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# On Dit

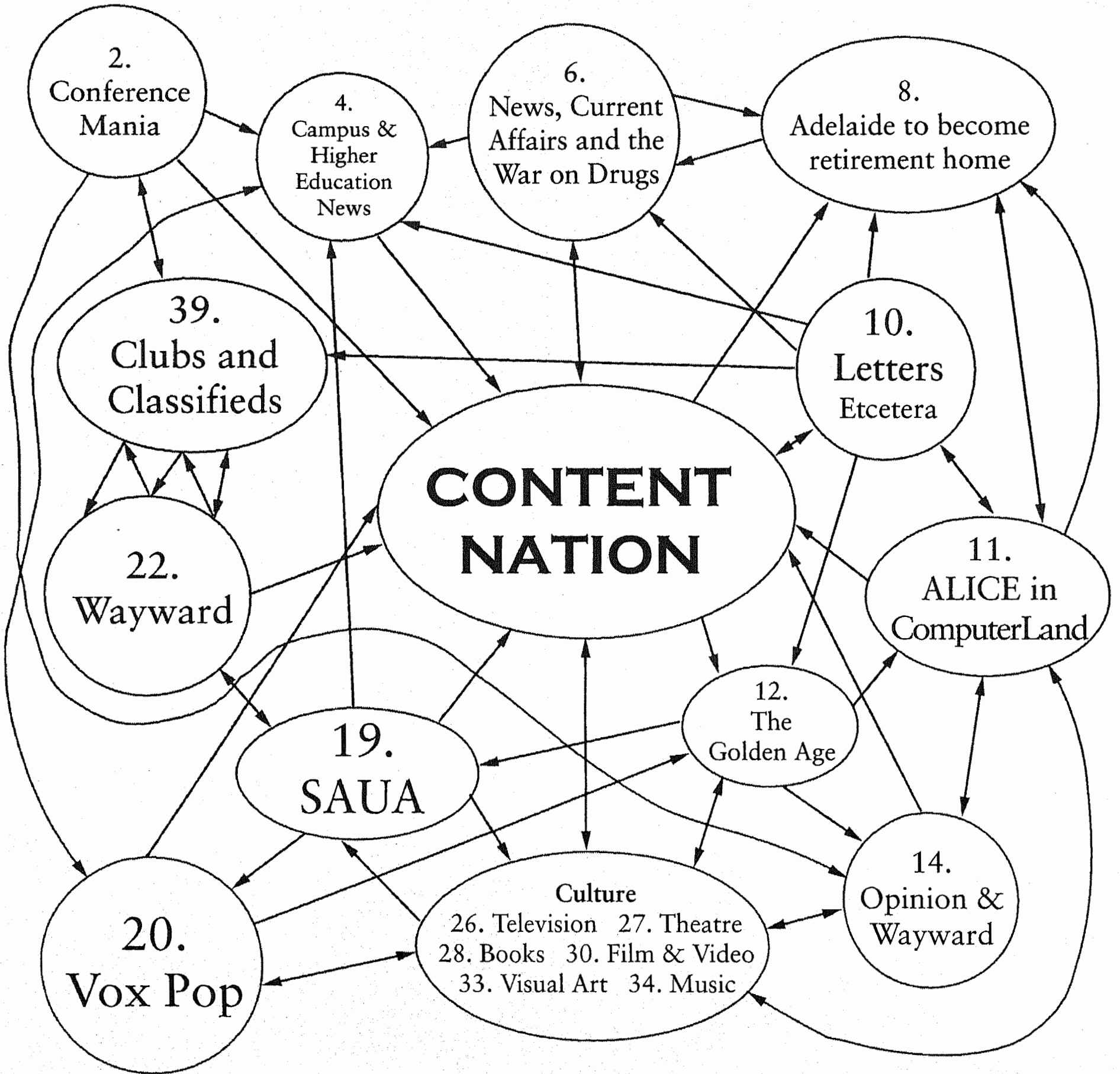
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**On Dit**  
**Volume 69 Edition 13, 23.7.2001**

*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**

The *On Dit* ride-on lawn tractor - now available at a ride-on lawn tractor retailer near you.

**Wanna write?**

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

**Next Edition (Environment):**

Deadline 25th July  
 Published 30th July

**Thankyou**

Gemma, Linda, Jenny, Emily for the fantastic ringtone, Mikey, Mike, the green punch, Alida & Bek, the Mayo people (Kate, Bev, Alex, Sharon, Darius & Matt), the \$2.23 Savings Chocolate Bavarian, Luke's Tropical Sausage Salad, Peter, John Watson.

# Environment Week

Environment Week 2001 promises to be the biggest and the best Environment Week that Adelaide University has ever seen! The week will endeavour to promote environmental awareness and sustainability to the University community. On Wednesday and Thursday mornings there will be a free breakfast from 9am including crumpets and coffee in the cloisters. Student Radio 5UV will be broadcasting live from the Barr Smith Lawns throughout the week, pumping out the latest tunes. We will be serving Coopers beer all week, and remember to bring your SAUA cup for special discounts.

Wednesday 1st August is devoted to looking pollution prevention with a focus on water issues. At 12:30pm, a representative from the Environment Protection Authority will be speaking on the lawns. Also during lunchtime, there will be a delicious BBQ with beer for the drinking. At 7:00pm, the Union Cinema will have a FREE screening of *Jock the Dolphin*, a documentary on the Port River dolphins, introduced by Professor Mike Bosley.

Thursday 2nd August will incorporate issues to do with Australian wildlife. For lunch indulge yourself with a homemade organic soup. At 12:30pm, Peter Peek from the Australian Customs Service will be speaking about illegal animal trading. At 1:00pm, meet Australian native animals such as snakes, crocodiles and sugar gliders

brought in by Remabi Park. Scott Butler will fill us in on what you can do to protect endangered species in your area.

Nothing to do on Thursday night? No problem! Come to Save the Forest Funk at The Rhino Room from 8pm. A night of live bands and DJs, poetry, life drawing, environmental spokespersons, visuals and cheap cocktails starring Walter's Bald, Geir, Gary, and Toby and DJ Pab. Proceeds from the night go to Trees For Life and help fund the construction of a bike shed on University grounds. Tickets are only \$5 and are available at the Students' Association or at the door.

Friday 3rd August will cover a variety of environmental issues including genetic engineering of food products. Ride your bike or catch a bus to Uni and score yourself a free muffin! At 12:30pm, Roger Cross will be speaking about his book *Fallout*, which explores the British bomb tests. A plethora of yummy vegetarian slices will be available for lunchtime munchies. At 7:00pm, the Union Cinema will be showing *Ferngully*, a film about fairies who try to save their forest (an oldie but a goodie).

For more information, you can contact me on:  
email: [environment@saua.asn.au](mailto:environment@saua.asn.au)  
Phone: 08 8303 5182  
Fax: 08 8223 2412 (attn. environment)

**Georgie Perks**  
SAUA Environment Officer



# N.U.S.

## Priority Public Education Week

This week the National Union of Students will be running a Public Education Campaign to attract attention to the issue of government funding of education. A wide gap exists between the funding of public education and that of the private sector. NUS will be coming to Adelaide this Thursday, July 26th, with a guest speaker to talk about the issue at 1.00pm on the Barr Smith Lawns. For more information, or if you would like to become involved, contact Joel Northcott at:

[nussapresident@eudoramail.com](mailto:nussapresident@eudoramail.com)



Each year, the National Union of Students puts on a range of conferences on various themes, attended by students from all over the country. This year's conferences included the National Education Conference, Students and Sustainability (the Enviro-Conference) and the Network of Women Students in Australia Conference. Our Students' Association assisted a number of Adelaide Uni students to attend these conferences, which, as usual, were held in the eastern States). We hope to bring reports from all SAUA delegates in the coming weeks. This week, we have something from someone who went to

## Queer Collaborations

Queer Collaborations began as a day-long statewide conference in New South Wales ten years ago, an opportunity for queers (an umbrella term for those who identify as non-heterosexual, eg gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender) to come together for networking, education and the promise of a brighter future as an oppressed minority. Since then it has become a five-day national event, attended by students from universities all over Australia. It was with some measure of hope and excitement that I decided to go to QC 2001 in Newcastle, expecting an atmosphere of tolerance, acceptance and progressive discussion.

The week was to be divided into a series of plenary sessions with speakers on many pertinent topics - oppression, sexism, violence, mental health, suicide, drugs, AIDS to name a few; all issues that affect the queer community. These were to be followed by workshops you could choose to attend on issues which appealed to you most. Free lunches and organised night time activities were to make the whole week a harmonious and productive experience.

Like so many things, QC 2001 was good in theory but failed to work in practice.

From Day 1 the programme was disrupted by impromptu debates and disputes. It was acknowledged that the conference programme needed to be followed more or less, but also that important issues such as sexism and racism that arose during the conference be discussed and dealt with so that the group may move on. Finding a happy medium between these two imperatives proved all but impossible. Added to this was the unfortunate reality of factional splitting, caucusing, and all other related items that accompany the esteemed political life of student politics and conferences. When split into factions and opposing ideologies, it can become difficult to appreciate another's point of view, while much easier to brand them as an ideological enemy and attempt to shout them down in non-personal (or even disgustingly personal) attacks. In essence QC is supposed to be a forum to come together in a happy, networking environment; but the ideologies, splits, and unbelievably personal nature of the issues involved can make this a difficult task indeed. In the emotionally charged environment that is a student conference, comments and motions are easily taken out of context and con-

victions can be hardened to polarised extremities. Also, it can be to debate queer issues when all the Broad Left wants to talk about is CHOGM (Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting and the proposed blockading of it).

There were accusations of sexism, conference hijacking, racism and oppression. Ill feeling arose between what soon developed as two opposing 'sides'. One was left wondering where all the good feeling and hope had evaporated to. Still, the free lunches always ran on time and they were very nice.

After all this ranting about what bad things can happen at student conferences, many may be wondering what good they serve, apart from increasing the sense of self-satisfaction some student politicians may feel from their minor victories over others. If nothing, conferences are a perfect training ground for seeing some of the uglier sides of human nature and learning how to avoid doing the same yourself.

I don't want to make everyone think nothing good came from the conference. Personally I met some very interesting people and did learn fascinating things

that I hope to pass on at the few plenaries and workshop sessions that did eventuate. It was worthwhile to see what other queer people think about certain issues and thus to appreciate my own views in the context of a much broader field of ideas.

I suppose I cling to a romantic notion that the conflict and confrontation is a necessary step towards an exchange of ideas and the reaching of consensus to help the entire queer community move forward in the future. Either that or it serves as a humbling experience that student politics isn't the all-powerful solution to the world's problems.

I still don't really know what to think about the whole thing.

It's very confusing really, you can take from it what you will.

I hope no-one's offended.

**Michael**

See this week's SAUA Office-Bearer reports for more about conferenced.



# Higher Education News

## Flagship Quasi-Private University Sinking Fast

Melbourne University Private was a bold experiment in the corporatisation of higher education. An offshoot of one of Adelaide's fellow sandstones, Melbourne Uni, MUP was designed to capture a perceived demand for high quality, full-price education among corporations and the military and was projected to attract 2,800 students. Instead, it is facing insolvency with just 100, and an ambitious building project designed to accommodate those other 2,700 has ended up as a costly extension of the public Uni, as recently reported in *The Age* and Melbourne Uni student magazine *Farrago*.

Highlights of MUP's brief life so far include the admission of several officers in the Indonesian military and the withdrawal of star client the Australian Defence College, which described MUP as "bumbling and hopeless". The failure of MUP is being seen by some, particularly academics and students, as indicative of the problems involved in applying private-sector goals and management strategies to public institutions, and in attempting to run Universities as businesses. The composition of Melbourne Uni's ruling council, which under Jeff Kennett became more business-oriented at the expense of student representation, has also come under attack, as has the leadership style of Vice-Chancellor Alan Gilbert.

Does the failure of MUP indicate

that public Universities really are not equipped to participate in a market for full-priced education, if indeed that market exists as envisaged by the people behind MUP? Are there any lessons here for the government?

## Knowledge Nation

Labor's retort to the Liberals' pitiful Innovation Package arrived over the mid-year break, and it's a refreshing change to see a major political party begin to treat education as a serious issue. Unlike the Innovation Package, an initiative remarkable only for its lack of ambition, the Knowledge Nation platform is an amazingly broad plan for the development of Australia as, well, a "knowledge nation" - that is, one where most of the workforce is involved in information processing. It's a complex programme, and one that requires degrees of central planning and government intervention not seen in Australia for many years. Highlights include:

- Making on-line learning a priority
- "boosting the number of university positions by an amount necessary to meet industry needs and maximise Australia's capacity as a Knowledge Nation by 2010", whatever that means
- Reviewing HECS
- A national investment strategy, and more incentives for Research and Development;
- Making cheap telephone calls and broadband internet access available to all Australians
- ...and a whole lot more.

What the platform doesn't contain is concrete policies about things like HECS, Youth Allowance, and specific issues of university funding and administration. We'll have to wait until election time is a little closer before either party starts making actual promises. Until then, we have the spaghetti diagramme to keep us entertained.

## GST unchains your HECS indexation

Remember the lead-up to the last election? Remember the promise that the GST would not apply to education? An email has been going around various student organisations accusing the

present government of breaking that promise.

Now, your HECS contribution remains untaxed, although students are paying GST on their student services fees and the many pieces of equipment they need to actually study. But HECS is indexed to the Consumer Price Index (a general measure of how expensive things are), and the CPI has increased considerably this year due to the GST. The government, in a move that some see as a little underhand, has applied this increased CPI to everyone's HECS debt.

The Australian Competition and Consumer Commission has ruled that any contract which involves CPI indexation must compensate for the effects of the GST. When the Australian Tax Office was queried about this, it replied that as HECS doesn't involve a commercial contract the ruling does not apply.

What do you think?

Linley Henzell

# SAUA Roundup

## Referendum Fails

Just to refresh your memory, the referendum was an attempt to change the following things in the Students' Association constitution:

- Merging the elected positions of Activities/Campaigns Vice President and Orientation Coordinator into an Activities Officer appointed by SAUA Council.
- Moving the Election procedures from the constitution into the regulations (which are easier to change)
- Changing the Sexuality Officers to Queer Officers (to be effective next year)
- Promoting the Women's Officer to a Women's Vice-President (to replace the Activities/Campaigns VP)

As you may know, the referendum failed due to a lack of votes (543, out of the 800 needed, were cast). An informal count put the 'yes' vote ahead of the 'no' vote by around 20, but anecdotal evidence suggests that many people who would have voted 'no' abstained from voting in the expectation that the referendum was more likely to fail that way.

A committee has been established to examine the reasons for the failure of the referendum, so hopefully this will never happen again.

The referendum ended up cheaper than was expected, as no formal count of the votes was required. However, it still cost the SAUA around \$4,000 - money which, when Council approved the referendum (in the face of objections from a number of Councillors, including *On Dit* editors) - was apparently in the SAUA's bank account. Now it isn't there anymore, due to a misunderstanding between the SAUA and the Union (the umbrella student organisation to which the SAUA is affiliated). Where will the SAUA find the money to pay for its referendum?

## Student Media Budgets Cut

At the 20th of June Council meeting, around \$3,500 was cut from the budgets of Student Radio and *On Dit*, over \$3,000 of it from *On Dit* alone.

Some of this money was found in budget items which were probably not

going to be used; however, this money could have been redistributed amongst other items in order to, for example, print larger editions or reduce advertising. \$1,600 was cut from the printing budget, which will result in most of the remaining editions of this year decreasing in size from 44 pages to 40. The print run should not be significantly affected, unless the SAUA decides to have another \$4,000 referendum.

Other cuts were made to Office-Bearer travel and conference allowances (most OBs lost \$50 each, while Tom Radzevicius lost \$400 and the *On Dit* editors \$100 each). These cuts will probably be made up from the OBs' own pockets. With this in mind it seemed strange that some OBs were granted extra money to fly to their conferences instead of taking the bus/train.

In this atmosphere of cutbacks there are rumours that elements within the SAUA want to cut *On Dit* severely and do away with Student Radio altogether. Student media could well become an issue at the student elections later in this semester.

The mid-semester holidays are a time when many national conferences are held, and of course many people apply to the SAUA for funding to go to these conferences. With limited money available, competition for funding was fierce. The way the money was allocated, with members of standing committees receiving the bulk of it (after all, they were elected to represent the SAUA), caused some friction, with some members of Marxist/Leninist group Resistance believing that they were denied funding because of their political affiliations. We hope that those who were lucky enough to be given students' money to attend will report back to all of us about their experiences through an article in *On Dit*.

Campus Watch, an initiative set up between the SAUA and the police involving students patrolling the campus to prevent crime, has come to an end. Apparently volunteers were hard to come by, and the police were concerned that it would turn into a 'vigilante group'. Goodbye, Campus Watch.

## CLUB BLACKS

bob neil presents

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vodka prizes for best dressed

> band - funk'd up 5

> dj janzow

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> cumfy club

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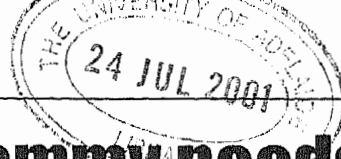
Tickets from \$40.00

includes beer, wine, champagne,

soft drinks & cocktail supper

tickets available from any Adelaide University Football Club member or leave contact details at blacksball@hotmail.com





# Australasian Model United Nations Conference

This year's Australasian Model United Nations Conference was held at the University of Technology in Sydney from July 9-13, with nearly four hundred delegates attending.

AMUNC is the gathering for one week every year of students from across the region who engage in a simulation of the real United Nations assembly. Each delegate represents a particular nation on one of the many UN bodies and is expected to remain true to that country's policies while debating two agenda items over the week. In other words: we get to pretend we're more important than we really are.

Each commission produces resolutions. These are then presented to the General Assembly on the final day and voted upon. What usually happens when everyone is feeling really gung-ho about it all, debate is intense, insults fly, and attention is paid meticulously to detail. But by Thursday when you realise you've still got to get another resolution up, suddenly what took 22 hours the first time around now only takes 2.

The social events were fantastic and served as perfect safety valves. Let's face it: diplomacy and alcohol go hand in hand. Picture cruising on the harbour in a bright red ferry, an almost full moon hanging over the skyline, with all the food and alcohol you can consume, and dirty little ditties like "You spin me right round baby" playing at top notch. It doesn't get much better than that. My night was spoiled a little (or maybe enhanced) when ten minutes before the

end of the cruise we went up to the bar to get one more drink and not only did the guy refuse to give us one, but he was pouring a glass of wine back into a cask bladder. Beat that one. Damn those aggressive Sydney capitalists...

Then there was the cocktail party, where everyone's sophisticated demeanour deteriorated after mass consumption of such drinks as the Coffee Annan. And of course the formal dinner on the last night was fantastic not least because unlimited alcohol, coupled with the knowledge that you probably wouldn't see any of these people again, led to widespread acts of humiliation and desperation being committed—always a bonus for any memorable night.

There were also some amazing guest speakers this year, including Lieutenant-General Peter Cosgrove who delivered some fascinating insights into his experiences in East Timor, and Justice Michael Kirby who spoke about the human genome before urging delegates to fight discrimination in all forms. Then there was the guy who, sitting at the front, not only left his mobile on during Peter Cosgrove's speech but actually answered it when it rang. Also the devoted Kirby fan who told him he often thought about the Judge in the small hours of the morning...

The conference was an outstanding success. For anyone who is interested in joining the Adelaide Uni UN society please

adelaide\_un@hotmail.com.

Dorothy Bloomfield



# Little Tommy needs your help!

As you step back on to these paved grounds, weary from too much sleep you are confronted by an issue most of the community are ill-informed on.....Education.

You may have noticed the posters and pamphlets scattered around the campus. These, along with this article (which demonstrates points about our education system), are part of the Adelaide University Labor Club Education campaign. This issue is currently in need of attention due particularly to the unfair distribution of money between private and public educational centres. Along with this, many other injustices are occurring throughout the system, this article will touch on a few of these.

Both the State and Federal governments are neglecting the public education system. For example, since the current Liberal State government gained power they have closed 70 public schools. The Federal government has been worse, distributing their funding unevenly so that private secondary schools receive 70% of the funding while public schools only receive 30%. Dr Kemp (Minister for Education) has given \$800 million extra over four years to non-governmental schools. This includes \$150 million to just 58 'category 1' schools (of which there are no low fee community schools, catholic schools or indigenous schools), rather they are schools such as Geelong Grammar, receiving \$4 million for 'innovation' while public schools get nothing.

The Federal Government's neglect of public schools is providing very unequal opportunity. The poor have less chance to further their education. This is happening around you at University; to test this, try asking people around Uni what school they came from. Personal experience tells me that you will find a ma-

majority of private school graduates.

If and when the 'less-fortunate' push through the public school system and make it to University, many financial troubles await them. There are the high-priced textbooks, fees, lecture readings and photocopying...not to mention the phenomenal living costs for the many who have to move from home to study, the extra jobs and stress associated with this and then fitting space to studying 'full-time'.

An issue that applies to all of us is HECS (Higher Education Contribution Scheme). It seems that we are now "Contributing" 200% more than in 1996! And what exactly are we paying 200% more for? Full-house lecture theatres, crammed tutorials, four weeks lost to Adelaide University teaching time in the last two years??!

TAFE students don't even get the choice of HECS. They pay up-front fees; more unequal opportunity. It seems that now you can only be educated at TAFE if you have the money!

I ask you to keep your eyes open, look around you, and make noise about the injustices in our education system. Education is the key to a fairer, better future, not just a key to gaining votes. It is something that needs repair so that our society can become a little less divided. We need to repair the system so that one day little Tommy, who goes to public school and whose parents work in a factory, will be able to say "I want to be a Doctor/Chef/Teacher when I grow up". And the opportunity will be there. Idealistic, yes but with a redistribution of funds realistic!

Leah Marrone  
On behalf of the Adelaide University Labor Club

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# Friday News with Tim Williams

Were you too busy hitting the books during swot vac and doped to the eyeballs during exams to take note of world events? Did you have better things to do in the holidays than fulfil your duty as a global citizen in keeping abreast of current affairs? Well, bully for you... No, I mean, never fear, this handy if somewhat chronologically muddled summary of the less significant events of recent weeks will soon see you restored to your rightful place as darling of the chattering classes.

Firstly, a big 'sucked-in' to all the health freaks out there who get a kick out of reciting the list of vitamins they take to avoid contracting the cold you've got. It turns out they're dying. That's right. **Vitamin C gives you cancer.** Well, all right, technically it damages DNA, which is a step toward forming cancer cells, but close enough. Nutritionists in the UK provided further proof that everything is bad for you these days by warning against butter alternatives containing high levels of the dubiously named 'trans-fats', dangerous fat substitutes found in big-selling margarines and olive-based spreads. Meanwhile, a British physicist has been hard at work perfecting the art of ice-cream making, claiming that nothing less than liquid nitrogen is a vital ingredient to the process. One could be forgiven for thinking that somewhere out there is a force intent

on killing us all prematurely. I-Can't-Believe-It's-Not-A-Conspiracy.

One could also be reminded by usage of the impersonal pronoun of the **Royal Family** and wonder what they've been up to. Well surprise, surprise, they're trying to kill people too. Or at least the Queen Mum is. While hosting a royal reception, she revealed she may have lost her faculties but none of her sense of humour, by poisoning two of her VIP guests with dry cleaning fluid. A staff member has since worn the blame, but the incident clearly shows that there's very little the old girl can't get away with these days. As my own grandmother would say, "There's no sense in growing old without growing crafty." Not to be outdone, the Queen herself was in hot water when pornographic magazines and a drawing of a swastika were found hidden behind a seat panel in her brand new limousine. A Jaguar employee took the fall over the incident, but many believe the uncovered articles reveal how closely in touch the Queen is with the disaffected white youth of the northern city of Bradford, recently the scene of violent inter-racial clashes.

It doesn't take a survey of the Royals, however, to see that the human form of mad cow disease is spreading much quicker across Britain than any-

one's admitting. Take their recent election, for example, where voters could lend their support to the likes of the **Jam Wrestling Party, the Church of the Militant Elvis, or even the Monster Raving Loony Party.** One Welsh candidate, Captain Beany, 'a superhero from the planet Beanus', collects for charities in a red cape and yellow tights and claims to hold the world record for bathing in baked beans. Perhaps Monty Python was more documentary than anything else. Still, when it comes to lunacy, it's the Kiwis who are unsurpassed, as proven by the Antarctic-based scientists who stripped off for a nudie calendar, probably displaying a greater degree of talent than the All-Whites soccer team in the process.

But if politics is where the loony of Britannia come out to play, it's academia where they're bred. British scientists, for example, when not delving into the darker side of dairy products, have concluded that **Australia is good at sport because we wear yellow**, an apparently arousing and inspirational colour. The psychologists tested their theory on the British athletics team by having them don yellow helmets. Cynics have disputed the findings, claiming the British would be better served by asking themselves why no other national team in the world deems it necessary to sport a hard-hat to run the hundred metres. Even more worrisome is the state of the humanities in the Mother Country, with world-renowned Cambridge University examining its English tragedy students on the lyrics of the Bee Gees. The examination chairman fended off criticism by asserting that the line 'The feeling's gone and you can't go on' is a fair summary of the end of *King Lear*. It is yet to be confirmed whether the advertising slogan 'I believe in fairy winkles' is to be used in conjunction with *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in this semester's Shakespearean comedy course. Thankfully, there are still those in Britain who respect the institutions they represent, such as the magistrate who believes he is a witch, but will never let spotting a fellow witch in court affect his decisions, while refraining from using curses and love spells.

Despite the best efforts of broom-bearing magistrates to uphold tradition (along with the Romanians planning to build 'Dracula Land' in Transylvania and the straightening of the Leaning Tower of Pisa by 40cm to keep it relatively upright for the time being), everywhere we turn our cherished values are undermined. Remember how the Aussie cultural icon of the Victor lawnmower was dragged out for



Prince Charles: A Mad Cow?

the opening ceremony of the Sydney Olympics? Well, spoilsport **Swedish scientists now tell us that mowers produce high levels of no less than 26 carcinogenic chemicals**, producing as much of the pollutants in one hour as the average car over 150km. Still, that's nothing compared to the cultural tragedy befalling Beatrix Potter's Peter Rabbit, who is to be redrawn with 'bigger eyes, brighter colours and cleaner lines' to be more appealing to the kiddies of the 21st century. No doubt ABC director Jonathon Shier had a hand in this sinister act of 'dumbing-down'.

Amongst all this doom and gloom, it is uplifting to find evidence of those who never fail to look on the bright side of life. Take, for example, the unfailing optimism of the **Japanese man who refrigerated his dead father for thirteen years** in the hope that his 'cells might revive someday'. Or look at tobacco giant Philip Morris, which released a report in the Czech Republic pointing to the savings in health care, pensions and housing for the elderly made possible by the early deaths of smokers. A typically cynical representative of corporate watchdog described the findings as "a real scary logic on which to base policy", reminding us all that while smoking may be a filthy habit, the butchering of the English language is simply inexcusable.

The refreshingly positive outlook of the report has clearly been borrowed from our very own Prime Minister, the man who rapper **Eminem just wants to see get down and boogie**, and whose support for the culling of heroin addicts through his objection to safe injecting rooms must be viewed as economically sound. Meanwhile, in the international give-and-take of ideas, the

## NOTE: APPLICATIONS RE-OPENED RETURNING OFFICER

Applications are now open  
for the position of Returning Officer in  
the upcoming Students' Association of the University  
of Adelaide being held 27-31 August, 2001.  
Successful applicants will be responsible for the conduct of  
all aspects of the election. Applications open Thursday 21st  
June, and close 5pm sharp, Wednesday 25th July. Applications  
should be submitted to the Students' Association President in  
the Students' Association. Further information may be  
obtained from the Students' Association  
office, George Murray Building,  
Telephone 8303 5406.



Students' Association of the University of Adelaide





British police are doing their best to emulate the time-management policies devised by our immigration department in handling asylum seekers: They took seven weeks to analyse a sample of powder taken from an 11 year-old boy accused of supplying amphetamines, only to find it was sherbet. Eager to prove its own incompetence, **America's FBI admitted to being robbed or having misplaced several hundred of its guns and computers.**

Those of you who've be hanging out for the obligatory 'people doing stupid things with animals' section needn't be disappointed. While a large African culture, accidentally released from an English zoo, terrorised domestic pets for almost a week before being captured, **a Florida woman saved her Scottish terrier pup by biting - yes, biting - an attacking pit bull.** In one of the year's most memorable sound bites, the woman said, "It just went 'Yip!' I never thought I'd be biting a dog." Never underestimate the element of surprise. Some continue to tempt fate, like the Malaysian woman seeking to enter the Guinness Book of Records by becoming the first woman to live for 30 days in a small glass cubicle with 2000 live scorpions. Let's hope she fares better than the local bloke who was repeatedly bitten on the bum by a redback spider in the night and needed a record sixteen doses of antivenene the next day. Sleep through that and you could sleep through anything.

In other local news, the criminal ranks have lost all credibility following a spate of holdups where **the perpetrators get caught on camera before putting on a balaclava.** That such stupidity could induce copycat crimes is simply staggering. Still, perhaps little wonder in light of such depressing, recently revealed statistics as the fact Adelaide has the highest per capita base of Star Trek fans in the country.

Speaking of sci-fi dreams, NASA has successfully launched its unpiloted, solar-powered aircraft, Helios. It is essentially just a giant, 75 metre remote-controlled wing, the energy-consuming equivalent of a flying hairdryer. As it takes off at only the speed of a bicycle, the Helios has been linked to the much-anticipated revival

of The Goodies for the new millennium. Meanwhile, solar sail technology is claimed to have the potential to propel spacecraft at up to ten times conventional speed. A converted intercontinental ballistic missile was launched from a Russian submarine to carry two sail blades into space in the first test of the Cosmos 1 project. George W. Bush presumably vowed to blast it from the sky. Ain't science great?

Well, no, actually. At least not if you're a bloke. You see, not only has it been revealed that **women read faces much better than men** to determine whether people are lying or hiding their feelings, they will soon be able to procreate without us. Meddlers with the natural order at Monash University believe they've found a way to fertilise a woman's egg with cells from any part of the human body, including those from another woman. Transparent and dispensable, the epitaph of the male species.

Undoubtedly up with this deflating revelation about the future irrelevancy of 'non-females', as matriarchal discourse is bound to dub us, Malaysian Deputy Education Minister Mr Aziz Samsudin immediately went on the offensive by calling for **'rostered' pregnancies to minimise staff shortages.** Mr Aziz wants women to take turns getting pregnant and to deliver during holidays. "If women want to procreate without us, they can damn well forget about extended paid leave", Mr Aziz may well have said. The upside of the new fertility technology for Malaysian democracy is that trumped-up charges of sodomy will no longer have the effect they once had, it being the only remaining alternative to abstinence.

However, if you think that men have reason to be depressed, spare a thought for the acute embarrassment causing T-Rex's to turn in their graves the world over, following the revelation that a newly discovered relative of the super-carnivores, the Nothronychus, was a weird, sloth-like, plant-eating weaky covered in feathers. Oh, the shame.

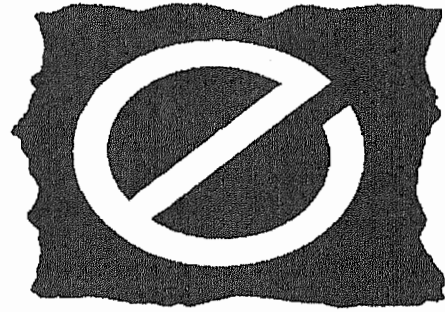
So, in the end, it's all about perspective.



Is the yellow swimming cap the key to Thorpie's brilliance?

# Thursdays The 100 Club

eastend



exchange

**HOTEL**

**1st 100 thru the  
door B4 10<sup>30</sup>pm**

**\$1.<sup>50</sup> Schooners**

**\$2 Base Spirits**

**\$2 Cowboys**

**All Night!!\***

**DJ TKA PLAYING FROM 10PM**



Private Functions Available - 8232 2666



# Drug War

*George W. Bush's new War on Drugs targets Colombia*

US President George W. Bush has chosen Arkansas Republican Asa Hutchinson - a drug war hawk - to head the Drug Enforcement Administration. A serving US congressman, Hutchinson is known for his harsh views toward drugs and drug offenders. He advocates increased funding for drug interdiction and has criticised recent increases in federal spending on drug treatment programmes.

Hutchinson's nomination follows the appointment of John P. Walters - a fellow hard-liner who favours incarceration over treatment for drug offenders - as US Drug Czar. It is one more indication that intensifying the War on Drugs is high on Bush's agenda.

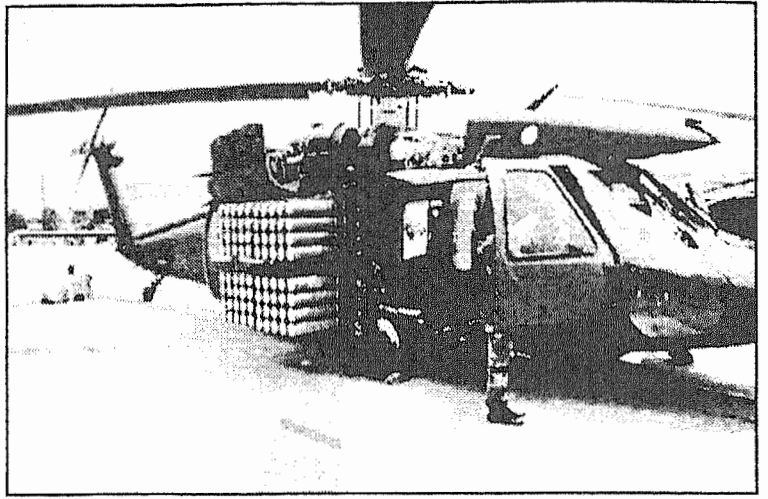
Hutchinson was a vocal supporter of expanding the U.S. military presence in Latin America under the guise of interdicting drugs, and was a staunch proponent of last year's controversial 1.3 billion dollar military aid package to Colombia, ostensibly to fund anti-drug efforts.

John P. Walters, Bush's new Drug Czar, is another major proponent of militarising the drug war in Colombia, and is a longtime advocate of a controversial US/Peruvian program that

shoots down any unarmed civilian aeroplanes suspected of carrying drugs. Government officials abruptly suspended the programme after the Peruvian air-force fired upon a plane carrying American missionaries in which a woman and her infant daughter were killed. U.S. and Peruvian officials mistakenly believed the plane was transporting cocaine.

In a 1996 background paper written for the Heritage Foundation, a conservative Washington D.C. think-tank, Walters urged Congress to expand the use of military force in drug interdiction. "Foreign programs are cheap and effective," he wrote. "An example: America's chronically underfunded program in Peru ... has managed to shoot down or disable 20 ... aeroplanes since March 1, 1995. ... [We] have an opportunity to save American lives by helping the Peruvians press their attacks on traffickers."

The so-called 'aid' package supported by Walters and Hutchinson provided Colombia with 65 U.S. Black Hawk and Huey II helicopters, and included funding for crop fumigation and Colombian army battalion training. Hutchinson backed his decision on CNN's *Crossfire*,



*This heavily-armed helicopter will do its best to keep drugs off the streets of L.A. But will it have an effect on what I pay for a quarter-ounce?*

maintaining "It's incumbent upon us to assist our neighbours in really fighting our war."

Critics of the funding package point out it was effectively a subsidy to the US military industrial complex who were major contributors to the Bush campaign fund. They argue that the aid could have been better spent on domestic drug treatment programs, noting that the cost of buying the helicopters alone (\$400 million) could have treated 200,000 addicts in the U.S. According to the critics, the reality of the 'War on Drugs' in Colombia will be a war waged against the leftist guerrilla groups like FARC, leaving the drug trade to the right-wing 'death squads' who act as US agents in Colombia.

Colombia is reeling under the impact of this US war. The *New York Daily News* reports that nearly 2 million Colombians have been displaced by the war and 10% of Colombia's population

now lives abroad. Human Rights Watch estimates that 35,000 people have been killed in Colombia's civil war, most of them poor civilians accused by the Colombian Army or right-wing paramilitaries of collaborating with left-wing guerrillas. Human Rights Watch has called US policy in Colombia a "grave mistake" which not only made America complicit in ongoing abuses but risked converting a failed drug war into a disastrous human rights policy. Other observers believe 'Plan Colombia' is a U.S. State Department devised plan to enter the counter-insurgency war against the left-wing guerrillas in the U.S. tradition of armed intervention in Latin America.

Colombia's drug production, which is estimated to provide 90% of the cocaine consumed in the U.S., has doubled in 5 years as more armed insurgent groups have entered the drug trade to pay for military campaigns. Arturo Sanchez, a Colombian born professor in New York, said that middle class professionals are leaving the country in droves and that "this could be the beginning of another Vietnam".

**Jay Jay**

(author of *Marijuana Australiana* - review on page 29)

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION STUDENT DIARY 2002

## cover competition

>> Design the winning cover for the 2002 Student Diary, and win \$\$\$.

For more information and design specifications contact Fiona at the SAUA on 8303 5406 or email: [fiona.dalton@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:fiona.dalton@adelaide.edu.au).

Entries close August 10th 2001



Adelaide University Union



*Drugs are a threat every bit as serious as Communism*

## Youth

This year's SA Youth Parliament went on between the 14th and the 20th of July. Youth Parliament is a joint venture of the government and the YMCA, and involves groups of young people proposing and debating legislation on a variety of topics. Some of the topics debated Youth Parliament over the years are:

- the legalisation of prostitution
- the use of cannabis for medicinal purposes
- safe drug injection rooms

Bills that have been passed by Youth Parliament are sent to the Minister for Youth and circulated amongst other politicians.

## Parliament



# ADELAIDE'S ARTS CRISIS

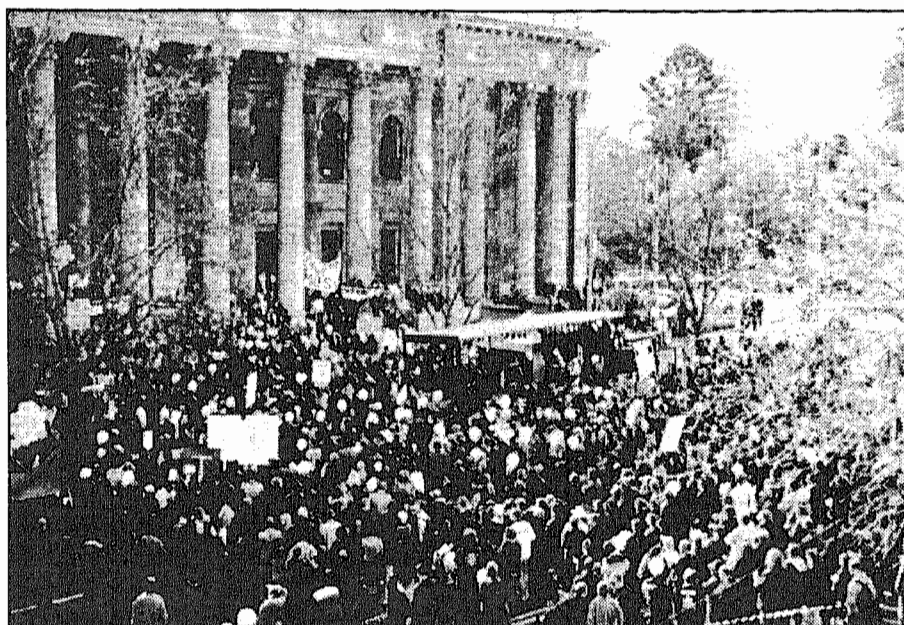
Living in Adelaide, an often belittled city in Australia, one aspect of our city and State that we can indeed be proud of is the Arts. The Adelaide Fringe, for one, is an event that gains us much recognition and serves to preserve our one-time Grand Prix slogan 'Adelaide Alive!'. The loss of the Adelaide Grand Prix resulted in a huge decrease in our city's international as well as national exposure, not to mention its credibility as an interesting place. Our East End has long been viewed with pride as an interesting, cosmopolitan and vibrant precinct, and lately, the West End has been brimming with creativity and exciting potential.

It is sad, then, to discover that our live music industry is being threatened. Adelaide's favourite pubs are under threat due to inadequate legislation.

Current legislation states that noise levels in the city after 10pm must not exceed 50-55 decibels - that's the noise of a toilet flushing! A car passing by emits approximately 70 dB! Yet under current legislation, if a neighbour complains of the noise level being too high and it is established to be over 50-55 dB then measures must be taken to reduce the noise.

Reducing the noise from a pub such as the Austral on Rundle Street might mean enclosing the beer garden where bands perform. The owner of the Austral, Gosia Schield, assures me that she simply could not afford such a measure and would be forced to cease being a live music venue.

Venues where emerging artists can perform are already very limited around Adelaide and we do not need pubs being forced to cease this type of entertainment. Not to mention the effects on the vibrancy of our town, the pubs themselves will possibly fail to make profits - turning to pokie machines to provide the revenue. World class bands will probably bypass Adelaide more and more often as well.



## Do we want a city full of quiet pubs with nothing to do but play pokies?

The Seven Stars hotel on Angus Street has already received complaints from nearby occupants even though their venue is enclosed. Why do people come to live in the heart of a city, knowing full well that there is a noisy pub around the corner and then complain about it? This noise is usually until about 1 or 2 am ON WEEKENDS! Surely this is reasonable.

Members of the local music industry, performers, pub owners and passionate music lovers organised a hugely successful public rally to the steps of Parliament House on Saturday 14th July. This rally was attended by 5 or 6 THOUSAND people and was held primarily in response to fears that the Governor Hindmarsh Hotel was being threatened.

The owners of the Governor Hindmarsh recently got news that an apartment building had been approved for an adjacent lot. If this goes ahead, all it will take is one complaint from a

resident to put the future of live music in this award-winning, highly regarded venue in jeopardy. Richard Tonkin, Director and co-owner of the Gov believes that the pub's economic viability will be crushed with such an outcome and the pub may be forced to close down.

Tonkin (and co-owners) have aimed at providing a home for non-mainstream artists, providing a sophisticated, laid-back live entertainment venue. Hosting world class bands and artists such as Tex Perkins and Fantomas, the pub really is a treasure on the Oz-music circuit. Tonkin explains that in selecting a pub, he and co-owners deliberately chose the Governor Hindmarsh for the lack of residents nearby. Now, due to our inadequate legislation, one complaint is all it could take to close it down.

Tonkin was extremely pleased with the turnout for the rally and believes that a huge show of public support should make the issue a priority for

parliament. "The greater the level of affirmation, the greater the immediacy of the result", he says, then adds, "the parliamentary result will make or break it", that is, parliament now holds the future of our live music venues in its hands.

So we must all show our support, show parliament that we want a vibrant, creative and interesting city and that this means a change to existing legislation. Minister Laidlaw has established a Working Group, "to canvas measures to reduce the conflicts between live music venues and adjacent residential development". This Working Group will make recommendations in approximately 8 weeks.

Last Monday, a residential development was approved for Bent Street, (just off Rundle) putting the viability of the Austral at risk - what about the Crown and Anchor? What about the hundred year old Exeter if nearby residents complain about that pub as well? The Grace Emily hotel recently lobbied successfully to stop a proposed nearby residential development, but the developer is said to be pursuing the matter further in court. Which pubs will be next?

Sure, people want to live in the city, but don't do it THAT close to pubs and then complain about the noise. We cannot allow the trend to continue! The conflict between the Arts and urban development needs to be resolved. Of course we need people living in Adelaide, but at what price? Email politicians, send letters or just get the word out to people. Express your support on any political level you can reach...

Email Adelaide City Council at <city@adelaide.sa.gov.au> or City of Charles Sturt Council at <council@charlessturt.sa.gov.au>

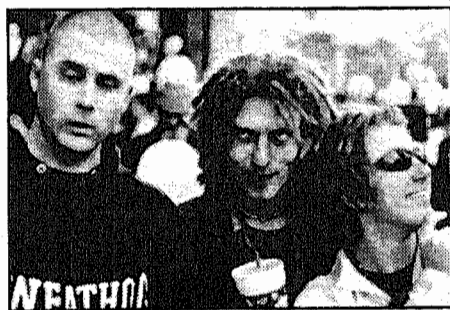
Don't let Adelaide become a backwater!

Michael Paradowski

## VOX POP

### AT THE RALLY

1. What is your favourite Adelaide band/artist, or what was the last live act you saw?
2. If a new neighbour moved into your street and told you that you "you have to keep your noise on a Saturday night, down to the level of a TV set", what would you say?
3. Is music better than sex?



Bronte, Lentil and Nova

1. B: Margin for Erra  
L: Baterz  
N: The Packets
2. B: I make good pasta, you want some?  
L: You're not invited to my parties!  
N: Call the police then.
3. B: I'm soory, but NO! Actually, it depends, is Julio Iglesias playing?  
L: Combined it's divine!  
N: Together. Mmm, together.



Linda, Jenny and Jayne

1. L: The Seen  
Je: The Seen  
Ja: Kenny's Window
2. L: I'd sick my cat on them.  
Je: How loud is the TV...does it have surround sound and lots of big speakers? I'd ask them how long they're planning on staying.  
Ja: I'd offer them a beer and invite them to the party.
3. L: Both...together.  
Je: It's a lot easier on the bus!  
Ja: No.



Dennis and Terry

1. T: The Mark of Cain, and DJ HMC.  
D: Bombscare.
2. D: Fuck off!  
T: I'd buy them car plugs!
3. D: Not in Adelaide!  
T: Yes...uh, depends on the mood.



Raf and Nigel from The Seen

1. R: The Seen...and Funkstar, Dial.  
N: The Trims.
2. R: I'd just play louder.  
N: I second that!
3. R: They go hand in hand.  
N: Three quarters music, one quarter sex.



Sandra and Peter

1. P: We saw some great blues at the Governor Hindmarsh lately.  
S: (as above)
2. P: Yes...we do have two sons that play drums.  
S: We'd have to reach a compromise somehow.
3. P: No.  
S: I don't think you can compare the two. I guess they go hand in hand.  
On Dit: Literally?  
S: Yes.  
On Dit: hehehe.



Elly, Briony and Katie

1. E: The Violets  
B: Can it be an old Adelaide band? ...then Pornland. Doin' it for the ol' porn!  
K: Pornland...doin it to the band.
2. E: Not happy Jan!  
B: Fuck off!  
K: That would be detrimental to my sex life!
3. E: That's SO true!  
B: They work well together.  
K: No, but sex is better with a musician.

# LETTERS

Dear Penny, Melissa and Linley,

I am writing in response to the 14 May 2001 edition of 'On Dit' magazine entitled 'Blue Right Weekly'.

I realize that when you are lampooning something or someone the facts get somewhat lost. However it might help your credibility if the editors are at least aware of Cabinet changes made 3 months ago and announced 4 months ago. On the 30<sup>th</sup> of January this year, I became the Minister for Family and Community Services and Minister assisting the Prime Minister for the Status of Women; Peter Reith became Minister for Defence.

Since all students help finance *On Dit* through their student services fee, I trust that you are planning a similar magazine lampooning the ALP. After all, many students support the Liberal Party. If your interests, bias or prejudice prevents you having the capacity to have a good laugh at Labor I am sure I can help.

**Yours sincerely,  
Amanda Vanstone**

Dear *On Dit* Eds,

Given the large number of significant political events that have occurred over the past few weeks it is clear that the federal election campaign has truly begun. With the release of Labor's Knowledge Nation, and the Liberal's pledge to copy it completely, it seems education will once again be on the agenda.

All of us involved with this university, and all other public educational facilities, should use this opportunity to seriously push for a better quality, publicly operated education system and ensure Kim Beasley's current enthusiasm for education does not diminish. The Australian government should get its priorities straight and be known as the number one education provider rather than the number one television advertiser.

**Sincerely,  
Patrick Tapping.**

Dear SAUA and Adelaide University Students,

On behalf of the St Vincent de Paul Society (SA) and all those we endeavour to serve, thank you for your support by choosing the Society as the beneficiary of 2001 PROSH fundraising.

I would sincerely like to thank all students from Adelaide University whose activities helped contribute to the outstanding success of PROSH 2001. The result which far exceeded the target \$6000 is an amazing effort and will go a long way to help those in need.

More and more people are seeking help from us for food, clothing, furniture, blankets and shelter, and last year we assisted 155,000 South Australians. PROSH fundraising will help us to keep up with the ever increasing demands placed on our services.

Again, my sincere thanks for supporting those who are suffering hardship in our community.

**Yours Sincerely,  
Marie Willis,  
State President**

Dear Eds,

I have a new and excellent idea for spicing up your life. When I am feeling as though nothing exciting ever happens, I go to a public toilet and use a cubicle with the door open. It gets the heart racing and it gives you a rush better than any drug could provide. Try more popular toilets like the ones in the Napier building if you are feeling particularly down. It's fun. I also would like to tell you about a song I heard the other day. It is the best song in the world and some of it goes like this. *'Hey, you know what paradise is? It's a lie, a fantasy we create about people and places as we would like them to be. But you know what truth is? It's that little baby you're holding, and it's the man you fought with this morning, the same one you're going to make love to tonight. That's truth, that's love.'* Isn't it good? It's the best song in the world.

**Love, Tamara Binkle**

## 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

The Feast Festival is only 3 months away. If you'd like to get involved as an artist or an organiser there is still time. Call the office on 8231 2155 for further info. If you'd like to register your own event you have until the end of this month so get moving, creating, grooving and gyrating down to the Feast office. You can also give them a call if you'd like to be on the Young Lesbians and Young Gay Men's committees. This will give you an opportunity to meet heaps of other funky people and gain some valuable experience.

Saturday is the opening of a new gay venue called Lucifers. It's at 58 North Terrace in the city. It is open to the public from 11pm. There is a \$5 door charge that will be donated to the AIDS council.

On Friday the 27th of July is the Drop In night at Second Story. Anyone 12 to 25 is eligible to go. There is a men's night and a women's night and they are both on at the same venue at the same time. For more information call Leanne on 8232 0233.

### ACTION

Talk to a sex worker, a dominatrix, a transgendered person, an intergendered person, a celibate, a dyke, a fag, a heterosexual. Speak to anyone whose sexual identity or practices are different from yours.



# Battle of the Bands

**Attention any and all bands:** applications are now open for the annual battle of the bands competition

Heats to be held in the **Unibar** - level 5, **Union Building**

Winner will head to Tasmania for the final!

Fill out an entry form in the Lady Symon Building  
Call 8303 5401 for more details  
Hurry up! Event starting soon

**Starting Soon!**

**Proudly brought to you by UNION ACTIVITIES**





Soon after I had enrolled in Law of Crime, an ominous email had appeared in my account entitled 'ALICE tutorials'. I knew what it was about.

ALICE had been introduced to me the previous year, and was an 'exciting and innovative new method of learning' also known as internet tutorials. For those who are unfamiliar, ALICE was basically a set of questions designed to supplement the week's teachings in your subject (or course or unit or whatever it is these days). It was relatively simple to follow and although participation was not compulsory it was stressed in big scary letters that ALL MATERIAL COVERED IN ALICE WAS EXAMINABLE. This might give you the impression that completion of ALICE was essential to success in the subject. But this was not the case, and being the slacker I am I had already discovered this.

'Ha!' I thought, 'I didn't do a single ALICE tute in first year, and it made bugger all difference. Hence, I shall ignore this email.'

The weekly emails for the latest ALICE tutes kept arriving, and I kept ignoring them. That was, until I found out at the end of term one that there was soon to be a compulsory ALICE assignment worth 15% of my mark. And, apparently, tutes were now compulsory and worth 5% participation (this 5% was the cause of a lot of inner turmoil for me - was it only 5% so I should forget about it, or 5% that was really easy to obtain so I should do it). Time was slipping away and it was time to take action. I resolved to turn over a new leaf and tackle ALICE.

First things first. I found the law school website and attempted to log on, only to find that the password that gets you access to everything else in this university will not work with ALICE. I emailed the ALICE coordinator about this and she very promptly sent me a brand spanking new password that did work. So far, it was easy. I logged on and was immediately faced with a difficult choice - picking out the colours I wanted my head and shoulders to be in our virtual classroom. I chose a beige colour for my head, and a pretty shade of magenta for my shoulders. Then I thought about it. I never wore magenta - it was just not my colour. I reconsidered my options (which were all terribly arty farty with names like 'Moss Green' and 'Midnight Blue') and decided on a deep shade of crimson. That was better.

I worked my way through the first tute as a warm up, and moved on to the assignment. It started officially on April 6 and I set aside Easter Break to complete it. But something went wrong. I typed in my name and password to enter in ALICE and *nothing happened*. I checked my email, and sure enough the day before an explanation had been distributed.

As many of you are aware, the Law server has been experiencing several periods of downtime over the last couple of days. This has led to ALICE being inaccessible during those periods. Although this problem was not with the ALICE program itself, we consider it necessary to extend the deadline to cover the time lost. At this stage the Uni IT personnel are unable to tell us exactly when the problem will be fixed.

# Adventures in ALICE

*Once upon a time, a university decided that the best way to counter-act higher education funding cuts was to introduce a little thing called the 'internet tutorial'. The basic idea behind the 'internet tutorial' was that anything a teacher could do, computers could do better. And how.*

*What has this meant for the everyday student? Was this the beginning of a new era of learning, where we would never need to attend a lecture again, or a boring and ineffective waste of everyone's time? Penny decided to find out, and sat down to do some reluctant study - the ALICE way.*



Dammit. I would just have to take Easter Break off.

A few days later another email arrived, extending the assignment deadline by four days. The email took great pains to point out that the problem was not with ALICE itself but with the law school server. The problems were being fixed and soon there would be...well...no problem. Another email was distributed giving us helpful hints to get around the crashes, including contacting the course coordinators to individually restart your programme. The email also encouraged us to do our ALICE tutes during office hours, because students never need to work during the day time. The same day, another email arrived reminding us that ALICE would shut down if we were not using specific browsers. Some people I know simply gave up and submitted their answers in hard copy. After a couple of hours of problems, I got my assignment in, and assumed that the dramas were over.

Weeks sailed by, and soon it was May 9 - nearly end of semester. We were told, once again via email, that all completed ALICE tutes were due in by June 14. Two days later, we received a rather embarrassing email from the coordinator that read:

The problem with that is that the 14th of June is not actually the Thursday of Week 12. It is the 31st of May! I misread my calendar and miscalculated the dates.

It went on to say that

This means that the due date for ALICE tutorials to be completed and to count towards your 5% mark is NOT 14 June, but a week earlier on Thursday 7 June.

Okay, no problem. A little confusing, but we all make mistakes and it was only two days later. Everything trundled on as normal and the participation deadline approached. Then, the day before all tutes were due, ALICE froze again. Here the real debacle began. The coordinators not-so-subtly insinuated that the cause was slack students trying to finish off all their tutorials at the last minute. They were overloading the

server and causing it to freeze. Fair enough, but wasn't this a problem they might have been able to foresee, given the previous problems and the indisputable fact of life that students leave everything until the due date? It started to irritate me because it was so obvious that large numbers of people would log on at the last minute, yet nothing was done in advance to try and accommodate it. It didn't seem particularly fair to blame the students for all logging into the programme when that was exactly what they were supposed to be doing.

I very much doubt that the coordinators saw the light, but were stuck too much between a rock and a hard place not to give us an extension. A twenty-four hour one was granted.

So much excitement in just one day, but it was not over yet. It would seem that some students had figured out a way to access the teacher's responses before they had written their own.

Yet another email:

It has come to our attention that some of you are attempting to subvert the ALICE system by accessing it with an alternative browser. This apparently gives those who have been doing this the perceived advantage of accessing the teacher's response without doing any work.

He he he. That was pretty amusing. Why didn't I think of that? And later, in what was to be the final and very curt email:

For those students who are mis-using the system, be warned that if you continue to attempt to subvert the system you ARE able to be detected and could lose your participation marks and/or be subject to further action.

A different version of ALICE was implemented the day before the new due date and the freezing problems seemed to die down. Everyone I know seemed to eventually get their answers in, and then all rang each other to have a good bitch about how difficult the whole process was. My point is, if all this stuff had to be done in a good old-fashioned real-life tute, we would have been forced to attend each week and would probably have taken in more. So why can't we do it that way?

Penny Chalke



## WORK USA

*the ultimate student work and travel program*

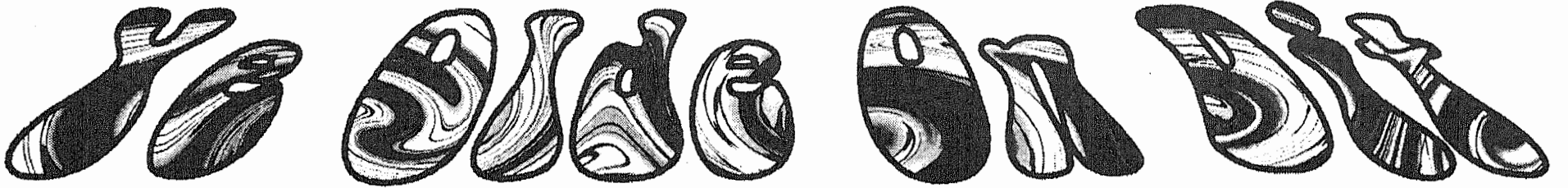
Find out more details, request a brochure or download an application form at [www.iiep-australia.com](http://www.iiep-australia.com) or 1300 300 912

**FREE information session**  
All the details on how you can work in the USA this Christmas and earn US dollars!  
Wednesday 3 August, 6:00pm - Work USA  
Hear how we can give you a helping hand on your working adventure in Britain!  
Wednesday 3 August, 7:00pm  
- Work and Travel Britain  
Cliffley on South Terrace  
First Floor, 226 South Terrace  
Adelaide



*expand your horizons*





**ON DIT,  
40 YEARS AGO**

I was searching through archived *On Dit* papers for some articles for Amnesty International's upcoming 40th birthday celebrations (hint, hint) and I came across some really interesting pieces between 1966 and 1970, which I just had to share!

**Interesting covers**

Glaring headlines on front covers, ranged from Campus explodes! to *On Dit* Peepshow to a shot of the Mona Lisa picking her nose.

**Interesting Interviews**

Donald Dunstan, Kym Beazley and Charles Perkins were among interviewees, when their political aspirations were just a twinkle in the ALP's eye. Also included was a pic of John Bannon - the winning jogger. Throughout the editions, Dunstan was a strong favourite.

**Interesting Features**

A perverted column, entitled *Abreast of the Times*, was a good excuse to chuck in (yet another) picture of a good set of tits. I'm not sure what the column's content was all about, but I don't think that was the point!

Aside from this, there was *Bird of the Week* - a snapshot of a campus-babe, complete with details of her fave Arts degree subjects and musical tastes (stalkers alert!). Maybe this regular feature should be re-introduced? (Or why not the Miss Prosh competition?)

It's not hard to figure the editorial team were all-male. One edition even featured a centrefold devoted to cutout pictures of boobs in all shapes, colours and sizes. Basically, wherever they had available column inches, a good pair would fit nicely.

**Interesting Articles**

Best Days of Whose Life? Sex and the Single Student, Save DJs and Johnnies, Population Explosion, How to Win Friends, and Pop Radio Stinks. There were also regular

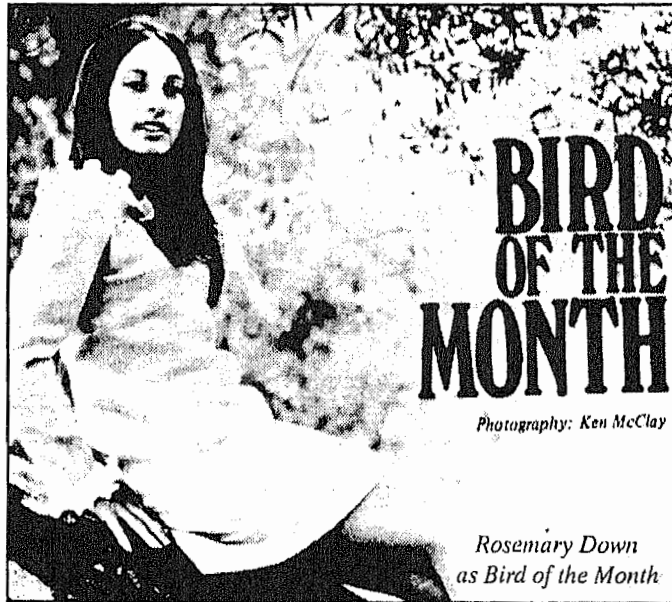
spreads on international film festivals (they were a cultural lot!), theatre round-ups and pub reviews. Hackney Hotel was rated *Pub of the Week*, the same week it ran an advertisement on the very same page. (Gee whiz, what a connection!)

(The first abode to nab the title *Pub of the Week* was the Botanic bar, by the way!)

There was also an article on Dick Pubic, the chimp.

**Interesting Pastimes**

Included was stuff on: surfing, body-paint, ceramic sex, discotheques, bath-tub racing,



anti-conscription protests, debating, women's hockey, Bob Dylan's music (before he went 'pop'), drama, Sunday school and poetry.

**Interesting Ads**

There must have been only two banks back then, because only the National Bank and ANZ advertised. As did an exotic-looking lady with her lips wrapped around a bottle of Cinzano. Today Tonight advertised too - back when it was on the ABC! Plus, there was the *On Dit* Classifieds and ads for TAA - they never had any air problems!

**Some things  
never change**

There were ads seeking recruits for the navy and armed forces and promises of 'yoga on campus'. Several authors wrote on land rights for Aborigines. There were comments about Rundle Street and Victoria Square. A reviewer moaned about a 'boring' play and another about the 'grub we eat' (read: canteen-food). People wrote in letters of complaint about the Barr Smith - suggesting ways to eliminate noise and increase air supply!

Woodstock promised three days of peace, music and love. The Big Day Out promises booze, music and sex.

PROSH spurred a splash of silly captions, such as 'prosh-trate' and 'prosh-titution'.

Plus, there were lots of pics of tits - what's new (?).

**What there  
was  
MORE of**

Sports (including 'Sportsman of the Week' - perhaps a good dating partner for 'Fresher of the Week?')

International stuff (on Rhodesia, prisoners

of conscience, Mao and Che Guevara)

Politics (including, a memorial for Martin Luther King, countless articles on the politics of the Vietnam War, and commentary on the divide between on-campus 'socialists' and 'fascists' and the like - I still don't know the difference!).

**Interesting Bits**

An article on the opening of Flinders University

Dope was spelt 'marihuana'

'Rape' was a coined phrase

The new blockbuster *Lord of the Flies* was reviewed

The ultimate insult was, 'You're not a square, but a cube'

**ON DIT**  
Vol. 37 No. 4, 2 APRIL, 1969  
PRICE 10c CITY

They said weird things like 'Powee!'

*On Dit* celebrated when 5AD 'came out on top' (a later article explained all; FM radio was yet to be introduced)

Brown-inked typing was used when the editors were feeling groovy

There was a literary rag in opposition with *On Dit* called *Phoenix* (it went the way of the ill-fated Johnnies)

The paper came out less frequently - sometimes monthly. (Remember, Bill Gates was just a pimply kid back then)

**Burning Issues**

- Contraception
- Homosexuality
- Abortion
- 'Getting proshed'
- Coprothilliacs

**Verdict**

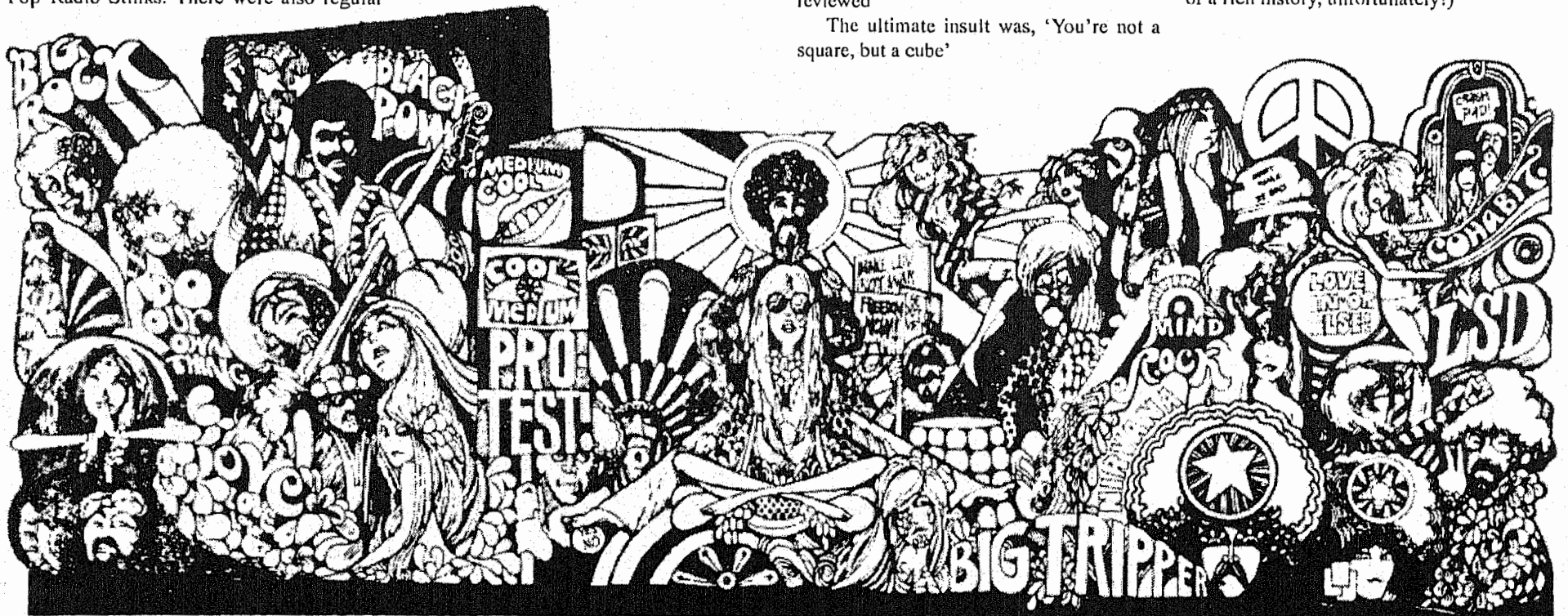
*On Dit*, as it is today, is totally devoid of much-needed pictures of boobs. If a lecturer isn't embarrassed to pick up a copy of *On Dit*, then there is something seriously wrong.

Back then, students gave a damn about politics and their country, and took a stand. Instead, we stage pathetic M1 protests, dancing at 'anti-globalisation' street-parties in Nike sneakers.

Flicking through these yellowed editions affords an invaluable insight into what our parents, and our parents' parents got up to, as young intellectuals. (Unless, you come from a long chain of brickies, like I do).

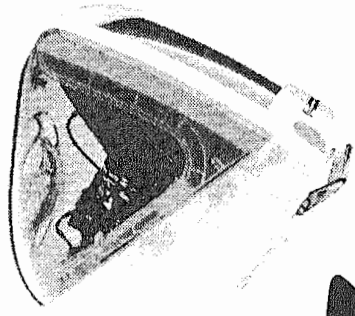
Cheers,  
**Carla Caruso**

Ex-Adelaide University student, now final-year Uni SA student (We don't have much of a rich history, unfortunately!)





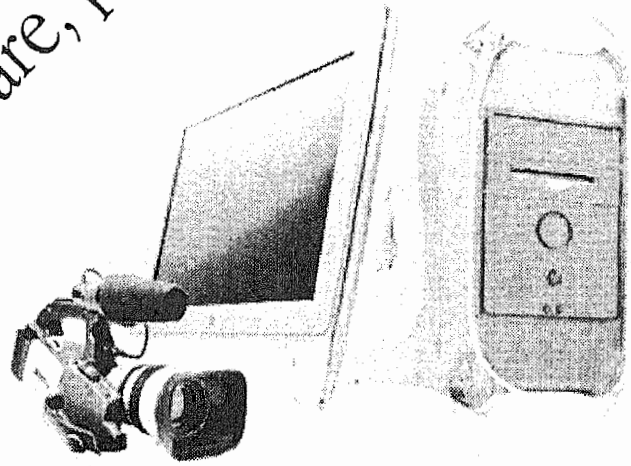
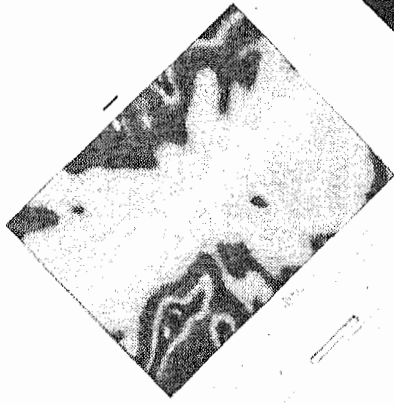
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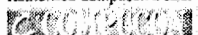
  
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# Sex on the Lawns

## By Lady Symon Episode 6: Feisty Girls

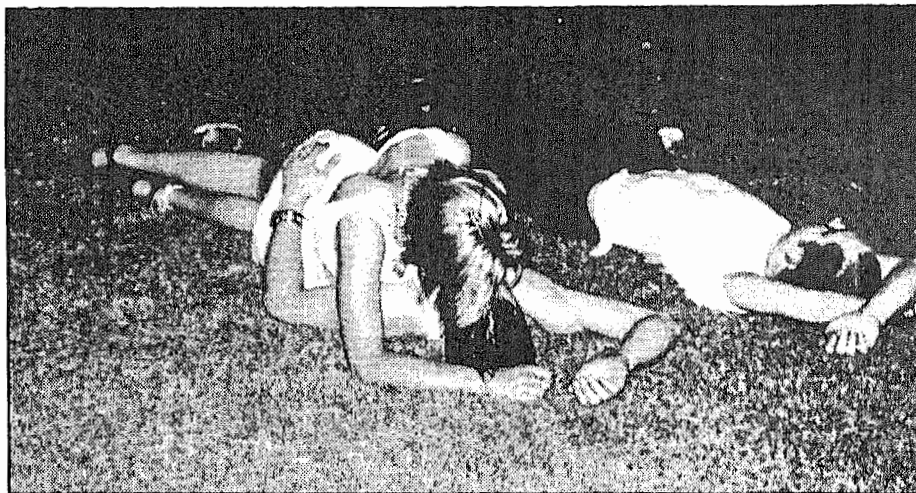
What's the ideal girl for a first year student? Meek? Mild? Good sense of hygiene? Not necessarily big breasted, but a nice package all the same? Someone who laughs at your jokes even when they're crap, someone who touches your arm in an endearing manner as you explain the robot you're making for engineering? She's probably small boned, she probably comes up to a man's shoulder, I wouldn't be surprised if she wears filmy skirts and blushes a lot. The ideal girl knows how to say 'You're so right', and 'Wow, you're amazing' as if she really means it. She knows how to make a man feel like an Adonis just by tipping her head to the perfect angle, just by biting on her fingernails and giggling. Is this the ideal girl? Isn't this what every man is desperately seeking? Isn't this who you were dumped for?

What's a feisty girl compared to a real life Skipper? Rather than laugh at your dumb jokes she's going to roll her eyes and tell you to fuck off. If you even attempt to start talking about engineering she's going to walk away and buy herself another drink. She's probably not small boned, chances are she's taller than you (especially in fuck-me boots), and she'd rather wear leather pants than filmy skirts.

So why, oh why, would anyone choose a feisty girl? Well. If she likes you she'll consider running across uni to adulate you. She'll curl her tongue lasciviously around a lollipop and sleep in your bed when she's too drunk to go home. She will immortalise you in magazine articles, dance uninhibited from dusk until dawn, laugh at dirty jokes, tell them, have cowboy cocksuckers, play pool, strip off her clothes and run into the sea. And at the end of the day she'll curl up next to you and though, with her, things are probably never going to be exactly normal, given time you won't want any different.

Last semester I emailed a particularly attractive postgraduate psychology student who was doing research for his thesis. It went along the lines of: "If you want to get more research participants you might consider adding to your sign up sheet 'NB: I am hot.'" He didn't reply, although I'm sure he won't forget who I am, so I began to wonder, when given all the benefits of dating a feisty girl, why does Skipper always win out? Do you think Skipper would have the guts or the sense of humour to send such an email? The question became, for me, another dilemma requiring Jemma's consultation.

We sat down in the holidays and shared our latest escapades - most of which involved a lot of spirits, large amounts of being mean to ex's, and a *Big Brother* Task of communicating without grammar (eg. Get drink, me dance, boy hot). It took a lot of champagne and raspberry and a few Cosmo Quizzes to work out some very sim-



ple reasons why feisty girls are at a disadvantage. The two of us, through hard work and perseverance, uncovered the explanation as to why 'I don't understand it, she's so plain' is the most commonly spoken sentence in the English language.

Jemma: Firstly, tell me about the last guy you picked up. How did you do it?

LS: That's not exactly fair to ask, I was very, very drunk.

Jemma: Considering that you are quite often very, very drunk I think it's a reasonable question.

LS: I suppose, Well, I said 'hello, I had a dream about you the other night.'

Jemma: Good, then what did you say?

LS: (Impish grin) Let's go pash.

Jemma: I've used that too!!! Oh wait, I mean, that's terrible!

LS: Well it worked.

### Reason number one:

Feisty girls are incredibly honest and sadly most people can't handle that. In fact, a lot of people have taken on 'beating around the bush' as a professional career. A feisty girl's honesty is directly proportional to her impatience. Often this need to have things now (accompanied by a stamp of the foot) can lead to boys getting the impression that the girl is 'full on' hence 'scary'. This is true but in the future 'scary' can easily be replaced with 'fun'.

Jemma: What about fights, have you fought with anyone recently?

LS: I'd like to call it an argument thank you very much.

Jemma: Did you win?

LS: Bloody oath!!

Jemma: What did you say?

LS: Uh, I don't think I should repeat that.

Jemma: Oh dear..

LS: Quite.

### Reason number two:

Feisty girls don't forget, they hold grudges, they will not let any guy get away with treating them or anyone else badly. They may retaliate (SMS is always good), they may even act as if they've forgiven him, but they haven't. When they're with him you can be sure that as much as they like him they're still harbouring a lot of angry, spitfire feelings that only a meaningful apology could hope to erase. And even that would be a just a drop in a vast ocean of what they really want him to do in repentance. In contrast, the most common description of Skipper is 'nice' - even though feisty girls know there's a skanky hoe beneath her gentle exterior, in comparison to Barbie's little sister we're prototypical succubi. Boys don't always go for this. On the up-side a feisty girl gives shit where it's deserved (and if you don't think you deserve it you are sadly mistaken), defends her friends valiantly, and can love someone just as passionately as she can hate them.

LS: But there's got to be something else. All this isn't good enough. I want proper excuses damnit! It's not entirely my fault that I'm failing so miserably in the game of love.

Jemma: Lady Symon! My dear, it's not your fault at all. We all know that boys are the reason why the sexes have so much trouble getting together. They're the ones who mess everything up, it's genetic.

LS: Good. Because I'm certainly not changing.

Jemma: And who'd want you to? I have one final question for you, what went wrong with the last guy you fancied?

LS: Do you mean fancied, or 'fancied'?

Jemma: 'Fancied'.

LS: Umm, it was all a bit weird. I don't really know any more.

Jemma: You don't know?

LS: Strange situations at the start, strange situations at the end - no 'normal' foundations. It was like I was the Gravitron and he was a drunk - if he were to ride me it would not only be a headfuck, it would probably be unsafe.

### Reason number three:

People stay calm by sucking on a teat of normality. They develop habits, find grooves, have a certain pattern for how things go, and if this is thrown out in any small way the insidious awkwardness creeps in - you can't explain exactly what's wrong, but you're can't hide the fact that you're uncomfortable. Feisty girls are confusing, they can't make up their mind about who they are, what they want to do, or how they feel, and as soon as a boy comes along and realises that getting to know a feisty girl will take a little effort, they run for cover. "No!!!!" they scream, "The effort to figure this girl out is so intense that I can literally feel the blood rushing away from my penis!" In short, getting involved with a feisty girl has no teats of normality about it, things go backwards, things go in circles - boys take one look at the haphazard progress and run crying for the comfort of Skipper's nipple. There's nothing, I'm afraid, that a feisty girl can do but roll her eyes, take out her mobile phone, and send a nasty SMS.

Now, had the champagne and raspberry not been taking such a pleasurable toll we surely would have come up with at least a handful more reasons as to why feisty girls, though as scarce and magnificent as jewels, are rarely treated as such. However, Jemma, rosy and giggling with a couple of buffed, blonde boys in tow, insisted we dirty dance on our table top and, unfortunately, I'm never one to decline such an invitation. But hopefully these three reasons provided are sufficient for alleviating the pain when yet another guy leaves you for yet another uninspiring girl. The most important message I can possibly convey to all you feisty girls is that no matter what, no matter how many boys walk away or are too afraid to approach you in the first place, you should never change. Whatever you do, keep drinking too much, keep saying the wrong thing, and dancing until morning paints the sky. Because though it's not immediate, sooner or later the boys will work out that Skipper can be okay for a while, I grant you that, but it doesn't take a genius to see she's no fun to play with forever.

Do you have a secret crush on Lady Symon? Wanna ask her out on a date? Maybe you just want to ask her a question or have a suggestion idea for a column. Email her at [LadySymon@hotmail.com](mailto:LadySymon@hotmail.com)



# Stanley George

So what exactly am I supposed to be doing here?

I mean, really.

You people pay the Students' Association to provide you with a newspaper, one entire page of which is assigned to a bleating maniac with a pretentious pseudonym. So then, how do you suppose I make sure that you get your money's worth?

What floats your boat? What tickles your fancy? What do you suppose I fill the rest of this page with?

Hmm?

On second thoughts, don't answer that. I'm not about to write an entire opinion piece about Christina Aguilera's mother, or some damned fool poser who got through to the fifth-last round of Popstars. What I would really like to write about are the amazingly crooked directors of Harris Scarfe, or the government's role in the collapse of One.Tel and HIH Insurance. But I'm not about to do that either, because (a) my editors are terrified that one of these days I'm going get them sued for defamation, and (b) a disturbingly large proportion of you don't give a rabid rat's arse about important current affairs.

That's right, Charlie. The sad truth is that the vast majority of *On Dit* readers are more interested in Vox Pop than they are the Campus News or Current Affairs sections. Nobody reads the editorials, nobody pays attention to the SAUA Roundup, nobody bothers reading letters longer than fifty words. Just ask my good friend Tristan Mahoney, who is forever complaining to me about how nobody reads his beloved Current Affairs section. That poor bastard spends dozens of hours a week researching and investigating major stories for you people to read, despite the fact that he already knows that the bulk of you are more likely to notice the Doodle of the Week.

And hey - that's cool. There's nothing wrong with skipping straight to Vox Pop, and there's certainly nothing wrong with ignoring Stanley George. As far as I'm concerned, the more people who ignore this page the

better. As long as nobody reads my column, nobody is likely to complain about the fact I regularly pass off drunken anecdotes for genuine opinion. Like the time the cops almost mistook me for a naked prowler.

It was a good six months ago now. I had been living in the House on Little Angus Street for almost a year, and was well settled into a lazy routine. On the hot Summer night in question, I was curled up watching Letterman with a butter knife, a large jar of vegemite and a dirty great block of extra-tasty cheese.

Earlier, I had discovered that it was remarkably cold in my freezer. "Man, its cold in here," I had said. This exclamation further resulted in my discovering that the freezer had excellent acoustics, which in turn resulted in my singing a verse and two choruses of 'My Foolish Heart', which in turn resulted in both an irrational desire to rekindle my disappointing singing career, and a very cold head.

As the more observant of you might have noticed, I was more than a little stoned. As such, I saw nothing strange about repeating these events every time David Letterman threw to a commercial break. However, one such time, something happened that struck me as a tad peculiar. A series of noises were coming in through the kitchen window which sounded for all the world like a someone clambering over my back fence. Keen to find out exactly what the ruckus was, I pulled my head out of the freezer, slipped into my loafers, and snuck out the back.

I must have stood outside my back door for nigh on a minute before I realised that most of the clothes were missing from my neighbour's line. Furthermore, there was a series of bare footprints strewn across my yard. "Aha!" I thought. "Some sick monkey has taken off with my neighbour's panties." Satisfied with this diagnosis, I stumbled back indoors where I discovered a half-full bag of Cheetos under the couch.

Next morning my neighbour had the nerve to knock on my door and ask

whether I had heard anything the previous evening. "Not a peep," I replied. I remember her looking at me sideways, pausing, then shuffling off as I closed the door. Later that day, as I was taking in my washing, her flatmate told me that a prowler had reached in through an upstairs window, and that someone else had seen him scrambling over the back fence - stark naked. She also told me that the stolen knickers had been thrown back over the fence, sometime after her flatmate had questioned me on my doorstep.

To cut a long (and largely pointless) story short, if anybody on Little Angus Street was the naked prowler, it was me - not least because I was already notorious for spending most of my spare time in a conveniently removable bathrobe.

Now, of course I wasn't the nude stalker. However, the evidence was such that even I was beginning to have my doubts. I mean, I was pretty stoned that night - I was singing in the goddamn freezer at one point. I decided to keep a low profile for a while, just in case.

The following Sunday I found myself watching golf on television whilst trying to write a Chaucerian verse narrative about a fourteenth-century milkmaid named Clementine. Quite suddenly, there came a terrible pounding on the door.

It was the cops. Or rather, one fairly elderly and overweight cop who had been called in to investigate the return of the naked prowler. Too late, I realised that I was clad only in my robe, which had no belt at the time. This, combined with a fair quantity of scotch and a decent-sized spliff, led me to believe that I was already the prime suspect in the investigation.

Now, you must remember that even though I was quite innocent, I was nevertheless utterly terrified



Stanley poses with neighbour's Mercedes

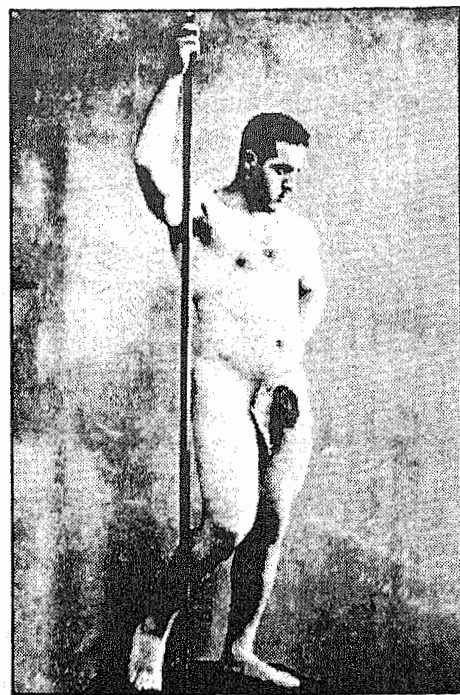
that the fuzz had managed to turn up on my doorstep at that particular hour, with me in that particular state, and in those particular circumstances (i.e., me being barely clothed, monster stoned and already under suspicion). As such, I soon became convinced that I was the naked prowler, and that it was now my job to subtly persuade the police that I wasn't. The officer asked me if I knew anything about the prowler.

"Oh, the prowler! Nope, haven't heard a thing. I've been watching the golf, you see." Nice work Stan - the truth always sounds plausible. "Come to think of it - it was exactly this time last week that we had a prowler."

The officer was impressed. "Why, yes - it was around this time, wasn't it?" He then furrowed his brow and began to scribble in his notebook. Shortly after that, the bumbling fool thanked me for my "input" and bid me good night.

Yessir, I had triumphantly and single-handedly raised myself above suspicion. Good work, Detective George. Needless to say, I slept easily that night.

Okay then, if you've bothered to read this far I suppose I'd better arrive at some kind of point. Here's one: The true criminal knows that aiding an investigation is the best way to appear innocent. Why else do you suppose the Federal Government finally set up a Royal Commission into the collapse of HIH?



*Get back to nature*  
*On Dit's Environment*  
*Edition is next week!*

If you have any articles, letters, pictures, or opinion pieces which are relevant, email them to us at [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au) or bring them down to the office by 5pm Wednesday and we will try to get them published.





# A Whole Page of Big Brother...wow

## For the Affirmative team...

With all my tutes last semester reverting to the topic of *Big Brother* episodes, I found myself hooked on a show that took over Australia. At work I was constantly asked Um...do you sell bunny ears or Pooh Bear pyjamas? Why did we become so obsessed with the everyday lives of others, especially when the housemates were so ordinary and imperfect? The housemates said it themselves in their song, Don't you think that it's strange, that this is interesting to

### I was hooked.

somebody? The level of support for *BB* often bewildered housemates when they were evicted, especially when the housemates were, as Ben so kindly put it, '14 idiots'. Is it a reflection on our society that we have been seduced by *Big Brother* and its housemates? Millions of viewers have tuned in everyday for their daily dose of *BB*, and have come to love the housemates (with a few exceptions.... Anita, Sharna, Andy). It poses the question however, what are we going to do now that *Big Brother* is gone?

*Big Brother* was a strange rat in a cage study of how people interact and their emotions in a fabricated, abnormal situation. As a devoted Sara-Marie fan, I was obviously disappointed with her eviction, however it seems as if she will be the housemate who will go the furthest after the show. Her bum-dancing, bunny-eared, herb-garden, AND THEN antics made her lovable to many viewers, as well as her ability to be both hyperactive and yet also have a sensitive side that made her a fantastic listener. She has not only become a positive role model for body image across Australia, but she is also the best friend most girls wish for. Where are we ever going to find a Sara-Marie substitute

in our lives - what will we do without her??

So what would the *Big Brother* house really be like? Would you do it? Is it worth the fame at the end? Think about it, you are taking a massive step making the commitment to live for up to 3 months with a bunch of strangers, even if you are free to leave at any time. Showering in front of them, eating with them, sharing your highs and your lows with them (and millions of viewers). As

Peter demonstrated, a fart is no longer just a fart when you do it on national television. Privacy is completely abolished, we hear every whis-

pered word between Christina and Peter, we witness every tear and we watch the housemates in their most intimate moments.

With a second series of *Big Brother* on the cards, the demand for places is going to be incredible. Unlike the sequel to *Popstars*, *BB II* would actually get you somewhere in this world (and still with some street cred). But where would they find such a good cast as this round, Flash, Blair the laundry-bathing sex god of the show, Andy the Dominatrix, Sara the bunny-eared strip-club owner, Johnnie Rotten the sensitive gay with bulging biceps, Todd the smelly bongo player, Lisa the fence-sitter, Christina and Pete: the doona-dancing, we need to talk later couple, Jemma the lip-gloss model with never a hair out of place. Maybe it is these eccentricities that made us fall in love with them. But whatever it was, I was hooked. So what will happen for our newly made stars? For the housemates, the future will definitely be where the real money lies. Ben's \$250 000 will only be the beginning of a whirlwind of promotions and guest appearances. Will the stars of *Big Brother* be the TV presenters, models, lead singers of the future? *Big Brother* could really take them anywhere, as after a month, the whole nation knew them by first name.

For viewers, *Big Brother* has created a TV high for us, through understanding and relating to the powerful emotions in the house. For a game, *Big Brother* has exploited the ups and downs of 14 people, and as viewers, we have loved every minute of it. It had only taken a few tears or a fiery argument to entice us to watch. It leaves the question: where will television stations draw the line for reality TV? As Jemma said, 'You're playing with my life here.'

Laura Anderson

## And now for the Negative

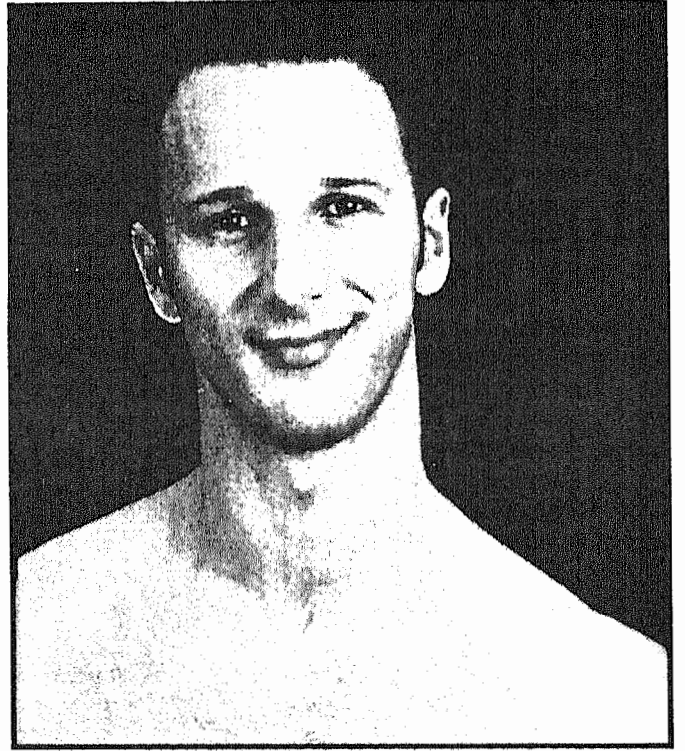
Absolute crap.

There is no better way to describe *Big Brother* and the myriad of other reality TV shows that we have been inundated with recently. Being a Peeping Tom no longer carries the social stigma that it once did because everyone is doing it from the comfort of their own lounge-rooms. Being one of the handful of people who are not addicted to *Big Brother*, I can happily say that I am the better for it.

'What is so wrong with reality TV?' I hear you ask. I would have to say that it is the nation's hunger

for any form of voyeurism that bothers me. I know that the housemates have agreed to be filmed, that in fact they auditioned for the show. That they are there for the fistfuls of cash, and that I could possibly be tempted to do all manner of crazy things for that amount of money. But do they really understand what they are getting themselves in for when they sign up? And just because they agree to do it, does it make it okay for us to watch? Just because a couple are going at it on a park bench, would it be acceptable for me to stand by and gawk at them? I think that most people would frown on that, but they are perfectly happy to organise *Big Brother* nights and become group voyeurs.

The people in the household are handpicked to represent certain stereotypes. Such a cross-section would never be seen sharing a house together in the real world. And that is the important thing to remember. Although it claims to be reality TV, it is certainly not representative of the real world. In what kind of house would all the housemates share a bedroom? And when is real life edited to show what the producers of the show want to get across? What you see on the TV show is really not the whole story. I'm sure some of the housemates have been horrified to find out how they have been portrayed when they get out. What is it about us that we want to see other people's intimate moments? Maybe that we just aren't leading satisfying lives of our own, so we have to resort to spying on other people. What I find most disturbing are the *Big Brother* uncut specials, which are an opportunity to feature as many breast and shower shots as possible. I have even heard that they repeat footage endlessly because in a particular week they haven't got enough flesh shots to titillate the audience.



Even more offensive was that dreadful show *Temptation Island*. Again, I haven't seen any of it on principle, but the concept is absolutely appalling. Now we have started testing couple's relationships, what will be next? Will we end up having game shows like *Series 7*, when it gets to the point that human lives become part of the game? Shows like this thrive on depicting human misery, without achieving any valuable result. A documentary on the plight of starving children in third world countries may increase awareness and aid from the general public. What do other reality television shows achieve? They are simply about entertainment in a very cheap form that they can be sure millions of people will watch. It is hard enough for struggling local actors to get any work in the industry, some of whom may have studied the trade in order to make it their career. Now they are being superseded by untrained so-called ordinary people who have their five minutes of fame simply for being themselves. These people become instant celebrities, but the public will forget about them once the show is over. And thank god it is. Maybe instead of making another series in which people compete with each other like trained monkeys in a zoo, perhaps they can use the \$4

**exploitative,  
voyeuristic...  
absolute crap**

million house as a homeless shelter, abused women's refuge or safe shooting gallery. Maybe then they can alleviate misery rather than televising it.

Poptart





# What I did in my Holidays...

Here I am, sitting on a stranger's bathroom floor. Drunk. Not so unusual. Crying. Not unheard of. Wearing only underpants and sitting in an inch of lukewarm soapy water, scratching and sobbing at the unrelenting white 'body paint' that I have been trying to shower off for the last hour with zero success. The others would help but they are still filming in some other part of the house. Welcome to the wonderful world of student film making.

This story begins, like so many others, with The Chief and I innocently sitting around at his house, playing our own soundtrack to the Friday night football and waiting for something exciting to happen other than the inevitable decision to get a carton of beer and go egging Land Rovers in Springfield.

Conveniently enough for this story, something exciting did happen. The Chief's phone rang. A friend of his, who had just started a media arts production course had been filming all day down at a shack in Pt Willunga. They were "just about to finish" (remember that quote for later) and if we went down there and brought pizza, we could drink as much of their alcohol as we liked. What a truly brilliant plan we cried leaping off of our steadily numbing arses and giving each other all kinds of high-fives. We packed The Love Mobile full of bedding and energy drinks, rang a pizza place and cranked up my tinny-as-a-telephone stereo with some mutually agreeable music (Ah, Fatboy, everybody loves Fatboy).

As with most things like this, getting there and anticipating the rip-roaring good times to be had, far outweighed the actual partying-down we were going to do. We knew that, but we just had no idea how unbalanced the situation would turn out to be.

The first thing we managed to do was arrive right into the middle of a shot that had obviously taken some work to perfect. Normally nothing makes starving students happier than the arrival of free pizza and energy drinks, but as we crashed through the door, fingers in the air yelling "Check it out now! The funk soul brothers!" and showing off all the pizza we had, no-one was there ready with a row of hands for us to high five as we entered. Instead the director just yelled "Cut! Who the fuck are you guys?". After we had all that sorted out, the grumpy crew went back to shooting and The Chief and I were sat in the kitchen and told to sit still, be quiet and drink our beers like good little boys until the adults were finished filming. This seemed fair enough, so we did. For the next four hours.

Remember the quote I told you to put in your memory earlier? Remember it now. The thing about student films is that they always take at least three times as long to do as anyone thinks they will. Also the fun of being on a film set is always, repeat *always* overrated.

Even if you said it was more boring than laying face down in some dirt, you would still be hyping it up too much. Needless to say, by the time 2am rolled around, the novelty of drinking someone else's beer quietly in shack at a sleepy seaside town had long worn off. We were just about prepared to get naked and do a little dance if it meant shaking off the inevitable tedium of someone poking their head around the door every five minutes and whispering harshly, "We're shooting! Don't do that!"

Coincidentally about 2am was the same time that the shooting schedule required "A strange white form" to appear while the heroine was taking a bath and to sneak up on her in a spooky kind of way. By that stage, the idea of being body-painted seemed exciting enough to harden the nipples on a jelly-fish. I agreed straight away and The Chief was handed a tub of white "body-paint" and a foam thingy and was told to paint me up. All of a sudden the evening was looking up. The soccer came on TV, the beer seemed colder and now every five minutes someone would poke their head around the corner and say "Wow! You look... great! Keep up the good work guys!" We were now valued members of that strange little society of film makers. The Chief caked on the body paint in ever increasing layers and I tried to get a small heater to warm up more than one part of my body at once because it was kind of chilly being July and everything.

Eventually I was ready for filming and I was shown into a very funky bath-

room where the heroine was reclining in her bath set into the tiled floor. I was stood in a corner and lit up from various angles until everything was ok. I expected some kind of motive or point of emotional memory to recreate for my big-screen debut, but the director



Sam, all painted up and ready for action

turned out to be more at home with the improvisation technique and told me to "Start low, get higher and act crazy". So I did. I pretended to be someone angry sneaking up on a dead pigeon and that seemed to impress everybody. Or maybe it was the fact that I had so much body paint on that there were no natural creases on my body anymore. That scene was over and the crew moved to a different part of the house to film shoes filled with milk and cat-food ("Oh, one of *those* movies...") so I made use of the bathroom and hopped into the bath to get the 'body paint' off.

I learned something there at 3am. Body paint in its true definition is mostly water-based so that it comes off easily. I was wearing face paint. Face paint is needs to be thicker and more sturdy because it is designed to stay on and looking great for longer (Sam Franzway is sponsored by Maybelline) and so it is oil-based. *Oil-based*, people. The only thing sitting in that warm water did for me was put a ring around it and make the water nice and thick and oily. I abandoned the bath for the shower and kidded myself that the whiteness was getting less until suddenly the director burst in the door and

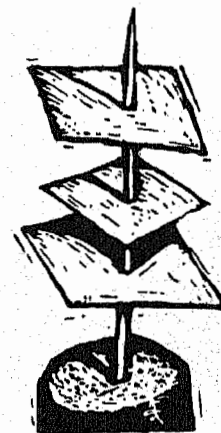
told me to turn the shower off because it was flooding out into the hallway. I looked around me and discovered for the first time that there was literally no floor slope (or shower cubicle might I add - this was actually the director's uncle's funky cottage by the sea). I helped get towels to block the doorway while we stood around in the bathroom pondering the incredibly deep, oily shit the house's drains were in. The bath that I had left an hour previously was still as full of water as it ever was and now more of me than ever was finely covered in white oil-based paint. Now we come full-circle to the beginning. This is where I slump onto the floor and find about five different religions in my pleading to get that horrible stuff off of my body as images of the dead chick at the beginning of *Goldfinger* float through my head. The shooting was almost finished. It had finally become true, ten hours after the statement had been made. I was still drunk and still covered from arse to tip in white paint. We tried moisturiser kindly lent by the director, but it takes generosity bordering on insanity to let some stranger use your entire bottle of Clairol Re-Vitalising Vitamin E just to get some fucking paint off. Eventually I did what any good Australian would do - I cracked the shits and left. I pulled on the clothes I had come in chucked the still very merry Chief in the passenger seat (despite being a great friend, he had been watching the soccer while this went on) and speed off in as tetchy a manner as The Love Mobile would allow. The whole way home I silenced every single person who pulled up alongside us. I stopped dogs barking in back seats and I made kids cry on their way to school. I was a White Ghost out of Pt Willunga and I smiled at no-one.

How did I get it off? As soon as I got home I made sure all naked flames were extinguished and broke out the kero and a new Chux. I never enjoyed the smell of lighter fuel so much as I did that morning. I regard my eyeballs with more respect than my skin so I was left with white eye-liner for about two weeks. The next person to ask me how the rave was gets Doc Marten up the clacker.

Sam Franzway

## CHEAPEST PHOTOCOPYING ON CAMPUS!

8.8 cents\* for a single page.  
11 cents\* for a double sided page  
Coloured inks and paper available.



STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE  
Ground Floor, George Murray Building (adjacent Unibooks)  
Photocopying facility open 9am - 4pm weekdays. Telephone 8303 5406



\*PRICES INCLUDE GST

+

RIP

The Love Mobile passed away  
on the 18th of July.  
It served me well and drove many  
friends around. It had a great turning  
circle, rust, no inside passenger door  
handle and hell of a lot of personality.  
Thanks for all the great times.  
Loved and missed by Sam.

# elections

notice of 2001

## annual student elections

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE AND THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

Election week for the 2001 Annual SAUA and AUU Elections shall be:

Monday, 27th August until Friday, 31st August 2001.

Union nominations open: 9.00 am, Monday 30th July 2001.

SAUA nominations open: 9.00am, Thursday 2nd August, 2001.

All nominations close: 4.00 pm, Friday 10th August 2001

### NOMINATION FORMS SHALL BE AVAILABLE FROM AND LODGED WITH:

- Students' Association Office, Level 2, George Murray Building, Union Complex, North Terrace Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)
- Union Administration Office, Level 3, Lady Symon Building, Union Complex, North Terrace Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)
- RACSUC Office, Union Building, Roseworthy Campus (8.30 am - 3.00 pm)
- WISA Office, Waite Campus (9.00 am - 3.30 pm)

Please Note: Nominations close at RACSUC and WISA offices at close of business, Thursday 9th August.

Nominations from Roseworthy & Waite Campuses can be forwarded to North Terrace until 4pm, Friday 10th August.

### ABOUT NOMINATIONS

Nomination forms shall be available from the opening of nominations at the above locations. Completed nomination forms (including 200 word policy statement and photograph (if desired) for SAUA paid positions, Union Board and Union Activities, and a 100 word policy statement and photograph (if desired) for all other positions) shall be lodged at the above locations by the close of nominations. Upon lodging a nomination form a receipt shall be issued, and candidates shall receive:- SAUA ... a general guide for the conduct of the election and the SAUA Election Regulations; AUU ... a general guide for the conduct of the election and the Union's Election Regulations.

Students who cannot get to the above locations during those hours may receive and/or lodge their nomination form by contacting the Students' Association office by telephone on (08) 8303 5406 or by post (mail to The Returning Officer, Students' Association, University of Adelaide, 5005) or by contacting the Union Administration Office by telephone on (08) 8303 5401 or by post (mail to The Returning Officer, Adelaide University Union, University of Adelaide, 5005). Nomination forms by post MUST BE RECEIVED by the respective offices by close of nomination.

### POSITIONS AVAILABLE FOR ELECTION:

**SAUA PRESIDENT** (1 position, paid, full time) Responsible for the overall co-ordination of SAUA's activities, chief spokesperson for the SAUA and Chair of SAUA Council.

**SAUA EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT** (1 position, paid, half time) Chief student advocate in academic matters and assists students who are having problems with the University's academic procedure.

**SAUA ACTIVITIES/CAMPAIGNS VICE-PRESIDENT** (1 position, paid, half time) Co-ordinator and facilitator of SAUA's activities for students and campaigns to promote student interests during the year.

**SAUA WOMEN'S OFFICER** (1 position, paid, half time, candidates must be female) Responsible for promoting a positive role for women within the University and the community at large, an advocate for women's interests, co-ordinator of women's action on campus and assists student with problems such as sexual harassment and discrimination.

**SAUA ENVIRONMENT OFFICER** (1 position, paid, quarter time) Responsible for co-ordinating SAUA and student projects designed to promote, protect and/or regenerate a sustainable environment in Adelaide, Australia and/or the world.

**SAUA SEXUALITY OFFICERS** (2 positions [1 female, 1 male], paid, each position quarter time,) Responsible for creating awareness of sexuality issues, and to act as a referral service to assist students in locating appropriate organisations, persons & social groups.

**SAUA ORIENTATION CO-ORDINATOR** (1 position, paid, requires a great deal of time in summer holidays, position until mid-March 2002) Responsible for SAUA's 2002 Orientation Programme which includes O'Week, O'Campus, O'Tours, O'Ball and O'Guide.

**ON DIT EDITOR(S)** (1 position, paid, requires many weekends during 2002, up to three students may nominate together to be joint editors) Responsible for the publication of SAUA's student newspaper which is published most weeks during academic term. It is highly desirable that the successful candidate(s) have some knowledge of producing a student newspaper (if you are considering nominating please find out what is involved).

**STUDENT RADIO DIRECTOR(S)** (1 position, paid, up to two students may nominate to be joint-directors) Responsible for the co-ordination of the Student Radio programs on 5UV, the co-ordination and training of students involved in producing programs. It is highly desirable that the successful candidate(s) have knowledge of producing radio programs.

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA COUNCIL** (8 positions, meets fortnightly) The group responsible for determining SAUA policy and the watchdog of SAUA Office Bearers.

Members are expected to contribute to the activities of SAUA.

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA EDUCATION/SERVICES STANDING COMMITTEE** (6 positions)

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA ACTIVITIES STANDING COMMITTEE** (6 positions)

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA WOMEN'S STANDING COMMITTEE** (6 positions)

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA ENVIRONMENT STANDING COMMITTEE** (6 positions)

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA SEXUALITY STANDING COMMITTEE** (6 positions: 3 female, 3 male)

Standing Committees meet monthly, or more often if a special need arises, and are charged with the responsibility of developing action in the respective fields in co-operation with the responsible SAUA office bearer. Members are expected to contribute towards these activities.

**NUS DELEGATES** (5 positions) The National Union of Students is the body that is charged with the responsibility of representing student interests. Delegates are expected to attend State and National conferences of NUS and contribute to the development of policy and action at a State and National Level.

**GENERAL MEMBER OF UNION BOARD** (18 positions) Union board is the governing body of the Union. Board is directly responsible for the Union Complex.

The Union also provides funding for affiliate bodies of the organisation. The Board meets monthly and has various sub-committees in which Board members are expected to participate. Any members wishing to stand for this position must be over 18.

**GENERAL MEMBER OF UNION ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE** (5 positions) The Union Activities Committee is responsible for organising Union activities for students. The Committee meets monthly and members are expected to help in creating Union activities projects.

**NOMINATIONS RECEIVED AFTER THE CLOSE OF NOMINATIONS SHALL NOT BE ACCEPTED.**

Only students of the University of Adelaide may nominate. A student may only nominate for one paid position.

For time and place of voting, please see the forthcoming notice that details polling places.

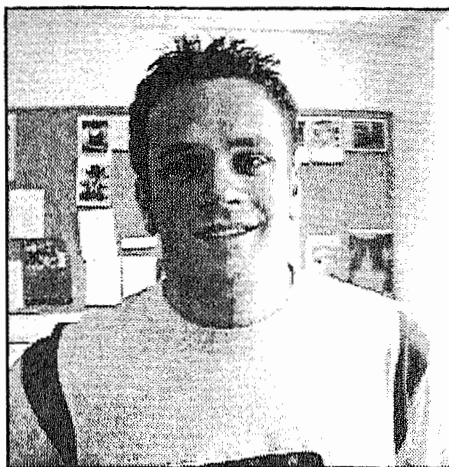
For further information contact the respective office bearer, Tom Radzevicius - SAUA President,

Jane Kelsall - SAUA Office Manager or the Returning Officer.

Telephone (08) 8303 5406 / (08) 8303 5401







## Tom Radzevicius President

Welcome back, I hope you all had a refreshing break and are ready to roll for semester 2!!

### National Education Conference

During the mid-year break I attended the National Education Conference held in Sydney at the University of New South Wales. The conference was a meeting of education officers and

activists from all round the country.

The conference provided a great opportunity to find out what is happening on other campuses around the country, to share ideas and to gain skills for dealing with issues that are common to all Universities. I was particularly interested in the issue of University governance and attended a workshop on the impact of student representation within University committees. This is vitally important to all student organisations as if we don't know what is happening or how to intervene within the University management and administration structure it is very hard for us to act on any of the complaints or concerns you as students bring to us.

The SAUA is now better equipped to handle the issues that are raised within the University and we shall be applying these new techniques in the coming months to ensure that we are representing you to the best of our ability. As usual I will be reporting the workings of the major committees and boards that meet within the University as they happen, so watch this space!

cessible education and an end to the corporate control of Universities.

### Internet Charges

Some students would be aware that as from next year the University plans on changing the nature of student allowances to internet access. The Students' Association is planning on running a campaign to highlight student dissatisfaction at having to pay for internet use, and other ancillary fees which should be included as part of students HECS payments.

### Youth Allowance Forum

Last semester the Education Department ran a Youth Allowance forum to provide students with information about eligibility and access to Youth Allowance, Rent Assistance and other forms of income support. We will be hosting another forum in the next few weeks for all those students who missed out on the first one.

Contact the SAUA Education department on 08 8303 3898, or e-mail [education@saua.asn.au](mailto:education@saua.asn.au)

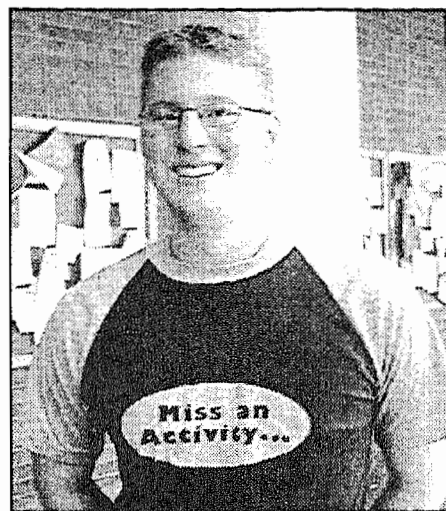
next week, which will be sure to bring you gently back into the swing of uni life. Don't worry, it doesn't start until Wednesday the 1st of August, so you won't need to get out of bed until then!

Over the mid semester break I attended the Students and Sustainability Conference at Newcastle Uni in NSW. It was an absolutely amazing week filled with forums on hot environmental issues, field trips to local Newcastle sites of environmental significance, and student activism. It was great to be a part of such a positive meeting of environmental minds, with students, academics and activists travelling from all around Australia. The area has been a steelworks for many years, and has been polluted by BHP. It was good to see where areas of the Hunter river have regenerated into natural mangrove swamps after a vast majority of the industry has ceased. Check out the Environment Edition next week for articles on pressing Environmental issues.



## Georgie Perks Environment Officer

I would like to welcome everyone back to another fabulous semester of uni. Don't know about you, but it doesn't even feel like I have been on holidays. Lucky for you it's environment week



## Mark Henderson Activities/Campaigns V.P.

Welcome back, I hope that you have all had a great break. We've been working hard over the holidays to make sure that there is stuff happening this semester.

### Events This Semester

The department has two major events this term. The first of these is the SAUA Dance Party which is going

to be held on the 10th of August. This is the Friday of week three. This will be a chance to get your dancing shoes on and let your hair down. It will be held in the bar and we will have drink promotions on the night.

The second event is the rescheduled Black Tie Ball. It will be held in Bonython Hall on the 8th of September, the last Saturday during term three. The format will be similar to that of the Law and Med Balls.

### Activities Standing Committee

Keep your eyes on this space to find out when the next ASC meeting will be, we would love you to come along and have your say in the department.

### Friday Night

As always there will be a BBQ in the bar this Friday night so come up and enjoy the food and feel free to give feedback.

## And, in other developments...

### The Stephan Cole the Elder Prizes for Excellence in Teaching

On 14 June 2001 the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Education) and Provost convened the Selection Committee of the Stephen Cole the Elder Prizes for Excellence in Teaching. The prizes are awarded annually to academic staff whose teaching is regarded by students and academic colleagues as being of excellent quality.

The Selection Committee considered the nominations for the 2001 Prizes to be of excellent quality. The following successful nominees were selected:

Dr Amanda LeCouteur, Department of Psychology

Dr Joy McEntee, Department of English (awarded for excellence in teaching in the first five years of teaching)

Dr Simon Pyke, Department of Chemistry

Dr Anthony Pohl, Department of Orthopaedics and Trauma (awarded the postgraduate prize)

Each prize consists of a monetary award of \$5,000, to be used by the winners to help them with the further development of their teaching activities, and a certificate to be presented at the appropriate commemoration ceremony. The Selection Committee also awarded high commendations in recognition of achievements in teaching to the following nominees:

Dr John Makeham, Centre for Asian Studies

Ms Lyn Travar, School of Architecture, Landscape Architecture and Urban Design

Further information about the Prizes can be obtained from

[http://www.adelaide.edu.au/DVC/quality/stephen\\_cole\\_prize.html](http://www.adelaide.edu.au/DVC/quality/stephen_cole_prize.html)

### Campus Computer Shop now run by Next Byte

The Hughes Plaza computer shop, after a brief period of being run by the now defunct Buzzle Computers, has been taken over by Next Byte. The 6-year-old Australia-wide company based in Adelaide, Apple's number one reseller in Australia, will continue to provide Apple Mac computers, software, equipment and service to the Adelaide University market. Next Byte, which provides the computers used to produce *On*

*Dit*, has a national network of computer shops which allows it to deliver quickly and will endeavour to have stock available when needed. Next Byte also offers training with any Mac purchased.

The shop is located in Hughes Plaza and is open 8.30am to 5.30pm weekdays and 10.00am to 2.00pm every Saturday. You can reach it on 8359 3211.

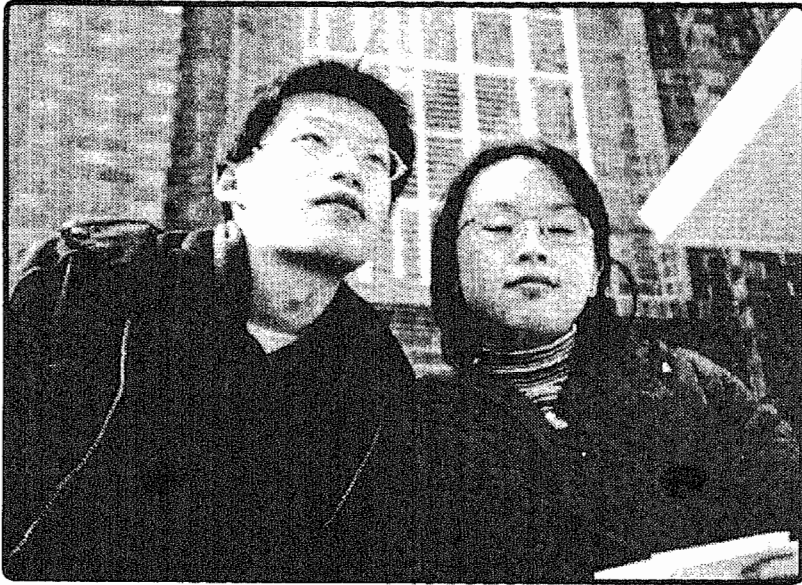
**Don't forget to submit any environment-related material for next week's On Dit Environment Edition. If you don't, be careful - we may know where you live.**



# VOX

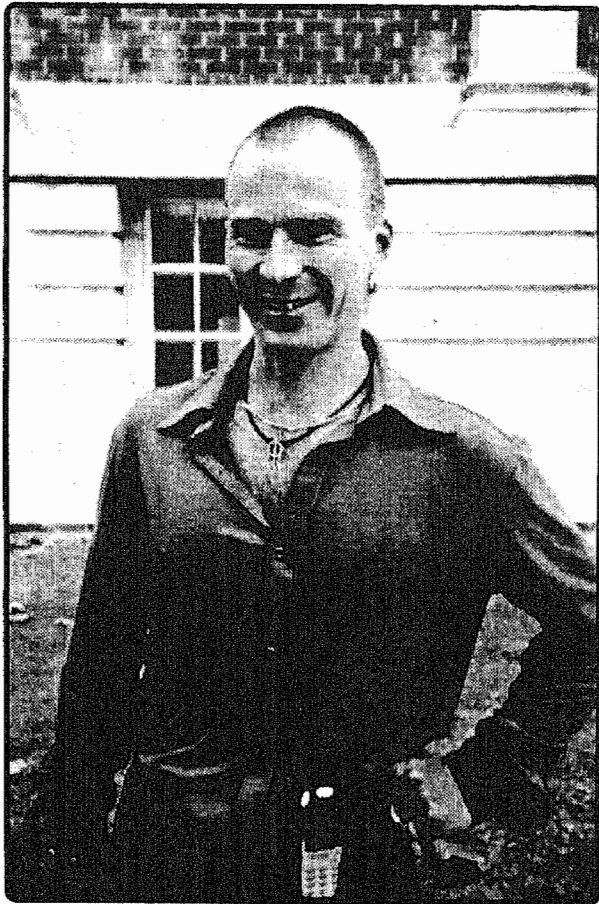
**Questions:**

1. What do you fear the most?
2. Tell us about your first childhood memory?
3. In your own words, why did they axe *Hey Hey It's Saturday*?



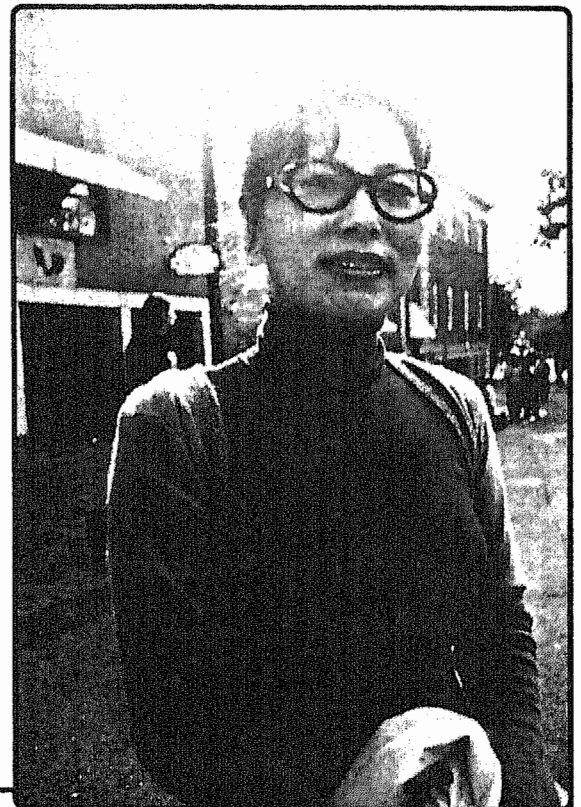
Chi-Ho & Ming-Ting  
*Hello, my name is Mr Burns*

1. CH: Thinking about my fears.  
MT: Failing exams.
2. CH: Watching TV.  
MT: Drawing a picture in the garden.
3. CH: I didn't watch it.  
MT: I have no idea what you're talking about.



The BEER Winner Is...  
Dylan and Tristan.  
Come to the On Dit  
Office to collect your  
prize. Thanks Tony!  
Thanks Southwark!

- Gus  
*No, they weren't all happy days*
1. The top button.
  2. Laying on the bed getting tickled when I was three.
  3. I guess it just wasn't popular anymore.



- Kyang Hee Lee  
*Oh \$20 - I wanted a peanut!*
1. My job prospects for the future.
  2. Painting when I was little.
  3. It wasn't for the whole family – kids know too much here.

Rachel & Robyn  
*I like stories!*

1. Rac: Getting asked questions.  
Rob: Snakes.
2. Rac: I was two years old, running away from my dad who was trying to get me into the bath.  
Rob: Getting a whizzy when I was three.
3. Rac: I didn't watch it.  
Rob: Ossie Ostrich died. The show died.





# POP

Gary Glitter

*Play that funky music white boy*

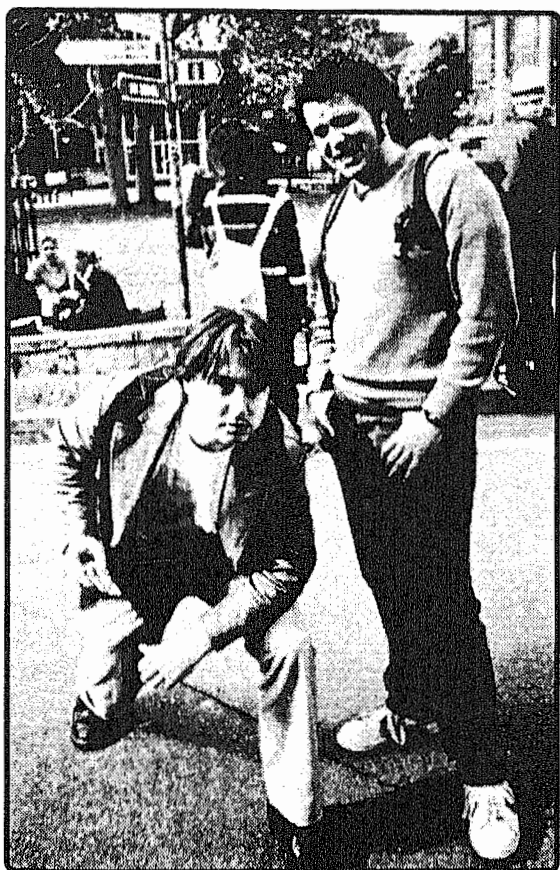
1. Being sent to prison where I shall be denied the beautiful sound of children playing in the sun.
2. Mmmmmm....children.
3. Not enough glitter.



Alice

*Do you come with the car?*

1. Being on a plane that crashes in the alps.
2. Falling off a chair backwards and ending up in hospital when I was two.
3. Cloning plot: Daryl Somers and Ray Martin.



John & Peter

*International men of leisure*

1. J: Golf.  
P: Smurfs playing golf.
2. J: Swimming in blood, there was a light at the end of a tunnel. Then I had a pizza attached to my navel.  
P: Corduroy nappies.
3. J: Ossie Ostrich signalled the downfall.  
P: A lot of people couldn't handle the cutting edge wit of John Blackman.

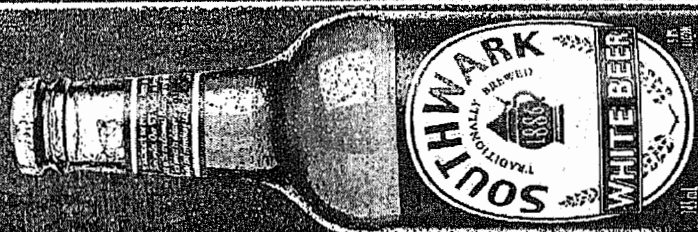


Dylan & Tristan

*Me so hungry*

1. D: Spilling my iced coffee.  
T: Being the one who spilt his iced coffee.
2. D: Cracking my head open on the side of a chair.  
T: Screaming at my parents: "I WANT HAMI"
3. D: It was a conspiracy theory between the puppets.  
T: After Ossie left, it just wasn't the same.

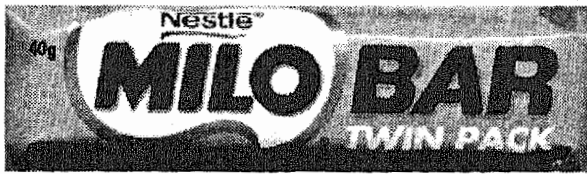
BREWED WITH WHEAT.  
NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.





# Consumer Watchdog

This week the Consumer Watchdog reviews all of those little known and under-appreciated chocolate bars. You know the ones, those that sit neglected on the shelf of every deli and supermarket, being passed over for favourites such as the Cherry Ripe and Snickers Bars. Well, we here at *On Dit* have decided that enough is enough. It is time to let the unknown chocolate bars shine. Now, we know that many of these bars are made by Nestle and Nestle are bad because they are (allegedly) responsible for the deaths of small children in third world countries. Let your conscience decide.



## Nestle Milo Bar 40gms

Remember when you were a kid and you used to grab a spoon and dig it into the Milo tin and eat it straight while your mother was in the shower? I certainly do. Over at the Nestle research centre they finally realised what a generation of 5-10 year-olds had known all along, that Milo was better without the milk. The Milo Bar has the right amount of stick-to-your-teeth-and-tongue glugginess that we all so enjoyed about the stolen teaspoons of our childhoods. It comes conveniently packaged in two parts so you can eat one now and save one for later or share it easily with a friend without getting someone's fingers all over the proceedings. This one is an all round good chocolate bar which is certainly better than the over-chewy Snickers bar.



## Fry's Turkish Delight 55 gms

Yummy! Some people forget that the Turkish Delight is a chocolate bar, but it is definitely one of my faves. The Turkish Delight is nice and sweet and has the perfect texture, and with 60% less fat than the average leading chocolate bar it is also a wise choice for slimmers.



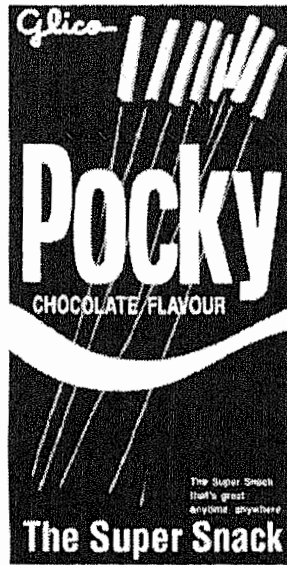
## Nestle Peppermint Crisp 35gms

This one is described on the packet to be 'Peppermint Cracknel covered in Milk Chocolate'. 'Cracknel'? Is this a reference to Ruth Cracknell, star of Australian television hit *Mother and Son*? Whatever it is, it tastes good and is crunchy.



## Mars Almondites 50gms

Righto, the cousin of the much loved but somewhat over-rated Mars Bar is far superior. They have taken out some of the major chewy factor of the original Mars and added almonds and extra nougat. How could it not work? Everyone loves almonds. So say no to the normal Mars and give the Almondites a go.



## Pocky Chocolate Flavour Super Snack

Chocolate flavour hardly lets this snack qualify under the 'chocolate bar' category, but I'll let that slide this time. These seem to be imported from Thailand or somewhere else that has lax labelling laws and so has left off the ingredients list altogether. I couldn't find a use-by date either. But if you are feeling adventurous then pop on down to the nearest Asian grocer next time you have a craving for biscuit dipped in dodgy compound chocolate and you might just like these.



## Nestle Smarties - Create-A-Mix 45gms

Smarties... a childhood favourite of mine which I have been sad to witness the demise of due to an overly slick marketing campaign by M&M's. Well, Smarties are certainly trying to get that market back with some crazy new ideas - one of which includes having three mascots a la the Olympics to help sell the product. These three, Akira, Djk and Lady Xzeu are infinitely more slick than Millie and co but just as pointless. The other idea Smarties have come up with is to make the crispy coloured shell flavoured. What a genius idea. Tutti-frutti, honeycomb, banana and caramel, to name a few, add extra excitement to this delicious sweet.



## Viking with Guarana 60gms

This is basically a slightly inferior Mars Bar with guarana added to justify the 'chocolate bar with horns' slogan printed on the packet. Obviously they mean 'horns' in some kind of metaphorical sense, as the bar itself was just an ordinary rectangular block like so many others. I suppose you could take these things with you when you go out clubbing to help you keep on going until dawn.



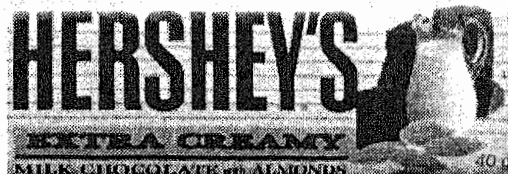
## Carob Malt'n'Ginger 50gms

Carob doesn't really belong here on this page but some people like this kind of thing so here it is. As carob goes, it's quite nice. The malt makes it taste a little like bad home brewed beer. But personally I would rather a Cherry Ripe - even if it was one of those milk chocolate ones.



## Honey Malt Halo 29gms

The less said about this one the better. It is meant to be one of those 'lite' bars which means it contains artificial sweeteners. And you know what that means... in small type on the back of the packet the words 'may have a laxative effect'. Sickly sweet and kind of weird-tasting.



## Hershey's Extra Creamy Milk Chocolate with Almonds 40gms

This is really delicious. The almonds were scorched which added something extra to the equation.



## Cadbury 'New Mint' Crunchie 45gms

I've never been a huge fan of the Crunchie bar. All that honeycomb made my teeth feel strange. But a mint Crunchie was a different situation altogether. Expecting some kind of crazy green honeycomb arrangement, I was quite disappointed to find that the mint was built into the chocolate. I don't know who thought that the marriage of mint and honeycomb was a good idea, either. However this one is a 'limited edition' chocolate bar and you don't see many of those, do you?

By Prof. Dumbledore



# Coopers

## eat, drink and be merry

### Restaurant of the Week Chinatown Café

**Where:** In Chinatown, Moonta Street, near the two food courts, look for the sandwich board.

**Who goes there:** Anyone in search of a cheap and excellent meal. Students, families and, on weekdays, way too many lawyers from the nearby law courts with their ties flicked back over their shoulders while tucking into a Laksa.

**Atmosphere:** Slightly seedy but not at all unpleasant. The girls who work there are sometimes a little surly, but they are dealing with irritating lawyer types every day. Don't be put off by dirty tables because they will be cleared away quickly by the efficient staff. The dodgy art on the walls also adds a nice touch. It is also fun to see what crazy outfit the slightly plump waitress is wearing each time you go.

**What it serves:** There is a wide selection of noodle and rice dishes to choose from with all your favourites inevitably appearing on the menu. The Mee Goreng is good, their wontons are excellent and their curry chicken rice is even better. I also have it on good knowledge that their Fried Keow Teow is the very best you can get in Adelaide. They also have vegetarian options available and will do a special order for you if you don't like bean sprouts or something. All the noodle dishes are cooked to order, so they come to you hot and fresh. Remember to collect your own cutlery, serviettes and condiments at the table at the front before you sit down.

**Why we like it:** Because it is cheap, the servings are large and everything tastes great. Service is fast and you are in and out quickly. It is also cheap. This is not really a place to linger over your meal for hours. Cheap. The laksa and soup dishes are especially excellent in winter as they warm you up like a hug from the inside. Cheap. Cheap.

**Any complaints:** Chinatown Café gets very busy around lunch-times and the staff have developed an excellent system to ensure everyone gets served as quickly as possible. Unfortunately due to sheer selfishness many people don't follow the system. This is unforgivable. You need to order **before** you reserve a seat and you will be given the next available seat. I guess some people don't trust the system, but that just fucks it up for the rest of us. So be patient and go with the system.

**Prices:** Everything is about \$5.50 or \$5.70 at the most and the drinks are reasonably priced. They also supposedly have a selection of Asian buns and cakes, but I have never seen these being sold. They also do takeaway and are open 7 days from approx 11am until 4pm except on Fridays when they open until 8:30pm.

Annabel

( H I N A T O W N

### Pub of the Week The Exeter

Okay, it was inevitable that we were going to review the Exeter. All our drunken nights out end up there, all our editorial meetings happen there, and all our drowning of sorrows occurs in a dark corner of the beer garden. It's our favourite pub, if only because it is so damn reliable.

**Where:** Rundle Street - as if you didn't know.

**Who goes there:** Anyone really. If you are lucky, you may catch some of Adelaide's best and brightest student politicians hacking out a deal or licking their wounds after a Council meeting. If you are after a more...colourful night out then venture into the side bar. It's a different world.

**Atmosphere:** Excellent! (well, we think so anyway) If you get one of the exclusive but not impossible-to-obtain outside tables you can sit back and watch the Rundle Street parade in a most comfortable fashion. If you are in a slightly larger group, the big welcoming tables of the beer garden can always squeeze in one more guest. This place is relaxed. It doesn't matter what you are wearing, who you are with or what you are drinking, there is no need to pose (although it definitely has its fair share of posers). The band Kenny's Window is a regular Monday night occurrence and is well worth going along to listen for its amazing violinist and haunting, melancholy sound.

**What it serves:** Almost all of the Coopers beers are on tap. They also have quite a good selection of wines, and lunch is served from 12-2:30. Burgers, Laksas and some more elaborate dishes as well are pretty reasonably priced. We've never been to one of their curry nights, but those are meant to be pretty good as well.

**Why we like it:** Well, there is the beer garden, of course. And the bar staff are generally pretty nice, which is unusual in this age of bar staff being surly and obnoxious. And it never takes too long to get served either. Right now they have a mini exhibition up in one of the rooms of an Adelaide artist which adds a nice touch. The management changed hands earlier this year and should be congratulated on keeping it exactly how we liked it. We hear that Kevin, the manager, has only good things to say about *On Dit* as well.

**Any complaints:** Well, we don't really like one of the bouncers - observations of him have led us to believe he may be slightly unstable and also violent. The other bouncers are pretty nice though. Oh yeah, and once when we went there they had some terrible organised poetry night thing going on. The less said about that the better. Some more toilets wouldn't go astray either, but some things can't be helped.

**Prices:** Pretty standard Rundle Street rates, but now and then they have a good special so take advantage. Their meals are all reasonably priced and are large serves.

Melissa and Penny

### Spicy Pumpkin Soup

#### Ingredients

2 tblspn unsalted butter  
1 large onion, chopped  
1 1/2 cups of chicken stock  
3 cups pumpkin puree  
1/4 tspn nutmeg  
1/2 cup cream or yoghurt  
any spices you like - we suggest chilli, pepper or paprika

#### Method

Make pumpkin puree by chopping half a large pumpkin into large pieces. Microwave for about 10-15 minutes until soft. Mash them up. Heat butter in a large saucepan over medium heat, add onion and cook for 2 minutes. Add the stock, pumpkin puree and nutmeg and other spices. Simmer gently until mixture boils. Stir in cream or yoghurt and serve immediately. Garnish with fresh parsley if you are that way inclined.

## Australian Made, Australian Owned

# The secret life of crap

## The things dodgy students will do for food

'Poor university student will work for food.' As funny as this looks attached to the rear bumper of a dying Mazda 323, this is my life! From the ripe age of fourteen, I was plucked from my family home and set out onto the road of crap casual employment. From that day, my life has been a roller coaster ride from one pathetic job to the next, with over 22 jobs, 5 resignations, 7 bootings, 50 job interviews, 1000 resume drops (this is a slightly exaggerated figure) and a bag of sunshine! This is my tour guide Adelaide!

Today, boys and girls, we are going to explore the working world in a way you probably have never done before. We are going to focus on the crappiest of my crap jobs and I will endeavour to pass on my vast knowledge of bad employment as a source of advice for all those eager beavers out there currently looking for their dream job!

Our tour begins at my first ever job at Marion Small Animal Hospital. I started working at the hospital after school and on weekends with my dad as you could say that this is our family business. I made \$20.00 an hour and was always the richest kid in the tuck shop line, queuing up for 100s of those funny face icy poles. 'What's so crap about this?' you may ask. To make such great money there is always a catch, boys and girls. My job description was 'Pet Nurse Aide' which is a nice, round-

about way of describing a shit shoveller. Often up to my elbows in dog do, for a little over 2 years, I cleaned out dog cages and washed countless poopy kitty litter trays!!

Stop 2 on our journey is Glenelg Community Hospital where I worked in the kitchen handing out meals to the sick patients. The perks of this job were cute injured footballers though they were few and far between and the sexy little nurse's uniform I got to wear with the cleavage enhancing zip, a dress that I still wear from time to time around the house or in the bedroom. The flaws of this job, however, by far outweighed the few perks. Considering the mainly elderly population of Glenelg, the hospital was basically an expensive private nursing home for the geriatrics. Senile men were constantly flashing me their dried prune-like balls and, as I was only 15, this experience scarred me sexually for many years to come.

Later, while working at a pizza bar in North Adelaide, I experienced Italian culture at its best. Angelo, one of

the main pizza makers and close and personal friend to the owners, the Pirelli family, was always spying on the female waitresses, the female customers, the females

who walked past outside, the females who worked in the florist next door, and all young females in general. He was always trying to convince one of us to go with him to the cold room out back, where he

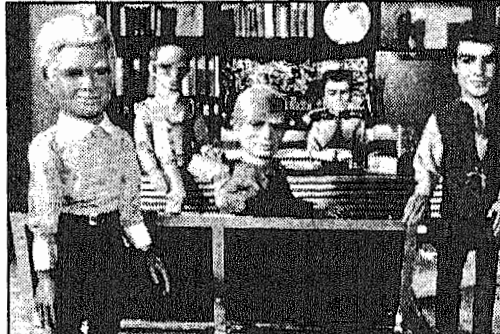
was convinced that he could show us why Italians are famous for being fabulous lovers. If you could imagine a guy with so much gel in his hair that it always looked dripping wet, a body covered in more hair than you ever thought humanly possible, wearing a white bonds Singlet, Adidas pants, a gold crucifix around his neck amongst a mass of other gold chains, and tattoos partially hidden on his arms and back by all the hair, you would know Angelo. He was always talking about all the supermodels he had boofed the previous night that coincidentally none of us had ever seen. We were sceptical to say the least until one night Angelo hit the jackpot. A 30 something fading beauty

had for some bizarre reason taken a shining to Angelo and they consummated their untamed passion in the girls' toilets of all places. 20 minutes later, and with his fly still undone, Angelo returned to the kitchen and continued to make pizzas a proud man. Later that same week, while delivering one of Angelo's pizza's I was trapped in the elevator at 'Stormy's' for a whole hour, perhaps a story for another time!

There are many lessons that need to be learnt if you are ever to find that dream job.

1. Never work with animals, old people, or Italians named Angelo
2. Never eat 100 funny faces in one sitting, it really isn't all that funny
3. If a job seems too good to be true, chances are it is.
4. Beware, there is always a catch.
5. Be cautious of any place of employment that requires you to recite a stupid yet catchy slogan, for example "Like it, charge it, at Harris Scarfe"
6. Never be forced to wear a cleavage enhancing uniform.
7. CMAX drug trials are the only way to go if you need large wads of cash fast. You can make at least \$2,500 for a good kidney these days, though never take the first offer given to you, they may pay more on the black market!

Vespa



The model workforce



## counter calendar

2001 SURVEY

The Counter Calendar is the alternative subject guide for students at Adelaide University produced annually by your Students' Association in an effort to better inform you of your options for your next year of study. Whereas the University Calendar is produced to tell you the academic aims of each subject, the Counter Calendar is here to tell you what it's really like to study each subject from the perspective of students who have already studied it. This information is obtained via surveys such as this one and, as such, the Counter Calendar would not be possible without your contribution. So get stuck into it comrades, you know you want to...

ACADEMIC PROGRAM (COURSE)

\_\_\_\_\_

COURSE (SUBJECT)

\_\_\_\_\_

POINTS (UNITS)

LEVEL

SEMESTER 1/2/FULL YEAR

LECTURER/S

\_\_\_\_\_

TUTOR/S

\_\_\_\_\_

BASIC DESCRIPTION OF LECTURES/TUTORIALS

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

WHAT DID THE ASSESSMENT CONSIST OF?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

HOW MUCH TIME DID YOU HAVE TO SPEND ON THE SUBJECT OVERALL? (ie. how many contact hours/study hours per week? Was this easily achievable without affecting your other subjects?)

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

IN WHAT WAY/S, IF ANY DID THE FACULTY/ DEPARTMENT PROVIDE SUPPORT TO YOU IN AID OF YOUR STUDIES? (eg. availability of lecturers/tutors for consultation, computers etc.)

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

WHERE THERE ANY ANCILLARY FEES OR ADDITIONAL COSTS IMPOSED?(eg. photocopying, printed notes, field trips etc.)

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

OF THE PRESCRIBED TEXTBOOKS, WHICH ONES WERE USEFUL AND WHICH ONES WEREN'T?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

ANY OTHER ADVICE/WARNINGS/COMMENT YOU WISH TO ADD?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

RATING OUT OF 10

\_\_\_\_\_

Thankyou for taking the time to fill out this survey. Please place your completed survey into one of the Counter Calendar boxes around campus or drop it into the SAUA Office. For more information about Counter Calendar, please contact the Editors Kate Stryker, Jayne Lewis or Jenny Kalionis at the Students' Association on 8303 5406.





# "Good God man, what about ya!" The Northern Ireland Experience

As many of you would be aware, it is now the marching season in Northern Ireland. It is a time of year when tensions amongst Protestants and Catholics reach boiling point as the loyalist orange order traditionally celebrate the victory of the Protestant army of King Billy over the Catholic army of King James by marching through parade routes in Catholic areas. In response to this, Northern Ireland is of two minds at this time of the year more than any other. Catholics let the world know they are by painting their streets orange, green and white; Protestants do the same by painting theirs with Union Jacks. Every pole on every street is draped with up to five flags. A naive stranger in the area may be forgiven for thinking there was a carnival going on rather than a war. The Catholic IRA and the Protestant paramilitary groups such as the UFF, UDF and UVF ensure their community's involvement by door-knocking residents to let them know that non-participation in marches or attacks would result in nasty consequences.

Many in Northern Ireland argue that those involved in the violence only use religion as a face to the true nature of the violence and that is which group will gain control of the large and ever growing drug market in Northern Ireland. One could argue that today's violence is the result of mafia style wars for the control of new territory in which to sell drugs. An example of this can be seen in the recruiting style of paramilitary groups, as they set up parties with free alcohol and drugs, as soon as potential members are suitably fucked, out comes a bible on which they are forced to swear their loyalty to the group. Failure to follow orders after such a ceremony results in a bullet in the back of the head.

I was in Northern Ireland this time last year, more specifically I was working in a pub called Romas and was staying with relatives in the (relatively) Protestant town of Newtownards. It was common knowledge that this pub had been blown apart in 1996 by the IRA, and was now sitting six inches further away from the street as a result. Don't get me wrong, I love Ireland and the Irish people, but they actually have a night called Bomb Fire Night at the peak of the marching season where people gather to set fire to things, namely gardens, houses, cars, and each other. It was like the original Devils Night. I was to work on this night and before work we had a meeting about any notorious characters to watch out for, to look for unattended parcels and to clear glasses from the table immediately so they could not be used as weapons. The night was a big one and everyone seemed to be in a good mood, I was invited to a few parties and decided to go to one in a housing estate area called the West Winds (my relatives went ballistic at me after I told them this). The night started out great, everyone was soon smashed and was about to head

home when there was a loud crack. Someone had lit a fire outside of the house on a nearby grassy area and the heat from the fire had cracked the window! Everyone started to panic and we fled the house into a taxi as the fire was extinguished only meters from the



*In Ireland the IRA are all part of the fun*

house. This was not the only time such panic occurred. One afternoon I was walking down to the neighbourhood service station to buy bread and milk when a large truck with army markings drove toward me, when it passed I saw it had around twenty armed troops in the back as there had been word of IRA movement in the area. That night my Auntie, who was a prison officer in Belfast, was told that she might be the target of an attack due to the nature of her job. While she was accustomed to such threats I was not and so was drilled on what to do. I was also given a fire extinguisher to go to bed with.

People familiar with the troubles in Northern Ireland might be familiar with the Falls and Shankill Roads in Belfast. These roads are at the heart of the conflict, as they are, respectively, the headquarters of the Republican and Loyalist movements and are also the main recruiting grounds. A twenty-meter high corrugated iron fence to prevent the two groups from meeting separates the two roads. I decided to see what was going on myself and walked them both. Firstly, the Protestant dominated Shankill Road. I was blinded by the immense amount of red, white and blue. There was evidence of bomb damage everywhere, litter filled the streets, the surgery was the largest and most prominent building on the street and was scattered with bullet holes. Murals celebrating violence decorated people's homes. This was in sharp contrast to the scene on the Falls Road. Houses were modern and beautiful; those with murals were more religious in nature with Mary and baby Jesus being a common theme. It was obvious to see what difference the huge American investment had made, as tens of millions of Irish expats had raced to help the IRA in its battles against the nasty Protes-

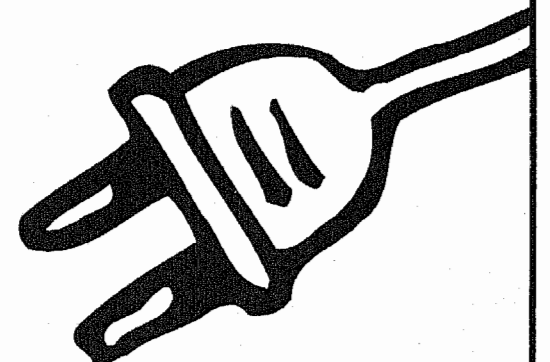
tants. I went and had a pint of Guinness in the 'Celtic Bar' on the Falls Road (I made sure I was wearing a green shirt), and sat in the back room and it was one of the most amazing experiences I had in Northern Ireland and the walls were adorned with poems written

enter the pubs collecting money for the prisoners and their families, how much of the money that actually got to the prisoners is unknown.

Northern Ireland provided me with the most intense experiences of my trip, and also the best times. The BBC about the goings on in Northern Ireland only gives us reports, but when I witnessed it for myself I found out a lot more about life. The Irish people can be enemies as next-door neighbours but in another environment, such as an overseas holiday, they can enjoy each other's company and have a laugh. Rather than an entire nation at war, it is the influence of a handful of troublemakers that determines the peace in Northern Ireland. While Northern Ireland is essentially governed in London, many English see the troubles as being nothing to do with them and a waste of their money. Irish politicians are elected on their religious background, not on talent or policies. Protestants despise Catholic minister for Education Martin McGuinness as he is believed to be directly involved with the murder of Protestants in the past. Last year's Good Friday agreement resulted in the freedom of hundreds of IRA and paramilitary personnel, just in time to fight the escalating war.

**Anthony Bak**

by IRA snipers and pictures of IRA accomplishments over the years. There were also shrines to dead IRA heroes. In discussion with my Auntie about this bar, she told of how on Friday and Saturday nights men in balaclavas used to



## ACADEMIC BOARD CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

Nominations are open for a student place on the University of Adelaide Academic Board for the year 2001. Address your application of 150 words to Tom Radzevicius, SAUA President and The Students' Association of the University of Adelaide Council. Applications to be handed in at the SAUA Office (ground floor, George Murray Building, Union Complex) by 5.00pm, Wednesday August 1st, 2001. For more information, please call Tom Radzevicius at the Students' Association on 8303 5406.



# GENERATION TEEVE

## Orwell Would Turn in his Grave (Is Orwell Actually Dead? I Dunno)

*Big Brother.* I had to mention it some-time. I just hate the feeling that I'm only adding to the 'hype', although I'm not sure if said 'hype' actually exists. Very few people I know actually *watch* the programme, and those that do, do it spasmodically at best, and in the same kind of way that mediaeval monks used to flagellate themselves—revelling, like the sick fucks that they are, in self-imposed torture. Hmminmm...I love the smell of mental mutilation in the evening.

So Sara-Marie, Ben, or Blair? I guess by the time of publication we'll know the answer to the question on, well, nobody's lips—least of all mine. One thing is for certain, though: bunny ears are going to have 'those' associations for a long, long time to come. And as for pussycat ears, well, I can't look at them without thinking about self-important domanatrixs. Or is the plural of 'domanatrix', 'dominatixi'?

But the question that *has been* on everybody's lips, pretty much from the first episode, is: *How Crap Is Big Brother?* Pretty damned crap. "Tonight on *Big Brother*: Johnnie comforts someone he just nominated; Sara-Marie lounges on the sofa; Jemma applies lip gloss; Christina does the dishes'. Ohhhhhhhhhhh—now *that's* entertainment. And the lengths the producers will go to in order to try and generate conflict and excitement are incredible, like the pre-ad break voiceovers that say things like, 'Coming up on *Big Brother*, tragedy strikes one of the house members', followed by footage of Jemma going 'Ow, I sprained my wrist'. Or 'Coming up on *Big Brother*, Johnnie reveals a terrible secret'—'Hey, guys, we're nearly out of milk'. Gimme a break.

But why were we all so surprised? Put *any* group of people together and they'll end up talking about boinking and bikini waxes—of *course* filming the *Big Brother* household is going to be just as boring as filming your or my household. 'Coming up on *Big Brother*: Jayne watches teeve and scratches her arse...and then makes curry for dinner'.

The thing I *really* want to know, though: what is the point of the 'challenges'? Even the *Survivor* challenges had more dignity than this. And if the point was to break it up a little and provide some more stimulating viewing...

*you failed.*

Didn't the novelty of watching people showering wear off quickly? I glimpsed *BB* only very spasmodically, but I'm sure there are far fewer showering scenes in there. Except maybe for in *Big Brother Uncut*, which seems to be just an excuse to play cheesy music and show norgs—and which I just *cannot* watch. Don't get me wrong: tits are great. Hell, I have them myself, and the sight of a little nipple action doesn't bother me at all—unless it's gratuitous. And *BB Uncut* is the most gratuitous norg action I've seen since the atrocious *Pleasure Island*.

Overall, I wonder at the kind of people who are willing to subject themselves to that kind of scrutiny—not to mention that kind of bondage to a television network for as long as you'll be able to move copies of *TV Week*. Quite frankly, some things are sacred—like bathroom time. Bathroom time is sacred, 'me' time. And who the hell wants to watch someone take a dump, anyway?

Standing around attempting to save live music the other day, someone said that they're *already* doing *Big Brother: Where Are They Now?* No doubt the various fortunes of the housemates will be followed by the wide variety of chick-tabloids over the next year, and then they'll



Sara-Marie for Prime Minister!

all sink into obscurity. Headlines to come will almost certainly be:

'My Drug Addiction Nightmare: *Big Brother Star Tells All*'.

'*Big Brother Star Lands Soapie Role*'.

'The Next Mel Gibson? *Big Brother Star in Oz Movie*', followed by '*Big Brother Star Tells: My Hollywood Nightmare*'.

'*Big Brother Stars To Marry*'—all captured in *TV Week*, of course, followed a number of years later with a divorce in relative obscurity.

'Top of the Pops: *Big Brother Star*

Shoots to Number One', and then 'Where Are They Now? *TV Week Finds Out What Happened to Vanilla Ice and Big Brother Star*'.  
And, of course, 'Big Brother Ruined My Life'.

### Fuck Sara-Marie, Save Stuart Littlemore

Ahhhhh...Aunty giveth and Aunty taketh away. I read in *the Oz* the other week that the ABC has axed *Littlemore* for good. They've replaced it with a hell boring programme called *Law Matters* (yawn), and will eventually run a 're-vamped' *Backchat*. Or something to that effect. I for one will be happy to write in: 'Dear *Backchat*: I think it sucks that the ABC has axed first *Media Watch* and then *Littlemore*, and replaced them with *you*. I need my weekly dose of sarcasm and irony. Please deliver. Yours. Jayne.'

Okay, so there was a *bit* of trouble over allegations directed at certain powerful organisations. You can't put a horse in a field full of poppies (you know, the groovy opium kind) and then bloody well complain when the bastard eats them. I'll tell you something right here and now, Aunty, *we need folks like Stu. We need Media Watch*. Remember the 'Cash for Comments' radio advertorials? Who dug it up? *Media Watch*, that's who. Who is going to provide the checks and balances? Who is going to haul people up for shoddy media practices? The ABA? Or better yet, the self-regulated industry? Give me a break.

And while I'm on about it, who do I have to rot to get a decent bloody political satire around here? I don't mean to dis *Yes [Prime] Minister*, but lets face it—as fabulous as it may be, it's been in a constant repeat loop since I was a wee young tacker. Since *Frontline* went off air, the closest thing I've seen to satire was on *Foreign Correspondent*: a Russian programme which features rubbery puppets of Soviet political leaders.

Oh hey, from what I hear Russia's in a bit of poo at the moment, what with the war with Chechnya and the having no

money and whatever, so they might be willing to sell the rights to the ABC on the cheap—and it wouldn't be surprising given the state of the National Broadcaster's budget. New programme development? Ha! Ray Martin had a bigger budget for his hair alone. I'd love to be in the programme development meetings: 'okay fellahs, we've got to pull new programmes *out of our arses*'.

The ABC's news budget is way down. They've had to pull correspondents from overseas posts. This all leads to 'Your' ABC relying on other sources like CNN or Channel 9 for footage and news. Hardhitting, independent, groundbreaking journalism: you are the weakest link—goodbye.

I know my mission statement may have been to avoid editorialising and just talk about my tits and rooting blokes, but this is an issue I feel strongly about. As is the one below...

### We Are Not Alone

Ooooooh...isn't it spooky? The current plot of *Love is a Four Letter Word* (set in Sydney) is following the ridiculous live music situation here in Adelaide. Like who the fucking fuck moves into a house across the road from a pub and expects it to be quiet on a Friday and Saturday night? If you want to haul someone over the coals for your lack of sleepage, blame the arseholes who approved and built residential developments close to noisage without adequate protection like glazed windows and big-arsed fences and trees. If it's keeping you awake, put some shoes on and trot over for a pint, or buy some bloody earplugs. If you want with the quiet, move to the burbs. There are plenty of music lovers who would dearly love to be close to the inner city action. It's *already* hard enough for bands in SA—don't make it more difficult.

And really, I can't say this *enough*, people: if you don't want noise, *don't move to the inner-city*.

Jayne Lewis



# Theatre: It Never Takes a Holiday

State Theatre Company  
29 June- 28 July  
Space Theatre

I had a big decision to make. The *Big Brother* eviction nominations or an evening at the State Theatre Co's production of *ART*. Tough call.

Seeing as I'd been hibernating like an end of semester exam mar-supial for the last two weeks, I opted for the latter of the two. And didn't regret it. Having read reviews and seen the awards: Tony for Best Play, Olivier Award for Best Comedy (I had to mention them), I had my hopes set for a big night of laughs. So did I get it or was I greatly disappointed? To use the words of H. Simpson, a little from column A and a little from column B.

The crowd was generally older than myself, and I think some of the humour reflected that. Combined with some obscure arty lingo tossed in sporadically I was left a little lost at times. However, the jokes I did get left me giggling and overall the script was quite witty.

Based in Paris, it is a story of three middle-aged Amigos who come to question the foundation of their friendship and what it means. Serge, played by Patrick Dickson, is a dermatologist with an interest in contemporary art. He has two best friends, Mark (played by Keith Robinson), and Yvan (Paul Blackwell). Their friendship of many years is toddling along quite nicely until Serge buys a piece of artwork

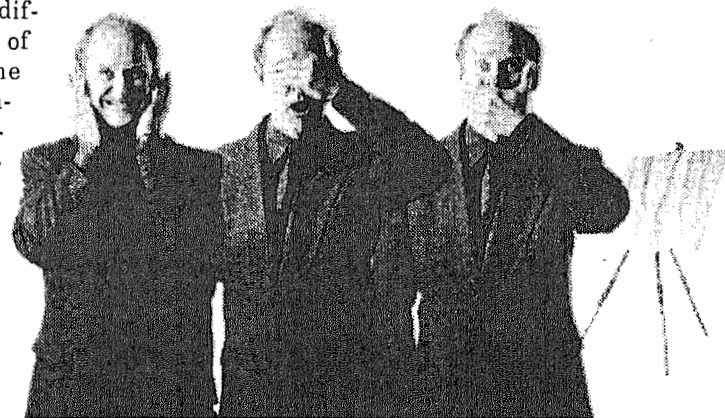
for 200,000 Francs.

Mark has a different opinion of the artwork (the word shit is mentioned quite frequently). So ensues a brutal and often personal stand-off between the two, with Yvan caught in the cross fire as he understands both points of view. At times it becomes so intense that you start to wonder what the kerfuffle is all about and how long you can spend watching two people argue over a painting.

However, *ART* is much more than just a play about art. Underneath the comedy exterior lies a little piece of truth about ourselves. Friendship, what it means and why people grow apart came into my mind while watching the final scenes. Hats off to writer Yazmina Reza who manages to draw a much deeper meaning of life while still keeping us laughing.

Paul Backwell is outstanding as stationery salesman Yvan, who is also going through a personal crisis and is susceptible to outbursts that

# ART



would put Big Kev to shame. The three actors gel together so well they make the production a thoroughly enjoyable way to spend an evening (and no beer was involved).

By the time the lights go up you understand exactly why *ART* won those awards. A fantastic script, combined with such talented actors, kept me interested for the whole 90 minutes, which is no mean feat.

So if you've got some spare moolah from your tax return you haven't spent down the pub yet, get down to the Space and check it out. It's good fun.

Sarah Gerrard

## Mikey's Interestin' Stuff to See and Do

On Dit's Theatre Sub-Ed gives you the info on all the latest and greatest in the arts world

### Theatresports Celebrity Challenge

# IMPRO

expresso

Theatresports SA will be hosting its inaugural *Theatresports Celebrity Challenge* to raise money for the Humour Foundation and the Women's and Children's Hospital on July 29<sup>th</sup>. Theatresports, as a form of live impro comedy, has undergone a resurgence in Adelaide recently, with this charity event marking the start of the second season of ImproExpresso. It promises to be a very funny evening, with tickets just \$12 or \$8 concession. There'll be celebrities there!

Where: Laughing Gas Comedy Club, 181 Hindley Street.

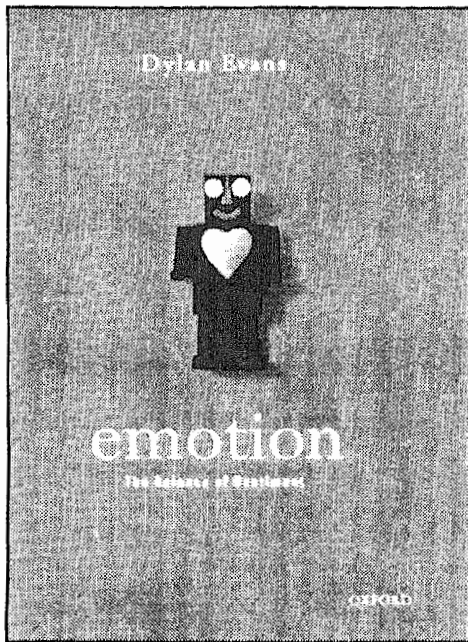
### Fresh Bait 2002

As you may have read in the last *On Dit*, Adelaide Uni will be the hub of the 2002 Fringe Festival. If you are a South Australian performer working in the development of cross art practices, the Adelaide Fringe invites you to be part of Fresh Bait. For each public presentation, Fresh Bait invites up to five artists or companies engaged in cross art forms to present excerpts of up to 15 minutes of their works. Feedback, drinks and more performances ensue. Access to this programme is free for both participants and audiences, and artists participating in Fresh Bait will be given comprehensive production support, profile and exposure, and an Adelaide Fringe 2002 artist pass.

Performances are monthly, the next one being July 27<sup>th</sup>, and are held at the Tivoli, 261 Pirie Street, Adelaide. For more info, check out the website: [www.adelaidefringe.com.au](http://www.adelaidefringe.com.au), or just come and see me in *On Dit* and I'll tell you all about it.

Embryonic woman

# Literature



**Emotion: The Science Of Sentiment**  
Dylan Evans  
Oxford University Press

*Emotion* is very much the 'gift book'. Its bright pink cover features a cute little robot holding out a pink heart, and it provides an extremely brief examination of a broad range of topics—in a mere 182 small pages with a large font. This is not to decry the virtues of this cheerful-looking book. Research Fellow in philosophy by day and DJ by night, Dylan Evans is qualified for more scholarly work, but makes it quite clear that he isn't attempting any such thing with this book. Instead, *Emotion* is the kind of book you would give the non-academic Mum on Mother's Day. For an academic reader, however, Evans' work will probably be considered superficial, and I felt that he didn't give enough space to arguments and theories counter to his own.

The chapters cover topics like the universal nature of emotions—that different cultures experience the same basic emotions (fear, anger, surprise, disgust), and that it makes good evolutionary sense to do so.

Evans also discusses the link between emotions and morality, and devotes a chapter to why it is not such a bad thing to listen to your heart over your head. It would appear that the best decision-making involves a combination of the two—as people who lose the use of the 'emotional' component of their brain through brain damage are unable to come to a final decision on *anything*, no matter how simple, because they endlessly weigh up pros and cons. The heart (emotion: how you 'feel' about something) has the final say. What's more, such people are apparently more prone to being swindled by grifters because 'gut feeling' is usually correct when it comes to judging how trustworthy folks are.

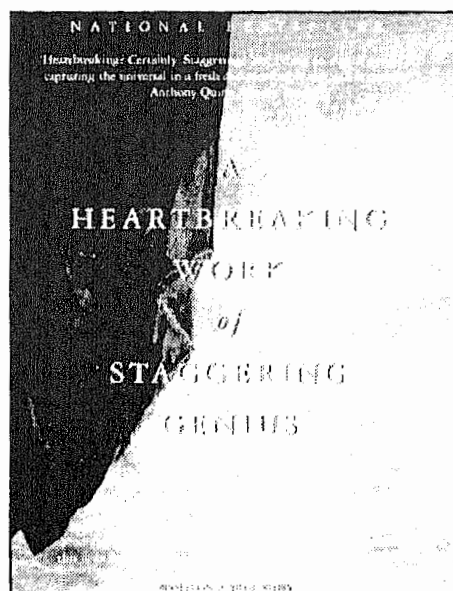
Another chapter covers some of the 'short cuts' people take to achieve happiness, such as music, colour, food, drugs, exercise, and meditation. Evans himself seems to highly recommend the

rave as a shortcut, because it stimulates every one of the senses *and* provides a hearty workout. Quote of the book #1: "Since the dawn of humanity, people have regularly come together to dance and take drugs. The party may well be the ultimate short cut to happiness" (p111). Quote of the book #2: "Drugs are best seen as the end of a continuum of foods rather than as a completely separate category." In fact, both cottage cheese and liver help increase levels of serotonin (a happiness-inducing chemical found in both ecstasy and prozac) in the brain. Swallow that, John Howard ('Communication is the key to preventing drug problems. Talk about paté and cottage cheese with your children').

For readers who are tickled enough by his introduction to seek more detailed examinations of the topics discussed in *Emotion*, Evans has provided a list of 'Further Reading'. For the more academic reader who wants some technical nitty gritty, he's included a list of 'Source Material'.

Final verdict: *Emotion* is cute, but not at all challenging.

Jayne Lewis



**A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius**  
Dave Eggers  
Picador

There is a trend through the history of big-'L' Literature of audacity. If I possessed both the time and inclination it wouldn't be difficult to pick out a lineage of literary impertinence from Lawrence Sterne's labyrinthine, digressive and unashamedly self-referential *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy* to Joyce's *Ulysses* and on through to Vidal's *Myra Brekenridge*, Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint*, Calvino's *If On a Winter's Night a Traveller*, and more recently Brett Easton Ellis's *Less Than Zero*, Douglas Coupland's *Generation X*, Andrew McGahan's *Praise*, and Peter Malick's *C.W.G.* have each restretched the canvas of the audacious novel for themselves.

Well, I'm going to go out on a limb here and invite a deluge of criticism

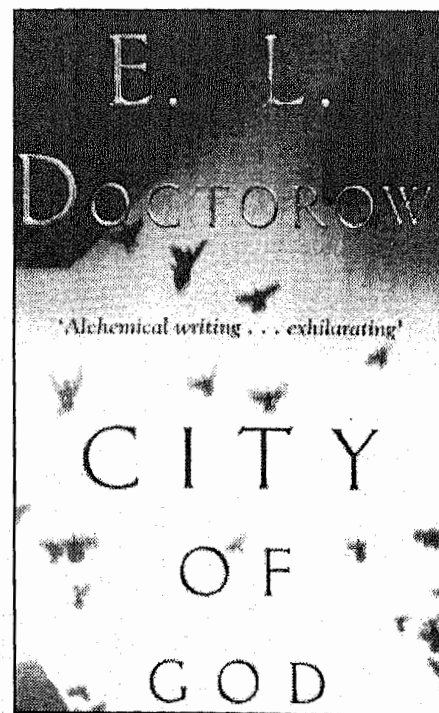
from a chorus of disapproval (any correspondence can be sent to me care of *On Dit* - I'll try to answer it all personally), but I would have to say that *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius* by Gen-X wunderkind and *Might* magazine maven Dave Eggers is not only the most audacious novel since *Tristram Shandy*, but it's also the best memoir I've read since *In Search of Lost Time*.

Eggers lost his parents in his early twenties, both to cancer - one slowly, the other very quickly. With his two elder siblings firmly established in their own lives, the responsibility of raising their ten-year-old brother Christopher ('Toph') fell to him; in the space of a few weeks he traversed the distance between college sophomore and single parent.

So Dave and Toph moved to San Francisco. Toph enrolled in school, Dave got involved in a magazine start-up and went out with friends every other Friday. They played Frisbee and catch on the beach. They had enough money to get by and older siblings for emotional support. They lived their lives as they could. In the absence of parental control.

*A Heartbreaking Work* chronicles this day-to-day struggle to keep moving, to stay one step ahead of missing their parents: one British critic compared the narrative to viewing an eclipse through a pin-hole against a piece of paper. Through the portal of a memoir Eggers offers the reader a glimpse of a kind of personal hell, an view of the kind of guilt that comes from surviving tragedy - its insidious, tedious, destructive banality.

Sam Andreas-Fault



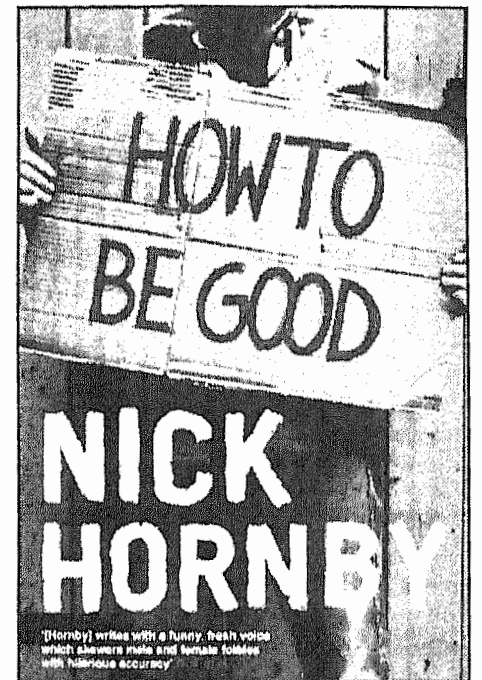
**City of God**  
E.L. Doctorow  
Random House

*City of God* is an intriguing novel. Frustratingly disjointed at times, E. L. Doctorow's tale relies heavily on a biblical structure. Doctorow weaves related stories, theological commentary, and cultural and philosophical discussion together, to create a narrative that has links to the Scriptures. Through the narrator, Everett, the reader learns of the mystery of a stolen crucifix and ex-

actly how it is linked to the minor characters. Confusing and very bland in places, *City of God* appears to point to the value of everything spiritual, and the philosophical worth in questioning chaos. Doctorow's novel is not so much about the joy in discovering answers to problems, but the journey made in creating our own interpretations of the world.

This book is not enthralling, but its mix of the science, religion and culture creates an interesting narrative. Leaping from the creation of the universe, to dinner parties and diary entries, Doctorow puts his own spin on the history of the world. An good novel, which is well worth a second read.

J



**How To Be Good**  
Nick Hornby  
Viking

Before now, Nick Hornby's novels (the auto-biographical *Fever Pitch* and hilarious *High Fidelity*) have given readers the comprehensive guide into the mind of the typical middle-age middle-class bloke - from the all-engrossing obsession with sport to the romantic indecisiveness that guys seem to be so good at. And so, with *How To Be Good*, he ventures into bold new territory writing from the perspective of... a middle-age woman?

I kid you not.

Katie Carr is responsible person, a caring wife and mother, and a doctor (morally good). Her husband, David, is obnoxious, brooding and lazy, active only when on a rant about something he hates (which is just about everything), or writing his eternally-negative column for the local paper (morally bad). Given the imbalance, Katie feels that her extra-marital affair with Stephen is justified. But when she gets caught and the marriage looks like it's falling to pieces, unlikely and unwanted help arrives in the form of DJ Goodnews, the area's resident spiritual guru.

Through some miracle of spiritual enlightenment, the formally angry David forgives Katie and blames himself for her having an affair for 'not loving her enough'. It's the validation that Katie needs to confirm her own standards of morality and all is happy once more. But it doesn't end there, as David



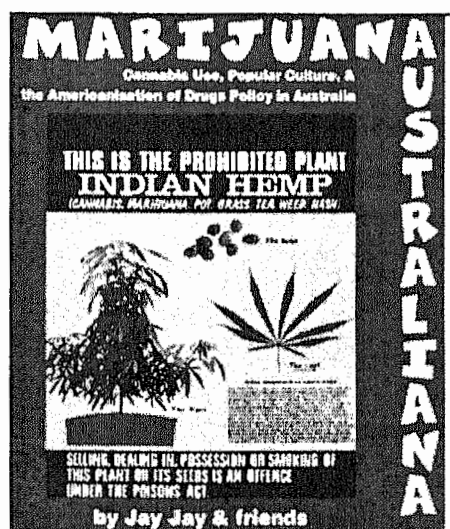
and Goodnews embark to a quest to turn the tide of moral antipathy in their area – giving away the Carr's possessions, taking in homeless kids and generally playing moral activists to anyone who will listen. The overt selflessness starts to get to Katie and forces her to ask herself what it really means 'to be good'.

Like his previous novels, Hornby's characters are just ordinary people, but in *How To Be Good* he turns his focus on that certain point that people reach when that start to wonder if it was all worth it – the jobs, the cars, the ambitions. Are they living the life they wanted to lead? Are they honestly the 'good' people they consider themselves to be? Something tells me this book would be handy for someone going through a mid-life crisis.

But in spite of all this seriousness, *How To Be Good* is packed with that humour that is so distinctive to Hornby, and manages to stay relatively light-hearted even in the midst of all the moral and emotional turmoil going on. Also, despite the huge challenge of writing from the perspective of a woman, Hornby makes a convincing go of it.

Buy it for yourself, and if appropriate, lend it to your Mum and Dad.

Penny Chalke



### Marijuana Australiana Jay Jay & Friends

*Marijuana Australiana* is, according to the front cover, supposed to be a book about "cannabis use, popular culture, and the Americanisation of drugs policy in Australia." Whilst it certainly details some aspects of cannabis use and popular culture, it is not an in depth look into Australia wide cannabis use, let alone drug policy.

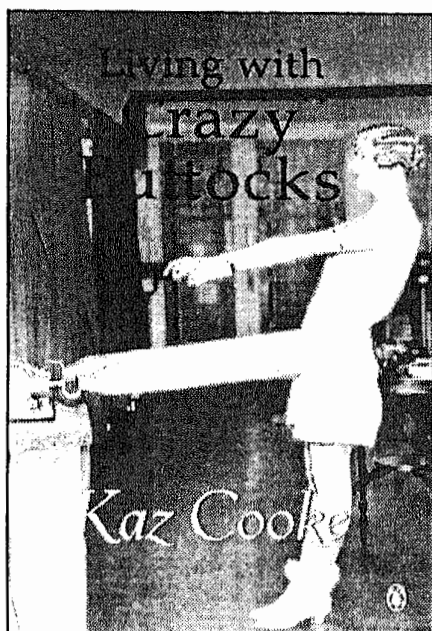
Generally *Marijuana Australiana* is a good historical read of many of the events surrounding marijuana use in Australia, although it looks mainly at Queensland. In fact, the book goes into a great deal of detail of the events in Queensland, especially the Bjelke-Petersen era. This is interesting, but probably more so to people who lived through the dark Bjelke-Petersen age.

The book details the way the Queensland government and police used marijuana as a convenient arguing point against any form of dissidence. One of the book's strongest points is its use of underground comics, 'zines, posters, and other sources. Often this sort of material is overlooked as many researchers do not have access to it. The trouble is, material such as this is naturally one-sided and is often incorrect or

poorly researched. Coupled with mainstream media I suppose it is possible to achieve some sort of middle ground—a bit like reading *The Advertiser* and *Green Left Weekly*. I felt that Jay Jay did not make good use of his material, seemingly accepting it at face value.

Overall the book is a good read, but not an accurate look at drug policy in Australia.

Michael Blackwell



### Living with Crazy Buttocks Kaz Cooke Penguin

I like books. I like essays. I like columns.

I don't like books of collected essays or columns.

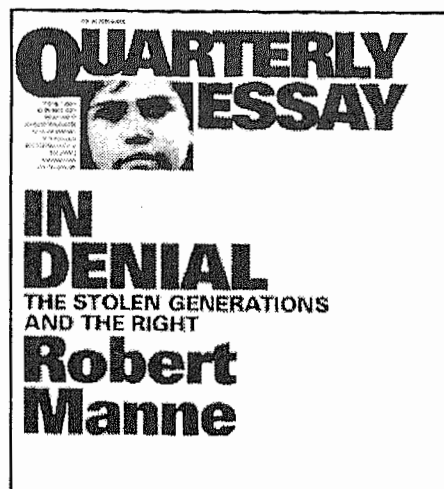
One doesn't have to be a first-year philosophy student to figure out that, by a logical extension, I wasn't overly enamoured by *Living with Crazy Buttocks*, which is a collection of Kaz Cooke's columns from the *Age* and the *Sydney Morning Herald*, plus some stuff from her radio show, *Foxy Ladies*.

To be honest I picked up *Living with Crazy Buttocks* and immediately went "Phwoaar [a favourite Cooke term, incidentally]—Kaz Cooke book, bewdy." I did this because I'm a fan of the Cookemeister in a whole lotta ways. Her *Real Gorgeous* of many years ago really had an impact on me; as wanky as it may sound, it changed my life—the low-self-esteemer with the poor body image that I was in those days (sigh). Thanks to Ms Cooke, I haven't had a 'fat day' since I was 18 (I'm now fast-approaching 23). Good credentials for an author, I say.

As previously stated, I like columns. Especially if they're witty and clever. Kaz Cooke is a particularly witty and clever lass, and if I ever bought newspapers, let alone the *Age* or *SMH*, I would have read her work and enjoyed it immensely (Cooke no longer writes for these publications—their bloody loss I say). If *Living with Crazy Buttocks* had been even vaguely disguised from its column roots I probably would have enjoyed it immensely. I just don't like these kind of books.

If you *do* like these kind of books, however, go nuts I say, because you're bound to enjoy it.

Jayne Lewis



### In Denial: The Stolen Generations and the Right The Quarterly Essay Robert Manne

The *Quarterly Essay* is a new Australian journal. Initially my reaction was subdued - do we really need another social/political type journal in Australia? There is already a morass of journals and magazines on the shelves. The difference with *Quarterly Essay* is that, rather than displaying the work of several writers, the entire journal is devoted to one writer.

A format like this gives the author 20 to 30 thousand words to fully explore a subject, something which is not available in most journals. This first issue of *Quarterly Essay* deals with a deeply divisive issue: the 'stolen' generation. Specifically, it looks at the response of right-wing writers to the *Bringing Them Home* Report. Manne starts by looking at responses to Lowitja O'Donoghue's supposed admission that she wasn't 'stolen' and the subsequent media feeding frenzy that led to a plethora of articles virtually denying the kidnapping of Aboriginal children. This story was quickly taken up by Manne's adversary Paddy McGuinness. (Manne's and McGuinness's feud started at Quadrant when Manne was editor.)

Manne then details with four Aboriginal people's kidnap experiences. In doing so, he gives some background to the reasons why various state and Federal governments conducted this kidnapping. Manne does not simply take the *Bringing The Home* report as pure fact, unlike many supporters of the document. He concedes that it has its problems, both in fact and in style.

Manne shows that the issue of the kidnapped Aboriginal children is not simply a matter of deciding that some were and some weren't kidnapped. It is in fact a very complex issue revolving around the racially motivated beliefs of governments, social reformers, and the church. The right's seizing on those who benefited from being kidnapped is in reality a claim of support for a supposedly superior morality and way of life.

'In Denial' is an excellent first issue for *Quarterly Essay*. Without wanting to sound trite, it will take several issues for this journal to show its relevance to Australian public debate. My only regret is that it will be unread by most people as it all too hard to read so many pages (111).

Michael Blackwell

## Festival of Ideas Naomi Klein, author of *No Logo*, spoke about 'The Branding Backlash'

Water, cosmology, addiction, intoxication and reconciliation were the themes of this year's Festival of Ideas, held during semester break from 12-15 July. The festival boasted a number of literary notables including Nicholas Cowdery, author of *Getting Justice Wrong* (reviewed in *On Dit* earlier this year); Morag Fraser, chair of the Melbourne Writers' Festival; and journalist David Marr, a winner of *The Age* Book of the Year award.

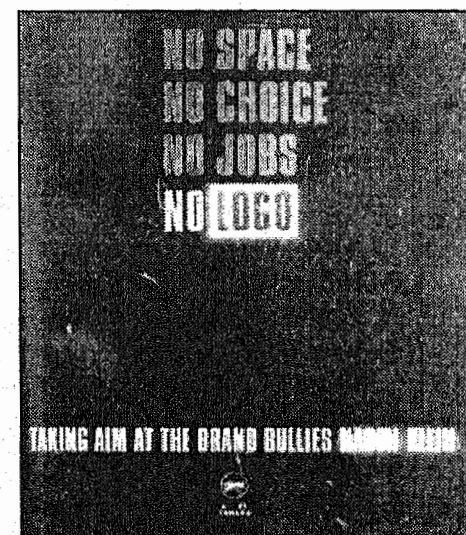
In my opinion, the most interesting speaker at the festival was Naomi Klein, the Canadian author of *No Logo: Taking Aim at the Brand Bullies* (Knopf, 2000). After managing to grab the last copy of Klein's book from the Barr Smith (why am I always left with the 'short loan' copy? I hate that!), I sat down to have a read. Although it looks like just another reference book, *No Logo* is definitely worth reading. I found myself reading bits and pieces of chapters such as 'Ads in Schools and Universities', 'The Youth Market and the Marketing of Cool', and 'Reclaim the Streets' - depending on what kept me interested.

After reading a bit of *No Logo*, Klein's training as a journalist becomes blazingly apparent - her writing is clear and concise, while remaining both informative and entertaining. After spending last semester ploughing my way through pages of literary criticism, where critics seem to play the 'who uses the longest and most complicated word wins' game, it was a refreshing change.

*No Logo* also has a chapter which discusses the McLibel case, the unethical practices which have fueled anti-Nike campaigning, and the outcry against Shell's deep-sea disposal of oil-storage platforms. I found this chapter particularly useful because, although I was aware of all three issues, I didn't really understand the details of any of them.

If you would like to listen to more speakers from the Festival of Ideas, 5UV radio is replaying a number of speeches this week from 12pm-1pm, and then monthly on their *Public Domain* programme. Contact the station for more details.

Emily Heidrich





# Poptart's Holiday Flicks

I have always believed that the exam period is the best time for extensive movie going. While most other people are locked in their rooms or the Barr Smith Library, I can usually be found in a darkened movie theatre, completely forgetting for two hours the impending doom of my exam. These last holidays have been no exception. While my essay sat half written on my computer at home, I was at cinemas all over Adelaide, checking out the holiday movies. The following movies are a selection of what I saw.



## Shrek

### Cinemas Everywhere

Loud, crude, and proud, Shrek is an unlikely hero. The big ogre resides in a swamp that is suddenly invaded by hordes of fairytale creatures that have been evicted by the evil Lord Farquaad. In order to have his swamp to himself again, Shrek sets off on a quest to save Princess Fiona with the aid of an irritating talking donkey (Eddie Murphy). But what is the secret that the princess is keeping? This modern children's fable is actually a bit too crude for younger children, as it is actually more for an older age bracket. It is an incredibly charming tale that manages to break away from conventional offerings like the Disney movies, and it injects some modern humour into what is essentially a reworking of *Beauty and The Beast*.

## Someone Like You/Evolution Selected Cinemas

This was definitely a highlight of my holiday viewing. Perhaps it was the whole movie marathon appeal, or maybe it was the free wine and Kit Kats (thank you to John Cronin), but I had a great time at this comedy night preview. *Someone Like You*, starring Ashley Judd and the gorgeous Hugh Jackman, was on a winner for me from the start, because anything with Hugh in it could never be bad (even old re-runs of *The Man From Snowy River*). The story revolves around TV assistant Judd, who is rejected in love once again and develops a theory about men that is entirely based on the mating habits of cows. She believes that men, like cows, are only ever attracted to new cows, and that once they have had a particular cow, they never go back. Judd ends up rooming with the womaniser Eddy (Jackman), and as always the course of true love never runs smoothly. The movie is very cute, with talking cows and the sassy Marisa Tomei in fine form as Judd's wisecracking friend. Although it breaks no new ground, it certainly is a fun film.

Fortified by a couple of glasses of wine and a few Kit Kats, a *Ghostbusters* style comedy sounded like an interesting prospect. Although I have read several reviews of this film that were quite scathing, *Evolution*, although not the most intelligent film this year, turned out to be quite entertaining. The plot is a simple aliens-invade-the-earth scenario, with David Duchovny playing disgraced scientist turned lecturer Ira who, with the help of his sidekick Chris Rock, tries to save the earth from imminent destruction. Julianne Moore plays against type as a bumbling yet intelligent scientist working for the government. Her pratfalls made my feminist friend grumble loudly in the seat next to me, but it was interesting to see her play such a different role. The movie ends in the biggest anal joke in the history of movies, but the solution to the alien problem has to be seen to be believed.

## The Crimson Rivers Palace/Nova

As a huge fan of the mystery genre, I have to say that this film is one of the top movies of this year. Arriving at the Palace early one morning I was horrified to find that this particular film was a French one. Now, I do actually love foreign movies, just not at nine thirty in the morning after two hours of sleep. There is certainly minimal chance of anyone ever falling asleep in *The Crimson Rivers* though, as it demands that you pay attention the whole way through. Similar in tone to *The Name Of The Rose*, the events in this thriller revolve around an insular university community high in the mountains of France. Bodies begin appearing, and Pierre Niemanns (Jean Reno) is summoned in to solve the case. Hundreds of miles away Max Kerkerian (Vincent Cassel), an edgy young cop, discovers a desecrated grave. The two events somehow link up in a race against not only the killer, but also the elements. This film is particularly French in tone, and has that edge to it that only they can achieve. Gripping and intense, this is the must see thriller of the year, even for those who would ordinarily avoid foreign films.



## Liam Trak Cinemas

*Liam* is a harshly realistic look at life in the Irish Catholic quarter of Liverpool in the 1930s, as seen through the eyes of the seven-year-old Liam. The youngest of three children, Liam has a problem with stuttering, so his role is mainly that of an observer. While much of his life is occupied with preparing for his first Holy Communion and Confession, the rest of the family is struggling financially. His father has lost his job at the docks and the family has to be supported by the two eldest children. Teresa is actually working for the Jewish family that had her father fired from the docks. Embittered by the loss of his job, her father joins the local group of Fascists, which ends tragically for the family. Seen through a child's perspective, this is a fresh look at the downward spiral into poverty, and what that does to the family dynamic. Directed by Stephen Frears, who was also responsible for *High Fidelity* and *Dangerous Liaisons*, this tale is told beautifully, and is well worth seeing.



## Russian Doll Palace/Nova

Coming all the way over from Russia to marry a man she has met over the Internet, Katya discovers on arrival that her prospective husband has carked it. Embarking on a passionate affair with a married Jewish man, Katya must find a way to remain in the country. Her lover Ethan (David Wenham) arranges with his friend Harvey (Hugo Weaving) to marry Katya so that she can stay. Harvey is a neurotic hopeless romantic who has been cheated in love one too many times. But what will happen between two such mismatched people? The ending may seem a little predictable, but this is more than made up for by the charm of the main actors, and the irrepressible energy of Natalia Novikova as Katya. Another standout performance is that of Sacha Horler as Katya's man-hungry friend Liza.





### Cinemachine Mercury Cinema

Cinemachine is a film festival that is going on at the Mercury Cinema that features not only films, but also live artists and art exhibitions in the foyer. The season launch featured *Glen Or Glenda* and *Ed Wood*. The next night is the 25<sup>th</sup> of July, featuring the childhood classic *The Dark Crystal*, with puppeteer displays in the foyer. This is probably your only chance to see this fantastic movie on the big screen. On the 8<sup>th</sup> of August they will be featuring David Lynch's *Industrial Symphony No. 1*, followed by the amazing double of *Tron* and *Starship Troopers* on the 22<sup>nd</sup>. The Grand Finale features David Lynch's moving *The Straight Story* on the 5<sup>th</sup> of September. Every night there are door prizes and giveaways, drink specials and snacks. So get along there at 6:30pm and enjoy these movie classics.

### When Brendan Met Trudy Palace/Nova Cinemas

I was more than pleasantly surprised by this gentle yet biting comedy by Roddy Doyle, author of *The Commitments*. This Irish movie follows the bland life of Brendan (Peter McDonald), who is a completely anal teacher. He spends his spare time singing in a choir. One night he meets the feisty and mysterious Trudy (Flora Montgomery) and his life is changed forever. Embarking on a whirlwind romance, Brendan's life gets progressively crazier as he discovers that Trudy is in fact a burglar. But will they be able to hold together in the face of such opposition? Certainly Brendan's life will never be the same again. Drawing heavily on the cinema of the past, *When Brendan Met Trudy* is a delightful journey into the complete reversal of one man's life.

### Josie And The Pussycats Hoyts and Greater Union Arndale

Put three attractive girls in cat ears and tails, throw in a funky yet original soundtrack, and you can hardly go wrong. What this movie lacks in credibility, it more than makes up for in sheer enjoyment and style. Having been a fan of this cartoon when I was a child, I was pleased to find that much of the flavour of the original has been retained in what is essentially a teen flick. Judging by the cover of *Girlfriend* magazine, it appears that it has become a fashion craze, with young girls rushing to buy themselves a pair of cat ears. It's a shame really, because I have been wearing them for years. We all dressed up for the showing of the film and we certainly enjoyed a good laugh. The highlight of the movie had to be the parody of boy bands exemplified by Du Jour, whose top hit is the funky 'Backdoor Lover'. And let's not forget the monkey in the leather nappy. But you'll have to see it for yourselves.

### Tomb Raider Selected Cinemas

What can I say? I have salivated over Angelina Jolie for years and the chance to see her as the busty Lara Croft was like heaven on a stick. She is perfect for the part of the feisty gun-toting Lara whose brains are equal to her brawn. Although the plot is a little far fetched, it is entirely appropriate to the whole video game appeal that it holds. Basically, it is about a secret society called the Illuminati, who race against time to obtain the pieces of a triangle, with Lara trying to get there first. The stunts are absolutely amazing, and there is fine support in the form of Noah Taylor as the whiz kid sidekick Bryce, and Chris Barrie (from *Red Dwarf*) as the butler Hillary. But this all takes a back seat to Angelina, who is born for the role. The only drawback is that her breasts draw much of the attention during the film, which could actually be said of the video game also. If you haven't seen this yet, get along to it.



### Swordfish Selected Cinemas

The film starts with an interesting conversation about the unrealistic nature of Hollywood productions that leaves the viewer with an impression that this film will bring a more realistic view towards morality and death. For the most part this holds true, and as long as the action found in the film doesn't affect the main characters, the viewer is presented with more natural scenarios.

Stanley Jobson (Hugh Jackman), one of the two best computer hackers in the world, is forbidden to get within 40 metres of the nearest electronics store after doing time for messing with the FBI's systems. Divorced, he has lost the custody of his daughter Holly and penniless, lives in a broken-down trailer. Enter Gabriel Shear (John Travolta), a spy wanting to fund his own form of patriotism, who needs a 'superhacker' to get past complex security systems and into illegal government funds. Gabriel has sexy partner Ginger (Halle Berry) recruit Stanley with large amounts of money, giving him hope of starting a new life with Holly. Driven by this desire Stanley helps Gabriel and Ginger to obtain their money.

The film, produced by Joel Silver (*The Matrix*) and Jonathan D.Krane (*Face/Off*), is on the whole an entertaining piece of work. Great effort has obviously been put into the choreography of fight scenes, explosions and although the car chases don't quite match that of films such as *Ronin* or *The Blues Brothers* they do show off luxury sports cars being used for what they are designed. Although the film has many credibility holes and becomes slightly predictable towards the end it is a good night's viewing.

Mara Jade

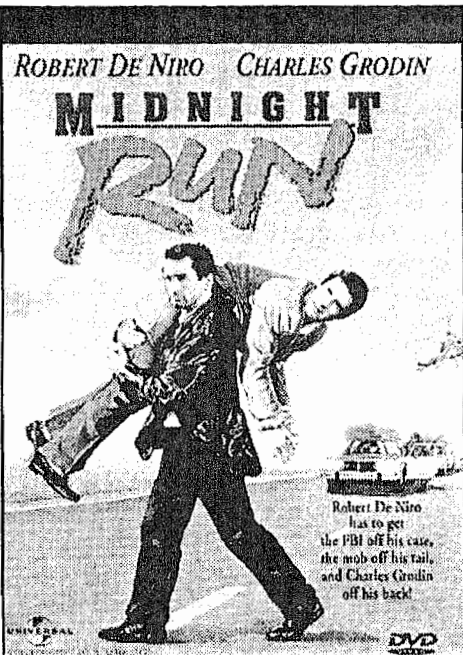
## Win! Win! Win!

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**Midnight Run**  
(1988) Dir: Martin Brest  
Robert De Niro, Charles Grodin  
Universal Home Video

Movies like *Midnight Run* have a purpose. They are especially made to enthrall us with a basic storyline incorporating two fellows who bicker, and to delight us with lengthy car chase sequences. The phrase *Midnight Run* refers to bounty hunter slang (typically, a 'Midnight Run' is an easy, uncomplicated job).

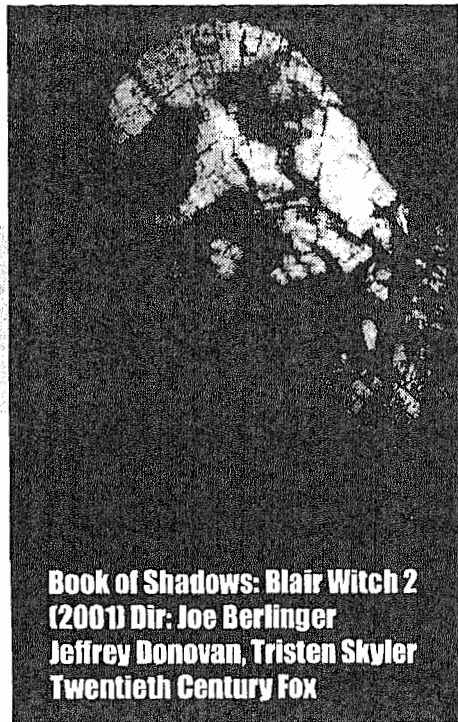
Jack Walsh (Robert De Niro) is an ex-cop who now works as a bounty hunter. Bribe by the mob, Jack was forced to farewell his police duties because he declined to work for them.

Jonathan 'The Duke' Mardukas (Charles Grodin) is a mob accountant who has run off with fifteen million dollars of their cash. 'The Duke' thought he was working for a legitimate accounting company, but after he found out he was working for the Mafia he took the money. Jack is offered one hundred thousand dollars from a bail bond company to retrieve Jonathan from New York.

Jack goes in search of Jonathan, captures him and sets about delivering him to his bail bondsmen. When they first encounter each other, Jack and Jonathan argue and fight about almost everything. Jonathan gets under Jack's skin because Jack is easily angered and only has two forms of expression: anger and silence. The FBI becomes entangled and trails Jack closely as he tries to deliver 'The Duke'. The Mafia soon becomes involved and this leads to a zesty finale.

An absorbing cast and sarcastic one-liners make up the core of this film. *Midnight Run* is just a whole bunch of fun and I think that films like this are crucial in cinema. I cannot just sit there and watch independent films all the time. Movies like *Midnight Run* help to balance my collective filmic tastes [is 'filmic' really a word? -Eds]. This film is enjoyable mostly due to Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin's enchanting friendship. *Midnight Run* is a predictable but stimulating adventure blockbuster that moves at a brisk pace and never lets the audience become wearied.

**Matthew Herfurth**  
Senior Critic



This sequel to 1999's much-hyped *Blair Witch Project* opens promisingly enough to the strains of Marilyn Manson's anthemic 'Disposable Teens' but goes rapidly downhill from there.

Five young people embark on the Blair Witch Hunt, a tour of the Black Hills where *The Blair Witch Project* was filmed. Predictably, they encounter horror and mayhem. The film blurs the lines betwixt what is real and what is hallucination, but this only serves to make the proceedings muddled and rather confusing. The five young people - Jeff (Jeffrey Donovan), Tristen (Tristen Skyler), Stephen (Stephen Barker Turner), Erica (Erica Leerhsen) and Kim (Kim Director) mostly deliver fairly average performances; Kim Director is good as a spirited 'Gothic chick', for want of a better term.

This is a clumsy cash-in which, unlike its predecessor, does not deliver in the scares department. Very little actually happens and when something does it invariably turns out to be nothing more than a hallucination. The film cuts back and forth between the unfolding events in the Black Hills and the aftermath as certain characters are questioned by the police in various interrogation rooms.

The viewer is not really encouraged to care for any of the characters as there is very little character development, so if someone seems about to buy the farm, one does not really care, which is of course not the way to make a good movie. And to what does the title refer? What is the Book of Shadows and at what point in the film does it appear? I don't recall a Book of Shadows!

Give this dreck sequel a miss, but do check out the original if you haven't as yet because it may just give you a jolly good scare!

**James Trevelyan**  
Special thanks to Heather Bruce



**Mad Cows**  
(1999) Dir: Sara Sugarman  
Anna Friel, Joanna Lumley,  
Greg Wise  
Entertainment

*Mad Cows* is a British-made satirical comedy verging on black comedy about an Australian single mother, Maddie (Friel), who winds up in unbelievable predicaments. Accused of shoplifting and eventually jailed, she is deceived by a nutty wig-wearing prison psychiatrist named Phelps (Anna Massey) into having her baby son Jack adopted out.

When her best friend Gillian (Joanna Lumley), something of a nymphomaniac, pays her a visit in prison, Maddie pleads with Gillian to smuggle the baby out in her large shopping bag. This she does, which leads the authorities to think the mother has eaten the baby, as does the wacky shrink when she comes to pick up the baby. Maddie escapes by knocking out and disguising herself as the shrink, and then begins a frantic scenario of Maddie chasing Gillian's trail all over to London to reclaim Jack. The trail includes another romp in the sack with the baby's father Alex (Wise), now running for parliament, and another MP who thinks that he's the father, and is supporting Gillian and Jack by this time. Not to be deterred, our heroine catches up with Gillian and reclaims Jack, introducing him to his astonished but unperturbed titled grandmother. She in turn arranges for mother and son to escape the clutches of the police, the wacky shrink, the couple supposedly adopting Jack (fruitcakes in their own right) and Alex by surviving a car chase and putting Maddie and Jack on a private Greek yacht bound for Australia.

The opening credits spill out in a clever montage of Maddie wheeling her pram through the city streets, while

everyone else in the *mise-en-scene* moves in reverse-motion. Smart editing throughout the film weaves slow motion shots with good camera angles and pleasing scenic location shots. Maddie is played brilliantly by Friel while Wise is suitably pathetic. Lumley is totally captivating in her role, particularly in her prostitute scene, and Massey is superb as the 'off-the-planet' shrink-cum-baby saleswoman. Even Jack has his moment of glory when, on being reunited with mum, he spies her breasts and gives a mischievous, cute and knowing smirk. All in all, an excellent movie to sit through for a chuckle and 'veg' out after you've just handed in your overdue assignment. Worthy of mention are the witty one-liners that are sprinkled throughout, such as 'Don't put anything in your mouth you can't peel!' and 'The Australian version of foreplay is shearing'.

Kevin Kennedy



"LA was a goldmine and life could change in 24 hours and that's why we came here". *Sunset Strip*, which is set in Los Angeles in 1972, is a look into the lives of the people in the backrooms of LA who made the stars or want to be stars themselves by detailing the events in their lives over a 24 hour period. I had not heard of *Sunset Strip* or many of the stars in it. When I heard the name of the film I thought I might be reviewing a porno, but I was not disappointed when I discovered the film had a storyline and good music to boot. In one sentence, *Sunset Strip* personifies sex, drugs and rock and roll. However one downfall is that every stereotype of the 1970s is crammed into the movie, which made me feel that the film tried too hard to be accepted as a valid account of a day in LA. Characters in the film include Edward, who is a gentle young man trying to achieve his dream of being a rock star. Then we have Tammy (who is in fashion and a bit of a groupie), Michael (a colour blind photographer) and Felix (a drunk song writer and narrator of the film). The film is full of classic quotes, including "I want these pants painted on man, I wanna see meat and potatoes". This film is sexy, with sexy people and sexy clothes and lots of sex. YEAH! We all know how it ends, but hey, it's the '70s, baby. This film is a bit soft in some parts, but hey, it's also Hollywood.

Reviewed by Anthony Bak and Undies (He who loves You)

Test your knowledge of obsolete films with **James' Amazing Video Quiz**. Submit your entries to the *On Dit* office and you could win beer! Answers next week.

1. Michael Bay's latest film is *Pearl Harbor*. Name his 1995 directorial debut.
2. Name the Guns 'N' Roses song which plays over the end credits of *End of Days*.
3. Name George Romero's latest film.
4. Who is the latest James Bond?
5. Dominic Sena's latest film is *Swordfish*. What was the title of his 1994 road trip thriller starring Brad Pitt and Juliette Lewis - correct spelling please!
6. Simon West's latest film is *Tomb Raider*. Name his directorial debut.
7. Name the Starship song which plays over the end credits of the 1987 comedy *Mannequin*.
8. True or false: Director Michael Bay has a brief cameo appearance as a photographer in *Coyote Ugly*.
9. Who is Michael Bay's biological father? Hint: He is the director of such films as *Ronin* and *Reindeer Games*.
10. Name the love theme from *Armageddon* performed by Aerosmith.



# What's on the Wall

**Houssein Valamanesh:**  
**A Survey**

**Art Gallery of South Australia**  
**Until 26 August**  
**Daily 10 - 5**  
**Admission \$2**  
**Gallery 23, 24, 25**

Adelaide based artist Houssein Valamanesh draws on his Iranian background to create simple yet stunning contemporary art. This exhibition is the first major survey of his work, and is taken from both private and public collections. Spanning a 20 year period, 'Houssein Valamanesh: A Survey' is a fantastic exhibition which shows how this contemporary artist blends the mysteries of Persian culture with the Australian panorama and Indigenous culture. Take a guided tour: Wednesdays 12:30pm and Sundays 2pm.

**Thrash**

**Experimental Art Foundation**  
**Until 20 July**

**Tues - Fri 11 - 5 / at 2-5**

Dan Arps, Ella Reed, Julaine Stephenson and Nathan Pohio showcase New Zealand's new breed of artistic talent. The installations featured, including a relentless, inescapable television set and an intriguing work by filmmaker Pohio entitled 'Sleeper', are remarkable. Watch out for 'Sugar and Candy', Stephenson's soft toy characters.

**Japanese Sojourn**  
**Aptos Cruz Galleries**  
**July**

Paintings, scrolls, furniture, ceramics and a myriad of other elegant Japanese artworks are on display in this exhibition. Thousands of years of Japanese culture, marked by sophisticated design and an appreciation of the delicacy of nature, are prominent within 'Japanese Sojourn'. This is an interesting glimpse of history, and the first exhibition of Japanese art and artefacts at this gallery for many years.

**Between the Walls:**

**Phil Nicholls**  
**The Red House Gallery**  
**(Main Gallery)**  
**Until July 29**

**Wed - / at 10 - 4; / un 1 - 4**

Phil Nicholls has enjoyed work as a set designer for television over the last fifteen years, and has now produced a solo exhibition of his paintings. 'Between the Walls', which also features some of Nicholls' sculptures, is full of great works which can be easily appreciated for their aesthetic quality as well as generate stimulating thought on social issues. Nicholls isolates the ideas of environmental damage and the human condition (among other themes), and explores each idea or problem deeply. Go along and see a local artist whose imagination is prominent throughout his work.

**Outline of Emergence:**

**Aaron Potter**  
**The Red House Gallery**  
**(Corridor Gallery)**  
**Until 29 July**

**Wed - / at 10 - 4; / un 1 - 4**

Aaron Potter takes the viewer on a probing journey through his exploration of self. Twenty years of journeying through life and coming to terms with the depths of bereavement, poverty and abandonment have come to the surface in this exhibition. Potter's work reflects aspects of human life that we all have in common, and he personalises the familiar in a very individual fashion.

**Check out these  
great exhibitions  
before they close!**

## Opportunity for Artists - I.Y.V. 2001

Calling all visual artists! Interested in the possibility of having your work on display at the new National Museum of Australia in Canberra for a month? Read on...

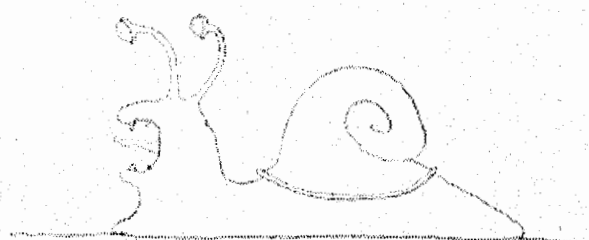
This Year is the International Year of Volunteers. We are seeking expressions of interest from visual artists (particularly sculptors but not exclusively) to produce a commemorative piece of artwork. This work will form the centrepiece of the International Year of Volunteers finale event to be held at the new National Museum of Australia, Canberra, on Wednesday, December. The museum may display the

work for up to a month after the event.

All materials will be paid for, and up to \$5,000 may be paid to the successful applicant for time spent. Please refer to the IYV website at [www.iyv2001.gov.au](http://www.iyv2001.gov.au) for more info. Expressions of interest from groups and individuals are welcome.

For further information, please call Angela Metschke at Professional Public Relations on 02 6239 1333 or email her at [ametschke@ppr.com.au](mailto:ametschke@ppr.com.au). Expressions of interest should be received via email to Angela by C.O.B., Wednesday, 15th August.

## doodle of the week



This week's Doodle (and, incidentally, *On Dit's* entry into the I.Y.V. competition, as described above) is called "Harry the Snail". He's hungry.

# Spooks

**On Dit catches up with Booker T from Spooks**

*Spooks*, who are 4 MCs and One Diva are a Hip Hop outfit from the east coast of the US of A who have just brought out their debut single, 'Things I've Seen' and, following that, their new album *S.I.O.S.O.S. volume 1*. I, Jester (or for this interview, MC Jester T to you... sorry I am getting carried away) from the *On Dit* crew was privileged enough to spend some time chatting to Booker T, one of the Spooks about their style, where they come from and where they want to go.

To begin with, I think Booker himself can best describe their style of music. "Our music is dark, it comes from out of the shadows." Which is about the best description I could come up with at the time too, and there are a lot of similarities between this crew, and the Fugees' sound. I asked Booker if they were an influence. "I listen to all types of music." Booker said, "Everything from

Hip Hop through to Massive Attack, I listen to see where artists have used elements of Hip Hop in their sound and where I can use elements of their sound in Hip Hop." Which begs the question, to him and the group, what truly is Hip Hop? "Hip Hop to me is a lifestyle, it's not just the music, it's about how you live your life." This attitude is reflected in their music, as they keep true to their style, not conforming to a style primarily to sell records. This feeling, of staying true to your self, Booker emphasised several times during my chat.

"We love to make music, whether we are successful or not, this is what we love to do. Some places it might not be popular, other places may be different" Which shows, as their success in the

states has been eclipsed by their popularity over in Europe, mainly in England. "We do have some fans in the underground scene in the States, but they seem to like us over in Europe." Booker stated. They have picked up one big fan in the States, Laurence Fishburne (Famous for his part in *The Matrix*). Laurence heard some of the group's music, and asked them to write a track for a film in which Laurence was debuting as a director. "One of our friends knew him (Fishburne) and passed some of our stuff to him, and he loved it."

One other facet of the group, which came across while talking to Booker T, is the team nature of the group. When I

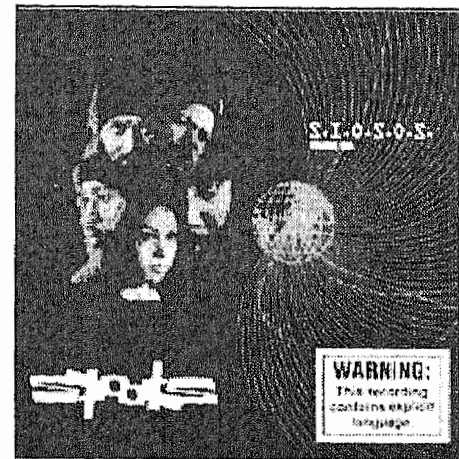
asked Booker about how they create the lyrics for a song, considering there are four MCs and a Diva in the group, he said, "If there is a line which there is a dispute over, we vote on it. Sometimes you might have an idea, which might get rejected, other times your idea

will get chosen. That's the way it goes." This makes for what came across as a good group ethos, as they stay true to their music, and to their group.

Expect this group to make themselves known, if not now, in the future. This crew is the kind of group, which will keep playing their style of music until it becomes popular to hear it, not try and conform to what is the latest trend.

*S.I.O.S.O.S. volume 1* is out now through Artemis Records, the single 'The things I've seen' is out on the same label.

**Jester (a.k.a. MC Jester T....sorry!!).**





# The Mark of Cain

A lot has been happening in the world of local music since last term, both negative and positive. By now you should have all heard about the plight of hotels such as the Governor Hindmarsh, Seven Stars, Grace Emily and many more who are fighting for their survival. Not only do the hotels suffer as a result of trying to support of live music (often in place of poker machines), but it is going to make life even harder for local musicians trying to share their music with others and get anywhere in the industry. Ask any band, old or new, how hard it is already to score a regular gig and you will realise how bad the situation might be. Some developments have already begun so immediate action is required. Go to the website [www.savethegov.com](http://www.savethegov.com) and read about it all for yourself, including the 7 proposed changes to legislation that have been suggested and a petition to sign.

On a positive note, it was great to see the large number of people that turned up to the rally (hangovers and bleary eyes galore) to show their support. Maybe this will be a positive for live music in general if this many people are keen to go to gigs. Fortunately, for the uneducated, we here at student radio have a few 'life, be in it' type solutions:

Listen to **Local Noise** on Tuesday nights at 9pm on 531AM. You don't even need to get out of the house to get the best in local live music. This week **Roger the Band** will be spreading their eccentric funk-laden vibe through the airwaves.

Come to a **Local Noise Live Gig**. Student Radio are organising **The 5UV Sessions**, a regular fortnightly show at the wonderful Crown and Sceptre, pitting a fresh new band against a battle-hardened older band. All the bands are doin' it for the student radio cause and so should you. Last week **3 Grand Idol** fought valiantly against the synthesized rock of **Stonyfell**, and next Thursday night **Withercello** will be learning a thing or two from crowd-pullers **Special Patrol Group**.

denni d.

There's plenty more going on...

June saw **The Trims** call it quits with a mighty final show at **The Governor Hindmarsh** (see page 9 for news on the future of this pub), funksters **Dagman AllStars** have also hung up the guitars, with the **Dagman** swearing he will reincarnate himself soon. Those crazy **Scrubby Rubbable** characters have also called it day, while the surprise-a-minute **5NYTK!** have their final gig **this Thursday** at the Rhino Room.

Local legends **Kinetic Playground** have released a new album as has singer/songwriter/guitarist **Baterz**; catch him at the Crown and Sceptre soon.

If you've been wondering what's happened to hardcore lads **Temporal Lobe**, they've been busy recording a CD, due for release in September, while fellow heavy rockers (the bass-less) **Sportsday '83** and **Enemy Of?** have each released an album of their own also.

Yet another **Foot in the Door** local compilation CD has been released, check it out for a who's who of Adelaide music.

Congratulations to **Kaleidoscope** who have been receiving **Triple J** airplay of late with their single 'Earthmover'. Well done also to **Tendahook** who have recorded some songs to be played on Triple J's **AusMusic Show**, they have a CD coming out in September.

This Saturday night, check out that **Faith No More**-covering 7-piece, **I.S.T.** along with **Roger The Band** at the Seven Stars Hotel on Angas St.

Enjoy  
Mike P.

Local boys **The Mark Of Cain** have just released their first studio album since 1995's *Ill At Ease*. The Scott brothers have gone through drummers like dirty underwear, now on to their 16th - John Stanier from ex-US band **Helmet**. Now that everything has finally come into place, John Scott, TMOC's singer/songwriter/guitarist reflects on the new album, *This Is This...*

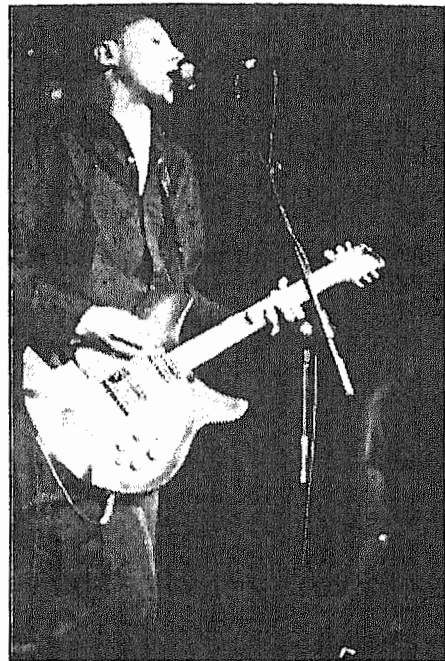
"I think it's a great album, I think it's the best sound we've ever got, and I think it's the best spread of songs on an album so far for us. Everybody has their favourites, you know, I'm not going to write a 'Pointman' for every album but this is a really good album...At the same time it's also an album where, because we really put a lot of layers on it...I think you get drawn into it, and you see more things, you notice more things, you interpret more things".

The album is definitely more diverse than their last studio album, perhaps because of the difference in production. "We went to work with Andy Gill in London, and as a producer I wanted to see what he came up with. We took four tracks which were just drums and bass...we just sat down with Andy and worked on it all". So Gill, former member of post-punk band **Gang Of Four**, of whom Scott is a great fan, played an influential role in the final sound of the album.

Why the long break and unstable lineup? John nonchalantly states, "It has to be perfect, you know. The drummer is the most important part of this band, if the drums are weak the band's weak...all I was looking for in a band was a groove element that I wasn't getting. This album shows you what I was looking

for; this groove, this total groove. And that's John Stanier".

Having gone through so many drummers, is there any permanence about Stanier's position? "Things are definitely good at the moment. I think everyone's quite happy. You know, he'll [Stanier] say, "yeah, yeah, John's a total control freak, but it's his band". Hopefully this compromising attitude will ensure a stable TMOC lineup for many albums to come.



The band are now truly back on the road again, having played three sold out shows in Adelaide in late April, and are touring nationally at the moment.

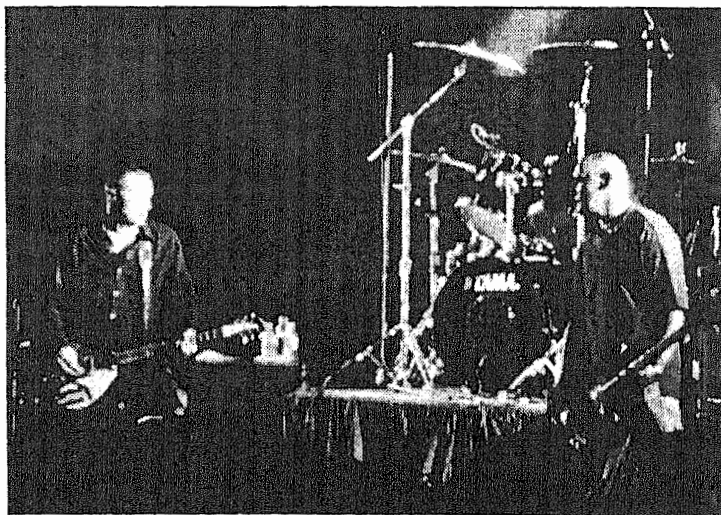
"If you come to one of our shows you step into our world, and if you listen to this album I want you to step into our world...you become totally immersed in it".

"I'm pushing it on people and if they pay to come see it, then yeah, they enter our world...it's serious, that's what it is, that's just what it is... this, is this."

Words and Photos by  
Michael Paradowski

Check out a review of the new TMOC album *This Is This...* on the Reviews Page and...

Thanks to Simon at BMG we have several copies of the album to **GIVE AWAY**, just come down to the *On Dit* office at 1pm this Friday and tell us the name of the band's new drummer!



## The Mark of Cain/Heaven/Fri 20th July

My late arrival unfortunately meant that I had missed both the **Bloodsucking Freaks** and **H-Block 101** and was just in time to grab a beverage before TMOC took to the stage.

Blasting straight into 'Interloper', the band were in great form, with John Stanier sitting behind a large and daunting, elevated drumkit - like an idol to be worshipped.

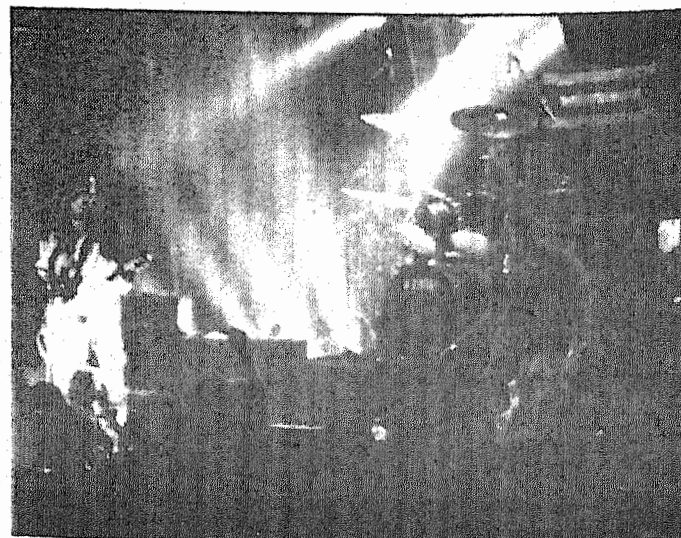
Next came the powerful 'Second Hand', an outstanding song from the new album. The band then followed 'Tell Me' with the single '[R] Retaliate' and my favourite of the new stuff, 'Sleep'.

It was a powerful display of Rock and Roll on the heavier side by one of Australia's premier and most professional bands. The sound in the oddly shaped and multi-level venue, however was perhaps slightly less exhilarating than being packed in a smaller venue with only a few hundred punters. That said, it WAS a great show.

'Hindsight' was a highlight of the night but the set list provided much joy... 'UCD', 'Familiar Territory', 'Battlesick' a brilliant finale in

'Cut 'Em Down' (including an AWESOME drum solo). Then an encore that just blew everyone away, the bass-driven 'Contender' and a stirring version of 'Pointman'. Let's hope they return soon!

Mp.





# Regurgitator Wage War on On Dit

Slightly prior to the release of Regurgitator's fourth album, *Eduardo and Rodriguez Wage War on T-Wrecks* (see review in this week's music section), *On Dit* caught up with front man Quan Yeomans to try and make some sense of the release.

*Eduardo...* features Quan and Ben sharing the vocals, rapping together on most of the 14 tracks. The style of rap employed by these two eccentric songwriters is quite distinct, so where do the ideas come from?

"The only kind of hip hop I've been listening to lately is this guy called 'Chilli Gonzalez', an album called *The Entertainist...* he's very, very hilarious. About a year ago I was listening to a lot of Busta Rhymes and KRS One. I think Ben was mainly listening to Cypress Hill, the new album of theirs he really liked and I think that inspired a lot of the guitar orientated rock rap ones that he did."



"...Everyone kinda looked like penises and vaginas walking along, high on viagra. This was kind of like the religion of their youth."

There is definitely an interesting rock/rap blend on the album, however it is quite distinct from the hoardes of rock/rap bands around at the moment. The lyrics are as sharp and funny as ever, ranging from the downright silly to more engaging and insightful. Quan tells of the inspiration for the lyrics to 'The Man: Part 1', "I think that song is just more about me staying on Chapel St. for a couple of weeks when Janet

[English] was recording her record with Spiderbait and just seeing the nightlife go by, everyone kinda looked like penises and vaginas walking along, high on viagra. This was kind of like the religion of their youth."

nas walking along, high on viagra. This was kind of like the religion of their youth."

Regurgitator songs have always had that nonsensical, comedic aspect to them, yet there are underlying messages and some real feeling behind many of them. "I think it's just a mechanism we all have for keeping our feet on the ground and kind of realising that it is just a job and entertainment... there is this underlying unprofessionalism or humanism that's there, that you may not normally get with other bands, which can be annoying for some people and other people appreciate it. I think we're kind of in a stage where...we went through quite a vulnerable period after the success of *Unit* and the not so successful following album. So now we're feeling like, well,



just fuck it and we'll do what ever we want, and it's a really good place to be as an artist to maintain a freshness and a focus on what you're doing."

Certainly, the new album reflects this approach. The band seem to just be out to have fun, not adhering to any formulas or styles. This should be apparent on the coming tour. "I think we'll probably put a bit more effort into the visual side of things, possibly some nice kind of uniforms or something and some backdrops and stuff like that."

At this stage it looks like the band will be taking a DJ on tour with them this time, but probably just for the eastern states, so Adelaide fans will be treated once again to a ROCK SHOW.

*Eduardo and Rodriguez Wage War on T-Wrecks* is out now through Warner

Words and Photos by Michael Paradowski

Check out the review of *Eduardo...* on the Reviews Page and...

If you want to grab a FREE copy, come down to the *On Dit* office at 1pm on Thursday and tell us the name of any member of the band!

Regurgitator  
King Kapisi  
ASD  
Unibar/ Sat 9 June

Arriving at around 10 o'clock, I was pleasantly surprised that ASD were still up on stage. They got me in a good mood for the night but after their sax player stepped off stage I felt that their sound lacked a little something; more emphasis on the vocals would have been nice.

New Zealander King Kapisi, on his second tour of Australia in the space of a few months was next to take the stage with his turntablist. Kapisi's blend of hip-hop encapsulates diverse influences, from the beat and bass of US Gangsta rap, to more funky numbers and even a drum'n'bass/reggae feel. He managed to keep the crowd more than interested, the highlight of the set being his 'clinic' in turntablism, showing off some exceptional scratching which he backed up with an awesome human beat-box. The crowd were starting to get worked up, the Unibar steaming in anticipation for what was to come.

Regurgitator came on stage wide-eyed and riotous, ready to rock the pants off every motherfucker there. They left an hour and a half later with mission accomplished. There's no way to deny that they are a brilliant live act, joking and jumping around on stage while playing 20 of the craziest, best titled songs you'd ever want to hear. The set list was awesome, definitely capturing what the band is about - songs like 'I will lick your arsehole', 'Track 1', and 'Social Disaster' featured early, as did 'I wanna be a nudist' and 'Kong Fu Sing'. An invite to King Kapisi saw him back on stage to jam around, freestyling to some way-out and funky tunes. Glimpses of the new album, 'The future is plastic', 'Nothing ever happens' and the current single 'Fat Cop' were thrown in among old favourites 'Blubber boy', 'Pop porn' and 'Black Bugs'.

The night was full of excitement and energy, totally embodied in the three crazy men up on stage with their cheshire smiles, who thrilled the crowd with their every movement. These guys managing to pump out a huge and frantic sound while having a great time in the process. They came back on stage for a chill-down encore, Ben Ely leading the way on vocals and some strangely fandangled toy-store-like instrument which sounded pretty good to me. Regurgitator must be seen to be believed!

The hard cock-rockers DreadNaught are back blowing a load of their melodic music into the public eye. *On Dit's* The Bard of Blasphemy caught up with vocalist Greg to get a low-down on the band's history and their latest production...

TB: What is the significance of the name DreadNaught and where did it come from?

G: Our ex-bass player Squiz came up with that originally. Basically it means 'Fear Nothing'. We have never tried to play one single style of music and are not afraid to keep pushing the limits of ourselves and our instruments.

TB: My sources tell me that the band originated in Tasmania and moved to Melbourne. What was the music scene like back in your home state?

G: That is actually a common public misconception. Most of the band members came from Tassie but we never played a gig there as DreadNaught until a while after we formed in Melbourne. The music scene in Tasmania is relatively small but that is not such a bad thing. We had no-one to aspire to down there and basically created our own boundaries as to what could make

good music.

TB: You've taken on a new bass player for the latest EP. How is he working out?

G: Yeah, yeah really well. We've known Andrew for a while because he was in another band called Repugnant which used to do shows with us. We took him down to Tassie in February for his baptism of fire. The crowds get really rowdy and off-tap down there and you often have a lot of hecklers sounding off.

## DreadNaught

TB: Maybe you should get all your friends to beat up the hecklers then, eh?

G: Nah that wouldn't work. Mostly it's our friends that are heckling us!

TB: Sweet. Let's talk about the new EP then. Where did the inspiration for the title come from?

G: It's a line from a song on our first album. DreadNaught had never changed their line-up for nine years till Squiz left the band and that's what we are talking about. We were so used to being a tight-knit outfit that when he left it was like he left a void there - a piece of us was missing.

TB: One stand-out track for me on

your EP was the acoustic version of 'The Complex'. Are you ever tempted to do a completely acoustic set with songs like this on stage?

G: Oh sure. We've done some radio and in-store gigs with songs like that. We have enough mellow tracks to do a complete set unplugged but it would require the right timing and venue. For now we are focusing on our Devastation Vacation Tour with Frankenbok which will be the absolute opposite of mellow.

TB: And the future for DreadNaught...?

G: We'll be releasing a full length CD some time in 2002. A long term goal for all of us is to get into Europe or the US during their summer and do a tour over there. To do that we'll need to save our pennies for a while though... we might actually have to get real jobs for a while!

The trials and tribulations of rock-stardom. Expect to see members of DreadNaught cleaning gutters or mopping floors in a town near you.

Dreadnaught's new EP, *One Piece Missing* is out now through RoadRunner Records

The Bard of Blasphemy

m.p.



# Primary

Primary shot to Australia's notice in 1998 when they released their EP *Vicious Precious* and later, their top ranked album *This Is The Sound*. Spouting a style that was alternative rock, but completely unique, Primary went on to perform at the Olympic Closing Ceremony. Fast forward to 2001 and Primary's new single, 'Not For Me', is making waves in the alternative charts. Lead vocalist Connie Mitchell takes time off to chat with *On Dit* about soundtracks, big bands, Caligula and cars...

**On Dit** - I loved 'What Does It Matter', off the *Two Hands* soundtrack. Did you have any more plans for soundtrack work?

**CM:** Did you like that? Oh, wow! We love soundtrack work, because the scope for what you can do is amazing. There's nothing better than some guy who's making a film and you produce your own music for the film.

**On Dit:** Sean and Jamie (Fonti) used to be part of Caligula, they were a great band too, so how did you guys get together to form Primary?

**CM:** Well, I met them at a gig somewhere and by chance met them again at a studio. I liked what I heard from my room and they liked the sound of

my voice from their room and we just sort of said, let's do something together! Things were kind of folding with Caligula anyway, so it was kind of a natural progression.

**On Dit:** Sean played with Def FX for a while too, didn't he?

**CM:** Yeah, he was with them for a little while.

**On Dit:** You've got this background of bands to inspire you creatively then.

**CM:** Sean comes from real punk roots, he's *real* punk so... (laughs) he and Jamie have some interesting photos from when they were in punk bands, like *My Heart Bleeds For You*, in Sydney when they were younger. There's even more background there.

**On Dit:** So you've got these punk bands, Caligula, Def FX...who would you say were your main influences on your music and lyrics?

**CM:** Mine personally? I shy away from musical influences, because they are, as you said, *influences* and I want to keep what we do pure. Mainly I listen to instrumental music, big band music, horns and the music parts you get out of horns. I like to try and make the voice an instrument. Somebody said



to me once "If you are 100% you, then no-one else can do any better", because you're *you* and everyone else is an individual too. I really try to hone that.

**On Dit:** Are there any messages you're trying to send across to listeners during your music?

**CM:** Always, always. I try and write on three levels. The first level is black-and-white, i.e. the lyric (from 'Not For Me') "Big man looking for trouble..." that's just words, but then analysing the lyrics, I mean, he's looking for trouble, what's coming next? Why is he looking for trouble, what's it about? That's the second level. The third level is subliminal (pauses)...I don't really want to explain that, each person needs to make up their own mind.

**On Dit:** How's sales for your new

single, 'Not For Me'?

**CM:** (laughing) I don't check out sales just yet...it's only been out a few weeks.

**On Dit:** When's your new album, *Watching The World* out?

**CM:** The new album's out on the 28<sup>th</sup> of May.

**On Dit:** Will you be heading to Adelaide soon?

**CM:** We should be in Adelaide for this album tour, which is...probably July.

**On Dit:** Anything else you wanted to say?

**CM:** Uh...I...like cars (laughs).

**On Dit:** I'll work that in somewhere.

**Captain Responsible**

## Live Reviews

### Neil Finn – Heaven II Friday, 22 June

The night opened with New Zealand pop/rock band Fur Patrol. Musically, they reminded me of a pub rock band but very, very polished. In fact, they were reminiscent of Adelaide's own The Superjesus (in my opinion, of course). The female vocalist had a great voice used especially effectively on one 'cabaret' style song. One criticism: the songs tended to go on too long.

An amusing soundcheck took people by surprise, in which a song continued to be played whilst instruments were changed and merriment was had. Shortly afterwards the crowd was treated to orchestral music (which, I was told later, was music from *Fantasia*...though I couldn't recall it at the time) and a light show to which Neil and the band made the stage dancing like pixies. Very, very Neil.

An excited crowd were treated to a wonderful 'hill-billy' version of 'Now We're Getting Somewhere' (how this songs escaped the Crowded House *Best Of* I'll never know!) that could very well have been the highlight of the night. I say this because there were so many 'high-points' throughout the night one doesn't know where to start. There was the extended jazz interlude in 'Pineapple Head', the beautiful 'Distant Sun' and the unbelievable excitement whenever a Spilt Enz song was played; the obvious highlights being 'One Step Ahead', 'I Got You' and 'History Never Repeats'. Neil's stage presence is quite extraordinary considering he is not a 'rock star'. The crowd hangs off of every word he says and he is full of humour and energy. In between songs he would talk to the crowd, respond to individual audience members' comments, shake their hands or tell a joke. At one point he asked the crowd for a song to play – the only catch being that it wasn't one of theirs – which ended up in Neil doing a great cover of The Kinks's 'You Really Got Me' (even though it was obviously rehearsed; it didn't matter what the crowd shouted out!). As expected there was quite a



bit of material from his two solo releases, especially *One Nil*, but surprisingly the song everyone expected him to play, 'Rest Of The Day Off', didn't make an appearance. All in all, there was quite an even mix of Crowded House and Split Enz songs played. The encore provided a duet with Fur Patrol on stage with Neil (it was their last show of the tour) playing and energetic version of 'Locked Out' (by the way, how many New Zealand musicians would have to refer to the lyrics of a famous Crowded House song!?) and ended on a very mellow note which was unusual, but everybody was more than satisfied by that time. After leaving the gig, it was apparent that Neil's solo material, especially *One Nil*, sounds better live than on the album. A true songwriting and performing genius, Neil Finn should not be missed next time he makes his way back to Adelaide.

**Jorm / Jen**

### Alex Lloyd / Speedstar Heaven

From the moment of arrival at Heaven, I noted that the crowd was an incredibly relaxed one, perhaps due to the prevalence of hung-over people. For Brisbane's Speedstar, the crowd was for the main part content to sit on the dance floor and just let the haunting sounds wash over them. Sounding eerily like early Radiohead, Speedstar were impressive. Their sound was incredibly layered, with the singer's vocals blending almost seamlessly over the top. Their cover of 'The Beatles' 'Happiness Is A Warm Gun' was a really different version from the original, giving it a softer edge. Speedstar have a bright future ahead of them if this is a good example of what they are capable of.

When Alex Lloyd and his band finally took to the stage, the crowd finally stood up. The atmosphere changed and it was easy to see how much he affects the audience. Cutting an unassuming figure, Alex Lloyd came out and blew us all away with the amazing power of his voice. His backing band were a real compliment to his voice, with some talented guitar work and energetic drumming. He played a selection of songs from his forthcoming album, and if the rest of the record are up to the same standard as those he played, then he will certainly avoid the dreaded second album syndrome.

There were also a number of songs from his last album which really went down well with the audience. In particular the version of 'What A Year' was a beautifully lyrical number. The encore heralded the return of the beat box, with Alex playing accompanied by a much under-rated tape recorder. This led into the return of the band to the stage and a really rocky version of 'Something Special', which would not be out of place on any dance floor. After much loitering outside the exit next to the ubiquitous Tarago, Alex came out and signed our tickets. What a nice guy he is!

**Poptart**

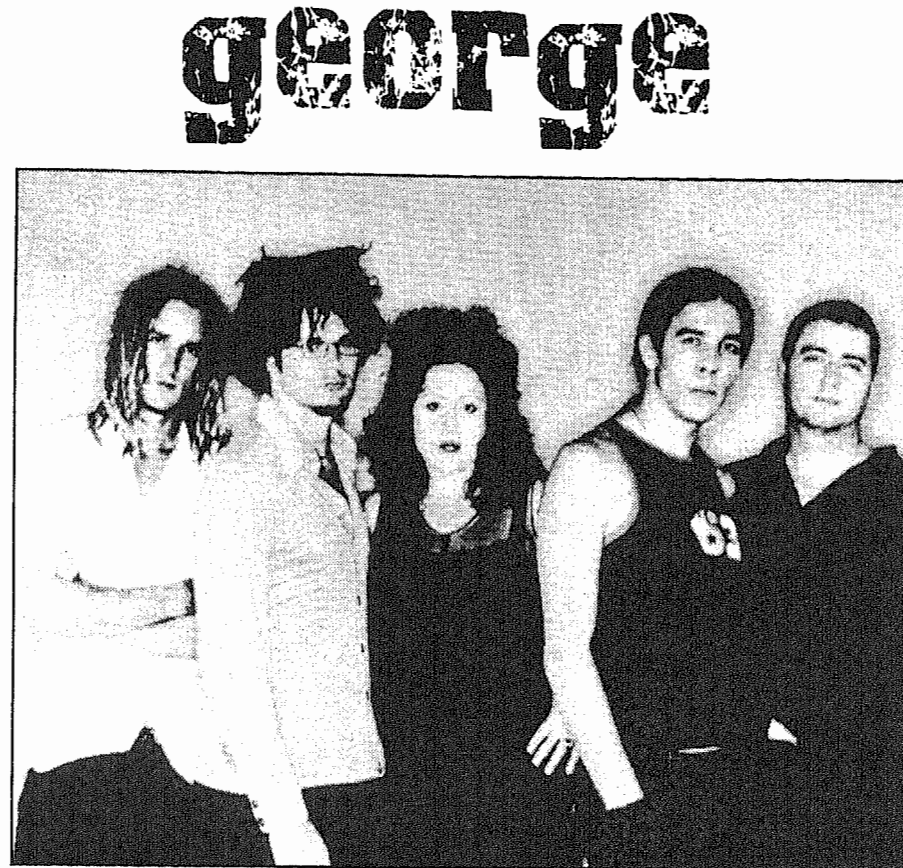


**On Dit speaks with george  
About new single 'Special  
Ones'**

After the huge success of their song 'Special Ones', Brisbane band George have finally come to releasing it as a single. What a value laden single it is too, boasting two live tracks, one a cover of The Church's 'Under The Milky Way', as well as a big beat remix of their previous hit 'Spawn'.

*On Dit* recently had the chance to speak with george's drummer, Geoff Green, about all things george. "We're extremely happy with the single, and the reception that Special Ones' has received. I am constantly amazed by the dedication and passion shown by our fans across the country." Geoff is of course referring to the fact (among others, I'm sure) that george consistently play to packed houses all over Australia. "I know that we appeal to a diverse range of people, but it is only just lately having played several festivals that we are beginning to realise the huge following we have in terms of younger people. I mean, the last outdoor show we did, eighty per cent of people were probably under eighteen."

Formed around a camp fire several days before entering and winning their first band competition, george originally consisted of nine diverse yet predominantly classical musicians. "I joined the band in '98 and soon after, [former Pangea bassist] Paul [Bromley] joined, which is the line up we have today". george



have constantly been on the rise since then and hope to make an impact overseas, "We are doing a kind of whirlwind tour of the UK and Europe, about 14 days I think, in August. We'll be touring with a bunch of other Australian alternative bands in order to show everyone over there just what this country has to offer".

Having just completed the first stage of recording their debut album, due for release early February, Geoff explains the reason for the delay in

releasing it, "We just want to make sure that it is absolutely what we want it to be, that it completely conveys what george is about." And the single, is it a good indication? "The single, given the variety of B sides on there, gives everyone more of a feel of where we're coming from as an entity, I guess it gets closer to completing the big picture."

**The new single from george 'Special Ones', is out now through Festival/Mushroom.**

# Sprung Monkey

Having just come off a 4 month US tour, Sprung Monkey's Mike Summers is already making plans to trek down under for our warmer months. "Touring's such fun, and it's great when you can follow the weather around! We're trying to hopefully get on the BDO tour, that would be excellent but it's not confirmed yet."

Three years between albums, Sprung Monkey are proud to release their 'best album yet', *Get a Taste*. "I think it's an interesting album, with enough variation to keep the listener interested all the way through. I really like this album."

Relating his bewilderment yet happiness at Triple J's extensive

airplay of 'American Made' several months before the album's release, Mike tells, "We didn't release that song as a single, I'm really amazed at how they got hold of it. You'll notice it's a different mix than one the album. It was on a soundtrack to something, maybe a surf video."

"That was around the time we were starting work on the album, it took us a year in all, but that included changing record companies and a lot of organisational stuff like that. The actual recording was done in about three weeks." Probing as to the origins of my favourite song off the album, the slower, teen-anthem-like 'Friends', Mike recounts the story, "We invited all our friends up to the studio and threw a big party. We were jamming that song with everyone kinda singing along and just making noise in the background and someone hit record. Then we included that version on the album, so it's good, it's got all our friends on it."

Look forward to the good natured, fun lovin' Sprung Monkey, touring like crazy come summertime.

Michael Paradowski



**Look Interesting? Get involved in the *On Dit* music section by coming along to the weekly music meeting, Wednesdays 1pm in the Unibar**



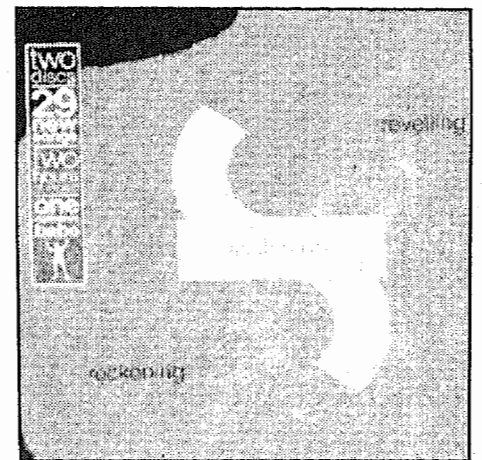
**Big Wreck  
The Pleasure and the Greed  
Atlantic/Warner**

Listening to Big Wreck's *The Pleasure and the Greed* is like walking into a time warp to a place of perpetual eighties excess. Big Wreck play big songs with big guitars and big drums; that whole big 'eighties' sound, in fact, with all the same kind of frilly sonic tricks to decorate their, well, big aural wreck.

Try to imagine taking a typical haircut band - Mr Mister, let's say - and crossing it with Metallica circa 'Enter Sandman'. Get the idea?

I'm not trying to put these guys down - I think they do that pretty thoroughly all by themselves by trying to suggest that a sound now fifteen years old should bear any relevance to the kids today. Big Wreck are a band of Gen-Xers who have the audacity to try to inflict their treasured childhood memories on us the same way the Boomers have for the last three decades. The nicest thing I can say about Big Wreck is that they live up to their name.

Sam Andreas-Fault



**Ani DiFranco  
Revelling/Reckoning  
Righteous Babe/Shock**

This double album set has something deeply grounded in the soul. Ani sounds very live, like a conscience singing, or would that be angel? *Reckoning* is slow and, perhaps, melancholy in its acoustic sparseness. *Revelling* is expectedly boppier. Ani is much more than a 'folk' artist; she has jazz and soul to her music, which is rare in its vibrant honesty. This beautifully presented Ani double-set is an incredible concept of visual and aural artistry and marks a maturity and composure in her prolific career that shouldn't be ignored. This is an album of necessity.

Prof. Booty

# Albums of Winter

The music industry doesn't get holidays. On Dit does (thankfully). In an effort to keep our loyal readers up-to-date we have made sure that we have kept in touch with all of the latest releases. The following is a selection of what we think are the 'important' releases of the University Mid-Year break.

**Amnesiac**  
**Radiohead**  
EMI

*Ok Computer. Kid A. Amnesiac.* Over the past four years Radiohead have taken an evolutionary step with each album. Experimental and yet accessible, *Amnesiac* was mostly taken from the same recording sessions as the wonderful *Kid A*. Setting the tone for the album, 'Pyramid Song' is reminiscent of the haunting 'Rabbit In Your Headlights', with Thom's amazing vocals soothing a disjointed piano melody. *Amnesiac* has moments of brilliance, one of which is the amazing 'Knives Out' and another, 'You And Whose Army?'. 'Morning Bell/Amnesiac' is probably the most disappointing track, after the beautiful version produced on *Kid A*. Layered and lush, *Amnesiac* has depth. Listen to it in the dark.

Jen

**Exciter**  
**Depeche Mode**  
Festival/Mushroom

Always inventive and experimental, Depeche Mode have produced some excellent material in their twenty year history. *Exciter* is a good album but it is no where near the standards set by *Violator* or *Ultra*. The single 'Dream On', is reminiscent of the latter album, with its roaming acoustic guitars and soft sketchy beats. 'The Sweetest Condition' is also deliciously moody and dark.

Gahan's vocals are strong and confident, complementing the mysterious sounds of the album beautifully. Although *Exciter* does not really have a strong theme, it flows very well thanks to the handiwork of producer Mark Bell ('Homogenic', 'Selmasongs'). A very good album from an amazing band.

Jenny

**Sprung Monkey**  
**Get A Taste**  
Festival/Mushroom

Fans of hard-edge punk rock and hard hitting riffs/vocals stay away - Sprung Monkey have come up with an easy-going, fun album with an obvious summer vibe to it. These Southern Californian 'punks' have produced a diverse, melodic album that will not offend any ears despite the 'Explicit Language' warning sticker on the front.

Those who have eagerly awaited the album's release after hearing 'American Made' on the radio - a note of caution - this song stands out from the rest of the album like Arnie Schwarzenegger on a schoolgirls netball team!

Mixing cool melodies with softly delivered uncomplicated vocals, SM have come up with a feel good, easy listening

album that has enough variation to keep you listening 'till the end. The last half of the album gets a bit slower with the excellent and emotional 'Laughing', the downbeat and down-to-earth 'Friends' and the downright funny cover 'Coconut'.

Mp

**Muse**  
**Origin Of Symmetry**  
FMR

The sophomore album from UK's Muse sees the band progressing quite markedly from their stunning debut, *Showbiz*. This is an exciting album in all senses of the word; the singles 'Plug-In Baby', 'New Born' and the next to be released 'Bliss' are good examples. It's hard to believe that this band is only a trio. Their sound is HUGE (just listen to 'Citizen Erased'). Many songs are almost 'operatic' in style ('Megalomania' and 'Space Dementia') and diverse ('Darkshines' is bossa-nova/rock) highlighting Matt Bellamy's immense songwriting talent. Again, his vocals are utterly amazing, hitting the highest notes imaginable ('Micro Cuts'). The only criticism: the album is too short. Who are Radiohead?

Jorm

**The Black Crowes**  
**Lions**  
V2 Records

They're back, again. This time they're on a new label, but the sound remains the same (yes, the Led Zepplin reference was intentional!). By now, most people would have heard the wonderful 'Lickin' (gee, I wonder what they mean...). This is the standout track from the album by far, with a basic but effective guitar riff, which epitomises the dirty sound of the hard rock of the 70s - just check out the film clip! The rest of the album is vintage Black Crowes; full of blues, hard rock and straight rock n' roll. *Lions*, however, is one of the best releases for years (at least since their 'glory days' of the early 90s). Girl, you gonna get your lickin', yeah.

Matt B.

**Ramones**  
**Anthology**  
Warner

This double-CD release contains 58 - that's right - 58 of the Ramones best loved tunes. Chronologically arranged, the album features songs from most of the Ramones studio albums, spanning 1976 to 1995. Hits like 'Blitzkreig Bop', 'I Wanna Be Sedated', 'Rock 'N' Roll High School' and 'The KKK Took My

Baby Away' are of course present, as well as lesser known songs such as 'Pinhead' and 'Howling at the Moon (Sh-La-La)'. For the diehard Ramones fan, this may not be the greatest addition to the collection, for it lacks any real rarities or live tracks. For the uninitiated, however, *Anthology* provides a great introduction to one of Rock 'n' Roll's most influential bands.

Mp

**Stone Temple Pilots**  
**Shangri-La Dee Da**  
Atlantic Records, Warner

At first I was disappointed. But this album is growing on me more and more each day. STP fans should not be put off by the first, overly poppy, single 'Days Of The Week'; this album has a lot more to offer. The old style STP rock is there ('Dumb Love' and 'Hollywood Bitch') as well as slight experimentation with their familiar style ('Coma'). The highlight track is the catchy 'Too Cool Queenie' (are they Kurt/Courtney references?) and the seamless 'Hello It's Late'. True, some songs are overly soppy lyrically; 'A Song For Sleeping' and 'Wonderful', but that just provides some diversity. It's not *Purple* or *Tiny Music...* but it's still damn good. The bonus video footage shows Scott Weiland trying to resemble Jim Morrison.

Jorm

**Air**  
**10,000 Hertz Legend**  
EMI

If you're expecting the relaxing grooves of *Moon Safari*, you'll be sorely disappointed, in fact this album is everything that album isn't. What you will find on Air's new album is a confronting mix of sounds and (for want of a better term) 'cutting edge electronica'. Although 'Radio #1' was the first track released, I haven't found it to be indicative of the strength of this album. Personally 'Vagabond', the collaboration with Beck, is reason enough to run to the record shop with your dollars blazing, or better still 'Track 7' with its experimental language. This album is thus far my favourite album of 2001; I say yes to buying it.

Mikey

**Tricky**  
**Blowback**  
Hollywood/FMR

As a producer, composer and artist, Tricky has brought together a wide range of performers and ideas to create the outstanding *Blowback*. Reading like an all-star line-up of modern popular

music identities, the credits for the album include: Ed Kowalczyk (*Live's* vocalist), Alanis Morissette, Cyndi Lauper, members of the *Red Hot Chilli Peppers*, reggae vocalist Hawkman, and *The Eurythmics*. Also featured are delicious covers of Nirvana's 'Something In The Way' as well as the theme from 'Wonder Woman', which further illustrate the grandness of this musical undertaking. The amount of musical territory that Tricky coherently shrinks into one album is unbelievable. A complex work that includes heavy guitar-packed moments, layers and layers of grinding bass lines, fast and furious hip-hop vocals as well as slower, delicate moments all in equal measure. Tricky's musical roots (*The Wild Bunch*) are what hold everything together so if you don't mind *Massive Attack*, you'll love *Blowback*.

Mp

**Pennywise**  
**Land Of The Free?**  
Epitaph/Shock

For a band whose style has been set in concrete from their first album, it is silly to expect any radical departure from their successful formula. Pennywise have long adhered to a blend of political as well as self-reflective lyrical themes encased in music that is fast and thrashy, with good vocal harmonies and backing vocals. Tracks on the album include 'Fuck Authority', 'Something Wrong With Me', 'It's Up To You' and 'WTO', each with subtle differences in pace and intensity. Pennywise have produced yet another solid, impressive and hard hitting album with definitely no signs of mellowing. Highlights include 'Set Me Free' and the very catchy 'The World'.

Mp

**The Mark of Cain**  
**This is This...**  
BMG

The brutally precise heavy rock riffs are there, the aggressive vocals and ripping bass lines are there, the prominent off-beat drumming and the stirring, powerful lyrics are there...yep, this is a Mark Of Cain album all right. *This is This* sees TMOC take the listener on a roller coaster ride, that is, if you can sit through 50 minutes of such intense music in one sitting. You'll feel frustration, anger, despair and elation while almost biting your nails and pulling out your hair! Standouts for me were 'Sleep', the very groovy 'Knocking' and the brilliantly climactic, 'Token'. A more diverse offering than 1995's *Ill At Ease*, *This is This* is a more accessible album with a little something to catch everyone's ear.

Mp



# CLUBS & CLASSIFIEDS

## GIVE AWAYS

The wonderful Cherie at EMI has given us a few copies of Radiohead's *Amnesiac* to give to our loyal readers. Come down to the *On Dit* office on Wednesday at 2:15pm and tell us what Radiohead was called prior to being called Radiohead! Get cracking.

## Regurgitator Eduardo and Rodriguez Wage War on T-Wrecks Warner

The fourth album from Brisbane's Regurgitator sees more insane innovation - rap, rock, dub, polka, space invader-style bleeps and eighties synth sounds - in just under 45 minutes. At times it's almost embarrassingly crass and corny, at others it's fast paced, furious and catchy. A distorted, hard hitting bass beat features throughout the album, amidst heavy guitars and squeaky-toy-sounds, resulting in an album that could be termed Disco-Rock. Faster, thrasher guitar-led tunes blend well with the electronic, sampled offerings. My pick of the lot, 'The Man' parts 1 and 2, rounds off the album in fine style, broaching on drum'n'bass and acid jazz. A good album with just enough substance and depth to stay in the CD player for repeated listening.

Mp

## Staind Break The Cycle Flip Records, Elektra, Warner

Staind's second album, in general, is not quite as aggressive or as heavy as their debut, *Dysfunction*. Fans will be familiar with 'Outside' (featured on the *Family Values* album last year). This song gives a good indication of the feel of the album. Aaron Lewis's lyrics are well executed and as tortured as ever - most evident on the first single, 'It's Been A While'. The opener, 'Open Your Eyes', is the standout track of the album, beginning with hard-hitting harmonics, brooding in the softer verse and returning to the brutal riff in the chorus. A live version of 'Outside' (with Durst) is included as a bonus. A strong album, but *Dysfunction* still holds the mantle for me. Why is it that the bands Fred Durst "finds" are so much better than his own?

Jorm

### Sleep Tips

WHEN: Monday 30 July. 1.10 - 2.00pm

WHERE: Counselling Centre, ground floor, Horace Lamb Building  
FREE. Book now on 8303 5663 or call in.

### Laptop for sale

Thinkpad 486, 540Mb Hard Drive, 12Mb RAM, Flat Battery, \$180, Terry 8569 1695

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Clinic Sessions, semester 2:  
Monday, Wednesday, Friday  
1.30-4.30pm

### AU Sports Association Council Meeting

Monday 6th August from 1pm in the North Dining Room, level 4.

Delegates of sporting clubs are requested to attend. If unable to do so, please place your apology with the Sports Association. All students are welcome to attend.

### Notice of AGM

The Adelaide University Touch Club will be holding its AGM on Sunday 29th July from 5:30pm at the British Hotel, Finnis St, North Adelaide. All members of the AU Touch Club along with interested persons are invited to attend.

### Adelaide University Hockey Club Results for 7 and 8 July:

Division 1 Men defeated Woodville 4-2  
Division 2 Men lost to Woodville 3-5 Goals to Marty Pudney, Daniel Pang, Jonathon Crawford  
Division 3 Men defeated North East 4-0 Goals to Justin Ghaddab 2, Craig Errington, Troy Goodale.  
Division 4 Men lost to Adelaide 1-4 Lex Williams.  
Division 5 Men drew Port Adelaide 1-1  
Division 6 Men lost to POS 1-3 Goal to Wawrick Lee.  
Veterans A defeated Port Adelaide 6-0  
Division 1 Women defeated Woodville 4-3 Alice Robinson, Angela Harris, Danielle Windsor, Ali Perkins.  
Division 2 Women lost to Woodville 1-2 Emily Ferguson.  
Division 3 Women defeated UniSA 6-2 Goals to Helen Baker 2, Mill Morgan 2, Kassie Hiskins, Lauretta Dunn.  
Division 4 Women lost to Adelaide 1-3 Goal to Bronte Fried.  
Division 5 Women drew North East 0-0  
Division 6 Women White drew Grange 1-1 Goal to Juliet Paine.  
Division 6 Women Black lost to UniSA 0-1

Junior Teams had a bye, due to school holidays.

### Sailing Club Pub Crawl!

All welcome!

On Friday the 27th of July, meet in the Unibar at around 5:30pm to purchase a Sailing Club hat for \$10, which will entitle you to great drink specials and free entry into the stops along the Pub Crawl.

Timetable:

**5:30pm** Adelaide Unibar, **7pm** Richmond Hotel, **8pm** Griffin's Head Hotel, **9pm** East End Exchange, **10:30pm** Stag Hotel, **11:30pm** the Church.

There will be free drink vouchers and pub challenges throughout the night, and you do not need to be a member to attend as everybody is welcome. If you need any more information, contact the club at sailingclub@go.com

### Ball Time

The "HEROES & VILLAINS" Ball Presented by Adelaide Uni Waterski Club

Saturday, 15th September 2001 at the "Church" Night Club

Ticket Price: \$30 Bargain per Person Includes South Aussie Beer, Wine & Champagne from 8 til 11pm, cheap daiquiris, plenty of music and some nibbles, and from 11 we get to "protect or prey upon" the rest of the patrons in the joint until 5 am.

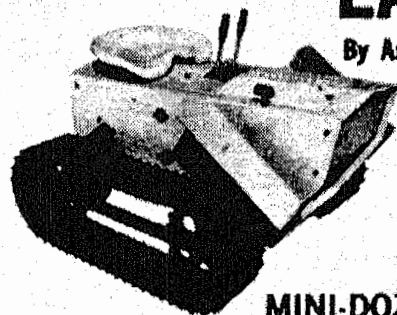
Ring everyone you know and bring them along! Please get in early, we need to pay the club in advance so there will be no sales at the door. To get your tickets, just contact the AUWSC Committee:

[auwaterski\\_committee@yahogroups.com](mailto:auwaterski_committee@yahogroups.com)

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Trying to buy something?  
Looking for a housemate?  
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promote anything at all, as  
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or bring it in to the *On Dit*  
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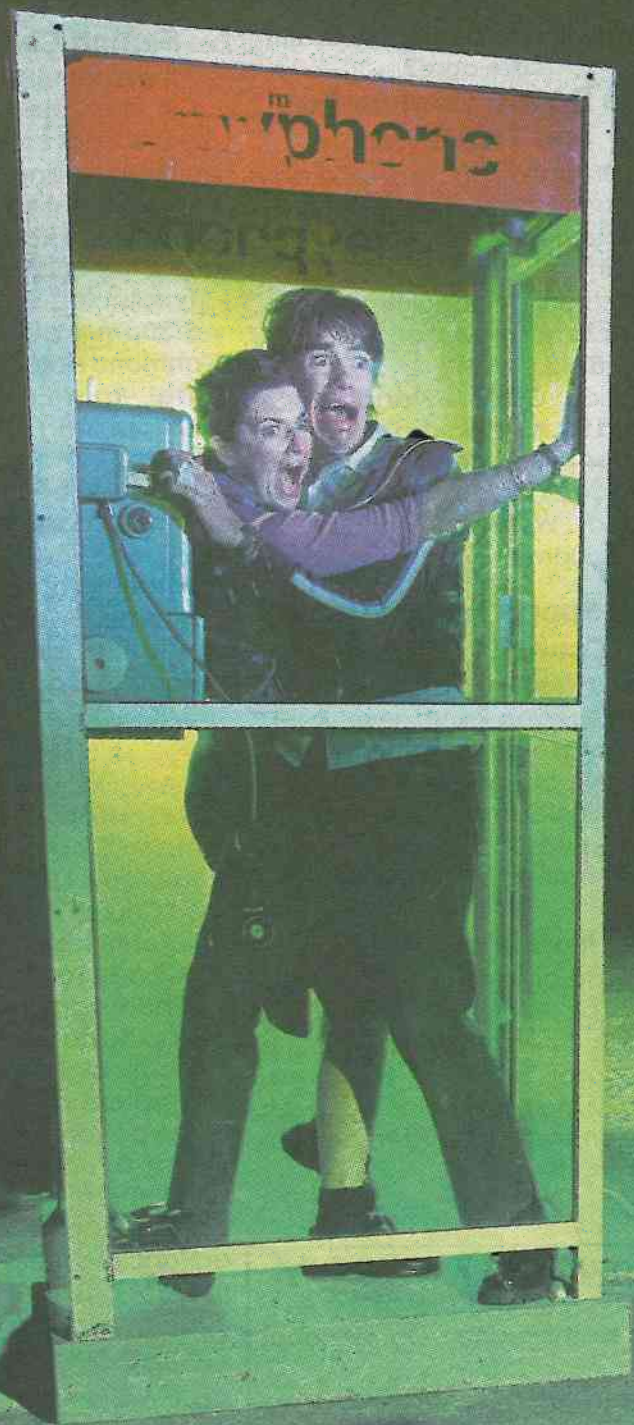
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