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Students united... will never be divided...

By Stephen Mulligan SAUA President

Much has been made recently of the relationship between the two student representative organisations, The Students' Association of the University of Adelaide (SAUA) and the National Union of Students SA Branch (NUSSA). There were two separate occasions when Office-Bearers from the two organisations felt that the other organisation wasn't acting in an effective and cohesive fashion.

It began with the drag performance put on by the SAUA during O'Week, and continued with the establishment of a Cross-Campus Queer Network, predominantly by NUSSA Office-Bearers. In the first instance, it was felt that the SAUA was being narrow-minded in promoting a drag performance as a valid form of queer expression. In the second, it was felt that the SAUA, in particular both its Sexuality Officers, was being excluded from a forum that had the potential to allow relevant Office-Bearers a chance to collectively represent the interest of a particular demographic of students. A great deal was said, and more precisely, written about these two situations, particularly in On Dit. Last week I met with the NUSSA President, Matt Anderson, to

discuss these issues. Yet more importantly we met to develop a strategy by which both organisations can work collaboratively and effectively together to promote the interests of students both from the University of Adelaide and in South

during the Music School campaign and the following National Day of Action exemplifies this. Over the weeks there have also been allegations that any disparity between the two organisations was due to some inherent political difference

year, I find it very encouraging to see such a commitment to the students at the University of Adelaide.

Yet to the two issues that were initially debated: last term a forum was convened by NUSSA on the topic of drag performance to flesh out all the issues that had previously been discussed. With five speakers and a large turnout of students, it was very successful, and went a long way to clarifying some of the misconceptions around the issue. On the CCQN, the Sexuality Officers from both organisations will be convening a Cross-Campus Sexuality Network to ensure that student representatives working in this field have access to the greatest amount of information possible. The two networks will operate independently of one another, yet due to dual-membership of some participants, information will flow both ways to each forum, benefiting all who participate in either of them

If you have any questions about this issue, or you would like more information about the forums discussed here, please don't hesitate to contact Matt Anderson on 08 83592455 or myself on 08 83035406.



The kids giving it up for the kids, earlier today.

Australia as a whole.

We both agree that any suggestion that there is some form of unwillingness on any person's behalf work together is both frivolous and untrue. Indeed the collaboration between the two organisations

between the organisations; this too could not be further from the truth. Matt and I have committed ourselves and our respective organisations to working fortuitously and collaboratively. Considering NUSSA's financial difficulties this

sex
week
2000

MAY 8 TO 12 2000

monday

Pride Day

tuesday

Health Services Day in Cloisters 12-2pm
with Student Radio & BBQ

wednesday

Debate in UniBar @ 2pm:
"That Queer Lovers are More Romantic"
Band night in UniBar 7.30pm - late

thursday

Launch of Yellow Ribbon Foundation on Lawns @ 1pm
Student Radio on the Barr Smith Lawns & a BBQ

friday

BBQ on Barr Smith Lawns, with music by Student Radio
Henna Tattoos & Body Piercing

presented by the sau sexuality department



SAUA Roundup



A short wander through this week's SAUA Office Bearer columns will lead one to the inevitable conclusion that everyone seems to

think that they've been pretty busy over the holidays. And for once it's actually true.

The intensive review in SAUA Policy has preceded apace over the break, and is nearing its completion. All Departments should be congratulated for the enthusiastic manner in which they have undertaken the major rewrite of certain areas of policy; it was certainly overdue. This review is the first step on the long road of delivering a more accountable and relevant Students' Association, which can only be a positive thing. As soon as SAUA Council ratifies these policy changes, *On Dit* hopes to bring you the details in full.

Prosh looks to have been something of a success, with a nice amount of cash raised for the charities involved (which is, after all, the point). Pranks both entertained and irritated in equal measure, the parade disrupted a whole lot of traffic and Prosh After Dark made for a good night out.

The only real criticism that we can level at Prosh is the timing: historically, Prosh has always coincided with the last day one can withdraw without fail from a full-year subject (in other words, the last week of Term 3). Holding Prosh so early in the year is fraught with danger, and this tradition should be reintroduced posthaste.

Prosh congratulations should particularly go to Stephen Mullighan, Adam Langman and Tom Radzevicius for ensuring that a drag show planned by some students to run under the Prosh banner didn't go ahead. *On Dit* understand that the show was to be in no way a SAUA or Prosh endorsed event, with no proceeds to go to charity. Such an event could only have had a divisive effect, contributing to the rancour that still lingers over SAUA/NUSSA relations.

On this note, it is pleasing to see the efforts that Stephen Mullighan and Matt Anderson (NUSSA President) have gone to to bury the differences of their respective organisations. It is good to see these important initial steps taken, and as such must be applauded. We can only hope that this course of action is to be continued with, as it can only benefit student representation and students, not only in this state but Australia wide.

At a recent SAUA Council meeting, the issue of just where in the Women's Room 'women's autonomous space' begins was raised by a concerned male party who had entered the room only to find himself unwittingly trespassing on 'autonomous space'.

He suggested that maybe a line on the ground would be in order.

A line?

Surely the door - the one marked 'Women's Room' - suffices?

The suggestion was swiftly dispensed with.

The holidays saw the second SAUA Planning Day that went without too many problems. However it was a tad disappointing to see (or not see) anybody from any of the standing committees attending an event that supposedly has a major role in fixing objectives and strategies for the rest of their elected year. One would assume that if they were keen enough to run they would perhaps be keen enough to have a little say in just what the SAUA are doing. Then again perhaps not. Notable absentees without apologies included Councillors Marissa Mellor-Harris and Scott Masters (who later proffered an apology). Aims of the session included giving greater direction to the Office Bearers and a greater involvement of Councillors in achieving plans and goals from all departments. The SAUA has recognised the need to become more proactive in its campaigns and in its need to be taken seriously as the peak student representative body on campus by the University administration. To do this requires a degree of unification rarely seen in student politics but all Councillors and Office Bearers spoke on this to great length. Hopefully we will see a SAUA less factionalised and keen on maintaining powerbases than on actually representing the interests of the students on all campuses of Adelaide University. It was recognised that the maintaining and expansion of services offered by the SAUA (such as the Legal Service, Employment Service, cheap photocopying, Orientation etc etc) are absolutely crucial to the gaining of trust and respect from the student body. This expansion is also necessary with the spectre of VSU still running around and being considered (rightfully) in the future planning of the AUU. The need to target campaigns to all students was noted, thus hopefully not just party political hacks will be involved in the future. Simultaneously targeting marginalised areas (eg bikesheds for the Med School) and providing services on the local level should provide the SAUA with a chance to confront the cynicism with which the average student views it. Effective campaigns need long term and all pervasive publicity and this was duly noted. Hopefully this warm and fuzzy feeling of togetherness will not be as transient as the last lot generated. The Planning Day was a success but only on a verbal level; if these words are transformed into action then the SAUA has a chance to make itself both relevant and necessary to the wider student body.

It's a weird world

Collated by James Stewart

Latest Adventures in Democracy

Ernesto Alvear, 74, told reporters in Valparaiso, Chile, in December he would never again try to vote after being ruled ineligible for the third time in 10 years because records indicated he was dead. And Islam Karimov was re-elected president of Uzbekistan in January; opponent Abdulkhafiz Dzhalalov got 4 percent, not including Dzhalalov himself, who voted for Karimov. And Mary Fung Koehler, 65, lost for mayor of Lake Forest Park, Wash., in November, despite a divination of victory from reading her pendulum. (Koehler admitted to short-term memory loss from an auto accident, but said, 'You can't tell because my I.Q. is so much higher than the average person's.')

Getting Dangerous Felons off the Streets

In February, a Mohave County, Ariz., judge sentenced Deborah Lynn Quinn, 39, to a year in prison for violating probation on a marijuana-sales charge; Quinn has no arms, no

right leg, a partial left leg, and is almost totally dependent on others for care. Also in February, a federal judge in Atlanta sentenced quadriplegic Louis E. Covar Jr., 51, to seven years in prison for violating the probation he had received on a charge of possessing marijuana. (It is estimated to cost about five times as much to house them as to house able-bodied prisoners.)

Least Competent Criminals

February Negative-Cash-Flow Robberies: In Albuquerque, an unidentified man asked for change of a \$10 bill to get the Keva Juice shop clerk to open the register, then announced a robbery; the clerk locked the register instead, and the man fled, leaving his \$10 behind. The same thing happened at Larry's Quick Stop, Spokane, Washington, but the robber was not as dumb, asking only for change of a quarter, which he also left behind when the clerk told a phone caller he was being robbed.

Japanese Cult Mania

By government estimates, 6,500

religious cults operate in Japan, according to a December Boston Globe story. Included are the \$600 million organization Honohana, whose leader was accused by the government in January of defrauding disciples of up to \$100,000 to alter their negative fates as revealed by his examinations of their feet, and Life Space, whose founder died in August but whose body was discovered by police in a Tokyo airport hotel room four months later, being ministered to by followers as if he were still alive (and in fact, the followers insisted to the media that the dried mummy was responding nicely to their care and had recently enjoyed some tea).

And in other news ...

- A British Airways plane that made an emergency landing in Manchester because of smoke was carrying four women in the final act of a six-week course to overcome fear of flying.

- Charges were filed against a Norwalk, Conn., woman for giving her kids, ages 5 and 7, a hammer and a screwdriver in their school bags for

use on bullies.

- In February, South Korea's national police announced it would begin placing unarmed female troops on the front lines in potentially violent street demonstrations, hoping to calm protesters.

One rowdy labor union leader, acknowledging the wisdom of the decision, admitted, 'How can we attack females?'

- Craig J. Ziegler, 35, was sentenced to five years' probation in Pittsburgh in November for impersonating a law-enforcement officer and then forcing a woman (a self-described former prostitute) to perform a sexual act. The victim was outraged that Ziegler got no jail time for the assault and pointed out to reporters that the last time she was in court for prostitution, she went to jail for seven months.

- A 62-year-old woman in Darby Township, Pennsylvania, thought a stranger punched her in the neck, but it was a stabbing, and the 4-inch knife remained in her neck for 40 minutes while she grocery-shopped before a passerby pointed it out to her.

I wanna spill the blood of a Democrat

By Mercedes Dumptruck

When are the Democrats going to piss off out of it? I don't know if I'm the only one keeping an eye on this, but that party's firm grip on the goolies of tax reform is starting to have some extremely scary effects on social conditioning in this country.

I mean, fair enough to have a party that single-handedly keeps chunky-knit jumpers and sandals fashionable, but the Way of the Democrat is extending into some previously virgin territory.

The first wave will be completed by stealth through the tax on food.

Democrat food, or food that has been known to sustain Democrats, will be spared.

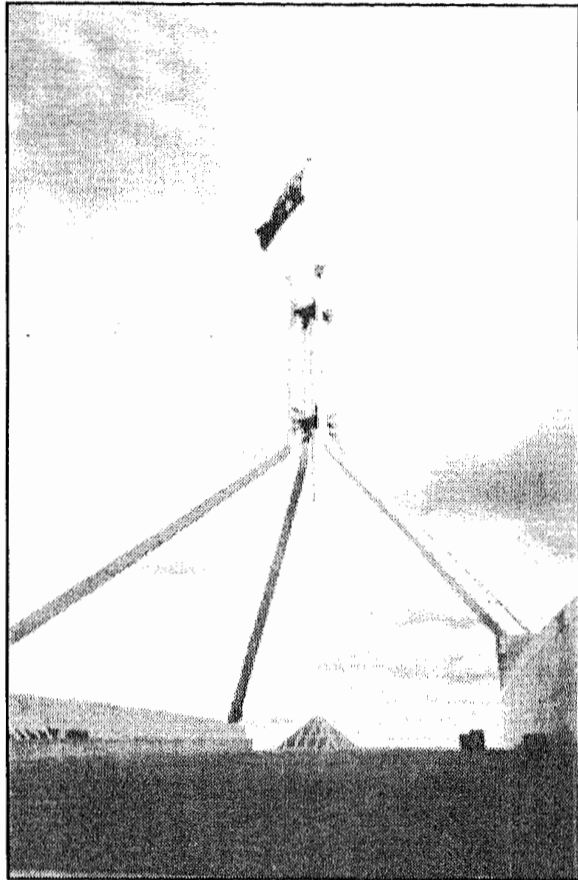
The mung bean, the wholegrain loaf, the natural yoghurt and the soy derivative will be untaxed, because they are yummy and good for you and keep you regular.

The takeaway pizza and meat pie will be taxed because they are eaten by bad nasty bogans

who probably also smoke - taxed - and couldn't even point to East Timor on a map.

But Brie and quince paste and little

hors d'oeuvrey spring-rolly things won't be taxed, because they are yummy and just perfect for serving



at lovely little dinner parties and or at Democrat policy meetings where nibbles are required.

Bourbon and cokes will be taxed,

but boutique wineries get tax breaks for cellar-door sales because the McLaren Vale wine region is such a lovely short drive from the Adelaide Hills, which is where the bloody Democrats all live, and it would be a shame for winery tours with free drinkies to become a thing of the past. Living with this GST is going to be like going on a never-ending picnic with the Democrat's Aldgate sub-branch.

How about petrol?

Any poor bastard driving a truck between town and country is going to have to an open line to the Tax Office advising them of their every move so they can have low-excise fuel for the country bits and taxed-to-the-bejesus fuel for the city bits.

Why is this so?

Because no Democrat drives a truck.

Show me a Democrat with a Class 'C' licence and I'll show you a South African with a sense of humour.

Farmers, of course, are exempt because they are Valid and Respected Members of Our Community.

How about health?

The Democrats caused sighs of relief all around the country when they secured GST-exempt status for naturopaths, acupuncturists and herbalists.

Now all those people lying around in hospital waiting rooms in 2005 when the Government's knocked off the Medicare agreement because it's been replaced by the GST will be able to thank the Democrats, because if they can't actually get surgery they can have their chakra fiddled with.

And did you cop the Democrats' nifty blueprint for reforming the Australian health system anyway?

They want to split Australia up into self-governed wholistic health regions, run by committees consisting of community-motivated citizens.

In other words, by DEMOCRATS. This must stop.

The only way to combat this creeping social phenomenon is to hang the expense.

Ciggies cripplingly expensive? Smoke 'em anyway. Meat pies three times as pricey as tofu flat-bread morsel.

Grit your teeth - it's the only way this great nation is going to stop itself from turning into Sweden.

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CAPA Conference 2000: Students united

By Farley Wright

Postgraduate politics is alive and well and fighting for the quality of higher education. Three conferences were held during a hellishly busy week in Adelaide in early April: a Postgraduate Association Research Officer's conference, the 'Quality in Postgraduate Research' conference, and the Council of Australian Postgraduate Associations' (CAPA) AGM and SCM. I attended both the Quality Conference and the CAPA events and was impressed by both the postgraduate presence and contribution at the Quality Conference, and by the impressive professionalism with which CAPA is pursuing its charter to further the interests of postgraduates.

Postgraduates had an impact and presence well beyond that of their numbers at the two-day Quality Conference. Bradley Smith, the current CAPA President, presented in the opening plenary session alongside Professor Ian Chubb (President of the AV-CC) and Jenny Gordon from DETYA. Chubb's general message was that although universities may not agree with the present Federal Government policy regarding tertiary education funding they must nevertheless attempt to make the best of it, to which Smith responded that this was an unacceptably defeatist position when what is actually needed is for Universities and Vice-Chancellors to fight more forcefully for improved funding conditions, improvements commensurate with the contribution that Australian postgraduates make to the wealth of Australia. This is part of a positive approach which acknowledges and represents the national postgraduate body of around 137 000 people as constituting the nation's largest primary research group, at a time when 'a consensus is forming around the notion that research is the fundamental driver of economic and social well being' (Mark Frankland, draft CAPA paper, 2000).

Smith took issue with DETYA's replacement of the word 'education' by the word 'training' - a manoeuvre representative of a set of broad and insidious shifts in education policy towards a lesser form of 'vocational' training. Yes, our 'educational' institutions must be responsible to the taxpayer and to employers' interests but surely it can be argued that it is not in the national interest to wholly surrender the long term gains of primary research to the short term demands of the 'market'. DETYA was hard put to defend its use of the term 'training' as Smith was backed up

by a concerted set of questions from the floor, of note being some hard data presented by Danielle Brown from Sydney University Postgraduate Research Association (SUPRA). The audience of not only academics but also government and University administrators appeared to respect the argument.

Postgraduates presented papers, chaired sessions, lobbied, networked themselves into a lather and continued to ask pertinent questions throughout the conference. The conference's closing speaker was yet another postgraduate, last year's CAPA

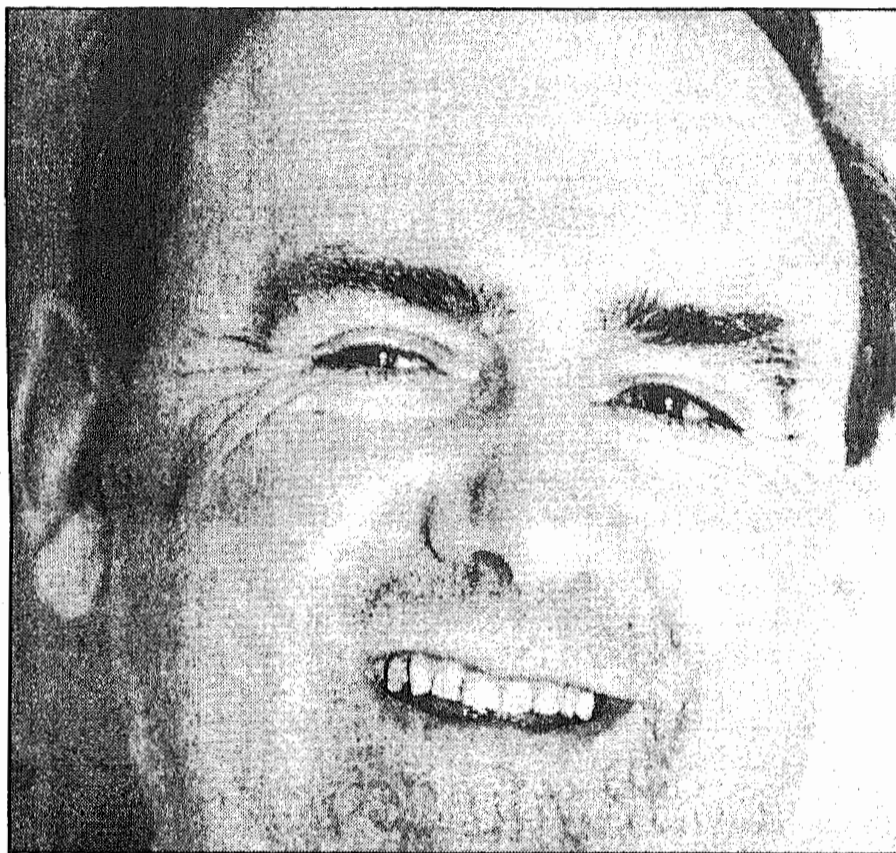
were accepted after interested questions. CAPA is aware that University budgets are a means through which student and postgraduate associations can bring pressure to bear upon University administrations, but that this necessitates an extremely clean shop on our own behalf. CAPA is in very good standing after a great deal of hard work by its unpaid treasurer Rodney Jarman.

Amongst a number of items considered at the Special Council Meeting it was accepted that CAPA become an affiliate member of the Federation of Australian Scientific

contacting Universities in relation to the Australian Qualifications Framework (AQF) and were asked to discover who within each of our Universities will be in dialogue with the AQF. Such an opening inquiry on our behalf will in itself signal that we are interested in such things as the dumbing down of Masters degrees (which lowers by association both the standards and the value of all Australian tertiary qualifications). CAPA action is required on the AQF when we were told that the Bulletin can report that a Singaporean review of Higher Education did not even consider Australian Universities as the standard of our education is already known to be so low. Our President, Bradley Smith, feels that CAPA needs to be involved in this process in order to clarify the descriptors used, mirroring the actions taken at the Quality Conference.

CAPA is also initiating a report into the role of postgraduate students in Australian research. CAPA released a similar report in 1984 and no other such report has been done by any body since that time. The preface to the '84 report states that it had become evident that 'very little was known about the role of postgraduates in University research in particular, and Australian research in general' ('The Role of Postgraduate Students in Australian Research,' 1984). It is sad to note that this situation still holds during a period in which government support for research funding is under constant attack. It is timely, therefore, that CAPA is writing a report to redress this absence of any systematic and accurate appraisal of the role of postgraduates in Australian research.

CAPA is able to undertake actions such as those outlined above largely because of the commitment of its constituent bodies, their delegates, and CAPA's current office holders. What I noticed during this week of activity was a focussed approach to the real issues for which the organisation was created. There are some internal differences but commendably all stake holders avoid falling into the trap of elevating difference to division. What this shows is that student 'politics' need not consume itself in self-interested factional infighting which only leaves the field open to willy-nilly management by government and University administrations. I believe the effectiveness of CAPA as a student representative body to be based upon this culture of co-operation. The stakes are too high for us to be competing with ourselves.



'Students lobbying as a united gestalt? Factionalism'll put a stop to that.'

President Tom Clark, who summed up the conference and in his reinforcement of Smith's opening call that we refuse to accept the current Federal higher education policy directions provided a polished symmetry to the postgraduate voice at the conference. The CAPA meetings were held in Adelaide University's Postgraduate Student Association's offices. The PGSA's accommodation of, and catering for, the event assisted in the smoothness of the proceedings, for which the PGSA President Helen Kavanagh and all those who helped her should be acknowledged, with thanks as well to Jill Thorpe and Paul Murray who made their home available as a retreat for delegates later in the day. Attended by delegates from almost every national University postgraduate association, (including an audio link-up to two delegates unable to travel), the AGM was short, sweet, and flawless in its efficient attention to business. The audited accounts

and Technological Societies (FASTS). FASTS is an active and effective group who recently organised a 'Science Meets Parliament' day, (last November), hold forums with the National Press Club, and have begun publishing occasional papers. This is an excellent opportunity for Australian postgraduates as the FASTS President is a member of the Prime Minister's Science, Engineering and Innovation Council which gives him direct access to the Prime Minister and seven cabinet members with science-related portfolios. CAPA's affiliation to and involvement with FASTS will thus greatly enhance our ability to influence government and sector policies. Notably, this move to affiliate is in response to an invitation from FASTS, a fact signifying the respect that this body of 60 000 working scientists and technologists evidently has for CAPA.

We were also informed that the Federal government is currently

Leave the sex to us

By spj5

Let me be absolutely crystal. Political correctness has got to stop, please. And the lowest brand of political correctness that has to stop is that most insidious brand: sexuality political correctness.

There are three main problems with sexuality PC. First, no one can agree on what it should be, which leads to a great deal of unproductive debate between politicians and/or activists. Second, sexuality PC politicizes and makes public personal experiences and desires. These experiences and what we make of them are better left to the privacy of the participants. This shifting of essentially private issues into the public realm is made all the more problematic by the disagreement over what the best sexuality state of affairs should be. Finally, attempts to promote sexual tolerance is counter-productive since it does little to change the bigot, and may harm the tolerant individual because PC zealots often mistake their own political agenda for the teaching of tolerance.

The absurdity of politicizing sexuality issues was made all too apparent to me on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley. One semester, a group set up a table every day near a busy lunch area. Their message was simple and unintentionally hilarious. The group was campaigning against men who gave their partners too much pleasure. This group believed that multiple orgasms introduced an unhealthy submissive/dominant dynamic into relationships. At first, I thought they had to be joking. Behind the table, they had a huge poster of a penis, with the words, 'Beware the power of the penis', and 'Don't let him use his penis against you.' But this group was deadly serious. This was no elaborate joke, and what's more, sensitive PC types at Cal Berkeley began to bemoan the effect of the moaning orgasm.

Frankly, I am appalled that the SAUA has Sexuality Officers. If we don't know that we should all wear a glove or have some kind of latex between us when it's all nude time, then I reckon we probably deserve to die. But of course, Mr and Ms Sexuality Officers don't confine themselves to HIV issues, do they? Nooooo. They promote diversity and the celebration of sexual activity in all its wondered variation. Let's hope they avoid telling us to avoid the power of the penis or the vagina.

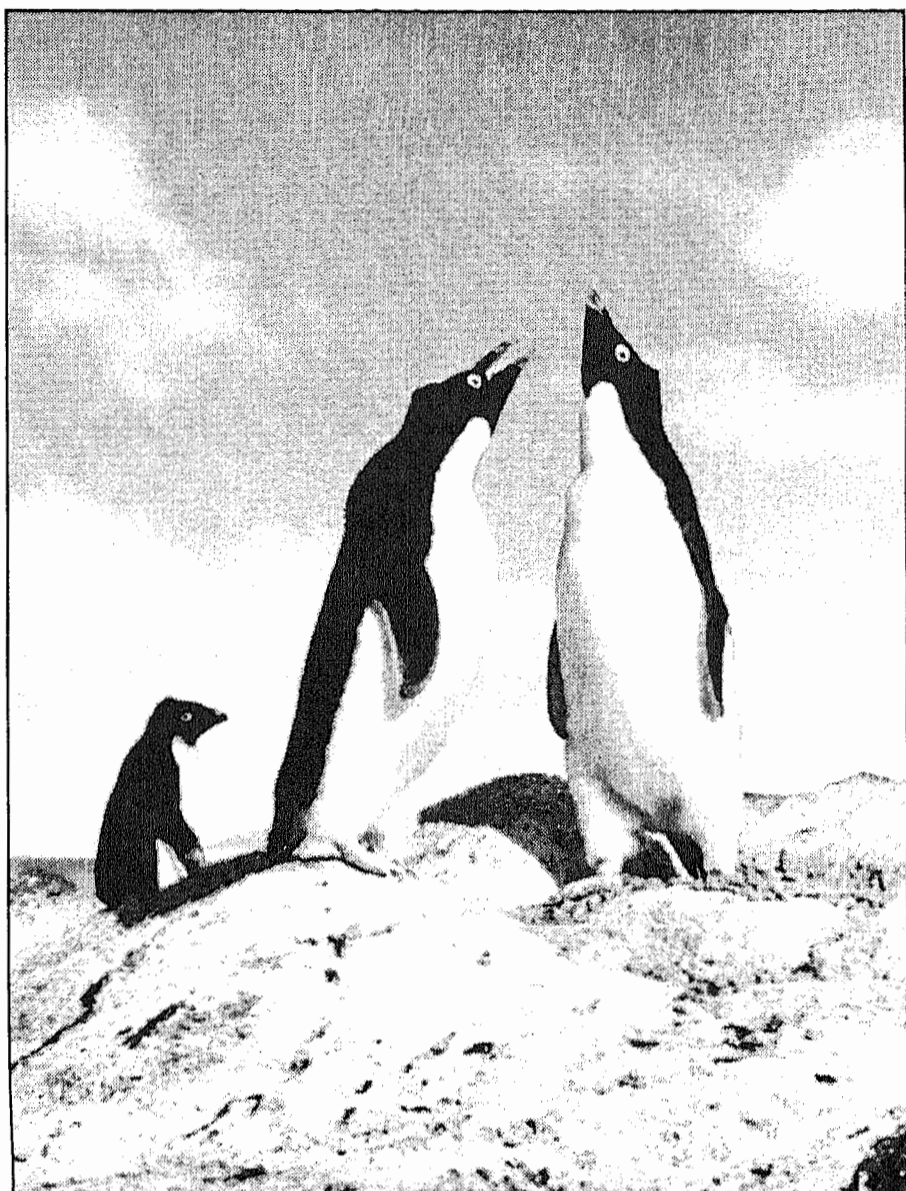
I have a secret that I want to share with those who seek to turn personal practices into an exercise in public political flag waving:

sexuality and celebration of diversity was doing just fine in bedrooms, lounge rooms, dens, dining rooms and studies, bathrooms, bars and clubs, alleyways, backyard lawns, flower beds, galvo roofs, football ovals, dumpsters, basement dungeons, Laundromats, libraries, cars, boats, and planes, between boys, girls and, mmm, not sure, in every numerical combination with every kind of gadget imaginable well before you reared your earnest head.

The Truth is, all you PC Sexuality Police and Educators, you probably have no idea of what is really out there. When is the last time you ever went to a circle jerk? How about a foursome or full-blown sex party? Ever been bound and gagged? Why those on the left feel that it is important to inspect and pass judgment on what people do to get off and generally have fun and then air the 'results' of those inspections and judgments out in the public like some kind of Parade Ring prize ribbon is beyond me. Is this supposed to educate me? Do they really think we are that stupid? Anal sex is no mystery. I know where the clitoris is. I'm at ease with my circumcision. Besides, there are these things called books, web-sites, and videos. If I don't know, I reckon I can probably find out - just a hunch from one person with a triple digit IQ to the next...

Does this 'education' mean that I can't call my gay friends fags, or that I shouldn't go to drag shows because drag queens make women feel inadequate, stereotyped, or denigrated? Please! These are blokes in women's clothing. Deconstruct that, queer and other Continental-inspired theorists. Get a real job, before the snickers in the corridors of academe reach your ears, and you discover that what you are doing is not real scholarship, but non-falsifiable garbage.

I remember a gay waiter friend of mine used to say to me, 'Why should it matter to the world where I stick my dick?' Indeed. 'Why would I march down King William Street in order to tell you what I do with my dick?' he continued. Exactly. You don't see me grabbing a few sexual fellow travelers, spray painting a bed sheet and running out on the road in order to inform you that ... well, actually, it's none of your fucking business unless you want it to be. Equally, why do we need a cadre of professional politicians and activists promoting sexual preferences of any hue - gay, straight, marginal or mainstream? What's the point here? Have these people actually made anyone



Penguins like their sex nice and simple.

happier? Or are they a band of arrogant and smug meddlers with an open ticket excuse to preach and posture?

And it's not like this preaching and posturing is done with any humour. On the whole, PC is beyond deadly serious. Often, its aim is to eradicate the joke altogether. PC wannabes who do attempt to introduce some levity into their preaching are widely castigated by their hard-core PC brethren: nothing funny about sexuality, mate. God forbid that we should have a laugh at others, or even share a laugh about our desires. I wonder about this PC crowd: bad dancers are probably bad lovers, but people without humour certainly are...

I know that sexuality PC has some noble intentions. Tolerance of other's sexual preferences is an important feature of a liberal, democratic society. But attempts by public officials to teach sexual tolerance does more harm than good and we should stop it. What the PC crowd fails to realize is that attitudes and beliefs are impossible to legislate. More to the point, political correctness fails to educate those whose attitudes average people find most repugnant. The bigoted are not convinced by a few

words or posturing. One of the reasons they are bigoted is that they don't listen to reasonable, rational arguments. Their fears and beliefs are irrational. PC zealots, therefore, tend to either preach to the converted, or worse and more worrying, try to tell people minding their own business that their range of satisfying experiences is not PC and they should stop.

When politicians, or indeed, any other person, start telling me and my fellow moaning travelers what we can and can't do consensually with our genitalia and bodies, or start to express concern over what our genitalia and bodies are doing, or promotes certain preferences and desires over others, then we are starting that trip down a nasty repressive road. This road is beyond the excesses of the 'Nanny' or 'Pappy' state. It is a blatant misuse of the public realm, the leadership of which we entrust to elected officials. We should stick to the creed of former Massachusetts Governor, William Weld: the government (and that means petty politicians of all persuasions, too) should stay out of our bedrooms and out of our wallets.

Activists and politicians, leave the sex to us. We are better at it, so let us get on with it.

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Understanding medicine: snog fever

Dr Jim Kosmas.

Welcome to this week's article on medical topics relevant to University life. This week we will be covering the topic of glandular fever, as requested by a student whose friend was recently diagnosed with this illness.

Introduction

Glandular fever is a virus and is caused by the Epstein-Barr virus. It is also known as Infectious Mononucleosis, or Mono. The main symptoms of this illness are fever, sore throat, swollen glands, loss of appetite, sweats and lethargy or tiredness. Less frequently, some people experience abdominal pains or jaundice (a yellow discoloration of the skin or eyes). The severity of symptoms varies between individuals. Some people may have very minor symptoms similar to a 'flu' illness, whereas others may have severe fatigue and persisting sore throat and glands that may be debilitating for several weeks. The diagnosis is made by a blood test, that can also help in determining the severity of illness.

How Glandular fever is spread

It is spread from person-to-person by contact with saliva from an

infected individual. In young people and adolescents this usually results from kissing and less commonly from sharing cups and glasses. For this reason it is also known as the 'kissing disease'.

Incubation Period

This term relates to the time between contact with the infection and actually developing symptoms. In glandular fever this time is 4-6 weeks.

Infectious Period

This is the time during which an infected person may infect others. The exact time is not accurately known; however, it has been shown that the virus is shed in the saliva when symptoms first appear, and this can continue for up to a year after the illness.

Preventing its spread

- Minimise contact with saliva as far as possible.
- Follow good handwashing techniques, especially after contact with potentially infective materials such as used tissues or cups.
- Avoid sharing cups and glasses.
- Avoid people who have it.

Treatment Options

- Rest is the best treatment, preferably at home and indoors. Do not attempt to return to normal work or academic routines until you have discussed this with your doctor.
- Drink plenty of fluids, such as water and fruit juices that contain vitamin C, such as orange juice.
- Medication such as paracetamol may be required for control of fever.
- Gargle soluble aspirin for control of sore throat.
- Let your doctor know as soon as possible if you may be pregnant, or you develop difficulty swallowing, or abdominal pain.

Conclusion

It is common to feel depressed to some degree during the illness and in the recovery phase, especially if symptoms of tiredness and fatigue persist. Please let your doctor know if you feel any such symptoms.

Dr Kosmas: phone 8303 5050

Dear Doctor Jim,

Two years ago I started a course of Hepatitis B vaccinations but only had the first two vaccinations and did not get around to having the last one. Do I need to have the whole course again? B

Dear B,

The majority of people require the full course of three vaccinations over six months to be fully immunised against Hepatitis B. However, studies have shown that a small number of people have benefited from one or two vaccinations only. I would recommend having a blood test to measure your level of Hepatitis B antibody (level of immunity). This will determine whether you require any further vaccinations.

Dear Doctor Jim,

I am a part time student and work part time as a gardener. I often get scratches on my hands from rose thorns and branches of trees. My last tetanus booster was three years ago. When should I have my next booster? A

Dear A,

The current recommendation is for a Tetanus booster every two years. This is available from your local doctor.

email jdkosmas@yahoo.com

DYKE FETISHIST SLAVE LABIA LICKER MUSCLE MARY LESBIAN FIST FUCKER WHORE
 FUCKMEAT SLUT BUTCH FAG BI TRANSGENDER LEATHER MAN QUEER SADO MASO-
 CHISTMISTRESS SPITTERS **ON DIT** LIPSTICK LESBIAN FIREMAN SCENE QUEEN
 DRAG KING GYM BUNNYMASTER SUGAR MUMMY TRANNY GAY LINTBOY HETERO
 TROUGHMAN COPRAPHAGE STRAIGHT CATAMITE ONANIST LEZZA WANKER FAG HAG
 RABBIT FUCKKNUCKLE MEATOTIMIST TOILETS CIRCLE JERKERS FELCHERS PLUSHIES
 ADULT BABIES SNOWBALLERS **SEXUALITY EDITION** CORDIAL GIRLS BISEXUAL
 SPONGECAKES FACEPAINTERS THE CANVAS HORSES AC/DC HUMILATERS DOMINATRIX
 GIMPS TRANSSEXUALS PERVERTS VOYEURS DILDO LESBIANS SWINGERS JOBBERS
 PORNOGRAPHERS SWALLOWERS JELLYPEOPLE NYMPHO ORGIASST COSTUMIST QUEENS
 BITSER SEXTOY HOMOSEXUAL EXHIBITIONISTS FOOT FANCIERS **SUBMISSIONS** AC/DC
 SODOMIST TITFUCKER SCARIFIERS FORNICATORS GARGLERS SHE MALE DYKE
 FETISHIST SLAVE LABIA LICKER MUSCLE MARY LESBIANS FIST FUCKER WHORE PRO
 FUCKMEAT SLUT **DUE WEDNESDAY MAY 3 5PM** BUTCH FAG BI TRANSGENDER
 LEATHER MAN QUEER SADO MASOCHIST MISTRESS SPITTERS LIPSTICK LESBIAN
 FIREMAN SCENE QUEEN DRAG KING GYM BUNNY MASTER SUGAR MUMMY TRANNY
 GAY LINTBOY TROUGHMAN COPRAPHAGE STRAIGHTCATAMITE ONANIST LEZZA HET
 WANKER FAG HAG FUCKKNUCKLE **ON DIT OFFICE** MEATOTIMIST TOILETS CIRCLE
 JERKERS FELCHERS PLUSHIES ADULT BABIES SNOWBALLERS CORDIAL GIRLS COLUMNIST
 SPONGECAKES FACEPAINTERS THE CANVAS HORSES AC/DCHUMILATERS DOMINATRIX
 GIMPS TRANSSEXUALS PERVERTS VOYEURS DILDO LESBIANS SWINGERS JOBBERS

Sex on Sundays with Sister Heidi

By Sister Heidi of the Van



Sister Heidi says, 'Food is raunchy'

Sisters keep their promises. So this week we shall investigate 'sex on Sundays'. From my observations, the best way to guarantee this is to cook your partner, or partners, as the case may be, a horny breakfast or brunch. If you are on your own,

these ideas are also good hangover aids. Bless.

• One of the easiest ideas (and the most indulgent) is chocolate croissants heated in the oven until just warm and served with steaming mugs of milky hot chocolate.

• Buy lots of fresh fruity pastries at the central market and shout yourself some good coffee.

• Buy some good bread, slice thickly and toast. Grill some bacon and tomato. Pile on top of your toast. Soften some butter and chop heaps of basil and combine the two, then put a big spoonful on top with freshly cracked pepper.

• This idea is definitely an Adelaide creation. Scramble some eggs, slice some ham, cheese and tomato. Cut turkish bread in half and fill with the scrambled eggs, ham, cheese and tomato. Put the other half of the turkish bread on top and put in the oven, so the whole lot is warm and the cheese is melted. Season and serve.

• Have a fry up. It will not, I repeat not KILL YOU. Bacon, eggs, tomato, sausages, mushrooms and sliced potatoes.

• Go all exotic and middle-eastern. Apple or apple and cinnamon tea, a boiled egg, warm flatbread, and finish it off with yoghurt and fruit.

• Speaking of yoghurt, if you aren't sure try this. Greek yoghurt with a dark honey and chopped almonds.

• Mash some potatoes, salt and pepper, add a can of tuna, some chopped up herbs and onion, shape into patties. Fry and serve with sour cream and chutney if you have some.

• Buy a bag of oranges and squeeze. Chill. The difference is remarkable. Or in your blender, put banana,

milk, yoghurt, honey and a dash of vanilla essence. Whiz. Experiment with different flavours. Mango is a really good one - if you can't get it fresh, just buy a tin.

• This is my favourite at the moment. Get some rolled oats, grate an apple, chop up some strawberries. Combine these with some sultanas, yoghurt and orange juice.

• French toast is the best sweet or savoury. Soak sliced bread in a bowl with whisked eggs and a splash of milk, salt and pepper - I add grated cheese. Then carefully take the bread out of the bowl and fry in a pan until golden on both sides. It is horny with heaps of grilled bacon or pancetta. If you like it sweet, leave out the cheese and salt and pepper and add a pinch of sugar then proceed. Serve these with fruit and maple syrup or honey. I make heaps (some of both) and keep them warm in a low oven.


• Seriously, a 'BloodyMary', a good one. Vodka, tomato juice, fresh lemon juice, salt and pepper, tabasco sauce and a stick of celery. Very chic.

• Fresh breadstick, unsalted butter (it is creamy and tastes better), and big chunks of roast chicken - you can even add sliced tomato and fresh basil, salt and pepper. Get a large breadstick and a whole roast chicken and you can eat this all day.


No need to leave the house. Hell, with this in the oven, you won't want to. Promise.

Lonely?

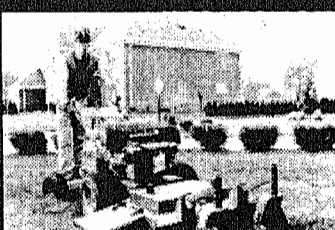
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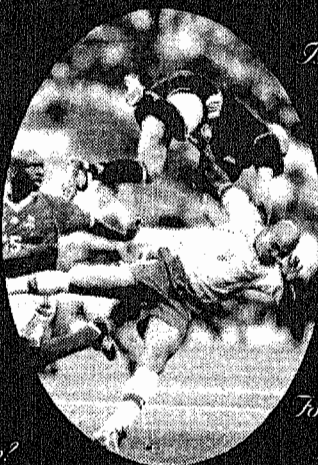


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ON THE GROUND FLOOR

Beer Lines: Defining the Pils

By Tony Jones, Southwark Chief Brewer

If, as the beer purists say, the basic division of beer styles is between ales and lagers, then no beer dominates its category more than the pilsener does the lagers. At a time when most of the world's beers were dark in colour, a series of events were unfolding in the town of Pilsen in Bohemia (now the Czech republic), which would unleash this universally popular style on an unsuspecting world.

The now prevalent bottom-fermenting lager yeast was a still close kept secret of the Carlsberg brewery in Copenhagen, and the highly regarded Pilsen malts, like all those available at the time, were relatively high in colour. By chance, the commissioning of new malting in the town in the 1840's led to the production of unusually pale malt, which was to be the foundation of the classic Pilsener style. We must credit the Czech brewers foresight in combining their new pale malt with, as legend has it, a sample of the bottom-fermenting yeast smuggled in from Munich by a Bavarian

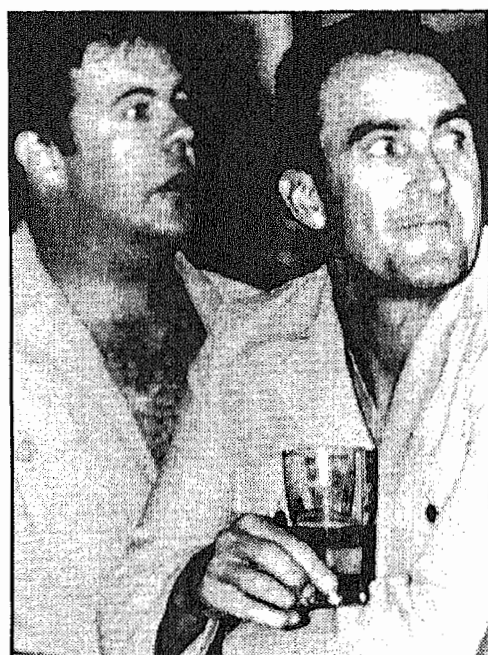
monk, to produce the world's first Pilsener beer. This new light coloured lager which retained the hop character of the famous locally grown Zatec (Saaz) hop, became so popular that brewers throughout the world began to brew their own versions of the style. To a degree all pale lagers are descendants of the original pilsener. For many years it was customary throughout Germany to afford the town of Pilsen the credit it so richly deserves. Imitators of the Pilsener style were identified by the name of their town or brewery, followed by the word pils.

The key characters of pilseners are a relatively pale golden colour, a malty middle palate and a distinctive herbal hoppy aroma and sharp but crisp bitter finish (most commonly courtesy of the Saaz hop). Without doubt the benchmark of the pilsener style is Pilsner Urquell, still brewed in Pilsen, and considered the original pils. This Czech beer is a little darker (at 11 EBC colour units) than the

German pilseners (generally 6 to 8 EBC units), is 4.4% alcohol and brewed with 100% barley malt. Fortunately it is widely available in Adelaide bottle shops and well worth the investment of about \$4 per 330mL bottle.

In recent years a number of Australian premium beers have made the break from mainstream and mimicked the pilsener style. The first to go this route was Southwark Premium back in 1983, when the local brewers upped the malt content into the high 80%'s and introduced locally grown European aroma hop varieties to broaden the flavour. Southwark was rewarded with a series of gold medals at the beer awards and booming sales both locally and interstate.

Other locals, Cascade, Boags and Hahn have followed this lead and produced well balanced 'Aussie' pils which flavour wise are a cut above the mainstream lagers, although not quite as full-bodied or hoppy as the original. More recently the bou-



Be wary of beer-nappers tiques have joined the fray and produced some very worthwhile offerings. Malt Shovel Brewery's James Squire Pilsener is the closest I've sampled to the 'Urq', while Matilda Bay also produce a challenging drop. Remember, there are a million beers in the naked city, so keep popping those pils!

Trivia, miscellanea, minutiae etc

Well, here you are at university to, in theory at least, learn the facts that will get you through the big nasty world out there. Here are a few tidbits that I feel will help you no end in that endeavour. Armed with knowledge like this, world domination is not out of the question kids.

- If you yelled continuously for 8 years, 7 months and 6 days, you would have produced enough sound energy to heat one cup of coffee. (Hardly worth the effort).
- If you farted consistently for 6 years and 9 months, you would produce enough gas to create the energy of an atomic bomb.
- Banging your head against a wall uses 150 calories an hour.
- A cockroach can live for nine days

without its head, before it eventually starves to death. (Creepy).

- An ant can lift 50 times its own weight, pull 30 times its own weight, and always falls down on its right side when intoxicated. (I'm obviously not an ant then).
 - Polar bears are left handed. (Who the hell cares, who bothered to find out?).
 - Elephants are the only animals that can't jump. (Good thing really).
 - The male praying mantis cannot copulate while its head is still attached to its body. The female praying mantis initiates sex by ripping the males head off. (Ahh women, with them or without them, who can live?).
- And, for proof that the human race

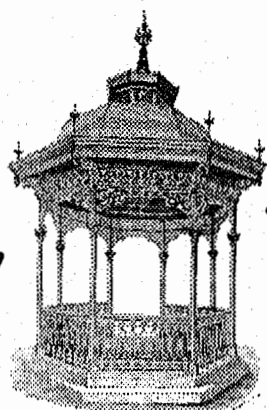
is doomed due to its own stupidity, here are some actual instruction labels found on consumer products:

- On a helmet-mounted mirror used by US cyclists: 'Remember, objects in the mirror are actually behind you.'
- On a Japanese product used to relieve painful haemorrhoids: 'Lie down on bed and insert Poscool slowly up to the projected portion like a sword-guard into anal duct. While inserting Poscool for approximately 5 minutes, keep quiet.'
- On a packet of Sunmaid raisins: Why not try tossing over your favourite breakfast cereal?
- On a Korean kitchen knife: 'Warning: keep out of children.'
- On a Japanese food processor:

'Not to be used for the other use.' (And the other use would be...?).

- On an American Airlines packet of nuts: 'Instructions - Open packet, eat nuts.' (I wonder if it's the same for Australian airlines).
- On a Swedish chainsaw: 'Do not attempt to stop chain with your hands or genitals.' (Wonder how they figured that one out).
- On Nytol sleep aid: 'Warning: may cause drowsiness.' (Well, duh)
- On a child's Superman costume: 'Wearing of this garment does not enable you to fly.' (Christ, that would've been useful information, last week).
- On some frozen dinners: 'Serving suggestion: Defrost.' (Student housing will never be the same).

OH MY GOD,



THEY MADE IT AT KILKENNY!



The Illustrated catalogue of Fulton's castings from their Kilkenny foundry, 1887, is in the Mortlock Collection at the State Library, North Terrace. www.slsa.sa.gov.au



Government of South Australia

Putting the fun in fundamentalism

By Linley Henzell

There's a lot of scary stuff around on the Internet. Some of it is scary because it's weird, some of it is scary because it's just plain revolting, sick and inhuman. But some of it is scary because it's completely serious and motivated by a genuine desire to improve the life of everyone on Earth. An example of the third type of scariness is a website run by an organisation known as the Childcare Action Project: www.capalert.com.

Capalert's mission is to analyse and investigate the impact of American culture, particularly films, on children and the traditional Christian family unit. It is a nonprofit organisation which relies on public support to constantly update its database of reviews of several hundred films, each of which are assessed with reference to Christian doctrine. Films are given a lengthy synopsis followed by an assessment of their nastiness, based on how much of the following things they contain:

- Wanton Violence/Crime
- Impudence/Hate
- Sex/Homosexuality
- Drugs/Alcohol
- Offence to God
- Murder/Suicide

Using 'detailed recording instruments', a Capalert investigator will tally up how many times any of these things are represented in a film, then use computer analysis to produce an objective W.I.S.D.O.M. (Wanton, Impudence, Sex etc) score for the film. The maximum score is 100; any irreligious content reduces the score by an amount dependent on its severity. Unacceptable things include (but are certainly not limited to):

- Taking the Lord's name in vain (an Offence to God)
- Use of the most foul of the foul words (exactly which word this is remains unclear)
- Adult patting 'the rear of a teen'
- Body piercing (under the 'Impudence/Hate' category) and tattoos
- 'An adolescent handing his father a beer'
- Excessive concessions to 'political correctness'
- Dialogue questioning the bible
- 'Daughter-to-mother arrogance'
- 'Man and woman in bed'
- 'A mother leaving her husband for selfish reasons'
- Portrayal of homosexuality
- Anything implying the acceptability of a liberal attitude towards sex, drugs, religious

toleration or almost anything else. You can spend hours looking through the enormous list of Capalert reviews, seeing what exactly they say about your favourite flicks. It's especially good fun to look for films with a high 'CAP Influence Density', which measures the overall destructive influence of a film (Mary Poppins is the only one I could find with a zero rating). If you want to learn just how wacky the lunatic fringe of the American Christian Right gets, this site is a prime example.

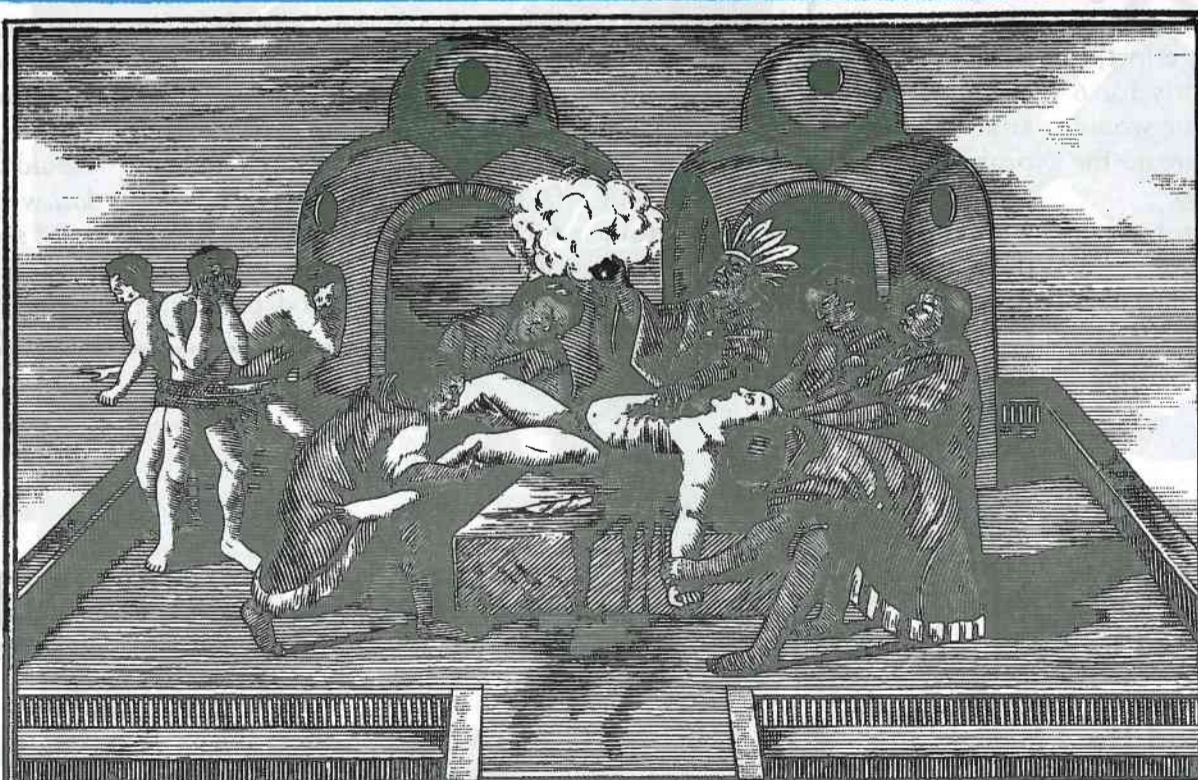
Okay, so maybe one gets a feeling of something to do with fish, barrels and firearms here. These people are genuinely devoted to the protection of children from all of the nasty things that go on in modern life, like 'inappropriate touching', extramarital sex and the questioning of parental authority, because they genuinely believe these things are contributing to the unravelling of society.

But the problem lies in their intolerance, their blanket condemnation of anyone who doesn't fit into their strict biblically-ordained way of life. Homosexuality is evil. The expression of any doubt as to the

universal validity of Scripture is evil. Parents who encourage their children to take a questioning attitude towards authority (for example, by allowing them to talk back - this breeds rebellion, which is a sin as bad as witchcraft) have been misled by the Hollywood/Disney cultural machine into subverting the fabric of traditional American life. And that's what makes this site as funny as it is.

If you ever find yourself browsing along to www.capalert.com, the commentary on the following films is recommended:

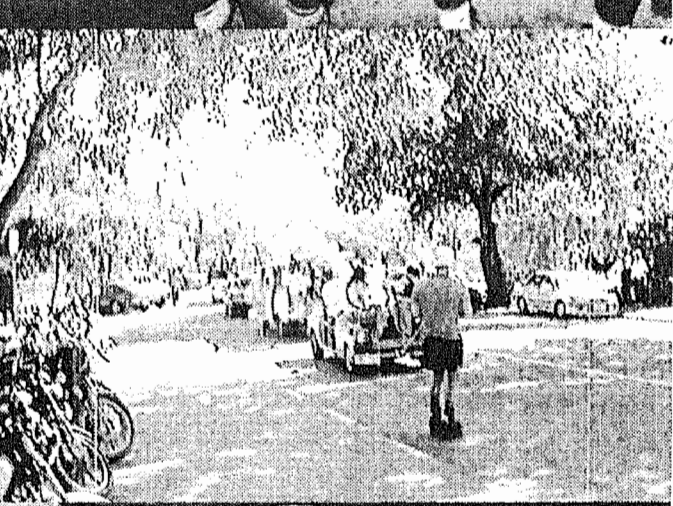
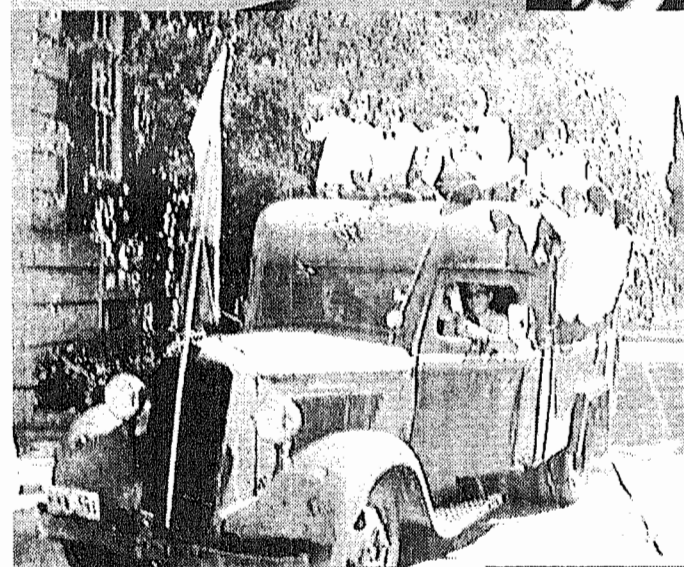
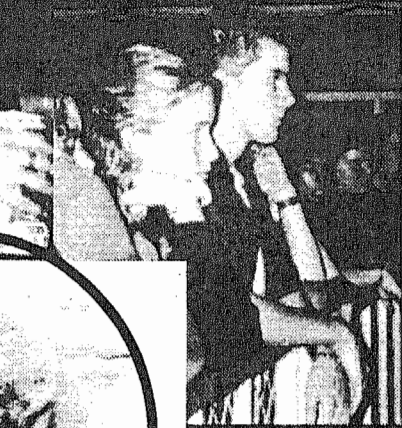
- South Park ('another movie straight from the smoking pits of Hell')
- Matilda (yes, the adaptation of the Roald Dahl children's book: this film was too evil to even be given a W.I.S.D.O.M. rating)
- The Matrix
- The Phantom Menace (Ooh, psychokinesis!)
- The Omega Code (even films based on the Book of Revelations can be imperfect: this one includes such vile material as: 'a mention of homosexuality as if it is acceptable', a 'crow eating animal remains', and 'evil-looking eyes')
- Pokemon - the Movie (well, this probably is quite evil)



Although sceptical at first, the natives soon grew fond of the unique taste of white.



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Time for the editors to go (sic)

Drag kings, context and homophobia

hmmm ... *On Dit* - accurate reporting or completely out of context??? If you guessed the former, your (sic) wrong! Yes they are out of context, have made a misrepresentation and attributed it to me. What am I talking about? The article written by Eva O'Driscoll with the headlined (sic) "Pride Convene Drag Forum" (see version 68.7, 3/4/00).

Yes, I am said to have implied that "drag kings are good", well according to Eva O'Driscoll's opinion anyway. It appears that she has taken me completely out of context. I never said, nor implied, during the Drag Forum that drag kings "are good". Apparently my statement made during the forum, that drag kings are just as problematic as drag queens, was completely ignored. As I commented, do we really need more representations of masculinites (sic) (even if they are by woman born women) in a masculinist society? I also divided drag kings into two categories: those who worship masculinity, and those who seek to challenge it by taking the shit out of it. But nevertheless they are both problematic. This doesn't seem to be very pro drag king to me and they certainly are not "good". But apparently it does, and they are to Eva.

After speaking to Eva, who refused to apologise for her misrepresentation, she argued (or was it just my interpretation), that it sounded pro drag king to her. I suggest she listen more closely next time.

Was this just one more homophobic piece of reporting being churned out by this paper? Another attempt at silencing someone willing to take a stand? I think so!

Unapologetically

Michael McCulloch.
Hons. Gender Studies/Politics

Michael,
We would like to thank you for your interest in our reporting, and your ability to stand up for what

you believe. This is admirable and should be applauded. However, your insinuation that Eva's reporting is homophobic in tone and content is ridiculous in the extreme and, not to put too fine a point on it, wrong.

Both Darien and Eva, together with other members of the *On Dit* staff, attended the Forum and listened attentively to your well-spoken piece regarding drag queens, and even asked you questions. Not once, however, did you ever say that drag kings were problematic; you did say that it was good that that they challenged the dominant paradigm through sarcasm and irony and that they were better than drag queens for this very reason. If you were misunderstood, perhaps your argument was not as clear as you wished it to be. Is it our problem that you muddled your message to not just Eva (who only reported what you said and implied) but to all of us, and others as well? No, hone your arguments before launching an attack on us.

Another thing: where is this line of homophobic reporting that we supposedly have partaken in this year? Come in and let us know. Once again, we can only report on what you have said, and have written in your past letters.

Eds

The return of the proud white male: meat is still murder I

Dear Michael McCulloch and like-minded folk,

Is veganism a feminist issue? Does anyone in the real world really give a shit? Mellow out man and for fuck's sake, learn how to spell properly! (Note to Eds: how come we never see the infamous 'sic' after such nonsensical words as 'wimmin', 'womyn' and now 'humyn'?)

Yours in unrepentant carnivorousness,

James S Brazel

PS: If men are really as oppressive and evil as you seem to insinuate that they are, then set an inspir-

ing example of selflessness and enlightened New Age thinking for your fellow oppressors and kill yourself, OK?

PPS: Does the Society for Kosher Lesbian Vegan Activists really exist? If so, I think that that's really, really sad.

Meat is still murder II

I would just like to say that I agree completely with Michael McCulloch. As a Lesbian Feminist Vegan Activist I believe that men have been using meat and its consumption to oppress Womyn for far too long. The senseless slaughter of our animal friends—a practice first initiated to halt Womynkind's rising Power, and protect the primitive and inferior men from Her Strength and Her Energy—is the cause of our subordinate position in society today.

It is time that Womyn reclaim their ancient Powers back from men. If it were not for the consumption of meat, we would be more powerful, more in control of our destinies, and more brilliant than ever.

The savage and brutal carnage of introducing meat into one's body, and the sheer butchery of our species-centric society, is an ancient patriarchal device of control which manifests itself in Womyn's current domination.

But is Veganism enough? No. Males were not content to stop there. Defining the dominant paradigm was *not enough*. They have been selectively breeding so many of our foods for so many years, in order to continually reinforce their oppression, that we barely even notice it. For this reason I call upon all Womyn to not only boycott meat, but also the phallic symbols of tyrannic male abuse, namely cucumbers, zucchinis, carrots, all nuts (regarded as male fertility enhancers), bananas—all things phallic. I urge all Womyn to throw out their vibrators, and to stop using sanitary products: they were invented by men to keep Womyn compliant and under control, to make us dependent on the penis

for satisfaction, and hide our great Femynyn powers, respectively. NO MORE.

I also agree with Michael that it is time to end the domination of species. No longer will we subjugate our equals and construct them as the 'Other'. Whilst I am pleased to see the appointment of Kevin, a terrier, (though a male) as Vice Chancellor, I believe that we need to implement a far more widespread Affirmative Action Programme. Womyn must lead this revolution by example: by hiring more animals into the workplace, and not in their traditional, subordinate roles; by having sexual relations with them; by not eating them or their products.

Militia Moorhouse

Meat is still murder III

Dear Eds,

Oh how sucked in to the system Michael McCulloch and his so-called 'feminist' friend are. Do they not realize that abandoning the eating of meat is just what the men in power *want* them to do? Men have oppressed for many years, yes? And how do they do that? By eating meat. The veganism push is actually orchestrated by powerful, meat-eating vested interests who are concerned with keeping women subordinate. By denying them meat (under the guise of 'veganism' and 'feminism'), these people, these powerful people, are denying them their place in the controlling arena.

So what to do about it? Eat meat. Eat more meat. Eat as much as you can handle and then some.

Barrell O'Sam

AUU Catering: the Union perspective

To the Editor, *On Dit*

Readers may draw the conclusion from Dale Adam's article (*On Dit*, 3rd April. Spotlight on Catering, pg 5) that 'catering employees receiving inflated wages for

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Time for the editors to go (sic)

menial jobs' are responsible for the budget woes of Adelaide University Union (AUU). Nothing could be further from the truth. The \$18.50 per hour quoted for 'loading a pie warmer' came as a surprise to catering workers. A provision within *that* Enterprise Bargaining Agreement (EBA) was to bring students off casual rates and apply permanent part-time rates (\$12.86) and conditions. A provision initiated by workers at AUU catering who were concerned about the financial situation of the Union; at an estimated saving of around \$125,000 per annum.

The current EBA with the support of the Board delivered a wage rate of \$12.69 for an adult student worker (less for those under 21). Our estimates indicate a saving of \$20,000 pa in lost entitlements to students who were casualised.

Think again before judging \$18.50 an exorbitant rate of pay. A prorata 40 hour week equals \$38,480 pa. A sum not unlike the full-time salaries students are hoping for upon graduating. Their skills by then will extend well beyond 'pie stacking'. The assumption that 'McJobs' only exist at the unskilled end of the jobs market, and that Degrees are an antidote is hard to support however. 'McJobs' are characterised by low pay, high pressure and insecurity. They present limited opportunities for improvement through training, promotion or organising into unions. Common vehicles are incorporation, downsizing, out-sourcing and contracting out. All these issues confront academic and general staff at Adelaide University in the course of current EBA negotiations.

When the AUU hires students they are getting certifiably bright people. Both the Legal and Medical professions still struggle with concepts of customer satisfaction, and consumer confidence. These competencies are stock in trade for hospitality workers, yet are assumed to be acquired for free by workers and employers alike. They are not.

Often (hidden) expectations of service workers and comparative

job chauvinism may only become apparent in the lack. Gauge your own chauvinism the next time a badly prepared meal is brought to you by a rude and unhelpful waiter, anywhere! Clearly then, the skills required to handle hospitality are far from innate, or confined to the naturally pleasant and socially sensitive. Catering workers reject the trivialisation of our work as simple, unimportant and unworthy of good wages and conditions.

Dale's report showed that tangible solutions to the problems are lacking. Future plans were conceded by management to be late, cost prohibitive or unexplored.

Catering workers are concerned that student workers in particular, will again be pressed to accept lower wages and reduced conditions attached to greater work loads and responsibilities when a new EBA is negotiated.

In seeking to further shift the burden of cost onto individual student workers the AUU ceases to be a union charged with the protection and advancement for all its members nor claim to hold a credible role in the university community.

Kaye Brown

Delegate for LHMU (SA) at AUU Catering

We have fans?

Dear Eds,

We would just like to comment on the spate of bitchy and antagonistic letters to your rag in the last month or so. We understand how hard it would be to put your blood, sweat and tears, not to mention Saturday nights, into *On Dit*.

To those who are complaining, YOU FUCKING TRY IT! No doubt, you would be getting a lot more bitchy letters.

Instead of sitting on your arse and bitching, bloody fucking hell write something which you find worthy of your obviously delicate time to entertain your fellow Adelaide Uni students.

Lighten up, or for obvious

comical entertainment, read The Advertiser. We don't care!

Eds you do a great job, and we, unlike SMALL MINDED BIGOTS, appreciate the hard work you put into the fabulous *On Dit*. We invite those small-minded bigots not to reply to us, but to contribute to the paper, with articles of incisive, Linley-esque commentary - OR SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Love and sloppy kisses,

Your devoted fans

PS Do you have any giveaways?

Um ... yes, yes we do.
Eds

Damn Canucks

Dear everyone,

A word of warning: if you have any crazy Canadians living in the same house as you, and they spill a bottle of canola oil while trying to cook something, don't let them clean it up! They will use a mop to smear the oil in a thin film all over the kitchen floor, leaving the linoleum shiny and glistening but unpleasantly icky. At least, that's what happens in my experience.

Linley

The light, the light

Dear Eds

There are quite a few things that have made me think during my first term at university, but I can only think of one at the moment. As I sit here amongst the sea of UniBar tables, 2 things strike me. The first, is the clumsiness of a friend of mine making a mockery of proud schnitzel eaters worldwide. The second thing is the obvious bewilderment and dilated pupils of patrons who enter into this fine establishment. What I'm trying to say is, that something must be done about the glare. Quite frankly I like to see where I'm going and whether what I just bumped into was a chair, a table or some booze hound who has retired for the

arvo on the UniBar floor. What is the point of having a big screen if you can't even tell if it's on. Don't get me wrong, I'm quite a fan of the UniBar but I'm sure my enjoyment and the enjoyment of hundreds of others would be multiplied (by at least 1) if something like blinds, curtains or tinted windows (or any other sun blocking device) were erected.

Yours sincerely

Pierre Mitchali
First Year BA (R)

'Chairman'

Dear Eds,

In response to Sarah's recent letter, I would just like to say that Patriarchy is not just bureaucratic paper-slang. It is a sociometric, sociopolitical, psychological & a genetic phenomenon. For Ned to call himself 'Chairman' is indeed offensive because it is not gender-neutral language, like 'Chair'. But according to Sarah this is logical because Ned is a man. Well by that same logic 'student' also follows, because Ned is a student. I am also sure that he is from 'Adelaide University' and most probably a 'citizen' and 'consumer'. Furthermore my best guess is that he is also a 'postdiluvian' 'terrestrial' and he is also a 'conscious' 'living' example of '*Homo Sapiens*'. Should all labels and terms be placed on the end of someone's name for the sake of pride?

Rory Spreckley
Non-Descript Pedestrian

PS. FUCK YOU to the Liberal scum who put up the pro-privatisation, deregulation and corporatisation flyers around campus.

The Advertiser

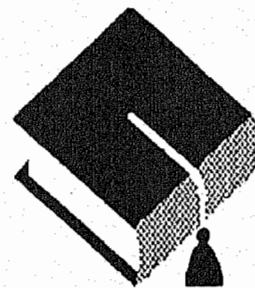
Dear *On Dit*

Congratulations on the Advertiser; at last a viable alternative to our morning tabloid. But who is that gorgeous shoeless person on the front page? And Is she single and dateable?

Hamish Barrett

BOOK SALE

starts
Monday
1st May



Unibooks

Union Building
phone 8223 4366

Time for the editors to go (sic)

A clever-clever Arts student

Prosh: not funny

Dear All,

I am writing to express my concern at what I feel is a grave case of false advertising. Punters all around the world are being lead up the garden path without even a faint tiggedy-boo said in the interest of their protection. I feel it is my duty to step out of the proverbial line and blow the whistle on this hideous travesty of justice. It has recently come to my attention that Johnson & Johnson's Baby Oil is, in fact, not made from 100% real babies. To be more specific, not even a smidgen of either genuine baby nor baby-derived extract is contained in any of the products featured in J&J's popular and lucrative 'Baby' range. Terrible. Or as the French would say, ter-eee-blerr. Whats more, I have a sneaking suspicion that there is no authentic pork at all in your average porcupine. What next? No offal in fritz?

Yours angrily,

Tristan Seebom

P.S. If no real baby is used in the production of baby oil, could it not then be used in place of beef tallow to create a truly vegan wedge?

Dear Eds,

Firstly I wish my name and student number to be withheld from publication. Thankyou.

I wish to complain about the immaturity and inconsiderate behaviour that PROSH week promotes. I am in first year, and I was appalled today(12-4) when one of my lectures was rudely interrupted by a group of students with water pistols and animal costumes yelling and screaming. I am all for freedom of speech and self expression but I resent an organised disruption to an education that I will one day pay through the teeth for. I want to make sure that the people involved in this activity should be aware that some of us take our education seriously and don't wish to be stunned by cap guns, wet by water pistols and yelled at by wankers in Gorilla suits during the middle of a lecture. Don't you have anything better to do? Perhaps instead of wasting my time at university you should go and entertain kids in hospital with your antics or work for a gorilla-gram company. Find an audience with a maturity level more suited to your own and put your anonymous exhibitionism (very gutsy) to a more

lucrative and mutually beneficial use. I understand that this is regarded as a fund raiser and I respect and encourage that sentiment, but there are more effective ways of getting people on side to ask them to hand over their money. I, for one, withheld my donation until I saw the group collecting on the Barr Smith Lawns. I like fun and games but (and I hate to use a cliché) there is a time and a place (primary school comes to mind). Use your own time for whatever you wish but don't enforce your

crappy, faux-rebellious antics on those who are at university to learn and achieve goals. My time is precious to me and I would like to think that other students value theirs too. By all means, fuck the system, create awareness and have fun while you're at it but don't take away my opportunity to learn and jeopardise the education and opportunities that university presents.

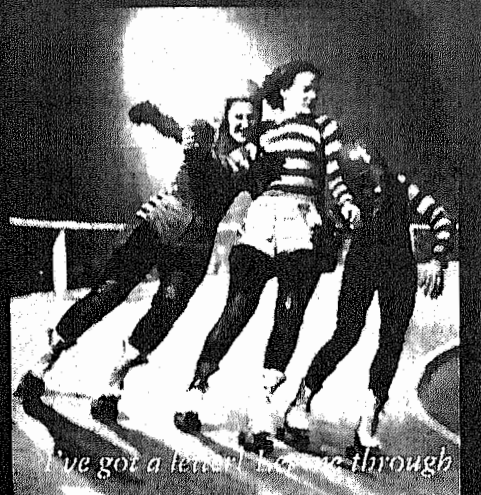
Name withheld

We welcome letters from any student on any subject. Please

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

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

Letter Policy



Lirra Lirra

WAITE CAMPUS

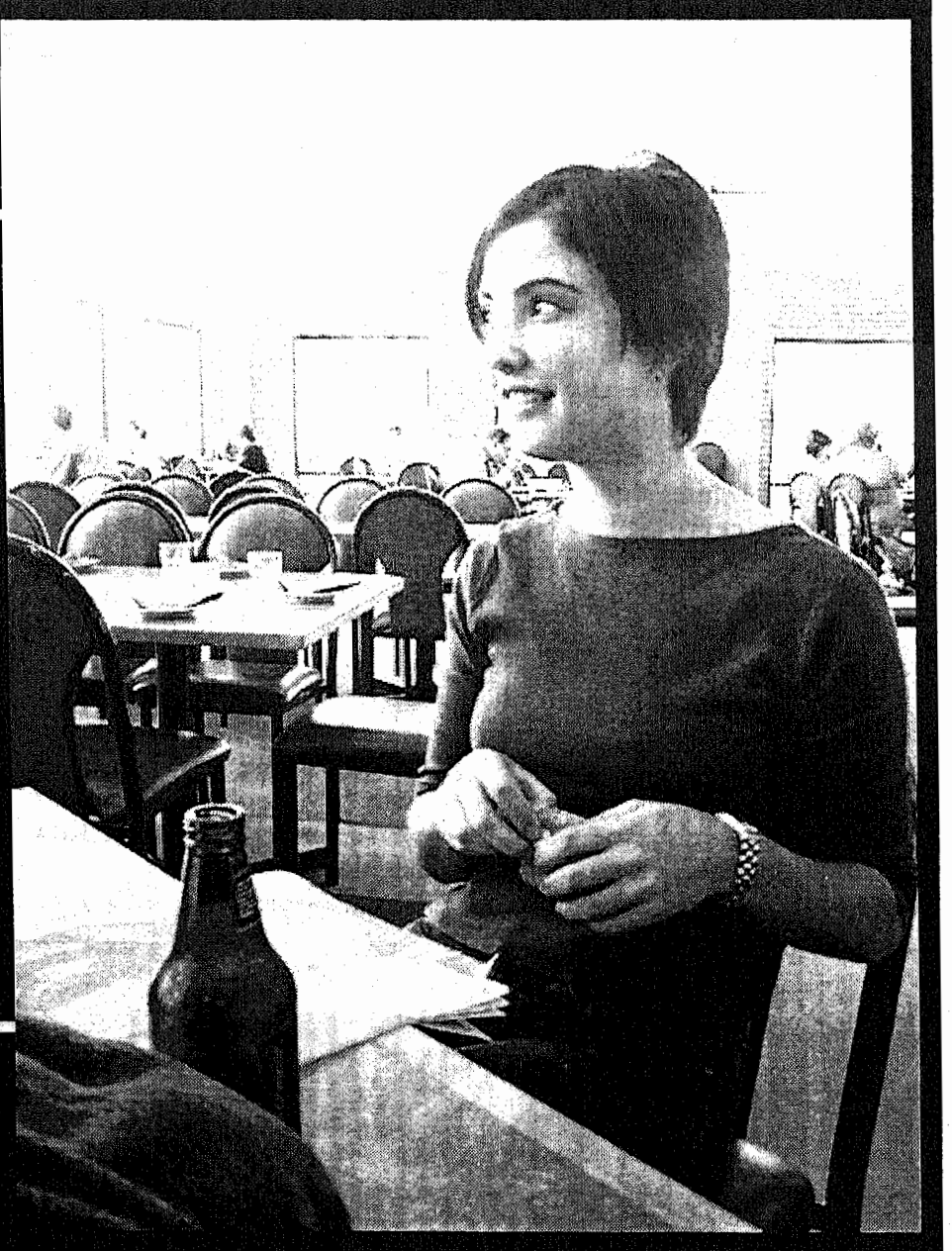
*Meals, wines, coffee,
salad bar, sandwiches,
rolls, cakes and more.*

Open Monday - Thursday
8.00am - 8.00pm for food

Bar is open Monday - Wednesday
12 noon - 5.00pm,

Thursday & Friday 12 noon - 8.00pm

Cafe & Bar



The best end of the day ...

Stephen Mullighan, SAUA President



Strategic Planning

Just before Easter all SAUA Councillors attended a planning session designed to give the organisation direction not only for the rest of the year, but in the years to come. This involved both planning activities, events, campaigns and services to be run for the rest of the year, as well as focussing the organisation on specific targets for the years to come. These concentrated on representation, service provision, and the organisation's place within the University community.

Policy Review

The SAUA is currently reviewing all of its policy. For more information, come in and ask at the SAUA.

Trimesterisation

For some time now the University has considered restructuring the academic year to allow for the inclusion of a third semester, to be held over the traditional summer break. This year's changed structure, with shorter semesters and fewer teaching days, was the first step in this process. We can expect the University to introduce what is effectively a trial of trimesterisation at the end of this year, with a comparatively short "third semester" scheduled to begin in January 2001. This has many implications for both students and University staff, of which many are negative. The matter is being discussed at Wednesday's Academic Board meeting.

Library Review

Submissions to the Review into University Libraries closed last Wednesday. The SAUA submission included several recommendations, centred around servicing its predominant clientele (Adelaide University students) effectively, and providing a much larger base of IT & T resources for students during extended opening hours. When the report is finished we will have further details of where the University is heading with its Libraries.

Council Meeting

This Friday night there is a SAUA Council meeting at 6pm in the Cannon Poole Room, Level 5 of Union House. Feel free to come along.

Seb Henbest, Education Vice President



'Not yet!' they cried, but alas, 'twas time for another term.

Easter

Hmmm, the season of death and rebirth, of horses and amber elixir, since nothing rhymes with elixir I'll leave it there, but we all get the idea (wait a minute?...). Personally, my Easter was wonderful. I backed 4 winners at the races and ended up losing money; I ate red meat on good Friday and slept like a tired log. I trust that story rings true enough wid y'all too.

PROSH

Yee ha baby! Prosh rocked as far as I was concerned. Thanks everyone for participating in the snake count which graced the lawns on Thursday and Friday. I am pleased to announce that the winning guess was 211 which was a trifle more than I myself thought were in there. The winner was a chap called Geraint Draheim who (being an engineer) actually counted the snakes in multiples of pi. We, the Ed. Dept. raised about \$50 for charity.

Grievances

Remember all yous out there that my office is structured around representation and so please make use of it. If you have an academic grievance with any lecturers, tutors, markers, Deans, Executive Deans, Deputy Vice-Chancellors, Pro Vice-Chancellors, Vice-Chancellors or even Chancellors then please come and see me. My office is located in the Student's Association, Nth-Eastern corner of the cloisters, up a couple of steps. You can email me on education@saua.asn.au or phone the office on 83035406.

If you have any other student problems not relating to academics then there'll be someone in the SAUA who can help you out.

GST

Not long now until our general consumption is taxed. A bad thing for alcoholics, over-eaters (I include myself in the later) and anyone with very low incomes. So, you don't know exactly how it will affect you? Well, 'join the club' says the rest of Australia and the ATO. By the new financial year we will have information for you, laying out how the new tax system will affect all aspects of student lives - don't despair, clarity is coming.

Adam Langman, Activities/ Campaigns Vice President



Welcome Back! Hope your holidays were as good as mine. Prosh went quite well in the last week of term with several thousand being raised for CanTeen and the Don Dunstan Foundation. This is something that all students that donated their money or time to should be very proud of. This term we are looking for some input from you as to what you would like to see the activities department do. Please come in and tell me, or email me. If things go right we will see a new event, possible at Uni. The UniBar will hopefully be buying a new video projector that is compatible with Playstations and N64's (excellent) so we should be able to have competitions and play Bond on a 3x3m screen (kickass). We are also compiling a bill of student rights so all students will know what the University is obligated to provide them with during their degree.

If you would like to get in contact with me my email address is adam.langman@student.adelaide.edu.au or come and see me in the SAUA.



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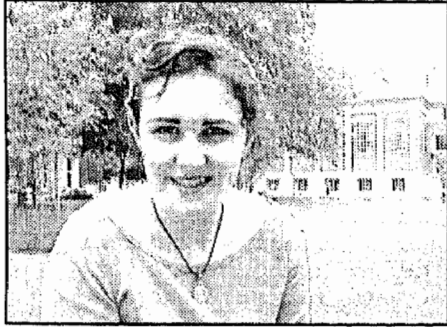
From 8 cents a page, we will meet all your photocopying needs: from double-sided A3 coloured copies to A4 black and white, sorted and stapled. And all our paper is recycled, which is something to smile about.

We have four machines with a lot of love to give 9-4 daily. So come and see us, we're on the ground level in the George Murray Building in the Cloisters, or give us a call on 83035406.



Is the quorate end of the day ...

Heidi Ryan, Women's Officer



Hello and welcome back. I hope you all enjoyed the break.

Before I begin I'd like to congratulate all those who helped out during PROSH and particularly those who were involved in the Women's Department prank and cars in the parade. I am proud to say that our prank raised \$140...not bad for an hour's work!

Women's Room

The quest to improve the Women's Room continues. We have received approval from the Union to begin work. Hopefully, we will be able to get someone else to do the painting and moving of desks and lockers. That means it will only be up to us to give the room a thorough clean and work out where to put posters, cushions and chairs. There are a few details to be finalised so stay tuned for details regarding exact timing of the Working Bee.

NOWSA

NOWSA will be having a Quiz night this Tuesday 3 May at 7:30 in the Flinders University Tavern. Entry is just \$3 or \$5 (depending on concession) and make sure to bring all your 20c pieces for raffles and games which will be held throughout the night. This is a cheap way to show off your profound intellect so come along.

Sexual Harassment Contact Officer Course

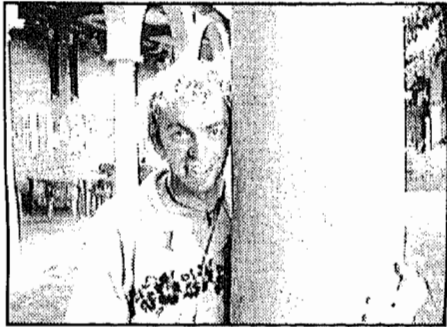
Tom and Mandy mentioned last edition that we will be undertaking a Sexual Harassment Contact Officer Course. The good news is that we are now able to offer some positions in the course to anyone interested.

It is really a fabulous opportunity, the course is being provided free of charge and will be facilitated by two experienced and interesting facilitators (this type of thing costs around \$800 anywhere else) At the end you will be formally recognised by the university as a contact person.

The training will take three half days and begins THIS THURSDAY. It's important that we have as many people as possible educated and active about these issues so please contact me quickly by ringing 8303 5406, e-mailing heidi.ryan@student.adelaide.edu.au or popping into the SAUA in the George Murray building.

Have a nice week!

Zane Young, Environment Officer



Environment Action Group

Every Wednesday, from 12-2, the environment action group meets. This is a dedicated bunch of rad people who get out there and do positive stuff for the environment. Stuff the group are doing at the moment includes the anti-nuke dump action on Tuesday, reviewing university paper usage and bicycle parking, and an anti-Genetic Engineering campaign starting on May 15.

Environment Week is coming up too, so the group have been planning things for that as well. Call or e-mail me if you would like to come, you are most welcome!

E-mail list

There's also an e-mail list for people who would like to be kept up-to-date with environmental and social justice campaigns in SA. The group's web page is at <http://www.cgroups.com/group/enviro-tandaya>

ActiveAdelaide

Now there is a central contact point for environmental or activist people in Adelaide! It's called ActiveAdelaide. If you're looking for a group of people who are into activism on the same issues as you, take a look! Note that the website is in its early stages, but it looks like it will be huge!

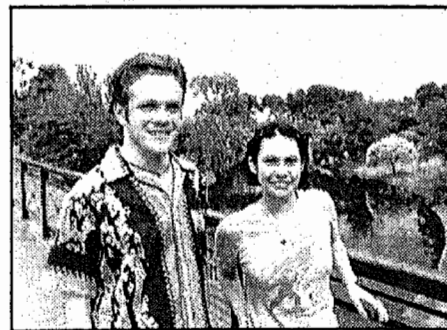
Unlogged Book

Wonder where all those wasted one-sided photocopies go? They go into The Unlogged Book! For only \$1 you can buy back the pages that you threw away, but bound together into a nice format. Funds go to support environmental campaigns in the university and the book even gives you recycling advice!

Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty

Many people are watching the progress of the New York conference to renew the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. Russia's parliament has led the way in advocating total weapons withdrawal. I attended a meeting of non-government organisations a couple of weeks ago, and made a submission to the Department of Foreign Affairs & Trade about what I thought our Aussie reps should be saying.

Amanda Camporeale & Tom Radzevicius, Sexuality Officers



Hope that you all had a fantastic break and are ready for the trials and tribulations of the second term. While some of us have been swanning about actually on holiday, the Sexuality Department has been hard at work on a number of issues - the largest of these being the policy review which the SAUA has undertaken in the last couple of weeks.

Policy review

The policy review was a large task, purely due to the lack of policy relating to the Sexuality Department (there was none!) The main goal of the policy was to provide operational policy, concerned with the actual duties required of the Sexuality Officers and the Department and also general policy dealing with areas of both the university and the wider community.

The mission statement of the department is 'To ensure a high standard of representation and advocacy for students pertaining to issues of sexuality, and to ensure that all students' interests, irrespective of sexuality or gender are treated

with an equal amount of discretion and respect.'

The main areas addressed in the general policy section were: Queer Policy, including terms of reference and a platform for the SAUA, in general, to operate; Queer Space; Heterosexism and Homophobia; Queer Autonomous Organising; Queer Publications; Inclusivity Training Programs; Female Sexuality and Health; Indigenous Sexuality and a Sexual Harassment Policy.

The policy is yet to be ratified by the Policy review and council: when that occurs we shall notify you about any changes that occur. If anyone has any suggestions regarding the policy then feel free to drop in and see us in the SAUA.

Strategic planning

Coupled with the Policy Review, all departments have constructed a strategic plan for not just this year, but for where they see their departments heading in the next five years. Our long-term plan contained, in particular, the goal 'To become the peak body on campus dealing with sexuality issues and the first reference point for faculties and the university when considering structural changes to the existing procedures, policy and any other issue which requires consultation with student groups.' Once again, if anyone is interested in discussing the direction of the department then you know where to find us.

Sex Week 2000

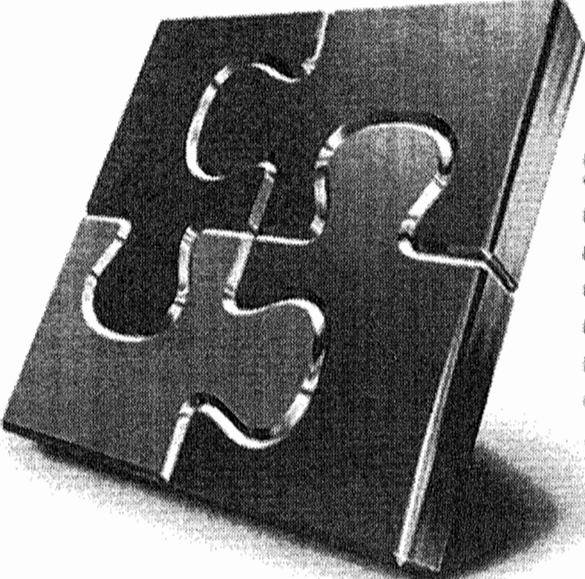
IS NEXT WEEK!!!! AAAARRRGGGHHHH!!!

For a full run down of the week, have a look at the plan in this week's edition of *On Dit*.

Also, anyone who is interested in submitting an article for the Sexuality Edition, please either talk to us or the illustrious editors.

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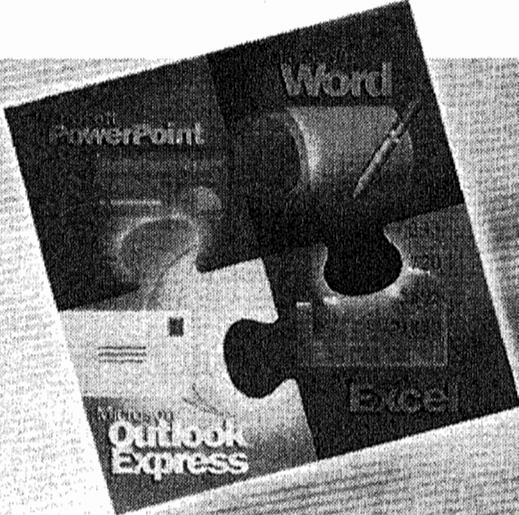
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Microsoft

VOX POP

QUESTIONS

1. The cool kids go to Waite because ...
2. We saw the signs for Faba Bean research, but where do they keep the good stuff?
3. What's the most exiting thing that's ever happened at Waite?



Bec and Jess

Embracing Aggie culture

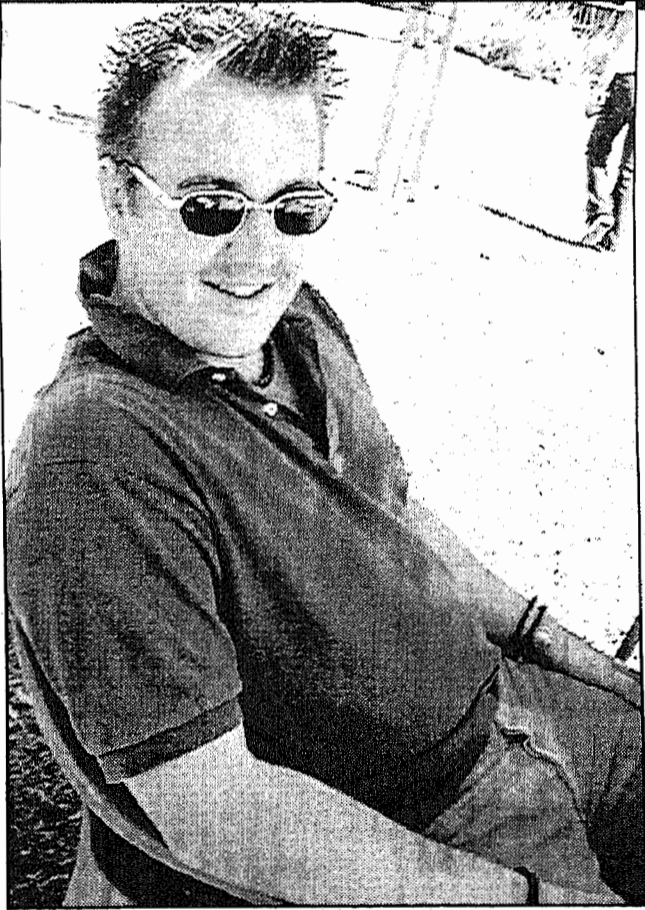
1. Bec: You don't have to line up for the food. Quicker food.
Jess: Waite's Aggie!
2. Jess: With Jeremy Prideaux. Jeremy has all the good stuff.
Bec: In the vinyard.
3. Jess: Wine tasting on Thursdays from nine to twelve.
Bec: When they brought in the Ace Driver Car Racing machine , and now you're allowed to drink on the lawns



Cameron

Having a quick lunch before boozing

1. We have four hours of wine tasting every afternoon. It's called Alcoholic Consumption 101.
2. In the Muslim Prayer Room No 2, in case No 1 is occupied.
3. Our lecturer didn't turn up last Monday. And Wednesday schnitzel day.



Lydia and Alana

Smiling and matching

1. Alana: I don't think cool kids come here.
Lydia: To drink a lot of wine. There's not a lot to do up here you see. By the time they get up here, they're not very cool.
2. Alana: What good stuff? There's no good stuff!
Lydia: The little bar fridge in the Dean's office. And the honours students' building.
3. Alana: The library is heaps exiting. The magazine section is a good place to have naps.
Lydia: Friday Yiros day. And we had a duck walk into a lecture theatre.

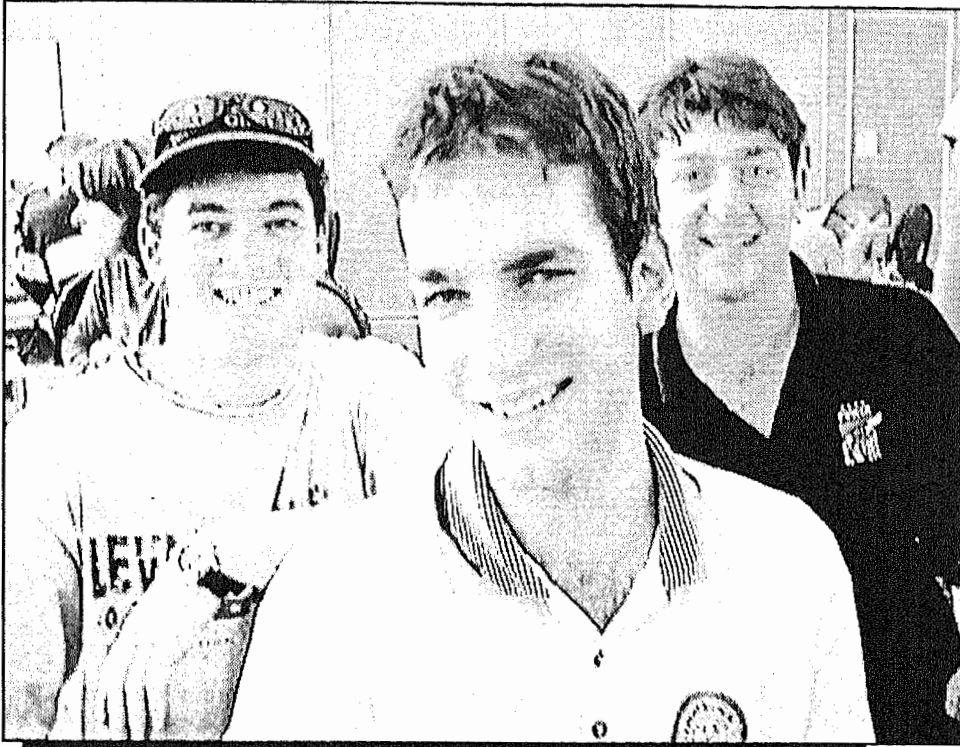


Ben and Sandra

On the reason people go to Waite ...

1. Sandra: People are nice and friendly and down to earth.
Ben: Cause it's a nice, relaxed campus.
2. Ben: Max Tait's lab. He won't retire so there's surely gotta be something down there.
Sandra: The Arboretum. It's a mini botanic gardens.
3. Sandra: Dried-ice bombs. It wasn't me though.
Ben: Corridor cricket during blackouts.

AT WAITE



Mick, Hum and Noodles

Bringing Lirra Lirra to a whole new level

1. Noodles: Because Hum's here. They serve beer.

Mick: 'Cause of the skateboard ramp.

Hum: Because Mick and I can hang out at the skateboard ramp.

2. Hum: Up the back in the Hemp Research/Growing Labs.

Mick: In the bowl in the WISA office.

Noodles: In between the left and right leg.

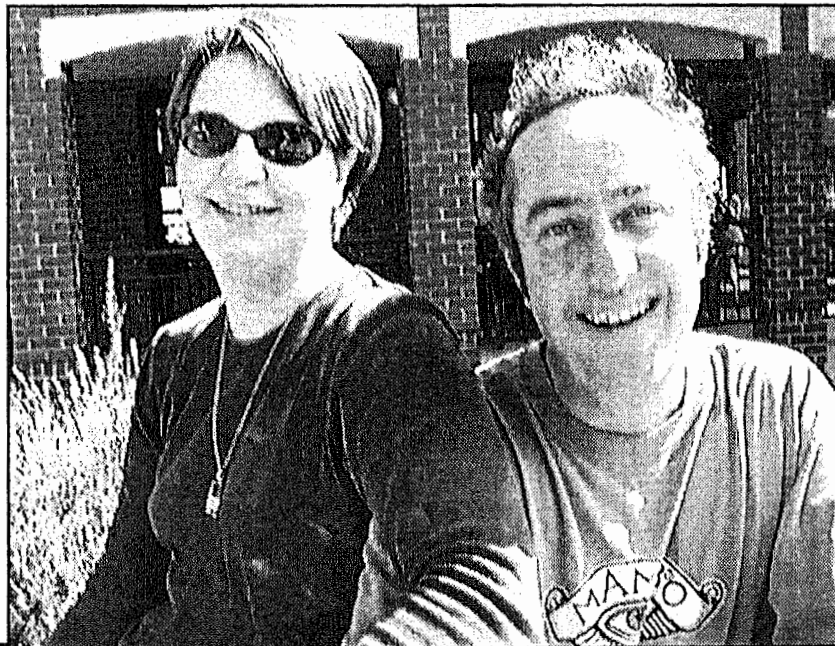
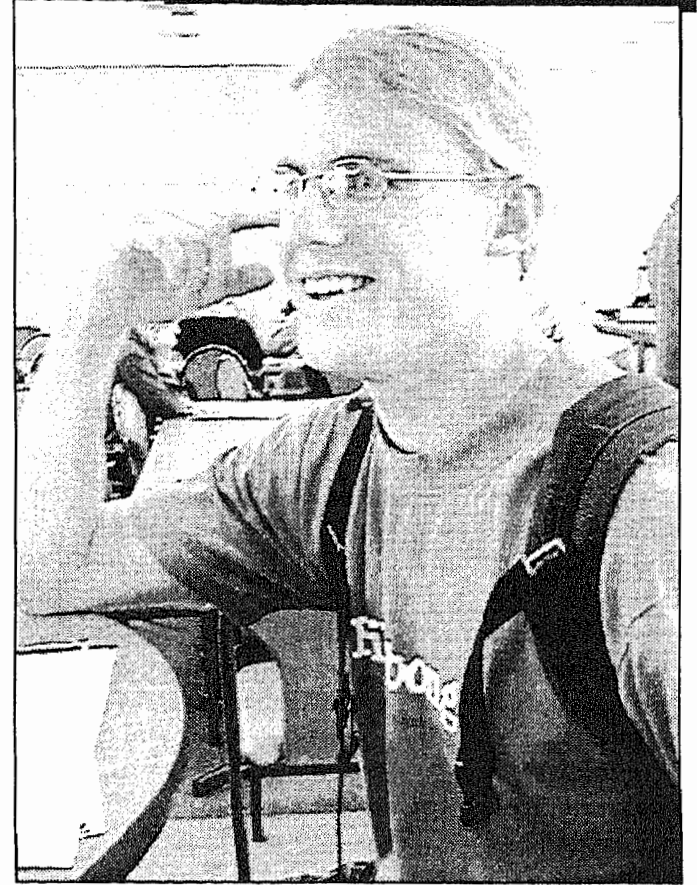
3. Hum: It rained yesterday.

Mick: Winning the table tennis the other day. And Hum having to leave the lecture for a little spew.

Noodles: Not suitable for publication.

Ben
Saying no to Pepsi

1. That's where the wine is. The food's cheap - there's a three dollar deal.
2. The basement level in the old building. It's pretty dark down there.
3. We had a Pepsi Challenge - you had to taste the difference - Pepsi sucked.



Liz and Sean

Being rood

1. Sean: They weren't smart enough to get into North Terrace.

Liz: And they were too drunk to find North Terrace.

2. Liz: In the Cafeteria fridge, with the Farmer's Union Iced Coffee.

Sean: In the loft glass houses.

3. Liz: There was a pretty mean Petanque tournament at one point.

Sean: Not for publication.



Juan and Rachel

Wet dishes were better at the Mayo ...

1. Juan: 'Cause North Terrace wouldn't have them.

Rachel: 'Cause you can get a car park.

2. Juan: The containment glass house. You need a code to get in there. People keep breaking in and stealing grow lamps.

Rachel: Upstairs with Woody the Weed. He's the weed mascot.

3. Juan: People have been sprung shagging in the dark room.

Rachel: The most exiting thing is that I've almost finished.

**Stay tuned for Vox Pop at
Roseworthy later this
semester ...**

Clubs. Music for your armpits.

AUSKI

July Ski Trip, 16th-23rd July for \$795, which includes in-snow accommodation; hot breakfasts and dinners; lift passes; ski hire; lessons with sexy instructors; transport (there and back); a FREE cocktail party on the first night; a FREE video of the trip for everyone at snowball.

Get your deposit (\$50 in to the Sports' Association now. For more info, see Team AUSKI in the Sports Association Office, Lady Symon Building.

Footer Club

Training is on Tuesdays & Thursdays:

- A & B Squad, main University Oval (across from Uni footbridge)
- All others, Park 10, (behind Adelaide Zoo).

Season starts Saturday April 1, matches commence 12.15 pm & 2.15 pm.

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

For more information, contact 'Chocka' Bloch, 8303 5529, room 209, level 2, Security House, 233 North Tce (next to Scott's Church).

HELP

HELP is a newly-formed group that works towards humanity, equity and liberty for all people.

If you believe in these principles, come to the general meeting, where we help such causes as Amnesty International, World Vision, Community Aid Abroad and Jubilee 2000. We welcome your help and ideas.

Meeting Tuesday 2nd May, 1pm, Irene Watson Room (level 5 Union House).

Contact adrian.liston@student.adelaide.edu.au if unable to attend.

Islamic Students Society

AGM to be held in the Little Theatre, at 10am on Tuesday 18th April.

ALL WELCOME

Contact Imran for further details on 0409280974.

Japanese TV

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

Marijuana Anonymous

Dope interfering with your studies? Wanna give up?

Marijuana Anonymous meets each Tuesday at 1pm in the Margaret Murray Room. Drop in, we'd love to see you. Call 8340 8989 for more information.

Mature Students' Association

Members allocated a locker in the recent ballot have until Friday lunchtime to claim their locker. Another draw will then occur for any vacant lockers remaining. Lists are displayed in the MSA room, level 5 Union House. New members welcome.

Netball Club

Adelaide University Netball Club Umpires Wanted.

If interested in umpiring for a young and dynamic club for above average rates, please contact Carolyn on 82977294 or Kelly on 83362034.

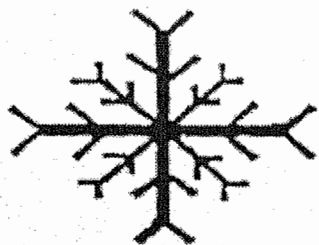
Nonchalance

What do you want? Nothing much for the moment, thanks. When do you want it? Don't know, really. When's good for you?

IGM for Nonchalance, WP Rogers Room (5th floor Union Building), 1pm Thursday 4th May.

For further info see Fin (usually playing hacky sack on the lawn).

Nonchalance: bringing apathy to the masses (we're like Resistance, but not).



AUSKI Pub Night II

The Auski Pub Night Sequel, with special guests Dial, and special Patrol Group is on Thursday 4 May (first week back at Uni) at 8pm @ East End Exchange.

\$1.50 pints of Southwark White plus other drink specials throughout the night. Now you'd have to get pissed on that!

Free for members (bring your card), \$5 for non-members.

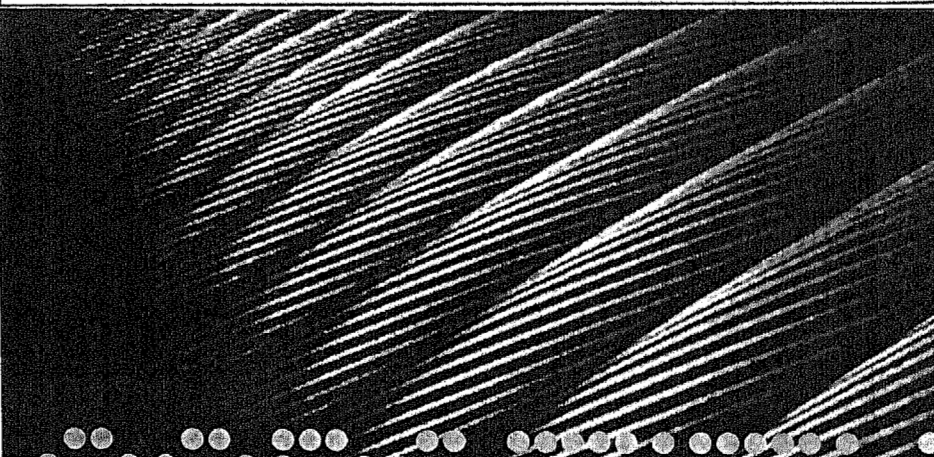
Round 4 results of the Adelaide University Football Club

D1 Sticks & the Stickmen	21.9	def	Salisbury Nth	10.4 (+71)
D1R Kerna's and the Dewkickers	11.8	def	Salisbury Nth	8.5 (+21)
D7 Lazy Vezis and the C Men	7.4	lost	Henley	17.11 (-67)
D9S One-Arm Bandit & the Pokies	14.12	def	Seaton Rams	3.6 (+72)
D8 The Chardonnay Socialists	20.11	def	Portland	6.3 (+92)
D9N The Farmers	5.6	lost	Payneham NU	14.10 (-58)
D7R Foster's Green Arseholes	9.7	def	Henley	0.5 (+56)
D8R The Scum	5.3	lost	Portland	18.7 (-82)

The heart and soul of the club treated a small and select band of supporters to some true chardonnay footer in waltzing over the top of the valiant boys from Portland.

Collecting twin calicos were Peter (Oscar) Wildy 5 goals, Mark (New Race) Huppertz with 4 goals, Nick (Gidget) Britten-Jones with 3 goals, Luke (Quack Quack) Quirk and the Hambone Lucas Hambour with 2 goals. Best on ground was The Enigma Chris Withnall, with Oscar Wildy, Quack Quack Quirk, B Rigden, the Hambone and Darren Crook the Sook also playing swell. Next come the Royals from Wingfield.

Five wins out of eight and the A's a big winner over Salisbury NSEandW makes for a pleasant enough Saturday arvo despite gale force winds. The Two's withstood the absence of their coach to also spoil NSEandW's home day; the C Men played like She-Men in laying down for Henley-On-Drugs to do with them as they would; the Bandits had their second win and a surprisingly easy one against the Trams; the Chardonnays are drawing away from the pack in the Cockburn Cup despite the best attempts of Chocka to sabotage them at selection; the Farmers had a dud day against Payenemenough but did phone the scores; the Arseholes are the only real threat at this stage to the Chardonnays in the Cup, and once they learn Dirty's dirty selection tricks they'll do even better; while the Scum at last did the Club proud by taking a belting from Flagon of Portland.



constitutional forum

HAVE A SAY IN YOUR UNION AT THE CONSTITUTIONAL FORUM

Members of the AUU are invited to a Constitutional Forum:

ON: Thursday, 18 May 2000
AT: 12pm
IN: The Union Cinema, Union House, North Terrace Campus

The Forum is being held in order to get feedback from members for the Constitutional Review currently being undertaken by the Finance & Development Standing Committee of the AUU.

Pick up your papers from SAUA (George Murray Building), AUU Admin (Lady Symon Building), WISA or RACSUC offices from 1 May onwards and come to the Forum to ensure that you have a say in the New AUU Constitution.

If you have any questions please feel free to contact the Chair of the Finance & Development Standing Committee, Ben Allgrove, on 8303 5401.



ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

What are your legs? Steel springs.

Erin Brockovich
Now showing
Selected Cinemas

Erin Brockovich is based on the true story of a single mother of three (Erin Brockovich, played by Julia Roberts) and a lawyer (Albert Finney as Ed Masry) who successfully sued a multinational corporation for poisoning an entire small town. The settlement, US\$333 million, was the largest ever in American history.

The title role of Erin Brockovich allows Roberts to express a side of her acting that, I for one, have not seen before. Her character is better developed and more authentic than the usual Hollywood fare we see her in, but the filmmakers are kidding themselves if they truly believe that *Erin Brockovich* is '... a major motion picture with an independent approach' (director of photography, Ed Lachman).

Hollywood and feelgood to the core, *Erin Brockovich* is all very nice and heartfelt, but essentially misses the mark and fails to draw its audience into Brockovich's life. Roberts schleps around in the shortest, tightest, loudest, white-trashiest outfits, and a variety of nasty-coloured stilettos (yecch — boosies *not* to be falling out of clothing before 9pm honey, and wear nothing on your feet that you cannot run for a bus in*). Yet somehow by the end of the film her 'big hair' has miraculously been replaced by a sleek, manageable hairdo. Oh the magic of the movies ('pretty woman, walking down the street, pretty woman, the kind I'd like to pay for sex and turn into a princess...')

Of note is the *real* Erin Brockovich in a cameo role as a diner waitress. Her nametag reads 'Julia': a nice little in-humour to be sure, but she doesn't say a thing—she just nods. I cannot help but wonder why. My guess is that she sounds awful and the producers did not want *her* to be associated with Ms Roberts. Just a guess. Merely musing out loud. Please don't sue me.

Unfortunately, despite the too-good-to-be-true, true-life storyline - and all their admirable efforts - Roberts and Finney fail to ignite the spark between their characters that the film is aiming for. Though they try, god bless 'em.

Where *Erin Brockovich* does hit the mark is in its portrayal of the town residents who have, among them, just about every form of cancer and other such nasties imaginable. This wide ensemble of actors put in strong and empathetic perform-

ances which stand out far above those of Roberts and Finney as their saviours.

Also noteworthy is Aaron Eckhart as Erin's lover and friend (and neighbour—how very convenient), George-the-biker-with-a-heart-of-gold- (sometimes). Eckhart made his film debut in Neil LaBute's *In the Company of Men*, which is an excellent film, and he is an excellent actor with an amazing ability to get inside a character. Watch out for this guy: he is amazing.

The filmmakers here made a conscious decision to avoid the classical courtroom scenes, which was an unexpected and welcome relief (sure as I was that a little John Grisham-esque 'you can't handle the truth' *McBeal* action was on its way). Unfortunately, though I admire a director who steers clear of emotional manipulation (which a story like this could easily have provoked - see *The Green Mile* for your patented, typical, calculated, Hollywood-empathy-producers: yecch) *Erin Brockovich* was still like water off this critic-duck's back.

Jayne Lewis.

*Says she, hypocritically, thinking of her enormously impractical white heels which she justifies wearing 'cause they only cost ten bucks.

The Wizard of Oz
Opens April 15
Capri Theatre

Who would have thought that a teenage girl's trip to see a wizard would provide the basis for one of the most-viewed films of all time? What's more, *The Wizard of Oz* is back in movie theatres, nearly 60 years after it was first released.

For those of you who don't know (and there can't be many), the story of *The Wizard of Oz* is simple. Dorothy's (Judy Garland) house, uprooted in a tornado, crashes down into the land of Oz. Here, Dorothy meets some cute little munchkins and a good witch in a huge, glittering pink dress. They tell her that the Wizard will know how to get Dorothy back home to Kansas. And so, off along the yellow-brick road she goes. Chuck in a scarecrow, a tin-man, a lion, a witch (but no wardrobe), and two ruby slippers, and you've got the story we know today.

This Special Edition release of *The Wizard of Oz* has been digitally remastered and restored. The soundtrack has been redone in Dolby Digital Sound, and the original 'sepia bookend sequences'



Erin Brockovich: she's sassy, she's feisty, she's spunky, and she appears to have a small child.

(the black-and-white bits at the beginning and end of the film) have been recorded onto Kodak laser film. Not being particularly knowledgeable about the technical side of film, I didn't really notice a great deal of difference. Compared with the original version, however, I'm sure the improvements would be far more obvious.

Watching it again, *The Wizard of Oz* seemed somehow different to the movie I saw when I was ten years old. Have you ever revisited a place (your old house, for example) you knew as a child, and realized that it's a lot smaller than you remembered it to be? Watching *Oz* was like that. I saw that the munchkins were only children dressed up as little people. I noticed the long piece of wire being used to hold up the lion's tail. I also watched, with amusement, as Dorothy oiled the tin man without actually touching him with the oil can.

Despite these small points, *The Wizard of Oz* still maintains its original charm. And when you think about it, the basis of the movie is no more ridiculous than a bicycle-riding alien, a dinosaur theme park or a sinking ship!

Emily Heidrich

The Girl on the Bridge
(La Fille sur le Pont)
Now showing
Palace Eastend Cinemas

Paris. Night. A woman, drowning in an ocean of despair and loneliness, stands on a bridge and considers ending her life. A voice behind her: 'You look like someone who's about to screw up'. Adele (French pop singer Vanessa Paradis) has never been lucky. She has never said 'no' to a man and, in keeping with her character, she does

not reject Gabor (Daniel Auteuil). His proposition is different from the others, however. Gabor is a knife-thrower, and in Adele he sees something the others have not: a target.

Together their luck changes. Adele and Gabor win over their audiences, and win in the casinos of the towns they perform in. They are like two halves finally coming together; they are like the final pieces of each other's puzzle. Without ever touching they are lovers - two bodies inhabiting a connected mind.

When they part nothing is as it should be. Desperately lonely without each other, they are still as one - and the pain of separation is excruciating. 'Are you there?' Adele asks Gabor when he stops responding to her thoughts, 'I can't feel you.' The connection has not been lost though, Gabor is just down on his luck.

Night. Istanbul. A man, drowning in an ocean of despair and loneliness, stands on a bridge and considers ending his life. A voice behind him: 'You look like someone who's about to screw up'.

I have put-off writing this review for over a week because I am scared that I will be unable to do *The Girl on the Bridge* justice. Asked for a response, one friend simply gushed over the phone 'Best movie ever!' But how do I even begin to try and capture, with mere words, the feeling of sitting in a darkened cinema with tears prickling the backs of my eyes, my hands held at my chest, and my heart lodged in that place in my throat where Panadol always gets stuck? How do I describe the feeling of breathing only in gasps for the hour and a half of the film's duration?

The screen itself is always such a barrier to audience enjoyment. It is so difficult to *truly* lose oneself in a film; *The Girl on the Bridge* is one

What are your arms? Giant propellers.

of those rare, rare exceptions where this level of involvement is possible. Perhaps it is because, as director Patrice Leconte says, 'The true scriptwriters of a film are the film's own characters' - an axiom rarely recognized in Hollywood. Adele and Gabor, once invented, are left to write their own story and determine their own actions, thus their story is so much more engrossing because it is true to them. Leconte's direction and Jean-Marie Dreujou's brilliant cinematography together result in a stunningly sensual and full-bodied portrayal of two lives unable to be without the other. Somehow their connection, purely emotional rather than physical, is tangible on the screen; it is something the audience is drawn into, a part of, feeling it as if it were their own. The scene where Gabor first throws knives at Adele, hidden from view behind a sheet, is quite literally breathtaking - tense but sexual; emotional and horrifying whilst at the same time filling you with a burning desire and a pure joy. Film Of The Year is a big call, and I have the feeling that I've already made it this year. Is it my fault the Palace continues to outshine itself in its selection of films?

Jayne Lewis

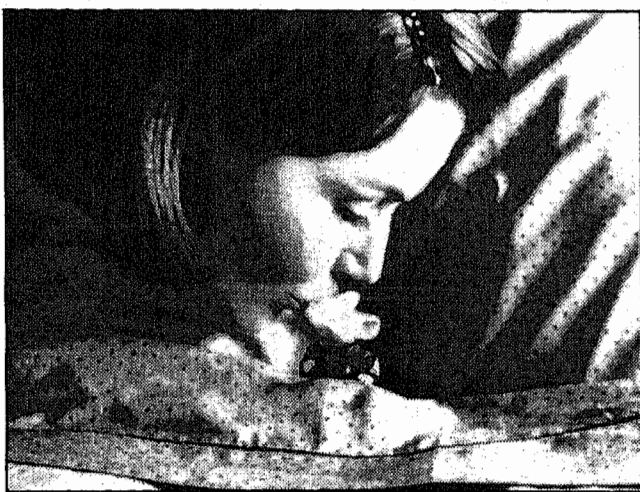
**Stuart Little
Now Showing
Selected Cinemas**

Mr. and Mrs. Little wave goodbye to their son George as he leaves for school, with the promise that when he returns his about-to-be adopted brother will be waiting for him. 'Make sure he's smaller than me,' says George. There's a hint of what's to follow. He sure is smaller; he's a mouse. Yep. That's what happens when you go to the local orphanage in downtown Manhattan shopping for a sibling for your son. The other cutie kids aren't half as cute as that mouse. In this story you *can* adopt a mouse, although 'inter-species adoption' has its difficulties, as the nice adoption lady pointed out. That bit of the story was hard to get my head around. But it didn't seem to bother the kids in the audience. They are able to suspend plot credibility as only kids can. Stuart really does look like a mouse...with clothes on of course. Every gesture and movement is so realistic that you are completely beguiled by the special effects. The

family cat can talk as well (the cat is real but doesn't wear clothes), but only to the mouse. Again the special effects are astounding. The cat really looks as if he is speaking. In fact the cat has some of the funniest lines. He has an ascerbic wit which goes over the heads of kids but is picked up by an older audience. It's the same kind of technique used in *Bugs Bunny* cartoons.

The cat, Snowball, is humiliated as he is now the pet of a mouse and sets off to get rid of Stuart with the help of a few mates. The cats really steal the show. And therein lies the problem. The story is all about the journey of being different, and the search for acceptance and love, and of finally coming home. A bit of a hard call when you're a mouse. This kind of storyline says more about repressed American xenophobia than about anything else. And the message for children is about as subtle as a sledgehammer.

Stuart as the main character (forget the humans, Geena and Hugh are wasted as their performances require little acting prowess) has all the charm of a tax auditor. The blurb describes him as a 'can-do' guy. Can do what? I ask. He's pathetic. He has no balls. Instead he relies on that sentimental pathos that Americans do so well. You know the 'aw shucks poor little me' routine. God I hate that. His appeal depends on making us feel sorry for him. I'm sorry Snowball didn't manage to scoff him. And we all know that the cat, which got Stuart in the shit in the first place, will do a complete turn-around, and save



Abhh. Isn't that cute.

his arse in the end. Having said all that, just remember that my opinion has been jaded by the cynicism that comes from age and over-analysis. Children will LOVE the film and if you have to take some

kid to see it, at least the film will provide you with an element of pleasure at the remarkable technology at hand. Not to mention that Jonathon Lipnicki as George gives an excellent performance.

At the end of the day we shouldn't be too surprised or disappointed



U-571: the boatin' life.

that *Stuart Little* has that Disneyesque feel-good feel to it. Give me Roald Dahl anytime.

Sonja Lowan

**U-571
Now showing
Selected cinemas**

For a movie with a dumb title, U-571 turned out to be quite an entertaining flick.

Although lately I'd been seeking meaningful and innovative Art House it was a refreshing and unexpected change to see a Hollywood action film on the big screen. Beginning in the middle of a life or death struggle underwater, this movie follows the mission of a US Navy team attempting to capture a top-secret radio transmitter from a damaged German sub in WWII.

Initially it is confusing as to which bloke is really the chief of the mission, but eventually Matthew McConaughey steps forward as star of the show.

The straightforward plot is interestingly filmed so as to engross myself and most of the audience, having us moving in our seats as the crew comes close to death several times.

Director Jonathan Mostow gives a suspense-filled voyage in the deep sea.

I would highly recommend this film to all those super-keen amateur submarine enthusiasts, but obviously not an all-time classic. I liked it.

Simon Walton

**The Dinner Game
(La Diner De Cons)
Now Showing
Palace Eastend Cinemas**

Every Wednesday night Pierre Brochant (Thierry Lhermitte) and his no-good, superficial, self-absorbed yuppie friends hold a dinner. Each infinitely superior individual must bring a guest: an idiot for the rest to make fun of. A cruel game indeed.

Brochant is sure that he will win this week's competition with his idiot: François Pignon, a chubby little laccountant at the Ministry of Finance who makes replicas of 'great engineering feats' out of matchsticks. Oh how he plans to regale the crowd

of admiring diners with witty anecdotes about how many matches, and how many tubes of glue, each model took.

Writer/director Francis Veber has been in the business for 20 years, and has been responsible for an enormous number of hits, many of which have been remade into Hollywood films (get your own ideas you scavenging bastards. Learn to read subtitles you stupid audiences). He wisely forgets almost completely about the 'Dinner Game' in question, and centres the film in Brochant's apartment.

Veber's speciality is the 'odd-couple' form of 'buddy film'; he throws a couple of unlikely protagonists together and relishes the outcome. He says of comedy that 'You don't have to try to be funny. If the situation is funny, and you try to be funny, it's redundant.' The situation in *The Dinner Game* is funny, to say the least. In one hilarious evening Pignon manages to let the wife know about the girlfriend, let the girlfriend know that Brochant thinks she is a nutcase, get busted trying to locate the wife at an ex's place, and invite an auditor into Brochant's house.

One does not quite know *who* to feel sorry for. In the end your sympathies will probably lie firmly with Brochant, despite his cruelty, because Pignon is, well, AN IDIOT! We chuckled throughout the film. We chuckled when it ended. We chuckled our way out of the media screening. We chuckled all the way to uni. And then we chuckled on the way home. It's that kind of a film - comedy done with a sincerity, subtlety, and wit which Hollywood clearly lacks.

Jayne Lewis

What's your head? Combine harvester.

**Galaxy Quest
Now Showing
Greater Union Marion,
Arndale, Adelaide**

In the same week that Brian DePalma releases his over-ambitious, multiply-influenced, and bloody disappointing *Mission To Mars*, a cheerful little SF comedy has also snuck into our cinemas and - surprise, surprise - it's by far the better film.

Galaxy Quest is that rarest of beasts these days, a big studio Hollywood comedy that's both funny and satisfying. Drawing its roots from films such as *A Bug's Life* and *The Last Starfighter*, as well as many Star Trek fans' childhood fantasies, *Galaxy Quest* concerns the 'crew' of actors from the cancelled Sci-fi show of the same name, whisked into space by a needy group of aliens, who have mistaken broadcasts of the old show as 'historical documents'. There, aboard a working replica of their television ship - the NSEA Protector - they help the aliens, the Thermians, fight off their oppressive reptilian slave-masters.

And that's pretty much it. A simple plot, yes, but it doesn't reflect the amount of sheer fun, exuberance and sheer hilarity that shines through the film's entire running time. The script by David Howard and Robert Gordon is packed full of terrific visual jokes and one-liners that will amuse both SF buffs and those who find it all faintly ridiculous. This is just one of the things *Galaxy Quest* has in its favour - it works on different levels, acting as both a merciless spoof and an affectionate tribute. Everything about the fictional TV series smacks of Trek, from the opening theme, to the sets and costumes, and, of course, Tim Allen's brilliant portrayal of the William Shatneresque Jason Nesmith, 'commander' of the Protector. Everything about Allen's portrayal screams Shatner. His casting is inspired and he's rarely been funnier.

The rest of the cast are similarly brilliant. Alan Rickman steals all his scenes as Alexander Dane, the world-weary Shakespearean actor who despises his role as the alien Doctor Lazarus (read 'Spock'). Signourney Weaver is cast delightfully against type as the Uhura-esque Gwen DeMarco (her job: 'I repeat the computer'). Sam Rockwell is manically funny as

disposable 'red-shirt' type Guy Fleegman, 'not important enough for a last name'. Stalwart Tony Shaloub is terrific as the ridiculously laidback Fred Kwan, and an almost unrecognizable Enrico (*Just Shoot Me*) Colantoni is outstanding as the uncomfortable and naive leader of the Thermians, Mathesar. Only Daryl (*Veronica's Closet*) Mitchell as Tommy is underused, but makes the most of the screen time he has. The cast works beautifully as a team, giving the impression of a group of people who really have known each other professionally for



Galaxy Quest: live long and percolate.

a long time. It's a true ensemble piece, with no grandstanding from anyone concerned.

Director Dean Parisot has done well with his first effort, with some nice shots and tricks (including a well used triple aspect-ratio progression), and the special effects by Stan Winston and ILM are, of course, top notch (and beat many 'serious' SF film efforts hands down - hello, Mr DePalma!).

The script is tight and funny, with many hilariously dark moments (this is no kids film - it was apparently cut to make it acceptable as PG!), and consistently fast and engrossing.

The audience at the preview I attended were with the film all the way, obviously enjoying themselves immensely, and even applauding at the end—something in itself rare these days!

Galaxy Quest is no high-art, message-filled, conceptually significant piece of SF film—and thank God for that! There's enough of them out there already, and most of 'em are complete toss. However, it is a highly-entertaining, light, and wickedly funny piece of holiday fluff that's perfect for a good night's entertainment. Take some kids and have a blast. Better still, leave 'em at home and enjoy it by yourself! Highly recommended.

Gerard van Rysbergen

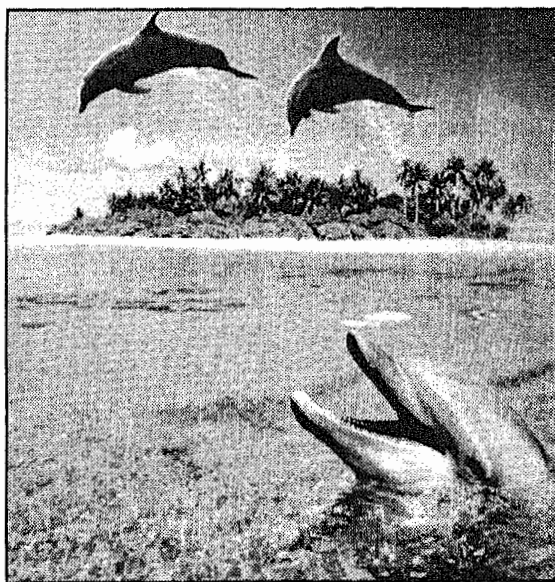
**Ryan's Daughter
Now Showing
Capri Goodwood**

Crikey, those Irish can be a crazy bunch. I thought that this film was a run of the mill love story until a lynching mob got in on the act and it started to get interesting. Unfortunately this didn't happen until right near the end and you had to sit through two and a half hours of a very thin plot to get there.

Ryan's Daughter, a 1970's film which has been re-released on a nice new print, tells the story of Rosy Ryan (Sarah Miles), a girl living in Ireland during World War One. Poor Rosy thinks she is in love with the (much older) widowed school teacher and so they are married and surprise surprise there are no sparks on their wedding night. Old Rosy starts getting a little bit fed up with life at the school house and begins taking long angst ridden walks on the beach. So when a tasty piece of British crumpet in the form of Major Randolph

Doryan (Christopher Jones) comes along it's all go. Steamy romps in the woods, on the beach and on clifftops follow. Husband finds out and goes for a long angsty walk of his own. La Di Da.

There is a bizarre sub plot involving a weapons ring that only serves to confuse the whole matter and which I suspect was only added to make the story line less superficial. That said, this really is a very beautiful film. Director David Lean (*The Bridge on the River Kwai* and *Law-*



Dolphins: hippies love them.

rence of Arabia) has an eye for the visually stunning and *Ryan's Daughter* is one of his best. He also likes a lengthy film, so set aside a good three hours for this one.

The film is set on one of the coasts

of Ireland which allows many long sweeping shots of the rugged coastline and cliffs. The cinematography superbly captured the empty, lonely qualities of the beach but at the same time highlighted the freedoms that it provided. The use of music was poignant and appropriate but it was the sound that was really impressive—look/listen out for the scene in the forest.

If you are going to see this film then it has to be on the big screen because you won't be watching it for the plot and the film's pure visual beauty would be lost on a smaller screen. It all looks very pretty and there is a very interesting scene with the aforementioned lynching mob. If you get bored of the remarkably tedious plot you can always count to see how many times you get a glimpse of Rosy's nipples. Hey, it won a couple of Oscars, it's gotta be good right?

Melissa Vine

**Dolphins
Now showing
IMAX**

The production notes for *Dolphins* start with "Call it hubris, call it whimsy, but the desire to uncover human meaning in animal behaviour is as old as humankind itself." Psychologists term this 'anthropomorphism': assigning human values to animal mannerisms. After seeing *Dolphins*, it is difficult to resist this urge.

Impressively shot on location in the Bahamas and Argentina, the filmmakers have produced some absolutely dazzling images. Like all of

the IMAX films I have seen so far, the grace and elegance of the film belies the difficulties involved in shooting on location with the massive cameras used. *Dolphins* details the research of Kathleen Dudzinski, a marine biologist who studies dolphin communication in the wild. Over many years she has developed specialized cameras which film the dolphins interacting whilst recording their noises in stereo. Dudzinski then digitally analyzes the noises, looking for patterns in 'speech' and correlations with forms of dolphin behaviour. Her research has

been quite successful to date; even though she still has far to go, she believes she has at least uncovered simple greeting, parting, and affectionate 'speech'.

Also a major focus is naturalist Dean Bernal and his unique relationship with a wild dolphin named

And they'll propel me down the track.

Jojo. Bernal and Jojo have swum together nearly everyday for 15 years, and have saved each other's lives more than once. Bernal admits he has no idea what Jojo thinks of him, if at all, but he is sure that their bond brings them as close to inter-species communication as it gets.

Dolphins is a fantastic film; the intelligence of these graceful and elegant creatures will astound you. The IMAX screen is, quite simply, magnificent. It is huge, it is overwhelming, and the picture from the specialized cameras used for these large formats deliver such a crystal-clear image that, even with a straightforward documentary film such as *Dolphins*, your senses do not know what hit them! This is an experience which must be seen to be believed.

Jayne Lewis

Mansfield Park Palace and Chelsea Now Showing

No, this isn't a film about living in the western suburbs of Adelaide, it's a Jane Austen film and haven't there been quite a few of them recently. The BBC's done it, Emma Thompson did it, but no one has quite done it like this. *Mansfield Park* (the Movie) is not strictly a literary adaptation, but rather appears to be an interesting palimpsest made up of *Mansfield Park*, Jane Austen's Diary and her letters. For many this would be a travesty, yet somehow the excellent cast and the sensational script are more than up to it. What seems to be a straight forward period comedy turns out to be a vigorous examination of gender relations and the masculine gaze. All of Austen's work is literally centered on the marriage 'struggle'. Women at the start of the 19th century were discussed in terms of economy because they were deemed legally to be little more than a commodity. This brilliant film focuses on this historical condition and brings it into a contemporary discourse of the commodification of women. Patricia Rozema has directed a rare treasure of middle-class longing coupled with an unwavering criticism of historical aberrations and their contemporary echoes. Having said that though, this film is, all in all, little more than a romantic - comedy so don't expect

too much. More positives include the simply first rate cast. Francis



O'Conner is flawless as Fanny and this Australian actor's star is bound to keep rising as she has just been given the female lead in Steven Spielberg's latest project (that's a long way from Frontline). Jonny Lee Miller shakes off the heroin-addict type-casting and puts in a steller performance as Fanny's childhood sweetheart. His role is almost identical to the part in *Plunkett and Maclane* except for the fact that there are no guns and in *Mansfield Park* he plays a puritan priest. Other than that it's exactly the same. So if you like romantic longing and you love a bit of 19th century, intellectual wordsmithery then get along and catch this rollercoaster of withdrawn emotion.

Anthony Paxton

Blow Up 2000 Over the Fence Comedy Film Festival Mercury Cinema April 9

We-ell then, I'm afraid that if you missed out, you missed out. That is to say: you missed out. Big time. The trouble with these festival thingies is that they tend to tour, hitting each town for one night only. This is the first year that *Over the Fence* has hit Adelaide, and I for one sincerely hope to see it back next year. The overall standard of short comedy films was quite high, with only one film deserving a giant 'blurgh'. Naming said film only encourages them to make more, so I will stick to the good bits. And there were plenty. Deserving of a preliminary mention

is the programme, which can only be described as 'cack funny' (that is, if you ignore the advertising - especially that of the major sponsor, Play it Safe: an anti-nookie campaign aimed at 18-25 year olds).

Also deserving of mention are the faux-ads at the beginning of the thing. On the whole imaginative and witty, and doing a fine 'warm-up' job on the audience.

But to the films themselves: as mentioned, generally they were of reasonable-to-brilliant quality, with some of them standing far above the crowd. Luckily we-the-audience were invited to vote on our favourites. Mine (in order) were: *The Kitchen Wastes* by Andrew Thompson. This brilliant

little nugget of computer animation was the tale, not of brave and hardy mountain climbers and their race to the top, but that of their tentpegs, and their intrepid journey across the kitchen to the top of the fridge. Wonderfully funny, professionally realized, and one of the most witty and original short films I have ever seen.

Second runner for me was *The Date* by Will Usic. What began as a conventional, happy, teen comedy-of-errors involving having to replace parents' condoms before they return from an overseas trip (when the cat's away etc ...) sharply, and very, very suddenly, turned into a black comedy with an ending that will slap you in the face but keep you laughing for a long time to come. And because the chances that you will ever see it are limited, I can tell you that the out-of-date

condoms our hero finally tracks down to replace the ones that he and his girlfriend used (belonging to her dad the politician), were revealed via the nightly news to have exploded inside the stomachs of the girlfriend's parents as they smuggled heroin out of Bangkok. My kinda humour!!

Third on the list went to *Making a Death Mask* by Mark Nichols. Styled like a 1950s educational video, again it was the black comedy aspect that won me over. Nicely slapstick, with the hapless subject being slathered in plaster of paris etc, the twist was the cheesy voiceover announcing 'And now for the death part' as our on-screen demonstrator shoves a couple of corks up the subject's nostrils!! Good stuff!!

Unfortunately they cannot all be voted for on the Jayneian ballot-slip, because there were only 3 spots. Two films that just missed the Jayneian vote were *Naked Intent* by Chris Begley and *Darwin's Evolutionary Stakes* by Andrew Horne.

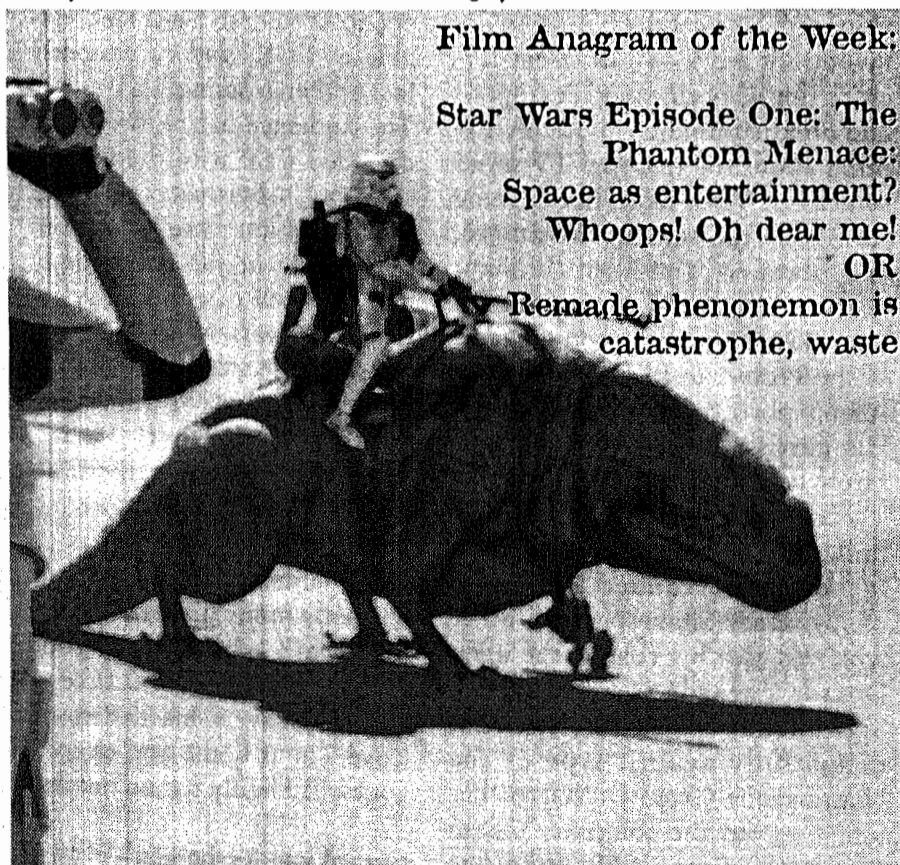
Naked Intent was very similar to that film with the guy and the gun and the girl tied to the chair in *Four Rooms*, but was still funny despite the feeling that aforementioned film was the inspiration. *Darwin's Evolutionary Stakes* was a very clever, animated number detailing the evolution of the world, and the race of species towards the ultimate triumph.

Place your bets how you will, but in the film the humans eventually came in first over the rats and roaches, although they had to check the photo-finish to confirm!

Jayne Lewis

Film Anagram of the Week:

Star Wars Episode One: The Phantom Menace:
Space as entertainment?
Whoops! Oh dear me!
OR
Remade phenonemon is catastrophe, waste



Strike first, strike hard.

Like It Is
1999. D: Paul Oremland
Siren Entertainment
Steve Bell, Ian Rose,
Roger Daltrey, Dani
Behr

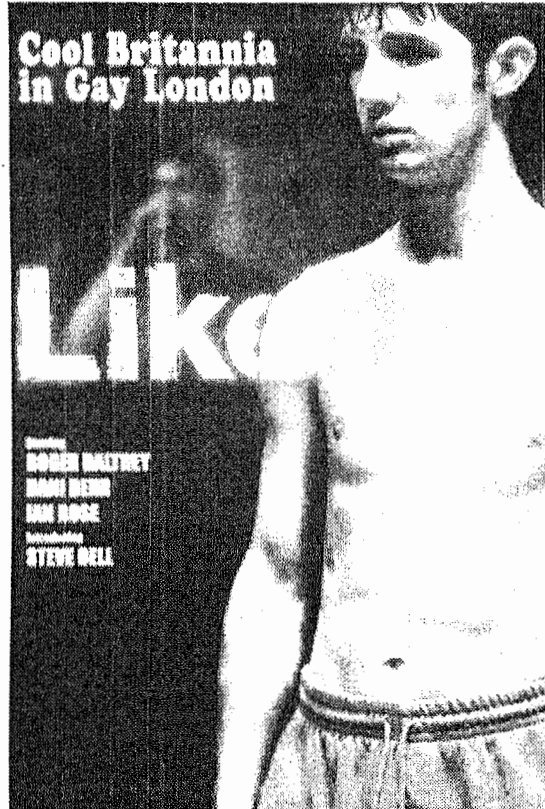
Australia seems to be leading the way with gay films lately, with *Priscilla, Queen of the Desert* (1994) beating the American 'drag' road movie *To Wong Fong, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar* by a year. *Head On* (1998) deals with a young gay (unusually sexually violent) Greek coming to terms with himself. However, *Like It Is*, from the UK, although also dealing with 'coming out' in the gay scene by a young man, takes a whole new dimension and in-depth outlook on the issue. It has a tightly knit cast who act their roles well, exceptionally so with the leads; it has sensitivity, honesty and a rawness without the reliance on any pornography. The totally down-to-earth script opens with a Blackpool bare-knuckle boxer, Craig (Bell) loitering outside a gay nightspot. The manager/operator, Matt (a bleached blonde Rose), leaving the venue disgruntled and alone, ends

up chatting to Craig who in turn invites him back to his place for fun and games. Unfortunately for Matt, Craig freaks out halfway through intercourse as it's his first time. Matt apologises profusely, and leaving his card, leaves.

However, sensitive Craig is definitely not happy with pulping faces to shit for a living and goes to London to seek out Matt. He does this successfully, and moves in with Matt and his female flatmate Paula (Behr), a would-be pop star that Matt is pushing to stardom at his one-night gigs. A romance blossoms between Craig and Matt, without anyone freaking out during the crucial moment, however, Paula decides to get jealous and cause undue tension for the rest of the film for the couple. She is not the only one. 'Daddy' Kelvin (Daltrey) is a high-flying wealthy promoter who throws lavish parties to suit his business and personal 'needs'. It is at one of these that he manipulates a drunk Craig into a compromising night with the lead singer of his new rock group Z.K.C, Jamie (PJ Nicholas).

Before Matt has realised anything,

the devious, conniving Kelvin has hired Craig to promote the new band up north and sent him off with a luxury car, new clothes and a packet of expense money. This suits



everyone temporarily, as Matt has to organise the big launching concert for the band, Paula has Matt platonically to herself, divert-

ing Craig's efforts to phone Matt, and Craig thinks he has embarked on an exciting new career. The day of the big launch arrives, but not without Matt finding out about Jamie's little one night stand with Craig. When the two meet back stage, all is explained and forgiven. However a little later, after Kelvin has sacked Craig abruptly, Craig then bursts into the dressing room to find Jamie and Matt kissing. Shock! Horror! Jamie is a busy boy, isn't he? That's it for Craig - he explodes, and returns to Blackpool for a suicidal fight with a psycho - the offer made to him before he left in the first place. Matt finally realises that he has been in love with Craig all along, and tells Kelvin what to do with himself and his job; who retorts, "I frequently do, and I fucking enjoy it!" Matt then goes to Blackpool to be with Craig, is reunited after the fight with him (who by now has been beaten to a pulp) and they decide to make a fresh start together. This sensitive film is another, more accurate viewpoint of just like it is!

Kevin Kennedy

Tinseltown
1999. D: Tony Spiridakis
Columbia Tristar
Kristy Swanson, Joe
Pantoliano, Ron
Perlman

Opening with a tour of Hollywood on Christmas Eve accompanied by an upbeat holiday song, one might be mistaken for thinking this film is a light-hearted Meg Ryan romp. But one would definitely be mistaken, very mistaken indeed, for first-time director Tony Spiridakis' film (which he co-wrote) would have to be one of the blackest comedies to be released for quite some time.

Welcome to Hollywood, where the Costume Killer has been running riot, committing a string of murders whilst wearing a ridiculous bright orange wig. But when aspiring filmmakers Max and Tiger believe they've found his true identity in the form of self-storage complex manager, Cliff (a great Ron Perlman), do they turn him into the police? Of course not - it's Hollywood! Max and Tiger decide they've struck film gold with the

opportunity to have exclusive rights to the Costume Killer's story and make a movie about him before he's even been caught.

While the plot never entirely makes sense in this film, the performances given by the actors are top-notch. Ron Perlman really shows off an amazing versatility in a genuinely funny performance. As Cliff he seamlessly shifts from psychotic to cool to a set of rapid-fire impressions that Robin Williams would be

proud of. Kristy Swanson also chips in with a quality performance in the complex role of Cliff's girlfriend, Kerrie.

One letdown in the film, however, is the attempt at the horror element. With the quirkiness and humor of the film being so dominant, there just wasn't enough emphasis on the horror for the scenes to have any great

impact. Or maybe I just think a decapitated head should have more blood coming out of it. *Tinseltown* is probably a movie that only fans of the black comedy genre will like, but no matter what your taste, it's worth a look just to see caveman-like Perlman in that orange wig.

Steve Leaney

Sparkler
1999. D: Darren Stein
Columbia Tristar
Freddie Prinze Jr.,
Veronica Cartwright,
Park Overall

Sparkler was written and directed by the guy that did *Jawbreaker*. That information is of no use to me, though, since I haven't seen it (although I've heard it's crap). Anyway, the storyline goes like this: Three guys are on the way to Las Vegas but get a flat tyre. While waiting in a bar for the road service, Melba (Park Overall) comes up in a sequined dress to ask if one of them wants to dance with her. 'I'm a little new at this. It's my first night out after fifteen years of marriage,' she tells them. After nicknaming Melba the 'Sparkler', the most open-minded of the guys decides to have a dance. The boys and Melba go their separate ways, not knowing that they will all soon meet again, ending up in Vegas having a bunch of unlikely adventures. Watch out for performances by Steven Petrarca as Joel, one of the boys trying to win their rent money back. Also look for Veronica Cartwright as Dottie, Melba's old school friend who strips in a place called The Crack. Both have relatively small roles but are worth



pointing out.

For some reason, *Sparkler* has come out after *Jawbreaker*, but don't let that bother you. This one did a bit better critically, so it seems that it's another case of the better movie getting a more limited release (OK, OK, I'm jumping to conclusions now, I know, but I don't care). *Sparkler* is not a first choice film, but if you're having a video night where no one can decide on a film, this just might be the one. It's your typical road-trip-movie-with-a-happy-ending, but it's not a *bad* one.

Eddie Chan

No mercy.

My Name is Joe
1998. D: Ken Loach
Peter Mullan. Louise
Goodall
21st Century Pictures

Director Ken Loach continues his tradition of gritty, cinéma vérité-style filmmaking with the bleak *My Name is Joe*. Joe (Peter Mullan) is a down-on-his-luck recovering alcoholic struggling to keep his head above water in a grimy working class slum of Glasgow, Scotland (the thick, almost impenetrable accents make one thankful for the subtitles). Surrounded by an unsavoury pot-pourri of drugs, unemployment and urban despair, Joe keeps himself busy by coaching a local football team, whose young members he is obviously very attached to. He shares a special bond with Liam (David McKay) - one of the players - who lives in a seedy flat with his heroin-addicted



girlfriend Sabine (Annemarie Kennedy) and their four-year-old son Scott.

Things begin to look up when Joe meets Sarah (Louise Goodall), a health care worker who is attracted to Joe but also rather wary of him, describing him to a co-worker at one point as 'a bit wild'. Despite her reservations, a romance blossoms between the two as they strive to

uncover something beautiful in a harsh and depressing environment. But, this being a Ken Loach film, the happiness of the couple is short-lived. Joe discovers - through

Liam - that Sabine is in debt to a local thug named McGowan (David Hayman) to the sinister tune of fifteen hundred pounds. McGowan - a study in unpleasantness - presents the frightened and penniless Liam with three choices: cough up the cash, prostitute Sabine as a means of raising the necessary funds, or have his legs unceremoniously broken by McGowan's vicious henchmen. Joe intervenes on Liam's behalf, determined to rescue him from his brutal fate and agrees to do two 'jobs' for the dastardly McGowan in order to get Liam off the hook. These 'jobs' are, of course, of a criminal nature and launch Joe into a hellish downward spiral which he fears he may not escape alive.

This disturbing but engaging film reminded me of Gary Oldman's harrowing directorial debut, the superior *Nil By Mouth* (I found

Liam reminiscent of Charlie Creed-Miles' character in Oldman's film) - its warts-and-all characters inhabit a seemingly inescapable dead end world which presses in on them relentlessly and inexorably.

The performances in *My Name is Joe* are naturalistic and bestow upon the characters a sense of authenticity which permeates all of Loach's best films. Peter Mullan is excellent as the hapless Joe, and Louise Goodall (who also appeared in Loach's 1996 film *Carla's Song*) gives Sarah a rare resonance. Barry Ackroyd's stark photography is anything but glamorous and captures the disheartening urban landscape of Glasgow very effectively.

A challenging, provocative film, *My Name is Joe* lends credence to an observation about Loach made by fellow British director Alan Parker (*Angel Heart*): 'He reminds you always that you shouldn't become a film maker unless you have something to say.'

And Loach certainly still has something to say.

James Trevelyan

Deep Blue Sea
1999. D: Renny Harlin
Roadshow
Saffron Burrows.
Thomas Jane. Samuel L.
Jackson

Finnish action film director Renny Harlin abandons the snow for the water with his latest offering, the ultraviolent special effects extravaganza *Deep Blue Sea*. This \$100 million blockbuster is a thoroughly satisfying thrill ride - a comfortable no-brainer that relentlessly assaults the senses with the usual combination of bloodletting, stunts and things 'getting-blown-up-real-good'. Whatever one's moral objections might be to what Harlin chooses to put on the screen, he certainly knows how to keep things moving.

Saffron Burrows stars as Doctor Susan McAlester, a driven scientist determined to discover a cure for Alzheimer's disease. She believes the cure lies within a chemical solution that exists in the brains of Mako sharks. To ensure a larger amount of the magical fluid than would naturally be found, McAlester has genetically re-engineered the DNA of these vicious-looking beasts. The result of such godplaying mischief is Mako sharks that are, as the video tagline promises, 'Bigger. Faster. Meaner. Smarter'.

Deep Blue Sea is set on Aquatica, a huge floating laboratory in the middle of an ocean. Doctor McAlester heads

a team of scientists that includes such actors as Michael Rapaport, Stellan Skarsgard and, making her debut in a Hollywood blockbuster ... Jacqueline McKenzie! The hunky Thomas Jane stars as Carter Blake, a shark wrangler with a questionable past; suave rapper LL Cool J adds a touch of humor to the otherwise pretty grim proceedings as Preacher, the floating laboratory's resident chef; and Samuel L. Jackson rounds out the cast. Jackson plays a representative of the company financing the scientific research being carried out inside the floating lab.

As a severe storm descends upon Aquatica, the new and improved Mako sharks make the inevitable escape from their pens and launch an attack on their tormentors within the floating laboratory. A deadly game of cat-and-mouse ensues as the inhabitants of the slowly-sinking Aquatica attempt to escape the terrible beasts they have inadvertently created.

Deep Blue Sea is standard action fare but the presence of Harlin as director adds a real polish to the gruesome goings-on. Some critics have associated the film with the mother of all shark movies, *Jaws*; but, to me, that's tantamount to comparing *Barb Wire* to *Casablanca* on the basis of plot similarity! LL Cool J, who features on the film's soundtrack, wins the prize for Most Cryptic Lyric: 'My head is like a shark's fin!' At least, that's what it sounds like.

James Trevelyan

Gravesend
1997. D: Salvatore
Stabile
Siren Entertainment
Tony Tucci. Michael
Parducci

'I didn't know the gun was loaded, man'. Hmm...just pray that you never hear these words, for the outcome can only be disastrous. Centering around four young men from a place affectionately known as Gravesend in Brooklyn, near Coney Island (a place which people choose not to refer to), this dark, 'real life' film progresses into a *Reservoir Dogs* meets *Boyz N the Hood* street tale. For these guys, with no real foreseeable future, one accidental killing leads them into some pretty fucked up predicaments in attempting to cover up the problem. Human traits tend to come to the fore in situations that cause stress, and this film successfully represents some of the 'evils' inside all of us to some extent. Each of the characters start to question their various friendships and loyalties upon consideration of the consequences. Interestingly, instead of thinking rationally, a luxury the viewer has (especially if you are a law student), they keep digging themselves deeper into trouble. As stated previously, this is a dark film, not just the fact



that it is shot at night-time (hahaha!) but the story itself could be said to have many dark elements in it. As the film unfolds the ending could be said to be quite predictable yet still unnerving. Fans of Tarantino and Scorsese will probably enjoy Sal Stabile's style. He is only 23 years old but it is clear that he has learnt much from these two directors. There are moments of quasi-Tarantino wit in the script, with most intended to humour the viewer as to the situation, as opposed to obvious Bruce Willis one-liners a la *Pulp Fiction*. Apparently on the strength of this film Sal was offered, by none other than Stephen Spielberg himself, a three-film deal at Dreamworks. Let's hope that being signed to a major company doesn't dampen his raw style.

Jorm

57 Channels (and there's nothing on)

On the Internet no one knows you're a dog

I think the original version of that subheading referred to Usenet. But six or seven years post-Web, everyone knows you're a dog. That's because everyone just keeps broadcasting it – aren't 'home pages' passé yet? Anyway, several issues ago I referred to the ABC's *E-Biz* series, and expressed a hopeful doubt that it would represent intelligent coverage of the 'e-commerce' phenomenon (whatever that is). Since then, I've watched the first few episodes (the series has now finished, but will be available in ABC Shops, possibly around June).

When the first episode flashed onto my screen, I was scared. For two reasons. Firstly, the production, while technically impressive, hit me hard. *E-Biz* is no National Geographic documentary – the production is flashy, with a whole lot of picture-in-picture, racy music, nice graphics. But secondly I was scared that there would be a lot of hype. A lot of exaggerated, meaningless, jargon filled crud. And to an extent, there was, but nowhere near as much as I expected. A range of people were interviewed in the first episode, from academics at

RMIT and Monash, through people who clearly *ought* to know what they're talking about, such as network people at Internode and Camtech, to people that were clearly just 'ridin' the wave, dude' – and, perhaps not all that surprisingly, that last group was populated by the geeks actually slapping up most of the pages with Microsoft Frontpage or similar. It was a good balance. The academics provided the bulk of the crap-detection, stating over and over again that we're not witnessing a foray into some never-before-explored dimension (for God's sake), but a novel communication medium as a facilitator for ordinary business. There was a good mix of people from the frontline who fell into two groups – people just getting on with it, and people who clearly had no idea what they were doing, let alone talking about. It was worth watching the introductory episode just to laugh at the latter.

By episode two, *E-Biz* had calmed down a bit. Being fifteen minute segments, there's bound to be a bit of a rush, but the rush was palpable in episode one. Episode two was about getting down to some details. And once again, there was a good mix of speakers. I began to get the feeling, though, that the series was



I wonder how my shares are doing?

catering for what we might term the 'Neighbours phenomenon.' Ever noticed on *Neighbours* that *everyone* owns their own 'business'? Every second storyline is about someone (getting into / dropping out of / going broke from) some Goddamn business. Episode two of *E-Biz* seemed to be about that phenomenon. While I think the general concept is bizarre (that somehow everyone has inside of them a 'business' trying to get out), there's nothing wrong with *E-Biz* covering that angle. If people are going to think that, someone may as well try and help them along. I just got the impression that the program was straying from (what I had hoped would be) its purpose – to look intelligently and critically at just what 'e-commerce' is and is not. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe all I was going to get was in episode one.

But that's all right.

E-Biz was easy to watch because it didn't dumb anything down. I don't know about you, but I find it hurts my brain way too much to watch patronising television. *E-Biz* was well produced, was completely Australian, and had no irritating, smarmy, or (worse still) stupid interviewer anywhere in the video or audio. A joy from that respect. Want to start your own business? Watch *E-Biz*.

Moo Cows

I want to stick with the ABC for a bit. It's Sunday morning again, and I'm trapped at work in front of the world's smallest TV. It has two claims to fame, according to the gold lettering on the front panel. The first is 'OSD', kindly expanded next to it as 'On Screen Display.' A feature included, I'm sure, only so

they could make the box even smaller. The other is that it can run on DC power. I could plug this machine into a cigarette lighter – does that help to convey how small it is? And, of course, we're talking rabbit-ear antenna, bad reception and no cable. Primitive stuff.

I repeat: it's Sunday morning. Now I don't want to start sounding like a Bruce Dawe poem, but I couldn't help being struck by the humour of flipping through the channels from ABC to SBS: choral service, sport, sport, sport, evangelist. Quick now – which ones were the religious programs?

Later, I tuned into *Landline* on the ABC. I'm not from the country, and I only go through the country to get to other cities – but I was hooked. The segment was about the beef market in a part of New South Wales – not a topic that regularly gets me fired up – but the production was impressive. For what can, I assume, be seen as a current affairs program for the country, I was astounded by the intelligent approach: not because it's from the country, but because it's a current affairs program. Nothing was sensationalised. No one was hip-and-shouldering any doors in. No hidden cameras, no irrelevant 'file footage', no hyperbolic voiceovers. The best bit, by far, though, was the absence of self-important pieces-to-camera by the journalist, in particular no inane shots of him nodding and smiling. In fact, I don't think I saw the journalist. I know his name was Peter, because some farmer being interviewed kept calling him 'Pete'. But otherwise, they just got on with the story. I know a lot more about beef now, and I'm tuning into *Landline* next Sunday.

Paul Hoadley



SUBMISSIONS CALLED FOR AUU ORGANISATIONAL REVIEW

The Finance & Development Standing Committee of the AUU is conducting a broad based review of the organisation and structure of student organisations at Adelaide University.

It is looking for member input into the terms of reference for such a review and is calling for submissions from members on any issue relating to the structure and operation of student organisations on campus. Matters that may be commented on include, but are not limited to:

- the composition and role of Board;
- the relationship between the commercial operations of the AUU and its service operations;
- the relationship between the AUU and its Affiliates;
- the provision and duplication of services; and
- future directions for student organisations at Adelaide University.

Members are asked to comment on any matter at all, so that a comprehensive review can be established to investigate reform in areas of raised concern.

If you have any questions please feel free to contact the Chair of the Finance & Development Standing Committee, Ben Allgrove, on 8303 5401.

Submission Deadline: 5pm on Friday, 4 June 2000



ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

Brink return

On Dit's Farley Wright sat and had a bit of a natter with Brink Productions' Gerrard McArthur, Colleen Cross and Sid Brisbane regarding Brink's new production *Quartet*. What follows is the harrowing true account.

Fresh from their acclaimed Festival success with Barker's *The Ecstatic Bible*, Adelaide's BRINK productions are opening their season of Heiner Müller's *Quartet*. Based on the banned novel and the internationally successful film *Dangerous Liaisons*, Müller's interpretative 'infection' takes the two central characters through each other's bodies, through time and space, the boundaries of gender and onward into extremities of predatory desire. Directed by Gerrard McArthur, an inspiring English actor who played the Priest in *The Ecstatic Bible*, this two hander is played by Syd Brisbane and Colleen Cross. Brisbane has previously appeared for BRINK in *(Uncle) Vanya*, *Morde*, *The Europeans*, and *The Ecstatic Bible*, whilst Cross has had roles in their *(Uncle) Vanya*, *Robert Zucco*, and *The Ecstatic Bible*. I spoke with all three last week.

OD Who is Müller?

McArthur An East German successor to Brecht. He's known for invading other peoples' texts and that's what he's done with *Dangerous Liaisons*, this text about two eighteenth century aristocrats who play out games of seduction and lust.

Brisbane And there's no way out; it is a lock-in.

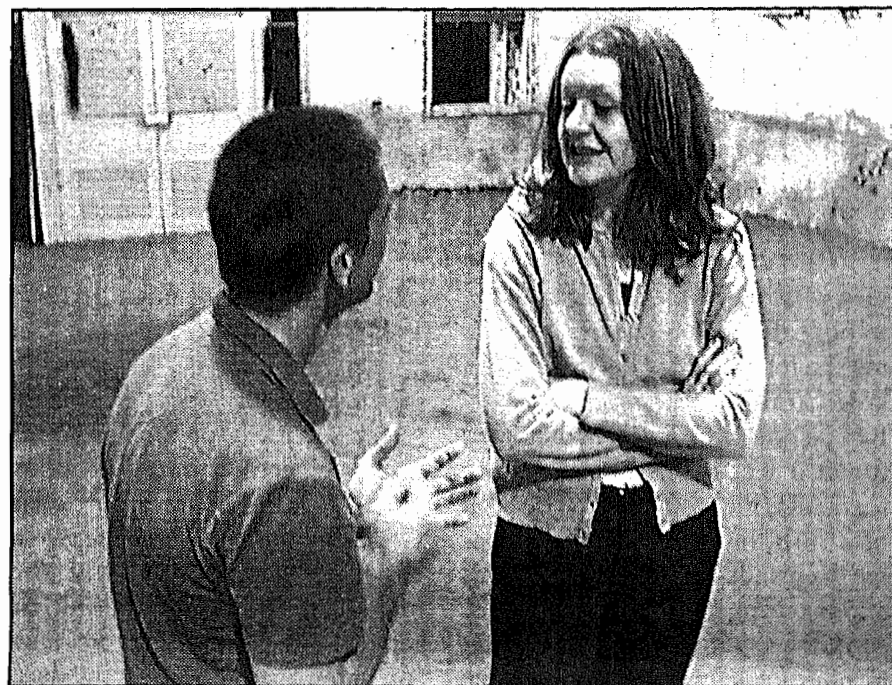
McArthur Müller died of cancer in '95 ... there was a huge funeral, with thousands of people and dignitaries. He was a political and social figure and writer of real importance. Müller described *Quartet* as a 'catastrophe of success'. It was written in '81 and by 1985-6 there were around 30 productions in Germany alone. So to his horror he'd created this almost bourgeois play, rather than a more purely disruptive and deeply black comedy. He'd always effected to be an outsider, such as when he chose to stay in the GDR instead of going over into West Germany. He did that because he liked being inside an oppressive machine - it helped him to write. He would have felt very alien in a place where you could do whatever you want.

Brisbane He liked the schizophrenia of the two Germanys and moving between them.

McArthur Much of his subject was that schizophrenia of the two Germanys, and the dustbin of history, and digging it up. There's a lot in his works, and in *Quartet*, about 'digging up' and 'getting the dead bodies out' and 'fucking' them, intellectually at least, to see what history really was. Müller has

these two highly articulate, incredibly intelligent aristocrats employing all their sophistication in playing games of rather mechanical seductions that are almost blank, hard, cold machinations. There is a dichotomy between their highly articulate rhetoric and the use to which it is employed.

OD How do you think Adelaide audiences will relate to *Quartet*?



He says: "They're creatures more than people."
She says: "No, they created themselves very consciously."

Cross I'd be loathed to try to expect what audiences here will think because the Festival/Fringe is so fabulous that people get such a good exposure to all sorts of theatre. I think the more that we do great texts in really interesting venues the more people get to see and that this moves things forward.

Brisbane This play is being marketed as a pretty sexy piece of work. There's magnificent language and it is very different in terms of form and style - very demanding, like an intellectual and physical wrestling match.

McArthur It has an immediate sensuality. The Queen's is an absolutely perfect venue in which to perform because *Quartet* is an 'event' play. What we're trying to do is a kind of installation-event-presentation of this play, a sort of theatre spectacle, a theatre experience rather than a dry text or a conventional play presented in a conventional way.

Brisbane We're having an 11pm show on Friday the 12th, after which HMC is playing for us, so hopefully a lot of the crowd that are going to see him will come to see the show first and we can tap into different audiences that way.

McArthur There are three parties: opening and closing nights, and the

Friday 12th show.

Brisbane There'll be a club lounge foyer style.

OD How do you guys feel about your characters?

Cross I think they're incredible. They're very clever, they're disgusting, they're hateful, pathetic...

McArthur. They're ruined creatures...

Cross Decaying...

saying 'fuck you I'll jump off' while the other says 'fuck you I'll jump off as well'.

Cross Everyone knows they're going to die but these two are triumphant over everything. They're quite incredible creatures, creatures in extremity.

McArthur They're creatures more than people.

Cross They created themselves, very consciously...

McArthur And now they're testing their own creations to destruction.

Brisbane There are a myriad of different audience responses.

McArthur Intrigued, puzzled, amused...

Cross It is not a dirge of death and destruction, it is more of a celebration.

McArthur A celebration of the underbelly of egoism.

OD An anarchic release from social mores?

McArthur That's right, these people are entirely outside the boundaries of behaviour. They make their own conventions.

Brisbane We've got a fabulous translation by Weber. Gerrard brought this translation with him and comparing it with the one we were using shows it to be so mundane.

I imagine performing the lesser would lose the rich tapestry, the rhythms of the translation we now have.

Cross We're offering up this big power-packed hour. The audience can take from that what they will. There are so many levels that I think are so exciting; not only the play but McArthur's directing, and the performance space.

McArthur We want people in the end to think 'wow, I really enjoyed that...', what the fuck was it that they were doing?

Heiner Müller's *Quartet*

Venue: The Queen's Theatre, Adelaide (Playhouse Lane, off Light Square)

Preview: May 4 & 5th (\$10)

Opens: May 6 @ 8pm and runs until the 14th, with a special late night Friday 12th show at 11pm.

Adults \$25; Concession \$15; at Bass: 131246

Freebie Madness!

On Dit has 10 double passes to give away to the Thursday night preview of *QUARTET*. To pick one up come into On Dit or phone 8303 5404 and tell us the name of the director at Wednesday 2pm.

A moment of time captured forever

Irwin Hotel
Rick Martin
 Contemporary Art Centre
 14 Porter St Parkside
 until May 28

If Modernism is truly dead why do so many artists insist on returning to its desolate landscapes for inspiration? South Australian photographer Rick Martin's new exhibition, *Irwin Hotel* is the product of a residency sponsored by the Bemis Centre for Contemporary Arts, USA.

The photographs that comprise the exhibition are not your classic Americana - many of the scenes could be found in half a dozen other countries. Roads leading nowhere, or in the case of 'Bridge over the Missouri, Omaha', seemingly dropping off this existence completely, just disappearing of the

face of the map, the path watched over by a decidedly mephistophelian highway sign. This vanishing act is repeated or implied through many of the works on display. 'Highway at Dawn, Texas' offers another road, another bleak, featureless landscape, the only suggestions of human influence a hopeful OPEN sign, now partially obscured by its negating other, a small, insufficient CLOSED. The road leads both to this point and away from it.

During the depression the road held the promise of adventure, or at least the hope of something a little better. In the fifties the road became the symbol of progress. Many of the scenes captured in Martin's photographs date back to these times. The road as an artefact seems always to have been there, only its inscribed meaning has changed.

While the idealism of the fifties is still present, it has metamorphosed into something less ambitious, more directed. There is something of Joseph Wright's enlightenment illumination at work in "South Twelfth St, Omaha", its distant

light partially obscured by the architecture of industry that surrounds it, a sign directing the viewer's gaze from the centre plane emblazoned with the ambiguous message, 'Receiving'.

In the final frame of the series, Irwin Hotel shows a darkened, anonymous hotel room, the home of the hopeless. Here the Superchief, another great

symbol of progress and prosperity, is now a souvenir, a tin-toy reminder of what the future used to mean before we arrived there.

Martin's exhibition can be seen at the Contemporary Art Centre of South Australia until May 28.

Jonathon Dyer

<insert plug here>

Adelaide artist James Larsen is making a name for himself around town. Hot on the heels of his Fringe Festival success, Larsen has put together a new show representative of his work thus far. *Bounce an Echo Off the Moon* can be seen at the Art Lounge Gallery, 99 Hindley St. Until May 7.

Irwin Hotel is the title of Rick Martin's latest photographic exhibition. The show can be seen at the Contemporary Art Centre; 14 Porter St, Parkside until May 28.

The High Beam Festival is the product of a loving relationship between Arts in Action and the SPARC Disability Foundation. It officially started last Friday, but there's still stuff to see. Check out one of the programmes littering the city at the moment (suspect the usual rounds). More on this in our next issue.

Simryn Gill's latest exhibition, *Natural Resemblance*, comprises recent work by this outstanding photographer. A review should be coming soon. *Natural Resemblance* is being shown at the Experimental Art Foundation gallery space (upstairs from the bookshop) until May 6.

For those with a few bucks to blow and a friend willing to drive them around for a day the Clare Gourmet Weekend is coming up soon - the weekend of May 20-21 to be precise. Good food and great wine aplenty, with a dozen excellent wineries



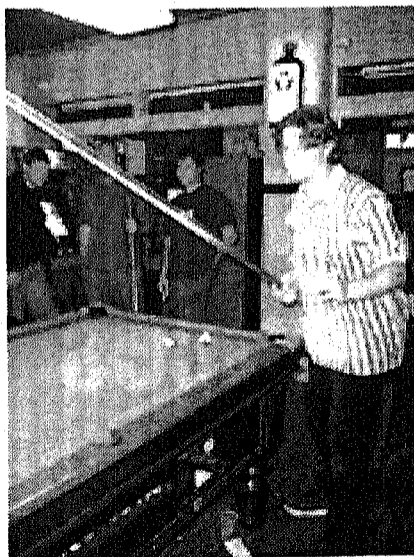
UniBar

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

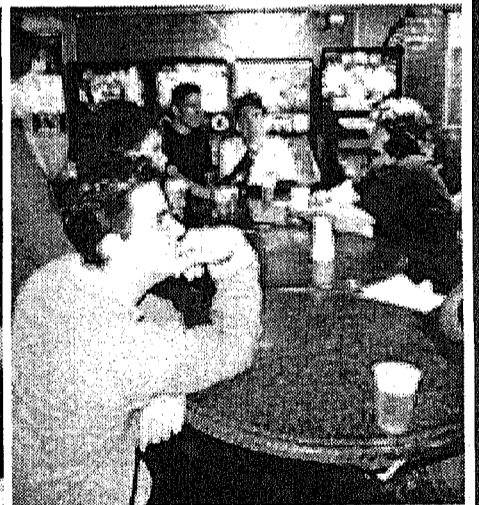
Fri 4.00 - 7.00pm Free BBQ DJ Carton/Tray Raffle

Thurs 4.00 - 6.00pm

Pool comp starts Thurs 6pm:
 First wins \$50 beer voucher
 Second wins a carton

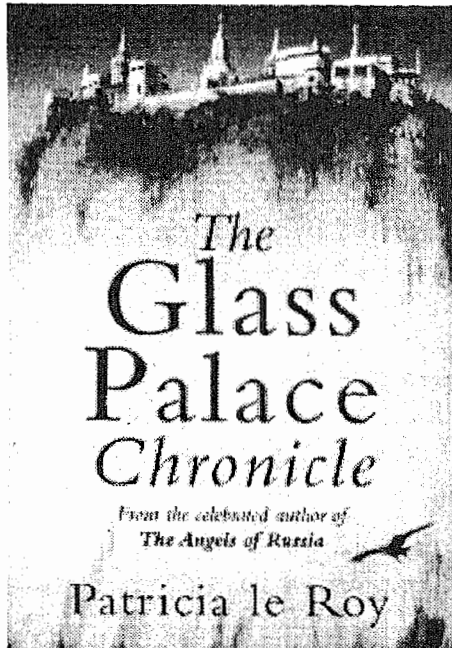


*Bands, pool, darts,
 best view in town,
 meals all day long.*



...the only place to meet on campus...

Books: the other white meat. But not.



The Glass Palace Chronicle
Patricia le Roy
Piatkus
\$18.95

Claudia, a Uni drop-out trying to save enough money for her air fare home to England by way of prosti-

tution, is picked up in a Parisian bar by Paul, a British secret agent with a personal mission to go to Burma, because she looks like his dead half-sister, who suicided in a heroin overdose in the prologue. If you make it past this decidedly dodgy beginning, then you could just enjoy suspending your disbelief for the 357 pages of *The Glass Palace Chronicle*.

There is an under-abundance of metaphor, copious high-cultural allusions are distinctly lacking, and nobody is getting carried away with complex syntactical and semantic constructions. I didn't approach this book with high expectations, so I wasn't disappointed at all, and I found it quite a relaxing and diversionary read.

Patricia le Roy builds some reasonable characters into a fairly solid storyline, and largely steers clear of gratuitous sex and violence. Unfortunately, plenty of negative stereotypes about third world Asian countries have been reinscribed in

awful, cringe-worthy detail, and le Roy, like so many British writers from Dickens through Archer, needs to be told that Australia is more than just a place of banishment for criminals and peripheral family members. As long as you can forgive these transgressions, and can avoid taking it all too seriously, then these are only minor irritants.

Exotic locations, mysterious characters, sexy sub-plot, effortless reading and ultimately forgettable - Patricia le Roy offers up another embossed, gold lettered cover to newsagent bookstand anonymity; a perfectly reasonable and technically adept addition to the genre of the Airport Novel. *The Glass Palace Chronicle* is perfect for curling up on the couch during those crisp, bright, late autumn Sunday afternoons when the siren songs of exams, essays, and other intellectual rigours beckon.

Robert Geddes



Babewatch
Emma Tom
Sceptre
\$24.95

Before the national newspaper *The Australian* offered a ridiculous amount of money to Emma Tom to come write for them in the hopes of gaining some lower demographic credibility, Tom used to write for the *Sydney Morning Herald*. It was here that she wrote what would

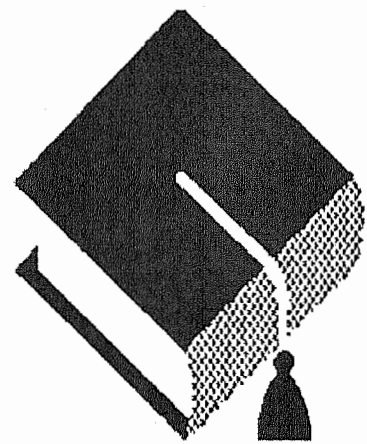
probably be her best, funniest material. Since the move, our Emma has seemed to lose her edge a little: she doesn't always hit the mark like she used to. For this reason, *Babewatch* is all the more welcome. *Babewatch* is a selection of Tom's columns brought together in a single volume. Now, collections of material like this are nothing new. Every three years or so, fellow *Australian* writers Paul Kelly and (more so) Phillip Adams cobble together a subject's worth of material - with beneficial hindsight - and release it as the final word on the subject, while magazine and newspaper columnists as diverse as Cynthia Heimel, Bob Scharchosis and Hunter S Thompson also practice this form of qualitative recycling. Hell, John Updike, with the recent release of *More Matter: Essays and Criticism*, has proven that even he is not immune to the temptation of money for writing for which he has already been generously imbursed. Some people are just plain greedy. That having been said, if somebody offered me a tidy sum for my collected *On Dit* scratchings, well, I wouldn't have to think long or twice.

Which brings us back to *Babewatch*. The articles here have not been strung together willy-nilly. The sections of the book are responses to the kind of pith that hacks get paid way too much to contribute to 'women's' magazines, and are dummed up to look like just that, complete with a selection of 'covergirl' photos that give Emma *carte blanche* to take the piss out of anything she sees fit. The 'features' cover pretty much anything you can think of that you might come across in *New Idea*, *For Me* or *Seventeen* - from flirting to bad hair, from washing to ironing, from postmodernism to pornography. Someone (a critic, of course) once wrote, of a volume of essays by Umberto Eco, that he was trying to be Roland Barthes but that he lacked that kind of subtlety. The same thing could be said of Tom in regards to, say Cynthia Heimel, or Erma Bombeck. But I *still* love Eco's irreverant take on the things around us, and I think that line-for-line Emma Tom is one of the funniest journalists writing in this country today.

Sam Andreas-Fault

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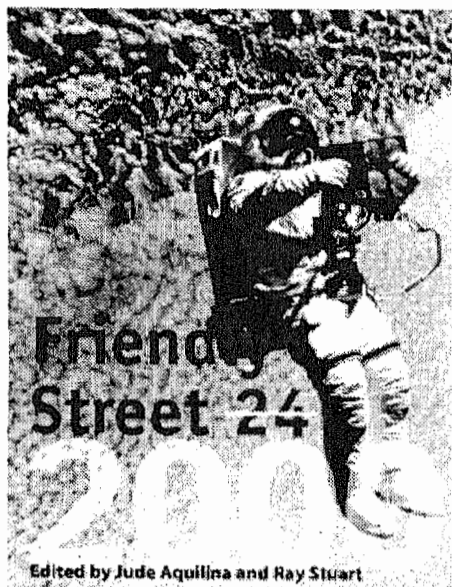
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Poets, bombs, lurve ...



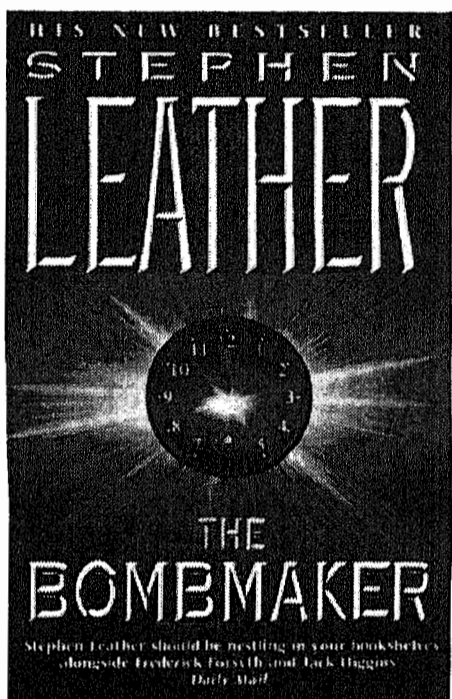
Friendly Street 24
Ed. Jude Aquilina and Ray Stuart
Friendly Street Poets/
Wakefield Press
\$16.95

Friendly Street have been putting out anthologies of poetry for quite a while now, and they've become brilliant at it. But collection No 24 isn't just a collection of well-meaning and mildly-talented half-poets; rather, this anthology displays the finest poetry this state has to offer. Many of us will have noticed that

Adelaide is starting to build momentum, and this is perhaps easiest to see in the arts. Someone once said to me, 'I never met a living poet that I liked.' Well, *Friendly Street 24* changed all of that for me. These works are first-class. There are devilishly clever works like Orson 'Steve' Claridge's 'Writers Make The Worst Drivers,' or beautifully moving poems like Junice Direen's 'You remind me of ...'. John Griffin's 'Avebury Stones' is a fascinating reflection on one of England's most moving sacred sites, whilst, back at home, Aiden Coleman gives us his thought-

provoking 'Fever' and Tom Coverdale offers his enchanting 'Space Operetta'. If any one had lost faith in the talent of our local poets then you would just have to glance at the work of these two gifted wordsmiths to change your tune. Perhaps my favourite poem out of more than 80 would be John Malone's 'Hell [An Address to the Pope John Paul 2nd]'. Congratulations to Jude Aquilina, Ray Stuart and all involved for producing an excellent display of local literature.

Anthony Paxton



The Bombmaker
Stephen Leather
Hodder & Stoughton
\$14.95

I tend to judge the worth of a book by how much I care whether the people live or die about 10 pages from the end. I spent the better part of this book not caring at all, but I will say this for it, by way of introduction - by the end I was convinced that perhaps not all the characters deserved to be wiped out.

The Bombmaker is a fairly standard offering from the international intrigue (or something) genre. It tells the story of Andrea Hayes, a former IRA bombmaker (beautiful and brilliant, surprisingly enough) whose daughter is kidnapped by a nasty man called Egan and his evil cohorts in an effort to persuade Andy to construct a bomb large enough to blow up the financial district of London, or something equally ambitious. Who would have thought that 4000 pounds of fertiliser could be put to such good use? Andrea's character was basically

limited to two states of being: a) guilt-ridden murderer of children; and b) hysterical mother. She was quite irritating after a while. Her husband Martin had my sympathy for the first half of the book but he then degenerated into a state of hysterical parenthood himself, which was objectionable mainly in point of its repetitiveness, and responsibility for more than one line of downright appalling dialogue - there seemed to be an overabundance of conversations beginning with 'that's my daughter in there, dammit, and I'll do anything to save her', and that kind of thing. The daughter herself, little Katie, is blessed with the cognitive abilities of a 40 year old combined with a penchant for spaghetti hoops. She's even more annoying than Andrea.

The final unveiling of the bad guys responsible for the bomb is laughable, and Green-Eyes' secret is, as far as I was aware, only hinted at, although it could have provided for a few more moments of tension. All in all, there was enough to sustain my interest for 406 pages (oh God, was it really that many?) and, if you really don't have anything better to do, I would recommend it as a relatively entertaining means of killing a few hours.

Kath



The Girl Who Loved Tom Gordon
Stephen King
Hodder & Stoughton
\$14.95

Okay, okay - so disclaimer first. I am not a Stephen King aficionado, however I am aware of the legions of King fans and the list of impressive reviews on the back cover would make just about anyone take note. Disclaimer number two - I am a horror wimp - anyone remember *Candyman*? I couldn't look in a mirror for days afterwards, and even I've got to admit the movie was pretty crap.

The Girl who loved Tom Gordon is the story of Trish McFarland, 9 years old and lost in the wood. And really that's about it. Trish steps off the path for a pee stop and to get away from the argument between her mother, who has been recently divorced, and her brother, takes a wrong turn and voila - girl lost in woods and trying to get home. Maybe if I loved baseball the story would have had a little more hold over me, as Trish tunes in to Red Sox games to keep herself together but if you want to read about baseball you can find better. There are a couple of clever little plot twists thrown into the mix and Stephen King's writing shows his mastery of language but there is not much to raise this tale above the ordinary. If anything it is King's clean prose and seamless descriptions which hold the reader's attention much less than any real empathy for the nine-year-old heroine. A couple of times I caught myself thinking how clever King was but all my praise has to go for the sheer energy of his writing which was able to maintain at least my curiosity about what was really a very average tale.

All in all a good enough read if you want to waste a couple of hours but otherwise I wouldn't particularly recommend it.

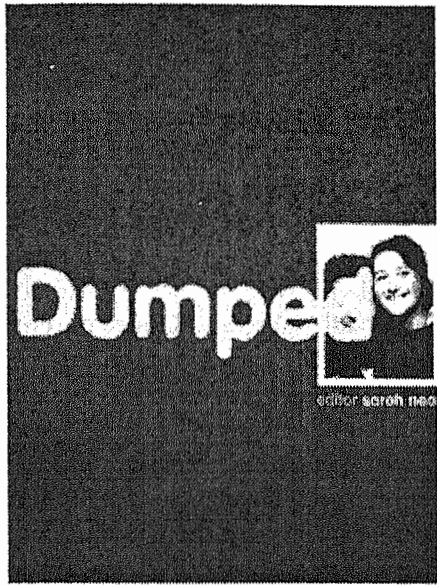
Erin Green

FAVOURITE BOOK OF THE WEEK

Cool and unusual, Danish author Peter Hoeg's *Miss Smilla's Feeling for Snow* was *Time* magazine's 'Book of the Year' some years ago now, and was subsequently made into the movie *Smilla's Feeling for Snow*, starring the lovely, but miscast, Julia Ormond as the strong and singleminded female protagonist (the small but feisty Bjork would have been a better bet).

Billed as a crime novel, but much, much more, *Miss Smilla's Feeling for Snow* is a stark, crisp read, as clean as ice and as beautiful as its arctic landscapes. Read it and be surprised.

Dumpings, dronings and more lurve



Dumped
Ed. Sarah Neal
Black Inc/Bookman

'I love you too!' she shouted over the techno beats, 'I'm going to dance.'

'I said we're through,' he shouted back.

B P Zipper

'Yeah, but bobbles,' Lisa shouts at him. You are dropping me for someone who wears fucking bobbles.'

Nick Earls

Yes, it's a book about dumping.

Twenty two stories in fact, which, if not actually about dumping, at least feature dumps. Pretty fucking cheerful, eh? Well, actually, it's not that bad. This is one for the hip young things: the drinkers of alcoholic soda; the wearers of skirts over pants; the people with glitter in their hair. This is a book for women or girls who like their *Cleo* and *Cosmo*: lightweight and superficial, all about lurve and sex, and catering for those voyeuristic tendencies that makes us like reading about other people's lives. And not all that depressing. If anything, you can at least benefit from that smug feeling

that you're not as badly off as some. There are quite a few familiar names (Ettler, Razer and Tom, for example), and while some of the stories are pretty crap, most are fairly passable. Highlights are B P Zipper's contemporary 'Steel Skin,' Mary-Rose MacColl's study of loss, 'Yesterday's Dog,' Nick Earls' life-like 'Molecule,' John Safran's entertaining 'Thesis' and Elliot Perlman's subtle and evocative 'Good Morning, Again'. All in all, if you're looking for a light read, *Dumped* will serve. And it will last you longer than a magazine.

EM



The Sandman: Pleasant Ave
The Sandman
ABC Books: Triple J
\$16.95

I have to admit to harbouring a deep affection for Sandman's *Pleasant Ave*. Despite the fact that I have never found the man funny, I always seemed to be in my car, on my way to work, when the radio play that this book is based on went to air on Triple J. Before I knew it, I found

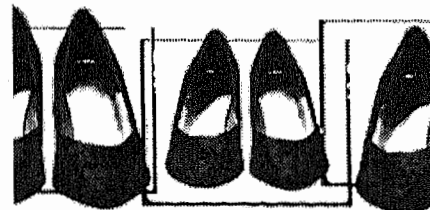
myself kind of hooked on the rambling storyline, sitting in my car in the carpark to hear the end of the episode (which was really pathetic, when I think about it). So now the ABC, with their seemingly insatiable desire to squeeze every cent out of merchandising that they can, have gathered the series into a novel of sorts. I can categorically state that this was something of a mistake.

Pleasant Ave is the rambling tale of Sandy's rites of passage around his twenty-first birthday. Mysterious goings-on at the Gumley's (his next door neighbours) house kick off a meandering story of illegal gambling, infidelity and the like that, ultimately, goes nowhere.

And there lies the rub with *Pleasant Ave*. The fact that nothing ever really happens was of little concern on radio, when the episodes were only two minutes long. More of a problem when one tries to sit down and read the damn thing.

The Sandman has suggested that the best way to read this book is aloud in a lugubrious monotone. Sound advice. Better advice would be not to read it at all: it's nowhere near as funny as you may remember.

Michael Tolliver



Me Myself I
A NOVEL

Pip Karmel

New & major new feature film starring Rachel Griffiths

Me Myself I
Pip Karmel
Allen & Unwin
\$16.95

Hey, remember *Sliding Doors*? One Gwyneth Paltrow, two hairstyles. Or, more precisely, one woman, two different lives - and all a question of one defining moment, one action, one choice - and if things had happened differently ... etc. Well, an Australian take on this subject is

about to hit the cinemas (*Me Myself I*, starring Rachel Griffiths) and its director, Pip Karmel, has also made it into a novel of the same title.

The plot: career woman has shitty job because she has maintained her integrity and even shittier lovelife; career woman wonders what life would be like if she had married One True Love of teen years. Career woman is accidentally catapulted into The Life She Would Have Had (husband; three kids; dog; mortgage; sell-out, high-paying job). Decisions have to be made. Lessons are learnt. Some funny lines are thrown in.

Although very filmic, *Me Myself I* doesn't make such a bad novel. It's surprisingly well-written, and not nearly as trite and saccharine sweet as it sounds, although, needless to say, it is thoroughly unrealistic and somewhat formulaic. Thankfully, however - despite first appearances - it isn't necessarily pushing the 'Women can't have it all / love and career as mutually exclusive' barrow, although stereotypes do abound. For all its limitations, at the end of the day *Me Myself I* is an entertaining read.

EM

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Helpmann
Academy



Muse: Taking it to the streets

If you were to read a description of Muse's accomplishments to date you could easily make the mistake of thinking it was some schmaltzy Disney movie. A young trio of schoolmates growing up in middle of the nowhere in the UK start a few bands in high school. None of these bands are successful but the experience gained proves to be invaluable. Through their focus and dedication, and despite many setbacks and frustrations, they manage to beat the odds and achieve success on their home turf. They then go on to achieve international stardom and amass fortunes and they drive off into the sunset in a Cadillac as the end music starts and the credits begin to roll ... Well, that last bit hasn't quite happened yet but Muse bassist Chris Wolstenholme filled in the details about what exactly has happened.

It all began in the early nineties when Chris, singer/songwriter/guitarist Matt Bellamy and drummer Dom Howard were at the spritely age of 13. They started a few bands that had not gone so well but they were at least playing. This time period was proved to be a crucial factor in terms of the bands musical influences. 'We were heavily into Nirvana, and we were listening to Primus and Smashing Pumpkins and after that Oasis and the whole Britpop thing started getting bigger and we weren't into it. We were listening to Rage Against The Machine because they were more cutting edge and had that rawness that a lot of those bands at the time didn't have.' It was around this time when they were also listening to Radiohead's *The Bends* extensively, something that altered their perception of what music could mean.

When they started Muse they became more serious. Rehearsals were stricter and more frequent and they tried to get gigs playing wherever they could. This didn't prove to be too easy when they lived 250 miles from London. 'When we first started Muse we were 15 and we lived in a very quiet part of the

country. There are only two big cities in the county where we're from and they're not even that big. Each city had one venue so in a 60 mile radius there was only two venues. We used to have to play in small pubs with old people shouting at us to play covers because they were average pubs. But we just wanted to play so we would put up with anything just to get a gig. None of us could drive either so it was diffi-

getting paid anything, you have to pay for your petrol and accommodation and such things. And you end up playing to like 10 or 20 people. It is really difficult. Especially in Devon because down there there's no music scene going on at all so all people do on a Friday or Saturday night is go clubbing. There was a really small group of our friends who were into music and would go and see bands whenever

they could but the majority of people were into sports and clubbing.' So was it difficult to maintain focus during these difficult times? 'I don't know really... we were just so into what we were doing. I mean for a while it wasn't deadly serious or anything - just fun. We saw it as something positive to do whereas a lot of our friends were getting into crime or drugs or whatever, to us it was something positive to do so we just kept on going. It didn't really affect us

whether we playing to one person or in front of 50 we just enjoyed it and if the crowd weren't enjoying we'd just shite off and play for ourselves.' However, after a few years of gigging and nothing to show for it their parents' patience began to wear thin. 'It was at that

point when we were 17 or 18 and everyone else was going to Uni or getting a job and were just hanging around doing nothing, just concentrating on the band. We got jobs but they were really shit and it was just to pay for more music gear. We didn't do any proper jobs and that's when it was a bit difficult. Especially mine and Dom's parents because they were saying to us, "Go on go and get proper jobs, you cant go like this forever!"

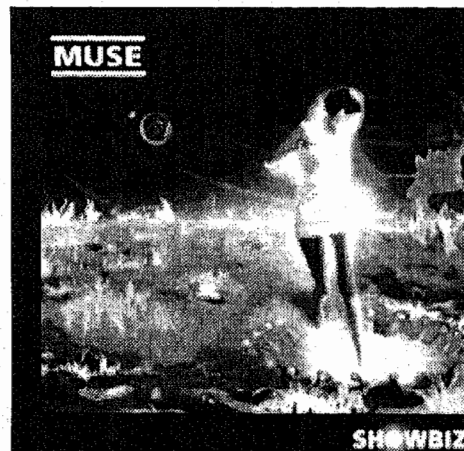
Their persistence really paid off when Taste Media discovered them at a show and got them in to record their first self-titled EP. It was at this point when things really began to snowball. The EPs sold out rapidly and they began to play bigger gigs eventually attracting the interest of some American labels. They flew over to CMJ, a large college music festival in the US where record exec type people do their talent scouting. Interest grew even more and they were asked to come back and play at a similar show in LA. While other labels were deliberating Madonna's Maverick label signed them on the spot (this happened on Christmas eve - how Disney can you get?). Between then and now they have recorded their second EP *Muscle Museum* and their LP *Showbiz* and toured relentlessly around Europe and America.

So, when will we see them in playing in Australia? Well they first have to finish their US tour with the Foo Fighters and RHCP, and their Japanese European tours but we can hope to see them sometime around the end of the year. And after I believe they then drive off into the sunset in their Cadillac while the credits begin to roll.

Wilberforce G Strapnort



Wistfully yours, Muse



Muse Showbiz Mushroom

Listening to the album it's not hard to pick their influences. Radiohead and Nirvana are obvious ones but there's also a bit of Jeff Buckley in there too. Not only was the album produced by John Leckie (who produced Radiohead's *The Bends*) but there's also a distinct similarity between Thom Yorke and Muse vocalist Matt Bellamy. The difference is that Matt's voice is still very young and that he punishes it in the heavier tracks. The comparisons between RH and Muse are inevitable for critics and fans alike but Muse are aiming much higher than merely filling the void during the lengthy waits between Radiohead albums. With *Showbiz* Muse have carved their own niche that separates them from RH. Muse explore far more heavier/rockier dynamics, sounding similar to Rage Against the Machine at times.

Opening the album with a gorgeous cascading piano, 'Sunburn' quickly breaks into a stunning inferno of guitar and angst. Whether it's the rest of the powerful synchronicity or the subtle production, the song is an emotional depth charge. 'Falling Down' is a song that Buckley himself could have written. 'Cave' is not only practically a diary entry, but it's also one of the album's finest with it's slow-burning emotional crescendo stealing what little breath you have left. Also appearing on the album are the singles 'Uno' and 'Muscle Museum' which have both been played quite a bit on the wireless.

This album ain't no masterpiece but for a band that wears their influences on their sleeve they do a damn fine job of creating some great, powerful music. Like I said with the single review, if you're into Nirvana or Radiohead (and that covers just about everyone) you should give it a listen.

Goin' orf at yo' local

Cutback South Adelaide Football Club

and Testeagles.

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon and 'Live' promised to be a great day with some of SA's and Australia's finest bands.

Unfortunately I missed Yakspit, Sativa Witch and Fuse but arrived just in time to catch Lessie Does, who put on a solid performance to a pretty small crowd. I hadn't seen these guys before but had heard a lot about them. They play Blink-182-style punk rock that's tight and fast enough at times to really get the small crowd moving (at one stage, the handfull of people that were standing lifted a mate up to crowd surf, but he couldn't actually surf, cos there wasn't enough people, so they just kinda held him there, it was pretty funny).

Embodiment 12:14 are a heavy/death metal band, who I remembered as being a lot heavier a few years ago. They managed to get a few more people up onto their feet and gathering around the stage. I was sitting a fair distance from the stage where it was impossible not to pick up a really loud echo. During the sound check, when the singer kept screaming 'Rage!' it gave an awesome effect, but during their set it sounded pretty bad. This illustrated that the huge footy field wasn't the best place to hold the event.

The main reason I was here was to catch 28 Days as I missed out on seeing them at Adelaide Uni O'Ball. Sadly, the bass player broke a string after only a couple of songs which required the singer to entertain in order for the crowd not to grow restless or get bored. He did this quite well by coming off stage and letting people in the crowd tell some jokes, it took a fair while but to his credit (and the rest of the band) all was forgotten once they were under way again. It was about 4 or 5 by this time and the crowd was looking much healthier than earlier in the day (the huge venue would make any number of people seem small). What didn't suck was 'Sucker', which really got everyone moving. I'll go see these guys again next time they visit, their style and energy has that little something extra that makes them stand out from the rest.

Bodyjar were on next and put on a good show with quite a few songs being recognised by the crowd (which I figure is) as a result of an ever increasing fan base via triple j airplay. In particular, 'Remote Controller' and 'Hazy Shade of Winter' went down really well, with the later being a favourite of mine. I've seen these guys so many times that I stopped counting a long time ago, but they never fail to please.

Testeagles took a while to hit the stage and in the meantime the sun had set allowing the clear night sky to play backdrop to their unique light show. The crowd gathered in anticipation and they didn't disappoint. Their usual opener 'Stomp' went off as always, and the rest of the set was impressive, though not without its hitches. Ady broke his snare drum, which resulted in a bit of commotion on stage for a few minutes, on top of that the band was not as tight as usual (which I think is understandable since they only got home from their national tour at midnight on the previous night). 'Turn That Shit Up' was a little flat, while 'Hammerdrill' and 'TE'z in Style' were highlights. I loved Mat's trashing of his guitar at the end of the show, and think this sort of disrespect for authority 'don't-give-a-fuck' attitude should be enacted by many more bands.

TE'z, now that they've found a new blend of musical styles are going places, and that's awesome, cos they're from Adelaide and they've been playing here for ages and stuck with it and now they're being rewarded.

Good weather, good music, not the most suitable venue, a decent turnout (although much smaller than expected), and a few technical hitches along the way, but nevertheless a good day of home grown talent. (A Sunday well worth getting out of bed for... for a change)

Profile Unknown Quantity Album Launch Bridgeway Hotel

action.

The bands featured on this disc are: In:Extremis, Truth Corroded, Sprawl, Screwface:13, Enemy of?, Sportsday'83, The Fallen and United Force.

All bands featured are Adelaide based and are in the process of beginning/continuing recording artist duties. All the featured bands play music of a similar genre, which is generally of an energetic and aggressive thrash/metal style while also showing elements of death-metal and grind-core performance. One common thread between the bands is the use of rap style lyrics, forged with screaming choruses, this format while successful, often fails to show the divergent influences and ideas that surely exist in the hearts and minds of these predominantly young, male performers.

The main difficulty that the uninitiated listener has with this style of music is its raw harshness. The performers are unforgiving to the audience, unleashing torrents of distorted guitar and simply awe-inspiring drumming, which when combined with the nasty-yet-nice vocal styles, blend for a mix requiring patience and a breadth of mind from the listener.

This music, however, comes as a great change to the rather boring ear-candy that graces our airwaves and weekend television shows. An experience such as this compilation brings simply restates the fact that people really need to challenge their senses regularly, as sometime when greeted by work such as that featured on this disc, one is pleasantly surprised.

Highlights of the gig and CD are the bands Sportsday '83, Enemy of?, Screwface:13, all of whom are really worth picking this CD up for.

The Adelaide heavy metal music scene has been in recession for years, but with acts such as those featured on this compilation, one can assume that all is not lost for the heavier end of the music industry in our fine city. So it is with little hesitation that we stress, support your city's local bands!

This show was a chance for the bands featured on the new Adelaide independent compilation to play together, and thereby get some individual exposure as well as promote this new record. The promotional show was an all ages show, which allowed the band's plethora of younger fans to see them in



What a week. Assignments and practicals left right and centre, and no time to do anything. Far out, uni is annoying sometimes. But luckily, living in Adelaide, there are plenty of things to do to relax.... drink some fine local brew, kick back with mates, or go see some great bands. Last Friday at the Royal, I was able to do all of them.

When we arrived, the hotel was a mass of disorganisation; the managers had booked three things on the same night, and no-one seemed to know what was going on. Despite that, as soon as Doms Garage took the stage, everything was okay. They are a three piece funky rock act, not unlike Faith No More or the Chili's. They played through a great set, varying between softer and harder stuff. They also had some really funky stuff, which certainly satisfied. They are a band which I will definitely see again.

The only unfortunate thing about Dom's set was the fact that there were heaps of wankers in the bar who wanted to talk rather than listen to the music. The next band had obviously noticed this, and they decided to solve this problem; crank the Marshals up to 11! As soon as they began, the bar was engulfed in the sound that was slo.vac. They are a relatively young band who play thrashy heavy stuff, along the lines of Grinspoon, but about fifty times better. Their set was relatively short, but despite that they still managed to win me over as a fan.

By now, the bar had emptied quite a bit and the only people left were real music fans (it's just a pity that there aren't too many of them). The Loving Tongue took the stage, and everyone left really got into the music. Their set was really good, including most of their new stuff (which will be on a CD later this year) like 'Goin' Crazy', and the classic Sabbath-like 'Evil In The Sky', as well as some older material such as a ten minute jam of 'Groovy Mamma'. It was a truly excellent show.

Well, once again, a night out watching great bands had succeeded to bring down the stress levels....

Now for another week.....

**Doms Garage, slo.vac &
The Loving Tongue
Royal Hotel**

Goin' orf at yo' local

Primus & Machine Gun Fellatio Thebarton Theatre

Why anyone would want to endure the torture that is Machine Gun Fellatio (pardon the pun) live I will never know. Fair enough, you may even enjoy their CDs but live, to quote Yoda, 'they are not a good band being'. The mere fact that they have to resort to nudity to get the crowd's attention is evidence of this. Let's be honest though, most people that are into Primus are either die-hard fans or musicians. I have yet to meet a musician that does not respect Les Claypool's amazing ability. The music itself, and particularly the vocals, may be an acquired taste but anybody who has seen this man up close playing the bass will know that he alone could hold the audience spellbound just by playing random 'slaps' and 'pops'. The most surprising thing about Primus' set was the lack of, for lack of a better word, 'hits'. There was no 'Tommy The Cat'. No 'Wynona's Big Brown Beaver'. No 'Mr. Krinkle'. No 'Shake Hands With Beef'. I could go on. Even without such tracks there was never a dull moment. As I said earlier, it didn't really matter what Les and Co. played. Only a few tracks from *Antipop* were performed including the title track, 'Lacquer Head', 'Greet The Sacred Cow' and a brilliant extended rendition of 'The Final Voyage Of The Liquid Sky'. Other than that the majority of the band's set was drawn from the (relatively) older albums. I have to admit that I was slightly disappointed that only half of 'Jerry Was A Racecar Driver' reared its ugly head before the band decided to change songs but such was the atmosphere of the night that nobody seemed to mind. Other highlights included 'My Name Is Mud', 'Sgt. Baker' and the encore of 'Too Many Puppies'. Being so early on in the Australian tour it was surprising that there wasn't much crowd interaction. In fact, the band were almost business-like in delivery; playing the assigned set and leaving. However, it doesn't seem to matter what Les does, no matter how serious they seem to be; it's Primus therefore it's fun. The only criticism I had would have to be the volume of the vocals in the mix. Too many concerts of late have left me feeling this way. But, the bass was loud and that's what really matters.

Jebediah, Area & Mach Pelican Heaven

Standing outside Heaven on a freezing night, while being told that they can't find your name on the guest list (Try Mark? No not here. Try Luke? No, not here either. On Dit?

No ... oh hang on, theres a Mark *and* Luke here - 'Sorry girls' my arse.) is not a welcoming experience when you left your jacket in the car. Otherwise, myself and my mosh friend Tate* descended into Heaven with relatively few problems.

Tonight was a mosh pit night for sure, and we took our position at the fence. Interestingly, the two things I whinged about last time I went to Heaven were reduced. The music in between bands was turned down at the front, so there was a good atmosphere to talk to other impatient dancers. The other was that the waiting time in between bands was pretty short.

The first band I never caught the name of but a quick conversation with my Jebediah-obsessed brother revealed them to be Mach Pelican. Unwittingly, I knew quite a lot of the songs from Triple J. This band's energy exploded into very loud, very fast playing, reminiscent of old punk such as the Sex Pistols and The Clash. The lead singer, hunched with cap over his face may not have resembled anything like Johnny Rotten, his voice sure did. Loud and whiney. Beautiful. Also of mention is the other guitarist who remarkably looked like a James Iha (of Smashing Pumpkins fame) lookalike, and played with a fury. Bassist/amateur drummer Tate also brought my attention to their professionalism. These guys played in perfection, without a slipped note, leading brilliantly from song to song. They had what bands usually hope to achieve after years of gigs - *they were perfectly well together*. Although it's not really my type of music, these guys rocked majorly and reeked of talent. I hope they go on somewhere good.

Area 7 came on next, and they were okay without being bad or fantastic. The guitarist with his portable seemed lost on such a big stage. He roamed around flashing silver-lined teeth at the audience like a caged chicken. Tate and I spent most of their gig perving on the sax and trumpet player. Their songs interpret well live, and the lead singer is a good crowd-guy.

Then came the thirty minute waiting period between Area 7 and the Jebes. Here I'll diverse a little. The mosh began to fill up around us. Mosh pits are a great place to meet great people. Unfortunately dickheads also congregate there. Surrounding us there was pushy bunch of friends, all great Jebes fans, who insisted in talking bullshit the entire time. However, as time stretched, what really irritated me was when they started picking on the guitar tuning Jebes roddie. This guy has the best job in the world. Yet these wankers had the right to call out and cajole the poor guy (who personally, I think, rocked) because he doing his job? I don't think so. One of the girls, I'm-so-blonde-the-bleach-is-affecting-my-brain* felt she should inform me just before the Jebes came on, to get prepared, because it was about to get squishy (No, really???)

Finally the Jebes came on, and as usual they rocked. This was the third time I've seen Jebediah live (Big Day Outs), and the performance was up to the same standard. Legend Vanessa (I hope that's her name) surprised many with a new twin-mohawked hairdo (and disappointed the wankers around us, who lamented her lost hair - Good onya Vanessa. I loved it. It's very her.) In the end Tate got hit on the head (again) by a passing crowd surfer, so we bailed on the mosh pit, to only get chatted up by a weirdo in a blue shirt and a Cooper's beer in the foyer. Heaven never changes, does it. Also, whoever thought of having a 24 hour MacDonalds near Heaven is a bloody genius. Watered down coke and soggy fries was the perfect end to an interesting night.

* not their real names.

Rollins Band & Nokturnl Heaven

What you can say about a Hank show that is not either
a- self evident
b- redundant
c- obvious.

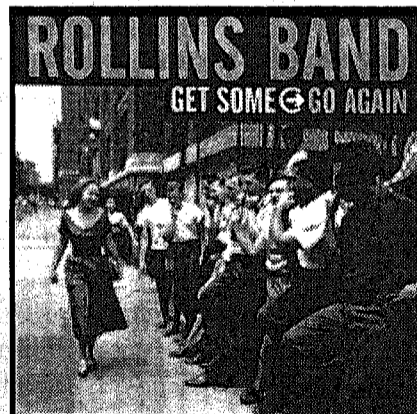
The show was awesome.

Rollins controls the stage like few others since Iggy Pop; he literally prowls. Of course, it helps being a stupidly buff and fit individual with a fine display of tats but he does have that intensity and intangible charisma that a frontman stereotypically has. The band (looking like the Hellcopters) were solid without ever threatening to overshadow the main attraction. The guitars flowed, the drumming was brutal and the bassist worked overtime providing both a platform and a path for the other instruments to follow at times. The mix was excellent with depth that one could feel without providing the buzzing in the ears the next day.

Hank and company went about their business with a minimum of fuss and nonsense; there were no long interludes, no real stops and only brief obligatory introductions and casual banter (which was usually pointed but funny) between the minisets that Rollins seems to employ in his stagershows. These sets within sets break up the flow of the show but also enable Rollins to rest his seemingly invincible vocal chords. They played quite a few new numbers from the new album including the inspiring 'Change it up' ('hands up who hates their job' - loud cheers, 'hands up who thinks they live in a shithole' - loud cheers, 'then quit your job and fucking move then.'). 'Get some go again' and 'Illumination', the crowd moving 'Are you ready' among others. He also played two Thin Lizzy covers which kept the old rockers happy.

Highlight of the night for me was when the mighty 'Do it' received an airing; it showed that Rollins can compress all his fire and conviction into two and a half minutes.

Rollins is a performer in all senses, anybody with a vague interest in alternarock should see him before they die.



Get Some Go Again is Rollins nearing his peak again.

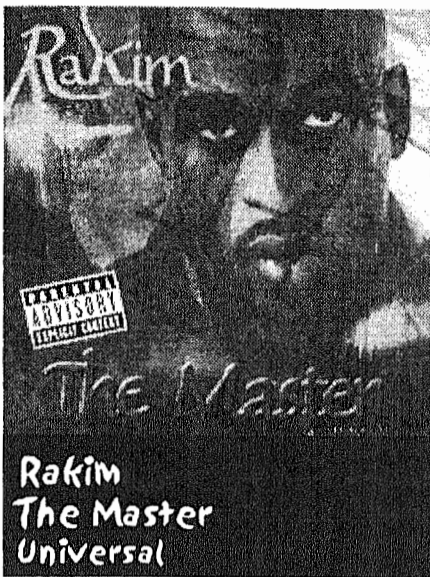
To me some of his albums include way too many fillers and long songs on them. I know this is a totally subjective opinion but I like my rock punchy, intense and hard so when Rollins gets it right he really gets it right. This album has more hits than misses on it and is superbly produced by the man himself.

Get Some go Again is a dense soundscape full of angry guitars, the throaty musings of Rollins and an extremely full rhythm section. The band work well together (they all play together as Mother Superior) with a little help from ex-MC5 legend Wayne Kramer. It probably is a little too long for ingesting at sitting (to me at least) but is structured to be enjoyed as such being bookended between 'Illumination' and 'Illuminator'.

The absolute standout tracks are the title track 'Get Some go Again' with its grabbing introduction, the challenging and fast paced 'Change it up', 'Are you ready' and the awesomely full 'Hotter and Hotter'.

Get Some go Again is a welcome return to form for one of rock's original angry young men.

Jackie T said she saw death



Rakim is a rapper of the old school (see Eric B & Rakim's 'Paid In Full') back in business after a hiatus of some years. As a resurrected giant of the distant past, his return has been viewed in some quarters as a sort of second coming.

Reputations aside, *The Master* is a well crafted album, with most of the elements to make high quality hip hop.

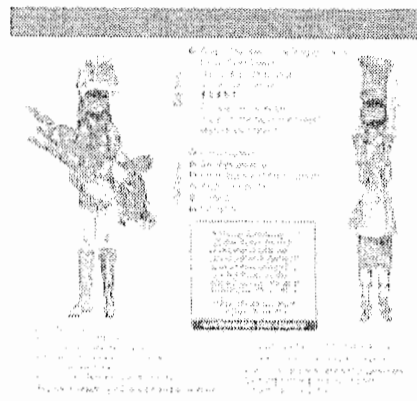
First up, *The Master* features the work of a wide variety of producers, each lending a distinctive flavour to their tracks. This is a step up from the work of some hip-hop artists which seems confined by whoever is dropping their beats (eg. Cypress Hill with the Soul Assassins, the Jungle Brother's album with Alex Gifford of the Propeller Heads.) DJ Premier of Gang Starr in particular produces a quality cut in the first single, 'When I B On Tha Mic'.

Secondly, a small roster of quality cameos complement Rakim, rather than smothering him as some constantly collaborative efforts seem to swamp their supposed solo talent. Rahzel, the beat box fiend from the Roots (most recently heard on 'All I Know') lends his skills to 'It's a Must', and ends up sounding more like something cut up on a turntable than anything that should come out of someone's mouth. At the other end of the spectrum, Nneka Morton features on a track on the R&B tip, the smooth 'I'll Be There'.

Rakim's delivery is high quality, speedy and clipped, while his turn of phrase is inventive and sometimes outstanding. Subject matter is where Rakim falls down. Despite a solid performance on most fronts, exploring standard hip-hop themes isn't enough to make you stand out in the crowd in 2000. Rakim has made the mistake of believing his own PR – there's only so many times someone can tell you how damn good/universally respected/sexually potent/physically dangerous they are before it gives you the shits. 'I rock' is not sufficient material upon which to base a single track, let alone half an

album. 'We just get flack for our lyrical content' Rakim says on his 'State of Hip Hop Interlude' What content? I say.

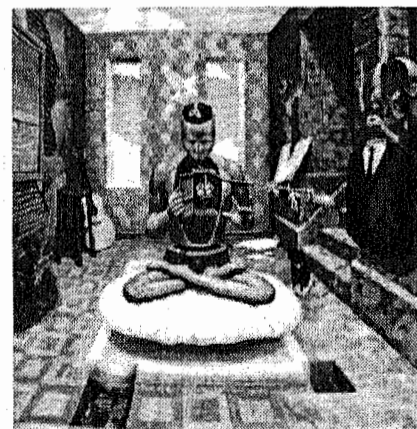
Fish



Secret Chiefs 3
Eyes of Flesh
webofmimicry

This is a document of the Secret Chiefs 3 in live splendor, performing their indian/arabic/islam inspired mix of surf, sulfism and techno. The album features an edited show recorded in their hometown-San Francisco. For unclear reasons the producers omitted the driving rhythms of the surf songs which thrilled crowds in the Uni Bar in May of 1998. Nonetheless the album does have many great moments with the band playing many of the songs from their *Second Grand Constitutions* and *By Laws* album as well as numbers from the catalogues of guest violinist Eyvid Kang and eastern European brass band Ciocarlia. The album captures the show's emotion well but in true Secret Chiefs 3 style there is little real interaction with the crowd, which seems a pity. A good album, which should be a staple for any Secret Chiefs Fan.

Case C. Sinclair

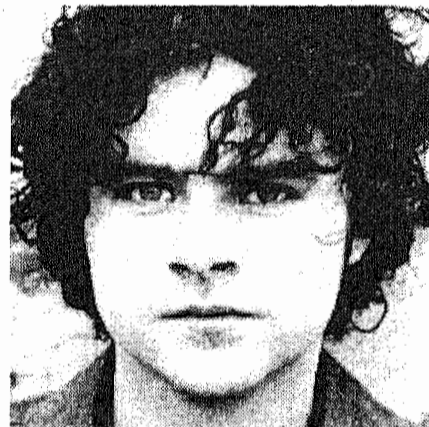


P.O.D.
The Fundamental
Elements of Southtown
Warner

The sticker on the front optimistically tells me that if I like Korn and Rage Against the Machine I'm going to LOVE this oddly named (it stands for Payable On Death) hip hop / thrash

band from a place called South Town. A quick glance at the cover tells you, that yes, they sure look like Korn and Limp Bizkit, and an even quicker listen tells me that, yeah, they kinda sound like them. But unfortunately for P.O.D., they appear to be lacking whatever (for lack of a better word) 'pizzazz' that Korn use to keep millions of fans stringing along. The hip hop is monotonous and flat (it is hip hop, after all), and without the passion that Jonathon Davis gives us in 'a.d.i.d.a.s.' While there's nothing bad about their sound, there isn't anything exciting either - despite the fact that they obviously have tried very hard for originality. On a plus side, the music is really good, with a good rock supplement. The songs appear to be well written enough, and have a definite political interest (perhaps that's where the comparison with the 'Machine comes in?). Interestingly though, the second track, 'Hollywood', is extremely similar in content to Cypress Hill's recent effort, '(Rock) Superstar' - they both have the words 'fast women', 'cars' and 'big houses' in their choruses. A little too similar.

alternika



Paddy Casey
Amen
Sony

Newcomer Paddy Casey delivers Irish balladry with a tinge of the new. Subtle samples and atmospheric scratching accompany several tracks as Paddy touches on dub, folk, rock and pop.

Bleaker moments invoke the work of Babybird ('Think Bad Old Man', not 'You're Gorgeous') and Badly Drawn Boy, though this darkness seems to be more a reflection of Ireland's predicament than Casey's natural disposition: when he sings on other subjects, Paddy's lyrics seem naïve, sombre but hopeful.

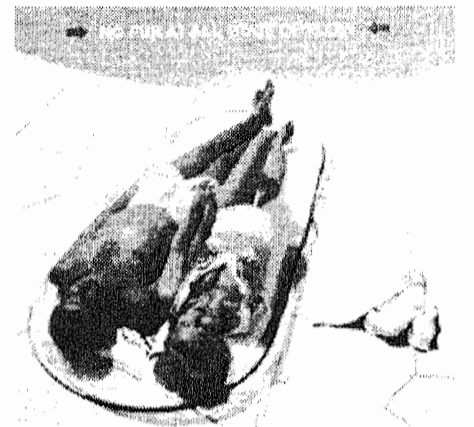
The strangest thing happen when I was first listening to this album; in an effort to describe Casey's husky delivery I named among others, Tracey Chapman as a reference point. Later, reading the liner notes, I see that Casey namechecks

Chapman as an influence. Being right is fun sometimes.

Amen is an album of heartfelt ballads, most of which are agreeable rather than outstanding. Casey wants to pull your heartstrings a little too much, and it shows.

For a taste of this album, listen for 'Whatever Gets You True' on the Js. It's is amiable enough, but it never occurred to me that Triple J would put it on their playlist – it felt more like SAFM to me.

Fish



No Fun at all
State of Flow
Shock

AC/DC have always had a lot to answer for. Some of the questions are good, some are bad, where this one sits proudly juxtaposed between the two.

No Fun At All (or NFAA) were started in a small town of 4000 in Sweden by self confirmed AC/DC fanatic, bassist Mikael Danielsson and have been at the forefront of the Swedish hardcore/punk ever since 1993 when 'Vision' was released on their current label Burning Heart records.

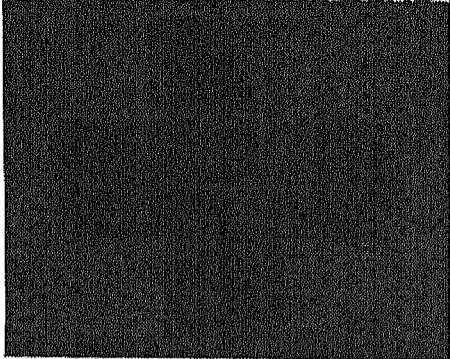
Seminal early eighties punk bands such as The Circle Jerks, Black Flag and the Dead Kennedy's provided a skerrick of influence while English new wave outfits such as Magazine, XTC and The Jam rounded it out. This background provides for a (self-confessed) more adhesive, effervescently poppy and slicker sound than many of their American counterparts.

State of Flow is NFAA's fourth full length album and is okay. By this I mean it's cleanly produced, it has a junta of well structured crisp melodies that flow superbly but there are no real out and out highlights. All songs (being poppy and guitar driven) axiomatically lend themselves to being played live and, I feel, that this where they would be best. 'Celestial Q&A' and 'Perfect Sense' are the standout tracks on *State of Flow*.

All in all, *State of Flow* to me is like marmalade at breakfast; okay but not really that tasty.

She done it fifty ways

BRINGING OUT THE DEAD



Various
Bringing out the Dead
Columbia/Sony

There was one reason I picked up this soundtrack to review and that has to do with two magical words – The Clash. There is not one, but two Clash songs on this widely varied soundtrack.

Martin Scorsese's new film is meant to be a black comedy, and from the images on the CD cover, it looks to be good. A perfect compliment is this soundtrack. The twelve songs are a wide sample of slightly older music – from Van Morrison to The Cellos. There are some well known top songs on here, particularly REM's 'What's the Frequency Kenneth', and, my favourite, 'Janie Jones' by the Clash. While some of the songs are a little bit more reminiscent of the *My Girl* soundtrack type of era (that was the first CD I ever got – I listened to it once and let them keep it) – such as the Melodians' 'Rivers of Babylon', generally it's a nice mix. I'm not sure if I'd buy it, personally, though, but it's a nice rainy day listen.

alternika



Estradasphere
It's Understood
webofmimcry

Estradasphere is an unusual but amazingly fulfilling outfit that successfully combines the disciplines of classical music and death metal, linking the 2 with gypsy music and video game sounds. This is likely to sound odd to any but the most hardcore experimental music listener. All that can be said is this band is a group of talented

musicians with a great ear for really enjoyable sounds.

Each song twists and turns through a variety of styles, without becoming exhausting to the listener in the way some avant rock/jazz groups do. The songs are predominantly instrumental, and some are even slightly danceable.

The heavier moments on this record show that speed metal music can lead to great musicianship, in that it really instills a method of precision on the musicians. There is much more to the album than this review can possibly cover, but as it is wonderful, in the full meaning of the word, and should receive accolades as one of this year's finest releases to date. A great record, you will be amazed at how great 1980's video game sounds can be in the form of a short poppy tune.

Case C. Sinclair



Full Devil Jacket
Full Devil Jacket
Island

Taking one look at this album's cover says a lot about the band's music; dark, firey, and heavy. It was certainly a relief to see this CD amongst the mountains of crap that has been coming out lately. I'd never heard of Full Devil Jacket before, but after playing the album through a couple of times, I can gladly admit that I'm now a fan.

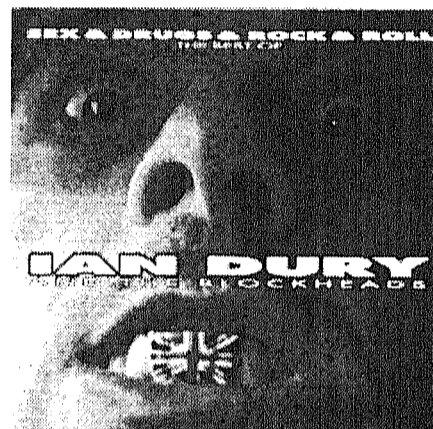
The CD starts out with sounds panning from speaker to speaker and plenty of heavy riffing. Coupled with a mixture of screaming and clean vocals, I was immediately impressed by the music. The style of music could be likened to Collective Soul's self titled album or Creed's *My Own Prison*, having a couple of softer songs mixed in with the heavier stuff. The overall feel of the album is depressive and the guys make use of some great descending minor blues scale chord progressions. They also have quite a bit of soloing (including a great dual guitar solo on track 5), and incorporate plenty of complexity. The stand out tracks would be 'Fastback', a great pumping heavy

song, 'Blue Green Day' which is the one with the dual solo, 'Love Song', full of screaming and a great drum track, and the final track, 'Cardboard Believer', a softer bluesy song.

Even in the short period that I've owned this CD, I can confidently say that Full Devil Jacket have succeeded in creating a great album.

If this CD is anything to go by, then Full Devil Jacket are a band that I'll be watching very closely over the next few years.

L.A.



Ian Dury & the
Blockheads
The Best Of...
Stiff/Mushroom

Being re-priced and re-marketed after his death this CD is the perfect place to start either becoming acquainted with, or reacquainted with, Mr Dury and his group of eclectic musicians. Spanning his career with Stiff Records all of the obvious tracks are included. The lovable 'Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick', the comical 'I Want To Be Straight' and the mischievous 'Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll' are probably his three most loved and remembered songs. However, there are 15 other songs that showcase Ian's unique vocal style and story-telling ability - none more than. 'Razzle In My Pocket (A True Story)'. It has to be said that this band, after which a new style called cuddly or lovable punk was coined, were extremely capable musicians in their own right. Let's be honest, though, Ian wasn't exactly a singer. Rather he was the perfect frontman. It would be hard to find someone who didn't enjoy his antics to some extent. A quite comprehensive and interesting biography is also provided in the liner notes. Sadly, Ian recently passed away but this reviewer is certain that if he were still with us, and healthy, he would still be making enjoyable and fun music.

Jorm

The Singles Bar

Type O Negative
Everything Dies
Roadrunner

My expectations of deep throated growls and thrashed guitars were realised the moment I played this single - for about the first five seconds. Then the song changes into a suprisingly poppy kind of ballad that seems to be more fitting for somewhere in the mid 70's than for these long haired gothic creatures. While the growling returns at some points, essentially the track and it's B-side, 'Black Rainbows' is agreeable. However, to nitpick, the vocal quality is still disapointing - the echo effect ruins the sound. Definitely more Sabbath than Sepultura.

alternika

Soulsearcher
Do it to Me Again
Festival

I expected some soulful sounds as hinted by the name of the group, but no. This is basically the story of a person wanting another root, to a dance beat. One may be forgiven for thinking this is a touch repetitive given that they repeat the title of the song 18 times in this 3 1/4 minute song. If that is not enough they have put another five remixes on. My advice, they should come-back in a couple of years when they have solved their problem, call themselves 'soulfound-it', and try again.

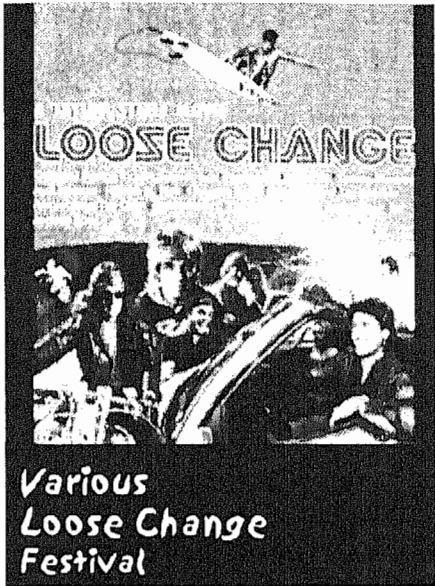
Ashes to Ashes

Sting
Desert Rose
AM/Universal

It appears that in this latest outing of one of my parent's favourite performers, Sting, (I did it for them, honestly), he has found a creative choral vocal arrangement that sounds quite interesting and good, until it's third repetition. The over-use of the melodic 'a-de-la-dey' gets rather irritating. The chorus runs into the verses, mainly because they're both the same. Overall, it is a quality track (for contemporary the music composition is of suprising high quality), but the repetition brings it down. Then again, knowing today's pop, it'll have everyone singing along, therefore possibly making it popular. It's a sad world.

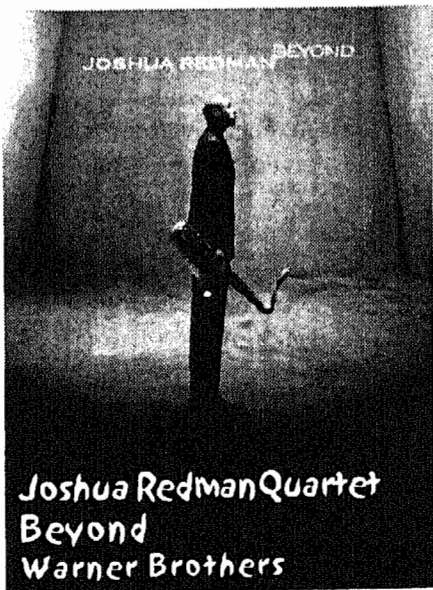
alternika

But she's been off that medicine



Loose Change, the soundtrack to the new Taylor Steele movie, is out featuring Sprung Monkey, Pennywise and Blink 182. Not being a 'surfer dude' I've never heard of Taylor Steele before but apparently he is a god of surf movies and he has helped launch the careers of a ton of bands. The soundtrack to his new movie features a couple of well known bands as well as a few unknown. It's mostly punk rock songs and although I'm usually not into that sort of stuff the songs on the soundtrack are pretty good. The obvious standout track is Sprung Monkey's 'American Made' which seriously goes off, no wonder it's the lead track, 'Heads are Gonna Roll' by Rockets From The Crypt is probably the second best song on the album closely followed by Blink 182's 'Dancing With Myself'. This album is a definite for anyone into the surfer scene and worth a listen for everyone else, it's like gnarly dude.

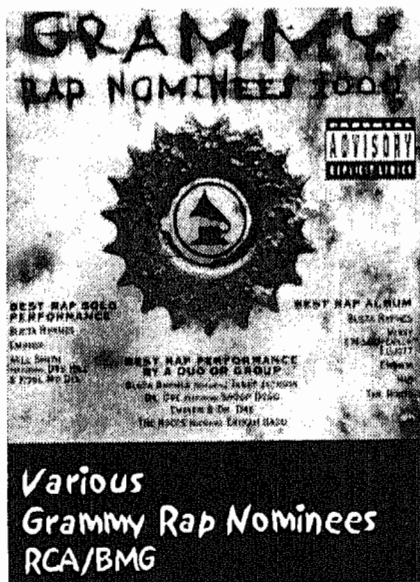
Gareth Sharp



I really like jazz for the fact that it makes such terrific background music. I used to put jazz CDs on when my ladyfriend came around so that she would think I was cool. Now I put jazz on when her parents come over for dinner so that I can impress them in a similar

manner. Did it work? Oh yes. Now, don't get traditional jazz confused with contemporary jazz. Very different things. Trad jazz is happy-grandpa-spinning-bow-tie music. Contemporary jazz ranges from one man playing a trumpet to a group of smooth cats blasting away at some frenetic pace. What we have here lies in between the two. Josh Redman plays tenor sax and is backed by Aaron Goldberg on piano, Ruben Rogers on bass and Gregory Hutchinson on drums. Let me tell you, Josh knows how to play. I remember when he used to get lessons off my late Uncle Jimmy (god bless) when he was just 6 years old. He could wail with the best of them at that age and he's improved out of sight since then. His mum used to come over after her Wednesday shopping trips and describe to me how he'd just got first chair or how he won such and such a competition. I knew back then he was going to go places and so he has. What he's created here is one of the finest achievements in background music this century. Yes, there is more to jazz than its ability to inject coolness into any situation, only I don't see it and I don't care either. I don't look past the utility value I derive from it because I'm a superficial, sad old man who likes to think he can impress people by the type of music he puts on when they come around.

Major W.G. Strapnort (Esq)



Grammy Rap Nominees 2000? This was always going to be a mongrel of an album. Who the hell came up with this idea? This CD is a Frankenstein's monster of styles grafted together to serve the juggernaut that is cross marketing. Ugly stuff. Busta Rhymes' unique flow sees his nomination in all three award categories (Solo, Collaboration, Album). Of tracks included here the solo effort 'Gimme Some More' is a superior purist hip hop effort that far exceeds

his awkward collaboration with Janet Jackson 'What's It Gonna Be?!'. Veteran Dr Dre makes 3 appearances, 2 with current protege Eminem, the third with former acolyte Snoop Dogg. Eminem is his usual profane/insane comedic self while Snoop is all blunted gangsterisms. lladelph's The Roots crop up twice, once with nouveau diva Erykah Badu on the Rap-RnB-live drum'n'bass fusion of 'You Got Me', and once by their lonesomes on 'The Next Movement'. Do you sense a pattern emerging? This compilation suffers from a lack of variety: Four artists feature more than once. If other nominated tracks were included (Q-Tip, & 2 Pac namely) this would feel less like a label sampler album. If you like the artist, you have their tracks already, and there isn't enough variety otherwise to justify acquiring this release. Oh yeah- They included Wild Wild West. Damn. Give me a gun.

Fish



Oscarlima's album *Desert Caravan* is great - if you're in the market for a bit of pub rock/pop that does not really 'push the musical envelope'. (Not that there's anything wrong with that) Elroy Falcon, Charlie Lima and Sven Grinner have produced an easy listening album, which contains a couple of standout tracks but nothing too spectacular. 'If You Wanna Be My Friend', which is receiving a lot of airplay on JJJ, is probably the liveliest song on the album. 'Deep In My Hear' is one track to avoid - it reminded me of an out of work cabaret singer who's been smoking pot with Kenny Rogers. However, on the whole, Oscarlima's *Desert Caravan* is an enjoyable album. Especially, if you're looking for a few nice, slow tunes. 'Big City', 'Wasting Time' and 'Bare Hands' are among the finer songs to be found on the album. Beware of the hidden track.

Jen

The Singles Bar

Boy Wunda
Everybody
Manifesto/Universal

Everyone with even a passing interest in house ought to know this track by now. The Boy Wunda is the resident DJ at UK club Progress, recently voted best club in the UK. This high-energy progressive house track is currently a dancefloor favourite as well as being thrashed on Fresh FM, and deserves to be amongst the biggest house anthems of the year.

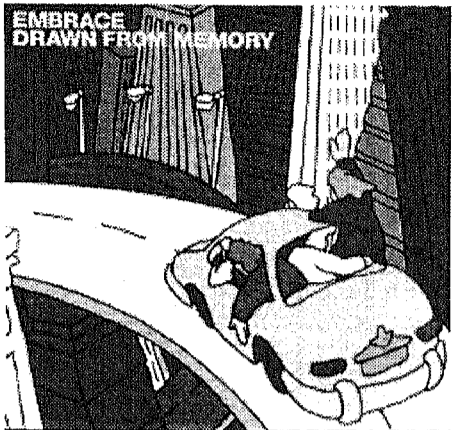
Chris
Bardot
Poison
WEA

Well, well, well. The plastic powder - pop princesses themselves! Freshly primped, polished and packaged into a glossy format: user-friendly Bardot have thrust their glycerine coated single 'Poison' into the public domain. If you weren't amongst the hyperventilating, screeching fifteen year olds at Marion shopping centre, for the group's brief performance, or a devout follower of the TV series, WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU? Get your act together, and get your hands on a copy of 'Poison' this instant. You too can join the throngs going crazy for the latest metamorphosis of manufactured, money and marketing orientated music - and find yourself the proud owner of a shiny new coffee coaster. Just remember they '...can be Poison'.

Jen
Cypress Hill
Superstar
Soul Assassins/Sony

Notably, I'm not a big hip hop fan, but the fact that 'Insane in the Brain' is addictive, and frequent airplay of this single has attracted me to this track. The music underneath it all is the true victor of this track (the lyrics get extremely a bit tedious) as it is heavy when appropriate, and reminiscent of some of rock's lost classics. The subject of the song seems to be the ego-deflating that happens *after* a hip hop 'star' realises they aren't gods gift to bad rhyming. It's a welcome change in this era of Will Smith etc. I recommend this track for the Korn, Limp Bizkit groupies out there who may find it similar to their style.
alternika

For almost fifteen days



Embrace
Drawn from memory
Hut/Mobeta/Virgin

Embrace are a sweet sounding Brit-pop band which have not had the promotion that rival groups such as Oasis and the newly championed Travis, have received. This being said, Embrace fill this disc very elegantly, with a mix of similar yet not monotonous sounds and lyrical subject matter. The production seems similar to many of the Brit-pop groups, which, give a slightly airy and soft feeling to the listener. It is not a bad thing at all and makes radio play sound quite refined.

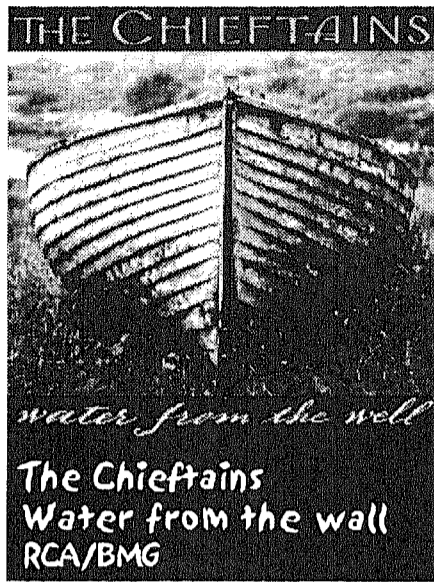
Songs such as the radio played 'You're Not Alone', are very likeable, and offer a nice vocal stream and a rousing brass backing that makes the piece very big-sounding. The current Aussie single 'Hooligan' is a strange choice, which sees a great deal of influence from presumably Beck's later offerings. The loose and lazy sound of the track makes for an uneasy chart song, which, combined with the repetitious lyrical drawl, seems both odd for an English group as well as being perhaps misguided as the Australian single.

Songs such as 'Save Me' are very full of rhythm, and the track is groovy and danceable, however, the lyric '...plasticenic work of art..' looks to be a quick attempt at toughening up an otherwise predictable lyric.

Softer moments such as 'Liars Tears' are a nice attempt to put those difficult emotions of love lost and love won into words, but while the songs are sweet-sounding, they are not convincing.

Embrace, while sounding good, don't really give the impression that they are achieving much in their music, in that the songs often seem to be purposely under stated, in a way possibly best described as 'I am sure I have heard this before' It is amazing how a dose of British sensibility and reality can make a big difference in the current climate of vulgar musical sham.

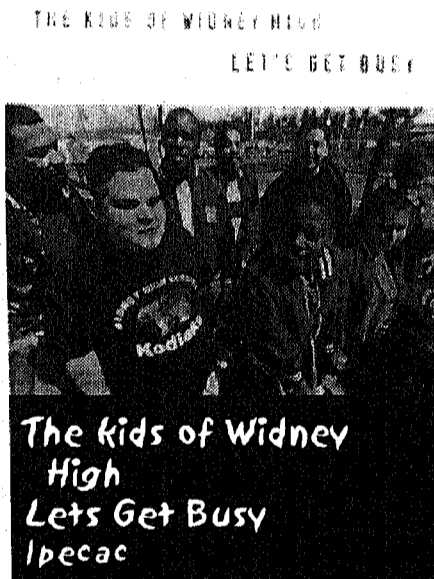
Case C. Sinclair



The Chieftains
Water from the well
RCA/BMG

The Chieftains proclaim to be the cornerstone of Irish music success, paralleling their long term success with that of the likes of U2 and the Cranberries. The group have been playing and recording their own special mix of Irish folk. This record is a musical journey around their beloved homeland. It is a pleasant mix of those quaint Irish sounds, but as the tracks are renditions of mostly traditional or regional favourites, some listeners may have heard it all before. For the average younger progressive music fan, this album is destined to be too light and drawn out.

Case C. Sinclair

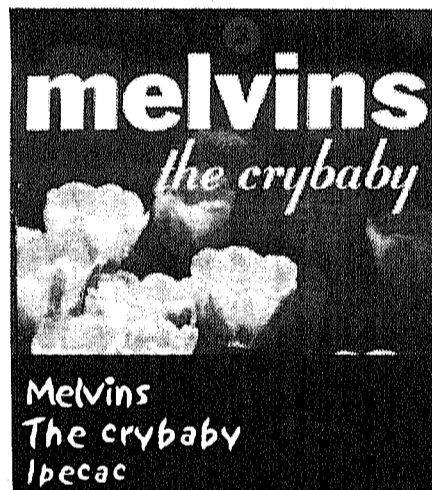


The Kids of Widney High
Let's Get Busy
Ipecac

This had got to be one of the most inspirational albums ever made. *The Kids of Widney High* is basically exactly how it sounds; they are the kids from a songwriting class at Widney High, Los Angeles. The only difference is that this public school caters for the disabled and, as such, is termed a 'special education' school. But don't be fooled; this isn't something to be scoffed at. There is a good reason why these guys were offered a spot on Ipecac's A&R list, not to mention the fact that they opened for many Mr. Bungle shows last year throughout America. The music on this album is all original (bar one track) and is full of energy and

enthusiasm. Quite frankly, it puts most of today's commercial crap to shame. This music is honest and from the heart as opposed to market-oriented groups that rely on corporate 'fat-cat' decisions. Who could honestly listen to 'Cowboy Brown' without happily tapping along and losing themselves in childhood memories? Musically most tracks have an up-beat and fun feel, which would be perfect music for any party. Of special note is the quasi-cover of 'Respect' in which the lyrics have been rewritten making the song an 'anthem for those with disabilities' - 'You stop and stare, and that's not cool, I have feelings just like you, all we're asking is for a little respect.' Other highlights include 'Pretty Girls' in which male members express their desires for members of the opposite sex and the energetic 'Let's Get Busy'. These albums generally rely on government funding so praise must also be given to Ipecac for putting their money where their mouth is and releasing 'honest' product.

Jorm

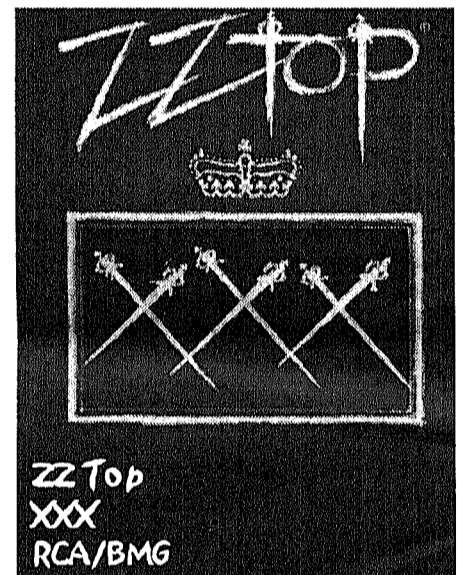


Melvins
The crybaby
Ipecac

The third installment in the recent Melvins trilogy, following *The Maggot* and *The Bootlicker*, sees them delivering a slightly different album from the previous two. For this release the band decided to collaborate with fellow musicians on a mixture of new original songs and some interesting covers versions. The album kicks off with possibly the weirdest cover ever recorded; Leif Garrett doing 'Smells Like Teen Spirit'. Even though the Melvins provide the music (keeping the song as close to the original as possible) it is hard to take Leif seriously. It's not that there is anything that wrong with the cover but maybe this is one of those songs that should never be attempted by anyone except the late Mr. Cobain. From there on in though the music becomes much more experimental and dark. David Yow performs vocals on the Jesus Lizard's own 'Blockbuster' as well as an interesting and brutal collaboration called 'Dry Drunk'. Fans of Mike

Patton will also appreciate his collaboration with bassist Kevin Rumantis on the disjointed 'GI Joe'. Of special note is the cover of 'Divorced' performed by Tool. The only word that can be used to describe this track is 'epic'. At almost 15 minutes in length with plenty of atmospheric 'noise' and a three-minute long drum solo this song is worth the purchase price alone. Two tracks of country music are also provided by one of the most unlikely pairings in music, Hank Williams III and Henry Bogdan (from Helmet). To end off this pot-pourri of styles Kevin Sharp of Brutal Truth fame shows his experimental side on 'Moon Pie', yet another collaboration with Buzz. A must for not only for Melvins fans but also for people after something a little different.

Jorm



ZZ Top
XXX
RCA/BMG

Billy, Dusty and Frank are back in the saddle doing what they do best. Yep, folks those crazy folk from ZZ Top are at it again with their new album XXX or triple X universal symbol for hardcore uncensored material.

They brought us 'La Grange', 'Legs', 'Sleeping Bag', a cover of 'Viva Las Vegas' and other winners in mostly the same manner; swampy fuzzed out guitar driven boogie tinged with blues. XXX fits this niche neatly while incorporating new elements into this basic structure which is proudly proclaimed down the spine of the packaging "•drums•bass• and•fuzzy guitar".

XXX seems to incorporate some sampling into their riff-driven songs, especially in songs such as 'dreadmonboogaloo' while some structure experimentation occurs in songs such as 'beatbox' and 'trippin'. Bass does seem to be all-pervading on XXX and it provides most of the backbone for the songs.

Unsurprisingly XXX will not change too many people's minds regarding ZZ Top but they are not the one-dimensional boogie band they are made out to be.

If it's the Classifieds, we are at the end.

Balancing Family and Relationship Commitments with Study

When: Tuesday 9 May, 1.10 - 2.00pm

Where: Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building

Presenter: Mark O'Donoghue
Book now on 8303 5663 or call in.

History Department Research Seminars

The Adelaide Uni History Department will be holding a series of research seminars this semester, on Mondays at 1.10pm in Napier 420.

March 27: Professor Trevor Wilson, Department of History, University of Adelaide: 'The impact of industrialization on warfare: the experience of the first world war'.

April 10: Professor John Perkins, School of Economics, University of New South Wales: 'A place in the sun?' Nazi foreign policy and Australia, 1933-1939'.

May 8: Dr Lynn Martin, Department of History, University of Adelaide: 'Alcohol and the clergy'.

May 22: Dr Roger Knight, Department, University of Adelaide: 'The ghost who ran a sugar factory'.

May 29: Dr Peter Burns, Department of History, University of Adelaide: 'One hundred years of Malaysian history'.

Law Week 2000

The School of Law warmly welcomes school students, parents, teachers and tertiary students to a discussion which it is holding as part of its contribution to Law Week 2000, an event organised by the South Australian Institute of Justice Studies, which will run from May 15-19.

'Law - a Career for Life' will be an informal information and discussion session covering entry to, life during, and life after law school. It will be held on Wednesday 17 May between 5.30 and 7.00pm at Lecture theatre 2, The Law School, North Terrace, University of Adelaide.

Speaking will be Laila Djemailovic, the President of the Law Students' Society, Mark Griffin, a Barrister, Dr John Williams, a Senior Lecturer in Law and Convenor of the Law School's Selection Committee and Sue Disley, School Registrar.

Parking is available on campus after 4.30pm in 'white lined' areas only, at a cost of \$4.00. Tickets are available for purchase from the machine at Gate 22A, North Terrace.

For further details, and to notify group attendance, please contact Corinne McNamara (ph: 8303 4020).

Learn Deep Relaxation

When: Every Monday for Semester One, 1.10 - 2.00pm

Where: Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Bldg
Presenter: Mark O'Donoghue
Book now on 8303 5663 or call in.

Netball Club

Adelaide University Netball Club Umpires Wanted.

If interested in umpiring for a young and dynamic club for above average rates, please contact Carolyn on 82977294 or Kelly on 83362034.

Housing Available

There is housing available for Low-Income Students.

We currently have rooms available in Non-Collegiate Housing on a share-house basis.

Non-collegiate Housing is for students with low incomes who cannot afford other housing, or whose personal circumstances warrant this accommodation.

If you think you may be eligible for this type of housing, please call into Student Care, located on the ground floor of the Lady Symon Building, and pick up an application form from either the Housing Officer or one of the three Education Welfare Officers.

Pride Week

A joint project of NUS-SA, USASA, SAFU and SAUA, May 8th-12th 2000.

Monday 8th May: Adelaide Uni, Band on the Barr Smith Lawns @ 1pm.

Tuesday 9th May: Uni SA (City West), Art show/exhibition in the Atrium, Yungondi Building from 7pm.

Wednesday 10th May: Uni SA (Magill), Picnic on the Lawns with the Picnic Society, games, food and frivolity.

All week: fun things queer will be on all campuses all week to celebrate life, love and diversity.

Contact NUS-SA for further details on 359 2455.

Research Participants Needed

The Psychology Department needs research participants for research into stress and headache. Participants will have sensory and cardiovascular sensitivity assessed and

receive some questionnaires to take home.

Participants will be compensated \$10.

Contact Stuart Cathcart on 8303 5849 or uahms@hotmail.com.

Sleep Research

For National Science Week this year a national sleep research project is being conducted.

All Australians are invited to keep a 7-day Sleep Diary in April/May 2000, and submit their findings to a central database. Through the Australian Sleep Association (at Royal North Shore Hospital, Sydney) the data will go to the World Health Organisation, contributing to its current Worldwide Project on Sleep and Health.

The data collected will be used to

develop specific programs to identify and deal with sleep problems and disorders in different regions of the world. Five billion people go through the cycle of sleep and wakefulness every day, and relatively few of them know the joy of being fully rested and fully alert all day long. For more information, check out abc.net.au/science/sleep or the Worldwide Project on Sleep and Health website at <http://www.worldsleep.org/wpsh.html>.

Witnesses Needed

Did you see this accident? Thursday 13th April 2000, between 4.30 and 5pm at intersection of North Terrace and Frome Street.

White Toyota Cressida and Ford Escort involved in accident.

Contact Carol on 8242 4856.

on dit

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

On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. Whilst the editors have complete and unfettered editorial control, as is their Constitutional obligation, the opinions expressed herein may not be their own.

Editors

Dale F Adams
Eva O'Driscoll
Darien O'Reilly

Photographer
Peter McKay

She likes three day weeks
Fiona Dalton

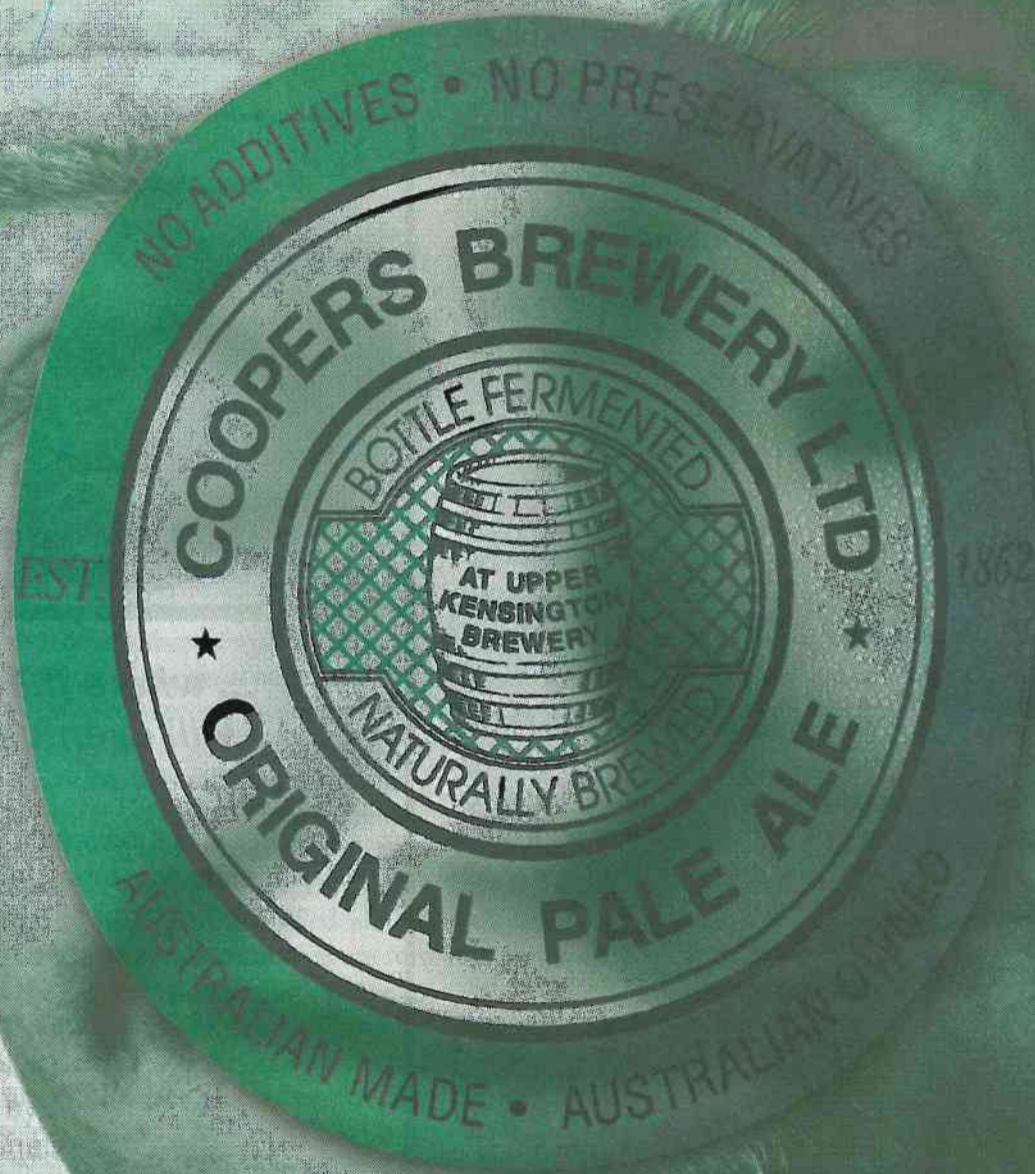
Printing
Cadillac Printing

Ta muchly

Kittens for being so damn cute, Sam for bringing them down, jeremy j for putting us on the door, the Rob Roy for selling alcohol, Kate for that thing she does, the Chardonnays for whupping Portland arse, Farley for some sterling work, Jayne for proofing like there's no tomorrow, Mercedes for the vitriol, spj5 for the, well, vitriol, Mullighan for the keys, Dale's new house for being really neat, Roma's for selling yummy yuppie shite, Milli Vanilli Pengilly, our new printer for being sexy, and a great big rosy fuck you to Dale's old landlady who is, frankly, an abysmal human being.

So you want to contact us?

You can find us in the basement of the George Murray Building; post to us c/o University of Adelaide, SA, 5005; call us on 08 8303 5404 or 08 8303 6490; fax 08 8223 2412; or email ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au, which we'll check just as soon as we finish internet gambling with the students' money (it's not like there's any checks or anything ...)



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