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Version 68.2 28.02.2000

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UNIVERSITY OF
22 JUN 2000

“O’what a week!”

Editorial

The Monday morning of Orientation Week saw the release of the SAUA Survival Guide, as we have come to expect - a publication seemingly consisting of nothing but an O'Week timetable and reams of advertising. One of those advertisements, featured on the inside front cover, details the various services the Students' Association offers its members.

This is not the issue of concern to us - as a SAUA publication, it seems reasonable that this information be conveyed to its readers in the Survival Guide. However, a short paragraph appears in this advertisement under the heading of 'legal service'. It proclaims the existence of a 'free legal service for Adelaide University students every Wednesday' that 'provides advice regarding tenancy problems, debt or general legal advice'.

What is of concern to us is the trumpeting of a service that may well have a very brief future lifespan in an official SAUA publication.

At the SAUA Council meeting of 14 February it was revealed that approximately \$5,000 needs to be found in an already tight budget to guarantee the continuation of this service. Apparently, due to the debt incurred by the 1999 Orientation Ball the cost for the service was picked up by the Union last year, and it simply hasn't been budgeted for this year.

Council then passed a motion to 'support' finding the necessary funds; however, your councillors refused to pass a motion that would 'commit' to do so. They also admitted that they had no idea how to go about finding the money, before freeing up several hundred dollars for each of the SAUA departments to produce t-shirts. Two weeks earlier SAUA Council had granted \$250 to NUSSA to fund its Orientation Handbooks which, to this date, have not been seen.

The implication of this motion is clear. Whilst SAUA Council agrees that the free legal service is an important facility for all students (indeed, some individuals admitted to having used it themselves in the past), they refuse to guarantee its future. SAUA Council debated this motion for over 15 minutes with nobody seeming to deny the validity of the service but nobody wanting to firmly commit to its future. One would have thought that SAUA Council would have directed the Activities and Campaigns Vice President to investigate, indeed organise, bar nights and other fundraising ventures to fund the Legal Service. The 'support' mentioned in their motion can only be described as wishy-washy, and smacks of lip service at best.

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Further concern over Conservatorium

By Kerry Hennessey

On Tuesday morning a couple of hundred music students turned up to a preliminary lecture to discover the rumours we had heard all summer were true. It is possible that from as early as next year the Elder Conservatorium of Music/Department of Music Studies will not exist. Following the preliminary lecture, I accessed a copy of the Review and the Elder Conservatorium's official response to the report. Thank you to Steve for bringing the SAUA's concerns at the proposed changes, but there are a couple of points I would like to clarify and focus on from a music student's perspective.

Recommendation One and Five:

That Flinders Street School of Music and Elder Conservatorium merge to form a new entity, located at a site yet to be identified, but excluding current premises of either.

That a sum of at least \$10 million be set aside for the establishment of the new School, plus the current commitment from Uni of Adelaide and Adelaide Institute of TAFE to continue for a minimum period of 5 years.

Yeah, okay. Even the Conservatorium agrees a merger could be positive for music education in this state. After all, two music schools for a population of 1 million is a tad excessive. However, I don't understand the insistence of the Review on finding a new site, when all the resources are here at the University. While some of the current facilities are not spectacular and sub-standard (eg the jazz studios), the financial cost involved in refurbishing a totally new venue will be horrendous, far in excess of the proposed minimum of \$10 million.

Let us pause to note the costs of the building/refurbishment of other music schools in Australia. The Sydney Conservatorium cost \$100 million to construct, and the refurbishment of the Australian Institute of Music (also in Sydney) cost \$30 million. Yes, the \$10 million figure is a minimum, but the cost is going to far exceed the Review's expectations. Where will the funding come from as the price heads towards \$30 million? Who can afford to take the risk?

The next question to be answered is what site does the Review committee have in mind? Somewhere along the North Terrace Arts Precinct, I believe. Previous recommendations (such as the Anderson Inquiry of 1978 and the Beasley Report of 1990) have identified the current Kintore Avenue/North Terrace venue as ideal. The Review claims the current buildings are too spread out (a whole 5 minute walk from the Schultz building to the Con doors). The Review also skims over the everyday use of Elder Hall by implying it is a professional performance

venue only, and should remain that way. In fact, Elder Hall is used daily for workshops, performance classes, and rehearsals. The music school needs to remain in close proximity to this venue (and Scott Theatre for the jazz students) to continue successful performance practice. In recent years the University has also spent close to \$1 million in refurbishing the Performing Arts Technology Unit and the 9th and 11th floors of the Schultz building. With the lack of funding in the coffers, to not continue using these facilities is irresponsible at best. Adding to that, we also have an extensive library on Kintore Avenue, which is a part of the Barr Smith (ie university) Library. If the schools amalgamate and move, what will happen to our access to this library?

Recommendation Three:

That a Board of Management be established to run the Elder School of Music, containing equal representation from both educational sectors (the university and the government)

The Review states that the new school 'should not be part of any University faculty or any other existing structure', but is later ambiguous in its meanings. While the above quote seems to say nay to the university, the Review still expects the university to provide 3 of the members for the Board, and to continue funding for at least the next 5 years. The 'director' will fulfil the role of a Dean, and an Elder 'Professor' will also be appointed. Hmmmm, this is starting to sound rather like a university faculty don't you think? The Review is calling for a 'new identity' for the school, yet it relies on the old institutions to be maintained at the current level, without the direct input.

Recommendation Ten:

That the resources of performance bodies within Adelaide be fully utilised by the new School as an integral part of its educational processes. Well, duh, people. The Australian String Quartet is already based with us at Adelaide University. Members of the State Opera Chorus of South Australia teach at the Conservatorium, as do other very talented performers of both jazz and classical music. Popular composers teach Composition and Music Education and Music History subjects within the Bachelor degree. Many orchestral students are used to beef up the numbers in the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra when required. The Elder Conservatorium Symphony Orchestra, The Elder Wind Ensemble, the Adelaide University Choral Society and the Adelaide Connection jazz choir are just a few of the ensembles run by the Conservatorium that have established names for themselves in Adelaide and around Australia. The Wind Ensemble has just been invited



The Elder Conservatorium, yesterday and (inset) last week.

to perform in Switzerland, July 2001. The Adelaide Connection also organise their own overseas tours. All music students enrol in such ensembles for the practical experience they provide in performing and organising concerts. The ensembles work with renowned conductors who are in demand around Australia. Come on people, the Conservatorium is a performance body in itself, and we already utilise many of the resources of Adelaide professional bodies on top of that.

Recommendation Eight:

That a review of the overall staffing profile for the proposed school be initiated before the new management structures are implemented, with the intent to move away from full time staff to sessional and part time staff. The merger of two institutions will naturally mean unnecessary doubling up of some staff as it is. In 1998 the Elder Conservatorium and the Department of Music Studies merged to reduce expenses. The Conservatorium also reduced the number of full time teaching staff in favour of part timers. This resulted in a lot of students, myself included, having to swap instrumental teachers half way through their degrees. In this type of study, where 1:1 tuition is irreplaceable and the rapport with your teacher is vital, the availability of teaching staff simply cannot be sacrificed.

The other worrying thing is that the review proposes the rearrangement of the entire staff from Flinders Street and the Con before the new board of management rocks up. Does this imply that management is not a necessary part of the overall structure? Or is it that teachers play such a small part in a school of music that management shouldn't have to deal with such pesky issues?? Are the management and the teaching aspects totally unrelated in the running of a school? Get real guys, the teachers and the administration staff have to

work TOGETHER. Anyone who has ever been part of a concert, or a performance examination, or hey, enrolled in a university subject, knows that you spend half the time running betwixt the two because they are interrelated. Surely we should get the management ball rolling first, as they should play an active role in all the issues the new school will provide.

Recommendation Eleven:

That the new school investigates the potential of revenue raising options suggested by the Review Committee under Term of Reference Six, and any other options that may present themselves in the future.

Are we here to learn or run lamington drives? How does the Arts faculty support itself? Or the Law department? How about Economics and Commerce? Then again, exactly where in the Review does it mention students? The ones who the School revolves around? Let's just check the Review to see how many students they talked to... that would be 6 students out of approximately 206 students from Flinders Street and 3 (classical music only I believe) students out of about 406 students from the Con (figures taken from the Review, based on 1998 student enrolments). So we're talking immense changes to Tertiary Music Education and Training in South Australia, having interviewed 9 students out of 606.

Yay - let's be progressive and pro-active and pro-whatever else and review the courses. A merger between the Flinders Street School of Music and the Elder Conservatorium could well be beneficial for tertiary music in Adelaide. But let's be realistic - the simple financial expectations of this Review are inadequate and its direction is ambiguous.

You will find a copy of the Review of Tertiary Music Education and Training in South Australia on the web at http://www.adelaide.edu.au/DVC/reviews/music_review.html

What is the knowledge economy?

By Georgie Hambrook

Politicians and higher education technocrats these days ritually speak of the 'knowledge economy' (and 'globalisation') and of the pivotal role higher education must play if Australia is to take advantage of both.

But what is this and how do I, as a university student, get some (both knowledge and economy)?

In the last edition of *Adelaidean*, Vice Chancellor Mary O'Kane wrote of 'knowledge being the most important commodity in the world, [that] those countries that have the most knowledge, who can create knowledge, who can use knowledge, will be the most wealthy and socially stable'. To this end, she continued, pursuit of knowledge via education (both vocational and academic) should be a continuing objective of all Australians - and thus not just the preserve of those who can afford it.

This is all very laudable, but the cost of knowledge - and indeed the definition of 'knowledge' - remains a very contentious issue.

Uni students are of course acutely aware of this Federal government's increases in HECS by between 35% to 125%, and also the real decline of direct funding to universities (Australia's public investment levels in education sees it bumping along the bottom of OECD tables, which is worrying considering the tradition and extent of State funding of tertiary education).

And the question of increased privatisation via greater student-centred funding attracted headline news last October with the leaking of Dr Kemp's plan for a kind of voucher scheme in which government funding would take the form of student loans with real interest rates.

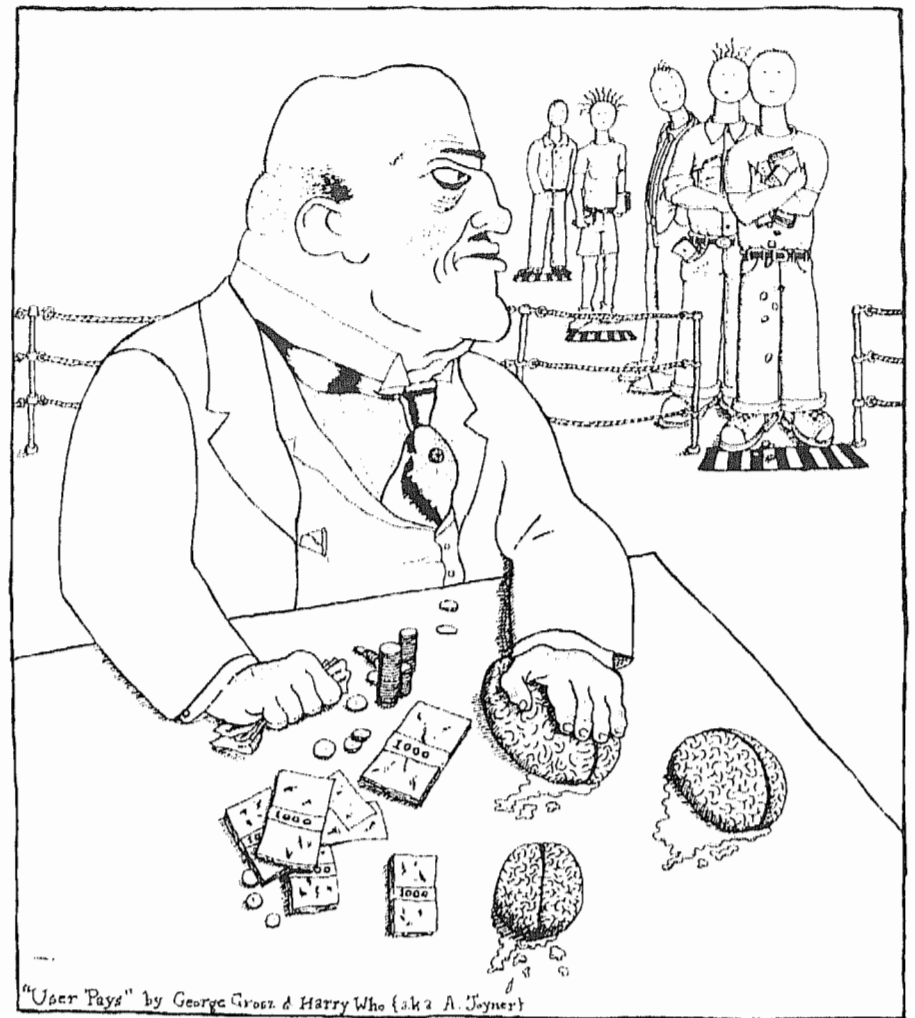
Recently, these issues were addressed by the Vice-Chancellor of Murdoch University, Steven

Schwartz, who delivered a speech about the Australian university sector entitled 'The last socialist enterprise' in which he sought to address the 'policy vacuum' which is the distinguishing feature of higher education at the moment. The response in the letters pages of various newspapers which carried his speech has been overwhelmingly adverse.

In his speech Schwartz predictably bemoaned the shackles that government places on universities with respect to funding arrangements, and the policy of treating Australia's universities equally 'no matter how good or how weak they are, no matter whether they teach obscure courses or popular ones ... the government protects the less popular universities and the less popular courses'.

He advocated the view that students should be characterised as 'consumers' and 'customers' and that 'universities will have to be market and customer-orientated' in which the popular universities or the popular courses would be able to take advantage of that popularity by accepting all those who want to enrol and can pay the price attached to popularity. Deregulation is necessary, according to Schwartz, if Australian universities are to remain relevant in what is now (courtesy of a communications revolution) a global education sector.

As customer, the student would receive the (means-tested) government funding - not the university - thus creating a kind of portable patronage (buttressed by scholarships, targeted government subsidies, and income contingent repayments like HECS) in which the customer can study anywhere as and when their consuming impulse dictates. It would also enable the university - as distinct from its academics - to set the agenda about



what people need to know according to the technocrats' and marketing consultants' identification of the education market's niches and demands - between high price restricted access institutions and low-price high volume institutions; research versus vocational training. The characterisation of the student as 'customer' raises interesting questions about the role and purpose of universities and the nature of their product - knowledge. Schwartz seems to construct knowledge according to the patronage it is given, rather than something which is intrinsically valuable irrespective of the size of the audience. The response of a couple of PhD students in the nation's press illustrates the point.

A correspondent to *The Age* wrote: 'God help us if higher education becomes purely customer driven. Many students have no idea what courses are about before they begin university studies (I know I didn't). For many students, it is sitting in those courses that Schwartz despises, the ones that "academic staff believe they have a right to teach", that open their eyes to entirely new avenues of study and thought. True, it is probably about time that we stopped that sort of thing happening: nobody wants a higher education system that stimulates students and inspires them to consider new ideas'.

Another correspondent to *The Australian's* Higher Education Supplement speculated that the customer-orientation would result in a kind of 'Show me the degree!' or 'The customer is always right' approach which sees 'cashed-up

dullards prodding the academics in the chest and saying, "Hey, I'm paying for this. Do I have to come to class, come on time, read the texts, participate in discussion, go to the lectures, write the essays, pass an exam which is a sign of having done these things? Just give me the f-ing degree!"

A more damning critique of Schwartz's understanding of the knowledge economy was provided by an American graduate who wrote to *The Age* that 'socialised education is the cornerstone of true democracy. If the American model of higher education is any indication of what privatised education will mean (and it surely is), let me dispel some of its myths. Yes, universities are free to expand their enrolments and teach whatever they please. They are also free to charge tuition that people cannot pay. Many students graduate with debt easily exceeding A\$60 000. The liberating effect of education is immediately nullified by the economic slavery that students are condemned to upon graduation ... [Also] Schwartz makes the common mistake of confusing citizens with customers. The two concepts are different. In a democracy, a citizen enjoys freedom and equality with his fellow countrymen. In the world of customers, those with money inevitably count for more than those without. The equality of citizenship acts as a balance to the disparity of wealth. Matters such as education are too important to the well-being of democracy for them to be carved up for the greed of investors.' And so it goes on ...

Coming Events

On the weekend of March 4th and 5th, there is to be a 'People's Conference' held at the University of Adelaide. The conference will explore issues surrounding Pangea company's proposed nuclear waste dump for outback SA.

The conference is a mixture of lectures, panel discussions and public forum.

Speakers include anti-nuclear campaigner Helen Caldicott, Pangea operating manager Dr Marcis Kurzeme, and assorted indigenous, environmental, and scientific representatives.

Topics to be discussed include the nature of the nuclear industry;

environmental and people's health; government, community and indigenous issues; and science and technology.

The Conference will be held in Lecture Theatre 101, Napier Building, University of Adelaide, starting 9am each day.

Tickets cost \$10 adult; \$6 concessions.

Booking is essential.

Contact details:

Telephone: Peter 8210 8172 (10am-4pm) or Laurie 8398 2245 (8am-8pm)

email: were@olis.net.au

Website: www.adhills.com.au/peoplesconference

SAUA and NUSSA in sex furore

By Dale F Adams

A furore was created on Tuesday during an Orientation drag show organised by, and to publicise, the SAUA Sexuality Department.

In an act that angered the Sexuality Department, members of the South Australian branch of the National Union of Students (NUSSA) distributed leaflets arguing against the drag show, which Matt Anderson, President of NUSSA, later described as being 'as offensive as having strippers on the campus'.

The leaflets themselves feature on one side a picture of noted transgender performer RuPaul, with the word 'DEGRADING!' superimposed across it. The text running underneath this image reads: 'THIS "WOMAN" IS NOT MY SISTER!'. The reverse of the leaflets feature four paragraphs of text under differing headings, each arguing against drag shows. The last of these paragraphs states that: 'The drag queens (sic) performace (sic) during O Week draws attention away from more serious and pressing issues which should be addressed by the SAUA Sexuality Department. Queer sexuality is not a joke. It is not something which should be laughed at and ridiculed'.

Alexis Tindall, NUSSA Women's Officer, later said that 'drag is the sort of thing that people sit around and laugh at, and never really think about what it entails. A group of us at NUS decided to produce a leaflet that explained as concisely as possible our problems with drag and distribute it during the show.' 'Transgenderism, I think, is a valid form of sexuality,' said Mr Anderson. 'But that's not what drag is about. Drag is about sexuality as performance and

attacking us,' said Mr Radzevicus. 'The rest of it's fine. I don't agree, but they're entitled to that opinion. But the way that it was done is poor.'

Also of concern to the Sexuality Department is the apparent lack of consultation from NUSSA prior to the production of the leaflets. Mr Radzevicus said that 'the first we heard about it was when [a leaflet] was handed to us that

sult with the Sexuality Officers regarding the drag show. When asked who had made this approach, Mr Anderson replied 'Ashley Richard and Kate Stryker, the [NUSSA] Sexuality Officers from the branch. When they approached them, the position of Tom and Amanda was that corporate sponsorship had already been assured, and that that fact overrode any political problems anyone else might have had'.

The Sexuality Department, however, believe that the show fitted nicely with the overall tone of Orientation Week. 'During O Week, no-one wants to be weighed down with anything too heavy, and that was the whole point. It was just a bit of fun. They're great entertainers, they put on a great show. And they *are* a lifestyle, they *are* a valid form of sexuality,' said Mr Radzevicus. 'We had them last year and the response was great. The crowd loved them, and we thought it would be a great way to attract some publicity for the department,' said Ms Camporeale.

THIS "WOMAN" IS NOT MY SISTER!

theatre, and as something to be ridiculed and laughed at [by a straight audience]'. SAUA Sexuality Officers, Amanda Camporeale and Tom Radzevicus, said that they take particular exception to the last paragraph of the leaflets. 'We have no problem with what is written, until it gets to the last paragraph, when they start

morning.'

'Why couldn't we put forward a case as to why [the drag show] is good, why it's valid? Why can't we just work together?' said Ms Camporeale.

NUSSA, however, claim that an attempt was indeed made to con-

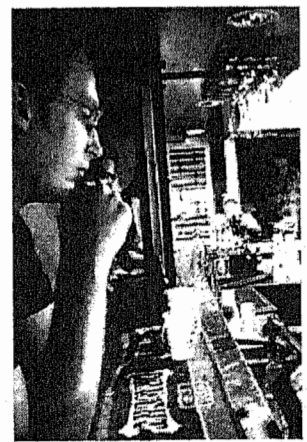
UniBar



UniBar Meal Deal \$5.50
Schnitzel & chips,
butcher of West End/ Pepsi
and a chocky bar



UniBar Happy Hours
Thurs 4.30 - 5.30pm
Fri 5.00 - 7.00pm



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

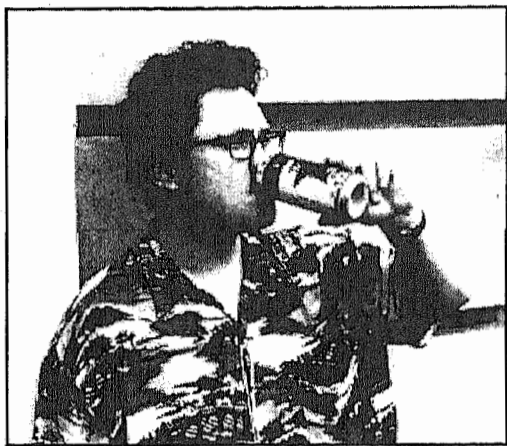


...the only place to meet on campus...

O'BALL 2000: In pursuit of a free drink,

By Dale F Adams

If there's one thing I have learnt in my twenty-odd years on this planet, it is that an Access All Areas pass is never to be sneezed at. These suckers are to be cherished, clutched to one's bosom and abused the hell out of. When presented with a laminate, it behoves you to immediately see just how far it will get you, what ridiculous liberties it allows you to take, and how many free drinks it will get you.



I paid for this one. 4.40

Thus, when informed by one of our O'Ball directors that I was being given an AAA in return for a review of the night, I replied with a hearty 'fetch me my shotgun and bring hither the barrel o' fish'. What follows is a tale of a man, a photographer, a few bands and the eternal search for a free drink.

4.15 pm

One of the directors tackles me in the *On Dit* office and hands me two media passes. Media, not AAA.

This is not the way I had envisaged my O'Ball experience beginning.

I look at him blankly for a few seconds, and point out that these are not actually the passes I was promised. He looks at me equally blankly for a while, and tells me to go to the SAUA office to change them over, and promptly walks off. Sigh.

I go to the SAUA office,



Grinspoon say 'Where's the Moet?'

somehow suspecting that this is not going to be easy. The bright young thing behind the desk informs me that she simply can't let me swap my passes over, as she's not even allowed to touch the laminates. She tells me that I should come back with a director. I reason-

ably point out that the directors are running around like so many headless chickens, and probably wouldn't appreciate the interruption. I suspect that this person is on the verge of telling me to fuck off, when someone

walks in and recognises me. I am promptly given my AAA passes. I wander off, muttering something about the power of the media.

After fortifying myself with a quick lager, I leave the inner sanctum of the *On Dit* office to have a looksee at what's going on. I head to the cloisters, where I expect to see the start of Superheist's set. I am instead greeted with the sight of a rather young man with a guitar alone on stage, soundchecking. Reasoning that this is perhaps not worth watching, I decide to do something about my rather dry throat.

Determined not to pay for a drink all night, I have squirreled away a small stash of refreshments in the *On Dit* office. However, I have neglected to bring a drink with me. Too lazy

to go back and get one now, I swallow my pride and decide to buy a drink.

At the downstairs bar, I am informed that a can of vodka and lemon concoction will cost me \$5.50. I hand over my readies and decide that there is no way that I am going to buy another drink at that sort of price. (excerpt from notes: \$5.50? Last one for the night, fuck ya.)

5.15

After letting some guy in to the *On Dit* office to grab a t-shirt, I miss the start of Sunk Loto's set.

I wonder briefly what the hell happened to Superheist, and settle in to watch the rest of the set. For a bunch of young fellas they're pretty good, with a very tight rhythm section. They seem, however, pretty shat off with playing so early, and leave the stage in a storm of attitude, dropped mics and thrown guitars. They wander off to sign some autographs for a gaggle of young women, and I shout some abuse at them for their attitude. They don't seem too impressed by that.

5.40

A young woman walks past me

with 'Grinspoon' written on her leg in texta. I feel old, and resolve that, regardless of cost, I will buy another drink.

I wander back from the bar to see a bit of Superheist. They shit me immediately, as their stage banter doesn't really seem to extend beyond abusing the audience. There's something about a

bunch of folk calling an audience who have bellied up twenty bucks 'shit' that gets on my nerves.

Nevertheless, the lead singer geezer does come out with one cracker of line when he says: 'look at all you horny kids looking to pick up.' Never have I heard Orientation summed up so well.

6.30

After a quick trip down to the office to grab a drink, I decide that the time has come to head up to the UniBar. The photographer and I wander up to the security guy by the lift. He lets us past. No stairs for us tonight, thank Christ.

So far the AAA is working a treat.

We get to the Bar to be greeted with the sound of more soundchecking. Bastard.

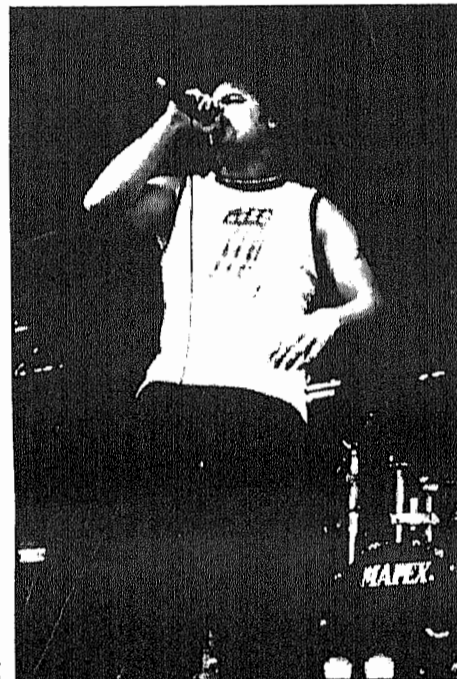
After a bit of hanging around the Gels start up, and praise the Lord. After Superheist all I really want to hear is some straight up guitar rock with

plenty o' pop sensibilities, and the Gels provide it in spades. The AAA gets me side of stage, the perfect viewpoint. Perfect, that is, until I run out of cigarettes. ACVP Adam Langman wanders past, so I steal one off him, and enjoy the rest of the set.

7.05

After a brief refreshments break, the photographer and I finally find the VIP room. Now *this* place was a good idea. (excerpt from notes: *Yes, I have found Nirvana.*)

With a plate of sandwiches and cold meats in front of me, I



The geezer from Superheist, probably swearing at the crowd. 7.35

settle down on the balcony and have a look at the punk stylings of 99 Reasons Why. Somehow I've never managed to see these guys before, but they impress the trousers off me. Tight as hell with good handle on a nice tune, they actually manage to be nice to the audience, which makes a pleasant change after Superheist.

I finally manage to drag myself away from the VIP room to have a looksee at Dial in the UniBar. I wander into the toilets, to be met with can only be described as a plethora of guys standing around smoking cones. I feel vaguely like I'm at a Pink Floyd gig, and wander out again.

Dial, quite simply, impress me. They're like a little ball of energy, with some stomping tunes and whole lotta good times. They are without question the best band I have seen so far.

8.20

After some pretty aimless wandering around, it abruptly occurs to me that I haven't even tried to get backstage. Resolving to rectify this fact immediately, the photographer and I head off to try to steal Grinspoon's rider (which, word has it, includes a couple bottles of Moet).

We wind our way through the audience, which takes a remark-

a skank, and a good time.

Photography by Peter McKay and Eva O'Driscoll

ably long time - the cloisters are fast becoming jam-packed. The security person at the side of stage lets the person in front of us through, even through they only have a media pass with 'AAA' scribbled on the back of it. She then looks at our passes, checks the back of them, and shakes her head at us.

It seems that she isn't going to let us through, purely on the basis of the fact that we haven't taken to the back of them with a magic marker.

I point at the my pass again with a hopeful look on my face. She stares at me for a second, throws her hands in the air, and lets us through.

Finally, I've made it backstage. My plans of hobnobbing with the bigwigs, however, are somewhat hampered by the fact that the backstage area is, to all extents and purposes, empty. No one is around. No one. I find a chair and sit down.

The photographer wanders off to take some crowd shots, and I take in a bit of 28 Days. They're fast, they're loud, the kids love 'em, but they just don't ring my bell - although that could perhaps be put down to the fact to my disappointment with the backstage environs.

8.50

Another refreshment break in the *On Dit* office. I settle back with a vodka, *Bleach* is on the stereo and the chatter is flowing freely. Suddenly, I feel no need whatsoever to go back outside and watch bands.

9.40

Predictably, I have wasted far too much time in the office. I successfully miss most of Bodyjar - an idea that doesn't worry me too much until I wander back outside and hear them ripping into a cover of They Might Be Giants' 'Racist Friend'. I manage to get side of stage just as the song ends. Bastard.

The remainder of the set is a hooter - I've seen this band a million times, but they always

seem to deliver. They know what they're doing - God knows they've been doing it for long enough - and they're just right up my alley.

By this stage the crowd - which has been growing at a frightening rate - are going what can only be described as mental, mental, chicken oriental. Nice to see the kids having a good time.

10.25

As I wander back down to the office for (you guessed it) refreshments, I hear the Tale of Security Guy #17. Apparently he saved a young woman who was getting mangled in the mosh. Having got her out of harm's way, he then made sure that she got some free food and a cola while she recovered.

Security Guy #17, I salute you.

10.45



Now that just isn't nice.

Having lost contact with the photographer (who is taking pictures by the main stage - damn her for doing her job), I wander into the bar. I promptly run into a couple of folk I know, and spend the next little while chatting away to them. Frankly, the pleasures of a good chat outweigh those of forcing my way through the teeming hordes to see a band, so I well and truly stay put. (excerpt from notes: *Why watch Grinspoon? I know where I'd rather be.*)

11.20

Having hooked up with the photographer again, we decide that the time has well and truly come to find a free drink or six. A minimum of investigation leads us to the band and helpers' room. Wandering past one the Porkers, who seems to polishing his trombone, we tackle the bar. The indefatigable Michael Hicks (always where the drinks are) comes through with the goods, and hands us a couple of Crowns. Drinks firmly in hand, we set off up to the bliss that is the VIP room.

Settling into a table on the balcony and nibbling on finger food, the beers are gone in no time. Still determined not to pay

to be having a kip on the floor. He doesn't wake up. Weird.

1.05



Dial givin' it up for the kids, largestyle.

12.20

We have stayed in Nirvana for too long, sipping our free drinks. Grabbing one for the road, we trundle down to the bar. By the lifts I manage to get interviewed by Channel [V], which is a strangely irritating experience. On entering the bar I am thrown into a wild panic

when I hear the glorious strains of ska and immediately think I'm missing the Porkers - the one band on the bill I really, really want to see. All is well again when I realise that it's the Seen, who proceed to impress me with their stomping good times tunes. I toddle off to the toilet. En route, some guy walks into me and successfully spills my (admittedly free) drink. Shit.

The loos are once again wall to wall dope smoke, and on my way back I fall over.

Double shit.

I look around frantically to see what I have tripped over, and realise that the cause of my calamity was some guy who appears

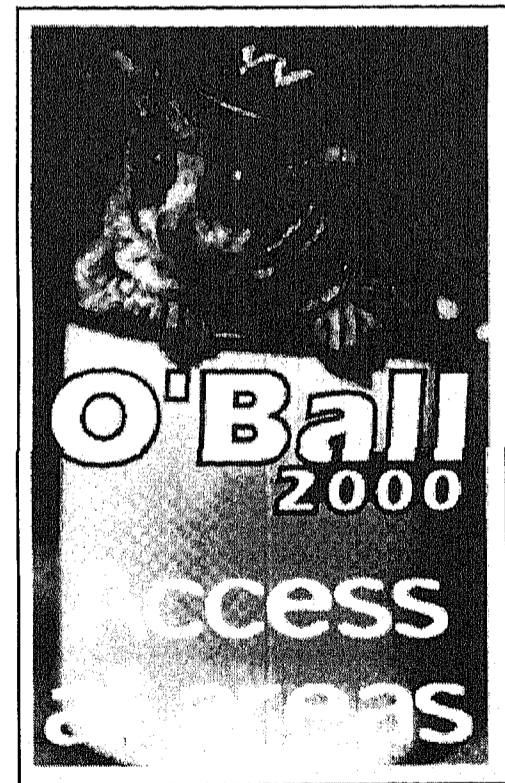
bass player from the Seen - opens stubbies of Crown with his teeth. I wander around to the side of the stage, and look out over the crowd. I haven't seen the bar this full in years, and it puts a warm glow in my heart to see a crowd not moshing, but skanking.

I keep on catching sight of the directors, and they all appear to be grinning like fools. From this I surmise that the night has been a success, and money has been made.

2.15

I have damn near had too much fun. My notes have degenerated to the point where I scribble 'the power o' beer goggles' for no apparent reason, and I have skanked myself to a standstill. The Porkers

have officially taken over the mantle of best band on the night. Walking from the bar, I overhear a conversation between two folk about an after party for the helpers in the cloisters. My ears prick up. Time to head down to the cloisters, I decide, and end my night as it started. In pursuit of a free drink.



Let me pass. I hunt the Wildebeest

O'Camp 2000: Right leg over, Megan

By Mark Henderson and Susie Young

The Scenario

Have you ever felt sorry for the poor bastards who organize Skyshow? We know that we have, they spend weeks setting up and planning for the big night and it's all over in about twenty minutes. That's about how we feel having spent our entire summer holidays in the SAUA office getting O'Camp 2000 off the ground. That said though, it is one hell of a good feeling watching 114 first year students having the time of their lives at Yankalilla.

The Legend

Many students on campus have heard the legend of O'Camp and what it's about, but for those of you who haven't we'll tell you. O'Camp is about 100 first years getting together with 24 leaders from second to (insert obscenely large year level here) year and taking a couple of double decker buses to Yankalilla. Once there they proceed to have a great deal of fun, get obscenely sunburnt (if they forget their Hamilton Sunscreen) at the beach and dance the night away at the pub. As well as the legend of O'Camp itself there are the students who become overnight legends by their (sometimes dodgy) exploits while at the campsite.

The Story

On the morning that O'Camp started Mark was waiting outside a fruit and veg store on Portrush Road waiting for the owner to rock up at 8:30. He'd had two hours sleep and wasn't in the mood for this guy to be running 15 minutes late when he was meeting freshers at 9:00 and leaders ten minutes before he left the store. He arrived at Uni to find a bunch of leaders and one fresher waiting for him. That one fresher quickly turned into about 90 in an hour and there was mayhem. It wasn't long before the water pistols came out and it was on for young and old. So at 10:30 a wet pair of directors addressed their charges for the first time and sent them off to meet their leaders and come up with some team chants. That made for some creative responses but the winners of the chanting competition were the Caterpillars who showed us that



the environment is still near many hearts by getting down and dirty with the Barr-Smith Lawns. Then we had about an hour of talks on the lawns before games and lunch. At two we piled onto buses and made our way to Dzintari (pronounced dizintari), our campsite. That night we had Dial, an O'Ball band, down to play for us. They were great and this was followed by a dance party on the lawns until about one in the morning. We were super impressed by how pumped the freshers were to be at camp and have to say a big thank you to Elly and Joni for putting on the impromptu disco to kick off proceedings.

The Beach

Each full day that we were down at camp we went to the beach for about three or four hours. It was great to get into the nice cool water and get some relief from the heat. We also had some tents for shade and some free drinks. Unfortunately on the Tuesday it was all too much and we all just huddled under the tents. This would have been fine except people started bandying some DAAS material and it went downhill from there. Sorry to all who got offended. One thing to be said for the beach is that everyone's frisbee and beach ball skills were greatly enhanced. It was also a great place for leaders and freshers alike to catch up on sleep.

The Pub

The Yank is the pub of choice down in Yankalilla and we went there three nights. On the first night we had an eighties night and encouraged all campers to get into their worst eighties outfits and come along. The second night was AUSKI (aka Sculling) night where AUSKI came down and taught the campers how to boat race. Our final night was Drag Night where all of the male leaders and a surprising number of freshers dressed up in

drag. We had our first real run in with the locals that night when they didn't like our guys in frocks coming into their front bar to say 'hi'.



The Bus

Whoever invented party buses obviously didn't intend for them to transport 130 campers down to Nomanville, but somehow they did (sort of). Someone aiming at the bus driver when spewing out the window must have affected our karma. We're sure that this particular fresher had no idea that the bus would break down as a result and that it would take us 2 hours to travel a measly 17km before we gave up. Sorry to any parents/friends/lovers waiting at the other end or freshers late for work.

The Points

We divided the freshers into 12 teams led by two leaders. These teams competed for points to win the final prize of O'Camp 2000 champions. Unknown to the freshers, the points book was lost sometime on Tuesday night so the calculation of who won was entirely speculative, sorry guys. The campers tried their darnedest to earn points for a variety of stuff that they did. We just want to have it on record that we finally decided to have the caterpillars as our 'winners'.

The Madness

Amidst the mayhem many a crazy thing happened. They say that every three years you have a Camp like this one, we like to blame it on the full moon, others blame it on the freshers. We don't know how it started, but we can trace the first instance of nudity back to our first night with suprisingly no alcohol involved. From then on, the sock runs evolved into nudy runs with absolutely no encouragement from the Directors. We did however have a difficult time explaining to the local doctor how one of our freshers

had managed to knock himself out whilst running into a fence completely starkers. Nevertheless, passers-by were wooed by one of our lovely Mad Hatters serenading us on the roof with nothing on but his guitar. While this was happening another poor bastard was having his armpits Epilady-ed and then swabbed with alcohol while wearing stockings, a bra and a pair of leopardskin jockeys. What happens when you mix one hundred and thirty hungover people with food olympics? We don't know how, but we managed to convince everyone that it was fun to consume the concoctions we made up. The Iron Gut Award was presented to our eventual

Camp Queen for sculling a blended surprise of vegemite, sour cream, bananas, salad dressing, chilli and milk. It was also great to see that we had a gladwrap and alfoil fetish going around. Alfoil, we discovered makes an outrageously attractive outfit when layered enough. Gladwrap can be great for gift wrapping as well. Thankyou to all who so thoughtfully gift wrapped the car and trailer of one of the directors.

The Romp

How do you top off one amazingly fun week of sun, surf, camp Dzintari and the good old Yank? One hundred and thirty campers plus hangers on running wild through the city. The directors have no responsibility for what followed and we apologise sincerely to the traffic for any onslaughts of campers flapping their uglies in the air that ensued. We also apologise if Flinders Uni Nursing receive any reports of a new breed of nude tree monkey. A big thanks to The Royal Hotel for letting us finish up the best camp yet with them and ensuring that we all left for O'Hop in a fairly intoxicated manner.

The Reunions

We all wait in anticipation for what our O'Camp 2000 Reunions hold in store for us, judging from past experience, however, our pub nights are going to go down in history. So we formally invite all O'Campers and anyone else who wants to join us for our first Reunion to come on down to **The Royal Hotel on Thursday March 9th from 6:30pm onwards**. Apart from having negotiated awesome drink specials with The Royal, we will be playing the uncut video footage of our adventures on the big screen.

Revenge of the Nerds

By Carla Caruso

The New Cool

When did it happen, and how did I miss it? When did the computer dexter, with the slicked back hair, and eight pens in his pocket, come from sitting in the front row getting spitballs aimed at him, to the back row with the fluffy blond chicks and oodles of cash at recess-time? When did Bill Gates begin to rival Brad Pitt?

When I was at school, *the cool* sat at the back (if they came to class at all), reading magazines, carving graffiti in the desks and harassing the teachers. Getting a D average was *de riguer*, and a detention was order of the day. Expulsion made one worthy of worship. Lunchtime was spent playing sport, and smoking whatever took their fancy behind the shelter shed, while the nerds played *Dungeons and Dragons* in darkened classrooms or sat quietly reading in the library.

It was during this time I learnt how to ameliorate my lingo, dropping in slang and words like 'chilling' and 'phat' until I was barely audible to the average adult. I learnt to pass my homework in a day late or make up a flimsy excuse, such as 'my sister ate it' the day a major assignment was due.

But somewhere along the line, my efforts got lost, and somehow, I don't know when, the Internet, a fella named Gates, the Super Mario Bros. and Nintendo slowly took hold. I soon learned avoiding it didn't make it go away either. It just got bigger.

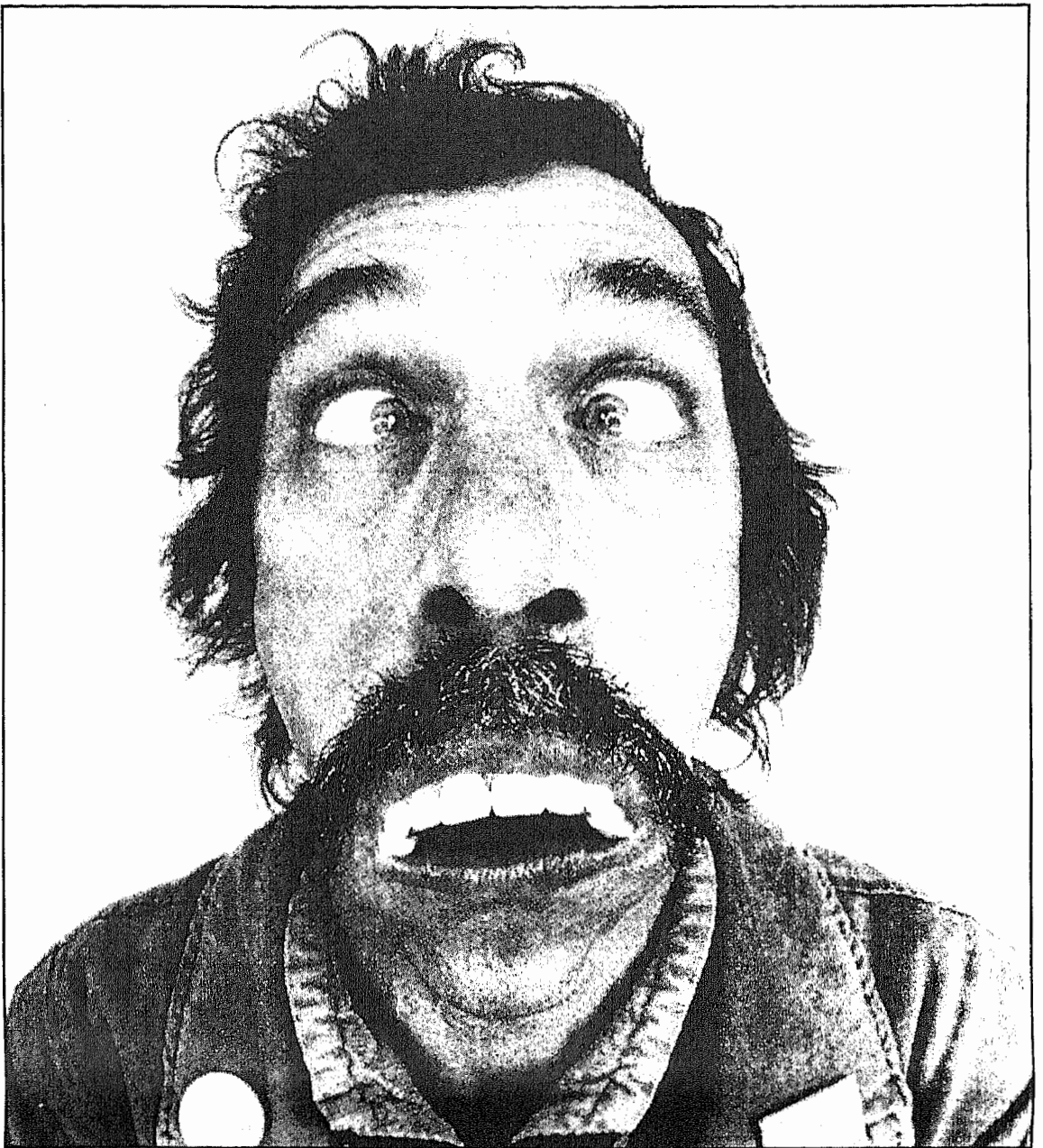
Who cares if a guy can take a car apart these days? A guy who can take a computer apart in under an hour, and put it back together, is (my Grandma tells me) 'hot stuff'. It's the guy who gets Distinctions, the odd High Distinction, maybe a scholarship or offer of a Honors degree, that makes girls melt faster than a Ricky Martin CD in the sun. And, if you can claim to undertaking a tertiary degree such as Molecular Physics or Biochemistry (the wordier and mouthier, the better) your appeal rises with a snap, crackle and a pop (along with your bank balance). Town planning at Tafe no longer cuts it. Turning up to lectures, hitting the books, spending countless hours in the Barr Smith, is the favored lifestyle of the new elite. At home, the elite listen to music pumped through the speakers of an Apple Mac, and invite girls over to play with their joystick (but only if her hands are clean). And, when a guy asks 'How big is yours?' these days, he really wants to know the saving ability of your computer's

RAM. Things have changed. Remember the kid who blew up the Science lab with a bunsen burner in Year 9? He's now working on a cure for cancer.

Heavy metal bands with names like *Slasher* and *Murderer* make way for DJs who burn up the dance floors with computer wizardry, electric bleeps and bass breakdowns. The scruffy guitarist, with a lone cigarette dangling from his lips, has been squashed by the pasty-skinned guy with the 'www.' T-shirt, who rips apart the decks at your local club, and locks himself away in the wee hours with his synthesizer and CD burner. Being cool has had a face-lift worthy of Joan Collins, and I can't say I saw it coming.

I'm the girl who still wags tutorials, and falls over herself to get help switching the computer on. I'm like a child of the '80s, forevermore getting around in neon T-shirts and marble-wash jeans, and listening to Culture Club. I'm in a timewarp, still wanting to hang onto the days when 'bad' was not just a cheesy Michael Jackson song, but the epitome of cool.

Somewhere along the line I lost my ability to form opinions on notable political issues and to string more than 5 words together, in my struggle to be cool, and in today's society, I'm finding I have lost my way. There's no going back. My cool, defiant ignorance has left me lagging behind, not able to catch up. DOS commands and cyberspeak remain a mystery to me and leave me on the outer. The information technology/computer revolution is the revenge of the nerds, and the sound of a computer logging onto the next world, is to them no sweeter. Today they are king, and *the cool* who once stole their lunch and beat them up in between classes, remain penni-



This man knows what to do with his hard drive.

less, ignorant and lousy in bed. The nerds are laughing all the way to the bank.

**Theory:
How the average
Nerd may have evolved to
become
Super Stud**

One day Cheerleader Cindy was painting her nails black in homeroom when she jumped up and shrieked 'Oh no! I have a Science project due today on Kinetic Energy that I haven't even started yet. What will I do?'

Quicker than you can say 'http://I'm_in.com.au', Nerdy Nigel had downloaded all sorts of stuff from the Net, and put together a project of every Science teacher's wet dreams. I guess you could say Nerdy Nigel saved the day – and saved it all on floppy disk. The revolution had begun.

**Tips from a
guru for the non-PC
literate folk who
still have a hope...**

Σ Don't be scared of the whirring noises your computer makes. Think of the monitor as the V8 engine of a really hot contraption.

Σ A DVD is not a sexually transmitted disease but a digital versatile disc, similar to a CD, but with a greater data capacity for storing full-length movies or several albums of music on a single disc.

Σ Hyperlinks is not what happens when you inject too much red cordial into your system, but an area on a webpage that can link you to other sites.

Σ The World Wide Web is not just a bunch of sleazy chatrooms, with finger-down-throat revolting one-liners, but is a multimedia window to the Internet, where one can shop, track investments, get news and weather details, download software, visit entertainment sites and much, much more... Did someone say *shopping*?

Σ Defragmentation is not a sign your relationship is breaking up, and that he needs 'space', but a way in which his computer can store fragmented files on a hard drive in a more efficient order, to speed up file access.

Σ A modem is a device installed in your computer that connects it to a phone-line. The clue your computer has one, is when it has telephone jacks on its rear.

Σ Don't ask me what a gigabyte is because I don't know. I'm not that cool. Yet.

Light on the Hill?

By Mercedes Dumptruck

One of the funniest differences between John Howard and Kim Beazley is their attitude to food. Have you ever noticed that you've never seen John Howard actually ingest anything?

Apparently his minders are dead set against him ever being filmed scoffing a lamington or knocking back a milkshake, fearing it might spoil his grave and dignified image (tee hee).

Not so Herr Beazley, who memorably began his last election campaign in Sydney's Chinatown, elbow-deep in a laksa with all sorts of nonsense spilled down his front. It now appears Mr Beazley also has the ability to turn a twelve-course banquet into a shit sandwich.

Who would have thought, four months out from the imposition of a tax system more than half of Australia didn't vote for, an Opposition leader could be travelling so badly?

Running a campaign to make the GST look bad at the moment is about as tricky as doing bad PR for sex offenders.

But by fudging his cues, Kim Beazley has somehow brought the spotlight back on himself.

First he committed Labor to 'rolling back' the GST to an unspecified extent.

But he gave Labor state leaders a reassurance, ten days ago, that they would still get the full whack of moolah from the GST even if Team Beazley moved into the Lodge at the end of next year.

This raised immediate and screamingly obvious questions about how Labor would handle the new tax system, and more specifically how it plans to pay for exempting crucial items like tampons and Pooh Bear pyjamas from its ambit.

Beazley's first instinct, as is increasingly the case, was to raise his eyes heavenward and rumble on senselessly about calibrating a knowledgeable nation in an overarching intellectual sense and not being able to absorb the infinite wisdom of the universe through the eye of a needle.

The leader of the Opposition is well-loved by his colleagues, and the worst anyone really thinks of him is that he is a Dear Old Thing whose obsession with the American civil war can be overlooked in favour of his booming laugh and genuinely pleasant personality.

He is also very clever, but it's rapidly becoming obvious that he's way too academic for a competition. That, over the next 18 months, is going to be fought out in the sand-

pit. Nobody's asking Labor to have a full set of policies prepared this far out from an election, but if you start promising to take the GST apart while preserving the revenue from it, you need a sort of plausible explanation.

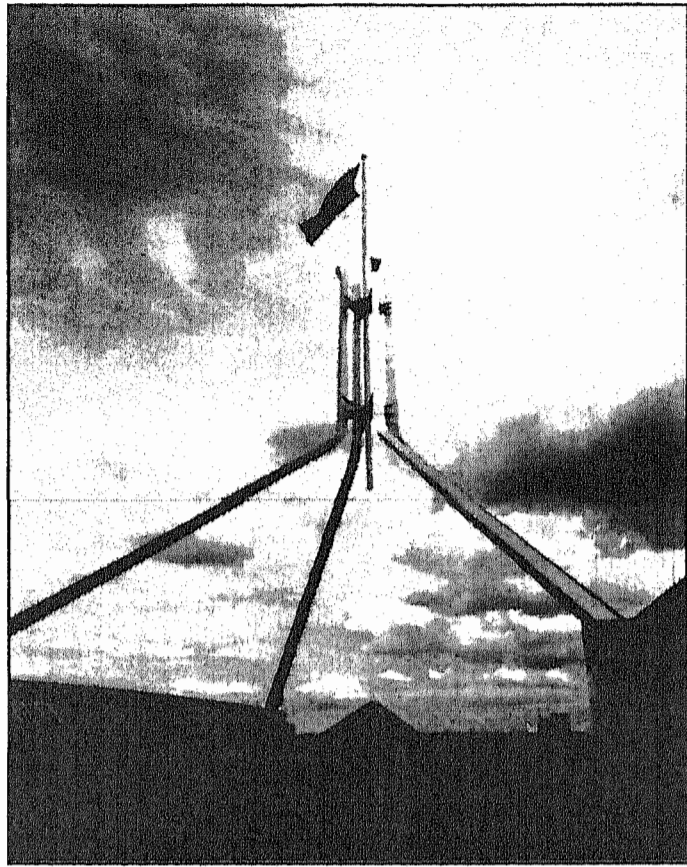
Simon Crean's got the right idea.

His last memorable contribution to the GST debate was when he waved a pair of Wool-

worths 'Hockey Bear' PJs around in Question Time, channelling the understandable outrage of a nation which refuses to pay 10 per cent more for its children's flammable nightwear.

When the shit started hitting the fan, Crean smartly disappeared, presumably having developed some pressing electorate business.

All in all, Labor's exhibiting all the



political nowse and timing of a bout of hiccups.

And it doesn't look any better at all when, after the Prime Minister flips the bird at UN concerns about mandatory sentencing laws that are killing Aborigines in the NT, Kim Beazley refuses to get involved because of his own state's interesting idea of what constitutes justice.

Very nasty indeed.

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You're my best fuckin' mate, mate!

By spj5

Mateship, American style. Much is made of Australian mateship, of share and share alike, and if that comes to bodily fluids or your ex-girlfriend, not a problem. But I reckon that Australian mateship has nothing on American mateship. Over here, daytime tellie is chockers with shows where mate 1 comes on the show expecting X, and ends up getting story told by mate 2 that s/he loves him/her, is in fact a transvestite and, oh yeah I wanna fuck ya mama. Or, hey I know you want to marry me, but I'm actually a boy, and I'm fuckin ya mama. Or, I'm really 15 and I'm fuckin ya mama. Now that's real mateship. Bugger the all-charge out-of-the-trenches-cut-down-the-rall-poppies-and-get-shot-en-masse-in-retreat kind of mateship legend on which Australia thrives (Little Johnny Howard, let's preamble). This is more like it. Fuck ya mates in the trenches, cut 'em down in the open, and retreat with cash in hand. Gallipoli has nothing on this.

How Jerry Springer and his copiers actually get these mates on their shows is baffling. I've had mates who have done the unspeakable, but I don't think US\$500, even at the current exchange rate, could drag them into a studio in front of 200 screaming college kids and a sample of the unemployed, in order to get confronted with, 'Listen mate, your girlfriend is fucking mine, and they let me watch.' Sadly, the sucker guest staple of Springer and his cohorts are unmistakable trailer trash, with 3rd grade educations, horror show teeth, and very little to lose. Exploitation? You betcha. Entertaining? Oh yes - suffering can be fun. Perhaps this is the difference between Australians and Americans: in America if you are poor, watch out for your shabby mates. You may end up on some cheap studio set surrounded by off duty security guards having what's left of your dignity slowly shredded between fast food commercial breaks.

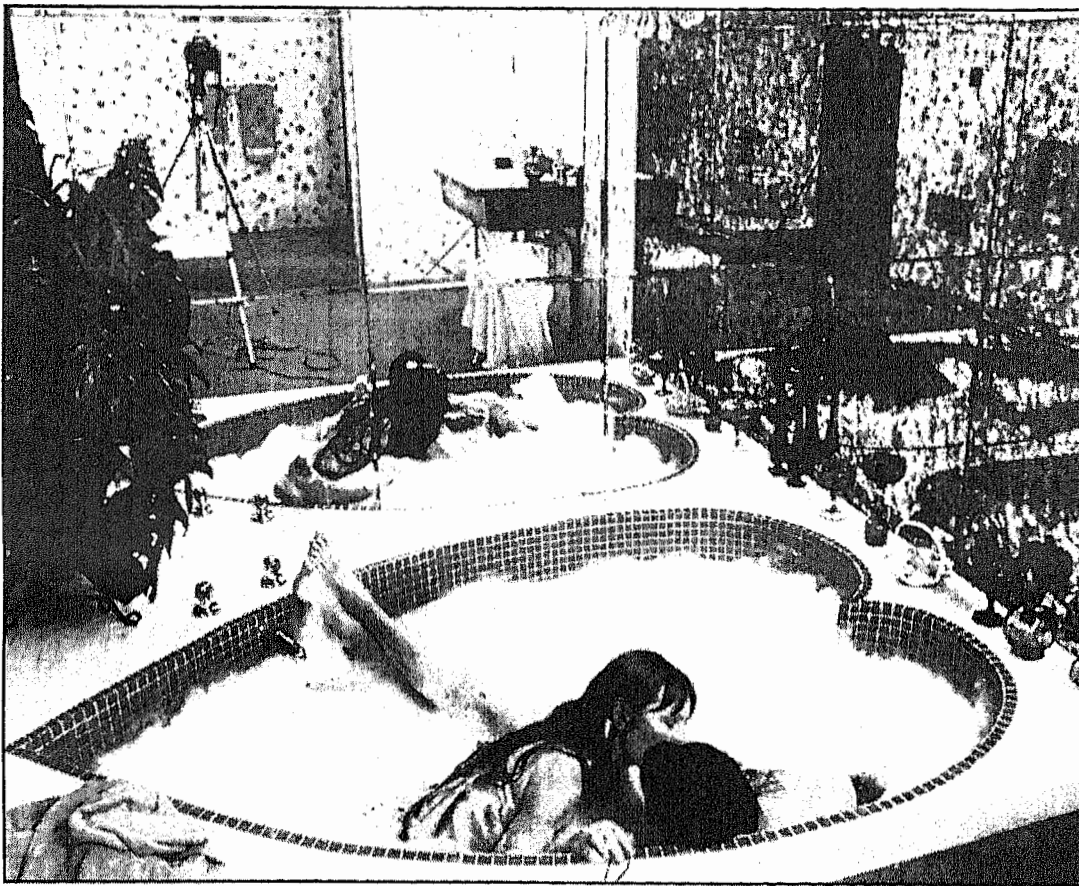
Frankly, I'd like to see our President, Bill 'pizza, soda and a cigar for you' Clinton on one of these shows, not that he has any shame or dignity to lose.

Blowjob Bill could have Montel imploring him to accept his disease ('you can come to completion, Bill'), or Maury running a little audience forgiveness session ('hands up who ever fondled the hired help') or best of all, have Space Ghost, a cartoon

character anchor man who interviews the kind of celebrity that show up at mall openings, asking him about Monica's cigar cutter. Jerry, Jerry, Jerry...

We all have a shabby mate or two. You know the ones.

They borrow a hundred bucks for rent and never give it back while you eat endless bowls of shitty noodles and half starve, they borrow your car and never bring it back, they insist you drive when you're schnookered, they steal your fine Rickenbacher guitar. I have a mate who is making a living out of shabbiness. 'Seffan Feller' (his pen name) has appeared on daytime



One piece of furniture is often enough ...

chats and Bill Maher's late night ABC show, *Politically Incorrect* because of his terrific little book, 'How to juggle women without going broke or getting killed.' You can check it out and order a copy on his website (www.jugglewomen.com). Steffan's shabbiness is closer to A1 true blue shabbiness. This shabbiness gets personal: your mates start shagging your personal mate or each other with little regard for your own regard.

Being massively inappropriate, that's the key. And real mateship begins when one of you screams, 'That's it. I'm going on Springer ...' I lived in a house in California with no furniture once. Nothing remarkable about that, I guess. We had a coffee table, but one night after several beverages I jumped on it and it became firewood. My two mates and I would lie on blankets in front of the fire, watching the 7-11 firelog we just bought iridescently flame away. We had a dart board. With no seats, I went from barely-hit-the-board to fat-bastard-with-cockney-

accent-playing-for-undreds-of-pounds quality pretty damn quick. Friends would come round and, oddly, not stay too long. Whether that was caused by James running around in his long underwear, the parade of women in and out of Dave's room and his resident vibrator that sounded like a chainsaw, or the relentless darts marathons, was difficult to tell.

We would do the usual boyish things: slip burning paper under the door while one of us was trousers down with their current beau, call them to the phone during like activities ('Its your mum'), wait for them to dump current beau so one

very own house, furnished or not. An extended period of roommates ex-mate swapping can lead to the erosion of the maxim, 'Love your mates, but don't love your mates.' So it was in that barren house. Take Californian laissez-faire attitudes, regular sessions of a pint or ten of the many excellent local micro-brews, and whoa, REAL shabbiness in the house with no furniture soon appeared. Enter invitations like, 'You know Mary, care to join us?' and scenes provoking thoughts such as, 'My two male roommates are giving each other a blowjob. Couldn't they have waited until the firelog had flamed out so I didn't have to see

them sucking each other off?' or polite refusals such as 'No, I don't want to video etc etc.' Recounts of these events go beyond the 'awaken after a video party to find your dick stuck to the carpet' kind of tales. This is not like 'hanging brain' at Jolleys during lunch (which involves genitalia of any description, an open zipper, and your imagination), or going to a 21st and winding up with the host's mother in a car out the front (well, actually that's kind of close). This is serious put-on-the-kettle-and-think-about-what-we've witnessed kind of stuff.

I moved from the house with no furniture to a clapboard shack in a very bad part of Oakland after that. I'd rather chat with dealers with shotguns, pass cons on the lam sleeping in cars and advise a very large man that I didn't care

whether there was a flourishing chop shop (being the breaking down of stolen cars for parts) over the road, than mating with my mates.

Now I could go on and on with more shabby stories I've heard from people I've met and known in California, North Carolina and New York, but I'm going to save them in case I need them. For I propose a contest: a shabby off, a shabby mate story contest, the United States versus Australia, me against Adelaide University.

The best story about a shabby mate wins a copy of the ultimate story about mates, Russel Ward's, *The Australian Legend*. I've fired off my opening salvo. Now I want to hear about you and your mates stolen moments, rotten values, lies and deceit. Let's have it, girls and boys. Change the names to protect the guilty and to keep your *On Dit* eds out of court. Let the shabbiness games begin ...

Next week: beer and booze, bars and saloons.

Science & Parascience

By Verity Vidia

Well, I really just called it that to get your attention, what I am going to be talking about today is some of the research being done in parapsychology (which is the study of psychic phenomena).

Is it a real field of science?

Not much of a consensus here, but if you are interested, then you can look through the references at the bottom of this article and decide for yourselves. Or if you are lazy then you can read on and trust what I say (not very scientific of you), if you are lazier still then you might as well turn to the singles ads.

Anyone who watches the X-files should have some idea of what we are talking about here. Psychic phenomena include telepathy, clairvoyance, psychokinesis and precognition, the term psi is commonly used by researchers to refer to all of these effects.

Perhaps you have heard stories about spoon bending, or seen some, or seen someone obviously use some kind of trick (not psychic!) to bend a spoon. Perhaps you have seen a psychic, maybe they told you that your dead grandmother always wore odd socks and had a pit-bull terrier, and in fact granny did (or didn't) wear odd socks and have a pit-bull. Have you ever woken in the middle of the night dead sure that Uncle Allan just keeled over, having choked on a fish bone? (Had he?) While a lot of you may have experienced things like this, just as many of you probably haven't. Perhaps you were able to rationalize your experiences (Uncle Allan had gone to an all-you-can-eat fish house the night before and you knew that his eyesight was starting to get a bit funny...), or perhaps you were not (the pit-bull ate your grandmother when you were 5, which resulted in your parents moving interstate with a new name to escape the infamy). The problem with these experiences from a scientific perspective is that they are not really repeatable (how many grandmothers do you have?), they are one-offs and they are very difficult to control (perhaps the 'psychic' was your grandmothers maid). So one-off demonstrations of spoon bending and mind reading, while pretty impressive if you happen to witness them (which I have not) are not particularly useful in the scientific realm which prides itself upon the repeatability and controllability of its experiments. Given this, how do you go about getting a psi effect in a scientific inquiry?

There is a long history of experiments aimed at getting, rather than a one-off bent spoon say, some kind of statistical result. Perhaps you have heard about JB Rhine's ESP card tests (conducted from the late 1920's through to 1965). In these tests participants were asked to select a

card from a deck of 25 which contained 5 sets each of 5 symbols (square, circle, wavy lines, star of triangle) and "send" what they saw to a receiver who made 25 guesses (according to a prearranged time lapse) about what the sender saw. A statistical analysis could then be made of the results where experimenters would look for a bias away from a random score (which is what you would expect if the receiver was merely guessing). This experiment was set up as a test of telepathy, but it became fairly clear to the experimenters that they could just as easily be testing for clairvoyance (think about it, the receiver could just as easily be 'viewing' the selected card rather than relying upon the sender), so more of the card tests began to concentrate on clairvoyance. No one has ever managed to come up with a way of distinguishing telepathy from clairvoyance, in fact it is very difficult to control pure telepathy tests, so, many more tests have concentrated on clairvoyance. Typically, in these tests a participant would guess which card will show up and then flip the card.

However there are problems with many of these experiments (especially the earlier ones). For example, in early experiments, participants would shuffle their cards by hand, place them face down on a table and then proceed to guess which card would show up before flipping it over; there could be an impression left on the cards from the printer. This was fixed by putting cards in opaque envelopes, which would be held by the participant while they were guessing, but now the participants could be marking the envelopes ... To stop this the participant was not allowed to handle the cards. Perhaps there was some kind of message being passed from the experimenter to the participant? The participant was placed behind a screen, then in a different room and even in a different building to the experimentalist. Perhaps the experiments were being stopped when the results looked good? This problem was erased by pre-specifying the number of trials which would be done. The list of possible objections goes on, and over the decades the experiments were made better and better as the parapsychologists made them more and more watertight.

For these experiments if the participant was just guessing we would expect them to get the right answer 20% of the time (the participant should guess right 1 in 5 times). If we look at a subset (consisting of 907 000 trials done by nearly 2 dozen different experimentalists) of some of the better experiments (i.e. the most tightly controlled ones) which are the ones that should provide us with the

most random result possible, then we obtain a 'hit rate' (where a participant guesses right) of between 20.7% and 21.8% depending upon the experiment.

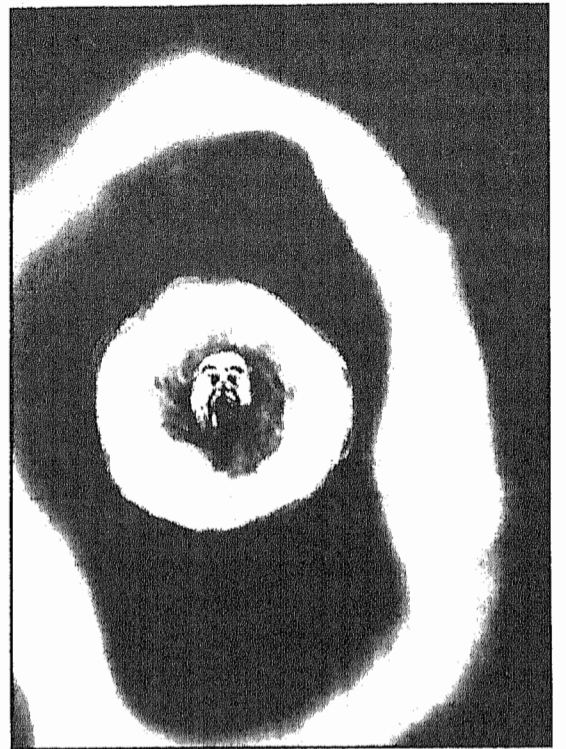
This might seem like a small number, but it is not one that can be explained by statistical deviation, it is an effect. For those of you who want more numbers, I got these out of Radin's book, he has a lot of references to the original articles too so you can look at them and think about how you would get around a parapsychologist if you wanted to cheat.

But wait, before we start crying effect, what if only experiments which were 'successful' were being published? This is known as the 'filedrawer problem' and it can be quite a big one in some fields, the idea being that those experiments which did not get a positive psi effect would not be published by psi enthusiasts, but would languish in their file drawers (not very scientific, but then you never can count on these kook researchers!). Well the statisticians have been at it again, and have worked out that for our subset of experiments that we discussed above, we would actually need 861 studies languishing in file drawers for every successful article so far. A pretty large number don't you think?

Well, that's enough of card tests. These were fairly old experiments, I was mainly talking about them because they are fairly well known and you could go off and try doing them yourselves if you want to. (Be warned if you want to do this, it is a very small effect, you would have to do a lot of runs of the experiment to get a result which could not be explained by standard deviation.) Lets move onto a more modern experiment (my favorite) which looks at a psychokinetic effect in random number generators.

Typically, a truly random process, such as atomic decay, is used to generate a random number, such as the time of decay. This number will be odd or even, if it is odd it might light up a red light on a black box, if it is even it will light up a green one. The experiment will typically consist of a group of participants, each of whom will sit in a room, with the black box and wish for a red light say, for perhaps 100 runs.

In the first ever article that I read on parapsychology (*Found. Phys.* 19(12) (1989), which is in the library), rather than just doing the experiment, the researchers searched through physics, parapsychology and psychology databases and found 152 articles talking about experiments dating from 1957 through to 1987.



(These articles included 33 control studies and 54 papers which did not get a positive result.) The authors then did a statistical *meta-analysis* where they essentially added together the results of all of the different papers. They weighted different papers according to the experimental quality, with experiments that were not very well controlled getting a very low score. This meta-analysis means that a very large sample space was obtained which makes any observable effects more reliable.

Well, they got an effect.

They even did a filedrawer analysis, and found that 54 000 studies would be required to reduce their effect to nonsignificance.

Well, I have talked too much. The whole field is really very interesting, and there is a lot of stuff that you can read if you want to find out more.

I would start with:

Radin, D., *The Conscious Universe: the scientific truth of psychic phenomena*, Harper Edge, New York (1997) (not at the library, but in bookshops).

If you want to see what skeptics are saying about all this I would read a journal called *The Skeptical Inquirer* which is available in the library, and on the web: <http://www.csicop.org/>

There are also a number of web pages, just a few to get you started: <http://www.princeton.edu/~pear/> <http://moebius.psy.ed.ac.uk/index.html>

<http://www.stat.ucdavis.edu/~utts/> To all of you skeptics out there, I am sorry that I mainly did the pro side to all of this, but then all you really need to do if you want a few skeptical arguments is talk to most academics or read a normal psychology textbook.

Well, goodbye till next time, this week I am going to an afternoon seminar at Flinders on 'Gödel's theorem and the nature of time' so I think that I will talk about that next.

The second most horrible place I ever lived - Part the Second

By Dave Sag

Solitary confinement

Now I was really pissed off. There was very little to do so I began to write, read and make stupidly long phone calls.

Friends still dropped in to visit but Laurie started staying out more at friends' houses. After a few days I found myself reading through most of the night - I remember wading through a vast collection of pulp horror and sci fi/fantasy books, as well as spending my last ten dollars on a copy of *Wuthering Heights* - what a cool book - and finally falling asleep for a few hours before the heat and humidity woke me up.

It was Wednesday. This is significant because Wednesday meant two things to me. Number one was dole form day. I was off to put in a dole form and I was going to see my mother. She offered to pay my outstanding electricity bill if I agreed to repay her on Thursday where, all things being equal, the government's \$110 gift of life would appear as if by magic in my account.

"Oh well," I thought to myself, "that's my money gone for the next fortnight and fuck knows where the rent is coming from". I tried to explain this to my mom but she was fairly adamant that I could either sort out my life or - well, usually the alternative was a demand to move home, but mom had rented my old room out to a boarder so moving home was out of the question.

I gave in, my need for electricity overcoming any other desire. If you put your mind to it I'm sure you can almost taste the fetid odour that a cramped flat develops after a few days of hot, wet Brisbane summer, with food scraps and a pile of empty soft drink bottles in the corner of the kitchen. The roaches were back needless to say. No power had meant that the place was in an almost perpetual state of damp darkness and the old half cabbage that once lay preserved in ice at the back of the freezer returned to life and promptly dissolved (like that really cool scene at the end of the film *The Evil Dead*), releasing a stink that the words derived from a thousand pictures could not even begin to describe. I suppose that 'bad' pretty well sums it up though.

Mom came with me to the closest 'Lectrickery office where she paid the bill for me. "Shit," I thought, \$90 just to hear CDs I just paid over \$100 for, and am of course paying massive interest on. Eventually she dropped me home and gave me an emergency food par-

cel of one tomato, a block of cheese and a loaf of bread. She also bought me a bag of mangos to prevent the onset of scurvy. I felt curiously ungrateful and accepted the food without comment. Walking into the flat felt repulsive. One look into the bathroom convinced me that I had to escape. I picked up the phone and discovered the other significant thing about Wednesdays. Telecom always choose Wednesdays to cut people's phones off.

Their rationale, I assume, is to give people an optimum length of time to discover that they are not able to use their phones and rush in to pay their bills. I bet an army of statisticians worked that out. Wednesday, I am sure, has been proved to be the most annoying day of the week. What better time to add insult to injury by cutting someone off from the world - totally.

At least I'm losing weight!

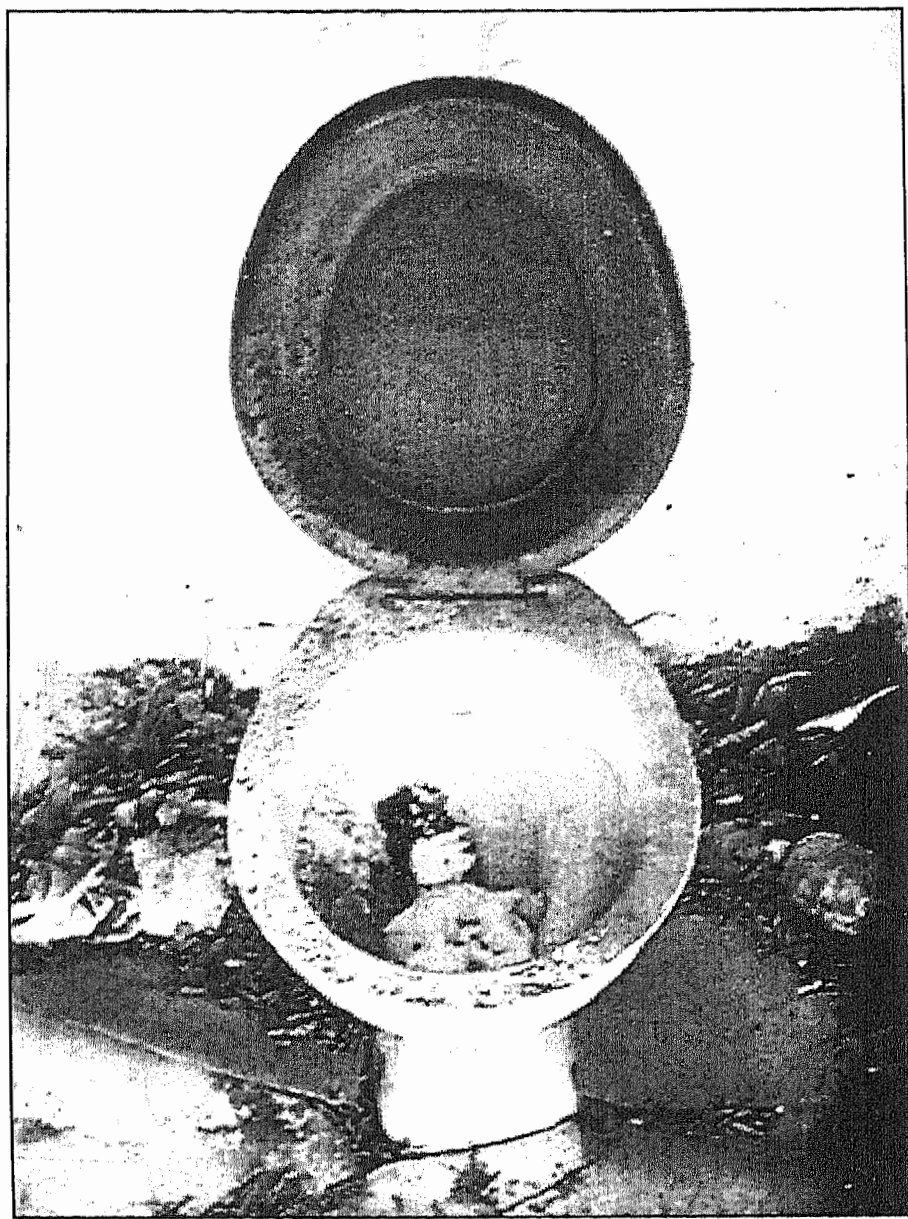
I really felt shitty. I hadn't showered in days and was beginning to feel as though my life had collapsed around me. Laurie had vanished completely and I resorted to laying about in bed reading for periods of twenty odd hours at a stretch. I subsisted by stealing mangoes from the neighbours garden and frying them with small bits of chopped up tomato and eating them between bits of bread. I thought about ringing my mother and begging her to lend me the money to pay my phone bill but realised the futility and plain stupidity of such a thought immediately. "I'm really fucked now," was all that really occurred to me. Every so often I would pick up the phone hopefully. I stopped when this became too depressing.

I escaped from the house and took solace in long walks, a habit that remains with me to this day. I also started staying over at my friends' houses, not showering or changing clothes. I was getting scuzzier and scuzzier. After a week or so I returned home to find a mountain of evil looking bills. There was the CD rental, a final demand on the flat rent and the credit card bill from beyond hell. Dutifully I took them upstairs and put them in the rather full bill drawer.

In the last two weeks I had lost two kilograms. This even I deemed unhealthy.

Not to mention my mind.

I woke up at 9 am with the most dreadful headache I could possi-



Truly, 'tis the toilet of Satan.

bly imagine. I had been up 'til 7 am reading and now felt like there were two creatures fucking inside my brain, but one of them didn't want to. I made a very weird decision that morning. I decided to become a real estate broker. My suit was not in the best of nick, but I peeled it up off the floor of my room anyway. Man, did it pong. Rain had come in through the window and for the last few weeks I had left my suit lying in the corner of my room, soaking wet. In one of the pockets there was, for some odd reason, a bread crust which had by now developed a mind and personality of its own. The roaches and ants were having a field day with it in fact.

I rinsed the suit out under the shower and used Laurie's old hairdryer to dry it. I dressed up as well as I could manage without either showering or shaving. I must have looked as mad as a cut snake. I walked into town and wandered straight into the offices of the first large real estate firm I found. I addressed the reception and explained that I had come about a job and that I would like to become a real estate sales person.

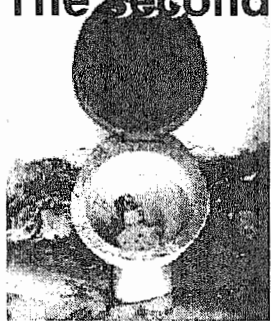
Now either I didn't look and smell so bad after all, or the receptionist was completely daft, but either

way she tapped a few buttons, spoke to someone and asked me to wait on the sofa. I did and pretty soon a woman came out and introduced herself to me. I shook her hand and we went into her office. She asked me all sorts of questions about why did I want to sell real estate, what had I been doing in the past and what was I doing now. I crapped on about how I had always loved real estate sales and knew some fine real estate agents etc. I pointed out that I had some theatre experience, some writing experience, some business experience and that I needed to work.

She explained the many and various methods of memorising details of houses and buildings; she also explained that I could earn heaps of money really fast. This thought appealed to me. Then she went on to advise me that I needed to have a few thousand dollars saved up to survive for the first few months when commissions would be really low - I paused - and that I should have my own car.

I left the building somewhat relieved and yet a bit sad. In retrospect, not having a car or any money just saved my life. My father's office was just down the road so I thought I would stop in and say hi. Dad was on the phone

The second most horrible place I ever lived.



as usual and waved me to a seat. I waited 'til he finished his conversation and then explained that my phone had been cut off and that I had tried to get a job as a real estate sales person.

Dad had a fit.

"From now on, I'll look in the papers for a job for you. Get your phone back on," he urged. Then he looked up a vocational guidance councillor in the phone book, rang them up and made an appointment for me for the following day. He gave me a few dollars for the bus and sent me home.

The next day I caught a strange bus that went out to suburbs that, in all my time living in and around Brisbane, I had only ever associated with the world's largest hypermarket and other such crap. But out there in the mortgage belt there thrived a nest of social workers, all keen to tell me what occupation I was best suited for. I didn't really mind this idea as, sure as fuck, I had no idea.

These people, when I finally got to meet them, were in fact one well meaning woman who came

across more like a wise granny than a social worker. She determined by means of her arcane arts that I should move to Canberra and study (what! I never even mentioned Canberra once and here you are telling me to live there! I wouldn't know Canberra from a bar of soap), or I should get a job working with computers (fuckin' yeah, tell me something I don't know).

I left, hoping that someone just got paid by the Government to tell me that the sky is blue and the grass is green and you and I stand in between, kind of at the crossroads but more something to do with where the waves touch the shore or is it the horizon. Her grasp on metaphor was outstanding.

My headaches became worse and worse until one day my mother came over, took one look at me and dragged me to the doctor. The doctor's eventual conclusion was that I was suffering from stress and I should try and get regular good food and exercise. He prescribed some medicine I could not afford and I went home.

The phone rang.

Escape!

You can barely imagine what joy the sound of a ringing phone caused. I answered it and to my surprise it was my dad.

"I think I've found you a job,

son," he explained. He asked me if I had the weekend papers, which of course I didn't. He then offered to drive over and show me the ad. He read it out. Basically it was a computer programming job, something I could do, and it was in Adelaide. I suddenly came over all still. I thought about how cool it would be to move to Adelaide, the place of my birth, and get a job.

The next day I went into town and bludged some computer time from a store in town. I sorted out some references and wrote a long letter of application for the job. Nothing happened, then a few days later, after I had given up hope, the phone rang. It was them and we conducted an informal phone interview.

I had applied to one of the few companies in the world which somehow was stupid enough to short-list me down to three applicants and offer to fly me to Adelaide for a final "person to person" interview. Boy, did I feel cool or what. So they flew me to Adelaide, interviewed me and only then did they think to ask me if I could read music, a skill as significant to the project as computer programming was. A skill I do not have.

Fortunately I still had my return ticket home. I was about to book my return flight when someone contacted me about another job. After a few days spent stuffing around, organizing an interview with a man by the name of Chris, I took time to renew a few old friendships with people I had for the most part not seen in many years. I was startled by how dull and straight most of them were, with only a few exceptions. Finally, dressed up as well as was possible with my new briefcase and red power tie, I went to meet Chris.

Chris was one of those people who look older than they really are. He relaxed deep into his chair, dressed in jeans and a t-shirt and lit a cigarette. He offered me one, I took it. He was a chronic smoker and ran his office out of



Dave's housecleaning efforts fell away after several nasty cockroach incidents.

the back of his house. Less than ten minutes into the interview Chris started rolling a joint. It was not the biggest joint I had ever seen, but it certainly smelt strong. He lit it up, toked on it and passed it to me.

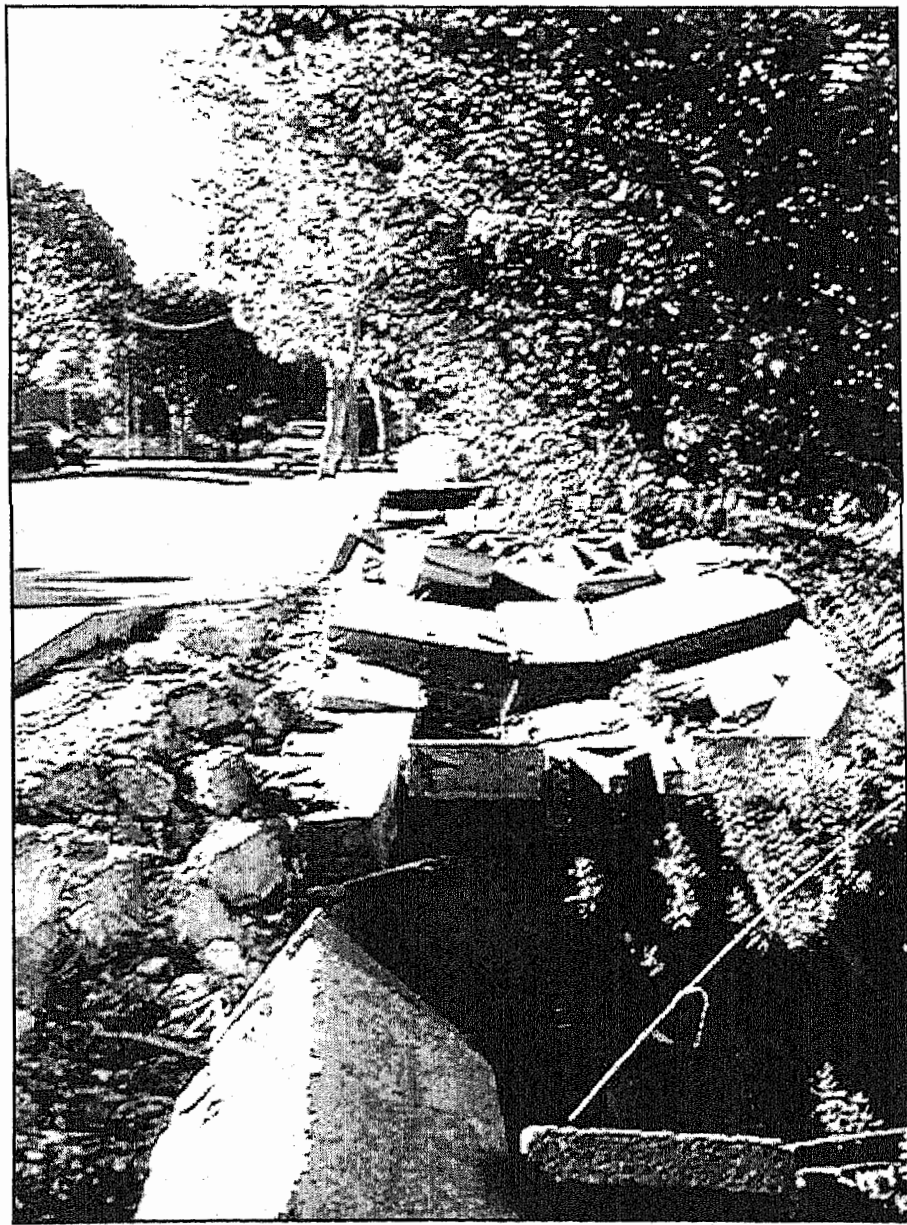
I was no stranger to the demon weed but, having lived all of my smoking life in Queensland, had never seen dope smoked so casually, without all the blinds being drawn, the windows closed and the lights turned off. I was used to the idea that the way to fool people into thinking you were not smoking dope was by making people think you weren't home. Only in retrospect did this idea seem daft.

Chris passed the joint to me and, always keen for a smoke, I accepted. I toked and then, as good smoking etiquette dictates, passed it back. What I was not prepared for however was Chris rolling another joint. He bade me finish the one I had on my hand as he assembled another three paper masterpiece. Chris only ever rolled three paper joints. He only ever smoked heads.

He smoked these joints constantly.

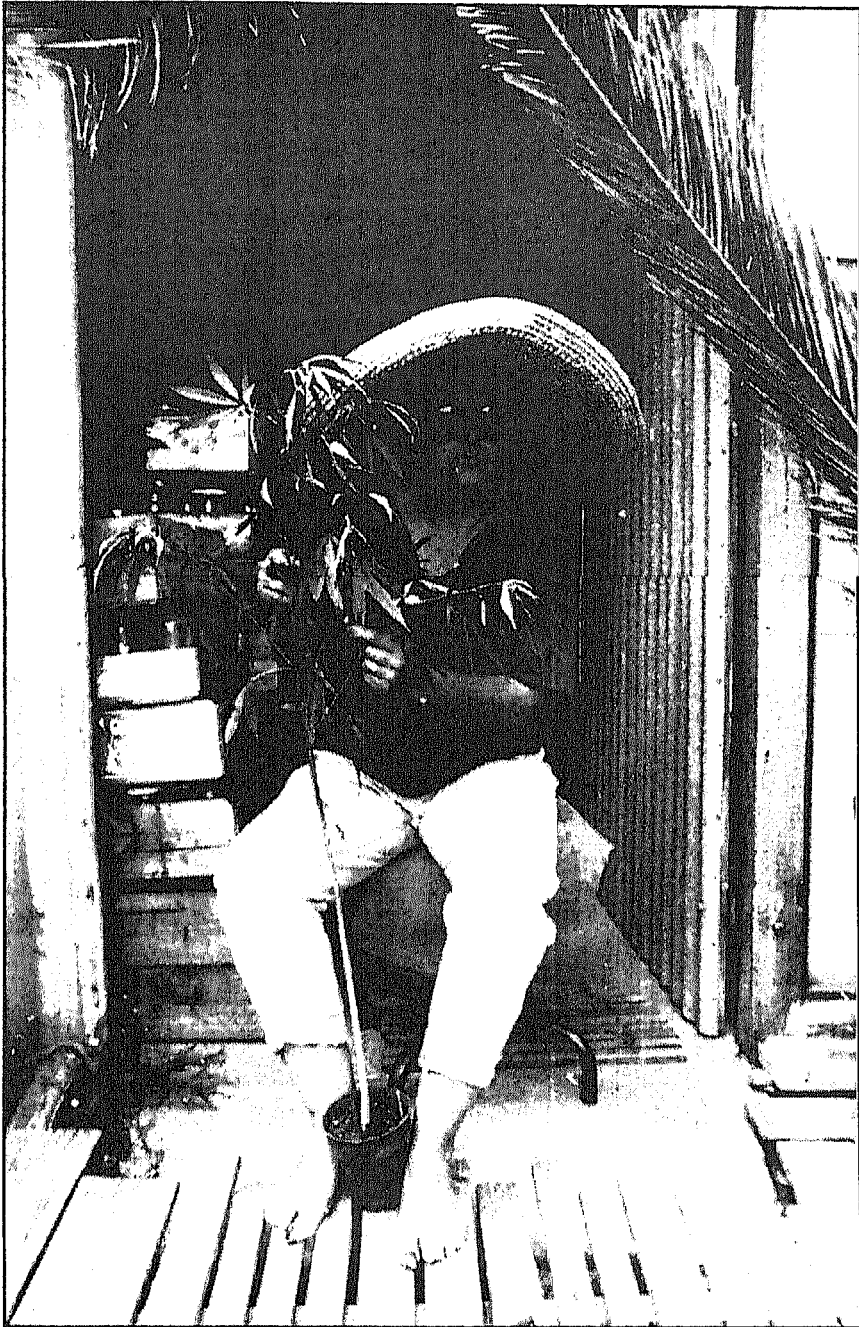
Soon the interview was lost in a mist of stoned enthusiasm. I knew that I had the job and I knew I would enjoy working here. I started to feel really pale. I could feel the slightest breeze on my cheek and the blood in my lips moving; familiar warning signs. My head was whispering to me "You've smoked too much dope and then had a cigarette haven't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't mean to" I mumbled to myself.



Try as he might, Dave simply couldn't bring himself to eat the bricks.

The second most horrible place I ever lived.



'Son, you could have future in this organisation.'

"What?" asked Chris.

"Can I use your bathroom" I replied and staggered to my feet. I made it to the bathroom and vomited noisily for about ten minutes into first the hand basin and then the toilet. In a stoned haze I attempted to shove bits of vomit down through the gaps in the plug hole with my fingers. This kept me occupied for quite a while. I washed my face, flushed the toilet and washed the sink. I rinsed my mouth out with water a few times, blew my nose and walked back out to talk to Chris.

"Sorry" I mumbled.

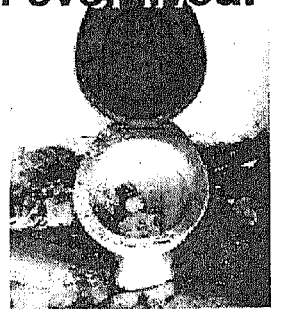
"What?" replied Chris dreamily.

"Nothing" I replied.

I flew back to Brisbane and prepared to move. Laurie and I vacated the flat and I moved back into my parents' house. Laurie moved in with Mick. Dad and I, mostly dad however, cleaned the flat. All of our bond went to pay the back rent.

Things started happening at a frantic pace. I broke my foot by falling from the bottom step of a flight of stairs. This delayed me for a week while I watched the Winter Olympics on TV. I still had the CD player and spent a lot of time in my room listening to music. I was so pleased to be going that nothing, no matter what disaster befell me, could wipe the smile from my face.

The day came, my bags were

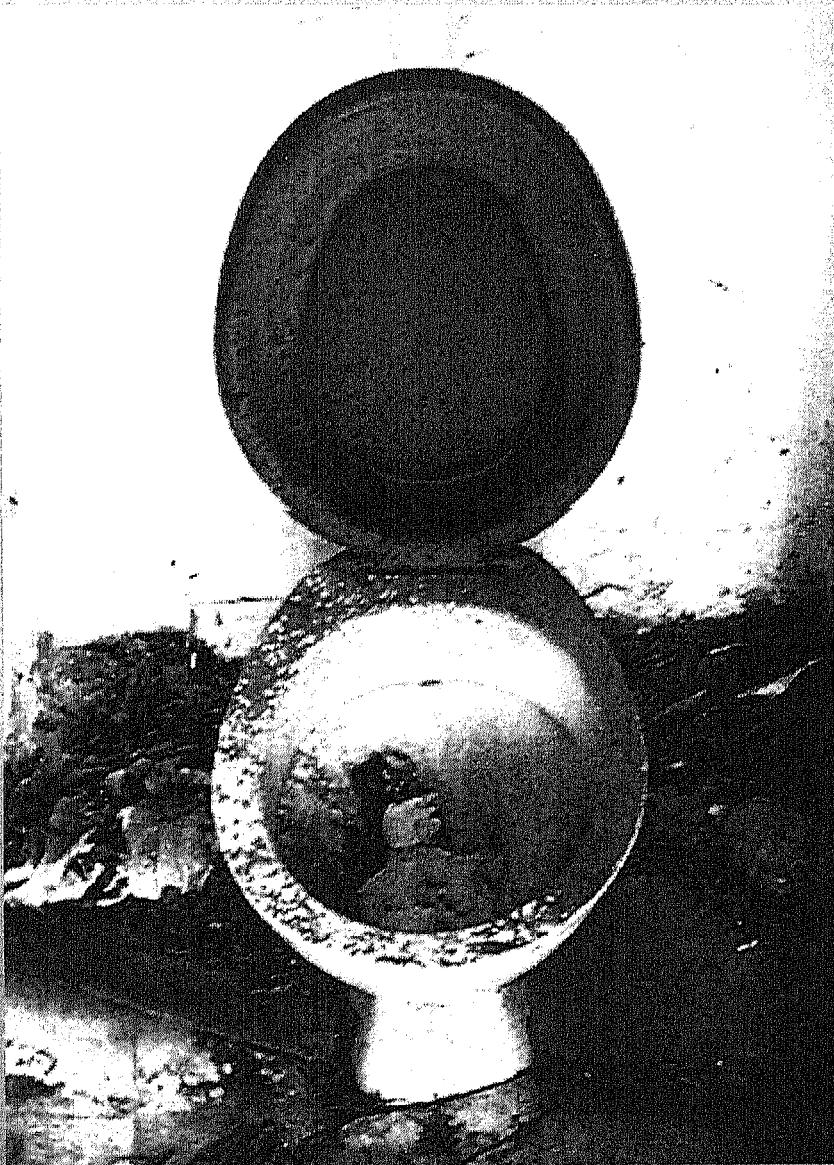


packed, I was booked onto the plane. I arrived at the airport, I met some friends who gave me a card and my dad who bought a round of gin and tonics. I promised to write, then picked up my stuff and boarded the plane.

They gave me a groovy window seat, next to a kindly looking woman. I opened the card - it was a cute drawing of a smiley teddy bear. Inside amongst a sea of words of wisdom and signatures was the same bear, a tear in its eye as it waved to a fading plane. Underneath this illustration originally were the words "We hate to see you go". Typically however the card had been doctored with a hefty amount of pen scribbled in cannily over it.

I could not help but notice the appalled look on my neighbouring passenger's face when she read the final words of well wishing over my shoulder.

"We hate you," the card had been converted to read, "You suck." You gotta laugh but eh?



The author would like to point out that whilst many people seem to consider this story funny, they didn't have to live there.

Cooking with Sister Heidi



Sister Heidi: making all your catering dreams come true

Asian supermarket: it's horny)

juice of 3-4 lemons
150ml olive oil
150gm parmesan (grate it yourself)
2 handfuls fresh chopped basil leaves
2 cloves garlic, chopped

Cook the spaghetti in a generous amount of boiling salted water. Drain thoroughly and return to saucepan. While spaghetti is cooking, whisk the olive oil and lemon juice, then stir in the parmesan and garlic. Whisk it until thick and frothy. Taste it. Add salt and pepper or

even more lemon juice to your taste. Add this to the spaghetti and shake the pan until the pasta is coated. Stir in the chopped basil and add some grated lemon zest, and if I was you, a chopped red chilli.

If you go to the trouble of making this, it will improve your week and you will get a distinction, somewhere!

Thai Basil Pesto

Simply toss this through noodles for a quick dinner or add it to your favourite stirfry.

150ml peanut oil
1/2 cup raw peanuts
1 bunch Thai basil, leaves only
20 vietnamese mint leaves
1 large green chilli (cut out the seeds)
juice of one lime (a lemon will do)
1 tablespoon fish sauce
1/3 teaspoon chopped ginger (fresh)
2 garlic cloves, chopped

Heat oil over medium flame, add the peanuts and cook until just golden. Remove the peanuts using a slotted spoon, you don't want all that oil. Let the peanuts cool. Place all the ingredients in a food processor and whiz until smooth.

Thai Fish Balls

'Balls are delicious! Freud. No, sorry, an Adelaide boy!!!
Serves 4

500gm fish mince (from your handy Asian supermarket)
or buy 500gm Perch, Ling or Flake

and whiz it in a food processor (make sure it's cold!)

2 tablespoons sweet chilli sauce
1 tablespoon fish sauce
3 spring onions finely chopped
1/2 cup chopped coriander leaves
1 egg
60gms breadcrumbs

Mix everything together until combined. Roll balls (3cm is good). If it doesn't combine, add more liquid: either a bit of egg or some more sweet chilli. Pan fry until golden. Test them! Cooking times depend on the pan.

If you have red chillies hanging around, try this for size. I know you do. (Flave size).

6 red chillies, seeded and finely chopped
30gm flat leaf parsley, chopped
2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
salt and freshly ground black pepper
120ml olive oil

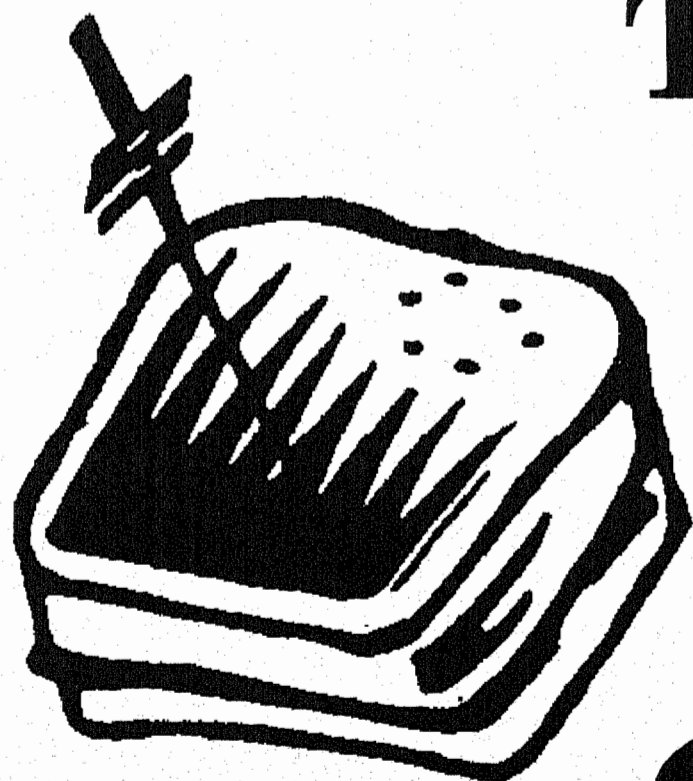
Combine the chillies, parsley and garlic, season with salt and pepper. Place in a jar and pour olive oil over the top. Seal. Serve on the side with BBQ meats or just with rice.

Spaghetti al Limone

Please eat this with dry or draught cider. Serves 4-6

IT WILL IMPRESS!

250g spaghetti
salt and freshly ground black pepper (buy the sea salt from an



THE WILLS

Ground Floor
(Level 2)
Union House

Open 8-3
Monday - Friday

Now selling baguettes



SOCIAL PAGE



The boys from Dial crank out some serious rock on the Lawns



A lost knight contemplates the plethora of marquees in bewilderment



Men wash dishes for the SAUA Women's Department



Beer: bringing people closer together



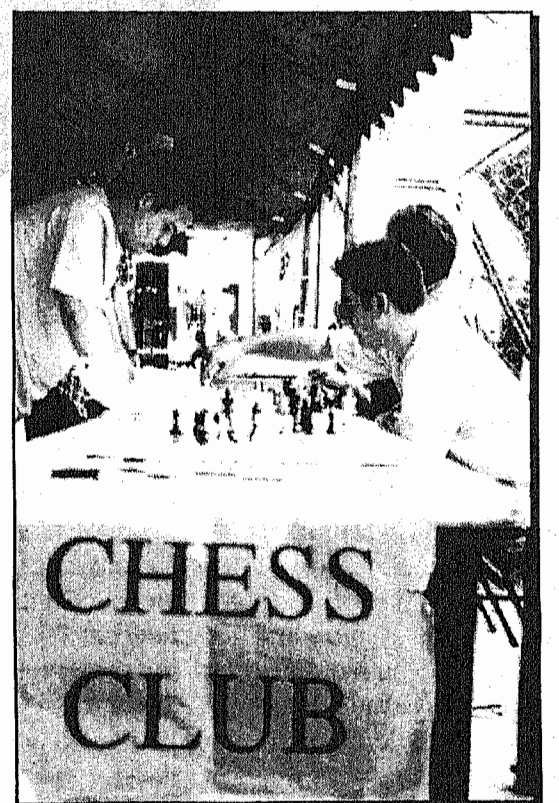
Yes, it's a skulling game, otherwise known as 'boatracing'



And the winner is ...



Memo to myself: smash state

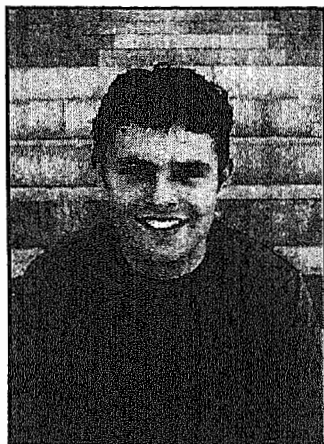


And some serious chess action

IS YOUR FACE THE ONE CIRCLED IN THIS WEEK'S SOCIAL PAGES? COME DOWN TO THE ON DIT OFFICE AT 12.00 ON FRIDAY & DECLARE YOURSELF, AND YOU WILL BE THE LUCKY WINNER OF A PRIZE KINDLY PROVIDED BY SOUTHWARK

Geez, that sounds like Stevo

Stephen Mulligan, SAUA President



Orientation

Last week was Orientation Week, and judging by the number of first-years who got involved in all the activities and events on the lawns, the days were hugely successful. That's not forgetting those fantastic night time events - it all combined to make this year's Orientation one of the biggest in years.

Many thanks must go to those who organised or helped: Tammy the O'Co, Darien, Jeremy and Tammy for the O'Ball, Mark and Susie for O'Camp, Brad, Mike and Deahna for O'Week, Dave and Tessa for O'Tours, Eva, Penny and Rob for O'Guide, and to Jane for ensuring that things ran smoothly.

Politics in the Pub

This Thursday at 4pm in the Unibar the Federal Shadow Education Minister, the Hon Michael Lee MP will be talking to students about higher education. All are welcome to attend; there will be a happy hour from 3:30 - 5:30, so come along and hear about higher education, and ask him a few questions, and even have a drink with him!

Campus Watch

The Campus Watch program, aimed at involving students to make this campus safer and more secure, will be officially launched next week on Tuesday 7 March, 1pm in the Union Cinema. The program is endorsed by SA Police, University Security, and the Union. If you'd like more information about the program, or what to do to get involved, come along for the launch. If you would like any more information about what's happening in the SAUA, come in and see us in the George Murray Building, or call 83035406.

Seb Henbest, Education Vice President



O'Week

Yep, that's north ... yep, that's south, and east and west are where the soggy weet-bix aint eaten. Now we are all orientated in the correct fashion, nothing can deter us, argh!

Hope you all had a grouse week and met lots of new people, or re-met lots of old people, or re-met young people who are old friends even ...

Although O-Week is not the Education Department's forte, we have had a good time and hope we have made education issues as digestible as yogurt on a hot day. For those who are wondering, the Latin on the front of our bright orange t-shirts translates as; 'do I make you horny?', and yes I knew my Latin diploma would come in handy some day. T-shirts are still available from the SAUA, so now you know what it means, come and buy one (only \$13). The band we put on Wednesday was called Onslaught and if you want any information about them, please contact me.

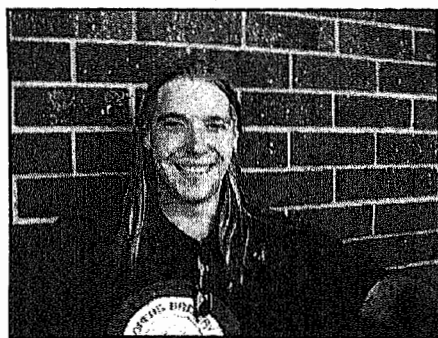
Handy Hint Bookmarks

I hope at some stage last week everyone had the chance to grab or at least have a look at the bookmarks I produced. There are five different types: (a) study tips, (b) oral presentation method, (c) essay question words, (d) referencing etiquette and (e) exam strategy. These should be helpful to most students at some stage this year, so if you didn't get them pop into the SAUA and pick up a few.

VSU?? Not Again Surely!

You wouldn't believe it, but not even a year after voluntary student unionism (VSU) was defeated it looks as though it is back up for debate in federal parliament. The Democrats and the ALP have reassured us that they will block any move by the government to implement such a policy which is good news. VSU is potentially the greatest threat to the university community students have ever faced. If VSU is implemented across Australia, student representation and services will be forced to shut their doors for good, and anyone who has ever needed to use a union service (take the bar as an easy example) or needed representation, will know exactly how important it is that we, the students, oppose any form of VSU.

Adam Langman, Activities/ Campaigns Vice President



O'week O'yeah

Well, as I write this column O'Week is going full tilt. With the exception of rain and having to change venues because it the week is running great. If you weren't here then you missed out but this is only the start of the year so there is plenty of time left for those who couldn't make it.

Cinema On The Lawns ... In The Hall

The first cinema on the lawns went fine - eventually - The rain forced us to move to Union Hall where we experienced some problems with the PA system (I was soldering it together as people were walking in the doors!!!) But 500 people enjoyed a night of cheap pizza and fine films. The activities department has been convinced that this event should continue so stay tuned for details (come in and give us some ideas about the films) Next time we'll talk to the man upstairs and make sure we can have it on the lawns.

Term One

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

Special Events

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

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

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

Don't forget if you have any ideas for events tell me, come and see me, write to me or e-mail me. My e-mail address is adam.langman@student.adelaide.edu.au

We're always looking for good ideas to make your time here better.

Cheers.

Cheapest photocopying on campus available from the SAUA Office: George Murray Building (near Cloisters)

What would he be doing out here?

Heidi Ryan, Women's Officer



Hello again. The Women's Department will be flat out over the next few weeks with a variety of activities and events. I'll deal with them one at a time:

International Women's Day, 8th March: International Women's Day is a day which acknowledges the human rights violations endured by women throughout the world. On March 11 the International Women's Day Collective are organising a march for women's rights ending in a picnic (BYO) in Rundle Park. The SAUA Women's Department group will be meeting at 10am in Victoria Square (just look for the pink!). I'd love to see as many people there as possible.

Unwanted Sexual Experiences Survey: This week Yarrow Place will be launching a survey to gather information about when, where and under what circumstances sexual harassment occurs on campus. The survey is confidential and will help the university make this a safer place for all, so log on to www.unisa.edu.au/uses/ and fill it out.

NOWSA: NOWSA is a national conference for women students. This year it will be held in Adelaide. Preparations are beginning now. If you wish to be involved the collective will be meeting at 4:00 Tuesday 29 February in the Flinders University Women's Room or give me a call at the SAUA (8303 5406).

I'd also like to thank all those who helped out throughout O'Week (you know who you are). The autographed banner looked very impressive as was the number of people signing the petition protesting the GST on menstrual products, well done!

Finally, the sexist comment of the week goes to the gentleman who stated that: 'The only thing that a woman should wear out is the carpet between the kitchen and the dining room' (Who said that feminism has gone too far?!) Submissions for next week's insight can be made to me in person (I am in the SAUA section of the George Murray building), via my student e-mail (heidi.ryan@student.adelaide.edu.au) or by calling me on 8303 5406.

Have a good week!

Heidi

Zane Young, Environment Officer



I hope you had fun in O'Week! I sure did! Sorry about the rain, it was my fault. But I fixed it all up by Thursday. There is something very important you should know about this week:

THIS WEEKEND is a people's conference regarding the proposed nuclear waste dump. Whether you are for or against the dump, come along and express yourself and learn. Speakers so far include:

Dr Jane Lomax-Smith (Lord Mayor of Adelaide),

Dr Ian George (Archbishop of Adelaide),

Dr Helen Caldicott (co-winner of the 1985 Nobel Peace Prize),

Ian Hore-Lacy (general manager of the Uranium Information Centre),

David Noonan (campaign officer for the Australian Conservation Foundation in SA),

Dr Dennis Matthews (former lecturer in Chemistry at Flinders University),

Dr. Jim Green (completed a Phd on the Lucas Heights Nuclear Reactor),

Kevin Buzzacott (Arabunna Elder),

Dr. Marcis Kurzeme (General Manager of Operations Pangea Resources Australia),

Dr Charles McCombie (Managing Director, Pangea Resources International),

Senator Nick Minchin (Minister for Industry Science and Resources),

Jean McSorley (Greenpeace Nuclear campaigner for Australia),

Sandy Pulsford (SA Vice-President of the Sustainable Energy Industry Association),

Sandra Kanck (Member of SA Parliamentarians Against Uranium Mining),

Gavin Mudd (Nearing Completion of PhD (Impact of mine tailings on groundwater),

Rebecca Bare-Wingfield (traditional Arabunna Kokath woman),

Dr. Leighton Barnden (Medical scientist with the Dept of Nuclear Medicine, QEH), and

Stephen Reddall (member of the Coober Pedy Committee Against Radioactive Waste Repository),

The conference is taking place at our very own beloved campus, in the Napier 102 lecture theatre, starting Saturday morning and going until Sunday night. If you'd like to come, just contact me.

For more information or to listen in on the conference live on the web, visit the website:

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

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

Janak Mayer, AUU President



Adelaide University Union President

Wow, what a week we've just had. I hope all of you have recovered from the wild hedonism of O'Week, caught up on some of that missing sleep, and are generally ready to settle down to the hard grind...

Orientation 2000

Orientation's been fantastic, and the pancake breakfast/brunches cooked by the Union Board Directors were a huge success. Many thanks to all the Directors who helped cook! Congratulations to the SAUA, to all the Orientation Directors, as well as to all the clubs, all of whom make the week the stunning success it always is – you all did a fantastic job!

Rules and Policy Review

The Union has recently completed the first major step in a complete review of its Rules and Policy. There was a letter written last week expressing concern over some of these issues, to which I have responded in the letters' section this week. I will write more about the review process next week, but in the mean time, copies of the old Rules, as well as the new version with which they have been replaced, will be placed on noticeboards around the Union Complex, as well as at Roseworthy and Waite Campuses. I would invite anyone with queries about the process to contact me (email me at the address below)

Unibooks Vacancy

As advertised in recent editions of *On Dit*, there are 2 vacancies (One to be nominated by the SAUA, one by the Union) on the Board of Directors of Unibooks. Anybody interested in applying should contact me. Applications close this Friday.

Next Board Meeting

The next meeting of the AUU Board is on March 6, in the Staff Lounge at Roseworthy. Feel free to attend!

Cheers,

janak.mayer@adelaide.edu.au

Bringing me a nice cold quorum

Where'd my fee go?

2000 Student Services Fee

Undoubtedly you will recently have received your enrolment confirmation, with details of the fees and charges owed to the University. One of these will be your annual Student Services Fee, which goes to fund non-academic services on campus, which are provided for you by the Adelaide University Union. The fee for this year is \$284, an increase of \$14 over last year. This increase is solely due to the GST which must be payed on the fee for the second half of the year, and does not include any increase to keep up with CPI (inflation). The impact of CPI on the organisation has been absorbed by the AUU, in the interest of limiting any increases to the Student Services Fee. The following table shows how your Student Services Fee will be spent in 2000:

AFFILIATE FUNDING	\$	%	OPERATING EXPENDITURE	\$	%
Clubs Association	3.81	1.32	Administration	20.18	6.99
Overseas Students' Association	3.69	1.28	Accounts	13.17	4.56
Postgraduate Students' Association	8.73	3.02	Board	4.96	1.72
Roseworthy Ag. Col. S. Union Council	6.39	2.21	Buildings	24.24	8.4
Sports Association	36.10	12.50	Human Resources	15.90	5.51
Sportsground Maintenance	5.16	1.79	Maintenance	9.04	3.13
Students' Association	42.71	14.79	Marketing	2.89	1.00
Tertiary Institute Child Care Centre	0.17	0.06	Theatres	0.44	0.15
Thebarton Campus	0.17	0.06	OTHER		
Waite Institute Students' Association	5.81	2.01	Contingencies	4.03	1.40
STUDENT SERVICE CENTRE FUNDING			Initiatives	1.62	0.56
Activities	3.12	1.08	Reserves	8.89	3.08
Computer Resource Centre	9.56	3.31	Capital Funding	5.23	1.81
Education/Welfare Officers	12.10	4.19	Other	13.95	4.83
Equal Access Scheme	1.44	0.50	GST	12.30	4.26
Union Craft Studio	4.10	1.40			
Total	\$288.79	100%			

Lettarse, c'mon write some you lazy beggars

What the Froke?

'Froke' exterminated in corporate war To the great misinformed populace of Adelaide Uni, It seems a corporate battle has been raging since last year and the scars are somewhat evident. PEPSI corporation's battle flag is flying high and the trenches have been dug in the Mayo refectory. The one innocent victim in all of this however, is the frozen coke. The Froke machine has been removed and post-war PEPSI propaganda covers the scorched earth.

Obviously Coke did something bad to deserve this, the multinational usually keeps its hands clean (Except of course when shipping crates of the sugary nectar to waterless 3rd world villages). I commend the student union for taking an action but to replace it with a 2nd rate global hegemon is a sad attempt at union independence.

If corporate sponsorship is a necessary requirement for the university, why not ask a local bottler like Woodrooffe or Farmers Union? Any Australian company would be willing to gain a market niche of 15,000 students. Furthermore if big sponsors with the funds are not available, scatter the sponsorship across various labels. Besides a large corporations contribution would surely be offensive compared to their annual billion dollar profit margin.

Who cares if we don't get to run in the sun with a group of telegenic racially selected people after drinking Coke or Pepsi. I'm happy with slammin' down 'Woodies' after a BMX ride to the Deli round the corner which is owned by an ethnic minority. Keep our culture, and stop selling out to multinational corporations whose products are shitty and enforce poor labour practices in poorer countries.

P.S. A replacement for the Froke machine would be much appreciated, per-

haps a 'Slush Puppy'?

Rory Spreckley
2nd Year Labour Studies
Ben Heathcote
2nd Year English

Response to Nancy

Dear Editors,
I am writing in response to Nancy White's letter in the last edition, to address some of her concerns, and clear up a few misconceptions. In her letter, Nancy refers to 'major changes' being made to the 'Union Constitution', particularly raising concern over the issues of the commercial operations committee as well as a proposed increase in cost for staff membership.

To clarify matters, firstly it is important to note that no changes whatsoever have been made to the constitution of the Adelaide University Union, nor can constitutional changes be made without the matter being decided at referendum. What have been made recently, are changes (the majority minor, and dealing with clarity of drafting and consistency of formatting) to the Rules and Policy of the AUU, which board create to govern the running of the organisation. With the exception of the Rules Concerning Affiliates, all the rules you have seen posted about the campus are simply amended versions of current AUU Rules and Policy. Nancy raises concern over the composition of the 'catering committee', describing it as 'ensuring catering could be run without student intervention'. Nancy also describes changes to privatise catering, and bring in two year terms for some board members.

It must first be made absolutely clear - there are no plans whatsoever to privatise union catering, nor is such a concept reflected anywhere in the changes

to AUU Rules or Policy. The 'catering committee' Nancy refers to is in fact the Commercial Operations Committee - a regular part of the board subcommittee structure which has existed for a year now. Throughout that time COC has been made up of a combination of general student representatives (appointed by the Union Board) and external industry experts, to advise the management on issues affecting the AUU's commercial operations (including catering). Whilst students may not be the only members of the COC, they certainly have a strong voice in that forum, and the committee has also up to now been chaired by the Union President. Moreover, the committee is only a subcommittee of Board, and the Board retains ultimate control over the Commercial Operations of the AUU. Whilst general student and external members of Commercial Operations Committee do serve two year terms on that committee, no move is currently being made to increase the length of Board Members' terms (nor could such a move be taken without the matter being decided at referendum). Indeed the only substantial change which has been made to the committee is that it's chair will now no longer be the President, but be elected from the Board, in line with all the other subcommittees of the AUU.

In regard to the issue of staff membership, the cost of staff membership will now increase from \$1 to \$5 (the amount was amended at the last board meeting). This however, does not affect the right of the staff of the organisation to vote for a representative on board - under the constitution all staff are entitled to vote in staff elections, regardless of membership. I hope this has clarified any misconceptions Nancy, or any other students may have in regard to the changes. The

changes to AUU Rules were passed at the second consecutive Board Meeting required by the constitution on Tuesday 22 February, and will go into effect on March 1. New copies of the rules, along with the rules that have been replaced, will be placed on notice boards for all students' information. I would like to invite Nancy, or any other students with further queries about the Rules, to make an appointment to see me about the issue (email me at janak.mayer@adelaide.edu.au).
Cheers,

Janak Mayer
Adelaide University Union President

Consumerism v living?

Dear Consumers,
Why this life friends? Why you? Why me? Does anyone know why the fuck we're here? Excuse my angst, but isn't life like a single-engined fighter jet spinning out of control on the tarmac (sic), a maniacal break dance of pathetic broken limb-antennae, loosely flying about the place, desperately trying to grasp onto something - anything!.. Religion, science, philosophy, nationalism, consumerism, war, dead-end relationships, jobs, meaningless sex - grab something whilst you can ... yet ... don't you at times feel the beauty, the magnificence, the wonder ... and then the inspiration to run into the streets screaming 'I AM ALIVE!' - and sad, lonely gazes, shaking heads from metal contraptions - 'yes another one's lost it' - poor fool, must be their upbringing - 'I'm glad I've got it together though' as groaning gears, and drive shafts, guide them to another 8 hours of staring at squiggles on a glowing screen ...

Method in Madness Melvin

Reckon this'd be the Clubs Page, then



AU Skindiving Club Inc AGM

Thursday 16th March, 2000
6:30pm onwards (meet in the UNIBAR at 6pm for pre-AGM drinks)
WP Rogers Room (level 5 - behind the Uni Bar)
Nominations will be called for the following positions:
President
Vice President
Treasurer
Secretary
Newsletter Editor
Boating Officer
Equipment Officer
Two General Committee Positions
Items to be discussed will be membership fees and constitutional changes (changing financial year from September to September to January 1st to December 31st).
For more information please contact Ellie Simpson on 8271 7339 (H).

Go Club

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

ASIET

Action in Solidarity With Indonesia & East Timor
Thursday March 16th IGM 1pm

Margaret Murray Room, Union House Building, 5th Floor. want to contact anyone email adelaide@asiet.org.au

Choral Society

Choir, 40 y.o. seeks male or female to make music with.
As a choir, I enjoy coffees, historical building tours (pub crawls) and long walks on the Port Elliot beach (first camp site).
I am not fussy who I am after. Anyone can join me, I'm not that fussy at all.
If I sound like your mug of coffee contact Adelaide University Choral Society on 0407 937 190 or see us at our O-Week table.
Call me ... call me ... call me now.
An Eric the Fish Dating Agency Service.
Adelaide University Choral Society is turning 40 this year and to celebrate we are staging a major concert of the Mozart Requiem, as well as a 40th dinner and other celebrations. We will also be indulging in our normal activities of coffees after rehearsals, rehearsal camp at Port Elliot, continuing the legacy, err, the tradition of Post Concert Parties, and for those who can not get enough choral singing in we will be sending a large contingent to Brisbane IV Choral Festival. AUCS is a non-audition so you do not need to worry about singing on your own; we'll help you, we have the technology. You don't even have to have prior experience. If in doubt come and talk to us; and join anyway. The size of the choir is typically around 140 chor-

isters, so there is something and probably someone for everyone.
Most people have the image of choral societies as being fairly boring and mundane; this is not the case with AUCS. If you are armed with a mild liking of music, let us build a social calendar around it.
If ever you picked a year to get into a choir this is the one!!
Come and talk to us; and ask about our Fresher BBQ and German Club expedition during O-Week.
'Now who said mattress? ... AND DID THOSE FEEEEEEET ... IN ANCIENT TIIIIIIIMES ...'
Cheers,
Nic Smelt
AUCS President

Cross-Cultural

Wanna Learn How to Dance?
The Cross-Cultural Dance Club (CCDC) holds Yoga, Latin American & Indian Dance classes every week. Teachers are experienced, friendly & prices are cheap!
MEMBERSHIP FREE!
For more information call Damien on 8241 5375.

Electrical and Electronic Engineering Society

The Inaugural General Meeting of the Electrical and Electronic Engineering Society of Adelaide University will be held in the Chapman Lecture theatre

(N158 Engineering North Building) 1.10pm Tuesday 7 March 2000.

We need you to start a new student society specifically for electrical and electronic engineers (EEE). Come and learn. For further info Andrew Allison (aallison@eleceng.adelaide.edu.au, N235) or Sam Mickan (spm@ieec.org, EM416) or www.eleceng.adelaide.edu.au/ieec or just talk to us!

International Martial Arts Tournament Comes to Adelaide

On Saturday March 4th the Adelaide Uni Gym will come alive with all the action of an international-style Karate championship. The Adelaide University Karate Club, headed by JKF Australia Chairman Sensei Chooi, will host the National JKF GoJuKai Championships. This year's nationals is special not only because it is being held in Adelaide, but because of the international field, fronted by our highest ranked counterparts from Japan. Other countries expected to participate are Canada and Singapore, not to mention the best competitors from around Australia.
The championship programme will include traditional Kata competition, during which competitors display their best classical forms, and are then graded by judges. The day will also feature a Kumite competition, as the best fighters pit their skill against each other in a fierce points contest to find the best competitor overall. Age and weight divisions will ensure even competition, and a teams contest has also been planned. The day will conclude with a banquet dinner for competitors and officials. Spectators are welcome, and there is a small entry fee.
(For more information, contact Tom Nehmy on 0411 591 276)

Reclaim the Road

IGM to be held on Wednesday 1st March, 4pm (help us get ready for our big event on the 25th).
Want to know more about our club? Call Andrew Dowdy on 8295 3897 or email andrew_dowdy@yahoo.com.

Renaissance Universal

IGM March Wednesday 15th 1-2pm, WP Rogers Room
Contact Didi 0412 684437 or 8354 4635 or Tim 8351 8689
Email: sunshine@axs.com.au

Stein Club

Beer Lovers club, IGM to be held in the Unibar 4pm Tuesday 14th March 2000. all O-Week members come along - see you there.
For more info call Matthew Loveder on 8443 9134 or email mattloveder.com.

QUESTIONS

1. What's the worst holiday job you've ever had?
2. What's the worst holiday TV you've seen?
3. Have you or anyone you know ever had a holiday romance?

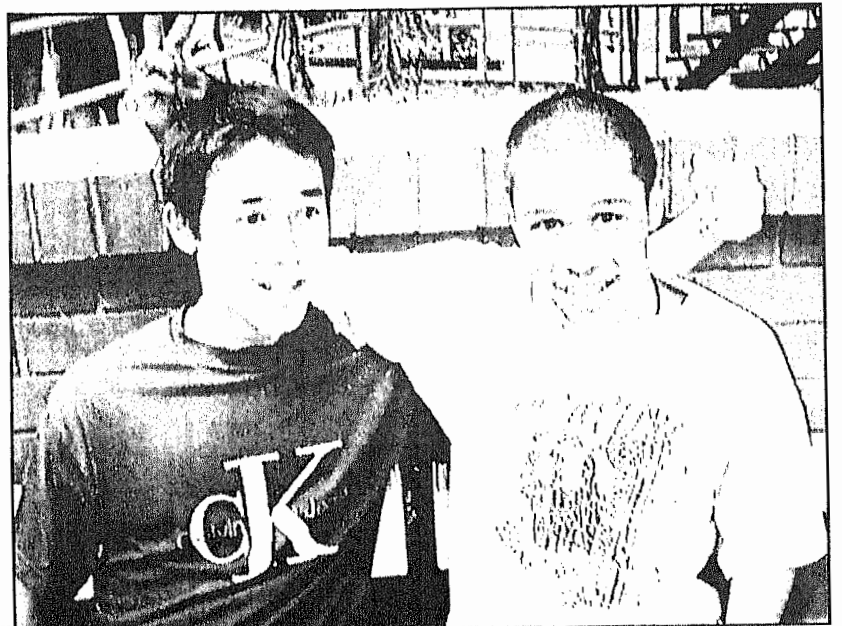
VOX



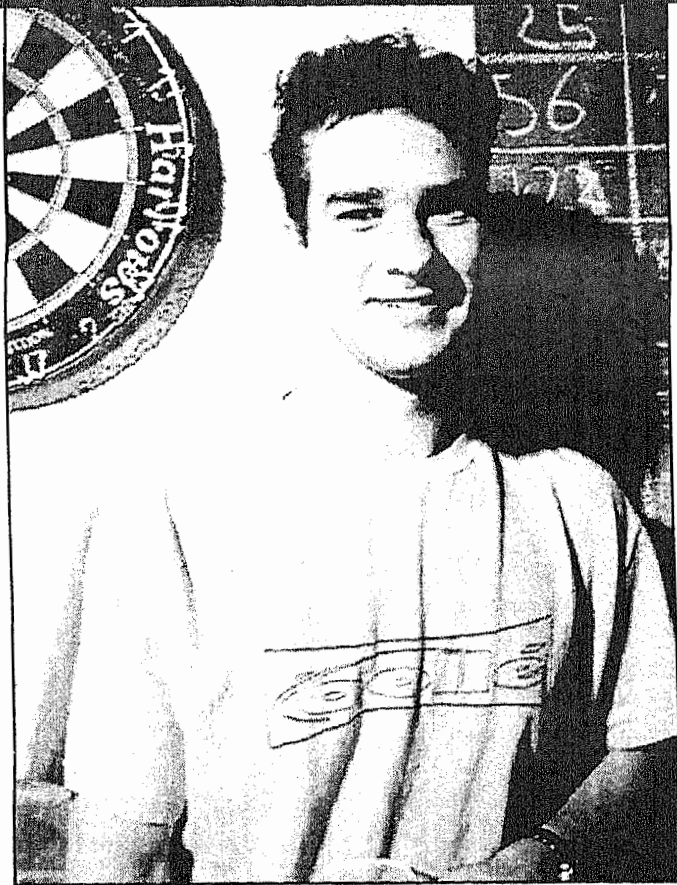
Kassie, Damian and Karen
Shopping around on the Barr Smith lawns
 1. Kassie: Working in a warehouse in 40-degree heat.
 Karen: House-sitting a smelly dog.
 Damian: Maccas for two years. Two summers - need I say more?
 2. Karen: The re-runs of *Neighbours*.
 Damian: Re-runs of any eighties' show.
 Kassie: *Full House* is bad. *Ricki Lake* is bad. I used to love it but now I hate it.
 3. Damian: My sister had a summer fling back in '97. I can't remember his name but I remember he wore Lynx Java.
 Kassie: I've had two summer flings that no one knows about. Hmm ...
 Karen: I witnessed a few at O'Camp. Three minute romances!

Matthew
Spectating pool in the Unibar

1. I haven't had many jobs. Being receptionist at a medical clinic. It was very boring and I was alone with a lot of weirdos.
2. What's the one with the champion of the world? *Greatest American Hero*. That's the worst show in the world.
3. Lots of people hooked up at schoolies, and I wanted to but nothing happened.

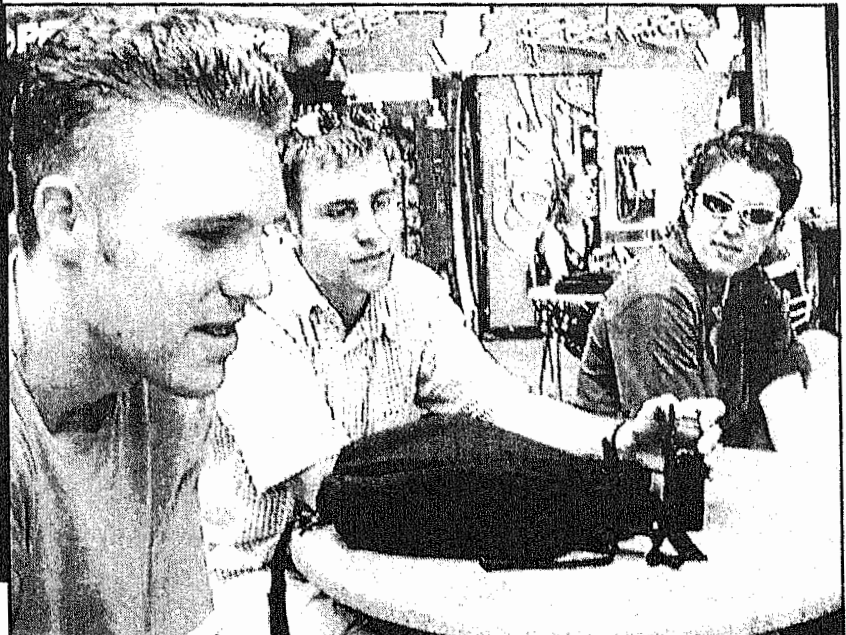


Lee and Leo
Publicly displaying their affection
 1. Lee: I was a groundsman at a Function centre. I had to pick up leaves and twigs all day.
 Leo: I worked for a catering company. It was my Godmother's business. I was young and stupid - so I went in there and stuffed everything up.
 2. Leo: It has to be the repeats of *Full House*.
 Lee: I can't stand that *Beauty and the Beast* thing, but I have to say *Full House* as well.
 Leo: All those moral values at the end. Ahhh.
 3. Lee: My friends and I were staying at Gawler for schoolies, and went to Victor for a party. One of my friends hooked up with a girl and we couldn't find him, so we went home without him. He reappeared three days later, after walking back to Gawler from the party.
 Leo: My friend had an affair with a 34-year-old married American woman over the internet. Does that count?



Alan, Tony and Kate
Being seen in the Wills courtyard

1. Kate: Maccas.
 Tony: Star Cafe.
 Alan: Job?
 Tony: He's never worked in his life.
2. Kate: All those Christmassy movies.
 Tony: *Mash*.
 Kate and Alan: *Mash* is good!!
 Alan: The Tae-bo infomercial.
3. Kate: One previous summer, down at schoolies, I met this guy called Jaime. He moved into our cabin for five days in exchange for a ride back to Adelaide.
 Tony: Still in it. For just over a year now.
 Alan: I got picked up by a girl called Jessie Cootes. I was so drunk - it was a drunken fling.



POP



Tony and Tessa

Getting better acquainted over a beer at the Unibar

1. Tony: Macdonald's. Slave Labour, dodgy wages and bad food.

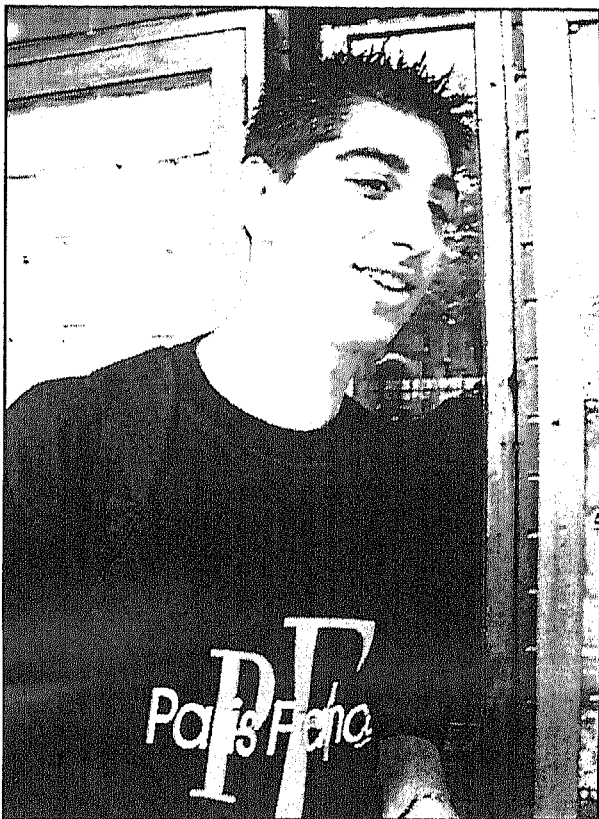
Tessa: Cleaning bird poo off tables at the zoo

2. Tessa: Bert Newton infomercials.

Tony: You can't go past *Home and Away* - the early years.

3. Tony: Nope. I have nothing to hide, unfortunately.

Tessa: I kind of had one this summer, but I can't go into detail because he'll probably read this!



Paul

Having a bit of a lean by the SAUA notice-boards

1. Working at Woolworths. There are many really annoying voices over the P.A. High-pitched whiny ones.

2. *Stritchi*. It's a game show in Italy. For the guys to pick a girl they all strip down and parade around the stage.

3. My friend John had one at a summer camp in America. He had a bit of a roll in the hay (literally) with the Camp Co-ordinator.

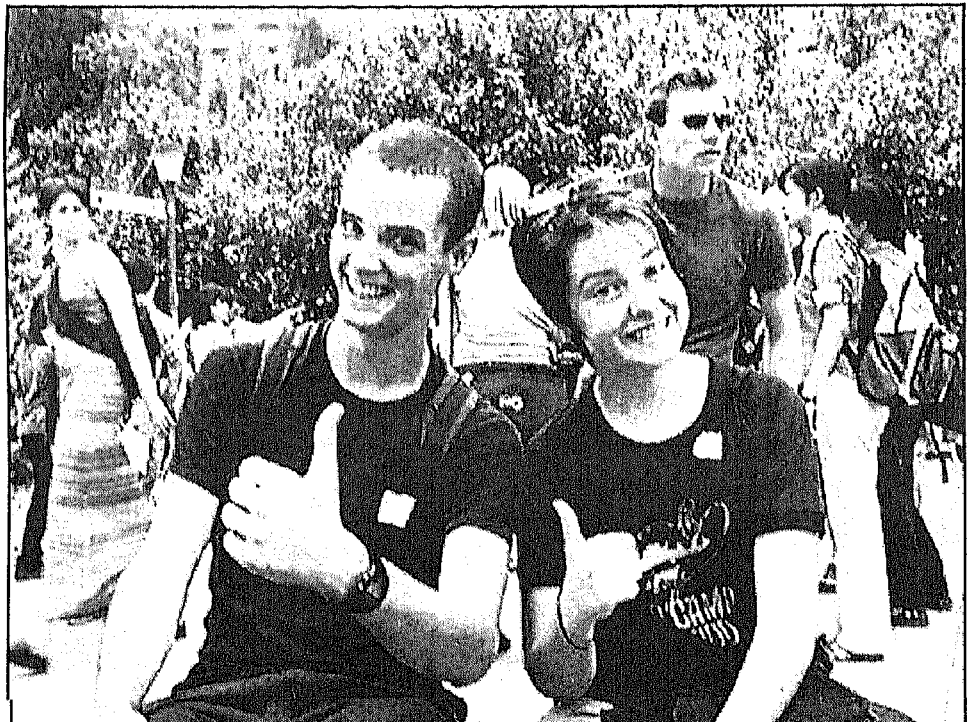
Sarah

Pensive by the Lawns

1. I worked at Baker's Delight. It was okay.

2. *Jerry Springer*. *Beauty and the Beast* - I hate that show. *7th Heaven* is also pretty shit. I watch them but I don't like them.

3. A French exchange student I know had a few with friends from school. Quite a few.



Joe and Alex

Ready and waiting to be corrupted at O'Week

1. Alex: I've never had a job.

Joe: I was a male escort for one of my cousin's friends. I escorted a girl to a 12-year-old's birthday party - I even got paid! I was more like a paid chaperone.

2. Alex: Probably *Oprah*, and the Japanese cable TV on Foxtel. Joe: I saw a telethon on Foxtel where an old folks home wanted to buy a new mini bus, and the old folks were getting up and performing their own numbers.

3. Joe: My parents. You should see the videos.

Alex: Which one? There are always a couple on O'Camp. Two-night stands.

Looking stupid at the School Dance:

An interview with Simon Shore

As soon as Simon Shore saw Patrick Wilde's play, *What's Wrong With Angry*, he knew right away that he had found his first feature film project. The play, which Wilde reworked for the screen as *Get Real*, appealed to Shore because White managed to combine a moving and serious story with a sharp and witty sense of humour. He also thought that Wilde told a very important story, which he wanted to make accessible to an audience who, perhaps, were not familiar with gay themes. Accessibility was important to him: though the film deals with issues of homosexuality, he did not wish for it to be restricted to younger audiences—which it easily could have been, if the subject matter was perhaps handled with less humour and wit.

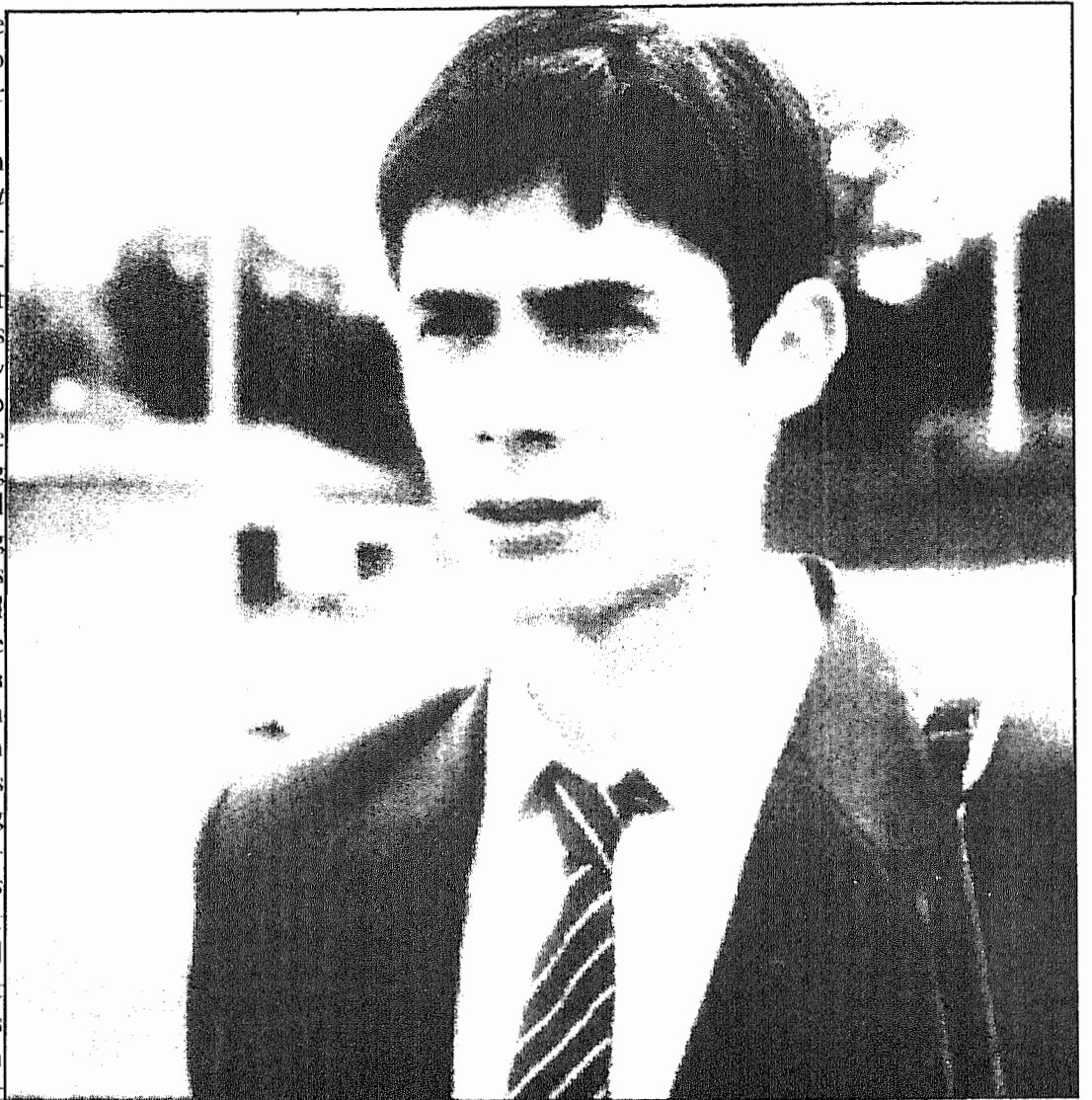
Shore maintains that "What I didn't want to do was make a 'ghetto gay' film. I wanted to make a comedy which was also moving". He describes *Get Real* as "...a love story which has got a lot of humour in it...", adding that he has never thought of it as a 'gay film'.

One of the most interesting facets of *Get Real* is the double strand to the plot: on the one hand it is a moving and sweet love story between John and Steven (played by Ben Silverstone and Brad Gorton respectively), but on the other hand it is also a narrative about honesty. Shore intended for the two to work in counterpoint and react to each other—he says "...whenever the love story is going well they have to lie more, and whenever they start telling the truth, the love story starts going badly." Whilst the audience wishes the love story to end happily, they also want the truth to be

known but recognize that, sadly, the two could probably never coexist.

One thing which shines through in *Get Real* is the universality of "...the archetypal adolescent things...". Shore says that "...everybody knows what its like to be at a school dance and not to be dancing with the person you'd like to be dancing with". He describes this scene, depicted wonderfully in the film, as "...kind of a classic scene from adolescence which everybody knows about...", maintaining that the only difference between *this* typical, adolescent situation, and Steven's, is that "...usually most of us weren't in the position where we thought we'd be beaten up if we went and talked to the person we wanted to talk to".

Despite *not* being gay, Shore says that Silverstone found it easy to identify with his character. This is due, again, to the ubiquity of the adolescent experience, and because all teens hide things from their parents so "...it's quite easy to, by extension, imagine what it would be like if you had this kind of *more serious* thing that he was keeping from his parents..."



A scene from *Get Real*, so I am told.

Shore and Wilde spent many months during the development stages of the screenplay working it around high schools. When asked if he thinks it is any easier for young people to come out whilst they are still in school, Shore concludes that it is not. People who live in cities, he says, believe that it is easier nowadays because openly gay lifestyles are more prevalent in urban centres, and have a higher degree of acceptance. He noticed, however, that attitudes tended to vary between urban and rural centres, saying that "...you don't have to go very far outside of a big city to realize that basically nothing's changed".

The other important factor that he noted in his travels is that very few people still in school *actually knew* any gay people, even though, statistically, a certain percentage of their classmates are bound to be gay. He also adds "...if you think that your parents aren't going to love you anymore if you tell them that you're gay, then it doesn't matter *where* you live..."

Shore and Wilde both believe that having a homosexual and non-homosexual collaboration (Wilde, who wrote the original play as well as the screenplay, is gay) added greatly to the final product in terms of audience empathy and accessibility. Both men are certain that a gay director would have, along with Wilde, simply taken much about the

character of Steven for granted; this level of assumption would have prevented the audience from identifying with the protagonist as easily. Throughout the entire screenwriting process they had what Shore refers to as a 'continual conversation', with Shore constantly asking questions and seeking clarification on issues that Wilde had previously not considered, such as *why* it is so imperative that Steven come out in front of the entire school. He says "Patrick kind of said 'Well, it's obvious, isn't it?' and I said 'Well, no, it isn't obvious to people who haven't lived that', and in the end I got him to write a list of *Twenty Reasons Why It Is Bad To Be Gay And Not Come Out*."

This list, which the two men accidentally passed on to a waiter in a London restaurant when they gave back the menu, became a template both for Steven's speech at the end of the film, and for ways that they could show, by the end of the film, that Steven had no choice but to come out—why staying in the closet was intolerable.

Whilst *Get Real* is currently showing at the Palace Eastend cinemas, some lucky waiter or diner in a London restaurant is now in possession of a list headed *Twenty Reasons Why It Is Bad To Be Gay And Not To Come Out*.



Film magazine of the week

Cwyneth Paltrow's Oscar Speech: *Ps: Watch chosen glory star weep!*

I would say I'm sorry ...



Maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaate.

**The Wog Boy
Now showing
Selected Cinemas**

The Wog's point of view

After hearing loads of hype about this movie for months now, I walked into the cinema with loads of anticipation. As soon as the movie started, I knew I wouldn't be disappointed! It was real-ly good! The movie stars Nick Giannopoulos, who began his wog adventures in the hit TV series *Acropolis Now*. Since then, he's had the stage shows *The Wog Boys* and *Wogarama*, and has now turned his talents to the big screen. *The Wog Boy* is basically about a young Greek man named Steve who is living on the dole. He and his Italian mate Frank spend all their time having fun, cruising around in 'wog-mobiles' (in this case, a spectacular '69 VF Valiant Pacer 2-door coupe finished in beautiful wog black, and loaded with Valiant's amazing 318 V8), and of course, picking up chicks.

Eventually, Steve gets into trouble with the social security people, and gets involved in a scam involving the upper-class wankers. Of course, Steve manages to save the day, with help from Frank, his girlfriend to be Celia, Derryn Hinch, and of course his beautiful Valiant.

The movie is full of send-ups of wog culture (and being part wog myself, I found this hilarious), pays tribute to the 'greatest wog of all', John Travolta, and also pays out other ethnic groups, including Tran and Van, the curly haired Asians, and Fulvio the Yugoslav. Overall, *The Wog Boy* is a fantastic Aussie movie, worthy of a couple of viewings!

Luke 'Go the Valiants' Balzan

**The Hurricane
Now showing
Academy Cinema City**

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

Veteran director Norman Jewison's latest excursion into filmmaking is *The Hurricane*, a biographical film

- or 'biopic' in Hollywood parlance - based on Rubin Carter's book, *The Sixteenth Round*. Several things about Carter's story set it apart from other narratives of injustice born of racial intolerance. Firstly, Carter was no Rodney King, not just some anonymous black man who the police could bully without fear of retribution. Carter was a welter-weight prize-fighter with a serious chance at the world title. He was an extremely high-profile figure, which would suggest the campaign to discredit him went higher than a few local corrupt police.

The Hurricane tells Rubin Carter's story with honesty and sensitivity without slipping into pat sentiment or apologetics. Jewison allows the story to tell itself without too much unnecessary pomp or emotion-eliciting technique. The fight scenes, shot in grainy black-and-white, could be a *homage* to Scorsese's *Raging Bull*, but I doubt it. Denzel Washington's portrayal of Carter is exceptional - he has already taken the Golden Globe for this performance and will be a serious contender for the Oscar. Washington is backed up by an exceptional supporting cast, including the highly underrated Deborah Kara Unger and Clancy Brown. This will not be a film for everyone, but if you're getting sick of Stephen King prison dramas then check out this real life story of a truly extraordinary individual.

Jonathon Dyer

**The Third Man
Now Showing
Trak Cinema**

"You know what the fellow said: in Italy for thirty years under the Borgias they had warfare, terror, murder, bloodshed—and they produced Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci and the Renaissance. In Switzerland they had brotherly love, five hundred years of democracy and peace. And what did that produce: the cuckoo clock."

—Orson Welles as Harry Lime

Carol Reed's film, *The Third Man*, has been called one of the best films ever made. I can see why: it is, quite simply, a masterpiece of cinema.

Re-released for its 50th anniversary, *The Third Man* is the story of Holly Martins (Joseph Cotton) and his search for the truth about his friend, Harry Lime (Orson Welles), whose death he suspects was not quite the accident he was told it was. I will refrain from saying more about the plot though because it has a twist to rival *The Usual Suspects*, and I am in grave danger of yelling it out

**Boys Don't Cry
Opens March 2
Palace Eastend Cinemas**

In rural Nebraska during 1993 a group of young people were murdered at a derelict farmhouse. Among them was a man by the name of Brandon Teena. Except he wasn't a man. He was a woman. And his name was really Teena Brandon.

Boys Don't Cry, a directorial debut by Kimberly Peirce, is the poignant, tragic unravelling of Brandon's story. Peirce views Brandon Teena as representative of a multitude of aspects of our culture, and as a powerful means of exploring our assumptions of gender, sexuality, and identity, and how we construct them. She was first drawn to him through her work as a graduate student, studying women who posed as men during the American Civil War. Peirce faced an enormous challenge with Brandon's story: he was a tabloid media fascination in America for a number of years, and she wanted to tell his story without resorting to sensationalism, which would have been an easy trap. She says of Brandon "I knew I couldn't rectify his death, but I thought I could bring about some understanding....I felt I had to bring Brandon to life."

Another difficulty in Brandon's story was sorting the myth from the facts. Peirce says that "It was a process of turning truth into fiction, then back into a deeper truth." Brandon had become such a fantastical figure, even amongst those who knew him—including his girl-

friend, Lara (played in the film by Chloë Sevigny)—that people often told Peirce conflicting versions of events. The end product is a mixture of known fact, from court and police records, and Peirce's instincts and interpretation of what she was told.

Hilary Swank, who posed as a man for a month to prepare for the role, puts in an exceptional and sympathetic performance as Brandon. Swank views her character as being an extreme manifestation of a common problem for all people; she says "We all have identity crises; we're all trying to find our way in life and figure out who we are, what we want, and how to be accepted....The sad part is that Brandon died unformed." Peter Sarsgaard—who plays John, Brandon's murderer—believes that "The story of Brandon Teena is about the lies we tell in order to be loved." Teena could not find love, but Brandon could.

Boys Don't Cry is a moving and terrible story, and each of its stars exhibit incredible grace and pathos in their roles. Its content will, no doubt, disturb you—but the beauty of this film experience will be worth the pain it brings.

In many aspects the film reminds me of the Australian production *The Boys*, but unlike this film, *Boys Don't Cry* lacks the sense of inevitability which pervades *The Boys*—herein lies its tragedy. Whenever Shakespeare dealt with cross dressing he made it funny. *Boys Don't Cry* is the tragedy he would have written today.

Jayne Lewis

If I thought that it would change your mind

because it is just so damned fucking cool! Suffice to say it is a fabulously film noir little number, there is a conspiracy (of sorts!), there is a woman (of course), and Orson Welles is so chubbily cute and irresistible.

The film is beautifully shot in post-war Venice, and really captures the feeling of the torn city: people continue to exist amongst the piles of rubble and in the damaged buildings; the feeling is neither despair nor optimism, but a resigned acceptance of the current reality. War has changed this once-great city. War has changed once-great lives—we do not find it unusual that a Baron is playing the fiddle in clubs for petty change, or that everyone is involved in the black market, or that Anna Schmidt (Alida Valli) lives almost alone in a gigantic, empty building scarred inside and out by shelling and gunfire. Venice has been split into French, British, Russian, American, and International zones; representatives of each of the Allied forces must go to arrest Anna in order to give her to the Russians.

And in the middle of it all is Harry Lime: shadow, footnote, myth—talked about in great detail by all, but not seen.

I promise that I will not say this to you often throughout the course of the year: see this movie. *You must see it*, if only for the famous first shot of Welles in the doorway.

Jayne Lewis

Not One Less
Opens March 25
Palace Eastend Cinemas

Zhang Yimou, who directed *Red Sorghum* (1988), and *Raise the Red Lantern* (1991), has tried to inject a stark realism into this work, and has succeeded in that, if nothing else. All the characters are played by non-professional actors—in some cases their roles in the film closely mirroring their real lives. Even though Zhang has managed to coax some good performances from his amateurs, the technique failed to impress this jaded first-worlder, who prefers his actors to be plastic and his performance polished.

Not One Less centers around 13 year old Wei Minzhi, a villager in remote rural China. She is called upon to substitute for the sole primary school teacher of Shuiquan village, who is temporarily absent. Wei Minzhi has no experience at teaching, and her only qualification is that she has completed primary school. She is promised a bonus

payment if, during her stewardship, none of the pupils quit school, as nearly one-third of the 40 students who started the school year have already been lost.

Sympathy is quickly lost for Wei Minzhi when she resorts to under-hand tactics to keep her students, going so far as to sabotage the potential athletics career of one pupil, merely to safeguard her bonus. Soon, however, 10 year-old Zhan Huike, is sent by his poor family to the city to find work. Still mindful of her bonus, Wei Minzhi single-mindedly sets off to find and retrieve him.

What follows is the typical geographical journey as catalyst for psychological/spiritual growth, as Wei Minzhi discovers that there is more to life than she ever imagined. I suppose I should have found this story inspiring or courageous, but the most charitable adjective I can muster is 'desolate'. For me, *Not One Less* was not a story of triumph against the odds, but a dreary exposition of the meanness of spirit engendered by constant struggle, and of the terrible, soul-crushing nature of poverty.

FlashFlood

The Dinner Game
(La Diner de Cons)
Opens April 16
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 accountant 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 movie business for over 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 instead 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



Look, I haven't even heard of *The Dinner Game*. How in hell am I supposed to think a caption for it?

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

**WILLING TO SELL
YOUR SOUL FOR
A FREE
MOVIE?????????**

Want to join the danse macabre we call film reviewing? Come forth my Armies of Darkness into the unholy shrine of evil which is the On Dit office (basement of the ghoulish George Murray Building, opposite the satanic Barr Smith Lawns, down those daemonic little stair thingys) this devilish Thursday 2nd, 2pm. Ask for the Unholy One (that's me, Jayne). Bring forth a fiendish sample of your reviewing, if you have one. Be prepared to sign in blood.

(Those who sold their souls to me last week need not bother. This meeting is for those who couldn't make the last one).

FREE STUFF!!

We have two single passes to the Premiere Screening of *The End of the Affair* to give away. Because it is being billed as the greatest romantic film after *Casablanca*, we'll hand them over to whoever draws the prettiest picture of a single rose for our lovely Film Chick. Bring your romantic gesture down to the On Dit office (basement of the George Murray Building, opposite the Barr Smith Lawns, down those funny little stair thingies), along with your name, student number, and telephone number, and we'll play art critic and let the lucky punter know by the weekend.

**IT'S THAT
SIMPLE!**

Steven Savvas

Out-Takes: A Spotlight on the local film industry

Writer/director Steven Savvas' third short film *The Details Of Daily Living* recently won \$15 000 at the South Australian Filmmaker of the Future Encouragement Prize which rounded off the inaugural Zoom SA ShortsFest '99.

A self confessed 'flavour of the month', Savvas is now having his ego stroked and eating free food from the industry big wigs.

Belinda Schenk spoke to him.

Can you briefly explain what *The Details Of Daily Living* is about?

It's about statistics and how they influence our lives. That's probably the most condensed way that I can explain it. I mean statistics are thrown at us all the time and you have to take it as true, accurate and factual.

How did you get funding for the film?

Funding was by the South Australian Film Corporation (SAFC) through their New Players Scheme. Unfortunately making short films in Adelaide is getting tougher. The SAFC used to have a funding programme called the Creative Development Fund (CDF). That's where you are paid and your crew is paid award rates. The budgets then were 30 Grand, 40 Grand, even 50 Grand. Now budgets are 5 Grand. I've been told that the SAFC wants to make entrepreneurs, and they're putting all their money into big awards. There's a great deal of satisfaction in being able to pay your crew, which can't happen right now because there is no funding body in South Australia where you can get decent funding for short films.

What are you going to do with the \$15 000?

I've spent a good portion of it on daily living. You can't make money out of short films and I've been very poor, so I've lavished myself.

But I think I might go to Europe and see what it's like over there. I'm also going to start up a production house, so I'll use some of the money for that. A place that other young film makers can use as well.

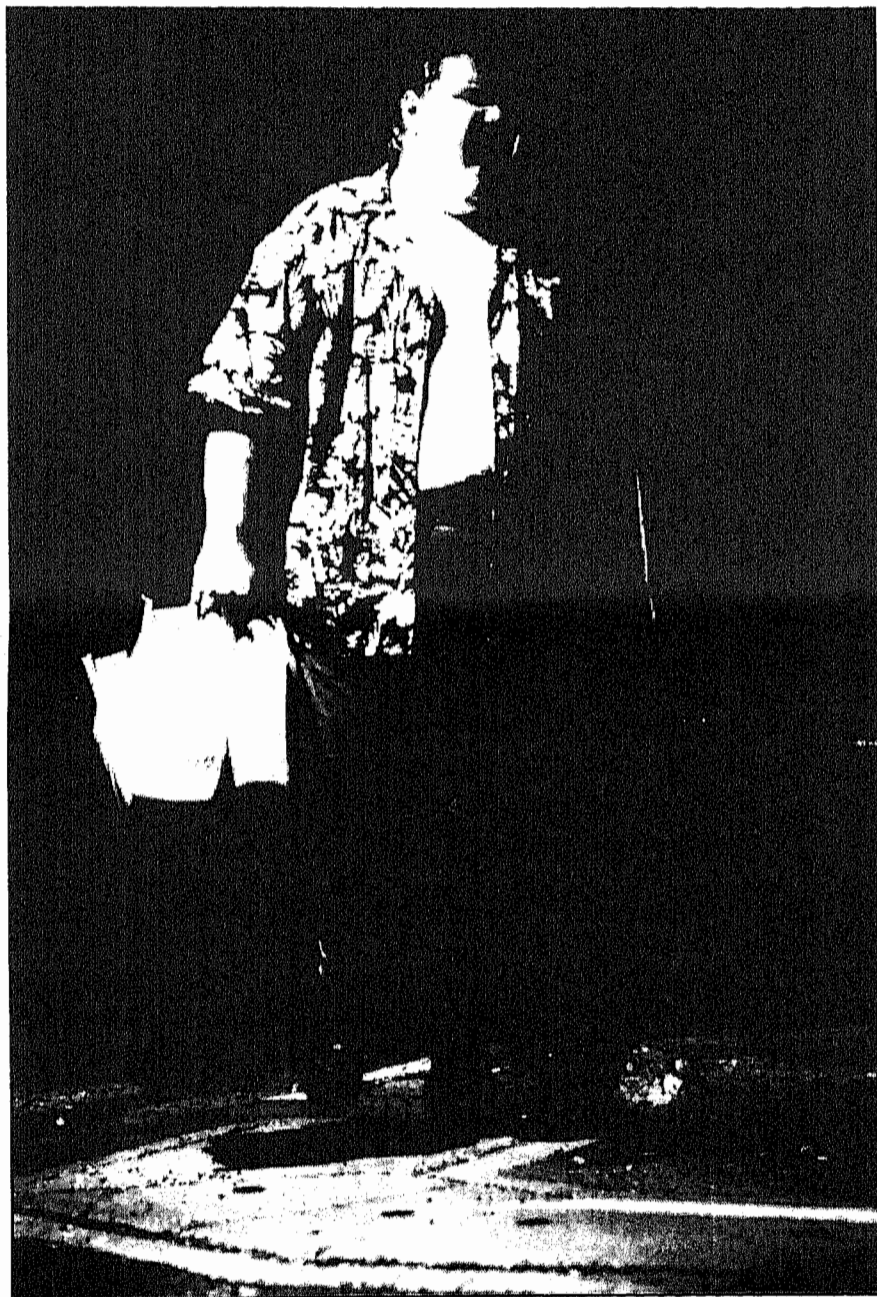
What has the reaction been to *Details*?

It's been great, yeah, it's been fantastic. I went to a dinner last night and found nothing but compliments.

(Later, this reporter was to find out that the aforementioned dinner was with Peter Greenaway, Scott Hicks and Rolf

to study film making at MAPS (Media And Production Skills).

Where would you like your ca-



Maris J Cune in *The Details of Daily Living*.

de Heer!!!)

So, there's been nothing bad at all?

One person said that it was 'well executed' and that's all that he said. I won't say who that was. I quite like the film, and that's the most important thing.

How did you start in the business?

I was studying this, studying that, drifting around a lot and I wrote a script that was half an hour long and applied to Carclew. And they turned me down, so I went

reer to go?

I'm hoping to make a low budget feature film this year. It's about Mahjong. How to play Mahjong

Excuse my ignorance, but what is Mahjong?

It's a game where you have little tiles with characters and symbols which are like cards and you have to make a wall, a great wall of china and it's very much like a card game after that. It's a great game.

Who are your artistic influences?

I really get into Lars Von Trier. I used to get into Greenaway and Hitchcock a lot, but I'm drifting away from them a bit. I like a lot of Polanski's stuff and Kubrick's stuff is fantastic. I don't watch that many films, I never really have. I'm starting to now but I'm starting from the classics, like back in the 50's. So I don't really keep up with the latest films. I very rarely go unless I get free passes.

I studied Visual Arts so I also get into some of the artists like Picasso and Miro. I'm probably influenced by science more, because I come from an engineering background so I think that there is always going to be a bleak and logical aspect to my films.

What is your perception on the SA film industry?

I think it could be better. I mean the SAFC know that it could be better and they're taking pro-active steps to do that. I know a girl who is trying to make a forum for low-budget film makers, which will be great.

There always needs to be more funding though, which there's not.

It's a hard question, because I could sit here and say that it's not working and this and that, but to find a workable solution, well, that's another thing.

What are your tips for aspiring filmmakers?

Get a really good producer. You'll know within the first week of pre-production if you've got a good producer. The other thing is - there are more barriers put in place for people not to make films than for people to make films, so you're just going to have to crash through them.

I think the most important thing in film making is will power. Everything else is secondary. So do whatever you need to do to increase your will power, because that will get you through.

I want make love to you all

A Couch Potato Classic (almost)

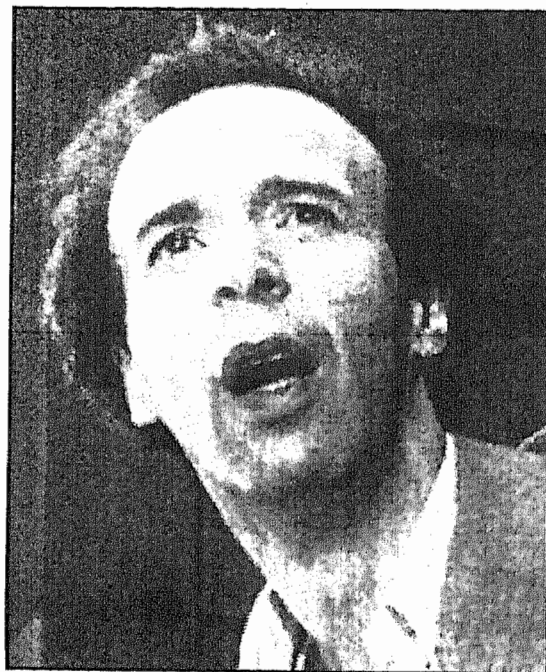
Life is Beautiful
(*La vita e bella*)
1997, Director:
Roberto Benigni
Roberto Benigni,
Nicoletta Braschi

Italian comic Roberto Benigni - a household name in his native country - brings his old-fashioned brand of physical shenanigans to bear on that most overlooked of genres: the concentration camp slapstick comedy. *La vita e bella* (*Life Is Beautiful*) stars its director alongside his wife Nicoletta Braschi, whom he has performed with in previous films like *Johnny Stecchino* (1991) and *Down by Law* (1986), the latter directed by American independent champion Jim Jarmusch.

Does *La vita e bella* hark back to the glory days of Italian neo-realist cinema? (Its story begins in 1939, continuing into the following decade and there is a bicycle in the film's poster.) Well, no. It is certainly old-fashioned in its style of humour, which is completely and often uproariously farcical.

very much at one with Benigni's previous work (recall the 'icecream' scene in *Down by Law*).

But at some point a significant problem may arise for the viewer. The first half of the film follows Benigni's Jewish klutz through a string of naive misadventures, among them (even caused by) his repeated attempts to woo Nicoletta Braschi's beautiful quiet schoolteacher. The racial tension of the time is subtly injected into various incidents and lines of dialogue, just enough to propel the viewer into the next stage of the



Shut your mouth, man. You look like a halfwit.

the funniest scene in the movie takes place at a point where the prisoners are being informed of the harsh conditions they must now endure. But where does this

movie without losing the effect of the shock it produces, for these two pleasant, innocent characters are sent to a Nazi concentration camp (with a young son in tow)

where, it would seem, Benigni's outrageous antics will be replaced with a more appropriate dramatic impetus.

Wrong. It grants Benigni the opportunity to place his simple humour in a very challenging context. In fact,

the funniest scene in the movie takes place at a point where the prisoners are being informed of the harsh conditions they must now endure. But where does this

leave the viewer? Is it okay to make jokes in such an environment, at the core of an enormously sensitive historical incident? The comedy certainly upstages the 'drama', involving rather cartoonish German soldiers in their acceptance of Benigni's habit of making fun of them (similar circumstances in *Seven Years in Tibet* undermined that film's authenticity). And so any message Benigni the director has to offer - about the power of love, the unity of family - is quickly forgotten in favour of the light-hearted and entertaining antics of Benigni the star.

Daniel Gear

Got a couch potato classic? Then write about it, sucker. Bring it in. If we like, we print.

Just another haunted house

What I call a real plot device



'And little Mickey Douglas is how old now?'

The Haunting
1999, Director: Jan de Bont
Liam Neeson, Lili Taylor, Catherine Zeta-Jones

After negotiating our disasters in the likes of *Speed* and *Twister*, cinema audiences are now invited inside a haunted mansion in action director Jan de Bont's latest film *The Haunting*.

Liam Neeson plays a psychologist who brings together a small group of people to unknowingly take part in his study of fear. Lili Taylor (*I shot Andy Warhol*), Catherine Zeta-Jones (*Entrapment*) and Owen Wilson (*Bottle Rocket*) all believe they are staying in Hill House for a study of insomnia.

Before long the supernatural presence in the house starts making creepy noises and generally trying its best to scare the hapless visitors away.

Although initially unaware of

it, the history of one member of the group is tied in with the owner of the house, who was responsible for the deaths of a number of children many years ago, their souls condemned to inhabit the house for all eternity. Or something like that.

The Haunting's strength lies in its visual design. The exterior of the massive Hill House is ominous and uninviting while the interiors are grand and opulent, seemingly existing in another dimension. The breathtaking sets and production design play host to a variety of impressive computer generated visual effects, which as expected take their place as the real star of the film.

The actors themselves are enjoyable to watch, however, and although *The Haunting* may not be as terrifying as it hoped to be, parts of it are quite chilling.

Daniel Gear

Couch potatoes wanted.

The On Dit video section is still looking for folk to park themselves on the couch and watch a flick or two. Come on down. Say hi.

No need to worry, either. We will have you back on the couch in no time.

57 Channels (and there's nothing on)

Animate me

One of the consequences of being at work at 8am on a Saturday morning (apart from the obvious self-imposed "quiet one" on the preceding Friday night) is that I get to watch some pretty ordinary Saturday morning cartoons. I think even allowing for the fact that these shows are pitched at people twenty years younger than me, the institution that was Saturday Morning Cartoons (I think appropriately capitalised here) in the seventies and eighties has been reduced to a mere skeleton of its former self. To start with – where's Robby, Joey, and that god-forsaken talking duck? Sure, everyone needs to move on as their career advances, but why did they axe the concept of the Super Cartoon Show? (I'm sure it was *Super* – if not, it should have been.) And I'm not talking about having the bimbo-of-the-month sprouting superficial summaries of three Warner Brothers cartoons and calling that the *Bugs Bunny Show*. I'm talking about insightful commentary on the cartoon as a medium, I'm talking competitions, birthdays, and some guy with his hand up the back of that talking duck.

And what's wrong with hand drawn characters on recycled backgrounds? I'm not sure I'm really buying the current wave of computer-generated, Dolby-stereo, Palm Pilot-carrying cyber-morons living in a world of endless fractal background scenes. What's wrong with *Batfink*? Where did *Hong Kong Phooey* go? Who's *Inch High Private Eye* working for now? These are the pressing questions of cartoonedom. What happened to crazy xylophone sound effects as Scooby ran on the spot trying to get up speed to evade the bad guy? I'm demoralised. There's a whole generation of 5 to 10 year olds growing up not thinking that sharks can be in rock bands too. (As an aside, am I the only person who remembers *Batfink*? Special prize if you can name his sidekick.)

Educate me

While I had originally intended to have a look at commercial television news programs as full column at some point, I thought of something just today which makes me want to just talk about news quickly this week. Some background: I fall into a demographic minority in this country. I'm a male, aged 18-35 who doesn't watch sport on television. (I could, at this point, regress into a paragraph or two making myself the butt of some jokes. But keep

reading. And don't worry, I'm saving my anti-sport column for another day, so you'll get your chance.) Despite this, I think Ten's *Sports Tonight* is a great idea. Seriously. I don't watch it, but the concept of making sports "news" into its own show is a masterstroke. I would argue, though, that it's only going half way. What Ten needs to do now is take the quarter hour of sports "news" out of its one hour 5.00pm bulletin, take the rest of the space filling satellite crud that it downloads from the US every day and get back to a half hour format. Is anyone really buying the earlier + longer = better equation? I'm not. If it was a raging commercial success, why aren't Seven and Nine doing it? I say: Ten, you've taken the first step. By all means, tell us about who's sprained whose groin and which Einstein kicked the little ball between the sticks – but do it in the **flagship** that is *Sports Tonight*. Cut the American human-interest schmalz, and do it all in 30 minutes. Then you'll be winners.

Bart me

I must admit, although I claim to be a pretty solid fan, I've lost track of *The Simpsons* lineage lately. Is it just me, or has the scheduling of old and new episodes on Ten changed about five times in the last few months? As if eleven hours of *The Simpsons* per week on Fox 8 wasn't enough (and that doesn't include the daily repeats!), I quite liked getting daily repeats on Ten at 7.00pm – Fox 8 was showing repeats at the same time, so it gave viewers the luxury of watching whichever episode they had seen fewer times. Sadly, Ten's decided to go back to a one night per week format. Scanning through the week's listings on Yahoo!, it seems, this week at least, *Simpsons* night is back to Sunday: *The Simpsons by Request* (whose?) at 6.30pm, *The All New Simpsons* (promoted really badly all week) at 7.30pm and just plain old *The Simpsons* at 8.00pm. I guess it's not the worst idea of all time, but I kind of liked have a single repeat on every night. By the way, I liked the new



Hong Kong Phooey: legend has it that he was the 'number one super guy'.

episode on 20 February: I'd give it nine thumbs up.

Jason my Donovan

It's time to be honest: not all ideas that I come up with while drinking beer in a pub turn out to be all that spectacular in the harsh light of the next day. (For example, it's amazing how realistic an Austudy wedding can seem on the other side of six schooners.) But here's one that is so crazy it just might work. The premise is this: I think *Neighbours* needs something new, and something big. I'm pretty damn tired of Madge pretending to be talking to Scott and/or Charlene in Brisbane when she's clearly having a one way conversation with the dialtone. We were never fooled when our parents pretended to ring up Father Christmas at the North Pole when we pushed it too far just before Christmas. And if I'm not mistaken, she's pretending to be in Brisbane with Scott and Charlene right now (or did I make that up?). Anyway, I think it would be a pure ratings rocket to have Jason Donovan and Kylie Minogue make even a five minute cameo appearance on one episode of *Neighbours*. (As an aside, did anyone else hear the rumour that

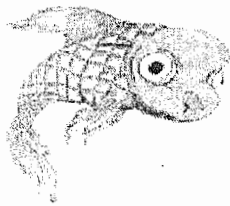
Minogue tried to stop Ten broadcasting old episodes in the afternoons because Charlene didn't really cut it in terms of Minogue's new image? Or did I make that up, too?) Of course it would involve finding Donovan (and probably a sizeable detox stint), and convincing Minogue to drop the pseudo-English accent which isn't fooling anyone anyway. But it would be great. Can you imagine how many weeks Ten would bill it in advance? And the possible character interactions would be never ending: What do you think Toady would say when he met Scott? Would anyone buy Charlene being on the set in a dress (assuming Minogue would refuse to wear the previously requisite filthy overalls)?

I thought it was a cool idea yesterday, and I think it's even cooler today. I'm heading off to look up an e-mail address for Channel Ten.

Final thought: A special prize awaits anyone who can name the current *Neighbours* character who has been on the show before as a completely different character. For all I know there could be more than one. But you've got to name the one I'm thinking of.

Paul Hoadley

They call him Lehmo, Lehmo, faster than ...



Last Friday night saw the opening of the Fringe, so Anthony Paxton, a well meaning *On Dit* hack, went along to Boltz Cafe to see *Lehmo is Out of Range*. A rollercoaster of a show dealing with important issues like war, salad and the TV show *Monkey*. Before the show Anthony caught up with a Lehmo for a bit of tete a tete comedy style.

OD: Lehmo, what is the most important skill for a comedian to have?

Lehmo: To be able to make people laugh.

OD: Well you're off to a good start.

Lehmo: I think just an ability to create the appearance that you're just talking to people like your chatting to your mates down the pub. So to make it look as though you're not trying to make people laugh, you're just chatting with them.

OD: So comedy is all about keeping a rapport with the audience?

Lehmo: Yeah, just appearing relaxed. Cause I think that appearance is nine tenths of comedy and material is 10 percent.

OD: Even though it's not as important, what is the material in the new show?

Lehmo: This show is about modern culture and there's a lot of stuff in there about America because that's where modern culture comes from. So I examine that a little bit. Not in an overly serious way. I talk a little bit about war 'cause we've had some

good ones lately. War's great. There's better stats as well and they should have an MVS award (Most Valuable Soldier). And then I do some observational stuff - stupid little things that people do that I find interesting. And then I finish off where I talk about salad. And I think that if people paid more attention to salad and the effect that it has on our lives and how it influences us it would be a happier world.

OD: I can see where you're coming from.

Lehmo: A lot of people can't.

OD: Well things are always mixed up but you've got to make sure you've got the right ingredients.

Lehmo: Yeah, that's right. But salad is more a metaphor really. Cause we all know that salad tastes like shit but people eat it because it looks good.

OD: You might not be making your salad right.

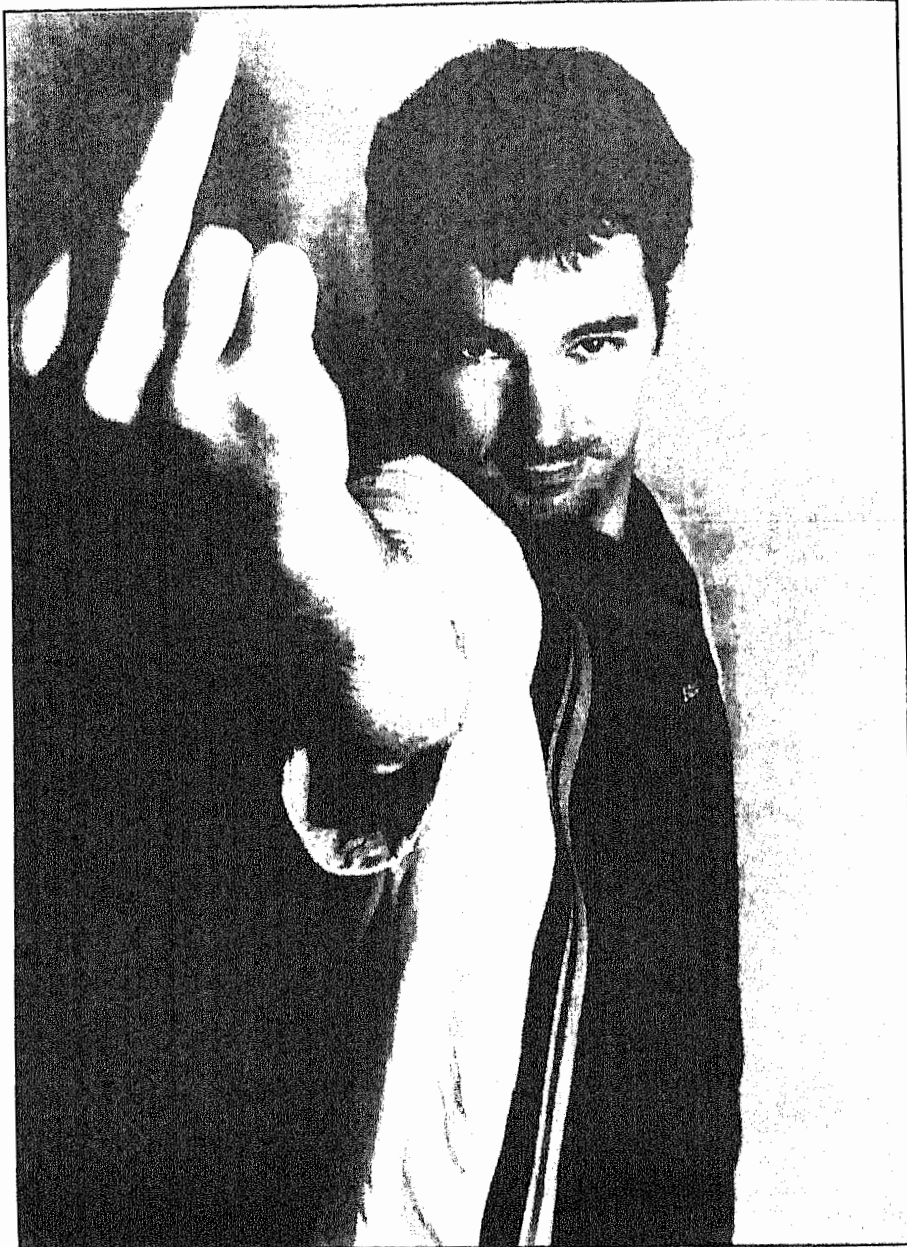
Lehmo: I don't think anyone has ever eaten salad and gone, "Yummo, can't wait for my next serve." No, I think salad is generally shit and I'm sticking with that. So salad's a bit of a metaphor cause salad's crap but it looks good and healthy so people eat it. And I think people do that in their lives. They don't actually think about what's fun, they think what looks right.

OD: What they think is fun.

Lehmo: What they think is fun and what looks right to other people not what actually is.

OD: So if people come along to your show they might find out more about themselves then they will about you?

Lehmo: Yeah, I think I leave on a pretty positive note at the end of the



Lehmo: outta range, but not outta attitude.

night. Hopefully when people walk out of my show they're gonna be straight down the pub getting smashed. Maybe get arrested. Hopefully they'll leave my show and have more fun that night after my show than they've ever had in their lives.

Cause they're going to walk out thinking, 'He was right. Why don't I go and do that?' So I see myself as a bit of a Laurie Lawrence in the Fringe. A sort of motivational king.

OD: Do you think that most performers in the Fringe are that inspirational or are they more interested in their 'art'?

Lehmo: I think a lot of the comics try and impart something on their audience. Try and share some sort of message whether directly or indirectly. You know, even if it's as simple as "Life's not that serious." Which I guess is what comedy's all about. But I think there's always some sort of message there, even if you have to look for it for ages. And even if the comic doesn't mean it you'll find one.

OD: What are looking forward to in the Fringe and Festival?

Lehmo: Just it's the best party that Adelaide puts on and it makes it really worth while living in Adelaide. There's just so much to see and there's stuff to see that you just would not see in the other two years when the Fringe isn't on. Basically it's a great party, hanging out with people. There's always something to do,

there's always something on. And you don't have to keep going back to the same club every week. You can actually say to people, 'What are we doing tonight?' instead of saying 'Meet you down the Exeter. Again.'

OD: So that people know throughout the Fringe where are you going to be hanging out?

Lehmo: I think I'll be drinking at the Exeter every night. No, I'll probably spend my time at the Spiegel Tent I think. Probably the Lion Arts Centre. Probably the carpark behind the Exeter and just around.

OD: People can come up to you for a chat and a spiel and maybe the answers to the meaning of life?

Lehmo: Oh absolutely. If someone's stupid enough to think that I can give them a sensible answer then bring it on. Why not. Essentially I think people are crazy if they don't take advantage of the Fringe and see as much as they can. And it's easy to get cheap tickets. Just blag your way around. Talk to performers, particularly if you go during the week, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. Just hole up a performer and say, 'Look, I'd love to see your show with ten friends but we're a bit worried about the price?' They'll give you discount tickets.

Lehmo is Out of Range is on at Boltz Cafe at 8:30.

Season runs until the 5th March.

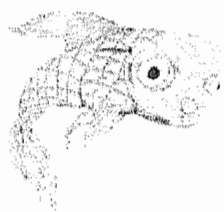
A Rant

Bread and circuses: tools of governance. We have abundant bread, but cannot live by bread alone. So the Caesars invented circuses, to mollify and control the masses. Now a circus is a damn fine thing, but what are the politics of our arts circus? We suddenly have hundreds of events to choose from, but frustratingly you can only get to a fraction of what's on. If the 580 events here now were spread out over the intervening two years we'd have over 5 events opening every week (on top of what already happens) and there'd be a chance of seeing much more of it - but you would miss that 'critical mass' experience that lets you float in the midst of everything.

Lets keep the carnival, but also be aware of the politics of the temporal ghetto-isation of the arts into an economy-sized event. Employers doesn't want you regularly turning up wasted after having had a cultural life - risking that you might even find out there's more to life than wage slavery - so you're effectively given twelve managed days per year. Government doesn't want your imagination stimulated, which leads to discontent, hence this seasonal delivery method which contains and de-limits your exposure, combined with the fact that you'll probably get so frenzied/pissed you'll forget nearly everything in a week's time.

What to do? Dive in deep, but don't go and see acts you can see on television. See new acts, challenging acts, risky acts, local acts, radical acts and random acts. In this way you will encourage the ungovernable 'fringe', and maybe, just maybe, come to recognise the status-quo for what it is and then we could end up with an arts-stimulated politically active cultural life that makes apathy a choice of the past.

Pamela Levin: Sitting in a quiet room



Pamela Levin is in Adelaide after sell out shows in New York, Philadelphia and Canada. Her award winning

show 'THE QUIET ROOM or What Happens When a Schizoid Ballerina is Locked in a Room with a Duck' - is a one woman, dark comedy that explores the inner workings of the manic-depressive mind of Sissy Taglione. Pamela is here as part of the International Theatre Brigade who are playing nightly at the Cosmopolitan Centre in Hindley Street.

OD You're from New York?

PL I'm originally from Philly, that's my home town.

OD Anything particular about Philadelphia that makes people schizophrenic and manic depressive?

PL (laughter) No, its the city of Brotherly Love!

OD Well, that whole family incest kind of thing would mess with your mind, especially for Catholics.

PL No (smiling) we're not inbred. Its actually a really neat place.

OD You're here as part of the International Theater Brigade?

PL Yes, we met at the Edmonton Fringe. They're a group of great, talented people, and we all 'clicked', we're all friends and we all thought, 'I'd feel pretty proud promoting your show.' There's a nice camaraderie and respect for each other.

OD Your show: quirky title?

PL I didn't write this play. It was written 17 years ago. Its a bit abstract, so you really have to pay attention, but the audiences have been so receptive worldwide. I think we sometimes underestimate our audiences because we ... people are very intelligent and they want to think, which is great. You want them to walk out and be mouth flung open and going 'Oh my God, that's theatre. That blew me away.' This isn't a sitcom. I mean, its funny, its dark-comedy funny. You might think 'that's so wacked out' but, yeah, its funny.

OD So how did you find out about the play?

PL I was doing a little play in New York and a producer was in the audience and she'd had this piece tucked away for 17 years and said 'I think you'd be brilliant for it, would you look at it.'

OD So she was the writer?

PL Now this was very odd: she is not the writer. She was the original stage manager. It was only done once before as a three night workshop, and it was her first real stage managing job. Now she's a well respected producer. We have looked high and low for her [the writer]. The original workshop was produced at the Gene Frankel Theatre in New York, which is beautiful, but Gene's much older

and he doesn't remember who the writer is.

OD What attracted you to the play?

PL Its dangerous, its daring, its risky. I'm so used to playing characters that are pretty and that are the ingenue and that are so ... boring and anal retentive. Its nice for a young woman who would be cast as an ingenue to be able to do something ugly and no makeup and daring and grab your crotch and ... Its like, you read a play and you say 'that was so delicious, it was like a meal.'

OD How long does the show run for?

PL Its one hour, its like a rollercoaster.

OD Physically demanding?

PL Completely soaking wet at the end. Which is a good thing.

OD So you'd call it physical theatre/comedy?

PL It is a play, I know it sounds avant-garde, but it has a beginning, a middle and an end and I really think it takes you in a full circle.

OD What do you think the audience gets out of the work?

PL I think it gives them a different perception of the mentally ill because I think all of us are so off-the-cuff about them, even though we don't like to admit that, and even in the play Sissy, my character, is so human and in certain moments she's so poignant and real and like you or I that you feel 'she's not crazy, why is she in there ...', this is ludicrous that you're putting a normal woman in a padded cell' and then two seconds later, woo, she's off, and she's schizophrenic and she's Italian and ... she shifts, which is so beautiful.

OD So its the shifts that trigger our prejudices, but the actual characters are real.

PL Exactly, and I think that the only reason she shifts into these other characters is because when she starts feeling something, when the feelings actually come to the surface, its so painful that that's the only way she knows how to cope.

OD How has your relationship with the character developed?

PL I video-taped it from day one, and the show is completely different. LA was the last show we did, which was three weeks ago and I added four new personalities to her and that has been so exciting. I wanted to sample it there to see if it worked for here, and they just went nuts, they just loved it, so I'm hoping that Adelaide crowds are as receptive.

OD The International Theatre Brigade is running 4 or 5 shows a night?

PL Yeah. What's nice is, we have an interval between each show to clean up, so you see a show, you might get a coffee, you can come back or stay all night. All the shows are very different so its really going to feed your soul on so many different levels.

OD And the duck?

PL The duck and I, we talk about sex a lot, people get a huge kick out



Don't ask me, I just work here.

of that. We do a bit of therapy with one another, me and the duck. I have to cure the duck, because I'm fine, so that's really fun. The duck likes to talk about sex. He has a bit of a fetish with chickens.

OD The title evokes various things that may entice uni students to come along.

PL I even think the different Psychology departments would get such a kick out of it. Its all stuff they're studying, the Rorschach inkblots, the association exercise where I say a word and you say, you know, which is so fun. What's nice is that this play doesn't really appeal to only one group, it suits any group, on different levels. Younger people like it because its raw and she's real gritty and raunchy. There's also quite a bit of a religious theme to this play. She's Roman Catholic and Italian, so these things interest other kinds of people.

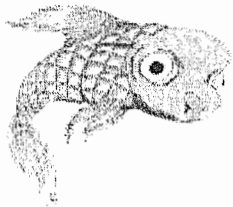
OD Does this performance create any special challenges for you?

PL I'm a walking, raw, vulnerable piece of flesh right now and that's not a bad thing. I'm very sensitive now, which is so funny. I might break out in tears over something silly because I'm so open, but that's good. Reality blurs, so after the show I always put on a dress. I always put on lipstick and a dress and a nice pair of shoes

after the show so I'm instantly Pam again. It just catapults me, because when I stay in sweats I'm still in that 'I'm so ugly' kind of feeling, because she really has such low self-esteem, she really feels like she's the ugliest creature that ever walked the face of the universe, and that's a hard thing to live with. So changing clothes is like 'Boom' and I'm back again. I love this play. I wouldn't have been doing it this long [two years] if I didn't and I feel so blessed to have the opportunity and I'm so excited to share this with all these people here. I love doing it for the audience. There's nothing like going into someone's body, into their heart, and touching them. Its very powerful. I think its the type of play where one minute your laughing and the next minute your crying and your on this rollercoaster. That's my favourite kind of play. Everyone has their preference, I love comedy, I love drama, but I LOVE drama-dy where you get that mixture, where something is very funny but at the same time it moves you and afterwards when you walk out you want to talk about it: 'What just happened?' That's the kind of plays I want to do, the kind that can change somebody's life.

Farley Wright

Tricky Dicky 2: An interview with Damien Storer



Rough Magic Productions, who performed *The Tempest* at the Adelaide Zoo during Fringe '98, will

be back again this Fringe with one of Shakespeare's *Richard II*.

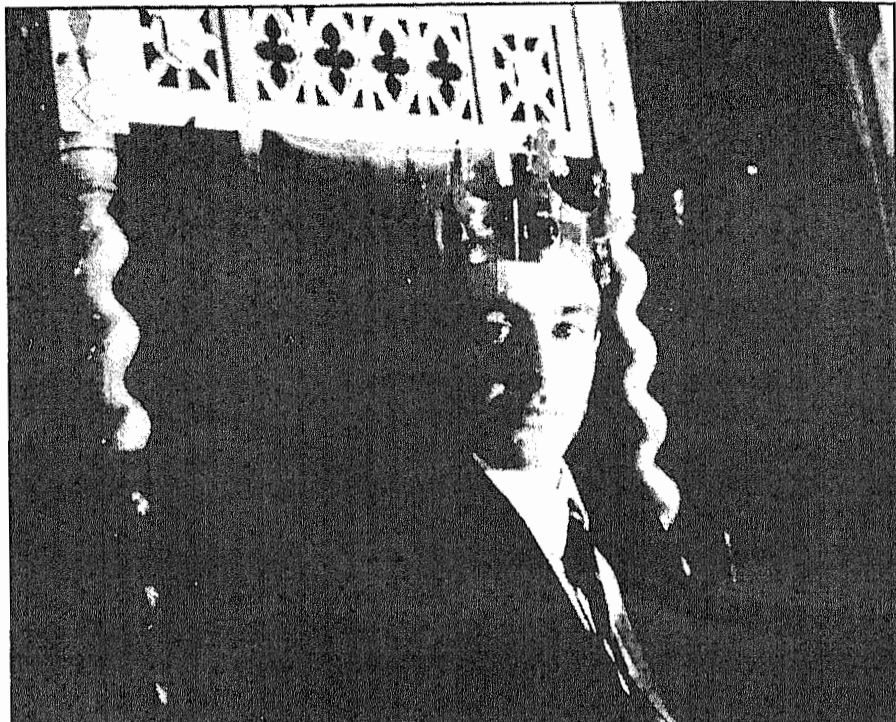
Starring Damien Storer as Richard II, and directed by Alice Teasdale, it was described by Storer as '... a political examination of the nature of power...', because it explores themes of political upheaval, social unrest, and the inevitable disintegration of the established order which arises from social turbulence. Storer believes that the play is also a personal journey because we, as audience, will follow Richard from the superiority of his position as King of England, to his dethronement and inevitable fall from grace. Richard is forced to confront his own personal demons; this leads ultimately to self-revelation and, being Shakespeare and being a tragedy, to his death.

The lesson to be learned from *Richard II*, according to Storer, is

that society must be absolutely certain before deposing a political leader because, '... without the benefit of foresight, all manners of evil can be unleashed.' In this sense he believes that Shakespeare is commenting on political correctness, and he himself sees parallels with Australia's involvement in the East Timor campaign, and the situation in the former Yugoslavia, as well as the overall nature of political power.

I asked Storer about the difficulties involved in portraying such a 'heavy' character. Everyone has tragedy in their lives, but Shakespeare did it on such a large scale, with his tragedies dealing with kings and kingdoms; your brother may some day steal your woman, but *probably not* also kill you in order to rule, say, Denmark!

To make his character easier to play on an everyday level, Storer attempted to look for present-day analogies of people who were, as he says, born to rule. He tried to imagine himself as Lachlan Murdoch, who he described as '... a golden glamour-boy who is



Where's my throne? Ah, there it is.

basically the heir to a massive, contemporary empire.' He attempted to picture himself as Lachlan, or someone similar, and how he would cope with a fall from grace. Rough Magic aims to perform Shakespeare in contemporary, exciting venues. Storer says that *Richard II* has a very contemporary

feel, with modern costumes.

Richard II will be performed from February 28 - March 11 in the Old Chamber of Old Parliament House. Student tickets are only \$10 and available at Fringe Tix, as well as at the door.

Jayne Lewis

A chat with Nick Parnell



Place the whispers re the Elder Con on hold for the moment ... this one's for SHOUTING!

With all the exciting international and interstate guests expected to arrive in Adelaide shortly for both the Fringe and Adelaide Festival programs it's quite easy to shunt the local talents to the bottom of the pile. Don't.

One of the finest productions of the Elder Conservatorium - Nick Parnell - is set to fascinate audiences with his sheer energy and precision on relatively new and unknown instruments in 'Percussion Spectacular' as part of the Adelaide Fringe 2000.

'It's really exciting to be performing in such a excellent program,' says Parnell, 'I'm looking forward to being a part of it all'.

'Percussion Spectacular' will feature

music by composers from Japan, Europe, Brazil and America. Parnell will perform on exotic as well as traditional percussion instruments including the Marimba, Repineque (a small Brazilian drum), Berimbau (a stringed instrument with a gourd which looks like a bow and arrow), Xylophone and will be joined by Leigh Harrold (piano) and Tim

Irrgang (percussion).

From pulsating African rhythms to the enchanted sounds of the Brazilian rain forests ... 'Percussion Spectacular' will be celebrated at Holy Trinity Church, Adelaide, at 8pm. Tickets are available through Fringetix (08) 8201 4567 and from 7.30pm at the door.



What does this thing do? 'I think this performance

will interest a wide variety of people' Parnell says with a mischievous grin, 'so everyone should come okay?'

Susie Bate

Free.

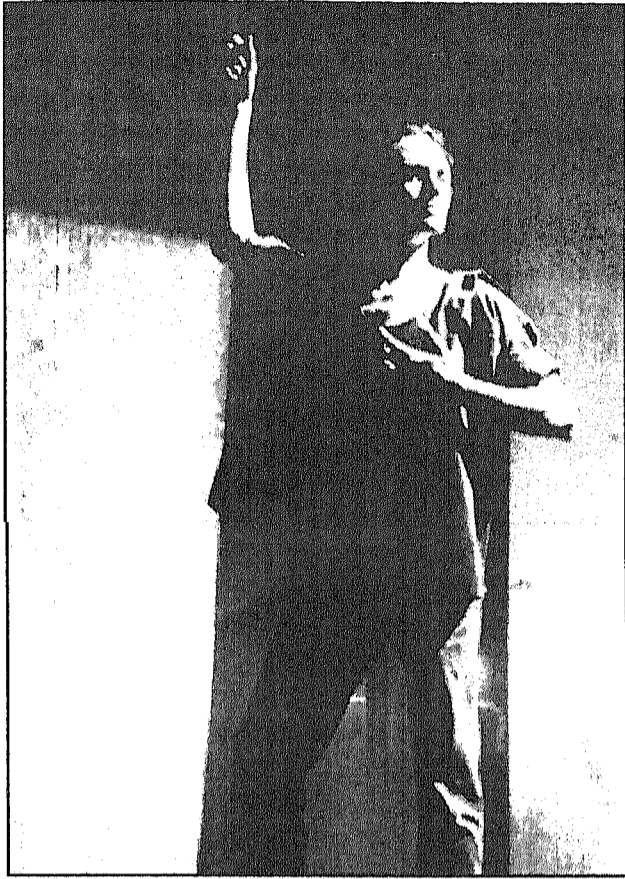
Kudos to Nina from Miranda Brown Publicity. She's flicked us 15 double passes to Chamber Made Opera's *8 Songs for a Mad King*. And we're gonna give 'em away.

So, if you're free at 11 pm Thursday March 2, and you want a bit of culture in your life, wander on down to the On Dit office at 2 pm on Wednesday 01.03.2000.

You don't have to answer any candy assed questions, either. It's just first in, best dressed.

Go crazy now.

Eat Your Young: A chat with Arena's Rose Myers



companies has led to some astonishing works by groups like John Burt's skadada.

One of the leading exponents of hybrid theatre in the country is Melbourne's Arena Theatre, who are here for the Festival with their new production, *Eat Your Young*.

Arena Theatre has been going for over thirty years now, and since 1995, has been fortunate enough to have Rose Myers as its artistic director. With a strong background in performance, as well

Since the mid-1990s, there has been a trend in the Australian performing arts towards the exploration of new forms of theatrical expression. These hybrid art forms, such as dance theatre and physical theatre, have also by and large embraced new media as a means of getting the point across. Influenced by companies like Japan's dumb type, the adoption of new media by theatre

as the process of performance making, Myers is seen by many to be leading the way, not only in creating works which rise above traditional disciplinary boundaries, but also works which go further than most theatre in addressing issues relevant to modern society.

As Myers says, 'We use a multi-disciplined performance language, fast editing, image saturation and

symbolic comprehension which at times create a sensation more like advertising or pop video than our traditional notions of Western theatre.'

Arena's latest production, *Eat Your Young*, which debuts at the Adelaide Festival on March 3 at the Odeon Theatre, draws together familiar themes of a dystopic future to portray a culture where technology has become ubiquitous and almost omnipotent.

The production follows the story of Bird children, Mary Lea, Buddy James and Ava Louise, who are certified as uncontrollable wards of the state. They live in a fully automated childcare institution which is run by a software application called MARYPOPPINZ, designed to offer the children the closest thing to a mother. Fitted with neural implants, and observed through advanced video surveillance, the Birds are contained and manipulated at every turn.

To achieve all this, Myers has assembled a strong cast of performers with strong multi-disciplinary backgrounds, and vast array of screens, projectors and so on. The resulting combination of skilled performers and sophisticated technology, she admits, has been a challenge to weld together, but

she is nonetheless thrilled with the production.

'With *Eat Your Young*, we've been able to do some really exciting things. The projector screens for instance. Screens are like television, they're a two dimensional way of expressing something. What we've done is rig them so that we can move them around during the show, which gives us another dimension to work with.' 'But in the end, what's important is not the fact that we're using screens, or techno instead on traditional theatre techniques. Performance has always been a hybrid form, except there's more things that you can hybridise now. What's important is the quality of the production.'

Eat Your Young promises to be one of the highlights of this year's Festival. It's part of the Box Set, the bargain ticket deal the Festival is offering in conjunction with CLUBtwentysix, so there's no excuse not to see this work. Look out for a review in On Dit in the next week or two.

Venue: Odeon Theatre
Date: March 2 at 7pm March 3, 4, 6 at 7pm, March 4 at 3pm, March 5 at 5pm
Tickets: Gen Admin \$30 Friends \$25 SPU \$18
Duration: 1 hour 20 mins (no interval)

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*Booking fees apply

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Art Collecting Made Easy Part I: A Potted History ...

So you want to buy some art? Cool. But how do you know what to buy? How do you know if it's worth what the seller is asking? What should you be buying? Hell, why are you buying it in the first place. If you're like me you probably don't quite know where to start. Hence this article, the first in a series on the hows, whys and wherefores of buying and collecting art.

Art is an investment. Well, that's partly true. Fine art is something you can invest in, but it's no more secure than the stock market. A little more on that later. First a (very) brief look at the history of art collecting.

Since before the time of the Greeks art has been sought after by the rich and the merely wealthy, the famous, infamous and notorious alike. Monarchs and popes, merchant princes and landed gentry have for centuries used art to show the world - honestly or not - just how materially blessed they are, how much money, how much land or how many horses they possessed.

From the Renaissance until quite recently art buying has worked something like this: a member of the royal court, say, would commission a painter (Rembrandt, for argument's sake, or Van Dyck) to paint a portrait of himself and his wife, or the family estate, or maybe a nice still life. For this commission a small fee might be advanced. After the lord or whatever got his hands on the merchandise the artist would be lucky if he saw any of the rest of his money, or the nobleman may try to renegotiate the fee. This technique was perfected by the Catholic church in the later Middle Ages. It worked out perfectly for the buyers, not so well for the artists.

It wasn't until the later eighteenth century that art began to be seriously considered as a monetary investment. By the middle of the nineteenth century art dealing had become a respectable profession (along with antique dealing), providing a burgeoning middle class with everything it needed to imitate their social betters.

In the twentieth century things began to get out of control. The art world has changed more in the last hundred-and-twenty years than in the previous two-thousand. We've gone from Impressionism to Dada to op-art to interactive multimedia in the blink of an eye, historically speaking, and most people are struggling to keep up. But in that time the biggest challenge to art dealing came in the mid-nineteen-eighties. Bouyed by a seemingly unstoppable stock-market growth rate many individuals and companies began investing in art, which seemed to be a safer investment at that time than even real estate. Because of the demand on such a relatively small selection of art prices ballooned. A Renoir which ten years earlier may have been sold in the region of the mid-six figures could now fetch ten times as much. Naturally this could not be sustained.

With the first big crash anybody with too much of their capital wrapped up in paintings went to the wall as the pieces plummeted to

around a fifth of their peak values. The lesson here, don't sell the farm to out-bid MOMA for that nice little Matisse you had your eye on. Art can be an investment but you can't rely on it holding its value like it used to.

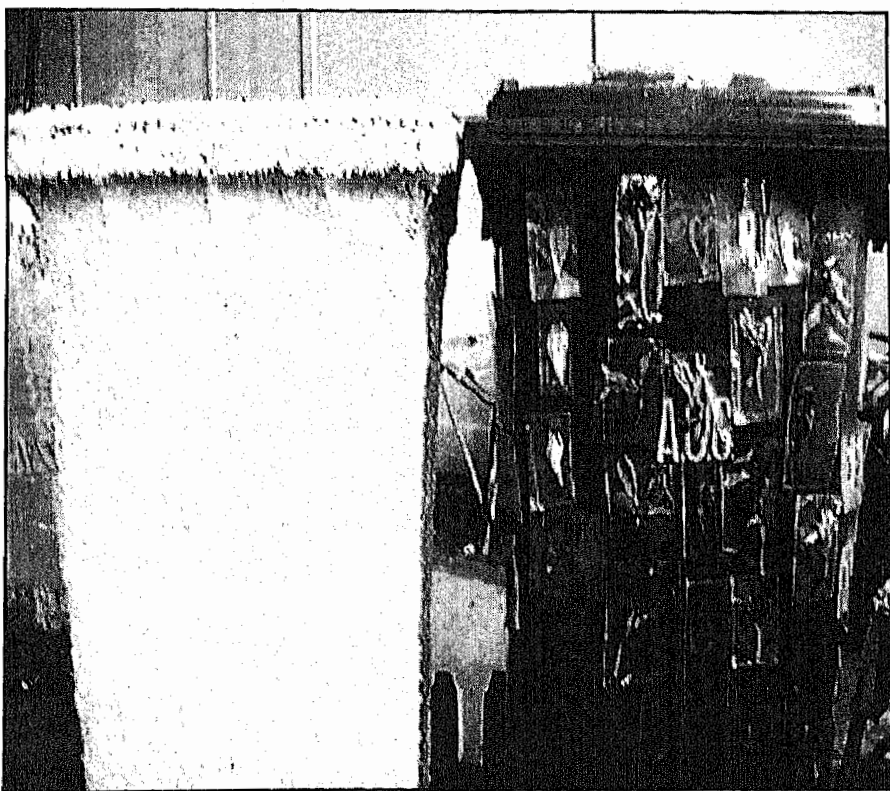
Another thing that has changed in the last hundred years is the availability of art. Collecting is by no means the exclusive domain of the rich. Fortunes have been made by the canny purchase or sale of a few items at just the right time. Money is still involved, of course - you can't make it without spending it. You can still pick up a pencil-sketch by Rembrandt for around six-thousand dollars. Too much? Works by new, 'undiscovered' artists usually sell very cheaply, around a couple of hundred dollars. Collecting art can be an investment, but it is more about commitment, of time and of money. Like the man said, 'You have to live with a Picasso to truly appreciate it'.

Jonathon Dyer

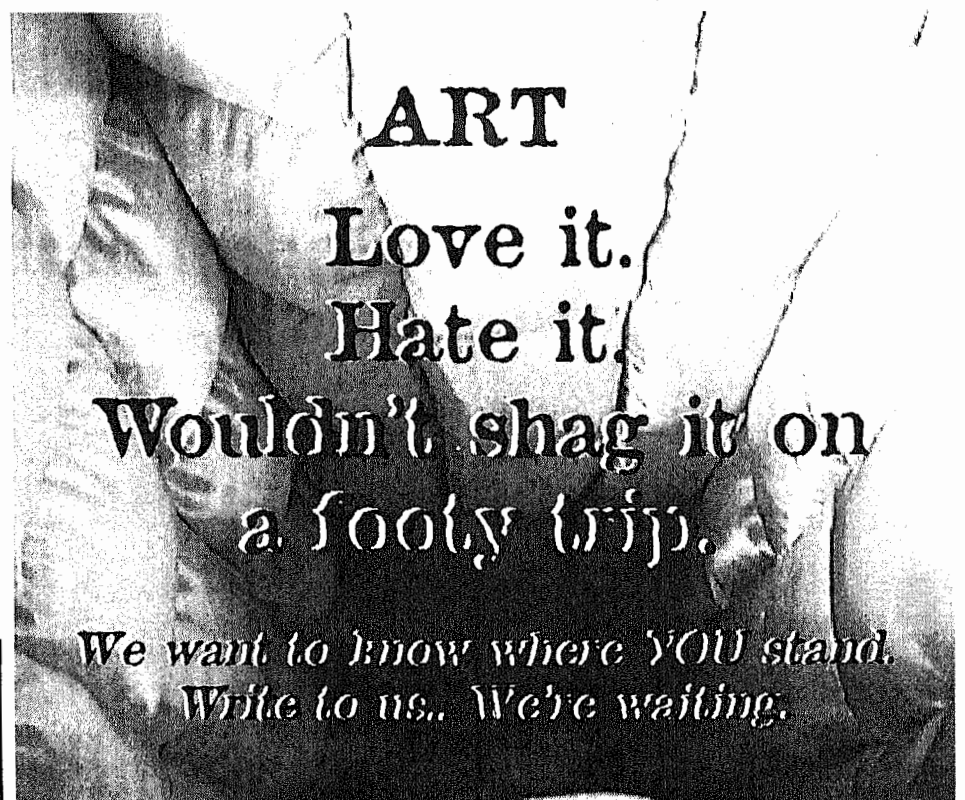
<wheelie> an urban cultural experience

Suburban icons are getting a bit of a bashing during this year's Festival Fringe. Rundle St is the site of <wheelie>, an installment of modified wheelie bins, 'mobile outdoor sculptures' created by nine locally based artists under the banner of riceart studio. Why bins? 'people's memories are contained in objects, some [are] hoarded and others become trash - discarded thoughts, feelings,

ideas; a bin becomes a collection of intimates'. The exhibition will be on show from 25 Feb to 25 March, along Hindley St. There will also be an open night for the curious at shop 8, Greater Union Mall, 128 Hindley St. Or check out the exhibition on the net at <<http://www.riceartstudio.chariot.net.au/wheelie>>. Get off your arse and support local talent.



'Yes, but is it art?' Jayne: innocent bystander



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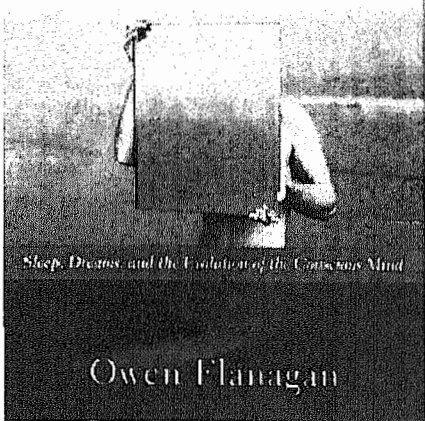
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The Experimental Art Foundation and the Kevin Henderson Project are supported by the Commonwealth Government through the Visual Arts Craft Fund of the Australia Council and the South Australian Government through Arts SA. Kevin Henderson is supported by the Visual Arts Craft Fund of the Australia Council, Telstra Adelaide Festival 2000, City of Adelaide, South Australian School of Art, University of South Australia, School of Fine Art Research, Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art and Design, University of Dundee, and the Scottish Arts Council. Julie Henderson is supported by the South Australian Government through Arts SA.



And I am a Millennium Girl ...

DREAMING SOULS



Dreaming Souls
Owen Flanagan
Oxford University Press
\$45.00

We've all woken up with that thankful feeling: it was only a dream. And the unfortunate

opposite: ****, it was *only* a dream! Dreams are wacky, crazy, fun, scary, lifelike, totally nonsensical. Almost all of us dream, and we remember them to varying degrees. But what are dreams? What, if anything, do they mean? Do they serve any purpose, do they have any adaptive function, did we evolve to dream, or are dreams an evolutionary accident?

These are the questions asked, and answered, to varying degrees, by Owen Flanagan, a renowned philosopher. He begins by asking these general questions of dreams and dreaming, and goes on to consider previous theories by Freud, Jung, Aristotle and Adler. In that wonderfully verbose manner that philosophers seem to prefer, he deconstructs these notions, and points out valid flaws in their cases. Slowly, he begins to construct his own theory of dreaming, and unlike many philosophers of the past, he uses the 'natural method', drawing on a wide range of areas,

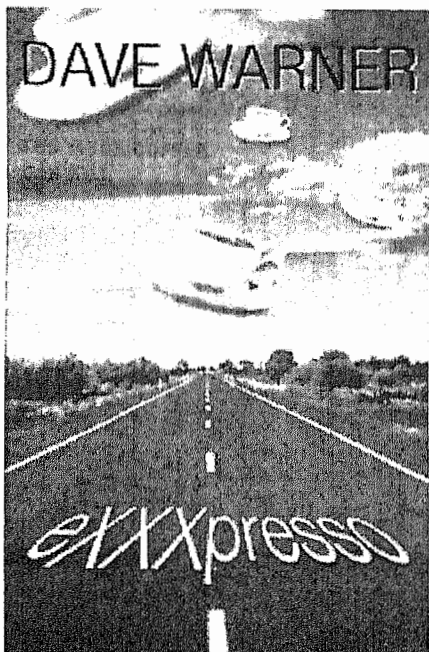
including, surprisingly, evolutionary biology. This attention to science is this book's greatest achievement, but also incorporates one its most annoying flaws. Flanagan uses, as most people trying to make sense of evolution do, the metaphor of Mother nature as the designer. Accordingly, there are many phrases along the lines of 'Mother nature designed...', 'Mother nature wanted...', etcetera. Now, whilst this metaphor can be useful to wean people off the notion of a god being responsible for it all, it is wise to stop using it as soon as possible, lest you leave your readers with the notion that evolution has a purpose. Flanagan continues to use this metaphor, and his apparent inability to accept the blind nature of evolution, the lucky chances it represents is rather frustrating.

If you are a philosophy student, or are fond of the style of philosophical writing, then I recommend this book to you. It is interesting, and very careful in its dissection of ideas

and hypotheses. In fact, it is sometimes careful to the point of absurdity, and the use of phrases such as 'a particularly savvy critic might suggest...', and 'a strong sceptic would possibly say...' becomes a little grating. Flanagan's theory of dreams is (as far as I can tell) that dreams occur when we are asleep, but have no adaptive function. They are evolutionary free-riders, but are not simply 'noise'. Apparently they can be self-expressive, but we should not feel bad if they are sinful. Phew, huh? St. Augustine would have felt justified. I won't try to paraphrase any further, as it will involve leaving out important ideas that no doubt some future reader would pick up on.

So: want to hear more about the whys and wherefores of your night-time adventures? Get into this book, although in the interests of expediency, you might want to avoid the introduction.

Erin O'Donnell



Exxxpresso
Dave Warner
Picador
\$17.99

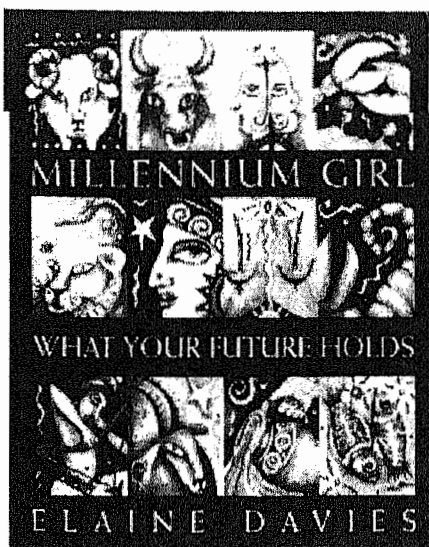
Over the last dozen or so years Dave Warner has built a name for himself in the field of crime fiction with a string of quality detective novels, but only really came into the national public eye as a serious writer in 1996 when he was awarded the Western Australian Premier's Prize for fiction for his crime epic *City of Light*, set around his native Perth. His latest literary effort, *Exxxpresso*, is again set in Western Australia. The novel tells

the story of Rick Bosci, fresh out of jail for neglecting to stay awake guarding a hefty marijuana crop, with a pain in his heart from the recent divorce from his wife, Marrietta, and a model in his hand of his future - a theme expresso bar called Cafe Inside. He borrows the money he needs to get set up from an amphetamine-fueled dealer with a cultivated mid-career Mick Jagger style, but it's alright because he knows he can pay it back; Rick has enough and a little over tucked away in a term deposit. He's got it all planned.

But of course, nothing ever goes as planned.

Like Richard Flanagan's much-lauded *The Sound of One Hand Clapping*, *Exxxpresso* began its life as a screenplay. Looking back on the story I could see it, there is definitely a cinematic quality to the novel. The story is pacy, jump-cutting between the different characters' perspectives in a way that shouldn't work, but here, somehow, it does. *Exxxpresso* is the literary equivalent of *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*, it plunges forward like a Sydney taxi and is just about as predictable.

Jonathon Dyer



Millennium Girl
Elaine Davies
Pan Macmillan Australia
\$16.95

In this detailed look at the future Davies combines astrology and numerology to predict for her

female readers the effects of the new millennium. The fact that we are no longer being ruled by the number one (that is that the number one is no longer the first number in every year) and have now been taken over by the number two means big changes are in store for us all. *Millennium Girl* takes quite an optimistic approach to the new millennium believing it to be a time of change and liberation for us all. Where as the number one signified the masculine with 'fire' being the element, the number two signifies the feminine with 'water' as the element. And it is about here that I can see the only reason why this book should be called 'Millennium Girl' as I think any 'Millennium Boy' would be able to get just as much out of it. If you enjoy reading your star sign in any newspaper or magazine that provides them to you then you'll enjoy *Millennium Girl*. Davies devotes a chapter to every single star

sign and then goes on to break the chapters up into sub-sections like 'love', 'family' and so on. Each sub-section looks at the effect of the number two (millennium) on the zodiac—be warned, it's not so good if you're an Aries as this is the first sign of the zodiac and for some reason the number two just isn't your number.

If you are one of those complete fanatics about astrology and numerology this book isn't for you. Davies doesn't go into individual birthdays or even whether you were born towards the beginning or the end of the month, she merely talks about the star sign in general, and consequently it can be a little vague at times. None the less I think *Millennium Girl* makes for an interesting read, and would be a great book to bring out when chatting with your millennium girlfriends (or boyfriends as the case may be).

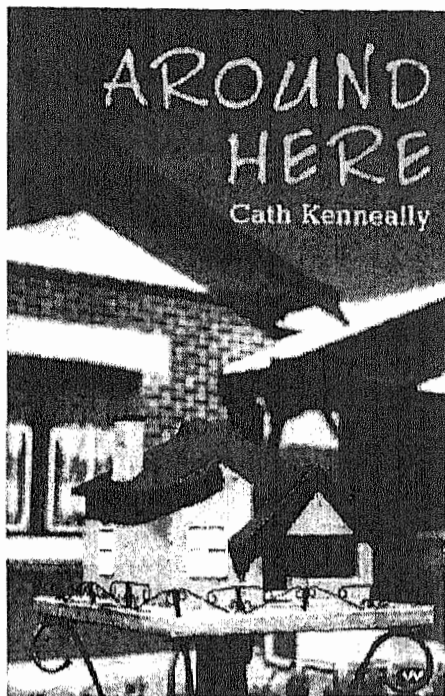
Cherie Scragg

Writers' Week

Attention all literary folk! In the second week of Uni, hundreds of famous authors, poets, playwrights and politicians will be gathering in Adelaide for Writers' Week. Admission is free, and you can rock up to anything you like during the day. So, if you've got a favourite author you'd like to meet, or listen to, please rock along. And, if you'd like to write about your experiences, drop me a line. I also have a whole bunch of books coming in for attending authors, so if you'd like to review these, as part of your Writers' Week article, please drop in to *On Dit*, and leave a note in my pigeon hole.

Erin O'Donnell, Literature 2000

Books Around Here ...



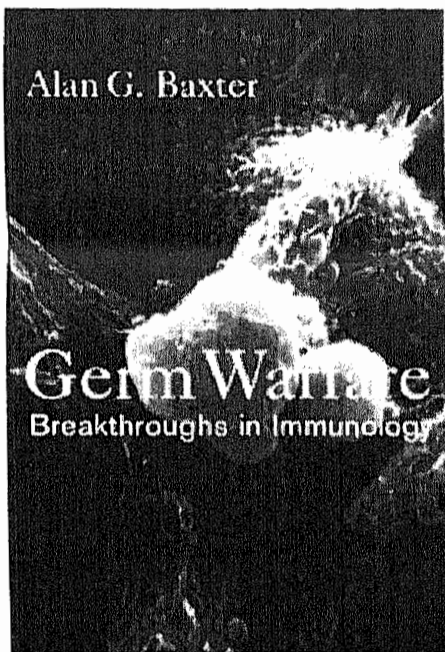
Around Here
Cath Kenneally
Wakefield Press
\$16.95

Most of us these days have grown up in a suburban environment, we all know the red-brick and yellow-brick houses, the square curbs of the old streets and the wide, sloping curbs of the newer streets. We recognise the people, the archetypes, the characters. The ones we call our neighbours and the ones we laugh at or try to avoid.

Around Here is Adelaide writer/journalist Cath Kenneally's ode to life in the suburbs. Part meditation, part celebration, this collection of new poems looks at suburban life through the character and experience of its inhabitants. The collection is populated by the immediately recognisable: girls 'Casino-bound, intent, removed / Teetering on spike heels', recent immigrants, control freaks, SBS viewers. The poems are honest (as opposed to allusory and

metaphoric), respectful, some are even tender in the treatment of their subject matter. These days the popularity of poetry is at best questionable. The number of poets being dropped from the books at major publishing houses is appalling. Wakefield Press, along with the Fremantle Arts Press, QUP a few other publishers have shown their commitment to encouraging Australian poets with actions instead of rhetoric, and for this they should be applauded. Kenneally has lived up to her end of the bargain, bringing to the party poems that are both relevant and worthwhile. If you think you don't like poetry try *Around Here* on for size; you may well surprise yourself.

Jonathon Dyer



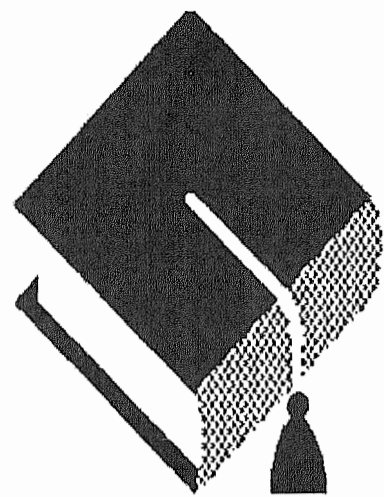
Germ Warfare
Alan G. Baxter
Allen & Unwin
\$19.95

characters include many Australians, as he has talked, or even worked with most of them (if they are extant, which is the majority, as it is a very young discipline).

The content gives as much airtime to the characters as their ideas. This helps to personalise the scientists beyond their iconic names and the concepts beyond their notional manufacture from the scientific machine. In this we discover that famed Florey, who we claim as our own, did most of his work outside Australia, or that meticulous science is not always the most fruitful (such as semi-accidental dribbling of snot over culture plates). It is the little side notes around a theory or discipline that give it a more substantial nature, and books like this help to divulge these gems that the more clinical texts deem superfluous. Coming across these conceptual seedlings lends you an appreciation of the human nature of science, that it is actually compatible with our biology. Plus it's fun, for example the word 'enzyme' (which all good cleaning powders just *must* have) translates into 'in yeast', from the work of a French fella who called the factor he serendipitously found in the cellular extract of yeast cells which he decided to 'preserve' overnight with sugar (hence fermentation!). The text is not too technical and

though basic biology would help it is not presupposed and may even intrigue one to look further. The non-tech nature of his writing confers an understanding to the reader of a higher order that you often won't get whilst wading through the specifics of a technical text. I believe that reading such a book may instil a better understanding of the fundamentals of the field than that many second year immunology students have. This book provides insight into how our immune system functions to keep the nutrient bag we are from all the hungry microbes we come across daily. It also looks into how this usually stable system may dysfunction with resultant autoimmune disease, a topic of increasing interest as we shift focus from the external threats once posed (the plagues and pox) to the internal threats (the autoimmune and cancers). For anyone who wonders why they don't (or do) get sick when they visit that grotty publican dunny, or those who want to gain an appreciation of this nascent field and a taste of the history and the people who may just have made your life possible, this book is a great place to start.

Campbell Strong



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**Journal
Launch**

On Thursday 9 March from 6-7pm at the Writers' Cafe (Writers' Centre, 187 Rundle St, Adelaide), *Altitude*, a new electronic journal focussing on postgraduate writing in textual and cultural studies will be launched by the Adelaide Uni English Department. Woohoo!

Oddbods or Oddjobs?

Machine Gun Fellatio are either one can short of a six-pack or very twisted, sick individuals. Evidence of this can be obtained by looking at the cover of their latest release, the "Impossible Love" E.P. I still can't make up my mind whether to laugh or be repulsed. But this is exactly how they want you to react. To them music is an all encompassing artform. Not content to just deliver an audible expression this group of six musician's seem to pride themselves on creating an intense visual show and band persona. "Our live shows definitely have a *mayhem factor*," explains arranger and "Mr. Versatile" of the group Chit-Chat Von Loopinstab, "people take their clothes off and we have had dancers at our live shows". Of course, Chit-Chat is an adopted stage-name but why the decision to adopt pseudonyms? The reason is simple, "It creates a mask. It's like when you go to a fancy-dress party. I suppose you become someone else." With such names as the aforementioned Mr. Von Loopinstab, The Love Shark and Bryan Ferryxsexual amongst others it becomes apparent that these guys enjoy what they are doing or are, at least, trying to have the most fun they can. "Bryan? Yeah. We liked that one too. He's the drummer and also the chick magnet of the group."

What's this I hear you say? Real drums? Correct. Even though their songs seem to be mostly electronic/samples/loops they insist on a real drummer live. "Oh yeah, you can't beat the sound of a real drum kit. Bryan plays whilst loops are played over the top. Probably two-thirds of our songs live are with backing tapes."

Their first album seems to be a veritable playlist for television commercial music. But why are (seemingly) all of MGF's tracks ending up either as television themes, advertisement music or porno themes? "Basically we were asked to do it (submitting the songs). We had no money so we did it. Then cheque came in and that was even better." "Actually, the Solo "Sperm Bank" ad using "Don't Ever Do That" (a track off of their first album) was unusual. They shot the ad around the music rather than the other way around. I've never heard of that being done before." It seems the promoters of Solo like MGF because they also used another of their tracks in their "Ladies' Mud Wrestling" advertisement. And what was that about pornos? Well, next time you are at your local video store pick up a copy of either "Sasha and Amber's Hardcore Holiday" or "Fisting By The Pool" - apparently "grossly underrated porn films" -

for which their music has adorned. It looks like the tradition is going to continue with the current E.P. as well with the first track, "100 Fresh Disciples", being negotiated to become the theme for a new American television spy series.

After listening to some of their work it makes you wonder how these guys approach songwriting and what their influences were. "Well, there are four main writers in the group - Pinky Beecroft, Threek Short, The Love Shark and myself (Chit-Chat Von Loopinstab). We all come up with stuff and use whatever we think is good." "As for the influences, I listened to a lot of jazz and Neil Young when I was younger. A wide variety really. No specific influences. When I was fifteen I presented a show on Newcastle Community Radio so I was exposed to a lot of music. As for our songs I suppose it depends at the time what you are listening to. You see our first album was five years in the making. We just kept writing and didn't think anybody would want it!" Well, fortunately for MGF, that's where they were wrong.



"Music is an all encompassing artform."

So what's in store for MGF in the future? Chit-Chat blurts out before the interview time is up, "We are going to let the E.P. run its course. Probably with another single, "100 Fresh Disciples". After that we will release our second album." Somewhere amongst all that they plan on going to Europe followed by a "whopping cocaine addiction and then discovering religion before Christmas." Anyone for a Valium?

Jorm

Classic albums revisited



Needless to say, Led Zeppelin have been one of the biggest bands of all time. Just about every musician is in some way influenced by them and their revolutionary sound. While the Beatles and Elvis hold the records for most number one singles and stuff like that, it's Led Zeppelin who hold the records for the biggest single bill (no supports) concert ever - they played to almost 80,000 people - were one of the highest selling artists of all time, killing band like the Rolling Stones, as well as revolutionising the way music is recorded. On top of all that, they consisted of four of the most talented musicians ever; Jimmy Page is on just about every guitarists idol list, John Paul Jones had one of the best bass sounds ever, Robert Plant had an absolutely amazing dynamic voice that others have tried and failed to copy, and finally, John Henry Bonham, my personal idol. He is without a doubt the best drummer who ever lived, and just talking about him takes my breath away. For these reasons, Led Zeppelin is my favourite band, and of their ten original albums, *II* is my fave.

The album opens with Led Zep's classic standard, 'Whole Lotta Love'. A wild heavy riff drives this song along while Rob wails away in orgasmic bliss. Bonham's cymbal solo is wild in the middle, and all the noises that Jimmy made throughout make this song the most amazing thing to listen to with headphones! Next is 'What is and What Should Never Be', a nice soft song. After 'Whole Lotta Love', 'What

is...' is a great come down. Following that is the greatest bass song ever, 'The Lemon Song'. John Paul Jones really goes wild in this song, pulling out all the stops and showing off during the two minute bass solo. Squeeze my lemon baby, yeah! 'Thankyou' is up next, and is a nice love ballad which Rob wrote for his wife. It's a truly beautiful song, with Jones' organ driving the song along, but it still retains that classic Zeppelin sound. 'Heartbreaker' follows 'Thankyou', and hits hard. A wild walking bass-line mixed with Rob's high pitched vocal make for an excellent pump up song. On top of that, all instruments stop in the middle of the song and bow to Jimmy's amazing solo. This song has always been one of my faves, and always will be. As soon as 'Heartbreaker' ends, Zeppelin waste no time getting into 'Living Loving Maid', a riff oriented song that is great for headbanging to. For a change of pace, 'Ramble On' is next, and is a softish, almost acoustic number. Track eight is the epitome of the whole album; 'Moby Dick' is beyond a doubt my all time favourite song. After one minute, all instruments stop and make way for the greatest drum solo's ever recorded. Almost four minutes of pure drumming, both with his hands and sticks, showcases why John Bonham is the greatest drummer of all time. This song takes my breath away! The final track is the bluesy 'Bring It On Home'. This song starts out acoustic with a harmonica, and then all of sudden explodes into flames as the heavy guitar jumps in. Two minutes of wild rock, and then it's back to the harmonica to end the last thirty seconds of the album.

Led Zeppelin's *II* has been known in the past as the album that changed the face of rock music, the heavy metal bible, and also Zeppelins best work aside from 'Stairway To Heaven'. I call it the album of solo's, with each of the musos displaying their amazing skills. Despite the fact that it was recorded way back in 1968, *II* is beyond a doubt my all time favourite album and I will treasure it forever.

Luke 'Squeeze My lemon' Balzan

Fast Chart

from 8th February 1988

Australian Top 10 Singles

1. Faith - George Michael
2. Got My Mind Set On You - George Harrison
3. Never Gonna Give You Up - Rick Astley
4. Run To Paradise - Choir-boys
5. The Way You Make Me Feel - Michael Jackson
6. Hold Me Now - Johnny Logan
7. Too Much Ain't Enough Love - Jimmy Barnes
8. Mony Mony - Billy Idol
9. The Time Of My Life - Bill Medley/Jennifer Warnes
10. Pump Up The Volume - M/A/R/R/S

G&T

Groove Terminator ("GT" to close friends and family), has, in the past few months, been thrust from the clubs and dance floors of Sydney into our homes via that timeless 20th century invention - the wireless.

Having received a healthy dose of airplay with his single "Here comes another one" on triple j, and with more singles from the forthcoming album "Road Kill" due out soon, I'm sure it's not the last you'll hear of Groove Terminator - like it, or not.

This Adelaide boy (having moved to Sydney in '94) was a huge punk fan. "Punk was the first music I really got into - the first concert I ever went to was the Ramones". But alas, this young man did not have the verve to learn how to play an instrument, so he picked up some old records and turntables instead and hasn't looked back since.

The album, Road Kill is an extremely diverse album, you could be forgiven for thinking that GT (not cos I'm a close friend or family member but cos it's quicker to write) has multiple personalities. It features Cameron Baines from Bodyjar on one of the tracks, US rapper Dr. Octagon on another and a cover of Duran Duran's "Notorious", all thrown in with the aforementioned single, which gives you an idea of how diverse and varied this album is.

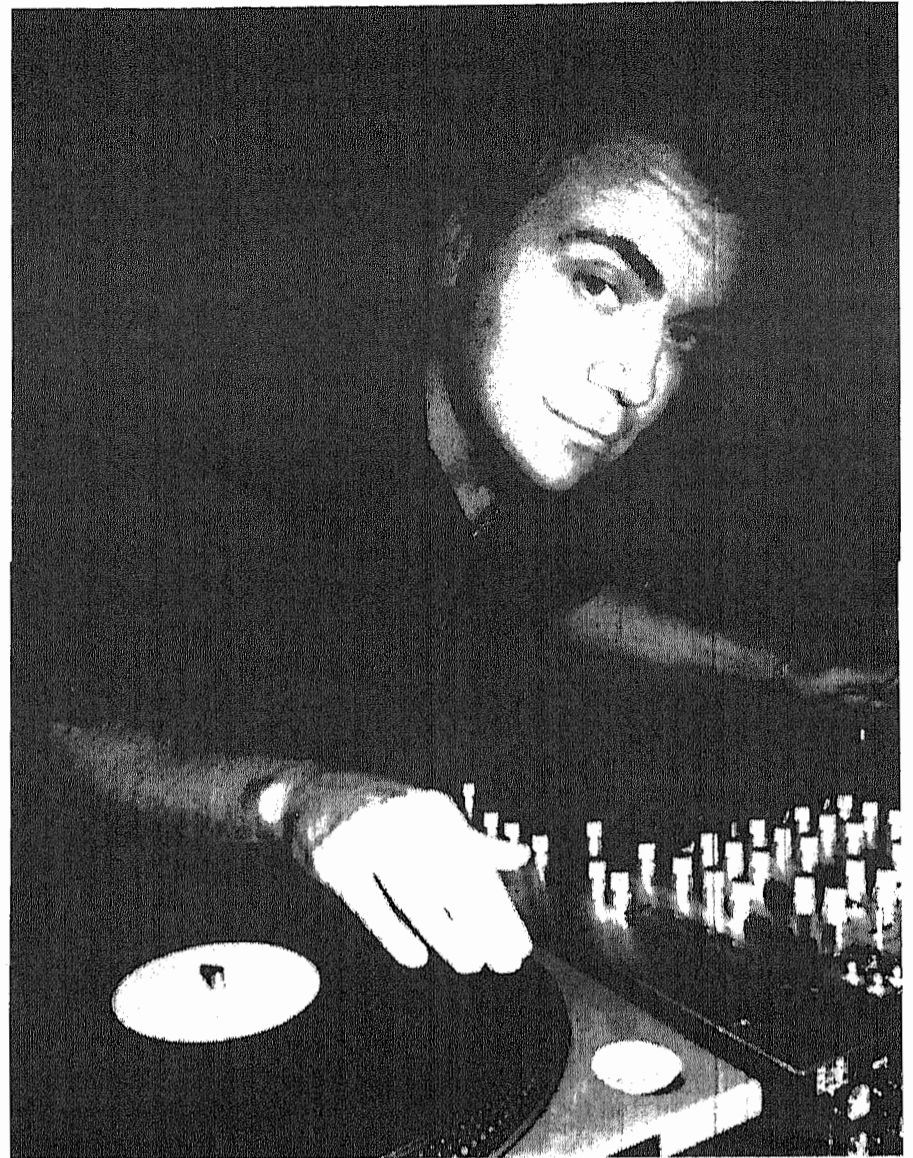
"The only boundaries I have are the ones I set myself" replies GT while

talking about the diversity of the album. "I'm just out here to have fun. If I'm not happy doing what I'm doing than why should anyone be happy listening to or buying my album, that's the way I look at it...and the album was a lot of fun to make, I mean, working with all those guys and crossing over into so many different styles....It was all a lot of fun".

"What's happening now is that everyone is embracing technology, there are more and more bands that are meshing different styles of music together, bands like The Prodigy, Underworld, The Chemical Brothers, even bands like Filter, Nine Inch Nails, or Adelaide's own The Testeagles. People are now realising some sort of 'middle ground' and starting to think that technology is good".

Having signed with Virgin Records 2 years ago, GT has now put out (his first album) so he might be forced to change record companies. "I went to the record company with some remixes that I had done and discussed some ideas that I had for songs, I didn't hand them a demo tape which is the usual way to do it. After they signed me, I travelled around the country with the Big Day Out in '99 and took notes of ideas that popped into my head for songs and then when I got back to Sydney I sat down and started on the album based on those ideas."

Road Kill is set to be a very successful first album, and the best bit



is, there's no telling where GT will go (musically) from here. He's playing all the styles of music that he likes and having fun doing it, sounds like a good recipe to me.

Groove Terminator is currently rehearsing the tracks from Road

Kill with a four piece band, as he believes that "it's a better way of getting the album across than just playing the tracks at a nightclub". He will be touring Australia soon.

Para

monday nights from 11 pm - 1 am

STUDENT RADIO - 5UV 531 AM



LOCAL BEATZ

Goin' orf at yo' local

Drift, Repo, Roger the Band

I woke up tired on Australia Day at about 3 pm. I decided that the best cure for my hangover was to go out and party again, and what better place to do that than the In-zone nightclub in Waymouth street.

I rocked up there at about 7:30, and wandered up to the bar. From there I had a great view of the band playing: Drift. They are a three piece acoustic band, and they played a very intimate set. They tended to be very talkative, and told stories about their music in between songs. The female lead singer had a great voice, and the music was soft and soulful. It was a great way to start the night, and certainly helped wake me up.

After Drift had finished, I made my way out the back of the In-zone, to what I refer to as the heavy stage. Here, Repo were busy setting up. Before long they began to play and they got the place going quick smart. Quite an audience gathered around to watch this band and their wild antics. The singer was very charismatic, and danced all over the stage. The music was an eclectic blend of punk and heavy rock; a very good combination. They had plenty of the new wave punk speed and attitude, and mixed that with the wild complexities and solos of rock music. The singer did his fair share of screaming, and did it very well. Repo are certainly a band I'd see again.

However it wasn't until the next band came on that the In-zone began to really rock! Roger The Band took the stage, and immediately a presence was felt. I'd seen these guys a couple of times before, and it's clear that they've developed quite a strong fan base in Adelaide (which now includes myself). They won the South Australian leg of the National Campus Competition, and after hearing one of their songs, it is clear to see why. They have a funky, heavy sound. The singer has the most amazing, versatile voice; he does a great falsetto, a wild throaty grunt, as well as having an excellent normal singing voice. He's definitely the best voice I've heard in Adelaide! Mix that with wild thumping funky bass, groovy guitar, and wicked funk drumming and it's easy to see why Roger The Band is one of Adelaide's finest young bands. I took special notice of the drumming, and can say that the drummer has not only superior timing, but also loads of originality and he plays some fantastic fills. The crowd obviously loved Roger, and they knew how to deal with all the attention; good crowd interaction always makes a good gig. I definitely recommend that you go see Roger sometime soon, as they are a truly excellent band.

After Roger had finished, I found myself completely worn out, and decided to go home. The In-zone is a great place to go see loads of local talent, and usually has around five bands playing each Friday and Saturday night. If that's not enough to get you there, then their cheap beer will (\$1.50 schooners all night!). I strongly urge you to go out and support local bands; it's great fun, and you're helping out young artists.

Luke Balzan

Testeagles

Fri Feb 17, for Triple J Live at weekend

The shit definitely got turned up tonight. With a packed home crowd the scene was set for a memorable experience. Opening acts Ricochet and Disillusion ensured that the crowd were primed for when the Testeagles finally hit the stage. They were the main event. They were the reason we were here.

Three guys. That's all. But if you closed your eyes at any point during the concert you could have sworn that there were more. That is a testament to the sonic power groove delivered by Matt (vocals/guitar), Ady (drums), and D (bass/vocals). Of course, the addition of samples and the use of electronic sounds has certainly helped. There was as much power as you would find at a Rage Against The Machine gig and the same intensity as one by the Prodigy. The balance was perfect.

Kicking off with the first track from their - six years in the making - debut album, "Non-Comprehendus", the band seemed both comfortable and excited. There is an undeniable chemistry between the three members. They are not a band "going through the motions" even after years of localised touring. Evidence of this is found right from the in-your-face opening line of "TE's In Style" - "How the fuck do ya like us now?". Next was a blistering rendition of "Wise Up", a live favourite, which is only ever played live in Adelaide. Everywhere they go people keep requesting this song and it is easy to see why. Overall, a good mixture of older material was thrown in with the new. "Underdog" was played relatively early in the set and, not surprisingly, received a huge response. This track came across with brutal precision right up until to final echoing scream of "I've got the young blood". Matt went on to say how we were the future of this country and how that scares the "powers that be". The media also got a serve due to their negative reports on the younger generation; the audience reacted positively to these comments. "Just Another Pop Song", one of the oldest tracks to be included on the new album, was also in the set. It was surprising to see this song included due to its straightforward "melodic rock" nature but it proved to be a pleasant change to the absolute battering most of the other songs delivered. They certainly know how to use dynamics effectively. "Clone" is no exception with crushing verses and a melodic chorus. But the biggest crowd "mover" was yet to come. "Agent 99" has got to be one of the best groove-metal songs ever written with its memorable down-tuned riff. As predicted, this song is amazing live. With an inviting chorus of "I'd like ya ta move", it is damn well impossible to hold back. A slightly extended version of "Like No Other" showcased a mechanical industrial beat that even the most precise hardcore industrialist would have approved. The final song from the main set was the highly rotated "Turn That Shit Up". It would have been hard to find a person either not singing along or nodding in time. This track seems to take on a whole new life live with the drums and bass shaking your entire body. The inevitable encore ended the show on a perfect note with the epic "Dream

Is Your Time". Moving back and forth between atmospheric synthesiser with dreamy vocals and heavy industrial riffing. As the song faded and the cheers began Matt left saying something to the effect of, "Thanks, we'd be shit without you guys".

One thing stands out above all others. One song, fairly early in the set, was introduced as being "for your mind, body and soul". I forget which song. That is not important. The comment, however, sums up the whole Testeagles live experience - one for not only your mind but also for the body and the soul. TE's in style.

Mark Jordan

My Top 5 Albums...

This weeks "my top five albums of all time" is by reclusive and introverted On Dit Editor Dale F Adams - in no particular order.

<i>Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's ...</i> -	The Sex Pistols
<i>My Brain Hurts</i> -	Screeching Weasel
<i>Hup</i> -	The Wonder Stuff
<i>Ruby Vroom</i> -	Soul Coughing
<i>Va Va Voom</i> -	The Hummingbirds

Student Radio

O'Week was fun wasn't it? Student Radio was the best part of O'Week wasn't it?

Yes?! - Good. We're glad that you agree with us.

This year at Student Radio we have loads of tunes for you to pump out your stereo.

Fresh off the wagon is Student Radio's newest weekly show called Local Beatz. It features Adelaide's best DJs and MCs cuttin' up the air waves live between 11pm and 1am every Monday night. Tune in - you would be stupid not to.

Local Noise is on again this year every Tuesday night at 9pm. This week local band NO-IS-Y are delivering their sound to your eardrums.

Don't forget that Student Radio also has a plethora of fortnightly shows to entice and delight you.

Tune in to Phat Radio on Monday night at 10pm and grab a slice of their phat grooves.

Tuesday night make sure you tune in to In and Out at 10pm to find out what is happening in the world of sexuality. Saturday night turn to the am dial at 9pm for the F Spot and get your weekly dosage of movie reviews. Next week in Ondit check out the Student Radio program guide for a full list of what's on the airwaves. Cut it out and stick it on the fridge or maybe you should just memorise it - you know you want to.

So make sure you listen to SR - It will cure your hangover, your cold and your bad musical taste and make you more attractive to members of the opposite sex.*

Student Radio live in mono.

Seven nights a week 9pm - 1am.

On SUV 531am - Down in the depths of the am dial.

Elly Wright and Joni Queen
Student Radio Directors 2000

(* May not actually be true)

SPY
Freebies!

Thanks to Cheree at Festival/Mushroom we have 5 promo copies of Machine Gun Fella-tio's "100 Fresh Disciples" CDs to giveaway. Just come down on Tuesday at 2:00 pm and tell us the name of MGF's drummer.

I'm a person just like you



Inna Styles is the second album by the (in my opinion) somewhat inappropriately named Wicked Beat Sound System.

The album comprises 12 mostly mellow tracks that blend soul with a hint of funk a splash of string instruments, samples and effects all served on layers of dub style bass lines and beats.

If you have heard "I Don't Want To Know" on JJJ, with the prolific, brooding vocals of Linda Janssen, then you pretty much know what WBSS are about.

While maintaining that sort of sound throughout the album, WBSS do offer enough diversity to keep the listener interested. That track, to me, was one of the weaker points on the album due to its heavy emphasis on Linda's vocals (of which I'm not a huge fan). The final two tracks "Everyday Dub" and "Be Humble" are my favorites due to the dominant bass lines. Very reggae oriented tracks but very original at the same time, with even a jazzy and funky feel to them.

In all, not an outstanding album, but definitely one to pull off the shelf now and then, to tune out to when in the right mood.

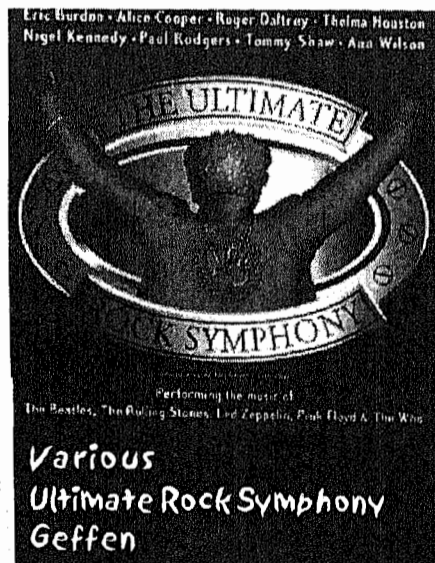
Para



For any Beck fan this album is probably already one of your favourites (whether you own it or not). On his first album, *Mellow Gold*, Beck showcased the most talented and original recording of the 90s.

With *Odelay* he demonstrated just what he could accomplish in studio conditions. With his fourth album Beck has ceased to be a gimmicky and eccentric artist. *Midnite Vultures* is a mature and sophisticated collection of pop songs which vary in style but are consistent in their flawless execution. Fans will be glad to know that Beck's sense of humour is better than ever. Amongst the many songs off of this album that are on recent radio rotation is the hilarious "Debra". Lounge/funk has never been so funny. The first single "Sexx Laws" has been somewhat thrashed in all forms of broadcast but it's still a good song and by no means the highlight of this impressive album. At home Regurgitator have been praised for their deconstruction and analysis of 80s consumer culture but I haven't heard better nostalgic pop than "Get Real Paid". It sounds like a Grandmaster Flash/Eric B & Rakim/PM Dawn jam where someone forgot to switch off some of the loops. If you like dancing or you love funk (Beck almost overcomes his cowboy handicap) then this album could sit reasonably comfortable with your Isaac Hayes (at least until one of them gets carried away or runs off with your *Boney M ... best of*). *Midnite Vultures* is so good that I'm going to give it to my mum for Mother's Day, but then I'm going to steal it back when she's not looking.

Anthony Paxton



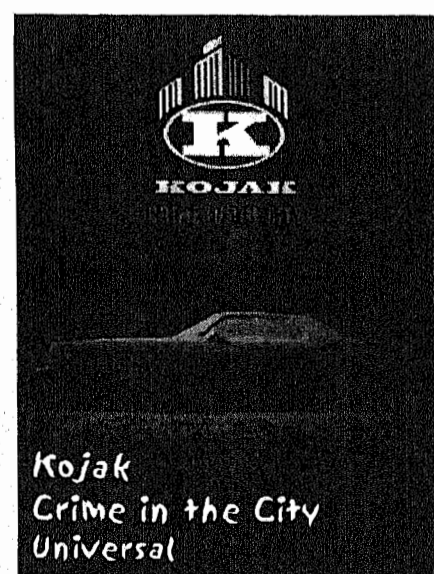
If you were lucky enough to get down to the Ent Cent on 25th of Feb (or if you listen to Triple M), then you would know what the *Ultimate Rock Symphony* is all about. If you didn't know anything about this musical spectacular which is sweeping the world at the moment, then *Ultimate Rock Symphony* probably sounds pretty weird. Basically, it is a collaboration of some of the sixties and seventies greatest musicians singing classic rock songs accompanied by a symphony orchestra. In general, it's not dissimilar to

Metallica's *S&M* project.

The CD contains artists such as The Who's Roger Daltrey, Ann Wilson of Heart fame, Eric Burdon who fronted the Animals, and perhaps one of the worlds greatest practicing singers, Paul Rodgers of Bad Company, Free and also a solo blues career. Definitely names not to be joked about! On the CD, these artists play hits from The Beatles, Pink Floyd, The Rolling Stones, and the amazing Led Zeppelin. The standout tracks are an instrumental violin version of 'While My Guitar Gently Weeps', Roger Daltrey and Ann Wilson doing a version of my second favourite Beatles song ever, 'Let It Be' (for the record, my favourite is 'Do You Want To Know A Secret'), Paul Rodgers with a moving 'Peace Suite' medley of 'Imagine', 'Penny Lane', 'Blackbird', 'Come Together', and 'Give Peace A Chance', and finally, an amazing version of Zeppelin's epic 'Kashmir', once again by Roger Daltrey and Ann Wilson, both imitating Robert Plant quite well.

Unfortunately, I feel that some of the artists on the album are wasted doing cover versions. Although I love Paul Rodgers doing Beatles songs, he could have quite comfortably done versions of his hits, like 'Shooting Star', 'All Right Now', and 'Wishing Well'. Likewise, Eric Burdon was completely wasted on Pink Floyd covers (rather than doing his classics like 'House of the Rising Sun', 'When I Was Young'). Despite that however, the album is still great. If you saw the concert, you probably already have this, but if you don't, or if you missed the gig, then I strongly recommend it. You can't go wrong when you get the greatest artists doing the greatest songs written!

L.A. Cool Papa



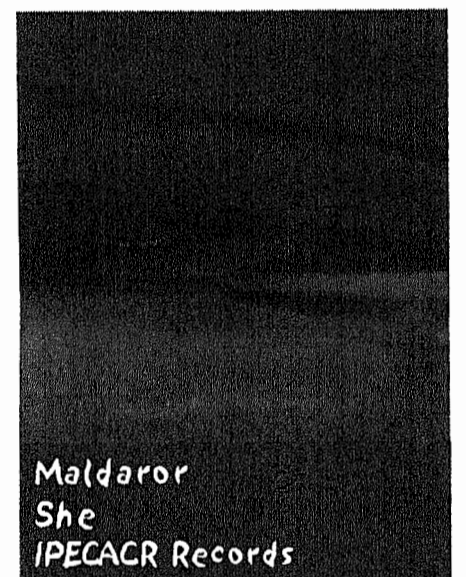
It is really hard to concentrate in the On Dit office. But it is deadline day and I want to appease the gods of free CDs. So I try... Kojak are a couple of electronica-beasts from Paris, and *Crime in the*

City is a fantastic 'easing-in' album for a novice dance-chick such as myself.

The lads combine smooth loops with some interesting samples and cool vocals, and have a steady style which you do not need to be speeding off your nut to dance to. This I like!!

One mightily loud listening of dance/techno stuff with a little bit 'o funk, a little bit 'o hip hop, and a dash of R&B later, I feel like dancing like a dancy thing all night. This is a perfect introductory dancy album for electronica virgins, as Kojak refrain from estoterism and straight 'noise'. On first hearing *Crime in the City* sounds a tad repetitive (but only really due to each track being of similar pace). It will take a few more listenings to pick up all the subtle vagarities and twists and turns in the album, but I cannot wait!

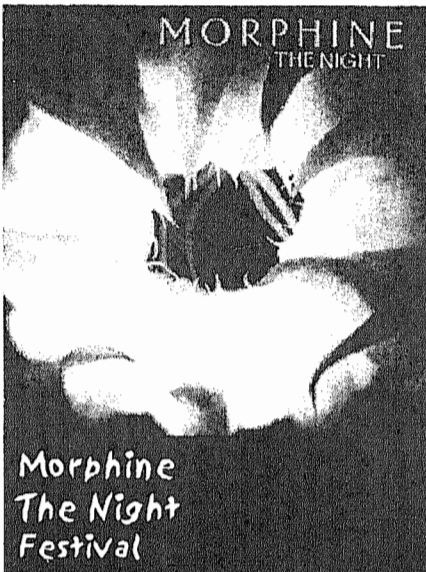
Jayne Lewis



This disc is a collection of electronic noise tracks composed and, arranged and performed by Masami Akita aka "Merzbow" and Mike Patton. Both artists have previous dabbling's in the area of the avant garde and noise composition. This combined project is difficult to decipher as its covers possibly *pornographic* artwork suggests the title alludes to the darker side of female human beings and their sexuality, impinging on the dark and the lurid. Whether this theme is well represented in the compositions on this disc, is a very subjective matter. This disc thoroughly challenges the patience and will of the listener, greeting them with screeching electronica, odd ambient interludes, and some near unbearable distortion. It challenges new ground and for that reason should be respected. As for this recording's real world significance other than to remind the listener of the beauty of silence, that is totally in the ears of the individual.

Case C. Sinclair

But I've got better things to do

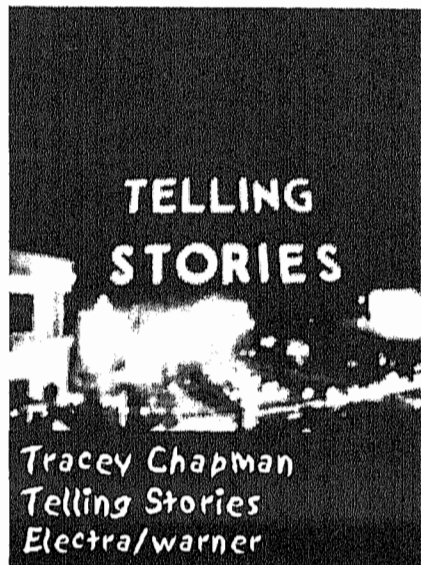


First things first, Mark Sandman the voice and writer for Morphine is dead and as such this is a posthumous release. But this is no Jeff "No, I really CAN swim!" Buckley release. This album was given, ready for release, to the record company before the band undertook their European tour upon which Sandman died on stage of a heart attack. Therefore, it is to be considered as a finished product rather than some partly finished item put out to cash in on his passing.

Morphine are well known for their dark laid back songs played in their unique three piece - consisting of baritone sax, drums and two string slide bass. My lasting memory is the band on stage at Heaven in September of 1998 with Dana Colley blowing his tits off on his baritone sax and going all over the shop during an extended rendition of "Sharks Patrol These Waters". In my mind it remains one of the most energetic and best concerts that I have ever seen and that is where I think Morphine were at their best; with a full on aural assault that you couldn't believe came from only three instruments. Some of their earlier releases had the energy levels you would expect from punk bands. "The Night" on the other hand has the feel of a funeral in parts; Morphine was always quite melancholic and "down" in some of their songs, it's just that with this album it seems as if the whole album is "down". Even if the message of the song is quite positive the music is certainly not the kind that will get you up and shimmying. It seems as if the band has tried to do too much and break away from the three piece limitations without making a definitive step in one direction. The band realised that their sound had gone just about as far as it could and their previous album "Like Swimming" got very little airplay. Even though there was only a promotional tour for that album the band chose to play very few songs from it during their 1998 tour. On previous albums Dana Colley's saxes basically provided the driving force and en-

ergy of the songs whereas on this album he is almost reduced to background chords. It is certainly a diverse album; the band has gone all Tea Party-esque (ie. eastern influenced) on "Rope on Fire" compared with the string sections scattered throughout the album - the title track being the only one that comes off successfully. It seems that while trying to expand their sound the band have moved too far away from what they did so well in the first place. Hence, they have left a jumbled mess that will probably not recruit many new fans - which is a shame considering that they were one of the truly innovative bands of the past decade or so.

tallkunt

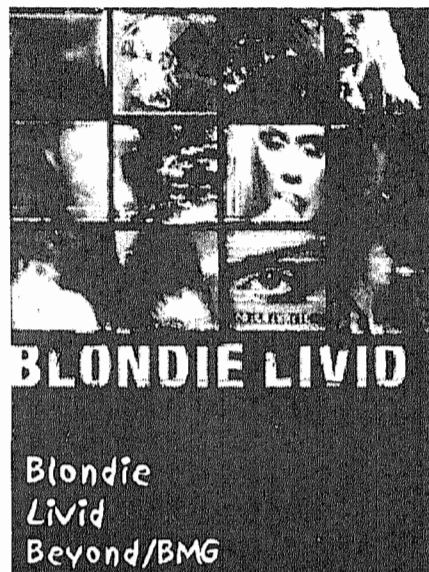


After the hugely successful album *New Beginning* in 1995/96, Tracy Chapman has made a comeback with her new album *Telling Stories*. Most people would remember Tracy for her bluesy single 'Give Me One Reason', but as those who bought *New Beginning* would know, that is generally not what Tracy is all about. Fans would remember her earlier success 'Fast Car'; well the new album is a return to that style of music.

On *New Beginning*, the majority of songs were quiet, mellow numbers. *Telling Stories* also has this mood, but a more reflective vibe permeates the music. Most of Tracy's earlier work was angst ridden, but the new album tends to look at problems, and suggest solutions. The best songs on the album are the title track 'Telling Stories', 'Speak The Word', a nice mellow acoustic driven tune, and 'Nothing Yet', a slow groove song.

Overall, the album is very nice and can be played on repeat without it becoming annoying. Full of nice mellow sounds, the album makes a great background. For those who want another 'Give Me One Reason', you won't find it, but fans of Tracy's other stuff will love *Telling Stories*.

Stern, the Great!



After a long hiatus Blondie is once again releasing new material. Only recently released, "No Exit" - their last studio recording - and the corresponding tour has provided a perfect excuse for, basically, a "best of" live album. Everyone knows Blondie - or at least Deborah Harry. For people that have a limited knowledge it may be surprising to know that the band that is Blondie started off as punk. Real punk. Full of attitude with a snarling Deborah Harry and simple songs. The pure pop element came later. This album showcases virtually all of their career; from the "east-side punk" to the familiar "everybody-knows-this-one" pop. It would be impossible to deny that at least once in your life you have moved at least some part of your body to "Heart of Glass". Other classics include "Call Me", "Hanging On The Telephone", the rap/pop "Rapture", the reggae influenced "The Tide Is High" and more recently "Maria". There are some omissions that would have been nice including "In The Flesh" and "Picture This". Of course, there are a few tracks from the most recent album that, in my opinion, are dubious choices but on the whole this is a pretty good selection. Of special note for the hardcore fans this is the only place you can find an authorised live version of "One Way Or Another". Blondie are good live too. There is no eighties-trademark lip-synching. If anything some of the songs sound rawer which provides an interesting perspective. Fans of the eighties will no doubt enjoy reminiscing but there is at least one song on here for everybody.

Jorm



The first thing that hit me as I put on English band, Medal's first full album is a very strong Radiohead influence.

It turns out that Medal come from the same area as both Radiohead and Supergrass. That area must have good vibes, because like those two bands I just mentioned, Medal seem to be a very good band.

The music itself is a mix of Radiohead's general sound, and a small amount Oasis style psychedelia. There is even a bit of Jeff Buckley's sound thrown in for good measure. Luckily, the singer has a very different style to all these bands, so that Medal still retain a unique sound in their own right. The album is very guitar driven, with riffing and U2 style solo's, distorted parts, and some very nice instrumental sections.

There are also a couple of strong organ parts, and the bass and drums (played by Tasmanian drummer Lemmy Wickson; go Aussie go!) provide the band with its driving force.

All songs on the album have a mellow sound, with the stand out tracks being the psychedelic organ driven 'Monkey Man', the Radiohead-like 'Possibility' and 'Porno Song', and the excellent instrumental 'Visit Your Local Taxidermist'. There is also a bonus secret track nine minutes into the final track.

Overall, *Drop Your Weapon* is very well written and I quite enjoyed it. If your a fan of Radiohead and other similar bands, then this is a must have. A very nice album, it will certainly get plenty of air time.

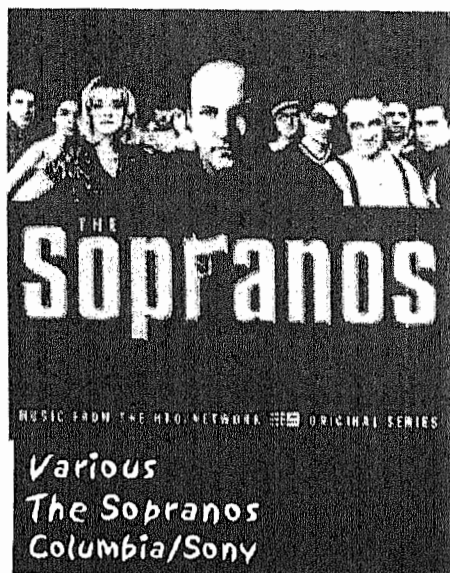
LA Cool Papa

shimmering guitars?
layered soundscapes?
dreamy vocals?

We got 'em.

On Dit Office Wed 1.30pm

Than sit around and fuck my head

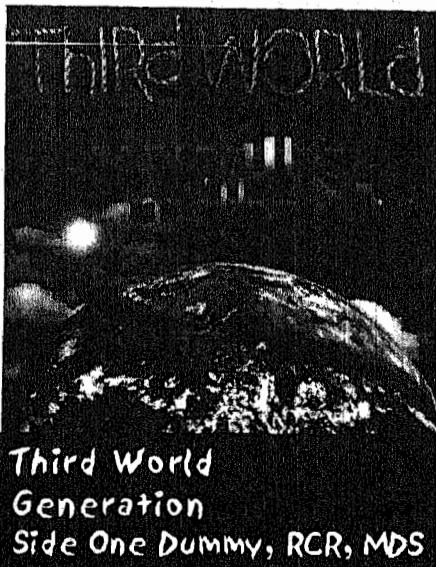


After enjoying a season of successful ratings, the makers of the hit Mafia/gangster series *The Sopranos* have decided to release a soundtrack to the series. A wide range of music is included, ranging from Alabama 3, Frank Sinatra, and Bob Dylan to Cream, Elvis Costello, Bruce Springsteen, and Eurythmics. Most of the songs are lesser known tracks by these artists, which makes it a pretty good album for fans.

The stand-out tracks include 'Mystic Eyes', a bluesy tune from Van Morrison and his band Them, Los Lobos (the band who performed in *La Bamba*) with a funky rock number called 'Viking', and Bo Diddley with a cover (maybe the original) of Jimmy Page and Jeff Beck's the Yardbirds hit, 'I'm A Man'. This song has an amazing raw blues sound, and is as good if not better than the Yardbirds version (minus the wild psychedelic guitar solo at the end).

The album as a whole is very varied in its sound, so it should have at least a couple of songs that appeal to everyone. If you watch the show, you'll probably love this, but if not it'll give you a background on some really good artists.

Stern, the Great!



Almost twenty years since the godfather of reggae, Bob Marley, has left us, the sensational sound that he showed the world still lives on. Third World are a band originating from the reggae homeland of Jamaica, and following in Marley's footsteps, have

brought their classic off-beat grooves to all in their new album *Generation Coming*.

From listening to the first track, 'Reggae Party', it's clear to see that these guys have some pretty cool friends including Maxi Priest and the Boomastic Shaggy who actually sings with the band in one of the songs. The instrumental side of the band is very interesting, obviously being influenced by the reggae kings Peter Tosh, Nesta Marley and Dennis Brown, but combines elements from the newer reggae sounds, making the overall result very unique. The singer of the group must be Jimmy Cliff's brother or something because he sounds so much like him in every aspect; he's terrific!

Some of the lyrics are also remnant of many of Marley's songs focusing on many Rastafarian ideas of peace and an end to racism between whites and blacks, whereas others are just fun songs, ones which we're used to hearing from artists such as Shaggy. The stand out tracks would have to be 'Reggae Party', and 'Dem Man Deh', which both have the traditional reggae sound. Other highlights are the instrumental 'Millennium Symphony' and the cover of Sting's 'De Do Do Do, De Da Da Da'.

Overall, the album is a great listen. Fans of both traditional and new-wave reggae will enjoy this, as well as many R&B fans. I thoroughly liked it, and recommend it!

Bazil

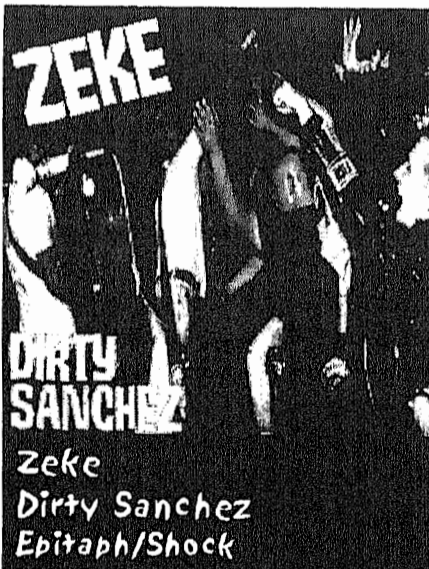


By now you pretty much know what to expect from a Royal Crown Revue album - plenty of cool, smooth swing tunes with an occasional outburst of brilliance from the brass section. RCR also include among its members the owner of probably the best name in music today, Veikko Lepisto, on the double bass. This is swing that seems to come straight out of the 1920s and 30s. While doing nothing significantly different from the musicians that influenced them so heavily RCR certainly do some interesting things with what is a quite often ignored area of music by commercial radio. Commercial radio (and I include Triple J

in this) often seem to be striving for inoffensive music. RCR are never going to change the world

but they certainly write some good tunes and it seems that since their last appearance in Australia (when "Barflies at the Beach" was a minor hit) the band has been forgotten even though there has been an upswing in popularity of the "swing" genre with bands such as Big Bad Voodoo Daddy, the Brian Setzer Orchestra and Cherry Poppin' Daddies getting airplay and media attention. This is perfect music for sitting around having a few beers or martinis to but that's not to say that this is background music. The title track in particular is one that can get the feet tapping and the hips shimmying. "The Stranger" has the finest whistling since the Scorpions classic "Wind of Change" while "Mr Meschugge" has a similar opening to the Inspector Gadget song. This is an album I think would come off particularly well live much like RCR's earlier live album "Caught in the Act" which was pretty much their debut album, "Mugzy's Move", reproduced live. All in all a solid release but not something that will bring them a new legion of fans. Catch them when they most probably tour in the first half of this year (Offshore is a very strong possibility).

tallkunt



Dirty Sanchez is a full tilt excursion into the world of Zeke; a world populated by guitars, short songs and attitude. A world mad bad and dangerous. Zeke thank the Dwarves, the Supersuckers among others and this points the direction in which they travel. Hard fast and loud is the way and the light in the Gospel according to Zeke. 15 songs in a tick over 21 minutes is a fair effort. *Dirty Sanchez*, with its lack of gaps to speak of between songs, shows the immediacy and energy of a live show with a veneer of production and polish added. This band would be great live; *Dirty Sanchez* proves this and leaves me with a desire to see the above.

Freke Cimex

The Singles Bar

Nine Inch Nails
Into The Void
Universal, Nothing/
Interscope Records

"Into The Void" is a slow, moody creation from Trent Reznor. The song builds as it continues over its recurring synthesizer melody. Musically it is in keeping with previous NIN's work and would not be too out of place on either "The Downward Spiral" or "Pretty Hate Machine". If anything has changed it is the fact that it is not quite as aggressive as many of the tracks on the two aforementioned albums. The B-Side (basically a double A-Side - if there is such a thing in the CD-age) is "We're In This Together". It is similar in approach but with a slightly more aggressive feel and a memorable guitar/industrial chorus. Also included is "The Perfect Drug" from the "Lost Highway" soundtrack (of which Trent himself produced) and a dark, atmospheric track titled "The New Flesh". Overall, a good mixture of NIN's many faces without the brilliance of, say, a "March Of The Pigs" or "Head Like A Hole".

Jorm

The Whitlams
Thank You
Black Yak, Phantom/
Warner

Most people have heard both "Thank You (for loving me at my worst)" and the infamous "Chunky Chunky Air Guitar". You either love them or hate them - there is no in-between. Thankfully, if you like the Whitlams (and haven't already bought their latest offering) this double A-Side single would be a perfect place to start. Two versions of "Thank You" are present - a single edit and the "Short Soup Edit" - along with two versions of the lyrically strange "Chunky Chunky Air Guitar" - the original and a remix. Surprisingly there is more. In this age of extra short singles it is refreshing to see one with six tracks. "Bring Me Back To Your Love" and "Coming Up For Air" round off the virtual mini-E.P. Be warned though... too many listens to "Chunky Chunky Air Guitar" (which has a great film clip by the way) will ensure that the song doesn't leave your head for weeks...no...months.

Jorm

It's a buyer's market

Child care

Do you have adequate access to child care facilities? Student Care Inc is carrying out a study into the availability and use of child care facilities by students at the University of Adelaide. We are seeking students, who are parents, to complete a simple questionnaire about their use of child care. From the information gathered we are hoping to identify and project specific needs and influence the development of child services at the University. As an incentive to participants we will be offering two \$75 Uni books vouchers, which will be awarded by a random draw. Questionnaires can be collected from Student Care Inc, Lady Symon Building, Ground Floor, or contact us and we will send you a questionnaire and reply paid envelope. Your participation is important to us!!

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House To Share: Hindmarsh
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127 Wright St, Adelaide. Ph: 8152 0997

2000 SARDI Science Bursary

The annual SARDI Science Bursary was established in 1994 to commemorate the South Australian Women's Suffrage Centenary (1894-1994). The 2000 SARDI Science Bursary provides \$1,000 to a woman graduate to undertake post-graduate study in science at a tertiary institution in South Australia. Applications are invited from honours graduates currently undertaking or wishing to undertake post-graduate studies in agriculture, fisheries or forestry science. Candidates will be considered on the merit of their research program and how it directly relates to the strategic research areas of SARDI. Candidates must be Australian citizens or have permanent resident

status in Australia, and not be a recipient of other bursaries. Applicants will be assessed by a selection panel and the successful applicant announced on Friday 31 March 2000. Application forms are available from Oksana Dniprowyi at SARDI on (08) 8303 9433 or e-mail: dnprowyi.oksana@saugov.sa.gov.au All applications are confidential and can be addressed to Mr Rob Lewis, Executive Director, SARDI Plant Research Centre, GPO Box 397, Adelaide, SA 5001. Application close Friday 24 March 2000.

Roseworthy BBQ

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

Vroom

Car to Sell
Mazda 323 wagon
Very reliable, new reconditioned motor, new clutch, cheap to run, tow bar, roof racks (optionally included).
Suit student needing to get from A to B, with plenty of space to load sports bags/equipment.
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Contact Tony 8331 8988 (may get answering machine) or 0402 123 524.

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2 Sundays: 12 + 19 March from 9.30-5 pm at the OLC. Cost: \$200 (Conc. \$170)

3. Enhanced Study Results

How to improve study and exam taking skills, note taking, speedreading, dealing with exam blanks using Accelerated learning techniques!

17 + 24 March from 6-9.30 pm at Adelaide Institute of TAFE, 120

Currie Street, Adelaide - for students and lecturers. Cost: \$120 (Conc. \$90).

Free Introductory Lecture for all courses: Thursday 9 March, from 8-9 pm at Norwood PS Activity Hall, Osmond Tce, Norwood. For enquiries, assessments, brochures and enrolments: The OPTIMUM LEARNING Centre (OLC), 12 Bayview Crst, Beaumont 5066, Ph. 8379 4755, Fax. 8379 0824, E-Mail: koelman@camtech.net.au

Computer for sale

Wanted: Good home for 486 computer. I'm no techno-boffin, but this I do know. Its got Word 6, Works & Norton anti-virus. It got me through my degree, & it will get you through yours. \$400 o.n.o. Phone Rob on 8340 9405.

Vroom Vroom

For Sale
1983 Honda Civic, 3 door hatch. Burgundy. Reliable & cheap to run. \$2000 o.n.o. Call Matt or Fiona on 8333 0993 after hours, or leave a message.

The Edge: A Physics/Philosophy Symposium

Fri 25th Feb. 2.00pm - 5.00pm at Rosetta's restaurant in the Flinders University Union Bldg.

Come and hear philosophers talk with physicists about leading edge issues arising from modern physics. Questions and discussion welcome. The focus is on 2 topics : the limits of logic and the nature of Time. Entry by gold coin donation. Presented by the Flinders Uni Philosophy Club. For further info. Tel: Colin 835.80150 or 0409.615.924

Learn Deep Relaxation

When: Every Monday from 28 February. 1.10 - 2.00pm
Where: Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building
Presenter: Mark O'Donoghue
Book now on 8303 5663 or call in.

Coffee, Cake and Conversation

When: Every Wednesday from 1 March. 1.10 - 2.00pm
Where: Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building
Presenter: Susan Howard
Feel free to drop in.

Renaissance Universal

IGM March Wednesday 15th 1-2pm, WP Rogers Room
Contact Didi 0412 684437 or 8354 4635 or Tim 8351 8689
Email: sunshine@axs.com.au

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. The editors have complete editorial control (for what that's worth), however the opinions expressed herein are not necessarily their own. And don't sue us. We're all broke.

Editors

Dale F Adams
Eva O'Driscoll
Darien O'Reilly

To describe her job as merely 'typesetting' would be an insult
Fiona Dalton

Photographer

Peter MacKay

Printing

Cadillac Printing

Ta muchly

Jayne for beating all the eds in on Sunday and then doing all the shit jobs, Kate 'Door Bitch' Stryker, sorry to Packers for the missing BDO photography byline last week, Mullitrain for stopping by, Penny, Rob, Stella B, all the cats, Farley, Michael, Andy J, Pegboy and Crooksy, Jeremy J, Tammy, Jane, Paul, Chris, Grades, Cath (get better soon), my old mate Frank, Peter, Hicky for the lagers, The Porkers, everyone who turned up to O'Ball, and thank you Essendon for kicking them other pricks off the park.



*“Adventures are not all
pony rides in spring sunshine.
Kinda makes you wanna boogie.”*