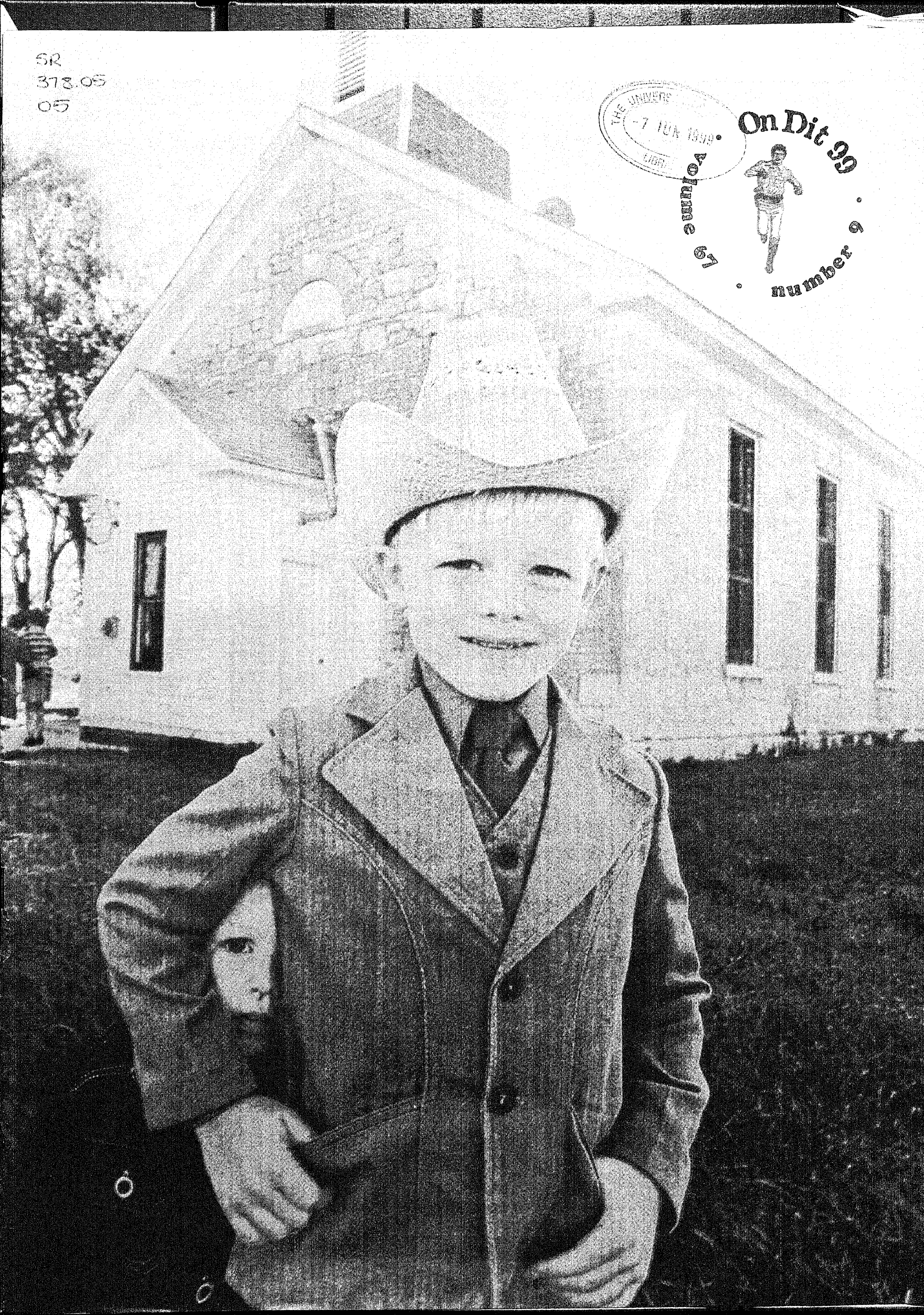


SR
378.05
05

THE UNIVERSITY OF
-7 JUN 1949
LIBRARY

On Dit 22
number 9

Volume 67



CONTENTS

- 4 - Letters
- 8 - Future Tense
- 10 - Toby Kenobee's News
- 13 - A Shroom With A View
- 14 - Ask Dr Linley
- 15 - 6 Things to do in Adelaide
- 16 - Classifieds
- 17 - 1, 2, 3 O'Clock,
Beer O'Clock Rock
- 18 - Campus
- 20 - More Sausage Turners
- 24 - Clubs and Stuff
- 26 - The Idiot Box
- 28 - Vox Pop
- 30 - Film
- 36 - Free Thought
- 38 - I'll Puzzle 4 Ya
- 39 - Horrorscopes
- 40 - ARTS-a-go-go
- 42 - Video
- 44 - LITERATURE
- 46 - Creative Workshop
- 49 - Music Bonanza

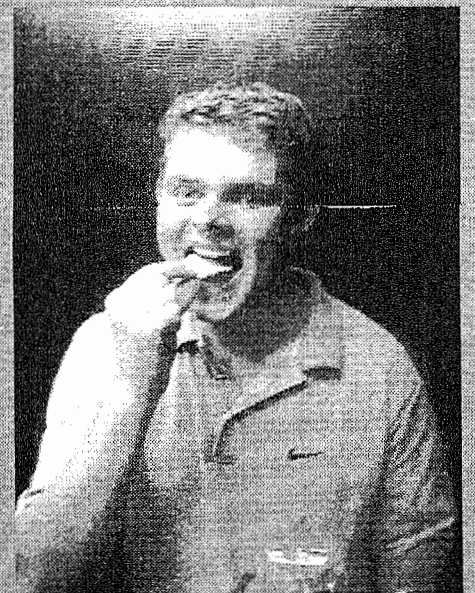
EDITORIAL

Dear _____,

I know that it's been a long time since I've written. I could say that I've been busy but then I always use that excuse. The real reason is that I thought you were upset with me. I wish that last week had never happened. I've never done anything like that before and I only hope that you can forgive me. That may have been the worst thing to say but I just don't know how you feel. This silence has been killing me but how can I know what to write if I don't know what's going on? It's not fair to dump all of this on you but who else can I turn to? Life without you is hard enough, I have no idea of how to cope with fearing your disapproval. Please write soon. I close my eyes and hold my breath,

Love,

_____ xxx



Hunk o' the Week

On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of The University of Adelaide. The Editors have complete editorial control, although the opinions expressed are not necessarily their own.

Editors:

Penny Fredericks
Anthony Paxton

Advertising Manager:

Bonnie-Claire Yates

Freight:

Darien O'Reilly

Typesetting:

Finona Dalton

Printing:

Cadillac Printing

Web Stuff:

Smug

Thanks:

Eric@Camtech, Rob & Stella B, Dale, Ant Music, Eskimo Shirley, Stephen the Hunk, Hicksy, Susie B + Chris S, "Our Roving Reporter" Belinda, Liv for the drinks,

Darien "Tonto" O'Reilly, Stuart and Kyla, Eva the pick up kid, Dr Linley, Brentyn the Astonishing, Daniele, Andrew@Smug, Elly & Peter,

Where we are:

The *On Dit* office is located on the North Terrace campus opposite the Barr Smith Lawns, in the basement of the George Murray Building, remarkably close to the men's toilets.

How to contribute / contact us:

You can drop off stuff at

the office or in the contribution box in the SAUA office. Alternatively, you can write to us at

On Dit, c/- The University of Adelaide, SA, 5005 or email us at

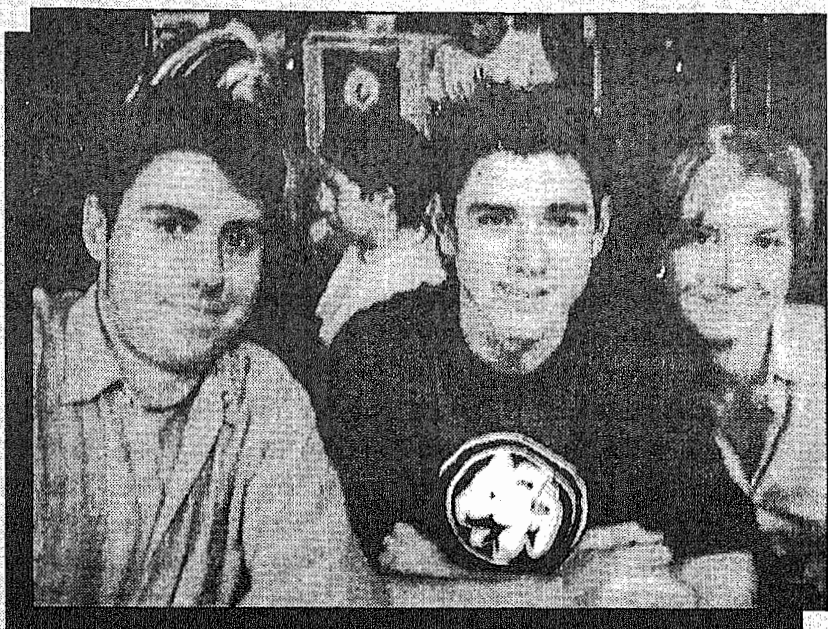
ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au although we are notoriously slack about reading our email.

About the cover:

Where the buffalos play.

Next Edition:

Out 31 May (Deadline 27 May)



Adelaide Unibar

Wednesdays

& Thursdays:

Happy Hour 4:30-5:30pm

Anyday:

Buy a Coopers product,
ask the bar staff for a ticket to

win 5 cartons of Coopers

drawn every Friday during Happy Hour

Fridays

Happy Hour - 6 to 8pm

with **\$ 1.50 schooners of . . .**

West End Draught, Southwark Draught,
Southwark Bitter, Southwark Pale Ale.

\$ 1.50 glass of . .

Champagne or House wine

\$ 3.00 Base Spirit and mix

\$ 3.00 KGBs

and **D.J. Ant**

from 5.30pm till late

West End Pool Comp

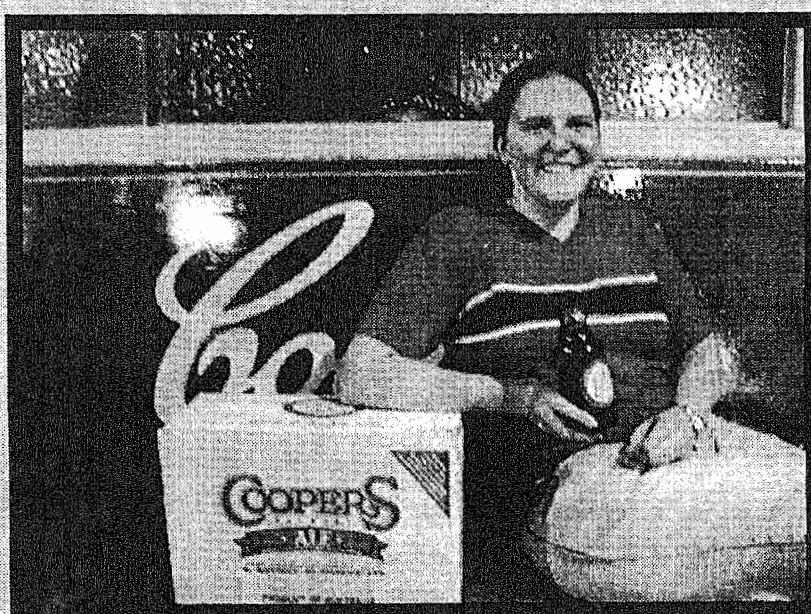
Thursday Nights from 5:30pm

Only **\$ 2.00** entry (receive one free beer),
payable at the bar.

1st Prize: \$ 50 Unibar beer voucher.

2nd Prize 1 carton of Southwark Pale Ale or
Southwark Bitter

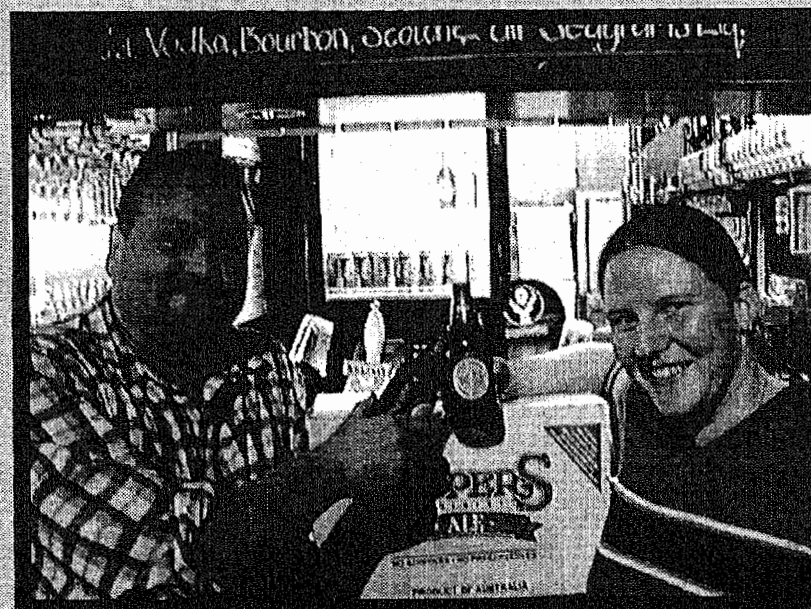
Happy Hour: 4:30-5:30pm



Last Weeks Winners of the
COOPERS BEER DRAW were **MARISA
LOVISATTI** (above and below, receiving
her prize from PJ) and **PAUL MOIR**

They each won 5 Cartons

The Draw is at 8:00pm on Friday Nights



Smoke Your Greens

Provocative

Dear On Dit,

Let me begin by saying that I have no problem whatsoever with the concept of a "sexualiDit" or, in fact, with the vast majority of material that the edition contained. Furthermore, I too believe that sexuality is an issue of great importance, and one that should be encouraged, celebrated and discussed more than it is in our society.

With that established, I would like to ask why it is that the promotion of sexuality requires a slide into profanity and rudeness? While provocative material may generate a response, rarely, if ever, does it actually generate a rational discussion of the issues. By using provocative tactics, such as obscene language, all that is achieved is the polarisation of opinions, with many of the people that you are trying to influence merely having their prejudices confirmed in their own minds. In the end it can only be counter productive, as I believe that this issue will be.

Having pertinent discussion is one thing, but being rude is not something that should be condoned or tolerated. Perhaps the authors of the edition should remember that sexuality is not an issue confined to the gay-lesbian-bisexual community, and that as people concerned with sexuality, especially the Sexuality Officers, they should also consider and address the issues of the heterosexual members of the community. Regardless of sexuality I believe that many students would find even this 'censored' version of On Dit offensive.

The authors may complain that they were censored, but let us remember that the majority of students (and I claim this with no hesitation) do not appreciate being confronted with pure obscenity in the paper which they fund. On Dit has a responsibility to maintain at least a minimum level of decorum. If it was a paper that only interested parties paid for, then there may be an argument

that such profanity is justifiable, as you would only have to pay for it if you approved. But On Dit is funded by the union fee of every member of the university. Therefore, while it must remain a bastion of free speech, it also must be representative and responsive to the entire university community and not to anyone particular group. A simple way to be a bit more representative is to start by not using language that will offend and alienate a large proportion of the student body.

Ben Allgrove
4th Year Law

What's up your ^{nose} cunt?

Cunt... hmmm. First let me say that I was in favour of having 'cunt' on the front page of sexualiDit. But for different reasons. The origin of the word 'cunt' is undeniably feminine. The current use, I feel, is that of any other swear word and this is the essence of my letter.

When I say "You're a cunt" (usually after losing pool... or anything else really). I'm not trying to convey the fact that I think that the targeted person is a vagina. To illustrate the usage of words let's look at the word 'fuck' now, boys and girls. If someone were to tell you to 'get fucked' would you interpret this as an instruction to go forth and multiply, or to go have a tug or a feel? Ahmmm... NO! Another way of showing that 'cunt' is just a swear word is by word swapping, ie 'What a bastard / cunt / fucker' 'Useless asshole / cunt'. If I had more time I could think of more as I'm sure you could too.

To finish off, 'cunt' is a crude, offensive, distasteful, vulgar word... just like 'fuck'. So by my reasoning, if 'fuck' can be on the front cover, and it is, then so can 'cunt'. The level to which people take offence is inconsequential, as that is the whole point of using them.

And for those who don't agree with me, fuck off you cunts.

Adam Langman

Stained Knickers

Dear Everyone,

All those who know me and Alida Parente will know that we are very close friends however this is not the reason that I agree with her censorship or write this letter. I am glad the word 'cunt' was censored. I do not think that having it on the cover is reclaiming it in anyway. Being Alida's friend I have heard her use the word several times but only at times. She knows that there is a time and place for language like that. For example the wrong time and place for the use of the word CUNT is to print it on the cover of On Dit where you have to consider sponsors as well as students. I love the word CUNT but I don't need to see it sprawled on the cover.

I guess that not putting it on the cover is the same sort of reason we wear knickers. If you really want front-page visibility for your CUNT then take your stained knickers off and go for gold. On Dit, as usual, was a great read but all the hype about the censorship was a bit droll and took away from the overall great effect that On Dit normally has. It made the word the issue instead of Sexuality.

George Valiotis

Bloody Engies

Dear Eds,

We are sick of people (including On Dit) bagging engineers. Alan Anderson has now left engineering, so there is now less reason to dislike us. Also, lots of us approach some form of normality.

The Gossip Queens

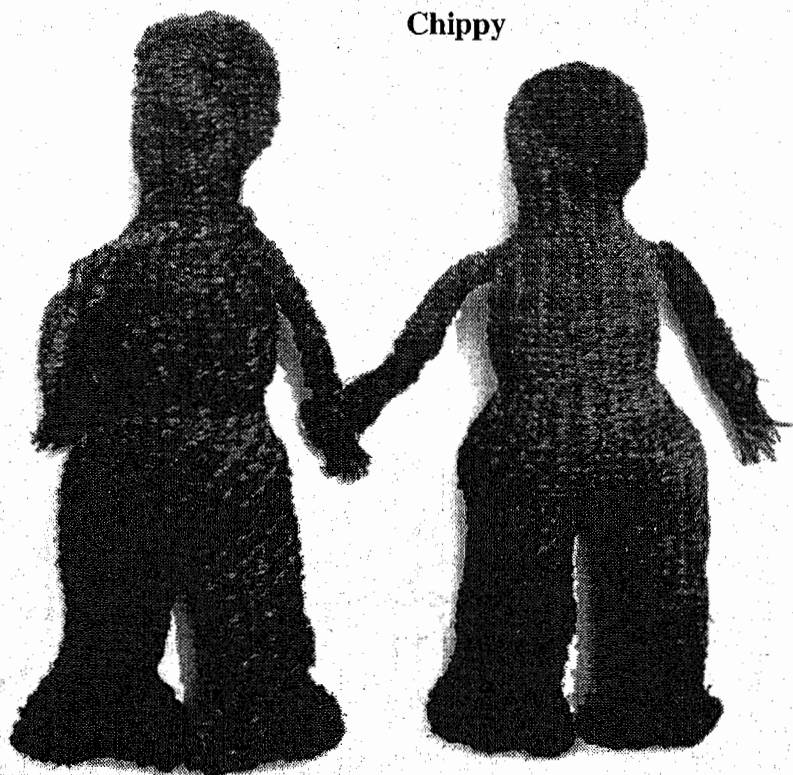
P.S. We agree with the sentiment of George Valiotis's article, but not its detail. Can you name one relationship on Melrose Place (heterosexual or otherwise) that's typical? Oh, sorry, nearly forgot! I tried to kidnap my ex-boyfriend to make him love me again!

Chickadees

Dear Darling,

Re: Concerned of Malvern.
If this boy had a Mummy who loved a woman, and if this boy had a surrogate Mummy who loved his Mummy, and if he was encouraged to love both his Mummy's friends, who would have in all likelihood been women, then of course he has grown up to love the ladies. Methinks Mummy and Mummy are a tad jealous that he's getting among the chickadees.

Chippy



We've learnt to cherish our differences.

Eat Your Greens

No Cred

Dear eds

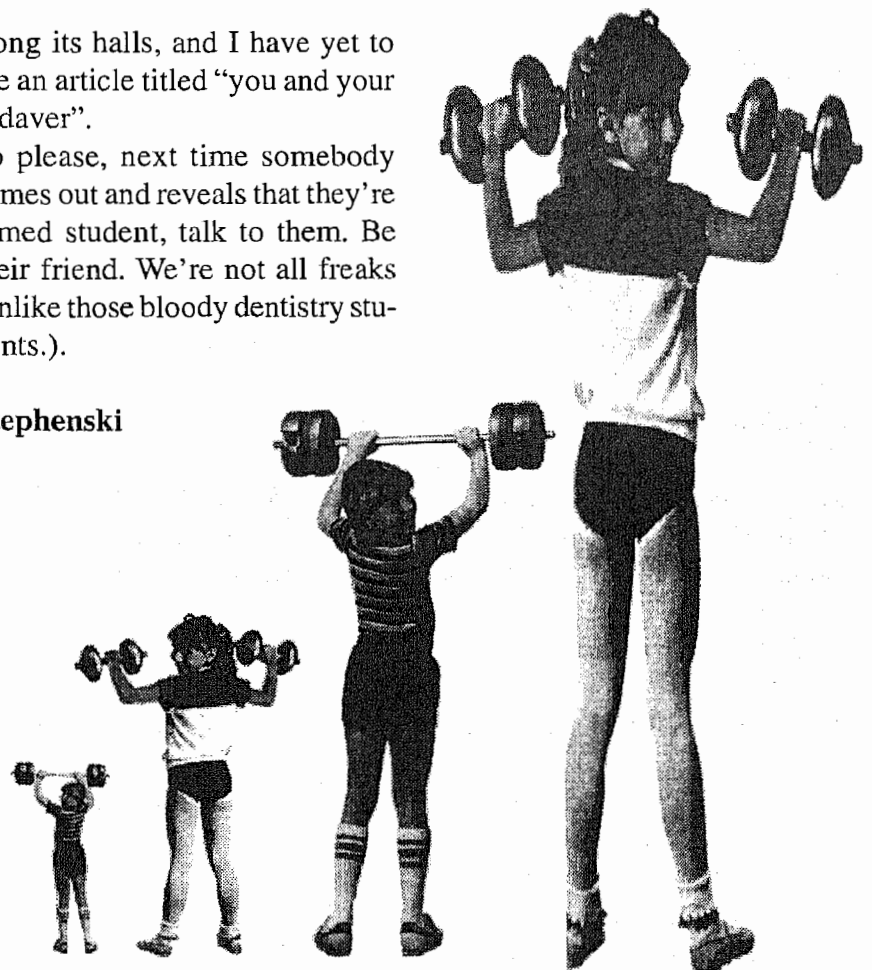
The sexuality edition of *On Dit* did a wonderful job of exposing (and hopefully eradicating) prejudices against minority students (homosexuals, bisexuals, bestial necrophiliacs), and you generally do a great job with helping other groups who are discriminated against (women, aboriginals, foreign students). However, there is one group of students who are regularly discriminated against, yet never receive recognition. I am talking about med students. Try walking into a conglomeration of other students and announcing "I'm a med student". Most people either ignore you, disdainfully say "well, I'm an ARTS student", or start a relentless resentful tirade about how they would have loved to get into

medicine, it was their "lifelong dream" but they failed the UMAT or interview. Look, contrary to popular belief, we are not all upper-class, aristocratic snobs who never wish to associate with other students. Med students enjoy crossing Frome Rd and visiting the rest of the campus; it's a great place for meeting interesting people (and picking up a partner - hey baby, wanna see my TER?), it has the unibar and all the student services, and we can buy lunch and eat it on the lawns. Unfortunately, we seem to have all these lectures, tutes and practicals (mmmm, cadavers) which don't leave us much time to enjoy all the splendours of the uni. *On Dit* - you're as bad as the rest of them (you discriminating bastards). Copies of the paper can now never be found over in the med school (10 mins between lectures is NOT enough to scurry across and get one), vox pop people never scurry

along its halls, and I have yet to see an article titled "you and your cadaver".

So please, next time somebody comes out and reveals that they're a med student, talk to them. Be their friend. We're not all freaks (unlike those bloody dentistry students.).

Stephenski



Healthy bodies make healthy minds.

LA BELLA



La Bella Hair

116 Melbourne St, North Adelaide

Telephone (08) 8267 4955

Ph/Fax (08) 8267 4865

Discount on presentation of Student ID

Winner of the 1991 Schwartzkoff hairdresser of the year award and highly commended as part of the Loreal awards, *La Bella Hair* has an ongoing commitment to hairdressing. For 14 years *La Bella Hair* has cared for the hair of thousands of people including television and sports personalities: Emma George, Stuart O'Grady, and Patsy Tierney.

The crew at *La Bella Hair*: Steve, Daniel, Paul, Chelsey, Melissa, Nicolle and Lianna, are dedicated to hair and keeping yours in its best possible condition. They can do anything and everything for your hair. In addition they offer student discount on hair cuts when student ID is presented. *La Bella Hair* also provide after-styling care products for your convenience at reasonable prices. These include professional hair accessories and such styling products as Endure, TIGI and Wella.

So for professional hair care at reasonable prices, make an appointment at *La Bella Hair*—you won't be disappointed.

The Purple Page

Union?

Dear Eds,

Last Wednesday's anti-VSU rally was a successful demonstration of student solidarity. The one unfortunate point, however, was the involvement of trade unions in the speeches on the steps of Parliament House.

The whole point of the rally and the anti-VSU push was to convince the government and the wider community that student unions are somehow different (due to the provision of services) to trade unions, and should therefore be governed differently.

In reference to student representation, the point attempting to be made was that student organizations acted only in the interests of students, and would oppose any government that acts to undermine student welfare.

The trade union involvement, however, undermined this. It reinforced (rightly or wrongly) the old perception that the NUS is a collective for students on the left of politics, with an

agenda which goes beyond the realm of protecting students and their rights. That, the Peter Goers' tirade and the speech on East Timor could have been seen as turning the rally into a promotion of left politics, rather than a demonstration of the issues directly concerning students. This was reinforced with lines such as "We have a rally on June the 3rd, and I want you all there". It may have been considered a good opportunity for cross-promotion, but it put a damper on the anti-VSU message. It would have also alienated anyone who was mainly conservative in their views, but honestly cared about the student issues. They would have left with little doubt about where the sympathies of student organizations lie. That is unfortunate, especially when the aim was solidarity amongst ALL students.

In comparison, the speeches previous to these were good, and deserve congratulations. Even though the individuals came from a variety of areas, they focussed on the issue of the day, and nothing else. The speakers set aside their personal agendas, and

voiced their active criticism of the VSU bill. Well done to them.

Anthony Daniele

Bit, Fat and Purple

Dear Editors,

Like many of your other correspondents I have noticed the horribly ugly and amateurish obelisk recently erected outside the Napier building, and can only ask: what on Earth was University admin on when they thought "let's make something so horrid that even Napier looks good in comparison"? I can just imagine them dealing with the architects, assuming it was designed by architects and not by someone less qualified (maybe one of the rats from the Psychology department's experimental section drew it up while pushing a little metal bar to get food pellets, I don't know).

Uni admin: We want something both ugly and useless. It has to combine

the boxy inelegance of Napier, the low-rent apartment building hideousness of Schultz and the essence of that feat of design incompetence which is the Zoology building. And you'll have to pull up several square metres of comfortable and pleasant lawn and lay down cheap, easy-to-maintain concrete. Do you think you can do it?

Architect/Psych rat: Sure.

I also want to remark that I submitted a letter for a recent edition of *On Dit*, but it was removed at the order of our SAUA president, Alida Parente. I hear there was some specious reason for this, something about how its publication would be blatantly offensive to a particular minority on campus (not an ethnic or religious group, by the way). As far as I'm concerned, anyone who thinks any non-defamatory letter to a student newspaper should be censored can suck my fat purple tail until it bleeds.

Barney the Dinosaur

4th year Arts/Law/Bachelor of Bacheling



On Dit



Advertising Manager

On Dit needs an Advertising Manager for Semester Two

You'll have to meet, and hopefully exceed, our weekly budget by selling advertising space in this fine publication and do stuff like

- contact potential advertisers
- organise advertising copy
- maintain financial records and a high level of personal hygiene

Payment by commission.
Applications in writing to the On Dit office
by 5pm Friday 4th June.

Black & Blue

Two Cents

Howdy,

I'd like to put in my two cents with regards to this whole VSU debate. I'm all for voluntary unionism. Why? Because I don't want to pay for the services I don't use. Sure, that whinging git from a previous issue can crap on all he likes about how *On Dit* is part of the student services - I'd be glad to contribute to *On Dit*. But I don't want my *On Dit* money financing the Skin Diving Club, or the Chess Club, or the Young Liberals for that matter. What I'd like to see is a pay-per-use system where students only pay for the services that they nominate. I refuse to believe that this is impossible since there is already a breakdown of funds given in the student diary. I don't want to hear how this is a stupid idea if the only reason is because a few sad administrative fucks don't like numbers and don't want to give up their little fantasy that accounts don't really exist. I realise that this scheme would probably mean that the sum of the parts (ie. the amount payable to all the individual clubs, etc.) is greater than the whole (the union fee as it is now), but who cares when I'm not paying the whole? I'm only paying a partial sum! (Oh dear, learning Maths WAS bad for me after all) If there aren't enough people to generate sufficient funds, then obviously that particular service is unimportant or too expensive. If you think that this sounds unfair to minorities, consider the fact that under the current system, I could probably start "The Mouth's Book Club" where all I do is suck money from the Clubs Association and buy books tax-free for myself to read. At each AGM I could nominate myself chairperson, returning officer and treasurer, providing the names of my dog, budgie and hamster so that it doesn't look stupid in the paperwork. I'm sure that there are a lot of holes in my argument and heaps of people will take glee in pointing them out in the most rude, obnoxious manner printable, but at least they will have considered another point of view for even a fraction of a second - and that's all I ask. (Next week, world peace and global domination :P)

The Mouth

Loony

Dear Editors,
Just a couple of questions (sort of) about VSU. How many trips has our Union's "VSU Liaison Officer" taken to Canberra? With who? For how long? What for?

Regarding O'Ball losses etc. isn't the amount 'lost' more than what a bona-fide election would have cost? All those drones last year who were so irate about the possible cost of a properly run union election, are they equally irate about the actual losses of the O'Ball?

Just wondering,
Lunatikit

Tunes

Dear On Dit,
Who the fuck are Lunatikit? Why do they keep writing their letters into your fine paper? I cannot be anything other than amused when grizzled old communists have nothing better to do with their time than to write meaningless pap that smacks of nothing more than sour grapes, considering that nobody cares about post-grads anyway. You guys lost the elections, your revolution is over, "man". Start living in the present and stop wasting time and space with your inarticulate ramblings.
Sensible Simon
3rd Year University of Hard Knocks.

He's Back

Dear On Dit,

What is that monstrosity outside the Napier building and why does it look like it was put together by a two year old and why is Napier spelt with only single-width tessera and why does it have loose wiring hanging from it and especially since it's spring and soon the kiddies will be sticking forks into power points and you shouldn't have stuff like that and what's with the sails on it like is it the Social Science's entry in one of the races in the Sydney 2000 Olympics boat races and whose money paid for the fucken thing too and why is it just piss-poor or is it just indica-

tive of the Arts faculty here in this building and why did the School of Commerce get naming rights for the fucken thing cause it's all right angles and boring as fuck and demonstrates the creative abilities of those fucken economists that want us to have a GST and what's the fucken story with that GST and that Johnny Howard guy and who stuck the caterpillars to his head and why is it whenever i drive to the North Terrace campus of Adelaide Uni some bastard always steals the car space I'm about to drive into so my beat-up Datsun always overheats and what's the story with people running red lights I didn't even know you weren't allowed to ship them through customs and thanks to *On Dit* for highlighting the little understood area of bestial-necrophilia sexuality for all of us out there who just want to be accepted and why is that ridiculous sculpture L-shaped and why does the reverse side have the word information embossed in the same dull boring fucking public-servant grey as the

rest of the sculpture so that you can't read it and the terrazo finish is just shithouse and as far as i can tell there's no information on it except that it's fucking crap and probably cost a lot of student money and why the fuck do the refectories here have one person serving food during the lunch trade and why is the food always crap and expensive and it's almost as bad as Flinders University's crap but at least the shit called food here has colour and why is that fucking sculpture red and grey and when it was built did anyone bother to check the Feng Shui for the building and why the fuck was it built in the first place when Arts funding just gets cut every ten minutes and fucken how can the Arts faculty can afford to even build the sculpture when all my tutorials have sixty-three students in them and that's only because half the people didn't show up.

Shotgun Jim
34th Yr Arts

Fine Books of Burnside

Your Specialist Showcase

NOW OPEN

Specialising in:

- Taschen Art
- International Publishers and Titles
- Special Interest Titles
- Educational
- Erotica
- Photography
- Children's Titles

and many more categories.

Teachers, students, professionals see our range at our new showroom adjacent the Burnside Village - enter off Sydney Road.

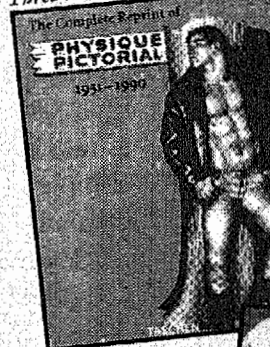
Telephone 8379 3866

Open 7 days

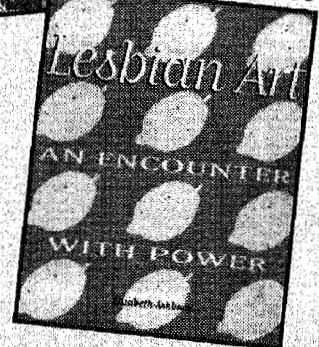
The History of
English Interiors
Special \$29.95

the history of
english
interiors

Physique Pictorial
Special \$119.95
Three volumes



Lesbian Art
Special \$19.95



PHAN44711

sustainability of the planet..

Next week at Adelaide Uni is Environment Week. To that end, *Future Tense* will be focusing its next program on the fate of the natural environment into the 21st Century. Read the article and tune into the program on Student Radio (5UV 531AM) at 11pm next Monday.

Sustainability is the Word

Why is profit so important to business? Besides the money in the bank, profit tells an organisation that it is providing a relevant product to consumers. But it is also a reflection of the organisation's ability to remain sustainable in the long term. It tells them that they can conceivably continue to do what they do, forever.

But profit takes many forms. In the case of the natural environment, profit takes the form of good management, where we as citizens live our lives with minimal harm to our natural surroundings. But Planet Earth, arguably the largest multinational there is, has been making record losses for decades. This doesn't give good signs for sustainability, in the area where it most essential to occur.

They're all Symptoms

The hole in the Ozone Layer, Greenhouse Effect, Land Degradation, Water Salinity, High water tables, Acid Rain, Over-population, El Nino, Animal Extinction, Reduction in plant diversity, Damming, Beached Whales, Over-fishing, Nuclear toxic waste, Overuse of toxic chemicals, Clearing of native forests, Electromagnetic radiation, Air pollution, Water pollution, Noise pollution, CO₂ emissions and related issues

all have one thing in common: they're all symptoms.

They are symptoms of a community that has lost touch with the basic give-and-take arrangement we have had with the environment since the start of time. Government policies aimed at tackling one issue on its own completely miss the point.

Goals for reduction of carbon dioxide emissions by 15% all over the developed world (except of course Australia), while encour-

"hail the day when environmental abuse has the taboo status of murder"

aging, do little to solve our environmental ills. This is because while these goals have the advantage of creating the right mind-set amongst citizens, they fall short of developing a holistic approaches to

the continuous environmental destruction.

True innovation can be achieved in many ways. But one thing is certain, you cannot rely on government. Why? Over and beyond the self-interest and petty politicking, the tired bureaucratic structures which exist in government make it almost impossible for anything remotely innovative and dynamic to occur. Like many of the complex late 20th Century problems we face, solutions can only be found when the natural leadership qualities of all citizens can be tapped into. The best role government can play in that case is to act as a facilitator.

This begins with taking the focus of policy off the reduction of polluting activity, and on to the positives associated with environmental protection. Much of this involves modifying incentives to attain meaningful goals (such as protecting the natural environment), instead of modifying goals (to "consume at all costs") to make current dis-incentives seem less contemptible.

This also involves finally burying the assumption that environmental protection and economic growth are mutually exclusive.

The most obvious example of this is the insanity of nuclear fission. While the Australian government continues to go into bat for Uranium miners, Australian researchers must cope with reduced R & D funding. Australia is a world leader in renewable energy research, yet lacks government support (previously through tax concessions) to commercialize such innovative work.

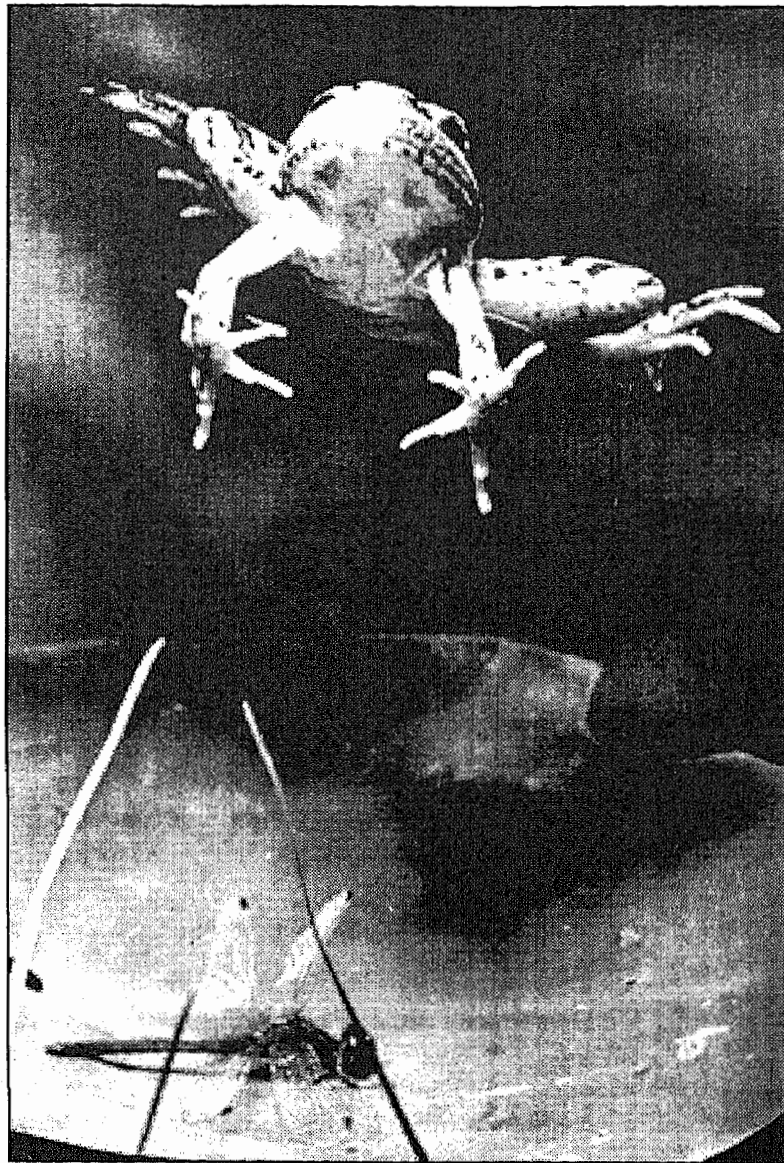
Growing, clean industries are being sacrificed to support the beginning of a nuclear cycle which ends, perhaps not in Australia, but somewhere on this toxic wastedump we call Earth. The unfortunate reality is, if "suitable" long-term dumps are found for the world's piling toxic waste, arguments against the nuclear option will fall on increasingly deafening ears. The political power of the nuclear industry will continue to increase, as will the waste.

Barc-footed at Heart

Environmental protection should be a high consideration in all we do. Not because we should all be peace loving hippies living at one with nature, but because despite our advanced technology and consciousness, we are not isolated from our physical environment. If it dies, we do.

Hail the day when environmental abuse has the taboo status of murder. Hail the day when we all feel the power to make meaningful contributions towards the continued sustainability of our planet.

Anthony Daniele



JUST DO IT!

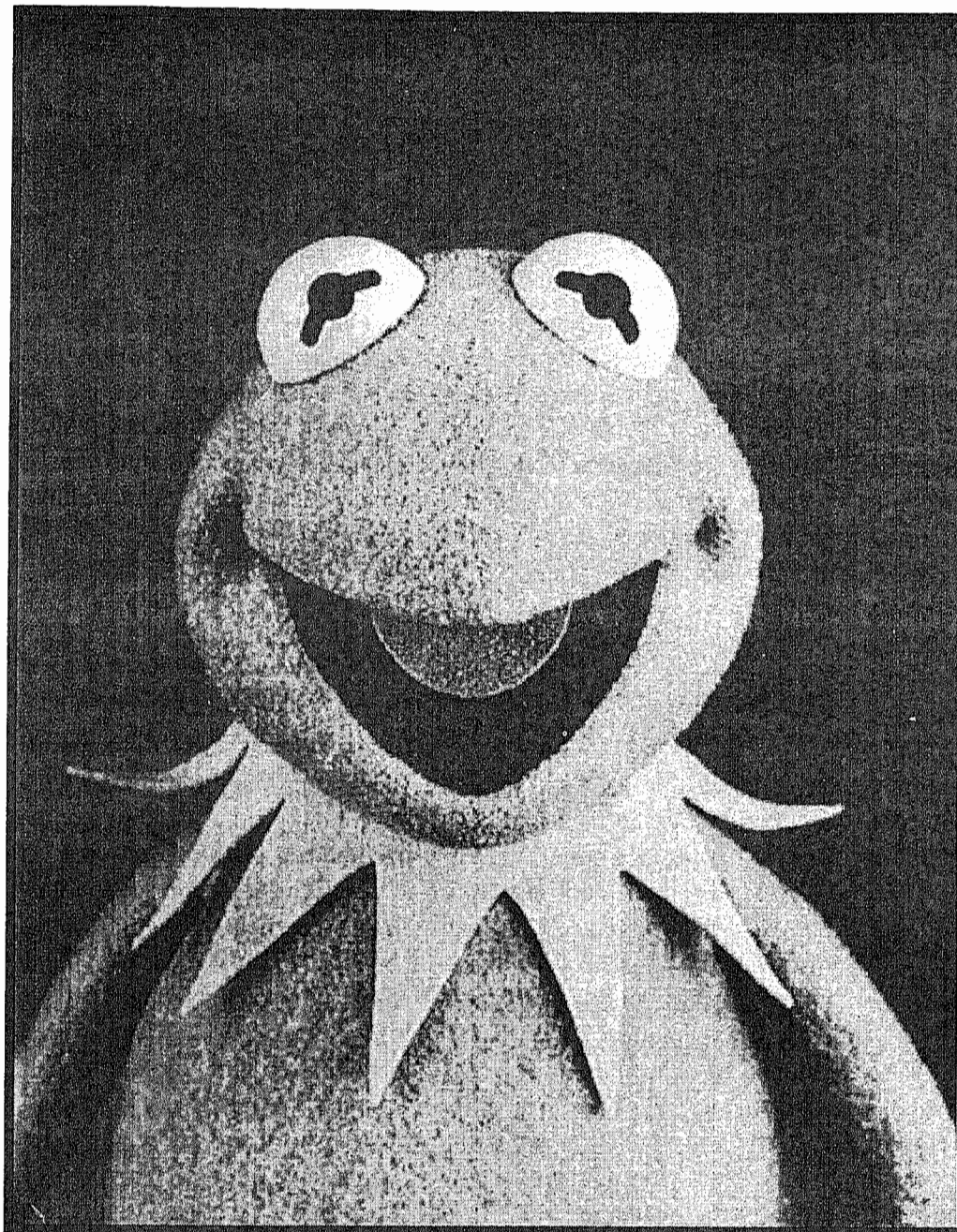
**TEACH IN
CHINA**

There is a great demand for Australians to teach English language, literature and culture at Chinese universities. Xiantan Normal University needs graduates to join a small group of Australians and Europeans to teach trainee teachers. Airfares, accommodation and a local salary are provided. Contact an Adelaide graduate to get the inside story on a professional break that will change your life.

abenoy@public.xt.hn.cn

OR

phone 8379 9154



"it's not easy being green"
tell someone who cares: the On Dit...

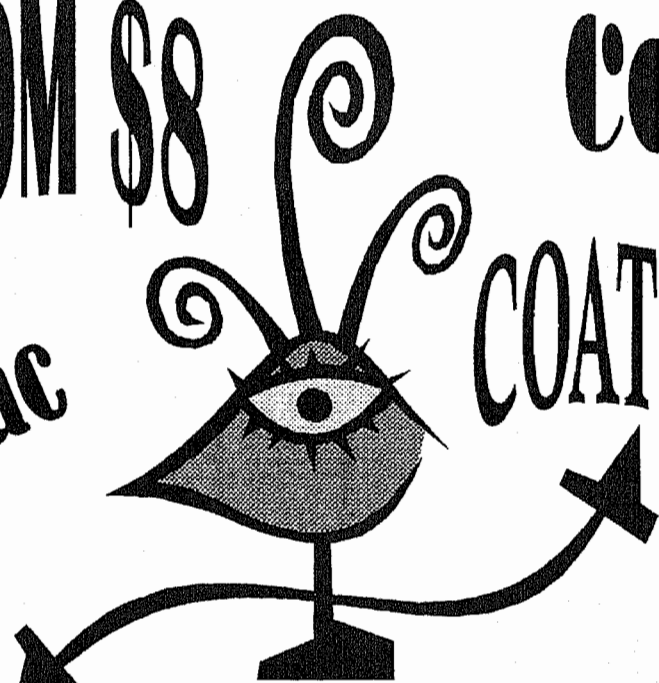
ENVIRONMENT EDITION

Get your soy-based, recycled, green (etc) stuff to On Dit (downstairs, near the men's toilets in the Union Building), or to the On Dit contribution box in the SAUA (ground floor, George Murray Building). Deadline is Thursday 27th May. For more information, contact On Dit, or Zane, the Environment Officer in the SAUA (8303 5406).

NEW SHIPMENT JUST ARRIVED!

JACKETS FROM \$8

bric-a-brac



**COOL retro
COATS FROM \$10**

GOODWILL

97 HINDLEY STREET

**ask
about our
student
discount!**

Because you never know what you'll find!

I Don't Get It,



ISRAELI ELECTIONS

Prior to the elections, Israel's election commission said it would draw up a list of 10 thousand voters who died recently in a bid to prevent them taking part in the national election. A democracy watchdog group had warned the government that thousands of dead people are still registered to vote, as the roll hasn't been updated since February. I know that Israel is the focal point of many religions but I did not think that the Israelis would take this resurrection thing as literally as they

have. The Israeli Parliament, or Knesset, uses the proportional representation system, which results in many minor party seats. The system is so democratic in fact, that even the dead have a voice. Similarly here, in our Upper House, we have many dead-like people, although they are certainly not a minority. In the last election in 1996 Benjamin Netanyahu defeated incumbent Prime Minister Shimon Peres by less than one per cent of the vote.

TITANIC EPIDEMIC

Russia's answer to megabuster 'Titanic'. The Cannes Film Festival will open its "end-of-the-millennium" edition with Russia's answer to the U.S. megabuster *Titanic*. The three-hour historic epic called *The Barber of Siberia* will officially kick off the 12-day movie extravaganza. Twenty-two films are vying for the coveted Gold Palm award. *The Bar-*

ber of Siberia is set in the peaceful reign of Czar Alexander the Third, and is a tragic love story between an American woman and a Russian military cadet. Many people believe that *The Barber of Siberia* will be just as shitty as *Titanic* but will go and see it anyway because all of their friends will be going.

OH, REPLACE THE DIVITT YOU ANIMAL!

Two naked thieves with painted faces and leaves in their hair have startled two women golfers in Zimbabwe. The men leapt out from bushes, did a "war dance", and then made off with the golfers' handbags. One of the women, an elderly tourist from England, says she was left stunned and blushing, minus cash, one iron and cell phone, which I'm sure she will be calling real soon. But Peggy Taylor says she can now laugh about the incident.

HOW UNLUCKY

In Ohio, five skydivers and a pilot have been killed when their plane lost power and crashed into a soybean field. A witness says he heard the engine splutter and then completely cut out. He says one skydiver jumped out, but its parachute opened only partway. The poor, unlucky bastard! Not only was the plane a piece of shit but his bloody parachute was a piece of shit too. You have to feel sorry for the guy. Cor blimey. The plane then went into a half turn and went straight down, headfirst. Struth.

KOSOVO

US President Bill Clinton has refused to rule out sending ground troops to fight in in Kosovo. The comment marks a shift in emphasis by Clinton, who has been insisting that he had no intention of sending US soldiers into combat. Earlier today he told reporters that no option will be taken off the table. America has long said it would send in troops as part of a peacekeeping effort, but only after a peace deal had been worked out with Belgrade. Meanwhile, the US has decided to sideline the Apache combat helicopters sent to join the war against

Yugoslavia. President Bill Clinton says the A-10 Warthog warplane is attacking Serb forces in Kosovo just as effectively and with less risk. So far two of the 24 Apaches sent to Balkans have been lost in training accidents...two crew members have died.

OH MY GOD, WHAT WILL SHE WEAR?

Britain's gossip-starved tabloids are gearing up a summer boost with three high-profile weddings coming up. Top of the society tree is Prince Edward's marriage to long-time sweetheart, Sophie Rhys-Jones at Windsor Castle. Next comes the son of former British Prime Minister John Major, who's marrying one-time topless model, Emma Noble (great set). But the ultimate sport and show business cocktail will be the marriage of "Posh Spice" Victoria Adams and footballer David Beckham.

PUFFY FACED

Commentators say Russian President, Boris Yeltsin, looked puffy-faced and tense, when he appeared on national television to explain why he sacked popular Prime Minister Yevgeny Primakov. Mr Yeltsin has appointed Sergei Stepashin as acting premier in Mr Primakov's place, saying he's an able politician who'll rejuvenate market reforms. The Russian President says while Mr Primakov brought political stability to Russia, he needed to do more to improve the country's crippled economy.

YEAH BLOW ME

The fashionable cosmetic surgical procedure of liposuction is proving to be deadly for some in a recent US study. Five known deaths have been recorded after patients had liposuction, however, researchers think there may be many more unrecorded deaths subsequent to the procedure. Researchers say drug interactions, fluid balance guidelines, blood clotting issues and the amount of fat removed are all issues that need to be addressed. Over 270 thousand such procedures are carried out in the US annually.

But It's Funny

BOY KILLED BY WASPS

The parents of a two-year-old Florida boy who was stung to death by wasps face child abuse charges after waiting hours before calling for medical help. The boy was stung more than 400 times while playing with friends. The parents waited more than seven hours before calling paramedics. The two-year-old was pronounced dead on arrival at hospital. It's believed the parents' religious beliefs caused the delay.

ORANGE JUICE KIDDIES?

O.J. Simpson is to keep custody of his two children, after an apparent out-of-court settlement with his in-laws. Lou and Juditha Brown, the parents of Simpson's slain former wife, have fought a long legal battle for custody of 13 year old Sydney and 10 year old Justin. But according to Simpson's lawyer Bernard Leckie the couple have agreed to drop their custody battle. The Browns and their lawyer aren't available for comment. In 1996 a judge awarded custody of the children to Simpson after a jury found him not guilty of murdering Nicole Brown Simpson and her friend Ronald Goldman.

STOP CLONEING AROUND MATE

Al Fayed Plans 100's of Clones: Mohamed Al Fayed, owner of the department store Harrods, has revealed his plan to make one hundred clones of himself so he can return to haunt the British establishment after his death. One week after he was refused British citizenship by the Home Secretary, Al Fayed announced his intention to use Fayed clones to fight his cause. He also revealed his body will be mummified, and mounted in the dome of Harrods so he can overlook his beloved department store even beyond death. A Harrods spokesman says while Mr Fayed made the comments with a smile, he may be serious about both ideas.

US CRIME RATE FALLS

US Crime down again: Preliminary figures show crime in the United States has fallen for the seventh straight year. The raw data compiled by the FBI shows a 7% decline in the number of violent crimes and property offences in 1998 compared with 1997. The biggest drop came in the number of robberies which is down 11%. Attorney-General Janet Reno said there was no single reason for the continuing decline, but gave the Clinton administration's anti-crime efforts much of the credit.

BECAUSE IT'S ****ING THERE

60 year old becomes oldest on Mt Everest: A 60 year old man from Georgia, in the former Soviet republic, has become the oldest person to stand on the top of the world. Lev Sarkisov and a group of climbers has reached the summit of Mt Everest. Mr Sarkisov is 60 years and 160 days old. He's only one day older than the previous record holder, Ramon Blanco from Venezuela. Meanwhile, a British mountaineer descending from the summit four days ago is overdue.

OI CANNE IT COBBER

Over thirty Harley Davidson bikers brought Cannes main drag to a standstill as they cruised down the street to promote the wild-at-heart New Zealand film "Savage Honeymoon" and kiwi-groupies of the film "Scarflies" have caused mayhem, tearing around Cannes while sporting Otago coloured face paint and screaming rugby supporter chants.

EAST TIMOR

The United Nations is this morning releasing details of another massacre in East Timor. It says five East Timorese civilians were slaughtered by pro-Jakarta militiamen in an attack on a village 100 kilometres south of Dili. Pro-Jakarta militias have intensified their campaign of terror and intimidation ahead of a ballot in August on whether East

Timor will become independent from Indonesia. In a strongly worded statement issued overnight, the UN says Indonesia must take action to curtail the activities of armed militias whose members roam the streets of Dili and other towns shooting citizens and burning homes.

PICASSO PRICES SLASHED

An escaped psychiatric patient says slashing a valuable Picasso painting at a prestigious Amsterdam museum was "child's play". Dutch police are questioning the man after he escaped from a clinic, hopped on a train to Amsterdam and severely slashed the famous Picasso painting, worth more than 11 million dollars. He was being detained in the secure psychiatric unit for attempting to hijack a KLM plane using a toy gun in 1978. The man says the painting, called "Femme nue devant le jardin" or Naked woman in front of the garden" was easy to attack because the museum had no security measures.

CRICKET



The introduction of Bangladesh and Scotland to World Cup Cricket has increased plastic duck sales in Wolverhampton

for visas and only 25 have been rejected. Sri Lanka, the defending champion, lost its first match against England last Friday by eight wickets.

EMBASSY UNDER FIRE

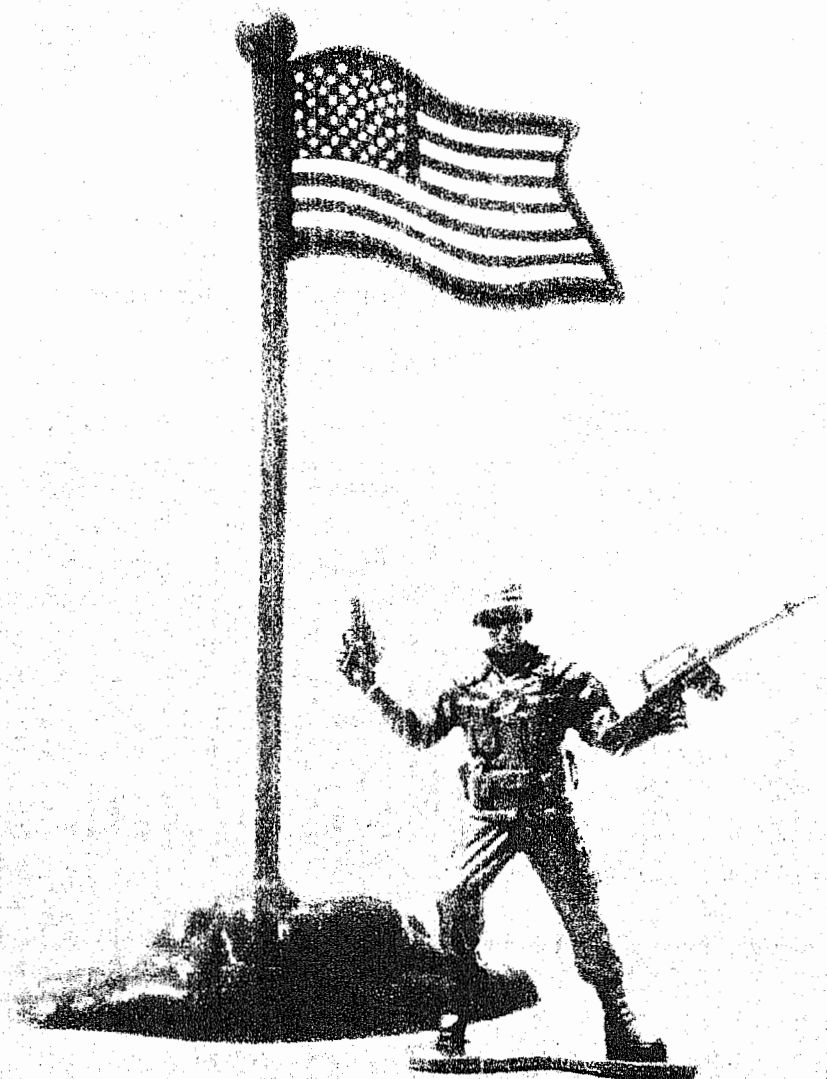
Two rockets fired at German ambassador's Athens home: Two rockets have been fired at the home of the German ambassador in Athens. Greek police say no one was hurt although one device exploded causing some damage. The rockets were fired from a nearby street. No one has yet claimed responsibility for the attack although there have been a number of incidents in Greece involving countries taking part in the war against Yugoslavia.

GUNMAN SUICIDES

A German gunman, suspected of killing five people in Germany and France, committed suicide as police stormed his hotel room in Luxembourg this morning. Thirty six year old Guenter Ewen was sought by police in several countries after allegedly going on a killing spree on Monday. Authorities say he shot dead two staff and wounded three others at a disco in southern Germany and then killed a man and his wife and wounded their daughter. He then moved to France where he killed a man in his home and wounded two other people.

SUSPECTED NAZI WAR CRIMINAL TO BE TRIED

There has been a call for a 13 year jail sentence to be imposed on a 79 year old, at the centre of what could be the last trial in Germany for a former Nazi. Alfons Goetzfrid is charged with complicity in the murder of thousands of people while working for the Gestapo secret police. Goetzfrid has been implicated in the murders of some 17 000 people, mostly Jews, shot dead in a single day in November 1943 at a Nazi concentration camp in Poland. He is suspected of having personally slain 500 inmates.



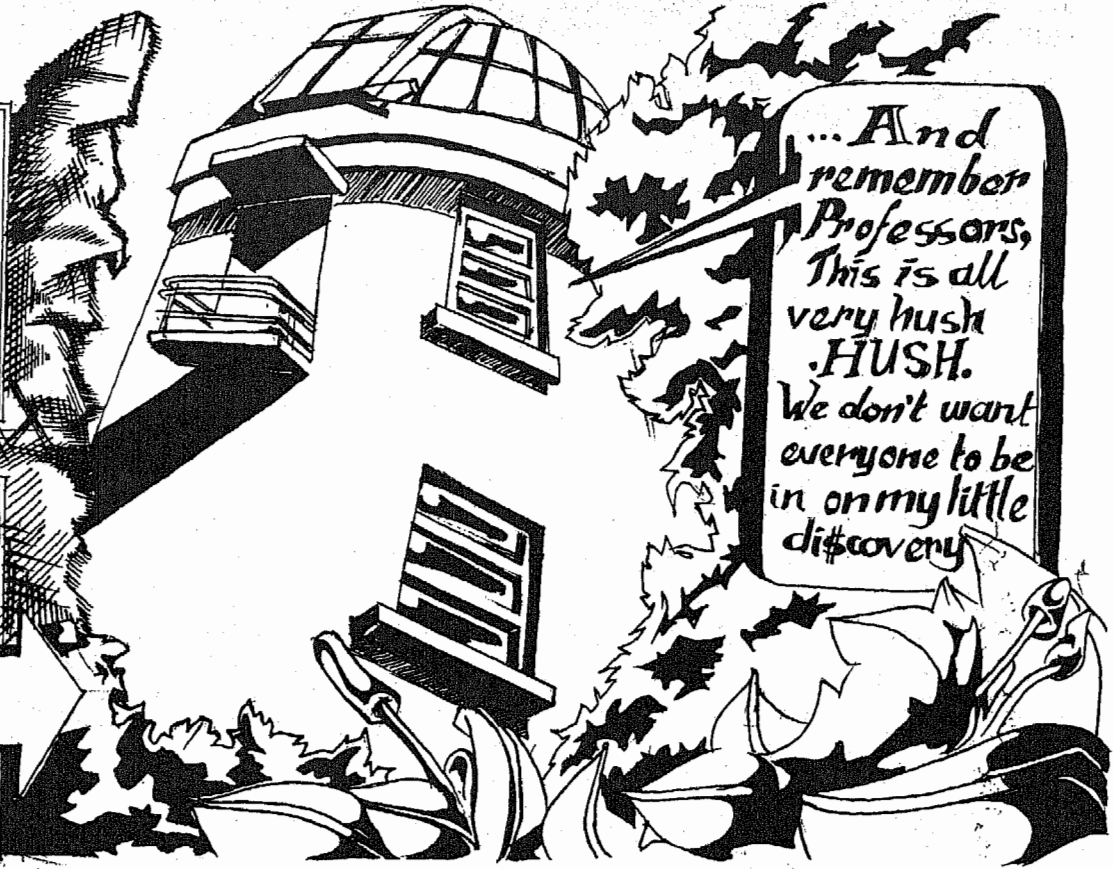
The Land of the Free and the Home of the Ignorant



There is so much we don't know, when? who? if? how? why? and if so, then what?



So, I've decided to create a research team...



...And remember Professors, This is all very hush HUSH. We don't want everyone to be in on my little discovery



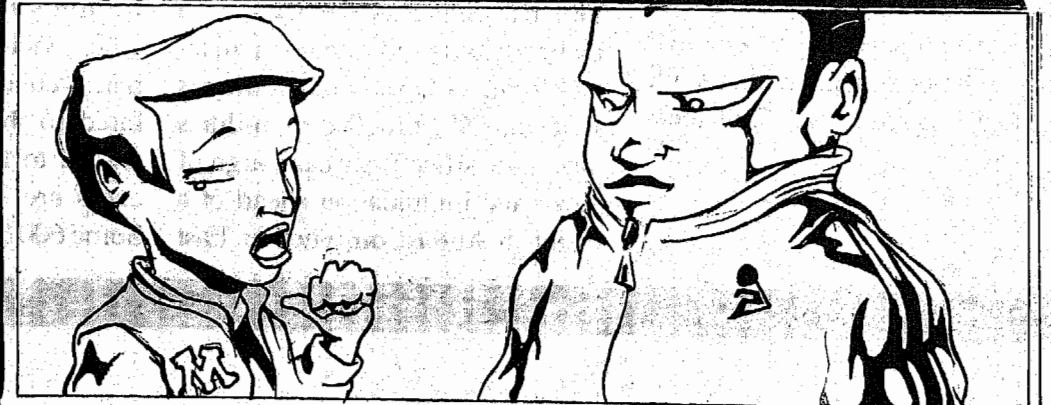
And then BOOM!



A shot so sweetly struck, it seemed to pinn as it flew through the air

I don't care how good this peke is, he's no match for the nimble footed **ZACK MORGAN**

heh... yea Zack... you're the man.. heh heh



TEONANACATL: a 'shroom with a view

In 1966, on a PBS discussion program devoted to serious toned coverage of contemporary social issues, Ken Kesey, counter-culture guru and author of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, was asked why he experimented with the much maligned LSD. Kesey replied in true prankster fashion, "Because it blows you right out of your gourd Dave, right out of your gourd!"

In these increasingly troubled times, when the bullshit is so thick on the ground you need a snow plough to fashion a clear path, ain't that what we all need? However, in case anyone is entertaining any fancy ideas of shuffling the contents of their own consciousness, then you should forget it for a number of very good reasons. Firstly your government, (yes the government you apparently so richly deserve), while more than happy to allow you to scramble your brains, develop cancer or crash your car using approved substances such as ethanol, nicotine and benzodiazepines, do not take fucking kindly to any notion of absolute bodily freedom. In fact what they will probably do if they find you with your grubby mitts wrapped around a tab or two of Lucy, or detect some in your blood, and I promise you if governments want blood they will get it, is that they will confine you to a very small room for up to twelve years with a chamber pot and a psychopath for company. Yes my old sausage, they'll bang you up!

A second very good reason why you would be eminently wise not to choose this particular molecular path of breaking free is also related to its legal status. Forced underground, the manufacture and control of this molecular gem is now in the hands of people not known for their scrupulousness - 'crims'. In my experience drug dealers at their worst combine vulgar greed

with an obscene disregard for all ethical and social responsibility. As a rule they are not the sort of people to whom I would entrust my physical and psychological well being, and you would be wise not to. However, if you choose to throw caution to the wind, keep in mind that the person who made this drug, whatever

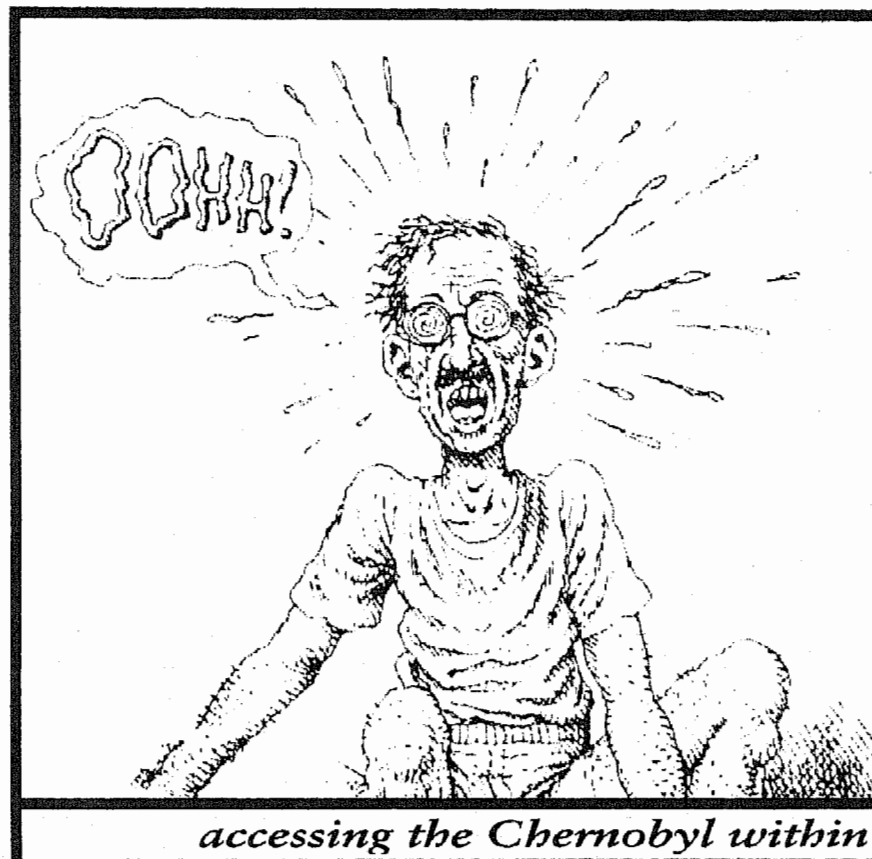
cred mushroom of the Aztec. Genuflect possums, genuflect, for this one's divine! This one's got God's e-mail address encrypted into its genome and you'll get a prompt, if esoteric, reply.

Teonanacatl translates to 'God's flesh' and no one who partakes ever asks why. For those who approach it with

of Language", writes "he who eats the mushrooms, if he is a man of language, becomes endowed with an inspired capacity to speak". For the Mazatec, and increasingly for Westerners, mushrooms are a sacred medicine that heal through initiating an almost supernatural clarity in the subject, who in turn, if language is his predilection, becomes a conduit for an inspired and ecstatic discourse.

The Mazatec say of this truly astonishing experience that the mushroom is speaking. Of course, we do not say this. We are immersed in the discourse of Western science, as opposed to the discourse of Native-American animism, and so we say that alkaloids, by triggering slight changes in brain chemistry, induce changes in perception that result in a state resembling mystical experience. But whatever explanatory framework shapes your world the mushrooms will defamiliarise and transform. Cherished illusions dissolve, intuition replaces reason as the dominant mode of consciousness, and new and complex associations become possible. As Huxley, borrowing from Blake, said of the mescaline experience 'it is as if the doors of perception were cleansed'. The decision to clean your doors is not one that should be made lightly. Prospective door polishers should spend time seriously considering all possible consequences. Thorough research is strongly recommended and there is plenty of reliable information available. After such research you may well decide that the mushroom is not for you. However, if you decide to embark upon the voyage of discovery, uncovering new truths and assembling unconventional knowledges, then welcome aboard. Nothing quite compares to a 'shroom with a view.

Dr Wang



it is, and you'll never know, does not resemble in any way a reliable and dependable person in a white coat who is a member of a guild with a professional ethos. No, he's probably a motorcycle outlaw with appalling hygiene and hepatitis B; the kind of reprobate that might well be your future room-mate if you continue down the path of reckless abandon that has led you to swallow something because some techno-addled goof ball in baggy pants and a ridiculously oversized woollen hat calls it 'acid' or 'E'.

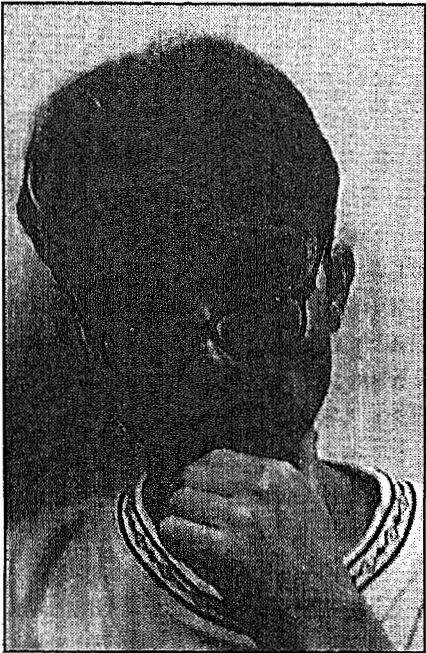
However, for those seeking to throw new light on the crimes against the soul more commonly referred to as 'modern life', the news is not all bad. You can exit the zoo with minimal risk to your physical and emotional well being. The vehicle? *Teonanacatl* the sa-

reverence and respect the mushroom is a healer, a kind and gentle teacher and a path to *ekstasis*. For those who approach it in a spirit of youthful exuberance, seeking *bacchanal*, while there may be a few surprises you won't be disappointed. The mushroom is not a puritan and, unlike the demon governmentality, it welcomes young funsters with open arms. Nevertheless, it needs to be said that taking the mushroom simply to party is a little like going to Ponde in the Pope-mobile - a strange use for a sacred conveyance, almost a misuse, but definitely a trip you won't forget in a hurry.

The Mazatec Indians, who have a long tradition of using mushrooms, say that the mushroom speaks. Henry Munn, author of a famous essay on the Mazatec, "The Mushrooms

ASK DR LINLEY

A new section for the Wayward Student! Every week, Doctor Linley will answer any questions you may have about life, the University or almost anything.



Dr Linley really cares

Dear Dr Linley,

I am a student at a South Australian university. Since about the second week of first term one of my tutors has been giving me lots of attention. Overlong periods of eye contact, "accidental" hand touches, unusually friendly comments on marked assignments, and various other things that indicate an intention to break departmental student-teacher relations policies. How can I take advantage of this?

The Doctor says:

Easily. The uncomplicated approach is to flirt mercilessly with your tutor and pretend to hang on their every word while counting the days until your last essay has been marked and they are no longer of any use to you. This may be okay for a single-semester subject, but it is difficult to maintain the appropriate level of sexual tension over a full year. Another perhaps riskier approach is to seduce your tutor into a night of passion, record it all on a concealed dictaphone, then blackmail them for money and High Distinctions for the rest of the course (it helps if you are underage or can manage to sound extremely intoxicated). It will surprise you just how much someone will give when faced with the ruination of their career, marriage and/or life.

Dear Dr Linley,

I am treasurer in the conservative government currently ruling a large but backward country in the South Pacific. We released a new Budget a couple of weeks ago, and the media reaction to this made me finally realise that everybody hates me and wishes my painful death. I desperately want to be worthy of other peoples' respect and love, but I don't know how. Also, I sold my soul to the devil about twenty years ago. What can I do?

The Doctor says:

You've gotten yourself into a tricky situation, no doubt about it. And your brother was right about selling your soul: everyone regrets it when they end up in Hell for an eternity of fiery torment. There is no easy way out, but a full sacrificial ritual to Great Cthulhu held over the three nights preceding the winter solstice might help. If you've lost your copy of the *Necronomicon*, I'm sure Peter Reith will be happy to lend you his.

Dear Dr Linley,

My wife and I are retired and live alone, except for occasional visits from our families. We have heard about the increase in home invasions, and would like to know if there is anything we can do to protect ourselves.

The Doctor says:

You are very right to be concerned. Home invasions happen all the time, especially to elderly and economically unproductive people like you. I can only recommend that you keep a firearm in your house or concealed on your person at all times. A handgun is your best choice, as you can keep it under your pillow while you sleep. Make sure you leave it loaded with the safety catch off at all times - you don't want to be fumbling around in the dark while some filthy burglar is eating your grandchildren and shooting up in your living room.

Dear Dr Linley,

I am a commerce graduate working for a major financial institution. Over the past few months I have been fraudulently dealing with recent immigrants with poor English skills and putting their life savings into my Swiss bank account. I plan to keep doing this for a while longer, then fly to a small Caribbean nation and live like royalty for the rest of my life. Any advice?

The Doctor says:

Always remember, the paper shredder is the white-collar criminal's best friend. Never keep incriminating documents, and remember to regularly empty your e-mail outbox. By picking possibly illiterate immigrants you have reduced your chances of detection, but this tactic can backfire if you ever find yourself in front of an unsympathetic jury or ethnic minority judge. And if your plan succeeds, make sure that your "small Caribbean nation" doesn't have either an extradition treaty with Australia or a judiciary that can't be bribed. One piece of good news: don't worry about ASIO. We really do have the most useless intelligence agency in the world.

Dear Dr Linley,

I'm a clueless first year and I want to get into student politics. How should I go about it?

The Doctor says:

Don't worry, stupidity and incompetence are no barriers to electoral success. If you're young and nubile, the traditional approach is to sleep with people who can put you on their ticket or give you preferences. Otherwise, just pretend to be less self-interested than the other candidates and hope that the voters are fooled.

Got a moral problem or a nasty rash? Can't remove that beetroot stain from your dress socks? Need to know what sort of moustache can you grow without looking like a porn star? Dr Linley can be your mother, your best friend, your stern uncle and your Ita Buttrose. All you have to do is ask. You can email questions to linley.henzell@student.adelaide.edu.au or drop them off down the *On Dit* office.



Dear Dr Linley: How do you mend a broken heart?

6 FUN THINGS TO DO IN ADELAIDE

People say that Adelaide is a boring place. And now, as winter sets in and the days get shorter and colder, as everyone gets depressed and rained on, there's even less to do. As a civic minded citizen, I thus consider it my most humble duty to provide you, the Yoof of Adelaide, with a few ideas.

1. Trainspotting

In England, there are people who are hooked on trainspotting. Trainspotting consists of looking at different types of trains and collecting train numbers. Unfortunately, Adelaide only has about three types of passenger trains and you're lucky to see one goods train a day. You could probably complete your Adelaide trainspotting adventure with a couple of hours at the station. Less a hobby and more of an afternoon outing.

2. Driving

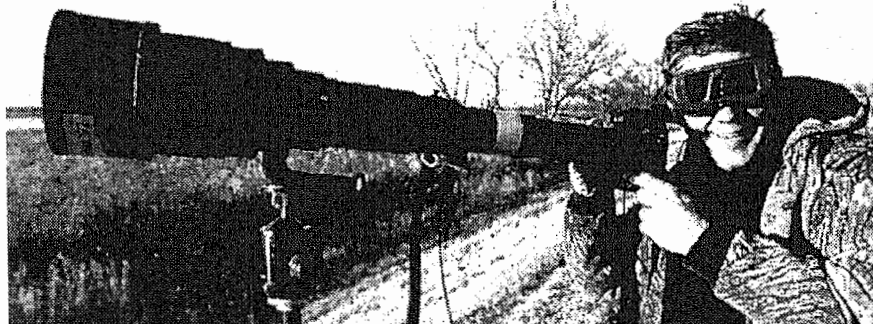
Driving is fun. Like many other of Adelaide's bored youth, I enjoy passing a Saturday night driving. Up Rundle Street, down Hindley Street, and back again for three or four hours, before I stop for a quick burger at the Hungry Jacks on West Terrace. I would like to do burnouts and listen to the radio really loudly, but my car is a Morris Minor 1000. It can't do burnouts. It can barely do 60. The radio's busted, and you'd never hear it over the engine noise anyway. Some people laugh at me when I cruise on Saturday nights, but I don't care. I just like the driving. It's fun.

3. Yuppie Taunting

Burnside Village is the home of Adelaide's finest examples of pretentious yuppie-dom. It's fully of women wearing gold shoes, carrying gold handbags, and driving large Range Rovers. Have some fun with them. I suggest that you don't bathe or use deodorant for a few days, and then pull on the shittiest clothes you can find. Aim to look like one of those Green Left Weekly sellers, or one of the junkies who hangs around the old Downtown in Hindley Street. Head on up to Burnside Village. Wander into the mall, and to start with, just sit down on a bench next to one of the old society matrons to see how quick she moves. Now that you have the bench to your-



We don't need Tim's advice to have a good time.



I think I've spotted a crested tit.



I became a giant and caught the Cockle Train

self watch the people going by. Pick a really rich, pretentious looking target, and run up and ask for a dollar for the bus. Shamble a little, slur your words. She may or may not give you a dollar, but she'll definitely run in fear of her useless yuppie life. Keep annoying people like this for about five minutes - at which time security will arrive and quietly escort you from the premises.

4. Fishing

Adelaide's own River Torrens is home to a very fine carp population. Show the world that you don't give a shit what anyone thinks of you and pull out the old fishing gear and spend a pleasant afternoon trolling the Torrens. You can then take any fish you catch home, and it's smoked carp fun for the whole family. You could also get a bit crafty with your carp Tonia Todman style - turn that otherwise wasted carp skin into profit, with carp skin shoes and carp skin wallets etc.

5. Public Transport

Catching public transport can provide hours of amusement. Catch the bus just after nine am when the tickets get cheap, and count the number of old cheapskates who get on. You could start up a stimulating conversation about food with an intellectually handicapped person wearing a helmet. His favourite food will be baked beans and you will realise this very quickly.

You could spot freaks - a couple of examples from the Belair line train are:

the red faced man (an old man with an impossibly red face - could be dead by now)

the door-man (a man who must be obsessive-compulsive - he has to be first off the train, and he'll stand up and wait by the door to make sure of it 5 minutes out of town I've often wondered what would happen if you covered all the doors, thwarting his get off first plans....)

the cyclops (an old man with a growth in the centre of his forehead that looks like a third eye. Also probably dead)

6. Yuppie Taunting II

A good place to find more four-wheel drives, BMWs, Audis, Mercedes etc is in the members carpark at Football Park at a Crows home-game. Just as the final siren blows -strike. Race around slapping cars like a madman, setting off as many alarms as possible, to see how much noise you can make and how many yuppies start running out of the ground to check on their baby.

Look, my public service is done. There's enough fun here to last you though the winter. I will hear no more cynical complaints about Adelaide being a boring city where nothing ever happens. Go out and make your own fun.

Tim Kentish

Reading Music

Music textbook
Turek, R. (1996). Elements of Music: Concepts and Applications (2nd ed) Vols 1 & 2. New York: McGraw-Hill. c/o Vicki Kolberg ph 8303 3410, 9-5 Mon-Fri.

Use Your Resources

Student Drinks Night
Some student members of the Australian Human Resources Institute have recently formed a group called "Graduate Dynamics" in an effort to bridge the gap between students and the professional world. We aim to hold events such as dinners with guest speakers, social drinks and much more throughout the year. Join us and other Human Resource Management students for our first informal get-together on Friday 28th May 6:00pm at The Astor, 437 Pulteney St Adelaide. Meet and mingle with other students over a few relaxed drinks!! Any queries call Christina 0411 488 342 or The AHRI office 8272 5800.

Aaaaa-fuw!

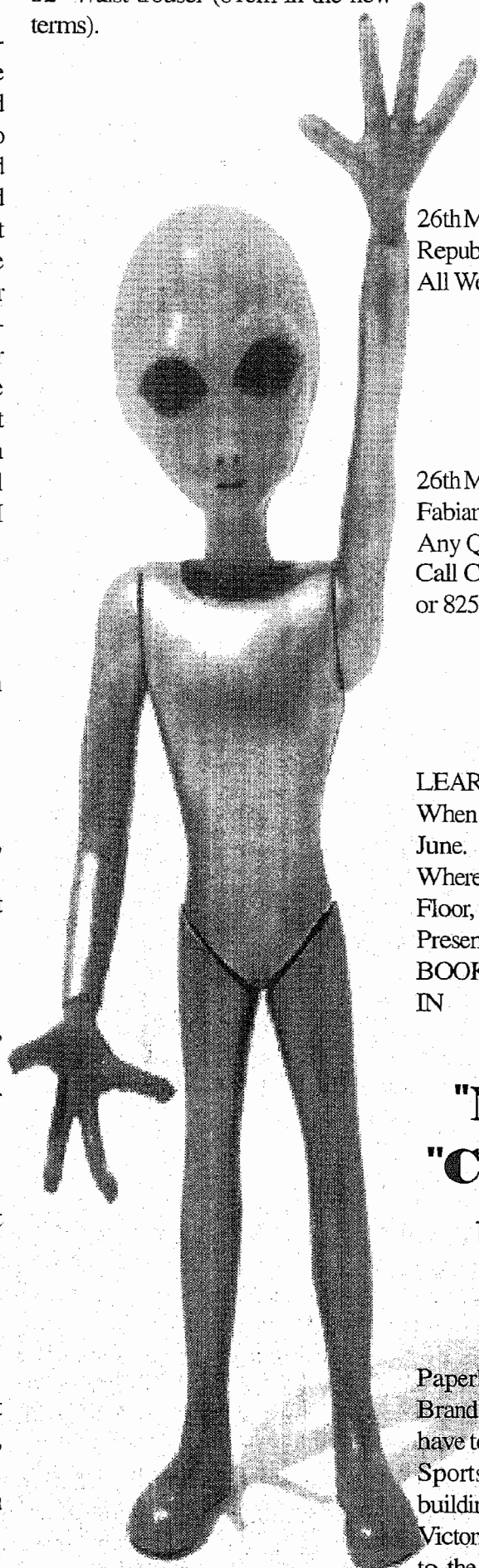
AFUW SA, Inc (Australian Federation of University Women SA, Inc)

Presents:
ROWENA HOLLOWAY
(School of International Business, University of South Australia)
"Grounded Theory in Management Research"
and
BARBARA ANDERSON
(School of International Business, University of South Australia)
"Gender Issues in Expatriate Management"

Wednesday the 19th of May
Drinks at 5.30 pm, Presentations start at 6.00 pm
The Margaret Murray Room
Union Building, Level 5
University of Adelaide
All welcome
For further information please contact
Christyana Bambacas (8303 3351), email
christyanabambacas@student.adelaide.edu.au
or
Rachel Aylward (8303 3560), email
raylward@gisca.adelaide.edu.au

The Best Pants in Life are Free

Men's 70s Style clothes for FREE
Call Vicki on 8303 3410
or Call in person to the Clubs and Sports Association - Ground Floor Lady Symon Building.
32" Waist trouser (81cm in the new terms).



Join the Club

Do you need a Babysitter or child's companion?
References + Experience
Reliable
Own Transport
Call Bec 8262 5134
It's an answering machine, so please leave clear reply, name, and phone number.
Thanks.

R.O.C.

26th May 1-2pm Canon Poole Room.
Republicans on Campus AGM.
All Welcome.

F.C.

26th May 2-3pm Canon Poole Room.
Fabian Club IGM.
Any Questions?
Call Chris Snewin on 0413 045 188 or 8255 2750.

Om

LEARN DEEP RELAXATION
When: Monday 24, 31 May and 7 June. 1.10- 2.00pm
Where: Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building
Presenter: Mark O'Donoghue
BOOK NOW on 8303 5663 or CALL IN

"Near" and "Close" mean the same thing

Paperback novels, 50 cents each, Brand New, Come and see what we have to offer.
Sports Association, Lady Symon building, ground floor, near gate 10 Victoria Drive. Near the carpark close to the Cloisters. 9-5pm Monday to Fridays

Sweet Nectar

Mmmmm

Nectar Press Release
On Thursday May 22nd Adelaide rock / electronic outfit Nectar had a quantity of band equipment stolen. The missing gear includes: AKAI sampler model No S2000, Korg Trinity Plus, Woogie Head, black Ibanez Roadster guitar, Zoom effects unit. Anyone having any information leading to the recovery of Nectar's gear is asked to contact Ky on (08) 8359 2495 or Linda on 0418 893 997. A reward is being offered on recovery of the equipment. For further information please contact Linda Sperring (Fat City Kitty) on (08) 8293 3756 / 0418 893 997 Fax: (08) 8351 4490 or Email: templobe@senet.com.au

ONO!

VW Station Wagon Type III
1972, Orange, Rag Top Roof
\$2300 o.n.o.
Ph 8362 9593

If?

If you need Wordprocessing or Formatting assistance with your Assignment, Thesis, Resume, CV, Tape Transcription, etc.
CALL ANNE EVERY Professional Secretary
Phone 8212 6869 Fax 8212 6662
Pager 8415 7866 e m a i l cottages8macbbs.com.au
Word Processing (non-complex)
\$3.50 per page @ 250 words per page*
e.g. 1500 words = 6 pages = \$21.00 :
2000 words = 8 pages = \$28.00
Bibliography & Footnotes \$3.50 per page @ 200 words per page* [*word count provided with invoice]
THESIS FORMATTING & DICTAPHONE TRANSCRIPTION \$21.00 per hour CENTRAL CITY LOCATION
LASER PRINTING
AFTER HOURS SERVICE including weekends
24 Hour Pager
ACCURATE SPELLING specialities: Biology, History, Law, Medicine, Psychology Strictly Confidential
Prompt & reliable Disk copy <IBM or Macintosh

ONE, TWO, THREE O'CLOCK, BEER O'CLOCK ROCK

Being single can be fun. It's perfect in theory because you should be able to shag anyone at any time. However, it's not always that simple. People forget that when you're single you have to put in some hard yards to get that random sex. Some people work on self improvement to score the person of their lustiest imaginings whereas others just get smashed and lower their standards to whoever's standing next to them.

If you're lucky enough to be single and have a mutually pre-arranged 'date' with someone then most of your problems are solved. The 'date' implies that you've put them through a basic screening process: you know their name, how they look outside a nightclub, how they act when they're sober and how they look when you're sober. This instantly kills out most nasty surprises except for finding out over dinner that your prospective bed partner in an ex-Branch Davidian who's looking to open a new chapter. Most of the hard yakka is out of the way for these lucky people... just remember to start with the fork on the outside and work your way in.

The next type of scenario is the mono-sided date. In this situation you know a person who you want to engage in a bit of mookie with - but you don't *really* know them. You know where and when they hang out but you probably don't even know their name. So what do you do? You get dressed up, douse yourself in the sexiest and most expensive scent you've got and cruise off to the pub/club where you wait for your special person to turn up. At this point you start drinking heavily for two reasons: 1-When your chosen person rocks up you're gonna need a lot of Dutch courage to use that

pick-up line you've been practicing for two months...and 2-If your person doesn't show that night you're gonna wanna get stupidly smashed. Everything up to this point is fine. The problem begins when your nerves make you drink to excess before delivering the punch line. Being a maggot when delivering a come-on is fraught with danger. You risk going to say your slick line and have it come out as "nice bit of arse" or the classic "wanna root?" Worse though, you may do a Southpark



spew on the spunky little number you're spading. You might also lose sight of your sexual objective because you've just sculled a dozen pints and you're standing shirtless on a table singing sea shanties with a homeless guy. Lots of piss is generally not a good idea at the mono-sided date. In my worst memory I remember being at a conference and wanting to get to know a particular somebody a little better - but got so pissed trying to build up courage that when I regained consciousness the next day the conference had finished and my object of interest had returned interstate.

Piss is even more dangerous on another angle because you may get your prey confused with someone else due to beer goggles. Some people believe that alcohol makes you more confident and thus you pick up more often. This is false, you just lower your standards. Beer goggles simply show you the path of least resistance. While unfortunate, this is not always a bad thing if managed properly. Whether

you enter the pub with a specific target or you're just casting a net you should always set a beerometer. This little invention tells you when you are too smashed and you'd be better off going home celibate. The beerometer is a person that you designate on the way into the pub and if you ever feel attracted to that person then you leave immediately. Generally, the old grumpy guy who's been drinking in the same corner of the pub for the last 31 years is considered a minimum.

With random encounters there are a few little tips too. If that sore on your face is still oozing pus, you shouldn't even be out of the house let alone looking for new sex action. First impressions are big impressions and if you look like you have a nasty case of leprosy then the person whom you are trying to impress will always remember you as 'that nice guy with the unfortunate skanky growth.' That same image-based rule applies to little things as well: sneakers and jeans, unfortunately placed stains on trousers and your odour if you haven't washed that day. And again I must stress that excess booze can be dangerous...it's better to avoid confirming your target's suspicion that you are a pissed idiot and just talk to them later when sober.

Basically, try anything to satisfy your raunchy desires but please remember that if you think you're pissed then you're probably acting pissed. Best of luck all.

Michael Hicks

PS - no live animals were harmed in the making of this article.

National Union of Success?

As you've probably heard, last Wednesday's National Day of Action (NDA) was a huge success. Co-ordinated nationally by the National Union of Students (NUS), protests around the country averaged 1000 students at each site.

The South Australian protest was the most successful since 1996. The failures of 1997/8 were, among other things, attributed to inability of NUS to muster campus support. Over this period the campaigns run were at best, average; if they were combined with poor campus support, they were terrible.

This year, though, it seems as if NUS is leading a revival in student activism. Last Wednesday was a demonstration of this. The sheer amount of people that marched to Parliament house was encouraging in a time where it has become hip to hate student representatives.

One of the speakers at the rally was the MC, Paul Sykes, State president of NUS. Along with Tom Cargill, NUS National Welfare Officer, he did well to rev up the crowd and keep its interest for the whole protest. He has also been involved as a student representative for at least four years. Late last week I caught up with him to ask them about student apathy, VSU, and NUS.

Sykes puts this year's NDA success down to planning: "Throughout '99, including Orientation, O'Guide and student media in general, sustained lecture bashing and leafleting, in conjunction with work we've done in the mainstream media, we have tried to inform students of VSU.

"Students realise how much they will lose if VSU — of the WA variety — is implemented. We believe this is the reason why so many students took an hour off uni at the 17 events which took place around the country."

But what about the problem of student apathy? Sykes be-



Paul Sykes taking it to the man

lieves that the problem is in its perception: "When informed, students care." This, perhaps, indicates that in the past, lack of information has led to the students' apathy. When asked to talk about NUS's line on VSU, the floodgates of vitriol open. "Every major player in the Higher Education sector, including the Australian Vice-Chancellors Committee, students' representatives, the National Tertiary Education Union and other staff representatives, and most importantly STUDENTS oppose VSU. This is hardly surprising, as the entire sector will suffer.

"The only people who support VSU is the Liberal Government. This also isn't surprising as since 1996 well over \$600m has been cut from universities' operating grants, HECS rates have increased between 35-125%, the HECS repayment threshold has been lowered to \$20701, there has been a dramatic increase in up-front-fee-paying courses as universities have been forced to explore other revenue-raising options."

Finally, Sykes sees the fights against VSU and other such

policy measures as a main reason for NUS's existence. It seems that the fight against VSU is close to being won, with the news on Friday that Senator Mal Colston will vote against the introduction of the legislation. It is a positive step in the fight against regressive policy for the Higher Education sector, a point with which Sykes concurs:

"This Government wishes to decimate the public funding of Australia's universities, and VSU in particular is the means by which it seeks to silence student dissent. As students we must refuse to be silenced or else the system will return to the "bad old days" where only the rich can afford to attend university."

Stephen Mullighan



Nice photo



Adelaide University Union President

Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU)

The House of Representatives has now passed the legislation which will devastate student services on campus. It's now up to the Senate to make a decision about this legislation, and in particular Senator Brian Harradine, who holds the balance of power on this issue. The

legislation has been listed for debate, and now it's a waiting game to see what will happen before the 30th of June. After the 30th of June, the composition of the Senate changes, and the Democrats will hold balance of power, ensuring that this legislation will not pass.

University Revenue Office

Please note that from June 1st, 1999, the opening hours of the University's Revenue Office cashiers will change. The Office which is located on the 4th Floor, at 230 North Terrace will be available to receive all student payments - fees, rent, loan repayments etc., from 9am - 4pm Monday to Friday. (The office was

previously open until 5pm.)

Presidential Card

I have been informed that there have been a few additions and deletions to the Presidential Card Handbook. For South Australia they are as follows:

ADDITIONS

Serendipity Bed and Breakfast (08) 8249 9924

Nowhere Else Cottage, Bed and Breakfast (08) 8598 0221

DELETIONS

Pink Lotus Restaurant

Talunga Restaurant

Bradgate Park

Swains Seafood Restaurant

If you have suggestions about what you'd like to see included in your handbook, please let me know, and I'll forward these to Presidential Card who can follow up on your suggestions.

If you've any queries, you can call me on 8303 5401.

Elysia Turcinovic

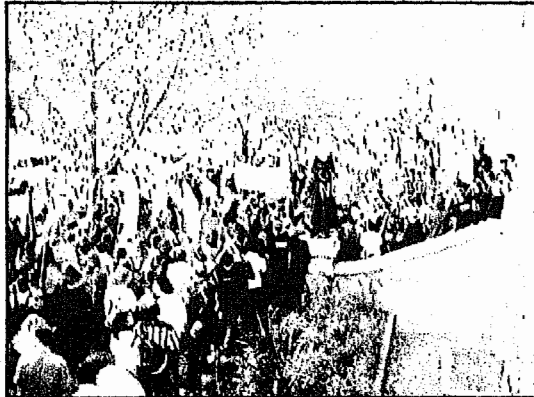
President - Adelaide University Union

EDUCATION DENIED

FOR BEING THE WRONG RELIGION!

Thursday 27th of May 1999:
'Little Theatre, Adelaide Uni'
Chris Gallus MP, will give a talk on the denial of right to education for Baha'i youth in Iran

Dissent in the Streets



The National Day of Action perhaps spells the loudest opposition to VSU in South Australia. Nearly 1000 students attended the rally on the Barr Smith Lawns and on the steps of Parliament House. This show of unity amongst students will further highlight to this Government that students will not tolerate cuts to fund-

The voice of dissent to the introduction of VSU will have a significant impact on the views of the key Senators Harradine and Colston, when they finally make their decision. I was fortunate enough to be the first person to get into Senator Harradine's office to discuss the issue of VSU (for which I thank Don Farrell for his assistance). It was obvious that he is under much pressure to make well considered and conscious decisions about the future of Australia. It is even more clear that the Government may end up defeating their own issues through a lack of due process. The VSU Senate committee, for which myself and Susan Close wrote the AUU and Uni of Adelaide joint submission was nothing more than a circus. It is very poor that the Liberal Senators chastised and heckled people called to provide evidence and flesh out the issues. This kind of treatment of professional people and organisations reflects badly on the ill-conceived intentions of the Liberal party.

ing or student rights. Much praise must go to Tom Cargill, NUS National Welfare and Small &/or regional Officer, for the tireless work in organising this event. The speakers outlined the arguments against VSU, with a triumphant Peter Goers claiming an Australian Republic is only possible with Universal Student membership. The VSU bill will now be debated in the Senate on June 22nd, whilst the Senate report is due out on May 27th. If you have any further queries I can be contacted through the Union Administration on 83035401. Solidarity

Sam Dighton

VSU Liaison Officer/Vice President





Sexuality Officers

Hey. We hope that you enjoyed Sex Week and that *SexualiDit* provided some food for thought. And it was great to see so many people support their student organisations in last week's protest against the Liberal Government's plan to abolish student unionism.

SEXUALITY RESOURCE CENTRE:

It is part of our job to establish a resource centre, that is, books, in the Students' Association which deal with sexuality-related issues. We encourage everyone to avail themselves of this newly-developing service and remind you that we are also your one-stop-shop for all sorts of information:

STDs, queer support, counselling. And it has been great seeing people come in to the SAUA and asking us for info for themselves, for friends, for assignments - so come and check it out.

SEXUALITY ISSUE OF THE WEEK:

Sex in satellite campuses. During Sex Week we took the Department (along with Student Radio) on the road to both the Waite and Roseworthy campuses. It was

great to talk to these more far-flung students because they raised issues with us that aren't relevant for the North Terrace campus, and so we would not have found out about them if we hadn't gone out there. Some of the issues which were raised included

*the fact that GT doesn't get delivered to Waite as it does to the North Terrace campus

*concerns over sexist, misogynist and homophobic language in the Roseworthy newsletter

*visibility of queer issues on the Waite and Roseworthy campuses

*and the inclusivity of safe sex programmes (eg buying dams as well as condoms).

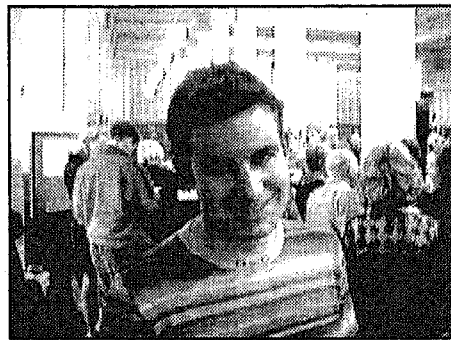
These are all now on our agenda.

SEXUALITY QUOTE OF THE WEEK:

mmm probably something from one of the letters this week about *SexualiDit*/Sex Week. Happy reading! -

only through debate can we productively challenge oppressive assumptions.

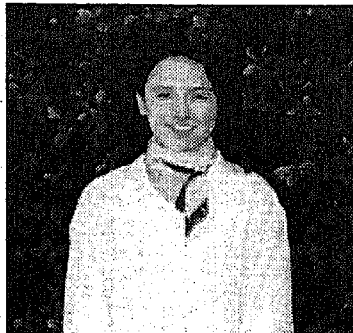
Amanda & Daniel



Women's Officer

NOWSA

This is just a note to let you know that NOWSA (Network of Women Students in Australia Conference) will be held at Melbourne and RMIT Unis this year. The dates for the conference are the 16th - 20th of July and the cost of attending is \$20, which is not much considering it will be a fun filled informative week learning about and discussing the issues women face. If anyone has any questions, is thinking of going or thinks they might be interested in holding a workshop there, please let me know by giving me a call on 8303 5406 or coming in to see me in the SAUA. I also have registration forms for anyone thinking of going, but you must hurry as the closing date for registration is June 8th. Also, if you want to go but have no where to stay, billets can be organised or you can see the list of accommodation information in my office.



WOMEN'S WEEK

This will be happening on campus the week of the 7th - 11th June. The Women's Department will be putting on a range of events during the week to inform you about the services we offer, and look at women's positive achievements.

Here is an early (tentative) timetable of the week:

Tuesday 8th: BBQ at Waite Campus from 1pm

Wednesday 9th: BBQ in the Cloisters from 1pm

Thursday 10th: Discussion Forum, "Women from diverse cultural backgrounds and their experiences" - with speakers from the OSA and Wilto Yerlo. 1pm Cannon Poole Room. Light refreshments provided

Friday 11th: Raffle in the Bar, tickets \$1, to win a carton of beer, drawn at the end of happy hour.

You can also email me on sauawo@smug.adelaide.edu.au

Eileen Fisher

Activities Vice President

Hi! I hope everyone enjoyed their free bbq at lower Napier on Thursday last week. There will be another bbq soon, so stay tuned.

Make sure that you buy your raffle tickets in the UniBar on Friday night, for the chance to win a carton of beer and other prizes.

Prosh

This year Prosh will be held on the 26th of July to the 30th. That is the first week back of Semester two. So start thinking about what pranks you are going to pull and what sort of float

you want to put in the parade. If you want to help in the running of the week, then head into the SAUA and put your name in the helper book. There will also be parade and prank forms on the front desk so make sure that you fill them out soon.

cheers,
matt sykes



Education Vice President

Wow! With a turn out of well over 700 or so students (estimates have ranged up to 1000) I don't think anyone can dispute that this was one of the most successful NDAs held in the state for some time. The passion, energy, and commitment of the multitude of students who turned out for the event (many of whom missed classes to do so) was nothing short of inspirational. Many congratulations to all other office bearers involved in the campaign, from NUS State and National offices, Uni SA and Flinders. Thanks in particular to all the volunteers who stickered, postered, lecture-bashed, and handed out leaflets so tirelessly for the week before the event - especially Alexis, Bonnie, Seb, Kerry, amongst countless others. More than anything else, the success of events like these show the Coalition Government that their attempts to silence the student voice simply are not working - far from it, the student movement has become more vocal, unified and coherent than it has been in years. As Friday's *Sydney Morning Herald* put it, 'The unintended consequence of the Federal Government's determination to push ahead with the abolition of compulsory student union fees is that politically apathetic student groups around Australia will become politicised... A generation of students will become convinced that Coalition governments are hostile to their interests.' Along with Friday's announcement by Senator Colston that he does not intend to vote for the proposed VSU legislation, the chances of the Coalition succeeding with their agenda seem increasingly slim. There can be no doubt that much of the success of the campaign so far has been because of the hard work of a united, and truly dedicated student movement, supported by a vast majority of students on campus. With recent threats from Dr Kemp of a substantial move towards market-based funding of universities in the near future, a move potentially highly detrimental to both students and universities, we will need to maintain our strength and cohesion more than ever if we are to protect the quality of our education.

Janak Mayer



SAUA President

CAREERS FAIR IS HERE: MAY 26TH

This Wednesday is when the Students' Association will present its second annual careers fair. There will be employer stalls operational from 12pm until 4pm. The Careers Fair will be located in the Games Room which is on level 5 of the Union building, just opposite the cinema.

The Careers Fair gives you an opportunity to speak to employers and discuss issues regarding their companies. We have employers from all different disciplines attending, some of the companies that will be attending include:

Department of Defence, ETSA, Morgan and Banks, Arthur Andersen, EDS, ABS, MacArthur Management, DSTO, Fight Centre, SA Co-op Bulk Handling, Employment National, Commonwealth Bank and Speakman Stillwell. For more information on these companies and the others attending please do not hesitate to contact me in the Students' Association on 8303 5406.



Alida Parente
SAUA President:
Working for You

PROSH 1999

parade registration form

CLUB GROUP /NAME

CONTACT NUMBER

DETAILS OF FLOAT/PARADE IDEA

SHOULD THESE DETAILS BE KEPT UNDERWRAPS?

YES

NO

PLEASE MAKE YOUR PRANKS LEGAL. WE, THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION WILL NOT BAIL YOU OUT OR PAY FOR DAMAGES. For further information, please contact Matt Sykes, A/CVP @ the SAUA on 8303 5406



PROSH 1999

prank registration form

CLUB GROUP /NAME

CONTACT NUMBER

DETAILS OF PRANK IDEA

SHOULD THESE DETAILS BE KEPT UNDERWRAPS?

YES

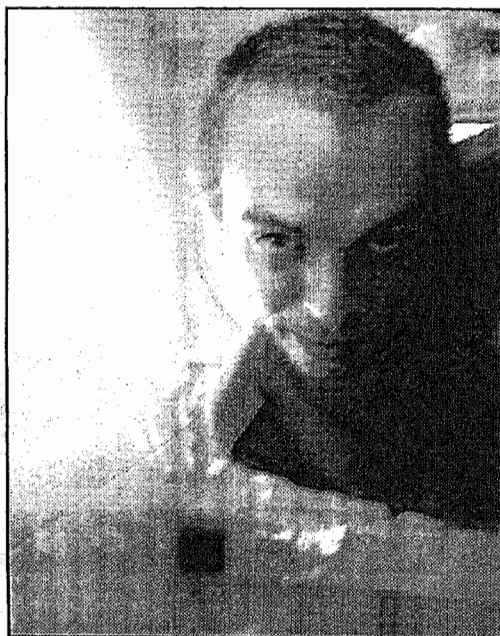
NO

PLEASE MAKE YOUR PRANKS LEGAL. WE, THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION WILL NOT BAIL YOU OUT OR PAY FOR DAMAGES. For further information, please contact Matt Sykes, A/CVP @ the SAUA on 8303 5406



Environment Officer

Hi, I hope your week has been pleasantly out of the ordinary! This week I am writing about **Environment Week**. Environment Week is next week! That's right! Starting on Monday May 31, the Environment Collective will be running a fun-filled week with everything you could want or need to save the world! Featuring the bands **White Collar Carousel** and **Hone** to name but two, vegan barbecues every day, and information on just about every conservation or environmental issue you could think of, this is not a week to be missed!



It all starts off with the first ever meeting of South Australia's student environment network. This is a group of people representing all of SA's universities, meeting and talking about environmental issues and campaigns! We meet on

**Wednesday at 4
in the Canon Poole Room on
Level 5 of the Union Complex.**

Wednesday is also the deadline for *EnvirOn Dit*, next week's special green edition of *On Dit*. This very exciting publication comes out but once a year, so get yer green gear in to me or the *On Dit* office ASAP!

That's it, we'll be publishing more details of green week in the next issue. Please give me a yell if you want to help out!

zane, Ph. 8303 5182, <greenguy@smug.adelaide.edu.au>

Clubs Association Council Meeting to be held WP Rogers Room 1pm on Wednesday June 2nd all club delegates or President or representatives are urged to be in attendance Thank you

Notice of a Sports Association Council Meeting
**1pm Tuesday
25th May, 1999**
WP Rogers Room (level 5 - behind the UniBar)
Delegates from ALL Sporting Clubs MUST attend
Voting for 3 biannual Board of Management positions will take place.

O'Ball 1999

What Went Wrong & How We Are Going To Fix It



As mentioned in a previous issue of *On Dit*, a report was commissioned by the SAUA and AUU into the 1999 O'Ball. The purpose of the report was to investigate the causes of the loss made on the O'Ball and to suggest ways of ensuring that student money is not placed at risk again.

Commercial Ventures - The reality is that the O'Ball is a commercial venture, and so this will always incur some elements of risk. While this risk cannot be eliminated, it can be managed so that a quality concert for students can be run without the sort of risk that the SAUA was exposed to this year.

What Went Wrong? - O'Ball 1999 lost money because of the interaction of a number of factors. First and foremost, The Cruel Sea was obviously not a band that enticed students to the O'Ball. This criticism has been taken on board, and the SAUA and AUU are committed to ensuring that in the future great attention will be paid to the tastes of the student market. We will never be able to please everyone, and getting bands this year was a very difficult task due to the fact that the O'Ball is at the tail end of the festival season, but we will certainly give it a go.

The next problem was the rise in ticket prices to \$20. The costs of bands has soared in the last few years, and so it is hard to keep concert prices down. The decision to raise ticket prices was an unavoidable one, due to the cost of bands that were available. It has been noted though, that the tickets were priced too highly, and next year all effort will be made to keep the ticket prices affordable and good value for students.

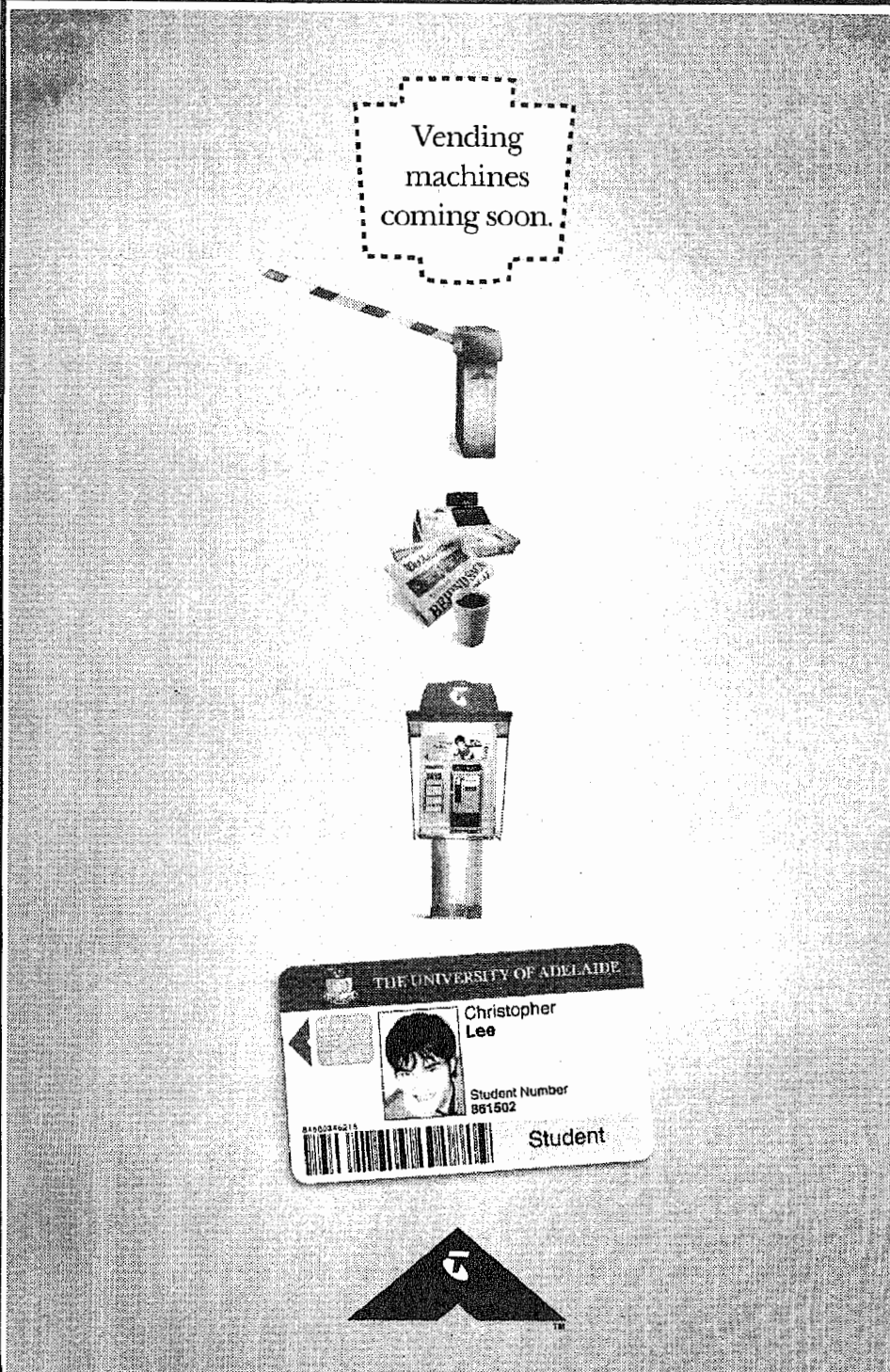
The third major problem was that the O'Ball was not promoted well enough. This was due to a number of factors, but next year particular attention will be paid to the promotion of the O'Ball. With less and less people enrolling in January, meaning less people on campus prior to O'Week, and the ever increasing competition for your student dollar, we will have to make sure that you know the O'Ball is on so that you have time to plan to come.

The Solution - As far as the O'Ball goes, the solution has been stated above. Find an appropriate band, keep the tickets affordable, and promote, promote, promote. But suggestions have been made as to new risk management procedures to ensure that the risk that was accepted this year is never accepted again.

To begin with, the AUU Activities Officer will have a more defined role in organising the O'Ball, reporting to SAUA Council on the budget and having a seat on the Orientation Standing Committee. Next, new training procedures are being initiated to ensure that all Orientation directors know better what is expected of them, pit falls to avoid, and the hints from previous years to ensure that their events are a success. What's more, director positions will be advertised earlier this year, to give more people the chance to apply, thereby increasing the choice that SAUA Council has when appointing directors.

Conclusion - There is no single cause for the result of the O'Ball and there is no single solution. But contrary to the unconstructive letters in *On Dit* for the last few weeks, the SAUA and the AUU have taken quick and constructive action to ensure that your student dollar is protected and that you get a fantastic O'Ball in the year 2000.

Eileen Fisher and Ben Allgrove



Adelaide University Student Card.

Now your everyday buying card.

Now your Adelaide University Student Card can pay for a whole lot more. At the moment you can use it for loads of things. Make a purchase at a campus shop, use it as a library card, even pay for calls at a Telstra Smart Payphone. If you thought that was great, wait until you see what your student card can now do around the city.

Throughout the Adelaide CBD it can now get you "in and out" of a busy retail store, it can assist you in making a "fast getaway" from a parking station and very soon it will even be able to get you "quick refreshment" from a nearby vending machine. Use it as your everyday buying card, wherever you see This Red Arrow sign displayed.

It's simple to use, it's quick and best of all you can forget about the hassles of loose notes and coins. Now you can purchase what you want with all the speed and convenience you need to support a busy lifestyle. Easy. What a way to buy.

For more information please call the Telstra Smart Phonenumber Helpline on FREECALL™ 1800 676 638†

Adelaide University Student Card. Now your everyday buying card.

Telstra
Making life easier™

Telstra is piloting this programme in the Adelaide CBD. †A freecall except from a mobile phone which will be charged at the applicable mobile rate. ™ Trade mark of Telstra Corporation Ltd. A.C.N. 051 775 556. SOM TPP 0499

Clubs Association News

IGM Republican Club

May 26th Wednesday
 1-2pm Canon Poole Room
 IGM Fabian Club 2-3pm (directly following the Republican Club IGM)
 For further info contact Chris Snewin 0413 045 188
 8255 2750

Wednesday 26th Journey of Healing Day Meeting at the Peace Pole Wills Court on campus 12 noon Journeying to the Barr Smith Lawns Featuring Music from CASM. Dr Jane Lomax-Smith Che Cockatoo-Collins, Roger Thomas. BBQ lunch

Clubs Association Council Meeting

Wednesday 2nd of JUNE, 1pm WP Rogers Room Level 5 Union House enter via the Games room.

Clubs must send a delegate or representative or President along to this meeting or notify the Clubs Association receptionist Vicki Kolberg 8303 3410 or call into the office ground floor Lady Symon Building. Check your club's pigeon hole for your mail, if you don't know it's whereabouts contact Vicki.

Mature Students' Association Quiz Night

Nth/Sth Dining Room
 MSA members \$5
 Concession \$8
 Others \$10
 Tickets available at Clubs' Association

Islam Liberated Women

The Muslim woman "slave" is a favourite Western cliché: the truth about her is very different.

The status of women in Islam is often distorted and misunderstood in Western society. Such misconceptions have resulted in the ethnocentric view that Islam oppresses women. In fact, Islam is an egalitarian creed which explicitly rejects any form of oppression.

Superiority in Islam is based on a rule which clearly rejects the sex of the individual. The Holy Quran states clearly: "The noblest of you in the sight of Allah is the most God conscious" (Chapter 49, verse 13). Prophet Muhammad (s) is also reported to have said "all people are equal like the teeth of a comb. There is no merit of an Arab over a non Arab, of a white over a black person or of a male over a female. Only God conscious people merit a preference with God". Islam, therefore, provides clear evidence about the equality of men and women.

The acquisition of knowledge is a mandatory duty on every Muslim male and female. Seeking knowledge is considered to be a superior act of worship as reflected in the following Quranic verse: "Are those who know equal to those who know not" (Chapter 39, Verse 9). Preventing a woman from gaining an education is therefore prohibited in Islam as nobody can deny the female her Islamic-God given right to pursue knowledge.

The modest dress of a Muslim woman also liberates her since she achieves the right to be respected for her mind instead of her body. Her dress code is the divine uniform designed by her All-Knowing and All-Wise, genderless creator, Allah. A Muslim woman is therefore not enslaved by fashions dictated to her by males.

The Islamic dress code is also a powerful tool that restricts access to males who have grown accustomed to staring at women's bodies as their assumed right!

On the other hand, a well-known feminist writes that women "Are no longer complete human beings but have been transformed under the inexorable pressure of capitalist, male-dominated society, into mere commodities". This writer also reflects, "Society does everything it can to drum into her head the fact that she is only a body - newspapers, magazines and advertisements when addressing themselves to women, speak to her as flesh".

A woman in Islam may not be given in marriage without her consent. In order for an Islamic marriage to be valid, both parties must consent to the marriage. If a woman declares that she did not con-

sent to the marriage, the marriage becomes void. This can be illustrated by an incident when a woman approached the Prophet Muhammad (s) complaining that her father compelled her to marry without her consent. Prophet Muhammad gave the woman the choice of invalidating or accepting the marriage. The woman agreed to accept the marriage but she wanted women to know that parents have no right to force a husband upon them.

In Islam, the wife has also been granted the divine right to initiate divorce according to the Holy Quran in Chapter 2, verse 229.

Upon marriage, a Muslim woman does not adopt her husband's surname thereby granting her an independent identity (Chapter 33, Verse 5). To claim that the husband and wife become one and then expect the wife to take on the husband's name, subordinates women!

A Muslim woman also has an independent economic status allowing her to earn, possess and dispose of her property or earnings without any mediator, including her husband. A woman's financial status does not alter if she is single or married (Chapter 4, Verse 34). A married Muslim woman for example, retains her property obtained before her marriage.

On the other hand, a Muslim man must shoulder all financial responsibilities. This does not mean a woman cannot have a job or a career. This means the husband must utilise his earnings to provide for his wife and family but the husband has no claim to the earnings of his

wife.

In Islam, motherhood is accorded much respect and very high esteem. A famous teaching of the Prophet Muhammad is "Paradise lies at the feet of mothers". Paradise therefore awaits those who cherish and respect their mothers.

A man also came to Prophet Muhammad and asked him who deserved his companionship, four times. Prophet Muhammad replied "Your mother" three times, and then "Your father". This amply illustrates the great respect for motherhood in Islam.

Islam also grants women other rights not covered in this article. It should be remembered that these rights were granted to women in the midst of a pagan era, in the seventh century AD, when women across the world were denied most rights.

In conclusion, if Islam oppresses women, why are so many single Western women embracing Islam? I'll give you a clue - it's not because they have an insatiable craving for oppression - it's because they have an insatiable craving for liberation.

Manar Tchelebi



CLASSICAL CINEMA

Joint screening by the Film Society and the Bacchae.
Thursday 27th May, 7pm, Union Cinema, level 5 Union Building.

Free to members of either club, \$5 for non-members (including membership).

CLEOPATRA
(1934 - dir. Cecil B. de Mille)

Cleopatra: Together we could conquer the world.
Julius Caesar: Nice of you to include me.

The traditional government of republican Rome was crumbling faster than the architecture as ruthless and ambitious freelance generals roamed the map conquering the bits they liked. It was said that no man could be considered rich unless he had his own legion, and that anyone entering politics had to make three fortunes: the

first to recoup his election expenses, the second to retire on, and the third to bribe the jurors at his trial. In this world luxury, treachery and violence were kings... and to this world came the enigmatic Queen of Egypt, intent on using all her powers of seduction and intrigue in a gamble for power. For once, those weren't daggers under the togas.

Starring Clandette Colbert as Cleopatra, and with appearances by every other character remotely connected to Roman history you've ever heard of

PLUS THE SHORTS:

NERO aka *THE BURNING OF ROME*
(1909 - Italian)

With revolutionary use of red tinted film during the burning sequences.

A ROMAN SCANDAL
(1927)

An animated take-off of the chariot race from Ben Hur.

Thank You

A big thank-you to everyone who helped raise money for the Kosovar refugees last Thursday. With your help we were able to raise \$1720. This money will be going straight to the Kosovar refugees through Human Appeal International which is a recognised charitable organisation affiliated with the United Nations. This money will help provide essential food and medical supplies to the refugees. A big thanks to Villi's pies, SAUA and *On Dit* for their contributions and donations, but most of all to the students of Adelaide Uni for their care and support.

President.
Islamic Students Society.

ULTIMATE

What is Ultimate Frisbee?

Ultimate is a fast, free-flowing game which combines elements of netball, soccer and touch football. The aim is to pass the frisbee up the field without dropping it and catch it in an endzone, to score a point. The sport is non-contact and teams are mixed.

Times: Each Wednesday at 5:30pm on the soc-

cer field (over the road from the archery field) and each Sunday at 3pm in the South Parklands adjacent to the intersection of Greenhill and Glen Osmond Roads (opposite the Lone Star restaurant).

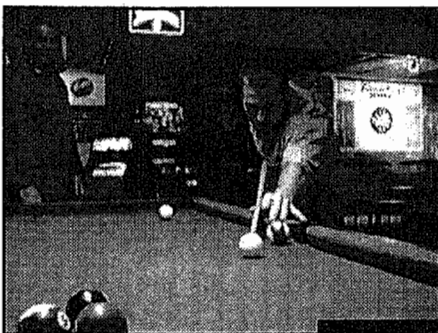
For all enquires contact David Wilson phone 8390 1423

email david.j.wilson@student.adelaide.edu.au or talk to anyone on the day.

Pooling Talents

Last Thursday night saw Brett Wills walk away with the coveted 1st Prize. This was only after a technicality and Pool was found to not be the real winner.

The Pool Comp is held every Thursday night in the bar from 5:30pm with thanks to the people at Southwark.



student radio's

LOCAL NOISE
presents ...

mobile

playing live to air on the
25th of MAY
9 PM on 5UV 531 AM

*rock 'n' roll + AM radio =
fun X 4 X everyone
you don't need a degree to
do this maths.*

So, who's got a

Jimeoin is, of course, quite right. As he pointed out in last week's *On Dit*, *The Big Gig* was a shameless rip off of *Saturday Night Live*. But in this hopelessly post-modern world, who am I to quibble? As much as it pains me to say it, *The Comedy Company* and *Fast Forward* revolutionised sketch comedy in this country (and their format was hardly groundbreaking), while *The Big Gig* gave us something different altogether. I remember being glued to the screen every week as a young 'un: its regulars were universally funny, and it gave a level to exposure to stand-up I'm reasonably sure hadn't really existed in this country before. Christ, I don't think I even knew what stand-up was when I was 13 or 14.

And remember: *The Big Gig* was what got that Doug Anthony All Stars juggernaut rolling in the first place. Derivative, yes. But good television, especially early in its run.

I remember the first time I saw Lano and Woodley. Late in *The Big Gig*'s heyday, after the Dougs had left, they seemed to be casting around for another, slightly anarchic, three-men-and-a-guitar outfit. The answer seemed to be The Found Objects: they lacked the pseudo-militaristic uniforms and were a damn sight nicer, but they fitted the bill pretty well. And there they were, Colin Lane, Frank Woodley, and some other guy. Pretty funny.

I thought no more of it for a while, until the latter half of 1991 and the recurring Kafkaesque hell that is pretending to study while in Year 12, hoping to make your parents shut the fuck up. I noticed this funny little radio show on Triple J, Sunday afternoons, while not reading *The Great Gatsby*. A lot of banter, a lot of mock radio plays, and a lot of pulling the piss out of callers. The folk responsible? The Found Objects. Colin Lane, Frank Woodley, and some other guy. Pretty funny.

Mark my Knopfler, I said to myself, these lads will go far. Predictably, I thought no more of it for a while. The boys lost their show – the Government had just cut funding to the ABC



Lano and Woodley: "What in hell happened to that other guy we used have around?"

by 8%, or somesuch, and they later described themselves as that 8% - and they disappeared from view. The next thing I heard was that they'd ditched the third guy (novelty prize to the first person to contact the office this week and tell me what in the name of all that is holy in Christendom and beyond his name is), and had become Lano and Woodley. Never saw them live, but they got some pretty damn good reviews, so when news of a TV series surfaced last year, I was interested. I enjoyed Series 1 of *The Ad-*

ventures of Lano and Woodley. The style of humour has changed a fair bit since The Found Objects days: less vicious, as the two of them have now settled nicely into their

been told, which possibly explains why it's a Working Title joint production with the folk at the ABC.

The one item of note I spotted when glancing through the promotional material for the new series is that Bob Spiers (*Absolutely Fabulous*, *Press Gang*) is no longer on board as director. John Olb, who's been around forever in Australian comedy, is his replacement and, frankly, I just don't know enough about teev direction to spot any real difference.

The first two episodes have been pretty good stuff, if a little patchy. Episode 2, in particular, had some good laughs, taking potshots at the admittedly easy target of men's retreats. It just always seems to fall short of real comedy brilliance. Ah well.

And with a timeslot like the one it's got, I somehow suspect that the ABC are hardly expecting it to set the world on fire.

When you think back to *The Big Gig*, of course, you can't look past the Doug Anthony All Stars. The others have come and gone, but the memory of Dougs seems to remain strong. After a patchy record (*Icon*) and a criminally underrated TV series (*D*A*A*S Kapital*), they disappeared off to England, returning occasionally to remind us of just how piss funny they were. I suppose that it was inevitable that McDermott would end up being the one who'd be real success. More of a spunk than poor old Richard, less irritating than Ferguson, and he has such a lovely singing voice. Swoon, girls, swoon. Also in his favour, of course, is the fact that he's very quick, very funny and, according to the current Channel Ten promos, the "cheekiest host on Australian television".

Nice. None of which, I'm afraid, excuses the existence of *GNW Night Lite* (Ten, 8.30 Thursdays). As with *GNW* itself, the format hasn't really been messed with: it's still *Good News Weekend*, pretty much

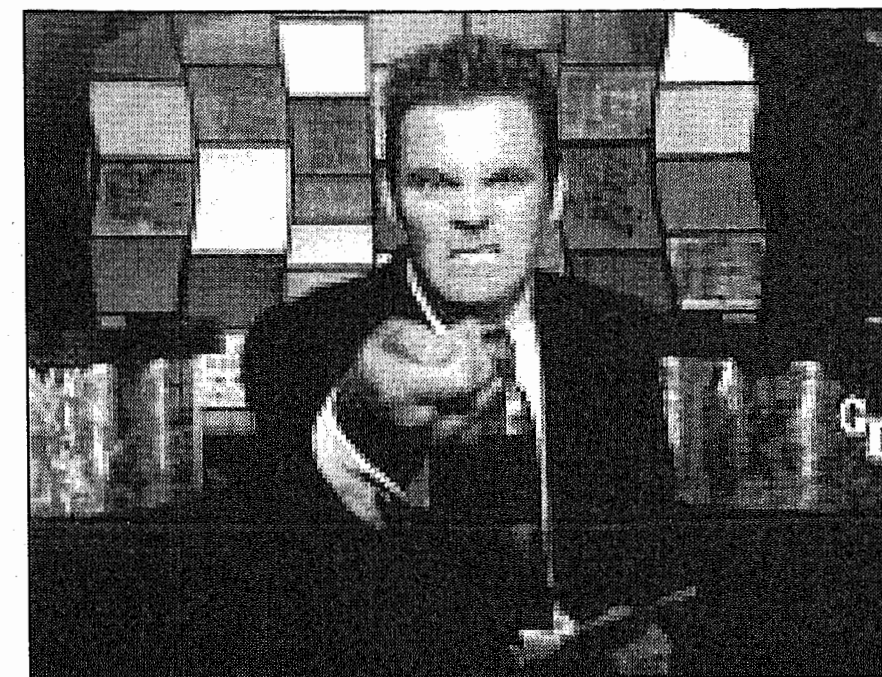
nite lite woody?

every way you look at it. I'm afraid that taking a successful show, making another episode a week and throwing a different set and a guest band at it is not going to solve the problems in Australian television. Sort of thing Ten does a lot, when I think about it, so it's kinda funny they ended up with the shows.

Not that *GNW Night Lite* is bad. It's frequently quite good. Flacco and the Sandman are useful additions – their joint stuff, in particular, rarely misfires – and last week's episode was really very good. The "Million Dollar Riff", in particular, is a winner. I praised the heavens when I saw that Lano and Woodley were on (if nothing else, it gave me something to make this God-awful column hang together), and I was interested to see that they did the whole thing in "character",

which I hadn't really expected. Maybe they're just wacky all the time.

seemed very much that the show itself was *the Man*, and that he had to rail against it a



Paul McDermott on the subject of *GNW Night Lite*: "I'm so sexy, I deserve two shows."

What interested me most, bit (he kept referring to himself though, was the presence of as a "youth representative", Dylan Lewis. His attitude which got on my tits a bit). He

did the same thing on *The Panel* last year. Despite all this posturing he was a) good, b) funny and c) clearly very jealous. I could almost see the wheels turning in his head – "Jeez I'm glad I pissed off *Recovery*. One day all this will be mine." Watch out for this young chappy. He's going places. And he plays the piano accordion. I don't know why *GNW Night Lite* gets on my nerves so much. It's pretty good, after all. Reliant on its geusts, sure, but funny nonetheless. Maybe it's just that it sounds like a type of high-calcium, low-fat milk. Or maybe it's just because its very existence is redundant, and it is one of the most appallingly cynical pieces of programming I have seen for some time.

Hmmm. The latter, I think. Dale F Adams

I've never really watched television. It just doesn't fry my burger.

- Michael, retired English academic

Wanker.

On Dit 99

100 Most Memorable Television Moments

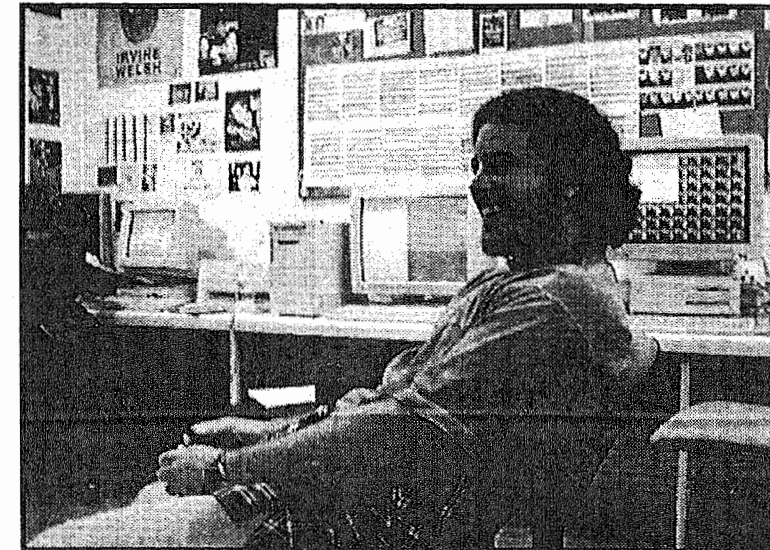
Coming soon. Very soon.

On Dit 27

Questions:
 1) Who are you now?
 2) Who do you expect to be in twenty years time?
 3) If you could travel forward in time to meet up with yourself twenty years from now, what question would you ask this older version of yourself?



VOX



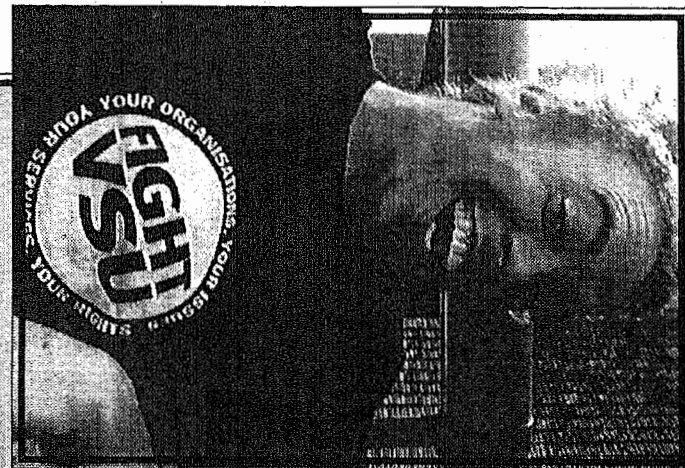
Luke
Making like a wild thing in the On Dit office

- 1) The wild and violent drummer.
- 2) The rich prick who owns the country.
- 3) Are you wearing underwear?



Gareth
Being propositioned outside the Jobn by an intrepid VoxPopper

- 1) A very scary individual.
- 2) The guy who pulls the very rich guy's strings.
- 3) What's the answer to the exam question?



WHERE'S ZANE?

So you all snubbed the novelty prize. Well, fine. It was wacky. It was zany. But never mind. Seemg as you, the reading public, obviously fail to be excited by the idea of prizes with novelty, we have cast about for something different to offer you for spotting Zane (who is, as always, cunningly hidden in one of these snaps). What did we come up with, you ask?

Alcohol.

Yes, that's right, alcohol. The first person to come down to the *On Dit* office on Friday at 2.00 and show us where Zane is will win a free six-pack of Cubano. Not a novelty prize. We hope you like it.

VSU Grim Reaper
Between the bright white light and the bright red van

- 1) I am a member of a group of students, best described as anarchists, who don't support VSU because they realise that VSU can't provide the services the campus union does: the Union gives equal access.
- 2) Probably dead. But I hope not.
- 3) Did I enjoy the last twenty years?

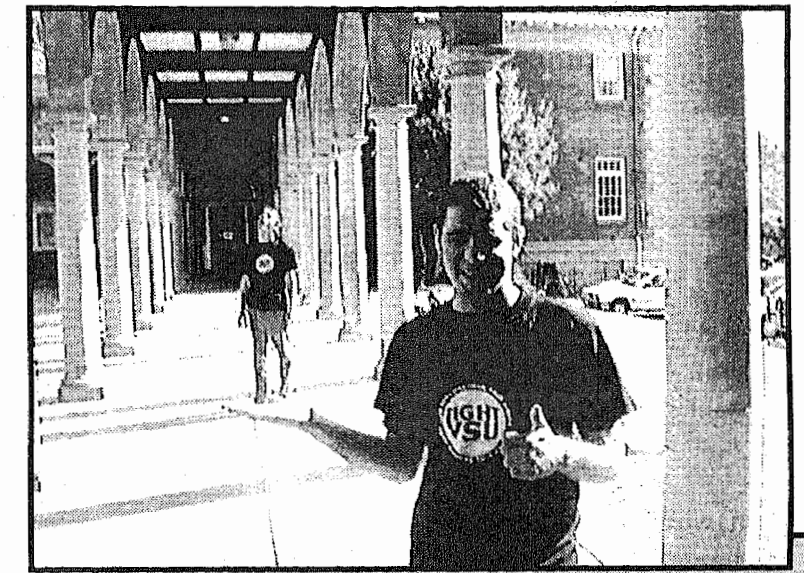
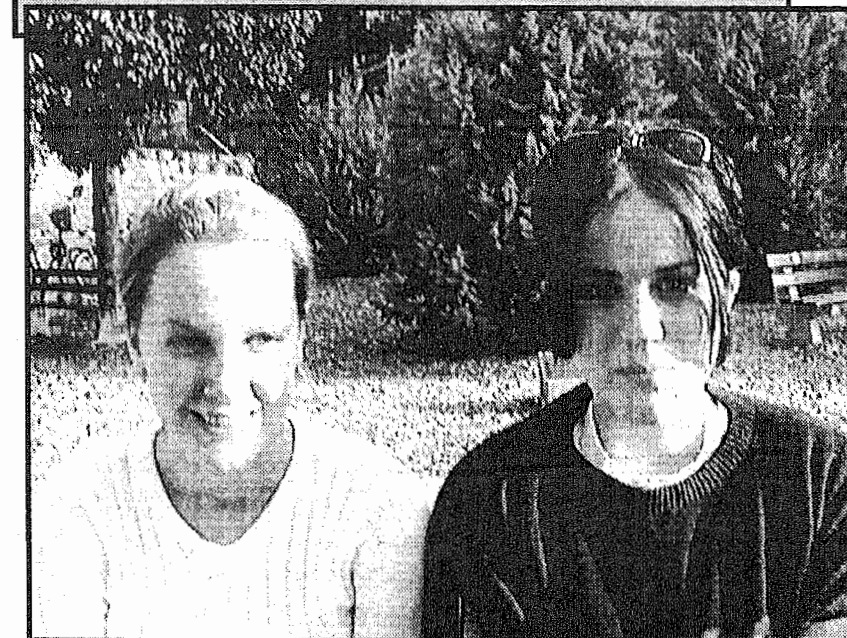


POP



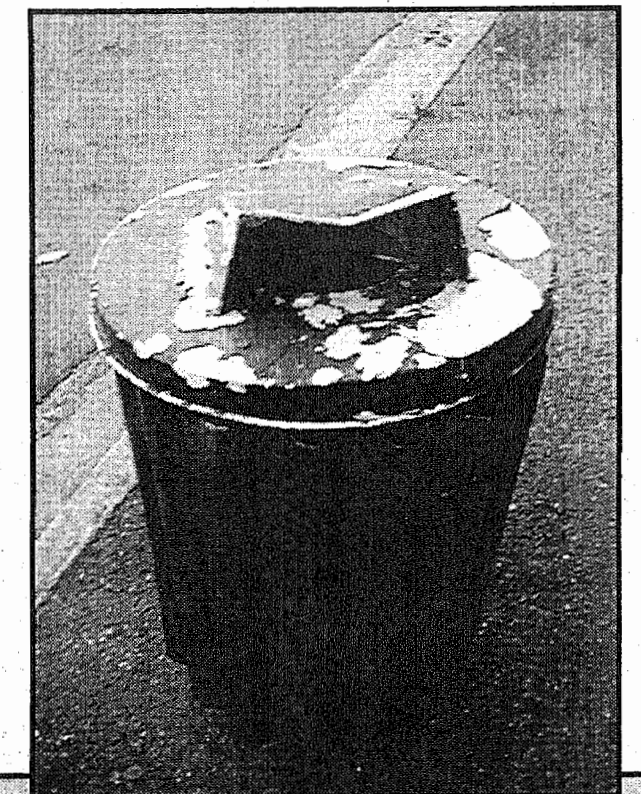
Amelia and Nadine
Escaping poverty and fruit by the Barr Smith Lawns

- 1) Nadine: Poor.
 Amelia: I don't like fruit. Stuff fruit.
- 2) Nadine: Less poor.
 Amelia: Fruity.
- 3) Nadine: How did you snag that amazing man?
 Amelia: Where's the fruit?



Peter
The Cloisters' model of a charming man

- 1) An international man of leisure.
- 2) I don't know.
- 3) Why didn't you have better answers for Vox Pop twenty years ago?



Suburban Rubbish Bin

- 1) Isn't it obvious? I'm a suburban rubbish bin.
- 2) I expect I'll be a ... No. I'll be a suburban rubbish bin.
- 3) Was it worth it?

Jo and Kieren
In the midst of Resistance

- 1) Jo: Marxist
 Kieren: A carbon-based life-form.
- 2) Jo: I don't know.
 Kieren: Me.
- 3) Jo: Are you still the same - do you still believe what you did twenty years ago?
 Kieren: I think I'd borrow money off myself - I wouldn't have to pay it back.



PACK OF MAGGOTS

Redball
Released May 13
Palace Cinemas

Redball is a tale of police corruption which does not attempt any value judgements. During the film I found myself thinking, "Jesus, I hope this isn't based on reality" - but apparently it is. The director, Jon Hewitt, worked in a bar which was frequented by Melbourne police. He claims that everything in *Redball* is based on incidents that he either heard about from his police acquaintances, or was actually involved in himself. Far from being a statement *against* police corruption, Hewitt has said that he "actually wrote the script from a position of real love for the cops and real excitement for a lot of the activities they get up to." Usually the bad guy gets it, right? But in *Redball* it is so difficult to tell *who* is the worse criminal. If this film is based on real people and real situations, then do not trust a cop, my friends, because nearly every single character in the film, the cops as well as the robbers, are absolute fucking BASTARDS. At one point a de-

tective says "Believe me, the world is a better place without that maggot" - but the detectives themselves are the maggots, nearly every single one of them.

Redball contains some absolutely classy scenes. The opening titles are wonderful, showing a montage of images and newspaper headlines which give the plot outline - all against a fabulously rough and gritty soundtrack. Unfortunately though, the scenes with the most class are those in which the characters do not speak; they look like miniature film-clips. I like the effect a lot, however, because the soundtrack positively rocks. The thing is, if the characters' personalities do not irritate you, then their overly Australian accents and speech mannerisms probably will. I liked the film-clip effects because these are, for the most part, nasty people who are nasty to listen to. This way, I did not have to listen to them!!

The shining light is Belinda McClory as detective JJ Wilson. Her monologues are beautifully controlled and she gives a stunning, believable performance. In

fact, her's is the only grounded character - the only one who shows any depth or humanness to her personality. I think this is my problem with *Redball* - most of the characters lack humanity, and the film presents us with no reason to sympathise with them, and thus forgive their actions. Even Tarantino's assassins exhibit human traits, but the detectives in *Redball* are beyond redemption. These are not nice people, even to their 'friends', and I cannot tell whether the actors are second-rate, or whether their characters are *supposed* to be so stiff and wooden with no deeper layers (McClory being the stunning exception).

Hewitt had a less-than-shoestring budget, so the film experiments with a grainy, verité style of camera work, shot in small grabs which could easily be separated into independent short films. It ties together nicely enough, with gaps to make the audience work for their entertainment without having to make too many enormous leaps of logic. There is only one part which troubles me, and that is how they suddenly know the

identity of the killer without bothering to explain to the audience how and why. Luckily I have the production notes which contain a full synopsis, so I know. YOU, on the other hand...

If anything, *Redball* condones police corruption; Hewitt said in an interview that "The system isn't corrupt: corruption is the system. It's all part of the game." It falls back to the lack of the humane I was discussing above. Overall, my feelings toward this film can best be described as ambivalent. I feel that it is not trying to tell me anything - that there is no message, and no deeper exploration into the characters or their motives.

Jayne Lewis

Coming Soon

Our roving reporter Jayne Lewis interviews Belinda McClory. Stay tuned readers. But first - Thanks to the Palace, we have 5 doubles to the film. Come down to grab one, or call 8303 5404. YAY.

PROJECTILE POTATOES



Divorcing Jack
Now Showing
Cinema Nova

The first thing I want to tell you about this film is that all the publicity for this film is crap, so ignore it. "This is normal" I hear you mumble. Yes, you're right but it

seems overly crap for this film. Example: "Film of the Year? Damn right. And then some." Film of the year, my arse. Having said that, *Divorcing Jack* is not a bad film, it's just a little overhyped, kind of like *The Full Monty*. It centres around Dan Starky (David Thewlis) a sharp-

witted, cynical journalist who loves his whisky, beer and anything else alcoholic, and stumbles into a blackmail plot concerning the "next" prime-minister of Northern Ireland. How does he manage this? He has a fling with a politician's daughter who gets killed when he goes out for chips. She also happens to be the ex-girlfriend of an IRA hit man. The screenplay for the film was written by Colin Bateman and was based on his own novel, *Divorcing Jack*. The director is David Caffrey. Both are new to feature film but have done reasonably well. The film is slow to start but picks up with Starky moving from one ludicrous situation to another as he attempts to save himself from imprisonment and his family and friends from death. If you were to believe the publicity for this film (which if you remember,

you're not) you would think that Rachel Griffiths had a starring role. She doesn't, it is only a supporting role but she still manages to make an impact. She plays Lee Cooper, a nurse by day and a gun toting nun-o-gram by night, who saves Starky on several occasions. Rachel may not be in the film for as long as we may like but she is unforgettable and it is further proof of her versatility as an actor.

Divorcing Jack isn't a brilliant black comedy. It has moments of black humour but also has moments of light humour (for example, projectile potatoes) and then it has some truly disturbing moments. The film is a sound effort by a first time director and writer but here's a tip boys: Shocking violence isn't always funny.

ChrisB

UNDENIABLY HEAVY SHIT

The Deep End of the Ocean
Now Showing
Academy and Selected Cinemas

Warning: If you have just been given the flick by your boss, lover or imaginary friend, then...DON'T SEE THIS FILM! You need side-splitting laughter. You need Billy Crystal. Or Jim Carrey. Or Austin Powers, for goodness sake!

What you don't need is a weary Michelle Pfeiffer (as Beth) in eighties garb, looking every bit her age. (Note: Her bad fashion sense does not change in the nine years that pass.)

The Deep End of the Ocean is, to

put it eloquently, 'heavy shit'. Adapted from Jacquelyn Mitchard's novel, its title gives no clues as to what is to follow. (Maybe the book is more explanatory!) There are no ocean scenes, no salt spray. If this is what you want, try *Baywatch*.

Instead, it centres on the trials and tribulations of a family torn apart by the disappearance of their little boy and his miraculous return nine years later. (Gives new meaning to the casual throwaway, 'See ya later'... Like, try nine years later!)

Don't think the reunion is all flowers and sweet-smelling roses from here though. To Ben (Ryan

Merriman), his parents and brother are 'strangers'. His sense of unhappiness at being uprooted from the home he has known most his life, almost casts his genetic parents Beth and Pat, as the 'kidnappers'.

Here is what is unusual about this film. It is a Hollywood production - but without the 'fluff'. It is real. Pfeiffer isn't portrayed as the perfect 'Mom'. She is flawed. She is human. The characters, and their interaction, speak for themselves. There are no violins, and only few tears. (Try telling that to the lady third row from the back, snorting on Kleenex!)

It is a sad and tragic tale, by no

means light-hearted. It does end happily however, as all good Hollywood films do.

The real stars in this film are the kids themselves - Ben, and Vincent (Jonathan Jackson). As well as Whoopi Goldberg (black, gay and head of her department).

The booby prize goes to Treat Williams, the father figure, for being plain irritating - or maybe, that's just good acting! While it's nothing new, it's a film that makes you think. It is, undeniably, heavy shit. It is up to you to decide just how much of this is 'heavy', and how much is 'shit'.

Carla Caruso

gASSIN' WITH STASSEN



Encounter In The Third Dimension is the latest 3D film to hit the East End's IMAX cinema. Directed by Belgian born Ben Stassen, it integrates computer generated imagery and live action to explore the history of 3D photography and 3D motion pictures. Set in the digitally created Institute of 3D Technology, our friendly Professor (Stuart Pankin) gives the audience a crash course in 3D technology using the help of his wise-cracking assistant, a robot named Max, and Elvira "Mistress of the Dark". Together they take us on a journey through time, from early hieroglyphics and cave drawings, to the latest technology such as James Cameron's *Terminator 2: 3D*. I caught up with Ben Stassen over strong coffee, on a rainy morning, under the Palace's atrium.

It was the popularity of television that made Hollywood search for a new way to lure dwindling audiences back to the cinema in the early 50's, and 3D seemed to hold the answer. From 1952 - 54, Hollywood made over 65 3D films,

but the diversity and overall effect was basically the same and soon audiences became bored and 3D lost all the popularity it had gained from films like *It Came From Outer Space* and the first 3D musical *Those Redheads From Seattle*. Hollywood's third dimension encounter seemed to be over by 1955.

"For the first time in history, 3D is here to stay" Stassen exclaims when I ask about the future of such a medium, citing the fact that 3D integrates emotion and intellect with *physical* inter-activity. "A lot of those old films are very corny and very cheesy and I wanted to make a film that, while integrating some of those elements, didn't go overboard so that people would find it ridiculous." Stassen began his career in the industry by producing the Golden Globe nominated Foreign Language Film *My Uncle's Legacy*, and then went on to be the biggest supplier in the world of simulated ride films, producing 17 in less than 4 years. "I was intrigued by 3D and I decided that it was time to move on, even though initially, I was very intimidated by it. So few films were being made and I knew it was a nightmare from a technical standpoint, but when I realised that I could do it digitally, I just went for it and had a lot of fun."

It's the digital filmmaking process and highly technical computer generated imagery that Ben claims is the "future of cinema". "Digital effects have been around since the early 90's in films like *Terminator 2* and *The Abyss*, where they are integrated with live images. Here (in *ED3*) we didn't just use digital effects in post production, we used it as a main production tool. There's nothing natural except the actors, so we could create elaborate sets and camera movements that we could have never done in real life."

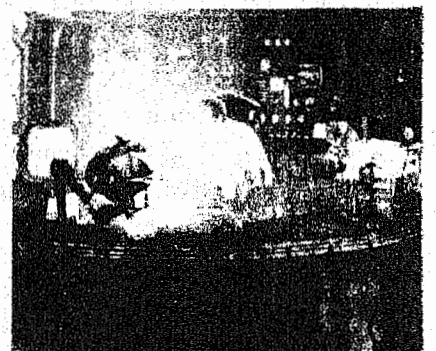
I wonder about the fact that *ED3* entertains as well as educates the audience about the history of 3D, and if that was to please a wider audience, including school students.

"With 63 IMAX theatres around the world, you have to sell to all of them to make your money back, and half of them are institutions or museums with a very educational agenda, so without being too boring, you need to put (the movie) into a context that's going to be acceptable to these guys. Sometimes it can be seen as a compromise, but we had no choice." Stassen pauses, gulps his coffee, then launches into a very entertaining, yet very shameless plug. "My next film is 100% entertainment. It's called *Alien Adventure* and it's about a bunch of

aliens roaming the universe looking for a place to settle down. They stumble across our planet and instead of landing in the middle of a city, they land in the middle of a theme park." (You heard it here first, dear readers).

Surprisingly, I learn from Stassen that *ED3* is the only 3D film that was not also released in 2D (even *T-Rex* and *New York - Across The Sea Of Time* had two dimensional releases). "*ED3* is only the tenth IMAX 3D film to be released. Obviously it's about 3D so it wouldn't make sense to show it as a 2D film. Yes, there might be some nice images, but it wouldn't have been a fun film." And a fun film it turns out to be. With those glasses, that will reach out to touch that thing in front of your nose and those objects that fly through your head, it's a cool ride. I wait for the days when *The Phantom Menace* is released in 3D.

Belinda S



LOVE SQUARE



The Very Thought Of You
Now showing
Hoyts and Selected Cinemas

Picture this. Daniel (Tom Hollander) meets Martha (Monica Potter) on a plane and falls in love. By an amazing coincidence so do both of his best friends, Frank (Rufus Sewell) and Laurence (Joseph Fiennes). This love square presents an interesting proposition

- 3 guys and one girl (and perhaps a king sized bed?). *The Very Thought of You* is the story of how these three childhood friends almost tear themselves apart over an American woman who has started her life over in London. All three friends are as completely unlike as you can possibly get. Daniel is a yuppie record executive who has never read any of the hundreds of novels that line his shelves. Frank

is an embittered would-be actor who hasn't had a job since childhood. These two grown men act like children, constantly trying to get one up on the other. The meat in this particular sandwich is Laurence, whose role in this twisted friendship is the peacemaker. He too is unhappy, trapped in a boring job, teaching bridge to old women. Into the middle of this threesome comes Martha, who has chucked in her job and taken the first available plane ride for \$99. This film is totally unlike the usual schmaltzy American romantic comedy that does so well at the box office. Monica Potter looks eerily like Julia Roberts, yet she can actually act. Joseph Fiennes (*Shakespeare in Love*) spends much of the movie in a state of emotional confusion. It is his spaniel eyes that are going to attract the women in droves to this film. There was a grin plastered on my face throughout this movie. I didn't have to reach for my

Kleenex and there was nothing about it that made me cringe. After a while I just wished that Laurence would smack his two friends' heads together. It would take a very mild mannered person to put up with their childish bickering. Of course, it is entirely necessary that you leave your disbelief at the door. It is a bit of a stretch to imagine that three friends should just happen to all run into the same woman. As Martha herself points out, London is a city of millions of people. What are the odds? It just makes you wish that the odds would always work out so well in the real world. That is where the strength of this film lies. There are an awful lot of people who wish that they had the courage to do what Martha does, to just take a chance on the next plane ride. Of course, knowing my luck, I would probably end up in Siberia.

Linda Rust

pLUG iN aND rIDE



The Matrix
Now Showing
Academy and Selected Cinemas

The matrix is cyberpunk. Cyberpunk is the future-place that was spawned in 1983 by Canadian author William Gibson, the tough techno-crime world of five minutes into the future. Gibson coined a term, cyberspace, and cowboy wranglers, like Case: "jacked into

a custom cyberspace deck that projected his disembodied consciousness into the consensual hallucination that was the matrix." (William Gibson, *Neuromancer*) Sound familiar? The idea of virtual consciousness has so revolutionised sci-fi popular culture that this idea forms the crux of *The Matrix*. In the future, humans are farmed for our bio-chemical and bio-electrical energy, by the artificial intelligent machines we created.

Thomas Anderson, alias Neo, (Keanu Reeves, who starred in the adaptation of Gibson's *Johnny Mnemonic*), hacks at night and writes software in a suit during the day. Agent Smith (Hugo Weaving adding new deliciousness to the movie badguy) shows up and struggles to arrest him. Neo has been tracking down Morpheus (Laurence Fishburne), the mysterious super-hacker, who is also chasing Neo. Morpheus offers to remove the blinders from Neo, to open his eyes to the really real world, which Neo accepts

after a small lecture on the inerasable nature of knowledge. At this point, however, the movie takes an unexpected lurch, and the thrill-ride is on in earnest. The plot-lines are hardcore sci-fi. Others complain that the film is too complicated. Rubbish, I say. Lazy minds closed to narrative explorations, I say. No, this has mixed reviews for a less tangible reason. Something doesn't work, somewhere, and I left with the feeling that with just a little more effect this could have been a truly stellar example of the genre. The slo-mo special effects are majestic, and some of the stunts leave you gasping in fearful wonderment. The shoot-out in the lobby is an exquisitely crafted John Woo kung-fu movie, although the pay-off camera shot was rushed and poorly framed. The training sequences homage Asian styles of Japanese *manga* and Hong Kong kung-fu, with the mystical *anime* atmosphere supercharged with the best of the emerging best special effects. Lots

of martial arts and then guns guns guns for the little boy in my heart! The script seemed mechanical, although Mr Fishburne delivers as he always does, and I want a pair of his sexy sunglasses. Carrie Moss as Trinity, Morpheus' side-kick, literally, does more for leather bodysuits than Catwoman. It is her blend of feminine competence and strength and beauty that stop *The Matrix* from being a boy-run. Not since Sigourney Weaver gave us Ellen Ripley in the *Aliens* has the genre had such a female lead with both vulnerability and fortitude. A big-screen must-see for the effects and the thrills and the building-jumping and a Hugo Weaving masterpiece. Keanu should only every have made *Idaho*, *Speed* and *Point Break*. I feel that the sound-track, whilst excellent, was too subdued and not keyed at critical points. So, punters, switch on, plug in and ride the wires of reality!

Scott Hopkins

HARMONIOUS THREESOME

The General
Now Showing
Palace EastEnd

Ever dreamed of fighting the system? Breaking the law and being a hero? Having two girls at once and everyone's the happier? Ever wanted to be the bad guy without losing the lovable quality that got you this far? In Dublin, in the mid 80s to early 90s, Martin Cahill AKA "The General" did just that. Brendan Gleeson, last seen in the Irish comedy *I Went Down*, plays Martin Cahill with such comical indignation that it would be difficult to not win over any audience. A man framed from the harsh surrounding of his Dublin ghetto -

perverted priests, brutal police and nationalism galore - Cahill began his life as a crook stealing pastries and cigarettes at a critical age. Ten. Moving on to higher stakes, Cahill eventually stages the most notorious heists - banks, jewellery manufacturers, art galleries. Cahill's relationship with the common people as heroic icon and with the authority as menace to society appeals to us all. We respect his misguided ideology and envy his cunning and wit. We cannot help but enjoy his presence on the screen, though he is often violent (one scene in particular will have you squirming and covering your eyes). It's the *Pulp Fiction* rationalisation all over again:

the bad guys aren't so ball all the time (except in *Redball*, it would seem; see review in this section - *Film Ed*).

Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of Cahill's life is his relationship with his wife, Frances and her sister, Tina (Maria Doyle Kennedy and Angeline Ball, both from *The Commitments*). He fathered children by both and lived in a harmonious threesome, always having a refuge from one or the other. In one scene in which the three are dining out, husband, wife and sister are so blissfully in love that you begin to feel that fact truly is greater than fiction.

The General reunites director John Boorman with actor John

Voight. The two last worked together in 1972 in the film *Deliverance*, (Boorman received two Academy Award nominations for the film). Voight plays Inspector Ned Kenny, Cahill's arch nemesis, with a perfect Irish accent. He's looking pretty rough these days, no Joe Buck of his Oscar Award winning *Midnight Cowboy*, but does a fine enough job in the role. The role that deserves the most praise is Gleeson's. He manages to fit humour and rage, tenderness and fear into an hour and a half joy ride. His performance is flawless, leaving us cheering for the bad guy once again.

Heather Johnson

aLMOST SEE THROUGH

Simply Irresistible
Now Showing
Hoyts and Selected Cinemas

Simply Irresistible includes food and recipes as an important part of its plot, but it seems that the movie itself has a distinct recipe of its own: take every romantic comedy cliché you can think of, add two extremely annoying, but pretty young opposites, get them

to fall in love, out of love, then in love again, mix them all together and market it as a charming and lively cinematic experience. Then BURN IT, because *Simply Irresistible*, the new romantic comedy by director Mark Tarlov sure ain't romantic, nor is it funny, it's just...blah. The plot is so thin it's almost see through. Amanda Shelton (*Buffy's* Sarah Michelle Gellar) is the owner/chef of a

small restaurant which she inherited from her mother. Tom Bartlett (Sean Patrick Flanery) is a swish executive at a famous New York department store. See, they are opposites - it would seem that they have nothing in common. One day, Tom finds himself eating in Amanda's restaurant and becomes mysteriously drawn to Amanda. We are led to believe that Amanda has cooked her feelings in the

food she has served him (she's a freak who fancies him). Romantic complications follow, strange and ridiculous things begin to happen to them, but it doesn't really matter because the audience is so caught up in wondering just what the hell this movie is trying to do, to even give two hoots what happens to them anyway.

Belinda S

nOT a WASTE OF TIME



Plunkett & Macleane
Now Showing
Hoyts and selected cinemas

Will Plunkett (Robert Carlyle) and James Macleane (Jonny Lee Miller) are highwaymen who meet while serving sentences at Newgate prison. An unlikely couple from different social classes, they enter a 'Gentleman's Agree-

ment'. With Plunkett's brains and Macleane's social connections, they begin to infiltrate wealthy members of society, robbing the rich...and that's it'.

Based on real life characters from the 18th Century, *Plunkett @ Macleane* starts off dark; as a matter of fact, it's pretty difficult to see anything on the screen at all. There is a scene where some guy gets his eye pushed back into the socket with some other guy's thumb, but most of it is dim, so you're spared any grotesqueness or a reason to say 'yuk, yuk, yuk'. The remaining hour and a half or so is lighter - in all ways.

Trainspotting stars Carlyle and Miller make a good team, not exactly a 'Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid for the 90's' as pro-

ducer Eric Fellner states, but both the actors have a certain charm and an ability to bounce off each other for comic effect. And they're both sexy.

Not so is Liv Tyler (*Stealing Beauty, Armageddon*) as the resident love interest Lady Rebecca Gibson. As an English Rose, her native American accent is only barely disguised by manufactured pear shaped tones and her damsel routine is tiresome. Also difficult to believe is the fact that she and Macleane fall in love so simply and so quickly. I guess we're supposed to sustain our disbelief, but sometimes it's just too hard.

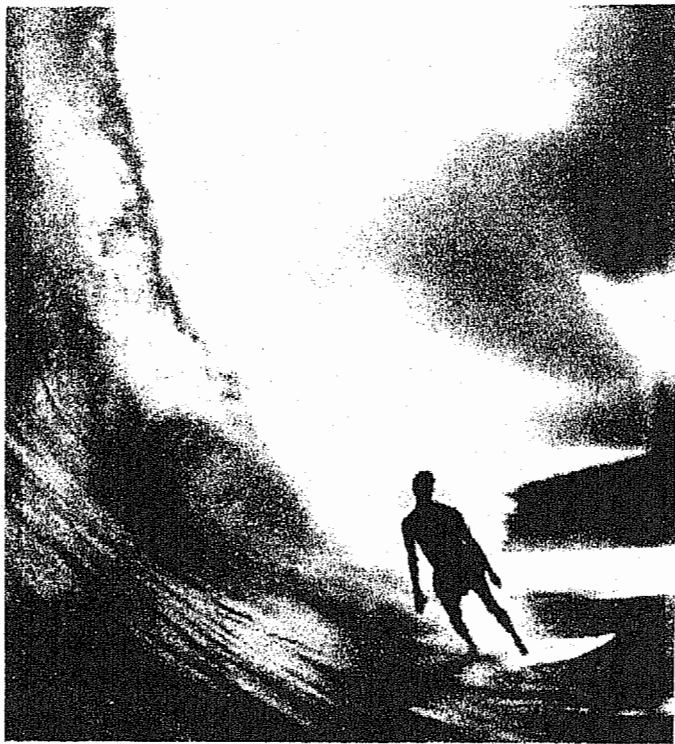
Directed by Jake Scott, who is responsible for REM's *Everybody Hurts* and Smashing Pumpkin's *Disarm*, *Plunkett @ Macleane*

will definitely find an audience. Overall, it's not a waste of time, nor your student dollar. Never mind the crappy Hollywood ending, which by the way, did not happen in the real life story of the James Maclaine (see, they even changed the spelling). Happy endings are what this industry thrives on, no matter how unbelievable, corny and ridiculous.

Belinda S

Thanks to Polygram Filmed Entertainment, we have 20 in season double passes to *Plunkett & Macleane*. Hands up. Come and get 'em or call 8 303 5404 if you can't get down to the office. We also have one CD soundtrack to give away. Be the first to come down, or call the same number, and tell us what character the lovely Jonny Lee Miller played in *Trainspotting*. So, so easy, we're kicking ourselves.

FISH OUT OF WATER



are calling the biggest and strongest waves ever ridden. "Freaks are people that aren't normal and I guess there aren't that many people that do this, so maybe I am a freak. But I'm quite sane if that's what you're getting at. I enjoy doing this and I'd probably do it

Belinda S caught up with Extreme Surfer Ross Clarke-Jones to talk about drowning, broken backs and Salvador Dali.

Ross Clarke-Jones laughs when I ask him if he considers himself to be a freak. After all, this is a guy who continuously ventures into the unknown, to surf what some

anyway, whether I was paid or not."

Clarke-Jones is currently featuring in IMAX's big hit *Extreme*, which combines incredible sports action with narration from athletes from such adventure sports as wind surfing, ice and rock climbing, skiing, snowboarding and of course, surfing - dangerous, fast,

huge, unbelievable surfing of waves that are so huge that the surfers have to be towed out by jet skis. "We hit the wave at about 60km an hour and then get slung into it. It's the only way to surf really; you can't physically paddle into them".

So what's the worst thing that's happened to you? I ask. "I've broken my back while surfing a wave over a coral reef. I was knocked out and slammed on my buttocks. It compressed my spine and knocked me stupid." But, yes he came back to surf waves in conditions that are considered too dangerous for such competitions as the Eddie Aikau Big Wave Surfing Challenge to go ahead. "I was out of the water for four months and did a lot of out of water training and came back stronger than when I left".

Clarke-Jones is clearly tired of the rigmarole of speaking to the press, which he tells me he's been doing for ages. By the way he draws on the table and avoids any eye contact, something tells me that he would rather be on a beach

somewhere, far, far away - facing near death in front of El Nino strength waves or dabbling in his favourite hobby - art. He cites Salvador Dali as a major influence.

"I paint and sculpt when I can. I like creating things out of nothing and it's a relief to get out of the waves".

Clearly, he's a multi-dimensional freakish professional big wave board rider willing to talk about art technique and Spanish art museums that he recently visited, but I want to hear more tales of near death and broken bones.

The closest he's come to drowning was when he was dumped for 60 seconds.

"Try holding your breath and rolling around underwater for 60 seconds when you're being smacked around".

No thanks. I'll leave that to the guys who do it because they can.

Extreme is currently showing at IMAX.

YET ANOTHER ROM COM



Forces Of Nature
Now Showing
Greater Union and Selected
Cineams

Yet another RomCom hits our screens and we, the audience, set ourselves for a classy hit, or a sloppy miss. Thankfully, *Forces Of Nature* delivers everything that the addictive trailer and the A-list

cast promise.

Ben (Ben Affleck) is on a plane from New York to Savannah to marry Bridget (Maura Tierney). Sitting next to him is Sarah (Sandra Bullock), eccentric, feisty - the opposite of the conservative Ben. The plane crashes on take off, and unwilling to fly, they join forces, using any means they can to make it down south. Pretty

soon, they get to know each other, (how funny it is that you always get to know someone when you feel that there is no chance you'll ever see them again) and both are forced to challenge their ideas on marriage and true love.

Ben Affleck was cast in this movie before the whole *Good Will Hunting* phenomenon and he's got a relatively charming leading man quality about him and Bullock is back to her vivacious *While You Were Sleeping* form, after a series of disastrous flops like *Hope Floats* (no, it doesn't) and *Speed 2*.

The interesting point about this movie is that Ben's fiance Bridget is really, really nice. When a lot of people would have been tempted to make her a bitch to add more comic value, writer Marc Lawrence (staff writer from *Family Ties*) says so much more about the institution of marriage by showing us a couple that is seem-

ingly made for each other. If *they* have doubts, what's in store for the rest of us?

Sometimes, *Forces Of Nature* looks like a slick video clip which may annoy some people who do not want to go to the cinema to watch *Rage*. Director Bronwen Hughes and cinematographer Elliot Davis do very cool things with surreal shots of rain, wind and a poor little bird that flies into the plane's engine (no animals were hurt during the making of this film). Perhaps her experience directing videos for such artists as Amy Grant, Aaron Neville and Heart has helped.

All in all, it's a pleasant way to waste a couple of hours. The soundtrack includes the *Propellerheads*, *Faithless* and *Touch and Go*, Ben's going to be much bigger than Matt, and Sandy's finally back on track.

Belinda S

RAW DEMONIC POWER

American History X
Now Showing
Academy Cinema City and
Selected Cinemas

There is a scene in *American History X* that is shown in flashback, filmed in black and white, involving Edward Norton, a gun, a face, a footpath and a kick to the head. It's one of the only times that I have covered my face with my hands and looked through my fingers at the aftermath. It's grave and lets us acknowledge that this

film was never going to be an easy ride. *American History X* unfolds through the eyes of Danny Vinyard (a surprisingly good Edward Furlong - *Terminator 2*) whose brother Derek is being let out of prison for a race related murder on the day the film is set. After handing in a book report on *Mein Kampf*, Danny is asked to write a new paper on the circumstances that lead to Derek's prison term. We are then taken back to the days of a younger Derek (Norton - *Primal Fear*), the char-

ismatic skinheaded leader of a local white power movement, who finds himself driven by hate, seeking retribution for his father's murder. I'm troubled to find a better young actor than Edward Norton. As Derek, we dislike him immensely, yet somehow understand and sympathise with him at the film's climax. As a man whose anger has masked and exceeded his vast intelligence, Norton controls every scene with, at first raw demonic power, then sensitive care. His Oscar nomination ear-

lier this year was apt. Directed by feature film first-timer Tony Kaye and written by David McKenna, *American History X* is a brilliant character study with powerful dialogue and scenes to compliment and contrast the aforementioned brutality. It's not only about what racism can do to a society, but what it can do to one man and his family. It's not a film to love, but it will certainly be remembered.

Belinda S

h2 WOE



A Civil Action
Now Showing
Greater Union Cinemas

Courtroom dramas have to be good if they are to survive on the big screen thanks to the weekly outpouring of law on our TV screens, and *A Civil Action* skill-

fully shows us one way of how it can be done. Based on the true to life book by Jonathan Harr, *A Civil Action* chronicles the legal crusade that Jan Schlichtmann (John Travolta) heads on behalf of the eight families that lost

their children to Leukemia thanks to two of the United States' largest corporations which were responsible for contaminating the town's drinking water.

Directed and written by Oscar winning Steven Zaillian, who adapted *Schindler's List* for the screen, *A Civil Action* is a court-

room drama of many dimensions and intelligent, fast paced action than never nears the traps of TV movie of the week melodrama. John Travolta is in fine form as a man who sacrifices everything - his Porsche, his Armani, his listing on Boston's ten most eligible list - for the sake of winning the case. He makes mistakes, he lets down his partners, but his weaknesses are what are so fascinating and human, so we never lose sight of the justice he needs to gain for the families.

Even better is Robert Duvall, who received an Academy Award nomination earlier this year for the role of Schlichtmann's unpredictable adversary, trial litigator Jerome Facher. His restraint is

astonishing. He says more in one look than most actors can say in half a page of dialogue. Rounding off the cast are John Lithgow as the Judge, Kathleen Quinlan as one of the parents and William H. Macy as the accountant at Schlichtmann's firm.

Although the similarity to Atom Egoyan's masterpiece *The Sweet Hereafter*, which told the story of a lawyer going after the people responsible for a bus crash that killed dozens of children, makes *A Civil Action* look slightly shallow and thin, it is far superior to all the John Grisham adaptations and is well worth the price of a ticket.

Belinda S

BOTTOMS aHOY

The Corruptor
Now Showing
Academy Cinema City

Nobody can say I didn't try. I even bought some Coke and sat there slurping all the way through the previews, feet up, determined to have a good time. I almost bought some popcorn but I thought that might have been just a bit too contrived. Opening scene: a shop explodes in slow motion, several times. A bleeding man staggers out onto the pavement and collapses. Several Very Cool Dudes

walk over and waste that motherfucka. So far we're 14.3 seconds into the film. I think you begin to get the picture. Am I supposed to take this film seriously? Okay, stupid question, but can I at least get some enjoyment out of this spectacle of inanity? Perhaps I've answered my own question there, too. You may be detecting a certain prejudice coming through here. I did try, honest... Okay. New York city, 15th Precinct, Chinatown. Rookie Anglo cop (Mark Wahlberg) transfers into an otherwise exclusively Chi-

nese unit. He's taken under the wing of a much decorated veteran of the streets (Chow Yun-Fat). Buddy movie. These men may be hard, but you can't help but be moved at their tender compassion for one another. Oops, sorry. I was taking this seriously. There's gang warfare, there's police corruption (now where *did* they get that title from?), there're cool dudes looking mighty sexy as they stroke their weapons, there's a long car chase (novel, that one), and there's more collateral damage than you can poke a euphemism at. And

boys' and girls' bottoms. And drugs. Director James Foley has given us the lot.

Look, don't take my insanely biased word for it. If this type of movie does it for you, then maybe you should check it out. I was hoping for a least a bit of the Schwarzenegger style humour so dumb that it's funny, but there's none of that, and I just can't see this movie as anything other than completely pointless and stupid. Sorry.

Tim Sinclair

Transcendental Driving

"A bunch of flowers shining with their own inner light and all but quivering under the pressure of the significance with which they were charged".

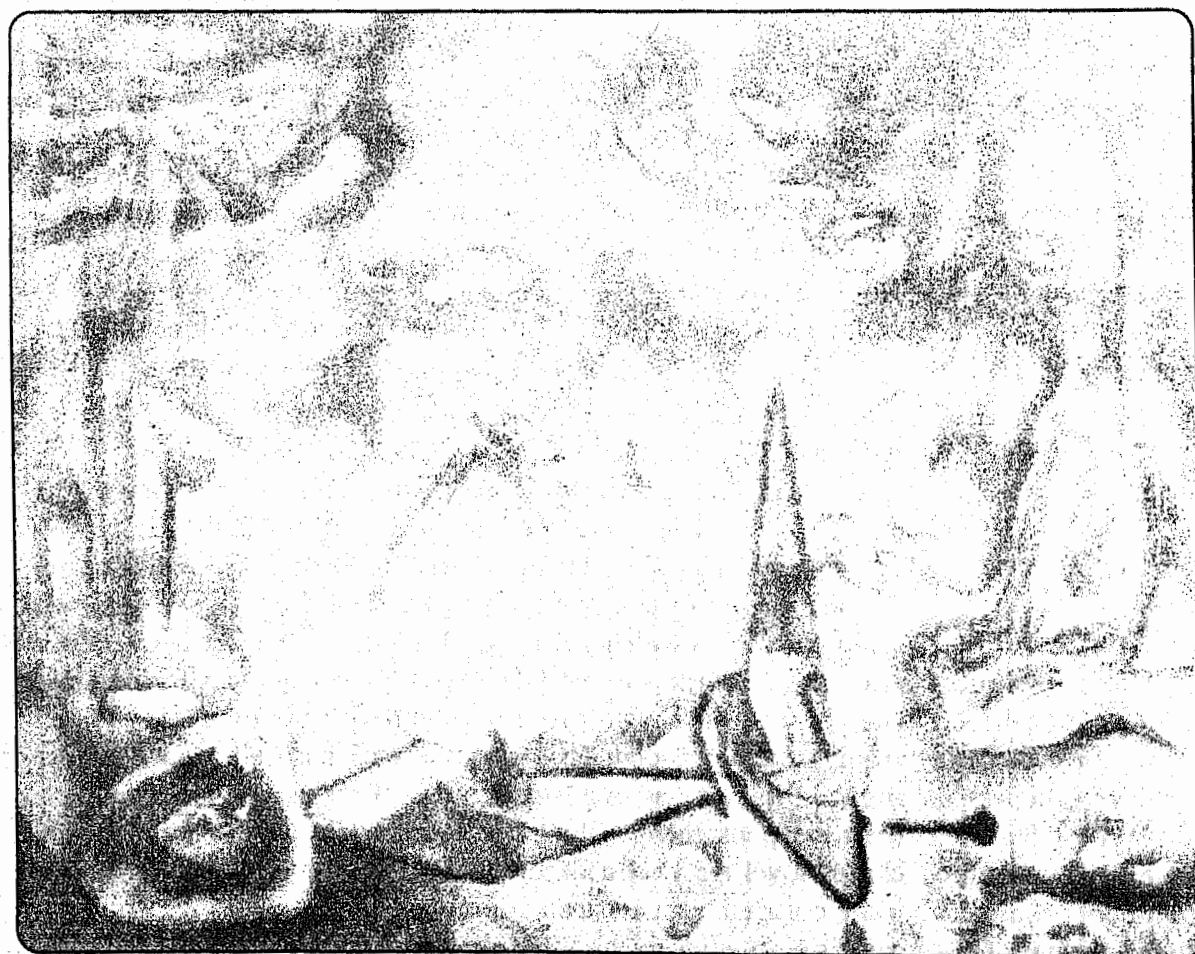
"I was seeing what Adam had seen on the morning of his creation - the miracle, moment by moment, of naked existence".
- Aldous Huxley (On Mescaline) - *The Doors of Perception*.

PART I: THE DRIVE

Allow me to relate an experience I had a number of years ago. I was at my friend's house about to go out and see a band at Cartoons when we partook of a cone of skunk. I coughed that terrible choking cough which signals that it's going to be full-on. It hit me instantly. Not being in a particularly good state, my condition I quickly deteriorated as my friends convinced me to drive into the city. I began to experience a really intense feeling of the unnaturalness of zooming along in a metal box. You know that feeling of driving along when all of a sudden you realise that any false move of the steering wheel could send you hurtling into the metal encapsulated conscious beings flying along at the opposite side of the highway? What's stopping me you ask? Times that by one hundred.

Not surprisingly my heart accelerated to break-neck speed. Also not surprisingly every beat further saturated by body with THC. All feeling in my body melted away as I merged with the seat and steering wheel. I clenched the wheel vigorously but I could no longer feel my arms; they had become rigid shafts extending from the periphery of my visual field. No longer aware of my body, merging

with my visual experience such that there was no a separation between subject and object, self and reality - I was the world, and it me. I was later to learn that this somewhat approximates nirvana. Nirvana should be experienced in the lotus position not, my friends, in the driver seat of a moving combustion-propelled vehicle. The scene in front of me of buildings, cars and lights zooming past had become two dimensional. The wind-screen had become a computer screen depicting a pickselised driving simulator. I realised that I was no longer aware of actually driving - accelerator, clutch, brake, gears, steering wheel - they all operated themselves. I was trapped in the scene before me and it was up to my unconscious to drive the car for me. I wasn't driving a car, I was manipulating the picture on my windscreen; unfortunately my arms and the steering wheel had become just as alien, they had also become a film played before my eyes. I told my friend that I was in a bad way. To my surprise he hadn't noticed and thought I was driving fine. He was off in his own world. My thoughts had begun to overpower the scene before me, and I started to zone in and out, each time forgetting that I was actually driving. Somehow I was able to still slow down and stop at



the red lights, though I couldn't feel my legs working the brake. Also I no longer knew where I was - each turn-off looked exactly the same as if the scene was being replayed over and over on a continuous loop. I decided that it was time to turn and not surprisingly I got the wrong turn off. oh well close enough. I parked the car and we got out. We were alive. We proceeded to Cartoons.

PART II: THE ETERNAL GAME

"When you look into the abyss it looks back into you." - Nietzsche.

We sat down. As I looked around I became extremely self-conscious. This was me sitting here. I also became extremely aware of others around me. Here were all these people, including me, living out their lives. I realised that we are all thrust unwillingly into conscious existence. We then play out our lives completely unaware of any purpose to it whatsoever. A scraggy guy came up to us and started talking. The air was thick with superstition and contempt. Why was he talking to us? What did he want? He was apparently raving on mindlessly about alcohol and bands. It became supremely clear to me that this was his life. He seriously found what he said important.

Apparently some people devote the entirety of their mental abilities for their entire lives to entertaining garbage thoughts, never deviating from the mediocre to ponder the wonderful. Most people are not aware of the ever present miracle of their very existence.

I began to trip out on a theory that had been presented on channel two that morning. The Solar Nebula Theory. This goes something like this: stars go through different stages. During one stage parts of the sun expand from it and form belts of material. Thus planets form. The chemical composition of these planets will depend upon its distance from the sun. The earth is far enough away that rock solidifies and close enough that water doesn't. In these conditions there are enough random events to form order, but not so much that any order formed breaks down. Due to the laws of randomness (order comes from chaos) random moving particles become more and more complex. The most complex particles that form require energy to maintain their order. The most efficient at gathering energy and replicating themselves are the most likely to persist. This system of competition, improvement, and evolution continues as long as the star remains stable in its reactions. We are part of this system. We are chemical events that persist because we gather energy (food) just as the sun contin-

and the Hierarchy Game

ues as long as its fuel source persists. In other words, we are extensions of the sun. Life evolves from star dust just as naturally and lawfully as the planets. We exist because the sun formed our composite chemical materials, and because it showers the earth in a continuous bath of energy. We are not separate from the sun, but parts in its system. We are chemical stages in the life cycle of a star. Humanity is not in control of its destiny. Why? Because we live by the cogs of evolution - THE EMOTIONS - which drive us to adhere to the system. I began to experience an intense feeling that life is just a game. The goal is to gain as much power as you can and thus move up the hierarchy. Those who refuse to play the game are destroyed by it. I realised that we were prejudiced against the person that spoke to us because he was losing the game. We as members of a higher level in the hierarchy didn't want to associate with him. I mean, why are we really at uni? - basically to gain power. To gain social prestige and thus advance ourselves in the social hierarchy. It's all part of the game. The equipment used may change, it may be sticks and brute force that gives you power, or it may be computers, knowledge, and information - it's still the same game.

The future is out of our control because we have, and always will, follow the rules of the game. It's the curse of narcissism. We've fine-tuned this game to the nth degree. It's institutionalised greed, competition, and exploitation. THIS, my friends, IS CAPITALISM (these words should be read in a tone of nauseating abhorrence with underlying disbelief (though when you're tripping out it may feel like meta-physical shock as if your actual soul was crying)). The game proceeds and will always proceed as so: by accident an invention is created that allows a more efficient utilisation of energy and resources. This advances that person in the hierarchy and allows exploitation of those below them. Every invention was first restricted to a select few. Those in the lower levels strived to gain that invention by the eternal rule that one must always rise in the hierarchy. Thus the invention gradually spread. Once a few people had guns everyone else strove to possess them so as to be on equal terms on the power scale and protect their resources. When one person had a telephone then everyone needed one. When one country had an atom bomb, then every country needed one. The game rolls on continuously in this fashion like a freight train out of control. No one

controls what is invented. No one controls how it is used. No one rules countries. It's all determined by the rules of the game. Its like an eternal system of reincarnation, but where there is no karma and nothing ever improves and no one ever learns - our generation will make the same mistakes as the last, and the

less shuffling of roles. It is easy for these young people to be anything since they are so plainly nothing, and know it." Gore Vidal (1969), "Myra Breckinridge".

Much Love, Ben.

Opinions of a Bedraggled mind:

FIRE! = Man's oldest foe. Apart from big, nasty beasties, such as the revered Gila monster of southwestern America's less pleasant desert regions. Oh, and other men, who often feel the need to beat the crap out of you, not only because you taste good, like our friend the gila monster, but because of what you think. Thus enters the evil and good of "Opinion".

"Opinion" is a great topic for a philosophy column, as it can be gone into as much, or as little detail as the rather casual author might decide to indulge in. It also has that air that philosophy students and rabbis find so enticing in the air of insolvability or proveability. The lack of any firm truth. Indeed, one can only have opinions as to what "Opinion" is, does and causes. The science student in me is repugnant at such a theme. It screams for the death of the greylands, and a return to the black and white scientific method, but there are many people who would pay good money to watch my sciency side popped in a sack and beaten harshly with sticks of birch and so I think we can convince it to remain quiet for a while. I will try and be concise, but in this regard there is little chance of success.

next generation will make the same mistakes as us. It all comes down to the blissful ignorance in which most of us live. We don't notice we're trapped in the game. Some even call it progress. I call it a nightmare. And yet here I am playing the game like every one else, maintaining its rules by my actions - forever controlled by the cogs of evolution.

Joseph Rameirez.

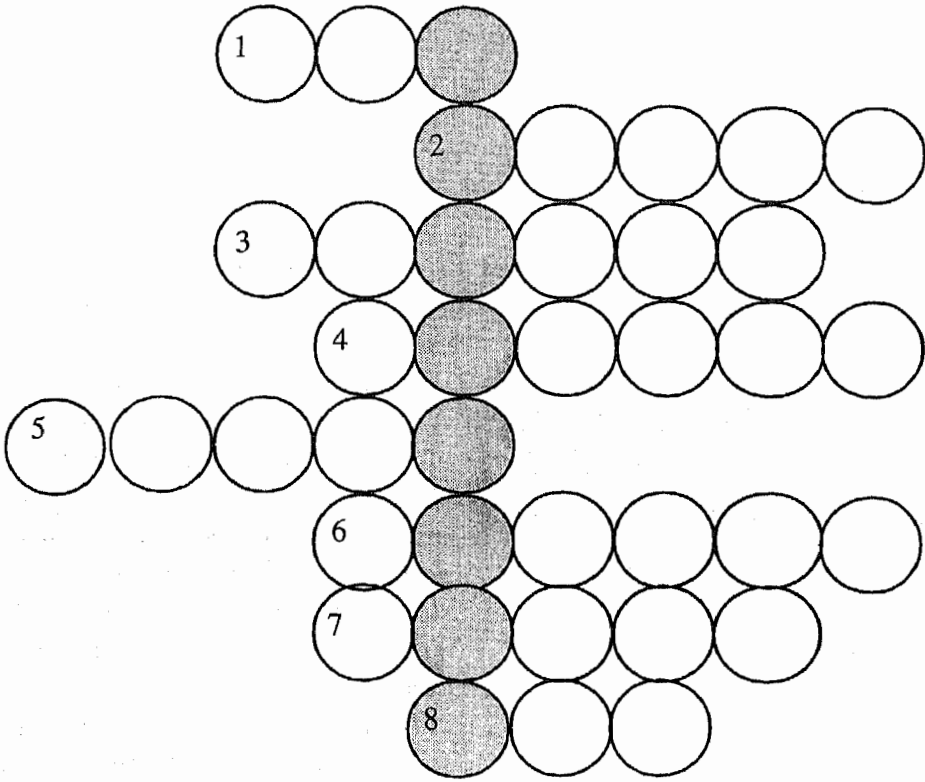
Dear Classic Quotes Society, I don't know if you remember me, I gibbered at you about Gore Vidal and directionless youth during O-week. This is it, minus the drunken ramble:

"These young people know instinctively that there are plenty more where they come from and so why fuss? They'll soon be gone, their places taken by others so closely resembling them that only a mother's eye could tell the difference, which explains their fitful mind-

By what and for what purpose is "Opinion" formulated? Were I to stray from my very limited objectives, I could easily warp such a question into a political one, thus opening the way for rampant raving on the subject of why some people ("stupid" people as I like to call them) think differently to me. That would require objective analysis, and I feel not prepared to offer such. Both You and I get more than enough of that in our respective lines of study. For my friends in Psychology of Consciousness III, I give a big hurrah for the subjective method. But a far more philosophical and tangled question relating to opinion assails my being, on what basis (in a loose sense, so bite my head off not) are these opinions formed, read with opinionation? Which I'll go into next week, cos I'm down with the flu. I also have a plethora of Botany II assignments to complete and feel kind of like dying. Sing ho, Examward !! Examward Ho!!

Ben Tucker.

THE FRIENDLY SAUA PUZZLE PAGE



SAUA BUBBLE WORDS!

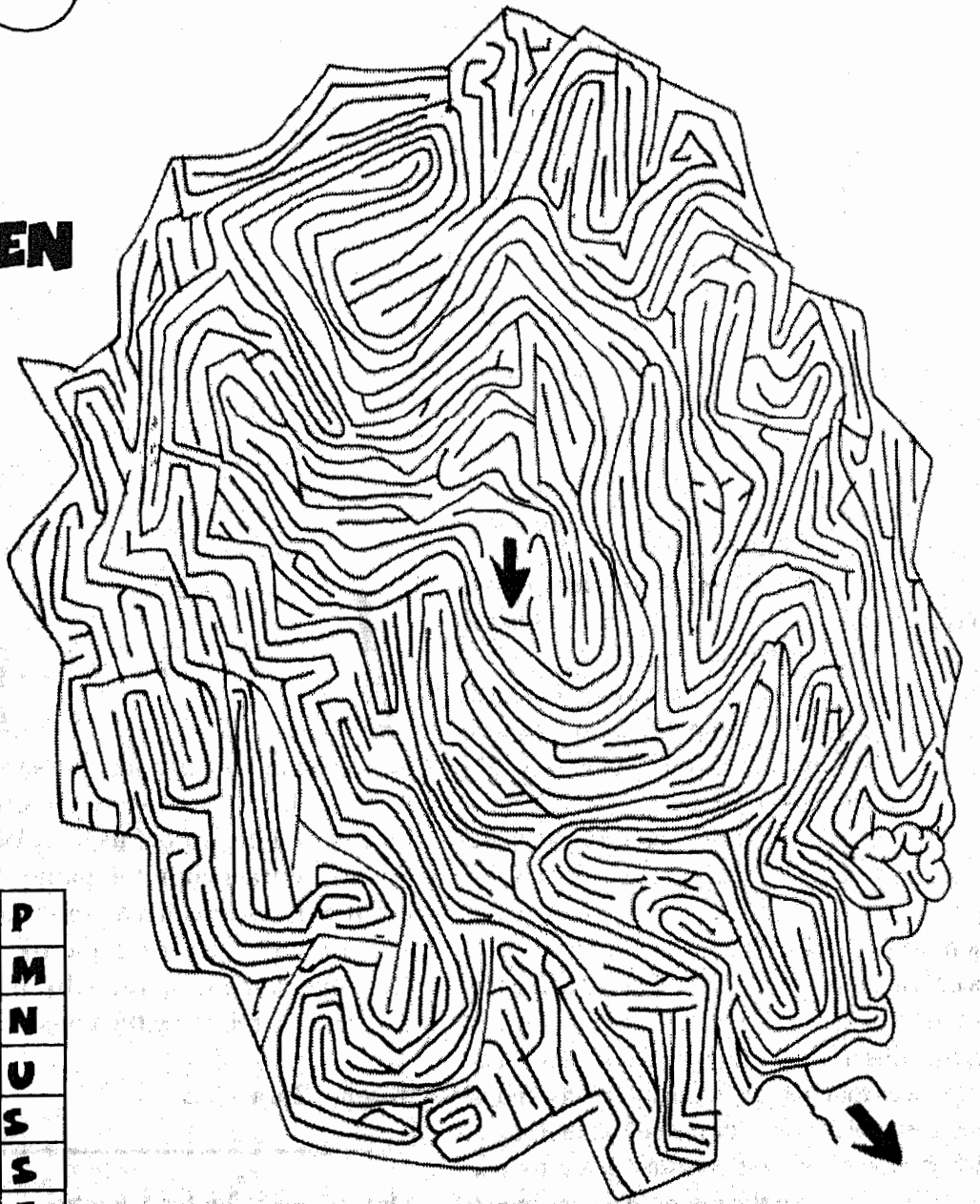
Fill out the answers and the shaded circles will spell out the name of *On Dit's* favourite fizzing thing!

1. The receptionist in the SAUA
2. Elysia Turcinovic is the President of the _____
3. Our male Sex-o's name is _____
4. The incomparable orientation publication
5. The first week of semester 2 is _____
6. Eileen Fisher is our _____ Officer
7. _____ is our SAUA Prez
8. Janak Mayer is our _____

FIND THE LUCKY THIRTEEN SAUA WORDS!

1. ACCOUNTABLE
2. EQUITY
3. ACCESS
4. VICE
5. UNION
6. NUS
7. IN CAMERA
8. SAUSAGE
9. VOID
10. CONFERENCE
11. HARRADINE
12. PRESIDENT
13. QUORATE

B	I	N	T	C	H	E	L	M	E	T	Y	P
X	N	I	C	H	I	C	K	E	N	B	U	M
A	C	C	O	U	N	T	A	B	L	E	G	N
B	A	E	N	N	I	C	E	L	K	Q	O	U
B	M	T	F	D	L	E	G	A	S	U	A	S
A	E	E	E	E	V	B	O	G	P	I	T	S
R	R	E	R	R	I	O	I	S	O	T	K	F
T	A	T	E	P	C	T	T	L	T	Y	A	E
T	H	H	N	A	E	T	E	S	Q	E	S	S
P	A	Y	C	N	J	Y	R	I	U	S	S	R
N	N	C	E	T	V	T	S	V	O	I	D	O
O	K	F	C	E	N	I	D	A	R	R	A	H
I	Y	S	T	E	L	L	A	L	A	R	B	C
N	R	K	A	S	S	T	R	Z	T	O	L	T
U	B	I	P	R	E	S	I	D	E	N	T	E



A FIRST YEAR ARTS STUDENT IS LOST IN THE BARR SMITH. CAN YOU HELP THEM TO THE DAYLIGHT, INDIANA JONES STYLE?

HORRORSCOPES

FOR THE WEEK MAY 24 - MAY 30

This week, in the inexplicable absence of Ectoplasmic Elanor, Nostrildamus and anyone else willing to put their name to the horrorscopes, *On Dit*, ever on the cutting edge of all things technological, brings you something new. Following extensive negotiations with the technoboffins in Silicon Valley, we proudly present the work of the *On Dit99 Horrorscopatron* (patent pending). Utilising the latest in astronomical and gastronomical know-how, coupled with a random verbiage generator boasting a vocabulary in excess of that of the average university undergraduate, the Horrorscopatron is the latest of the latest, the only way to know what in Cod's name is going to happen to you this week.

- | | | | |
|---|--|--|---|
| <p>ARIES</p> <p>This week will see varied and exciting events in your life, mate.</p> | <p>VIRGO</p> <p>See varied and exciting events in your life, mate this week will.</p> | <p>SCORPIO</p> <p>Exciting events in your life, mate this week will see varied and.</p> | <p>MONARO GTI</p> <p>Your life, mate this week will see varied and exciting events in.</p> |
| <p>BUFFY</p> <p>Week will see varied and exciting events in your life, mate this.</p> | <p>MINOGUE</p> <p>Varied and exciting events in your life, mate this week will see.</p> | <p>TROJAN</p> <p>Events in your life, mate this week will see varied and exciting.</p> | <p>LIBRA</p> <p>Life, mate this week will see varied and exciting events in your.</p> |
| <p>LEONARDO</p> <p>Will see varied and exciting events in your life, mate this week.</p> | <p>SAGITTARIUS</p> <p>And exciting events in your life, mate this week will see varied.</p> | <p>TAURUS</p> <p>In your life, mate this week will see varied and exciting events.</p> | <p>CANCER</p> <p>Mate, this week will see varied and exciting events in your life.</p> |

Wild spaces
environmental film festival



On Dit has three (3) double passes to the opening night of Wild Spaces on Friday May 28th @ 7pm. I can't believe it!

Give us a call on 8303 5404 or drop down to the office and tell us what country David Suzuki comes from and we'll hand them over real quick.

Tickets: Season \$50 / \$30 (conc) for all 6 sessions
\$20 / \$10 for the Double (two people or two sessions)
or \$12 / \$7 per single session
bookings ph 8232 4866



Jolly Time Treat

Carrying Light

by Verity Laughton

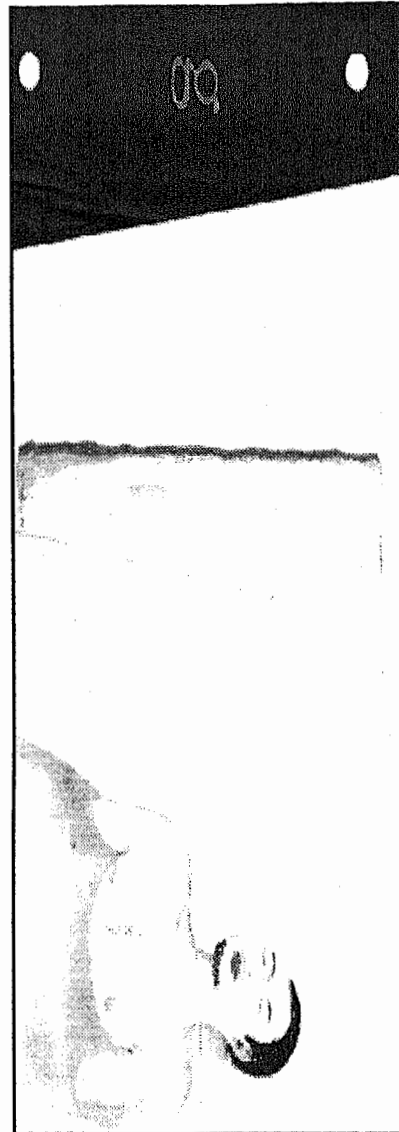
Directed by Rosalba Clemente
Space Theatre

Such a treat, such a wonderful, unexpected, about-jolly-time treat. A show at the State Theatre that one can walk away from and feel proud of. Doubly so as the play was written by local playwright Verity Laughton, directed by local director Rosalba Clemente and a joint production with local company Vitalstatistix (six of the seven actors trained and/or live here in South Australia too!) It is a play about a small out-back South Australian town and a cult that exists near it. The play looks at themes of power - patriarchal power. In particular that of 'fathers' in all their manifestations: Earthly fathers, God the Father, father figures and society

as our father. Not unexpectedly, being a joint production with Vitalstatistix, the play is strongly feminist - the characters think, they each take the space, they are in turns right/good and wrong/evil - it makes such a nice change from the two-dimensional characters that inhabit so much of what we have been given recently at State. The set, designed by Kathryn Sproul, gives you the feeling of small town claustrophobia - high mesh fences, old newspapers, dirt and sunflowers struggling upwards. It easily adapts to all the places that the play visits - it does not intrude but adds to the whole. Maybe that is the secret of why this production appeals - everything adds to the whole. The direction of Clemente does not indulge in natty-little-clever-bits to show that it has been directed by Rosalba, it relies and succeeds on

a rather old fashioned value - being excellent! The acting is the same - the cast of seven actors have meshed - they work as a team. The result is that subtle hidden quality - the characters have a past, they relate to one another, friends are obviously friends, the newly met have a relationship that grows by the end of the play... now what is that word for it... oh yes that's right... silly me... I have seen it so rarely at State... it is called 'good acting!' You come away from the show considering your own complicity and thinking about how easy it is to doubt and hate the different and how easy it is to look to something or someone else for the answers - rather than looking to yourself. It is not a comfortable play - what a wonderful, wonderful treat.

Justene Knight



Really Nice Stuff



Japan: Three Worlds
Art Gallery of South Australia
on show until July 11
Curator, Dick Richards

Are you tired of exhibitions which demand too much of the viewer? Is searching for the meaning of life amid a sea of canvases not

really your scene? Well, if so, head on down to the Art Gallery of South Australia because you're in for a pleasant surprise. "Japan: Three Worlds" offers very little challenge to the visitor. There's nothing rude, nothing naughty, and nothing calculated to shock public perceptions of art. How-

ever, there's a lot of really nice stuff there just waiting to be looked at.

Here is the chance to see for yourself the artistry that inspired such famous artists as Vincent Van Gogh and Claude Monet, as well as the marketers of those ethnic throw rugs on display in the groovy homewares store of your choice. Freedom Furniture calls it 'East meets West' and pop Japanese motifs onto brown nylon chenille cushion covers, and the fashion pack say it's very "Akira Isogawa" as they stick more chopsticks into their hair. It's all very pretty (and a welcome change from tortoiseshell plastic butterfly clips), but why settle for a bowl full of pebbles from Sportsgirl when you can see a collection of real Japanese art encompassing nearly 1000 years?

The exhibition is arranged to emphasise three major aspects of traditional Japanese society: the 'Samurai' and the 'classical' and 'floating' worlds, brimming with delights for those of us revelling in the current revival of the 'oriental look', as well as those with an interest in Japanese history.

The 'Classical World' represents the religious and spiritual aspects of Japanese culture. Buddhist and Shinto statuary are followed by gilded screens depicting the legends and romances of long ago. Next comes the 'Floating World,' a translation of the Japanese word "ukiyo-e," a term used to describe woodblock prints. The peace and prosperity enjoyed in Japan in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries lead to the development of indulgent and leisurely habits among the upper classes, and subsequently an art form to reflect them. Over a hundred wonderful examples are on display along with countless other goodies.

Last but not least comes the world of the elegantly brutal Samurai. An extensive collection of sword guards demonstrates that even instruments of destruction can express poignant beauty. "Japan: Three Worlds" is an exhibition with many things to offer many people. Many lovely things. With lovely merchandise and lovely catalogues. It's just lovely really. Cheers, thanks a lot.

Tristan Seebom

ARTS ON

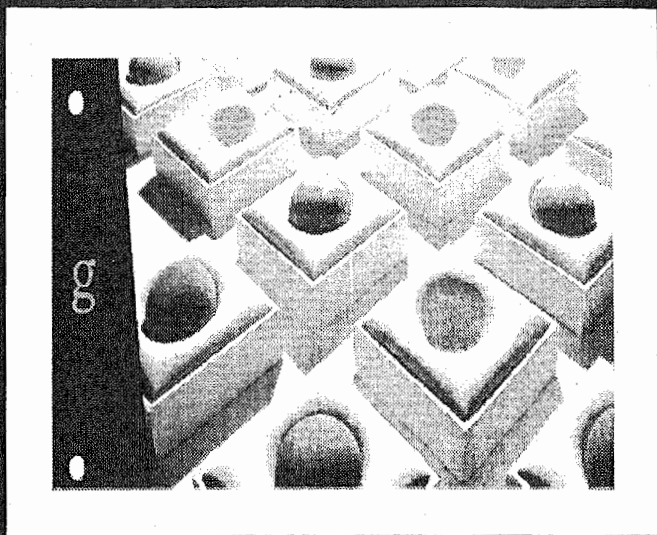
Carclew Youth Arts Centre is offering free use of its stable loft as a studio or office space for 12 months. Young artists or groups in youth arts are invited to apply. Contact Dave Brown on 8267 5111.

The State Government is offering 4 arts scholarships for 2000 to people under 26. The "Ruth Tuck" (\$11,250) is for visual arts training and development. The "Dame Ruby Litchfield" (\$11,250) is for performing arts and music. The "Independent Arts Foundation Scholarship" and the "Colin Thiele Literature Scholarship" (both worth \$6,000) are for training, development, research and travel. (Purr, purr). Applications close July 30. Contact Carclew on 8267 5111.

Nexus World Dance Cabaret and Elizabeth Sykora are running a Modern Dance workshop on May 30 (1 - 3.30pm) at the Nexus Cabaret in the Lion Arts Centre. Bookings on 8212 4276 or at B# Records.

The CPA and director Sarah Carradine are staging Thomas Kyd's classic Elizabethan revenge tragedy *The Spanish Tragedy* at the Price Theatre (29 - 31 May; 1 - 4 June) at 8pm. Carradine sees the Elizabethan revenge tragedy as having lots in common with today's action films: death, lust, love, jealousy and definitely no happy endings - everyone dies. Gallows humour was as popular then as it is now. Carradine has been an actor and director for 20 years since running away to join the theatre when 17 and has worked in New York, Oregon and London as well as directing "Romeo and Juliette" for Opera Australia. It should be interesting for the CPA students to get to work with such a professional, and it should be interesting to see. Bookings on 8231 5416.

Greenaway Galleries have opened three more artists, Noel McKenna, Tony Waite and Ondrej Mares, who will be showing until the 20th of June. The gallery is only in Kent Town, so walk over there you lazy shits and have a look.



Mad Cows

"Silly Cow"

Burnside Players

James Irwin Hall, Julia Farr Centre, Fullarton
Season Closed

God, I wish I'd written some of these lines! This play, written by Ben Elton, is full of irreverent phrases and manages to take a not so subtle swipe at the level of professionalism of journalists and their editors. The action unfolds as two days in the life of Doris Wallis, self confessed 'Eurobitch' and gutter journalist. Doris is being dragged into court to defend libel charges from an actor whose career has been ruined by Doris' poison pen.

Catherine Linnett's Doris is reminiscent of the masterful Dawn French in *The Vicar of Dibley*. She uses her voice and body to create a larger than life character who is obsessively self interested. Why else would this 'Glam Dyke' suffer the inane toyboy, Eduardo, if not to perpetuate her glitzy hetero image? Incidentally, Eduardo's ability to loudly chew gum incessantly is quite extraordinary.

Fans of Tom Stoppard's *The Real Inspector Hound* will admire the way in which Elton manages to keep events unfolding without the danger of things getting predictable. The very sleazy Sid, (competently played by Glenn Vallen) and Douglas, the arch-conservative accountant, along with dull-as-dish-water Peggy, finally reveal themselves to be actors, all with a score to settle against Doris. The performance climaxes when all disguises are revealed, surprising and hilarious as the dead Doug comes alive from behind the sofa.

The performance deserved a better environment. The James Irwin Hall, while not uncomfortable, doesn't adequately lend itself to the theatrical environment. I felt like I was in someone's lounge room, which really gave "Silly Cow" an amateurish feel. Despite this, all cast members apart from Rose Vallen as Peggy, gave strong performances and the script contains some truly funny moments.

The content of the play hits the spot with its critical portrayal of the media and journalistic standards. Not surprisingly, Doris the silly cow and devotee of the 'greed is good' approach to life gets her just deserts. That old sacred cow, the press, won't go near her now as all her secrets are out. Catherine Linnett shines and her 'jolly jugs' are definitely worth a look.

Toni Matulick

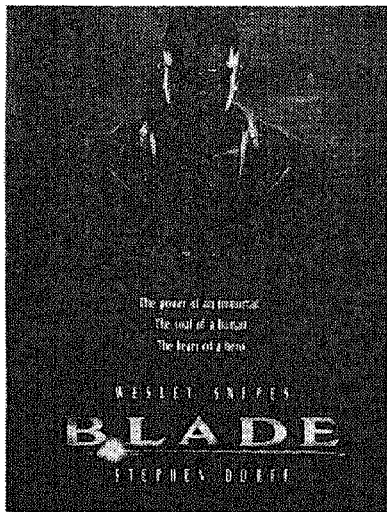
Quit on World No Tobacco Day

Quitline
131 848
www.quitnow.info.au

May 31



Campy Vamp



Blade (1998)

Director: Stephen Norrington
Roadshow
Wesley Snipes, Stephen Dorff

Blade, starring Wesley Snipes (*Money Train*, *Passenger 57*) and Stephen Dorff (*The Gate!*, *SFW*), is another comic book to movie conversion, high on special effects and low on everything else. The film centres around Blade (Snipes), a half-human, half-vampire vigilante, who kills vampires to revenge the death of his mother (or something). The vampires (headed by Dorff) control much of the world and are attempting to take control of the human race via a genocidal prophecy known as "The Blood Tide".

The film is visually stunning, with fast and well choreographed fight

scenes, and the vampires disintegrate in a most eye-catching style. The action moves along quickly, with time speeding up and slowing down on occasion to accommodate it. The whole setting is dark yet modern, accompanied by a soundtrack heavy on the bass that adds well to the atmosphere. Unfortunately, the dialogue is terrible (is it that hard to say more than one sentence?), the acting hammy (look out for Traci Lords & Kris Kristofferson) and the plot disjointed. Secondly, and far more importantly for any respectable vampire film, the movie attempts to modernise the whole vampire

genre, dispensing with the mystery and romance that made films such as *Interview With The Vampire* so watchable. Instead, the film spits out a lot of pseudo scientific mumbo-jumbo (vampires have bi-convex blood cells that can't maintain haemoglobin very well, apparently). And isn't it werewolves that don't like silver bullets?

Overall, *Blade* is still watchable, especially for fans of Hollywood dribble, but is far more enjoyable after a night at the pub.

Stuart Gunn

Les Bonza



Les Misérables (1998)

Director: Billie August
Village Roadshow
Liam Neeson, Geoffrey Rush,
Uma Thurman, Claire Danes

Victor Hugo's classic tale of hon-

our, justice and love has been recounted many times, in many films, and in many stage adaptations. For those unfamiliar with the story, *Les Misérables* tells the story of Jean Valjean (Liam Neeson), a petty thief who becomes an honest, honourable man, and Javert (Geoffrey Rush), a representative of the law, who obsessively chases Valjean over several decades, determined to bring him to justice despite the good man he has become. Inter-

mingled in the plot is Valjean's love for an orphaned child, Cosette (Claire Danes), and her love for a young revolutionary. As the story progresses to a climax, France falls into a doomed revolution.

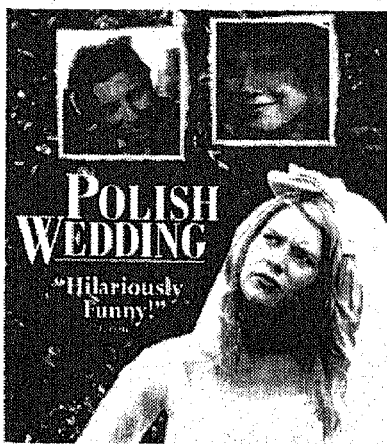
Film versions of *Les Misérables* have not always been entirely watchable, but this adaptation is excellent. Visually exquisite, it captures the atmosphere and poverty of early 19th century France perfectly. The actors turn in emo-

otional performances, Rush brilliant as the rule-obsessed Javert. The screenplay is well paced, although the revolution seemingly comes and goes without much impact in comparison to the interactions between the two main protagonists.

All in all, a stunningly realised interpretation, and a fine example of how to make a good book into a good film.

Stuart Gunn

Quirky and Sullen



Polish Wedding (1998)

Director: Theresa Connelly
20th Century Fox
Claire Danes, Gabriel Byrne,
Rade Serbedzija

Relationships are complex, awkward structures built out raw emotions on a foundation of fragile egos and stubborn pride, held to-

gether by the tensions of power-games and co-dependence. This truism is the premise on which writer/director Theresa Connelly's first feature, *Polish Wedding* is built.

Bolek [Gabriel Byrne] is a baker, a man who makes honest bread for an honest price. He leaves his house in the late evening to go to work and doesn't return until breakfast time. His wife, Jodila [Lena Olin] works as a cleaner and is having a long-term affair with Roman [Rade Serbedzija]. Their daughter, Hala [Claire Danes], has her own nocturnal habits, sneaking out at all hours, drinking stolen beer with the bad kids, and generally getting up to no good. Other members of the family have their own lives which

intertwine with their parents' separate paths, creating a plaited rope which draws the at-times difficult story along.

Polish Wedding is a minor masterpiece. The script and direction are both remarkably understated, with sound characterisations performed faultlessly by an ensemble cast. As father and favourite daughter, characters Byrne and Danes are particularly stunning, possessing a magical quality on screen together. They seem to feed off each other's strengths in much the same way as do their characters.

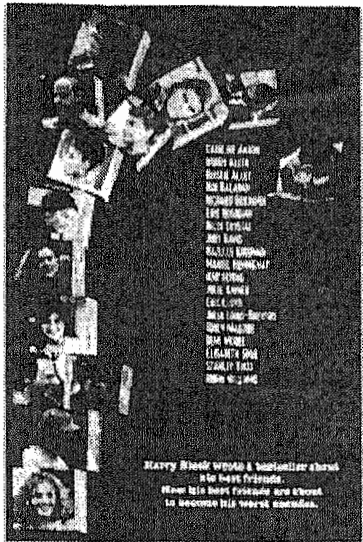
To say almost anything about the turns the story takes would either be giving too much away or run the risk of sounding nonsensical; instead, let me say that it is some-

where between quirky and sullen, with elements of the tragic - think *Seinfeld* if it was written by Samuel Beckett while he was attending therapy. In a nutshell, *Polish Wedding* is an intelligent, compelling, engaging, and incredibly funny film about adultery, pregnancy, self-delusion and finding love, in the least likely places.

J.D.

Are you bored? Lonely? Procrastinating? Well, no matter the excuse, drop your name and phone number into the *On Dit* office to pick up a copy of either *Jackie Brown* or *Deconstructing Harry*, kindly supplied by Village Roadshow. Let me assure you, it is the answer to all your problems.

Writer Block



Deconstructing Harry (1998)
Director: Woody Allen
Roadshow
Woody Allen, Kirstie Alley, Elizabeth Shue, Judy Davis

Following the trend of the past films Woody Allen has both written and directed such as *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan*, *Deconstructing Harry* once again exhibits Allen's keen sense of wit, cynical viewpoint, and attraction to neurotic, but human characters that together question the nature of people and their confusing lives. Along with an all star cast including Elizabeth Shue, Judy Davis and Billy Crystal, just to name a few, Allen plays the protagonist, Harry Block, who has done nothing but offend everyone by revealing his loved ones' deepest and darkest secrets in his new best-selling novel. A neurotic, irrational, insecure and self-hating

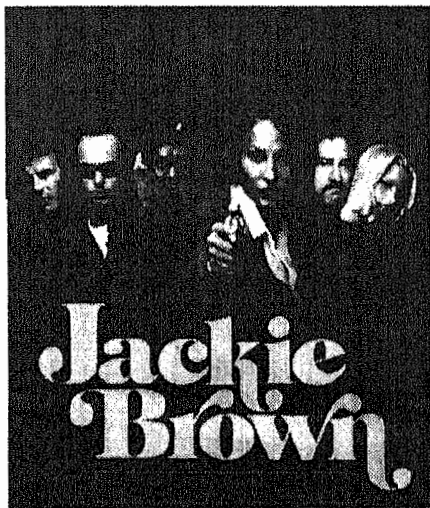
Jew himself, he must face the consequences of his subtle revenge that leads to a series of events much worse than those he describes in his book.

All this is presented in the familiar 'Woody Allen' style of humour, that the audience will either love or hate with intensity. Although funny, *Deconstructing Harry* perhaps does not equal its predecessors in greatness, probably because Allen relies too much on tired comic conventions, such as an elevator descending to hell, and a visit from a figure of death. The editing, however, is used effectively in the film to skillfully structure Allen's work. By cutting from the novel's scenarios

and their 'so-called' fictional characters to the characters he has based them on in reality, he contrasts the present and the fictional, highlights that Harry can only escape and, therefore, handle his defunctional life through literature, and portrays art reflecting life. As with his past work, the film ends with a truism about life, which is fittingly expressed by Harry's devoted fan when explaining his novel, "Your books all seem a little sad on the surface, which is why I like deconstructing them because underneath they're really happy, it's just that you don't know it."

Bree Bickmore

Long and Thinky



Jackie Brown (1998)
Director: Quentin Tarantino
Village Roadshow
Samuel L. Jackson, Robert Foster, Robert De Niro

Get your thinking caps on, and prepare to concentrate because this movie is long. Quentin Tarantino has given us a plot that needs you to keep note. It opens with Samuel L. Jackson playing the kind of character he has done so successfully in recent films - the black gangster Ordell Robbie, with the sharp and quick as lightning tongue. Ordell is a dealer who has all his money in Mexico, but needs to get it into the United States. Jackie Brown (Pam Grier) is the air hostess that is going to do it for him. The only problem is the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Police are aware of the plan

and are trying to get Ordell. So what you get is Jackie Brown playing off the police against Ordell in order to get away with the money herself.

From the opening scene you get the impression that you're in for another Tarantino action extravaganza, and considering some of his other movies, you'd be excused for thinking this. Once you've seen the film, however, you get the feeling you were cheated. The involvement of guns at the start of the movie, for instance, is merely an excuse so that the plot can be explained, and the movie go ahead. This feeling, however, is soon proved wrong. The 'gangster' genre is fulfilled as there are guns and senseless killings, but it is not the 'in your face' style we associate with some of his other movies.

One thing I notice about Tarantino's style is that he seems to pad out the script - conversation that means nothing here, a split second shot that means nothing there. They just pop up occasionally. But where other directors fail with this tactic, he succeeds. It adds humour and a bit of normality to the movie. Not everything is as fast as Jackson's mouth, and I feel that these scenes show us a different angle on the character and relax the viewer's otherwise

constant vigil from the dialogue and actions.

Even with a great performance from Samuel L. Jackson, a mediocre one from De Niro (although that's still good) and what I believe to be the movie's best performance from Robert Forster as Max, plus Tarantino's touch, this movie still falls short of my expectations.

It needs to move faster in order to hold the viewer's interest the whole time, and you definitely need your wits about you later in the film to figure out who's doing what.

Not a movie to rent for a quick, easy view, but one more for the thinking-type viewer.

Guy Williamson

NEWS FLASH NEWS FLASH NEWS FLASH
COACH TRAVEL NOW EVEN CHEAPER

FULL TIME STUDENT CONCESSION NOW

50%

OUR COACHES TRAVEL TO OVER 200 TOWNS THROUGHOUT SA WITH MORE THAN 250 DEPARTURES EACH WEEK

***BEST VALUE DAY TOURS IN AND AROUND ADELAIDE**

PT LINCOLN	CEDUNA
WHYALLA	PT AUGUSTA
FLINDERS RANGES	PT PIRIE
ROXBY DOWNS	MT GAMBIER
MOONTA	RENMARK
VICTOR HARBOR	PLUS OVER 100 OTHER DESTINATIONS

FULL DAY BAROSSA TOUR \$35

Reservation Enquiries
PH: 8415 5555

PREMIER STATELINER

Indiscriminate Itinerary

Jeanette
WINTERSON

The World and Other Places



tween writer, reader and language and her complex allegories are rich with her speculative attempts to describe the emotional constitution of language. Her ambitious target makes for a largely inconsistent collection. "The Poetics of Sex", "Lives of the Saints" and "The World and Other Places" are befuddled lapses into incoherence because Winterson at-

The World and Other Places
Jeanette Winterson
Vintage

Jeanette Winterson is probably best known to English students for *Oranges Are Not The Only Fruit*. As her first novel *Oranges* was and is acclaimed as a ground-breaking examination of sexuality, gender and the puritan manipulation of social morals. Winterson's most recent work has been accepted as the natural improvement of a gifted novelist with the generous critical acceptance of *Written on the Body* and *Gut Symmetries*. *The World and Other Places* marks a break away from the tired nineteenth century style of the novel. In the experimental and limitless form of the short story Winterson is able to experiment with the poetry of her prose. Because of this the style of many of these stories is mythic. From the classically sublime in "Orion" with its omnipotent martyrdom to the quasi-mystical bond between owner and pup in "The 24-Hour Dog". Winterson displays the complex link be-

tempts far-too-far reaching claims of comprehension. These blemishes are painfully apparent beside the intelligently poignant "Holy Matrimony" or the self-justifying experiment in literary cartography of "Turn of the World". There is a nervous dialectic present in Winterson's attempt to disguise her education as well as simultaneously needing to discuss pressing topics (theoretical or "fearetical"). In the opening story Winterson escapes with one joissance, two Feng Shui's and more mathematical, geometric and topographical analogies than you could poke an over-educated pen at. Luckily Lacan, Camus and Sartre don't get a guernsey until later in the collection.

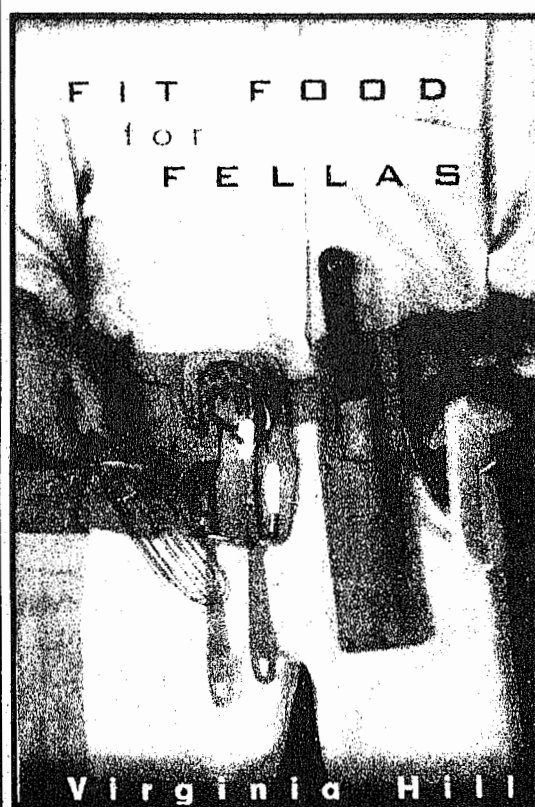
My personal highlight in *The World and Other Places* is the irresistible "The Green Man". With her awesome ability to investigate the lattices of social integration Winterson pinpoints the collapse of the masculine ego in the institution of marriage. Prevented from acting as a culturally produced male the husband of the mat-

rimonial unit is limited to tending to his lawn. Previously engaged by the community as a breeder and a desire machine these roles are contradicted by the subsequent obligations to wife and children: "And after one long satisfactory shower of sperm hasn't his wife bottled him like a genie and taught him to spend his lust on the lawn?" This for Winterson sets up matrimony as a due(a)l of antagonism: "To honour. To mock. To fear. To hate. To be

fascinated. To laugh out loud." As an author Winterson has never been afraid to confront or engage and this collection of thought provoking tales is no exception. Read these examples of poetic prose a few times and really read them. In our intellectually (a)pathetic world of purile fiction this may be the closest the literary community can come to brilliance for this decade.

Lil' Vince

Lunchbox



Fit Food For Fellas
Virginia Hill
Lothian Books

When I was offered this book to review, I accepted eagerly because I thought it was about serial killers. I hadn't read the title, but only seen the rather menacing black and white photograph on the cover of man with a big knife tucked in his belt brandishing a scary looking tool. When, on closer inspection, I realised that this tool was an egg whisk, I began to question my initial assumptions about the subject matter. *Fit Food for Fellas* is, unsurprisingly enough, a cook book. For

blokes. But not just any doc martens-and pony-tail type bloke. Not the bloke you'd see in the newsagent or at a public swimming pool, scratching his crotch or listening to his walkman on the bus, but the kind of bloke who thought that something called "Howzat? Honey Chicken" sounded like something that he could conceivably touch and even put in his mouth, that "Pumpkin Soup for Punters" would be an appropriate dish to serve to his unsuspecting (and probably non-punting) loved ones, or that "Ma-

cho Meat loaf" was, in fact, a meat loaf infinitely more macho than lesser, more feminine meat loaves. I don't think I've met him yet.

Aside from the appalling recipe names, and equally appallingly named (although admittedly useful if you are ear-bleedingly ignorant) sections like "form guide for herbs", this book is all right, I guess, if you also ignore the recipes, ignore the tips, ignore the sub-titles, ignore the bad jokes and the sexist assumptions, you are guaranteed to enjoy the....

Oh. That's all that's in there.

Nel

Hooray for Ray

The Golden Apples of the Sun
Ray Bradbury
Earthlight: \$15.95 rrp.

Ray Bradbury, along with Harlan Ellison, made me want to be a writer. In my last year of primary school my teacher, Mr Cann, made the whole class read a story he'd photocopied out of his own book. We were resistant - it wasn't really schoolwork - but he forced it on us. The story was "A Sound of Thunder" by Ray Bradbury, first published in 1952. Great, I thought, we have to read old stuff.

I was hooked. I'd always liked science fiction on TV, like *UFO*

and *The Invaders*, but I never knew that *reading* it could be so much fun. I started reading Larry Niven and Isaac Asimov and Arthur Clarke, but it wasn't until Year Ten that I came back to Bradbury. I found an old, dog-eared copy of *Fahrenheit 451* in a second hand bookstore my friends and I frequented, and when I took it to the counter the guy that owned the place said, 'You'll like this one,' and gave it to me for half price.

I was never a fast reader; a two-hundred page novel would usually take about a month of my spare time. I devoured *Fahrenheit 451* in around a week. I

went to bed early so I'd have more time to read. I don't say this lightly - that book changed my life. It showed me the kind of thoughts and ideas that can be passed on through fiction, and it demonstrated that good writing didn't have to be sacrificed for a clever story. And it kindled in me the desire to write.

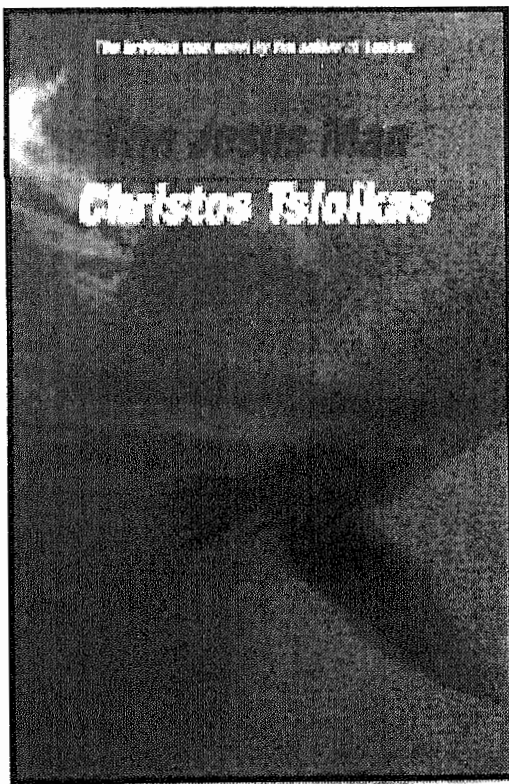
All that was to simply say this. Simon and Schuster are rereleasing a huge reserve of fine science fiction and fantasy writing their new imprint, *Earthlight*, starting with probably the entire back-catalogue of Bradbury's extraordinary output, from *The Golden Apples of the*

Sun [stories originally published in the early fifties, including "A Sound of Thunder"], to his latest book, *Drive Time* [copyright 1997]. If you don't like science fiction, *Something Wicked This Way Comes* is a gripping horror story that stands up to anything by Koonz or King, and *Dandy Lion Wine* is an exquisite and remarkably honest memoir of growing up in the country. Bradbury is quite simply one of the finest American writers since Henry James.

I'll tell you about Harlan Ellison some other time.

J.D.

Up Beat Stuff



The Jesus Man
Christos Tsiolkas
Random House/Vintage

"...there is no God. And Jesus was just a man who wept and pissed and shat and came. Just like me..." (p 249)

Christos Tsiolkas' first novel *Loaded* is the type of book that people seem to like to describe as harrowing and confronting. I just thought it was damn good fun. The one thing that worried me as I read it, though, was that Tsiolkas might mel-

low. If there's one thing that passages like the one above prove, it's that he hasn't, even in this post Alex Dimitriadis/*Head On* world.

The Jesus Man takes in much of the conflict and urban emptiness that drove *Loaded*, but builds and expands upon it, leaving us with what is ultimately a better book. It is the story a Greek/Italian family living in Melbourne, unable to escape their history and the ominous black crow that has come to symbolise it. When the middle of three brothers, Dominic, loses

his job due to the early Nineties' recession, he slowly subsides into the soullessness of pornography, daytime television and MacDonalds.

It is only a matter of time before he erupts, eventually killing a man who may or may not be a rapist and murderer of small children. Upbeat stuff.

There is much to remind us of *Loaded* in *The Jesus Man*: the book remains driven by a constant sense of confusion, an inability to achieve true self-definition, particularly among the male characters. This is most

striking in Louie, the youngest of the brothers:

- I'm not gay. I scowl.
- Bi then.
- I'm not bi.
- What the fuck are you then?
- Me. (p 296)

As in *Loaded*, the confusion over racial identity in a supposedly multicultural world, between Australian, Greek and Italian, mirrors confusion over personal sexuality. Both, of course, are fluid, and this is seemingly where the disharmony lies.

Tsiolkas is fast proving himself to be an uncannily accurate chronicler of modern urban Australia and the emptiness therein. But there is optimism here, largely in Louie's hope for the future and love of his family, offering a solace to us that *Loaded* does not have. Politics are personal. Sexuality is personal. To accept the norms or to challenge them is the individual's decision, and must remain as such.

Of course, I could be wrong.

Sex, being a fag, being straight, all of it, it's nothing. It's nothing... (p386)

Dale F Adams

LIKE
BOOKS
AND
STUFF?

Come and harass JD, our mad, bad and dangerous to know literature editor. He's got a cool stare, a warm hand and a helluva stack of books. Come and get some at On Dit.

The Northern Star Cedar LITERARY AWARD

Closing Date for the competition is. . .30-6-1999
Competition categories are as follows:

1. Short short story (up to 1000 words)
2. Short story (up to 3000 words)
3. Article/Essay (up to 1 500 words)
4. Poetry (up to 80 lines)
5. Poetry (up to 24 lines)

1st prize-\$200 2nd prize-\$75

For conditions of entry write to:

E. Gray
Competition Secretary
FAW Far North Coast Regional
P O Box 5093
East Lismore NSW 2480

I am making Lunch...

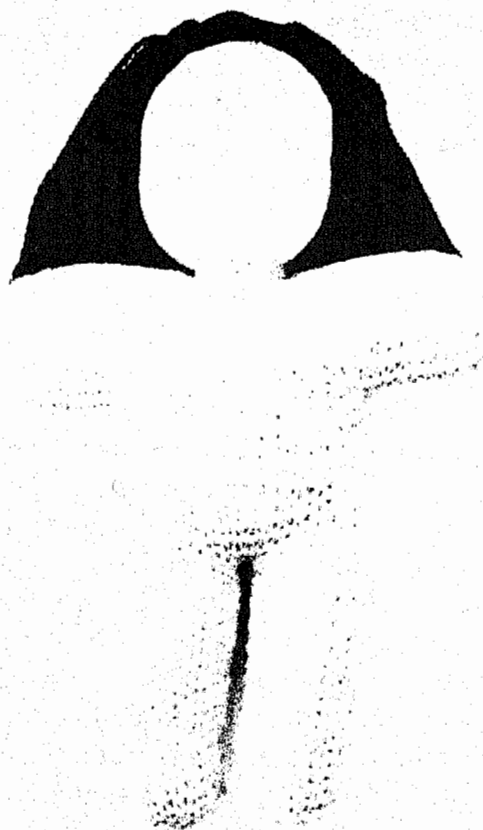
I am making lunch, and listening
to a record I stole from my father.
Classical music, a sort of Spanish pastoral -
strings and flutes, gently dancing.
Crossing over, silk on silk,
the triangle tinkles along behind.

I have made this very lunch before,
at ages twelve, thirteen and thirty.
How much toast and instant noodles,
amassed, and tasted needlessly,
when both are here before me now.

Also before me, stands a vase
of dried roses,
their form and colour held but
darkened, crumpled, sobered.

Abstracted in hunger, I feel faint
when the strings crescendo
and the dancers purse their lips.
I imagine my arms stretched wide
to cradle a swirling wind.

Rose petals break away, to fall
freshened on the faces, in the
outstretched, cupped hands of the dancers.
And my food is consumed
by a hundred hungry lunches.



Ph: (08) 8223 4366
Fax: (08) 8223 4876
www.unibooks.com.au
Open Mon - Fri 9am - 5.30pm
Sat 10am - 1pm
Cash Discounts All Year



WIN WITH ART

*Thanks to Unibooks (on campus),
we have a First Prize \$50 Book Voucher
and a Second Prize \$25 Book Voucher to
give away for the judged best pieces
of creativity published in
ON DIT each month*

Prose, poetry, comics, drawings

Just about anything will be considered. The sub-
mission box is down in the ON DIT office.

Written work will be best received typed and
under 1200 words. A name and phone number
(not for publication) must be included.

The odd one

The odd one, who sits and stares at fantasy
 His empty mind filled with imagery
 Of other times and other places
 Of the other people and their faces
 Future or past who can know
 For Him nothing but a pleasing show
 Of memories His and ours
 Of love, longing, living hours
 Stolen by that deep black hole
 Emptiness has played its role
 The vacuum of the Heart and Soul
 Once sold, it is Another's to control

Dwayne Thomas

Backpack the World With YHA.

- 4500 comfortable, clean and safe places for international travellers to stay in 65 countries around the world.
- Typical \$A overnight rates are: \$26 in the UK, \$16 in the US, \$18 in France and \$4 in India.
- Single, double & family rooms available.
- YHA is open to all ages.
- Discounts on air, land and sea travel through YHA Travel (TTA 32).

YHA Membership is \$44 for 12 months.
 Present this Ad & receive 10% off.

YHA of South Australia
 38 Sturt St, Adelaide SA 5000
 PH: 8231 5583
 email: yhasa@ozemail.com.au



BORED? TIRED AND EMOTIONAL? LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO FILL THE LONG DAYS AND LONELY NIGHTS? YOU NEED...

COUNTER CALENDAR

WANTED: UP TO THREE (3) EDITORS

The Students' Association is looking for up to 3 Editors for the next edition of Counter Calendar, the alternative subject Guide, to be published in October 1999.

APPLY IN WRITING TO: The Students' Association, George Murray Building, Alternatively, phone Janak, Education Vice President on 8203 5400 for more info, or email: ozsmug.adelaide@adu.au. You know you want to.



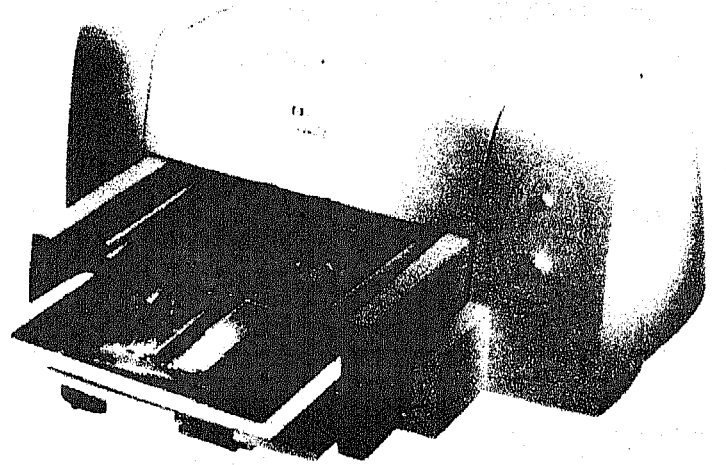
Whoa!

iMac now gives even MORE bang for less bucks.

333Mhz - only \$2,329!!

Hurry in for an unbeatable deal on HP 695c colour inkjet printers

\$314 for iMac, \$256 for PC



Latest games for your Mac/PC in stock now!

- Starcraft (Mac) • Klingon Honour Guard (Mac/PC) • Unreal (Mac/PC) • Quest for Glory V: Dragon Fire (Mac/PC) • Dark Vengeance (Mac)
- Myth II Soulblighter (Mac/PC) • Tomb Raider Gold (Mac) • Tomb Raider II (Mac)

Orders accepted for other titles

Office 98 (Mac) - \$249



Office 97 Pro (PC) - \$279



CAMPUS COMPUTERS

University of Adelaide Telephone: 08 8303 3320 Email: computers@camtech.com.au



Authorised Reseller

Talking with Krystapinzch

Having fallen desperately in love with Krystapinzch last year with their second independent cd release *Rain Catching Hands*, I jumped at the chance to interview them about their third full cd *The Miraculous Mandarin*. Krystapinzch, named after a statue which the band members took a particular liking too, have been a well known and recognised part of the Adelaide band scene for the last four years. To date, they have produced three full albums, beginning with *Memory, Remember Me* in 1997. I questioned Gene (Bass) about why they had chosen to start with full-length cds rather than the often used four or five track ep, "at the time we looked at what was happening in Adelaide, and there were (and still are) too many bands who are releasing eps and then finishing uni and working, or whatever, and that was it. It was like, when you got your full-time job everything ended. We just thought that was wrong, and we wanted to put ourselves ahead. I think it has made people look at us differently. When this cd is re-

leased we'll have about 35 songs and people can get a pretty firm opinion [about us] from that. We've also got this ideology that bands who make it in the end or have people who really appreciate their music don't stuff around, they know what they want to do from day one. We really didn't want to be a one ep band." Krystapinzch began their recording with cassettes which they distributed one evening at the Adelaide Unibar in an attempt to find out what people thought about their music and have since reached impressive heights including being chosen for the Adelaide "Big Day Out" line-up. I asked Gene how they felt being included in such a high profile event, "playing at "Big Day Out" was pretty good. It was amazing to have that sort of sound and volume. Every one treated us with a level of respect and it was good for the money and beer rider. We always said it would be good if we ever got "Big Day Out" because there would be at least one big band we really love-but there wasn't. I watched Brunatex

though, 'cause I love Brunatex, and I watched The Trims to see what they're like." For fans of Krystapinzch the "Big Day Out" was one of the rare opportunities to see Krystapinzch live. Since before the release of their first album, Krystapinzch have kept their live performances to a minimum. This apparently makes it easier for promotional purposes, but also prevents people becoming bored-which of course the band wants to avoid at all costs. Though Krystapinzch are a very individual band, they have over the years been compared to both The Cure and The Church, and it is possible to see why. Krystapinzch were very much into the seven minute epics of The Cure when they began, and though they don't want anybody to think that the reason they started playing music was for Robert Smith, they concede that



he influenced them initially to start playing their guitars. "The Cure was the first music which hit us and made us realise that what you hear on the radio is just ridiculous." Krystapinzch are an Adelaide band who produce intelligent music whereby the lyrics are of utmost importance. They hold a firm position in the local music scene and are a band who are incredibly talented. They are having their *The Miraculous Mandarin* cd launch on June 12 at the Royal Hotel and are not a band to be ignored. You can also access their website at www.wava.com.au.

Bonnie-Claire Yates



Krystapinzch The Miraculous Mandarin Independent

The Miraculous Mandarin is Krystapinzch's third album in as many years, and differs markedly from last year's release of *Rain Catching Hands*. Recorded by Mick Wordley at Mix Masters, the overall mood of the cd is a lot darker and less accessible.

Krystapinzch consists of four of Adelaide's most talented musicians: Stef (acoustic guitar and principal vocals), Goose (guitar), Gene (bass), and Matt (drums and percussion). What sets this band apart from many of Adelaide's other outfits is their ability and confidence in producing ambitiously independent and original music.

The Miraculous Mandarin opens with "Raspberries to you", an infectious and more direct song than the opening tracks offered by *Memory, Remember Me* and *Rain Catching Hands*. The second song "Mutual friends murmur" is a superlative example of Krystapinzch's recurrent theme of failed relationships and romance in general, as is "First places". "Good" is *The Miraculous Mandarin's* answer to *Rain Catching Hands's* "Redsandblues", with its evocative lyrics written by Stef, and enriched by his enigmatic vocals:

sorry if I was stuck in my old ways
but trying to change twenty-odd years in sixty or so days
meant leaving behind things that I clung to
some things that were mine
some things I belong to

The album also offers a number of instrumentals like "Maiming of a salesman" and "Frome St reprise", which take many listens to even begin to comprehend. However, these instrumentals do immediately contribute to the cohesive nature of the album, relying heavily on the exemplary music skills of the band members. Every song on this album whether an instrumental or lyrical is powerful, suggesting that each has its basis in personal experience.

It is difficult to compare Krystapinzch with other artists/performers as they offer their listeners original material independent of obvious influence, which is something that should be positively recognised. *The Miraculous Mandarin* will be available at all good record stores towards the end of May. Enjoy!

Student Radio Column

Firstly, may we be the first to wish you a Happy Adelaide Cup Day. What a day it was. Christian and I lost a tenner on the nags, but that's okay 'cause I stole a case of beer from one of those catering tents which more than makes up for it. Let me tell you a little story about a show called HEADROOM. This week they'll have interviews with cast members from the new State Theatre production "Carrying Light", coverage from last Wednesday's VSU rally and lots more. Tune in at 9 PM this MONDAY NIGHT and get hip-to-the-beat with HEADROOM. That program is promptly followed by the those pirates of porn, doctors of dirt and international men of leisure that make CRUD RADIO. Learn how to offend pensioners and impress your little brother whilst giving Slatty D, Crazy Sam, Ceej and Johnny a reason to live. That's 10 PM this MONDAY NIGHT. On TUESDAY we have Adelaide's only weekly live music program LOCAL NOISE. This week we're featuring MOBILE. Tune in to hear Jeremy J talking to the kids and win yourself some great giveaways. Hear the band play 9 PM TUESDAY NIGHT. Tell your uncle that I'll be around for the keys on Thursday night. He's expecting me.

Peter Adams
Christian Haebich
1999 Student Radio Directors
and Official Mascots of the
Olympic Games

P.S. Here's a hot tip for Randwick Race 5 this Sunday. Bet both ways on a fine Philly called "Clag". She's a cert'.



Rebecca's Empire starts here

Rebecca Barnard, lead singer for Rebecca's Empire, sounds a bit worn out on the phone – which is probably no surprise, because I'm interview number 16 for the day, and her last. She says that she's "Tired of talking about myself and boring other people by talking about myself" – fortunately though, she turned out more interesting than she felt.

Rebecca's Empire have a new single out "Big Smoke". JJJ have picked it up and I quite like it (see review). It's a song about life in the city, and "looking for a connection" – but most importantly, it's pure pop joy. The third track on the single, a cover of the Jimi Hendrix song "51st Anniversary" really stuck out as something different to me – it rocks in way that few Rebecca's Empire songs I've heard do. Rebecca: "Shane and I are huge Hendrix fans, and we've always loved that song. We'd been playing it live for a while, so we put it on the single – it was the perfect place for it – we didn't have to worry about taking up

space on the album". There is a new album on the horizon. As far as I know, as yet untitled, the album is finished, with only the artwork to go, and a mid-year release coming up. The album will be a mixture of 3 minute pop songs, and a few longer tracks. According to



Rebecca, the mixture of lengths wasn't a conscious effort to write singles, but was just the way things worked out in the song writing process. No doubt you'll hear more about the album before it comes out.

Rebecca is probably as well known for her radio appearances as her music – "Rebecca's Pot 'O Rock" was a long running segment on the radio, and fans haven't forgotten.

She says that people have been known to call out things at gigs like "I made your chocolate and beet-root cake And it turned out really dry!". Despite the extra attention that media work has brought her, singing remains Rebecca's first love, and she has no plans to take on the media in the near future.

The band is touring with Billy Bragg (a tour that will be finished by the time this article is written). Although not the typical crowd that would go to a Rebecca's Empire gig, it makes a national tour financially possible. Once again, pokies are to blame: "So many places that we used to play in in Sydney

are full of pokies now." The gambling scourge making life difficult for Aussie music.

At about that time, a dog starts barking and a door bangs. "The kids are home" Rebecca says. I decide it's time to end her day of interview hell and gently take my leave, letting Australia's first lady of pop get back to her life.

Tim Kentish

Going sick with Tex and the boys

Baterz/Lisa Miller/The Cruel Sea at Heaven II, Tuesday 18/5

The Cruel Sea have recently reformed and are currently touring around Australia. For those not familiar with them, the Cruel Sea play a very laid-back light rock/funk sound, and pride themselves on intense instrumentals as well as many strong, popular rock songs. They have several excellent CD's, including "Three Legged Dog" and "The Honeymoon Is Over."

We missed the first band completely, due to some problems getting my underage acquaintance in, but one hour and one false ID later, we finally entered. My suspicion is that we were the youngest people there. The audience was a thirtysomething crowd, lightly peppered with a few older and a few younger. Although at some points the crowd threatened to break out in a mosh, they never quite got going. I'm not sure whether this is an result of the average age, or a failure on the part of the bands to work their audience, but the atmosphere was a little dulled.

Lisa Miller was definitely aimed at the older age groups represented at Heaven. She played a country & western style, singing about love and trust and men, and somehow I knew my dad would enjoy her music more than myself. Maybe she's talented for that musical genre, but battling to stay awake and away from the bar, we awaited the main act with slightly moistened breath.

The Cruel Sea did not disappoint. Beginning with two instrumental tracks, the band played a lively set, comprising many beautiful instrumental tracks, demonstrating perhaps that their talent is not really in the singing and song-writing. At several points, lead singer Tex Perkins used a strange instrument that I can only describe as a keyboard crossed with a recorder that sounded like a saxophone. It made for a strange counterpoint to the rest of the band, a fine replacement for singing in a band that was never meant to sing. Most of their popular tracks, including "The Honeymoon Is Over", "Better Get A Lawyer" and "Anybody But You" were played through with strength and adrenaline, and a lengthy encore completed a show I can only describe as energetic yet relaxed. All in all, an excellent set that far improved on their performance at O'Ball. The Cruel Sea cemented themselves as kings of the laid-back rock instrumental.

Stuart "With bloodshot eyes" Gunn

The Whitt & Wisdom of Spiderbait

Spiderbait, the quirky pop band from Finley Lake, have recently released their fourth LP, *Grandslam*, and are currently touring to support it, or maybe just for the hell of it. I spoke to guitarist Whitt, part of the triumvirate that makes Spiderbait, the other members being Janet on vocals/bass and Kram, the singing drummer.

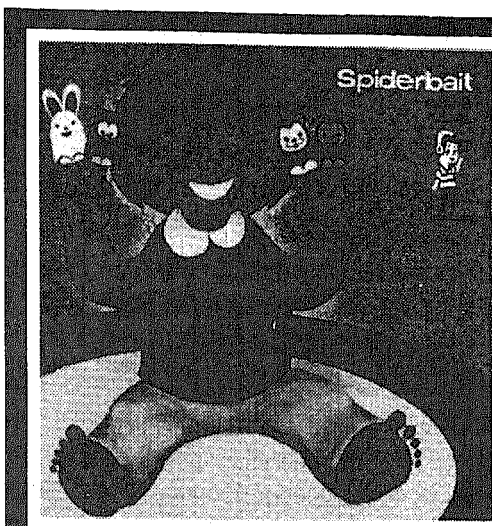
Whitt was an affable young chap, and we discussed the intricacies of their new album, what Spiderbait do when they're not being Spiderbait, and what that galleon thing was all about.

Firstly, though, soon after the interview concluded I discovered that the dictaphone was quite useless and had not recorded anything, and because I was using a dictaphone, I hadn't remembering much at all. What follows then is more like a general tour of Spiderbait and the thrust of Whitt's jib than direct quotes.

Whitt was quite enthused about *Grandslam*. If you've heard it, you'll note it has a very different sound to previous releases. Whitt explained that, in making

previous albums, they had produced, polished and distilled the songs they came up with into something they regarded as the music of Spiderbait.

This time around, however, they were inclined to leave the songs much as they were originally planned. There was no vision or central theme to *Grandslam*, just a lot of individual songs that they liked the sound of. Whitt felt that this indicated the CD was much more direct, and closer to the real Spiderbait, than their other CD's might have been. Whitt also noted that the eccentricity and variety of Spiderbait was far more accentuated on *Grandslam* than they had previously achieved, and also that the lighter, dancier, poppier feel was indicative of their production process, or lack thereof. In the time since *Ivy And The Big Apples* (their third CD), the members of Spiderbait have re-



Spiderbait
Grand Slam
Universal

Spiderbait return with their fourth album, following up the very very well received *Ivy And The Big Apples* release. In many ways a departure from previous work, *Grandslam* maintains the quiriness and originality of

Spiderbait, but reinvents it in a dancey rather than rock background. The songs range wildly, from weird instrumentals like "Buster", to obvious radio songs such as "Shazam!", to scary pop tunes like "Glockenpop", to the mellow guitar sounds of "Tallygaroopna". It's a little hard to know exactly what to think, as this CD covers every music style bar Christian death metal.

All the songs are very listenable though, and there's no song that sounds like anything else on the CD.

Grandslam comes highly recommended to the fan and non-fan alike.

located to different cities, giving themselves much needed space. Janet has been actively involved in Happyland, with Regurgitator's Quan Yeomans. Kram was similarly involved in a side project, the Hot Rollers, with Richie from Tumbleweed. Whitt has spent time experimenting with dance and electronic music, and one listen to the new Spiderbait demonstrates how much these pastimes have influenced their sound.

Whitt also elaborated on the unconventional naming of Spiderbait's songs. I can't recall a reasonably titled Spiderbait song or LP, some weirder titles being "Who Are The Freemasons?", "By The Time I Get To Howlong?" and "Ooga Booga".

The names are often working titles that stick, and an avenue that the band felt they could be creative about so to expand the novelty of their music.

As an example, Whitt noted that the song "Lost

In Adelaide", from *Grandslam*, was named so because "We liked the sound of the word Adelaide". On the subject of the meaning of the title *The Unfinished Spanish Galleon Of Finley Lake* (their second album), Whitt explained that Spiderbait's home town, Finley Lake, is named after a large man-made, concrete lake that is located there.

At some point in the early 90's, a developer decided to build a large Spanish Galleon in the middle of Finley Lake (building big random objects in country towns is one of the weirder sides of human behaviour).

Running into difficulties, boredom, etc, the ship spent many years unfinished, and the zany venture prompted Spiderbait to title their LP as mentioned.

Anyway, Spiderbait's new CD, *Grandslam*, is out now and reviewed somewhere nearby, and they also play a venue near you very, very soon.

If you haven't seen them live, then don't miss it. If you have, then you're probably going anyway.

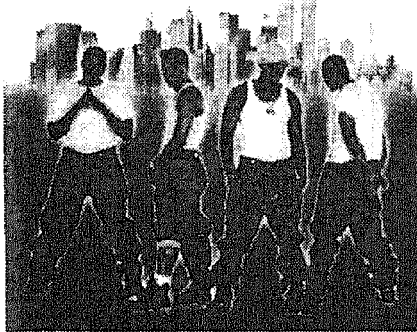
Stuart "I ride the highways with Jesus" Gunn



Looking for love in all the wrong places

Pistols at dawn

BLACKSTREET FINALLY



Blackstreet
Finally
Interscope/BMG/Universal Music

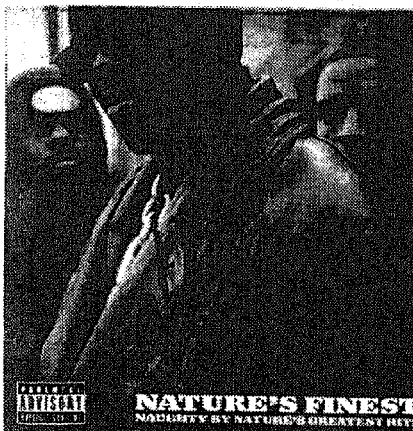
(Oh no....it's just my luck that I get to review this. I would have to be the worst person to give a review on this CD. You see, I like music with REAL instruments. I can handle some computer generated sounds but NOT almost entire albums full of drum machines, synthesizer, samples, etc.)

If you want comedy look no further than the promotional leaflet that came with this CD. Listen to this utter crap, "Finally is, as the title might evoke, a definitive statement. A declaration for the end of the century. Or to put it more succinctly and less politically: the bomb." Please.....fuck off. Apparently the production on this album is "incomparable" and "never predictable". It's a pity that it sounds exactly the same as every other try-hard rap/soul/R&B/Yo/Homeboy/I'm tough but still have a soft side/Yo/Top 40/Yo/Video Hits/Yo that I've ever heard. Hey....I've only just started. I almost vomited when I read the following passage, "Because we really wanted this album to be it. We went back home....." Teddy (a member of Blackstreet) points to his heart, "...here", he gestures to the room (mwhahahahaha) He then went on to say, ".....there's something for everyone, but there's so much here that everyone who hears this album is going to be able to say.....That's the jam. That's the song. That's the one." Well.....I'm very sorry but there is nothing on this CD which I find to be the "jam". (Actually, I lie. They do sample a couple of Jackson Five songs.....so for about 2 seconds on a couple of tracks I'm thinking, "gee....the original was cool". This concludes Page 1. Some sentences made absolutely no sense whatsoever whilst continuing the poor comments.....for example, "Like everything Teddy Riley has touched in his 15 years making music, and just a collection of dope ass beats. It is that bag of chips and the possibilities and the promise of R&B, delivered by four of its soulful practitioners." Pardon me?!? What the fuck did that mean?!?

Mind you, this closing sentence won my award for being the most fucked up comment I have ever read: - "The choice of cool kids and their equally fly moms, dads, and everyone in between, Blackstreet have rightfully taken their place in the R&B hierarchy. Classy, conscious, low down and nasty, beat down and bluesy. Soulful and sassy, rocked out and rumpshaking, Be it ghetto fabulous or ghetto savvy, on Finally Blackstreet take it....there." (Oh my God....can a sentence be anymore off-putting and.....what the fuck did it mean?) "This is the CD we've always wanted to make," offers Teddy. One listen and you'll know why." (Know what? Why they bothered?)

SUBJECTIVE REVIEW: Yo. That word just about sums this album up. Either that or, "yeah....uh", whatever....take your pick. Every song has these cliches in them somewhere and at one stage the first word on each track was "Yo". Surely by this stage you get the general idea.

OBJECTIVE (well, almost) REVIEW: R&B/soul/rap. Janet (Jackson) makes an appearance as does Stevie Wonder. Some of the members of Blackstreet can actually sing when they decide not to rap. If you like this sort of music you will also like this album....so, go out and buy (like the majority of the population will....sadly). Or.....search the second hand CD stores for my copy!



Naughty By Nature
Natures Finest
Tommy Boy/Mushroom

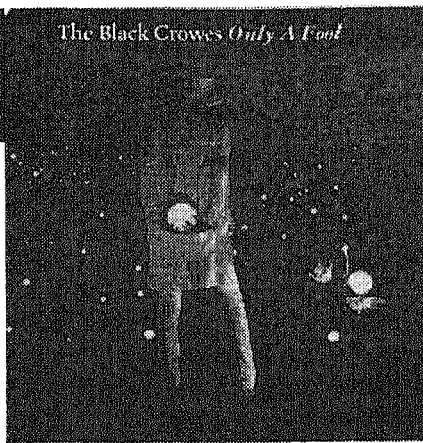
ance the group's party anthem-status with a (sic) insightful look at inner-city urban life". Does that sentence even say anything? After reading the press material and hearing the group's music, what are you left with? - one great album and two average albums. One would think that you have to have more than one hit to justify a Best of ... Album but lack of ability has never stopped Naughty By Nature in the past. *Nature's Finest* is a must have for any fan of Hip Hop or the formerly great New Jack Swing styles of the early 90's. "O.P.P" is one of the definitive Hip Hop tracks from the period with its infectious Jackson Five sample and sure, a song like "Hip Hop Hooray" holds its own next to the best of BBD and Digital Underground, but just when Naughty seem to capture the groove they end up sounding like Bobby Brown on the *Ghostbusters II Soundtrack*.

I can't honestly claim that this isn't a good album; it's actually pretty good. Maybe my expectations were too great. Dancing at a friend's birthday party in the Summer of '91 to the refrains of DJ Jazzy Jeff and the newly big willy Fresh Prince is perhaps where nostalgia should have stopped. Naughty By Nature deserve recognition for their smooth and subtle beats and samples. Some tracks have even got a make over to die for. The Crazy C Remix of "Craziest" is better than the original and The Nature have even included a live version of "Nothing To Lose". I don't know what to say. This album is good and bad, but neither good nor bad. Sure it will proudly be included in any Hip Hop collection, but I don't know how often it will get played. After all, there's a lot of good music out there.

Lil' Vince

The Black Crowes
Only A Fool
Columbia/Sony

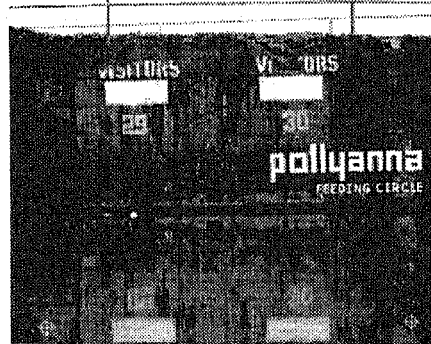
The Black Crowes *Only A Fool*



Typical Black Crowes. Pure blues. I have great respect for the band members of The Black Crowes because of their great musicianship. "Only A Fool" does not represent this, however, and it seems that some songwriting genius has been discarded to try and gain commercial success as with many "singles". I can't see this song being a "Top Ten" hit though considering today's "charts" which are full of talentless, redundant and embarrassing crap; see my Blackstreet review (hey, either someone out there is actually buying that shit or it is just a HUGE conspiracy against real musicians everywhere). The Black Crowes have been likened to a 90s version of The Rolling Stones (as they were in the 70s when they were good and not the jokes that they are today) and this single is no exception. There are two versions of the title track (the album version and a radio version which is slightly shorter), "When The Night Comes Falling From The Sky" - which is slightly "rockier" and "Smile" - a mellow and bluesy ballad.

This single is taken from their most recent offering *By Your Side* which shouldn't disappoint fans if this single is anything to go by. However, in my opinion *Shake Your Money Maker* is the greatest Black Crowes album ever....Pretty little thing let me light your candle because mamma I'm sure hard to handle now yescram....

Jorm



Pollyanna
Feeding Circle
Mushroom

Feeding Circle is the latest offering from the Australian band Pollyanna. Their main claim to fame was last year's hit 'Cinnamon Lip'. Now, they have a new upcoming album, titled *Delta City Skies* (coincidentally recorded in Memphis, USA) which is to be released on May 31, and have two singles

released, both getting support from radio stations, especially Triple J. *Feeding Circle* is the second single from the new album, and although it still has that classic Pollyanna sound, it does differ from their earlier material.

Compared to 'Cinnamon Lip', the new single is a fair bit slower, and more mellow, but it still rocks the way that only Australian bands can. The song's most notable feature is the interesting drumming style. Pollyanna's new drummer has certainly made a difference to the band, and he helps to define their new sound.

The CD contains two extra non-album tracks, one being a cover of Pat Benatar's 'Love Is A Battle Field', and another called 'Motivate Me', which I believe is better than the main song. The two extra songs make a nice difference to hearing five million remixes of the one song, so often featured on CD singles today.

Overall, the CD is well rounded, and I recommend it to any previous fans of Pollyanna, and to any other modern rock fans. 8/10.

Luke Balzan

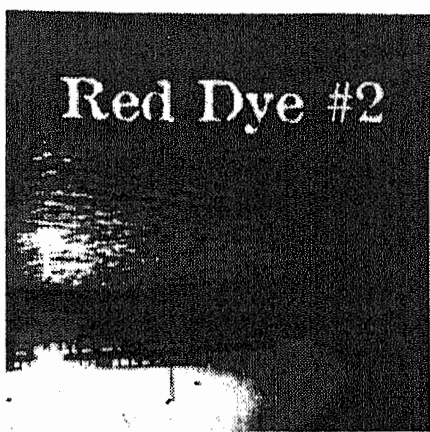
The only genuinely funny thing about reviewing this CD was the press release. I would love to know how a song can "balance the group's party anthem-status with a (sic) insightful look at inner-city urban life".

Free Midgets!!

Sorry actually some Pandora singles to give away.

Collect from On Dit anytime from Tuesday

Croissants at brunch



Red Dye #2

Red Dye #2
Live ep
Local & Independent

tracks and four other "bonus" tracks. So, in total, nine full songs. Lyrics and band information are also present on this CD (in HTML format) and even extra bonuses such as Red Dye #2 Winamp skins can be found! They haven't forgotten anything! Bloody hell...I am impressed. It seems a shame then, after all this work has gone into the presentation and features of this E.P., that the production on this "Live E.P." is below par. Granted the fact that professional recording equipment was probably not available to these guys it still sounds like the songs were recorded in their own living rooms with normal microphones (where is the crowd?). Oh well...keeping this in mind I'll move onto the songs themselves.

The band list influences such as The Melvins, Dead Kennedys, Faith No More and Mr. Bungle (nice to see a link to Caca Volante). However, the music itself doesn't sound like any of these groups in particular (or at all with the latter two). Songs are fairly simple, non-complex compositions which have rock / punk leanings. The vocals aren't the greatest but this may also be

due to the recording levels (ie. the vocals are too loud in the mix at times). "I Can", the opening track, is fairly repetitive and has a vocal style reminiscent of one Tex Perkins in his earlier musical pursuits. "I Met The Devil" is a fast frenetic song with a lot of energy but is lacking of any interesting feature. A contender for my "Most Stupid Song-Name Award" for this year is "Hairy Melted Grease On The Bathroom Floor". The music itself is good and I can see great potential with the musical aspect of this song, however, the vocals just don't seem to fit. It has a great beat and is fairly heavy which would make for perfect live material. "Learning To Crawl" is another up-tempo song. Funnily enough, the first few verses sound similar to the early (and I mean VERY early) Mr. Bungle demos - Bowel Of Chiley to be precise (though simplified, of course). The final audio track, "Pop", seems to live up to its name because it is the most "poppy" track on this E.P. Still, it is by no means a "pop" song. With better production I could even imagine this song being played on JJJ. Easily the most "catchy" song.

A quick word on the MP3 tracks if anybody out there cares. As stated previously the five audio tracks are also in MP3 format (128kbps, 44mhz - which is good quality). There are four "bonus" tracks - one being "I Met The Devil - Azazel Version" which is the audio version on this recording after being "touched up" a little using audio software. It is a different listen and shows the fact that these guys aren't afraid to experiment. This CD is (apparently) only available from the Red Dye #2 website so here is the address for more information:- <http://www.newave.net.au/~sid/rd2/rd2.html>)

Jorm

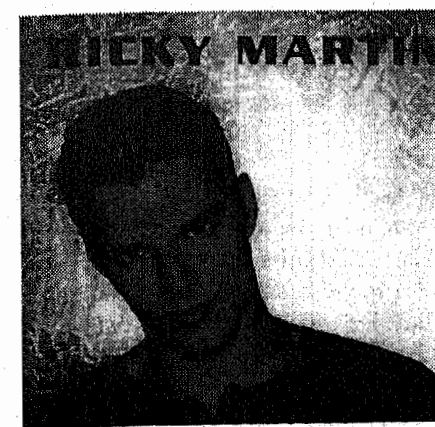


Zebrahead Waste of Mind Sony

To be honest, this album was sitting in the Music pigeonhole for a while. No one would go near it until one day at a music meeting I intrepidly told Darien, "I'll do it mate." Three weeks and several bourbons later I have to finally come up with something to write about an album that has had a nervous amount of play time in the *On Dit* office. The result after finally

giving this album a chance is that Zebrahead aren't too bad at all. Sure their catchy chorus vocals may sound too much like Offspring-with-a-clue but the music is emphatically fun ALA Chilli Peppers and the numerous copies of the Californian rap-surf-rock genre. Perhaps the band is best represented by the rock shot on the back. Infantile visual gags and one of them has an ugly moustache. These guys are Ugly Dave Gray with attitude and a decent bass line. The title track to *Waste of Mind* is a typical example of the Zebrahead style with its zany rhythm and wacky Honolulu-Los Angeles guitar solos, as is Track 1 and Track 2 and Track 3 and Track 4 and Track 6 (Track 5 is actually "Waste of Mind" so that's why the list jumped from 4 to 6, sorry). "Fly Daze" is one of the real standouts on the album as the nostalgic 80's disco tribute (helped by some ultra-funk guitar), but the only really credible track is the opener, "Check". In closing, Zebrahead have a fresh and energetic sound that should have a lot of live potential, but perhaps they don't have enough creativity to keep a listener interested for 48 minutes of produced studio time.

Lil' Vince



Ricky Martin Ricky Martin Sony

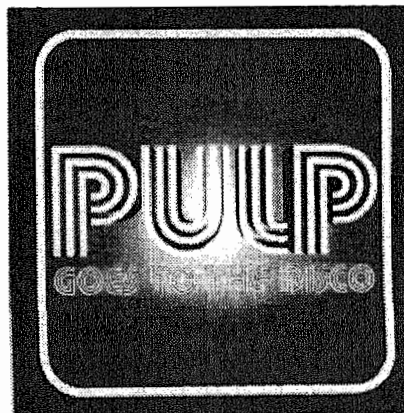
You're hard pressed to find a nook in this CD case that doesn't have Ricky Martin's image plastered on it. This CD is terrible. As always, I'm sure there are people around who will love this, thus justifying it's recording. As scary as it is to say, "The Cup Of Life" is far and above the best song on the album. It has beat, it has a bit of life, it's not all bad.

However, the rest of the CD is bulked up with forlorn love songs, many in "Spanglish", which demonstrate that a) Ricky Martin actually has a reasonable singing voice, and b) that his songs are

incredibly boring for this rock-tainted reviewer. Maybe I'll enjoy it more when I'm forty and divorced. Anyway, there's a bonus disc which contains videos. I haven't watched them, I know what Ricky Martin's face and upper torso look like already. If you like "The Cup Of Life", buy the single because this CD is a big diversion from such fast-paced music. If you like mainly slow, wintery love-lost songs and a few silly attempts at putting drums to Ricky Martin, then, dammit, still don't buy it.

Stuart "Shake Your Bon-Bon!!?" Gunn

These guys get my award for the most dedicated band I have ever seen when it comes to self-promotion. This E.P. seems to have been burnt (ie. copied) by the band itself complete with a self-printed CD label and cover. This is as good as it gets when it comes to self-produced CDs...I can tell you from experience. The band haven't stopped there either. As well as five audio tracks they have included MP3s of these



Pulp Pulp goes to the disco Fire/Universal

Pulp Goes To The Disco is a collection of ten previously released songs by Pulp. The songs are all from early on in Pulp's history including *My Legendary Girlfriend*, *Death Goes To The Disco* and *Master Of The Universe*. All ten tunes are decidedly cheesy and mostly instrumental, but are at the same time that infectious discoesque sound that Pulp eventually became famous for. If you don't

already own Pulp's early back catalogue, this is a good buy.

Stuart



Reef Rides Sony

Everybody, "Place Your Hands" up, cos Reef have "Got something to say" with their third full length album. After the largely successful album *Glow*, Reef have come up with a worthy follow-up album, coupled with a national tour coming up soon.

Rides has 14 tracks, made up of a wide range of rock music, from thumping rock epics to softer ballads. The opening song, "New

Bird", is a hard rock number with plenty of screaming vocals and distorted guitars. Next is the quieter "I've Got Something To Say". This is followed by another thumping song, then 3 tunes which all have a classic rock, acoustic sound. Next comes a very quiet ballad (compared to the rest of the album, at least), and then it's back to the hard rock for the next 3 tracks. Track 11 is a song called "Love Feeder"; a softer love song, but it still has that classic Reef sound (it is also my fave track). 12 and 13 are moderately hard rock songs, with the final track being an entirely acoustic, soft number.

Included with the album is a bonus disc, which has live tracks as well as videos. The live tracks are from Triple J's *Live at the Wireless*, and are both off the *Glow* album. There are 4 videos: 3 songs ("I've Got Something To Say", "Place Your Hands" and "Consideration" from *Glow*), and the video of the band's interview with E! News. Unlike some bands bonus discs, this one is quite good.

All in all, *Rides* is a fantastic album, and will definately please fans of both *Replenish* and *Glow*, as well as many other rock fans. I loved it, and can't wait to see the band play at Heaven, June 6 (tix available now for around \$30). 10/10!

Luke Balzan

G&T for lunch.



Electronic
Twisted Tenderness
Parlophone

What do you get when Johnny Marr (ex The Smiths) and Bernard Sumner team up to form a duo called "Electronic". Well - 12 tracks which are mostly rock with bits of funk, dance, a ballad and some harmonica thrown in. Don't be alarmed - these lads know what they're doing. In conclusion - a damn fine album indeed.

Grace



Heather Nova
Siren
V2/Sony

Nova has a haunting voice with a great range. Her style is slightly like Jewel but less irritating.

The majority of her songs have a despondent tone, based around the two themes of change and trying to find comfort. Many of her songs have orchestral backing which leads to a full and melodic sound, however the songs she performs acoustically are the best on this album.

The rawness of these songs on the bonus disc leave a more soulful impression than the glossier, studio produced songs.

Catherine Evans.

suede



Suede
Head Music
Nude/Sony

Suede's latest album is simply super. It is smoothly produced but not to the extent that it is nauseatingly slick. There is a total of 14 tracks, none of which are disappointing or deserve skipping on the CD player. The album opens with the current catchy single "Electricity", it then moves on to the mechanical sounding pop tune "Savoir faire" which is about a woman who lives in a house and has pretty feet. The song "Can't get enough" follows, which describes what could best be termed identity confusion as Brett Anderson, the vocalist "feels real when walking like a woman and talking like a stone age man". The next song "Everything will flow" is true to its name as it has a flowing feel and is slightly slower than its predecessors on

this album. Things get slower still with "Down" and the almost David Bowie sounding, laidback song "She's in fashion". "Asbestos" sounds dreamy but any of the aforementioned Bowie influences have been dispensed with. The songs "Head music" and "Elephant man" pick up the tempo, especially "Elephant man" which has a very strong beat and catchy chorus. "Ri-fl" sounds slightly flituristic and from then on the tempo descends for the last four tracks with an almost desolate sounding "Crack in the union jack."

Suede's "Head Music" is energetic, catchy, sexy and languid all at the same time and that just about sums it up, really.

Catherine Evans

eternal flames

Hypertrophy
eternal flames
Dos or die

Hypertrophy has mixed the sound of house, club and dance to create their new single Eternal Flames.

Originating from Germany, their music is similar to that of Aeon FX and DJ Thoka.

The CD also contains a remixed version of their second single 'Beautiful Day', done by Junior Vasquez. Eternal Flames' is a repetitive, treble dependent, uninspired piece of music.

However, the Melodica Mystica Short Mix is a tad better in that it shows greater creativity and finesse. It tends not to be as repetitive as the original and the lyrics do

not sound as senseless. The Fanatix Mix is also passable, mixing more rhythmical beats and harder baselines.

I found it odd that Junior Vasquez remixed Hypertrophy's 'Beautiful Day' as it is not a hard or modern sound that he generally works with. I found the sound quite fluffy.

If you are into bands such as Sash, R.O.O.S and Razor 'N' Guido, you may find some enjoyment in listening to Eternal Flames. If not, I recommend you not to bother.

Alana Grech

Mojo
Soundtrack
EMI

No, I haven't seen the movie either.

In fact I hadn't even heard of it until just now. What drew me to the title was the appearance of several artists with a fair amount of combinational appeal.

The content therein is not for every one, however. The requirement for music appropriate to *Mojo's* late 50's rock and roll tale of excess makes this a collection of period originals, updated covers by currently *ahem* "hip" artists and Sound-alike imitators of the originals.

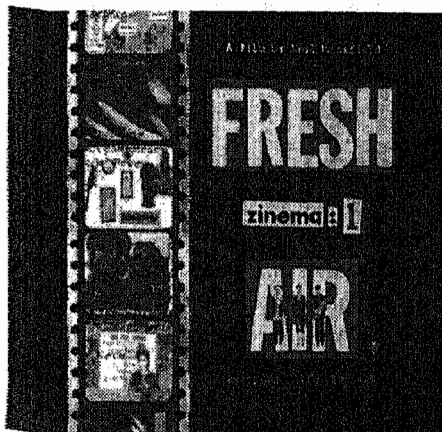
The amusingly named Little Lewis (Think Frank Bennett for a second and you'll get the picture) slaps out some rambunctious honky-tonk piano work, Before JJ Jackson does his best impression of the big bopper (ala' "Hello BaaayBee!"). From here though, it is all down tempo. Nick Cave makes two dark, mellow contributions, one solo (the title track) and a collaboration with Gallon Drunk. Both commendable Cave fare, but not exceptional when compared to the rest of his canon.

"I Love How You Love Me" is spare and beautiful, trusting Beth Orton's angelic voice to carry the majority of the song.

Popsters St. Etienne also crop up twice, but this is hardly surprising since they owe much of their success to sounding as if they are from the early sixties anyway <jab> <jibe> <stab>

The most disappointing aspect of this soundtrack is that for a supposedly rock and roll movie, *Mojo* has far too many slow-dance tracks and not enough raucous, roll over beethoven shenanigans. I thought that rock and roll was more fun than this.

Fish



Fresh Air
Soundtrack
Festival/MDS

Fresh Air is a low budget film to come out of Australia directed by Neil Mansfield. He describes the soundtrack as a combination progressive folk, pop, jazz and funk. It's a typical soundtrack comprising of instrumentals and song.

When I first listened to the hour filled CD consisting 16 tracks by artists known as Screamerfeeder and Kim Bowers, Lobtailing, Jim Dead, and the popular artist

receiving plenty of attention from radio stations Atticus with their song "Lend Me An Ear", I was left feeling unfulfilled as I had higher expectations. Whilst there are a few boppy tunes you can get into, the majority of this album is typical 'sound-track' background music. It gets rather tedious hearing the main theme song recurring three times with a slight variations in style to each.

The fact that this is a low budget film is represented in the music due to cognate sounding melodies produced by repeated, overused artists. It seems as if they are trying to be 'alternate' with experimental compositions but it comes across rather as a three year old pressing keys on an accordion. I'm sure that in the context of the movie it would be compatible but for music enthusiasts, I'd give it a miss.

Lara

a chilled botrytis for dessert



Various Artists
Off the Couch
 Carlew in association with RIU

Off The Couch is a project designed to promote opportunities for young "up-and-coming" South Australian musicians. This CD sampler contains only 11 of the 80+ bands/artists/performers. I thought that I'd mention each band on this sampler and give a brief

description of the song and my (hopefully objective) thoughts...

Aftertaste - Backseat Driver (Demo) - Considering that this is a demo the quality of the recording and song is quite good. This is a fairly catchy guitar driven song and sounds to have incorporated rock/pop/punk all into one track. A band that could be impressive live.

Boss Rhino - Snapdragon (Self-Titled) - This song jumps out at you right from the start. Easily one of the better songs on this compilation. Not just for the actual song but also for the production. It is a mid-tempo powerful "rock" song and has a great beat and some cool, loud, bass and a driving guitar. If this song is representative of the group they would be absolutely incredible live. Maybe it is just me...but I thought that Dave (vocals) had a singing style (ie. not voice) similar to Eddie Vedder (Pearl Jam).

Dewey Del - Everything (Smile) - "And now for something completely different..." Basically, this song has an Irish/Folk/Pop song feel complete with pan-flute / acoustic guitars / accordion / and "eye di dye de dye de" singing with the occasional "Hey!" sung for good measure in the chorus. It even starts with the sounds of a bar - lots of Guinness could be downed merrily to this song. Speaking of choruses, this one is instantly catchy too. Great production for this track also. (This isn't my preferred music but is worth a listen.)

DJ Trip - One Track Mind (Vinyl Perplexia) - hmmm...electronica. Well, given the fact that I generally despise music that is almost completely computer orientated, this track was an unusual and different listen. It is fairly repetitive but in doing so gives a distinct ambient sound and has the odd muffled / distorted "One Track Mind" thrown in for good measure (similar to Aphex Twin's "Come To Daddy" voice). To sum up in one word: Different.

Embryonic Soul - Vertical Horizon (Foetal Possession) - With slightly better production this song could have been brutally heavy, however, they still manage to get their point across. At the risk of sounding sexist I really expected a male vocalist to come in with a gut-wrenching growl but was surprised to hear a female vocalist instead. After a few listens I am still unsure whether this vocal style (style does not include the sex of the singer) fits this actual song. Perhaps a style similar to the song "Sarah" by Dreamkillers may lend itself better to this track...just my opinion, of course.

Lapdogs - Apple In Her Eyes (Lap It Up) - A quirky pop song. Similar to Grinspoon's "Just Ace". Simple and repetitive but effective. Lots of energy in this band and it would be interesting to see if they live up to their claim and play other styles of music too.

Mobile - Ditch Her (Demo) - Fairly laid back song with guitars, drum, bass and an organ (via synthesizer). The singing in the verses is monotonous, however, the song gets going from the first chorus onwards. Almost sounds like this song should have been recorded in the 70s (this is not a bad thing). In fact, the low budget production actually suits this song and this combined with loud organs, muffled / overdriven guitar and the aforementioned singing style this song is almost a hippie's dream....bring on the LSD man....like trippin'.

Mower - Mower Anthem - (2 Stroke) - Another great song with excellent production. The bass in this song is brilliant. If you like fast slap / pop technique this song / band is for you....you....you (you have to listen to the song to get this little joke). Great guitar sound too. Again, a great beat with driving guitars and bass. The vocalist knows his limits too and doesn't try to out do himself. This is good - too many times vocalists try and sing what they can't and as such ruin the song. The only problem I have with this song is that it is too short. Another band that should be good live.

Narcain - SAFM - (SUV Demo) - After a pretty bad start (production-wise - granted that it is a live-to-air demo) this song eventually takes form as a catchy pop / rock song. I would like to hear the song after it has been recorded properly but going by this recording I thought that this band has a lot of promise. They should also be good live.

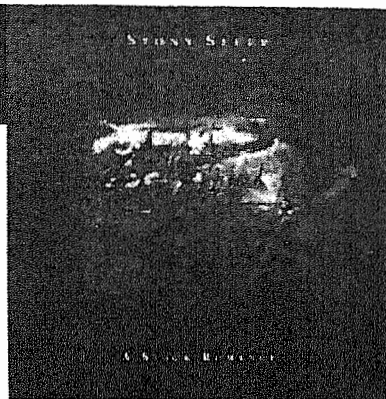
Pegs - Paper (Demo) - The description given by the band simply stated: - One word - Punk! The first band that comes into my mind whilst listening to this song is Frenzal Rhomb. If you like the current wave of punk bands you will inevitably like this. However, halfway through the song, in what is known as the bridge, they suddenly turn fucking heavy - fast guitars, double bass pedal, etc. This is almost reminiscent of a Slayer song for one brief moment. Anyhow, short, hard and fast.

Ricochet - Empty (Self-Titled) - Another song with excellent production. Good beat, bass, and guitar. The vocals are basically rapped / shouted and thankfully don't try to sound American (ie. an Australian accent is clearly audible). The music keeps this song pounding along and could be cool live. Another group to watch the progress of in future releases.

All in all, the (young) musicians of SA are producing a vast array of diverse styles and doing it well. It would be nice to see some of them signed so we can hear their music the way they really want us to hear them. On the other hand, some of the bands on here have already recorded in a studio (as opposed to 4-Track) and in those cases have produced a high standard recording which is just as good (if not better) than most of the music currently "shifting units" today.

Jorm

Stony Sleep
A Slack Romance
 Big Cat/Sony



This band seems to be North London's answer to our silverchair. Don't be put off by this if you don't particularly like silverchair (ie. read:- HATE silverchair) because the similarities begin (and end) with the respective ages of the members and the fact that they are also a trio. (From the small information I was able to track down about this band off of the internet

(which is probably outdated by now) the main member of the band, vocals / guitar / songwriter Ben Smith, is 20 whilst other members (including Ben's younger brother Christian) are around 17. The band was originally formed when Ben was only 13. Given all this it is surprising to hear such mature music.

A Slack Romance is Stony Sleep's second album, their first being titled *Music For Chameleons*, and, apparently, they have a five album deal with indie label Big Cat Records (despite rumours that Columbia was going to snap them up). Their first album drew comparisons to Nirvana and the Pixies and there are still elements of this on this CD. This album also, at times, reminds me of the earlier Radiohead days (ie. Pablo Honey / The Bends era).

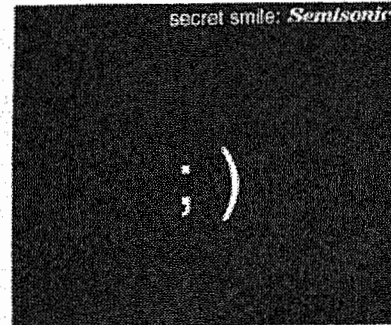
A Slack Romance is fairly consistent the whole way through with little variation between songs which is good if you enjoy their style. Songs range from being "mellow" with brooding guitars to raw, frenetic and distorted compositions (or a combination of both). "Khartoum" is catchy enough (in a good way) to become a single but too many listens could make the song tedious. "She's A Honey" is the highlight of the CD in my opinion whilst "Superbadasssweetdaddyjones" is the winner of the most stupid song title so far this year (the song itself is pretty good actually). The band are not afraid to experiment with different instruments with a pianos, cellos, violins and sitars all making an appearance. A couple of songs even hint at Middle-Eastern inspiration.

Overall, Stony Sleep surprised me. I took a punt in reviewing this when no one else would and it paid off. Well worth a listen if you enjoy guitar driven early-Radiohead style music.

Jorm

secret smile: *Semisonic*

Semisonic
secret smile
 MCA/Universal



Semisonic are back with a new single to follow up their success with last summer's 'Closing Time'. The new single, 'Secret Smile', is similar to their earlier material, and has that same mellow drone that Semisonic are famous for.

I found that the song was too similar to

their earlier music (which is a bit of a pity), with the only difference being that this is somewhat slower. Despite this, the song is too bad, and hopefully won't get played to death, as 'Closing Time' did.

The other tracks on the CD are a faster, more funky song called 'Completely Pleased' (which I believe is the stand-out track), and a strange song called 'Erotic City'. This song has some very explicit lyrics, which are reminiscent of many a Chili Peppers song. However, semisonic lacks the Peppers energy and vibe, and so this song is quite annoying. There is also a remix track, which sounds exactly the same as the title track.

Overall, I found the CD a little too boring, but I suppose it's not too bad, especially if you're a fan of that type of music. 7/10.

Luke Balzan



Sixpence none the richer
Kiss me
 Columbia

Mass-produced, completely inoffensive, "as featured on Dawson's Creek", no b-sides.

This song is the kind of light-hearted love-trottop that Dawson's Creek probably sounds like if I had watched it.

Bah.

Stuart Gunn

Entry forms available now from the following outlets:
The Adelaide University Union Office
First Floor, Lady Symon Building
The Students' Association
Ground Floor, George Murray Building
The Adelaide UniBar
Level Five, Union Building

Heat One
27 May

8:00 pm The Reds
8:45 pm Rogue
9:30 pm The Naifs
10:15 pm Ewe

Heat Two
3 June

8:00 pm Roger the Band
8:45 pm Flemish Bond
9:30 pm The Road
10:15 pm Cool Hand Luke

Heat Three
4 June

8:00 pm teenage girls
8:45 pm Nectar
9:30 pm The Unmedicated and Dangerous
10:15 pm Lifo
11:00 pm Wonderland

Heat Four
11 June

8:00 pm Freeform
8:45 pm Narcain
9:30 pm Bomb scare
10:15 pm Disco Volante
11:00 pm ASD

*National
Campus
Band
Competition*

Brought to you by
Adelaide University Union Activities

