audience

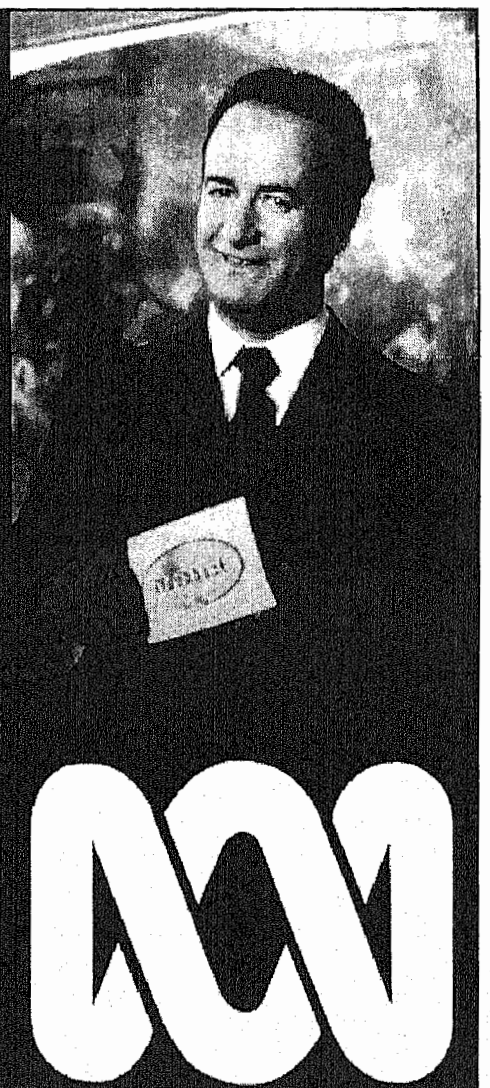
Do you consider yourself a general knowledge whiz? Ever wanted to be on national television? Here's your chance to test your abilities in front of a live studio audience.

The first quiz show produced by the ABC in many years, *Flashback* is one of the most exciting new programs for the year 2000.

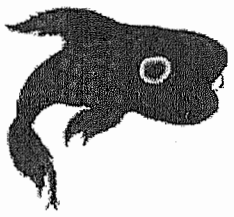
Produced in the ABC's Collinswood studios, and hosted by Philip Clark, *Flashback* delves into the world wide historical events that shaped our nation. Contestants are tested on aspects of the most significant, and funniest, moments in Australian news, current affairs, music and TV history.

Flashback screens nationally on ABC TV, Monday - Thursday at 6.00pm.

To register as a contestant or audience member call Sophie on (08) 8343 4958.



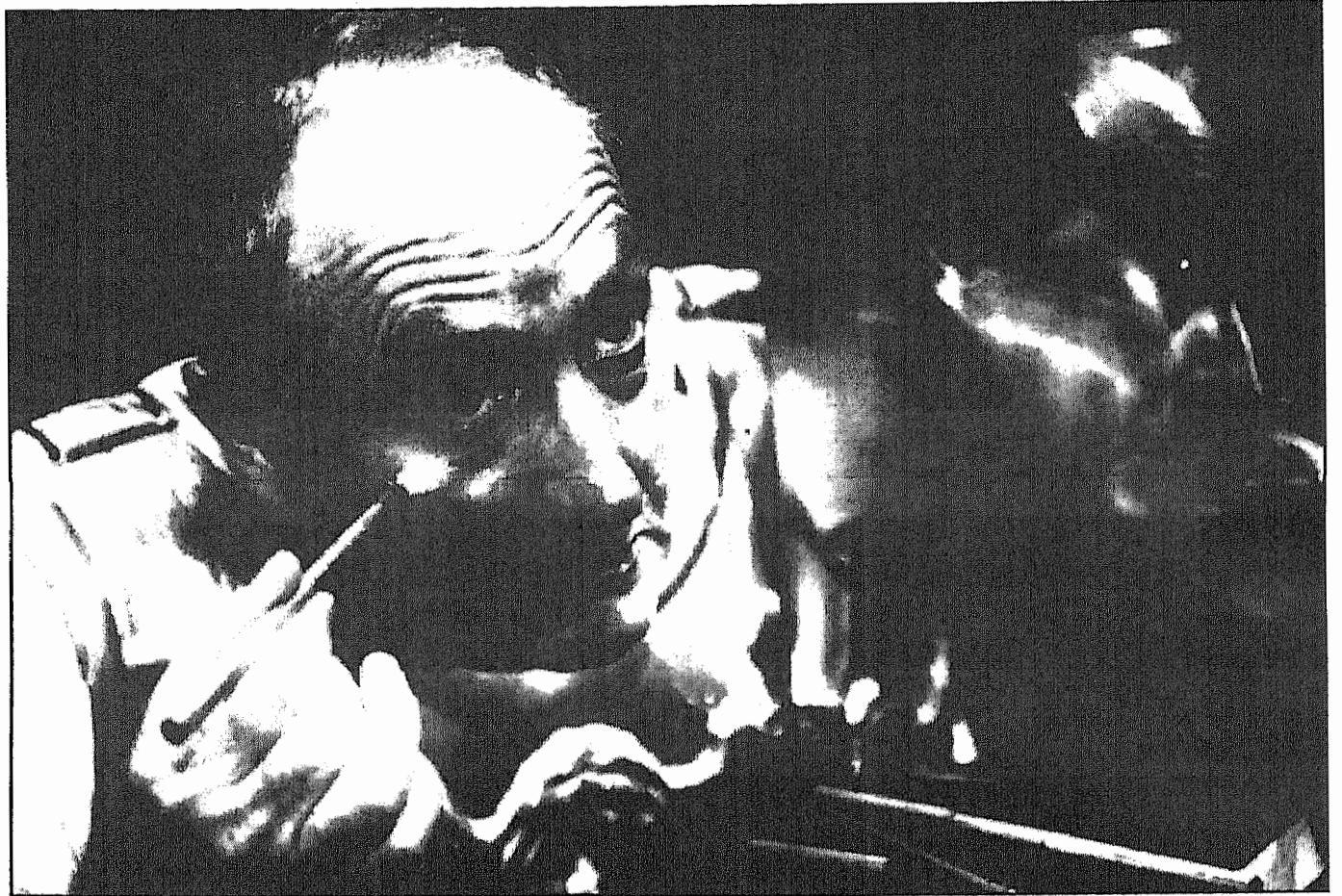
Alan Lovett & The International Theatre Brigade



I spoke with Alan Lovett, the Australian face for the International Theatre Brigade, when he passed through Adelaide last week. Usually based in Melbourne as a member of The Zoom Company, Alan has strong links with North America and especially Canada. He regularly tours to such events as the prestigious Edmonton Fringe Festival, which is surpassed in size only by the Edinburgh and Adelaide Fringes. The genesis of the International Theatre Brigade resulted from Alan meeting other theatre companies with success equal to his own sellout shows.

What has developed is a team of eight companies from five different nations organising a season of drama and comedy works to bring to The Cosmopolitan Centre (128 Hindley Street, outside the Greater Union Cinemas) from February 26 to March 19.

This is Zoom's third visit to the Adelaide Fringe, having earned four stars in 1996 with *A Man's Story*. This year Alan will be performing his most successful play yet: *Bottom's Dream*. Alan got the idea for the play after directing the play-within-a-play of the Rude Mechanicals in a production of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Having worked with issue focussed productions for some time, Alan saw a chance in the character of Bottom, to write a new comedy. Not knowing Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* will not lessen your understanding of the play, but be aware that Shakespeare's play involves dreams, magic, and a comedy of loves gone awry between people and fairies and an ass, no less. This is all fertile ground for Alan who has "Nick Bottom", a second-rate



actor, in trouble with his stage manager whilst having strange dreams of dubious nature and doubts about his own sanity and whether or not he has spent a 'magical night' with a queen. It must all work because Alan has had a series of prizes and sellouts with the show.

The acts accompanying Alan are diverse but share a common heritage of Fringe successes. Graham Vogt and David Backus are Fringe 'purists' working without costume or set as they "dive into the lake of evil in us all" in "Dweezle Underwood and the Perfect Date." "Goddess" is a more conventional one-person play, an auto-biographical exploration of sexual behaviour, politics and identity. The Eyewitness Theatre Company from Ireland perform a cabaret-style comedy where a middle-aged

husband must cope with his wife's desire to explore the possibilities laid before her eyes (and ours) in the *Kama Sutra*. He doesn't feel up to it, but his wife has other ideas.

The Weird Sisters are part of the Brigade, returning to Adelaide after their 1998 Adelaide Fringe sellout, this time with "Loveplay." Alan tells me this performance was the most breath-taking acting he saw in 99, bringing tears (of laughter and admiration) to his eyes as these two women play 10 roles, changing from character to character with never a stumble on a tour of the hearts and minds of people trying to find love and hold on to it.

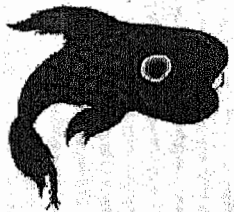
Tired Cliches, written and performed by TJ Dawe, will have something for all of us as it traces the story of a young uni graduate trying to survive

in a world of minimum wage jobs. And what does happen when a schizoid ballerina is locked in a room with a duck? You'll have to see *The Quite Room* to find out..., or you could watch *Wait a minute, What?* about a guy who gets the chance of a lifetime, but note that the show comes with a warning that it "contains words and ideas. It will make you think about stuff and things." Thank God!

These are all very successful shows overseas. The performances average an hour each and will play on a rotating programme week nights from six, and weekends from two in the afternoon till late, so you should easily be able to fit in the whole season.

Farley Wright

On the fringe



O-week finishes with the commencement of the ritual sacrifice of self-discipline that is the Fringe festival.

Friday night is the official opening, but some shows start as early as Wednesday so don't start studying, you've got partying to do. Forget about reading course handbooks and the library study-skills workbook, get yourself a Fringe Guide NOW and plan your cultural education.

The university is too much like a vocational training institution, so if you actually want an education

you'll have to do it yourself: comedy, music, outdoor events, physical theatre and dance, theatre, writing, and the visual arts are to be found in abundance at the Fringe.

Season your loins with self-expanding experiences to tide you over the coming years of study. And the Fringe is nothing if not accessible. Events are priced for reality and the ticket office is where you should be, in Rundle street, opposite Al Fresco's. There are free events and free venues falling over each other for your patronage.

On Dit will be covering lots of shows so watch us as well for reviews and updates.

A Rant

Have you noticed the tendency of late for arts events to colonise the religious cultural space?

In the time-honoured tradition of commentary upon Festival/Fringe posters, let us consider the cruciform image on the Festival programme with its apocalyptic caption, and compare it with the gold(en)fish emerging from the grill/platter on the Fringe guide. In a purportedly information-rich society I don't see any debate, informed or otherwise, going on about our spiritual condition as a culture, but I do notice arts events taking on the symbolism and ritual nature of religious ceremony.

Are we groping, in an increasing materialist society, amongst the ethereal promises of the arts for something that might lead us to meanings other than those encapsulated in the logos of consumer products? Can our arts events give us the existential direction that its promotions appear to promise, or will we merely be left with a hangover and an empty feeling after the 19th of March?

Is the fish on the Fringe guide sucking up to our Festival of Culture, or kissing our Arts goodbye?

Art, culture ... what more do you people want?

Two years of Robyn Archer travelling the globe in search of the best dance, theatre and music has resulted in a Festival that promises to rival those of Rob Brookman and Anthony Steele, if not quite reaching the heights that Kosky achieved in 1996. What follows is a brief run down of some of the best events in the programme. If you're cashed up and good to go, then see everything on the list, and whatever else you can find a free night for, but if money's at a premium (two word - HECS debt), then see what you can. To that end, the Festival's joined up with State Theatre's CLUBtwentysix to make a selection of some of the better events available at an affordable price. For the outrageous sum of \$4, or \$2 if you can make it to the BASS outlet in the Festival Centre's foyer, you can see eight shows, including Mizumachi, iets op Bach, ur/faust and Eat Your Young for \$15 dollars each. And the CLUBtwentysix membership lasts a year, giving you discount tickets for a whole plethora of other theatre and dance shows.

Dance

heavy / robbery waitress on bail - March 3-6 at 10pm, Space Theatre, Festival Centre

les lieux de l' - March 10-12 at 6pm, Union Hall, Adelaide University
iets op Bach - March 10,11 and 13 at 8pm and March 12 at 2pm, Festival Theatre

Dance is always a hard thing to get into if you don't know a lot about it. But of all the performing arts, it's that safest bet. After all, if the dancing's bad, then you can always close your eyes and listen to the music. But these three shows -

Lucy Guerin's heavy and robbery waitress on bail, Mathilde Monnier's les lieux de l' and C de la B's iets op

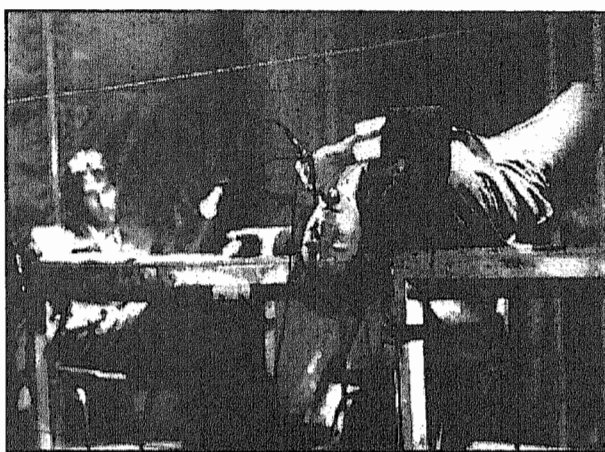
Bach-are worth the price of admission. Guerin's works in particular, for all that she's Australian and you're hopefully going to see her tour to Adelaide again soon, are great. Monnier is one of the icons of French dance, who has been putting together fantastic pieces for the best part of twenty years, and C de la B, who you might remember from the 1998 Festival, are also quality stuff.

Theatre

Ecstatic Bible - March 3, 7 and 8 at 5.00pm and March 4 and 5 at 1pm, Scott Theatre

ur/faust - March 6,7 and 10,11 at 11pm and March 8,9 at 9pm, Queens Theatre

Eat Your Young, March 3, 4 and 6 at 7pm, March 4 at 3pm and March 5 at 5pm, Odeon Theatre



ur/faust: givin' it to Goethe.

Theatre's a tough one, since almost all the programme rates as 'really have to see that', but these shows demonstrate that even

when there's a Festival on, the work that Australian companies turn out (yes Virginia, all these shows are being performed by Australian companies) is damn fine. Howard Barker's Ecstatic Bible, all nine hours of it, will be remembered like Peter Brook's Parliament of the Birds or Mahabharata in years to come. I can't recommend it highly enough. Benedict Andrew's ur/faust and Arena's Eat Your Young, like

Lucy Guerin's choreography, underline the depth of talent in Australian's performing arts at the moment.

Music Theatre

Shock-Headed Peter - March 15-19 at 7pm, and March 18, 19 at 2pm, Her Majesty's

Mizumachi - March 4-8, 10-15 and 17 at 8pm, Parade Grounds

Poles apart in style and content, these two productions are on the 'best of...' list for entirely different reasons. Mizumachi's here because every Festival needs a stunning visual show, and this Japanese work looks like it's going to be the one for 2000. Like Operation Orfeo in 1996 and Ex Machina's Seven Streams of the River Ota in 1998, Mizumachi promises to be one of those shows that leaves images locked in your head for years to come. Shock-Headed Peter on the other hand is just going to be good, evil fun. Based on the Strewelpeter stories of little children who suck their thumbs having them cut off and other enlightening tales, Shock-Headed Peter is a grotesque bit of music theatre that stars the strange trio The Tigerlillies, who performed at the Squeezebox to wild acclaim two years ago.

Keep an eye on the reviews in *On Dit* over the next few weeks for other shows that crop up as 'must sees', and I'll see you out and about.

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I Don't Know Art ... But I Know What I Like

Welcome to the Visual Arts section of *On Dit* 2000. I'll be your host for the next couple of semesters. I'm sorry, the title was a bit of a gambit. Kind of 'Let's run it up the flag-pole and see who salutes.' If you're reading this you probably have at least a passing interest in Art. Maybe you came looking for the 'Visual Arts' page of *On Dit*. If so, congratulations, you found it (Truly, you can't fool a Uni student). Maybe you were curious about the title. Well, mission accomplished. Now that I have your attention, I'll

tell you what this is all about. Over the next twenty-or-so issues of *On Dit* this section will be devoted not just to reviewing shows and interviewing artists and all that. I also intend to look at some of the more relevant questions about Art and what it means in context of the everyday. Essentially this, irregular column will find new and different ways to pose one essential question.

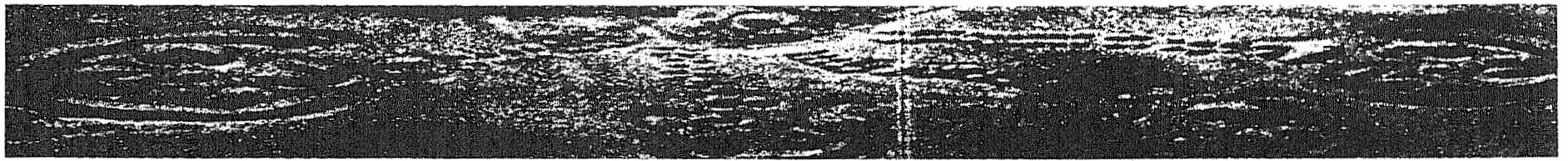
What is Art?

In this day and age Art doesn't carry the kind of cache it has in the past. Many people seem to think that Art no longer bears any relevance to the

world in which we live. They see it as unnecessary. If this was true, surely the same thing could be said of sport or religion. In spite of this ongoing debate, the question of what constitutes Art still evokes impassioned discussion among experts and lay-people alike. It even provokes demonstrations and riots. Not bad for something of questionable relevance. With this column I want to open up a dialogue about Art, its purpose and relevance. What constitutes Art? Does the essential *Art-iness* of something come from within or without? What does

it mean to confer upon something the status of 'Art'? This is something I've been thinking about for some time now - well, at least since I landed this job. The closest I've been able to get to any kind of answer is this: Art is a subjective experience - I don't know *Art* but ... it really is different things for different people. This sounds like a cop-out, even to me, but it's true, I think. If there's anyone out there that can come up with something better, write or email me.

Jonathon Dyer



*Pitjantjatjara Sand Stories/
Milpatjunanyi*
An Ernabella Arts Exhibition
Flinders Art Museum City Gallery
28 January - 27 February

We made the recordings so that grand-daughters, daughters and great grandchildren can see them. And when these children grow up, they may think, I see, this is our story that they left for us so that we may never forget.

The *Pitjantjatjara Sand Stories* exhibition is a collection of stories written in sand. Walking into the gallery, you will see wooden boxes filled with red, desert sand, in which designs have been finger-traced by three artists: Nungalka Stanley, Nura Rupert, and Manyinka Toby. The tracings are accompanied by written texts of the stories they tell, in both their original language and in English, on large posters which also incorporate brown and red-toned photographs of the artists at work, and which have been altered to achieve a speckled effect,

reminiscent of both pointillist painting and the dot-style that is generally associated with Aboriginal art. The posters also map the sand drawings and the stories they tell, explaining the order in which the different markings are made, and what part of the story they represent, bringing to the drawings a sense of the life and movement they would have in their usual tellings, by women seated on the ground, stick or wire in hand.

Pitjantjatjara Sand Stories is an exhibition of the contemporary storytelling practise of Pitjantjatjara women from Ernabella, an Aboriginal community of the Western Desert of South Australia. Paradoxically ephemeral yet preserved, the sand drawings stand testament to the life and growth of Pitjantjatjara culture and the continuance of tradition. A sharing of stories both allegorical and timeless in nature, made accessible to the general public in a traditional form, it's well worth a look.

EF



This Space could be Yours. Yes, that's right, Yours.

All you have to do is wander down to *On Dit* (or call us on 8303 5404) and declare your desire, nay, your burning passion, to write for the Visual Arts section, and our ever effervescent Arts Guy, Jon Dyer, will send you off to Look At Art, or indeed, Write Stuff About Art. If you're real lucky, you'll find yourself getting invites to launches with free finger food AND decent booze which is as good a reason to Write About Art about as any I can think of. But I don't get out much.

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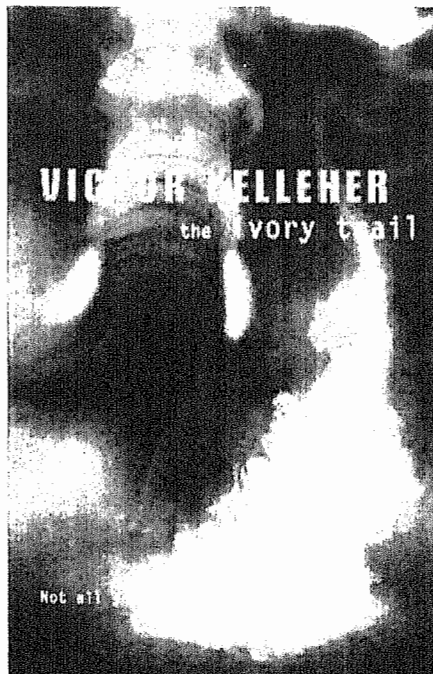


UNIBOOKS



**South of the Border,
West of the Sun.**
Haruki Murakami
Harvill Press
\$22.95

I always feel as if I'm struggling to become someone else. As if I'm trying to find a new place, grab



The Ivory Trail
Victor Kelleher
Viking/Penguin
Illust. Saffron Newey
\$16.95

I guess I first read Australian author Victor Kelleher's *Master of the Grove* when I was twelve years old, during the first omnivorous stage of genre consumption, when I was chewing my way through eight or nine books a week. I remember the feel of it, the particular edition, quite clearly: hardback, middling large type, classical book production; a library edition. I also much

BOOK REVIEWS

hold of a new life, a new personality. I suppose it's part of growing up, yet it's also an attempt to re-invent myself. By becoming a different me, I could free myself of everything. I seriously believed I could escape myself – as long as I made the effort. But I always hit a dead end. No matter where I go, I still end up me. What's missing never changes. The scenery may change, but I'm still the same old incomplete person. The same missing elements torture me with a hunger that I can never satisfy. I think that lack itself is as close as I'll come to defining myself.

(p. 182)

A couple of years ago I had the pleasure of reading *The Wind-up Bird Chronicle* by Haruki Murakami. It was exquisite, expansive and fascinating. *South of the Border, West of the Sun* was written before it (in 1992) but has only recently been translated into English. It's a vastly different novel, but is, in its way, just as beautiful.

It is the story of Hajime, a loner,

an offbeat only child growing up in a conventional middle-class suburb of a small Japanese town, and Shimamoto, another only child who has cultivated a cool self-possession to disguise her awkwardness at walking with a limp. Childhood sweethearts, the two would meet after school to listen to records and talk about the future. After his family moves away, the two lose touch. The story is told by Hajime in his late thirties, by which time he is married, a father, a successful nightclub owner, and content finally after years of directionless struggle. He meets Shimamoto again and finds himself propelled into the mysterious realm of her life. She has become a beautiful enigma, coming and going at random, telling nothing of her life, existing, it seems, only in moments. Overcome by pity, enchantment and desire, Hajime decides that he must risk all he has for the chance to consummate his first love.

Murakami's writing and characterisation are exceptional. Passion

and a bittersweet sadness typify both, but there is something shadowy, something you just can't put your finger on that makes the book all the more enticing. You can't quite pin down just who or what Shimamoto has become, or just where Hajime's emotions and desires stem from, or just where the beauty of Murakami's simple, seemingly straightforward writing comes from. You become one with Hajime, marking time with the actual words, as he does with his work and other everyday routines, until the next point of contact, the next turn of phrase that has you grasping desperately for definition, for that obscure object of desire. All that is certain is a painful, beautiful sadness. *South of the Border, West of the Sun* is an intricate examination of human desire and our longing for the unobtainable. It is a love story about the need to look back in order to go forward, that illuminates just how much, and how little, people change over time.

Paul Bradley

enjoyed the book, reading it a couple of times at least, being completely enthralled. I must have been, given that I recall it so well when I can't remember what I had for breakfast yesterday. I thought I'd read most of Kelleher's juvenilia, but looking at the list in the front of *The Ivory Trail* I see I've missed several. I'll be reading them, though, to try to understand why I get such a sense of contrast between my memories of *Master of the Grove* and those much fresher ones of *The Ivory Trail*.

Shortly to be awarded the Aurealis Award for children's literature, *The Ivory Trail* is a set of five short stories, held together by the framing device of the history an elephant carved from ivory. The frame is the story of young Jamie Hassan, inheritor of his grandfather's ivory and also his talent for 'channeling': for being drawn into the past and reliving the experiences of people now long-dead. This power scares Jamie, who tries (but not very hard) to refuse it.

Each short story shows us part of the carving's life, from the initial tusk to its coming to Australia, although not how it came to be in Jamie's family. Each story is a separate channeling for Jamie, and each has a lesson for him to learn.

Here it is clear that Kelleher has tight control over his material: a sense of anticipation is generated effectively; you feel all the emotions Kelleher manoeuvres you into feeling. You want to know all about the people presented to you, and this is neatly denied to you. It's fun and catchy.

The moral for each is fairly clear; the repeating theme in each is of a young man growing up a bit. But this wears a little thin: each figure is not very grown up to begin with, and only slightly more so at the end.

Then come the interludes, when Jamie is with his family rather than channeling. Here Kelleher smacks you, hard, with expository sections. Having shown you an instructive episode, he then feels the need to explain it to you in short words, put into the mouth of Jamie's otherwise rather more interesting twin sister Gemma. The teasing banter made by Jamie's elder relatives is entertaining, but a little patronising.

Kelleher sets up a nicely scary preposition which he then, unfortunately, fails to follow through on, being too caught up in his urge towards didacticism. Perhaps Kelleher's target audience won't notice.

Damien Warman

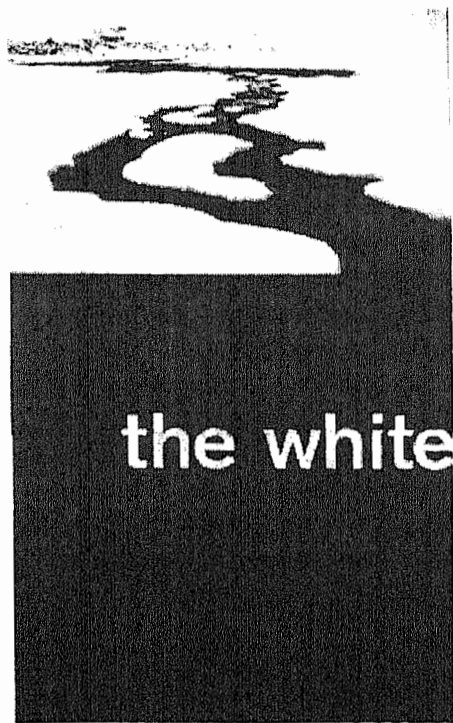
UNIBOOKS

We have our very own campus bookstore in the Union Building (big red thing housing the eateries). More importantly it contains almost every book you will ever need during your time here and offers a **12% CASH DISCOUNT** until the 1st of April. After that, these kind people continue to offer a 10% cash discount for the rest of the year as well as numerous sales. They also offer up to **70% discount on software**. So to find that textbook novel computer programme or to search for something interesting to give that literary friend pop in and have a look around. The staff are happy to help you search for anything and can order it in for you if by chance it is not on the shelves.

BOOK REVIEWS



UNIBOOKS



The White
Adrian Caesar
Picador
\$19.95

While researching, Adrian Caesar visited the Scott Polar Research Institute in London, where his

efforts were met with 'amiable suspicion'. 'I hope you're not writing a novel,' asked one member of staff. And what well-placed suspicion it was. Academics and students seriously interested in the Antarctic journeys of Scott and Mawson will be disappointed, I think, in this pseudo-documentary/fictional work. Caesar has attempted to re-create the last days of the two explorers' journeys, including excerpts from their letters and diaries, documentary narrative and an enormous amount of speculation and guesswork. *The White* does distance itself from the label of biography, but even with its status as fiction, its two famous protagonists are a constant reminder that this story is not an author's creation, but history, twisted and reshaped to appeal to an audience. When it comes down to it, this is a story of men trudging through snow day and night, man-hauling sledges, living off reduced rations, erecting tents and lighting primus stoves. Hardly scintillating stuff. The fact that this really happened adds that sparkle of verité, but we all know

question that. How the hell would a movement ever have gained the strength and mainstream support feminism enjoyed if these were its only aims? And how can we blithely overlook the fifty or so years of feminist struggle prior to the 1950's? Feminism is a cause that is well over a century old, and whilst it has changed and grown, the work of all the women involved over the past century should not be so easily ignored.

This is what prompted Marilyn Lake, a Professor of History at La Trobe University, to write this book. She explores the birth of the 'Woman Movement', and the struggle women undertook to obtain the vote, a welfare system, and to raise the age of consent from 12 (yes, that's right, once upon a time, not so long ago, it was OK for men to fuck little girls of 12 and 13) to 16. She provides incredible detail of the campaigns of these women, of how they were defeated only to continue fighting for the rights of women in Australia. Names that should be writ as large in the minds of every Australian as those of previous Premiers, Generals and Prime Ministers are given here, with all their rich history. This is not a distortion of history, as feminist deconstructions are often viewed, but it seeks to give life and remembrance to women whose victories we now take for granted. No one is

what really happened, so not many surprises are achieved. I mean, the end of Titanic wasn't a surprise now, was it? Well, neither will this be. Scott dies, a half day's trek from a cache of supplies, and becomes a national hero for England. Mawson survives, although only discovers national fame posthumously when he makes it onto the Australian \$100 note.

Caesar's writing style is rather flat, at times almost deadpan. His constant forays into pop psychology are eyebrow-raising to say the least. He examines Scott's homosexual tendencies, Mawson's sexual yearnings (and his inexperience) and the crews' mental illnesses and transvestism. Scattered through the book are small tracts on the adventure fiction of the day and insights into Scott's marital relationship. This collation of different narrative styles and information pieces disrupt the flow of the book, and really become rather irritating. As a whole, I found *The White* inconsistent, highly speculative and, all in all, rather dull.

A. Reid

perfect, and unlike many histories, Lake makes no attempt to paint these women in a rose-colored light. The early feminists existed in a racist world, and for all their deconstructive powers, they did not seek for the same freedoms as their later counterparts. Lake also refuses to gloss over their failures, and their dissension. Feminism was never a single-pronged approach, and her work details the many and diverse aims and agendas of the Woman Movement. The only criticism I would make of this book is that the detail is almost overwhelming. In trying to follow the timeline (which jumps back and forth as Lake focusses on people and ideas, rather than the chronological development of feminism), it is rather like trying to follow single threads in a complex tapestry. But, that is life. In order to give credit to all the figures of history, it is necessary to provide this detail. Just don't try to read this when you're tired. This is a wonderful, necessary book, filling in the gaps that our history teachers didn't bother about (just why is it that we spend so much time studying the first and second world wars at school, but that women's rights, civil rights and the environmental movements are ignored?), and I urge everyone to read it.

Erin O'Donnell



UNIBOOKS

NEW WORDS

Here for your delectation, are some of the new words which made it into the new edition of the *Oxford Dictionary of English*:

chopsocky - genre of martial arts action films

adhocracy - more flexible & informal than over-rigid bureaucracy

slacker - member of subculture characterized by apathy

riot girls - young feminists opposed to sexual harassment and exploitation of women

contactee - person who claims to have been contacted by aliens

spod - dull & over-studious person

saddo - inadequate person

ecofeminism - combines ecological and feminist concerns regarding both as resulting from male domination

psychohistory - a work that interprets history via psychological theory

monkey wrench - sabotage, especially as a form of protest

Generation X - born during 60s-70s, after the baby boomers, seen as disaffected and directionless

pink pound - group buying power of the gay community

avoidance relationship - forbidden family relationship

psychotronic - genre of low-budget films with sci-fi horror or fantasy themes

off-message - departing from official party line; conversely on-message

aplause line - in a political speech, calculated to provoke favourable audience response

ebonics - American black English as a language in its own right

mockney - affected imitation of cockney accent

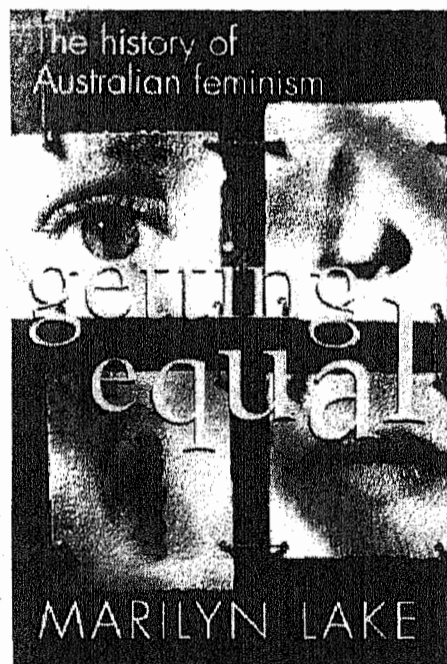
blended family - a family incorporating children from several relationships

hippy-dippy - unconventional & foolishly idealistic

homogamy - marriage between people with similar sociological backgrounds

safari supper - where each course is eaten at a different person's house

psychohistory - a work that interprets history via psychological theory



Getting Equal
Marilyn Lake
Allen & Unwin
\$24.95

Feminism is a much-maligned cause today, both by those who directly feel it's sting (see: 'The Domain of the Patriarchy on the Internet'), and by those whom it is supposed to be helping (ie women). It tends to be associated with bra-burning, and the hairy-legged lesbians of the 1960s and '70s, and their wild claims for reproductive rights, and parthenogenesis, and the vileness of men. Strange how few of us seek to



UNIBOOKS

BOOK REVIEWS



UNIBOOKS



The Museum Guard
Howard Norman
Picador
\$16.99

Howard Norman established himself as a writer of substance with his second novel, *The Bird Artist*, a lyrically melancholic story of love and loss. The same themes are present in his latest work, *The Museum Guard*, a deceptively simple story set around the maritime college town of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Set against the closing of the 1930s and the growing threat of another European war, *The Museum Guard* traces an complicated few months in

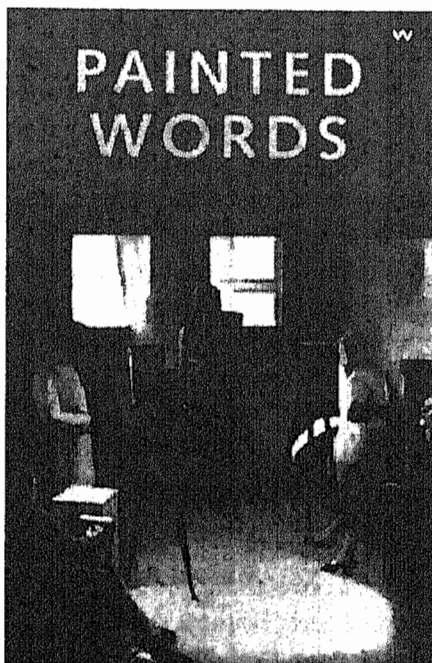
the hereto simple life of DeFoe Russet, the guard of the title. DeFoe works at the Glace Museum, a small, well patronised gallery, with his uncle, Edward. He lives in a hotel and spends his evenings courting the indifferent Imogen Linney, caretaker at the local Jewish cemetery. Since the death of his parents in a freak Zeppelin accident DeFoe's life has been fairly uneventful - not so much a life as a 'string of days stretching back into the past and forward into the future'.

All this begins to change with the arrival of a new exhibition, simply called 'Five Dutch Paintings', including a haunting and memorable image of a woman standing before a hotel. 'Jewess on

a Street in Amsterdam' becomes the catalyst for a series of events that unfold with the inevitability of a Greek tragedy and irrecoverably change the live of DeFoe and all around him.

In *The Museum Guard*, Norman has created a work of rare and exquisite beauty. Understated and compelling, the reader is drawn into DeFoe's world by the subtlety and simplicity of Norman's phrasing and by his attention to the commonplace and mundane in the life of his narrator. You will want to measure out *The Museum Guard* page by page to prolong the simple pleasure of reading.

Jonathon Dyer



Painted Words
Ed. Brenda Glover, K*M
Mann, Scott Hopkins &
Eva Sallis
Wakefield Press
\$16.95

What I hope the reader will come away with is a sense of the energy and liveliness in a group of writers in the process of flexing their creative muscles, and having fun in doing so. This is, after all, a celebration.

Thomas Shapcott, Introduction

Painted Words is a collection of twenty-seven short stories and

poems (from twenty-three different writers) which have sprung from the postgraduate Creative Writing course run by the Adelaide Uni English Department. The collection takes its inspiration from a group of four paintings (and one linecut) by South Australian artist Dorrit Black (1891-1951) and the pieces are divided up according to the painting they choose as their starting point. Each section is preceded by a black-and-white image of the relevant picture.

The collection is diverse in terms of both writing style and subject matter, and also, to an extent, genre. As with many anthologies, the quality varies, with some pieces being quite memorable and others eminently forgettable. While it

is an interesting exercise to have a group of writers taking the same pieces of artwork and then writing from them - and taking often widely different paths in the process - I am inclined to think that this has its pitfalls. Art is a deeply personal and introspective business to begin with, and art about art - well, lets just say that this anthology has moments which are so self-consciously introspective as to tend towards wankiness.

It is great to read new writing by local authors, and there's enough here that is fresh and interesting to make the collection a pleasant way to spend a slow afternoon, but that's about it.

EF

FREE BOOKS. OUT THEY GO. HURRY NOW.

All that is required of you to obtain free samples of the latest, glossiest novels and fascinating books is to pop down to *On Dit* (or see us during O'Week) and leave your name, phone number and details of your literary interests in my pigeon hole. I'll organise a meeting, and hand over some free stuff. In return, you'll give me a brilliantly written review of the book in question. That's it. Also, for all you keen literary folk, **Writers' Week is 5 - 10 March**, in the Pioneer Women's Memorial Gardens, and **admission is FREE!!** So if you'd like to go, see me for programme details (otherwise they cost \$5) and I'd love anyone who attends to write up anything they found interesting...

Sound good? Then come on down and leave your details!

See you soon,

Erin O'Donnell, Literature Sub-Editor

soup her iced vovo

To back up their latest release, *8 Miles High*, Superheist have recently undertaken a huge national tour, including this weeks Adelaide Uni O'Ball. They are a hard hitting Melbourne band who have recently been signed to Shock Record's exciting *Shagpile* label. In light of the tour, vocalist Rod McLeod decided to give *On Dit* a call, and share his thoughts on everything, from touring and the weather to beer and football.

'I'm cooking man,' says Rod, experiencing a bit of the weather that we've had here for the past few weeks. 'I'm just sweating like a pig, it's so bloody hot. It's 38 again here today right, and we got that state bloody power strike on, so I'm sitting at Shock records office, there's no air conditioning. It's just absolutely boiling man. It sux!'

But despite the excessive weather, Rod is certainly chuffed about being recently signed to a large record company. 'It's just really good having it, you know, the people behind you that actually go out and market and promote the band instead of trying to do it yourself through word of mouth. They do everything for you. It's awesome, it's taken out

of your hands, you can concentrate on actually playing music, recording good songs, and doing good shows. The burden's taken out of your hands, so that's the good thing about it. Plus, you get to reach a lot more people now, I mean, they got their fingers into every little pie, so once they get the hooks in, you're laughing.' Of course, along with the record company's marketing, the fanbase naturally expands. 'Yeah, I mean it's definitely expanding, having the Triple J airplay, having your video clip on TV all the time, on [V] and MTV and Rage or whatever. You know, definitely makes it a lot easier, and you get exposed to more people. More people go 'I wouldn't mind seeing them at a show', so when we're in the town,

they go along.'

So what has been the greatest moment so far?

'I reckon touring with Sepultura probably. They're great guys, really chilled, really calm sort of fellas. They're not big partiers or anything, I mean, they've been doing it for 15 years around the world, so it's just

move in there. There were people started swinging on the rafters, the pot plants coming down, it was awesome!'

Obviously touring is a big part of Superheist's ethos. With this comes a lot of tension between members of the band, but Rod says they have a good way of dealing with that: 'I

keeping it real.' So what influences do they hold then? 'Sean our drummers is into U2, the police, that sort of stuff, Faith No More. I don't know. Everyone's coming from the 80's, so there's heaps of different influences. Going back from Black Sabbath, to Mi-Sex or something weird like that, know what I mean?'

How about international music scene? 'I'd like to see less of Boyzone, Backstreet boys, Backdoor boys, whatever. Fuck, I hate that sort of shit. It's just the 2000 style of music, mass produced, easily digestible pop shit.'

Despite that, Rod still seems to have a soft spot for pop. 'Yeah, I'd love to meet Spice Girls! Who else.... Janet Jackson and her entourage. Jamiroquai, he's cool. Michael Jackson! I'd tell him he's a fuckin' freak!'

How about touring with them? 'Yeah, the Spice Girls! [Laughs] Spice Girls. Can you imagine how many chicks would be at a gig!! Spouse it'd be a pretty young crowd, but it'd be fun! Britney Spears!!! Imagine touring with Britney Spears! How much fun would that be!! You'd have to re-write the meaning of fun after that! That'd be awesome!! Imagine touring with Britney! Now there's somebody I'd like to meet, Britney. And Mariah Carey! Yeah, those two! Britney and Mariah! For certain!'

Apart from being partial to a bit of good ol' pop music, Rod is also into sports. 'Yeah. I'm a huge sport head, I'll watch anything! Even the Ironman!! And that's not even a sport!' And the footy? 'Yeah! Go Essendon! We're a huge footy head band. Love football.'

After quite a long chat about the 2000 footy season, the interview had to come to a close. In a final note, Rod told of all the fun that Superheist will be having during the year. 'After all this touring, about 3 months of touring, we go and do the pre-production for the new album. We've already got the 20 songs written. So we'll have an album out middle of the year sometime. We've got 20 songs down, and we'll probably pick 14 or so of those, and chuck them on an album, and then we'll tour that. So that's what you've got to look forward to!'

Make sure you catch Superheist playing at this years O'Ball!

Stern, the Great!

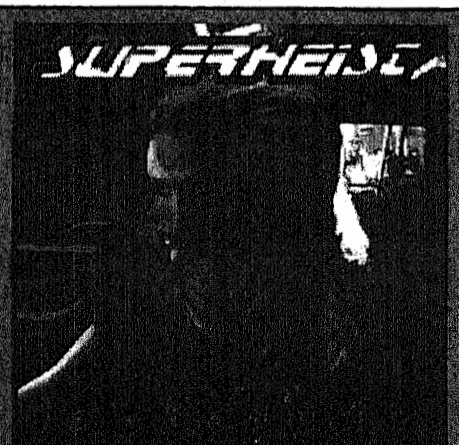


another town, another night to them, so yeah, we were blown away! To actually tour and play with them, the massive shows playing to 4 and 5 thousand people, pretty amazing. We'd never played Perth before until we went on that tour, so we got to go over there and play big shows, big crowds, yeah, it was awesome fun. Big PA's where you turn it up, crank it up loud. That's what I like! Yeah, it was fantastic.

'I think that's the best part about it [the band], just getting out and playing shows, it's awesome fun. Tell you one of my favourite gigs that I ever did was at the back of the Austral, in Adelaide. We played in there, and it was awesome. It just went off. You couldn't even

mean, we just keep out of each others business. All you do is respect everyone's privacy basically. We have had heaps of fights and shit, come close to blows thousands of times. You just sort of take it as it comes. It's not really the glamorous life it's cooked up to be. It's a lot of travel, especially in the summer like this when it's hot driving from Adelaide to Melbourne, it's horrible.' On the other hand, the job does have lots of perks. 'Yeah. That's the other good thing about touring heaps, all the free piss you get. We ask for exorbitant riders, and sometimes they go get them! We'll have 2 slabs of Cascade, 2 bottles of vodka, a slab of Kilkenny, and then some food. Sometimes we get the whole lot!' So what is Rod's favourite beer? 'Ooooh that's a hard one. Probably Kilkenny. I love Kilkenny. Out of the Aussie beers, probably Coopers Pale Ale.'

At the moment, the heavy music scene is dominated by bands like Korn and Limp Bizkit. They get many comparisons to those bands, since their music is along the lines of that genre. 'I fuckin' hate it! Cos we consciously try to avoid all those tags that go along with it, and we try to write music that doesn't sound like them. I wouldn't mind [touring with] the Deftones around the world, or Korn around the world. Rage Against The Machine around the world, you know whatever gets you exposure, but we try our hardest to not have any of that [sound], cos I mean, too many bands out there have their influences written on their sleeve, you can read it straight away. Just not



and Karma' another heavy track. Overall Superheist's CD would make a great addition to any heavy music fan's collection.

Make sure you catch them at this years O'Ball on the main stage.

Stern, the Great!

Superheist
8 Miles High
Shagpile/Shock

After listening to this album, it is clear to hear that Superheist are a band who have their roots in proper heavy music. With a sound not unlike heavy metal masters Sepultura, Slayer, and old school Metallica, Superheist have succeeded in creating a great mini-album.

The CD starts out with 'Pulse', a quick paced heavy track, and only progresses from there. Standout tracks are 'Have Your Way' (produced by John Tommaso who has worked with 28 Days), where singer Rod McLeod shows off his vocal skills, 'Two Faced' which is very heavy and has touches of electronica,

5 more sleeps for 28 Days

28 Days are a power beat rock band from Frankston, Victoria. 28 Days are playing the Orientation Ball this Saturday and have been receiving high rotational radio play for their last three singles. In order to find out more *On Dit's* Jeremy J interviewed t-dub, the turntablist and manager of 28 Days.

od: How long have you been in the band?

t-dub: I actually recorded from the very first album which was 2 years ago, and the last EP, but I only started playing live from last year.

od: ...so, live you are using 2 turntables, but what sort of percentage of songs in a live set do you perform in?

t-dub: Depends set to set, sometimes if we get a crowd who are really into the bounce, rather more than the hardcore stuff, I'll play a bit more, but anywhere from 25 - 50%.

od: ...when other bands are playing the same night, would you play sets in between to entertain the crowd?

t-dub: I have done that yeah, I have set up and that's actually more for my own fun than anyone else's, but I do get up and play sets here and there, actually lately I have been going to other shows and been playing sets as t-dub, which has also been fun.

od: ...your new EP, there are a few remixes on there, what's your opinion of remixing songs?

t-dub: Well, when we decided that we were into this idea, we had a list of 6 or 8 groups / people that we wanted to work with and it just so happened that these guys (Pound System, Sonic Animation and Martin & Argonaut & The Dirty Room) weren't in the studio doing their own stuff, so they had time to work with us. I think we said to the artists that we want you to go ahead and do whatever you think you want to do with the songs, they're yours to tear apart. I think definitely Martin's remix is really interesting. Going from such a hardcore song to having an opera singer do all the lyrics over the top, takes remixing to a real different angle, rather than just plucking bits from a song, it's almost like a re-interpretation.

od: ...it could almost be a cover, really t-dub: Yeah, well that is almost what it is. We love the Pound System guys, and their remix is just really upvibe and into it.

od: ...for me it is the pick of the remixes t-dub: We worked with them before, and they're a really good couple of guys, and Jay's actually done some stuff on their latest EP too. He has recorded some vocals with them, even with the album we will probably all sit down together and come up with something for the album.

od: ...and when you say album, is that looking to be recorded soon?

t-dub: Ah yep, we actually go in next week, with most of February and then we are on the road for a month, 10 days in Japan and back here for a national tour, then back into the studio to finish off the album. Hopefully see the light of day in June.

od: ...with the recording are you using the same producer, as on *Kid Indestructible* and *Here We Go*?



28 days: coming to the right place.

t-dub: Yeah, we are using Kalyu Tonuma, we get along really well with him and we are using the same studio.

od: ...Sing-Sing?

t-dub: Yeah Sing-Sing South we are actually using, same as the first EP *Kid Indestructible*. *Here We Go* we actually did at Sing-Sing North.

od: ...so how has the progression been, going from the first album on Stubble records, and then to *Sand*, the first single.

t-dub: Yeah *Sand* was the first single off the first album, two years ago and just totally different style of recording where you go into a studio and put out thirteen tracks in two days. Instead of sitting down and having time to think and listen to sounds and play with different sounds, and then coming out the other side of recording being really comfortable with what you made.

od: ...*Sand* was the only single released from the album, and then *Kid Indestructible*. What was the time difference between recording?

t-dub: 14 - 15 months. We put out the first self titled album and played a lot, polished our live show, we toured a lot then. We slowed right down then, to concentrate on getting into the studio to record again.

od: ...so was that lots of practice and demo-ing tracks?

t-dub: Yeah, we didn't practice too much, just pulling ourselves out of the scene we had been playing in, and having a think about what we were doing. And then writing stuff we really wanted to write.

od: ...just on the touring aspect, you

seem to have a group of hardcore Adelaide females who follow the band passionately.

t-dub: I think they're over here now actually, we did a show at the Metro last night and I think all those crew were there, and we play the Big Day Out in Melbourne on Saturday.

od: ...do you find that in other capital cities and states?

t-dub: Yeah we do, we have a pretty good core base everywhere we go, so we always see the same faces and hang out with them before and after shows, which is really cool.

od: ...what sort of other national bands do you hook up with when you tour?

t-dub: We have been on tours for the last three and four months, we have

done shows with Toe To Toe in WA and that was something that was bound to happen at some stage. It was the right time and place. Apart from that, Frenzal Rhomb, we have played a lot of shows with them. It just seems like you will be in city playing a show and so someone else will be too, and you end up hooking up with them.

od: ...whether it be after a show in a bar

t-dub: Yeah exactly, and usually by accident too. Bands that aren't touring and we're in their home town, we will catch up with them as well.

od: ...Do you have any favourite Adelaide local bands?

t-dub: ... um, we have played with 99 Reasons Why a lot. I think Thinktank is on to a really good thing. They're really cool. And getting onto a hardcore thing, Embodiment are really good.

od: ...Japan, you said you were touring for about 10 days. Is that something you wanted to do, just head over there and play some shows?

t-dub: It will be our second time; during 1999 we brought Uzimaki and Wrongside, Uzimaki actually played in Adelaide in October at a big hardcore show, so we are going over there to play with them.

od: ...a "return the favour" tour?

t-dub: We actually released a split in Japan with them, and it sold really well.

od: ...was that one song each or more? t-dub: No, it was four tracks of theirs and five tracks of ours, basically the "*Kid Indestructible*" E.P.

od: ...you guys are playing Adelaide Uni O'Ball 2000, do you know much of the lineup?

t-dub: Yeah, it's going to be huge!! It will be as big as Homebake.

You can see 28 Days perform their songs 'Kool', 'La Tune' and 'Sucker' as well as many others at the Adelaide Uni O'Ball main stage, this Saturday.

28 Days
Here We Go
Sputnik/Festival

If I had a pound every time I saw a sucker, I'd be a rich man muther... <insert timely scratches>

Here We Go, the latest EP from 28 Days features two strong singles and three remixes of *Kid Indestructible* singles. 'Sucker' is layered with scratches, laden with melody and harmonic backing vocals and delivers a highly enjoyable and catchy tune. 28 Days have created a well-constructed song, stamped with their uptempo beat and powerful delivery. 'Goodbye' is an extremely entertaining song, fast paced vocals enveloped by chunky guitar, it ably stands against 'Sucker' as an example of earlier 28 Days style. The three remixes are all engaging in their own right. Sonic Animation's version of 'Kool' is quite electro-dance, however Pound System deliver the finest stoner remix of 'The Right Place'. The Martin & Argonaut & The Dirty Room remix of 'Never Give Up' borders on a cover, with few original song structures present, but one of the phattest guitar sounds ever.

Overall, an impressive follow up to *Kid Indestructible*, it bodes well for the future album and career of 28 Days.

dial me up scotty

'Energetic style of upbeat rock with a hint of punk influences.'

This is how Adelaide band Dial describe themselves. A fairly accurate representation of their debut EP, *Fifty Cents Well Spent*, is anything to go by. Dial, a five-member group, formed in 1997 and, shortly after, landed the Adelaide Uni O'Ball as one of its first gigs (not a bad start ... eh?) under the name 'Sugarsalt'. After an early name change Dial adopted a change in song-writing attitude and concentrated on their sound production. Just over two years later and they have a well-produced debut EP to show for their efforts. A lot has happened since the recording took place in May 1999, including a few notable achievements. In June 1999 the band placed third in the Seven Stars' 'Battle of the Bands' finals, made the Melbourne Heat finals in the Hard Rock Cafe 'Breeding Ground' (out of a few hundred bands and were the only South Australian representatives) and again found themselves on the finalists list in the NUS Uni of SA. Band competition. They also performed for Local Noise Live @ The Lion Arts Bar and launched their EP to a capacity-filled Seven Stars, with Yakspit and Hone. With all of this happening in 1999, Dial seem to be destined to make a name for themselves, at least here in Adelaide. And if you look carefully you may even spot their stickers (placed in unusual positions) around the campus.

After meeting with Matt Minarelli (Bass / Vocals), Tom Hope (Drums) and Mark Williams (Guitar / Vocals), all of whom are studying architecture at Uni SA, in the *On Dit* office one fine Tuesday afternoon, the following was produced...

What is the most 'rock' thing you've done?

Ah ...we've gotta think about this ... when we went over to Sydney to master the EP we had a pretty big night. We got back to the hotel room on Oxford Street and found leftovers in the fridge consisting of chops, meatballs, sausages, etc ... A certain lead singer decided to throw them off of the balcony at passers-by. He just missed hitting a bouncer on the other side of Oxford St. with a charcoaled snag. We got a phone-call from the manager at 3am telling us we had complaints of meat projectiles from the third floor balcony.

How do your songs translate live? There's more energy live. We found after recording the EP that the songs sounded a bit slow compared to our live performances. So when we play them live they are quicker and much more energetic.

Following in the traditions of Cat Stevens, Mr Big and Maxi Priest you have decided to cover 'Wild World'. Why this song and are there any other covers you like to play live?

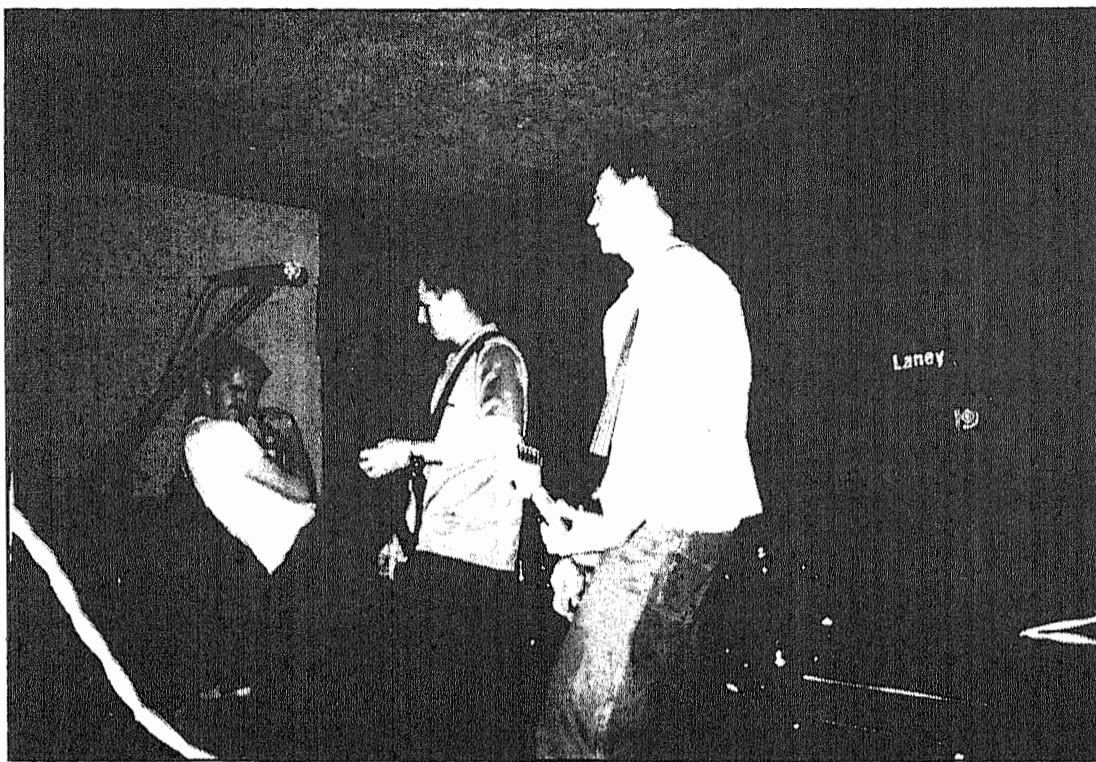
The reason for choosing this song was because Matt and I work in a supermarket and we had to listen

been pretty influential.

I noticed that you have dedicated your debut EP to the memory of 'our great friend Tom Halliday'.

Yeah, he was an old friend who died in a car crash so we decided to dedicate the E.P. to him.

Many Adelaide bands relocate interstate for a variety of reasons.



Matt be nimble, Matt be quick, Matt go under limbo stick

to crappy AM stations. I heard 'Wild World' and thought 'Oh yeah, we could probably do a decent cover of that', so we gave it a go. We don't play many covers but when we do we like to add our own little 'thing' to the song. Give it the Dial stamp.

Who would you cite as your influences?

We all listen to many different styles ... from The Smiths to Iron Maiden, the Beatles. Pretty much just a broad range. Face to Face are a band we'd like to mention. They've

What are your views on the Adelaide band / gig scene?

Well, in the last six months, we just started to really get into the live shows and gigging. There are a lot of good Adelaide bands out there that are playing a lot of shows and doing a lot of things. I think it's the recognition that Adelaide gets ... it's starting to get better now. Actually, I think it's pretty prosperous at the moment. The camaraderie between bands is good. Everyone sorts of supports each other. I like that aspect of it. Our first gig was just

friends but as we've been playing a bit more you see strange faces, which is good. It's encouraging.

Name the last album you bought.

Everlast (Tom), *Buckcherry* (Mark) and *Face to Face* (Matt).

What gigs have you played recently?

Well, we played at the SAUA O'Camp, Normanville, to promote O'Ball 2000 to all the first years.

How did that go?

Yeah, it was awesome, they really got into it - there was moshing and crowd surfing, non-stop, all gig. They seemed to enjoy 'Secret Friend', one of our harder tunes.

So you are playing O'Ball 2000.

Yeah, we'll be playing in the Unibar with mainly local bands - Lessie Does, Honeyfix and the Gels, but The Porkers and H Block 101 will also feature.

Grinspoon are the headline band, do you have aspirations to reach a similar level?

Oh, for sure. We have visions of success, but there are so many rungs of the ladder to climb before we are even in sight of where Grinspoon's at. Right now we play to entertain and we hope punters walk away saying 'They put their all in for me' or maybe 'They ripped shit up.'

Dial are playing Adelaide Uni O'Ball 2000 on Saturday 26th February in the UniBar, from 7:30 - 8:05pm. Their debut EP Fifty Cents Well Spent is available at Big Star, Muses, Uni Records, Andromeda and Elevator Records.

Paul Simonon

Dial Fifty Cents Well Spent Dial, Crumpet Entertainment

The first thing that strikes you about this CD is the production. *Fifty Cents Well Spent* has been recorded at a fairly loud level, which is perfect if you like cranking your music up until the walls shake. 'Yeah, we wanted that. I think that's got to do with going to Sydney to get it mastered at (Studio) 301', explains drummer Tom Hope. Add to that professional packaging and a good CD layout and the final result is an EP that any band would be satisfied with - especially for a debut.

Musically, this six-track release has a surprising amount of diversity. There are rock moments, 'Modern Day Hero', alongside pop moments, 'Girl'. Ska makes an appearance in 'Fistful Of Fives', as does the 'hint of punk influence' as previously mentioned. 'We try not to emphasise the "punk" aspect - it pigeon-holes you a lot'. Make no mistake though, it's there. The lengths of the songs (about 3 minutes each) combined with the cover artwork (a guy about to 'key' a new sports car with a fifty cent coin, hence the name of the E.P.) tend to indicate this. Kicking off with the rock/pop 'Modern Day Hero' - a fairly good representation of their style - it soon becomes apparent that Dial like to keep things simple musically in order to concentrate on generating the most powerful and energetic vibe they can. The next track, and also my vote for the best track goes to, 'Disrecognised' - a mid-tempo guitar driven song that contains a 'spoken' verse in the style of the Mark Of Cain. 'Taken For Granted' is single material, complete with a catchy melody and an up-beat feel. 'Fistful Of Fives' and 'Girl' contrast well to the previous songs providing a change of pace. The former is a fast energetic ska-ish song whilst the latter, pretty much a love song, is verging towards pure pop music. To end the EP, Dial do a cover of Cat Stevens' 'Wild World'. They have turned it into an up-beat rock/punk song whilst keeping the melody intact. Unlike most covers this one turns out to be a successful interpretation. All of the songs, especially 'Disrecognised' and 'Taken For Granted', would be interesting to hear live. Overall, an impressive debut. One of the best I've heard from an Adelaide band. Definitely a band to watch out for.

Grinners never lose

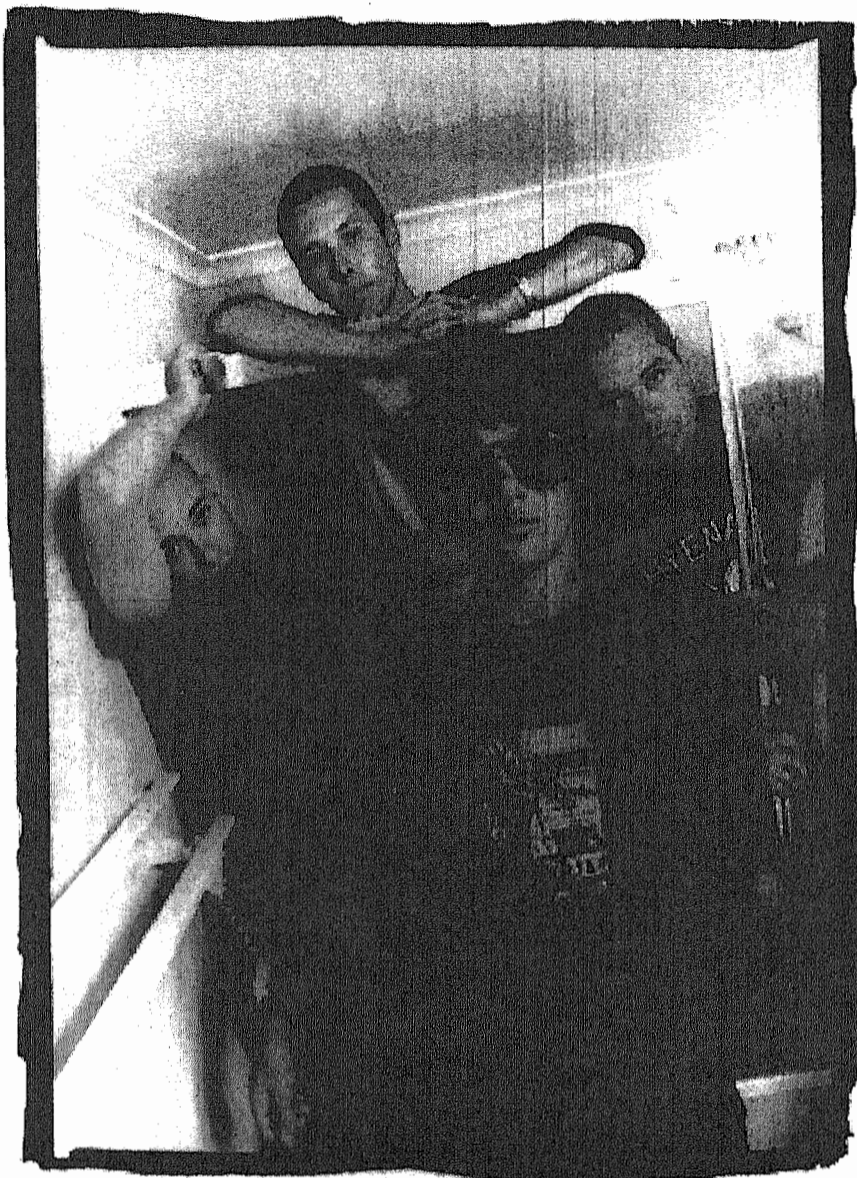
After touring the Big Days Out around Australia and releasing a great follow up album to '97's *Guide To Better Living*, Grinspoon are set to go on a national tour. Promoting their new album, *Easy*, Grinspoon are headlining this year's Adelaide Uni O'Ball, and recently called *On Dit* to have a chat about the joys of being a huge Aussie band and life on the road.

'We've all had lots of fun', says Grinspoon's bass player Joe of doing the Big Days Out. 'We were only doing one gig every three or four days, so it was kind of strange, but it was really good. The crowds were awesome, they're really hyped up to be there at such a big event, so you can't help having fun! Walking on stage and playing to that many people is really good. 'We've played to those sized crowds before at festivals like Livid and a couple of over seas ones, but every time you play a show of that size, you still get a buzz from it. You look out, and it's just like a sea of people!'

The Big Days Out are a great opportunity to see a huge variety of bands. While on the tour Grinspoon managed to catch all of the bands at least once and, especially with the big acts, use their stage experience and performances as pointers to help them out. 'All the Australian bands are really great, like Gerling and Magic Dirt, Shihad, those guys are awesome, and then there's the Chili Peppers and Foo Fighters and that. I do [get ideas] a little bit, it's great with all the overseas bands to see what they do and how they go about it.'

Now, after having played so many huge festivals both in Australia and over seas, it's been a while since Grinspoon has done a smaller gig. Do they still get a kick out of playing those shows? 'I suppose I prefer playing an indoor gig at a club or something, because it's a bit more confined, and it's a bit more intimate, even at a big indoor venue it still feels more intimate. Really I don't care which ones we play. Either way I'm happy. Happy just to play. At the big festivals, there's usually a really high stage, and three or four metres of security guards in front of that, and then the punter barrier, so you kinda feel disconnected with everyone, but at the smaller gigs you feel like you're more directly interacting with the crowd. But we always play on regardless of either!'

Now with two successful albums, Grinspoon have had to develop a set which is both pleasing to them and the crowd. 'We wanna play the new songs, cos that's really fun and exciting for us, but then you realise that the crowd want to also hear the old favourites as well. You have



Frowners never win

to strike a balance. With the old songs that we got bored with playing, once you surround them with the new songs, they take on a new leg of life anyway, so that's kinda cool. It's great for the crowd too, cos you can see that they're like 'Oh cool, an old song', so that's really satisfying, as well as when you see them getting into the new stuff. We feel it's all been well received.'

As the O'Ball gets closer and closer, Grinspoon are gearing up for their national tour with Superheist and H-Block, who are also appearing at O'Ball. 'We've known those guys from Superheist for quite a while, and they're a pretty good band. They've been pestering us for a gig, and we always tell them no you can't play with us cos you're too shit, but finally we decided they could! [laughs] Nah, like we've played with every other band in Australia, so you've gotta find new bands to tour with, and bands that are fresh and exciting to us and the crowd. So it's kind of an interesting bill, and H-Block are just a new band coming up, so it's good for them to do a tour like this too. It's just a matter of finding bands that everyone's not sick of, fresh blood.'

'I mean there are some really great Australian bands out there, like You Am I, Magic Dirt and Gerling are probably three of my favourites, and they'd be awesome to tour with. I'd really like to tour with bands like Rage Against The Machine, or Hel-

met, but they've broken up now.' Mentioning bands like Rage ... and with *Easy* set for release in America, is there a hint that Grinspoon may return to the US for more touring? 'Yeah, we'll probably go back over there to tour and that, and also hopefully Germany and maybe Japan as well. We've been to the States a couple of times, and it's really good going to new places as well. Some of the places we go are really good, like if the radio plays you, and some places no-one's ever heard of you, so it just varies. But it's a good experience for us, and I mean we can only play so many times up and down Australia, so it [the US] keeps the band fun and exciting.' After being announced headliners of the Adelaide Uni O'Ball, there has been a lot of interest shown towards that event.

Grinspoon will be playing with bands such as Bodyjar, Superheist, and Sunk Loto, and are pretty pumped about playing here. 'Yeah, we love playing Adelaide, that'll be awesome. I think it's my birthday on that day too! So hopefully it'll be fun. [laughs] Yeah, it's really good over there! I expect I'll be drunk a lot on the tour, so it should be a really fun show. I'm looking forward to it! Come to our shows and buy our record!'

Make sure you get your act together and get down to catch Grinspoon at the O'Ball on Saturday!

L.A. Cool Papa

Grinspoon *Easy* Grudge/Universal

After being unearthed by Triple J, making a wildly successful first album, *Guide To Better Living*, excessive touring around the globe, and then coming home to Australia to more success, Grinspoon finally release their long awaited second album, *Easy*.

With more touring scheduled, including headlining this week's O'Ball, and an already popular first single, *Easy* is set to follow in its predecessors footsteps and become hugely popular.

On first listen of the album, the trademark sound of Grinspoon immediately jumps out at you. They're back, full throttle with that heavy edge, grunge sound that has made them famous. The general feel of the album isn't as heavy as I had expected, but still has loads of grunt. The emphasis is more on the grunge rock sounds, rather than the heavy sound they used on 'Repeat' off the first album.

The two singles which have already been released, 'Ready I', and more recently, 'Secrets', give a good representation of the album's material. My favourite tracks would be 'Rock Show', a heavier slow moving grind, another heavy track called 'Signpost', and the second single, 'Secrets', which contains a wild drum part. The album also contains somewhat softer numbers (at least, I call them softer. A listener of SAFM or Triple M would still call them heavy!), in the form of 'Tang', 'Dial Tone', and 'Violent and Lazy', all of which are great songs.

For those people who like special treats, this album doesn't let you down; there's a secret track (with 8:10 on the clock at track 14), which like the rest of the album, is great.

Overall, Grinspoon's second album is a great follow up album, and will definitely sit well in my collection. I applaud the boys on this release, and recommend it to any previous fans of Grinspoon, and also to all those who still love that great grunge sound.

L.A. Cool Papa

Turn that shit up

Whether you like them or not, you have to admire the Testeagles for their perseverance. It took them about five years to finally release their debut album, which was well worth the wait, during which the group kept slogging it out here, in the Adelaide pubs, or occasionally interstate. Now they are finally receiving some recognition for all their hard work and if 'Non-Comprehendus' is anything to go by they are going to get even more. With an eclectic sound comprising of tuned-down, distorted guitars, driving bass, hard-hitting drums and dynamic electronic sounds it is surprising to learn that vocalist/guitarist Matthew 'Matty' Matt and his brother Ady (drums and 'an interest in sampling and computers') listened to a lot of INXS when they were younger. 'Ady and I are brothers and there were the three brothers in INXS so I suppose there was a connection there. That's why we were into that. Although, at that age we probably never realised that - at around 12-14. But as we were growing up in Adelaide there was Lizard Train and the Mark Of Cain, of course, when we were 16-17. These are the kinds of bands you saw and it was impossible not to be influenced by them. Those two bands in particular.' The question is though - where did the 'heavier' edge come from? The answer in simple (as most guitarists would attest), 'I'm not exactly sure where that came from (the 'heavy' edge). Ady, the drummer, was always into metal so he had that style to his drumming and when you are 16 and playing guitar you're always trying to play the Metallica riffs - it's not like you're trying to play Patsy Bisco!

Even though the Testeagles are still signed to local record company Krell it seems that the deal between Krell and Epic (ie Sony Music) has been a major turning point in their careers. But is getting onto a major label all it's cracked up to be? 'It has actually been a really hard process to deal with. I wish there was a book on how to do it. Some of the situations have been really difficult to deal with and when you look back on it it's like - fuck, that was so easy, I wish we'd done it this way. You gotta realise that when we hooked up with Sony our headspace was purely musical - all we wanted to do, and

did do, was write songs. Now there is so much more to it. We have a manager, a publicist, a promoter....

trying to deal with all those people and connect them altogether to get one solid plan is an effort in itself. Getting a team that you can work with and trust to do the job....this is nothing to do with music at all. It's so far removed from that initial mentality we once had.'

Every Adelaide band has its views on what the Adelaide 'scene' is like and the Testeagles are no different. 'You know how the say that Australia is/has the best/most 'blah blah blah' per head. That's kind of like Adelaide. It's really, really good per capita considering the size that we are and the facilities that we have here. It's good, really healthy.' Since JJJ has picked up 'Turn That Shit Up' and more recently 'Underdog' their fan base in each state has grown. Not surprisingly recent tours have confirmed this fact. 'The Big Day Out was kind of a gauge for how we doing in each city. It was too huge actually. It still hasn't hit home on what we actually did. Our biggest crowds were in Sydney and Melbourne even though we had a totally massive crowd in Adelaide on the main stage. The crowd response was way better than we ever thought was possible.'

The use of electronic sounds is an obvious inclusion on the album. The band found that the possibili-



The Testeagles getting out there and getting crazy with it

ties increased when using samples and computers including the fact that some songs sounded 'twice as

Testeagles Non-Comprehendus Krell/Sony

Adelaide's own Testeagles have finally put out an album after many years of playing live, releasing singles and EPs. From a catalogue over approximately 50 songs the best were chosen to be on this CD. All this time in production (6 years to be exact) the final result has proved to be a mind-blowing sonic excursion. Most people would know 'Turn That Shit Up' and 'Underdog' from JJJ airplay but this album goes further than expected with a satisfying mixture of styles. Of course, the heavier edge still exists right throughout this disc.

Various genres of music are present but the overall sound is somewhere between Rage Against The Machine and the Prodigy. Heavy, guitar-riffs mixed with electronic sounds without going overboard on the latter. Hip-hop is explored in the intro 'TE'z In Style' and 'Renegade' (both interludes) and in 'Rebel' and 'Turn That Shit Up'. Also, just in case you wondered if the Testeagles were going soft (?!), some brutally heavy, death metal-esque, sections mixed with syncopated techno beats are present in the title track. Fans of heavier music will not be disappointed with this album with songs such as 'Hammerdrill' and 'Underdog'. 'Agent 99' is possibly the best groove-metal song ever written living up to its claim that when you hear it you 'have to move'. The industrial groove of 'Like No Other' is somewhat reminiscent of Nine Inch Nails crossed with Rammstein. These guys haven't forgotten pop music either with 'Just Another Pop Song' and (possibly contender for pop chart success!) 'Ocean' providing a melodic element. A CD-ROM component is also present containing the 'Underdog' filmclip and various footage from recording and mixing sessions.

What can I say? This album is amazing. The production and mixing, done by Paul McKercher (You Am I, Spiderbait) and Ulrich Wild (Deftones, Pantera, Grinspoon) respectively, is incredible and the songs are loud and tight. With albums like this supporting local music is easy!

Jorm

big'. 'In essence that's what we are about. Pushing music to its limits. We've kind of always done that. Initially when we started out all local bands were playing surfy punk and we started playing sort of Helmet and Mark Of Cain style of music. It was more of a natural progression (the use of electronics). Also I like that crazy electronic shit.' It is no surprise then that Matt's favourite track from the album is 'Non-Comprehendu' because 'it's got that real 'out-of-control' thing to it' and it's 'out there and crazy'. I have to agree with that.

Part of the production process involved cutting the back-catalogue from around 50 to a dozen to form the new album. 'That was really hard for me. Paul McKercher (producer) really came in handy. We gave him demo tapes ('shed' tapes) a couple of weeks before he came over and he had a fair bit to say about what would work. Family and friends also helped. I had a lot of trust in my girlfriend Katie - she's

been with us for a long time and knows our music and I look to her as sort of a third opinion. I wanted to put them all on there ...I love them all! I'm glad that that intervention was there though.' And will we ever hear those unrecorded tracks? Sadly it seems we won't. With new material being written constantly there are no plans to record these songs as yet. Perhaps as B-Sides. One thing's for sure, we will still hear some live - especially 'Wise Up'. 'That's a really old tune which is not on the album. We only play that song in Adelaide. Kind of to give respect to our old fans that have been with us all that time. It's really hard for us though. We go interstate and people say, 'Play 'Wise Up'!', and we've gotta just go, 'Nah...we're not doing that'. So, what's in store for the future? 'I think the next few months is going to be touring and promoting the album. That's pretty much what we're gonna be doing the rest of our lives I think!' Also, depending on how the album goes the Testeagles may try the American market. 'From the Big Day Out tour and supports that we've done the guys from the crew (of American bands) say that our music would go down really well in the States. So we might focus on that in the next year.' Let's hope they do.

Jorm

TESTEAGLES



Where's my throne?

A tale of a Big Day Out, a man and a few incidents.

The Big Day Out is fraught with danger for the reviewer as much as for the ordinary punter. Yeah, it sounds good; grab a freebie, go to the gig and write a bit about the bands. This, however, is not as easy as it looks. Do you as a reviewer stick to the bands, or do you try to get across the feel of the day, the adventure, the sheer enormity of it all? The sand, the sun, the sunscreen, the pit, the sweat, the lager and the music all combine to leave the punter with a feeling that they have not just been top a show but have taken part in an event where their participation is as important as that of the bands who are considered the drawcards. People's skin glistens due to a mixture of the above and clobber gets gaily abandoned. An aside - do people bring shoes with them or is the flinging of a shoes a modern tithe to the bands that have come to represent the Catholic Church? The Big Day Out is as remarkable for the acts that one misses as the ones that one sees. The varied reasons for missing acts are legion. Come on admit it - we've all missed acts at the BDO that before the day we were telling all and sundry that they were on our list of must-sees. I'll apologise in advance for the emphasis this has on main stage and green stage bands but I'm not really a fan of the monster stomping doof so the Boiler Room became virgin territory for me. I know, it's a little provincial, but whatcha gunna do?

My day began early

I did the right thing and went out late Thursday night drink-111% boded a long and a sweaty day for me. Getting 5am was not the start I wanted, but arrangements are ar- Our party got to Wayville at 11.30am and then proceeded other people at the Lilypad resulted in the discovery of a one of those ideas that sound good at the time and do ple to smoke cones qualifies as entertainment; yeah it kept bullshitted, but amongst the quality of the BDO it stood my shit together and then went to see the earnest German decorated in a riot of colour and twisted Communist in- on stage got a tad boring. Atari Teenage Riot are German guitar, samplers and bouncing angry black bedecked folk incite violent action against the Government and State", Western democracies and a bunch of kids just looking for told "Fuck you, you are shit" responded with "I'd sooner sity on their side and their style is probably better off in a doors.

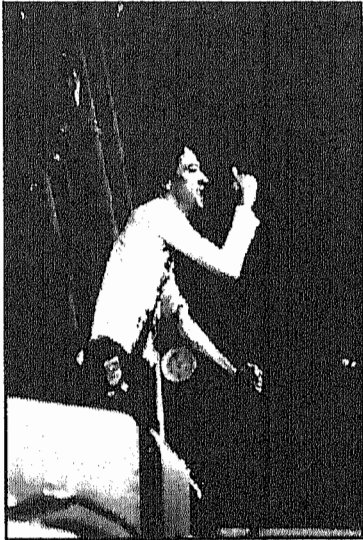


Overthrow the State, I dare ya!

ing. Prospective 42 degrees and a humidity rate of woken up by people at 9.00am after hitting the hay at rangements, and amphetamines are amphetamines. to walk aimlessly, sussing out the situation. Meeting place that was central and annoying. The Lilypad is have a place. However, I'm not sure that getting peo- me slightly entertained when I was 17 and monster out like the proverbial sticky outty thing. I finally got anrchists, Atari Teenage Riot. The main stages were spired art - one could look at the stacks when things in the best traditions of Die Toten Hosen. A computer made for a whirr of crap."You are all here in order to was met with the capitalistic disdain so common to a good time. They reached their fans, the rest when be shit than German." Atari Teenage Riot have inten- smoky, slightly claustrophobic club than the wide out-

The Back Bar

Leaving Atari Teenage Riot, we were greeted by one of New Zealand's finest Shihad, affectionately known as "Shihad I'm getting mad". They delivered an ultimatum- "We've got 45 mins, let's all go hard." I couldn't give my all without a topup so we went looking for an echo. The Shihad that we saw was enough to reinforce their reputation as a fine live band. Past the food stalls we dawdled, past the markets we toddled and Big Day Out nirvana was discovered. A shady spot, a bar in close proximity and noise levels that didn't make one's ears bleed, where we camped until the vodka and lemonade was consumed. Lazing back we realised that Magic Dirt were on so we scarpered to the Green Stage. Weaving our way through the crowd, Magic Dirt were sounding on. When this happens they are a must see band. We got to the near the front in time for them to say, "Thanks for coming, enjoy the rest of the day." We felt a tad foolish and proceeded to find the toilets and discuss our plan of attack. Another lap of the grounds, another visit to nirvana and we were ready to be disappointed by Blink 182 again.



Are you hard enough?

Blowjobs, shoes and a cutout.

The new and eagerly awaited Brink production swung into action. The three lads were jumpy, excited and, as always, a little immature. The first mention of blowjob came during the first song, and it took a whopping six songs before the first shoe was launched. This was closely followed by a sombrero, a pair of trousers and what seemed to be socks. Any more of this and Mark and Tom would be able to disseminate new outfits to those in the crowd that the mosh ripped off. Blink 182 write awesomely clean and clinical pop songs that make you wanna get down, but their stage shows are universally bollocks. A pity this. They fought against a PA that wasn't on their side and seemingly Tourette's Syndrome. Blink were followed by Jebediah closely followed by Grinspoon. Our intrepid little group decided to use this time to hunt and gather. We discovered a samosa bush and ravaged it of it's fruit. The Vodka and Lemonade Hut was coming through with the goods, and the Day was being good to us all. Chemicals were flooding and conversation was flowing freely. It was getting harder and harder to believe that there were approximately 25000 people floating around the Wayville Showgrounds from our position at the Back Bar. Even the staff were beginning to recognise us and throw us a smile or two. The program was checked, double checked and triple checked, plans were developed and discarded and then came the information which was to change the way that the colour of our day.

The angel of rock com eth

Big Star's Gavin came to our aid. At 4.05pm we heard the news; 6 Foot Hick were playing on the small stage. Interested because I was told that they would be right up my alley, I wandered across with a my heart to be greeted by the band. 6 Foot Hick were the best band defend this until the cows come home. They are a five piece, dual whose vocalists have stage presence in the Iggy Pop mould. They attention to be upon them. The band were tight and could only be described as rock solid. 6 Foot Hick were unusual in terms of the day in that they really gave their all on stage and looked like rawk'n'rawl was their life. To read some of my scribble from the day is to get an idea of the impression



The crowd was happy to see the boys dick around and make allusions with their name.

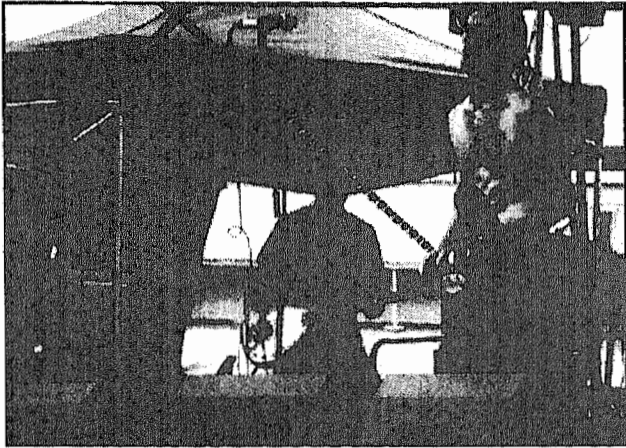


Mark says everybody on tippies.

bounce in my veins and hope in of the day for my mind and I'll vocal attack from Brisbane prowled the stage, and forced in terms of the day in that they

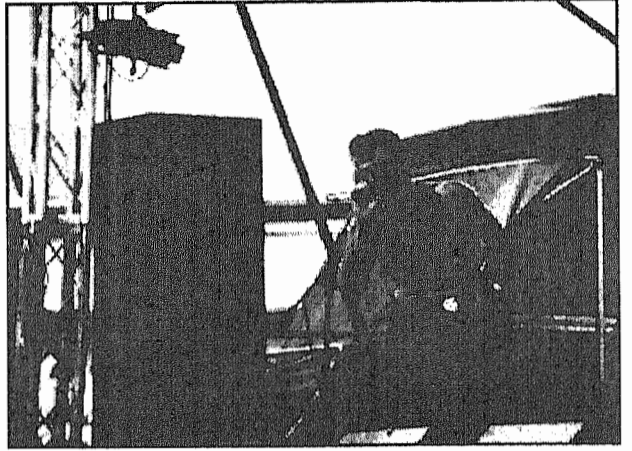
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Where's my throne?



She looked down on my worthless body...

that they left: *This is the sort of music that gives me hope for the sanitised pop punk generation weened on a diet of Blink, No Fun at All et al.... This is the sort of music that your parents were warned against; a little rawkus, a little raunchy (especially with the appearance of Jasmine the devil woman) in the best tradition and manner of the Cramps' Lux Interior.* Back to reality here. They were awesome and should be seen to be believed. With a vocalist who purportedly collects on-stage injuries, another vocalist who prowls and a recklessly solid musical foundation 6 Foot Hick are a band that will hopefully go places including coming back to Adelaide and rocking my world again.



... and asked, "what is my name?"

Five go to Joe Strummer & the Mescaleros

Janet and Spiderbait came up next on my addled hitlist. from the sublime to the ridiculous in their performances. was standing near the Hurricane and observing the gen-from self expression dancing to clearing the pipes. A lot forced the nature of the BDO and rammed home its occurred during Spiderbait's set. Glokenpop was being swathed the audience in bright sunshine. I got a warm denly that hippies weren't stupid and that love was in-returned with Vodka and Lemonade and a story of a my fellow hunter gatherers who wanted to watch the influences. I left the main area and angled my way out I went once more in to the breach. By this stage I Glokenpop experience and all, so I decided to use the cokes as they had run out of vodka - shame BDO shame) pockets and found that I was carrying two apples, a proets of durries (Stuyvies just like Grinspoon smoke), two I asked myself, "Where and how the fuck am I carrying with a little help from a person kindly kicking over my drink and me rolling an apple away. Joe Strummer awaited and ain't nothing or nobody was going to get in the way of this li'l snotty nosed ex-punk from Trinity Gardens. I wandered and wondered up to the Green Stage and Joe and the Mescaleros hoping that, unlike many others, they would play some old favourites. I was not to be disappointed. After taking a position behind some guy wearing a t-shirt with a manga style female character brandishing a gun and fighting the good fight against drawing first, I was ready. Joe came out and away we went. All around was an appreciative, noticeably older crowd nodding along because we can't dance. The Mescaleros were all in black and all exceedingly competent. But it was Joe that we were here to see and he controlled the stage and the performance. Versions of 'Safe



I hate footy

I stood back, watched and listened to Spiderbait who range This was one that seemed to reach both ends of the scale. I eral populace. People were doing anything and everything of folk were just ignoring the band and chatting. This rein- otherness from the standard concert. A beautiful moment ethereal and during it the sun burst through the clouds and and fluffy feeling and everything became fine. I felt sud- deed all we needed. This lasted until the hunter gatherers drink being spilled. Everything became black. I then left Foo Fighters in order to see Joe Strummer, one of my teen through the crowd in the best manner of avoidance and was feeling a little funny, what with the epheremal delay to its best advantage. I got a drink (two bourbon and and a water and was ready. Sitting down I rearranged my gram, a water pistol, a pen, a wallet, one and a half pack- bourbons, a bottle of water and a headful of acid. Quietly all this crap in my shorts?" I delivered a timely response

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Where's my throne?

European Home', 'Rudy Don't Wait', 'Guns of Brixton', 'London's Calling', 'Tommy Gun' among others made sure that those of us desperate for the occasional Clash song were not disappointed. It was a real family outing with Joe's golden haired daughter singing along with the newbies behind the PA and running water to a dry dad between songs. This was exceedingly cute and earned a round of generous applause. Joe & the Mescaleros were fantastic, it was great to see a legend and then see the documentary on the Clash the next night. After this I wandered back to meet my fellow travellers. They had gone.

Where they go?



Anthony Kiedis: I didn't see him or the Chili Peppers. Sorry.

This, of course, was a disaster. A tripping fool alone is never a pretty sight. Standing next to the Hurricane, listening to the Nine Inch Nails, I felt lost. Luckily there was always the band. Changing sides, the full event that was the Nine Inch Nails came into view. Visually full, aurally dense, Trent and friends were spectacular while leaving me a little flat. This was due to me not actually being much of a fan but what they do they do exceptionally well. I stayed a lot longer than I thought and became almost interested in purchasing an album which is a testament to their ability and competence. The back bar beckoned and away I went at the end of Trent and gang. Finding my intrepid companions led to a celebratory drink. By this stage the bartenders were clamouring to serve us as it slowed down and we became inversely politer as time passed. Seraph's Coal seranded us in the background as we discussed the beauty of skeet shooting, ways to win the hearts and minds of the masses and whether hot dogs could be used functionally. Yes, we were rabbiting on but listening to others around we were not the only ones. Seraph's were sharp, punchy and good enough to drag us

off our butts to have a gander. They stopped a little too soon which left us with the enviable option of finishing off a fine day by either doing the Hillsborough squeeze in the Boiler Room for the Chemical Brothers or air guitaring to our hearts' delight to the Hellcopters. It was no choice and off we went to see the Scandinavian geezers. They were big, real fucking big, they were loud and they played a song that could well still be going. They were like Fu Manchu meets Bored! with Pete the Stud overseeing and an organ thrown in for good measure. They finished, we finished but the event kicked on. The BDO is an adventure and should be treated as such; a day to go mental mental chicken oriental about. Long may it be with us.

I spy with my eye in the sky

FREE CDs

Well, all you have to do is come up to the On Dit stand in O'Week and fill in our info./application form. Each week we will hold "Music Meetings" in which CDs (and sometimes videos and books) are given away in exchange for a short review. This is great if you a) love music and/or b) have been dying to see your name in lights (well... in a newspaper anyway). Also, whether you are a reviewer or not, any music-related submissions or ideas will be appreciated, eg. "My Top 5", MusicWebsite of the Week, etc.

So, as Ian Turpie's mate used to say:
"Come on down!"

SNAFFLE ME VITALS! FREEBIES!

Thanks to Monique at Sony we have 5 copies of Testeagles 'Non-Comprehendus' to giveaway. The first five people to come down to the On Dit office at 1:00pm on Wednesday with the answer to the following question will get the goods: - What is the name of the independant label Testeagles are signed to?

Kudos to Tam at Universal for letting us have 4 copies of Grinspoon's latest single 'Secrets'. If you want one, come down at 1:10pm on Wednesday and tell us the names of three bands playing the O'Ball this year.

Cheree at Festival/Mushroom has kindly donated 5 copies of 28 Days' E.P. 'Here We Go'. If you'd like to get your grubby little hands on a copy come down at (go on...have a guess) 1:20pm on the same day mentioned above and answer this question to get it: - What is the name of 28 Days' vocalist?

Uni

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Friday: 5:00 - 7:00pm

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UniBar Meal Deal

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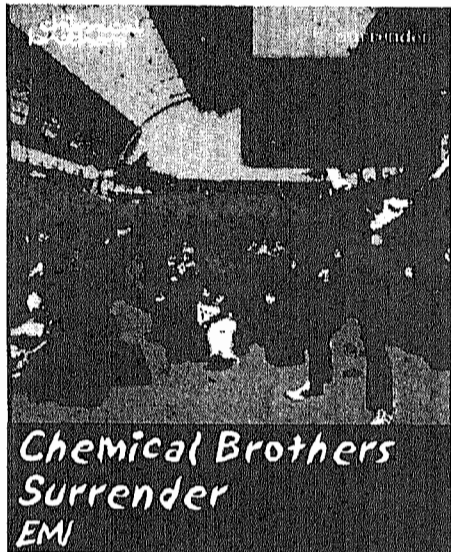
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beer beer

the only place to drink on campus ...

Nick the Stripper

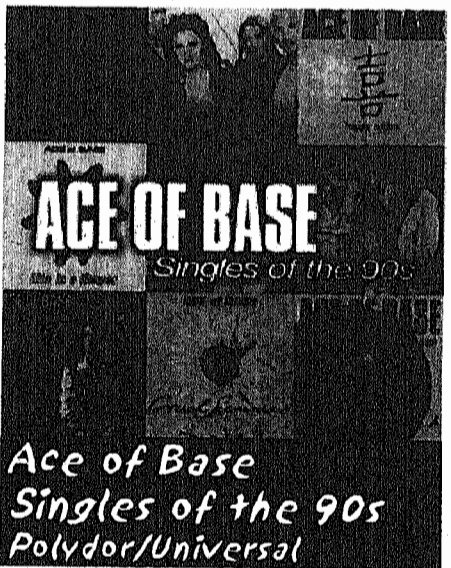


Another fine offering from the sibling beat wizards. *Surrender* provides a slightly less aggressive structure than the Chemical Brothers' previous albums, mixing many hard, uplifting beats with hypnotic and emotional tracks. The album flows well from start to completion, as all the songs are seamlessly linked, a good example being 'Got Glint?' to 'Hey Boy Hey Girl'. 'Hey Boy Hey Girl' has certain familiar beats and samples, possibly drawing from the Chemical Brothers *Live at the Social* CD, or if you are fortunate to have a copy, their Triple J *Live at the Wireless* set. It is definitely a choice track.

'Out of Control' is the stand out song, with New Order's Bernard Sumner and Primal Scream's Bobby Gillespie featuring. It is classic Chemical Brothers with furious beats, swirling loops and booming bass. The strictly limited Australian / NZ tour edition CD contains a remix by legendary UK DJ, sasha, and a director's cut CD-ROM video.

The Chemical Brothers have always had entertaining filmclips, and 'Out of Control' is no exception. Also included is an extended version of 'Hey Boy Hey Girl' and various other b-sides. A definite for fans.

jeremy j

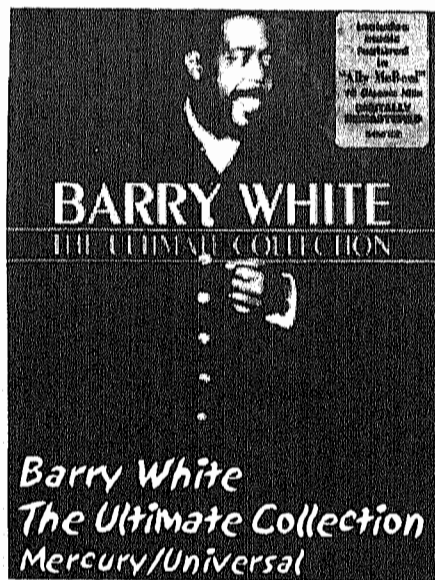


When I first heard that this album was going to be released, I jumped at the chance to review it! Despite the fact that I'm the worlds biggest Led Zeppelin fan, love hard rock

and heavy metal, I can't go past a bit of the old Ace of Base! Over the ten years that they've been together (that long!), they've released many classic albums, and loads of singles. This album is a collection of those singles, presented like a best of (similar to Soundgarden's *A Sides*). The most well known of the singles came from Ace of Base's classic breakthrough '93 album, *The Sign*. Some of the singles on this CD that came from that album are 'Happy Nation', 'Living In Danger', the number one single 'All That She Wants', and the greatest song ever, 'The Sign'! Other classics include 'Hallo Hallo', 'Always Have, Always Will', 'Love In December', 'Life Is A Flower', and the extremely popular 'Beautiful Life'.

To all those people who are reading this review and are saying 'I don't remember any of that stuff', and 'I never liked Ace of Base', I'd just like to tell you all to WAKE UP and get back into the greatest pop band of the '90's! A truly sensational album from the Swedish quartet, Linn, Jenny, and Jonas Bergren, and Ulf Ekberg. I recommend that everyone on earth buy this album, and groove along to Ace of Base!

L.A. Cool Papa

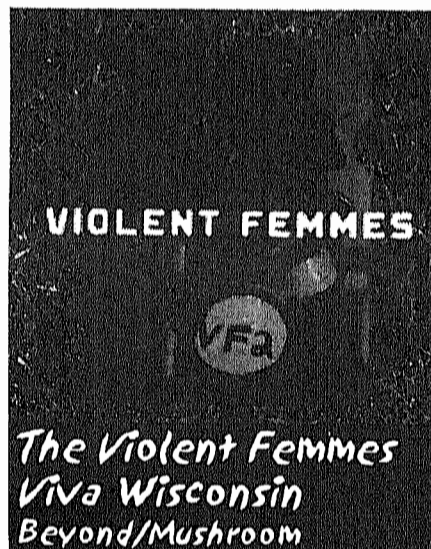


He may not be everyone's cup of tea but he is a legend - Barry 'The Love God' White. Let's not deny it, there are many closet fans out there - too scared to admit to the truth - but of late he deservedly seems to have gained more credibility. Who can honestly say that they haven't heard 'Can't Get Enough Of Your Love Baby' and both laughed at and been amazed by his rich, deep baritone croons. Let's face it....Barry is the man. This 'best of' comprising 18 tracks has been digitally remastered to ensure that every strain of his voice can be heard - even after 1000 listens of the aforementioned song. An interesting cover of Billy Joel's 'Just The Way You Are' is one of only a couple of tracks not written by Barry White ensuring that his songwriting/composing talents are

well represented. To the uninitiated, if there are any, White's style is best described as "Bedroom Soul" from the seventies and it is not surprising that he claimed that half of America was making sweet love to his songs at one stage. Whether it was soul, R&B, disco or funk he had a way to make a song drip with sexuality without ever quite achieving the infamous "porno-music" status. It was all class. All of his well-known tracks, spanning over 20 years worth of career, are featured, even if some of them never actually charted here, including the unforgettable 'Can't Get Enough Of Your Love Babe', 'I'm Gonna Love You Just A Little Bit More, Baby', 'Love's Theme', 'You're The First, The Last, My Everything' and 'What Am I Gonna Do With You' - all No. 1 R&B hits in the mid-seventies.

The packaging is classy including a 4 page history of the man. Overall, a comprehensive compilation. Come on guys....you wish you were as cool as Barry White.

Jorm



I have fond memories of the first time I saw the Femmes live. It was around 1991 at ye olde Thebarton Theatre, I was an eager young teenager and, as I wandered home in my torn Morrissey t-shirt, I came to the inevitable conclusion that they 'went off', as I believe the parlance goes.

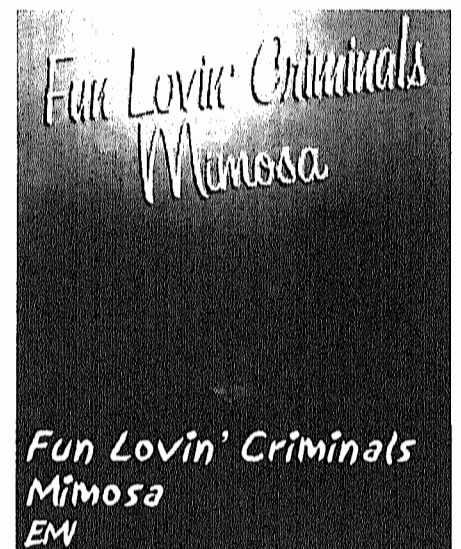
All very interesting, you may say, but what does that have to do with this record? Plenty, I say, because it goes some way to explaining my disappointment with it.

Viva Wisconsin is, as you may know, a live record. It was recorded at various shows on a tour the Femmes did of Wisconsin (as one expects) back in '98. It comes across very much as a greatest hits package, as these things often do, with all the usual suspects on the track list. 'Blister in the Sun', 'Kiss Off', 'Add it Up', 'Good Feeling', 'American Music' ... they're all there. The biggest problem with *Viva Wisconsin* is a general feeling of flatness that hangs over proceedings. Oddly muted from start to

finish, the Femmes just don't seem to really hit their stride, and the remorseless bass, guitar, drums format leaves things feeling very, very samey. Nevertheless, 'American Music' remains one great stonking motherfucker of a song, and 'Gone Daddy Gone', 'Add it Up' and 'Kiss Off' are a trio of songs that certainly end *Viva Wisconsin* on an up note - even if 'Add it Up' is stretched out to a rather unacceptable six minutes.

One for the fans, but just too patchy to be truly satisfying.

Miles Hunt



I must admit that I never really had much time for the Fun Lovin' Criminals before but this release has changed my mind. The whole album oozes with a seedy smooth lounge feel - which is good. All you have to do is look at the cover picture ... it sums up what you are going to experience. Basically, each song comprises of acoustic guitars (some with a Hawaiian feel, others a Western feel), soft/brushed drums and lounge vocals. If you close your eyes you can imagine the band all sitting on stools wearing white suits, black shirts, with their hair slicked back and sunglasses.

Favourites are performed as "Schmooze Versions" such as (an almost unrecognisable) 'Scooby Snacks', 'I Can't Get With That' and 'Coney Island Girl'. 'Bombin' The L' is also given a new life as a 'Circa 1956 Version' providing an up-beat jazz feel. The rest of the songs chosen for this treatment are covers including an hilarious 'I'm Not In Love' (by 10CC), 'Crazy Train' (penned by Ozzy Osbourne), amongst others, and a 'Copa Cabana Version' of the Barry/David tune 'We Have All The Time In The World'. The FLC have hit a winner in my books. This album is perfect for any occasion from a party to late at night when relaxing. It's worth it for the cheesy booklet photos alone! If that's not enough they have even provided a blank page at the end of the booklet for you to write notes in ... how thoughtful.

Jorm

Hideous to the eye



The Who
BBC Sessions
BBC Music/Universal

The Who defined a generation of sixties rebellion with their seminal classic 'My Generation'.

These BBC recordings span 8 years of their career - '65 to '73 - with more emphasis being placed on the earlier recordings. All of their well-known tracks from this era are included - two versions of 'Substitute (from different sessions), 'My Generation', 'Happy Jack' and 'I'm A Boy'.

In fact there is also another version of 'My Generation' included which is sub-titled 'Radio 1 Jingle' in which the anthem like "Talkin' 'bout my generation" becomes "Talkin' 'bout my favourite station" which shows just how commercial the 'noncommercial' Who could become if given the right circumstances. The same treatment is given to 'Boris The Spider'.

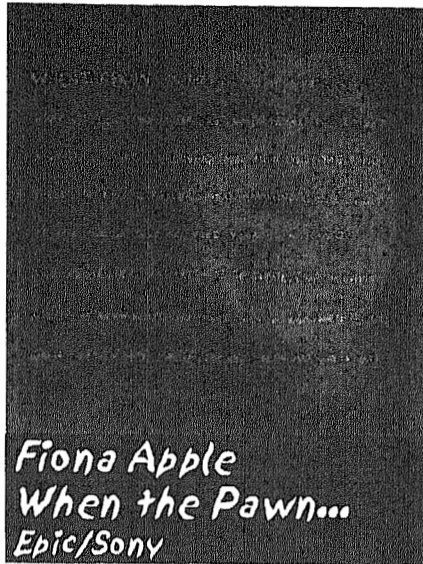
Interesting covers of the Young Rascals 'Good Lovin'', Eddie Holland's 'Leaving Here' and Martha & The Vandellas' 'Dancing In The Street' are also performed. Sad omissions include 'Pinball Wizard', 'I Can See For Miles' and 'Who Are You' - the old Who weekly theme - but, all in all, the 26 tracks give a comprehensive overview of The Who's early years in which, at times, they sounded eerily like the Beatles - especially on 'Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere'.

The BBC announcers border between adding a touch of nostalgia to annoyingly cutting off the intros. The album itself is nicely presented with the booklet including little-known information, photographs and liner notes discussing each of the BBC appearances and occurrences making it a compulsory purchase for fans.

However, this CD is not just for fans of The Who or of music from the sixties. It is for anyone who appreciates the sound of an exciting, young, energetic rock band.

Jorm

PS. How old does one have to be before one technically becomes old and therefore should be dying according to a pre-expressed desire?
Mr Ed.



Fiona Apple
When The Pawn...
Epic/Sony

A year after her debut, *Tidal*, Fiona Apple returns to the music world with her second offering, *When The Pawn ...* Her first album sold over seventeen thousand copies in Australia, and was well received by all. I bought the album within a week of it's release, and fell in love with it right away. Aged only nineteen, Fiona had an amazing depth to her material, and sang from the heart.

Since then, she has been romantically linked to axeman Dave Navarro (rumoured), has toured extensively, and matured musically and emotionally. Her new album shows this new maturity, and upon first listen is just as good, if not better than *Tidal*.

The album's full title is *When The Pawn Hits The Conflicts He Thinks Like A King What He Knows Throws The Blows When He Goes To The Fight And He'll Win The Whole Thing 'Fore He Enters The Ring There's No Body To Batter When Your Mind Is Your Might So When You Go Solo, You Hold Your Own Hand And Remember That Depth Is The Greatest Of Heights And If You Know Where You Stand, Then You'll Know Where To Land And If You Fall It Won't Matter, Cuz You'll Know That You're Right*. Quite a mouthful! The title, which comes in at almost a hundred words, has not surprisingly gone into the record books as the longest album title of all time. Once you get past the title, you'll discover that the music is as astonishing as the title. Fiona, who writes most of the material, is a great pianist, and exercises her skills throughout the album.

The album is quite mellow and piano driven, with a fairly strong Orleans blues influence, as was *Tidal*. In fact, Fiona's stuff is similar to Tori Amos', and would be liked by all fans of hers.

However, it is still quite different from Tori, as the music includes fairly strong guitars and bass, and very strong drum sections. This album, unlike *Tidal* has many solos, and has much greater musical depth.

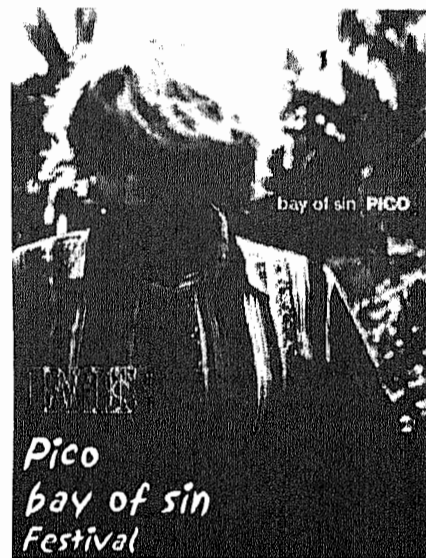
My personal favourite track is

'Limp', which has a pretty wild drum solo. Being a drummer, I am biased towards the extremely few songs which have drum solos, but even if I wasn't a drummer, 'Limp' would still be my favourite track. Other stand-out tracks are 'To Your Love' (where Fiona shows off her skills as a vocalist), 'I Know', 'Paper Bag' (both bluesy tunes), and the first single 'Fast As You Can', a fast moving angsty song.

In general, *When The Pawn...* completely satisfies, and is a great follow up album. It has excellent music, a groovy title, and a wild cover (you'll have to buy the album to see what I mean). I definitely recommend it to everyone, but especially fans of her first album, and to Tori Amos fans.

Excellent work Fiona!

L.A. Cool Papa



Described as the 'new sound of soul-surf music', Pico's grungy folky type music has already found its way to the radio airwaves. You may have heard the third track and first single of the album, *Silence* played recently on Triple J.

Pico's voice is a cross between Chris Cornell and the sounds of Gomez, yet not as good as either. He seems to struggle with a few notes, but the fact that he plays the keyboards, harmonica, guitar and flute, he's quite a talented musician. Songs like 'Hurt', 'Raining On My Mind', 'Travelling Friend' and the title track are standouts, while 'One Past Day' and 'Hey Surfer' are disappointments worthy of the skip button on your CD player.

Pico has already found a world wide following with exposure through 12 surf and snowboarding films. This album does not take you to a beach or a mountain somewhere, but may be worth a listen if you're into saltwater grunge that, according to the album's press release 'changes its feel and flow the same way the ocean changes its mood with each high and low pressure it encounters'. Don't most albums change moods and feelings? Oh well.

Bel

The Singles Bar

Oasis
Go Let It Out
Epic/Sony

Everyone I have watched while listening to this single has cringed. *Definitely Maybe* and *What's the Story Morning Glory* look like they have been the high points of Oasis' output. I don't remember what their third album was called, and it looks like I'll forget their soon to be released fourth. 'Go Let It Out' reminds me of Oprah and self help gurus reminding the confused and helpless public that we are the 'masters of our destiny'. It is similar to previous work, ie acoustic, psychedelic styled pop. However, if you like Oasis I'd recommend you go buy an old album.

PM

Metallica
Nothing Else Matters
Vertigo/Universal

Even though it is backed by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, it is surprising to see this song released as a single considering that it a) has already been released and, b) it differs very slightly from the original (which used synthesized strings anyway). The single also includes 'For Whom The Bell Tolls' which is more interesting than the title track for the main reason that the orchestra's involvement is more apparent. Basically, Metallica play the song exactly the way they always do (ie. loud and distorted) and the orchestra adds extra colour and dynamics where required. The highlight for fans is the previously unreleased track 'Human' which sounds like it was arranged with the orchestra in mind. It is a mid-tempo '2 x 4' type song that would not have been out of place on either *Load* or *ReLoad*. Just to round the single off the video of 'Nothing Else Matters' from the 'orchestral' concert is included.

Jorm

blink 182
all the small things
Universal

Picture perfect pop from the lads again with a dangerously contagious chorus. The live tracks reinforce the belief that live these guys mostly suck ass big time which is truly unfortunate given that they can write an absolutely killer pop song.

Milo Aukermann

Buy, sell, whatever. It's the classifieds.

Child Care Survey

Do you have adequate access to child care facilities?

Student Care Inc is carrying out a study into the availability and use of child care facilities by students at the University of Adelaide. We are seeking students, who are parents, to complete a simple questionnaire about their use of child care. From the information gathered we are hoping to identify and project specific needs and influence the development of child services at the University.

As an incentive to participants we will be offering two \$75 Uni books vouchers, which will be awarded by a random draw.

Questionnaires can be collected from Student Care Inc, Lady Symon Building, Ground Floor, or contact us and we will send you a questionnaire and reply paid envelope.

Your participation is important to us!!

The Edge: A Physics / Philosophy Symposium.

Fri 25th Feb. 2.00pm - 5.00pm at Rosetta's restaurant in the Flinders University Union Bldg.

Come and hear philosophers talk with physicists about leading edge issues arising from modern physics.

Questions and discussion welcome. The focus is on 2 topics : the limits of logic and the nature of Time. Entry by gold coin donation.

Presented by the Flinders Uni Phi-

losophy Club.

For further info - Tel: Colin 8358 0150 or 0409 615 924

House for Rent

Two storey; three years old; fully furnished.

First storey (self-contained, has all amenities) available for rent immediately. Whole house available from 15 May.

Situated in Hallett Cove Marino (a quiet area near bus and train) this spacious home has spectacular sea and mountain views. Three bedrooms; study; two bathrooms (one spa); three toilets; two kitchens; two family rooms; one dining; one bar; downstairs terrace; upstairs balcony.

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For more information call Teresa on 8387 4907.

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Skindiving Club

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, 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 - 8271 7339 (H).

House for Rent

Woman wanted to share a large house with another woman and 11-year-old daughter. 20 minutes by bike to Adelaide Uni (mainly via parklands) 15 mins by car/bus. Peaceful house with large, natural garden. One bedroom for \$65 per week; one garden study for \$45 per week; or both rooms for \$80 per week. We are easygoing people happy to share food/shopping if you wish. Furniture available if needed. Phone Jill on 8226 3076 (work) or 8340 2181 (home - leave a message during work hours).

2000 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.

How to contact us:

We have a contribution box in the SAUA Office. We also have two phones. Their numbers are 08 8303 5404 and 08 8303 6490. Write to us via the University of Adelaide, 5005. Or email us: ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au.

Where are we?

The On Dit office is located in the George Murray Building basement, opposite the Barr Smith Lawns.

Distribution Points:

Mayo Refectory, Wills Refectory, the Gallery, the UniBar, the entrance to Equinox and the Upper Refectory, Backstage Cafe, Hughes Plaza, Lower Napier, Napier Entrance, Ligertwood Building, Gate 1, On Dit office (opposite the Barr Smith Lawns), Medical School, Roseworthy, Waite and Thebarton.

We also go to all of the residential colleges, and points of interest around town.

You'll find 'em.

Where they burn On Dit, they will one day burn the people ...

On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete and unfettered editorial control, full and busy lives outside the workplace, and although the opinions expressed herein are not necessarily their own, they probably wouldn't print any that weren't.

Editors

Dale F Adams
Eva O'Driscoll
Darren O'Reilly

So much more than typesetting

Fiona Dalton

Printing

Cadillac Printing

Thanks

Cover boy Andy J, Kate and her drawer, dave@va.com.au, spj5, Mercedes, Finona, Phil 'Kennett' Harrison, Cath, Jeremy, Funta, Marlies, Jon for stopping by, the muzak nerds for knowing fuck all about The Who, Danny and Frances - yum yum yum, Mulligan for the lagers, Trina from t'Mayo, the Pulteney Pizza Bar, the fertile pumpkin patch, the SAUA legal service, and well played to the gent who shat himself Wednesday nite and left his kecks outside our door.

Far Out 3

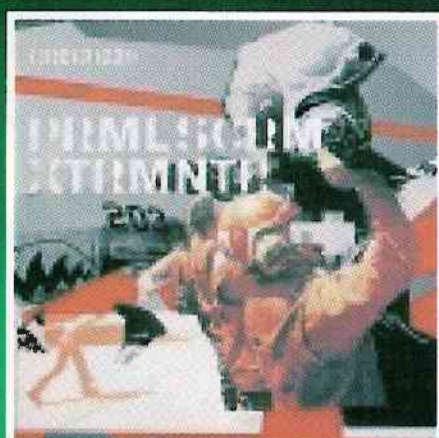
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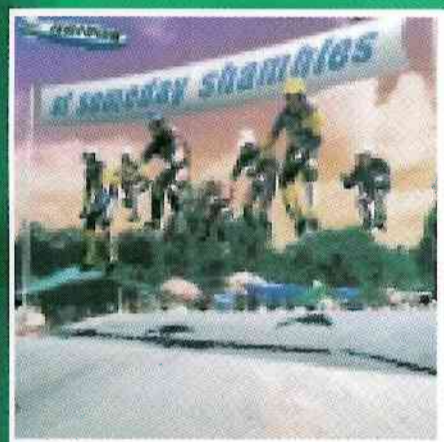
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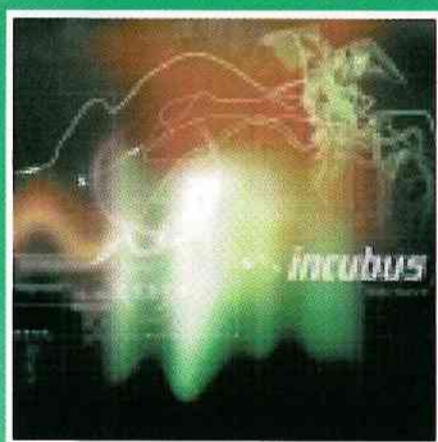
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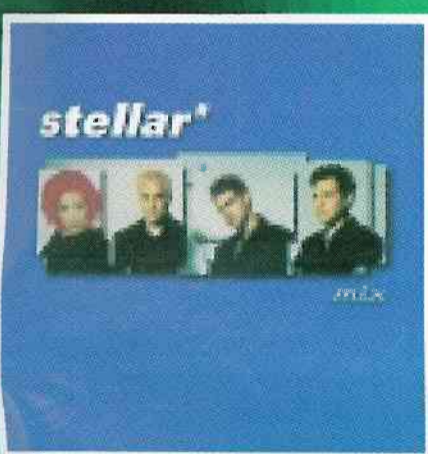
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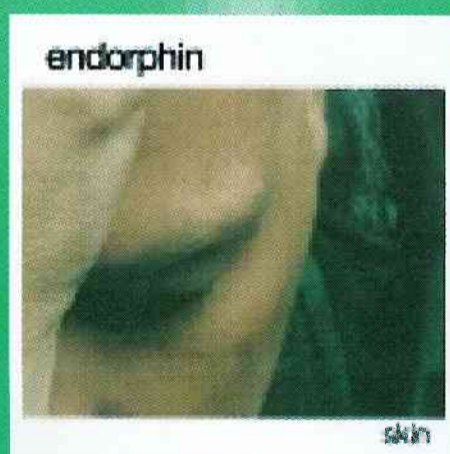
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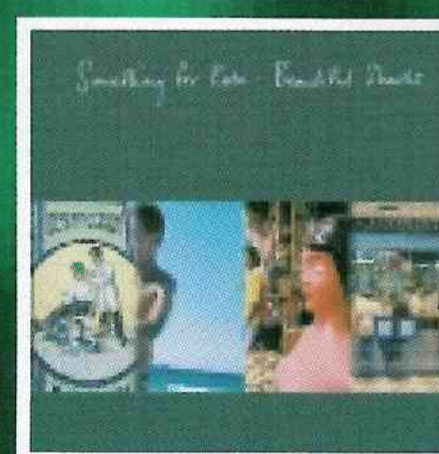
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