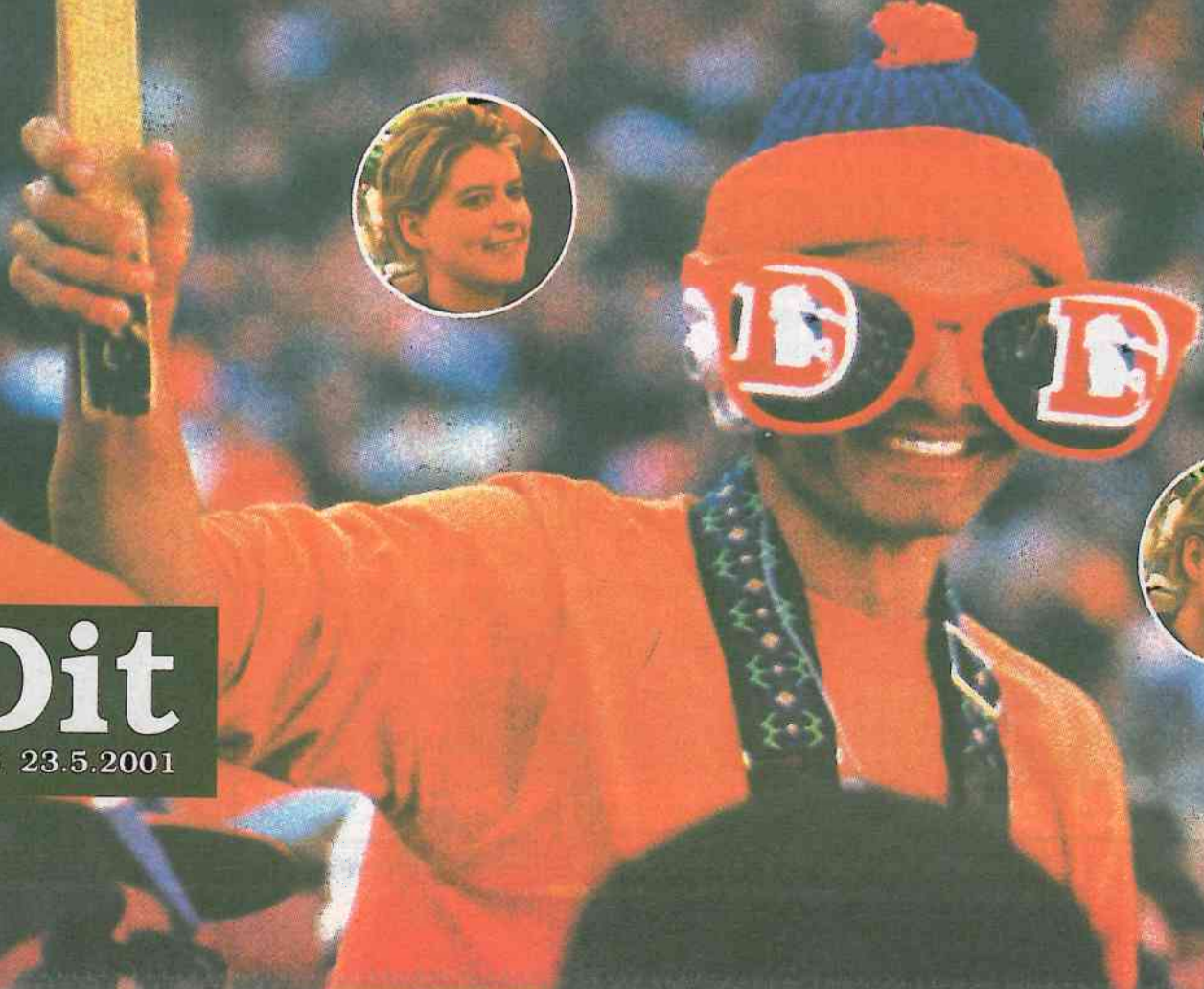


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We're
Despoja
CRAZY!!!



On Dit
Volume 69 Edition 8 23.5.2001

On Dit

Volume 69 Edition 8, 23.4.2001

On Dit is the weekly student newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editors or the Association.

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About the cover

Nat's Number 1!

Wanna write?

Come and see us in our office, located in the basement of the George Murray Building (right next to the stinky male toilets), accessible from the Barr Smith lawns. Alternatively, email us at ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au or give us a call on 8303 5404 or 8303 6490.

Next Edition:

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Published Monday 30th April

Thanks-yous etc...

Natasha, Clemenlemon, Gemma, Tristan, Mark, Joel, Alida, Mike P., Ben H. for being so damn helpful, Mr Guthrie, Viv, Mikey and his shiny pants, Vicki, Caitlin, Tanisha (our condolences), Elvin and Dwayne from Buzzle, Poptart for the supremely excellent party, punch, the wonders of the telephone, Lisa for being a kickass restaurant manager, Harry Potter, the kitchenette for being so versatile. No thanks to Unibooks for deciding to do a stocktake and Kodak for not being open on Saturdays.

Melissa's Editorial

There is a real cynicism surrounding the subject of 'Natasha'. I am not sure if it is a uniquely Adelaide Uni thing (as a result of her ex-student pollie status) or if it is a deeper, more pure kind of dislike for her. But it also goes further than that; for me there is also this love/hate relationship towards Natasha. While the way she use to swan around using buzzwords like 'youth advocacy' irritated beyond belief, it's also comforting to know that there is at least one person under 50 over in Canberra.

She is fed to us, especially to young women, as someone we should admire - emulate, even. But almost without exception students will talk about her with the kind of contempt reserved solely for those who claim to be 'youth advocates'. Like Mia Handshin, Nat has been rejected by those who they claim to represent. While the people making the real decisions consider the opinions of Natasha and her co-representatives to adequately act as the 'voice' of the younger generation, the very same generation is angry that society has chosen for us an advocate that we would never have chosen ourselves. Why is it that a youth 'voice' can be self appointed or even worse chosen by older people? Or is it even more sinister than that? Was her tag as the 'youth representative' perpetuated and exaggerated by the media?

Maybe so. As far as I can tell that Natasha does have a small fan base amongst the young. However, to me they seem an earnest and largely privileged group who themselves have sheltered experiences.

Well, what *do* we want? I can hardly profess to know that, but I can take a guess, a more educated guess than old Nat. 'Young people' want to be respected even if they are not wealthy, healthy or articulate. We don't want to be patronised. We don't want people to assume that because we are young we all have the same experiences, expectations and needs. I could go further into what we need in real tangible terms but that would open an entire new can of worms.

Does a 30-something over-achiever really know how to deal with such a can of worms? Sure, Natasha was young once, but so was everyone else in Federal parliament. Just because she is among the youngest doesn't mean she knows what 'the youth of today' really want. Maybe she doesn't even want that 'voice of the youth' tag anymore. Anyway Nat, it's not that we don't appreciate your efforts past and present, it's just that you're not the advocate we want. We don't want to be told who we should celebrate and admire. The 'youth of Australia' have the initiative to speak for ourselves, we should be allowed the opportunity.

Linley's Editorial

Personally, I don't really care much about Natasha S.D.'s public image, because it's exactly that: an image, and whatever political decisions she makes will have very little to do with it. Actually I think she'll make an excellent leader of the Democrats if only because the leaders of minor parties don't get to enjoy the full attention of the media if they take a passive approach to letting nasty legislation through the Senate, and if Natasha wants that attention she'll have to be truculent in the face of Government nastiness (of which there has been a lot lately). And nothing that's happened during the last several years of her political career indicates that she doesn't want that attention. It should be fun to watch.

Penny's Editorial

Actually, I think Natasha's pretty boring.

**Terminate
with
Extreme
Prejudice**

"So lets all get drunk and shitty place!" yelled the Vice taking another hit from the the Professor was passing at "That's the best thing I th ever said, baby," said the De So they got \$50 from an A bought 3 flagon's of port and of the kind of tequila that he plastic worm in the bottle a

On Dit needs crack proofreaders to hunt down and destroy wayward commas, apostrophes, misspellings and slanderous asides. It's time to take out the trash.

Call into to the *On Dit* office in the afternoon on Saturday or Sunday. There's work to be done and beer to be drunk.

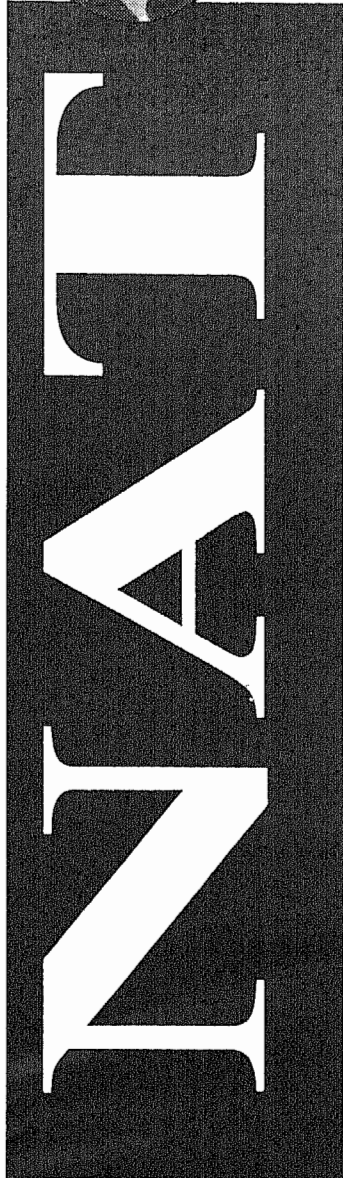


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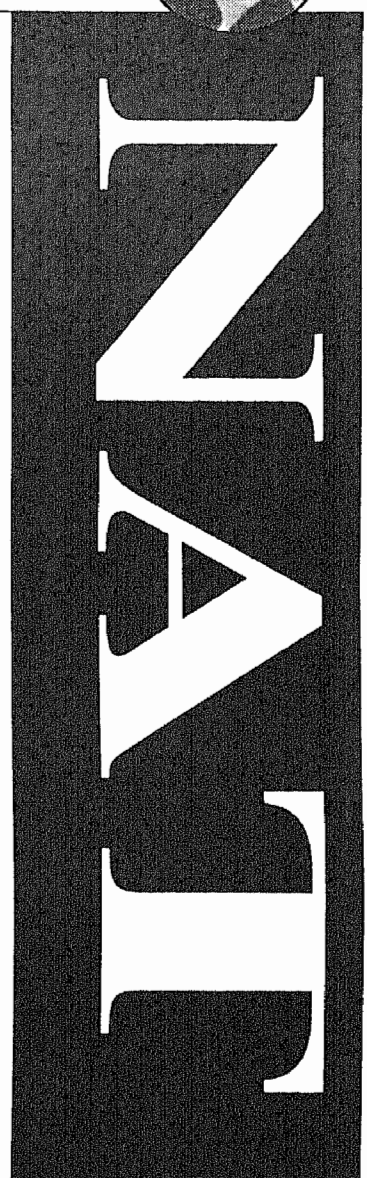
Natasha Stott Despoja didn't actually have anything to do with the production of this edition. If you have failed to realise this, you have problems that not even a Democrats-controlled Senate could hope to fix.



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On Dit Needs You!

We need clever people with basic levels of personal hygiene to write for *On Dit*, particularly in the areas of:

- | | |
|---|---|
| Current Affairs | Campus news & Higher Education |
| Opinion | Cooking |
| Wayward (lifestyle, humour, etc) | Care and grooming of unusual pets |
| Home & car maintenance | Anything else that takes your fancy (except teenage angst poetry, we don't really need much of that) |
| Features | |

If you've always wanted to write for *On Dit* but have never gotten around to doing anything about it, **now is the time to start**. Before you know it, you will have graduated from Uni and may never again have the chance to contribute to an independent weekly newspaper that will print **almost anything!** How will you feel when you're 90 and rotting away in a filthy retirement home, knowing that you passed up the one opportunity for fame and notoriety that you ever had? **Think about it.** Your future is in the balance.

Meeting for new contributors
 2pm Thursday 26th of April,
 in the *On Dit* office. All welcome!
 That means You!



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SAUA Roundup

Council on Wednesday the 11th of April seemed to be, in comparison to other recent meetings, quite constructive.

The first part of the evening was concerned with the establishment of an Orientation sub-committee to review the Orientation operation. The inherent problems that go hand in hand with Orientation mean that everyone involved has an opinion on how the structure could be improved so a position on the committee became highly sought after. Despite the fact that an 'official' position is practically meaningless (not much voting happens and anyone can attend the meetings and contribute), much discussion took place as to who would make up 'the final 6'. In the end it was decided that it would be 3 O'directors and 3 Councillors. Student Radio director Luke Toop was passed over for a position on the committee with Councillors apparently ignoring the fact that Student Radio plays one of the most important roles in Orientation. Student Radio has a presence on the lawns all week and have unique insights into the way the week works.

The meeting then progressed to Office Bearer reports, where the SAUA Office Bearers proved, for the most part, that they are all full of ideas and getting on with the job. There are also a couple of exciting developments going on, namely:

- The establishment of a grocery service, enabling students to buy

cheap basic groceries through the SAUA. The SAUA will be taking administrative responsibility for the scheme and the Union will provide logistical support. The plan is basically that food will be purchased wholesale by the Union and sold to students with a slight mark-up to cover administrative costs. The establishment of a food co-op such as this one has been a standard election promise for ages, and now it seems to be happening.

- The corporate law survey being run by the Education Department has been highly successful, garnering 60 responses from last year's corporate law students. This is a pretty impressive response rate, and gives good ground for the SAUA to go to the university voicing the student's concerns.

- The longest-standing student election promise of all time, that of a 24 hour computing suite, is finally going to be coming to fruition... we hope. The University has given the go-ahead, promising \$30,000 worth of equipment (approximately 110 computers); however, a couple of problems are still looming large. There is currently no location for the new computing suite to go, or any word on where exactly this \$30,000 is going to be found, or even when exactly this is all going to happen.

Hmmm. Stay tuned on this one.

- Lots of smaller activities have been going on, some more successful than others. As we reported in the last

Roundup, the SAUA Ball was postponed indefinitely due to inclement weather and lack of interest. However, the Environment Department held a successful soup day, and word is that more of these types of events are going to be held.

Generally, all the Office-Bearers seem to have been keeping themselves very busy. Shame that the same thing can't be said for SAUA Councillors themselves, or indeed, many members of the departmental standing committees.

For the SAUA to make its budget, SAUA Councillors themselves have to generate no small amount of money through various fund-raising events. Right now, despite the efforts of a few, this is not happening. Councillors also have often failed to turn up to other events that have requested their involvement - the SAUA working bee, held before the meeting on the 11th of April, for example. Now, we can't help thinking that it's pretty rich of councillors to show up to the meeting once a fortnight demanding everyone else make their budgets when they can't be bothered to pick up the slack when it comes to their own. Quite frankly, it's hypocritical to say the least. Not happy Jan.

Unfortunately, the story is disappointingly similar when it comes to the majority of the members of certain standing committees. For instance, only one person of the six-member Education Standing Committee bothered to make an appearance at Education Department banner painting last Wednesday. Still, ESC

is a far more enthusiastic standing committee than those of the Environment and Sexuality departments, most of whose members have virtually disappeared into oblivion. One has to wonder why people bother putting themselves through the torment of election if they do not intend to have any participation in their departments for the rest of the year. Congratulations however are due for the Women's standing committee who seem to be doing a great job.

Back to the meeting. Things got a little rowdy when it came to the debate over the Education Department's new election-year slogan: "Students Can't afford Another Liberal Government." The debate was about whether to go with this slogan, as most members of council thought it was appropriate, or to adapt it to what some councillors described as Adelaide Uni's conservative student population by removing the anti-Liberal slant. The general feeling seemed to be that anyone who found the slogan unacceptable would probably be a lost cause to the SAUA campaign anyway. Eventually it was decided that each department could do their own thing, and the Education department would go with the slogan.

Lastly, we here at *On Dit* have noticed the lacklustre effort of most councillors and office bearers when it comes down to the serious matter of being named. Quite frankly we are disappointed. Pick up your game, people.

National Day of Action: Where to from here?

It is generally conceded (even by the most hardcore of activists) that student activism these days just isn't like it used to be. That is not to say it doesn't exist, but it seems as though more and more students in the year 2001 are only concerned with getting a job, rather than taking advantage of a unique situation in society in which we can collectively pressure governments and organisations to pursue progressive change rather than initiate reactionary policy. Evidence of this was the recent National Day of Action which I helped to organise in my capacity as State President of NUS. The NDA was not unsuccessful, the turnout wasn't bad, we achieved our aims and got media attention, but the Action could have been so much bigger and prominent if more people had attended the rally on the steps of State Parliament and the march down North Terrace. I am saying this because I think that no student funded organisation should be immune to criticism, least of all NUS. Students have a right to expect the most from their organisations, but this in turn requires a level of interest from students themselves.

I think we need to re-examine the way in which we go about introducing students to life at university. Students at Adelaide this year were introduced via a car-smashing competition, a pizza eating contest, and armies of orientation helpers wandering the lawns with giant water pistols. On the other hand students were hard-pressed to find information on the importance of unionism, information on why they had to pay hundreds of dollars for course materials, or reasons on why the Students' Association is also a political organisation and not

just a supplier of cheap photocopying, unlogged books and beer cups. Of course there were exceptions, such as the LHMWU (union) stand and the informative publication by the SAUA Education Department, but when I think of orientation, I also unfortunately think of missed opportunities. I think I have lost track of the amount of hours Council has spent discussing Orientation whilst our comrades at the University of Technology of Sydney are literally fighting for the life of their organisation against the threat of a takeover by the administration.

Politicising the campus does not mean we have run around like Bolsheviks and drape the Union Building in red banners. It means getting students involved, providing students with enough reasons for them to allow an hour of their day to attend a planning meeting or a rally. For many students University will be the time when their political persuasions become fixed. We can't afford to be complacent any longer.

Joel Northcott



What Happened in Melbourne?

In an action reminiscent of 1970s activism, Melbourne University students occupied the University Administration Building on the National Day of Action called by the National Union of Students on April 5th. Students around the country protested against the slashing of funding to universities, TAFEs and the education sector in general. The students at Melbourne University were also demanding that staff demands around industrial conditions be met, and that the University's private enterprises (Melbourne University Private and Universitas 21) be handed over to public control (Melbourne University is making interest repayments of \$400,000 annually to keep MUP going). The occupation lasted 8 hours and considerable damage was done to the building. Estimates of the extent of the damage have been put at \$200,000 by Alan Gilbert the Vice Chancellor and \$300,000 by John Howard. Gilbert later reduced the estimate to \$100,000. It is not known who will pay for the damage but students believe that it must be put into context with the damage caused to Higher Education by the mammoth cuts introduced by the Howard government.

Occupations also occurred at the Australian National University in Canberra and blockades at the University of Queensland and Queensland's Griffith University. Pick up your game, Adelaide.

Are you afraid of the Dark? Security on Campus

The Lowdown

Late last term you would have received an email from the University informing of recent attacks on women students. Both attacks occurred in the parklands surrounding the North Terrace campus and all students, staff and academics have been warned to exercise caution when on or around campus at night.

Security Services/Escort Services

There are Security Escorts available after 6pm from the Security Office in the North-Western corner of the Hughes Plaza. The Escort will drop you anywhere within a 5km radius of the University, to your home, college, car, bus stop - wherever! Escorts leave every 45 minutes until 10:15pm, after which Escorts will be provided as needed within a 5km radius.

Security Telephones

There are nine Security phones on the North Terrace campus which will give you direct access to the Security Office and assistance if required. The locations of the phones are on the map in your student diary (or from maps available in the SAUA) and are marked with an 'S'. It is worthwhile familiarising yourself with the locations of these phones. To operate them all you have to do is press the button, and someone will answer you!

Self Defence Courses

The Security service also offers Women's Self Defence Courses. At present all of the courses are booked, however, the Security Service is taking expressions of interest and will be forming new classes once there are enough people.

'Safe' Routes after dark

There are five recommended nighttime routes through the North Terrace Campus. These walkways are well lit and are used by the most people at night. They are marked on the University maps, but for your info they are:

- Route 1: From Kintore Avenue, entering at gate 13, past the Physics Building, straight to the Security Office.
- Route 2: From North Terrace, enter Gate 22, past Bonython Hall, past Elder Hall, to Hughes Plaza, straight to the Security Office.
- Route 3: From Victoria Drive, through Gate 9, along the Barr Smith steps, straight to the Security Office.
- Route 4: From the Medical and Dentistry Schools, across Frome Road, between the Engineering North and the Mathematics Building, through the Plaza Complex, straight to the Security Office.
- Route 5: From North Terrace, through Gate 20, straight down the Western Drive, to the Security Office.

For further info, check a campus map!

What you can do

- Use the security services, like the escorts and the Security Transport Service.
- If you have a mobile phone, programme the Security Services' and the Police's number into your phone.
- Let someone know what your plans for the evening are.
- Arrange for someone to meet you after late lectures etc.
- Walk to your car or bus stop with a friend - two is safer than one!

What are we (@ the SAUA) doing?

We are working with representatives from the University, S.A. Police, the Adelaide City Council, the Attorney-Generals Department and other authorities in the crime prevention, rape and sexual assault fields. This group is looking at both long and short-term solutions to the problems at the North Terrace campus with a view to improving the University's environs (from a safety viewpoint) to promote awareness of the dangers without causing a panic and to continue to work with the wider community to ensure everyone's safety.

Campus Watch

Campus Watch began last year and works on a similar premise to Neighbourhood or School Watch, BUT IT RELIES ON VOLUNTEERS! We need you! If you get involved in Campus Watch, you will have set times when you 'patrol' the campus (daytime only) and you can do it with a friend! So instead of sitting on your butt having a natter, you can wander the uni... and have a natter!

If you want to help us make your uni safer... call us!

SAUA: 8303 5406

EMAIL: anais@arcom.com.au

Anais Chevalier

What the public thinks

Lana: I don't really think that they are around enough to make me feel comfortable. I know people who have been attacked and so I don't like to walk around alone.

Kate: The drop home/bus stop service is really excellent and I use it a lot, the only problem is that sometimes it takes a long time. I've never seen security people walking around campus, and because I study over in the Med building, it's often scary walking over there alone. Maybe they could install security cameras in dark alleys that only come on at night or something.

Sarah: The University only really acts on security issues when people report something which isn't really good enough. I finish rehearsals at uni very late sometimes and when I'm walking around campus it is more the mindset of what could happen not what is going to happen. So I run to the bus stop.

Ben: I've never had anything to do with security, and I have never felt unsafe on campus. I know people who have though. They should walk with me. I would keep them safe.

Jon: I think the security guys do the best job that they can with the resources that are available to them. Sometimes I feel a bit jittery walking around by myself at night on campus, but that is the same anywhere quiet.

Sam: I am the reason they need security on campus.

\$2m to be spent on Law school

After a critical law review last year and disappointing results in the National Graduate Course Experience Questionnaire (rating graduating students' satisfaction with the law school), up to \$2 million will be spent on implementing the changes recommended by the review and looking into revamping the law school in the areas of admissions, degree arrangements, teaching and involvement with the legal profession.

The law school will take on board many recommendations in the review, namely advertising for a new professorial law dean and considering the options of school-leaver entry and letting students do single bachelor of law degrees, instead of the compulsory double degree. Other suggestions have been rejected, such as incorporating the law school as a separate faculty, as it is argued that aspect will be revamped regardless in a planned faculty shake up that will take effect in January.

The teaching staff can also expect many changes, with voluntary staffing packages in the pipeline for anybody unhappy.

While it is fantastic that the law school is receiving the funding it desperately needs, the money will be conditional on 'performance milestones' that will need to be met over a three-year period. An advisory board headed by Malcolm Gillies (the executive dean of PALACE - the of performing arts, law, architecture, commerce and economics faculties) will decide on the changes, most of which will be administered by Kathleen McEvoy, the current dean of law.

So while all the law students out there finally have something to celebrate, we'll all have to wait a little longer to see exactly what changes will be put into place.

Penny Chalke

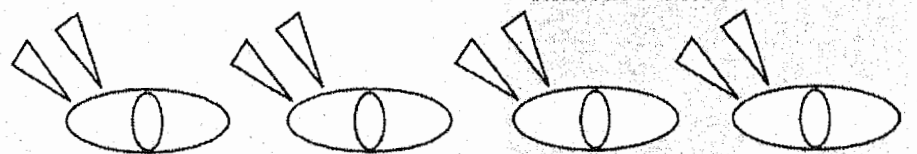
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Student Card Holders Save 15%

Ruddock accused of double discrimination

One day after his forty-eighth birthday, former Pakistani refugee Shahrzad Kayani set fire to himself at the entrance to Parliament House in Canberra. The extensive burns that resulted left him in a stable but critical condition.

Since 1996, Mr Kayani had been struggling with immigration officials in a continuing effort to bring his wife and three daughters to Australia. During this time, he was granted a temporary protection visa, which eventually led to him becoming an Australian citizen. In normal circumstances, the Department of Immigration would have allowed Mr Kayani's family to join him in Australia, where his brother Shahrzad holds a senior office in the Department of Defence.

However, the Department of Immigration is yet to make a final determination on the matter. Almost a month after the case was referred to his office on March 7, Immigration Minister Phillip Ruddock claims that he will make a final decision at an "ap-



Ruddock, in a variety of flattering poses. Such an unfortunate face, poor man.

propriate time". Some are suggesting that an "appropriate time" should have occurred before April 2, when Mr Kayani resorted to the kind of extreme protest that was originally made famous by Buddhist Monks prior to the outbreak of the Vietnam War.

The biggest factor preventing Kayani's family migrating to Australia stems from the fact that one of his daughters suffers from cerebral palsy. According to the Immigration Department, the ten-year-old would

cost taxpayers \$700,000 in medical treatment over her lifetime. Prior to this estimate, the department had calculated the cost to be \$480,000. It was this information, coupled with a fresh rejection of his family's application, that led to Mr Kayani's near-fatal protest outside Federal Parliament.

On Dit contacted a number of government departments in an effort to ascertain exactly how such figures are calculated and factored into immigration applications. The only explanation came from Health Services Australia, who are in charge of the medical assessment of immigrants and refugees seeking Australian residence. According to HSA, the results of medical assessments are dispatched to the Immigration Department, where they are used to assess applications "on an individual basis".

This lack of transparency leads to several questions about the Federal Government's handling of Mr Kayani's case. For example, what formula did the Immigration Department use to calculate the taxpayer cost of a ten-year-old cerebral palsy sufferer? How many variables did it involve? Did it take continuing medical research into account? How was the girl's life ex-

pectancy calculated? What kind of inflation rate was assumed over such a period of time? Unfortunately, *On Dit* failed to persuade Mr Ruddock's office to answer these questions. Instead, we asked Mr Kayani's older brother Shahrzad if he could shed some light on the matter.

Although unaware of the actual accounting involved, Shahrzad assured us that his niece (ten-year-old Annum) wouldn't have cost nearly as much as the Department of Immigration had estimated. "The estimation was based on a number of dubious assumptions," he said. "The girl would require some treatment -- but for the most part she would be looked after by trained family members, several of whom are currently living in Australia."

Shahrzad went on to point out that his brother's family never expected any kind of institutional help, and that the Australian taxpayer would not have had to pay for any of Annum's treatment.

According to Shahrzad, the whole situation is due to "double discrimination" on the part of the Federal Government. "My brother's family was not allowed to settle here simply because one of his daughters has cerebral palsy," he said. "If there was no disabled child, the whole family would have been here a long time ago."

Shahrzad told us that possible complications meant that his brother had a fifty percent chance of survival. Meanwhile, back in Pakistan, Shahrzad's family nervously waits for Mr Ruddock's determination. It is hoped that the decision will involve a waiver of the now infamous medical criteria.

Tristan

ABSTUDY cuts blamed for drop in Indigenous students

The National Union of Students has reacted angrily to recent figures indicating a significant drop in the number of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders starting university.

Statistics published by the Department of Education, Training and Youth Affairs showed that the number of Indigenous enrolments had fallen by 15 percent from 1999 to 2000. The fall in enrolments resulted in an 8.1 percent decline in the overall number of Indigenous students to 651.

Perhaps the most worrying statistic is the 20.3 percent fall in Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander students enrolling in university preparation courses, indicating a future decline in undergraduate enrolments.

The NUS blames the Indigenous Education Policies of the Howard Government. NUS President David Henderson said that "Changes to the ABSTUDY scheme which were implemented in January 2000 have immediately decimated the participation rates of Indigenous students in Higher Education." The changes are expected to save the Government \$19.53 million per annum. The NUS, in conjunction with the National Tertiary Education Union has called on the Government to restore ABSTUDY benefits to 1999 levels.

However, some analysts are suggesting that the bulk of the figures are due to a decline in the data quality on the part of many universities. One university statistician said that "policy makers deserve to have better information than that being provided by some universities."

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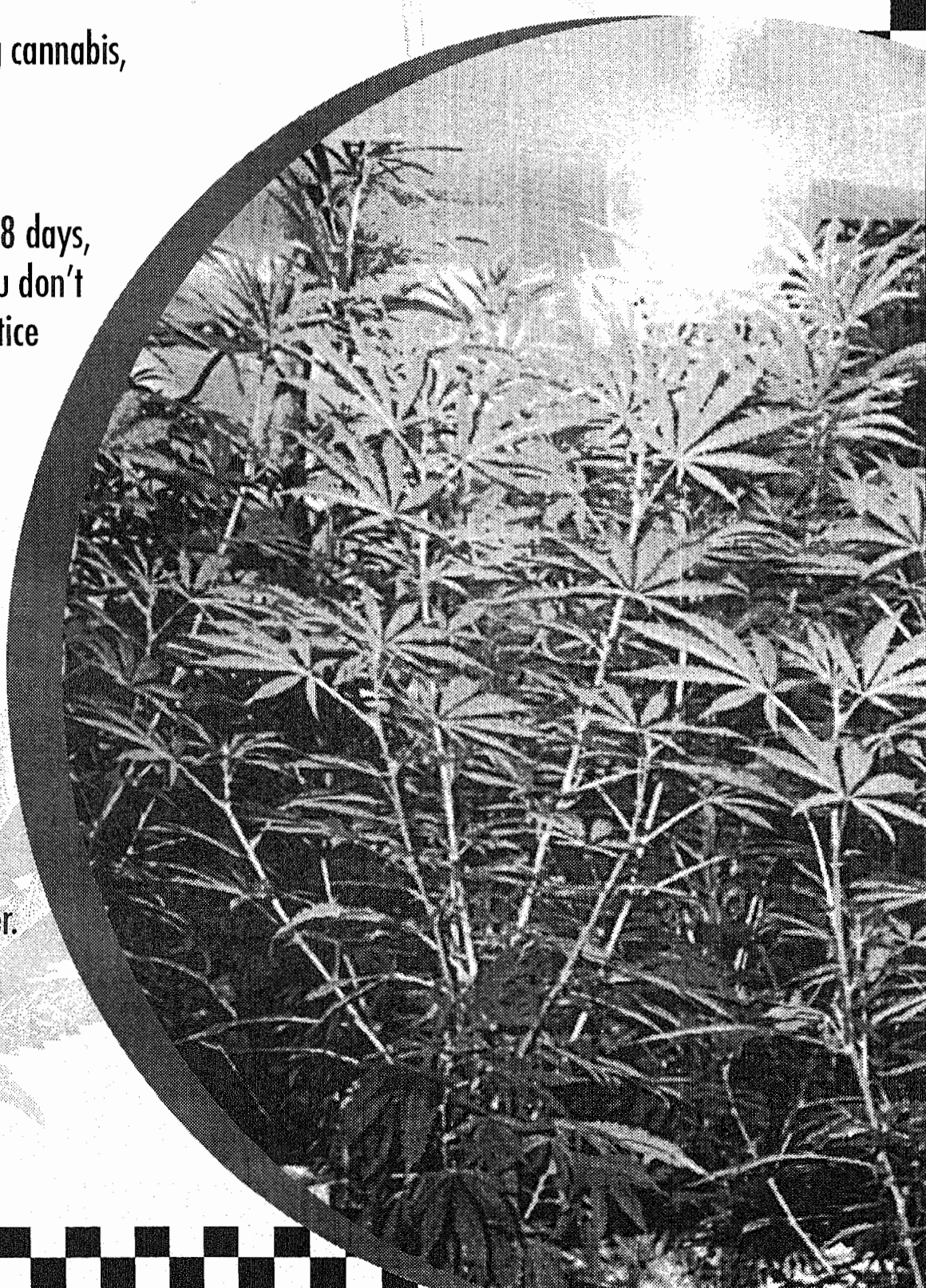
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Natasha cops 69 (percent of leadership ballot)

The sixth of April saw former SAUA President Natasha Stott Despoja take over the leadership of the Australian Democrats from fellow South Australian Senator Meg Lees.

The interminably long election process involved tree huggers Australia wide casting their votes over a period of three weeks, until polls finally closed on March 23. The result saw Stott Despoja attract a provocative 69 percent of the vote, prompting further questions about the 31-year-old's alleged involvement in the Australian porn industry.

Contrary to most media coverage, the ballot was far from a forgone conclusion. In particular, there was a feeling that a Stott Despoja victory would signal to the rest of the Australian political landscape that the Democrats were willing to sacrifice senatorial experience for youthful good looks. One senior Democrat noted that the leadership spill seemed to have

more to do with perky breasts than political credibility. Aware of such comments, many party members voted for Stott Despoja despite, rather than because of her looks.

In addition, the Democrats' partial responsibility for the introduction of the Coalition's unpopular goods and services tax saw many of Stott Despoja's supporters abandon the party, robbing her of the kind of support base that usually guarantees a successful leadership challenge.

Senator Lees, however, blames the GST for her downfall. In an impassioned defence of her leadership (which sounded a lot like a concession speech), Lees claimed that the Australian Tax Office's bungled implementation and administration of the new tax system had upset party members who were poised to replace her with Senator Stott Despoja. "I think [the tax office's] handling of the process has been appalling," she said. "In

some ways the very handling of the implementation of the GST may well have led to some of my party members becoming concerned about the GST generally."

Despite such comments, Senator Lees stands by her belief in taxation reform, maintaining that it ranked amongst her proudest political achievements. Of course, this does not sound like the leader of a party eager to distance itself from a hugely unpopular Tax on Everything. As such, most Democrats felt that the woman credited with the dubious honour of helping the Coalition guide the GST through the Senate was no longer fit to lead the party into another federal election.

Senator Stott Despoja, however, is tipped to be far less Howard-friendly. On issues such as industrial relations and tertiary education, the Coalition is likely to have a much harder time dealing with a Stott Despoja-led

Democrats. Many of Stott Despoja's supporters want to see their party take a stronger stance against the GST, while other party members are concerned that the Democrats will tend towards a more confrontational approach to the Senate.

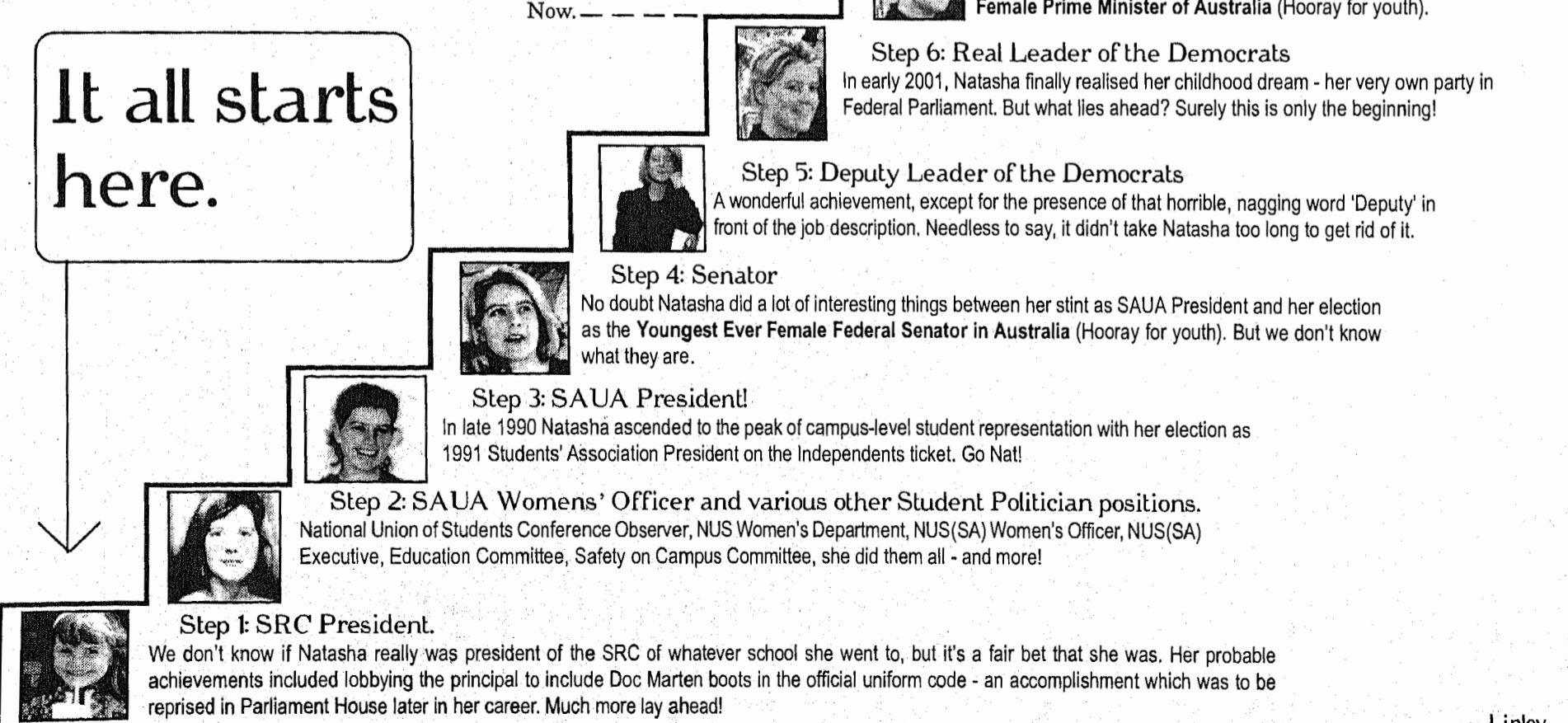
Newly appointed deputy Aden Ridgeway further alluded to the Democrats' more aggressive approach to policy when he told *The Australian* that the party should no longer be seen as a third Coalition partner or a fourth faction of the ALP.

One thing remains clear: Stott Despoja and Ridgeway constitute the youngest and most diverse party leadership in the history of Australian politics. Hell - even a drug-addled lunatic like Cheryl Kernot knows that the Democrats' new "Dream Team" will be a force to be reckoned with both during and after the next federal election.

Tristan

Natasha Stott Despoja's Ladder to Success

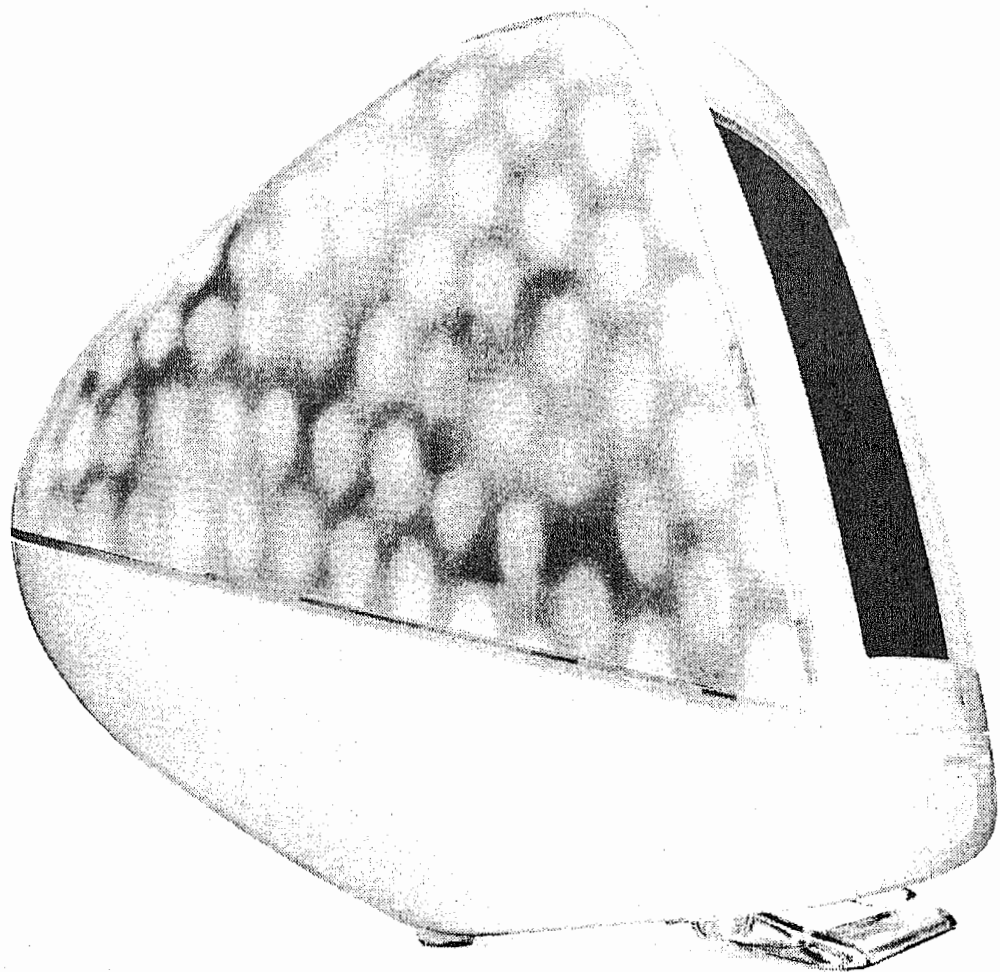
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International Students & Skill Migration

Recently, advice has been received that as from the 1st July 2001 graduates will be able to apply in Australia for Skill Migration (subject to regulation criteria being met). Students would be able to lodge an application only after the skills assessment and language requirements have been met. This initiative is a great step forward for overseas students wishing to remain in Australia as permanent residents.

Most overseas students will, at some stage of their stay in Australia, think about the prospect of whether they can use their qualifications as a springboard to the possibility of migrating to Australia at some time in the future. In this regard, Australia is very keen on seeing that the future of migration takes in these very same people. Australia's policy for migration of skilled independent applicants is based on four basic principles.

These are (1) an ability to speak English (2) being under 45 years of age (3) having a skill that is equal to an Australian level qualification. and (4) having sufficient experience in a trade or profession that is listed in the Department's skill list.

Of course there are rules and regulations that relate to these criteria and thus it is very important to seek out sound advice from a professional. It is also critical that a future applicant is aware of those trades and professions that fit the migration program. It is often found out later, to the concern of applicants, that the course they have chosen is not one of the nominated skill categories that fits the Department of Immigration's skill list. This could mean that a student's time has gone in the wrong direction if the subjects taken are not those to fit migration at a later date.

In this regard, we often counsel students, who have thought towards migration and about the pathways that they could consider as an alternative to avoid any later disappointment. Migration has many twists and turns that can trap an unsuspecting applicant unless they have sought professional help.

Many students do not understand that mi-

gration is a serious business and any lapse of visa conditions can cause devastating consequences that sometimes end up in tribunal or court appearances in an effort to have a student visa re-instated. Every student is counselled about the strictness of student visa conditions and about the work limitations and the necessity of attending courses taken. As an organization, we handle many student matters ranging from visa renewals, migration cases, tribunal and court matters and in simple areas of advice about possible pathways for aspiring migrants of the future.

If you have an intention to consider migration then before finishing your course you should pay us a visit to discuss your plans. There is no substitute for a well thought-out strategy. Success comes a lot easier when done professionally and staged to fit in with the existing criteria.

We also handle many cases of student marriages where one of the parties is either an Australian citizen or permanent resident. The key elements in these situations are that the relationship is both genuine and continuous and that the union has not been for the purposes of migration. There are serious repercussions for any who attempt to thwart these criteria.

The Government also has other schemes, which in many cases can fit a student who has completed his/her degree or qualification. These include the Employer Nomination Scheme, The Regional Skills Migration Scheme and in some cases the 'temporary work related visa'.

Dick Glazbrook, the principal of DGA Consultants Pty Ltd, has been looking after students and prospective migrants for the past 18 years and has spent many years as the State President of the Migration Institute of Australia in Adelaide. He is a former State Member of Parliament and he completed his degree in Political/Sociology at Flinders University specialising in migration subjects. He is well versed in all matters migration and is happy, with his team, to answer any of your questions. Call them on 8231 8001 or on their mobiles any time on 0414 5151 11 or 0414 9517 98.

Natasha Stott Despoja Caption Competition

In the last few editions, *On Dit* has been running a regular feature asking you, the reader, to supply captions for a different ridiculous photograph of Prime Minister John Howard each week.

Even though we still have plenty of ridiculous photographs of John in stock (he produces them far faster than we can print them), this is our **Natasha Stott Despoja Tribute Edition**, so here's a photo of Nat instead (sorry, we got it from the Web so it's a bit grainy).



As you can see, it's a little old. Doesn't Meg look happy?

We're sure you can come up with plenty of amusing captions for this picture, so get them in to *On Dit* quick smart and you could win a fabulous prize!

This week's prize pool includes:

- A tube of Ansell flavoured personal lubricant (banana)
- A baseball cap advertising Telstra's "Yell" internet service
- A t-shirt advertising hit movie *Dead Man's Curve*.

Several sachets of sugar.

- A small bottle of perfume Tristan found in someone's rubbish bin.
- A complete set of *On Dit* 2001.

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RECLAIM THE STREETS REVISITED

In the last *On Dit* of first term we printed a brief article about the 2001 Reclaim the Streets. In case you weren't paying attention, Reclaim the Streets is a global movement dedicated to the reclaiming of public space (the street) from corporate interests and the motor car by taking over a section of the city (the exact location being kept secret until the day) and holding an unauthorised street party.

Last week I spoke to one of the organisers of this year's RTS, Phil Bradley, about RTS 2000, 2001 and whatever may be happening in 2002. (Note: Phil is speaking for himself here, and not for the RTS organising collective of around 20 people)

I began by asking for a comparison of this year's event, which started off in Victoria Square before 'reclaiming' an area of Gouger Street, with last year's, which took over part of Hindley Street West. Apparently, last year's event came as a complete surprise to the authorities. Not only had Adelaide's police never seen anything like it before, it turned out to coincide with a Police Open Day at which some of the Adelaide force was present. This meant that the Reclaimers had time to set up stages and barricades without police interference, and partied on for around seven hours. Most of the businesses along the street had been informed in advance and some were quite supportive of the event.

Recently, however, there has been a world-wide clampdown on RTS events, with police having developed

a better understanding of the phenomenon and a greater desire to prevent it disrupting the orderly flow of everyday city life. Highly publicised protest actions such as last year's S11 protest at the World Economic Summit in Melbourne and the paranoia surrounding the Olympics have also led to increased alertness and willingness to act quickly and harshly.



Police taking a bale of hay into custody.

This year, the Adelaide police knew what was going on, and were far less willing to compromise or negotiate. There was an atmosphere of harassment and unpleasantness, they prevented the organizers from setting up several stages and food stalls, and horses were used to disrupt the event generally. They seemed to be trying to create a point of conflict in order to justify their sometimes violent handling of the event to the media; unlike 2000, when there were no arrests and the street was occupied for around seven hours before the party moved to

Light Square, this year six people were arrested and the whole thing was moved along after only around three hours.

Media coverage varied considerably, with each media outlet taking a different tack in their coverage – some were stereotypical and hysterical, while others made genuine attempts to address the issues involved. Reported estimates of attendance ranged from 300 to 1,000 – in Phil's opinion, the actual numbers were somewhere in between.

Events such as this are always unpredictable and, despite some of the bad things that happened on the day, Phil considers it a success. While there was a lot of chaos, with attempts to work out structures for dealing with the police being less than effective, he considered the turnout positive and the attitudes of the people present highly so. When the party moved to Victoria Square (just across the street from the police headquarters) and the stages and stalls could be set up, the musicians and the Food Not Bombs people (who gave out food to partygoers) made it a great time for all.

The changing situation of the street was highlighted to those present and the media, as well as the nature of our society's power relations – attempts to escape and contest corporate-controlled communities can be quite difficult and are quickly challenged by authoritarian powers. It is necessary to keep pushing the boundaries to avoid falling into a rut; if it ever got to the point

much of our time, time that we could be spending on living our lives instead of some TV characters and that is why in 1994, *Adbusters* launched TV Turnoff Week as a seven-day break from the dreamworld of the tube. It's an explosive idea – this year, millions of people in over 25 countries around the world will take a break from televised culture and you can be a part of it. I encourage everyone to get off the couch, pull the plug and experience life – real life, see what happens during a seven-day experiment in life without TV. A whole new space to think emerges. You find yourself passing time in ways you never expected. And you start to wonder: when I reach for the remote, who is really in control? When millions of people let the screen fade to black this year, they'll be helping to build the *Media Carta* campaign – the human rights battle of the 21st century. Fewer and fewer people and companies own the media that set political agendas and shape our imaginations. We fought kings and church for freedom of opinion, and governments for freedom of expression. It's time to fight for the right to access the most powerful communications medium ever created.

The characters on TV are good looking, funny, and their lives are exciting. If they have a problem, it's

drama, not boredom; love, not loneliness. But their world is not our world. There is an interesting trend between the rise of depression and the spread of televised media culture. By 2020, depression is expected to be second only to heart disease as the planet's most debilitating illness. People born after 1945 are three times more likely to experience depression in their lives than people born before. No one knows for sure if TV is to blame. But we do know that people feel isolated from friends, family, and community. That many of us feel we aren't beautiful, funny, or cool enough.

TV Turnoff Week is all about the mental environment – the idea that, like our oceans and air, our shared mindscape is littered with distractions, irritants, and pollutants. The goal is simply to get people thinking about the clutter in their mental space. Only you are in charge of TV Turnoff Week. Be creative, and tap into your own style. Imagine all the things that we could be doing if we weren't worried about having to see what happens next on *Sex in the City*. Remember that dog that you tell people is yours, well perhaps you could reintroduce yourselves and go for a walk...or you could...

• Go to the beach or simply spend some time outdoors allowing oneself

Indymedia

Comes to Adelaide

That's right, Adelaide now has its very own Indymedia site, www.adelaide.indymedia.org.au Indymedia is a free web-based open-access media outlet covering events that mainstream corporate media cannot be trusted to report on accurately or at all. If you have a story or want to find out what's going on in South Australia, go along to Adelaide Indymedia. There are also links to the many other Indymedia sites worldwide.



where RTS became mainstream and accepted, something else would have to spring up to push things a little further. This is one reason why permission is not sought from the police and the City Council.

Questions remain about the next RTS, if there is indeed to be one. Phil identified a number of lessons that emerged from this year, including the need for more planning and more preparation for the inevitable police response. Adelaide's lacklustre activist culture, which seems to consist of only a few people involved in radical direct action rather than lobbying, makes it difficult to organize and get good numbers to events like this; next time will see a different location, different tactics and probably a different set of people doing the work, so, as usual, anything could happen.

Linley Henzell

to experience and appreciate the wonderful, yet enormously endangered environment in which we live.

• Get together a group of TV-addicted friends and go bowling, check out live music or a play, attend an action group meeting, or host a party.

• Find a few used televisions and hold a *TV smash-in*. A longtime favorite!

• Join a band, start writing a journal or perhaps do some of that study you've been meaning to do for ages.

• If you're in the mood from some real culture jamming, get your hands on a universal remote control, and head out on a pub crawl – illicitly zapping TVs everywhere you go. (I'm in if you are!)

Above all else just get involved and have some fun. TV Turnoff Week will allow us all time to think without cultivated, persuasive distractions – and that makes us the most dangerous kind of citizens of all.

See www.adbusters.org for more details.

Sarah Hanson
SAUA Environment Dept.

TV TURNOFF WEEK
22nd–28th April



They say TV rots your brain – I've come to the conclusion that it's not just your brain it's everything else around you. When was the last time you went to get a clean plate from the dish rack only to find that everything was dirty and had been sitting there so long that forks were firmly stuck with mould to a plate you wanted to use? Not that long ago I bet, and you know why? Because everyone else in the house has been too busy watching *Ally McBeal* and *The Simpsons* to realise that the real world can not just be turned on and off with the push of a button. The fact is TV sucks so

All Australians are Equal, but Some are More Equal than Others

Many students and academics have dreams of travelling and maybe pursuing a career or part of their career overseas. In fact there are now over 800,000 Australians living abroad - that's around 4 percent of all Australians. Not an insignificant number, and a figure which is increasing. What is not widely known is that Australians who end up spending a number of years

triotism than other Australians by not applying for a second citizenship, ever.

Why is a second nationality so attractive? For a number of reasons. Typically, when Australians work and live in a country where they do not hold citizenship, they require a working visa and/or a residency permit. These can be of limited duration. There is always an element of uncertainty as to the fu-

Take the example of an Australian family who has lived in the US for over 15 years. Both parents and three minor daughters were Australian on arrival in the US. Now, in adulthood, one daughter could not remain in the United States without a Green Card, which was not going to be granted unless she was sponsored by a US citizen. For this reason, her mother gave up her Australian citizenship to become a US citizen in order to sponsor her own daughter for a Green Card so that the family could stay together.

It is often said that ignorance of the law is no defence. That's certainly true under the Citizenship Act. Many who have lost their citizenship by virtue of the notorious Section 17 have done so in ignorance. Imagine applying for and taking on a second nationality, and then, in due course, going along to renew your Australian passport, only to find that you were no longer an Australian citizen. A distressing situation, to say the least. To add insult to injury, to visit your own family in Australia you now need a visa to enter the country. You still feel Australian but you're not legally Australian. And the guy in the seat next to you on the plane home is a dual citizen to boot.

The Department of Immigration and Multicultural Affairs will try and console victims of Section 17 with the fact that you can "resume" your lost Australian citizenship. In some cases, this is true. In fact, the relevant provision in the Citizenship Act actually provides a back-door route to dual citizenship for Australian-born citizens, however illogical it might sound. The big hitch is that "resumption" requires the making of a declaration that you intend to reside in Australia again within three years. Many Australians living overseas do not feel they can make this declaration in good faith.

To date Australians overseas have never had a collective voice at home. For this reason, a group of Aussie expats founded a non-profit organization called The Southern Cross Group in January 2000. The Group already has representatives in Brussels, Washington DC, Canberra and London. It is working to achieve change on a number of issues which negatively impact global nomads. The repeal of Section 17 of the Citizenship Act is high on the agenda.

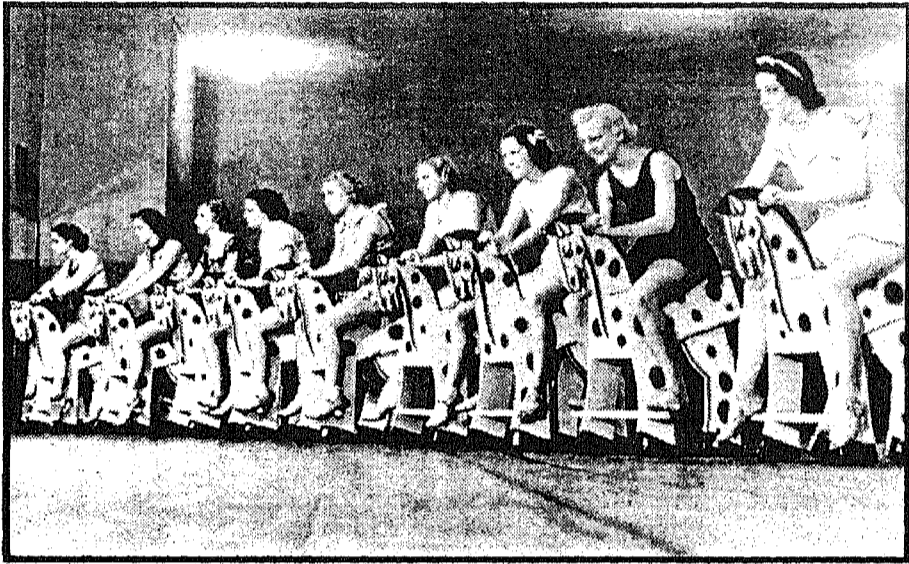
Despite continuous advocacy for over a year by the Group supported by its hundreds of members around the globe, the current federal government has still not implemented the changes recommended by the Australian Citizenship

Council in February 2000, which also backed the repeal of Section 17. There is growing concern that repeal may only be possible under a Labor government. Further details can be found at www.southern-cross-group.org. The Group is urging all Australians to contact their local federal MP, senators and the Prime Minister to encourage the repeal of Section 17. Anyone interesting in volunteering to work with the Group can get in touch at info@southern-cross-group.org.

With a population of only 19 million, Australia is small. As one politician put it recently, we run a very great risk of dropping off the world radar screen, with an economy which makes up only between one and two percent of the global economy. In today's world we need to be networked internationally to be successful and ensure our own future prosperity. What many do not realize is that Australia already has an extensive home-grown network overseas. Turning our backs on those who find it practical to apply for a second nationality is simply not in our own best interests. Yes, there is a brain drain out of Australia. But those talented Australians who are heading overseas are unlikely to return if they lose their citizenship.

Many countries allow their nationals to hold dual citizenship. Australia does too - the only problem is that it doesn't allow all its citizens to have this right. If you only have Australian citizenship, don't you want the right to hold dual citizenship later in life if your circumstances so permit? Isn't it a right you would want your children to have, even if you never exercise it? In the twenty-first century, the world is getting smaller. Our minds shouldn't be.

Ellie Palmer



Southern Cross: in the race for dual citizenship

overseas are being stripped of their Australian citizenship when they take on another.

At least 600 Australians every year lose their Australian citizenship by virtue of Section 17 of the Australian Citizenship Act 1948. Typically, these are Australians who have lived abroad long enough to qualify to apply to take on the citizenship of the country in which they are resident. In fact, many such individuals apply for a second nationality in the mistaken belief that they will then be dual citizens. Wrong. Australians who start from a base of having only Australian citizenship currently have no right under Australian law to hold two passports.

But wait. We all know at least one or two Australians who have dual citizenship within our own circle of acquaintances. Lots of people have both Australian and British citizenship, for example, or Australian and Irish citizenship. In fact, up to five million Australians legally hold two or more nationalities. Typically, these people are naturalized Australians who, under Australian law and the law of their home country, do not have to relinquish their original citizenship on becoming Australian. Or, they were born in Australia, and have another citizenship by right of descent through one or both parents.

In a country where we take fundamental freedoms for granted, it is amazing that there can be a law on our statute books which effectively divides Australian citizens into two classes, based on accident of birth. It seems that if you were born in the Lucky Country, and became Australian by birth without the bonus of a second citizenship by descent, you are expected to demonstrate a higher degree of pa-

ture. Furthermore, you cannot vote in a country where you are not a citizen, although you will have to pay taxes. And, you can always be deported from a country where you are not a citizen, even if you have lived there for many years.

Your spouse may be a national of the country where you live, as may be your children. In the United States, if you inherit money or property as a non-US national, you will be taxed at a crippling rate. Many Australian war brides who married US servicemen have found themselves penniless in widowhood as a result. They had not become naturalized US citizens over the years because they did not want to lose their precious Australian citizenship.

In Europe, a huge disadvantage of Section 17 is the fact that while working in Europe, you contribute to the social security system of the EU Member State in which you reside. But the EU-level rules on the portability of pensions within the EU do not apply to non-EU nationals. And Australia only has bilateral social security agreements with about half of the EU countries. You may find that you cannot take a foreign government pension in retirement in Australia. Australia has even just terminated its bilateral social security agreement with the United Kingdom. Becoming a national of the country where you live and keeping your Australian citizenship solves these problems.

There are situations where Australians have taken on a second citizenship because they felt they had no choice, even though they knew they would lose their Australian citizenship by doing so. For those individuals the decision has very often been heartwrenching.



Once they've left Australia, some people must go to extraordinary lengths to return

BEER LINES

The Big Reds

by Tony Jones, Southwark Chief Brewer

We tend to think of beer as having a limited range of colour, from pale golden, through amber to the deep brown and black of porters and stouts. There are beer styles, however, with distinct reddish hues, though these beers are not normally seen in Australia. The colour of red beers is not derived from artificial dyes or colours, nor even from the addition of red fruits or berries. The unique red hues are created solely from the type of malts used in the brew.

The pale barley malt used in pale lagers and ales leaves most beers with a pale gold to straw tint. This colour development is a legacy of the malting process, the natural biological germination of the grain which is followed by a short and mild heating (kilning) used by the maltster to arrest the growth of the grain and to dry it.

Malting is an art in itself for a brewer cannot create a top quality beer without starting with a top quality malt. To create more colour in the malt a maltster will vary the length and rate of the germination process. Generally the more advanced the germination process before it is terminated by kilning, the darker will be the finished malt, and the beer.

But the maltster has another more important tool with which to influence both the colour and flavour development of the malt, and this is the drying or kilning process itself. The moisture content of the malt at the time of drying, the temperature and the duration of the process all create differences in colour and flavour.

A slightly longer kilning process, but still at relatively low temperatures, and with the retention of a degree of moisture, will produce a coppery coloured malt and resultant beer.

The Europeans refer to this as the Vienna style, while the British label it a Pale Ale Malt (Remember, the British Pale Ale has a coppery red hue like Bass Pale, not the much lighter colour that we associate with the Australian Pales). This is the style with the most pronounced reddish hue.

A much moister kilning regime, where the kiln is closed rather than vented, to trap liberated moisture within the room, results in a stewing of the grain. The British call this style Crystal, the Americans call it Caramel, and the Europeans refer to it as the Munich style. This is the style with the most brownish hue of the malts and also the most fla-

avourful, with toffee and sweet caramel notes emerging.

Further degrees of kilning, at higher temperatures and with a drier finish, produce Chocolate and Black Malts. These confer deep brown to black colours to the beer accompanied with chocolate and toasted (burnt) flavours, and are most commonly used in Stouts and Porters.

But back to the reds.

While many beers claim the title of Red, few deliver the distinctive red hue that the name implies. The most notable are the **Red Beers of Flanners**, the best known being those which carry the Rodenbach family name. This beer has become a style in its own right, brewed from Vienna Malt; it is a sourish beer which carries both acetic and lactic notes and hints of passionfruit. The deep red colour of this brew comes not only from the Vienna Malt, but also from the tannins and caramels extracted from the oak vessels in which it is matured for up to 18 months, and it has an alcohol content of 4.6%.

Irish Ales are also noted for their reddish colour. These are full bodied, malty and sweetish beers. The most interesting ones also exhibit a buttery or butterscotch character derived from the relatively high diacetyl content found in the brews. Diacetyl is a byproduct of yeast fermentation, the presence of which is considered a major malt in all lagers and most brewers go to considerable lengths to keep it at levels below the flavour threshold. In the highly malty Irish Ales it is neither unpleasant nor out of place.

The **Vienna style** is a reddish-amber coloured lager beer first created in the Austrian capital. The style of malt produces not only the distinctive colour, but also a sweetish, textured palate that dries at the end. Sadly the modern beers of Vienna tend to be much more golden, and this classic and original beer style which was first introduced by Anton Dreher in 1841, seems to have all but disappeared in its homeland. A search of the imported beer shelf at your local liquor store may however find examples from elsewhere which lay claim to being of the Vienna style. That such beers remain today is a tribute to the originality of this style and well worth a prolonged search. Good hunting and good drinking!

QUEER ACTION AND ADVENTURE

with George and Rachel

Are you lost for queer things to do? Don't feel that gay clubs and pubs are satisfying your queer social thirst? Aside from bringing you fun things to do we also recognise the need for maintaining queer people's rights. This does not mean becoming a political fanatic but taking simple peaceful actions that make a difference.

ADVENTURE

After an incredible Australia Gaymes over the Easter break we're sure you guys are exhausted and want something easy to do so we've plagiarised the following from *Blaze* newspaper: 'Are you tired of the 'scene'? Want to make new friends? Have a fabulous time? Well, lots of others are doing just that at The Pink Files workshops on Sunday afternoons from 1 - 5pm at the Balcony Theatre, 120 Gouger Street (above the Mars Bar). Never been in a show before? Doesn't matter. Our professional singing, dancing and acting tutors will have you looking good and feeling fabulous. Try it and see what everyone else who's in the know is raving about. And it's free! Want more info? Phone Geoff on 8443 6200.'

ACTION

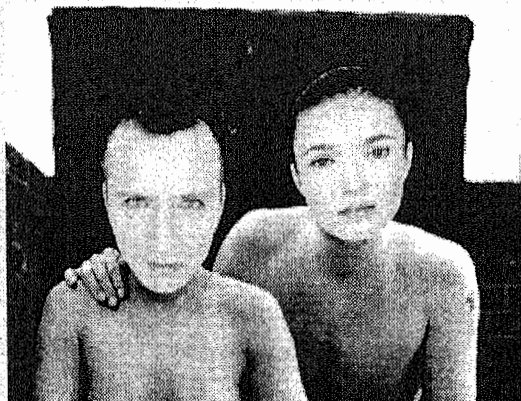
We've noticed that there is a massive ignorance of issues relating to HIV/AIDS. A lot of younger people tend to feel that it is not a problem any more. We even used to get sick of every gay movie or book having to deal with someone dying because of AIDS. After we did a HIV/AIDS volunteer training course it put us into a real perspective of where we're at in the fight against AIDS. It gave us a strong insight into the difficulties that someone with this virus battles against everyday. We don't mean to sound like fundamentalist-religious-do-gooders but it is incredible what difference one individual can make.

The Positive Living Centre is seeking Men and Women volunteers. Ring Damien, the Volunteer Co-ordinator, on 8293 3700 to show your interest in becoming a Buddy for a person living with HIV/AIDS. This would require no more than 5 hours a week and would entail meeting one person living with HIV/AIDS maybe for coffee, a movie, a walk etc. The PLC has clients in most suburbs of SA and gives training before you start. It's a terrific way to learn a lot of incredible new lessons, dispel old HIV/AIDS myths that even educated queers should know better about, give back to the community and meet really great people.

On Dit Sexuality Edition

On Dit and the SAUA Sexuality Officers are calling out to all those interested in contributing to the sexuality edition, by writing articles, real-life experiences or generally contributing to the production of the paper. If you want to get involved, please see Sam or Elise (Sexuality Officers) in the SAUA, or email them at boysexo@saua.asn.au or girlsexo@saua.asn.au.

**Deadline: 2nd May
Published: 7th May**



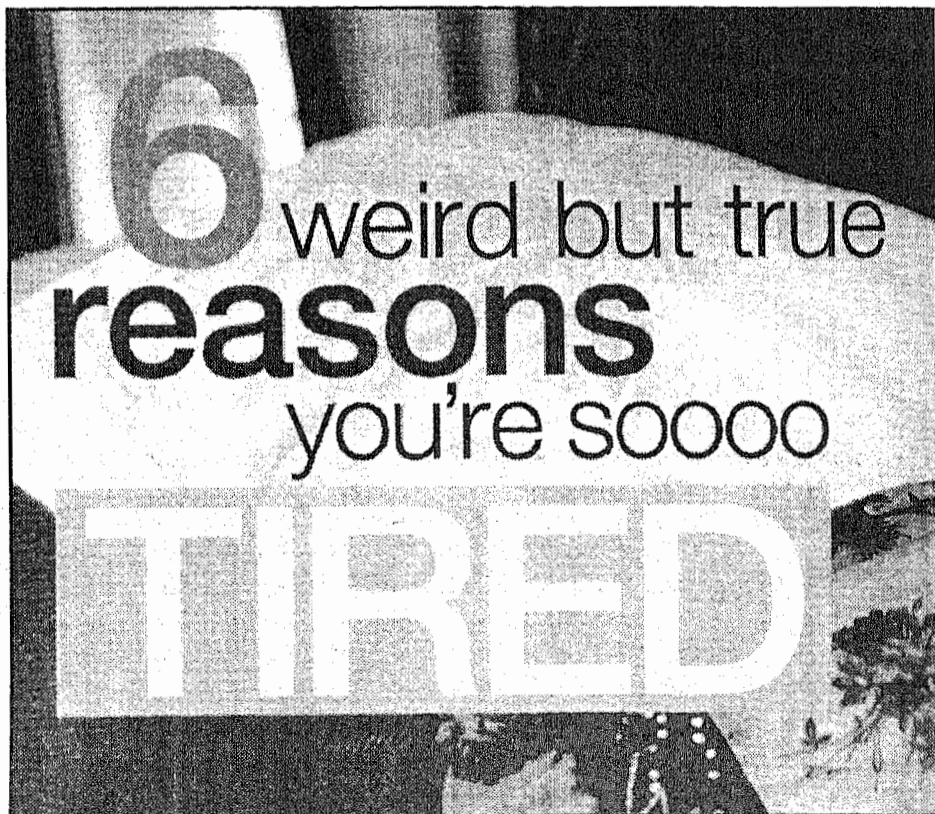
Fill 'er up - the secrets of print media

Filler. It's a great thing. Every magazine/newspaper/street rag worth its salt understands the monumental importance of 'filler'. As the avid *On Dit* reader, you too will be familiar with its use. Articles such as 'And the Bride Wore a Fru Fru' and 'The Law Review: How bad is it?' are both fine examples. Similarly, the letters section is awash with filler - the leprechaun, tamara binkle and Bridget Allen to name a few. However, even we at *On Dit* cannot take the prize for the best use of filler in today's media circles. Like the cruel bastard that fortune is, we must insist upon stumbling across more supreme filler pieces than even *Green Left Weekly* could hope to produce. Such an occasion occurred the other night. Dark and stormy though it wasn't, the night was to become bleak as we were reminded once again how we can never hope to achieve the kind of greatness our superiors insist on thrusting upon us. *Cosmopolitan* - bible, handbook and beacon for today's modern twenty-something struggling to make it in a world that favours lipstick, the nuclear family and subtle camel hues. How can we ever compete?

After a hard night hitting the vodka, I stumbled home with the intention of showering my alcoholic woes away, snuggling into my doony and giving my mother a bingle. My night couldn't possibly have gotten better. Trying to elude a discussion concerning my car registration and the fact it has not yet been paid, my anguish became increasingly apparent as my wily mother proceeded to back me into a corner. Why didn't I have the money to pay? (Because I'm an alcoholic.) Don't you know it's illegal to drive an unregistered car? (I'm also unlicensed and frequently drive over the limit. It's not really going to make a difference.) We'll have to pay

for it, you know. (That's what you're there for - I didn't ask to be born.) At the crucial moment of Elementary Question Time, read: You don't appreciate us, who should knock on my door but the delightful Pennifer, friend, cruel boss and partner in crime. Thankful for the line of escape, I excused myself from the inquisition and proceeded to join Pen in a usual if not spontaneous Friday night activity. As the fizz settled on our diet cokes, I enjoyed the first glorious burst of nicotine as it escaped my slim friend and encrusted itself onto my charred and blackened lungs. It was precisely at this point our media adventure began.

Flicking through *Cosmo*, we amused ourselves with the many shots of hoochie mama Christina Aguilera, each one more garish than the previous. We oohed and ahed at the new and exciting ways one could wear lipstick. We laughed at the many fat people posing naked with fruit props covering their bits and 'sexy or not' ratings next to their rippling forms. But the boon of fortune was waiting around the corner. Every amateur journalist waits for this moment. Some never find it. Perhaps we were lucky, but then again maybe it was meant to be. Fate didn't just smile at us from on high that night, it showered us with glitter, stars and magic. We had found that elusive piece of filler, and our lives would never be the same again. We simply had to write to *Cosmo* and express our deep and sincere gratitude for their brilliant article, '50 Things We Love About Men'. We kicked my housemate off of his computer (he's got a crush on me, so it doesn't matter. He makes me dinner and everything.) and proceeded to pen a letter to our favourite mag. What follows is an exact transcript.



4 Love Truths You Can Count On

WHILE EACH RELATIONSHIP IS DIFFERENT, THERE ARE SOME LOVED-UP CERTAINTIES. BY BETSY STEPHEN

HE'LL LOVE YOU DESPITE YOUR FREAK OUTS No matter what unfortunate or threatening hairdo or breakou suffer, you can stay together. "A good relationship is able to weather a change - even when it's stormy," says Cherie Carter-Scott, author of *If Love Is a Game, These Are the Rules* (www.amazon.com). "A solid relationship means your partner's turned on by who you are, which means he'll take the rough with the smooth. YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE SOMEONE YOU CAN FLIRT WITH So you're in a committed relationship, that doesn't mean to say that

your thigh-touching days are but a distant memory. "You know you have chemistry," says Carter-Scott, "the really fun part is finding ways to keep it bubbling." IN-LOVE COUPLES FIGHT RIGHT ALL fair. When you get in the ring, he'll keep the love on and not do anything else. He's the one standing at the end of it. GIVING YOUR BOYFRIEND AN EGO BOOST You can't count on your boyfriend's compliments which, added most, like his assurance that overly pleated dress looks fabulous on you. "A good, steady supply of self-image supplements nourishes your esteem and feeds your appreciation for each other," says Carter-Scott.

'Dear Cosmo,

As editors of Adelaide University's student newspaper, we have learnt a great deal about the art of print media production. Now, we are not presuming that we could possibly produce a magazine of such high quality as *Cosmopolitan* (seriously, we love your mag), but we know 'filler' when we see it. Filler is a great thing - we love it. In fact, we use it all the time. However, as yet we have been unable to find that perfect, elusive filler piece that encapsulates everything filler stands for. Try as we might, we can't quite get past rehashing old articles regarding student politician hacks and their dubious place in society as we know it. We would like to be the first to congratulate you on the magnificent filler article, '50 things we love about men'. We know the paginating horror that is discovering you have four extra pages with absolutely nothing to put on them. However, you at *Cosmo* are clearly masters in this area, as your article so readily proved. Spreading the title across two pages? Pure genius! However, particularly inspiring was your use of filler within filler. For example, point 40 - "The cool, smooth feeling of their fresh, clean-shaven faces" is followed by point 41's "(Perfect two-day stubble works too)". Extending points to ensure you meet your 50 point target? Fabulous! We here at *On Dit* have learnt from our meagre editing, but as yet, nothing has trained us better than your fine magazine. Thankyou *Cosmo* for enriching our journalistic experience.

Love, Penny and Clementine'

Since this moment, I can safely say that neither Penny nor I have faced the tough issue of filler in the same

way. No longer can we be content with mediocre articles designed simply to fill blank, empty spaces. The delight we experienced in relation to *Cosmo*'s deliciously ironic article is something we will never be able to reproduce. Already I have discovered three more filler articles. 'His 8 Hot Spots', '6 Love Delusions You SOOOOOO Need To Get Over' and '6 Weird But True Reasons Why You Are So Tired' prove *Cosmo*'s unwavering ability to churn out spectacular filler. What's their secret? It can't be as simple as including a number in the title! The depths of depression we have sunk into over this unholy brilliance is unmeasurable. How can we take ourselves seriously as a student rag if we can't even produce decent filler? Until we become the kind of print media that can boast of filler excellence, we can never be more than a tool for society, such as doubling as a funnel when filling your car from a jerry can, or acting as a sink booster for short people to brush their teeth. In a way, *Cosmo*'s gift to us is like a red red rose. Pretty to look at, but thorny to hold. It reminds us of our own mediocrity. It laughs at us, teases us. It realises that no matter how hard we try, we will never achieve the kind of greatness they hold. Curses.

Filler - I wait for the day it will litter the print media in all its glory.

Clementine

(filler)

Oakbank Virgin Gets Broken In

I don't know why the golly-gosh we were up at 5:30 in the morning to get there, but we were. I'm not too sure how all those young laddies and lassies managed to drink beer when we finally showed up at the designated car park at 6:30am to get on the bus. Maybe I would have had an idea if I hadn't been a guest at a winery on the weekend (thanks Vic). Yes indeed, beer was a large part of the morning's activities, and the afternoon's, and the evening's, and the rest of the night. When I come home tipsy and spend the next day acting like a piece of wet lettuce, my fairly open-minded parents get shocked at how much I drink. I don't, it seems like a normal amount, but they do. Well, I was shocked at how much these people drank. When the bus finally made it up the top of the hill behind the member's stand (via the middle of the track, the wrong car park and a hill I thought we weren't going to make), there were already a few buses there parked around a young chap lying, curled up on his jacket in some tall grass. This innocent little virgin thought he was just sleeping. That is, I did, until two of his team-mates tried to get him up and out of the sun a bit later and succeeded only in making him puke on his sleeve and go back to sleep. The grain-products in a six pack of Weetbix are much better for you before 7am than those in a six-pack of Sparkling. We didn't learn though. We (Moller, Fyfey, Sam Fran, Knuckles and The Chip Fiend) set up a picnic at the front of the bus and started hoeing into the bread and dips (for which I'd like to thank myself because they were so tasty). We were looking so special that *The Advertiser* actually came along and interviewed us and took our photos. Apparently they only wanted ugly people for their spread, so they just quoted us as being the youngsters breakfasting on liquor and lemonade, obviously looking to raise the profile of the whole event. They even seemed disappointed when our "mull cake" only turned out to be banana. So *that's* what I have to do to get out of unpaid writing and into the big time...

We strolled on down the hill after some life-saving bacon and snags from our bus organisers and flashed our passes to get into the members' area. Don't get the wrong impression here-in horse racing it turns out that "members'" is just a clever word for "ticket holders" to make all the non-members feel like lower class crap and all the members feel like upper-class snobs. In the members' grandstand Knuckles, Fyfey and The Franz suddenly came over all snoozy-like and three boys took three kips on three steps until we were all woken up by the sound of networking. I won't say much about the Oakbank networking except that I wish I had that many friends who I could see, scream and hug.

At the first race of the day, The

Rex-Top Rail Links Classic, I thought I'd try my hand at picking a horse. The Chip Fiend and I watched the



Hit me with that whip again and I'll bite your fucking arm off small-fry

horses come out and tried to pick which one would win. No money went down on this first pick, partly because we were too lazy to get up and go and place a bet and partly we both knew the old Celtic proverb "Don't bet on things you don't know shit about". That turned out to be fortunate because the horse I picked came dead, screaming, motherless last. Not last as in back-of-the-pack last, but so last that the announcer actually laughed over the PA at quite how far behind the dirty old nag was (it turns out that 'unwashed' looks just like 'dappled' from far away). That didn't slow me down though, I kept trying to pick horses, with the reasoning that when one came in, I would go and have a flutter. But I seemed to have developed this miraculous power whereby any horse, or number of horses I considered as being "tip-top sure things", all came in very much farther behind the rest of the horses than anyone in racing can remember. Eventually, like a good loser, I just gave up and went to the classy, relaxing atmosphere of the members' bar. Sort of like an Elizabeth TAB with beer everywhere and limited access. The bartender served me a plastic schooner of Carlton draught as he told me that he had been pouring beers for punters since 6am and he wasn't leaving until at least 6 or 7 that night. (Wayward work tip: don't work behind the bar at Oakbank, or any bar that gives out 12 hour shifts.) Then I went back up the hill and spent the rest of the afternoon frying more bacon, drinking red wine and swapping stories of near death experiences. The horses, the racing, anything to do with any kind of official reason for being at a racing meet was entirely forgotten in the face of all-out socialising and watching boys from St Peters play Zoom and fall down the hill.

After I left the members' bar eve-

rything starts becoming confused. I was told that we did actually make the last race, but whether it was ac-

stands. Or did I start playing Zoom with those Saints lads and end up just falling down the hill? I do have a lot of bruises. Or was that from the winery? The bus trip back was a blur of sparkling burgundy, frequent puke-stops and photo-ops. I respect the endurance of bus-drivers on all day booze/puke trips like that. I couldn't do it. If it was me, by the end of the day I would go around asking for as much money as those drunkards would possibly give me and then just leave the whole bunch of wankers in camel and ties and drive home and go to bed, safe in the knowledge that none of them would ever remember being wronged.

The General Havelock was the after-race party so that we could have a few drinks to celebrate the few drinks we'd just had. The memory gets a bit blurry from here so I'll just throw in some random phrases: Line-Up. Beer. Music. Mexican waves. Guns'n'Roses songs. Cranka. Taxi. Bed. Morning. Urgh.

Thank you. This has been an Easy-Street Production from the Teenager's Television Workshop.

Sam Franzway

THE STEPHEN COLE THE ELDER PRIZES FOR EXCELLENCE IN TEACHING 2001

The Stephen Cole the Elder Prizes for Excellence in Teaching recognise and reward outstanding teaching. The prizes are awarded annually to academic staff whose teaching is regarded by students and academic colleagues as being of excellent quality.

Applications are invited for the 2001 Stephen Cole the Elder Prizes for Excellence in Teaching at Adelaide University. Three prizes will be awarded for undergraduate teaching, one of which will be awarded to an applicant in the first five years of their teaching career, and one award will be made for postgraduate teaching. Each prize will consist of a monetary award of \$5,000 and a certificate presented at the appropriate commemoration ceremony. The prize money is to be used by the winners to help them with the further development of their teaching activities.

Each winner will be required to agree with the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Education) on appropriate form of dissemination of their achievements in teaching (which might include a seminar, an article for the *Adelaidean* and/or a web-page article). Candidates with at least two years' service to the University in a teaching position are eligible for nomination by their students and academic colleagues. Teaching groups may also be nominated.

Nominations will be considered by a selection committee convened by the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Education) and consisting of student and academic staff representatives.

Nominations are now sought for The Stephen Cole the Elder Prizes for Excellence in Teaching for 2001. Guidelines and nomination forms can be obtained from Marie Reitano, Office of the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Education), Room G04, Mitchell Building, telephone: 35511, fax: 34873, email: marie.reitano@adelaide.edu.au or downloaded from the Deputy Vice-Chancellor's web-site:

< http://www.adelaide.edu.au/DVC/quality/stephen_cole_prize.html >

Nominations must reach the Office of the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Education) by Monday 4 June 2001.

LETTERS

WHAT'S WRONG WITH BRITNEY?

Dear Eds,

In relation to the article by Frank Murray on the band Superheist, old Franky boy has raised some serious issues. Firstly, to the editors of *On Dit*, where do you find such inane, incompetent writers? Any decent music fan who has the slightest bit of intelligence will know that Superheist didn't play on the main stage at this year's Big Day Out, in fact they weren't even on the bill!! Check your facts, Frank, or maybe you should stick to writing reviews on Britney or Hi-5. On the subject of venting my anger, I would like to take this opportunity to voice my opinion on the hideous television 'programme', *Sex and the City*. What a load of absolute shite!!! Could they find actresses any uglier if they tried? The usual story line is something like 'will Carrie ever get layed again and will Charlotte give in to her carpet-munching tendencies?'. I mean come on people, at least watch real programmes such as *Beauty and the Beast*, *Sports Tonight* and *Top of the Pops*. Thank you for allowing us to vent our anger and let it be known that people shouldn't conform to the ways of *Sex and the City*, instead they should consider the Buddhist way of life.

Yours sincerely,

Bob Hendrix and Jimmy Marley

ABNORMAL

Dear Editors,

I would like to thank all students who attended the National Day of Action rally on April 5th. When I was walking in the march and realised that there were 'normal' students there, I realised that all the hard work and sleepless nights had come to some sort of fruition. Thank You.

Joel Northcott
NUS SA President

ALL WHINEY

Dear Philip White,

I think you're getting your finger-pointing mixed up. You're talking like the ACC has no responsibility for the residents of the inner city. When it starts giving out development permits, whether for residential or com-

mercial purposes, it should be demanding double-glazing on all new windows and paying for the sound-proofing on all the older buildings like yours. Why would you let someone build anything that's going to be disturbing current residents without trying to offer some mediation between the two? I think you should have written in to *On Dit* (or anywhere, get active if you don't like it) years ago complaining about the noise then, rather than moping about feeling hard done by and getting all whiney now when the much enjoyed culture of late noise and (dare I say it?) fun that you allowed to develop without a peep is under threat and someone is trying to get active now. Get onto the ACC man. Demand some sound-proofing while you still can or, if you're sick of it, move, because you have somewhere else to go: the rest of the entire damn city. Yes, inner-city living would be great. I would love to have a trendy little lair right at the heart of everything so I could impress the shit out of people and not have to deal with public transport, but the fact of the matter is that the city is loud, and because we don't have any high-rise apartments, if you live in the city, you're always going to be near loud. I've said it before: either sound-proof or move, because young people sure can't. "...all us residents would head to Hindley Street and party until sunrise."? No thanks Phil. It'll take a lot more development before Hindley Street gets as comfortable to walk down as Rundle Street. Groovy clubs ahoy, but why do young people always have to be corralled somewhere? Why can't we have a wider choice of venues and places to act the way we want to until the times we want to without Ma and Pa flicking the lights and telling us to piss off home and do some study?

While I'm in a picky mood, I don't think I've ever seen or heard of a waiter or any hospitality employee "triumphantly dumping bottles into wheelie bins, keen to impress their next door rivals with their booze peddling prowess". They are being noisy because they are venting their rage at having to working in unclean, exploitative environments in order to stay alive.

Also, thank you for clarifying the reason for the rise in amphetamine use ("extended trading hours"). I always thought it was the dropping price and increasing availability combined with a number of other social factors other than "oh shit, the pub's open later now; I'd better do one more line before we go."

And lastly, I think I speak on behalf of at least a few of the individuals you mentioned as using speed to

combat exhaustion when I say get stuffed. Please stop painting the picture of young people as drug-taking zombies who do nothing else but go around humping sub-woofers and waking up decent folk. It only seems like that because you remember you version of good times from the early seventies. Things are just different now. Older people hated you for the way you enjoyed yourself when you were younger - show a bit of dignity and a little bit more tolerance and we'll see if we can actually evolve into a society where everyone can get along. That's what it's all about isn't it?

Sam Franzway
AUGC President

GO NAT!

Dear Eds,

I would just like to take this opportunity in this forum to congratulate Natasha Stott Despoja on her election to Leader of the Democrats. What a woman. She is a real inspiration to everyone at this university and anyone who cares about student control of student matters. Well Done Natasha, you have done Adelaide Uni, South Australia and most importantly, young people everywhere, proud.

Yours,
Tamara Binkle

CONSERVE THE CON

I am a concerned music student. Actually, no, I'm a pissed off music student.

Does anyone remember that big hoo-hah (technical term, sorry) last year when it came to light that in the summer of 1999/2000 there had been a review that recommended that the Elder Con school of music (or whatever they feel like calling it this week) and the Flinders Street School of Music be merged? Remember the big rally, the big General Student Meeting, and all the promises that were made by different factions and groups?

Now, has anyone asked the simple question that has certainly been plaguing my mind: What the fuck is going on now with the merger?

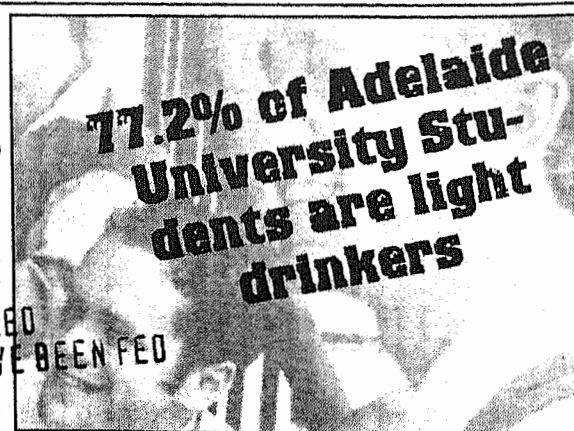
For those unaware of the structure set up last year to implement the merger, I will give a very brief back story. A committee was created by the Deputy Vice Chancellor-Education, called the Music School Implementation Committee (MSIC.) The details of the structure of this committee, and the 7 sub-committees reporting to it, are available on the DVCE Website at <http://www.adelaide.edu.au/DVCE/reviews/music_school_implementation.html>. Many of us thought that this set-up was less than ideal, especially since you could count the Elder Con

BUBBLE WRITING

Font of the Future



DON'T BE MISLED
BY WHAT YOU'VE BEEN FED



(drink between 0-5
drinks per week)

*Based on the findings of
the 1999 CORE Survey



LETTERS

CONTD...

student representatives on one hand of a blind, clumsy butcher. (There's 4, 2 of whom were SAUA reps with no experience at the con, out of around 50 members or all committees.) The committee was to meet every 6 weeks, receiving reports from the sub-committees. In 2000 it met 5 times, with the final meeting on December 12, and the next meeting scheduled for February. Minutes of these meetings are available at the DVCE website.

The February meeting never happened. Despite regular checks of the DVC's website, there have been no minutes posted for any meeting since the December 2000 one. I decided to find out why, so I emailed Tim Scroop, the secretary of the MSIC. He stated that the MSIC had drafted a "memoranda of understanding", and that negotiations are now being conducted by two people, Prof Malcolm Gillies, Exec Dean of PALACE, and Mr Anthony Steel, from FSSOM. The MSIC and all its sub-committees are in abeyance until basic structures have been worked out.

These are my questions: When did they think it would be a good idea to tell the general us? Was the MSIC finished, because the minutes suggest otherwise? What did our incoming Professor, due to take his chair in semester 2, think? What the hell is a "memoranda of understanding"?

Worst of all though; What about the music students? What is going to happen to them? Do we not have a say in how our course will be run? Why is it that no-one seems to give a shit about US?

Ross A Chapman

5th Year B.Music / B.A. - Elder Conservatorium

RECLAIM THE MEDIA

Dear *On Dit*,

Linley Henzell's article on Reclaim the Streets (*On Dit* 69.7) suggests that he was only at the party for a short time. There was so much more that could have been reported and explored in an independent media context. The article missed many perspectives and consequently I found it a superficial analysis of a complex afternoon. I believe that an article written by the editor of a newspaper without seeking comment from, or interviewing anyone in the group he was critiquing, deserves a right of reply.

The bigger picture of the day included a lively and colourful procession from Victoria Square with peo-

ple reclaiming the road on a beautiful sunny autumn afternoon en route to the Gouger Street party location, not Grote street as was incorrectly reported.

And what of the unnecessarily high number of police and the excessive force they used? I saw police assault party-goers, unprovoked, on several occasions. Police surrounded the party, with police on horses and dozens of riot police coming in to "lead the way to a safer community"(sic), plus many on back-up in side streets. Surely an in-depth look at the police resistance to the street party, the source of police/party conflict and power dynamics between police and party-goers would have been more constructive than simply writing off the event as "less well-organised" than last years RTS.

And what of the supremacy of the car in our society? Does it not warrant a mention? The fact that re-establishing the flow of traffic on a quiet afternoon was such a priority for the police that it justified 6 arrests (not 5 as was reported), approximately a hundred police, horses in amongst people, and king sized paddy wagons ready on the sidelines, highlights many of the issues behind a Reclaim the Streets party. The determination of the police to protect motorists' interests and the street as a conduit for traffic, rather than allow a few hundred party-goers to experience a car free street for one afternoon of the year certainly begs a few questions. And just how hard would it have been to re-route traffic around the section of Gouger Street where the people wanted to have a party?

And what of the humorous aspects of the day?... The hour long debacle to bail out the three bales of hay impounded by police (they decided not to create a permaculture garden in the back of the Angas Street police station after all!), a person charged with assault after "tickling" a police officer, someone riding away from the party who was told to get off their bike and walk... uh-huh, so just what are the roads for? There was a guy yelling at the police to clean up the horse shit left on the road 'cos he gets fined if he doesn't clean up his dog shit. A final irony was that the police were the ones who actually ripped up the road leaving a legacy of the day. Gouger Street suffered some serious gouges when the bus carrying the sound system was pulled up into the tow trailer.

And what of the Clipsal 500? How many roads are being closed to traffic in honour of a highly esteemed car race? A comparison of X-celerator and RTS would surely raise some interesting points about corporate sponsorship, youth culture, public spaces in the city, vested interests etc.

To correct some of Linley's misunderstandings... Of course the bands were properly confirmed and they did turn up to play. The bands were ready to go on, however, the police prevented the stage and the sound system from being set up. Ditto for the skateboard

ramp, the tripod, the Permaculture Bazaar, the Food Not Bombs stall, the giant inflatable installation and more, all of which had involved many hours of behind-the-scenes organisation. The author wrongly blamed things that didn't happen because the police prevented it, on poor organisation. Hardly the stuff of accurate reporting methinks.

Linley states that the recent RTS was "not particularly successful". I wonder what he thinks constitutes "success" of an RTS? As he himself summarised, RTS parties aim to close the road to traffic and hold a party, effectively reclaiming public space for people rather than cars and corporate interests. We successfully did this in Gouger Street for at least 2 hours as people danced, played frisbee, blew bubbles, hung out on couches and carpet in the middle-of-the-road chill out space. Children had their faces painted, plants were given away and a huge planet earth decorated the street. Sure, because things didn't get set up it probably wasn't as much fun or as relaxing as last year, but that doesn't change the inspiration, the issues, or the importance of people taking direct action.

When the party moved to Victoria Square later in the afternoon some of the musicians did perform there, DJs spun discs, and the Food Not Bombs stall shared its scrumptious meals. The music, food, warm evening and peaceful vibe provided a very positive end to the day and a marked contrast to some of the scenes that went down with the police on Gouger Street.

I hope to see *On Dit* at the next RTS... doing Vox Pops and finding out the ideas and impressions of people who come out to reclaim the streets, business owners in the street, and people passing by .. rather than just reporting those of an editor.

Sandy Tofu

SHALLOW THOUGHTS

Dear Eds,

A few years ago I picked up a little gem of a book entitled "Deep Thoughts" by a chap called Jack Handey. This man can only be described as the funniest bastard who ever lived, captivating his readers with this "Collection of inspirations for the uninspired...the perfect antidote to the meaningful muses of the New Age"(back cover). This book being an obscure treasure, you can imagine my surprise when i opened to the letters page of *OnDit* 69.7 and found my beloved Mr. Handey ripped off and misquoted by the likes of Confused, A.Hippie and A.Weasel!!! Not only did these scoundrels plagiarise, any attempt they did make to translate this genius into their own words merely succeeded in killing the jokes. Kids, if you want to share the pure

damned funniness of gems like dear Jack H., please don't corrupt it and steal his thunder.

On the other hand, I must congratulate the aforementioned parties on their choice of humorous literature and encourage anyone else to keep an eye out for this fine specimen.

But remember, "Children need encouragement. So if a kid gets the answer right, tell him it was a lucky guess. That way, he develops a good, lucky feeling."

Shelley Broadbent.

P.S. "And if you ever drop your keys into a river of molten lava, let 'em go, because, man, they're gone."

STUDENT REPS CAN THINK!

Dear Editors,

On behalf of the Students Association and its student representatives I wish to respond to a comment made by User Services Librarian (not 'Chief Librarian' as stated in the article) Mr Patrick Condon in the course of his discussion pertaining to Barr Smith Library matters with Alice Thorpe.

I refer specifically to the last paragraph of the page 3 news article, *On Dit*, No 8, May 6, 1991 and the sentence, according to Mr Condon "People are saying 'Oh, it's negative' and only the student reps tend to think that way." Such a blithe dismissal of the part played by student representatives fails to acknowledge not only the right but the duty they have to monitor Library changes and keep the students they represent informed of the implications of these changes. Last year the University's Library Committee approved a number of changes to the Borrowing Rules including the abolition of three day loans and overnight loans. As part of its representative role the Students' Association expressed its opinion of the changes last year, and will continue to monitor the situation and encourage students who have problems with the new Borrowing Rules and indeed any concern regarding the Library (including that of limited seating) to make their views known to us.

It is unfortunate that Mr Condon chooses to negatively interpret constructive criticism but the Students' Association does not exist to passively accept every decision made by the University and its services: if it did, it would cease to fulfil its representative role.

Natasha Stott Despoja
SAUA President

Reprinted from Volume 59 Number 9, May 13 1991.

Earnest isn't it?

Stanley George

Just over a week ago I found myself in need of a stiff drink and a lie down.

Luckily, there was a stewardess nearby who was more than happy to supply me with some pillows and a martini. She looked like a cross between Ruby Wax and Sarah Möller. I later found out that her name was Cynthia and that she was shagging the co-pilot. When I asked her what was wrong with the pilot she said that he had a needledick. She then told me that I had to tell her an equally juicy story, or she would stop bringing me free booze. The following is a summary of what I managed to come up with.

At the centre of this story lies the fact that the Treasury Department knows precisely fuck all about the intricacies of the GST. In fact, the foremost authority on the new tax system is not a public servant, but a private consultant who goes by the name of Chris Murphy. This guy makes a shitload of money with the aid of a computer program that predicts the short run price impact of the GST. Murphy's figures are so accurate that the Australian Competition and Consumer Commission considers his advice to be more reliable than the Treasury's 1998 forecasts.

When Senator Meg Lees asked Murphy to focus his analysis on the Federal Government's solution to the beer excise issue, the results were hardly surprising. Murphy discovered that the Treasury's proposed compromise would see taxpayers pay about \$10 million too much for their beer. Armed with these figures, Lees took over

the excise negotiations from her treasury spokesman. She saw fit to do this because she had correctly anticipated Senator Natasha Stott Despoja replacing her as leader of the Democrats. Politically doomed, Lees saw an opportunity to make a final stand in the Senate. On top of this, Lees also knew that John Howard owed her a massive favour.

Why? Because most Democrats will never forgive Meg Lees for allowing Howard's tax package through the Senate. The fact that Lees helped the PM introduce the hated GST is the main reason why she lost last month's leadership challenge. As such, the doomed leader was relying on a sympathetic Howard to take over the negotiations from Peter Costello.

It is no secret that Costello *hates* Meg Lees. For starters, Lees was the one responsible for compromising his tax package for the sake of frivolous luxuries like food and petrol. Howard, on the other hand, has always had a bit of a thing for Lees. When he heard about Stott Despoja's successful leadership challenge, he promptly described Lees as "a person of honesty and candour, who could be relied upon to keep her word." Sources both Liberal and Democrat agree that John Howard would be more than happy to dip his bald head in GST-free yoghurt and smear it all over Less' naked body.

Naturally, the PM was eager to get together with Lees for one last dance. As a result, Lees was able to milk the excise negotiations for all they were worth. Howard found himself setting aside \$115 million for an independent foundation to fight drug and alcohol abuse, as well as a number of programs aimed at helping indigenous people tackle problems such as petrol sniffing. All this

was in addition to an excise reduction in accordance with Chris Murphy's recommendations. (Everyone loves an Irishman – particularly if he is behind a 30 percent cut in beer excise.)

So what does all this mean? For Costello, it means a whopping 0.0001 percent of the Federal Government's annual tax take. Needless to say, Costello is more than a little pissed off about being screwed out of yet another slice of the rapidly crumbling surplus. Be sure to catch the smarmy bastard pretending that everything's hunky-dory on Budget night.

For Meg Lees, the whole debacle constitutes an admirable last hurrah. Unfortunately, it will never be enough to repair her GST-tarnished reputation. It's a damn shame that such a scrupulous politician will be forever remembered as nothing more or less than the scheming Judas who let The Tax On Just About Everything out of its senatorial cage. You might recall that Neville Chamberlain had a similar problem with the Second World War.

The stewardess shook her head. "Sorry Stan, you'll have to do better than that. I wanted some *real* dirt."

"But Cynthia, that's all I've got."

Of course, I was lying. A man like me has juicy gossip coming out of his proverbial wazoo. One particularly juicy secret sprang to mind – but I was fucked if I was telling Cynthia *that*, particularly in light of the fact that a drunken lapse had already resulted in me confiding in two out of three of my editors. I would have enough trouble keeping *them* quiet, let alone this jabbering lunatic of a stewardess.

It was time for some quick thinking. "Fetch me another martini and I'll tell you about the time I had to explain fellatio to my mother..."

Stanley George's real name is Tristain Mahoney



Stanley (far right)

If you think our Stan is offensive, cop this for a gaff:

Apology to Mrs Kerry Ruddell

ON the front page of yesterday's edition, *The Newcastle Herald* published this photograph of Mrs Kerry Ruddell of Singleton and incorrectly identified her as the alleged

murderer of four infants in the Hunter Valley. *The Herald* profoundly regrets the error and apologises to Mrs Ruddell and her family unreservedly.



Just be grateful he's not *The Newcastle Herald*.

Politics and Conspiracy

Contrary to what I used to think, politics is not a phenomenon solely based around governments and politicians. Politics is everywhere we look, if we look closely enough. Politics is all about the transfer of information. How it is transferred and what is transferred between people, groups of people, governments, business and economies.

For politicians and governments: Politics is the manipulation of information to assist and strengthen the power of a group of people whose agenda is designed to represent a majority of the community.

For individual people in this day and age: Politics is the manipulation of information to aid them to financially and socially fulfil their desires.

For 'families' in the present or in ages past: Politics is the manipulation of information to augment and protect social standing which brings with it wealth and power.

For corporations and big business: Politics is the manipulation of information to promote the products and/or money making enterprises of the company and also to protect the financial interests of the company.

Politics is a natural phenomenon. Information must be interpreted and those people doing the interpretation have natural bias, and more so, may have a larger agenda at play. This all depends on who really is doing the interpretation; a political group, an individual, a corporation, a scientist, a group of scientists, a community group, the list could be endless.

A couple of examples:

1. When we go to a job interview we are playing politics with our potential employer. We may have lied on our resume, and we will talk about ourselves, bending the truth to benefit ourselves and our future. By manipulating information in this way, we are manipulating, or 'filtering', information to benefit our current position.

2. The Bill Clinton sex scandal thing with Monica was a classic case of politicking which almost brought down the most powerful leader in the

world. The whole thing could have gone away but someone or something decided to make sure that it didn't. With the aid of the media the whole affair was blown way out of proportion and as a result, a small time sexual encounter brought America to a social standstill. The perpetuated 'scandal', kept certain people in the spotlight and kept us buying the newspapers and magazines. Whatever the reason, we were fed the information in a certain way which was designed to make us think that this was an important issue. And what was tragic was that the Americans did think that!

We get plenty of our information from the media. Television and newspaper, *Woman's Day* and *Cosmo*, *Ralph* magazine and the internet. Is the information we get the truth? Can we take it on face value and accept the media's perspective on the world?

The answer is obviously, 'no way!'.

Just as any other source, the information and the interpretation of that information, which we receive from the media is laced with bias and politics. How often do we see sensationalism in *Woman's Day*, "... Dido married Diana in secret..", or one-sided information on television programs about global issues. The information we are given has been politically filtered everywhere we look, such that it will gain a desired response from us the public. This could mean buying copies of the magazine or newspaper, or even more seriously, this information could form our opinions on issues local or global.

Even in science, for example, some topics are considered 'taboo' by the scientific community. Scientific journals are always reluctant to print anything which isn't considered an 'acceptable' area of research by the scientific community (who are inherently a bunch of non-believers in anything which isn't understood and accepted by their peers), but will print over and over entries from mainstream research. Why? Simply because, by printing things scientists want to see they protect and maintain their status as a respectable journal, they then sell more copies and there-

fore make more money. Who can say politics isn't at work here?

I've said it before, but we must ask ourselves, "who has something to gain in this situation when I am presented with this set of information?"

It is evident to me that with so many different groups in the world all wanting their specific agendas met, that truth is inherently lost in the ensuing politics. Perhaps in this day and age of globalised information, the truth doesn't exist at all and we are fed solely the information the 'powers-that-be' want us to have. That smells awfully like propaganda to me, a chaotic globalised propaganda coming from many different sources all at once, all with different messages. No wonder the youth of today are confused and feel powerless. We have the freedom which enables us to see through it.

By bending information, and hiding it behind convenient facades, the very nature of politics, be it global, local or personal, creates conspiracy. Conspiracy by definition must have an element of unlawfulness about it, but in a more colloquial sense it is about hiding and bending information to deceive, persuade or form public opinion.

Conspiracy is not an irrelevant word. A word to be laughed at by people who say, 'Yeah right, as if.' If 'politics' is a natural part of the world (as I have argued, but that does not mean I think it's a good thing) then so must be 'conspiracy'. If 'conspiracy' is a natural part of the world then surely we must begin to appreciate that the world is perhaps not as stable and straightforward as we are led to believe and we ought to stop laughing and jesting about 'conspiracy theory' or those who ask fundamental questions about global and local events and the people responsible, and perhaps listen to what they have to say. If we consider the pile of misinformation we are lumbered with, we might just find that the truth is under there after all.

Seb Henbest

I HATE the Clipsal 500

I am unfortunate enough to live right next to the racetrack - on the Eastern side, natch, so that in order to get to or from Uni I have to walk all the way around the whole fucking thing. One of the crazy guys I used to live with came home drunk one night covered in lacerations and bled all over the carpet after he scaled the barbed-wire fence surrounding the enclosure for last year's Clipsal 500; ever since I climbed into one of those cultural festivals in Rymill Park at 1am and got herded into a corner by two guards and a dog I've taken a more circumspect attitude to trespass.

But the personal inconvenience I suffer is nothing compared to the pain that these events inflict on our fair city itself. I don't think I would be the first person to say that a motor-race crowd is an ugly crowd. But it's true so I'm saying it again. I spent the afternoon of Race Friday sitting at a table outside the Exeter watching a tidal wave of scum wash along the blocked-off section of Rundle Street and break around me, and never in my life have I seen Adelaide so angry and unpleasant. From the background soundtrack of idiots revving their Ford Escorts along Frome Road to the mullets to the families dressed in identical Team Holden uniforms to the stunted children whose narrow, pockmarked faces scream out 'my mother smoked when she was pregnant with me' as much as the limp cigarettes that hang from their mothers' hands as they shamle after their young, bellies already swollen with the next generation of scum... it was all there, all there and horrible beyond belief.

The pub crawl groups were the worst part: two gangs of grotesquely obese men, and a few women, wearing t-shirts on which were written:

"Stuff Work, I'm Off to Sink Piss and Perve at Spunky Chicks at the Clipsal 500", and;

"Drink Beer for the Taste, Not Coz You're Going to Root a Fat Chick" (complete with cartoon of a koala copulating with an unconscious emu).

Where do these people hibernate during the other 99% of the year?

I think I'll write a letter to Natasha. She'll do something about it.

Che Guava

ON DIT OPINION SECTION

Have an obnoxious and offensive opinion that you want to get off your chest?

Know anything about current affairs?

Seen something that has annoyed you lately?

Want to make a comment on today's hard hard world?

Really, we want to know.

Then submit it to the On Dit opinion section!

Email your submissions to ondit@smug.edu.au or bring them down to the On Dit office, just off the Barr Smith Lawns.

Sex on the Lawns

Episode 2: Sexual Deviancy?

By Lady Symon

My 18th birthday proved to be enlightening in more ways than one. It began with the discovery of my ability to be an abusive sms-er, led on to informing the Cranka bouncers that I had been underage for the past six months, and culminated into a, well, satisfying conclusion when I received my first vibrator. Upon opening this rather unexpected gift I was set upon a train of thought about the times we're living in, the lascivious, libidinous ways of our generation and the conclusion of an era where the gender dictionary definition of sex always preceded the copulatory one.

Do we now exist in a world where it's acceptable for your 17-year-old stepsister to order you a vibrator from the internet? Has the functional use of 'Where do I come from?' faded into nothing but a hazy memory from your early years at primary school? In effect, is sexual deviancy not so deviant?

A certain guy I know, we'll call him Mr X, recently had a wet dream. Though this is not entirely uncommon for a youth, the subject of his fantasy was none other than a phone booth. Yes, that's right, a phone booth. An inanimate object where the only hole is the coin return, I repeat, the only hole is the coin return (get it?). In his dream he proceeded to 'copulate' with the phone and, so it seems, was some-

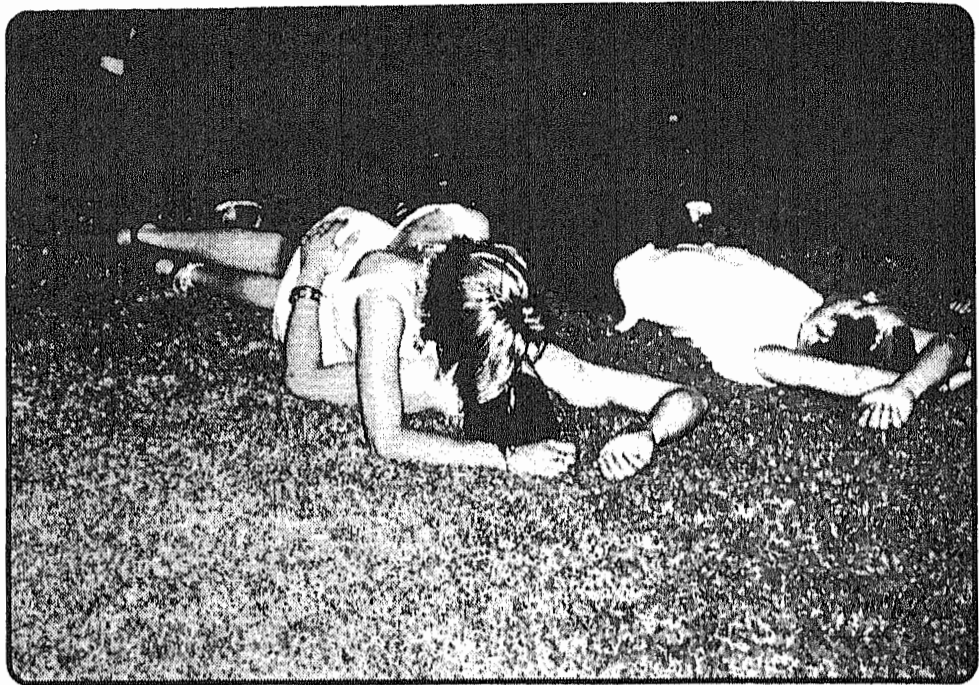
what successful in this endeavor - at least that's what his mum told me.

I am at a loss as to where to begin dissecting Mr X's psyche but while you may laugh at him, (I don't blame you, I almost pissed myself) turn thy keen eye upon thyself.

The buzz around the lawns last term somewhat centred upon the burgeoning sexual tension between Buffy the Vampire Slayer and Spike (a vampire). It seemed that people were fraught with the same sexual tension when they saw the two together and wanted nothing more than some hard snogging, some good loving and some super-powered fornication. In short, they wanted Buffy and Spike to shag. This, to them, was a turn on. Understandable really, they're both good looking - nice teeth, shiny hair, and pert body parts - but maybe you've failed to notice one teeny little fact. Spike is dead.

What everyone was really hanging out for was an episode of Buffy called 'Necrophilia comes to Sunnydale'. While they squirmed in their seats anticipating the union what they were truthfully hanging out for was the sight of Buffy Summers having it off with a dead person. Kinky much?

So how does one react to this? How do we cope with the fact that our once



moral country is being taken over by a bunch of degenerates with lusty minds? How do we accept that there's no longer any such thing as sexual deviancy? That we are, in some form or another, all deviants?

A good friend of mine found herself in such a dilemma where the rapidly changing tides of morality had caught her off guard. She'd been enjoying an excellent make out session with a very nice lad from interstate when he softly whispered in her ear "Talk dirty to me". At a complete and utter loss, she blinked her eyes several times and remained mute. She had been under the impression that this and her willingness would be enough. He urged her on, continuing with "Tell me what feels good", real panty liquefying stuff. So she stiffly replied "Uh, well, I like it when you touch my hair". Lord, I bet that must have got his engine revving!

But put yourself in the same situation. Could you, at the drop of a hat, take on the persona of a phone sex operator, letting forth all the 'oohs' and 'aahs' and 'you naughty boys'? Or

would you, like my friend, end up using the terms 'down there' and 'you know' several hundred times too often?

In 'The Picture of Dorian Gray' Oscar Wilde wrote; 'You, Mr Gray, you yourself, with your rose-red youth and your rose-white boyhood, you have had passions that have made you afraid, thoughts that have filled you with terror, day-dreams and sleeping dreams whose mere memory might stain your cheeks with shame.' These words, while just words, embody everything that sexual deviancy is today; something that coils its way inside each and every one of us, so tangibly alive and passionately employed that we can not cringe, we cannot gasp, we can not shield our eyes in horror. It could be a phone, a dead body, an abusive sms or a reprimand, it could be anything, but it couldn't be strange. There is no anomaly in sodomy, no 'ahem' in S&M, as at last we seem to have accepted one inarguable fact - to be alive is to be libidinous, and to be libidinous is to be deviant.

Which Adelaide do you live in?

Not so long ago in Adelaide's favourite daily literary masterpiece, *The Advertiser*, an astounding page three article caught my eye: fourteen-year-old Salisbury high school students who had never, in their entire lives, visited the Adelaide CBD. Wide-eyed comments such as "it's so big and scary" (hmmm, try visiting Sydney, or Los Angeles for that matter) and "maybe there's a whole other world of job opportunities for me here" were real gems. However, I especially liked the reason given as to why none of them ever, or hardly ever, visited the city: simply, "because everything we need is in Salisbury". The students were partaking on a number of excursions to various 'cultural' centres such as the Art Gallery, Festival Theatre, SA Museum and more.

So, yes, I suppose I must be a

massively sheltered, upper middle-class, eastern suburbs sort of person because I was absolutely FLABBERGASTED that a bunch of people who live thirty minutes drive from Adelaide (eg. the same distance as someone from Balhannah, or Bedford Park) had never been to town. What kind of families do these kids come from? Who are their parents? How can someone never, in their *entire lives*, go to the theatre or to a museum, even once? Or even travel out of their 6 km circumference, like medieval peasants who lived in the same three fields their entire lives? But after these various superior, self-righteous, haughty realisations carried out a snobby dialogue in my head, something far more frightening set in. A very, very disturbing thought.

I had the astounding realisation

that I am EXACTLY like these Salisbury kids - though for EXACTLY opposite reasons. I suppose most of them (and most of you) would be equally as horrified if I told you that up until last month, I had never, in my entire life, seen a live footy match. Considering that going to the footy is practically a pre-requisite for Australian citizenship, I'm not sure how I've gotten through life avoiding it for twenty-one years. I also don't drink beer. Never have. The concept of a family BBQ is unknown to me. I don't know anything about cars. I know NOTHING about cricket. I don't know about or do most of what millions of Australians consider totally fundamental, 'normal', 'Aussie' kinds of things to do. And I never go to Salisbury. Why? Embarrassingly, "because everything I need is

in town". I *do* go to the theatre, art exhibitions and other such places all the time. I also travel.

I guess the point is it doesn't *matter* if "everything you need is right here", because by never travelling or going places you wouldn't ordinarily go you automatically close yourself off to all kinds of worldly experiences and newfound knowledge, realisation, meaning, perspective. That's why I was bright-eyed and bushy-tailed with eagerness and wonderment when I was taken to Footy Park (an experience which warrants a whole separate article). And that's why I believe parents should expose their kids to a little bit of everything, just for some healthy perspective and variety. Now there's a pearl of wisdom.

Rebecca Dettman

01: The Art of Protest

from the seppo tank.

I have often amused myself by watching the undoubtedly fruitless efforts of protestors. Marching about with signs shouting, or more likely feebly whispering, ridiculously unpoetic chants designed more to keep the group focused than to give any passer-by a clue as to what it is that is actually being protested. After participating in a handful of demonstrations myself, I have come to the realization that the protest is an art in itself. There are those who I believe have indeed mastered it, but there are also those who have not. It is on these that I will focus.

Back at my home Uni, I was afforded the opportunity to involve myself in a protest against the sneaker/sport-clothing manufacturer Nike. The idea was to show our distaste of the company's use of sweatshops to produce their goods by congregating in front of a Nike store and generally bringing embarrassment to the company. All said, a good crowd had showed up to join in the march, and as I expected, and maybe even had hoped, *They* had come along.

Ever since social activism has become increasingly more acceptable and often encouraged, *They* have been found among the crowds of protestors. To the keen eye they are

easy enough to spot. They may dress the same, but blending in is often necessary for success. After all, who would be accepted at a rally for women's rights if they were to show up wearing a shirt emblazoned with unnaturally chested female and possibly sporting the word 'Pimp'? Their disguise will never be perfect, and once you know what to look for, you can see them everywhere. In my case, they were the ones wearing the Nikes.

'But,' you could ask them, 'isn't the consumption of Nike products what we are here to protest? Truly they victimise women and children in poor countries, making them work long days for no pay in unimaginable conditions, so as to bring these products to us. And even though they don't pay the workers anything and the material only costs them \$3, those bloody corporate bastards still charge us \$150 for a pair of their ugly ass runners.' All is in vain though, for they do not understand. The fact is they probably had little idea as to the nature of the demonstration before they arrived and chances are they are still trying to completely figure it out.

I was especially entertained as the weather began to change and the clouds started to let out the rain. All around you can see them run inside the Nike store to keep dry. Most of them will even shop around a bit while they are there. Later they will inform you that they were 'just looking' and never had any intention of buying any-

thing. It is then that they should be confronted. 'Protesting is an art,' you can tell them, 'and it is apparent that you haven't mastered it.' You can then politely inform them that their presence at the event has had only negative effects and that they should go home and leave the work to a real artist. And since they never really knew what the rally was all about much less cared anything for it, they will.

If you are one of them, please, we know you really don't care, so just stay home.

Byron Underwood, seppo.



When protesting really meant something... the 70s

THE ARMY: Not quite The Edge

The Army. The Advertising. The most appallingly misguided campaign. Let's take a look at some of the messages recent Defence Force commercials are sending:

Firstly, incompetence. Why is the electrician who's been sent to East Timor to fit out a hospital working on the roof? Is he qualified to do this? Might we then assume that the engineers are blameless in the Collins Class debacle and that it was fact the carpenters who got it wrong? Do they let tank drivers fly Blackhawks? (That would explain a lot, actually.)

Shockingly, that same commercial depicts a tiny East Timorese child bearing one end of a massive roofing beam, with the other held by the smiling electrician. Looks like slave labour to me (either that or a devious extension of the Work for the Dole scheme onto foreign shores). Are we to believe that members of the Australian Defence Force take sadistic pleasure in carrying out human rights abuses? What's more, why is the beam being carried away from the building? This is presumably not the most efficient method of building a roof.

If there's one thing a recruitment advertisement has to be, it's inspirational. Which is why I have trouble understanding the depiction of the navy bloke whose occupation is the opening and closing of a bridge, and whose imagination stretches no further than that bridge. That's right,

Australia. If he won lotto he'd still be up there come Monday morning, eyes peeled, finger poised, senses highly trained in distinguishing the HMAS fleet from the almost imperceptibly different vessels of Chinese boat people. Do they expect us to queue up to follow in the footsteps of this dullard, this glorified lift attendant? Perhaps it's a wonder we have a defence force at all...

The alienation of women through chauvinistic messages is equally ludicrous. Take the female officer in the field hospital in Timor, for example (presumably a qualified dental assistant who's just fluked a heart transplant, judging by what the electricians are doing). Recounting her experience, she tells of her joy at being congratulated on her work by the doctor. Can't she recognise her own good work? Is her professionalism only validated by male praise? Like some 50s Hollywood romance, she just wants to snag the doctor.

The only positive messages from women produced by this campaign come from officers with the most appallingly broad accents. One suspects they're from North Queensland and had nothing better to do. The ones that One Nation rejected. Like the sheila who drawls: "This is what I'm gonna doo, this is hoow I'm gonna doo it, and this is whhyyyyyy". A briefing on bedtime revision would take this woman a solid three hours. It's clear

that anyone under her command in an emergency would die, and I have frequent nightmares about her trying to explain the concept of daylight saving to the bloke who operates the bridge.

But it's not just the TV advertising that's damaging to the recruitment cause. It's in the cinemas where people really get turned off. Or, in a sense, turned on: I know I almost wet myself through sheer terror every time that helicopter blade comes screaming out of the screen in full stereo sound.

Everything about Defence Force advertising at the movies seems designed to simulate the experience of being bombed into oblivion, which ap-

pears a less than useful tactic in the luring of young blood.

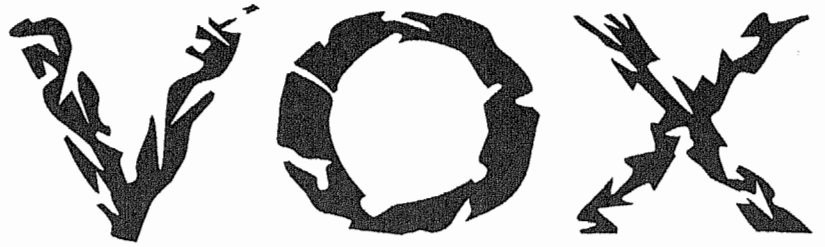
The logical move is to stop this embarrassing waste of taxpayers' money (rivalled only by the recent \$27 million campaign to keep parents up to date with the street names of hard drugs - presumably to facilitate generational bonding at the dinner table), sack the entire PR team and drag out the old schoolyard winner, Join the Army, get yer head blown off! It's simple, it's catchy and it doubles as a disclaimer.

The Army. The Advertising. The Edge? Over Pedro's Pizza, perhaps, but that's about it.

Tim Williams



Participation in war: the only thing the Army doesn't advertise



QUESTIONS

1. What is Natasha's most attractive feature?
2. If you were leader of the Democrats, what would you do?
3. What would you do if you were stuck with Natasha in 2 minutes in the closet?

Eighties Dude #1, Eighties Dude #2
Natasha's gnarly man!

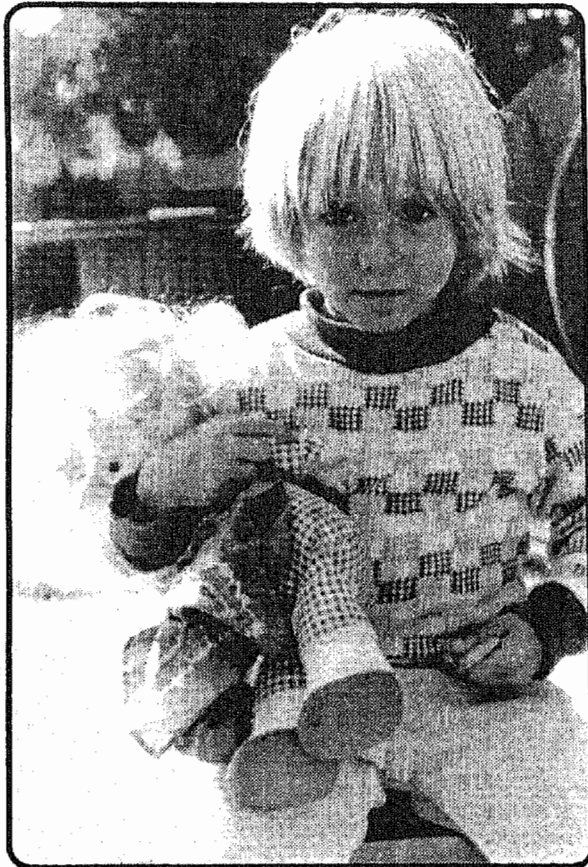
1. Dude #1: Her tits. She's got two.
Dude #2: Wake me up, before you go...
2. Dude #1: Do a Cheryl.
Dude #2: Don't leave me hanging on like a yo-yo...
3. Dude #1: Do it in an eighties kind of way.
Dude #2: Man, you make me sick.



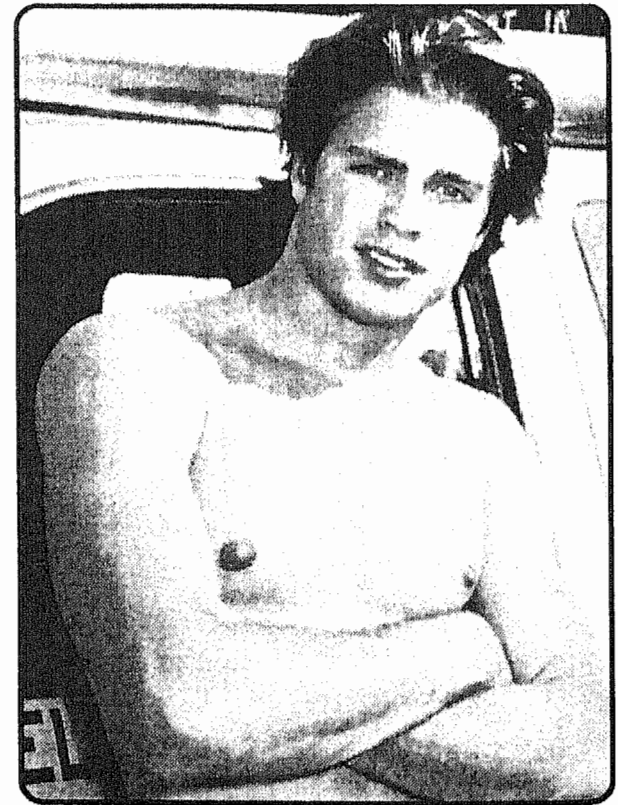
Ugly Child

Deep in philosophical reflection

1. Natasha successfully blends an impeccably groomed physique and uses it skilfully to build a high media profile while still maintaining her political scruples and commitment to the youth of Australia.
2. I would assist the government in passing the Industrial Relations laws they've been putting off for so long, unite my internally divided party and try to pull it together for the upcoming election campaign.
3. Take the opportunity to discuss the GST on books. After all, I'll be starting University in twelve years.



Okay kids, here's the situation. We didn't take the film to be developed until Thursday, then Unibooks shut on Friday for stocktake (curse them) and then the Kodak lab was closed on Saturday so we couldn't get the photos back. Therefore no Vox Pop. So we made one up. Sorry about that. We can't give the beer away, so we'll just say, those guys at Southwark are really really great. Really great.



David Charvet

A sex god, like Natasha

1. The way she put up with Bill through the whole Monica scandal.
2. I would run for President of the United States of America....isn't she going to do that anyway?
3. Would this be a closet in the Oval Office? Or maybe in the west wing? I love that show. But not as much as Baywatch.

**BREWED WITH WHEAT.
NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.**



POP



Suicidal Girl

Not too happy about Nat's coup?

1. That stupid quiff in her bleached blonde hair.
2. Kill myself.
3. I'm holding a gun, aren't I?



Early Feminists

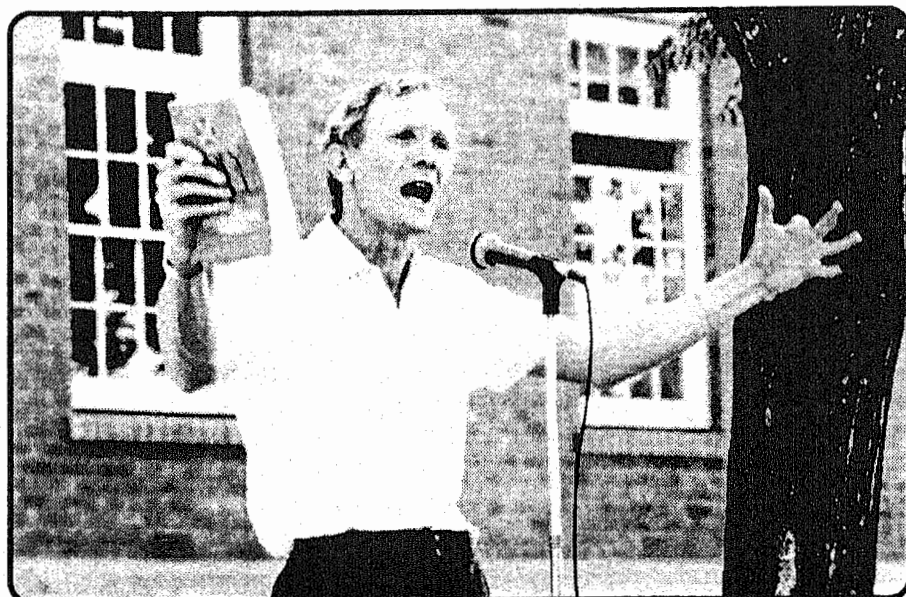
Pioneering the way for Natasha

1. Her determination and drive...she has the direction that women need to succeed in our patriarchal society.
2. Move to destroy the patriarchal orientation of Parliament, and blaze the way for more attractive Doc Martin clad young women to attain important political positions.
3. What are you implying? That's morally repugnant.

A Bride and some Drag Queens

Working the camera in a Natasha kind of way

1. Her face is just georgeeeous darling.
2. We would institute the Jeanne Little bill. The bill would establish a Jeanne Little public holiday. With compulsory 24 screenings of Beauty and the Beast. That would be georgeeeous darling.
3. Who do you think you are? We don't do that kind of thing.



The Right Reverend Pumpnickel

Eager to break bread with Natasha

1. She is a beautiful person, brothers and sisters! You're all beautiful people! Praise the Lord!
2. I say, when all else fails, just long for the days you were a SAUA hack! Praise the Lord!
3. I would hold hands and pray for the souls of all student politicians.

Natasha: 'Been there, Done that'



Tom Radzevicius - President

Hello and welcome back to another term of fun and frivolity at Adelaide University!

Hope that your holidays were relaxing and calming.

Information Technology Survey

Look out for the Information Technology Survey in *On Dit* and in your emails in the next few weeks. The survey is designed for students to be able to have a greater say in the level and direction of Adelaide University's Online learning programmes. We have been asked by the University's Information Technology Service to present a report to them regarding this issue, from which they will tailor the web site for our needs. This is a fantastic opportunity for Adelaide University students to have a direct input into their University's online programmes and teaching facilities. I would encourage all students to

become involved and to complete a survey form. The surveys will be available from next week in the SAUA or will be found in your student email.

Computer Suite

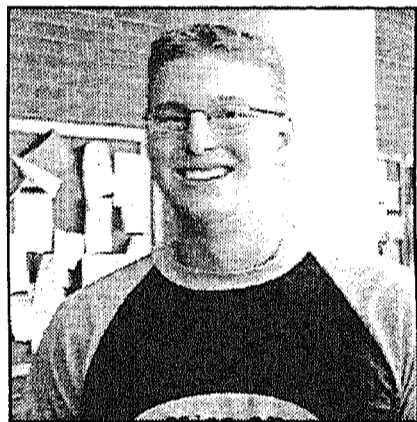
After discussions with the University IT department I am also pleased to report that the University will shortly have a further 110 computers. This is a considerable boost to the University's IT infrastructure. The only question now is where to put them all. I am currently working with the University to find a location for these computers which will provide word processing, and internet access. There will hopefully be an opportunity to develop the long awaited 24 hr computer suite with these computers. Watch this space for more information as it happens!!

Constitutional and Structural Review Sub-Committee

The C&SRSC has been meeting regularly and are in the process of finalising changes to the constitution. The final copy will be presented to SAUA Council on the 11 May and then we will be having a referendum. Thank you to all the people that took the time to make submissions to the committee.

Don't forget to fill in a survey!!

SAUA President? I've done that. Gotta start at the bottom if you want to get to the top.



Mark Henderson Activities and Campaigns Vice President

Welcome back to uni! Hope that your holidays were as relaxing and refreshing as mine were and that you are ready for a big term of events and activities from the Students' Association.

Prosh

Prosh is coming up in week four of this term. We have a heap of stuff planned for you in this week and we hope to raise lots of money for the Society of St. Vincent de Paul's. If you would like to be involved in Prosh, come along to the meeting next Wednesday 1st of May and let us know your ideas. Or you could email me at to get some information or have your say.

BBQ & Raffle in the Bar

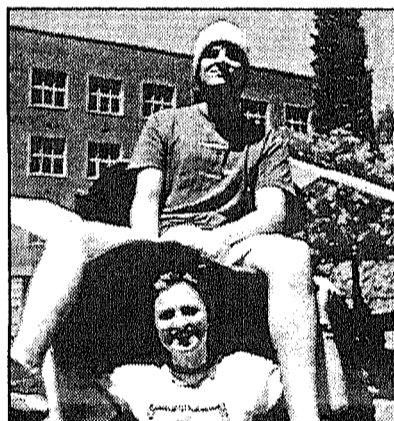
As always there will be the ever-popular raffle and free BBQ in the bar this Friday evening. The BBQ starts at about five o'clock and the raffle is drawn around seven o'clock. I urge you all to come along and kick start your Friday nights in the bar with your SAUA Activities Department.

Union Cinema

This week no-one will be around to run the cinema as we will all be paying our respect to those who have fought for the freedom of our nation. The event will be back next week as big as ever. The content of next week's session is not yet finalised but I have a sneaking suspicion that Brad, our EVP, will be giving you some hints on how to best eke out an existence surviving on Youth Allowance.

Activities Standing Committee

This is just to let you all know that the meetings of the Activities Standing Committee are open to all students. I would welcome you all along to have an input into the kind of activities that are run and to give us a hand if you are able to.



Sam Butler and Elise Duffield Sexuality Officers

Welcome back everybody! We hope the Easter break was enjoyable for you all and that the chocolate creme eggs were plentiful.

Sexuality Week

May 7th-11th (Week 3) will be a feast of music, art, film, fun and even politics (no!!!) A detailed, day-by-day run down of events will be published next week. We hope to see as many of you out there showing your support for the Department and having a good time.

Sexualidit

We've been chatting with the editors of *On Dit* regarding the format of this year's Sexuality edition of *On Dit* (traditionally called *Sexualidit*), as well as discussed with our standing committee/helpers about contributing articles. Anybody else who may be interested in contributing in any way to this issue - be it reviews, articles, letters, anything sex/sexuality-related - please feel free, as the only "limits" for *Sexualidit* apply only to the theme, not to the writers. *Sexualidit* will be released during Sexuality Week.

2001: A Coming Out Odyssey

It took us a long time, but we finally came up with the best name we could for our booklet. Given our desktop publisher's futuristic design concept, the nature of the articles and (of course) the year, we thought this was very appropriate. The booklet will be 32 pages long (and even then it's been a squeeze to fit everything in) but it's still on line to be ready for launching and distribution during Sexuality Week, on Tuesday night at the Gallery. Copies will also be heading to Flinders Uni and Uni SA.

Contacts

Don't forget, if you want to contact us about anything - helping out with Sexuality Week, *Sexualidit*, or information about Queer Collaborations, the Federal election, safer sex, last week's episode of *The Simpsons* - don't forget we're at the SAUA, George Murray Building (north-east corner of the Cloisters). You can contact us on 8303 5406 or directly on 0303 3899, or e-mail Elise: girlsexo@sua.asn.au or Sam: boysexo@sua.asn.au.



Women's Officer? Yeah, I did that too.



Anais Chevalier Women's Officer

Well, the chocolate is gone, so are the sickly ads with impossibly toothy kids, and the foggy haze of Easter party's should have dispersed, which can only mean one thing...the academic year has recommenced!

SPECIAL NOTICE!!!!

To the people who have contacted me regarding either helping with the Women's Room or with Body Image campaigns, I haven't been rude, just

technically challenged! I accidentally wiped my email account, but PLEASE WRITE BACK!!! I have it sorted now and I would love to hear from you.

Which leads me to...

Women's Room Clean-up/ Painting Session

The clean-up is this Sunday in the Women's Room on the 29th of April starting at 1pm. For further details, call or email me (anais@arcom.com.au).

Plenary on formal meeting procedures

This Sunday, the 29th of April, at 4pm, a workshop will be run by Union President Tanisha Hewanpola on formal meeting procedures. This is an excellent opportunity for any women who currently or in the future will use formal procedures. Again, would you please contact me if you want to come along.

Upcoming Campaigns

The Women's Department wants to run the following campaigns - PREFERABLY WITH YOUR HELP!

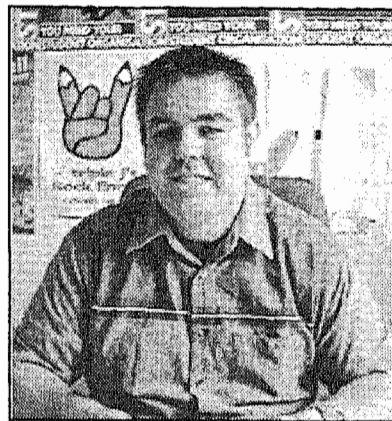
- Body Image - we all know that this is a problem and any help is much appreciated.
- Security and Safety - after recent attacks on and around the North Tce. campus, it is time to get active!
- Women's Health - Ever wondered why there aren't national health campaigns about cystitis, or why there is a 'luxury tax' on menstrual products?

All of these campaigns are in the formative stages, which means that you can put your mark on the campaign and direct it from the beginning!

Doin' what we do best...

This Thursday there will be a BBQ (with vegetarian alternative) and Soup Day (soup is cheaper with your SAUA cup and they will be available at the BBQ). Just hang around the Barr-Smith Lawns at about lunchtime!!

All that is left to be said is call (8303 5406) or email me (anais@arcom.com.au), if you have an idea, need help or are interested in the Women's Department.



Brad Kitschke Education Vice-President

Achievements from term 1.

After pushing the envelope with our term 1 publication "*Shafted*" the Education Department has some good news. Many of our promises both from when we were elected and from later are coming true. After talks with the University the SAUA is moving closer to getting:

- A review of ancillary fees, (all those extra payments for notes and materials).
- Having withdraw not fails taken off your academic transcripts.

We promised and we are delivering. We will still be fighting hard for the reinstatement of Supplementary Exams and a cap on tutorial and seminar sizes. Look out in the next few weeks for some positive reports on IT and computing access on campus.

Centrelink Forum.

If you have questions or queries about anything Centrelink, Youth Allowance, Rent Assistance, or anything to do with how much or little you are entitled to from the Government come to the SAUA Education Department Centrelink/Government Assistance Forum at 1pm on Wednesday of Week 2 in the Union Cinema.

Student Forums

Want to have your say about the SAUA? Tell us what you think of the SAUA by attending a series of Student Forums run by the Education Department in Week 5 of Term 2. Have your say on the campaigns and activities of the SAUA, whether you use our services, and which university issues most affect your education. We will keep you posted in *On Dit* and in your Faculties and Department of times, dates and locations. The only way to get what you want out of your Students' Association is to have your say on the direction of campaigns and the representation we provide for students.

Youth Allowance Soup Days.

The SAUA will be from week 2 holding Youth Allowance soup days every Wednesday. When you're down to those last few dollars before Youth Allowance gets paid into your bank account, you will be able to buy cheap soup from the SAUA every Wednesday from week 2.

Satellite Activities.

From week 3 of term three you can expect to see the SAUA Education Department, and other SAUA departments holding satellite events on areas of campus not traditionally visited by SAUA reps. We will be holding a pancake brunch in week 3 at the Med School, and will be at the Law School and Hughes Plaza in the following weeks. Look out for the SAUA around campus all term.

Welcome Back BBQ.

To welcome students back to Uni in Week one the Education Department and Women's Departments will be holding a BBQ on the Barr Smith Lawns on Thursday April 27th. Make sure you come down to the lawns and check out information about the SAUA's programme of activities for term 2.

Get Involved/Need help.

If you want to get involved in the Education Department, have a question, or need some help with a grievance, remember you can contact me on 08 8303 3898, e-mail education@saua.asn.au, or visit our website www.saua.asn.au/education



Georgie Perks - Environment Officer

World Earth Day

While all of you students were enjoying a brief respite from the rigours of study quite a bit has been going on in the environmental world. Thursday the 19th of April was world Car Free Day, a day when people around the globe were asked to leave their pollution creating vehicles at home in the garage in favour of catching public transport, riding bikes or walking to work. This event offered a warm up for World Earth Day held on April the 22nd. This year's focus was on a global transition to clean energy. Indigenous peoples on five continents have released a joint Earth Day Solidarity Statement. The statement, which contains a personal

account from each of the groups, demands "energy free of blood and environmental destruction." This day highlights the fact that there is growing global awareness about the plight of the environment, and a willingness for co-operative action.

President Bush and the Kyoto agreement

In the past few weeks there has been a move by president Bush to pull out of the Kyoto agreement on CO2 emissions. This decision has been highly criticised as the US is seen as an influential world power. Millions of angry people have sent emails to the president condemn-

ing this action, resulting in a flooding and blocking of the email system to the Whitehouse.

Turn off TV week

This week, April 20th to 27th is Turn Off TV week. The week is aimed at getting people to turn off their TV, clear their minds of clutter and to enjoy the natural environment. The humble television chews up vast quantities of electricity every day. It is also a campaign that touches on issues of media concentration in the hands of big corporations and the right to freedom of speech. Refer to the article by Sarah Hanson, a member of the Environment Standing Committee, on Turn off the TV week (page 11).

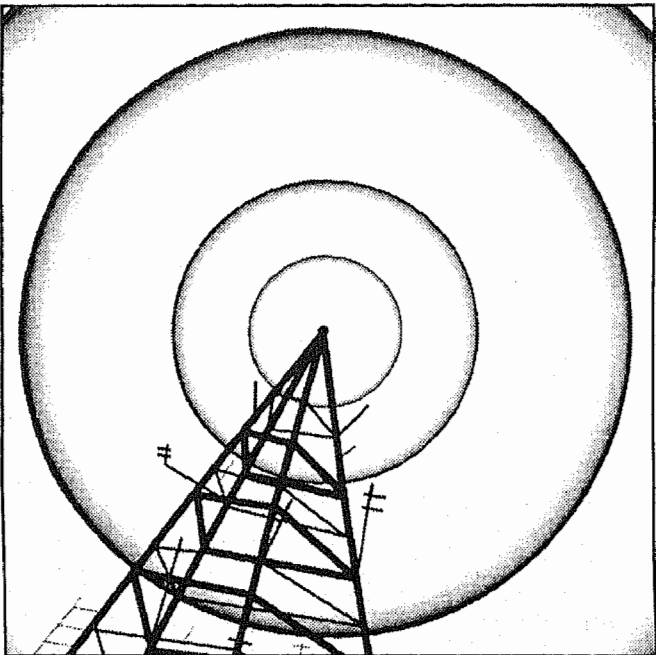
On Thursday 26th April the Students' Association will be holding a lunch on the Barr Smith lawns. There will be a barbecue and soup for sale - so remember to bring your SAUA cups for cheaper soup. The Union has agreed to turn off their TVs for the lunch time period. Get off the couch, come out and play frisbee and hackysack out on the lawns this Thursday. Show yourselves you can survive without a day of TV.

5UV STUDENT RADIO 531PM

Welcome back to uni... if welcome is the correct word, I suppose. Hopefully you've all been tuned in during this time of relaxed timetables to hear the one reliable thing in this hemisphere: Adelaide Uni Student Radio. Set your atomic clock by it. How were the holidays, you ask? You ask other people, let them answer. How should I know what they were doing. If you asked me, via the medium of this rather unresponsive bit of paper, I'd say that they were great (if I could somehow hear you, of course. Maybe I'm standing nearby while you make a fool of yourself by talking like a crazy person, who knows?), but that's due mainly to those hardworking individuals and teams of individuals that make the individual shows (and perrrrrhaps teams of individual shows) what they are today, will have been tomorrow, and were going to become yesterday.

Anyway, in AUSR news, we've had

a couple of changes to the timetable. **The Void** is no longer on from midnight anymore. Tim has moved on to the other side, meaning that he now has a 5UV timeslot from 1am to 2am on Monday nights. But he still does some very good work, so you should listen to him. The void (I'm going to go to hell for a very long time for using such a bad pun) from midnight to 1am on Mondays is going to be filled by Jon Dale's magnificent **Eye and Ear Control**. You will need to listen to it before you understand why I want you to listen to his show. And Jon's old timeslot? That's gone to Chris and Jeremy and their new show, **The Newsroom** (12am Saturday). If you missed out on their prank call to Ansett last week, then you lost out rather badly, I'm afraid. Make it up to them by tuning in every second Saturday at midnight (or staying tuned after **Hybrid**).



Now, as a special request from one of the *On Dit* editors, I'd like to include a little recipe worked out at my flat during the break:

The Bavarian Thickshake

Get the cheapest frozen Chocolate Bavarian dessert you can find [*Linley recommends the Savings brand Bav from Coles; only \$2 for 450 grams of authentic Bavaria*], and remove the crust. Scoop the rest of it into a blender and add some Farmers Union Iced Coffee. (We've also experimented with the addition of Nesquik and Bickfords Iced Coffee syrup, but you could try Milo or malt just as easily.) Blend and pour. Garnish this filling, sugar-intensive beverage with a sprinkling of the crumbs from the crust to remind your guests what they are eating/drinking. You could also add stout, which didn't taste too bad (full marks to Rodney for this suggestion), or milk, poured in carefully to remind the happy owner of this delight that the original bavarian had some white stuff at the top. This can extinguish the burning sensation of the hottest curries commonly available, but it has so much sugar it might kill people with diabetes. I'd like to dedicate this recipe to Natasha Stott Despoja, just so I can somehow fit in with this week's theme.



Kick back and relax with a delicious Bavarian Thickshake - coming soon to the Unibar

Luke

HYBRID

Every second Saturday @11pm
with Celia Brown

Anything's possible on Hybrid!

It's a culture-based, ideas-influenced radio show born of the desire to converse with creative local people and explore their musical inspirations. Look forward to lively discussion, critical thinking and lots of good music from around the globe.

There's news and reviews of what's on around Adelaide in the performing and visual arts. But more importantly, Hybrid endeavours to go heterogeneous, cross-cultural, even multi-lingual, in an attempt to discover new music and new understandings of this crazy world in which we live.

Hybrid is open to all directions and influences, musical and otherwise. I play all kinds of music from Beastie Boys to Ninja Tune, Kronos Quartet to Einstürzende Neubauten, Goran Bregovic to DJ Shadow, Radio Tarifa to Johannes Brahms...and my guests? Well who knows? You name it, it's possible on Hybrid.

So listen in every second Saturday night @11pm and take part, phone in, make suggestions and if you think you have something interesting to say or play, then contact me and come on the show!

celia.brown@student.adelaide.edu.au

STUDENT RADIO TIMETABLE

		THIS WEEK	NEXT WEEK
Monday	9pm	Well Powdered Heresy Dork in a Cup Eye and Ear Control	9pm 10pm 11pm 12am
	10pm		
	11pm		
	12am		
Tuesday	9pm	Local Noise Kulcha Cha Cha I Took My Prozac Biscuit Power Flower Hour	9pm 10pm 11pm 12am
	10pm		
	11pm		
	12am		
Saturday	9pm	Urban Legends Logos Hybrid Newsroom	9pm 10pm 11pm 12am
	10pm		
	11pm		
	12am		
			On Dit Radio Cinemaniamia Lost in the Mix Eye and Ear Control
			Local Noise Crud Radio The Michael Tunn Variety Hour Sensory
			The Women's Show Wall of Sound None the Wiser Noisegate

PROSH

It's coming. Sooner than you think.



Yes, it's almost that magical time of the year again. Prosh 2001 is occurring in week 4 of this term (that's the 14th to the 18th of May) and, as usual, is guaranteed to be great fun for anyone who gets off their arse and does something naughty

There are a few ways to get involved in Prosh. SAUA A/CVP Mark Henderson is holding a meeting for anyone who is interested in pranks or activities on Wednesday the 1st of May. We don't know where or when the meeting is on, but it will probably be at 1pm in the Unibar like last term's meetings. Just ask at the SAUA and someone will point you in the right direction.

There is another way.

On Dit will, as usual, be publishing a special Prosh edition parodying an established newspaper or magazine. To do this, we need your help! Drop into the *On Dit* office anytime and say "I want to write something funny for Prosh."

Past Prosh *On Dits* include *The Addvertiser*, *Fettered Gnomes in Gardens*, *Rip it Off*, *Bruce*, *The Sunday Fail* and many other quality pisstakes. This year we have found another esteemed publication at which to poke gentle fun, but in order that at least some people be surprised when it comes out we're not announcing it just yet. It may be one of:

Time
Newsweek
The Age
Ferret Owner's Gazette
Hansard
Coal Miner's Weekly
Slashdot
On Dit
Osama bin Laden's Guide to Killing Americans
The Australian Democrats' internal party newsletter

... or it could be absolutely anything else on Earth. Come into *On Dit* and find out!



Blast from the Past

As many of you may know, everyone's favourite youngest ever leader of the Australian Democrats used to be a student here at the U of A. She also used to be a student politician.

On the left is her statement from the election handbook for the SAUA elections of 1989, when she ran (successfully) for Women's Officer. On the right is her statement from the 1990 elections, when she ran for President (again, successfully).

While it's true that neither of these are particularly interesting documents, and in fact are practically identical to almost every other election statement written by any candidate for these positions for the last couple of decades, they do provide a window into the nearly forgotten past of both Natasha Stott Despoja and the Students' Association. Enjoy them.

STOTT DESPOJA, Natasha
3rd Year B.A.



Education/Services Standing Committee 1988/89; Campus Safety Committee 1988/1989; Co-Convenor Women On Campus 1989, Treasurer 1988; Co-Host Blue Stocking Show, Student Radio; On Dit Contributor; National Council of Women, Conference 1988; Network of Women Students in Australia, Conference 1989; F.P.A.

Having had a long and active involvement in student representation, specifically women's issues, I have the experience necessary for the position of Women's Officer.

It is essential that the Women's Officer is accessible. I intend to liaise with women on campus by consulting with and informing women's groups about issues affecting women on campus. I will keep the University community informed about issues and campaigns through *On Dit*.

The Women's Officer is responsible for the promotion of women's participation on campus. This involves countering obstacles affecting women and providing activities.

- As a contact person in sexual harassment cases I will be available to all women who wish to make a complaint or discuss their experience.

- Everyone on campus has a right to a safe and harassment free campus. As Women's Officer I will continue to work for the provision of a safe environment, demanding increased lighting and security.

- Childcare affects all parents on campus. I intend to pursue the upgrading and extension of childcare facilities.

- I will maintain activities for women, including the International Women's Day party and Blue Stocking Week, while incorporating more activities such as seminars by women and female bands.

FOR AN ACCESSIBLE WOMEN'S OFFICER - VOTE 1 STOTT DESPOJA.

PRESIDENT (cont)



STOTT DESPOJA, Natasha
3rd Year Arts

SAUA Council 1989/90, Campus Safety Committee 1988-90, Women's Officer 1989/90, Education Committee 1990, NUS (SA) Executive 1990.

1991 will be a year of rapid change in the higher education sector, which will be reflected at Adelaide University with the implementation of mergers, the Review of Governance and the implications of Area Management. Competent and effective student representation is essential if students are to secure their rights in the merger process and attain the best of existing policies and practise.

Issues that affect all students such as Safety on Campus, rising Higher Education Charges, overcrowding of courses, access to library facilities, teaching standards must be addressed. However, specific attention must be paid to the different needs of students in different faculties, necessitating the development of a system of effective Faculty Representation.

Experience does make a difference. Students deserve the highest level of representation from their democratically elected representatives. I have had involvement in all areas of the Students' Association including representation as an office bearer, in Orientation, in the campus media and various Students' Association campaigns. I understand the issues facing students and am committed to working for them.

Secure your rights.

VOTE 1 NATASHA STOTT DESPOJA FOR ENERGY AND EXPERIENCE.

Restaurant of the Week Lido

What an interesting idea all that new stuff is down at the Glenelg foreshore. Groovy, Melbourne-style cafe-restaurants. Outdoor tables with white-shirted waiters and groovy, Melbourne style prices. It's just a shame that it's at least a ten minute walk from anywhere else decent (like Jetty Rd, Adelaide's answer to Sunset Strip). There are about five different eating spots along the new development, all pretty much from the same school of funky design as the music shop and the internet cafe (why an internet cafe in the middle of yuppie apartments and trendomatic eating and clothes shops? The place was unsurprisingly empty when we walked past). But on to Lido, the place where we decided to eat.

Atmosphere: We sat outside behind the glass partitions to shelter us from the on-shore breezes, but there were no partitions to shelter us from the off-shore ones. Bad planning, gang. These glass walls also meant that we couldn't catch any waiter's attention as soon as they were past it. Annoying. Also annoying was the way that they didn't seem to assign any waiters to any particular tables, so that every single member of staff on the floor, including the manager, asked us if we needed anything to drink. Once, great, OJ and tonic please. Twice, no thanks, we've been served. Three to eight times (I counted), just piss off and get us our fucking drinks thank you. Outside was nice, but I think we managed to catch the last bit of suitable weather to be out there in because just being near the ocean at night makes things about ten degrees colder. Inside (because here at Wayward we cover all the angles) was full of low ceilings and hard surfaces: noisy, good for loud parties and functions'n'stuff, but take your sure schmooze elsewhere.

Food: My associates tried the swordfish and the salmon. Both were stated to be over-cooked and a bit of cross-table forking confirmed that an over-done swordfish is just like over-done salmon is just like something you could tip out of a can at home. My calzone rustico (pizza folded over with bog-sauce ontop; only attempt when you're so hungry that you're ready for the other Other white meat) was, in contrast, very tasty and filling. The fact that I wasn't allowed to keep the parmesan shaker was almost as annoying as that thing where they won't let you do your own pepper. The waiter brings over an enormous pepper grinder and asks you if you'd like some; if you say yes, then they do it for you so you are forced to sit back like a four year old while Mum does everything. Some might like it, some might call me a control freak, well you morons can go straight to hell. 2 and half stars out of 5.

PS if the trainee who was working that night is reading this - iron your shirt and you'll get the job.

Sam

Club of the Week Shotz Pool Hall/Night Club

Where: Above Fleet Street Café, Pirie Street in Hindmarsh Square. Just follow the blue light.

What goes on there: There are pool leagues just beginning on Wednesday and Thursday nights, eventually running Sunday to Thursday nights. These nights involve beer, debauchery and the odd game of pool. The whole dancey thing happens on Friday and Saturdays, although there are plenty of people who still go there just to play pool.

Why you should go there: The whole atmosphere is very relaxed, kind of grungy and dare I say it - eclectic. There are oodles of pool tables and an incredibly comfy couch for those who are inclined to fall asleep once they have consumed large amounts of beer. It costs \$10 an hour to hire a pool table on the weekends, but that is more than made up for by the fact that they don't charge a door fee. The music is indie alternative with a bit of the latest dance tracks thrown in for those who appreciate the cheesier side of it all. Just make sure that you don't ask for any Five or Nsync, because DJ Chris doesn't have it and will probably refuse to play any other requests that you ask for. There is also a fine art to getting any free CD's at Shotz - the trick is to actually ask Chris, but make sure that you do it in a roundabout exceedingly polite fashion. And don't badger him for it, otherwise you'll end up apologising to him for the next month.

What are the drink specials: The most notable special at Shotz is of course Shnappy Hour. As this title suggests, it's a tray of 5 shots for around \$12 (I can't remember the exact price because I was already drunk). The best way to approach this is to have a shots competition and get a few people together, each with a tray of shots, and then see who can down them the fastest without spilling anything. This can of course be rather messy, and since the prize is usually another tray of shots, it can get even messier. They also have beer specials, with beer on Thursday night going for \$2.

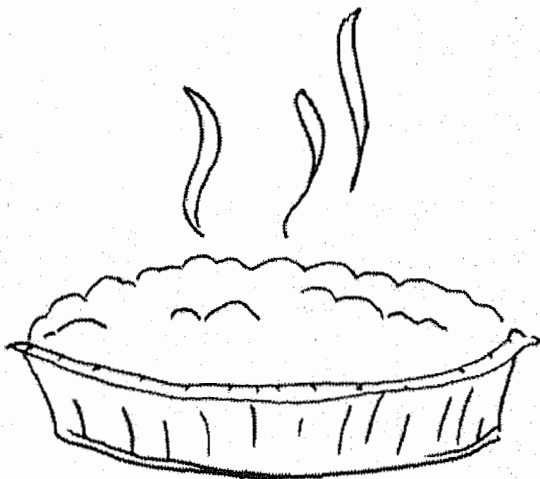
What are the bad points: Make sure that on a Saturday night you get there reasonably early as there is quite often a line-up, and it is never fun waiting outside in the cold. As is usual with clubs, there are only two female toilets, so it is advised that you make a pre-emptive decision about how full your bladder is before leaving it too late.

Final Decision: Definitely one of the best non-commercial styled clubs to dance away the wee hours at. The bar staff are friendly, the music is groovy (apart from the no Five rule) and the beer is cheap and plentiful. See you there!

Poptart

Natasha's Recipe of the Week - Possum Surprise!

“ I love this hearty winter pie. Half of the fun is descending upon the Adelaide parklands near my home with my .22 to catch the pesky little critters. This dish is suitable for any occasion, a casual dinner with Hugh or a more formal setting. I served it to Meg the night before I deposed her. ”



Ingredients

3 possums (see note)
1.5 litres of possum stock (see note)
3 onions sliced
2 cloves of garlic crushed
2 rutabaga peeled and chopped
3 carrots, peeled and chopped
1/4 cabbage sliced
a nice big red, juicy capsicum
a shitload of tomatoes
green beans
2 cups of plain flour
200 g unsalted butter
water
6 potatoes
milk, butter, cheese (grated)

Note: Possums are best hunted in the parklands using a rifle, although catching the critters and clubbing them to death is also effective. The flavour of baby possums is more delicate although the bones are smaller and harder to deal with. Stock is made by boiling the bones and offal together in 1.5 litres of water. Skim off fat.

Method

Skin the possums and remove offal, reserve tail and ears for garnish. Chop the animals into serving size pieces and braise each piece individually in a hot pan. Set aside meat and fry onions and garlic together until brown, add the hard vegetables and stock and then the meat. Bring to the boil and then simmer gently for hours and hours to remove the toughness in the possum meat. Add a shitload of tomatoes, cabbage, capsicum, green beans and any other vegetables which take your fancy. Boil the whole thing down until it is a thick mush. Enjoy the aromas which are expelled by the cooking possums. Set aside.

Prepare potato topping. Boil potatoes in salted water until tender. Mash them and add butter, milk and cheese. Set aside.

Prepare a shortcrust pastry. Sift flour and salt into a bowl. Add chilled butter and combine with fingers until it resembles breadcrumbs. Add enough water to combine into a smooth pastry. Roll out pastry and line a deep pie dish. Spoon in the meat filling. Top with potato mash. Put the whole delicious pie in a hot oven and bake for 30 minutes.

Serve with a carafe of dry white. Enjoy!

CONSUMER WATCHDOG

Salt and Vinegar Chips and Me

Salt and vinegar chips. Can you believe they don't make this flavour everywhere?? When I go away, that's what I miss the most, and what I crave for. And what I would kill, bribe and lie for. Trust me. I love the raw taste on my throat and tongue after I have eaten a 250 grm packet. The sick turning in my stomach, the feeling that I could never drink enough water to counter-act the salt and vinegar. The taste which drinking water makes worse. So here is my ode to salt and vinegar chips. I felt it was short of being in heaven having to eat chips for a story. I had an excuse. And I knew I wanted to give the best consumer report ever. With that in mind, I didn't just taste one packet of each, just to make sure I knew what I was talking about I had several of each.....I'll see you all in the gym next week.



I can see why, they are not. The only possibly exciting thing is a Digimon card which comes inside, and if I watched Cheez TV, I might know who they are. As it is, I love cartoons and I have never heard of them. Dragonball Z is far superior. I think these Digimon people are ripping Pokemon off.

Mediocre, 6/10

Pringles

They come in a blue packet instead of the hot pink one. First disappointment (by the way, in the USA, S&V come in blue packaging, don't get confused now!!). Second, they don't taste like salt and vinegar. Huge disappointment. They have the same problem as Smith's. Plain Pringles are yum, these ones are not. Sure, they stack up and they are not as greasy, but they don't have the taste they claim to have. And it's not because the yanks don't know a good S&V when they see one, Pringles just don't know how to do it. The packet could be used for something else (we all need little boxes for stuff?) but the insides should be put straight in the toilet, skipping the intestines. If you buy them, put them somewhere, just not in you.

Wassup Pringles?? 6.5/10 (all for the packaging)



Smith's

They are not my favourites. I find that they taste almost like plain chips and a bit of something else. But I'm not exactly sure what. It could be chicken. Maybe they make them all the same and just put them in different packages. It wouldn't surprise me. Smith's don't bother making any claims about the goodness of their chips, nor whether they might be the best chips you've ever tasted.



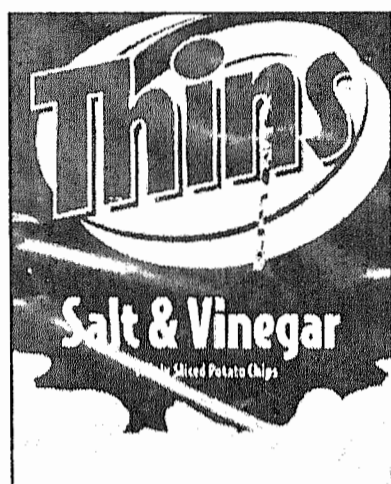
Kettle

The chips which claim to be individually made. One chip per potato. It could very well be true. These chips completely numb your taste buds until the next day when you wake up sore not believing the chips did that to you. Do you regret it? No way, you just wait until your tongue can taste again to have another packet. These chips are so delicious they named them after a kitchen utensil which has nothing to do with potatoes and potato chip making, and they still got away with it. They are worth the extra cents you pay for them, as you're eating not common vinegar, but balsamic vinegar and sea-salt. Very special.

Chips for a connoisseur, 9.5/10

Unfortunately, (or fortunately, I'm not certain) they don't have S&V in veggie chips. There are no healthy alternatives. Which makes it so much more naughty and sinful to gobble down these chips once (or twice) a week. But no worries, that just means that I add up on the other food groups, like the fruits and vegetables to attempt to keep my insides straight. I don't know many people who don't like S&V chips. But I do know a few. For those my advice would be to start with the Kettle ones, get really sick and you will fall in love with them like the rest of us. Listen people, what doesn't kill you can only make you stronger...so get stronger.

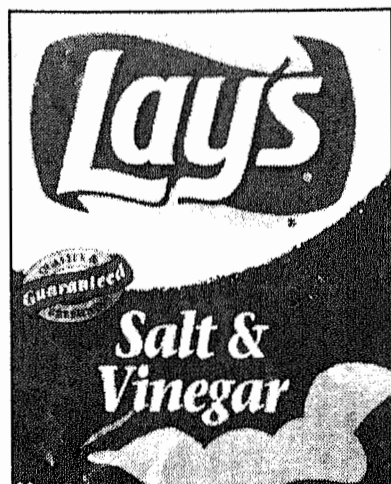
Viv Torres-Opazo (all by myself)



Thins

They are thin and lethal. Almost every chip has a intoxicating S&V taste. They are the ones which tear my tongue to pieces half-way down the packet. But I love them. The ones down the bottom are the best, but maybe that's coz by the time you get there your taste buds have given up trying to numb you, and they allow full flavour to hit. They claim to have that 'genuine Australian taste'. I'm not sure what that means, to me they taste as good as the American ones. Oh, and don't forget the cool Dragonball Z dizk (with a z), for free.

Thumbs up, 8.5/10

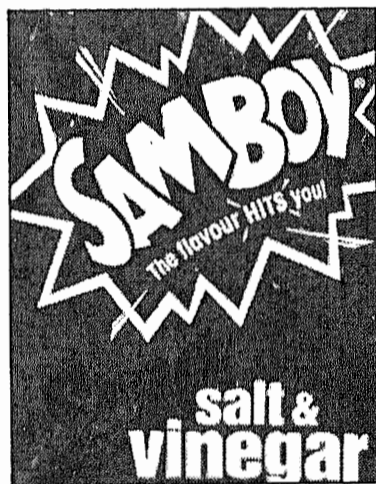


Lays

Yumm, yumm, yumm. What a chip. What could I say to describe the brilliant taste and texture of this wonderful chip. Words cannot describe it. They are salty enough. They are vinegary enough. The perfect chip made in heaven for us

to have even when we cannot eat meat. S&V for all seasons and at any time. At the movies, while driving, while staring at the wall. My friend Melissa even believes that they help medicate a sore throat. So really, they are not only a snack (lunch, dinner), but also something which we should be able to buy not only at a super-market but also in the 24hr chemist. They are also quite addictive, you might have to go into rehab for these, so go easy.

Get them into ya!! 9.5/10



Samboy

Hit me with a samboy chip...who could forget it?? The chips with the catchy slogan are still around, minus the million dollar ad budget. And they are still good. They have kept the idea fresh by also including a S&V bomb inside each packet (sometimes even two bombs). For those who think that it's just an extra bag of salt, try using the bombs. Both of them. And see how good you feel then, and how much S&V they really do have. They seem quite harmless at the beginning, but after a while the effects start kicking in and there is no turning back. You eat them all, you feel sick for a week and then you buy some more. And I'm not talking about little pissy 50grms packets, no missy, I mean the 250 ones. You will eat one of them. A whole one. And then want some more.

Still great after all these years, 9/10 (only coz I got sick with the bombs....)

You've seen one in *L'Ennui*. You've seen one in *Titanic*. You've seen one in *How to Make an American Quilt*. You've seen three very voluptuous ones in *Sirens*. You've even seen one on an ad for ultra slim pads. And I think there was a male one on *Ally McBeal*. Yes, it's the life model, otherwise known as the artist's model. It's the sort of thing you'd imagine a long-suffering Renaissance painter's mistress doing, or a Parisian street urchin of the nineteenth century: shedding clothes in the name of creating art. It's a noble pursuit, really.

Artists, whether their medium be charcoal, oils, bronze or film, need a model to create an accurate portrayal of the human form, rather than relying on the somewhat dodgy alternative of the memory's perception of the body (which can easily get reduced to mere imagination). The creation of Mona Lisa, countless Venuses and Madonnas, even the barely nubile Chloe, who became a scandalous pervfest on the wall of Young and Jackson's pub in Melbourne, all needed a flesh-and-blood model to pose.

For me it started at the tender age of seventeen, as a first-year uni student idly looking over our very own SAUA employment noticeboard for a means to supplement my paltry income from your average casual retail job. "Life Models Wanted", I read. "I could do that," I thought. One phone call later, I had agreed to make my debut at a life drawing class on a Thursday night. "But I don't really have the typical life model figure," I warned. "I'm kind of small."

Myth number one about the life model disproved: there is no typical life model figure. The stereotype of the voluptuous woman with bountiful curves

body. We're talking buck naked. You're going to have at least one stranger, and quite possibly a roomful of them, seeing all the bits of you that are normally reserved for just you and anyone else you consider special enough to see them. You should be able to occupy yourself mentally for long periods of

heater.

If you're positioned on a chair, stool or table, you'll be provided with a "courtesy drape" (my term for it): a sheet-sized piece of white calico to place under you, just so that your private bits aren't in direct contact with surfaces that have been in contact with those of

EXPOSED

time, considering you won't be moving a heck of a lot while you're working. I don't mean you have to resort to memorising pi to a record number of digits or counting sheep, but being someone who is content to just be there and ponder, meditate or philosophise makes the job much easier. You can't be a fidgetter. I'm serious: fidgetting is a cardinal sin in this occupation. Apparently even looking like you're thinking about fidgetting can be enough to upset your artist.

If you're still counted in, here's the drill. Get yourself a gig. If this is with an independent artist, they'll have a preconceived idea about what they want to create (although this can be influenced and modified by new ideas which can pop up just by watching their subject move or talk, or noticing aspects of the figure they'd particularly like to capture, as they get to understand the psychology of their subject). They'll direct you in what they want. If it's for classes at an art school, you'll have a lot more autonomy in your poses, though the teacher may want you to gear your pose towards the object of the lesson (for example, concentrating a particular body part, or with a concept like tone or angles in mind).

So you'll be sitting there, or crouching there, or kneeling there, if you're unlucky you'll be standing there, and if you're really lucky, you'll be lying there. The pose I have grown to hate most would have to be the asymmetrical standing pose with most of my body weight being supported on one leg. I spent the Sunday mornings of a winter and most of a spring in that one. I think it's ingrained itself so much into my body's memory that you'll find me slouching into it without thinking. My favourite pose would have to be a reclining one: either lying flat on my back or on my side. Often you'll be elevated above floor level to enable the artist or students to see you better. This can be as simple as standing on a table or lying on a padded bench. The coolest thing I've had to stand on is a homemade elevated turntable, so that a sculptor could study me from every angle, without me altering my pose by those crucial few centimetres. The only drawback from this was the danger factor in stepping on and off something that could spin out from under your feet: this was particularly alarming due to me being naked and within centimetres of a scorching combustion

others, I guess. If you're in a class, the students will be arranged either in a theatrical "in the round" set up, or in a semi-circle in front of you. Once you've decided on the pose, you have to hold it. Generally, the longest I've had to hold a pose without a break is for twenty minutes (sculptors demand the longest, photographers the shortest time). What you do while you're in the pose is up to you and those studying you - as long as it doesn't involve fidgetting, or giving off a "bad energy". You really have to read the tone of the room as to whether or not conversation is appropriate. When you're posing for an individual artist, it's a

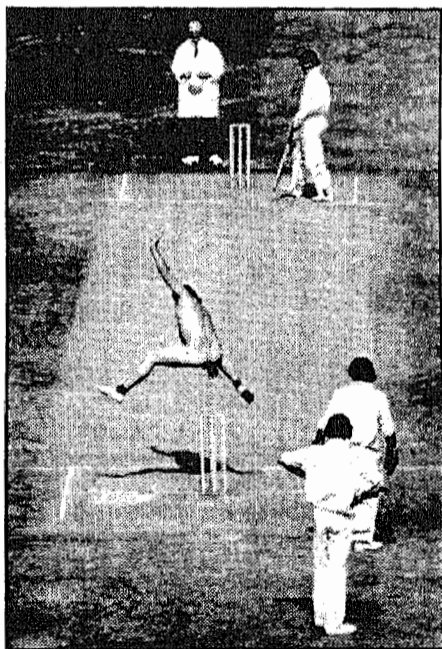
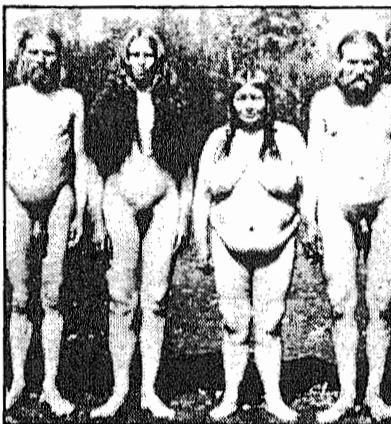
fun way to pass the time and get more comfortable with each other (spending a year of weekly sculpting sessions with one other person will leave you knowing each other inside and out, believe me). When it's for students, they are usually too busy concentrating with their tongues poking out of the corners of their mouths to make small talk. If conversation's off the agenda, once I have examined everyone in the room, I usually fall asleep (as long as it's not a standing pose). Occasionally I will be reminded to wake up if my head is nodding to the point where my pose is slipping, but it's generally not a problem - most of the drawings produced of me show me with my eyes closed. That's about it, really. It's not very demanding: basically, you just have to be a human in his or her natural state and keep still. It's quite possibly the definition of being paid to do nothing.

Which brings us to the issue of remuneration: just how much does someone get paid to take their clothes off (in this context)? The going rate seems to be \$15 an hour. I wouldn't do it for that much, I hear some of you exclaim. Well, considering it is nearly double what I was getting at my other poxy casual job on a junior rate of pay, I wasn't complaining. A life model in Sydney who was interviewed in *The Australian's* weekend magazine said that models "deserved more" than the \$18 an hour they receive in Sydney. Diddums. Then again, this woman works as a life model full-time, so she'd probably be a bit more concerned about a higher rate of pay. (Incidentally, for anyone who saw the article, the job

isn't as glamorous as the photo accompanying it suggests. My poses generally aren't as raunchy as the thrusting-hip, hands-behind-head manner she has going; nor do I add harem-style accessories like the gold chain she has slung on her naked hips. I have a feeling a lot of this was done for the sake of the photograph. The classroom she's posing in also looks far more luxurious than any I've been in, with its fancy lighting and huge expanses of space.)

I can't imagine doing this full-time: it's not the most regular or secure source of work, and I think I'd get bored out of my mind if I had to do it all day. You can get tired, and achy. You can get bored shiteless of the same pose, session after session (this is more a problem posing for sculpture). Inclement weather can sometimes make this work less enjoyable - who feels like getting naked when it's blowing a gale and pissing down outside? - but this is easily fixed if you've got adequate heating. Watch out for combustion heaters, though: aside from the possibility of nasty burns by contact with them, it's important to monitor if any smoke is getting into the room. I once nearly suffered aforementioned nasty burns after almost fainting due to a combination of standing still and a lack of oxygen in the room.

In summer there are the flying insects to watch out for: I've had winged ants being attracted to my white bare skin in the middle of the room, attempted to brush them away without making any perceptible movements, and despite the fact that they probably flew away, I was left with that paranoid crawly-skin feeling that they were moving perilously close to my private parts. In front of a room full of people. That's not so comfortable, I have to admit. I suppose you want to hear the icky bits too. If you're a woman, what do you do if you have your period? Well, I haven't yet experienced menstruating before an audience, although I'm sure it's just a matter of time. From what I've been told, it's up to you: bleed and gush, bleed and stem the flow with a tampon, or just arrange all your sessions within the appropriate three weeks of the month. And the number one question male life models get would have to be: have you ever, er, um 'got



and long, flowing red hair may fit perfectly into a seventeenth-century painting by Rubens, but in 2001, anything goes. For life drawing classes, a variety of figures for students to draw is encouraged, and individual artists will have their own ideas about the kind of figure they want to portray in their work. And it's not just women who can pose: the artist I first worked for had so many men looking for work, as well as the ones already on his books, that he had to turn them down.

That said, there are still prerequisites for the job. Obviously, it helps if you are comfortable with your naked

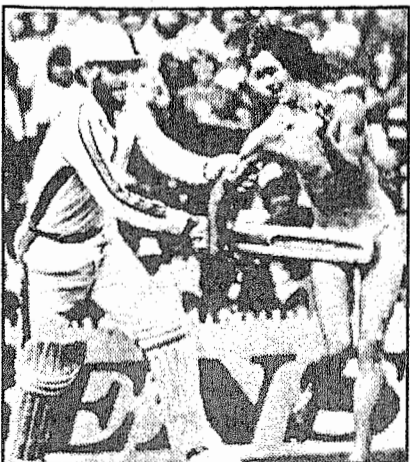


one' you know, while you're up there? From what I've heard, it's never happened in front of anyone I know, although there was one incident where a guy was forced to think hard, I mean intensely, about topics with an arousal value equal to his grandmother's ankles whenever a particularly spunky female student looked at him (which was a lot, seeing as she was trying to draw him).

Of my experiences though, I can't complain. It's easy. There's no preparation (aside from a bit of hair removal, if I can be bothered), and there's no homework. I like sitting there and zoning out to just think about stuff. I like watching the people working around me. I get to sit in on art classes or an artist going about their work, and learn something practical about art. I get to meet and get to know lots of new people. I've even been reunited with a guy I went to school with: he walked into a class I was about to model for, and I could see the flash of fear behind his eyes that he was about to get to know me a whole lot better than he did in Year 6. His first response was to pretend not to know me (you would have thought that I'd be more embarrassed, me being the naked one and all), but by the second class he plucked up the courage to come and say hi. I knew I'd have to model in front of someone I knew eventually - it is Adelaide, after all.

And it can provide some laughs. I used to model for some classes at a church hall in Kent Town. Actually, this happened on the night of my aforementioned debut. I'd stripped off and been arranged in a classic reclining pose on a bench at the front of the room, my back towards the door. The class was going well, with the students getting into their drawing, when someone else entered the room. "Ooh, goodness! I'm terribly, terribly sorry!", a trembling voice cried. An elderly lady had arrived for her Easter church service, a day too early, and was very distressed to find an offering of a different kind to the one she had been expecting. The teacher had to look after her as best he could without the aid of smelling salts and redirect her, so shaken was she. Perhaps coolest of all, I am immortalised in art. Perhaps archaeologists of the future, centuries on, will unearth the submerged metropolis of Adelaide, and all that remains will be the radioactive deposits in the Adelaide Uni basements and some bronze figures. Among them, the Gemma d'Adelaide, maybe?

Gemma Clark



On Dit 69.8

Story of a Hitchhiker

Sometime around 1993, while living in Scotland, photographer Giulio Saggin came up with the idea to hitchhike all the way around his native Australia photographing everyone who gave him a lift and write about each hitch. Five years later he returned and 53 hitches, 23,000km and eight-and-a-half months later he completed his journey...

Monday had never felt so good.

I was standing by the side of the Stuart Highway in the middle of Australia, 100 metres north of the Erldunda roadhouse, and either side of me the bitumen stretched away for thousands of kilometres. The sense of freedom was overwhelming and as cars passed me by at a leisurely rate any refusal on their part to stop was greeted by the knowledge I was afforded the chance to bask some more.

When I'd begun my journey in Tasmania several months I'd never hitchhiked before and as the ground shook and the wind buffeted me with the passing of each car I found the physicality of my roadside 'home' totally overpowering. The demeanour of the Apple Isle was like that of a big country town and any fears I had were soon laid to rest by this genuine and friendly introduction to hitchhiking. I didn't even feel threatened when Mick Castle picked me up in his Mack truck and once inside I looked down to see there was no door handle.

By the time I parted from Tasmania's shores the generosity of my hitches had shone through and I'd even mustered a couple of offers of a bed for the night when next in town.

The nature of hitchhiking in Tasmania, dictated by the size of the place, meant that quite often I was left wishing I'd had more time with my hitches as they drove off into the distance. Sitting in the back of the car with the mother and daughter duo of Dot and Jane was at times akin to being in the midst of the Mad Hatter's Tea Party as they laughed and chatted away between themselves while I scribbled notes. I was less than happy when, after 45 minutes, we bade farewell at a T-junction and they headed one way and I the other.

With Tasmania's parting a level of confidence had been instilled in me and I began looking forward to see who I would get next in this lottery of life I was experiencing.

Two weeks later a cold autumn morning on the outskirts of Melbourne saw my conquest of the main-

land begin.

The comforts cities brought with them proved difficult to leave behind, and after a two week lay-off in Melbourne psyching myself back into the hitching regime was an effort.

The passing of two police cars fazed me not and I tried looking as invisible as possible, despite the fact my presence there should have warranted the word HITCHHIKER being emblazoned across my chest.

As is the case before all journeys I'd spent time thinking about the characters I thought I would meet along the way, but as my journey progressed these pre-conceived ideas changed dramatically.

"In 1969 I was travelling through North Africa. I met two Aussies who

said that I should go back to England, buy a ten pound ticket to Australia, get to Brisbane, buy a panel van and drive to Noosa...so I did!"

N i c k Wheatley's 42-word account of his life (up until then) summed up everything my journey was about, and finding myself in the passenger seat of his Valiant Safari, with Byron Bay to the right of us and dusk de-

scending, everything about the moment seemed appropriate.

Having never been to the Outback, I could feel its presence looming thousands of kilometres away to my left as I hitched up the east coast and it seemed appropriate I should make my way west with another traveller on his own journey of discovery.

The Outback was a whole new world where life and death were much closer bedfellows and survival took precedent over all else. Yet, despite the differing realities between the Outback and the city, there lay com-

mon bonds that united us as a nation.

I hitched into Kununurra, far north Western Australia, on Melbourne Cup day, 1998, and while working boots and akubras had replaced the high heels and designer fashions of Flemington race course, for five minutes on that one Tuesday in November Australia was the same all over. The land began to take on a presence like nothing I'd ever felt before and sitting atop a hill late one afternoon, surrounded by the sheer beauty of the Outback, I pondered why we poured so much poison down our sinks all in the name of getting our shirts as white as possible. It didn't make sense.

Having experienced the intensity of Uluru I could understand why Aboriginal culture asked visitors to refrain from climbing their Spiritual home, as I was sure the sight of Aborigines with climbing equipment, scaling the Vatican, wouldn't be welcomed.

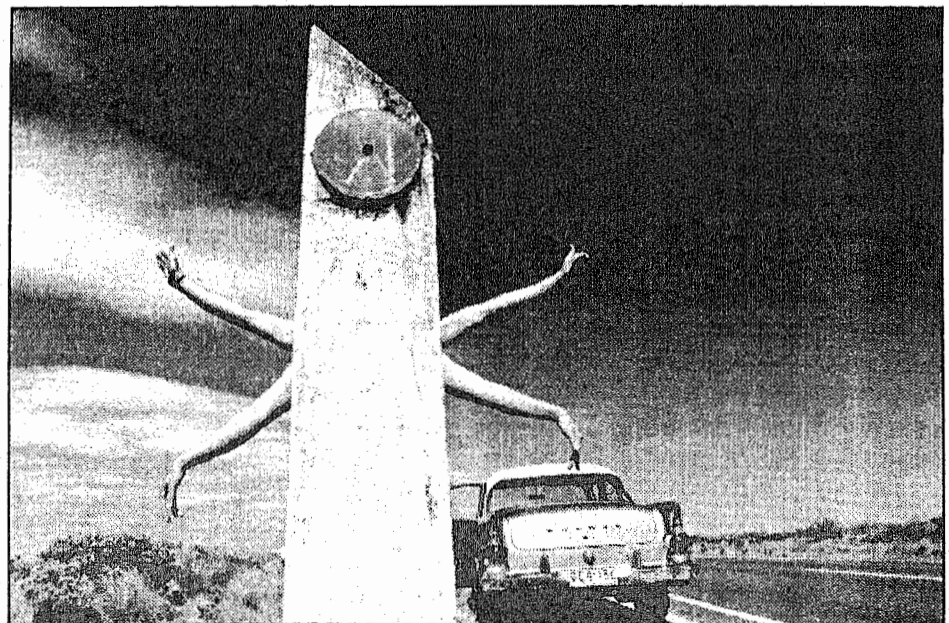
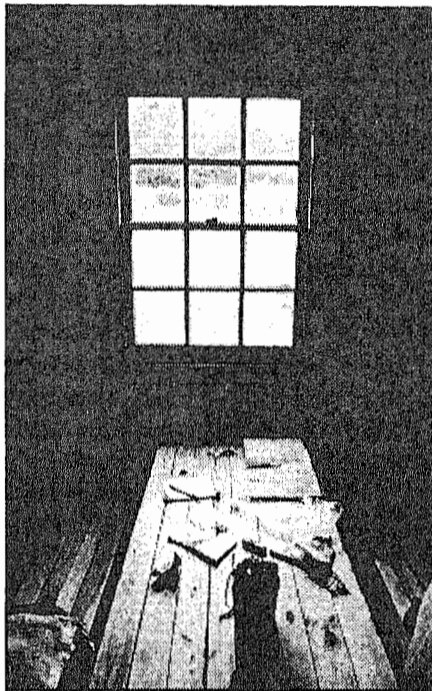
While their accents may have been Australian, stories of ten pound Poms and wartime Europe became commonplace amongst my hitches. Frank had arrived as a 10 year old from Holland post WWII and spent time in an immigrant camp, learning English on the run. The plumbing business he now owned with his brother was so successful they were each able to spend six months holidaying while the other worked.

Before setting out on my journey I'd wondered what sort of person would stop for a hitchhiker and it made sense that anyone willing to pick up a stranger would not be fazed by what life threw at them.

The common thread in all my hitches was that they had achieved much in their lives up to the point where I joined them in the passenger seat of their vehicle. Through their stories and demeanour they let slip the fact that, unintentionally, cultural and demographic differences mattered little when it came to the human character. Collectively they were bonded by the challenges life set them and this brought with it the willingness to be a part of a stranger's dream.

Giulio Saggin's (self-published) book, ...so I did (\$27.45incl. GST), can be found at all ABC Shops and good bookstores. For a gallery of photos and much more go to:

www.powerup.com.au/~giulio



Don't you just fucking hate it when columnists run out of ideas and, unable to think of anything to write about, decide it would be really witty and clever to write a column about how they couldn't think of anything to write about? I was sitting here wondering what to write about, and thinking about how much I *hate* it when columnists write about not being able to think of a topic to write about, and I thought 'Wouldn't it be funny to write about how I can't think of anything to write about, and how much I hate...'

I'm just kidding. Really. I wouldn't subject anyone to that. If nothing else, I have a whole list of things to write about so, like, I'd be lying for starters.

Last night myself and a couple of like-minded individuals were sitting outside my flat at an obscene time of the morning drinking red wine and talking just a little too loudly about regrets. Apart from the long-haired guitar-playing sweetheart I hurt when I was a younger whipper-snapper, and having friends who can't go 15 minutes without a durr—forcing *me* either out into the cold with them, or into a lonely solitude in my lounge room with only a shoddy Oz telefilm for company—one thing I regret is all those Tuesday nights that I chose to watch 7's *Temptation Island* over the ABC's *Coupling*.

I know that I'm not the only one who just *had* to watch and see who cheated, and who broke up and aren't we just all *so happy* that it ended well, with all couples declaring their undying lurve or proposing or whatever? Call me cynical, but I reckon it was *written in the contract* that the couples pretend that the series made their relationship stronger so that the producers weren't hit by a whopping great backlash. I don't care how devoted and in love you are with someone, *nobody* could remain faithful after 2 weeks filled with free alcohol and half-naked pleasure-babes throwing themselves at you.

Survivor Round-up

It's been three interesting weeks on *Survivor*. Episode 9 saw the inevitable exit of Jerri after Nick won immunity, a sad move in my opinion considering the lacklustre bitching capability of the remaining contestants. The poignant thing about this development was the breakup of the Ogakor-Kucha tribal voting that had dominated Council during previous episodes. Tina, Keith and Colby seemed to be throwing their advantage away for no good reason – can Jerri really have been that bad?

However Episode 10 brought things back into balance, with the ousting of the quiet, lazy Nick. You can't really be disappointed with this result, considering he was contributing practically nothing to the show, even less than Amber (and that is an insult rivaling Susan's Snake-Rat speech from last season). This episode also saw the loss of their shelters for some new rice, a necessity

And I *hated* Kia—Mr 'I'm-gonna-chuck-a-tanty-'cause-I-didn't-get-the-date-I-wanted'.

INTERJECTION: You know what I hate? Minesweeper. I hate that I play it. I hate even more that I play it when I have shit to do. Shit like writing a column. I hate that I know I have better things to do, but that I play Minesweeper anyway. I *hate* Minesweeper.

What the fuck was I talking about?

Oh yeah, *Coupling*. Fuck that is one funny programme. I particularly liked the line "Women think men are human beings. We're not *human*, we're Disgustoids in human form." Witty and clever. I really wish now that I had fucked off *Temptation Island* and caught the rest of the series because it's about to finish, dagnarnit (Bart, what have I told you about talking like a grizzled, 19th Century prospector?).

As for the observation (for those who watched) that if women could read men's minds we'd all execute

due to their inability to ration (like the greedy pigs they are!)

Episode 11 provided a good dose of high drama to sustain interest up until a breathtaking tribal council. The kids were particularly hungry and their new home-made shelter was letting in the cold. A storm washed away most of their thoughtlessly positioned camp, including their precious rice! Luckily Tina and Keith mounted a brave rescue attempt (I love you Tina). The immunity challenge saw Colby winning (is that four in a row? People might be getting jealous...) and despite the expected ousting of Rodger, Amber got the boot! The alliance between Colby, Tina and Keith is deteriorating, what can this mean?!

Go Tina!

(p.s. Joy and happy times reign as Brooke catches the Mole. Go Brooke!)

Mikey Fyfe

Generation TEEVEE

In Which Our Correspondent Nearly Forgets Her Deadline

them summarily: sometimes we *can*. When you say "So, having a good night?" and we reply "Don't come near me", it's because we've quickly assessed the way you're looking at us, and your expression, rather than saying 'Wow you're gorgeous! I'd like to get to know you better (and some sex would be a welcome bonus)'—which is what we'd *like* you to be thinking—says rather 'I want to get into your pussy, and then maybe bend you over my car and buttfuck you until you beg for mercy.' We can smell desperation, and the stench is unbearable.

But I digress...

Coupling: a bunch of English folk sitting about waxing hilarious about men, women, and relationships. Tuesday nights, ABC, 10pm.

'Crap' is a Four Letter Word

Maybe I'm being a little too harsh. I have a soft spot for *Love is a Four Letter Word*, although it bugs me. I'm not entirely sure *why* it bugs me; maybe deep down I suspect that the crazy camera work is a desperate attempt to disguise faults in the actors and script. I'm also not sure why I have a soft spot for it. I think it's the crazy camera angles. You know, the ones that are designed to disguise script and acting faults. Oh the vicious cycle. But then there's that little voice in my head telling me I should be supporting young 'hip' Oz products.

I think that guy who used to be on *Home and Away* bugs me as well. I know it's not his fault, but still...

Continuing the topic of crap: *The Micallef Pogrom*. In this case, the Unbearable Crapness of Being is that the series has *ended*, and that I missed most of the episodes. If Shaun Micallef wasn't old enough to be my father I'd do him like a turkey dinner. That man melts my butter, roasts my potato, and tosses my coleslaw—it's a proverbial meal of desire and do you know why? He makes me laff. He makes me laff and laff and laff and...

Goddamn I'm hungry.

But it's not often these days that a

girl gets to sit in front of the magic moving picture box in the corner of her lounge picture room and have a good giggle. And any man who can declare on national television that he has an enormous cock, with a completely deadpan expression, is orright by me. We need more such declarations. We need such declarations on the news ("25 people were killed in a mudslide in India earlier today, and I have an enormous penis. Over to you, Kevin").

Hey, I'd watch the news more often.

More of Little Stewart

We-ell. Aunty really fucked this one up, didn't she? After (allegedly) sacking *Media Watch*'s Paul Barry, allegedly for his (alleged) interview with the (alleged) head of the ABC—an interview in which Barry (*Bazza!*) asked some pertinent and important questions in search of much-needed answers, and which had the added side-benefit of exposing said ABC head as the (alleged) complete dunderhead he (allegedly) is—they cancelled the much-loved *Media Watch* altogether. But then Aunty was faced with a grave problem: how to placate the punters and stifle the rising cry of 'Shenanigans!' The solution: take Stuart Littlemore out of the cryogenics chamber and thaw him out. That's right, ladies and gentlemen: HE'S BACK, AND HE'S BADDER THAN EVER. THIS TIME IT'S PERSONAL. *THEY KILLED HIS WIFE AND CHILD...*

Okay, too far. To the best of my knowledge, Stuey's family are fine, and I apologise unreservedly for any worry or pain I may have just caused the Littlemore family.

It'd make a great movie, but. (Ahem).

Everybody's favourite Sarcasmo-Beast is back on our screens for fifteen minutes every Monday night. Good on yer, Aunty. You go and sack a guy for an interview, and *then* you turn around and give Stuart Littlemore 15 minutes each week TO ATTACK WHAT AND WHO EVER HE DAMNED WELL FEELS LIKE.

I'm not complaining by any means. Noooooooosirree. I love the Littlemeister. I just find it ironic.

Incidentally, I enjoyed watching 'The Interview' immensely. Methinks the head of the National Broadcaster should be able to handle himself under fire; methinks Paul Barry was RIGHT; methinks Aunty doth protest too much.

The upside for those of us who aren't Paul Barry, or public-figured dunderheads, is that Stuey is back on our screens once more dripping drollery and sarcasm like an ice sculpture of Oscar Wilde at an Australia-Day barbecue, regaling one and all with his wit, and shooting down the Bad Guys with a single ironic rise of an eyebrow. Prepare to rumble.

Teeve: Are you feeling lucky, punk?

Jayne Lewis

La Fidelite
Palace Nova Cinemas
Now Showing

Which is more unfaithful, cheating with your body or with your heart? *La Fidelite* – the opening film of the Air France 2001 French Film Festival – examines this question in a confronting and melodramatic fashion. Loosely based on Mme de La Fayette's novel 'La Princesse de Cleves' (The Princess of Cleves), this film follows the story of Clelia (Sophie Marceau), an art-photographe who is employed by a trashy newspaper in order to enhance its credibility. By chance, she meets Cleve (Pascal Greggory), whom she then marries because he is 'good' and he loves her. Then, through the newspaper, Clelia meets Nemo (Guillaume Canet), an exciting and passionate young man who loves danger and wants her. Clelia's strength and beliefs are tested as she finds herself falling for Nemo but unable to break her vows to Cleve.

La Fidelite is a beautifully shot film, highlighting the gorgeous French countryside and even managing to make the city appear exciting and romantic. Clever use of focus, highlighting action in the front and back of the shot, allows for different stories to be played out simultaneously, rewarding the viewer for paying close attention to the entire piece. The high quality cinematography is supported in the film by the 'work' done by the photographer characters, Clelia and Nemo. 'Their' photos are amazing, beautiful and sad. The visuals are supported by an emotive, underlying musical score, which further establishes the melancholy and melodramatic nature of the piece.

Unfortunately, the film went for over three hours, which is a long time to hold any audience's attention. The cultural differences, in terms of behav-

iour and relationships, made the film difficult to understand, requiring greater attention to detail by unfamiliar audiences. Basically, this film was just too long to introduce people to French cinema. *La Fidelite* conforms to the classic, foreign film stereotype i.e. an arthouse piece, containing lots of sex and nudity, with subtitles and taking too long to tell a story that could be condensed. The length of this film prohibits easy access from a new audience, however, if you like long, French films, then I would certainly recommend this one.

Bubbles

Save the Last Dance
Selected Cinemas

Starring Julia Stiles (*Ten Things...*) and Sean Patrick Thomas (*Cruel Intentions*), *Save The Last Dance* is the typical boy-meets-girl-meets-obstacle of some sort-meets-love until the end of the credits teen flick. Sarah (Stiles) plays a ballerina who hangs up her ballet slippers and, after a family tragedy, moves into a 'ghetto' apartment with her deadbeat but well-meaning dad, Roy (Terry Kinney). Derek (Thomas) is the intelligent, street-wise, kind-hearted 'negro' who lives with his sister and grandmother and dreams of becoming a doctor. The plot? Derek teaches Sarah how to get down with her bad self and shake her booty hip hop style, and to overcome her fears. Courtship ensues but the whole black/white thing gets up people's noses. *Save The Last Dance* screams pre-adolescent teen flick from the first few minutes... Even the movie theatre it was showing at was wafting with the pungent mix of Impulse, body glitter and teenage hormones. Unfortunately it didn't fail to live up to expectations. It was as

predictable as the day is long, and as subtle as a smack in the head. Stereotypes a-go-go include the liberal use of terms such as "ayaight!" and "you go gurrri!" The bad guys are truly horrible and the good guys are all sweetness and light, and you'd be hard pressed to find more corn in any film since those dodgy flicks of the 80's. Bottom line? Don't bother unless you're taking your younger sister.

Leila

Rugrats In Paris
Selected Cinemas
Now Showing

Rugrats in Paris is the second instalment of the successful *Rugrats* television show, in feature form. On a flimsy premise (Stu Pickles [voiced by Jack Riley] is needed to fix the large, mechanical Reptar at Euro-Reptar and all his family and friends can come along), the main cast of *Rugrats* travel across the ocean to France. While Stu attempts to fix the giant dinosaur, a number of sub-plots occur involving the children. Lonely widower Chas (voiced by Michael Bell) and his son Chuckie (voiced by Christine Cavanaugh) are desperately missing their deceased wife and mother. By hiding under a table, Angelica [voiced by Cheryl Chase] overhears the evil Park Manager Coco La Bouche [voiced by Susan Sarandon] lying to the CEO about getting married, in order to ensure her promotion. Angelica allows Coco to bribe her into setting Coco up with Chuckie's dad. Cue entry of the single, intelligent and pretty Japanese-french Kiri and cute daughter Kimi, add the rest of the 'Rugrats' gang and watch 90 minutes of high-jinks ensue.

You can see the ending from a mile

off – most of you will probably already have worked it out - but it is a kids' movie, so that's forgivable. If you actually want to hear the film properly, wait for it to come out on video. However, I felt that the children actually enhanced the movie-going experience, missing the subtleties and laughing 'til they cried when a man's pants fell down ... twice! Kids loved the slapstick elements as much as they loved seeing their favourite characters on the big screen. I think I spent as much time laughing at the audience as I did at the movie!

Rugrats in Paris utilises an amazingly realistic background animation style, which is so good, that it actually detracts from the foreground. The foreground animation is slightly different to the usual *Rugrats* style, giving the odd feeling that it has been stuck on to the background, rather than being part of that world to begin with! The film has many clever examples of intertextuality that are simple enough for children to pick up. An example of this was the re-enactment of Disney's *Lady and the Tramp* spaghetti scene, with Spike (the family dog), a poodle and a pizza.

A few of the ideas in the film troubled me. For example, the irresponsible parenting of 1 year olds and the way that the babies kept food in their nappies. I'm also concerned about the messages being sent to kids including the 'need' for a nuclear family, American 'superiority' over the French and that women 'need' to have a family to be considered successful in big business.

As I exited the cinema, with the sounds of little kids spontaneously barking to 'Who let the dogs out?' still ringing in my ears, I couldn't help but smile. But, after giving it some further consideration, I really wonder how appropriate the underlying messages in this film are.

4 stars (or 2 if I think about the greater social consequences)

Bubbles

P.I.N.S.

Running from the 23rd to the 29th of April, the Mercury cinema is hosting a selection of award winning non-fiction films called *Hot Docs*, showcasing the talents of documentary makers from around the world. I had the opportunity to chat with the producer of the short film *P.I.N.S.*, which is the tale of three diametrically opposed men who all work as parking inspectors in the same council area in Melbourne. Although this is Luke Kilmany's first film, it has received wide acclaim, coming second in the audience vote at the Melbourne International Film Festival.

The idea for the film came one day when Luke received the umpteenth parking ticket. A screenwriter at the time, he began wondering what motivated these guys to do what they do, what they did when they weren't being parking inspectors. Luke said "It began life as a satire on parking inspectors, that I was going to call *No Free Parking*. I started off by looking for documentary material, anything I could get my hands on. To my surprise, there was



Inspector Rob is congratulated by another happy customer.

absolutely nothing....so I thought, what the hell, I could make a doco here. Not that I knew how to make one." It turned out to be an opportune time, because his friend Garth Davis was also free and looking to direct a documentary or short film.

P.I.N.S. actually took two and a half years to film from beginning to end, following the lives of Warrick, Paulie and Rob. A lot of research began the whole process, with Luke and Garth conducting vox pops on the street and interviewing a series of parking inspectors, before finally stumbling across Paulie (or Rambo, as he was known). Glad that they had finally found an interesting character, Luke said that it was amaz-

ing to see him "strut his stuff up Brunswick Street. He was walking down with his cute little bum. It was just madness. But we wanted contrasting characters, so we found Warrick, who was just this really normal guy from Coburg. Then we finally found Rob, who was the cowboy, the John Wayne type."

It was a slow process getting the people to open up and show their true persona. "Warrick was ready to talk, Paulie was too dumb to know better, and Rob really switched off, he was really going to give us the gloss, the parking inspector protocol. They all thought we were going to take the piss, but we really wanted to show people the flipside, who these people really were behind the uniform." It was the perfect time for the people to open up, a period of extreme change, particularly with Warrick's wedding. Originally they were just going to go with Paul, but they ended up focusing mainly on Warrick, since his story has a beginning, a middle and an end, whereas Paul's story just went round and round like a broken record. Rob was a tougher nut to crack, and they were not allowed into his house because his wife flatly refused access.

Luke said that the element of chance is what he loves about documen-

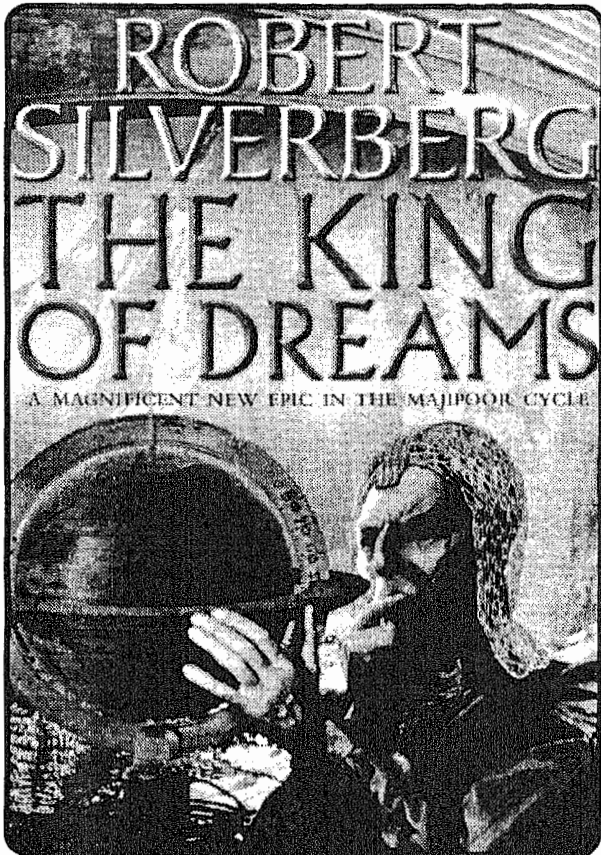
taries that "you never know where it's going to go. You just throw yourself into these things. You go with your instincts and suddenly it goes off in all these directions and you had absolutely no idea that this was going to happen." By the end of the filming there was no way that Luke could bring himself to write a screenplay about it. There was no way that he could top the events that had actually happened. Originally it was only going to be a half hour, but after seeing the direction the story was taken, extra funding was given to extend it to an hour. It actually took close to five months to edit, since there were more than 150 hours of footage. Some of the confrontations are exceedingly funny, filming people unknowingly as they do everything but throw things at the officers.

Watching this film gives you a real appreciation for the job that parking inspectors actually do. On quite a few occasions Warrick is seen to let people off, and they always keep their cool under pressure. The film is showing on the opening night of *Hot Docs*, the 24th of April, and then again on the 29th. It is an incredibly funny yet moving look at on of the most reviled jobs in the world.

Poptart

Tuesday 14th May, 9st2, alcohol units 5 (v.g.)

The King of Dreams
Robert Silverberg
Voyager



Ok. Admittedly, this is the first Robert Silverberg novel I have ever read, but I thought, with such a glowing review from Robert Jordan (author of *The Wheel of Time* series), it couldn't be that bad. And I was right. It wasn't *that* bad. At first I thought that this was a single-volume epic because the characters seemed under-developed, but discovered that it was actually the latest in a series of seven. In that respect, I probably should have read the other six books first for better understanding of the characters though.

All that aside, the story itself is a wonderful mixture of mediaeval practices combined with a somewhat sci-fi sort of theme. Interesting, to say the least. The main character, Dekkeret, the new Coronal (king) of Majipoor, is one of those strong, silent types but holds with him an air of importance that demands respect. He's the good guy. Personally though, I liked the bad guy much better. Mandralisca is a cold, overzealous man who is pretty much pure evil, and everyone is scared of him. Oh yes, he's the ultimate baddie.

As with most other fantasy novels, this is a fight between good and evil – Dekkeret and Mandralisca, respectively. Mandralisca is attempting to overthrow the Imperial Government by means of his brilliant planning and a mind-controlling helmet. Yes folks, that's right, a mind-controlling helmet! With it, he enters into the dreams of the members of the royal family and drives them to the brink of insanity, at which point they usually commit suicide. (Imagine what you could do with a device like that!)

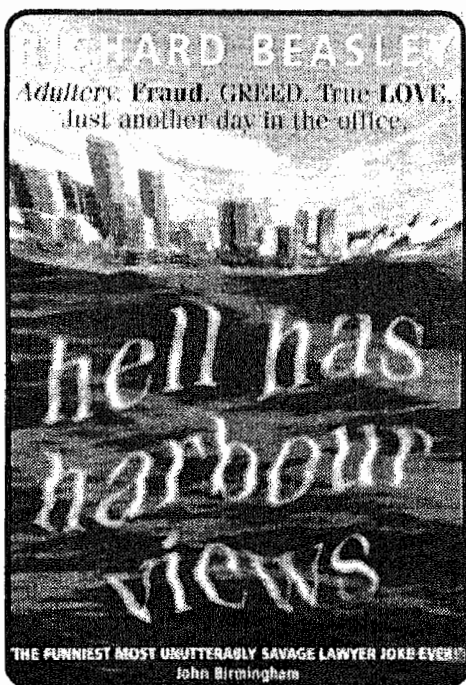
Anyway, while the details of the novel itself are fresh and entertaining, the ending is somewhat of a disappointment. That's not to say it didn't nicely round up the story, but rather that it was rushed, as if Silverberg just wanted to finally finish the book. The title, *The King of Dreams*, is misleading, as he is mentioned for the first time in Chapter 12 – and there are only 19 chapters in total. Actually, he is hardly significant at all, and has little to do with the final battle typical of fantasy stories. The ending probably should have been more detailed and entertaining. Yes, the book is about 4cm thick, but should perhaps be a little longer for the proper development of the ending. Besides, it *is* a little short for a fantasy novel.

Still, even though it wasn't continuous from the previous books, it was one of those books that, once you got into it, you just *had* to finish it. Put it this way: I am now going to have to hunt down the rest of the books in the Majipoor cycle, and if Silverberg decides to write another, then you can be guaranteed that I'll read that too.

I recommend this book to anyone who enjoys fantasy, and even those who have never read a fantasy novel before and would like to try. Perhaps it doesn't equal the likes of Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* (to which I seem to compare all fantasy novels), but then, what could?

One more thing: don't even bother trying to read this book aloud. Then again, if you can actually pronounce *Vittheysp Uuwitheysp Aavitheysp* (one of the characters), then I salute you.

Hoa Hua



Hell Has Harbour Views
Richard Beasley
Macmillan

Is that what high paid corporate lawyers are really like? Is this an accurate account of the day to day life of these people?

Anyway, *Hell Has Harbour Views*, set at "the greatest law firm in the universe" (as described in the book), is about a Hugh Walker, who is a lawyer going through a bit of a moral crisis. Burdened with the guilt built up over years of helping corporations win cases against the poor and handicapped, his constant cheating on his girlfriend, and walking out on his old law firm, he has grown tired of his job, life and lifestyle.

The plot isn't really that important though. The story moves quite slowly in fact. It's not really the type of book where you would miss a week of uni for because you couldn't take your eyes off the page because you wanted to know what happened next. Most of it is really Hugh whining about how crap it is that he's getting paid so much money, getting drunk every day and sleeping with two different women.

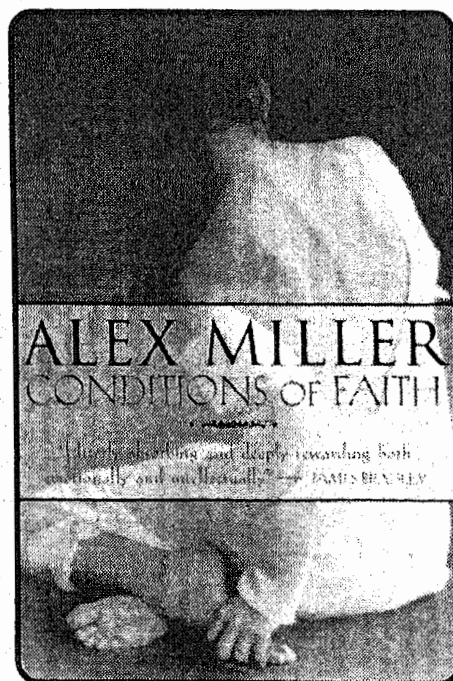
It's an entertaining read however. Richard Beasley has a very casual writing style (he seems to use a lot of swear words too) which is good, because it means you don't have to read it simultaneously with a dictionary to look up the hard words.

It's told in a first person perspective from Hugh's point of view and he's a bit of a pessimist and he seems to hate everyone so some of Hugh's thoughts and commentary on people around him or just the general situa-

tion are funny and sometimes witty too.

In conclusion, *Hell Has Harbour Views* is an interesting read. Personally, I wouldn't actually go out and buy the book. I didn't like it that much to want to spend money on it, but then it has to be a REALLY good book before I would actually want to own it, instead of waiting till my library gets it.

Wai Ho Liu



Conditions of Faith
Alex Miller
Allen and Unwin

Conditions of Faith is one of those rare books that actually lives up to the critic quotes plastered all over its cover. (These quotes usually annoy the hell out of me – when I read the back cover of a book, I want to find out what the book is about, not what so-and-so from *The Advertiser* thinks of it).

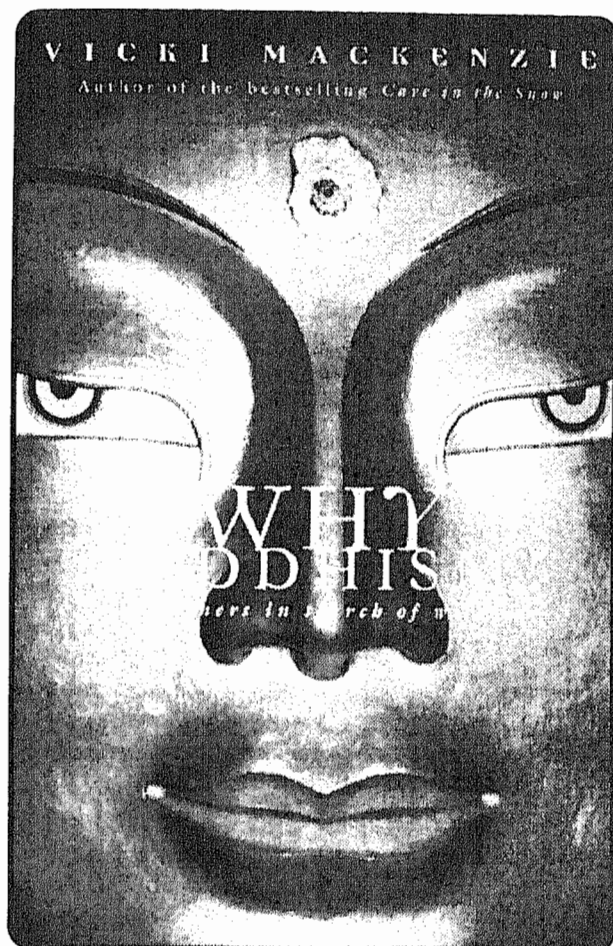
Put simply, this is a beautiful book. Shortlisted for the Miles Franklin Award a few weeks ago, *Conditions of Faith* was first published last year. It has just been released in paperback. The novel begins as Emily, the central character, falls in love with Georges, a Frenchman. They marry, and the two leave Australia for Paris. After Emily falls pregnant, she goes to Tunisia for her health. Here, she finds herself drawn into exploring the story of a Christian martyr.

My brief plot outline sounds simple. To consider the book on this basis alone, however, would do it injustice. *Conditions of Faith* is a complex novel – it deals with ideas of love, religion, and belonging in ways that affect readers both emotionally and intellectually. The book is quite easy to read as well. This too is deceptive – it is possible to read the entire novel without regard to the myriad of ideas a close reading reveals.

David Matthews from *The Australian* has said that *Conditions of Faith* is "A truly significant addition to our literature." I have to agree with him.

Emily Heidrich

cigarettes 25 (g.) negative thoughts 155 (better)



Why Buddhism? Westerners in Search of Wisdom
Vicki Mackenzie
Allen and Unwin

As the Literature sub-ed I've made a habit of scouring the books section of weekend newspapers for reviews on books that have also been reviewed in *On Dit*. The papers' response to *Why Buddhism?* surprised me for two reasons: one, all the papers I read contained some sort of review, and two, these reviews contained nothing but praise.

So I decided to read the book for myself. And I agree - *Why Buddhism?* is a thought-provoking, insightful book. The novel contains profiles of, and interviews with, 16 Westerners who are long-term Buddhists. MacKenzie has selected a diverse range of interviewees, which include Tracy Mann, an Australian actor; Robina Courtin, an Australian-born Tibetan Buddhist Nun; Philip Glass, a composer; and Robert Thurman, an academic and monk.

The interviewees' stories are a far cry from the shallow offerings so often found in this type of book. Instead, they are both engrossing and extremely self-aware. When I first heard that Buddhism was the fastest growing religion in Australia, I was quite surprised. *Why Buddhism?* gives us insight into why this is so. In the interviews, we discover what has drawn these people to Buddhism. MacKenzie reveals her reasons in the introduction: "On offer was an explanation of the human condition - why we are here, why we suffer, what makes us what we are, what constitutes true lasting peace and happiness."

For anyone interested in a bit of mind expansion, this book is definitely worth a read.

Emily Heidrich

An Interview with Paullina Simons

Paullina Simons is probably best known in Australia by the covers of her novels - all stylish, contemporary, and featuring the half-face of a young woman. Simons was born in Russia, and immigrated to the US as a child. Her first novel, *Tully*, was published in 1994. *Red Leaves* and *Eleven Hours* followed shortly after. I spoke with Simons during her stay in Adelaide as part of a nation-wide tour to promote her new novel, *The Bronze Horseman*.

I thought we'd start by talking about *The Bronze Horseman*.

Ok. I always think that's a good idea, starting with the book that I'm currently promoting (laughs).

The *Bronze Horseman* is your longest novel so far. Did you plan to write such a long novel?

No, I never plan to write my books to any length at all, it's just the amount of story that I have to tell, so they end naturally where they are supposed to. *Eleven Hours*, for example, was only 300 pages because there was only meant to be 300 pages. *The Bronze Horseman* was 600 pages because it was meant to be that length. So I certainly don't set out thinking I'm going to write a long or short book. I start out thinking I'm going to write a story, and then when that story ends I stop, and then count the pages and say, 'Oh my God!'

Did you end up having to cut it (the manuscript) down a little bit?

No, I added another 70 pages (laughs). Because then you see what it means, you see when you're revising and when you're doing your rewriting - you realise all the things that it's lacking. And then you do end up cutting, of course, things that don't belong and that are extra or repetitive, you certainly absolutely do. But the process of rewriting, in my own writing, always adds pages.

How long did it take you to write *The Bronze Horseman*?

Three years...

On and off?

I would say, on and off, yeah. Mostly on, because I wasn't working on anything else. I don't have another job, this is what I do. Off too, because I spent a lot of time doing research and not actually writing. I would write, piece things together, make notes, read more books, think about it, try to put it together, write a little bit and then stop. That obviously is not writing at full force. When I started writing full force, it took me about three years.

You went back to Russia in 1998 to research your novel. What did you hope to find out on this trip?

It was a bit of a homecoming for me, because of course I had been born there and I was going back for the first time in 25 years. There was a sentimental value attached to the trip. The reason why

I went was the same reason why I went to Kansas when I was writing *Tully*, and the same reason I went to Hanover, New Hampshire, when I was writing *Red Leaves*. It's... to put the colours of the city onto the pages of my book, it's to see with my own eyes the things that will need to be real for you when you read the book.

Do you have family in Russia?

Yes.

Were they able to help you with research?

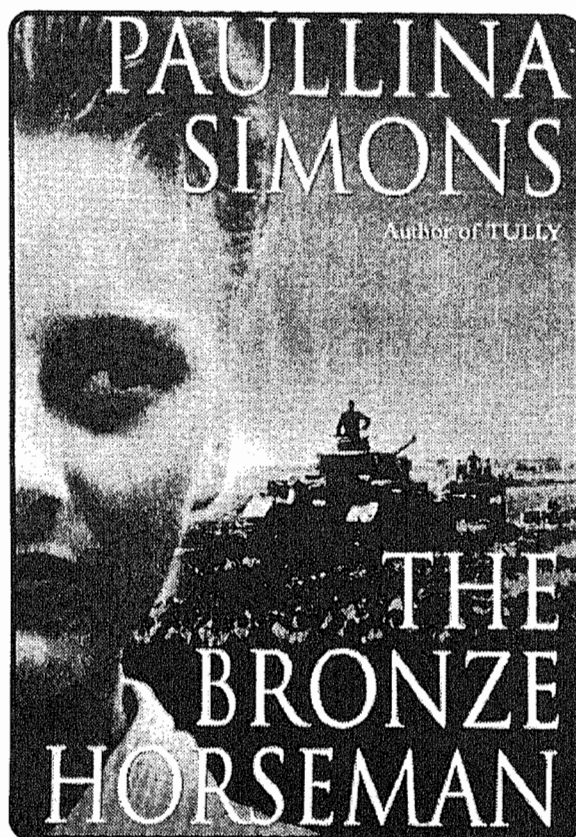
Well no, not with research. But my father's friends told me a little bit about life during the Siege of Leningrad. One of my father's friends did go to the library for me and Xerox some first-hand information about the Siege of Leningrad, which he sent to me, which was all in Russian. I would never have been able to get it any other way.

All the covers of your novels, at least the ones released in Australia, are all very similar.

They all have the half-face...

It seems that they're aimed at a young, female audience. Is that the readership you target when writing your novels?

Not at all, especially with *The Bronze Horseman*. My readership there is young girls to older people who lived through the war. There's so much (in the novel) about soldiers and war, and there's a male point of view, and it's all about larger than life heroes. I am very much targeting the entire population of the whole world! (laughs). The covers are not my idea, and in fact for *The Bronze Horseman* I begged and pleaded not to have that cover again. In England, we don't have



that cover. In America, we have a completely different cover. Here in Australia, those covers have been so successful...people know them so well.

Many people reach a university age and would like to pursue careers as writers, but don't really know how to go about it. Do you have any advice to offer?

It depends on what kind of writer you want to be. If you want to be a journalist, then there are many venues to go to in order to do that. If you want to be a writer of short stories or poetry, I think it's more difficult. Those things are just harder to get published. If you want to be a writer of novels, you have to find yourself a subject that means something to your heart. You've got to remember that you're going to carry this subject with you while you're writing your novel, for a number of years. You have to be passionate enough so that you won't lose interest. That's what happens to a lot of people. They think, 'I can write about that', but then they don't realise that life goes on, their relationships change, something happens in their life... a few months go by and they forget it. They have many started books that they don't finish. If you start something, you've got to be passionate enough to want to finish it.

A Fusion of Colour and Light...



Orgasmic Inflatables By Franklin Cassaro & Fire And Roots By James Darling
Greenway Art Gallery
28 March – 22 April
FREE

Now I've seen it all. Finally *On Dit* has given me the opportunity, no; the solemn duty to go and look at porn and drink free wine. As an earnest, aspiring young reviewer I took this responsibility very seriously. Franklin Cassaro, a Brazilian sculptor has constructed a series of what he calls 'orgasmic inflatable'. These are essentially oversized cushions, measuring three by two metres, made from magazine pages. What kind of magazine pages you ask? The first inflatable consisted of a myriad of images from fashion magazines, calendar shots and generally showed a collection of semi-nude women. One of the most interesting and amusing parts of this exhibition was watching the reactions of the viewing audience. This proved especially amusing as the exhibition moved upstairs, past the sign that warned of explicit content in the following works. As people flocked upstairs with a casual innocence, nonchalant body language and yet, a gleam in the eye, it was obvious to see that the second inflatable held the strongest attraction. You guessed it; this oversized cushion was made from the pages of pretty much every magazine that has ever lived in a plastic sleeve. Reminiscent of a waterbed the gratuitous inflatable wobbled slightly against the breeze of a fan, reminding this innocent reviewer of...mum's homemade jelly? I think not.

Ignoring all Freudian connotations in the previous sentence, I will describe the works that Cassaro has created to complement his inflatables. These consisted of smaller sculptures made from rubber and lambs wool designed to resemble stylised vulvae. On another wall, smaller abstract paintings using a thick, white textured substance (probably paint... hopefully paint) showed representations of the phallus. From a room full of orgasmic inflatables, stylised vulvae and questionable phalluses, I moved to the second part of the exhibition which featured masses of Mallee roots shaped into exact geometric forms. An enormous cube of Mallee roots with an embedded television screen was the highlight of "Fire and Roots", the work of Australian farmer and sculptor, James Darling. Images of bushfires and controlled burning illustrated the fragility of the Australian bush. Darling's work expresses the need for responsible environmental management, as was seen with the indigenous people's controlled burning and subsequent renewal of the bush.

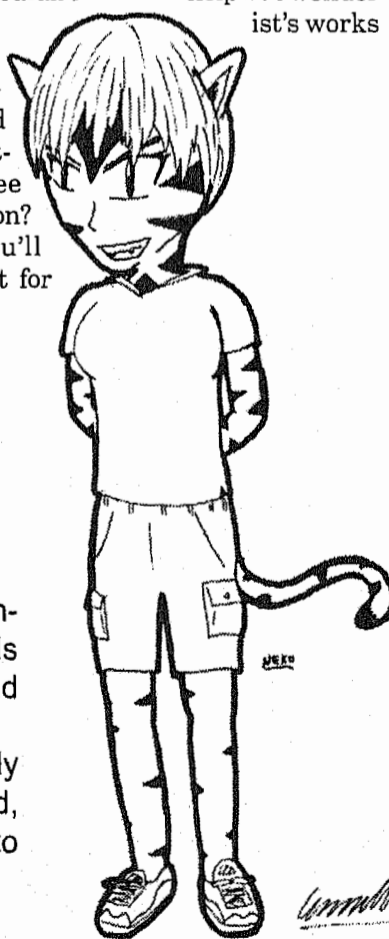
After indulging in a few glasses of wine and a bit of investigative eavesdropping, the exhibition became a bit much for your unassuming and innocent reviewer. I couldn't help but wonder why the two artists had been grouped into the same exhibition. What had an orgasmic inflatable and a Mallee root have in common? Who knows? You'll just have to see it for yourself.

Ben

Doodle OF THE WEEK

This week's fabulous post modernist Doodle of the Week is by Connell Wood. It reminds us here at *On Dit* of those funky Japanese cartoons, and that's why we liked it.

If anyone has a potential doodle of the week cunningly disguised as that scribble on the back of your lecture pad, please bring it down to the *On Dit* office for the opportunity to see your doodle in print.



The Wildlife of Music:
Cat & Swansong
Kaos Unlimited @ Bakehouse
Theatre
April 19th- 28th
Tickets \$15 adult \$10 concession
\$5 matinees

Definitely value for money!! This production combines two one-act musical plays with similar themes but very different characters. The first play is *Cat*, the story of a young drummer's struggle to succeed despite a drug habit and low self-esteem. The stage lights come on to reveal a stage strewn with syringes and sheets of paper, with a mattress, TV and video the only signs of "normality". The action begins with the aspiring rock-star Catherine Ellison receiving the news that she has gained an interview for the position of second drummer in a recording band. The audience's imagination is exercised from hereon as Cat conducts telephone conversations on a receiver hung from the light rig, and we are left to mentally reconstruct the other half of the dialogue. Cat is delighted at the opportunity of an audition, but trying to find a drum kit to practice on proves frustrating and depressing. (Ironically, some unintended humour arose here as during the act of slamming down the receiver in anger and despair, Miyanna Pederson (Cat) proceeded to swing the phone into the audience, almost knocking out the first few rows of the audience!) Eventually Cat is left to practise her drumming on various household items such as a hydro-pot and the mattress. During these rehearsals Miyanna proved her talents as musician/vocalist to be equal to her acting prowess as she performed some haunting original songs. However the pressure to succeed easily breaks down what little self-confidence Cat has resulting in drug overdoses and hospitalisation. The big question of this play is whether she will conquer her heroin addiction, and the memories of her possibly abused childhood in time to achieve the fame she desires.

The second play *Swansong* involves two narratives which are played out pretty much simultaneously. Two men attempt to exploit an ageing rhythm and blues singer by capitalising on her past fame, whilst the singer battles alcoholism, poverty and ageing and struggles to come to terms with the early demise of her fellow band members. The story is convincingly acted by Mignonnie Siemer, who also displays great vocal talent and cabaret style, Eugene Suleau and Tom Eastland. The highlight of the performance for me, was Jordan Roberts (Adelaide Uni student & singer) jazz style rendition of "Fever" in her cameo role as the young "Voice".

It is worth quoting the playwrights (Jeanne Mazur) notes, as she perfectly summarises why these plays work so well together - "While both plays look at the power of substances over behaviour there is also a level where they deal with choice. We make dangerous choices, sometimes without understanding the consequences...Both women are lonely ... Each needs some powerful motivation in order to make a choice that is life-affirming rather than life-defeating".

The bottom line? Powerful, well-acted and suspenseful, these plays deal with the issue of musical success versus drug addictions.

Sarah O

Offshore Festival

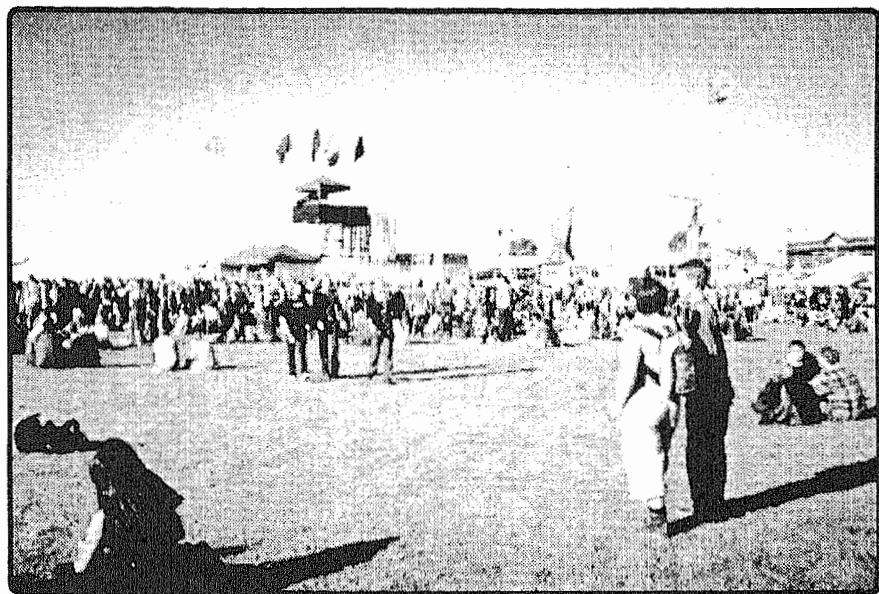
For those of you who have driven to Melbourne before, I salute you. After having stayed up pretty much all night on Wednesday, we hopped in the car on Thursday at midnight and sailed off into the sunset in search of loud bands and that certain festival atmosphere. Of course, after the first couple of hours stuck in a car, that sense of adventure had already begun to wear thin, as had the excitement of browsing through the truly abysmal CDs they always seem to have on sale at the various truck stops (our personal favourite being the *Keep On Truckin'* album that has a different CD for every state – collect them all!) Being the only member of our intrepid band of four who had ever driven in Melbourne before, I was assigned the last shift, so by the time we arrived at the hostel in Melbourne I was riding high on my forty minutes of sleep. But there is no rest for the wicked, and after a quick shower, we were on the tram and at the gates of the Melbourne show grounds.

The guards made us feel welcome by making us lift up our shirts to check our waistbands, but we felt rather more assured when the guy behind us had his rather large knife removed from his waistband and confiscated. I was surprised by the size of the set-up, as I had been expecting something on a grander scale than Adelaide. The crowd was fairly sparse when we arrived, so, instead of checking out the bands, we decided to stroll off and check out the market stalls, wasting our ready cash on tacky t-shirts and crappy jewellery. We could see the bands from the stalls anyway, because there was a huge video screen erected right by the stage, which had really good footage of the acts on it.

After a bit of food, we sat back and watched 28 Days, who managed to get a bit of moshing and crowd surfing happening, despite the rather large sign by the stage that stated simply 'NO MOSHING'.

Feeling somewhat fortified by our food and rest break, we entered the crowd for You Am I's set, finding it easy to get right up the front due to the small crowd. Even though the crowd seemed somewhat subdued, You Am I proved why they are regarded as a fantastic live act, throwing everything they had into their songs. At one point Tim Rogers had a rant about the Bomfunk MCs, complaining about the fact that they had been given a prime position on the bill, ahead of much worthier acts like 28 Days. They included old favourites like 'Purple Sneakers' in amongst their latest ones, like the new single 'Damage'. By the time they finished, however, we were more than ready to find somewhere to escape from the cold and the Bomfunk MCs, having forgotten to bring along any rotten tomatoes to throw.

Having checked out the Future Zone, or 'techno tent' as I like to call it, we decided that we would have to hide in a warm spot with some jam donuts and hot chocolate while we waited for Ben Harper. Having not anticipated the Melbourne weather, we were not dressed very warmly, as it had previously been sunny. Now that the sun had gone down, we were literally freezing our arses off. I debated for a while over the merits of spending the rest of my cash on warm clothing, but instead decided to warm myself in another way. We then headed off to catch Ben Harper's set, which proved to be most rewarding,



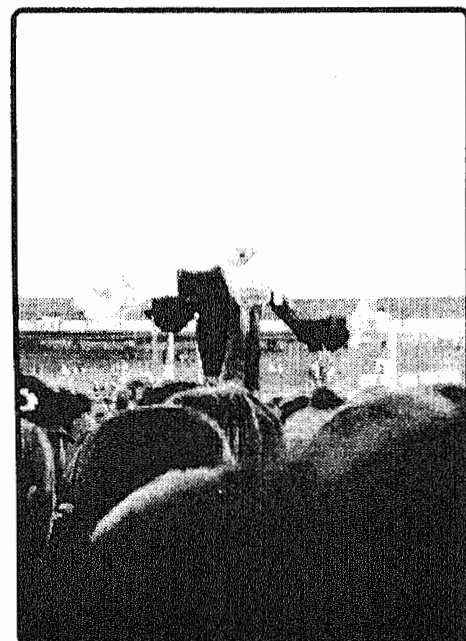
The daytime crowd.

well worth the entry fee in itself. I have never been a huge fan, and had been educated in his back catalogue on the drive over, and so was impressed by the sheer energy and soul of his performance. I can imagine that seeing Ben would be rather like watching Hendrix, except perhaps a more soulful version.

My friend had ducked off to catch some of the Ataris set, and she returned soaked in what she called 'teenage boy sweat'. Apparently the atmosphere in the tent was energetic, and there was actually quite a decent mosh pit, for those who like that sort of thing. Now we were all set for the man that we had been waiting to see: Fatboy Slim a.k.a. Norman Cook. Suddenly, as if from nowhere, people streamed in from all corners to fill the oval almost completely. As the familiar Fatboy sound started, the crowd went wild and everyone threw their heart and soul into dancing to the beat. The video screen beamed alternating images of Fatboy Slim and random shots of the crowd. Norman Cook seemed to be enjoying himself immensely, beaming at the audience and giving everyone the thumbs up. The crowd shots were particularly amusing to watch, as for the first half an hour it seemed to be entirely focusing on females, until someone obviously reminded the (male) camera-person that perhaps he was being slightly biased. We were even treated to a version of 'Walking In Memphis'. When the set finished abruptly at ten, the crowd cheered for more, while we dashed off across the oval in order to be the first on the tram back to the city. Those who remained behind were sadly disappointed as there was no encore, just a reminder that the party would continue on at the Metro.

After partying and shopping for the rest of the weekend, we drove home on Monday afternoon. Being a particularly clever boy, one of my friends had already caught the bus home on Saturday night, so the three of us shared the driving. We managed to actually make it into Bordertown before the car started squirting a strange coloured fluid all over the ground. Pleasantly surprised that the RAA actually came within ten minutes, we were then told that the trans-

mission was completely bugged. In other words, if the car had been a horse, we would have had to put it down and continue on foot. With none of us being a member of RAA Plus, we had to have the car towed back to Adelaide at the cost of \$400 cash upfront. We got to ride in the cab of the tow truck with a very friendly woman named Carol, who had us convinced by the time we got back to Ad-

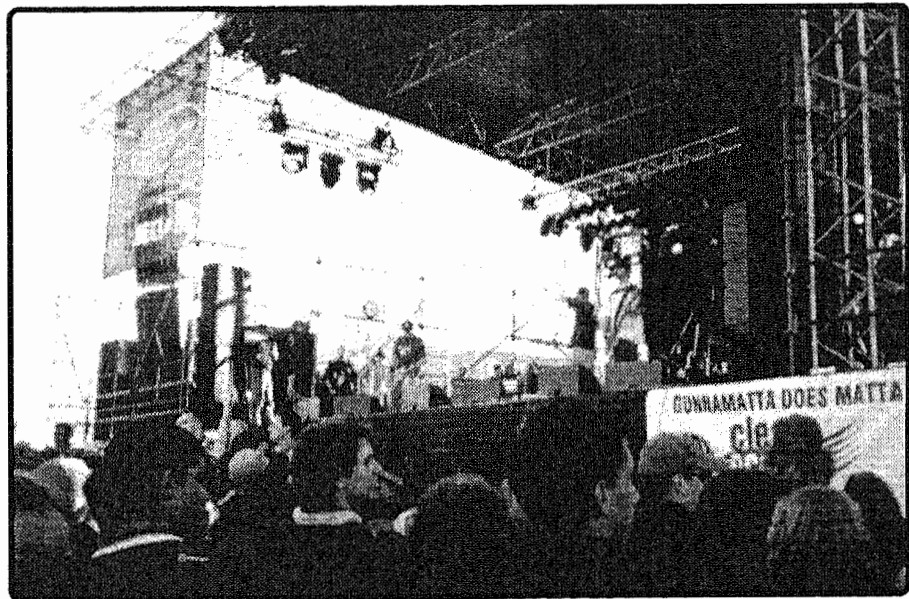


Big Man. Apparently this guy is very popular.

elaide that joining the RAA Plus was a brilliant idea. Either that, or we will be flying over next time.

Despite the car breaking down, the whole weekend was worth the trip just for Offshore. There are rumours that this will be the last time that this festival is held, which would be a real shame. I have never been to the actual three day event, but it was certainly worth attending even for the single day. Offshore has a completely different atmosphere to the Big Day Out - it is a lot more relaxed and friendly. Most of my Big Day Out was spent rushing around trying to see as many bands as possible, while Offshore is all in the same area, so wherever you are you can usually hear the band playing, or see them on the screen. If the festival is on again next year, I will certainly be there with bells on. And perhaps a really big, warm coat.

Poptart



28 Days doing the Offshore thing.

Local Noise

Hello local music punter,

Thanks for taking a moment to check out the new look local music page. That's all that local bands are asking for really, that more people just take a bit of time here and there to stop and check out what they have to offer. It's one of the few ways to discover a band that might rock your world, and it's one of the few ways for bands to discover that people other than their loyal friends actually like their music. So this is a start. The next step, if you are still unsure about making the effort to get out to a pub or record store, doesn't even require you to get out of the house. To ease into the world of local music, your hard-working Student Radio team brings you LOCAL NOISE.

Some of you may have heard of this program. After all, it is one of Student Radio's longest running programs, and a weekly one at that. It even picked up a national community radio award along the way. The idea of LOCAL NOISE is that each Tuesday night at 9pm, a different local band plays a set that is broadcast straight to your lounge rooms at home via a thing we call radio. All you have to do is grab a bevvy or two, get comfortable, and tune the wireless to the first station on the AM dial (531). If you think of something you would like to ask the band while you are listening, you can even ring up the station at the end of the set to talk to the rock stars during their interview. For the technologically minded, you can listen in on the net as you browse for essay cheats, at www.adelaide.edu.au/5UV/

This Tuesday night on the show, I will be taking you on an introductory trip back through the LOCAL NOISE vaults, and playing songs recorded live from the various bands that have played over the years. Names such as Brunatex, The Trims, Dial, Yakspit, Honeyfix and Pornland often get a spin, and you can ring up and pick from many others which we have, including non-Adelaide bands like Swervedriver, Something For Kate, Screamer and Muzzy Pep.

In coming editions, I will tell you how your band can get on the show, and this page will feature interviews with LOCAL NOISE bands, CD and gig reviews, as well as a guide to what local music you should be getting out and supporting. You will be doing yourself a favour as much as you will be doing them one.

denni d.

Interview with DJ Tr!p

On Thursday 26th April, the Mercury Cinema will play host to the "Better Living Through Circuitry" event. I recently had a chat to DJ Tr!p, who is helping organise the event, and asked him what it was all about. "It's basically a launch night for video clips from local live electronic artists - who are independent...". There will also be a screening of the recent documentary Better Living Through Circuitry, which showcases "electronic music and the rave scene in America". Tying in with the documentary, people are given a chance to see and compare the local and overseas electronic music scenes. Video clips by Echelon (aka DJ Tr!p and Paul Armour), DJ Tr!p vs. danFreak and Kristian Thomas (all from Adelaide) will be played as well as a video clip by Emergency Broadcast Network from the U.S. After the films, there will be DJ's playing live sets.

When asked about the motivation behind this event, DJ Tr!p replied, "There isn't many electronic artists making video clips in Adelaide... This will hopefully give the artists some more exposure. People can see the video clips and then talk to the artists afterwards". The focus of this event is more towards the visuals. The DJ's will have visuals projected on to the cinema screen while they play, and there will be VJ's (video artists) doing stuff as well. The main aim is for people to have fun, and appreciate some "different electronica" being created locally.

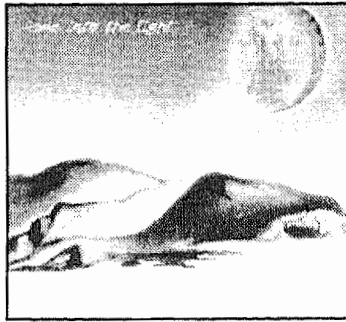
DJ Tr!p believes events like this are important in bringing the underground sound to a wider audience. "There's so many talented people in Adelaide doing electronic music who aren't heard", events like this one help bring artists and listeners together. A lot of the electronic music being produced here is by independent artists, and the only way to hear any of the stuff is by attending DJ nights at the smaller clubs. Although there are some acts being noticed by the record labels, DJ Tr!p believes that a lot of the electronic artists in Adelaide choose to remain independent. He himself prefers to have total control of his artistic expression, and gets a sense of satisfaction in putting the whole product together himself.

According to DJ Tr!p, the future for the Adelaide scene looks bright. He believes the music being produced here is innovative and through the use of different media, such as the Internet, the music will continue to grow and push new boundaries.

Apart from the films and live performances, in the foyer there will be an old-tech vs. new-tech battle of computer game systems. People will have a chance to play on four different generations of machines including the good 'ole Atari (woo hoo!). What should people expect on the night? "Hopefully, everyone will have a really good time, enjoy the films, have a bit of a laugh, and get a chance to interact with the DJ's, VJ's and experience some of alternative electronic music...".

Better Living Through Circuitry will take place on Thursday 26th of April at the Mercury Cinema, Morphett st. Doors open at 7pm and cost is \$10 concession, \$12 full price.

mars.



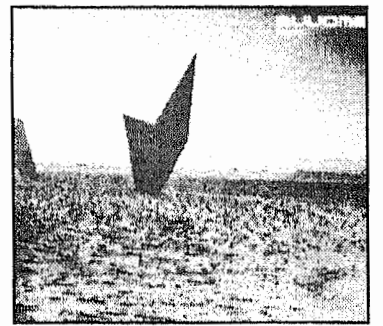
The Jaynes Fade Into The Light Mushroom

This little Adelaide-cum-internationally renowned and critically acclaimed band has produced a beauty with *Fade Into The Light*. Admittedly when I first turned it on my initial thought was that I was either going to fall asleep or be bored to death - whichever came first - but the more I listened to it, the more the hypnotic rhythms and penetrating vocals drew me in. Transcending the status of typical boy band by virtue of their genuine musical talent, the vocal harmonies in some of the songs are nonetheless reminiscent of more well-known acts of that genre. If you're looking for something easy to listen to with an edge of originality, impressive lyrics and proficient musicianship you won't be disappointed. Alternatively, if you are looking for something slightly rockier, the pace does pick up with 'Sweet Indecision', 'Loaded' and, with a particularly nice guitar solo, 'Gone'. Well worth a listen.

Kyles

Suvome - Sobomu modern recordings

It's late and I'm sitting alone in a Russian submarine, watching reruns of Dr Who while I drift slowly toward Tokyo. On the other hand, perhaps more feasibly, I'm being engulfed by the lush sounds of 'Russian Cruiser', the second track from Adelaide trip-hop trio Suvome's latest release. Described recently by the band as somewhat of a bridging release, Sobomu follows on from where '98's acclaimed *The Sunlight Embassy* left off. For the far too many that do not know the band, their style is comparable to that of Portishead, but with a more sample-driven approach. There is, however, also an emphasis on song writing that comes through on this release; much of it being concerned with distance and travel. With artwork by Tobin Lush, a graphic designer and member of Suvome, this release works powerfully as a complete experience, and so is definitely worth a look.



M.C.discoballs



Colder Hey

The local band, Colder, is a high powered, energetic group of talented musicians who's style has changed over time. Previously going for the hardcore sound, they have matured into a music genre which can be described as alternative rock with a metal influence, or as Eddie E (leading vocals & guitar) calls it, emocore. Their latest single, 'Hey', has a racy metal beat. These guys obviously have talent, with their punchy bass lines and metal influences, not to mention vocal talent to rival such local bands as The Mark of Cain and Outpost.

The band has experienced a very shaky history. Originally formed as a two piece band by 'Eddie E.' (guitar and vocals) and his brother 'Blackelk' (bass and vocals) with the help of a drum machine began their dream. They added a new member, a drummer, who wasn't around for long, due to a lack of motivation. At about this time, 'Eddie E.' had relationship breakdowns in his life and nothing seemed to be going his way. The band looked in tatters, when the revival came from two lads from Broken Hill 'B. Animal Hanslow' (drums) and Circle (guitar and vocals). So after their formation in 1996, the band has finally got their act together with plans to tour outback South Australia and are currently writing new material for an up and coming album. You'll be hearing more about Colder as they gain recognition and mature with age.

Jeremy Wilson

Local Gigs Worth Checking Out This Week

Thursday

Snap To Zero (last show as current lineup) + guests - Minke Bar
Babydoll (on Local Noise soon), Aftertaste, Defcon, Sativa - Rhino Room

Friday

Hummel, Timothy, Q The Band (all great bands) - St Pauls
Wrench, Thumlock - The Austral

Saturday

The Trims (second-to-last show ever for one of Adelaides best) - Grace Emily

Southwark Sessions featuring GT Stringer, Johnny Seven OMA, King Daddy, The Seen - Seven Stars

Sunday

The Escorts (for chillin' out) - Worldsend

James and the B-Rads + Hummel (just down the road) - Supermild

Interview with Mick Hart

Little known to most, Mick Hart seems destined to become a well-known and respected artist Australia-wide based purely on the strong and emotional spirit he exudes on his debut album, *Still The Flowers Bloom*. Outside of Sydney you be forgiven to have never heard of him before. Two solo EPs helped advance his cause, so too did his stint with The Squealing Pygmies, but he has finally truly showed his soul on what is likely to be the best Australian album released this year. On Dit caught up with Mick recently to discuss the album, Jeff Buckley and life in general....

On Dit: What was the reason behind going solo?

Mick Hart: The Squealing Pygmies had been going pretty well, about four years or so, we had the first EP and were actually planning on doing a second one. Basically, we burnt out. We'd done a lot of touring - it was starting to feel a little one-dimensional; a little bit confined, a little bit constricted in the direction we had taken. We just decided to have a rest - we never officially split up - we're

still all great mates. I had a whole bunch of other songs, a whole other vision where I felt I wanted to take it. It was never really meant to be anything big. I actually just started playing solo for a while we had the break. It just snowballed really quickly. Within two weeks I'd formed this whole new band and the reactions we were getting immediately were just awesome. It really felt extra special to me. A lot freer and more emotive.

OD: As a solo artist, having a good band behind you is really important. How was it trying to find the 'right' band?

MH: It was actually pretty easy. It shouldn't be! I guess I was just very lucky. The conscious thing was to strip it right back; just the acoustic guitar and one voice. That's it. Guy (bass) was the bass player from The Squealing Pygmies. I met Naomi (the violinist) after one of my solo shows and she said she loved my set and said that it sounded like a band even though I was just playing solo. When she said that I fully knew what she meant. It's not being egotistical; she really got the

whole emotional side. I was keen for some strings and asked her if she'd like to jam. We jammed and a week later we had a gig where she met Jerry (the drummer) for the first time - we all just rocked up! It sounded beautiful. Four years later we've kept a natural growth. There's been a progression between the last couple of EPs and the album. It's just getting better and better. Live has been just amazing lately.

OD: Your label seems to be promoting you as 'Australia's answer to Jeff Buckley'.

MH: I didn't actually know they'd been doing it! I love Jeff Buckley, so I'm honoured by that. We get a lot of comparisons with Jeff Buckley and Ben Harper. Radiohead a bit as well. I think they're all really emotive players - and that's what I love about them. If there's one thing I could say that links with that, it's the emotion. The real baring of the soul. That's what I try to do, not just going through the motions.

OD: Let's talk about the 'Mick Hart Live Experience'. Do you play anything unusual in your live set, ie. covers?

MH: We don't really do any. We know a couple and we pull them out sometimes....we actually played this Nirvana tribute night in Sydney. It was awesome. We played 'Aneurysm', 'Drain You', 'Something In The Way' and 'Molly's Lips'! It was pretty cool. 'Aneurysm' was the best though. That was just killer! We've ended up playing it at the last couple of gigs as well.



OD: I hope you play that when you come to Adelaide!

MH: (laughs) Just shout it out!

OD: What can we expect from a Mick Hart live show?

MH: I purposely don't rehearse the band and don't have set lists. We just feel out the night as it goes. It keeps everyone on edge and gets this real spirit. If you get the right kind of gig, a connection with the crowd, it's amazing the kind of energy you can create. We actually do quite a bit of jamming live which is awesome too. It's really free. Lately, the lap-steel (guitar) songs have been great.

OD: Is there any song of yours that comes across particularly well live?

MH: Everything! Live just feels totally where it's at for me and the band. We're really proud of the album but live is just awesome because it's so out there. When you see us live you'll get it.

Mick Hart plays the Governor Hindmarsh on Tuesday April 24th to launch his debut album *Still The Flowers Bloom*.

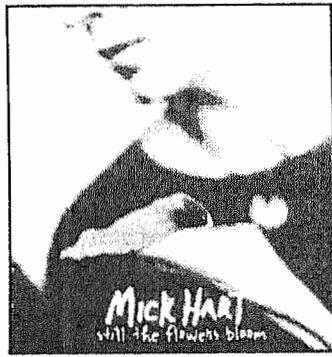
Jorm

Album Review

Mick Hart

Still The Flowers Bloom

Festival Mushroom Records



It has been a while since an Australian album has made me sit up and take notice. Mick Hart's decision to go solo seems to have been the right one with him free to follow his own artistic vision. Likened to Jeff Buckley, Mick has a lot to live up to. The comparisons are somewhat true in the sense of emotion each artist puts into their work.

Mick, like Jeff, feeds well off of the rest of the band even though he is obviously the centrepiece. His voice, which at times sounds reminiscent of Ed Kowalczyk from Live, fits the songs beautifully and shows quite a modest range and his guitar playing is always precise and thoughtful. The standout track is easily the title track evoking the emotion of Buckley and moving between enchanting and aggressive effortlessly. Many songs feature string arrangements which add extra texture to the already lush compositions. With fourteen tracks full of emotion, the album is not an easy listen as a whole. Over time, however, everything fits into place to form a strong debut album.

Jorm

Giveaways

Thanks to the wonderful Monique at Sony we have a few copies of our Album of the Week, the Manic Street Preachers, to giveaway. Yay! On Dit office. Thursday. 2:00pm.

Festival has thrown us a few copies of the Lash single too! Want one? Same time, same place.

Festival has done it again! Mr. Mick Hart's amazing album is also on offer. This one's at 2:15pm. Catch him live on the 24th at the Gov.

Simon at BMG has kindly given us a few copies of Augie March's album (released last year) because it is just so damn popular. 2:15pm. And don't worry if you miss out, because we have a couple of Nat's 'Great Parliamentary Speeches' for the losers.

RI State of Sound presents

SOUTHWARK SESSIONS

at the Soyed Stars

Southwark Pints for the price of scones all night

free entry

first 50 thru the door get a free scone of Southwark White

100% ROCK MONDO
Blood Sucking Freaks
Roadkill 66
Sprawl
Z-28

UPBEAT AND ECLECTIC
Digit
Roger the band
Snap to Zero
Career Girls

GUITARO BIZARRO
Avon
Bergerac
Diplomat
Krystapinzch

SURF, SWAMP & SKA
GT Stringer
Johnny Seven O.M.A
King Laddy
The Seen

DERRINGERS
ENTRUMENTS • PA • DM • LIGHTING

Andrew
doug gis

BANDS & VENUE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

In Bed With Belinda: An Interview with Lash

When four young ladies from Perth decided to form a band in their Catholic (all girls) college they could hardly have expected such success at such a young age. Named after a punter's advice to "lash it out", Lash took out the Western Australian Music Award's youth category at the tender age of thirteen. As part of the competition the band were given a studio recording, and one thousand dollars in cash - not too bad for a band who had to practice during recess. Since this enormous push in '96 Lash, now a little older and wiser, have developed their style greatly, moving from a strong grunge influence toward a more melodic and diverse blend. Mainly gaining inspiration from 'timeless' music, such as The Beatles and Bob Marley, Lash were forced to play initially with "a lot of really b-grade thrash bands", as vocalist/guitarist Belinda-Lee Reid described them. This made it quite difficult for the band to gain a following to begin with as they were, and still are, focused toward song craft and melody. That is not to say of course, as Belinda reassured me, to say that their songs don't get the punters "jumping". A matter of fact Lash have always felt that it was their vibe that set them apart from other bands, even from a very early stage. Perhaps the strength of their performance could be a result of the totally collaborative writing process. All members of the group

take on the task of lyric writing, and often with the formation of melody also; "it just happens, if we sat down and tried to force a song to come out, it wouldn't". Hearing this I was prompted to think that maybe the collaborative writing process could soon come to a screeching halt, as the band members have recently moved into the troublesome environment known as the share house! Belinda, however, once again set my mind to rest as she accepted that "yes, of course there are arguments, but we always forgive each other when we're on stage". With all arguments aside, Lash were able to write and record their debut album, currently with a confidential title. This release is apparently going to "surprise" audiences, who know the band only from their single 'Take Me Away', perhaps a desperate cry from the single-sex school where they began? Belinda sees the album as having an enormous range; "there's a song on there that could be played on the dance floor, and one that would more suit a funeral". With their, soon to be released, album completed Lash are going to be hitting the road. With no firm plans as of yet, however, the soonest we'll be able to catch them is along side some really a-grade punk bands on the Style Wars tour. Haven't they come a long way.

M.C. discoballs



Live Reviews...

Augie March - Unibar, Wednesday 11th April

By the time I got to the Unibar I'd missed the support artist Darren Hanlon but by all accounts he put on a good performance. The Unibar looked like an all ages show with everyone sitting on the carpet which later in the night the drummer pointed out was probably not the smartest thing that could be done looking at the state of the carpet in most bars. He told the crowd a story of how one publican in a Melbourne pub solved his problem by asked the patrons how they could sit where he pissed and shat. Surprisingly enough the crowd stood up for him then but it took a bit more coaxing for this crowd. Augie March came on stage with just the singer and drummer (providing backing vocals) on stage for "There Is No Such Place" which worked well even with half the crowd still sitting on their arses. But as soon as the rest of the band joined in then the mix went out of whack and the first few songs were lost in a wall of sound. But at the band's request the crowd stood up finally resulted in a better representation of the band's quality with the extra bodies absorbing the noise and allowing the songs' subtleties shine through. Glenn Richards sang particularly well considering he was overcoming the flu and the near capacity crowd were treated to the majority of their current album "Sunset Studies". Now functioning as a four piece after the death in a car accident of their piano player the band treated us to the much of their current album as well as a few oldies (although not much off of "Thanks For The Memes", "Century Son" being a notable absentee) and even a cover of "Searching" by Del Shannon. The last time I saw these guys was in early December at Homebake on a tiny side stage/tent, which was a really good setting for them. I get the feeling that the next night's performance at the Crown and Sceptre would have been a more fitting (and intimate) setting for one of Australia's best lo-fi bands.

Schnapps

Album Review

Sunset Studies
Augie March
BMG

Clocking in at a hefty 76 minutes Augie March's debut long player is a melodic odyssey that really needs to be listened to in stereo to get the full effect. I've listened to this album on my crap cd player at home and also on my cd Walkman © and the difference is amazing. There are so many different things going on that are not easily apparent on the first listen (or on a crap stereo) but with each listen the album grows on you as you get into the complexities of it. The lyrics are also quite

amazing; this is one album that benefits from its booklet (the idea of celibacy rocks in "Heartbeat and Sails" is a personal favourite). There is one cover on the album "Men Who Follow Spring The World Round" and it really gives me the shits I don't know why but it really, really annoys me. "There Is No Such Place" is a highlight with searing vocals and minimal instrumentation and "Owen's Lament" is a great way to end the album with the tale of a person going off to war and leaving his love behind and pleading with her to "keep it to a foxtrot whether he's a fox or not". A good debut that grows with each listen that is unfortunately quite hard to replicate live.

Schnapps

The Mark of Cain
Enigma Bar, Friday April 20
Supported by Fear and Loathing

It was with great anticipation and energy that a capacity crowd at Enigma greeted TMOC on Friday night. The first of three shows this weekend, it was the bands first appearance in their hometown since January '99. As they kicked off proceedings with 'First Time', I was sure that the by the end of the night the floor would cave in as everyone in the crowd was so pumped. A couple of songs later came 'Interloper' which further increased the madness, punters now moshing and crowd surfing frantically. The highlight of the night for me was 'The Killer is Within', the sheer power of which, sent shivers down my spine.

The Scott brothers (John - guitars/vocals, Kim - bass) played a great set, varying new and old material, with ample assistance from drummer number 11 (or thereabouts). The latest single 'Retaliate' went down well as did the awesome 'The Contender'. The band played a couple of songs from the forthcoming album (which they will tour here in June), including 'Let Chaos Rule Supreme' which, if a good indication of what the album is to be like, fans will not be disappointed.

While I would have liked a multi-hour marathon set, the boys had other ideas, keeping it short and sweet but coming back for a two song encore. 'Pointman' and a stirring finale of 'Battlesick' ended a brilliant show - I'm sure not a single person left disappointed!

If you missed out on seeing TMOC, buy your tickets early next time they play 'cos it's one hell of a show!

MP

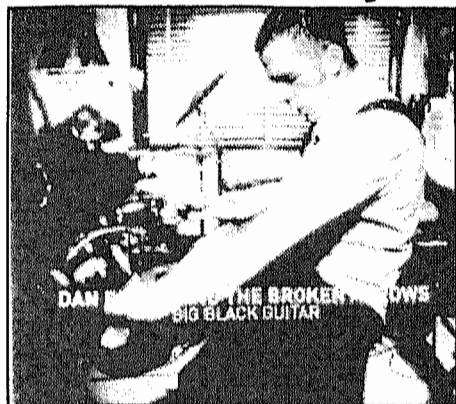
The Ataris
UniBar, Thursday April 12
Supported by Seraph's Coal and Lessie Does

The Ataris are one of the best live bands around. That's all there is to it. I'd give The Porkers and maybe NOFX the nod over them, but only just. On Thursday April 12 at the UniBar, The Ataris lit it up, despite support acts that supported about as much as the Crows' bench. As I entered the much-loved UniBar with Knightsy and Dennis, we were unfortunately greeted with strains of Lessie Does(n't). Seraph's Coal were the other backup band, and while they are a good band (and played a decent set) any punk fan has seen them support at least a dozen times before (see also STR, 99 Reasons Why) - not so much a complaint as a wish for more local punk bands. Which brings me to The Ataris. Starting out with 'Losing Streak' and other crowd favourites such as 'I Won't Spend Another Night Alone', 'Bad Case Of Broken Heart' and 'Hey Kid', they chatted in-between as well. They seemed pretty amped about this being their first concert of the tour and told us all about it, also dissing New Zealand and Ben Lee. I missed a few songs here but they finished it off with 'Your Boyfriend Sucks' and 'Teenage Riot'. Finally, they played perennial favourite 'San Dimas High School Football Rules' before encoring with 'Ben Lee (You Suck)'. The overwhelming applause and armfuls of merchandise taken home speaks the fans' approval for itself. They rocked, even if half the fans sucked.

"I'd love to kick you in the face, break your legs and throw you off a train, 'cos you're such a fucking girl."
- excerpt from 'Ben Lee'

Michael Wardrop

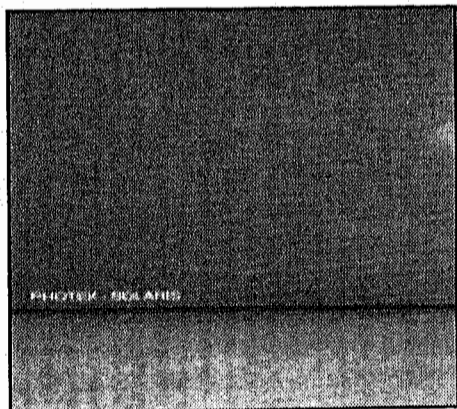
you spin me right round baby



Dan Brodie and the Broken Arrows
Big Black Guitar + Bonus EP
EMI

Dan Brodie *et al* have finally secured a deal with a big record company, and this album is in effect a reissue of the album originally released on an Australian country label. Brodie's band delivers knock-out-strong country with an edge of alt-rock. It is pleasing to hear well-crafted and intelligent songs about very Australian things, such as God forbid, cricket, and many other Aussie past-times. And despite the accent on the lyric, there is a sense of Aussie outback in the songs, which although quite intangible, makes the more bluesy tracks reek of hot dry summers in decline. The Broken Arrows are not to be dismissed as boot-scooting bollocks, as their sharp sound gives them more than enough credibility in an alt-rock arena. The bonus Dan Brodie solo EP is, while an obvious reissue sweetener, certainly able to stand out on its own, with more emotive lyrics and a sense of relief in the delivery that is sincere and enjoyable. While country music is largely dismissed by the youth market as some sort of throw back from a redneck past we should all try and forget, one can not take the depth and quality of the musicianship as heard on this record so lightly as to disregard it totally, because it can be a rewarding listen.

Case C. Sinclair



Photek
Solaris
Virgin Records

Given Photek's inclusion in the soundtrack to Playstation's "Wipe-

out" game, I was expecting this album to sound cutting edge. Not until after the second or third listening though, did I realise the man had actually delivered the goods; opening tracks Terminus and Junk could perhaps be a new direction for drum and bass?!

Unexpected was Photek's movement towards mainstream acceptance with two house-style tracks. One of them, 'Can't Come Down', is a track I imagine will be played at Heaven on a Saturday, or Q on a Wednesday (provided there's no fire within three metres of the turntables).

Word of advice: when listening to the last half of the album, be sure to locate a big, comfy, cushion-like device below your frame, and cease productive neuron activity for a blissful 25 minutes.

Also, check out Photek's website: <http://www.caroline.com/astralwerks/photek/flash.html> for music, pics and a bazaar journal-y thing.

MGF



Sharon Shannon and Friends
Diamond Mountain Sessions
Grapevine/ABC Music/EMI

Folk music is a fairly small community worldwide, which probably helps to contribute to its connection to the whole 'global-village' sensibility. It's a musical thread that runs from eastern Europe through Spain, Britain and Ireland and into the Appalachians and the Mississippi Delta, and Australia.

That's why multi-instrumentalists like Sharon Shannon can pull off what is essentially a purely indulgent exercise - asking a bunch of her 'friends' (collection of other artists of varying notoriety, including Steve Earle, John Hoban, Jackson Browne and Hothouse Flowers) to help her make a record - and have it not seem at all indulgent but actually kind of cool.

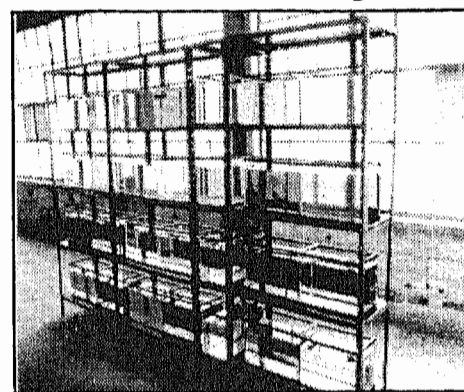
Now, I use the word 'cool' advisedly. You'll have to *really* like folk to get anything out of this set, but if the Cheftains or Paco Peña float your boat, then you'll probably love *The Diamond Mountain Sessions*.

Jonathon Dyer



Various
Love Is A Four Letter Word
EMI MUSIC

This is a great soundtrack to a great TV show (Channel 2, Tuesday nights, 9:30pm). It features all the best music played on the show, including the 'theme songs' of the two main characters: Albee and Angus. All the artists on the CD are Australian, including Machine Gun Fellatio, Endorphin, Sunk Loto, Nitocris, and Pre_shrunk. The song 'Waiting, Wanting, Holding' by Jodi Phillis is my favourite because of Jodi's beautiful voice, honest lyrics, and the general swing of the song. Stella One Eleven's trance-like song titled 'The River' is another favourite. The CD is really varied and all the songs fit well with one another. It is good to see the inclusion of a live version of 'Charlie No. 1' (The Whitlams) and an acoustic version of 'Disconnected' (Lo-tel). These different versions of songs add to the compilation perfectly.



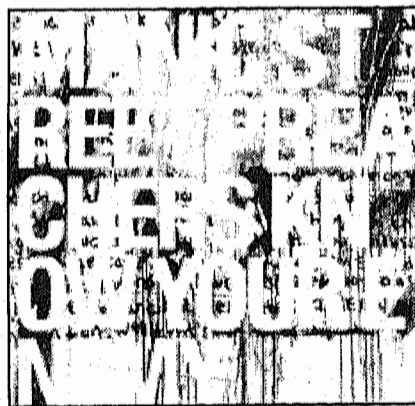
Stacey Pullen
Today Is The Tomorrow You Were Promised Yesterday
EMI/Virgin

Despite Pullen's apparent 'disdain' for the analogue sounds of old school Detroit techno, the album begins and ends with analogue that you would swear came straight from the Casio you had when you were eight. Perhaps that's a little in-house joke. However, that is the least of this album. This man has the most incredible tenacity with beat and rhythm. *Futuristikfreakqueen* is insanely pumping with its kick drum jam jazziness, chilled rhythms and abstract electronics. Those drums must be sampled! This is the most innovative techno I've heard in a long while, taking an artistic approach, which is very refreshing. Bedroom electro buffs get set to feast on this. Learn from it. Just chill to it, whatever, because this is what good fusionist techno is meant to be.

LT

Prof. Booty

Album of the Week



Manic Street Preachers
Know Your Enemy
Sony

The Manics' political message is back with a vengeance on their sixth and reportedly last album., with song titles like "Baby Elian" and "Freedom Of Speech Won't Feed My Children" and the release of a Manics' t-shirt featuring the Cuban flag. However the album is unlikely to satisfy those fans disappointed by 1998's *This Is My Truth Tell Me Yours*. Standalone single "The Masses Against The Classes" released last year hinted at heavier things to come from the band, but the album is a little more subdued than I was expecting. When the moments of brilliance do come, it's in the softer songs, notably 'Let Robeson Sing', 'His Last Painting', and 'Epicentre', with a beautiful stripped-back melodic sound.

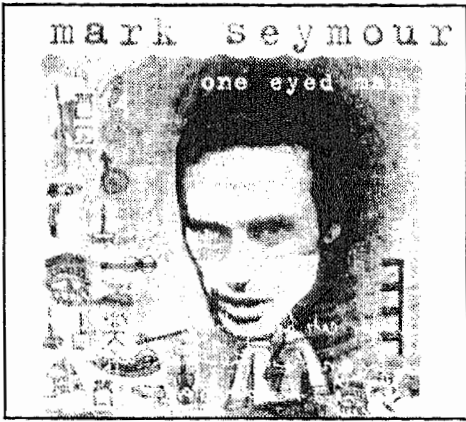
The combination of Nicky (and earlier Richey) writing lyrics and then singer James Dean Bradfield setting them to music has sometimes given the vocal melody a contrived sound and that mars a few of the songs here. The harder songs on the album also sometimes seem to lack some energy in their delivery.

At a press conference last year, James said that the band wanted to leave fans with something that "wasn't shit", a reference to the lukewarm reaction to *This Is My Truth Tell Me Yours*. Mission accomplished, but from one of the best bands of last decade, even good can be a little disappointing.

Chris

like a record baby, right round, round round

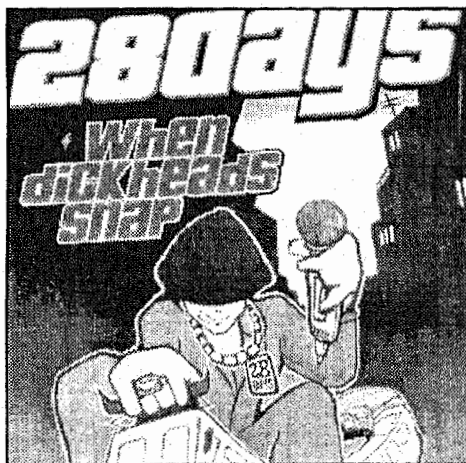
SINGLES



Mark Seymour
One Eyed Man
Festival Mushroom

One Eyed Man is the second offering from the front-man of the now defunct Hunters and Collectors. As such, the arrangements have a rather different sound, although a big Hunnas fan like me can spot can see the similarities (or maybe I'm just looking for them). Take a listen to 'Sad Songs' and tell me it doesn't sound like 'Ladykiller' from *Demon Flower*. 'Don't You Know Me' is the first single, and like most of the other tracks, it's laid back and is very easy to listen to. 'Lost in Your Illusion' has a groovy bossa nova feel, and 'See You Around' is the really sad song about a breakup. My favourite is definitely 'Ready to Go', a ballad complete with tin whistle and a very country and western feel. And if you're wondering if it's at all possible to discuss any solo work by Mark Seymour without mentioning the Hunnas, I don't think it is. There's a great version of 'Throw Your Arms Around Me' hidden at the end of track 12. All up, it's damn fine.

Grace

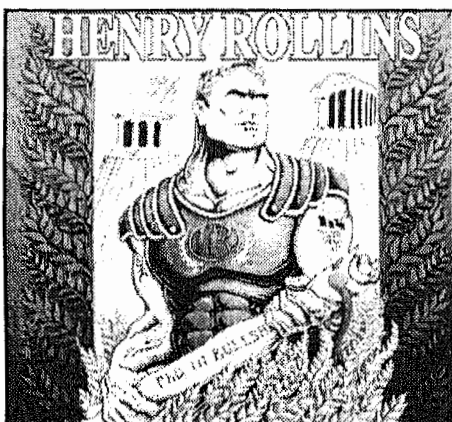


28 Days
When Dickheads Snap
P&C Mushroom

I would have to say that 'When Dickheads Snap', as appealing as the title may seem, is not going to be everyone's cup of tea. 28 Days have produced a virtual timeline of their career, delving as far back as 1997 with clips and live versions of tracks such as 'Kool' and 'La Tune' and bringing the viewer back to reality with, among others, the thrashed Triple J favourites 'Rip It Up' and 'Sucker'. This approach, interestingly enough, presents very effectively the bands

progression from a fresh blend of punk, hardcore and hip hop into the contrived Limp Bizkit mutation you can hear today. Instrumental in this change I think is the inclusion of Jedi the turn-tableist, not that I've got anything against the guy, but his input takes the punk edge away from the music leaving the weaker hip hop dimension to come to the fore. But back to the movie... Throughout the film, the theme of the 'dickhead' is explored. While the exact meaning of the title is still quite unclear, the inclusion of this element does achieve a few laughs so hey, what the heck? Low points of the film are definitely the tedious amounts of home footage from the Japan tour and from a more personal perspective the 'experimental' turntable centred closing stages of the movie. While the rewind sections include some crazy dirt-surfing footage, a fleeting glimpse of the Killing Heidi chick and the very rusty early recordings. Overall 'When Dickheads Snap' is not something that you'd curl up on the couch with a bowl of pop corn for but it does show an accurate representation of 28 Days and their music and so will appeal to those who follow the band.

Josh



Henry Rollins
A Rollins in the Wry
Festival/Mushroom

Henry Rollins is a difficult man to review. In recent years, he has built his spoken word career on his celebrity from the Black Flag days and his love of talking about himself. But despite his apparent ego and self-indulgence, Henry Rollins is not without his merit.

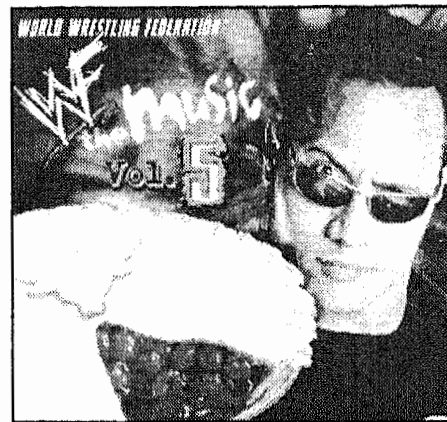
His latest spoken word effort, *A Rollins in the Wry* (which has an accompanying book called *Smile, You're Travelling*), is surprisingly funny. His humour is energetic, tangential, and is at its best when he is ridiculing someone - ridicule which is dealt in equal doses to other people as well as himself.

There are some great moments on the album, like the time he pokes fun at a Czechoslovakian fan in 'Language'. There's also a good deal of testosterone - 'Rite Aid', 'Israel', 'Maturity', 'Men In Make-Up'.

Most of the impact and energy of a Rollins live show is probably lost in the recording. So it's probably better

to catch him live. Check him out when he performs at the Norwood Town Hall on Monday 30 April.

Dionysus



Various
WWF the Music Volume 5
Koch Records

Words of warning: don't ignore this album just because you hate wrestling. From strong acoustic tracks such as 'If You Dare', 'Out Of The Fire' and Kurt Angle's theme 'Medal', to genuine rock songs such as 'It Just Feels Right' and Triple H's 'It's All About The Game' (performed by Motorhead and a guaranteed highlight), this CD will delight hard rock fans. There's a good rap presence on 'Latino Heat' and 'Bad Man', although it all goes wrong in K-Kwik's terrible theme 'Rowdy'. There are other lowlights. Billy Gunn's 'I've Got It All' is ironic as he has little if anything and The Rock's eagerly anticipated 'Pie' invents a horrific new genre: spoken-word gospel-rap. Nevertheless, if you're a fan of wrestling or rock, you'll like this CD, though it isn't as good as Volume 4 and purists will complain about the lack of Undertaker's (Limp Bizkit's 'Rollin') and Austin's new themes.

Oh, and no I don't give a shit that wrestling is fake. If you don't like it, don't watch it.

Micky Dub

Zero7
ep2
FMR

This limited edition 5 track EP is worth whatever you have to pay for it, relative to your personal fondness of 'chill-out' music of the same ilk and quality as Air. Yes, finally a band of integrity and charm has come to suppress the need for some sexy moog/electro/lounge in this world. Bring it on! All instrumental, apart from the track 'Distractions' which features the husky tones of Sia Furler singing a story of hidden love. The overall equation for this album (if I may put it scientifically), Zero7 = Air + funk + dub + Bacharach. Please refrain from kissing the album; you'll inevitably be disappointed that it doesn't feel or taste as good as it sounds.

Prof. Booty

Black Eyed Peas
Request + Line
Interscope/Universal

'Hey DJ' could this song be any better pop-hop? It's bound to put a smile on your dial since it's has quality chart hit written all over it. Featuring two funky remixes plus the slick film clip. 'Got me feelin' alright' Macy Gray.

Prof. Booty

Janet Jackson
All For You
Virgin

'All For You' is Janet's first release off her upcoming album and is likeable but quite repetitive. I found the song a bit annoying the first time I heard it but I began to like it better the more I listened to it. The other four tracks are all remixes of the single.

Music Girl

Even
Shining Star
Rubber Records

This new single from Even is disappointing to say the least. For a lot of people, their last album *Come Again* was among the best Australian releases of the 90s, containing killer songs such as 'Sunshine Comes'. This single however just doesn't deliver - the only interest being the live version of 'Sandymen Blues' included as a b-side.

Trev.

R.E.M.
Imitation Of Life
Warner

Damn, this song is catchy. Probably the least 'experimental' track from their forthcoming album *Reveal*. The film clip is worth catching too. The B-sides are a must for fans; the original version of the brooding 'The Lifting', the Dalkey demo of 'Beat A Drum' and the experimental '2JN'.

Jorm

Skunkhour
Gold Radiation
Universal

More of what we have come to expect from Skunkhour lately with a solid dose of commercial funk. The third single from the forthcoming album entitled 'The Go' features the obligatory remix of the single, previous single and a new track 'Property'. Looking forward to the album without all of the remix crap.

Schnaps

Your Monthly Horoscope for May

With May comes the real autumn weather. Comfy jumpers, warm soup, snuggly beds. The Taurean energies of the earth, nature, slow steady stability, the body, and money all prevail.

TAURUS

This year promises to be one of self-analysis. You reach levels of understanding as to what makes you tick emotionally. It will be a good time to start to listen to your thoughts and feelings to bring them together, thus gaining some harmony. You are going to be most active at home, being aware of your nurturing needs and the importance of a stable home as a foundation for your progress in the outside world. Consequently, family will be important. An unusual aspect of an ancient Arabic astrological derivative called 'The Part of Fortune' lies smack bang on the new-moon ascendant. This would suggest that Taureans will achieve great fortune integrating Aquarian concepts into themselves, and personally identify with these concepts. This means: original thought, social egalitarianism, progressive science and technology, the environment, energy awareness, and many 'new age' subjects.

Study

There will be pressure to change the way you approach learning and this may be difficult. The pressure will be to look at the big picture and develop more of a philosophical approach towards matters that are actually quite serious - issues of power abuse, psychological pain, death, and so on. Ways to study effectively include studying with friends and developing a study-buddy. This makes study a little more fun. Remember, this advice applies even to the serious researcher, who will benefit from sharing ideas, even if your friends are not as technically grounded.

Work

There is another tense aspect between work and study. Work efforts work best if the research is done beforehand, especially regarding legal or political issues. Service oriented work benefits if the opportunity to socialise exists. The balance between work and play will be hard to strike. Teaching and or overseas connections are likely. Try not to start new jobs until the end of July - it is better to rely on established work or revise new methods prior to beginning.

Relationships

This area looks to be promising whole new experiences for Taurus. The challenge to be an individual, yet remain close.

Fun, flair, and excitement is promised, and fire signs such as Aries and Leo (and their opposites, Libra and Aquarius) are attractive. Scorpios are powerfully magnetic. Cupid lies waiting for you in circles of friends, interest groups, clubs (both hobby and night types) and similar places where groups of people congregate.

GEMINI

This May period is going to be a process of finalisations and endings in preparation of a new phase beginning in June. To this extent it may involve you letting go of some old assets, and with that old beliefs and emotional ties. Consequently, you will be feeling internal, private, and a little hermit-like. Don't try to explain too much to partners and family, just spend thoughtful time alone and withdrawal from the world. In the outside

world, just be you. Be proud of your individuality and demonstrate the strong social conscience and forward thinking mentality that comes easily. Work opportunities exist in areas of technology.

CANCER

Recently life has had a sense of 'being fated'. It means things happening that has deep-rooted meaning and effects, from a source outside the daily playing field of life. Now is the time to associate with friends and organisations of shared interest. Your experiences and insights will be valued. Your circles of friends give you the opportunity to be open and honest about areas of life, death and sex. Come out of your shell, but only where it is moist. Gains are to be reaped from your career endeavours.

LEO

Now is the time to take some slow and steady steps in your career direction. You can and will be viewed as stable and reliable, even down to earth. This requires some modesty, which is a challenge for Leo. The key to your success is with professional partnerships. These will give you further gains. A study-buddy perhaps, or a good friend who shares the same artistic passion, a gym partner, etc. Your attractiveness is heightened, as are relationships, especially from the 22nd of May onward.

VIRGO

Higher learning, philosophies, religion, ethics; these are the themes of Virgo's May. Experiences may include encounters with the law (not necessarily disputes) and/or people from overseas. You will find that a broad-minded approach to current issues is best. Try to look at the big picture, slowly, carefully, and with a stable footing. Get your facts right. Money will speak volumes. Emotionally, you will manage any personal or professional disturbances with a down to earth approach.

LIBRA

Now you have invested so much time and energy into relationships, May will be a period of exploring intimacy. Deeply personal feelings, secrets, and finally sexual union. For those of you in existing relationships, you will confront issues of sex and what this reveals about your partners true feelings. Joint assets will also come up. Regardless of your particular experiences, you will find the best approach is slow and steady. Be firm, realistic and maintain a long-term view (as opposed to short term gain). Watch out for too much indulgent living, as you enjoy the finer things in life.

SCORPIO

May is an excellent time for you to confront the object of your desires. Relationships are a strongly present theme, and this includes partnerships with friends and career associates. I stress that this will be a confronting time, as you literally eye off your opposites. There may be some confrontations with open enemies. The best approach for you is to not take things too seriously. Laughter is the best medicine. Remember that few people can handle the intensity that you can, so be easy on them. Mark the ones that can, and hone in. Taureans and Scorpios are powerfully attracted to each other. They represent

the most passionate, sensual and sexual of the 12 zodiac archetypes.

SAGITTARIUS

A good time to concentrate on sorting out your daily routine. The best day to day work rhythm is based on stable and reliable patterns, which you can master. It can still be in an exciting workplace, but consistency is necessary. Health is an important theme, so watch your diet and go for fresh natural produce. Avoid the GE stuff and junk food. If you do this you will be able to get so much more out of your day, with a better frame of mind. Clean out the gunk inside and let the inspiration flow free.

CAPRICORN

May is an excellent month for Capricorn. Mind, emotions and body all work well together, and steady gains result. This is a creative phase for you, and nature provides an excellent source of comfort and inspiration. Be in harmony with it. Successful speculation, artistic creativity, games, courtship, and lives many pleasantries are at hand. The only caution I have relates to what is the source of creativity. Life creates life. If you have too much fun a little life might slip through. Those of you who want children, good luck and go for it.

AQUARIUS

Two issues prevail in the period of May: your life direction and grounding yourself. Use May to work on the foundations for the development of your career. Prepare your materials and have strong foundations set. Your career path is unusual, dynamic, creative, and stimulating. It needs healthy soil to grow from. Participate in the family - ancestry is a powerful thing, and it is important to draw on that connection to the past. For those of you who have absolutely no family ties, and/or are broad-minded enough, consider your karmic ancestry.

PISCES

Fishes will be doing some short distance travel during May, preferably in a natural setting. Study may be the only journey you take (mental journey) so do so in a stable and natural setting. The Taurean energies suggest your inspiration will come from the similes in nature. Even if your study is highly abstract, metaphors and parallels exist in the environment around you. Look outside of your work. For those that have sensitive health, this is an excellent time for natural herbal remedies.

ARIES

Thoughts are now turning to matters of money. Your money, your assets, and your available resources. You may also find yourself realising statements about what you believe and your observations of 'the way things are'. This is a development of your value system. Other people's money may be available, but by speculation. On a romantic level, you will find that your new realisations are coupled with an attractive freshness that potential partners will find exciting.

By An Aquarian Man

Clubs and Classifieds

Wanted

Guitarists and Keyboard players needed for Church Band in the Mitcham Area. For further details phone Bryan or Jill on 82766605

Learn Deep Relaxation

WHEN: Every Monday for Semester 1. 1.10 - 2.00pm
WHERE: Counselling Centre, ground floor, Horace Lamb Building
FREE. BOOK NOW on 8303 5663 or CALL IN.

IGM - Pagan Association

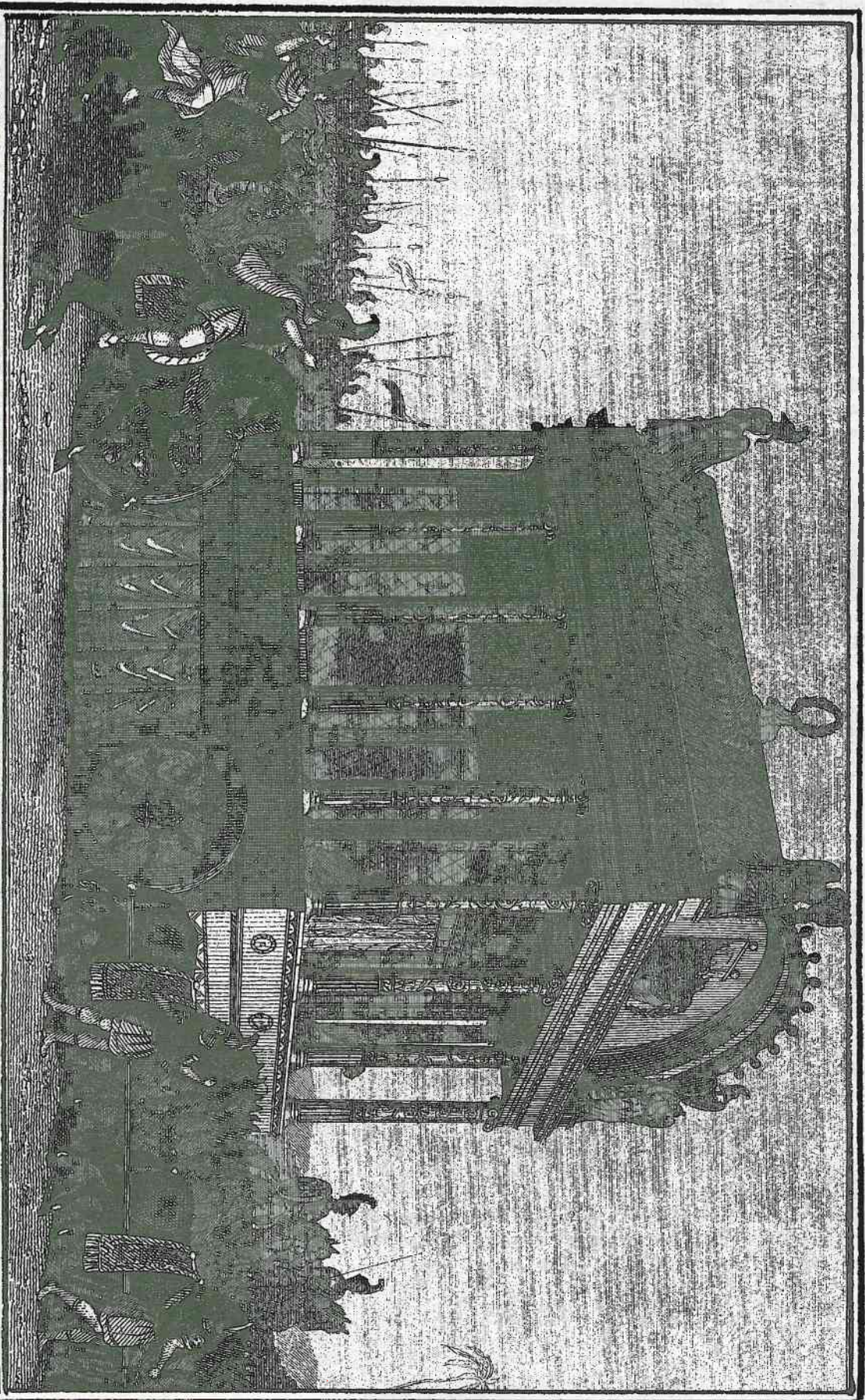
Do you consider yourself a pagan? Or are you just interested in paganism? Or is it that you are completely disinterested in the other religions on campus. Our AGM is being held on May 1st, 1pm-3pm, Margaret Murry Room, Level 5 Union Building.

Penpal Wanted

NAME: Mr Masood Pasha
BIRTH DATE: 27/Feb/1961
HOBBIES: Making friends / Reading / Music
POSTAL ADDRESS: AMC
Investigator Hall
P.O.Box 104
Launceston
Tasmania 7250
Australia

Feeling Blue? Feeling SAD?

Summer is over and here comes winter! When summer ends and the days get shorter and colder some students begin to feel less lively and miss the joie de vivre of the summer months. Is this you? Do you: Get out of bed late? I mean really late? Eat lots of chocolate and sugary foods? Much more than in summer? Feel lethargic and a little blue? Want to fly off to a land of warmth and sunshine? These can be signs that you are affected by the decreased sunlight during the autumn and winter months and have, what is well known in the northern hemisphere a form of seasonal depression called SADs (Seasonal Affective Disorder). If you feel a little SAD in the colder months there are some simple steps you can take to decrease the affect of the reduced light on your mood. Avoid wearing sunglasses when outside and deliberately get outside in the light for 40 minutes in the middle of the day. Even if there are clouds in the sky blocking direct light exposure to outside light in the middle of the day can reduce the impact of SAD's for many people. In the northern hemisphere, where absence of light due to the long dark winters is well understood, many people suffer from SADs in varying degrees. Various treatments are available including the use of light boxes and medications. Remember if you feel blue during the autumn/winter months there's probably a good physical reason for it and there are options available. Pop in and speak to a doctor at the uni health service and have a chat with an Education and Welfare Officer in Student Care or visit one of the University counsellors in the Counselling Centre.



Although somewhat ostentatious, Claudius felt his new Esky entirely appropriate for his new beer.



BREWED WITH WHEAT. NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.